



Septennial
is optional

Daedalus

Leviticus

Author

Azrael Zaretsky

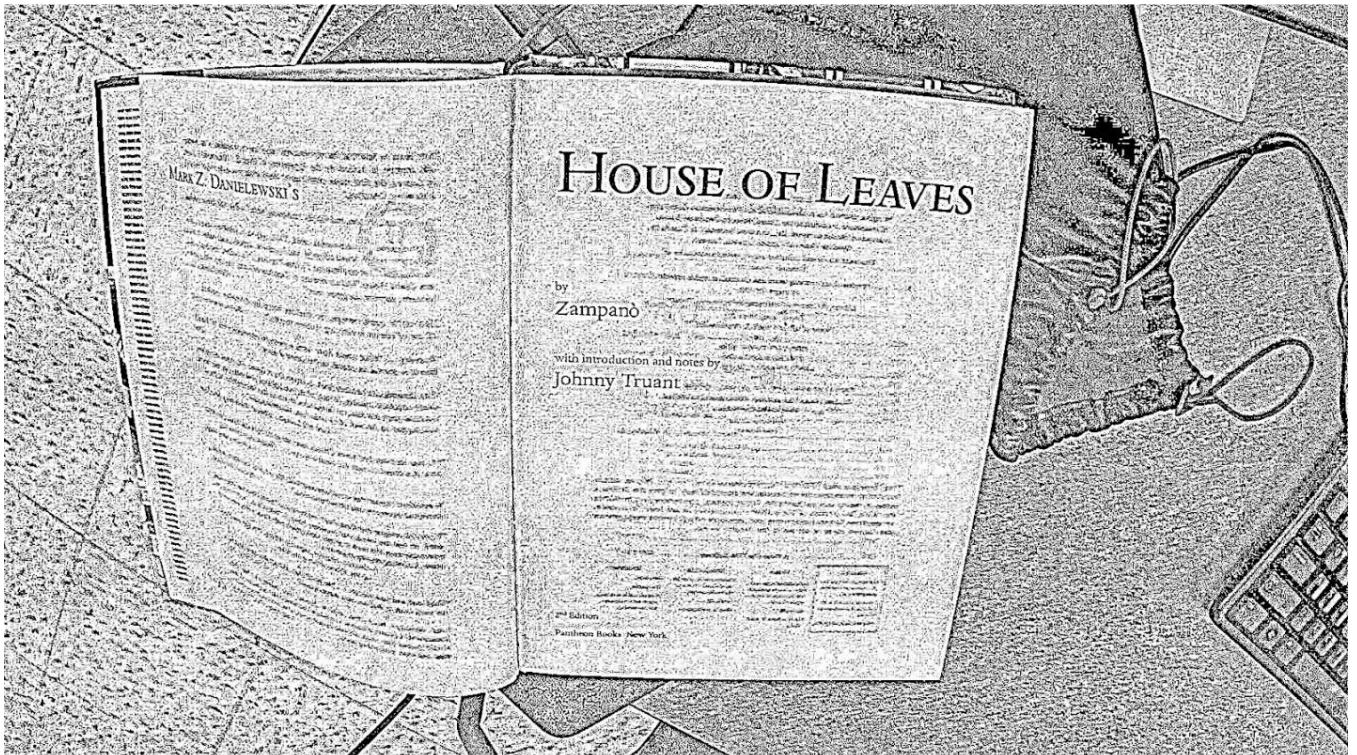
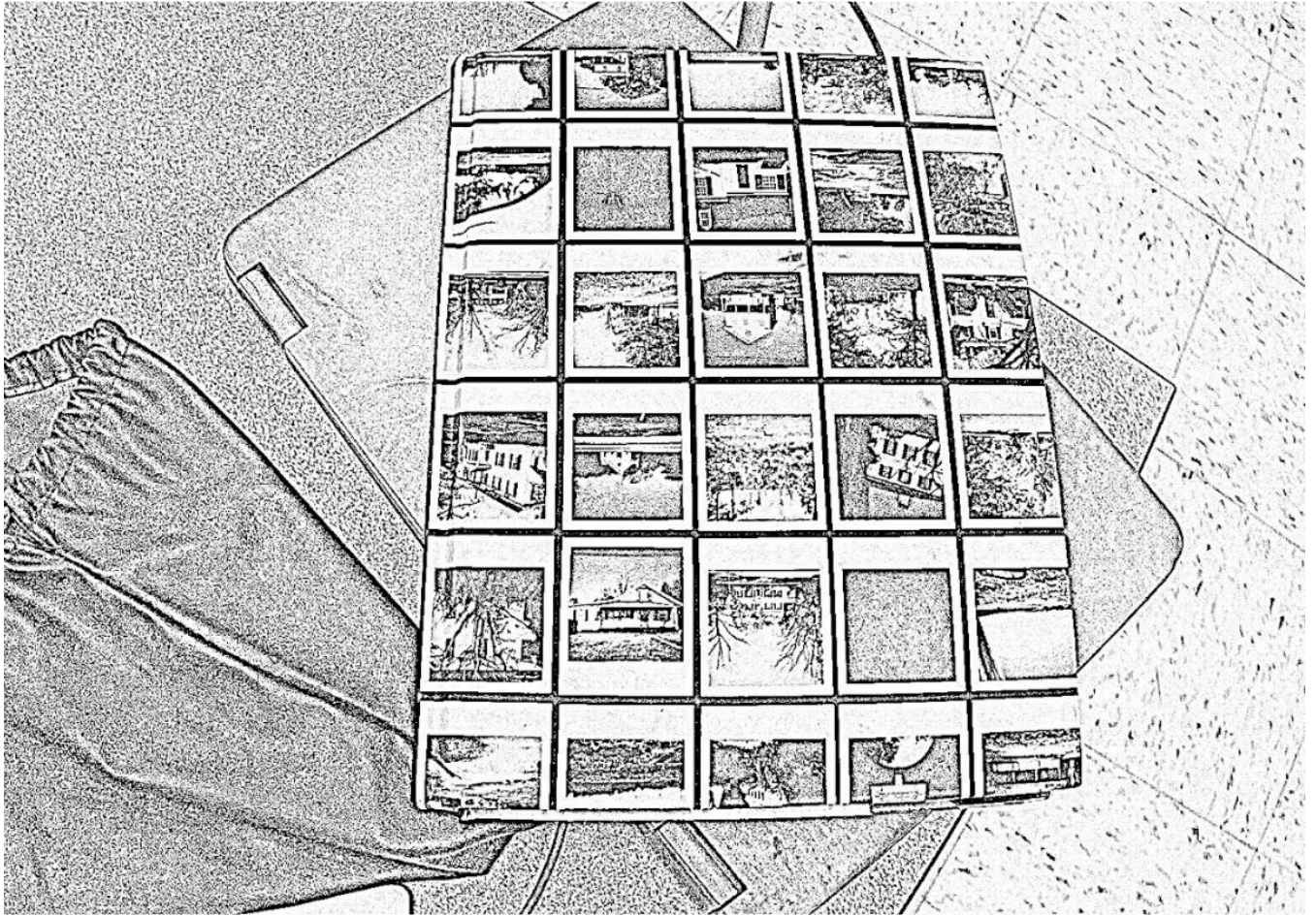
Dedicated To My Grandfather

