Wings of Destruction

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    This world, so unlike my own, is built upon lies. Their empires are molded and assembled to hide their precious secrets. Trust though that their empires will soon fall. Plagues will thrive; storms unlike any ever thought possible will sweep across countries. The lies will come out and they—the humans—will destroy one another and this world will die. They will learn what has been hidden from them for so long and it will change everything.  That…that is when He will rise and flourish and we will live like kings, feasting on the pathetic existence of the human race. They call themselves the top of the food chain. Ha! Just wait. They will become just like the animals that they believe are below them—livestock. Bred to provide us with food, stored until needed. Injected with chemicals to increase growth and production.

     We exist only to serve our Master; we bring the pain, the wars, the arguments, and the negative influences in this world. Without us, this world would be nearly perfect. Every hateful thought, every lonely feeling, every fear imaginable, is because of us. This is how we survive—they live off of meat and plants and we live off of pain and suffering. Without it we wouldn't survive. We are what make this lack of a world beautiful.

    We come from a place of great sorrow and pain. A place completely different from here. On Earth they call it Hell, the place where all sinning souls go to, and my Master…he is told to be the keeper of this place. This though is a myth, but behind every story there is truth. The humans do not come to our world. When they die their souls travel between dimensions, lost, lonely, and cold. Searching for the warmth in the living. Never going up or down though. Now He is the keeper of us. The one who breathes life into us and gives us a chance to live. We dedicate our lives to Him and are forever in His debt. We do what he wishes with no question only seeking his approval.   Just our presence here makes the flowers wilt, the grass brown, the cold to set in, and the living die. With one thought we can make an individual do anything. They are the puppets and we are the puppeteers.

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        I stared down, peering through the scraggly branches and into the large rectangular glass window. The house was a blinding white, larger than most of the houses I had come across in my never-ending travels. She was alone and now my perfect opportunity.  The weather was already darkening, swirling the cold wet drops to my advantage. The dying leaves were starting to dance across the breeze, twisting and turning to the winds liking. Boom! Crash! The lightning rolled across the sky, lighting it up like fireworks.   Like so many previous times I squirmed my way into her thoughts, finding the sadness and pain and bringing them to life like the roaring thunder and lightning above me.

    Her mind was clouded from the raging depression I had conjured up inside her head and she didn't even realize what she was doing. That's what I loved the most. I was able to control them without them ever having the slightest idea that it was something else entirely and that these weren't their real emotions.  All of a sudden I was shoved out of her mind, left out in the chilling weather. She was fighting back. Refusing to do what I wanted her to. Her mind was stronger than I expected, it was struggling against the haze I had created. Clearing it like a windshield wiper on a fogged windshield.

     No, no, no! This isn't supposed to happen! I'm stronger now. I trained and practiced for this. This mere mortal couldn't be stronger than me. I embedded that thought into my head as I forced my way back into her thoughts, giving it my all. I shoved past all her defenses and into the core of her happiness flooding it with her fears, sadness, and anger. I had won this battle and she was reseeding back into herself, curling into a tiny ball as the swirling storm of negatives suffocated her. The tiny flame inside of her body was quivering and shaking. It was almost completely out but still trying to push its way back into her head to try whisper its happiness into her ears. I gave one final blow to her mind and the flickering fame blew out. I had control.

      I watched as the blade slid through her skin like softened butter, leaving behind a dark red cotton-staining trail.

       Oh, the joy! I licked my lips with satisfaction. I could almost feel the blade gliding across my own maggot covered, oily skin. The delicious noise the blood would make as it dripped, dripped, dripped onto that cold glossy floor. Flowing freely from the new wound.   The want, no, the need for this pain was finally being abided and I was relishing it. The warmth was once again filling my cold, hollow body with fire, giving me the strength to continue on.

      Her eyes were wide and innocent, so unlike my own which were dark, beady little things that knew too much for their own good. I watched as she lifted the blade again, only this time aiming for the vein that connected to her heart. One thought was all it took and the blade was plunged into the thread that breathed life into her and held everything together. Her body acted like a torn pocket and everything spilled out. I watched as the life drained out of her and waited until there was no light left in those dark brown eyes of hers.

     I dropped down from the trees and swooped into the opened window near the kitchen. I hopped across the tile, slipping slightly until I reached her. I cocked my head, gazing in admiration at my work. I bent my head down slurping up some of the bitter and tangy liquid spilling out of this repulsive mortal. Who knew that something so deliriously delicious could come out of something so appalling and unappetizing? I dig into the squishy flesh of her glassy eye, plucking it out of its socket and gulped it down, not bothering to chew.   The girl's now lifeless body, one eye missing, was crumpled on the horrendously white tiled bathroom floor bathing in a pool of exquisite ruby red blood. The wrist slit open revealing the bloodied tissue underneath.

    Oh what fun! Made to look like suicide, the humans would believe it so quickly, but I know the truth. Ahhh they’re so gullible.

I swooped away looking back one last time, my black wings acting like an umbrella causing a waterfall behind me. I smiled, not holding back my cawing laugh as I disappeared into the flashing horizon, searching for my next victim. I am the crow, bringer of death.