

Comatose

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Chapter Two: Comatose Part One: Emergency

It was early morning; Model-sire had awakened about a half hour ago, as was his daily routine. He would wake up in the early hours of the day; make himself breakfast, then head down to his study where he worked for hours designing new buildings to be built around Canterlot and the rest of Equestria. He had just finished his breakfast before heading down into the basement.

He descended the stairs and walked up to the door to his office. Effortlessly he opened the door and made his way into the office. He wrinkled his nose at the metallic scent of blood that traced the air.

"What the..." he began, only to falter at the now prominent sound of shallow breathing. Scanning the area before him, he took notice of the dried blood that was staining the carpet; as well as an injured pony, lying in a heap on a larger, *damp*, stain.

Eyes growing wide, he rushed over to aid the broken pony. He gently turned the body over to reveal the battered and bloodied face of his daughter, Lyra. A pained expression embroidered itself upon her face. One would mistake her for being fast asleep, if not for the obvious pained and fearful expression on her face. Model-sire let out a sound; that if not for his office; would wake the entire neighborhood. He took his daughter into an embrace, and then cried deeply. The tears rolled down his face as he placed an ear to her chest expecting to hear nothing. However, to his surprise; he heard her heart; it was beating, faintly, but still beating.

Frantically, he got to his hooves and levitated her up the stairs and then onto the couch in the living room of their home. He rushed upstairs to fetch his wife, Cerulean-cure. Not but a minute passed before both he and his wife emerged from the stairwell. Taking their daughter with them, the two rushed out the door carrying her to the hospital.

Through the adrenal urgency, it took no less than three minutes to get to Canterlot General Hospital. The fact that the family lived little over two blocks away, however had helped in the swiftness of their arrival. The two parents burst through the hospital doors and rushed up

to the help desk.

The mare behind the desk gasped at the sight of Lyra's limp body. Picking up the microphone to the PA system, she spoke urgently into it requesting assistance. Almost immediately the family was met by two EMT ponies carrying a stretcher. The EMTs gently took Lyra from her parent's hooves, placed her onto said stretcher, and then whisked her away. The two parents were then guided to a couple of seats in the waiting room, which were set away from the rest in order to provide as much privacy as possible.

It had been around twenty minutes since the EMTs had taken their daughter. The two silently wept, waiting for somepony to give them news on her condition; however nopony came, so they continued to weep and wait. The sudden presence of a nurse wasn't noticed at first; she had arrived a little over than two minutes ago. She stood silently waiting.

Finally the two took notice of her. "Mr. and Mrs. Heartstrings, the doctor wishes to see you..." the tone she gave was grim and saddened, adding onto the Lyra's parent's stress. "Right this way..." Unsteadily and unconfidently the two followed the nurse.

"Wh-what's her...?" Cerulean-cure choked, wiping the tears from her eyes with her leg; but to no avail, for soon after more tears took their place. Breaking down she buried her face into her husband's side.

"She..." the doctor started but had to think over how to word their daughter's condition. "She's in a coma... w-we can't tell for how long..." He turned away from them, wishing that he had found a better choice of words. "I'm sorry..." he said, turning back to catch Model-sire in the eye.

Chapter Two:
Comatose
Part Two:
'Still Here'

[Earlier]

"*Wha...*?" I tried to say as my eyes opened. "*Where am I?*" I tried speaking again, looking down at my hooves. No noise came from me; only the soft sound of shallow breathing embraced the atmosphere of the room. I turned my head groggily to the side. The vision before my eyes filled me with fear and confusion.

There; lying in a battered and bloody heap was... another me. That's when the

memories of agonizing pain struck me like a train. I was sore... my mind did a back-flip through the new soreness. "*Was I dreaming?*" I asked myself as I did a double take. As much as I had wished to have been dreaming, this was too surreal to even be among the strangest of my dreams.

