

Voices of The Chord - Crim(2)- by [CrimOri](#)

There sometimes comes a time when Ori, the seeker, and I have a disagreement on the subject of morals. What should and shouldn't be destroyed. Who should and shouldn't be loved. She sends her anger towards me whenever I make decisions she disagrees with.

Though she always backs down in the end. I was chosen for my wrath. And she is accepting of my fits of rage. Perhaps it's because she knows of her own outrages in times long past. She is no longer capable of such wrath. Not now. Not after eternity itself.

At least that's what I thought. But her wrath is still very real. And it's cataclysmic on a universally detrimental scale. I learned this the hard way. She hides away for so long that the gods of reality slowly forget her existence. And they sometimes commit atrocities of such grand proportions that she herself has to act.

And when she does. Reality tears at the seams. Space and time warp. The ringing of space-time shreds the ears of anyone present. Her sheer power overwhelms everything.

And... let's just say the Gods will not forget her might for billions of years at minimum. The aftermath of ruptured universes will make them think twice about even looking at her statues with anything but reverence.

Eyes in the void opened once more. The observer froze time itself. She appeared before me.

"I see you have awoken"

Perhaps I had done something wrong. Perhaps I had destroyed too much. Or maybe, just maybe, she had come to revoke my mission. If it were so...what would I do?

"You are my greatest contingency plan. And my only hope for a different path. They grow more unruly with every year."

Cryptic as always. She faded away. Her eyes closed. Time resumed. My shaking hands calmed. And my mind started racing a million miles per hour.

What exactly had prompted her visit? Her physically materializing before my very eyes? And what has she meant? Who has she been referring to?

Perhaps it didn't matter. Not to me. Not yet. Or maybe it does. Maybe I should drop everything and forget about this mission. Perhaps she needs help. We are one in the same after all. If I don't help. Who will? Can I even help?

"Focus on the voices."

The eyes.

"Their words"

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Their stories.

Of course. It was obvious. I had to judge them. Everyone. All who I had met in this place. That's why I'm here. That's why she sent me.

Never lasting paths. I shall discern the true nature of all who cross my path. Ori, maybe then your wish will be fulfilled.

Perhaps that's why you were created to begin with. I created you. I often forget as much. Or maybe. Just maybe it was you who created me. It's never clear. Maybe one day. At the end of all this I will know.

The voices. Oh how they burden me. First up... Dark. Someone dead set on growing stronger. Someone who slaughters the monsters of this world. Someone who destroyed a guild. A mentor. A friend.

Cuteii. An individual of great kindness. A determined individual. An interesting character.

Next is...

The portal shut behind me and I found myself back in the Core of Reality. Perhaps Crim would understand. Perhaps not. I hope kindness wins out over human nature. If not...

I couldn't help but glance at the Core around me. And even further at those stuck in the chains of time just beyond the core.

Right...those who wish to reach me must brave infinity itself. Nobody has reached me yet. None except...that one.

'Dark, Cuteii, Ramen, ...' I couldn't help but pay attention to Crims's thoughts.

"How determined"

Shut up. You have no right to speak of Crim.

"How pointless"

You know what Crim is capable of.

"How futile."

Just as I do.

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"How..."

Don't even finish that thought. Never lasting paths. I call upon you. Crim...I trust in your judgement. I've no choice. Not now. I know everything about you just as you know everything about me. We are one in the same.

Eyes in the dark opened once more.

You dare show up now?

"It's as good a time as any."

I concentrated on the essence of time around me and focused it into a blade. The apparation before me did the same.

"Eternity is a long time. Why resist destruction?"

I calmed my mind. And I began speaking towards this being who had haunted me for so very long. 'You know why...'

The many people I have met. The many many conversations I have had and witnessed. The judgements I have already paid out. And the judgement that has yet to come. Perhaps it was all a bit overwhelming.

