

ABSENT



It had been three days since Pro returned home from her Underground match at Apocalypse. In the alter's eyes, Brittany Lohan not only betrayed Pro's trust and friendship but now cost her the match against Jordan. It was a fool proof plan to make a winning entrance back into SCW and all of a sudden Lohan and Kim were putting up barricades to everything she's worked towards. They embarrassed her. Humiliated her. Pro had made a scene in front of millions and her ego was becoming more damaged than her fresh wounds. All for what?

Pro felt she had become so irrelevant that Jordan didn't even bother to pin her. The crowd doesn't even acknowledge Pro or chant her name like they do for Ducky. She thought things would be different this time. That she could have something all to herself. How could she possibly bounce back from this? The whole world was watching. Judging.

Nicole Kinneck's husband, Anthony Wallace had fully braced himself for the whirlwind destruction Pro usually caused after a loss. She would come busting through the front door, throwing her duffel bag across the room before screaming and destroying half the living room. Wallace was prepared for the physical tantrums and the false accusations but he wasn't prepared for the dead silence.

For three days the house had been quiet, putting Wallace on edge. There were no cuddles nor worries from Nicole. No high pitched squeals or obnoxious questions from Ducky. Not even a random dead animal was found. Nothing but silence as Pro stared at the walls, miles from where they were.

"Sorry."

Wallace carefully picked apart the gauze that stuck to Pro's hand as he changed her bandages at the kitchen table.

"It's healing into your cut, have you not been cleaning these at all? I'm surprised medical didn't stitch this one up."

Wallace glanced up at Pro, hoping for an eye roll or a little huff. Hell, even her fist slamming onto the table demanding she doesn't need him. Something, anything. A damn hint at least. Pro's eyes seemed lifeless as she stared out the kitchen window, her hand sitting limp in his. This behavior was unusual for the feisty personality. He observed her rat's nest of hair and stained t-shirt for a moment before silently examining all of her wounds.

Pro physically fought hard in her Underground match and it showed. Cuts and gashes littered her body as deep bruises were well in development. But it was a wonder the type of battle she was still fighting in her head. Whatever it was had her looking frail and pathetic. Pro's finger gave a slight twitch as Wallace took a wet wash cloth and began cleaning off the dried blood and tape residue from her palm.

It was nothing Wallace had felt sorry for. Pro went behind their backs and lied to get to where they are now. She caused a scene and injured the Kinneck body on top of going against Nicole's wishes. There's enemies and contracts now. Friendships ruined. Panic. He didn't feel an ounce sorry for Pro but as he looked at her wounds, he felt a deep mourning for Nicole and Ducky. The next one to front will be hit hard with these injuries and he will have to be the one to deal with it.

Pro was selfish. Narcissistic. She always wore her wounds like a badge of honor, frequently admiring them in the mirror or taking selfies. "You should see the other bitch's face if you think mine is bad!", she would gloat. Wallace shook his head, stumped. This time around she seemed ashamed of her battle wounds, refusing to even acknowledge their existence.

Of the 11 years he's been by Nicole's side, her alter Pro was by far the hardest for Wallace to figure out as she fought him every step of the way. Now, he wondered if it was even Pro anymore. What if this hollow girl was a new alter surfacing? Can that happen?

Wallace gave Pro's hand a gentle squeeze. Despite the utter bullshit Pro puts him and Nicole through, he cares deeply about her. She's a part of the woman he fell in love with. He knows their whole system is fragile and if one goes off the deep end, he could lose all of them. Loving someone with Dissociative Identity Disorder wasn't the easiest task. It was just too bad that Pro was a lose/lose type of person to deal with most of the time.

"Pro...listen to me. I know how bad you're probably hurting. I get it, you're not used to it. But you have to let me know what's going on. It's a little weird that Brittany randomly fucked you over, ya know?"

He looked back up at Pro to see if her expression changed. She sat unphased, her eyes fixated on nothing in particular out the window. Wallace huffed, not knowing how to reach her.

"Maybe Brittany *has* turned. I don't know because you haven't said two damn words since you came home. Did you do something to piss her off when we visited her before all this? Did you? Because that would be nice to know! You seem to be the ONLY one who she's attacked in all of this."

Pro's eyes slowly close as she leans her head back. Wallace's voice muffled upon her ears.

"You wanted to do this all by yourself, well here we are. You've got nothing to say about it?"

