

808

Callum

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This is a [Leanpub](#) book. Leanpub empowers authors and publishers with the Lean Publishing process. [Lean Publishing](#) is the act of publishing an in-progress ebook using lightweight tools and many iterations to get reader feedback, pivot until you have the right book and build traction once you do.

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Getting Started

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Writing in Markua

Writing in Markua is easy! You can learn most of what you need to know with just a few examples.

To make *italic text* you surround it with single asterisks. To make **bold text** you surround it with double asterisks.

Section One

You can start new sections by starting a line with two # signs and a space, and then typing your section title.

Sub-Section One

You can start new sub-sections by starting a line with three # signs and a space, and then typing your sub-section title.

Including a Chapter in the Sample Book

At the top of this file, you will also see a line at the top:

```
1 {sample: true}
```

Leanpub has the ability to make a sample book, which interested readers can download or read online. If you add this line above a chapter heading, then when you publish your book, this chapter will be included in a separate sample book for these interested readers.

Links

You can add web links easily.

Here's a link to the [Leanpub homepage](#).

Images

You can add an image to your book in a similar way.

First, add the image to the “Resources” folder for your book. You will find the “Resources” folder under the “Manuscript” menu to the left.

If you look in your book’s “Resources” folder right now, you will see that there is an example image there with the file name “palm-trees.jpg”. Here’s how you can add this image to your book:



If you want to add a figure title, you put it in quotes:



Figure 1. Palm Trees

If you want to add descriptive alt text, which is good for accessibility, you put it between the square brackets:



Figure 2. Palm Trees

You can also set the alt text and/or the figure title in an attribute list:



Figure 3. Palm Trees

Finally, if no title is provided, and the `alt-title` document setting is the default of `all`, the alt text will be used as the figure title instead of as alt text.



Figure 4. Palm Trees

You can set the important document settings at Settings > Generation Settings.

Lists

Numbered Lists

You make a numbered list like this:

1. kale
2. carrot
3. ginger

Bulleted Lists

You make a bulleted list like this:

- kale

- carrot
- ginger

Definition Lists

You can even have definition lists!

term 1

definition 1a

definition 1b

term 2

definition 2

Page Breaks

We don't recommend that you manually break pages, since that is brittle and can lead to unexpected formatting if you edit text earlier in your chapter and forget about the manual page breaks. But if you really want to add a page break, you use the `{pagebreak}` directive on a line by itself, with blank lines above it and below it.

Code Samples

You can add code samples really easily. Code can be in separate files (a “local” resource) or in the manuscript itself (an “inline” resource).

Local Code Samples

Here’s a local code resource:

Figure 5. Hello World in Ruby

```
1 require 'time'
2
3 # This is just some pointless code so you can see the syntax highlighting...
4 def display_info
5   pi = Math::PI.round(10)
6   time_last_year = (Time.now - 365 * 24 * 60 * 60).getlocal("-08:00")
7   formatted_time = time_last_year.strftime("%Y-%m-%d %H:%M:%S")
8   puts "Pi to 10 decimal places: #{pi}"
9   puts "The time 1 year ago in Pacific Time: #{formatted_time}"
10 end
```

Inline Code Samples

Inline code samples can either be spans or figures.

A span looks like `puts "hello world"` this.

A figure looks like this:

```
1 require 'time'
2
3 # This is just some pointless code so you can see the syntax highlighting...
4 def display_info
5   pi = Math::PI.round(10)
6   time_last_year = (Time.now - 365 * 24 * 60 * 60).getlocal("-08:00")
7   formatted_time = time_last_year.strftime("%Y-%m-%d %H:%M:%S")
8   puts "Pi to 10 decimal places: #{pi}"
9   puts "The time 1 year ago in Pacific Time: #{formatted_time}"
10 end
```

You can also add a figure title using the title attribute:

Figure 6. Hello World in Ruby

```
1 require 'time'
2
3 # This is just some pointless code so you can see the syntax highlighting...
4 def display_info
5   pi = Math::PI.round(10)
6   time_last_year = (Time.now - 365 * 24 * 60 * 60).getlocal("-08:00")
7   formatted_time = time_last_year.strftime("%Y-%m-%d %H:%M:%S")
8   puts "Pi to 10 decimal places: #{pi}"
9   puts "The time 1 year ago in Pacific Time: #{formatted_time}"
10 end
```

Tables

You can insert tables easily inline, using the GitHub Flavored Markdown (GFM) table syntax:

Header 1	Header 2
Content 1	Content 2
Content 3	Content 4 Can be Different Length

Tables work best for numeric tabular data involving a small number of columns containing small numbers:

Central Bank	Rate
JPY	-0.10%
EUR	0.00%
USD	0.00%
CAD	0.25%

Definition lists are preferred to tables for most use cases, since reading a large table with many columns is terrible on phones and since typing text in a table quickly gets annoying.

