

TIME INTO DEATH

By **Sharkchild**

One drop, three drops, twenty drops—then it was steady. The glass window facing the driveway fogged under my breathing as I watched the rain begin its exotic descension upon the glum spread of concrete and blood. My skin tingled while severe emotion shot through my body, invigorating my keenness during the very surreal moment.

The blood on the ground never fully diluted. Fresh crimson constantly flowed from the gaping and fatal wound upon my brother who lay outstretched upon the subtle gray of the pavement. Without restriction, it streamed from his neck, pooling into a harsh interaction with the rain. His breathing had surely stopped.

When the twisted indulgence had sufficed, I stared diligently at the blood coming from my brother's neck. I stared until its motion slowed, stopped, and then reversed course. The rain began to ascend, coming off its place on the ground and shooting back up to the heavens. I walked slowly backwards, conscious of myself. I let the front door open on its own in perfect timing as I stepped backwards though it out into the moist air. I crouched next to my brother and picked up the ax lying adjacent to him. I waited until he rose from the ground clutching the side of his neck. Then, when his hands released from their sickening desperation, I reenacted in reverse that action which sent him to the ground. My brother's wound vanished. I ran backwards to the garage and returned the ax to its place, then returned to my brother, allowing myself to alter the future of which I had just experienced.

"I'm going inside," I told my brother. "It's going to rain."

"You're just jealous that Mom and Dad are taking me to the show and not you," my brother returned.

I ignored him this time and went inside, then watched him continue to shoot the basketball on the driveway until the rain began to fall. I could see him grunt, but he continued to play in spite of me. I recalled the very real, but alternate future, smiled, and then disappeared further into the house.

Turning back time was both staggering and tragic. I had the ability to sculpt futures, but I could never keep them. I had the ability to explore the various and innumerable variations of choice, but I could never follow one to the ends of its destination. If I embarked on any future to which I knew what would occur, then it had to be erased—either one moment or the next, whether purposefully or unintentionally, time would reverse. There was no keeping what I knew could be controlled. To continue in life, I had to make choices of which the outcome was unknown; I had to make choices that held no power over the future.

If I were alone as a harbinger of time travel, then I would have had no opposition in creating those futures I desired. I would have been able to masterfully mold that world which would have destined utopia. I would have been able to live the most euphoric desires of mankind's existence. But that was not the case, and so I was not alone, and so this jarring truth was the immuring culprit in revealing the rule of the manipulation of time: the direction of time may only hold one path. Thus, if two individuals of time exploiting

abilities worked to form two different futures, the planar dimension of life would have to split, but this was not possible; time was linear and could be no such thing other than that. Therefore, time, as an entity of sequential and substantial might, prohibited such ploys of the manipulators by enforcing the perplexing chaos of improbability, causing myself and those like me to make choices of pure insignificance——choices that had no control over the future so that time could move forward.

I could see the results of actions in infinite form, but I could never make history based upon them. If I bought my mother a gift that I already knew would make her happy, time would reverse. If I picked those answers on a test that I already knew were the right answers, time would reverse. If I intentionally saved someone from a fire or earthquake I knew would cause fatality, time would reverse. I could not control my life, and therefore, even amidst my miraculous ability, I could not control even the slightest event. The life that was my own, the life that moved forward, did so through a complete and utter compilation of normalcy—the regular, unbiased existence of living in hope and mystery.

It quickly became clear to me that if I were to utilize my gift at its fullest capacity, I would have to eliminate all of the others who held the talent. However, the process of finding such people would have been excruciating, and I had not even the faintest idea of how many existed. For all I knew, half the world had the ability. There was no way to know since both history and future could never be affected.

For me, the manipulation of time was a game—a pleasure and a curse a dynamic abundance of violence and experimentation that became of nothing but a memory of entertainment or intellect. And that was the real power of it. Every acquisition of knowledge I gained through the alteration of time remained within my mind. In accumulation, my mind had experienced the time of someone over fifty years old by only the age of fifteen. Yet, ironically, the more I learned, the less opportunities I had to live forward on the timeline of my jumbled continuation. With that knowledge, thoughts and decisions were influenced.

By the age of twenty, my knowledge was so vast that there were virtually no paths that led beyond the grip of time's ferocious eyes. Every action I made was a manipulation of my knowledge upon the future, and so no longer could I live peacefully outside the bounds of alternate realities. My life had reached a dreadful dead end.

There was only one unknown country left to explore, and that was the land of the dead. Using my ability, I decided to enter that world and return from it, bringing with me the knowledge of the beyond.

Taking no heed in the method I used to bring about my demise, I lunged myself from atop a bridge one warm and sunny afternoon. I was nervous, but I did not ever falter.

The darkness came quickly without retribution or purpose; with blind perfection it suffocated every last glimpse of light. While I was once whole and complex, I then became vulgar and plain. I did not remember having a thought when the transition took place, nor did I remember any manifestation of sensation or feeling, but when I arose into the cosmos of the beyond, the picture of the demented dreamscape enthralled my existence.

With the darkness came new sight—a sight of which I reluctantly relinquished to the enlightenment of words. This sense of vision was nothing like a projection made by retina and pupil; it was a gift of divine repulsion, the provisional praxis of coming into anew. Relatively, in its most comparable description, it was like being in the bowls of the deepest and blackest abyss with a moon as an eye.

Profound nightmares and horrors swirled within my first glimpse of the nether world, the life beyond, the dark throne. On an altar masked with silk, the master of the domain loomed before me in a crouching stance with its subjects scurrying along the cryptic grounds below in hateful glee. The slight of its nefarious head showed its remarkable intellect while the oscillating flesh upon its frame peaked far from any aspect of hallowed animation. It was both smooth and rough, and beautiful and repulsive—it could not be conceived within one limit of appearance. Only the imagination of absurd and almighty necromancy could have conjured such supremacy of grotesqueness.

It beckoned me forth with a rigid power of temptation. As lightning to a rod, I lunged for the being, latching my incorporeal essence to its thick propaganda of incarnate filth. For a time, I gyred around it in an oblivion of passionate ecstasy, not even able to control my tendencies and urges; it was the thing that controlled me—my thoughts and my desires.

The most disturbing aspect of this demonic dance was the one thought beating with my archaic pulse. This thought, this whisper of lulling sanity breezing across my being, went as such: this is not where I am supposed to be. Over and over again it played like a music box to my invisible ears: this is not where I am supposed to be, this is not where I am supposed to be. Never did that song cease during my time within the arms of evil's spawn, and never did time reverse—it could not, not when being in a place where time had no reign.