Pro took a long drawn out breath before her body sunk deeper into the kitchen chair. It's curious where one goes when their mind is silent...

As she slipped away, she could faintly hear Ducky's voice emerge in the outer world.

"Wally! Oooooooooow! That HURTS!!!"

Her painful screams echo throughout Nicole's mind as Pro slips into darkness.



Nicole Kinneck's youngest alter, Ducky, now held the reins, screaming in agony. Wallace clamped his hands over his ears as the high pitched screams stabbed his inner eardrums. It were brief moments like these that Wallace had wished Dillusion still lived with them. The insanity of Dillusion had always been a security blanket for Ducky. If he were there right now, he would slap a rotting fish down in front of her and claim by eating it, she will become immortal. Ducky would believe it and those giant doe eyes would stop dumping rivers. But Wallace wasn't the same type of insane as Dillusion and only had hugs or violence to calm her. His schizophrenia made him want to hurt Ducky sometimes and that was something he had to work hard at controlling.

The young personality made it difficult for Wallace to finish changing her bandages as she cried and pulled her hand away; screaming incoherently that all her guts will fall out. Ducky didn't understand what was going on. Last she remembered, she was in the ring goofing off during Pro's Underground match and now suddenly she's sitting in their kitchen with her hands cut open.

A long 47 minutes and half a pack of cigarettes later, Wallace had Ducky bandaged and set up in the living room.

Ducky sat with a pink and white unicorn blanket wrapped around her like a traumatized caterpillar in a cocoon. Her two bandaged hands held on tight to Jerry, Dillusion's Garden Gnome, hugging him tightly to her chest. Jerry was a 'perverted asshole' according to Dillusion but the teary eyed, red-nosed Ducky saw comfort in this ugly, chipped piece of concrete. It made her smile as it brought fond memories and a reminder to be strong. It's what she needed right now and that's what Dillusion trained her to be, strong. His voice echoed faintly in her mind."

'If you're going to be a reckless idiot, then you need to be strong to handle the aftermath, hehee. And if you did your homework...you would know that, Little Quack. Now take this knife. I'm going to blindfold you and you're just gonna run really fast that way.'

Ducky smiled at Dillusion's voice in her head and gave the little gnome a squeeze. Dillusion was so smart in Ducky's eyes. A Grand Master. He taught her to be brave in scary situations and adapt. Through his training, she has learned the importance of tin foil when dealing with Vampalien Lesbianites, triangles, farm animals and green things. She's learned the secrets behind cows and why it's important to stay away from red heads. She's been certified as a Real Chicken Hawk and knows all the words to Celine Dion's first record, which she also has a certificate in. Ducky took every word Dillusion said and soaked it into her little brain. She wouldn't give that up for the world. She missed him.

Ducky looked down sadly at Jerry.

"I don't know what to do Jerry Berry..."

Dillusion's words crept up in her mind again.

'If you're scared just grab some tin foil. It fixes everything. You would know that if you did the assignments I gave you.'

Ducky nibbled on her lower lip as she listened to Dillusion's words flow in and out of her head.

'What are you doing?! NO THAT'S NOT HOW YOU PLAY! No one likes a cheater Duck! DON'T YOU SEE THAT THIS IS A DEER LEG?! YOU CAN'T PASS IT OFF AS A SQUIRREL! If you don't have at least half a squirrel or it's head then THAT SPOT IS LEFT BLANK! I don't want to play anymore, you ruined it. Go study.'

There was a long pause in Ducky's mind before she gasped out loud. Her eyes were wide and her mouth hung open as she held Jerry out to examine him. She hugged him to her chest once more and looked around before looking at the gnome's face again, whispering into its paint chipped ear.

"Dilly? You're in there aren't you?! I knew it was you talkin to me!"

Ducky wiggled around in excitement then winced, remembering how much pain she had been in. Wallace came back into the living room and handed her a small cup with cherry liquid ibuprofen. Ducky hesitantly drinks it and scrunches her nose before handing the cup back.

"Gross."

Wallace placed the empty cup on the coffee table before sitting next to Ducky on the couch. She hugged Jerry, slightly rocking back and forth. Wallace arched a brow and bumped her shoulder to get her attention.

"Hey, what's going on up in there?"

*Ducky looked up at the ceiling, confused.
Wallace laughed and tapped on her head with his index finger.*

"No, in your head."

