

Kanon

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A story that I wrote for my final assignment for English Writing at school. Looking back on it, it's really not that good. Can't believe I got an HA on it.

I thought the idea behind it was pretty good at the time, but does anyone get it?

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Shi-an/59488/Kanon>

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A young girl scampered up the steep hill, blood trickling slowly from her right hand like droplets of water from a leaky tap. The grass beneath her feet was dry and soft, quite opposite to the damp and sticky dirt from which it grew, and which squished and squelched with her every step as it shifted to accommodate the pressure of her body. Her skirt and t-shirt were drenched with splattered traces of blood, already the stale reddish colour it exhibits when dried, and her sneakers were now filthy with mud which clung to the soles like honey to a butter knife. Twice she stumbled during her hasty ascent, only preventing herself from tumbling to the bottom of the hill by digging the fingers of her free hand into the dirt, and pulling herself back up. She knew she could not afford to start from the bottom again; the heart would not last long.

After some struggle the girl managed to clamber to the lookout, and pulling herself through a gap in the railing, lay down to catch her breath. When she had calmed a little, she got up to survey her surroundings. She was standing on a wide, concrete-floored area, roughly made up into a semi-circle of which the straight side was barred with a several metre-high wall of hexagonal stone tiles, and of which the circular area was circumscribed with a thick metal railing through which the girl had just squeezed. On the right side of the diameter was a flight of concrete stairs (the girl could have just as easily have used these for her ascent, but they were quite circuitous and she was much too impatient), and opposite that a path wound back behind the hill towards a residential area.

Having recovered her breath the girl checked the pulsating organ in her right hand, which, now only beating once every four seconds, was still leaking droplets of blood. She felt some pang of regret, perhaps even disgust towards her actions, but remembering the reason she had so willingly done them, she closed her hand over the bloody object, and finding that she was alone, went over to the railing and rested the weight of her upper-body upon it as she waited.

It was a warm, late-autumn evening, and the wind that periodically swept the girl's short, jet-black hair back was neither too chilling nor overly hot, like the breeze one feels when first stepping foot onto the sand on a summer trip to the beach. From where she stood the girl could survey the whole of the town where she was born and raised, right down to the road she used to take to her junior school or the corner store where she often bought lunch with her sister. In the distance the sun had already retreated beyond the horizon, but still cast glistening rays of orange and red beyond the skyline, which like the faded tinctures of fireworks after the initial explosion grew weaker as they extended towards the town, fading into the black darkness which was creeping out from behind the top of the hill.

'Hello, my deary' a voice called from behind the girl. She turned around, just in time to discover a figure, as of yet cast in shadow, walk along the path to the right of the hill.

'Um... I got what you wanted,' the young girl walked cautiously out to meet the figure, who had just emerged from the darkness and was now in full view.

Standing on the cold concrete ground with her arms akimbo was a woman who whilst looking no older than twenty, had an air of self-assuredness and condescension which made it seem like she fancied herself to have lived a thousand years. She had spiky, blood-red hair, piercing red eyes which looked through rather than at things, and just enough black clothing draped loosely around her to save her from being arrested for indecent exposure.

'You always come earlier than your sister,' the woman smiled, revealing a mouth that seemed more

adapted to a wolf's diet than a human's.

'What?'

'Oh, nothing, just that you don't have to always be in such a rush to get here,' she quickly looked down at the girl's shoes, and then back up at her blue eyes, 'the heart will be fine at least for another couple of hours. '

'I know...' the girl diverted her gaze, finding it hard to look the newcomer in the face, 'I just... really want to make sure I do it right. '

'Yeah, yeah, for the six hundred and sixty-fifth time I will keep my word, okay? Now hand over the heart. '

Reluctantly the young girl unclasped the fingers of her right hand, revealing a thick, red object which beat languidly every few seconds. Blood continued to ooze slowly out of it, sliding across her sweaty hand and dripping in huge globules onto the concrete.

'Ah, very nice. ' The woman flashed her sharp teeth in a smile again, then extended her arm towards the girl.

'Wait!' The timid girl jerked back, bringing her hand back to her chest. To this the woman gave an impatient sigh, then looked intently at the shivering girl as if urging her on.

'Why did you make me take his heart..? You said you don't actually eat the heart as such, but you consume its energy... What do you mean?'

'I don't actually want the heart, what I want is the happiness it. Because the guy you tricked's happiness was the love he had for you, which was in his heart, I needed you to get that. So if I had instead told you to take a pianist's happiness you would cut off his hands and give them to me. ' All this the woman said quickly and monotonously, whilst avoiding the girl's eye-contact and instead looking at her nails.

'S... so it had to be the heart?'