Math

You can easily insert math equations inline using either spans or figures.

Here's one of the kinematic equations $d = v_i t + \frac{1}{2} a t^2$ inserted as a span inside a sentence.

Here's some math inserted as a figure.

$$\left| \sum_{i=1}^n a_i b_i \right| \leq \left(\sum_{i=1}^n a_i^2 \right)^{1/2} \left(\sum_{i=1}^n b_i^2 \right)^{1/2}$$

Figure 7. Something Involving Sums

Headings

Markua supports both of Markdown's heading styles.

The preferred style, called atx headers, has the following meaning in Markua:

```

1 {class: part}
2 # Part
3
4 This is a paragraph.
5
6 # Chapter
7
8 This is a paragraph.
9
10 ## Section
11
12 This is a paragraph.
13
14 ### Sub-section
15
16 This is a paragraph.
17
18 #### Sub-sub-section
19
20 This is a paragraph.
21
22 ##### Sub-sub-sub-section
23
```

```

24 This is a paragraph.
25
26 ##### Sub-sub-sub-sub-section
27
28 This is a paragraph.

```

Note the use of three backticks in the above example, to treat the Markua like inline code (instead of actually like headers).

The other style of headers, called Setext headers, has the following headings:

```

1 {class: part}
2 Part
3 ====
4
5 This is a paragraph.
6
7 Chapter
8 =====
9
10 This is a paragraph.
11
12 Section
13 -----
14
15 This is a paragraph.

```

Setext headers look nice, but only if you're only using chapters and sections. If you want to add sub-sections (or lower), you'll be using atx headers for at least some of your headers. My advice is to just use atx headers all the time. (The `{class: part}` attribute list on a chapter header to make a part header does actually work with Setext headers, but it's really ugly.)

Note that while it is confusing and ugly to mix and match using atx and Setext headers for chapters and sections in the same document, you can do it. However, please don't.

Block quotes, Asides and Blurbs

Block quotes are really easy too.

—Peter Armstrong, *Markua Spec*

Asides are useful for longer text.
But typing them like this isn't fun.

Asides can be written this way, since adding a bunch of A> stuff at the beginning of each line can get annoying with longer asides.

Blurbs are useful

Blurbs are useful

There are many types of blurbs, which will be familiar to you if you've ever read a computer programming book.



This is a discussion.

You can also specify them this way:



This is a discussion



This is an error.



This is information.



This is a question. (Not a question in a Markua course; those are done differently!)



This is a tip.



This is a warning.



This is an exercise. (Not an exercise in a Markua course; those are done differently!)

Good luck, have fun!

If you've read this far, you're definitely the right type of person to be here!

Our last piece of advice is simple: once you have a couple chapters completed, publish your book in-progress!

This approach is called Lean Publishing. It's why Leanpub is called Leanpub.

If you want to learn more about Lean Publishing, read [this](#) or watch [this](#).

ACT 1 – Identity / Personal Code Controlling the Flames Those who've walked through fire don't just survive; they know how to burn with control. Refuse to Kneel There are only two occasions when a man should kneel: first, to God; and second, when he's asking for his fiancée's hand in marriage. Me personally, I would not kneel to nobody. Except from God, you would have to break my legs to get me to kneel to a human. Even when they are broken, I still won't kneel. I will stand tall—kneeling is not an option I refuse. I won't kneel to nobody. I don't believe in doing that shit. Respect If someone tries to demand respect from you, tell them respect can't be demanded; respect can't be bought; you have to earn it. Me personally, I don't give a shit if you're older than me, or my family, or my boss. I won't give you my respect automatically; you've got to earn it. Respect goes both ways. If you respect me, I'll respect you. If you don't

