

The story is told in first person from the protagonist Joshua. He confesses in the first chapter that he believes he is slowly going insane and the only thing that keeps him stable is the three-foot tall demon girl who lives in his closet. She tells him stories and sings him songs to ease his mind. When he hears her voice or is hypnotized by her gaze, he fades from existence and enters into a dream-like state of his consciousness. Each trip from reality brings him closer to understanding the purpose for his seeming departure from physical to psychosomatic realms. During the course of his assorted journeys, he meets an array of interesting creatures and people, each with their own stories or dilemmas. He encounters difficult puzzles and must overcome arduous or sometimes frightening tasks. Despite what the demon girl tells him, the ethereal shifting between realms, eventually takes its toll on Joshua when he frequents trips to the graveyard of past memories and converses with his shadow, a representation of his former self, who convinces him not to trust her. The story gradually winds down as he pieces together his past and overcomes various life obstacles, which dwelled in his conscious and eventually drove him to current mental state, and he finally realizes his past and accepts his existence.



Josh Duer, a first time author, wanted to explore one of his many creative outlets by writing a book. As a leisure pursuit, he obsessively completed "The Little Demon Girl" with coffee in one hand and typing at a computer for hours at a time. This unique, imaginative novel reflects his creative personality. Aside from writing his first novel, Josh is an accomplished musician and song writer. He graduated from Full Sail University with a BA in Music Business and an AA in Recording Arts, leading him to his current job working in a music studio as a recording engineer.

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The Little Demon Girl • A Story Of Dreams and Adventures • Josh Duer

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Fultus™ Books



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Chapter 1.

A Secret Between Friends

As I stare into her eyes, I get this uneasy weariness. This is a familiar feeling, as we always have this argument. She constantly tries to convince me I am not insane. She says I am just like any other twenty-three year old boy. She tells me she grows tired of this ongoing quarrel. I wonder, will it ever resolve itself?

I grew up in a normal family; well as normal as you could get. I was an only child, and often I was left to fend for myself. Both my parents worked at the same office and would car pool together. They were rarely around because of constant work related deadlines or future business pursuits, so I became very independent. I took care of myself and learned to keep entertained without anyone around. I cooked my own food, did my home work, and cleaned the house. I usually came home from school and would watch television till they got home, and we would eat dinner together.

I wouldn't think of myself as crazy. I do all the standard activities of your average Joe. I go to the store, I listen to music, and I have friends. Well, I **had** friends. I never did actually bring her up in any of my conversations. I mean how could I? Maybe this is what has been burdening me so. Constantly thinking, talking, arguing to myself about her and her existence. Judging, stressing over everything, is this strange at all? But why do I do this to me? Protection? Justification? I mean, **it is** unnatural to have a three foot tall demon girl living in your bedroom closet isn't?? Of course! But who am I trying to convince? Her?, me?, or everyone else. So why does she torment me? Confuse me? She tells me this is who I am. She says this is normal. She wouldn't lie to me, if anything she helps me.

I don't always remember her but it has been so long, I don't disregard her presence either. As usual, she stares. Long... Blank... Soul less...

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Yet she says many things. Her mouth never moves, just smiles. She likes to talk about rain, animals, but mostly she likes to talk about trees. She loves trees. Big, tall ones with many long and gnarly branches stretching about the sky. Covered in thick, coarse bark and an infinite cast of leaves. She can't get enough of them, portraits of fields and grassy knolls, horizons setting behind silhouettes of gigantic forest. She tells me to relax and imagine a beautiful field with flowing rivers, puffy clouds, and luscious, green trees. The balance of existence. I close my eyes and pretend to be a boy.

Chapter 2.

