# Station Square

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## \*Chapter 1\*: ACT I

ACT I  
the storm

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the birds take flight as the earth begins to shake. if we don't destroy ourselves, mother nature surely will.

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## \*Chapter 2\*: Amy

"Smoke?" he asks. He can be heard shifting his weight forwards, leaning towards her from within the shadow. "You look like you could use one."

Voice, ragged. Like he'd seen a lot of years and smoked for too many of them.

"Sure," she says, nervously, reaching into the darkness. "You got a light?"

"But of course."

She can feel the weight of the pack and the lighter falling into her open, outstretched hand. As she closes her fingers around it and withdraws her arm, she can't help but wonder.  
"How did you get these in here?" she shifts, nervously on the hard wooden bench, while tucking the cigarette between her lips and lighting it. Her back brushing up against the cold stone wall behind her as she inhales and exhales ash. "They took mine.."

"I have my ways," he says.

She can't exactly gauge this man. She isn't even certain if men and women should be put in the same holding tank, but she doesn't want to say anything.  
Leaning forward, she tries to hand the pack and lighter back to the man, She sees his fingers tracing the edge of the moonlight cast in through the barred window, waving her off.

"Keep them," he says. She can feel his grin.

"You sure?"

"But of course," he responds again.  
She isn't sure whether or not to feel creeped out, or comforted. She tries to find solace in smoking, but the silence is broken once more. "What are you in for?"

"Drinking and driving," she says, telling the truth, but not the whole truth.

"Is that where the bandage came from?" he asks, quietly, noting the bandage around her wrist and hand. She could swear he was grinning, but she couldn't see him, so she couldn't prove it.

"Ha. Yeah," she says, cradling herself. Rocking back and forth on the bench. The bench creaking under her small frame. "I broke my wrist. First broken bone I ever got."

"What happened?"

"Oh, ha. I dunno, I was just. I was drunk and I just crashed, is all."

"Crashed?" He's being coy. "Into what?"

"Through. Uh. Through the front of a video store."

"And you only broke your wrist?"

"Yeah, well. I mean. That's all I broke, you know, but I hit my head pretty hard."  
She shifts uncomfortably, trying in vain to generate warmth in her arms. When she's not breathing out smoke, she's breathing out steam.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think so. I dunno. But I think so."  
She's obviously anxious. She ashes her cigarette over and over again to no effect between puffs.

"Do you believe in heaven?" he asks.

She squirms. "I want to. I guess I do, yeah."

"You guess?"

"Yeah, I dunno. I don't practice, I mean I'm not religious, or anything, but I like the idea."  
She isn't exactly lying. She just doesn't know. She isn't sure about much. Like, whether or not she likes god at all, even if he does exist. She ashes her cigarette again.

"Do you believe in hell?"

"I think we make our own," she says, tucking her knees in and wrapping her arms around them, almost nuzzling them. "People say hell is fire, hell is burning. I think hell is cold and dark. And it's lonely."

He is smiling. She can feel it.  
She just can't see it, so she can't prove it.

"Did you hurt anyone else?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I think they would have told me if I had." When she thought about it, she couldn't remember being escorted to her cell at all. She couldn't remember anything. "I remember the sign," she says, thinking out loud. "I remember the sign of the video store so clearly, written in neon blue. I remember looking through the window. All the folks inside just perusing through the movies. My boys loved movies. They would always beg me to take them to the video store, every weekend. Like clockwork, as soon as they got in the car when I picked them up from school. 'Mommy, are we going to the video store tonight?' I could never say no. I guess it was kinda my fault, though. The Tv was like a babysitter that you were paying for anyway. I dunno. Maybe I wasn't the best mother."

He doesn't say anything. He doesn't need to. She knows she's not talking to him, she's talking to herself.

"I could have done better, you know? I know that. I just need another chance. I just need them in my life again and I can do it. I know I can. For real this time." She's tearing up. Sniffling softly. "No more drinking, no more drugs. They took them away from me, and I learned my lesson. I just need to know I have another chance, and I..."

She sighs heavily and tries in vain to wipe her eyes dry with her forearms.

"I could save myself."

"Maybe it's too late for that," he says, coldly.

"No," she says, determined. "It isn't too late. It's never too late. I can save myself and I can save them."

"How can you be so sure?"

