

## **Seraphim of Sin**

C.Daws.

For centuries, beings known as Seraphs have co-existed with the race of man. They cannot be seen by human eyes, or felt...but the Seraphs, with time, are able to manipulate the world around them. The myth is, that Seraphs are the dead souls of humans, assigned to neither heaven nor hell, and that they must prove themselves worthy for the better afterlife. Many choose the task of a guardian or guide for the living beings still walking the earth.

The unspoken rule is each human may only have one Seraph watching over them, although a Seraph can be a guardian of more than one. They age just like they would alive, only their Seraph life begins at the age of their death. They cannot die, they cannot breath, and although they have wings, they cannot fly.

When the afterlife of the Seraph has been decided – they grow a third wing, and soon vanish.

But enough of the boring stuff...

## First Part\*

My mind feels like it's at a blank. I don't know who or where I am, but I'm falling it seems. Falling from the ground upward, ascending...at such a speed. I look down and can almost make out my body somewhere down there, but it is only brief, before it vanishes...just like everything else. The wind blowing down on my eyes is too much to look upward, so really I have no idea where I am going, only that I am falling...falling upward.

It isn't long before I know where I am. The air has gotten thinner, the wind has calmed down, and it is so cold. I can look up, but there is nothing up there that I can see. My stomach panics as any breathable air has left me long ago. I try to turn around, try to reverse my ascend, an although I have no luck I keep trying, knowing the air won't get any better where I'm heading. My arms and legs very quickly change from a swimming-like motion to a panic of something that can't be solved. My chest continues to ache as my heart, eyes, and head all feel like they're about to burst.

This lasted for what felt like a long time, but I would estimate a couple minutes...a couple minutes of suffocation. The moment before it stopped, I could feel lightning strike throughout my brain for a split second, as if my mind had accepted my condition. After that, the suffocation stopped, and although I wasn't breathing, I felt fine. I think I was still soaring, but as I looked around at the new surrounding, I couldn't recognize anything, not even a planet nearby. I...thought I was dead...but where am I? This can't be heaven or hell...this isn't bliss or torment. I continue to wait.

Time really slows down in situations like this...when there is literally nothing to do. If I could move it would be a little different, unfortunately, that isn't the case though. There was something in the distance, far away. It wasn't bright like a star; it looked more like a giant rock, like a meteor. I wasn't too concerned at first, until I noticed it was heading straight towards me, quickly. I started to panic and tried to move out of the way, but soon, (sooner than before); I gave up and just waited for it to bring more pain into my afterlife. The object was indeed a flying rock, at first it looked like the size of my hand, but as it grew closer I saw and imagined it much larger than myself. I never really did know how far it was from me, or how much larger it would get, until it finally made contact and struck pain throughout my entire body.

Soon after, there was an odd feeling in my throat, almost stopping me from breathing. It soon causes me to cough onto the ground, no doubtingly blood as I soon discover. Once that was over, I had to cover my ears from such a sharp ringing...it helped...a little, and the ringing soon stopped. My throat soon felt better and I...I notice I'm kneeling on the ground somewhere. It was paved, like in the city...and I was between buildings, like a back alley. I push myself from the ground and stumble to my feet, trying to balance myself, as I haven't experienced gravity in a while. It was dim out, like the sun was just rising, and there was a pain in my back between my shoulders, but it was small enough to ignore. My body and clothes all felt similar, like they were 'me' before I hit the meteor...but I don't remember much before then.

I lead myself forward to get out of this alley and soon find myself on a sidewalk of a road with no traffic. The road was slanted, along with the buildings on its side...on my side at least – the other side was a park-like area. There were a few people with their dogs in the park, and another coming up beside me.

I waved to him and asked, "Hey, do you have a minute?", but I was completely ignored as he walked pass me.

I decide to let it pass and walk down along the sidewalk, passing the buildings which looked like basic shops and stores. A lot of them were open or opening and the owners looked like perky, happy people. One of the shops I soon come across was called, 'Yellow Hot Wear', and was selling clothes, shoes, hats, and so on. The door was held open by a block, so I help myself in and make my way to the front where a girl buying shoes was already being helped. She was soon done with the purchase, and walked out as I approached the desk.

I ask the shop owner, "Hi. Can I ask an odd question?" Wanting to desperately know where I was, I waited patiently for her to answer me...but patience only goes so far.

"Hey! Can you hear me?!" That didn't seem to affect her either. I started to ring the bell on the desk, but there was something wrong with it – it wasn't even working! I pressed the top a little lighter thinking it was me, but no, it was the bell.

"Aren't you supposed to help your customers?—Like in tradition?" Still no response, not even a roll of her eyes, she just continued with the paper work. Of course I give up, being tired and impatient as I was, I walk out. I kneel down against the side of that shop below its window, and place my head on my crossed arms.

This is all so strange. Not that I think of it, it can't be of any coincidence that both of them ignored me completely. I can't make out what it is though, I know I'm here...I feel real so I must be! People continue to walk by me, one even running, but they pay no attention...all but one. Another girl...

She said as she walked closer, "Wow, I wonder what his problem is. Looks like the store just fired him or something." She laughs and continues, "Oh, that's not f..." She stops dead in her tracks as I lift my head up and stare at her, a little annoyed but more thankful that someone knew I was there.

