

# Breaking the wall

Von hideplueschtier

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# Kapitel 1: ebony and ivory

Breaking the Wall

Chapter 1: Ebony and Ivory

On the early morning of May 21st, the first little shy ray of sunlight makes his way between the curtains and enlightened a picture full of peace and harmony. Two men were sleeping in a king-sized bed, the blonde haired embracing the dark haired tightly, his head placed on the other man's chest. Deep asleep he mumbled something, what woke up the younger one. Still tired and not fully awakened yet, the bass player wondered if his beloved was talking to him. A lovely smile parted Gisho's lips when the other man quietly murmured, "I will not be late anymore..."

Biting his lips to restrain laughter, the black haired gently stroked the other man's neck and shoulder.

'This is so typically Hakuei; even in his dreams he comes everywhere late and has to apologize,' Gisho thought, looking at the naked man next to him.

While the younger one watched him, the sunlight became stronger, searching its way from the blanket to Hakuei's body, drawing a beautiful play of shadow and light at the vocalist's face and hair. Following this shine on his lover's tattooed skin with his fingertips carefully, Gisho felt his heart fill up with love and happiness.

"You're such a beauty," the bassist whispered quietly to the other man and as if heard this even in his sleep, Hakuei embraced him more tightly, a small smile placed in his face.

Gisho yawned, he was still tired, and so he decided to stay in the bed until his beloved would awake, just enjoying the warm and soft feeling of Hakuei's embrace.

Penicillin's vocalist cuddled up to him, and the sunlight gave Hakuei's hair fair and beautiful glows, letting it shine like buffed ivory. Recognizing this, Gisho thought with a grin, 'Well, while he is the ivory, I'm the ebony I guess.'

And in fact, people often mentioned that both musicians were as different as day and night. Compared with each other, Hakuei was the one who fascinated others with his outstanding and attractive personality while Gisho ever had the touch of some dark and mysterious character. Nevertheless, what one might think about them, there has been a great friendship and love between them for over 15 years, in good times and in bad. The two men shared pain and luck, tears and joy, even hate and love with each other, and now there was nothing in the world Gisho could imagine that would make them break up with each other.

'Even O-chan and Chisato were joking around that we hung together like two limpets yesterday,' Gisho thought, remembering the evening before. The band had the

"Gishorix Revolution" gig, and on the occasion of Gisho's birthday, they celebrated together afterwards.

The bassist's train of thoughts was interrupted by Hakuei who still was asleep, but let one hand slip between the other man's legs, stroked over the bare skin and mumbled something that sounded like "want more". The dark haired couldn't avoid it, but he burst out in laughter because of this, although he didn't want to wake up Hakuei.

"Haven't you had enough of this last night?" he asked still laughing, but all he got in response was a dizzy and sleepy look. Gisho placed a gentle good morning kiss on Hakuei's lips and tousled his hair before he explained, "You stroke me while you are sleeping, so I guess you are demanding for more sex?"

Hakuei's reaction astounded the younger one, because his beloved just pulled the blanket over his head, hiding himself under it. Penicillin's bassist lifted the blanket up a little bit, wondering what was wrong with the other man. The vocalist's face has a pale, unhealthy colour and his eyes were shut to avoid the glistening sunshine. Concerned about that Gisho asked, "Are you alright?"

Under the blanket, Hakuei chuntered, "No."

Gisho sighed quietly; he hates it when Hakuei answers in monosyllables.

"So what's the matter?" he asked, while pulling the blanket away from the other one's face.

Laying one tattooed arm over his face to cover it again, Hakuei answered with a weak voice, "Horrible headache... Feels like a herd of elephants are dancing around in my brain."

Even if he tried to, Gisho just can't feel pity for him, because yesterday Hakuei had one drink after another, consuming alcohol like it was water.

"You know that's your own fault, you foolish bottomless pit, don't you?" he responded, but at the same time he tenderly strokes his lover's cheek to disarm his words.

Nonetheless the vocalist pouted after hearing this and answered with a whiny-voice, "It wasn't my fault, because it's your duty to preclude me from drinking that much!"

"Hey, am I your nanny or something like that?"

The older man huddled against him searching for the warmth of the other man's body and gave him a cute smile while repeating, "You totally get it."

Gisho laughed, he just loved Hakuei's ability to joke around even when he wasn't feeling well.

The bassist tried to stand up, but the other one clutched his arm.

"Stay here, please. It's cold without you," Hakuei demanded, but Gisho shook his head.

