

THE SIRE OF SORROW

ANNIE FISH PRESENTS

1st Printing

2025



Part Four: "The Day My Earth Stood Still"

ANNIEFISH.NET

I WILL SAY GOODBYE
TO ALL OF THIS...

... THIS BACKWATER,
THIS MALAISE ...

THESE TINY CHARACTERS
IN MY LIFE...

...ECLIPSED
BY THAT
GREAT SUN

THE GREAT SUN SHINING
IN THAT SKY, THAT TOOK
MY LITTLE LIFE AND
CHANGED IT FOREVER

AND
THEN...

...I CHANGED
MY ORBIT



I THREW IN WITH THE
SCRAPS OF A LIFE
I THOUGHT THAT I'D
BE STUCK WITH...

... AND HITCHED
TO HIS HORSE

THAT BRILLIANT,
FLAMING HORSE

I HAD NO CHOICE
BUT TO BE BURNED
UP BY HIS LIFE

I'D NEVER FELT A
LOVE AS FULL
AS HIS

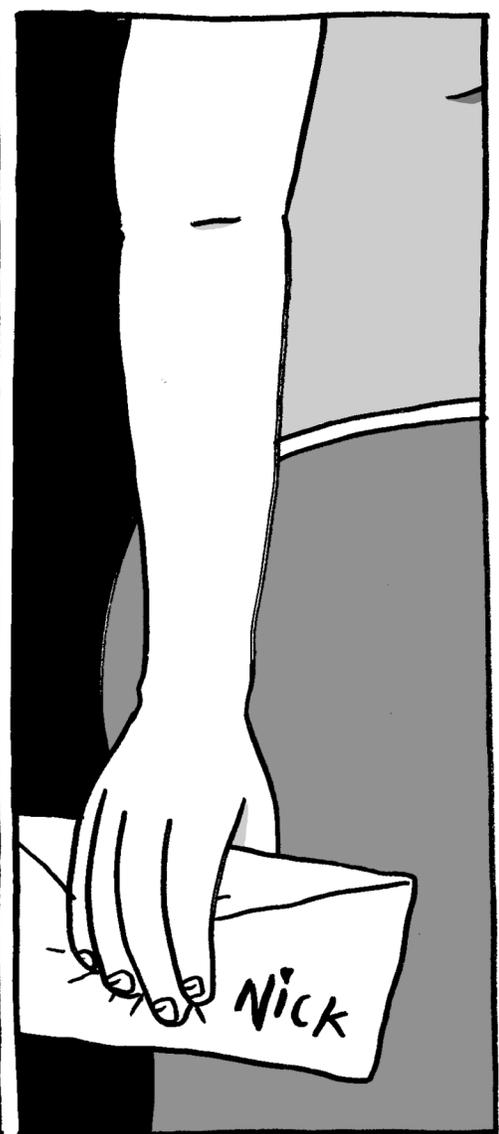
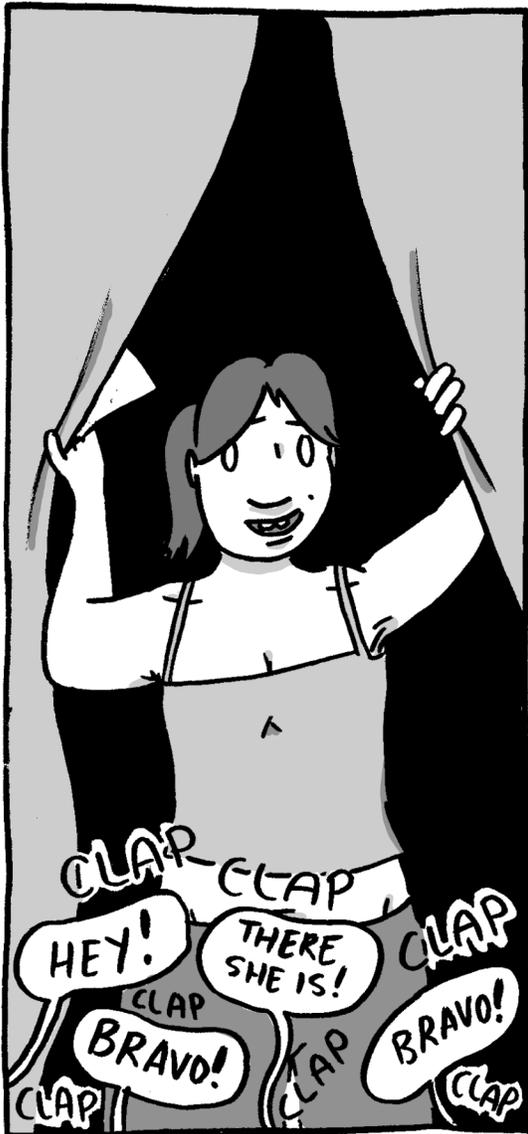
AND I KNEW I'D
NEVER NEED TO AGAIN

MY HEART HAD
BEEN HUNGRY...

