

The Hunt Pt. 10
In Which The Hunter Has More To Think On
TW: Self-Hate

I arrived at the Northeast Docks, and try to focus on my work.
I am a weapon, and I have a target to find. This should be easy.

...

Oliver is at least right about one thing. The creatures I fight are young, and limited in their powers. Ones who eat enough to grow that large are incredibly powerful, and from Oliver's description it might have been the most powerful I have heard of yet. It would very likely have killed me.

I still should have been there.

I have survived my two fights with adults, admittedly only barely. The one at The Academy was felled through luck, but my luck has not ran out yet. And I was able to defeat the creature of green smoke with backup, and I perhaps would have had some from the Sanctuary. But they would have died. And it was too powerful. I would have died.

I still should have been there.

...

I ask a fisherman with unusually pale skin if there have been any disappearances lately. He gives a noncommittal response, clearly hiding something. He fears me more than the creature.

I am missing context here.

...

The creatures do not change their habits. If it kills in secret and flees to a nest, it will do so till it dies. If it tears through crowds directly, it would have done so its entire life.

But the spider was an adult, meaning it has been feeding somehow for a long time before this. So why would it just appear now?

...

They all share the same skin condition. Their eyes are strange as well.
It is likely something in the water. I will not drink it.

...

I feel more impatient than I should be. I have done this before again and again. I ask, I find someone who will tell me the context, I use the context to kill something. It does not matter if it takes hours or weeks. This is my work.

I have to conclude it is my talk with Oliver. It is rare to encounter a source of joy without cost. A well-made omelet brings joy, but it takes time and the cost of eggs keeps rising. An opera may be interesting, but it comes at the cost of thousands of lives.

... I try to think of any more sources of actual joy in my life before him.

...

It has been hours and they have said nothing. It is getting dark and their stares are getting dangerous. I start back for my apartment.

...

Oliver is wrong about me.

I am a weapon, and if I can be trusted as a judge, I am a good one. Good weapons are not good in the same way good men are.

They can never be.

...

I pass a mural thanking the Sanctuary for all they have done. I stare at it for too long.

...

I remember cradling his shaking body as the memories of the spider left him. I remember his smile when he said talking to me was easy. I remember the excitement in his face when he asked if we could talk again. I remember how he believed I was a good man.

Perhaps I can pretend to be for him.