

Mr. Curiosity

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Curiosity...it often grabs at us and causes our minds to wander to unknown places and question what we never would. Find out what happens when Ray comes face to face with curiosity.

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Author's note: Hey, glad you're reading this! Anyway, the song featured in single quotes is Jason Mraz's Mr. Curiosity. Enjoy!

Mr. Curiosity

Ray lie still on the flat rock next to the rushing waterfall. His eyelids were lazily closed, hiding his shimmering golden orbs. The sunlight warmed the rock he lied on and sent a warm rush through him. His black hair glimmered in the sunlight, the untamed locks being held back by a yin-yang headband then pulled back into a wrapped ponytail that hung freely down his back. His hands were carelessly placed behind his head. The water below him sparkled as the sun's rays danced across it. The deafening waterfall dumped water over its edge and sent it sailing into the frothing mist below. The water below churned in a maddened frenzy and smashed itself against the rock like thoughts pounded against his brain.

'Hey Mr. Curiosity.'

Curiosity had once again snaked its way into his brain, and it making his thoughts wonder why he had even returned to China.

'Is it true what they've been saying about you, are you killin' me?'

He remembered when he had left the BladeBreakers and had come back to join his old team, the White Tigers. He often hated to remember, and this curiosity had caused him another memory of his painful goodbyes. He remembered that fateful day at the BBA building, where Max and he had told their best friend Tyson goodbye. But, he had a good reason to say goodbye, but it was who he didn't want to leave that made him want to leave in the first place—Tyson.

'You took care of the cat already, and for those who think it's heavy, is it the truth, or is it only gossip?'

Yes Tyson. He had wanted to stay on the team, but... Tyson was the World Champion— two years running— and he needed to be de-throned, and Ray and the White Tigers were just the ones to do it. But, the job would be tough—leaving Tyson was tough enough. People talked a lot after he and Max left, asking if it was hard or heavy on him, and he usually didn't answer because even if he told them, they would still have no idea.

'Call it mystery or anything, just as long as you'd call me. I sent the message on did you get it when I left it, see this catastrophic event wasn't meant to mean no harm, but to think there's nothin' wrong is a problem.'

Ray lightly scoffed at the thought. Max and him leaving might have been big, but Kai—that was historical. He thought of the blue-haired blader who had left right after they did to join his old team, the Demolition

Boys. Ray had heard Tyson almost lost it after every member of his old team had left him. Why they had all left—that was still a mystery to him. I guess they all wanted a shot at Tyson's title.

Ray guessed that he had kind of shrugged it off when they all left. Sure, he still couldn't believe it when he had seen the village again or when his plane left the ground, but it was almost as if he tried to suppress it from his memory, like his leaving was just another roadblock to being World Champion. But to think that leaving Tyson alone and that they'd have to face each other wasn't a problem—that was a mistake.

When Ray thought about it— there was also another reason why he had come back to China—his childhood—his friends---his love.

'I'm lookin' for love this time, soundin' hopeful, but it's makin' me cry.'

Or at least that's what he thought. Mariah—his childhood friend—had become his lover awhile ago. He had realized his feelings for her and she returned them—that is—until now. Ray winced his eyes shut, remembering the day she had told him she only wanted to be friends. That was the greatest pain he had ever felt because what they had seemed so pure, so untouchable, what a lie that was.

"This love is a mystery."

So mysterious and unpredictable was love. One moment you were feeling unbelievably wonderful, as if nothing could go wrong. Then the next moment, nothing seemed right, everything was broken, and there was no way to fix it. Love was a deep thing, with many twists and turns, each having a different outcome, and each path being shrouded in mystery and uncertainty. There was no way to figure out which exact way to go, or what surprises it had in store. Ray supposed he would never figure out love.

"Mr. Curious..."

Why had Ray even fallen in love? Right now, love didn't even seem like an emotion worth feeling. Maybe that's what he was curious about, love. Why was love the way it was? Why did love seem to go and come as quickly as his questions did? His brain was so racked with curiosity, he couldn't stand its presence--and yet...

"Come back to me."

He wanted it back now. He wanted to search his questions and his reasons again. But sometimes it seemed that his questions went beyond the depths of his own thoughts to where he couldn't dig any deeper.

"Mr. Waiting, ever patient, can't you see, that I'm the same the way you left me, in a hurry to spell check me."

