

# MESSENGER OF DOOM

SHORT STORY

*Even the last good man, is not good.*

MOONFLOWER



# MESSENGER OF DOOM

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Welcome Message

🐱 Welcome to a world of horrifying fantasy 🐱

Spooky 🐼☑

Spicy ☑

Brain teasing ☑

All in one!

Welcome to a world of confusion, strange esoteric languages, and everything doom.

Have a nice ride☐☐

### Unjustly Murdered

#### Demson's Punishment

Holding the cup with trembling hands, the world he once felt at its top was burnt to ash, his mind drifting between the illusion of Doom's apparition and the gory glimpses of the innocent child he abducted and murdered dreadly, because of a quarrel that ensued between him and the child's father.

His breath hitched, the air in his lungs were restricted- he choked on his attempt to inhale.

"I'm sorry, Emma," he kept muttering between shivering lips and hand tremors. His wife, Mrs Demson whimpering beside him. Poor woman. Partly curious as to who Emma was, yet convinced that her husband might not be in the right state of mind.

"Is there something else I can do?" She asked her husband, her eyes swerving frantically, brows hung low in frustration.

"I'm sorry, Tessy." Mr Demson said, his face painstakingly sorrowful. Is he remorseful? No.

Tessy held her husband to her bosom sniffing the phlegm that were making a mess of her. "You don't need to be sorry, you didn't do anything wrong."

Those words struck him. Poor Tessy, if only she knew the crime he committed.

The apparition appeared again bringing more threats, it's voice echoing within the walls. Demson whimpered, adjusting closer to his wife.

"Your cold is getting worse, Demson." Tessy said, "I'll be back."

He didn't want to let go, at least Tessy's presence restricted the apparition from getting any further to him.

Shivering, he tried to avoid eye contact with it.

Gently shutting the door to avoid startling her husband, Tessy scurried down the stairs, jogging slowly turning to sprinting as she raced to the pharmacy. As expected of a retired national athlete, gold medalist sprinter.

"I gave you a chance, yet you've proven to be unapologetic," Doom bellowed, his voice a rampage. Frying his brain.

"I can't let my wife down."

"You should have thought about her when you were drenched in your evil act."

"You're just as evil as I am. Tell me, why are you trying to take me away from my wife?"

"You disgusting mortal, how dare you compare me to your lowly self?" It roared. "You'll pay for what you did."

Without a chance for more words, swiftly and stealthily before Demson could even realize it- his eyes were gorged out and limbs cut off.

"You will die in a gruesome way." Doom spat, his figure slowly fading.

With the pain searing through his body, his lungs failing, Demson gradually lost his consciousness. A wave of regret and pain washed through him in his last moment, he clearly didn't want to die. Especially, not this kind of death.

The wailing and despair of Tessy, his wife who returned to see him dead, escorted him on his way to receive judgement with Doom leading the way...

Who will be the next??? A victim or the wrongdoer...

**All That There Is**

Letting out a dry sigh, Pel rose to her feet. Stories of the horrifying deaths around town doesn't bother her, but why is it raining today when the weather forecast said it wouldn't?

She has heard tales of how people died mysteriously since she came to town, more evident were the shrills and wails at night.

When everyone was supposed to be sleeping peacefully, a neighbor, or a member of the neighborhood would let out a cry in the middle of the night compelling the trembling of the Earth's foundation.

Pel carefully picks up a jar of peanut butter which slides off her hands and kisses the ground in an instant, leaving her with silent regrets.

"I just want peace. A peaceful night would feel nice," she says in low tone, her facial expression like that of a mischievous child.

Resigning to her fate, she slowly pulls the window slides down and walks away. At the balcony, it was pouring heavily.

"The sky's sending a message, who is it?" Pel wonder, her left hand on her chin while she watches the sky lightning flicker per second, and the rumbling sound of the furious thunder.

Curious, she pulls one of her hands from her cardigan, stretching it towards the rain. She loved the feel of it on her skin - a mixture of melanin and blue.

One of the weirdest person in town. Her complexion makes people whisper whenever she takes to the streets.

"People. If only they knew."

A barely invisible smirk appears on her lips as she thinks of something crazy.

"Doom, they say?"

Shein meows. Her cat.

Lovingly taps her paws on her; it's owner while dragging the silk dress Pel wore in a fierce manner. Shein adores it's owner and her affection.

"Is it time already?" She mutters.

Unable to ignore the continuous demand for attention, Pel saves a glance at her cat - black and eerie. Picks her up, and returns to her room while slamming the door to the balcony behind her.

