

Dear Diary: Today, I killed someone

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Dear Diary: Today, I killed someone

by [Fey_wilde](#)

Summary

Squiddo prides herself on her excellent memory. It's one of her only positive attributes, one she can count on in nearly every situation. In just a blink of the eye, she can recall a story, an adventure. Every single bit of data crams itself into her head, sorting into neat piles, ones she can sift through with speed and efficiency. Mobs, history, abandoned places, extinct worlds, glitches, she knows them all. Her memory *never* fails.

Yet, no matter how hard she tries, no matter how many hours she spends lying awake, unseeing eyes staring at the ceiling of her makeshift base, she just can't remember *why*.

Why did I join Lifesteal?

Notes

ok i am not normal about squiddo's newest video i just had to write this. finally back from break, though!! yippee!!

some possible CW: this whole thing is from the view of someone having a silent panic attack where they cannot think straight. nothing is described in detail. possibly implied addiction? (to health potions)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Lifesteal... definitely wasn't what Squiddo was expecting.

Sure, she knew the whole spiel: *The Deadliest Server. Everyone, even people you thought to be friends, were out to get you. Trust nobody. Kill or be killed. Steal hearts, blah blah blah.*

It's a bit different to be a part of it, though.

Odd, because her whole *thing* is the explorer. The researcher. The one who remembers. The World-hopper, one of the few left around. She throws herself head-first into the deepest depths of a world, fights through waves horrific monsters for a chance to see something new, and laughs in the face of death. She's *Squiddo*, the one and *only* researcher who actually gets her hands dirty. *Squiddo*, the girl who's dived into the Void, conquered the Far Lands, traversed the mind-wrenching and infinite possibilities of the strange Nether portals, and faced down Herobrine himself. New experiences are the *norm* for her.

Then, there's Lifesteal. The not-normal server that, for some reason, sends Squiddo stumbling as if the world is shifting beneath her feet— which is weird, because she's dealt with that before. She's good at walking with the tremors, leaning into the rumbling until it becomes a part of her. So good that, at times, she finds herself tilting on solid ground, a sailor without a boat.

Even her bones remember.

Perhaps it's the sun. A southern, tropical/desert World, a baking mesa spawn surrounded by sun-scorched plains, boiling jungles, stifling forests, and windless seas. A sun that is never covered glaring, bolts of heat energy soaking sweat into her shirt, sticking to her hair and glinting off her sunglasses which only help with epilepsy— good for World-hopping, less good for running through an open landscape.

Squiddo knows heat. Knows humidity. But also knows cold— bone-chilling, breath stealing *cold*. Has dealt with places so utterly different from everything that *should be*, that it... doesn't bother her.

Perhaps it's the people— but no, she knows most of them. Not well, some better than others, but she knows. Ash, most clearly. A fellow World-hopper who, regrettably, is much more affected by his journeys than she. Or perhaps he just shows them more clearly than she.

Perhaps it's the nature of the server itself.

See, the thing about Squiddo is that she isn't mean. She isn't dangerous. She isn't cunning, or paranoid. She isn't scheming, isn't blood thirsty, isn't even slightly ambitious. She wears her heart on her sleeve and she's proud of this. Drops anything and everything to help, even if she does not know the person. Keeps her memories in the open and willingly gives out all she knows without a price. When people harm her, she has never once felt the urge for revenge. Sure, she may avoid them at first, avoid smiling their way, but that's the extent she can manage. In her attempts to make them feel guilty, she hurts herself.

Maybe it's for the best. After all, a lot of people have harmed her, and being angry all the time is *exhausting*. Sure, Mapicc drove a sword through her chest in the first few minutes (I mean, seriously! Who *does* that? Even if he was going to kill her eventually, couldn't he have waited a *little* bit longer?) but that's not important! It's Lifesteal! What did she expect? Sure, every time she gets near certain people, their hands twitch towards weapons, smiles freezing on their faces, but again— Lifesteal.

(On good days, she can pretend the scar doesn't hurt. On bad days, well. Now she understands why the diluted health potions are such a desisted commodity.)