A Splendid Day Eagerly Misconceived

Often when I dream, the colors are all wrong. Inverted. The sky's dark brown and the grass is a yellowish orange. It looks backwards and confusing, but I have grown used to this cock-eyed, co-reality. I am a young, wide eyed, little boy. Oblivious to emotional pain, yet susceptible to being crushed by those I adore. I call to Bella. She is a princess. This isn't her real name as it alters frequently, but somehow, I seem to know it is her name. I gaze slowly about the landscape. In the distance I hear sheep cry. There are rivers flowing, though they seem backwards, they shimmer delightfully. The waters silently thrust forth as the gathering froth glows a subtle shade of pink. I call out her name once again. Slowly I wander and strew about the scenery. My vision tunnels and waves gently like an underwater current. I see her. She is slumped sideways upon a stray branch, her eyes gaze strongly about. I feel compelled to float up to her and drink from her frosty pitcher. A blue frosty pitcher with delicious ambrosia nectar swirling inside. She slowly turns to me and says she would be delighted if I join her and embrace the breathtaking scenery. I accept her invitation as if subpoenaed by her incredibly radiant magnetism. I stand under her and look up to the fellow branch. She gazes down, beckoning me. I reach up as if to float, but to no avail. I call to her as to tell her I am bound to the earth by physical laws in which I do not control. She assures me that these laws can easily be eluded. You need not to castigate yourself so intensely, surrender to your own ambitions and unhinge the chains that bind you to the ground. I listen but it seems as if she is distant, masked by the pattering of rain. I hear a storm brewing and the sounds of water falling but there was no rain in sight. It felt damp and the wind carried the smell of an oncoming storm, but it was a clear, brown dream sky with a few clouds sprayed about the open ceiling. She calls to me, "you have to ignore the distractions! That is just a mental storm formed to deceive you and

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keep you from indulging in your potential! Carte Blanche!", She begins to fade, "Carte Blanche!"

The distraction was just my subconscious keeping me from learning how to overcome. I felt my weight lighten. I felt each individual strand of air, each bead of wind, they taught me a new freedom I yearned for all my life. The material world was a devious Cassandra used to detour me from learning about life, a new life only Bella could project to me. I see her eyes as I ascend to her gentle branch. Staring ... she was always staring. I float gracefully to the branch in which I see she is laid and I take a seat beside her. I ask her, "Why, why do you help me?" and she says, "Because you want me to." I sit back as we drift off indulging the majestic sunset. We laugh and smile and enjoy the delicious ambrosia nectar, under the shade of each individual branch above us, on this gorgeous tree. The sky stares back so eloquently.

"So you now you know." she says.

"Yeah, I don't know what to do." I say. "What's going to happen you, or to me?"

"Don't worry." she says. Her voice is calming. "Blur you eyes, what do you see?"

"Two fuzzy images?" I say as I squint my eyes and blur my vision.

"You have a choice. One image is reality as you know it, the other is its' parallel counterpart. Neither are wrong, They are merely two perspectives of the same subsistence. Together combined they make up the physical reality of the existence you know. You have been seemingly shifting between the two worlds. It is the balance between time and existing, relative to the gravity piecing together the fabrics of space. You are here, but at the same second you are there. I do not exist in the physical world, I am only here in the parallel world, as does everyone else you have helped on your journey. We are you, we are your feelings and emotions, we are a result of your own imagination. Your mind has developed a way to see both worlds, your conscience and reality. While in your conscience, the laws of time are eclipsed. You do not age, only learn. Your mind has learned in an instance what would take a short lifetime. But this is not without repercussions. Simultaneously, you coexist without knowing you are in two places at once. It is confusing to your brain because the most basic of laws are different in both worlds. One is based on principles and exacts, while the other is freedoms and possibilities. Together though, the result is harmonious. Though this may be a blessing, you lack the capacity to decipher the fiction from the reality. We offered to you, a sanctuary from pain and negativity. But I'm also afraid to say, your time with us is nearing its' end. Internally, you beckon to be you, an individual amongst your peers. This is what you would call a figurative crossroad or fork in your psychological development. You need to decide want you want, to stay here in this pseudo- psycho purgatory or in the physical plane of existing. The only other option is forbearance, to become trapped in your own mind and remain here forever. Everything follows a course, even if it means confiding in oneself. The blue doesn't necessarily want to leave the sky every night, but without black it is just another color. Life is funny, you know that, the things we love and miss are only as great as the things

