

Tears of Blood

by Luis Casiano

A river.

It is clean and pure. A stream of water flowing in a channel to a lake.

Until, a red liquid overtakes the river making it thick and dense. No longer was the water pure and sacred. Now, it was damaged.

“You see that? That’s your sister up there,” said Mr. Williams. “Oh don’t worry, you’ll be joining her shortly.” Williams put one of his arms around the kid and made him watch his sister dance for dozens of people.

What bothered the kid the most was not his sister dancing in front of a bunch of strangers, but it was the laughing. Some of the people in the audience were laughing at his sister. Mocking her every move. He wanted to run up to his sister to get her out of there and make everyone in the room pay, but he couldn’t. He remembered what his sister told him after they were sold to Mr. Williams by their parents.

“Amadeus, we need to stick together. We can’t be separated,” Mia said.

“Why did they do this? Why did they leave us?” said Amadeus. Tears went down his face and he clenched his fists.

“We can’t worry about that now,” said Mia. She put right hand on his shoulder trying to comfort him. “We have to stay calm and have hope.”

“Have hope?”

“We can’t lose ourselves, if we do, they win.”

Amadeus proceeded to calm down and have hope. The same hope his big sister told him to have, but he was still wary.

The siblings were in a different location. Mr. Williams had a club in a rural area. He threw a type of party in that club. He invited only the richest of people to the club. The people had expensive suits and dresses. They were the kind of people to drink expensive red wine.

Amadeus and Mia were the ones going to treat the audience tonight. They both were put on these circular stages where they would dance. They both saw the same thing they have seen for years.

Mia looked at Amadeus with reassurance. She went up to the stage and then Amadeus followed behind.

Then the people entered the club.

Several hours later, a man wearing an expensive white suit sat down on one of the chairs close to Amadeus.

As he danced on the stage he looked at the man with the white suit and noticed something near his waist. It was a handgun. He knew he had to be careful and not piss him off. He then thought to himself, *This is it, this is the opportunity I've been waiting for.* Amadeus then looked at his sister.

She looked back and wondered what he wanted.

He then looked at the man once again and Mia was able to spot the handgun as well.

Mia nodded her head, signalling him not to do it.

Amadeus waited for the right moment, one of the people put their wine glass on the stage.

In that moment Amadeus grabbed the wine glass smashed it against the man's head.

The man fell to his side.

Amadeus grabbed the handgun.

Mr. Williams saw what happened and grabbed his handgun. He pointed it at Amadeus.

Amadeus was able to fire before Mr. Williams could and shot him in his right shoulder.

Mr. Williams fell backwards onto the wall. He dropped his weapon.

All the people in the club screamed and ran out the front door.

Amadeus was going to fire again, but the man in the white suit got up and tried to retrieve his gun.

Then from behind the man is hit in the back of the head. He then lets go of the gun and falls forward. Mia stood there in disbelief in what she had done.

Amadeus points the gun at him and is about to shoot.

"Stop, don't do this, we can just get out of here," said Mia.

Amadeus stopped pointing his gun towards the man and then remembered the laughing. He remembered that the only reason they were put in this situation was because of Mr. Williams. He looked up and saw the stream of blood on the wall leading up to a balcony. Amadeus then walked towards the balcony with the gun in hand.

“Amadeus, no,” said Mia.

Amadeus walked up to the balcony to see the man that has brought him years of pain.

“Look at you, a piece of human garbage,” said Amadeus as he pointed his gun at Mr. Williams.

“You don’t have to do this, I can give you whatever you want,” said Williams. He picked up his hands pleading for his life.

“Whatever I want, I want my life back!” screamed Amadeus. “I want a life where you're not in it.” He raised his weapon and he could see the terror coming from his voice as well as the scared look in his eye.

“No wait--”

A shot could be heard behind Amadeus. The bullet had reached its destination.

Williams lifeless body fell to the ground near the edge of the balcony.

His anger shifted to confusion, then he turned around.

Mia was holding a handgun. Mia looked at the dead body and turned to Amadeus.

“This shouldn’t be your burden to bear,” said Mia.

Amadeus saw the light in her eyes leave her as they darken.

The blood from the body dripped down into the river that went under the club. The red fluid seeped into the water, turning it into a sea of crimson.

END

