

FYID Lifestories

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*life stories are a great way for me to describe the character's personality.

All are original characters!!!*

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1. Sakura Fire

She was the most beautiful person that I have ever seen. Yura, she was more beautiful than the blooming cherry blossoms.

Yura was my wife for five wonderful years. We had been together for five years.

We had had three children, there were beautiful.

But I would never get to see them grow up. They would never live long enough for me to hold their hands as they walked down the aisle.

We were at the festival, a festival to celebrate the death of our loved ones, when I started the fire.

My hand sparked on its own.

It was all my fault.

They weren't there to see the fire start.

They should have run, but they were caught in the middle of it.

My heart skipped when I heard her scream. I ran to find her, she was engulfed in the flames, and so were our children. They died first; she had to stifle their screams, so they wouldn't be in anymore pain. She killed them to save them from that horrible pain.

She looked at me, I went to hold her.

She shook her head. "You have to stay alive, Kastyr, don't worry, the butterflies will take us away safely."

Her smile was sad, but she knew what was right. She tried her best to not scream, she only cried, as she lay on the ground. I held her close.

She whispered softly. "You are my only love, and you have to hold me forever, in your heart."

Then he came. The old man, with the knotted beard, the crooked cane, the light blue eyes.

"I have come to free her from her pain, young shinigami." He said with an oddly strong voice.

"You can take her away if you desire, but only you can choose."

I looked at the old man. Why did I recognize him? I had never seen him before in my life.

"Young Kastyr, why don't you decide for yourself? Can you take her, or would you rather I take her from her prison?"

"Who are you?"

"I am, but I am not. I think, but I don't equally exist. Your fear, and your dreams, I am all of those things. I am also the butterflies to save those who need to be saved from their prison, like your beloved, and your children. You need to choose if you want to save her, or if I should instead."

My mind almost stopped. "I-I-I can't kill her. I can't kill Yura." I began to cry. "Not when I started the fire in the first place!"

"Wouldn't this make up for it? Saving her?"

"I can't do it!" I shook my head in protest. "I can't kill her."

"Kastyr, my beloved," Yura said my name, and brought me back to our reality. "This is yours now." She removed her necklace with much difficulty. "This is for you; this is a reminder that we were together."

I took the chain, and it burned my hand. It didn't hurt as bad as the burns that covered half of my body already. "I'm so sorry Yura, I'm so, so, so very sorry." I held her tightly. "It was all my fault. The fire, I accidentally started it. I don't know how, I just did."

"I know." She said softly, her eyes closed gracefully, and she became heavy.

"She's left you, young shinigami. She's finally been freed, but now you need to

learn what it's really like, saving those who need to be saved." The old man chuckled.

"You're going to need more courage than that my friend."

I stared at him, how could he laugh at a time like this?

"I can take you to see the demon king, only if you want to, that is. He can help you with your fear. He has enough to deal with as it is, but I told him about you, he's waiting for you."

The old man smiled. "My name is of no importance, but this is," he handed me a double half-moon crest. "Use her memory to keep this with you. This is part of your destiny. This is your new beginning, make the best of it. You'll see her again eventually. But you need to live for her sake, until you die." He kept his smile.

Yura stood beside him, unharmed.

"Y-Yura!"

"Trust him, my beloved, for we are safe here, you don't have to pin this on yourself. Your fire did this to move time forward."

I sat there, Yura's body was in my hands, yet she smiled at me from where she stood, next to the old man.

"I-I-I see." I held the corpse of my beloved tightly. "I'll try my best to be stronger. I'll hold you in my heart forever."

Her spirit kissed me on the cheek, and then, they vanished.

The butterflies flew out of the fire, completely unscathed.

I had lost everything.

What did that old man mean anyway? That I will live until I die, and why did he call me a shinigami, I'm no reaper.

However, I do know this, my life wouldn't ever be the same again, nor would I live long enough to find out.

But now I sit here, in this empty room. I am the living dead, as I have been for eighty years, and I still love her.

2. A Grandfather's Tale

Mom and dad weren't the kindest people on earth, but I had to live with them regardless. When I first met Rena, I didn't really like her, but when I learned how tough she really was, that's when I asked her to be my friend.

Dad wasn't too keen of this new friendship.

I would ask to go over to her house and play, but he would just hit me and say that I wasn't allowed to see her.