"It's all I have." Her legs dropping again as she sits up and looks out at the moon, obscured by bars. "I have to hold onto it."

"What is it that you want most right now?"

"My boys," she says. "I want to hold them and kiss them and make everything all right."

There's a moment of silence as her eyes reflect in the moonlight. She's smarter than she lets on, even to herself.

"Maybe you were right about hell," he says, his voice dropping to a whisper, almost a growl. "Because you can't."

"Not yet," she says. Lip trembling.

He's laughing, but his laughter is getting further and further away as what feels like an eternity passes. She breaks down, sobbing into her hands over her lap. Her body shaking and shivering from the cold as she screams and sobs, her cries echoing off the stone walls of her prison. The prison she built around herself.

She doesn't bother to look for the man in the darkness because she knows the score. She knows he isn't there. Maybe he never was.

## \*Chapter 3\*: Charmy

"Something's amiss," I say, rolling our plan back and forth through my head. "This doesn't feel right."  
"Baby, we've been over this over and over. What other options do we have?"  
"Do I really have to have the gun?"  
"It's fine, Saffron. It's not even loaded, see?" he asks, popping out the cylinder and handing it to me. "Check it out."  
I guess so. "I really don't wanna hurt anybody."  
"You won't, babe. All you gotta do is look like you wanna. hurt everybody. Make a face like this money is the only thing keeping you sorry sacks of shit alive." Makes a face. Charmy just kinda looks at me, confused and unsure of how to respond."Okay, maybe not that one, you know. Make the face you make when I don't put the toilet seat down." Scowl. "Yes! That one! Perfect. Just hold that face and don't say anything. Nobody is gonna fuck with you."  
"Don't be a prick," I say, applying mascara to my eyelashes in the mirror on the passenger's side of the vehicle.  
"What are you all getting gussied up for? You're gonna be wearing a fucking skimask. You don't need to look pretty for the skimask."  
"Ritual, asshole. Broken rituals lead to bad juju."  
"Is bad juju latin for ascension?"  
"Ascension to your own inevitable downfall, maybe."  
"Inevitable?" He smiles coyly and leans in, turning my head towards his with his finger. "What's that supposed to mean?"  
Giggle and kiss him. He wraps his arm around my neck and gingerly pets my back. The smiles fade and we lean in closer and we kiss - but this time it's different. No tongue. Just a long pause we spend with my face attached to his.

these butteflies equipped with wings of dread  
bats tearing and screeching inside me  
i can't understand myself over it  
the noise encumbers me  
ragged breaths  
racing  
aa

Deep breaths, be calm. We're not even kissing anymore, When did that happen? Slow your breaths and count to ten.

"I've got a bad feeling about this, Charmy, I really do."  
"Everything's gonna be fine, Saffron. I promise."  
"Swear.."  
"On what?"  
"On my life. Swear on my life that everything is gonna be okay."  
"I swear, Saff. I love you."

We hug for a moment and then we get back to business. He slips the mask on and I follow suit.

"What if they don't have enough money to pay off our debt?"  
"They probably won't. But that won't be an issue, now will it?"  
"What? What are you trying to say?"  
"You always said there was nothing here for us in the city. How you always wanted to move away to somewhere peaceful. This here is getaway money."  
"Get away money?" This makes a bad idea sound even worse. Charmy's head may be pie in the sky, but I don't see a crumb. "Shouldn't we just pay them off and then worry about our own personal goals?"  
"These people are sharks, babe. Even if we pay them off, they'll still kill us for being late. Only difference is they'll do it quickly. They like to set examples."  
"Where are we gonna go?"  
"Angel Island!" he exclaims, wiping an imaginary rainbow out in front of him with the open palm of his hand. "Warm weather, tropical trees and the most incredible ocean view you've ever conceived."  
That does sound nice. "That does sound nice."  
"See? Don't worry about this so much. That's how a lot of people fail in situations like this. They second guess themselves, make a mistake, buckle under pressure and end up being a sex doll for some big ape named Jilm."  
"Don't you mean Jim?"  
"No. I mean Jilm."  
"I don't think that happens in lady prison, Charmy."  
"Oh, it does. Some big lady ape, calls herself Jilm, wields herself a broomstick. Likes to see tiny ladies like yourself squirming on the other end of it. Kind of a terrifying thought."  
"Yeah, uh, you're not doing much for my bravery, here."  
"Sorry. Eye on the prize. Angel island. Pretty soon we'll be drinking out of coconuts and eating out of coconuts."  
"What happens when we get sick of coconuts?"  
"I'll learn to hunt and fish and stuff. The world is our oyster. Well, the island, I mean. We should really think about never leaving that island, you know. Going into hiding, and all, probably not a smart idea to leave the hiding place. That is to say, the island is our oyster."  
"What about the inhabited parts?"  
"Maybe not those, Saffron. Don't be a smartass."  
"I don't know about this.. It's not right."  
"You're not backing out now are you? Their money is insured, you know. And we won't take anything from the patrons, just from the register. It's a victimless crime."  
"What about the bank?"  
"They do all right, Saff, they're not gonna go bankrupt over this."  
"Can we pretend that if anybody gets hurt, it's the video store? I hate this video store."  
"Totally. Fuck this videostore."  
"Maybe they'll go out of business.."  
"That's the spirit!" he says, patting me on the back. "Think of all the good we'll do."

