

*Daylight Never Waits*

# *A personal journal*

*By Phaseshifter*

*10/1/2020*

*To those who may find me or my writing*

I cannot say much besides, god help your soul. And, God help me.

If you are reading this, you are directly seeing the words of the dark catalyst himself. If that disturbs you, I would close this book right now.

This is me. This is my journal. My diary. It is all I have. If you were to take it, that wouldn't exactly be recommended anyways, but if you must, I would implore your best moral judgment to return it to me.

This message is not so much a threat or a warning, as much as it is for myself. Such a journal would not have to address an audience unrelated to the writer in most cases, but I'm not what you would call in the majority.

I will hope that this message is ultimately pointless and I can look back at it in fondness. Wondering, why I had put so much effort intimidating and addressing a potential viewer who isn't myself. If not, I will make this as clear as I can.

If you think, anything in here could be used or twisted to make me worse than I somehow already am, do so. But bare in mind, you would be picking low hanging fruit. There is not much more in this text that can be discerned from what I already have and will have done. There isn't that much more which context can really say on an act I did in particular.

I wish, only one thing.

*Please*

*Please*

*Don't*

*Lie*

I do not like being lied about. I hate when others spread lies as if it's some sort of justification for perceived crimes I have done. You already have more than enough material to work with. If I wasn't aware of this, perhaps a point could be made, but I am.

I know this because, I am *Phaseshifter*. My name however, isn't particularly important. It never is. My service is simply to be a catalyst for the dead, nothing more, nothing less.

With that out of the way, I might as well as remind myself why I even started writing this in the first place. It is always good to have a reference point, after all.

I wrote this because, if I am found dead, if the little left of me is the information pertaining on me being a mindless killer, a monster, I would at least want this to exist a long with it. I don't know if I will even remain alive at this point. At the current point, I have survived attempted murder, rape, battery, and suicidal idealization. Last Saturday, I attempted to jump off a bridge near an old river. A person found me there. I was mistaken for a vampire bat. My corpse was too mangled to exactly be noticeable anyways. Surprisingly, I'm alive..Which I guess might be good, since I regretted killing myself.

I don't know how any of this started. I do know, how it will end. Every, single, time. I wake up. I'm beaten, bloodied. So bloody. I could see it going down the end of my head, the crimson blackness streaming down. I felt like every second I was going to pass out. I could feel my knees burning, my body breaking. It wasn't until I would realize, that this was my life. Just another day of being the dark catalyst. What I have to be with Keirthan.

I hate him. So much..Yet, I also like him..I can't help myself. I cannot leave Keirthan

even if I tried. . He is all I have, after all. Without them, my importance means little in the world. It is unfortunate, that I have to go through this. In Keirthans case, it's because I need to become what I am, I need to become the ideal servant for him. I must experience pain to achieve this. As much as I don't want to. As much as I would rather anything else would happen.

It didn't always start out this way. I remember, Keirthan greeted me neutrally. It was quite different, then. Things weren't as hard. Until he snapped when I was petting a bird in his garden, once. Something in him broke down. He screamed the largest wail I have ever heard. He ordered me to come back. He asked me why I wasn't killing it. I didn't know how to respond..Why would I kill this creature?

"It isn't doing anything wrong." I said.

"That is your answer??" He replied.

Before I could speak, he grabbed the bird and ripped it's head off. I screamed. I simply stood frozen. I wanted to cry, I wanted to fight back. I could hardly do anything. He just broke it, tearing off the flesh and the bones, wrapping the bones around the bird and moving it, then feeding on it. Then he dropped it.

I trembled. I begged him to bring it back. He told me, "I can't. It's dead." As he looked back at me with a cold, unnerving dead eyed expression.

I didn't even know what death was during that time.

I still have the skull and bones of that little bird. I made a necklace out of it. Probably very disturbed, I know. I honestly don't know how to grieve. Keirthan got in the way of that a while ago. On the bright side, it looks great, as everyone has told me. I honestly wish it didn't. Many get the impression that I killed the bird myself. I simply choose not to answer.

Ever since then, Keirthan has shown me every ounce of pain. At first before this event, it was light, simply experimenting in emotions like fear. He chased me so many times that I don't fear anything at all. This type of bonding is normal for Creperum. I don't like not being normal, but I don't like the activities we do together. It's made me almost too alert. My body jumps at the slightest of sounds. It feels, embarrassing.

I ask Keirthan to this day why petting a bird is such a big deal. “You didn’t just pet the bird, you cuddled it”. “You didn’t go to the bird. The bird came to you. That isn’t ideal. You should know this. Animals aren’t suppose to enjoy the comfort of Creperum”.

It feels like he is stating that our natural place in existence is to be hated. I don’t agree with that. Self loathing is perhaps common to Keirthan, even if he denies it. I always had a dark view on the world, but it wasn’t dark enough. I had as many dark interests as one could imagine. Caressing grave stones was one of them. Cuddling bodies I later found out were dead was another. Yet, somehow, the sight of an adorable-I mean, insignificant animal got him so upset. I wish I could erase that sentence, but I don’t want to start over. Curse my preference for ink.

I don’t want to act like it’s just the bird though. The violence inflicted is partially so that I can survive in this cruel world. Apparently, over several hundred humans, as well as thousands of forces from spiritual realms, wanted me dead since I was born. That is not a small number, by any means. I wish to have a life free from violence. Since that was never a choice for me, I accept a life with violence.

My routine is simple. I almost believe I can see the future because of it. The glimmer of my own life flashing before my mind and into my eyes. With my training at it’s completion, I experience the world slightly differently now. I wake up, look at Keirthan, and ask “What do I need to do?”. He tells me what I need to do, with only slight variation. “Find a target and destroy them. Afterwards, we will have a wonderful dinner.”

The dinner is, almost too professional for my tastes. I used to eat just nuts, berries, and a few pigs I hunted before Keirthan cooked for me. He said it’s because by the time I returned, I would be far too exhausted to make my own food, so he was more than willing to help with this. This may make him sound benevolent, but he’s far from that.

He mainly uses meat that he defines as “expertly” refined. He loves buffalo and turkey. He likes beef as well, though he doesn’t cook it too often. I mainly finding myself not being able to eat everything on my plate. It is such a good meal. I often go to bed with a full stomach every night, which I suppose is better than humans struggling in third world countries, I suppose. The most I will say about the meals I don’t like is that Keirthan rarely agrees to not include bones within the meals. He believes that whatever fragments of death I would still get energy from. This may be true, but I just don’t like

it, even if I can chew it pretty efficiently. I usually drink water as well, occasionally blood, but mostly just water. He doesn't like it when I drink anything else.

Once I am done with my meal, he opts to give me some sort of lullaby, for whatever reason. My bed for whatever reason, isn't much of a bed. It's more akin to a large dog bed. I'm also frequently put in a large cage, though not often. I recall Keirthan told me he did this because of the fact that he wants me to be as animalistic as possible. Creperum had no such thing as human beds. He frequently slept on concrete which he appears to be proud of. Frankly, I just find it very uncomfortable. The lullaby itself is rather simple. He usually turns to me as he looks at me straight in the eye, as he starts singing. The voice would start at an almost higher pitch, as it slowly went down. I vaguely remember what I sounded like. "Hnuh, Hnuh Nuh Nuh Bhe he. Nuh Nuh Nuh Me-Hmmaah.." I usually forget what the rest of it is afterwards or if there even is more since I already start falling asleep usually. I do recall that he almost seems to twist, and bend his words as he sings it. The most I recall him adding words to it is when I was restless, and he said, "Go back to sleep", and repeated it.

There may be other variations. I still remember distinctly, that in one version, he said "We'll be counting bodies like sheep.." As if that is a good thing. He often said this in excitement as well. I think the more I recall the vocals, I think they were often said in an aggressive tone as well. Other times, he'd simply hum "Counting bodies like sheep to the rhythm of the war drums", over and over, with increased whispering in the background. Often, he would sharpen his blade as he did this as well. Keirthan's blade is quite unlike anything I have ever seen before. I think it is a blade not only made of raw steel, magma, but coal as well. How he combined that, I don't even know. The magma not only makes the weapon harder to destroy and requires melting it to a higher melting point, but it also helps in burning his victims as he cuts of their faces. I am scared to wield such a weapon, especially since he uses an old fashion guillotine blade just to sharpen it. I have a weapon as well, but it is still in development. The weapon must not only be made with ideal materials, but the materials must be compatible with the wielders soul and aura. That is, the essence of their power. Because my spirit and aura, as well as what combat I preferred, isn't developed yet; I don't have one. I use my fists, claws, and shadow as weapons in the meantime. Because of that, Keirthan is convinced that similar to his weapon, there will be some sort of shadow element. However, that in mind, it would be more solitary in it's focus. He has gathered that perhaps my powers may require elements from the Earth, given the dark green in my own aura and how it merges with the silver that I have.

Auras in general are important to how all creatures function, but is most important in my species. The aura is essential because behind our bodies, which act more like a shell, our soul is more or less the primary body or driving force behind us. Our bodies may be strong, but our souls are as weak as any human body, even with it's advantages. In some ways, I envy humans who do not have such a thing. Human souls are non physical. Even I cannot detect it. I can only detect glimpses in a realm known as "The Astral". Beyond that however, nothing is there. Just the physical brain consciousness. Many scientists don't even believe a soul exists, and a soul may not even be an accurate term to describe what is in my being. But, since Keirthan and I are used to calling it that, I'll continue to refer to it as such. The soul is both interesting and scary. My soul, in my case, is terrifying to most beings because it apparently contradicts the laws of physics. All known science, apparently, is crumbling at the sight of it. At least, that's the sense I got when I showed a group of humans my soul on purpose. They stood there, their jaws gaping. I almost felt guilty knowing I was going to do what I was going to do..I didn't see my result however, since Keirthan assisted me in the task I had to do and controlled my body before that occurred.

