

I should have listened. Should have heeded the words of those people. But I had the lust for adventure that would not be sated. Not until I met something that would end that desire forever. Something that the average explorer cannot deal with. That was something I was told years ago, and only now, when I am nothing, do I understand that.

What is left of me now, is only a shell. In two planes of existence, it seems. The explanation was not fully given to me, and thus, it may be that I was told lies. But that Elf said that, my mind, my will, was something he had already broken, but he was tired of feeling me struggle. The notion that I could, was offensive to him. Thus, I was split. My body containing only a shadow of my "self", while the rest, would be sent elsewhere.

A place that it seems few are willing to understand. For none here have told me the name of this place, if it even has one. Those here suffer. They have little wish for conversation, and even my own willingness to act, normal, is fading. Some run around, gibbering, while others merely stand around and wait, having nothing else better to do. However, they wait for nothing, and if anything is going to happen to us, it is not something that one can really wait for.

Then, there is the...dragon. Something I had only heard of in rare myths and legends previously. A caretaker? A Guardian of this place? What function he serves is not known to me, as I have never heard him speak a word. Only, that is a lie. I have - in the rare case something gets out of line, which whatever the rules for that are, I do not know, but it is then where he speaks - a thundering shout, which seems to shake the very air of this place, if such a thing even exists here.

My thoughts always turn to what I left behind, and even those, seem to become more difficult to focus on, day after day. The things that I almost cannot remember are the good memories, the good people - all I can remember is that they were good things, but not what they are. The bad memories, they are still present. Tormenting me.

At best, I can tell myself that I am not to blame. At worst, I remember that I...

**THERE IS NO FORGIVENESS FOR THIS!**