-ard SOS An unhe-

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-ard SOS An unhe-

by DragonWolf

Summary

Spinning my thoughts
An endless road
Iron-scented oxygen

The Underpass has a lot of bodies in it

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

Like a headache manifest, sharp edges and spinning mind-numbing angles. He runs backwards over root-like pipes, afraid to let it out of his sight.

It hurts. Not like a headache, not from far away like he is, though there is some of that. There's a gash in his right side, it goes through all the layers of the borrowed uniform and right through the skin, possibly much deeper. Probably much, much deeper. He hasn't looked.

It stung when the spinning edge caught him, now it's just feels bad along with the ache. Warm and cold, like water getting under the neck of your jacket. Sticky, the torn edges of the FBC issued jumper grimy and stuck to the site.

His legs feel heavy and his head feels light, like spirals in front of the eyes. The thing that is a kaleidoscope come to life disappears through shattered air, not because it's done with him but it seems like just because it's there.

It'll come back.

He leans against a wall - the ceiling? The floor maybe. Dust syphons past his face.

If he passes out right here will the gravity anomaly let him go? He can see shapes up on the floor above him, blurry past his spinning vision, there for split moments but unmoving and dead, dark uniform against the vibrant mold. He doesn't think the researchers ever reached this far into the cavern.

Will he stay up here or join them down in the soft vegetation if the pattern catches up with him? How many are there? They keep shifting around, in and out of the timeline he's in, so he can't tell. He can't even be sure he's the one staying still in one timeline and not shifting around himself.

It's getting harder to breathe. He doesn't look at the wound in his side.

The comms buzz with static again and he doesn't bother to speak up. There hasn't been a response that wasn't an echo since the gondola ride. He clambers down from the ceiling and back into correct gravity, barely avoiding his knees giving in. The mold crunches underfoot.

He's supposed to be stronger than this. What's the use of him if he goes down so easily?

It hurts. There's a gash in his right side, it goes through all the layers of the borrowed uniform and right through the skin and much, much deeper. He's leaving dark footprints with his right foot, red splotches against the cyan vegetation.

He's not even sure where he's going. He's supposed to be helping Grist, but he's been driven back from where he assumes she'll be going.

Not that he can even stay in the same time as her.

Grist.

He should warn her. In case she's not been through here yet. Or another one of her comes through after him.

The charcoal stick is slick in his hand and the notebook he's torn the page out of is probably ruined now. It's a shame, he'd hoped to give at least one of the drawings to Jesse when things settled.

He supposes that time won't be coming for him. He probably won't see his sister again.

The bodies in the previous room seem to agree. They didn't get to see their sisters either.

He minds that more than dying.

The note doesn't fold evenly, the bend lopsided, and his hand leaves rusty red print on one side of it. As long as it's still readable.

The air behind him shatters. It hurts, phantom shrapnel in his shoulder, in his side, in his head. He's already called his weapon up, practiced but sluggish, slower than he needs the swing to be.

Real pain comes as a metal pole through his chest. Just missing the lungs, he thinks, bottom of the ribcage, and the aberrant's already stabbed into the thing but it doesn't matter.

It's in pain too, he thinks, because it retreats. He can't even make out its shape. The metal grinds against his ribs as it's torn out. It screams. He tries to as well, but chokes instead. Red sprays from his lips.

It's gone.

His knees buckle.

It hurts.

It's cold too. The whole cavern is cold, having never seen the sun, but this is worse. The soft blanket of mold is getting wet under him, whatever heat he still has is leeching into the earth.

At least it's better than back in the box.

There's a shape in the chamber he lies at the entrance of, one he can't make out, but it's not the migraine incarnate. It's probably another time anomaly, stained glass rippling around something. It looks enough like a person for him to feel just slightly less alone.

His hand paws at the mossy surface uselessly, instinctually, as if trying to reach out to the figure.

He should know better, but he can't help being a little selfish. He doesn't deserve it, he knows.

"I'm sorry" it comes out as a croak.

He isn't actually addressing it. It can't hear him for one, his voice almost gone. For all he knows it's himself. For all he knows it's not there at all.

"I'm sorry" he repeats, voice even quieter, not knowing who he's apologising to.

Grist? For not being there after promising to help?

The research team in general? For not being able to save them?

Zoe? For letting her down as her charge? Or maybe as a friend. As another person close to her she's loosing.

Jesse?

"…I'm sorry" he whispers, barely.

Tell Jesse I tried. I really did.

The static remains unchanged, the comms failing to connect even still. He selfishly hopes his voice goes through anyway, somehow.

"Dylan, I'm here!"

It's going to the wrong earpiece.

"What's happening? Answer me! Dylan!"

It doesn't matter.

"Zoe? I'm here, I'm okay" not without urgency but without fear or pain.

Same one but not the same. Different, but not different enough.

The comms don't connect, just buzzing static. He feels a slight headache pressing on.

A sharp edge of a traffic sign, repeated over and over hundreds of times, slices clean through his side before he can ever react.

End Notes

This user is insane about timeloops

Title and summary from "Looping the rooms" rusino /

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