Squiddo doesn't like killing people. She doesn't like fighting. Frankly, she sucks at *any* sort of combat, even against the mindless zombies and skeletons that milled around the still-stifling night. She isn't good at surviving. Death is a part of her, but not in a bad way! Just in a, *oh, would you look at that, a cliff! Sure hope I don't trip*, and then she does, and it's not a big deal.

Turns out, other people aren't like that. It should concern her. And maybe it does just a little.

Not fearing death is a hindrance, perhaps, by dulling her instincts, but a blessing as well. There is a little more fear to it, now, with limited lives, but not falling into a panicking mess every time a blade is swung her way is helpful.

Sometimes, just sometimes, she gets away.

Squiddo isn't ambitious. She isn't good at killing people. Instead, she documents. Writing down every last detail of whatever happens in her journal. No matter how dull, how embarrassing, or frankly terrifying, she writes it down. Everyone and *everything* deserves to be remembered, even if it's a single line scratched into a torn, patchwork diary. Each death, each event, is written down. A memory where others could not. One day, she will publish her journeys, recounting everything for all to read, and then they'll hopefully be able to survive as well.

Squiddo doesn't kill people. She helps people. No matter how much they try to hurt her, she has too much empathy. Helping people is *good*: it makes allies, makes friends, creates bonds that last forever. At the very least, if she must be heartless as all Lifesteal members apparently are, she will be owed a favour.

Squiddo prides herself on her excellent memory. It's one of her only positive attributes, one she can count on in nearly every situation. In just a blink of the eye, she can recall a story, an adventure. Every single bit of data crams itself into her head, sorting into neat piles, ones she can sift through with speed and efficiency. Mobs, history, abandoned places, extinct worlds, glitches, she knows them all. Her memory *never* fails.

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Why did I join Lifesteal?

Waking hours, ever since the massacre, are wasted like this: Squiddo, on the floor. Crouched, usually, against a wall or hidden by some object. Fingers, shaking just ever so slightly, brushing softly up and down her left arm, where her hearts manifest. Tracing the dark outlines, each pulse, counting. *One. Two. Three. Four. Five.*

A breath. Brush over the mutilated scar tissue where the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth heart once rested, were torn away, then replaced once more.

Breathe in and out, feel only mild concern, mild panic: she isn't, and can't, think. Her brain is blank. How does Herobrine manifest himself? She doesn't know. What distance are the Farlands at? Nothing. What does the Void feel like? Cold? Hot? Nothing?

Another breath, strangled. *Just breathe.* Count again.

One.

Two.

Three.

Ten hearts.

Six hours ago, she had five.

No matter the biome, the wind never blows. No sand, grass, water, or leaves ever stir, brushed carefully by the breeze.

She's a murderer. She killed— help kill— participated in killing *eight* people.

And—

And she *enjoyed* it.

Curse her memory, because now the events run through her head like a movie: Power thrumming through her veins, reflexive laughter, high and bright and filled with insanity, bubbling from her chest. *You idiots! You idiots!* Stumbling, nearly falling, as she left the restaurant, bodies quickly dissolving under her feet. A clean shot— barely any blood dirtied the tiles and sand, yet enough to stick to her shoes. Instant, painless death, maniacal laughter echoing in her ears.

Was it Wemmbu's, or was it her own?

Squiddo doesn't kill people. She doesn't. She's *good*. She *cares* about people. She isn't a murderer.

There is never any wind. The cave hideout, a natural depression in the endless Mesa, is silent, save for the soft breaths of two. Save for a pencil scraping across paper, a light sound she knows well. Purple stands out jarringly against red and orange and yellow. Torchlight turns dulled gold into a shining piece of the sun itself.

Squiddo doesn't kill people.

But who is she to say no to a plea for help?

End Notes

wrote this all in a rush, so let me know if there's any spelling mistakes. i'm a bit rusty with posting, so there may be some mistakes. squiddo is just such an interesting character to write about, considering her past + personality makes a perfect contrast to lifesteal.

as always, comments + kudos are appreciated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!