She looked normal, only for one major feature that was really amazing. She was facing me, but I could make out what looked like dark-grey wings hanging from her back, not much longer than to her elbows. I remember whispering to myself, "No way."

As she turns around she says to herself loud enough so I could hear, "No, I won't be the one...just continue sitting there, wait for someone else."

I had no intention of staying there waiting for someone I wouldn't know of, so I got up and followed her.

I try to make her stop, "You're just going to walk away? I'd like to know what's going on here!" She replies, "I'm sorry, it's not my specialty, you're just going to have to wait."

“Wait for whom? You’re the only one that knows I’m here!”

As she speed-walked away I noticed some of her feathers falling to the ground in front of me.

“Your wings are falling apart!”

She stops and turns around quickly in distress. “Oh no, no, no!”

Almost crashing to her knees, she struggles to pick up her feathers before they’re all blown away. I pick one up and look at it closely. It was really detailed; dark-grey with some white and black spots in there.

The angel grabs it from me. “Don’t touch! They’re not yours you know!”

“I’m sorry...are they real?”

She gets back up and puts her feathers into a small bag which was tied around her waist and hung on her left hip.

She answers, “I told you it’s not my specialty, and I can’t answer the questions you have lined up.”

But knowing I won’t give up, she continued, “Ok, you’re going to be disappointed at how well I can answer, but I can try.”

That put a smile on my face as I ask her my first and probably most obvious question, “Are you for real?”

“Uh, be more specific.”

I ask again, “Are you an angel?”

She sighs and places her hand on her forehead, probably thinking how to answer this.

She looks back at me and replies, “For now, we can say yes...but not completely. I can’t exactly explain what we are...yes, you too.”

I look behind myself trying to get a glimpse of my back. “...I don’t have wings like you do. I don’t have anything!”

“Give it time, they will grow.”

I feel around on my back but find nothing, until my eyes come across something most obvious on my body that sent a hot chill down my spine. I nearly jump in shock as I now notice a horn-like object underneath the skin pointing out from just below my shoulders.

“Oh, that’s right!” I look back at the girl with opened eyes as she continues... “How could I miss something like that?”

“Like what, these disfigurements?”

“Yes! That’s exactly what I meant!”

At first I thought she may have been serious, but a few seconds pass as she grows a bright face and begins to laugh.

“With guys the wings grow a little higher.”

Still being confused, I reply, “Oh of course, now it all makes sense.”

“Ok, calm down, I warned you I’m not good at this, but you insisted. I mean, I was only minding my own business walking along here, and here I find some new guy who demands me to tell him everything in such a short amount of time...”

Just when I was going to apologize, she continued her...speech.

“...It’s just like that other day, like two weeks ago.”

I ask, “What happened two weeks ago?”

Her eyes flicker back at me, just noticing I was still there. She stays motionless, watching me while I wait for her to fill me in on the details. The awkward silence was later broken with her smile and response.

“I get it now...”

Still waiting an answer, “What?”

“This is a test! It has to be.”

It’s as if she was completely ignoring me, but not in a way that made me feel like a ghost, like before. This girl is...strange.

I gave up on asking questions, for now I will try to focus on what she talks about, almost to herself. She doesn’t continue though, at least I wasn’t able to wait long enough to see what she had to say next. No, instead I was greeted by a twitching in each of my shoulders. It wasn’t so bad at first, I mean; it felt weird, and different...but not painful. Of course, with my luck, it wasn’t long before the pain started to strike from the top of my shoulders, down to the middle of my spine like tiny shards of glass, making their way there and back again. This lasted only a few seconds before my legs gave on me, along with the ability to move below my neck.

I could hear and see, but poorly. The next thing I remember is the echoed voice of the girl, who I was just with,

“Hey, get up!”

She picked me up by my arm and leaned me on her back. She carried me up-hill while the scent from her wings eased me through it. They were like some kind of herb–thyme. For what seemed like a dozen minutes, her thyme wings carried me to a building and onto a soft bed. I could hear voices of other people in the building. Something tells me this wasn’t supposed to happen.

“Who’s that?”

“What’s wrong with him?”

“Why do you always have to use my room?”

My heavy eyes close and put me asleep as the voices continue to chatter on the near background. I dreamt – but it wasn’t a pleasant one. It was a dream which placed me in a room, on a bed, on my chest. Other than my eyes I couldn’t move myself. The room was dark, and someone else was in it. I couldn’t see them, and couldn’t hear them, but I just knew there was someone there...walking around the room. I look to the left, and right, but couldn’t see anything above or beyond the bed. A breeze gently made its way across my spine, but still I could do nothing...so in a cold sweat, I waited.

When my eyes opened for the second, more realistic time – I couldn’t help but feel relieved. Sadly, not my entire dream was false.

To my left, a voice startles me. “Good morning!”

I lean my head just enough to see a young boy sitting on a chair watching me. He had deep-black wings, which looked like they could spread across his body length twice.

He added, “My name is Marus.”, and pointed to the wall left of him. “This is my room, but it looks like you’re here temporarily.”

