

An eternity with you is all i need



Love is a powerful feeling that everyone should have the chance to experience, but sometimes love can't save everybody.

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Princess Itzaccihuatl and the warrior Popocatépetl met when they were very young. The princess's father was the Huey Tlatoani (chief) of the Aztec tribe and when she was younger, Popocatepetl's father was the head warrior.

As you can imagine they spent a lot of their time together as their fathers met regularly to discuss the safety and success of the Aztec Empire.

Princess Itzaccihuatl always lived a sheltered life, as the future cihuātlahtoāni of the Aztec Empire she had to be protected. And who could be safer to socialize with the daughter of his most trusted warrior.

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Princess Itzaccihuatl and Popocatépetl become friends easily, Itzaccihualt wanted to go out and explore what the world had to offer, but her father didn't let her. Popocatépetl had freedom the princess did not, so she showed herself.

Their first meeting took place after Itzaccihuatl's mom had died, her father thought she would like some company so she asked the head warrior to bring his daughter.

"I'm sorry about what happened," said Popocatépetl as she stepped closer to the princess.

"I don't understand what happened. She was fine yesterday, it's not fair" cried Itzaccihuatl

"I'm so sorry" whispered Popocatepetl "But I am here for you, you know that right"

"I don't want to be here Popocatepetl, I want to go somewhere else, anywhere" murmured Itzaccihuatl

"I can take you to my favorite flower field near the mountains," said Popocatepetl

"My father won't allow it" grumbled Itzaccihuatl

"He doesn't have to know" whispered Popcateptl

And for the first time that night, Itzaccihuatl smiled. The girls glowed with childish innocence as they ran to the flower field. "Thank you for this," Itzaccihuatl said as they sat down under the radiant moonlight and took in the smell of the native wildflowers that grew in the mountains.

“You don't have to thank me, I just wanted you to feel better,” said Popocatépetl with a smile.

“I do feel better,” said Iztaccihuatl as she squeezed Popocatepetl's hand in thanks.

After that night the flower field beside the mountains became **their** spot, they cried, laughed and in the future would proclaim their love there.

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As they got older their meetings became what they looked forward to the most. For they had fallen in love with each other but could not show their tribe. They thought they would be outcasts if they showed their love to their tribe.

Popocatepetl's father started teaching her the warrior ways because there were speculations of an upcoming war, while Iztaccihuatl started her princess duties. That included the search for a suitor.

Of course, Iztaccihuatl told Popocatépetl this was one of their nightly flower field talks.

“My father is looking for someone to marry me off to” Iztaccihuatl broke the peaceful silence

“What?!” exclaimed Popocatépetl as she took her hand off of Iztaccihuatl'

“He says he wants to gain allies for the war,” said Iztaccihuatl sadly

“He can get allies by doing something else! I can fight them myself!” said Popocatépetl as she threw her hands up in the air.

“I would do anything if it avoids you getting hurt” whispered Iztccihuatl

Popocatépetl didn't notice Iztaccihuatl's glassy eyes until she cupped her face. Iztaccihuatl didn't want to get married to someone she didn't love, but she had a tribe to take care of and most of all she knew Popocatépetl would put herself on the front lines.

“If I get married to another tribe leader you won't be out there, on the battlefield, you can stay with me-” cried Iztaccihuatl

“But I won't be with you” interrupted Popocatépetl

“I don't know what to do Popocatepetl, I love you so so much, but I have to take care of the people, I want to take care of you” exclaimed Iztaccihuatl voice wavering with unshed tears

Popocatépetl had made up her mind as she still held Iztaccihuatl's face in her hands, she wanted this girl to be hers forever. To her, Iztaccihuatl had the kindest heart and the prettiest sunflower eyes.

“Ticualtzin (you are beautiful) Iztaccihuatl. How could I have gotten so lucky, to have such a kind and caring girl. But I won’t let you do this” Popocatépetl said softly “I want you to marry me instead, we can fight them together”

“I don’t think my father will approve of our marriage-” Iztaccihualt tried saying

“It doesn’t matter, if he doesn’t accept it we can go somewhere else,” said Popocatépetl with a smile

“Okay, let’s do it!” Iztaccihuatl finished smiling as she hugged Popocatepetl with a smile on both their faces.

The moonlight shined on their gleeful faces as they giggled into their kiss.

In all honesty, Iztaccihuatl was scared, she didn’t want to leave her father or the tribe. *But she was in love and sometimes love makes you do crazy things.*

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The morning after did not go as planned. During Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl’s night of joy, the enemy tribe declared war on the Aztec tribe.

As Iztaccihuatl and Popocatépetl made their way to the chief’s room they were met with war plans and hushed whispers between the head warrior and the chief.

“Father, what’s going on?” said Iztaccihuatl with concern

“We’re going to war, the enemy tribe is planning to attack by tomorrow,” the chief said with a grunt. But the chief did not miss the way his daughter and Popocatépetl were holding hands. “What is going on here?” he narrowed his eyes with suspicion.

“I- we -” stammered Iztaccihuatl

“I would like to marry your daughter chief” Popocatepetl confidently declared

On the sidelines was the head warrior smiling proudly at her daughter while another warrior was shaking his head in disgust.

“That’s absurd,” said the warrior venomously “They’re both women and the tribe needs offspring”.

The warrior was in love with Iztaccihuatl and was planning on asking for her hand in marriage after they had won the war.

“Watch the way you talk to my daughter, don’t forget your place. My daughter is one of the best warriors in the tribe” shouted the head warrior.

The warrior lowered his head so as not to disrespect the head warrior, while Iztaccihuatl held onto Popocatepetl's hands like a lifeline, as they waited for her father's answer.

