

Warnings: Illness, the Wither (might not be fully accurate but my interpretation thus far, confusion, withering, impending doom...), perhaps a lumendra's sensitivity and a cold climate is a terrible combination

A dark whistle arose in the winds, forcing itself against the window. The wind's whistle then heightened, turning into screams, its horrid screeches begging to be heard by the sleeping lumendra. Greatly fatigued, they remained a wall within, the world constantly faded in and out. At times they'd awake with a piercing heart as the screams striked without warning. And when the winds turned to whispers and the golden light touched the dark walls, they'd curled in on themselves, a crack in their breath as the cold air filled their body. As the days continued on, the frost creeped into their skin, limbs becoming stiff as their skin dried. Klein found himself in a constant shiver, hunger clawing its stomach, and a burning yet freezing pain seized them in place. There was no warmth to be found for the flames in the hearth had long died out.

To their side a leathered book laid open, the pages empty and worn. Only on the first page there was a name written in cursive, 'Vlas Tsukishiro.' Previously, upon flipping through the pages they couldn't help but to feel disappointed in themselves for wanting to become closer with their dead friend. So with him, the journal laid still for days since then, slowly succumbing to the frost that seeped into the older building. Maybe, with him, they'll come to be frozen to stare at the sky for all of eternity. Or maybe him, and only him would still at once with his eyes forever sealed shut. It is without effort he did none, his mind unease and fatigue, in the constant cycle of sleep and awakening.

And as with this disturbed rest, he woke with a sharp breath that shattered immediately upon the cold air. This time the wind didn't scream, this time the wind was nothing. An eerie silence drowned the room, and out the window the stars seemed to flicker. The shelves stood tall over him, frozen still along with the rest of the room. All felt still, all but one thing that lingered since his awakening. There felt a looming presence, watching and seeping through the dark wooden boards. It felt of death, and in correlation he felt with the greatest oddity he was dead for his heart did not sound and for his lure did not produce a noticeable light. All pains had ceased to torment him, and through this feeling he was laid conscious. Though painless, he remained weak, and the growing dread was inescapable. Just a while more, he wished to lay just a while more, and with dread it felt of no point in leaving. Maybe now they could rest without disruption.

His eyes fluttered shut, a hope resurfaced, his paw reaching out for something. A yearning in his heart, a darkening red flame appeared in all briefness. A dream, a vision of a tired mind, what it was made no difference. Their paw fell on the board, his eyes widening, this time he awoke without a breath. He stood, then stepped forward in the unmoving room. A vague dream had come to reality, a total deafness to each step, an unfeeling of the physical, and a motion that held no sense. The thing that lingered simultaneously did not linger, existent in its non-existence, and was connected to no time. Klein did not breathe, yet he did, he felt none but the growing dread that seeped into his skin each step they took. Far, far in the distance may be an escape from the merciless room and no matter the agony he breathed in, he'd reach the

open door. But there'd be no light to guide his way through, the once scattered stars, once seen through each tall window placed beside the other, those stars came engulfed in the darkness. His once luminated lure, golden in its shape and glow, produced only a faint light that only allowed the lure itself to be seen. He was entrapped in complete and utter darkness that grew in intensity alongside the dread, and now growing nausea.

Without sight the world spun, determined to bring confusion and dismay. The entity had long been watching and at his declining health it rejoiced, entrapping him in a numbness to only overwhelm him with an unnatural striking of great doom that awaited him soon. The glass pierced the silence, shattering behind him and the screams of the dark night entered within, howling, a rage that did not affect the room but him. Darkness called for him back, possessing him so much so pain was relieved but the mind distressed. Contrary the wind grew in anger, distance, a force uncomfortable, shoving him away as if saying he could not do anything himself. Both held no light, no warmth, both caved within the room that remained still, no thing sounded but the harsh wind that was not felt, all had fallen into oblivion but one thing, a faint glow allured the lumendra the moment it was seen. It defied the total void, the entity, the wind, evil repelled by the faintness, a soft golden hue that persisted through all. Instinctually, with each step that brought on the spinning of his head, without question he followed.

