



Rufus's Twin
By Jen

Prologue

HOURS AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF SEPHIROTH

He pressed his hands to the cool, smoothness of the stone wall, trying to imagine what the bark of a tree or the sharp blades of grass would feel like. Would the air smell like the sterile iciness of his prison? How blue would the sky blanketing the earth be, how green would the hills he longed to climb be, how bright would the sun he longed to stare into shine? Anger coursed through him, and he longed for something to destroy, someone to hurt.

He had been in this room forever as far as he could tell. His earliest memories were of these faded gray walls and metallic furnishings. The ugly man had been wise not to put anything in here he could destroy with his hands. He had the knowledge to destroy anything with materia, but of course he didn't have any. The ugly man had only let him use it once.

He still remembered the smooth, green globe. It had fit perfectly in the palm of his hand and he had felt its power coursing through him, becoming one with him. Lightening had shot from his fingertips, exploding the wall in front of him and throwing him into the wall behind. When he had looked down at his hands, the globe was gone. He had felt an uncharacteristic sadness then, because the only thing of color and beauty he had ever known was now gone.

The ugly man had been so amazed that he forgot to keep his distance and had crossed the room and hugged him. Then, he had started dancing around in circles, muttering something about how he was even stronger than someone named Sephiroth. After that, the ugly man had promised to bring more globes of different colors and teach him how to control his powers. But, the man hadn't come.

No one had come in the past two days. He had no books to read, because he had read the last stack in two hours. He had no one to talk to because the voice hadn't come into his mind for the past two days either.

He had no one now. He didn't mind that the ugly man hadn't come, it was the voice that he missed. The voice was his one friend, the only one who understood his feelings of anger, his need for destruction. He wanted to die, to kill himself now, but that ugly bastard hadn't even left anything to accomplish that with.

Do you always give up so easily? Was I wrong about you? Are you not as strong as I need you to be?

He lifted his head from his hands. The voice! It hadn't left him after all.

"What happened? Why haven't you talked to me for days?"

I need you. Are you strong enough?

"Strong enough for what?"

To leave this prison. To use your powers to destroy my enemies.

"You can't-"

I haven't the strength! They have destroyed the last ties I had with the mortal world.

"Yes. I will do anything you ask of me. Only, the ugly man wouldn't let me learn how to use my powers."

I will teach you.

"How?."

Patience! I have enough strength left to come to you, but no power to control the earth. You are my only hope.

He waited patiently for the voice to materialize. It would be the first time he had ever seen it in its human form. Slowly, the outline of a tall man formed-- long, silver hair flowing around a black clothed figure. Then it stepped towards him, the power radiating from its unearthly green eyes hypnotizing him, pulling him into its energy.

"What is your name?" it asked.

"You know I have no name. No one does."

"Then chose one."

He thought of the name that he had heard the ugly man whisper. Sephiroth. He liked that name, it sounded strong.

"Sephiroth."

The voice stared at him, its eyes piercing him, as if this man could see into his soul. Suddenly, it threw its head back and laughed. The sound of it was chilling, and he had the urge to hide, not laugh with it.

"What should I call you?" the man with the newly acquired name asked.

"You can call me death."

The voice must have liked that too, for it threw its head back and laughed again. Its laughter washed over him like ice. Was he really wise to trust this thing?

I can read your mind. I can get into your mind. You are a part of me, I am a part of you. We are one.

"Show me what I am to do."

"Soon. Tell me, what did Hojo teach you?"

"Who is Hojo?"

"The ugly man."

"Nothing. He promised he would, but he never returned."

"He is dead."

"Dead. Strange, I feel no emotion."

"That is good. That is why I know you can help me. Hojo thought that you were his little secret. No one knew, not even your father. But I knew. Only I knew. Now, you will help me destroy those that took my life from me."

"Yes. Teach me."

So, has anyone thought of this crazy idea yet, but never put it on paper? Well, if so, I beat you to it. Now, let's just hope it works. Hojo is just too much of a freak not to have pulled something along these lines. Plus, he was too smart not to have a back-up in case Seph failed. Too bad you dusted his butt before he got a change to unleash his fully trained monster. I guess it's just going to have to be Seph's job to introduce him to the world.

I just couldn't let go of Sephiroth. I mean, he's too cool. I decided, however, that he wasn't going to be able to do anything to the characters--physically, that is. He'll use Rufus' twin as his little puppet. And when Seph finally gets done with him, he'll be twice as strong and twice as evil. With Seph as his tutor, how can he go wrong?

Also, I know this sequence may sound a little weird to people (it did to me), but I was striving for something a little odd sounding to show how strange Rufus' twin has been forced to live. He has never had any contact with the outside world besides Hojo and his flunkies. Also, he was never given a name because Hojo didn't want him forming personal attachments. I hope that I gave the impression of a very sterile existence that would drive a normal man insane. But then, Rufus' twin isn't normal, is he?

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