

Transparencies

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Hmmm. Well this was done as a short story in the BB manga. I just took the originl and made it longer, detailed and better =P. So its basically what ACTUALLY had happened in Yurys childhood. I just added more tid bits into it.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/CyberIrina/57940/Transparencies>

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1 - Transparencies

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Stain glass and windows, the rain drops mirrored over cascading a mural across the marble floor. Cigarettes built the walls with stains only visible by magnification. The humming from the low toned television stitched through the two story house looming subtle voices. The lazed man sprawled out onto the recliner after the sixth cigarette was put out; now in a deep slumber. The door creaked with no lubrication on the hinges stirring the mind that was lounging. A boy in his mid teens stepped through into the voiding smoke filled house. A sigh escaped the back of his through in a burning sensation. The door shut behind locking out all subtleties. [br]

"I'm home," the voice jerked shortly after the door had closed briefly behind the figure. A bag dropped heavily on the floor and the rippling of the down filled jacket was ripped away slowly from the heated body. He had hung it up like every other day on the same hanger. The mind liked to be persistent. [br] "Your home later than usual," a voice escaped from the body placed in the same spot it had been in for several hours. Or so the Teen had thought in conclusion. [br]

"I had after school activities I had to deal with. I left a message," a deepened frown from inside wanted to lurk out. But that would only cause a argument, in which he wanted to reframe from. [br]

"welcome home Yury!" a soft voice piped up to try lightening the situation. A soft smile flushed over once hearing the voice. It seemed to relax his every twisting nerve. " Supper should be ready soon, so go wash up. Both of you." [br]

"I got it," His stomach was hungry from hardly eating all day, and the thought of a home cooked meal had set his hunger wild with out restraint. Running up the stairs in a skip beat, he headed to the bathroom. The water ram until it got to a luke warm setting and the suds flushed over the peach skin cells. Another sigh escaped; this one more relaxed, and he looked up at the reflection staring back at him. A groan escaped his throat causing the twitch of his pulps to roll a bit. Silence filled after that in his vacant mind. He jerked the tap off and rolled his hands in the towel half drying them, and ran them on his black, jean pants. Sloppy dry job. Once he hit the stair case the aroma of borsch filled the air. He always hated the smell, but enjoyed the taste of it. And on a brisk fall day it did hit the spot. He got to the bottom of the last step with voices hitting the air and then his ear drums. [br]

"Borsch again? How many times do we have to eat this stuff?" his father; he thought. He has a bad temper since he was canceled from the military. And Yury only noticed it was getting worse. Confusion pierced the back of his head. Should he go into the kitchen and try to break in? He knew his mother tried with every breath in her body to make the family happy again, and him being the only child probably made it worse. In his sense of mind at least. His body remain stiff standing there, refusing to move another inch. His eye's on the other hand trailed over to the counter beside the recliner. He noticed the fully emptied bottle of brandy placed where all the other bottles had been placed. Every turn he took it would stare back at him in torment. Again, another loud voice hit the air. [br]

"I don't care! We've had this crap for the past 2 weeks! It's not like your job can't afford something else,"

his fathers voice rose even higher than from the last time. Yury's gaze looked that of a lost of innocence, which rose his blood vessels. He tried to reframe from glancing at the kitchen, as if it would be his only nightmare. His chest had a high rise as he tried to calm his self down. [br]

"Listen, I'm hardly home all day, you could at least go get the groceries. i did leave money on the counter for them. And i DID tell you I did," he could hear the protest coming from his mothers voice, which made him head into the kitchen. He sat down acting as if he didn't make a entrance at all. [br]

"I could go tomorrow if you want mom. I don't have school tomorrow," the two parents glanced over in silence. His brain closed over feeling fuzzy with a added embarrassment. [br]

"that would be nice Yury. Thank you for offering," his father grunted at his wife's compliment. The chair jerked roughly against the marble floor which made Yury cringe from the sharp sound. "maybe your father could go with you. to help out." [br]

"Forget it. If he want's to go out into that weather that's fine. I'm staying home," the comment made Yury's eye's down fall into a unsympathetic nature. With head down he played with the spoon that was set on the table. He had always marveled at items; or even elements, that has a glisten to them. His trance broke when the steaming soup was placed on the table. Silence was filling the minds once again. The ticking of the clock was driving him insane. He always hated the clock that was placed above the kitchen door. It reminded him to much of time flooding by in a rapture of disorder. [br]

"so how was your day Yury? School going good?" his mother piped up knowing her own son's annoyances. She her self was uncomfterble with the sudden drowning silence. [br]

