

The Ancient One

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A vampire reflects on her values and lose of power, ulitmatly leading to her lose of life.

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1 - The Ancient One

Drip, Drip, Drip. Lick, Lick, Lick. Does that sound befitting for one such as I? One who is older, wiser, than time itself? I once ruled this world you know. Had all the humans cowering in fear as I devoured their loved ones. Spare the children I did. Of course! The young could be taught to obey, the rouges be slain; not by my hands, but by my men. Only men, I dare not change a woman. Give a girl the same power that I hold? I think not! She would only cause trouble, constantly trying to take my throne. Now a man, he is so weak, so feeble minded. My men are blinded by my beauty and do not see the power I hold. They respect it non the less. I have slaughtered many of them for merely stepping a toe out of line. I can always make a better one later after all. No that it matters now. My legacy is gone. Blown away like a piers ashes. He destroyed me, Him, the conqueror. I do not speak of God (for there is no God but I), but of one of my own kind. He was a lovely child, I raised him myself. He became my best lover, my greatest advisor. I should never have allowed him so close. You see what he has done to me?!? Stripped me of my glory, made me weak, ugly. No longer do I have sleek black hair cascading down my back in the longest braid you would ever see. No, now it's brittle, grey, my face like leather, my eyes dull. I am dying. The immortal, finally dying. Do you think the world would end with my passing? I did forge it from my own hands. Do you think they can survive without their creator? He will rule them now, with blood and fire. So different yet so much the same. How could I have given Him my heart? That's the problem with us. I would never make a women, because of these traitorous emotions. Now the bearer of death, my childe, will bring about the closing. Hope is lost, my soul long gone. I never thought I would wish to be mortal again.