

Creation of an Immortal Savior

Immortality is a funny thing. To be free from death seems like a blessing. No longer would you have to worry about the afterlife, you could enjoy life with the freedom that people dream of. No challenge would be too great, no danger too threatening. Humans are creatures that are fascinated and at the same time petrified by death. If you were immortal, those worries would be gone. The world would then be your oyster, you could do or become anything you want, become whomever you want. You could devote your endless supply of time to truly create something wonderful, or discovered something truly amazing. You could become a force for change, leading humanity into a golden era. The possibilities would be endless, if only the shackles of mortality weren't holding you back. I wish I was immortal.

“Tch, what naïve trash, guess I was just feeling nostalgic” I snorted as I sat up from my chair. Emblazoned on the front cover of the journal in bright blue marker was the name Steven Sodenmeyer. I threw the journal, my journal, into the pile of dirty clothes near the foot of my bed. I stood up from my ratty arm chair and moved to grab myself a beer from the fridge. I weaved my way through the piles of books, clothes, and other miscellaneous artifacts scattered about in piles, containing items that have been sitting there for god knows how long. The place was dark, because once again I had forgotten to pay my electricity bill. “Heh, such material matters are scarcely worth my notice” I said to myself sardonically, chugging a lukewarm beer that barely tasted better than dirty mop water. I shuffled to the dirty window and looked out onto what used to be a rather beautiful sight of the city. Unfortunately, sometime in the past, our city's leaders had decided to build a subway track which conveniently blocked that view. Not that I wanted to see the city anyways, considering these days it has gotten pretty gray over the past decade or so. The area around my apartment, used to be nicer than this, but after the war and

recession, it's become more grey and bleak, like the color has drained out of the city. "I should really do something" I muttered, glancing back at my high-school journal. "After all, I am an immortal."

Hello, my name is Steven Sodenmeyer, and I'm an immortal. How did this happen, you ask, I have no goddamn idea. I had always been somewhat of a neurotic and consistently anxious boy. I was prone to panic attacks when I was a little kid, and as ridiculous as it sounds, was constantly worried about death and what happened after. I would lie in my bed late at night, and despite my parent's numerous attempts to console me, would slowly spiral down into a nervous wreck. I cursed my anxiety, and I knew that if I was immortal, all the anxiety would be gone forever. That was 120 years ago. In stories, only corrupt villains were the ones who desired immortality, and they would sacrifice everything to make that happen. I was just a scared little kid; I never thought it would happen. There was no mystical flash of light, I didn't make a deal with any sort of demon, and I didn't have to wish upon or star or claim some sort of ancient alien artifact. All that matters is that I can't be killed and I've stopped aging, so I will forever look like a twenty-seven year old man. Plus, nothing I do, no matter how dangerous, can harm me. I could smoke 50 cigarettes while chugging enough beer to kill three grown men, and I'll wake up tomorrow with nothing more than a slight headache. Not being able to die is a pretty big perk in most people's minds, and at first I thought the same. I basically could do whatever I wanted. Skydive with no parachute, just remember to tuck and roll at the end. Shoot enough heroin to kill a full-grown elephant, pass me the needle. Nothing, no matter how dangerous or depraved the activity was, could slow my adrenaline. I've seen things and done things that would completely blow your mind and scar you for life at the same time. Basically, I was living the life that every single human from the deepest recesses of their heart wished they could have.

As the years grew longer and the world moved on at a rapid pace, I began to grow bored. The life of pleasure and adrenaline I had immersed myself in began to become grey and dull. I lost interest in everything that had captivated me to that point. The underlying currents of life and the human condition began to weigh down on me. My activities became less about excitement and fun and more of just receiving any sort of feeling at all. I started to do things even more heinous than drug use and indiscriminate sex. I began to hobnob with a variety of cruel and immoral characters. As I hung around them, I saw countless examples of humans being needlessly cruel, petty, and vindictive to each other. As I traveled the world, I saw the sort of atrocities that would give you nightmares and even dipped my hand in them a bit. It was enough to make anyone cynical and bitter, even cruel. Yet I stayed quiet, because this was the only way to abate the feeling of emptiness I had inside. The world continued to rotate, and I soon realized that deep inside my heart, I didn't want to be immortal, I wanted to die. Living for centuries more, surrounded by feelings of emptiness and self-destructive humanity, drove me to find some way for me to die. No matter what I tried, whether it was by hanging, jumping off a bridge, poison, or numerous other ways, I would return back to my original form in perfect condition. After all that, I simply gave up. I gave up my old life of hedonism, I gave up my feelings, and I gave up my humanity. I became nothing more than an imitation, a human shaped shell that did nothing but occupy space on this earth.