Closer, the light came closer all while the dark seeped in but the winds quelled at Klein's approaching of the light. With distance it swayed, was only a blur, but in close proximity it took the form of some enchanted object. He couldn't help but to wish, to want to reach out and find if it held some warmth. He felt with some sensation, though only slight their whiskers met with a wooden surface which he lifted himself upon. They leaned into the light and the winds seized, he leaned in and his lure chimed against the object before all. It was a revival, the contact sparking through its body with the bringing of sensation that returned with an aching pain, a light emerging from the darkness, a yellow glow that lit up violently, a white figure visible for only a moment disappeared. The foreboding presence dissolved, dying in the new found light. Klein, despite the certain death, they had escaped just that. But all took effort and had greatly exhausted him terribly, causing him to collapse, curling into the yellow light that came to die down. At last he was warm, and even if it was only a moment, the lure and object glowed, he and all else rested.

When he awoke he did not lay for much longer as before, he stood weakly and blinked with weary eyes. His tail brushed against books that lined behind, and through a blurry haze he saw with most certainty he had found himself in a foreign room. The air remained just as cold, and a breath of the air stung within his skin followed by a dry cough that brought him to collapse, a return to the golden object he was drawn to the night before. Klein curled in seeking some resemblance of warmth to comfort the aching of his body but the light no longer drew him near, it only felt as if the light had formed within, a strange connection to things on a much different level. With time he lifted himself once again now taking a breath at each point, allowing for their small body to adjust before progressing more.

He managed to stand given some time, leaning back against the wooden backing for some form of momentary support. Darkness had dispelled from the night before, a night that may be mistaken for a nightmare if not for the object that was laid by him on the very shelf they found themselves on. Unlike the last, the room held no windows, only that there was a light to the left, a lantern upon a desk. Klein shivered by his standing, eyes darting between the found light that was yellow yet dissolved into an orange and the object that once held both a yellow glow and warmth. Reluctantly he left the wooden platform, stumbling down with each paw only to be met near the leg of the chair. An attempt was made from the lumendra to find some point to climb upon, whiskers brushing against the wooden peg before he ventured off. On the side of the desk they felt a bin, vision being poor and whiskers being short; it was only his lure that knocked against it that sparked an idea.

The bin was knocked over, hitting the floor boards that shrieked. Crumpled and torn papers scattered but it paid no matter. It, itself only stumbled slightly taking some time to catch his breath, a croak arisen from the pain that felt with a noticeable intensity. So long they had continued on with aching that came much worse, a sickness that developed alongside in the isolated cold of that room. Strained, he moved further, having shifted the bin to be upside-down, propping his first two paws upon the solid surface. For only a moment the lamp itself fell into sight, a flicker of safety and warmth just as distant as it was close. Fatigue came overall, weak, stubby limbs trembled with the greatest effort placed into continuing on. Succeeding in placing yet another two paws a sharp, stabbing breath was taken but this time he did not pause. His last two hind legs kicked up on the bin, the front paws interchangeably meeting the chair. Stretched then curled into itself, his body scrambled to hold itself together with the arrival of a harsh cough, and with the last bit of strength he pulled his body up completely upon the chair. The lumendra collapsed, laid upon the hard surface for a long while, staring wide-eyed to the distance, to the wall beneath the desk. It all felt dark, the air colder, an increase of each beat of the heart as memory of what felt as a nightmare resurfaced. Weakly he stood.

He struggled just about the same, straining his body as they pulled themselves upon the armrest, nearly stumbling off, then lifting himself to the desk in which he collapsed almost immediately. The lantern was now just across, the vague warmth returned and it was that he could not bring himself any closer. Weary eyes that drifted, a golden light that fell into sight. A croak arose along with confusion, warmth granted but beside a leathered book that was left behind and in that it glowed. It held itself open and in turning pages he caught glimpse of golden writing that then wrote over themselves to an enchanting purple. A flicker of strength resurged and in illusion it was his own lure shone brightly. He trembled at the sight with rising uncertainty in such reality, a mournful whimper, and in strain his head arose. Another glance and the journal was only closed, with no recollection he found that he stood. It was only that he blinked when all shifted to a blurred outlook of the room, a body unable to move as it laid collapsed. Then, in the last great effort to stay conscious he reached weakly and in that he fell to his own great fatigue. Once laid frozen beside, the journal laid closed within the return of warmth and perhaps at least a few pages that could no longer be noted as empty.