

# and the world feels wonderful

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## 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, partly because he didn't know what else to do, partly 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.

## Kapitel 2: swimming the same deep water as you is hard

It was true, 2-D haven't seen the island before. As he stepped inside the lift and read about all the rooms, he didn't know where to go. Where was Murdoc?

'Master Bedroom', he mouthed. 'Sounds like him.'

After he searched around the building for a while - he couldn't get into Murdoc's room, the door was locked - 2-D found Murdoc in the studio, sitting in a red cushioned chair. He just followed the jingling that wandered around the room and stopped at the door until Murdoc noticed him. If you want to call a brief glance noticing. It seemed like he tolerated his presence so he entered the room while he looked around him. Sure, it was called a studio, yet he didn't expect a whole recording studio here. All these instruments... Murdoc proceeded to play his bass, so 2-D grabbed himself a little keyboard, one of the many ones which were lying around. It was ages ago since he played a keyboard instrument, therefore it was very tempting. With many quick looks to the other man, he sat down cross-legged on the floor and began to play along. 2-D didn't recognize the bassline, wherefore he just improvised. It was an unusual and new line, that was for sure. Murdoc dropped a beat now and then, followed by a loathing hiss or a mumbled 'fuck'.

After a few more minutes, which passed very slowly, 2-D looked up. "Murdoc... Why..." "Shhh.", he interrupted him.

"I jus'--"

"Shhh--Shut up. We're playin'."

2-D pouted silently and just continued. That situation went on until Murdoc suddenly stopped and stood up.

"Yer still very good.", he stated, his bass still in his hands, "And ye wanna ask why I brought ye here."

"Uhm, uh... yea. Yeah!", he stuttered and put the little keyboard beside him. Murdoc stared at him, obviously thinking about what to say. Well, he was pretty sure he knew what to say but he was formulating.

"I'm gonna make a new album.", he finally said, "And yer gonna be on it."

...okay. To be honest, 2-D somehow sensed something like that. He wouldn't say he knew it, he just felt it. After almost three years of almost no contact, he suddenly did something like that, of course there had to be something behind his behaviour.

"A... a new Gorillaz-album?", he went into it. Just to make sure.

"Of course!", Murdoc immediately replied, "What do ye think? I'm gonna make a new Gorillaz-album."

"So where are Noodle and Russel?"

That question hung around the room and became heavier and heavier. So heavy, Murdoc had to sit back down.

"I dunno."

"How are we---"

"We'll just do it."

"But---"

"Now shut yer face, will ya!", Murdoc yelled, "What the hell! That's the reason why yer

locked up in yer room!"

While he ranted at him, 2-D stumbled up and walked backwards until he reached the wall. That wasn't what he needed, but what did he expect. Maybe an honest answer for once? Well, scratch that.

"Ye really wanna know why I keep ye here?", Murdoc went on and came nearer to him, "Ironically enough, I need yer voice. Yer singing-voice, if ye may note. What I absolutely don't need is you and your ramblings. So stop buggin' me with questions, ye hear me?"

In the hecticness of the circumstances, 2-D just nodded, though alot of questions ran through his mind at that moment. He hoped he would forget them, like he almost always did anyway.

"Great. Now take these.", he said a little calmer, grabbed a few pieces of paper from a table nearby and pushed them onto 2-D's chest. Hurried, he grabbed them so they didn't fall on the floor.

"Read them. Memorize them. You know the drill."

"These are... lyrics...", 2-D said rather to himself than to Murdoc while he overlooked the papers.

"Great guess, shiner."

"A... I haven't agreed ta sing.", he stated, looking back up. Somehow he wanted to look the other in the eyes while he said that.

"Ye haven't agreed to come to this island, either. And yer here. Think ye got a choice?" 2-D opened his mouth, just to close it again. He knew what to say but the words didn't want to come out, and then the words escaped him. Somehow the last sentences scared him. Something was missing, some end, some words to ease the situation Murdoc created within the last seconds. Something like 'Ha, just kidding!', yet he remained silent. Distraught, 2-D exhaled and shook his head slightly. He felt a subtle pounding in his head.

"Ye serious?", he asked, not much hope indicated he'd hear 'no'.

