

"Satan's" Introduction

For these stories, I am *Satan*. I italicize the word because it is the modern translation of the name I went by during the events that I am about to relate. In fact, I'd like to mention that *all* of the dialog that appears in the following narrative is a modern translation of the languages spoken in the days that the stories transpire. I state this because the concept of other languages is quite foreign to most people when there has been only one universal language for so long. Of course, it is well known that my name is not *Satan*, but it was a name mistakenly applied to me that I temporarily adopted for reasons that will be revealed through the course of the stories.

The memoirs following this introduction will appear in the form of stories told from the third person. I do this simply to make it a more dramatic and interesting read; however, because I cannot completely separate myself from my own point of view, I will introduce the following convention: anything I said aloud will be presented in italics. This should suffice as I will perform no direct actions. My only contribution, in fact, will be dialog with the principle character, which ironically (considering that these are *my* memoirs), is not me.

Now, to set up the stories, I had been betrayed then imprisoned for a very long time. In fact, due to my immortality and the duration of my incarceration, I was deprived of the opportunity to exact my revenge as the perpetrators were long dead and forgotten by the time I freed myself. I never fully understood the nature of my prison. I was surrounded by a darkness that completely cut me off from the outside world. I was unable to track the passage of time, so I cannot be precise when discussing the duration of my imprisonment. The "walls" of this prison repelled me in a way similar to that of like poles of a magnet. The closer I pushed to the darkness, the stronger I was repelled.

The prison was not perfect, though. From time to time, a rift would appear in the darkness. These rifts were rarely larger than an inch or so and never large enough to escape through. Moreover, they would only last a few seconds. As I stated before, time was impossible to measure, but to the best of my knowledge, these rifts appeared on average, once every few years. They did afford me glimpses of the room beyond, though it was always empty and unchanged, until one day, it wasn't.

An unusually large rift opened, one large enough to reach my hand through, and beyond it stood a man. He stared at me dumfounded. I quickly reached out and grabbed his wrist. He screamed with fright. The rift quickly closed and forced me back to the prison's center, but I had made contact with the world outside. That was how I met Solon and that was how my liberation began after such a long

time. I would soon find out just how great an amount of
time it was...