



WHEN YOU'VE CREATED PERFECTION.  
HOW WILL YOU DESTROY IT?

# WRATH

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## **\*Chapter 1\***

As humans we all have our imperfections. There are those foolish enough to believe that we can achieve perfection, but even if that was the case, what would perfection entail? These people in particular may consider it to be heightened senses, knowledge, or even eternal life. They have created a manifestation of their vision in the form of a gas called Noxin that is self-reproductive, and self-sustaining. It is capable of making subjects able to survive without food nor water. Those affected by this gas will come to be known as the Phoenix. These beings mimic humans in nearly every aspect imaginable in terms of appearance, except for their eyes, which burn with a fiery red-orange.

However, as perfect as it sounds, there are still drawbacks. In exchange for food and water, these beings must continually resurrect themselves in order to continue to survive. They do this by combusting themselves within a flame that grows into a raging inferno. This inferno then explodes. Propelling the Phoenix into its new life. The resurrection also serves as a regeneration mechanism for Phoenix, should they suffer any bodily injury or illness. Failure to do this causes the Phoenix to grow weary, and if left undone long enough will result in death.

Believing this is the answer to solving the problems of the world such as starvation and dehydration. The developers launch missiles packed with Noxin at randomly pinpointed areas nationally, without the knowledge of those living there to test the limits of their new project. The projectiles burst above the randomly selected states, engulfing them in the red-orange fog of Noxin. The innocent inhabitants were living out their lives just like any other day when these actions took place. Some were at work, some embarking on a usual afternoon jog, some in the park with their children, while others were at home. Even those at home weren't protected from the Noxin as it seeped in through their ventilation and water supply systems. To those out in the open it felt like a cloud of warm air passing them by on a strong wind gust fashion. It took on the stench of petrichor as it entered their nostrils and filtered into their bodies. It caused their blood to boil, and their hearts to double in size. They suffered from headaches, anxiety attacks, difficulty breathing, and intense burning of their eyes comparable to having lemon juice poured on them. As

the burning subsided, their irises faded into the trademark Phoenix shade of red-orange. This completed the transformation of them from the inside on out from humans into Phoenix. There was absolute chaos during the initial transformation phase for the humans. However, the scientists aired a nationwide broadcast explaining to them what had happened, and what they had become.

“You who have been chosen are the evolution of our race. No more will you have to worry about food or water, about how long you will live, about not being fast enough, or smart enough. You are all now a part of a society that is unique, and superior. If you’re ever in need, find yourself a source of high heat, preferably fire. Make contact with it, and take a deep breath. You will combust into flames once you have. After feeling rejuvenated, release your breath and exhale. Do not fear this scenario. It will serve to recreate you another life; a new life as a reborn Phoenix!” announced a scientist.

Some were confused at the news, some were beyond happy, and some scared. Others were outraged at the previously unknown decision to just up and change their lives without consent. These actions did not come without fault.

“It’s not right! We should not be able to just transform unwilling innocent people into monsters! This is not evolution! This is the beginning of extinction!” argued another scientist. eleven scientists were gathered at a governmental conference of about thirty officials disputing the decision. Everyone was dressed formally in suits and ties for the event.

“It was for the better, Todd. Calm yourself!” ordered the President of the United States.

“How can you say that?” Todd rose to his feet. “Everyone was living out their lives just fine without this poison in their systems! And you go and approve this action because of four idiotic hands of being in favor over mine! I will not stand for this!” He turned and pointed firmly at one of the other scientists. “Nathan, you should be ashamed of yourself for giving that broadcast!” Another scientist approached Todd from behind. Altering his attention from Nathan.

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“No one’s forcing you to be here Todd. If you don’t want to be a part of the first stages of our new-found evolution, then you can simply leave.”

“Sol...you have no idea. Not everyone is in favor of this idea. One day you will see. They will rise against all of us...regardless if we’re the majority!” The other scientists glanced at one another. Nathan walked over to Todd and placed his hand on his shoulder.

“There’s nothing to worry about my friend, our military branches are stronger than anything they could ever hope to create.” He began to walk away before Todd stopped him by grabbing his shoulder.

