

# Silence

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*Oneshot.*

*At night, when all is quiet, Elphaba gets the chance to think. But what does she think about?*

*Unrequited Gelphie.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/kamikoko/36330/Silence>

# 1 - Silence

**A/N: I humbly BEG for mercy this is my first Gelphe fanfiction. I have one femme-slash fanfiction and two hetero-slash fanfictions published to this account, and several other assorted femme-slash/hetero-slash fictions filed away on my computer as practice...but I'm not altogether experienced with writing femme-slash. So in other words: don't murder me if this sucks give me C&C instead.**

**Disclaimer:** I don't own Wicked. I do own a lot of other Wicked-related merchandise though!

----- **Silence** -----

Silence.

It cloaked the room like a silken blanket, softly swaying in the wind. The only sounds were the crackling of the small flame of a single lit candle, the turning pages of a book, and of two girls's breathing.

Elphaba looked up from her book at her roommate, asleep on her bed across from the green girl. She propped herself up on her elbow and watched the blonde girl sleep.

She liked the silence after Galinda fell asleep at night. It was peaceful, and she could read without having to listen to the blonde's prattling about the adventures of her popular existence.

The silence also gave Elphaba a chance to think about her life, her past...and especially these strange feelings she had been having ever since she first stepped into her dormitory she shared with the Gillikinese girl.

She could not place her finger on it, but something inside her had changed since that first day at Shiz...something inside of her had shifted, allowing new, unfamiliar feelings to rush into her unwelcoming green body.

It was strange to Elphaba to feel the way she did.

All her life, she had been an outcast, and had stopped herself from connecting with anyone outside of her family...and even those connections weren't all that strong.

But when she met Galinda, something about that had changed. She didn't want to stop herself from connecting with the blonde...she wanted to know more about her. Elphaba was confused as to why she suddenly felt this way, so she tried to stop herself from becoming friends with the blonde and decided that she would hate the girl. This hatred was gladly returned by Galinda when they were forced to be roommates.

However, as time went on, Elphaba found that Galinda was not the dumb blonde she made her out to be, and the desire to get to know her grew ever stronger.

But, Galinda still had avid hatred for the green girl, and Elphaba had to restrain her desire...

After that night in the Ozdust Ballroom, wherein Elphaba finally got her chance to get to know Galinda, the two girls became friends. Now that they were friends, each day Elphaba discreetly tried to learn more about her.

**--- Flashback ---**

***“Ugh. I'm absolutely dreading Morrible's sorcery exam today...I don't think I will do well at all.” the blonde whined.***

***“If you doubt your talent in sorcery so much, Galinda, then why do you continue to take the course?” Elphaba asked, not looking up from her book as the Gillikinese girl prepared for the school day.***

***“Well...” Galinda said, looking hard at her reflection as she brushed her hair. She turned around and looked at Elphaba instead. “As a little girl I had always watched my older cousins do magic as they were going through school. I was amazed I still am by what they were able to do. They seemed so accomplished...and I've hardly accomplished anything in my life. I thought that learning sorcery would help me to be like them. I thought that by learning sorcery...I could really be somebody not just a popular pretty girl.”***

**--- End Flashback ---**

Still...Elphaba struggled to figure out what these feelings meant. She assumed it was just friendship, but it felt like so much more.

Then again, how would she know the difference between friendship and whatever lay beyond that? She had never *had* a friend before. She didn't know what friendship felt like...so how could she know if it was more than that?

Honestly, she didn't.

Most of the life-knowledge Elphaba had was found in books or from studying how Nessarose reacted to everything. Nessa's disability wasn't as socially-crippling as having green skin, so she had more chances to be in social situations.

Nessa got more chances to socialize with other people.

So, Elphaba gathered from what she had observed Nessa do ever since she met that Boq boy, and comparing it to what she had done internally since she had met Galinda, that what she felt was more than just friendship.

What was she supposed to do though? She couldn't tell Galinda...

Elphaba was an outcast. Galinda was popular.

Elphaba was *green*. Galinda was a beautiful blonde.  
Elphaba was sarcastic and moody. Galinda was bubbly and perky.  
Elphaba was beautifully tragic. Galinda...was everything Elphaba was not.

It just didn't fit. *She* didn't fit Galinda. She didn't *deserve* Galinda.

That's why she could never tell her how she felt.

That's why she admired Galinda's beauty in the night...so that she would never know.

----- *Fin* -----

Yeah...well that's it. Please review?