

FateWriting

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His last hope remained in the surrounding fatewriters sitting in the room around him. As the first person laid the crayon down without a single word on their page, everyone slowly stood up and filed out- except her.

Published on
Booksie

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Her laughter fell silent as the crude crayons were handed out. She hadn't been expecting to practice Fatewriting, and never in wax. The white sheets in front of her only reminded her of her last book she had written. Every creature, every event, every little detail had come to life so quickly. She didn't want to write, no not ever again. But this time, things were different. She simply had no choice. *There was only one future, and she had to write it. Otherwise everything was going to go wrong.*

Just in front of me sat the little boy who had collected all of us here. Our words were his last hope. We could construct his life, or destroy it. Fatewriting wasn't supposed to be like this, not with so many of here at once. The smelly finger of wax turned slowly in my hand. I glanced the room. Not a single one of us had drawn our first letter yet. A tear was rolling down the little boy's eyes. *No one wanted to do this. It had never been done before.. to many details.. Then to eventually wrap it up and end it- ultimately he was going die... Or was he?*

After he left this room, time said he was supposed to die. I could tell, all us knew it. We were here to defy the master time weavers, and give him a fully spun life. Meaning we had write out every detail.

I placed my crayon down, and shortly after you could hear the others do the same. Most got up and stumbled out of room, blind from hot tears. A few approached him and apologized, they weren't ready to do this, they couldn't break time's laws and play God. *After all, who else should decide when we live, what we do, and how and when we die?* They asked the question as though he would know the answer.

Within a few moments, I was the only one left in the room besides the boy. His eyes searched mine, confounded and confused.

"You can't practice this kind of thing. You get one shot, the end. Only one fate, out of all of ours, could be followed, and no one would know whose it would be. So all of our work go down drain if someone else's chosen, and whoever finishes first is also the one who gives you the shortest life, or the least detailed." I explained. He looked at me like I had six heads. "Who is ready to write a child's impending death?" He nodded, understanding at least that much.

"So I'll write you in as a fatewriter."

His eyes widened immensely, instantly. "Did you really think I was going to write your tombstone?" I questioned him, amused.

"I've never met you before. I don't know who are, child. That's another reason why everyone left. We didn't know what to write. And when it's like this, we can't write without knowing that kind of stuff."

Now was the time to defy his fate.

I set the crayon aside, and pulled out my threads from my bag, along with my pen and thick notebook. Fatewriters could write future of objects as well, and I was ready to complete such a task myself, as to preserve my creation. I noted down the threads' new lifespan- eternity- and who could work with it-me and this child. At the bottom of the page I put that child was a skilled fatewriter, and that both of us could outwrite time. No one could decide our fates besides us should we choose to write our own. I then pulled the page out and set it aflame, gone, the paper could not be undone unless I wrote it back into existence.

Tossing the threads him, I got up and left the room. How he created his new fate was up to him.

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25 hundred thousand years later I sat before him one again, after many lives of mine had come and gone.

"So I hear they called you Zeus back in Greece. Why the sudden name change?" I sat back, chuckling...

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