

Killzone Excerpt: The Island (Day 117)

by Shan Shaikh

The smell of the air made it obvious to Killzone that the rain was coming. He loved it when it rained. It took him to a simpler time. A time where there were no worries, no pain, no suffering. He remembered being at home with his mother and brother. They were all enjoying a cup of hot cocoa. So comfortable at home, as the drops of rain fell from the sky and slid down the windows. As comfortable as it was inside, Killzone loved being outside when it rained. The feeling of having the drops of water running down his face and onto his body was something he could never forget. He was happy back then. The island always had a cool breeze, but today it was extra refreshing. The wind was rushing through the island like a comb gliding through thick, and dense hair. Killzone collected his gatherings from the day, and pulled them inside his shelter. As he was doing so, there was a roar. A roar that shook the very ground Killzone stood on. This was the product of something far greater than Killzone could imagine. The roar continued even after Killzone left his shelter. When he reached the shore, he caught glimpse of a sight he would never forget. A dark flash striking the ocean with amazing speed. The ocean was fighting within itself. The waves pushed and pulled, creating white caps that went past the city. The rain was falling harder, but it wasn't a dark scene. The sun was hidden behind the clouds giving the sky a white look. It was absolutely beautiful. Through all these difficult times, the rain still fell. It was as if the rain was cleansing him. Ridding him of all the things that made him doubt his existence and purpose. The rain continued, and so did the roar. One strike after another, after another, after another. It was a mixture of cleansing and a building of strength. Killzone never felt so alive. He was being born again. He just stood by the shore, letting destiny take its toll.

