

Your Third Wish?

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Submitted: July 10, 2006

Updated: July 10, 2006

A simple short, ironic, short story.

If you've ever played Planescape: Tormet, and been to the Brothel, talked to the Tale-Chaser and had Morte share a story, that's the inspiration for it. :)

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Linally/36673/Your-Third-Wish>

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1 - Your Third Wish?

The man sat on an old wooden park bench that seemed to be rotting away. The snow was beginning to fall upon the icy ground. A blanket was covering the man's thin shoulders and tattered gray clothes. A faded blue wool hat rested upon his small head and covered his frightened face.

"Who am I?" He pondered, looking around, "Who am I?"

He repeated this question to himself as he sat, pondering his name, and his mere existence in this vast world. Some people ponder their purpose and use for the world, but this man...didn't know anything about himself.

A small piece of paper was clutched in his thin hand. He hadn't read it yet. He wasn't aware that there was a piece of paper in his hand. He had just risen from his sleep, unknowing of anything.

"Who am I?" He asked again, and then expanded onto his questions, "What am I? When do I exist? Where am I? Why do I exist? How am I existing?"

The questions filled the man with hurt, frustration, grief, annoyance, and a most definite sense of longing to have his questions answered.

He shifted to his side and raised his hands up to his mouth, breathing warm air into them. He shut his eyes, shivering from the immense arctic temperature, and tried to concentrate on his questions. Nothing.

He thought more about what to do; still no answers came to mind. It was driving the man insane. It filled him with even more negativity than before as he lay there struggling with no one there to help or comfort him.

The man opened his tired gray eyes, looking into his hands. The paper.

He sat back up and unfolded the piece of paper, reading it with ease.

'It's better not to know.'

It's better not to know? What's it better not to know? His questions? The answers that he was currently attempting to seek out? This just confused the man even further.

He crumpled up the paper and threw it to the side.

Was he doomed to die? To waste away on the park bench of an elementary school? This was not the way he wanted to die...or the way he wanted to live his life...but at this point, he really didn't have much of a choice.

The man got up to his shoe and sock-less feet and stepped tenderly through the colorless snow.

There was no one else in existence at this time of night. The moon was full, the stars were out, the trees had withered away in the late fall and early winter- the man could tell that it wasn't early in the winter.

A cloud of smoke appeared before the man, clearing up after a moment in time. After the smoke had faded, an elderly woman stood in front of him, clicking her talon-like nails together.

"You're third and final wish?"

"My...last wish?" The man questioned her, staring in disbelief.

Her hair was long, dull, and straw-like, the color of steel. Her nails looked, literally, like talons, similar to those of a hawk. Her eyes were narrow and piercing to add to her bird like features. She was dressed snugly in robes made of downy and wool, colored in various shades of dark blue.

"Yes, yes, your last wish."

"How could I have only one wish left, if I haven't had my other two?"

"Simple. You already had your other two wishes," the woman smiled at him then switched, looking annoyed, "Now hurry it up you twit, I'm getting impatient with this..."

The man didn't doubt the woman- she already made it apparent to him that she was capable of granting such wishes...

"I wish to know who I am...please. I've been wandering around for what seems like forever but really was only a couple of minutes...if you can do that...I will be most grateful..."

"Who you are, hm?" The old crone cackled at him and clicked her tongue, "Curious. Most curious..." she clacked her talons together again.

All at once, memories came flooding back to the man's mind. He screamed out in pain, as most of the memories were not pleasant. Constant physical pain- that was all he seemed to be remembering from the recollection of his thoughts.

Intense fear, like none other he had felt before washed over him. Collapsing onto the chilly ground, he lay there, shaking. The old lady stood above him laughing, "Most curious...that you should choose your first wish."

With a cackled, she disappeared within the same puff of smoke with that she came to him.