

THE RENOVATOR

Had they known about it some would have said it was a blessing, some would have said it was a curse. He, who had lived with it all of his life, had yet to make up his own mind. To his mother it was a curse and it was droned into him from the moment he could understand that it was a secret to be kept to himself until the end of days.

It was understandable that she left that way, it had been inherited through the female line for as far back as could be traced, albeit none of his ancestors, as far as he knew, had so much of it in their veins as he did, or such control. Many of them had been vilified, hated, burned, drowned or stoned. Yes, it was not surprising that his mother considered it a curse.

When he was younger he relished that he had a secret and felt quietly superior to his peers. It was only as he grew older that he began to question the morality of his problem, balancing his freedom against the good of others. His mother's fear of action was born out of pure selfishness.

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And then came the virus.

Almost overnight his thinking changed. He could help these people. Not all of them, but he could at least use the healing to return some of the loved ones to their families. Just the touch of his hand, flesh on flesh and the virus would be banished from their body, never to return. He was certain he was immune, he had never had a day of sickness or broken bones in his life. But if he followed this path he would be known and his life would never be his own again. He would be prodded and studied, hated or worst of all, worshipped. The thought was unbearable but so was the knowledge of doing nothing at all and that he would have to live with that thought for the rest of his life. Either way he would be a prisoner, better to be a prisoner and at least do a little good before the key turned in the lock.