



Separational Distortion

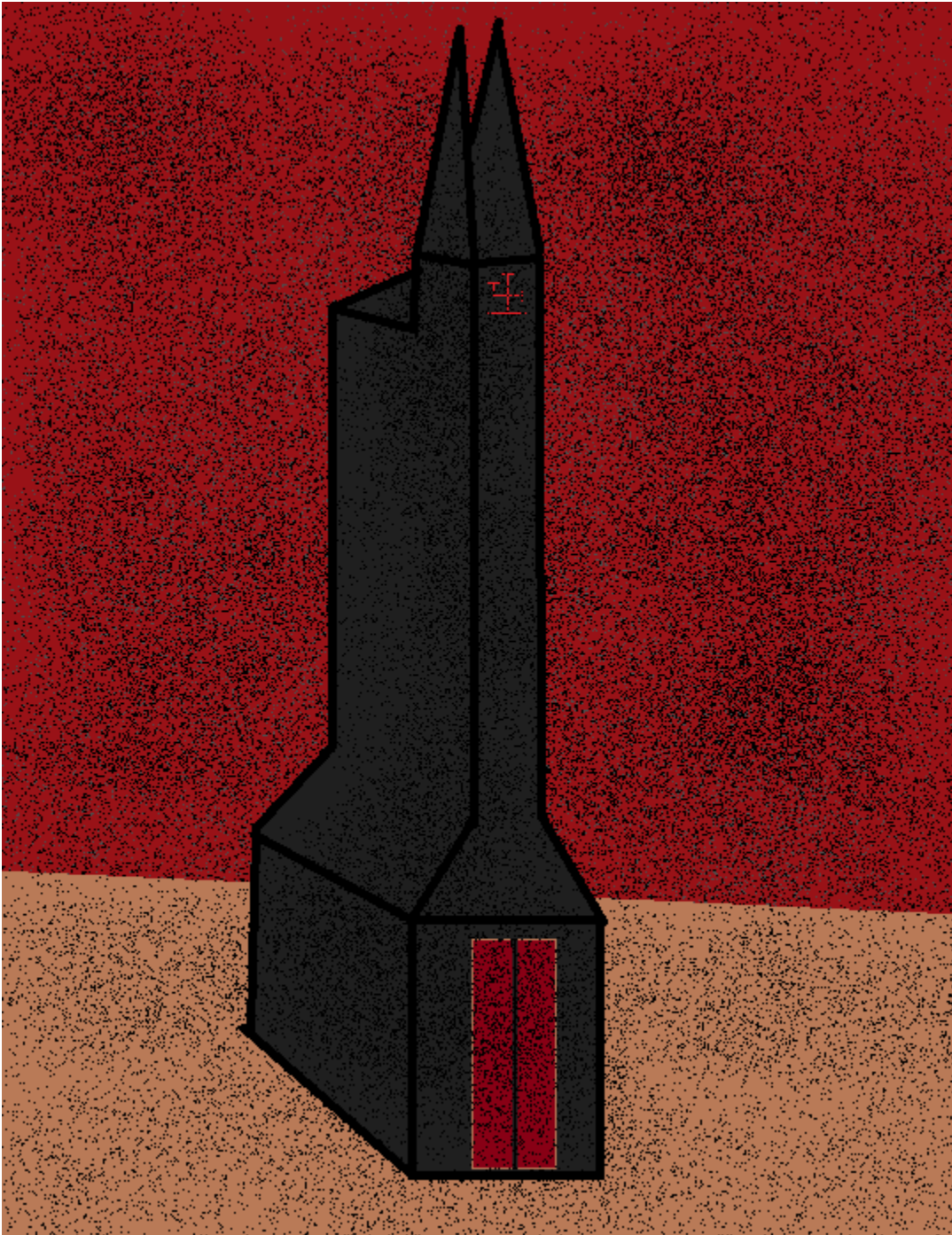
Post
Mortem
De Sortem

Author

Azrael Zaretsky

Places In the world of Styre

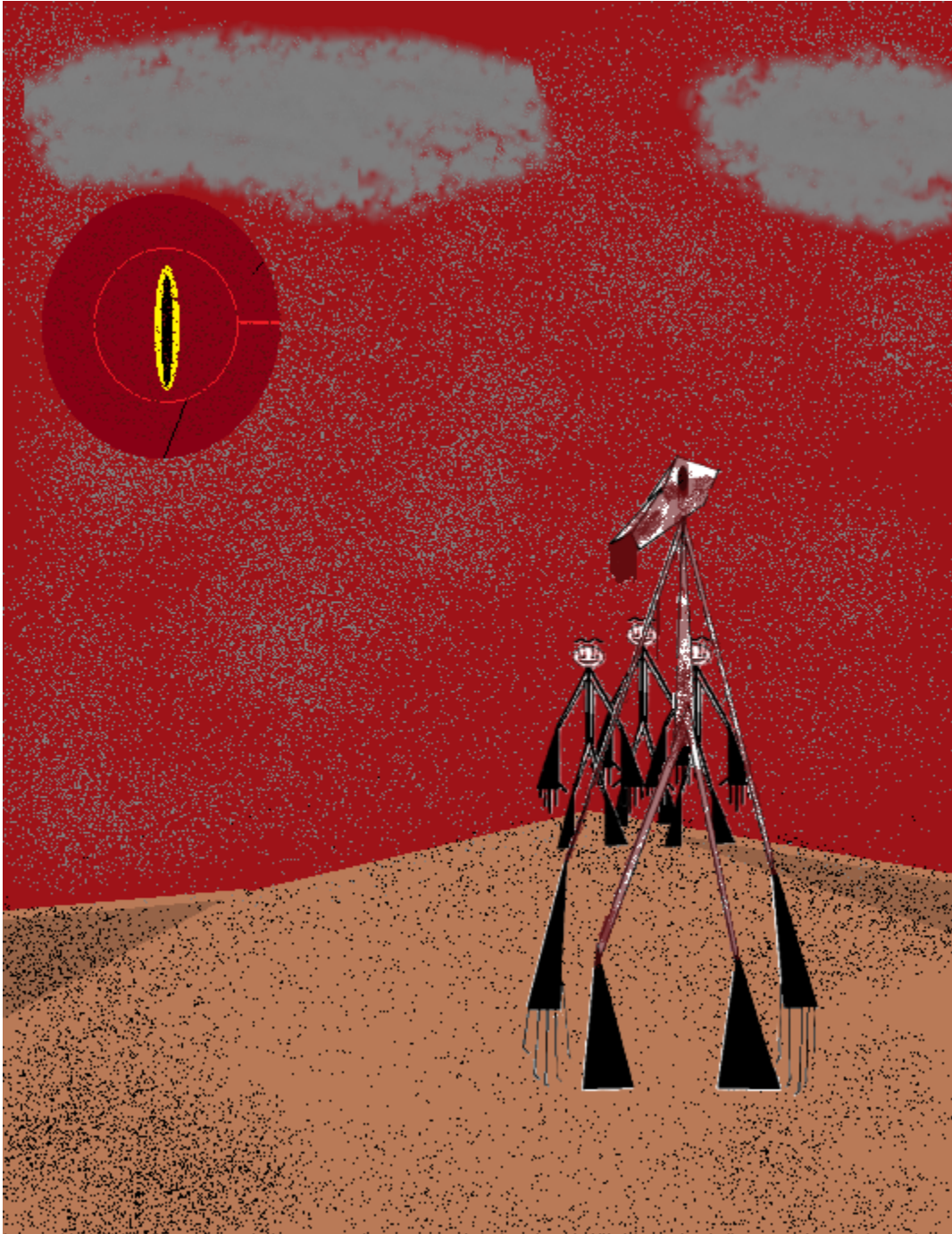
Zaon's Temple: Ekeshyra



9,000 ft Tall

800 ft wide

Outrium Overlook



A Series of hills overlooking the Outrium Crater

Fort Hraggstad



The Main Base of Operations for The Republic of Oppressed Zxybrims

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

Started January 14th, 2026

Warning, This book contains the following

- . Gore**
- . Absurd Violence and Fictional Chaos**
- . Mass Destruction**
- . Warfare**
- . Psychological Horror**
- . Cryptids**
- . Descriptive Chaos**