Ray hadn't had a bad attitude about his choice to love. He really didn't have a bad attitude towards much. He was a patient person, who kept his mouth shut and let his Bitbeast, Driger, do the talking for him in the dish. But his quietness and almost unassertiveness made it seem as though he was weaker than the average blader, like he had no fighting spirit and was too mellow for the heat of battle. But, he

just kept his thoughts to himself, as usual, not like some others on his team.

Not like Tyson.

"Now I'm underlined already in envy green and pen so red, and I've forgotten what you've said when you stopped working for the dead and returned."

There was Tyson again, crowding the depths of his mind that could be focused on more trivial matters. Tyson seemed to take up every inch of his thoughts sometimes. Why? Even he couldn't answer. Tyson had said that he was jealous of his success when Ray left. Ray thought at first that Tyson was just caught up in the moment of him leaving, and was trying to make an excuse. But now, he almost had the feeling that was Tyson said was right. Ray was tired of Tyson soaking up his glory, and he needed to claim it, whatever it took.

"Mr. Curious, well I need some inspiration. It's my birthday, and I cannot find no cause for celebration."

Ray had been waiting to take on Tyson ever since he was defeated the first time the two squared off. But he had changed a lot since that first battle. He had won some, lost some, and gained some more knowledge on his never-ending quest. But now that he had left, he thought about giving up Beyblading. He had left his team, but to re-join his old one. In his mind, he felt like he was a traitor to both teams. He had left the White Tigers to go and expand his horizons, he felt so limited in his small village. He needed to get out because he knew that there were stronger bladers out there, stronger bladers he could learn from; some he could beat, some he couldn't, but there was always more to learn.

But knowledge didn't cut it now.

It was spirit that kept a blader winning, and Ray felt that he might have lost his. That had already happened once, and he never wanted the feeling of losing Driger again. That was absolutely crushing on his spirit and career, but once again, the team had recovered from its loss, and Driger returned.

But he had almost no inspiration in a sport--in the life--he once loved so much, and there was no team to help him recover.

"The scenario is great, but I'll be braver when you save me, from this situation laden with hearsay."

This almost seemed too much to bear for Ray. He felt alone, even with his team beside him. It seemed like no one could help him sort this out. He had to do it on his own. He had such stress mounted on his shoulders, but sometimes, the oddest things calmed him.

Usually when people came up against something hard to get over or something disappointing, they would do something to get their mind off whatever they were so stressed with. Ray, on the other hand, found balance and solitude in sitting alone and actually focusing on the problem. Practicing this made Ray realize how small and unimportant the matter was.

But this was not unimportant, he knew that long ago. But it seemed even that how important it was left his mind at one time or another. Some things he seemed to know so well, but in an instant, they were gone, and all that was left was shattered fragments of a memory.

Just Mariah and him.

"Love is blinding when your timing's never right"

It seemed whatever he did now, wherever he went, Mariah clouded his vision, his judgment, and every fillable space within his thoughts. It was as if his mind was shackled to her and he couldn't break free. He was her prisoner, and he was at her mercy. It seemed so good long ago, but that was a different time. It seemed that Ray couldn't get anything right when it needed to be. He would do things right, but they would be at exactly the wrong time. He guessed he had the wrong time for love as well.

"Oh but who am I to beg for difference, finding love in a distant instant."

Ray guessed he had made that mistake himself though. It was odd though, they were friends for years and years. But they only confessed their feelings in an instant that didn't even seem existent to Ray. It had all happened so quickly, but something so quick had such a hard downfall.

"But I don't mind."

He supposed it didn't matter anymore. They had cut themselves off from each other, and Ray couldn't do anything about it. Her love was amazing, and it made him feel like he never had before. But so did her heartbreaking revelation. Ray supposed that he would just have to take the blows of sadness dealt upon his heart every day. He had to do it--for the team--for Tyson--and most of all--for himself.

"Oh love at least I tried, well I tried..."

Ray had tried to forget her, as hard as he could, but she just coming back, like the waves in a seashore, pounding their memories into his head and pain into his heart. He guess he was a failure at love, but one day---there would be one for him. He had tried with Mariah, but it didn't work out, so he'd have to try again. Yes, he admitted it may hurt, but it was for the best.

He got up off the rock.

"Love has many paths." He said, "I just need to find mine."

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Hope you liked it! R&R!

-Orelin