The Red Roots of a Poison Tree

Caedis was a profoundly troubled child. Troubled, but yet not oblivious. He often pondered if this lack of innocents was for better or worse. All though his disturbed nature was common knowledge of his family and school, there stood no one to place blame on such a child who suffers a divorce. It had been less than a week since his parents had parted ways, huh! Parted ways, Caedis scoffed at such euphemisms. He was 11, but if you herd him talk you would presume otherwise; not due to the pitch of voice, or the complexity of his words. You would just know that a voice that saw the world through such unfeeling, uncensored eyes did not belong to a person who was believed to see the world as it was told, not as it was. An unnerving drop of honesty in a black sea of deceit. Saying that he disliked his father would be a gross understatement; in fact Caedis consciously acknowledged himself pushing his mother towards a divorce. These actions where ones he would never admit but fate was twisted and now his father had full custody. Caedis often felt the slight sense of betrayal are escaping from the shadows, but as always such feelings were supressed.