

Redeemer

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Death, that final moment when you see the world for one last time. Ragged breaths and shattered memories, death...the ending.

But for me...death is only the beginning.

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1 - Prologue

So often you hear the rain and rush out wishing it would wash away your sins, your evil doings. You think that by bathing in the everlasting glow of the heavens you will be forever enthralled. Your heart will no longer cry out for those souls lost before your very eyes in that little thing you called Life. Death is the end. No more breath...your body lies still. Your mind shuts off, that pure soul rises from your human form and disappears beyond the rainbow to someplace where eternal happiness awaits. Death, that final moment when you see the world for one last time. Ragged breaths and shattered memories, death...the ending.

But for me...death is only the beginning.

2 - The Rain Begins

::Part One::

The Rain Begins...

The rains had finally come, we were all fearing a dry spell. It wouldn't go well with Papa losing his job. We needed the money from the crops. Damn that Mr. Blackwell and his order of lazy no account men. They were really good for nothing more than getting drunk and raping young women, yet Mr. Blackwell had faith in their work. My father was a carpenter working endlessly for the tyrant Nathaniel Blackwell. a man who most of our town revered. To me, he was a fat lummock with nothing more to him than a good last name.

The Blackwell family had practically run the town of Shistoba since the dawn of time, most believe they were the first to ever create settlement here. But I digress.

My father, Wang Yomin was a kind and generous man with a loyal and caring background. There was no mistake that he was quite true to his roots. A noble and domestic Chinese man, the easiest way to describe the man I once loved so dearly. At any rate, the rain. Yes, the rain had begun to fall across the land as father returned home from the Blackwell residence. A dark look upon him, solemn and grim. My mother immediately entrusted me to fetch the tea. Father could always be calmed by a steaming cup of green tea. It seemed, however that tea would not calm the mood he'd fallen into this time. My father, although gentle and passionate was still a man, stern and proud. His hand slammed down upon the wooden table and the small cup of scolding tea exploded against the wall. My mother's frail voice ringing out many foul Chinese words as she scolded my father. Wang Mei, my mother was a fiery character her appearance majestic yet fragile, her mind independent. Denying her parents in their attempt to push her into a vestal world. Mei was not one to ever obey the rules, she always ran against the grain. It had been her idea to flee China in an attempt to escape their families haste towards their love. It had been her who brought them to this small town in the middle of nowhere now chastised by the 'man.' When my father began to grow soft on her, her eyes seemed to emanate a horrifying glow and she released a monster. No, not a real live monster. It's a figure of speech.

Anyway, Mei was not happy with my father being so upset over this loss of a job. She reassured him that things would be just fine in the morning and there was nothing to worry about. My heart was heavy. No job? What would this mean for us? Would we no longer be able to partake in the things we once enjoyed? Would a lack of gold send us packing to another home? I'd known young women before whose parents could not afford to keep them, so they were sold in markets to the highest bidder. Would that become of me? Was I to become a slave? Through heavy breaths I trudged off into the back of our quaint home where a small cot blanketed with warm linens sat awaiting me. As I lay there in the darkness, hearing the rain and the murmur of my parents festivities in the next room over I knew things would not be fine. Something deep within my soul burned, things were not right.