**Vayla’s Introduction**

Hey there. I guess I’m supposed to be writing a letter to the reader about myself, my “goals and motivations” and all that crap. I’m Vayla, by the way. I’m a demon. Not those chintzy demons from the bible, or video games or whatever, though. I’m an actual person too. I think. Actually, that’s a matter of debate between demons and others – the nature of our being. More than any other mythical creature, we’ve gotten a bad rep. Everyone thinks we’re going to go around killing random things for the pure spite of it – and when I think of it, most demons I know probably wouldn’t mind doing that. But we don’t. You know why? We could probably wipe out your entire race if we liked, but there’s no real point to it. Most demons I know take pleasure in pain, but you don’t have to go around rampaging anymore to find pain. Humans do it to themselves – we only step in every now and then. It becomes more of a hobby than anything. My mother is a siren, a sea demon. Her family has a habit of sitting on rocks in the middle of the ocean and luring sailors to their deaths. She gains energy and pleasure from their fatal enrapture and eventual realization of their fate. I don’t go for that kind of stuff personally – too melodramatic. My Dad’s a fire demon, and if memory serves, his family lived in a volcano for a while, pouring out every now and again to scare the villagers. Again not quite my thing. The whole, ‘screaming crowd of chaos’ is a bit too noisy and messy for me. Not that I’m introverted or anything – I dislike humans, but I can be perfectly social in a group of demons. Except that I’ve never really belonged with them. Not really. I can do all of that normal demon stuff – cause and revel in human pain, moan on and muse about the old days, when we ‘ruled the world’ and all that – but it just seems a little... old. It’s too traditional for me. All they want to focus on is the past, and why it was so much better in the glory days. But then they’re all too lazy to actually recreate them. They say that they don’t need to, that humans are dangerous enough to themselves, but the truth is, they’re afraid. They don’t *want* to go after the humans. They don’t want to lose. It seems like one of the principle rules now not to reveal oneself to humans. My parents don’t tend to know (they don’t keep tabs on me too much) but I don’t really put too much effort into it. Hey, in New York, you can *have* purple hair, horns, fangs, and bat wings, and all anyone says is ‘cool costume, where’d you get it?’ Even if someone believed me though, I don’t think I’d mind. I’m not really into all that secrecy stuff. Me and Abyss just are who we are, and all those humans can just deal with it. Not that I want to excessively harm humans. There are plenty of stupid ones – trust me, I seem to have met most of them – but not all of them are that bad. I watch people, and I don’t see what the big difference is. I’ve met lots of stupid demons too, and plenty of nice ones. Same goes for humans. I don’t harbour any particular hatred toward their kind. Anyway, all of this – my dislike of secrecy and tradition, and my general tolerance of humans – means that I don’t always fit in with the demon crowd. I tend to spend most of my free time (when I’m not taking care of my younger brother, or helping my mom out with her interior design business – I like her more than my dad. They both irritate me, but she’s less likely to cause a ruckus) wandering around the streets, looking at the humans, and observing them. If someone tries to start a fight with me, or someone else (like robbers and stuff) I’ll stick ‘em into a little glass ball, and keep it with me as a keepsake. I collect them. It’s one of the few things that the other demons don’t hate about me. The other people – the mothers and children, sisters, brothers, lovers – those I watch. I observe them and try to figure out their behaviour. Why do they do what they do? Are they really that different from us? My parents want me to be a fashion designer or model when I’m older, being a demon with the talent of allure (my mother is a siren, after all) but I really want to be a psychologist. They don’t know that, of course. No one does, except for you, now. I want to be a psychologist and help people with their thought patterns. And worst of all, I want to help humans. *Help them.* Not harm them. I mean, sure, It’s amusing to watch them fall down stairs and stuff, but it’s not that worthwhile in the long run. I remember once, when I was out wandering, I came across a little girl begging for money. She had blue hair, so I doubted her humanity at first, but she seemed to have no knowledge of other species when I asked, so I guess it must have been an anomaly, or dye. Anyway, I gave her a couple of dollars, and the smile on her face made me feel nice for the rest of the day. Knowing that I might have made a difference, rather than simply being a parasite feeding on human pain. Don’t the others feel how useless and stagnant we are? We don’t cause any change with the world – that’s why they long for the glory days, you know. They just want to feel useful, like they can change stuff. Well, they can. But what they don’t seem to see is that they don’t have to cause a *bad* change. We’ve been heavily stereotyped as evil, but that doesn’t mean we are. Doesn’t mean I am. Am I? I don’t want to think that I’m evil just because of my species. Not all humans are stupid and ignorant just because of what they are – I’ve actually met humans who knew about other species before, and believed in them. There was this one lady who I passed in the street, and she stared at me, just stared, but I knew right away that she recognized me. She made brief telepathic contact too, just enough for us each to get a quick scan of the other’s energy. She was definitely human. I don’t know what she thought I was, though. My energy has always been a little wacky. People don’t know what to make of it. After a while, I guess they just get used to it- we don’t use energy contact much anyway amongst ourselves (immature pranks involving manipulation aside). Anyway, this has to be long enough because my mother is calling me to look after my brother, and I don’t want to get yelled at for keeping her waiting. Too late. I’m coming already! Bye, Vayla