By age seven, I learned how to keep myself from crying every time hit struck me.

Dad became more and more ruthless each day, until mom stood in the way of his beatings.

She received the blows in my stead, she didn't even flinch. How could she stand it? Why did she put herself in my place?

The day came, several weeks later, when they left the house for half of the day and left me home by myself. I wanted to venture the house, visit the places that I wasn't allowed to see.

I found him there, in the room behind the kitchen, which was usually locked; my grandfather was strapped to a chair.

"Ah, I see that you are the one he chose. Your father was too afraid himself, but he has no problem destroying his only child." He looked at me.

I cringed when I saw the entirety of his face, for it was half covered in scars. "What happened to your face?" I asked, not knowing how insensitive the question was.

"Ah, so he hasn't told you yet, has he?" He looked at his weathered hands. "You are the heir he chose not to be, and now I am afraid of his choice, for you might be the one to actually overcome the fear of this eye." He lifted an un-bound arm to point at his left eye. "It isn't mine, you see, but it belongs to a demon."

"A demon?" I had never heard of demons before then, which would surprise anyone. "What is a demon?"

"Oh, my grandson, a demon is a powerful being who can fly, but this demon who gave us this eye was special. He had a heart, as did his father, but his heart was bigger than that. He wanted to kill his father because his father tried to kill the ones he loved, his 'dragon' that was actually a wyvern, and his girl."

"His girl? You mean like a daughter?"

"No, no, not like that. His girl, meaning the one he loved more than anyone else in the world. And our ancestor, the great Lord Katet, knew what love really was and wanted to help him. You see, Lord Katet was more of a father to him than his actual father.

One day, when the demon came back to the kingdom, he was broken, a group of villagers tried to cut off his wings after nailing him to a crucifix. He tore himself free of it, only succeeding in destroying his hands and feet. He tried to confront his father in that pitiful state, but ended up going to our kingdom in search of Lord Katet.

Once he approached the castle, he had already lost a great deal of blood, the only way to save him, was to take away half of his power."

"What does that mean?" I quickly became interested in this story, as I thought that it was purely fiction, but I would learn that it was not.

"They removed one of his eyes, and took away his ability to speak," my grandfather sighed. "He would never be able to tell his beloved how he actually felt."

"Why do you have his eye then?"

"Because after all these many, many years, we've kept him alive, by keeping it alive." He looked at me again. "You Faite are the one who might be able to destroy the fear that comes with this burden." He laughed a little. "Your uncle was smart enough to run away, he knew that he had to, but I wouldn't have let him take this anyway, he was too kind, too fragile, and too much like a girl." He really laughed this time. "And finally, the demon might regain his voice, and this horrible curse will be over for him, and this family."

"I can't believe you managed to find him, you idiot child."

The sound of his voice made me jump.

"Father, you have said way too much, you can't be telling Faite such nonsense as this!"

"It's destiny you know." My grandfather replied calmly. "You can't fool it."

"There is no such thing as destiny." Dad said this strongly.

"Your pride has been hurt hasn't it? Oh well, my idiot son should've known better than to confront the demon king on his own." Grandfather said, I saw a smile on his face. "You took your empty shell of a wife with you I take it."

Father didn't say anything.

"Ah, so you are in fact an idiot. Your brother was smarter than you by far."

"Do not bring that person into this! Lager is no longer my brother!"

"Sure he is."

"Faite, leave, now."

"But dad, I want to listen to grandfather some more."

"NOW YOU IDIOT CHILD!"

I got up and ran out of the room, I never saw my grandfather until I was seventeen years old.

That was the most painful thing that had ever happened to me in my life.

They couldn't knock me out with sedatives, but they did numb the area around my eye.

It shared me half to death. The next few years, I was a walking shell, trying to remember who I was. The demon's past tried to become mine.

When I turned twenty, they attached the permanent eye patch with screws and nails, but I had already seen what it looked like.

That horrible eye, it was red, and it wasn't human at all. It wasn't like mine either.

I decided that I would take his life away from him, away from my father, and then find her.

She couldn't be that difficult to find.

I had to find Rena, she had been my only friend, and one of the few people I remembered after the painful operation.

3. A Broken Family

You can't say that I was a normal child, because I was far, far from being one. My parents were killed when I was four, so I wouldn't remember their faces if I tried.