"Childish little dork, I just wanted to bring you some pills for your headache, so let me go."

"Oh... thank you. You'll find them in the mirrored bathroom cabinet," the blonde answered and cuddled himself in the blankets and pillows again.

The other man smiled at the bunch of blankets that covered Hakuei and replied, "I know your apartment like the back of my hand, you know," and left the room.

It took some time until Gisho re-entered the room, settled on the bed and gave his beloved a glass filled with water and a vitamin pellet. Hakuei gave him a sceptical look before he noticed, "This isn't against headaches."

"Yes, I know, but it was all I found. I guess you used them all up when you had your last hangover. Drink this, and then you should take a shower, it'll bring you back to yourself again."

Penicillin's vocalist nipped on the lemonade and showed a face as long as a fiddle, before lamenting, "This tastes disgusting!"

The other men sighed again, once in a while, Hakuei could really make one lose one's patience.

"You're such a cry-baby. Take it or leave it, but stop blubbering around."

Hearing this, Hakuei threw a pillow at him and complained about the fact Gisho actually wasn't caring for him in the way he should.

"Poor tortured thing that you are... I'll go and make breakfast," the younger one answered and went into to kitchen. Hakuei decided to get up too, but when he heard an unbelievable swearing from the direction his lover went into, he nearly fell back into the bed. Just a second later, Gisho's head popped up in the doorway and with a facial expression, which clearly showed that he was pissed off, he asks, "Why the hell is there only natto in your refrigerator, can you tell me?"

Hakuei doesn't dare answer or explain that he wasn't feeling hungry anyway, because he knows the bassist would really become angry if he mentioned this. So he just shook his head, crawled into bed and hides himself under the blanket again. The other one quickly get dressed and proposed, "I'll go and buy some food and aspirin, you can take a shower and brew coffee during this time. I'll take the Kawasaki so I'll be back soon."

Hakuei crept out from under his blankets, embraced his beloved and they shared a sweet last kiss, before Gisho left the apartment.

The vocalist won't know what the future will bring when he gives Gisho a farewell kiss. But Gisho won't be back as soon as he had promised previously, and something will happen that totally changes their relationship, so that it never will be the same again.



## Kapitel 2: fields of sorrow

Breaking the wall

Chapter 2: Fields of sorrow

Hakuei felt the need for another cigarette, although he killed his last one a few minutes ago. Recognizing he was smoking way too much, his hand froze over the cigarette pack, but he needed something to calm down. A heavy sigh escaped his lips and he grabbed the pack, lighted up the next cigarette, and took a deep breath.

The blonde turned his head to look at the clock; it was after midday now, and still Gisho wasn't back. Agitated, the vocalist went to the entry door, opened it, and watched out for his beloved, but there was no sign of the other man.

Definitely Gisho had been gone too long, and because of this, Hakuei was already worried sick. It was absolutely untypical for the younger one to be late, and he had promised Hakuei that he would be back soon.

'Maybe there is some traffic congestion on the streets or he decided to go to his own home to do something,' Hakuei thought and tried to settle down. But nevertheless, Gisho would have given him a short call or even a message on his mailbox if he had been hindered by something, wouldn't he?

The worried man had checked his mailbox countless times before and he also had written a message to his beloved, but Gisho hadn't left a reply.

As if it was his mobile phone's fault that the bass player was late, Hakuei gave an evil death glare to the item.

Dialing his lovers' telephone number quickly once again and waiting for any response, the blonde walked in circles like a caged animal. After a few minutes, he angrily threw the mobile phone onto the couch and went back to the kitchen.

He thought about drinking another cup of coffee, but decided quickly that his nerves were all on the edge already and drinking more coffee would just make him more nervous when he should cool down.

Hakuei leaned out of the window to look for the missed one and thought, 'Perhaps he met someone he knows and forgot the time because of that. Or he went to Ojiro or Chisato's.'

The vocalist had no idea why his beloved would do that, but he couldn't know so he grabbed his phone again and dialed a number to give Chisato a call. At this moment, he suddenly heard a sound from the entry door and sprinted to this direction. Hakuei opened the door and looked out for Gisho, but the bass player wasn't there.

Wondering where the noise came from he took a glance at the floor mat where the newspaper lay.

'Maybe it was only the newspaper delivery boy who caused the noise,' the vocalist thought and another sigh escaped his lips.

All of a sudden, he heard someone swearing like a trooper on the line, and a surprised Hakuei stared at his phone. In fact, he had totally forgotten that he already dialed Chisato's number. Missing Gisho seems to urge him more than he had thought.

