

The Apprentices' God

With just pants on him, he was running away from something, for sure. But from what ? His lips were chapped, and started turning blue. He couldn't feel his fingers anymore, nor his toes. Besides, he couldn't remember what he was escaping, but just that he could not stop. He did not even glance once behind him, too busy watching his steps in the snowy grass. He couldn't tell where he was. The trees seemed too small or too big, depending on the way he looked at them. The lights seemed too bright or too gloomy. It was like the world around him was constantly changing but never taking a familiar form.

Elsewhere, Greg was looking at his screen. His face was still but he was extremely attentive. A second man joined him with coffee and sandwiches.

"So ?" the second man said.

"Nothing unusual for now. But let's wait a bit more. I'm sure this time is the right one."

"I already heard that." ironically commented the second man. His name was pinned on his chest, "Marc" it was written.

But finally, exhausted as one could ever be, he stopped. A tremendous pain began to flow in his head. He put his hands on it, as if he could stop this. The pain combined with the exhaustion forced him to get on his knees. And then the pain stopped. The tiredness too.

Dark forms were gathering around him, and before he could rest, something tried to reach him. He fought back, kicking and punching in all directions. It seemed that he was fighting black smoke, he couldn't grasp the forms and whenever he felt he almost got one, it disappeared.

"It's starting to get nasty" Marc said. "Nah, it's alright, I made some of my own modifications." answered Greg. "It should get better anytime soon you'll see".

"What did you do ?" yelled Marc. "WHAT DID YOU DO ? We've told you explicitly to follow the protocol. There's a reason for that Greg. Do you think you're the first one coming here, wanting to play God ? No, you're not. Fix your mistake now and I might not tell anyone. But you'd better hurry."

Too much, it was too much. The dark forms were still harassing him and now the headache was back. The pain was now not only in his head, but his whole body ached. He saw a stone at the same time he felt it when he fell. He grabbed it.

“See why you should follow the protocol ? All the time and the efforts wasted. We need to do this all over again now.”. The voice was Mark’s. “You do the paperwork this time”.

Greg nodded and started filling the “Outcome” part with “Subject 27 : Critical Failure – Smashed his own head with a stone”.