respect me, I won't respect you. Simple. Ancestral Shame It's a shame for a man to waste away and not see what his body can achieve. Our ancestors endured hardship, fought, survived, and here you are wasting away. Pen, Sword, and Ego They say the pen is mightier than the sword. But ego, arrogance, and pride? That's what truly rules men. Those are the sharpest weapons of all. The Battle I rest my sword when I sleep, not because the fight is over, but because even warriors need their peace. The battle continues when the sun rises. I sight you, do you see me? Every move, every breath is marked within my mind. ACT 2 – Inner Mind / Self-Conflict A Soldier in Modern Times If reincarnation is real, I think I must've been a soldier in my past life. I still carry the silence of war, even when there's no battlefield. Inner Verdict How dare I crave for love when I cannot even begin to love myself. How dare I search for validation when I haven't achieved anything worthy of recognition. How dare I seek for joy when I feel only sorrow. Awareness Awareness is a gift and a curse. You see what the human eyes are not meant to see. You might be called paranoid, crazy, weird, but you're not. You're just not sleeping like the masses. Reality is depressing when you are awake. I wish I was asleep like the masses, but I'm not, sadly. Silent Strain A fractured mind is a tired soul. The Thinker Curse The thinker that does not stop thinking will eventually drive himself insane. A brain can boil in silence, drowning in its own reflection. What if truth isn't peace, but a maze with no way out? Untouched I have found inner peace. I have found peace in the chaos, a quiet in the storm of my mind. I have found peace in the chaos, watching thoughts whirl, yet untouched, calm as the world moves around me. I'm not expecting it—no point. The waves will crash where they may; the wind doesn't ask for permission, and neither shall I. Wine Deck Wine deck – maybe a drip, maybe a splash of wine, enough to stain the table but not enough to forget. Shadow Once a shadow, always a shadow. The Soul The soul may leave when the battle is over, and peace returns. We all return to the earth eventually. Chemical Love Beauty is subjective; love is chemical. Some may call it a chemical romance; others may call it a chemical reaction driving human behaviour. ACT 3 – Humanity / Society / Existence

Animals in Suits True peace is just an illusion. It's one of the biggest lies man tells. All us humans do is fight, lie, argue, go to war with one another, and destroy one another to try validate are points and opinions. We backstab for profit, play the victim, and some love to play the hero. We never come together. Are we only capable of destruction? Merchants spoke of rubies; greed listened, and empires bled. We call ourselves humans but act like animals. We say we are civilised but act like savages. We are animals... with a consciousness. Human in

name, beast at heart. We're animals cosplaying being civil; it's honestly ironic.

Hypocrisy at Its Finest Humans judge one another, compete with one another, compare. You must be thinking—why do we do it? Is it human nature to do all that? I believe the reason why we do it is because we are hypocrites by nature; we just refuse to admit it. It's so ironic; all we can do is laugh and joke about it. Because if we don't joke about it, We'll be acting like the thing we refuse to say we are. Perfection Is an Illusion For those who think they are perfect: perfection is an illusion. You and I are both flawed. The only difference between me and you is I'm able to admit I'm flawed; you, on the other hand, refuse to admit it. There is no such thing as perfection; perfection is a myth created by man. You refuse to even acknowledge your cracks. Why do we just take? All us humans do is take, take from the earth; we never give back, my friend. That is human greed at its finest. Coal to the Wealthy Bronze, silver, platinum, gold, gems, pearls, diamonds – so many kinds, but to the wealthy it all looks like coal. To an untrained eye, it's coal. To a trained eye, it's value. But to the wealthy, even diamonds look like coal. Peace Is Optional Humans crave love, sustainability, joy, but not a peace of mind. The Base Game Is Broken and the Limited-Time Joy Is Here Many, many years ago, I noticed how depressing life is; everything feels stagnant, like I'm playing a cheap, crappy cash-grab video game made by an amateur programmer with zero knowledge of gaming. The only time something good happens is when there's a party or some sort of celebration. It's like a DLC, a limited-time event. It sucks once you realise. The Puzzle People describe life like a rollercoaster because life has its ups and downs, twists and turns. Me personally, I describe life like a puzzle with odd pieces. Nothing ever fits one to one, and when it does, it feels accidental. Life is like a hand-me-down puzzle with odd pieces from different games scattered all over a maze. A hand-me-down; you never get the thing intact. Hunger Hunger will drive someone to many lengths— the good, the bad, the ugly, the morally grey that nobody ventures into. They will do anything to fill the void, even if the relief is brief, even if it leaves scars. Because hunger is not the act— it is the trigger. Just once, they say. They dream of going from TV dinners to lavish dining, wearing fine clothes, traveling the world. From buses, trains, trams, cabs to supercars, yachts, helicopters, aeroplanes, jets. They dream of businesses to call their own. Just a week. The week becomes months, Months become years. And one day they wake up counting time in bars, Or not waking up at all. No one plans to stay. They plan to survive. One more time turns into a sentence, Or a headstone. They say one more time, Not for thrill, not for spite, But for the coin that calls them now, Even as the

