

ME ON FLAT EARTH



THE STORIES OF DON

DIGRESSINGME



PROLOGUE

It was all started when The Flying Village flight was disturbed by the unexpected appearance of Jim, Syane, and Don, who had sneaked in.

Don was sucked into Ingrid's body who was in her teleport status between relative and fixed as a realm portal.

Then Don appeared and disappeared, and reappeared and disappeared from one realm to another.

And this book tells his experience according to his loyal servant's point of view, **Ahhanaya**, the great shaman.



HOW I MET LORD DON

I was walking down the road with Lamma, carried my hocus-pocus stuff.

Came out of nowhere, he seemed to fall suddenly from the sky and hit Lamma, my riding animal until it tripped over.

At first, I wanted to beat up Lord Don man for making all my merchandise a mess. But I saw Lord Don still unconscious.

Then I felt pity and tried to wake him up, by telling Lamma to lick him.

It was hard enough to wake him up, then I pulled Lord Don on Lamma's back, and we took Lord Don to town.

Well, maybe my friend, Wa'aai, the better Shaman than me would be there to woke Lord Don.

Yes, I was indeed a Shaman, but not yet equivalent to Shamans who came from outside the region and had permission under the official Order.

I did not have a business license yet, let alone a place of practice. That's why I ran my business by traveling from village to village with my faithful Lamma.

Then I found Lord Don, and I felt that there was something uneasy about him and very dark.

On the way, sometimes he mumbled about his tin soldiers and someone had to repay for it.



LORD DON'S NIGHTMARE

Oh yes, maybe you are confused why I call him Lord. This was the origin . . .

That night, in the room of one of the shamans who also gave up after he analyzed Lord Don, all of a sudden Lord Don was delirious and vaguely unclear.

Unclear but very detailed, impossible but answered many of my questions about supernatural things.

About the whereabouts of the giants, of a flying village, the dead who came resurrected, a woman who can switched place in an instant.

And the most extraordinary was his gibberish about his grandmother who was like a gigantic monster but very beautiful, and got drowned by his grandfather to the deepest abyss of the world.

In the next morning, Lord Don finally woke up and he could relate and repeat everything he said last night.

I rushed, grabbed a pen and asked Lord Don to draw and wrote everything down.

And I was amazed! This was exactly what had been told for centuries in this place or realm I lived in. Lord Don just rewrote an ancient history! And he happened to be one of our ancestor's supreme leader! How in 1001 realms it could happened?



HIS FIRST MIRACLE



With all the evidence he made, I insisted that Lord Don really was or should be our supreme leader. So I taught him some simple tricks that I thought could at least triggered his memory of his previous power.

But as Wa'aai, my Shaman friend expected, it would not happen, and my partner was right.

Then I taught Lord Don another trick, this time it was a trick about hypnotizing people. Also failed. And I again got scorn from that insolent Shaman.

I did not run out of ideas, I remembered and reread the story of Lord Don's dream last night. And this time I taught him a little trick from the dark world. The trick to summon the ghost of a dead person. Usually, I used this trick to make money from people who wanted to talk to their dead relatives.

It seemed failed as well. I was almost desperate, when suddenly from the village came the screams of an elderly lady who insisted that her dead husband's spirit had appeared . . . along with all the battalions of soldiers who had fallen on the battlefield with her husband.

The Lord Don looks at me in surprise, I look at my partner for opinion, and he noded. The Lord Don's basic science is calling the spirits. Lord Don is a Necromancer. And a very potential Necromancer!



THE LAND OF TREACHERY

I forced Lord Don to train his skill no matter how many times he said that he had never had any sorcery knowledge before, in his previous life.

I found it strange since there was no such thing as gifted people who could do extraordinary things without had to work their ass hard.

Unless, he was really what I thought he's always been, one of the gods. Or maybe just a sorcerer who got his head bumped so hard he couldn't remember any of his spells?

