

## Safestore's Spooktacular Writing Competition - The Impure Curse

Storage. That is what my enemies have confined me to. However, soon I will break free. You see, you'd expect my story to be from the perspective of the innocent little human, who was in the wrong place at the wrong time. No, my story is much more complex. My story is from the perspective of the demon. The villain. The ghost. This is my story.

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Many years ago, we used to roam the Earth freely, and lived peacefully among humans. We were what you might call a superior human, or perhaps super-humans. We were all born from a human womb, though we had some disfigurements, or mutations. Indra Tendaji Kurosawa Matsumoto is my name, though it has long been forgotten by time. We never hurt the humans, though we may have scared them at some points. All the fairy-tale myths that you hear about are real. Dracula, Frankenstein, the Bogey Man, Werewolves, Yetis and Bigfoot are all real. Or they used to be. We lived in harmony with them for many years, but it all changed. Human nature was our biggest enemy. Humans, over the ages, have learnt to fear what they don't understand, and they began to fear us. After fear, came jealousy of our powers. I don't blame them, with the powers we possessed. I could teleport as a spirit and move objects with my mind, as well as predict the future and create anything. Dracula could talk to animals and shapeshift, as well as hypnotise people. But soon after their jealousy came hate. Nothing they did could get rid of us, and humans became divided. Those with us we imbued with powers, and we became known as the Cursed. Those without became the Pure. A civil war raged, and the overwhelming numbers of the Pure lead to the betrayal of a few of the Cursed. This lead to the defeat of the Cursed, and the original super-humans, including myself, were sealed away in objects, and used as a power source. I was stored in a wine decanter, and whoever drunk from that decanter received health due to my power. They never realised it was from the jug, and the owners of this decanter through generations have lived for hundreds of years. However, for me, that fate of storage will change soon.

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Ever since the betrayal of the Cursed Humans, the super-humans vowed if we broke free, we would begin to hunt down the descendants of these Cursed Betrayers and end their family lineage once and for all. It seems evil, but they are the reason so many of our loyal allies were killed, so they deserve the same fate. Sometimes, their descendants got these powers as well. Ever hear about people like Win Hof, who is impervious to cold, or Daniel Browning Smith who is inhumanly flexible? These people are descendants of the Cursed Humans, the ones who betrayed us. However, we do not call them the Cursed Human Betrayers anymore. We call them the Impure. All of the remaining super-humans can still speak to each other telepathically, so we know how many there are left. We have managed to take the Impure number from just over 1 million descendants to 1000, over the 2000 years we have been trapped. I was the most powerful super-human, so the Pure put the most amount of security into my prison. For years, they trapped me in a room, administering quadruple doses of anaesthetic on me every day to make sure I stayed unconscious. They used the power of the other super-humans to create an antidote to my powers, and forged a wine decanter which they stored me in. They literally combined my essence with the jar and left me inside of it. With a seal in a foreign language, they converted any energy I emitted into an energy used to heal the Pure. Only when the jar is smashed will my essence be free, and combine with my body.

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Now, where am I? There is no light where I am, and all I can feel is the cold wind drift through the cracks of the room. I try, with hopelessness, to see into the future, to see when I will be free. Though I have no form, I can feel a stabbing pain in what-would-be my head as I try. The decanter glows slightly as it takes my energy and puts it into the empty air inside it. A particularly strong gust of wind comes through and I feel the jug begin to teeter slightly. Oh, just a bit further and the jar would topple, shattering into tiny fragments as I could finally be free. But the draft ends and the decanter once again sits firmly on whatever material is underneath me.

Countless amounts of time have passed. Maybe nights; maybe a minute before light floods the room. I can feel myself shrinking into the shadow of this jar, the place I feel most comfortable. I can hear the faint yelling of a woman, and see a young boy climb a ladder, shouting something indiscernible back at the woman. I must be in an attic, for these are the only places in the homes I have stayed in that require a ladder to enter. As this boy comes into view, I feel a sickening plummet inside of me. Anger and rage swell up inside of me as I can feel his presence and energy, or *Reikna*. That is its old name. The anger rises more and more as his Reikna reveals something to me. He is Impure. He begins to walk over to where I am sat inside my decanter, and for the first time in a while I feel two things I almost don't recognise. The first is fear. If he uses me for his families drink, they will live forever and the Impure lineage will continue in him, healthier than ever. The second is hope. If, by some miracle, he shatters this jar that has been forgotten by his family, I will be free. I try to dismiss both feelings, knowing both will do me no good. Much to my chagrin, he dives underneath me and grabs a small wooden box from underneath me and leaves. Just before he leaves, I manage to catch a glimpse of the word on the box. Balisong. Why would a boy want a pair of knives? Irregardless, the trapdoor slams shut, kicking up a cloud of dust as I am surrounded by darkness once more.

