

# A (k)night's shadow

Von Lail

## light and shade

A (k)night's shadow

Cold air. An icy breeze. Difficult to breath. Dim lighting. Dark atmosphere. Death creeping in the shadows.

Glast Heim.

A place I do not fear. No more. There is nothing I fear.

Cloudy night. No moon. No stars. Just the wind howling through the ruins and leaveless trees. Rattling skeletons.

Danger is omnipresent. I do not care. No more.

I am now used to it. I am part of it.

This is home of evil. And I am part of it. Therefore I do not fear. Because the presence of evilness causes fear. It's related to loss, sadness, pain... to all the things that human beings are afraid of.

I am part of it. I am not attached by those states.

So there is nothing I fear as I'm familiar with all those feelings leading to despair. That's why I've become invincible. There is nothing that can stop me for there is nothing I fear and that is an advantage against all my opponents.

Humans are weak. They all are. Because there is always something they are afraid of even if they pretend there was nothing. It causes their downfall. Leads them to betray even their beloved ones.

Well, it may be decided by other ones whether I'm still human or not. It's up to their ridiculous believe in goodness. Rational people wouldn't count me to the living. But rationality depends on the matters of the heart. After all, the heart of a human being is always weak. At least at a certain spot. Irrationality, emotionality controls the actions of every human - no matter what from what kind they are.

Fortunately I'm different. I say: I am human. But I'm improved. I am more human than other ones for I got rid of all those things that lead to weakness.

All I do is hate.

But I remember everything. But it's not painful at all. Pain was only back then when I finally opened my eyes to the truth. Love. Friendship. Hope. Believe. Worthless. Hatred is the one and only feeling that supports you. It helps you to stand up when you fell down. Let's you Go on. Grow.

Hatred was my savior. I shall never leave its side. I walk safely in its devouring shadow. And I'm going to spread my own shadows. As a gift to my savior.

It's a bit lonely here. But why should I care? I don't feel loneliness. Only hatred.

Nevertheless... anytime I watch the constant darkness I wonder what those who deserted me might do...

Have you found a new love, Iruga? Have you become stronger, Roan? Can you protect my sister? And is Yuufa still as naïve as I was before I was saved?

Answers are that easily given: I do not care about Iruga's heart. And Roan will always be weak as his heart is weakened by the illusive light of hope. And Yuufa... She is my little sister. There is much we have in common. Iruga once stated that, too.

Well... I will leave the shadow soon - no, I will drag my own shadow out of the darkness that saved me. And I will lead it to and through the sick brightness. I will find Yuufa.

And I will save her from the illusion of hope and believe. I don't want her to suffer. That decision seems strange. Even to myself. I should not care. Only my hatred and the word of my master matters. But Yuufa... she is my precious little sister. I don't feel anything when I think about her. But my mind tells me that I have to save her, too.

And Iruga... well... I should save him from the present Keough. I should release him from his suffering. Soon. But not too soon. At first he is supposed to see the truth and to painfully realize it. To realize that he is weak. That he failed.

I'm sure he will understand...