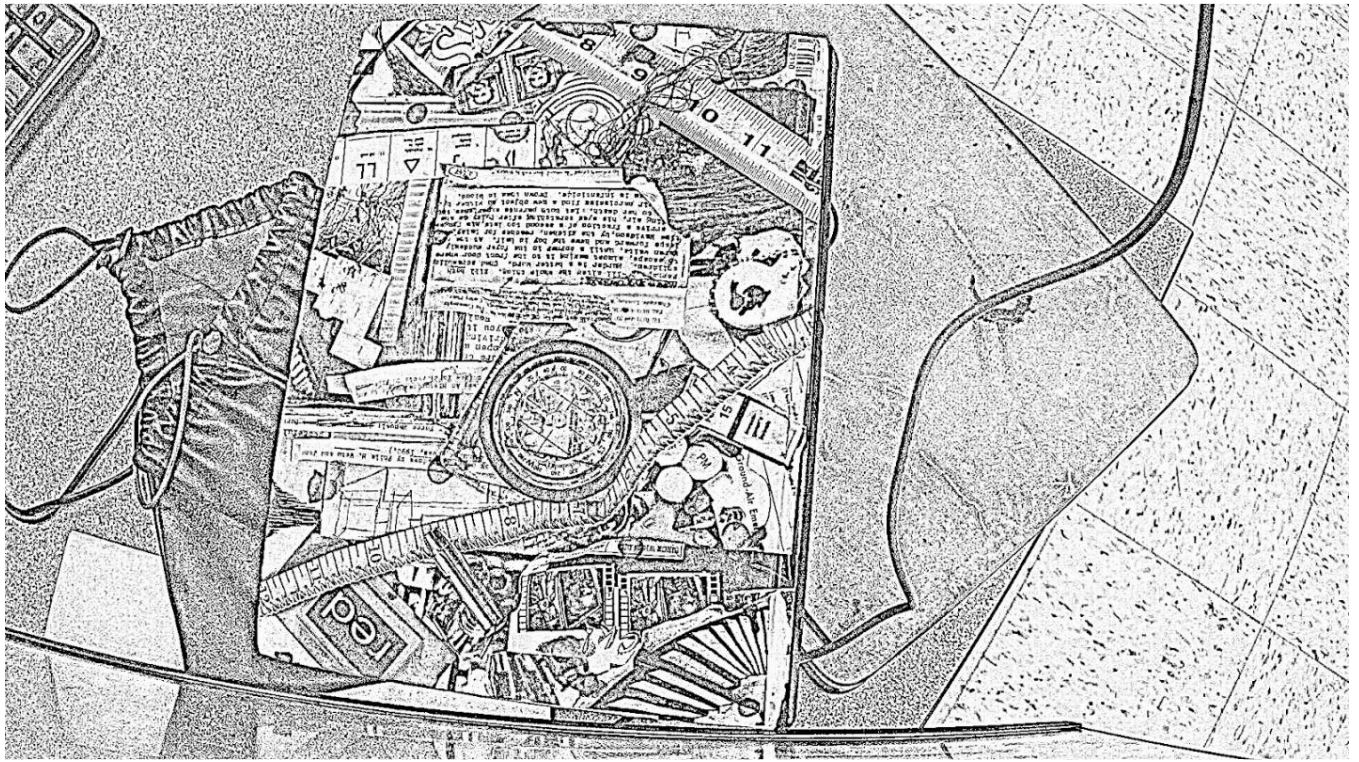
Robert Scott Williams

6/9/1961 - 10/17/2011

He Was A Poet who made dark poetry, I want to carry on his legacy and publish a book just like he did, He died when his Dialysis failed leading to a fatal heart attack

The Main Inspiration of The Separational Distortion





Started December 8th, 2025

Warning, Tis book contains te following

- Gore
- Absurd Violence and Fictional Chaos
- Mass Destruction
- Warfare
- Psychological Horror
- Cryptids
- Descriptive Chaos
- References to fictional events
- Tanatos Molovia Blight
- Realism
- A False Religion (Do Not Believe, I shouldn't have to say tis)
- From Mild to vulgar Profanity
- Biblical Events
- Suicide
- Exploitation

Important Information

Mortis Morbid Author's Introduction

Dear Reader, Tis Book Was Made as an Experiment to see If it is possible To Beat Edgar Allen Poe In Te Ring For Dark Poetry, So Know A Lot Of Tis Work combined hours of research and Use of First Person Accounts from interviews on tragedies an individual witnessed, My Actual Mental Disorders are Attention Deficient Hyperactive Disorder, Oppressive Defiant Disorder, Possibly But Not Diagnosed, Dissociative Identity Disorder, I suffer from Clinical Depression and is medicated With Vyvanse, Sertraline, and pills for Insomnia, I Am Not Insane, I wrote tis on my own initiative, Please If You Have Suffered do not read tis book, I don't want to Be the one who opens a closed wound, - Te Author

Daedalus Leveticus Author's Introduction

Dear Reader, tis book was made to take te crown of Morbid poetry From Famous Poet "Edgar Allen Poe" Tat was the original plan, Plans change, I now have a new plan, Te new plan is to create Te Best work of literature to exist in the 21st century, So now I battle Stephen King in te genre for "Psychological Horror" But no worry, tis is not rivalry, Stephen King's Multiverse inspired most of te stories, In the

Tanatos Molovia Blight Storyline It takes place in te 15t century, and in Mortis morbid we had some 21st century and 20t century stories; Hunger of te beast, Scientific Taboo, Scoptaesia, (21st century) Until te Sabbat is 19t century, But troughout tese time gaps tere is a connection, Te Wendigo from Hunger of the Beast Had a line in Te Charge for Hyerlund storyline, And tis Same wendigo was in

Azrael's Schizophrenic Episode

Tat's enough explanation for now

“The Name Zaon Is not pronounced “Zie-on it is pronounced Zoun”

Tain (Noun)

An immoral act considered to be a transgression against divine law.

Zxybrim (Noun)

Def-

A Being of high intellect and emotion

A being of wrath

Created By Zaon to End His Isolation but were deceived by Zaphri and Drank From the fountain of blood

Gaining the knowledge of good and to do evil

Gaining the Knowledge of wrath and sin

Earth Translations

English - Human

Espanol - Humano/humana

Deutsch - Menschlich

русский - Человек

gaeilge - Daonna

عربي - بشر

□□□ - □□

Francais/francaise - Humain/Humaine

tiếng Việt - nhan loại

ע בר ית - א נזש ?

