

The Creature Known as Frisk

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The Creature Known as Frisk

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Summary

"Let's go, hand in hand, to whatever the future may be. As the murdering friends we know each other to be."- Frisk

Frisk is a normal human child who makes a painful mistake. Will she be able to break free, and if she can, will she be able to live with the consequences of what she has done? Meanwhile, does it really even matter since Sans knows once they break the barrier the timeline will end anyhow?
First POV of Frisk and Sans.

Notes

This is the Prequel to Genocidal Pacifist. It is written in First POV and years before the events of Genocidal Pacifist.

The Creature Known as FRISK (Prequel to Genocidal Pacifist)



SANS POV

“Hey there.” I waved to some teenagers getting out of monster school. “Hot dog? Hot cat?” Ah, no biters. Dang. I just stayed behind my post, and watched everyone go around doing something with their lives. I held out a hot dog to another teenager. “Come on, first one’s free?”

“Sans?”

I looked back toward Alphys and Papyrus. “Just the first one, it was a gimmick. I knew they’d want more.” Well, no, I was just trying to get some conversation. This was a dead end kind of area. Now, New Home, that was a place to set up some hot dog selling. They’d sell like hot dogs. Heh heh.

“We aren’t here about that,” Papyrus said. “Alphys wants to show you something. It’s. A little disturbing. And I won’t lie, a bit scary.”

“Huh. Okay.” I left the post and headed off to Alphys lab with Papyrus. She brought us over to a great big computer. Ooh, flashy. Something big and flashy to convey importance.

“It’s. Timelines.” Alphys pointed to the computer. There were several lines on it, each of them beating yellow with numbers. “The infamous Gaster’s work. It. It made its presence known.”

“For two weeks,” Papyrus complained to Sans. “She kept it to herself for two weeks!”

“Maybe she doesn’t like sharing secrets with Skeletons?” I asked my brother. I looked straight at her. “Don’t worry. We understand keeping skeletons in closets.”

Alphys humored me with a light smile, but it didn’t really hit. Which was weird. Monsters loved puns, and that was a dang good pun.

“Her machine was taken over by one of the infamous Gaster’s machines in the lower level,” Papyrus said. “It’s relaying timeline information.”

“Well, the guy was supposed to be brilliant. Made sense he dabbled in it,” I said. “But what’s the deal? Why’s it bugging Alphys computer now?”

“Because. The world.” Alphys gestured to the computer. “These are the different timelines, but look at this empty space. In the middle. There were timelines there. I mean, I think, but I watched a couple of them . . . disappear.” She gestured back to it.

“What do you mean disappear?” I asked her. “I mean, you aren’t running low on time, take your time to explain thoroughly.” Maybe a good joke would relax her more.

“Sans!” Papyrus scolded me. Apparently he didn’t think so. “This is no laughing matter! Time is ending in other timelines!”

Uh?

“Th-there’s something wrong. I’ve recorded and watched a couple of timelines myself,” Alphys said. “They have the number of every monster Underground, but then one of two things happened. The numbers start to go down, meaning annihilation of us. Then, it starts all over again if it doesn’t reach zero. Like no monster had fallen.”

Oohhh. “An anomaly traipsing through timelines?”

“More than monsters too, Sans,” Papyrus cut in. “All the humans too. Everything. The entire world just ceases to be!”

“So whether good, or whether bad.” If it came to them? “We’re as good as dead. Terrific. Nah, just kidding. This is horrible. What are we supposed to do?”

“I . . . I-I don’t know. I think, maybe we should try to reason with it. If it doesn’t fear, maybe it’ll go better?” Alphys suggested. “Something scares it Underground, of course. If the anomaly is human, its life is at stake. But if it’s scared of the surface, then that is triggered somehow.”

“But how is something like a *human* moving through timelines?” Papyrus asked. “This must be stopped.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I’m going to go down and see the ol’ original doodad. See if it’s got any extra answers.” Hopefully it did.

When I went down, I didn’t want to go back up to tell them exactly what I found. All they could see was the plainest of lines on Alphys computer it was triggering. The real machine . . . it gave text reports.

I printed out as much history as I could of the weird anomaly. Although I was doing something different though, something much more exciting? I’d rather be on boring guard duty for years on end without a break than see what I saw.

The other timelines weren't just sitting back and taking it. Everyone got involved. I even found my own unique signature along the line. I was getting into it too. "Okay?" I dug deeper trying to find anything I could that would help.

And there was only one thing, and it wasn't going to be enough to be of actual help.

I hid the reports. Told them it was the same jizzy jazzy stuff. I tried to continue to go on with my life, day by day, but I kept on sneaking back and visiting the machine too. To see if a different timeline found an answer. So far?

None.

The more time went by, the more I wondered if Alphys or Papyrus would come check down for the original machine themselves. I didn't want them to see. It would only scare them, and there was nothing that could be done, even if they knew. It would just be cruel.

Instead, I took it. I put a lock on the back door of my home that matched my bedroom door. It was never used, but I didn't want either one to find it. Because finding out that . . . that your world would be wiped out soon. Heh heh. It changed you. I felt a huge change inside me, and I didn't want that happening to Papyrus.

I moved everything in of Gaster's that I could in the back that could potentially help. I moved the old machine inside that was showing what was going on. Maps. Pictures. Predictions. I was stealing time at work to try and watch. Try and study. Try to find the answer.

But timeline after timeline. It was always the same. Once the anomaly reached level 20, it all broke loose. At 19, in Judgment Hall, that's where another me popped up again. Actually I popped up quite a few times, but I actively popped up one more time. Right there. In the end. For the last time, no matter what happened. Whether I was gone for most of the timeline, or whether I popped up frequently.

"Everything ends." Two more timelines fell. Another two. Another four. Day by day, as I watched the machine and tried to live my own life, I realized . . . how meaningless it all had been.

Whether I worked. Whether I didn't. Whether I ate all day. Whether I slept. Nothing mattered. Everything was pointless. One day, the anomaly, whatever it had been, would enter this Underground. And according to the way it all seemed to go, it was only two or three days later before it all resetted, or the world ended forever.

Everyone would put so much into it. The timelines were all trying their best to put a stop to it, but it just kept coming. I kept looking at the power levels, the fighting times, the signatures showcasing the monster fighting.

But no matter, that was that. Nothing could be done about it.

