

Chapter 13: Shellshock

Death is a weird thing. One moment, you are standing next to a man and, the next, you stand alone.

I swear that I heard a whistle on the wind, when his body hit the floor. Vick Accada. Immortal by all rights, like his company, now mortal on the concrete, like his company.

Accada means 'endless' in Ancient Ackelanian, yet there is nothing as endless as the world beyond the Nightingale. I looked up at the glint upon the rooftop, a green glow fading to red.

That is when it started to set in. I couldn't hear my own cries as the Banshee's Wail bellowed. I couldn't see my tears fall to the ground as that blinding spotlight descended upon his corpse.

I wept when the red-eyed ones took him away. I wept even louder when behind I stayed.

Now I could feel it. The metal burnt and engraved itself into my skin as I pulled the trigger. A sonic outburst that nearly shattered my eardrums, a flash of red, then a sound that bellowed as loud.

My heart was in my throat as the concrete swallowed up the crimson rain. I actually did it. I can't believe that I actually wanted to call you.

I almost did it, almost said it.

Al can you please pick me up.

But there's one thing worse than walking home alone, and it is seeing your face in this pouring rain.

So I did as they said. I detached the barrel and the scope. I removed the mag and the stock. I removed the battery and the dislodged the trigger.

I placed it in the case and closed it tight, made sure it wouldn't fall open and quickly retreated towards the fire escape.

I almost missed the railing and fell on my way down.

Al, if I fell, would you pick me up?

The sound is even worse so up close. I swore it made my ears bleed as I stood directly below, re-polishing the scratches on my helmet.

I was going to come get you, but I was ushered away.

They wouldn't let me stay.

Said they'd bring you home.

Not sure I trust them, but what do I know?

Nick, I haven't seen you since last night-

Please just call me.