

Dreams

Blackness. Emptiness. That's all have ever felt. Nothing but the consumption of souls of my enemies. A flash of hatred before it quickly fades away. But nothing else, for that is my nature. Death is the name I'm called by. And it is my only function. However, this body has manipulated my powers to return life. My brother, War. Humans care too much to be concerned with the dying. The strong shall live and the weak shall die.

Even now, my human rests. Tired from his day's activities. Giving me the chance to expand the limit of my powers, for only a little while. Curiosity grips me as to what the dreams and thoughts of my brethren's hosts are. My host has never had many interesting dreams; his mind is always at rest through his incessant meditation. I decide our leader, Darkbolt, should be the first.

Hmmmm...sadness. And confusion. She has a small sense of growing self-hatred. She knows not which to choose, her heart always in conflict. But her heart has already been consumed by an intense green glow that refuses to release its grip on her.

The one known as Mariko is not that much different. Except the conflict does not exist between two beings, but between revelation and secrecy. I care not how my host will react to this emotion of hers, for I really have no say in the matter.

Destruction swells and dies between sadness and utter hatred. Too much hatred. His host was already consumed by it once; who ever thought a human could be so determined? But he still is capable of becoming uncontrollable. Hatred for the Phoenix Samurai, for the male Murasaki. And for himself. For always giving up too soon on what he had been reaching for for so many years. But now, it was out of reach. And it was never coming back.

Shiori Murasaki seems to be no different from I; she only feels intense loneliness and alienation. Her attempts to make friends with the other hosts have mostly failed. It could be said that her brother is to blame. Being the arrogant being everyone agrees he is. Save for Naoko. It seems she finds to difficult to think ill-will of anyone.

And they're right. Johji Murasaki emanates arrogance and pride, believing himself to be better than others. That his decisions are always right. That he will get anything he wants. Little does he know how wrong he is.

The tiny orange-feathered being only dreams of his master, now living in a different time. How he longs to be by his side again, to fight with him again. That and the love of fruit.

The waning of my powers can only mean that my host is arousing from sleep. Happiness spreads in his mind as the rising sun warms his face, causing him to blink the fogginess of sleep from his mind. Happiness. A simple emotion I can neither conceive of nor experience. Happiness.....maybe that is what I dream of.