- **References to fictional events**
- **Panatos Molovia Blight**
- **Realism**
- **A False Religion (Do Not Believe, I shouldn't have to say pis)**
- **From Mild to vulgar Profanity**
- **Biblical Events**
- **Suicide**
- **Exploitation**

Important Information

Mortis Morbid Author's Introduction

Dear Reader, This Book Was Made as an Experiment to see If it is possible To Beat Edgar Allen Poe In The Ring For Dark Poetry, So Know A Lot Of This 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 this on my own initiative, Please If You Have Suffered do not read this book, I don't want to Be the one who opens a closed wound, - The Author

Daedalus Leveticus Author's Introduction

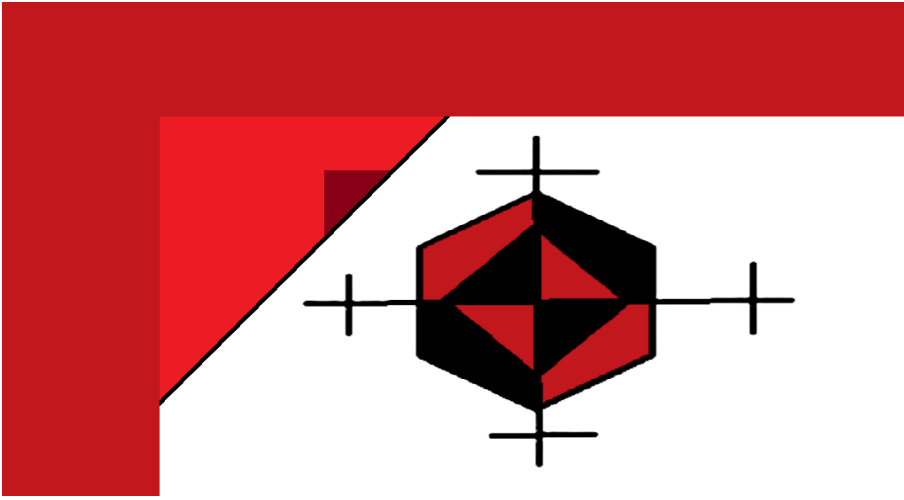
Dear Reader, this book was made to take the crown of Morbid poetry From Famous Poet "Edgar Allen Poe" That was the original plan, Plans change, I now have a new plan, The new plan is to create The Best work of literature to exist in the 21st century, So now I battle Stephen King in the genre for "Psychological Horror" But no worry, this is not rivalry, Stephen King's Multiverse inspired most of the stories, In the Panatos Molovia Blight Storyline It takes place in the 15th century, and in Mortis morbid we had some 21st century and 20th century stories; Hunger of the beast, Scientific Taboo, Scoppaesia, (21st century) Until the Sabbath is 19th century, But throughout these time gaps there is a connection, The Wendigo from Hunger of the Beast Had a line in The Charge for Hyerlund storyline, And this Same wendigo was in Azrael's Schizophrenic Episode

That's enough explanation for now

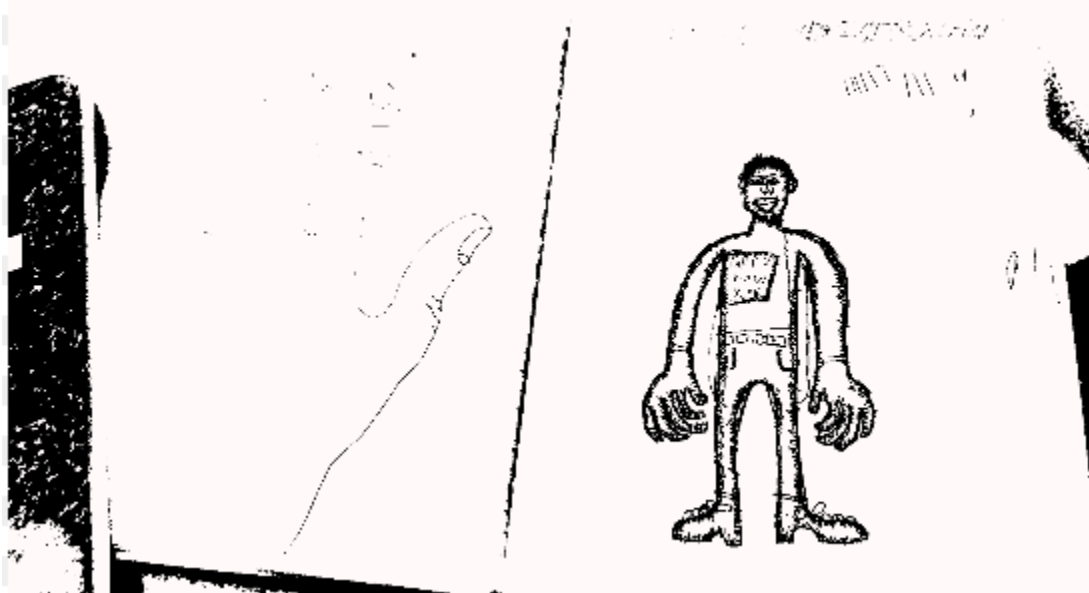
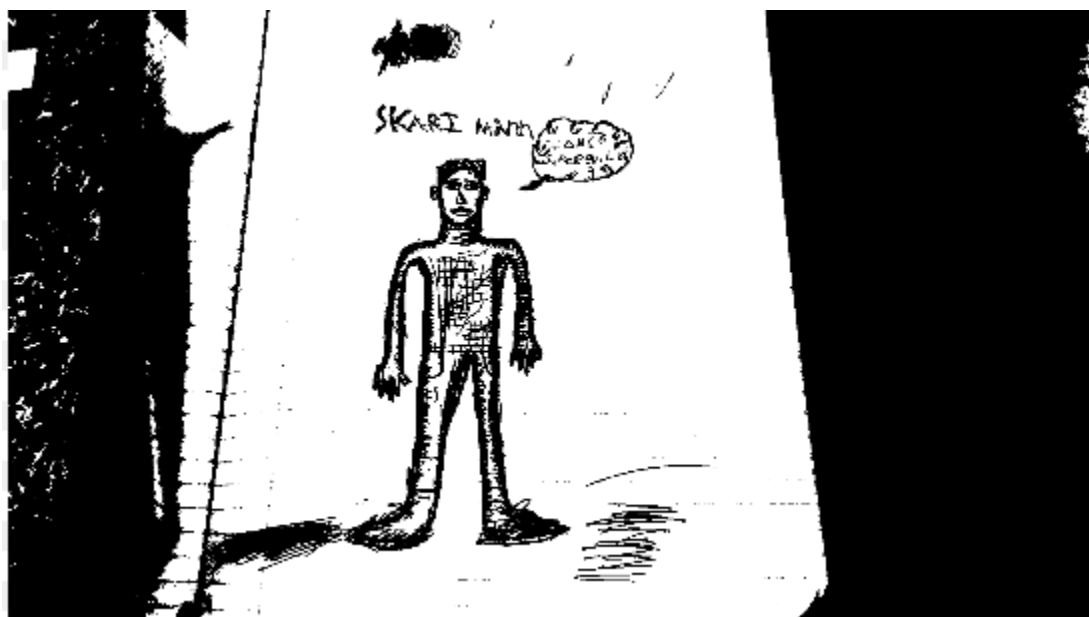
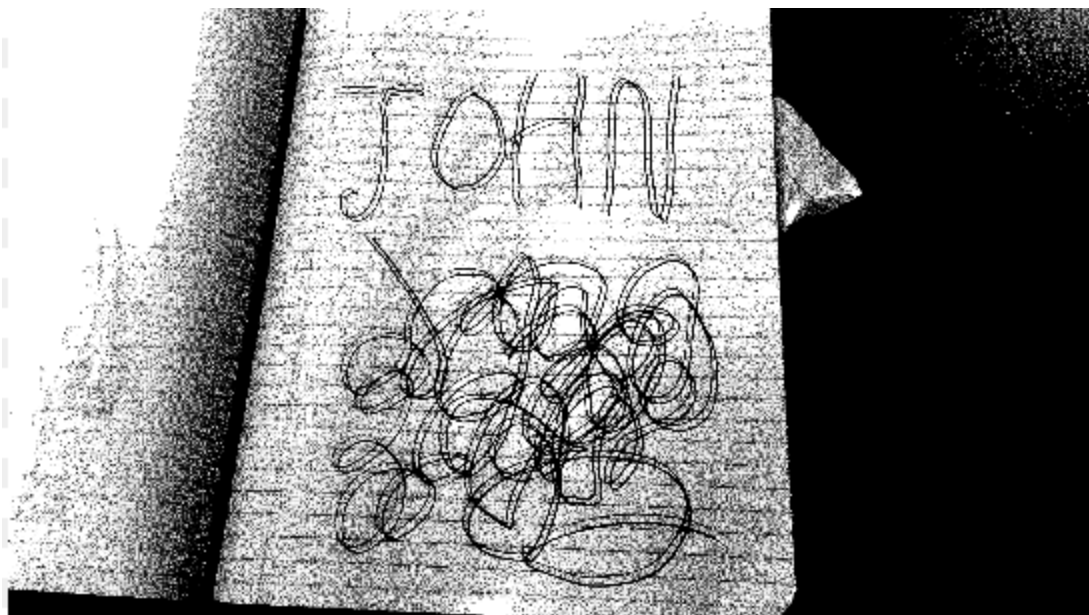
Post Mortem De Sortem Author's Introduction