"It was," he cut off a bit trying to find the words, " It was school i guess. Nothing exciting." [br]

"Been keeping up with your grades? I would be pretty disappointed if i got a call saying you haven't been," the twisting in his stomach turned to guilt. He hadn't been keeping up with school lately. And was taking extra credit just to try keeping up in class. [br]

"Yeah my grades are fine," the lie sounded convincing enough. To him at least. She nodded seeing through his lie but left it at that. [br]

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After supper he decided to hit the books in his room. Trying to reframe from looking outside at the rain beating down upon the outside world, he tried reading over some words from his social book. But his mind wandered far to much for his own good. The violent yelling from downstairs caused his shoulders to contract and chest to cave in. The tension in the house was only getting worse. He never understood why fathers always made such a big deal out of being in the military. Since his father was written off it had been like this for a while. The fighting and arguments always were casted in the house, like a crypt waiting to be filled. His forehead hit the slick surface of the desk and his arms heavily casted up around the sides. He wanted it to go back how it was. When his father would come home, show him all the medals he earned. How he would say he earned them for the pride of the family. Not to mention the inspiration both his self and his mother gave him. Knowing his father would come home proud with nobility made his self want to have the same thing later on in life. Just the embrace from a father was enough to make a son proud. But it all shattered once his father was written off. He became someone he didn't know, let alone want to know. [br]

His arms tried to close off all the inside noises from his blurred mind. Trying to flush out any dismay he might of heard. A sudden crash broke his mind from it's disclosure. His body bolted up and headed down the winding stair case to see a broken vase laying in pieces on the floor. His eye's traced over the sharp edges and his head jerked up seeing the door open with the rain causing a puddle on the floor. The constant swing brought him into a horrified trace. The visual would never leave his mind, nor vision. The smell of cigarettes burned his nose and caused his eye's to cave in utter confusion. Words wanted to break from his throat, but repealed like a every day basis. [br]

"Your mom's gone. Apparently she couldn't handle how 'broken' the family is," words escaped from the

kitchen. He shook his head stepping back a few inches. Why would she leave? Why would she leave them at a time like this. Let alone he thought, why would she just leave me? [br]

His body took rash action and headed out the door. The rain pelted against his black turtle neck sweater, and dyed his black pants into ash. The eden of his body was gasping for much air feeling the burning in his lungs rise into a unattainable sensation. He only wanted to reach her and tell her to come back. Or take him with her. He wondered how she could leave her twelve year old son to the wolves. To be alone. [br]

His sprints came to a halt as his hand trailed to find some sort of support. It grazed across the stone wall and his torso heaved over trying to regain it's normal breathing standard. His mind flushed with the one thing he needed. He needed his parents back. If he could keep running, maybe their would be the light he was searching for. Nothing. He stood there thinking the one person he had remained with for his life would be back, but nothing. [br]

His knees buckled causing his hand to scrap along the stone and onto the paved ground. His mind was absent from the outside world, even from his self. His stomach heaved with tears in frustration raining down in rhythm to the rain, then off set. His breathing heaved in his lungs with the trauma of knowing he was in fact alone. Everyone had left him emotionally and physically. His eyes traced over the blood running along and mixing with the stained water. Blood. His blood? His hand lifted seeing the in bedded marks the wall had left him with. He had tainted the ground with his own emotions. His face cringed with a emotional over dive filling his body with a sickness. His hand clasped together and he pulled them close to his chest trying to drown the thoughts through the pain. But through out his entire entity that was built, all there was, was pain.

2 - Turn to go

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t had been several weeks, and she hadn't come back. Does this disillusion fall in front of him when the heart falls? Deep inside I knew she wouldn't come back, but the other part of him felt and hoped she would. He indulged myself with those acts of thinking in that unbound way. The pain inside was building into a mask, and he was doing a fairly good job of it to. His father had gotten worse since his wife left. Yury would constantly wear the same sweater over and over again to try hiding the bruises with linen. No one asked. And He preferred it that way. Kill off the questioning so he wouldn't have to answer. The fragile soul was caught and tangled in the hands of a unfortunate fate that ones self couldn't escape out of. [br]

It had been ten o'clock and his father was still out. He knew where to. The finances were growing low, and his father had ben buried in debt. All the bills remained on the table, unpaid, let alone a call in. The phone kept ringing weekly as a reminded of the housing situation. This would worry Yury's mind. What would happen if they were evicted? Where would he go? He knew his father wanted nothing to do with him anymore. His mind was sinking so low, it made his nerves grow into the same burden as it would every day. He had no relatives that he could think of. [br]