Ducky glanced down at Jerry, tucking him back into the blanket with her before grinning.

"Dilly is in Jerry!"

Wallace blinked. He sat quietly stunned from the random outburst before choosing to ignore it.

"No, I meant with SCW and Pro. Everything that's been going on lately."

Ducky frowned and lowered her gaze before shrugging. So many thoughts raced through her mind but the thoughts were hers alone. Since their match, silence engulfed the "Kinneck" residence. The young personality wasn't sure how to handle it yet.

"I don't know what to do Wally... everyone is gone! Do you think they are gone cause of me?"

Ducky sucked in her lower lip and bit down to hold back tears as she sunk further into the blanket.

"I stopped doing my sidekick homework Wally and now Dilly is yelling at me through Jerry! It's prolly my fault that Pro lost and got broked! She ran away cause of me Wally! Cause I didn't help her!"

Wallace quirked a brow as he turned his body towards Ducky.

"You didn't do this Ducky. What do you mean everyone is gone? Pretty sure Pro can't just 'run away'."

Ducky nibbled on her lip as her eyes closed tight, listening and searching for the others in her head. She shrugged again when she came up empty handed.

“Well, I know where Luna is, that’s easy! She’s locked deep down in the scary bad girl place that Pro made! I can’t really hear her but I know she’s there. Pro and Nicoley I can’t find and I’m worried that they are not okay! It’s too quiet Wally! Everything is weird now and-”

“What scary bad girl place?”

Ducky shifted under the blanket and began fidgeting with her bandages nervously. She didn’t like Luna and thought if she talked about her too much she would break out and hurt her. Ducky lowered her voice to a whisper, her eyes wide as she spilled a secret.

“Well, Luna kept getting out a lot and doing bad things...even in our inner world Luna would be mean to us. She’s scary Wally.”

“Oh, I know.”

“So Pro came up with an idea and created a bad girl place that looks kinda like that one place you found us in.”

“That shithole of an asylum?”

“Yah. Cause Luna likes that stuff and she can be weird there without scaring or hurting us. I don’t go in there though cause it’s scary, dark and smells gross. Pro told me and Nicoley to stay out of there anyways. She said if we go in there then Luna would eat us!”

“I see...”

“Yah she used to run around the whole building but Pro locked her tight in a cell so she wouldn’t ruin her return to wrestling.”

“Wrestling.”

“That’s what I *said* Wally! Geez. I was telling you sumthin’ and you say I’m sayin’ it wrong! You’re a bad listener!”

Ducky rolled her eyes as dramatically as she could and shook her head. Wallace’s jaw dropped as a laugh escaped his throat. Ducky looked appalled.

“STOP LAUGHING! I’m not a kid anymore Wally!”

Wallace put his hands up, backing out.

“Okay okay. ‘Wrastlering’ it is...calm down.”

Ducky gave him a side eye before whispering down to Jerry the Gnome. Wallace shook his head with a smirk as he watched her go back and forth for a minute. He always found it humorous that Ducky could “talk” to Jerry. The gnome talking was a mere illusion of their good friend Dillusion. He’s more sick than they are. But Ducky’s imagination is bigger than life itself, so.

Wallace gently pat her on the head and continued.

“So, Luna is locked away on purpose, Pro is....dealing with her ego and Nic...to be honest she’s probably steering clear of Pro and SCW right now. I doubt they just vanished completely.”

Ducky looked up at Wallace. She wanted to believe him so bad but the look on her face told a different story. Although this wasn’t the first time an alter or two went silent in the system, it was the first time Pro, herself, went silent. They were so deep in their inner world that Ducky couldn’t even detect them and that terrified the small alter. Surely they wouldn’t leave her alone with Luna...

Wallace grabbed her by the back of the cocoon and gently shook the worried expression off her face.

“You know what, Ducky? I think...that would make you in charge for the time being. Don’t you think?”

Ducky perked up. It had been awhile since she’s had control for more than a few hours since Pro started training for SCW. With the others gone, it was all up to Ducky. She would be a hero. How proud Pro would be for wrestling in her place if she ever came back. How happy Nicole would be knowing Ducky kept Wallace company and out of the asylum. And if they don’t come back? Ducky didn’t want to think about that anymore. Wallace said they were still there so they are still there. She had a duty. Ducky looked down at Jerry for a moment before screaming out, startling Wallace.

“GET THE TAPES!!! I know what I have to do!”