Sigh and we sit there staring in silence for a few moments in the darkness of the alleyway of the place. Two ways out. Make it quick and we can run back to the car, floor it, we can make it to the airstrip in half an hour. Ditch the car in a somewhat hidden place nearby. Pay our way in cash out of this hellhole. It sounds too good to be true.  
Sigh again.

"Are we ready?" he ask, tucking the unloaded handgun into his trousers.  
"Ready as I'll ever be, I guess," I say  
"I love you, Saffron."  
"I love you, too, Charmy."

We look at each other and look away, opening our doors and step out of the running car at the same time. Making our way around either side, meeting in front of it. My left hand catching his right. For some reason, I always have to be on this side of him.  
Down the alleyway, hang a left. To the front door of the video store.  
I can feel my heart beating in my chest. My sweaty hand gripping the gun hidden under my jacket. Head starts to spin as time slows down and the clerk turns to look at us. He's just some wormy kid in glasses and a red vest. We lift our guns in the air at the same time and I watch his eyes bug out.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Charmy begins, handing the bag on his shoulder to the clerk and nodding towards him before making his way to the center of the video store. "May I have your attention please?"

I've made my way to the window wall on the left side, where I can see everybody. Pretending to keep an eye on everybody. They've all frozen, except for Charmy and the clerk, who's quickly stuffing as much money as he can into the backpack. My gaze is really just darting forth between the two.

"I regret to inform you that this is a robbery. It's nothing personal. Please bear with us while the clerk fills up the bag with the money from the register." As if on cue, the clerk finishes filling the bag, seals it and sets it on the counter, putting his hands up. "We will not harm you as long as you just remain still and quiet and calm. We apologize for the inconv-"  
And that's when the gun goes off, and my husband's brain splatter against my face through the skimask. My eyes wide in horror, staring right at a purple fox in a fedora, who's blowing smoke from the barrel of his gun and casually making his way towards me. I point the gun at him. The unloaded gun.  
Oh my god. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. What am I going to do. The gun in my hand trembling.

i  
can't  
seem to breathe  
and my heart is kicking  
my chest like a wild horse  
my whole world has just been  
shattered in a fraction of a second  
and i've lost everything in the world, everything i care about  
i'm falling and the room is spinning and the reckoning is walking towards

He stops in front of the register, his gun pointed at me next to his hip. Smirk on his face like he's already won. He thumbs the hammer back.

"Why don't you just set that gun down, Little Miss Bee? Let's make this easy on both of us. How about it?"

The gun in my hand, trembling, it falls to the ground and tears fill up my eyes.

This can't be real. This just can't fucking be real.

"Now, take that skimask off for me, would ya?"

I can barely comply, but it's all I can do.

I can't help it, I start to cry. I start to sob as the mask falls, too. In slow motion.

"Thought so," he says, chuckling. "Big sends his regards to the both of ya. We'll see ya'll in hell, n-"  
And that when it happens. Glass wall shattering around the front door, the pink car ripping and forcing it's way through the clerk and the counter and into the weasel and the gun goes off as the glass behind me shatters and the bag of money goes flying as the car pins the weasel to the broken and cracked tragedy section and nobody moves and nobody says a word.

The ceiling caved in on the car at an angle. Heart shotgun blasting the inside of my sternum.

