

# Of Life and Unlife

## Bringing Light into the Night

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### Kapitel 4: A Rude Awakening

So, I learned from experience that sleeping is a great feeling. I didn't sleep too much in life, since I was always drawing. But, this type of sleep was much different. I slept peacefully for hundreds of years.

Over six hundred, actually. Why did I even bother to wake up? I had slept for so long, and I heard the world above me was still moving. I wasn't there to witness it, but the differences were there.

The house I moved up into was much different than it used to be, and the people inside were dressed in strange garb as well. I fed very well for my first night, saving one of the servants to inform me of the changes.

And my, the changes were great.

Swords were falling out of style, and a weapon called a "musket" was taking its place on the fields of war. But, the owner of the house owned a sword, and at my command, the servant told me that even a peasant can learn to use a blade and could make a living from it.

I left the man with his life, but some of my blood inside of him. I needed to see this new world, and I needed someone to keep the house under control for me.

And yes, the world was much different.

People were not afraid of every shadow as they were in my age. Torches were replaced with lanterns. Large broadswords and men in armor were replaced by a few individuals wearing leather boots and gloves with rapier and musket as choice weaponry. The times were so strange to me.

But still, I had awakened. I would have to live with this new world. If things had changed this much in these few hundreds of years, I could only imagine how much more difficult it would be to move into the world of today. So, I stayed at the house, forcing the man to obey my commands and weave a plausible story as to why I would now be the owner of the house.

Life was...interesting at the beginning. I learned of the numerous wars, the end of the crusades, and the dawn of this "Golden Age." Vampire society was different as well, as the clans were creating their own groups and waging their own war against each other, using humans as needed.

It was an interesting thing to awake to. But, of course, something forced me to move again. An old enemy of mine stumbled upon me, and gave chase. I eventually found myself here again in France after a short time of running through other countries, learning what I could on the run.

Thankfully, there was one important thing I did learn: art could bring a way of life. While in my living days, art was something to be used as a tool to promote the religion and to force the peasants to believe that the king ruled by divine right, it proved as a true way to earn money in my nights after death.

I used my talents to quickly find a place to stay, and used my talents from live to ensure my position. Vampire society gave me a wide berth as I painted. I was well known and actually respected as I worked. I was even given a request by l'empruer himself to paint his portrait. Of course, I took the offer.

And it is quite interesting how these offers tend to lead to problems.

This time, this was my own fault.

By taking this offer, I had given someone the right to use my portrait in a more public place. My artwork was well known in France, and my style was proving to be a threat to the society of vampires. I decided that it was a good time to "die," and repeat the process in another country.

Using some of my new and powerful friends, I continued to move across Europe. But my art would never change. I still would draw what I would see, but it did not have the malleability that it had in life. No matter where I went, I was running out of room. My new names all had the same problem; the art was the same as a man from France, or Germany. The artwork was a dead giveaway by the middle of the 1800's, and I was ordered to stop by a local prince who refused to house me.

I was performing the same work for too long. If I were to continue, I would risk the entire society with my selfish acts. I needed a new job that I was capable of.

The idea was simple, but painful. I turned in my brush and my canvas in exchange for paper and pen. I would write the world that I saw. As long as I always saw new things, I would always have something to write.

And I have seen many things my dear. Many, many things. I have seen demons rising from pagan circles, werewolves running a rampage in a village, and murderers meeting their final demise.

Of course, I also had my share of experiences. I was hung one night myself, and it gave me a great show as to what those killers felt at the end of their lives. I used my skills with fencing to dispatch of the rampaging beast in my city, and I have warned the church and their "holy knights" of the pagan meetings.

But, I was missing something in all of this. There were so many secrets that I needed to uncover in my life, and I was going too slowly to do it myself.

And that, my dear, is where my dear friend Kail comes in...