

A young bearded man with auburn hair was at peace for a moment. He could see a penguin through the glass at the aquarium. He could also see himself. His reflection showed himself as an ethereal ghost with only his head and a strange torso composed of mostly shoulders and the upper part of his chest. And atop his head, the penguin was dancing. It would spin and dive, twirl and twist always dashing across his head.

But Leinad felt trapped. He always felt incomplete. He could not speak but in a garbled tongue or constant mimicry. He was always inevitably linked to the will of someone greater than he. If his master told him to look here or say this, he always did it. He had only brief moments like this one to think for himself before the strings were pulled and he was back on display. And if not on display, where was he? He was never cast into the shadows but he was instead thrown into a murky puddle outside on a dingy day or crammed into a strangely shaped cage not fit for a man. Oftentimes his extremities would be dangling outside his prison in no-man's-land while his middle floated on unknowingly. And in the darkness, he had no concept of where he was.

But how could Leinad escape...