

Oblivion. Always oblivion. Silence is deafening. Noise breaks the depths of quiet, shattering it like glass. Silence is the abyss. The calm before the storm. Silence is loud, a different type of noise. Without other noises to break up what is considered as stillness, the loudest sound one can hear is the deafening quiet. One might claim to crave silence. And while this may be the case, silence may also be isolating and lonely. A continuous companion to your deepest thoughts and secrets. Silence by definition is the loss of sound. It's loud and devours anything it meets. I haven't yet met sound, and I never will. But sometimes silence is the best answer.

That's what no one ever truly understood about her. She was an outcast. The "broken" girl as a result of her differences. It's the reason she prefers to spend her time staring out into the night, observing, evolving. Her true self. No one could know who she was. Not that anyone would believe it was her anyway. How could they? The small-framed "weak" girl who was born with a hearing loss couldn't possibly be a hero. The girl snorted at the thought. Hero. What was a hero? A person who is praised for their courage, remarkable feats, or heroic qualities. Someone whom everyone loves and adores. But the difference between her and a "hero" is that heroes don't have to hide their true selves to fit in. She did.

Swinging her legs on the top of the random rooftop she decided to rest on, she breathes in the city's fresh air, admiring the bright lights and business far below. Tugging at her mask, making sure it was secure, she nods. No one could know who she was. To the rest of the world, she's known as the "Night Ghost." A vigilante who prowls through the darkness, defeating crime. The Night Ghost wasn't one for playing dress up. As long as her identity was concealed and she could easily blend in, she didn't mind, though she preferably wore black.

Deciding that it was time to make her rounds, the Night Ghost crept over the rooftops, seeking the crime of the city. She wasn't always like this. She once was innocent and pure. A time when she was free from having to consider all things awful in the world. But that all changed on an October night. The night her mother died. It happened so quickly, yet it was as if she witnessed it in slow motion. The murderers didn't see her in the closet hiding. And she never saw their faces. They killed her mother right in front of her.

Shaking her head from her thoughts, Night Ghost scanned her eyes to the street below, her fingers itching to do something. That's when she saw it. Two women were briskly walking down the street, being pursued by several clumsy males. It was clear that they had too much to drink. Night Ghost grinned as she assessed her rivals. There were a total of five. All well-built and muscly. Not that Night Ghost was concerned. Silent as a ghost, She descended from the rooftops while moving silently in the direction of the crowd. The women were moving more quickly as they started to panic. Once she was close enough, Night Ghost braced herself as she dropped the ground between the men and the women, gracefully as a cat. By reading their lips, she could tell they were cursing as they stumbled back in shock.

As usual, Night Ghost remained still while anticipating their initial move. Conflict was never started by her; she merely ended it. She could sense the woman's troubled, conflicted eyes behind her, wondering if they should run or stay. She didn't have to wait long as the shortest one of the group confidently stepped forward, pocket knife in hand, laughing with his friends. They severely underestimated her. Planting her feet on the ground, she assumed her fighting stance, feeling the world around her. Without even having to try, she effortlessly disarmed him and rendered him unconscious on the ground. She eyed the others as they murmured to each other. One down four to go. Seeming to figure out that she's a tough opponent, they decidedly surrounded her like wild dogs circling their prey. Night Ghost didn't even falter as she took a deep breath and closed her eyes, centering herself. Opening her eyes, it was like she could see the world clearer. She could feel it clearer. Taste and smell it more clearly. Using all four senses, she readied herself.

Without even having to look she felt the first one coming. A fast brush of air crashing towards her. Whipping around she was quick to crouch down low and knock him down with a sweep of her leg. Without a chance to recover, a lanky man jumped on her back in an attempt to take her down. Night Ghost encountered many scenarios like this and hurriedly pushed her body forwards, turning the man onto his back over her head. The vibration of footsteps caught her attention as she whirled around and caught the fist of a tall but broad man, twisting his arm until she felt a satisfying crack between her fingers. She sharply cut her eyes up towards the last man whose face paled as he gazed at his once lively group and back towards the small girl who single handedly conquered them all. Night Ghost wasn't surprised when he sprinted in the opposite direction like the coward he was. Smirking, she stood silently, still aware of the presence of the two women who remained crouched behind her. She turned to them and stared, the emotionless abyss returning to her face. She did not wish to receive praise and compliments. She simply desired to rid the world of the bad people who plague it. She held their gaze for a short while longer until Night Ghost vanished into the black night without a sound.