

Love Will Tear Us Apart

By vickystuff

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Patrick Had Always Had A Suppressed Fear of Flying. I Guess We Know That Now.

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1 - Love Will Tear Us Apart

The sun was backlighting the skyline on a clear day in New York; but no-one would have predicted what would happen on this day.

6:40:59 a.m.

"Just try not to think about it Patrick and you'll be fine, its only a short while until the plane lands, and then you'll be on firm ground"

Pete uttered through the mobile in his naturally soothing voice, it always calmed me down to hear the voice of my best friend.

"I guess you're right, I can just about see the skyline now anyway. Thanks for staying on the line with me the whole flight, it really comforts me to know that you are on the other end"

I disclosed in a rather gratified manner.

"Yeah so how are the flight attendants? Did any of them recognize you, the infamous yet perfect and prudish Patrick Stump? I mean you are just adorable, how could anyone not fall for you?"

Questioned Pete in his oh-so-whimsical and enchanting way.

7:15:59 a.m.

A flight attendant glanced over at me with a stern face, I knew what she was going to say but I tried to act like I was just an innocent little rock star.

"Excuse me sir but could you please switch off your phone, you are not permitted to have electronic communication devices turned on when aboard this flight."

She gave me a quick smile and hurried back down the aisle into the staff only section. I reluctantly put the phone away and sat back, consumed with the thoughts of being many feet above the ground. Biting my lip seems to be slightly satisfying, but no-where near as much as having my closet companion giving me support. Discreetly, I took the side-kick out of my pocket and began talking to Pete again, just as the way it should be. I guess Pete is like my hat; he just has to stay with me all the time, my most prized possession.

7:45:59 a.m.

Very abruptly the whole plane started groaning like a lion being awakened from a refreshing nap. This came as a shock to me, and the first thought that entered my head was whether the plane was above the sea still, or accelerating over the populated landscape. The pilot's voice came over the radio, and every person on the craft was as silent as the dead.

"It appears we have a bit of interference, please do not be unsettled, this is only temporary. Just remain in your seats and keep calm"

Advised our pilot in a voice that did not put any passengers at ease.

Including Myself.

8:10:59 a.m.

Patrick you always over react to anything that goes slightly not as planned. The plane will be fine, you will be fine and we will just be laughing about how silly you are acting right now once you have landed. Oh and I've been working on some lyrics, tell me what you think?

Do you cry out in your sleep?

All my feelings exposed

Get a taste in my mouth

As desperation takes hold

Is it something so good...?

Just can't function no more?

And love, love will tear us apart again

The talent that Pete possesses to manage to write lyrics describing the exact way I feel about him is incredible.

8:30:59 a.m.

Once Again, the flight attendant gave me a stare. Only this time she looked distressed; she then closed the curtain to the staff only area. It concerned me, because they are paid to be constantly happy. I decided it could not be a good thing and went up to ask her if anything was wrong with the plane, seeming that the groaning had stopped. I heard her whispering to a fellow colleague. I am usually against ease-dropping but I guess if there was something wrong, the passengers should have a right to know.

Hijacked.

That single word imprinted itself onto my heart as my stomach twisted its self into knots. The shock that overwhelmed my entire body made my legs go weak, so I quickly stamped back to my seat. How could this happen?

8:45:59 a.m.

Showing emotion had never been something that came easily to me, I would generally just cover it up by saying a remark about something else. But all my emotion had flocked to my eyes to form cloudy tears of pure sorrow. Being consumed by this made me think of all that I would miss in my life. I had basically come to the conclusion that this spelt out the end for me. In the depressing thoughts that were swirling around my head, I had forgotten that I had my sidekick, which I was using to talk to Pete. It breaks my heart but I just cannot bring myself to tell him the 'news'. I suppose if this was it then I should take the opportunity to tell him what I had always wanted to, how I really felt about him.

8:55:59 a.m.

My breathing seemed to get slower the more that I typed. I never imagined confessing to my best friend under this type of pressure. The 'interference' came back and made all the other passengers distressed, but I was just sat in my own world. Each word would make a difference, as this would be all that Pete would remember me by. Each word felt like a weight being lifted off, but each second that past felt like another blood clot forming deep inside my heart. The screams of random hysterical people are drowned out by the thoughts in my head. One last check over what I have written and that will be it.

9:00:59 a.m.

Pete, I just wanted you to know I think about you every night, when I fall asleep you are in my dreams. This probably will not make sense to you, but it is so clear in my eyes. I lived just to have known you, to be friends with you, you were all I that I had. And in my last moments I am thinking of you, and not myself. This is how it should be, and this is how I disappear

9:01:59 a.m.

My heart is poured out into this, I cannot express my feelings well, and especially not when under pressure. The tower is now hardly a few meters away, as I take my last breath to press the send button, I stop to think for a second and then it is all over.

9:02:59 a.m, Impact.

"Patrick wake up! When you nap on the tour bus I get so bored, can we watch a movie or something, please? The news is so dull, something about a plane going into a tower or something"
My eyelids parted open as soon as I heard the word 'plane'. Did I just dream that? Was it real? Am I Dead?

Does Pete Know?

"Erm Pete? Can we watch the news instead? I want to find out about the thing you just mentioned."

So here I was, sat in the tour bus with my best friend, band member and the object of my obsession. I guess vivid dreams like that make you think about how precious life truly is, and you shouldn't waste a minute.

An indescribable feeling was abruptly bestowed upon everyone who was watching at that moment, of a plane crashing into the south World Trade Center, a building that represented how the nation had progressed so much, crumbled to the ground, ground zero.