And one day, I just couldn't take it anymore. "It's all just so pointless." I punched the machine. My action took out most of the functioning. That machine and me were the same

now. We both gave up. I had looked for hope, over and over. Something to grasp onto. Something to stop it.

But there had been nothing. Nothing and no one. I popped up a lot right before the ending in those timelines, like it was constantly in a loop, but eventually I would go out too.

At least I gave it a hard time before the ending came.

Week after week, I sunk deeper. Only a matter of time. Alphys readied herself to track it with cameras as soon as it came out of the Ruins. With what she knew, she figured that if she made the human trust in her to protect it, that she could convince it not to leave, stopping the chain reaction. She even said she had a place she could put it where she could feed it, shelter it, and it would have friends. Which friends, I don't know. With the limited info she had, guess she thought that was the best way. I wasn't going to say anything different to it.

Papyrus was convinced that the anomaly was probably overtaken by LOVE somehow at some point, and just needed a chance to make things right. Or that, maybe the Royal Guard capturing it and taking it to King Asgore would solve the problem. The King would know best to him.

Heh. Of course Papyrus thought that. He was full of hope. Oh, I could tell him differently. Tell him he was wasting his time, but should I? That was Papyrus' belief. Something *he* was holding onto. And telling him any differently wouldn't spare my brother any of his pain.

Nah. I'd let however Papyrus and Alphys wanted to handle it, happen. It was the right thing to do. Let him both try the way they wanted to. Because when it came? Well. Everyone would be gone, sooner or later. Might as well let them go out with hope.

Eh. I didn't know. Every day I thought about it, I wondered if it would be better if it was just our time already. The not knowing. Not knowing whether we had a day, or a week, or a year or whatever. It was insane. I was one of the most mellow guys I knew. I could handle about anything.

But knowing the world was going to halt one day soon, and not knowing what day that day would be, it was hell on my mind.

I started working less and less. Let the bills pile up a little higher. I started watching and performing in free comedy routines at Mettaton's resort. I hung out at Grillby's more. Anything to do to preoccupy my mind about the inevitable fate. I even found a new friend, hanging out at the big purple locked door by the Ruins.

The exact door the anomaly would one day come through. When I found her, she seemed to have her own idea of her own pain, hiding in her laughter. We were both the same. Trying to find a way out of our own little miserable lives. If only for just a few minutes, cracking jokes and laughing.

One day though, while visiting my strange knock-knock buddy at her door, I couldn't pretend that nothing was wrong. The one thing that brought any amount of cheer to me, someone to

share my new material with, was crying. She begged me that if he saw a human come from there, that I would protect it.

Not something I wanted to promise. It was my job to capture them after all, and one of those things, somehow it could be the downfall of everybody. She had no idea who she was even speaking to. But, you know, then again? “Okay.” The anomaly, if it was human, was going to end everything whether I messed with it or not. Might as well take out some of her worry.

Then, I started to think about Alphys plan too. If it got stuck and it didn’t leave, then what happened? The world didn’t end *until* it left. Monster numbers dwindled, yeah, but sometimes not, and it would still end. So. Maybe. If it stayed good. If it never left, then the world wouldn’t end.

But I didn’t like Alphys approach. If it found out she was lying, the chances became that much less it’d hang around here.

But maybe. Maybe it could be content down here? If it finds someone to trust. Understands how great life is. Maybe? It was a thin chance, but that chance brought with it hope.

A little bit. Not a whole lot. And I wasn’t the greatest monster to teach how good life was, especially now.

But it was something. Something. A slim thin something.

Then, one day, I woke up. Like usual. Late to work, like usual. I only did the bare minimum, to help support Papyrus now. I didn’t even ask for rent or help or anything from him anymore. Notta. Nope. In fact, I probably started to spoil him, but I didn’t care.

He was happy. Something I just couldn’t be anymore. And, and I just wanted him to keep that happiness as long as he could. Even into the fine dust of what he’d eventually become.

And I’m glad I did it, because I saw it. A human, walking from the Ruins. Yep. The inevitable came.

The anomaly . . . was now in my timeline.

FRISK POV

The last thing I remembered before falling was sneaking out to play around. The resort area my family went to had been so dull. All day long, mom and dad just wanted to appreciate all the quiet the mountain had to offer. To get away from their day’s busy meetings and stuff. But me, I hated it. I had nothing to do, and they wouldn’t let me leave the area, too scared something would happen to me. I had always been a bit bumbly, and I always had a bandage or two on me, so exploration was out of the question.

So I was stuck while they just held each other in bliss on the front porch, swinging back and forth, talking about how nice it all had been. Well, just too boring for an eight year old. So, I waited ‘til night, and I grabbed my favorite shirt. Blue with purple stripes, along with a pair

of old shorts. I snuck out the window and went exploring away from the resort. It was fun at first. I felt like I was in a huge backyard with no idea what I'd find. When I came across a moving river, I grabbed a stick and poked into it, to see what was in there. Then I just kind of dragged my stick and patted it along trees and bridges. I was following the track route so far, but then it forked. I went down the one that was dirt.

It was probably more fun. I kept going and saw a sign I couldn't read. It began with a C, but I figured it was okay. But then I . . . I only remember when I started to not feel level that I needed to learn to spell better.

That was it. I got up off a patch of flowers and cleaned myself off. Daylight was shining on my face. It used to be night and now it was daylight? Mom and dad weren't going to be happy with me at all. "Mom!" I shouted at the hole above me. "Dad!"

I shouted for what felt like hours. As I did that, I began to realize just how far up that hole had been. How did I even survive that fall? I kind of looked around the area. It was all bare except for this patch of flowers. So, I was either Link and entered the world of Majora's Mask, or I must have had another soul clinging to me.

If so, it was no big deal. I wouldn't even feel it. It just meant I disturbed someone's grave who passed on a long time ago. Most likely the last kid didn't survive where I fell and I had their soul in me. It would eventually leave, it must have just been trapped down there. "If it is another soul though . . ." If it was so trapped it couldn't get out, that only meant one thing.

"Mom! Dad! Anybody!" I yelled more impatiently. There was no way to climb up there. No one was near. I had no choice. Considering the distance of our resort, the strange disappearances over time that had made my mom and dad so cautious with me about leaving the resort, and the fact a soul couldn't actually escape, I had a feeling I knew where I had fallen into.

There was only one way to find out. I started to leave the little area where the only light shined down. I found I could still see somehow, and came across a set of doors. They had runes on them over the top.