I stumbled over to my body, still clinging onto any hope that remained for this to be merely a dream. Unfortunately, that hope was dashed moments after forming. I looked terrible. Bruises and cuts riddled my body where the mare and stallion had struck me. I was locked in a disbelieving state, staring at my broken body. The room was too silent. I would have gazed at myself; unmoved, uninterrupted, for all eternity if the groans of the floor boards above my head hadn't roused me from my stupor. My ears perked at the sound. I realized that somepony was upstairs.

Hastily I gathered myself and got to my hooves. Galloping, I headed upstairs, to where somepony would be there. Emerging from the stairwell I noticed that it was my father moving about. He was making himself breakfast.

"*Dad?*" I attempted at speaking once again, yet as before, no sound came. Yet I still found myself hoping he had heard me, but to no avail. He simply sat still and ate his breakfast. "*Dad!?*" I tried to scream, once again, no answer came. I panicked. I galloped over to where he was sitting and attempted to shake him. However, once I reached him, a force similar to magnets of the same polarity kept me from making contact. No matter how hard I tried, I was continuously held back by the unknown force.

I sat on the kitchen tile in confusion. "*Why can't I touch him!?*" I soundlessly questioned. For several moments I sat in silence (not that any-pony could tell). Finally he got to his hooves and levitated his dishes to the sink, and then proceeded to make his way into the basement.

At first I didn't think it of any importance, but soon realized that he would find me (or rather my body) in his study. I wish I could say I was excited, but that's too suggestive towards 'happiness'; what I felt was more like a form of relief, relief in knowing that somepony would finally know about my dilemma.

I followed my father. We descended the stairwell in a nonchalant manner, though the suspense of not knowing what his reaction would be filled me with anxiety, regardless I followed. I watched him as he calmly made his way through the door to his study. He must have done this very thing dozens, even hundreds of times because he appeared almost bored by this action.

As he turned to face the interior of his study I noticed that he wrinkled his nose at some smell. It took a few moments for me to notice it, but a pungent metallic scent traced the air, I found myself wondering how I hadn't noticed the smell before-hand.

I heard him say something, but his words didn't come to me. Then I watched as his eyes grew wide for he had finally realized that something was amiss. I must've been too groggy to notice earlier, but as I turned from him I noticed a large amount of dried blood, *my blood*, that coated and stained the carpet. I looked over to my body and wondered how this much blood could have come from me.

His eyes widened further as he took notice of my limp body lying on the carpet. The pained sound that my father released was so loud that it hurt my ears. I'd be surprised if it hadn't awakened the whole neighborhood. I watched as he took me into his hooves and cried into my chest. The sight of my father's tears caused me to come undone. I broke down. Tears fell from my eyes as I cried, unseen, and unheard. Through my own breakdown it had taken me several minutes to realize that he had left the room entirely, carrying my body with him.

Frantic, I got to my hooves and followed his path up the stairs. Once I had emerged from the stairwell I panicked, unable to find my father. Tears swelled and stung my eyes, obscuring my vision. Hysterically I looked side to side, searching for where-ever my father could have gone. My hysteria was interrupted by the sound of hoof steps hastily making their way down the stairs.

My parents galloped down the stairs and into the living room, where I heard a gasping sound emit from my mother. Soon after, the two rushed past me once again. I was surprised to see that they didn't crash directly into the front door with their haste...

It didn't take that long for us to make it to the hospital. My parents flew through the front doors of the hospital with me on their trail. However as soon as I had set hoof inside of the medicinally scented waiting room, I froze. I don't know what made me stop, but throughout my catatonia it felt as if *endless* fathoms of phantom eyes were fixated upon me. There was a hushed sound, like wind howling on a rainy night. This sound stood out, despite that I *knew* those around me *were* speaking; their sounds were muffled, so much so that their words were indecipherable and close to complete silence, making this noise more prominent. A chill ran razor blades along my spine as a second howl sounded, this time slightly louder.