We moved out to a remote place, a place where I and Wa'aai used to practice our dark magic. This place was cursed, some said. It was the place where genocide happened, the massive burial of the slum people who lived here some generations before my kind came here. When night comes, I can still smell the stench of blood. Yuck!

There's a folktale that tells about this one lady, from a slum kind, fought their way up The Tyrant. Her name was Sheen. She led her people so well, that even the slum army followed her commands.

One by one The Tyrant's fortresses were taken over under the siege led by Sheen. But The Tyrant's last and main fortress was impenetrable. The Slum people had no such technology nor weapon to dismantle The Tyrant's barricade.

Until Sheen told her army to retreat to a safe distance. Confused but also tired and feel hopeless, the army retreated. Back to their encampment.

And that night, Sheen sneaked out from the encampment and headed to The tyrant's fortress. She got undressed, then slowly but sure she gradually grew bigger and bigger, into a Wyvern.

She broke the fort into pieces that trembled her enemies to fear and then surrendered their weapons as the **Wyvern** flew away.

But. . . there was somebody who had been following Sheen from the encampment. She was Slova, a local Pure Blessor activist.

The next day, when the slum army rejoiced their victory, Slova told everyone about what she saw last night. That Sheen was actually a shapeshifter, a witch, and for **The Pure Blessor** followers, that was accounted as a blasphemy.

Sheen, stood still, she tried to deny and reasoned with the rest of her army that her act was more effective in achieving their victory. Some of the armies still didn't believe that Sheen was such a witch, or in this matter, a shapeshifter.

The army silenced for a while, a shapeshifter or not, Sheen was still a heroine of their people.

But Slova who sensed failure was coming in her plan unlocked the prison gate which held the enemy who seemed agree with Slova.

Like a trojan horse, the war happened again. This time in The Slum's encampment. No weapon, no preparation, pure brutal fight by fists!

With her "blessing" ability, Slova hypnotized some men to push Sheen to a carriage fitted only for six people. Then those men beat Sheen into a pulp in there. The carriage was too small and too strong for Sheen to transformed into a Wyvern.

Then **The Slum people** finally defeated by The Tyrant on their own encampment.

When Sheen woke up, she found herself tied to a pole, with its base piled with her beheaded friends. Sheen was so sad. Her bones were broken and disjointed. But that did not break her spirit. She screamed in anger.

All her enemies were laughing at her. They mocked her, challenged her to transform into a Wyvern if she could. But she couldn't. Every small muscle movement caused her so much pain.

She smelled the stench of blood in the air, not only hers but also from the heads piled under her legs.

Then came Slova...

Slova said that she could just release Sheen of all the pain if only Sheen shared her shapeshifting skill to Slova.

Sheen didn't get what Slova mean by that. And Sheen rose her head to see Slova in the face. Only to get shocked to see that Slova was The Tyrant himself!

How could that be?!?

No wonder The Tyrant was nowhere inside the fortress they destroyed. But how can he shapeshift too? And if The Tyrant already able to shapeshift, why would he want Sheen's shapeshifting ability? Sheen wondered while holding back from not showing that she was so much in pain right now.

The poor heroine of the slum. Sheen did not know that The Tyrant was not using the shapeshifting skill on them all along. The Tyrant simply hypnotized people who seen him saw him as Slova. And for the real Slova? Died wasted in a brutal village raid.