"Of course I'm serious, dullard! Why would I go through the exertions to ship ye to Plastic Beach? Not to make fun of ye, I've got easier ways to do tha'." Murdoc said and shrugged after a few seconds of no reaction, "Well, you've got yer answer and you even got something to do, so..."

Still no reaction. The pounding got harder.

Murdoc was serious.

He really was... The whole circumstances were wicked enough and now this.

"Come on. I'll bring ye back to yer room."

The voice made his way to his eardrums but he couldn't catch what it said. He just felt a hand on his arm, pushing him around until he was standing alone in that room once more.

2-D was swamped with information and realizations he didn't want to know and have. So he was on an island Murdoc called Plastic Beach. Okay, he knew that fact before. When he first awoke here, Murdoc told him a little bit what was going on.

"Welcome!", he had said, "This is our new HQ. Look at it. Great, huh?" The first thing he said to him after he freed himself out of the,,, suitcase. Uh-hum.

Since he just woke up, he didn't think it was that great. At least he knew where he was. Well... a little. But it didn't make him feel better. His head felt horrible, maybe it was overwhelmed with the somehow fresh air. Or it couldn't believe he spent a few days in a fucking suitcase.

Eventually, he answered with a moan.

"I think yer too baffled to get what I say, soooo... lemme help ya up there." He offered him a hand. Wait... what? 2-D was really too confused to even think about it; he just took it and stood up shaky.

"I'll show ye around, huh?", Murdoc said, rested one hand on 2-D's shoulder and walked with him towards the wooden stairs, "So. Ye see, here's the entrance--- whoops, watch yer step there, would ya?"

He fell down, tripping over a little pink bump. His body was too benumbed with... well, whatever he was drugged with and couldn't follow the fast motion of falling down. The realization took place a few seconds later, along with his headache exploding. Before everything went black, he heard a voice.

"...Typical. 'eey, Cyber Noodle, come 'ere!"

"Wot the hell is this place?"

And that was the first thing 2-D asked when he could formulate his thoughts into audible sounds again. He didn't know how long he was in that room; hell, he couldn't even remember what date it had been when he was gassed.

Murdoc stood by the huge door, which probably was the way out of there. Since he already stood there when he woke up, he couldn't tell which of the two doors in this room was the exit.

"An island.", Murdoc immediately answered, "Made of plastic. It sorta... qualified itself ta be the place of the new HQ."

A satisfied grin was all over his face. Obviously, he was very happy to be here. Somehow 2-D wished to feel the same about his situation.

"Made of plastic? An' how ya managed to get me 'ere? Ye know... without me knowin'. An', uhh... why---"

"What, no 'wow, that's great, thanks for bringin' me 'ere'?"

A brief pause formed itself in between them while he gave him a confused look.

"I-I- I expected somethin' like a more euphoric reaction about it! Jus' think about it, 2-D, the Gorillaz baaack an' that on an whole island, only for us, noone else is 'ere, except, well... people. Ye know. To maintain things."

2-D looked around, for the, hmm... maybe thirtymillionth time. A few boxes were scattered around the ground, then a stanchion and right in front of his bed was a little TV with a DVD-player carelessly placed above it. His look hung on the screen a few seconds, then it wandered to the right to see the second door.

"I think ye need time ta think everythin' over.", Murdoc said after he didn't answer for one to two minutes, "An' dun worry, I give ye plenty. Time doesn't matter 'ere anyway."

With that, he turned around and left the room through the door 2-D already assumed to be the exit. He closed the door, followed by a loud 'clack' and a couple of other sounds he didn't know.

And then he was alone for said three and a half weeks.

Well. If 2-D thought about it know, Murdoc did told him just a little bit. Why couldn't he just explain himself?

He was shipped here. To an island. To a new HQ. Murdoc wanted to make a new album. He couldn't tell him where Noodle and Russel were. He told a whale to look after him, to say it mildly.

How did he know about his biggest fear, anyway? He couldn't remember... he couldn't

remember where his pills were, either. ...fucking migraines. He staggered to the bed while his sight blackened now and then and sat down.

"Somewhere... 'ere...", he mouthed with just a little help from his vocal chords and reached under his pillow to find the little bottle. He took a few and lied down.

