

## The Ceremony

I opened my eyes and had no idea where I was until I heard the horns...those deafening horns that commenced the ceremony. I looked around my small makeshift prison of bamboo and mud for an escape but it was too late.

The Guiders rushed me and dragged my bound body through the sizzling hot sand as the bright sun and dozen of spectators' eyes burned my bare flesh. There was no remorse or sympathy in The Guiders' eyes as they were bred and trained since birth to lead this horrendous tradition for the sake of our people and land.

I flinch from the gold oil poured over my head and the sound of the Lead Guider's voice, welcoming the witness of my demise and the rise of their power.

My heart has forsaken this land with resentment as Im hoisted above my people, the oil mixed with my blood dripping down to stain their skin and hopefully their souls forever.