

Prologue: That's Why No One Cares for Me

Journal Entry 1: Isolation

"...No one cares for me... Except me..."

It's a quote, a staple in my world. The very essence of it is my lifestyle. Actually, is lifestyle truly the word I should use? It's more of a fact. It is merely reality that no one cares for me.

Despite the gloom, depression, and somber nature of this phrase, I don't mind it. Rather, I embrace it. Being outcasted and left alone, it's a feeling, a way of life that I am all too familiar with. One might say I'm comfortable with it. I'd rather be alone and have no one care for me, and vice versa. Answer me this:

How often does a sickly mother pass away?

How often does a premature baby die from not being fully developed?

How often is it that a sibling commits suicide?

How often is it that a friend gets brutally slaughtered?

Tell me dear reader, how often do people go to the afterlife?

I can say this with much certainty: it is not a rarity for one to seek the heavens after death. Life can be cut short, all with a snap of the Gods fingers. Death isn't only a part of life, it's a lifestyle.

There comes a time when everyone must go. Where they let go of the hand of Lady Life and grab the hand of Mistress Death. It is all but too common.

When people grasp upon the hand of Mistress Death, don't the living feel their hearts aching? Isn't it as if a piece of them has been forcefully removed, and will never return? Ay, it is like this.

Simply for this reason, I reject people's advancements towards me. Not out of spite, and not out of hatred. Simply because I do not want an empty void to take hold of my heart. I do not wish to fall into the deep darkness we all know as despair. Not again at least.

Heh... Maybe this way of thinking is why no one cares for me...

Chapter 1:

I awake in an unfamiliar space. Immediately, one might say I'm in danger, but I'm not. I spent the night in a local inn after completing a quest. I'm used to these unfamiliar spaces, and in a sense, they bring me a sense of comfort. It's an unexplainable feeling that I wish I could put into words.

While glancing around the lightly decorated room, a black crow flies in, leaving behind a trail of its feathers. It lands upon a drawer with a magical lamp on it and turns towards me like a possessed doll.

"I... Want... Death..." it states with a raspy, feminine voice.

"Slay something... Monsters, livestock... Or even humans..."

When the word 'humans' comes out of its mouth, my red eyes shiver and I get a slight headache. A cold sweat forms, and a bead of it falls onto my sleepwear. I take a deep breath to collect myself and continue listening to the bird.

"Please Grim... I'm so hungry... For death..."

With that last statement, the crow disappears with a cloud of black smoke, leaving behind a few black feathers. I fall back onto my bed, and sigh heavily.

"Death huh? How long has it been since I killed to satisfy her needs?"

My mind begins to wander to the past, where I've slew hordes of monsters to fulfill that bird's needs. Countless enemies have been slain by me in many different dungeons and ecosystems throughout the region. However, I refuse to kill the most abundant living thing in this world, and those are humans.

Hearing their pained cries, seeing their tears and red blood flowing from their body sickens me. It makes me feel their agony and pain, their emotions. I can't stand to see the pain of others, so I resolved to killing monsters.

While visualizing motionless human corpses, another headache appears. This migraine is worse than the last one, and I grit my teeth in pain as I wail about in anguish. Moments pass, and luckily the headache subsides.

With the pain in my head gone, I decide to get dressed and head to the guild. That way I can enjoy breakfast while also looking for a quest to kill monsters.