

9th plane

Last day wasn't very typical. When I was returning home from school, I saw a strange character entering some kind of portal. My impulsive nature took control over me and just before the portal closed, I'd entered it.

First, I saw only darkness, than a lot of glaring colours and than I saw a kind of membrane, behind which there were a lot of unclear shapes. When I felt out of this trans-plane tunnel, I saw a lot of burned ground. I thought, that it must have been ninth plane – home of different kinds of demons, imps and such abnormal (as for us of course) creatures.

I was terrified and I regretted that I even thought of entering the portal. But it was closed and there was no way of coming back. And I didn't know how open the passage again. I thought that perhaps I should find the person (or whatever it was) that O had followed.

I was thinking about possible ways of returning home, when I saw a group of imp soldiers flying towards me. One that looked like commander said something to me in his language (and of course I didn't understand him). When I had nothing except staring at him, he shouted and two of his soldiers came to me and chained me. I did nothing, because I knew, it was aimless.

They took me to a place, which looked like a throne hall from one of mine most freaked dreams. There was throne, but it looked like... like... I don't know what it looked like, but I'm sure it was throne. Also the place looked very wired. Maybe wired isn't very good word for this.

But nevertheless, soon came the king. I didn't think that imp could be such big. Well. Before I didn't see any imp, but even it was huge. It was something like twenty or even more meters high. Fortunately he knew human language. Or maybe to be more precise – English.

- As a spy of demons? – he said with his voice that you could die of. – You shall be first tortured and than killed. Or killed during tortures. Or killed without tortures. Doesn't matter. What is sure, is that you'll die. In one or another, but you'll die.

Suddenly, I heard someone speaking to the king:

- Wait! We should just question him first.

They kept arguing for a while.

- Hey! – I said. – That's my life you're talking about. I'm not anyone's spy. I came from first material plane through some kind of portal. I don't want to spy. Only thing I want is to return home as soon as possible.

I was throne in prison, and left there for few days. Cell was very mall and cold. Around it, there was magical barrier, unbreakable for most of imps' spells. For more talented prisoners there was great prison, somewhere deep under the ground.

With me, there was in prison, one small, intimidated imp. He told me, that he had been forced to attempt an attack on one of king's officials. As he had predicted, he had failed, and so he was in prison, accused of trying the murder.

Time in prison wasn't very pleasant, although I had someone to talk with. Fortunately he knew English (BTW They must have had very good English teachers. Where the heck they've taken them from?). They would give us a little of food three times a day. For me there was special food - not imp one (and where the heck they've taken the cooks). So generally they treat me well. Well as for prison of course.

Finally I got out of prison. They gave me new clothes. I think they had belonged to previously killed prisoner. Doesn't matter. Important than was, that they looked quite nice and were quite comfortable.

I was leaded to throne hall again. King said:

- After difficult discussion in which only one imp was killed (I've never liked him anyway) we agreed that you will be freed and we will help you return home.

- Yee

- But you will have to help us.

- Ooh

- But it will be easy.

- Yee

- You will go into demons' positions.

- ...

- Will someone call the doctor.

I woke up few hours later and was still laying in bed when king came to me.

- You don't have to go. – He said.

- Really?

- Yep!

- Really? Really?

- No.

- ...

- Well theoretically you have choice.

- And practically?

- No.

- So what if I won't?

- You will be killed.

- Ah. So I don't have a choice.

- No.

- Uh huh.

And so I was forced to attempt this mission (not practically of course). They gave me cloak of invincibility and I was told to go onto demons' positions and do a little of spying. I asked why an imp couldn't do that instead of me. King said that the cloak could be worn only by humen, and I had been first one that had come to them since the begging of the war. And if I hadn't done it, I would have been killed.

I went to the armoury and swordmaster gave me magical robe, armour, sword, bow and some arrows. Also in granary I took a lot of food. Amazingly it was very light. They told me that the sack, in which it was in, was cold "sack of no weight". Finally in king's lab, they gave me some mixtures like health potion, cure poison, potion of cloudkill etc.

So, well equipped (or at least I thought that than), I left the imp city behind me. It was very cold, but robe given to me, made me feel very warm.

