

Submission Type: story

The city of New York was becoming more and more corrupt. There had recently been a slaughter of police officers, which encouraged gangs to roam freely and crimes to be committed every hour. It became so bad that the government had to get involved and the FBI was left to clean up what was left of the God-forsaken place.

How had it come to this?

The condition of the once-great city had been predetermined to deteriorate about five years before when a certain mob of so-called patriots held a meeting. They called themselves the Board of Humane Interventions, and the members ranged from post-politicians to drug sellers to veterans of cold harsh wars. But they all had one thing in common: they were all evil.

As the Board got together they discussed what their next great project would be. They wished to make a contribution to their country- something that could be valued and would make them memorable.

One man pondered, "What if we went beyond stem cell research? What if we experimented on living people to find cures for cancer?"

Another offered, "Perhaps we could create a new breed of human through a series of mutations and hybrids..."

And so continued the grotesque suggestions until one man, a scientist and leader of the Board, exclaimed, "Fools! In order to be truly remembered by our country, we would need to create something that would be most useful in a time of need. And when do you think that would be?"

Several men gave their suggestions:

"Famine?"

"Epidemic?"

"...War," One said with finality.

The scientist grinned. "Yes. War. And what is needed in time of war?" Without waiting for an answer in his excitement, he continued on. "Soldiers. People are opposed to war because their sons, husbands, and friends are killed in war. If we could create, say, the

perfect soldiers, out of people who will not be missed... it would be the most perfect contribution to society.”

So it came to be that the Board believed in the man’s twisted logic and tackled this most loathsome plan. They decided to use orphans as the people who ‘would not be missed’ and gathered them all together in a single, abandoned building located in a dark corner of the city. The children were raised inside for nearly five years, without ever seeing the outside world and were kept locked up in the dark building with no light. They were also raised without love, because, as the Board leader stated. “A perfect soldier must be emotionless- to exist with a mind is to live with fears.” The children’s actions were monitored, much like an inhumane experiment. Board members started fights among them. The kids knew nothing but enmity. They knew nothing of friendship. Many died from damage sustained in fights; the Board members did nothing to help.

It continued until, at the end of the five years, the Board was left with the strongest of the children, only about a quarter of the original amount that had survived. The leader finally stated, “This is enough. Before us is our army. We have done all we can to raise them to their full potential. Now is time to reveal them to the world!”

All of the Board members filed into the dark building filled with the blood-lusting children. One man, though a hardened gang leader, couldn’t help but feel the slightest chill as the children all surrounded the adults.

The Board leader spoke fearlessly. “You have all been raised in a world where a Heaven never existed. Paradise has burned, and you all started the fires. Hell is all you know and all you will ever know. You will all fight for that is all you know how to do, and you will know nothing more.”

The children merely stood there in the darkness, their eyes gleaming.

The man continued, waving a single key in the faces of the children. “Here is what will set you free from this place. Hate us if you will for keeping you here for so long but remember we are the ones who made you what you are.” The man snickered and grinned the way a father might towards an accomplished son.

A boy suddenly charged the man, knocking the key from his hand. The look on his face turned from one of surprise to pain as all of the children piled on top of him, suppressing his shrieks until he could no longer breathe.

The Board members realized their experiment had gone too far and rushed to the entrance, only to remember that they had locked the door behind them. The key was now in the hands of a child, and the rest of the children looked upon the Board members with murder in their eyes.

How had the experiment turned into such a disaster? The hate the children carried proved to be stronger than the men altogether. If only the kids had been raised with proper care they would have known emotions. If they had seen the outside world and the beauty in it they could have known a delicate flower instead of crimson petals and running rivers besides red floods. But as the story ends, the children were all released into the world with these evil thoughts alone, and still wreak havoc, not knowing anything better to do.

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