

“We don’t kill. We sacrifice.”

He had told her this.

She thought about the many times she felt life leave the warm, soft body at her own hands. It should have bothered her. But it didn’t. Because that’s what she was doing... not killing. She wasn’t a killer. It was a sacrifice. A sacrifice for the greater good. The decision would need to be made again, only this time, it would involve human life.

Is it ever justifiable to do the wrong things for the right reasons? It was not only justified, it was justice, she had thought.

And should she destroy something so revolutionary, with so much promise for good, yet so much potential for evil, to ensure it would never be exploited—never be used for sinister purposes? Yes, that would be the right thing to do. Destroy it forever. But doing what’s right isn’t always easy, especially when it comes to the ones you love.

She had decisions to make.

Should she strike the match and light the fuse?

Should she depress the plunger on the syringe?