

CONTAINED



Sinking.

That's what it felt like. When you close your eyes and let the darkness fold and roll over top of you; consuming you. For a moment you feel weightless as the world fades away, your ears numb with silence.

It's a place where things cease to exist and a place where things manifest. A void between the inner and outer world.

Eventually the weightlessness of drifting through the void fades. You feel the darkness pulling you by your feet as gravity fills your lungs and pumps through your veins with each breath; deeper and deeper it pulls you downward as the air grows thick. And when you open your eyes, you're no longer in the world you once were.

My lungs filled with the chilly fall air as I could hear leaves scattering across the ground. When I opened my eyes, I was no longer sitting next to Wallace in the kitchen. I let out a sigh of

relief. I didn't have the energy to fight Wallace nor explain all the current events. Ducky's in the outer world now, she can blab everything to him, I don't really care.

I looked down and checked my hands but the cuts and bandages were gone, seeming to have never existed. The inner world worked differently than the one on the outside and if anything, it was a little reality check. One that punches you in the chest, knocking the wind out of you; leaving a reminder that none of this is yours and never was.

The wind picked up, chillier than before. The sky swirls with greys and deep purple, seeming to have life of its own. The trees twist in wicked poses as crows line the branches, observing me with their beady eyes. I shivered and made my way up the jagged pathway; ahead of me was the asylum I had built to contain Luna in. It didn't always look so...decayed. There's something about Luna that makes things crumble and rot around her. She's fucking disgusting.

I wasn't even sure why I came here...I just wanted to escape. I'm depressed. Hollow. Confused. So many thoughts swirl around me but I just can't catch them. The Britt drama and losing the match made me question and doubt myself. Something I never do.

I yanked the heavy door open and slipped inside. The door slammed shut behind me, echoing throughout the asylum. I haven't felt right since my match. What happened with Britt fucked my head up. I'm ashamed for being so vulnerable. So stupid for trusting anyone. I told her way too much. She found my weak spot and stabbed right through it in front of the whole world to see. Right in front of bright-eyed baby Jordan.

I lazily swiped my hand at the wall, knocking paint chips to the floor. I was still angry with the situation but I felt odd. I felt dirty with embarrassment. Britt was never supposed to be involved in my match and Jordan should have finished her beef with Kim. It should have just been me and Jordan in that fucking ring. I came back to fight. I just wanted to hit someone. I needed it. Instead of feeling grateful for the amount of people I got my hands on, I'm just left feeling ripped off. I wasn't even pinned in the Underground match. All that talk and Jordan pins B instead. She didn't see me as an opponent worthy of being pinned I guess. I've been hung up on it and I don't know why. Who the fuck wants to get pinned in the ring- no one but me apparently. Why am I like this? My whole existence I just wanted to be noticed as a real person, my OWN person. Singular. Instead I'm nothing but a side show. A thorn. An embarrassment.

I turned the corner, my boots kicking paint chips and debris as I walk down the dark corridor. It always smells like dead animal in here. The thick stench burns my nose every time. I inhale, tears streaming down my cheeks. I'm not okay. No, I'm a whole goddamn mess. I can't function.

My fucking heart feels like someone is gripping it in their palm, squeezing it...yet I feel numb at the same time. How is that? Is this what a heart attack feels like? The whole world saw me lose my shit. Wrestlers shook their heads at me. Wallace is pissed and Nicole thinks I'm an imposter. The fans scream out for Ducky, Britt isn't my friend anymore and Jordan probably thinks I'm a joke. This went to shit so fast. How do I show my face in that ring after all this? Well... Nicole's face anyways.

I had some resentments.

I stop when I reach the basement. Ahead of me, Luna lay on the floor of a caged cell, right where I left her. Her bare foot was shackled to the floor with a three ft. chain. Down here the air felt heavier as the stench thickened, making it difficult to breathe.

I wonder what it was like being Luna. No moral compass. No real emotions. Trapped inside because she's too dangerous for the outer world. I wonder if she ever desires a normal life. If Luna was ever normal to begin with.

The sound of the chain sliding across the concrete floor startled me out of my thoughts for a brief moment. Why was I down here?

