

My people did not have art like this. We were people to create pieces of perfection, every line was precisely cut, but we did not possess the wild creativity of humans. I admired this trait that belonged to humanity, I admired their flaring passion. Because of this, I chose to live amongst humans and be shunned by my own race. I could not feel the same way they do, I could not get the inspiration to create pieces of expression, but I could feel through their work. The fey folk were clever, calculating creatures, but we were cold and could not feel or understand the unpredictable whims of humans. Creativity was not natural to us, but looking at pieces such as this I could almost pretend I was human, I could almost feel the emotion stirring up within me.

This particular piece was cool in color, but even in its shades of blue and purple I could still feel a hint of warm, lively undertone, as if the artist left a piece of himself in the work. If it were one of my own who mimicked the piece that warm touch would be lost and there would simply just be depthless colors on a canvas. I don't know how the humans can do it, I don't know what it is they do that can make me feel, but they possess a certain power of expression.

Looking at this piece, I felt something almost mystical. I believe the artist was trying to paint something of wonder, like he wanted me to experience real magic. This piece wasn't a classic picture of a scene, but a bunch of colors smudged onto the canvas. When looking at the picture as a whole, it looked something like a galaxy in color, but the lines and setup itself resembled a cave of sorts. It was hard to explain, but that was what I enjoyed most of human art. It wasn't the picture that mattered; it was what inspiration and emotion lied underneath it.

The emotion he was feeling while paining was what I craved, I wanted to feel where his intention came from.

Over the years, I acquired quite the collection by human standards, but it was not nearly enough for me. I wanted to experience more; I wanted to be able to create like a human, I wanted to feel the emotion and know what imagination feels like. I've heard many wish for immortality, but humans don't understand what that means. When you live forever, your soul becomes petrified in a state that only exists, it does not feel. If you can't feel, can't love, can't create, what is the purpose of existing? Living and existing are not the same thing.

I won't live forever, I shunned my people's way of life and in turn I will eventually die. We are not immortals, we start as children and age over time, but we grow at a much slower pace and outlive humans by centuries. Our trick is to cut humanity off, we live in a world of isolation, and that separation is what extends our lives for so long. The fey reject what it means to be human, to feel emotion, and their souls remain untouched and cold. Humans love and break and their bodies age quicker with the hardships of their emotions, but they live complete lives of love and loss. My people see the world in the viewpoint of "why feel good when you can hurt? We can live forever without ever feeling the pain of loss."

I don't see the world that way, I want to experience something other than the cold beauty of the fey, I want to experience some kind of emotion. So I collect art and attend music performances. One of my absolute favorites was Beethoven, he was a boring man but his ability to create masterpieces I found marvelous. Another artist I like is Leonid Afremov, I enjoy his

work because he uses every color in an expressionist painting but can still convey a beautiful image. I wish I could see a world of color through his eyes.

No matter how many performances I attend or art I collect, I still can't feel emotion at the magnitude that humans do. I don't believe it is possible for my kind to experience that much at once, but that does not stop me from trying. I will burn my body out if need be just for the possibility to feel more than a hint of emotion stirring within me. One day, I would like to experience an emotion of my own, to possibly create from my own imagination, but I know better than to hope.

---

Regret was the only thing I could now feel. I know I am the one responsible for the creation of monsters, and accept that I must right my own wrong. There is no going back now, no going home. I've roamed the earth for centuries, only doing one thing, helping souls cross over to my realm.

But I have failed by allowing myself to get distracted by my loneliness. I was sent at the beginning of this planet's time, I thought it was an honor at first to be the chosen one. I came here, happy to assist the creator, but found this place to instead be punishment. I was alone, wandering the earth, collecting and shepherding souls to the next realm.

Then I met him, a man with so much life in him. He found me and made me feel like more than a tool. He didn't understand how I could follow orders so blindly, how I didn't have a name or a life of my own choosing. He made me feel love, feel what it was like to be loved. He

even gave me a name of my own, Alma. I never understood the wonders of having a name, an identity, and I cherished it with all of my being. Alma meant soul, meant spirit, meant goodness... he saw a goodness in me that I can never seem to find.

I neglected my duties during my time with him and others now suffer because of my careless and selfish mistake. I was supposed to help souls cross over once their bodies failed and died, but instead I was too wrapped up in my own happiness. In turn, these souls stayed on the earthly plane for too long and manifested into solid forms again. Souls are light and need to be somewhere less harsh in order to stay intact; the earth is too solid and possesses too much gravity for souls to stay in. I was sent for one purpose, to rid the world of wandering souls because the weight of gravity was too much pressure for them to undergo. The souls I neglected were subjected to torture; their beings of purity were crushed down by the weight of the world and forced into physical forms that could exist on the earthly plane.

My actions caused the creation of monsters and the souls I neglected were now unrecognizable in these unnatural forms. At the tough, I did not care about anything else but him, about us, about having more in life than a purpose to serve.

When his time came, I could not let go. I didn't want to let go, I didn't to lose everything I had. I held his body in my arms, forcing his soul to stay with me out of greed and the need to never be alone again. He smiled up at me and placed his hand on my cheek as a tear slid down my face. I had never cried before, I didn't know my body was capable of that, but once I started I could not stop the sobs that came from deep within my chest.

"Don't leave me," I begged, "I don't want to be alone again."

He gave me a weak smile, but didn't speak. I knew he couldn't because all of his energy was fighting to stay with me longer. Then, with a jerk, his body went limp in my arms and his soul started working its way out. "NO!" I screamed as I shoved his soul back into his broken body. I could not let go, not yet, not ever.

Then another came, another like me, another being from the other realm. Like myself, when he entered this world his form shifted from a being of light to the planets domains species, which at the moment was a human.

"It's time to let him go," the being spoke in a calm but strict tone that can only come from someone of true immortality. "It is his time to cross over."

"Why were you sent over here? I thought I was the only one. Can I go back now?" I asked, hoping I could be reunited with my lover in my home realm.

"No." he replied, revealing no hint of emotion like I've grown so accustomed to. "Your time is not done here; you must correct your wrong doings. You have failed this world and I was sent over to make sure you fix it, fix every mistake you have made. You must find a way to save the souls you have damaged; you must complete your mission and cross them over." He nodded to the man lying limp in my arms, "You must let him go, he cannot stay here and become like those you have destroyed."

More tears poured down my face, "But I love him, I need him."

"You need nothing, you are not a human. Do as you are told and release him." The being said. I looked down at the body in my arms, still reluctant to release the soul I've come to love.

Before I could say anything else, the soul was snatched out of the body and tossed into the other realm.