

# Mental Illness Saga Epilogue

## 1. Immaculacy

*Written by "Ina Izumi"*

Time passes and secrets are getting harder to keep. The more time it passes, and the more people know about a secret, it goes exponentially to become part of the public domain. This has happened with the fuchsia liquid experiment. The streets are gradually crowded with citizens outraged by the events that have happened over the last year: forced disappearances that have gotten out of control, human experimentation and a dangerous experimental chemical capable of modifying the composition of the human body itself. The secret can no longer be hidden and more and more information is leaked, especially after the leak of critical information about that secret research and experimentation project leaked by a recently disappeared journalist. People are angry and not willing to allow another disappearance. The government has only two options, confront the masses, or accept full blame and responsibility for the disastrous project, which some people have discovered is called the "immaculate project." People want to see the heads of those responsible roll on the scaffold or, at least, that they resign from their positions and be tried for crimes against humanity.

This has led Senator Agatha Davis to seek explanations from one of those most directly responsible for carrying out said project, agent Markuz, who has been recovering rapidly after a critical operation to remove some bullets, which resulted in successful, even though she is still on bed rest. Agatha has a main question about the reason behind such abominable crimes: Why? to which Markuz, without masks and without fear, because he feels that the time has come to start his plan, began to tell her his motivations. For Markuz, all politicians are the same: they only seek to accumulate as much power as money they can, and for Markuz, they have been the ones who have pushed the situation out of control. He considers that, if he is going to be tried as a criminal, all politicians should also be tried as criminals since they are the ones who devise and design such projects and give the orders behind most of those projects, since he has only followed orders in most cases, even though there are some things that have sidelined him for purely personal motivations and reasons. Agatha, tired of the vagueness of Markuz's first explanation, asks him to cut to the chase, to which Markuz proceeds.

Markuz alludes to the fact that it is not the first project that engages in human experimentation against the will of the specimens but to the fact that it is one more project among many others that currently exist and have already existed before. One of the projects Markuz refers to particularly among the above involving human experimentation is one in which a complex hadron collider-like machine was being developed, financed and highly supported by a secret organization to which only high-ranking members belonged. Government officials. The goal of said machine was to control time and space, to make things like teleportation, psychokinesis, and the ability to read other people's minds possible on a large scale. The purpose of this project was kept top secret and, perhaps, only the top government officials really knew what it was all about. Meanwhile, the scientists who were dedicated to these projects, the majority believed that it was some pseudo-scientific eccentricity of those politicians, as had happened before, but it is not that these scientists were honest with what they thought, since at the end of accounts for complying with these apparently pseudo-scientific whims could collect a salary, so they followed the game of those politicians.

Markuz then asked Agatha, how would you imagine the human being traveling in the void?, as a kind of immaterial being, seeing the experiences of all the others without them realizing that their privacy is being violated and their secrets vulnerable personalities, as if the one who reached that status of demi-god were the narrator of the stories of mortals and could see everything in an omnipresent way, while life plays the melody of the flute that leads us all to perdition. Markuz concludes that god does not exist, but that human beings, particularly a few with great power and many resources at their fingertips, want to aspire to be gods. The elites are convinced that we live in a simulation and want to be the first to access the programming of said simulation. Is it not that this other experiment has gotten out of hand a punishment of nature to the human being for trying to aspire be a god and break the balance? The Senator, who understands what he is talking about, impatiently asks what that experiment that was canceled two years ago has to do with this other atrocious experiment of mental and physical control of citizens and those who have ordered him to execute it. To which Markuz replies that this really has a lot to do with it.

Markuz argues to Agatha, that the same elites who devised to aspire to be demigods, a project that they closed after a spectacular accident with a kind of hadron collider with a victim who was left in a coma after a beam of light from the collider crossed his skull, and which they hope to reopen at some point in the future when there is greater technological progress without caring about the apparent fatalities of said accident, are those who have sponsored this "immaculation project". This elite of politicians, called themselves "Those from beyond", was looking for a way to preserve their bodies while waiting for medical technology to continue advancing to be able to cure the diseases that their old age has brought them little by little. At the same time, they hoped that technology would continue to advance so that they would have the necessary means to ascend to the state of omnipresent demigods to which they aspire. In the end, the original objective of the fuchsia liquid for that organization was to keep the bodies of those elderly members of it well preserved and in suspended animation, on the path to world domination, not only of this country, which they already have clearly controlled. Agatha, who seems annoyed to hear these conspiracies and the subject of secret organizations, even though perhaps she is part of one, at first believes that Markuz's justifications are hoaxes and asks him to tell her the truth, in order to stop the scandal that has detonated and maybe he would get fewer years in prison after leaving the hospital.

Markuz tells Agatha that what he says is true and that perhaps she knows it and is trying to cover up, but he asks her to let him continue since he still hasn't finished explaining. Agatha replies that she doesn't have time to listen to absurd conspiracies and that she will leave. A few seconds after saying that, after a brief deathly silence, a man puts his hand on Agatha's shoulder and she, turning around, realizes that they are pointing a gun at her head. Agatha gets scared and threatens Markuz about the possible consequences of kidnapping a senator, to which he replies that the only justice there is himself, because all the agents who guard the hospital are men directly under his orders, and while he is guarded by his faithful intelligence team, which only responds to his orders and not to any other politician, military authority or police officer. Markuz also invites Agatha to listen to the rest of the story, to which Agatha reluctantly, having no choice, agrees and sits on a chair by the bed while a gun is pointed at her and surrounded by other agents loyal to Markuz. Then Markuz continues telling his dramatic story and the recent history that unfolds in the shadow hidden behind the gloom of the night in the government, that story that, Markuz affirms, happens by itself if the rest of the population is aware of it or not.

Then Markuz, continuing where he left off, admits that he does have his own motivations, but that he has only "democratized" and made said project more fun. He claims that his wife, now in a coma, was a woman obsessed with collecting and caring for dolls, almost as if they required human care, and that his wife spoke to the dolls as if they had feelings, even though they were only a piece of plastic, resin, pvc or some other material. This seemed nice to Markuz and it is a good memory that he has of her, so, seeing that that fuchsia liquid postulated and investigated by the missing Doctor Eris has those properties, and since her superiors, those first-order politicians belonging to the organization "those from beyond" to whom he is accountable and follows his orders, they asked him to experiment with said substance in other specimens that are not animals to discover more about it and perfect said substance, and Markuz came up with a better way to do it, in a way that would result in an honor that would pay tribute to his wife: to use this powerful chemical to turn people into dolls. On the other hand, the broader the group in which said substance was tested, the broader the results of said investigation would be, for which he leaked that chemical to the rest of the world, convincing his superiors that they would thus take advantage of it to get rid of undesirable people, through a toy store that served as a front and that sold that substance on the Internet, and said toy store was attended by one of his subordinates so I could see the results of such a large-scale experiment first hand, often receiving feedback from those customers who were very interested in the procedure and who returned to the store in search of buying new dolls or to buy more of these chemicals.

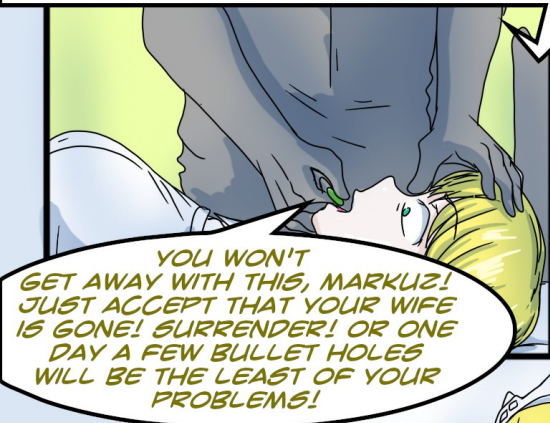
On the other hand, continues Markuz, he affirms that in case they are holding him responsible for all the damage that this substance is causing, it is because he, tired of everything being so easy for those political elders, who slowly rot while are undoubtedly approaching his death, he accepted that he did not give those results of the investigation to that elite "those from beyond" because he considered that the best thing is that said chemical be available to everyone, and thus also be able to test the effects of the chemical on a larger population with broader results. If that chemical was a way to achieve immortality, a chemical developed with the financing of taxpayers, the best thing is that everyone could access said substance, right? And each person be responsible for the use they give it, good or bad. On the other hand, Markuz comments that despite this, he does have his own motivations for keeping the results of said experiments to himself. Markuz asked Senator Agatha if she wanted to see in detail the outcome of his investigation firsthand, as he gave a big, evil smile, to which Agatha, terrified, refused. So while Markuz stands up from the stretcher, Markuz's agents subdue the stretcher and strap it end to end, while Markuz recounts the process of said transformation step by step, commenting on the details discovered in each part of the process.

First, Markuz says, he shrinks the victim with this green pill, which had been invented before for other purposes. This pill, depending on the dose, can dwarf the one who ingests it to different sizes. Markuz then forces Agatha to ingest said pill, ending up with Agatha shrunken after a few minutes of waiting. Agatha was terrified and moving a lot, while they tied her to a small metal plate that they already had ready, for any eventuality. Markuz states that it is the best way to do this, since if he transfuses that fuchsia liquid, the specimen may die as their heart may explode, but if it does not die, it will be a very painful process. Before, the only way to do this process painlessly without shrinking is the slow way, says Markuz, since the fuchsia liquid must be injected into the victim every day for 30 days. As that time passes, that chemical mutates the blood, until it converts the rest of the blood into a liquid of the same color and consistency as the original fuchsia liquid. And as this happens, the human body changes in its consistency, since its blood and its nutrients are being replaced by that liquid that causes other effects in the victim and changes the functioning of the body: the skin becomes soft but

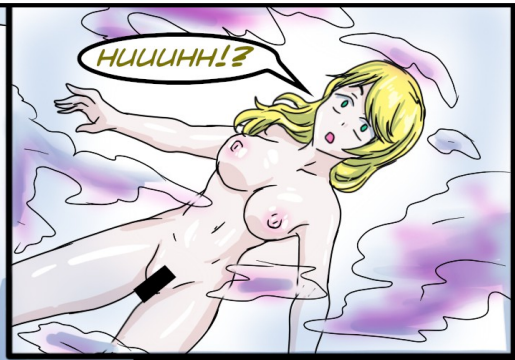
rigid and elastic to a certain extent, like a tough but flexible resin; the organs take on a consistency like that of a resin or plastic, entering a state of suspended animation and hibernation. The only thing slightly still alive inside the victim is the heart that slowly keeps pumping that fuchsia liquid to all the ends of the body to maintain the effect, and the brain, which is also in a state of suspended animation and turned into a kind of rubber, albeit superficially and only partially, and that the victim remains in exchange for this form of preservation of his organism, immobilized by losing most of his brain capacities and therefore of their motor capacities, having to be the specimen cared for by others and stored in a safe place in which the antidote is applied, which would return the specimen to normal, although it may leave some mental sequelae in some cases, while the mind of the specimen sinks deeper and deeper into various fantasies that they can be induced or suggested from the outside. He also comments that, in some individuals, there are possibilities that by themselves, after a long time, they learn to metabolize said fuchsia liquid and that their blood little by little replaces said liquid to a greater extent, although, Markuz comments, it is something very rare that it happens, only in some people who suffer from albinism, perhaps related to the sensitivity of their skin to sunlight, which influences the feeding of these specimens, since that liquid also converts into that kind of resin in which the skin has become, the only organ that receives energy, which receives sunlight and converts it into nutrients in some way, at least those necessary to certainly keep a small and immobile alive person.