The small terror left my body all at once. I was surrounded by the many voices of various sick ponies and their loved ones. I blinked in confusion which quickly turned to anxiety as I looked this way and that, unable to spot my parents. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted a light turquoise tail, *my tail*, slip into a hallway. My body was in full gallop before I even knew what was going on. I burst through the doors of the emergency hallway. The noise that ensued caused me to jump. Regaining my bearings, I looked into the eyes of an EMT pony. He was staring directly at me. At first I thought he could actually see me, but quickly my hopes were dashed as he shrugged before turning around to continue transporting my body to the enclosure of which it was to be confined to.

Subconsciously I followed him. As I entered the small space of the hospital room I saw a doctor and three nurses surrounding me. They where, gently poking the inner part of my hooves with small needles as well as trying to communicate with me; "Hello... Miss... Can you hear me?" were a few things that they said. My body didn't respond. The doctor looked gravely at one of the nurses then nodded at her. She exited the room and started to head towards the waiting room as the stallion who nodded strapped a breathing apparatus onto my muzzle.

The stallion paced the floor back and forth for a couple of minutes before my parents arrived. My mother was crying and my father looked emotionless, as if somepony had come along with a vacuum cleaner and sucked all of the life out of him.

After a few moments my mother spoke up. "Wh-what's her...?" I heard her choke quietly as she wiped the tears from her eyes. I couldn't bear to see her like that. I began to sob... nopony could see or hear me... my parents were grieving and all I could do was watch. '*This is too much...*' I thought while sobbing mutely.

"She..." I heard the doctor beginning to speak; he sounded sad, I couldn't tell why... I mean it's not like he was the one in this situation. "She's in a coma... w-we can't tell for how long..." I heard him say as he turned from my parents. "I'm sorry..." he said as her faced them once more. My dad was staring at him; the two were locked in each other's gaze.

"I-I see..." my father breathed finally before turning and leaving with my mother; as he walked through the doorway I heard his voice crack and begin to sob.

This was *much* worse than watching my mother cry. I couldn't handle this... I cried out and screamed at the top of my lungs...

"Mom! Dad! Wait... please! I'M. STILL. HERE!"

**Chapter Two:
Comatose
Part Three:
Grievance**

[Later]

Model-sire and his wife had been emotionlessly lying on the couch of their living room for the past thirteen hours. The sun was beginning to set beyond the horizon line. The world was silent around them or rather if any noise were to break the silence they would not notice. The two were grieving, Lyra was their only child and she was beaten into a coma for some unknown reason.

Unexpectedly, somepony knocked at their front door. Sluggishly, Model-sire made his way over to the front door. Upon opening it he found a young gray earth pony mare.

“Octavia? What are you doing here?” he asked the young mare as he motioned for her to come inside. He changed his expression to be less grave in an attempt to hide his emotions.

“Hello Mr. Heartstrings,” Octavia smiled as she made her way inside in a respectful manner. “I was just stopping by to see if Lyra wanted to come out with Vinyl, Bonbon, and I for... Wh-what’s wrong?” she stopped in the middle of the sentence noticing Model-sire’s gravely depressed expression.

“I’m sorry Octavia, Lyra... she... she won’t be able to go with you... She...” tears began to pour down his face.

“What happened?” she asked with compassion in her voice as she lifted her foreleg, taking a step backwards.

“She... she’s in the hospital... she had an accident last night... I... I don’t know for sure what happened...” Model-sire spoke up after a few moments, sorrow deeply embedded in his voice. Slowly he trotted over to where his wife was laying then laid down next to her.

“Oh... I’m sorry...” Octavia compassionately whispered before taking her leave to let the two parents grieve.

After a few moments, Octavia emerged from within the confines of the Heartstrings’ household with a grave look upon her face. Vinyl Scratch and Bonbon stood at the edge of the sidewalk waiting for an answer.

“So, is she coming?” Bonbon questioned, taking notice of Octavia’s expression. Octavia merely shook her head mutely.

“Why the face ‘Tavi?” Vinyl Scratch questioned with a look of concern upon her face that was distorted by her glasses.

“Lyra’s in the hospital... she had an accident or something last night,” Octavia breathed gently.

