

Goodbye, Tommorow

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Just a weird little story...

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1 - Tommorow, The Light, and the Morning Star

Tomorrow, the Light, and the Morning Star

Taken into life by bloodless bodies
Omitting the fact of reason
Making known your absence
Making known your newfound soul
Origin of it can't be explained
Reading only through the Book
Objectivity tied with a noose
Waking into a world of color

Life giving substance
Integrating through Him
Giving her will and knowledge of love
Hiding not the secret to life
To open the path to eternal glory

Stealing from those in need
Attacking those with need
Taking the spirit that made her
Ambushing her newborn mind
Never stopping to search for the undeserved prize

2 - Chapter I: Far From Life

Chapter I: Far From Life

Through severe investigation brings the fruit of their labor...research...thought...time...sacrifice...all to birth a child who knows not her own being. Through altering the structure....deoxyribonucleic acid...is created a creature. She breathes, and lives, yet she is but a puppet; a shell with no awareness.

"Awaken." "Breathe in." "Wake and walk." it is said by the fathers of this new step in science. Unclothed, and feeling the frozen air about her, stepping out of her pod like a young deer learning to take it's first strides.. "Welcome to the world, Tomorrow." Is the greeting as grins rip their faces. She stumbles, and falls. But only to rise like a phoenix reborn.

Months of tests, months of training, so long is she now kept in a cell. She thought nothing of it, for she rarely thought at all about life. She was empty. A shell of nothing. She did as she was told. And that was good enough. Although, she rather disliked the rigorous training and sometimes painful experiments.

"But they are for the better." she was told, and she believed.

In time, she mastered her techniques. A girl...capable of destruction far beyond that of any missile...yet so innocent in appearance. But appearances deceive the eye of others, and those who find what they weren't looking for, often change their paths...for better or for worse...

3 - Chapter II: Enlightenment Part I: Test Run

Chapter II: Enlightenment: Part I: Test Run

"You will descend upon them, destroy them, tear them apart!" is the order given unto her. Tomorrow, she thinks not of her actions...Instinctively obeying commands...Waltzing ever so innocently into town. Commuters pass by...unknowing...unwilling to know...They see only the face of one who does not care. Idling by, waiting, and observing.

Now, the time is at hand, she raises her hand, and out from it light emits. Staring is the reaction, but no one dares to question their safety? They stand by and watch as they are engulfed in flames, burnt to ashes laying on the cindered street way. Running and screaming, those who live depart like mad life stock. She only waits a second before beginning her chase. She kicks off, and follows them, picking them off one by one. To the ground fall their remains, no one is left to run.

However, it is not done...not complete...she needs more. More to break. She finds the suburbs of quiet fashion...too soon are they in flames. Raining down energy upon the innocent within their dwellings...No abode left to stand...Among the ashes and fire is seen the shape of a girl...Tomorrow stands victorious against all undeserving of death.

Oh, but curiosity has it's price...Or is this treasure that she found a prize? A book among the ashes, in tact, and legible. She skims the title, to her it means nothing. She searches the words for any sign of anything interesting...Cell boredom needs it's alleviating after all. She returns to what she calls home, book stashed so they don't take it. Upon further examination it reveals mysteries unknown to her...answers to questions she never had...

4 - Chapter III: Enlightenment Part II: The Morning Star

Chapter III: Enlightenment Part II: The Morning Star

In this cell, the darkness gives way to light. Tomorrow comes home with a prize from the fight. She searches the name and once again nothing clicks. Divided into unequal halves, the book is opened. Out flies the dust of the once grand home that was leveled at her whim. Unfamiliar with the custom, starting from the center is the thing to do. Upon searching the words, she finds the story intriguing. A story of a man who taught many men. For a simple character, this man seemed intelligent. He even seemed powerful. Of course, power is what draws her. But she didn't like this character because of his power for some reason. No...there was more to it. More to Him than she knew...But what was it? Perhaps the start of the book would tell the start of his life?

And so it went. She read, and grew fascinated. This book told the beginning, it told the history, it told of this Man's life. At the great climax of the story, she found that she felt a strange feeling. This feeling was one she did not like. She was taken over by automatic heavy intakes of air, and water dripped from her almost lifeless eyes. The Character had been apparently over taken by the enemy. The enemy who had appeared throughout the story and teased many an innocent's mind. But when the Character rose from what looked like defeat, she felt another feeling. This feeling she liked. This feeling was happiness. The more she read, the more she began to think of what the Character said. It seemed true enough to live by. But it also denounced her own past actions. For this, she regretted. And it made her think more of what she was doing. Was she created solely for the purpose of this vile sin known as murder?

As she slept one night, a dream took hold of her subconsciousness. She stood in darkness. The air felt uncomfortable, yet at the same time, addicting. She was drawn to a single point of light. There stood a figure. The figure glowed, and was beautiful. He turned to her with a smile that screamed lies. "Dear young one. Listen, and listen well. You read lies and curses so spare no time in thought." Staring reactions took place in that void. She replied, "Who are you to tell me what to think?" Laughs incinerated her confidence as he said back, " Young one, I am the Morning Star. You need not worry. Follow me, and I promise you all power of the world."

But then light shone through the emptiness, eliminating the vision so as indicate the time of day. Tomorrow crawled from her bed, with new thoughts at heart.