

The tale of the boy

Takes place in SMT4's Tokyo, in the eyes of a demon.

Ah, it seems like you are here for a story. You know, I think I have a good story. Just last week in fact, it all went down. It started with the hunter.

He was dressed in all black, with black shades, and a revolver around his hip. I, of course, went to attack him with my friends. We all went "If we all attack at once, we can kill him and steal his goods!" It was a perfect plan. Then he pulled out his gun and BANG BANG BANG, three of my friends were shot dead. I was only grazed by the bullet, fast thing you know.

But he aimed the gun at me, stared into my eyes and said, "Where is the Hospital?"

"Hospital? I don't know of any Hospital. Well, I want to live, so if he you need healing, here you go." I gave him a quick Dia and fled, but I was intrigued. Hospital, what hospital? I needed to know, I was drawn to it, I needed to know. But I kept my distance, I was crawling, watching from afar. All he kept doing was asking for the Hospital. All the demons he killed, the same thing. Maybe it was his job, but there was no hospital, it would be in vain.

After a while I was growing bored. But then he entered a forest and I saw it. Two burning red eyes from behind a bush. I never met this kind of demon before, but I usually eat the scraps from the streets.

"Who are you?" The eyes said.

"I am a hunter. I am trying to find the Hospital." It said back, staring back at him.

"Is it the boy? The only looking for supplies for his mother?"

The hunter nodded.

The eyes moved, and a red arm came out and pointed. "The Hospital is over there, but be warned, the Ghouls there are hunting for human prey. I wish the boy to live."

The Hospital was real? I was thinking it wasn't even real! But he ran to it, and I needed to know more, so I went to follow.

Not sure what a hospital looks like, it was worn down, it had a red cross on it, and it was covered with dried-up blood. I thought I saw some yellow eyes look down, but they darted off. The Hunter went inside the gate. I crawled inside before the doors shut.

The inside had lots of broken windows, shards of glass on the ground, run over dirty floor tiles, and lights that flickered. The hunter was unphased by it, yet I heard the tippy taps around me.

There were beds, but the only thing there on them was blood and rotting corpses. The smell made me want to puke, but the hunter was walking forward. Then I heard things in the distance falling and crashing down. It was subtle, yet loud. It was like I could hear panting in the walls. I walked forward.

A bigger crash, CRASH, and I heard panting as I saw drool fall onto the floor. It was a Ghoul; it was green and looked like a walking corpse. It jumped the Hunter.

The Ghoul began cutting the cheek. "You fresh..."

The Hunter demanded in a dark tone while trying to fight him off. "Where is the boy?"

"The boy... Yes, the boy... He was walking here, yet he ran away... He will be fresh meat, LIKE YOURSELF!" The Ghoul stabbed the Hunter in his right eye leaving a cut with parts of his skin removed and put into the Ghoul's mouth, with it spitting out the part with the eye, his yell was loud and loud panting echoed the place. He quickly went for his gun and shot the Ghoul's head off; it splattered all over the ceiling. Even more tippy taps, and they started becoming louder. The Ghouls were like dogs, running to their prey. The Hunter covered his open wound with his left hand and used his gun with the other. I tried to hide, yet a Ghoul found me, and I dashed off onto the Hunter's arm casting an Agi on a ghoul. He didn't act surprised; I think he knew I was there the whole time.

We went into a closet and locked the door. We searched for weapons, trying to find some way to patch the wound. Then we saw it. The Boy.

He was wearing torn out clothes. His arm, bitten off and his wound barely covered. Parts of his legs were bitten off with the muscles missing. His shoes weren't there, barefoot with his feet covered with dried blood. I couldn't tell if he had skin down there anymore.

"Who are you?" The boy spoke. I couldn't believe it could speak.

"Your savior." The hunter said. "We are both going to get out of this. But why did you come here?"

"My mother was sick, she needed medicine only the Hospital had, so I snuck out with this gun to come here. But they captured me. They began eating me, they cut off my arm and started nibbling on my feet and legs. I can't feel them anymore. Then they heard a noise outside and ran, and I was able to get into here."

The boy couldn't shed a tear since there was none left within him. He showed the Hunter the gun. It was a flare gun. The hunter looked at me.

"They were weak to fire; you have enough SP?" I nodded.

We could hear the breathing outside the door, they were panting, trying to open it up. The door was locked, but we could see the door handle move.

The Hunter grabbed onto the boy and I was on his arm. "On the mark of three, we are getting out of here."

1 the roof felt like it was collapsing.

2 were the scratches on the door.

3 they were whispering about how they were going to eat us.

BANG

The door was slammed open. I started casting Agi on them when they got close, and the flare gun was shot to light up the rest of the hallway, it showed the shadows of the Ghouls waiting on the beds. He ran out and more Agi was being cast, trying to stun them while they crawled into the walls.

Dead ends came up as more Ghouls started surrounding us. We slammed into them, knocking them off their feet like rocks. There was nowhere else to go, outside a window, the window gazing upon the dark forest.

We jumped out of the building onto the ground.

SNAP

The Hunter's leg was injured as well. But he laughed, because we were free. He threw me in the air in joy and he shouted, but the boy didn't move. He was sweating, saying "No, no, no..." under his breath. The boy had no life left in him. And in that moment, I saw the hunter lose his soul.

He carried the boy's body while we walked.

"Is that..." said the red eyed creature from the bushes.

The Hunter didn't say a word, for there no words with him anymore, and he laid the boy down on the ground. The creature cried like a creature never cried before and yelled with all it's might. He took the corpse and flew off in the sky. To this day I can't understand why. It's none of my business anymore anyways.

The Hunter never spoke again after that. We did lots of jobs together, yet I never saw him express anything for it.

Well, that is what you wanted to know, right? Why I'm standing on this grave. He died to some angels, but I know the truth. The boy killed him.