

Recursion Error

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Recursion Error

by [SableGear0](#)

Summary

“Hey, Red... We’re not going to get away with this, are we?”

A familiar scene, but something is wrong.

Short/drabble about an alternate beginning to a Recursion.

Notes

Full version of the story text that does along with my (rather dated) redraw "[Recursion Error,](#)" hosted over on my DeviantArt

“Hey, Red... We’re not going to get away with this, are we?”

Her eyes snapped open. The voice was wrong– the scene, though familiar, was wrong too.

“Well, this is unusual. Highly unusual. It would appear something has changed. Quite significantly.”

Red looked at the man slouched in front of her, then down at herself. She lifted one hand– she wore a white jacket, one sleeve marked with chevrons and the Camerata emblem. The man slouched in front of her wore a white shirt and vest. The Transistor was buried up to its contacts in his body. It flickered when the dry, tired voice spoke.

“If I were to guess, I’d say we’ve caused some sort of Recursion paradox. Or you, rather, have caused a paradox. You are simultaneously inside and outside the Transistor.”

She hesitated, then grasped the hilt, still kneeling.

“I see you in here, Red. Your trace is right here. I saw you before, too. I know what you did, even though I asked you not to. I expressly asked that you... *not* let my work go to waste.”

Red recoiled, letting go of the device. The voice became distant, pensive.

“Though I suppose I can’t blame you. I’ve had the same thoughts myself. Numerous times... Numerous times in the past. Over much less, I admit. But I always talked myself out of it, in the end. You on the other hand... well I suppose I can’t blame you. Given the circumstances.”

Red’s expression softened. She laid a hand on the Transistor’s hilt again.

“Rather exceptional circumstances.”

Red pushed herself to her feet and took hold of the Transistor with both hands. With a grunt she hauled it out of Royce’s body. It sparked and scraped on the pavement. She stood still a moment, looking down at him.

“I can’t help but wonder what else is different in this paradox you’ve created. If you’re hearing my voice instead of your friend’s... Unless... do you hear him?”

For the first time Red responded directly, shaking her head.

“And his trace is here, I’m sure. Though I’d need an access point to get a better look. Well, it seems you have a choice, then. You could reach Fairview from here and we can attempt to remedy this or... oh...?” Red had already begun walking, following the route she had taken the first time. “...Red...?”

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