

The Tale of Nam-Thy

Author

Hipno Amadeus

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Chapter 1

The Tale of Nam-Thy

It was a dark night of October, the day of the new moon, when no light could possibly break through the dense branches and leaves of the oak trees... Have I done this before, already? Regardless of this odd sensation I now feel, I shall continue. Such is the scenery in which this horrible story of mine started, and I shall let you know the odd events that happened so that you therefore know not to repeat this foolish mistake that I made, paying no heed to my friends' warnings to be careful no matter how curious I may be from time to time. Beforehand, you should know that, as you will see, I am quite naive, although some, ruder, may say ignorant. Hence why, maybe, when I am filled to the brim with ennui, I sometimes go somewhere known to be at the origin of horrific stories to pass the time, as I have inherited a large fortune allowing me to be retired at the young age of twenty-seven and to do what I want. Such an horrific rumor could be pretty rare to find, but one was a perfect fit to all my criteria, which were as follows, in order of importance: a complete uncertainty on the existence of the

subject of the story, in a village in or coming out of misery, with a strange entity or monster, far from any big city, and near or in a forest. The story that was a perfect fit was named "The Great Tale of Nam-Thy," named after an entity presumed to live near the remote village of Vir-Kalt, in an eastern nation which I may not name because of the cursed being's hold on so feeble my mind. Now, I must admit, there is but one reason I have been doing this, and it is this: "I think, therefore I am." If you are wondering why this is the reason, it is because, even though I am, I exist in this world, what else do I truly know? Nothing. As far as science tells us, I could be in the far future of the universe, or even a brain in a vat, and even if this is the real world, there may be a destiny... Who knows truly? So, it was in a way a search and hopeful or despaired longing to try and prove that I have a real effect on this world I was born in, although I might have destroyed it whilst seeking the truth.

Now, back to this story of mine. Near the said village was a great forest, supposed home of Nam-Thy, or so I heard upon entering the village as a group of five people were talking about it. I also heard from someone that they referred to it as Na'ap in this village, but that his official name was always Nam-Thy, it was but a more casual way to refer to this entity. The only thing that was left from this legend was a warning, which was as follows: "Heed my warning, visitor, for if you enter without the Deity's permission, you will pay the price, leaving behind your humanity, giving it to the all-mighty being, rightful king of this land He has given life to."

It seemed ominous, and I found it dreadful even though I did not believe it, as it was obvious that a scholar such as myself believing in such a ridiculously illogical thing would

make me seem delirious, for no sane mind could believe in a story such as this one. The following day, I searched for information from the villagers to not get lost in the forest that hosted Nam-Thy and get a tool or object that could help me see in the dark whilst on this potentially dangerous journey. I found the tool first, after two hours, called a "slumbering light" an odd tool made from a unique metal found only in this village. Even though I had a lot of knowledge about such things, it was very fascinating to me that I had no idea how it was possible for it to exist. It was made in the shape of a lance and strangely, with no scientific explanation whatsoever, it could emit an intense light, many times stronger than a torch, but only from sunset to sunrise, after which it did not emit the slightest light, and barely reflected any. Seeing such a thing put a doubt in my mind about the veracity of the tale, as neither made sense to me but one was right in front of me, as real as can be. After that, I went to search more information by asking directions from the village chief, Hank. He then told me indications to get to the entity's lair, which were as follows: "Once you get past the path going towards the forest, go left of about 45°. Then, once you reach the forest, go towards the middle of it until you reach a river. At this point, you should see a huge sculpture on the opposite side of the river, and big rock in the water. You will use them to reach the sculpture's mouth, which is the entry to its lair, where we say Na'ap lives. I hope that is enough, as it is all I can tell you, you will have to figure out the rest by yourself."

