# Undertow

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**Summary:**

## \*Chapter 1\*: Undertow

Undertow

I've always been a firm believer in the non-belief structure

It just doesn't stop...

The snoring is driving me mad to no end. The constant noise is sawing through my skull, like a hacksaw with missing teeth. Constantly getting snagging on something, and just as it feels like I'm getting a break, it starts right back up again, even worse.

I keep praying to some unknown diety that I don't believe in that they either wake up, shut up, or die. It's cruel, and not helping, but I'm suffering, so all that crosses my mind is forgiven, right? Right. As if I needed your approval. Fuck you.

The only light in this room is coming from The cracks in the top of the steel shutter next to me. In this shittly beach town hurricanes can be a big problem, so people put steel shutters over anything glass. The shutters are normally activated by a switch, but we have the shitty house in which all of the shutters are controlled by a single shared crank.

A metal piece hangs limply next to ever window, and sliding door. You have to fit the crank into just the right spot, so it lines up perfectly with the teeth on it. There are little groves that you twist the teeth into, and pull it down, locking it into place. There are two joints on this metal rod that you're supposed to bend. This turns the rod into a crank, and this is how you open and close our shitty shutters. The reason light creeps through this large opaque force, is because of a shitty cranking job, done by yours truly. The worst part is, I'm the only light sensitive person in the bunch.

To top off the horrible noises raging through the air, tearing through the silence like an exaggerated velcro, and the massive hangover I'm suffering for the first time in months, I can't ignore that piercing light.

That fucking light...

It's driving me mad, slowly but surely. Every noise hurts. Every thought hurts. The light just gives me something to look at, in this darkness. It gives me something to focus on. It gives me something to think about along with the noise, which is the last fucking thing I need at this point. What I need is silence. What I need is darkness. What I need is peace and quiet, a thoughtless void of nothing.

Give me sleep.

Give me rest.

Fucking kill me. This is torture.

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"When are you going to wake up?"

Ugh. Sonic. If only he knew how shitty I felt.

"WenIfelmotvtd"

"What?"

"When I feel MOTIVATED"

Silence. His footsteps thud softly out the door.

"It's noon"

"Mhmm"

"And you're still sleeping."

Trying to, I correct him.

Footsteps get closer, a thud next to the bed, followed by a sloshing sound. The sound of the steel shutter cranking up, accompany the light that hits my eyelids. All I see is red. The creaking of the springs under his body weight as he sits down next to me. All I see is red.

"Still waiting for motivation?"

"Mhmm"

"I have a story for you, then. You remember that terrorist that took out that office building within the first year after Station Square had been built?"

Fuck. He's not going away.

"Mhmm."

"There was this one guy, who was trapped on the third floor. He had been shot twice in the head, the left side. Now this guy was coincidentally a le

fty. Now this doesn't seem relevant to anyone who's dead, but that's not the point. Most people die after one gunshot to the head, immediately. This cat takes TWO to the head, on his good side, and passes out. He wakes up an hour later, after the terrorist killed himself. We didn't know he had, so we were cautiously entering the door, and trying to diffuse the bombs before they went off. This guy was a dumbass, and set them on a timer before he snuffed it, so we had a pretty good amount of time to diffuse it, especially for me, the blue blur. Sorry, I'm straying from the point. Anyway, the guy wakes up an hour later, and can only move the right side of his body. Keeping in mind this cat was a lefty, he used only the right side of his body to crawl from the center of the building, down a couple of hallways and into the closed break room. He opens the door somehow, and crawls to the window. He realizes the window is too tall for him, and goes back over to the other side of the room to retrieve a chair, which he then drags over to the window. He climbs on top of it, and opens the window latch, and uses his body weight to push the window open, and gravity took him down. He fell three stories, and landed on top of a news van. Face first. He somehow managed to survive all of this. I talked to this person personally. He told me his story, and while he did, he was standing, and gesturing, and emoting. He was normal. He survived all of that, and he wasn't even retarded in any way. Of course the guy died two years later of ec

oli, but that's not the point."

"What is the point?"

"The point is, with the proper motivation you can do anything. And I mean ANYTHING."