After some time I got tired. I wondered, why there was no star giving the light anywhere. Everywhere was a kind of red glow. I felt like there should be night or whatever there was in that realm.

Even if there was no night I was very sleepy. I found a cave and got sleep. After few hours, I was woken up by some voices. I was laying in a small sub – cave and had a cloak of invincibility, so owners of the voices didn't saw me. But due to they were sitting by the fire, I could see them. They were a group of demons. They looked like a scout party. They were talking about a spy they had in imps' capitol. It was the strangest name I ever heard. But I managed to remember it somehow.

I was sitting all night in the cave without sleeping. Even when the demons went away, I set there for some time. Finally, I left the cave and without even a small meal went towards imps' capitol. When I had arrived there I saw a large crowd before king's palace. Someone told me that some demons' spy had tried to kill the king. I thought that I arrived too late, but I hurried to king (or whatever he become) even so. Guards have known me already so there was no problem with entering the palace. When I had walked into the throne hall, King was sitting on a stool (stool, it was like watchtower) and was comforted by someone. I told him name of the spy, in a way so that no one could hear it. He turned his head and looked at the one that was comforting him with a look that could frighten even my polish teacher.

-You! – He shouted. –You !%#&&! Cut his head off! I'm very grateful to you. – He than said to me. What can I do for you?

- Send me back to my plane.

- Hmm. Let think. No! Buahahaha. But seriously speaking we need you. Who else would do this?

Of course, spy didn't survive very long. His head was cut off. Amazingly it even didn't touch a pavement (or whatever it was), cause immediately after it had been separated from the rest of the body, it disappeared. Some time after someone (or rather someit) told me, that every cut off part of imp's body disappears. They are crazier than I though before this event.

So, nevertheless, he was killed. Oh. Another unbelievably stupid things they believe. A kind of reincarnation. Every dead (for a time) imp is eaten in a special ceremony by his family members. Than first born baby in the family, will be another incarnation of a dead one. So theoretically speaking, there are always almost the same and the same number ofimps. Of course sometimes there are more new-born ones than dead ones or counterwise, but generally population is still. Or at least they believe so.

So spy was killed, but as king said – my mission wasn't accomplished. I left the city and went to the desert again. In some distance from the city, I saw first abounded settlements. Everywhere there were bodies. Huts were burnt. There was no one alive. Almost. There were few corpse – and brain - eaters. The picture was quite discouraging but I searched the village through. I found few broken swords. I was terrified, how cruel demons could be. On the other hand,imps were the same. On the first hand they had promised to help me. But who the heck cared about all this stuff. Important was, that I had a mission I had promised to do and I was gonna do it.

I went to one of the huts that had survived, lied down and felt asleep. I had a strange dream.

I was in my home again. I was sitting in my armchair. There was incredible hot. I tried to open the window, but lock was broken. Air – conditioning didn't work. I tried to go out, but door was locked also. I jumped of the window cutting my arm... and woke up. Everywhere around me was fore. Demons' bombers were destroying the rests of the village.

I was trapped. I could have been burnt and on the other hand I could have been caught by demons. I thought that being roasted was not very interesting option. So I walked out the hut. And I was right. Moment later I was caught by huge stinky demon (he should first by soap and than tic – tacs).

I was brought to demons' throne hall (how could it be different). I said thatimps' king was big. No, he wasn't. This one was big. His stool looked like a watchtower. He glanced at me and said:

- Throw him to prison!

I was sitting there for few minutes when I heard a voice.

- What the heck are you all doing? I'm tired with your silly war. All gods are. And as for you...

And big finger appeared in my cell.

- You'll go home. But first – a little of entertainment.

In one moment I was in the air watching all realm.

- So, what do you want first? – Voice asked me. – Meteor shower? Earthquake? Fall of a star?

- Everything.

So I watched the almost end of two kingdoms. Almost, because few imp and demons were spared. For the first time in history,imps' population wasn't the same.

The owner of the voice sent me home. I walked into the living room. When my mom had seen me, she gave me a hug and cried:

- I was so worried about you. I'm so happy your here. But look at you! You're so dirty! And for what you did – you're grounded! Where have you been?!

- You wouldn't believe me...