

Abandoned into a Lost Existence

An Existential Fiction



The car tears the silence open and disappears into it.
Too fast. Too clean.

Dust erupts, a dirty veil in the warm morning light. For a moment it feels as if the world itself is trying to swallow the departure. Then everything settles again. Grain by grain. And what remains is what's left when someone leaves without looking back.

She is crouched at the side of the road. Low, as if she lost her footing and never stood up again. The boy sits on her lap, legs drawn into her body, arms wrapped tightly around her. His face presses into her shoulder, searching for something that still holds.

She holds him just as tightly. No space between them.
Two bodies trying to close a gap that is too large.

No screaming. Only breath. Too fast, too shallow.
And that trembling that doesn't stop.

Her gaze goes to where the car was. Where it is no longer. She is not waiting for him to come back. She is only confirming that it really happened.

It did.

He stopped. Doors opened. Words that were not words. Then doors again. Engine. Dust. End.

No scene. No drama.
Just decision.

The boy shifts slightly. His fingers clutch tighter into the fabric of her dress.

"Mom..."

Nothing more comes. The rest is stuck somewhere children have no words for yet.

Her hands rest on his back. Press him closer, as if she could pull him into herself so nothing could reach him anymore.

The wind moves flat across the road. Warm, dry, indifferent. It passes over them without pause. Carries dust over their shoes, over her knees, over her hands.

Everything will look the same out here.

"He left us here," she says.

Not to him. Not really.
More into the emptiness, so it exists somewhere.

The boy doesn't react. He just holds on. His whole body a single question that no longer needs an answer.

The light grows stronger. It makes things clearer, but not more understandable. It only shows that no one is coming.

She stays like that for another moment. Crouching. Holding. Being held.

Then she forces herself to move.

Slowly she loosens her grip, even as the boy resists. Not out of defiance. Out of fear that letting go means losing.

“We have to get up.”

Her voice is quiet. Rough. As if she has already said too much.

He doesn't move at first. Then, reluctantly, he loosens his hold. Slides off her lap, but stays close, as if distance has become something dangerous.

She stands. Her legs unsteady. Her body heavy.

The boy immediately takes her hand.

They start walking.

No destination. Only away from the point where they were left. Each step a silent admission that waiting leads nowhere.

The road stretches empty in both directions. No difference. No sign. Only direction without meaning.

After a few steps the boy stops. Looks back.

The place is still there. The imprint in the dust. Two shapes that show where they once were still.

“Will he find us again?”

She looks at him. Too long. Too directly.

“No.”

The word hangs between them. Heavy. Final.

He doesn't nod. Just turns forward again.

They keep walking.

The heat rises slowly. Settles in their throats, makes breathing harder. Every step costs more than it should. And it will only get worse.

In the distance a car appears. Small at first. Then larger. Movement that does not belong to them.

She stops. Raises her free hand. Not high. Not desperate. Just enough to be seen.

The car passes.

No reaction. No slowing.

Nothing.

The rush of air brushes past them, takes a little dust, leaves them behind.

The boy watches the car for a long time.

Then lowers his gaze.

They walk on until their steps grow shorter. Until the road takes more than they can give.

When they finally stop again, it is not because they have found something.

But because there is nothing left to continue with.

She crouches down again. Almost the same kind of place, just further out into the nothing.

The boy climbs back onto her lap immediately. As if his body has decided that this is the only place that still makes sense. His arms close around her, tighter than before.

She holds him.

This time even tighter.

As if she could shut the world out if she only pressed hard enough.

The sun stands high. White. Without shadow.

The road lies still.

And far behind them there is nothing left that would remember they were ever there.

Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.

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