

## A Demon's View of Things...

A sorcerer came to me one day; it was strange, he wanted to know things, research he said. I being who I am, was confused, not fully understanding the mortal's need for this knowledge. Oh, but you must excuse me. You don't know who I am. Some call me Zimerath, others, Chertovkah, and still others, Master. I am a demon, from a realm which your tongue could not pronounce. I was summoned to this world one day, millenia ago, when magic was strong and Atlantis was only beginning to thrive. A sorcerer summoned me, but he was weak. Before he uttered his first command (though it would have likely sounded much more like a request) I tore out his throat and fed on his corpse.

You look disgusted, did you not expect that? Of course not, you are a mere mortal, and mortals do not understand a demon's nature. Ah well, let us continue. For centuries I caused strife, incited wars, and killed those foolish enough to stand against me. Did you really believe that the Crusades were a holy war? No, they were my doing. I tempted the King Richard with riches and fame, and he succumbed to the temptation. Those were the days, and I miss them greatly. But, as with all worlds, the magic soon began to wane, and I began to tire. The magic energy fell to levels dangerous to myself and others of my kind. We were all forced into hibernation, a deep sleep that would last until only a few hundred years ago. There was an explosion of energy, what you humans called the Cataclysm, that snapped us all awake.

But, unfortunately for many of my ilk, food was scarce because the humans had so utterly destroyed themselves. Many of us died off, but I survived, though barely. Now, I claim much of this mountain range, one that humans called Appalachia before the Cataclysm, for myself. The humans? Well, the humans within this area are cattle, nothing more. Some bring me food, believing, vainly, that serving me will bring them a special place in my domain. Heh.. Little do they know, I have no domain. I am no god. But all the better.

What of the sorcerers you ask? Yes, what indeed. Those that know my true name have tried to summon me. I have appeared before many, and all have been weak. They could not bear the sight of such pure evil looming before them, they had not the willpower to control a being such as I. And, thus, they were destroyed. There, on the wall, are the bones of those who dared to think they could summon and control me. See them, tremble, knowing that I could easily rip a gash in your skull that would kill you immediately. But that is not my way.

No, that is not my way. I am Chertovkah, a demon from the darkest of dimensions. I would never be so rash as to kill you immediately. That would take away the fun. Mortals are such fun toys, screaming at the slightest touch of my razor claws. Humans are playthings, food, servants, and pawns, nothing more.

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"There's no way that happened, Dad!" my 10 year-old son retorted. "You didn't talk to a demon. The stories Mom tells us say that the demon would have killed you before you even said 'Hi.'" He snapped his fingers, trying to indicate the speed with which a demon would have dispatched me.

"Ah, but have you ever met a demon?" I asked, hoping to stem his disbelief. "How do you know that the demon would have killed me immediately?"

"No," he said. "If I had, I'd be dead."

I decided I may as well give up. My son is headstrong, just like his father. But his son did not know that I summoned Chertovkah to me. I asked him those questions, and I controlled him, then dismissed him. Chertovkah had no choice but to comply. And me? Well, I got the knowledge of what these creatures think we humans and mortal d-bees are. I gained something

that my son does not yet understand, knowledge. Something the demon is born with and will never know the joy of gaining.

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