After getting those instructions, I went to sleep at an inn, and sat in front of my slumbering light, still wondering how it worked, until choosing to wait for the morrow before asking myself such questions and going to sleep. In the morning, I explored the village a little, finding a good place to eat whilst waiting for the sun to set so that I

could have a light source on this journey, as the forest was so thick that even sunlight could not get through its outskirts because of its strange and unexplainably gigantic trees, stranger than even the tool I found in this village. They were four of them, at the border of the forest, which were surrounding all of the forest and were stronger than titanium. Hitherto I was certain of my actions, and only upon reaching the forest have I started to doubt myself, although not enough to even think about it for a second. Thinking back on it, if only I had stopped there and trusted my feelings, maybe I would not have doomed humanity ... but how could I have known at the time? At the time I was a mere human, living on a placid island of ignorance, unable to see the correlation in all of the world's content. Upon entering the forest, I became extremely curious, as this place was quite unique. It was the most silent place on Earth, no in the whole universe, even! There was no living being except me, and even the ground was devoid of leaves, although there were many trees. There, even if I tried to make a sound, I could still hear nothing but the sounds of my own body. Not even my voice could be heard. After some time, I started to doubt everything, even my sanity and memories. It was also at this point that I first thought Na'ap might truly exist. I was clearly confused because of this place being described as a barren land, since many trees seemed as though they were there for centuries, and the four majestic trees surrounding the forest were too big to be natural too, or so they seemed, as they were bigger than any tree I had ever seen before then.

A few hours after that, I finally arrived at the river Hank talked about. Soon, after passing the river using the rocks the village chief mentioned, and reached the ominous sculpture that was supposedly the entrance to the entity's lair. The sculpture was that of a human's face, whose eyes

were the source of the water flowing into the river, and whose mouth was the entry of the lair. It was big, too big, and although it seemed unnatural, it did not seem as though it was man-made, as even if the whole village worked on it every day, it would take hundreds of years. After having thought about it for a few minutes, I entered the caves that made up the inside of the mountain the sculpture was the entry of. It was so big that no words could describe it sufficiently. The caves were divided by rooms and stairs like a human's construction. Each room had a roof high of ten meters and a twelve-by-twelve meters floor. There was also, just after the entrance, a long staircase dividing the caves in what I call "master floors." The stairs at the left went up five meters, and led to a room, whilst the ones at the right were going down in about fifty meters, or so I thought at the time, but it was closer to seventy-five meters. There was two master floor every exactly ten meters, one to the right and one to the left, except for the stairs going up. When I looked with my tool to see how many there was, I could clearly see there was more than a thousand. It was the case on each floor.

Thus, I chose to go to the only room upstairs. In this room, everything was made of iron. This room was completely empty and did not seem to be worth the iron that was spent, but on the walls was a message, probably left by whoever was there last. "To you, who seeks the truth, here it is: The legend is true, and I am the sole survivor of my tribe, everyone else was killed by It. The monstrosity called Nam-Thy. You should know that It has no birth, nor does It have any parent. It is currently slumbering thanks to our efforts, but it will wake up one day, and when it does, even our technology will have no effect on It. Please, as to not make Nam-Thy wake up, do not even try to kill It. You cannot." It was written over and over, all over the walls. After reading this, I knew I had to

either see Nam-Thy or discover that it was, as I first thought, nothing but a myth. So, after that I roamed around the master floors for days, keeping track with the cycles my tool went through, even though it felt much longer than it apparently was. Even though my tool seemed to have gone through five cycles, thus five nights, it felt like an eternity.

After a long time, I finally reached a significant point in my quest. Which I dared to compare to the quest of King Arthur to find the holy grail, as my determination was as strong as his, although what I searched was highly unholy. In front of my was the sculpture of the monster called Nam-Thy, often too kindly called an entity, whilst it really was nothing better than a monstrosity. The disgusting sculpture had eery claws, had hollowed eyes, a titanic body, lacked a nose, and had deceitful phoenix-like wings. At its base was an inscription saying that it was of otherworldly height as well. The mystery I thought I ought to uncover and the truth I sought with such determination turned out to lead me to a monster with characteristics beyond what my imagination could even fathom. Such a being is synonymous with anarchy and could not be let free, such is the reasoning I had after seeing this representation, which seemed to curse all who laid eyes on it, telling their subconscious to go back from where they came, all my instincts made me want to run away ... but I would not trust that feeling. Doubting then no longer, I knew that I had to finish this task that I thought, full of folly, was asked from the very world to me, I thought it was my duty to accomplish what I came for. Or what I thought I was there for. This made me think I was undefeatable, which is probably the main reason that led to the horrors that took place in this sinister temple. In hindsight, it is probably at this point that I reached a point of no return, as I passed a place, similar to a giant

doorframe, with a bright red line at its base, lit by a chemical unknown of humans.

