

Danse Macabre

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An old story about Uchiha Madara, his early years and a little incident that changed his life. Inspired by Iron Maiden's song "Dance of Death" and the movie "The seventh Seal"

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Madara blinked twice to make sure that he was witnessing was not a dream. He could remember seeing red before everything went black. As he watched his surroundings he realized that he wasn't in the battlefield near the village of Konoha. There were no screams to be heard and no corpses were lying down, with faces having looks of horror, agony, or pain. No the landscape was flat and there was nothing he could notice in the horizon, with exception of a couple of trees, that life has long left them. It was rather cold. The faint light that managed to pass through the, not so thick, fog, indicated him that he was definitely nowhere close he has ever been in his entire life. The only signs of life was the faint flow of water somewhere near him. Suddenly he felt someone's presence. He turned around no one. He couldn't feel the presence anymore. Being cautious he took a few steps backwards. Bad idea. He felt himself losing his balance and seconds later his back collided with the surface of cold, black water. The last thing he saw before the dark water engulfed him was the inhumanly pale face of someone, a sardonic smile crossing the stranger's face.

He tried to open his eyes as he felt a faint light hitting his eyelids. Cold stone was what he felt he was lying on. He tried standing up. Why was he feeling so tired all of the sudden he couldn't tell. Something was definitely wrong with this place. It looked like an underground cave. He could hear the flow of the water. He looked to his right. Yeah, there was the river he had fallen in. He glared at the black calm water, that was creating sounds from the flow. To him they seemed like whispers. As if the water was mocking him. The same glimpse of light that had hid his eyelids, now flashed.

He turned around and saw a lake with a small island in the middle. There was some weird light coming from that island. Madara's curiosity overruled him and decided he wanted to know what the source of that weird light was. He noticed a wooden boat, left on the lake's shore. He used the boat to go across. As much as he would reach the island, the more fear he felt inside. Why was that he didn't know. As the wood hit rock, he stepped on the hard surface. He raised an eyebrow. The light was coming from some kind of crystal. He came closer and his eyes widened slightly. The crystal was bleeding? There were small drops of blood dripping on the ground. He reached his hand and touched the blood from the ground. It was indeed the crimson liquid that was necessary for life. The question was though, how could this happen. Suddenly he heard the snap of a piece of wood as it broke. He turned around and saw the same deathly pale face, smirking mockingly at him. Madara had only a nanosecond to think, before everything went black.

His head ached and he felt his body numb. He could hear screams and some songs sung in an unknown to him, language. He opened his eyes, but saw nothing. He waited for his eyes to adjust in the darkness. He tried to stand up, but found out that he couldn't. He was tied up with some material he was unfamiliar with. He tried breaking his bonds. Impossible. He felt that he had no chakra at all. Suddenly he saw a person coming towards him. He was a middle-aged man, wearing ragged clothes, head drooped, his steps, reminded him of a drunken man's. He stood near him and then sat on his knees, dull eyes that seemed to see nothing. Madara tried to speak to find out that he had no voice. He struggled a bit against his bindings, even though he knew it was pointless. More people appeared, from all ages and genders, all dressed in ragged clothes and body stance same as the man's. Three more sat besides Madara. After everybody took his place, silence fell.

The four people surrounding him grabbed him and held him above their heads. Music started playing. Suddenly all the people's heads raised, eyes rolling backwards and mouths parted. As someone gave a signal, they started running straight ahead. Fires appeared on the sides of the path. They slowed down and moved according to an odd dance, with no certain steps, just rhythm. They reached a person dressed in black from head to toes. Madara blinked as he saw that this man was the same he encountered before. The same deathly pale face, with the sardonic smile plastered on it, his skinny, almost anorexic, figure. Only now he was wearing a black cloak and held an onyx colored scythe. His eyes become large as dinner plates as he realized where he was and the identity of the man standing a few feet away from him. Suddenly the creature spoke, referring to the small crowd, in a dark and cold voice, that made Madara feel his blood freezing:

Her keyser euch hilft nicht das swert
Czeptir und crone sint hy nicht wert
Ich habe euch bey der hand genomen
Ir must an meynen reyen komen

An old man from the crowd stepped forward. He was wearing raggedy clothes as everybody else, even though his, seemed to had been expensive when they were new. The man talked as well, as if giving an answer:

Ich habe gehabt vil arbeit gross
Der sweis mir durch die haut floss
Noch wolde ich gern dem tod empflihen
Zo habe ich des glucks nit hie

Madara had heard this language before. It has been some time, but it was from when he participated in a battle against a small group of Ostrogoths, wanting to invade the village. He, of course had won the battle, yet he couldn't forget this language that was so much different from his. People started holding each other's hand as if making a chain, him being put down but being held by his elbows and Death as the first link. They all started moving in a certain rhythm towards an opening. Madara still feeling paralyzed, just got carried like a big shack of potatoes.

They reached a large area, with something like a black hole in the middle. Death smirked and walked towards it, the crowd singing. He turned around and gave Madara a sadistic smirk before jumping in the hole. Everybody was still holding hands, so they fell into the hole, connected chain links, falling apart.

Whispers. Voices. The faint sound of running water. Madara tried to find his way, in this darkness. He couldn't see nor feel, he could only hear. No sound was clear, no voice was understandable. Whispers and then silence. Silence that drove him crazy. His mental defenses, shattered, his hopes perished. Fear, strong fear overwhelming him. He tried to move but couldn't. He tried to breath, but no air found it's way towards his lungs. He felt his body slowly paralyzing. 'No' he mentally smacked himself. 'No, such thing as death can happen.' he tried harder and managed to take a breath. 'I shall not, submit myself in Death's cold embrace.' He managed to inhale and exhale a few more times. 'Not until I lose in his battle for conquer. In the end I shall be the one that rules death and nobody else.' He grinned insanely, a sadistic look in his eyes. He coughed softly and spat some blood. 'Blood? Ain't i supposed to be a spirit?'

He wondered. A bright light blinded him, he felt his eyes burn, but he couldn't close them. All of his senses hypersensitive. The pain was great. He lost his consciousness.

He raised him self up with a swift motion, His whole body hurt and he was taking deep breaths. He opened his eyes. He was back in the battlefield. The battle was over. Dead bodies lying around disemboweled a smell of blood in the atmosphere. For about 20 meters ahead he could see people. They seemed pale almost no color left in them. He shifted his eyes to get a better look. A second later he goggled them. A mass of soldiers, enemies and allies were a crowd. Next to them stood death himself. In a sudden motion he appeared in front of him. Madara could see clearly all his features. Death bowed and spoke: "You may have won the battle but I will win the war. Death comes for all, you won't be an exception" Madara bowed as well as a sign of acknowledgment yet didn't say anything. Death disappeared and reappeared next to the group of recently dead men. A second later they became fog and disappeared. Madara turned around and took his sword. "We'll see, who wins the war, in time.." He said in a low voice as he started walking back to his home, to treat his wounds and write down what he had experienced.