And I slowly walk around the trashed tragedy aisle and into the comedy aisle.

And I slowly pick up the bag of money and turn around.

And I slowly walk to the window shattered by the bullet that the weasel fired

And I don't start running until I get outside.

## \*Chapter 4\*: Bark

"She was drunk," the detective says, pacing back and forth around the wreckage of the broken shelf and scattered VHS tapes. "Completely unrelated. Witnesses say that it saved the other robber from getting plugged. Crazy world, we live in."

Crazy world, indeed, I think to myself, hand resting on the butt of my gun for no particular reason.  
Every time I close my eyes, I see his face. His dead face.

Charmy.

"The money gone?" I ask, leaning over to admire the stain he left behind on the carpet.

"Sure is," he replies. "The other robber made off with it after the car crashed through the front of the building. Apparently, it was a female bee, 'bout the same height as the corpse.:

Saffron, I'm sure. Those two were inseparable. "She's long gone, by now," I say out loud. If she's smart, anyway. That's what he would have wanted.

They were good kids. God knows what drew them to this.

"You think?" he asks.

"Oh, sure. She's made it outside the city limits by now. Nothin' but trouble for her here, anymore."

"You think Nack will talk?"

Scoff. "If he wakes up, you mean?"

"Yeah..."

"He'll probably just tell you he was defending himself from armed robbery, even though the gun wasn't loaded. There's no way to prove he didn't know that. He'll walk. You'll put him in a holding cell for awhile to scare him. He'll be more afraid of Big than he is of jail, though. He'll walk, and may god have mercy on him when he does. You'll probably be cleaning his carcass off the side of the road before you know it."

"So, we got nothin'?"

"Nothin' but a mess," I say, sighing.

It's my last day on the force. Of course something like this would happen last night. Of course I would have to clean this mess up.  
The paperwork alone I'm gonna have to fill out later is migraine-inducing enough. Top that off with the fact that it doesn't bring us any closer to the criminal we've been looking for all these years and it's just another shitstorm on a cloudy day.

All I can see, all I can think about is the futility in all of this.

Documenting and reporting tragedy after tragedy and filing it away in a cabinet somewhere. Shipping off the bodies for burial. Three kids dead and two leads. One's in a coma, the other skipped town, and I don't blame either of them.

When I was a kid, there was black and there was white. Rather, maybe I just thought there was. It seemed that way. Now, it's all shades of grey. An amoral cesspool of personal interest. Maybe I was just naive, and it things were always that way.

I don't know. I just don't know anymore.

Maybe I never did. But it felt like I did at one point. It was a better feeling.

Twilight.  
They cut me a break and let me off early. Said they'd sort the mess out. I offered to tell Amy's family about her death, but they said they would take care of it. I'll admit, I was relieved. Dirty work, that, but I figured it was the least I could do.

Graffiti on the alleyway walls. Bleeding red paint asks "WHERE'S SONIC?"  
Good question, I find myself saying out loud.

Where is Sonic? The hero of Mobius.  
If he was dead, we would have heard about it. He just disappeared. We haven't heard anything.

The government and police force chased him off the map with sticks and rocks like the Frankenstein monster for taking our matters into his own hands. How foolish of us to think we didn't need him anymore. Things are worse now than they've ever been.

Maybe our race has been cursed to forever alienate and destroy our own heroes.

Maybe we're too dumb to tell the difference between a blessing and a curse.  
Maybe there is no difference to us.

I take a swig from the flask in my brown leather jacket pocket. The whiskey sends chills down my spine.  
I changed out of my uniform before I left. They let me keep it, though, and they let me keep the badge and the gun.  
Precious mementos, they said. Just don't abuse them.

I have no desire to play cops 'n crooks anymore. I figure they know that, telling me so is just playing it safe.

A robbery, a murder, two deaths caused by a drunken car crash. All somehow separate incidences and crimes taking place all in the same place at the same time.  
The video store clerk, Amy Rose and Charmy Bee all dying within the same thirty seconds, all in the same thirty seconds, all for no real reason. Nack's in a coma. Saffron is probably running for her life, or maybe she's dead, too, and we just haven't found her yet. And none of the patrons did anything about it except for telling a crazy story to the cops, and probably their friends.

There is no justice on Mobius.  
There is no god watching over us.

