

The Eternal Child

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*A short story about a point of view, of a creator. Simple as that. if i said more, it would ruin the story O.o.
Look for the pic that sorta goes with his..though the main character doesn't look like the drawing does...*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SurrealSightstoBeSeen/863/The-Eternal-Child>

Chapter 1 - The Eternal Child

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1 - The Eternal Child

It did not occur as one might think. No memory of a before...merely a haze, as if one was born into the middle of life. Darkness. A vague recollection of things having already happened. Faces. Names. Images and events left behind, in the new womb-world now inhabited by one sole being.

He was alone.

It was not a frightening thought. More so, it was curious... a man who had previously known something of life with others, now god-like in his singularity. There was nothing to compare him with. No up, or down. No left or right. He could not focus his attentions, his location, in this Void. No color. No light. He could not tell if what he saw...which was nothing... was caused by a lack of light, or truly a lack of anything. He couldn't hear anything, as well. Perhaps the beat of his own heart. The rush of blood through his system. The intake and exhalation of his own breath. The hollow play of empty noise, in his ears. The smell of his own body, sweat and skin, blood and flesh.

He was alone.

Time seemed to be slipping by. But without a reference point, how could He tell? His thoughts seemed to either stretch on forever, or die out quickly, in the void. He could, if he strained, vaguely be aware of movement, of action, outside this void he occupied. Something occurring, it seemed, either right above his skin or light years away. Either way, the most puzzling thing he had to consider, now, was the void itself.

And all at once, things changed. Well, perhaps it was gradual. Perhaps it had taken a year. Or a minute, even. But He was aware of light, now. Light, coming from him. It did not pierce the void.... really...but it defined it's s [ace, about him. Comforting, at least, to have the light, to relate to.

And, while he considered this light, he looked down...now, being able to see, he considered anything beneath his feet "down"...wondering how he stood, in the void. Almost at once, his thought was answered...as ground formed beneath him. It was odd, though. A moment, nothing...the next, a solid, grayish haze, capable of supporting his weight. He no longer felt like he was floating.

And once he was upon the ground, Gravity claimed him. Gently, though...as he lay back, against the "ground"...staring up to the void. How did he breath? he mused. Before the thought was finished, a sky took shape...drab and featureless blue, above him. It was disconnecting, however. For turning his head, he noted nothing occupied the space between the earth and the heavens. Still, just void...

Trees. Mountains. They were there as soon as he lent memory to the forefront of his mind. They filled the void, as he watched...Grass erupting, the world returning to how he vaguely recalled it.

How much time had passed? Without a sun or moon, he couldn't tell.

He was becoming accustomed, to that . The sun rising now, as it came into thought. His mind, he reflected, could affect this odd, formerly void-world he inhabited. Still, underneath it all, he heard something. Something far away, and close by as well. Disturbing. From his memory, he conjured forth animals...recognizable things. Chipmunks. Bluebirds. Lions. Deer. Seas and waters rose to accommodate the myriad variety of fish he recalled, sharks and tuna and haddock and serpents. Feverish now, with creation, he rose and summoned forth new things. Creatures that defied names. Mismatched beasts and birds, fish and insects. Metallic worms, soaring cattle. Deer without heads, and feathered, gliding serpents. Manlike clay creatures, floating eyes....living waters, singing stones. He conjured them all, simply out of imagination.. laughing as he created.

Light flickered. Beasts crowed, whooped, screamed and lived. Grass shifted coloration...tendrils of living vines moved atop trees. He watched it all. Thoughtful. He'd created a paradise, it seemed. Marvels that

he knew should not exist did so, before his eyes. A pity no one else could see such sights.

“and why not?” a voice asked, in reply to his unspoken thought. The tones of it were one of child-like interest, innocent enough, but the voice belonged more a woman, too mature for simple a question. It suggested a intimate, a comfortable acquaintance of some sort, one who, though he could not remember, nevertheless eased him with it's presence.

He turned his head, to view the source of this exotic tone. What had his mind conjured now?

