

# Addendum

I don't have much to say this time. I'm sorry, Elliot. Even remembering this part of my life takes a lot out of me, so talking about it...

Even still, you need to know what happened. These years were formative for me, the same as with the Ancients Crisis, and after learning about them, you might understand the reasons behind what I did to you.

As with my retelling of the Ancients Crisis, though, I've again left you on a cliffhanger, one that seems so reminiscent of what happened back then. Mother Time, when will I learn?

Anyway, I'm sorry for that too, but this truly is the best place for me to pause the story. Everything after it...

It will change your opinion of me. I hope that it doesn't, but still, I know that hope is foolish.

Sometimes, I wonder if recording these tales will be the right thing for you, you know. Will this memoir help you, as I hope, or will it send you into a dark place that no one can rescue you from? Every time this question haunts me, I think back to a loss I went through, one similar to what you're experiencing now. In the weeks and months after it, I'd have given *anything*—and I do mean anything—just to hear his voice again, and knowing how alike we are, I think you'll be the same.

If you're not, then at least I can rest easy in the knowledge that one of your friends will take this away before we get to the worst parts.

Speaking of which, we should do that. My dumbass self is about to run after *shukusen* Sanya, and we get to follow him.

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