

001.🎵 TALES OF THE ABYSS CHARACTER BIBLE; "short story of luke". ♥ Luke/Tear.

 notaboutlogic.dreamwidth.org/5697.html

Tales of the Abyss Character Bible (pg 24-25).

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How many times had it been now? How many times had he whispered that he didn't want to die?

Luke flopped down onto his bed and sighed.

He hadn't been back home or in his own room for a long time. The linens were clean; the light streaming in through the window was warm. The atmosphere hadn't changed a bit from before, so more likely than not, the reason why Luke was overwhelmed with tears was because he himself had changed.

Before, Luke had lived confined to this room. Those quiet, boring days... The one who had changed all that was Tear. He met Tear, learned of the outside world, and learned that people die.

And now, death was right beside him.

Not too long ago, humanity was at the brink of destruction due to the outbreak of a large amount of poison known as the miasma. In order to save the world, it was decided that a hyperresonance would be used to neutralize the miasma but it was also predicted that the one who created that hyperresonance would forfeit his life.

There were only two people who could manipulate a hyperresonance in the world. Luke and his original, Asch.

The one who had been ordered to die was Luke.

Actually, I should have died back then...

When Luke sat up, he stared fixedly at his hands.

He had prepared himself to die--well, to be honest, he hadn't really been prepared at all--and set off to neutralize the miasma, and by some miracle, he had survived afterward. But the truth was that after neutralizing the miasma, Luke's short life was supposed to have ended at the Tower of Rem.

There was only one mystery left and that was the fact that shortly after he had regained consciousness, Luke's hands had appeared transparent. Little by little, uneasiness began to creep up on him. The cause of that uneasiness was discovered during the medical examination he had afterward.

Luke would die. In the near future.

Death was just a little late.

I'm... I'm going to disappear...?

Luke was a replica. The way his fonons were composed was different from a normal human. If he died, he would disappear, not leaving a trace behind. Nothing would remain. Not a trace would remain that could prove Luke the replica had ever existed.

...When? When will I disappear...?

Naturally, he began shaking. That day could be today, could be tomorrow. It was possible he could disappear while sleeping in his bed.

Now that he thought about it... why hadn't he run away when he was told to neutralize the miasma with his hyperresonance? Why had he ever thought that he had been born to neutralize it? It was only now that he could admit it: he didn't want to die. He wanted to live. It was pathetic that he had taken several detours to arrive at the obvious and that it was only when he was faced with the inevitable that he realized it.

Maybe it was because of the tears, or maybe due to the separation of his fonons, but for a split second, his arm seemed transparent again. Without a thought, Luke's entire body tensed up, and almost in response to that, his arm seemed real again. Luke sighed in relief.

How much longer would he have to endure thoughts like this?

Just when it seemed he would lose himself to the darkness known as despair, a knock on the door dragged Luke back to reality. After wiping away any evidence that he had been crying, Luke called out to the person behind the door.

"I-I'm here! Come in!"

"Luke..."

The door opened a crack, and through that crack, Tear's pale face peeked in. Luke, having thought it was probably a maid, was surprised, and thinking that it was a good thing he had hidden any traces of his tears, invited her in.

"Oh, it's you. What's with the serious look?"

Tear hesitated a little, then suddenly turned to face Luke with an almost frightening look. Luke, now confused, stared at Tear, who stared back at him and finally began to speak, her expression blank.

"...Is it true your fonons are separating?"

"Who told you that?"

He realized the answer to his own question the moment he asked it. Tear began shaking slightly, realization spreading across her face.

"Mieu. He told me what you and the Colonel had discussed."

"That little... Damn it..."

"How is your condition? Will you get better?" Tear asked as though she were looking for a ray of hope.

Ah, he was going to hurt her again; Luke apologized deep inside his heart. After they had met, how many times had he burdened her, how much had he made her suffer, how deeply had he hurt her? For a moment, he considered lying to cover it all up, but as that would probably hurt her even more in the end, he prepared himself and began to talk.

"The doctor said it was too late..."

"No!"

Though Tear was always calm, just then she looked as though she were going to cry. Even still, the tears didn't come. Luke was relieved, even just a little, by her strength. If she had begun to cry, he wouldn't have known what to

do. Though he couldn't say anything: he was weak enough to have cried himself.

"Tear, please keep this between us. The only other one who knows is Jade."

"Do you intend to keep them in the dark forever?"

Since she had asked it straight out, Luke fought desperately to appear strong.

"My condition won't change whether I tell them or not. There's no need to worry them."

"Why...? Why are you doing this...?"

"If I'm going to die, I want to enjoy the time I have left."

It wasn't a lie. But they were also just pretty words. Whether Tear had noticed or not, her eyes wavered slightly. Right then, Luke surrendered. Beneath Tear's discerning gaze, Luke's true feelings always revealed themselves, no matter how much he wanted to hide them, no matter how ugly they were.

"...No, that's not it. I'm scared. If I tell everyone, they'll treat me differently. And every time they do, I'll be reminded that I'm going to die."

His once dammed up feelings were released, and thus they came pouring out from deep inside of him without stopping. *If I say all this, Tear might be surprised*, thought Luke, and running out of things to say, his whole body began to tremble.

"Luke... you're shaking..."

"...See? I'm a coward. I'm already like this now. If the others knew... I'd never stop shaking and crying. I'd crawl into a little shell. So I figure... at least while I'm around them all... I can pretend it's going to be okay."

"...You idiot."

For some reason, the moment Tear whispered those words, Luke felt as he had been saved. Words he had grown used to hearing. Words he had been called endless times. But he knew the feelings packed into those words. She was saying, Don't hold it all in by yourself. Probably... no, without a doubt.

"Yeah, no kidding. I really am... Sorry to worry you, Tear."

"Okay. But please...Don't ever hide anything from me again."

See? Luke thought. Tear had come to his side and had told him that she would shoulder the "fear of death" with him. That was most likely why, even though the short time he had left should have been steeped in the the darkness of despair, he didn't have to carry the burden on his own. Right then, it was not death that stood by his side.

It was Tear. An important--friend.

"Okay. I won't."