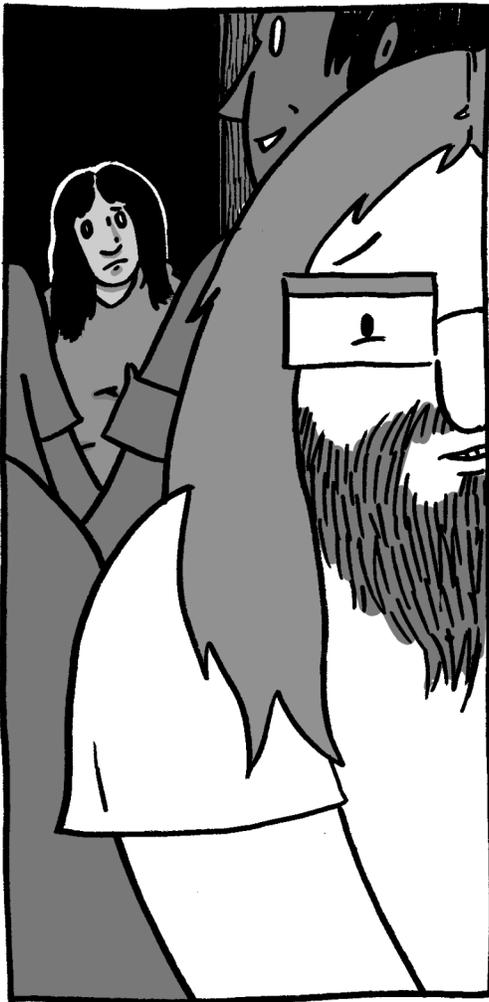
... BUT I WAS
SATED AT LAST

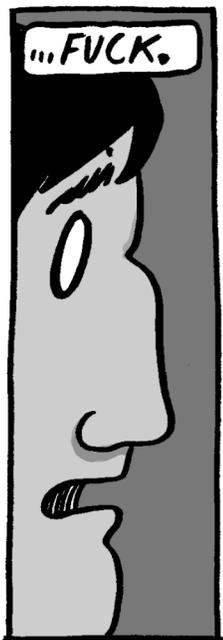














SO PLEASE TAKE THIS, READ IT —

... I SINCERELY HOPE I DON'T SEE YOU AT ANY MORE OF MY PLAYS.

I—

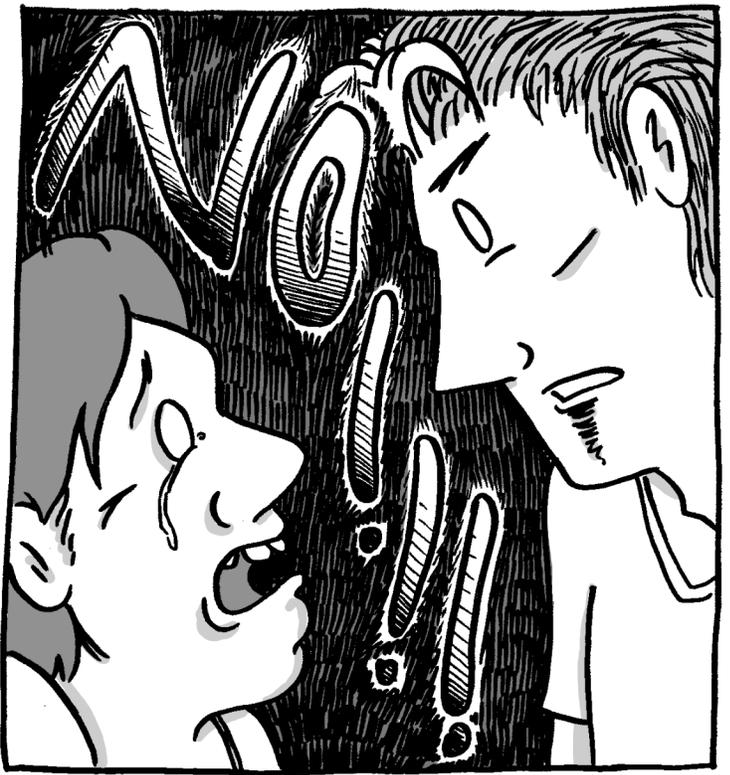
IS THAT CLEAR?

—AND KINDLY LEAVE.

NICK







I KNOW YOU SAID I'M NOTHING WHEN SHE'S IN TOWN, BUT THIS IS MY NIGHT—



THIS IS EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED. MY FAMILY ISN'T EVEN HERE, BUT YOU ARE—



AND THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, JUST YOU HERE TO SEE IT. THIS IS—



SYLVIA, GROW THE FUCK UP.



IT'S NOT JUST THAT YOU'RE NOTHING WHEN SHEILA'S IN TOWN



YOU'RE LESS THAN NOTHING.

