By: Indy   December 11, 2020

Cotton kinogy

"In life, most fear death, but death is just there to remind us why we live."

Sebastian knew he shouldn't be scared. He wandered around the factories all the time by himself. He snuck into the huge buildings, and run around. He walked up the stairs and down the hallways and into a variety of rooms.

Suddenly he came to a stop when he reached the last room at the end of the hall. He tried to push the door open, but it was locked tight. He was scared to open the door, as it was big and there was probably something dangerous inside, if they kept it locked. Still, he set off to work picking the lock, and eventually it popped open. The door was heavy, but with a good push, it swung open. Sebastian was only a boy at the time, and he had no idea how much this room could change him. He entered the room, and saw a massive pool of cotton in the centre, and nothing else. All he could hear were his soft footsteps across the metal floor, clang clang, every time he took a step. He peered into the pool and it almost looked alive, it had a strange pulsing look to it, as if it were breathing.

"Hello?" he called out to the pool.

There was no answer, just the pulsing of the cotton. He shivered, "Had it gotten colder in here?" he thought.

He knew there was probably no harm in just taking a little nap, in the cotton pool. It looked so welcoming and desirable, no way it would hurt him. He stepped up the small steps leading to the rim of the pool, and jumped in.

Sebastian lay down in the pool for a few moments when it started pulsing again, faster, more aggressively. He took one last breath as he got swallowed in by the cotton. He had never felt such immense pain before. His skin burned on the cotton as he felt it becoming a part of him. He heard rushing footsteps and saw a man overhead yelling orders at people, "It's going to be okay." The man said calmly. "My name is Bobby, can you hear me?"

Sebastian was jolted back to reality when he heard something metal clanging around.

"Crap." he thought.

He realized it was one the silver spoons he had been meaning to steal, it had fallen out of his pocket. He was in a chimney, cleaning it to the best of his ability, and casually stealing some silverware while he was at it. Chimney sweeping was his job, but it hardly paid enough, stealing silverware gave him just enough money to pay for food. He shimmied down the chimney and picked up the spoon.

"So stupid of me." he said to himself. He climbed up and on to the roof, gazing at the factories in the distance. He hated recalling the horrible memory from his childhood, but it was what made him the frankenstuffie he is today. It was now 1901, he was a lot older, and less naive now.

He started running and jumping across the roofs of these rich peoples homes, that he could never afford. He jumped across a few more roofs until he found himself at a roof where all of his friends were sitting. They usually slept on roofs, they were very peaceful, and the closest thing to a home. They were all homeless, poor, and most of them worked in the factory down the road.

"Hello!" he called out to them as he approached them.

"Hello." they called back. He sat down and huddled up to them, then he watches the sunset, and then they all say goodnight and go to sleep.

Sebastian wakes up with a start. It's early in the morning and he can see the sun rising. He turns to his friends to say good morning, only to realize there's only one left.

"Oi! Lorenzo," he hissed.

"What?" Lorenzo whispered back tiredly.

Lorenzo soon had a realization of what had happened, and told Sebastian his theory. He told Sebastian about what had almost happened to him, and where poor people went at night. Lorenzo explained that he was almost kidnapped one night, and that it was a factory that tried to take him, to do unpaid labour. At this point, Sebastian also came to a realization, about why he wasn't kidnapped.

"I know exactly where they are." he said. There was only one factory that would single him out as a no take zone, and that was Milton Factory, the factory he used to explore in his youth. They couldn't take Lorenzo either, as he was usually awake and he went on night walks.

For the next few days Lorenzo and Sebastian plotted a way to help their friends escape, and during the plotting they decided to steal some cotton and clothing. They decided they were going to pull of a heist, so that they could sell these clothes and buy somewhere to live.

Sebastian knew the layout of the entire factory, so it was fairly easy to plan their way around. They arrived at the factory at 12:00am, and rested on the rooftop. They climbed onto a balcony, and peered into the windows. They knew the factory guards had guns, but they were sure they would be fine, they had a plan after all.

"See you on the other side." said Sebastian.

"See you there." said Lorenzo.

All his friends heard was the gunshot. They weren't expecting it, and neither was he. They had almost made it, they were so close. Sebastian and his friends were on the rooftop, about to hop over to the next building, when Sebastian collapsed. There was a man standing behind a smoking gun, he wore a pinstripe suit, and a funny looking hat.

"Sorry Sebastian, there's no room for third chances." the man said under his breath. Sebastian told his friends to go, as there was no reason they had to be shot too. "Bobby...." Sebastian thought to himself.

With one final thought he said, "I'll see you on the other side."