Their faces of wide eyed abstract horror fascinated me. The fact that they feared me isn't what perplexes me though, but rather how some knelt down and saw me as a God. They looked at me as they begged me to spare them... If they were not on Keirthan's target list, I probably would have. They satisfied the respect I rightfully deserved. But, I could never disobey my leader, so I did what I had to do. Thinking back to it, I often wonder what could have happened if I spared them. Could things have gone differently? I wonder...

My mind is so abstract... I find it hard to articulate what I am thinking. Bringing up my weapon and the lullaby however, makes me wonder as to why Keirthan felt the need to sharpen his blade as he sang to me in the first place. Did he gain some sort of power out of it? A way to better connect to himself? A way to transfer his power to me? I don't know.

And the phrase, "We'll be counting bodies like sheep."

It makes me think that he has been thinking of this for a while now. How long, I don't know. He is 800 years old after all. The time could be indeterminate for all I know. Why he does mantras at all when I sleep, I don't know. I think they are mantras since he mentions us counting bodies even when I am already asleep or when I am not asleep. I

only know the former because when I couldn't fall asleep, I heard him repeating that phrase a lot. As well as the phrase, "I'll be the one to protect you from your enemies and all your demons. I'll be the one to protect you from, your enemies and your choices son. One and the same, I must isolate you, isolate you, and save you from yourself."

The voice of Keirthan still goes in my head even as I write this. He feels as though he owns me. Regardless of how much he denies this, I do not belong him. We are not one and the same. We are different. We have always been different. I can prove this to myself. I don't need to gain his approval..I still have a long way to go to even get to his power level. I can not even compare myself to Keirthan, not fully anyways. I can only hope to be comparable to him, if at all. It reminds me of one thing about me and my relationship with Keirthan; my resentment.

The resentment I have towards Keirthan is huge. I want to go after him so deeply. He dangles us being similar or the same like keys to a child or a dog. How badly, do I want to fight back. To hold a single punch, to be able to even win one to one combat without finding myself kneeling before him on my knees in a humiliated position. How much, do I want to be like that..

This will be the end of my writing for now..In the mean time, I am convinced Keirthan will be in my mind.

#

## *Chapter 1: Memories*

10/2/2020

Memories..Memories flashing back in my mind now..Of how, it all started. Or maybe it was all a dream.

I was frozen there..My eyes were tired..I felt scared, like I survived something truly horrific, beyond words. Flames, screaming, crying, and the sounds of my own voice-yet, this time, it was a child's voice..I was never a child. I don't know why I recall it in this

way. Perhaps, it is a metaphor.

The feelings of the flesh searing my bones, and the anger of a particular name, one of the last names in my memory.

“Acrostic”.

This name is incredibly important. It has so much meaning and hatred, and it lights my soul like a never ending flame. I do not know who Acrostic is, but I want to kill him, so badly. Very badly. The visage of a white, pale face comes over me in my head, looking at me with crying eyes in my face..

“Please, stop”, is what I remember. I am begging. “Please, don’t do this..I’ll, I’ll go back..I’m sorry”.

More tears.

He looks at me strangely, as if it is the biggest regretful action he may ever take. He is pale, cold, and emotionless. No concern or ounce of fear towards my suffering. He whispers in my ear, “I’m sorry and”.

And it fades there..It always fades..What he was going to say after “And” I do not know..I die there..Then, after that, a cold and subtle darkness. I ask myself where I am..It continues to fade to black. I scream, “No!” as the entire sphere of my vision shifts and I feel immense pain, as if I am being torn and shredded, reconfigured and shifted apart, separated, and put together again. A darkness comes back, my eyes look upwards at a black figure. Is it Keirthan? He looks different in this memory. My eyes sink back as I then recall waking up..

Unlike the dream-like experience of death, I am in a vintage location; a cave of sorts. My body, my hands... My body is cold and my expression is pale. My voice and my appearance, feels as though I progressed thousands of years, but it is likely just a few. 6 or more to be precise.

This part, is always where it begins.. This is the part where I am serving Keirthan.

“Phaseshifter? Are you there?” The voice calls out. It is cold, and methodical. I

eventually got used to this voice.

I try to speak, but I don't find the words. In a limbo of only vague memory and understanding, the figure looks back at me. He is white and black, and with a trench coat. He is tall, standing 9 feet in total, but he is only a foot taller than me. His wings stretch throughout the entire room, coursing throughout his veins was black, gooey blood that flowed through them. The wings had feathers, at least 4 to 8 inches high. His wings looked demonic, and he flapped them aside, startling me slightly. I bow instinctively, a feeling going towards my entire body. A feeling of acceptance, a feeling that he, this person, is my master.

He looks back at me as he exclaims. "Incredible..I really did it. I made you..A new Creperum..Nearly thousands of years of preparation that lead up to this..Yet I am the one, the only one that could do it, that could have done it.." He says as he looks back at me and starts touching my face..

"Can you speak?" He asks me.

I remain silent.

"Let me do this.." He says in a whispered tone..

"It takes weeks for a Creperum's vocal cords to develop, but I cannot wait that long..I must hear your voice". He says as he grabs human vocal cords out of a watery, wet jar.

He puts the vocal cords near my face and dangles it slightly. I feel something scratchy within my own neck, but it is rough and underdeveloped. I can fully understand and comprehend what he is saying, but I am too limited to respond, only able to communicate in awkward grunts. As he gets out measuring tape, I look around at the environment around me.. Cracks of decay covered the old, rusty walls in the cave's interior. Faces and beheaded humans were mounted on a few of them, as well as a card with an "A" by an Ace of spades. I shiver looking at that card, and shiver more so looking at the human heads. He brings himself back to me and rubs this strange black liquid all over my body. It has a putrid, disgusting smell. I start to vomit and puke out the parts of the liquid that got in my mouth.

"You are consuming the liquid Phaseshifter?? No one has done that before, but I think

you are on to something..Perhaps, using these vocal cords will help you as well.”

Looking back at the remains, he grabs the deceased vocal cords and matted flesh from the jaw, as he places it into my mouth. I would scream, but I have no ability to do so. He laughs and he smirks, the black swirls in his face almost crossing out a slight smile in his demented, faceless head.

I look back, already feeling sick from what is inside my throat. Keirthan begins to get herbs and different plants and mixes it into water as he then pours it into my mouth and my body. I can't take it. I am throwing up.

Whatever was in my stomach, which appeared to be bits of pork and beef fall into the side of the couch and rock within the room, including the vocal cords as everything falls out. I continue to throw up and pace more..A rat that is decomposed and decayed falls to the floor. Keirthan looks back disgusted, eyeing me a judgmental glare..I do not recall eating a rat during this time, but my body had an almost subconscious remembrance of such an event.

Eventually I am done throwing up as I continue to cough. During Keirthans frustration, he notices sounds of a clearer, less abstract voice. He smiles. I breathe hard, as I wish for it to stop. The vocal cords are then caught by Keirthans hand, covered in my throw up from before. “It is such a shame that I will have to dispose of this..I had many plans for it..But, if it helped you develop the rest of your body, then perhaps it is not a complete waste..”

“Water!” I yelled. That is right, my first word was “Water..”

“How are you able to speak words coherently??” Keirthan asks in a confused tone. He looks back at the large water tank underground in the cave, the words “Water” spelled on it clearly and concisely.

Noticing this, he sees that I am observant. “Phaseshifter. Calm yourself and try to lie down. You will recover. I will fetch you everything I have in order for you to drink..In the meantime..” He then points to a large book that he throws to the ground.

“Read”. He says as he goes back to get me water.

The book, is called “The foundation of syllables, English, and communication: 1st edition”. I look back at the title as I open the book.

It appeared to be a collection of the foundation of English as a language, even dating back to as old as Pre-America. I am astounded how Keirthan gained a hold of this. I look back at the page. My memory shows me learning and analyzing everything I am seeing. It looks familiar somehow, very familiar. I had some strange feeling, that in some sort of place or time, I had seen this before. I think this feeling, is called *déjà vu*. My eyes scan more areas of the page. For whatever reason, French, German, and even some aspects of Spanish is mentioned in here as well. But I wonder why that is, if this is a book primarily about English. Could this be so far old, that it even has details in how English as a whole was made?? I wonder now. I continue to look back at the page. Verbs and compound lists are shown in a varied, neat and orderly fashion. Even though I am writing about events that have already happened, my mind feels flooded with questions..I can only assume, that perhaps Keirthan may be older than I previously thought. If not, then he must have gained some connections in order to find a book such as this. When I find him again next morning, I think I will ask him where he got or received this book, if he even has it anymore.

My mind gazed back at the scenery as I examine the page. It appears to be dated at different times, almost as if the book is an anthology. A collection on previous books. Some are dated at 1400 BC while others are dated relatively recent, such as 1901 AD. I wish I can learn more, but an abrupt “Slam” came across me as the book closed, startling me in my current examination. I hate that I was interrupted. If only I could have learned more.

Keirthan looked back at me. He appeared to have notice that I was deep in thought. He crouched slightly, as he said, “I have brought you the water you needed. I see that you have been reading like you were supposed to” He said as he pointed to the book.

I look back at him, not saying anything. “Water?” I say as I point to the glass.

“Yes, water. How far are you, in the book.?”

I make no such reply or comment. During this time, I had no knowledge on how to speak..Or how to fully pronounce words..

“Hmm..May I look for you??”

I open the book for Keirthan as he looks back.