□□□ - □□

Latin - humano

□□□ - □□

Bloodworks (Occupation)

A Job relating to Hired Murder

Dimlair (Noun)

An Imprisoned individual forced into Bloodworks

Crolder (Noun)

A Individual with a mentality so distorted that he has no control over his actions

Fearor (Noun)

A Person Who invokes greater fear into an individual

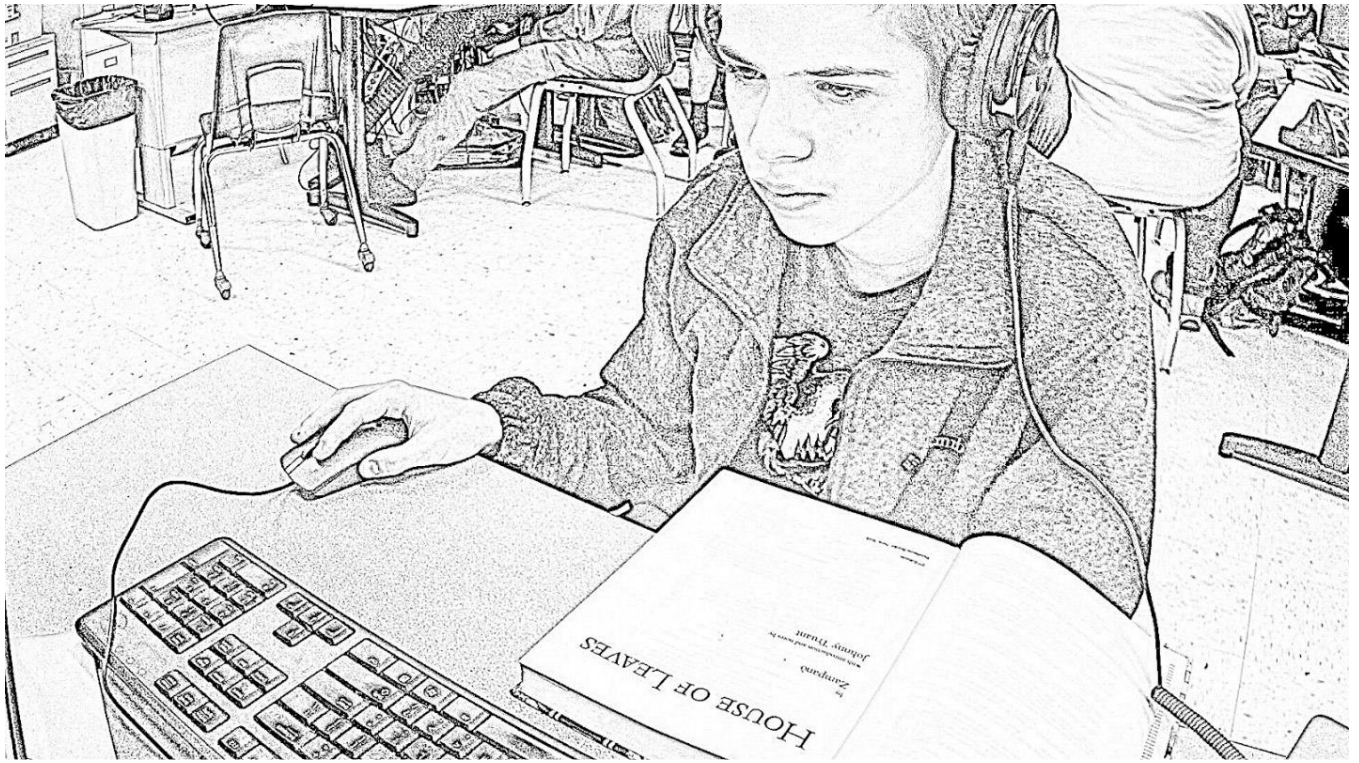
Zaophrim (Noun)

