

PROP. Hegemonic Legion; Phonetic Corps [Special invest. Elucidator DIV.]

Filed. Library of Letters and Language Correction

[~~Case Subject:~~ ██████]

[Required Reading Level Minimum: V Rank]

WARNING

CLASSIFIED

AUTHORIZED SCRIBES ONLY

The following articles have been translated from the confiscated journal of a known Mhyraan rebel and capital enemy of the Hegemony.

Entries herein are annotated/assembled in the best available order and are the only documents to survive the ██████ incident at Shirin's Grammar School for Mhyraans.

Given the volatile nature of the Mhyraan language, proper armor crafted and proofread by a wordsmith **MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES** to further read.

Any and all possible cursed words have been rigorously dispelled using antonyms but remain redacted for your safety and the security of the Hegemony.

Read carefully,

- Elucidator Kincaid

[~~Estimated Date:~~ ██████████]

Day 1

Hate.

There are not enough leaves on our great Tree, enough air in my battered lungs to scream how much I hate, hate, HATE you.

Our people do not have a word like this but I feel it.

I feel it devouring me from the inside. I feel it blazing through every fiber of flesh like a wildfire burning without air. I feel it smelting the shattered bones of my scorching ribcage, torching every inching iota of my being. I feel it every time I see one of their people's faces, the thousand deaths I see myself bringing to each and every one of them again, and again, and again. And even then this would not compare a thousandth to the people, our brothers, mothers, sisters they have never spared. Compare to the hate I feel with every passing minute I must suffer amongst them here.

They think they can silence me. Sewing this ring around my tongue. I can only feel the blood bathing my chipped teeth as it trickles from my swollen cheeks, but this, this is still nothing-nothing compared to the agony we have shared, to the pain I will inflict upon you once I am done.

For you who read this now who are not Mhyraan kin, let it be known, you have complied with our destruction. You have let them kidnap our people. Indoctrinate them to your people's ways when ours have never interfered. You have let them rape our lands and attempt to climb the sacred tree. And worst yet amongst your innumerable quiet crimes, silent atrocities that you can only hush and whimper:

You have said nothing,

You have done nothing,

You have killed our words.

But it does not matter. I do not need my people's words to do the same.

██████████ you ██████████ your children and ██████████ their seeds till the Tree uproots the world and unearths all your sins, tilling out your toxic soil to plant us all anew.

Even though you robbed me of my tongue, I will never speak yours.

This journal is more powerful than any spoken word.

[~~Estimated Date:~~ ██████████]

Day 2

There are many of my people here. Children, and much older. Many huddle together in circles, holding their hands like branches towards the sun which, no matter where we may be trapped, is the same light that basks every rung of our Tree somewhere unfathomably far.

But the others...

They greet me with smiles, bearing sterile teeth unnaturally whitened by means other than mint leaves. Rather than our robes of hemp they wear loose garbs of stitched cotton and bizarre ornaments [hats] atop their peculiarly groomed scalps. Peach powders are caked onto their skin to hide their birthmarks gifted by the Tree. They are my people yet their eyes...their eyes have lost their amber glow, the light that emanates from all Mhyraans and distinguishes children of the Tree. These are my people but some...

...some speak their tongue...

With no pause they speak alien utterances, breathe the words of the Hegemony to our youth, to me. Each foreign word they speak I watched in horror as they made crimes with their lips, taboos with their ring bound tongues. Most revile is not their submission but their lack of regret. There is no sign of anger, no sign of resistance, they just smile, follow the other people's words and parrot them back to us. The only words they say in ours is this:

"Please. Do NOT remember your old tongue. DO NOT speak even a word or your tongue will kill. We wish to help you. We wish to make you one, make us all one, make us whole again."

Every time they speak its wrong, as if the muscles of their tongues forgot how to make the sounds, say even the simplest of my people's words.

Every time they speak I feel it. The hate writhing, coiling from within me.

[REDACTED]

[Estimated Date: [REDACTED]]

Day 3

I see some of these people with newborns, saplings without the glow in their eyes too, crying anything but under our Tree. I hate these ones the most. They are innocent sins that will never know our ways and yet will outlive us, forsake us all and everything we know.

Do not cry little ones, I will end your suffering along with the lot.

[Estimated Date: [REDACTED]]

Day 4

They have shepherded us from our small tents into cabins of false wood [plastic] that are more in number than our now devastated wilds. They are closer, are so little distanced apart each cabin is almost stacked on the last, thicker than the thickest forest of trees clatter their branches together. I can spread my arms and touch the walls of two separate cabins for miles, run my fingers across each but, unlike our real wood, these never splinter.

As I write I rest upon the false wood panels. I refuse to sleep in their “bed” a plank of cushions [pillows] and thin cloths [blankets] that must conceal terrors more profound underneath. They use fowl feathers as fluff rather than leaves like that of our Tree to slumber. This is how they tease us when we are not put out to slaughter. Bargain with us, an endless stream of foreign words and gifts to make us feel welcomed. An insidious venom with no antidote, even the sap of the Tree could not hope to cure. They try to make us comforted until we submit, until we decide to forget our own words. I will not forget, I will not forget,

I will not.

[Estimated Date: XXXXXXXXXX]

Day 17

I checked the perimeter. It took half a day’s trek across to reach the trunks of each surrounding wall. I do not know what wood [metal] nor tree these people carve their barricades from, but even I will admit to be impressed by their structures. Their buildings do not bend from winds like our tree, nor roots rot when logged by heavy rains.

It will take more than the thrice prong stick [fork] and dull blade [butter knife] I have hidden and kept after sunrise nutrition [breakfast] to make my escape.

Until then I will remain silent.

~~{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}~~

Day 18

I sleep on the bed now. It's less dangerous than I thought.

~~{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}~~

Day 24

They call it "school", we share a word utterly different but similar in function. I have learned more about this culture, their ways, their history, and of increasing focus their language.

It is faster. More abrupt but undeniably clearer.

How can this ever hope to usurp the beauty of our tongue?

~~{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}~~

Day 35

The "teacher", as I've learned they are called, keeps looking at me and uttering the same set of sounds at the beginning of each day before marking a slip of paper harvested from anything but our Tree.

I must admit.

I am curious.

~~{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}~~

Day 48

The lack of notes have not been for lack of discovery!

It is my name!

I laughed at the thought of these people giving me my true name but I will nod if they will stop pestering me.

{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}

Day 57

Every morning they pledge to a fabric affixed to a pole on the cabin wall. Reminds me of our ritual, except placing our hands on our chest rather than towards the sun.

I am beginning to look forward to this each day if only to listen to the others sing.

{Estimated Date: [REDACTED]}

Day 60

Each day I remember less. The days below our tree seemingly more and more far away. My language is slipping. And even though I refuse to listen, I can recall every letter of their alphabet. Every name of each “cat”, “dog” creatures on the charts with colorfully rendered letters. Every system and every rhyme.

My language is harder to understand even what I wrote before but I refuse to forget.

I will not.

Day 76

I tried their clothes on today.

Day 82

I was given a piece of paper with the letter “A” written on top of my work.
The others smiled. I do not know why.

Day 104

I find myself smiling just like the others now. It’s not as painful as I thought it would be.

[Estimated Date: XXXXXXXXXX]

Day [Unknown; final note salvaged]

I have said my first words!

“My name is Jessica.”

“I am happy.”