

The girl with one eye

by: Marshall Alvarez

Quinn Love is the princess of the Somani kingdom. Still, with the tensions of a cold war between Somani and the neighboring kingdom of Apozia, she brought it upon herself to ensure the safety of her people by seeking out anyone alleged to be an Apozian spy. After receiving an anonymous tip regarding a popular somanian blacksmith by the name of Ian the dwarf, once receiving the tip Quinn hunts for him and corners him interrogating him. He keeps his cool for a long while seeming unamused at Quinn's accusations of him working for King Caesar of Apozia, dismissing her claims as her being overworked and stressed. Quinn becomes offended by his words but then begins to laugh at herself, feeling quite silly. She knew he was a good guy, after all, he was known for being well-liked and charismatic. After Quinn's change of heart, they begin to engage in playful conversation, speaking to each other as if they were lifetime friends. Unfortunately, after a brief slip-up in her speech, Quinn sets him off allowing his cool facade to break, but seeing Quinn's brief expression of fear on her face causes him to completely snap and attack her. Quinn attempted to fight him off but failed when he grabbed her by the neck and choked her out until she stopped kicking and she stopped screaming. Quinn lay still motionless as he stared down at her; he slowly lifted a box cutter from his desk above his head aiming to finish the job by stabbing her through the heart. As he sent his hand down towards her chest he stops midway, he couldn't bring himself to go that far the weight of this situation hit him all at once at that moment like a ton of bricks. he drops to his knees at that moment right at her side holding back tears of regret, he wasn't a violent man but Quinn was far too close to revealing who he was, he knew that she would expose his unfaithfulness to his country during time of war to everyone and have him imprisoned. His career was on the line, **his life** was on the line, King Caesar gave him life changing amounts of money in exchange for him to supply the Apozion military with his weapons. he was close to getting the money from king caesar he just needed to bring the weapons to him, Quinn was going to ruin everything for him, her death would be the end of his struggles...at least that's what he believed. He lifted up her limp body and cleared off a table lying the princess down. He knew that the police would come searching for her, Ian would surely rot in prison for his crime. He planned to leave her there and escape to Apozia in hopes that he can work for Caesar in a country where he can't be arrested for his crimes. As he began to pack his weapons he

slowly felt his eyes grow heavy, he knew the cops would come but he still had enough time to nap. Slowly he began nodding off to sleep as he tried to forget what he had done even if it was for a moment and sleep it off. He sits down beside the table where her body was laid on top of. Ian slept for ten minutes at most but was awoken by the faint sound of humming and the feeling of his head being carefully lifted by two gentle hands. he slowly opens up his eyes to see Quinn kneeling down in front of him, he stares into her lavender eye taking note of the absence of her left eye. It was covered by some old tattered bandage. Its white color has now gained a sort of coffee stained look with some creamish undertones, he couldn't help but wonder what was under there and why was it always covered? He couldn't help but stare almost like he was hypnotized. Quinn then looked into his eyes smiling but the smile was odd he couldn't tell if it was supposed to comfort him or taunt him, so he didn't react if it was taunting he would have understood. After all he did kill her..or at least he thought he did. Swiftly he leaps up from the ground and grabs a sword that was meant specifically for Caesar, Caesar's hatred for Quinn is common knowledge. He is known for wanting her dead. So if Ian uses Caesar's sword to kill Quinn for good Ian would become filthy rich. He began swinging but no hit was landing. Ian became furious and questioned how she wasn't dead, all she did was stifle a chuckle and turn away

Quinn: "how pitiful..how can't you tell?...I **am** dead."

she pulled back her long curls away from her neck to show bruised finger marks. Ian was shocked, he never really believed in ghosts the last time he did was when he was 5 and even then he was still skeptical

Ian: "well if you're really dead then why are you still here?".

Quinn smiled and sat on the table that her body was once laying on

Quinn: "I'm here because there is still some unfinished business"

she answered vaguely.

Ian: "Like what? What else do you need that hasn't already been handed to you." Ian snapped, filled with bitterness and contempt for her.

Quinn: "Well I'm not here for myself Ian, I'm here for you."

Ian: "WHAT?!?...why? What are you planning on taking me to hell along with you? It's not **my** fault that you couldn't put up a fight, It's not **my** fault you lost..."

Quinn's head cocks back as she loudly laughs, planting a hand on his shoulder before he could slap it off Quinn: "You are quite funny Ian! After all **you** were the one who lost silly~"

Ian: "you're fucking crazy..I won and you know it!"

Quinn: "How did **you** win? Explain please."

