



# I'm Not Riddick



By Ardath Rekha

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**Synopsis:** Jack wants someone to know that her life does *not* revolve around a man she knew for two weeks and hasn't seen since.

**Category:** Fan Fiction

**Fandom:** *The Chronicles of Riddick*; *The Chronicles of Riddick: Dark Fury*

**Series:** None

**Challenge:** Ardath Rekha's TCOR AU / "Kyra Is Not Jack" Challenge

**Rating:** T

**Orientation:** Gen

**Pairings:** None

**Warning:** Mild Language

**Number of Chapters:** 1

**Net Word Count:** 781

**Total Word Count:** 1,243

**Story Length:** Flash Fiction

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**Status:** Complete

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## I'm Not Riddick

I am not Richard B. Riddick.

Let's just get that straight right now. I'm not Riddick. I don't *want* to be Riddick. I don't know where he is and, wonder of wonders, I *really don't care*. When I go to sleep, I don't dream about him. When I wake up, I don't think about him. Not until people like you come along and bring him up all over again.

So let's just get this over with, okay? Because I *really* need my sleep.

I spent less than two weeks with the guy. I woke up and my ship had crashed. He was one of the survivors. Everybody said he was nasty and mean and evil. The thing I noticed about him, and that interested *me*, was how *male* he was. You want to talk about the butchest of the butch, Riddick fits the bill. And since I was trying to impersonate a guy back then, I wanted to learn how to move like he did, how to act like he did. I figured, if I imitated him, nobody would *ever* figure out I was a girl.

Maybe he thought I had a crush on him. I really don't know. He was nice to me. But so was everybody else, you know? I liked Shazza better. And Fry.

But I liked him well enough. He was a good guy. *Way* different from all the hype about him. He taught me how to play poker when we were waiting on the skiff to be picked up, and gave me some pointers on how to walk like a guy if I was going to stick with my disguise. So yeah, I liked him. But I'm fourteen. Two weeks out of fourteen years? Not that earth-shattering, okay?

He left, and I cried. But you know, he wasn't the first person to vanish from my life and he probably won't be the last, and it wasn't like he did it to be mean. He had to go.

So why am I here, if not because of him? Look, I'd have done this for anybody. I'm the one who killed Chillingsworth, not him. Not Imam. I wouldn't let either one of them take the fall for it. I didn't expect I'd end up in a place like this, but hey, I'd still have turned myself in if I'd known. Her family was putting up a serious death bounty on him. Now it's gone and the worst they could do was have me sent to an adult prison.

I did this because it was the right thing to do. And believe it or not, nothing I've seen in here has changed my mind about what's right.

But what I said still goes. I don't think about him. He's in the past. I liked him, he helped me when I needed help, I tried to do the same for him, and now he's gone. I'm getting out next week, thanks to my Aunt, and the only reason I'm telling you that is because I know you won't blab to anybody. You're a good person too, even if you don't want to believe it. Just remember. When I fall down in the dining hall, I'm okay. I don't know what exactly the drug will do, but it's only going to *fake* my death, not kill me. That's so the Chillingsworth family will stay off my ass. So just... don't freak out and attack the guards again or anything, okay?

A little advice if you really want to find him. Don't do the whole merc thing. I know you're still planning to, but listen to me. He hates mercs. If he sees you with a merc team he'll probably just take you out before you can let him know you're on his side. And even if he didn't... I know mercs. You don't. Don't *ever* trust them. They'll fuck you over for a few UDs and never look back. Okay? So if you want to find him, try something else.

Look, you've already heard the whole story about him fifteen times now. I'm not going to tell it again. I want to sleep. Ask him to tell it to you when you meet him. If you do. In all honesty, I don't think he plans for anybody to ever find him again.

No, you don't have to tell him anything about me. Would you just leave it? He won't even ask, anyway.

Fine. Tell him Jack's dead. She's dying next week and then *my* life is going to start up again. And amazingly enough, Kyra, *your* world may revolve around him, but mine doesn't.

Now can I *please* get some *sleep*?