

“He didn’t want to go out on such a night but...”

- By Lee Russell, 24/10/15

He didn’t want to go out on such a night but the screaming had started and there was no longer a choice. Stepping out into the small village that he had cared about for so very long, the tears in Brother Francis’ eyes flickered in the orange firelight spilling from his friends’ homes.

Moving forwards towards the terror, his heart was torn at the sight of each mutilated body lying in his path. Friends lying dead... their life staining the ground in uncaring pools. Friends awaiting death, their eyes focused on the last moments of life that he could not see. Friends screaming at the pain of their mutilations as they waited for their murderer to return and finish them.

Brother Francis saw the evil standing ahead of him, callously hobbling a young woman, grinning with a light sheen of exertion coating his muscly body. “Friend, why are you here? We have nothing for you... what are you doing?”

The young man turned to the old priest and laughed: “You shouldn’t be here, whitey.”

“But I am, and I will protect these people.”

The man stood straight, marched over to Brother Francis and easily slipped his knife into the priest’s chest... “Protect them in death then.”