

BLACK HEARTS AT WORK

“Ready Adrian? Or you might exchange your meagre blade for a revolver?”

“No, thanks Hector. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush. You might never know which time a blade is handy.”

“Well, then. Get a whiff of fresh air before covering your face with a cloth.”

Left to my own resources, I pondered about whether to murder innocent Count Visiaka dol Santos, the richest man in the town of Sugana. Others were excited about the prospect of bloodshed- an opportune moment to quench their long awaited thirst for blood. Everybody’s mind was bloodthirsty, murderous but not mine. Being a fantastical writer and always buried deep in books, I reprimanded myself for assigning for this mentally unbearable job just for the lust of golden coins. Should I warn Count Visiaka? Yes, I would....

It was a dense, black night. A heavy coat of darkness seemed to rest on the world. If you had spied me, you would think me as a treading night- hunter. Quickly, I managed to slip in Count Visiaka’s room like a stealthy beast, through the open window. The Count had delved deep into history books when he suddenly spotted me. Greeting me with a wide smile, he embraced me. The next few hours he was silent and grave, and his facial expression blackened as I narrated Hector’s evil plot. Later, I handed him two Holland rifles and a revolver. All of a sudden, we heard gunfire. One of Hector’s comrades had pried on us, and had sent word to him. I left the Count to shoot Hector’s gunner and diverted Hector, along with his brothers, Alfred and Edward leading them to River Yanka. Hector’s flaming eyes were mad with rage, and was charging like an angry bull with revolver aimed at me. I led them over the cracked, Yosa village road, through the Illaga Caves and Hollow Mountains where took birth burnt stubble and small chunks of rocks. Suddenly, Edward shot me on my shoulder. Groaning in agony, I finally led them to River Yanka and hurled rocks at them. Seething with rage, Hector, Alfred and Edward charged but slipped on slushy mud and toppled into River Yanka. Grappling each other, they splashed and then drowned. In dancing moonlight, I could see three corpses floating towards hell. Count Visiaka’s life was saved!

Even though, at present my black hair is lost and my eyes are dim with age, villainous Hector and his friends still resurface my old haunts in mind....