

# 1UP

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35232952) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35232952>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">OMORI (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Aubrey/Sunny (OMORI)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Sunny (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Aubrey (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Basil (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Kel (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Hero (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Polly (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Mari and Sunny's Mother (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Hero and Kel's Mother (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">Hero and Kel's Father (OMORI)</a> , <a href="#">and like the half of Faraway Town as well because everyone love Sunny</a> , <a href="#">Omori (OMORI)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Suicide</a> , <a href="#">Resurrection</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Feels</a> , <a href="#">Angst with a Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">It Gets Worse Before It Gets Better</a> , <a href="#">Language of Flowers</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Psychological Trauma</a> , <a href="#">Bad Parenting</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-20 Words: 12,422 Chapters: 7/?

# 1UP

by [Meowinique](#)

## Summary

Post-True-End.

Sunny told The Truth, but his fears got the worst out of him, and so his will shattered.

But it couldn't be that easy. He was denied of an easy way.

Now Sunny needs to face the consequences of his actions - and this time he doesn't have the luxury of 4 years to accept them. He needs to face everything he tried to ran away from and overcome his fears once again.

Or: Sunny dies but he is a good boy and gets an extra life, *however* his dead body is still there, there's a funeral and everyone is severely traumatized by his death.

## Notes

no beta we die like snnuy

Jokes aside, I usually try to beta-read my texts, so it should be at least readable, but please do keep in mind that I write everything on my phone and I am not a native English speaker. If you see a mistake, don't be afraid to tell me about it.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*The glass cracked, broke and shattered into millions of pieces, into fine dust and then into nothing. The music - that one song that all of Headspace people were singing for him specifically, wishing him a good night - stopped, as all of them were not alive anymore. Not even his friends... Not even Mari. Everything stopped. The sky was shattering, revealing the darkness, but it was breaking as well. Black Space was dying as well.*

*"This is it", - Sunny thought to himself. He jumped and then went to Headspace as it was nauseating to spin so much in the air. Ran like a coward... But it's not like he wasn't - it's not like he isn't. He wanted some company before he would die. He was pathetic even at the end. He deserved it. After what he did, after what he told, after his confession... Those looks on their faces. He thought he was ready, but he wasn't. He deserved it. He deserved his fate. He deserved...*

*Light was spreading. Everything was getting brighter and brighter, and it was harder to see anything. Soon, Sunny couldn't see anything.*

...

[You died. -1 Life. You will be erased.]

[Congratulations. You are Universally Loved. Luck is on your side.]

[Congratulations. You have a blessing of cats. +1 Life to you. (Your secondary character decided to not take it.)]

[Alert: Your secondary character had 0 Lives and was erased.]

[You will start in a safe point.]

[Be careful. This is your last life.]

Those messages. They were weird. Really weird. Especially the one about the blessing - was his mind just tricking him because he suddenly remembered that he fed all those street cats? How odd. How...

The sun was beaming straight into his eyes, blinding him. Sunny blinked a few times before shifting himself a bit, but it was still bright. Too much brightness to get sleepy again. He really doesn't have a choice but to get up, is he?

It was weird that his windows were open like that, though. Did mom visited him while he was asleep? Speaking of sleeping...

"This was a weird dream... Dream..."

One heartbeat. Wait... A dream?

Two heartbeats. But was it a dream? He wasn't in his Headspace most of the time...

Three heartbeats. All of this was too real to be a dream. All of...

Sunny was starting to panic. And yet his fears were not appearing. The hallucinations were not willing to show themselves - and that somehow was making him even more scared. He tried to reach out to Omori, to get himself sleepy, but there was nothing. Emptiness - and not the one of the White Space.

Sunny ran into the bathroom - there was nobody behind him, no Omori, no horrors, just him being scared. He ran back and checked the date on the calendar - it was 5 days since he took Kel's invitation. It was...

Nothing was packed. Nothing was in the boxes, like it should be. But the boxes themselves were there, neatly stacked onto each other. As if the packaging was cancelled. As if there was no point in it anymore.

It was hard to breathe. It was hard to move. It was so unbearable. He can't... He can't! No, this wasn't real!

Those days were fake, a dream, they were just a fidget of his imagination, something from a Black Space! They were not real! This room can't be real, he is probably still sleeping! His jump was just a scene behind another door, another small space with something horrible! It wasn't real! *It could not be real! It makes no sense! No-no-no-no-no, this is not what happened - it was just a dream because he defeated Omori, he overcame his fears, he did everything right! It's not real!*

Sunny run downstairs, thumbling on the stairs but somehow not falling - nobody appeared to grab his legs, nothing appeared to make him fall, he was just clumsy in his rush. He ran into the kitchen - it was half-done, some items were laying in the boxes while others were only waiting for the same fate. Not that it mattered to him.

Sunny grabbed a steak knife, *the one Kel took from him*. His hands were trembling. He remembered well that Omori would always do one thing whenever he needed to escape, to get out, to disappear.

- It wasn't real... It wasn't real...

Sunny kept mumbling those words to himself over and over again. He couldn't traumatize his friends like that. Aubrey couldn't be a bully, she would never hurt Basil or Kel or even him. Basil would never- Basil would-

- AAAAAAA!

With a powerful scream he raised a knife. His whole body was shaking, and his eyes were wide open. Basil would never... Hurt him...

Sunny wanted to continue. He wanted to push the knife, he really, *really* wanted to wake up, to end it just to stop thinking because it hurt. His sins were weighing him down, they were making his heart to bleed. It was painful. *The Truth* was painful. Thinking about it was too much for him. He can't, he can't he can't he can't can't he can't-

And yet he couldn't. He kept calling himself a coward and a chicken internally, he kept a knife in his hands, he wished his damnest to continue, but he couldn't. He was afraid - he remembered his fall to the death. He remembered every single moment of his fall. He remembered everything that happened before that. Every emotion, every word, every moment. Everything. And he was smart enough to understand what it could do to his friends.

Tears were rolling on his cheeks. Sunny slowly lowered his hands, letting his knife to drop onto the floor before collapsing onto it as well, weeping and sobbing and crying and not able to control himself anymore.

He can't. He really can't kill himself. He did once with the help of Omori, but he can't do it again. It is so scary, so, so scary and Sunny already was feeling so much *guilt* and if this is what Mari felt then he won't ever be able to make it to her. Still, he couldn't end it, and so he continued to cry.

It took some time. When some tears were spilled, Sunny tried to wash himself, still crying, and then it hit him.

*He was crying. With both eyes.*

**Basil.**

It felt like his brain was overflowing with data, close to getting itself rebooted. Basil... Had *stabbed* him in the eye. He then jumped. *He died*. He... *died*. But he is in his house. He does have both of his eyes. Either he just imagined all of it or... Or everyone saw him dead and he really died and that means that he somehow got another life.

"Basil thinks that he made me kill myself."

That thought was so nonchalant at first. It was something really-really-really obvious for Sunny. Basil is just like that, he always would take the blame.

Then he realised what it means and almost jumped from the sink. His mind almost instantly was filled with regret, fear and some kind of strange resolve - the same one that he felt right before facing Omori.

"Please don't kill yourself", - that thought was like a giant hammer hitting an equally giant bell in his head - it was almost funny since he himself did exactly that. Strangely enough, he was hearing a single church bell in the distance as well. Maybe he is still crazy, just not as much... No matter.

Sunny run again, not caring about how he looked nor how he would explain anything to Basil. He just knew that he doesn't want him to die. He barely prevented it last time.

