

# Training for Warmth

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*Hn. I was thinking of Naruto, and feeling sorry for him. And wishing he was real. XD 'Cause I could be his warmth for him.*

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# 1 - Training for Warmth

Training

8-17-06

Me

Anime: Naruto!

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So cold out,  
thats all I hear  
today.  
So damn cold,  
but I know something  
even colder:  
My heart.

I grin and  
ber it all,  
willing everyone to  
leave me alone--  
and yet, at  
the same time all I  
seek is attention, warmth.

People compare me to the  
sun; they say I laugh  
and smile, that I am  
always happy and sincere.  
Had I had it in me,  
I might wish them all  
dead.

Why is it no-one  
looks past my looks?  
Why can the just  
not look at my eyes,  
and read the emotions  
running thickly there?  
I try so hard to hide it;  
I guess I've been too good.  
Because,  
apparently,  
I'm the sun...

I'm the sun when I should  
be a star.

It's so cold out,  
but I don't care.  
Who is there to cradle me,  
to tell me I'm warm,  
safe,  
wanted?  
Who will be there in the end,  
telling me I am loved?

No-one.

So why should you care?

I want to be known;  
recognized and respected.  
I care not for admiration;  
simply respect will do.  
They claim I am a demon--  
I had no choice with  
the Kyuubi, so why must  
I suffer?

I am a vessel,  
not the evil I hold.

So although it's snowing,  
although it's frigid,  
although it's so cold snow  
freezes to ice--  
I don't care.

I'll be training;  
training to be who  
I truly am.

I'll be training;  
training my power.

I'll be training...  
No.

I won't...  
because...  
I'll be waiting...--

Waiting for someone to tell me

that

I'm not cold anymore.