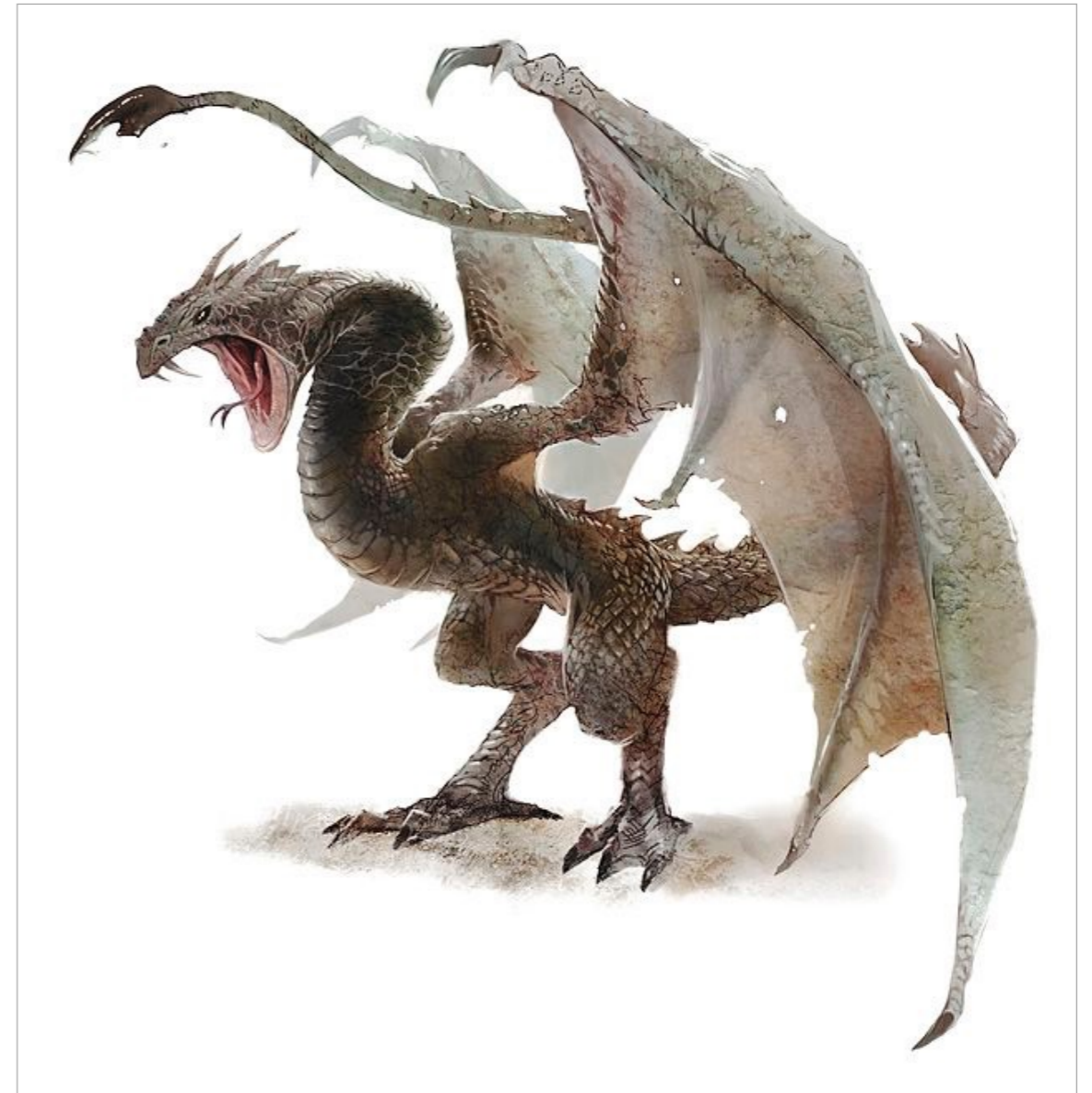
So... The Tyrant asked Sheen one last time to transfer her shapeshifting ability, and he will kill Sheen painlessly.

Sheen gathered all her strength to look up then spit on The Tyrant's face. That's her final answer.

The Tyrant wanted that shapeshifting skill so bad that he actually would be begging for it. But he was in front of hundreds of his armies. And everybody watched him be humiliated.

So The Tyrant ordered the armies to pass on using cutlery to pluck Sheen's meat out just a tiny piece for everyone until she died.