On the other hand, Markuz continues as he moves on to the next step, which is the application of that fuchsia chemical, he comments that it depends on how much blood the chemical replaces, how profound the specimen changes. The usual is that, once the victims are shrunk, by means of a rapid transfusion, 80% of the blood is drained and replaced quickly or simultaneously with the fuchsia chemical. That is the quick method and the one that practically completely turns the specimens into dolls, which continue to think, but, explains Markuz to complete what he said earlier, their minds are invaded by a series of sexual fantasies that keep the victim all the time in ecstasy with their racing hearts pumping more and more fuchsia chemical, which intensifies those fantasies and which, in the end, causes the heart to continue beating at its limit more and more liquid, which keeps the brain busy and the mind of the victim so that it remains entertained in some way, while plunging it into a permanent cycle of forced, accelerated and dense ecstasy. However, Markuz explains, he has discovered a less traumatic way to induce fuchsia fluid, and quickly pulls out a fuchsia pill that works like a large amount of concentrated, synthesized fuchsia fluid, breaks off a small part of the pill, and forces the senator to swallow part of the interior of the small capsules that were inside the pill. That pill can quickly induce a doll-like state even if they remain their natural size, so only a fraction of the pill is necessary for people who have already been shrunk. However, Markuz continues to explain, if the chemical is introduced in less quantity than stipulated for its size, the victim may have more control over their body. Once Agatha finishes receiving the application of said substance, she can still move, but her cheeks turn red and her mind is involuntarily excited and invaded by fantasies, even though she is still somewhat aware of it. Markuz explains to Agatha that she now has all the benefits of the closest thing anyone has ever aspired to immortality, but without losing all her human abilities, at least not yet.

I ALREADY TOLD YOU MY INTEREST IN THE FUCHSIA LIQUID, SENATOR DAVIS. I WILL NOT BE DETERRED, BUT SINCE YOU ELITES ARE SO CURIOUS ABOUT OUR DOLLIFICATION PROCESS, WHY NOT A FIRST-HAND DEMONSTRATION?

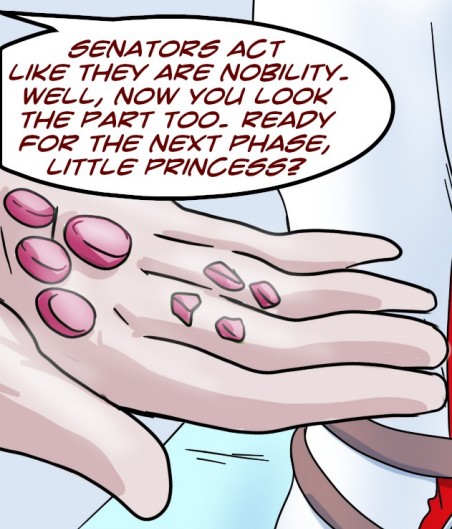


YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, MARKUZ! JUST ACCEPT THAT YOUR WIFE IS GONE! SURRENDER! OR ONE DAY A FEW BULLET HOLES WILL BE THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS!

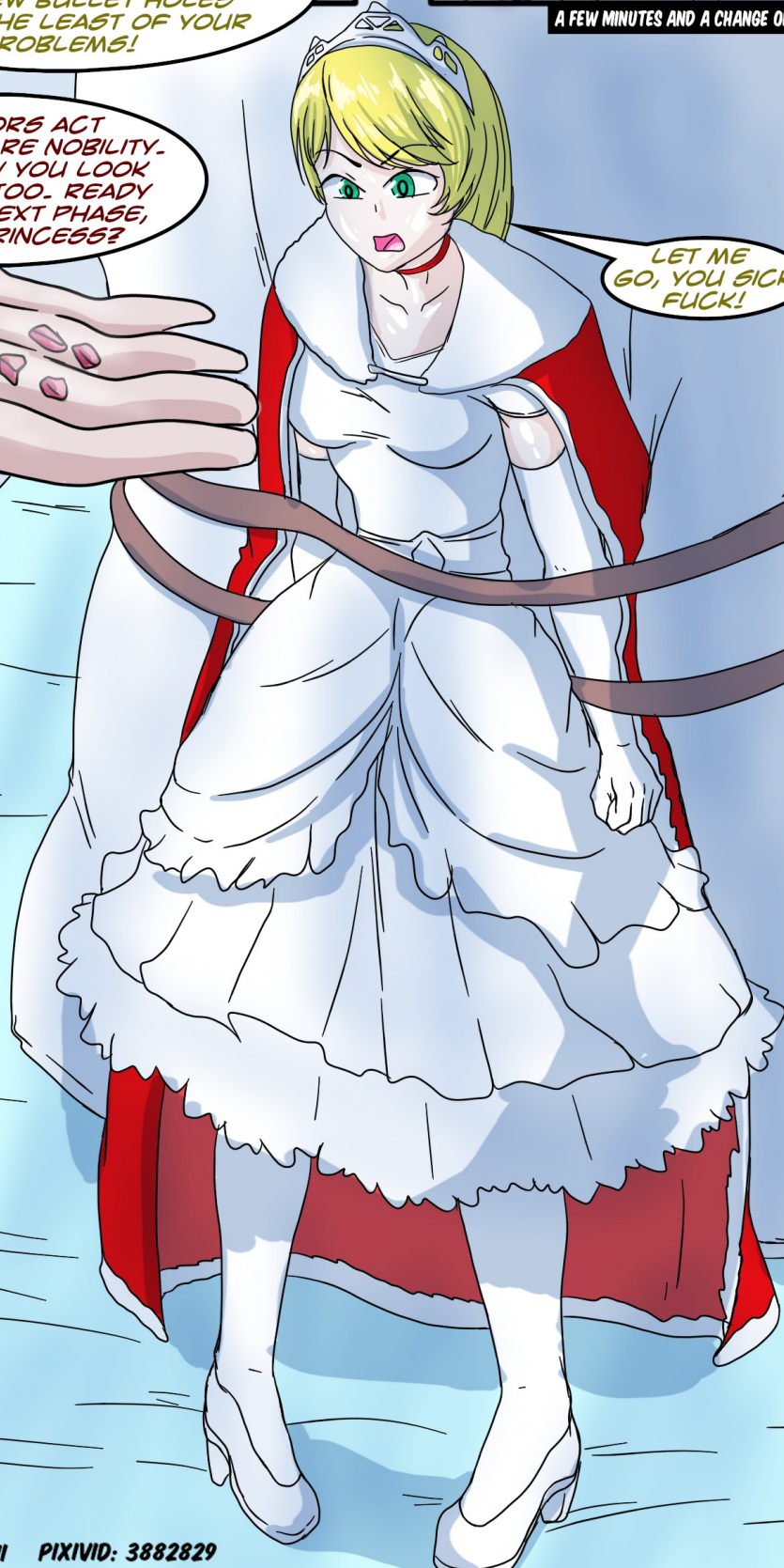


HUUUUHH!?

A FEW MINUTES AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES LATER



SENATORS ACT LIKE THEY ARE NOBILITY. WELL, NOW YOU LOOK THE PART TOO. READY FOR THE NEXT PHASE, LITTLE PRINCESS?



LET ME GO, YOU SICK FUCK!

Markuz continues explaining to Agatha that, already with that amount of chemical, her body can be mechanically modified so that, if total control and coercion of the victim is really sought, this result can be obtained with greater success. After a few minutes in which Agatha has undergone surgery, she, now dressed appropriately for her new circumstances, in a fluffy white dress, a red cape, white stockings and gloves and a tiara a pretty doll dress Reminiscent of the dress of royalty, a stale political elite that remains in some countries, it has also been noticed that it has a few additional accessories: an off switch, a hole for a wind-up key and another hole from which a pendant cord hanged. Baffled, Agatha is taken by Markuz, who ruthlessly turns off the switch that was hidden on the back of Agatha's neck. Suddenly Agatha's body smiles effusively as she gazes into infinity. There are some spasms in Agatha's hip, but her fate is already inevitable. The next step, Markuz explains, as he packs Agatha up in a doll box, is to be sold for a customer to try on as a doll and, after a while, to fill out a form explaining all their findings about the victim and deliver to the doll shop. This is how the process works. "You still don't believe me?" Markuz asks a motionless and smiling Agatha, who is now inside a doll package, even though Markuz knows that Agatha can still hear and even her mind is still active in some way.