Before Chisato had the chance to drop the line the other man answered quickly, "This is Hakuei; I'm sorry to disturb you, but have you seen Gisho today?"

"Eh? Why should I have seen him? Isn't he with you?" a definitely baffled Chisato asked what caused a mumble from Hakuei, before he replied, "I wouldn't ask if he were, would I?"

"What's the matter? I was sure the two of you would spend the night and the whole next day together. Don't tell me you had a fight about some silly thing at his birthday with him?" Penicillin's guitarist interrogated, and Hakuei clearly heard the concern in the other man's voice.

"No, I'm not that silly, you know!" the blonde answered and explained thereafter that Gisho left the house to run errands and wasn't back until now.

"I'm a little bit worried, but I thought maybe he went to your or O-chan's home to see if you need something," Hakuei said, knowing it was an understatement when he said he only worried a little bit, but he doesn't want to incriminate Chisato with his sorrows.

"Well, Gisho isn't here after all and...", the other man paused his answer, trying to remember something the drummer had said yesterday and continued speaking after a few seconds.

"I think Ojiro mentioned yesterday something about meeting with Yasumi-chan today, so I doubt Gisho is at his home."

The vocalist rubbed his temples, tortured with his hangover-caused headaches and solicitudes which were determined from the fact that he didn't know what had happened to Gisho.

"Okay, thank you, and sorry for disturbing then. Bye."

"No need for apologizing. Keep your head up and stop making yourself crazy, I'm sure he'll be back soon. See you at rehearsal tomorrow," the guitar player replied and hung off the phone.

Throwing himself down onto the couch, Hakuei tried to calm down. But stopping making himself crazy with all the imaginations of what could have happened to his

beloved was easier said than done.

Grief-stricken the lonely one thought, 'Maybe he's angry with me, because I've drunken so much yesterday and now he's keeping me in suspense. But that won't fit him after all and besides he drank way too much too.'

Hakuei decided to definitely haul his lover over the coals if this was the reason Gisho was ditching him. The tired and tortured man felt anger and angst growing in him, because waiting without being able to do anything against his fears drove him slowly, but surely mad.

Deep in his thoughts, he had completely ignored his rumbling empty stomach until now, but when he realized a discomfort in this region of his body, he knew that he should better eat something. Nonetheless he felt way too faint and sick to go to kitchen and have a quick snack, so he just stayed on the couch, listening to the monotone ticking of the clock.

Penicillin's vocalist tried to concentrate onto the rhythmic sound; maybe it would make him tired enough to get some rest in sleep. But instead of the required calmness, his apprehensions grow bigger and darker while the time seemed to drag.

It was only a half an hour later when the penetrating ringing of his phone pulls him out of his lethargic state. Dashing forward to grab his phone, the young man suddenly felt vertiginous, but he doesn't care for this feeling after all. The hope it was Gisho giving him a call eliminates all other thoughts or even feelings. With a scampered voice he answered, but instead of the missed one, it was the guitarist who piped up on the phone.

"Hakuei, I got a phone call from the hospital a few minutes ago. Gisho's there, but stay calm and do nothing without thinking thoroughly about it, please. I'll be at your home in less than ten minutes, so please wait until I'm there and don't do anything stupid, will you?" Chisato declared hastily.

The other man fell back into his seat; he wasn't able to say a word, because his throat felt like it was totally corded up. His sight became blurry while he tried to work through the words he just had heard.

"Hakuei, are you there? Did you understand what I said?" the guitar player asked concerned.

Finally Hakuei managed to get his voice under control again, but all he was able to press out was a husky-voiced "Yes... what....?"

He clearly had heard the other man, and anyhow he didn't understand the full meaning of the words. It seemed that Chisato noticed that, so he explained, "Gisho is at the hospital, I don't know what exactly happened, but they said something about he being involved in an accident. They didn't know how to inform his relatives because his mobile phone seems to be broken during this and so they didn't have any numbers. I only got informed because I wrote down my new mobile phone number for

him yesterday, and they found it in his wallet.”

Like the superscript of a repeating, luminous advertising the same thoughts repeated in Hakuei’s mind again and again, driving like a weird rollercoaster of sorrow through his head.

‘Gisho is in a hospital... He got involved in an accident; maybe he’s mortally injured. Oh my god, it’s my fault... If I just hadn’t told him about my headache, he hadn’t taken part in this accident. And if we went to his home instead of mine yesterday, he wouldn’t have had to run errands; he would be unharmed now... Oh my god, he’s in a hospital, maybe he’s even dead!’

