



# The Dagger's Tale

by

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Energy courses through me; the vibrations of cosmic energy.

As is a crow a marker of imminent demise, is the electricity sparking at my teeth.

I taste the fresh lick of blood as she carries me in her petite hand, soft marble stained already from the assassination she brews in that handsome head.

Murderous intentions have never before transformed a woman so attractive. Her veil caught by the wind parting to reveal a pale face of chiseled stone. With an angled chin and velvet cheeks, she sets her jaw and grips my handle ever tighter.

She knows me well, though not well enough.

I am a brandished dagger, to be sheathed until the climactic moment, not to be held as a plaything during the lengthy hours of anticipation.

I am a shark-toothed barbarian to be wielded in a hailstorm of rage, whilst the thunderous roar of battle commences, and the skies rot with crimson.

Yet my senses impart upon me her callous dispassion as if she had sealed every inch of her repugnance inside the fibres lining my handle.

She is a cold beauty, and I long for her wrath to detonate. I know that it will once he is near.

My mark; the King. A fool to make of himself in trusting this wretched enchantress, as many before.

We venture for a while longer until my lady passes me onward. Unto the thickened palms of a broad man.

Byrnie, leg warmers, and thick dark hair sprouting from his chin. He is a sore sight and I glance to my lady, glad for at least one pleasant view.

The vibrations return a while later, stronger, pulsating through hot steel. I warm in the hand of the bearded man and the fool on his horse is glimpsed between the trees.

I burn through the fatty outer layer of his flesh, my tongue salivating at the overpowering scent of the fool's expiration.

My lady offers her hand, her face alight with compassion, she glows as the sun does on a summer's day.

Water extended as an offering, the fool beams and drops from his horse. Trusting; unfit for his position.

Voltage at an ever-high, the fool bends to drink from her delicate hand and I am thrust into the sternum.

Sticky on my teeth, sweet on my lips, acidic down my spine.

I meet the insides of the fool, ripping skin and organ. Blood submerges me for an exhilarating second more until I am yanked from the warmth into the cool grey once more.

The fool staggers and my lady trembles with passion resurged. Her eyes darken and she turns away, towards me, to reclaim me as her own.

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## Author's viewpoint

*"I've been watching a lot of The Witcher recently and reading Six of Crows by Leigh Bardugo, both of which inspired me. I've been writing since middle school and I'm currently studying creative writing at Arts University Bournemouth. It was fun to win this competition and it has boosted my confidence to apply for things"*