As I entered the monster's real lair, I saw a message carved in the rock that made up the walls, "Nam-Thy, Lord of Death, is now in a deep slumber. As Its powers, in mind and in pure strength, are incredibly strong, if Nam-Thy ever breaks free, great calamity would ensue, and even the world itself would be in great danger. Please, get out," the rest of the message was completely broken, due to the time that passed since it was written, I believe. Because of the odd signs all around me, I also thought it might be translated from an ancient runic language, which might be why some writings did not make any sense to me, and I do not remember them either, as I could barely comprehend what was written at the time. After that, I continued my task which I thought the world bestowed upon me. To you reading this, heed my warning: If you ever believe the world or Heavens want something from you, banish the thought immediately. What I heard was far from any of these two, but it was Nam-Thy's will reaching me and perturbing my thoughts. It appears as though the closer you get to the monster, the stronger the effects on your mind are. As I made the decisions, I am still the one to blame, despite the strong influence I was under. After a while, I no longer tried to find Nam-Thy or try to prove or disprove Its existence, instead I wanted to kill it, as stupid as it sounds. As it is and was, the only thing that could save this world was killing It, as Its deadly nature went against life forms anywhere in existence. By interpreting some symbols and carved representations that were on the walls, I was able to decode the story of Nam-Thy.

As Its name at birth is said to not exist, it was agreed long ago to consider It a male, and refer to him as "It," "He," or "Nam-Thy," although the people of the village seemed to have

created a new one. As such, this is how I will address Nam-Thy in Its story. At first the ancient civilization that lived here, which was called the "Great Halds," saw Him on the top of a mountain and worshipped it daily, soon starting to call It "Nam-Thy," which meant "Greater Being from Above." At first everything was fine, but after a few weeks during which Nam-Thy did not move at all, some tried to see It from closer, but none of them ever made it back. The following day, people started to become less and less sane until, a few months later, only the village's council members were left intact. At this point, they started to investigate Its origins, using an incredibly advanced technology, and discovered a lot of interesting information. It comes from the center of the universe and was going to sleep forever if people did not interact with Him. It most likely is immortal to anything a human could do against it and possesses powers greater than anyone could fathom. The following week, apparently because He was mad about the discovery they had made, He wiped out the whole village in the blink of an eye. Ten days of development later, they created a confidential way to lock It in the mountains. They also said that Nam-Thy was born from the universe to end the universe as we know it. After thinking about this story and wondering what He really looked like, I continued to wander in the temple. A while later, I stumbled upon a strange and ancient mechanism, which I figured was there to control something, but as I did not understand what it controlled nor how to use it, I did not try anything. Then, I finally found Nam-Thy, the Lord of Death, Destructor of All. It was very tall, over a kilometer high, to be more precise. He also had two-kilometers-long wings stuck in the wall of stone of the temple. Its ankle, wrists and knees were all chained heavily to the walls, and He wore a collar around Its neck, covered with spikes going inwards, presumably to keep Him in a deep slumber. All of these were made from a metal unknown to mankind, at least at the time. Long I stood there wondering what steps to take

next in order to kill this wicked creature, auto proclaimed “rightful king of this land.” As I thought about what I should do, I heard a bizarre voice in my head, a very strange and sinister voice like I had never heard before. Troubled by it, I was wary, but because of my very fragile mind, I soon succumbed to it and listened to what it told me, taking advantage of the fact that I was slowly losing my sanity since the beginning of this journey. As I am, and was, so naive, I took what little sanity I had left for granted, not realising I was no more in full control of my thoughts and that the voice came from the monstered slumbering in this temple. So, I did what I thought I had to do and followed what I thought was instinct. Then, I went to the ancient mechanism that I had found earlier, as I now knew how to operate it because of the voice’s commands. I then gave what I thought were commands to kill it; “Collar of slumber and chains of the evil being punished here,” at this moment, the chains started to wreak havoc. So, I continued; “You shall shrink and tighten to kill this monstrous creature!” At this moment, they started to tighten visibly, and the ground started to shake intensely. And then ... I finished; “May the chains kill this foolish monster, so that we never fear it again...” As soon as I finished, my tool, emitting light since only two hours at this moment, suddenly went dark, and the chains and collar started emitting an even stronger light, whilst attempting to crush the monster’s limbs and neck as the ground was starting to crack. Then, it all went wrong, and I realised, most likely because this evil being just lifted his hold on my mind, that there must have been a reason why Nam-Thy was sealed away instead of killed, and it was certainly not empathy. Suddenly, I was pushed by a huge shockwave against the wall. When I stood up, mere seconds later, He was nowhere to be found, and His chains and collar were on the ground, broken. When I looked up, I saw that there was a giant hole going up to the surface, and that the temple was filling up with water, as the ground rapidly went

