

What was home? It could mean so many different things to so many different people, Atlas was not unlike any other. Home had so many deep-rooted meanings, but none deeper than what he could consider home in itself, where he was raised. He found himself deep in thought for so many days, trying to recall people, places, times, or experiences that felt like home but nothing felt so comforting and familiar as Rapture.

The city of the sea as they called it, below lakes and oceans so deep nobody would ever reach it. Inhabited by Nautipods and the occasional CCCat – though they were quite rare – Rapture was a home for many. Though its days of high population and wealth had long passed, just another wreckage upon the sea.

That didn't sway his idea of home though, ever since he'd heard the question lurking about he knew he had to find an answer to it. Though it was a hard task in and of itself to find and reach Rapture – Even those created there had trouble re-locating it – so deep below. But, determination was a strong force to be reckoned with.

Atlas knew he didn't need anything other than sheer resistance to the waves of the surface to reach Rapture, he knew the directions by heart, or so he believed.

Swimming wasn't a foreign activity to Atlas, especially considering he was a Nautipod, but he always got stuck in dreams as he swam, mostly being reunited with memories he'd thought were long lost. However as he swam deeper, the dreams faded and he was filled with a feeling of unease.

He'd never liked the idea of being out in open water, dark or light. He dove deeper, kicking and swimming like a human would. Tch, humans. Perhaps this would've been easier if he'd utilized the pod form he'd been born with, but he was too terrified of what happened the last time he'd used it... But those were bad memories, and bad memories needed to be buried where not even the waves could uncover them.

Rapture should've been around here though, he thought as he spun around in the open murky blue, losing his sense of direction in the bubbles. A city cannot just up and vanish – unless it had? He should've been around 400 metres deep, but he couldn't see a thing, no ground, no buildings, no lights – Wait.

He spun around once more, squinting at a small darkness in the distance. It didn't look like much, but it had to be something... Right? He prayed upon every seastar that this wasn't some sort of Kraken leviathan shrimp mishmash monstrosity, taking his chances and swimming closer to investigate it.

Closing in he felt a warmth reach his stone-cold and blood-stained heart, something that felt like home, but a bit crooked at best. The once lively city cracked and flooded because of the pressure outside of its walls, and methods of transport closed off and finally destroyed as corridors shattered and bent under the sea. It wasn't how he remembered it, but it still felt so special – if a little nostalgic.

As he found an untouched entrance, he felt his heart bloom with life for once in so many gruesome years, perhaps this was home. But home was dying, it would be gone soon. It was

always destined to fail underneath the sea, ever since its creation. But, maybe he could rebuild it, make it back into what it used to be – and better.

He'd make Rapture into that beautiful safehaven it was always meant to be, before it crashed and burned into the ruin it was.