**Chapter 4: Everything is in their places**

Once again, my chamber receives a visit from my father, a presence that will soon depart for the eternal embrace of paradise. In this fleeting moment, I must seize the opportunity to address a matter of potential utility, or perhaps even invoke a lingering gaze from his divine perspective.

However, my innate patience is overtaken by a pressing neediness, for I suspect this might be the final vestige of interest my father will ever exhibit in my vessel.

"Father, humbly I acknowledge that my previous transgressions preclude me from making requests. Yet, I beseech you to entertain this earnest inquiry, aimed at assuaging my doubts," I venture to speak, recounting an anecdote involving my interaction with the enigmatic Mr. Demon.

This narrative is a tapestry woven from the threads of time, stretching back to days of yore, each strand converging on the present juncture.

While my father's countenance maintains a stern visage, each word I convey seems to amplify his perplexity rather than usher forth a resolution.

"Your confession, though candid, leaves me uncertain as to the essence of the need for redress. Beyond the realm of unrighteous thoughts about adversaries, what other facets merit illumination?" his voice resonates with an aura of puzzlement, his hand upon his temple betraying a tinge of consternation at my profound, albeit misguided, affinity for the realm beyond our own.

In a gesture of restlessness, I find my fingers fidgeting, an attempt to unlock a more refined channel of discourse with this irrational sentiment that has taken root within me.

It evades my comprehension of why my curiosity should be tethered to the all-encompassing benevolence that my mother bestows upon sentient beings. Hence, I resolve to expose my heart and vulnerabilities, laying them bare for paternal scrutiny, the ultimate arbiter of discernment.

"My earnest desire is for the shackles of loneliness to be sundered," I declare with a modicum of assurance, the tremor in my hand recalling instances of isolation – moments in the garden and within this very chamber. I was akin to a caged bird, rendered mute and motionless, a mere tableau for the amusement of others.

In response to my candid exposition, my father nonchalantly selects a tome from the chamber's repository – volumes that the illustrious head angel vehemently disapproves of. With a demeanor betraying ennui, he peruses its contents, his eyes tracing languidly across the parchment.

His voice, tinged with fatigue, conveys a sentiment of exasperation as he quips, "Is this truly the object of your yearning, even in the face of revelations pertaining to the cosmos' hidden secrets? You find yourself beguiled by tales of commonplace existence."

His commentary, imbued with weariness, is punctuated by a flourish of mana-infused instrumentation upon the diminutive guest table. It is a gesture that resonates with reluctance, belying his own inner struggle as he contemplates the implication of my wishes

"Is this an issue that admits of resolution? I implore your indulgence, Father, for I am burdened by the weight of my profound disappointment in your eyes," my words flow forth, laden with desperation and longing for his attention.

He dons an expression of poignant regret, akin to the gaze one casts upon an object too painful to confront directly. "I had never envisaged the experiment leading to such a lamentable distortion of your innate disposition, marred by unwarranted naivety," he murmurs, his voice suffused with a mixture of sorrow and reproach.

From within his enigmatic repository, my father retrieves a glass brimming with steaming milk and an assortment of confectionery. His towering presence awkwardly occupies an incongruously small chair, while the inviting aroma of the sweetened milk beckons me to partake. However, his gaze burns with a fiery intensity, halting me in my tracks; I dare not approach any further.

"Take a seat in the chairs you had coveted. Many stories have been fashioned from fragments of memory that I am about to indoctrinate you with," he commands, directing a chair toward me with a swift, yet restrained gesture. Is his anger directed at my perceived failure, I wonder.

"My earnest apologies for inciting such ire within you. Please allow me to express my contrition," I respond meekly, my voice barely audible in the presence of his potent emotions.

"You needn't burden yourself with words that rightly belong to the fault of my creation. Now, heed my instruction and take your seat," he declares with a sounding slam of his hand upon the table. His sternness propels me forward, reminiscent of a child compelled to the table by a reprimanding parent.

The warmth of the milk that graces my lips mirrors the easing of my nerves, and a parallel tranquility seems to emanate from my father as he sips delicately. A wisp of milk froth clings to his mustache, bestowing upon him a transient illusion of a full-fledged beard.

"Don't allow undue tension to permeate your being. I am merely engaging in the recalibration of your cognition through these narratives," Father elucidates, offering insight into the impending proceedings.