"You should have let me enjoy that moment more," she whispers to her cat. Shein only stares at her, patiently waiting for when Pel will stroke it. They both have a special connection.

Pel pulls Shein closer showing a big scar on her arm, both curl in one solitary motion.

Moments later, another cry breaks out down the street, then a second and a third. Lightning showers, finally a thunder follows in symphony like one final whistle drop.

Then, silence...

#### Night Of Terror

Voices, people clamoring against another. "To what gain does the perpetrator aim?" A middle age woman questions in exhaustion.

Heads turn to where the voice came from, it was Alice, Mr Ham's neighbor.

"Poor Ham," another replies in a tone as light as feather.

"He was the town's last good man. He would never hurt an ant," one of the children whispered to her mother, while the other kids giggled with ice cream in their mouths.

More crowds kept building, passerbys stopped to have a sip of the gist. Words kept boiling, tension filled and horrifying.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk."

All eyes reared to one direction. The town's black sheep, Pel.

The town is named, Earlmoore. Named after a brave knight who went to war, fought and conquered the Weeves, and finally putting an end to his people's bondage.

"Sly witch," one of the old ladies spat, others retracted their steps. Frightened children scurried to their mothers dipping their faces into their mothers wrappers, legs and arms quivering like they just witnessed the appearance of an apparition.

"Why are you here?!" Someone yelled, nobody knows who did, however, the hatred was felt amongst those present as they gave her death stares.

"Little do you know," Pel argued shaking her head at how gullible they were. Her lips moved in sync as if she wanted to say more, then curled up in a smile lot more like a smirk, head tilted to her left while she watched amused at how they glared furiously at her.

"Last good man, you say!" Finally walking away, amused.

Nobody knows how and when it happened. Last night, Mr Ham returned from the sea lively as always.

Nothing suspicious occurred earlier, the rain came drizzling everywhere and a heavy downpour sent everyone to their beds early enough. There was no

latest crime, no bad news. The apparition only took bad people away, but why was Mr. Ham missing?

Doom is in town, taking fathers away from children, wives away from husbands and husbands away from wives. When it rained, Doom came like in the case of Mr. Demson. Nobody knows what he did, everyone loved him while he was alive until his wife found a note, and the news of his cruelty spread like wildfire throughout town.

Curious faces peeped through spaces, while the courageous adults moved closer to see the ruins of the house where Mr Ham once lived. He didn't have a relative who'd look for him. Pel stood above them at the balcony, staring endlessly into space while stroking her cat who was as mindless as her.

"Dumb people everywhere..." Pel muttered. Shein looked up at her, trying to figure out what she meant.

"Meow, meow," It goes, nudging its nose at Pel's bosom. She smiles, sadly.

"Mr Ham... I wish they would understand." She said, a memory of her returning home last night after the rain flashed.

Heaving a sigh, she shuts the balcony door and strolls briskly to her room.

Lightning flashes, revealing an image of Doom pasted at the corner of her room. Her lights flickered on and went off again.

### Night Shade

Before Pel came to town. To the town of Earlmoore, it used to be a very peaceful and safe haven.

Even at late nights, young people still walked the streets and the oldies still gathered around to eat, drink and laugh away.

Then one day, on a sunny afternoon it began to rain. It rained heavily while the sun shine. The town people called it the Sura war- challenge between nature.

They failed to recognize the weirdness in such events, therefore, after twelve hours of consistent raining and the sun shining, it eventually

stopped. What was more strange, was how the ground dried up in less than thirty minutes. It was as if it never rained.

So far, the people of Earlmoore had always enjoyed the blessings of nature. The rain came in due time, it snowed abundantly during winter and the sun was in appropriate proportion. They were blessed with the greenness of nature and its seasonal bloom.

Slowly, these things began to fade. It took many nights for the moon to appear, and the sun became scorching. The town people never complained about anything, because they believed in change.

Soon enough, more rain started pouring, people began missing and it became more severe when Pel came.

Death was like a plague haunting every man and woman in Earlmoore.

It is said that the people once sent young people to visit the sage, no one knows where the sage lives and the young people never returned. It's been a year.

Since then, nobody ever offered to go in search of the sage. Multiple deaths occurred every night, and each night all the household members lived in dread.

Heavy in thought, Pel drops the wool and knitting pin she has been knitting on. She looked over the window, and saw children searching excitedly for toys amongst the debris from Mr Ham's house. He used to gift them toys, so there might be some of it remaining.