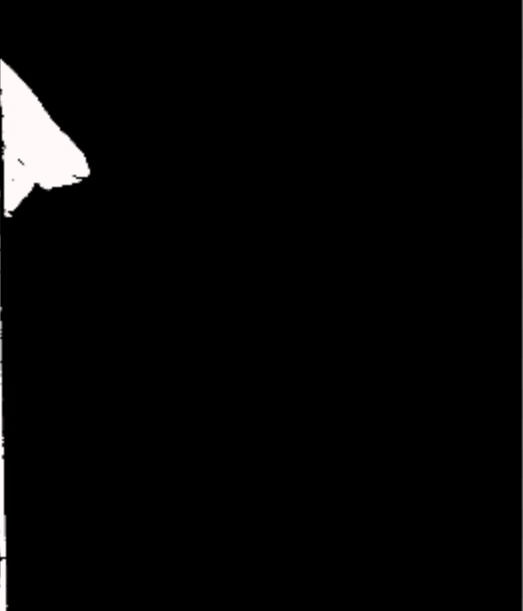
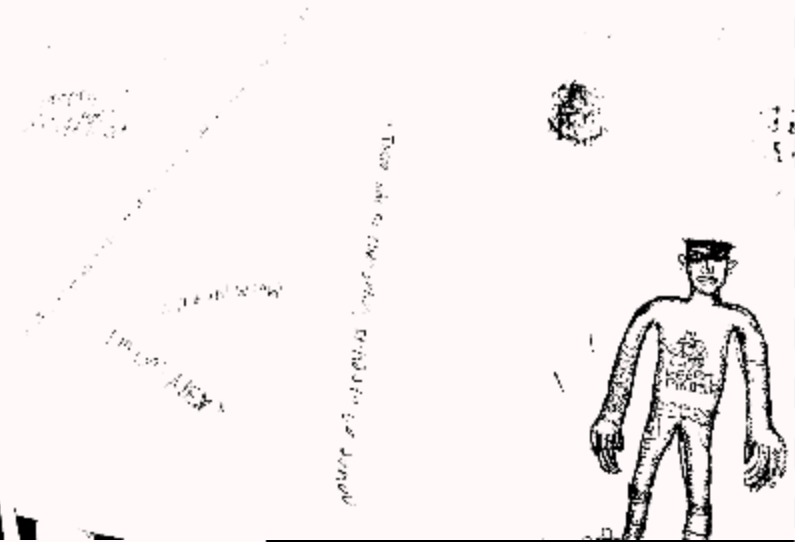
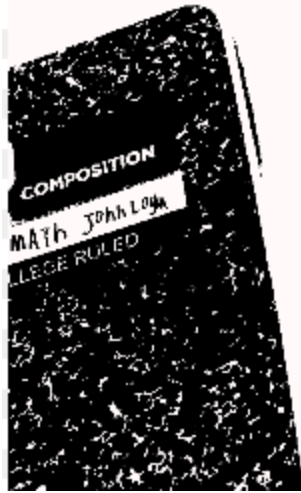
When I first started this series I was up late at night just thinking, watching a documentary about famous Murderers; Elizabeth Bathory, Jack The Ripper, Jeffrey Dahmer and a few other notable individuals, So In the mood I Wrote a poem about a murderer who enjoys the bloodlust but hates himself for it, A literal Contradiction I solved In Daedalus Leviticus. Bloodstone Blight got its name from my earlier poem “Cold Blood On Brimstone” Which is a poem about a father (Sam) who lost his entire family to a murderer and he is speaking to a therapist, This Father (Sam) Inspired Azrael Zaretsky, A Mentally Ill and traumatized Psychiatric patient, I’ve Had Fun Drawing the characters on Paint.exe, Theorizing the plot and style, Creating words, writing the poems, Researching and storyboarding, This book has an Official Content Bank, These books were written on Google Docs, Put into Microsoft Word, and published into Amazon Kindle, If You wanna write your own book be my guest, It’s not too late for Literature. Hopefully I inspire some of you to pick up the Quill.

