Gibson, Isaak

Tyrant

 The blood-filled sand dried at his feet as He realized his triumph. He reveled in the utter silence as the people realized their leader, their immortal leader, lay dead in the sand. They watched as He laughed - a deep, gravelly laugh - at the mangled body of their former leader. He ordered the Royal Guard to carry the disgusting, blood-drenched body away. They obeyed. He peered at the people that were now his, at their gaping mouths, at their crying babies. He ruled these people. The people, who always hated him, called him a freak, a failure. Now He was going to get his revenge.

 He sat on his throne like it was a sofa as the last ‘rebel’ was executed, the head on the ground as the people sat silent in the Stadium. He remembered the Stadium as it once was, a place of entertainment for the people. Now it was a place of entertainment for him. He sat and watched as the innocent people of his empire were forced to fight for his entertainment. And He laughed at the shredded bodies that looked so much like one he’d seen before.

 He knew war would not bode well with the people. They wouldn’t fight. More than likely they would want to be conquered. He was not a good Emperor. However, He also knew that threats of death and terror wouldn’t bode well with the people either. So that’s what He brought to his speech. Threats that if they did not defend from the murderers, the maniacs, who feasted on blood and the flesh of their victims, they would be ripped to shreds by the supposed terrorists. Few of them remembered that those people were once allies to the Empire. Many of them took to arms to avoid the supposed terror worse than that they endured now. And He laughed as He looked upon the scene of absolute horror on the crimson sands He had just taken over.

He sat in the throne He had sat in for hundreds of years, awaiting his inevitable death. He knew this would come from the very beginning. Even the Royal Guards turned against him. He heard the pounding and the screaming has the people, now barely able to be known as people, tore through door after door to get to this room. He managed a smile as they tore down the door to the Throne Room, wielding everything from farming tools to Khopesh. And He laughed – a deep, gravelly laugh – as the spear that killed him burst through his chest and his blood gushed out of his body and onto the disturbing decorations of his throne. And just like that, a tyranny crumbled and blew away into the wind, much like the sand it was built on.