

# Tragedy and Comedy are odd friends

Von Nosferatu-kyoudai

## Prolog: Friends

Two beings facing each other, both standing straightened. One begins to raise its might, forcing the other to bow to its feet.

*Who are you?*

The one on the ground whispers. Kneeling deeply, wrapping its weak body with their thin arms as if to protect it somehow. Pitifully, cowering down it tries to face its opponent. Yet fear strokes its distorted eyes.

Opponent did not lower itself to the terrified one, nor did it change its attitude. Instead, it uplifted its stature; a silhouette slender, yet dominant, the whole body covered in black shadows. After letting the down weighed struggling for just another little eternity, an overdrawn grin creeps along its face. Eyes and teeth starting to ridicule the pathetic body along with the proud being itself. Finally, the overbearing silence is cut by the sharp prideful voice.

*Don't you know me?*

No response to notice. The petty knob on the ground just continues to look at his upright opponent. Just facing him was a challenge too hard to stand.

*You are truly pitiful, my dear.*

Grinner says with an uncommon sincere smile on his lips. Nevertheless, its eyes keep laughing at the small creature to scorn.

*My name is Comedy. I am the honourable one of us.*

Suddenly, still slowly, its fear starts to fade away. Just in little portions but still. The one kneeling on the ground, wrapping its skinny arms around its belly as if to stop that feeling of nausea, glimpses at the creature above him with a little hint of confidence. They are far away from being equals. But still, Comedy, it's a familiar.

After introducing its name, their identity, the both beings seem to reduce their gap a little.

*My name is Tragedy, and I...*

*You are the miserable one.*

...

*Aren't you?*

After a moment of hush, Tragedy begins.

*I guess I am.*

Comedy gaining an even more derisive pose, glares at Tragedy. There is nothing but the two of them. Surrounded by the painful noise of burdensome silence, bleak darkness, the opponents continue their talk.

*It is amusing, indeed, to observe your distress. Hee, hee, but please don't look at me like that, my dear. Don't be too torn. After all the both of us is all that is left.*

*If that is the case, I do not understand why you are putting effort into pushing me further down. If I already greet the ground, why do you keep pressing me?*

*You got a point there, dear.*

*You already possess great strength I will never be able to occupy. Why can't you leave me alone?*

For the first time, Comedy came up with an apparently straight laugh.

*Dear, did you not see? We are captured in this abyss, the both of us. Where in the world should I go?*

Tragedy remained silent. This place was scary. There was no noise, still, it was

screaming. There wasn't any sign of life, nor of anything else. Still, the air was pressuring, so much that even Tragedy fell to its knees, not able to get up on its own. Darkness swallowed everything. Just Comedy and Tragedy left to remain.

*Besides...*

The only catchable sound existing was the voice either of Tragedy or Comedy.

*...it would be insufferable dull then. Just let me mock you a little longer. You'll see, soon there will be a meaning. Soon enough, you'll find a way to escape.*

Tragedy didn't really believe in Comedy's words. Still, there was a certain sheen which promised something hopeful.

*You do promise?*

*I do promise, dear.*

For the first time, Comedy averted its gaze of Tragedy. So that the humiliated one could repose for just now.

*And then you will take me with you. You promise?*

*...I do.*