

welcome to the other side of hell

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34122283>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Matryona's Last Night (Video Game)
Character:	Matryona
Additional Tags:	Angst , Heavy Angst , Abusive Mother , Abusive Parent , just s a d , rpg maker horror game , Psychological abuse , Emotional/Psychological Abuse , Emotional Manipulation , Emotional Hurt , Hurt No Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-06 Words: 609 Chapters: 1/1

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Matryona spends his 17th birthday alone, and wishes for a last chance at getting out of his home.

Notes

inspired on the horror game Matryona's Last Night.
SPOILER:

but she doesn't kill anyone and the dad isn't mentioned

"I want all of this picked up in five minutes, if not, forget about dinner." she slammed the door with her.

I took in a heavy gulp of air, like a candle in the wind, the adrenaline finally draining from my system as I breathed in. Mother had already left the room. It was fine. It's fine.

The air around me was pitch-black, and the only thing keeping me from blindness was the small candle waving in front of me and the moon sneaking up from behind, watching the scene Mother had made. My eyes felt heavier as the minutes passed.

I struggled to find the broom, my hands wandering around the room. We were out of power and the limited light we had went to Mother and Sister, but once I found it, they held onto it like it were to banish any second now.

Streamers were uneven and shredded rapping paper sat on the floor. It had been Sister's birthday this afternoon, and I had to clean up after her. After all, she was Mother's favorite, and if Mother says something, you do it.

No complaining.

An empty dining table welcomed me, a single cupcake with a candle I had stolen from Mother and set up was placed in the middle of the table, broken presents scattered around the room, mashed photos scattered around the floor along with shattered glass and spilled sodas, plus Mother's beers.

The party hat sat on top of my long silky hair. Mother liked it that way. Well, at least she used to, before Sister showed up.

No I wasn't jealous of Sister. She had always been the favorite out of the family, even for me.

It wasn't hard to choose. She wasn't mean to me and sometimes even gave me some of her food when Mother punished me. No, she wasn't good, but she was the better alternative.

She knew she was the favorite. Of course she was. She's young and slim and tall and intelligent. I'm was Mother's plan B. Well, more like failed plan. She wanted a daughter, and made me her daughter. I kept my hair long and wore the dresses she desired. I let her play dress up with me and I became her doll. Anything, as long as it made her happy. But when Sister, who isn't really my sister, came along, I was thrown away, like an old puppet. And she seemed to enjoy being treated like a pin-up doll, wearing my old dresses and Mother's beautiful clothes.

But just in case, only just in case, Mother gave up on her like she did with me, I'd be ready, hair sleek and clothes pretty.

I sat there in silence, despair quilt against me like my old robes. Fairly enough, I didn't have any stories, or news to fill in anyway, and talking to myself was a little to pathetic, even for someone like me.

As time passed, I begun to gnaw at my sanity -- maybe the only way to make this better was by singing.

I attempted to remember my name, for the song, of course. My real name. The one I had before Mother got the idea of making me her daughter and not her son. Of course, I failed. It had been so long since I was called it. A shiver travelled through my spine. It felt as if this was some sick game to be played, in which Mother played me like a marionette.

One more year and I'll leave this hell hole. Just one more birthday, and I'll be able to leave. Just me and the world.

I quenched the flame.

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