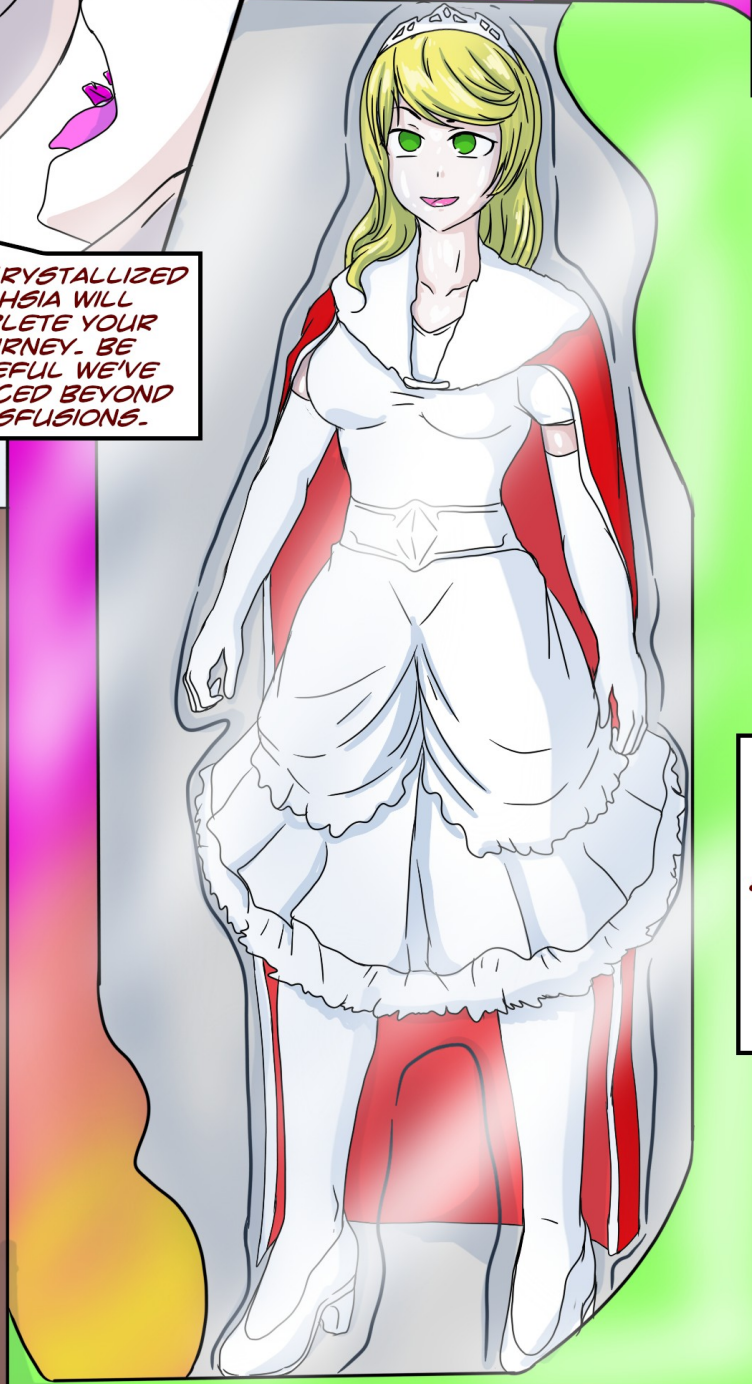
Markuz continues talking to the doll as he holds the box in his hands and sits on the table. He comments that there is still one more motivation, which has led him to guard the results of said investigation with such suspicion. And that is, that there is a person that everyone has forgotten in those two years: the main victim of that accident with the hadron collider, whose body and mind have been detached after being accidentally locked in the middle of the path of a beam of light that passed through his head and brain, and that his body slowly rots and ages as his mind wanders. Markuz believes that he can make the body of that victim of that accident immortal, an accident that the government was never responsible for repairing and that has left everything in Markuz's hands, in order to at least prevent that victim's body from aging in which finds a way to bring the mind of that victim back to his body. That victim, an effusive scientist and university teacher, whose mind at this point must be corrupted by the power of omnipresence, while her body is guarded with the highest medical and scientific care in a secret underground base enabled by Markuz, is that tender wife and sister twin that Markuz hopes to see again sometime. All this situation makes it impossible for Markuz to distinguish between reality and delusion and sometimes he hears the voice of his wife urging him to carry out this risky plan...

Markuz concludes, as he packs the new doll that was formerly Agatha in a paper bag, which he hands to his men to be delivered to a doll shop, that society has failed him and his wife, and that society, represented by the government, has no reason to reproach the two of them, who are nothing if not the victims of a people who comfortably vote always for the same candidates without caring how corrupt they are or how much power they have already accumulated, and an infamous and criminal government that, in the end, sees all its citizens as its toys, as its dolls. Markuz shouts that slogan while the men who accompany him, part of his personal security body, who are totally loyal to him, applaud, all while Markuz gets dressed and prepares to go out to see his wife to put the results into practice. of that investigation, that renowned scientist who has been in a coma for two years and has been presumed dead since then by the government: Ina.



NNGGHH!

SOME CRYSTALLIZED FUCHSIA WILL COMPLETE YOUR JOURNEY. BE GRATEFUL WE'VE ADVANCED BEYOND TRANSFUSIONS.

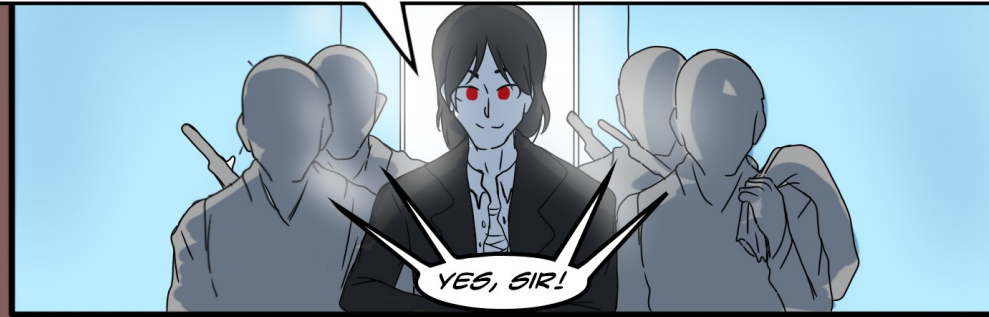


ALRIGHT, SHE'S READY. BAG UP THE BOX AND LOSE IT IN SOME TOY STORE, NO NEED TO TELL ANYBODY WHERE THIS DOLL CAME FROM.

WHAT POSSESSED THE SENATOR TO COME WITH NO PERSONAL SECURITY?

SHE SHOULD HAVE ASKED HER SUPERIORS IN THAT SECT OF HERS FOR ANSWERS. MAYBE SHE WAS UNAWARE I HAD RECOVERED FROM MY RUIN-IN WITH THAT BLONDE SCHIZO. MUST HAVE BEEN A SHOCK HOW LOYAL MY MEN ARE.

ANYWAY, IT IS TIME EXECUTE THE NEXT PHASE. THE DOCUMENT DROP THAT BLONDE HAD SET UP FOR WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED HAS CAUSED ALL MANNER OF CHAOS OUT THERE. ALTHOUGH THIS DEVELOPMENT WAS IN THE INITIAL CALCULATIONS, PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE USE OF IT. WHAT BETTER EXCUSE TO CIRCLE THE WAGONS WITH THE SENATOR'S SECT BEFORE BURNING IT DOWN FROM THE INSIDE. REVENGE CANNOT COME SOON ENOUGH. LET'S ROLL OUT, BOYS!



YES, SIR!

## 2. Rise And Fall

[Mode: Third Person]

While there are increasingly violent mobs demanding the dismissal of the government, holding it responsible for the chaos caused by thousands of forced disappearances and the scandal caused by the leaked information about the Immaculation Project and its experiments on humans, a new power is born and develops at the cost of the anger and hatred born of the people against their government. A large unit of one of the most important domestic intelligence organizations, made up of several thousand elite agents, has rebelled against the government and joined the violent and vindictive protesters, detonating in the blink of an eye of eyes an uprising that calls for the liberation of the oppressed and the punishment of the oppressors. This provokes an aggressive attack by the government against the rebels. Who stands out as its most important leader, Markuz Morozov, affirms that he is yet another victim of the regime after his wife, a renowned scientist, Ina, ended up in a coma after a spectacular accident in a secret government project? Markuz did not plan the journalist that He turned into a doll a few months ago to silence her, Schiara, would manage to filter and complete before disappearing in some toy store all the information that she collected herself and another of her victims, Julie, a former agent and ex-lover who was about to desert, about the forced disappearances, the fuchsia liquid and the transformations into dolls. Undoubtedly, he did not plan any of that, but he was not going to miss the opportunity to manipulate in his favor the social unrest caused by something that he himself partially knows and nobody knows.

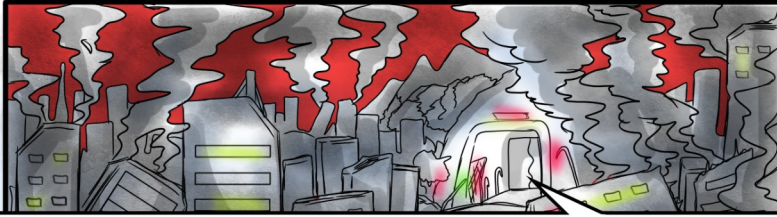
This is when Markuz began to plan (following the indications of a sweet and evil voice inside his head, which he does not distinguish if it is the voice of his wife or some delusion) an elaborate plan that would lead to the public execution of all the members of that secret organization, "Those from beyond", which he calls a sect and proclaim the beginning of a new era, all in memory of his wife, whom Markuz loses hope that he will ever see her wake up. However, so much hatred and to hear so many voices in his head have corrupted Markuz over time. "Society has failed us, not us" affirmed Markuz to himself every time he considered the moral dilemmas of all those things that he had to do in the process to execute his master plan. At the end of Markuz's long journey, the day has finally arrived. Markuz has been able to use his powerful contacts who were not yet part of the elite of that sect to convince them to carry out a palace coup against the power: he has managed to get the support of several media outlets with the promise to several of the tycoons who own these of a preferential treatment after the uprising triumphs, and has successfully been able to convince public opinion with that influence that those responsible for that human experimentation has been that mysterious occult organization called "Those from beyond." In the end, after the suspicious death of the leader of that organization after everything had gotten out of hand, in what some believe was a suicide, when those elders who wielded power from the darkness became terrified, they began to fight and kill among themselves, some to try to gain power within the organization and redirect their efforts to prevent it from detonating a revolution in the country, and others to have a softer treatment from the rebels in case the State collapse and are totally at their mercy. However, a third group, as the entire order crumbles around them, have chosen the path of revenge. Whether the rebels take power or not, Markuz, that servant of his traitor to his power, must pay the consequences of his actions.



