

## **China sorrows**

(A villain from the Skulduggery Pleasant book series)

Growing up in a family that worshipped the 'Faceless Ones' was, well, interesting. For example, I gather a Saturday night for most families would involve watching a film or playing a board game. For my family, it involved sacrificing heathens. My brother Bliss and I were brought up to believe that the 'Faceless Ones' would return to earth and would kill everyone but their followers who would be their slaves. Cheerful cult story, isn't it?

Anyway, three hundred years later they have only returned once, and were quickly banished thereafter. I abandoned my family to start a gang called the Diablerie with members such as Baut, Jaron Galow, Murder Rose, Gruesome Krav and Baron Vengeous. Delightful bunch! During the war, we delivered people who weren't a part of the church of the 'Faceless Ones' to Mevolent, the leader of the church.

Eventually, I decided that the religious life was not for me and converted to being a sorcerer. A much simpler life. As my grandmother always said, "Only look out for yourself, unless you want to end up like me, an old miserable hag." Well, what she actually said was "China get your filthy hands of those old books you stupid child." But I've always taken it to mean the first meaning.

Ever since Diablerie was formed, no one in the Sanctuary has ever really trusted me. Nor do I expect them to. Our magical government is filled with people who I persecuted in the war and have no problem dredging up the past. Tiresome people, sorcerers. After all, love and respect are very different things. And I do tend to have that effect on people.

From the outside, I am not a good villain, I am the worst. I've moved from group to group, losing trust from those around me. I've fought, I've loved, and I've protected. My past haunts me at every turn. For now, I will lose myself in my labyrinth of bookshelves in my library and wait for my sources to talk. The only one I can trust is me.