There is the pain of existence.  
There is the terror of living.

There is masturbation and death. Making yourself feel good for short bursts before you stop existing. Whatever that entails.

I'm going to meet an old friend at a beach. A friend I haven't seen in years.

I'm surprised I got a hold of him at all.

The meeting seemed appropriate today. He tries to understand and contribute to the science of the world, while I try to understand and help the people. Their emotions. Trying to save them from themselves.  
Physics versus the abstract. You need people that oppose you in such a manner to force you to take a step back and investigate the big picture instead of just the little details of life you're personally interested in.

It takes more than one kind of eye to catch everything.

He wanted to meet at the beach. I don't know why. I don't really like the beach, but a place is a place, and I wasn't about to argue. A place is a place.

Gazing out at the red tide washing the dead fish, starfish and jellyfish up onto the shore.  
The smell of death in the air.  
It almost seems so fitting. So significant.  
It reminds me of the world I live in.

The tide just rakes in more dead bodies and all we can do is watch it, or look away.

"Bark," a familiar voice from behind me addresses.

"Miles Prower," I say, turning. He's wearing a labcoat and the signature pair of glasses he's been wearing since he was seventeen. Sly smile on his face. "How ya doin'?"

"I am doing well," he says, smiling, walking past me. Stopping just short of the tide's reach. Almost as if he completely ignores the dead things, he stares off into the seemingly endless horizon. Water like glass stretching out as far as the eye can see, reflecting what little light that emanates from the dark, cloudy sky above. "How about yourself? You said you were quitting the police force in your message. Why are you doing that?"

"I'm okay, I guess," I say, sighing. Answering one question at a time. "I'm alive, you know? I'm still breathing. That has to count for something, right?"

"What's wrong?" he asks, not looking at me. But he doesn't need to.

"I'm tired of it all, Tails. Mostly, I'm just tired."

"You think sleeping will give you the rest you need?"  
He's being neutral. Part of why I need him.

"The shitstorm won't stop," I say. "I know that. I'm just done trying to stop it."

"Is that the answer you were looking for?"

"No," I say, closing my eyes. "It isn't."

"So, you're giving up for real, then?"

"I guess I am," I tell him, honestly. "I don't know how to hack it anymore. I can't pretend to be this white knight in this ocean of grey. I can't condemn chaos in a chaotic world. Anarchy isn't even chaos, it's taking care of yourself. Kids these days think it means chaos, which is why he have to enforce government, protection. Law. Kids these days don't understand that. All they see is chaos. All they know is chaos. So, they make chaos where there is none. A grim self-fulfilling prophecy."

"I am sorry for your loss," Tails says, flatly. He means it. "This is a very difficult time and place for your existence."

I understand what he's telling me. I open my eyes and look out to the horizon. I don't say anything.

"Do you know why I chose this as a meeting place?"

"As a matter of fact, I don't," I say.

"The ocean is one of two things that still terrifies me. Rather, bodies of water in general. Not pools. Lakes. Rivers. Oceans. Like this one. Not so much for what might be living in there as much as what people do to them. Not so much the mystery as much as the knowledge of the fact that it isn't where I'm supposed to be. I can't even breathe underwater. Relying every aspect of my survival on technology alone, knowing how easily something can go wrong with it, is a terrifying idea to me." He pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose, closer to his eyes, and he turns to look at me. "Do you know what else terrifies me, Bark?"

"Space," I say, eyes drifting up to the sky, spotted with dark clouds and stars that look like very faint specks in the distance to my naked eye. "You're afraid of outer space.

"Very good," he says. I can hear his smile. This is where his two fears meet, and he can stare at them from just on the outskirts of it, in the safety of his own atmosphere. "Do you remember the space race we had all those years ago?"

"I do."

"Imagine all those poor fuckers, shout out into space before we had the means to bring them back. Watching everyone around you die, or kill each other to stay alive longer. Maybe you're the one who killed his way to being the last man standing. Constantly relaying your thoughts and actions to headquarters, simply because you have nobody else to tell. Telling them all the horrible things you've seen, or been through. They can't even pretend to care after a certain point. Imagine just being the last person alive on your team. Drifting through space. Looking out that window. All you see is darkness, maybe a few specks of light in the distance here or there. Or maybe you see Mobius in the distance, drifting further and further away. Getting smaller and smaller. Knowing how far away from it you've gone. Knowing you'll never get to go back. Wondering if you're even dying, suffering for anything. If it was even worth anything, if your sacrifice would change or learn anything for the world. If it was even worth it. Hearing nothing but static from the radio. The sound driving you mad."