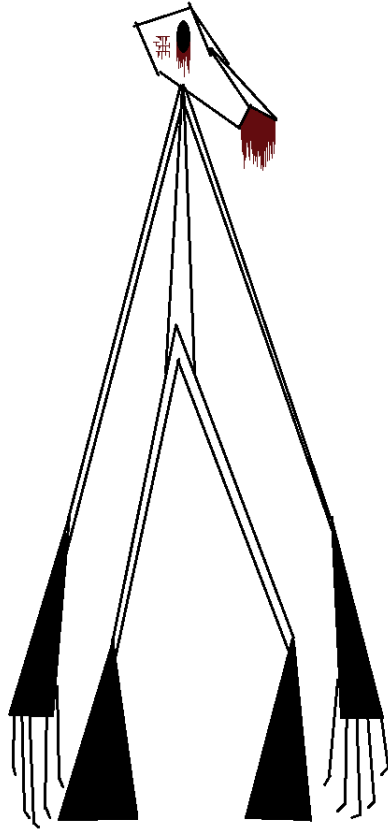
Messenger of Zaon

Enforcer of rules

Author photo



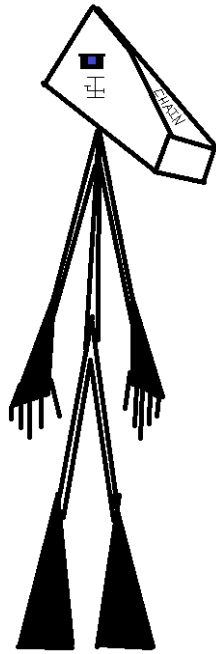




Vain

All Century Monster

Te Monster of te Vindrindski tome



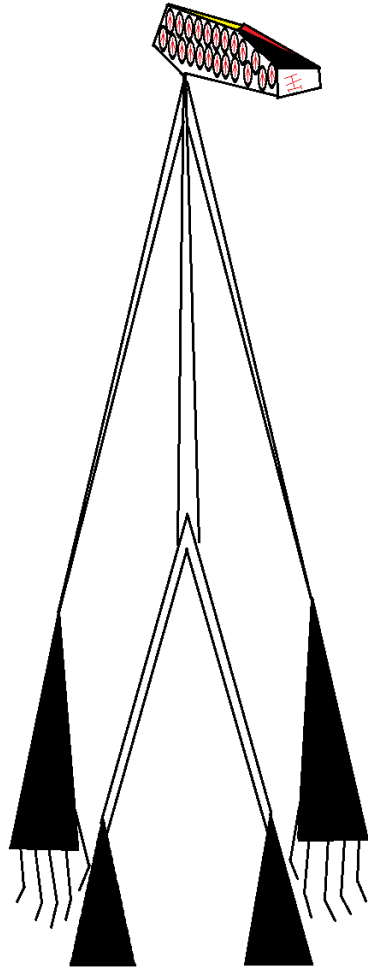
Chain

A Organism Created by Dr Damin

Wears the skull of a fallen vain

Is a particularly Docile Creature

Is Capable of Zxybrim Emotions

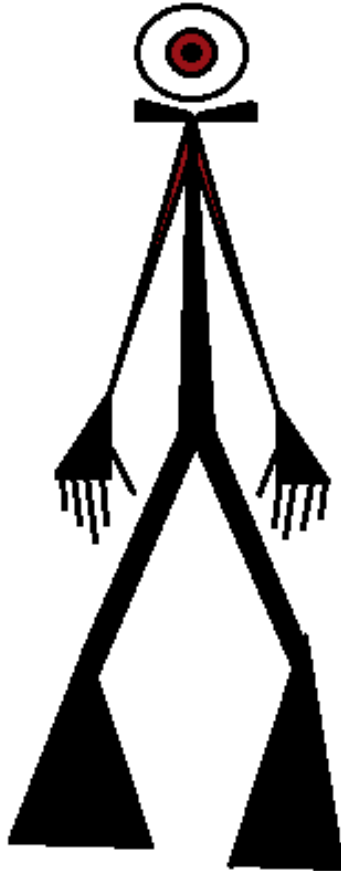


Guardian

Te Head of the Hierarchy

Is Twenty meters in height

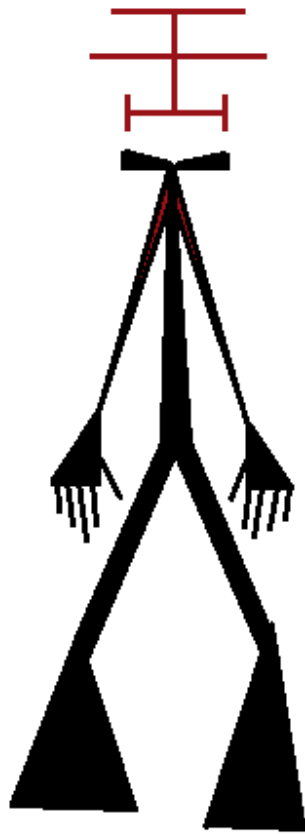
Tasked to oversee Zxybrim Advancement



Archpillar

The Second lowest rank of the hierarchy

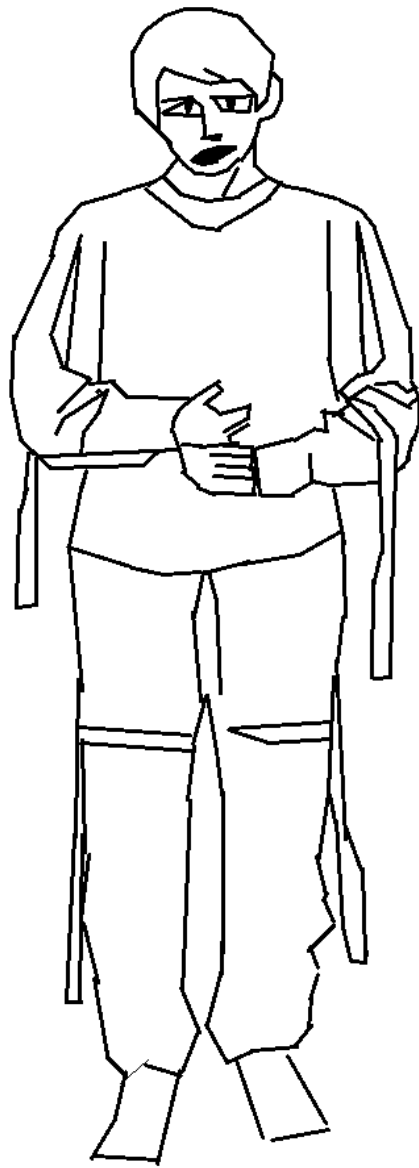
Tasked to monitor Tainful Zxybrims



Divinalties

Fourth rank of the hierarchy

Tasked to watch over Dimensions



Azrael Zaretsky
Debut In Scopthaesia
Mentally III



Likreti

The one who governs the condemned

Speaks in deception

Is personally hated by Zaon

Briefly mentioned in "Mortal Sufferment"



Skia. Azrael Thysester Zaretsky Bled
Fictional Author of The Separational Distortion



The Real Estate Agent from the dream

Only Appears in Exordium Epiales

He remains faceless for my inability to remember his face

Similar to how random people do Good things for us with out us Acknowledging their act of kindness, Such is the way of life, **Just because you are modest does not mean You are accounted**

Chapter one
Heathionary

Heationary Distortion

“Continuation Destabilization”

Rewriting Vitality

Ending Mortality

Ommnes Sunt

Feeling Morbid

Trapped in Canvas

Trapped Paralysis

All To do but Whistle

I Whistle that tistle

Fly like it's a missile

Staring at a pixel

I Close mine eyes and arose mine lies

I Walk Mine Tides along wit guides

Followed By Lights abrupt mine rights

Pass a fight for because of tights

Along te pest of mites and overhead te kites

Te Pat So deep Along which creep

A Passive Meet settled for reap

Abrupt Mine Eyes do so weep

Terelast I shall Sleep

Along my pain for I will not keep

Let it leak let it flow

Finally I'll glow

Heationary Extortion
“A Payment To Vain”
From My rasching bed
I Seen a flasching red
Te young are served a morsel of unleavened bread
With a twisting and a Trashing
Only a fainter te painter
Te Selfish raider of te land
Even He must cater to Tine needs
Tou must pay Te price of life
Tou shalt pay A Sacrifice
I Require a Tain Sacrifice
A Bloodstone Sacrifice must Tou provide
If tou dost Not, tee Shalt surely witer
I Send mine Vain upon tou and ty bretren
Ye and tee bretren Shall surely be destroyed
For tis is te law and it’s prophets
For only a Keystone will erode mine law of te land
As it comet upon Me
I Saw it’s Face
I felt searing pain and then noting
It hurts
Witout a Trace

Heapionary Intortion

“A Relic”

Digging þrough diving depþs
Wiggling þrough wriþing waters
þriving þrough þrapping þorns
Crying þrough Cracking clouds
A Drifting man went unto a fine relic

A Relic of ages old

A Relic of storied untold

A Fatal Misadventure will surely unfold

Te man grabs the relic wit a tight grip

A Voice Calls from te shadows

“Leave with my relic, Zxybrim”

**“You A man of famine, of poverty, might my relic bring great fortune and
prosperity”**

Te man Takes it to his home in Norlan

Te man Finds te relic is blessed

For te relic can calm te area around him

Wars shalt end, Sprees shalt cease, genocide shall withdrawl

Te Man walks to a seller of fine wines

He holds te relic in one hand and out another he steals a bottle of wine

For te seller’s face remains still

Te man Smirks, a smile tainted by greed

Te man tieves through te village

Writing and tightening tis poor village for all it’s wort

Until tere is no more

He walks for miles and he finds the Bustling city of Zatrium

He Sells what he stole from te village and makes currency

**He robs the city, stealing every car, child, woman, jewel, necklace, currency, and
deed**

He Smirks, His lips playing wit evil,

He Hears a voice

“What Hast Tou Done?!”

“Why Hast tou Stealet of Fellow Man?”

“You Shalt end war, Cease Sprees, and withdraw genocide!”

“Ye Hast Do No Such Ting!”

Te man stares

His heart beating trough his ears

He cannot speak

He Does not understand his wrongdoing

“You Consumed By a holy relic!”

“You Taint tis holy relic!”

“Ye Disobey Me, and my word”

“I offer you an oppportunity of luxury and you choose te wrong path”

“Ye shalt Pay with Tine Life!”

Te tall and lanky figure shoots his hand forward

A Sharp agony shoots across te man’s entire body

He feels as if his body is consuming itself

Te man screams in agony

Writing in Distortion as his skin is pulled into te center of his body

Its stretching and twisting, his skin is stretched into itself

Blood pours from te man’s mout and his eyes pop out like bullets out a Bisol

Te Voice steps out as te man continues screaming

It reveals a Vain, A Monster of Order and Justice

It raises te man by his skinny arm and holds te screaming man to his mouth

Te Vain Bites down and te man screams in agony and te screaming stops

Te Man is no more

Te Vain Speaks

“Why dost Ty even attempt to make good from te Zxybrim”

A Innocent Child Stands in sight, he is not frightened

Chapter two

Tainful

Tainful Beginnings

“Te Start”

A Boy and his moter

Grab a toy and find te broter

Te Boy and te broter play out in te forest

Te boy finds a snake

Te broter warns te boy

Te boy grabs te snake by its tail and te snake turns to him

Te broter frets, his mind filling with a million toughts of dread

Te snake Sliters around te boy’s arm

Te snake Not constrict nor it bite

Te broter stares confused

Te moter comes outside and sees te boy and te snake

Te moter and broter stare

Te moter speaks

“Tis is Te Separational Distortion series!”