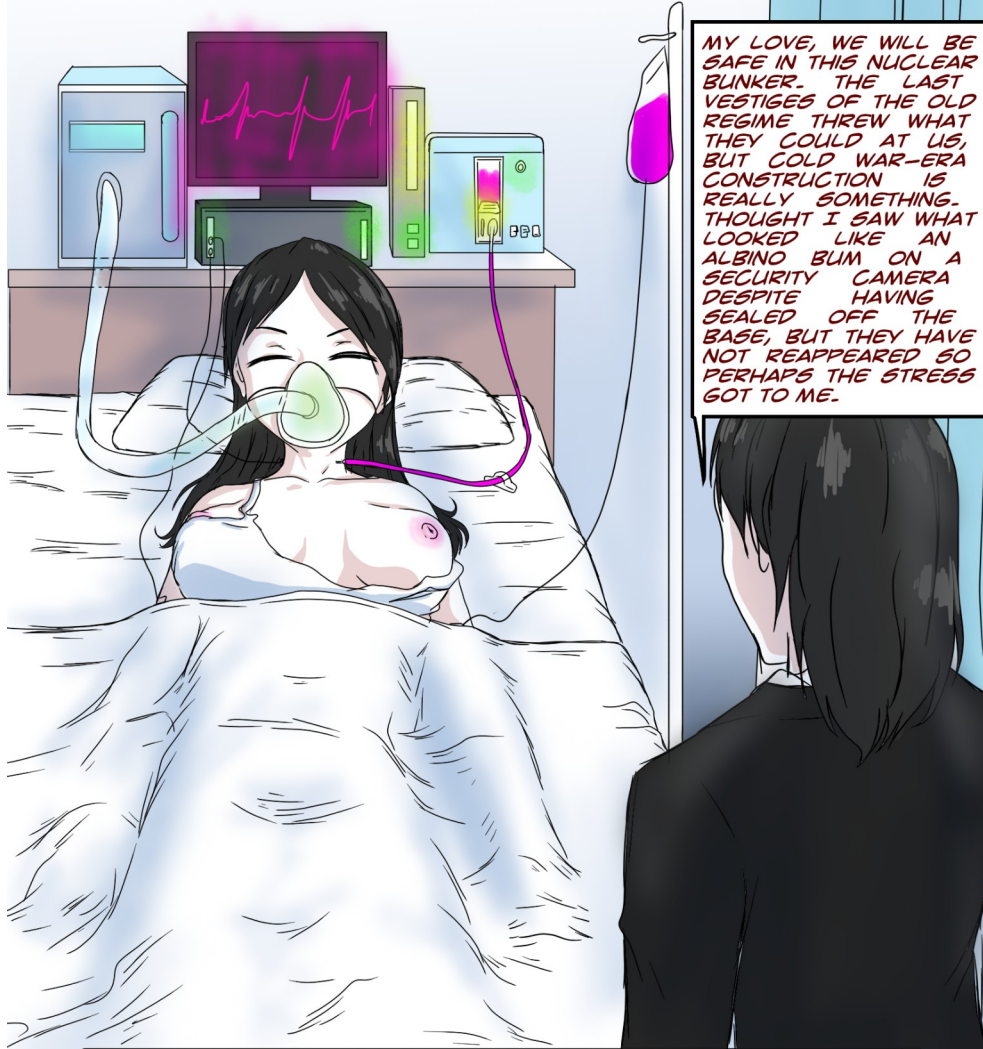
It is at this moment that the Markuz underground base begins to be violently bombed and suffer some damage. Markuz allows all his staff to escape through the secret emergency exits to the most remote exteriors, knowing that it is the last revenge of an organization that hallucinates in its last moments of life, and that they are after him. Markuz, from the terminal at the deepest level of the twenty-level base, orders the blocking of all doors.

In all the anarchy that occurred during the evacuation, some homeless people managed to infiltrate the place, probably in search of looting what they can. Among them was a hooded woman in a red cloth who managed to infiltrate, which caught the special attention of Markuz, who was locked up on the top floor and saw what was happening in the rest of the base through the security cameras. However, he was confident that a few homeless people will not be able to break through the defenses of the top floor, in which he is about to do what in his twisted mind means the last act of love and, perhaps, something that can be a clever escape in the situation he is. Then Markuz enters a spotless white room, in which a pale woman with black hair was on a hospital bed, connected to various devices. Markuz locks himself in the room and climbs on top of that woman, whose pale body is also abnormally bright and has wide eyes and a smile on her face. Markuz then proceeds to put a necklace with a bright green gem, which, according to a member of that sect who captured, tortured, interrogated and flogged to death, told him that perhaps that gem has the powers to bring the mind of his wife back to her body, according to what Markuz believes from what he has heard from that voice that speaks to him in his mind, that mind of his wife has been wandering for several months fused with nature and that she is probably watching him right now. Markuz doesn't usually believe in magic, but since he doesn't know how this gem works, he prefers to avoid thinking about how it works for the time being and only uses it on his wife to see if it really works.

Shortly after he placed the necklace around her wife's delicate neck, she began to move her fingers hyperactively and erratically. Markuz smiles psychopathically, believing that perhaps it has worked, until one of the woman's arms stretches out and strangles him by taking him by the neck



WELL THAT WAS EXCITING. SEVERAL WEEKS ON FROM PLANTING STORIES ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT'S OVERSIGHT FAILURE VIS-A-VIS FUCHSIA AND SPICING IT WITH SALACIOUS RUMORS OF A SUPPOSED "IMMACULACY ROLLBACK", SHIT HAS TRULY HIT THE FAN. THE SYSTEM FELL APART MORE COMPLETELY THAN I COULD HAVE EVER HOPED FOR. SOON IT WILL BE TIME TO CONSOLIDATE POWER, BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE MORE PRESSING CONCERNS.



MY LOVE, WE WILL BE SAFE IN THIS NUCLEAR BUNKER. THE LAST VESTIGES OF THE OLD REGIME THREW WHAT THEY COULD AT US, BUT COLD WAR-ERA CONSTRUCTION IS REALLY SOMETHING. THOUGHT I SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN ALBINO BUM ON A SECURITY CAMERA DESPITE HAVING SEALED OFF THE BASE, BUT THEY HAVE NOT REAPPEARED SO PERHAPS THE STRESS GOT TO ME.



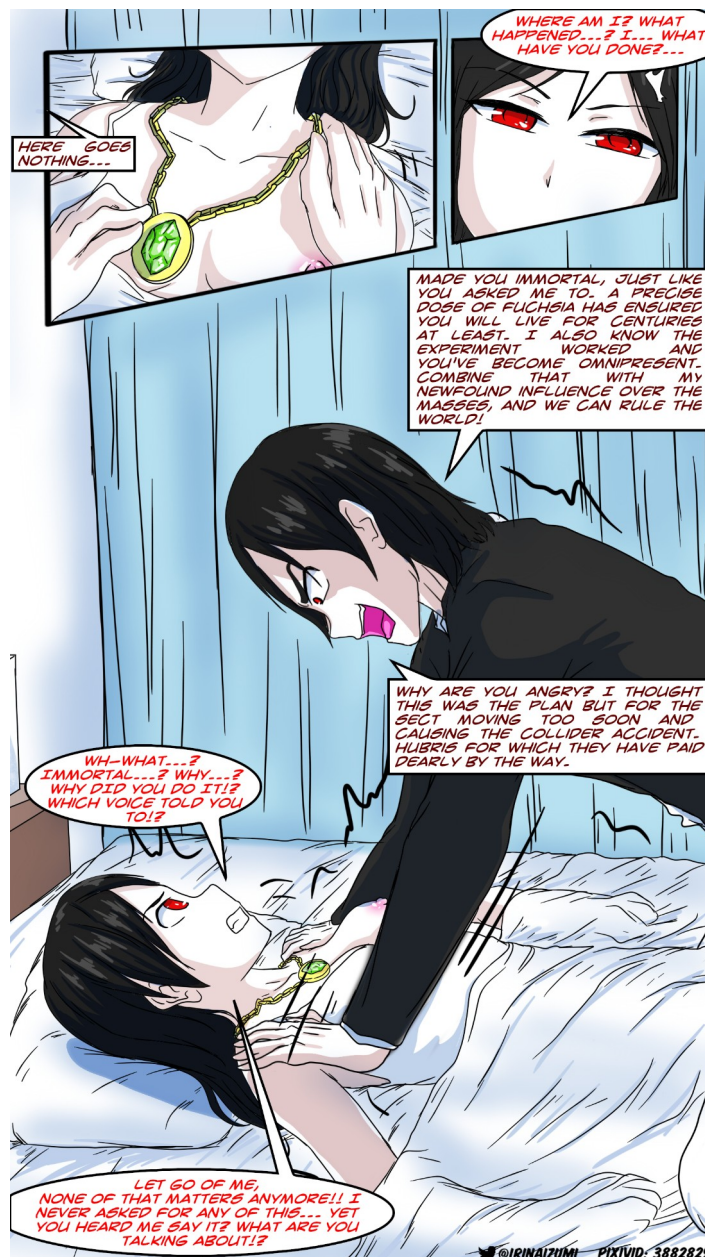
I HAVE TAILORED YOUR DOSE TO EXTEND LIFE INDEFINITELY WITHOUT THE USUAL SIDE EFFECTS. AS FOR WHAT TO DO NEXT, THAT OLD SECTARIAN FOOL OFFERED UP THIS AMULET IN THE HOPE I WOULD SPARE HIM. AT THE TIME I PASSED OFF HIS CLAIMS AS THE DESPERATE RAMBLINGS OF A DYING MAN AND YET... NOTHING ELSE HAS WOKEN YOU FROM YOUR COMA, SO LET'S GIVE THE ARCANES A TRY.

[Mode: First Person]

Ina: Where am I? What happened...? I... What have you done? ...

Markuz: Bring you back to life... and make you immortal, just like you asked me... I have given you the correct substance of an improved version of that fuchsia liquid that you asked me to create, which makes your body lighter, your skin more resistant and your life expectancy multiplied by many centuries, without having to be immobile or go crazy, without having to be a doll. I heard your voice in my mind all the time... You should certainly thank me, now we should run away, there is still an emergency exit in this last level that can be opened, and it will lead us to a faraway and safe place.

Ina: Wh-what...? Immortal...? Why...? WHY DID YOU DO IT!?



Markuz: Why are you angry with me? You should be angry with that sect, they are responsible for that accident and now they are paying dearly for their actions. Besides... You asked me, didn't you?

Ina: THAT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME ANYMORE, THAT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO... I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT SEEMED LIKE I COULD HAVE A LITTLE FUN SOMETIMES... BUT NOW... IT'S LIKE I WAS SOMEONE ELSE ALL THIS TIME, BUT NOW I IT IS HORRIBLE TO HAVE TO SEE EVERYTHING HAPPENING AT THE SAME TIME... IT IS A CURSE! TO SEE SO MUCH BLOOD, PAIN AND DEATH, AND NOW, ETERNALLY, IF IT IS TRUE THAT YOU HAVE MADE ME IMMORTAL... MAYBE PEOPLE WERE RIGHT ABOUT WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT OUR FATHER! OUR BLOOD IS CURSED! THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT PEOPLE HAS FALLEN ON US AND OUR CHILDREN AND THAT HAS DAMNED US ALL!

