Chosen Death

Chapter One

Death had been chosen for me. It wasn't anything I had planned on. Ever since the beginning of time, death had been a curse. A meaningful curse meant for those who wouldn't see the light of day. I was one of those that was meant to die. Growing up I had taken it upon me to understand that death was my future. It wasn't something I had created myself. It had been created for me.

No one understands more than a Death Seeker what is going to happen. Unfortunately I am not one of those charged with such a glorious purpose. A shame really, considering my father was a Death Seeker before he died. Mother wanted me to walk in his footsteps but it was not my destiny. Yes, they still believe in destiny where I come from. Talk about annoying.

My name is John. I come from an island on the coast of a continent that was once called North America. But that was many years ago. Now it is called something quite different. New Samaria is its name. Not much is known about North America beyond what the history books teach, which mind you isn't much. I'm told it was an odd place. People were always going after each other for blood. The death toll was in the millions back when they had wars and atomic weapons.

I still don't even know what an atomic weapon is. All our history books say about them is how awful they were. They were abandoned after what was known as World War III, the war to end all wars. No one knows what happened during World War I and World War II. That is assuming there were two wars before the third. Did I mention our history is a bit on the sketchy side? Well it is. I don't mind not having a history. The new way of doing things is so much, well it's not cleaner. But it's better. That's what I've been told at least. Everyone knows to just believe and do as you're told. It prevents problems later on down the road. I suppose I'm getting ahead of myself, or on some grand tangent that shouldn't be traveled down.

“To speculate about the past invites destruction.”[[1]](#footnote-2)

Those were the words spoken by the Grand Marshal. No one really understood what was going on when he spoke such words, but it was known he was not a man to be taken lightly. Everything Talbot said would be written in gold. Literally. I remember seeing the ancient books in a historical vault. Still even then, people assumed them to be fake.

So this is the life I lead.

1. Grand Marshal Talbot ~2106  
   Not much is known about the grand marshal, just that he existed. Many have words said by him in the sacred texts. But beyond that, it is all a myth. He is a legend of our time. Someone not to be trifled with. Some have said he has appeared to them in visions. Others do not believe in such things. It doesn't matter the source of who said what. Just know it is there. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)