

Tragedy and Comedy are odd friends

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Prolog: Friends

Two beings facing each other, both standing straightened. One begins to raise its might, forcing the other to bow to its feet.

Who are you?

The one on the ground whispers. Kneeling deeply, wrapping its weak body with their thin arms as if to protect it somehow. Pitifully, cowering down it tries to face its opponent. Yet fear strokes its distorted eyes.

Opponent did not lower itself to the terrified one, nor did it change its attitude. Instead, it uplifted its stature; a silhouette slender, yet dominant, the whole body covered in black shadows. After letting the down weighed struggling for just another little eternity, an overdrawn grin creeps along its face. Eyes and teeth starting to ridicule the pathetic body along with the proud being itself. Finally, the overbearing silence is cut by the sharp prideful voice.

Don't you know me?

No response to notice. The petty knob on the ground just continues to look at his upright opponent. Just facing him was a challenge too hard to stand.

You are truly pitiful, my dear.

Grinner says with an uncommon sincere smile on his lips. Nevertheless, its eyes keep laughing at the small creature to scorn.

My name is Comedy. I am the honourable one of us.

Suddenly, still slowly, its fear starts to fade away. Just in little portions but still. The one kneeling on the ground, wrapping its skinny arms around its belly as if to stop that feeling of nausea, glimpses at the creature above him with a little hint of confidence. They are far away from being equals. But still, Comedy, it's a familiar.

After introducing its name, their identity, the both beings seem to reduce their gap a little.

My name is Tragedy, and I...

You are the miserable one.

...

Aren't you?

After a moment of hush, Tragedy began.

I guess I am.

Comedy gaining an even more derisive pose, glares at Tragedy. There is nothing but the two of them. Surrounded by the painful noise of burdensome silence, bleak darkness, the opponents continue their talk.

It is amusing, indeed, to observe your distress. Hee, hee, but please don't look at me like that, my dear. Don't be too torn. After all the both of us is all that is left.

If that is the case, I do not understand why you are putting effort into pushing me further down. If I already greet the ground, why do you keep pressing me?

You got a point there, dear.

You already possess great strength I will never be able to occupy. Why can't you leave me alone?

For the first time, Comedy came up with an apparently straight laugh.

Dear, did you not see? We are captured in this abyss, the both of us. Where in the world should I go?

Tragedy remained silent. This place was scary. There was no noise, still, it was screaming. There wasn't any sign of life, nor of anything else. Still, the air was pressuring, so much that even Tragedy fell to its knees, not able to get up on its own. Darkness swallowed everything. Just Comedy and Tragedy left to remain.

Besides...

The only catchable sound existing was the voice either of Tragedy or Comedy.

...it would be insufferable dull then. Just let me mock you a little longer. You'll see, soon there will be a meaning. Soon enough, you'll find a way to escape.

Tragedy didn't really believe in Comedy's words. Still, there was a certain sheen which promised something hopeful.

You do promise?

I do promise, dear.

For the first time, Comedy averted its gaze of Tragedy. So that the humiliated one could repose for just now.

And then you will take me with you. You promise?

...I do.

Kapitel 1: 1st Shard: One of a kind

Omnipresent solitude.

The devouring void splayed its existence around the two beings, empocketing them, beguiling. Odd enough, solitude was possible even though Tragedy and Comedy were united. Even more amusing the matter of fact that this empty void could feel so downweighting. But while Tragedy struggled and gulped for air, Comedy did not even seem to feel the tiniest danger of stumbling.

It truly was an image of complement. They seemed alike, yet painfully contrasting.

Once they realise their own oddness, the construct of desolateness is bound to fall.

But as long as those two opponents cease to question their own bizarre existence no light shall fall upon the eternal darkness. And the probability of either Tragedy or Comedy to ever bother to move away from their abyss was close to zero. Tragedy was simply too weak to even dare of forming insurgent thoughts. While Comedy, on the other hand, could not think of a reason to disrupt its superiority. The sole awareness of it being masterful in relation to its one and only ally was intoxicating. Power and control were nasty little assets. At other's cost, the one to possess those traits keeps on clinging to them, abusing, to veil their own frailty. To even hide it from themselves.

And this was why the existence of those two Opponents was so inevitable for either of them. Without Comedy, Tragedy would shatter to the ground, not able to bear the burden all by itself, this screaming vacuum held for it. And without Tragedy, Comedy would not have any companion to oppress and would be forced, quite quickly, to face its own miserableness. And with that, it would shatter even faster than the weaker one.

Even if it did not seem that way - Tragedy, as well as Comedy, needed each other to survive. They both had an assigned role they must fulfil. If one would leave its place, the other one would insatntly die.

But what was death anyway?

What meaning had life in a hole of nothingness?

Did it even exist?

What was existence?

Questions Tragedy would not dare to ask, meanings Comedy was terrified of.

Because they both needed to fulfil their role.

They were non-real, yet essential for this world.

They were something in nothing.

They were alike, yet contrary.

They were the same, yet individuals.

They were one of a kind.

And they would not slip through this empty space.

Because they were chained to their assigned roles.

And it was not possible to break through their own mind to see it.

They needed each other to not shatter and losing their existence.

They needed to fulfill their role in order to stay alive.

This was their consciousness and they were both horrified by what might happen if they failed to do what they were meant to do.

Error brings instantaneous destruction -

so they thought.

At all cost, they needed to stay at this place without a meaning.

Because if they started to question this place and their own meaning---

---if they came as far as to gaze at it from above it all

They would realise that they could escape that way

Darkness shall dwell among them and they shall never see the light
Until the very last breathstroke before the unavoidable deterioration.