He saw her form, then. She was a woman, of unnatural perfection. Every visible curve graceful without being too soft, too fragile. A strength was held within the beauty, features delicate but held with a ease that suggested anything but fragility. The woman's flesh, however, was another product of his fever dream creations. She was blue, with green lips, wetted with a pale blue tongue...her hair small serpents tails, rattles gently shaking, as each tensed and relaxed...her lower body, from the waist down, ending in a long, serpentine tail.. which, he now saw, looped around the closest tree and held her, half hanging, before him. She wore no clothing. the image of her upper body, supple and shined with the scale's reflective oil, so natural. Those scales was marked, a s well.. back and arms, covered in almost translucent designs, carefully arranged. Fantastic, Unworldly, in her form.

He had no reason, to be shocked at her sudden existence. Only awed, that his mind could conjure such a monster, such a beauty. He didn't speak. but rather, continued thinking. Who was she? Where was this?

“ I am what you wish me to be”, she replied...her coils sliding her to the earth, as one arm swept gently along, expanding, to guide his sight. “ And this is all yours. You may name it or think of it as you wish” “Indeed”;; came another tone, adding it's own surreal prescience this one far more menacing and less welcome. ...a horrible, wet, bloated sound, matching it's owner perfectly. Another image, this one a nightmare, came forth. a maggot of unnatural size, with a face that might pass for human, save it's lack of nose, and clear, runny eyes.....it's large, square teeth displayed in a broad grin:: “This is your perfect world. Even the horrible things in it, exist only because you will them to”.

Why? He asked himself, surveying his odd landscape. It resembled a sea...or perhaps, a surrealist's image of the sea. Populated by it's odd denizens, overrun with miracles. Why should he be able to create such things?

He asked his own mind, without ever speaking a word, how such protean wonders could be conjured. Where did they come from? How did they come into being?

“Worry not upon it, Our Lord” Instructed a face made of swarming insects, flying forward, filling His vision momentarily with it's chaotic mass. But it was a useless admonishment. How could he not think upon it? The world he saw before him...where void existed before. And oddly familiar, as well, despite it's nightmarish beauty.

He considered the serpent woman. Not her form.. the allure of the unworldly. Rather, her face. Like an echo, of someone else's. He couldn't place a name upon it though. And as if suffering form his gaze, the serpent woman retreated, temporarily, out of his sight. A torso, eyes and mouth little more than ragged cuts in it's floating form, spoke up, as it flew past.

“ Do not considerus, Lord. We are your creations. This is your new world. Is that not enough? “

New world? He considered this, shocked truly for the first time. Such a statement allowed for an old world, did it not? And this place...he could see it now. Built from dreams and memories.. not the work of a god at all. He was...a man. As he knew. And he had a past, he could not yet unbury .A living bundle of tentacles, eyes placed were suction cups would rest, regarded him, as he tried to remember.

The Noises. The Sounds. He could hear them again, just beyond this world. He remembered...a car. Life. A crash...Pain and then the void. Art...he was an artist. He remembered now. He could recall names, situations, that had originally spawned many of these creatures. His mind returned, slowly, like a beaten dog...reluctantly, but surely.

“ Stop this madness...”soothed the bloated maggot-thing, it’s every word temptation “ You have your ultimate dream here. A canvas that reacts . A world you alone can enjoy. No pain, no rejection. You can rebuild yourself, as you see fit.”

The thought certainly played well, upon him. Not a bit of pride, was raised, when considering this shifting, wondrous landscape. But the thought...that no matter how beautifully made , this place was mere illusion. He needed answers. He would ask, then, of his creations....

“Lord, do not do this...”:: warned a faceless woman, dressed as a nun....her mouth located along her throat, her blank face somehow generating severity

“As your creations, we are heeden to you. But the Truth, if that is what it is, is unpleasant. Flawed. Not like us, your humble, glorious creations.....”

