

# WIGHT

We must protect the ziggurat at all cost! The first thought is always that of my solemn duty. It is then I see the gaping hole through my stomach, raise my hand to see shards of bone instead of fingers. I am dead and have been for a terribly long time. The ziggurat has fallen.

Loathing fills me. Loathing for the living, for those whose duty is still within reach. For those who still draw breath. For those granted peace of death. This loathing swirls as a black orb at my very core, driving me forward. I exhale it in thin wisps like trails of warmth escaping the body on a cold day.

A step after shuffling step, my rusted armored boots scrape the stones covering the rubble that once stood majestic and dear to my heart. I remember no names or purpose, only the sense of fruitless longing that consumes me, filling me with rage, driving me ever forward in my doomed patrol.

My sword, chipped and tarnished may not carry its past sharpness but the intruders know to fear me, the steadfast guardian of these crumbling halls. For with my loathing comes strength like no mortal possesses and the axes of the orcs and the traps of the kobolds are no match for my crushing strikes.

They might have been able to best me, if not for this swirling emptiness inside me. The loathing seeks life to extinguish and once a victim is close – I can see their eyes grow pale and their grip on their weapons weaken. It is then that they get to feel this emptiness, this hopelessness, this damnation. They know not how to live with it once they felt it, once it clasps their heart in fell chill simply by being near me. For there is no living with this regret, this emptiness.

Seeing their staggering steps, their rasping breath as they try to make sense of this enfeeblement that overcomes them, I close in. Much like I did then, eons ago, when the ziggurat fell. Every strike of my blade yearns to avenge what has passed forever ago. And I learned that the loathing insides accepts only death and I am proud to be its grim messenger. My death, the death of my foes, past and present, the death of all, until only the swirling void remains, singular and unyielding.