

# Gerard's Way

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*Gerard struggles with drug addiction, and his caring brother, Mikey, tries his best to help him break it. (I know the summary sucks, but the story's better than it sounds; trust me.)*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Lash27/31947/Gerards-Way>

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# 1 - Struggling Against the Temptation

## Gerard's Way

### Chapter One: Struggling Against the Temptation

Mikey Way backed into the coffee table, attempting to escape from his older brother. His scrawny body trembled with fear, and so did his hazel eyes. If one were to gaze straight at his face, the angry face of his sibling would stare back at them from Mikey's glasses.

"Mikey!! Just tell me, where are they?!" Gerard, the bassist's brother, demanded.

"No!!!" Mikey shouted, his voice shaky, yet firm, as if he were trying to hide his fear. "Brother, this needs to stop!!!"

"MIKEY!!!" Gerard roared, stepping closer to Mikey, making the younger sibling's body threaten to fall on the coffee table.

Tears formed in the corners of Mikey's eyes as he pulled his head back to avoid smelling the foul stench of alcohol in his Gerard's breath. The bassist knew that he couldn't tell the man where his 'paradise pills,' his drugs, were. It would result in Gerard acting even more hostile than this. "I'm... I'm not going to tell!!!" Mikey said, his voice getting stronger. He straightened up and glared at his brother's eyes with courage he didn't know he had.

Gerard's face mirrored his fury as he forcefully grabbed Mikey's collar and lifted his feet off the carpeted floor.

"Brother, please!" Mikey choked, trying to pull free.

“Mikey, it's my life!! I can spend it however I want to!! Plus, it'll help the band!!” Gerard screeched, his face centimeters from Mikey's.

The younger brother turned his head away, sickened by the stench of Gerard's breath. “Like that'll ever happen!! Did you forget about when at Warped you were so dysfunctional from being high, that your pants fell down in the middle of 'I'm Not Okay' and you didn't even notice?” he spat in response to his brother's lies.

Gerard scowled at Mikey and lifted him up higher. With a great burst of speed, he toppled the coffee table over and sped forward, thrusting Mikey against the wall. “Don't you DARE disrespect me like that again!!” he yelled.

Mikey felt the back of his head bang against something hard and began to feel light-headed. With a moan, his body went limp and his vision faded. With what little feeling he had left, he felt his back slide down the wall and knew that Gerard had released him. He heard Ray Toro call out his name, and felt a pair of rough hands catch him before he hit the floor, Bob Bryar.

*It's all Gerard's fault... Mikey thought weakly. Why the band is falling apart, it's all because of him... Why I'm in pain, he's the cause... No... It's the drugs... the pills, the alcohol...the poison.*

**A/n:** Credit goes to user Meg White for coming up with the story line and basic plot. She just gave me something to go by, and I tidied it up with my “gore-full touch”.

## 2 - Sore Throats

### Gerard's Way

#### Chapter Two: Sore Throats

Gerard pushed past Frank Iero and stomped out of the hotel room towards the second room that My Chemical Romance had rented. Once inside the bedroom, he flopped down on the bed and buried his face into a pillow, taking a deep breath before he did so. The vocalist let the air out in a long scream which was muffled by the fluffiness of the fluffy pillow.

"Man," Frank sighed, staring at the other room's closed door. "What a way to start our second Warped Tour, eh?"

"I'll say," Ray agreed, helping Bob lift the unconscious Mikey onto the bed.

"You think Gerard'll ever be sober?" Frank seemed to be asking himself, but it was still stated loud enough for the others to hear.

"I hope so... I don't like it when the van smells like barf." Bob said, making a disgusted face.

"And I didn't like the fact that he was practically mooning me at the last Warped and I had no idea," Ray yawned and laid back onto the bed with his hands behind his head. "Let's just get a good night sleep; we've got a long drive to Charlotte tomorrow and I don't know if Mikey will be up for driving."

"You're absolutely right, Ray-Ray," Frank chuckled and walked out into the hallway. "I'll watch over Gerard for the night... Don't let the Bob Bugs bite!!" with that, he opened the door to the other room and disappeared inside.

“You know,” Bob started with an uneasy look on his face, “I don't trust those two alone together...”