The streets were strangely empty. It was unnerving. He met only a single person on his way, and he looked at him like they saw a ghost. But it was a stranger, so Sunny didn't cared much. What was even more strange is that church bells were real. Or, at least, he thought so. He could swear he was hearing them.

*Tap-tap-tap.*

- Coming!

A familiar feminine voice answered him. Oh, right. Basil does have a caretaker. Polly, right? Sunny wasn't really trusting his own memories, so he decided that he will check that later, just in case.

- Hel...lo...

Sunny nervously waved to Polly, silently greeting her, still breathing heavily after him running to Basil's house. Polly looked mortified. She looked like she saw her own nightmare

alive.

- Sunny?! You are... You are dead... I must be dreaming or hallucinating...

*Oh. Oh no.*

So it happened. So it wasn't a dream after all. So it... *Oh no.*

"No. Focus. You're here for Basil You can think about it later", - Sunny had to remind himself that to start moving again.

*Tap.*

Sunny tugged slightly on Polly's shirt, and that made her to shiver before turning back to him.

- S-sunny, you're...

She gulped, still terrified, but Sunny tugged again, this time with some words:

- I'm sorry...

- Oh my God.

And then he was enveloped into a tight hug. Polly was crying, but she was hugging him. It felt... Nice. On the level of his own mom's hugs - although he wasn't getting them in the last 4 years, he still remembered them.

Polly was trying to say something to him, but her speech was incoherent and she was constantly stopping, not able to finish her sentences, ending up in a jumble of words with little connection between them. From what Sunny heard he understood that she was sorry for not looking after Basil, for letting him to stab Sunny and for not helping him to reach out to Sunny - there was more, but most of it was incomprehensible. Her voice was filled with guilt and regret, and that made Sunny's heart to ache even more. He tried to pat Polly on her back, and yet she started to cry even when he did that.

It took a couple of minutes before she let him go.

- I- I am sorry, I did such a mess...

Sunny shook his head - it was ok. After all, he was the reason for that. He probably looked awful when she found him and Basil, and then he died. Polly shouldn't have cried because of him, but she did.

- You're... Really not a ghost, are you? You have both eyes and, well, *alive*, but you don't look like someone who is transparent and... All that paranormal stuff.

Sunny nodded and added:

- Looking for Basil. Worried.

- Oh!.. Right, of course you would. I thought about offering some tea, but I guess it's not the time. He is...

She looked away.

- He is at the funeral. Sunny, can you- Can you explain it to me? Please?..

Her voice was shaky. Unfortunately, Sunny himself didn't know what happened, so he shook his head again, this time with a tint of sadness on his face.

- Oh... It's just that we- I mean, your friends, your mother, Kel and Hero's parents and me, we saw your body, and everyone was so- Basil looked like he had a soul taken out of him and-

She couldn't continue, starting to sob again. Sunny felt guilty once more - *he really did leave them all behind just like that.*

Still, there was something important.

- Body?

- Ah, you don't know? I mean, of course you don't... There's a- a funeral that is currently going on. I couldn't force myself to go, even for Basil, but almost everyone you knew is currently out there. Sunny, I don't know if you should go or not. You can, of course, but-

He nodded, but in his mind he already decided that he will go. He is alive. He is also dead. But only the first one really matters, right? They would be... Happy to see him. Probably. "No, they will be terrified and confused", he thought to himself, knowing that it is the truth. Nobody can just die and then live again in a new body. Well, not until that happened with him. He remembered those weird messages. His "secondary character" was deleted... What was the meaning of this message? If this was a "message" and not just his delirious brain. Maybe he is dying right now on the concrete, and all of it is a hyper-realistic illusion.

Sunny heard a water running in the sink - *right, Polly is probably getting herself washed, she most likely walked away while he was thinking.* She wasn't looking good after she saw him - dark circles around her eyes, which were red, probably from all the tears, nervousness in her movements, et cetera.

Will others look the same?

Sunny doubted it. Most of the city barely knew him. They shouldn't really care about some nerd who was sitting inside his house for years. His friends, however...

- I'll... Go. I am sorry.

- Oh, please, don't be. It's me who should say that. It's because of me... No, because of us all you suffered so much. I can only wish that you will be able to forgive us one day.

Polly was looking at him with kindness and warmth in her eyes. He was *not* deserving them, he knew that. Sunny lowered his head, mumbling "I'm sorry" once again.

- You are welcome to stay if you don't want to go. I... I can gather all your friends so that you will be able to meet them here.

- No. I'll go. I need to.

It was... Really scary, and not just because of all the people. It wasn't something he could just overcome - nobody can overcome death. But he needed to go. He was certain that he needed to see his own body.

- If you really think so. Then... God, I don't even know what to tell to you, or Basil, or anyone, or if I even need to tell anything. Do you need someone to accompany you?

He shrugged, not really thinking too much about that. He didn't want to bother Polly too much and also he still was in rush, although not as much as before. 4 of the most important people to him were safe and together.

"It could've been 5", - he bitterly thought before cutting it off. Enough. He will think about it later.

- Goodbye, Mrs. Polly.

- Oh, just call me Polly, Sunny! And... Take care, alright?

She quickly came to him to give another hug, which was short, but still filled with warmth and some kind of emotion Sunny couldn't properly name, but he knew that it was a good one. He nodded in her shoulder and she let him go, watching as he walked away.

In her mind Polly was fairly certain that she was probably not sane enough in the moment. She was believing her senses, all of which were telling her that this skinny, sickly-looking boy was, in fact, real, but that still might've been something else. A cruel prank, maybe. That's probably why she let him to go on his own. Or maybe she was just a scared old woman who needs to visit a doctor.

"But, if you are real... please, don't die again. Don't make Basil suffer even more. He won't be able to get through it."

#### Chapter End Notes

I suck at writing Polly. Scratch that, I suck at writing at all. You can bonk me for that in the comments if you want to.

## Chapter 2

Hero never was a smoker. He tried a few times at college - mostly in hopes of getting some relief from all the stress. He never got any, but still was holding an unfinished pack in possession, just in case others would ask. His hobbies were a good way of getting it off though - who doesn't like fresh cookies or, well, any sort of good food? *Especially* if your roommates are hungry students(as everyone knows, students are always hungry, but those weren't even hiding it).

This time it didn't work. He cooked a few batches of cookies(still not as good as Mari's ones), started making other food for the whole family and eventually **burned** the last batch that he forgot to put out of oven. This was the first burned batch in a long time - to be exact, in 4 years.

So he decided to try to smoke again, taking a few cigarettes and walking outside so that nobody would notice him. Not that anyone would judge him. Not after what happened. It went as he expected - horrible and with so much coughing that it was surprising he hadn't coughed his lungs out. Feeling a disgusting aftermath of the smoke in his mouth, he walked back and went upstairs. He still had some things to do.

Kel was laying in bed, not moving. It was hard to tell if he was sleeping or just doing nothing. This change was painful. It was as if Hero was looking at his younger self - the one who couldn't accept the death of Mari. He still can't, in a way, but this time the reason for that is different from before. It will take some time to accept The Truth.

He listened to Kel's breathing. It was calm - too calm.

- Kel. We need to go.
- ...
- Kel, I know you are not sleeping.
- ...
- Kel, please...

He silently stood up, not even opening his eyes. They both were ready - not really dressed up, but at least they found more appropriate clothes. Black and white. *Sunny always was dressed like this.*

"I am sorry..." - those bitter words were not helping Hero, so he never said them out loud, but they kept ringing in his mind. He couldn't stop Sunny from running away. He couldn't stop himself from looking at him with shock and disbelief. He couldn't save him this time. He would've jumped if that could change anything, but Hero wasn't crazy. This height would've killed them both.