Hakuei hung up the phone, ignoring his band mate, because what Chisato was about to say was not important to him anymore; he just felt the need to drive to the hospital to be with his beloved as soon as he could.

Grabbing his keys, he ran out of the apartment, but when he slammed the entry door shut, he all of a sudden felt a heavy pain in his stomach, as if the invisible fist of a giant had punched him. The vocalist’s legs turned to jelly and with a thin and weak whimper he collapsed onto the floor.

Not able to move, the young man chuntered, calling himself an idiot. Not only that he felt really sick caused from sorrows and tormenting self-reproaches, he didn’t even know to which hospital he had to drive, because he had totally forgotten to ask Chisato about that.

Hakuei was still laying on the ground when the guitarist finally arrived, so the brown haired man helped the other one to stand up, asking concerned if everything was alright.

Just shaking his head, because he still felt weak, the blonde leaned on Chisato, who helped him to manage the way to the car without falling again.

The guitar player drove along a route without much traffic and soon they arrived at the hospital, but Hakuei suddenly felt overwhelmed with fears, so he hesitated to leave the car.

‘What will be if he’s so badly hurt that he never will be able to play bass again? What, if he isn’t alive anymore?’ he thought horrorstricken.

Chisato cajoles Hakuei into entering the hospital after a while, and he searches for a doctor or someone else who could help them. A nurse told them to wait until the doctor would have time to speak with them, so they settled down on some uncomfortable, plastic chairs.

Hakuei was way too deep in his thoughts, which consisted of fields of sorrows, to be in the mood to talk, and the other man just didn’t know what to say to comfort his friend. They waited a long time without speaking a word, but finally a doctor arrived.

“What is with Gisho? Can we see him? What happened to him?” Hakuei blurted his

questions out, but all he got in response was the query if they were relatives.

The guitar player tried to calm down Hakuei by grabbing his hand and answered, "Something like this, we are like a family for him. Please tell us, how is he?"

Giving a quick glance to his documents the doctor explained, "It seemed that he got involved in an accident with his motorcycle, but after all that, he must have a good guardian angel. Two of his ribs are partially fractured, he received a head injury and at the time he's unconscious, but after an accident like this it could have been worse. If there aren't any unexpected complications, he'll recover soon."

It took a load off Hakuei's mind hearing this. Indeed his beloved was injured, but after all, he was alive and that was the only thing that seemed important right now.

Chisato sighed in alleviation and asked, "Can we see him, please?"

The doctor thought a couple of minutes about this request, and then he answered, "He still is unconscious and when he awakes from insensibility, he needs to rest. One of you can see the patient if you don't disturb or agitate him."

He gives both men a short nod and left them alone after this.

Recognizing Hakuei's still worried facial expression, the guitar player gently patted his friend's shoulder and gave an encouraging smile to him, before he said, "You've heard the doc, so go and see Gisho. Take the time you need, I'll wait here to drive you back home later."

"Thank you", the other man whispered with a weak smile, entering Gisho's room thereafter.

Hakuei's eyes needed a minute or two to acclimatize with the dimmed light in the hospital room, but when he was able to see more than just shadows, he quietly stepped forward to the bed Gisho lay in. Cautiously, he sat down on the edge of the bed, but when he gave a closer look to his beloved, his breath caught. The bass player's face was extremely pale, a huge bandage covered his head, and his shoulders and arms were strewn with bloody scratches. Gently, Hakuei caressed Gisho's face, recognizing that his tall beloved looked small and lost in the white blankets. For a while, the blonde man was satisfied with just holding the other one's hand, but then he decided to give a chaste kiss to his loved one. Hakuei closed his eyes and gently his lips touched the other man's lips.

Unfortunately, Gisho opened his eyes that moment and seemed to be totally confused from the fact that he was kissed by another man; he wriggled back and tried to sit up.

All of a sudden, he slapped Hakuei in the face. Hard and all-out.

The dark haired one gave a killing glance to the shocked man and whispered with a dangerously quiet voice, "Don't you dare do this again!"

Totally surprised and not able to believe what had just happened, Hakuei touched his aching cheek. Staring at his beloved extremely stunned, he wasn't able to say a word.

Frowning and alienated, Gisho glanced at the unfamiliar man before he demanded, "Who the hell are you? What do you want!? I don't know you!"