“Their intelligence is something YOU could NEVER fathom! *I will not stand for this!*” argued Todd as he exited the area. Nathan looked over at Sol, the other scientists, and everyone else in the conference as if silently asking them ‘Do you think he was right?’ before going ahead and making his exit. As he left, the other scientists stayed to converse. They were unaware of the red-orange colored syringe that Sol had dropped on the ground, picked up, and put into his suit pocket as he went to close the door behind Nathan. Only one of them, the solitary female scientist of the group glanced over and saw Sol pocket the syringe as he was walking to the door.

After years of cooperation, the Phoenix began to turn on their unmodified counterparts as Todd had predicted, realizing that since they are superior to humans then there is no use for them on the earth. Sol transformed himself into a Phoenix with a modified Noxin syringe that he created for himself. He took it upon himself to lead the Phoenix into a whole new era of living and domination over the humans and any threat that should arise. In a last-ditch effort to erase the problem, Todd created an Anti-Noxin that could reverse the effects of the transformation that made the Phoenix unique. Any contact with this gas by a Phoenix would strip them of their heightened senses, knowledge, and ability to resurrect themselves.

Additionally, he tried to launch it in the same manner as the Noxin had been, but Sol and some of his gang of Phoenix hunted him down to try and prevent it. Todd one evening was in his three-story super-lab putting some finishing touches on the Anti-Noxin launch missiles while talking with someone over the phone about what he was planning to do with them. Then suddenly he heard glass

shattering from the front entrance followed by a loud bang that made his lab equipment seemingly shudder in fear.

“Todd what was that?” said a female’s voice over the phone.

“I’m not sure, but I have an idea of who it may be...”. He placed the missile detonator on his desk and grabbed his handgun before he cautiously crept upstairs to the entrance of his lab which was a steel door secured by three latch locks.

“Who?” questioned the female voice over the phone. As Todd reached the entrance he heard a familiar voice behind the door which was at the moment secured by only one of the three locks.

“*Fire in the hole!*” announced the voice behind the door.

“Sol-” began Todd just as the entrance was blown open by the explosion. The force of it blew him back down the stairs and into the lower floor of his lab. Sol and three other Phoenix walked through the blown-open entrance. He directed one to go search upstairs while he and the other two ventured downstairs from the main floor. Todd was in great pain and struggling to get to his feet from the immense power of the explosion in addition to the fall down the stairs that had banged against his tumbling body. Sol instructed his crew to destroy everything on the bottom floor which they did without hesitation.

The missiles at Todd’s super-lab were disabled and destroyed during Sol’s attack. However, on a remote island off the coast of California, underground silos were constructed as a precaution. Sol beat Todd all over his lab, throwing him into his equipment numerous times. Todd was bloodied and beaten badly, but still frantically searched for the detonator that was synced to the missiles on the remote island. After being thrown out of his lab and finding himself outside into the face of an impending storm, he glared back into Sol’s eyes as he approached him. Beyond him, Todd’s lab was ablaze and giving way to explosions. Sol and his cohorts continued their approach backed by their chaos.

“You see, Sol...this is...exactly why...I never...wanted...to join you...” He struggled to reach into his pocket, managing finally to pull

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out the detonator he had found in his lab.” You count out the human mind! My only hope is that they...forgive me for doing this against their will, but it must be done! *I will not stand for this!*” declared Todd. In a fight to survive, and desperately in need of aid, Todd detonated the Anti-Noxin missiles in the instant before Sol ended the scientist’s life with a bullet to his head.

When the Anti-Noxin missiles detonated, they blew open a hole in the ground, which spewed out a midnight-blue shaded fog. Sol and his Phoenix with their heightened senses detected the explosion and boarded their jets to exterminate the threat. The gas that was released created beings on the island that were not as gifted as the Phoenix in terms of their senses and knowledge. Their skin darkened from the effects of the Anti-Noxin and made their eyes glisten icy-blue.

In contrast to the Phoenix, these new beings were capable of walking between the dimensions of death and life. They were considered walking death itself, and lived for the sole purpose of delivering death to Phoenix and all who oppose them. They were known as Wraiths, the walkers between worlds

The Anti-Noxin was carried across the land as a cool, brief sea breeze before completely dissipating. The islanders who had seen it impending were initially alarmed by the explosion, completely unaware of what it was, or what it might do to them. They alerted one another, but the curiosity of the unknown drew them all outside to discover what it was. As they breathed in the vanilla-scented fog, their body temperatures plummeted to dangerously low levels. So low in fact that it killed them instantly. However, as their bodies lay dead. The Anti-Noxin went to work. Their blood turned black, and their tan skin darkened drastically, becoming hyper pigmented. When they awakened they had no memory of what had just happened. Their eyes glistened with an icy-blue as they looked into the sky at the incoming Phoenix jet that was about to rain destruction upon them.

