

The Left Arm

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Now, instead of one day he'd always want to forget and one question that wouldn't leave him alone Sasuke had no questions what so ever and two days he'd always want to forget. [warning: insanity and all around twistedness]

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Chapter 1 - The Play Room

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1 - The Play Room

There were many, many things that tended to annoy Sasuke.

Like the sun shining too brightly through his curtains in the morning on his few days off. Or a certain pink haired, fangirl of his that liked to talk to him...even if he never talked back. Or the way that mud clung to his shoes in a certain way at times that made it impossible to get off unless the shoes were hosed off. Or when he would accidentally burn his toast in the toaster every now and then, that really bugged him... or how on some mornings after a good breakfast before heading out, he couldn't get his hair to stick up just right in the hallway mirror.

But those things seemed trivial to the two things that bugged him most off all; the one day he'd always want to forget and the one question that wouldn't leave him alone.

The day he wished to forget was obvious; seeing your entire family slaughtered by your older brother is something one usually does not wish to remember. But his one question that he had had nothing to do with Itachi...it had everything to do with Naruto.

Sasuke had been to Naruto's apartment many a time (there were several, if not many, things in the blonde's house **alone** that bugged him; like how it always smell of overpowering, citrus air freshener.), had been in every room of the small, rather smelly apartment; all except for one.

It was tucked back in a far corner of the apartment, a small room no doubt. By no means was it interesting; it was just an ordinary door, made of wood and a small, cheap brass knob, its hinges a bit rusty looking. But something drew him to it, and he didn't quite know why.

When he had first tried to open the door, he had found it tightly locked. He had asked Naruto, trying to sound casual, not curious, 'What's behind that door?'

The blonde had shrugged and smiled a dumb, naïve smile, saying that it had always been locked; he didn't know what was in it and hadn't really made a plan on finding out.

And it had been left at that, even if the curiosity drove him mad he would never ask Naruto if he could break down a door in his home just to see what was behind it.

No...that would be idiotic.

The moon beat its lovely rays down from the heavens as Sasuke made his way through the night to Naruto's house. He hadn't been at training that day and for some reason, something felt...off about that.

Kakashi had assured him that Naruto probably just had stomach flu or something just as trivial and would be back tomorrow, but it didn't stop Sasuke's worrying...or was it fear? He'd say he was worried about the blonde before he ever said he was afraid of him; his pride would have never let him.

But, if given the choice, Sasuke would rather die than say either of these things.

As he reached the blonde's apartment, the feeling of worry (fear maybe?) grew greater than before. Twisting the door knob, he wasn't surprised to find the door unlocked; as he knew Naruto barley ever **did** lock his front door. Stepping into the apartment and closing the door behind him, he felt something pull at his gut. For the moment, he didn't care if it was worry or fear...hell; he didn't even care at the moment if it was diarrhea.

"Naruto." He called, walking around the small kitchen. Just as it had been last time he had seen it. House plants assorted every which way, a carton of already sour milk sitting on the table.

The unmade bed a few feet from the little kitchen, and next to the main window of the apartment, told Sasuke that Naruto was indeed home.

The only reason he knew this for sure was because the blonde never left his bed unmade when he left his home. A little weird...yes but not a bad habit to have developed.

"Naruto." He called again, strolling leisurely down the blonde's main hall, passing both laundry room and bathroom on the way.

"Naru-"he started the blonde's name once again, before he spotted **that** door. Still tucked away into its small corner, looking exactly like it had the last times he had seen it.

The only difference now was that it was a tad bit opened.

Stepping closer, he held his breath fast; this was the only place Naruto could be. If the blonde had been able to open it before...why hadn't he said so when Sasuke had asked? Deciding he would think on it later, he slowly reached out to the door and pushed it farther open.

Sasuke couldn't help but feel that it looked like a never ending, dark as ebony tunnel.