"I'm where the monsters are," I whispered to myself. Dead, I was dead if I didn't stay alert. I opened the set of doors and saw the strangest sight. Something popped out of the ground. Not a vicious monster that growled and had sets of large teeth.

A flower. A tiny yellow flower just came up out of a small patch of grass. How did they even grow grass out here? I held my breath as I listened to him talk. I may have been eight years old but I was no fool. This flower was dangerous. It was monster.

And monsters didn't just kill you, they ate your soul! That's what monsters did, they stole humans souls. I watched the little polite flower continue to simply talk like it was my friend, but monsters were manipulative and cunning. I'd been taught that all my life. By my teachers. By my mom and dad. All the lessons I learned came flooding back into my head.

How right was everyone though? The monsters had been gone a long time. Well, I'd know soon, because if this flower was a monster it would want to fight me at some point. Monsters

always wanted to fight for a human's soul. Always.

Then, it happened! I felt my soul leave me. It was so strange, seeing my soul all glowing red in front of me. So far, everything I'd been taught had been true. It was a soul to soul fight. I needed to remember all my lessons, everything I ever learned. The fighting had been right, and the trying to be my friend had been right so far. But were they? Time could have changed them being down there too. I don't know.

The flower was named Flowey though, and he said monsters shared friendliness pellets. That I should move my soul to collect them. I didn't know how to move my soul. I tried to run away with my body, but the direction I wanted to go was where my soul went.

Oh. That's how I controlled it. I couldn't control my body anymore. I was frozen and just stuck there. Not only that, I just realized something. I had been communicating with an ancient monster's language I would never know.

Yeah, I definitely had another soul attached, it must have been translating for me. Or maybe it was some kind of telepathy between us? I watched as the strange flower threw the friendliness pellets. So far, they'd been nice. There wasn't a shred of anything bad about them. And they were just this cute, tiny flower. How bad could it be?

So, I stayed still as the friendliness pellets came toward me.

The world shook beneath my feet! Huh?!

"In this world," the flower said, now with an ugly, nasty looking face on it said, "It's kill or be killed!"

A flower, a tiny flower actually tried to-no, it *was* killing me! I wanted to yell or scream or run away, but I couldn't move, my soul was stuck inside the fight. I watched as the pellets went and circled my soul again. He was going to take it, he was going to steal my soul!

Then, I saw a fireball right before the pellets hit me. I was saved by a much bigger monster. I was grateful, but I already knew what to expect. It wasn't saving me from death, it wanted my soul instead.

Because seven. All it took was seven souls and monsters became gods. I had the one thing they wanted above everything. I had to be smart. I had to play it cool. I didn't want to talk to it, too afraid it would hear the fear in my voice. I kept my eyes squinted, not wanting to really get to see much of this world more than I needed too.

Okay. The monster acted concerned. Fake of course, but I had to play along with it. I didn't run or hide. It wasn't coming after me and it couldn't steal my soul without a fight. So, until it tried to fight me, I'd be friendly, let it be caught off guard.

The monster even tried to lure me deeper into its 'friendly world' by showing me how to solve puzzles, and walking me across some spikes. Then it left me. It was good at its acting, I'd give it that.

But so far what everyone said was true. Even the little frogs around the area were in fact monsters, dragging me into fights. Ooh, I hated frogs! Even though the monster tried to get me to trust it by starting a battle with a dummy, I knew better. Just delay and wait for her to get there? What kind of talk was that?

She wasn't going to follow me all the way out of the mountain, that was doubtful. If she did, that'd be great, but she had a long way to prove something like that to me.

Did I mention I hate frogs? I hate them so much. At least I had something going for me, my soul was supposed to be super strong. Like the equivalent of like 400 monsters or something like that- aw I hate frogs! I take another swing with my stick, killing them one by one.

These other little bugs too, Whimsuns. I didn't like them either. They pretended to be all scared, but why would something scared approach me? Anyhow, they tended to just kind of leave if I spared them. Made no sense, like they had no brain. Why get into a fight they didn't want? I found a patch of leaves I rolled around in briefly, feeling more like I was back at the surface. I don't know where they came from, but they made me super happy! I felt a little better, but then I had to get out and continue.

Ooh, more frogs! And everything happening to me was making me tired. I continued onward, looking for a place to rest, when that goat looking monster approached me again.

I forgot her name. She gave me a cell phone some time ago, but I never actually looked at it. Oh yeah. Looking at it I could see her name was Toriel. She had bugged me briefly about my favorite flavors and allergies. Spooky.

She brought me into her house. I felt like Hanzel and Gretel entering the witches house made of candy. I trembled, feeling even more like that as she said she made pie. I found myself at a bed and lied down. I didn't want to lie down for too long, be caught too off guard, but my body was so drained. When I woke up, I found a slice of pie on the floor. No way, probably poisonous.

I explored a little. I wanted to get a better feeling about this goat. I went to sleep and I woke up fine. Maybe she had been okay? My heart skipped a beat.

Maybe she'd be okay. She never challenged me. Maybe her sweet act wasn't an act. She could be like a nice grandma, and saw me like a lost child. That made me feel better. I moved around the house and saw myself in the mirror. I didn't look my best, pretty dirty, but overall I was okay. I was still me.

I found her in a rocking chair. She really did look like a nice grandma come to think of it. She actually started reading about snails to me. Okay, strange subject, but she was reading to me like my parents used to.

With the warm fire, it all felt nice. I got up and looked around some more. Maybe I would actually try talking to her more. Maybe . . . maybe she was a good monster. I really hoped so. Moving around though, I realized there were different shoes that were different sizes, and kids clothes.

Okay. A little freaky, but maybe she just used to have kids? Sure, and their clothes and shoes were just out in the open still? No, no. I should wait. She never fought me, she was okay so far. But as she told me more about snails, I knew it was time to finally talk to her. I needed to trust her.

“That’s great and everything.” I still felt so nervous, but I had to trust. “I need to go though. Can you show me the way out?”

Toriel tried to distract me, but it didn’t work. Instead she went downstairs. I followed her, not getting a good feeling about what she’d been doing.

“No!” I cried, watching her. She was ready to destroy a door out. I tried to stop her, but then she did it. She broke my heart.

She pulled me into a fight.

