

*I'm scared, I don't want to die...*

The woman screamed as she was being burned alive and the man just smiled. He slowly backed out through the crowd to escape the scene before the townspeople were able to become eager for two deaths that night.

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"Burn her!" one man screamed, voice hoarse, from the back. Others cheered. "Kill that witch!" a woman screamed elsewhere.

The night sky lit up as torches flew upon the pile of wood. It burst into flames.

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I was tied to a wooden pole, beneath my feet were piles of timber. I couldn't move no matter how much I struggled, then I saw him. Standing amongst the crowd, the man who did this. I shouted, trying to make them understand that they were wrong and it was the man they wanted, not me. No one believed me.

I watched her struggle, a drop of sweat ran down my neck as the thought passed that that could've been me. It passed quickly, however, I was still free. I saw her make eye contact, she recognized me and pleaded in denial, trying to pin the blame and punishment upon myself - it didn't work.

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I awoke tied by ropes, frightened, in a jail cell. I was alone and scared, what happened? "It's almost time." I heard a guard say. "Filthy monster." What did they mean? They took me out and carried me to the front of a crowd where I saw it and I knew what was going to happen next.

I went to the town and told the people what she 'was'. A monster, inhuman, demonic. They ate up my words as if they were gold. I had them in my grasp. She would be my ticket. It was working. They gathered wood and the town lit up with burning torches, all walking towards the center stage. I stood back and waited, those fools.

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I was home and safe, it was night. I was cooking, dancing, happy. Suddenly, a knock at my door, I opened it. A gentlemen of sorts, I invited him in. He was a traveler, an adventurer. We laughed, it was fun, then it happened. I was bound and gagged and knocked out, I did not know why.

I was being chased, hunted, for what I was. I needed an escape, a place to hide. It was dark in the forest as I ran from my death. A house appeared, I knocked, invited in, a plan hatched in my head. She was a scapegoat, an easy pray. We laughed, it was fun, then I attacked her. I would take her to them, she would be the one they want.

*Foolish mortals...*