Ian: "I KILLED YOU YOU'RE DEAD DAMNIT THAT'S HOW I WON"

Quinn:But you will be soon joining me in death,how are you the winner? You failed everything miserably... You betray your kingdom, you betray your princess, you commit horrible crimes and for what? So King Caesar would like you? HE'S A CRIMINAL TOO! Do you think your kissing up to him will do anything? That man will betray you in the same way you did to me!

Ian:SHUT UP YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A LYING SCHEMING BITCH! CAESAR IS TWICE THE RULER THAT YOU EVER WOULD BE!

Quinn: But whatever do I have to scheme about? Ian, I'm dead. Dicking you around isn't gonna bring me back... but when you die... because that man will kill you once you've finished serving your purpose. You will die with so much regret and pain in your heart that you will never pass on. The afterlife will not take you,Ian.you will be left to rot on this planet for as long as it stays alive.you will watch your name and legacy die.you will see that all that you have sacrificed will be for nothing. Let me save you Ian, let me save you.

Ian stops and pauses,then asks her

Ian:how..how can you save me? Have I not already gone too far?

Quinn:No such thing. You can turn this whole thing around you just need to believe in me, I gain nothing from deceiving you Ian I am already dead. Now bear with me... **turn yourself in**

Ian scoffs at the idea, admitting to his crimes would be suicide!

Ian: You must have lost it! Why would i ever do that you must really want me gone you sick bitch

Quinn: Oh hush, my plan will work! Turn yourself in and tell them that You were doing it to protect yourself! SLANDER ME I'M DEAD WHAT DO I CARE?! They'll take pity on you, I just know it! And hey,maybe if all else fails you can act like you've gone crazy! They'll send your ass to the bin and not the chair. How does that sound~?!

Ian: HORRIBLE IT SOUNDS HORRIBLE QUINN WHY WOULD I WANT THIS

Quinn: wellll~ it's either this or your ass is gonna not only be executed but you're probablyyy gonna start the whole Somani Apozian war! A somani citizen becoming an apozian rat doesn't sound to patriotic y'know~

Ian stays quiet and turns away from her

Quinn: what's wrong mister rat aren't you scared of the chair~

The name she called him filled him with so much anger that he attempted to hit her face but because of her trying to avoid his hit he ended up yanking her bandage partially off her face.before he could reveal her eye she clutched at it like it hurt and then leaped backwards and onto the table standing on all fours like some sort of animal. When looking at him her pupils looked as if they had shrunk and gained a spiral-like look in them.

Quinn:why..why would you do that?.....ANSWER ME

Ian is unable to respond to her because of how confused and shocked he was not only with her tone switch but with her whole demeanor switch. It was like she was two different people and Ian would be lying if deep down this didn't scare him. Ian had to keep cool and not show his fear to her.

Quinn: Never...EVER...touch my bandages..or my face for that matter..do that again and i'll tear off your hand and leave nothing but the joints of your wrist.

She was silent afterwards and then began to adjust herself, standing up as straight as can be and tying her bandage tight over her eye and behind her head making a bow in the back, she takes a deep breath in and closes her eye. When she reopens her eye it looks to be back to normal

Quinn: Oops! Hehe i'm so so sorry i've got no clue as to what came over me!

Ian: you...WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!!?

Quinn: A warning, silly! Next time keep your filthy fingers to yourself, because the next time you raise a hand towards me I'm ripping your arm off.

It was silent for a long while with the air feeling stiff from the tension. Until finally the silence was broken by Ian

Ian: so...do you really believe turning myself in would be for the best?

Quinn: Of course I do! Just call the emergency number! I swear you'll be fine Ian, you've just gotta survive for like what at most a week? Sure the people will hate you but once my uncle tries you he'll see your innocence as clear as day!

Ian: But I'm not innocent... I literally murdered you?

Quinn: water under the bridge! There is no use living in the past, what's done is done! Now let's get you started down the right path
Quinn grabs Ian's hand and passes him a pale white touch tone telephone. The number for emergency services was dialed by Quinn but once called Ian hangs up.

Quinn: you choked

Ian: shut up. This isn't easy for me.

Quinn: Good! It shouldn't be, Murderer. You don't deserve some quick fix to your problems. You must suffer.

Ian glares at her but doesn't speak

Quinn: Call them back. Let them know. Do this and redeem your soul.

Quinn wags the phone in front of his face waiting for him to make his move. Ian contemplates his decision until finally taking it from her. He calls the number and makes his confession. He gives his address and then hangs up. The police are on the way. He knows that he is done for. He looks up at Quinn who is now staring out of the window.