Luna hummed eerily, tucked partially in the shadows with her back turned. I hated her humming. Sounds like the kids singing in horror films. I drug my feet across the room over to the cage, not remembering quite how or why I moved in this direction. Numb. Does Luna feel numb? How do I gain back everyone's trust? Can I? I don't even know if I want to go back out there. What's the point now?

I cringed as I told myself, "...at least I can trust Ducky to hold down the ring while I'm gone." If I wasn't so...numb...I'd punch myself in the goddamn mouth.

The metal bars to Luna's cell were cold to the touch as I wrapped my fingers around them and pressed my face into the gap. Staring down at Luna's frail body, I wondered if it was her true form or one she's created. Through her gown, her body looked starved as her skin tightly hugged the outline of her bones. Her eyes looked black in color and lips dry and scabbing. Instead of blonde hair, Luna had long black stringy hair. Since appearing in the system, Luna has taken on many forms as ways of scaring or torturing us in our inner world. She's the only one who doesn't look like us and we don't know why. Ducky and I still look like Nicole in here for some reason and it's bullshit. I can't have my own body but I can manifest a whole fucking asylum. Explain that one. I've never heard of other systems like that but I've heard about other things, like the lack of information between alters and host screwing with system. A broken memory. Or an alter that is keeping all the details to themselves. No idea what it has to do with how we look but I know for a fact that both Ducky and Luna are too fucking stupid to hold that kind of knowledge. It's been fucking with me for years.

I felt too weak to cover my nose from the stench or to twist my expression at Luna's disgusting state. Her black stringy hair had clumps of unidentifiable things. Possibly vomit. Or shit. Or blood. Who fucking knows. I examine her cell for a moment, seeing her footprints tracked around from stepping in her own shit. Small blood splatters and skids litter the floor around her. When I looked back over at her, her head was twisted sideways looking at me.

I pulled my head away from the bars and took a step back as her body twists and shifts under her hospital gown. She smiled wide, wider than humanly possible. I could feel my heart beat a little faster before it lulled itself back to normal. Luna didn't scare me. She made me nervous because I knew what she was capable of. What good would I be as a protector if I was scared of another fucking alter? My eyes pierced Luna's before she rolled on her back playfully,

seemingly amused. She let out a loud cackle that echoed around them before speaking. As she spoke, her voice mixed tones of a melodic child alongside a deep raspy voice.

Luna: And theere she was...Just a teensy weensy widdle spider...trying to crawl up the webs of our insanity...hAhaHa!

Luna twiddled her fingers in the air before sliding them down her face. It was impossible to tell what Luna was thinking at any given moment.

I didn't bother asking what her little phrase meant. I already knew this was a game to her. I was already becoming her muse. Luna laughed and reached under her dirty gown. I took another step back, thinking she would throw shit at me. Luna's hand pulled back out of the thin fabric and thrusts into the air. Blood speckled onto her face as it drips from the object in her grip. I could see now, what was dangling from her clenched fist.

Luna: Play with baby...

Luna had picked apart a rat to death with her fingers while I was away. Another addition to her "baby" collection, which consisted of rotting animal corpses. Something she does in the outer world any chance she gets if she slips past us. I just stared and watched as she let out a playful laugh, tossing the dead animal into the air. She caught it with her feet and began pulling on the head with her hands, stretching it. She looked over at me like a kid looks at their parents, waiting for a proud approval. All I could do was stare at her jittery fingers as they picked and pulled at the small animal. Luna turned her attention back to the rodent. She tugged on the head before tossing it back up into the air. She snatched it by the tail and smacked it on the ground before tossing it up and catching it with her feet again. Luna seemed to ignore me now as she became fixated on it's insides.

Why the fuck does Luna even exist? What fucking purpose does she even serve in our system? I wonder if Luna has moments of feeling useless or disgusting sometimes.

Yeah. Right.

Luna was demented, sick.

Too much trauma crammed into one person will do that to you I guess...

I watched Luna snap a piece of the rat's intestines off like a gummy worm and rub it across her face before I turned and head through a stone archway leading down another corridor.

My hands were starting to shake from watching Luna play with the rat. I remembered all the times I've woken up in the outer world with a dead animal in my bed and the obvious signs that I had ingested some of it. We should be dead. Over and over again because of her.