"I warned you to stay away from that cursed house," one of the kids mother yelled at her child dragging her away from the others.

Pel shook her head in amusement.

"How fast people change. Their words are like ice, always melting away in situations that leaves them cornered," she said.

Her cat meowed in acceptance.

Mothers called on their kids to leave the ruins.

"Who knows..." A middle aged woman started, but swallowed her words immediately her eyes met Pel's.

This time, Pel was standing at the balcony quietly staring into space while her cat rocked itself away on the rocking chair beside her.

A memory of Mr Ham flashed before her. She frowned, displeased by such unpleasant memory.

Gently raising her glass for a sip of her coffee, she heaves a sigh.

"amileist... orto... recta," she murmurs under her breath. The sky suddenly turns dark accompanied with rumblings of thunder and lightning flashes.

#### The Undead

Twisting and tossing around her bed, covered in cold sweats while tears trickle down her cheeks, Pel was clearly panting from a nightmare...

Panting. She breaks into another race with no idea of what was chasing her. She stops to take a break and almost at the same time resumes running, visibly exhausted.

Suddenly, it turns out she is bounded by heavy chains and is pulled by an unknown force towards a valley. Everywhere seems to be in total darkness

and silence, except for the occasional unfamiliar chants by unrecognized voices.

An altar appears before her, and on it was someone who looked just like her. Something beastly stood, the creature looked half human and half beast. It stood above her look-alike with a dagger which glistened in the darkness.

Flabbergasted at the scene before her, Pel finds it hard to understand how someone who looked just like her was on the altar ready to be slaughtered like a ram for sacrifice.

Her doppelganger stares straight into her eyes as if it was trying to send her a secret message.

"Let me go!" It yelled struggling to break free from an invisible chain.

Pel tries to help her look-alike, but is dragged away to a dungeon. She looked tortured and drained.

"Why am I here?" Pel ask, finally trying to revolt.

"We have a mission for you," someone answered.

"What mission could it be?" She questions again.

"Be patient."

Suddenly, the wind changes to something harsher. The atmosphere became tense, Pel immediately understood that an entity was present before her. She bows.

"I have a great mission for you, Pel," the entity said finally, its voice echoing through the underworld.

"What can I do?" She mutters, hands trembling.

Without a chance to process the whole situation, she feels something pierce through her skin to her heart. The pain stung, and everything within her comes to a halt.

Pel sprang awake, panting. She was trembling.

When she woke up, everywhere was dark. The sky had darkened and there were flashes of lightning flickering everywhere.

She sat up trying to regain balance and consciousness. Her head was pounding nonstop.

Gently lifting her hands, she strokes her forehead, "I'm exhausted," she says.

Her cat jumps from the reading table which lay opposite her bed, and landed on her laps. Pel picked her up and stroke it gently.

"I had the nightmare again," she whispers to Shein. "I suppose it's time again," she said, glancing at the wall clock that hung by the corner.

Both curl up in bed in one solitary position.

"Meow."

#### Second Murder

#### Eric's Punishment

"Benita!" Eric called out his wife's name the moment he jolts up from sleep.

Was it a dream? He thought, fully awake. His wife stared at him in consternation.

"Eric..." She paused, moved closer to her husband, "Are you okay?"

Eric still in stupefaction, turns to glance at his wife. "I'm sorry... I... There's something I..." Searching for words to express himself, Eric refuses to speak up.

"I'm listening," His wife, Benita says to urge him after moments of awkward silence.

"Just get me some tea," He replies. Quickly adjusting his position, he drags the duvet closer and wraps himself with it.

"Isn't it too late for tea?" Benita ask clearly exhausted. Feeling averse, she slides down their matrimonial bed, slowly wears her flip flops and pads down the stairs to the kitchen.

Mr Eric peeps at the window after his wife was gone, "It's still raining," he says pouting. His face, an expression of exasperation.

His mind fleetly drift to the dream that woke him up. The thought of it made him shiver. Shaking his head, he drags the duvet to his head and coils beneath it.

He had a dream. He was being chased by an apparition in the dream, at one point the apparition had stopped chasing him and only stared at him infuriated.

Eric could tell how up in arms the apparition was.

"So, it's true," he said, nodding his head in confirmation.

"What's true?" His wife asked holding a cup of tea at him.

"You're here?"

"Am I not supposed to be?" She asked, her brows raised, she was suspicious of her husband. He has always being a reprobate, one that made her regret marrying him.

