

**make me a big tall tree, make me a song so sweet**

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# **make me a big tall tree, make me a song so sweet**

by [Almalexiasgf](#)

## Summary

After the events during the Trespasser DLC, the inquisitor's sister helps him cut his hair.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“He needs you.”

Ellara gets out of the bed, running one hand over Thom’s arm. He mumbles something in his sleep. The sky through the curtains is still cold and blue. Probably the early hours of the morning.

“Thank you, Cole,” she says as she swiftly puts on a robe and takes her knife. The Winter Palace is as dangerous as a forest, and Cole is not very specific with his requests. She closes the door quietly behind her.

The spirit walks next to her through the corridor. Unseen and unheard by the Winter Palace’s guards posted on each side.

“Hands. Hair. Heart. Hurt. He liked to run his fingers through his hair. He did it before he left. Now he cannot even get it out of his face and it hurts.”

“It’s okay, Cole. I’ll help. Thank you.”

“Don’t tell him I brought you here.”

And just like that, he’s gone. And she is standing in front of the door to her brother’s bedroom.

She knocks a few times.

“Dáire... Can I come in?”

After some seconds, he opens the door and lets her in. He looks like he’s been crying, but he has looked like this for the past few days, so it’s nothing that instantly concerns her. His hair is messy and tangled and looks like it has been pulled. She takes him in her arms, and he rests his head on her shoulder.

“What’s going on?” she asks, in a whisper.

“Who told you to come?”

“Call it sisterly instinct. The same way I know when you have gotten into trouble. What’s wrong? Presently, I mean.”

He breaks the embrace and walks back to the mirror, a mess of leather straps and combs on the table.

“I can’t... do anything with my hair anymore. I can’t do it with one hand. It shouldn’t be bothering me this much. I’m sorry, it’s stupid.”

“It’s not.” She picks up one of the combs. “Do you want me to braid it away from your face?”

“I want you to cut it.”

He hands her the scissors. Silver and gold and so very Orlesian.

“Are you sure?”

“I want it off.”

Ellara nods. She is not trying to convince him otherwise. If this is what he needs right now, she will help.

She looks at the mirror, at his face sunken and desolate, and the gilded scissors.

But the best she can do now is try to make it as comforting as possible.

She puts down the scissors on the table. She walks to the balcony and opens the doors. She takes some of the sheets from the bed and lays them on the floor, outside. Then she leads her brother outside and has him sit over them, as she sits behind him.

The birds are starting to sing right before the sun comes out, the leaves from the nearby tree have started to fall on the balcony and around them. If she closes her eyes, they could be anywhere. They could be back home in the Free Marches.

She takes out her knife and cuts the length of his hair. She then hands it to him.

“You should probably burn it. Else, some people here are going to start treating it as a relic.”

That gets a chuckle from him, as he closes his fist over the locks of hair.

She works on the rest of the hair, cutting it close to his scalp with her knife, as she did many times when he was a child and the hair she was cutting was jet black like hers and not white.

An old song comes humming to her lips, as she works. An old song that she has not heard since she left the clan.

When she is done, she runs her hand over the short fuzz on his scalp.

“Is this better?”

He nods. “Thank you, Ella.”

“Do you want to be alone now?”

He looks up at the brightening sky.

“Can you sing?”

That morning, as maids and servants start crossing the courtyard in a hurry, they hear an elven song that rises from the balconies. And they stop.

And they listen.



## End Notes

Ellara is my OC.

Dáire Lavellan is @littlegumshoe's (on tumblr)

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