I hear Luna's dry laugh echo after me but I don't give two shits because she can't touch me while locked up. Instead, my mind wondered if I somehow caused her to be like that. Maybe I let her take on too much damage while I was trying to protect Nicole in the outer world.

I stepped over some broken concrete that had come apart from the foundation. Goddamnit. I didn't want to make this part of the asylum when I recreated it for Luna. It's where a lot of bad shit happened to Nicole but it's the only area we can keep Luna 'happy', if that's a thing. Did I fuck it all up? I'm supposed to protect the system from the outer world but how much have I fucked up in both worlds?

You're a piece of shit Pro, you know that?!

My words screamed in my head as I finally stopped in the deepest part of the asylum. My heart was racing and I didn't know why. Guilt maybe. I took in a deep breath of rotten air before walking up to a singular cell. I hesitate before peeking into the small square window surrounded by a metal door.

What the hell? My guts feel like someone is crushing them with their bare hands when I look at her. Nicole looked pathetic, balled up on the floor. Her body trembled under the baggy t-shirt and sweatpants she wore. At least she's not chewing her fucking leg off. I press my forehead against the window as I battled the guilt I had in my chest.

This had to be done. She needed to be contained because she was threatening MY career in SCW. It was my only chance.

I hadn't noticed that Nicole saw me and I sure as fuck wasn't prepared for her to slam against the glass and scream my name. She startled the fuck outta me.

Nicole: PRO! PRO PLEASE why are you doing this to me?! PLEASE LET ME OUT PLEASE PRO!

She was begging and sobbing and on one hand I thought, 'What a fucking pathetic, weak-ass little bitch', and mocked her cries. On the other hand, I felt for her. I was the bad guy. Because for me, the only 'safe' place to put her to get what I wanted, was right where most of the trauma happened. It's deep enough in Luna's Asylum where Duck can't reach. What a piece of shit protector I am.

Nicole: PLEASE Pro PLEASE listen to me!

Her muffled screams got louder as she pounded her fists on the square window. She begged until her vocal cords shred.

Nicole: Pro I promise I won't stop you from wrestling just please let me out please I need Wallace just let me see him! PROOO!!!

I took a step back.

I shouldn't have come here. Not sure what I was even doing or feeling. Everything was so mixed. Nicole was full of so much shit, making promises, saying anything to save her own ass. If I let her out, for sure my career is over, if it isn't already.

I mean, I locked Nicole away so I could go back to SCW. It was only for a little bit until I was in too deep for her to refuse. I wanted the spotlight and to be recognized as ME. Third time's a charm right? And did I get the spotlight? Yep. A fucking shitty one. And guess who's out there while I'm in here! God fucking damnit.

I can't let Nicole out.

I couldn't take my eyes off of Nicole's screaming face. She looked exactly how I felt inside and it was...heartbreaking? Is that why people used the term, because it feels...so real?

Nicole: NO! No Pro COME BACK! PLEEEAASEE COME BAAACK!!! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?! PROOO! DON'T LEAVE ME!

Nicole screamed with everything she had to get me to turn back, desperately beating and kicking against the door. I couldn't let her out until I figured my own shit out and you know what?

I fucking hate her...because this time, her words stung.



Ducky sits at a table with a fake microphone in front of her as if she were a news anchor. Behind her was a big cardboard cut out of the American flag with someone's hand holding it up. She shuffled through some papers laying on the desk as she clears her throat. Finally she looked up at the camera with a big smile.

Ducky: HELLO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OF OUR BIG OL' EARTHLINGS ALLOWED ONLY AMERICAN COUNTRY!

We have some BREAKING NEWS tonight from the desk of yours truly, Ducky, from Team Smashmouth Unicorn Puke! But first!

Ducky waved at the camera before reaching out of scene and cramming a handful of gummy bears in her mouth. She chewed obnoxiously before continuing.

Ducky: As many of you know, our team has fought through the first triangle tournament and beat the poop out of team no-name!!! That was really their downfall ya know? Like duh! Everyone knows if you don't have a team name then you're not gonna win nuffin! No one will remember you! No one can cheer for you and yell out your name! If it weren't for me and my quick thinking, our team may not have won our match! SO scary thinking what could have happened! Gavin would NOT be okay if we lost. Would ya buddy?

