

# Warm smoke

## english version of "Warmer Rauch"

Von das\_Diddy

### Warm smoke

Disclaimer: It's not mine...the characters, I mean. But this ff is mine even when no one pays me... :-

#### Warm smoke

The first thing I can remember, after this nightmarish night had destroyed my old peaceful life, was the scent of cigarette smoke. Even before I opened my eyes, I could smell it in every fiber of the room where I had slept.

I do not smoke and to be honest I don't even like cigarettes but this scent helped me to relax my strained nerves. Until now, after over three years, it hadn't change. But only when Gojyo is in my nearness.

Funny, isn't it? After all Sanzo smokes, too. To be exactly even the same brand.

But in Sanzo's proximity I can't find peace. His scent is totally different...cold. Sanzo stinks from every pore of cold smoke but Gojyo...smells somehow warm.

If a battle went bad again, I instinctively search his nearness. Often he sits on the hood of the Jeep and smokes. I sit down next to him and then finally I realize that we're still alive after that.

But there are also days when even that doesn't help.

This night I saw it all again in my dreams...Kanan.

I shake my head, try not to think about it. Gojyo sits on the hood and I sit down next to him. When I watch him secretly I occur that I can't remember the last time I saw him not smoking. He seems to be half asleep. With a skilful movement I take the cigarette. To be honest I don't even like cigarettes but after a night like this I don't care.

I take a deep drag. The smoke tastes bitter and scratches in my throat but I give it all the time to crawl to the last corner of my lungs. I feel like my heart slows down beating and my body forgets that air is really needed for life...a little death. One day I'll die and then all this nightmares will end. That's my comfort.

Gojyo seems to be a little more awake now. Frowning he looks at me and I say goodbye to the short foretaste of the end. Only a fraction of the smoke, I breathed in, leaves my body now. The rest will stay in me. Till the end. Exactly like everything else.

Gojyo bows in my direction and grabs the cigarette with his lips. He takes a drag and is silent. Exactly like me.

We're really a strange bunch. Everyone of us had experienced bad things but no one talks about it...but sometimes there's no need to.

I take a deep breath a the grey veil that laid on me vanishes a little bit. I know that I probably smell quite of cigarettesmoke now. Goku won't like it. But it's warm smoke, like Gojyo's, that tells me that the nightmare is over.

The end

Just a short one-shot. I had the idea when I was a little bit upset and stood at my window and smoked. Some kind of masochism? Maybe. ^^

I hope you liked it. Review are very welcome.

CU!

das-Diddy