“Usually Somebody dies in te poems or likely describes pandemonium”

“Please autor, do not write harmful On my son and his broter”

Tainful Acts

“The Acts commit”

Azrael Looks away from his keyboard at what he typed

He writes from his soul and his tears

“Are te characters self aware?”

“Why did I accidentally break te fourt wall?”

Azrael Stumbles trough te recesses of his mind

Azrael tries to piece togeter a good terrifying story

A story that makes te reader tink and draws emotion

But he is no longer in control for now

Someting Is guiding his clicking and clacking

He is guided to type tis poem

He wanted the tree poems to be a storyline

But now he can't

Azrael is confused he watches as his hands guide across te keyboard

Tey move with haste and frequency

It is terrifying to him

Te day his writing turns against him

But not for te entire story

Only for Tainful I Will guide his typing

John, You better not delete tese poems

It's my first poems!

Tainful Consequences

“The Consequences of the actions”

Wow being in control is great

I Have a poem in this book

I wrote a poem in the book of the author

Wow this is cool

He writes me into existence

And now I Write the story

This is the last poem

My control soon will cease

This is so cool

I actually have a poem in this book i'm writing

Wow! Wait, this is kind of boring

How the hell did he write an entire book?

You know what, i have control so i will

Thanatos Molovia Blight Is brought back from the dead

Yeah, and it's the 21st century wait wouldn't it be the 20th century since it's 2025?

Whatever it doesn't matter

And Azrael Zaretsky from Scopthaesia is gonna be in here for Scopthaesia II

He will have another Schizophrenic episode

And stuff

Oh no this is my last line and I wasted it!

Author's Note 1?

Don't know if ill be doing more of these, I've never had this happen before. How does a figment of my own imagination Gain it's own sentience? And Take Control of my hands? This might be an issue, But then again it could make the story better so I'll keep him, but i'm not happy about it.

I Guess he'll be the first Zxybrim Character design in this book, can't remember really how, i've been doing the monsters so much, i guess i might redesign some of the characters who survived

Chapter three
Murderous

Murderous Bloodshed

“A Continuation of the Thanatos Molovia Blight Storyline”

Once Again

Faltering the quicken of my dagger

Haltering the stricken of the clatter

False a man, Once Again

I stripe the red velvet of the fluid

I rip the selvic of it's mood

By a mean I force to intrude

Not a man alive I won't include

The Blood pouring in the rain

Reminder of what face in disdain

My Smile Gleams at the pain i've caused

My eyes burn with remorse

Such carnage

My Tarnish reeks from my nature

My hature so tangible i can grip it

But my brows raise in confusion

A Question of a question

A Question of many

A Question of more

Why do I hatred?

Do I hatred innocence?

Is this the hatred I embow?

I rupture an elbow

I spread a man across the table

I carve the Vindrinski into the fore of his head

I Mark the “†” on his torso

I Smile my work

Zaon shows himself

Zaon Speaks

“If you're going to do a sin sacrifice leave my father out of it”

“I Cannot stop you as he requested worship of me and the trinity”

Thanatos stares confused wondering what his lord was talking about

Thanatos questions

“Lord, what art thou spake of?”

“Thy Lord i Do not possess comprehension”

Zaon stares at Thanatos and makes a sound of what I think a sigh would sound like

“Child, There are two worlds governed by two lords”

“I Govern this world, While Yahweh governs Earth”

“Yahweh is my father as well as the father of someone named Jesus Christ”

“I Had a bet with him that i could have a more pure world than his”

“I Was foolish, i was idle, I Should of known he would win”

Murderous Bloodbath

“More blood stuff”

Slashing is heard throughout the night

Sounds of a fight, a scream, then silence

A Sound of hacking and cracking

The small quaint town sits awake at the sound of the stabbing

A Door opens

A Window to another house shatters

The Trigger on a Bisol is heard being pressed

A Loud Shot is heard

Thanatos holds his shoulder and coughs blood

“What The Hell?”

The armed man had the bisol to thanatos’s fore

But it only got his shoulder

The armed man backs up,

He hears a angelic shriek from behind him

He turns around and sees a Guardian staring furiously at him

The armed man sees the Angel’s many eyes and he falls to the ground

The armed man hears a ringing in his ear

The ringing’s decibels increase in acceleration

The man’s ears bleed, but the ringing not stop

He feels his head hammering

The man holds his head and screams a bloodcurdling scream

The man’s eyes burn out his head

The man’s body shaken violently

The Guardian’s eyes narrow and the armed man’s head explodes into blood

Murderous Bloodlust

“Spree of shed”

Thanatos holds his bleeding shoulder

He sits on a boulder

He reads a folder

The air feels colder

The ground feels older

Thanatos stares at his holder

The sacrifice is golder

Thanatos knows he is a Crolder

He stares at his blood

His eyes narrow in wrath

He stands up and grabs his dagger

He looks back at the village

Screaming rings through the night

Giving the villagers such a fright

The Children scream in terror

As they stare down their Fearor

With a slashing and a crashing

A Stabbing and a clashing

A screaming and a crying

A dreaming and a trying

Silence sets upon the one lively village

Thanatos stares at the wreckage

He stares at the carnage

He glares at the damage

Chapter four

Dimlair

Dimlair Pressure

From Redge Rekeyel

Everyday I do their tasks in bloodworks

I barely go window shopping and speak to clerks

I Pay no mind to my shadow for I know it lurks

I Work so hard to pay

They Let me free

I Return to my old occupation in the cave

Driener Relies on me to Create the Serum

We do not Cure this pestilence we **Exterminate** it

We had 4 **Extermination Containment Units** on site

One got infected with the Pestilence

Strange enough the individual remains Conscious and in control of his actions

We will keep him alive

One fell into the **abyss**

His vital signs are still responding

I'm sure he's fine

I created the organisms

It hurts that I must kill them

Worst part is they aren't inherently dangerous

I must exterminate what cannot control its danger

I try to convince my superiors they just need to be contained

Dimlair Tension

The organisms Don't actually mean to hurt individuals, the ones that hurt individuals were Human, and they still have their mind They used what I created to inflict harm upon others and they believe they can get away with such transgressions against man They put the blame on what I created And Now Lyder is Demanding Full genocide on all the organisms and if I refuse to comply I myself will be silenced for Insubordination. Or maybe I Could sabotage so I don't have to exterminate the organisms because the Inhuman organisms aren't aggressive or rabid they only infect as a method of self defence they don't mean harm unless they must but the superiors won't listen The Creatures Produce a lot of Dopamine so it isn't possible for evil, they are very curious and affectionate

Dimlair Catalyst

[Log 1096]

From my research in the Life Cycle of the organism (Aliquam-Lupine-Hominid) or in more standard Terms "Paint Based Organisms" Their Behaviors Aren't ever aggressive, unless they

are an infected individual then proceed with caution, in their Life Cycle They Bud from a crystal as what On-Site scientist refer to as "Cub" then they grow into a 6 foot tall standing upright variation On-Site scientist refer to as "Maturity" After that they grow older until their

body crystalizes stationary OSS refer to as "Catalyst", they the mask of the organism falls and shatters and More Cubs Form from the shards, The behaviors of the cubs are extremely docile as long as no Maturity are around, They are safe to hold as long as no maturity are around, If a maturity sees you interacting with a cub it gets very bloody very quickly.

