

# Darkness

by Katrina Relf

Vincent was in the cave, his mind, his body consumed by the madness. The figure before him was covered in blood, its chest ripped apart.

It spoke. "He stole the world I created, he stole you, my son, and he deserves to die. You must rid the tunnels of him".

Vincent moved towards the mouth of the cave, his tortured mind ready to obey. But then suddenly, as if from nowhere, a slight figure emerged through the darkness. He raised his arm to strike, but the voice and the name she cried echoed through his heart.

Paracelsus was no more.