

Itsu Made Mo

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You know the pain I feel. You know my painful memories. You know I'm on a mission for revenge and to find what is lost. You know it's dangerous. You know I'm a wreck. Yet you still stay close. Why?

I'll be here for you. Forever...

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Chapter 1 - Sisterly Love

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1 - Sisterly Love

Okay. This is my version of the tale of two twins. The title means Forever and is pronounced (eat-zoo mah-day moe.) This story has Shinzo, Naruto, and possibly bobobo characters. Hikari is mine. Others characters are split between me and friends.

(to 'Hush Little Baby' tune)

Hush, little child. Don't say a word.

Momma's tryin to hide us, so we musn't be heard.

Hear the banging? It sounds like a fight.

Mamma and Daddy, please be alright.

Was that Mamma screaming? Oh, sister, please don't cry.

If we are heard we'll surely die.

Daddy's crying loudly. I'm sure he's pain.

He's mourning over Mamma who's been cruelly slain.

I hear an evil laughter and my head starts to pound

I here a loud 'Boom' and we fall to the ground

I hear someone coughing, but I don't know who

Everything's going black. Sister, what shall we do?

An unhuman scream of terror sounded through the darkness and penetrated it.

"STOP!!!" a girl screamed, jolting up in her bed. "Make it stop! I don't want to hear anymore! GO AWAY!!!" the girl's medium length, creamy light brown hair stuck to her cheeks and the back of her neck from sweat and was tangled and messy. Her crystal blue eyes stared straight ahead with a look of terror in them. She hugged her knees and laid her head on them. She closed her eyes and whispered "No more. Please stop. I don't want to hear." over and over to herself.

There was a knock on the door and it was opened. A boy about 15 years old walked in. He had red hair, aqua-green eyes, and the kanji for love tattooed on the upper left side of his forehead. He looked around the room and then stared at the girl and closed the door behind him. He raised an imaginary eyebrow at her curiously.

"Must you do this every week?" he asked, sounding a bit annoyed. "I may not sleep, but you interrupt my thoughts. Now Takashi will come running to see-" He was cut off when the door to her room suddenly opened and her sister ran in. She had long black hair and bright purple eyes. He looked at her curiously, waiting to see her next move.

Takashi walked over to her sister's trembling form. She shook her gently.

"Hikari, snap out of it. I'm here. We're safe. Please stop this." The girl did not move. Takashi turned to look at the boy. "Gaara, did she say anything before I arrived?" The boy shook his head 'No.' Takashi

turned back towards Hikari. "I swear she get's worse every time." She sat on the edge of the bed, formed some hand seals, and whispered some incantations. The girl's body soon became limp and she fell to the bed, asleep. Takashi sighed and stood up.

"Why do you put her to sleep if she has these nightmares?" Gaara questioned. Takashi looked at him tiredly.

"It puts her into a dreamless state of unconcousness until morning." she explained.

"Why don't you do that to yourself?"

"I've tried, but I still remember. My dreams aren't really dreams at all. They're much more painful." before he could ask another question, she was out the door and headed towards her own room. He left and went to his room, curious of what Takashi had said. Was she remembering how her mom died? Not just Takashi, but Hikari too.

****next morning****

Hikari walked into the cafeteria of the S.P.Y. Academy for "Gifted" people (cleverly disguised as Tenjo Bording School.) Her hair was pulled into a small ponytail with strands of hair falling down in the front to frame her face. She walked up to Takashi and Gaara happily. They were eating pancakes and were talking. They smiled and waved when she walked in. She sat down next to Takashi.

"Wat's up?" Hikari asked cassually.

"Nothing much. You feel any better?" Takashi asked. Hikari looked a bit confused.

"I feel perfectly fine. Why wouldn't I?" Takashi gave her twin a serious look. Hikari's face flooded with understanding then turned sad for a bit. "I woke up screaming again. didn't I?"

"Yeah. This time I had to put you to sleep. You wouldn't snap out of it."

"I wish I could at least remember what I was screaming about. In the morning, I can never seem to recall the nightmare." Takashi's face flooded with pain for a second.

"If your nightmares are anything like mine, you should be glad not to remember. I envy you."

"Oh," said Hikari a bit sadly, "sorry."

