

# and the world feels wonderful

## A Plastic Beach Gorillaz Fanfic

Von akaspirin

### Kapitel 1: and the world feels wonderful

*(I don't know if a few "fucks" here and there make a chapter adult, but I wouldn't want my kid to read something like this... hah.)*

#### Chapter 1: and the world feels wonderful

It was night. Or something. He couldn't make it out anyway, the little window didn't allow as much as watching fish go by in light blue or almost black water. Let's say, he thought it was night because the water was almost black.

It was a rather strange night, when Murdoc came to his room. 2-D himself was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying not to think too hard about the situation he was in. Not that he could, anyway, but he was in this weird room for almost three and a half weeks now and he still couldn't grasp what happened to him in that time.

So he was sitting there, spacing out a little, when Murdoc swung the huge door open and just stood there for a few seconds. Well, great. He lost count of how many times he tried to open that fucking door, and now it swung open just like that, like it laughed at him now. 'It's so easy, see? Why couldn't you do it?' Fuck that.

Murdoc's face was hidden in the shadow but 2-D knew he watched him. He watched him the whole three and a half weeks. How else could he manage to come down there every time he was asleep or passed out or in the bathroom... He noticed every time when Murdoc had been there and wondered how he knew.

"Come on.", Murdoc demanded. He didn't react. Why should he? Though he forced himself to forget what happened, which was a quite unhappy goal to follow, considering where he was, he did thought about that and came to the fast conclusion that he was angry about what Murdoc did. He stared back.

"I said come on.", he repeated and came a few steps closer, "Jus' wanna show you somethin'."

2-D snorted quietly. "Show it te yerself."

For a few seconds, nothing happened. You could just hear them breathing.

"Y'know.", Murdoc began again and approached him, "I told the whale he has the night off. He won't be anywhere. Now, come on."

"Why would ye do that?", 2-D replied quickly. "Becauuuuse... I wanna show you somethin'." Murdoc said, "Ye can't get off this island that easily, with or without that whale. So. Come. On."

As he still didn't show any sign of approval, Murdoc grabbed his arm and pulled him inside the lift. Well, what could he do. 2-D didn't know what Murdoc wanted and--- if he had the possibility to bring him to this island against his will, he didn't want to know what else he could do. Besides, it was a rather welcomed change for once, despite the whole situation of... being dragged around by the one who captured you. He got out of the room.

"Stop shivering, dullard.", he heard and looked at the source of the voice.

"That's not intended."

Murdoc just shook his head and pressed the button next to "Entrance". The doors closed rattling, then the lift moved up. A somehow... relieved feeling passed through 2-D's head. So many days beneath the surface, dependent on one person, who was none other than his bandmate. It was stressing him out. He did have a few panic attacks already. How could he know that Murdoc wouldn't forget him one day? Measured by the amount of alcohol he consumed, it wasn't the least plausible possibility.

The lift stopped and the doors opened again. "You haven't seen the island before, have ye?", Murdoc asked, stepping out the lift towards the entrance. 2-D didn't respond, he just followed him. When he opened the door, a pretty hard wind came through and banged the door on the wall.

"Whoa!", Murdoc made and laughed, "That's a storm, huh?"

He walked out, down the stairs and overlooked the view, then looked at 2-D, who still stood upstairs. 2-D could see that he said something, but couldn't hear what exactly. The wind was really loud. So he went over to him. "What?", he almost screamed, yet he just got a head-shaking as an answer and a hand, which pointed at the sea. Just now 2-D realized he was standing on an island, ergo he was surrounded by water, which was crashing on the edge.

Wow. Okay, he saw that sight before. Still, it always was a pleasant one. Everything was almost black, just sometimes the moon came out between the thick clouds and shined onto the island so he could see what went on. The waves. They were fucking huge. The sound of them crashing on the island combined with the wind blowing around him made him feel... calm. Somehow. Three and a half weeks in complete forced isolation and suddenly he was here, endless sky above him, endless sea in front of him. It calmed him down, sure. Yet he was shocked to no end. He didn't know when he got out of there and suddenly, without any forewarning, he was something like... free.

"I--- I haven't noticed.", he said and looked to Murdoc, who was on his way closer to the sea. Again, he followed him, parts because he didn't know what else to do, parts because he didn't want to stand around alone after that whole time. It was weird, but even though it was Murdoc, he was happy to see a person again. To talk to a person again. Just... to have company. And maybe it wasn't 'even though' it was Murdoc;

maybe it was 'because'.

"Why did ye bring me here?", 2-D shouted over the storm when he was next to him. Murdoc gave him a grin.

"Don'cha wanna see the... sea?", he shouted back and overlooked the view like he owned it. That's my view. Be happy I let you see what I see.

Well, that's not what he meant anyway and it was not the right situation to ask such a question, reckoning he couldn't hear him well. Try to explain what you mean when your interlocutor can't hear you. He just hoped he gave him an opportunity to ask the question again.

A few minutes passed in which the two of them just stared at what nature made with the mass of water. Then 2-D began to walk along the edge, though the wind let him shiver more than before. It was a cold wind, not one of those warm summer storms he knew of. Of course he knew about cold storms, too, he just wished this one was warmer.

He stopped on a little hill and stared at the sky.

Why the hell let Murdoc him out of the room? And even on the beach. It wasn't a nice beach and it wasn't a nice island. Murdoc told him what the island was made of and just that knowledge made it more horrible.

Suddenly he heard that Murdoc said something; he stood next to him and said something in his ear. "W-What?"

"It's enough.", Murdoc repeated, "Let's go back."

He turned around and went up the stairs again, obviously expecting him to follow. Well, okay, it was cold anyway and he just wore a sleeveless shirt and... he followed him.

When he arrived, Murdoc stood in the lift already. "Uhm. Where is the lift... I mean..."

"The lift!", the little man next to the lift said and pointed at it. Puzzled, 2-D looked at him. He haven't noticed him before.

"He didn't mean it like that!", Murdoc said to the man, and to 2-D: "Ignore him. Where do we go? Back to yer room, what do ye think?"

"A--- I... Murdoc, I dun wanna.", he managed to say, "A- A- A- I mean, you gave the w-whale a night off, right?" - He couldn't believe he just said that. How the hell did Murdoc manage to communicate with a frigging whale? - "So why can't ye jus'... let me out? This night?"

Wicked enough he had to plead for a night of freedom. That meant he was... he...

His thoughts were interrupted by a thinking look.

"Well, fine by me. But stick around. Though ye..." Murdoc slid into incomprehensible mumbles and pushed a button in the lift. A few moments later, he was gone.

Okay, that was easy. What now? Ah, yeah, he wanted to ask Murdoc something. Funny enough. He requested the lift so he could went after him.

"Ye saw where he went?", he asked the little guy. He just shrugged.

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The next chapters will be more readable I assure you. It was my first try to write a decent fanfic to that fandom with a few chapters and bla bla blubb.

Hope you enjoyed it.