## Kapitel 3: Lost

Breaking the wall

### 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.

## Kapitel 4: Pieces of memory

### Chapter 4: Pieces of memory

It was late morning of the next day when O-jiro visited Gisho at the hospital. His friend Yasumi suggested to come with him, but the drummer had declined this offer. After all, he didn't know what to expect from this visit, so surely it was better to go alone.

But at this moment, standing before Gisho's hospital room and hesitating to enter it, the small man wished Yasumi-chan would be here to encourage him.

Facing his band mate caused a slight feeling of insecurity to him, because he feared that maybe the bassist doesn't want to see him and - what was worse - that he possibly won't remember O-jiro as the long-time friend and band mate he was.

Finally he plucked enough courage to knock at the door and went in after he was told to. Contrary to his expectations Gisho wasn't alone; a young woman, sitting at his band mate's bed, turned into the direction of the door and said with a polite but nevertheless determining voice, "I'm sorry but this isn't visiting time. Would you come back later, please?"

O-jiro slightly blushed, murmuring an excuse and was about to leave the room when a quiet and hoarsely voice stopped him.

"Wait... please, don't go," Gisho said, resting in the bed in a half laying, half sitting position, staring at the drummer wide-eyed and as pale as a sheet. After all, the dark haired man doesn't know why he had said this, but somehow the small other one seemed to be familiar. If he only would know who this guy was...

O-jiro gave a shy and surprised smile to him and explained, "I would stay here, but I'm not allowed to disturb your medical check-up, I guess."

A suppliant gaze was addressed to the female doctor by the bassist. It could be clearly seen that she wasn't happy with this, but finally she gave her allowance to O-jiro for staying, under the condition that she and the patient could finish the check-up without being interrupted.

Penicillin's young drummer sat down in a corner of the room silently and listened to the questions the doctor asked to his friend.

"So, where did we stop? Ah, I see... Which university did you attend?" the woman asked, gazing to her clipboard first and thereafter looking to Gisho. The bassist needed some time to realize that he was asked something, because his thoughts still were busy with the other man. After a while he replied, "Tokai University."

"In which subject do you have a degree?" was the next question and again it took a few minutes before Gisho gave a short answer, "Economics."

'If I only would remember where I've seen him before... This round cute face, his shy but infectious smile...' he thought and tried to find any sort of hint in his memories why this man seemed to be so familiar to him, but there was nothing. During this he stared at O-jiro as if it would help him to recover the missing puzzle-pieces. After a while in his mind slowly a blurry image emerged from gazing at the young man. But when his train of thoughts was interrupted by another question, the memory vanished.

"Can you remember what you did the day the accident happened? Or do you know what you've done the day before?"

"I don't know!" Gisho replied, slightly annoyed because there had been so many questions before he wasn't able to answer and now the useless ask disturbed him with the try to pick up the crushed pieces of his memory.

The doctor noted something down at her clipboard again, explaining thereafter, "You have to concentrate more otherwise we can't figure out how much of your memory is lost. So please cooperate, will you?"

Giving a short nod the dark haired man retried to pay more attention towards the questions, but nevertheless his thoughts again circled around the drummer.

"Where and when are you born?"

"Hyogo prefecture; May 20th, 1971," the patient responded to the question but when he was asked when the band, he was a member of, had formed, he only shook his head quietly. And it was the same reaction for the question about his solo career; Gisho wasn't even able to remember the name he had chosen for it. With a tired and depressed sounding voice he asked, "Can we stop this, please? We've been doing this for almost an hour and there's no use in it. I can't remember anything what happened after I graduated from University; if I could, I would tell you, that's for sure."

A sigh escaped the doctor's lips but she agreed with that, only saying, "We'll make a Computer Tomography of your head and some other tests later."

After the doc left the room, O-jiro went to his friend's bed, sitting down at the chair the woman used before. He really was shocked from the bassist's words, because if Gisho lacked memories for such a long space of time it was worse than he had expected. When he gave a glance to the other one's face it became clear that Gisho was aware of this; he looked terribly depressed and exhausted. O-jiro felt pity for his friend, who apologized, "I'm sorry, but I can't remember your name, even if you seem familiar to me."

"It's okay, don't worry about this. I'm Yoshihiko Tsuna, but for you I've always been O-jiro or O-chan," the younger one replied, giving another shy smile to his friend.

Suddenly Gisho's eyes widened again, when the cognition hit him like a heavy punch would do, and exited he asked, "You went to Tokai too, didn't you? You were a really

shy one, but after we became friends you blossomed out..."

