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## Somewhere To Lay Your Head

Posted by HGLowe - 2007/09/02 12:09

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It was after he had posted the message on the Bulletin Board that Harold decided to take Sev up on the room she'd offered him. Not particularly because he was feeling like a social butterfly, but for two reasons that he figured were important:

The first was a mundane enough reason -- he had a cold and while it was nowhere near severe, it was making him uncomfortable enough to want to sleep in a real bed and not a nest of blankets, after climbing a hundred and eighty steps with a newish heart that had a hard enough time doing it while he was in perfect health.

The second reason was far deeper -- he could not blame the dark turn his mind had taken on the cold. He knew it was depression getting its claws into him again, and he knew it was depression that made him want to cut away from everyone and hide, and fall into bad patterns again.

He didn't feel up to being around a lot of people; he didn't even want to be around anyone, with the possible exception of Archie, who was down south and probably getting set up by now. He didn't even want to stay at the beach house, but he knew that if he stayed alone, he would never be able to combat this dark sorrow that kept lurking, waiting for him to weaken. He'd gone that route once. At least if he was close to someone else, even if he didn't interact, he would have to think twice before doing something fatalistic and permanent. While he wasn't sure he'd be staying more than a night, he knew at least for this moment, he had to do something to give himself a chance.

So he unlocked the door, and got a face full of Harvey. The pumpkinhead's enthusiasm nearly sent him reeling backwards, but after a moment of gibberish (or what sounded like gibberish to Harold), he figured that Harv was just happy to see him.

He gave the best smile he could; it wasn't nearly as good as he wished it would be, then quietly excused himself to go to the room that had been set up. The suit on the bed (with sunglasses no less) got a slightly less wan smile. It was black, black tie, white dress shirt -- it certainly looked well-made. The thoughtfulness cheered him a bit; he'd have to find out who bought it and thank them.

For then, though, he just hung it on the back of the door, then started taking stock of the room. It was a handsome little affair; certainly better appointed than most of the places he'd slept in his life. He was just setting his dufflebag aside when Harvey somehow managed to knock on the door.

"Come in," Harry said, pulling his tennis shoe off and setting it with the other one.

The pumpkinhead came in and set a tray on the nightstand; looked to be chicken soup and lemon tea with honey and some kind of medicine or another. Babbling the whole time in a language that even a person who spoke three different ones fluently couldn't understand.

"...huh?"

Harv gestured to the medicine, then faked a sneeze and snuffle, and then pointed to it again, then faked a sigh of relief.

Harold, who was decent enough at charades, chuckled, "Thanks."

After another moment (Harry assumed to make sure that he was going to take the offering of lunch, tea and cold relief), the pumpkinhead left. Though, before he did, Harry made sure to tell him that if Sev wanted to talk, to go ahead and knock.

Within a half-hour, he was curled up under the covers, empty bowl and cup on the tray on the nightstand, and dead to the world asleep.

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## Re:Somewhere To Lay Your Head

Posted by Sevarena - 2007/09/02 14:13

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" Ba Baba Boo."

"He is? I'll have to go check on him." Sev shook her head and headed for the hallway. Harry was much to stubborn for his own good at times. He was going to kill himself over this trial if he wasn't careful.

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Knocking softly at the door but getting no answer, she cracked the door open and peeked inside. Harry looked so peaceful sleeping. She slipped into the room and picked up the wrapped package that had been under the suit, and must have slipped to the floor.

Sev settled the package on the nightstand, pausing to brush her fingers over Harry's forehead. Burning up, poor guy. Leaning in and giving him a soft sisterly kiss on the forehead she whispered, "Rest well Hero, hopefully in the morning you'll let someone else save you."

Taking the tray of dishes she headed back to the kitchen, then straight to her room and her computer, and back to her research for the trial.

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