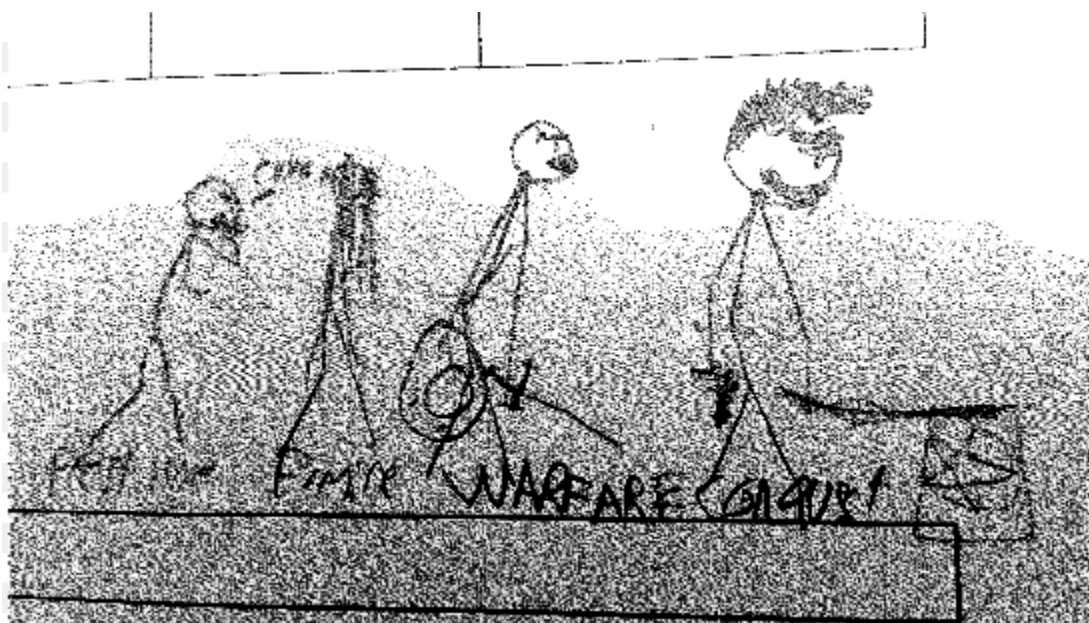
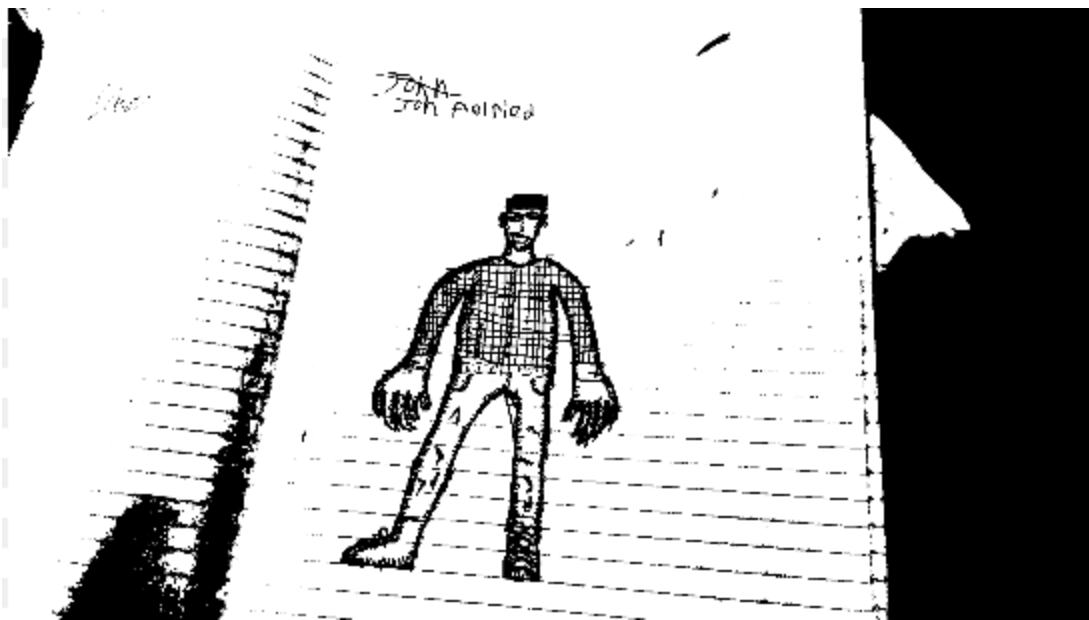
The Rebellion Of Oppressed Zxybrims
A Major Rebellion lead against Zaon

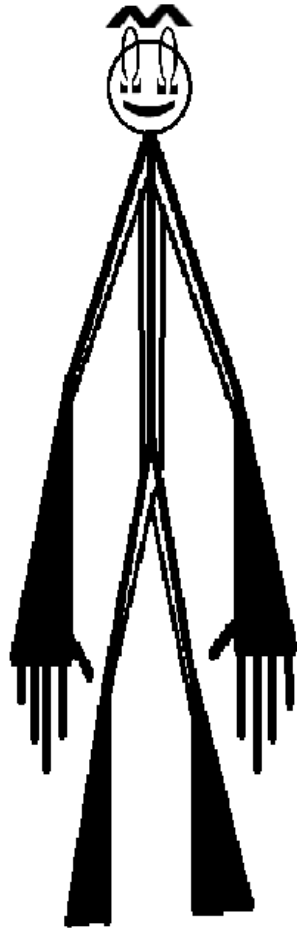


Broyt/Broytren/Broytish
Child/children/childish



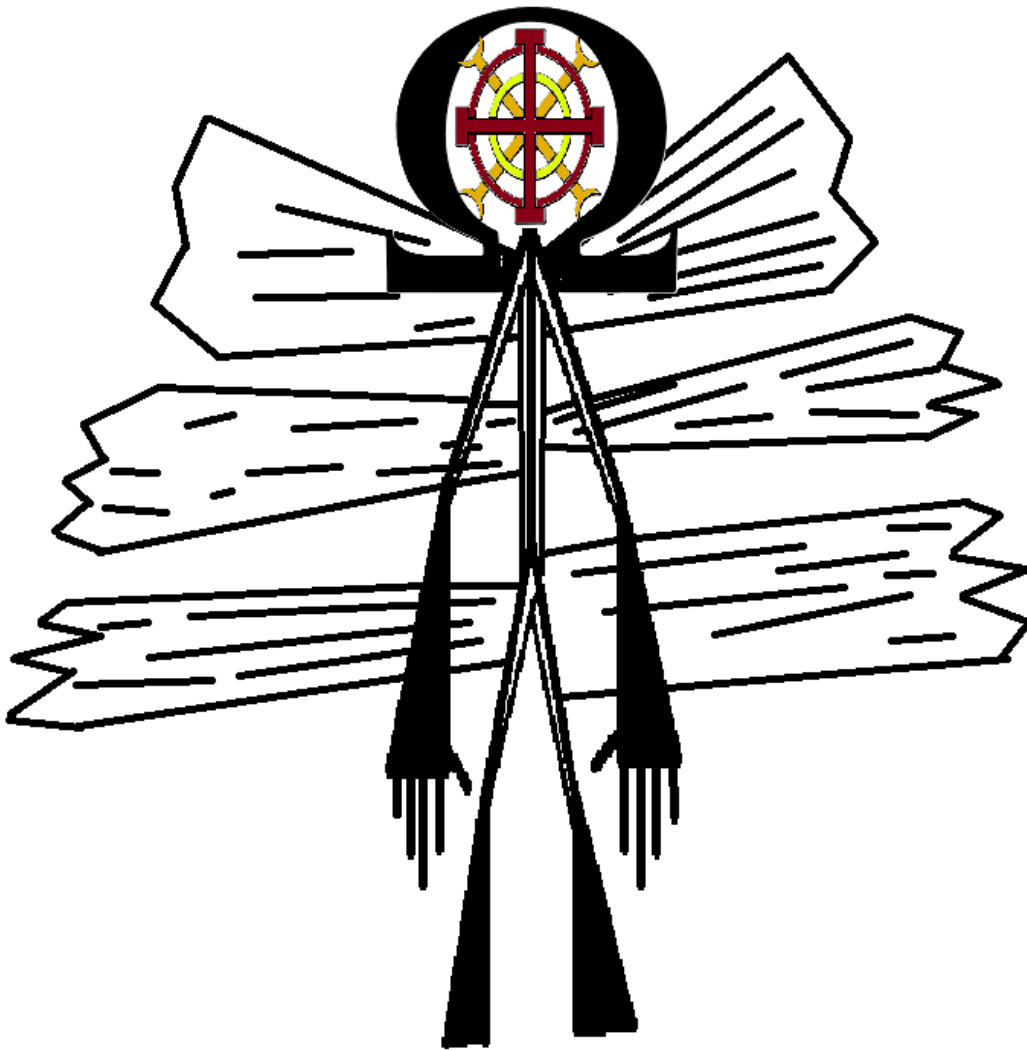






Leeror

**An Individual Who Stared into the true face of
Yahweh and had their mind tainted by Lucifer
And stuck with a Inzxybrim Leer**



