

## The Last Fight

What is a world without madness? An empty sphere lost in the boundless emptiness of the void of space. People ask who has thy seen to bring this force of madness and I respond "I am not insane just a creature bound to dreams thy ask a question with boundless answers not a question that has been answered in thousands of years". What makes madness?

I am the madman of this town on thy hill we sing a melody, hidden are the trees within the rime flowing from the river banks, swerving like a snake caving the earth. A moment of silence is nothing but voice dreams haunted by a time where those of my talent were shunned like the leftovers of a plate of rotten apples, discarded dysfunctional, deadly they say like a burning arrow striking like a catapult through paper. I am what haunts the children, the fear that crawls into the mind like a spider crawling into your ears. They called me a demon. Yet they were the ones who suffered. I am not one to cross; they say I haunt the forests, the dreams and the people.

What is madness? A dream, a force of a flower that grows on all hills, an untapped moment. Why do you resist a world of madness? As if it is not already there. A moment is but a second and those who watch twisting fate like clay in one's hands, sit and listen to the screaming howling moments of the dreams of others. Crushing them like a sword through thin skin. They watch you as I have been cursed to follow them, I am a dream hunter, a spirit cursed to roam the world. Filling my lantern with the essence of dreams, and I have been cursed into madness. As we sing upon the hills a song of ancient tongue. Metit animarum over and over again mortem ringing in my head.

The year flew by my lantern grew heavier by the hour as more began to sleep. I felt the pain like soaring daggers striking into my back. A moment was like a year of suffering. It held me to my will striking with scary precision. What is the life of a man that suffers by the moment it is but a world of pain it is not a life.

Aristotle, a philosopher in ages past, said to me knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom. . I forgot myself within this nightmare a nightmare that was real but I had to resist yet the words still remained Metit animarum, Metit animarum.

To forget yourself is to plummet your being into a nightmare that exists only in your brain. The words Metit animarum that I had written means he reaps souls in Latin. This story details the mindset of the image in my head of the outcome of forgetting oneself. This is the story of the reaper of souls.