

## Death

Written by: Vapoleon Lugia Krabby

“You never told me why— why I had to fight, if you knew this would happen, if you knew I would die. Why?”

Silence.

“Tell me!”

“It won’t answer you, it never answers. We are here to rest your conscience.”

“Oh, conscience . . . What a joke! Don’t tell me I have one, I know I don’t. I have killed so many over what is now petty struggles. I felt no remorse for any corpse that lay slain before my feet. Conscience—”

“— is something you have.”

~Heat.~

“Right. You have anger, lots of it. And hostility, and seclusion. But at least you have a conscience. It was surprising you asked for help as you did. Of course only at your own risk.”

“Yeah, see, can I just not care anymore?”

~Shake.~

“Agreed. You have a lot of choices ahead. Even in death you do. It’s a free game for you.”

“How can it be? I died as a sinner. I know where I’m going.”

~Shake.~

“You are quite blind indeed. I am physically blind, but I see who of us has suffered the mental blindness.”

“Are you calling me stupid?”

“Just not perceptive. You gave up everything to protect the world, although you’re denying that too.”

~Guilty.~

“Sort of, guilty isn’t quite the word I was looking for. I weigh it in my mind and with these scales. I think of my question and watch them tip. You need the rules to blame. Claiming yourself a slave to the rules.”

~The trap.~

“You’re trapped to your own mind. You were always free but wanted to tie yourself down—”

“Hey, wait a second! I did not want to be a slave to anything! You’re completely wrong!”

~Shake.~

“Oh? Well, my scales say otherwise. Watch. I ask them if you’re lying. See the left one dip? It’s the ‘yes’ answer. It can weigh your immortal soul. It can weigh that of anyone but mine. That is why I did not know I was a slave till I was lying in my death wake.”

~Drip. Red. Drip. Pain. Drip. Life. Drip. Gone. Drip. Dead.~

“You’re both absolutely crazy. And why are you speaking so few words?”

“Even I can sense that she has no mouth to which she speaks from. Her time long ago had no words. You hear but pictures and emotions in your head. But you are lost to a time of no words. The wise can understand, for I hear poetry.”

“I still hear single worded sentences.”

~Scream!~

"The emptiness of life is embodied in the first. I never was alone until that moment. You passed away with her by your side."

~Friendship.~

"Passed away with him to speak to you."

~Knowledge.~

"Passed away with the flame to warm your cold body."

~Comfort.~

"Passed away with a mother to love you, always."

~Peace.~

"But you are lost to it. You were never alone, but wanted to be."

"I . . . Uh, no! I don't understand."

~Confusion.~

"You do understand, but you don't want to. You never want to believe anyone else but yourself. You have no trust."

"I trusted her! I trusted my family and my friends with my very soul!"

~Deceit.~

"Yes. You're lying to the one that knew your whole present before it even came to pass. Do not try to fake me. You always wondered when they would turn their backs on you. Every last one. That is not trust. You could not even trust in yourself when that moment came and you gave it away."

~The existence.~

"I am not talking about this anymore. Don't you dare bring it up!"

"But see the thing is, I have to. You gave up your soul, we all gave it up to help us protect everyone and everything we loved. We died for that moment we could conquer it. And then it left us, feeling empty and lost."

~Alone . . .~

"Stop denying yourself. Tell us the truth. We have been through your life, your dreams, the nightmares and visions that plagued the waking world and corrupted us when we wrenched in sleepless sleep. We had 'the gift'. Blessed the fallen, and condemned our souls with every ignition of it. We were before you, and we know."

"How can you know what it was like? The near insanity, the constant pain?! You were not there!!!"

~Sorrow.~

"I was."

"No you weren't! If you were there, you would have stopped it. Then where were you?"

~Palm.~

"We could not be there. Destiny and fate are two different things. Destiny is your path, fate is what befalls of you. It was your destiny to fall to your own fate. We are bound by powers you are not perceptive enough to comprehend."