"Come on, don't be rigid," Eric said laughing it off, he knew his wife has always being suspicious of him. She never liked him, at least she did like him before their marriage.

"You're avoiding my eyes, and you won't tell me what mess you created this time," she said, her eyes searching Eric's for some truth to hold onto or a crack, maybe a nervousness to break into. She couldn't find any, Eric's face remained expressionless and eyes livid.

Frustrated, she gestures at the cup she was still holding.

"Oh, thanks!"

With one dismissive gesture, she climbs on the bed, shuts her eyelids and tries to sleep off, but couldn't.

"Why do you think Mr Ham disappeared?" She asks sitting up again.

"Why? I wouldn't know, besides, we weren't close enough. Were we?" Eric replied.

Of course, her question took him off guard.

Benita nodded.

"He was a good man..." She pressed on, this time moving closer to her husband. "Could it be Doom? Everyone in the town loved him, no one would..."

"Benita, let's sleep."

".., but I..."

"If you have time to worry about others, do that tomorrow."

With that, Benita reluctantly drift to sleep.

Moments later, Eric stood up from his bed and tiptoes quietly out of the room, he gently shut the door to avoid waking her up.

Grabs a key from a closet in another room and starts upstairs.

The sound of thunder sends the foundation of the earth to convulsion. Eric's shadow appears as the light from lightning flickers. Finally, retracting his steps into darkness.

Boom! Came another thunder sound, then a shrill cry few blocks away.

Benita stirs, "Doom at work," she mutters.

## Suspicious

Chilly breeze passing by, accompanied by the scent of the moist soil from last night's rain-sizzling aroma of coffee from the cafe down the street.

People are seen whispering amongst themselves, children spoke in low tones. The town people were baffled by last night's occurrence.

A household opposite Pel were in despair.

They lost another member of the household, and one of the town's sponsors.

Pel sat by the balcony, this time knitting what seemed like a scrub. Her cat sat patiently on the space beside her while watching other cats play with the children down the street. Just like its owner, Shein was an outcast amongst

other cats - it was like the cats could hear the whispers and low murmurs of the town people each time Pel and Shein passed by.

Pel sighs, and pauses her knitting. Her eyes meets the eyes of the daughter from the household opposite her, it looked sullen from excessive tears and wailing.

Both stared deep at each other, the former had a look of contrite empathy, while the latter glared at the former with indignation.

Pel averted her eyes from Emily, the daughter of the household opposite her. She could feel the wrath exuding from Emily's eyes, it held so much that the mouth could not utter.

"I'm sorry for your loss!" Pel blurted, biting her tongue at the realization of the weight of the words she just spat.

As if Emily was waiting for something to fuel her actions, she grabbed the brick that lay before her and hurled it at Pel, " You bitch, you lowbrow hex!" Emily snapped, "how dare you open your trapped trash at me?"

She stooped to grab another brick, yet was restrained by her brother who reciprocated Emily's glare at Pel.

The truth is, nobody knows the truth.

Pel heaves a dry sigh, "If only they knew what lies beyond the..."

Her eyes caught Mr Eric peeping through the window blind from his room. She scoffed.

She sighted Benita sneaking out of the gate to avoid alerting her husband.

"What a couple," Pel muttered.

The people that gathered to witness the ruckus between Pel and Emily were starting to disperse, most of them busy shaking their heads in sympathy while contemptuously spitting on the ground.

"I wish she could just die!" Someone said.

"Who can kill a sanguinary necromancer?" Another commented.

Gradually, the number of the people grew into a mob. They moved towards the building Pel stood - an old abandoned building.

The rage within them kept emanating as they banged on the gate, some trying to force their way into the compound.

"Bhelhelm, cortgtho, vercksae, wvazilo, wvajla..." Pel continuously babbled.

A member of the mob that attempted to climb over the wall, bounced on something invisible, more like a shield and is forced to crash on the ground.

"Burn her!"

"Burn her!!!"

"To hell with the sorceress!"

"Kill her!!!"

The mob shrieked uncontrollably.

A clap of thunder, then rain, darkness, and more rumblings sent them scampering in broad daylight.

Some of them stayed up all night swearing that they saw an apparition, other claimed it had something to do with Pel.

The town people grew more curious, but none bothered to ask questions because the night was longer than the day.

Cuddling her cat, Pel tossed on the bed unable to take her mind off Mr Eric's smirk when the mob were causing a melee earlier.

He knows she knows.

"Pel..." A voice calls out, she sprang to her feet and tiptoes quietly...

