

The Fall of Rawlin

I know this looks scary, but really, it's for the best.



Even I can't break these chains. Only you.

But of course, we shouldn't need them!

You remember what to do? Just in case?

Don't interfere. Chain you if you go back. But



Good! Remember, whatever happens, it'll be all right.





He got mind-rapey. I ran. I don't want to talk about the whole cat-and-mouse game I had to do to lure him into the deep sewer pipes of headspace. What matters is, I succeeded. I used the close quarters, my smaller size, and I chained him.



Unable to think of a better solution, I left him there, alone in the dark, for months. I'm not sure he realizes how long it was.

Eventually, though, the expected happened. I needed help, and Rawlin was heartless, not powerless. He begged me to let him out. So I did.



Our ecstatic rage blotted out the sun. Honestly, I don't really remember what all we did—we fought, bit, maybe broke things.

Regardless, it spooked the family enough to let us go.



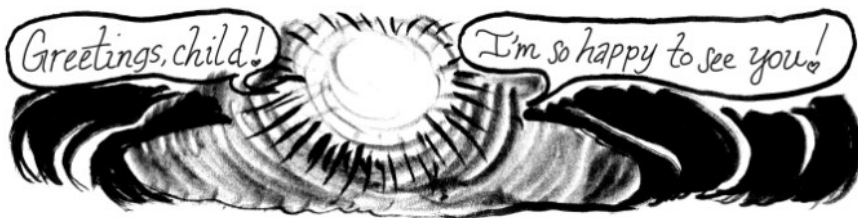
Unfortunately, I soon realized my solution was its own problem.

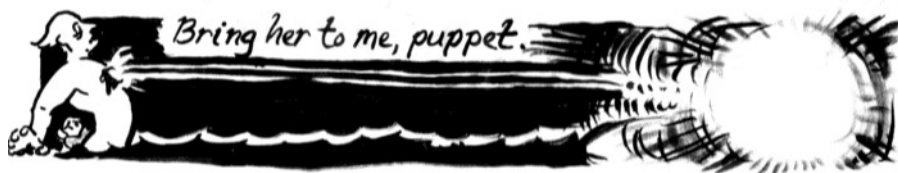
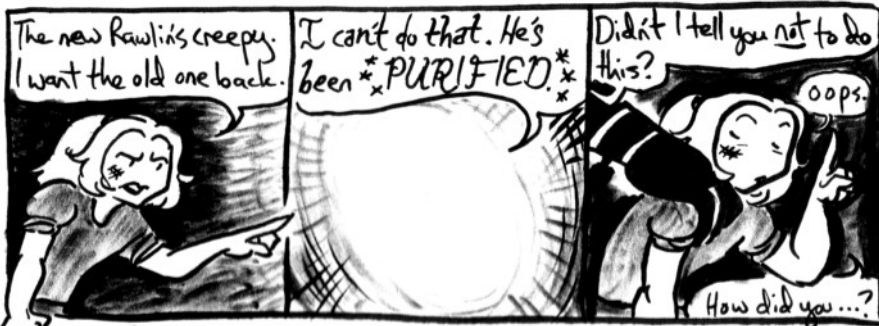


Crazy as it sounds, even though half the wheels were off his bus, he still cared enough about my opinion to pause and think... or at least try to persuade me. And that's when shit got weird.



I disobeyed. Rawlin is huge, headspace is small; there weren't many places it could be. I searched the cliffs, found the cave.







The horror of its purity was indescribable. It was the purity of nuclear holocaust, of autoclaving your insides. People were never meant to be that clean. My soul couldn't stop screaming.

And then Rawlin got me out of there.



The bigger they are, the harder they fall, and Rawlin fell hard. But even as he collapsed, his big concern was me.



And after, he said to me,



I refused. His moment of lucidity passed. I bolted while he was still too injured to get up.

He was imprisoned again, not too long after that. As far as I know, that's more or less how he stayed for the next twenty years. I honestly don't remember very much about that, though.