

Not under control

Mein NaNoWriMo-Projekt für 2010 - mit täglichen Updates!

Von VideoGameCrack

Kapitel 15: Day Fifteen

Frank tried to play along with her. He really did. He thought that, if he played along with her and tolerated the nonsense she was talking all the time, it might start to make sense for him. But no matter how long he tried to listen to her, it just didn't happen. It didn't even get worse, as he possibly couldn't comprehend an even stronger mind screw.

It was after another meeting – this time in a warehouse in the west of the city – when he finally decided that it was time for her to speak in a language he could understand. He waited for the rest of the attenders to leave, so that only he and Helena were still there. The air was very cold and the moonlight wasn't really bright in this night, which made orientation pretty difficult. He still couldn't see the thing behind having little to no light during the meetings, especially since it hasn't been really explained. The little he could see, however, was Helena sitting behind a box, with her smile oddly enough shining through the darkness.

„You're still here?“, she asked, not being very confused about it.

„Yes. I want to talk to you about a few things.“

She stood up. „If you insist. Any problems with having to talk about it in my apartment?“

„None. Might be better, actually.“

No matter what she did, she always managed to make him wonder about her behaviour. This time, it was about how Helena could live in such a bright environment, while the meetings of the Freedom Seekers were in complete darkness.

Her living room was held in beige colours, with a huge window front enabling the view over the city and beyond it to the nothingness. The couch was set so that somebody could have a good look over the city while talking.

„Something to drink, maybe?“, Helena asked, standing at the door to the kitchen.

„No, thank you“, he replied.

„Well, okay then. Make it yourself comfortable on the couch.“

As he took place, he stared outside while waiting for her. It was a quite irritating sight, having all these buildings standing so close to a cliff where absolutely nothing is at the ground. Why has i

he only noticed it when Gerald pointed it out to him when he first came here?

„So, you like my place?“

Helena entered the living room again, taking place right beside Frank on the couch.

„It's not too bad, actually.“

She smiled at him. „Nice to hear.“

He looked outside again, as he asked her: „Why are you doing this?“

Helena sighed. „Haven't we talked this through already? I'm trying to get it into your head that you really want to leave this place.“

„I got that part already. But there needs to be more behind it. And why aren't you trying it with everybody if you want their freedom?“

„I told you so many times already that I just like to mess with you, didn't I?“

„I know that. But there is something telling me that there needs to be more behind it. And after all, there needs to be a more specific reason for me to start to believe what you're saying other than „It's just like that and I don't even bother to make sense“.“

She put her glass away, remaining silent for a while.

„Is there something I shouldn't know?“, he asked again. „You could make it easier for me and for you when you would start to explain stuff. Your „confusion equals genius plan“ shtick can't help you much longer if you don't cooperate with the people you need help from.“

She remained silent as he continued talking, grabbing the glass again and staring into it.

„I know that you have a bigger plan than this and that you're trying to hide it from everyone. Believe me, it can't work like that for a longer period of time.“

She drank it all in one go, before she finally responded:

„Indeed, there is something else I've kept hidden from you.“

He turned to her, saying: „So, what is it then?“

„I need to warn you, though. You might not like what you're going to hear.“

„I don't care. Just tell me.“

She took a deep breath, preparing herself for the answer.

„It's because you've been concepted as a villain-like character.“

„...what? I thought Vincent was-“

„He didn't want you to know it, because you were supposed to develop the characters traits of a villain rather than having them all along. So he created me to try to bring you to be influenced.“

„But why did nobody tell me?“

„He didn't want you to know, and partially, he didn't even know himself.“

„You're starting to talk in riddles again.“

„That's because I have been concepted to be like this. Sometimes I get confused by what I say myself. But all I can do to hide it is smiling and acting weird all along.“

„But- why would he want to make me a villain in the first place? Like I said before, we already got Vincent for that!“

„It was supposed to be a big twist, but he didn't really know how to pull it off properly without looking out of place.“

„So is this my duty? Protagonist turned into a villain?“

„Yes“, she replied, finally putting her glass back at the table to her side again. „A great idea, isn't it? Turning the character that the reader follows most of the time into the thing he is supposed to hate the most?“

„Sure, it is“, Frank responded, still trying to follow along, „but why were there never any hints before? And why has Gerald never mentioned anything about it?“

„I can't tell you that. It goes beyond what I'm allowed to tell you. Telling you in your face that you're going to perform a change of your attitude was scratching the limits. So there, you got all the information I can give you at the moment? Are you satisfied

now?"

Frank sank his head. „Not really. I mean, sure, it makes slightly more sense than it did before, but it still leaves many questions left!"

„Sorry, Frank, but even if I told you more now, it wouldn't help you much."

He turned to her with an asking look. „How much more do you know?"

„Much more. Much, much more."

Vincent didn't remember when he saw the street being lively, bright and full of people for the last time. Since the entire thing with Frank and the Freedom Seekers started to happen, it felt like the city had adjusted to the current situation. Though it wouldn't have been too surprising.

He randomly wandered through the streets, looking for more of the Freedom Seekers to show up, when he saw Frank leaving a building and walking off. He ran towards him, trying to catch up and yelling:

„Frank? Wait for a moment! I haven't seen you for a long time! You just disappeared from the surface!"

Frank just turned around, seemingly not caring much.

„Tell me something I didn't already know", he got as an answer.

„You seem to be so... I don't know... aggressive when it's only you and me. Just like last time."

„Sorry, but it's late and I want to get some sleep."

„Is there something on your mind?", Vincent asked. „Feels like it."

„How do you want to know?"

Vincent shrugged. „I don't know. Maybe it's just some sort of instinct."

Frank sighed before answering: „Have you never had the idea that I might turn into a... villain?"

Raising an eyebrow, Vincent asked: „What the hell are you even talking about?"

„Has it never crossed your mind that I might turn out to be the one who's... well... evil?"

„Why should I think that, Frank? I don't really see the point behind it."

„You know, because of Helena-"

„Oh, now I see where you're getting at", Vincent said. „But you can't tell me that you want to become the antagonist, can you?"

„It goes somewhere along the lines, but I'm talking more about being designated to be the bad guy from the very beginning. Has never something happened where you could only raise an eyebrow and wonder?"

„You mean like I do right now?"

„No, not that. I mean more something like me showing villainous traits or having some sort of interest in it."

Vincent thought about it for a second before shaking his head and answering: „Nope, doesn't ring a bell. You clearly feel like a protagonist."

„And you have absolutely no doubt that I stay like that, no matter what?"

„Of course I do", answered Vincent with a bright smile on his face. „I mean, what kind of retarded twist would that be? Turning you into a villain... First, I doubt that Gerald would really write something like that, and second, it would be just really stupid."

„Actually, I can imagine that working well", Frank replied.

„When you come down to it", Vincent argued, „every single concept can work in good hands. But this is simply not the setting for something like this."

„Yeah, seems so."

They continued walking side by side in the moon light, following the street until they

reached the end. They decided to sit down and stare to the infinity that laid in front of their eyes.

„It's a funny world we live in, isn't it?“, wondered Vincent.

„It is indeed, Vincent.“

„Say, have you never actually wondered about the face that, at some point, we just started existing?“

„That's somebody talking through you, right?“

„Maybe, but it's an interesting thought in my opinion. Maybe there is more to it than do what Gerald writes.“

„And there I start to think that Helena chose the wrong person. Who knows what his world looks like?“

„Maybe that's the appeal, Frank. Maybe just having the experience somebody creates for us isn't the real deal.“

„But we still have a job to do, Vincent. We can't just leave.“

„Who says that, Frank?“