"I'm glad that you remember this," O-jiro said, continuing thereafter, "You helped me a lot at this time, because you were one of the few students who fought against all other ones which had bullied me... And so our friendship started."

Gisho gave a bright and happy smile to the small man next to him and explained, "Yes, I remember this as if it happened yesterday. Well, it doesn't seem to be a long time since then for me..."

Saying this, his facial expression became dark and depressed again, caused by the time period he lacked in his memories, which gave him the feeling that his time at Tokai wasn't that far away. He was annoyed with himself, because he wasn't able to understand how it could happen that he had forgotten more than a decade of his life.

The drummer patted his friend's shoulder gently, but when the thin hospital gown slips down from Gisho's shoulder, exposing the bare skin, his hand froze in the movement. A tattooed cherry blossom could be seen there, but what was a beautiful piece of art before, now had turned into a ruined one, destroyed by countless bloody scratches and bruises.

Following O-jiro's gaze the other man hastily grabbed the fabric and covered his shoulder again. Slightly ashamed he quietly said, "Please, don't stare at this, it's so ugly. I should find someone who's able to erase it from my skin."

Sighing sadly the other one replied, "You definitely shouldn't... Hakuei gave this tattoo as this year's birthday present to you."

"Well... Who is Hakuei? If he gave a birthday present to me I should know him, I guess?" Gisho asked in response, absolutely puzzled and frowning, so that O-jiro explained,

"He visited you yesterday and..."

"Oh, you mean this weird, impudent, rude and tattooed one?" the bassist requested, interrupting his friend, who originally wanted to say something more. Hearing this, Penicillin's youngest member blurted out without thinking thoroughly about it,

"Do you really think about him like that?! After all, he's your lover, man!"

"My... lover?! Do you call that a joke? This isn't very funny!" was the answer O-jiro got from his annoyed sounding band mate. It was the moment Gisho gave a death glare, which could scare even the devil in person, towards the other man, when the drummer realized that he had made a terrible mistake. If his friend wasn't able to remember Hakuei, of course he wouldn't know that he and the vocalist were a couple for a long time now.

O-jiro stayed silent for a minute, brooding over what he should say now.

'I can't say that this wasn't a joke, can I? He already seems to be angry... But if I say that he and Haku aren't lovers I'll soon be caught up in lies, like a fly would be caught into a spider's web. After all, this won't be a favor to him, nor to Hakuei.'

Telling his band mate the truth gave a feeling of uneasiness to O-jiro, but in fact Gisho would find it out sooner or later.

So maybe it was better to do it right now, compared with the alternative that he might hear it at random. And being told from Hakuei could turn out worse for the vocalist.

With a shy and hesitating look towards the older one and a hardly hearable voice, he answered, "I won't joke about such a theme. You and Hakuei... well, the two of you are a couple nearly from the beginning of Penicillin on."

Waiting for any sort of response the drummer looked at the dark haired man who became pale as death, but wasn't saying anything. Instead he grabbed his forehead with both hands as if he was tortured by a heavy headache, the shock about the explanation he just had heard was written clearly in his eyes. O-jiro gently touched the other one's hands, noticing that Gisho's forehead was covered with cold sweat.

Suddenly he was pushed back hard and with a loaded look out of eyes that were small and dark because of anger, Gisho screamed, "I'm not gay! Damn it! Stop telling me lies, will you?!"

After all O-jiro hadn't expected this reaction and he was a little bit afraid of his friend now, because the bassist never had screamed at him like this before. Not knowing what else he could say, he only answered with a quiet voice, "I'm sorry... But it's the truth. I know this is surely to be a shock, nevertheless... it's the way it is, this can't be helped."

After a while in which the small man watched Gisho, who totally lost his poise now, he added, "I'll leave for a minute... have to visit the bathroom."

But this was more an elusion and alibi then anything else, because O-jiro wanted to give his friend some time to calm down, to manage his feelings and state of confusion. So after he left the room, the brown haired leaned against the wall of the hospital corridor and while he was waiting for the time to elapse, he thought, 'This really is the worst! Gisho... how could this happen to you? Hakuei was the most important person in your life, and now you even can't remember having a relationship with him?! I can't believe it; don't you have any feelings left for him? If it's like that, Haku won't be able to stand this situation... I hope the two of you will go through this without... no, I don't want to think of it!'