“Page 66..Just the very beginning. You at least appear to be aware of English’s more Germanic roots. Though, I’m unsure if that will help you fully in your current predicament. I want you to write something for me to see your level. If your penmanship is good, then I will advance you in assisting in learning speech.”

“Write??” I said. Keirthan then put a piece of paper and a pen. This appears to be the first time I have written anything. I look back at Keirthan, as I feel immense public pressure. I put the pen down and begin scribbling loosely. Keirthan appears to be a bit dissatisfied, as I then appear to have made a breakthrough to him. I then give the page back to Keirthan.

“The?? That is all you can write?? Just “The”??” He sighed. “Maybe work on your writing skills for a little bit longer. Then maybe, I can hopefully bring you back to speed.” He says as he leaves.

I go back to reading about subtle compound usage and words in the context of languages. This is all so interesting. How on Earth could I have forgotten about this??

Eventually, I have landed myself on page 70. The page about forming a sentence and sentence structure. Everything begins to click for me, now. I have a subconscious semblance of what I have to do, like some sort of gut instinct. Though, I am terrified of being wrong, and I do not want to disappoint Keirthan. Those were my primary thoughts.

I start writing, simple things..I make pages upon pages of notes. It was all very simple. It wasn’t until the end, that I actually made a whole page dedicated to the entire alphabet.

Keirthan soon comes back, as he notices my new progress. “Good, but not anything to truly be impressed by. Nightstalker could do this in his sleep and play the piano by week three. Maybe once you surpass that, will I actually be amazed.” He says as he goes back to what he is doing. I look back at Keirthan. He appears to be sewing something. Curiosity got the better of me, and I take a break from my studies. I go back to Keirthan, following him to the other side of the room in the cave. The cave is cold, dark and dim.

The only light that is noticeable is the light of a way ward candle on the back of the indoor stove. Looking back, I probably would have asked how such kitchen tools could work underground. That's something I still haven't had a full explanation for as of yet.

I go up to Keirthan as I look back at the machine. It is made of an old fashion steel, with two hooks towards the back of it. He seems to pulling out tons of flesh of the back of whatever he is sewing together. Keirthan then brought his face to me, as he said. "What do you want?? Are you interested in my work??You know I can't show you that until your done. Can I see your recent progress? Maybe if you had gone above your level, I will reconsider." He then says as he gets out some pottery, and a clay statue of himself. I go back to get some of my things. I feel scared that Keirthan will not let me see his work, so in an effort to come up with something, I try to give out the courage to make a proper sentence..

I look back at the page, and stare at those annoying compounds sharply. What if it has improper grammar? What if it doesn't look right? These are all thoughts I think to myself. Until, I got an idea.

"The fox jumps in a log". It was a simple sentence, but these are all words that I knew well, and knew how to spell. But it likely won't be impressive to Keirthan. Maybe, "The fox dashiad into a log." Looking back at it, I cringe at the fact that I couldn't spell "Dashed" right.

Thinking that is how it's spelled, I write it down a bit..Out of pure look, my bad pen manship made the I and A look like an E. It spelled "The fox dashed into a log." I get out my pages and I show it to Keirthan.

He rips up the paper in front of me.

"A child could do this." He proclaims.

"I am fully aware that you are born very recently. It had only been fifty minutes since before you existed. Back then, you didn't even exist. I know, this is hard. But, if I could master 13th century English five days in, you can bring yourself to learn just a little bit of English 50 minutes into your life." He says as I go back.

I recall being frustrated. After all, I worked incredibly hard on that sentence. It took

literally all the mental energy I had just to make it. Is work less valuable because it is basic? Or expected to be easy? I was humiliated. Being born almost an hour ago, I felt angry. I couldn't take being insulted like this.

I took everything I could. I no longer cared if things didn't look right or was misspelled. I was going to make a paragraph. And, I will get the praise I deserve. I took the pen and began writing, incredibly rapidly. Much of my prose, didn't even make much sense. I didn't care..I didn't even know what a child was, but I did know that according to Keirthan, it was symbolism for being underwhelming. I didn't want to be underwhelming to Keirthan.

I wrote more and more. One paragraph, two paragraphs. Three, four, five, six..Seven..Then eight, I stopped at eight. I felt exhausted. My arms started to hurt. My fingers cramped. I could no longer write, I didn't even have the drive to. Keirthan walked back to me where I lied. He got the page. He did something I didn't expect. He started laughing. Hard. I felt, even more humiliated. Until, he clarified.

“This reminds me so much, when Operatron forced Nightstalker to write a 12 page essay two days in, and an astounding word salad of gibberish was the result. I never thought that would be such a memory I would hold fondly.” He said as he looked back at me..

“You aren't quite at the level to where you can truly write, or make anything written that is worth value. But, you can be taught speech, at least. It is important to get a better grip on what these words mean, and how they're being said. When words are viewed in isolation, you get literary atrocities such as this.” He said as he dropped my hard work and proceeded to laugh.

“Literary Atrocity” is what he called it. I almost wonder what he would think of my writing now. Not like, he would find this journal, anyways.

I look back in increased anger and higher degrees of resentment. I think, that was the first time I felt, hatred. True, hatred. Unadulterated hatred.

My heart soon turned into flames. My hands, still weak from what I wrote, began to become hot. My wings grew with tension. I breathed hard. Keirthan looked at me as he said, “Don't take it too personally. I happen to be one of the harshest Creperum when it comes to writing you'll ever meet. Sure, this is bad. Objectively, speaking. But, if one was

told you wrote this within an hour of being born, I can assure you everyone would be impressed.” He said as he clarified.

“But not you..” I said quietly.

“You spoke..You spoke a sentence..You are certainly ready now..And to answer my question, yes. Like I said, I am incredibly hard to impress. It was one of the many causes of Nightstalkers more infamous bratty behavior. To not make another Nightstalker, I’ll at least try to lighten my criticism. Emphasis on, try.” He said as he looked back. “I will give you another challenge.” He said as he threw another book. It almost hit my face. This book appeared to be on public speaking.

“Memorize the entire thing, back to cover, front to cover, and the optional tidbits that serve as a prelude to the second volume under one hour. Maybe then, and only then, can I forgive you for this previous transgression.” He then says as he goes back out.

I recall looking back at the book for public speaking, and scrambling to read it and look at it as Keirthan prepared an hourglass. The hour glass’ sand began pouring down, as Keirthan waved his hand over it and looked back at me.

“You don’t like me watching you??” He said as he casted an intimidating glare. “That is unfortunate. I have to verify that you are doing what I told you what to do somehow. If it isn’t clear yet, you are under me in this relationship. I am your God, you my messenger. Like a humble whisper in the distance, a messenger never questions his God.” Keirthan said in a harsh tone.

I look back at my work. This book was dense. Does he really expect me to memorize it in an hour?? Those were the thoughts going in my head..’He is lucky I can even comprehend what he is saying, thanks to the books I read.’ I say to myself. I pick up the book and begin reading. I doubt that I can finish it and memorize it within an hour, but I try.

The first few pages were about concepts I could not understand. “Confidence”. The text read; Always have a confident and reassured tone of voice when speaking. Sounding confused or unsure, will genuinely get people to not take you as seriously.”

But what if I am confused? At the moment, I was confused by merely everything. I let

out my hand, as I breathed out a sigh and flipped through more pages. Aha! That's it..Talking, the good parts. The book, seemed relatively advanced. Looking through it, I began to practice making sounds and noises..After a while of blabbering, I soon became less intimidated by my assignment.

Going back and forth, skimming the book and then revisiting the harder parts, seemed to be the best strategy. I am almost towards the end now. I place my hand towards the book.

“Done.” I proclaim. Keirthan looks back. “You still have ten minutes left.. Why not memorize the other parts, Phaseshifter.”

I look back at Keirthan, only answering awkwardly..”I well..I don't know..I do not want, to..Yet..I, not sure..” I reply.

“You aren't sure... Accept my generosity. Now. That is a command.”

I did not know how to fully respond to his demands. I pause, as I look back at the book. Reading more of it, and going to more of the beginning parts, vowels and ways of speaking feel, a lot clearer to me now. I look back at my assignment, and I look back at Keirthan. Unsure what to do, I start writing in a separate piece of paper..

“What am I supposed to do now?” is what I wrote down. Upon receiving the note, Keirthan said, “We see, how much you really learned. That is tested by talking. You do not need to mention each part of the book in particular. That would be pointless. Apply your knowledge. Speak to me.”

I felt nervous..My hands were trembling..I didn't know what to do..My face gazed up to Keirthan..My ability to speak hasn't even been refined. I haven't even been able to fully question or figure out obvious things that need answered. Where am I? What is this place? Who are you? What am I. Who, am I? And others...

I look back, as I make a new realization, enough to make me speak. “Have I..Been born??” I ask.

Keirthan looks back at me, as he holds my hand. “Yes, yes you have, Phaseshifter..”

“Is that my name??” I said in a quiet tone..

“Yes, it is.”

I look back as I turn to the other walls and interior. I then go back, to what I originally wanted to see as I point to the sewing machine. “Can I see now?” I ask.

Despite noticing my limited speech, Keirthan gave out a smile. He grabs me as he decides to show me his work.

“Have you ever seen a sewing machine before?” Keirthan asks as he walks with me back to the location of the sewing machine.

“No.” I reply.

“Then, you are going to love this.” He said as he then showed me one of his creations. It was a red and pink, stitched together suit with fangs and teeth covering the folds of the shirt. It almost looked like a sweater, but was more flesh like in terms of texture.

“Oh... Wow.” I reply.

“That is all you can say? Do you not know other words, or do you not know how to pronounce them?”