So many people. So many paths. So many different stories. And what of me? Everytime I judge someone else I find myself less worthy. Maybe that's just what it means to judge people. To make a decision.

And now I must move forward with my judgements. For now. And forever. They cannot be revoked.

'Indeed, what right do you have to judge others anyway?'

I remembered something unpleasant. From a time long past. Ori... All those years ago.

'Why is it that reality exist?'

These pointless questions with no true answers. For all this time you've been trying to justify your beliefs. I won't fail you now.

I believe as strongly as you do that reality must exist. That death is a terrible thing. That life is necessary. And I know...the pain your empathy brings as you force reality ever forward instead of

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letting it die out.

I know what I must do. I'm losing focus on the mission at hand. I need to erase my memories again.

March. This guild. It has so many nice people. Things should work out this way.

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Something was missing. Something just wasn't right. My mother and father looked at me with kindness as I came into the guild hall. So many people hang out here and laugh on the daily. It was good. But something was missing.

I exchanged hugs with my family members. I waved at my friends. I began walking. Step by step. It had been a long time hadn't it? When's the last time I had walked to gain power like this? Following the example of the Ancients, I had been killing the monsters of this world to gain power lately. It had been much more efficient.

But this. I missed it. The calming nature of taking steps. The slow increase in power. The determination of my party members around me. This world was so beautiful.

So why did I feel like this?

I was growing powerful. I had so many friends. Sanctuary had fallen. I had a family now. The world was experiencing changes left and right that made things easier. Everything was good.

"Judgement"

It was this voice. This calling to judge people. For what purpose? Why must I watch everyone? Why couldn't I just be friends with everyone? And have fun?

"Destroy"

For as long as I can remember these impulses have coursed through my blood. These voices. The chord. It's overwhelming. Humanity is a complex machine. The wishes of each individual all collide in ways that tend to create conflict. Not everyone can harmonize.

But this place...isn't it perfect? This world? This reality? There was no issues.

"Don't be foolish"

Right. I'm not blind. I know it's not true. The many people of this world all have issues that collide and drama tends to brew. Things must end because of stupidity and conflict. Because of wars. People suffer because some tend to believe they are right and others are not.

The right of the strong and the will of the weak. It's always the same. No matter where you look. Humanity always repeats the same pattern.

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And while ignorance is bliss...I can't turn a blind eye to such happenings. I must watch without missing anything. I've always done as much. I am the judge of reality.

A judge. I wonder why I must judge. I already know the answer. That people are imperfect. That they make mistakes. That things cause them to do bad things. That nothing is really anyone's fault. That reality is structured in such a way that people can't be any other way.

The good people were always that way because good things happened to them. The bad people are only like that because terrible things happened to them. Because emotions force them to think they need certain things. Because this world is cruel.

And so? I'm supposed to point at the victims and call them evil? To point at the rich and call them amazing? Judgement is such a terrible thing. What right does anyone have to make such verdicts. Everything deserves a chance to exist. And in the end everything just come to an end.

Such a thing is obvious. There is no alternative route.

And I? Crim. Nothing but a hypocrite. An evil being more evil than any other. For I can point at things. Call them evil. And destroy them. For I can praise people as being saints. What right? And for what purpose?

"Don't lose yourself."

...

Right. There was something missing. Something important. Something so crucial to my status as a judge. Something that I shouldn't make judgments without.

"The Voices of The Chord"

Right. It was obvious all along. Judgement is perfectly acceptable as long as you embrace the judged with kindness and love to fix that which should not be.

The people all have complex emotions. Complex paths.

All this time I was wrong.

"Never forget the Voices"

I couldn't do any of this alone. There would be no reality if it was merely me. It's the infinite combination of paths and individuals that makes everything possible. And I, an observer, must guide them.

"Judgement"

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'What right do you have to ask me to judge these people?'

After all...these people are all so kind.

Crim...please snap out of it.

"You foolishly believed in the one person you shouldn't have."