“Why are you doing this?!” I cried out. “Please, I don’t wanna do this!” Not to her. She wasn’t a little weird monster or a frog. My sweater was getting soaked, and I didn’t know what was worse. The knocks my soul received, or my sleeve and eyes. Cause I was crying, hard! Why did it have to be that way?

I dodged as best I could and I tried to spare her a couple of times. I checked her stats all the time. I kept trying to talk to her, to reason with her. “Why make me pie if you were just going to kill me? Why let me rest up for a battle? Why couldn’t you just be a nice monster? Why can’t there be nice monsters?!”

It didn’t matter though. She didn’t listen to me at all. I dodged all over the place, panic building so much inside of me. This is why I was told to never trust monsters and I still fell into it. She was destroying me, and her eyes were so angry at me. She was going to kill me. I could feel it.

I kept dodging, and just dodging and just moving and then-

I was back in the leaves. *They’re true. They are all true.* I curled up and started to cry. It was basic soul learning, one on one. When sealed and surrounded, death would be averted once the place of the most determination was last found. For me, it was on the playful leaves.

Everything was true. The goat lady that pretended to be my friend, had killed me. If it weren’t for my human soul, I’d be dead right now.

Tricky. Manipulative. *I won’t fall for it again. I won’t do it. I never will.* I refused to have my soul eaten by a monster. I was going to get out. If the area really was surrounded and so sealed that my soul could perform a reset, then I knew exactly what I had to do.

I got up and out of the leaves.

No matter what. No matter what anyone said. No matter who spoke to me. How nice they were. How much they tried to help, I wouldn’t falter again. I would take out the monsters. It

was easy. My soul made it so easy, it didn't matter that I was only eight. Not only that, but it kind of felt addictive.

No more monster will get me. None of them. No one was going to try and kill me ever again. No one. I'd even clear out an area to make sure nothing could attack when I had to sleep. And I would have to. Mount Ebbot was large. It would take days to cross it.

But I would. I would. And I wouldn't let myself get tricked, or feel like it could be safe. Nothing. Ever again.

As I took out the monsters though, even the whimsuns, my playful leaves started to change to me. When I came near them, I still felt determination, but not really any happiness. And a number echoed inside my head. The longer I stayed in the area, making sure no more monster snuck up on me, the numbers went down until there was no more countdown. I found no more monsters.

It was just me in a lonely ruins. And that was alright. Except as I walked, I felt a little strange. More powerful. Like, I was going to make it through. I would.

When I came to Toriel's house, it was just like they said. In a sealed area, my soul did turn back time. She repeated the exact same thing. Did the exact same thing. And I was ready this time.

She was going to pay for killing me. Me, a little kid who never hurt her. Who only tried to talk to her. She was going to pay. And she did. Somehow, my hit landed so hard on her. I couldn't believe it. My strength.

I was so strong. She faded away into the usual dust. No different. No different than any of the other things I killed. No different. I made my way out the doors.

As I walked I heard another monster behind me. He tried to scare me, but I wasn't scared. Why should I be scared? If I died, I'd just come back. It should be scared of me.

It talked. It actually tried a different approach. Being funny. I wasn't in the mood for jokes, and he picked it up pretty quick. He didn't attack me, so I didn't attack him and I followed him.

When he told me to hide behind some lamp, I didn't. I wasn't scared of being seen. I took out a huge monster in pretty much one blow, what was I scared of? Then, the guy had the nerve to ask me if I would keep 'pretending to be human'. Screw that guy.

No. I may be eight but my parents weren't around. No one really was except monsters. So you know what? Fuck that guy. Pretending to be human? What an ass. As I continued, I started running into more of the little monsters again. Stupid birds and shit. I took care of them. I found another place that filled me with determination, and knowing this time what those numbers that popped up in my head stood for, I stayed around the area until it hit zero.

No one confronted me again. Good. Although I felt a little sad too for some strange reason. I kind of liked killing things. I felt a little unsatisfied. How twisted was that? I never liked killing things before. Nah, I had to ignore the feeling and continue.

Talking about stupid puzzles. Did I look like I was in the mood to play? And who was this other skeleton? Hm. I met him, right? I don't know. My memory kind of flicked around now. Funny though. It should have been funny. I felt like on another day, I would have really liked these two. But, I just felt a lot of anger inside of me for some reason. It was weird.

Why was I angry? Why did I feel angry all the time now?

As I continued, I ran into a dangerous dog. He attacked me real quick, and I killed his ass real quick too. Screw that guy too. Anyone who fights is going to die. I am making it through this mountain, and nothing is going to kill me.

Whatever. Then I found something different. There was a snowman monster. Crazy little thing. He wanted me to bring a piece of him with me to the end. But . . . but I got an incredible sensation from the piece I held. I sort of woke up out of a trance to a puddle on the floor, and I was stocked with a lot of snowman pieces? *Okay? Uhh . . .* Whatever. He was a monster. Probably attacked or something.

Then it was back to the funny but making-me-angry skeleton nitwits. They were trying to electrocute me for fun for a puzzle? No way. I walked straight through. I found more dogs, a disgusting couple. Screw them too. I took out the male dog first. Boy, was the female monster mad!

She was tougher and . . . I kind of liked it. I dealt with more dogs, more of the same skeletons, and then I found an empty shop. With . . . *that's from . . . that's not monster. A tough glove?* I looked at it. I knew that company, it was a brand company. What would it be doing down here?

Oh no. *I'm not the first human down here?* But then where were they?

As I thought about that, I walked into a fog.

SANS POV

I tried to kid around with it, but I could tell right away this was already going to be hard to do. Its eyes were filled with rage. Power. It didn't have eyes of a gentle kid at all. *It's really over. This is it.* The mountain wasn't the largest, and following the straight path with no sleep, it would have it crossed within 2-3 days. In 2-3 days the world would end.

Still, it was my turn. I had to be the Sans that would try, like all the others before me. I told it to go on through the bridge and to hide behind a lamp that fit about the size of a child. I

found it on purpose some time ago, thought it might make it laugh. Make it less scared. It didn't. It didn't even want to go behind it.

Feeling like I was already fighting a losing battle, I asked if it could pretend to be human to make my brother happy. Heh. I saw a spark of something in it. I made it mad. Good. Glad to see it still had feeling. That was a decent sign. And I was looking for any good sign.

If it would just straighten up, and be good, then I could find time to make friends with it. I could get it food, get it some laughs, and maybe it would see that it was better down there. I didn't know where it came from, but maybe I'd get lucky, and it wasn't from as decent a place. Maybe.

