

Es tut mir leid

Von Oogie-Boogie

Es tut mir leid

I'm sorry
von
Oogie-Boogie

"Being dead is aaaaaannoying", said Vriska to herself. "And this isn't the real deal either."

Dream bubbles, a creation of the Horroterros. A alternate form of afterlife some might say. Vriska was sure there was more after the death, especially after a bunch of ghosts haunted her for a short time.

But for now she was here, in her memories. She dated a doomed timeline John for a short time, but it didn't work out in the end.

//Because I want the Alpha Timeline John? Am I even the Alpha Timeline Vriska anymore?//

Vriska shook her head. No time for such ideas. She had to find her friends.

//Why? Oh, right I have nothing better to do these days.//

She thought about how to reach another dream bubble.

//The journal of Mindfang... Yes!//

In seconds the Spidertroll was in her Hive and fetched her journal of the legendary pirate. //Maybe I can find you with this. That would make my day! :::)//

She turned a random page and started to read it without looking twice.

//It should work, right? I mean that are the memories of Mindfang. She may not be here with me but...//

The Words showed her the way and she followed them quickly. The words flew out of the book and transformed into a bridge that lead her to another dream bubble.

She landed on Mindfangs Ship. "Fantastic."

Vriska had butterflys in her stomach. It looked exactly like it was described in

Mindfangs Journal. A beautiful, big and combat built Ship. Made to look harmless to trick the enemy.

Vriska was impressed as she started searching the ship. Everything was so as she had imagined it.

//I should make a trip with that ship at some point.//

She heard knitting noises from another room. //Mindfang and knitting?//

Vriska opened the door with a wham and demanded: "Who dares to knit on this ship?"

Vriska got a soft laugh as answer. "I do my dear, but no worry I have a license!"

The Spidertroll saw a grown up Troll sitting on the ground the back turned to her.

Vriska skipped into a battle pose. "Don't come near grown-up. I have killed nastier enemies than you."

"I believe you little pirate girl. But there is no need for death threats. Especially if dead came already too one like myself. Or too you."

Vriska relaxed slightly. "And who are you? Do you know Mindfang?"

"Yes, I know her personally."

"Really?", asked Vriska, a little exited. "She is the coolest person in alternian History! It was sure special to know her."

"Yes our relationship was pretty "special" my dear."

Vriska walked around the Troll woman until she saw her face. "Hmmm... I don't recognize you... Where you one of Mindfangs pirates?"

"No dear, I was one of her slaves."

Vriska stoped. She took a closer look at the woman. "The Dolorosa..."

"Exactly my dear. The First Troll-Lusi of a Grub."

Vriska lowered her eyes in disappointment and sighed. She read a passage about Mindfang and her brainwashing of the Dolorosa... The brainwashing.

Vriska felt suddenly uneasy.

"And that is your name, if you allowing that question my dear?"

"Vriska Serket....", came the mumbled answer. "And yours is...?" She noticed in that moment that she didn't know the real name of that woman. Only her title. It stands to reason that the names of the Signless and his entourage there erased from history. At least she didn't know them or more about that subject matter.

She didn't care for the history of the Signless that much.

"I like Dolorosa", the women said and smiled warmly. "It sounds good. Let's leave it at that for the moment, okay?"

"Okay."

Awkward silence ensued. Vriska loved and admired her ancestor, the mighty Pirate Marquise Spinneret Mindfang. But even she couldn't defend certain things she did.

"Was it bad?"

"To what exactly are you referring with these words my dear?"

"Your..." Vriska faltered. She never was faltering ever before anyone, she was confident, strong, cool.

"Your time with Mindfang."

"Oh, it was fantastic my dear. Slavery is a fantastic lifestyle, you should try it out betimes."

"No thanks."

The Dolorosa chuckled. "Well, my dear you should give me a little bit of company. I love it to make new acquaintances."

"You gooooooot to be Kiding me!", Vriska laughed. "I'm searching for People I know. No time to drink tea with old ladies."

"We could play Baccara instead."

"Do you know flarping?"

"I... I didn't engage often in modern sexual activities, if it that's you are referring too."

Vriska blushed and said fiercely: "No, you are way too old... And dead.... And you look more like a good Morail than a Matespritship for me."

The old lady laughed again. "That was a joke my dear. But thanks for the compliment. Do you have no morail?"

"Yes." Vriska thought about Kanaya. Her old friend, her Morail. "Our relationship was at a chasm before I died. I didn't know why and worse I flushed red for her shortly before I died. I wished that I had talked to her one last time."