Ray didn't respond for awhile, thinking over Bob's words. After about a minute or so, the guitarist replied, “Bob, you're too young to be thinking like that.”

“Hey!!” Bob cried, slapping Ray's stomach. “I'm only one year younger than you!”

“Stop bickering,” Mikey groaned, sitting up and holding his head. “How's Gerard?”

“He's...” Ray started, pausing to yawn.

“Alone with Frank for the night,” Bob finished for him.

Mikey stared at Bob for a moment and sighed. “I don't wanna know.”

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“Gerard?” Frank said hesitantly, peeking around the corner of the hotel wall. “You doing alright?”

Gerard had turned over so his back was facing the door, and responded to Frank with a small groan.

“Ray-Ray wants us to get a good night sleep,” Frank said, sitting on the edge of the bed. “So that means no fun...”

“Frankie?” Gerard asked, shifting around a bit.

“Yeah, Gerardy?”

“Shut up, I was already sleeping.”

“Oh... Well, see you in the morning!!” Frank chirped happily and crawled up to the opposite side of the bed and closed his eyes.

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“Frankie!!” Bob called through the door. “Wake up, we gotta get going!!”

Frank moaned, sat up, and rubbed his eyes. “Gerard,” he mumbled, “Gotta get up...”

Gerard was already wide-awake, sitting in a chair with his back turned to Frank. “I know,” he spat, as if he had just been yelled at.

“Gerardy? Everything alright?” Frank asked, concerned as he turned around.

“Yeah, so shut up!!” Gerard growled, turning around and glaring at Frank. His eyes were bloodshot and the tips of his nostrils were red with a few white specks here and there. He suddenly stood up, toppling the chair over as he did so. He stomped towards the door and opened it, stuffing his hands in his pockets as he walked out.

Mikey dropped his suitcases in the hallway when he saw Gerard. “Brother,” he said quietly.

Gerard turned around and gazed at his little brother. “Yeah, what?”

“Are you alright?” Mikey asked, a caring look in his eyes.

“Mikey,” Gerard replied, his voice shaking slightly. “I... I'm sorry about yesterday...”

Mikey looked taken aback at his brother's sudden apology. “It's alright,”

“No, it's not alright!!” Gerard said loudly turning around fully and glaring at the bassist. “Even though siblings are expected to fight, yesterday wasn't natural!!”

“Brother, calm down,” Mikey said anxiously, sweat forming on his forehead.

“What did I tell you about disrespecting me!?” Gerard spat loudly, his face turning slightly crimson with anger.

“Crap,” Ray said under his breath, ambling into the hallway and seeing the scene.

“Mikey, you still haven't answered my fracking question, and you're ordering me around?” Gerard growled.

“Broth~”

Gerard didn't give Mikey any time to answer, “Where the hell are they?! I don't know what I have to do

to get you to answer, but I'll do whatever it takes!!”

“Gerardy!!” Frank whined, stepping out of the hotel room in just his boxers.

“Frankie, stay out of this!!” Gerard spat. “This is between me and Mikey!!”

“Brother, please!” Mikey cried, motioning with his hands for him to calm down.

“Mikey, you shut up!!” Gerard shouted, darting forward and tackling his sibling.

“Ger~” Mikey choked, but he couldn't finish. Gerard was crushing him and he couldn't breathe, and soon everything faded into black.

**A/n:** \*GASP\* A cliffy!! Will Mikey survive? Will Gerard ever get his paradise pills? Will Frank ever dress fully? Will Bob ever shave? Will Ray ever get his comb stuck in his hair? All that and more, next time, so stay tuned!! \*ends little TV host phase\* Well, I dunno when the next chappy will be out. But seriously, until then, and even after that, look out for updates.



## 3 - Misfortune

### Gerard's Way

#### Chapter Three: Misfortune

*I can't breathe...*

*I'm being crushed...*

*I'm going numb...*

Mikey's thoughts whirled around in his mind. His chest was being beaten on by Gerard's fists as the rest of the band members tried to pull him off his brother. The bassist wasn't able to decipher much, due to the fact that he hadn't his inhaler and he wasn't able to take in any amount of oxygen. An enormous streak of pain rang throughout his head from what seemed like nowhere, and his mind went blank. No more thoughts of angst, guilt, anger or even feelings of care were in his head as his body seemed to shut down.

