

## Part I: The Fall

Things start out how most outsiders enter the Underground; by falling. I don't know much about beforehand, but that's understandable given that I would've been a very small pup at the time. It wasn't *too* uncommon to have animals in the underground, although rodents (*rodents* rodents, not monster rodents) and bats are what you'd usually might see. If an animal does fall, they are often DOA. Not *always*, but most likely. In any case, these animals are studied to gather information on the creatures that monsters probably haven't seen in forever--if at all--aside from in older books and salvaged material. Luckily I somehow survived the drop, though just barely. I don't know the exact height, but it's a long fall for anyone; the smaller you are the longer the fall. I was in critical condition with nobody quite sure what to do in my case. There were no non-monster biologists, and *definitely* no vets. During this same period of time Dr. W. D. Gaster was developing a procedure called "soul splicing", in which one or more preserved souls could be used to repair another. How exactly it works is lost to me, but in layman's terms it involves breaking both souls and doing a quick swap of the necessary pieces. I'm paraphrasing, but that's the gist of the procedure. The thing is, it had never been tested live. And also was meant for monsters. And *also* also could have no effect at least or unintended effects at most on non-monster individuals. Still, it was an opportunity and he was willing to take it. Which leads us to...

## Part II: *Grew toes?!*

I still have more to cover, so that means it was successful. The first week or so was *constant* surveillance. There was no telling how well the procedure had worked, or if it would last, or even if there would be any concerning side-effects. Handling of any kind was cautious, but preferably minimum contact was made outside of necessities. After a couple more weeks I healed considerably, although I was still kept privately since the doctor didn't want to risk anything going wrong by enlisting someone else. Others working there saw me occasionally, but not often. I was slowly growing from "rat that owes you money"-size to pup size (imagine 2 months), and didn't appear to have any lasting injuries from the fall.

It was this time at a few weeks in that intelligence was being taken note of. From there, other changes began to gradually pop up. Little nubs on the head and spine, small flecks of red feathers, fifth toes on the forepaws that definitely weren't there originally, claws on the hind paws growing in a strange direction. Whatever the appearances of the previous monsters were, they were blending into the patient. I was capable of speech in about another month, although I had to be taught obviously. Results showed that physiology contained magic enough to be considered a hybrid at the very least, and if I was a monster I had to start being socialized to live as one. So...

## Part III: Trying My Best

After I could navigate well enough, I was "free range" for the most part. I didn't live anywhere *officially*; wolves sleep wherever they are so I did too. For my hunting instincts I was taught to redirect it towards rodents to keep down the pests. I was not good at catching rats, so I barely helped with that at all, *but* it was an effective redirect for those urges. I had to visit the lab regularly for check-ups, with no set timeframe I believe besides "when summoned", to make sure that I wasn't Actively Dying. As I got older that became less of a concern, but as a precaution it was routine at least every couple months. I spent years like that, running errands occasionally, although how many years is unclear. In a timeline where monsters age differently, once you hit adult you're basically like that until something (IE: raising children) makes you old; so time felt much more nebulous. The Underground was relatively large, but not disconnected from itself. Most people knew *of* each other, if not personally, giving a familiar feel no matter where you went. I didn't have any magical abilities, most likely a result of me being a hybrid and not a monster completely, but that wasn't really something anyone cared about. If anything, my existence at all was a sign of another life-saving procedure theoretically being possible.

## Part IV: Out Of Crafty Subtitles

Sometime over the years, my status towards the doctor went from "bite-y menace" to "clingy". I couldn't follow him all the time, but I did somewhat often. He kept me at arms length, since it was becoming evident *why* I was clingy, but it was hardly appropriate given that I was still a subject at the end of the day. He does claim some responsibility; maybe if I was socialized earlier and not restricted to being around him for so long, my brain wouldn't have considered him The person to be infatuated with. Maybe. But that's only speculation and probably not truly predictable. In any case it was admittedly frustrating but understandable, and things were in sort of a strange "pseudo-platonic, maybe, kind of, not really" area for the rest of the time while he had relationships of his own. This was made even more awkward when he had a whole child and popped out another one a few years later and I don't know how. (I know, but I don't *know*, you feel me?)

I know that I had to babysit them occasionally, which wasn't the greatest since baby monsters can be absolute menaces, but my other memories around then a blank right now for the most part. And speaking of memories turning up blank...

## Part V: Everything All At Once All At The Same Time Everywhere

To catch up to where we are now, Gaster is currently existing in nonexistence. It's ok though he's fine, maybe, at least sometimes. My life in the Underground is parallel to this one, I just don't have access to it, so my memories are more so limited to what *was* rather than what might be going on *now*. Me trying to--and failing--is what led to us crossing paths and him (~~stowing away for an unknown amount of time~~) joining our system. Even being the Omnipresent Void, he's still limited as far as actually being able to go back.

We're closer here than we were there, being in a relationship officially, since I'm not *really* a

subject anymore. He also does try to help where he can as far as sharing things that I might not have known or recalled. The same may be true if he ever did manage to return to that world. Even so, he said it wouldn't mean him also leaving the system. Timelines and multiverses are weird, but definitely keeps this aspect of my identity interesting.