

The Pact

Swift Feet awoke chained in a cell beneath Tower 9.
He struggled to free himself from his binds, but his efforts proved fruitless.
As his struggling ceased, a man in Office 9 robes walked into the cell.

“Who are you?”

“I asked you to remember. It seems you have not followed up on that.”

The man took off his hood, and Swift Feet stared into his own face. Eyes
with the light of molten gold stared back into Swift Feet’s.

The room turned cold as Swift Feet’s double came closer.

“You have bounded yourself in the causes of many, and all of them have
found you wanting.”

The man changed appearances several times as he said this. From Swift
Feet, to Monty, to Proof, to the Father Apostle, then to a horned man with
pointed ears and skin that glowed like gold.

“I can give you guidance, and aid you on your path.”

The man grabbed Swift Feet by the jaw and pulled him closer.

“But if you choose to follow to beck and call of everyone who speaks, you
will be nothing but the dirt on the boots of those who wish to use your
potential for their own benefit.”

The man removed his hand, and sat in a chair that formed from the dust in
the air.

“All that you have to do is remember our pact, the one we made a decade
ago.”

The man clasped his hands together and leaned into them, smiling.

“But first, do you remember the farm?”

Swift Feet’s view of the room collapsed to a single point, then opened back
to reveal a new scene.

A group of young boys ran along a wheat field on the slowly rolling hills of
the farm.

One of the boys stopped, and crouched next to a flower that had wilted and

turned brown as the dirt it sprouted from.
The young boy looked up, and saw a yellow butterfly on one of the wheat stalks, before cupping his hands around the flower and muttering.
As the flower grew back to a healthy state, another boy ran back towards the crouching boy.
“C’mon Swift Feet, Mom will get mad at us if we’re late for dinner again!”
Swift Feet looked up from the flower and nodded before running with the boy out of Swift Feet’s field of view.

Swift Feet’s vision faded again, and it opened back up to the same prison cell.

“So it seems that you do.”
The man popped his knuckles and stood up from the chair, which immediately went back to the dust from which it came.

“And now, for our pact. Let us begin.”

The scene changed once again, to that of a vast meadow.
Swift Feet looked around, free from his chains, and saw the same sky he had seen in his dream at the Temple.

After a while, he looked down and saw the same glowing butterfly.
His mind ached at the familiarity of what he was seeing. When he tried to remember where he had seen it, he heard a loud voice in his ear:

“MAY IT BECOME THE WINGS OF HARMONY, THAT BREAK THY CHAINS OF SUFFERING!”

Swift Feet fell to his knees and held his head, the screaming in his mind growing louder and louder,
until silence was all he heard.

“No need for such a bastardization.”

“Will you fight for your own life, for your State, or for your People?
Whatever you may do, You must be absolute. You must not falter in your ideals, even in the face of Death itself.”

“This is what I ask for in exchange for my guidance and my power.

“Power?”

“I will give you the tools that need on your journey. I hope you will use them well.

“How would I know I’m going the right way?”

“You will know.”

“Now, do you accept the terms of this agreement?”

“Yes.”

“Then let us reforge our pact”

The horned man’s eyes grew bright as the sun as he began to speak.

I am Thou. Thou art I.

Thou hast acquired a true vow.

It shall become the wings of rebellion, that will
break thy chains of captivity.

With the birth of this sacred pact, thou hast
obtained the winds of blessing
that shall lead to freedom and new power.

Swift Feet found himself unable to move as he repeated the pact, screaming
as his eyes burned from the brightness of the horned man.

“Now go, my child.”

Swift Feet woke up in his apartment, his eyes still burning.
He ran to the bathroom, and when he looked into the mirror, he saw his
eyes had a glint of gold in them.