I look back at him as I tell him, “I need write.” He gets me a piece of paper. This is the message I wrote down:

“I still don’t know how to speak yet. Is there something I am doing wrong? Writing is slightly better. The book you gave me explained it better than the other one. My spelling is better, by my own judgment of going back and deciding to reference it. I probably should have done that, but each word felt like a strangling tile of thorns in my brain. I only have the faintest familiar feeling of some that feel familiar. My question is, why? Why did something like “Water” feel so recognizable, yet prance or dance feel so foreign? This isn’t suppose to happen when you are just born, is it?”

Keirthan looks at the message carefully. As he eyed it, he states, “That is simple. You,

are a creperum. Creperum, have a high capacity for information. Superior to most other species, including humans. On top of that, Creperum can also be taught and educated pre-formation. I, taught you how to understand the world around you before you were even born. Of course, I didn't teach you everything. How could I even, when something is not yet formed."

"Is... is it normal for things to be like that?" I ask.

"No, but it is ideal. Other young creperum are formed in a similar way. I was as well. It is standard procedure in our society. You will be aware of that very soon."

"What is... a society?" I ask.

Keirthan ponders this to me. "Hmm. A society, is a mechanism of culture, strength, and prosperity. At least, that is how it should be. Before... humans distorted that vision."

"What are humans?" I ask.

"Insignificant pedestals. Slaves. Pieces of a bigger puzzle left to colonize in an empty space. Creatures evolved from mammals. But they are not important. I'd rather answer your other questions. That is, how to teach you in speaking other words and vowels. Write down what you are struggling with and I'll help you."

Handing me a piece of paper, I wrote down that I was struggling with W, U, V and parts of H and how to pronounce Y in particular.

"Hmm... Maybe, I can just say those words enough times to help you understand. Maybe... I'll give you a list to remember."

I simply nodded.

"V is for violence. U is for unyielding. W is for wrath..And Y is..That is actually a tough one..I'll just say Y is for yolk for now."

"Hmm?" I say, as I am confused what yolk is.

“Oh, you don’t know that word now. Let me give your mouth an introduction.”

I flinch, as he puts yellow liquid in my mouth. I expected to throw it up like the last thing he gave me, but instead, I purr. It tasted... so good. Like heaven echoed right through me.

“Yohlk.” I say..

“It’s pronounced, “Yo-lk.”

“Yolk?”

“Yes. If we keep doing this enough times, I am sure, you will eventually learn. But, another question still has been unanswered. That is, who I am. My name, is Keirthan. It means black death. Your name... is Phaseshifter. It means you are shifting. It means you can phase in and out, of life and death itself. You do not know what those things are yet, but you will recognize their significance later.”

“Keirthan?” I ask. “Why is my name... that?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why does it sound... like that?” I say as I point out how different our names are.

The strangest answer came to me, in the form of Keirthan giving a subtle groan as he said “You observed that, hmm. I suppose as annoying as it is, I’ll give you an answer. Your name is mentioned in many ancient texts. I summoned you here. Your name is so old that it is unable to be said or spoken aloud. However, the closest word in translation was Phaseshifter. A modern word. I choose it, ultimately, because you will be born in a modern era. I would want people to understand my dark catalyst of humanity. You wouldn’t be able to use your name to intimidate people if no one understands it. With that done, are there any more... actually relevant questions you wish to ask?”

“Can I..Learn??” I say as I pointed to the massive library of books towards the back of Keirthan.

“You want to read more? Is the book lacking information you need to understand?.”

“Yes... I don't... understand”

“What do you not understand?”

“How to... talk.”

“Hmm, well that book is admittedly more about carrying your voice. While it does have many principals on the basics of speaking, it may be a bit more advanced for you at your age. Let me give you... something a bit more basic.”

The book was titled, “How to read, write, and talk-Grades K-3”. I was excited to pick it up, but I cannot help but feel insulted.

“Thank you.” I say as I grab it. The book unlike the other book, had pictures. And, an adorable little blue dog too.

I pointed at the book, as I said, “Look, look Keirthan!!”. Keirthan came back to look at it as he became annoyed.

“Ah..Now I remember why I hardly look at that book. If it weren't for my drive to preserve knowledge, that book would have been burned by now.” He said as he looked at it..

“It's not, bad..Is it??”

“It's not..That is exactly the problem.” He said as he closed the book.

“Why, why did you?” I asked.

“Because, giving you that book was a mistake.” He said as he put the book back.

“I can't fucking stand humans. And there disgusting human kinds drive to make everything innocent and child friendly, how they hide the truth about this world. I implore you Phaseshifter, to read anything else. I will forbid you from reading that from now on. Here, take this, instead. It is an old century book. It is much better quality. These, “modern” books are absolutely shameful.”

I looked at the book. It seemed very primitive. Besides having the alphabet, which I skipped it mainly featured ways on how to pronounce words that were basic, and to the point. Useful, for my current situation.

The whole book had a dictionary, as well as an exact encyclopedia for translating words, speaking words and their pronunciation. I held it to my side as I pointed out a word I saw. "Death-To cease existence, no longer living."

"Keirthan?" I asked. "What, is this-word?" I said in a nervous voice. Keirthan, hearing this, says "Improvement. I knew you would catch up a bit. You just needed something a bit more basic, without being trash either. The book itself, appears to range from elementary to middle school. I wonder why the junior or middle school part of the book makes more sense to you in particular. But the word, "Death", was the word I was explaining earlier. Death is, in it's simpler terms, the point where someone stops living, the natural ceasing of one's body and spirit..As well, as the start of the body's decay. There is, nothing after that." Keirthan clarifies as he looked back at me.

I pause trembling and looking back.."Your name, black death..Do you control, or are related to death?" I ask in shock and wonderment.

"What a wonderfully simple question." Keirthan says as the sound of his sharp, heel-like metal boots clanks up closer to me. For whatever reason, this was the first time I had noticed that..

"I, am not just a product of death. I am death, partially. And, you are too. We, all are here." He said as he whispered.

I look back, fear coming over me..In spite of not being able to speak before hand, all vocabulary begins rushing forward in one fail swoop.

"Am-Am I-Dead..Am I-Not alive..What is this place?? Who am I truly..What, what is a Creperum. What is a Creperum!!" I say as I break down, and begin shaking and crying.

Keirthan appears, shocked. He looks back at me, in an uneven expression. Still, he remained persistent, in continuing to say words that in no way make me feel better.

"You are not dead. But, you are not alive. You are not undead either. You are: re-living."

“Re-Living? W-What is that??”

“Allow me to explain.” Keirthan states as he grabs a huge otherworldly map, an incredibly detailed chart, showing everything in terms of states of life and death.

“You have what is being alive. ‘Living’ as the scientific principal dictates, is “The state of being alive, something that can grow, move, reproduce, and carry out cellular functions.” Death, is the opposite of that. Deceased, decayed. The end, of all that..Being undead, is being dead, but reanimated..The being is still dead. However, there are properties that make them, appear living. This could either be done through possession, or re-animation, the process of animating the dead via witchcraft or mind control.”

I watched him explain this to me in horror.

“You, we, are in a fascinating middle ground barely few choose to acknowledge. We, are phantoms. Dark phantoms in particular. A phantom is revitalized. Either, this means they can cheat death or this means that from birth, they exist to be soul-like, astral, and etheric. By that logic, all those things I mentioned in the living category, we either wouldn’t be able to do, or do entirely differently. We move, but only because darkness controls everything, to our animation. Without darkness, we would not be able to move at all. To “grow” something that does and cannot happen, unless we particularly grow energy from death, and steal the life force from others. We can reproduce, but without being able to mimic, copy, or steal DNA from other organisms, such tasks could not be done..All of us however, can carry cellular function, as long as we steal life from other creatures. Then, we simply disappear.” Keirthan explains.

“I have to kill people!!” I scream at the highest voice from up above.

“Well, no. Not other Creperum of course. But in regards to other creatures, such as humans, then you do, Phaseshifter. But, it’s not that morally different from consuming other creatures for food.”

“Eating, that is..That isn’t the same as eating one’s life force..Keirthan, I feel sick, I-“

“Don’t throw up again. I just now cleaned this floor-“

“I can’t! I can’t!” I said as I screamed even louder, as I begin to run.

“Phaseshifter? Where are you going!?”

I make a dash to up above the walls of the cave. I haven't practiced flying to the slightest degree, but every instinct tells me to go up above. He can't be honest. He is lying! I am alive..I feel it..My heart beats, my eyes weep. I wouldn't be able to do this if I was undead, or realive, right?” I think back to myself as I gasp.

Keirthan is already up behind me, holding me by the horns as I crash.

I cry out in fear and terror, as Keirthan looks at me as I fall.

“We don't have to do this Phaseshifter. We can talk about this like adults. This response will not help you. It won't help me either.”

In the air, I kick Keirthan off. I notice, a slight exit in the distance.

“Chance!” I scream as I try to go out.

Until..

“Phaseshifter, come down here this instance!! If you don't want to kill people, I'll make you kill people!” He screamed from the top of his lungs.

I didn't listen.

I kept going, as Keirthan began to follow me as I exited the caves entrance.

“If- you want to do it that way.”

Keirthan then used his own claws against me, as two mantis like tendrils came before me.

I screamed as I crashed, looking down at him.

“Cut this out. I'm not even done explaining myself Phaseshifter.”

“I will never kill people for you, I refuse!”

“Bastard..” Keirthan said as he slashed from behind my neck.

“Keirthan!” I scream. “Why, why why!”

“Because, I want to show you, exactly what will happen if you don’t kill people!” He screamed, as he brought my head to my gaping wound which immediately started to decay.