Walking deeper into its realms, Sasuke felt along the walls for a switch for the light. Hand sliding against cement chipped walls; he froze when he heard the door close with a soft `click' behind him. He was even more startled when his finger hit something in the wall and another `click' was heard as a light from above his head turned on. The lights' source was a nearly dead light bulb that hung from the surprisingly tall ceiling.

He let his eyes adjust to the small amount of light before he looked around; hoping to finally see what was tucked away back here, away from the rest of the world.

He had his answer now...and it was down right disturbing.

The dirty, cement floor was covered with molding forearms and upper arms, no hands to be found; the brown stains of dried blood that had dripped to the floors accompanied them, some of them flaking off here and there. Jars on the poorly made and molding green and gray shelves filled to the brim with full finger nails, apparently ripped right off the finger, blood stains still visible on some of them. Fingers from

the size of adults to those of children nailed to the walls, accompanied by razor sharp knives of different sizes as well. Palms of every shape and size crammed into little plastic bags that were stacked neatly every which way, coming from the corners outward. As the smell fully attacked his nose, Sasuke was happy for the first time for his rather poor gag reflex. A mixture smell of putrid flesh, coopery old blood, mold and something that smelled distinctively of a dead animal's carcass that had been festering in the sun for a day or two and was infested with maggots filled his nose; making his eyes water and throat burn.

And in the middle of this satanic like place, there sat Naruto on a low stool; holding a child's finger up to the light, seemingly examining it, a sharp meat cleaver residing in his left hand.

Naruto turned on his stool around to Sasuke, his orange jumpsuit rustling with his movement. He dropped the finger and smiled widely and broadly. No friendliness was hidden in that smile, nothing but cool, calm and collected insanity.

A beautiful golden brown kitten lay in his lap as it purred contently, eyes half lidded with tiredness. Naruto scratched lightly at its neck, before taking the small cat's whole head into his hand. The kitten mewed loudly in protest, its pitifully cute voice rising its way to Sasuke's ears, making him wish Naruto would let the thing go. Even if his gut instinct told him the exact opposite would happen.

And then with a twist of a wrist and a rather loud snap, the mewling stopped all together.

Sasuke knew that only people whose smiles held no normal emotion would do something like that to something that was so helpless. Only someone whose smile held a cool, calm and collected insanity would do that.

"Hey Sasuke! You like my play room or what?" The blonde said calmly, just before he lunged for the dark boy, razor sharp meat cleaver held high. The kitten's golden body flew limply out of the boy's lap, that eerie smile still in its place on Naruto's face.

Sasuke screamed.

"What's he doing here?" one nurse asked another.

"The demon child?" the second said, pointing to the window they had almost passed.

"Yeah, what's he doing here?" the first asked.

"He has a brain tumor ... and a really large one at that. He's only going to live for a few more days or so, good riddance if you ask me." The second replied.

"But then...why is he strapped to the bed like that?" indicating to the white straps that were tied to each of the boys wrist and then to either side of the bed.

"The tumor messed with his mind. You know, made him," at these words the woman tapped her skull lightly, indicating she was talking about the mind, "unbalanced."

"Oh dear." The first said as her gaze drifted back to the boy beyond the glass.

"And that's not the worst part; I heard that he's been digging up bodies for years. Collecting their left arms and saving them in a room of his" The second said, starting to get into telling the story.

"My god." The first said covering her mouth, apparently from shock.

"But the worst is that the Uchiha boy got caught in one of the cross fires of his bouts of insanity." The second said, coming to the sad part of the story.

"What happened to him?" the first asked, slightly afraid of the answer.

"I heard the demon child chopped off his entire left arm. Apparently someone came in after the Uchiha boy had come screaming out of there to find him nailing the severed fingers to the wall, singing away about how he loved sunflowers and blood with his morning paper." The second said, satisfied when she heard a gasp come from the first's mouth.

Now, instead of one day he'd always want to forget and one question that wouldn't leave him alone; Sasuke had no questions what so ever and two days he'd always want to forget.