Maybe Someday I Will Help my People

Word Count: 900

The sound of a blade cutting through bone makes the taste of victory so much sweeter. The pure ink black blood seeps out of the ogre king's throat, slicing pure iron into his exposed, sickly gray skin. The lifeless body is limp against the cold hard ground. I stand over him, waiting for something, anything. I feel completely numb to everything around me. I thought I would feel something after killing the most evil, manipulative, power hungry mind ever. I thought I would feel something, anger, relief, terror. Alas, I feel nothing. Not a tumor in my whole being.

I don't know how long I stare at his body, but I hear it. Footsteps, they are advancing. Hard clunks against the hard ground. They sound like they are running. They are coming down the east hallway to my back. I have two corridors to my left and my right. I decided to go down the left to the garden.

Blood spattered footprints follow my trail leaving a stamp on my leather boots. I can feel the crisp wind beating against my face. The tails of my long trench coat fly in the wind behind me. The only sounds I hear are the swift, small patterns of my boots hitting the marble and the sudden stops of the men behind me. There are at least ten of them now. I climb the beams to my left to the support beams for the king's temple, the dead king's temple. Once I reach the top of the beam, there is a small ledge to the roof covered in a blanket of shadows. I push my back against the cold wall and slide to the roof. Suddenly I am hit with a wall of warmth. The sun shines brighter than it has ever been. There is a large oak tree at about a 14 foot jump. This is easy for me, as I am a drow. The darkest and stealthiest of all the nine realms. I land on the sturdy branch of the dark wood. I drop to the ground without a sound from my body or my clothes wrapping tightly around me. Then, I run.

I sprinted further than I ever had. I run through the dark forests, dusty meadows, and damp, hot swamps. Until I reach Maraga. I go to a cave I know all too well. I have to walk through an abundance of boulders and traps I set. I knew this would happen, so I set these for my own good in case I was followed after about an hour of avoiding my traps and death contraptions. I finally make it to my cave, my home. It is small but has so many break offs or catacombs to different lands. It is my own underground maze. A maze that I know like the back of my hand, and my enemies know my knife. But, as soon as I take in that I am home, I hear something. It's so small I almost didn't notice it. But it almost sounded like the click of a crossbow. As soon as I register this sound, I quickly shift my weight to my right leg and spin 90 degrees. The iron of the arrow flies into the stone of my wall and ricochets off behind me, to the right of where it was shot. I fly into action, and my body registers how sore I am as soon as I do. But I don't care. Seconds dwelling on pain could cost me my life. I, swifter than my attacker, unsheath my knife from my upper left bicep and grip it. I jump behind the body and grab his arms. Then with my right hand, I take my knife, black still with the blood of the man I killed just hours before. The blade caresses his skin. “Don't utter a word from your mouth. I already have enough blood on this blade. It will be a pain in my arse to wash it off if there's even more.” All I hear in response is a small grunt. “Now, are you going to tell me why the devil's name are you here, and why did you take that poor attempt to splatter my blood?” I udder into the body I hold to my chest, forcing them to surrender. “If you had ever heard of me, you would have known I could do that easily or hear even the slightest of clicks from any weapon.” Then he says

something. “You killed him. You killed my master, the man who brought light into this dark, broken world. Yes, I knew that you would hear that. Why do you think I tried to shoot you so poorly? You stupid, stupid elf.” Then I hear it, a slight click. Suddenly, I am enveloped in flames.

I feel them before I see them. My skin is searing like hot grease in a pan. I feel my blood boiling, killing me from the inside out. I feel myself slipping away into the eternal darkness. I knew I would die. I half expected to be killed before I killed the lord of the realm of Nifari. I saved my people. I saved them. That's all that matters. After what feels like an eternity of pain and suffering. I slip into the long eternal deep sleep that is what we unworthy mortals call “Death.”