“That, is what to come. The only nutrients you have, are nutrients I gave you. This stupid stunt, has likely burned out all of them. Come with me, and I will give you something to eat. Okay..We don’t have to kill people, until tomorrow.”

My head started to spin..I feel myself falling to the ground.

“Keirthan!!” I scream, as my head gets face planted into the ground.

*Memories.*

That’s, all I remember.

All I remember.

Given that, I suppose, even with that, I don’t fully remember how this started. I assume, Keirthan removed those memories. That has become, standard procedure at this point.

Looking at the mirror, as I write this, I wonder, why am I still here. Do I even have a purpose, or do I just repeat the same routine?? Then again, this might have been a dream.

I almost wonder, as I remember this, if at some point I had a major voice in my life. I got a lot more adept at talking towards the end of that memory. Yet, as of late, I hardly make a sound. I just do as I am told. Given my current questioning of my current situation, I hope no other Creperum dare find this book.

Faded memories, almost like a vague aftermath. Flashing images of a disgusting, meat like substance being poured in my mouth.

My eyes, the darkness, hypnotized.

Feeling the tips of my fingers being reinvigorated. It is electric.

Feeling life come back to me, and less like I can't breathe.

I can feel vomit coming to my own mouth right now.

I shouldn't think of that anymore. It's sickening. The pain, is sickening. The electro torture, was sickening. Sweet, adorable mind games..How much I wanted it to stop..

Then, a few days later..I mustn't remember the rest..I must not defy Keirthan's orders. If my existence and how I was born was so troubling, he locked it away for a very good reason.

My head, those distortions again. There are always those distortions. Telling me what to do or think. One, is just begging me to erase an entire paragraph! Tell no one this journal, keep it all between "Us." I don't know what that means. I can feel them calling me more as I write this on this very page. What I do know, is that this isn't me. Something is controlling me. No, I will-banish this thought. Clear, my head.

No, no, I can't..

Feeling it, fade..Slowly, fade..

Always, fade.

Much better. It is starting to go away now. My thoughts, are a lot clearer now. I believe I was speaking about auras. Or, my past?? That can't be right. My past, my resentment with Keirthan. Wait, I have a feeling I wrote about that already. But, why can't I remember? I wonder? What was I even thinking about last?? Oh, auras. That's right. It is, coming back to me now. I was detailing auras to a huge degree, and how humanity feared me and my relationship to them. How they view me and how I am compared to them. My non human nature, I suppose. Thinking about it, my lack of humanity is interesting. It makes me think back to the minority of humans who deny my existence. The fact that I am a creperum is something they deny. They would ask, "What even is a Creperum?", as if that even needs to be stated in this day and age. We are beings of

darkness that can't be contained. Created from the darkness and fear from others. I believe many know this, but deny it.

I don't recall my time I spent away from Earth. I was simply told that I was visiting the Illusive Realm, and that it is my true home. The trip was scary for me, to say the least. He said, "The Illusive Realm is a self contained reality within our own universe, our own dimension. It blurs the line between physicality and lack of physicality, from the spiritual and the unknown. Only beings native there, such as Creperum, can go. There has not been an Earth-borne there since Sepulchral. Sepulchral himself is part human, but that doesn't exactly change what he is nor his status. Except things to be different, your perception, your sense of reality. Our shadows live there. I wish to train and bring out your darkness through your shadow, Phaseshifter."

The "Shadow" is essentially the deepest, darkest parts of our subconscious. I think many humans already figured out what it was. Carl Jung, I think??

Hearing about it is one thing, being there, is something else entirely. The illusive realm opens almost like a vortex. Going in there feels like your soul is both sucked out of your body and reconfiguring at the exact same time. Every sight, smell, and color, is amplified. I would say it's like being on drugs, but I would say that's tame in comparison. Upon arriving, I noticed that I already felt different. My body was lighter. My arms almost felt like another set of wings. I was dizzy, voices called out to me in the distance, and the sky always looked like an artist splattered a bunch of colors on a canvas.

I was in awe. I had no idea my kind originated in such a place. The fabric of reality almost felt like it was coming apart. Every sight and sound felt wavy and ethereal. Walking felt like my feet were waving through, almost like flying, but there was no air; no actual substance besides energetic fields.

I visited my home place known as the Phantasmic realm. That's where all dark beings are born. Essentially, the illusive realm is a mirror and also an in between realm. Through this realm, darkness both spiritually and physically is reflected.

That which is reflected, manifests in the Phantasmic Realm's many inhabitants. Ghosts, Demons, Zombies, Vampires, Wraiths..I have seen, nearly all of them now.

It is a shame I couldn't have been there for a younger. I felt a particular darkness take

over me in that very moment. Guiding me, to a deeper, more grim path. I let it pass me. Wanting nothing more but to go back home in that moment. I regret that now.

Crying to myself isn't exactly the most fun for me to do, yet I am doing that now. I was never, a particularly strong person. But I certainly don't feel strong now. In the illusive realm, I actually had beings who could potentially be my friends. But I turned them all down. Why? Well, I don't exactly know why. Ego? Greed? Fear? Fear, I think, is it. Illusive beings, native ones in particular, are very alien in terms of psychology. It is not quite something that I am used to. It is something that I am dreading, in fact. The more I get to know them, the more they reveal themselves to be stranger, and stranger. If only, I could take a chance. If only, I could find myself brand new friends.

No matter that..I have other things to get to, in this entry anyways.. Well, I believe that is mostly it..My life's story, of how, it all came to this. This..

My life, waking up at 7 AM, having orders barked to by Keirthan. Going out in a cold, winter trenchcoat, thinking about the next person whose life I will take next. There's nothing more to say now, is there??

Well, except..

#

## Chapter 2:Darkness

10/03/2020

That thing I experienced earlier. The thing that made me forget half of what I wrote. That must be my control. The thing that puts me in complete enslavement, the thing that takes away half of my humanity as I know it-or lack thereof. I really shouldn't be thinking in human terms, now should I??

That began in particular, sometime after my birth. My memory is fuzzy on that, now. The only reason, I even remember half of what I wrote to begin with, is both due to magic and well, pills. I don't like the fact that I take medication. Or, the fact that I take from human based hospitals in order to do so. I am very ashamed of that fact.

My memory, has been in a constant flux. Part of it is Keirthan's doing. Part of it, is my own doing. My mind, started to break. Half way, between my training, where it got too intense, and Keirthan was ripping out parts of my orga-oh, I shouldn't talk about that, I don't like that memory. Anyways, after the incident, I lost a lot of my memory and I gained amnesia. It was like, I was reborn again. I at least didn't have to be re-taught English again. Keirthan was upset, but mostly concerned. He cared for me, and let me rest for several days. He gave me medicine to help with this terrible affliction.

In my heart, I know Keirthan isn't that bad..How could he? He is simply doing what is right for me. Even, if it is painful from time to time.

Even if he..Tortures me from time to time..Or, murders me. Though, that one time was an accident. Keirthan himself felt, fear..Or the closest thing to fear, concern. Keirthan is connected to fear to such a degree that the two and him are intertwined. He does not feel it as a result. He embodies who and what people are afraid of. It is why, he is in my nightmares sometimes. He knows this and, frequently pulls pranks on me in my dreams or attempts to make the mood lighter to help. It doesn't help. At all.

The incident, started when I was learning about illusive light. The "Illustrium" is a species which is the opposite of what I am. And thus, can kill me.

The opposite to most Creperum, is either a Lucerum or a Dilicilum. But, due to the different energies I possess, the primary thing that can put my entire life to an end is Illustrium.

Keirthan is beyond aware of this tactic. This tactic, a group against my species known as "Ferox Legion", employed it to kill Creperum and eliminate my entire kind. You could ask, why don't we use darkness to kill Lucerum. Or, why doesn't the darkness kill them as well.

The answer, is infuriating. Because of the fact that light is more recoverable, physical, and less astral than darkness, they can come back after death. Creperum in contrast, are mostly permanent. Our darkness is too hard to find and conceal easily, causing many of us to be simply erased from reality.

I find it horrifying. The illustrium was perfectly picked to be an exact match to my energy and aura. Keirthan showed me how this was done, and how many use such techniques to kill Creperum. The key, as Keirthan explained is, "To hone your darkness in such a way, to where it reflects, bouncing off your darkness and using your power to cover the light. It will not always save you, but it will delay the reaction, giving you

ample time to escape.”

I was not good my first time. I froze..I could feel myself, being burned and erased from all existence. Keirthan gasped. I felt myself, easing into nothingness. Dying.

Keirthan stopped it at the last second and canceled out the light to save me and bring me back. It was an awful process.

The medications helped me process such events. Ever since experiencing that, I have frequently what is known as “Depersonalization and Derealization.” It is a disorder where you dissociate and disconnect from yourself. It may or may not increase amnesia, which I already had prior. It may also, cause issues such as suicidal idealization and self harm. Which has happened since then.

Sometimes, I try to feel like I am happy. But that honestly feels like a lie that I am telling myself. Ever since the thunderous, no, tsunami of my life has come, I hardly remember the last time I ever, felt close to true happiness.

Hope, when all I see is despair now. Darkness shrouding me. It’s a mental darkness. It clouds my mind, and my vision frequently. Perhaps, this mental darkness, and likewise; this resulting despair, came from the fact that I don’t necessarily like my own darkness at points.

My relationship with it is conflicting. The first memories I had of it, was that thing. The thing, that took over my thoughts. I remember it more clearly now, actually. In spite of the crushing pain and agony of the whole ordeal.

I think, outside the view window, as I feel to the ground, I felt my own bones break and shatter. The feeling, was beyond words. It felt like, my whole body was covered in glass. Yet, it also felt like, I was already dead. As if, my soul was merely residing in a dead or deceased vessel.