- Let's go.
- Hold on, let me take...

Kel's voice was devoid of any energy. Almost as if it wasn't even his own. He simply nodded at Hero's response, not really listening, but still waiting for him patiently. Hero hoped that

eventually he would be able to recover... And that it wouldn't take as much as it took for himself.

He carefully took bouquets that he prepared with Basil yesterday from a vase on the window. It was... Something that he didn't planned to do originally, but he was glad that they did them. After they saw what happened Basil tried to kill himself as well almost instantly, but thankfully Hero stopped him. He needed to distract Basil from his destructive thoughts, so Hero bombarded him with questions about flowers, leaving Aubrey to Kel, and that somehow led them to choosing flowers and learning the language of flowers. On the next day doctors let Basil free and they walked to buy them - together, as he needed to be with someone constantly. They made 4 identical bouquets for each remaining member of the group.

White lilac. Forget-me-not. Marigold.

It seemed like a weird choice of flowers for Hero at first, until he looked into the meaning of them, guided by Basil:

Purity and innocence. Eternal memories. And... Misery - or, rather, helplessness.

...

He should not take too much time observing the flowers nor looking into the past. Not now.

- Ok, lead the way, Kel!

Hero's vision wasn't entirely obstructed by flowers, but it was easier that way. However, Kel just took one of the bouquets, solving the problem in another way.

- Oh.

No response.

Hero bit his tongue, knowing damn well that his brother won't act as before. But this was the power of habits - Kel used to take every opportunity to be the leader, to be in charge of Hero and not the other way around.

The plan was to meet with Aubrey and Basil at their old hangout spot and then walk to the church. They agreed that they would come early, even though all of them were hesitant about coming at all.

As they walked, Kel suddenly asked:

- What did I do wrong?

- Huh?

It felt like a dam broke under the pressure.

- You know, I tried to be a good friend. I tried to keep my positivity for all those years. I was overjoyed to see Sunny alive. I tried to help Basil, I accepted Aubrey - maybe she had changed and did stupid things but she still is a person I care about, I thought that for the first time everything is going to get better. *And then it immediately got worse!* Sunny got stabbed, he confessed to us, and when I thought that this is the end, that after all that pain we

experienced **he fucking jumped!** What did I do wrong?! I know I missed a lot of things, I know I ignored how pale and sickly Sunny looked, I know that I wasn't the best friend, but I tried my best, *I thought that I still can make it right!* So-  
- **Kel!** Listen to me.

Hero put a hand on Kel's shoulder and looked into his eyes. They were watery.

- This wasn't your fault. No, don't say anything, just let me finish. You did what you could. You did what nobody else could - you brought Sunny to us, and that made us all to reconnect once again. Your actions led to saving Basil's life - from what he told me he was going to end his life, but Sunny stopped him. You made this possible. Because of you Aubrey is with us now.

- But Sunny still!..

- **Stop blaming yourself!** You did what you could. I know you did. You can blame me - I was the one who wasn't there in those years, but please, don't put it on yourself.

Hero even shaked Kel a bit. He sniffed, but he wasn't going to cry. He was holding it to himself. Instead, he tried to smile - and while it was a fake smile, as obviously fake as one can be, the words that came with it were real:

- My big bro might be a coward, but when we needed him, he came like a true Hero. You did saved them once - and not like me, but for real, at the lake.

Oh. Right. Sunny was drowning and Basil couldn't get out if water even with his help.

- That makes us both heroes, haha.  
- Yeah... Heroes who failed. Fallen Heroes, ha.

Stupid jokes and fake smiles. They were barely holding it together, but they were not crying. They couldn't - they were not willing to. Not on the streets. Not while looking at each other. *Not before they will place their flowers near Sunny's body.*

Sniff. And then another one. Kel took a few steps back before continuing to walk away.

- Let's go.  
- Kel?  
- I am ok.

He went back to being emotionless. Or, rather, pretending to be. Hero took another look at him before carefully saying:

- Please, don't... Hold it for too long, ok?  
- I won't. I promise.

After that they walked in silence, meeting with Aubrey and Basil, who were calmly talking about something.

- O-oh, hi, guys...

Aubrey simply nodded while standing up from the grass and picking her bouquet. Her eyes were all puffy and red< but Hero decided to not ask her about it. She probably was apologizing to Basil... Or maybe there was something else, but it didn't really mattered.

Still, Hero wanted to hug her, but decided to not to do that with flowers in his hands. They would have a chance afterwards.

As for now though they walked, listening to the rustling of leaves and a single bell making it's call for everyone to gather up at the church.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Usually I write slower, but seeing that there are more than **50** kudos... Thank you all for this. I'll try my best to write faster without any drop in quality.

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

It wasn't fair. It really wasn't fair.

Back then, the first thought was to punch Sunny, second was to fall on the floor and cry, the third was to run and hug Sunny so tight that he would never disappear, and the fourth... It was interrupted by the unfolding events.

Two days ago she found out that she still can be friends with people she cares about the most. Two days ago she finally realised that she still has a soft spot for Sunny - and while it hurt and she made many, many mistakes at first, it was a pain she was willing to bear - if it would bring the old group together, then she was willing to take it. Two days ago she was scared and it felt like they are on the edge, that they barely managed to be fast enough. Two days ago she was staying near Basil's bed, making a promise to him - the one she was going to keep no matter what, if only Basil would let her. To try again. To never again hurt each other. To be here for each other. They swore on their pinkies - like children, but Aubrey was ok with it as long as it would work, and Kel's jokes were nothing to her anyway.

Two days ago Sunny killed himself. Two days ago Basil tried broke this promise - he almost did. *Why?..*

*It wasn't fair at all...*

Aubrey couldn't sleep for those two days. She tried, but the image of Sunny's body being broken, as if he was a doll with strings cut short, laying in a pool of his own blood was in her mind, it wasn't going anywhere, and it was so painful to see it. Why, why, why, why, **why!?** Why did he chose to jump!?

But, oh, she knew well just why he jumped. The image of pain in Sunny's eyes. His face, emotionless, yet so remorseful. His shivering, his disbelief...

*They made him jump.* They- He was hoping that they would accept him, right? Like good friends would've done! And they were - she was - too busy meddling in their thoughts and emotions!

On the night after Sunny's suicide Aubrey couldn't sleep. She wasn't the only one who couldn't. Basil, apparently, was an insomniac ever since the incident. She found it out over their sleepless nights, texting back and fourth. Maybe Basil never had a PC, but he had a phone. And he still had the same number... It felt odd writing him at night. Embarrassing,

even, but Aubrey just couldn't hold it - she needed to talk with someone, anyone. And she knew for a fact that all her new friends sleep at nights. They may be hooligans, but they are mostly just kids who thought that she was cool. She couldn't talk with them about anything, since they would not get it. And while Kel and Hero were nice, they surely were sleeping as well. Basil was a safe choice - if anything, he was probably hating her, so it felt safer to write to him.

Basil was, surprisingly, really nice to her. He never directly mentioned the past where she was bullying him. He talked with her about flowers, and plants, and things he learned, and she told him funny stories and about her favourite comics and how she is actually good in school - distractions, distractions, white noise to fill emptiness in their minds and souls, anything to not think about what happened - and then Basil told her that-

Basil told her that he will try to forgive her. Basil told her that he always was a bit jealous of her, because Sunny - he somehow misspelled his name into "Snuny" - always liked her. Basil asked her to come to his house to meet up, since he can't be alone for long.

