

## HEAVEN'S GRACE

Blood was whispering on his skin, instinct had blurred his thoughts, his eyes hauled them back to reality: he was the *villain* of the play. There was no turning back. Certainly it was the first time Sigismund, murderous Sigismund, felt such a stream of dopamine, cortisol, and adrenaline pumping through his meat, if he had anything left to call a heart.

Rest? Redemption? Only *Heaven's Grace* could spare him. But why should he be forgiven? He had killed a scene driven by jealousy, out of an abnormal envy towards the one who had stolen his protagonism. Anyhow, Sigismund couldn't care less at that moment, as he was still processing his situation. "Are these sensations real? Why do they feel so... unique? No, this can't be true. I, a normal human being like any other, would never think of anything like that. Ever," he probably thought. He? An assassin? What a joke! It had to be some kind of illusion, some kind of trick. Life had to be some kind of dream.

But just like the Sun rises after the rosy-fingered Dawn, enlightening the scenes beneath its eye, unveiling the birth of a new horizon to accept, just like that the expectant gazes brought him back to life. His dilemma was clear: would he acknowledge his actions, or would he run away? Presumably his plan was only to hurt that irritating face, but his alibi was almost perfect—who, apart from me, could have seen him changing the swords? Thus, condemnation seemed far away.

But a ray of consciousness struck him: "Dilemma?" He was horrified at himself for considering anything other than regret. He was no cold-blooded assassin, no listener of the hideous heart, he was not... He! *He* had thought only about himself until that very moment. What about the victim? Wasn't it dead? He observed the silent, soundless stage, filled with resolution and terror. Presently he noticed something: the crimson soma seemed to stir some movements. Sigismund's eyes resounded as stars and meteorites. Oh, the humanity! That silly red body wasn't gone after all; surely all that scene was just a prank from his fellow members, right? He approached the body and looked at his face, and then stopped for a moment to sigh, and then approached his fingers to his nose, and then...

The audience began to applaud such a magnificent performance—talent like this isn't very common nowadays. Ignorants! You readers want an answer to reality and Sigismund's destiny. Just enjoy the play, you fools! Humans die and humans perish: no difference in the end. Why should you care for something so vain?