TENEBRES GLAXVIER

The mastermind behind the 22nd century orthodoxy

The executing chamber was deafeningly silent. The flickering fluorescent light hung low above the prisoner, barely illuminating his contorted, decaying face. The air was thick with a scent of old metal and the hallways of an abundant hospital. The dim room was cold and bleak, clinically designed to resemble the absence of human dignity. Chains rattled as the hostage strained against the chains, strapped to the electrical chair. His breath ragged from the immersed effort of escaping. His eyes burning with defiance and malice.

Tenebres Glaxvier stood towering before him, impeccably dressed in a dark high collar leather coat, his gloved hands clasped backwards as if pondering deeply about his hostage. His gaze, disdainful and calculating bored deeply into the prisoner like a predator ready to tackle its prey. The dissension between them was indescribable.

"You think you understand suffering." Glaxvier said, his voice measured, almost calm.

"You believe your pain and rebelliousness give you the right to fight against me. But you…" he leaned forward, his presence overwhelming.

"You know nothing."

The man in the chair, beaten and bruised, spat blood on the floor as he struggled to speak.

"W-w-we know enough…" he rasped, after many failed attempts.

"Enough to see you for what you are. You're no "Saviour of Detroit" nor are the "The Great Glaxvier" everyone addresses you as. A tyrant, a hypocrite, a remorseless, tyrannical dictator is what you truly are.

Glaxvier exhaled, suppressing a laugh, shaking his head.

"Hypocrite? Tyrant? Dictator? He said this by adding more emphasis to each word.

"You think that's all I am. Do you think I'm not aware of what I've become? He turned away for a moment, his eyes lost in the dull glow of the swaying lamp. Then rage flushed right into him and without warning, Tenebres inexorably grabbed the already ruined man by the shoulders and bellowed vigorously at him.

“You think your antagonism would prevent me from seizing power over humanity? I haven’t come this far for a proletariat of no use with his petty, little unrealistic fantasies to be the downfall of me! DO you know what I’ve endured? TELL ME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I’VE BEEN THROUGH TO BE HERE? TO BE WHO I AM TODAY? YOU DON’T!”

Glaxvier squeezed his shoulders intently one last time , his tightening grip dug deep into the old, decayed flesh, before he retreated and composed himself. His face was flushed with rage and redness, gradually ceasing which consequently led him back to his former position. As he paced around the traumatised man, he continued his speech, but this time a tone of mockery and despise could be sensed.

“You’ve never endured true suffering. You think living under my dictatorship is torturous and enslaving? I was a child whenI first saw true evil. Not in the streets, not in the states, but my very own “home.” My father was a monster. I watched him brak man like you with his bare hands, tearing them apart. And I remember how you could always find surgical tools laying about everywhere. I remember how whenever I wanted a snack from the fridge, all I would find were bags and bags of organs. My father didn’t even try to hide it from me. I lived in a trafficking hub.” He took a deep, contemplative breath.

“I swore I’d never be like him…”

He chuckled, low and husky. "And yet, here we are."

The rebel’s eyes narrowed. "Then why keep going?"

Glaxvier turned sharply, stepping closer. His voice dropped to a whisper, deadly and intimate.

"Because during the course of me in solitary confinement, I learnt things that no one would ever in their life. I was sent to the asylum for a whole entire decade for attempting murder on my very own brother. There I lived with dissociated, twisted mad paranoids who were cast out of society. They were also who I later on called my educational guidance. It was there that I learnt the most complex of human nature and the absolute control of one’s mind which significantly sharpened my intellect. I knew when to cry, when to laugh, when to show my charm and cunningness, and most importantly, when to use evil and manipulation. From once being called “undereducated,” “helpless,” to the “Saviour of Detroit,” followed by “President T.Glaxvier“ and “The Great Glaxvier” who everyone admires, really leads to me thinking. What can’t I do ?

As these invigorating words were being said, Tenebres strode around his intrigued listener.

“You can’t live forever! You would perish one day and your Orthodox or “The Glaxiton Philosophy” would die alongside you! That’s what you are not capable of!” screamed the helpless lad. But his statement was immediately suppressed.

“You just proved my point my old comrade. You're too weak and simple minded to comprehend the fact that I do not have to live in order to continue my philosophy. “The Glaxiton Philosophy or more commonly known as The 22nd century Orthodoxy” is a book I’ve been working on. Everything I’ve formulated these past decades are all concise into this one transcript. All my famous quotes, inventions, speeches and ideology such as “There is no freedom, there is no love, nor is there truth, thus freedom is found in veganance, love only for your saviour and power shall only be attained by one” or “The Red and Black Cross campaign” could all be found in this one book.”

“B-b-b-but…The people…” said the uncertain prisoner.

“Indeed. The people are surely the one’s I fear the most. People like you don’t exist in vast amounts. But people like the ordinary don't want freedom nor power. They are weak. They want to be ruled, they want to feel useful, they want to experience pride. Proletariats are the simple minded people who think they would one day be raised up, be acknowledged. But the truth is they can’t.”

“But..” pronounced the man.

“There are no “Buts.” There is only power, and I am in hold of that.”

Then all of a sudden, as if by command, the chains tighten in such a rapid speed that not even the strongest, most robust man could prevent it. The chains heated up, turning red as if ready to crush anyone wrapped around it.

Tenebres gestured to the direction of the door that was concealed by darkness.

“I could let you go. I can let you run back to your obedient, submissive rats and tell them who I really am. But you know already, don’t you?” His gloved hands brushed gently against the switch for the sake of seeing the vulnerable man’s reaction. At last, he got what he wanted. A man so weak, so mindless, so unconscious. A man who wanted to die.

“Kill me…I said KILL ME!” screamed the man in undescribable pain.

“I couldn’t agree more. You should die thinking of me, loving me, I’m your saviour and I shall always be that. You’ve already lost from the very beginning.”

The light flickered. The silence held. And then a click was heard. Followed by a scream of agony.