"Can you stop being sorry about everything. It's not your fault." her sister said a bit angrily.

"Gomen."

"Alright!" Takashi said a bit playfully "Now your just doing that on purpose and trying to tick me off."

Takashi grabbed her sister in a head-lock and gave her a noogie.

"Help, I'm being attacked by a crazy lady on crack!" Hikari yelled out. Everyone in the room turned to look at them and gave them weird looks. The whole room was silent.

Hikari, still in a head-lock, and Takashi turned their heads to look at each other. They both grinned evilly. Suddenly they both shouted "I'M A PLASTIC COW!!! MEOW, MEOW, WOOF!!!" at the top of their lungs. Gaara, and everyone else in the room, sweatdropped.

"Weirdos." was heard from somebody in the crowd.

The two nut-jobs grinned widely and said "Thank you." while bowing. They then sat down and proceeded with eating their breakfast.

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"The prehistoric structure at Newgrange, Ireland was built around 3000 B.C." An old man stood at the front of his history class. He had gray strands of hair and his messy moustache crinkled whenever he pronounced his 's's. "Every winter solstice the light emitted from the sunlight- Miss Kodoieichi," his monotounus voice becoming louder, "I fail to see how you think that sleeping through the entire 10th grade will help you pass your tests."

Hikari looked up boredly from her drawing and looked at her sister. A stream of water formed in front of her face and splashed in Takashi's face, who jumped up suddenly at the cold liquid.

"Mr. Mop-A-Top caught you again. Now's he's rambeling." Hikari looked back down at her paper and continued to draw. Takashi tried to look at the picture but then remembered she was in trouble.

"Sorry Mr. Mo- I mean Mr. Froshtok my neck was hurting and I put my head on the desk. I was just visualizing your entertaining speech." Takashi smiled a bit sheepishly.

"Show me your notes then, please." he commanded.

"My notes?" She repeated, forgetting that she hadn't written any.

"Yes, Miss Kodoieichi, your notes. I did not stutter." He was becoming impatient and his voice more dull and boring.

"Right. My notes." She said as she looked at her sister. Hikari gave an apologetic look, indicating that she had also failed to take notes. Takashi looked around quickly and grimaced when she remembered her friend, Shade, was out sick. Just as she was about to give up and tell the teacher the truth, a small stack of papers found its way to her hand underneath the table. She looked at the neatly written title which read 'Archeology in Ireland'. It had many scribbles and drawings surrounding the words. She looked to her left. Gaara was staring boredly at Mr. Froshtok. His light brown binder was open in front of him with the silver rings snapped open. She looked at him curiously.

"Miss Kodoieichi," the monotonous voice snapping her back to the problem at hand, "I'd like to see those

notes before the semester is over."

"Oh, yes, they're right here." She walked to the front of the room and handed him the papers. He flipped through them quickly and handed them back.

"Quite the Picasso as always. I can't seem to grade a single paper of yours without first seeing robot dinosaurs, dragons, dead cheerleaders, ramen, scribbles, and the word 'boredom' written in every style and language there is." Takashi went back to her chair. Trying to argue with that man was one of the most tiring things in the world.

When she sat back down she handed Gaara the papers and whispered "Arigatou." Gaara handed them back and pulled out a set of papers almost exactly the same, minus the scribbles.

"Keep them." He insisted. "I'm a fast writer." Takashi shook her head 'yes' and didn't say anymore. She didn't want to be called on again. Instead, she glanced over to her sister who was now filling in her drawing with colored pencils. She watched as she worked with caution and determination. A small smile was spread across her lips.

Takashi looked at her paper. On in the top left part was a picture of a man, a woman, and two small girls smiling. The man's hair was a creamy brown color and his eyes were a deep onix. He had his left arm draped around the woman's shoulder and his right hand was on one of the girl's head. The woman had long wavy black hair. Her right hand held on to the other child's hand. Her purple orbs were staring happily at the children. The girl by the man had looked like a miniature replica of the woman. The only difference was that her eyes shone with a fiery determination. The other girl had short hair that was a lighter shade of the man's. She beamed happily at the other girl with her crystal blue eyes.

"She must remember what it used to be like." Takashi thought sadly to herself. Her eyes wandered to the next drawing underneath the first. It was of a dark figure with fiery red eyes. They seemed to send fear into the hearts of anyone who dared to challenge him.

