

Example of Modern Fantasy:

I sat in the aftermath of my assassination attempt. It was not the first, and certainly won't be the last. But this one is different. I have lost Eric, my aide, my confidant, somebody whom I actually loved. My whole life has been ruled by lust, but with Eric it was different. Entirely platonic. I admired his physique every once in a while, but it never went further than that. And now I am sat in a pool of his blood. His body limp, flaccid, he has taken his final breath. It is my fault he is dead. I don't recognize the body of the woman he was entertaining tonight; she must be new. She should have stayed where she was. But alas, what's done is done.

My blood boils with anger and hatred for those that have caused me this pain. Those that will not leave me be, despite my protestations that I do not hurt others. I have ways to fulfil my desires, without causing any pain. Unlike those who hunt me down like a wild animal. I look at the three bodies spread around the floor of my house. I should clean them up, bury them and be done with it. But I ache for Eric and his lady-friend. Two more innocent people hurt in the pursuit of my race.

I have lived with the fear of persecution, of genocide, for the longest time. A war is raging between my people and mortals. Lies spread like wildfire. Lies that put my people in jeopardy. Painful memories splatter themselves across my mind, of my kind being burnt at the stake, whole villages destroyed, children slain in their beds so that they don't grow up like me. I am seeing red like never before; the anger is too much to bear. It is becoming all-consuming. I release a guttural scream into the empty, echoing house. My pain bouncing from the walls around me, maniacal cries screaming back.

I pick up my right hand, studying my long slender fingers, blood drips and pools to the floor. I am mesmerized by the way the moonbeams, snaking their way in through the considerable glass windows, make it glitter and shine. I stand slowly, the entire side of my body is slick with blood. I'm not sure whose blood it is... the assassin, the lady, my faithful companion? Their blood has combined in the most macabre way, one gruesome pool of what once gave these people life.

I bury the bodies in graves in the garden, Eric and his woman in marked graves, decorated with the night blossoming flowers I keep, the assassin in an unmarked grave far away from Eric.

Cleaning up the mess doesn't take long; I'm used to getting rid of pesky bloodstains. Plus, the quicker I clean, the sooner I can forge my plan. My plan to stop the hunting of my race, to get revenge on those who wronged me. The plan had been on the backburner for a while. I had been happy, living with Eric, keeping to myself. The last assassination attempt had been some fifty years before. I believed they'd given up, walked away from their twisted morals. I shouldn't have let my guard down as much as I did, it cost the life of my friend. This will not happen again. The Priests will pay.

I need back-up, insider information. To form an army. If that is what it takes to let my race roam the Earth freely and without prejudice, then that is what I'll do. I pick up my mobile phone and start typing.

The phone is bright in my hands against the darkness in the house. I do not turn the lights on, I can see perfectly fine without. My vision isn't what it used to be, but it is certainly better than most. I flick my supple finger down the screen, slowly scrolling through my list of contacts. Many of whom I have not seen for the longest time. I'm not sure how they'll react when they see my name pop up on their screen. Adam Quartus: 1 new message. It will take them by surprise for definite. Will they be happy to see my name? More than likely not, but it isn't a social call. This is a crisis. Our time of peace has come to an end. Those that once loved and worshipped us, now want us dead. Poor Eric, and his lady-friend, got caught in the crossfire. It is only a matter of time before other innocent people do too. I am not going to let that happen. I need to act fast.

As I click on his name, I feel a twinge of nerves stab at my stomach. We had once been very close. We don't speak anymore. The only reason I have his number is because I followed him throughout the years, through his name changes, job changes, address changes. Keeping information on people is pretty easy if you know the right people. Modern technology helped a lot too, it's hard to not have an internet trail, if you want to fit in. Need to fit in. I knew I would need to speak to him eventually, but I was not quite prepared for it to be today. But here I am, staring at his name on the screen. Daring myself to hit the message button. The name Matthew Mayor stared back at me. It is not the name I first knew him by, but my feelings are just the same.