I was born broken. They couldn't get to me though, because the demon king kept them from harming me. He brought me to a home that smelled of cherry blossoms. This is where I would grow up.

This is where I met my foster father.

This is where I met Kastyr.

Kastyr looks the same as he did then, which shouldn't be a surprise, but to me at that age, it was astonishing. Seeing everyone else's parents grow old and weathered, and Kastyr never changed one bit, neither did the other boy who lived with us.

Benny was a nice kid, but he never changed either, and I didn't know why.

Kastyr taught me the secrets of his family's martial arts, which I would never be able to get down, I was always daydreaming.

Benny hit me several times, and we fought as if we were natural-born brothers. We were a broken family, even though I was the only broken who lived there.

"So Zenel, why don't we go to the park today?" Kastyr asked kindly.

"Come on Zenel, let's go, let's go!" Benny was always eager to venture outside of the house, but I, however, was afraid of the people who killed my parents.

I didn't want to die.

I was a dreamer, not made to fight, or to study. I was meant to become someone special, this I knew, because one day when I turned nine, Galen brought me over to his house, where I met his daughters.

That's when I first met Rena.

That's when I learned about my gift.

I could see her dreams, even though she was awake, I could see them.

We played for a little while, but I had to leave, I didn't want to of course, but this was different than just friendship. This was when I first felt the string of fate pull at my heart.

Kastyr had prepared a nice meal consisting of mostly his favorites, but that couldn't be helped, because that's really all he knew how to make.

We weren't family by blood, but we were a family nonetheless.

I had to leave when that man came. Andy wasn't exactly fond of the broken, so I couldn't stay there. Kastyr had me hide with a friend of his.

Her name was Nanashi. She was a nice lady, but she wasn't family. I felt awkward around her until a year or so after I started living with her.

I didn't really like the food she cooked, because it just wasn't the same. It tasted weird.

Nanashi, as it turned out, is also a broken. She was also hiding from them.

Nanashi told me about the cultural reformation that wiped out the traditions that Kastyr still held close to him.

"There are some people who secretly hold festivals, the traditional festivals of their cultural history. Master Kastyr happens to be Japanese, so he has a tendency to do some weird things now and then."

I just looked at her. "Japanese?" I was twelve years old and I didn't know what Japan even was, that this place I lived in, used to be Kyoto.

She laughed. "I see that Kastyr has neglected telling you about this." She smiled. "Japan was a beautiful country, a very, very technologically advanced lifestyle, where some lived to be very old, and still very healthy. Japan was the technological capital of the world one hundred years ago. They were a great impact on the world. They helped prevent global warming, they made the best movies, and you couldn't make fun of them, no one could. They could only make fun of themselves. People there were happy, unlike the people who live here today, no one seems to care who made the Eiffel Tower, who built the Leaning Tower of Pisa, who constructed the great pyramids of Giza. That's a past everyone has been forced to give up. There can not be any more 'holy wars', because they took it all away."

"Who are 'they'?"

"Who knows? Probably some idiots who thought that they could make this Earth a better place." I learned so much from her that no one else was brave enough to teach, for they feared execution, they feared everything.

Things would change soon enough, because I knew that I would meet Rena again, and then I'd know even more.

Several years had passed since I started living with Lady Nanashi, but I knew that I still didn't belong there.

One day, after I had turned nineteen, she handed me a pair of keys and a nameplate.

"What are these for?"

"You get to run a hideout for other broken shinigami."

"Why me?"

"'cuz you know you have to. It's payment for living with me for the past several years." She smiled innocently.

"Say what!?" I looked at her as if she were crazy. "I thought you liked my company!"

"Yeah, but you ate quite a bit, and you used all of the hot water, which wasn't nice at all..."

So, I ended up running an apartment complex. Which earned me quite a bit of money, but I had to give half of my earnings to Nanashi for the first two years, but I liked the job.

I met all sorts of people, and I was able to walk freely outside, sometimes. I really don't like it outside you see, for I am a dreamer, and I will always be a dreamer, even when I am by her side.

My dreams will never die.

4. a Festival for the Fireflies

Mom was a very smart person, and dad had a heart for theatre, they taught me so much about history, and I loved going to festivals with them. We are pure-blooded Japanese, right to the core.

