



He was craving so much for somebodys touch that he overcame his disgust of death and himself.

A nurse came out of a room and gave him a half nervous, half grateful look.

The employees thought he was weird but they were grateful because he stayed with the patients when everything came to an end.

They didn't knew anything about him!

Dennis nerly laughed. If they would knew why he was really here they would kick him out.

He was abnormal.

Smiling bitterly he raised himself out of his seat, put the coffee down on the bench and went to the room, which the nurse just now had left. It was the room of an old woman. He didn't knew why she was dieing. He also didn't bother to check her name. It didn't matter.

Names had no meaning at the place where she was going now.

He sat down next to her bed and took her hanf in his. Thousands of memories flowed through him but it wasn't as painful as usual. Just a prickle. The woman had had a wonderful life even when she didn't had any living relatives.

She passed away with a smile on her lips and Dennis cried.

Trembling hard he got up and went out of the room. Without wiping away his tears he grabed his coffee and drank the ice cold rest mixed with the salt of his tears. His hand was still warm from the touch of the old woman.

Heaven and hell were not that different.

But only somebody who had seen both would knew this.

And the question was which of both was more cruelly...

**end**