It was too much. His head was a complete confusion. Like a dream, somehow, like it didn't happen to him but to a dream version of himself and he just woke up and remembered it.

And for the time being, even if it was only for that night, he'd like to think about everything to be exactly that.

## Kapitel 3: but i don't care if you don't

tzzzzrsshh... like he said in an zzzzzsshhhhh.... in ninteen-eight zssshh....

"Oh, fuck this!", Murdoc cried out, switched off the TV and smashed the remote on the wall. However a TV worked here, anyway. Sometimes it worked and if he was lucky, he lied down on his bed at that time. Which wasn't that often.

Sighing, he rushed through his hair and swung himself on his feet.

It was one of these nights in which his head went crazy. He didn't know what to do. He didn't feel like working on the album at the moment, there was noone he could talk with, he wasn't hungry, so he couldn't eat, Cyborg Noodle was recharging, which just strenghtend the point before. He was left with himself and countless bottles of booze. Of course, he wouldn't think that. These were facts nobody had to think about. He knew how to deal with that. He was here for many months now, it wasn't the first time.

With a bottle of rum in his hand, which he found beneath the bed, he trotted out his room, destination unsure.

'What would I do if I wasn't here?', he asked himself while the lift went down to the studio area. He couldn't think of anything. Too much time had passed and anyway, to do the things he'd usually do he needed utensils. Like... a functioning TV. Or women.

The lift stopped and opened the doors for him, so he stepped outside to go to the window. It was night. Well, he knew that, but who knew, maybe the time fastened forward since he was in the lift and now it was day again. Who could tell him otherwise. The bottle came to miss almost half a glass during his staring session.

Murdoc sighed in frustration. On Plastic Beach, he learned what boredom really was. That wasn't a bad thing, he was used to sluggishness. Yet usually, he was sluggish while he had thousand things to do. Now he was just bored out of his mind.

He began to wander around, took a brief glance to the squid, which couldn't amuse him with its pouting face, and finally stopped at the bookshelf. He decided to go down to his secret room, which could take a few minutes. For a brief moment he didn't want to get stuck down there again, but then again it was better than lying around in his room for hours.

When he finally arrived, he set himself up in front of the monitors and overlooked them quickly. Check, check, check, ha, Cyborg Noodle is in a weird pose, check, check... oh, wait. There was the most interesting room, only because there was someone he could watch. 'What's good ol' Stu-Pot up to?', he amusedly thought, grabbed a stool to sit on and tried to identify some details on the little screen. 2-D was nowhere to be seen. The bed was muddled, and some things were lying around. No faceache far and wide.

He leaned back and folded his arms. Maybe it was the boredom pressing against his sanity, but he asked himself where he could be. For a few days now Murdoc left the door open, since 2-D hadn't tried to open it for a few weeks and the whale kept him in place at any rate. Maybe he noticed anyway, plucked up some courage for once and tried to escape at that very moment.

...or, more likely, he was passed out in the bathroom. Or he was just in the bathroom, without being passed out.

He waited for a few minutes to rule out the last option - what else would he be doing, anyway - just to go up the stairs to check up on him. Prudence is the better part of

valor.

Easily, he opened the door, looked around him and put the bottle on the ground before he moved on to the little bathroom.

"Ohh, what the hell...", he said quietly while he approached 2-D. He was lying in there, like he thought, right beneath the toilet bowl. Obviously, he was sick and then collapsed unconscious. Murdoc guessed it wasn't the first time that kind of thing happened, yet he didn't notice it before. His subconsciousness was happy - at least he had something to do now. He himself wasn't that happy. Of course he could let him lie here, but what would he do if he went up again? Nothing, exactly.

With his arms crossed he stood in the door and watched 2-D's chest moving very slowly. Apparently, he was on his knees while he collapsed. His back was lying on the ground and his legs were both bent in the same position. One arm was next to his body, a few fingers touched his thigh slightly. The other one was bent, so that his hand lied next to the back of his head.

"I told ye.", he said jokingly, bending down to him to lift him up, "Dun drink that much. With ye, it always ends like this."