I grew to love the theatre, and all of its magic, because it wasn't real, none of it was.

The theatre was a second home for me, and I grew up not knowing what my mother was.

When she passed away, I was seventeen. She had left to me her hair clips, as well as her necklace. That's when I found out whom, and what I was supposed to be.

I was now a shinigami, following in my mother's footsteps, to keep the antique shop, and to help the dead find peace.

But I need to say more about myself.

On my sixth birthday I had received a beautiful kimono from a family friend, who they said was my great uncle, which I didn't believe, because he looked way too young. I have already forgotten his face, and his name. But I do remember the festival of the fireflies.

We celebrated the fireflies, and the lives of the dead. And he held my hand, as if he knew that it would happen.

I almost got run over by a cart that was hauling rice and fish, he pulled me out of the way and up into his arms.

"Rastel, you should know better than that." He said, he laughed a little.

"It wasn't funny." I crossed my arms and looked away.

"You need to learn to laugh it off, I had to." He had smiled. "Besides, I don't want to miss you next year."

"Next year? Why only next year?"

"Well, Rastel, I can only see you during this celebration, because I'm not around any other time of the year."

"Not even Christmas?"

"No, I can't see you then either, even though I would really like it, but I don't think it would be a good thing if I could visit then... because you'd probably have followed in your mother's footsteps..."

"What's wrong? You're crying."

"He he, it's nothing. I'm only worried that you might end up facing some problems, and I can't say what they are, because the festival is almost over, and I have to go. I'll make sure to leave you a little gift if I can, Rastel." He set me down. "As long as you live I will be here for you, don't forget that." With that, he hugged me and he disappeared, literally, he honestly disappeared.

Then, when I turned thirteen, I saw him again, but just briefly, he was walking down the street, and he wore a black and violet jacket like the one mother had.

He saw me and smiled, and he bowed, and then he left, after calling someone's name.

I called after him, but he was gone before he could hear me. I went to go back inside, and there was a gift on the stairs in front of the door.

The tag on the gift read:

To Rastel Caris, the best great niece in the world.

From your great uncle, K. Hume, May you smile forever, with fireflies lighting every darkened

path.

You are indeed his granddaughter.

Don't lose yourself, but instead, embrace your heart and never let go.

"What's this supposed to be?" There was a poorly drawn flower next to his name, but a nicely drawn koi fish. "Wait!" I looked at the note again. "It's written in perfect kanji!"

I went inside and held it close. If they caught me with this, I could be killed.

Only mom and dad could ever see this. I couldn't open it, even though I really, really wanted to. I couldn't.

Now, I am twenty-two years old, and I have a beautiful life, a wonderful antique shop, and I had followed in my mother's footsteps.

I took the box from where I kept it safe, away from Risa, and I opened it.

I almost cried when I looked inside.

There was a family picture taken on the night of the festival.

My great uncle has indeed been there this entire time.

"Thank you Kastyr." I softly touched the picture, and I didn't even wipe away my tears.

"What's wrong Rastel?" Risa asked when she entered the room.

"Nothing's wrong, nothing at all." I smiled.

"But you're crying." Set sat next to me on the edge of my bed.

"I'm just happy, I know it's weird, but, I have a guardian angel, and he has never left my side. Never."

"A guardian angel? Who is it? Tell me, tell me!"

"My great uncle. He's my guardian angel, as I am his." I stood up. "I have to get a frame for this," I set the box down and went to find a frame the right size. "Risa, do you want to help? I think I have one that'll fit this picture." I wiped my tears away. "It should have a koi fish on it; I think it's a silver frame with a glass koi fish. In fact, I'm positive that's what it looks like."

"Okay!" She hopped down from my bed. "Can I see the picture?"

"Yeah, see if you can tell which one is me." I let her hold the photograph.

"Wow! You're the one in the green, right?"

"Yeah, that's me alright."

"Why's Kastyr there though?"

I could only laugh.

What should I give him in return?

"Hey Risa, what should we give Kastyr for his birthday?"

"His birthday?"

"Yeah, it's in three days, on the day of the firefly festival. We should all go together."

"But didn't you say that they stopped holding that a while ago?"

"Yeah, but we can make do with what we've got and put one together for him!"

"YAY!" Risa jumped with joy. "I've always wanted to go to a festival!"