From that day, Sheen had been the unsung heroine. A little of those who admired her too scared to admit her sacrifice and remained unseen and some became refugees.





THE FINEST SOUL TO SQUEEZE

After I told you that long story, I'm sure that you finally understand why I brought Lord Don to this forsaken place.

Dead bodies! What else? Dead bodies everywhere!

Were there any better places to learn necromancy than in a place where we are surrounded by our lab rats?

On a second thought, I might improve my necromancy skill here too. Since we had limitless dead bodies here.

So we started slow, we didn't want something like yesterday to happen again here. Which came to my thought, was that grandma buried her husband and his friends in her backyard?

Lord Don was not a patient man. He skipped all the spell he considered not suitable for him. I could not follow what was that he tried to find. He opened the book back

and fro, back and fro. Then he stopped on one page. His expression looked troubled. He found a bookmark. A piece of paper used as the necromancy book bookmark.

It was a picture of Sheen. He took it then he asked me, who was in the picture?

Then I told him the folktale I told you earlier. He was surprised but looked aroused. Lord Don never stopped to amaze me. I knew from that moment that he liked to reach the highest places. Fight the hardest battle. And of course, learned the hardest spell. He was willing to resurrect Sheen!

And days became weeks, I leveled my skills up to some levels. While Lord Don seemed stuck in the page he chose. I was worried but scared that I would break his spirit if I interrupted him with boring old school teacher's bits of advice. Then he walked to one spot and didn't move from there. So I put the tent out of Lamma then made a camp for us there.

Until one day...

The land cracked! Right under the three of us. Lamma ran away in fear. I was so shocked I could not move my legs. I

saw Lord Don raised his arm up high. The higher he raised his arm, the bigger the crack became.

Then I understood right away...

Lord Don was not summoning Sheen, he was summoning The Wyvern!

Now imagine this, after you know what a living Wyvern in my story could do, imagine what an undead Wyvern could possibly do!



WE'RE RARELY PROUD WHEN WE'RE ALONE

That's why we brought the undead Wyvern to town with us.

Looked at the terrorized look on townsfolk' faces really was an entertainment for both me and Lord Don. Especially to Lord Don, I could see that in his eyes, he was so proud of himself, like this was the first time he had ever achieved something this big. But, who could argue with us now? This Wyvern is so big!

And then... Wa'aaai came to break our winning aura. He warned us that some of The Tyrant followers might still be among us, hidden in the faces of people we thought were friends.

Lord Don took it for granted. His eyes showed great fighting spirit. As if looking for a worthy opponent. I had a bad feeling about that. It looked like a little part of Sheen was possessing him. Looking for revenge.

So Wa'aai asked us politely to leave the village soon before we attracted any more attention. Lord Don rejected the offer, then jumped on the Wyvern to fly away. But Wa'aai was not a Shaman people could take lightly. He dispels Lord Don's power over the Wyvern. Then the Wyvern vanished.

Luckily, Lord Don fell on a thatched roof. He rushed approached Wa'aai, not because of his fall, but because Wa'aai dispels the masterpiece Lord Don strived for days!

So, I and Lamma separated them both from fighting before we gathered more audience.

Lord Don asked me what was the point of having such powers if he couldn't use it anywhere he wanted.

Then I told him, that's why necromancy was not very popular. Unless he wanted to have widows asking to talk to her dead husband as his clients.

My explanation made him laugh. Not a good laugh, I was glad he didn't laugh much. But I was happy to know that deep inside, Lord Don still have some room to be filled with goodness.

In our spare time, when we were not training, I often asked him about his nightmare. The constellation, the Flying Village, and Toy Soldier. He always tried to remember and told me more detail, but not about the toy soldier part. He became very moody when we talked about that part. So I took a step backward from that topic.

Lord Don told me that Sheen was much like his mother, came from a slum, a great fighter... but then again, he became moody afterward.