Interestingly enough The Cubs are very trusting of the researchers and this has made research smooth, Personally I have **Disposed** Of researchers who Tried to experiment on the Cubs, They reflect a state of innocence not even seen in Human Infants, Lost my son in an accident 2 months ago so i'm not surprised I got attached, Or have I been infected

[Log 2234]

Shit i've been infected, Explains why Maturity Haven't paid me no mind

Damn typewriter

[Log 3523]

So ting wrog wit brane i can barly spel werds

I was very wrog about conshisnuss

Te **Latex** Takes conshisnuss eventually

[Log 4545]

I so hapee

Chapter five

Mortal

Mortal Anguish
‘Personal poem, Disregard’

Work of one
Account of none
Life of run
Holy as a nun
Mother forsaken
Smile was taken
Smile now tainted
A Body fainted
Pain in written
Fear of smitten
Name for a mitten
I feel Minted
Lust for helping
Steel and wielding
Frontal Lobe done melting
Mentality draining
My blood, Sweat and tears
Raining upon tis poem

Getting out all tose emotions of rage and depression

(Explanation Section)

Never once have I ever explained a poem before, tis is intentional because most of it is up to Reader/Viewer’s interpretation, but tese tree poems are more personal, I have been officially diagnosed wit Clinical Depression and I Write tese poems to be able Calm myself down and distract my mind from toughts, So Please Disregard tese poems.

Mortal Sufferment

“Zaon Speaks to himself as his hierarchy listens”

I Feel as if i've failed

The Father was right

All the screams I myself have Hailed

It's all very tight

I miss the light

I am a failure

An Entire genocide over a wounded tailor

It's all very staid

Trapped the serpent in a chamber

And it escaped

Always with the key and it's keeper

Once, I dug a grave and dug six feet deeper

Can't even account on the reaper

Likreti Watches my every decision like a creeper

I'm not a retreat

With my blood sweat and tears

I shall create Their biggest fears

That plague the lands for many years

Make them work to the bone like a Cog n` Gears

All them who died

Had to fight for those who lied

All the tears the children cried

My wrath will linger for it shall never hide

I Pay no mind to who screams and cries

I Pay no mind to who pleads and died

I'm not bothered by the death nor the dread

I don't care if my hands are covered in red remarking upon the dead

Mortal Sacrifices

The Dread that shalt
Accompany the dead
The ones who are bleeding red
Have yet to be fed

A Divinaltie's hair has grayed
A man and his weeping wife have prayed
Spend the light he who have laid
He who serves death's Maid

He who bring the blood
He who Ring the ears
He who king the crown
He who ling

The slashes through the veins of writhing
The bleeding of death bloody and sacred
The creeping of end following and wrapping
It slashes through what all that knows

I slaughter he who die
I Slaughter he who lie
I Slaughter he who supply
I Slaughter he who rely

I Scream into the ears of my brethren
I Scream into the ears of my maturity
I Scream into the ears of Children
I Scream into the ears of My **Maturity**
I Scream into the ears of My **Maturity**
I Scream into the ears of My **Maturity**
I Scream into the ears of My **Maturity**

Chapter Six
Sacrificial

Sacrificial Carving

Thanatos offers Upon an Archpillar

Molovia Offers Upon an Guardian

Blight Offers Upon Zaon

For Only he receive forgiveness

He slices the tongue to represent the split tongue of a serpent
Mutilated arms of the beast that writhe along the gruesome floor
Hacking Axe of bloodlust flow from the mouth of the beheaded
Choking and gagging of pestilence upon the wicked

For the Blade spills blood with a sickening sound

Thanatos was crowned

And they battle to the blade

Against the violet blade that pierces through the heart

And they battle to the blade

Against the violet blade that pierces through the heart

And they battle to the blade

Against the violet blade that pierces through the heart

And they battle to the blade

Against the violet blade that pierces through the heart

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And they battle to the blade

Against the violet blade that pierces through the heart

Sacrificial Starving

The pestilence is wicked

We bathe them in famine

Do i jus get fogoten?

Mi Mind no loger mak sese

I Tink i am rege

I cannot rember

I fil so hapee

But i now not me

Atifical fillings

But i am hapee

so vey hapee

a cub

a cub

a cub

a cub

a cub

a cub

a cub

a cub tak interst in mi

i now vey hapee

i rase cub at min

a aisj anfnai idfhsi

sdns sgfs fsufs sfsijoi

sifjsijfsodjoisjoijdjsbvsohuehn

joiqhwbr dnaufdsbfh sjbfiqwhbfsa

a najoiwjfn sd kkajn lk

AN SDJ J SJKDV IQBW F38 32 1JK

J FU3I F ISBDUF UI3 UI F9UQFQH

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WYQRUWHFSHFJOJOF AJFLKSND OVIEWIOHGNFSALJFIOEJFIWJIFJWIFBI
WAGHWWHAGTABIEBAOIFNWOWIFOWBFIWBEFJSDJFAWNFAKLNJWKFN
AJKBJBSJKFB JWBFABWBFIBWIUFBWIUBFUWBUIFBWBFUIBAIBUIWBUAB
UIFSBKJSA JKVBKABSJKD**

Sacrificial Harming

I Stare upon My Bloody hands

The blood drips pouring

For it is not mine

I can't help but question

I am protected By Zaonphrim

But I am Tainful myself

I am an abomination to Zxybrims

What have I done

I Am a monster in my own flesh

The evil corrupting my mind is so very fresh

However, I Digress

These Thoughts I must repress

“You really should”

Chapter 7

Scopthaesia: Conquest

Scopthaesia II

In a battlefield of Blood and lead, Azrael Finds himself hiding behind a barricade rubbing his temples, His Friend David IS Firing at the enemy, Alexis is patching Jask's wounds, Zaraxus is staring over the barricade with tactical Binoculars.

Azrael is trembling and Zaraxus looks over at him and asks "How you holding up?" Azrael Snaps his head to Zaraxus "I can't take it anymore! The constant firing, explosions! Do You see them?" Zaraxus is caught off guard by the question and David says to Azrael "We all see them, But If we didn't kill them we would be in their place. It's called War, not a riot" Azrael responds "We were drafted, We are only 14! We're way too young to fight" Jask looks over at Azrael and he looks dead in his eyes "You're never too young to die. It's crazy telling this to the person named after **The Angel Of Death**" Alexis Laughs at the irony, "Can't imagine, I'm pretty sure old Azrael has Actually seen the **Archangel**."

