

Mental Scars

A steady rain fell upon the city of Los Angeles, steadily soaking both skyscrapers and people alike. The citizens were scurrying about to find shelter, trying to keep themselves from becoming soaked. Crouched in one of the many alleyways of the city was a rex rabbit, whose gaze was cast upon the ground as he sat. His clothes, torn and hole-ridden, were soaked and clung to his body.

He was a traveling vagabond who survived through taking only the essentials from stores and stalls. But he was no ordinary thief, for he was a Meta, a being that possessed extraordinary powers beyond the average citizen. However, their powers came for a virus dubbed the “Meta Virus” that was unleashed many years ago and ravaged the world. Though the world had survived and adapted, everything had changed forever.

The rabbit, however, did not care how wet he was at the moment. His mind was focused on something more important... Something that he thought he had lost for good...

It was his past...

A few weeks ago, the only thing he could remember was his own name: Bryon. However, he uncovered a strange vessel at the docks of the city and climbed aboard out of curiosity. It was there that he met others that were Metas as well, all from different walks of life. Eventually, the rabbit had become involved in a grand expedition to recover an important biological sample that was possibly the key to treating or curing the virus. During this expedition, Bryon had come across numerous computer files involving his history. As he read each one, memories once forgotten began to resurface from the dark corners of his mind. One file, however, shook him to the core...

The file details concerning the destruction of Chicago approximately five years ago. On that day, there was an accident at a prestigious research center called Franklin Biotech and Research. It was there that the scientists were trying to come up with a way to cure or treat the Meta virus. Unfortunately, the accident had unleashed the virus on the unsuspecting populace, infecting and mutating them. Those that were mutated grew insane and ravaged everything in their paths. Within several days, the city was completely overrun with the mutants. Concerned about the safety of the country and faced with no other choice, the United States government ordered the city to be leveled.

And the one responsible for all this... was Bryon himself.

But it was not through malicious intent. The rabbit had been a research assistant who wanted to help out with the cause. His mentor, a tiger named Dr. Greeves, was working on the Meta virus and warned Bryon not to tamper with it in any means. The rabbit, however, snuck back into the research center that night and tried to study it on his own. He had taken a sample of the virus, which was placed inside a vial for use in injections, and was preparing to examine its response to temperatures and other

compounds. The vial was in his hands when his foot got caught by a stool he did not see and tripped. Bryon was unable to catch himself in time and cracked his head on the ground, knocking him unconscious. The vial, however, flew out of his hands and shattered, releasing the virus into the compound and out into the city...

Every since that day, Bryon was haunted with the same nightmare... Angry mobs of mutated, deformed people thirsting for vengeance and chasing him through the ruined city. Bryon would try to get away, only to find he was unable to. The mob would then be upon him in moments, clawing, tearing and cutting into his flesh. One of the mutants, whom he recognized as his mentor, would stand over the rabbit with a large axe in his paws. The tiger would then raise the weapon over his head and bring the blade down upon Bryon...

Warm tears welled up in Bryon's eyes, threatening to fall to the ground as his memories and nightmares tormented him. He often wondered why he was one of the few to survive that day. He felt that the victims were condemning him, waiting for him to perish so as to have their revenge.

With his mind beaten and wearied, he spotted a shard of broken glass lying in front of him. Grasping it in his paw, he turned and looked at its sharp edge. One cut of his wrist, one slash of his throat... All it would take was one simple slice and the dead would be avenged. The alley would be stained crimson with his life blood and the world would rejoice.

Bryon flipped his wrist, gazing at where the veins would be. Slowly, he lowered the shard down to his wrist. His brow was becoming matted with rain as the shard was mere centimeters from his wrist, his heart hammering in his chest.. His tired eyes were shut as he braced himself...

Suddenly, new images flashed before him... The faces of those he cared for... His mentor... His family... His new friends... and a vixen whom he had feelings for... were looking upon him. Bryon's teeth clenched tightly as his arms began to shake, the shard shaking slightly. Voices echoed in his mind, yelling for him to carry out the deed. Unable to take it anymore, Bryon jerked his arm...

And threw the glass shard to his side, shattering it to pieces.

The rabbit fell forward, catching himself with his paws. His body shook from his silent sobs, tears falling down his cheeks. Several minutes passed by before he could pull himself together. As he was crouched to the ground, Bryon made an oath to himself:

He would live on, no matter what. He would live for the sake of the victims of Chicago, for his loved ones. He would strive to help others and bring peace to the chaotic world.

Bryon shakily got to his feet, swaying slightly before he wiped his eyes with his sleeves. With heavy footsteps, he made his way to the streets towards redemption....