After nearly ten minutes the drummer knocked at the door again, but when he doesn't get a response he reentered quickly, worrying about his friend. Realizing that Gisho lay down onto the floor without a movement, instead of staying in his bed, he wondered if the older one had passed out or if something worse happened. The young man hastily dashed towards the older one, grabbed the bassist's shoulders and

with a voice in which his fears clearly could be heard, he asked, "Are you alright? Is everything okay with you, can you hear me?!"

Gisho tried to manage getting himself into a sitting position, but he wasn't able to move without the other one's help. He felt horribly weak, his fractured ribs hurting as if they had been crushed totally and his thoughts and feelings were absolutely messed up.

"What the hell are you thinking? You can't move out of your bed in your state, stupid!" O-jiro scolded the black haired one, giving a concerned look to him. The bassist, who had been the one who never showed weakness in front of others before, now totally broke down.

"I want to go home... please... I can't stand it, I don't know how to deal with all of this..." the older one finally whispered in a hoarse tone, trying to hide his red and swollen eyes from his friend's scrutiny, trembling all over and letting faint whimpers out. Suddenly, he tried to get out of the other one's hold, crawling into the direction of the door.

Hastily, O-jiro reached out to hold the other one back and at this moment he really was happy for training his muscles with playing drums daily, because he needed all of his strength to hinder Gisho to escape from his tight grab.

"Will you stop this! You can't leave! Gisho!" Penicillin's youngest member said furiously, but when the black haired one continued to fight against him, he decided to scream for a doctor, because he doesn't know what else to do. It took only a few minutes until the arriving of a doctor, who quickly realized what the situation was about and sedated the patient thereafter.

O-jiro let out a sigh of relief when Gisho collapsed down into the drummer's arms. Of course this was not because he was happy with the problems his friend had to deal with the issue, but he felt eased that the bassist would be out of the danger to hurt himself by his own behavior now.

"Don't go... don't... please..." the other man whispered, panic written in his face and with tears in sedated-blurry eyes, Gisho leached on to his band mate.

Together with the doctor the small man managed to get Gisho into his bed again and both men stayed there until the patient finally fell asleep. But even if the black haired one was sedated now, it didn't seem like he was able to rest easy. With his hands gripping the blanket tightly, giving a totally worn out expression and still whimpering quietly, he looked like a frightened child, who was haunted by nightmares.

Seeing his friend in a state like this caused a deep and aching pain in the drummer's heart and sorrowfully he thought, 'Maybe he really feels like that. Left behind by everything he had known before, not able to remember the people who care for him or what was his life like in the last years, he surely feels like he's all alone and caught in a horrible nightmare...'

He wanted to stay a little bit longer, but at this moment the doctor indicated to him that he had to leave the room, so O-jiro only gave a sad smile towards Penicillin's bassist.

'I'll do everything possible to help you to go through this, my friend... And that's a promise', he thought and left the room. When he walked across the hospital's entrance hall, O-jiro suddenly ran into the female doctor who had done the medical checkup with Gisho before.

"Please excuse me," she said and wanted to walk away, but the young man hindered her with asking, "Can you tell me if he'll recover?"

"Who do you mean?" she replied in response and thereafter giving a closer look to the questioner. Then she seemed to remember him and explained,

"So you're speaking about Yoshiaki Kondou, aren't you?"

"Yes. Please tell me, will he recover soon?" O-jiro asked again with a voice full of sorrow.

The young doctor searched for her papers, but she doesn't seem to be able to find Gisho's patient documentation, so she only explained, "Speaking honestly, no one can know this for sure. After all his amnesia was caused by a heavy craniocerebral injury what resulted in a disorder of short-term and long-term memory. Normally you can hope for about a year that memory will regenerate itself, but thereafter... no one can tell. In fact, most times patients only can't remember the time they had been unconscious, but since he has forgotten so many years, he must do a lot of comprehensive training for memory, concentration and cognitive abilities with surveillance of a neurologist. He'll surely need some time to recover again."

Hearing this, really didn't calm O-jiro down or even made his fears easier to deal with, but he knew that he couldn't do anything. All of Penicillin's other members only would be able to support Gisho in the best way when they gave him the time he needed for recovering from amnesia and encourage him with his training.

'And maybe even that won't help...' the brown haired man thought depressed when he left the hospital and went on his way to Chisato's apartment.

When he arrived at Chisato's place, he hesitated for a moment. What should he tell his band mates? Of course they needed to know what the doc had told him before, but he wasn't sure if he also should mention what he had talked about with the bassist and what problems Gisho had to deal with the matter of being gay. Surely this would hurt Hakuei more than O-jiro wanted him to, so maybe it would be better not to tell him.

