

Dahl's Origin

A letter to DeSilva

Dear Spencer,

You remember that I told you that I could not remember my mortal origins, only that I'd been in love once. A single kiss from a kindred spirit has freed my memories from the void they were once cast into.

I was a knight sixteen centuries ago, and my sins brought down an entire kingdom. I betrayed my King, made love to my Queen. She threw herself unto the mercy of God, repented, and was forgiven. Even by my leige. He died by his nephew's sword in a final attempt to save his beloved kingdom. I went into exile what seemed an entire lifetime — my lost love languished in a convent as a nun, paying for her infidelity, and I, ordained a lonely priest paying for mine.

But I could not put her out of my mind. I sent word that I was coming to visit. We were both very old by now. Legend has it she pleaded for God to take her before I could reach her. Her prayer was answered, and when I arrived she was stone cold. Within a fortnight I too was dead. Many thought I died of a broken heart, but in fact I poisoned myself. Suicide. An unforgivable sin, but God took pity on me, and though his own rules cannot be broken, he had one avenue in which I could avoid the fires of eternal hell.

Become this thing.

Neither holy nor a demon, but an entity that serves but one purpose. An angel cast outside the gates, shipwrecked on earth and enslaved to perform the duty of snatching souls, ushering them to the other side. Some to heaven. Some to Hell.

I declined.

I find it humorous when humans endeavor to describe Hell. The pain, agony and hopeless loneliness is beyond their comprehension. But as did the Lord above, old scratch took a shine to me too, and pulled me up from the horror. He told me things that God never mentioned when offering wings of death. I had a few liberties when it came to endeavors relating to the mortal world. Of course I did not trust the Devil, but he was indeed persuasive.

So I changed my mind.

Of course God knew that I would. He knows everything, you know. Perhaps he knew that the dark one would show me the way out — I know now that God uses him in this way more than we know. I was born again, sent back to walk with human kind, and begin my servitude.

Save the Queen.

That's how I saw it back then. Not as selfish. Not as cheating a soul from their deserved, heavenly reward — paid for by decades of chastity and service. Dark salvation meted by this rookie angel of death. I kept her soul here. Of course her body was dead, but the Devil shared secrets with me about the latitude an angel of my vocation can take with the souls of others. So for centuries she has lived and died, and I've watched over her wherever she went. We both had forgotten who we once were, but what did remain was my devotion. I always wondered if she remembered our love at all, or if it died with her that very first time that her heart stopped beating.

Twenty three.

That's how many lives my love has lived, proof and testament that purity is indeed soul deep. She always remained the woman I knew all those centuries ago, no matter how many times she returned from the dust. She is my gift to you, Spencer. Cherish her, she is timeless. I must let her go now, finally.

Dahl