This news caused Bonbon to gasp. “What’s wrong!? What happened!?” she questioned frantically as she began to take on a state of unrest moving back and forth anxiously.

"I don't know... I'm sorry Bonbon..." Octavia sobbed then gently embraced her friend.

Chapter Two:
Comatose
Part Four:
Purgatory

[Night Fall]

I was sobbing... My family couldn't see or hear me... I was in a coma... I didn't understand why this had to happen to me. For the past few hours I laid curled up in the corner of the room of which I was admitted to. I couldn't bring myself to leave... I couldn't go home, even if I did; my parents wouldn't know I was there. The lights in my room had been turned out; the only remaining light was that of the miniature ones on the machines that they had hooked up to my body, as well as a dim light that shone through the window of the door that lead out into the hallway.

I heard the clopping sound of a pony making their way down the hallway. I didn't quiet myself... actually I began to sob louder. *"It's not like they can hear me..."* I soundlessly blubbered as I continued to sob.

However, the pony's movement ceased, and their silhouette shone through the window. I continued to sob, paying no attention to the slowly opening door. "H-hello? Is somepony in here?" Asked the skittish voice of a filly; she sounded so young, she couldn't be more than half my age.

My tears stopped immediately as I felt a pair of eyes fixated upon me. I looked at her and she looked back. We were locked in an unbreakable gaze for a few minutes before she spoke up. "Why are you crying, Miss?" she sounded so innocent and gentle.

"Y-you can s-see me?" I croaked as I changed my position to face her. I was perplexed, I heard what she was saying, yet there was no actual sound, as if she were speaking directly into my mind despite that her mouth still moved in order to form the words.

She nodded and took a hesitant step towards me. "Why are you so sad?" she asked me in that same gentle tone as she continued to inch towards me.

"I... my parents... they can't see or hear me... they..." I choked and began to sob. She moved to my side and snuggled up against me.

"I understand... I'm the same way... What's your name?" she said as she rubbed up against me in an attempt to try and comfort my sorrow.

"I'm... m-my name is Lyra..." I sobbed despite her efforts to calm me. "Why is this happening..." I cried burying my face into my fore-hooves.

"Lyra..." the filly spoke softly as she got to her hooves and offered me a hoof to stand. "Come with me... I have something that might give you an explanation." She said in a tone that was still as gentle and soft as before, yet it was too adult for a filly her age.

Hesitantly, I took her hoof and stood. Only now did I get a good look at her. She was a light blue earth pony with a light turquoise mane (similar to my own in color) that fell gently around her face; her eyes were a gentle purple color that reflected light, yet there was something strange about them, their pupils and irises didn't differentiate, it was all one faded color.

"Wh-what's your name?" I sniffed as I got to my hooves and started to follow her.

"I'm Phoebe!" she declared in a chipper tone as she led me out the door and into the hallway.

I followed her through a long narrow hallway and down a flight of stairs. We entered a small room at the base of the stairs on the other side of the dull cement room was a lone metal door. I wore a quizzical look, I was confused.

"Where are we?" I asked in a mildly confused tone while turning to Phoebe. My emotional breakdown had been calmed, though I was still upset.

"We're where I was taking you," Phoebe smiled as she trotted over to the door and began to open it with her mouth. "The obtherths are waitin' inthide." She said whilst she was in the process of opening the door.

The door opened to reveal another room similar to the one we were in, but it had several ponies of various colors and sizes. They all shared a similar feature; they *all* had eyes like Phoebe, with the exception of color differentiation. They were all staring at me, not in an unfriendly way, but rather in curiosity.

"C-can they see me?" I asked Phoebe, yet it wasn't her that answered. It was a grey pegasus stallion who looked to be around the same age as my father.

"We can hear you too," he said in a joking manner as he stepped forward to greet me.

"Wha-what's going on?" I asked in complete confusion as he brought me inside.

“Isn’t it obvious silly filly? We’re dead...”

End Chapter Two

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Thanks to my awesome editor, and pre-readers.