Chisato opened the door and the drummer quickly realized that Penicillin's leader was happy, even assuaged to see him. After greeting each other both men went into the kitchen where Hakuei sat, pecking at his food instead of eating it.

"Hi, O-chan... You aren't hungry by any chance and want to have this?" the vocalist

asked, pointing at his meal which suspiciously looked like it was something with natto included. The younger one sat down at the table near Hakuei and replied, "Eh...no, thank you. I'm not very hungry right now."

"Me neither," Hakuei said with a disappointed sigh, gave a glance towards the guitarist which clearly showed that he was pissed off and continued thereafter, "But Chisa is forcing me to eat something and he can't stop to baby me. Maybe you can tell him that I'm already an adult and able to take care for myself?!"

"You know why I'm doing this, Haku-chan, don't you? Since yesterday morning you have ignored your empty stomach and that's unhealthy. And it's the same for that!" Penicillin's leader explained and snatched the cigarette the other one had lightened up a few seconds before from Hakuei.

With a little smile on his face, he smoked it and asked O-jiro, "So how was your visit?"

"Well... Gisho is doing as well as can be expected, under the circumstances..." he replied vaguely and afterwards repeated for his friends what the doctor had said.

Frustrated the brown haired man killed his cigarette stub in the ashtray, folding his arms and leaned back onto his seat, before he spoke out the question his mind had been busy with since this morning, "So what do you think we should do if he won't recover soon? Cancel the whole planned tour?! We'll get in a real bunch of trouble if we do so!"

"Chisa, I know this pretty well, but... Even if Gisho didn't have amnesia and a head injury, he still has fractured ribs. He won't stand it to go through a whole tour! If you force him to do this, you'll surely make everything worse. And with amnesia I really doubt that he'll be able to remember the songs in such a short time. Maybe we can do it with a support bassist, but it's in fact impossible to give concerts with Gisho right now," the youngest Penicillin member explained calmly.

The guitarist sighed and apologized, "I'm sorry. Of course right now the most important thing should be to regenerate Gisho's health. It's only that we have worked so hard for the tour... well, maybe the idea with a support bassist will work."

Glancing towards Hakuei, who hadn't said anything for the theme until now, Chisato asked, "What do you think? Do you have any suggestions who could play bass for the tour?"

"No", the blonde haired man chuntered, and while he lighted up another cigarette he continued, "To be honest, I don't want to do this tour. Leaving him alone for such a long time... I absolutely don't want to do this. Let's cancel it, please."

O-jiro gave a short nod in agreement, because he totally was able to understand the vocalist's feelings, but Penicillin's leader wasn't happy to hear this at all. Slightly annoyed he said, "It won't change anything if you stay with him or if you don't, Hakuei! In fact, Gisho can't even remember you, so it won't help to sit at his bed, holding his hand! He doesn't even want you to do this, as far as you told me yesterday!"

Depressed by these words, the tall man drooped. He was pretty well aware of this, but he doesn't want to believe that there was nothing what he could do for his beloved. When he felt a hand gently patting his head, he saw O-jiro who smiled encouragingly and explained, "Haku... Gisho was able to remember me and our friendship, so maybe after a while he'll be able to remember you, too."

But the words which were meant as a comfort, turned out into the opposite, because realizing that Gisho had memories of O-jiro, but not for his loved one, dissatisfied the vocalist more than he already was. All of a sudden, Hakuei jumped up from his seat, which fell to the ground with a loud noise, and stared angrily at the younger one.

"Why can he remember you instead of me?! Damn, is your friendship more important than our love to him?! Can you tell me?! Can you?!" he screamed out furiously and frustrated, then turned around and hastily left the room. Tears made his sight blurry, but angrily Hakuei wiped them away with the back of his hand.

The drummer was absolutely puzzled for a moment, but then he hastily caught up to his friend, followed by Chisato.

"I'm sorry, really. I didn't want to hurt you with what I said, please believe me and..." O-jiro explained, but when he wanted to bring up more apologies he was interrupted by the guitarist's question.

"What are you doing, Hakuei?"

Continuing to get his boots on and again fighting with tears, the blonde replied, "I'm going home!"

With these words, he left the apartment, slammed the door, and left two speechless band mates behind.

## 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 cared for his outward experience 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 kittchen, brewed coffee and lightened up a cigarette. When the blonde haired man glanced into his refridgerator, 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 escaping 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 apartment, 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 it 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.