shadow grows behind them. Hunger isn't always empty stomachs. Sometimes it's the taste of fast money, The first hit that feeds you, The second that owns you. Life Loop Life is an endless loop of grinding. We work, work; the only time we get everlasting peace is when our time comes. Time Time ticks, ticks, ticks. Then, at one point, silence. The Heart The most dangerous thing is a human's heart that we don't show: it is malice. You can't hide malice. You can't fake it. You can sense it; the room feels heavy. ACT 4 – The Thesis The Method and the Language Scientists argue that the universe is understood through science, math, and physics. But maybe reality is both measurable and meaningful. You need both to exist. Math is the language, physics is its expression in nature, and science is the method—together, they describe how we interpret reality. The Curse of Knowing Knowledge is a blessing and a curse, simply because once we believe we know more, we develop an ego; we refuse to stay humble. Intelligence without Humility Becomes Arrogance We try to play God purely for ego and justify it as a scientific revolution; some say progression. We want to push that limit and bring back animals that went extinct many years ago. We attempt to crossbreed animals to answer the what-if questions and class it as ethical. We are currently pushing a boundary that should not be pushed. There is a very obvious reason as to why those animals went extinct many years ago. We claim to be intelligent, but we still feel the need to justify our intelligence with Nobel Prizes, certificates, trophies. In my opinion, we are just arrogant fools. ACT 5 – War / Collapse Survivor and the Fallen (Point of view one) (Set on a single battlefield during a war between two opposing soldiers.) I dream of a land with a forgotten name, where shadows breathe and silence speaks. The day I unsheathed my sword is the day my enemies fell. A thousand prayers rose; the crimson moon weeps as the blossoms fall like ash. Honour in silence. Iron and blood, blood and iron. The deeper I sink, the darker it gets. Regret claws beneath my skin, yet the sky did not scream. Only the fire knew my name. A thousand prayers rose. Their gods watched in horror; some turned and wept. I wrote this confession in the blood and smoke of my fallen enemies, as your children sang beneath my rusted chains. Tell me, was I not merciful? Lost and Fallen – Part Two (point of view 2) The day I unsheathed my sword is the day my enemies fell. A thousand prayers rose. The crimson moon weeps as the blossoms fall like ash Honour in silence. Thousands of brave men slaughtered like cattle. Our king, queen, and our commanders promised us full stomachs, land, wealth, fame, fortune, glory, but they didn't mention the horrors of battle. They said we would go down in history as heroes: fight for your country, be a man, man up, don't be a coward, do what's right. They sold

us a dream, false hope, and us fools brought it with smiles. I have seen things that I cannot unsee; my hands are tainted in sin. No amount of soap can get rid of it. There is not enough drink to drown out the sin of what I have done. No woman would want to be with a man like me, a sinner. I wonder what a priest would say if I confessed to him the sins I've committed. Would he turn me away in disgust? I wonder, would the Lord forgive me? How many years will I have to spend repenting for the sins I have committed? My guess is for the rest of my life. I have seen many of my comrades die, one too many for my own liking. Their hope and dreams have been extinguished. Just a few hours ago, we were all joking around, talking about our hopes and dreams. Their dreams have been extinguished, but they live on in our hearts. What are my commanders doing? Barking orders from a distance like the cowards they are. I know those commanders just see us as pawns. I bet they don't even know our names; to them we are just numbers. We fight and bleed on this battlefield while wealthy men and women live in peace. Why don't these wealthy men and women ever fight on the front lines? They only fund the war effort. I bet they do it to look good. Many of us normal men fight for a better life. Some fight to pay off their debts; some fight to pay for a sick loved one's medical bills. I can smell a mix of charred earth and blood. I can hear men fighting in the distance. How are my brothers doing? Has any of them called for reinforcement? There are so many blood-covered corpses. I should rest for a moment. He drops to one knee, driving his sword into the earth to hold himself up, breathing heavily. "How long have we been fighting them – days, months, years? I've lost track of how many times we have clashed on and off..." "I can't," rest now, he growls, staggering back to his feet. My brothers need me. I have just got to keep fighting. I need to kill a few more enemies. Then hopefully they will get scared and retreat, then me and my brothers can rest for a bit, then desert. Who cares if we get labelled as weak, coward, dishonourable deserters, traitors." Why did we say that oath? If/when we die, the king and queen of our country won't weep for us. I doubt our commanders would weep. The only people that will cry for us will be our families and friends. If we somehow survive, we get a shitty medal, fake smiles from our higher-ups, and a few limp-wristed handshakes from the king, queen, and commanders. Some of us will come back with missing limbs or in a box, but most will be dead on a battlefield in a foreign land. They won't even get to have a shallow, nameless grave. The survivors will get a ton of dirty looks from the civilians we saved. I have to admit, I never understood what the land the commanders were talking about. I don't know why I'm thinking about it; it's a goal that might not be real. I have heard the story