Markuz: How can you say that?... So much time in that immaterial state has driven you crazy, you can't be so ungrateful...

Ina: YOU... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... SHE AND I... SEEING HOW THEY MADE OTHER PEOPLE DOLLS DURING MY OMNIPRESENCE PERIOD... ALL OF THAT BROUGHT OUT THE MOST DEEPLY PERVERSE OF MY BEING, EVEN IF I DIDN'T INTERVENE BECAUSE I WAS INTANGIBLE AND ONLY BEING IN THEIR OWN MINDS, I ENJOYED THEIR SUFFERING SO MUCH THAT IT BECAME PLEASURE FOR ME AND FOR THEM, THEN I CHANGED... BUT IT'S LIKE I WAS ANOTHER PERSON, AND NOW THAT I'M BACK IN MY BODY I CAN FEEL GUILT AGAIN... I'M NOT OK WITH THIS, WHY DID YOU DO THIS? IF YOU WOULD HAVE LEFT EVERYTHING AS IT WAS, MY BODY WOULD HAVE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES AND WITH IT MY MIND, I WOULD HAVE LEFT WITH A GOOD MEMORIES OF YOU, BUT THIS IS... UNFORGIVABLE! I... I LOVED YOU!...

°Ina looks sadly at Markuz°

Ina: BUT I CAN'T FORGIVE YOU ALL THE HARM YOU HAVE DONE TO ME AND OTHERS TO PLEASE YOUR SELFISH WISHES! NOR CAN I FORGIVE MYSELF FOR EVERYTHING THAT MY TWISTED MIND AND MY AMBITIONS HAVE CAUSED...YOU SHOULD LET ME DIE! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT! WE... WE AS A HUMAN RACE HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN... OUR SEARCH FOR ETERNITY, AND OF ERECTING OURSELVES AS GODS AGAINST WHAT NATURE SAYS, HAS CONDEMNED US TO SELF-DESTRUCTION. DON'T YOU REALIZE EVERYTHING YOU'VE CAUSED JUST TO GET MY MIND BACK INTO MY BODY!? I... MUST DIE!

Ina proceeds to take the large scalpel and bury it in her head. However, her skin hardens right at the touch of the needle, and it breaks, there is no other consequence, Ina has not died. That leads to Ina. After that she starts screaming hysterically at her inability to die and points at Markuz.

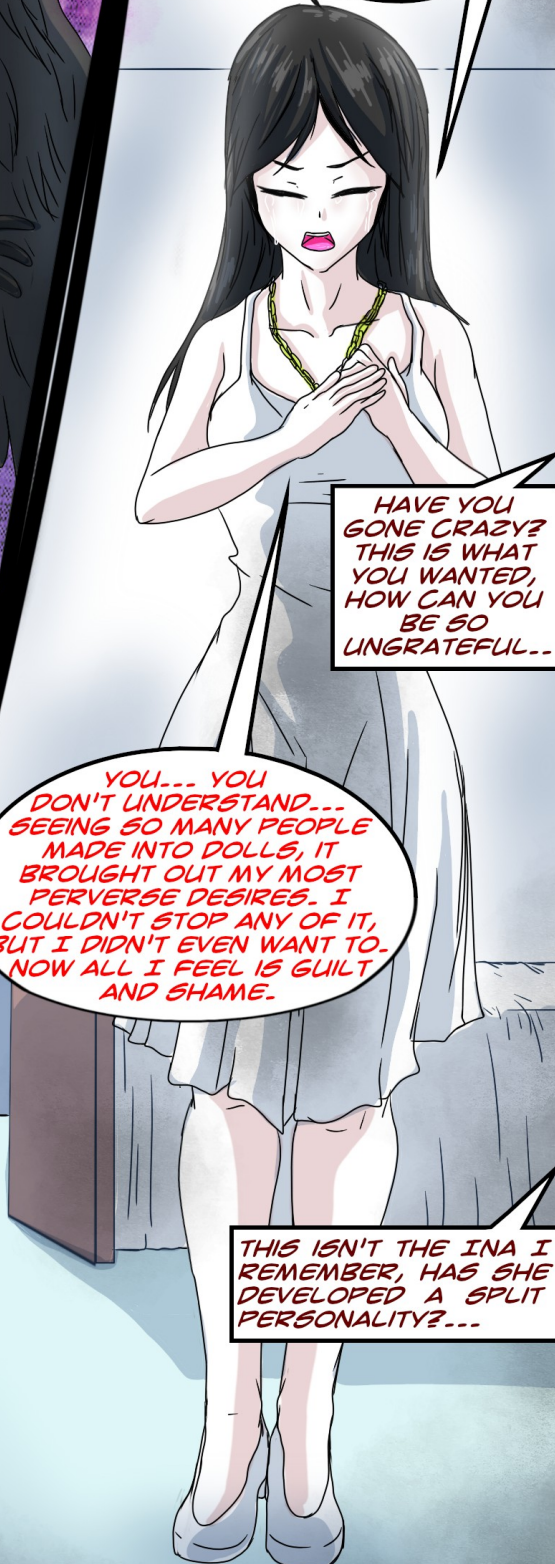
Ina: YOU UNCONSCIOUS HUMANS DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT OMNIPRESENCE AND IMMORTALITY ARE NOT A PRIZE... BUT A CURSE! YOU IDIOTS!

Markuz: You are... an idiot... You asked me for all this! We could be gods, you with your immortality and omnipresence and me with all my political power and influence, but then, maybe you want to be a doll?

DARLING♥  
YOU MUST MAKE ME  
IMMORTAL SO THAT  
WE CAN SEIZE POWER  
AND DOMINATE THE  
WORLD.

FINISH  
PERFECTING  
FUCHSIA  
SUBSTANCE ON  
HUMANS, FIND A  
WAY TO RETURN MY  
MIND TO MY BODY,  
AND WE CAN HAVE  
IT ALL...  
MWAHAHAHA!

MY GOD...  
AT THE TIME I  
REVELED IN THE  
MISERY I  
WITNESSED... BUT  
NOW... THE SHEER  
HORROR... ALL  
THOSE PEOPLE...  
ALL THAT  
DESTRUCTION...  
WHY DID YOU  
CURSE ME WITH AN  
ETERNITY OF  
GUILT!?



HAVE YOU  
GONE CRAZY?  
THIS IS WHAT  
YOU WANTED,  
HOW CAN YOU  
BE SO  
UNGRATEFUL...

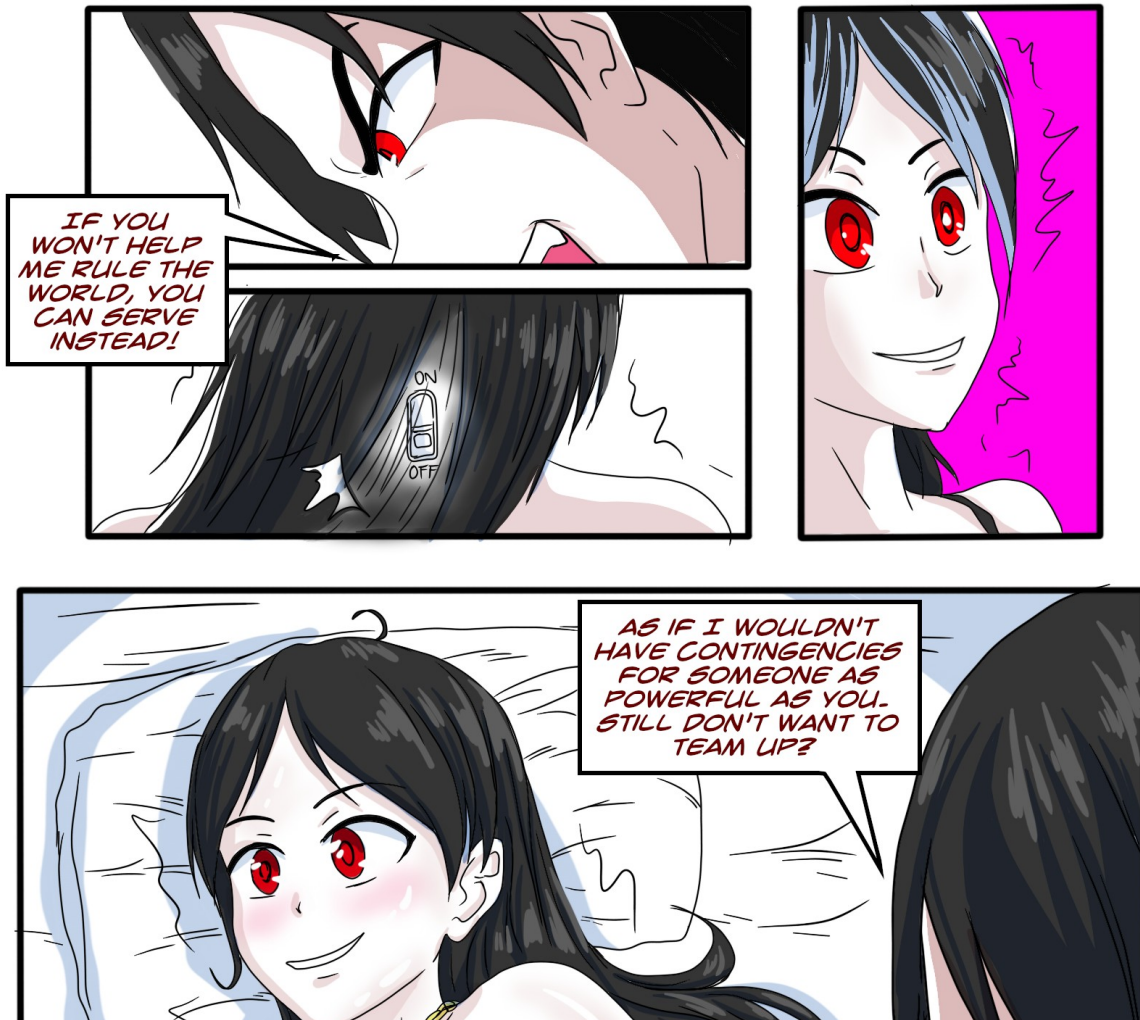
YOU... YOU  
DON'T UNDERSTAND...  
SEEING SO MANY PEOPLE  
MADE INTO DOLLS, IT  
BROUGHT OUT MY MOST  
PERVERSE DESIRES. I  
COULDN'T STOP ANY OF IT,  
BUT I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO.  
NOW ALL I FEEL IS GUILT  
AND SHAME.