Heh. It was all maybe. Then, we were getting closer to the end of the puzzles. Papyrus was so frustrated it didn't want anything to do with them. Who didn't like puzzles? I tried to cheer him up as best I could. I just watched the human walk right up to me from the bridge.

"Hmmm . . . guess we didn't need your help to have a good time after all. Say, I've been thinking. Seems like you're gonna fight my brother pretty soon. Here's some friendly advice." I closed my eye sockets. "If you keep going the way you are now . . ." I gave it the coldest look that I could. "You're gonna have a bad time." Then, I left.

Coward maybe, a little. Who would want to watch their brother turn to dust? The human had been killing everything else. And, you know, maybe Papyrus could accomplish the impossible and make it stop. But, I wasn't counting on it.

And, I knew when I popped up in the lab next to Alphys, and by the tear streaks in her eyes, that he didn't accomplish the impossible.

Well. That's okay. Like I told myself before. We're all doomed. We're all just doomed.

FRISK POV

"Halt, human!" The taller Skeleton said to me. "Hey, quit moving when I'm talking to you!" No, I wanted to keep moving. I had to keep moving. "I, The Great Papyrus, have some things to say to you!" Then just say it. "First: You're a freaking weirdo!"

Well, that wasn't nice. I'm not a freaking weirdo.

He continued. "Not only do you not like puzzles, but the way you shamle about from place to place. The way your hands are always covered in dusty powder. It feels like your life is going down a dangerous path. However I, Papyrus, see great potential within you! Everyone can be a great person if they try! And me, I hardly have to try at all!!! Nyeh heh heh heh heh!"

What was his point? Why was he bothering me? He better let me pass or I'll kill him. The dust on my hands. I didn't care. Who cared about some dust on my hands? I moved closer.

“Hey, quit moving!” he complained again. “This is exactly what I’m talking about! Human, I think you are in need of guidance!”

Guidance?

“Someone needs to keep you on the straight and narrow! But worry not, I, Papyrus, will gladly be your friend and tutor!”

Friend? Friend. I looked down at my hands again. I had a toy knife I picked up from somewhere. Hm. Memory fades. The Underground, it was so spooky. I didn’t like it. I looked back toward him. *I want to, but I can’t. I tried with Toriel and she just killed me. I’ll just get hurt again and I promised I wouldn’t.* Not only that. Where did a brand name bandana come from? In an area that was capturing humans? No. Sans or him, they were the ones who captured the other human. And they probably sent it straight to someone who took away their ability to come back. That’s why they lost their thing.

No, it was a trick! I am not falling for it!

“I see you are approaching!” the skeleton continued. “Are you offering a hug of acceptance? Wowie!! My lessons are already working! I, Papyrus, welcome you with open arms!”

Yeah. Right. Bandana kid didn’t just disappear. Not as much as a soul is worth. You took that kid. You or your brother. Somebody took them and killed them. Lowlife. Dirty monsters. I spare you in return and we’re just friends? She tightened her grip on her weapon. *Never! You’ll never take my soul!*

One hit. His head came right off his body eerily. As his body turned to dust, his head kept talking. “W-well, that’s not what I expected. But. Sti . . . Still, I believe in you. You can do a little better. Even if you don’t think so. I . . . I promise.”

His head turned into dust. Why did he add that at the end? He was already dead, his body half gone. Why did he add that? Was he . . . innocent? No such thing. Monsters are cruel, they just want my soul. Even that. He pulled me into a fight to hug me? No, he wanted my soul! No, he was just being loyal in death, using the opportunity to make me cave later for some reason! There’s a reason they want me. It must be a big reason. That’s gotta be it.

And. There was a water area. More monsters. Heh, more monsters. It was starting to feel downright cozy, real good when I struck them down. I didn’t have any more qualms. Just. Hit. Fight. Walk. Fight. Walk. Fight. Walk. Fight. Walk. Fight.

And now there was a new monster after me. She was throwing her spears, and if they touched me it would pull me into a fight. Little cheater! What a cheat. I kept moving, avoiding them as best I could. No one was going to get me that way. No one.

There was a little monster beside me now. Oh, the monster killing me had a name Undyne apparently. I learned it from the little freak fanatic beside me. I didn’t fight him because he

didn't fight me. But when he did. And he would. I would kill him. I didn't care if he followed me. I didn't care. I didn't care. As long as I moved. Kept killing. And killed. And moved.

I lost track of time again. Then I saw ballet shoes. A little girl's ballet shoes. They look like they'd fit. Yeah, it looked like a human brand on the back again. Monsters. Monsters. Just kill 'em. Just kill.

Move. Kill. Cloudy Glasses. More human stuff.

Then that little . . . he finally did, the little monster did try to fight me. Yep.

As I tried to kill him, the other monster. Undyne? Yeah, Undyne, took his smack. She was dead. Giving some words about something or other. Meh. She's still alive? Well. Whatever.

Ooh, she's good. She's real good at fighting, and I love it! Oh wow, the rush of it! Move, move, move, block, block, block! I haven't had such a challenge before. I like it. I want more of it. I feel . . . I feel . . . like I used to when, when I could just play. When I could just be free above.

Free. I don't think that much about the surface. I don't seem to think about much at all, except moving and killing anything that fights me. But this surge of energy, I love it! I feel again. I *feel*.

"Damn it. So even that power . . . it wasn't enough?"

What the hell was she talking about? I was unstoppable. Fight me and I would eventually kill you, she should have known that.

"If. If you think I'm gonna give up hope, you're wrong. 'Cause I've . . . got my friends behind me." I'd kill them too if they fought me. "Alphys told me that she would watch me fight you . . . and if anything went wrong, she would evacuate everyone. By now she's called Asgore and told him to absorb the six human souls."

See? This Asgore. Yeah. Uh? Did she say something before? I don't know. I wasn't really into it until she started giving me a challenge. Anyhow, six human souls. I knew it. I knew they killed us somehow. How?

He must be able to do it. This Asgore. He must be the king of legend. He must be the dreaded boss monster, and somehow he was going to take my soul. No. He wouldn't. I was strong. I'd get stronger.

" . . . this world will live on!"

I don't know what she said while I was thinking. Kind of crude I suppose, her final words, but who cared? She finally disappeared for real. Although, I'd miss her. She was a damn good fight. For a little while, I felt like I was better again. This Underground, it seemed to change me. It was making me feel sicker or something.

