

Things I Lost

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Thanks to Courage's constant nightmares about his long lost parents The Computer finds out and they soon find they don't hate each other as much as they may think.

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1 - Things I Lost

A/N: Just a bunch of fluffy stuff about Courage and The Computer not hating each other for once. Plus I've been wanting to do a story about The Computer finding out about Courage losing his parents.

Things I Lost

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There it was again...the ship. The ship that my parents were on, the ship that would carry them away right out of my life forever. There was that bitter loneliness creeping into my soul again, I cried for the longest time. Then came Muriel...the stitch that sew my loneliness up but never completely filled the whole again like my parents did.

There I was in my dream screaming and crying for my parents to return. This was the dream that had plagued me my whole life. I'd been kicked out the bedroom so many times because of this dream, because of the screams that make it out of my mind into my body. I scream so loudly some times that Eustace even throws me outside.

This was my second time reliving the dream just this night, even though I had already been kicked out of the bedroom and put in the attic to sleep on that uncomfortable bed I had a feeling Eustace was going to come back and throw me into yard this time.

As I struggled to move in my dream, as I struggled to get my parents I heard a voice calling my name and reality slowly returned to me. I opened my eyes and was met by the darkness of the lightbulb-less attic. The only thing that gave off any light was the soft green glow of the computer screen. I realized I had left the thing on all night again and even worse it must have heard my screaming, just like Muriel and Eustace always does...

Despite the blankness of the screen I knew I was being watched, if there was one thing worse then my computer it had to be the invisible eyes it seemed to have somewhere in that green glowing monitor.

Knowing that I was expecting it to speak up now about my screaming it did so, the words he spoke trailed across the screen in a light green color glowing even more then usual thanks to the darkness.

"Did you know you talk in your sleep?" He asked, seeming to chose his words wisely.

Since when did my computer worry about not being insulting?

"What's it to you?" I asked in my usual tone of voice I used with him. The last thing I wanted to do was chat about my parents with a piece of hardware that only seemed to care about being rude and sarcastic.

"Before you didn't sound okay to me Courage. I tried to wake you but you wouldn't stop screaming..."

Even now his words seemed slowly chosen, the text on the screen even printed slowly.

I was surprised, that had to be the first time he'd actually called me Courage. If he wasn't calling me a twit he would be call me stupid dog just like Eustace.

"What are you being so cautious about?" I asked wondering if he was trying to play a joke on me.

"Are you sure your going to be okay? You kind of..." He seemed to hesitate then. "Why were you talking about your parents like that?"

"What are you taking about?" I asked now growing angry that he was bring up my parents.

"This is what I'm talking about." He spoke and my screaming voice filled the room as some kind of recording played.

"Turn it off!" I yelled and the room went silent.

"Is that why you end up in here every night?" He asked, he seemed to be disturbed by what I had been screaming about. "You do that a lot every time you come in here..."

"You've been listening to me!" I yelled out. I'm surprised Eustace never woke up that night again.

"It's not like I can't hear you, besides if you would just stop forgetting to turn me off at night this wouldn't happen."

"How much do you know?" A asked angrily.

"Nothing, whatever you say never makes much sense about your parents. You say stuff like evil doctors and space ships and weird things like that." He hesitate again. "To tell you the truth it's not easy hearing you scream like that every night...tonight I had to wake you...you were acting like you were being tortured..."

"What? You actually have feelings?" I asked sarcastically.

"I feel enough to know it's not right to let other people suffer." It had taken him awhile before he gave this response.

"Well of you really want to know I lost my parent thanks to my stupid dog likeness, are you happy now?"

"No."

"Ugh your even more annoying when you aren't being sarcastic!"

" I am prograded to feel loss for others, you know..." He spoke, once again being slow with his words.

"So that means you care that I'm not ever going to see my parents again?" I was shocked by what he was saying.

“My programmed feeling say yes, but I say no.”

I hardly understood that but I guess it makes sense for a machine with programming and such.

“So your saying you don’t care even though your feelings are making you feel bad for my loss?”

“Maybe, but I don’t even understand what I’m feeling...”

“So...maybe you do feel bad yourself you just don’t know it.” I was growing more confused myself every second.

“I was not programmed to feel this...” He suddenly spoke. “I must be malfunctioning.”

“Why can’t you except the fact you feel bad for me with or without programming?”

“Because I don’t like you.” He said angrily. “After all this time I have grown fond of you but that doesn’t mean I should feel anything for you!”

“After saving you from being electrocuted when you took over Muriel and made her do all those life risking stunts you still hate me?”

“You only help me because Muriel would have gotten hurt.”

“When I saved you from that virus?”

“Muriel was also in danger.”

“So what have I done to make you hate me so bad?”

No response...what a surprise.

I spoke again. “Look I lost my parents because I couldn’t do a thing about it...but what about you who made you?”

“I...I don’t remember.”

“How can you forget someone that important?”

“Unlike you my programming, memory, and just about anything else can be changed. I think it’s a good thing I can’t remember, I never feel anything good about it when I think about such things.”

“Well at least I can think about my parents, you can’t even remember anything about yours.”

“They are not my parents. I have none, I cannot have any. You have to be born to have parents.” He seemed offended by what I had said.

“But that doesn’t mean you don’t have an owner. After my parents were taken away Muriel found me and that’s how I ended up here.”

“So your saying I should think of you as a parent?” He seemed even more disgusted by that thought.

“No, but I does give you something to ponder. Muriel is more then my owner she is my family now. Even as much as I hate Eustace he is my family too...” I suddenly didn’t feel so sad about losing my parents, I still have a family...

“I hate to say it but I think I understand what your saying now...” He stopped talking for a moment. “You guys are my family even if we’re not related and even if I end up hating you forever.”

“That’s mostly right.”

“Maybe they weren’t so bad...those people I can’t remember...I remember that song, I used to like it as much as they did...”

“You see, even if your memory can be erased it can’t be forgotten.”

“It can be erased but it can’t be forgotten. It makes sense yet it doesn’t...”

“Your way too logical. You should take my job of saving Muriel for once and see how illogical it can be.”

“Either way you shouldn’t believe you won’t see your parents again. Just believe you’ll see them again and you won’t scream so much at night.”

I couldn’t believe I was having this sort of conversation with my computer...maybe we wasn’t as bad as I thought...

I lay back down in bed, the green glow of the monitor still filling the room and then it hit me.

“What song do you remember?”

And the song filled the room, it’s sad yet hopeful lyrics filling the air.

Cold as the northern winds
In December mornings,
Cold is the cry that rings
From this far distant shore.

Winter has come too late
Too close beside me.
How can I chase away
All these fears deep inside?

I’ll wait the signs to come.

I'll find a way
I will wait the time to come.
I'll find a way home.

My light shall be the moon
And my path - the ocean.
My guide the morning star
As I sail home to you.

Who then can warm my soul?
Who can quell my passion?
Out of these dreams - a boat
I will sail home to you.

"That's one thing we have in common..." I spoke. "Your lucky they got to show you that song so you could like it too." I sighed angrily "I wish my parents could hear it, maybe those words of that song...maybe that's what there saying right now..."

I closed my eyes letting sleep wash over me again...I heard him speak one last time.

"And when they return, I will be waiting right here so you can show them. I doubt I'm going anywhere soon anyway."

And after that I only dream of my parents returning...

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