

Dark Day

Suddenly jealousy roared within me like a dragon unleashing its fiery might as I stood in the doorway leading to my bedchambers gazing at my wife in the arms of another man. Flames of rage licked at my heart as I slowly drew the fifty-two inches of cold steel at my waist. She stood there, terrified, like a rabbit being stared down by a starving wolf. Her long brown tresses hung messily around her paling face while the white linen dress she wore hung open. The man next to her was shirtless, hard bodied, and youthful. He was a vibrant young man with neatly trimmed black hair, a young man who would never grow old.

Feeling the weight of the sword in my hand I lunged at them both attacking with savage might. The coward leapt away in an attempt to flee. Falling to the floor in his mad dash to avoid my wrath I stepped forward bringing my sword down with all of the anger I possessed. It bit deep into flesh and I could hear the snapping of bone as his blood soaked my body. Feeling its warmth I wrenched my sword free of his lifeless form and spun, whirling the blade in a wide arc, which left my love crumpled on the floor.

For every swing I took my fury did not lessen it only became more powerful swinging again and again until their corpses were unrecognizable. My room was bathed in crimson. The bed we had shared on so many nights for so many years lay stained with the sins of this dark day. My fingers slackened on the hilt and slowly the extension of my vengeance fell to the floor with a crash and I soon after.

Grief and bitterness, jealousy and anger, a torrent of emotions wracked my body as I pounded my fist upon the floor. “What had I done to deserve this?” I asked. “What had I done to deserve this punishment? Laboring day in and day out; earning a living so we could be together and this was how I was repaid.” It was amazing how fast your world could come crashing down around you. Slowly I climbed to my feet and stepped over my wife’s head, which had rolled into the doorway and went outside.

The sounds of my home village could be heard, the clanging of the smith’s shop the smell of burning coal thick in the air, the sound of the cows in a near by pasture, and children somewhere in the distance. The sun beat down on me as I wandered onward. The dirt crunched underfoot and the wind played with my hair. As I wended my way through a field of high grass the smell of lilac soothed me and it was then that I realized where I was going. I pressed forward never crossing paths with another living soul.

Alone I journeyed on not taking in anything around me. The numbness I felt inside was absolute. I was already as dead as my wife. Slowly my destination appeared before me; its crystal blue waters were very inviting to my blood soaked body. Sweat rolled off my brow and was quickly devoured by the parched earth. At the river’s edge I looked into its infinite depth and slowly lowered myself feeling it embrace me. It was then that my world was right again.