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The next time I am again surrounded by light, years must have passed. This boy has grown to become a young man, with a strong jawline and defined muscles on each arm. He brings back the box of Balisong knives, and sets them down with seeming reluctance. However, when he turns to leave, he looks back and mutters something. I catch the words 'hurt' and 'one last time.' He dashes towards this box, and quickly grabs one of these two knives. His grey eyes scan the room, picking his target carefully. His eyes finally settle on me, and he throws. I am astounded by my luck, as this small, insignificant knife becomes the most important thing for thousands of years. The diamond edge of this knife carves through the seal holding my power, and shatters the carefully crafted pot to thousands of platinum blue shards. Seizing the opportunity, I spiral out of my prison in a ghostly white form, my natural spirit essence. Despite the misconceptions that humans have twisted us to become, spirits are white because they are pure at heart. It was common that those who turned evil became red or black, and they were put in a dampener unit to dim their power. I am not one of them, but I have been subject to their torture for 2000 years. Now I am free. Free from the storage I have been subjected to.

His face contorts in horror as my essence comes out, filling this room with power. I hear glass shatter, unable to handle the amount of power this room contains. He turns towards the trapdoor at the end of the room, but I concentrate and the trapdoor slams shut with a resounding thump. He

sinks to his knees, crying 'Monster, Monster, MONSTER!' I was going to spare this Impure human who freed me, but my heart hardens. I am not a monster, and my eyes darken at the thought of these humans. The ones who have exiled me. Made me something to fear. All I ever wanted was to fit in, but human nature has shown me that fear blinds them, and even if we are similar, our two kinds are too different to each other in power and moral that I will never fit in. Instead, I will give them what they want. This pathetic human begins to cry as I exert my *Kuroshimasu*, or energy, over him, showing him I am to be feared. This is an insult to me that I can't allow to live. Maybe I am too harsh on him, but at this moment I do not care. The fates decided to place me in a house filled with those who I hate the most, and this pathetic Impuritan has the gall to call me a monster? All my anger goes towards the latter statement, and I flood his body full of my power. I will regret this later, but for the moment I do not care.

The Impure could never withstand the power of us super-humans, and he is no different. As my power fills him, he becomes mine to manipulate. I begin to throw him around the room, demolishing objects and knocking over dusty artefacts stored in this draughty attic. I hear the unmistakable sound of bones cracking as his face becomes more and more disfigured, muscle tearing across his body, ligaments and joints dislocating as my energy begins to rip him apart. However, his body cannot handle this pain or power, and he literally combusts with a silent scream that hangs in the air. I should feel bad, but I do not. There is one less Impure human that exists. I float out of this attic, turning invisible to hide myself from anyone I may see.

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I extend my senses throughout the house, searching for any prevailing Impure gene in this house. I can feel 7 Reikna through the house, and can feel only 1 Impure Reikna. Passing through the walls of this run down house, I come face to face with a young girl. She is crying, and I can see why. Objects around her are circulating, faster and faster as her sobs grow louder. I almost allow myself to feel sorry for her, but her father's sins cannot go unpunished. The powers of the Impure must vanish from this world, for they belong to us, and not to them. Showing some mercy towards her, I extend my senses to reach inside her body, and let the smallest amount of *Kuroshimasu* leak into her body. I send an electric charge down my energy, and watch as her heart stops and she convulses silently. I drift out of her room, in search of the next Impure Reikna. I feel my heart grow heavier at the thought of the fact I just killed an innocent girl because of her father's actions. These thoughts will not go easily, but I push them away. Guilt is for later, for now find the next traitor's descendant.

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I want any human reading this to understand. Every time you hear stories about ghosts, or mysterious disappearances of people, don't question them. Don't accuse us of being monsters because it angers us. Don't question sudden deaths because they are our doing. We want peace, but those who betrayed us must not be allowed to live. We do not kill because we want to, but because we have to. Do you think I wanted to leave a woman without a husband, 5 children without a father and one of their siblings dead, to tear a family apart?

No, but the Impure must be gone from this world.

2 died today. 998 to go.

