

WAITING

a Heroes ficlet

by **Rodo**

ISAAC WAITED. That was all there was left to do, really. So he waited and stared at the pictures of his future. Somewhere deep inside he asked himself why he didn't even try fighting it. He thought of Simone and her eyes, filled with disbelief, as she lay there. She looked like she was asleep. But she didn't sleep—her skin was far too pale and the blood on her chest too dark.

If he was honest with himself, he had to admit that he was too tired. He had almost driven himself mad trying to find a way to stop the explosion. He had painted and painted until everything made sense while he forgot to sleep and to eat. And now there was only one thing left to paint. And paint it he did. Isaac was surrounded by pictures of himself—pictures of him screaming, pictures of him with the top of his head chopped off, pictures in black and white and red.

Isaac wasn't even afraid, at least not afraid of death. He didn't mind knowing how he would die, but the pictures told him he was going to suffer. A lot. He had never been good at dealing with pain, which had probably been one of the reasons he started using heroin. Another was, of course, that it made painting easier. But he couldn't change that. He would have to deal with it, just like with everything else except the explosion.

He could only do one thing: paint the man who would come to kill him. He hoped he had enough time left to finish his last painting. Because even though he did not know when exactly his time would be up, he could tell it wouldn't be long now. So he took paint and brush into his hands one last time and prayed he would paint what he wished for.

When Isaac emerged from his trance, he could only look at the canvas showing the dark man glowering at him for a moment.

"You really can paint the future. Just like the professor said. Fantastic." The man with the dark eyes examined his loft.

"You're late."

"I guess you know why I'm here."

"You're the one who's gonna kill me."

Fin