

# Epistemology

## the third death note

Von bootred

### Prolog:

[centre]**Epistemology – A Death Note FanFiction**

#### **Prologue – Fighting boredom**[/centre]

Ryuk was pretty laidback. Just like every other Shinigami. Well, having a nearly immortal lifespan had of course some disadvantages. One of the biggest flaws of such a life was boredom. The Shinigami Realm was a monotone place where the only companions the never changing moon and other Shinigami were. No change, always the same. Never change. Even games started to bore him so he had decided – before Light was the owner of a Death Note, before he witnessed the birth of Kira – to try something.

It was well known that the King of Death was a powerful being, although no one knew how powerful he truly was. There was never a situation where his power was needed. The King of Death was truly a terrifying being, to say at last. So it was safe to say that it was not easy to deceive or to trick him. No, not an easy task at all. And so the thrill, the need to escape the boredom brought Ryuk to the glorious idea to steal the Death Note of his King. What did he have to lose? Even if – and that was a really big IF – the King would (or rather could kill a Shinigami) want to kill him, then at least he died trying. Even so, a Shinigami could only die when he loved a human and gave his life for this particular human.

While he was on his way to the King something stopped him. Out of the corner of his eyes, hidden in the shadows of some rotten cave... that was when he found him. Ryuk observed him for some time. The Shinigami was a small one, always cowering, watching humans in an orb interact, and watching how they lived their life. Ah, he was one of those cases, Ryuk thought and for once he didn't come around to smile.

Shinigami were beings that lived from hope and despair, at least some of them – it was rare that such a thing occurred. Ryuk was no such Shinigami, of course. He wasn't *that* stupid. But there were the ones that held feelings. (*Idiots*, Ryuk thought and snickered.) Those that grew these feelings like flowers by watching humans, only to be crushed by despair.

It was a curse. And it was no surprise to Ryuk that this fellow Shinigami was all alone, an outsider, watching in the shadows, watching children and woman and man interacting with each other. Screaming and crying and laughing and loving. Humans truly were strange. Nevertheless it was like an illness that could seep through every molecule of Death Gods. They got addicted, observing the feelings humans held for each other. Hoping, wishing, dreaming... and in the end only to feel despair and self-loathing. Those Shinigami would fall in love with a human and in the end give their life for a human. The only thing remaining colourless, grey ashes and a notebook, the possibility of being picked up by any other Shinigami.

In the end it happened. Just like Ryuk expected. It was a melancholic sight and if Ryuk had been human or one of those emotional Shinigami he would have felt compassion and sympathy.

The nameless Shinigami wrote a name in his Death Note and saved a young girl, only a child, her body not matured, nearly being killed by her abusive step-father.

When all that remained was the orb, ashes and a plain looking notebook he went to the place, watched as the man lie there, killed by a heart attack. Ryuk saw how the child started to cry, covered in bruises. Ryuk wanted to leave but curiosity got the best of him. He watched as the girl couldn't tend for herself, the mother being already dead. Days passed and the girl lay unconscious on the floor, beside her father's rotting corpse. Finally the door opened and she was picked up, man and woman where there, washed her, gave her something to eat, and a bed to sleep in.

Hm, well at least she was saved and did not die of fatigue like Ryuk would have guessed. He scratched his head, picked up the notebook at last and spread his wings. He had remained way too long on this place. Time to go.

A grin started to spread on his face. Humans. Heh. Such weaklings. The depended on each other and were trusting. So trusting.

"Hyuk hyuk hyuk.", Ryuk laughed, on his way to his king, leisurely strolling through the Shinigami Real, thinking of all the things that ran through his mind. The girl merely a faint memory, left in the depth of his consciousness the course of his thoughts changed to his goal. He thought about his plan and how the King would react once he realized his notebook was gone. Plus, he could finally see for himself: was the King of Death truly someone who wasn't fooled easily?

It was decided, a plan was formed and after some time the plan was being realized. It was no easy task. Ryuk was after all only a normal Shinigami whereas the King an unyielding being who looked down from his throne. (Well, not really much a throne, just garbage thrown together from the Shinigami Realm to make a somewhat makeshift throne.)

