

The God of Jesters

Chapter 16: 2.00 Prologue: The Beginning of the end.

It was the morning in the city of Durum when Farhad Maisal stepped off his carriage and entered a one-bedroom apartment that his father paid for.

This might not be the first time he was away from home, but he sure was living alone for the first time.

Early on, he lived in a dormitory with students like him. It was the reason when vacations eventually came, he chose to rent a room close to the college instead of going back home.

Though, Farhad was not happy about it at all. Instead, he hated his current circumstances.

Being born in a proud household with a father that was a general in the Army and his mother a doctor. Farhad was born with the talent of none.

He was neither a good soldier nor a good scholar. The only thing he was good at was reading and telling lies to his father.

Lies that caused his father to send him to Durum, away from home.

To Mister Maisel, Farhad still thought of himself as a child and if he thought that in the college away from home, he might mature with time. Though the circumstances of the dorm didn't allow for it to happen.

And the same reason why he can never show his face at home.

"Is this my room?" Farhad asked, looking at the room that hadn't seen a living person in months.

Dust was all over the floor with rats scuttering around in the corner.

This truly felt like hell to him.

"Of course, this is the best room for a student like you. Most of the students live in sharing. At least you will have some privacy." The landlord of this building said with a bright smile on his face.

'At last.' He thought. 'Found someone stupid enough to rent this place.' The landlord was truly happy with this news.

Though he was not stupid enough to discuss the details of why this room had been empty for too long.

"Can't I get room service? Someone to clean this place?" The boy asked, as he flicked his finger off the bed and traced some dust on it.

"If you want one, you can pay for one. Though, that will be extra." The landlord explained, happy that there were some more business prospects to be had.

"How much will that cost me?"

At this question, the landlord calmly explained. "It changes depending on the maid, but the price is between 300-800 Dirium." Then suddenly changing the tone of his voice, the landlord continued with a whispering voice. "The special live-in maids cost starts around 3000 Dirium if you wan..."

"No, I would just get the normal ones." Farhad was not stupid about whom his landlord was talking about. Nor was he surprised.

He might be a lazy bum who only got into university through his father's pulling some strings, but he was no ignorant or innocent child.

And besides, at the moment, he only got a total of 2000 Dirium per month as his allowance. With fees of his university and room already paid by his parents.

"Please know that I can't go over the budget of 500 for a maid." Farhad later clarified.

To which, the landlord just nodded and then left. Leaving Farhad alone with his thoughts.

"So this is new life... huh?"

Durum was a city of many cultures and due to its very nature, it was very progressive and open about certain things that Farhad found a bit extreme.

But he knew that this was not why he was here.

Even this room will only be used by him rarely. As he would be staying most of the time at his university.

"I can't even open my suitcase until this room is cleaned," Farhad said in a tired tone before he just cleaned a chair and sat on it silently, waiting for his maid.

And as he sat down, he noticed a few odd things.

The rats, there were a bit too many rats in this place.

In the past, his mother had already told him about why they left the city and how dirty it is. But only now did he understand the weight of his mother's words.

"I would die long before learning any curses." Farhad thought as he kicked his feet on the floor scaring away the rats.

But soon he cringed in pain as this sudden movement of the body caused some hidden injuries to surface again.

In a moment, Farhad felt his chest with his arms and noticed the wetness on the clothes.

"Hmm, not again." Taking off his clothes, he noticed some puss coming out of the infected left side of his chest.

Which made his frustration deepen.

This was the reason why he can never show his face to his parents.

For he has failed once again. His ascension ritual as a magi was a botched one. Which, instead of just giving him power, had instead cursed him as a backlash.

"Can't do one right this Farhad." He was angry at his fate, at his circumstances. Though in the end, he still chose to silently tolerate it.

This is the fate of those born without the right talents. There might be things Farhad might be good at that even he might not know, but due to his parent's expectations and the name he had to carry forward, he can't move out of the predetermined path of his fate.

Though that was all going to change.

A man that hated his life would soon learn that there was more to his life than just being the center of a joke.

A pathetic joke that he wished to escape by renting this particular room.

A room that many feared.

And a room where I lived.

Of course, you already know by this point. I

It is none other than I, the Jester, that is going to tell you a tale as old as time.

The tale of a man defeated by the beating of life and then comes across a fated event that changes his life forever.

But let me take you back a bit.

The moment when I arrived in this world.

It was not all sunshine and rainbows I tell you.

Because even if I arrived on this side successfully, I was still a dead man.

Though a bit sad at the departure of my kind little friend Grifter. But I was not sad, for this world was everything I could dream of.

Even the words in those books were true.

"Truly a world where death is never the end." I wondered, as I crawled out of a mound of corpses and experienced the first real sunshine in decades.

A sunlight that burned my body. Causing my thoughts to become chaotic.

"Lies!" I shouted before diving back into the mound of corpses hiding from the pain. I thought that I could exist as a soul without any problem, but it seemed the book of memories lacked some details about one's existence as a soul.

So, after my thoughts of mindless carnage had calmed down, I looked at the situation calmly and understood the situation and place I was in.

This place seemed to be a giant battlefield and this mound of corpses was formed by the soldiers that fought in this place.

Such a particular sight that I have only heard about in the newspaper was right in front of me. And I can already imagine the countless stories that might have prospered or cut off in between from the faces of horror and relief from some of the dead bodies.

To some, even death is a release.

"Wonderful, this world has developed guns as well." I wondered, seeing broken muskets strewn about in the places without care, I can even see some familiar arcane runes on the guns.

Runes that have stopped working for who knows how long.

"Adaptation, the mundane and magic world might be interconnected, but due to the very nature of magic, it suppresses the scientific aspect of life. Suppresses the individual intelligence of those not blessed with gifts. So much potential for chaos."

These guns were old-fashioned, even in my time, there were automatic guns that once dominated the battlefield.

So I wondered, what if the weak and poor people in the world obtained a method to rival or even defeat the magic users.

Oh how wonderful it would be, a class struggle. The old world vs the new.

Such potential.

Though, all my thoughts of wonderment were cut short as a man in dark clothes and a witch hat approached the mound of corpses in which I hid.

He started to spout some nonsense and then look at the corpses with puzzlement.

And by feeling his soul fluctuations, I understood his words, albeit barely.

He called me a wraith and talked about fire.

"Hmm..."

And I was not stupid enough to stay here. So, ignoring all that pain, I chose to dip down before I was burned.

Though, to my surprise, the ground from which I climbed out acted as a solid wall, and prevented me from running away.

On the outside, the sun would burn as well as corrupt me. While the path to the ground was closed off.

Guess this explained why in certain cultures the dead would be entombed in the ground.

But enough chit-chat. I need to learn a method before this man burns me along with my dreams.

And as you already know, I survived this ordeal. The method I used was very interesting.

Though, at the moment, I don't wish to tell you that.

I can't spoil the story for you.

You are my god.

And I wish to tell you an entertaining story through this young boy named Farhad Maisel.

Where I am just the narrator, so don't be so much invested in me. I am and will always remain the narrator, a jester who exists solely to entertain you.