Tone

Chapter One: Acquaintances

Ten years ago, I worked in a laboratory. My research was on that of the golem, clay beings given life and spirit through what I could only have described as magic toward the beginning of my work. Through countless hours of research, I began to understand the creatures, growing fond to the point of devoting my life to their creation. Unfortunately, before I could finalize my final work our lab ran into financial crisis.

However, being able to create life from what cannot be quantified is a fantastic power indeed; so fantastic that I was sworn to secrecy in my work. But, as taboos so often do tantalize the curious, so do secrets disrupt their own form.

As such, I must return to my laboratory to keep an ever powerful secret, one I hold personally close to my heart, from falling into the hands of uneducated exploiters.

-Devyn

Chapter One Research Notes

Research Note One: March 27, 1863

It would seem that I have been thrown into a long forgotten research project from the old labs: the golem. I have been told no researcher has ever had success on the subject passed the initial discovery of the field. I do not fear the task, but rather embrace the challenge of succeeding where others have not; to me, that’s all that really matters.

Research Note Two: April 16, 1863

I have finally set up my laboratory according to the research notes of Calvin Von-Brothenheimer(1368 – 1449), the pioneer scientist on golemology. His initial claims are that inanimate beings in the likeness of their creators can be given life through a transfusion of one’s soul; this process Von-Brothenheimer compares in likeness to a mothers transfusion of soul to her unborn child. This is of course the theory I intend to examine.

Research Note Three: December 3, 1863

I found an old tome said to be from the old laboratory displaying a figure which is obviously a puppet. I am having trouble translating the text, but, what I have been able to discern is that the transfusion of, as the tome describes it, “likeness” requires a mineral called Aetherite. The chemical composition shown on the tome bears a striking resemblance to what I know as Mythril, a mineral said to resonate with a human’s brainwave patters allowing one to think and focus clearly. The mineral works so well that some scientists have trinkets crafted from Mythril for personal use. Unfortunately, the mineral is rare, and, it may be a while before our lab is able to acquire any.

Research Note Four: November 15, 1864

It took nearly a year, but, our lab was finally able to find a supplier or Aetherite…Mythril… I seem to have become lost in the ancient scripture while I was waiting, but, I am certainly starting to believe in Von-Brothenheimer’s theory; he must have read the same tomes and scriptures I have been reading. I have no doubt I will succeed where the Golemology man himself has failed.

Research Note Five: July 22, 1865

I am not having as much success as I initially thought I would; my golem shells do not seem to accept my soul. Shortly after their creation, the golems seem to just fall apart. The only possible explanation I can gather is from an old religious tome loaned to our lab by the Colithian church out in Westbury. The tome states that during gestation, mothers provide to their young a soul through care and love alone; by no other means can a child obtain a soul.

In the Colithian faith, the soul creation process is the core explanation for the wide variety of people and personalities in the world; in the words of the pasture in Westbury, “It is what makes us human.” Even if that is true, am I to assume this to be the only way a soul can be transfused?

Research Note Six: September 20, 1866

Over the past three years I have devoted my life to the research of golemology. I have abandoned contact with my family, friends and acquaintances. As such, I feel a social fatigue which seems impossible to quench. At the same time, my work seems to be at its end as our laboratory has run into a funding issue; I believe that by the end of the week we are all required to go home and forget all of our research here.

This could not have come at a worse time for my particular project, as I have finally created a golem who has not rejected its own existence. I spent countless weeks constructing her, making sure every detail of her form was as I envisioned. However, she only blinks, baring a look of sadness I cannot describe with words. I want nothing more than to stay here with her and make her life a reality; she is my creation, my child, and, I love her. The harsh realities of our world are going to doom her to a dark room void of company…Much like my own reality these past years.

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I am speaking in circles and of emotions which I rarely find myself having; perhaps I do need a leave this place.