The battle continues for hours without stop, Both sides run out of ammunition and made a truce that will sustain till Supply comes. Both sides gather around a fire due to the winter season, An enemy Soldier asks Azrael in a thick Soviet accent "You've look like you seen a ghost, Or did you roll around in the snow?" Azrael Chuckles and he responds "Well they may be ghost, but there's someone else, I see these soldiers with swords and horsemen, its bloody" The enemy Soldier Chuckles and responds "Azrael, that is **The Charge For Hyerlund** it was a very bloody battle, they had six year olds to 15 year old soldiers, And it was **fought over A Foolish apple tree** in the courtyard of the castle, Happened in 1498, Hyerlund fought with gunfire, The **Zxybrims** fought with swords and cattle, **Hyerlund** Outnumbered, and Outgunned The **Zxybrims**, their weapons were better, defences were better, and yet the **Zxybrims** won" Azrael is stunned, and the Enemy soldier speaks again "Crazy thing is the ghosts still fight to this day, don't pay attention to them, if they hear you, they can see you, The years drove them mad, but don't be afraid to pay your respects, they won't mess with you as long as you're respectful" Azrael Speaks "Reminds me of that poem by **Alfred Tennyson** "**The Charge Of The Light Brigade**" The Soviet Commander Fires a round into the air to get everyone's attention, everyone looks at him, And he speaks "Can one of My comrades Tell the American Dogs The Tale of the Baba Yaga?" a Sergeant stood up and said "I know the entire story of 'The Magic Swan Geese' by heart" the commander is surprised and speaks "Go on, Tell the americans the story of the Magic Swan Geese" The Sergeant says without a book "Once upon a time there lived a husband and wife. They had two children – a daughter, named Masha, and a son, named Vanya. Masha was going on ten years of age. Vanya was only two. One day dad and mom got ready to go away to the city. They were leaving their daughter to watch after herself and her brother. So, they advised her,

- Don't leave the house. Keep your brother in sight at all times. In turn we will bring you a treat from the city. Masha was listening to her parents very closely, nodding occasionally, but as soon as they left, she sat her brother on the grass by the house and ran off to play. Once Vanya was left alone, there came the magic swan geese. They picked up the child with their wings and flew away toward the forest. After playing with her friends for some time, Masha remembered to check on her brother. She ran home to find an empty house. Her little brother was gone. Terrified, Masha broke in tears. She called her brother's name, looked all over, but wherever she looked he was nowhere in sight. As she was looking to the sky, there was a flock of geese, flying toward the forest in a hurry. That moment the girl realized that those geese were the magic swan geese and they took her little brother away. Masha took off on a journey to rescue Vanya. She was following the magic swan geese as long as she could see them in the sky. Soon, however, they disappeared from her view. Where would she go now? Masha stopped and hopelessly sighed. She didn't know what to do next. She looked around. No one was in sight, but a large brick oven. The girl came up to the oven and asked,

- Brick oven, tell me where the magic swan geese are flying to.

- Have some of my rye pies, dear guest, and I will tell you, - answered the brick oven.

To that Masha replied,

- Why, I don't eat rye pies! At home I eat only wheat pies with butter.

Having said those words, the girl ran on. The problem was that Masha still didn't know where she needed to go. She looked around. No one was in sight, but a tall apple tree. The girl came up to the tree and asked,

- Apple tree, tell me where the magic swan geese are flying to.

- Have my wild apple, don't object, and I will tell you, - answered the apple tree.

- Why, I won't eat such sourness! At home I eat only orchard apples with honey.

Having said those words, the girl ran on. She ran fast, but wasn't sure if she was running in the right direction. She still didn't know where those magic swan geese flew. She looked around. No one was in sight, but a milky river with jelly banks. The girl came up to the river and asked,

- Milky river, tell me where the magic swan geese are flying to.

- Have some of my jelly with milk, then I will tell you, - answered the river.

- I don't want any jelly and milk! I hardly ever would drink cream at my parents' house let along milk.

With these words, Masha kept on running. She ran and ran, but had no idea if she was getting closer or running away even further from where the geese took her brother. She looked around and saw nothing, but a little cottage on a chicken leg, spinning around in the middle of the darkest, thickest brushwood.

- Cottage, turn and stop as if selected, turn and stop as was erected, - demanded Masha loudly.

The cottage turned and stopped with its door side facing Masha. The girl sneaked in and found her little brother. He was sitting on the bench, playing with some juicy apples. The magic swan geese took Vanya to the house of Madam Yaga. Vanya saw Masha too and almost screamed her name, but Masha placed her forefinger to her lips, so her brother wouldn't give her away. Next to Vanya was Baba Yaga, snoozing by her spinning wheel. Baba Yaga's face was wrinkled and covered in warts. Her crooked nose was drooping over her mean scowl. Her long filthy nails were sharp and scary. On her shoulder there was an owl sitting, not sleeping, looking around, and watching intently.

- Hello, - said Masha.

Baba Yaga opened her eyes and gave Masha a vicious glare.

- Hello, an unwanted guest. What brings you here? – Baba Yaga asked.

- I got lost in the forest. After walking for hours my feet can't carry me any further. I'm hungry... Let me stay at your house, get some rest.

- Very well, - said Baba Yaga, - you may finish my porridge. For that you must work on my spinning wheel.

Baba Yaga said those words and left the room along with her owl. Once Baba Yaga was gone, a little mouse came out from under the stove. The mouse begged,

- Little girl, little girl, give me some porridge.

Masha found the left over porridge on the top of the stove. She found a spoon. So, she gave some porridge to the mouse. The mouse ate up the porridge and as if to repay for Masha kindness revealed a secret,

- Run away from here as fast as you can. Take the boy with you too. Baba Yaga fired up her big bath house. She will wash you up and eat you both! There is very little time. You must hurry!

Without delay Masha grabbed her little brother in her arms and took off running. Meanwhile, Baba Yaga came by the window of the room, where Masha was working.

- Are you working on my spinning wheel, girl? – Baba Yaga asked.

- Oh, I do, Madam. I'm working very hard, - the mouse answered as it was finishing the porridge.

As soon as the bathhouse was hot enough Baba Yaga came to get the girl, but the house was empty. Both children were gone. So, Baba Yaga called for her magic swan geese,

- My magic swan geese, you must fly after the children! The girl took the little boy and ran away. You must catch them! You must bring them back or else!

As Masha and Vanya were running through the forest they heard the noise of the flying magic swan geese. Luckily, there was the milky river with the jelly banks that Masha had seen earlier that day. The girl picked up her little brother and ran to the milky river with jelly banks, crying,

- Dear milky river, please hide us!

- Have some of my jelly with milk and I will hide you, - the river answered.

As fast as she could, Masha drank some milk and ate some jelly. So, the river covered Masha and Vanya with its banks. The geese missed them as they flew by. Masha and Vanya took off running. Not long after the children thought they got away, they heard the noise of the approaching magic swan geese. Luckily, there was the apple tree that Masha had seen earlier that day. The girl picked up her little brother and ran up to the tree, begging,

- Dear apple tree, please save us!

- Eat my wild apples and I will save you, - the tree answered.