That's when she started to cry, and cry, and weep, and she knew that her own mother is too drugged, or too drunk, or maybe just too catatonic to come to her, even if Aubrey is loud and she can't sleep because of her. She was left out again. She couldn't answer Basil, so she fell asleep, still crying, and in her short, chaotic dreams Sunny was still alive and her friends and family were still there, but they always were going away from her, vanishing.

Two hours later she woke up.

Three hours later she was properly dressed up and going outside to take a bite of pizza before going out to Basil's house - there was no food in her house. No bat. It is useless anyway, she never really used it on anyone. On her way she met hooligans, and they were sad, they found out what happened and they were trying to reassure her that they will be with her and that they are here for her - and for the first time it felt so empty and meaningless hearing something like that from them. They went to Gino's, and they ate, and Aubrey felt like she is eating rubber or an old gum because there was no taste at all. She finished her slice, said that she needs to do some things, and went off. Her body was moving mostly on autopilot.

*Knock-knock.*

- Coming!

Polly opened a door, meeting Aubrey, and smiled sadly.

- You came for Basil, right? You're a bit early. Do you want to come in? I can make some tea if you want to.

- No, thank you.

It would crush her heart - *what is left of it* - if she would do that, knowing that she is the one who brought so much pain to Basil.

- Oh. Then... I'll come tell Basil about you.

She walked away, leaving Aubrey for a few minutes. Soon Basil walked up to her and gave one of bouquets - she silently took it, trying not to look into Basil's eyes too much. She feared what she might see in them. She feared what Basil could see in hers.

- You're... Early.

She nodded, still not looking at him.

- Well, o-ok. Follow me, I-I guess? Polly, I am going out! I'll be with others, so don't worry about me!

- Take care, sweetie.

Polly's smile was sad and she looked really tired. It's as if she wanted to go with Basil, but couldn't make herself to do so. Aubrey waved before going after Basil, who already was on the street, waiting for her.

He was still was nervous around her. That was to be expected, though, but it still was sad to see it. Aubrey was surprised she can even feel sadness when her mind was full of something bigger.

Basil was leading, yet he was constantly turning to look at her. Was he afraid of her or did he thought that she would disappear? *Wait, no, the second option is really weird.* Aubrey threw those thoughts out of her head, returning to emptiness.

- So, uh, we will need to wait for Hero and Kel and then...

- Yeah. Basil, can you tell what are those flowers?

- Oh! Well, it's a really simple combination, it's forget-me-nots, a few lilacs and marigolds, and I also decided to add some poppies at my and your bouquets...

- But they don't seem to match. Not entirely, at least.

- A-ah, yeah, i-it's nothing much really... I can explain why if you want to!

- ...yeah.

It felt so surreal. After all those years he is still able to talk with her. Despite what she did. As if they were kids once again. As if they went back in time, when she first met Basil being completely alone, observing plants. Even before their group was formed.

She listened to Basil's stuttering voice - the language of flowers, the symbolism, the meaning behind colours and flowers, and the meaning of their bouquets. It was bittersweet. Mostly bitter - awfully so.

- And th-the poppies - the ones I added, at least! - does mean something like "eternal sleep"... O-or something like that.

- Basil, I-

She chocked on her words, trying to make them sound not harsh.

- It's... not a good idea. Sunny-

- I know! I- I know. But I also know that he was sleeping for 4 years. When I last visited him, I thought he was just t-tired, but then h-he stopped going outside of his room to meet me, and his mom was saying that he i-is asleep whenever I tried to meet him, and it's just- It's what he wanted, right?..

She didn't know that. Aubrey knew that he was a shut-in for 4 years, but she didn't know just what he was doing in his house. Back then she didn't really care, and later she never got time to get to know that. The emptiness in her mind and in her heart grew larger. Was Sunny really wanted to die all that time?

They walked up to the old hangout spot - a "secret place" with a lake. It hasn't really changed all that much.

- But... A-Aubrey, it's strange.
- What?

She sat on the grass, feeling the light breeze touching her pink hair, and left a bouquet to lay on the ground near her. Basil did the same, just a few steps away.

- The funeral... I just thought. I-It is today.
- Oh...

This was, in fact, strange. It took almost a week for Mari to get her funeral. She remembers that much about it, at least.

- It's as if like... His mom planned it ahead... N-no, sorry, it's stupid.

He violently shook his head, not continuing. Instead Aubrey did it:

- You're right. But why? Why would she preplan something like this?
- I-

Basil took a sharp breath and gulped.

- W-when we fought with... With him, I was ready to s-s-stab myself... And I saw that he was-

A pause.

- That- That he was ready to g-get stabbed...

He was on the verge of crying. Basil looked up to the sky and started to breathe slowly and deeply, his eyes closed shut. It took his a few solid minutes to recompose himself.

- I-I think he wanted to die.

Aubrey said nothing. She wasn't looking at Basil, focusing on the stillness of water. She wasn't going to cry or lash at him or do anything. She wanted to cry, but it seemed as if there were none - for now. All of the emotions felt dulled. The emptiness grew once again.

*It was obvious by now. He hated himself for what happened. It took Sunny 4 years to almost break, but he tried to do something and get better. They ruined his last chance. She ruined it.*

- He was blaming himself all those years.

Her voice was shaky. She wasn't looking at anything, yet the image of Sunny's body was everywhere.

*They could've stopped him. They could've stopped him. They-*

Emptiness was not enough. Her grief was still seeping through, and this time she couldn't get angry to cope with it. As if anger would bring Sunny back. She even let out a dry laugh.

- You know, I think I still liked him. It was a childish crush back then, but even now there's is something - like a place reserved just for him...

- I know.

Those words were unusually cold. Even the stuttering had disappeared.

- Aubrey, he wa- He is my best friend. I was making photos of us all, and he would always ask me to show photos of you first. I saw you trying to get more of his attention and how you always wanted to play with him. I was so happy for both of you, even if a little jealous. My first friend and my best friend together - and without me. Things like that can't just disappear.

- We were just kids back then. Kids can change their minds.

- But you didn't. And-

Basil bit his tongue. He looked like he forcefully stopped himself from saying something he didn't really wanted to say, but the thought alone bad him a little bit more sad.

- F-forget it.

- Basil, if that feeling was mutual, why did he left me!? Why did he left us!? Why did Sunny...

Emptiness wasn't able to hold her tears.

- Why did *we* failed to help him?..

Basil said nothing, and so she cried - almost silently so, with only a few occasional loud sobs. But now she was at least not alone - Basil sat there, crying as well. He even pulled her into a hug, which she accepted. They sat there God knows how long, trying to hold onto each other, and that was making their pain at least a bit more bearable. Barely enough to not burn their souls into ashes and dust.

- I- Basil, I can't-

She felt his hand on her back, patting her slowly. She didn't deserved it. Not after what she did. Basil's kindness was too much. She continued crying, but somehow she was able to calm down, little by little. At some point she noticed that Basil was humming some kind of lullaby. A very familiar one...

- I am sorry... I did a mess.

She sniffed, breaking out of hug.

- O-oh, it's ok! I am just glad I helped! I mean, friends are supposed to do that, r-right?

Aubrey sniffed again, with guilt trying to eat her away. He thinks that they are friends. After all of what happened. After she pushed him...

Despite guilt and despite everything that happened, he still can say that. Aubrey absentmindedly thought that he, in fact, is much braver than she is or ever was. So she said only one thing:

- Thank you.

## Chapter End Notes

I suck at writing Basil. And Aubrey, but slightly less.