And when the feast was done and Ryuk had successfully realized the plan, getting away before he could get an ass beating, rumors started to lie down in the Shinigami Realm like a neatly woven net of words and disbelief. It was a most shocking thing that came to the ears of the other Shinigami.

One fellow brother was able to fool the King and stole his Death Note.

Rumors were told from mouth to mouth and spread from one end to the other of the realm. Different versions existed of how this very stupid and very brave Shinigami stole the blasted thing. But the most important thing of this whole ordeal was that the boredom was blown away by the neatly woven words of the self-proclaimed Shinigami story tellers who told the tales of Ryuk the only Shinigami who dared to defy the King. Some said that it had been a courageous thing; others had the opinion that it was an idiotic thing to do.

However, Ryuk could care less. He was now in possession of not one (his own), not two, but three(!) Death Notes. Even better, one had been the Kings Death Note. What should he do with them?

He flew in the skys of the Shinigami Realm looking for a place where he could savor his victory over the King. As he sat down, finally finding a cozy (cozy as it could be) spot under a dried out tree, he lay the three notebooks beside him. Two black, one purple. His laugh echoed through the Shinigami Realm and was only heard by some, that were nearby.

Time passed, not even a day in the human world and Ryuk hadn't missed it at all. The boredom.

The boredom came back, greeted Ryuk like an old friend and settled with him. The Shinigami was sure that when he remained on one spot for too long the King would find him. And really, he had nothing else to do, so it was only logical that he would flee. He just had to be secretive and cautious. It was a known fact that the Shinigami King wasn't a very nice being. Even less when he had been tricked and robbed of his Death Note. At that thought Ryuk laughed. Still, he could hide. An idea struck him.

He could hide in the world of the humans! Ah, he was brilliant. His ego grew even more when his clever brain came up with the idea of defying boredom by leaving a Death Note there and to observe how humans would react. It had been so long since he had been there the last time. Ah, an adventure! Finally, something interesting!

While he flew away to leave the melancholic realm of Shinigami, memories of a sweet and mildly sour taste came back to him. One of his fellow Shinigami had brought back apples once and they had been the most delicious thing he had ever eaten. His mouth watered and with the back of his hand he swept away the watered spit that ran along his chin, the Cheshire cat grin remaining on his face.

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He was in a country called Japan and hovered over a school. He had left a Death Note on this school and curiously watched the pupils wandering around. What a bunch of stupid animals. They were like sheep. Stupid, stupid sheep, not knowing about the big bad Wolf who was able to devour them with his sharp teeth and long claws. And his sharp teeth and long claws had the form of a plain looking notebook. If he wanted to, he could kill them all to add time to his own life span. And they weren't even aware of that.

The school bell rang and the students gathered and went back onto school but one

male student noticed the black notebook. The brown haired boy hesitated for a moment before he picked it up. In human standards, Ryuk observed, he was pretty good looking. At least the Shinigami thought so after watching some girls giggling over the guy who was now the owner of the Death Note. Ryuk grinned.

Then he remembered the purple Death note. Ah well, he would stay in this town and he would drop the Death Note of the King as well. That promised to be interesting. After all a Shinigami should always be near his Note, even more if it was in the possession of an unstable human being. Sure you could leave the owner and the notebook but Shinigami were curious beings, observing humanity since centuries.

Ryuk snickered.

He watched as the male human went back into the school building, the Death Note in his hands. Ryuk decided to leave for the time being to drop the purple one and as he flew over the city he tried to imagine what the future held in his hands. Would it be exciting? Or would it get boring quickly?

Finally he came to a halt. The place he was now at was a park, with green grass and some humans enjoying the sun light and the peaceful atmosphere. Some kids where playing around, clearly one was bullied but the Shinigami could care less. Other people were doing some strange movements, at that Ryuk scratched his head. Humans were strange, indeed (later Ryuk would found out that this was called Sport and it was important for Fitness and health). So he dropped the purple Death Note and waited. And waited.  
And waited.

No one seemed to be interested in this thing. Maybe the grass was too high and nobody could see it? Ryuk went over to where the Death Note lay but then out of the corner of his eyes a girl stepped beside him. Of course she wasn't able to see him and even if she could see him, she was too focused on the Death Note.

Without hesitation she picked it up, whereas the other human had hesitated. Hm, interesting.

