

Goodnight, Kyo.

Von abgemeldet

Sometimes they really make me sick.

Don't get me wrong, I like these guys. They're my friends, perhaps the only ones. But sometimes they do make me sick. Don't you know that feeling? They say something and you don't wanna hear it, You're fed up like you've eaten too much ice-cream or anything. You don't get what I mean, or do you? Well, it's hard, I guess. I don't even understand it myself.

It's just so hard to bear if everything is that ill. Everything is ill. There are children killed in this world and no one cares. I know, I know, you hear it every day, you should be so sorry. But you aren't because it's not you who killed these children. But what if you had to be it? Would you still not care? I don't care. I'm living in this country, that's supposed to be one of the richest in this world, I don't have to care about children killed or stuff. But sometimes I do. I don't know why, but sometimes all these superficial feelings of sadness just make me angry.

They all pretend to be so sorry, but they forget in the next moment.

Why don't they just say they don't care? See, they walk past each other with this awfully stern faces and they know it's just a farce. Why won't they just let the mask drop?

Shall I tell you why?

It's because of themselves. They are afraid what the others will see, because we're all evil.

Why don't I do something to change this world? Because I'm one of them, see? I'm perfectly like them no matter what I wear or how I behave. Nobody doubts the things I say. They think I'm different, but down there we're alle the same. So much the same that it scares me. And makes me sick. So we're at the beginning again. What was I going to tell you? Excuse me, but I forgot? What did I tell you was this talk about?

Yes, see, it's going down with me. I know it, but I can't help it, so I just sit waiting here. Waiting for it, him, whatever.

Inside of me, everything's falling apart. Sometimes, the things I say are just talk. Nonsense. May I have a cigarette? Thanks.

Masks, that's what it all about. We're like in a Midsummernight's dream. We're waiting for our prince to approach, or a princess, which is more likely these days.

Sorry..what did I say?

Yes, you wanted me to tell. Erm... Tell. That's not easy. Don't be scared if I start screaming, will you? No..laughing I was joking. I don't start screaming, I'm on pills. But they can't make me talk. *Laughing again* Nobody would. Well, except him. That's the point, isn't it? Everything started so fine. We loved and we hated and we loved again

and we hated... That's how it was supposed to go on and on. It had been going on until now. No..it would have been going on. *Smirks* Such a horrible mistake - it really goes down.

An evil smirk over his face

Shin is the only one to visit me regularly. He's scared too, but he doesn't show it. He never showed anything. Sweet boy, strong boy. Little drummer boy. We all respected him a lot, he did especially. I never wondered why he was the one to drum, it just seemed right for him. He was so fragile and yet so strong. I'm so strong and yet so fragile. See, so fragile, that everything's breaking in one moment? My mind's shattered. You're lucky to meet me in a good fashion. I took pills right before you came. *The cigarette leans in his hand relaxed, all his body is relaxed, he is smirking slightly while he tells me. Strange guy.*

In our videos we had hospitals for mentals. *Laughs and looks around* It seemed so different there. It was so much more fun. Well, who would've thought I was going to end up here. I don't get knives, I think they think I would cut myself. I'm not fucking stupid. I'm waiting, but they don't see it. They don't see what I'm waiting for either. They never see anything.

Balls, see? We're dancing and dancing and.. Sorry?

Oh, yes, you're right. I started again. Nice you've told me.

He always told me there was nothing to wait for. Strange that now he's gone I started waiting. I do since quite a while now. But it doesn't matter, I'm good at such things. He never was. He was always buzzing around.

The two of us were of the same kind. We were completely different, but we were of the same kind. Understand? It's not easy. That's why we hated each other, I think. We were so similar. And that's why we loved each other. We were so different.

We pushed each other away and drew back together and it went on and on. And he was so beautiful. I couldn't leave my hands off him. I made love to him and I hated and hated it but couldn't stop. We were so desperate trying to get away and just didn't.

He was like a drug. That's how he was to everyone. Once they came into his circle they were drawn to him and never came out. He drugged all these people without knowing it, or perhaps he did know. Somebody should've told him to stop that, but perhaps he wouldn't have stopped. He never knew why. He was so clueless, he always asked me. And I answered. That was our relationship. Him asking, me answering.

It's as easy as that, isn't it?

