

# Blood In The Eyes

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*first of my exercises im relaeasin today to the general public*

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## 1 - exercise

Above, a hawk glided an uneven lazy circle in a futile attempt of foraging before dawn approaches, with it the scorching rays of the desert's burning sun. Below, a lonesome highway long forgotten in a county lost in the sands of time with amber sand stretching for miles, as far as the eye can see. A secluded figure hangs low over his horse as they trod slowly down the highway towards the barrier mountains and the unknown beyond. Dehydrated and hungry, their rations depleted.....days or weeks ago? Who knew, in this barren country time had no meaning. This close to the dark tower, the nexus of time, days melded into weeks, weeks warped back into minutes. The only real thing anymore was to keep moving, always towards the rift in the horizon. Nine poops ago, that was his most accurate guess on how long he's been in this distorted place. Looking up, the mysterious pariah wiped his brow and stroked the mare's mane.

"easy girl, our journeys almost over." rasped the enigmatic shadow, urging her forward, ever forward like always. Seldom one to look back, he's never second guessed himself in his expedition. Ever since he dropped out of high school, the day his parents died in that bandit raid, he's been traveling all the worlds looking for the dark tower which held his ka, destiny in his native tongue. Riding on his trusty raven-black mare with her trademark crimson eyes, he looked right at home probably out of place on any other companion. In his riding denims, a pair of faded blue jeans covered by a pair of white chaps completed with a charcoal colored button-up shirt. With a red bandanna covering his clean-shaven face and his snake-skin hat drawn low, the tendrils of anticipation started touching his heart when his progress was stalled. Striding along, the mare suddenly kneeled and fell over dead, the outsider deftly twisted to avoided being crushed. Wanting to have his partner with him at all times, he swiftly bite her neck without missing a beat. Drawing her blood his thirst was sated.....but not satisfied, no never satisfied till he got his blood. As he set to slice up her carcass for provisions, he saw the first signs of the mysterious dust-cloud heading his way faster than he ever saw anything move before on all his days on the wild west. By the time he was finishing the job and laying the meat on his saddle blanket to dry, the dust devil was dying down around a small bright blue machine. Like a coach...but it only has two wheels and even then these wheels look nothing like a stage-coach's wooden ones. In fact this...thing didn't even look wooden at all, more flimsy but solid at the same time. It wasn't until he saw the figure riding this contraption he made the most accurate analogy yet.....a metal horse with wheels instead of legs. The figure finally got off his mechanical horse covered head to toe in bright blue racing leathers and helmet, the same color of his bike.

"hey there stranger, looking a little lost aren't you?" said the blue stranger as he took off his helmet.....to stare down the barrels of twin .44s.

"howdy, guess ya gots' some 'splainin to do huh partner?" interjected the mysterious vaquero staring down the motorcycle coldly before the rider swiftly pulled his knife while knocking the guns into the air with a roundhouse, just to get a boot to the face when he completed the turn, knocking him off his feet. The cowboy caught the guns mid-air without a second thought and leveled them at the rider's face, standing on his knife hand all the while.

"Wanna try that 'gain partner? Who are you, some no-rate magician?" asked the shadowy stranger, self-conscience to remain stoic so not to let out his secret.

" My names A.J Jackson friend." said A.J trying to smile in self-preservation.

"that's better bud, im liking you already, show no fear right, the name's Orville son of Roland.....the last gunslinger." boasted Orville proudly as he tossed his guns up and they landed perfectly in their holsters,

helping A.J up of the ground all the while.

“if ya don’t mind my askin’, your horse I’ve never seen anything’ like it befor’.” asked the cowboy, confused.

“my...horse? I got no clue whatcha talking about dude” he said Orville looking at his motorcycle.

“oh that’s no horse, that’s my Kawasaki man, custom made and tuned, best street racer on the west coast.” he beamed proudly

“cow-a-sock-e.....I reckon I don’t rightly followed ya there partner” said Orville confused, scratching his head.

“uhh never mind...partner. So what brings you out here in the middle of nowhere and everywhere, the beginning and end of time” they synchronized unknowingly on the end of the sentence, the same on they’ve heard over and over through their heads everyday since the man in the tower killed every aspect of their previous lives, although neither knew the connection between them. A hawk spiraled down and landed on Orville’s shoulder causing him to look up just in time to see a bluish-green stream of smoke like a comet across the sky. Startled, he shot his guns empty at it and A.J drew his knife again, it didn’t occur to him it had no use at this range. The banner in the sky started corkscrewing then plummeting down to the barren wasteland below, a mile or so away from where they were standing...or what should have been a mile but distance doesn’t