so many times to the point I memorised it. It goes something like this: I dream of a land with a forgotten name, where shadows breathe and silence speaks. I never understood the last part. I'm starting to think that the ending was a warning of a shallow grave. The smell of ash and blood fills the corpse-covered battlefield— a silent witness to battles past. Men's armour rattles, men's bodies drop; the thud and clanging of iron against iron echoes in the distance. I can hear men shouting, iron crashing against iron. The distant call of the battle horn, and horses galloping like thunder. A soldier yells, "Archers, prepare the fire arrows! Light them, aim! Wait for my signal, then fire!" Another voice roars, "Javeliniers, back up your brothers! Wait for the enemy to get within your range, then throw your javelins with all your might!" Another bellows, "Put it out! Shields up, men!" A third cries, "Shield broken? Take a fallen comrade's! No shield? Take one from the enemy! Sword shattered? Use anything you can find—even an enemy's weapon if you must—even a rock!" Men scramble to recover, raising shields and steadying their lines. Then, "Advance! Return fire!" Thud, thud. A barrage of arrows and javelins hits their shields violently. Rattle, rattle—the armour shakes. A man's anguished yell pierces the chaos—he's been hit. Fear melts into fury as the men's eyes blaze with hate. A soldier cries, "Kill every last one of them! Bring me their heads!" A roar erupts from the ranks—steel clashes and the charge begins. "Yes, sir!" the men yell, and then— "Charge!" The war cry bursts from every throat, a thunder rolling across the field. Shields clash, swords swing—chaos explodes in a storm of blood and steel. Dust clouds the air, horses thunder, and the ground trembles beneath the fury. "Stand your ground!" the enemy yells. Men tighten their grips on their weapons, feet planted, muscles braced. Eyes sharp, stances ready—they wait for the storm to hit. Soldiers' armour shakes—crash, crash—one after another, the enemy falls. "You monster, run!" a soldier screams. "You are no human, no man—you're a—" Crack! A sudden blow lands—bone meets steel with a sickening snap. The battlefield falls momentarily silent, then erupts again in chaos. One voice whispers quietly, "We are doomed..." Then louder—"Run!" Thud, thud—the weapons drop to the ground. It's every man for himself now—fear driving them to flee, abandoning steel and honour alike. The thunder of pounding footsteps shakes the earth—boots pounding, armour clanking, hearts racing. Chaos spills like a flood as men scatter in every direction, swallowed by dust and fear. Boots slam against churned earth, armour scraping and clattering like broken chains. The air fills with ragged breaths and panicked shouts, a stampede of desperate souls fleeing death's cold grip. Behind them, blood seeps into the dirt, mingling with shattered weapons and the silent bodies of

