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The Troll of Death

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Dead bodies of fair young nude ladies and men were hanging with the help of scattered branches of the enormous trees. Before it, they were the charm of beauty and attraction. Their nipples and genital parts were eaten by rats whose teeth become red from the human blood. The hanging bodies have no breathes and lives and they have gone into the way of hell inasmuch no body haven't idea that they would get this type of Hellenic torture. Rests of the people were cried to save their lives but they couldn't think the way to survive and they were running here and there in search of life. I come out through my room and I watched many fair bodies hanged beneath the tree. Their eyes were closed for ever. I was shocked when I looked them through my specks. A picture had become clear in front of me. I was not a hero but a common man, a man of full of imagination and full of courage. They had no clothes over their bodies because these were tore after a strike of infections. The troll had ready to eat them with the hungry desire. They robbed their fleshs and bodies. They were playing a bloody game. Some trolls were tried to rape the female bodies and they turn off their clothes to intimate by their pointed sex organs. After molesting, the females were not able to alive because the crucial and badly torture by them. And then their bodies were again raped by the monstrous rats and vampires. The scene of sex and violence could present in every forms. Trolls were busy and become so violent as no one could understand what they had to do. They had crucial desire to satisfy their hunger of lust. In the other side when they absurd with the sex with those human figure, they enjoyed with their own female trolls and after satisfaction they used to consume human blood and pissing over the other human bodies. The human body could not tolerate the comical reaction of their urine, consequently they died like acid had been fallen on their soft bodies. There were darkness and shadow of death where ever I run my sight. It was the dual between men and supernatural creatures, those evil spirits had breast like a virgin lady and their half bodies were alike men. Meanwhile I run through a hill side which was a barren land. Leaves of trees were lost their real origin and it's were fulfilled with pale color and its branches were dropping the rain of blood. Winds of ominous perfection were flowing there, on my way I could feel a vibration among the hills. What was that? What was about to happening? My throat has choked and I could not make a little bit noise as male eagle could activate its senses towards me. I moved my short and fearful footstep and I saw a pair of enormous eagle who were hatching eggs into a whole amid a hill and their nest was the stomach of pig. That is to say, female eagle had brought a great pig and tore his fleshy tissue from its center and after tearing it she had used to hatch her eggs. I was totally

afraid after watching that and try to run from there but I could not run fast as I could. I have never expected the present terrible panorama in my mind. Meanwhile I was trying to go, male Falcon's senses would notice my presence and I cried as I could. The male falcon had communicated other Falcons in order to finish my life span. Death was hanging over my head and I had no idea that I would be able to live. They were coming close to me and I closed my eyes likewise the famous proverb was that, how a pigeon is used to close his eyes when it saw a cat near to it (pigeon) and the same incident had been happening with me. There were no angel, there were no fairy. I was recalling the name of God inside my heart. A shoot of fire had been blasted near my ears and my body was trembling with the fear of those falcons and the voice of shoot. I reopened the gate of my vision and saw a gun in the arms of my friend. He had succeeded to kill them and I took a breath of rest and said thank God! It was you. I was thinking that I could not survive but I could. It happened because of you. Are you my friend or an Angel. Could you help me to recognize your identity? He smiled and smiled like all smiles stopped together, the famous quotation had taken through the lyrics of Robert Browning's *My Last Duchess*. He replied You can touch me! I am your friend. They felt heavenly moments with each other and forgot all would of passing the time which they were suffering. In a real meaning, he was an angel for me who saved my life. I was happy with him because he was a role model for me. He always an umbrella term for me. When I saw him, he had been running in search of me. Many monstrous were following him but he makes an offence to save his life for further minutes. I hugged him tightly as air could not pass between our bodies. I was happy to find him alive. Night had about to fading its serpent glow as it was about to call a voice of morning cock without a presence of cock, because all had been eaten by the vampires. Day had begun to grow and grow slowly slowly and everyone could notice the catastrophic and melancholic picture of destruction. In the past night, they were crying the name of GOD. The bloody night had been spent. The Sun was behaving like an innocent victim as he was not present when the storm of pity and terror were in its top height. And the Moon had gone to pass his vacations of fifteen days. Along with the stars had been shut their door of lights or eyes for the sake of not involving in other matters. And they had also the partners of those evil creatures of hell or night after night had appeared in front of the human creatures. People were getting mad in the fit of intensity. It was happen like the curse after the illicit plea made by the Satan on the Heaven and Eve and Adam were punished for their deeds. As Satan fallen on the sulfuric ditch and his hands and body were filled the wounds by the Almighty God. He was moving like a reptile. Likewise the marks of terrible night were not ended due to the rule of day after night and the night after day. We could compare it with a pause between a crucial and fatal drama or a storm of forthcoming evil made disaster. People were perpetuating dying after the stock of contagious attachments through water and air. The troll had been hidden for their next attack. In between I have seen that my friend called me for saving the lives, and I went to near him. All of a sudden I and my colleague have been planning to rescue the life of half alive and dead people who was crying for treatment, they had 01 % willpower inside them. Furthermore a doctor suggests me leave away from his infected body and also warned me that we cannot save his life due to infection has spread all over his body and put a big