### Gerard's Point of View

Ray pulled me off of Mikey and threw me to the hallway floor. I growled at him and all the others, but then my attention went to my brother's body, which wasn't heaving up and down with the movement of his lungs, and I was frightened that they weren't moving at all. His eyes were closed and I was afraid that if I looked under them that grey, cloudy orbs would stare back at me.

“Mikey, no...” I heard Frank whimper quietly, and I saw that he was running his fingers through his highlighted hair with a countenance filled with stress and worry.

I made a jump for Mikey, but Ray and Bob worked together to hold me back. "Mikey!!" I cried, my anger fading. Had I really hit him that hard? I always knew that he wasn't the strongest guy I'd ever met, but I didn't know he was that weak. I prayed silently that he would wake up for two reasons.

He's my fracking brother, and I'd be killed by his fans if he died.

If he never woke up, I'd never get my pills.

But who cared about either of those things now? I admit there had been times that I wished Mikey would just disappear and never come back, but this time was different. It's like you never realize how good you have things until things start to go downhill. Or it's like you never realize how much you cherish something until it's gone. Except Mikey wasn't an it. Mikey was a human being. And I just couldn't let him go like this.

"Damn it, let me go!!" I shrieked, struggling against the other two.

"Gerard, calm down!!" Ray shouted. "He'll be alright!! Just calm down!!"

Frank, after staring at Mikey's body for awhile, finally felt the need to do something. He dashed back into the room he and Gerard had been in last night and hurriedly picked up the telephone and dialed 911.

## **Ray's POV**

I held onto Gerard tightly, afraid of what he might do if he got a hold of Mikey again. I couldn't believe how bad this had been so far, and I didn't think I could count all the things that had gone wrong. I really didn't want to count anyway, but the events all piled into my head.

Gerard being addicted to drugs. One.

Me getting my comb lost in my afro. Two.

Frank making things worse than they need to be. Three.

Gerard having massive mood swings. Four.

Bob slapping Frank silly for shaving off his beard. Five.

Gerard taking out his anger on Mikey. Six.

Last year's Warped Tour screwing up Gerard's being sober. Seven.

The cramped hotel. Eight.

Bert McCracken not being there for his good friend, Gerard. Nine.

Gerard. Ten.

I shrieked as I felt something smack me square in the nose, and let go of Gerard to clamp it shut to keep my blood from spewing into the hallway.

"Ray!!" Bob groaned loudly, cuing me to help him, which I couldn't.

I was beginning to feel like throwing up from the coppery taste of blood in my mouth and was stupid enough to try breathing through my nose, which obviously made things worse. I couldn't think of anything to do, and I felt my eyes burn with acid-like tears. Mikey was most likely dead, Gerard was practically going insane, Bob seemed to not be of much help, and Frank was Frank, so I wouldn't dare turn to him.

But out of all those things that seemed to be going wrong in my eyes, I couldn't even begin to imagine what it was like to be Gerard.

**A/n:** Ok, even though Meg White has laid out the outline and plot for this story, I admit I'm wandering away from that path. Sorry Lynn if this seems to become kind of my own story thing... You can yell at me on IM. And to all readers, I'll try to make the next chapter longer and I'll try to make it so you'll feel like crying.

## 4 - Misinterpretations

### Gerard's Way

#### Chapter Four: Misinterpretations

### Gerard's Point of View

There are multiple definitions for the word "right." In some cases, it's hard to tell which meaning of the word is meant to be used. If someone says to turn right, then the first thought to come to mind is to turn the way that's opposite of left. However, like said before, some cases are more difficult to understand. To turn right might mean to turn away from wrong, which is another misunderstood word itself. The first option is usually easier. The second option is generally ignored, but it might save multiple lives if noticed and followed.

Before I begin to narrate this section of my life, let me describe my scenario. At this point, I can be referred to as a drug-addicted man, the vocalist for My Chemical Romance, Michael James Way's elder brother, the guy who's pants fell down during Warped Tour, a crack head, that insane dude, and Gerard Way. I can't say if any of those descriptions fit me, and that includes even my own name. That's right; I don't believe I'm even my own self anymore.

