

It takes a couple of decades but eventually she finds the perfect spot. Her spot. No one is really surprised when she tells them about it, no one except herself. She always thought she had found peace at scenes of utter serenity, only for it to now be the complete opposite. Apparently, she had, in fact, not found peace in some serene place. It suddenly became obvious that she, in fact, had not found it at all.

She never took Amethyst to this place. Every other place she found in the memories that she came to love, she showed, but not his one. As soon as she talked about it, Amethyst got this look in her eyes, as if she just asked about it politely, because she was nice and cared, not because she wanted to experience it. She did understand, as she talked about it, it might not sound appealing to most. But it was to her.

She had found it by accident. Another randomly chosen direction on another random day, just walking out into the memories to see what was hidden. She thinks it may come from an old night in Britain, or France, long passed by probably centuries. One of the many charms with this place was surprisingly not that it had aged, but that it remained ageless. There was no way of telling if this x marked a spot tens of thousands of years ago, a couple of hundreds of years ago or yesterday at midnight. It would always and forever remain outside of time, a pocket to never be touched of time again.

This memory was raining. It was in the middle of the night, and the skies had opened up, pouring water over land that had dried due to the late summer. A storm was rolling in from the sea, filling the air with the scent of sea water and the sounds of waves and rock crashing together.

Sometimes a flash of lightning would light up the sky, and the forest as she walked through it. She smells and hears the sea before she sees it. It is hidden by large trees and bad weather until she is almost at the very edge of the cliff. Out on the barren rock, there is no longer a forest to protect her from the weather. The wind is pulling her hair in every direction, even though it is completely soaked by the rainwater. It is as if it suddenly decides to define the laws of gravity and fly even though it should be so heavy with rain. Suddenly, a large wave smashes into the rock bellow, splashing up the edge. It should frighten her, but it doesn't. Never before as she seen a display of such raw, natural power. It is the most beautiful thing she has ever seen. Such a destructive power.

She stands on the cliff by the raging sea for a long time. Times work differently in the dreams, maybe she stands there for minute, maybe she stands there for months, she has no way of telling. The dream plays before her eyes before it loop back to the beginning to start over again. It does not matter how many times it happens, she never stop to find it beautiful.

It is at this cliff that she realizes that she can't go on the way she did before. She can't continue to be angry at the world. She can't continue to be angry at herself for running away from home, or for being caught up in this old war between forces of nature, or for simply wanting to be free from it all. It is at this cliff by a raging sea that she comes to peace with herself. Not at a scene of utter serenity but at a scene of utter chaos. She can't help but find it a bit ironic she had not realized it before.

Now afterwards it obvious that in a life of chaos, the peace would lay at the most brutal chaos the nature can cause. A storm by the sea on a cliff. What more perfect place could there possibly be for her.

She never takes anyone to this place. She does not want to, it is the perfect spot for her, but not for everyone else. It is raining after all.