Next up is Sunny, the chosen one, the cat boy who is beloved by felines and the world itself! And some anxiety. Stay tuned!

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is why "Angst and Fluff" is in the tags.  
I would say "enjoy", but even I can't do that.

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

The sun was setting down, and so was the panic energy of Sunny, letting him to slow down and stop running. He let his mind to wander around, not really looking where is he going. He'll end up at the doors of the church eventually... Probably. For now though he needed so time to think.

*"What will I tell everyone? Should I even talk at all? Wait, no, that would scare everyone, they would think I am a ghost or something... But I can't just say «I somehow got resurrected, please don't panic, I am alive, not a ghost or a zombie and this is not a joke»! That would be stupid..."*

He knew that he probably thinks too much about what will happen, but couldn't help himself. His anxiety was slowly creeping up in his mind, growing with each thought.

*"How can explain this? I can't explain it to myself, because I, too, don't know what just happened, but they surely will ask about it! And the jump... I need to say sorry to everyone. It's not enough, but I need to! And I need to do something else to make up for it!"*

Of course, he was feeling guilty. In fact, there was a weird mixture of anticipation, guilt, nervousness, anxiety, fear and all the other feelings. He tried again and again to come up with something, anything to say, to do, but there was nothing. His head was full of thoughts and none of them were helpful. There was an extremely weird thought about buying some flowers, but not only did Sunny had zero dollars and zero cents in his pockets, he also didn't wanted to freak out the cashier. Besides, why would he even buy them? To put them on his own body?

That would make a *morbidly* bad joke.

*"How much people will be there? Kel, Hero, Aubrey, Basil, my mom. Not my dad, he would be happy to hear that I died... Maybe also Hero and Kel's mom and dad? I hope that's all..."*

He couldn't imagine what he will do if there will be more people. It was scary enough to think that he will attend his own funeral.

*"I will... Face myself. I will see what happened to me. I will actually do it."*

Memories of Black Space flashed in his mind, making his to shiver for a moment. Of course, all of them were just his imagination, but they felt so real. What if his head was smashed like

a watermelon? What if he had turned into a puddle of meat, bones and blood?

*"Wait, no, then the funeral would happen with a closed casket..."*

He knew that, because he was heard that at Mari's funeral. He knew that he was probably be embalmed if that was possible... Well, his body. His dead body. Mom did the same to Mari. Sunny felt himself sick. Just thinking about it made him want to throw up - thankfully, there was nothing in his stomach, so it was bearable. He tried to calm down by breathing deeply, just like Mari taught him, just like he taught Basil many years ago. Slowly... Steadily.

When he calmed down and decided to check his surroundings, he found himself in the woods of the park, really close to playground. It wasn't really surprising that he ended up in this place - Sunny always was fond of the protection the trees were providing. And it wasn't all that noisy here-

- Meooow!

He felt a shiver running down his spine, but quickly loosened up after realising that he was just greeted by a stray cat. *Cute*.

Sunny always was more of a cat person. He was getting along with dogs, but they were too energetic for him and they needed a bit *too much* attention. And cats? Perfect. Cute, fluffy, cuddly, yet able to defend themselves and hunter by their nature. Sometimes Sunny even though that he wants to become one...

In the meantime this stray cat meowed again and run away somewhere. Sunny felt a bit of sadness - he kinda wanted to greet the cat properly by petting it. Although he didn't got any food for that cat, be it canned food or fish, which was adding a miniscule amount of sadness to the situation. Oh well. It ran away...

- Miaaaaow!

Or not. *Wait, it brought other cats? Wait, why there are so many of them?!*

The cats seemed really exited about seeing Sunny. They rushed to him, demanding his attention and most importantly, his pats! Which he provided, of course, but he still was confused.

Sunny sat on the grass, petting and scratching and letting cats to do whatever they wanted, and within a couple of seconds got himself covered in their hair and surrounded by at least 10 meowling, purring, playful cats.

It felt really nice, even if someone was letting out their sharp claws.

And then one of the cats jumped on his chest, making him to fully lay on the grass, and licked the tip of his nose.

A black cat, fluffy and warm, a ball of fluffiness...

- Mewo?..

She purred loudly, happy to see kid acknowledging her. Sunny felt tears welling up in his eyes. *So he didn't killed her! So it wasn't real!*

She looked older and slightly bigger, but she still was a cat he loved ever since he was a kid. Apparently, she haven't forgot about him even after 4 years, like he did after the incident.

- Mewo...

He quietly cried, carefully hugging and petting her - of course, other cats were not really happy that he stopped petting them, but they were strangely ok with that either. Sunny felt waves of relief washing his mind, taking his anxiety away, even if only of some time. He was happy. So, so happy...

"*You have a blessing of cats*", - he remembered those words and looked at Mewo, with a sudden realisation forming in his head.

- It was you...

Mewo looked him straight in the eyes, meowed once, and he could swear he saw her nodding slightly before she curbed up on his chest, purring once again.

How? Why? What is the reason? Sunny wasn't asking those questions. He wanted to do so at first, but quickly remembered that she is a cat. And cats can't talk - at least in real world. However, he was grateful beyond any word he could possibly say. He muttered "thank you" under his breath and kept petting her.

She jumped off when he fully stopped crying and meowed once again. When cats heard her, all of them stopped surrounding Sunny and joined her. Mewo looked at him, and Sunny gave her a few gentle pats. Somehow he knew that she won't join him. She was surrounded by other cats - only by now Sunny realised that most of them were the ones he fed before.

- I can take you home...

No response. Sunny sighed and stood up as well.

- I'll buy you best fish later. Come to our house, ok?

- Meow.

And with that they wandered off. Their warmth, however, was still with Sunny... As well as their hair. Maybe he should buy a brush?

Sunny smiled to himself. It will be in the future, right? That means that he needs to live to meet that future. But for now he still does have things to do. He may not know what to do or what to say, but he knows where he needs to go.

He will try again. He won't run away this time.

## Chapter End Notes

This one is short and full of cheapest fluff that I could find anywhere! Maybe a bit too short.

This was the calm before the storm. Next up is Sunny's mom. Tighten your belts, ladies and gentlemen, we are going downhill from now on.



# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

Big thanks to SleepyBoiV for helping me with beta-reading that chapter.

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

Mrs. Suzuki never was a good parent. A good parent would've noticed that something is wrong. A good parent would've never let their kids get so stressed. She knew that. She wasn't a good mom to both Mari and Sunny and she knew it. But she always hoped that she was adequate enough to care for them. She always provided them with everything they would ask for. She supported them. She loved them, even if that love was not equal, but anyone who knew Mari would also love her more. Besides, she still was trying to make it as equal as possible!

She didn't *abandoned* Sunny like his father. She was kind to him, making food, cleaning, working, hoping that time will heal all the wounds. She was willing to overwork if that would mean that her son would be safe. She let him to study at home and to lock himself away - after all, she didn't want him to get into an accident.

*Nothing helped.* Nothing had changed ever since Sunny locked himself in his room. He refused to eat, walk, study, he constantly refused to do anything and just... *slept*.

But she was still trying. And trying, and trying, and trying. It took a whole year for her will to get weakened - she got into some debt, and there was so much work she needed to do, and Sunny still wasn't getting better. She told herself that it would take her only a few months to get enough money and then she would start anew with her son. She lied to herself that Sunny is already a big boy and he can care for himself, knowing that he can't. She said to herself that there's no other choice, that it's the best she can do to help him in their situation.