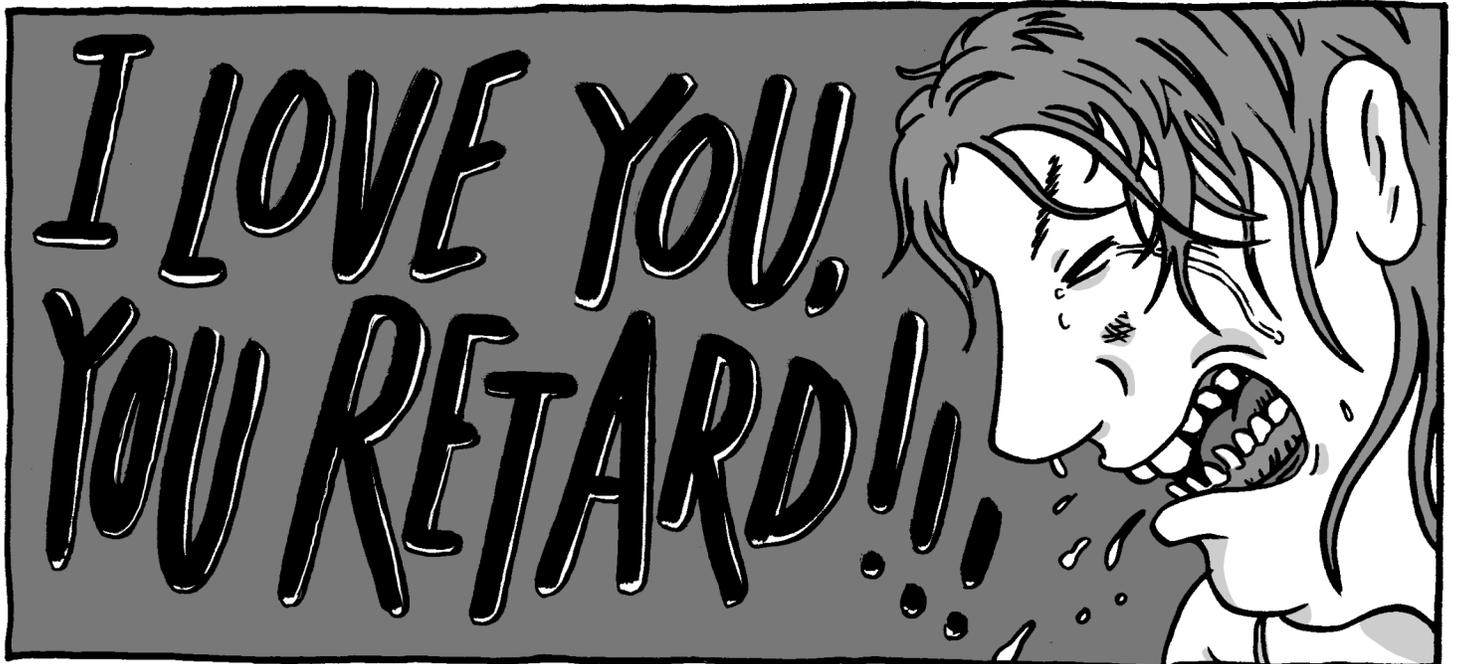
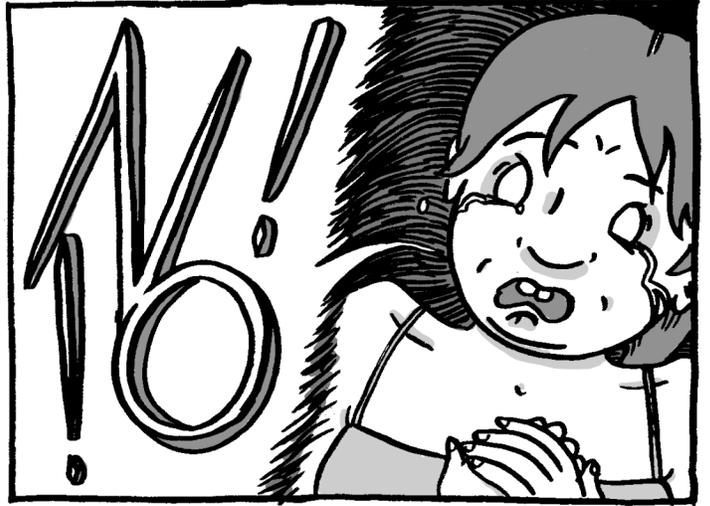


WHEN I'M WITH MY WIFE?



YOU DON'T EXIST.







Dearest Nick,

I am not insane, though it may seem like it. The reason I have not lost my mind, the reason I am alive, and creating art, is this- when Darryl first broke my heart, suddenly and with indifference, I didn't eat for three days, and I didn't sleep for two months. I couldn't understand you in this way.

But when it comes to you and I, first you must know this: I will never be whole again. You may not be either, but you stand a very good chance. My poor jaded, frightened heart is not going to ever be whole again with anyone else but Darryl.

