

The Day Of Judgement: A Narration

It was a fiery room with blazing red walls, and someone had to be sacrificed that day for the others to breathe in prosperity. The seven sins were gathered outside the room, presenting their analysis and contemplating as to who out of them deserved such a brutal end, burning in dark red flames.

Pride: As I was riding in my commodious carriage to reach this filthy place, a voice resonated from within which made me re-emphasize my importance and reiterated that the world requires me. I don't need to further put my point, I surrender communication, my magnate personality speaks for itself.

Greed: I have mountains to climb, plenty to accomplish. I really don't care if you people get supremely affected by my blatant disregard for the discussion, I have a habit of being socially harmful if I very well get my way. I can't care about you all because I am too focused on my desires.

Lust: My eyes and mind rest on a current object of desire. All my energies are directed towards a single item of interest and I can't die without attaining the same. Even when the apocalyptic flames are getting down the world, I need to be alive, I need to have what I want.

Envy: There is no way to kill a dead man, similarly how can you burn me in this room when I am already smoldering from within. My heart is burning with jealousy and my tongue is constantly cussing my rival. This bitterness within me is already making it difficult for the next breath to be taken.

Gluttony: I haven't had enough, and I want more. A lot is left for me to taste, profuse wealth awaits my enjoyment. My task from the very beginning was set straight as to possessing everything, and I can't falter on the aim. Hence, I need to live, I need to survive.

Wrath: What are these petty flames in front of me, when I am the one blazing firestorms! My attitude is always burning and the rage forbids me to take any quick decision. I am out of this kiddish world of games and spare my way so I can barge out! (Hence, in an infuriated fashion he moved away, kicking Sloth on the way).

Sloth: (getting up tiredly) Any task is a harsh challenge for me, because it takes up my innermost energy to rise up for an occasion. I'll drag myself without any intention and the result won't be worthwhile. Let me stay where I am, I cause no harm to anyone. If I be or not be, is not even a question.

The ambiguousness was rising and consensus was a far friend. The night was getting darker and someone had to enter the doors of the room dazzling in red. Each had put forward a reason of escape and was on the verge of leaving behind the decision, running into darkness. However, a choice had to be made. Outside the room there was a dilapidated chair on which a person sat cowering. It had the hands of selflessness and the heart of pure honesty; hence it was an easy target. The seven sins left not a minute in encircling this object of interest and dragged it to the door, pushing it with a single unanimous jerk to its doom!

The End