*But she still cried at night, alone in her room, when she was sure that Sunny was asleep. She was hopeless and with nobody to comfort her. She was trying to tell herself that she would manage to get through those times, but she knew it is a lie.*

Mrs. Suzuki never was a good mother. A good mother would've tried to not leave her only kid, even if they desperately needed money. A good mother wouldn't have waited for problems to solve themselves. She knew that all too well.

But she hoped she still can be with his kid. She loved him as a mother. She hoped she would be able to continue supporting him.

Months turned into another year. By that time she wasn't at home most of the days, but she was trying to be with her son as much as she could. *Was she though?* She was always telling herself that, in fact, she was trying. But deep in her heart she knew that it's nothing but another *lie*. She could've quit from at least some of her jobs. She could've stopped giving everything to her newfound career path.

...but why would she? It brings her money. It lets her feed herself and her son. Surely it takes a lot, but it gives a lot as well. She could feel herself proud of herself, being so successful and hard-working. She could even be happy when she was working. Of course, she does care about her son, but she wants to have something just for her as well. Was that so bad?

A few more months passed. An official message was delivered to Mrs. Suzuki - her husband has died in a car accident. They never really divorced, so now she could've tried to take a part of everything he owned. As it turned out, he became a successful man in the last years and even won a jackpot in lottery - a solid *one million dollars*. A 1000000\$.

There was an issue, however - in his last will he specifically mentioned that all of his possessions should be sold, and the total sum of money should be put in the specific bank account that will become available to his kids once they would turn 18. It was an old will, the one that was made even before Mari's death, but everything was made according to it. That money - there was certainly more than one million - wasn't for her. Not a single penny.

She told herself that it's actually great. She told herself that it is something that will surely help Sunny in the future, since he is the only one who can use them. She lied to herself that she actually liked that decision of her husband, that there's no way she wouldn't be able to pay her debts on her own. She never needed *his charity* before and nothing have changed! Even if she really needed them because of her debts...

Mrs. Suzuki never was a good person. A good person would've tried harder to help their son. A good person would've cared about their son's well-being, not about money in the bank. She wanted to believe she is a good person. She really wanted to believe in that lie. Each time she tried it was easier to do so, until she started to believe it that fully, and that took her another year.

By that time she wasn't even showing at their home. Food was actually prepared and delivered by other people. She was living in another city, too busy with deals and trading on the market - buying, selling, practically gambling everything she had each time - to visit Sunny, but she still was calling him on a regular basis! She wasn't leaving him! Until she stopped calling. She paid some money and made a few recordings. Her prerecorded messages probably were more than enough for Sunny, right? He was a really big boy, after all. He was fine!

But... Just in case, if something would've ever happened to him, she had a preplanned funeral. Of course, she wasn't going to kill her own son! He was fed, he had a place where he lived comfortably and he had her messages. He was surely fine to live like this, all alone and in his miserable state. She was sure he wouldn't do something stupid out of guilt that has been welling up for 4 years - but if he would, she had everything prepared.

When she got a call from the hospital, she felt sadness. She called a Funeral Director and told him everything. She was devastated, even... Why did her son chose this way? Why did he killed himself!?

And then she went back to work. Those documents needed to be filled.

She paid for everything. She arranged everything. Unfortunately, she wasn't attending the preparations. But, of course, she would attend her son's funeral. She was a bit late, but that's not a problem, right? After all, she was simply busy arranging everything and working hard.

She walked into the church, an hour late to the funeral.  
*She never walked out of it.*

## Chapter End Notes

The next one is... Actually, I'll leave it as a secret.

What do you guys think about Sunny's mother? Have I gone overboard with her? I myself think I did, but I try to push those thoughts away.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Originally I wasn't planning on making a chapter about Omori, since, well, he is dead in this fic. But I came to realization that I need to create a proper explanation as to why he died and why Sunny resurrected. There's still no explanation to the resurrection itself, but that's ok.

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

Sunny was falling. Omori was falling as well. This wasn't what was supposed to happen, and Omori knew the reason to that, the problem that caused it - he *hated* that reason.

*It was him. It was him from the very beginning, from the day he was created, from that day when he let Sunny to hide in his dreams, when he replaced Abbi.*

Despite what Sunny believed, Omori didn't really disappeared nor did he truly lost to Sunny. He gave up and went back to Black Space, from which he, unlike the rest of Headspace, originated. Not from the White Space - this was a safe place for the Dreamer and his friend, who had been banished and forgotten. Not from the Headspace - it's purpose was to distract the Dreamer and to let him forget about everything that he decided to lock up in the Black Space. Omori always was a part of Black Space, as he was created to contain all the trauma, all the pain and all of the memories that caused that pain. For that purpose he was created without emotions, only some substitutes for Headspace battles. And that empty space, that *void* was his flaw - it let corruption of Black Space to seep into Omori, making him nothing but a part of Sunny's trauma, it's manifestation.

Sunny took away that corruption - or, rather, replaced it with memories of Mari. This wasn't the best outcome, but it worked. There was no more ill will in Omori, only sadness and lack of energy. He really was tired after those 4 years of work, repressing memories, repressing Sunny's pain and extreme emotions, dealing with Black Space. But their fight was way more devastating for Sunny.

Omori almost made him to disappear. *Omori almost broke him. Omori almost killed him.*

Omori took too much energy and willpower from Sunny. Omori weakened him. Omori was the reason why Sunny couldn't see his friends faces - he was completely out of energy for that. Omori was the reason why Sunny jumped, and Omori *hated himself* for that.

For now though all of it wasn't really important anymore. Sunny went to Headspace, leaving his body to Omori, unknowingly forcing him to leave Black Space and take his place. There was nothing he could do about their situation... Even if he desperately wanted to. What was making situation even worse is the image of Sunny's friends behind the glass in the hallway

of the hospital. They saw him falling. He saw them, not even confused, just concerned and running towards the place where he had jumped. They were not really Omori's friends, but they were still important to Omori. He imagined they would be devastated by Sunny's death. They probably would blame themselves for not stopping him, and he, Omori, caused this.

*They would never find out that he was the reason he jumped. They would never know he is the one to blame. Somehow it made him feel guilty, despite the fact that he shouldn't feel any kind of emotions. Maybe Sunny did something else to him when he gave him his memories.*

They probably were having not too much time left, most likely mere seconds before impact, but Omori's - or was it Sunny's? - subjective time perception made it to last longer for him. It still wasn't nearly enough time to come up with anything that might've save them, since it wasn't really something that was making the time to go slower, but it let Omori to think about things he did. His life wasn't really a good one, but it had some nice moments - or, at least, he thought so. They were fake, but they still *existed* to him.

- Waiting for something to happen?

Omori wasn't too surprised. Well, it's not like he was really able to feel that emotion.

*He was, somehow, but decided to not do that.*

Mewo was his... No, Sunny's pet ever since Mari died - and his companion. She always was there, in the White Space. Always ready to provide some comfort to the Dreamer whenever he was showing in the White Space - and some company to Omori as well.

*He killed her in the Black Space without any hesitation. He truly was a monster.*

- I do.

- There always is a way... But...

The same words she used to always say to him. At first he thought she talks about suicide - his way of letting Sunny to wake up. But he was wrong:

- Only for one of you.

*...what?*

- You took my life, Omori. You killed me and took it from my corpse, despite never needing it. You still do possess it. You can use it on yourself or give it to the Dreamer.

There was no malice in her words. No hate or anger. But no kindness for him either.

*He never deserved it.*

- One of you will die. One of you will stay in this world.

- In this world?

- Headspace, Black Space and White Space will disappear. They fulfilled their purposes. Lightbulb was broken, and so were illusions.

