

Coffee

Von loire

Coffee

An alarm tune rings cruel and loud. In a way like there is no way to stop it and never an end.

A little rustle in the bed.

From somewhere deep under the mountains of pillows and sheets are tips of blonde hair dipping up. And a small pale hand makes their way out. It slowly reaches over to the noisy clock. Trying to feel the right bottom to push and when not find that immediately, smashing a powerful fist down on it.

A loud crack is the last thing the clock ever makes.

In the following silence a mumble comes from the bed. The hand now rests peaceful into the death alarm clock.

It takes a moment before there are movements again. That blonde hair turns out to belong to a head. And the hand uncovers two bodies under the sheets. Both dressed in checked pyjamas' and more or less laying on their stomachs.

The brutal hand belongs to the smaller one, who is tangled in a confusing cuddle of the other. Harder to say which leg belongs which one. That's really easier with the arms. The taller one has wrapped his arms tight around the smaller body. Whose arms are pushing against the bigger one now, trying to free himself.

Without any result but with a deep sigh he's falling back into the sheets again. Then yawning heavy and rubbing with his hands over his eyes. Mumbling again he starts a new try to stand up and this time also sorting his legs. It doesn't take long and he's sitting on the edge of the bed.

Stretching his arms up before staying up and putting the rubbish he produced earlier in the bin. After that he walks to the kitchen to make two cups of coffee.

With the last drops of coffee running through the machine, steps are coming from the bedroom.

The taller boy appears into the door, a small smile on his lips and a hand going through the either blonde hair. "How do you manage to live with hair in your eyes all day long, Lukas?" he wonders. The spoken to doesn't even look up, just lifting his hand. "Here take a pin." he says.

In his hand appears a pink ribbon hairpin.

"Uh, where did that come from? Did you rob a little girl?" is the reaction to that.

"No. Just thought it would look nice on lille bror. But he didn't want it." - "No wonder you called me. If it makes you feel better, you can call me 'bror'!" - "Matthias" comes emotionless back from Lukas.

Matthias runs his fingers through his hair again. "Drink your coffee, you zombie. And give that to me." he gives up. With a fast step he reaches the other and grasps the pin.

"I'll still look awesome with this but best with my hair done." he points out.

That brings the shadow of a smile to the face of the smaller one. He watches the back of the taller one, who leaves the kitchen again. Then, with mechanically movements, Lukas turns back to the coffee machine, filling the coffee in a huge mug and a more normal size mug.

He takes the huge one and blows carefully before taking first sips.

It doesn't take long and his eyelids flutter open a little more. His slightly blue eyes start to move across the room. They seem to focus on things that aren't there. And out of nothing Lukas lets himself fall to the right side.

A second it looks like he will hit the ground but his way stops before that. It looks like he's leaning onto air. Air what he now pats and mumbles a 'Good Morning' to.

A smile like he got answers appears on his face. While he sips at his coffee again.

"Why is it always so dark in your house in winter?" comes a voice from the kitchen door. By that tune Lukas straightens up.

He looks to the door where Matthias appears again. His hair is now standing up in a big mess.

He wanders straight through the kitchen reaching for the second cup of coffee.

Lukas seems like he thinks about the question while he watches the other walking. Then a smile flits over his face for a millisecond. "Because you rarely allow yourself to enjoy the dancing lights. Look, we get a special performance right here." Says he and point in the middle of the kitchen where small, colourful lights are dancing and lightening the room.