I could remember my vision start to blur. I felt, half alive. Keirthan looked up at me in the eye, as he held me in the air.

“Phaseshifter.” He said in a sinister tone, only comparable to blood curdled scream rather than a voice. “I can’t believe, you did that.”

He soon picked me up. I felt weak, powerless. In that moment, I was nothing. He raised his own hand at me, revealing it’s own rot and decay. I began to shiver.

“See..It can happen to me too. This isn’t just a problem with you. I, will proceed to show you how to fix that.”

I felt myself fall on his grip as he grabbed a knife from his tool set. Brushing it against my face, my eyes darted back and forth.

“You disappoint me.” He said as he started curling the knife into raw meat I saw sitting in the corner. He then proceeded to take this knife and stab it into my being.

I remained shocked, horrified.

“It was a pleasure to fix that for you.” He said as I could feel myself back into the ground. I can still hear his laughter from that event, my back tingling as I write this.

I remember, the thing now...How it started, at least. The aftermath of my birth.

A well of darkness spread from Keirthan’s hands. It almost looked like a cloud of smoke, yet it wasn’t, it couldn’t be.

I screamed, as the sight struck me blind. I couldn’t see anything. It was dark, clouded; lifeless. Yet, revitalizing. It took my breathe away.

When my vision came through, all I could see was a black, faded view of my environment. Keirthan looked over me, repeating the words:

“Don’t do this again. Don’t do this again”.

Over, and over, and over.

My body started regrowing before my eyes. He looked at me with a playful yet impatient expression. The meat, started to pour in my mouth. I felt, more power. I think, electricity may not be fully comparable thinking back on it, unless I count the raw high of it all.

It was more like, a connection deep within the root began to plant itself in my own soul. A connection to, being un-lived, relived, re-alive. That feeling, the sickening feeling, of being almost attune with the macabre. Death, yet not quite..

It was....Reinvigorating. Yet, horrifying..It was, pulsating..Mutating..Evolving..

My mind since then, had always been unclean. I felt like I was reborn, again. Which is probably why I forgot much of my memory right after.

Keirthan....

Keirthan....

I will never understand you, Keirthan...

My life, since that event, my darkness since that event...Is, an enigma. I cannot fathom myself or what truly happened. And to make matters worse, despite the

suffering, the conflict comes not what I hate about it, but what I love about it. Being  
Phantom has made me, **whole**.

I think, that's where my mental darkness comes into play. I can no longer relate, to any living creature or thing. Anything I had from that event, has vanished. Disappearing, vanishing, into air. No longer here. Gone. Never, ever here. Or, was it ever here?

My transformation hasn't even ended yet. It has only started. That control I mentioned earlier.

That, is my **own darkness**.

The connection to the dead, the power I hold over both the living and the dead, even the undead. It is controlling me. Always present, always there, never gone.

Always here.

I can almost feel myself fading and dissociating the more I think about it. Growing thinner, vanished, into the air.

Slowly, disappear.

No, no longer here.

Emerging into the darkness.

Taking me hold.

I can hardly see myself when I do so. It becomes, it's own entity. I am no longer here as it takes hold.

It does all my thoughts and actions. It thinks for me, in ways I don't even think I should. It pulls at me, feeding on the dead and those who go between it's path. The unending need for blood and flesh being it's primary goal.

That's all there is too it.

I am the pawn of my own darkness. Made to do Keirthan's bidding, only slightly guided by my own meandering thoughts.

When it takes me over, it is so separate from me that I often have no recollection of events afterwards. I often wake up, mangled in organs, covered in blood. It never ceases to shock me every single time.

This included, waking up to a small infant dog. The golden retriever was disemboweled, it's skin removed. The nails had been put in between the concrete, it's eye balls taken out. The ears, were filled with cotton.

I cannot deny that I did this. Even when I try to, the blood is literally on my hands.

There is no excusing my part in it. No erasing of what I had done.

The bones, were sealed and sewed into the backs of my own boots. Breaking down, is an understatement.

This is a reaction to darkness Keirthan hadn't noticed in others. He knew this. Memories, still feel locked away. After the first take over, I can only remember throwing up, the site of my own aura causing me to break every mirror I saw.

When I told Keirthan what happened, he simply nodded.

"Is that a problem? I see no issue with a successful feeding, my prodigy."

I looked at him, as I asked, "Why-did you do this to me?? I feel, different. I feel, an undying need. Literally..I killed someone, yet I don't feel satisfied. I feel like, I never will."

In response, Keirthan walked past the book shelf from inside the cave. Grabbing out a page, he handed me this.

It was a picture. He viewed it as somehow a substitute for his response. It almost looked like ancient cave paintings. I licked the blood off my own lips. I cannot deny, how sweet it tasted.

Yet. I also cannot ignore how horrible I felt.

"What is this?" I asked. "Is this some kind of joke? You created me, simply to kill people, and made me undea-no, a phantom. Now, what?"

He simply pointed back at the picture. He put his black, decrypit nails on the page.

"Phaseshifter. I'm sorry..You need to learn to forgive me..I was too hasty. You cannot imagine how long I had been working on this project."

"Project? Am I-an experiment?"

"Not exactly."

Looking back at the drawings, I noticed they almost told a story. A story that depicted Creperum peacefully living in their own world. Then, terroristic acts began. The drawing depicted a member of my species with it's head torn off, black blood oozing on the page. The next, shown these...Horrible..

Creatures..

I pointed my hand at them. "What, is that?"

Keirthan looked back, "The reason, I created you."

I could almost not breathe. It was, a large cloaked figure. They had this horrific, disgusting light. I wanted to rip the page just seeing it. It glowed a ghastly shimmer, and I noticed its face. Dear God, its fucking face. It literally looked like the sun pierced into my soul. I wanted to tear the page apart. I wanted to kill someone.

"What is, the meaning of this?" I asked in fury and anger.

"Keep looking, you'll find your answer."

More bodies, ripped apart, covered in...Light...I almost wanted to cry..I could see Creperum fleeing. I noticed, more and more Creperum vanishing as I kept reading these pages Keirthan took out.

Then I saw it..The same black figure I knew..Keirthan..He fought these horrific creatures. The feeling, of seeing these abominations killed, gave me relief. Yet. This wasn't the end.

Another page, showed Keirthan in his own pit of despair, defeated.

I was confused..Yet, I think..This was when I finally, loved Keirthan. The way he fought. The way he saved people's lives. I wanted to be that..

I think I had forgotten everything that had happened beforehand. All I could see, where mesmerizing texts of mystic incantations, spells, and rituals..And, a sense of failure...Then, I noticed something. Keirthan was becoming more increasingly desperate. The abominations took more room in the page.

I nearly fainted, until I saw, a pleasant form of darkness, blocking this light. This darkness, was me..

I looked back, unable to process everything around me..I was created, to save others like me..If I have to kill to do it, does that make it so wrong??

I didn't want to acknowledge that thought. I still don't.

"Is this connecting now? Are you starting to understand, Phaseshifter?"

"...I understand the atrocities portrayed in this is wrong....If that, is your point..But..How does this answer, what I did to that poor animal? And, how does that make it right?"

"It doesn't, Phaseshifter. It isn't, suppose to be right. It's meant to be wrong."

"Then why did I do it-"

"Hush now." He said as he began to lecture me. "You don't understand, the true nature of yourself yet, do you?"

“That....You aren’t meant to be good...No one is...There is no such thing..Yet, there is one thing..The parasite, people usually refer to “Goodness”. The lies, and deceit..The freedom, in what’s choosing what’s bad, outways any of the possible benefits of being, good.”

I looked back, stunned.

“It, was always a lie. And what you did back there, is neither good nor evil..It’s self preservation..Have I told you yet, how humans have the same animals in factories, and torture them while cutting their limbs off? Some boil and eat them alive..”

“That’s...That’s horrible...”

“But yet...What you did, is considered a crime.. Have you ever thought of that?”

Admittedly, I haven’t. I wasn’t even aware of the torture animals went through in the meat industry before this. But, Keirthan is far from an animal rights activist. Rather, he is bringing up a larger point. Is “torture” of animals in itself, not at least, the slightest bit relative?

“There’s no way that isn’t illegal. Even if it was, in no way does it make what I did to that creature justified. It was likely just minding it’s day.”

I of course, respond in denial.

I didn’t expect to be shown, what I saw next.

“Wait, you don’t remember, do you?” He replied.

A pressure began to build up in my chest. This was the discovery of my power-and it’s consequences.

“This, isn’t normal for Creperum. At least, none that I had seen in the past.”

“What do you mean? You did this to me, are you not suppose to be the one who would know what is going to happen?”

“Hmmm...I can see why you would come to that conclusion..” Keirthan said as he walked back towards the outer wall. More symbols can be seen, as well as displays of an “X” on what appears to be notable names or people.

“You see, I have become lost within my own kind, ever since, we were declared extinct. People don’t even know that we are alive right now. We may be the last survivors.”

Everything paused. Time around me stood still.

“But, if our kind is this. Is that not a good thing?” I asked.

“No one should be burdened with such abilities and powers. Our uncaringness towards life, our lust for blood. Is that not a bane to existence?”

Keirthan soon brought his hands to the drapes on the wall. Removing the drapes, a tapestry became noticeable. It appeared to be several women in black clothes. They were filthy and unkept. Men had pitchforks. The women, were being burnt to death.

“Take a look at this photo, and tell me again that Creperum are a bane to existence.”

I looked down, uneasy. To be fair, the picture had zero context. They could all be criminals for all I knew..Burning people alive however was in my own view, barbaric.

Indefensible.

