

Breaking the wall

Von hideplueschtier

Kapitel 3: Lost

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Chapter 3: Lost

The vocalist hastily left the hospital and went to the car, ignoring his band mate completely.

“Hey! I’m talking to you! Stop disregarding me and tell me what happened, will you?” Chisato blurted out slightly annoyed, finally arriving the car and grabbing his friend's shoulder. But Hakuei only sat down in the car and tried to make himself as small as possible without saying a word. He doesn’t want to talk to or even think about what happened an hour ago.

Wondering about the vocalist’s strange behaviour the other man asked again, “What’s the matter, man? You should be happy that Gisho isn’t badly injured but you look like he’s gone forever!”

The only response he got from the blonde was a heavy sigh but if the guitarist would have paid more attention towards Hakuei instead concentrating on the traffic, he maybe would have realised that his friend, hearing these words, was hardly able to hold back the tears.

Although Chisato worried about the state his band mate was in, he doesn’t want to push him further, because there was no way that Hakuei would say a word if he doesn’t want to. Sighing quietly, the guitarist decided to leave the matter for now, as there would be enough time to talk when Hakuei wanted to.

When the car stopped after a while, Hakuei realised that they went to Chisato’s apartment and tired he gave an asking look to his friend. The other man left the car, waiting for the vocalist to do the same, but the blonde stayed in his seat and replied in a rude tone,

“Chisa, the only damn thing I want to do right now is to be at home, sleep, and forget the whole fucking day! So drive me home, will you!”

“I’m sorry but there’s no way that I’ll leave you alone. Not in your state; even if you

would promise me that you won't do something stupid. Leaving you alone at your home would be irresponsible, so you'll stay here with me until tomorrow and I can keep an eye on you", Chisato answered, looking concerned to his band mate, who was as pale as a ghost. Trying to convince Hakuei to come with him, the guitar player continued,

"Come on, Haku. You'll surely feel better if you aren't alone, won't you?"

Finally Penicillin's vocalist agreed and together, both men entered Chisato's apartment. While the brown haired man went into the kitchen, Hakuei threw himself onto a big couch in the living room.

Even though it was late May, he suddenly began to shiver like a leaf in a storm. Wondering if it was too cold in the room or if this was caused by the extremely sick and exhausted feeling he had to deal with since he left the hospital, the young man cuddled into a corner of the couch and closed his eyes.

When Chisato entered the room, he quickly realised the bad condition his friend was in, so he places the cups of hot tea down on the couch table, wrapped Hakuei into a soft blanket, and gave him a tight and caring embrace.

While the vocalist lay in Chisato's arms, sensing the warm and gentle hugging, it was much more than Hakuei could stand. All his carefully hidden emotions suddenly were whirling around like a maelstrom and like water would break through a dam, tears oozed out of Hakuei's eyes. Even if he tried it, the young man wasn't able to hold back the heavy sobs and whimpers, which were caused by his inner torture and heartache.

Surprised, Penicillin's guitar player looked at his friend's grievous face and patting Hakuei's head gently he tried to comfort him.

"Haku, it's okay. Shh... everything will be alright... Shhh... I'm here, calm down."

But instead of the hoped for calming effect his words only brought about more tears from Hakuei. Chisato had never seen Hakuei crying like this and he felt disastrously helpless right now. Not knowing what else he could do, he only held the vocalist in a close embrace, gently stroking over the other ones back.

"Nothing is alright, nothing!" Hakuei all of a sudden screamed out, his voice full of pain and thick with tears. Trying to hide his face with his hands he continued speaking in a low and hoarsely tone, interrupted from heartbreaking sobbing,

"Everything has changed now... Gisho... lost..."

Gently the brown haired man grabbed his friend's hands in order to remove them from Hakuei's face and thereafter he asked,

"What are you talking about? Gisho had an accident but that doesn't mean that you've lost him."

"Gisho... he lost his memories... He wasn't able to... remember me..." Hakuei explained, fighting hard to get his voice under control again but he failed totally with this try.

The other man was way too shocked to give a direct reply, so he only bent forward to the blonde and gave another tight embrace to him. Gently Chisato stroked away the

tears from the vocalist's cheek, caressing his friend's silky smooth hair.

Repeating these actions again and again, Penicillin's guitarist said after a while, "Possibly this is only because Gisho might have a concussion after the accident. In one or two days, he'll surely recover and remember you again."

Hakuei stayed silent for some minutes but then he answered in a really depressed tone,

"Thank you for the try to comfort... but... I doubt this. I've talked to the doctor and he told me that Gisho's lost memories are caused by a craniocerebral injury."

With a throaty voice the young man continued speaking,

"It seems that he doesn't know me, he also can't remember the band. He..."

Hakuei wanted to say something more but at this moment he lost his voice completely, breaking out in tears again.

Chisato continued to calm his friend down, stroking over his back again and whispering something to him. Even though Hakuei wasn't able to understand the meaning of the words, being held in the other one's embrace and receiving the feeling that there still was someone who cared for him helped him a little bit. For a while, silently sobbing could be heard from him but soon his totally exhausted body demanded for the missed rest. A last single tear runs down Hakuei's cheek when the vocalist falls asleep, his head leaned on Chisato's shoulder.

