

A search has begun in blindness, and I am left with neither certainty nor comfort with the path I take. A wall of bricks towers over me; a stack that goes as high as my eyes can see. I don't know what it is I have to do but I know a desperate desire exists. I can't rest until it is fulfilled. I do not know what it is or where it came from, but it is there, and eats away at me. I am left with a repeating question, an increasing crescendo, at first a whisper, it is now a scream. What happens now?

I see no way to bring myself into the light, nor do I see a reason to continue down the path I am on. But I know the question asked needs to be answered. It is there. I can feel it. What I want is starting to become clearer. I feel anger, but there is more to it than that. An aggression.

I want revenge against someone or something, for no reason whatsoever. I feel vindicated and just in my hunger. This sickly feeling at the pit of my stomach, is it withdrawal for an addiction I never even began? Maybe it isn't stepping into the light that will save me? As the waters rise, maybe I should ignore the lighthouse that shows me land, and go somewhere else. The thought scares me. It overwhelms me. But it is also good. What happens now?

As a child brought up and raised by the foster care system in Maharris, I was adopted by Franklin and Hillary Jones after my eighth birthday. I had theories about it, about why they might have wanted a young son. They had a daughter about the same age, maybe they wanted her to have a playmate? An acclaimed psychiatrist Franklin adopted me as an act of philanthropy and as a reference point for a textbook. How does trauma and neglect alter and damage a developing mind? He wanted to fix me. He didn't even come close. Maybe he thought he did. Maybe he chalked it off to another job well done on his part, but the finished product was shoddy at best.

For awhile, in spite of everything, for a moment or maybe more, I did manage to convince myself I had a connection to something about their family. I don't know whether it was to them or the idea of them, but I no longer feel it.

It was after my eighteenth birthday I severed all ties with the Jones family and relocated from Italina to Acera. It was not a drastic change, not really. My hometown of Italina offered a rich man's delicacies and gated communities, whereas Acera offers an unpolished, crowded lifestyle in its inner cities. But it was allowed me the chance to truly reflect on how I wanted to spend my life.

I was lucky to have a friend in all this, a person I could ride the coattails of, a man named James Schultz.

James was one of the few friends I made in high school and was certainly the only one I ever kept in-touch with. He is about the closest I have to a family now. Even as I feel more distant and isolated from society, I still have a spot in my heart for him.

He and I are a lot alike. Both of us had a difficult childhood and home-life, but, in other ways, we couldn't contrast more. He has ambitions and something to prove, like me. However, he also knows what those things are, unlike me.

James had interest in being an actor, once an illogical fantasy, it now started to seem inevitably. One of his mother's biggest cruelties was leaving James with a skin-wrapped pile of trash of a father, but she was now trying to repay him for that debt. Her success as an actress may not have brought her in-front of any screen I have ever seen, but she had enough contacts and clout in the industry to stir up some interest. I sometimes wonder to myself whether acting is James' passion or his mothers.

James moved to Acera because he believed it would be better for his career. I came because I was eager to continue and foresee what my peek beneath my blindfolds meant. James covers the bills and in-exchange, I would like to think I am good company for him.

I am still at a constant search trying to find whatever it is I need. Whatever this weasel is, hiding in the crevices of my heart, waiting to pop out, desires, I will indulge in. I have an idea. I have somewhere to channel my anger at, a way to relax my scrambling thoughts.

The only downside about it is I have to spend hours at a time, crossing my fingers, in hopes for a reason to strike. All I need is the slightest of justification. The littlest bit of justification is all I am looking for; it's all I need. Does it make me a hero?

I remove those who don't deserve to live among us. Several people wouldn't see it that way, but I don't care what they think. It is this blind salvation I have sought after, this thirst-quenching treatment to the disease that will protect innocent lives. It is the only alternative, and it's all I have. If they would rather I have their corpses resting on top of bloody pavement then I will happily arrange it.

There are criminals unwilling to illuminate themselves from the pitch-black absence of light that swallows them. They are not allowing themselves to see the wrongness in their action. They face no consequence. The city finds itself a form of unseen justice, a protection that can't be offered by the police. And I acquire the closest thing I can to real happiness.

I, Orion, am the torch in the night. It is one cure in-exchange for another.

Black & Yellow