automatic machine type dagger in his hand and cut a circle into his stomach and what have I seen, my eyes had grown broad and full of fear when I saw a deserted blood which has been changed into a black stony fountain and he died and others were also chasing the living persons for sucking their blood. Therefore in the day time, haunted human were barking like the mad dogs of those evil souls. The hanging bodies had converted into hanging bets and they are without their genitals as all had destroyed by the vampires. They could not depart from the branches but if any one come to close them, their long tongues could trap the men and women. My colleague's throat has been dried due to watch the dance of death surface of his eyes. And he puts a glass of water and swallowed it beneath his neck with it he was comfortable and says to me, I am fine now and both can fight with those monstrous creatures. I reply why are you saying so? He says I was thirsty so I used to consume water inside a bucket. I cries oh my God what have you done. It was not only water but also poisonous water. How can you do this type of stupidity? Within a few seconds, I can see transformation of his body's activity into a shower and his blood's color changed into black water and then blasted strongly. I run and run without turn my head as I can go far from him. And he has melt into the shape of dead ants. After losing my closest friend, I have tried to fight with those evils and my body was vibrating in the flow of rage. The face of my friend was encouraging me for the judgment. People were running and running beneath the roof of never ending. I had been murmuring the very famous song of Garcia Lorca, who was a celebrated Spanish dramatist of Twentieth Century and taken from his rural play entitled Blood Wedding, a play about the murder had done by the lover and the Husband for the Bride. They were killed each other in the fit of honor and love. Lorca's themes of the plays were full of adventures and death. I murmured the song between the Moon and Death;

Moon: Round swan in the river

And a cathedral's eye,

False dawn on the leaves,

They'll not escape; these things am I!

Who is hiding? And who sobs...

The moon sets a knife

Abandoned in the air

Which being a leaden threat

Yearns to be blood's pain...but let them be a long time a-

dying. So the blood

Will slide its delicate hissing between my fingers....

Death sings:

That moon's going away, just when they's near.

They won't get past here, the river's whisper...

Let not one bird awake, let the breeze,

Gathering their moans in her skirt

Fly with them over black tree-tops

Or bury them in soft mud.(Blood Wedding)

The following terrible conspirator plea between the Death and the Moon was the same counterpart of those creatures. It was happening like all stars and natural things had changed its mind for destruction and they were watching the movie of men's slaughter and violence. Life was in trouble. As it was the fight between life and death.

I was thinking that some one really would come for their help like it might a period of incarnation and Jesus Christ would take birth for defeating the evils on the earth. For example W. B. Yeats says;

Turning turning the in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer'

Things fall apart' the centre can not hold;

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,...

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

(Second Coming)

Death was awakened and nobody could far away in his bosom.

The tree and hills were covered with the bodies, and river's water had fulfilled with the blood. Nobody can touch it, nobody can quench their thirst. All air had polluted. I wandered about the terrible troll of death. Death was dancing and effective in front of my eyes. The heroes have not hero in their real meaning. Earth had become red with the blood and when I watched towards the sky, my breath was stop in a second, after watching the groups of blind creature were

wandered over our heads. These creatures were unable to see us due to the light of sun. So we could manage a safe idea to defeat them. But how how and how?

Some lyrics of deadly words had come into my brain and I was used to sing:

Troll of Death fallen on the earth
Lives had faded into the way of death,
Death had danced on the path of them
Death had crossed the Judgment Day.

How would take a breath of alive,
How would we run on the path of survive
There is no one to surgical strike
Life! Life where would you hide

Trolls of death have scattered over the sky
People performed as the puppetry way,
Earth and sky have the same cry
A troll of death spread day by day.

Breasts were sucked by them
Body raped by them
Blood blood mingled into to water
Water water does not remain the same

Death, Death and Death
Where ever I hath seen,

Whether it were ground or the sky

Mingled into the birth of cry

Or the final call of death.

Trolls of death has spread over the land

Troll of death has fallen on land of death.

These eerie creatures were making plan to kill us. They are looking like half men and half women, half animals and half birds including the pair of long weather. They have long tongues to suck the blood. I don't know where had they came from and how would they go. Life had become a great pause. I was gazing them over my head and a light has fallen onto their feathers, thought what that was. Ohh! It was the reflection of my watch that was supporting to tear their wings. An idea had come into my mind with a bullet speed it was that I used to put a piece of glass into my pockets and I took it out and reflected the sun light over them. It was surprising idea that they are moving here and there after reflecting shadow on their bodies. A tiny light can help to break their deadly plea. Many people came to support my planning and they were constant for some time that they have a hope to survive. Their eyes had become full of tears. They had lost their own sons, father, mother, wives and daughters. So they got stop for a while. Other people had brought small small pieces of glasses and jointed all of them united. It had shaped into a big lens of the glass and sun can make its light over it and sun's rays had changed into a weapon of fire. An arrow of fire likewise missile, we can see through our eyes which had made its distance to kill the all monstrous, and within a few seconds the wings of those bets creatures, had been haunted by the pressure of the fire. And they were destroyed over the earth like a paper fires by a fire. Sky had appeared smoky with their bodies and a rays tears the shadow of blackness or the ocean of black water, had entered into the path of life. A smile was running of our faces. We could not save the lives of wounded or infected people but we had saved the lives of the rest of people. Therefore the troll of death had ended with a ray of surviving hope. And it is right if we lose our hope, there is no life, and life remains alive where we have a hope. The troll had defeated by our courage and a perfect understanding of time. I was not hero but now called a hero among the people. The risks of life are never end but we have to awake our will power and have to strong attitude towards life. Life is when we live it confidently.

It was the end of evil night and beginning of a new birth or a new life. The tree had been set fired and whole creatures were burned into the fire. And I had a positive meaning of the poem of Fire and Ice by Robert Frost that the Earth would destroyed after the stroke of fire or the destruction made by the Ice. Paradoxically, happened against it, we found a new life with the help of fire and

each evils had ended their reign by fire and they had defeated by a single which took the lives of the people across the ocean of death and gave them a life of rainbow and rained the shower of happiness and joy.

I was happy

I was sad

Happy because a new life

Sad because I lost my guide.