The wall left of him was covered in what looked like math. The entire wall was like a chock-board, parts with symbols I’ve never seen before, and others with words...statements. In fact, every wall was like that – every wall but the one to my right which was only half complete. I turn to Marus in curiosity.

“What does it mean?”

He looks up and takes a breath. “The meaning of life.”

He looks back at me with a smile. “I’m doing what so many people have dreamed of accomplishing!”

“How close are you from finishing it?”

He shakes his head and answers, “I don’t know. It seems with every new theory, five more are made to be discovered. I just hope I can solve it before the last wall runs out...then I’d have to erase it all, and start over in smaller text.”

“Let’s hope you find out then.”

He laughs out loud. “Don’t worry! I got it all down on paper!”

The door opens, and with a smile on her face as well, the girl I was talking to before walks in, along with someone else. Marus gives me a wave as he gets up and leaves the room. The girl I met before stands by the door, and the guy who she walked in with sits on the chair Marus was in.

He says in a deep voice, “Good morning.”

I slowly reply with “...hi.”

He asks, “Your name?”

I shake and shrug. “...don’t know.”

“Do you mind if we title you with a number for now?”

“...no, I guess that would be ok.”

“Do you remember anything...age...family...residence?”

I shake again, “...no.”

He smirks, “Great!”...which goes into a full smile? “...that kind of knowledge can drive a person mad.”

He goes to shake my hand, “I’m Jert, a translator. You’ve already met Sarah, correct?”

I nod and ask, “Not everyone speaks English here?”

“Do you know yet, where ‘here’ is?”

I guess now that I am back to myself and rested, I can actually think of that question.

“I’m dead...” I look at him with a concerned look on my face and ask, “...aren’t I?”

He nods. “But...” He pauses for a moment thinking of what to say.

I had to know, I wanted him to continue, so I showed my impatient side. “But what?—something bad?”

His head shakes, which was really reassuring. “You aren’t in heaven.”

And that—was the part that frightened me once again. I’m not in heaven, and I’m dead...so the only thing that comes in mind was...what did I do wrong? He knows that’s what I am thinking.

“You’re not in hell, and, you aren’t being punished...so don’t worry!”

My heart slowly regains its speed. “Then where am I?”

He scratches the back of his ear and answers, “You are...on earth...but we don’t know for how long.”

“What? Explain, please, I can’t wait any longer to know if I’m damned or not.”

He takes a deep breath, “Ok.”

Releasing his breath he closes his eyes. I still don’t know why he’s taking such a long time to explain this, I just want to know, and every answer he’s given me just adds another question. I have a feeling this is it though...here, he will tell me fully. I am about to know, where I am.

He begins... “Like I said earlier, you are dead. We, or even yourself don’t know how you died...correct?”

I nod as predicted as he continues. “We aren’t completely sure why we’re here either...but we know there is a life after this, and that life is decided by how we act...here. What we believe, is you’re put here when you don’t accept your fate in your previous life...and you stay here until you do. I’ve been here for years, and I accept my fate now, so maybe that isn’t it, we don’t know for sure.”

I almost choke trying to swallow before I got another question in. "What was your fate?"

He smiles and laughs as a tear runs down his left eye. He quickly conceals that pain and breathes into his hand.

"I was nineteen...when I died. I was walking, with a few others...falling. It wasn't long before I realized I didn't trip—it was trap. A bamboo trap. It followed with gunfire, and screams of pain...I must have been in a war. I didn't die instantly, no. I was in there, with bamboo through my legs, my arms, for what seemed like hours."

Sharah covers her eyes, and I try to calm him. "I'm sorry...I shouldn't have."

But instead he smiled. "Like I said though, I can accept it now."

At that note I turn around to look at my back, behind my shoulder to see what my wings looked like, knowing the shock may still be painful to look at. But there they were! As expected, there were two bone-like wing-like objects sticking from below my shoulders. I should be scared, but it was strangely relaxing to look at. Although there was some blood, I was still bleeding, but not much...and it wasn't that painful. I go to touch one of them when Sharah grabs my wrist. I look at her with awe.

She told me with a most serious look on her face, "I made that mistake...you don't want to touch them yet."

I look at Jert as he nods. "Your spine is still getting used to the new bones. And, a lot of nerves are repairing themselves right now. Thus...you should just relax for a bit...the soft bed won't disrupt your senses that much."

I nod with a smile of excitement. "Right...good thinking."

But an obvious feature just came to mind... "Your wings are white, Sharah has dark-grey...and Marus has black wings. What does that mean?"

Jert shakes his head, "It doesn't mean anything. I guess maybe, a personality thing—but Marus is a great example. He has black wings but in many ways he's a better person than me. And there are some with dark wings that you can tell are sinners. So, colour, means nothing, I think."

Suddenly my vision was fading on me, and my head felt like the world was spinning. My stomach started to cramp, and hands started to shake.

"I feel...nauseous."

I could make out a few words from Jert before I went back into my sleep.

"I know...we'll see you tomorrow, and think of a name by then."

