

Focus Or Die Trying

Nicole lay in bed balled up tight under the covers as her husband Wallace showered in the next room. It had been a long few weeks for her system and today the chatter in her mind refused to halt.

Relax.

That's what her husband told her right before hopping into the shower. But it was hard for Nicole to relax. With each alter that ran around playing host- there came a whole new batch of stress and drama that shook the system in one way or another. It grew louder and more chaotic in Nicole's mind as conflict arose between alters, leaving her feeling small and out of control.

She must *really* be messed up...if her alters (who are supposed to HELP) are *a/so* huge fuck ups. It was devastating. Humorous, even. The handicapped leading the handicap.

She let out a huff in disbelief as she smashed her face in the pillow, attempting to drown out the voices itching at her skull.

Pro recently went out and got a whole new haircut for Nicole's birthday without asking. Not a big deal to most. Wallace loves it, Ducky loves it, Pro of course loves it..but the simple cut made some in the system squirm and throw a fit, making Nicole's reaction to the kind gesture blow up in a meltdown as she loved having long hair as well.

But that is a minuscule example to what the system is currently realizing and going through.

While Pro was out trying to fix the wrongs done to Ducky, she ended up neglecting some of the system and in turn, it allowed Ducky's deep heartbreak to manifest two new alters.

TWINS

Two girls, about 6 years old emerged.
Their energy felt dense and mischievous but different from Luna's, leaving those who noticed the shift in energy confused, while Ducky kept the pair a secret.

The girls were scary looking and she thought maybe they had followed her out of the asylum (exactly where Pro told her NOT to go). But she felt bad for the seemingly lost twins and thought maybe they just wanted to play.
Afterall, Ducky felt a lot of weight off her shoulders after their arrival. Why risk getting in trouble with Pro? It's not like the rebel protector keeps tabs on *everyone* in there. She'd probably assume it's some quiet alters finally speaking up.

Nicole groaned and clamped her hands over her ears as the voices in her head took over.



[Chatter in Nicole's head]

Ducky: 🎵 Bear LOVES meee, and I LOVE HIIIIIMMM! We gonna get marr— 🎵

Twin 1: SHUT UP!

Twin 2: *YEAH YOU'RE BEING ANNOYING*

Ducky: *Am not!*

Pro: *Gym at 5am tomorrow so I need in at like... 4am.*

Twin 1: *ARE TOO*

Twin2: *ARE TOO*

Ducky: *AM NOT!*

Pro: *Nic, you hear me? Just give me the whole morning. You won't be up that early anyways.*

Luna: *HAAHA...1...2... BABIES COMMING FOR YOU...AHHA..*

Nicole: *...Yeah, I guess.*

Pro: *Luna, PUT THEM BACK IN THEIR FUCKING CELL! We don't have time for this!!!*

?: *Something's off...*

Pro: *Well something is always off isn't it?! I don't see YOU helping with anything!*

Nic, you hear me??? I get tomorrow morning.

Nicole: *...Yeah I heard you. Hard to focus.*

Ducky: *Nuh uh Pro it's MY turn! I'm gunna make a special breakfast for Dancing Bear tomorrow cause that's WHAT YOU DO when you LOVE someone and they love YOU!*

Pro: *No the fuck you ain't, Duck! I have a match to get ready for and you're not fucking that up! Make your little surprise on Wednesday or something.*

Ducky: *That's not FAIR!*

???: Yo, Pro and I wrote a heavy song about a goat falling in love with a chicken like 5 years ago.
Haha hey Proski, you remember that?!

Pro: Not a good time, Bon

Twin 1: POISON THE PANCAKES!

Twin2: HE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN LIKE THEM.

?: Go back to the fucking asylum where you belong, girls- we don't need to listen to your disgusting babbles. Who let them out?

Pro: LUNA! Come put these twins away! Where the fuck did they come from?!

Ducky: I found them!

Pro: What do you mean, you found them?

Luna: HAAHA... MINE... MY BABIES.

?: Well they belong **WITH** you in the asylum. Go lock them up.

Ducky: They ain't mine! I juss found em!

Bon: Dunna dun dun dunna dun dun ticka ch ch ch BRAAAHAHH! Pro check this new shiz!
Think we can work it in our new song?

Luna: TISK TISK SLIT MY WRISTS. THE PUPPIES PLAY IN HUMAN PISS

?: I told you something's off. I've felt them creeping around for a few weeks now. Guess you've just been too "tied up" with Nicole's world to notice.

