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A/N: This is my first fic. Blame it on staying up too late, not on me. Cheers, Frumpy

Changes

Closing the door behind him Grissom sighed softly before turning on the lights in his townhouse. Quickly deciding he didn't like the intense glare of the overhead lights, he switched them off again and moved towards his couch. Turning on a side lamp he cast a weary glance around the now softly illuminated part of the room that the ember light reached. *'Yeah, at least I don't see the emptiness as much this way.'*

He kicked off his shoes, placed his jacket over the back of a chair and softly padded over to his kitchen. Taking out a beer from the fridge, Grissom unscrewed the cap and took a quick drag from the cold liquid. After the first refreshing effect he held the bottle between his hands and played with it absentmindedly while glancing through his living quarters again.

'Why does it bother me so much all of a sudden. I used to enjoy the quietness and solitude. But not anymore...' Not liking where his thoughts were going he pressed the cool bottle to his forehead, spreading some of the condensation on his hot skin. Taking another sip he walked over to his sofa and sat down heavily. *'You know why, Gil. She isn't here anymore. No one to keep you company. No one to make you happy, to confide in.'*

He looked over to the far wall and the dimly lit butterflies on display there. *'Surrounded by death. Even at home. Death.'*

Making a frustrated sound deep in his throat he got up again and walked over to the worktable where he kept ongoing experiments and various knick knacks. Picking up a piece of paper that lay in the center of the table he read over the few words again, swigging on his beer. Frustrated, he crumpled the note in his hand and let it fall down at his feet. *'Why? After all the effort I put into it.'*

Changing his mind, he placed the bottle on the table and picked up the discarded piece of paper. Slowly picking at it he tried to smooth it out as much as possible. *'At least keep this. She deserves at least that from you.'* Grissom opened a drawer and took out a glass picture frame to place the note inside. Happy with his handiwork he settled it onto the table before picking up the beer again. *'Yes. Deal with it. Get over it. You're trying to change. Starting anew is a form of changing, right?'*

Happy with the admission he purposefully strode to his couch and picked up a catalogue that lay atop the coffeetable. Swiftly leafing through the pages, he found what he had been looking for and reached for the phone.

"Yes, hello. This is Gil Grissom... Yes, that's right. I'd like to order a new batch, same as last time." He listened to the person on the other end rattle off his info before confirming and hanging up.

Yes, change. She was gone. Dorothy, proud winner of the Boston Cockroach Race with the certificate on his desk as eternal proof was no more. But he would start over. Who knew what else might change after all?

