

Ekkard

By Fyrziel

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A creature sitting in a single dark room... Rarely has there ever been any light in this room.... armed only with a broken memory... and little or no control over his own emotions... For the most part, you'll have to draw your own conclusions about t

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Chapter 1 - Passing the Hours

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1 - Passing the Hours

He was confused again. Very confused. There were two people standing in front of him in the chill of the dusky room. It was dark, but pale light shown through a dim light bulb producing a blue aura around everything. One of these people had unmistakably red hair. Three sections of long crimson hair, two side sections tied back behind her head while the third squeezed into a three sectioned ponytail with the bottom cut in a neat strait line.

The person standing beside that one had black hair. Short and straggly but messy too.

"You really should brush it more often... You're lucky because I can't go to comb my hair at all most of the times..."

She began to lecture him again. Her hair was just fine and he should stop talking about how bad he had it. There were other things here that probably were even worse off.

He sighed and smiled to her. She didn't really understand what he went through everyday. But it did nothing to try and explain it to her. That would only repeat the argument.

"Still... you ought to try it once in a while. It might be pretty," he tried to convince her.

"I don't think soooo," she turned her head away placing her hands on her hips.

He laughed.

The Red Haired girl was shaking her head tsking. This made him feel uneasy because they both knew what she was thinking about.

He suddenly remembered how hungry he was again. It had been an hour past the time that the young man with the food tray came in. But here lately, he'd made that man mad at him. He couldn't remember why and he wished that he could remember so that he could apologize. But apologizing when he didn't even know what it was he was apologizing for made it seem empty and petty. But he was so hungry right now and it could only be getting later now.

And sometimes the man did this. He wouldn't show up for days and when he thought that he would die of hunger, suddenly the man would come through the door with a tray full of meal. Sometimes he would share it with his visitors but they sometimes refused to eat with him. That made him feel guilty, because they sometimes looked hungry too.

He laughed again, and this caused the black haired girl's head to turn to him again.

"What's so funny now?" she demanded.

"Nothing... sorry," he apologized.

He was confused again. What was so funny after all? No one had said anything... He was thinking about the ambling pain in his stomach and there was nothing funny about that which he could think of. Why had he just decided to laugh? Maybe he was being weird again.

"You're being weird again," the black haired girl eyed him with apprehensive accusation. He sighed and agreed with her in a nod. He watched the floor thinking this over. He hated it when he acted weird like that. But he swore he couldn't help it sometimes. Sometimes he confused himself so, so much. The black haired girl didn't really believe him, but the red haired girl understood.

"He's not coming is he?" the red haired girl glared at the door. He looked up at her in question.

"Well... maybe he just forgot..."

She turned her head back to him. She couldn't help the pity that shown in her face.

"It's alright though... really... it doesn't hurt," he lied.

"Let's have a contest," the black haired girl sat down in front of him.

"A contest?" he tilted his head to the side. His lightly flowed hair swayed across his brow.

“Yeah...” she said.

“.... A contest of what?”

She shrugged, “I dunno Einstein. I’m just bored as hell...”

He smiled to her, “I’m afraid I can’t fix that... I would stand up but I’m not feeling very well to do that today...”

His ankles were sore.

“How much longer are they going to keep you in here?” the red haired girl sat down on his other side opposite from the black haired girl.

He sighed, “I don’t know... It would be nice to explore this place.”

“You did that yesterday,” the black haired girl crossed her legs, placed her elbow on her knee and her face in her upturned palm.

“I... I did...?” he looked at her in panic.

She nodded.

“.... Oh... oh yes... I can remember now,” just barely.

He was embarrassed to ask, “W-where Did we go?”

“The hell if I know! I didn’t go! It was you and her!” she pointed to the red haired girl next to him as he turned to see her.

“Stop teasing him,” the red haired girl scorned the other one. The black haired girl snickered.

He was confused again. Had they or hadn’t they explored the place yesterday?

“We didn’t,” the red haired girl sighed.

“Are... you sure?” he watched her in worry. What if she started forgetting things too now? Then he would never be able to remember anything without her help! His pupils grew small as panic continued to develop within him. Oh god... It would be utterly hopeless if she were not there to help him remember things!

“We didn’t alright? She’s pulling your leg,” the red haired girl shot the black haired girl a dirty look.

He worried for her now. He knew that sometimes he would not realize that he was forgetting things. That was really easy and he could go weeks without realizing it sometimes.

“Oh relax you psycho. She didn’t forget. I’m joshin’ with ya,” the black haired girl put a hand on his shoulder.

For a second he didn’t feel it, but slower the pressure from her palm told him that her hand was there.

He slapped her hand off of his shoulder.

“OW! HEY! What’s the big idea?!”

“Get away from me. We don’t want you here,” he stared at the floor and his eyebrows slowed themselves down as they formed a scowl in his face.

“God I was just kidding! Jeez!” she threw her hands up in disbelief and he grabbed her wrist digging his claws into the bottom part of it, near a vane.