Sol stayed on the jet, ordering his Phoenix to annihilate the small population of Wraiths. As they emptied out of the jet they opened fire with assault rifles. The Wraiths were beyond frightened and attempted to run for cover, but for the majority it was to no avail. Many were shot down as they tried to run to their homes. The Phoenix raided their village and decapitated all of those they had shot down. Some Wraiths fought back to the best of their abilities, but they were no match for the Phoenix. Some even involuntarily opened the gate

between worlds, but lacked the knowledge to keep it open long enough for the creatures from the other side to snatch the Phoenix into it. The Phoenix slaughtered all of the Wraiths, except for one. A child. This child's father hid him in a crawlspace in their home while the Phoenix brought chaos down upon their village. When they broke into his home, the father fought to the best of his ability, but the Phoenix were just too much for him. With his dying breath he and his son made eye contact through a small hole in the wall before he was decapitated. The young Wraith could not withhold his anger and sorrow. So he burst out of the crawlspace with the intent of avenging his father. A blue aura surrounded his body as he charged directly at one of the five Phoenix and unknowingly channeled it into the world of death, killing it instantly. Shocked at what he had done, but still full of revenge, he charged at another Phoenix and did the same thing. Completely unaware of his gift, the young Wraith tried to charge at a third Phoenix, but the Phoenix evaded the attack and struck him down.

Lying on the ground, knocked senseless and dazed, the young Wraith was closed in on by the three Phoenix as they prepared to deliver the final blow. Without warning, a figure robed in dark-red appeared and impressively combated the three remaining Phoenix before they could kill the young Wraith. The three attackers were knocked unconscious. The mysterious figure then went over to the child, who was still lying down dazed and very weak. The figure removed its hood to reveal a tan-skinned female with long, straight, black hair. She picked the child up, immediately he began to snarl at her as he came back to reality and his gaze made contact with her face. Regardless of her having just saved his life, he seen that her eyes were fiery red-orange.

He tried to wriggle his way out of her grasp, hatred built into his heart by what he had just witnessed the other Phoenix do to his village and his father. She dropped him to the floor, not resisting his struggle. She looked him in the face and said,

"I do not wish to harm you. If I did, then I would have let those other guys finish you off. Get my drift?" Her voice was as gentle as calm wind. The young Wraith gazed back at her in hatred, snarling through clinched teeth. "It's okay little man, I am not going to hurt you, I promise," She reassured while extending her hand to try and comfort him. He attempted to charge at her. As he did, she noticed



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the strange blue aura surrounding him. She quickly evaded his rush. Then he tried to do it again, she noticed the same aura. And once more she flipped over his assault. Realizing that he would not be satisfied unless he made contact with her, she threw a rope at his ankles and tied them together while she evaded his next charge dropping him to the ground. She then walked over to him and knelt down beside him.

“See, I told you I would not hurt you, didn’t I?” she asked. The young Wraith slowly calmed down, but the hatred still remained in his heart.

Glaring through tears, he snapped. “Why don’t you just kill me? My father is dead so I might as well be, too! You and your monsters with those red eyes killed my friends!” The robed Phoenix removed the snares from the young Wraith’s ankles, then brushed her hair back with her hand and consoled softly,

“Those were not monsters my child, Those that did this to you, your father, and your village are called Phoenix. And yes, I am one of them, but I was in no way involved with them hurting your friends. I promise.”

“Then why are you even here?” interrogated the young Wraith. She then stood up, reached out her hand to him, and replied with a sigh,

“Let’s try this again. I am not here to hurt you. My name is Tirzah.” The Wraith denied her assistance and got up on his own.

“Cylus,” he said, remaining on guard. Tirzah smiled warmly at him, dropping her hand to her side, and asked.

“Well Cylus...do you know why those guys up and disappeared when you pushed them?”

“I got so mad I pushed them to death I guess...I don’t know.” He shrugged his shoulders.

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“Well yeah.” She chuckled. “You got that right, but I am sure you do not even know how you did it huh?” she leaned her head, placing her hands on her hips.

“I just told you I pushed them!” Tirzah looked up, took a deep breath through her nostrils and stepped towards him.

“Okay. Push me.”