the fallen. Soldiers descend on the wounded enemies like a pack of stray dogs with ruthless precision— no mercy for the broken, no honour in their deaths. Their blood runs cold; their souls already halfway to the void. Lifeless bodies and mangled corpses litter the ground— Something is coming. A shadow stirs. Death's shadow looms over all. A flock of crows erupts into a series of loud, frantic caws. The crows start beating their wings wildly as a cloud of black dust swirls and then settles. From the darkness emerges a man in a ragged robe, his scythe gleaming under the pale light of the moon. A crow lands on the scythe. Two more follow; one perches on his shoulder, another on his head. The man steps forward, using the scythe like a walking stick. The soldier hesitates, confused. The soldier says to the man, "This is not a place for civilians... you could get killed." The crows fly off the man; then a single crow flies back and perches on the man's forearm. The man looks at the crow briefly, then looks at the soldier slowly. Then the man points silently at the soldier. The soldier freezes, then trembles. His eyes follow the length of what the figure carries. The wood. The curve of metal. The blade. The man pulls out a cracked, empty hourglass from his cloak. The fracture in the glass glints coldly, a silent mark that the soldier's time has run out. The soldier sees the last few grains fall. The soldier's eyes widen in terror. He stumbles back. "You're no man..." Then, quieter—almost breaking: "It... it can't be... you're not real..." "A myth... something from children's stories..." "You're... the Reaper..." The man breaks his silence, his voice low and monotone. His voice cuts through the silence, calm and cold. "I go by many names; that's just one of many. But to answer your question... yes. I am the Reaper. Your time has come." The trembling soldier drops to his knees, trying to crawl away. "Please... not like this... I'm not ready..." His voice cracks. "It can't be you... I don't want to die—not now, not yet. I... I'll change my ways... just... please... spare me! I have a family. Please... have mercy on me. Give me one more chance." The Reaper says to the fallen soldier, "Come now, my friend, rest your weary soul. The battle is over. They are waiting." The soldier, still trembling, asks: "Who's waiting?" The Reaper replies in a calm, monotone voice: "Your brothers." He points with a slow, deliberate motion toward the distance. The soldier lifts his head and looks. Through the settling dust and moonlight, he sees a few shadowy figures standing quietly on a low rise—silhouettes of armored men, silent and still, waiting like old comrades who had fallen long before him. Something shifts in the soldier. He pushes himself up from his knees, legs shaky but moving. The Reaper turns and begins to walk across the blood-soaked field, scythe resting on his shoulder like a weary traveler's staff. The soldier follows. As they walk side by side among

the fallen bodies and broken weapons, the soldier finally speaks, his voice quiet and cracked: "Was... was fighting this war meaningless?" The Reaper continues walking. Then he stops, lifting his gaze to the eclipse. "I have seen many humans fall," the Reaper says quietly. "Not only in war. But to illness. Human life is very fragile." He pauses. "Civilisations rise. Civilisations fall. The moon does not change. Nor do the stars." For a moment, there is only silence. The Reaper looks back to the battlefield. "All of it... returns to the same end. Confession in the blood and smoke of the fallen." The Opponent I have been going at it with myself. In the quiet, for years. Not for clout. Not for sympathy. Just to survive. Every day a fight. No crowd, no prep time, no cheering, no belt. Just me and the storm. It's like an opponent—no matter how injured it gets, it always gets back up and smiles. It loves the thrill of battle. Your demons are resilient. They bleed, but they don't quit. Neither do you. Some days I win, some days I lose. Most days, we both leave the ring limping. Every step is a reminder the fight never truly ends. I carry the weight of every punch, every insult, every doubt. Bloodied knuckles, bruised ribs, missing teeth, broken bones, black eyes. Cuts that sting. Sweat and grit. The battlefield leaves its mark. It's not a fair fight. It never was. This ain't therapy—it's a street fight. MMA with no gloves. A bar brawl with no last call. The opponent—it's clever, a little too clever for my own liking. It rubs me the wrong way. It knows every weakness, every crack in my armour, every name I hate being called when I'm alone in my own head. Right now, it's quiet. The opponent's down, face in the dirt. I'm breathing for the first time in a while. It feels good—but the more steps I take, the heavier I become. The more steps I take, the more my lungs burn. But I know that bastard. It never stays down. It will rise again, with vengeance in its eyes and old wounds reopened like fresh invitations to break. Still, I'll meet it in the ring again head-on. Not because I want to. Because I have to. And maybe one day, I won't need to fight. Maybe peace will finally stay. But until then, I wrap my injured hands and grit my teeth, check the jaw, and wait for the bell. Got it –

ACT 6 – Aftermath / Reflection Rain Calming yet subtle, sometimes it's heavy, sometimes it's a light drizzle, sometimes it pours down cold but refreshing—that is the rain. Snow Cold but beautiful, delicate to the touch. When it falls, it feels like the land has frozen in time. It lasts temporarily for some, but months for others. What Remains Moves On Ashes to the wind, wind to the snow, dusk to an autonomous moonlight.

Temple and Prison Your body is a temple. Your mind is a prison. Once built from iron and worship, and the other is built from confinement. And somehow— you live between them. Sacred Flesh, Caged Mind If the body is

a temple, why does man destroy it? Why can the mind be turned into a prison? Why do we give into ego, lust, temptation? Truth and Healing The truth can burn, but sometimes you've got to get burned. The burns will teach you many lessons. Burns heal eventually.

FIN Thank you for reading