

No More Bad People

By : Louis Romeo

Once upon a time there was a precious prince. Corrupted by reality he sets off to release his vengeance for the people who corrupted him.

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Once upon a time there was a precious prince, a prince just like any other, who had friends and enjoyed his normal life. But her mother, who was frequently mad, who would argue with the prince and walk out as soon as the prince won made the prince very sad. Combined by the evil of the people and his mother, the prince's depression grew. Poor, the prince was, always being misunderstood for a lazy dog by his misunderstanding parents. Soon this sadness inside him grew, "Why couldn't everyone just live the way society would?" asked the prince in his imaginative mind. The attitude of most people around him grew worse, even just as seeing an adult scolding a boy would make him even more depressed. Combined by the stress of daily work, the fiery rage of people and the attitude of his mother, the precious prince's sadness turned to anger, eventually it turned into hatred. No matter how God would comfort the prince, his mind and heart would be closed. As time passes by, society for him grew worse, just as his hatred for the world. Now with his heart and mind sealed shut, there will be no one stopping him any further; not even the God he relied the most. Hatred has succumbed him, vengeance is imminent his heart grew colder every passing day. "This world I see today reminds of Sodom and Gomorrah. I could not control this rage inside me any longer!" says the rage blind prince.

Then one day, the prince came up with an evil stained plan. Forty days and forty nights it took to prepare, but he finished it with grim precision. And at the last day, he was prepared. Still hesitant of the hell he might unleash outside, the prince took time to think twice. But as he came back home, his mother stormed into his room and howled at him. Doing all his preparations he forgot to do his work. Her mother who just woke up continued to howl at him, throwing everything in sight. Of course the prince, having a habit to calmly explain told her mother he was sorry that he forgot. But his mother, who thinks he slacked off, thrashed his belongings and pinched him painfully. Now the prince, like a spark in a vat of hot gas, exploded in fury shoved her mother heartlessly. Her mother on the other hand, fought back, but the prince, with unimaginable dark rage struck her down with a demonic voice louder than a strike of lightning. With her mother traumatized, not realizing what she had done, the prince stormed out of their house. "No more! No more! These people, My Parents, Everyone, I am sick of them all. Considering themselves lucky like narcissists. I will put their luck to the test. He went to his small hut to gather his equipment. The look of his face says it all. His heart and mind really was sealed shut by the fury inside him. Next he went to an old junk truck he took with him before and drove off. He arrived at a local city police department. He jumped off the truck, placed a heavy hollow block on the gas pedal and the truck went off. "These people, easily blinded by money did their work just for wealth. Good cop or corrupt, they shall all pay." The truck crashed into the building. Not knowing that the truck was rigged with tons of firework explosives, the police aimed their guns ready to shoot at the front seat. But as they opened the front door, no one was inside the fireworks exploded leveling the whole establishment. "Now with no more heroes to protect them, let's see how lucky they are." Civilians staring at him with anger, ready to beat into a pulp cursed him and spat at him. But as soon as he grabbed his machine gun, those heroic eyes of the citizens disappeared. They ran away screaming, he shot them all with the continuous blast of lead from his guns. He blasted his way into the school he went. As he entered there he was, the giant teacher who thinks he's boss. He was planning on tackling the prince. What a foolish move. He shot the teacher to his death just like that. He killed a whole lot of older students, "These bastards who bully those who are weak. They think they have it all, doing drugs and all. God doesn't need of these bastards. Those foolish students, who tried to fight back in front of their girlfriends like heroes. The prince shot them like bugs being crushed by his boots. He moved out and killed many citizens like Toni Cipriani in LC. Going in many squatter houses, "These people who do nothing but to pollute the waters with garbage, refuse to leave their homes but refusing to change from their old ways. I will personally drive their lives out of their homes." He shot them all. Then a place caught his evil eyes, a

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beerhouse. "This place riddled with whores and demons alike. Once you're already in hell, only the devil can help you out." As he would do before, he shot them with his guns. Now the place once crowded with people, is now scattered with lifeless bodies and used bullet cartridges. He blankly stared at the ghost town he created, and shouted, "It's not about the deaths I deliver! It's about the message I make!" He calmly walked away the abandoned town, when he saw an old crying man at the sidewalk. He discarded his guns and threw away his armor. His cold flaming eyes burned off and his demonic stone like face softened. He grabbed a bill his pocket and gave it to the man.

And just as how a movie would end, he rides off in the sunset. Never to be seen again.

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