It was happening again; the days dragged on wearily and fate put me in this position, against the wall, with my tormentors breath in my face, spewing words of vehement and terror. I could smell the cigarettes on his breath, which choked the little life out of my pitiful existence. Time had seemed to stop for me then, and I could feel the pain of the many times before this, where the smell of cigarettes invaded my senses, and I choked as a knife was held against my skin.

His father must have been beating him again; reasoning to why he chose me to torment, a representation about the horrors of his own life, which he now chose to vent out upon my existence. The cycle was vicious, and the pain caused destroyed the little happiness I had built. All my friends had left me, warry of the pain they’d suffer if they chose to get in the way. It was a pitiful existence, and it led to this day, where blood was meant to leak upon the pavement, and my life was to end.

“I want to see you bleed,” his words were seething, and the knife sliced the skin of my neck just in the slightest, sending pain trickling through my body. Blood dripped down my neck, staining the shirt my uncle gave me, before he went to the war, giving his life overseas to make ours easier. I believed in his sacrifice, but now it seemed that my death was coming, and no help would be in sight.

The blade struck violently, my neck being torn to shreds and vision ran black, and utter coldness filled my body. A voice whispered, flitting through the mists of my thoughts and reached my ear.

“Power, given to stop such evils. Power for those who wish to take it, and use it for their own desires. Power in the face of injustice. Death smiles upon you today boy.” And with that, a coldness entered my body, a coldness that carried strength through my body. I stood up, watching as the bloody tormentor looked in horror at my gaunt face and deathless eyes. I reached out to him, and reaped his soul straight from his body, tearing through his chest with my grim hands, all in a dark mist, which resonated from the ground. The next words came through, from a memory long ago:

“I am death, the destroyer of worlds,” and with that a scythe materialized in a purple mist, and my eyes grew dark. I realized what I had been given, a power to correct the evils of man, to fight like my uncle did long ago. In my death, the reaper was born.