Nero Amentia

“Nero’s Room”

3 March 2013

 In a small forest resides the town “Pony Vile” not to be confused with a pleasant town called “Ponyville”. No, this town was Pony Vile, a dreary town made of very tall, thin houses constructed of ebony wood or brick that were scattered around in an unspecific manor. Despite their strange building the people are fairly bland creatures, but one unicorn, named Nero, simply could not stand the dull state of the town. Nero was a tall unicorn with black fur that was outlined by a shade of red; his cutie mark was a strange symbol of an eye that was surrounded by a series of circles and other strange shapes. He lived on the close border of the town, and at age 16 had a fair knowledge of magic, religion, and history.

 One day Nero decided he would make a pact with Discord to change the dull town. He gathered all the basic things for a pact; all that was left was an offering. In Nero’s cellar he drew his cutie mark on the floor with chalk then took out a small slender knife he had used to open letters. Walking towards the center of the mark he thrust the knife into his left eye, but as the blood fell onto his mark it illuminated with a dark shade of red. Yanking the blade with the eye still on it out of its bloody socket he stabbed it swiftly into the center of his mark, causing the glow to illuminate brighter. Clasping his hoof over his eye he watched as his cutie mark morphed and changed into a whole in which the plunged into, only to fall asleep.

 When Nero came too, he found himself within what seemed to be a dream version of his home. It was like oddly humorous yet seemingly evil as he walked a pink hallway that had a swirl of blue going down one corner. Once he got to the end he opened a door that smell and that perhaps even made of chocolate. Outside the door was a clear field that was filled with balloons, apples, sometimes evil purple bunnies. In the center was an odd being Nero instantly recognized as Discord.

 “Why hello little pony how do you do, I see you’re a bit broken is there something wrong with you?” He rhymed as Nero drew closer.

 Covering his eye Nero stated as so, “Never mind my eye Lord Discord, I have sacrificed it as for you to gift my town with your chaos!” He said almost happily. Directly infront of Discord he stared bravely into his eyes.

“My dear boy, do you understand what you ask? Though I must agree with would be a pleasant task. Let me ask you now simply and fast, yes I shall as long as you last.”

 Almost afraid now Nero inquired, “Last? What do you mean by “Last” am I to do something that would put me in harm?”

 “Perhaps not you but your body shall, already have I relieved your soul from its fleshy shell!” Discord said slyly with a chuckle, though Nero now stood staring in fear at Discords left eye realizing that the eye looking back at him-was his own. Suddenly, Discord lifted his hand to the air laughing as the balloons around him closed in and then Nero slept once more.

 Waking up Nero could see again from his left eye but it was not his actions he could see, it was his body moving to Discords control-his body was as it seemed to be, possessed. He watched as his body burned his house and all evidence of the pact, then proceeded to burn the houses of others. In all the dread and flames Nero closed his left eye then focused with his right. He then could see that his “other self” was in a dark red room, lit dimly by the glow of candles. In the center of the room was a piano with a small picture on it. Walking towards it he could see that the picture was of Discord, laughing at him. However, instead of most common pictures it was literally laughing at him. Amidst all the silence of the room, Nero heard only the laughing, so quickly as he could Nero rushed to play the piano and drown the laughing. Deeper into the laughing Nero played forever a melody that seemed to drive him into utter madness, into chaos.