

X. ~~Grandma, what big eyes you have!~~
~~All the better to see you with my dear.~~

X. ~~Grandma, what sharp teeth you have!~~
~~All the better to eat you with my dear.~~

O. Grandma, what big ears you have!
All the better to hear you with, my dear.

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Darkness.

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No, actually, total darkness was supposed to have depth, like flying in outer space. To prove there was more to you than you thought.

This was just black/ness then, by definition. Smothersome.

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Black.

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He couldn't move anything; just sit there, dumb; in the (dark) black; trying to figure out where he was.

'Shouldn't I be seeing colors?' fractals.

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One unearthly howl like an air-raid warning and he was engulfed in flames. The flames had no color; (what was wrong with them—).

BUT IF NOT

He could choose to view himself in the mirror.

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There were bandages on his face. There had been a defeat (his first defeat, his first defeat) and then with the crash down he had been sent to the hospital and they drugged him and they bandaged him up and they fixed him and he was free to fly again.

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The mirror image smirks. His expression is frozen in a lopsided glare. A playful glare, at himself? What was it.

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Fuck.

Well, at least he has a choice. He can either view fire or view an image of himself. Like a television.

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Himself, face bandaged, smirking. Self-confident bitch.

'You fucking bitch,' he accuses in his mind, squirming and trying to catch the image like it is palpable. 'Stop fucking smiling, you fucking bitch. I'm going to wipe that fucking smirk off of your fucking face.'

It is like an infection. He wants to smirk now too. Share/whatever. He finds that he can't smile.

A NEW CHALLENGER APPEARS!!!!!!

"Are you awake," a female voice speaks out from the two-dimensional black.

'You tell me,' he wants to say. He chooses not to. She might leave if she gets offended. Please don't leave me alone.

Fire. He squirms, trying to get out of it.

He doesn't know how awake he is.

"Don't move," says the female. Then she laughs for at least two seconds, before excusing herself. "I'm sorry," she groans, "that was uncalled for."

Bitch.

Laughing at him like that. There are footsteps going somewhere else. Don't leave me alone, please don't leave.

He doesn't even know where he is. If there is anything outside of this black.
If he is anywhere. Perhaps he is dead. Perhaps that woman was god.
Forsaking him.

Well, now he can choose between heaven and hell. He's not sure which is
which.

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So many questions!

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So little time.

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no, he has time, now. Infinite time. But he is in finite black.

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Himself, smirking, face bandaged. You fucking whore you fucking whore you fucking whore.

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“Well, are you awake? If you are, move,” a man commands.

He tries to move his head from side to side, tries to locate the owner of the voice. There is nothing, only black.

“Good, you are awake.”

He can feel his ears perk up. An answer?

“There’s been an accident,” the man explains. “Well, accident is a loose term to describe it. The only accident that has been had is your actions. It’s your fault.”

The man’s words hurt him. His mirror image’s face is bandaged, smirking, glaring.

“When you survived, we thought that you would be terminated. Fired, you know. But the orders came in: ‘No, no, let him heal. Let him suffer.’ He’s sort of a sadist, isn’t he? But I can’t question his orders. I have to let you suffer.”

He begins shaking his head from side to side.

He must get away, from the man. From the black. From that damn apparition of himself. From the flames. Please, you can’t let me suffer. Please save me.

“True, there may be ways to erase what you have done. But we’re not those kind of people, you see. You’re in the wrong hands, I’m afraid. We can’t do that. Only he could, and well, he’s not willing to for the time being. Perhaps you shouldn’t have failed him, ha.”

The male croaks laughter of the old nickelodeon kind. Like he has been awake for too long a period of time sitting at a bar somewhere, drinking golden alcohol in a glass and smoking cigarettes, making eyes at other women or men.

He tries to open his mouth, say something. 'I want a cigarette, please, please, please, please I want a cigarette, please, please, I want a cigarette, please.'

I want a cigar—
ette Please please please please Please
can I Have a smoke?

Whine, whine; he can't do it. His tongue moves around in his mouth and his voice box hums, but he can't form the words. He can't move his jaw. There are some things in it that weren't there before.

"Oh, your voice. I'm afraid you won't be using that anymore," says the male, not-consoling.

He wants to scream. Or cry.

But there is no voice and there are no tears. He can't use them, anymore.

Poor Wolf has had an accident... so may you all.