

Gone

Von Nightstalcer

*Hey there, this is a new piece from me, in english again.
Yes, this language has got me in it's grip, can somebody pry me loose, please?
Anyway, I hope you still enjoy it.
- Stalcer*

PS: Reviews are always appreciated.

*Edit: Changed some little things and time-mistakes thanks to the observing **Yoruake**.
Thanks again.*

His head made a dull sound when colliding with the wall behind him. He did not feel the pain or the darkness surrounding him.

His body was already too numb to recognize the ache of his brain.

For too long he was in here, imprisoned by his own thoughts and there was no way that he could escape.

Why wouldn't anybody find him? Search for him? Help him?

He was a cocky, self-confident detective, a genius, but this one he could not solve.

He was alone and longed for another living being, a rat would be fair enough, but there was nothing, just darkness.

Except the wall and the chains of course, if you counted them.

His thoughts were not working, and he refused to think about his situation or anything else. This drug he was given every day was messing up with his brain tissue and he was in a haze all day.

He felt dizzy, this stuff gave him a headache to no end and he was annoyed. He hated himself for getting into this mess.

If he would not have been so damn selfish, he now could talk to his friends and have a nice afternoon tea or rather coffee since he hated tea.

Sleeping in his bed would be fine too. He had no idea what time or day or month it was and he secretly hoped that it was still the same year.

For some reason he did not need to eat anything, but he felt weak and insecure but was not starving.

He should have been dead already because one human could not survive one month without food, even less with water.

Was he dead? It was a question he had allowed himself to ask for quite some time now, but if this was death, it was not pleasant and a torture to no end. He expected to

end up in paradise not in some old, bad smelling room chained to the only wall with no food and no company.

He could not recall how he had gotten caught up in this, but he knew it was something about a case. This was a case that he had wanted to solve alone, without any help of the police or Hattori. He ran off to some building but then everything had been black.

The suspect must have caught him and imprisoned him here since then.

But why was not anybody caring about him? Was he that much of an ass?

He needed help, desperately.

He sighed and resumed to sit up against the wall liked he did hours, months ago.

He did not bother to use his senses, it was pitch black and sight was not helpful in here. Neither were his ears. The room must be sound-proofed, he assumed.

He could not touch anything except his own body but he was too weak to do that so he left it alone, his body parts going limp.

But then suddenly he heard a noise. He never had had any noise in here, and he was eager to find out the source of it. Noise always meant life and life meant company and ... hopes.

He struggled against the iron-chains but failed.

"Shinichi..." someone called out but it was really faint and barely audible.

Still he knew that voice, he heard it before. When was that again? Before he had gotten wrapped up in this hell?

"Kudô..." Another voice, as familiar as the other one, but it was a rather rarely voice.

"Shin-chan..." Now that was an annoying one, one he could be deaf to if he would have a choice.

"...-kun..." That was now really weird, the voice was clear and very loud, ringing in his ears, but he could not understand what it said. Has the drug taken over completely now?

"He wakes up." He felt something touch his skin.

Slowly, but steady his surroundings grew lighter and turned into white and some other colors.

He saw a face, a worried but extremely relieved one. It was looking him in the eyes and smiled happily.

"He is awake. Finally, he is awake." The woman, or rather girl announced and soon, he saw four others staring at him.

"You're right. Kudô. Ya made it." It was some heavy accent that belonged to a tall, handsome darker-skinned guy that was grinning at him like a maniac. Inwardly he cursed his fate to wake up in this moment, which had to be the thing he was doing right now. Everything was still fuzzy and his gaze was not focused.

Then, his parents were there. He just knew it had to be them, even though he could not identify them clearly, but there was this awkward feeling that crept into his skin that these two were the people that gave life to him.

And life was really important for him.

"What... happened?" some weak voice asked and only afterwards he realized that it was his own. He sounded horrible and he did not want to imagine how he looked.

Probably like shit.

"Easy now, Shinichi... You have to get used to the lights and sounds and other stuff again." His father explained, speaking on a different level to his son, using only the simplest words.

He smiled and relaxed. Now he could feel the presence of other people again and it

was everything to him.

The doctors as well as the nurses smiled. Not every time they got a scene that emotional and happy when having such a situation. Their patient would recover nicely and hopefully not suffer a constant state of being in fear.

Waking out of a coma was not a piece of cake, especially not when you have been gone for nearly two years...

Liked it, hated it?

I know it is not much and it's probably a bit confusing, but I like it nonetheless ^^ . Thanks for reading it.

Oh and yes, the walls and the chains Shinichi is talking about while being unconscious are not real, it's his imagination of being in a come, he equalizes it with being kept at some ugly place.

- Stalcer