

Circus Maladia

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This is a unique circus: it deals with horror, sacrifices, S&M, insanity, sex, even Death and many bizarre things beyond your mind. This is a tale of how a young, mortal girl entwines with the circus and secretive circus-member by mere bad luck.

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0 - Prelude

Silent melody clatters in the music box as the pale, faded autumn leaves dance in the gentle breeze. The bitter air becomes colder as the sun sets behind the dead woods in its reds and oranges. The earth covered in leaves – trees completely naked. Yes, the woods is totally dead. The melody still echoes silently.. sharply as the springs play the clockwork.

The small and dim flame of the lighter burns the tip of a cigarette red. A deep sigh. White smoke is blown out from the parted, worn-out-red lips. Behind long lashes, he glances over the roudies, who take down the grand, monochrome material.

Another gig finished – rewarding, long gig. Another one still ahead, and another and another and another.. Same routine for over 15 years already. But no one ever seem to get tired of it. Nice working partners, boss with a very good eye, booze, sacrifices, blood, slaughter, sex – what ever could you wish more? No, no one could ever get tired of this. This is Eden.

The air gets colder and it's time to move on. Yet another week had rolled over. How quickly the time passes.. The show must go on.

Fingers decorated with long, sharp nails clutch the shabby and grayish terry-cloth robe to wrap it tighter around the lanky body.

The time is limited. The schedules are full of performances and nights and festivals – it's a miracle id the workers had at least five minutes time for themselves. Fortunately he had packed his things already and his caravan is set too: he has a moment for himself even after that one cigarette.

That awakened a thought in him – it's been a week already, since the last time he got to spend quality time with himself. And, of course, in his case that means “satanistic masses” - like the people called it – and the most twisted masturbation. He could do it right there outside in the public eye of the others if he wanted – it's not forbidden, nor unusual. But it was so damn cold, so he will leave it to another time.

The lips spit the filter-end on the ground and the heel of a shoe, wrapped in black latex, extinguishes it.

The melody slows down. Slower and slower, until it becomes silent as the long and bony fingers brush through the fair curly hair. He returns back inside his caravan. Better start immediately, before the roudies get everything packed.

1 - Shadow

A fistful of drunken adolescents drifted along the park road in one bundle, supporting each others by the shoulders. The laughter could be heard far away along with *cigarette-coughs* and grunts. Swearing to each others, they swayed their way on the road, lead by the flyers.

"Circus Maladia celebrates its 16th birthday. Unforeseen performances, your deepest wishes and worst nightmares. Today only."

Soon the young people saw a big tent among the autumn afternoon, at the last moments of the twilight's warmth. Two boys approached the tent, the girls behind them. The boys hunched and raised the black and white striped fabric.

"You sure about this?" one of the two girls asked chewing her tasteless gum. She kept the other girl near to her, by the hand. This other girl glanced around, suspicious. It was exciting and all, but this was stupid.

"You wanna see the freakshow or not?" the long, blond haired boy said.

Then the gum chewing girl pushed her friend inside from the entrance the boys had made, so that she wouldn't look like a chicken herself. The rest followed behind.

The limelight dazzled the eyes obnoxiously, but he had already accustomed to it. Wheter it was morning or night, day or evening, nothing prevented him from taking his performance til the end. Which was, of course, always a different role. Sometimes a clown, sometimes the assistant of the magician, sometimes something else. It all depended on the ideas of the ringmaster, the director.

The director of this circus was brilliant with his absurd and wonderful visions. He had a infallible thirst of inspiration to always invent something new and bizarre that the crowd would love (or, speaking the truth, abhor). The director was also very fine man despite the disfigured appearance. The black, tall tophat pulled down close to his brows suited his short build. Lumpy nose and down-bent brows made him look much more cluel creature than an imaginative genius. Black beard around his mouth and a cigar on his lips didn't make him look any kinder. But deep inside he was a wonderful charlatan and an exceptional gentleman - especially after a few drinks.

Black, fake-leather lace decorated parasol flapped open and a little dust floated in the light. He set down his bare foot on a step, and then another one. Soon, he was on top and he carefully started walking on the barbwired tight-rope as his show-partner began his work.

A man drowned in the white make-up started to dance and disturb him, jumping around in the torn and weird clothing.

He, tonight a tight-rope walker, heard the audience's gasping and whispering. The children pulled on their parents' sleeves and constantly questioned about the things around them. This was no ordinary circus. By the night, no one wouldn't leave without the state of trauma and shock. No one.

He blew a curl of his hair from his forehead as he talently dodged the spikes at every step. Well, at almost every step. Just a few stings and scratches here and there – he had accustomed to the pain. A gap inbetween the audience benches was empty just a while ago. Now there was a group of youth. Must be those, who thought they would get away easy, if they got caught cause of the unpaid tickets. Only one of them seemed a little lost – as if she was in a wrong place. Those grey eyes seemed to try and find an exit or at least some place she would feel safe.

He staggered and the crowd gasped.

But he soon regained his balance. It wouldn't have mattered, the falling. But when there was a pool full of glass shards, the landing wouldn't have been the most pleasant. Either way – pleasant or not – he would have gladly thrown himself into the shards at the sight he had witnessed.

"Berri.. Berri! What are you doing?" his partner whispered somewhere below.

He shook his head slightly. "Nothing.." he whispered from the corner of his mouth. "Tell Poke that there are youngsters in between the C and D audiences. Tell him to bring the long, blue haired girl for a talk. I'll be joining as soon as my turn's over."

The man immediately took off to take the message forward.

Could the girl be – he wondered – what he suspected her to be? Letting go of his thoughts he carried on the show, balancing on the tight-rope as the spikes pierced his soles. He felt his blood dripping from the holes on his feet. He didn't stop to look how the liquid dropped on the glass.

"Just look at that, they're crazy! Making some chick walk onn barbwire bare feet and glass shards below!" the blond haired boy snorted.

"That's a guy."

The others turned to the girl, who hid her blushing face behind her bluish hair.

"A guy?" the other girl repeated, raising a fine, waxed eyebrow. "No fracking way."

"Well, look at yourself. He doesn't even have breasts!" the girl said defending, as if it was somehow concerning her life. But she was just annoyed. These guys, the ones she called her friends, they really weren't even her friends. She often wondered how they managed to drag her along to their stupid ideas. And why. There was nothing in her. These guys started to annoy her terribly, but she didn't do anything. At least she had some company..

The others were silent for a moment.

"What did I tell you, this *is* a freakshow." the other boy spoke.

"And soon, you'll be part of it, *freaks*." an unknown growling was heard behind.

The boys and the other one of the girls took this as good time for an escape and rushed through the fabric into a flee. Only one girl remained beneath the paw of this huge man. The grasp was heavy and it stung like a bee. "You're not going anywhere." the man growled.

The girl looked up at him as if thinking her end had come for her.