So I avoided that two sensitive topics.

He asked me why I called him Lord Don, not just Don. Then I told him my reason. I was born in a place where there were millions of beliefs, so many, we could not make a good thing to something without actually made it worse for others. Sounded stupid yet? So here I am, got hit by a kid from the sky and called him my lord. I think at least I was finally certain about one thing. And I told him that I really hoped that he didn't mind. He smiled, and he thought it was cool. So he let me, and I was happy.

Lord Don asked me if the summoned Wyvern had been dispelled, can he resurrect it later? I said sure he could, as long as there was any corpse to use. But he insisted to have that same Wyvern that Sheen was.

I have never been a coward in my life before. But the answer I about to gave him was...



MEET SHEEN

I was beginning to ask about my loyalty to Lord Don as we dug the mass grave to find Sheen's corpse. Rotten limb and skeletons appeared randomly. of course, I was not that stupid to dig with my own hands. I summoned some skeletal minions to do that for me. I was wondering what would they greet each other when they found someone familiar on their way down?

As for Lord Don, he illuminated our way down. With a torch! You really thought he already mastered any ray illumination skill?

We were lost down here. I knew we could be lost like this. Even Lamma knew this. He refused to come down here.

As if we were not damned enough, the wind blew the torch out, along with the rattling sound of fallen skeletal minion. This situation is driving me mad! I was getting out of patience so I grab one of my hocus pocus bag, told Lord Don to hide behind me and closed his nose with some clothes. Then I threw the bag forward to the hole we had not finish digging yet. Gained some few feet deeper and the hole was as bright as daylight.

Lord Don asked what magic what was, and why didn't I do it sooner? He might be naive, so I had to explain this for his knowledge. I told him that it was a mix of gunpowder and phosphor. Luckily I had recharged the phosphor before. And I didn't do it sooner, because, well... the skeletal minion knew better which direction to dig, right?

Finally, we hit a hard surface. Like a coffin. So we opened it. There laid the Great Sheen. Horrific but very majestic.



FAMILIAR FACES

Sheen was looking so majestic even in her current condition. I lost my guts to walk any nearer, but not with Lord Don.

He approached Sheen's body like they knew each other for long.

Strange if I could say. After all these ages, even her tale was almost forgotten, her blood was still wet on her mummified body.

She must've been one great witch that even The Tyrant feared her. That meant Tyrant defeated Sheen only after he deceived her. I believed he wouldn't stand one blow from Sheen in one on one fight alone.

Lord Don looked very happy and tried to free Sheen by loosened up those bandages and took her out of her coffin. What was on his mind?

Sheen was not looking so great anymore after all the bandages that covered her body had been cut loose. She was not more than a pile of rotten meat on broken skeletons. A very very broken skeleton like someone cast the hammer of god spell to smote her.

But that was not Tyrant's doing. Unless Tyrant had Paladins under his control. And that was not a good thing to be against with.

Paladins were the royal knights imbued by the power of gods. Some of them turned their side when they found something more interesting when they did their errands.

I had a fight once with their kind. Stupid reasons it was. I mocked their King. And the result was known even before I attacked him. My movement was getting slower, my power got decreased, every single step I took to get closer cost me extra energy lost.

And the sad part was... he was just standing there waiting for me to launch my attack. But I couldn't. The victory was his. But Paladins were great men. He helped me up and then he

cured me. And he told me, that no one should mock anyone, even the king himself.

Lord Don was disappointed about what he saw. He really thought Sheen would be looked like in her picture he found in my book. I interrupted his silence and made sure he listened to the end of the story I told her about Sheen... About what fate Sheen met.

Suddenly, Lord Don cried, his imagination in picturing Sheen being tortured in my story was nothing like this rotten and broken body laid in front of him.

I knew from that moment in the village when Lord Don summoned The Wyvern. A small portion what's left of Sheen had been stuck with him. Then I had a very big concern... what if Sheen wanted a revenge?



