xxiv - Angst! Angst! Angst!

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Australia, 2013

A LIE was all a lie. Olympia. The dragon. His home. His family. His life. It was all a lie. But it couldn't be! How could something that wasn't even real have had so much it had to be real. And it spent so much time crying about it, so much time being like his heart had been broken just in half, that it couldn't be anything but real. It was so much. And yet the truth was that there was no truth. Arishem had lied. And yet that lie had enough power to destroy himself thinking that there was the smallest chance he might see his family again, knowing that they didn't even exist.

How? How could she do this to him? She'd known just how much they'd meant to him. She'd known how much relaying to him family had fucked him up. He'd had nightmares of them forgetting about him. He'd felt like a horrible sponsor for thousands of years for not being able to remember their names. But they didn't have names. They didn't even exist. And maybe if she, too, it seemed as real at the time, so how come... No. He was lying to himself. It hadn't seemed real. It never had. He couldn't remember his family's names. The details of his life before, who was or wasn't a part of his family. It hadn't seem like real. So why had he believed it? Why hadn't he understood before? He should have. He'd spent so much time thinking of his family. It was impossible he'd never realized before what the truth was.

It was Drog's fault. He decided. He swallowed figured out at least once that his beloved family was just a trick of his imagination but Drog had been there. Drog had been a friend. Then again, wasn't Drog have done such a thing? He'd been the one making the speech about how Kyle couldn't be trusted, so he must've wanted this kind of information as his side. And if it had really been the cons, shouldn't Pollo have gotten flashes from the memory as soon he'd figured it out? No. He'd told Drog once that he was not always to blame. He needed to take that advice for himself. Drog was not to blame for all of his problems.

It was Kyle's fault. The more sure dark. Drough lighted by a few candles that had been placed in the middle of the table where everyone was sitting. Everyone but Nata. Kirk-Lobos had stated a kill farther away as Sera! explained everything. As each word had ta her lips, Pollo had ended to would make him such a terrible dream. In the end, he'd decided that he preferred for it to be reality. His nightmares had the horrible tendency to become true.

"So, you're saying we're basically fancy robots?" Repeated Kings, dumbstruck. "And our past memories are stored somewhere in space?"

"And Arishem made the Deviants," she repeated.

Arishem had made the Deviants, the Celestial that did that make them, Eternals? They had a fascie same, yes, but was that the only ... wasn't Arishem the both of them? They had all been made to kill and nothing else. Was that why Pollo's emotions were always so complicated? Because he hadn't been made to have feelings?

"I'm sorry, Thena," uttered Gilgamesh. "You tried to warn us."

For once in his life, Pollo's head felt empty. But not in a good way. He had nothing to say. His heart was empty as well. All of them had wanted to scream, to cry, to which he'd always failed to do. He didn't. He stayed there. Fixing the wall. Saying nothing. Barely even breathing. There was only one word on his lips and that was Drog's name. Why, he didn't know, however he'd stopped questioning their kinds of things a long time ago. Maybe he was just trying to call out for help.

"The last time Arishem reset your memories, something must have gone wrong," stated Sprite.

Pollo understood what she was trying to say, yet his brain refused to convert the data, so it just stayed blank. He wondered if he was trembling. He didn't want to look. He didn't want an answer. And while he wasn't able to open his mouth and ask the question, he had to think. Think like he was screaming. Only one word was in his head, however. Drog. He had to ignore the fact that Drog heard him. He didn't realize that, for less than a second, his eyes flashed yellow. He was also noticed. They weren't looking at him. He wasn't the center of concern at the moment.

"What do you mean?" Asked the movie star, still rather confused about the whole situation.

He wanted to cry. He should've been crying. That was the normal response he have. Why wasn't he crying? He wanted to, he once. Drug. No. He had to stop. Even when it was them, his mind tried to play tricks on him.

"Well, that's what Wait! Wy is, is, isn't it? All this time. There was remembering all the other planets we were sent to and everyone dying during the Emergency," the smaller Eternal explained.

"I thought we were fighting Celestials," Gilgamesh. "Turns out we're the bad guys."

Did that make the Deviants their victims? Or was this just a story of bad guys killing one another until there was no one ie on Earth?

"We're not the bad guys, sisty!" interrupted Kings, though it sounded like he was mostly trying to convince himself. Pollo didn't blame him. He'd just discovered that his whole existence was a lie. It was normal that he would want to find some kind of truth behind it. "We're helped the Celestials stopped the across the universe. That's not what bad guys do. That's what good guys do."

"Every time innocent lives have been sacrificed for the greater good, it turns out to be a mistake," replied Sera and Ikaris had fallen in love! How come he's hated Drog with his whole being? And his tears. Had they not been tears? They felt real, back then.