You, however, are more amazing than you know, in every way, and I deeply regret, and feel profoundly guilty, about not being able to fall in love with you, but I cannot right now.

My heart is promised to Darryl. And by making no promises to you, I will break none. You are so intrigued by my jadedness that you are forgetting all the bad, bad things I have done in my short life. But here is how I live, and how you could too.

I stopped letting the pain worm into my heart, as though it were an apple. I pushed the pain out into art, laughter, song, dance. To pick up a pen is all the product of me pushing the pain I have known since Darryl and my's dance out into the world. I refused to be a victim of my own mind. And now I am happy in the bitter way I have always wanted to be.

So I am truly deeply unbelievably sorry. I have been in your shoes and I know it sucks. It's just shit. I don't just understand, but I know, I have been there. You could thrive like this. You cannot ignore the pain, it burrows, so you must love it. I don't know what else to say.

Please, take my advice, and for now, do not think of me.

Sylvia

THREE YEARS LATER



WELL, THEY'RE GIVING HER A DIPLOMA...

YES, THEY'RE GIVING HER A DIPLOMA, YOU EARNED YOUR DIPLOMA.

THEY'RE DOING HER A KINDNESS.

YOU GOT GAS MONEY?

YES, MAMA.

YOU DOING OKAY, HONEY?

I DON'T KNOW, MAMA

AHH, COME HERE

TROUBLE? YOU'RE NOT
IN TROUBLE? NO DRUGS?



NO DRUGS, MAMA.



MM. I TRUST YOU.
YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE I TRUST.



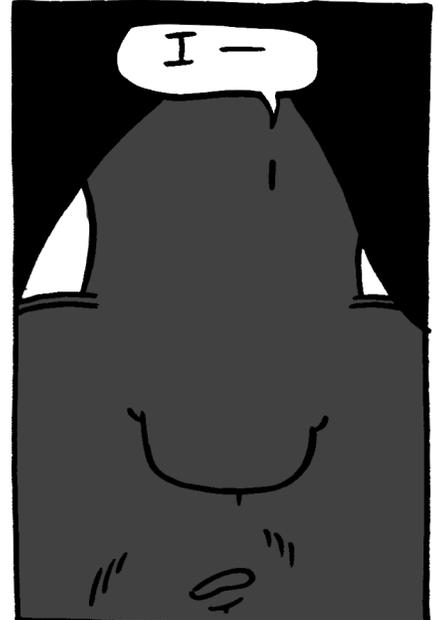
I KNOW, MAMA.



MY ONLY SON.



I —



MY ONLY CHILD.





IT FELT BOTH LONG
AND SHORT THIS TIME



WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS? OR, UH, DO YOU FEEL THAT WAY?



I DON'T KNOW, DUDE. I JUST FUCKIN' MISS YOU, I DON'T THINK ABOUT IT NO OTHER WAY



WELL... I'M JUST GLAD TO BE BACK, BABE.

PFFT

K, BABE, SO WHERE WE HEADED? BLAKES?



SHIT, I DON'T KNOW. DID HURRICANE'S CLOSE DOWN YET?



NAH, THE FOOD JUST SUCKS NOW



MAN, YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN, HUH



I LIVE HERE STILL



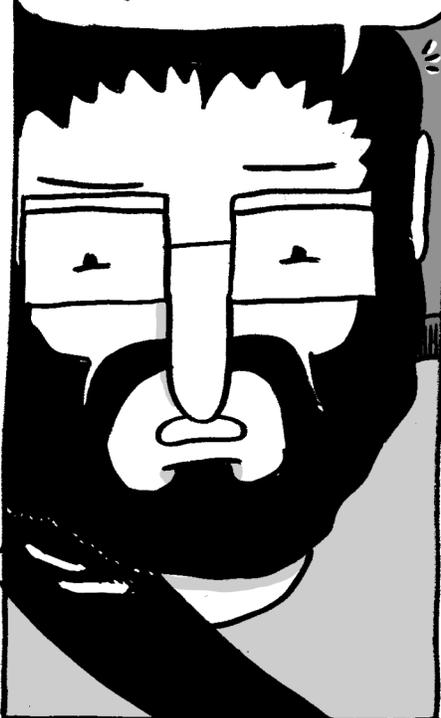
I KNOW, I KNOW.



BIG CITY BOY BACK IN THE POND, HUH?

