

White Days

by yoursweater

Fuck, it stinks.

It smells like copper and oil and tin, how he imagines the inside of a coffin would. The lights flicker overhead and everything is gray - faded gray - and if before this day he were ever to hear the words 'faded gray', he would have laughed in your face at the absurdity of it all. A color that was meant to be dreary, titled as faded.

But that's what it is.

Faded.

Gray.

Every now and then, something bangs, loud and fast, on the floor above him. He doesn't know what it is, but it sounds huge. Heavy. Capable of breaking anything, too many things -- bones and skulls and hearts. Every time the noise echoes against the fall of cement he jumps.

And here he thought he was numb, in spite of everything. Maybe despite it.

The few cars that are scattered around are covered in drying rain, sprayed over windshields with red paint jobs that are the same shade as the blood splattered over the gray (faded gray) floor. Dirty and not kept, streaked with the marks of burning rubber.

Another sudden bang, and he starts.

The lights flicker above him, then, and if he were alive, he would wonder if maybe it was just himself blinking, his own eyes closing and then opening like any other day. But he knows that he isn't, he knows that dead men don't move.

He wonders if there are two dead men on this floor tonight.

Turning his head, he tries to focus on something else. Her dress is pink and pretty and the same shade of her lips, and that works for a moment, but then it's streaked with blood, soaked through where her knees had earlier pressed into the ground. It matches the color that he finds streaked over his own lips, and he barely remembers how the marks got there, but they did.

No. No, no, no, no, no. God!

His eyes close, and this time, he wonders if it will be for good.

She's a complete fall down mess, next to inconsolable as the medics try to move around her, picking up the pieces that have shattered and fallen away from the rest of the night. He can barely think, can

barely recall the start of the night. It feels as though his mind officially stopped working just a few days before -- *he's far too young for you...*

A car rolls by because the police haven't set the tape out yet, and Brian can almost feel its occupants with their faces pressed against the window, staring at him and then the body, wondering what happened, wondering what kind of accident it was.

It wasn't an accident.

Justin. Justin! Justin...

And that's when he stops remembering everything.