

The door to the castle library creaked open and around it peeked a masked face, covered with red paint around the eyes. King Angelia looked down on his follower with near disgust. "What is it you want?" he asked, his own black mask seeming to radiate intense anger. The follower bowed her head, and her once gold hair fell forward. Even though she was bowing, her eyes never left his, and her hatred of his ruling the world she knew nearly escaped her mind. "My Lord," she said, trying to refrain from yelling or crying, "Perhaps I am only a child of twelve, but I understand war and why it is there. I feel wars should only be fought for peace," her voice trembled a slight bit, the beast of her hatred clawing at her insides. "But this insanity must stop."

King Angelia snarled at the follower, revealing a mouth with black teeth stained of cocaine. "Child," he yelled, "I do not fight this war because I want peace! I fight it for the thrill of seeing my opponent's last breath escape him, and crimson blood pouring from his wounds. That is the real purpose of this war." The follower's eyes filled with tears, but she wiped them away with her sleeve. "A good leader leads his people to want peace, not bloodlust." At this point she looked at him - directly into his dark eyes and whispered, "The final last breath you will see escape tonight... is your own." Then she turned on her heels, her cloak sweeping around her ankles. Closing the door softly, she took out a piece of chalk and began to write in Hebrew on the walls. Then she dipped her head and curtsied, and as she turned the writing on the walls began to glow softly in red, then hardened until it was a wax seal.

When the King's waiters came in their deep blue masks to serve him his usual feast of a dinner in the library, they were surprised to discover that the door wouldn't open. Wax had poured into the cracks of the door, making it impossible for anyone to enter the room. "Do you think the King did this?" asked one waiter, his black hair escaping a slick ponytail. "I don't care," said another. "I hope he rots or starves himself in fact! Maybe then the kingdom will be led to peace!" So the waiters left the food trays on the floor and slipped away silently, not noticing the way that the colour in the library had slid out against the walls, out through the window and onto the plain villager's houses until they were coloured brightly. A small child outside saw the floating colours of the library sink into the gray, drab setting, and the child chased eagerly after them until they reached the border of the neighboring kingdom, which the child's village was at war with. The other village was poverty stricken, thin dogs limping around and children crying for their mothers. The village was healthy and prosperous before the war began, but this was yet another thing that King Angelia had stolen using war. The war had been the grudge between the two villages, and the endless bodies drained of life had been bricks, which eventually piled up, creating an invisible wall of hatred and loss.

But the colour from the library did not stop flowing at the invisible wall King Angelia had created - for it knew that the two villages had equal opinions and rights. The colours flooded the village with bright shades, lifting weary faces and momentarily killing the sorrow and woe, but the sensation only lasted seconds. For only one thing could cure both of the village's loss.

Peace.

Back in his library, King Angelia pounded on the doors and windows until his hands bled, and yelled until his throat was hoarse. But no one had heard him. He pressed his head against the solid doorframe, exhausted. No sound could escape his throat, and he sank to the floor in defeat.

But he was not ready to give up. Oh no, he would escape, and kill that pathetic girl who had trapped him in here. He stood up, gathering the last ounce of his strength, and ran into the door. It didn't even creak. "Why?" he asked looking upwards. "Why, Oh Mighty Lord? Why?" Then a deep chuckling sound scared him out of his rant. "My Lord," said a female voice from the corner of the room, "Have you not seen that all the colour, vivacity and beauty have fled from the room you are trapped in? No one with any sense would wonder why you are being punished." King Angelia's eyes went huge, and he spun around to face the voice. Instead of seeing a woman, like he expected, he was faced by pure white mask, but with no face behind it, and no figure to support it. He screamed loudly, and the sound echoed across the room. The figure laughed again. "But I thought King Angelia was afraid of no enemy that crossed his path! You told the village this, but it seems that this was yet another lie to help you quench the thirst of your bloodlust," said the mask. "Who are you?" demanded the King, his voice seeming to crumble in fear.

"I am the eye," responded the mask, "who watched as you slaughtered the innocents who trusted you as their comrade." The King laughed loudly. "The ignorant deserve to die, before they inject chaos into the world." The mask smiled. "A bit like you did, my King? You forced your people to wear masks, surrendering their identity to you. If they ever wanted their identity back, they had to serve as a soldier, again, slaughtering millions." The King smirked. "Well, I couldn't kill off all the deadweight in the world by myself, could I? This was my solution." The mask turned sideways, as if it was curious. "So, my King, do all the ignorant and blind in the world... deserve to die?" The King laughed a screeching, insane laugh. "YES!! THEY SHOULD ALL BE DEAD!!!" The mask smiled. "The only ignorant person left in the next twenty villages," she paused, seeming to think, "Would be you, my Lord. So I shall grant your wish, and rid the world of a violent and ignorant man." The King never left the castle library, and when the people realized it was impossible he could be alive, both villages gathered at the border, where the war had been held. Together, they dumped the swords and guns they used to fight with, and lit them on fire. Then, the people wearing masks took them off, revealing similar faces to the village beside them. The masks were also tossed into the fire, and tears of happiness dripped down many faces. The poor village was given food and goods from the other village to help them survive, and as time passed, the village was once again wealthy and had prolific soil. The castle crumbled over time, and a new one was built on the border of the villages. It was marked as a symbol of peace, and any passerby knew that no war would ever strike the two villages again.