

Did I Wake You

By C. Jade Wyton

Maggie Gryphon is staying the night at Eulogy's house, and some photos he's left out trigger some old forgotten memories that she can't quite seem to pull to the front of her brain.

Contains descriptions of mental illness, mild horror theme mentions, some self harm.

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Eulogy had left his case notes out.

Maggie knew not to look; but several photos had caught her eye as she'd gotten up to get a drink and, though she had immediately turned away and left the room, it had tickled her mind.

A hospital facility covered in blood. Probably a murder, but....

The photos were like déjà vu.

She'd never seen that place before; but somehow she had lived inside it every day.

Something....

Somewhere....

Somewhere cold and foul-smelling and full of sharp pin-pricks to the skin.

White coat.

Dirty white coat.

Smoke in the air.

Red-yellow light on the horizon.

Numbers.

Something about *numbers*.

A voice made of hands.

*Ugh!*

Maggie bashed her fists into her head, trying to knock the memory into the front of her brain.

Her stupid, stupid brain!

*Work!*

*Remember!*

'Maggie, what are you doing?!' Eulogy's voice asked from the kitchen door, and Maggie turned to face the man. 'Stop that! You're going to hurt yourself, you stupid girl. You're not a sending stone. Smacking your brain around isn't going to make it work better.'

Maggie blinked as she was scolded.

The memory was completely gone, now. Vanished from her mind and replaced with the dark silhouette of the gnomblin against the main room's yellow light.

Maggie gave a heavy sigh.

Eulogy had distracted her from whatever she was doing.

Wait....

Why did he look so upset with her? Had she done something wrong? Had she been too loud?

She lifted her hands, motioning to Eulogy. *'Sorry. Did I wake you?'*

Eulogy reeled back, his brow furrowing in surprise. *'Since when do you know fucking sign language?'*

*'Huh?'* Maggie said aloud, and looked down at her hands. *'Sign language?'*

*A voice made of hands.*

*'Oh...'* she looked back to Eulogy. *'I know sign language.'*

*'Hm...'* Eulogy watched Maggie for a long moment, before giving a shrug and a tired grin. *'You're a mystery, Maggs.... Come on, you shouldn't be up so late. It's bad for you.'*

*'But you're up this late,'* Maggie argued as Eulogy took her hand and led her back to the lounge.

*'Only because I could hear you wandering around,'* Eulogy retorted, sitting Maggie down on the couch next to his displacer beast, Baby. *'What's keeping you up?'*

*'Uh... I don't... remember.'*

*'Of course you don't,'* Eulogy sighed and rubbed his temple, bending down to retrieve Maggie's blanket off the floor. He threw it over her, pushing her down onto her pillow as he did. *'Well, whatever. Just try and get some sleep, okay?'*

Maggie nodded, shifting to get comfortable as Eulogy neatened up the room around her.

Then he made to leave... But just as he reached the door, Maggie felt her mouth opening to speak;

*'I miss Edmund.'*

Eulogy paused, his long ears turning back attentively. *'So go visit him,'* he said, simply.

*'I can't!'* Maggie exclaimed. *'I can't go back! Not until I do something good enough! He's expecting me to come back a hero!'*

*'You are a hero, Maggie,'* Eulogy sighed, turning his whole body around so she could see him cross his arms. *'Ask any of the people you've saved.'*

*'But that was...'* Maggie's ears folded down. *Eulogy didn't understand....* *'That's not being a hero, that's just doing the right thing.... I haven't done anything heroic.'*

*'Maggie, I don't know what you think being a hero is,'* Eulogy stood up very straight. *'But I guarantee you, fighting alongside a god to save an entire continent from being swallowed into nothingness is heroic.'*

*'No, that doesn't count though!'* Maggie exclaimed.

*'Why not?'*

*'Because I didn't fight with Plume because she was a god— I did that because she was my friend!'*

The sound of Eulogy's hand meeting his face was loud. *'Maggie! Befriending a god is even more impressive and heroic, you stupid girl.'*

*'It is?'* Maggie blinked. *'Do you.... Do you think Edmund would be proud of me?'*

*'If he's not then he's an idiot,'* Eulogy said, simply. *'And not worth your time.'*

‘Hm...’ Maggie played with a loose thread in her blanket, picking at it with her claws. ‘Well, he’s not an idiot, so....’

‘Hmph,’ Eulogy gave a grunt, and turned back to the door. ‘Exactly... Goodnight, Maggie. We’ll talk more about this in the morning.’

‘Oh— Okay,’ Maggie acknowledged, pulling up her blanket and settling down; resting her head on Baby instead of her pillow. ‘Goodnight, Eulogy.’

—END—

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