

# Mad World

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Submitted: August 6, 2006

Updated: August 6, 2006

*Kai Hiwatari is losing it. He's seeing ghosts of his dead family, but a strange girl will teach him how to see the world again*

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# 1 - Strenght of the world

*Okie dokie peeps, here"s my new fanfiction. I don"t own beyblade, any songs that are used or Tanya. She belonegs to Tanya Lorraine Hiwatari.*

*I sat and watched Donnie Darko again (Which you have got to check out), and this idea came to my head. If there is any mention of the film, me don"t own.*

*I do own Jemma, who will be her demented herself once more.*

## **Mad World**

*"My story starts the day they said, "She can"t be found",  
The news so dark, heart stopped, I stood silent without a sound.  
It"s over, she"s finished,  
Mother lies with my father and sister too."*

## **Avenged Sevenfold: Strenght of the world**

My story starts the day I was told my family were dead.

It"s easier to being there, because it explains how I became dark and demented. One thing it doesn"t explain, is *her*. But I"ll come to that later.

My name is Kai Hiwatari. I grew up in Russia, in a normal house with a normal family. My Father Adrik, my mother Katarina and my sister Tanya. The only thing that wasn"t normal about my family was the fact we were related to Voltaire Hiwatari.

Yes, the rich man of Biovolt. He who owns half of Russia.

However I don"t wish to talk about him. He is not what the chapter is about. Where could I start? I guess I could tell you about my family. I can remember them so well, it"s kind of hard to let them go.

My father, Adrik Hiwatari, owned a computer business. He hated his father, Voltaire, and wanted to do things on his own. The business wasn"t that big, but it was well known and lots of people came. Business was good for my father. I loved my father, I really did. He firm but kind and no-one had a bad word to say about him.

My mother, Katarina Hiwatari, was the most beautiful woman ever. She had soft crimson eyes, and ebony black hair. She owned a florist, and was famous for her roses. She was the kindest woman we knew. Well she didn"t need to yell at her children. We behaved ourselves.

My sister, Tanya Hiwatari, is possible the best sister I could ever wish for. She was well-mannered, held doors open for people and never spoke out of turn. We always had each other"s back, and Tanya looked up to me some what. Tanya and me rarely fought. If I said we didn"t, I would be lying.

I really loved my family, but they were taken from me.

I was coming home from school that day. Tanya was ill, so my mother and father took her to the doctors. My father asked if I wanted a lift that morning, but I refused. Walking was good for me anyway.

It all happened so fast! I rounded the corner to see police everywhere. I frowned as I carried on walking until I saw whose house they were around. I ran, until a policeman had to hold me back. "What happened? Where's my family?" I yelled.

The police sat me down. "Son, there was a robbery. Your family was..." he trailed off, as two body bags were carried away. I knew straight away they were my mother and father.

"Where's my sister?" I screamed. The police looked back. Another one shook his head sadly. *They couldn't find her. She might still be alive! Tanya, please be okay.* I thought.

I was taken to live with my grandfather. He was the only family I had left. However, there were four other boys. Tala, Ian, Spencer and Bryan. Out of the four, only Tala was friendly. However, it didn't stop me from doing demented. I tried to hurt myself and other's around him, swearing that my family were still alive, that they'd come to fetch me soon.

They didn't come back.

In the end my grandfather had to send me to a therapist. She said I had daylight hallucination, put me on these pills that taste nasty and do nothing for me. My grandfather doesn't care. He doesn't care about my family. He doesn't care about anything!

I had to go to the funeral on my own, since my grandfather refused point blank about going. People talked about it, and it cast a dark impression on the company.

Something my grandfather lived to regret.

So now you know why I'm a little demented, a little crazy. I could explain about *her* but it would be hard. I mean, I tried to explain it to myself but it gave me a headache in the end. I guess she made me see that life is a little more important, and that everything I do, no matter how small, effects something on a large scale.

## 2 - The killing moon

"Under blue moon I saw you,  
So soon you'll take me.  
Up in your arms,  
Too late to beg you or cancel it,  
Though I know it must be the killing time,  
Unwillingly mine."

### **Echo and the Bunnymen: The Killing Moon**

I've been a sleepwalker for as long as I can remember.