below sea level. I woke up a few days later on a small island, turned into a literal monster as the direct effect of the curse placed on me for having entered the temple and having confronted Nam-Thy. I, just like King Arthur, had nearly reached my goal, yet failed at the very last moment, often the most important one. As if granted by a monkey's paw, my wish of seeing Nam-Thy lead to the loss of my humanity, as well as major damage to my soul. Now, I will forever be only one thing; a monster among humans ... forever a monster, and nothing more.

Hund

Chapter 2

The Tale of the Altkans

Here I will tell you my terrible mistake, caused by a lack of trust in a letter someone wrote and threw in the sea, in a bottle. The letter was all about a certain monster called Nam-Thy. After all, after reading such a thing, how could I believe its writer was a sane person, and not someone completely delirious? What's more, it seemed to have been written over a century ago! But, nonetheless, here is my story; the story of a man who should have believed the unbelievable ... I saw the strange message for the first time three years ago, but obviously did not think much of it. Then, 18 months after, I received a phone call from a new company, offering me one billion dollars to search for a

submerged city, located at less than 50 kilometers of another one that sunk a little over a century ago. The ruins I had to visit were estimated to have been under water for many centuries, and so, as a young expert diver, and as a very curious individual, I agreed, thinking it was going to be easy money. Although it does not matter anymore, it had value before. And do, a month after, I was finally ready and went to meet in person with the responsible of the operation, who told me that our goal was to find information on this presumed ancient civilization and was provided with equipment. The equipment was a full body suit with a communication device linked to the base of operation, and a small exoskeleton, as well as a reserve of oxygen which could last many hours.

Once I was ready, we waited for the sun to be high in the sky, and I then went to the location. Soon after I got there, I entered the ruin of a great temple, in which my communication was instantly stopped, and the way by which I entered was instantaneously blocked by a huge rock. I tried to go back for some time, but I thought that it would be better for me to search for another way before becoming weak and weary, and so decided to go further in this ruined temple. Then, I saw something quite surprising; in the first room was an army of stone in a nearly perfect condition, but in which every soldier seemed like a sort of mix between a fish and a human. From what I could see, the army was made of roughly thousand swords, fifty golden armors, and a crown covered in jewelry governing over them, as it was in an ominous throne at the back of this majestic room. After wandering deeper and deeper, I eventually arrived at a new room, suspiciously empty at first sight, even more so as it was the last room of the temple. At this thought, I found it very strange, but soon found something quite interesting; the story of the people who lived there; the Altkans... Their

story started a long, long time ago, before even the first known civilization, if we believe what is written on the walls, barely visible because of the deterioration.

Obviously, I thought it was a mere fairy tale from the days of yore, mistakenly believing a so dangerous thought of mine has been terrible to me, but still, it happened and now there is nothing we can do. Thus, I shall continue to tell you their story. Before any human life was on Earth, they worshipped a so-called "great being from above," in their words, which reminded me of the odd "Tale of Nam-Thy" I had found, making me think there was a connection between the two, even though this monument was much more ancient than the letter left by the one calling himself Hund. In this story on the walls, it was said that the Altkans were not controlled by anyone, rather they chose to worship the strange being willingly because they knew what it was. This is where the information about the Altkans ended, but then, there was an explanation on different kinds of being, based on what they knew at the time. The first one was the inferior beings. They were born with luck, such as the humans and the Altkans, based on what was written there. Then there was the Astrals. The Astrals existed before time, are eternal, and can grant powers, but only to greater beings and to the Supreme Being, the latter which does not exist, or at least not yet apparently. Their powers vary depending on what controls them. If it is a greater being, they are much weaker, whilst they have no limit if controlled by the Supreme Being. Oddly enough, even though it does not exist yet, they seem to know that its name starts with an "H" but not the rest of it, or at least it was broken, if it was ever written. Thirdly, there was greater beings. The only thing said about them was that they were strong and born from the universe itself, in the middle of a galaxy. Finally, there was the Supreme Being. The only thing said about it was that its powers surpassed by far a greater being's. Even if a hundred greater beings tried to fight against it, the fight would be over in an instant,

