

Nightshade

By fart_squisher

Submitted: September 21, 2005

Updated: September 21, 2005

Ok... this story is really weird, but pretty kool. hopes ya like!!!

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Chapter 1 - Prologue

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1 - Prologue

I lie awake in the dead of the night. Cold seeps its icy tendrils under the door as a gentle caress, and I shiver.

My mind wanders in its fever-induced stupor, and I begin to ponder my past year, over the pitfalls and the triumphs, over all that I endured, and all that was hidden from me. As the occasional tremor rocks my body, I begin to remember life before it all happened. Before my journey. When I was innocent. I shut my eyes and slide into a sharply over-bright fever-dream.

Innocence, a word that escaped my dictionary many a year ago, I no-longer understand what it means, and I am not sure if I want to. For is the loss of innocence merely the discovery of the absence of innocence? If this is so, then when is innocence found, is it passed from mother to child, from dog to pup - but for that to be true then I would have to had maintained my innocence, and I sense none in my soul. If not, then where is it made, is it artificial, a friendly title for the naïve, or is it something else, an... acceptance, the something that young children have that lets them stare so blandly and remorselessly at others? Is it a feeling, when betrayal is a foreign concept and trust is what a relationship is built on? Is it something that you can see from the outside, if a child skipped down the street would you say "Oh, isn't it innocent", or is innocence deeper, embedded in our souls, something that must be excavated and nurtured in order to grow? Is the loss of innocence a sign of maturity or senility? Can it be taken from the outside - stolen like gold and desired like fame, or does it dissolve into our memories until it becomes merely one shade in the technicolour of our past? Does it arrive one day like the rain, or does slowly unfurl in our hearts like a flower in springtime? Likewise, does it disappear one day in a puff of smoke, or does it slowly wilt away, breaking apart and working its fingers in the cogs of our mind. Does innocence fly away when it feels as though it is time, or is it driven away by black thoughts and blacker moods? Does it return with age, or is forever gone? Does it come with age, when the mind is strong enough to handle it? Is it freedom, belonging to animals and children, only to dissolve when boundaries are set? Can innocence and its absence be defined, or is it a concept beyond human perception?

I pulled my eyes open from the images flashing on the inside of my eyes, and feared to shut them again lest I be unable to leave. The memories that had plagued me since I arrived were becoming more ruthless, hacking away at my fears and making the sleep I so eagerly sought vivid and unrestful. When my journey began, I was whole, but somewhere along the line, whether it was in my first battle or my final, I was broken. I don't know if I can be pieced together again.