## Second Part\*

My dream was strange, like before. In fact, it was the one I had before, at least the beginning was...where I was laying face down on my bed unable to move. The cold chill, the warm breath...everything was the same up until the point when I awoke last. It was then I started to move. I got up in fear...fell and crawled to the corner of my room, (I think it is my room). I look around for the source of all my fears at that moment...but don't see anything clearly visible. Instead my heart stops beating as voices all around the room built up, whispering something I can't understand. No one told me anything, but somehow I knew I had to open the door that hid in darkness at the other end of the room. I stood to my feet, and walked towards where the voices seem to lead. I walked quickly; I placed the palm of my hand on the knob.

My eyes jolt open and my head leans forward as I come out of my nightmare. Breathing heavily I look to my left as Sharah, worried, gets up from her chair and rests her hand on my hair. I close my eyes trying to calm myself down.

"It's ok." She said to me. "We all have a bad dream the first night."

Her hand brushes between my hair and forehead, which quickly calmed me back to a stable state.

"You were talking...in your sleep."

"What did I say?"

She shakes her head, "I couldn't make it out. But I thought it was a good dream...up until now."

I smile with sarcasm, "...because I was talking?"

"No...You were laughing."

My breath stops for as long as I could hold it as I looked at Sharah in question.

"Is that's normal?"

Her hand stops moving on my forehead. She thinks a moment, and then looks at the clock on the wall behind me.

"It's early..." She smiles, "...but I bet you're starving."

I without doubt nod as her hand goes back to her side. She looks at me with an awkward face. "Really, you are?"

I ask, "What do you mean?"

"Well, think about it for a moment, are you hungry?"

I don't understand the question just yet. I think I'm hungry, I haven't eaten for days...but I don't feel it. My stomach feels ok, I'm not dizzy, and I'm not hungry...

She nods with the same smile as before, "Yeah. You're not hungry, are you?"  
I almost laugh as the thought of it was a bit weird, like everything else. "No...I guess not."  
"Then come! It's time to grow some of your feathers."

I look back at my new limbs. At least I think they're limbs. I could still see some bone, but new skin has grown over most of it. I look back at Sarah waiting for me at the door. I push myself from the bed, noticing I'm wearing the same clothes as before.

"Where can I change, shower?"  
She laughs. "No need! This is a semi-heaven remember!"  
I shrug. "I see."  
"And don't worry about your clothes. You'll notice they're a part of your body now. You can take them off, throw them away...but you'll wake up the next morning with them back on your body...they'll change over time as well! It's great."  
I nod, "Sounds like it would be."

She directs me as I follow her out of the room for the first time. The building was huge, but it looked really old and broken-down. We went outside just in time to see two kids playing not too far from us. But they didn't have wings. This brought me back to when all those normal-looking people ignored me.

I ask Sarah, "They're still alive, aren't they?"  
She nods, "Yup."  
"And they can't see us?"  
She nods again, "That's right."  
"So what happens when I try to push, or trip them?"  
"...well why would you want to do that?"

I shrug.  
She crosses her arms and smiles in confidence. "Try it."

I walk up to one of the kids and try to push him. My arms lock and push me back when I reach contact. The kid doesn't even budge; it was like all the force was pushed back on me. I feel a little embarrassed with Sarah giggling in the background.

"What the hell was that?"  
She brushes her eye and finishes laughing at me. "You can't do it that way."  
"Well how can I do it then?"

Her smile disappears as she thinks about the question, but she doesn't answer.

"Sarah?"  
She looks back at me in disappointment. "I don't know if I should tell you."  
I raise my voice. "What? Why the hell not?"

She doesn't answer.

"Sarah!—Why not?"  
A female voice creeps up behind me. "One can show thee, me love."

I turn around in shock at the human figure not many paces from where I was standing. She had short red hair, red clothes, and featherless wings.

I ask with caution at the stranger, "Who are you?"  
Sarah's voice from behind answers, "What does thou mean?"

My eyes remain on the stranger. Somehow I don't think Sarah sees her yet. The stranger's eyes are closed...they're always closed.

"Thou want to know the art, me love? One can teach thee...me love."  
"Why do you address me as your love?"  
A short pause. "One is confused, me love. Does thou not want one here?"

I ignore it for now, but the confused voice of Sarah still ripples behind me...

"Who are you talking to?"  
I turn back at Sarah and answer, "You can't see her?"

She shakes her head. "No."

I look back at the girl who's made her way to one of the children. My eyes watch as she places her hand on one of the child's shoulders. I watched as the child stopped moving for a moment. The stranger's wings spread...they were huge.

The child kneels to the ground, but not to die. He picks up a rock, and walks towards the other he was once playing with. The other was still

smiling, thinking this was still a game. He waists no time, and strikes the other child's head with the rock. The child falls, but only to be followed by the other. Again he strikes with his rock, and again.

Sharah's voice cries out and runs towards the two. She wraps her arms around the possessed child. The stranger smiles at the three lying there, enjoying what she caused. I have to admit it was a good show. Seeing two kids playing, forgetting all their worries...it kills me.

Sharah, with blood dripping from her wings, turns to me in tears. "You saw it, didn't you?! You were talking to a demon, weren't you?!"

The demon walks towards me with the evil smile still imprinted on her face. Stopping less than a foot away, she looks up at me, and opens her eyes. Her, demon-dark eyes stared deep into mine.