'Yes. '

'I didn't want to do this... But it's for my sister's sake. '

'Yes, quite a noble one you are. ' The red-haired woman flashed her teeth again.

'And you... You say you've seen what's being done to her?'

'Yep,' the woman stopped checking her nails and began picking the dust off her clothing, 'wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. '

A wave of anxiety flowed through the girl's body. With a shivering gait she returned to the railing she was at before and looked out at the scenery.

'We used to come here a lot, my sister and I... Sometimes after school, sometimes on holidays, sometimes when one of us just felt a bit down and needed a bit of cheering up... I used to love doing her hair, you know? Being twins it was hard for people to tell us apart, so we decided together that she would have long hair, and I would keep mine short...'

The red-haired girl let out an ostentatious yawn obviously containing some covert message, but the other girl continued without heeding it.

'Twins should always be together... It's not fair that we should be separated... I want to talk about clothes and hair and boys as we walk home from school again... I want to brush her long hair again... I want to be able to stand here against the railing as we look out at the sunset, her hand in mine...' she abruptly turned around and looked at the woman, tears in her eyes. '...Is there really nothing you can do about that?'

'Mmm, sorry. The limits of my power mean I can only change the course of events from an earlier point, not change them when they have already come this far. I'd like to make a happier ending for you two, but the fact is I can't. '

'Are you sure?' The tears from the girl's eyes fell on the dried blood that dotted the cold concrete.

'Yeah, sorry.'

Barely being able to see in front of her, the girl wandered over to the woman, and slowly stretching her right hand in front of her, dropped the beating heart into her hand. The woman's teeth realigned themselves into a smile.

'Okay, watch this. You'll never get sick of it no matter how many times you see it.' The woman held her left hand out into the air, and with a short, whizzing sound a large red trident appeared in it. The young girl watched in amazement as the woman threw the heart in her right hand up in the air, only to have it levitate as if held up by strings. She began reciting a fast and ominous chant, in some sort of dialect which the girl could not comprehend. This continued for a couple of seconds, when with a sudden jab the woman thrust the trident straight into the hovering heart, and with a loud crash like glass shattering it crumbled into thin air.

The girl could scarcely blink, as she watched the woman slowly walk up to a floating bead of light which sank down into her outstretched hand.

'See?' she grinned, stretching out her left hand as she did before, which made the trident disappear with the same whizzing sound that had accompanied its appearance.

'Wh... What's that?'

'It's happiness, in the closest to corporal form as you can get it.' With that the woman opened her mouth, and threw the glowing bead of light down her throat as if it were a lolly.

'MMMM!!!' she continued once she had made a loud gulping sound, 'that really hit the spot! Now, to my side of the deal...'

'So you'll send me back so I can be kidnapped instead of my sister, like you promised?'

'Of course! People think I'm a deceitful trickster, but I always keep my promises!' The woman stretched both her hands out wide, and once again began reciting an ominous chant. The sky above their heads turned a pitch black, and slowly the area around them began to bend and warp like an out-of-focus picture. The girl looked around in terror as a loud whirring sound filled her ears, and leaves, grit and other such objects began to fly around the lookout in a circle.

The young girl held her breath as she watched her companion, completely engrossed in her incantations, holding her hands out beside her, and looking up at the sky with eyes that were glowing red like burning charcoal. The chanting continued to get faster and the tempest they were in the middle of grew more and more violent, and just when the young girl thought she was going to faint the incantation stopped. In the midst of the fury of wind she saw the woman's two glowing red eyes staring straight at her.

'Let me just ask you one thing...' the woman's voice, although it seemed to have gotten an octave lower said, 'are you sure you want to do this?'

The dark-haired girl took one lingering look at the storm around her, then closing her eyes and swallowing all the saliva that was left in her mouth, said,

'I know she would do the same for me.'

A loud and hideous cackle which would instil fear in even the most stalwart soldier came from outside the tempest, which was followed by a shout of "cracks me up every time" in the most bone-chilling tones, and then everything in front of the young girl's eyes faded to black.

It was a warm, late autumn evening, on a small observatory ledge made up into a concrete semi-circle constructed three-thirds up the way of a small hill. Sitting on the railing and overlooking the wide panorama of rooftops of a small town was a woman with red hair, red eyes, wearing strips of dark clothing scarcely sufficient to cover her. She was looking pensively out at the scene before her, when she heard a soft tap-tap coming from her right and turned in that direction with a huge grin, displaying

her sharp teeth all neatly aligned in two rows. Climbing up the flight of stairs was a young girl with long, jet-black hair, beaming blue eyes, and two hands stained in red held firmly to her chest. She stood motionless on the concrete and looked timidly at the woman with the sharp teeth, who jumped off the railing and came casually towards her.

'You're always later than your sister' she said as she reached out her hand.