All I see is red. He stands up. The sloshing sound returns, and suddenly I'm doused with freezing cold water and ice cubes. My eyes are finally open, and I can see that smug fucking smirk on his face.

"Now get your ass up."

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The only thing I hate more than the beach is traveling. We're in some shitty beach town I can't remember the name of. Somehow I got suckered into joining the gang on a new years vacation. The gang consists of Sonic, Knuckles, Rouge, Amy and me. Sonic and his wallet made this possible, a two story beach house that bears more than it can handle. Two bedrooms, three bathrooms. The upsairs consists of a kitchen, and living quarters. Two balconeys for good measure. You'd think a place with two balconeys would have something to look at, but this is untrue. the view consists of other houses.

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I'm not exactly sure how we ended up in the head shop. Just the four of us; Sonic is probably sitting on his ass watching sports or something. The first thing you see when you walk through the door is the hookah collection. Glass ones, metal ones, shelves and islands of "tobacco" products litter the place. I take a left, and make my way over to the glass showcase, filled with bongs and glass pipes of all sorts, each one insanely expensive. Knuckles sneaks up behind me, and points to a tiny round purple case.

The walrus that was once behind the counter opens the case with his special key, and pulls the prize we came for out, and carries it over to the counter, leaving me to browse through the random crap. On the back wall in this showcase rectangle is a monsterous collection of sex toys. Everyone knows drugs and sex go perfect together.. or not.

Dildos, nipple clamps, sex dolls. The blow-up slave. The inflatable "hot" seat. If there's a market for this shit, than people have truly gotten bored with life. I honestly can't imagine asking the walrus behind the counter for nipple clamps, and looking him in the eye with a straight face. Hello, sir. Yes, only the nipple clamps. That'll be all today.

"Miles! We got what we came for. Stop gawking at the dildos, and let's get out of here."

Knuckles can be such a dick sometimes.

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So I take the first hit of tha salvia, and hold it in. I'm somewhat experienced with this drug, so I don't hold back. The flame ignites the embers in the tiny glass pipe, and the shitty tasting ashes invade my lungs. Holding in as long as I can, my ass hits the sand beneath me, and the smoke departs from my nostrils.

And all at once

there it is

like always.

The feeling lof distance hits me like a bag of bricks.

I

am

no

longer

a

part

of this

world

I'm just

an

outsider

looking

in.

The world breaks up into sections, oddly shaped quadrilaterals, and thin lines. Almost like glass shattering, the world crumbles before me, and I'm left in my own mind, stuck in despair. Nothing makes sense.

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Oh god.

Where am I?

Suddenlysomeoneislaughingatmegalesoflaughterinvademybrainbuticantexactlytellwhereitscomingfromandsuddenly

snap back to reality, and Amy is holding the pipe out to me.

I say something along the lines of I don't know why you want to smoke more. This causes more laughter from Rouge, and I suddenly feel stupid. Another huge rip, and the pipe drops into the sand before me. No more.

No more.

No more.

Ever.

"No more!"

Everyone is staring at me, and I'm naked before them. I need this to stop; all of it. Please.

I'm discontent; uncomfortable in my own skin. I need something; anything. A sense of stifling, I need to be free of this. Something, help me please.

"I'm done"

Amy starts laughing her ass off. "I'm done!" she mimics. "D-U-N done!"

This isn't insulting. It shouldn't hurt me in the least, but it sends me into a depression I've never felt before.

"Are you okay?" Knuckles is the only one not trying to hurt me, but I ignore him against my will.

"I'm done with this!" I scream, and try to stand up. The fire before us was once ragingm and now it's suddenly dying.

I tried to run from it. I tried to escape my own body, but I just tripped over something and ate sand. I'm such a jackass.

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Suddenly, everyone is gone.

"You okay, kiddo?"

"Sonic?"

"Everyone moved down the beach. There's something you need to see."

"What happened?"

"I should be asking you."

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"The waves are green!" Amy is always excited; there's nothing new about this. "Look!"

"I don't see anything."

"No, look!" She's shaking my arm. This is so fucking stupid. Another illusion brought on by excitement.