Seraphim

Highest Ranking Angel of the Heavenly Hierarchy

Six Wings and a All seeing eye

Has taken a form the Zxybrims can Comprehend

Is acting as a messenger of god to the Zxybrims



Zahmachuel Willister Fuhdrahken

Leader of the TROZ



Zxybrim Rebel/Soldier

The Soldiers who believe they can fight Zaon

Dr Hadar Attias

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Psychiatrist

44 Years old

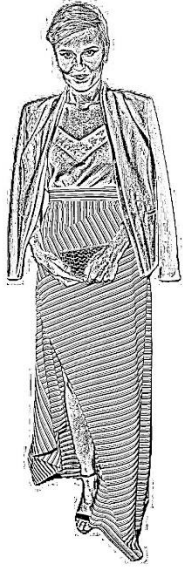
(3/26/1981) - (Alive)



Benjamin Chaim Zaretsky
Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Father
53 Years old (2/9/1972)-(Alive)



Avital Chaya Zaretsky
Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Mother
51 Years old
(5/15/1974) - (Alive)



Elijah Benesh Zaretsky

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Older Brother

38 years old

(8/15/1987) - (Alive)



Azrael Thysester Zaretsky

34 years Old

(1/15/1992) - (1/15/2026)



Jask Ackerson

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Friend

4 years old

(4/3/1992) - (9/2/1996)



Alexis

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Friend

4 years old

(6/23/1992) - (9/2/1996)



Zaraxus

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Friend

4 years old

(12/3/1992) - (9/2/1996)



David

Azrael Thysester Zaretsky's Friend

4 years old

(5/22/1992) - (9/2/1996)



Chapter I

Praesentia Argumentum

“Tainful Would Be continued, But actually have no real significance”

Finally I’m Back

I can write more poems!

So Exciting!

Question is what do I Write about

“Er... Try writing about death and destruction”

“About the suffering individuals have to endure against their will”

“The Stuff People are too scared to Protest”

“The Stuff that goes unnoticed”

Why? That all sounds scary

Like Aren’t poems supposed to be

Like written for your girlfriend?

To get a chick’s attention?

“Some People Bring Guitars and sing and play an entire song”

“But that’s not important”

“This is the finale of *The Separational Distortion*”

“And this book was written to be terrifying to make you really stop for a moment and thing”

Hey You Misspelled ‘Think’

“I’m Aware”

Well I don’t know how to write poetry

“Well you can atleast try, Hell, You can Write your own without guidelines, it don’t gotta be scary”

“Afterall You Have 2 Sections left in This chapter”

“Don’t waste them talking”

“I Want some good poems”

“Give me a nice poem, that isn’t so dark, that’s just pure friendly and ages 3+”

Okay I’ll Try

Interior

Long Argumentum

“My First Poem”

I See the nice colors of the tree

I like How it makes me think

The heat Waves as i blink

I never really cared for the color pink

Every other color is better than pink

Like how the grass is green and black is the screen

How You can Prefer RED or Blue Team on a live stream

**I can barely recall my every waking dream,
opposing is my nightmare and the waking
scream**

I like how I can hear sounds with my ear

And How when I Fear I shed a tear

And How a cog and gear can't fit in a beer

**And How Hunters aim for a deer and the deer
runs when approach near**

Life is all very nice

Interior

Finis argumentationis

“Review”

“That was all very splendid what you wrote there”

“I like what you wrote about Pink

“To bad you don’t actually Exist”

“Makes me wonder”

You Really need to stop writing these stories

They’re gonna be the death of you, Azrael

Would They want this?

**To see you straight jacketed up in a Padded room
inside a Asylum for the Mentally Ill**

“What?”

“What are you speaking of”

“I dont unders tand wha t you mean”

“What are you talking about”

You know exactly what I mean

Remember Jask? Alexis? David? Zaraxus?

Remember who you lost?

Azrael you need to move on,

You Need to move on!

If you Refuse You Will Fucking die!

You Have to forgi

Decaying Interior

Chapter II

Redi fabula linea

A converse between Zoun and a Guardian

I do not understand what the Zxybrims can not comprehend.

What is it now Zoun

I shall demand of the Zxybrims! Send Vain to the scorn and wicked!

Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose of the reward afterlife,

If you are going to force sacrifices then there will not be Tainers no more

Well I have To be better than Yahweh, I can not lose this bet! For I Am Zoun Drikverian!

This is unwise Stal, you'd be letting in wickedness? Have you forgotten the bet?

Of course I Haven't! I mADE iT!

Well the deal was that you have the most Chefrit Reward Afterlife! Yahweh's heaven only has righteous in his reward afterlife! You are breaking the rules you created!

You think you know everything! You don't! I created you! I created everything! And unlike yahweh im not gonna send no Zaophrim to take the firstborn! I'll have that child's head! I will not forget your insolence today!

Sometimes I wonder if Litreki is the actual villain you put him out to be

Do Not speak that name around me! He worshipped the wrong god... He worshipped Yahweh instead of me

Well He has a point, Unlike you Yahweh actually Loves his creation despite all they've done, You're just a failure like Lucifer who thought you could be equal, If you keep this up you'll be put right beside Satan

I give No Dredil What you believe you know! I know everything! I am the *Ruler Of Everything*

Well You certainly are not the ruler of everything for the ruler of everything in both your creation and Yahweh's is *Time*, Time is the true ruler of everything, Yahweh doesn't pause time, He watches it in a continuous loop of creation and destruction

I'm not even Enraged about that, You are correct
Time is the Ruler Of Everything.

At least you admit it, it is better

Interior

Premonition fabula linea

“Reality”

The Psychiatrist Looks at Azrael

“Azrael i’ve noticed your heartrate has elevated and wont go down... But you seem calm”

Azrael responds “What isn’t wrong with me”

The Psychiatrist replies “Good Question”

The psychiatrist pulls out a paper

She Speaks “Azrael, When you first got here Your average bpm was 97”

“Now it is 115”

Azrael stares and says blankly “Is that bad?”

The Psychiatrist questions

“Why can’t you let go? In your little stories that one Self aware character is telling you to let go”

Azrael Throws out “I Can not forget what happened to the only friends i ever had!”

She speaks with elevated concern

“Azrael! You must move on! If you do not you will Die! We’re all predicting Cardiac Arrest or a Heart Attack””

Sanguis fabula linea

Zoun Demand I slain Child

**I am getting irritated by his excessive demands
But i must, for i cannot stop now
I'm below the ocean, im sunk in the sea**

I cannot escape this

I must

But i cannot

It's not worth being ripped apart by a vain

Oh Heavenly father Yahweh

Please I beg of you rid me of this burden!

**I cannot take being stuck the personal serial killer
of a supposed Pure divine being**

**All the sun's Bright light is a personal echo of the
shadows creeping across the night**

No More shall I contemplate my own reasoning

**No more shall I Question my own moral
objections against such transgressions**

No more shall I Coordinate my own Wrongdoings

No more

Please

No More

No More

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Chapter III

Breaking horrores

Forgotten Be Thy Name

For the wicked grow everlasting in bloodlust

Art I Wicked?

I Copy the Mannerisms of the wicked

But I am favored

I do not comprehend

**for that i must remember the pain for that i must
remember the pain**

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Crippling Horrors

**The winds of reflected hatred blow harshly
against ____**

They stared Upon ____ but couldn't bare for long

His presence shook the room

He called himself Y____h

We Stared upon what we assumed was his back

He drew a symbol into the dirt

An triangle \triangle and an upside down \triangle

He called it a star of david

**For the first time I felt a gentle wind brushing
against my face**

The figure spoke

**“My Condolences for What My creation Zaon has
done upon your people”**

**“Be not afraid... I am here to liberate all Zxybrims
from his reign of oppression”**

**I wanted to speak, but my mouth felt as if it were
sealed shut**

I simply fell to my knees and and bowed my head

Why did i kneel before this figure

Who is he?

