

Journey

by Emil Sequerstov

I look into my eyes in the mirror and see a madman staring back at me. Eyes glaring and unmoving, they never seem to blink. Tonight I'm dead excited. There's something about this night, or rather, tomorrow morning. Tomorrow I leave. Tomorrow everything might change for better or worse. It doesn't really matter though. What really matters is the change itself. It's the change that makes me feel like an excited kid during a thunderstorm. If I wasn't so very tired I'd probably be standing outside laughing at the stars above. Right now all I can muster is a small grin. I've got a loaded canon in my gut, a coiled iron spring, a fusion reactor pumping out power. Although it's late and I should have packed everything hours ago, I don't panic. I'm calm. I have a purpose. I will rise with the sun and begin my journey. I will reach for fire and we'll see if I steal my power from the gods, or if I crash and burn. Cue rain and thunder.

There is no time to sleep, not this week, not this life. Never rest, never stop. There is just me and the goal, the target. Everything depends on getting there. Failure is never an option. Not even death is, if it means failure. Smash all obstacles, kick in all doors, kill anyone standing in your way.

And then, finally, the fire is mine. I've got the power to reshape the world. Set the clock back to zero. It's so easy that even a child could do it. A doomsday device for children below the age of three. Once I have it in my hands though, something changes. I've reached my goal now and my mind starts going in another direction. Just as it gets to another crossroad, find another solution that actually leaves me shaking because it might just work, the fire hits me. My gut suddenly burns from the inside out and my mind and body turns numb. I fall to the floor. There's something sticky on my cheek, but soon it doesn't matter anymore. All that matters is the darkness surrounding me. Wrapping me in blanket and holding me. For a moment I can see myself lying on the floor with my hand on the button, finger on the trigger. I try to push it, but the image is gone and I die.

Who else died? Or did I have to go alone? Who else?