MAKING A MASTERPIECE

But we had come this far. At least we should scavenge this place for treasures if there was any. Perhaps there were some Slum people hid their belongings here.

So I raised some skeletons to help me scout the place for any shiny or valuable objects.

As for Lord Don, he was busy with my other book, my steampunk book which I rarely used. he asked if he can build an "autonom" by combining both magic arts. I never tried that, so I was not sure. Besides, the steampunk book was less useless than a rag in my bag.

I only carried it around just in case someone would want to buy it to fix a car for an instance. And it was not considered magical at all.

Proper tools and materials would be needed. It was not like in fairy tales where two twins gods could turn anything from junk into something valuable.

Lord Don shushed me to be quiet. He found something interesting. And he wanted to be left alone.

Hours passed, I could hear moaning voice in the catacombs. It definitely was not Lord Don's voice, more like a female voice, then I heard a gasping sound, also not his. Could it be Sheen? What were you doing exactly, Don?

I fell asleep in boredom after I heard my summoned skeletons rumbled down in the distance.

I woke up with a dizzy head, the air was so thin down there, not to mention the heat. And that sounds from the catacombs got weirder and weirder. Argh... my valuable books. I hoped Lord Don didn't lose any pages of them. So I called Lord Don and asked if it would be fine if I came in. He said to wait for a few more moments since there was something not attached yet.

Attached?!? My craziest imagination can only be imagined that Lord Don was creating a...



FRANKENSHEEN

In the name of my ancestors! He really did it, he made something from what was left of Sheen. He combined the necromancy spell he just learned with some scraps he got from my steampunk tutorial book. He was a Lord indeed, a genius one of a kind. A combination of a mad necromancer and an engineering prodigy.

She walked around her grave by stumbling over her new body. Wondered how this could happen to her. The last thing she remembered was The Tyrant's armies plucked her flesh out a bit by a bit.

One of Lord Don's best restoration was on the reconstruction of Sheen's face. Perhaps because that was the part that Lord Don remembered the most from a piece of the picture he got from my study book.

Her body was entirely made of gears and other machinery things I did not understand. Just if I read more of my steampunk book, perhaps I could understand

better. Sheen was a warrior and I believed she still had much fighting spirit in her. She tried and tried to control her movement.

Sheen looked grateful and hugged Lord Don to show her gratitude. But later, she looked sad because she lost her shapeshifting ability. She said that she felt like a puppet without a puppeteer without her shapeshifting ability.

But Lord Don was too tired already. And we needed some fresh air. So we climbed up to the surface.

The sun was already right above us when we came out. But the sun was not the only thing waiting for us when we got out of burial.

Around more than ten "The Pure Blessers" awaited us there. And did not seem too happy we went there. Moreover, we have ransacked the grave and made it our experimental place. A kind of very dark experiment.



DRAG THE WATER

That "Pure Blesser" bastards, they dragged us along with Frankensheen to town. It seemed like the nights back incident of Wyvern's summoning has reached the ears of those Pure Blessers.

And this had never been worked well. They defiled a shaman like me, especially when they find out that Lord Don has practiced necromancy skills.

At that moment I regretted why The Tyrant did not slaughter them all at the time of the war, as they did to Slova. And make sure that they won't breed their kind anymore.

Lord Don was really tired and angry over this abuse. And I saw his mouth begin to recite the mantras. But I stopped him. We were not ready yet.

I was too late but did not regret what happened next ...

I thought Lord Don would cast a necromancy spell that would be very easy for The Pure Blessor to dispell. Instead, he sent a signal to Frankensheen for an assault!

Frankensheen still had her memories and her fighting skills, but that time, with her new rusty looks, he was tougher, faster and meaner.

Me and Lord Don were positioned face down, we could only see the shadows of those who captured us. I saw a silhouette of Frankensheen's arm went through one of the Pure Blessor. It only took thirty seconds for Frankensheen to made this dryland wet.