She had been in the park trying to lure her muse out of the dark pit that blocked her motivation and creativity to write something. (It was more like of not being able to open up about her feelings. She had no idea what she should write.) The girl sat in the grass observing her surroundings, note book in her lap and pencil in her right hand. It was pointed on the blank paper, leaving a dot where it was left.

Nothing.

Painful as it was, she could not write anything. She had gotten out of her apartment after sitting around too long and she had been forced by her friend to get out and enjoy a little sunlight. But it had not worked. The girl was too distracted by her surroundings, observing the laughing children, the happy families. And the pain in her heart was still there.

The polish female was not able to finish her assignment given by her therapist.

She sighed and decided to leave for the day. Not only would it be meaningless to stay longer out, but it was already afternoon and a vacuum called hunger started to get her attention as well. Over with her concentration, not being able to sketch a single line she stood up. Some stretching was done and her bag was picked up. She would call it a day and would get home, to get something to eat. She remembered that she had to take her new prescribed medication as well. She hung her head and as she blinked out of the corner of her eye a purple thing got her attention.

Curious she went to the place. It was a purple notebook and she bent down to pick it up, wondering who would leave it here. Maybe someone lost it? But it looked pretty neat and unused.

And suddenly, as soon as she had touched it, a shadow was blocking the sunlight. She looked to her right, startled, her eyes behind her glasses widened and her mouth opened to scream... but no sound came out of her. Ryuk looked at her, grinning, waiting for her reaction, wondering how she would react, his big round eyes watching her reaction with amusement that was only typical for his kind. She looked at him. Staring at each other, without blinking. Seconds passed. One minute. Two minutes. Her eyes began to water. Then a smile: "Cosplay?" She finally blinked.

In conclusion that was the only logical and rational assertion.

Ryuk blinked as well, wondering why in heavens name she didn't look surprised. And what the hell was 'Cosplay'?

"What?", was his only response, not able to comprehend why a human wasn't screaming , or running, or... something at the sight of him. It was a baffling experience and a new feeling clenched in his rotten heart that the Shinigami couldn't place. When was it the last time someone had looked at him like that?

Curious like a child, innocence and naivety in her gaze, not fearing him, not making fun of his antics or thinking of him as an idiot. So he did the only thing he could do at the moment and he nodded.

Her smile grew and her head was now a little bend to the left, sucking in his sight with her eyes. "Wow, looks awesome.

Though I don't know from which show it is. Or is it from a game?", a question asked friendly and with honest interest. Ryuk could only answer honestly, not capable of lying at the moment: "Er, a Shinigami."

For once his trademark grin not on his face, but astonished with a flicker of fear. Ryuk had never met someone like this before, precisely he had never met someone who had been friendly with him or never smiled so kindly. It was a very new experience for him and a feeling of bewilderment started to rise in his chest.

"Looks really good.", she said again, "Shinigami, Death God, yes?"

He merely nodded just now realizing her accent and with that a minor longing after something he had long forgotten.

The Death God looked at her name and her life span.

Małgorza Ewa Weronika Grzeskiewicz. What a long and complicated name she had. It wasn't even funny. He grinned. Or maybe it was.

The meaning of her name was interesting as well, as if it was fated that she would find a Death Note. But maybe it had nothing to do with her and she was named like that because her parents had a fondness to long names and wanted to give meaning to their daughters life.

*Pearl of life; pure and watchful bringer of victory.*

Humans were really funny. They thought that the name could somehow influence a life, when in truth it had nothing to do with which name you had. You could be called Dickbutt and the name would have no kind of influence on your life. An illusion humans had created for them, chasing the idea of luck and being able to direct their life. But Ryuk knew.

It had nothing to do with their names.

The important thing was how you choose you to live your life. Nothing mattered, only your own choice. You would have to live with your choices. There was no time machine where you could take a quick trip to the past or future to change things, to your liking.

What really and truly influenced a human's life was how he treated others and how others treated him in return. When another human bullied you because of your name it was his choice to do so, and you could fight or sit back and cry.

A female voice got him out of his thoughts. It was her. Małgorza Ewa Weronika Grzeskiewicz. Ah yes, she was still there.

"Sorry, but have to go.", she told him, an apologetic smile, but she stretched out her hand, the purple Death Note in it, "This yours?"