As I felt her breath against my lips, Sharah's scared but loving voice prevailed. "Tell her to go away!"

She runs past me to the building we came from. I look at the demon, still breathing...still looking...still smiling.

"One will leave the choice up to thee, me love."

I calmly ask, yet still startled inside, "...how does Sharah not see you?"

But she only answers, "Be careful...Onlay. They do not trust me love, like one does."

She closes her eyes as I turn around at Sharah and a few others running towards me. I look back, but the demon girl was gone. She called me by a name though...Onlay, I think. Could that be my name? Or was it a lie...

The angels direct me back inside to a room, and leave me alone. The room was religious – filled with a symbol for virtually every religion I knew; Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, Taoism, and four others I didn't know about.

There was only one window in this room, which made it pretty dark, as there were no lights either. After a few minutes, someone opens the door and sits down opposite of me. I could see many curious eyes as the door slowly closes again.

The man looks at me for a moment, and starts to talk with good intentions.

"So! Let me introduce myself." He leans across the table to shake my hand. "I'm Mod."

I hesitate. "Hi."

"I understand you're able to see demons?"

I shrug, not completely sure yet. "I guess."

He nods as he opens a binder he brought in.

"This is a rare gift indeed. What did the demon look like?"

I answer, "Red hair, red clothes, featherless wings, and dark eyes."

He nods again. "Yes there is no doubt that is the look of evil. I'm told you were talking to it, what did it say?"

"It was a girl."

He looks up at me in surprise of what I said.

"I'm sorry?"

I repeat, "It was a girl...not an 'it'."

"Oh." He shrugs. "Demons are demons, right?"

His following laugh irritates me, but I refuse to answer with only a thought in my mind, 'and angels are angels.

"We don't...know who you are. Every newcomer has a DNA test to see who they were in their last life – but we found no match for you."

I ask, "What does that mean?"

He shakes his head, "We've never seen this before...do you, not remember anything? In your last life?"

I shake my head.

He writes a few things down in his book, closes it, gets up and walks to the door. He stops at the door with his hand on the knob.

"I just have one more question before someone else comes in and asks more serious matters."

He continues, "Did, 'she' say...why she killed those kids?"

I shake my head, leaving out the part where she wanted to teach me. The man leaves the room in a hurry and locks the door. I can hear footsteps outside, and whispers of rumour.

I look down at my hands relaxed on the table in front of me. My palms felt like they were not relaxed, but pushed down on to a single needle on each side. Blood started to spread from underneath. I slowly turn my right hand over to look, expecting to see exactly what I saw. I turn my left hand over – the same. In the middle of each palm there was a deep wound, which was now draining down my wrist and onto the table.

"They don't trust you, me love."

The voice to my right has me jump from my seat. My eyes once again gaze at the demon in front of me. I shout quiet enough for the others not to

hear, but loud enough to get my point across.

“Who are you?! And answer me this time!”

With her head down and eyes closed, she calmly replied, “Nalissain Mondaaria Salavinoul.” She smiles. “Many call me Lissa, me love.”

“You called me Onlay, why?”

“That is thine name, me love.”

“And how would you know my name?”

She bows, “Thou are very important, me love. Has thou forgotten one already?”

I shake my head, “I don’t know you.”

Lissa’s head turns to the door as it unlocks and opens. Sarah walks in towards the demon. I thought they were going to fight, but she walks right through her and sits opposite of me.

The demon asks, “Has angel entered the room?”

I keep my mouth shut, and not answer. Sarah looks at me in worry...I could see the pain in her eyes – like I disappointed her somehow.

“They said I should be the one to ask you this question.”

“Ask me what?”

The demon directs my attention to her, “They want to know if thou has faith, me love.”

Sarah answers, “Do you believe in an afterlife?”

I laugh. “Now I do, yeah.”

She asks, “Do you believe in a greater being?”

“I’m still not completely sure...but I definitely believe there’s a good chance there is.”

“How does it make you feel, that there is reward and punishment MuigwaSa?”

Confused at the word, I ask, “MuigwaSa?”

She corrects herself, “Post-death.”

I shake my head and shrug. “I don’t know what to say...it’s all new to me.”

“But how does it make you feel?”

I lower my head to think of the question. It didn’t take too long to think of the answer, so with my head still lowered, my eyes look up at Sarah.

“Angry.”

My answer brought tears to her eyes. She nods with pain, and with a crack in her voice she says to me. “That’s what I thought.” Trying to stop her tears from spreading, she walks out of the room but forgets to shut the door. I watch the demon smile as I get up from the chair and walk to the open door where all the cautious eyes were.

In an angry voice I say to them, “What is wrong with everyone?! Why are you making such a deal out of this?! Why can’t you just go back to what you were doing and leave my problems to myself?!”

I slam the door shut and lean against the wall next to it. At this point, the demon was laughing with so much confidence.

“As always, me love. Thou are perfect.”

I look with anger at the demon. “Teach me.”

Her smile disappears while her face merges into seriousness.

She opens her evil eyes, and answers, “No.”

“...what?”

She repeats herself. “One won’t teach thee.”

I scream at the demon, “Teach me! I will break your neck if you don’t!”

“One will not teach thine art.”

