

Takano shivers, her voice start to crack as she pulls out a knife – standing steadily and pointing it to the direction of Malik's Purple, abomintional eyes.

"

.. why are you here ?

– i couldn't bear to kill you in your sleep, I had to wait until you wake up ..

Kill .. me ?

You can't kill me .. I die the last ..

– I'm going to put an end to this, Malik! I'm..going..to..

"

Her knife wielding hand trembles ; a sweat falls down her cheek to meet with the edge of her murderous weapon , Malik attempts to get off his bed, much to Tanako's sudden flinch – she screams

– Don't get closer!

Malik smiles .. he weakily, and slowly gets off his bed .. with his fragile legs barely being able to carry him for the fifteen inches distance between him and Tanako , his gets the closest he could to her.. his Pale skin touches her sweaty, scared body as he holds her close to him, she doesn't react, as she freezes in awe.

" My dear Tanako ... "

He whispers to her ear, she doesn't even flinch in response .. his hand weakily grasps the knife out of her trembling hand .. she simply gives in , hiding her teary face in the shoulder of Him.

He takes a little step back, holding her face to get a last, deep look of her Red,swollen,scared,horrified eyes ..

" Everyone fears death. "

And then he stabs her.

Now that Tanako is dead..

It's 11:11.. Three minutes left.

Malik stares coldly at the body of a dead Tanako, a girl he loved too much he couldn't to die without her.

His purple eyes never felt so normal before, for the monstrous creature he was.

An abomination released to end the world.

Or at least, that's what he thought of as he saw the last expression on Tanako's face , a faded cold smile.

It's now 11:12,

Two minutes left -- he opens the window , but the door of his care room opens as well, some vague looking metallic mannequins - representing nurses - are for some reason screaming over the dead body of a dead girl, his glances at them as the air moves his snow white hair .. for some reason , they try to hold him back ; but for them it was too late.

Malik had already jumped from the window.

It's 11:13.

And Malik is falling.

He steadily closes his eyes as a tear goes up into the middle of the air , while his whole body is going down to be soon crashed into bits of meat and blood ,

The metallic mannequins are all looking out of the window , screaming out of awe and disbelief ,

It doesn't matter .. he was going to die a minute later anyways, these mannequins couldn't help him before and they won't now ..

He opened a half of his eyes for one last time .. and the last thing he saw out of that damned window ..

A black creature with a broken skull , dead green eyes and flesh scattered across the black matter he's made of , Something so horrifying he dared not look at it for more than a mere second.

.. and it looked somewhat happy.

.. it's 11:14.

In the morning.

On November the 10th.

Malik wakes up.

And he cries.

He cries so loud like he never did before.

He cries in so much agony you could feel death choking you down,

His tears are flooding he'd choke himself if too much entered his open wide screaming mouth, and some does – in response he coughs as he loses track of his breathing, yet still crying, coughing, and vomiting.

It's a new week.