"I know what is here, now and about most of the afterlife."

"Fine then, you're scared. Scared for that rare, elusive immortal soul that few have ever claimed. Can't you see it glow as I see it?"

"Huh? So? It's gold and crystalline."

"Exactly. But it changes too. It has become black and opaque, then changes again. It shall not stop until the moment you truly decide without fear of your soul's fate."

"I'm going down, everyone knew it from the moment I walked in with the blood bathed around my body."

~Tears of life, tears of blood. Cry.~

"The blood spilled for the first. From the life of a brave defender, the first rose, garbed with a robe made of life. A pure outcast, existing as the half dead drenched in shame. I was the child born to an animalistic father and an immoral mother. Yes, there was something that made them uncertain of us, but it was mainly our power."

"Okay, so they had it out for me since I was genetically created?"

"In a way, yes. Cold hands of steel fathered you, tubes of new age glass carried you, thick strings full of fluid nurtured you to a delayed term. Unnatural."

"Oh come on, I am not entirely unnatural. It's not like I'm made from a computer virus or composed of sludge."

~Eternity.~

"You complete a circle. We are all in this loop together. You're the last and there was only us three. The first was life. I was the one who lived it. You died a hundred, thousand times afterwards."

" . . . I only died twice."

"Clutch your soul and feel it die within your grasp. It always is distant and away."

~Loss.~

"Born to a world, to only live as the beginning, never the end in mind. Born to understand a world that continues, of the reality. Born to a world, where one walks beside Hades as his life-mate—"

"No! I was not that!"

"I spoke in a language that is considered old to you. In my language, in my visions, you were always Death. You were not Life. You were not Justice. You were Death."

" . . . No. I couldn't have been called that. Everyone knew me as—"

"— Death. You were not what they called you, at least not to most. Those who knew you best knew how true you were to that name."

"Is this all true?"

Silence.

"It will not answer you now, but it is true. I weighed it. Despite it being an angel of light in the service of the Lord, I have been able to judge its thoughts."

"Wait, so you are saying that we are all connected? Is that the whole point to this?"

~Agrees.~

"We are connected in many ways you cannot understand. We held fate, we delivered fate. Our one purpose may have been life, judgment, or death. You were the greater wielder of your own name, than I was of yours; for the first is your opposite, and I am your neutral."

"I can sort of tell that one."

"Yes, you can. Our defined goal, though unannounced to us three was our union with the chaotic being against the opposition."

~Panic! Panic! Beg!~

"A fight against ultimate destruction that would send the gates of the two forces wide open and upon each other if we failed."

"An apocalyptic ward . . . I can't be that significant."

"Then I ask, why did the chaotic being wrap itself around you so tenderly?"

“Because I’d make out to be a blissfully fun toy to play with and blow up the nearest object?”

~Embarrassment.~

“You’re wrong. It knew your importance.”

“Fine then, so I was a favored game piece on the chess board.”

“We three were, and still are. We had the selected ones to ally with, made the legends, broke the rules that we ourselves later corrected. We represented all aspects of life. We held the skills of gods inside our bodies. Feel your soul and tell me your potential now.”

“I can destroy whole armies in a thought, force the agony I’ve felt upon any number of souls I wish.”

“That is the bad. Tell us the good.”

“Stop the pain, smite the wicked. Make the life passage actually okay? What the, no. That shouldn’t be right.”

“You are Death after all. Death is a mind-numbing thought. It hurt the first, Life, the most for she only smote one life, her only call upon the chaotic being was then. It neither blesses or curses me. You take from it and grow.”

~Cry.~

“The bitterness is great. A lot of regret in that soul.”

“Hmm, yeah. What exactly is your title? Just curious.”

“You sound quite somber. I see that the afterlife is seeping into your mind and informing you. It is meant to bring you the wisdom that you’ve lacked. I am a Fate. In the myths of my time, made from the inspiration of my former love; a Fate would make a string of life. A second Fate would measure it out. The last Fate would end it with sharp shears.”