Ducky pointed to the tv as Wallace gave a puzzled look. She thrashed her hand around as she pointed.

“I HAVE TO DO MY HOMEWORK! Don’t you see?! Dilly is trying to reach me through Jerry!!!”

Wallace’s face droops low as he realizes her demand. It wasn’t something he would want to live through twice in his lifetime. Her ‘training’ was obnoxious but there was something he had been missing for a while now, and that was Nicole’s smile.

“Alright kid, just be careful okay and if you need help let me know.”

Ducky nodded enthusiastically and turned Jerry to face the tv. Wallace sighed before getting off the couch and rummaging through their VHS tapes. He popped a tape in and smiled at the young alter before heading out back for a smoke. The opening theme song to the 1986 American Sitcom, Perfect Strangers came blaring through the tv as he shut the door behind him.

In their inner world, Pro stared ahead at Luna's Asylum. The darkness seemed to engulf the eerie structure as twisted rotting trees danced in the shadows. There was no expression on Pro's face as she began walking towards the asylum, the dead leaves crunching under her feet.



Hi guys! DID YOU MISS MEE?! I'm back and in action BOOOYAAA BOIIII! I am SO, SO excited! I've seen so many new wrestlers and it makes me happy to know I have SO many more friends to make! I've been sooo bored and lonely but not anymore! Nope! Not *this* Duck! I've got a HUGE responserbility now! I AM CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP! The HERO! Which meeeans I GET TO PLAY WITH YOU GUYS MORE! Oh boy oh boy I'm so happy right now! To all my fans I LOVE YOU! I love ALL of you! I wanted to cry when I heard you guys cheer my name in the big dome thing at that one place and I think you all need gummy bears for that! And a hug! Oooh imagine if I could stretch my arms so big and hug you all at the same time, haha! That would be funny! Some of ya might get squished and POP! Haha!

Now that I'm a hero, I have a big doody to keep everyone safe and away from aliens. Yes fans, fellow wrestlers, we have aliens in the building. Tons of em! I should have known the moment Kim said, "Lizard" on Twitter. There were lizard people littering SCW but has anyone seen a single lizard? NO! Because lizard people have the ability to be invisible or shape shift! That's why they just look human. Don't let them trick you! Like who knew Mr. D was always a lizard? I *thought* something was off when I didn't get any gummy bears with my pay this time! THERE ARE STILL LIZARDS, PEOPLE! We gotta flush them out! Don't trust ANYONE! Check your

wives and husbands when you get home! If you see them eating lettuce or salad then they are most definitely a lizard people! If you touch them you could get lizard poisoning or worse, TURN INTO ONE!

I worry about aliens taking over SCW because they've already attracted other species! This new species is suuuper smart and- okay brace yourselves because it might be hard to hear and make you cry! But that Cidnay guy who is our champion...is an alien! He said so himself! Gleebnorb gloop glop be doo wap....hehe it's fun to say. BUT DON'T BE TRICKED! They are dangerous aliens and I wouldn't be surprised if they formed an alliance with the lizard people! They go for the top and that's how they take over! We must stop them! Because I'm a hero now, it is my responserbility to make sure you guys are all safe from the aliens. Here's how you stop aliens from controlling your mind:

Step 1 get Tin Foil

Step 2 wrap it around your head

Step 3 don't touch Cidnay Turner

BOOM! Instant brain safety! So next time all you fans step foot into the arena, I want to see you PROTECTED! Don't let them control your minds or you'll end up like my best friend Brittany!

Such a sad, sad thing but my Britty is strong and she will defeat them and stop em from sucking on her brain! I LOVE YOU BRITTY! FIGHT THEM ALIENS!

Oh boy I'm so excited about trios! It will be my FIRST very own match since FOREVER AGO and I can't wait! There's gonna be SO many wrestlers to meet and I can't wait to meet MY team! I LOVE TEAMSS!!! I'm a little worried though because I don't think my shipmates like eachother and who knows if one of them or BOTH are aliens! So scary! I'll have to wear protection! I have to get the crew to like eachother other otherwise our ship will go down and we will die. It's a good thing I'm a hero! Through my teachings, I will make this work! I have to! I have to climb to the top to uncover these alien mysteries and try to make peace with their leaders! Haha I'm gonna have to use SO much tin foil for the lizards. Cause they are green and green is a bad color. Cause Dilly said so. Amen.