"Your father has said that you are one of the best warriors, if you help win the war for us I will host a huge ceremony in your honor and my daughter" promised the chief.

Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl's hearts felt as if they were going to burst into happiness. Iztaccihuatl wasn't happy about Popocatepetl going to the battlefield. Still, they were going to get married after so the weight in their chests felt lighter as they envisioned the life they would have together after the war. The chief just wanted his daughter to be happy and if marrying Popocatepetl made her happy he would allow it.

But the warrior had other plans.

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On the day Popocatepetl had to go with the rest of the warriors to war, Iztaccihuatl couldn't let go of her hand. What if this was the last time she saw her, what if she got hurt, what if they lost, so many what ifs were going through her head. Popocatepetl was worried as well, what if they did lose would they come for Iztaccihuatl, what about the rest of the tribe, she knew they would be married if they won. Not if, *when* they win. When they win she will get married to the love of her life. And that was enough to keep her going because she was so in love with Iztaccihuatl that waiting to win the war seemed like an eternity for her.

It was time to leave and Iztaccihuatl couldn't let go of Popocatepetl.

"It's time my love" whispered Popocatepetl "I have to go"

"Just a little longer...stay a little longer" pleaded Iztaccihuatl "I want to remember the way you hold me, the way your lips mold to mine, your lingering scent of the wildflowers we laid on at night. You have to come back to me, okay? You have to promise to come back to me, please."

"We're getting married," she said with a smile and tears streaming down her face "So you have to come back, okay? Because we're going to live the rest of our lives together and I need you."

"I promise," said Popocatepetl with a gleaming smile "I promise to come back to my beautiful soon-to-be wife"

And with a lingering soft kiss, she let go of Iztaccihuatl while wiping the glistening tears from her eyes.

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The war had been going on for a week and still no news of the result. Iztaccihuatl was pacing holes in the floor of her room as she waited. Every night she would pray to Metztli (goddess of the moon) to bring back Popocatepetl safely.

It seems like Metztli received her prayers because, on the sixth day, Popocatépetl and the rest of the warriors had defeated the enemy tribe with some wounded warriors. One being Popocatepetl's father with a slash on his leg. Popocatépetl was wrapping it up as it wasn't too deep as she was doing this she and her father commanded that everyone start heading back to the tribe. They had to give the news of the victory. Among them was the jealous warrior who was in love with Iztaccihuatl.

Popocatépetl knew that Iztaccihuatl was waiting for her so she could help her dad and still see her in the end. They had won, they could get married now and she couldn't be happier.

The chief had received the news that they had won the battle, they could now get married and Iztaccihuatl couldn't wait to see Popocatepetl. As the mix of wounded and unwounded warriors returned to the Aztec tribe Iztaccihuatl kept searching for Popocatepetl.

While Iztaccihuatl was searching for Popocatepetl the jealous warrior had come up with a plan. In hopes that she would marry him instead of Popocatepetl, he was going to tell her that Popocatepetl had died on the battlefield.

As Iztaccihuatl grew more nervous that Popocatépetl had not shown up yet, the warrior made a move.

“Princess, can I discuss something with you in private?” asked the warrior

Iztaccihuatl was wary of him but what if he had news of Popocatepetl's whereabouts.

“We can talk in the meeting room,” said Iztaccihuatl as she began making her way to the meeting room followed by a smirking warrior.

As they arrived in the meeting room the warrior had put up his facade of masked sadness.

“What did you have to tell me?” questioned Iztaccihuatl

“I'm so sorry princess.. but Popocatépetl was killed on the battlefield.” said the warrior as he faked sadness.

“What? No.. no” stammered Iztaccihuatl “She promised me, she said she'd come back” wailed the Iztaccihuatl.

The warrior knew his plan had worked, the princess was overcome with despair.

“Leave!” Iztaccihuatl yelled as she hugged herself

“But princess..” Stammered the warrior

“I said leave!” the princess screamed as the tears finally made their way down her face.

The warrior left with a smile on his face as the princess wailed for her “lost” lover. She cried over the memories they had created together on the flower field near the mountains, the promises of love they had said. She cried for the life she would never have. After hours of crying and grieving, she couldn’t handle it anymore and with a promise of seeing her love on the other side with Mictecacihuatl, she decided to take her own life.

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When Popocatépetl came back from the battlefield she was excitedly looking for Iztaccihuatl. For they could now begin their life together. But she couldn’t find her. It wasn't until she talked to the other warriors who came before her that told her, they saw a warrior go into the meeting room with Iztaccihuatl. As she entered the room her smile immediately dropped. For her love was no longer alive.

As her legs gave out she started sobbing because they were supposed to have a life together. They had won the war and they were going to get married. Popocatépetl had kept her promise, she came back but Iztaccihuatl was no longer there. She blamed herself in a way, if she had been there she could have helped Iztaccihuatl.

And that is what she decided to do, Popocatépetl carried Iztaccihuatl’s body to the flower field near the mountains. She built pillars around her lover's body for shelter and brought a torch to protect Iztaccihuatl. Popocatépetl kneeled above her loved body with the torch held high. She prayed to the gods in the heavens and the netherworlds to let her be with Iztaccihuatl in the afterlife. She loved her too much to ever be apart from her, so she stayed and held the torch for Iztaccihuatl.

The gods moved by the passion of their love turned them into volcanoes, so they would never be apart. And whenever Popocatépetl remembers Iztaccihuatl her volcano starts to smoke, to remind everyone that her love for Iztaccihuatl still exists, and will remain for as long as they are together.

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