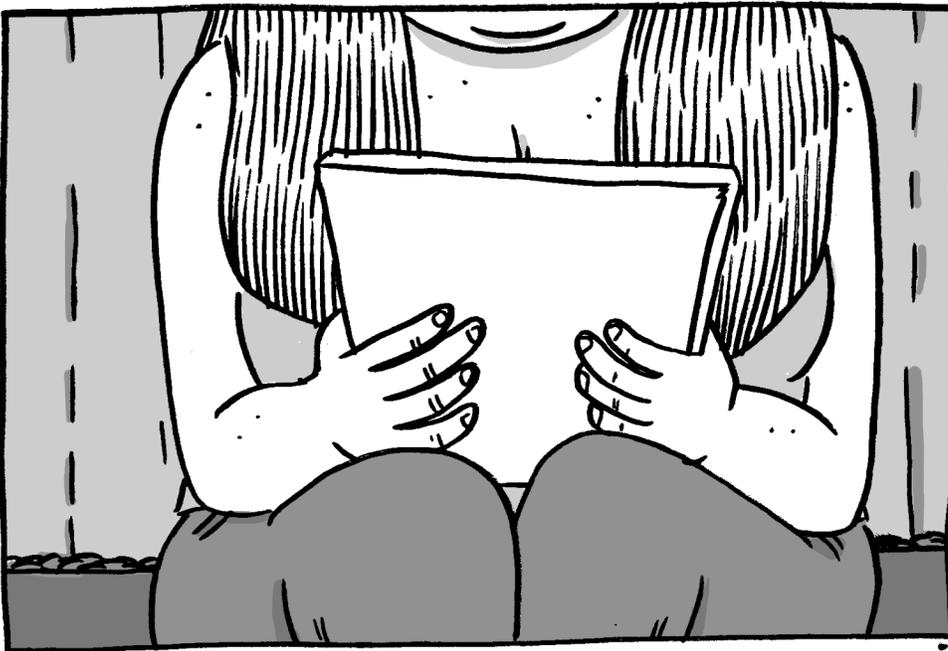


NO, IT'S NOT—



—IS THAT...?





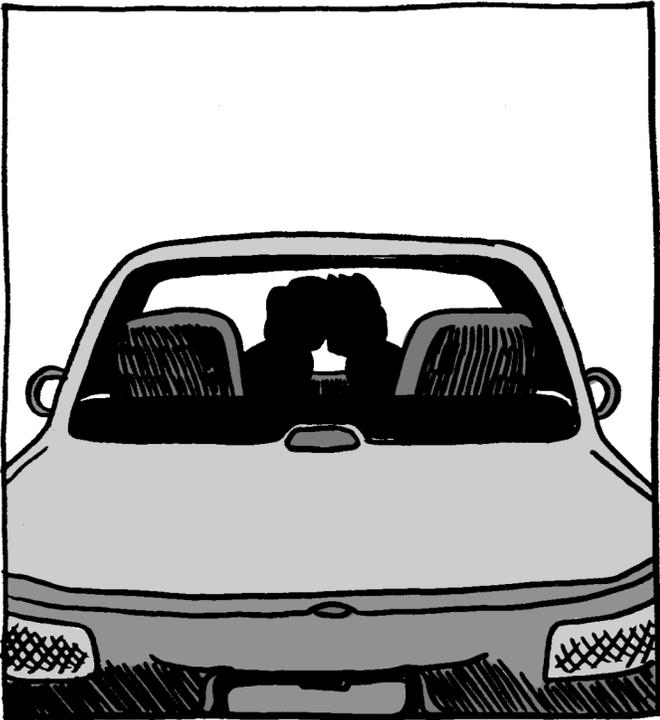
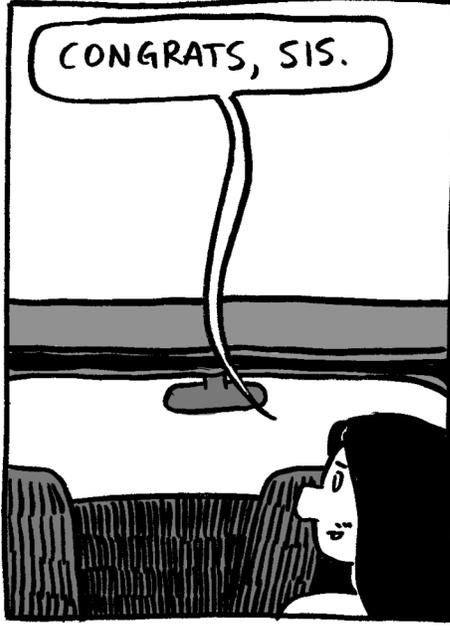
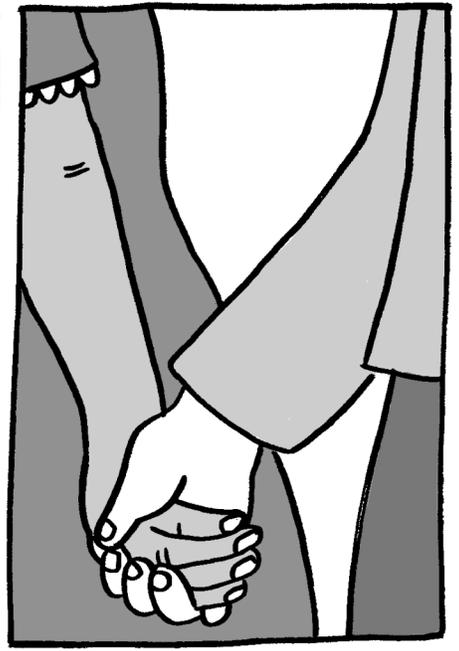