I don't know. Just keep. Some talking robot. Move. Kill. Kill. I gotta. I wipe my hands along a lab wall. I'm in a lab somewhere. Just keep moving. Kill. No things to kill. No more things

to kill. Oh, a spider. No, she's dead in one hit. They all die too fast. Just . . . just . . .

Cowboy hat. Where am I? Some store. Cowboy hat. Human. Surface.

Walk. Walk. Ooh, a kill. Robot. Human extermination. Yes, a challenge. Give me a challenge! Give me- Ooh, one hit. Walk. Walk.

Some presents. Walk. Flower. Flower. Talking. Flower. Chara? Why are you telling me all this? Annoying flower. Flower! Creepy face? I don't have a creepy face. Fuck this flower.

"You've got a sick sense of humor!" It yelled at me. Didn't have humor. Just. Walk.

Back to the beginning? Judgment Hall. Judgment Hall. I died? I looked ahead in front of me and I felt myself smiling on the inside. I'm alive again. I *feel* again. A battle. A real battle again finally killed me.

One more good kill with a good challenge. Yeah. This guy? He was . . . a skeleton from the beginning. That town. Snowdin. Yeah. Snowdin. Snow Underground . . .

This guy. I hadn't seen him since Snowdin. What was he doing here? Name, name. What was his name. Sam? No. San?

Sans. That's right. Sans. He was hiding in shadows, but he spoke to me. His voice was level. "Ready?"

Really? This guy? He's not going to stop me.

SANS POV

I didn't interact with it again. It constantly just went on its way. It was, there was, what was the point? Unstoppable. Undyne even attacked. Alphys held out and watched the fight, but I didn't need to know what was going on. She couldn't beat it.

Naw. Actually, she probably did. She probably did several times but we just don't remember it. That's how human determination worked. Strong determination. But, there it all went.

But. I just waited. In Judgment Hall. Did I even need to take two seconds to look at its LOVE? It was a terrible creature. It never let anything pass, not one thing. There wasn't a shred of hope that maybe it would turn good. This thing. It was all coming to pass.

So when it shambled in, I knew it was my turn. My turn to probably fall, but I'd give it hell. I'd do everything I could. I was the last chance. Which was pretty bad, if someone like me was the last chance. I fought it, and I talked to it, hoping it would make a difference. I know, hopeless. Pointless thing to do, but everything was pointless now.

When everything was pointless, but everything was on the line, then you just had to go with the pointlessness.

Then, something was starting to . . . crack. Its expression changed. Questioning. It looked like it was questioning. Still though, it fought, and it was going to fight. I wasn't granting a way out past me, without killing me. Because in the end, I'd go anyhow. Just like everyone else.

And as I started to nod off, I tried to fight it. I put all my energy into keeping this thing down. But, I couldn't . . . not forever. And then . . .

FRISK POV

"It's a beautiful day outside," Sans said as he wiggled slightly. "Birds are singing, flowers are blooming . . . On days like these, kids like you . . ."

The light went out in his eyes. "Should be burning in hell."

I saw that look before. Yeah, right after I ignored yet another attempt of their distraction puzzles. Their. Oh yeah. Brother, he had a brother I killed.

It was a little chilling. Strange considering the source didn't seem scary. He hadn't changed either, no fancy new form trying to take me down for the 'good of all monsters'.

I saw something on my left, on my right-

Bam. I found myself right at the beginning of Judgment Hall again. He got the drop on me again? I dusted myself off. I really needed to, that monster dust was all over me. Okay. Don't get distracted. Better concentrate. I walked back toward him.

I kept my eyes more alert as my soul moved around to miss the strange quick blasts that came at me.

"Huh. Always wondered why people never used their strongest attacks first," he said.

Well, if those were his strongest attacks then-

I was back to the beginning of Judgment Hall again. Okay, better than he looks. I like this. It might take a long time to learn his moves and beat him, but I would. Not a big thing, when my soul went to zero and reset again, it never inflicted any pain. Even when it was a big hit, there might be a little reverberation like a drum, but it was fine. Nothing I couldn't take. This skeleton too? I was getting out and some silly skeleton wasn't standing in my way. I walked back toward him again.

It took several tries, but as I started to fight better, he talked. Some opponents talked, but he *really* talked. And he wouldn't stay still for me to hit him at all, I couldn't take the single hit

point he should have. And although I was trying to leap and miss and dodge for my life, I heard him. I heard over and over and over . . .

Until I had everything he said memorized.

Our reports showed a massive anomaly in the time space continuum. Timelines jumping left and right, stopping and starting. . . Until suddenly, everything ends. Heh heh heh. . . That's your fault, isn't it? You can't understand how this feels. Knowing that one day without warning it's all going to be reset. Look. I gave up trying to go back a long time ago. And getting to the surface doesn't really appeal to me anymore either. Cause even if we do . . . we'll just end up right back here, without any memory of it, right? To be blunt it makes it kind of hard to give it my all. Or is that just a poor excuse for being lazy? Hell if I know. All I know is, seeing what comes next. I can't afford not to care anymore. Ugh . . . that being said . . . you, uh, really like swinging that thing around, huh? Listen, I know you didn't answer me before, but . . . somewhere in there, I can feel it. There's a glimmer of a good person inside of you. The memory of someone who once wanted to do the right thing. Someone who, in another time, might have even been . . . a friend? C'mon, buddy? Do you remember me? Please, if you're listening . . . let's forget all this, ok? Just lay down your weapon and well, my job will be a lot easier.

How did what he say at first change, but nothing else did? He could really tell just by looking at me somehow what happened, and yet, he repeated everything else like any other monster when I reset. But he was talking about resets too. He knew about them, somehow. Like Flowey the flower. Different though.

And . . . he really put his all into it, just to spare me. Like his brother tried. *I'm strong now, I'm real strong. I'm nowhere near as weak as when I fought Papyrus.* Why not try? I mean, what harm would it do not to kill one little monster? If he stayed out of my way, fine. Sparing would be quicker anyhow and then I could get to the king and out.

And I ended right back at the start of the hall again. What a fool! That wouldn't work again. I was just going to have to kill him. I gave him a chance, and he killed me instead. This time when he went through it all and gave me the chance, I'd strike him instead. Of course, I missed again.

"Welp, it was worth a shot. Guess you like doing things the hard way, huh?" He said.
"Sounds strange, but before all this I was secretly hoping we could be friends."