the Supreme Being victorious. The only way for one to exist is for a greater being to be killed by a normal being, after which its killer would instantly consume all five greater beings, regardless of their locations. The being they worshipped was among those five, making it a greater being. Confused, I pondered; why such a thing was here, deep under water, and with messages wrote in a language that never should have reached this place, a sunken city which sunk a long, long time ago? That I still do not know, but I knew something was wrong, and felt an ominous presence.

Suddenly, I became very afraid. Afraid of what I could not see, something I did not want to see... So, I turned back. Back to where I belonged, trying to go back to the surface, to reach the shore before I was killed by what terrible secret this place bore. Sadly, because of my infinite stupidity, I stood still in front of the stone army, too scared to even move. At this moment, this stone fell to the ground, revealing the very real army this place harbored. At the same time, a part of the ceiling broke off and went way in the water, letting me a chance to escape. I went to it as fast as I could, swimming faster than ever before, and got back to the shore with only a few minutes of air remaining. Then, just as I thought that I was saved, I saw them. The Altkans were rising from the sea, they begun invading Earth's surface... This is how it all started. The reason the world is now in ruins, and everyone struggles to survive, hiding underground or hiding hoping not to get found on the surface. It has now been two years and, like the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore, I will be nameless here for evermore, leaving this letter as the last trace of my existence.

Marc, 2060

Chapter 3

The War

This is a report on the war against Nam-Thy and the Altkans species. I am John and, as I directly experienced the end of both, I am the one who will tell about it. We have beaten the Altkans with a special chemical made only to kill them. After over a thousand years of hiding, it was perfected and is now hidden in Europe. The rest of this report is the most important, and I will write it as I lived it, since I was involved in all of it, as the one who was appointed to lead this case. I was just appointed, and the first thing I did then was research, after I heard of two letters left behind that talked about the things that endangered our species. I decided to believe them both and to search for Hund and

Marc's descendant, John. It took a little over a decade, because we lacked information on either of them, but after a lot of research, we achieved it. We first found Hund, truly turned into a monster, hiding in a cave. He was now three meters tall and was similar to his description of Nam-Thy, except that he had no wings and had normal eyes, although they were of rare color; his left one red and his right one green. Then, with his help, we easily found John. Hund had spied on Marc's descendants because he knew that Mark was the cause for the chaos that nearly killed humanity, and so he knew John's location. When we first met, John seemed hesitant to be around Hund, but it did not cause any problem in our task. Then, thanks to some memories John oddly inherited from Marc, we were able to have information we did that was not in the letter or that was in the damaged part of it. And so, we made a plan based on that. This plan was to attack Nam-Thy without stop until He became weaker, making sure He did not escape using Hund's extraordinary strength. The attack had to be made with all the weapons we had. Then, five years later, Nam-Thy came back and, using this plan of ours, was killed after a hundred days and after He killed over a hundred million people, over half of the world's population. We later concluded that, without the help of a being like Hund, it is impossible to kill such a thing.

This is the report I can provide on this case, and I hope we never have to fight a greater being again.

-Jack, 3230

Chapter 4

Death's Final Warning

We had finally killed Nam-Thy. It took over a thousand years, but we did it. Me, Jack, and Jacob killed, born from nothing in the middle of the universe, as well as all the Astrals as we killed their master ... Or at least, that is what they think, as they have been unable to see all the second letter, including that part of it. That is all that matters. After all, the Astrals' powers were too powerful for them to know I inherited all of it after Nam-Thy's death. Two weeks after Its death, I finally understood the true powers of the

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