

# What the night will offer, I'll take

written by Holly

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Starting deep into darkness tonight – both timewise and a with a slant on the story. Spent today thinking about the nature of my several soulless characters, and discovered that early on, they gave up their souls willingly to gain physical immortality – but now, eons later, they are weary of their roles as dark gods and yearning for the oblivion of death – but at home, and that's the catch. Home for them became a smoking cinder eons ago.

Just a couple of them are having regrets at the moment, mind you. The younger dark gods are more than happy with their lot in life, and there are always plenty of new recruits.

So I don't have idealists here. I just have a couple of guys who want to go home to die – and are going to have to help the heroes and stand against all of their own kind to do it. And in the process, they'll be doing good, and perhaps atoning somewhat for their previous and considerable evils . . . and they will have to face what they have become, and what it means.

Should be an interesting while, walking the path with them.

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