

Lutece Short Stories

Von Pfeffersosse

Kapitel 6: 77

„He... really did it.“ His voice sounded shocked and he was irritated because he hadn't thought 'he' would actually DO it.

“His mind hat to be in a way defect or it is a lack of short temperate memory.” Rosalind sighted and looked at the fight of 'him', Booker DeWitt.

“Our telegraph hasn't helped. It will also be like that the next time, if there is a necessity to do so.” He sighted as well.

“But, he survived.” Rosalind's voice was a little bit confident but there was also something stern in her voice.

“Yes, you are right. He really survived. So, we really can change things.” His eyes glow happily and he smiled at his 'sister'.

“You are right. This time the guards haven't killed him now but I have the feeling that...”

“...he will die somehow or other.” There was an unhappy glance in his eyes and he looked down.

“Chin up, Robert. It was your decision to change the course of things. And we will relive it as long as it takes to change something in the algorithm. That was your saying.” Her voice was harsh but she also pushed up Robert's chin.

“You are right, Rosalind. Shouldn't I be happy to have this change to wipe away my... 'debt'?” He smiled slightly at his Alter Ego and looked down to the battlefield.

“And don't forget Robert: What's done is done. What's done...will be done. He will just carry on and on his own cross without salvation.” She looked also at the battlefield and began to vanish into thin air.

“...” Robert looked a last time at the battlefield and also vanished with a very sad look on his face. His Alter Ego was right. We all have our crosses to bear.