This leads to my life now. Twenty years ago I had drifted into this city of steel and grime, bought myself an apartment, and became a recluse, shutting myself out from the rest of the world. I only venture out of my home to purchase food, and perform the bare minimum of human interaction to make sure I don't become a waste of space. The only person who even

knows my name is my landlady because I had to put down the paperwork for the apartment. Life was okay, because as arrogant as it sounds, mortals lead to nothing but trouble.

“Well, I guess I better get something to eat” I said, realizing that I’m out of food again. “Don’t wait up” I addressed the room, locking the door. “Man I really got to stop talking to myself, it’s a bad habit.” I walked down the hallway to the elevator, which dinged open and out stepped a young women. She was carrying a large amount of groceries and as I watched she slipped and crashed the ground with a thump. I walked over to help her up. The girl was quite pretty, red haired with striking green eyes. She was wearing a wrinkled two-piece suit and had the look of someone who had spent a little too much time at the office. While she was quite stunning, even in that get-up, I really had no interest. I had bedded a lot of women during my wilder years, but I knew that I’ve always wanted something more than one night stands. Yet no matter how much I wanted it, marriage and lifetime commitments were never something that I could attain. What was the point in seeing the woman and even the children that I love age before my eyes and die? “Thank you, say aren’t you my neighbor uhhh...I’m sorry I don’t think I’ve ever actually talked to you before?” she asked, casting about. “Steven Sodenmeyer, nice to meet you...” I said and stopped halfway, realizing I had no idea what her name was. I really have to stop forgetting these small things. “Stephanie, Stephanie Wikensen, nice to meet you.” she said, shaking my hand. “You know, I don’t think I’ve never actually seen you leave your apartment before. We must work at different hours or something.” “Yeah, something like that I replied, not really looking to start a conversation with her. I feel kind of bad, considering we’re next door neighbors and all.” “Eh, it’s fine, it’s not that important to remember my neighbor’s names considering I go through them so fast. I’m surprised that anyone would really want to stay in this part of time, considering it’s kind of a shithole” I said. She laughed, sounding a little

annoyed “This wasn’t my first choice either. Besides if you think it’s such a shithole why don’t you move?” I pondered that for a little bit, “Well I guess it’s because this building hasn’t changed, just like me.” I walked into the elevator while she gave me a quizzical look. It was a cold January day as I walked out into the city. “Heh, at least I can hold an adequate conversation with people still.” I made way down streets lined with small shops and apartment buildings; many boarded up with planks and covered in graffiti. This neighborhood was dying. Twenty years ago it had been a decent place to live but after the war and the collapse of the economy it has become a shadow of its former self. These things don’t concern me though, except deepening my own cynicism. No one ever bothered me though, mainly because I had learned to hide myself in plain sight. It was never really good to get recognized with my condition. I finally reached my destination, a nice little diner where you can get a full meal for about five dollars. Even though I’ve stocked up a lot of wealth over my lifetime, it never hurt to be a little conservative with your spending. I sit at the bar and look to the TV. The news is talking about the latest war against some tyrannical dictator that for the life of me I can’t remember the name of. “That shit’s a real mess huh?” enquired the grizzled gentleman sitting to my right. His oil-stained mechanic shirt was emblazoned with the name Hank in bright red string. He and I had begun some sort of comradeship, considering we were both regulars at the diner. He spent time most of the time talking while I listened. It was nice just listening to normal problems every once in a while. “Same old same old” I replied. “Some guy with too much power overextends his authority, and suddenly we gotta bring the hammer down. Five years later another asshole decides he should do the same thing, I’ve seen it way to many times.” Hank, looked at me funny, “Boy, you’re much too young to be saying things like that.” Whoops, sentences like that come out before I can stop them, another habit that I need to correct. I carefully directed the topic to