You see, recently, the rest of the band has begun to notice my drug addiction more and they decided to take action. Mikey, my little brother, has been doing whatever he can to help me get off drugs. He's hidden my pills, crack, pot, marijuana, whatever.

But apparently, he has yet to learn about withdrawal.

I've beaten him to the point where he's on the verge of death, and I'm afraid a few moments ago he may have stepped over that line and fallen off the cliff that's beyond it. I'm currently wishing with all my heart that he'll be able to climb back up and cross back over that line so I might be able to spend some more of my life knowing him as my little, caring brother, not just another dead body under a tombstone in the

mossy church graveyard.

Bob continued to hold me back with all his strength. And unfortunately, he's pretty strong. If I couldn't get to Mikey soon, then hopefully Frank had already called 911 and an ambulance is on its way. And God, I hope it's close.

### **Frankie's POV**

I hung up the phone after getting confirmation from the operator that the ambulance and police would be here soon. I almost didn't want to go back into the hallway, but from the way things were sounding, I could tell I was needed. I ambled to the door and cautiously peeked around the wall, and the scene I saw was the most horrible thing I ever did see.

Ray was bleeding profusely from his nose, but it was hard to tell that was the source. His whole face was covered in blood, and the sticky liquid had splattered all down his front. His hands were crimson blobs scrambling around his face, trying to stop the bleeding. Pink streaks were streaming down from each of his eyes; the result of his tears mixing with his blood made the pastel color. His eyes were hard to see, and I was kind of glad I couldn't see them. I didn't really want to see what they looked like... What emotion was in them, I had no desire to know.

Bob was probably the most comforting to look at, and he still wasn't a very comfortable sight. Gerard was struggling in his arms, but it didn't look like Bob was going to give in anytime soon. The drummer's face was a mixture of many emotions; sympathy, anger, worry, strength, anxiety, and confidence. Each weak emotion was backed up by a stronger one, just like Bob had always been. If he was happy, he'd usually be really concentrated on whatever was making him happy. He barely had any visible injuries besides a black eye and some blood dribbling from the corners of his mouth. I guess he'll be covered in bruises later, judging by the way that Gerard was beating on him.

Mikey... His face was pale and I felt my eyes burn from just one glance at him. His glasses' lenses were cracked, and the frames were broken. Damp blood was coming from his nostrils and his mouth, which was slightly open, revealing blood-stained rows of teeth. I couldn't get the thought out of my head about how he could die by just being beaten in the chest. His asthma had probably helped not let him get oxygen, but still, why the hell did he die that way?

I felt something wet roll down my cheek, and I swatted at it with my right hand. I could tell what it was right away. I was crying. Tears were overflowing my eyes and needed somewhere to go, so they traveled down my face and off my chin.

*Damn it, Frankie, I slapped myself mentally. He's going to be alright, so don't you dare cry!!*

“This way!!” the deep voice of a paramedic rang throughout the hallway and I saw them running towards us with a stretcher and other various medical items.

They pushed past Bob, Gerard, and Ray, straight towards Mikey. The four men tried to treat him quickly on the spot, using the jumpstart machine. They tried multiple times, using the two handles, rubbing them together, then pressing them to Mikey's chest and shouting “Clear!” before his body would squirm for a moment, then go back to its lifeless stage.

I clutched the gun charm that dangled around the necklace I wore and fidgeted with it nervously. *Mikey, no...*

### **Gerard's POV**

I stopped struggling to get free from Bob as soon as the paramedics tried to revive Mikey. I couldn't stand the thought of knowing that I killed my own brother, and I hoped with all my heart that they'd be able to keep him alive. He had always been there for me and I had always been there for him, and I'd probably kill myself if he died.

“We've got a pulse!!” I heard one of them shout and my heart soared. I felt Bob relax his grip on me and I caught Frank wiping his tears away.

I took the chance and yanked away from Bob, darting towards Mikey. I kneeled down next to him and stared at his face with a concerned look on mine. His hazel eyes opened slightly and gazed up at me with unreadable emotion.

“B... Brother...” he said in a raspy, hushed voice.

“What?” I replied.

