

Doomsdays Doomday

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Got to get back to you on that.

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1 - The Start

Doomsday walked into the shadow part of the trees and layed into the grassy part. She looked up at the sky wondering what got her into this mess. Looking up at the night sky she realized she wasn't alone. Doomsday sat up at the sound of foot-prints. " Whatta you want?" She asked not knowing whos beihind her. She didn't recive an answer.

Taking a deep breath she turned around. "Oh its you." She looked up at her older brother Fear. Fear is thge quiet one who is seven feet tall with black hair and dark purple tips. Fear brushed a leaf off his black shirt.

"Don't be so rude Dooms. Its not nice." He said in a low tone.

"Since when do you get off telling me how to act?" She snarled.

He looked at her and helped her to her feet. For a quiet breef moment of silence they looked up at the moon and stars. Reaper, the oldest brother, jumped to the tree swiftly without making a noise.

"I know your there, Reaper." Doomsday weak voice called out.

"Damn it. Damn you and your fracking scences." Reaper snickered.

"I have no point of this." Fear says as he walks away.

Reapers long midnight blue hair flows with the light breeze. " Lets go home Doomsday." Doomsday looked up at him and with a soft almost herd whisper she replied, " We have no true place to call home..." After her voice traced off. Reaper looked down at her. He reached and picked her up by her back belt loop. "Come on now."

All three of them walk home when they notice a burnt down house across the street. Doomsdays eyes widen with fear and slowly gets drawn in by the spiritacal energy from the house. "Doomsday?" Both the brothers ask. Her eyes still widden and still drawn. She can't feel her body. She gets closer to the door. Fear and Reaper watches from the distance. "Doomsday..?"

She reaches out to open the door, before she could grab the doornob Fear grabs her hand. "Theres nothing here... Come on." He says. Doomsday snaps out of her hynopsis and looks at Fear. "What happened?"

"I don't know you was kind of out of it." Fear responds.

She stares blankly then walks the other way, "Come on... Lets go." Her brothers sighed in releif.

Doomsday ran up the steps and up the stairs to her bedroom. She sat on her round black bed. She grabbed a pillow and hugged it. Tears streamed down her face. "The memories hurt..." She whimpered. "How I couldn't stop it! How I couldn't stop *them*"

2 - Burnt Scars

Doomsday sighed and twirled her purple hair. Her eyes gleam up at the posters on her ceiling. She gets up from her depressed state and opens up her window as if a prince in black armor would save her. Doomsday checked her clock. "Only 3AM... How long will it be to where I can just pop all these stitches keeping me alive?!" She cried as the flash back started...

"Mom? Where are you...? Dad...?" Young Doomsday whimpered. She looked over to her dead burnt down home. Smelling the flesh of her parents inside. *Why do you hate us?! We was perfect! We listened to you we obeyed you!*

Doomsday snapped out of it and walked out her room listening to her brothers conversation.

"We can't stay here any longer. Sooner or later someone will figure us out." Fear analyzed his words carefully.

"I know but still, changing our lifestyle for another century is cruel to us all." Reaper objected. "And. Most of the retards here are mostly demons; like us."

"But what happened fifteen-thousand years ago was not our fault" Fear displeased.

Doomsday sighed and walked down the stairs. Her brothers paused from the conversation. She looked at them; they had the hunch she heard the whole thing in the first place. They sighed and opened their mouths to apologize, but Doomsday held her hand up, "Save it. Finding a new home isn't necessary." Reaper stood from the arm chair he was in. Fear looked up and did the same, he took a deep breath, "Doomsday, I understand your decision but its not healthy-"

"Save it! I'm staying here!" She cried.

Reaper held his arms out to Doomsday for a comfort hug. Doomsday ignored it and walked out the front door. Fear sighed and looked at Reaper, who was about to chase after her, "Don't. We have Hannah if anything happens. We couldn't control why our parents burned our home down, let her be."