“Thanks for the comparison . . . We had the same purposes, same coincidences—”

~Nod.~

“— same everything. The flame that warmed you, that comforting soul was one to me. We have much in common.”

“Too much in my opinion.”

~Eternity. Length. A lot of things.~

“Hmm? Err, did I hear more than two words from you?”

~Hearing the mouth of the mind in count one, two.~

“The afterlife works wonders, heals you through. You’re opening up to a new span of what is a different life.”

“That means you’ll make me decide, won’t you?”

~A circle with many paths. One is bright, one is dark, some are foggy, some are clear, some are dead ends, some stretch forever, some have cliffs.~

“I may understand more, but now I’m hearing a description for a picture in my mind.”

~The brain. A drawing. A jumble. Washes away.~

“Are you monsters or human?”

“Something else we have in common. We’re all partial descendants of same species parents, but only ones of the gods.”

~Forest clearing. Granite temple. Body. Blood stains. More blood. Tears of blood. Lots of tears. Weeping at the body. Hands are red. What hands? The hands are different. Feels too different. Alone. Scared. Darkness surrounds. Tears of blood.~

“That is a lot more depressing than mine.”

~Cold and clean. Gray ice. Cold, does not draw back. Sick water. Straight ice. Hollow icicles. Big. Five. Warm smile. Frown. Anger. Cracking. Breaking. Escape. No trust. Glaring. Alone. Others. Alone. Alone.~

“That was what it was like when I woke up.”

“You were born then you know. It was your mother’s womb in a way.”

~Smiles. Blue eyes. Pink. Twirls. Joy. Peace.~

“Hmm.”

~Confusion. Shake. Nod. Tilt.~

“Just thinking.”

“Are you wondering what they would do if faced with the future problem? I asked the same thing.”

~Alone. Lost. Cry. Scream!~

“Yeah. I want to know what they would do. I really wanted it to all end. When I felt myself dying I thought, ‘I am so glad I won’t have to fight anymore.’ But I guess I’m stuck.”

~Circle, many paths.~

“You do have a lot of options you know. You could always go back, but you would never have your body back again. Doesn’t mean your perceived self would change.”

~Quiet, secret, hiding.~

“So you’re not allowed to tell me anything else?”

“No.”

~Defiance. Path. Self. Alone, looking around.~

“Drat. I don’t want to go back. I’d be stuck with my abilities.”

~Energy in body. Fast. Too fast. Skin tearing. Pain. Death.~

“Okay, well I know I still don’t want to go back.”

~Path. Darkness. Less paths.~

“Well, that option is out in your mind. I thought on it and I guess I wanted to go back, have a normal human life. Not being able to judge myself, I didn’t know what to do. But I was thinking how I could use myself for some sort of good.”

“Good? Grr, I am not good.”

~Dark path. Hands. Neck. Choke. Can’t breathe. Struggle. Can’t breathe. Numbed mind.~

“But if I went down that one, I’d be exploited and likely destroy everything I had strove to protect.”

“It is always up to you. We can’t tell you what we chose, or tell you what we got rid of until you have dismissed them entirely.”

“I may be more of a demon than probably you two, but I can’t harm them. I can’t stand it at all! I might like it when I’m there, but right now I don’t. If in the end, I hope I will be with them, not against them.”

~Hands. Neck. Leave. Breathe. Paths. Darkness. Less paths.~

“You are more of a neutral evil but any wielder of life can’t stand the idea of causing more death than what is necessary.”

“I see your point. Now what do I have left?”

~Paths.~

“You have quite a few options.”

“I want no resemblance of Earth, what-so-ever.”

~Paths. Calm. Darkness. Less paths.~

“Okay, you just made yourself about a dozen or so. It is amazing how much you can get rid of with that statement.”

“I can tell. I have no unfinished business either.”

