

# That last day

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 2: Brillance of pink

He was sitting on the piano, his fingers dancing over the black and white keys. Kami-chan laid at his side and looked sadly up to him.

For how long had he been playing now? Two hours? Four? Maybe six or seven, he didn't even notice. His fingers played on his own and he wasn't even paying attention to what they did. Only if they missed a note. Then his face showed a grimace, but this didn't happen very often, only a few times, so he could deepen into his memories.

He felt sweet hands on his shoulders and someone bending over him to kiss kindly his cheek.

-Aren't you tired yet?- asked a sweet voice into his ear.

He closed his eyes, knowing too well he was imagining that presence at his back.

You're not there, you're not there you're not there.

Yoshiki couldn't keep from remembering the time he HAD been there. The smiling pink thing that used to lie on his belly near the piano, looking up at him, Yoshiki while eating cookies, or on his back trying to concentrate on a magazine or book he held in front of his eyes. Making as if he were reading.

But you never managed to read, did you?. You couldn't block the sound of the piano. You had to listen.

A silent tear rolled down his cheek and for a moment he felt a finger trying to catch it before it fell on the keys. But the finger missed and the sweet caress was only a cold feeling there were those fingers should have been.

-How did it come that you entered my life?- Yoshiki asked silently.-It was Laura. She found you.

Kami-chan stood up and jumped on the keys without any respect.

KLUNG! KLANG! KLONG!

The hands stopped and he looked directly into the yellow eyes of the cat.

- So what?

The animal just looked and it seemed to Yoshiki he was angry with him. For a second he asked to himself why, but then he remembered suddenly. He hadn't given anything to the poor cat yet.

Sighing he went to the kitchen and opened a tin of cat food. While Kami-chan was eating, he looked at the clock on the wall.

Twelve, it had been twelve hours and a half.

- Shit, hide- he whispered.

As if feeling referred to the animal looked up and Yoshiki blinked and looked back carefully. Had he seen a brilliance of pink at his eyes??

No, impossible.

Ok, Yoshiki, time for you to go to bed. Your loosing your mind completly.  
Leving the cat alone he went into his room and let himself down on the bed. It was cold, had been cold for so long...  
He turned on the other side.  
Laura had been the one to find hide. He remembered. They had been searching for a new guitar player because the one they had had was gone.  
He closed his eyes sleepy remembering.  
Two names in his head, playing with his toughs.  
Laura. hide.Laura.hide.Laura.hide.....