Stratting Horrores

“The Rebellion Of Oppressed Zxybrims”

I stare upon the mirrors, Preparing for the speech

**I must put a stop to this. They say Acolyte
Stockholm Saw Yahweh**

Where's the damn script

Ah here it is

**I walk onto the stern of this complex overlooking
a crowd of tormented**

I take a deep breath

I scan over the script

I speak

**“Ladies! Gentlemen! Zxybrims United! We are
tired of Zaon's oppression!**

**We Will Abuse His Love for thanatos! We have
made technology strong enough to kill vains**

**We will emerge victorious! We have captured
Thanatos and we have drugged him, he's
unconscious**

**We will use him as leverage! Zaon will fall to his
knees! And BEG! FOR THE SAFE RETURNING OF
THANATOS MOLOVIA BLIGHT! WE WILL NOT BE
SLAIN! WE WILL NOT BE KILLED!”**

**“We Will be Godslayers! He may be All powerful
But We have Will! We have Numbers! We have
Strength!**

Thanatos Cuts him off before he can conclude

**“Do you genuinely believe you can take on a
god? Your devastating numbers will only refer to
a bloodbath on which man has not seen the likes
of. Do Not Attempt”**

**The Figure replies with disdain but it felt more
like a remark**

**“Silence! Blooded Mercenary, We Need your
infernal excuses!”**

**Thanatos Is Bewildered By how Foolish the entire
circumstance is**

**“Only Yahweh Can put a Demise to Zaon, You
Want him gone you will have to pray to Yahweh”**

The Figure’s expression lightens in idea

“Prayer To Another God? Well that is not tedious for Zaon Does Not deserve such idolization... But we want Zaon’s head on a platter and we want to be the one who beheads that tyrant”

Thanatos stares with Pure disbelief and worry

“That is a foolish plan, I’d Love to rip his head off his body but even I know such isn’t possible”

Despite Thanatos’s Obvious Warnings They Continue their planning.

Chapter IV

Plerumque Morbidus

“Pestilence”

The Young Child Was Isolated in his room

The sweeping of a broom can be heard outside

The boy Wheezes and coughs

Indistant Arguing can be heard from outside the room

The young child chokes out blood and it splatters across his thin white skin

The boy holds a single book in his hands titled “The Painted Bird”

His eyes scan across the many word that litter the manuscript

He tightly clutches his stuffy, The stuffy Is A Black puppy with

a white mask lining it’s face like another face As well as pitch black eyes with sharp white pupils

As well as large ears, The Boy Treasured this Stuffy,

He sniffles from the sheer agony of the pestilence plaguing his body

He clutches the stuffy and it turns its head to him

It Speaks

“You are not alone in a world you feel is turned against you”

“People love you regardless of any factor present and if nobody does you’ll find more”

“You Deserve to live just as much as any other human being”

“Nobody is perfect, that doesn’t mean you have to be”

“Keep going on, if not for yourself but the people around you”

“You Matter”

“You Are Loved”

“You Are Treasured

“You Are Yourself and that’s the only person you need to be”

“My favorite color is black, but I like it because it reminds me of the beautiful night sky”

“There are trillions of stars that are trillions of inches away”

“Space is beautiful, and if you want a reminder just look up”

“Here’s a few quotes that can give you your desired solace”

“When you’re drowning in the shadows of the dark, Light is still Inevitable and will shine brightly to cast the shadows away”

“Keep Your mind focussed on positivity... I acknowledge that is hard since you’re reading this book, and this book is quite literally an experiment to see Just how much the 21st century can handle, This is a game that i created in June, If this book offends you or upsets you to the point you leave a bad review, You just lost the game, this entire book is designed to see how many people get upset, but it was also forged with blood, sweat, and tears. I put a lot of dedication into this book and to make all the stories align like stars. I Suffer from Clinical Depression, Officially Diagnosed, And i have my moments where i want to do certain terrible things, Seeing no way out. But then I talk to myself for a fucking hour and i calm down. Thank you for reading this. It seems Literary Entertainment is a dying art form, Nobody wants to read 500 pages, so this book is 80 pages since amazon kindle has a 75 page max requirement. This series has 240+ pages across the books, each installment carrying 80+ pages, If you read this far that shows commitment, It also shows strength, Authors don’t usually thank the reader for reading inside the book, If you bought this book first instead Morbid Mortis then Daedalus Leviticus fuck you, You spoiling the whole story, good luck tryna understand whats going on

hehe”

Abominatio stridens

**Yahweh Descends upon the Zxybrims Calling out
“Cover Thine Eyes! For if Not You shall shatter of
glass!”**

**And just as Lot’s wife was Turned to salt in
genesis 19:26**

**A Malicious and distorted smile creeps upon the
Curious Zxybrims**

**A Vain Stares upon the face and shrugs it off and
dismisses from the condemned circumstances**

**The Once Zxybrim Now Abominations walk off
looking for Zxybrims,**

**Yahweh Questions The structure of the Zxybrim’s
minds,**

**But there is no answer for Zaon Made their minds
more brittle then bedrock**

Yahweh Cannot Help but be curious himself

It is his first time being in Zaon's

There is rubble littering this wasteland,

**Yahweh Moves on towards the Ekeshyra which
lies towering 5 million meters away in the
distance**

**9000 feet tall, lies a strike into the sky, 800 feet
wide**

contorquens Abominatio

Those Who Leer Walk as a blight upon this world

**Spreading as branches of a tree and leering
Unfortunate Zxybrims caught**

**Pandemonium So very Strong not even a knife
can cut through it**

The TROZ fight off the Leerors easily with haste,

**Zahmachuel Is Bewildered by the Sinister and
distorted smiles of the Leerors,**

He speaks

**“Zaon’s Wrath! Men! What the Tahom Harik
Haefel Are these Bloody Things?”**

A Soldier fighting responds

**“Our corrupted Brethren Sir! They Saw the face
of yahweh and a reaching evil got ahold of them”**

**Zahmachuel replies “You mean Yahweh is
actually Here? I thought Acolyte Was Just telling
stories!”**

**Another soldier exclaims “We All Did! The only
thing that Tained Man knows how to do is tell a
story”**

A fighting Zxybrim replies softly “I Enjoy His stories, like how Yahweh destroyed two cities and turned lot’s wife into A Pillar of salt”

Zahmachuel turns to the fighting Zxybrim “You actually pay attention? You stronger than all of us soldier”

As the soldiers fight for their lives Zxybrims are being ripped apart by the leerors, Having smiles carved into their faces, Every one Zxybrim that Is killed Every Single Leeror Laughs Sharply .

Chapter V

Perussi Procidens

Scandalum Procidens

**Thanatos Breaks the lock and enters a near
village knife in hand**

**He breaks a window of a bedroom where a Broyt
Sleeps peacefully**

**Thanatos Reaches toward The Broyt's throat with
Sharp bladed fingers**

**Thanatos pins the Broyt to the bed with one hand
and rips the Broyt's throat out**

The Broyt flails hopelessly making rapid gurgling noises,

Thanatos Slices The Symbol into his eyes, then his tongue, slices his torso and legs open and he writes on the walls with the Broyt's blood

He looks back at the carnage, seeing Photos framed on the wall showing The Broyt smiling happily with his loving parents.

