

## ELEVN

- Úryvek z povídky „Somewhere In Southern California“ -

A huge, bloodied flag pole was leaving a long line in the scorched, gray sand. With each step, a bloodied man in a steel mask let out a deep, painful breath, his gaze fixated on the large object that whirled in a vibrant crimson vortex. The polyhydron-shaped machine toosed and turned like a maniac trying to escape a padded cell.

"*Nameless!* So you have come!" a man standing before that bizzare display jerked his head towards him. *Trevor Nightingale*, with a grin so wide it could cause a national tragedy, raised his left hand. An eerily bright halo of red light was spinning around his palm.

"I see you've got yourself a pretty souvenir," he glanced at the flagpole the man held. The star-spangled banner was still attached to it, torn and stained with blood. How poetic.

The man Nightingale called '*Nameless*' wiped a blood stain from the yellowed visor of his mask. Steam erupted from the large pistons on the sides of his mask as he let out a long exhale. Nightingale could see the absentminded gaze of a man who was promised money for murder. Money which he, quite unfortunately, still hasn't recieved—for his target was still alive. Even though he had driven a flagpole through his chest not even an hour earlier.

At this point, however, Nameless was barely keeping himself standing. Fueled by, persumably, sheer determination.

Nightingale let out an utterly psychotic chuckle. "But I've got somethin' even better. A gift from *The Onlooker* himself!"

He lifted the halo to his eye level. The crimson ring seemed to amuse him, like a shining object would amuse a child. It started rapidly spinning around his hand, and the world around the two men began to collapse in on itself.

"You shouldn't have turned that thing on," Nightingale's brow frowned. "The World's End would happen either way. All you did was speed up the process. You've made everything needlessly complicated for the rest of us."

Nameless raised his flagpole. The torn banner attached to it started swirling around, just as his long, white scarf. He was not about to let Nightingale go. Even if *Reality Itself* fell apart, a merc's gotta honor his contract.

The grin on Nightingale's face returned as strong as ever. He couldn't contain himself anymore.

"I see." Trevor's eyes began to darken. He raised his hand. An undescrivable power started surging trough his entire body. "*Well, let me show you what the Auditor was capable of!*"