

It's Tuesday evening. Usually Sans is somewhere else, but since this thing appeared, his schedule has shifted around a bit. Ha, what an understatement. Everything's changed. Familiar scenes are tinged with malaise. He barely recognises his own hands. Yeah, this is his house, and that's his ceiling, and the bumps and divots in the couch feel exactly as they should when he reclines at this angle, but what is that thing sitting cross-legged on his floor? Where did it come from? When will it leave? What damage will it do in the meantime? What could be worse than what it's already done? Why did it dig through his brother's belongings for crayons and construction paper, and why did he helpfully point out the bin of art supplies in the closet?

The last couple questions are more easily answered. Obviously, it wanted to draw— one of its more harmless choices. It dumped the whole crayon box onto the carpet, and now it paws through a pile of 64 colours, searching, scattering. He wonders if it's planning to pick up after itself, because it must know that *he's* not going to, and Papyrus....

Sans loves that his brother is so crafty. Papyrus is always making something or doing something, striving for more in a way that Sans cannot replicate. [Anecdote here?] It hurts to think that, for now, Papyrus won't be doing, making, or striving for anything. It hurts to think that they won't see each other again. Ever. But another Sans will, in another time, and that thought will have to be enough. These days, he makes a point of counting his few remaining blessings. The first is his brother's love of both crafting *and* organising, which spared him the trouble of procuring art supplies for a murderer. Small victories.

"Is this everything?" it asks. Sans opens one eye to see it peering at him through the crayon box, as if the sharpener on the bottom was a peephole.

"Yep." He shuts his eyes again, but he can hear every little sound it makes and, as a result, imagine its appearance in perfect detail. As tiring as it is, hypervigilance comes naturally to him.

It deflates with a sigh. "Oh...." Cloth rustles as it settles back on its haunches, rests the box in its lap, and twiddles the tiny cardboard flaps. "Some of the colours are missing— specifically goldenrod. Actually, most of the yellows are gone!" And it rolls its eyes around the following complaint: "only *yellow-green* is left."

"Yellow-green ain't good enough for you?"

"Noooo! Of course not!" It's whining shamelessly, head tossed back. How long til it starts kicking its feet? "It's so gross! It looks like a highlighter! It's all wrong!"

"Then the self-portrait's gonna have to wait, pal."

A hitch of breath— it's wondering, *how did he know?* He tends to enjoy that look of surprise, the face someone makes when they've been caught. Instead of peeking, he just imagines its red-rimmed eyes getting a little wider, its jaw slackening just enough to part its lips.... This thing has upended Sans's whole life and snuffed out so many others; it's wreaked havoc that no one

can remember for reasons he can barely comprehend. When he closes his fist around the bundle of yellow crayons in his pocket, he feels glad to have gotten at least one thing right.

"But..." Its voice is so small now, open, vulnerable— honest? It shuffles. "If I can't draw myself, how am I supposed to draw us together?"

This house was never meant to be so quiet.

"When I came to your world, I gave myself a new form. I made myself human and everything, so that I'd fit in and we could have fun together. Plus, I've never been human before! I was really excited about that."

There are a thousand things Sans wants to say— namely: "fun? Together? With *you*?" He may be an easy going guy, but even he has his limits, and this thing has become a world class expert at pushing them. Would the pounding in his skull go away after he gave it a piece of his mind? Told it just how much he resented it? How terrified he was by its casual callousness? How stupid he found the notion that he'd enjoy even one second of its putrid company?

This level of frustration can only be vented through violence, or worse. Too bad this little freak has been begging for exactly that, and so far he's refused to give in even though he's itching for it, too. For now, no one gets what they want. It's all pointless, anyway. What Sans *really* wants is for this to be over. He wants to fall asleep and wake up somewhere else, somewhere better, in a world where his brother is alive. For all the naps he's taken, not one has done the trick. They don't even refresh him anymore. It's pure exhaustion that keeps him here, on this couch, in this conversation, and it's spite that keeps them both alive. How much difference that makes is still up for dispute.

So when Sans chooses from the thousand things he wants to say, he chooses the thing that might settle the dispute, and he doesn't miss a beat: "oh yeah? What are you usually?"

"Hm..." Its head lolls back and forth, as if weighing various explanations. "A big... like... conglomeration? I'm one thing, but there are lots of little things inside, from lots of different places. Enough things to make me bigger than the whole universe."

"Huh. And you squeezed all that into this tiny package?"

It giggles. "Yeah! I thought it'd be fun. Are you impressed?"

"Devastated," he says flatly, and it giggles again.

"It's all me, though. Once it's inside, it's mine. And I've got a bunch of appendages, and there are lots of things swirling around, like mouths and tentacles and..."

"Are you telling me you're some kind of eldritch horror?"

"Yeah, basically!" From pouting, to sulking, to grinning— this thing has run a full circuit of emotions in less than 2 minutes. It digs through the craft bin, totally renewed. "It's kinda hard to describe. Can I draw you a picture?"

"Depends. Do you need yellow?"

"Well...." It huffs, already scribbling away. "It's whatever! Who cares if I'm missing my favourite colour?"

Maybe this is the more appropriate size; like this, the childish personality isn't so jarring. It chatters like a real kid, too, gleefully narrating the creative process behind the masterwork that will *surely* blow Sans's mind. He tunes out its opinions on various hues of pink to lose himself in happier memories. Memories of his brother, when Papyrus was young. Memories so far away they seem to belong to another Sans.

He sleeps. The room is dark when he wakes. There's a heavy lump of life-ruiner curled up at his feet and a piece of paper lying on his chest. He squints at the multicoloured squiggles, but can't make out any of the mouths or tentacles he was promised. Maybe the star shaped puckers are the mouths? Is it upside down? Does that matter? He sets it aside. Underneath is another drawing, one he immediately comprehends: a skeleton in blue holding hands with a girl in yellow-green.