“F... frack you...” he chuckled hoarsely and his eyes faded back into that unwelcome cloudy gray.

**A/n:** Bwahahee. Make you sad at first? Good, that's my goal, whatever your response was. I'm just glad you continued reading to this point. Now for the suspense builders... Will Mikey survive (again)? Is Mikey a cat with 8 lives left? How will Gerard react? How will Frankie react? How will Ray ever get all that blood off of himself? Some of that stuff and more, in the next chappy, which I have yet to think over. Oh yea, comment and critic please. Even if you're Lynn, comment please (on this site, not just on IM)!!

Like it when I kill rockers my stories? Then check out my other one, High School Horror!! I slay multiple members of various rock bands with immense detail. But please note, I'm still working on it.



## 5 - Sweet Dreams

**A/n:** There's some slight shonen-ai in this chappy, but I don't feel the need to make that a warning on the summary, because a simple kiss isn't that bad. But you have been warned, assuming that you read this author's note.

### Gerard's Way

#### Chapter Five: Sweet Dreams

Gerard's countenance was blank for a moment, and then showed nothing but fury. He stood back up and his hands balled into fists. His head bowed for a moment, then it shot up like a gunshot had rung throughout the hallway, and the vocalist dashed for the main lobby of the hotel at the end of the passage.

“Gerard!!” Frank's plaintive cry called after the man. He stood limply in the threshold, unsure of what else to do but watch and be a witness for something he had no desire to see.

The paramedics shot instructions to each other and soon Mikey had been lifted onto the stretcher and was being rolled down the hallway towards the emergency exit. The one who had operated the defibrillator shouted back to the rest of My Chemical Romance, “We'll do everything we can!!”

Even though Ray, Bob, and Frank knew that those men were certified, trained professionals in the medical field, their reassurance didn't seem to do anything except make their brains decipher one more sentence in their lifetime.

**Bert McCracken's Point Of View** (Bert's the lead singer for the band The Used and is good friends with Gerard Way. They already knew each other by the last Warped Tour.)

I threw away my napkin at the ice cream shop, licking the remains of the vanilla treat off my fingertips. The rest of The Used was out panhandling by performing on the sidewalk, and I had been singing for awhile, but I had thrown-up on a little kid and they decided that I shouldn't scream anymore for the rest of the day. Quinn seemed sad to see me leave, though.

I shook my head to get the image out of my head of the vomit-covered child and exited the shop. The loud sound of an ambulance's sirens reached my ears and I looked around for the vehicle, my greasy hair not swishing from side-to-side, but making more of a flopping movement. It was coming from the parking lot from across the street, which belonged to the hotel hosting Warped Tour's performers this year. I saw a familiar figure stare somberly as the ambulance sped off, and I recognized him fully after a few seconds.

“Gerard!!” I cried, flailing my arms around and skipping across the crosswalk. “Gewwie!! Gewwie!!”

Gerard's head looked up and seemed to gain some color when he saw me dashing for him like a kid. “Hey, Bert.”

### **Gerard's Point Of View**

I couldn't be happier to see Bert. I felt a smile tug at the corners of my mouth, as if what had happened in the hotel never happened at all. He was the lead screamer for The Used, and we've been great friends ever since we met each other about 1 ½ years ago, and he's influenced me a lot. Maybe a little too much.

“Gewwie, Gewwie!!” Bert squealed, throwing his arms around my shoulders and pulling me into an embrace.

I let him hug me, but I made no attempt to hug him back. I was incredibly tired and out of energy, it felt like my stomach was being scooped out, add that to stress, and you get one messed up Gerard Way.

“Gerardy?” Bert asked with a sweet tone in his voice. “You okay?”

I looked down at his caring countenance, and tried to remember how I ever let that man mold me into some drug-addicted monster.

## **Frankie's Point Of View**

I slid down the wall and leaned against it, holding my head in my hands. "This is all fracked up... Nothing's supposed to go like this..." I groaned.

"You think complaining about it's gonna make things better?" Bob spat, his strong eyes firmly staring in mine.

"Bob, calm down, there's not much we could've done..." Ray said quietly, bowing his head.

Bob's mouth opened and closed multiple times as if he was going to reply, but for some reason, he never did. I never said anything, either.