Yeah, right. All monsters were manipulative. None of them made friends, and when they did, it was just a trap.

"I always thought that anomaly was doing this cause they were unhappy and when they got what they wanted, they would stop all this and maybe all they needed was . . . I dunno. Some good food, some bad laughs, some nice friends. But that's ridiculous, right? Yeah, you're the type of person who won't ever be happy."

Not down here. Not with monsters always coming after me. Over and over, I heard his words. Over and over, so much that I had no choice not just to memorize them now, but to *think* about them. *Think* about what he was saying.

And out of all his misery, it was toward the beginning that held my interest the most.

Our reports showed a massive anomaly in the timespace continuum. Timelines jumping left and right, stopping and starting. . .Until suddenly, everything ends.

“ . . .You'll keep consuming timelines over and over, until . . . well, hey, take it from me, Kid. Someday, you gotta learn when to QUIT. And that day's TODAY.”

‘Anomaly’. I learned that word last month in school. School. I used to go to school. I was . . . eight. I was an eight year old kid. Anomaly. It was a vocab word for soul class. What was it? Different. Abnormal. But, he spoke about it ending? Ending? Ending?! *Ooooh!*

The other kids! The missing kids I wondered about. They were doing the same thing I was, they must have. They must have tried over and over again. But, when they stopped, what were the repercussions of what they had done? How much did they change things, and how long did those changes continue when the next one came?

I wasn't going to ask the monster that though. It didn't even want to talk anyhow, there was no option for it. Maybe it's more than getting past the king. Otherwise, they would have all done it. Did they really do that? Were they . . . using true reset of the soul? They shouldn't, that was illegal! The consequences of it were enormous!

But they must have all started that way. They would have all done what I had done. Taken out the monsters, and gone after the King to escape. So, why true reset if it was really able to end their lives like I assumed the boss monster could? *The king isn't the answer.*

And . . . and . . . and I always have trouble thinking. Almost automatic, except when I got in really tough battles. Like I'd just be walking and killing and I didn't even care about anything anymore. I didn't care.

“Cause . . . ya see . . . all this fighting is really tiring me out. And if you keep pushing me then I'll be forced to use my special attack. So, if you don't want to see it, now would be a good time to die.”

I hardly heard him as I was thinking deeper about it. *The king isn't the killer then.* Then what did get them? All my concentration meant I lost track and lost the battle. I found myself next to the beginning of the hall again, rethinking about the monster's words as he stayed in the dark distance.

I always thought that anomaly was doing this cause they were unhappy and when they got what they wanted, they would stop all this and maybe all they needed was . . . I dunno. Some good food, some bad laughs, some nice friends.

He said that after he already tried to use the spare to kill me. There would be no reason to trick me again, it would be pointless. Especially so far. So. Good food. Bad laughs. Nice friends?

I felt more and more distanced from who I'd been. It used to feel a little wrong at least taking a life, but now it was like scooping batter from a cake bowl with my finger and licking it

clean. It made me feel better, like a caffeine jolt.

So. What if something bad happened if I pushed too far? *I want out, but I haven't been myself like this in some time.* How long had it been? I remember this guy too. More. He used to seem a little funny with his brother too, and he was just miserable. Powerful magic, but miserable. *I could bring it back to him.* He said he didn't care about it because everything would just change again, but if I didn't just get past the barrier. . .

I can think. I can think! The more I fought and the more my will was challenged, I could think! I could breathe! What was going on? Why did I only seem to be in control when I fought hard? And when would I lose myself again?

And how long until I *permanently* lose myself?

Our reports showed a massive anomaly in the timespace continuum. Timelines jumping left and right, stopping and starting. . .Until suddenly, everything ends.

Timelines jumping left and right, stopping and starting. . .Until suddenly, everything ends.

stopping and starting. . .Until suddenly, everything ends.

stopping and starting. . .Until suddenly, everything ends.

Everything ends! Everything ends! The world gets erased? The world gets erased? That's not them, that's *not* the other kids. That's me. That's me!

No. Nooooooooooooo!

The Underground is changing me, and I have to find a way to permanently **break** the barrier so it will all end before I do! At some point, I had to try another option, this wasn't good! I just didn't- the soul?!

How did I forget?! There was something else attached to me. How long ago did I forget that? No. No, it couldn't take me over. It couldn't do anything as long as I was okay. But this Underground was changing me. I could feel my soul compromised, which meant *it* would be compromised. With me like this, changing, what was I doing to it?

No, I wasn't okay. No, I . . .

I knew what it would cost, if I escaped. If I performed a true reset. Life wouldn't get a happy ever after. Ever! But. *Please. I don't want to do this anymore. I don't want to lose myself! Please!*

I had to find another way. If I was going to risk everything to try it too, I wasn't just walking through the barrier.

I was breaking it!

I gotta end it. I gotta end it all!

.

The frogs and the whimsuns. They were quite easy. I felt bad I never saw how easy they were to just leave alone. Wait. I felt *bad* about something again. I could think again. I could feel. Oh, I'd been so scared before, I guess I just missed that the little monsters were just as scared as me. They were fighting because they were scared that if they didn't attack, I would just kill them. Even the frogs. I murdered them out of fear.

They didn't know I couldn't pull up a fight like them. We were both confused. The monsters and me.

When I reached the goat again, I watched her too. Although her house was strange, she really did seem to take care of me. This time, I listened to her every word without thinking about my old lessons from the surface. I even ate the butterscotch pie. Delicious. I sat and learned about snails next to a warm fire by the elderly goat woman. Toriel.

Then, it came time to go though. I watched her moves as we fought, but realized something. As time went by, as her hit points moved lower and she kept going? Her hits were missing me. *I'm to blame? I was dashing around too much in the end. She's not trying to kill me. She's just trying to scare me into staying. It is manipulation, but not the way I thought it had been.*

I wanted to. I was eight years old, and not very long ago I performed an act that would change my future. I was going to be moving through the Underground for the rest of it, or I would go through hell when the surface retrieved me. Either way?

Toriel was nice. Her home was cozy. All I wanted to do was crawl up in her lap and just be held safely by her forever. Make a new life, give myself someone new to care for me. But.

Guilt. How could I do that when I had killed her before? No. In the end, I continued to spare, Toriel continued to miss me, and then it was over. I tried to hold back my tears as Toriel hugged me before she left.