The Dolorosa looked sympathetic. "That does sound awful my dear."

//Why the hell I'm so talkative before this stranger? I should go... But where to?//

Without another word Vriska put herself besides the Dolorosa. "I hope you don't mind..."

"Not at all."

//And now I'm polite. I should annoy her and call her names not be so friendly. But on the other hand... She is.... Oh, Cod, don't think about it. Speak about everything, but not about that...//

"Ahem... Anyhow how is your sex life?"

In that second the Thief of Light decided to kill alternate John for showing her "The Room".

//Curse you Tommy Wiseau.//

"To be honest not much lately", said the Dolorosa deadpan.

"Sorry, it is... I saw that movie and... It stuck into my head.... Please, I didn't... Sorry!"

Vriska blushed more severe than before. She didn't want to be caught dead be her friends while what nice, apologetic and weak to someone.

"It's okay my dear. You are funny."

"I'm not funny, in lifetimes I was the most badass and strongest Troll on Alternia!"

"You don't say", the Dolorosa said slightly intrigued and smiled warmly. "I want to inquire about your life my old home planet, if you have nothing against such a tale."

Vriska grinned. Somebody who actually WANTS to hear her tales. It has been a long time ago since somebody wanted to listen to her stories.

The Bubble began to change, Vriskas memories melded into the dream bubble of the Dolorosa. The Scorpio had to admit that a dream bubble was an excellent way to tell her story.

"Your story is pretty good, for being a propagator of laaaaaaame pacifism and love and being the mother of Jegus, but nobodies story is as good as mine.", Vriska said

smug and confident. She felt a little bit safer again.

"It is often a matter of perspective my dear, and one story should be compared to others about the same thematic. My story sounds way different from yours in themes, succession of events and style, at least I surmise that fact."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, you're right. Cod, you are remind me of..." Vriska faltered. She didn't want to think about her now.

"Nevermind."

Vriska commenced to tell her story. The dream bubble changed accordingly and gave a 360° Show with realistic sound and awesome special effects.

She showed the Dolorosa her Trials in her Wiggler days and being chosen by the Spider Lusus.

"These Type of Lusi are known for only eating Trolls", the Dolorosa remarked. "And their charge has too feed them."

"Yes.... Not a jolly job to be honest. I was pretty good at it."

"It is one of the most gruesome thinks Troll-Society does", the Dolorosa said frankly. No accusation in her voice. "You didn't choose this Lusus."

"No, I didn't...", Vriska said. "But it doesn't free me from the debt and guilt about all the ones I killed."

"Guilt is something", the older Troll said. "A very good thing. It means there is still hope."

Vriska continued to tell and show her the life she lived. Who she became friends with other trolls, crippled one, killed one and blinded one. Her tone was confident but at times a little shaky during that segment.

//I... It is like with John... With her... About the things only a moirail should know.//

She talked also about her own mishaps. She boasted what everything that didn't kill her made her harder. The Dolorosa nodded and listened.

"The Sgurb Game wasn't really all that hard", Vriska told. "I mean some of us were virtually way to strong for the majority of the enemies. And with alchemizing you could build stuff that is ridiculously broken. Feferi accidentally build an atom bomb once using only bubble gum, a atom and rice crackers. Somehow. Sollux thought it was because the bubblegum was special or the crackers had pepper instead of salt."

"That game sounds pretty dangerous. Does it really destroy the World?"

"Yes, but we found about it first after we started the game. Except Aradia, I think she knew what would happen."

Vriska proceeded to acquaint information about the final battle against the Black King, Bec Noir who ruined the attaining of the prize and what happened on the Veil.

"It waaaaass probably a little tense... It was only a matter of time until a few of us blew a fuse... Including me."

Vriska felt the sting of guilt again. The same guilt she endured as Aradia summoned all that ghosts to haunt her. Or on other occasions.

//Argh! That is going on? I'm a Troll, only the strong survive and the weak perish. No reason to feel guilty, it is our way, our way... Our way.//

"The Trolls are as violent as ever", the Dolorosa concluded. "But in you, one of the most brutal and infamous of them I see hope... You are a confused young Troll. Wanting to be the best but hindered be your feelings. You can still decide to change

your way."

Vriska stood up vigorously. "NO!", the Cerulean-blood shouted. "My way is the best and will always be the best!!!! It made me the strongest, made me more hardened, confident & strongest off all Trolls! I only died because it was masterstroke of a brilliant young troll that can outthink everybody!!!!!!!!!"

"Oh..." The Dolorosa smiled. "Sounds like you like your Friend Terezi greatly."

