

Finding a way back home isn't easy.

After all, I razed several kingdoms to the ground, made dark pacts with unknown extra-dimensional entities who took my body for a spin, causing more chaos in some unholy gilding of the lily. Me raising higher taxes ultimately ended in a civil war which burned down several sacred forests, a meteor strike destroying the breadbasket of the Fredikian Empire in an ill-planned assassination, which will most likely cause a famine next season; several schisms in the religious authority causing undue pillaging, burning of local priests trying to treat the wounded, and people with red hair being tarred and feathered on the streets.

I'm a refugee from my own country, after naive fools actually spared me instead of killing me for my villainy, saying how leaving me alive will be more punishing than death. You are right, I don't intend on waiting for my death hiding in my own country or the others I have annexed.

Will the average peon care if you went up to them saying, "Oh no, I made a pact with the Marquis of the Fourth Space because I only wanted one-quarter of the continent of Aqerita, which let your cows spontaneously combust in the middle of the night. Sorry about that." And them not planning on something with thick rope and a hemp sack?

Fat chance that is.

Is it evil to be ambitious? I am only paying evil unto evil. One can be known as a wise and fair king, but an absolute tarnished father.

How many scars do I have? Fifty-six, not counting the ones I can't show unless I take off certain undergarments. Nor the ones in my head either.

What about the rebellious faction that won by appealing to my father's supporters to take action and oust me? They played idealist pawns that tried to put me down, and had them go to local homes to fund the war, while busy skimming off the top of the donations.

There's also that lovely Princess Brianna who charmed Derek-Darren-Dal-Whatever, that D imbecile. He was swallowing every word straight out of her perfumed handkerchief, that geoded young fool, ignoring her older than the Goddess's time beliefs and opinions on his dress style.

Unsurprisingly, after the rebels seized control of the Helenian Church...it became a lovely fundamentalist paradise with all moderates cast out as heretics. With way higher taxes than I imposed.

Hypocrites, the whole lot.

I've been digging stolen yams out of local fields and roasting them on a pretty bad looking campfire. Reduced to eating peasant food, pfft...it's like what my stepmother made.

Destroying a legacy and kingdom. That I did in a year. Forty long years planning this, for it ultimately paying out nothing, that hurts.

Should I have pretended to be a good son instead of ignoring all the pain my father inflicted on me and my siblings out of the spotlight? Should I have become a priest and retreated from the worldly planes to spread the Goddess's words of peace and love? Should I have done something from the inside instead of tearing the entire institution down and remaking it my own image to never satisfy my eternal thirst for vengeance?

I don't know what it's like to be a different person.

That's all I am, a man of my actions and environment. A man devoid of light and kindness.

Right now, I'm just a cripple burning my fingers on hot yam skin with tears dripping into it. Nothing serious, really.

Why think when you can do? Never was a thinker, I did everything I could.

That desire was what undid everything.

One thought will haunt me as I get close to the Yaerian wilderness and never come back to the lands of men.

"Finding a way back *home* isn't easy."