

## PART ONE

I hear both of their nerves jitter in uncertainly.  
Their hearts beat rampantly, like a clock ticking closer to midnight.

I can already hear the whistling of our future in this dead land,  
as it pumps and moves faster towards us. I shout aloud to my parents.  
Farther throws the sniper rifle to mother, ordering "You shoot, we'll run,"  
as he grabs my hand.  
We quickly made our descent down the rocky desert cliffs  
towards our prosperous future.

Mother shoots, she never misses.  
Guards like ducks fall off the train.  
As we free fall from the cliffs, landing on the roof.  
Father takes out the nearest guard, as Mother continues to shoot.  
Hand signals tell me to go north, as Father heads south.  
I check and double check my guns.  
Mother continues to shoot, she never misses.

Sounds of smashing windows filled the air as I break into the carriages.  
Guns out. People freeze as they start giving me their day's earnings.  
I get the pocket money; dad gets the bacon money. That's the plan.  
Then, Father's screams of pain filled the air suddenly.  
I dropped the money in a panic  
and headed towards the source of the screams.

As I jump between carriages, to the back of the train.  
Mother sends guardian angels in the shape of bullets.  
Angels slay their targets upon contact as I make my way down the train.  
I can hear everything, the train, guards falling onto the desert sand,  
and the frustrated moans that replaced my Father's screams.  
Last carriage and I jump in, tumbling on top of a stiff body.

I'm lost in the beauty pinned below me.  
pale toned skin, emerald green eyes and short black hair.  
She's beautiful, exotic like the first few moments of twilight.  
I'm lost in her beauty, till Father screamed. I was abruptly brought back to  
reality. Back to real life, back to the task at hand. "Father, where are you?"  
No response. Then I see two warriors.

Father is fighting a man with a sword,  
frantically shooting his bullets at the Swordsman.  
The bullets fly at the Swordsman, he easily  
deflects the bullets with inhuman speed.

# My Father's Blood Machine

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Perdin Atrocious

Father tries again and again; nothing goes through,  
except for the Swordsman's blade into my Father's flesh.

Despite the odds,  
the reluctant partner of the dance continues to shoot,  
More bullets fired, more swings of the sword.  
An abyss of destruction opens up inside the carriage as bullets lodge themselves  
in walls and furniture, as blood splatters everywhere and screams bounces off the walls.  
The battle rages like a fire, as a figure steps out of the shadows.  
Mr. Ryker. Tyrant of this dead county. Richest man in the ruined world.  
He pulls out his own gun, points it at Father.  
Ryker shoots. Bullets go into my Father's back, exploding out from his chest.  
My father, gunman and outlaw, falls to the ground.  
The Swordsman stops and turns around, facing me.  
His lips snarl, as his eyes studies me.  
As if he knows me, he speaks.

"This isn't a game boy. Go home to your mother and play with your toys"  
The Swordsman steps aside from my Farther's corpse, the pale girl runs to his side.  
I stand still in uncertainly, fight, run or die?  
I'm called Kid Disaster; I should live up to my name.  
I draw. Sword beats gun, my gun beats Ryker's.  
The sword presses against my throat, my finger puts tension on the trigger  
*"Let the little boy go"* Ryker finally croaks. But the sword presses deeper into my throat.  
The warm blade tingles against my throat as blood of my father's drip down onto my clothes.  
*"Put the blade away"* Ryker croaks again, out of fear of my guns.  
The Swordsman reluctantly pulls his sword away.  
I growled, putting my gun away. *"I'll find justice in your murder."* I spoke as I turn around.  
The Lesson: Never trust anyone you pointed a gun at.  
Bullets found their way into my back. As I fall next to my Father.

I crawl towards the door, looking back at the beauty once more.  
I see into her eyes as they resemble an abandoned child's doll.  
She's hurt deep down inside. She's been broken. Deep inside I can tell  
she cries continuously and no one is listening, except for me.  
Yet in her glossy green doll like eyes, there is pity.  
Pity for the kid who lost his Father.  
Pity for me.

I open the door as I throw myself off the train,  
crashing head first into the unforgiving desert sand.  
Lying helplessly in the desert sand, I can somehow hear Ryker speak.  
*"What are you waiting for? Kill him!."*  
Nothing happened, no bullets and no Swordsman jumped after the crazy kid.  
Who jumped into the burning sands of the Western Desert,

as far as they are concerned I might as well be mutant food.  
But I hear nothing, except for my family's future and pride whistling away.

Time passes.

I turn myself on my back, the desert sun cooking my insides. No broken bones.  
Blood still pours out of my back as the wounds sting from the desert sand.  
I look around, trying to comprehend the moments of the past several seconds.  
I've failed mother and father, I've failed the mission and I've failed myself.  
Crackling sounds over the radio, as I radioed Mother,  
"Mother, I'm coming home short."