

Scribbled Fates

To write is to tell a story that happens in another world; the world of the mind: to keep track or a record of an event that is happening. You, or anyone can begin and end their stories or records, as they wish. For me, that privilege, that option, that ability, I will never get. Some have given me names of a holy descent and make me a gentle being of all mighty justice and power that watches over a land in the sky, right down to the fires of hell. I'm sorry to say but there is no heaven, no hell, when you hit the dirt bed in the ground – well, that's the end of it. If I am to be considered anything, yes I am god. But, I am no man of justice or evil. I do have a grand power. I am your destiny and fate, in short, I run your life - not you, or someone else, me. I have no magical light-filled land. I sit in total darkness beside the little white barren candle on my desk. My desk is nicely-sized, lots of room but can never find a good place to locate it specifically, so I just leave it where it lays. I have been here for as long as I can remember. I don't think I was ever even born. I just was me, no mother, no father, no family to speak of. I never came into any life time troubles, I was here, at my desk in this endless dark abyss with my candle that never goes down or out, and my desk with all the papers I can handle. I don't have a computer, then life would be too easy. I don't have friends or life would be too hard; works both ways. I sit with my candle and that's it. I can't create life, or food or things to do besides what I do; I just work. What do I work on you might be asking? I work on the world, no, not my own, I suppose another dimension. I am their "God"; I am the keeper and recorder of all things that are about to happen and its results. For every occurrence, every disaster, I'm behind it all. Every birth. Every death. It's a sad life I have been cursed with. It is a boring life, unless I add to the occurrences of every person. How do I do it all you might ask? Well, when I stop writing about someone's life, time freezes; When I completely stop working on life or story, unless I had given you something to do, you or that person will freeze until I come back or decide that your tale is too boring and decide you die It happens for those "do nothing days" or periods when you keep going at something without stopping. Those slight pauses I recorded on purpose. Without

anything like a calm before the storm, it will instantly freeze. Because nothing is being connected to it. Its hard to come up with events constantly. So I put the people in this time of ease, make a more interesting climax or what-not. How would all this work, you might be asking? I will gladly explain. When an instant existence of my own being became to be, I was shocked and confused, no words were established at that time so all I could do was grunt, yell, scream, and run around. This was my first attempt at leaving. Not seeing or initially acknowledging the desk or even the light that let me see what was happening, (I ran for the darkness), too scared and confused to think properly or to even contemplate grabbing the little candle.

I ran and ran for eternity; it seems but the adrenaline and the false hope of an exit kept me moving. When people run, the wind whistles past your ears, and the resistance of gravity pushing in front of you gets you to slow down. While on my side, my world if I may call it, there was nothing. No wind no gravity no whistling ears, nothing, just darkness, not even the sounds of my feet hitting the ground. The best way to describe it, was like running in space, I suppose is best to say it. If it was space, why would it have ground? I could not tell you. For “hours” upon “hours” I ran, feeling like I haven’t made any progress and not feeling tired. As I ran, a dim light. My thoughts raced, “I’m free” but as I came close, the actual sight came to be. I was back to where I started. My mind had snapped. I was so confused and scared I was with no exhaustion but I felt weak. From absolute defeat I sat on the wooden chair and screamed and cried. No words though, what is the point. No one will hear. As I began to settle down from the fear and confusion, I began to study my surroundings. The candle always stayed freshly lit. Like a brand new candle, that never went out. The desk was a gorgeous maple wood type of desk with beautiful figures and designs, truly a thing to have, over time this object became my home. On top of the desk was a stack of paper. No more then a few pieces; looked like one hundred pieces. I haven’t yet discovered that even though I count a hundred pieces, the amount is unlimited, just for looks? I have no idea. On the left side of the pile I had a little ink bottle with a phoenix feathered like quill which laid neatly beside it . It had untold beauty and the tip never dulled, truly, this object became my best friend. The chair

was cushioned on the bottom and backrest, it never got flat, always soft and always great to “sleep” on, this object became my mother. These objects will become my family, and the only things keeping me from going insane from boredom atleast. I was not tired from the false hope of a run but the mental strain was killing me, so I had stepped up to the chair, and curled up into a ball of fear and confusion and cried like a infant with a mother’s firm but loving, protecting hands to hold and cradle me calm to sleep. I suppose my first thought was to rest but being in this dimension it has many grand abilities. One being the ability to never be tired no matter what event previously occurred. I think I had slept for the first and last time, but since I’ve always had been, I don’t think I knew HOW to sleep, but for one thing I can tell you, was that my mind was always racing with images. Even before, my head was filled to the brim like an Irish pint with thoughts. I had a dream, but it was not a kind one, my head thought of it. The idea, no, the assumption, that I was inside a beast like, the little puppet who although a mere toy, wanted to be a real boy. My mind though that I was trapped inside a monster.