“I said. Leave us alone.” He turned his head up to her, and revealed menacing eyes that were ready to snap at her again if she didn’t leave. His pupils had grown even smaller now.

His claws finally drew up blood from her wrist and she tugged at her hand pleading that he let go.

“I...I can’t leave you alone if you won’t let me get up!” she tugged again, but her words could not hide the uprising fear in her voice.

This comment made sense so he let go of her wrist. Flecks of blood spattered on the floor and his nails were doused in red.

The black haired girl got up and walked across the room to the corner, left of the door. She sat down in this corner hugging her knees to her chest and watching him wide eyed.

He stared at the floor and for a while no one said anything.

The red haired girl looked around nervously not really sure what to do. She was afraid to move now.

After a few moments he spoke again, "Damn I'm hungry..."

"..... I don't think he's coming today..." she said timidly.

He sighed, "I know... did I say something to him last time...?" he looked at her face.

She had bright green eyes but for some reason sometimes they were brown. Right now they were brown.

"I... wasn't here last time..." she said looking at her own spot of the floor now.

"... ah..." he stared down in silence again. He looked up again and saw the black haired girl on the other side of the room.

"Why is she over there?" he asked without taking his sight away from her.

The red haired girl blinked, "Um... you told her to go over there..." she said. He blinked and started to chuckle.

"Why in heaven's name would I tell her to go over there?"

This caused another blink from the red haired girl, "You... um... got mad at her..." she said.

He frowned.

"Mad...? W-what.... What for...?"

"..... I... don't really know... I think you didn't like how she played a joke on you... maybe?" the red haired girl suggested.

He laughed again, "And she listened to me when I asked her to leave of all things?" Of all people he didn't expect her to ever listen to him.

"Um... Ekkard... you tried to pull her wrist off..." she told him.

He frowned watching the ground thinking this over.

"I... I.... would never hurt my friends..." he suddenly noticed his fingernails were red and brown now.

"I know... I know," the red haired girl breathed in a voice of solace, "you must have had another weird moment..."

"Is she alright? Why won't she move?" the red haired girl could hear the panic in his voice forming again.

"It's okay! Don't worry, don't worry! She'll be fine... you just got a little mad that's all..."

"I.... didn't mean it..." he was now staring at the black haired girl, who had her face buried in her knees and it hurt him to see that. He never meant to hurt her! Oh god he didn't want to hurt her! He should get up and go over there to tell her how sorry he was, but his ankles... oh they hurt so badly right now...

"Shhh... she's fine... trust me she's fine..." the red haired girl tried to reassure him and put her hand on his arm. But he didn't feel it.

He pushed himself against the wall and moved his feet under him to stand. He winced as a burn shot through both of his ankles and they began to throb.

"No! Ekkard don't!" The red haired girl grabbed his sleeve to pull him back down and he came down.

"Your ankles! They could break!" she reminded him, though for once it was a thing he hadn't easily forgotten. How did she know they were hurting? Had he told her about that already?

Defeated, he fell back down against the wall.

A loud clack and churning of metal came from the steel locked door and all three of them darted their eyes at the lock, watching it turn.

The door slowly opened and after a few seconds a man stepped through wearing a white coat and pants and he carried a tray with a soup dinner on it.

"Who the hell are you talking to now?" he snapped at Ekkard who jumped with the sudden tone of voice.

Ekkard glanced at the black haired girl, but the space where she was sitting was empty, and when he turned his head to the red haired girl, she was gone too.

The man placed the tray in the middle of the room and stood up wiping his hands off with a matching

white rag.

Ekkard helplessly gave into his subconscious answer as he muttered, "I was... talking to... those two people..." he held up his hand and saw that his claws were clean. There were no stains.

The man standing in front of him shook his head in disgust, "There is no one IN here you idiot..." he said.

"...I know..." Ekkard glanced at the food and bit his bottom lip while the pains in his stomach grew restless.

"Humph," the man stared down at Ekkard annoyed. "I'll be back for the tray in half an hour," he said and turned to leave.

"Would you—" Ekkard began and the man looked back at him.

"Would you... please push the tray closer...?" he asked.

"Get up off your lazy @\$@ and get it your self," he snapped and left, closing the door with a loud bang that begot the makings of a headache for Ekkard.

The silence irritated him. For a moment he forgot he was hungry, and watched the air around him, thinking about how loud the door had been. He became afraid of it suddenly. What if it decided to open and close again for no reason? If that loud sound kept entering the room then his ear drums were sure to burst.

He shivered and looked up to see the tray of food in the middle of the room. He leaned forward and placed his hands down on the floor. It was bitter cold but he pressed his hands down on it more as he applied the weight of the rest of his body.

Now his hands were hurting, and his wrists began to throb. He took a few crawling steps towards the food, grimacing each time a shot of pain escaped from his ankles, knees, wrists and hands, but finally he came close enough to reach out to the tray of food and draw it to him.