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As the solstices pass, the name 'Blood Witch' becomes more and more feared,

A label given to me by a society that does not understand.

They call me a vampire, an evil sorceress,

Draining the life of their children, leaving them with only illusions for memories.

But they do not know the truth, they do not see the magic that I wield,

The power I possess, the world as I see it with all its wonder and beauty.

They only see the darkness, the fear, the pain that I am falsely accused of causing.

I am not the monster they believe me to be, I am a woman driven by desperation and despair.

I began as a young scientist with pure intentions, searching for a way to extend life and help those around me.

But as time passed, my name and my actions were twisted and distorted by fear and misunderstanding.

Now, I am an outcast, reviled and hated, but not because they know my true identity.

No, it is because the Blood Witch is evil, life-draining, a creature to be feared.

But I cannot help but feel a sense of loneliness, a longing for understanding and acceptance.

For I am not the monster they believe me to be, I am a woman trapped in a role I did not choose.

I will keep fighting, I will keep striving for something better, for I am the Blood Witch and I will always be misunderstood.

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