

Gravity

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You can't fight gravity

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Chapter 1 - Gravity

2

1 - Gravity

I can feel it. I know it's there. But it's not, not really. No, I never had it in the first place. Always, for so very long I had known it was never in my hands. It was in his. On the day he left, took off to destroy Pariah Dark, he flew away with it and never came back. Took it away from me with my breath and flew away into the twisting of the ghost zone, the twisting and the twisting, took it away and died out there with the damn thing in his pocket... my heart.

When did it start? When did I start feeling full to burst when he smiled? The overwhelming feeling, washing over me like a tidal wave and carrying me out to sea, the feeling I could never place? When did a good friend suddenly become more in my eyes, become like and then need? When did I start... loving you so much I couldn't stand it?

So here I sit, on my bed with dark purple bedding, dark walls and floors and posters and furniture, and all that black black black, like shadows coming to take me away. I can see nothing but your emerald gaze, feel nothing but your soft pale skin, want nothing more than you.

My hands reach out, as if I can grab you and pull you close to me. But you aren't here anymore. You're gone, you've been gone for a month and I can still feel the emptiness were my heart used to be in that moment when I heard what had happened. I was so numb I couldn't stand, I collapsed and I think I may have died right then and there, inside. So I simply sit, lost in memory and desire and dreams and a million other things and I'm drowning in them, barely able to catch a breath that lets me live. But I do it, and I continue to struggle with the merest of breaths. I'm flailing my arms and legs like crazy but I'm still drowning and I'm still sinking and nothing can pull me up again, out of the black black black sea of shadows waiting to take me away.

I stand on wobbly legs, numb from self-pity and never to be requited love. I force them to move left, right, left and right. Gingerly I pull open the doors that lead to a balcony, a small one but still large enough for a person to stand and wallow in misery. The chill of the night stung my unprotected skin, slinking through the thin fabric of my pajamas and freezing my very core, but I welcome the distraction.

My empty eyes scan the landscape, cold brick buildings lining my gaze. Averting my eyes, I stare down at the pavement below my feet—my room is on the third floor. I don't know how long I stared at the ground, simply enjoying the nothing, the lack of thought and the lack of having to remember. It was a dull peace. But now, my head tilts lightly to the side as I can see someone, someone standing under my balcony. Calling up to me, standing there as if he had never died, was the apple of my eye. Danny was smiling madly, raising his arms to me as if he was Romeo and I was Juliet.

You want me to jump? I blink, trying to make out what he was trying to tell me. What do you want from me? You want me to jump? Will you catch me? Promise me... promise me you'll catch me and never let go. Promise me, Danny, or give me back my heart! Give it back so I can wrap it up in cloth, maybe put it in a box, and hide it away so no one can ever steal it again. Give me you or give me my heart back! I lift myself onto the ledge, refusing to take my eyes off you for you may disappear if I blink. I won't let you

leave me again!

Catch me... my words are lost in the wind, torn from my mouth as the wind steals it, pulling everything back and I'm falling, falling, falling. And you're there, waiting to catch me but you're a million miles away, I am going to fall forever and ever waiting for you. I can feel it, feel everything grabbing hold of me. Memories, dreams, distant thoughts and everything seems to be slowing down. I can see everything, every detail of everything I've ever seen and done in a single moment. And now I'm full, full of all the emotion I've ever felt in my entire life and I'm going to burst, sending emotion-shrapnel flying in all directions. So I'm falling, oh so slowly and I'm bursting, bursting again and again because every time I burst it keeps coming back in waves and waves and it's taking me over, because I can't stop bursting and I'm feeling lightheaded.

Are you still there? I don't know anymore. Am I still falling? I can't tell. Am I still bursting? I'm numb. I can't feel a thing and suddenly I'm empty, the waves and waves of emotions ready to burst are cleaned out and I am suddenly alone. Slowly, I am fading. My mind, my memory... Danny... you promised... Fading... darkness, I am darkness. The shadows have come and they are going to take me away, and the black black blackness is sneering at me and Danny is gone. He promised! He promised to catch me... why did you leave me, Danny? The darkness is screaming at me, but I do not listen. Everything is screaming, screaming and it is nothing more than a dull whine to be because I am numb, numb and lost to everything. I am screaming. Danny, why? You promised to catch me! The darkness is closing in. Danny... you promised me...

But promises, like hearts, are easily broken.

Basically, the thing with this is what if Danny died fighting Pariah Dark? Sam loses grip on reality and this is her take on her last moments when she thinks she sees Danny calling to her, blah blah blah.