

Elegy

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Characters:	Olive Stanford (KITC) , Mantis Elmwood (KITC)
Additional Tags:	Olive-typical normalisms and suffering , normal ways of coping with grief , Dying Coming Back to Life and Other Ways to Avoid Defining the Relationship , except.. guess mantis actually got snuffed fr this time :P , rip
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Elegy

by [apltcake](#)

Summary

You'll hate me, but maybe I'm glad that you're dead.

Notes

Epilogue timeline where Mantis escapes the sims but doesn't make it out alive 🥰
Olive coming to terms with that :,)

We've put you in the ground, Mantis. There were hardly any clouds in the sky when they buried you - it was hot and bright even though it was barely noon, and the birds weren't singing. A butterfly landed on your gravestone.

I wish things didn't have to end this way. You're free, but not in the way that we both wanted. At least now you're somewhere I can see you. No more passes required.

I'm letting go of you, Mantis. It might seem cruel of me, to lay the thought of you to rest so easily after death, but I would be lying if I said I haven't been wanting to do this for a while. You're free, now - and so it's only fair that I can be free of you, too. I've wanted this for the longest time, but it didn't seem right for me to abandon the thoughts of you while you were still fighting. Finally, I can believe that moving on is the best thing I can do for myself. I hope you can forgive me for this, Mantis, but if you can't, that's something I'll have to live with.

I'm sorely aware of the fact that I've spent more years thinking of you than I've spent knowing you. I wish I could have known you better, Mantis. I care about you so much that it's painful, I wish I knew who you were just as much. I've collected some stories and snippets from other people, but they've all felt like collages, polaroids from differing perspectives, an aesthetic more than a person. I wish I knew better what it is that I loved. I haven't been able to admit this to myself, but I'm starting to forget what you look like.

I wish you could see this. This victory doesn't feel the same without you, Mantis. You're deserving of it more than anyone else here.

I know you would have wanted to live more, but all I can feel is relief. Relief that you're in a safe place now. At peace, not hurting anymore. I suppose that's what I've always wanted the most for you - you'll hate me, but maybe I'm glad that you're dead. And it's selfish, really... but this feels like the first time in decades that I've been relaxed. I forgot what it was like, but the world feels a bit lighter without you. People feel warm. I open the window, and I see beyond the windowpane. I think I'm happy now. I'm happier now.

I'm glad that you're here. Beneath my feet.

I came by today to place some flowers by your grave. Now the world can know your name, your pain, your life. And mine too. I hope it's more comfortable in this soil, than it was at the hospital. Warmer, or something. The ground is hardened with all the people treading over them, but it's also crumbly. I think they might have worms in them. Recently, I've been daydreaming about tree roots - how they stretch out deep, deep into the ground.

Your brother was at your funeral. I saw him crying.

You didn't deserve to be so lonely. Lonely from the start, lonely til the end. You never acknowledged it yourself, but I could tell from the first time we met... that bruise on your arm. Maybe I should have told you, but I didn't want to make you upset. I just wanted to prove to you that you're not alone, that you're loved and deserve love. Did you ever feel loved, Mantis? Did I do anything right by you?

I'll visit you sometime. Maybe in another week, a month, a year... I don't think I could ever truly forget if I tried. In a dream I had about you last night, you were on a hospital bed sound asleep, covered in wilted flowers. I swept the flowers and the blood away and left you there, in the pristine quiet. It's like nothing ever touched you.

My love, I am tired. I'll leave you here.

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