

“GO TO HELL,” she screams as she tackles an executioner facing away from her. Pounding her fists into the face and throat of the executioner with the fury of an angry pit bull. Seeking revenge with pure hatred. She doesn’t stop. Continuing even when his face is a mangled mess of blood, teeth, bones and muscle, and his throat has turned to a flat jelly like substance. Her fists in agony with the skin on her knuckles torn to shreds, she feels an immense pain on the right side of her torso. As she tumbles along the ground she sees an executioner standing above her. This is surely the end, the Kaishi don’t take well to rebellion. Preparing for death Rikona closes her eyes and tenses her muscles. But death does not come. She lies there on the ground, holding her broken ribs, for what seems like hours. Opening her eyes, she sees herself surrounded by the now nine executioners carrying their bloody swords. Out of the corner of her eye she sees one of them raise his leg and in one swift motion bring it down on her face with a loud THUD!

Eyes struggling to open Rikona fears the worst. Where is she? What happened when she was unconscious? She feels her body growing colder and colder as she realises it is night time. How long was she out? Struggling to her feet she uses a thin metal bar on the wall to lift her self up.

“Took your time waking up,” says a soft high pitched female voice from the corner of the room. The entire left side of Rikona’s face has swollen to the size of a watermelon of which she has only seen pictures, finally able to open her right eye she sees the voice came from a small girl probably only thirteen or fourteen years old.

“You’re beat up pretty bad,” said the girl while avoiding eye contact.

“Who are you? Where are we?” Rikona manages to reply as a terrible pain shoots through the right side of her body as she exhales.

“My names is Chiyo Lu, I’m fifteen years old, my parents were executed and Kaishi see me as an easy target. At least I’m not being executed yet,”

“Sure, but where are we?” Rikona fires back, stories of orphans are common and have become old and boring news.