

Gaster sat in the endless dark, his mind restless. Thoughts churned in the silence, looping endlessly, unanswered and unheard. He had screamed into the void, whispered into the cracks, begged to be remembered. And nothing. Nothing had changed.

Until now.

Until that voice.

He needed to hold onto something—anything. He needed proof that he still existed, even if the world had forgotten him.

A book appeared in his hands, though he had not summoned it. Perhaps the Void itself had granted him this small mercy, or perhaps it was a cruel joke, another illusion to remind him that nothing here was real.

Still, he opened it. Blank pages stared back at him, waiting.

He lifted a hand, skeletal fingers trembling, and pressed them to the surface. The ink flowed from his fingertips as if drawn from his very essence, forming words in jagged, unsteady lines.

My name is W.D. Gaster.

I was the Royal Scientist.

I don't know how long I've been here. I don't know if this will even last.

I am alone.

He hesitated. A sharp ache pulsed through him—something deeper than the absence of a body, something colder than the Void itself.

Do they remember me?

He swallowed the question down. He already knew the answer.

If anyone finds this...

He paused. What was he asking for? Rescue? Redemption?

...don't forget me.

The moment he lifted his hand from the page, the ink began to fade. He reached for it, grasping, desperate—but it was too late. The words bled into the paper, vanishing as if they had never been there at all. And then, with a quiet shff, the entire book disappeared.

Gaster was alone again.

But elsewhere—far beyond the Void—something shifted.

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Sans wasn't the kind of guy to be easily rattled. He'd seen too much, known too much, to let things get under his skin. But when a book appeared out of thin air, materializing with a faint hum right on his desk, even he had to pause.

Slowly, he reached for it, flipping it open.

The pages were blank.

A chill ran down his spine, one he couldn't quite place.

His fingers ghosted over the surface, and for a split second, he swore he saw something—jagged words, fading ink—just before they disappeared completely.

He frowned, tapping the cover.

"...what the hell?"

Somewhere, in a place Sans had long forgotten, a memory stirred.