"I DON'T NEED HER!", screamed the Serket. "I'm the descendent of the powerful Marquise Spinneret Mindfang and I'm exactly like her!"

Vriska thought that Non-Existent coldness suddenly struck and it became as cold as on a ice planet. She really didn't want to say that.

"Ahem.... I meant... Ahem..."

The gaze of Dolorosa was unreadable for the long haired Girl.

"I... I..."

Vriska gathered all her confidence, conviction and strength. She wanted to scream that Mindfang was the best, that only a powerful warrior like the Summoner was capable of beating her, that she was a master of Survival, the most feared pirate of Alternia of all time, that the Dolorosa should felt honoured that Mindfang made Jadeblood her Slave and Matesprit, that she... She...

The Scene changed back to Mindfangs Ship and they saw the Marquise a Dolorosa in plain slave Clothing approaching. The Scene changed then to the Desert, Tavros Planet of Sand and Zephyr. Neither of the two wanted to watch would have followed. Vriska remembered the time she tried to Mind Control Tavros into kissing her. It felt creepy and wrong. She didn't do it.

But Mindfang did.

"I can't... I can't.... I can't defend this."

"That is the subject of your inability to defend?"

Vriska dropped to her knees. "I never thought to say that but... I'm sorry."

"For that exactly? For you being a little loud during our mesmerizing conversation?"

"No, you... I'm sorry that my Ancestor.... That she.... That Mindfang...."

"Yes....?"

"I'm sorry that she brainwashed you and made you her matesprit against your will."

Silence for several seconds. The Dolorosa looked sympathetic and stroked Vriskas cheek.

"It wasn't your fault my dear", the Dolorosa said tender. "You're not her."

The younger troll pushed the Arm of the Dolorosa careful away.

"I didn't brainwash nobody to do.... You know what. But I'm a murderer. Mass murderer even. Eventually, I had no problem killing my friends. At first. The guilt crept slowly into me... I..."

Tears welled up in Vriskas eyes.

"Come my dear."

"But..."

Vriska looked ashamed away. "Please, I don't think I deserve..."

The Dolorosa sighed, drew Vriska gently to her and gave her an embrace.

"Why...? I did so terrible things.... All of them!"

"Nobody is beyond redemption."

Vriska trembled. The Waterfall broke. She began to cry. Crying like never before. She didn't remember the last time she cried for somebody. It was something that would her seem to be weak, but she did it anyway. It didn't matter anymore, for the Moment at least.

"Why.... WHY?!", Vriska cried out into the afterlife. "Why did I have to kill all these trolls?! To feed a useless fat spider? Why?! It was stupid and senseless!"

"I think the idea of the Dilemma was to make you independent, strong and ruthless", analyzed the Dolorosa the Situation.

"Yeah, a monster that can kill everybody she meets with no sense of loyalty to anyone is SOOOOOOO a great concept", said the Vriska between two intense sobs.

"You're not a monster."

Vriska wepted without end in sight. "I hurt so many and I was hurt in return. Was I not properly punished enough?"

Vriska's Head sunk into the Lap of the Dolorosa weeping relentlessly. The old woman stroked Vriska's Hair gently.

"Shoosh..."

"Stop it you're not my...", began Vriska, became furious but then wept again. "Oh, Kanaya... Who are you? Please, Fussysfangs who are you?"

The Dolorosa stroked Vriska's Hair gently and patted her back.

The 8 obsessed Troll looked up. "Well... You're a good enooooouuuugh substitute I suppose."

"There, there...."

Vriska calmed down a little. This woman worked miracles on her the young dead troll thought. And she reminded her of Kanaya.... Vriska wept again.

"Shoosh..."

"Stop that! You are reminding me of... Please no. It feels terrible. I miss her."

Vriska hissed. Impotent fury filled her mind. "FUCK! I want to seem them again! Tavros, Terezi, Kanaya, John.... Anyone. Even Eridan. ARGH!"

"It is unfortunate that I remember you about a person you care for."

"No, no, its okay", Vriska said fast in fear of chase that ridiculous nice person away.

"All right."

The next few minutes used the Dolorosa to pet the young troll. Vriska breathed controlled and tried to fight back the tears. "I didn't ask for this."

"I know."

"But you had a choice", Vriska said. "Why throw everything away for a little grub nobody wanted?"

"Compassion and the Love that exists only between most Lusi and their charges."

"MOST is right", mumbled Vriska. "My could only scream for more food. Food, food, food. And the only thing she could eat was Trolls. And what kind of Troll would let her Lusus die?"

