Diary Entery 9857. 8th moon, 3rd day. The day between days

Today's animal is: Vulture.
Today's Cloud Formation looked like a grey sky, no discernible shape.
Today's Breakfast was eggs on toast with sausages on the side, not made by me.
Today's feeling: Emptiness.

I woke up this morning with Casey over me, I had a night terror, she held me through the night and I guess it stopped, I hurt her, she was bleeding out of her left eyebrow, asleep but cradled around me. I will think about this later.

I healed her even though she told me it was no big deal, dont tell me that when i hurt myself next time. The breakfast tasted good, it warmed my heart and filled me with energy, food made with love tastes best. Never thought I would taste this.

I went to Medatate, It isnt the same without Vakaan but He has other business, cant sit with an old grumpy man all the time. I let myself drift away in the sunlight cresting over the mountains, its nice with Casey there, the baby is doing well, the sun greets my face, bathes me in light that feels fresh even though it is my thousandth time feeling it. A chill goes up my back, when I open my eyes im back there. Oh. todays the day.

When I open my eyes im in the room, dwarves on three sides, cornering the talls. The first visitors we would call them. I know what this is, its the day everything changed, the day my boulder was pushed off the cliff, the day it began to roll. I took 24 lives that day. Nothing can change that. But that day still feels large, even though my total today is so high. I leave the room, and im on the cliff again im crying, something i swore i wouldnt do, but Casey tought me to break that promise, crying isnt something weak people do, its people who show weakness dont cry, they just hold themselves together forever until shattering. I dont want to be brittle, if i hold onto crying as a weakness then i will have more weaknesses.

I leave the mountain and go on a hike, i leave casey with a kiss and go to work, Im a judge, I am as the queen once was. But i give my own judgement, others listen, they give me understanding, respect. Its

what i want without the guilt and threat. I am fair, but i am not weak. But today i had to give an answer i didnt want to give. Well... i wanted to give it, the person was a stain on the ground they walked on, someone who killed many, a harbinger devotee, I struck him down, he aimed his face to the blade, made my stomach churn, There was not a single person who mourned.

Except me, because I know that i have taken more lives than him, in one day. What makes me different from him, what makes my killings different. Because i was given permission, if you are given power by someone, you can do anything, what if i was to break my chains, what if i was to strike whomever i wanted, claiming it was the queens decree, what if the queen was to give me orders. I would only need to take 1 life to do what i believe is right, thats what sets us apart, im willing to take a sacrifice, i have made the sacrifice, and ill do it again.