

Writer's Wednesday Collection

Short Story Collection

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Kapitel 2: 02 - It hurts, because you care

„Mama,...“

„I know, sweetie.“, the mother replied.

The boy looked at his pet, lying on the ground. „It hurts.“

„I know sweetie. But we can't change the way of life.“, said the mother, trying to calm her child's tears.

„I don't want it to hurt! I don't want to feel anythi-“ „Hush! Don't say that.“, the mother looked worrying into her child's face, she was now kneeling down, going on eye-level. „Do you know why it hurts?“ The child shook its head, clinging on to its previous statement: „I don't want to feel anything.“

„It hurts, because you have a soul and a heart. Your heart measures the time for your body with every beat it makes. But when it sees another heart stop, it becomes frightened of stopping one day itself. Your soul is everything that is truly you. Your body can ache and grow old. But your soul is timeless, ever young and ever wise. It is what makes you unique and what should always be with you.“

„I don't get it.“, the child said, confused by the mother's long explanation.

„It's good that it hurts. If it hurts, it means you care.“ With these words, the mother hugged her child gently. After that, they buried the pet in a respectful manner, leaving a place behind, which the child could visit anytime.

It was an alarming sound in the neighbourhood. The mother had just wanted to get her children inside the house for lunch, as the siren was heard. „What's the noise, Mama?“ No reaction, instead the children where dragged inside, the mother hastily closed the door, locked it from the inside twice. But to late.

The ceiling crashed, wood splattered onto the ground and with it, a tall figure made its entry into the room. „A.. a shallow?“, the mother whispered. „HIDE! Do you hear me? It's okay! I'll take care of it!“ Her kids fled the room, but one of them could not bring themselves to run further than just the next room. The tapping of the shallow's footsteps could be heard, despite them being clearly not heavy or with impact. It was as if there was a distortion in how the sound should be distributed.

„Don't move! Don't you dare go after my children! I... I.. know you don't care. But...you must have had a heart and soul at some point! Please... Don't...“ The child looked

through the small creak in the door. Its hand reached for something to throw. Maybe it was a stone, most likely something else. I don't remember. In that moment, nothing mattered more, than that whatever the child threw, it would hit the attacker.

And so it did. The figure stopped mid-attack. But now it had seen the child and it went after it. The child began to run. Out of the room, into the gardens, but where to hide? The sirens were still sounding the alarm. The hedge. As quick as possible the child rolled into the thick bushes, hoping to be unseen today, as it had been many times while playing hide and seek. Had its own heart always been so loud? The breath always been filling the air with such noise?

The figure stepped outside. What had the mother called it? A shallow? As the threat walked past the hedge's side, the child pressed its face into the dirt, hoping to be seen even less now. Suddenly, no steps where to be heard, nothing. Not even the sirens. The insects and creatures in the bushes didn't seem to care one bit in the world about what was going on. They were just going on about their daily lives. Did that mean the threat was over? But the alarm was still ringing. Nonetheless, the child let out a deep sigh, just in that moment something cold grabbed it by the wrist and tore it out of the bushes, onto the other side onto the streets. „LET GO! LET GO! PLEASE LET GO!“

And so, with cold unconcerned voice, the attacker replied: „Oh? Should I go after your mother again, then? Or your siblings? Which should I go for first? I'll let you have the choice.“

„No.“

„This was not an option. But if you can't choose, I will. I think, I will go for...“

„NO! LET THEM LIVE! LEAVE THEM ALONE! I... I... I know who you are... Take me! My heart, my soul... I DON'T CARE!“

The shallow watched in surprise as the child offered itself. It wasn't that this was the first time someone had offered themselves instead of others. But it was the words that struck a chord. So the shallow replied: „Don't worry. Caring will be the last thing you'll ever do again.“

And with that reply needles pierced the child's heart, until it vanished, and all that the child had ever felt anything about, started to appear without any reason to be concerned about, until the world faded black itself.

The next I remember, is waking up on the ground of a horse carriage. Maybe I was hurt, I don't know. I didn't feel any pain. But the person with me, they had noticed that I was awake. It was the shallow, dressed in a nobleman's suit. Telling me „Fix your eye“. And when I didn't react, he showed me how to. The moment I covered one of my eyes with a hand, it seemed to change, to alter or to heal. I don't think it has been that way before. But I didn't care. I still don't.

Nothing hurts. Time has stopped for me. My heart has stopped beating. As for my master... it seems as if he is enjoying himself quite a lot. But who cares.

I don't know why, or how, but my soul returned to me. At least... a little. Maybe. Sometimes. I think. It's not that I care, but sometimes I do care. And I know there's only one way for me to be myself again. I need to kill the wicked creature, that has once started this misery.

But my master is not foolish or weak. Killing him, will not be an easy task to perform. But I don't care.