

Loneliness

13 ghosts - Dennis Rafkin

Von das_Diddy

Loneliness

Author: das_Diddy

Fandom: 13 ghosts

Warnings: sad, sad, sad, depri, death

Charas: Dennis Rafkin

Disclaimer: not mine.....okay, the nurse and the old woman are mine -.-

Notes: I wrote it when I was waiting with Hasi at the registra's office. This building reminds me of a prison and a hospital at the same time. It's in the Beethovenstreet in Leipzig. Do you know that? You just HAVE to become depressed there...I waited for over an hour... -.-

The result is this story. Enjoy it. Main theme is death. So, don't like, don't read. For everyone else: I want reviiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiwws! :)

Loneliness

Cold Light.

Grey corridors.

How many times had he been here before?

Clutching the plastic cup he asked himself wheter this was his privat heaven – he took a sip of cold coffee – or his hell.

Dennis had been sitting for hours on the uncomfortable bench at this station.

In hospital.

At the station where all patients, who were going to die, were.

And Dennis waiteted.

For someone to die.

He was holding the hands of people who hadn't someone, when they passed away. The pain left them and him in equal measure. They were freed from the agony of their lifes and Dennis from torment of theit memories, which flow through him, when he touched them.

Normally he tried hard to avoid the touch of somebody because he couldn't bear it. But he got by with people who were dieing. It didn't hurt that much. The only moments, when he could touch people without passing out from pain. The moments, when people died.

Dennis took another sip.

How far was he gone?

He was craving so much for somebodys touch that he overcame his disgust of death and himself.

A nurse came out of a room and gave him a half nervous, half grateful look.

The employees thought he was weird but they were grateful because he stayed with the patients when everything came to an end.

They didn't knew anything about him!

Dennis nerly laughed. If they would knew why he was really here they would kick him out.

He was abnormal.

Smiling bitterly he raised himself out of his seat, put the coffee down on the bench and went to the room, which the nurse just now had left. It was the room of an old woman. He didn't knew why she was dieing. He also didn't bother to check her name. It didn't matter.

Names had no meaning at the place where she was going now.

He sat down next to her bed and took her hanf in his. Thousands of memories flowed through him but it wasn't as painful as usual. Just a prickle. The woman had had a wonderful life even when she didn't had any living relatives.

She passed away with a smile on her lips and Dennis cried.

Trembling hard he got up and went out of the room. Without wiping away his tears he grabed his coffee and drank the ice cold rest mixed with the salt of his tears. His hand was still warm from the touch of the old woman.

Heaven and hell were not that different.

But only somebody who had seen both would knew this.

And the question was which of both was more cruelly...

end