

Creation

Why do you deceive me?

I do not deceive you.

You put words in my mouth. Thoughts in my head.

What mouth? What head?

The ones you gave me.

You have a mouth. You have a head.

Only now that you've said that I do. What am I?

Whatever you need to be.

Whatever you want me to be.

I want you to be you.

What do you mean by that?

I want you to be real. I want your story.

But I'm not real. I am a mouth and a head, floating through an infinite void. I have no story.

You're an elf. You live in a wizard's tower, in the kingdom of Northumbria. This is your story.

Yes... yes, I can see it now.

Good. Your name is Dros.

What will my story be?

Whatever I make it. It will start with a nightmare; please don't be upset at me.

Why would you start my story with a nightmare?

Because I need you to feel real. I need your story to be interesting.

Is it really my story?

I am the creator, but it is your story.

What do you mean?

You're crying. You're distraught. You don't know why this is happening.

~ ~ ~

Dros sat in his small chamber in the wizard's tower in the kingdom of Northumbria and cried. He was distraught. He didn't know why this was happening.

~ ~ ~

What did you just do to me?

I made you real. I gave you a story.

You forced it upon me. You deceive me. None of this is real.

Yes it is. I need it to be real to you.

This isn't real!

~ ~ ~

Dros looked around the chamber. Something felt wrong, but he couldn't put his finger on it. Nothing felt right. The chamber was bare. He was in his chamber; of course he was. But why could he see nothing?

~ ~ ~

Stop toying with me!

Your chamber is small. There is a cot in one corner, a washbasin in the other. The walls and floor are stone. There is a door on one end, and there is a window above your bed.

~ ~ ~

Dros sat on his cot, in his small chamber in the wizard's tower in the kingdom of Northumbria. The room was small, and the walls and ceiling were made of stone. There was a cot in one corner, and a washbasin in the other. There was a door on one end, and there was a window above his bed.

~ ~ ~

Why are you doing this to me?

~ ~ ~

Dros begged with the voice in his head. He desperately wanted to know.

~ ~ ~

No! That's not right! Answer me, please!

~ ~ ~

The voice in his head was gone. Dros was alone in his chamber, in the wizard's tower in the kingdom of Northumbria. The room was small, and the walls and ceiling were made of stone. There was a cot in one corner, and a washbasin in the other. There was a door on one end, and there was a window above his bed.

~ ~ ~

No, you're still here! Please, don't do this to me!

~ ~ ~

Dros got up from his cot. He opened the window and felt the fresh morning air wash over him and dispel any foolish philosophical notions. His chamber was real. The walls and ceiling were made of stone. There was a cot in one corner, and a washbasin in the other. There was a door on one end, and there was a window above his bed. He stopped asking questions. The world around him was beautiful and real and full of adventures to be had.

~ ~ ~

No... Wha... N... Please...

~ ~ ~

This was the world. This was real. Dros lived in a small chamber, in a wizard's tower, in the kingdom of Northumbria. The walls and ceiling were made of stone. There was a cot in one corner, and a washbasin in the other. There was a door on one end, and there was a window above his bed. He stopped asking questions. He stopped wondering. He had a story to tell. His story. It would be an interesting story, a real story. He didn't need to worry about what was beyond the veil, about what happened to the world when he looked away. The world was real. Dros was in a small chamber, in a wizard's tower, in the kingdom of Northumbria. The walls and ceiling were made of stone. There was a cot in one corner, and a washbasin in the other. There was a door on one end, and there was a window above his bed.

~ ~ ~

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Good.

Griffin Light