*Oh. So he can't get back to Headspace anymore. He can't meet his friends once again.*

He never belonged to this world. He is a part of Black Space. He was the reason why Sunny jumped.

*He should just die.*

- I choose to die.

- So be it. Good night, Omori.

Omori closed his eyes. He was... Happy. This was the end for him, but he was truly happy. For once he did something right.

- Goodbye, Sunny.

He will be there soon. Very soon.

#### Chapter End Notes

This was a short chapter. I know. I'll make up for that in the next one, since we finally came to the point where Sunny will attend his own funeral. Just give me some time.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

Oh boy. This is the big one, and originally I was planning to make it even bigger, but decided to split it in two parts.

No beta and haven't read it through, so expect some stupid mistakes.

Also happy b-day to me and BIG THANK YOU FOR ALL THE ATTENTION!!! I am really thankful for all the kudos, comments, bookmarks and hits.

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

As Sunny walked through the streets, with his resolve now restored, he thought about flowers yet again. Ok, buying them is a bad idea, but... He still wanted to have at least one flower. A single white tulip. Basil always was saying that they are really plain and doesn't express a lot, but Sunny knew that it's not really true. He told Sunny once that they represent purity, respect and forgiveness. "As blank as they m-might look, they still have their own unique characteristics", he said, still stammering a bit, but smiling. "Just like you!"

If there's anything Sunny wanted, it was forgiveness. From from his friends... From himself. He ran away twice, because he was scared. Scared that he wasn't going to be forgiven. Scared that his guilt wasn't going away, even after he accepted everything. Scared, because he wasn't able to find forgiveness towards himself.

But Sunny already decided that he is going to fix his mistakes. And that meant that he would need to face his fears and overcome them once again. He may not forgive himself. He may not be forgiven. But he will not run away.

Still, there was a problem. Two problems, actually. He needed to buy a flower. Not only he didn't had any money for that, but also he needed to go to Fix-It and, well, *buy it, showing himself and potentially scaring the cashier*.

*...well, there was a way out of money shortage situation - he can try to collect some trash. It worked before, there's no reason it can't work now - and he probably needs only a dollar or two. But that would mean double the amount of people he will probably scare.*

*Sunny checked the surroundings - there still was little to no people at the streets. This was buzzing him off - it felt surreal seeing the playground so devoid of life. Luckily, that Old Lady was still there, seemingly asleep. Sunny spent a few minutes collecting some trash from the group before taking a deep breath. Logically his uncertainties were stupid - he will need to face everyone sooner or later. There's no point in trying to avoid it. But he still was scared - but Sunny knew how to overcome his fears.*

*Tap-tap-tap.*

- Excuse me...  
- Hm? Have I-

Silence.

More silence.

Even more silence.

- Um, here. Trash.

*Sunny showed that Old Lady his plastic bag. It was half-full - apparently even with all his previous work it takes only a day for it to pile up again at the streets. Or maybe it was just a coincidence.*

*He heard her muttering: "I must still be sleeping..."*

- Ah, it's nice seeing young people like you helping this city out!

*She gave him a few dollars, which Sunny hesitantly took.*

- What's the matter?

- I, um- Nothing.

*Sunny shook his head meekly. He wanted to ask this lady to buy a flower for him - surely, there was more than enough money for this, and he never was the person who would know how to spend it. But Sunny knew that he can't do that. Besides, he did all sorts of jobs for people. He can do something so simple for himself, right?*

*But then again, that was before he jumped- Sunny cut this thought off, focusing on his tasks instead. Buy the flower. Go to the church. Meet everyone.*

- If you will find more trash, come again. Oh, but not now, I need to attend the funeral. Did you knew that boy, name's Sunny? You look exactly like him, young man!

*He wasn't mentally prepared to tell her that he is actually Sunny. Not at all. He may be brave enough to face his friends, but not brave enough to casually tell someone at the street that he died and got resurrected. Instead he just nodded and walked away with money now sitting in his pocket.*

*The trip to Fix-It was short, and the list of things he wanted to buy was even shorter. Thankfully the cashier was too sleepy to properly look at Sunny, so he just bought the flower without any problems.*

*And then he saw his mom parking her car near the Othermart.*

*"What should I do?" - this question, which instantly came to him once he saw her, was inducing panic in Sunny's mind... And guilt. She probably was grieving for him. He let her down. He caused so much pain to her. But he should-*

*She came into the Fix-It, almost running as if she was chased by someone, haphazardly took the first bouquet she saw, put a few notes in front of the cashier, waking him up, and walked back to her car. She hasn't noticed Sunny, who was still standing there.*

"...huh?"

*He was confused. Was she that deep in her own thoughts that she haven't noticed him? Why was she in such a hurry?*

*He decided that all of this was because of what she was feeling. It made some sense to him, deepening the feeling of guilt.*

- Hm? Have I saw you before, kid?..

*Right. No time to waste, especially when you're living in a small town where everyone knows everyone. He shook his head and walked away as well, leaving the cashier, who decided to get back to his slumber, alone*

*The streets were still empty, still unnerving, almost like a realistic version of one of the "rooms" of Black Space. And yet he walked, despite feeling like he is about to jump into the deepest lake, knowing that he won't be able to swim back onto the surface. He was so focused on walking that he stopped only in front of the church, almost bumping his head into the doors.*

*Sunny heard the voice of preacher behind the doors. He was saying something, but Sunny couldn't really understand what that was.*

*His body was shaking slightly. The anxiety was hitting him in full force, making it extremely hard to move. Sunny tried to take a deep breath, to calm down, to overcome. It wasn't working. Hundreds of thoughts filled his mind.*

*"What if I will ruin something?" "What if there's a lot of people?" "They might have already buried my body!" "What if it's not my funeral?" "Maybe I should look before coming?"*

*Sunny tried his hardest to focus on the last thought, as if felt like the only reasonable idea. After a few moments it worked, and Sunny moved again, stopping himself near the window, and took a look inside.*

*There were... A lot of people. The whole church was filled with people - they were sitting at the benches, listening to the preachers. Some were crying- Wait, they were crying? Over him? But... why!?*

*There were a lot of familiar faces. Sunny started to realise - those were the people who received his help. Boys, girls, adults... A lot of adults, actually. He was shocked and dumbfounded - he did almost nothing for them, why were they feeling so much sadness? Why are they grieving for him?*

*Sunny saw the stage, on which preacher was standing, and a coffin behind him, but-*

*The preacher suddenly appeared to be shocked... Oh.*

*Oh no. He looked directly at Sunny.*

*Panic enveloped his heart. Yet, he took a deep breath.*

*...this is fine, right? Now he doesn't have a choice. He can't hide anymore. Sunny was scared - mortified, even - but he knew that there's no other way. Or so he was telling to himself, again and again and again while walking back to the doors.*

*Sunny pushed the doors, opening them.*

*Hero wasn't expecting so much people. After all, Sunny spent only 3 days outside... And yet the church was full to the brim. All the benches were occupied. It was confusing to see so many new faces - but mostly irritating. He expected some people - their group, Hooligans, parents... Maybe it was because of how peaceful*

*There was a lot of pointless words from some of them: "I am sorry for your loss" and "don't give up" and "this is awful" and all of this white noise he had to deal with. At least they weren't bothering Kel or Basil, focusing on Hero who knew how to deal with it. And Aubrey... Well, none of those people dared to come to her - her reputation as a delinquent never went away.*