I had other thoughts to like I was in hell, but that’s odd, considering I didn’t know what any of these things were. Even as I calmed down. These thoughts just continuously kept coming I didn’t know what to do. My mind, my head, it began to feel flimsy.

So at that time I thought that sleeping was bad. So I looked around at the other things in the void. I looked at the desk. It was a beautiful piece of work I have to say, and I get sit in it for the rest of my “life”. I say “life” due to the fact I will never see an end to it or even have had a beginning. A life with no sleep, but a world filled with wakeful dreams and nightmares. It is a miserable feeling. My head is always rushed with thoughts of things I do not know what they are, my head is always buzzing, but it doesn’t hurt. It’s flimsy, it feels like I’m actually going to go insane. I had to do something. I ran again because it worked last time. But when I began to run I out of reach of the light it seemed like there was a wall, and not only that one side, all around. In another hopeful act to escape, I thought I could stab my cage and make a opening. I ran back to the desk and grabbed the quill and stabbed at the

darkness but it just went through without the chance to carry me out through the slash with it. I fell to the ground. I leaned up to the invisible wall. All I could do was cry and have one thought, one thing to freedom. Kill myself. I looked at the quill. Crumbled down to the ground. I place it on my beating heart,

I give a look and with no regrets but that I had to live I pushed down as hard as I could. I felt nothing. Shocked and confused I looked and the quill head was in my chest but no blood poured. I yanked out of my body. No blood on the quill. I checked where I stabbed, but no hole or puncture wound. I screamed and my mind yelled with rage. The head burned with all my rage. I repeatedly stabbed and slashed at my self, and nothing, it didn't even go in. The blade slipped through like it was being ran through a calm lake's body. I ran to the desk and rushed my head into one of the empty draws and rammed the drawer to the side of my head, I had no idea what it would feel like but I had to leave this place one way or another. The drawer made contact. Nothing. I yelled again with rage and kept smashing but no pain but the simple touch of the drawer being repeatedly rammed at but nothing happened. I pulled my head out. Stumbled back and fell back to the ground. I cried screams and all forms of noise I could yell. I did not know words to describe how much sadness and rage I felt and still can't to this day. But then again, action speak louder than words. It was "hours" before I calmed down. And even longer as I remained lying there. Sprawled out like starfish looking directly up, into total darkness. My eyes soon swayed to my right. The glow from the candle made the desk appear to have its own manifesting glow. It was so alluring. I got up and flopped onto the chair. I sat for a while. Thinking. I looked where the wall was and walked over to it, but the wall was not to be found, I swayed my hands around like a maniac, my only thought was "Where is the wall. There was a wall right here where is the wall!?! What is going on"! My fear returned. First the endless abyss seemed to have an end, now then and there, the wall of hope and safety is no more. My first thought was to take the candle and see what is happening. So I ran to the desk and grabbed the candle to investigate further. I ran back to the area. Nothing. Absolutely nothing, nothing to see or to touch. Total oblivion. The darkness made me feel like my eyes weren't even to see

this misery, until I move the candle in front of me, only then I knew that I was not dreaming this hateful and never ending night shade. My mind went into a state of resolve “ This can't be my fate, I will leave, even if I must die! What do I do?! WHAA”- a loud ring rung for a few seconds, it hurt so much though. I went into a sudden rage and ran back to the desk, smashed the candle down onto the desk, flung the chair over head and threw into the darkness. Nothing, no satisfying smash, crash, or cracking of my mothers legs, head, arms, nothing. I was getting drowned in rage now, as I picked up the candle and gently placed the candle on the ground and with fast angry strength picked up my home, my desk, and threw as hard as this dark hell of a womb which born me gave me the strength to use. Nothing. My mind spoke “ Why? WHY!?” I snatched the candle and threw it only to witness the horror of it land perfectly in it place along with everything else, my home still had its charming face, my mother was not crippled. I broke, with broken fury and total defeat I sat in my mothers arms. I curled into a ball of "death", though I can never die it seemed. I looked up at the candle, and began to marvel it. Its glow was so warm that I could touch the flame but when I did, I felt something I could never imagine, a sting, I didn't like it, is that what pain was? Can I die from it? I cupped both my hands around it tightly, and the world and my mind for a split second went black with misery and pain. My thoughts crack as I rammed the candle down my throat. Darkness surrounded, then a I could feel my skin bubble, and suddenly, flames burst out from my flesh. The undying flame was burning me from the inside, out. I was in ecstasy of a strange but dislikable sensation. I was burning.

But then I realized, I was dieing, my mind jumped as my skin melted. I'm leaving, I'll be gone. I'm free. Though my mind was in a sick joyous. My legs flew from under me, I knelt on the ground. I did not know but, I laughed for the first time. A joy filled scream.

I fell to the ground. I looked at my surrounds. Constant darkness. With my last bit of life I had made my last thought. I'm free, then my sight went black. You must be asking, If he is dead, how are we even alive, if he's dead, we and nothing else would exist. Well my only reply is the saying, to ever ending, is the greater beginning.