

Dwight, Franklin

May 2, Friday

I'm ready to close my eyes. Block
my view of all the places and people
Henry turned to ash.

Henry turned to ask,
But . . . even with my eyes closed
I saw them.

I saw them.
I regretted B went remain Regret
in my faltering mind.

Ag only old green quarter.

Day 3, Saturday

"Clang."

"Hey... wake up," I heard a voice call out to me. It sounded familiar.

"Please... I need your help."

My vision slowly came back into focus. Kneeling before me was a young man.

"It's James, right?" he seemed panicked.

"Cough... cough... yeah," I muttered.

Day 4, Sunday

"Thank God... I wasn't sure if you'd wake up," he seemed relieved, but that quickly changed.

"~~Mom~~ I... need to know what happened."

→ ~~James~~

"Which part?... cough... cough... our leader abandoning us or the fucking insurgents... cough... cough... cough." Blood seemed to be coming from my mouth now.

Day 5, Monday

"~~Which way~~ Which way did Silvia go?"
The boy asked.

"So you're looking for the deserter...
cough... cough. Waste of time, if you ask
me... cough... she left us to die. That
witch deserved to die like the rest of ~~our~~ our
Battalion." my voice dripped with venom
speaking that Witch's name.

Day 6, Tuesday

The boy's hand became clenched at my
words, "which way ~~did she go?~~", his face darkened

His eyes, which reflected the flames
around us, bored into my soul.

"tch", with a click of my tongue I held
back my words.

"Fine... but I want two things in return.
First... I want that woman punished for
her deeds. And Second... I want my death
to be quick."

~~He looked~~ he looked conflicted, for
second, with a quick glance over my current
state... he grimaced.
"... I accept."

Day 7, wednesday

I made James' death as quick
as I could.

~~James' injuries were far too major.~~
It had been a miracle he was coherent
at all. But, he had always been a
tenacious man.

"Thank you, James. I pray you'll
see your family again."

moving my sight to the north, I
searched for my destination.

"Wait for me Silvia."

extra 1

Why did it come to this?

the city cl'd learned to love war
burning to the ground.

What's fault was it? Most people
would probably say the insurgency,
but cl thought differently.

clt was my fault,

clt cl'd just leave you behind... cl... everyone...
.. cl didn't want to finish that thought.

"Glyphie... please be ok." cl muttered
softly

extra 2

The path to the Veldrin temple
was quite long. And every block
I passed, was another tragedy I
could've prevented.

"I'm sorry... James... everyone..." I whispered,
...

"this was the only way."

I sat a little farther.

Soon... I'd get see her again.

And I prayed this time...

I'd be successful.

extra 3

The Veldrin Temple was ~~the~~ one of the biggest buildings in the city. Its status in this world was overwhelming. To the point where not even the insurgents would damage the building.

* The great dragon purifier all.

Standing before the giant metal doors, I held ~~up~~ my breath.

~~I~~ clenched my fists steeling my resolve.

"~~He~~ This time... for sure." The rest of my whisper was lost to the wind.

liar

ignoring my self doubt, I opened the door.

Extra 4

How many times has this moment played out?

Before my eyes, visions of my past played out,

all of them involving a single person.

Sylvia...

* every single memory was a contradiction.
Because all of them involved ~~the~~ not just
the same person, but also her death.

Imprisoned...

Crushed...

Assassinated...

Betrayed...

...
And now... a new sinister ~~shape~~ memory engraved in my soul.

A lone... all by herself laid sylphie,

Propped against the altar surrounded
in a puddle of crimson.

extra 5

Why....

Why does this always happen?

After approaching Sylphie my mind began to ~~lose~~ lose focus.

my vision became hazy...

I can't stop it...

/Are we truly trapped in this fate?/

my legs gave out upon reaching her.

"I'm so sorry... Sylphie... I...
Just wanted to see your smile again."

I'll try harder next time...

I promise..

"I will save you," I spoke my promise
to the only living being left that'd listen.

"Isn't that right, Veldrin?"