

“Lucid, the Cure”

“Stubbs,” Inert’s voice echoes. “Stubbs, wake up.”

“Huhhh?” Stubbs groans. He slowly opens his eyes and looks at a blurry Inert. “Wuh. What happened?” He asks.

“You tell me!” Inert exclaims. “You went to the bathroom because you got a bloody nose or something,” She pauses so he can understand. She speaks softly. “You must’ve hit your head. You have a small cut behind your ear.”

Stubbs slowly lifts his arm. It feels numb. He places his hand behind his ear and flinches from the pain. He places his fingers more carefully and feels a gash in his head. He could fit his finger through the cut if he wanted.

“Fuuuuuck, duuude,” He started in despair. He sat up and he was blinded for a second before his vision came. He felt his blood rush and he felt lightheaded.

“Easy, easy,” Inert told him. “Let’s get home. Lucid can fix you up,” Stubbs slowly looked to his left. He slowly looked to his right. His vision was fucked up. He could see shapes vividly; every shape of every texture imaginable. Everything else is blurry. He shook his head lightly but they were still there.

He could barely talk or feel anything. Inert noticed this. “You think you can make it?”

“I... I don’t know...” He mutters. “I... Where am I? What time is it?” He asks concerned.

“Dude,” Inert feels troubled. “You’re on the ground next to the water fountain and the bathrooms. It’s 5:24 AM,” She informs him.

He takes a second to understand. “I... I just lived a whole life,” he whispers. “I was in *space*, dude. I was in *space* for *months*,” Inert gets worried.

“Dude... We need to go home,” She says. “Tell me about it on the way home.

Stubbs sighs painfully. “Help me up,” Inert gets in front of him and reaches out her hand. Stubbs slowly raises his hand and grips hers. She slowly pulls him up off the ground and into the air. Stubbs gets dizzy and stumbles a little, but Inert catches him. He takes a breath and they start to stumble towards the exit of the building.

Stubbs can feel his head throbbing. He tries to ignore the pain and walk normally, but he catches himself cursing under his breath as he walks. He can barely keep his head up straight from how exhausted he is.

They reach the door and start to walk through the cold and into Inert’s car. Stubbs shakes. “It’s f-freezing out here,” His teeth chatter and he shivers.

"I know. We're almost to the car," Inert responds. They reach the car. Inert opens the door for Stubbs and he thanks her. She gets in as well and they start the car. Stubbs feels the heat from the AC hit him.

"Daaamn, your car has... Really nice air conditioning," Stubbs says as he enjoys the heat.

"Yeah, I love my car," She strokes the wheel. "Alright. Let's get home so Lucid can fix you up. You must be in a lot of pain."

"Actually... I can't really feel anything... To be honest," Stubbs answers. Inert gets concerned.

"You lost a lot of blood," She points, "It's all over your clothes."

Stubbs slowly turns his head to look at his shirt. It's soaked in blood. "Shit," he sighs. "Let's just go home," he mutters. Inert puts the car in gear and drives out into the street and on their way home.

Stubbs is in pain. The gash on his head is throbbing and he can barely see anything but shapes. The closest one to him is a blue sphere with water like substance dripping upside down and onto the front window of Inert's car. He slowly raises his arm and touches the puddle on the glass in front of him. It sticks to him like wax. It feels cold and his finger goes numb.

"You alright?" Inert asks confused.

"You don't see this?" Stubbs looks Inert in the eyes.

"See what?" Inert get's even more confused. Stubbs looks back at the sphere. It was pulsing purple. He put his arm down to his side. He figures it's best to keep this quiet. It's probably just the LSD. It'll go away once Lucid patches him up.

"Nothing. I must be tripping still," He answers. Inert nods and continues to drive.

"So what were you telling me? About living in space?" Inert dares to ask. She isn't as scared now as she was before. Now that she's relaxed, she can hear what Stubbs has to say.

Stubbs paused. He wondered if he should tell Inert. It may make him sound crazy.

But then he realizes that it's *Inert*. She's one of his best friends. She will never wrong him. They have been through so much together. Stubbs helped Inert through her drug problem and she's helping him with this. She doesn't even ask anything in return. It's what friends do.

