

# Moon's Curse

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*Based in the year 3030. Demons and Humans live in harmony together, at least that's how it seems. There is one girl who alone is cursed, the moon's curse, she alone suffers so that humans may be saved from an eternity in the depths of hell. Demons are nob*

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## 0 - Prologue

### Moon s Curse: Prologue

*Warning: Contains questioning of spiritual beliefs.*

Hello and welcome. As you may know, back in the year three-thousand a new planet was discovered! Back then we were just learning about this planet that is now called Crystal named after our most favored president whom was also the first Female and first Demon president. Here at Knuppel Vleugel Corp. we have a dream to make peace between the human and demon races. There are many who are

against the living conditions we have today, with this new planet we can make build a new life where humans and demons will no longer fear each other. We can make a planet where only one of the races resides while the other race will stay here on this one. This is not official, but our president, Knupple Hoektand has claimed that he is in favor of this movement. Demon and human interaction will not be prohibited; we can make travel plans for visits and such to occur in the future. In this year of three-thousand-thirty we will start our own revolu--

The television clicked at a shadowy figure held the remote. A life where Demons and Humans will live separately? What a crock!! The humans and demons haven t lived separately since two-thousand-ten. The figure scuffed and set the remote on a near by stand before pacing across the dimly lit room to a desk. Papers were scattered over it messily and picture frames littered the area.

I still have to wonder&After so many years of being dormant why did the demons chose to come out of hiding?

In the fourteen-hundreds demons were every where; however, around eighteen-fifty they all just seemed to vanish. Within the span of fifty years they had become myths to the humans whom didn't see them. Within one-hundred years they were nothing but legend and were completely wiped from history.

In the legends they were portrayed as evil beings described as a malevolent spirit. A demon was frequently depicted as a force that may be conjured and insecurely controlled. Even today humans still fear that a demon may possess them. In the year two-thousand-ten demons made themselves known once more. They proved to be the exact opposite of the legends that described them. They were kind, humble, and loyal to those they came to call friends&so unlike the human race which is so much more like the demons they knew in the legends.

In the year two-thousand-five-hundred America gained their first female as well as their first demon president; her name was Crystal Azazel and she was the picture of innocents, an angel like being with golden locks and equally beautiful golden irises. She died in the year three-thousand shortly after the new planet was discovered. If there is one thing I do not envy when it comes to the demon race it there long life span. Demons can live for hundreds of years. If I had to endure such a thing, I would surely kill myself.

I am a human; however, I am not like most humans. I alone carry the burden of the human's ill manner. I alone suffer for the human sins in this world. If you believe in the bible then I suppose you may say I am like another prophet&I have lost faith in such fairy tales. If there truly was a god watching us, then why does he feel the need to torment me? No one who is supposed to be so kind and forgiving can allow such pain to happen. This is my belief.

Jesus suffered on the cross and died for the sins of mankind in order to allow us to enter heaven and finally have a never ending life in nirvana&I must suffer much more. I am seventeen years old. For every year of my life there is a death I have witnessed. I call it my Moon's Curse because every night of my birthday the moon seems to fade away only to come back the next night as if to mock me. The night the moon fades, my birthday, is the night when someone dies. When ever I get close to someone they die. As though the moon's glow is what is protecting my happiness only to rip it all away on what should be a happy day. How terribly cruel.