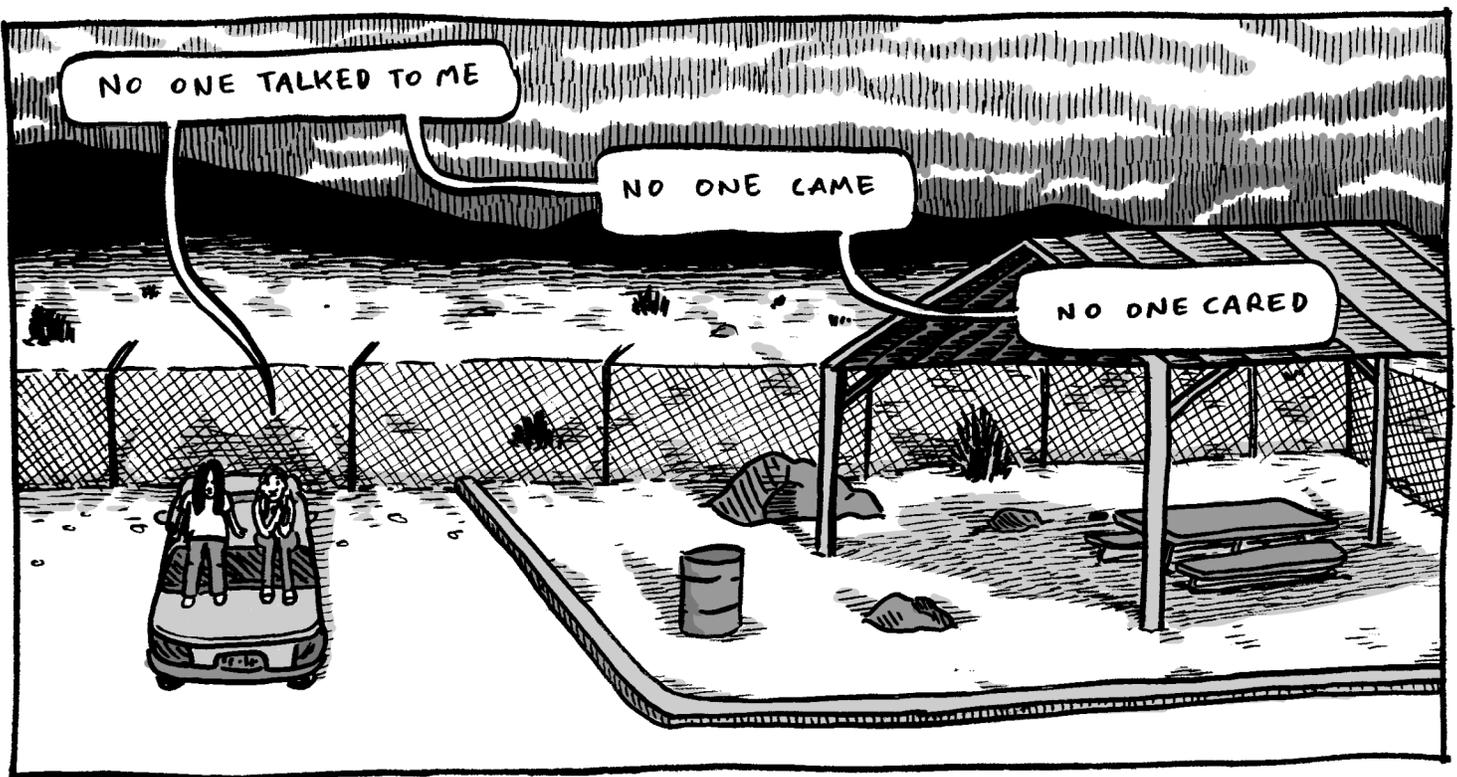












I USED TO WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE REMEMBERED. I WANTED PEOPLE TO SING MY NAME TO THE GODS.



BUT NOW I THINK MY NAME IS ROTTEN AND I THINK THE WHOLE WORLD THINKS I'M SOMEONE ELSE, SOME LITTLE SLUT THEY MADE UP BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER BELIEVED ME WHEN I SPOKE WITH MY HEART



BUT I ALWAYS SPOKE WITH MY HEART AND I ALWAYS SPOKE WITH HONESTY. BUT I SPREAD MY HEART TOO THIN ON TOAST AND EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS NOTHING.