Watching over Hakuei's sleep Penicillin's guitar player stayed on the couch and as if the blonde haired one was a pet which cuddled himself onto his lap, he continued stroking his friend's head. But the young man was totally lost in his thoughts during this, so that he doesn't even realised his actions.

'This is worse, really. Now there's no doubt why Haku's behaviour was so strange this evening, it surely was caused by the fact that his beloved lost his memories. Gisho possibly won't even remember me or O-chan if he can't remember anything concerning the band. Damn, I don't know how to deal with this!', Chisato thought and decided that he definitely needed some help with this matter.

Carefully he displaced the vocalist's head from his shoulder onto the backrest, not wanting to wake him up, and afterwards he searched in the messy place, his living room actually was, for his cordless phone. It took some time until he was able to find it because after he had given Hakuei a call earlier this day, he had thrown it heedlessly onto an armchair and now it was covered with some clothes he had removed from the couch.

The brown haired man dialed O-jiro's number, but suddenly stopped when he realised how late it already was. Disturbing the drummer at this late hour wouldn't be very polite. On the other hand he wasn't able to imagine to any other person he could talk to in this situation so his doubts vanished within a second.

Dialing the number again and waiting for his friend's response he thought,

'After all, this matter is way too important and it applies O-chan as much as it concerns us. Even if I'm disturbing him right now, I need someone to talk to or I'll

become crazy about this...'

"This is Yoshihiko ..." a cheerful drummer said after a moment that seemed to be way too long and Chisato, not patient enough to wait until the other one finished his sentence, blurted out,

"O-chan, I'm sorry for this call but I need to talk and..."

O-jiro's voice continued speaking during Chisato's flood of words,

"...Tsun's answering machine. I'm not at home, so please leave me a message and I'll call you back."

Hearing this, the guitarist finally stopped talking, scolding himself an idiot. So O-chan wasn't at home and talking to the answering machine wouldn't be very useful after all. Penicillin's guitarist dropped the line, wondering where his friend had gone to.

After all O-jiro wasn't someone who went out for partying that often, only when he was together with his band mates or Yasumi-chan...

'Stop, that's it! He possibly still is at Yasumi's!' Chisato thought, glad that he had found the solution for this problem. The only thing he has to do was giving a call to O-jiro's friend to reach the one he wanted to talk to.

Nonetheless, he felt very uneasy to disturb both men but it couldn't be helped; the necessity to bare his soul to the drummer actually was more important than anything else.

It took a long time but when Yasumi picked up the phone, Chisato quickly apologized for the disturbance and asked for Penicillin's drummer.

Giving a look full of questions towards O-jiro, Yasumi gave the phone to his friend, explaining,

"It's Chisato and he sounded like it's important."

Lightly annoyed the small man sighed, thinking the guitarist should rot in hell for interrupting the cozy togetherness he and Yasumi had shared before Chisato's call. Talking to Chisa was the last thing he wanted to do right now, and so he hardly was able to ban this feeling out of his voice when he answered with a short,

"Yes, this is O-jiro here."

"I'm so glad that you're there, O-chan. I really need to talk to someone", the brown haired man on the phone replied and a sigh of relief escaped his lips.

The drummer rolled his eyes, laying in the comfortable bed and cuddled against his friend, and then he said,

"If it's because some of your crazy girlfriend affairs again, I'll definitely drop the line."

"No, this time it's worse. This matter regards you more than my affairs ever will do", Penicillin's guitar player replied with a really depressed sounding voice, thereafter stopping his speech, not sure how he should tell his friend what had happened.

But O-jiro already was about to lost his patience with the other one, so he asked in a rude tone,

“Stop beating around the bush, will you?! Tell me what the matter is and make it short!”

“Gisho lost his memories,” Chisato blurted out as short as demanded but with this snippet of information he only confused O-jiro instead of explaining the problem to him.

“What do you mean with this? I don’t understand a word, so start from the beginning, please.”

The other man did as his friend required; describing that Gisho had been involved in an accident, which caused memory loss.

“Hakuei is totally gutted because of this... Now he is sleeping but he cried his eyes out the whole evening and I wasn’t able to comfort him the way I should. Honestly, I don’t know how to deal with this.”

Speechless and shocked, the drummer listened to Chisato’s report while Yasumi playfully tousled his friend’s hair.

Noticing the silence at the other end of the line, Penicillin’s guitarist said,

“The rehearsal for tomorrow is cancelled; I hope you understand this. There’s no use in it with one of us in the hospital and all others surely not able to practice successfully.”

“Of course I understand that,” O-jiro replied and after a while he added,

“It’s more important for Gisho to recover now and surely Haku needs some time to clear things with him, I guess. I’ll visit Gisho at the hospital tomorrow and thereafter I’ll come to yours so the three of us can talk how to deal with this.”

Chisato agreed with this, thanked his friend for listening and then dropped the line to use the rest of the night to get some sleep.