THIS ISN'T THE INA I  
REMEMBER, HAS SHE  
DEVELOPED A SPLIT  
PERSONALITY?...

[Mode: third person]

Then Markuz subdues Ina quickly, activating a switch that was hidden under Ina's hair, leaving Ina paralyzed and smiling as she looks into infinity and her cheeks redden. During the struggle that green gem detaches from Ina's neck, freeing her consciousness again.

While a noisy event happens in the background, I remember when I was Ina, long ago, how I dressed a much-loved doll in a delicate dark red dress, with various jewels and a tiara, a doll that was based on my physical appearance and size to scale. because it was ordered to be made especially by our father for me. I wonder, what will have become of that doll? Now I will take her place? After that, Markuz, totally disconnected from reality, asks the motionless body if Ina has changed her mind and if she already wants to conquer the world with him, being her empress of the world... Humans are so... Predictable. Their ambition will end up costing them their very survival at some point, and the rest of the people, configured in a massive way, follow those noisy neon idols, when really those good things come from darkness and infinity, from peaceful and wise silence.



However, Markuz, who no longer distinguishes between delusions and reality, has already claimed victory prematurely, as the massive bombardment has stopped, and believes it is time to flee with his new doll through a secret emergency exit, as perhaps the attackers already left him for dead. He is alone in the now silence hugging his beloved doll, former wife, all until, noticing an unexpected visit, he quickly jumps to the ground while turning, receiving a bullet in his shoulder, causing him to lose his balance and fall.

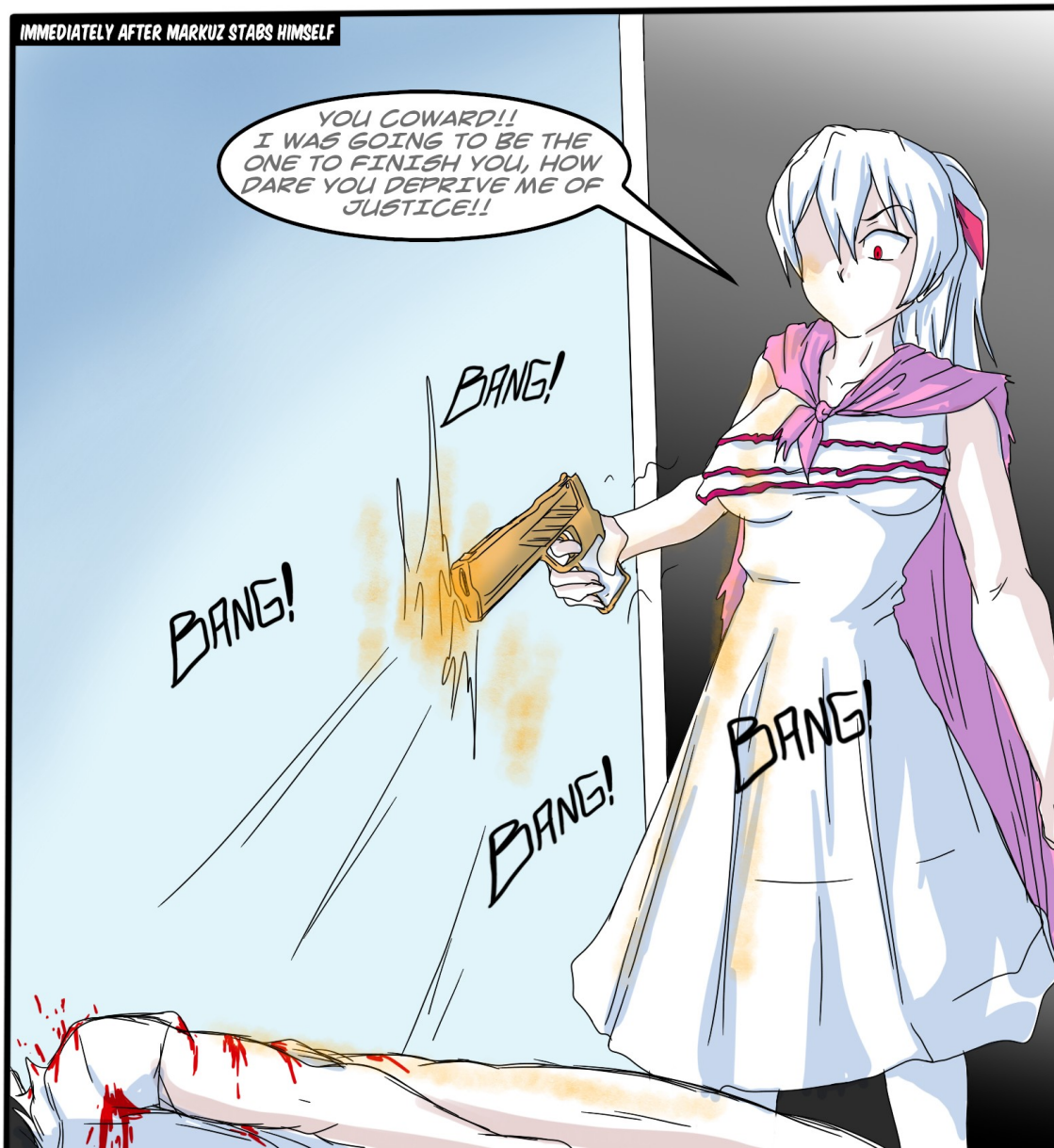
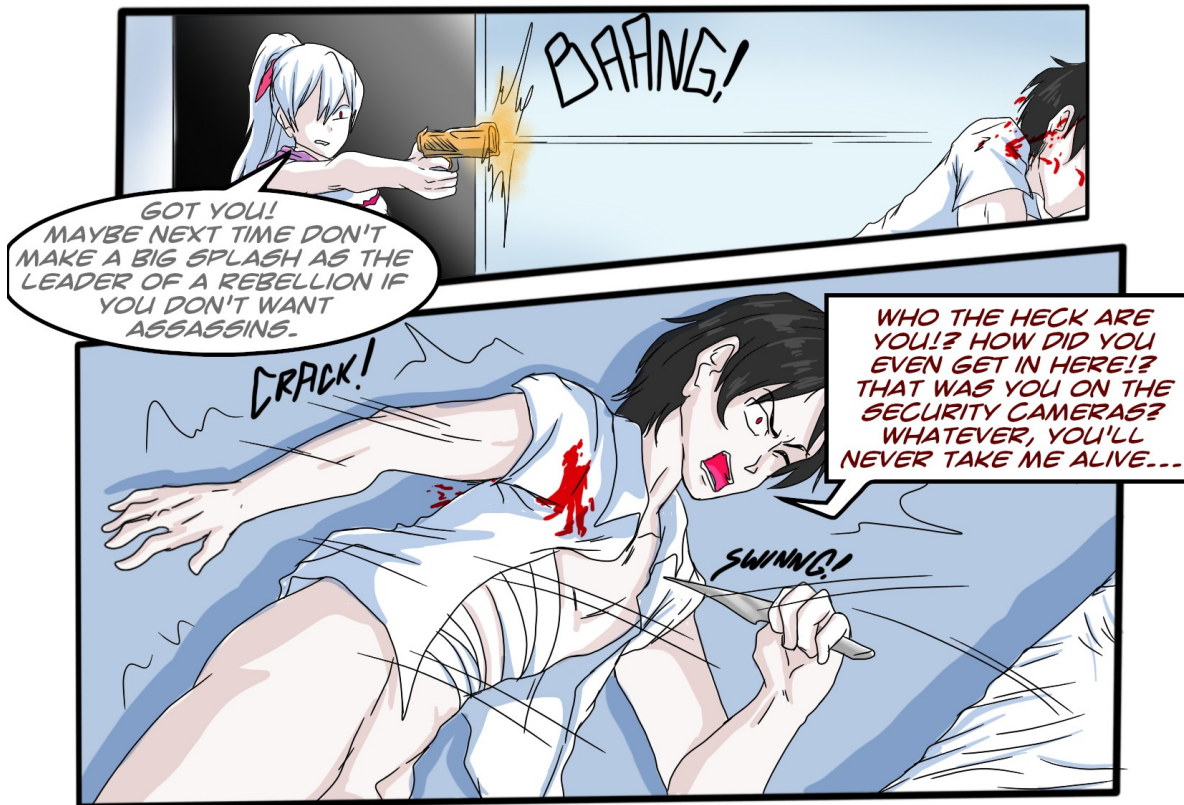
Markuz asks who the white-hooded woman is, and how she got into the heavily secured and restricted area. She is identified as Lia.

Lia, expressionless, and full of hatred, tells Markuz that she has been able to infiltrate through the ventilation ducts and that she knows that he has been the real person in charge of the Immaculate Project, and that she has realized it after escape from that doll state, find its previous owner, kill him and, after seeing his name for a failed call just after the death of that subject and finding several documents in that place that indicated that it had been Markuz personally, a friend of his, who had provided him with that fuchsia chemical. She later saw on television at the place where he had breakfast that the name of that new leader of the uprising, Markuz Morozov, coincided with the name of the one who provided the fuchsia liquid to his captor. Everything else, like finding that this "secret" base ceased to be so when it became the headquarters of the uprising, was easy.

Desperate, Markuz throws a chair at Lia's head. She is thrown off balance by the blow and falls, but she quickly stands up, indicating that Lia can't feel pain anymore. Lia affirms after that that she cannot kill someone who is already dead, terrifying Markuz in the process, while shooting him in the other shoulder with that golden Desert Eagle that Markuz recognizes, since it is his weapon and he had left it lost in the room. from Julie months ago. When Lia reaches Markuz, she steps on his stomach, while he, weakened and dying, is about to bleed to death.

Yet Markuz claims that he regrets nothing and that he would give seven lives for the rebellion, and ten thousand years for his majesty, Ina.

So Markuz before receiving the last coup de grâce, still unable to mentally process everything he had just happened, confused and defeated, he decides to end everything in a quick movement by taking out a knife that he had saved and through his own heart.





Lia, angry at what Markuz has done, fires ten shots into Markuz's head to bid him farewell in her own way, then throws the gun at Markuz's corpse. She is not worried that someone will realize that she has killed him, Lia's body retains some characteristics of the dolls, such as no longer having fingerprints or shedding hair, so that gun only has Markuz's genetic traces, or so it seems. After that Lia, who no longer has a reason to live after executing her revenge, walks to the stretcher, where the doll is, and activates the switch. She too, seeing that green gem lying on the ground, she puts it back on the doll, which immediately blinks.

