

EVERDAYTALE

“Her Role”

“I am only protecting you, do you understand? ...go to your room.”

Frisk....?

What’s wrong?

Chara hovered over her counterpart like the ghost she was. The last reset was... pretty *brutal*, for both of them. Never before had Frisk taken so much time to wake up from resetting. However, this wasn’t the only change which worried Chara.

“Do not try to stop me. This is your final warning.”

Frisk, you’re scaring me now, you know?

“You want to leave so badly? Hmph. You are just like the others.”

Frisk hadn’t spoken a single word up until now. She wasn’t exactly the talkative type to begin with, but she would at least exchange a few whispers every now and then with the ghost girl.

“There is only one solution to this. Prove yourself... Prove to me you are strong enough to survive.”

And why are you still holding onto that toy knife? You never---

FIGHT

S-stop it. You’re hurting mum!

FIGHT

F-FRISK?!

FIGHT

You’ve already proven your point! You are strong; you did something to change the timeline. Please, just---

FIGHT

---STOP!

“Be good, won’t you... my child.”

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*No.
Nonononono.
Why Frisk? Why---*

LOAD

Huh? What are you---

“Do not try to stop me. This is your final warning.”

Don't.

FIGHT

Why are you doing this?!

“Y... you... really hate me that much? Now I see who I was protecting by keeping you there. Not you... but them? Ha... ha...”

LOAD

Stop it.

FIGHT

JUST STOP ALREADY!

Chara tried to cover her ears with her hands, but she could still hear the sound of Toriel's soul shattering. It was the third time in a row now and Frisk was moments away from reloading the battle *again*. And she was... *smiling?*

You are one sick human, aren't you?

A-Asriel?!

Killing her, over and over.

Shut up.

You're really enjoying this, aren't you?

SHUT UP. SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUT---

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All of a sudden Chara was in control of Frisk’s body. She looked down, right at “her” hands, which were holding that lousy stick a few seconds ago, to find them covered in blood.

Blood that once had belong to her mother.

Chara – too – had killed Toriel countless of times.

Over

and

over

ANd

oVEr

AGain.

“KHA AH?!”

Chara frantically gasped for air. Her lungs were burning and cold sweat fully covered her body.

She was on the surface, *alive*.

Together with Toriel and Frisk, both of them were *alive* as well.

Asriel was with them, as *alive* as a soulless flower (and douchebag) could be.

Everything was *fine*.

Everything

was

fine.

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No one knew that Chara was plagued by nightmares just as much as Frisk was. She wouldn't tell a soul. It wasn't *her role* to play the scared little child. Just as it wasn't Frisk's *role* to shoulder all these sins alone.

Come what may, Chara would take blame, for *all of it*.