

## **GIFT**

Valentine's day. A day full of love, where couples are appreciating each other with chocolates and flowers, shops and market are giving discounts specials for those lovebirds. The day must be special for them who have someone that completed their piece.

Static was inside his room like always. He didn't go to the workshop because... It's Saturday. He stood by an open window like a security guard. Cigarette hung in his mouth, already halfway burned out, his long hair tied back into a low ponytail, eyes watching couples hanging around the suburban street being all lovey dovey. His eye bags are there and always there under his eyes like it's also watching how love actually works. He's wearing almost pressed t-shirt because he ran out clean shirts his size.

Behind him there's his workdesk. A desk lamp shining to his failed mini project he tried to fix laying down on his wooden desk table pathetically with bolts and springs. There's not much tools since he brought most of them to the workshop which his boss slash co-worker Asher locked him out for a few days in the excuse of "giving him days off" because Asher found him collapsed on the floor at their workshop due to overworking habit and a lack of rest and it's surprisingly normal for them.

The mini project looks like an Android mascot and it's supposed to open its mouth like how you open a treasure chest while it spins its head. He didn't finish it because he coded it wrong weeks ago and finally gave up so it ended up in his stash box along with other failed or unfinished projects until yesterday.

Then he glances at a sound of someone opening his front door. He already guessed who it is. The muffled sound calling his name through the wall makes it obvious

It's Rayden.

Static turned away from the window and his posture immediately slouched as he walked to the door and opened it to meet his friend. Rayden was standing in a living room beside a shoe rack, shoes still on, his brown hair was messy but it looks like it's built like that, his red horns standing tall on his head. Clothes formal unlike usual, long black button up and jeans like he's going to an interview. His left hand was holding two small bouquets of flowers.

Rayden tilted his head and showed that lazy smirk when he saw Static staring at him behind the half-opened door of his bedroom not far in front of him.

"damn you look like a divorced dad with lung cancer" Rayden teased, tilting his head up a little bit

“You look like someone just died.” Static replied bluntly, his cigarette moved between his mouth

“yes im here for your valentine spirit’s funeral”

“Thats fucking cringe don’t say that ever again.”

Rayden let out a small laugh as he heard that before looking at Static again.

“i have something for you.”

“Is it that flower.”

“oh, you wish.” Rayden lifted his left hand towards Static and lightly swung them side to side “these are gifts from people who actually adored me. Also im a greedy guy so i wont give any of my fan gifts to you.”

Static sighed. “whatever Mr. Town-popular. Just tell me what is it before i kick you out”

Rayden rolled his eyes, mouth grinned “Just get over damn here bro.”

Static walked inside his room again to put out the cigarette in an ashtray on his nightstand before stepping outside his room and walked towards rayden. Rayden dropped his left hand and reached to his pocket with his free hand and Static watched that with his arm crossed in front of his chest.

Then Rayden proudly brought his right hand in front of Static’s face, showing something triangular between his thumb and index finger; a black pick. With a white classic *pointy S* drawn in the middle of it poorly.

“Lookie, for our beloved bassist. Its special ‘cause i drew that for you. S stands for Static am i right.”

Static looked at the pick, eyebrows furrowed for a bit.

It looks thin.

He slowly took the pick.

Its bendy.

He turned it too see the width of it and...

Its paper-wide.

“Rayden.” Static called flatly “the bass would sound weird and clicky if i use this”

Rayden lifted his shoulders “then use it for your guitar”

“didnt you forget my guitar’s broke.”

“oh... Yeah. Sorry about that.”

Rayden rubbed the back of his head while awkwardly turned his face away from Static while Static himself is looking at rayden with that “im so done” look because they *know* who exactly broke it.

Rayden turned his head to Static again, his grin is back like hes trying not to talk about that “anyway... I hope you like it. The pick.”

Static looked at the pick again, slightly bend it, then stares at the crooked “S” drawing like a displayed painting on a museum. The strokes looked hurried and almost all the corners overlapped. Its like Rayden just bought that and drew it on the way to his house.

He appreciated his effort.

And effort deserves exchange.

“Wait here” Static pocketed the pick and walked away back to his bedroom before rayden say a word, leaving rayden standing there.

Static started to look around, finding something that is worth the trade. And his eyes darted to his project on the desk. The desk lamp still shining the project like nature destined it. Well since Rayden’s gift’s useless So why not. He gave up fixing it anyway.

Static grabbed the robot and left his room, finding rayden leaning against the wall.

“Here.” He lifted Rayden’s wrist and handed the robot. Its the size of his palm.

Rayden stared at it

“Are you giving me a bomb?”

“maybe. The mouth supposed to open like those Southpark Canadians. It only twitches now. I stopped caring. Also it still need some complex wiring to turn it on so don’t.”

Rayden tilted it. the upper mouth lolled back like a dead animal.

“It needs help”

“I know”

“its ugly”

“So are you”

“Atleast people loves me.”

Silence.

Rayden teased again, storing the robot in his pocket.

“Should i say happy Valentine?”

“I’d murder you.”

Rayden laughed before walking away. He paused at the frame, hand on the knob, head turned with a smirk.

“Don’t forget to eat something ya workaholic bum”

“dont forget to shut up”

“Love you too.”

“Get out.”

“text me if you miss me.”

“Die.”

Door Slammed shut. Static could hear his laugh outside the house. Static pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a tired huft before he took the pick on his pocket again, running his thumb over the crooked Pointy S.

He went back to his room. He put the pick beside the ashtray and sat back on his desk, he pulled another unfinished project from his stash inside the drawer and started working on it.

Another day went by.