[Mode: first person]

Ina: What...? What's this? I'm back... I'm back in my body?

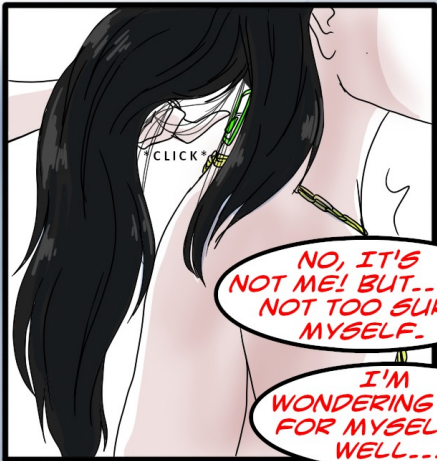
°Lia points to Ina's head°

Lia: Don't call victory just yet, I remember you well, when you played with me like a doll. Even though you were something... Different...? Didn't you have a red dress and huge black wings? Huh... Maybe it was someone else, or maybe some delusions in my mind, but I swear I've seen you before. But... If that was a delusion and there is no longer anyone to take revenge on, that means... My revenge is over? What should I do now? I... I can't remember anything from my past life before I was a doll... Was I really a human before? All I felt and thought so far after I stopped being a doll was an intense urge for revenge, but now it's gone... Does that mean I'm free? I don't know what to do with that freedom, maybe... Maybe my only redemption after killing so many people on the road is to return to being a doll in the warm arms of a good owner, someone who is not responsible for any bad act like the previous one subject, and don't throw me away either...

Ina: Redemption, huh? Maybe I also need some of that redemption, in the end, it seems that I am the real villain of this story. My ambition only caused the madness of the one I loved the most and the destruction of an entire country... Perhaps that winged shadow that you saw in your nightmares and that you have heard in your mind, narrating each story, may seem like another person, but being honest with myself, perhaps it's me somehow, or at least the deepest, sickest, most twisted part of me, a part of me that was always in denial and has now bloomed like a huge red flower between my breasts, feeding on the darkest that flows through my veins and feeling liberated and without any responsibility with what preceded her, seeing herself liberated from her humanity and freely navigating through the minds of others, taking everyone else to the abyss along with her. And that, over being a doll, maybe that would be a proper redemption for my sins. Just like you, I no longer have anywhere to go or return to after what has happened.

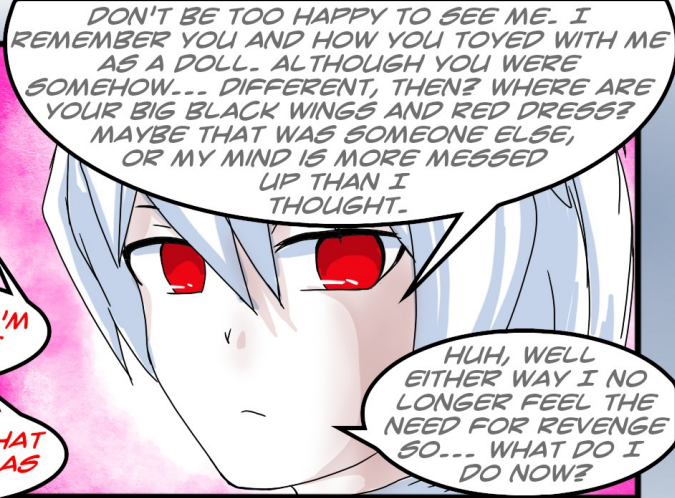
Lia: And do you think there is a person who can take care of us?

Ina: Sure, I think of the right person, but we need someone who knows how to mail packages anonymously, escape through that emergency exit he mentioned before before any unexpected guests arrive, and we also need that bottle of green pills from the floor that slipped through Markuz's clothes after so much struggle... At least we don't need that fuchsia substance at all, because we already have it in our veins somehow.



NO, IT'S NOT ME! BUT... I'M NOT TOO SURE MYSELF.

I'M WONDERING THAT FOR MYSELF AS WELL...



DON'T BE TOO HAPPY TO SEE ME. I REMEMBER YOU AND HOW YOU TOYED WITH ME AS A DOLL. ALTHOUGH YOU WERE SOMEHOW... DIFFERENT, THEN? WHERE ARE YOUR BIG BLACK WINGS AND RED DRESS? MAYBE THAT WAS SOMEONE ELSE, OR MY MIND IS MORE MESSED UP THAN I THOUGHT.

HUH, WELL EITHER WAY I NO LONGER FEEL THE NEED FOR REVENGE SO... WHAT DO I DO NOW?

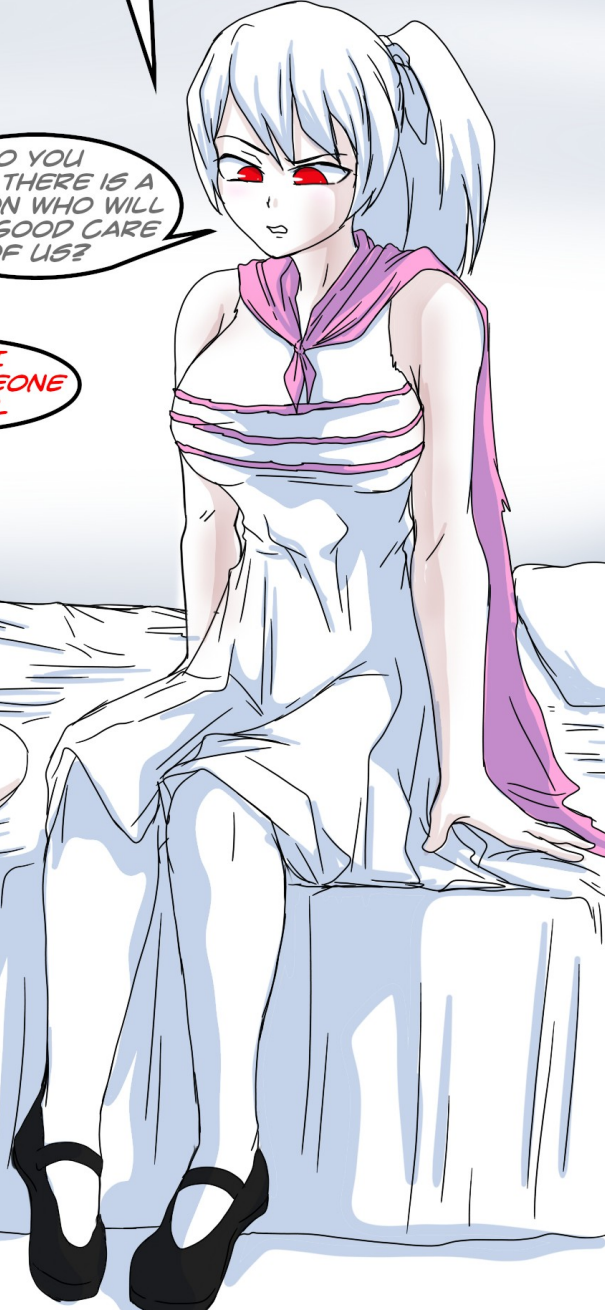
REDEMPTION, HUH? I'M AFRAID I MAY BE THE TRUE VILLAIN OF THIS STORY. MY AMBITION HAS CAUSED NOTHING BUT SUFFERING FOR THE ONES CLOSEST TO ME, AND LEAD TO A NATION-WIDE CATASTROPHE. PUNISHMENT SHOULD FIT THE CRIME, SO PERHAPS I SHOULD JOIN YOU.

I CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING FROM MY PAST LIFE BEFORE I BECAME A DOLL... WAS I REALLY A HUMAN ONCE? I'VE BEEN CONSUMED BY VENGEANCE SINCE I WOKE UP, SO NOW THAT IT'S OVER DOES THAT MEAN I'M FREE? I'VE KILLED SO MANY PEOPLE, PERHAPS I SHOULD PAY FOR MY CRIMES BY FINDING A NICE OWNER AND LIVING OUT MY DAYS AS I AM NOW...



DO YOU THINK THERE IS A PERSON WHO WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF US?

SURE, I HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND.



### 3. Last Testimony

January 30 / 2022

Markuz and Ina, two identical twins, with the difference that one is a man and the other a woman, grew up very close together and not leaving their house all the time, since they were educated by private teachers as they were sons of two powerful members of society. Alexei, an immigrant from Eastern Europe who came from below who managed to seize power and money very quickly and without ever being able to prove to him that there was something illegal in his fortune, many believing that the man made a pact with the devil himself, and a Japanese scientist descended from Japanese aristocrats who lost their noble titles after World War II. When Markuz and Ina were not studying or in their private classes, they spent all their time together, playing and chatting, becoming a mutual obsession with their devotion to each other and vice versa. Everything seemed like a normal sibling relationship until Markuz and Ina began their puberty process, and when they were already 15 years old, that devotion as siblings could not help but explode, as if contained in a pressure hole, in a forbidden love full of traits of passion that, by becoming known to their parents, caused great indignation and scandal in them, which led to their divorce and the fact that Markuz and Ina's mother, Kaede, took Ina and resumed her maiden name, imposing it on her daughter. This separation filled both youngsters with anxiety, which, over time, ended up hating their parents for separating them. Years later, when they came of age, they decided to quickly become independent from their parents and start a relationship together, in which they ended up happily and incestuously married. Markuz and Ina, who due to their privileged upbringing were able to stand out in society as geniuses and highly skilled people, quickly found success in their individual careers: Markuz began to climb the ladder in an intelligence agency in which he started from the bottom making the photocopies, while that Ina, someone who started working as a nurse since she had a technical career in nursing, while she was studying medicine, eventually managed to finish her degree and specialize, becoming a renowned pharmacobiological chemist and, not satisfied with that, she studied a second career with a master's and doctorate in physics, managing to belong at some point to several research groups and obtaining a place at a university as a teacher. Even, at some point, Ina was invited to an apparent elite organization dedicated to philanthropy that had previously only been admitted men, called "Those from beyond."

Despite the fact that Ina was more successful in her working life than him, Markuz never felt envy for her, and he could only feel, in her obsession with her, admiration for her. On the other hand, he began to get annoyed by the change in Ina's attitude since she entered that organization, "Those from beyond", because she, who was a very sweet and cheerful person, something like a girl in the body of an adult, with the time spent inside the activities of that organization, she began to become more bitter, violet and, perhaps, frankly psychopathic with all the people around her except Markuz and her then little daughter, me, Karenina, with whom Ina was still just as sweet and cheerful as she usually was before with everyone.

