

The Other Ones Preview

By ALR

“Lucy hasn’t come by in a while.”

A man is sitting in a black void, completely alone talking to himself. It was once white. A long time ago. But that was when he arrived. Since then the brightness of the void began to fade, and a door appeared out of nowhere. It was simple and wooden, and while there was a pattern that lined the edges of the door, it was nothing fancy. That door eventually became his only source of light as the realm continued to darken.

As he stayed there he would be visited. Sometimes by an old man in old toga like robes. His age varies, but he always has a beard and his looks always lean on the older side. He comes the most, thought not all that frequently.

I think the last time was about twenty two years ago.

Then there was the androgynous person, though they normally come as a woman. Their name is Lucy, and they like to tease him when they visit. But despite all the “teasing” they make Damien feel the most comfortable. Talking to them feels like he’s talking to someone from the world before. They also stay the longest of his visitors, with their longest visit lasting close to three hundred years.

Next is Damien. He’s the one that he fears the most. He’s always terrified of Damien’s temper. Although Damien never hits him, the realm begins to get disgustingly hot. It feels like his body is melting with the amount of sweat he ends up producing in such a short time. Yet seeing Damien in his impressive all white suit with the contrasting red shirt, belt, and shoes that pop out so extravagantly always made him want to engage with him. Just to watch...

And finally there's Despair. Their first meeting was a rollercoaster of emotions for him. He was being chased by Despair for what was possibly days. Only to finally get caught and for nothing to happen. He eventually figured out that Despair won't feed off of him because he doesn't have enough. When Despair talked, he did so in this mixture of jerking and almost painful looking moments and complete nonsense. He spits and gnashes like a beast, and yet despite all that, he's the kindest of the four. He comforts him, often cuddling with him and 'speaking' to him. Though he couldn't understand what he was saying, somewhere within him could. The longer he stayed there, the more the noises Despair made started to sound like words. Slow at first. But words nonetheless. And once he could have a conversation with Despair, he grew to enjoy them almost as much as his time with Lucy.

His back is leaning on a wooden door while he sits in the pitch black void. The door had a dim glow to it. Bright enough that he can see how detailed it is. Hand carved patterns all over it from top to bottom. He gets the strangest feeling he did them, but he can't remember if it's true or not.

"How long do you think I've been here?" He asks himself.

Well you tend to ask me every 3,153,294,893 seconds and this is the...5th time you asked so. He responds sarcastically.

"Oh can you calculate that well? Well I guess I...can...Can you calculate how long it's been since Lucy's been here?"

I'm afraid to answer that.

"Why?"

Why do you think?

“Is it really that bad?”

Is It ReALly tHaT baD? That’s you.

He can’t help but sigh at how he responded to himself. “Stop being dramatic and just answer the question.”

No. Because I’m going to tell you. And then you’re going to obsess over it. And then you’re going to start asking me stupid questions like “Why would I calculate that? Why Did I make the wrong decision? Is it too late for me to go back now?” And once you start answering questions you’re going to drive yourself insane over the idea of what could possibly happen if you walk through that door. Which will ALWAYS lead you to the conclusion that you’re already dead. And then you’ll have a psychotic break as you accept that this must be actual hell. And then after speaking gibberish and acting like a fucking fool, you’re going to just stop, get bored, and ask me some random fucking question and then this cycle repeats again. He’s breathing heavily after his rant. He’s made the habit of breathing because not breathing felt too unnatural to him.

“Wow...” He sits there for a long time. So long the silence became audible. So long his heartbeat was in his ears. So loud He forgot what he felt like. He was a collection of swirling thoughts existing in the black void of his mind. His thoughts speeding by so fast it paralyzed him.

“How many times has that happened?”

There’s a much shorter silence before finally responding. *I think this is the second or third time I’ve rambled like this. You also sit there longer after each time..... So now I’m having trouble remembering.*

“Damn....when you say longer...”

The first time was about 677,499 seconds. The second time was somewhere around 2,517.956 seconds before I got distracted. The third-

“You can stop now.” He says while holding up his hands. One of them then slowly creeps up and grips his chin. “We’ve been stuck here for so long.” His voice is trembling. The thought of the amount of time that passed...“What happened ‘out there’?” Will I know If I step through the door?”.....