Takashi, ignoring the pain in her head, looked to the next drawing to the right of it. Hikari was almost through coloring it. It was of a girl and a boy. They were sitting against a tree trunk. The girl was sitting in the boy's open lap, her back on his chest. Takashi thought she looked a lot like Hikari. Her head was leaned back on his shoulder. She was smiling happily at him. The boy had his arms wrapped protectively yet comfortably around her waist. His face was half covered by the girl's hair. The part that was showing and his hair were still white, but you could tell his eyes were sparkling and that his face had a warm glow. Their hair seemed to be blowing in the wind.

Takashi turned back to her desk. *"What is going on in your head, Hikari?"* she thought to herself. She then put her hand in front of her face and watched as fire spread across her fingertips. She watched the small flames dance.

The dismissal bell rang. Everyone began to pack up. Just as Takashi was leaving, Mr. Froshtolok called her.

"The principle wanted you to stop by his office. He said bring Miss Tenshi and Mr. Gaara."

Takashi walked out the door. "Oh, crap!" she thought. "Steven only calls us when we're in trouble or has a mission for us. OH NO!!! What if he found out about-" Her thoughts were cut off when Hikari came from behind her.

"What's up?" She asked "You look like you're thinking awful hard. Do you need a pain reliever?"

"Huh?!" She was caught off guard.

"Why would she need pain relievers?" Gaara asked.

"Well, her tiny walnut-sized brain must hurt from such a strain." Hikari stepped back to avoid getting wacked upside the head. She was laughing hard.

"Shut up. You have no room to talk, Miss I-Can't-Find-The-Remote-When-It's-Right-There-In-My-Hand." Takashi said coolly. "By the way, Steven wants you, me, and Gaara in his office."

"Why does he want us?" her sister asked. "What did you do this time? Blow up a barn? Steal the cafeteria's ramen? Set the search wolves loose, again?"

"No!" Takashi defended loudly, a bit too loudly. "He wouldn't want you and Gaara if I was in trouble."

"Unless he wants witnesses." Hikari said suspiciously while eyeing her twin.

"Oh, just shut up and hurry." Takashi turned and walked in the opposite direction, towards the principal's office. Hikari and Gaara turned to follow her.

They walked down the halls until they came upon a fire alarm. Takashi reached out her hand and pulled it down. The alarm slid into the wall and slid out of the way. A handle, a blue touch pad, and a small speaker were revealed.

"State your group number, full names, and individual homeroom. Then proceed to check identity." said a woman's voice.

"Three students." Takashi spoke boredly as if she did this everyday. "Takashi Kodoichi of class 1B." She placed her hand on the touch pad. A stream of light scanned her hand and the touch pad flashed green then turned back to blue. Hikari stepped up.

"Hikari Tenshi of class 1B." she copied her sister's movements and stepped back for Gaara.

"Sabuko no Gaara of class 1B." He placed his own hand on the pad and waited for it to turn green. Once it did the woman's voice spoke again.

"Identification complete. Please proceed into the waiting room." Gaara pulled the handle and part of the wall opened like a door. The group walked into a room full of computers, filing cabinets, and people in black, modern "uniforms" answering phones or working on the computers. They all stood up and were still when they noticed the group enter. The three proceeded to walk towards a door at the opposite end of the room. It had 'S.P.Y. Principle/Manager' in black letters across the top.

"At ease." The two girls said simultaneously. Everyone sat back down and began working again. The reached the door and entered.

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Okay. I'm working on chapter two. i would like to get some more reviews (beside firetempesttakashi) before I add more.

Pronuciations

~Hikari Tenshi(he-car-ee ten-she)

~takashi Kodoichi (tah-kuh-she koe-doe-each-ee)

~Froshtolok (frash-toe-lock)

Meanings

gomen- sorry

Itsu Made Mo- Forever

Shelbi saw it when I read it to her, but I was wandering if anybody else got the whole notes thing with gaara. Why his had no scribbles yet her copy did? I don't think even She (firetempesttakashi) got it. Another thing, Think of that dude on the Dry Eye commercial or Pixies on Fairly odd Parents when Mr. Froshtolac speaks. I HATE MONOTONE!!!! That's why I put him in there.