

## **THE AUTHORS SHOW – Authors of Fiction**

**Author: M.L. Ruscsak**

Excerpt:

Adrianna glanced down at her newborn baby and smiled. Very carefully she picked her up from the smoke black cradle. “I don't know what I'm going to do with you. I can't call you my little sweetie for the rest of your life.” She paused and let out a small laugh, “Well I could but it's not a good name for a queen who will one-day rule all of Darke.” A light giggle had her turning to the door.

“Dearest sister, have you given my niece a name yet?”

Looking at the woman who flowed into the room Adrianna could not help but smile. Her twin. Not an identical twin but rather her complete opposite. Where her twin had flowing golden hair her own was the color of the night. Thou both were tall and slim and seemed to flutter when they walked but Celeste embodied all things bright and golden. “I just cannot think of one that will do her justice” She pressed her lips together till they were nothing more than a thin line before continuing. “There is not a name I can think of that will embody the next queen that will give her enemies pause.”

“Oh dear. Our daughters are not yet three days old and you are already talking enemies. I do swear I should have your husband take you to see his homeland. I think all the darkness and gloom of your own kingdom has finally made you a little daft.”

Turning away from her sister she lightly scolded her, “Very funny. You know as well as I that I cannot simply visit the Feyen Kingdom. You on the other hand... they welcome you.”

Celeste rolled her eyes and held out her milky pale arms, “Yes well... Here give me my niece I should have some time with her before I leave for my own Kingdom.”

As she placed her precious little daughter in her sister's arms, Adrianna paused. Something in the darkness was being whispered. All those she ruled were speaking of it but what good is a

whisper in the dark when she couldn't hear everything that was being said? "I want you to take her with you."

"What?" Celeste spun around to face her sister. She knew that look in her eyes someone... or something was telling her something. What it might be she could never guess but was causing enough distress that her sister looked more like some fairy-tale warrior ready to do battle than a mother who had just given birth. "What is it, sister?"

Black, swirling mist hid her legs and crawled up her back; caressing her long, raven-colored hair, "The whispers are not clear. No matter, I will have whatever it is settled soon enough. Or my dear husband will. In either case I would like for you to please take our children to Castle Sun-Tear. I will come when it is safe."

Sun-Tear was the furthest of the castles of Lite but the one nearest the Feyen Kingdom. So why of all places did Adrianna want for her daughter to be taken there. Not a question that she could ask. At least not while her sister was still having a conversation that only she could hear. But a request phrased as an ultimatum? Not only could she but it would not be the first time that she had done so. "I will but only if you name your daughter. Or I will be sending both of our daughters with our mother and you can explain to her why I am going with you."

Adrianna glanced at her sister through narrowed eyes then down to her baby, "The Fey name their children after things that they can turn to. Or, at least, that is what my dearest husband says." She closed her eyes and let dark tendrils of mist leak from her and to around her daughter. Drawing them back she smiled, "She will be called Nisha, daughter of the night."

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I can't believe how much one person can ruin everything inside of my Kingdom. My grandmother's gardens that I have seen paintings of are now overgrown. Weeds choking out the life of her beauties. Not that it really matters in the whole scheme of things but it sums up the state of Darke pretty well.

Edrich is gone but his influence not so much.

The low borne who has been running everything are threatening revolt. The Highborn who have been forced into a kind of slavery have little to no fight left in them.

And the laws from the queens before me...

How could anyone live under so many archaic pieces of nonsense that it doesn't even add up to troll dung? It's ridiculous to say the least. It is little wonder that my mother was faced with the revolt that took both her and my father away from me. A revolt that kept me away from growing up in this vast country.

But I can fix this.

No, I will fix this. I don't have a choice.

Ethan however does. And he chooses to silently watch everything and everyone. Speaking only after he has formed an opinion on what needs fixed depending on the situation. Of course, speaking before thinking had proven a good way to be turned into furniture.

-Journal of Queen Nisha

About the Author

Melisa Ruscsak

Born In 1982, a native to Lorain Ohio, Melisa grew up living with her grandparents Frances and James Lasure. She attended Clearview High School as well as Lorain County J.V.S. While in J.V.S she attended the Culinary Arts program graduating in 2001.

In 2011 near tragedy struck as Melisa's health began to decline. By summer of 2011 she would need to use a cane to get around. Suffering a stroke, she required a craniotomy where she suffered her second stroke. Leaving her with a partial impairment of her speech, and weakness on her right side. After surgery, she would need to learn not only to walk again, but speak as well as recognize the alphabet.

Two years later in the fall of 2013 after a divorce, she would meet the man who would push her not only to fight to regain her physical strength but to put her creative mind to work. No longer allowing her to dwell on what she could no longer do but what she could.

Three years later she would begin to write "Of Lite and Darke" Dreaming to see this work through to publishing, even if she would need to publish it herself.