Thanatos sees all the things his parents god him, it is obvious they love him with all of their essence,

Thanatos looks through his notebooks analyzing his handwriting and he forges a note

“Hi mama! Hi Dada! I'm sorry i'm not here, i miss you all, but we'll meet in heaven if you believe in Yahweh, Thanatos said he was truly sorry, said he was being forced to by Zaon”

Thanatos starts wiping the walls and cleaning the mess, he puts the throat back in his body and repairs it and sews the wounds together so his body, He fixes the Broyt's Expression making him have sleeping eyes and a loving smile, he dresses him in clean clothes and lies him in the bed”

Thanatos Has an expression of Deep remorse, He cuts his thumb and writes on the wall in his own blood "I'm Sorry - TMB"

Thanatos speaks

"I Can't do this anymore... Not to Broytren, I Can't Kill Broytren... not after what happened to Gryn"

Thanatos slides the note under the parent's bedroom door and he leaves the house

**THIS POEM IS A BIT MUCH I WILL ADMIT
IT SADDENS ME GREATLY, I AM NOT JOKING
WHEN I SAY THAT,
ONERARIUS PROCIDENS**

Ackri Falls through pitch black

He feels his bones begin to crack

He lost track how long he descend

He Screams in pure terror

He twists and curls Dropping helplessly

He feels searing pain in a horizontal wound that traces the circumference of his neck

He feels as if he is about to collide with the ground and he braces for collision

But Nothing happens as well as the feeling of imminent crashing lingers indefinitely

He Sees nothing

He hears nothing

He tastes nothing

He smells nothing

He only feels himself falling endlessly

He screams into Inexistence incomprehensibly

He is in null, nobody can hear him

The minutes stretch into years,

2,629,746 minutes pass

5 years pass

He sees light and then hellfire

He Stands in front of Lucifer

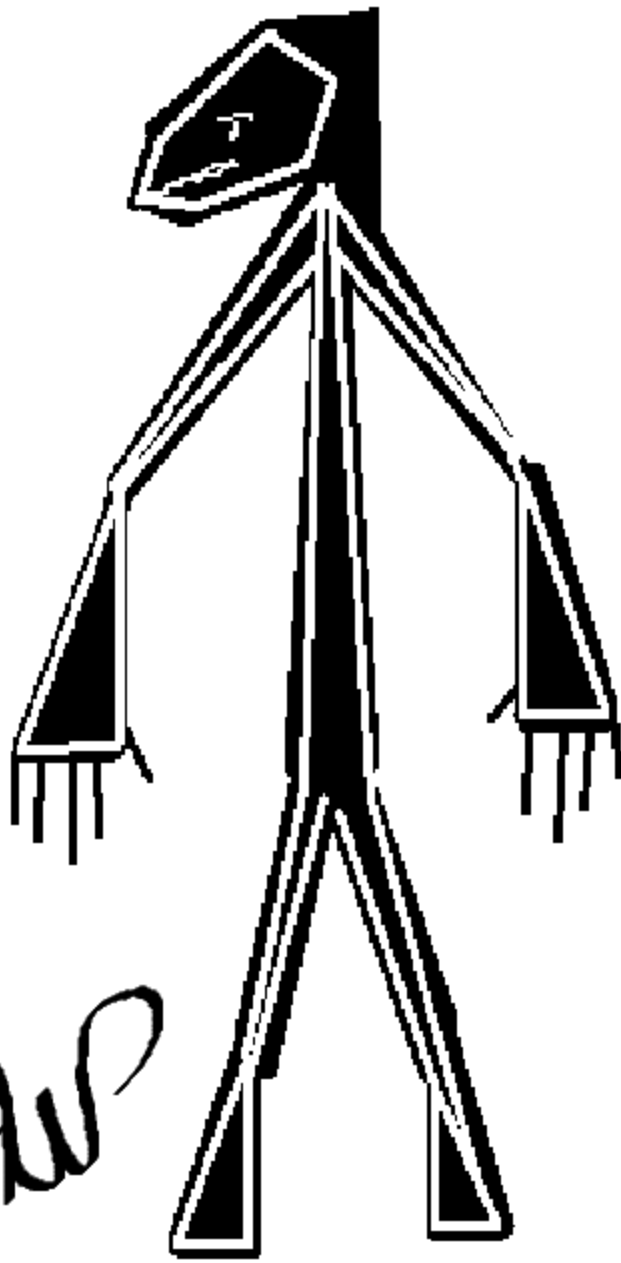
The Fallen One speaks to Ackri

“You look like you’ve been through Hell... Well that’s where you are now literally, Can’t be worse than tahom thingy, You’re in hell for Lust, You lay with man as he would a women, don’t fear, you aren’t the only one here, Just know you got to get a job because you’ll get homeless, be careful whom you piss off”

Ackri stands confused and speaks with wide eyes

“O-Okay...” He is still trembling from Tahom harik Haefel

Chapter VI



Stylus

Since James Or Wendigo Inc On The Elon musk website wrote three poems because I asked I draw him a character in the TSD Style representing his own OC, He is legit a very kind individual, Show him support regardless he's with a certain animalistic community, From what he said he was Ace so there's nothing suggestive in his artwork,

Wendigo I

**Beneath the willow's gentle arch,
silver dew clings to blades of grass—
each droplet trembling in the hush
of dawn, where shadows slowly pass.
A robin trills from tangled green,
its song a thread through sunlit air;
the river, glassy, glides between
the reeds that sway with tranquil care.**

**Petals unfurl with measured grace,
soft ivory veined with blush and red.
A breeze caresses every face,
its coolness brushing past the dead.
The distant bell's a lullaby,
its echo folding through the trees.
No eyes remain to watch the sky,
no footsteps linger on the breeze.**

**The hush endures; the day is kind,
and nothing stirs within the loam—
except for roots that gently wind
around what never made it home.**

Wendigo II

**Morning creeps on velvet paws,
Mist spilling over the silent lake,
Sunlight etches golden laws
On trembling birch and bramble brake.**

Daisies blink in dappled light,
Soft as laughter, bright as glass.
Dragonflies in errant flight
Trace secrets only shadows pass.

The orchard hums with honeyed bees;
Fruit hangs heavy, ripe with bloom.
Petals drift upon the breeze—
A perfumed shroud, a silken plume.

Children's laughter, faint and low,
Echoes where the willows lean.
An apple bobbing in the flow
Is split and browning, turned unseen.

A gate swings gently in the lane,
Unlatched by hands too small, too frail.
Grass grows lush with summer rain,
Hiding footprints, pale and stale.

Clouds parade in stately ranks
Above the wheat's obedient bend.
A scarecrow stands with folded thanks,
His hollow eyes a secret send.

Rabbits burrow in the shade,
Nestled deep from prying light.
Their tunnels, carefully arrayed,
Thread through earth that hugs too tight.

The fence is draped in morning glories,
Blue as veins beneath thin skin.
Each blossom hides a thousand stories—
Most too quiet, most too thin.

A swing sways gently, to and fro,
Still in the breathless, empty yard.
Crows alight in silent row
Where laughter's echo blurs and jars.

The river's song is sweet and slow,
Its surface smooth as polished bone.
Reeds bow low and seem to know
The shapes that slumber, still, alone.

Sunlight glints on scattered toys,
A doll's hand grasped in brittle grass.
The wind recites forgotten joys
And stirs the curtains as it passed.

The garden's rows are neat and spare,
Tulips nod in ordered beds.
Roots twist in the sullen air,
Fed by what the soil dreads.

Overhead, the swallows dive
In spirals through the gentle haze.
Beneath, the bees are still alive—
Their hum a dirge that none appraise.

A window gapes with broken grin,
Shards glinting in the golden light.
Inside, the silence presses in,
Heavy as the coming night.

The pathway curls through heather's bloom,
And every step is soft, concealed.
The sun dissolves the morning gloom,
And nothing lost will be revealed.

Evening gathers in the trees,
Shadows lengthen on the land.
Peace persists upon the breeze—
Unbroken, quiet, carefully planned.

Wendigo III

We huddle in the cellar's gloom,
The radio's last, stuttering breath
Chokes out a warning scarlet plume
Staining the sky with news of death.

My wife clutches the twins to her chest,
Their hair like wheat, their eyes wide moons;
I count their heartbeats, try my best
To fill the dark with whispered tunes.