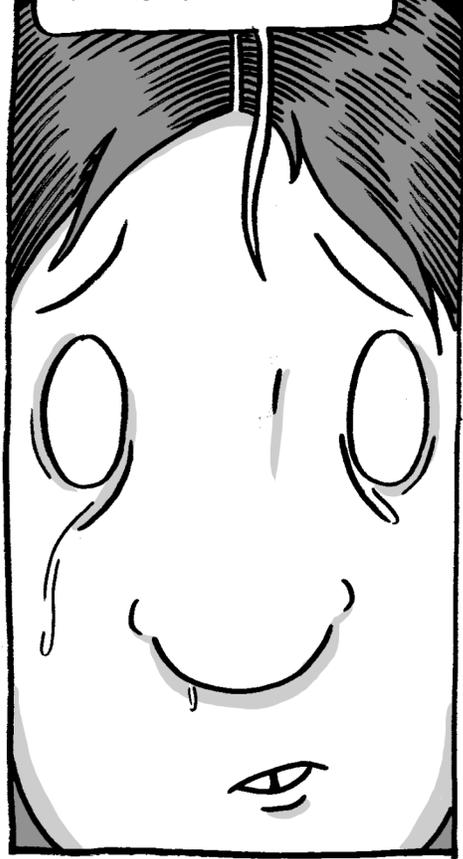
THEY SAW ME FILLED WITH LOVE AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS NOTHING AND I WAS A NOBODY AND ALIAR AND A CHEAT



THEY WERE HAPPY TO FORGET ME. AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE QUIET LITTLE GIRL I WAS, AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE WOMAN I STILL WANT TO BE.



NO ONE IS GOING TO REMEMBER ME.





I CAN.