"I think at that point," I say, looking out to where the ocean meets the sky, out to where the moonlight reflects off of the ocean. It feels like it got dark so quickly, like I missed the sunset. "I would just open the door."

## \*Chapter 5\*: Nack

It's always something that I don't remember.  
I was drunk at the time. Apparently, I saw an opportunity and went for it. I don't really remember the details, but fuck, it sounds like something I'd do.

Here I am, with an IV in my arm. My entire left side from the hip down is fucked, that is to say, it's not goddamn comfortable. It hurts. I consider just how far I could possibly get on this leg. Far enough? Maybe. Maybe not. Shit.

Rip the IV out of my arm.  
First things first; I love drugs, but know when to say no.

Shit. Only they know what they have me on, but it feels all right. I've definitely taken better drugs. This is nothing special.  
Gotta stay sharp. Gotta keep thinkin'. Where's my hat? They've probably got it hostage somewhere. Shucky-dangdarn. Probably gonna have to sacrifice the hat and all my personal effects, I reckon.

My uncle Benny died in this hospital. Assumin', of course, this was the hospital she died in. Benny wasn't originally Benny, but Betty. Our aunt.  
Society told her she couldn't be a man. Nature told her she couldn't, neither. Next thing you know, she has a dick bigger than mine. I know it, 'cause she waved it around at the most recent family reunion. That was four years ago, right before she died. We haven't had a family reunion since.

What a shame.

My leg is gonna be fucked. I know that well and good.. The best strategy I got is to limp down the hallway to the elevator, and limp out of here. But, how am I gonna keep a low profile in a goddamn hospital gown? Shit, I gotta pull the old Nack One/Two Switcheroo. This could get ugly. And all while I'm mentally halfway to paradise and physically halfway to hell.

Every real man's gotta see his own reckoning coming. I pull back the covers and try my best to sweep my legs over to the right side of it and hop onto my feet. It doesn't work out so gracefully. I end up on my face in some position I couldn't hope to god to recreate intentionally. Force myself up to my hands and knees, then to just my knees. Dizzy, the room spins. I wonder just how far I'm gonna make it before my time is up. Obviously, the end is soon, but I can't help but wonder how soon.

Once I make it to my feet, I throw the hospital gown over my head and onto the ground. Look into the mirror. Ace bandage on my head. Gonna have to look for someone with a hat. Gambling on the severity of the wound and the necessity of taking it off, I say fuck it. Let 'er ride.

Big gash on the right side of my forehead. Of course. I've made my decision, now we'll see how it turns out.  
Stagger towards the door and crash into it, getting my bearings according the doorknob.  
Was that a coherent sentence? Shit. Maybe I don't know my own language as well as I thought I did.

The weight of my arm turns the handle, and I pull it back, stepping into the hallway.  
The end is nigh.

Peek around to either side and dash towards the nurse on the left with her back to me. And by dash, I do mean I awkwardly walked as quietly as possible towards the nurse with her back turned to me. She starts to turn around, I fumble with a door on my right before slipping into an apparent janitor's closet. Backing away from the door into one of the shelves, I catch myself just out of reach of light through the small mesh-wiring window on the door.

My brain is falling apart. I need a drink and fast.  
Footsteps approaching. All right, Nack. On your toes. Balance, asshole, balance. Approach the door cautiously.

Head pounding. This is obviously a gamble at the high stakes table. We're looking at a real dumb idea if I've ever seen one, here.  
And I've had a lot of dumb ideas. Do I have anything to lose? Let's just say things will be bad or worse. I can feel that in my fuckin' bones, I can.

The shadow emerges and it's time. Time to push my weight into the door while pushing out the handle, swinging the door into the blurry figure.  
And for a moment, time freezes and I have a chance to gather my thoughts.

God? Or, Satan, maybe? Maybe there is no difference. Are you there? It's me, Nack. Now, look. I don't know if I believe in ya, or not, but jeez, taking a look around this shithole, do you blame me? Anyway, I guess that's not what I wanted to talk about. I know you don't like me and I don't really know or understand where you;re coming from, most of the time, but even if you never did me no favors, I'll still humbly ask this of you.  
Please don't be an old lady. Please don't let there be any witnesses. Please let this knock the poor fucker out and just let me get through this short, pitiful little existence of mine on my own goddamn terms.