As he popped a container of left overs in the microwave, he tried flushing the thoughts out of his mind. It would only work for the 3 minutes that counted down on the digital microwave. The deepen emotions filling his neptune eyes would be unseen to anyone else, and he liked it that way to. A perfume of pain covered his body with a secret only he would know. Will he ever be free from it? He knew the negative answer to that. The microwaved chimed and his hunger died. But he knew he had to eat since it had been days, and his body couldn't take the starvation much longer. Absentmindedly her grabbed the container from the opened door and felt the heat cover his hands. He placed it down for a few moments cupping the warmth from it with iced hands. His state of mind was indeed like a child's from this turning point, but no one really noticed through the hard exterior. [br]

He headed upstairs to cower in his room, refusing to leave only to be beaten down with later tears. As he entered his domain he noticed his room wasn't as up kept as it normally would be. But he wasn't in the mood to do much cleaning lately. He sat at his desk glancing at the left over food in the container taking few bites and going back to his text book. He would end up doodaling random things in the note book not having the mind to do any studying. He knew he wasn't the worlds Picasso, but it helped get his mind off other things. He had no mind to study. And he frankly didn't care. [br]

A sudden slam of the door caused his body to flinch and look at his closed door meekly. He just wanted the day to close to a ending. A few stumbles were heard, he was assuming against a wall or table, which made his body sink more and press against the chair as if trying to just hide away from the world. To reject it. [br]

"Yury!" the loud voice hit through the barricaded door and into the room. He crawled from his chair and opened it with much hesitation. [br]

"yeah?" his voice cracked a bit in a low tone. [br]

"Why aren't the dishes done? Honestly your useless!" he gripped the door knob upon hearing his own father say that. Was he useless? [br]

"I was going to do them once i ate something," even the mention of eating something caused his stomach to turn in sickness. [br]

"Get them done now!" frustration could be heard in the tone of voice. But he headed downstairs so it didn't cause any arguments. Once he got into the kitchen his father was hovered; sitting down at the table with a bottle of vodka placed on the table with a lit cigarette. He started the water filling the sink and put; what little, dish soap into it. His eyes watched the ripples form bubbles. " I got a call from your teacher. You've been skipping class again. To do what? This Beyblading thing?" [br]

Nothing came from Yury's mouth. Beyblading might of seemed immature to some parents, but it was the adrenaline rush he took such fascination in. [br]

"I asked you a question," Yury glanced back with fusion eyes and nodded a bit with heavy hesitation.

"jesus your just like you mother. Thinking you can do whatever you want just because of some rebellious stage in your life." [br]

"Mom didn't rebel, you caused her to rebel," his words hissed from his lips with a toxic poison added to them. His very emotions were hanging by a thread, and it would drive him into insanity. [br]

"Don't pull that bullshoot on me! Your mother left because she couldn't handle having a son who did nothing! Maybe if you stopped skipping classes all the time she would of stayed!" Yury's head flinched to the side biting his lip to reframe from saying anything more. The bitter sweet flavor filled his dry mouth and burning the back of his through with tension. [br]

"Whatever," his voice trailed off and he turned back to the sink. His body lifted away from the water filled object and felt his body hit the wall. His hand flew to his side trying to regain his out of rhythm breathing. He managed to catch his self on the rail leading down into the basement feeling it sway a bit. If he was any heavier he probably would of felt his body cripple at the near bottom. [br]

He glanced up seeing his father in front of him while binding the fabric of his sweater in his hands, his fathers hands fisted in the front of his shirt. It seemed like minutes, but it was only seconds before her felt the bone hit the side flesh of his cheek. His hand lifted from his shirt touching the red liquid straining from his nose. Again he saw his own blood. The red liquid threw him into a obscene trance. He had heard words from his father, but they were but a blur in his mind. The sudden noise of glass shattering and the throbbing pain from the side of his arm drew him out of the trance. The transparent pieces of the vodka bottle remained on the floor. Broken. While some remained in his flesh. He winced holding his hand; shaking, over the gash mark the bottle had left. Before he could even realize his father was gone. The door was the last thing he had heard. [br]

His knees buckled from the pain coursing through his glass infested arm, and he kneeled over gripping it to try and stop the fluids from leaving his body. He tries to focus but everything felt twisted in it's own madness. Tears trailed from his neptune eyes. Not only from the pain coursing through his arm, but the pain of how things were. Puddles of blood formed upon the cream marble floor, in it's own abstract painting. [br]

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Once her managed to do a decently steady job on forming a bondage around his arm he headed outside for some air. Thoughts mingled in his brain all of which weren't comforting. False emotion was set in notion. He wasn't going to go back. He knew he had nothing to go back to at that point.

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