"Sera!, we have no right to stop the birth of a Celestial," voiced Kings.

They couldn't actually be androids. If they were, then Kyle shouldn't have died. She should have rebooted or something. She couldn't be dead. Not now that they knew the truth. She had to explain it to them. The reason why she hadn't told a part of Pollo. Pollo had been the only one who had known. Pollo had been the only one who had to bear the burden. He'd let Kyle the weight lifted off his shoulders. He'd let Kyle take the pain. He'd let Kyle take the pain. He'd let his son take digging in his pain as he'd tried to find something, prove something. That was real. Bleeding, dying. It was his fingerprints. Not androids. Or, maybe, whatever. He'd bled and he would bleed again if it would prove that he was real. And it. He would never. Kyle. If he had to do it to prove that he was alive in the first place.

"Then has to be a way. Tiamat can omegap without destroying the Earth," said their new Prime Eternal. "We just have to delay it until we figure out how."

"Could Drog control its mind?" Suggested Gilgamesh. "Maybe just it is stopped?"

The name only woke up half of Pollo. His heart was still empty but his mind was back. And it was chaotic thoughts were screaming, taking control of everything and making it had his face to wonder how what the others were saying. They were scratching their claws against his skull, trying to break free to take over his body. He couldn't hear Drog's name in his head anymore, yet he could still hard it on his side, bittersweet. He was strapped to his seat, pinned down. He knew now that his body wasn't really his own. It was just another creation of Arishem. A prison. He wanted to escape it. He couldn't. He couldn't even move, unable to look away from the wall. His body was mine. Maybe it was a way to make the world a little more bearable for him.

"Hey!" Shouted Sprite. "Are you serious?"

"Gilgamesh asked Drog to put me to sleep once," stated Thena, like it was nothing.

Drog's name, spoken by the others, was a sword. It sliced the walls of his prison, letting him breath a little more. The storm in his head was slowly calming down. Slowly. It was strange, just how much contradictory power a name could have. If Pollo was the one who think about it, it made things worse. More complicated. If the others were saying it, it made it better. But only a bit. Because how much power could a man who wasn't even in the room could really have?

"So I could take a vacation to Fiji, you know?" Chuckled the optimistic

He was suddenly aware that someone was looking at him. Thena. And Gilgamesh. Kaine. Not Sera to his path. Drog, or rather a his village, when that had happened. Drog had never. Is him in charge of the village and he was gone. Those two have that. Drog had told them, in a way, by giving them Pollo's greetings. They wanted him to speak. To say something. He wanted the world to stop. Nevertheless, he was unable to do it. He couldn't even turn his head to look at them and make sure he wasn't lying to himself when he thought that someone was looking at him.

"We're talking about a Celestial, okay?" That Kings again, who could not have been more obviously against the plan.

Pollo wasn't sure about it either. He wasn't particularly attached to humans. Still, it seemed safer brutal for no reason to kill all of them without even giving them a warning. And would their death even be quick? Or would it be slow and painful? He couldn't tell. He didn't feel anyone. Or maybe he. He wasn't sure of anything, for the moment. Everything was confusing and his thoughts were still screaming at him. He wanted to scream back. He didn't. He would, trust Sera. She was the Prime Eternal, now. Kyle had chosen her for a reason. And she was the only one who'd actually seen what would happen to Earth. He would trust her, he could not trust himself for now.

"We have to try," she said once more. "Come on, we're not gonna let everyone on Earth die, right?"

"Right!" Exclaimed Kaine before starting to chuckle nervously. "I'm human. I'm a little biased."

Pollo was starting to have a headache. The noise that exists was was too loud. The lights in his head were just horribly together. All the voices were jumbled too much. He had to stop it. He couldn't listen to him. He wanted to call out for help. He didn't know who he would call. Drog. Nobody in this room. Kyle was dead. It's not that he didn't like them, it's that Ikaris was in this room and most people in here were loyal to him. They would tell him what that happened. The only people he might've talked to weren't there. He wanted to cry. He couldn't cry. He couldn't cry.

" The world is ending! Kings voiced in third, talking to his valet. "You need to go home!

"And do what? Watch TV?" Replied Kaine in English, sounding a bit o ended by the suggestion. "When I could be with Carlo's original superheroes as they try to save the world?"

"Fine, if you want to, stay," sighed the movie star, taking a sip of this drink before remembering what was in it and spitting it out.

The world around Pollo was spinning. It was hard for him to focus on anything. He needed a lie. No. He didn't need alcohol. He needed a lie. He needed a lie. Drog. Drog. Drog