#### Mr. Ham

Thirty-five years ago, Hamteth arrived in Earlmoore with just a fur coat wrapped around his fair skin and a leather book in one hand. Nobody asked questions, because he looked lost.

His hair was long and twisted like that of a barbarian. His eyes pale blue with piercing pupils that would send shivers down the spine of anyone who dared to stare at him.

Nevertheless, children felt safe around him. He worked on the town's people farms for his daily bread. Hamteth tended to the fields, the animals and the children.

Nobody knew his real name - they all believed his name was Hamteth, a middle aged man with no family or friends.

On days that he didn't work, Hamteth would sit under the huge Mahogany tree squinting his eyes to read. The only book he read was the leather book which never seemed to finish - no one knew the contents of the book because it was just a book with blank pages and in the middle was just a strange symbol "IVII-ÎTLL" .,,

Mr Hamteth, only ate locust and purple beans. He loved drinking honey at night and he never shaved his beards. In the morning before leaving for the

fields, he would be seen scribbling words on his journal - a piece of paper that never filled up.

Earlmoore is known to be a land of magic, filled with positive energy and vibrations. People ran to Earlmoore for healing and peace until gradually, negative energy from voodoo and sorcery practices began to sap the positive energy in the land.

The people of Earlmoore in appreciation of Ham's hard work offered him a land where he built his cozy little home which became a haven for the children.

Parents left their children with him. He taught them how to read, feed the chickens, catch the birds and trim their feathers. Even the sucklings knew his name by heart.

Mothers called his name to give comfort to the frightened children.

Then one night, it rained nonstop with heavy thunderstorms, the next morning, Mr Ham - the town's good man - was gone.

The town people searched everywhere - the trees, mountain tops, valleys, forests, streams and the woods - yet, his whereabouts was unknown.

Night's passed, days too. Weeks went by, and so did months. Everyone believed Mr Ham was gone.

The town's youth that were sent to consult the seer were yet to return, everywhere was in chaos and people were kicking the buckets every passing rainy night.

Terror loomed.

Anxiety.

Suspicious.

The people of Earlmoore believed that their misfortune was linked to Pel - the town's black sheep. Though some whispered words about Doom having a hand in their plight, but no one ever saw Doom.

The question kept lingering in the air, " Who is Doom?"

Soft cackling came from outside. A lock twisted and snapped.

Slowly padding down the stairs with a mask on his face, Mr Eric punched the switch on the wall. Light snapped from the bulb exposing a man bound with chains and locked in a cell.

Eric peeled off the mask from his face, the stench from the room prompted him to wrinkle his nose.

He moved closer to the man who pretended to be asleep.

"Still adamant?" He asked the man, no response.

"The town people are becoming more mad at Pel... This is all your fault." Eric accused, his lips twisted in a kind of smirk.

The man rolled on his side and slowly sat up, still leaning on the wall.

The man, was Mr Ham.

"You're now pointing fingers, are you?" Mr Ham asked. He spat on the floor. His saliva, a mixture of blood and water. He wiped his lips, his mouth had a metallic taste.

"You should have told me the secret while I was being nice!" Eric yelled.

"The secret is for the chosen one. You'll regret this, Eric."

"Oh, spare me your cranky jokes! I'm already regretting keeping you alive till now."

"Go ahead. Kill me."

Eric raised the dagger he held, "I'll just..."

"You'll just what?" Mr Ham taunted.

"I'll just spare you now."

Eric dropped the dagger, turned off the lights and shut the door. Breathing heavily outside.

"I'm running out of time. I..."

"Eric!" His wife interrupted.

"Benita. What are you doing up here?"

"I was looking for you."

"What are you..."

"Come on, let's go." Eric grabbed his wife by the wrist and pulled her away. Benita glanced at the door and reluctantly follows her husband.

Her mind running a million questions as to what was in that room, beyond the door.

Eric has never let anyone in, not even her.

[The Seer](#)

Benita drags the duvet towards her head but pauses midway. She heard a sound. Low and guttural, like a roar from a lion.

She has heard tales of how people often wake up to see mystical creatures like the lion, dragon, and serpent lying on the bed with the occupant of the house. It was said that those creatures were the guardians of Earlmoore. However, those things happened a long time ago.

Benita had been told these stories by her grandmother-in-law when she and Eric were newly married and had come to Earlmoore to spend their honeymoon. She has never witnessed such a scenario, even when it was said that the guardians often visited strangers as part of welcoming them to Earlmoore.