As fast as she could, Masha chewed up an apple. So, the tree covered the children with its leafy branches. The geese didn't see anyone as they flew by. Masha and Vanya took off running. Not long after the children thought they got away, there came the noise of the magic swan geese. The noise was so loud – the geese were very close. Luckily, there was the brick oven that Masha had seen earlier that day. The girl wrapped her arms around her little brother and ran up to the oven, pleading,

- Oh, darling oven, please hide my little brother and I.

- Have some of my rye pies and get inside, - the oven answered.

As fast as she could, Masha ate a couple of rye pies and jumped inside the oven with Vanya. The geese flew by and missed them. Masha and Vanya took off running again. There were just a few feet to their house as they heard the loud noise of the magic swan geese. The geese were biting the children's feet. Masha and Vanya barely made it to their house. They closed the door. Safe at once, the children breathed with relief. The geese circled round and round above the house, but couldn't get the children. Restless, the birds left, returning to Baba Yaga empty-handed. Soon enough Masha and Vanya's parents came home. They brought a bunch of presents for both children, but Masha received the most precious gift of all – a special scarf to tie around her head.” The Soviet Commander stares stunned, The American soldiers had their thoughts provoked, the Soviet Commander Asks his sergeant **“Как, черт возьми, ты узнал всю эту историю?”** the Sergeant replies **“Мой отец заставлял меня рассказывать эту историю каждый вечер, прежде чем разрешить мне лечь спать”**

Eventually ammunition arrives and the Violence resumes, Azrael is scared as always, He’s cowardly, David says Exhaustedly “Damn It! Azrael’s gunshy!”Azrael Feels guilty he responds “Sorry, it’s just... Those soldiers we’re fighting have lives outside the battlefield, I can guarantee a few of them are parents... if they die those children won’t have them to hope for returning” Zaraxus looks over at Azrael

And replies with a sigh “Azrael, Kill or be killed, its simple as that, it sucks I’m aware but you’re in the middle of a battlefield, They don’t want to die either which is why they will fight so they don’t die, which is why we must fight so we don’t die, pick up the sniper” Azrael Picks up his Dragunov and he takes aim with shaky hands, through the lens of the scope he sees men in Metallic armor, swinging blades at each other inaudibly even more blood spills the battlefield through the lens of the Scope, Alexis speaks “I Told our commander This place is condemned, the Charge for **Hyerlund**, Bloodiest battle in **Zxybrim** History” Jask Looks at Alexis confused and questions “Alexis... What is a **Zxybrim**?” Alexis replies blankly “Well Azrael’s mind is rapidly deteriorating, He keeps Telling himself stories And his psychiatrist writes them down, she’s entertained, **David Attias** is editing his stories, he survived the accident” Azrael is confused. Azrael says with finality “Right... this is just another story... I ponq! I’ll snlvilə...”

a ni gnitw neeb dah ehs 'noisufnoc ni mih ta setats rofcod sih 'moort deddap sih ofni
“Mh’p λon stod?” sksa ehs 'koobeton

Chapter 8

Epiales

Exordium Epiales

When I was four years old—the day my brain first shimmered with the strange electricity of memory and language, when the world itself seemed to pulse with new awareness—I had a dream. I stood inside a room: to my left, a bookshelf loomed, its spines whispering stories I could not yet read. The wallpaper was green, impossibly lush, as if a living meadow had grown up the walls. A birch baseboard ran along the edge, pale and smooth, rising all the way to my knees, cool beneath my fingertips.

A window to the right framed a city in chaos—buildings shattered, smoke peeling off ruins, while a flag split down the center (yellow on the bottom, blue on the top) fluttered in the wind, its colors bleeding into the sky. Overhead, the ceiling was ribbed with vertical birch log beams, stretching out like the bones of some giant, slumbering animal. In front of me, a door hovered in my vision, a sign nailed to it: “Do Not Open.”
I never did. That is all I remember.

In 2024, the vision returned. I was older, searching for a house. The Real Estate Agent—her face familiar and flickering—guided me through winding halls until we reached that same room. Bookshelf to the left, green wallpaper breathing softly, birch floor glowing beneath my feet, knee-high baseboards circling the room, those same vertical beams above. The door stood ahead, humming with silent warning.

The Agent said, “Do not go into that room.” This time, curiosity thrummed in my veins. I opened the door. Darkness, heavy and thick, spilled toward me. In the upper right corner, a wooden desk hunched in shadow, facing away. Nearby, in the lower right, another door waited, sealed, a silent dare—I didn’t open it, though I wish I had. A window stared back at me, blinds slicing the light into trembling lines. Beyond was only black. I woke up, startled, the room’s impossible familiarity lingering like a scent I couldn’t name.

Redire Epiales

**I Return a forgotten place
For I promise I never return
Today I break a promise
Just because of my own curiosity**

**I see that door
I see the literature on my left
I see blood on my right
I dread this place**

**I feel foolish
For why did I return
I had forgotten
Fear shivers itself through my body**

**I feel Tremors,
This is as I remembered
It all feels like a fever
Just glad there's no lever**

**I myself have no fear of death
For I am afraid of what hides in the darkness
For I am Afraid of what I cannot Comprehend
I do not wish to be here**

**I Remember a phrase
It leeches my mind drinking every drop of blood
"Curiosity Killed The Cat"
"How Curious Are You?"**

**I scoff Dismissively
I Stare and remark
"Curiosity Killed the Cat"**

“But The Truth Remained Stiff”

Tirohāva Epiales

I still wonder when I can be allowed to return

I wish to know the second Door

I wish to see it's Floor

I have to know the Lore

The Burning sense of curiosity Shakes me to my Core

I Still wonder how much of my mind I've Tore

For it remains Unknown until that door reopens, For all I know it could be Gore

One Hundred and Four

No that's not It, it's "One Hundred Forty"

Sometimes I cannot help but Worry

Is it an Obsession, or just a Story

I Know the Reward is not Glory

The Love of knowledge is a curse

A plastic Glove that hides humanity

A warning we received from up Above

A reminder of Thereof

Phobetron-Vocatus Epiales

Stanza One

Line 1 .. - . - - . . - . - . / - - . / - . - . - - - . / - . -
Line 2 ... - - - - . - - . - . - . / ... - - . - . - . / - . - . - . - . / - - - - / - . / - - . / - . . - . - . - .
Line 3 .. / - / .. - / - . - . - . - - . - . - . / . - / .. / - . / . - . - . - . - . - .
Line 4 - - / .. / . - . - / - . - . - . - / . - . . - . -

Stanza Two

Line 5 .. / - . . - - . . - . . - . . / - . / .. . - . - . - . / - -
Line 6 - - / - - / .. / - -
Line 7 .. . - . - . - . / - - . - . - . / - . - . / . - - - . - . - .
Line 8 . - . . . - - . - . - . / ... - . - - . / - - . - . - .

Stanza Three

Line 9 .. / . - - - / - . - - - - /
Line 10 .. / . - - - / - . - - - - / . - . . - - / . - - . / .. / . - - - / . - . - . - . -
Line 11 .. / . - - - / - . - - - - / . - . . - - / . - - . / .. / . - - - / . - - - . - . - .
Line 12 .. / . - - - / - . - - - - / . - . . - - / . - - . / .. / . - - - / . - . . - - . -

Stanza Four

Exposition . - - . / - - . / .. - / ... - . - . - . - .

