

Magnitude

The first thing you should know about me is that I'm a fugitive. Running from the GODS (short for the guardians of Doron) is how my average day goes. I took away the thing that was most precious to them, the thing that was most precious to all of Doron. I took away their Emperor.

Now you will be thinking right about now that I am crazy and that you don't want to know. But hear my story because I'm not crazy, I'm just a desperate victim of the Emperor. The Emperor looked through the citizens of Doron and exterminated the ones that he thought to be 'un-pure' to create a new race of people with pure souls. The ones that didn't fit into this category were burned in the town square in front of 10,000 people. This new land would be called Magnitude instead of the old and supposedly out of date Doron.

My mother was among the several thousand that were burned at the stakes. She was given no warning, she was simply at home when GODS barged in the front door and took her to be burned along with 50 others that were supposedly 'un-pure'. The odds must have been in my favour or that particular lot GODS must have been extremely stupid, as they didn't enquire about any absent family members or anything of the sort. I was out fishing that day for dinner. There are no words that describe what a horror it was to return home after a day out only to find that my only family had been abducted and taken and burned to death. It wasn't even a quick instantaneous death; it would have been long and drawn out in front of the helpless faces of the people who would live in Magnitude without having to suffer through this agony.

As soon as I realised what had happened I sprinted as fast as I could, to find her. But I was too late. I arrived to see the faces of the victims distorted with pain; I arrived to hear their final screams before they died on the stakes. Their bodies distorted and deformed. All of them were screaming but the face of my mother was calm as if she was inviting death to come to her. The minute before she died, she sought out my face; she mouthed her final words from those burnt lips: *I love you*. That would be my last memory of her; her face deformed by the orange flames that devoured her body. She smiled the smile of someone who knew that they had been beaten, then her body went limp on the stake and she died knowing her life was complete. She died, not really because of the flames but because her time had run out.

Red rage filled my soul and a single plan flashed in my mind: to avenge mother's death. So I sought out the palace of Magnitude's new Emperor. I snuck through the corridors and hallways filled with plush carpet and decorations. I continued down the hall before finally arriving at an ornate wooden door that could only be described as the Emperor's bedroom. It had no guards- in or out. I strode in and slammed the door behind me waking the Emperor from his desk. I shoved him against the wall and held a knife to his throat.

"You killed my mother you son of a b**ch!" I snarled at him.

"I did what had to be done to preserve the purity of Magnitude," he replied in a shaky voice. His breath was coming fast and shallow, seeming as though my hand was around his throat, choking him slowly.

"You will never be forgiven!" I screamed at him before I stabbed a knife in his throat. He gasped his final breath before dropping to the floor drowning in his own blood.

"May the immortal spirit of Magnitude live on long after my death. I will not apologise for what I did because maybe one day you will see that it was for the better," he whispered, before he died, with his eyes open. I stood up, my legs shaking and his blood drying on my hands.

I had done it; I had killed the leader of Magnitude. I was free for now; my craving for blood had been quenched. I was free from the great burden they called Magnitude.