I turn my back to the demon and place my hand on the door, about to open it. The door breaks into pieces and flies away from me as if by an extreme gust of wind. I stumble backwards and place my hands on the table. The table had the same effect – breaking into pieces and flattening to the ground as I lose balance and follow it to the ground. My hands touch the floor, but there was no more reaction...although blood continued to drip from my palms.

The demon says in a calm voice, “Anger...is thine power – everything else...is thine fuel to burn.”

As my vision grows dim; my hands burn in heat, while my wrists froze and warmed, froze and warmed...froze and warmed. The pain soon stops, but my vision remained blurred, and a lot brighter than usual. A bunch of people ran in the room – I don’t know who, or how many. Two of them picked me up with my arms being held behind me. Nothing looked the same; aside from the bright blur, everything seemed to move as I walked – but that may have just been my light head.

Finally we get to a room where I was pushed in. The door squeaked as it was slammed shut behind me. I didn’t yet know what was going on...I just didn’t have any strength left in me. I eventually collapse to the ground to rest.



### Third Part\*

The sound of flies wakes me from a deep sleep. The room is dark, and there is only one beam of unnatural light from the door's small window. I immediately notice something is wrong; other than the fact I'm locked in a jail cell. Still with a daze in my head, I stand up – and look at the circle of people around me.

“What? What are you looking at?”

None of them answer.

“If you don't stop staring I'm going to kill you all.”  
“Don't do that, me love.”

I look around but can't find my demon friend.

“One is behind thou, me love.”

Sure enough she was.

I demandingly ask, “What do you want now?”

“Aren't they beautiful, me love?”

“You can see them now?”

“Yes; one can. One always could.”

Confused, I ask, “You could always see them?”

“Not the angels, me love. These...these are not angels.”

“If they're not angels then how did they get in here?”

She shakes her head. “They were once blessed. They betrayed their blessing. They were punished – their souls were taken, and left vulnerable to conversion. And a presence such as yours, me love...”

“...A presence such as mine?”

She finally nods. “...thou has their souls between thine fingers, me love.”

Her brief chuckle soon forms into a full laugh of evil. “Stupid angels shouldn't have put thou in here!”

When she was all done laughing, she said to me in a calm voice, “One will get thou out of here, me love.”

I yell at the demon, “What is all this?! What are you doing to me?! I was fine until you showed up. Why don't you run back to your underworld or wherever you're from?”

She steps back and answers, “Keep it up, me love. Thou may not need one after all.”

“Shut up you little demon!”

The ground cracks and the bursts open. I was free – but for how long. This evil sidekick will certainly send me back in here. I know...I know what to do. I'm not going to leave this cell. When they see that I mean no harm, I'm sure they'll let me go.

“What is thou waiting for, me love?”

There were hoards of footsteps from outside the cell. I sit...and wait for them to come.

“...me love?”

Sure enough a few soldiers came in. I was insulted to think there were only three – two with swords and one with a bow. They looked scared though...it was in their eyes. They didn't want to be here, and risk their lives. I could easily kill all of them I'm sure, but I won't. I try to calm them...

“I'm not going to kill anyone. I do not wish to do any harm.”

There was little reaction, but they no longer looked as scared or fidgety.

One asks, “Then why did you break the door?”

Another yells at me, “What happened to everyone else who was in here?”

I shake my head. “I'm sorry...I didn't mean to...”

The calmer one continues... “That's ok.” He looks to my left and asks, “Where'd you come from?”

I raise my head and look for myself...he was staring directly at Lissa. She stood there with her eyes fully opened, staring back at the angel. She was scared...terrified. The guard walks to her side and inspects her. She was too scared to move as the guard felt with his own hands her featherless wings.

“I've never seen an angel like you before...nor do I remember putting you in here.”

She doesn't answer. This guard doesn't know yet who she is, but I can't figure out why she's visible to him and the others. The guard looks back at me and thinks. He's probably thinking of what to do, after expecting a fight; this was a strange impression for him.

He looks back at the others. "Take Hashaad to quarantine."  
The one on the right answers, "...And the girl, sir?"  
"She'll come with me."

The guards approach me, but were too scared to touch. One pointed with his head for me to follow, hoping that I would...as much as I'd like to kill both of them; I just do as they say for now. As I walk out of the cell; I hear my demon say, in a crackling and scared voice.

"Me love?"

I look back at her desperate eyes; it almost makes me sad. I continue walking, in attempt to forget about her, and all the crap she's brought me.

"Me love, please don't leave me."

Her cries continued, and as hard as it was; I was able to ignore her.

The guards lead me to yet another new room. This one looked much more effective at keeping people inside – it was a single small space, the size of a closet. It was built with what looked like concrete, and there was no real door...only a barred off entrance on the top. I didn't like it at all, but when I turned around to escape, they stuck a needle in my chest. There was an immediate effect of drowsiness. My muscles all relaxed, and I could barely move any more. They were prepared for this.

They opened the top of the cage and put me in, and they were gentle...as if they cared for me. I didn't look up, but could hear the top close and being locked. As if that wasn't enough, I heard a heavy block being dragged onto the door. There was no way I'm getting out of here.