It was the Maggot, that carrion feeder, who had spoken up now.. More life had sprung into being, while he lay, entranced, listening.. One of them.. an eye upon bird’s legs, no mouth visible, began speaking. it’s cow’s tail swinging behind it.

“You remember the crash?”

At first, the thought hardly registered. Crash? That glorious sudden explosion as he birthed this mindscape? Something tugged at the sleeve of his mind, though. A landscape more common, black and gray, dull blues and yellows, rot-brown and tanned...a wet highway road. Himself, trapped...surrounded by steel, moving quickly. the rain, thick and heavy, falling like a smothering quilt.

Another thing spoke. this one merely two indentation in the moss, with a mouth formed of stones, for teeth.

“ The Hospital. We are in a hospital”

Pin . He remembered it now. He had , thus far, only been subject to the pleasures this place brought him..his sensual mind lapping up reality, or unreality, about him. Now, he could feel it. A dull ache. Blazing pain, but detached from him. As if locked out, in another room, a bastard child protesting weakly it’s confinement. New wonders fled and approached him, fetus like things crawling beside him, leaving visceral trails...ripples of air, hinting at invisible things. A dog , it’s jaws parting it’s head vertically, barking at him with three tongues flapping in it’s excitement.

A hospital? He thought. The sounds about him , those that he had ignored, for. A minute? A day? Week? Years? He couldn’t tell. The lingering sounds. He wondered.

“Yes. You’re in your mind. “:: the snake woman purred, a coil rolling around him. holding him down, carefully. “You couldn’t cope with the sudden pain of it all. Not merely the crash. Life. So you’ve lingered here. With us. Creating this haven, in your mind”

He could recall...something. After all, this world was not simply created from scratch. Despite everything, he recognized this world as being referenced, both from the real world and his own past. The worm, beside him...he recognized it from some distant memory, of some horrible little movie...the snake woman, beside him. based on a poem, he wrote, long back. The tree he saw, he remembered, had a swing on it once. at his father’s place, long ago. Even as his mind place it, the thing came. Was he really in his mind? Escaped from the real world, where this dream drew it’s inspiration? And if that were true, then it’s inhabitants were merely reflections, of his own thoughts.

“You have a choice, you know. Always have”:: the moss thing spoke, before sinking away.

“ Do you wish to stay here, in your own paradise?” a passing snake hissed, tunneling slowly through he air. it’s mouth, on the side of it’s lengthy body

“Or return, back to that world? Where you remember pain and weakness?” asked the bloated worm...that horrible rictus smile held, less than comforting.

These were his thoughts. He had to remember that. They were not some horrible, rebelling menagerie, come to make his choose between godhood and his former life. But they spoke his truth. Pain awaited him, in the real world. He could see that now. He was dreaming...in a way. How long? It felt like

moments, but he could also feel time pass , a year...maybe two...

He had a choice. He could feel it. This created world, trapped in the universe of his skull. His mind. The real one. He could hear crying. Someone reading, to him. The words were gibberish. The tones, however, he could make out. Pain. Suffering. A vale of tears. He studied the world he could see, now...with its wonders, his control. It's beauty was beyond description, he knew. He had ultimate control. Any want, he could have. Any idea, real. But how much, was this pretty illusion worth? Anything? His mind's damnable hallucinations, no matter how pleasing, were only that. Un true. Defacing the very person he was. As he considered this, it began to unravel. Thos fantastic creatures lost. Something. Color. Form. Shape. Reality, in his mind. His mind's work reversed itself. The Void returning, swallowing it all. He was choosing, he could see. The entire act, the creation. The destruction, leading to this moment. The void now had limits. He heard the noises, of the hospital. Could smell the stink of his own body, atrophied, but alive. Could feel his flesh, suffering the sheet's contact, the sterile, brutal reality. But he hardly hesitated. Like an eternal child, he awoke...a scream on his lips, as his second birth. The awakening from his two-year coma occurred. Beautiful.

((a few notes= this story has been submitted to a college publication..still getting word on that. Let me know what you think, mean time.))