

Breaking the wall

Von hideplueschtier

Kapitel 5: painful change

Breaking the wall

Chapter 5: painful change

The vocalist turned around in his sleep, instinctively searching for the warm body of his beloved, with the intention to hug him tightly. But his hand only touched a pillow and his arm hugged nothing than emptiness, what awakens the tall man.

He found himself alone in the king-sized bed. Without Gisho. Of course the man he was used to share his bed with nearly every night was absent – Penicillin's bassist still was in the hospital.

Tiredly Hakuei gave a glance to his clock radio and when he noticed that he only had slept for 2 hours, his head sank down into the pillows again. He felt totally wiped out, because of the lacked sleep, and he had a horrible headache.

For nearly the half night the young man had been awake, his thoughts circling around Gisho again and again. And when he finally felt like he would be able to sleep, he had realised that the pillows still gave off Gisho's smell, what had made him missing the bassist even more.

The last thing he wanted to do right now was to get out of the bed, continuing with his daily life as if nothing had happened the last days before, but soon he realised that he wouldn't be successful with the try to find some sleep again.

One wouldn't believe it, but he never had been able to rest easily when Gisho wasn't around. It wasn't only that he was used to spend his nights together with the other one, it was more the fact that being together with the black haired gave him a heartwarming feeling of security and well being, even when he was deep asleep.

Gisho had been there whenever the vocalist had needed him, when he wanted to be comforted, encouraged, listened to or just loved. And now everything had changed, because his beloved one wasn't able to remember him.

Scuffleing Hakuei moved into the bathroom, took a quick shower, brushed his teeth and examined his reflection in the mirror. Red and swollen eyes with dark circles around stared back without an emotion. He had cried way to much the last nights...

but after all the young man doesn't care for his outward appearance today, even if he looked horrible. And anyways, for whom should he look nice and pretty? The person he normally wanted to do this for wouldn't care, so there was no use in covering his bad state with tons of make up.

Still tired he made his way into the kitchen, brewed coffee and lightened up a cigarette. When the blonde haired man glanced into his refrigerator, he noticed that he had totally forgotten to buy any sort of eatables yesterday. The only ones that could be found were some natto boxes, the same that had been there when Gisho decided to leave for running errands two days ago. Frustrated he slammed the refrigerator door, sat down to have a cup of coffee and thought with an ironic smile,

'I should write down a sort of coffee, cigarette and natto diet for a magazine... Surely one will lose weight with this.'

Hakuei grabbed the yesterday's newspaper, but when his eyes caught a headline for the third time, he realised that he wasn't concentrated enough to read any of the articles. Letting a heavy sigh escape from his lips, he threw the newspaper back onto the table, when all of a sudden the sound of the doorbell disturbed the silence.

Wondering about who would visit him at such an early hour the vocalist went to the door and when he opened it, he was cheerfully greeted by Chisato and O-jiro. He really wanted to slam the door into their smiling faces, because he wasn't in the mood for company and he still was a little bit angry with them for what happened yesterday. But Chisato seemed to forebode this and quickly explained,

"Haku, I'm really sorry for disturbing. I want to apologize for what I've said and..."

"We brought breakfast with us," Ojiro continued, handing out a carrier bag to the blonde.

Penicillin's vocalist again sighed heavily and wanted to say something, but he was hindered by a loud growling of his stomach. Ashamed he gave a short nod to the other men and said thereafter,

"You're welcome."

Together the three of them went into the kitchen, where Hakuei inspected the content of the carrier bag wide eyed. This surely was enough to protect him from starving for the next months!

During their breakfast, Chisato thought about what O-jiro had told him the day before. After all, he was Penicillin's leader and so it was his duty not only to take care for the band's succeeding, but also for the health and well-being of the band members. The guitarist had been ways to disappointed yesterday to remember this responsibility and now he really felt ashamed for his behaviour.

"Hakuei, please forgive me for what I've said yesterday, will you? After discussing the matter with O-chan I realised that both of you had been right. We'll cancel the tour," he explained, glancing towards the vocalist and waiting for his response.

With a little smile on his lips, Hakuei nodded in agreement, and then only replied,
"Thank you."

"Well, there's a another matter we have to clear, guys," the drummer said, sipped at his coffee and then continued,
"It's the question what and how much should we tell the media?"

Sighing tiredly Penicillin's vocalist shrugged. He hadn't thought of this problem yet and honestly he still doesn't want to think of it now, because it only caused an increasing pain in his head. Massaging his temples, Hakuei asked,
"Is there really the necessity to inform the media? I surely don't want Gisho or us being haunted by the tabloid press."

"Me neither, but nevertheless we have to inform the public, because we can't cancel a tour without giving reasons for that. Maybe we only can say that we can't do the tour because of illness?" Chisato suggested, giving an asking glance to the drummer, who searched something in the carrier bag.

O-jiro stayed silent for a minute, thinking about what his friend had said. When he had found what he was searching for, the young man went back to the table, handing out some Aspirin to the vocalist and then answered,
"Maybe it'll work if we only say for health reasons, but I'm not that sure about it ... We have to clear things with the management first, I guess."

Hakuei and Chisato both gave a short nod in agreement and while the blonde one swallowed two of the tabloids, Penicillin's guitarist asked him,
"Do you want to visit Gisho today?"

