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Love: the Villain of the Story

Matthew R. Vondersaar

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LOVE: THE VILLAIN OF THE STORY

Mathew R. Vondersaar

“YOU KNOW, I CAN’T SAY I’M MUCH A FAN OF MURDER.” The voice pauses. “I find it a rather ineffective method of control and advancement. Because, and this is important, it doesn’t cause me to gain anything. It.”

He breathes in heavily before releasing it in frustration.

“Speaking purely logistically it causes the other side that I oppose to lose some semblance of power. but can in turn be used against me.”

Where before there was but blackness, now there stands the outline of a man.

“Either from the rage that comes from a lost loved one, or from the inspiration that comes in the form of a martyr.”

The hulking mass of the speaker comes into acuity.

“The follow up solution is to pull people to your side, that however raises the problem of control; for how do you change someone? Someone of value, rather.”

As the light on him intensifies that bulk is revealed instead to be a coat, a coat composed of a multitude of patches.

“But people of that nature are rather difficult to convince, as that person in order to pull to one side or another and

to hold them there has to have a bit of faith that can be tapped into, rather than raw logic.”

His clothes beneath that coat are unremarkable, simple black clothes fitting well to his slender frame. His face remains shadowed under his hood.

“Naturally I would argue my logic is among the most sound; however, those who pursue logic often fail to see when their own has begun to fail them until another comes to point to that failure; and in which case we have two scenarios.”

The void seems to lose some of its core from the light bathing the speaker.

“One: In which they refute this logic and continue to be my enemies, and in which case I either am forced to continue to try to convince them and thereby spend time and resources, or remove them as elements that oppose my personal equation.”

A singular pillar of white slowly forms behind the speaker.

“Two: They conform to my logic, meaning they are creatures that are added to the list of possible allies; however they are therefore below me in levels of competence, and thereby worthy only as things that may serve to increase my own standing, useful, but limited. “

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The crack in the void widens until it is nearly the speaker's width.

"Conquering the world is boring. Doing so means that my abilities have surpassed that of the rest of mankind, but do not hold that I had the right to do so."

The pillar turns on its center, spinning slowly around the speaker.

"Conquering a society? Better, but often this can lead to group mentality and thereby have some who choose to rise up; perhaps without even a reason other than rebellion."

The turns gain energy, increasing in speed.

"Love...is that not to take a person and to conquer them? Is it not to sway them to the point of which they choose to give you the greatest of themselves, to do anything for those that hold it?"

"Conquering an individual. Now that...would prove I have both the moral principle above that person, and indeed the mental fortitude to defeat that person. A will and a way if you will."

The blackness begins to bend the white pillar, and they turn over each other.

"I guess I'll simply have to go one by one then, and then it's only a matter of time before I have you all..."

The speaker stands amidst this towering spiral, a dance of black and white.

"Don't you go and die on me yet "Hero." We have a lot of work to do."

The speaker removes his hood, revealing a face without features.

"Love, the main villain of your story, but not the world's."

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LIGHT GHOST

Kateri Whitfield