Somewhere in the room above my cage was a flimsy light. It kept blinking and swinging. There were other lights which worked just perfectly, but this one was a true distraction. It appeared to be the closest and brightest. The cord that was holding it up was scraping against the wood ceiling as it swung. I don't understand why it swung in a room like this with no windows, and its door shut a long time ago.

Something was crawling on my hand, like a cockroach or spider. I don't deserve this – I did nothing wrong. To actually think of it -- I've been here two days and already made it into a 2<sup>nd</sup> prison.

Finally! The door swings open and I hear footsteps getting closer to my hole. It's Sarah. She kneels on the ground with her hands on the bars above me.

"Hashaad."

A feather floats down to my fingers. Its smell still reminds me of thyme.

"Hashaad, I can get you out of here."

I look up at her truthful eyes. "...But why? Why help someone like me?"  
"Because you're a good person Hashaad, you're just confused."

I hope she lets me out.

She continued, "That evil inside of you isn't real, and you can fight it."

She better let me out.

She finishes, "I know you can fight it."

I shake my head, "I don't know...I don't know if you should help me."

Let me out already!

She says in an urgent voice, "Fine, I'll leave you here to die then. That's why they put you here you know, to die. They don't know what else to do with you!"

Alright fine, I'll beg like I actually need help. "No, don't leave me here. Let me out...please."

She smiles and gets back up to move the heavy blocks from the top of my hole. After they were out of the way, she unlocked the bars – I'm not sure how she got access to the keys, but I'm not complaining. With all of her strength exhausted, she pulled the rusted door open. I climb out, unsure what to do next.

"You need to leave this place, Hashaad."

I turn my head to Sarah. "But where can I go?"

"...Anywhere but here. Independence is easy – you don't now required your once needed necessities remember. Except sleep for some reason..."

"But I don't know this place, please, can you come with me?"

With a sad look on her face, she shakes her head. "I'm sorry; I can't go with you, Hashaad."

"Why?"

She replied with a strain in her throat, "I'm scared of you. Go now, please, before we're caught."

She runs out of the room. I try to follow her but she was too fast and I lose her at the door. I will accept her words and escape this place. I don't need to be around these people anyway. Hiding around the backs of buildings and running between gaps, I make it to what I think is the entrance. There were a couple guards, but they looked occupied with a card game at a table – to far from the entrance to notice anything.

I make a run and almost make it. Just as I go beyond the entrance gap – something occurs to me. What happened to Lissa? I drop the simple plan of escape and turn around for my demon. I was completely lost however. Not knowing where to go, I follow my path that lead me here, hoping her cell would be with the others – assuming she's in a cell.

It took me ten minutes to reach the entrance – and only three to make it back. My dug-out cell was indeed next to a prison...or at least another holding cell. Although the cell had two people already inside – my demon wasn't there.

One of the prisoners spoke up as I turned around disappointed. Her throat was groggy, like she ate only the straw and dirt lying below her feet.

"Hey. Hey you're the evil guy everyone's talking about."  
I grunt back at her disturbing face. "And who are you? Oh don't bother, I won't remember it anyway."

I finish turning around to continue for my search.

She replies... "So you don't want to know where she is, fine."  
My feet stop. "...Who?"  
She laughs with such a great amount of power in her voice. "...How about an apology first?"

Her tone...how dare she act like she was better than me. I couldn't stand here and take an insult of such. So with a glare in my eye, I approach the confused one. With my eyes placed just in front of the bars which held her, she too approached me without fear. Without fear...that was a mistake I will make her notice for the length of her memory.

I focussed deep into her eyes. Everything is connected in the body through nerves, but the eyes are the best to focus on – they're a direct connection to the subject's mental state and thus nervous system. Now how do I know all of this?

The girl continued to stare back at me, but soon looked down – a natural reaction when concentrating on one's ill stomach. She started to cough. At first containing herself, but soon it became pretty severe – gagging blood into her hands. I couldn't help but smile. She'll think twice before spitting towards my power again.

She couldn't speak, but was trying to say something. I could barely make out 'stop it, no please stop' – like I would listen to her polluted words. She finally stopped coughing, only to drop to the floor. My smile disappears...there goes my info on where she – oh wait. I turn my head to the other prisoner, who just witnessed the beautiful process. He knows what I'm going to ask so I don't bother.

With such a shaky voice of fear, he replied, "They took her next door, to the torture chamber. That was an hour ago."

How dare they touch my demon? I'll make them feel death ten times over for every hand they lay on her. I sprint to the next room, breaking the locked door as I open it. There were two thug-like guys side-by-side laughing with their backs facing me. I walk towards them. They were unaware of me here until I was only a few feet away, when one turns around – naturally causing the other to turn as well.

The first acts tough. "Who the fuck are you?"  
The other backs him up with a, "Yeah, get out of here kid."

I continue to walk. Luckily for them they stepped back a little so I could get through. Lissa my demon. I kneel down to aid her, at first thinking she lay dead.

'Lissa...' I ask a stupid question, "...are you ok?"

My demon takes a few deep breaths as an attempt to regain her strength. But nothing was gained.

