



Vampiwiis

by Omwekiati

GMS videogame 2021

<https://omwekiati.itch.io/vampiwiis>

Arrival

This new place exalts my senses, it is gloomy, it carries heaviness, life clings desperate and tired. I see a cemetery to the southwest almost as big as that town to the east, the muddy soil here only grows pumpkin crops to the south. To the north I see a forgotten fort, it seems even the war has abandoned these lands. But don't stink, that decaying human smell causes me to consume life.

Afraid

Stalk mortals, observe their simple lives from beyond the grave, harvest them like a grim reaper. All you can do is let fear flow, I am hunger, I am thirst, I am disease and old age. with ferocity and anger I tear their lives apart and make them mine. whoever peace falls before my claws is not enough, then his soul will accompany my deadly adventures.

Sleep

Perennial influence of consciousness feeds my stay in the crypt, each passage of time lengthens as long as sleep, a century could last an hour if I neglect the tick tock of outer life, imperishable as an old trauma and fresher than a rotten pharaoh I furrow time, evade the sun, my enemy the sun, rises and greets God. I am for my part what I am, without regrets, without reservations.

Elitism

There are occasions where in the ordinary is the valuable, the ordinary human, his life is an illusory placebo, an extract of luck and strident joy without a future. Others a well of anguish and crying. In the latter there are times I find the valuable, the raw material that forges a wandering and hungry soul, ready to fly through the confines of eternity, Nosferatu.

Mother

Twisted were the sounds that came from the sisante night, insects flitting under the cloak of darkness, awaited attentively the death of the child. The child with his last strength clung to his desolate mother, looked with dry and red eyes, not understanding how those sunny days of play among the figs, had become dark, forever.

Misfortune

The misery in this existence is so multiform that it unfolds across the wide horizon. The memory of the old happiness is the anguish of the present, the agony acclaims the ecstasy of what could have been. The desolate mother hung like withered fruit on a tree, her crying outweighed the flow of her blood. I decided to stoke her misfortune, she now walks at night.

Immortal

where do I come from? of the past, of the shadow of what I was and of the vital impulse of my unfortunate prey. It is not the first time they have undertaken a hunting campaign against a hunter, nor the last. But those who did it now are dust, and I'm still here. Destroying this borrowed meat only makes me change vehicles, reborn from the ordinary.

Empty

Day after day hunt to exist, exist to hunt. To exist to keep the memory of a diffuse life, to stoke the desire, desire for power, to be able to circumvent the fateful destiny that concerns each being. To be one is to be the cold and the emptiness, to pursue the unattainable, to stop the dynamism of life by standing firm, hieratic, solemn in the face of changing times.

Selene

I remember Selene, it is the only valuable thing I remember from yesteryear. Imposing and magnificent under the moon of youthful days, when spring seemed eternally sweet. we were a moment, an instant of the cosmos, being erased by violent destiny. Following decades I woke up of my own free will in limbo, lifeless, without Selene.

Limbo

with no memories beyond suffering, the devils of limbo incessantly gnaw the flesh, torture, seduce. The borrowed body repairs itself but does not rest. Zombies or slaves claiming their being before the archons, others of us spit purity shrouded, we saw that there is behind the curtain, dissatisfied with the light we become monsters.

Diffusion

This is my last memory, a final call, the day will frighten the shadows and I will contract with them. More always I will be there, behind you, watching you from the chthonic recesses, from the depths of Hades. When you feel the cold on your neck, breathe out your last breath and see the light at the end of the tunnel, you better not look back.