~Soul. Life. Fear. Vanish.~

“Resurrection was never on that list for you. You’re not allowed it.”

“I sensed it. I do not want to be one with energy either.”

~Spark, out.~

“Okay, few more.”

“Well, now this is getting tough. I wanted to be done with fighting. I wanted it all to end for me.”

~Path wavers. Darkness haze. Path wavers.~

“But I want to be with them. I’m torn.”

“Here, there is no concept of time, you can take as long as you wish. I am watching my scales. At this moment your choice is even slightly hesitant for my scales to weigh.”

“Watching them dip is making me dizzy.”

~Moving. Spinning. Standing. Fine. Shake. Tilt.~

“Right. Hmm, where would they go? Heaven . . . I’m stuck if I go there! No. No! No!”

~Tears.~

“Knew it. You’re ruled entirely by fear.”

“What? Are not! There is nothing I fear.”

“That is a lie.”

“Grr . . . Will you quit that?”

“I am Justice. I always do this. I only show you since there is no body for me to hold the scales of my mind within.”

“Okay. Is there more paths of Heaven?”

~Nod.~

“Yes there is.”

“Fine. I’ll take that then.”

~Light path. Warm. Bright.~

“It helps if you know what will truly rule you now.”

~Warm. Peace. Love.~

“I know. I can accept that at least.”

“Death, you have to bring peace. No more fighting unless you feel that it is needed.”

“What did you pick?”

~Warm. Love. Touch. No pain.~

“I tell who is marked, who is not, and for what reasons.”

“A healer and a judge. Hmm, not surprising. I do what exactly?”

“Gather the dead, inform them on everything.”

“What?! Since when did I qualify for that?!”

~Mouth opens. Mouth closes. Noise.~

“I do not talk that much.”

“Oh, really? Ever listened to yourself for a moment? You speak quite often, and are quite opinionated too. ‘Gather the dead’, still means you must play the assassin.”

“Hmm, so no fighting?”

~Hands up. Peace. Surrender.~

“Nope. Not unless you want to.”

<“I smile upon you and your decision.”>

“Finally, you spoke! Let me see you for what you are.”

~Light. Eyes. Dark. Pain.~

“Oh yeah, that problem. I guess I can’t then. And why do you insist on touching my cheek?!”

<“Love for you. I am one of God’s mighty angels sent to guard the Earth.”>

~Wings. Embrace. Water. Land. Life. Planet.~

“Okay, which one then?”

<“Speaking it would hurt you.”>

“And yet everyone still manages to keep me in the dark. I really despise that you know.”

“He does that because you still retain a lot of aspects of your mortal self. You are sensitive to purity still.”

“Oh. Wait, he? Uh, I’m surprised. Overwhelmed actually.”

“It will set in once you grasp the concept of time again. Otherwise, you’re going to be confused for quite some time. You know that here is, as you call it ‘the emptiness’. You’ve experienced it once before and at this stage, afterlife only offers enough but only so it won’t give away everything else. You’re doing fine so far.”

<“Little one—”>

“Not that again.”

<“— you are key in the future of the other worlds. God gives you his blessings.”>

“Hmm, okay.”

<“Iustitia, Vita Sanquineness—”>

“Yes?”

~Nod, tilt, blink.~

<“— Mewblade needs lots of training to prepare herself with her passing.”>

“Passing? As in . . . oh dang. I thought I said specifically I did not want to go back.”

<“This will hurt you.”>

The form melded away, and Mewblade could only understand what was meant for her. Her life began in death, her death in life. It made perfect sense as the light charred away the impurities, cleansing her. No longer would she feed herself the lies that she knew or be guided by forces she could not see. “In death, there is life. I am not bound by my chains. I throw away my mortal life. I am no longer Mewblade. I am the archangel of Death, Letum. Lucifer, you shall fall before the holy hosts, for I am one and no longer will your servants claim the souls of those destined for Heaven.”