"Yes... I should do so, I guess," Hakuei answered tiredly, still rubbing his temples and waiting for the pills to be effective. The three of them stayed silent for a moment, and then Penicillin's youngest member suggested,
"Well, then let's all go together to visit him."

After his friends agreed with that and they had fixed a time to meet at the hospital, O-jiro continued,
"Then Chisa has enough time to clear things with the management."

The older one laughed, took a last sip of his coffee and said,
"Well, then I'll go now. Wish me good luck for this fight, guys! Bye."
With that he left Hakuei's apartment, leaving both friends alone.

Penicillin's drummer stand up, but before he also left, he explained,
"You should try to get some more hours of sleep, Hakuei. Saying that you give a horrible expression would be an understatement."

"... very charming!" the blonde haired replied with a tired ironic smile, leading the other man to the front door.

O-jiro wanted to leave the appartement, but then he turned around once more, giving an encouraging smile to his friend and explained thereafter,
"You don't have to be afraid to face Gisho, you know."

"Sure, I know," the other one answered, but a silent sigh told his friend that Hakuei wasn't as sure as he pretended to be. But before the drummer was able to say something more, the blonde said goodbye and closed the door.

It was late in the afternoon when Penicillin's vocalist arrived at the hospital, his band mates already waiting for him.

O-jiro greeted him with a happy smile, but Chisato only gave a small wave of his hand to him, commenting,
"You're late... almost a half hour too late."

"I'm sorry, I won't be late anymore," Hakuei replied with his standard sentence for situations like this and lighted up a cigarette.

When the drummer gave a closer look to his friend, he realised that Hakuei still seemed to be tired and worn out.

'Maybe he hasn't been able to find some sleep,' Penicillin's youngest member thought, but he said nothing and also Chisato stayed silent until the vocalist had killed his cigarette stub in an ashtray, which was standing next to the hospital entry door.

Finally the guitarist broke the silence, saying,
"Well, since all of us are here now, we should go, shouldn't we?"

O-jiro gave a short nod and also Hakuei followed Penicillin's leader into the hospital, letting an unheard sigh escaping from his lips. Of course he desperately wanted to see his beloved, but at the same time he was afraid, because he doesn't know how he should clear the matter of their relationship with Gisho...

When the three friends entered Gisho's room, the bassist was sitting in his bed and turned around from staring out of the window, giving a small and nearly shy smile to them.

O-jiro sat down at the edge of the bed and asked,
"How are you, Gisho? Feeling better?"

The black haired only gave a shrug of his shoulders and an interrogative glance to the other visitors, gazing interested at Chisato. Obviously he doesn't seem to know or to remember him.

Sitting down at a chair next to the bed, the guitarist smiled at the black haired, explaining,

"I'm Chisato, one of your friends and a band member of Penicillin. Please don't worry; I'm sure you'll get back your memories soon."

"Ah... hi. Well, thank you," the bassist murmured quietly. Then his glance met Hakuei's

and staring angrily at the other man, he whispered,
"You again... What do you want? Can't you just leave me?"

Realizing the rage in Gisho's eyes and hearing these harsh words Hakuei sighed heavily, searching for a place to sit down, but because he wasn't able to find one, the blonde leaned back against the wall, thinking ironically,
'What a nice start, really. How should I talk to him when he even doesn't want me being here?'

All of a sudden Penicillin's vocalist really regretted that he had decided to visit Gisho. He wasn't able to understand why his beloved one seems to regard him as an enemy. And truth was, Hakuei actually doesn't now how to deal with that. All he wanted to do right now was to sit next to Gisho, embrace him tightly and show his love to the other man. But Gisho doesn't allow him to act like he would normally do...

The vocalist really felt horrible, because more or less he could be near his beloved, but not at all be together with him in the way he was used to. Even if he would have enough courage for this now, he was sure that Gisho would get really angry with him.

"I wanted to see you," Hakuei finally answered quietly and gave a bag to the black haired, explaining,
"Here are some of your clothes and stuff you may need here."

"Where did you get them?, Gisho asked and took the bag, watching suspiciously at Hakuei, who raised an eyebrow and replied,
"I went to your apartment before and packed them for you. You now, we are used to share our homes and you gave me your keys long time ago."

The bassist stared for some minutes silent at the other men, then he reached out a hand to Hakuei, waiting. Not sure what Gisho want him to do, the older one only gave an asking glance to him.

"The keys. Give them to me. I don't want to have a stranger in my apartment, you know," Gisho replied in a rude tone, still reaching out his hand and giving an angry glare to the other one.

Hakuei was speechless. Of course he had known before that Gisho hadn't left memories of him, but to hear him speaking about him as a stranger, realising that his beloved obviously doesn't trust him anymore, felt like a stab in the back. He wasn't able to believe it and so he didn't remove Gisho's key from his own bunch of keys. Instead he grabbed the keys in his pocket so tightly that the sharp-edged pieces of metal caused a feeling of pain in his palm. The vocalist tried to concentrate onto his aching hand, but compared to the agony Gisho's words left in his heart, it was nothing. Without a word the slender man turned around and left the room. Hakuei knew this was an escape, he wanted to leave the hospital room, Gisho and especially the pain behind. Even if it was useless, because Penicillin's vocalist wouldn't be able to forget these words or to stop think about Gisho, he left the hospital, giving a sad glance back over his shoulder to it.

