

DEATH BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral. The crushed branches underfoot seemed to whisper. *Go back. This island is the perfect place to die.* 'No,' I said, 'I will not turn back. The wooden chest is why I am here. I feel at home in your shadows.' The dead trees whispered back. *Prepare to die.* Then nothing. The talk with the voice had not wavered my spirits at all. The body of the dead grave digger caught my eye. Snails had made a home in his chest cavity. I killed them with a look and gave the man the final rites. *Well, I thought, you work hard, you can be a beast of a necromancer, I guess.* At that point, I wasn't expecting an ambush. I was wrong. My powers are useless against the dead. So that's what Hades killed me with. I would never find that treasure of legend now.

