The day Raskolnikov, in an act of extraordinary bravery (or stupidity, how much alike they are...!), saved a couple of children from inside the burning building that would otherwise become their grave, was very bleak in his memory. He couldn't distinguish who or how old the children were; their faces, smeared with soot and contorted by terror left not the slightest trace in his memory. All that he knew at that time was, he saved two innocent human beings.

Afterwards, thanks to Dmitri who could barely contain both his worry and excitement while tending to the wounds that flames inflicted upon Rodion's back and limbs, Raskolnikov learned also that he should be proud of himself.

"Proud?" the annoyed student scoffs; then, after a moment of silent reflection, "These children were left with nothing but the rags of clothes they had upon their backs. What have I saved them from, exactly? Does Petersburg need any more beggars? Does it need any more harlots crowding
the streets?!

Razumikhin sighs at that outburst and lets the matter go, leaving Rodion to ponder on it in the confines of his heart.

He did something, but his action didn't make any difference whatsoever; nothing has changed.

And it is the first sane thought in his mind as he stands there among the slaughter of his own design, blood slowly drying upon the rusty axe blade.

'It doesn't change anything at all.'

Not a single thing.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!