trying to do right where i have wronged

As the blood witch, I have caused countless deaths in my quest for power. I can never be forgiven for what I have done. At first, I told myself that I was simply trying to make people stronger, but in reality, it was just an excuse for my own greed.

Now, I have come up with a new plan. I will watch each and every battle that takes place in the wars and steal the blood of every person who dies. I will use it to literally paint the sky with their blood, writing "all of your children are mine" in every language.

I will then use the children to create a school of magic, teaching them and culling the weak at the end of each year. Those who choose to stay will remain at the school, while those who wish to go home will be returned to their families. This will make me stronger, as my magic will be used for a longer period of time on more people.

However, I must admit that using my magic for so long and on so many people has made me weak. The strongest children are able to break free of my illusions with ease. Leyt, my first apprentice, will be responsible for choosing the next member of my new order.

I can only hope that my actions will bring some good to the world, even if I can never truly atone for the terrible things I have done.

The next page Yara writes in first person of how her eyes were once brilliant green but now red like human blood

As I sit here and reflect on my past, I can't help but notice how much I have changed. My once brilliant green eyes are now a deep red, like human blood. It's a constant reminder of the path I have chosen, and the weight of my actions.

I became the Blood Witch because I wanted to make people stronger, to protect the weak. But as time went on, I realized that my true motivation was my own greed. I wanted to live forever, to feel young and powerful. And so I began experimenting on children, stealing small bits of their magic to see what effect it would have on me.

I remember the first few solstices, when I took the children and tried to keep them safe during my experiments. I used my illusion magic to see them return home safely, and watched as their parents rejoiced at their return. But then, the first child died. I never knew their name or their parents, but I grieved for each accidental death. Now, I am numb to it.

I never used illusion magic on the families to make them believe their children were home, but I did use it to make myself invisible when the children returned. It was a small comfort, knowing that they were safe and their parents were happy.

But as the years went on, I became more and more aware of my own greed. I couldn't be forgiven for all the deaths I had caused, and using the excuse of making people stronger was just that - an excuse. I struggled with the morality of my actions, and eventually made the decision to not kill anyone the following year.

Instead, I came up with a new plan. I would find the wars and watch them from start to finish, stealing the blood of every body. I would then use it to paint the sky, writing "all of your children are mine" in every language. I would use the children to create a school of magic, teaching them and then culling the weak at the end of the year. The strong would return home, while the weak would remain at the school, living under an illusion that it was their home.

But even with this new plan, I couldn't shake the feeling of greed and selfishness. My magic, used for so long and on so many people, had made me weak. The strongest could easily break free of my illusions. And Leyt, my first apprentice, would choose the next member of my new order.

As I sit here, I can't help but wonder what the future holds. Will I ever be

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