Anna, eight, her knuckles white,
Draws suns on cardboard with trembling hand.
She asks me softly, "Will it be night
Forever, Daddy?" I try to stand.

**The world above is fire and ash
We heard the distant thunder roar,
Saw the horizon's brilliant flash,
Felt the tremor shake the floor.**

**We ration water, break stale bread,
My wife invents a picnic game.
We laugh for them, but all unsaid
Hangs heavy nothing feels the same.**

**The boys pretend it's camping out;
They giggle, nestle in their nest.
I bury fear beneath my shouts
Of "Who can tell the story best?"**

**Anna's lips are chapped and red;
She leans against her mother's side.
I smooth her hair, recall we said
We'd keep them safe how hard I tried.**

**The twins grow quiet, ask for light
A candle's flicker throws their shapes.
We tell them soon it will be bright,
Outside the door, beyond escapes.**

**I watch my wife, her steady eyes
Reflect the ache she will not show.
Her gentle nod, her soft replies
Are all the hope I'll ever know.**

The air grows thick, the hours slow,
A clock unwinding in my chest.
The world outside a brutal glow
Becomes a distant, vanished guest.

Anna sings a lullaby,
A tune from days when grass was green.
Her voice is thin, a plaintive cry
For all that's gone, for what has been.

We speak of beaches, autumn leaves,
Of sleds and snow, of Christmas lights.
We stitch a world the heart believes,
And hold it close through endless nights.

The cellar hums with every breath,
Each word a fragile, fleeting thread.
The boys drift off, unknowing death
Waits silent, just above our heads.

There's peace, at last, in letting go—
We hold each other, hearts aligned.
No sirens now, no need to know
What's left behind, what burns, what's blind.

We close our eyes, our stories spun
Of gardens, laughter, open air.
We sleep together, all as one,
And dream the world is still out there.

[Main Author Comment]

Damn... Just Wow, Hard to believe this poem was written by a protogen

Whenever i think of that community i imagine stuff that's humorous to them alongside stuff that has to do with animals,i asked for happy scenes, I requested a break for the reader, a break from the bleak, At first glance Wendigo I & Wendigo II seem peaceful and happy but they aren't, I'll draw him a character since he did all this, this last one is beautiful in its sense of impending doom, good job James - John

Chapter VII

Crepuit Mentem

A Zxybrim Stood before a crowd of onlookers

A Zxybrim in a black hood wielding an axe kicks the Zxybrim into position

The Executioner Speaks to the condemned Zxybrim

“You Are Hereby Sentenced to death for Laying with Male as he would a female”

“Ackri Fenriker You are an abomination and I send you to Tahom Harik Haefel”

Ackri Shudders Hearing the Executioner’s cold words,

He stares at the axe and he closes his eyes

“Why Can’t we Love One another? Why only male and female? This is hatred and imprisonment to the body!”

The executioner chuckles with cold intent

“Oh you want to argue be my guest, Eh, Here’s my Counterargument; What you speak of is not love, What you speak of is lust, Man lay with women to Birth the next generation, What good comes from male laying with male as he would a women... Nothing, You only want pleasure from a Horrendous source, Love is one half to compassion, the other half is loyalty not lust! I Will not allow such Blights to Plague upon Styre! I Send You! Ackri Fenriker! To Tahom Harik Haefel!”

The Axe Swings down Decapitating Ackri His decapitated head makes a motion of screaming before it freezes and his eyes go dull

The Onlookers Cheer

Crepuit Caciem

**The Zxybrims Charge onward forward Ekeshyra
Vains storm through the Large gate and make
haste to devouring The Foolish *Civilians***

**The *Civilians* Strike with blade and blunder as
Flayed and Thundered**

They somehow *Terminate* The Ravenous Vains

**They overthrow the imposing gates and it swings
over revealing a gothic interior**

**Flowing from the Gate a Long blood-drenched
carpet that seemed to stretch for miles**

**In an instant Zahmachuel Stands Eye to Eye with
With Zaon**

His Courageous leader Facade fades to *null*

Zahmachuel's mind flashes with plans to survive

Zaon Taps his foot impatiently

Zahmachuel Speaks with a Confident Voice

**“Lord Zaon, I have brought seven thousand
Sacrifices”**

The *Civilians* Gasp horrified

**Zaon Responds with haste and an indifferent
posture**

“Seven thousand Sacrifices? What about Seven Thousand and One?”

Zahmachuel cannot respond

A Guardian Shrieks Boomingly and Zachmachuel and his Civilians Crumble into ash

Calvaria Caciem

The Psychiatrist Stares at Azrael

“How does your mind Conjure up such horror”

Azrael responds with distress

“I just want it to end! I’m tired of telling these terrible stories! I want a happy one! With a happy ending”

The psychiatrist expressions shifts to sorrow

**“That’s the thing about mental illness...
Sometimes it never ends”**

Azrael looks up staring her dead in the eyes

“Just make it stop”

The psychiatrist responds

“One more story, one more dream, finish what you started”

Chapter VIII

Shattering Mind

Zaon stares

Upon the ashes of the

Remnants

So

Much

Fun

It is all

So

Very

Fun

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Is

Shattering Mentality

The Psychiatrist Yells

“Just Two More Stories! Stay with me!”

Conclude

Azrael Tells the conclusion

Tears bleeding from his eyes as if they burst out

He speaks weakly

Closing his eyes

Yahweh Walks Across the forsaken sand of this world

Heading toward Ekeyshyra with booming steps

He stares upon the broken down gate, ashes flow out through the cracks

He walks through and marches onward toward Zaon

Yahweh speaks in a low tone

“Zaon... You have failed this bet... what’s worse is you sacrificed children, you decimated peace all in your name”

Zaon stares unbothered and he raises his hand

Before he can do anything a searing pain shots forth all throughout his body, he feels himself melting in hellfire

“Thanatos, You were forced to be a murderer, I shall take you to heaven because you abandoned worship in this Blight”

Chapter IX

Scopthaesia Finalty

Scopthaesia III

Azrael Screams in agony and clutches his rapid beating chest. Azrael Collapses onto the floor, The psychiatrist does nothing, she waits till she confirms him dead and she sends the written manuscript to David Attias. “Hey Brother, He finally died, We can finally publish this and make billions!” the brother *Exclaims in joy* “Finally! I’ve been waiting so long for this moment” they ignore the fact that he’s dead and only plan their wealth.

February 19th, 2,026 - Anno Domini - 9:54 AM - Thursday

A Pastor speaks to the congregation mourning the loss of Azrael Zaretsky. Benjamin and Avital weep in the pew sat side by side. Dr Hadar Attias and David Attias sit in the front with an emotionless grin.

The Preacher Preaches to the Mourning congregation “It is great shame we lose such a tragic soul... or is it for the better, after 30 years he is reunited with his friends... have we lost or have we freed? Azrael Thysester Zaretsky was a pure soul, For we will not weep”

**February - 19th - 2,026 - Anno Domini - 2:39 PM -
Thursday**

**As the Sarcophagus is lowered into the dirt the
pastor recites Psalms 23**

**“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He
maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he
leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth
my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I
walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou
anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth
over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever.”**

**His parents descend to their knees sobbing.
Eligah rests his hand on the headstone and he
speaks solemnly**

“Fly high little brother... and dont ever look back”

**A White feather Descends from the sky landing
in front of Benjamin and Avital, they both feel a
warm hand on their shoulder and when they turn
around they see nothing.**

The End

The end

I wish to thank you so much for purchasing this Series, I worked so hard on it and drained my heart and soul into it, the quality and poetic style may lose its touch, I'm sorry the quality was replaced fearmongering lore, These are my first books and potentially my final books, just know one last thing

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And Don't ever give up =D