I never had to kill her. I was too impatient, and just too stupid to realize it. I never gave her the right chance, believing everything that humans said instead. I wiped my eyes and headed through the door.

What was next? Oh yeah, the puzzle thing. It was a boring part, I just kept getting yelled at about not following puzzles and killing some dogs and birds mostly.

But first, a stick getting broken. I had to meet Sans.

SANS POV

Huh, it laughed? This was supposed to be the thing that ended the timelines? How? It looked like just some regular little human kid. Boy or girl. It seemed fine though. Well, considering where it had fallen to.

I guided it. I stood beside it. When it was turn for my puzzle up ahead, I laid it down and laughed.

“What is it, Sans?” Papyrus asked me.

“I was so lazy that I thought I drew a snowman on my puzzle too,” I chuckled. “Wow. I’m so lazy I just *dream* of getting stuff done instead.”

“Oh, Sans.”

“Hey, does that count as work if I just dream of it?” I joked with him, feeling a little better.

“No, it does not count as work! Now keep watch for the human child. It should be coming soon.”

Yeah, it would, but so far? Nothing. Not a scratch, it never even tried to hurt anyone. Then when it came around, it went right up to my little word search and started to work on it.

Just a cute kid. Nothing else. Didn’t make much sense. Then again, I did break the machine. I don’t know, but, I kept up with my plan. I’d befriend the little tike. Watch it and help when it needed real help. Well, if I could. It’s not like I could watch it all the time.

It’d get suspicious and weirded out. Heck, I would if someone started following me everywhere. Nah, I’ll interact with it when I could. When it looked like I should. Like my posts. I’d stay on top of it today.

Well, I’d try. I had to at least try. I mean, the ending came from this little kid? That didn’t even strike back? How? Hm.

I kept meeting with it a few times. Then, I decided to take another real break with it at Mettaton’s. I was at break time for the comedy routine anyhow. Looked fine. I decided to be truthful with it. A little at least, so it understood a couple of things. I wasn’t there to hurt it, just in case I was getting creepy. And? It really shouldn’t test me.

Think I might have scared it a little. My eye sockets must have gone dark. I laughed off the ending, and hoped it understood. I wasn’t going to tell it about anything else. I did bring up that maybe it should just stay Underground, but I could tell from its look, I was wasting my time. So, I left again and waited to meet it in the last place.

Judgment Hall. Nothing different, no dust on its little hands at all. It was fine. I told it about LOVE and EXP, and it seemed a little . . . disturbed for some reason. Yeah. Disturbed. Well, maybe the concept was new. Nah, that wasn’t it. Something bugged it.

But you know what? Didn’t matter. ‘Cause it was happening. The king was next. After that, I had no idea what would happen. It looked like we were one of the timelines where nothing happened.

And that happened too. But no matter what, it all still ended or repeated. But how? How . . .

Well. At least I would have everything there at the end. And who knows? Maybe I'd get to see sunlight for a little while until it all ended. Wouldn't matter too much. Ever since I learned we were all doomed to die, things like reaching the surface wasn't much of a big deal.

But, the others though. It'd make them happy. Right before we all died.

A lot of what happened is kind of a blur. Papyrus called me to come to see the kid again. Everyone was there, including some I didn't know. Kid made a lot of friends it seemed in the short time it came down. Then . . . well, it looked like the kid kind of fell asleep? It got back up, and then I finally discovered the friend who was always behind the locked door.

The former queen. Crazy. Oh well. She was a good friend. It was great to know that little mystery before the end.

Because it was coming. Shortly after this. We all went out and saw the surface together. Papyrus asked about the sun. Tori asked the kid about something. Somehow, we knew its name now.

Frisk. Strange.

When did it say its name? Huh. Anyhow, nice scenery before the end.

Just waiting.

Waiting.

FRISK POV

A lot of stuff happened so quick. Fighting, fighting and more fighting but no killing. Just sparing, sparing, and sparing. Then, before I could understand it, Asriel came back to his old self. He broke the barrier.

Finally out. I felt . . . awkward. Toriel came toward me. She was ready to take me home with her. But. Guilt. Besides, I knew my future now.

It wasn't with Toriel.

It wouldn't be with my parents.

Not with what I did.

It could not be avoided.

And I refused to get any of the monsters involved.

Except one. I snuck back to the beginning of the mountain, while everyone else was coming out. I found Asriel. He was still himself, which would make the getaway a little easier. I grabbed his hand.

He looked back at me. “Don’t worry about me. Someone has to take care of these flowers.” He didn’t get it. “Frisk, leave me alone. I can’t go back, I just can’t. OK? I don’t want to break their hearts all over-“

“We belong together,” I said, cutting him off. “I can’t run away from what happened. It won’t take long before my people find me and imprison me for the crime I committed.”

Asriel didn’t understand. “Freeing the monsters is a crime?”

“No. A true reset. They will know.” I rubbed my hands nervously. “A fate awaits me that is worse than death. You can stay in a mountain without a friend, and I can remain in a prison without a friend, or we can both admit that we know each other was once filled with the need to kill. That we’d never be forgiven of our crimes if others knew and . . .”

“ . . . you can’t let past times go either, can you?” Asriel asked her. “Even though everything’s fine, and the barrier is open, guilt eats at you too.”

“You can restart the world but guilt will follow you until your death.” I held his hand tightly, feeling his furry grip. “I can take care of you. I can get several pots. Several different kinds of soil. I’ll give you whatever I can, if *you* can stand to be with me.”

Asriel grasped to her hand too. “I guess, we all need someone, and . . . and if your fate is just as bad. Then? Okay, Frisk. Even as an evil flower, even though I can’t feel, I . . . remember. And this time, I will *try* to remember the difference between right and wrong. Especially since there isn’t any more resetting. Let’s go, hand in hand, to whatever the future may be.”

“Yes,” Frisk agreed. “As the murdering friends we know each other to be.”

Asriel nodded. “As the murdering friends we know each other to be.”

SANS POV

The end . . . it never came. Humans came, and the strength and fear of their souls made us retreat back to the mountain after awhile. King Asgore tried to talk to them peacefully, but they weren’t having it. So? We were free, but we weren’t.

But the ending of the timeline . . . *it never came.*

It didn't make sense. How did we avoid it? Day after day, we went on. I really thought about trying to figure out how to repair the timeline machine now 'cause somehow . . . we won.

We *lived*.

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