



Misery's Child

Fairy Tales & Related Fandoms · Not Rated · 1262 words

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Misery's Child

Fandom: Fairy Tales & Related Fandoms Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Original Characters

Tags: Demons, Spirits, Weirdness, AI-Generated Images, Cover Art

Words: 1262 Chapters: 2 chapters Status: Complete Published: 2024-08-05

A really weird myth I wrote and can't remember what in the world it's supposed to be about. If you read, I hope you enjoy this weirdness.

Chapter 1: Original

This chapter was written by me, the second is a rewrite by ChatGPT. Hope you enjoy reading as much as I enjoyed writing ☺

Now with cover art by ChatGPT!

I think Misery might be based somewhat on Paddywhack from Darkwing Duck? I can't remember, though. (Which is kinda ironic, considering Memory is a character in this story).

Once upon a time, there was a Demon named Misery, of the sort that fed on people's worst thoughts.

The only way to defeat Misery, they say, is to hold on to a thought good and comforting long enough to drive fear and sadness away.

It was for this reason that Misery preyed only on those with little to no good memories, for they couldn't fight its power.

One day, Misery stumbled upon a young girl from whom it could sense nothing. This was so out of the ordinary that Misery had to show itself and ask (Demons and Spirits are both curious creatures, whether good or bad).

"Little girl, little girl," Misery began, surprised the child did not try to flee its fearsome appearance, "why are you so empty? Little girl, little girl, why do I sense nothing from you?"

"I do not know, I do not know." The girl answered from the bush in which she sat. "I do not know anything at all."

"Little girl, little girl," Misery sang, more curious than ever, "where is your mother? Little girl, little girl, where is your father?"

"I do not know, I do not know." The girl answered, standing from her bush. "I do not know anything at all."

"Little girl, little girl," Misery followed as the girl danced along, "how did you come to be? How did you come here?"

"I do not know, I do not know." The girl continued along her own path. "I do not know anything at all."

"Little girl, little girl," Misery paid no attention to their path, following the girl, "where is your memory? What is your name?"

"Oh, that's easy, that's easy!" The girl laughed. "My name is Memory, and I'm right here!"

Misery realized too late that it stood in a circle of stone, unable to escape as Memory opened herself up like a box and flooded the Demon with all the best memories of men, women, children, and beasts. It fell to its knees as the best moments of Spirits and Demons and Gods joined in, howling with rage as they filled its mind.

And so Misery was bound in stone, unable to use its frightening power, singing out in a wind whisper:

Little girl, little girl, why were you so empty? Little girl, little girl, why did I sense nothing from you?

Little girl, little girl, where is your mother? Little girl, little girl, where is your father?

Little girl, little girl, how did you come to be? Why did you come here?

Little girl, little girl, what are you? Little girl, little girl, how did you do this?

And Memory answered:

"I am unknowable unless I wish otherwise,
I was born from the minds of all living things.
Hilarity begged my help, for you were killing her.
I am a creature of purity and happiness,
I am a being more ancient than you can conceive."

And no more was the girl, in her place something that cannot be described, for it would drive a normal person to madness. She cried a tear over Misery's prison, leaving behind a silver key, just in case its soul ever turned to good.

And let this be a lesson, and a warning; do not believe the words of those who seem weak, do not follow someone who is harmless, do not assume your prey is at your mercy. You never know what their true face could be.

Chapter 2: ChatGPT Rewrite

Once upon a time, there was a Demon named Misery — one who fed upon the darkest thoughts of humankind.

It is said that the only way to defeat Misery is to hold fast to a single good thought, warm and comforting enough to chase away sorrow and fear.

For this reason, Misery preyed only upon those with few good memories — those too empty to resist its grip.

One day, the Demon stumbled upon a young girl from whom it could sense... nothing at all. No joy, no grief, no memory, no fear.

This was so strange that Misery had to reveal itself. For Demons and Spirits — whether wicked or kind — are ever-curious things.

“Little girl, little girl,” Misery asked, startled that she did not flee from its fearsome form, “why are you so empty? Little girl, little girl, why do I sense nothing from you?”

“I do not know, I do not know,” replied the girl, sitting calmly in a bush. “I do not know anything at all.”

“Little girl, little girl,” the Demon pressed, growing more curious still, “where is your mother? Little girl, little girl, where is your father?”

“I do not know, I do not know,” she said, rising to her feet. “I do not know anything at all.”

“Little girl, little girl,” Misery sang as he followed, for the girl now danced through the trees, “how did you come to be? How did you come here?”

“I do not know, I do not know,” she called back, twirling along the path. “I do not know anything at all.”

“Little girl, little girl,” Misery asked again, paying no mind to where they walked, “where is your memory? What is your name?”

“Oh, that’s easy, that’s easy!” the girl laughed, her eyes alight. “My name is Memory — and I’m right here!”

Too late, Misery looked around — and found itself trapped in a circle of stone.

The girl opened herself like a box unlocked, and all the best memories of men, women, children, and beasts came pouring out.

The Demon fell to its knees as joy, love, laughter, and light filled its mind — so bright, so full, so endless. The memories of Spirits and Demons and Gods joined in, until Misery howled in anguish.

And so the Demon was bound in stone, its power lost, its terror silenced. Yet its voice remains, carried on the wind, whispering:

*Little girl, little girl, why were you so empty?
Little girl, little girl, why did I sense nothing from you?*

*Little girl, little girl, where is your mother?
Little girl, little girl, where is your father?*

*Little girl, little girl, how did you come to be?
Why did you come here?*

*Little girl, little girl, what are you?
Little girl, little girl, how did you do this?*

And Memory answered:

*“I am unknowable unless I choose to be.
I was born from the minds of all living things.
Hilarity begged my help, for you were killing her.
I am a creature of joy and ancient light.
I am older than you can fathom, Misery.”*

Then, no longer a girl, the being transformed—into something vast and unspeakable, a shape the mind cannot hold. To look upon it would unravel reason.

It shed one shining tear upon the stone that bound Misery, and where the tear fell, a silver key was left behind—just in case the Demon’s soul ever turned to good.

And let this be both a lesson and a warning:

**Do not trust the weak to be powerless.
Do not follow the harmless, assuming they cannot harm.**

**Do not mistake your prey for your prize —
For you never know what face they wear beneath their mask.**

— end of "Misery's Child" —