Ryuk grinned a grotesque smile that stretched his face unnaturally but instead of taking it from her he only shook his head. "No, it's not mine. Just keep it, maybe the owners going to come to retrieve it."

Małgorza nodded, opened her back and watched in it to see if she had some space to put the purple notebook into her bag. When she finally had it stored in said bag she looked up again only to find that she was alone. She furrowed her eyebrows. How strange.

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"I am home!", she called out. No answer came, which meant that her parents were out, her siblings as well.

It was already dark when she came home. Relief flooded through her. The young pupil had no strength left for the day. School had been hard for her and being around people only drained her of her energy. It was a soothing feeling, entering the comfort of her home whily no member of her family was there. Her condition didn't allow it to be much around people, even worse was that she hurt her family through her mental illness. But really, what could she do? She just felt this way and that her brain wasn't able to produce enough of the needed hormones wasn't her fault as well. Still... it hurt.

Carelessly she dropped her heavy bag on the floor and without much consideration

she took off her shoes and left them on the spot. The polish female sat down on the couch in the living room and sighed.

After she had left the park for a break she went back had went back to school only to be appointed for cleaning duty of one of the rooms that stored oil paint, water colors, easels and other artistic essentials fort he art club of her school. It was more a job of reorganizing these things instead of cleaning.

Trying to clean acrylic based color was, after all, nearly impossible. Once stuck on a cloth it was beyond someone's power to remove it.

She wasn't even in the art club but she did it anyway. The reason was simple. No other club wanted her in it. She was a stranger, a foreigner, different and an abomination.

The rumors had spread to fast. One more ridiculous than the other, leaving her with nothing left. No friends. At least she had her family. Not bonded by blood but she loved them nontheless. Only the art club accepted her somewhat. Actually they just needed someone for cleaning duty and as everyone was too lazy to do it, it was stuck on her.

To tell the truth it was all she could do. She had at least to do something at school. In this way the teachers could see her, even if she wasn't able to subdue anything at the artclub. She didn't even knew much about art. And she never looked at the paintings of the other students. She wasn't interested in it.

But even worse was her family. She could feel their disappointment, and most of all their sadness, it was like a weight was strapped on her shoulders. She couldn't help but compare herself to Atlas, who had been punished by the gods to carry the world.

To be honest she didn't mind the organizing, what really bugged her was the fact that it took so much time. And now she was tired as hell. What a lousy excuse. She was always tired these days. Again, her conditions fault.

She reached for her remote and turned on the TV to ignore and forget the darkness that creeped its ways into the rooms.

The young girl switched through the TV Program and found a Series that seemed to be interesting. Some kind of documentary about art forgery.

Her interest piqued, hand still on the remote, she couldn't help but stare and listen, too engrossed what happend in front of her on the TV. For the first time in her life her heart fluttered at something.

Still, currently she couldn't bear watching a movie about art and so she changed the TV channel again, only to get hang up on a drama. Ah, that was the one with this one Hideki actor, this one dude. He had a lot of fangirls which went all gaga because of him.

She left it at there and stood up, stretching a little before going to the kitchen. In the refrigerator was still the Strawberry cake she couldn't wait to devour. But before that, she would eat something. There had been no opportunity to get something to eat, so she had had to wait.

In school, she had unfortunately forgot to bring lunch with her, and her family being busy had no chance to bring it to her. But now, finally home, the adopted child could fill her empty stomach with yummy food. The female student had no other choice after all. Even if she had no appetite she had at least to eat. Hunger was not a feeling she enjoyed much, but at least she could change that particular bodily function on her own.

However, another thing had first to be done - she had to take her medication. She went over to a drawer and retrieve some tablets. She closed the drawer, got herself a glass of water and swallowed them, ignoring the feeling of being watched. Now, she could finally eat.

The girl sat down on the couch, the plate with steaming food and taking the remote in her other hand. For a moment she hesitated before she changed the channel back to the art documentary. Something had intrigued her and she just couldn't leave it alone.

It was as if a invisible force had her in the palm of its hands and slowly she started to eat, her eyes sucking in what she saw, and her ears listening closely to the words, that were spoken.

All the while being watched by a supernatural being.

*tbc*