

The Memoir of
Iridaneus Valdis

...

30th April 1830

The conditions today are terrible. The clouds hang low, obscuring our vision. This may impede our progress in the mission. I cannot say with certainty that this squadron of dimwits is prepared for such a challenge, but alas it must be done. With the amount of weapons we have stocked and the last-minute advancements to our defences, our chances are looking optimistic, even if the people set to handle everything are lacking in competency.

I will report further in the evening- that is, if we survive.

The mission was successful. My squadron is now limited to just one person (myself), but losses were to be expected.

1st May 1830

The mission was unsuccessful!

I was attacked in the night and am injured. I can barely see anymore but I must continue.

BUt I'll keep living just to spite them. Mark my words

25th June 1832

~~I have My name Dear dia~~

Hello. I have been told that this was my journal. Truth be told, I do not remember it.

In fact, I don't remember anything. All I know is that my name is Iridaneus Valdis and that I was admitted to the hospital two years ago, on the brink of death, with a terrible head injury.

I do not know who I am. I do not know of my previous family. The doctors say I must have damaged some part of my brain affecting the memory.

After many months of intense recovery in the hospital, I was let out, and I am now just an average man living my life, I say.

17th July 1832

The world is so beautiful.

Today, when I awoke, the sky was blue and the sun was shining beautifully. Inzino, my beloved, was laying next to me, and the sunlight was so pretty dancing on his skin. His voice was so raspy as he woke up, and whispered things in my ears that I'd best keep to myself.

I remember the first day I met him. I may not remember much, but I'll always remember Inzino.

Him and I met on a rainy day. I was taking a stroll around the hospital, barely standing due to the pain, but still standing nonetheless.

That's until I wasn't standing. I, a large, fairly muscular man, was defeated by a just-too-deep puddle. I toppled forward, my crutches abandoning my side.

I was beginning to get upset when this stunning man helped me up. I immediately fell in love with his pretty eyes. They were so soft, and radiated a warmth. He always says he wouldn't have helped me if I wasn't as 'charming' as I am but I know him better; he's too kind to not help a struggling soul.

And that's why I love him.

28th August 1832

I was given this journal in hopes of reclaiming my memories, but I don't understand it. These words make no sense! What do the numbers mean? And the marks? None of this makes sense to me.

Perhaps there was another Iridaneus Valdis they mistook me for. Surely this has to be the case.

5th September 1832

Death. Deaths. Lives lost. Lives taken away.

That's what the strange markings mean. The numbers are dates and the marks are a tally of the total. I figured it out.

The Iridaneus in the first half could not be further from me if he tried. The sheer amount of cruelty that ran through his veins- not a single care for the value of human life. Every person- every father, every mother, every child- all murdered without batting an eye. What kind of sociopath was this person?

23rd September 1832

Nights have been very difficult for me these past few weeks. I lay, staring at the ceiling, and horrid images torture me. I can see the faces of all those people.

Every mark in this book represents a once living breathing person, now a corpse rotting in an undisclosed location. Were any of them buried properly? Do they lay under marked headstones? Do they have families that visit and weep for them? Are their souls at peace? Or are they only remembered by a single line of ink in the pages of this book?

In my dreams, they scream in agony.

“Help!”

“Have mercy!”

“Please-”

Why must the world be so cruel?

15th October 1823

Inzino took me on a walk around the park today. His hand was wonderfully warm in mine as we wandered in the cold. We walked slowly, one step at a time, sharing smiles and kind words.

I love him. I love his beautiful golden brown eyes, and the way the sun melts them into liquid bronze. I love his sense of humour and the glorious laugh that follows his terrible jokes.

But there's one thing I'll forever cherish about Inzino, and that's his ability to love and comfort.

“You deserve love, Iridaneus, no matter what you may believe. You deserve to be loved despite all of the things you did in your past. Trust me!”

That's what he said to me on this walk. I don't know if I'll ever truly believe him, but it was nice to think that for just a moment.

I love him.

How could a man with a past, as terrible as my own, deserve such a beautiful thing? How could an evil man like myself end up with something so precious and gentle and beautiful? And why are the actual good people left screaming for mercy, forever imprisoned in the depths of their killers mind?

25th October 1832

~~I have been thinking~~
Life is

2nd November 1832

~~Today~~

10th November 1832

~~I can't~~

23th November 1832

~~I don't want to~~

6th December 1832

Inzino is such a wonderful person. He is my life. I love him.
But do I even deserve to love? Do I deserve to be loved?

30th December 1832

No. I don't deserve that kind of mercy. Not after everything.

7th January 1833

To Inzino, my beloved

When I disappear one day,
Do not search for me.
I'll likely be easy to find,
But it's best you don't see me.

To you, it may seem out of place,
But to me, it's all been building up to this.
I'm sorry I led you on with a smile,
Only to leave you alone like this.

It's not that you weren't enough, I promise,
But rather that I failed at being me.
I'm sorry I never spoke up about it,
But I couldn't see the value of being me.

I'll rot and I'll decay,
To the painful sound of your crying.
But worry not, for I am comforted,
By the sweet feeling of dying.

I'm sorry this is how I ended it.
I loved you then,
and I love you still.

I'm sorry. Goodbye,

Iridaneus