

Mad World

By Bloody_Romance

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

Provided by Fanart Central
<http://www.Fanart-Central.net>

1. Strenght of the world

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'e 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 creat something new from the ashes. Destruction and created can not survive without each other. The children wanted to destory 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 know 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 knew 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 introduct 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 of 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.