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English 1

Sullivan

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### A Monstrous Lust

The crowd erupted in fiery chants as two figures entered the arena. The first, Rhasdasmanthys, was dressed in decorative armour and wielded a large broadsword. Sarpedon was both dressed in and wielded the equivalent to what his opponent had. They sized each other up, almost like a couple of savage wolves. Rhasdasmanthys got bored of this and engaged with a sweeping blow. Both were expert swordsmen, and neither would go down without a fight. They fell into a sort of rhythm, a brilliant yet beautiful dance, though in a fight to the death these types seldom last very long. Eventually Sarpedon got in a kick and knocked Rhasdasmanthy's weapon out of his hands.

"Spare me, by the Gods, spare me!" pleaded the defeated gladiator.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "This time the reward is too great."

With that Sarpedon struck a mighty blow and knocked his opponent's head clean off. Rhasdasmanthy fell back, and a pool of blood started to form up around his corpse.

The king, sitting in his usual box, stood up and waited for silence.

"Sarpedon has shown the utmost bravery, for which he shall be dually rewarded. The hand of princess Parisphae is yours."

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Cheer, and when your done with that spread the word; Sarpedon thought gloating to himself. You came here for a spectacle, and one was to be had. Now because of you, dear audience, I shall become royalty. Never again will I have to work, or fight in these petty duals.

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The wedding created much excitement in Ruhan, a welcome distraction to an otherwise dreary year. The celebration was accompanied with dance and sober spirits. Parispae seemed reluctant at first, but eventually embraced the wedding and made the most of it. Everything went as you'd expect and the two got married. The problems started to arise when the newlyweds entered the bedroom. Sarpedon noticed that Parispae was reluctant, and after much haggling Parispae admitted that she didn't lust for men. What proceeded was a chain of frustration and spitefulness from the groom, because for him it was quite the opposite. He ravished her every night until she could no longer bear it and slit her wrists.

What followed was a series of events which none could've predicted. After the death, the king announced she had died of the plague. This truly upset the peasants, who were not as stupid to mistake this for the truth. Rumors spread, some worse than others, and if nothing was to be done, possibly a revolt. The king, in response, decided to spread rumors that shifted the blame to Sarpedon, calling for his trial. It took a while, but miraculously this became the mainstream opinion. As a result at, what

seemed, the height of the frenzy Sarpedon was tried and predictably sentenced to death. He hung on the scaffold much to the satisfaction of the people in attendance. This though didn't solve all of his problems. A call to arms sounded throughout the whole kingdom and the frightened elite started to flee. This shouldn't have been surprising for anyone who had really been paying attention, this was only the climax of a great drama that had started long ago. The king was powerless and inevitably the castle was indeed stormed.

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Everyone suddenly became quiet while a figure stepped up to the platform.

"Comrades it is high time we take control of this country that's rightfully ours. No longer shall we bow to kings. Now longer shall we pay for their stupid wars. No longer shall there be a massacre every time workers step out of line. We are better than this comrades. Now to arms and let us fight both for ourselves, and our children. Good luck and may God bless you."

Goosebumps spread over Jared and a sense of duty and patriotism prevailed. Banging his pitchfork against the ground and joining in the chant.

"Down with the king. Strength to her, strength to Ruhan. Down with the king. Strength to her, strength to Ruhan."

The castle was taken by surprise in the middle of the night. The guards put up some resistance but it was futile, it had long been established that defending the castle, if it came to that, was a losing battle. The castle was

mostly deserted. When the crowd eventually made it to the throne room what they found was astonishing. Somehow the aristocrats who'd been in the castle that night were all dead. Though it didn't really take a genius, in Jared's opinion, to guess what had happened. Jared stepped into the throne room and a terrible stench made its presence aware. All of a sudden he felt sick and vomited.

A grave mistake had been made, with spring on the horizon.

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The two men met up discreetly and watched the sun peeking out on the horizon.

"Are all the preparations set?"

"You know it's a pity in a sense. I had always imagine a great, glorious war between our kingdoms. Now it almost seems to easy; a pity I tell you."

"Bloody hell, you can shove your pity up your own arse."

"They're going to be completely at our mercy. You can't say that doesn't bother you at least a little."

"No, it doesn't."

His companion just sighed.

"Yes, everything's in order. I'll give the command a week from today."