She tilts her head to the left, this time more awake. Benita glanced at the window; the rain was pouring heavily, like all the reservoirs in the sky were let loose. Between the heavy sound of the rain and the noise of the thunder at intervals, Benita heard the sound. It was faint.

Unaware that something improbable awaits her, she peels off the duvet, turns to look for her husband, but finds him missing.

Still residing in her thoughts, wondering where Eric had sneaked off to, Benita quietly slides from her bed and tiptoes out of the room.

She was now staring at the stairs, the noise louder than it was when she was in the room. Debating on the thoughts of going to check out what it was, Eric taps her on the back.

"Merscicilus!" She yelped, startled.

"What are you doing out here?" Eric asked.

"You scared me, Eric. Where were you?"

"Oh! I decided to get a glass of milk to calm my nerves."

"Your nerves? What..."

"Let's go to bed." Eric says, grabbing her wrists and pulling her towards their room.

Reluctantly, she follows sheepishly. Her thoughts were racing.

Eric pulled her into a tight hug. Something he hasn't done in ages, since the last time she lost their child in a miscarriage. Benita didn't fight it.

It was weird being folded in his arms, but she stilled her being. Twenty minutes later, Eric was fast asleep. Snoring like a perforated pig.

Benita pulled herself from his arms and grabbed the key to the secret room—she had managed to steal it from her husband.

Swiftly, yet quietly, she spun the lock and dashed into the room, almost running down the stairs.

"Who's there?!" She asked, flipping around for where the switch is located.

"It's on the wall by your left."

The lights flickered on.

"Seer!" The words flew from Benita's mouth the instant their eyes met.

"Shhh! Be quiet, lest your husband hear."

She swallowed her words and moved closer. "What are you doing here?"

"Your husband..."

"Say no more."

In an instant, the lock to the cage was undone.

"It's time for you to go," Benita said.

"But..."

"Don't worry about me; my mission here is almost accomplished."

Without more words and eyes filled with pain, Mr. Ham sneaks out of Eric's house.

#### **Even The Last Good Man Is Not Good**

Panting profusely the side of her eyes marked with dried tears, and her silk shirt wet from excessive sweat, Pel sat up from her bed wiping off the sweat.

"The end is near," she said visibly shaken. The other words that followed suit were low mumblings in-between fear and the quiet realization that the end was near.

"The seer..." She thought and jumped out of her bed. Both collide at the door.

"Seer!" She blurted, eyes widened in awe.

Every missing piece was summing up.

"Benita... She..."

"Hush, child!" Mr Ham called her to order.

He yanked her arm, slammed the door and dragged her to the kitchen.

"She's the messenger. Say nothing though you've seen many, child." He warned.

Searching his eyes for answers, her thoughts filled and overlapping, she whimpered like a wounded puppy and nodded in agreement.

Mr Ham slipped away in the dark while it was still raining.

The next morning, Pel sat at the balcony looking over the hills. Everywhere was quiet like nothing happened last night.

Slowly, her eyes reverted to the place where Eric's family house once stood; there was nothing there except a sea of white chrysanthemums.

Pel sighs.

She shifts gently on her stool, picks up her cat from the floor where it sat at her feet meowing. It recoils in her arms and meows rhythmically with the birds chirping.

Pel eyes slowly goes over to the mango tree that stood at the place which was once Mr Ham's cottage.

Another sigh.

She blinks trying to mimic her cat that had stopped meowing and was staring at her while blinking at intervals.

"It was just last night.." Pel muttered this time staring back at her cat as it looked at her confused.

Clearly recalling the words of Mr Ham the other night, she remembers his shadow reflecting on the wall just as lightning struck and that was the last time she saw him.

Everybody went about their businesses absolutely unaware of what had changed in Earlmoore. Nobody remembered anything about what had happened.

The messenger and the seer came and went, but with the people's memories. According to the living legend, it has always been like that.

As the sun slowly sets, Pel whispered, "Let's go to bed."

It's time for a millennium of sleep, and once she awakens the messenger and the seer must have returned to purge Earlmoore again.

Slowly peeling off her skin to return to her one true form, Pel mutters, "Ziletchyz umprokun verdixe."

Her cat slowly takes the form of a maiden supposed to watch over her for a thousand years.

She was the only true messenger of doom, yet was granted immortality as a punishment for daring to love a seer... The seer, Mr Ham.

But that's not even the punishment; her true punishment was being given the skin of a maiden every millennium once the seer and the messenger returned. She would never be recognized by the one person she dared to fall for no matter the age of time.

"Even the last good man is not good."

However, who is the last good man?