

Endless 195

Chapter 195: Prisoners

The gentle sunlight pours down, warmth fills every inch of Bologue's skin. It's been too long since he's sunbathed. Every time in the sun, Bologue feels somewhat unfamiliar, if not resistant.

Clearly, Bologue is a nocturnal creature. Although he has a good routine of sleeping early and waking early, from staying so long in the Black Prison, he's already become one with the darkness, breaking away from the light.

This kind of sunbath is rare, but now after enjoying this radiance, Bologue still prefers Opus somewhat, for its gloominess and cold belong to Bologue's territory.

Sitting on a bench, surrounded by emptiness. In the days at Border Sanatorium, unlike the freeloading Palmer, within allowed limits, Bologue wandered every area he could go to and found this spot.

It's located in the corner of the garden, the path here covered by growing shrubs. If you don't get close, it's hard to discover this trail.

The corner seems desolate, ground-covering stones are cracked, lush grasses grow in the crevices. Shrubs are untrimmed, showing signs of wild growth. Bologue guesses this is related to the area beyond the corner.

Thinking about this, he turns back. Beyond another layer of shrubs and tree shadows, he can see massive white columns. Most are damaged, filled with openings, some even broken, as if this was the ruins of some grand structure. Within the ruins are countless tombstones, varying in style.

Bologue glanced at the book in his hand. He left the other books indoors but took only this "Devil and Electric Guitar Guide."

Initially, Bologue thought the author of this book was a decent person. But judging from that bizarre illusion just now, he rather feels the author is a Devil-like individual with a wicked sense of humor, faint traces of curses crawling over each word.

Hugging the book, Bologue turns and traverses the dense shrubs, heading towards the cemetery. Though he's passed through here many times, Bologue has never entered the cemetery. For some reason, today he wants to take a look, to see what kind of people are buried here.

As he advances, confused thoughts circle in his mind. Bologue isn't sure if his judgment is correct but merely a virtual hypothesis is enough to make him feel uneasy and anxious.

As an Undead, Bologue no longer fears destruction on the physical level, yet he discovers many fears transcend death.

The unknown.

An entity you cannot confirm, cannot summarize, cannot describe in any manner comprehensible by humans, a possibly world-truth involving segment, originating from the deepest rules...

The unknown is like darkness. A child shrinking in the corner, only the candle flame in his hand can protect him, darkness attacks from all sides, because of its unknown, it is treacherously changeable.

What lurks in the darkness could be bloodthirsty wolf packs or a mother searching for her child. But before darkness wraps around you, no matter how many possibilities it has, you cannot know.

But when darkness completely invades you, all is too late.

Bologue feels he should talk to someone, either Lebius or the author of this book. He doesn't know where that strange sense of curse comes from, but Bologue believes in a peculiar twisted logic.

People often say when you find a cockroach in your home, a swarm is already hidden in the shadows. In such conversion, Bologue always feels when you discover a secret, maybe many already knew beforehand.

This sounds odd but indeed makes sense.

"So vast..."

Bologue looks into the distance; the cemetery is much larger than he imagined. The dense forest of tombstones stretches to the edge of view, no one knows how many are buried here.

Surrounding the cemetery are shrubs and woods, like a maze trapping the cemetery inside. If not for prior knowledge of its existence, many might wander a month and still not find it.

Bologue tries to change his mood; under sunlight, much of the cold sense is dispersed.

He glances at the tombstones around; it appears to be the Order Bureau's exclusive cemetery, tombstones inscribed with the deceased's name, department affiliation, death date, and an epitaph.

"I did my best."

Bologue whispers. This is one person's epitaph. According to the tombstone record, he was a member of the Field Operations Department in life.

The epitaph is short but filled with strength.

"Got off work!"

While Bologue is still immersed in the former's sense of duty and mission, a damned epitaph appears before him, shattering his emotion and respect.

This epitaph seems as if Palmer wrote it, but Palmer isn't dead yet.

Looking at this line of text, Bologue smiles and shakes his head. With the Order Bureau so big, it's inevitable to have some peculiar characters.

He recalls the librarian's complaints; authors have the authority to name their books, hence many oddly named books appear in the library.

There's a book called "Opus Emergency Energy Recharge Spot Distribution Detailed Explanation," sounds like an important urgent refuge location introduction, but it's actually an Opus restaurant guide. The author thoughtfully notes restaurant opening times and different season specialties.

This book should have been swept out of the library but surprisingly is popular in the Order Bureau. Everyone even rates the restaurants, thus it becomes a permanent book with placement on many resting area's bookshelves.