"I was in space," he starts. "It felt like months before I woke up," he flinches in pain. He takes a deep breath and tries to ignore his ache. "I didn't have a body.

I couldn't blink. I just floated in space. I could go through matter like a ghost," Inert's expression got intrigued. "I heard voices. A man and a woman. They were first really excited and talking of a new baby son coming up. Then, months later, after I learned to travel in space and see all these planets and stars; learn to live there happily and content, they were driving, probably to a hospital, but the woman was about to give birth right there..."

"The man pulled over and told her to take her pants off. While I heard her pushing and screaming, trying to get her son out and into the world, all the planets and stars came crashing into one spot. It got *huge* until they all crashed down into one star. Then it exploded in a white light and sucked me into a white hole instead of a black hole. I looked around while I was flying towards it and I could see a bunch of colors and shapes. It was wild. I woke up as soon as I went through the hole,"

"Holy shit. That's crazy, dude. It felt like months?"

"Months. I swear to you, I was adapting to live there. I can't believe it's only been a few hours."

"Wow," She thought. "I'm glad you're safe. That must've been one hell of an adventure," She assumed.

"Yeah," Stubbs smiled. "It was different alright."

They took a left at a light. They continued to drive until they got to the apartment.

"What were *you* doing all this time?" Stubbs asked.

"Partying," She looked at Stubbs. "Basically," She smiled. "I was drinking all night, moshed, and whatnot. It was cool. A lot of bands played. This one band called 3xBW was going rampant. It was fucking crazy, dude,"

"Dude!" He smiled. "That sounds so cool!" Inert smiled. "What's 3xBW stand for?"

"Blue Berry Blunt Wrappers" Inert informed.

"Like," he started. "Rappers? Like, they rap songs?" He asked slightly amused.

Inert grinned. "It's written with a W, but, yes, they do rap in a lot of their songs," He nodded.

Stubbs was tired. He could feel his body going limp. He just wanted to sleep. He closed his eyes and began to drift off into...

"We're here," Inert parks the car and takes off her seatbelt. Stubbs is forced to wake up and do the same. She opens her door and the cold seeps in.

Stubbs opens his door and begins to stand. He stretches and walks after his friend.

Stubbs could see his breath when he exhaled. He could feel rain lightly trickling down from the sky. Dawn was rising but there is no sun.

They got inside the apartment complex and headed for the elevator. Once inside, they started to rise with the hit of a button.

"You okay?" Inert pondered.

"Yeah. I'm cool," Stubbs responds. The elevator stops. It rings and the door opens. They take a right and continue down the hallway.

"Here we are," Inert opens the door and into their home. Lucid is asleep on the couch and Relik is in the kitchen sitting on a beanbag, with a beer in his hand, surrounded by empty bottles. The TV is tuned to *Family Guy*.

They walk inside and close the door quietly behind them. Inert goes over to Lucid and lightly shakes him.

"Lucid," she whispers as she shakes his shoulder. "Lucid, dude," she pats his scaly cheek. "Wake up, dude," his cyan eyes flutter and they open. His pupils change from a horizontal line to four grouped dots. He groans.

"Hey, dude," he sighs. "What's up?"

"Sorry to wake you, bro, but Stubbs is hurt. We need your help," Inert explains.

"True," he sits up and stretches. "C'mere, dude," he pats a seat for Stubbs. He walks towards Lucid and sits down beside him on the couch. "Where's the pain?" He asks.

"Behind my ear," he answers as he points towards his wound with his finger. Lucid turns his head around and looks at the gash.

"Damn, that's a gnarly nab y'got there," He says. "Does it hurt?"

"Not really,"

"Would it hurt if I touched it?"

"Probably," Stubbs chuckled painfully. Lucid made a fist with his hand. His claws glowed turquoise and his veins shined underneath his scales. He slowly opened his hand and there was a light blue and white smoke with shimmering spots. It looked like something you'd see in space.

"Inhale this," Lucid told Stubbs.

"What is it?" Stubbs was amazed.

"It'll numb the pain and should put you to sleep," he answered. Stubbs was hesitant, but he nodded his head. Lucid put his palm to his mouth and Stubbs inhaled. It felt cold down his nose and throat. He felt a wave of warmth go from

his middle body all the way out to his toes and head. The pain ceased to throb and he felt tired again. But a good kind of tired.

