# ha lf

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**Author:** cornwallace  
**Authorlink:** <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/251681/>  
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**Summary:**

## \*Chapter 1\*: waking

“SONIC!”

The beginning is turbulent. Rocky at best.

“Wake up, Sonic! Please,” a sob and a sniffle. “I can’t do this without you.”

Sobbing and crying. The voice is familiar, but it couldn’t be placed. No matter how hard I try.

My head hurts. My face feels.. sealed. Swollen shut. Wrenching my eyes open, overwhelmed by blurriness.

Dizziness.

Disorientation.

Fuck.

“Sonic? Oh god, Sonic, are you okay?”

“Sonic? What’s a…?”

“Sonic! Thank god you’re alive!”

A vague orange figure lurches looms over me from my right side, clinging to me and pressing down on bruises and the like. Pain underneath the pressure caused by the tiny orange form. Push it off of me, and try to escape. Try to crawl away, but it tugs at my right arm and my right leg, while screaming and crying. It keeps shouting “SONIC” but I don’t know what that means. Confused and frightened, kicking away at this smaller being, but it clings to me. It won’t let go. It screams and it shouts and it cries.

“Sonic, it's me! Tails! Don’t you remember me?” He asks “Don’t you know who I am?”

Vision is finally clearing up. We’ve both stopped moving, just the loud panting of the two of us on the floor, out of breath. He’s a fox. Orange and white. Fur is crusted with dirt, darkened brown and matted. Mangy, almost. His fur is damp and he smells. I take a long look at him before replying.

“Who are you?”

“You don’t remember me?”

“What the fuck is this?”

“I..”

The kid stops, and hangs his head. His eyes wide with some sort of emotion. Heavy emotion. His eyes start to water and whimpers escape his throat. He’s crying.

This little kid is crying his eyes out, and I’m at a loss.

What the fuck?

Suddenly I don’t feel so….

## \*Chapter 2\*: headaches

Oh god. He’s out again, and I don’t know what to do.

He just started coughing and fell over.

Call his name. There is no response.

Please wake up. Please remember.

Remember, and don’t forget me again. I couldn’t handle that.

My best friend is gone. What that monster did to him is beyond me, but that isn’t Sonic anymore. He didn’t even recognize me. He doesn’t even know who he is. Where we are. No idea what’s happened, or what is going on.

He’s lost. Even more lost than I.

What am I to do without the guidance of my friend? I am but a child, unable to do this alone. Perhaps this was Robotnik’s plan. Perhaps this is why I’m tethered to the leg of a confused shell of my best friend. My right foot chained and cuffed to his. Clawing at the cuff around my ankle, pulling on the chain, his leg is lifted into the air.

Heart rate quickens with my breath.

I'm frantic. Confused.

Search my surroundings. It's dark in here. Too dark.

Flooring of cemented stones. Hard, oddly shaped rocks that make it uncomfortable to rest upon.

Head is throbbing. Eyes are dry and it hurts to look around. I'm freezing, but I can't stop sweating. Cold, wet fur matted to my body. Arms cross over my chest and try to stop myself from shivering and shaking uncontrollably.

Stomach is unsettled. Hungry, yet the thought of food actually sickens me. Growling and moaning, if it wasn't empty, I'd be regurgitating. Gagging on the thick, air in here. The walls are shadow, and what I can see is stone.

I don't know where I am.

I can barely remember where I was.

Knothole, it was at Knothole and this wasn't....

My head hurts. It's hard to think.

Last thing that comes to mind;

## \*Chapter 3\*: stars

Outside Knothole.

Just outside Knothole and I'm looking up at the stars and wondering about. . . . . . . . . something

Other worlds.

The universe.

Something about what could possibly be out there.

There must be this greater scheme to things than this. Mapped out right before us, for us to study and question.

But nobody can figure it out.

A shooting star; debris falling through our atmosphere.

It looks big. Wonder what it could be.

Close my eyes, listening to the crickets endless chirping. The flowing of water off in the distance. The mechanical whirring of a machine....?

Eyes shoot open and the pain in my skull begins.

Blinded by a bright light above me. Shield my face with my hands.

I can hear laughter, deep laughter off in the distance and the noise gets louder and louder. My ears start to ring. Noise drilling a hole into my brain and scrambling my thoughts it's hard to THINK in all this mess and my eyes close because it's too bright, yes it's far too bright out here and I thought the sun had gone down in fact I was sure of it and I was sure of a lot of things but now I'm not sure of anything my brain doesn't feel like it thinks right-----

## \*Chapter 4\*: wakeup

If I was caught outside of Knothole, than where was he?

Where was Sonic when Robotnik showed up?

Is this Robotnik?

It has to be. Who else could or would do something like this?

It's hard to consider all the facts when you don't have them.

Mechanical humming.

Eyes dart around the dark room.

From above us, light breaks through a window I didn't notice before.

Cracking in, splashing light and color on the floor of this prison. Sort of.

He's badly bruised. His face; bloody and swollen. Blue and red.

Lean forward and shake him lightly.

"Sonic?"

He doesn't seem to be breathing.

Oh god, oh god, he doesn't seem to be breathing.

"Sonic?!"

Shake him harder and press the side of my head into his chest.

No, no, no, this can't be happening it isn't really happening it ISN'T REAL!!!

My heartbeat is getting faster and faster but I can't hear his and I know it's there it fucking has to be there and it isn't oh fuck oh god it isn't

"SONIC?!"

I'm crying now and I can't help it I'm crying into his chest and I'm holding his limp body and I'm begging him, just begging him to come back but he doesn't hear me he but I can't can't can't can't help myself I just want to wake up now, I just want to

## \*Chapter 5\*: white noise

open my eyes to light.

pure light.

it calls out to me

crying, calling

begging me to be here

but i am here.

i am here,

and once i accept that

the crying fades into

. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

white noise . . .