Twitter Thread by DarklingMoon



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(Angst tw, idk if happy ending??)
Hizashi has always wanted to be a catastrophe.
Because maybe if he's spiraling out of control, someone will at least go through the motions of caring about him.
But it never works that way.

Present Mic is loud and fun and flashy, and you'd think he would have drawn at least a couple of people in like moths to a strobe light. And, sure, he's got fans. Lots of them.
But the second he shows any of them *Hizashi*, they lose interest.

He starts wondering if he can even connect to people as himself, or if only his fake face, the mask he puts on, is human enough.
Eventually, he stops trying to ever take that mask off, even with people he considers friends.

And he's loud on the outside, but that's a celebration. The disaster is quiet.
It's just him, taking care of himself like putting coins in a jukebox to make it keep playing.

When he doesn't, when the marionette falls down, he's too ashamed to let anyone see. Nobody ever comes knocking on his door to see where he's gone.
If Shouta or Nemuri calls, he says he's sick and leaves it at that.
And they leave him alone.

Until they don't.
Hizashi is--well, he's not doing anything. Just sitting on--not even the couch, he has a perfectly good couch but that seemed like too much energy, gravity has pulled him down to the floor, and it's hard and uncomfortable but that feels right.

He had been looking at his phone, but all he could see was how everyone else was doing so much *better* than he was, they look so much like real people that they can't possibly be faking it like he is.
So he let his phone drop and just...stared at the wall, head full of static.

Until there's a knock at the door.
Which is really weird, only a few people know where he lives.
It's a lot of effort to get off the floor, and he's been there for so long that his muscles all protest, stiff and cold. But he manages it, and opens the door.

It takes a few moments for his mind to register Shouta, and when he does, his first instinct is a kind of quiet panic. He feels naked in his pajamas that he hasn't changed out of in three days, but even more so with his blank unsmiling face.

Shouta doesn't seem to notice, though. He just holds up a plastic bag.
It's another couple of moments before Hizashi realizes that he's supposed to take it. When he does, it's heavy and warm.
"What's this?"

"Okayu. You said you had a cold." Shouta says it like these things are connected.
When Hizashi lifts the container out of the bag, the rice porridge warms his hands. "So?"
Shouta snorts. "So you're supposed to eat it. It'll make you get better faster."

"Oh. Thanks." Hizashi says, but it's dull, just what he thinks he's supposed to say.
Shouta squints at him suspiciously. "You don't sound like you have a cold."
Hizashi laughs nervously, rubbing the back of his neck. "I guess I'm getting better?"

Shouta just nods. "That's good. You shouldn't be contagious anymore, then."
And he pushes past Hizashi into his apartment.
Hizashi almost wants to stop him, to say he can't come in. Can't see him like this.
But Shouta is already on his couch, turning on the TV.

And he hadn't exactly been having fun, had he? The space already seems brighter with someone else in it.
So Hizashi just sits next to him. Shouta doesn't seem to need him to talk, but after a while, he nods to the container that Hizashi still has his hands wrapped around.

"You're supposed to eat that."
"Okay," he says. He's not hungry--until he opens the plastic takeout container. Then he's starving, realizes he can't remember when he last ate. The food is simple and bland, but it's comforting and warm.

He's halfway through the container when it clicks.
Shouta thought he was sick. Shouta got him sick-people-food. Shouta is taking care of him. Shouta did something nice for him.
And then he's almost crying into his rice.

It just means too much, right now. It's a small gesture--it's not even homemade food, Shouta doesn't have a kitchen. But he's also *here*, silently keeping Hizashi company.
He doesn't even say anything about him crying. He just reaches out and puts a hand on Hizashi's back.

It doesn't solve everything. It's just one light against a huge uncaring dark.
But one small light can take a room from pitch-black to dim, and what a difference that makes when you want to see your

way out.