"Go ahead and lie down. It'll be a little while until I clean this up completely," Stubbs did so. He began to fall into a deep sleep while Lucid was hovering his hand over his cut.

"You got this?" Inert asked Lucid seeing if he has things under control.

"Yeah, he's fine. It's a good thing you came in time; he lost a lot of blood," Lucid says as he shifts his hand over Stubbs's head. There is a blue mist in between his hand and Stubbs. The little specs in the mist are flowing into Stubbs's head by just going through him. His fur looks like it would when it's underwater. It sways left and right as Lucid works on his injury.

"How can you tell?" Inert asks curious. Lucid scoffs lightly and looks at Inert.

"Does it matter?" He says jokingly not attempting to sound mean.

"I mean," Inert starts. "How do you do it? You never told us," She scratches the back of her head and looks down not trying to prod Lucid.

"It's stupid, dude," he notices Inert's innocent curiosity. "It's a curse I have," he starts. "I was born with a genetic mutation where I don't age and I'm able to grow back my limbs. I'm basically immortal. Believe it or not, I've been alive for over 1,000 years," Inert's eyes widened. He pauses.

"Do you believe in God?"

"No," Inert responds honestly.

"Well," he takes a second. "I believe God gave me something. Whether it be a gift, or a curse, I must learn to accept it. I'm able to heal people, but with the cost of my own wellbeing," He closes his eyes and looks down, deep in thought. "Would you believe me if I told you I can cure cancer?" he whispers.

Inert is in shock. She doesn't know what to say.

"I can't tell anyone," he looks up. "*You* can't tell anyone. I can't have anyone knowing about that," Lucid says deeply. He continues to work on Stubbs while he talks but the blue mist bellow his hand is lightly pulsing purple.

"Why... Why don't you want anyone to know?" Inert whispers.

Lucid sighs. "Because... If people found out, I would become a prophet. Everyone would worship me. Not just that, but the government will get involved and digest me so they can find out what it is I'm doing that cures everyone," He lowers his voice. "And they wouldn't hold back on any experiments either because they know I won't die. But I can still feel pain," He chuckles darkly.

"I can heal anything, dude," he pauses. "*Anything*. I've healed a deaf and blind person. Not just that, but I can heal neurological disorders too," he waits.

"I've cured a down syndrome kid," He choked. "I feel like I shouldn't have though. I cured one old friend's depression and I still feel guilty to this day. I bet I could bring someone back from the dead if I tried hard enough."

"But when I heal people, I lose memory of my life. It's like: Every time I cure someone of something, a memory from my past disappears. I don't remember where I was born or anything past the 1700's. I can't remember who or where my family is and I can't recall big events that happened in the past," he sighs.

"As well as I can heal people, I can kill people too. I can break bones with snap, I can stop your heart from beating, I can even make you blink, I can do it all," He says. "I can control everyone's body, everyone's thoughts, I'm like a God."

"But that's what I hate. I'm *not* God. I'm a Christian and I believe in the Holy Spirit. I believe I'm no different than you, Stubbs, or Relik," He pauses. "I don't allow myself to do most of what I can do. I keep it secret because I don't want people thinking I'm an angel or something unholy."

"I won't ever be able to see my God. Because I'm immortal, the only way I can die is if I kill myself with a special mist I can create kind of like this one," he looks down at his hand hovering over the sleeping Stubbs.

"But if I kill myself," he looks up at Inert. "I'll go to hell. And I rather be alive forever than suffering in hell for an eternity,"

"Wow," Inert mutters. "That's amazing."

"Yeah," he says. "Now promise me you won't think any different of me," he breaks. "All I can do is heal cuts and shit, nothing else, right?"

"Right," She hesitates. "But... I think you should tell Stubbs and Relik as well. They're part of the family."

"I will eventually," his hand is above Stubbs's ear. The cut looks smaller now. "I don't want to keep secrets from them," he smiles. "They're like my brothers."

Inert nods with a smile. It's apparent that the four kids all have strong feelings for one another. They are all a part of one family. Though it may be small, it's all they need to be happy.