I was drugged when I first met him. Oh, that's so many years ago. I'm nearly old now, see? What? Oh thank you. Some people sometimes tell me I'd look good but I never look into any mirrors. Mirrors are evil, too. We had no mirror. Oh, have I already told you? We lived together, once. We never talked about it and we stopped again. It was because we never could be still. We were always in motion and had rows and so we decided to stop living together. Another try to get off the other. Perhaps I was his drug. I like the thought.

I didn't really love him, see?

I didn't, no, I really didn't, why should I.. He wasn't loveable, he was just..him..and that was all I shouldn't have been with him..I guess everything wouldn't have been that bad if I hadn't been with him.. And the others made us.. It made me sick.. Makes.. We had talks.. So many talks about it.. Didn't matter.. Doesn't. But there was no love between us..perhaps a physical attraction..yeah, I think that's it. The voice is getting low while he speaks, he sounds older then I got it, see?! *He looks up at that word, triumph glittering in his eyes, he looks at me like a little child that has found the solution*

to a very complicated problem. Then he suddenly sinks back into his seat. He's nearly rolled together and grips his knees. Protective. I forgot. I always do. Fuck, I always forget things and he told me I shouldn't. He always told me what it was I had forgotten.

And I didn't love him since we just drugged each other. We were depending, and that's not what love is about. I don't know what else it is.. But something, obviously. There is something about it, strangely. I never understood that, he didn't do either. They set me on drugs too. *Laughs* They think I don't know, but I'm not fucking stupid. I know very well.

Totchi. Totchi was scared when he first came here. This place always scares him and I don't know why. It's perfectly calm here and no colours. Perhaps it's that. He was so into colours. He surely still is, I should ask someone who's still with him. I don't know what he does know. I'd like to know, now you mention it. I should ask him next time he visits. When he last visited? Last Sunday. 29.4., isn't it? And he was laughing, he was always laughing. He had such a sunny smile. He liked it a lot. I thought they were perhaps secretly seeing each other at some time, but they never did, I know now. I have been silly about such things.

I'm still silly, but that's got other reasons, hasn't it? *He winks at me with a little boy's grin, then the room falls silent. Seems like he has lost interest. He begins playing with a strand of his hair. He seems concentrated on it, so I don't disturb him. Suddenly he looks up and smirks again*

What do you want me to tell about? The day? The day? A perfectly calm summer day. Sun, wind, birds, that kind of stuff. You know, things you find on every summer day. We had been to rehearsal and then went into his apartment. The stuff, you know. We loved each other and then I got up to get some ice.

When I came back, he had left. Most of his stuff was still there, but he was gone. I waited for him but he didn't turn up at the next rehearsal. And the others didn't either. I was puzzled, but surely they'd been looking for him.

The next days were still again, and it was getting awfully hot.

After a week or so he still hadn't been back and so we just went on.

But then I started forgetting things, you know, and Toshiya was so strange and the others were too. They started asking me these strange things as if I know where he was. It was then I got these bad dreams, but they're because it scares me I keep on forgetting things.

And I still waited for him, and then I was brought here and Shinya told me I was going lost. I knew, what he meant, I forgot things.

And I went on waiting. I mean, he hated me, but he loved me, he was my drug and I was his, so why shouldn't he come back one day?

Oh, I'm sorry you already have to go. Sure, I'll be here tomorrow. Oh, already that late? Yes, I think so, I've just forgotten about time. *Forgotten..laughs out loud, he's still laughing while I leave the room.*

Appendix:

Notices:

Hara Toshimasa - died of an overdose of drugs on the 29.4. Aged 34.

Terachi Shinya - leads a label in Tokyo, in psychological treatment. Aged 33.

Andou Daisuke - nothing known. Supposedly aged 37.

Niikura Kaoru - died in the night after the talk. Heart stopped beating. Aged 38.

Niimura Tooru - Drugged himself. Aged 28. His lover Kaoru found him lying on their bed dead. He locked himself and the dead body in the apartment. Terachi Shinya found the both of them two days later.

Notice added:

2. 5.: Doctors found notice near the body of Niikura Kaoru. (Was only allowed to write, no recordings, only a pencil)

I have been waiting for long.

Right, you have been. Sorry to keep you waiting.

Doesn't matter. It's so hot outside, don't you think we should go out again and take a walk?

Let's stay here. I like being in your arms.

If you say so. But you'll stay?

I think so. I love you, Kaoru. Goodnight.

Goodnight, Kyo.

Terachi Shinya identified both of the handwritings as those of Niikura Kaoru and Niimura Tooru.

FILE CLOSED