

In life, Benoit had been a French aristocrat during the French Revolutionary Era. Due to his highborn status, and his support of the monarchy, Benoit was imprisoned, and then executed during the Reign of Terror. In life, Benoit's personality was much different. He was a kind, benevolent man that despite his support of the monarchy, didn't agree with Louis XVI on all matters. Because of his disagreements with the King, Benoit was considered by many loyalists to be untrustworthy and unsupportive of the king. Benoit only managed to hold on to his title thanks to his well respected parents. Benoit's personal life was also very tragic. Benoit's father had arranged a marriage for him when he was 5, and he only met his bride shortly before his 21 birthday when they were to wed. The night before, Benoit decided to elope with the woman he was truly in love with. Sadly this love was not to be as many forces conspired against Benoit, and his beloved Mary. In the end, Mary was poisoned, and a broken hearted Benoit had no choice but to return to Paris. Sadly, his timing couldn't have been worse as Robespierre had just instituted the Reign of Terror. Benoit was thrown into prison where he withered away rapidly due to a hunger strike, and lack of sleep. Benoit wanted to die, but he couldn't bring himself to dash out his brains when he knew a painless death waited around the corner for him. Benoit's final day as a human was bleak, cold, overcast, and with just enough of a drizzle to soak a person to the bone if they were unlucky enough to be outside. As Benoit was strapped into the guillotine, Benoit cursed his life, he cursed all that had brought him to his end, and most importantly, he cursed God. Benoit had completely given up on all of his beliefs, realizing them to be what had brought him to his end. No merciful God existed, as no God would ever let a man's life end like this. Indeed, Benoit reasoned, that if any higher power existed, it was Satan. In fact, Benoit spat in the face of the priest that tried to bless his poor soul. Benoit greedily lapped up whatever blood he could get off of the bench on the Guillotine. Benoit had truly broken with God as the Guillotine's blade came down on his neck. There was a sharp agonizing pain as the blade ripped through Benoit's neck, but as he died, Benoit was transformed into the living dead. His now detached head was still quite "alive" as Benoit crazily lapped up as much blood from the basket where his head had landed as possible. Moving under its own volition, Benoit's body ripped apart the guillotine it had been bound to and killed the nearby executioner. When everything was all said and done, nobody that had witnessed Benoit's unbirth was more than a puddle of unrecognizable organs. Benoit laughed as he surveyed the scene gruesome as he thought to himself how wonderful it was to be "alive". With that, Benoit turned on his heel, and walked off into the night towards his families house....