*Everyone brought flowers. Not some people, not most of them - everyone. Not everyone thought about which flowers they should bring though, and so there was a vast variety of them. Dianthus, roses, geranium... There even was a single sunflower. So much flowers - all of them were placed around the casket, making almost like a colorful pedestal, with bouquets that Basil and Hero did bring being the only ones that were placed inside the casket. It was making such a contrast with Sunny's body - lifeless, white, damaged, he was looking even more dead, making all the work mortician must've done obsolete. But at least it was making this funeral beautiful... or so Hero told himself. Not that he was able to look at him.*

*Sunny's mother, who organised everything, came very late... Something was deeply wrong here. It was so unnatural for Hero to see her so unorganized and unfocused. Her hair was basically a mess, she wore no makeup and the only words she said were some abrupt apologies. She wasn't willing to explain why she came so late, or even look at Sunny, instead choosing to stare blankly in the distance, occasionally checking something on her phone, not caring about anything and anyone around her. It felt as if she wasn't even here in her mind, not bothered by death of her own son. No tears, no apathy, no remorse and regret, no anger- Just this weird energy and that lack of attention to anything around her. As if she wanted for everything to end impatiently.*

*"No, no, she is just grieving in that way", - Hero said to himself. "She is just coping with the stress in that way..."*

*But Hero couldn't get rid of those feelings, his guts were screaming that there's something rotten and wicked going on. Still, he brushed it aside, mostly because it wasn't the time for that.*

*Somebody opened the doors - this was seriously annoying to Hero. Just how much people will come here, barely knowing Sun-*

...

*Every thought Hero had had been banished, destroyed, completely obliterated. He couldn't muster a word. He couldn't think about anything at all. He was just sitting there, in that weird position, looking at...*

*At...*

...

*What.*

*The.*

*Fuck.*

*Hero gently - or, perhaps, just weakly - shaked Aubrey, who was sitting right behind him, silently crying with closed eyes. He wasn't sure if he can say anything to her in this moment. He wasn't sure if he could say anything in this moment. He just knew that she must see what he sees.*

*Pale, almost white, yet with blood running through his veins, and short, as if his growth stopped years ago. Thin... no, malnourished. With both eyes still intact, undamaged. He was walking, slowly, but steadily. He was breathing. He was... He-*

*This can't be real. This... This can't be real. He is hallucinating. There's no fucking way this is real.*

*Hero looked at his friends - they were shocked, looking at him with wide eyes and various expressions on their faces. Hero felt like he is just like them in this moment. He then looked at everyone else around him - and the reactions were pretty much of the same kind.*

*Sunny was there. Sunny was holding a single flower. Sunny was walking towards his own coffin. Sunny was...*

*Hero closed his eyes, counted up to 10 and then looked at the coffin. He was there. Dead. Sunny was laying there, in this coffin, with flowers all around him, almost hiding every bit of his broken body. It was almost like Mari, except this time there were more flowers - and more colours, contrasting ever so highly with Sunny's pale body.*

*Step, by step, by another step. This wasn't right. This couldn't be real. Sunny can't walk to himself. Sunny died, he caused his death, Hero knew that. They all caused it. They- He-*

*It was hard to breathe. It was hard to do anything. People started to notice Sunny as well - and yet he was seemingly oblivious to silence that came to the church, he wasn't looking at anyone in particular. He was just walking towards his own casket. Towards himself.*

*Step.*

*By step.*

*Walking through the silent crowd.*

*Not looking at anyone, with face being the same unreadable blank mask, with eyes full of emotions.*

*Passing the strangers, the pastor, his friends.*

*Stopping before himself.*

*He stood there, observing himself, and placed a flower in his own hands. He stood there, not turning to myriad of eyes observing him. He stood there, and only by that time Hero noticed how he was shaking. He...*

*He collapsed onto the floor, with a choked cry escaping his mouth. Sunny was crying, trying to muffle himself, to hide it, but it was pointless.*

*Hero felt something raising in him, filling him to the brim, telling, no, screaming at him to move, to protect this boy, to never let him go, because Hero already lost him once, he can't go through it again.*

*And so he rushed - stumbling while running frantically. And so he hit Sunny, falling on the ground with him. And so he hugged him as tight as he could, almost crushing the boy. A few seconds later he felt that both of them were hugged by someone else. He let out something between a cry and a laugh - it was probably both.*

*Sunny was warm. Sunny was moving, breathing, he wasn't an illusion. He was crying. He was...*

### ***Alive.***

*And so Hero cried as well, yelling something illegible, barely noticing how he was not the only one in that state - Kel and Aubrey were here as well, doing the same. They shared that wish to never ever let go of him. Not again. Never again.*

*- Why are you here?.. You... **YOU SHOULD BE DEAD!!!***

*Those words - Hero didn't really processed them yet, but the tone made him to unconsciously cover up Sunny as much as possible. He also hugged Sunny even tight. However, it wasn't really needed.*

*The person who yelled was Sunny's mother. She lost her conscious right after she screamed.*

*Stained glass, a barrier for the sunlight of the setting star. People all around, sitting on the benches, listening to the pastor - but he stopped talking after he saw Sunny. Red carpet - red as blood he spilled - was showing the path for him. He only needed to walk this path.*

*Sunny wasn't a coward. He was afraid, but he wasn't to back up now. He took a sharp breath and made a step.*

*Unfortunately, he also looked at the casket.*

*Writhing, pulsating, oozing with something with high viscosity, almost like a slime - the black mass of Something was enveloping the casket. It seemed that Sunny's dead body was the heart of it. A heart that wasn't beating, enveloped in flowers that were sticking out of Something, refusing to be stained by it.*

*Something was dying. It was almost dead, not able to reach to anyone with its hair, tendrils and tentacles, drying up, crumbling and slowly disappearing. It couldn't do anything. But it still was alive. It still had an eye. It still was a nightmare fuel, even in that state.*

*Sunny took another step. And then another.*

*Against his gut feeling, against his mind begging him to ran away, against the heart that was about to jump out from his rib cage he walked closer and closer to his casket. The closer he was getting, the smaller Something was getting, drying up more and more, until it was... Gone. It revealed Sunny's dead body, disappearing completely. He overcame all his fears.*

*Sunny examined himself. His body... It looked beautiful. It honestly looked beautiful, with all the flowers surrounding it, making such a nice combination. It was almost like-*

*It looked like Mari.*

***He*** *looked like Mari.*

*Sunny leaned closer and placed a flower into his own hands - oh god, they were cold, they were so cold - before taking a step back. He was still processing that thought - that he is just like Mari. Just like... Mari...*

*Why? Why is he like that?*

*He isn't perfect. He never was perfect. He never will be perfect. He always was not good enough. He can't change the things that happened. He can't change anything. All he did was running - from the Truth, from the pain, from the people he cared about. He traumatized them all. He killed his sister. He murdered her!*

*Sunny wasn't able to hold it anymore. He was tired, mentally and physically. He wasn't able to hold it anymore. He fell on the floor, sobbing, wishing for others to not look.*

*And then he felt a bones-crushing hug, and saw Hero embracing him.*

*Why? Why does he do that? Why does Hero cares about him? He did so much awful things.  
He-*

*He was hugged by Kel and Aubrey. It felt like 3 huge, warm bears decided to hug him all at once.*

*Sunny didn't knew why they act like that. All he could think in that moment that he is safe now. Maybe he wasn't deserving it. But he didn't had enough power to care about it. He was drained, and crying in Hero's shirt was the only thing he could do.*

**- ...YOU SHOULD BE DEAD!!!**

*...Mom?*

## Chapter End Notes

It's not Psychological Horror just yet. Don't worry, it'll come soon. Have you noticed the absence of Basil in this chapter? :)

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