“Their Guilt”

773 words

“This is your fault…” “You don’t mean that”, said Icarus Mourningstar slamming the door as they left the unkempt building..Icarus’s day was not going as they wanted,they just wanted to talk to him. They ran faster than a human should have been able to… they hadn’t even realized they were faster when they realized it made them think about when they got their powers. Two years ago…*February 1st 2026, classroom 103, Icarus remembered it was their Greek mythology class. The teacher had been talking about Apollo greek god of the sun and healing and… to be honest they didn’t remember what else they hadn’t been paying much attention but what they did remember is the scrape on their hand was healed immediately… originally they decided to ignore it but as the days went on and as the abilities grew and changed they realized it wasn’t just a coincidence. They had started learning how to harness their abilities…by now they were pretty much an expert at using them.* They reached the city finally slowing themself down.It was busy even for New York standards.They pulled their short brown hair away from their face and pulled their yellow and purple jacket down. They walked down the street, dodging out of the way of people…until they reached a large house on a hill, their house…well technically *Ha- her* (gods they couldn’t even bear to say her name anymore) house. They knew their father, fable, wouldn't be home…he never was. Always busy at work, thinking about it they didn’t even know what he did for work. They decided to not think about it and instead go to sleep. They were exhausted…when was the last time they slept? As they laid down they tossed and turned unable to sleep despite their exhaustion. Finally they managed to fall asleep about an hour after laying down. *“Why?” “WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?” “I’m sorry please” Icarus cried “you did this.” the shaky voice replied. Icarus finally looked up from their place on the ground. Their half brother R-* they woke up with a shake.

Where were they? Large forest walls, they sat in the wet grass… they were where *it* happened. They must have used a power in their sleep. A message beamed on their phone, they read it.. “ Hey, are we still meeting up? “ it was from Haley but how she was…dead. They had done it, they hadn’t meant to but they did. *It was back when they had just gotten their powers. They had invited Haley to hang out at a local shop. Haley had been talking about how they think their brother Rae wasn’t a good person because of him always writing something or doing some type of experiment. Icarus was angry, their brother was doing so much for everyone. They had been yelling and touched them on the arm…they hadn’t realized the power they were using…Thanatos’s the personification of death.* The beeping on their phone brought them out of their thoughts. “Icarus?” is all the message said. They didn’t know what was happening but they knew they had to meet up with Haley. They grabbed their phone and shot back a message “On my way, See you soon.” They stood up running as fast as their legs could take them towards the small soup shop they had agreed to meet at. When they arrived they saw Haley sitting on a chair in a corner. “Hey Haley..” Icarus said, trying to stop the tears forming in their eyes. They nearly ran to Haley and hugged her. Haley was taken aback, Icarus barely ever got close to anyone. “ Are you okay?”Haley asked, her voice full of worry. “I-I- um yeah, yeah I’m fine.” Icarus replied, trying to convince them self more than Haley. “Alright..” Haley said, not fully convinced. “What did you want to talk about, Haley?” “I wanted to talk about Rae…” Haley continued on the same things they had said when Icarus had…killed her. Instead of what they had done before they talked and talked… Icarus explained why Rae was doing what he was doing. They left the shop…both of them. The thing they hadn’t been able to do before. Icarus went to their house, The one they shared with Haley, their best friend…who was alive. Icarus went to their room…they didn’t know how to feel. A part of them wanted to feel happy…but their guilt outweighed anything other feeling they had…but at least now that was now that was their problem. No one else's grief, no one else’s guilt.