

Lived to Not Tell the Tale

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WOO L FICTION! yeah, this chapter is exceedingly short, i know -_- . The next chapter will be longer. I will be updating every monday on it. It will be really awesome n' stuf, so please read it! thanks.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Zxenth/45060/Lived-to-Not-Tell-Tale>

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1 - False Alarm?

Lived to Not Tell the Tale
Chapter 1-False Alarm?

By simple pressure on his neck, they pronounced him dead in the ambulance. However, being a medical team, they were still required to take him to the hospital; they got him to the emergency room, and tried to shock him back to life. But as the doctor thrust the electrical volts into his chest, nobody around the table had hope for him to make it. After all, who's heard of surviving a heart attack from Kira? At least, that's where they assumed the heart attack was from. What else? After just three tries, they gave up. There was no hope. They were instructed to put him in a room with an IV, though they didn't know why. But apparently he as an important person. He had no looks of it, they all could agree. An average almost-adult teenager, maybe a new college student? It didn't matter. He was just another victim.

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There were voices outside the room. Not threatening voices, not angry. Just calm, male voices, discussing some issue important to them. As the carried on, one of them paused. The other one stopped as well; they heard something. The door swung open. Rushed squeaks carried through the room. "Oh my god..." One of the men said in surprise, "He's...he's not dead..." He phased his eyes slightly open. Two men and a girl. It reminded him of something, he couldn't remember. They stood there blurry, stunned of him. He couldn't imagine why. He smiled, for some reason, and with the little energy he had, he said the sentence that kept running through his mind. "...I was right..." He didn't know why. He didn't care. He closed his eyes, ignoring the inquisitive replies to his phrase. They faded, and with his small smile, he fell asleep.

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He opened his eyes again. He was in a different room. Not a hospital bed, which he guessed he was in before, but he still had an IV attached to him. Was it a hotel? He supposed he should ask. "Wha-..." He stopped, surprise of how scratchy his voice was, and restarted. "Where am I?" A man in a navy blue suit, probably in his late twenties, sat up and cleared his throat. "Do you hurt anywhere?" He inquired. He thought about it for a second. Then he realized he had a bandage over his head with ice on it. The back of his head did hurt. "My head. He mumbled, "But could you please answer my question?" "Yes," The man said. At the same time, a nurse came in with some pills and water. She came up next to the bed and gestured him to take them. He obediently did so, and looked to the man for further explaining. "Anyway," The man continued, "As you might know, you were in a hospital. You've know been moved to

a hotel to keep down the gossip of the press.

"The press?" He mumbled, his mind unclear, "Why? How am I so important that newspapers want to know my condition?"

The man looked slightly confused but carried on, ignoring his question.

"We believe you were an attempted murder from Kira, a classic heart attack. But I've never heard of someone actually surviving a Kira attack, so perhaps it could have been from your eating habits..."

"Who's Kira?" he asked, sitting up. The man stared at him in disbelief.

"Who's Kira?'...How...how could you not know?" He asked, flustered, "You're..."

"Sir," He pushed his messy black hair from his face, showing his pale skin and dark circles under his cold, emotionless eyes.

"...Who am I?"