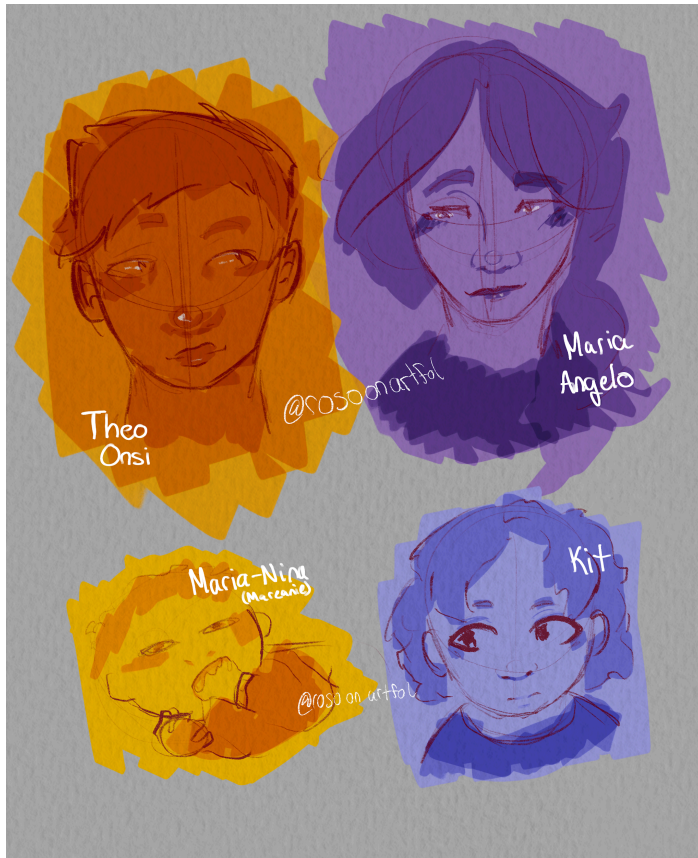


@Roso on artfol

Warning: Death (of a very young baby, not very detailed, from the perspective of a young child who doesn't understand what's happening.)

Unfinished, kind of abrupt end but maybe I'll eventually finish. I've bolded every other paragraph to make reading it easier.



Btw !!! Kit is trans and at the time of this happening would have been perceived as a girl. It's not really relevant to the story, but I just thought I'd mention it. I still used he/him pronouns for him because it's less confusing for my brain. Thank you !! Enjoy!!

A few weeks after Mareanie was born, she died. A 3 year old Kit Wright sat in silence in a hospital room, staring at the newborn as an annoying beep from somewhere in the room slowed until it was one long continuous sound. The siblings' mother gasped, and the father rushed out of the room, yelling something down the hall. What did that noise mean? People dressed in white rushed into the room, and Kit and his gasping, sobbing mother were escorted (more like dragged) out of the room. He was silent.

**They sat in that nauseating gray hallway for what felt like hours. The only sounds Kit could hear were his parents feared consolations and the muffled voices of the doctors in the room they had left. A doctor came into the hallway, and Kit's parents looked at him for a moment in silence. He didn't say anything—he didn't get the chance. His second of hesitation was all the confirmation the couple needed. They cried. He was silent.**

They were allowed into the room and their faces became stoic. Kit sat on a small stool in the room, and his parents stood around the baby, whispering too quiet for Kit to hear. His mother turned to him, then his father. She held a small yellow marble of some sort, about the size of a raspberry, and looked at Kit, bending down to his level. She took in a breath, about to say something, but she stopped herself. She waited another second, before gently taking his hand and placing the marble in it, closing his hand around it. She hasn't made eye contact yet.

**She stood up, releasing his hand, and he tightened his grip on it. He didn't know what it was, but he felt like he needed to protect it. His mother walked back over to the baby, watching as her husband gently sat an identical yellow marble in the baby's cold hand. He closed her hand around it, and the couple waited a moment.**

Kit's father slowly let go of her hand, and it stayed closed around the marble. She was holding it herself. They continued to wait with hope welling in their eyes. The sound of the door opening pulled them out of the moment abruptly, though, and Kit's mother quickly grabbed the marble, put it in her pocket, and to the doctor. Kit's grip on the marble he held loosened a little, as if it lost its importance to him.

**Fear came back to the couple's eyes as they stood in silence, as if they were waiting for something.**

And there it was—the crying of a baby, like she was just born. The three adults' eyes widened. As the doctor rushed to the baby, calling others, the couple looked at each other in relief and suppressed excitement. Kit sat in the background as his childhood ended. He was silent.

**[Growing up, Kit dealt a lot with a lack of energy. The only time he felt more energized was at night, or nap time up to 6 years old, when everyone else including Mareanie was asleep.**

**Or when Mareanie's soul fell out of her body.]\*\***

When a person is brought back to life, their soul takes a certain amount of time to be properly bound back to the body. When the doctor interrupted the siblings' parents in that room the day of her death, their mother stopped the process too early by grabbing the marble. This left Mareanie's left eye blind, and in its place a loose end. Mareanie's consciousness could leave her body at will, like making a clone of herself, only a foggy light blue version that could only exist if her physical body was asleep.

\*\*explain better later; basically they share energy, so when Mareanie is using it, Kit has less of it.