

The God of Jesters

Chapter 6: 1.04.1 The Weird Rat.

Betsy was the cow of old Yandel. One among a total of ten, and known for its unusually mild nature.

I have even seen kids beating that cow with a stick and Betsy just ignoring it.

And a cow like that was murdered.

'Huh? Murdered?' Getting closer to the group. I came to the ranch and saw what these men meant by murder.

"Who would do this?" Meena said, looking at the horrifically butchered cow that didn't even look like a cow anymore.

If not for the bones that were beside the giant mound of flesh. No one would consider it a cow.

Though this might seem macabre to others. But to me, it was oddly beautiful. The organs were spread apart on the mound with some certain understanding of human anatomy, it would seem as if the person tried to mimic a human while he was putting the organs one by one on each other, before throwing the head of old Betsy on top.

As for the bones, they seemed to be spread apart sporadically. But I can feel a pattern on them as well, it looked illusory at one glance and real at another.

Maybe by changing my position, I might learn what the killer or killers wished to convey.

"This is the work of the devil." One of the men shouted as they supported the traumatized Yadel to his feet.

"Who can do this, in such a short time."

From the amount of flesh and bones, I can feel that none of it was missing.

Or that it was done in an attempt to hide what was stolen, it might be something small.

As for how I would know this?

Because I would do something similar if I had the means for it.

"This happened overnight, it doesn't seem to be the work of one person. I think there might be strangers among us."

The suspicion always falls on the stranger or newbie in the group no matter what happens. Even if that stranger was innocent.

And as I expected, I was completely silent, admiring the work of art that was in front of me, the eyes of others turned to me.

Can't even enjoy something beautiful before being forced to defend yourself... huh?

"I didn't do it, I was over at the Laker's home helping them and then went to sleep there as well."

"You can ask him if you want."

And in times like these, I know to not act suspicious and told them everything to clear my name first.

But as it was, most of these people still didn't believe one cent of what I said and even if they did, they consider me in cahoots with the people who did this.

"He has actual proof, so back off. He has been doing nothing but helping us since coming here. And is this how you would treat him?"

At least, there was someone with a calm mind who can see things through.

Sadly, this person was Meena.

"You shut up Meena, don't jump in between the talks of adults." One of the men said, who I had helped with tanning as well.

Seriously, there is no loyalty among these people.

"Please, I am not someone who can kill. I was not even able to harm the savages, what can I even do with these giant cows." I said, making them recall why or how I came here.

And even though my words were pure lies, the face of all these men turned sour.

"Running from savages? Didn't you say you were a scholar that got lost?"

"Huh?..."

"Just calm down everyone. We can't come to conclusions too early." At this point, the village chief arrived at the scene and started to calm down the scared and riled-up village folks.

"Mirage, go to your house, we will cancel today's classes."

The old guy ordered me as he, along with his sons and other villagers started to deal with the situation on their own.

As for Meena, she followed me home with a worried face.

This was obvious, anyone would be traumatized by seeing such a brutal scene.

So I asked, somewhat worried about her myself.

"Are you ok?" I asked, my voice calm as still water as I thought to put my hands on her shoulder.

But suddenly, out of instinct, I stopped.

'Hmm.'

I understood, I might have fallen for this girl.

"I am ok, I was just thinking something." She tried to downplay it. But I can see that she was a bit scared after the other villagers put her down with a shout.

"You don't seem ok, but anyway, I wanted to say my thanks. Thanks for standing up for me." I said the words that I rarely said in my life.

Words that caused Meena to stop in her steps.

"I... I will be going home. Meet you later." She said in a weak voice in order to not make me worried.

But that act of hers caused me even more worry.

"Do you know in the city, there is a carriage that can run without the power of horses?" Out of nowhere, I mentioned this.

Which caused her to stop, once again.

"There is this intricate disk that can tell us the time of the day without the use of the sun."

With these words, she turned to face me once again and I looked at her.

"And then there are giant centipedes made of metal that run on metal tracks." With these words, it seemed that curiosity had taken over her worry and fear from before.

So I said, "How about, instead of going to your bed and sleeping in fear. I will tell you all about the city that you were curious about."

The face she made, the smile she showed me.

I don't know how to describe it.

But one thing was certain. The dream of going to Christen city inside me died with that smile. And I plan to live in this place as long as I can.

After leaving Meena who had a smile on her face, I walked towards my home.

Staying away from the home any longer would just increase the suspicions of the villagers on me.

And I didn't wish to see that.

I wished to live among them, away from the disgusting thing that is the city. And I also don't wish for Meena to learn the truth about the city as well.

So I will stay here, making sure that she doesn't leave this place and learns the reality of the lies I fed her.

Though, when I eventually came to my home. There was something odd about it.

I could feel something wrong with the door.

"Blood?" The stain was small, very small.

I can see that there was a small bloody fingerprint on the handle of the door.

And from the dark color of the blood. I was sure that it was not recent, but instead an old stain.

But if it was so old, why haven't I noticed it till now.

"Probably my imagination," I said, with an intent to ignore the weirdness that I just noticed.

Who knows, if I was right about it as well. And I might have just ignored this stain for the last few weeks I have been here.

"Are you happy to see me today? I came early." I said to the little grifter that had turned a lot calmer since obtaining his new cage where he can move and exercise some.

"Don't worry, I will find you a bride," I said, giving one look at little Grifter and intending to leave his cage.

But during this certain look, I notice something.

"Hmm."

Little Grifter was tapping its right paw on the cage while using its left one to point it at itself.

"Ooooh, Wondrous. I can't believe a rat was truly capable of such emotion and intelligence." This was truly wonderful. I can't believe that a rat might exist in this world capable of something like this.

"Can you understand me, little Grifter?" I asked, curious about what other gift this little guy had for me.

Even the artistic piece in that ranch seemed bland compared to this.

"Oh, you do?" Looking at the nodding head of the murderous rat.

I was even more enthralled.

"This is truly impossible. How can it be possible? I have heard about rats being used in multiple experiments. But I never expected you guys to be as intelligent as this."

"You wait here, I will go and get Meena and show her this." I wished to hurry away. But Grifter then screeched loudly, attracting my attention.

"Oh yes, I forgot to treat you." Taking out a beef jerky with some fat on it, I threw it to Grifter.

"Enjoy it, And when I come back, you better show her the same things you showed me."

This truly was a magical world. First that weird corpse on the tree, then that mist, and then the beautiful piece of sculpture made of flesh.

Now even a rat can understand me.

Guess all the time I worked hard paid off. This was the most fun I had in my life.

Leaving that accursed city was the best choice of my life.

"..."

But, when good things ever happened to me.

And with this thought, I stopped moving and turned toward Grifter once again, who was still screeching loudly, asking for attention.

It hasn't even touched the jerky I gave it. It just looked at me, with pleading eyes.

"Oddly enough, even this feels familiar to me," I said as if it was a joke. But when I looked at the desperate face of Grifter once again.

I knew that I had seen this face before.

"What is happening in this world?"