

The God of Jesters

Chapter 15: 1.08.2 A century later.

This is also the time when I saw what happened after Meena survived. As the time moved on, I noticed a figure slumped over the table, a figure with female clothes with rotten books all around it.

It would seem that after everyone died, Meena never went out to ask for help. She just stayed there after cleaning things up and started to read the books that she can't understand.

No, it would be better to say that she memorized them without knowing what they were, all she knew was that they were important. And as she has already gone mad with grief, she didn't even notice it when her body got weak under malnutrition, and then she died.

"A pathetic death." I thought as my body started to decay as well and then turn into dust, leaving only a transparent silhouette of what I thought was my soul.

-" What a unique sense of existence?"

I wondered because the world that now exists in front of me was not the same, the real world that had been hidden behind the veil showed its existence to me for a few seconds, before it too turned illusory and the world got dark.

A darkness that seemed impossible to exist.

But in this darkness, I can see other figures just like me.

The color of their soul was different, some red, some yellow but most of them remained white and illusory.

All of them trudged toward the fog over the horizon.

Some of them even looked back at me, smiling and thanking me with their heads.

They were relieved for this end. This dream that tormented them has finally come to an end.

- "End, Finally."

And much to my surprise a voice by my said this out calmly.

- "Torment, Over."

It was the rat called Grifter, it was still small and young as the last time I remembered it. But now it was in illusory form just like me.

- "It truly is."

I said, not much surprised by this finding.

In the book of knowledge, there was a mention of how individuals can understand each other on a spiritual level even if they don't know each other's language.

And as everyone in this dark void were just souls, it was easier to converse with each other.

- "But it doesn't need to be."

At the mention of these words, Grifter looked at me, eying me suspiciously.

In this whole world, there might be no one who understood me better than Grifter.

- "Are you looking at that place, old friend?"

I pointed out the only other thing that existed in this void that had some color to it.

"On the other side, death is just the beginning."

I spoke these words while looking at Grifter.

- "Wasn't this fun? The experience that you gained in this infinite loop?" I pointed at Grifter's intelligence, his brutality, and the fun we had while finding the clues to break this loop.

- "We can experience more of these things on the other side of that whirlpool, things grander and exciting than this."

My words that spoke of the beauty of the other side were just ignored by the little guy.

It looked at me like an elder.

He treated me like a child.

- "Tired, Me."

- "You, Go."

As Grifter said these words, it left me in the dust as it ran toward the fog.

Something I can't accept.

Grifter was the only one who understood me.

He can't just leave in such a simple way.

- "Are you sure? Don't you wish to kill me? In that world, you can kill me as much as you wish." I cried in desperation.

But the reply I got.

Haha!

The reply I got was something absurd.

- "Killed, You, Multiple, Already."

These were the last words that Grifter said before it ran into the fog and disappeared along with the rest of the villagers.

Now there was only me and the whirlpool.

And maybe Meena who was still slumped in the corner of the cave, crying her eyes out.

But I didn't speak to her, I was already feeling a bit sad after my companion left me, I had no energy to coax her.

Nor did I have time to coax her. The fog that was kept away from the village all this time started to close in on me, engulfing the void and claiming everything for its own.

- "Hah! I expected this." Looking at the fog that was rushing toward me. I understood that there was no time to waste.

The otherworldly gate has remained active for years after it was first opened by Lakys.

Originally, the ritual succeeded, but Lakys was not alive to take advantage of it.

And not that opportunity was handed down to me.

So before the fog could come close to me, I floated toward the whirlpool and then flew directly into it.

Because on the other side, "Death is just the beginning of a story."

It was 2020 in the real world. Way past the time of 1920 in which Jester took his last breath and entered the loop of never-ending torment.

It was the world that was filled to brim with technology, which had long left the state of ignorance and the superstitions that came with it.

But close to Singapore there was an infamous lake that was still deemed to be haunted.

For that lake has been home to countless tragedies that one can find records of since the 9th century.

Each record ends with the massacre close to the lake.

There was once a group of zealots in the 13th century that drowned in the lake after accidentally riding into the lake with their armor on, thinking it was shallow. As for why they rode into the lake and to their death.

The survivors only spoke of a beautiful lady in the lake singing to them.

Then there was the story of a gang of merchants that were camping close to the lake and by the morning all of them died with no survivors left.

They were only found a few months later by the next gang of merchants that stumbled on their corpses and goods.

There was even a village in which everyone got mad and killed each other a century ago.

And 65 years ago, the lake became home to another massacre in which countless soldiers were killed by the Japanese imperials and then thrown in the lake.

For this reason, this lake has turned into an infamous haunted spot, with tourists looking for ghosts, always coming to find proof of paranormal activity.

And many have succeeded in this. Many of whom were able to capture glimpses of ghosts that kept doing the same things over and over.

There were children, that ran around in the holiday village close to the lake.

One can even meet phantom hunters that used to go into the forest and never come back.

And most famous of all, a beautiful woman with a bright smile on her face that seems melancholic and lost.

Though there was another famous ghost that was named Rat king. A name it obtained due to his disgusting and cursed ability, which was why he was hated by most.

As wherever this ghost appears, he leaves the smell of sewer and rats in the place. Attracting other rats and making the place inhabitable for a few days.

The worst part is, unlike other ghosts, he appears at different places at random, searching for something and then leaving.

It was the same reason why the rat traps were so extensively used in the holiday village.

To most, these were just claims and lies fabricated to attract more tourists.

And Sena was no different. After the request of her friends, she accepted their offer and went on the trip to the allegedly haunted place.

"This is the third day and we still haven't found anything," Sena complained while lowering her phone.

She was tired of taking pictures of random places again and again, with no result in sight.

"Don't complain, just focus on that waterfall." Her friend said while pumping her up.

"Did you know, they found skeletons of children and women in that cave?" her friend pointed at the souvenir shop just under the waterfall. "So keep aiming your ghost capture device at it, who knows you might catch something."

Her friend said as she started to focus her own camera on the depthless hole in the giant lake.

"Yeah I know, I have read the backstory as well," Sena complained.

But she still humored her friend as she lifted her camera up. "We should have come at night, what kind of ghost even appeared at da..." Sena paused as she saw something.

A dark mist-like figure made of filthy smoke slowly floated out of the same souvenir shop and then it looked toward the lake.

"Jahsa! Look," Sena said while pointing at her camera because, in the real world, she was still incapable of seeing anything.

The only way to see this entity was her camera.

And hearing this, Jahsa also looked at her friend's phone before a creepy feeling filled her head.

"Sena, are you using some bizarre filter?" She wondered.

"Just aim your camera and look," Sena replied.

But it was already too late for Jahsa to do this as the filthy smoke-like ghost suddenly flew straight into the lake, disappearing forever.

And after seeing that this figure never surfaced again, the two girls started to breathe heavily while backing off from the lake.

"Fuck, I could only catch a glimpse of it," Jahsa said with some frustration. Before looking at Sena. "At least we have your recording."

Jahsa's voice was hopeful, she was still shocked by the sudden situation and found it hard to believe.

It would seem that her friend who had her phone aimed at the shop from the start should have recorded everything.

Though, her friend's lack of reply scared Jahsa.

"You remembered to record that right?"

"Oh! about that."

So, the two girls who came to this place to strengthen their bonds, turned into enemies after Jahsa, who was the craziest one about ghosts, went ballistic over her friend's small mistake.

And it was also the day that the ghosts in the infamous lake disappeared forever.