

Little One

Aldrick awoke to the sound of knocking on his door.
“Some kid from the village must be pullin’ a prank on me, little bastards.”
He got out of bed slowly as to not wake his wife and son, and opened the door ready to mouth
off some 10 year old. When he opened the door however, no one stood on the porch..
As he turned around to go back inside, a sharp wind was the last thing he ever heard.

Hilda woke to the thud of her husband’s body against the wooden floor of the one-room
house.
A man in black and white stepped through the door and over the pool of blood coming from
Aldrick’s head.

Swift Feet looked over to the woman as she began screaming. She did not finish her breath,
A toddler began to cry.
Swift Feet heard the cry and almost felt a twinge of guilt for what he had done.
Then he remembered his mission.
“I’m sorry, little one.”
One last shot left a deafening silence in the house.

Swift Feet dragged the bodies of the dissenters out in front of their house and opened their
necks.
Their blood spelt out a warning. An example of what happens to those who rebel.
Swift Feet left the house ablaze and walked towards the rising sun.
He felt no remorse. His mission was complete.