

Midnight Echoes

In Hell

My fellowship with demons made me a star.

You think hell is hot? You think you burn? Let me guess—you believe you're tortured endlessly by demonic monsters in a pit of fire and molten lava.

No. The real torment is knowing the truth: you're torturing yourself.

Willingly, I ventured into hell.

I remember being conflicted, feeling the evil around me dragging me down, suffocating my spirit while whispering promises of power. But in the depths of that darkness, I found a strange clarity.

The chains weren't theirs—they were mine.

So I ran, searching for answers to the evil that lay dormant within my mind's third eye—the place where the connection of all things dwells.

We humans are portals, made of water, bacteria, and flesh. Each of us is a gateway to something deeper, something untouchable. Every thought, every action, and every breath is a key turning in a lock, revealing pieces of the universe we were never meant to understand.

I found myself here, at the gates of hell, through deep meditation and prayer.

The air was thick with the scent of decay, yet somehow there was a strange stillness. No fire. No torment. Just a doorway, pulsing with the weight of every choice I'd ever made.

As I stood there, I realized the feeling was familiar.

I'd been carrying it since the day my mother died.

I was five... or maybe seven. I can't remember much from childhood except this feeling.

"Michael, my child, you made it. You've come. Samyaza sent me to guide you," said a soft, familiar voice behind me.

Slowly, I turned, and to my surprise, it was my mother—young again, just as she had been the last day I saw her.

My mouth searched for words, but the air had stolen my voice. My heart pounded, and my eyes filled with tears.

I reached out to embrace her.

Then I realized...

It wasn't my mother. It was a demon wearing her skin. I could see the monster beneath the facade. I stepped back, cautiously accepting the demon's guidance.

Respect is necessary in this world. The demon looked at me and spoke.

"Blessed be the mage who seeks both knowledge and wisdom. It matters not how difficult your path may be, for it remains yours. When one faces their demons, they are met with gifts."

Oddly, I knew what I had to do next. It was time to walk through the door. Echoes of torment drifted from beyond it.

My body trembled. I hesitated.

As I stepped forward, the demon spoke again.

"Be brave. Step through the gates of hell, and you will emerge reborn."

"How can I?" I whispered. "Everything I fear lies beyond that door, and I'm not strong enough."

"Only one grounded in darkness can ascend into the light. Do not fear the darkness. It is those who transcend their fear who reap the greatest rewards."

I took a deep breath and reached for the demon's hand.

The door creaked open.

I stepped through.

The door closed softly behind us.

That was the moment I learned hell isn't a place.

It's the moment you realize you've been carrying it with you all along.

Goodbye.