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Gerard and Bert sat on a brick wall in the city park, which was a couple blocks down from the hotel. Bert would occasionally poke Gerard's arm in attempt to cheer the man up, but that didn't seem to be working.

"Bert, stop it." Gerard spat, fed up with the other man.

"But Gerard, you aren't talking!!" Bert whined, tucking a lock of his greasy black hair behind his ear and leaning over across Gerard's lap.

“Bert, please, I'm exhausted...” Gerard groaned, yawning afterwards.

Bert sat up and giggled, leaning forward and locking his lips with Gerard's. He could feel the other man struggle slightly, but he could tell that Gerard wouldn't be able to pull himself away.

### **Gerard's Point Of View**

I felt Bert's lips try to pry open mine, but I wasn't able to feel it for long. My mind began to fade into darkness, and I could tell that I had fallen backwards off the wall, judging by the way that my head and neck were bent in awkward positions. I could hear Bert cry out my name (“Gewwie!!”) before all went black.

**A/n:** Ok, I know this is kind of short for me, but I really need to get new glasses because at the moment I'm having a really hard time reading anything on the computer. Also, I've currently got a horrible case of chicken pox, so that's making me lose concentration. And, as said in the first author's note, you were warned about the little kiss between Bert and Gerard, so please don't flame me about that or anything.

Comments about it: ok.

Criticism about it: ok.

Going “omFG!11!!@! thay r nOT ghey!!1!1” about it: not ok.

## 6 - Heart in a Blender

### Gerard's Way

#### Chapter Six: Heart in a Blender

### Bert's Point Of View

I had laid Gerard down until he came to, and he seemed all right, so I offered to treat him to a drink at the bar. He didn't really answer, just kind of groaned, so I took it as a yes. And yeah, so here we are, sitting at a counter at some bar called "The Bar of All Bars".

Gerard was sprawled over the counter, looking completely drunk, wasted, high, and everything in-between. I guess the drunken part was my fault... I had gotten him a whiskey in hopes of making him feel better, but now I think I understand why some people have called me "not the sharpest tool in the shed." I know now not to thank them for saying that.

"Berrie," Gerard moaned, rolling over and laying his head on my arm. "I... I dun' feel so goo..."

"Aw, Gewwie gonna throw up?" I said sympathetically, patting his head and taking another gulp from my beer.

"Uh... Huh..." Gerard mumbled, a sickening sound coming from him, like his stomach was coming up his throat.

"Oh, crap. Come on," I sighed, picking Gerard up by his shoulders and helping him to the bathroom. As he leaned over the toilet and revealed what was in his stomach, I didn't know it, but I began singing 'Helena'. It had been stuck in my head for days, and I'd randomly find myself humming it or singing it at the most awkward times.

Gerard wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and paused for a second, listening to me sing. He began to shake, and he lost his grip on the edge of the toilet seat and slipped onto the floor.

“Huh? Gewwie!” I cried, turning around and seeing the man whimpering on the floor. I kneeled down next to him and helped him at least get to his knees, but then he collapsed again into my chest. “Gee, Gee, you're a mess,” I sighed, hugging him and rubbing his back.

“B-Berr...” Gerard whimpered, clutching my shirt in his fists. It sounded like he was crying, and I'm pretty sure he was, because I could feel something wet on my chest (his tears).

I hugged him tighter and continued singing, “Things are better if I stay. So long, and goodnight, so long and goodnight...” it seemed to calm him down some, enough to where he could talk.

“No-Nothing's going right... I just wanna give up...” he said quietly, still trembling.

“Everything's okay, it's all right...” I said sweetly, kissing the top of Gerard's head.

He began to repeat himself, complaining about life and drugs, the usual “Hey, I'm gonna pour my heart out to you” drill. It when on for awhile; cuddling in the unsanitary bar bathroom, comforting the totally not sober Gerard Way.

**A/n:** Ok, yeah, so this is REALLY short for me. I'm not feeling 100% today, and I can't get my mind off this one person, who just the thought of can keep me from sleeping for a long time. Lynn, I think you know who she is... \*cough\* SWIN \*cough\* \*ahem\* I don't know when the next chappy's gonna be up. I'm gonna try to give High School Horror some attention. Comment, review, whatever... You know the drill.

