

Demon's Last Day

by

Barry Alder

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Copyright 2024 Barry W. Alder

Cover design by: Barry Alder

All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, typing, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the written permission of the author.

* * *

The wars had ended many eons ago. The fighting, fewer eons. The struggle between good and evil had finally ended. And evil had won.

He was the last of the demons. A supernatural being who couldn't die. Yes, it could be killed, but unless killed, it would live on forever.

And it was alone.

The demons had destroyed humanity, but that hadn't slackened their lust for destruction. They had killed all the humans. Then they killed all the animals. Then the plants, and the microbes, and finally anything that could be called 'alive'. As much as they could, they dug up and destroyed even the seeds buried deep in the ice in the frozen parts of the world. Some of those seeds still survived in a deep, frozen sleep, but as the ice melted, they were discovered and eradicated. Nothing living could escape the demon's sight.

Like his brethren, this demon could easily detect 'life' and the lust to destroy compelled the beast toward it.

That lust was why it was the last. When they had destroyed everything else, they turned on themselves; ripping, tearing, mauling until only the strongest and most cunning one survived.

But even as it realized there was nothing else left to destroy, the lust burned ferociously inside. It would have driven it crazy, but it was incapable of that escape.

For many thousands of years, it had roamed the Earth seeking something, anything to satisfy that lust, but being continually denied.

But over those years, something had changed. With the continual denial of the lust, it had learned to ignore it. The lust was still there, but with nothing to satisfy that lust, it found it could tolerate the drive and started thinking about other things. This was mostly so it could do something – anything – that would take its mind off the permanent anguish in its stomach. But, even as the demon wandered, a small part of it realized that it needed some purpose for continuing.

Years later, it felt an old urge stirring. Life existed somewhere and the lust to destroy it had re-awakened.

It was not close, and the trek to find it took many months, but the demon was not in a hurry.

When it crested the hill, the demon saw a large field of growing plants. It stopped, feeling the lust surge within, but didn't move forward. Instead, it backed down the hill, not fully understanding why it did so. The lust to destroy was so strong. It would be so easy to give in to that lust, but, then what? It would be alone again until the next stray seed blossomed, and this scene

would repeat itself. It slowly dawned on the demon that, if it destroyed all these plants, it would continue on alone and without purpose. The thought did not sit well.

It went back up the hill and strode down to the edge of the plants. Extending its claws, it slashed its own neck. As it fell on the plants, it felt the lust drain, to be replaced with a sense of peace as it died.

The blood spread over the nearest plants, burning them to ash, but the blood did not spread far and the plants that it did not touch lived on.

The next year, new plants grew where the blood had been, adapting to the presence of the blood, using it to grow stronger. For that is what living things do – they adapt and grow. Soon, life would return to the planet and, this time, without the demons.