

What Waits for You in The Dark?

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Humans are born into the light; they are effectively showered and blinded and roasted in it from the moment of their birth unto the moment of their death. It is a constant; an infinite; a twisting, snarling, writhing, immortal anaconda which humanity has tied to its own ankles, body, and neck through some semblance of a justification of “it’s for the best.”

This light—originating from mankind’s first spark, first showering of embers and roaring of the flames and the primal howls of its ancestors—is a tool placed from the hands of those unknown into the paws of a paranoid, self-destructive primate. Darkened, grey, unblinking perspectives warn of this much, their eyes following the movement of the strange race which refuses to remove itself from the inferno of brilliance which is slowly eroding away even the darkest—if they can truly be called “dark,” these ghosts of shadows—of their own species.

Those from the darkness, claws clicking on tile floors, spines rising against the cold winds, teeth snapping, and hackles raising, and wings twitching, and tails whipping, are not fearful of stepping forward, of confronting the aliens which insist upon blinding themselves. They will do it gladly, for it pains even the most senseless of beings to watch a snake burn its own tail.

“The light can be wonderful,” they will begin, pausing softly as they adjust themselves to speak, their coarse tongues catching on their own curved fangs. “Yet you have nothing to fear from the dark,” they will continue, gesturing to the quiet, the cold, the nothingness and everything that lurked at the edges of the light.

Humanity, as it has always done, and as it will always continue to do, will claw at its own ears, screeching in a mixture of ignorant defiance and pain, before pausing to attend to such a suggestion. It will scutter, belly to the floor, backwards and away from even just the faded edges of shadow, much less a creature baked and bred in it.

Some from the darkness will choose to disguise themselves as best they can, painting themselves fluorescent white, hiding their horns and wearing down their claws, before stumbling forward into the realm of humanity. They will blend in, approach and earn the trust of those who would scatter before them if in any situation more natural, and softly put forward—no, not even put forward, but they will halfheartedly hide the idea that light is not the only way. That there are things to be gained through the conquering of a needless fear, that there are ways to grow if only given the chance and the space.

On a rare occasion, a more innately curious human will stumble upon such an idea. They will take it as their own, hiding it underneath their skin away from others, and may vanish to the dark far earlier than otherwise acceptable. They will find beings and creatures only thought possible in their most outlandish nightmares, powers beyond their comprehension, and, most importantly, themselves. These humans will always try to return to the harsh light they once came from, but they cannot. They are changed on a fundamental level, a change in their basic nature that can never be fully hidden.

Some will wait, biding their time, before donning the fluorescent paint of those who came before them, and striding forward into the light, teeth a little too sharp, eyes a little too precise. Others will accept their fate graciously, amicable to abandoning those who would rather become ash.

The cycle continues, and, perhaps once after the sun has crumbled and the beams, from which humans draw forth their safety and their demise, have begun to wane, perhaps it will be enough to draw forth a new race from the wasteland the realm of humanity is destined to become. Perhaps.