

# Falling Star

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*Starry-eyed Kazutria Deneuve always aspired to become a huge band. The name being "Falling Star." Little did he know that his dreams were about to blossom, while he, Kyo Keene and Kiyoshi Wells-Cleaver hustle their way to the top of the charts*

# 1. The New Beginning

Kazutria watched the rain trickle down from his large stained glass window. He propped his rosy pink cheek onto his dainty hand, gazing out over the small metropolis of Tsubami. With each drop of rain, the colors of his window seemed to explode more than usual, like when the sun shone onto it. He blinked slowly, sighing to himself.

"Ever since Kiyoshi left, things haven't been the same." Kazutria thought to himself, slouching over and hiding his face into the plushy pillows before him. His condo had been very quiet, almost like his old house where he and Kiyoshi used to live. "At least he could have left us a note or something!" He said into his pillow, "Kyo hasn't been around much either, I haven't heard from him in a long time! Wait a minute!" He picked his head up quickly, "I don't think they've actually met before. Kiyoshi's been gone for such a long time! He left when I was about fourteen years old. It's been almost five years since I've last seen him, and I've met Kyo last year. Maybe Kiyoshi'll come home soon."

Kazutria pondered for a brief moment. He knew how Kiyoshi acted meeting new people. With his bitter sarcasm and his mysterious nature, he knew that introducing him to the new member of their band would be an interesting sight to see. Not much had happened since Kiyoshi's leave. Sure, Kazutria wrote a couple songs for Falling Star, and played his piano an awful lot; but he longed for the company of his best friend. Kazutria turned onto his back, ignoring the rain for a short second to gaze up at his white ceiling. Above him was a rather expensive chandelier. It glistened with the small light that shined underneath it, sending off a variety of different colors onto the ceiling and walls, distracting him even more from the window. The back of his head sunk into his pillow. He arched back, leaned up, and looking out the window for a second time. Kazutria grew very skittish and impatient waiting for Kyo to come over.

The clock read 2:15 in the afternoon. He figured he had been waiting at the window for about an hour or so. "Come on, Kyo! Where the hell are you?!" he yelled to his condo, as if to hear a reply. His voice only echoed for a moment, and then he could hear it no more. Almost every day, Kazutria devoted an immense amount of time at home, looking out for any sign of Kiyoshi. He would first lie on his stomach, propping up on his pillow for about ten minutes, then onto his side for another ten. After, he got a drink and sat back down, ever so attentively, watching and waiting. Anything that moved down below in the city caught his eye, even for the slightest moment. Kazutria pulled out his wallet, looking at a picture of him when he was fourteen, and of Kiyoshi when he was thirteen. Such a happy picture brought back some horrible memories.

"Leave me alone, Kaz! I don't need your help! I don't need anyone's sympathy or anxiety. I'm fine on my own!" Kiyoshi's words rang through his heads like a siren, becoming louder and more painful to hear each time. Kazutria quickly closed his wallet, shoving it deep within his pocket from whence it came. At that instant, his ears perked to the sound of his doorbell.

"Great! Kyo's here!" He exclaimed excitedly as he dashed towards his front door.

"Kyo! Welc-" He stopped, noticing another man behind Kyo, resting against the opposite wall from his door. The man was looking straight at him, and over Kyo's shoulder. His clothes were torn and his long, light brown hair was held in different places with blue beads that shimmered a bit with the hall lighting.

"Is there something the matter, Kazutria?" Kyo asked looking at him awkwardly. Kazutria couldn't answer; the man behind him had removed his sunglasses to reveal the most the extravagant baby blue eyes.

"It's been quite a while, hasn't it, Kaz." He said, stepping out from the shadows and walking

towards him. "Ki-Kiyoshi&" Kazutria finally managed to utter softly, swallowing his hard. Kyo turned around to see the one and only, Kiyoshi.