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we loathe and misinterpret. So once again I leave to you, a decision. The one choice you have been preparing yourself for. Are you ready for your life to begin again?" Her face appears relaxed, she has a quixotic ambience about her. She could tell me, of any horrible lore or fable and I can only admire and remain captive to her astral utterance. She is a thing of beauty that represents my softer side and complete devotion to aspirations of substantiality. My shadow sits, stretched and skewed across the closet wall. The one small light overhead has warped its image and gives me a different look at something I know so well. A persons shadow changes in every room you enter and never repeats itself in the many moments of life, yet it's still the same shadow. It represents something you always have but can never control, the equal counterpart to your adamant self. I can feel the smile of Somnus's face as every image I have ever dreamt of or felt, races across my body. I see her and I flicker between each other as my muscles ache from every task I have endured. I feel and visualize every emotion scale through my brain at once as electrical impulses, each disguised as an image or surreal sense. The days fade to nights and back to days, like sifting sands of colors and profound occurrences. Life stops and continues, air lifts and falls, trees flourish and fall dormant, finally life continues then regresses. The predetermination of life has ended. I know now what has happened, an enlightenment has birthed but remains lidless and frail. I digress from my usual path and reconcile. The transformation is complete and for the first time. I am whole. Her presence over powers my ability of restraint and my eyes grow heavy from amenity. Imagery pours into my conscience. I see Triculus of Brel, his powerful stature represents my ability to overcome. I see Captain Frong in a dewy sunrise along an oceans horizon, his sunny disposition has taught me: the worse things look, the better they can only get. I see the three Prophets, their selfless act of sacrifice fills the empty lines of a drab and selfish life, with enough colors and higher emotions to fill a flower with an exuberant world. And finally, I see her. The one who showed me all the unimaginable worlds, all the evils and distractions of my conceding. Goodbye I say to myself, I sense her acknowledgement as her smile lights up the room and dissipates like clouds to mist. Time now seems to be just clicks and calculations of math, pain is now just a feeling of complex chemical reactions, and life is just a series of: days and nights. The

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closet sits empty now, excluding myself and the dirty piles of clothes, I am overwhelmed with new feelings...new thoughts. Is this humanity, a lost and forgotten aspect of my daily routine? The noise of the outside world makes its way into mine through the window panes, it barges in along with the strands of light as if they were both companions. Together, they eagerly convince me to greet this day. A day to feel and embrace as a new emotion, a new representation of a once familiar routine. I get up and walk to my living room. It is illuminated from all angles by the immerging light. I step outside, the air is chilled and a new sense of well being overcomes my body and senses. Cars drive by and behind every wall lives the separate lives of others like me, doing what they can to survive in this world we have created. The wind sings a new song, one I'm unfamiliar with, but still it intrigues me. I take a deep breath, the air lacks the sweet taste I have grown accustom to but triggers a new sense of mortality. This is only a new adventure and I am ready for anything it can throw at me. I have the memories of friends to guide me and my faithful shadow by my side. I can take on everyday with the utmost sincerity and I'm looking forward to the challenges. I retreat back into my living room, the T.V is off. The ceiling fan spins slowly and clicks every third turn. My soul is pure now, I stand in my threshold a new person like a butterfly from a cocoon. And for a brief moment I reminisce of my past, unafraid now of what once was, now embracing it as a token of my roots. But I can't help from remembering her, my guardian angel if you will, for she has taught me all that is essential and how to cherish the nuances of evermore. For even as insignificant as a rain drop can be among the millions, it still led its own course and helped wet a friendly blade of grass. And without it, that blade may never have been touched and that's no way to live. As a memento to her, I squint my eyes. The room fades to two separate blurry images and a smile, like hers, dashes across my face. As small tears form in the inner corners of my eyes, I begin to see the serene world I once knew glow around me, and on the lonely, lackluster wall of my living room I see the image of me and the little demon girl holding hands. I relax my eyes and the world fades back to how it was, my smile escapes me along with the image on the wall. I feel happy as I walk into the room and start to pick up some of the mess, I am now complete for I have finally met contentment.