Quinn:You're doing a good thing, you know...I truly do believe you have good inside you.maybe under different circumstances we could've been friends.maybe in another life, maybe in this life. Frankly it's all up to fate.It was the plan of the gods for us to meet, maybe it's their plan to have us stick together...

Ian:...that doesn't sound...horrible...you don't completely suck to be around

Quinn:very funny,dwarf

After a silence they begin to share a laugh together.A kind of laugh that makes the air vanish from your lungs as you clutch onto or hit the person you are with.as they both catch their breath Ian breathlessly asks.

Ian: so... what now?

Quinn: we wait

Ian:Are you coming?

Quinn:no

Ian:Why?

Quinn doesn't answer him,she just stares out the window

Ian:DAMMIT WOMAN DON'T IGNORE ME!

Quinn:*silence* They are here.

Ian: Quinn,I'm having second thoughts.They'll kill me once they get me

Quinn:goodbye Ian.

Ian:YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ME NOW!

The sirens begin to blare as the entire block is illuminated by Red and blue lights making the dark room glow. The rapid flashes of the lights make it hard for Ian to see quinn as she begins to fade away Ian calls out to Quinn as the cops break down the door. They grab Ian and restrain him.Ian is beaten and dragged out of his shop. The cops pull out their guns and aim it to his head as they shove him into the cop car.Ian kicks and screams feeling completely helpless. In the midst of his rage fueled scream he feels a familiar touch against his thigh.Ian jumps up and bangs his head against the car door,there was noone in the seat beside him before this so who was touching him?

Quinn: Shh don't make a scene.or maybe you should!I don't care i'm not your mom.

Ian:QUINN! How the hell did you get here? Are you gonna get me out of here? Have you... come to save me?

Quinn:I must confess to you something.

Ian: I hate it when you ignore me.

Quinn:And I hate those who have wronged me.I will hold a grudge for as long as i live,and I will trek that grudge along with me to hell and back before I even think of letting it go. At the end of this ride you will meet your demise. This is my revenge, my long con... An inescapable death by MY hands.run,scream,cry,beat me till your

knuckles bleed but just know that all that will do is make me angrier. Ian begins to pull open the car door so he can jump out but the door is unable to open. The handle was completely stuck. I love the chase Ian.run and i'll chase you.kill me and i'll rise from the dead.Hide and i'll find you. So go ahead and jump,But you better run like hell. Run like the devil was nipping at your heels. Because that would be a fate better than what I will do to you. I'll give you a headstart Ian.run. Run before I change my mind.

Without hesitation Ian jumps out of the car and starts to run into the forest to hide. But the more he ran the closer Quinns footsteps sounded. In the faint distance Ian could see her slowly advancing towards him. The closer she got, he noticed there was only one way of escape,and that was past the old train tracks and into Apozia. Ian began running,and he didn't look back until he reached Caesar's palace. Upon reaching it Ian pushed away Caesar's guards until he reached Caesar in his throne.

Caesar:WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?! GUARDS SEIZE HIM NOW .

Ian: MY KING WAIT! I MEAN YOU NO HARM OR ILL INTENT! IT'S ME! I AM THE ONE WHO YOU TASKED WITH CRAFTING ALL THOSE WEAPONS!I-I-I EVEN MADE YOU A SWORD WITH THE BLOOD OF THE PRINCESS!

Caesar:Wait, you are my blacksmith? Hm, you look different from what i imagined... hold on...blood of the princess?you mean you have defeated that filthy little half breed?...marvelous...now where is my sword? You have it don't you?

Ian:uhm...well you see your majesty i would have brought it but i was uh...run out by the cops,but i'm sure all of the weapons are still there! So...where is my money?

Caesar:Where is your money?YOUR MONEY? How about where are MY weapons.you think you can just not uphold your end of our deal and then take my money? Tch- and now that i think about it i bet you didn't even kill her! That damn bitch is like a Tardigrade!...Ian you have failed me and Apozia How low can one be?you betrayed your country and you nearly fooled me...but you know what,boy...I like that so i shall reward you one of the highest honors...

Coincidentally, this honor was one that was originally meant for Somani's princess. It's a shame the cowardness of the girl overpowered the pride that she should have been born with. I like your spunk and so I will give you a gift. Bow your head and close your eyes Caesar placed a hand onto Ians head, lowering it down. Ian then felt cool hard metal press against his forehead.and then he heard the cocking of a gun.You failed me and you really thought you could get even a cent from me? Your gift from me is death. Before Ian could stand he heard Caesar's bullet fire,and then all went black.

{The End}