"Not a good one."

"Yes... I feed her... The killing became with time so easy and part of my everyday life. The weak perished. Burgundy, Yellow Teal, Purple, Violet, nobody was save. The Color didn't matter to me."

"Not a big fan of the Hemospectrum I augur from this?"

"Strength has nothing to do with your blood color. I watched purple Highbloods

begging for their lives and Burgundys Fighting with everything they had, better than some Violet Seadwellers."

Vriska had stopped to weep and felt relaxed. "That was the point in my existence? So much killing... That I did so far is not enough to make look it was worth it. That cannot be the end."

"You are still existing", the Dolorosa reminded her. "Your story is not over. Trust me, the opportunity may come."

Vriska hoped it. A chance for redemption.

"I'm so sorry... I feel so guilty... But I could talk to nobody about this, with two exceptions."

"You're welcome."

Vriska drew her legs and rest of the body onto the Lap of the Dolorosa and furred like a kitten on the legs of the Jade Blood. She wished for a Moment to know how to imitate a purr like Nepeta. She tried it nonetheless.

"It sounds you are trying to imitate a meowbeast my dear."

"Uhm... A good friend of mine does it often..."

"Sounds like a pretty special person."

"Yes... Somebody how knows, how to make friends... And keeping them."

"You should ask her how she does that if the opportunity should presents itself."

"Yeah... I miss that shipping cat."

"Sounds very familiar in my ears", the Dolorosa said.

"Did you see her?"

"No, sorry. I meant somebody else."

"Bluh, Bluh, Whatever."

The Dolorosa wiped the tears from Vriskas Face carefully. "Are you feeling better than before little spider troll?"

"Not if you call me that again."

"Why not? It sounds mignon."

"I'm not cute, I'm evil."

"Evil can be very cute."

"That is total nonsense."

A innocent grin came across the face of the older troll and she started to tickle the younger troll.

"Oh, stop that. I 'am not tickl.... Hehehehe!" Vriskas laughter spluttered uncontrolled from her mouth. "Stop that!"

"Nope, that is too much fun."

Vriska didn't know what to do. She could easily free herself from this predicament. But on the other hand she liked it. Kanaya tickled her at least one time as far the cerulean-blooded troll could remember. It was more fun than Vriska would ever admit to herself or to Kanaya.

After a while the Dolorosa stopped.

"That was pretty sneaky, tickle somebody out of the blue."

"The Signless loved it. He sounded like a little Bird-beast every time I tickled him."

//I bet nobody wrote THAT down.// "Did you tickle also the Disciple and the The Psiioniic?"

"Yes. It was more fun with the Disciple though. She was always the liveliest and

happiest of us.”

“I’m sorry that it had ended for your little family the way it did.”

“It is so many sweeps ago; I had enough time to process it. And in death we are all together.”

“Good to hear...” Vriska felt sleepy. Very Sleepy all of the sudden. She felt weary and her eyelids heavy.

“I don’t feel so good...”

“You are probably tired my dear.”

“I’m dead”, said Vriska eyes rolling. “I don’t need sleep anymore.”

“Body and Mind both need sleep. You lost your body, but your Mind still needs sleep.” Vriska know that. She did sleep in the dream bubbles but she fought that this part belonged to her memories not a need.

“Sleep little Troll”, the Dolorosa said and stroked Vriskas back.

“I’m sorry... I am so sorry.... For everything... I hate myself...”

“Shoosh. I believe you. You can still redeem yourself. You can. You only have to want it.”

“I will get redemption... All of the redemption... All of it.”

“You will my dear, you will.”

Vriska closed her eyes, snuggled herself closer to the body of the Dolorosa and drifted into a long sleep.

The Dolorosa smiled upon the little Troll. She looked into the Sky. Night has stricken the heaven as Vriska started to sleep and she saw the starry sky.

“You can imagine really beautiful nights.”

Nachwort:

Meine Version wie Vriska sein kann. Gefiel es euch? Ich wollte ihren Wunsch nach Wiedergutmachung etwas klarer darstellen indem sie mit jemanden spricht dem sie trauen kann.

Und jedes Mal wenn die B2 Trolle einen Vorfahren treffen ist es immer der eigene. Ich wollte das anders machen und denke das Vriska und die Dolorosa recht gut zusammenpassen.

Ich hoffe es hat euch gefallen. Wenn euch Rechtsschreibfehler auffallen meldet sie ruhig. Ich konnte keinen Beta Leser finden.

Gez. Oogie-Boogie