



## Prologue

Oct- 15<sup>th</sup> 1967

the air around the orphanage was cold and damp, the moon shining through the windows lighting the dark halls. A figure walks through the dark towards the front door of the orphanage, strongly banging till the door opened. The priest who owned the orphanage, having been awakened by the banging came down the stairs, keeping an ear out if any of the children had been awakened. The priest unlocks and opens the door, letting the fog from the outside rushed in and cool the room as the figure gracefully moves in. The priest was taken back in shock at the figure's presence who was dressed in a black robe it's face obscured from a black hood and wielding a halberd polearm and hold something else wrapped in a wool coat in his other arm.

A nun who was also awoken by the banging, came down the stairs looking for the priest "Father Alfred who is at the door at this..." then she saw in horror at the dark robe figure. "By the holy spirit, the angel of death!" the nun drops to her knees and starts praying to God. Alfred seeing the nun begging to be saved, kneels to comfort her "it's been a long time" Alfred addresses death who had placed his halberd against the wall.

"So, it has been" death approaches Alfred and the terrified nun who prays more frantically "calm down

sister, he's not here to harm you" death holds out his hand, which was replied with Alfred shaking death's pale skin hand. "it's good to see you again mate" Alfred then hugs death like an old friend "come in, I'll boil some tea, we must catch up on lost time". Death raises his hand in disapproval of Alfred's request to make tea "I would like to, but I'm afraid that I'm not just here for a visit" Alfred was puzzled at what death meant "what else are you here for".

Death unravelled the object and revealed it to Alfred, who was surprised and had many questions by the object but had an inkling on what death was implying. Alfred looks back up at death "is this?" death interrupts Alfred now speaking with an anxious tone "please you're the only person I can think of". The nun watches the two converse but didn't take time to listen as she gathers her strength to stand up, intrigued by the object death held but still scared of death to move closer, swearing she saw it twitch.

Death gives the object to Alfred, now facing towards the nun revealing the sweet face of a child. The child's pale skin and white hair shined in the moon light coming through the Alower neck. Death then passes a metal box to Alfred "give this to him when he is older" Alfred signals to the nun to take the child while he takes the box, though she was reluctant to get closer to death she manages to gather strength to receive the child and

then quickly puts large distance between her and death. The child stirred from his sleep from the sudden movement, opening his eyes and surprising the nun to reveal bright amethyst-coloured eyes. ***what an unnatural but beautiful colour*** the nun thought to herself. The child turns his head, looked around the room, shrinking in fear of being in an unknown place, the nun rocks and speaks to the child in a sweet voice to calm the child and make him feel safe.

Alfred takes the wool coat and box that death held; Alfred looks at the box wondering what's inside the metal interior. Death nods to Alfred to open the box. Alfred now looking sombre seeing the contents of the box, he looks up at death giving an understanding look. "His name is Krie Mortis" death says to Alfred who looks back up at death. "I'll take good care of him". death approaches the nun holding Krie, who begins to sink in fear in his presence. Death ignoring the nun caresses Krie on the head before turning back to Alfred, extending out his hand again for a handshake "its vas nice seeing you again" Alfred returned deaths handshake, feeling sadness for death "it was". Death walks back through the still opened doors, fading away into the dark fog with Alfred closing the doors behind him.

"sister get a bed ready for Krie" the nun now feeling much calmer in deaths absence handed the young child

to Alfred then walking off to a cupboard, pulling out soft hand knitted blankets rocked the child to sleep while out the window into the fog.