

Supplemental: Moonsick

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Supplemental: Moonsick

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

Summary

[PEARL]

Last night, I dreamt I was stars.

(Supplemental audio to [Statement 0220505 \("Stargazer"\)](#) and [Statement 0220528 \("Slumber Party"\)](#). Not archived.)

Notes

It's recommended you read [Stargazer](#) and [Slumber Party](#) before this little ficlet!

[Listen to this fic here!](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)



[Click]

[PEARL]

Last night, I dreamt I was stars.

(Lengthy silence, punctuated by deep breathing)

Um, Grian gave me this recorder after we talked. He told me to talk about my experiences. Apparently it helps him feel better, when... things get to him. When he notices things. I'm not going to do the statement intro, though. That's silly.

But... um. Last night. Last night.

I don't remember falling asleep, even though I must have been sleeping.

I remember standing on my balcony, staring up at the sky. The moon was there again, too big and too bright, staring down at me, reaching down for me. It's always full, in these dreams. It never seems to get any bigger, but every time I see it, I have the sense that it's closer than it was.

I don't know what'll happen when it reaches me. I don't know why I'm not as afraid of that as I should be. I'm still scared, though. I'm still very, very scared. I don't know why this is happening. It was still... manageable before the incident at the Institute, with the darkness, but now it's gotten... worse. Or... I don't know if worse is the word.

The moon reached down for me, and I reached back, and this time my fingers were able to just barely brush it. And when I did, I felt... empty, but not. Like everything under my skin had been torn away to make room for something else. Something so much greater. So much bigger.

So much *brighter*.

It felt like I'd just... *come undone*, like some string that had been holding me together as a person just *snapped*, and something huge and empty had- had slipped in to curl around all the scattered pieces of me, and fit right back into place like nothing had changed, even though everything had. It didn't hurt, but... it felt like it should have. I think it would have been better if it had.

I'm scared. And I'm- I'm still scared about not being as scared as I should be. I never look away from the moon. I think I could, now, if I wanted to. I don't want to. I see it when I close my eyes.

(Absentminded humming)

(Mumbling, half-audible) Fly me to the moon, let me play among the stars...

[Click]

End Notes

figured this would be the best way to pick up the cliffhanger from the end of the last statement! we will be back to our regularly-scheduled full length statements with the next one, which will not be a continuation of this plot but WILL be dealing with an entity we haven't seen yet in this series. i gotta keep you guys on your toes!! i might do a few more of these supplemental statements as the need arises to fill in gaps in the story or just add some dimension to it, also, since this was fun and very quick.

<3 see you next time!

[also go LOOK at this absolutely jaw-droppingly gorgeous art by @ccynosaur on twitter inspired by this fic!](#)

Works inspired by this one

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!