## 7 - Unstable Stability

**Gerard s Way**

**Chapter Seven: Unstable Stability**

The heavy, incredibly long silence in the hotel hallway seemed to have put Ray, Bob, and Frankie into a stunned trance. None of the men moved, or made a notion to do so. All were staring through the clear emergency door at where the ambulance was last seen before it sped off. The ambulance that held Mikey. Michael James Way. The vehicle that streamed down the road like a tear running down a cheek, carrying a being that needn't be in it.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity crammed into several minutes, the silence was broken;

Damn poison. Bob growled, his brow furrowing and his hands balling into fists.

Frankie lifted his head to look at Bob and Ray, a pleading look in his eyes. Mikey& he said quietly, as if it were a whimper.

Ray silently walked out the emergency exit door and toward MCR's rather small van, slipping into the driver's seat.



Frankie`s eyes followed Ray, and soon his body did and he found himself in the passenger seat and heard another car door close behind him and knew it was Bob. His eyes stared blankly at the passing trees and buildings as Ray started the car for the hospital.

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## **Bar Busboy s Point Of View**

I just finished sweeping the main floor of the bar when two men stumbled out of the bathroom. One was leaning on the other with a sickening, green tinge to his complexion while the other was obviously whispering words of comfort. Neither of them was sanitary, judging by how their hair was so greasy it

was plastered to their faces which had stubble on the lower part. The comforting one helped the other onto a stool at the bar and then took a seat himself. The first one began talking to the bar tender as if he were telling a story, and I casually walked behind them to `sweep`.

&wall at the park, and he just passed out. I laid him down so the blood could get to his head and he woke up, looking miserable. So I brought him here for a drink or two, thinking it would cheer him up. Obviously, it made him much more miserable; so much that he had to throw up. So I~

It must`ve been the alcohol that made him hurl, the bar tender pointed out and I heard the other man make a scoffing sound.

Look at Gee!! It wasn`t the alcohol! This guy`s nothing but miserable!

I'm just making a suggestion that you should stop giving the guy alcohol, before he gets poisoning and dies. Oh, and same for you.

Don't tell me what to do! the man roared, banging his fist on the bar, toppling over some shot glasses.

I sighed as I swept up a glass that had fallen to the floor and shattered, knowing that the man would later regret yelling to the bar tender.

Sir, I advise you to take this other man and get him some rest, then find out if that ambulance was carrying anyone important to him. If so, take him to see that person and take it from there.

What did I just tell y~oooooh. I grinned as the man realized who he was talking to. I heard the squeak of the stools and the shuffling of feet as the two men bid their way, finishing with the clank of the door.

I stopped my sweeping and looked up at the bar tender, Quinn Allman, as he tipped up his top hat with a smirk on his face. I, Brandon Steineckert, smirked also as we both said at the same time while looking at the fading figures of the two men;

Go get `em, Gee.

%^%^%^%^%^%

Frankie, Ray, and Bob all sat in the hospital waiting room, twiddling their thumbs nervously. They all jumped when a deep voice suddenly sounded from behind them;

Mr. Mikey Way is ready for visitors now. the doctor informed, walking around the bench and standing in front of the three men.

H-How is he? Frankie asked, he voice a little hoarse.

The doctor seemed to consider his answer for a moment, and then replied quietly, Stable.

Frankie seemed to shudder at the answer and the veins in the back of his hands became visible. No one could blame him; `stable` only meant that no sudden change in Mikey`s condition could happen. He could be in a bad state, without getting any worse. Or, he could be in a considerable `good` state without getting better or worse suddenly. ((Don`t worry, I didn`t understand those last few sentences either.))

...Would you like to see him now? the doctor asked, interrupting the unstable thoughts of the three men.

Yeah, that'd be nice. Bob said in an even tone, standing up. Frankie and Ray followed suit, but said nothing as the doctor lead them to the elevator, up to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, and down the hallway to room 391.

He`s in here with a nurse to watch his condition, the doctor spoke, knocking lightly then opening the door slowly, indicating for Ray, Bob, and Frankie to enter.

**A/n:** I just love leaving cliffhangers for y`all.