Ducky looked beyond the camera and grinned. The camera shook a little before Ducky narrowed her eyes.

Ducky: Don't you roll your eyes, you know it's true! Anywho! I just want to say that my team is super awesome and we worked really hard to get where we are today! SO HARD that they are still a little grumpy about the training but that will pass! Only *true* warriors can survive and you know what? I think Xander and Gavin are the bestest people in the whole wide world to be on my team!

Ducky's eyes began to water as her little heart filled with mush.

Ducky: I mean, did you see Gavin in the ring?! Did you see all of us and our teamwork?! We protected eachother like family and came out as HEROES! We are *all* All-Stars!!!

Gavin's voice comes from behind the camera, a bit alarmed.

Gavin: What?! No you aren't, I'M the All-Star. You guys can't be All-Stars too!

Ducky: You can share with us! Remember, we are family now!

Gavin: No, it makes no sense for you guys to be All-Stars because you haven't-

Xander interrupted as he popped his head into the frame from behind the cardboard background.

Xander: Can we just hurry up with this? Hunter is missing and we still have these fucking clues to deal with.

Gavin: I'm with Xander on this one. There's better things I could be doing right now and-

Ducky slammed her hands down on the table and leaned her head back wailing.

Ducky: You guys are ruining it! I'm telling the whole wide world my feelings and you're messing it all up and being mean! I was just gonna say how much I love you guys but now I dunno if I do or not!

Xander: Okay okay, stop your crying and get on with it!

Ducky: Well now I gotta start over because you made me cry!

Xander: I'M NOT THE ONE WHO SAID YOU COULDN'T BE AN ALL-STAR!

Ducky: WELL AT LEAST I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DON DILLUSIONERO AND DILLUS-

[End Rec]

[Rec]

Ducky sat up straight before clearing her throat. She looked into the camera with a grin and waved, her face blotchy from crying.

Ducky: HELLO EARTHLINGS OF AMERICA! We have BREAKING NEWS here tonight in the Team Smashmouth Unicorn Puke news room! Hold onto your butts cause it's gonna get crazy! THERE ARE ALIENS ON OUR PLANET EARTH!

Ducky looks behind her and motions before the American flag cardboard is slid away, revealing a picture of Earth with a poorly drawn alien face over top of it. Ducky nods with a smile and turns back to the camera.

Ducky: That's right folks. You heard it! Aliens. I thought aliens only lived in other countries but they are multiplying in our own America! And boy let me tell ya, there's alot of dem running around in SCW right now!

Gavin and Xander both sigh off camera.

Ducky: As many of you know, our team SMASHMOUTH UNICORN PUKE will be going against an unnamed team again and obviously we will win because of it. Duh! But their team is contaminated with an alien and no one is doing anything! WAKE UP AMERICA! WAKE UP SCW!

I, Ducky Sparkles Kinneck, declare that HOLLY BARBIE ADAMS IS THE ALIEN GODFAJA! GOD-FA-JA! THE MASTERMIND!
ALIENS. ARE. REAL. WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES IMMEDIATELY!

I found out through scary Kim on Twitter about lizard people in SCW. And then...and then they started disappearing! Suddenly Cid-Cid, that poor guy, our champion, our knight in shining armor says aliens from Gleebnorb Bobblebop or sumthin had helped him and it got me thinkin. Holly's Life Coaching! I know you guys prolly can't connect the dots cause I've had more alien training than you, but listen!

Holly started controlling humans like Ashy and Cid. You saw it right? Weiird. So like Alien Holly who OBVIOUSLY is in charge of the Gleebnorb species has been draining both their life forces, can't you tell?! They've changed! I bet it's actually called "Holly of Gleebnorb's Life Sucking" but we can't see it cause she's controlling our minds! TIN FOIL, PEOPLE! It will save your life!

So Cid thanks Holly RIGHT IN FRONT OF US in alien code! And now people are being sucked in by her powers and joining her "Life Coaching". She's going to suck everyone's life force until she is the only one standing OR she's creating an army! She must be stopped!

And who knows if she's gotten to her teammates yet! But I, Ducky Sparkles will swear on this day, to free her teammates and free everyone under her control by the power of TEAM SMASHMOUTH UNICORN! Stay safe America!

[End Rec]