He intends to recount a series of tales, the culmination of which will test the depth of my cognitive comprehension, challenging me to discern specific details embedded within the stories. These assessments may take the form of evaluating alternate courses of mortal existence, imbued with ethical dilemmas and divergent outcomes.

In acknowledgment, I nod, signaling my acquiescence to the commencement of this intellectual endeavor. "Let us embark upon the first narrative," he announces, initiating the storytelling phase.

Raptly, I absorb the chronicle of a human consortium, whose exploits have reverberated through the southern world's harbors. The tales unveil achievements, legacy, and ultimate demise, underscoring the vast tapestry that exists beyond our binary concepts of good and evil.

The humans' ambitions transcend mere survival and wealth, encompassing glory, loyalty, and aspirations foreign to my intrinsic understanding. They conjure visions that echo the vibrant pages of cultural volumes, dreams brought vividly to life.

"As the tales conclude, I shall examine your memory and deductive faculties. Should your responses falter, anticipate commensurate consequences," Father cautions, preluding the impending evaluations that I have meticulously committed to memory.

"First inquiry: within the lineage of the sea wretches’ progeny, who is chronicled as the 'Beast of the Lagoon'?" Father's query challenges my recollection of the Drakewater captain's descendants.

"Brennan Drakewater, a half-dwarven, half-human pirate who wielded dominion over the southern ports," I promptly reply.

"Accurate, a piece of information easily retrieved from the recesses of your mind," Father acknowledges with a calculated tone, commending my proficiency.

...

"For our final query in this session: which civilization met its demise during Camael's ascent to the mantle of the archangel?" Father's question poses a formidable challenge, given the paucity of mentions within the narrative. Nonetheless, I draw upon a whispered remembrance gleaned from eavesdropping on Camael's conversations with Gabriel during their training sessions.

"Wingseeker, the verdant bastion beneath the embrace of the sunlit heavens," I confidently offer, my answer informed by a cryptic fragment of conversation.

"Correct, it appears the peculiar nomenclature remains unchanged despite its apparent illogicality," Father remarks, sealing the tome and returning it to its place, thereby signifying the culmination of our discourse. My appetite for further knowledge yearns to persist, yet I am acutely aware that avarice in my circumstances would amount to undue presumption.

"Your aspiration aligns harmoniously with my orchestrated designs; minimal adjustment shall suffice. Your service, however, shall commence in the role of a messenger," Father asserts as he gathers his belongings, preparing for his impending departure.

"I am profoundly grateful for this renewed opportunity, Father," I express my gratitude, bidding him farewell with a sense of appreciation.

"Your comprehension eludes you once again; this is not a mere second chance, as I won’t discard that which proves consequential to my pursuits. Your role as a messenger, though seemingly unassuming, bears inherent purpose," he interjects, arresting my farewell with an accompanying lecture on the perils of my perpetual naiveté.

"I shall not permit failure to stain my efforts so easily. Furthermore, considering your reluctance to engage in earnest labor, I harbor doubts that substantial difficulties shall arise," his tone carries a forewarning, its gravity tinged with a measure of skepticism.

"My commitment to fulfill your directives remains steadfast," I pledge solemnly, resolved to uphold my promise.

In the ensuing two months, I find myself ensconced in a flurry of activities, encompassing diligent study within the library and conscientiously tending to tasks of import concerning my siblings.

Father has designated me as a conduit for messages directed his way or imparted guidance to my kin in the pursuit of their respective missions. With each interaction, a wealth of captivating narratives materializes, leaving an indelible mark on me.

Occasionally, a reprieve from my secluded existence materializes, permitting me to venture beyond the confines of the garden. These fleeting moments grant me a taste of the outside world – its fragrant zephyrs, the vicarious experiences of mortals – an enchanting panorama that both captivates and enlightens. I glean that the tales of these ephemeral lives are every bit as enthralling as the legendary sagas they leave in their wake.

As the autumnal equinox approaches, Father graces my realm anew, his purpose centered upon the culmination of my endeavors. An air of contentment envelops him as he imparts a task that I find impossible to rebuff: "Yet, to broaden your experiential vista among the transitory mortals, why not embrace the mantle of guardian for the human kingdom, a role which I hereby bestow upon you?"

**The end**

Everything in its rightful place,

No more spinning in bewildering daze,

I, the solitary soul astray,

Wondering when emptiness will sway.