

## **Torchbearer**

# **"Dead Children, Black Rats"**

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My journey had been long, I had not seen my  
hometown for weeks.  
My spirits were high for the prosperity I acquired,  
When I walked in between houses and streets.  
The morning was still, and yet but begun,  
And the silence but pleasant and beautiful.  
A strange smell lay light on a soft breeze...  
As I came closer to my house it grew strong.  
I knew not why, at that point, but something made me  
freeze and shiver cold...

Curiosity of a strange kind made me stare in through a  
window.  
I knew the house I stared into belonged to a family of  
many.  
Well. That's what is used to do.  
Imagine my horror when I saw that pale face!  
With eyes still open, piercing at me through the dark.  
Right then I knew who awaited me.  
Death had come to congratulate my return.

As if a ghost to assist my horror, a door creaked and  
slowly opened wide.  
I screamed, and my scream scared me further,  
For it echoed uncanny between the housewalls.  
As the fool I was, I fled in through another  
neighbouring door.

The smell was awful as I paced through the chambers,  
And that was when I fell over something.  
It was a little boy and his sister, still embraced in death.  
Lying there on the floor I knew I would not rise  
When the rats ran across the floor against me...  
All I saw - dead children, black rats...

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