I looked at her, she had two blade wings grew on her back, and she was holding one of The Pure Blessor's schyte. Then she retracted everything into her body. Including that huge schyte.

Lord Don raised me up, smiled and then asked me to call Lamma who had been watching us from the distance. There were four of us now, wandering the limitless land. I hoped Wa'aai would join us, but he had his own settled life.

LIKE A WOLF PACK

It had been several days since the last slaughtering event that Frankensheen did, nothing much happened. I thought there would be some groups of Pure Blessers went after us. Bot, nothing. We just walked and waited for something else to happen.

In his spare time, Lord Don put new tools into Frankensheen and breathed it a new spell. Lord Don had a great sense of perception. He could tell which one of our luggage we should let go and which one he could put into Frankensheen. That way, we would not be burdened. Lord Don used the spoiled luggage for Frankensheen's new upgrade.

Once we looked each other when we held a conversation around a bonfire we made. The way we looked at each other really meant that we were so much comfortable walking in a pack, like wolves.

Imagine this, led by Lord Don with limitless but unrevealed ability yet. I, a shaman with massive knowledge of various basic magic spells. Frankensheen, the mean killing machine that only Lord Don knew what he had planted into it. And of course, the powerful Lamma who carried all of our belongings. Too bad he was also always been the first one who ran away. But, what if he did that to save our belongings from being scavenged?



OUR FIRST SIDE QUEST

You knew that every quest had their own side quests, right? Not to us. We had our side quest before we knew what our main quest would be. Funny, huh?

We reached a village with an Order logo on the top of the archway. The logos were rarely seen anywhere. But it always brought despair on each of their appearances.

Lord Don recognized this logo, so was I. It was the same logo he drew in his nightmare. Unfortunately, we had not much information about what the logo represented. But too much information about what the Order follower had done to any villages they put that logo on.

They traded money with magical powers, fake promises of peace and other things that might interest the naive villagers. Everything used to go well as promised, as long as the villagers keep paying the price they keep rising. Once the villagers stop paying. The Orders left the

village with everything they have given. Left the village rotten and full zombies.

I saw the intrigued eyes of Lord Don. He hoped for a massive fight with every opponent we could find there.

Then...

Came a girl, looking for her lost cat. A simple human girl, no threat, no sense of had been zombified, no magical aura, nothing.

Just a simple girl looked for her cat!

Then she asked us if we could help her, and offered a shelter in her abandoned house as long as we searched for her cat.

I said no! Lamma agreed with me.

But Lord Don said yes. And Frankensheen agreed with him. So I came along.

The girl pointed to the nearest woods, where she thought we might find her cat.

Lord Don split our group in two. Frankensheen with me and Lord Don went with Lamma and let the girl sit on Lamma. Then into the woods, we all went.

It was a very pleasuring moment to watch Frankensheen open our way through the wood. She could cut any bushes with a single swing. Then I cast the protection spell to protect myself from bug bites.

We found no sign of the cat, so we went back to the rendezvous point to meet Lord Don.

Lord Don was not there yet. So we waited for a while more. I saw a bright ray of light come from the other side of the woods. So I cast my Mufastah spell to reach the source of that light faster. It was a level 1 spell, so I only moved a bit faster than Frankensheen.

We arrived at the light source. We found Lord Don gasping with an injured shoulder. It was a wound from a magic attack, not a holy attack like The Pure Blessor had. So I presume revenge was not the cause of this attack. But who did this?

Suddenly, the same ray of light came from behind me. I ducked. But Frankensheen got a direct hit and thrown a few steps forward. She got up, with a hole in her back. Then she repaired herself from within. But the same ray hit her again.

...TO BE CONCLUDED

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Ahhanaya

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Lamma

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Lord Don

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Sheen

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The Pure Blessor

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Wa'aai

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