

The Village
By Daniel Savage

Gyakusetsu Village Report

18th June 1353

Empress,

17:56 - We have arrived and I fear what was once dreaded has already come to pass. The streets are deserted; mist creeping from every direction. There are no birds, no wind, just silence. I am writing this letter as a report, and plan to continue updating as we progress before returning it back to you. Mizuki and Yuki have a look on their faces→—twisted—not with anger, but with fear. This place is not right Empress, I can not help but feel eyes on us, on me.

18:12 - There seem to be paintings around the village, silhouettes of people, a calling card perhaps? It is possible, but it goes against our reports; there are so many.

18:40 - We have begun searching the houses, it is still daytime outside yet darkness lines the walls, they all have a putrid smell to them. The rotten fruit and meat have deteriorated beyond recognition. We have searched a few of the houses finding more paintings, but one stuck out to us. It was an outline of what looked to be a family, running. Their dark shadow imprinted onto the wall. I did not know what to think of it until I turned around, the thought of the painting disappeared altogether.

He is gone. Yuki is gone.

The hallway where Yuki stood is now empty, but there is a new painting.

I can barely stand and Mizuki is crying....what we are looking at, this painting, it is Yuki.

19:00 - Sunset is approaching, I do not know what is going on here, but we are coming back. Whispers are creeping in from the cracks in the walls, footsteps are approaching from every direction. It is quiet now. too quiet. We have taken refuge in a nearby room, but Mizuki is unstable, and I may have to carry her.

I need sleep, every so often I think I see one of those paintings move from the corner of my eye. I am not so sure they are even paintings anymore.

Yuki vanished into thin air and a painting appeared. Is this for our sins? Are the men and women we killed coming for us? Who knows, maybe we deserve this, maybe God has made his final judgment.

Mizuki is dead, she now rests within the wall, a frozen silhouette for eternity.

I have lost track of time entirely, but I am surrounded, they are not paintings, they are shadows, moving slowly in the corner of my eye.

Mizuki and Yuki are whispering to me, I feel their crimson eyes resting upon me. It seems I have failed you, Empress, there is no escape, I may too become a shadow, but I love you so much, Himari.

- Haru