

“Cliff’s Edge!”

Writer: Anancites

"Remember when we first met?"

I glance down over the edge of the cliff to what seems like the endless abyss. The ground is far; so far that I can't even see where the bottom of the pit is. I look back at the person with a hand wrapped around my collar holding me above my death. The question stings and strikes a chord in my heart, but I can't help but give them a smirk. It's a trembling smirk and we both know it, but I refuse to admit it and they're too chivalrous to point it out. How did it turn out like this?

I look back at them, locking our eyes together. I'm searching for something, anything that reminds me that they're mine, "Hey- Hey let's not go this far- This isn't going to help. Come on, lov-"

"Don't call me that!" They snap at me, making me turn away in a barely concealed flinch.

Their arm is shaking. Despite how strong they seem- No, how strong I know they are, they're shaking. I'm unsure whether it's because they're hesitant to drop me over the edge, or whether they can't wait to get it over with. Just one more answer and I'd either be dropped to a horrifying crunch at the bottom of the pit, or they'd pull me back in and take us back home.

"Just- Just don't-" They swallow, I can see it going down their throat. "Don't call me that."

"I'm sorry, I won't call you that." Their eyes are tearing up. I can see all of the emotions pouring out of them and dripping down their face. It leaks out of their eyes, forces its way out of their mouth, and runs down into the ground; forever staining it with their despair. "The- The first time we met, right? Yeah. Yeah, I remember. We were at that fair, right? The autumn one."

I curse myself as my words stumble and break. I can't seem to find the right words. Who can? This is it, this is the moment that determines whether I live or die. Through everything that had happened in my life, I had never expected it to end like this. The words can't make their way out of my mouth. I don't know what to say, what to do, I just want to be in their arms again.

Thankfully, they stop shaking at my words, as bad as they are. "Yeah, the Autumn Awakening... You were the performer, and I accidentally spilled my cider on your costume..." They're reminiscing, a warm haze floating over their turbulent mind.

"Yeah! I was so mad... But it was all okay, because the cider made it better!" Their gaze darkens and their eyes glance down, a shadow falling over their face. Shit. Shit shit shit, I try to fix it, "Because- Well-"

"They thought it looked better with the cider too, didn't they? And you went along with it, because you weren't looking at me. You were never looking at me." Gone are the low, sweet tones that sang me to sleep. Their voice is bitter, angry, and... defeated.

It's scary.

More scary than the screaming matches, more scary than the passive aggressive slamming, more scary than the drowning. The quiet apathy wasn't what I wanted. It was never what I had intended. I never wanted to hurt them. I never wanted it to end. "I didn't want-!"

"Didn't want what!? Didn't want me to watch as you drifted away!? Didn't want me to watch as you slipped through my fingers as I tried to grab on harder and harder!? Didn't want me to see you with them!?"

"I never meant to hurt you! I didn't mean-!!"

"Yes you did!" They finally met my eyes.. Properly this time. As what they said hits them, the fire in their eyes disappears and is replaced by that awful emptiness. "Yes. Yes you did."

"Please- Please just let me down- We can talk this out, please." We're both crying, and I'm pleading, but it's too late to struggle. I can see the acceptance in their eyes.

They're looking down again, avoiding my eyes. I wish they'd look at me. I wish they'd just stop and think, but... They had been thinking for months. We had been fighting back and forth for months, and... This was it. They look back up at me, putting a shaky smile on their face. I smile back. What else can I do? They won't change their mind, I had been pushing them closer and closer to this every passing day. Their grip loosens and I feel the cold, drowning end grow closer and closer, and as I feel myself dropping down, their parting words pierce my heart and ravage all that remains.

"Go meet them down there."