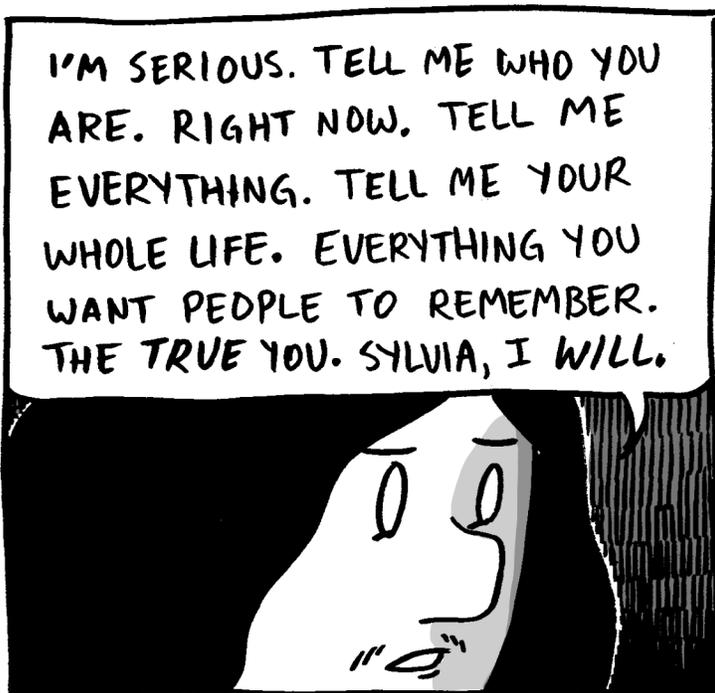


I-

-SYLVIA



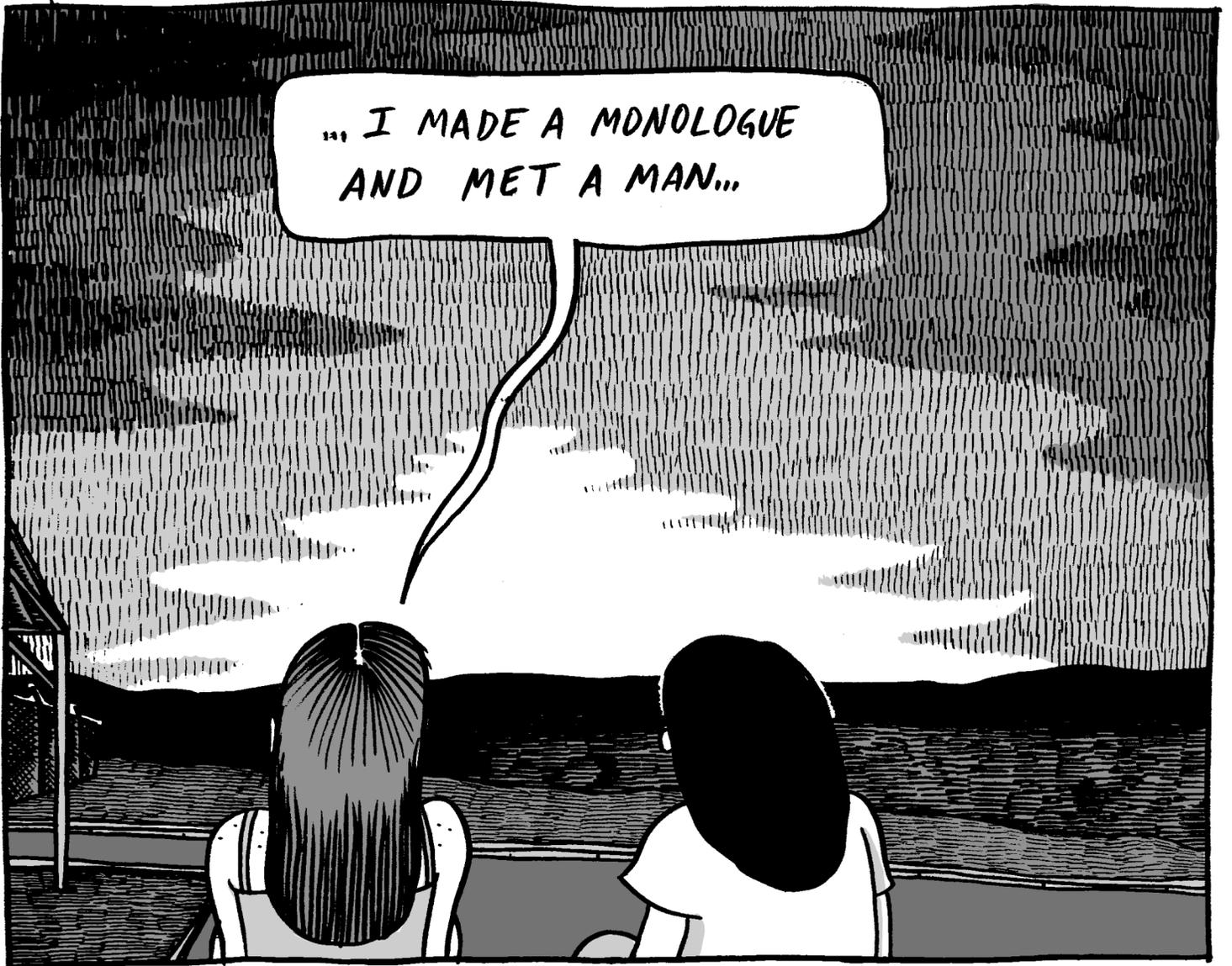
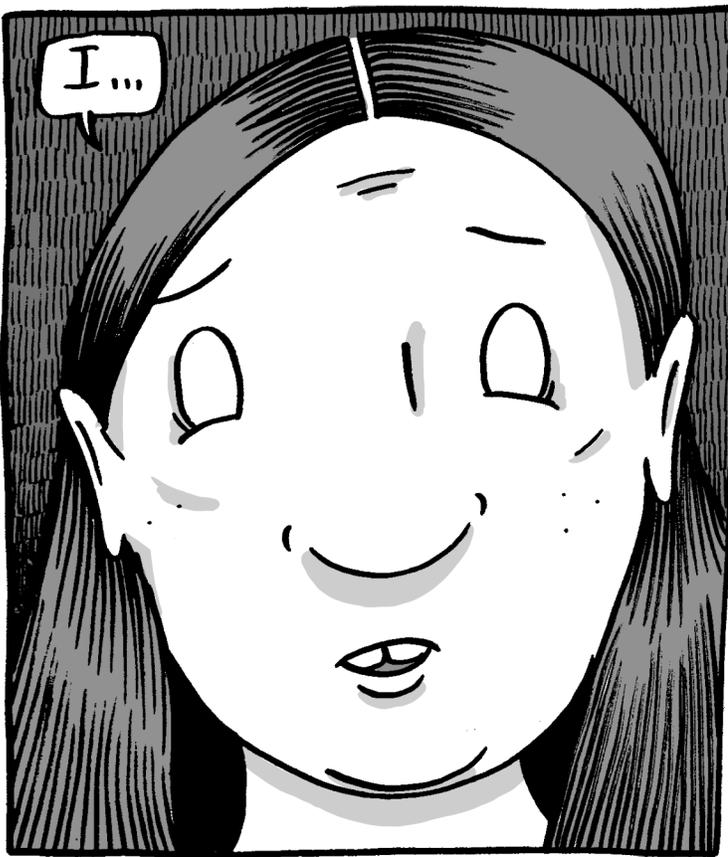
YOU KNOW I CAN.



I'M SERIOUS. TELL ME WHO YOU ARE. RIGHT NOW. TELL ME EVERYTHING. TELL ME YOUR WHOLE LIFE. EVERYTHING YOU WANT PEOPLE TO REMEMBER. THE TRUE YOU. SYLVIA, I WILL.



TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU WANT REMEMBERED. I'LL DO IT FOR YOU. I'LL REMEMBER IT. YOU KNOW I'LL REMEMBER IT. TELL ME WHO YOU WERE.





*The Sire of Sorrow, part four:
"The Day My Earth Stood Still."
handwritten letter by Camry Kirkland.
soon to be followed by **Part Five**, the finale:
"The Human Condition."
see you soon.*