

Your hands grip my leather wrapped hilt as you drive me further into his chest. His fiery eyes glaze over, smoldering. His skin turns ashen, and he drops to the ground as you pull my beautiful blade back out, bloody.

Turning around you break into a jog, moving past the several pale bodies that lay on the ground. Their lifeless forms are covered in blood. The same blood is covering me.

Assassin... the voice speaks in your head, faltering to a stop. You slow to a walk and then freeze. Looking back at the last figure you ran through, it is calming to see him slumped over. So your back you turn again, and continue on. Your face is a shield, cold, showing no anger nor sadness. Your conscience has been left behind.

I was given a body unwilling to die. My life cannot be taken away by the likes of you. It will stay imbedded until my night comes to take me. And this you know only too well: The sword will only stay me back, even having run it through my heart was not enough.

Traitor I shall find you, for it is my duty. This task will not fall undone, and my light will not fail until the time it is finished.

You awake, breathing as one brought up from near drowning. Your heart speaks terror, thumping hard against the cage of your ribs. Your silver eyes open, searching for light, but only darkness can be found. Darkness ringing with the words from your dream.

Oh the dreams that haunt you every single time his heart is run through by my edge. By your hands.

Again the words return, ringing in your head, "*Traitor I shall find you, for it is my duty.*" And you picture his ashen face as the silver of my blade is drawn from his body, by your hands.

Scrambling, you climb to your feet, looking for a place to go, searching through the darkness. But in the pitch black you can see nothing, but the plaguing images of death, and his words, will not leave. They cannot be pushed away. So letting out a scream of terror you run.

The darkness is so complete echos act as light. Echoes you knew as a child. A memory slips in to compete with the voice in your head. It is the sound of your father walking on these very cobblestones. The cobblestones he would pass on to you as your own castle.

But you forsook the inheritance, choosing instead the sword...your father's sword. The one that never killed, until it took his life.

As I slid across the old weathered throat, parting that soft skin, a terror filled your life. One in the shape of a soldier. A soldier of golden light, with armor and sword shining. That sword has failed to touch your heart though you call it your greatest fear. So you fight it, you run, you hide. And your dead father's castle, which you run through now, is a last hiding place. A place you'd come to rest. A past place of solace, no longer a haven for the mind.

You hold me out to one side, my blade whispering against the rustling grasses. Here, with moonlight glinting off me, your mind finds peace. The cool wind takes your thoughts carrying them away. The darkness hides your grief.

But to keep a face of peace you must keep your back to the glimmering white castle. To remain the assassin, you let not the memories of childhood overtake. This is the face of a warrior, you tell yourself, setting aside the emotion that will let one have mercy.

So standing, you wait for the sun to rise, waiting for the chirp of crickets to slowly replace the morning song of the dove.

The orange glow slips up, over the horizon, reflecting off my surface and onto your face, which is calm. Eyes closed, skin soft and glowing. Your hair is blown by a gentle breeze.

Not a single thought but that of peace, and the sound around plagues your mind. But as the sun reaches half way, a voice speaks in your head.

Good morning.

You tense, jerking me forward, cutting off the head of a single grass.

I have come.

Your eyes open, and I see fear. The voice speaks in a way you've never heard. Its confidence is ready. Your grip shifts on my hilt and my edge sways.

Look behind...

You whip around, and there he stands having followed your footsteps through the castle and right to your back. He draws a sword. It's golden blade is set aflame, different from that of our last encounter, where I was driven deep into his heart, and pulled out to watch him ashen turn and to the ground fall.

Suddenly you thrust me forward, but my cunning edge is blocked by the burning touch of his golden blade. I'm swung toward his head, but he dashes forward, thrusting the fiery sword into your heart. Black pools of ink drip from the wound. I fall from your hands and the voice is once more in your head.

Upon awakening after my latest sleep, I was sent on with speed, unfound by my strength. My strength has been empowered by He who made me. Now this sword will cleanse your heart of darkness. This fire will stay behind, never to let the darkness overtake again.

You drop to your knees and the fiery sword slips out. But the blackness doesn't return. Instead there sits a fire, burning ever more steadily. Your hand reaches down to pick me up, and not in anger.

My blade slides down into the sheath, and I am put to rest.

If ever your children ask of me, say I am a mirror, reflecting your state of mind. Your mind which used me to fight the soldier whose name you can tell them is Conscience.