“These people you see, they aren’t Creperum. They, are human. Human beings, did this. My own creator, is among them. This was the day she escaped. She almost died that day. But, the rest of those souls weren’t exactly as lucky.”

“What is the meaning of this? Why are you showing me this?”

“To prove a point. You believe your bloodlust to be “wrong”. Unnecessary. If that is the case, explain to me, the purpose of this.”

I had the urge to scream. Keirthan brought out a second picture. A beautiful looking woman had her head chopped off, the life sucked out of her eyes, her torment clear. I never was struck with such emotion before.

“If, you have no answer, you then have to give me an answer as to why these creatures, humans, have an estimated population of 3 billion while our own is below a couple thousand. So, what do you think? You are my little professed expert on these very complicated issues despite being born several hours ago, after all.”

What could I say? Not only was I proven wrong, but I wanted to remain right. I knew I couldn’t have my cake and eat it too. To imply Creperum are wrong, I have to somehow make a justification as to why the abomination known as humans exist. Despite, everything being far worse. I have to explain why Creperum are innately so awful, so horrible, a literal genocide is being justified before my eyes, yet these disgusting monkeys appear to walk around gracefully, and freely. Instead, I choose the best answer

I could say.

“I...I don’t know why...I never knew humans were so awful...I thought they...Well... Played with their children...Cooked with each other, planned meals with each other... Celebrated each other, loved each other...You mean to tell me, that was all fake?”

Keirthan laughed. “Of course it was fake! Did you not notice just how stupid it was? The idea that everyone could truly just get along and live happily and simultaneously?”

Absolutely ludicrous.”

I looked down. I felt traumatized. “Why did you show me that then, why did you lie?”

“To illustrate a point, Phaseshifter. Those stupid books is what you see”, He then pointed upwards at the mural.

“That mural, is how they are.”

I felt betrayed. I felt so angry. I wanted to kill every human ever born just for the sin of being alive. Until, I realized something.

“But those victims. They are human, too. Does that not at least suggest, that there are good humans? Humans worth protecting?”

“Phaseshifter, my point was not if humans with worthwhile qualities truly exist. My point was, are Creperum actually the worst thing to happen to existence?”

“I suppose not then. That crown would be given to humans, and only humans. It appears I have misjudged...My entire kind...But, could this mean that humans have a greater, and worse drive than us, to the point where they are desperate enough to resort to cannibalism?”

“No Phaseshifter, humans do not eat darkness or require strength from the living like we do. Instead, they are part of the living in itself.”

“That can’t be true.” I retorted.

“Do you want to be foolish enough to be humiliated again?” Keirthan asked.

“No, but-“

I then realized, that if Keirthan addressed my point like that, then it had to be true. I didn’t know how it was true, but I had no choice but to accept it was true. He already disproved my point on Creperum being the worst thing in existence. What else, did he have to disprove?

“Well Keirthan. I know you were right before. In truth, I can’t believe it, because in my perspective, I cannot fathom what motivation one would have to commit such horrific acts if they have no darkness.”

“Well, humans technically have a darkness. A dimwitted darkness, but still a darkness. That darkness, isn’t literal like ours, but rather, metaphorical. The darkness, is entitlement. Those men there, felt that they were entitled to preach and practice the correct belief system, the correct opinions you have to have.”

“That’s stupid.” I replied.

“That god awful belief system. That, is what is known as morality.”

I looked down. Morality has to be the most evil, dark thing in all of existence. What else, could motivate someone to do such cruel, and horrible acts to another individual, who has done seemingly nothing wrong or warranted to deserve that suffering?”

“That is what I mean, when I say there is no good. There is no evil. Would you believe, that these men, fully viewed themselves in the right and wholly good, when they committed these atrocities? Would you believe, that the crimes of these women, were simply mixing and eating herbs, and refusing to follow these men’s supposed, written word?”

“I would never follow any written word if it preaches killing the innocent! What god

damned individual thinks it is okay to do so?”

“Humans. Specifically, Christian humans. The women, those are what as known, as pagans. They believe in paganism. Paganism, by itself is simply a belief system in the arcana and the spiritual. That’s all it is. Nowhere, in most variations of paganism, is ritualistic sacrifice even abused or mentioned. Yet, that is exactly what these women were accused of doing.”

“This is terrible!” I yelled.

“Is there not a proper due process?” I asked.

“Well, there is one now, just barely. Hardly even. I will go as far as to say that the extent of “due process” is mostly a mythical concept in society. Barely applied unless you fit into a biased class or set of characteristics humans deem “acceptable.”

“But Keirthan..One of the books I looked at in learning briefly mentioned law, so it can’t be a myth, right?”

“It’s not a myth in the sense that doesn’t exist. It’s in the sense that it hardly ever exists, since usually people that are seen with favorable aspects are given proper due process.” Keirthan explained. “But, back to the animal you presumed to be innocent. I witnessed the event. The animal, was actually mauling someone.”

“How could it? It is a very small dog.” I said in utmost surprise.

Keirthan sighed. “It was mauling a child, Phaseshifter.”

“Oh...” I said, in a deadpanned and defeated tone.

“Whether you agree with it or not, that child would have died, had you not killed that dog. Not like, “innocence” is a concept easily applicable to animals. In fact, I would doubt the idea that most animals are innocent.” Keirthan said as he showed me yet another picture. It appeared to be an old photograph. It wasn’t as enraging as the others, but it still was unsettling.

“That dog, or wolf appears to be mauling a deer.”

“It is the animal kingdom. If you think you are wrong for killing that dog for sustenance, you would have to also condemn such canines for doing this. The dog you killed especially, since a child was going to die.”

I looked back. I cannot verify if this is true. I do not remember the event. It feels deep, trapped in my own mind. My regular memories, for reference, are locked in my mind. My darkness induced memories, even more so.

“What was the last thing the dog did?” I asked.

“Hmm..Well, it was eating a child’s face..The police were called, but you managed to escape just in time. For reasons unknown to me, they are currently accusing the child of being a culprit.”

“A child? A culprit?”

“Oh yes. Not this child obviously, but many children can be killers or have killed

others. Death, and the desire to take life knows no real age. I see no reason to show you information regarding that, so you will simply have to take my word on it". Keirthan said in a sure tone.

"Well..Despite this, blood on my hands..I suppose, if I saved someones life in order to satisfy my hunger, it's not as bad as I thought. If Creperum have the capacity to use our power to save others, then I suppose I-we, can't be all bad."

"I am glad you finally reached that conclusion." Keirthan said as he gently touched my face.

"Now then, are you ready to start, or do you still need answers to questions regarding your current arrangement."

I looked back, nervous yet less scared of my role in Keirthan's dominion.

"If, the deaths I and other Creperum commit will help save the world and those around it, I see no reason as to why I shouldn't contribute. I am deeply, deeply sorry for misjudging you Keirthan." I said as I bowed to my new master.

"I hope that you can forgive me." I said in a quiet whisper.

"First things first. Forgiveness, is earned. You will need to do work in my garden for weeks to regain my trust. After that, I will gladly work and start you on your training."

"Yes, Keirthan."

"That, is Seigneur Keirthan to you."

"Yes, Seigneur Keirthan."

"Your willingness is not enough Phaseshifter. I need far more than that."

I looked down at the floor. My mind and my thoughts started to race. This moment is how this control strengthened.

"I need you, in writing, to devote yourself to me. To prove, your faith being unquestioned. My plan is too important to have actions like this happen, ever again. I will be honest and be very blunt. Had your turn around not occurred, I was fully willing to leave out of my home and pay you no mind while you fend for yourself. I'm sure the forces at be would have more than enough fun killing another Creperum."

I gasped. This could be a lie, but Keirthan was incredibly mad. I could feel my head pound. My body started to shake. He gave me everything I could ever ask for. Books, a home, and food. Yet, I mistakenly clung on to this stupid belief that killing people was wrong, to the point of dogma. As if it was a religion. I realized what Keirthan means now. Killing people isn't right, but it isn't wrong either. It is morally neutral.

Taking a life for the sake of taking, at least appeared to be wrong in his eyes. He didn't defend the animal killing a child after all. But killing simply to take isn't what he is going to do, it isn't, what I am going to do.

I simply did what I had to do.

I begged.

"Please no...I don't want to die, I had just been born! You wouldn't let me die, would you?"

“Of course I wouldn’t kill you or let you die. But if you are stuck on remaining against me, and choose to bite the hand that feeds, I will have no choice but to kick you out. You will have become an inconvenience to me at that point.”

“I don’t want to be an inconvenience! I promise to never act so arrogant, so stupid and pitiful, ever again. I promise to remain at your side at all times, to be with you till the very end. Please, if there is anything required of me, I will.”

“Shhh..” Keirthan said as he whispered.

“I understand, but like I said, I need more than emotional willingness. I need bodily willingness. Clearly, your mind caused you to misunderstand what I was saying. I simply cannot let that happen.”

“How do-“

“What I need, is more than just simple compliance. I require the direct ability to work right through you, body and mind.”

“How so?” I asked.

“Through blood.” He said as he got out tools, a spellbook, and herbs for his incantation.

“Once you have cut this symbol through your hand, and touched it with my own palm, we will have effectively become one. I will be able to channel my essence through your soul and mind at any given moment. If you are not comfortable with this, then I will already have confirmation of your lack of commitment. If that is your response, then I will have no choice but to let you leave.”

“Channeling your essence? What exactly does that entail for me on your end?” I asked.

“I am glad you asked that question Phaseshifter.” Keirthan said as he got out a separate book, this one detailing what appears to be beings, usually human, becoming blank, empty..A vessel.

