

Profezie

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: Birds

Disclaimer: I don't own Assassin's Creed.

A.N.: Because I think that Assassin's Creed's version of Leonardo da Vinci is awesome/adorable (his German voice actor does a really great job and is the same one as of Prince of Persia's new Prince and Nathan Drake from Uncharted) here a little drabble about him and the real Leonardo da Vinci's love for birds. Inspired by a little bird I noticed while drinking coffee and the German version of Leonardo, who just seems to be a little more like a little excited puppy, than the English one.

The sun burned and, together with the deafening noise of the market place, bound all senses, something that caused a strange sense of drunkenness, but for once, he could rest.

In the cacophony of noise, colour and light, his ever working brain couldn't find anything to really focus on, to analyse or to interpret and so it just ceased all work. Was the brain able to sulk?

Admits the herd of the general public he walked, noticed this and that and for once managed to forget it all for the moment, even if he knew, that just hours later, in the cold darkness of his studio he would remember and once again he would be prompted to start to write, to sketch, to invent, to put down his thoughts.

But his little leather book remained closed. For now.

It was a little bird, that finally caught his attention. It wasn't the most beautiful bird he had ever seen, it wasn't even anything remotely special, with a dress of black and white, but the little bi-coloured sparrow managed to capture his attention. Well, he wasn't entirely sure, that it was a sparrow, he would look that up later, but it was plain enough to pass for one.

Why would anyone try to sell such a bird?

There was nothing majestic, nothing exotic about it, it was small, a little dirty and from the sounds he had heard so far it didn't even sing.

"30 Florin per l'uccellino, Messer, if you are interested?", he heard the vendor's voice just over his right shoulder and immediately he straightened and put his arms up in a defensive manner. "Ma no, scusi, ma non sono...", he answered, trying to not look in the least surprised at the sudden intrusion in his thoughts, "I mean, yes, I'm interested, but this bird, it's just so plain, I don't think that 30 Florin are the right prize", he tried to explain, not really noticing, that he just insulted the merchant, as he gestured towards the little bird.

Than he noticed something. The bird had ruffled his feathers and now seemed to try to look intimidating, glaring at him over his short little peak. Moved by his curiosity,

Leonardo moved closer to the cage and peered inside. The bird stared back at him through a patch of ruffled feathers and made strange accusing sounds. Was that little thing trying to threaten him? By that look he gave him, he would say yes, even if the overall picture was more adorable than terrifying really.

And suddenly a memory surfaced and he suppressed a laugh. They were a little alike, this little bird and the man that now regularly beat down his door.

At first he had been like that bird, with a murderous intention, but not all that much experience or menace to back his words up, he had been lost, but tried to convince everyone that he wasn't, he had something he needed to do, but no idea, how to start or where to go. While he wouldn't describe Ezio Auditore as adorable, there were some parallels between him and this little uccellino.

Only that now, after two years, the man managed to be terrifying, if he wanted, while the bird here failed at that task completely.

"How much did you say, you wanted for the bird?"

With the "Mille grazie, you saved my family, messer!" of the merchant behind him and the little bird wriggling in his hand he stood and peered at the sun, when he noticed the strange shadow that had just slipped over the roofs of the building to his left and with a smile he released the bird in his hands.

And as the little bird left his care, leaving behind a few bloody scratches and another much more unpleasant gift, Leonardo da Vinci just hoped that this wasn't another one of life's strange metaphors.

Especially after the bird just barely managed to out fly an arrow soaring through the sky.