something else and spent the rest of the meal silently watching the TV. What I said was true; I've seen events like this to many times to count. Man just gains the faintest bit of power and suddenly it means they can act like god almighty. I paid my bill and said goodbye to Hank walking out into the chilly late afternoon, enjoying one of the few things that still give me pleasure, a full stomach. As the sky grew darker, the seedier elements of the neighborhood began to crawl into the light. Prostitutes, pimps, and gang members began to appear, while more normal folk wisely decided to shut themselves in their homes. No one bothered me though, which I liked to believe was because of my air of wisdom and experience. In reality, though, I think people avoided me more on the fact that I look like a lunatic. As time grew on, my physical appearance became less of a concern. I haven't shaved in a week, and my hair looked it was hacked with a knife, because funnily enough, it was. Right now I was hovering between the appearances of recently evicted to druggie. As I rounded the corner of my street I heard the sound of raised angry voices echoing from the steps of the apartment building. A group of men, barely more than teenagers, threatening my neighbor, Stella or whatever her name was. As I watched, the group grabbed her and dragged her struggling into the alleyway. Things like this happened in this neighborhood all the time, it was none of my concern. What the mortals do is no concern of mine. Those words began to sound like some sort of mantra. I began to ascend the steps, but something in me hesitated and I stopped before opening the door. I don't know if it was what I saw on the TV earlier or I was just irritated in general by the stupidity and shortsightedness of the human race, but I turned around and marched into the alley. I knew I was going to regret this. Being involved meant I had to start caring again.

"HEY, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GUY'S DOING?" I shouted, causing everyone's head, even Sarah's, head to whip around in shock. "Nothing that concerns you trash, get lost." replied

the biggest boy, spitting on the ground in disgust. “That’s just like you mortals, always acting like pieces of shi-.” I began to reply before I heard a loud bang and strange pain in my chest. I felt my chest and drew my hand back sticky with blood. Stephanie, that was her name, screamed and I fell to my knees and collapsed forwards. Despite not being able to be killed, I still feel pain, and let me tell you, feeling the bullet rattle in my lungs as I breathed was not a pleasant sensation. “What the fuck was that Tony, why the fuck did you shoot him?” shouted one of the other gang members. “Bro, he’s just some dirty hobo, no one will care.” replied Tony nonchalantly. “Now that that’s settled, let’s have a little fun with this chick.” he laughed, reaching towards Stephanie. I lay on the ground, feeling the cold concrete against my cheek. I could feel the blood leave my body. What is wrong with humanity, murdering a man so casually? Do they ever think of the consequences? I could have had a family, friends, people who loved and depended on me. The shooter had no more emotion than crushing an ant under his foot. He had become nothing more than an animal; making decisions based only his desires. How far has humanity fallen? An anger I’ve never felt up to this point began to burn in the depths of my chest. Why did I do this? I questioned myself as my blood began to expand out onto the concrete. If I hadn’t gotten involved, I would be sitting nice and comfortably in my apartment. I would continue to live my life behind a wall, closed off from the rest of the world. “This wouldn’t do” I thought “I can’t keep hiding myself away like this.” I was granted immortality for a reason, even if I don’t quite know what that is. I should do something, not just for me, not just for Stephanie, but for all of humanity. Only someone like me could teach humanity what it really meant to be human, starting with these assholes. I staggered to my feet, blood pouring out of me in spurts. One of the gangsters glanced at me and did a double-take, mouth dropping open in slack-jawed surprise. “Man looks like you hit a major artery there buddy. I haven’t felt pain like

this in a long time. Congratulations.” I sarcastically told him. I took a slow step. “What is with you humans nowadays, treating other human beings like dirt? Do you care so little about this world that you’re willing to let it rot.” By now everyone was staring at me with wide-eyed shock. “Wh-at the hell are you, you freak?!” screamed the shooter, “DIE, DIE, DIE!” punctuating each word with a shot from his gun. The shots sunk into my chest, but by know I was so angry it didn’t really matter. I charged towards the gangsters, who broke and ran at the sight of a bloody man charging them like a raging bull. Stephanie sat on the ground in complete shock, and flinched when I turned towards her and held out a hand to help her up. “U-u-uh are you alright?” she asked, shakily standing onto her feet. I nodded, knowing that if I opened my mouth I wouldn’t be able to stop screaming in pain. Each bullet felt like a hot coal imbedded deep in my chest. ‘Should we go to a hospital, you really don’t look good? Stephanie asked, concerned. “Give me a second” I said with a pained breath. The wounds began to seal themselves up and the bullets popped out. Stephanie stared at me with wide eyes. “Sorry Steve, but what the hell are you.” I gave her a pained smile “Isn’t it obvious? I’m immortal.” I walked out of the alley, and looked back at Stephanie with a gentle smile on my face. “And I will be humanity’s salvation.”