“You aren’t the first person I had who have served me in such a way. I have had many humans who have become, and have been my servants over the years. This book, will show you everything you would have to expect. What may surprise you however, is how many of my own subjects were actually willing participants. Others, were people I trapped however. Bear in mind, there tasks are not at all comparable to what you will be doing.”

“What will I be doing then?”

“Simple. Once you accept this binding contract through blood, you will become my one and only dark catalyst. My messenger, my deliverer, and enforcer. You will become everything and nothing at once. What that means, is that you will be a catalyst to my own darkness. My own power. My beacon. The extension of my rule and reign. Your task, is sacred. Your task being, to deliver the Creperum species from this pit. To be above on our rightful place above the living once again. Working through you is simply a way for me to always establish our connection. That connection leading to a higher power and

purpose. To connect you, to a literal deity, which I am. And to use you to better establish my reign on those who I can't easily reach."

"You....Are a deity?" I asked...

"Well...Not yet...But, I will once I become the supreme ruler of death, and become one with the monarchs. If all goes well, potentially greater."

"I feel an even greater compelled urge to serve you knowing this Keirthan. You are more than my creator. You are also my God."

"Yes, mostly. Our connection is especially important because of this. You should be considered privileged to be in my own presence. Regardless however, you will never be able to become one with my own God like touch if you do not accept becoming one with me."

"I want to be higher and more adept in the spiritual plane. I see no reason why I should deny this moment of enlightenment for me Keirthan." I said in a confident and reassured tone.

Keirthan looked back at me as he appeared to have smiled. It was the strangest thing I had ever seen. His black, pale face, almost appeared to have an inner mouth, or smile within it. But, it was astral, and almost ghostly in his presence. He hasn't showed this again, nor does he often. Still, it strikes me as odd even as I recollect this.

I continued to put my gaze at Keirthan. I wanted him to know how much I wanted this.

"That is well said, but are you ready?" Keirthan asked as he observed my reaction keenly and carefully.

"I believe so, no, I know so...I want to be your protege. I mean this. Honestly." I say as I lift my hand and palm in the air, indicating my earnestness.

"Wonderful...I believe you are now, at this point. Are you aware that this can never be undone?"

"Why would I want it to be undone? What a stupid question." I replied.

Again, Keirthan smiled. The rows of teeth in his astral form almost being hidden behind layers of darkness, mystique and mystery.

"I see no reason as to why I should delay this given that." Keirthan replied as he clarified.

Grabbing the knife he stabbed into my heart earlier, I could now see the plants more clearly. Some was rosemary, others were spices, and wilted rotting roses were also visible.

"Tell me Phaseshifter, do you know the difference between a dark knife and a regular

knife? I am simply testing what you currently know. It is not wrong if you are not aware.”

I stuttered. So even the knife had a clear and concrete reason? My embarrassment only grew. I had no intention of normalizing violence against me in my own mind...But, if such violence was to my benefit, what am I if not a fool? An idiot?

I looked closer down on the ground, ashamed of how I have appeared and conducted myself to my own sovereign ruler, my master. My life. My purpose.

“No, I don’t Keirthan. I simply assumed you attacked me in a blood thirsty irrational rage. I do not know the difference between a dark knife and a regular knife.”

“Well, I cannot pretend it had no intention of harming you. But, would you really want to fly off, stupidly grazing away as you felt your own limbs fall to the ground, your own bodily organs? Had I not stopped you and gave you a taste, a preview, if what you will become if you refuse to kill for energy and consumption, you wouldn’t have just upset me. You would have died. Your choice, was suicide. Is it so unreasonable to wish to break you out of that, and such delusion that would only bring you to your own demise?”

“No, I suppose not. The knife however, what is it’s purpose?”

“A variety of things. Unlike regular weapons or knives, this weapon is possessed. It is a weapon I conjured and created using my own darkness. I will teach you how to wield and create using your darkness in due time, Phaseshifter. You will have no need to worry about not having your own share of creativity to work with once you wield even an ounce of my power. The properties the knife includes, is the ability to damage, but also the ability to heal. The ability to heal however, comes at a cost. Unless the body is already damaged or deteriorated, no such healing action will take effect. Instead, contact with the knife will cause skin to molt and degenerate. You also are unable to use it for healing after violating it’s intended use. I did this, so that beings would not be able to use it to gain any form of immortality, even if temporary. I do not want my weapons to be used to my enemy’s advantage. Bear this in mind, if you use this for any joke or trick, you will perish. It is in no way, a toy.”

“I will use it like my life depends on it Keirthan.”

“Good.” Keirthan said as he grabbed my palm.

“I will not be using the knife to cut your hand. Besides, it would be to imprecise to carve the symbol I ideally want your hands to have. Rather, the knife is simply for the end. You will feel very exhausted feeling your blood and life essence leave your body for this ritual. That is why you will need me to replenish your darkness.”

“How long will this effect last?” I ask.

“Well, I cannot say for certain. It varies across species. That knowledge comes from my own experimentation of doing this ritual across multiple races, from humans to animals. Though, humans had greater chances of surviving. I had never done this with

another Creperum before, but I estimate it should take about a day.”  
“That shouldn’t be too long..Besides, all a day is, is 24 hours. I can stand to be like this just for a few hours right?”

“Of course. Before I do this, we must sign a contract.”

“A contract? But I already agree.”

“It is for archival purposes.”

“Ah, I see.”

As Keirthan reached out and grabbed what appeared to be a page made from papyrus, I skimmed down across the terms and conditions. I had no reason to read this, as we discussed it beforehand. Writing my name and signature, lightning almost felt like it flowed through me. I was already appearing to be drawn and connected to Keirthan.

Upon finishing any and all copies needed for my signature to the two page contract, Keirthan then let out a needle. A thread could be seen. It wasn’t a typical thread. It appeared to be made and ground from plants.

“Oh wow. How did you make that?” I asked, impressed.

“Sewing. You would be surprised, how much you can really sew. The thread is already being covered in my own blood.” He said as I noticed the hole noticeable in his hand.

“Once I carve this symbol into your hand, and allow our blood to mix and intermingle, you will have effectively become mine. Are you excited?” He asked.

“Very.” I replied.

As Keirthan readied the needle, I felt a sense of apprehension. I hated needles, but tried my best to bare it. He started from the base of my index finger, as he carved a hole into it. It already started to hurt. The pain then came crashing down like fireworks, as a line was drawn from my index figure to my middle palm.

“The palm is considered a spiritual network to most. That is why it is especially important to use it to verify our connection.”

The line then moved to my thumb, as it then curled down to the end of my thumb. I could feel it. The thread tied to my hand. It hurt, so much.

“Ah. We are not done yet, however.”

I screeched in pain as from the bottom of my hand, he stroke again and created a circle. This circle started from the bottom of my hand, and ended looping back. I wanted to beg Keirthan to stop, until:

“Done.” He said as he grabbed scissors to cut the thread.

“Keirthan-my hand.” I said as I could feel blood leaking and pouring down. I also began to feel lightheated.

“Ah, you see that is why I carved a circle in the first place.”

“What for?” I asked.

I quickly received my answer. The knife was plunged straight in my hand. I screamed

like a banshee. In this moment, Keirthan actually told me to calm down.

“Quiet, Phaseshifter. They will hear us if you keep this up.”

“I-I can’t! Keirthan! I need medical attention!”

“Stay still and stop screaming. I am almost done. You won’t regain your energy if you continue this behavior.”

Hardly able to resist, I tried to hold on to the last sense of restraint I had. Eventually, the knife was pulled. A dull pain came before me. Blood fell onto the floor, as Keirthan had a towel to cover my wound.

“That should heal in a few days. You should relax and rest. I will assist you in first aid and medical attention.” He said as he reassured me.

I could feel myself start to get woozy. To be honest, this could perhaps explain as to why the most crucial parts of my life are the hardest for me to remember.

The alcohol across my hand burned, though this was done to simply prevent infection. My vision soon started to blur. My last memory of this event was lying down peacefully, as I was grabbed by Keirthan and placed onto my actual first time bed.

#

## Chapter 3: Control

10/03/2020

A lot has changed since then. A lot in regards to my own darkness.

Upon wakefulness, I was restless and uneasy. My heart beat raced. It all felt like a dream, yet my body and environment proved otherwise.

Keirthan was making food. It appeared to be bacon. The smell made my mouth water. I looked back at my hand. The stitches are already gone. How long have I been out for?

I walked by the stairs of the cave to greet Keirthan.

“Good evening Phaseshifter. It is 5’o clock PM. You have been knocked out for two whole days.” He explained.

“Two days?” What has happened since then? Is our connection stable?”

“Ah yes, the connection. That is perfectly fine. It appears to be fully functional as intended. Albeit, a few minor issues. It was not easy for me to work through you while you were asleep. But, I am sure that will improve over time. I was aware you were finally close to wakefulness. You must be starving.”

“You read my mind.” I replied. ‘Maybe this connection truly is working if he can feel my hunger’, I thought to myself.

“Phaseshifter, I know you will want to do a lot for me, but don’t bother. You will potentially gain injuries that way. I appear to have miscalculated. The ritual is complete, but the toll it took on your body will take one week to heal.”

“Ah...What can I do in the meantime?” I asked.

“Well, I suppose we can get to know each other a little better.” Keirthan explained.

“I would love to find out more about you, teach you what you need to know, and help you grow as a person. But, the work in my garden will still have to be done.”

“Oh...I almost forgot about that if I am being honest. When do you expect me to do that?”

“Tomorrow, first thing at sunrise, with later work being done at sunset. You will be doing simple tasks such as cleaning and maintaining, and spells and incantations at night.”

“Does that mean I can learn magic now?” I asked.

“No, not that. For now, enjoy your meal.” Keirthan said as he handed the plate to me.

“Thank you” I replied.

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