She can barely speak, but she says to me with a soft voice, "It's not worth it."  
"Yes it is Lissa, I'll get you out of here."  
I go to pick her up but she stops me. "No. Don't thou get it? One does not want to be in this world."  
"I'm not going to let you go."  
She shakes her head. "Does thou know what one is?"  
"You're a demon, I know. It doesn't matter though."  
"Does thou know who thou is?"  
Unable to give a right answer, I could only reply with "...no."  
Her eyes close from the unbearable pain she must be feeling. "Thou art the desolation of good. Thou are one's master, one's love."  
I shake my head in anger. "You're saying I'm the devil? Sorry, that doesn't flow with me."  
"But why love, why has thou turned on one?"  
I hesitate, "What do you mean?"  
"What did one do wrong? One did only what thou would have wanted one to do."  
"I didn't ask for any of this."

"No, thou are confused! Did thou choose to forget one? Do not worry me love, after ten years of darkness one will return to thou as thine servant."  
"Who are you really? You can't be just a demon – and if I'm the devil, how is it I don't remember anything?"

On that note she was gone. My demon lies on the hard floor without a move or breath left in her. I place my hand over her neck to feel for a pulse, only to be disappointed with the result. Lissa my demon, as quickly as she entered my post-life she was gone just the same. And as she left, I felt a strange anxiety inside the room. It was like the walls were collapsing and floors raising, but looking around, everything was normal. Something, however, did catch my attention. The two so-called angels were still standing there in disbelief, and with a red glow surrounding their bodies. The glow was stunning – like mist from a bog. Somehow I knew it symbolized evil, which would explain why the two weren't aware.

I was wrong all along about this place. When I first got here not too long ago, I thought I was entering a world of angels – but that's not at all what this place is. All these people, all these sinners, they were all sent to this purgatory as a second chance to make up for their previous mistakes. These people won't find any salvation here, they don't deserve any. Yet somehow I feel an anxiety not to interfere.

These two in front of me though...they killed my Sarah. There was little I could debate about how I should react towards them, but what happened, didn't look like I needed to do anything. Breathe by breath, they inhaled the mist until there was nothing but clear air left. They didn't know it, but they consumed something evil, or perhaps an evil force entered their body – I don't know what it meant, but I was curious to see what would happen. Naturally, I was disappointed. Their actions, as far as I know them, remained normal. They smiled, they laughed. Their blue eyes glimmered at me in... Wait – their eyes have no pupils, no emotion, just a deep blue glimmer of evil. They were mine.

The left thanks me for his conversion. "I was lost as an angel. You have set me free; I am in your debt, sir."

So it's like that, is it? It's that easy to convert these lost souls? Right, I have a plan then. In fact I think it goes without saying.

I point to him and reply, "You. Accompany me to the gate."  
I point to the other, "...and you. Kill whomever you please."

The second nods and scurries off out of sight. I couldn't help but ponder if they lose brain cells after the conversion. One guy against a city? Well whatever, it's not like he has a future to look forward to – I made sure of that.

I laugh and shake my head. "Well, let's get going."

And so I lead the demon outside to where I find the most visible of this place. It was like an old water fountain surrounded by crumbled cement – in the middle of a few buildings. There were a few so called angels in the area, who if I may add, did not know we were standing here.

I shout out to one who was crossing near us. "Hey, angel!"  
He stops and looks at me not a few metres away. "Something I can help you with?"

Excellent...an unsuspecting victim.

The angel looks at me demon in shock, but not a scared kind of shock.

"Dude, you're losing your feathers!"

I take a look at my demon. He really was losing his feathers!  
I laugh! "So much for being discrete!"  
The angel looks back at me in a tilt. "What are you talking about?"  
"We'll, he's a demon, you see. And I'm his leader."  
The angel slowly nods. "So, you're him."  
I smile. "Yup, I'm him. Any last words?"  
"Actually, yes, if you don't mind that is."  
I shake my head, "Not at all."

The angel closes his eyes and kisses the cross around his neck. He waits a few moments, and continues...

"Saint Michael, defend us. Be our defence against the evil of Satan and his minions."  
I felt a tear of joy run down my cheek. I giggle, "Good choice, but foolish."  
"May God cast this unholy creation back to the fires of hell, and prince of the heavenly ghost, by the power of God..."  
I shake my head. "How long is this going to take?"  
"...cast Satan back to where he came, and leave him no mercy."

The moment he opens his eyes, a shock force hits me in the face, shooting me back a few feet. *Shit!* That chant actually works? My demon pulls a fast one and punches the hero in the neck. He falls to the ground squirming. My demon kneels before him and places his hand on the angel's head, ready to snap his neck. His hands, however, recoil back and snap off of his wrists. The demon cries out in pain.

I stumble back to my feet and run towards my opponent. He's still choking, but I felt a strange presence as I kneel to finish him off. I step back – partially aware of what may happen to me if I touch him. And as he spits his blood on the cement below his head, my demon falls to the ground. I walk towards my ally, but he was too pail. There was no chance of me saving him, nor his soul. This was all my creation. I did this – I killed these two, and many more for my own pleasure. I think it's about time I felt this guilt.

I walk away from this scene with my head weighed in shame. I soon find the exit, and leave to wherever I please. The angels watched as I left, but they didn't follow in hopes that I would be leaving for good – and I hope I would too.