He took him to his bed and let him down. Then he checked his pulse, because his chest moved really slowly at the moment. '52', he thought and looked at the pained expression on 2-D's face. That was way too low. Surely he hadn't eaten well in the last days and took too much pills today. Together with the stress---

Again, he looked around him to find the open bottle lying unnoticed on the floor, a few pills scattered about. Then he looked at 2-D.

"Yer useless like that.", he stated. Of course there was no reaction to his words. Actually, he wanted to start to work on some songs with him the next day and he didn't want to let his plans be destroyed that easily. One of his genius, foreseeing plans had to be put into actions. From a drawer, which couldn't be seen when you didn't know that it was there, he took out the implements to put someone on an IV. When Murdoc was done, he put out a glass bottle with the infusion solution in it and prepared everything to put him on it.

Hmm, he felt a d?vu. Taking care of an unconscious blue-haired boy. Ha, yeah, okay, he did that before. His actions were stopped by his thoughts immediately. Rum-induced, they were fast, like every thought was a car on a highway and he stood at the side of the road and watched them appear and disappear within milliseconds. With that, he didn't feel like he thought about something. Everything rushed right through him, until the most important thought had a car crash and lied in front of him, whimpering and twisting in pain.

Yeah, he could just turn around and leave now. But that would be against his personal interests. The album unfortunately didn't make itself and he wanted to begin tomorrow. If the singer didn't came to his senses then, he couldn't do what he wanted.

And anyway, he hadn't put someone on an IV for ages - the last time was during his prison-time - so he was secretly excited to do that once more.

Smirking, he connected the IV over the tube with the bottle and turned the little wheel until the solution gave away a drop every two seconds.

Great work, like always. What else could he expect from himself?

"Just a few nutrients for ye.", he sing-sanged, "If yer even too dumb to eat normally, yer best friend's helpin' yer out there... gladly."

With that, he grabbed his rum-bottle and left the room.

When 2-D woke up a few hours later, he panicked. He sat up in no time and crashed his head at the window.

"Fuck... Fuck!", he cursed, his state becoming worse and worse. His breath was very fast while his eyes followed the tube to the bottle. What the hell was in there? Shivering, he stood up and examined the bottle, while he held his arm with the IV. It really hurt, along with his head now.

Okay, the liquid in the bottle wasn't something he didn't know - at least he thought the bottle looked familiar from former hospitalizations - so his concern focused on the IV itself. He knew how to withdraw something like that, so he began to pull of the plasters and finally got rid of it with a pain-filled hiss.

Damn, what was Murdoc doing to him while he was passed out? That was the first time he woke up with a fucking infusion.

Okay, slowly, slowly. First he had to---

"Good moooornin' sunshine!", he heard and looked up with a jolt, "I assume ye looked over the lyrics, yea?"

With a huge grin Murdoc stood in the door, a cigarette in his mouth and a rather big stash of paper in his hands. Wait... no clacking? Since when was that door open?

"I... I, uh... haven't.", he said very quiet.

"What?"

"I haven't.", he repeated louder. He still held his arm in which the IV had been.

"Ye haven't? Well, ye---"

"Wot do ye expect? I dun have the drive to work on yer songs while I'm locked up in 'ere!"

Oh, two mistakes. He interrupted him and--- wait, who told him that these are mistakes in the first place? Okay, Murdoc did, back in Kong Studios.

"Ye know that I hate repeating myself, right?", Murdoc replied, "Ye will sing the songs. Ye should be glad I even considered to deal with ye again, up until now ye were jus' a burden. For the last weeks alone you owe me a thousand songs! Now come on up, we'll start now."

But 2-D stayed where he was.

"I... haven't agreed ta sing...", he mumbled, sounding not too sure. Maybe he did want to... he loved making music after all. And it was true, he didn't take a look at the lyrics but he was sure they were great. And he was sure they would make something great. When Murdoc was eager like this, the outcome was always ingenious.

But... but with everything else... what was up with him? His actions were weird. He did a lot of things to 2-D during the last years but nothing was anywhere near the situation he brought him in now.

"Ye know...", Murdoc began again, "I thought I have ta convince ye. That's the reason I prepared something. Come in and help that dumbnut to find some brains!"

2-D heard something buzz, then someone stepped in his room. His eyes widened in surprise.

"Noodle!!", he cried out and went towards her, "Where were ye? Ah--- I thought I'd never see ye again!"