Well, since the day I was brought to live with my grandfather. He always told me that Tanya was never coming back, but I know deep down she's fine. She's somewhere, looking for me. I'm getting off track, I'm sorry.

It was on one of these sleepwalking nights, that I saw something no-one would believe. Some people said I have half-asleep, that it was just a trick of my mind. But I really did see my mother.

She was wearing this red dress. I'd seen her wear it before, at my sister's birthday party. It was her favourite dress and my father's too.

I just stood there, in the hallway, watching my mother place roses in a vase. At first I thought she was really there, but when the moon light passed through her...

I can't bring to tell you how much it hurt.

She looked up, making me freeze on the spot. Her smile that would comfort me through anything was on her lips, as if to say *Everything will be alright*. The next thing I know, she took my hand and led me back to my bedroom.

When I woke the next morning, I promised myself that wouldn't tell anyone about it.

"It was as though this plan had been with him all his life, pondered through the seasons, now in his fifteenth year crystallized with the pain of puberty."

The English teacher, Miss Morice, bookmarked her page. "What is Graham Greene trying to tell us. Why did the children destroy the house?" she asked. I snorted a little. Like I'd really give a damn about a story I read in under two hours last night.

The teacher's pet, Hillary, shot her hand up. Miss Morice nodded towards her. "They wanted to rob him." Hillary answered, with a wave of her wrist. I rolled my eyes.

"Hillary, if you had actually read the short story which at a huge 13 chapters would have kept you up all night, you know the children find a great deal of money. But they burn it." Miss Morice stated. Tyson leaned over and whispered *You suck* in her ear. I kept my head down, knowing that she was going to

ask me. She always did.

"Jemma, since you're new here, why don't you give us your opinion." Miss Morice smiled. My eyes shot up. She didn't ask me? That's a first. I glanced to my left to see a strange face. I pride myself with the fact that I know almost everyone here. This girl, however, no name to the face.

She had dark blue hair, the tips were so dark they were almost black. Her hair was in two plaits, held with black ribbon, while her bangs were untidy. Her eyes were a very light, almost white, purple with a swirl of dark purple around the pupil. I can honestly say she looked good in the school uniform.

"Well destruction and creation are like two sides of a coin. To destroy something, you create something new from the ashes. Destruction and creation can not survive without each other. The children wanted to destroy an older generation to make way for the new one." She answered. She spoke barely above a whisper, but everyone could clearly hear her words.

Miss Morice smiled again. "Kai, it seems you have a rival in the class." she joked, turning her attention to me. I snorted again, but stole a glance at the new girl.

She smiled back.

"Excuse me!"

I carried on walking. I was a loner in this school, and I wasn't about to make friends. If it was Tala, and I highly doubt it, he knew when to take a hint. "Excuse me!" they called again.

I stopped and glanced behind me. It was her. The petite little thing from my English class. Didn't she know when to take a hint? She finally caught up with me, a tiny smile on her face. "What?" I asked.

"I didn't get to introduce myself in class. I'm Jemma Aeris Scott. I just moved here. May I know your name?" she greeted. There was something about her, something I couldn't understand.

"Kai Hiwatari." I replied gruffly, and carried on walking to a weeping willow tree. I don't mean to be rude, don't get me wrong. It's just easier to keep people away. You know, with me being demented and all.

"Please to meet you Kai. I was wondering, since I don't know anyone yet, could I hang round with you?" Jemma asked, catching up with me. I should have said no, but instead I found myself nodding my head. Dear lord, what's wrong with me? We sat under the weeping willow for sometime in silence.

"So, why'd you move here?" I asked. I mean, come on, this place isn't that great. Jemma twisted the hem of her skirt round her finger.

"My mom and dad spilt up. My dad had to get a restraining order against my mom." she looked at me dead in the eye. "She has emotional problems." Jemma added. My eyes widened slightly.

"Me too. What kind of problems does your mom have?" I inquired. Okay, not the best topic to form a friendship, but hey.

"She stabbed my dad in the chest four times. Almost killed him." Jemma sighed. I looked at the grass, wishing I hadn't brought this subject up. "The therapist says that's where my problems come from. The

only thing my mother left for me to remember her by." Jemma chuckled.

It was clear to me, this was no normal girl.