

The Conquest

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The effort and energy that claimed the simple operation of opening the eyes if only a few millimeters raised you an idea of ??the state of deterioration that was. The fuzzy, blurry and incomprehensible images that appeared before his eyes, too. I felt a huge, deep freeze, even though I had the feeling of lying on your back on something warm and gooey. We invaded a general paralysis embracing his whole body, making the movement was an impossible trivial all ...

I did not feel anything ...

All his awareness of what was happening in their environment was reduced to packages indecipherable seemed to pass over him ... chaotic, frenetic, dizzying. Otherwise impossible, remembered absolutely nothing of what had led him to that state, as if his short-term memory had been disconnected. Into his mind came only remnants of a past more remote ...

But I felt nothing ...

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Khala was setting behind the mountains of Ataharya, that of the high peaks of eternal ice. His last rays reflected off the snow adjacent to the high mountains forming colored fans, painting colors in the East Valley. On the other side of the imposing mountain range, the West Valley extended its day sheltered from the shadows of the mountains.

The figure on the edge of the ledge of the cliff was alien to the beauty of the landscape. His thoughts wandered more devious ways and worldly. He was born into a tribe of farmers, simple people and simple habits rough hands who smelled of dirt and sweat that went hungry in the dry season and fed on grain and bread when the great god Sila them but still smiling save for when he did not. The Valle Del Este was thus living on their work, oblivious to what was happening across Ataharya. Shuala not. He cursed to be born on this side, so wanted to be on the other, the place of the great adventures, the cradle of conquerors and armies bloodthirsty. Where the junk, divine precious metal, adorned the necks of females with beautiful gems and Morbia Daseral. There the children grew up alongside the soldiers, and war, conquest, were subjects of daily and routine treatment. There no one planted and worked the field, that were slaves, tens of thousands of slaves collected in the many heroic military campaigns, dying by the hundreds every day of fatigue and hunger by giving the perfect excuse for another raid, another adventure , another massacre. Once, as a boy, had crossed the mountains in a tortuous and terrible journey to join, joining those who so admired. They had laughed at him and had put to death. It would never be accepted because it was a mistake. It was neither one thing nor the other. He was a warrior born among peasants. But he had not resigned to their fate, had somehow partially corrected that mistake. He had traveled widely, bustling about the most dangerous roads, where life was worth little and lived only marginalized and renegades. In that underworld was found in his element and he tempted death in all its facets. But besides luck. A legendary renegade soldier taught him the arts of war and fighting and Shuala showed great interest and talent to become unbeatable. He fought on all fronts in endless bloody raids along with his mentor and his horde of unmentionables. The huge collection of scars that covered their body from tip to tip gave mute testimony to the ferocity and courage. His disfigured face, parted in the middle diagonally by a failed coup d'ax, only inspired horror and it was not long before his own mentor began to fear. Fadish, it was called, was a full warrior but Shuala was a murderer and he finished awareness had been killed and his small but terrible bind of marginal. Thus he embarked on the most atrocious and bloody massacres against defenseless tribes could hardly offer a feeble resistance.

And they were going months and years and his name began to deliver in the valley, whispered, as preventing a demonic invocation. The number of his followers grew in number and quality, which was once a disorganized and brutal horde was gradually taking military aspect and soon became a large army, disciplined and lethal. But, of course, already bored Shuala massacring defenseless poor, wanted to prove his potential against a true militia. Sometimes his gaze pierced the mountains to the west, and thought of those who rejected it, despised it ... but I knew that was far from done even against smaller squads on the other side ... And that depressed him. And was depressed when he lifted one thing: kill.

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His vision was slowly gaining clarity, now saw a wooden masts very close to him, just twenty or thirty feet, a very perpendicular, others more likely, some close, others more distant. In total six accounting thought. Gradually the noise and initial agitation was going to still give way to sedate shouts orders issued in the form of isolated, weary. He saw standing figures walking slowly, swords and spears in hand. They were soldiers ... red blood ... maybe injured but with the position of victory. Then he remembered ...

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