

Sorrow's Plea

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Based on Klonoa 2: Lunatea's Veil. It's a POV of the King of Sorrow

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Chapter 1 - one-shot

2

1 - one-shot

Sorrow's Plea

Over the course of my life, I've come to hate Hyuponia, my kingdom, my prison...

Lunatea was five kingdoms long ago, but they sealed one away, hoping to keep that unpleasant one out of sight. They tried to seal it away. They tried to seal *me* away.

Lunatea was born of the things in one's heart. Four lived in harmony and free to do their will, but me... ah, me... they wanted me gone, my kingdom out of sight... my world hidden to be forgotten...

I was not wanted. I was not welcome. So I cried, begging them to be my friends, but they refused, and turned me the blind eye. My tears made like a puddle around me, forming pools and then ponds.

The more I cried, the more my tears became like an ocean. The other kingdoms feared me, so they cast a veil upon me and I was seen no more. That horrid veil... Lunatea's veil. My kingdom sank beneath my sobbing; my land became the Sea of Tears.

Deep down in that dark, dreary place, I laid there in the cold, contemplating my fate. I was alone, save for the Moos who gave me food to eat. Gazing up at the blackened bell tower, I sniffled, and heard that sound echo all around.

That was how I lived growing up. Not a tear, not a soul, not a sign of anybody else. My palace was crumbling, but nobody cared; everyone had forgotten me. They wanted to forget me, and that's what they did.

Then, one night, I had a dream within a dream. Don't ask how it happened; it just did. Then, I saw him, that soul with such courage that I dared not keep quiet. I reached out and whispered...

Help me... help me please... Help me... know me... meet me Remember me!
He looked around--*he heard me!*--but his gaze was not on me. It was him, the Dream Traveler, lost, looking for me.

I awoke, but still I saw him, looking, listening for my voice. He was not with me, but yet he was, with his ears like maple leaves in the salty sea air.

I summoned my strength up, every bit that I had, and cried out as I had too many times before. Hot tears flowed down my ever-stained cheeks. My face looked up into that dark, unforgiving bell tower, and screamed:

Help me... HELP ME! PLEASE! REMEMBER ME!
And in that moment, it felt like my lungs flooded with tears, like the sea had surrounded and taken my breath from me. Then I realized, as I lay there panting on the cold, wet floor, that this suffering was not my own, but that of the Traveler of Dreams.

Would he remember? Did he forget too? Could he actually be my friend? I had hope that it was true.

I remembered who I was and how the world hid me away. I was rejected by all, reviled and feared,... for no one, *no one*, wants to be a friend of Sorrow.

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Not enough Klonoa fics exist! We need to get the word out! Namco needs to bring over "Klonoa Heroes" too! Like it? Hate it? Tell me!