However, Markuz's perfect life went down the drain when, in a scientific research project in which that secret organization was closely related, Ina fell into a deep coma in which she has been in for two years and has not come out since. This plunged Markuz into a deep depression, who stopped going to his house frequently and stopped seeing her daughter, leaving her in the care of a distant cousin. Over time, in need of fulfilling his sexual needs, he got together with a lover, Julie, and even though

he didn't see her that often, no matter how hard he tried, Markuz couldn't forget his first and only love, Ina. who lay in a coma being cared for in a secret underground base that he had built with his influence in high places as an intelligence agent and commander of his own squad, a base and care in which the people of "Those from beyond" They do not participate, because they downplayed that accident and completely disregarded it. Markuz over time became filled with hatred and anger against that secret organization and understood that, in addition to looking for a way to prevent Ina from continuing to age while he finds a cure to get her out of her coma, he has to avenge his wife's name. , because that organization, which he calls a sect, has never been responsible for the damages that Ina has suffered after the accident and it seems that nobody can ask that sect to accept responsibility, because this organization seems to be far above the government.

It is then that, a year after Ina fell into a coma, Markuz over the next year devised an elaborate plan that led to the mass uprising of the population, Ina's disappearance, the destruction of an old secret organization and the government they controlled, and finally her own death. The last place where they were observed alive was in that secret base that Markuz and his influence built for Ina, where Markuz's body was found lifeless in the deepest and most secret level, while Ina's body mysteriously disappeared. being considered dead by everyone. Three days later, that dilapidated underground base, with serious structural damage, before the rebels could turn it into a place of worship due to the death of their leader, has completely collapsed, leaving that place unrecognizable, being as ephemeral as all the empty monuments. erected for empty leaders, empty causes, and whitewashed tombs idolized by deluded people who never knew what really happened, because to date no one knows that Markuz and indirectly Ina were the most responsible behind the very existence of the fuchsia liquid, along with the person who Markuz asked to develop said substance, Eris, and all the misuse that government agents and civilians gave to said substance. Perhaps I have learned much of this information through dreams, visions and that motherly voice that speaks to me in my mind, but that voice, which may be some hidden ability of mine to see through others, although I am not sure of it. Whatever, she didn't lie to me when she alerted me to Aunt Regina and her flamethrower, so I'll trust her. A week after that, the last living elders of that organization, "Those from beyond", would be shot in a public square, while a public debate would begin on whether the use of fuchsia liquid should be prohibited or fully legalized for use in a form good for society its qualities.

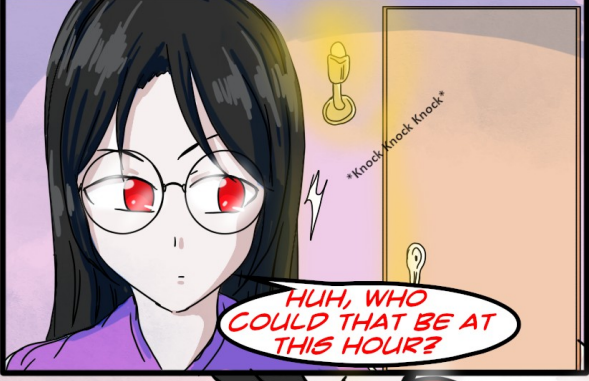
Today, I, Karenina Morozova, write the story of Markuz and Ina, my parents, as a testimony so that we never forget what really happened and that their descendants (if I have children) know what really happened and keep the family history under discretion. Meanwhile, I have been completely alone in this terrible winter, barely being able to inherit the family fortune for being just 18 years old and for that reason alone not having ended up on the street as homeless. Maybe I should find a partner? Or maybe our blood is really cursed as people said because of the supposed infernal pact to get rich that my grandfather, Alexei Morozov, made with the beings of the underworld? Or maybe grandpa really was smuggling guns from somewhere in the cold old motherland to southeast Asia without anyone being able to check, well I'm very skeptical of those things, mom and dad always told me there's nothing like that, but On the other hand, I have this ability to hear voices in my head and see through the eyes of others, as well as hearing the voices of the dolls, which makes me more open-minded or wonder if I have schizophrenia.

January 31 / 2022

Just yesterday after writing that testimony in this diary, a strange box arrived from an anonymous

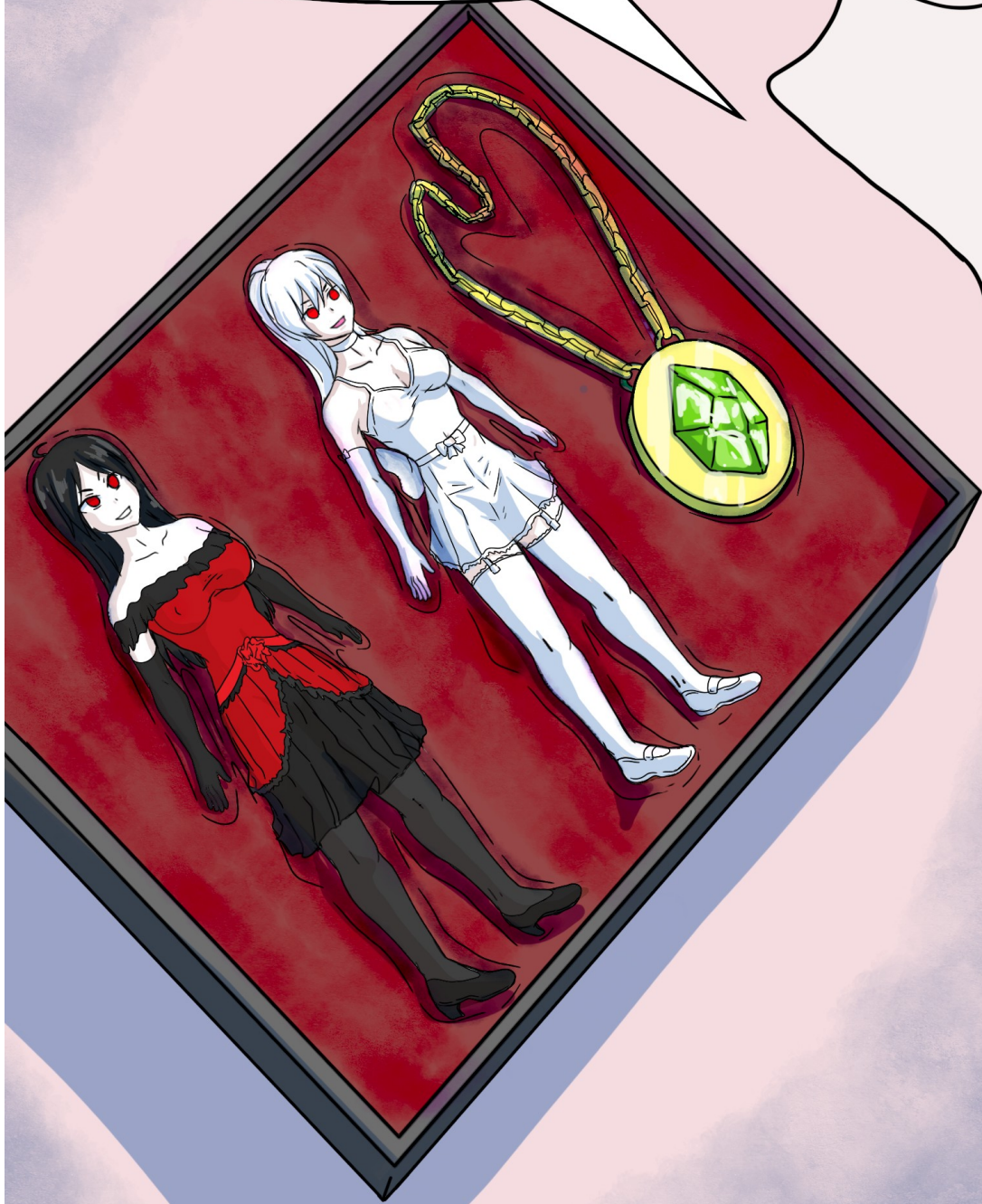
sender with two small dolls, some figures, one of them is not the same but very similar, perhaps of higher quality, to that doll that Mom loved so much that she "suspiciously missing" Aunt Regina threw in the trash at some point. That old doll was so much like mom, maybe she was commissioned to be made in her image and likeness? Although now I find myself with a doll very similar to that other old doll and mama... The fact that it reminds me of mama makes me a little sad, even though for some reason I still feel her very close to me, besides hearing her voice in my head and listening to the stories she tells me about other girls turned into dolls, so the situation is not so dramatic. On the other hand, the other doll is a cute albino doll with white hair and red eyes who seems to have a conscience from what little I hear whispering through her mind, unlike the doll that looks like mom, who doesn't seem to have a mind, right? Could it be that your mind is wandering around browsing other people's heads? Well, in addition to the dolls in this very box comes a strange gold-plated necklace with a sparkling green gem that appears to glow in the dark. It seems that I have a secret admirer who has good taste in jewelry, or maybe one day I will discover the truth behind this enigmatic gift?

WHEW, FINALLY DONE WITH MY DIARY. TODAY'S ENTRY WAS A LONG ONE

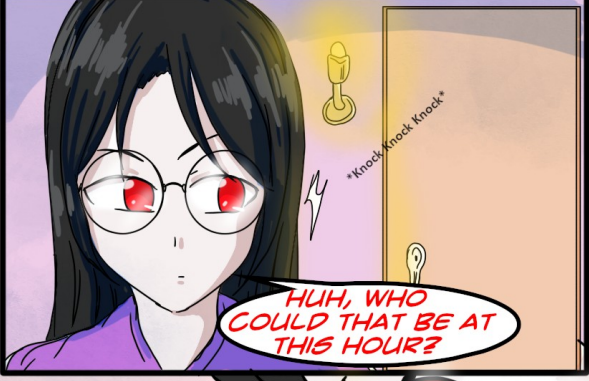


HUH, WHO COULD THAT BE AT THIS HOUR?

I DON'T REMEMBER ORDERING ANY NEW DOLLS, NOR DID THE RETURN ADDRESS SEEM FAMILIAR. CURIOUS. THIS BLACK-HAIRED ONE IS A SHOCKINGLY GOOD RENDERING OF MOM. DID SHE HAVE IT COMMISSIONED IN HER LIKENESS? IT REALLY HURT WHEN AUNT REGINA THREW OUT THE LAST ONE THAT RESEMBLED HER.



WHEW, FINALLY DONE WITH MY DIARY. TODAY'S ENTRY WAS A LONG ONE



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