I don't want to live forever. I don't want ten million dollars. I don't want love or power or my dreams to come true. I just need to make it out of here so I can finish my life the way I started it.  
The wave is washing over me and I just want to take a deep goddamn breath for once instead of struggling to keep my head above water.

Feeling old. Worn out. Wrecked.  
Funny thing is, at my age, I shouldn't be. Oh well, they said and I couldn't help but agree.

I can see the pills sitting on the edge of my sink and I toss the whole lot to the back of my throat and I am ready for this yes yes yes, I am ready for this, I am ready for the end.

That's how it was and that's how it happened, I couldn't stop looking at his unconscious face. So little knowledge, so little time in this world, and of course, I speak only for the Mobians of Mobius.

A polar bear in a brown leather jacket, and knocked him clean out. No witnesses, Is he okay? I ask myself while dragging him by his feet backwards into the closet and shutting the door. Maybe. For some reason, I hope so. I can't count the times I've pulled the trigger on anyone and everyone for personal gain, but. Shit. I wanna say sorry, buddy.

But I can't. You're unconscious and I'm in a sticky situation. You're unconscious because I'm in a sticky situation, even.

I guess I gotta start owning up to shit, huh?

He's heavy. With some effort, I roll him over, and as I do this, I begin to wonder how I managed to drag him in so quickly.  
Maybe I think to much.

Maybe. I don't know.

Pry his jacket off of him and open the door, closing it gently behind me. Then, with my head down, I make my way to the elevator.

Guy is standing next to me.  
Don't like him. Not one bit. Wish he would go away.

Head hurts. Angry at everything. Scared of everything.

Sneeze. There's blood on the sleeve of my jacket. He looks at me, and I pretend not to notice anything, except maybe my feet.  
Spinning.

The elevator music is lame.

Sometimes the pills don't go down so good and you gotta chew 'em and you get used to the poisonous chalky taste and that's okay. You fight the urge to vomit by constantly reminding yourself that it's all in your head all in your head all in your head.

Pick the brown fedora from the rack on my bathroom door and pop it on my head, crudely spinning around to look at myself in the mirror.  
This is it, old buddy. You'll destroy yourself properly if Big doesn't find you first. That's the way it is and has to be. Take no prisoners and don't be taken as such.

Cheers.

And with that, I step out of my apartment and back into the world, without bothering to close my door, because, well, fuck it.

The light is red when I notice the bloodstains on the sleeve of the jacket again and I realize I'm still wearing the polar bear's jacket. And I wonder why.  
This old car here, still works, but just barely. Whines about her last legs through awful sounds every time I start her up.  
The light is red and there's blood on my sleeve. And that's when I hear the honking.

Looks quickly over to my right and there it is, on the right side of me. Some Mobian dog getting uppity, trying to have a good time and just making an ass out of himself and the rest of the world.  
Hanging out of the window behind the driver, his hard dick in his hand, and he's jerking off at me.

This mother fucker is jerking off at me. Laughing and whooping and begging for praise from the other passengers. So, I'll tell you what I do.

I put my old friend in park and open my glovebox and pull out the loaded revolver and I point it at him, and the kid practically shits himself, but it's nothing compared to the look on his face when I pull the trigger.

And the gun goes bang.  
And the bullet leaves the gun.  
And the bullet shatters the window and travels through the dumb fucker's windpipe.  
And he falls over, his lifeless head bouncing off of my car with a thunk.  
And I smile and open the door to my vehicle.  
And the other car runs the red light, running over their fallen buddy's legs as they escaped with their lives in tact.  
And I drop the gun and take off my hat, tossing it into the wind.  
And I take off the polar bear's coat, letting it fall to the cement beneath my feet.  
And I just begin walking.

Walking towards the ocean.

And I can see the waves lighting up fluorescent colors and the wind is almost pushing me along my path, making it all come a little bit sooner than I had hoped.

And in the distance, I see a small grey figure hovering over the water, almost as if it was waiting for me.  
Lightning strikes the beach and I take a deep breath as I walk into oblivion.