He hugged her in a fluster, just to realize that something was wrong. He didn't know what, but that Noodle wasn't Noodle. He let her go.

"Yer buzzing. Ev'rythin' alright?", he asked in hope. 'Please say yes and hug me back and then there's just Russel missin'...'

"That's not Noddle.", Murdoc said. The words rampaged in 2-D's head. They seemed to

look for a sense in themselves but couldn't find anything.

"It's a replica. She's helpin' me here, quite a useful machine. Somebody has to make sure everything's all right, yea? She's the one bringin' ye the meals an' everythin'. Yep, that's her."

"What the... ", 2-D whispered and took a few steps back.

"But enough bla bla!", Murdoc said and grinned, "Noodle, take him upstairs to the studio. Ye know, with the instruments and stuff."

With more buzzing she put into motion, stepping towards 2-D, who stepped backwards until he bumped on the edge of the bed.

"Leave me!", he cried in panic and squeezed himself past her to run to the lift, pushing the request-button over and over again. Because the target of her new mission wasn't cooperating, she took the big gun, which was hanging on her back, and aimed for him. Shocked, he stopped every motion in his body, his big black eyes showing nothing but fright.

Murdoc laughed. "Okay, Noodle, don't shoot him. Understood? No. Shooting. Singer. Of. Gorillaz. Just stay with him. Make sure he does what I tell 'im."

"Yes.", she said and put down the gun, "Understood."

"Oh God...", 2-D sighed out, his head in both his hands. What the fuck was going on? Why couldn't Murdoc simply tell him, word by word, where they were exactly, why he forced him to be on Plastic Beach, and what the fuck was going on here...? Maybe because he didn't ask... and maybe he rather didn't want to know.

Accompanied by a killer-machine and and an obviously drunk Murdoc, 2-D finally reached the studio.

"Stay by the door, dear, yea?", Murdoc said to Cyborg Noodle, who positioned herself next to the door, the huge gun in her hands, ready to shoot.

"And ye'll come here. Come here, come here!", he said to 2-D and sat down on the known red chair, looking at him. 2-D didn't move a muscle while he stared at that weird machine. "Yer afraid of her? Well, that's good then. But she won't shoot if I don't tell her. So grab yerself a stool and come here already."

Shivering, he did as he was told. What should he do aside from that? Despite... well, fucking everything at the moment, he'd like to stay alive.

As he sat down, the stash of paper Murdoc held in his hand the whole time was pushed onto his lap.

"Now read this stuff. What you can read, anyway."

2-D gave in. It was the aftermath of yesterday that he could blind out what was around him and focus on the words, which were poorly written on the papers. Yeah, one of his qualities.

When he had looked over everything, he put them down and scratched his head. They were a mess. Like he thought, they were really good, though a bit confusing. He flipped through them again, eventually hanging on one page. The lines were readable and the title was written in big red letters above them: **BROKEN!**

On both sides of the lines words were written and scratched out again and also a few tiny drawings. But all in all these text seemed like he didn't put too much effort in it. Probably something you just come up with in a sleepless night, or something. He read the lines again while Murdoc strummed around on a guitar.

"Wot's that? Broken?", he said and looked up. Shit, said too soon. He should've left that as a thought.

"Whaddaya mean?", Murdoc replied.

"Uhh... I jus' thought... It's really... Uuhm..." 2-D clicked his fingers and licked over his lips. "I dunno. Got an idea for the song already?"

Murdoc smirked.

And suddenly he forgot about everything around him and they were like in the early years of Gorillaz - just sitting around, making music.

Of course they achieved nothing that day. In the end they both sat around cluelessly. „I think we'll continue tomorrow. Murdoc threw in the room. 2-D didn't reply. After they fooled around with a few instruments, they really tried to work on a melody but nothing wanted to work. Everything just made 2-D wonder what Murdoc thought while he wrote on the lyrics, especially because he became so weird. Well... more weird than usual.

„Ye heard me, dullard? Go back to yer room, or do ye want Cyber Noodle to accompany ye?"

2-D stood up in no time and shook his head.

„No... no... I'll go there myself..."

And he went back down, sometimes glancing over his shoulder to check if there was noone behind him.

Wow. Murdoc really got him now.