Friends. What a word.
And to think that I would be using it to describe a demon… or two. Today was a day that shook me, in ways that you readers would not comprehend. Only one comprehends… me. Not even Mork, my soul brother understands.

I write to you today with my brother's hand. My hand was lost in the darkness. The same hand I've killed with. The same hand that delivered my sister's child. The same hand that clutched my dying mothers hand as she passed.

I used to be a warrior.
That hand was evil.
But now I've changed…
And now I see,
That hand,
That hand,
Was also light.

Tork Goodfellow-15th of 11th Moon
Humble Servant of the Queen
Acolyte of Peace