

Justice

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This is more of a poetic short story than anything. Meh, don't think too much of it cuz I wrote it quickly in a canadian tire parking lot while I waited for my dad!

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/robayn/7842/Justice>

Chapter 1 - Untitled

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Once, a long time ago, a girl named Erika made a wish on a shooting star.

She wished for deliverance, she wished for her people to be free. For them to no longer be hunted like savages, no longer murdered like game. Her wish was for freedom.

Her wish was whispered on the chilled breeze, carried through the streets like a disease, but upon the ears of Gaia it fell like a prayer.

Sent forth were Gaia's unseen knights to protect the wronged, and it was sung through the streets;
" Gaia will grant me Justice."

As a terrible swift sword, the knights felled the treacherous hunters and healed the prey. But not all was well.

Erika was crying, crying for the slain merciless. The unseen knights ceased their onslaught and returned to Gaia's womb.

All that had been was changed, but Erika still cried. The bells rang to welcome the new dawn, and she still cried.

A man approached her huddled form, he knelt down by her and held her like a child. He whispered in her ear, and she understood.

The streets had lost their justice, and now her people were oppressed by an impureness, camouflaged as wicked human deeds. The evil fed on the death of the felled hunters and took their place. It was no longer restrained, as he thrived on the fear of those who cringed in his wake.

Erika had finished crying.

The man was gone with a whisper, but he left her a sign of hope. She stood, clasping a single white feather tightly in her hand.

The Evil approached Erika, and she stood her ground. It sniffed the air about her, and she stood her ground. He pulled back and screamed at her in a foreign tongue, and she stood her ground. Once, twice, thrice he yelled, and still, she stood her ground. He raised her hand to strike the willful girl down, and she clutched the precious gift tighter as she whispered;

"Gaia will grant me Justice."

And it was gone. The malice and the cruelty of the streets was gone. Erika held the feather and kept it, none knowing how valuable it had been. The bells rang, and the people rejoiced...and Erika cried no more.