

Blood on the Snow

By: Mune Cinteroph #3607

Upon the cusp I stood, overlooking the desecration of ground once held sacred.

Is that not, however true of all ground ancient? At one time, held sacred by one culture or another. So to, as many a ground held sacred before, did blood once more soak into its soil. What was it that we, as people, as humans with a heart give up to gain power? What was it that we so foolishly tossed aside without so much as a second thought to claw that much closer, our ambitions and goals?

In that moment, who am I though, to look upon the form of a dying man, my sword in hand? A life straining, struggling to hold on to the mortal coil. Who was I to snuff it out? Eyes that held naught but pain for not just he but I, memories of a childhood non-existent.

I knew it had been coming, for nigh on a year. A scene, glimpsed in the images of a dream. I dreamt them, time and again. A choice looming, a choice that gnawed at the frayed edges of a mind improperly fostered until a facsimile of home was found. It was no home, though, as hard as I had tried to make it so. It was a life. Through tutelage of my elders, the education of musty old tomes and flaking scrolls. None were enough to guide the hand that held the writhing life of a man destructive to those he was supposed to love. Supposed to raise, and teach, and guide himself.

Instead, he faced the beast he created.

I knew well the rage that burned within my eyes. It was a fire I admit, held horror for me, at the mere thought that it could even lurk there. Every glance at the mirror, I knew well it lay coiled deep within the psyche. I was broken, still am broken.

"You are a failure. I will not die by your hand you insolent..."

My hands found his throat, fingers flexed and held tight. My eyes stared into his widening ones. Even, in those moments, he saw me as no more than an experiment. A disgusting failure in need of disposal. The tears came hot, burning trails down my cold cheeks. All about us, the cooling bodies of his bodyguards bore silent witness to a young boy committing patricide in the cold wet snow.

In his death, I would gain my freedom. Freedom from the nightmares. The needles. The horror of the dark laboratories and sinister doctors. I would break the chains of the nightmare he had imposed upon me from birth, and through my own actions find myself before it was too late. Before youth was forever lost to me, and I left with no identity to call my own. I would give up his name, his status, his shadow if it meant gaining the power to finally live without being some mad scientist's object d'art.

Consequences be damned, I held strong. Whatever force behind my actions and the feral beast that run rampant within, kept my grip strong. Every pulse of it burned through my veins, caressed my flesh with violent hate. It was unknown to me back then that it was the Force that worked itself upon me, that came to me in those moments. It fed my feral rage in the slowly passing seconds that it took to rip out the throats of the small retinue of men and lay the final one to the snow now pinned under my weight.

Had I not been so lost to instinct and rage, he may have put me down as he so desired since my failure to be the experiment he needed, he wanted.

Time stood still.

How long had it been since he came to the head of the trail before the entrance of the compound? My internal clock could only but guess. Time had dilated violently when I met the eyes of my father. I needed not look to see that already, blasters were levelled at me. Levelled at a youth not yet edging on adolescence. The malice was bitter upon his palette, and the knowledge of their intent lay before me, an abyss daring me to take the leap. I took it. I let the abyss crash into me, like a stone tossed into a pond. Emotions turned raw. I turned them upon the enemy before me.

I was on top of the first man before the first shot was even fired, or another word spoken. His head cracked hard against the cobbles of the path. I jerked him up only to once more slam his skull upon the hard surface, blood and brains laid bare for all to see.

The first blast is fired.

I was upon the man. His blast sent scuttling across the ground and into the brush of the shrubbery skirting the path. Like an animal possessed, I bit him, my small fangs breaking skin, blood pulsed into my mouth. Metallic, tangy. I became scared of myself. I thrust fear aside and let the demon take the reins. In shock the man shoved at me, even as we tumbled to the ground with two more blaster bolts narrowly missing our sprawling forms. I punched once, then twice, and a third time, pulverizing the man's face. I grabbed his vibrosword from its scabbard. Somewhere, I could remember thinking that they really should have worked on their aim better.

I was upon the third, the sword of the second driving through the man's chest. I drew it free in a fountain of blood only to swing in in a sheering arc that rent the man from right shoulder to left hip. Innards exposed and sent spattering the earth, staining it in violent red. Muted early winter colour disturbed by vicious crimson. One by one, I was guided to slay these men, until I bore down upon him, my father. Somehow, the power that raged through my being kept me untouched in those few violent minutes from start to finish.

Now his life began its escape. His lungs, I knew well, fought to take in air. I crushed his windpipe with all my strength, all my hatred. The beast within eating away at me, demanding his blood, his being. The fact I was caked in blood and gore mattered little in those seconds. The only thing that mattered was the fading light in those eyes.

"I hate you..." I found myself saying.

"I hate you..." I repeated.

His flesh grew clammy, his eyes dull, he struggled no more for air. Still, my grip refused to loosen. I repeated my last words to him again, a third time, and a fourth, a fifth and still a sixth. Each time came faster, harsher. Tears followed them, streamed down my cheeks. The rage receded but the violence did not. I was broken... as I always had been. The power, though short lived had won me freedom from a monster... but let possibly an even bigger monster in. a nervous swallow, hands trembled in sudden weakness; and I finally pried myself off his body.

Men of the monastery looked down upon what I had done. They did what they felt was right, in the following days. The incident buried, and it was as though it did not happen. That being said, I could never forget. I let something in that day, and let it take residence within me. Or was it always in me and I only let it come out and play in a moment of pure hate and anger? Perhaps the real sacrifice then, was my hard earned control.

What is control but a mechanism to retain our outward appearances to our peers? No one should ever know what monster hides behind these eyes.