Bon: Yoooo- keep talking! This is inspiring

Pro: *Oh because saying "something's off" makes you a hero?! What the hell is that supposed to mean you useless FUCK?! You know DAMN well I do my best to keep track of you assholes and keep the system safe! If you have a problem with it then DO MORE!*

Nicole: *...It doesn't feel like my world anymore...you guys are taking over...*

Bon: *Bum...bum...Ooo that's a good line Nic! Proski, we could have a slow deep build up and go into some wicked shi—*

??: *GO AWAY, she said it's not a good time Bon.*

Ducky: *Its okay Nicoley, do you need a hug?*

Nicole: *I can't think, there's too much going on!*

??: *Everyone shut up!*

Twin 1: *YOU SHUT UP*

Twin2: *YOU SHUT UP*

Pro: *Shut the fuck up*

Ducky: *Hey do you guys think Dancing Bear would wanna get married at the Farmstead or in a cave?*

Nicole:

I can't breathe—

I can't breathe!

I CAN'T FUCKING BREATHE!!!



[Nicole's head buzzing]

Twin 1: *JUST BREATHE, IDIOT!*

Twin2: *YEAH! WHAT ARE YOU? STUPID? HEHE!*

Ducky: *Hey stop being mean to Nicoley!*

?: *Probably a panic attack.*

?: *Yeah, it's best to calm down, Nicole.*

Ducky: I'LL SING TO HER TO MAKE HER FEEL BETTER!! 🎵 You are so pretty and it's so sunnyyyyyyy I LOOOOVVVEEE YOOOOUU THIIIS BIIIG—oops! I mean MUUUUUUCH! And you will beeee oooookkkaaaaay—🎵 Ooo do you guys think I should write Dancing Bear a happy song too? I bet he's thinking of me riiight now. Does that make you happy Nicoley?! Dancing Bear said he loves me in front of the whole wide world and-

Bon: *Dude you're getting kind of annoying.*

?: *Leave the kid alone, she means well.*

Twin 1: *WE DON'T THINK YOU SHOULDN'T SING.*

Twin2: *THE BEAR WILL HATE YOUR VOICE.*

?: *Hey guys what's all the commotion about?*

Bon: *Dude you missed all the weird shit. Hey Joel, you remember that song me and Pro wrote about the goat and chicken?*

Joel: [low growls] 🎵 **No waaaaaasss—**🎵

Joel & Bon [in unison]:

🎵 **A CHICKEN FUCKER**

A CHICKEN FUCKER 🎵

Nicole:

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

STOP!!!

STOOOOPPP!!!



*And just like that,
I was thrown into the driver's seat.*



Pro

Not that I'm complaining.

My bandmates continued to sing "Chicken Fucker" in my head as I looked around the room. It's still daytime and I'm—well, that sack of lard Nicole was just laying in bed all fucking day accomplishing NOTHING. I've never met such a weak ass person in my life until Nicole came around. Seriously.

I rolled my eyes at the plain t-shirt and sweatpants I wore and cursed under my breath. It's like Nicole literally gives 0 fucks as to what she looks like. You've got a dude willing to fuck your crazy ass and you won't at least TRY to look sexy? Shit. I could hear Nicole's husband turning off the water in the next room.

My mind wandered as my pussy throbbed. It's been awhile. I could easily slide off these hideous sweats and welcome Wallace's glistening dick with legs wide open.

He gets laid, I get laid.

Tempting.

Almost happened.

Instead, I chose to blame him for Nicole not doing shit to help ME out during the day. Which he clearly has control of. Right? So we fight. I turned down his truce offer of going out to lunch. I shower, get dressed then take his car as he's screaming after me.

Fun times.

I wasn't really sure what to do at that point besides eat. I'll admit. I was pretty hangry earlier. Nicole doesn't fucking eat so we are usually starving when we come out after her. What can I say? I start fights when I'm hungry. I know, I know. "But Wallace offered you lunch." WELL FUCK HIM AND HIS LUNCH!

I went to subway and got my meatball sub with cheese and Mayo then sat in the parkinglot and slayed that beastly beaut.

Once I was feeling pregnant and wishing death upon myself, I started thinking about my upcoming match.

Shane Presley from Rock Paper Podcast text me this week saying he couldn't make our scheduled podcast due to a wedding he had to go to or some shit, so I was on my own.

Fuck it.

I set my phone on the dash and wiped my face before hitting record.

I probably stared blankly at it for a good 3 minutes before opening my mouth.

[•REC]

Yo, Pro here. Before I get into it, I want to give a special shout out to someone who's consistently shown up for me no matter the cost. Someone who has shown me true loyalty without question. She hasn't poked, prodded or even tried coaxing out other alters for her gain or curiosities. She's been a true partner and friend of mine in this industry...someone I can actually count on:

The One.

You truly are The One to get it done, huh? You said you would help me fulfill my revenge on that stupid fucking Bear and that's exactly what you did. We faced obstacles and delays but we accomplished what was set out for. My little is happy again and doesn't