"It's just lights" Sonic claims in his matter of factly tone. He always seems to know what he's talking about, even when he doesn't.

"I don't see anything. The waves look normal."

"Keep looking!!" Rouge is apparently excited about these lights I can't see as well.

"I'm going in. I'll see you guys tomorrow."

I'm waving to him, and Amy hits me on the arm again, and starts pulling on the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Amy, I don't fucking see anything."

Then, suddenly, there it is. One wave in the crowd of many illuminates a bright florescent green. It was amazing, a the light bringing the wave up higher than all the others, as the center of the wave dims, and the light breaks into two, crashing off in different directions.

"Did you see?" She jumps up and down with excitement. "Did you see it, Miles?"

Yeah.

"There's a gray figure out on the water."

"What is it?"

"I'm not sure. It doesn't have any lights on it, just a gray silhouette."

"Where?"

"Out there. Under that star off in the distance."

"That's a star?"

"I think."

"It's moving."

"The figure?"

"Yeah. And the star."

"I don't think that's a star."

"Unless you come up with another name for it, it's a star."

"Wow..."

The four of us sit alone on this desolate beach on a blanket they brought from the beach house. The waves crash against the shore, getting closer and closer every time. There isn't any pattern to the green waves, they come up randomly in different spots. No specific timeframe between each appearance. Some natural phenomenon. Sometimes the ends of the waves look up at an angle, like a neon green serpent dancing across the waves. We talked for hours, guessing what it might be.

"Electric eels?" Knuckles, repeating Sonic's theory.

"I don't think they're green"

"Maybe someones fucking with us." Rouge chimes in. "You know, with a green spotlight or something."

"There's no spotlight I've seen that can do that." Amy says.

"Maybe it's MAGIC!" Rouge squeals.

That's fucking stupid, I say.

"You're such a cynical little shit, Tails."

"Don't call me that. Tails, I mean."

The lights are coming in more often, almost every wave carrying a different shade of green.

"Maybe God's just really pissed off at us."

"Don't joke like that!" Amy hits me.

"No, really. Maybe it's the end of the world."

The intensity of the waves elevates, and the colors start to vary to blues and reds. Soon, all of the colors under the sun, ar shooting at us, and disappearing before getting too shallow.

Wait

time stops again.

Rouge, who was just next to me is half way to the water. Before Knuckles can shout "WAIT" my mind leaves me again. Amy is gone, and suddenly she's in my lap again.

And Rouge is standing in the water.

And Knuckles is running after her.

"I have to meet the gray figure!" she tells us in our minds. "I have to know what causes the light!"

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Dangerous.

She's waist deep and screaming about something that touched her foot. She can't stop wading out.

Knuckles is ankle deep, and the light erupts from the water.

I can't see.

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I...

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It's quiet; far too quiet. It's never this quiet when I wake up, not here. The blue sky above me sits motionless above me. Sitting up, I feel nothing. The ocean before me is.. still. There's no way; the ocean has never been still. The stench of rotting flesh fills my nostrils, the stale air completely dead. No breeze, no noise, just silence. Still.

Behind me there is nothing. A vast desert behind me where houses once stood. Amy isn't laying on top of me anymore. Instead, she's...

Animals line the beach before me. Beached whales and sharks. Seagulls, jellyfish, and an assortment of sea dwelling beasts decorate the shore before me, not just dead, but mutilated. Destroyed.

Amy. Her face twisted in horror, an expression I'll never fully understand. What did she see? Knuckles and Rouge aren't even whole anymore. Their pieces strewn around our blanket, the sand stained with blood. Unidentified organs strewn all over my lap.

Looking up, back at the still sheet of glass like water before me, only to see a disturbance heading towards me, front and center. A streak of water rushing toward me, the gray figure more clear than ever gliding above the growing wave.

I'm screaming, but the silence drowns it out. My voice can't even be heard by me.

I don't know what I'm saying..

I feel sick, and the blood drains from my face. Pale and drained I await my fate, until everything goes white.

And suddenly everything makes sense.

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Written by Cameron Shea.