

Old Memories, New Pain

By starfire1990

Submitted: April 19, 2006

Updated: April 19, 2006

Oscura is back at the place she grew up in, and hates the most. she looks through a scrapbook of her life. will the old memories consume her oneshot

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/starfire1990/31975/Old-Memories-New-Pain>

Chapter 1 - Old Memories, New Pain

2

1 - Old Memories, New Pain

Old Memories, New Pain

Closing the curtains Oscura sat down, her ebony black hair swinging in front of her eyes, eyes that were red from crying, she rubbed them, turning to her left she picked up a leather bound red and black book.

It's easier to run

Replacing this pain with something Numb

It's so much easier to go

Than face all this pain here all alone

Opening it she picked up a pen, the first page was covered in signatures, she put the pen down and ran her fingers across them as she muttered them "Jon, Alexander, Paul, Bryan, Ian, Spencer, Kai, Tala, Boris and Voltaire" her voice turned bitter at the last two names adding her own name Oscura Hikari, she turned the page blinking away a tear that threatened to fall.

Something has been taken

From deep inside of me

A secret I've kept locked away

No one can ever see

On the next pages there were pictures of her as a child and as a teenager, carefully noted with messages and ages, she looked at the picture of her, kai and Tala, both her and kai had their backs to one another, Tala was laughing at the pair of them she gave a slight smile as she remembered what had

happened.

Flashback/

“Guys it was only a joke, don't take it seriously,” whined Tala as she advanced on him kai right behind her trying to calm her down

“Yea, real funny Tala trying to get me and kai to kiss” she hissed emerald eyes flashing dangerously, kai put his arm around her waist and she pulled away, folding her arms

“And you can just frack off too mate” she said

Kai turned his back to her as she walked off, the heels of her boots kicking up the turf as she went, out of nowhere Tala started laughing like an insane hyena

End Flashback/

She turned the page.

Wounds so deep they never show

They never go away

Like moving pictures in my head

For years and years they've played

A ticket fell out and she picked it up “Shakesphere's Romeo and Juliet” she gave a small giggle

“Romeo, Romeo where for art thou Romeo” she said repeating the famous lines from the play

“Seat A14 right next to Kai and Tala if I remember correctly” she put the ticket away and turned the page.

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would

If I could take all the shame to the grave I

Would

Her smile widened when her eyes fell on a curl of ebony hair and a picture of her as a baby curled up in a snow white blanket

“So sweet, so innocent” tracing the outline she sighed

“So young, so naive” she brushed a curl of hair out of her eyes

“So pure, so simple” sighing again she turned the page.

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would

If I could take all the shame to the grave I

Would

A young child stared back at her, black ringlets curled around her face, a ball in her hands and the hugest smile on her face “Oscura Hikari, age 5 playtime” she read aloud, she looked at the other picture.

3 toddlers stared back, one with slate-blue hair and blue triangles glared at the camera his arm around the ebony haired girl next to him, who was tugging on her curls, the red-headed boy also had his arm around her grinning manically.

“Kai Hiwatari, Oscura Hikari and Tala Ivanov, the three musketeers” she said her smile becoming a smirk she turned the page.

It's easier to run

Replacing this pain with something Numb

It's so much easier to go

Than face all this pain here all alone

A large Siberian tiger growled at her, the black glitter a strong contrast against the white, and the gel pen golden eyes catching the light making it seem alive somehow the caption next to it read `Siberian tiger, anger and hate age 13` she sighed “that was when I changed” she turned the page.

Sometimes I remember

The darkness of my past

Bringing back these memories

I wish I didn't have

The next page was completely black apart from a figure sketched in white chalk, it was a girl waist deep in a sea of pure darkness, her long hair was plaited at the top and hung loose as it floated on the surface of the water, her back was to the audience and her head bowed teardrops fell into the water causing ripple marks to appear the caption read

`even one teardrop can change the sea`

she blinked away a tear as she turned the page.

Sometimes I think of letting go

And never looking back

And never moving forward so

There would never be a past

A stroppy teenage girl dressed in a black halter neck top, denim shorts and knee-length black boots glared at her, a gothic cross hung from the chain she clenched in her fist, the top showed her pierced navel, silver crosses hung from short chains in both ears, the caption a black cross on a white and written in gold ink read.

“November 17th 2005” she said tucking a lock of ebony hair behind her ear; she fingered the cross on the chain around her neck.

“Was it worth it” she murmured to herself as she turned the page.

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would

If I could take all the shame to the grave I

Would

A CD in a plastic wallet slid out, she turned it over in her hands before putting it in the player and started to gently sing along in Spanish.

Como un libro

Que no sabes el final

Y te asusta lo que lees

Aso la vida es

Quando nates

Y te expones al dolor

Y de poco y con valor

Logras crecer

She took a deep breath relaxing her body

Y como libro el corazoĩn

Nos enseña que hay temor

Que hay fracasos y maldad

Que hay batallas que ganar

Y en cada pagina el amor

Nos convierte en luchador

Y descubres lo común

No hay un héroe como tu

She sighed so many memories

Son muy pocos

Que se arriesgan por amor

Pero tu tienes la fe

Y es o lo es todo

No decaigas

Que vivir es aprender

Y no hay nada que temer

Si crees en ti

She sighed as the chorus started again

Y como libro el corazón

Nos enseñó a que hay temor

Que hay fracasos y maldad

Que hay batallas que ganar

Y en cada pagina el amor

Nos convierte en luchador

Y descubres lo comuñ

No hay un heroe como tu

She brushed her hair out of her eyes

Solo dios

Sabe donde y cuando

La vida no sera

Lo has echo bien

Solo con un suenio todo

Sabres como vencer

She opened the curtains to look over the balcony onto the grounds

Y como libro el corazoñ

Nos enseñ—a que hay temor

Que hay fracasos y maldad

Que hay batallas que ganar

Y en cada pagina el amor

Nos convierte en luchador

Y descubres lo comu

No hay un heroe como tu

She turned the CD player off and put the CD in its case before turning the page

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would

If I could take all the shame to the grave I

Would

3 teenagers glared back at her.

The slate haired one had his arms folded; he was wearing a long black matrix style coat with jeans and a navy blue turtle-neck top on.

The red-headed teen that was sat cross-legged with his back to the tree had black jeans and a white t-shirt with a red stripe across on.

The ebony-haired teen who was sat on the lower branches of a large tree; was wearing combat trousers and boots and a black bikini top, a yin-yang symbol visible on her hip, a smirk on her face.

She read the caption "Oscura, Kai and Tala, still the same just older" she smiled inwardly and turned

the page.

Just washing it aside

All of the helplessness inside

Pretending I don't feel misplaced

Is so much simpler than change

The next page was black with golden edges; she picked up her pen and started writing in gold ink.

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would

She put the pen down and walked out onto the balcony; a gentle wind blew,

She sat down on the chair that she kept out there.

It's easier to run

Replacing this pain with something Numb

It's so much easier to go

Than face all this pain here all alone

Running a brush through her shoulder length hair, her emerald eyes caught the moonlight shining like

the emerald stones on the cross that hung from her neck.

She got up and sat on the edge of the balcony shelf swinging her legs, heels catching the stone carvings, she saw a pair of figures stood talking; one with slate blue hair his arms folded once again, and a red-head his hands by his sides.

The slate-blue haired one looked up and saw her, he started running towards the main entrance, and the red head followed him.

She turned to her left and picked up the scrapbook once again, she wrote one last sentence and put the book down

“I'm sorry Kai, Tala” she whispered

Then she lent forward.

`And now I take all the shame to the grave`