

Alone

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A lost soul, searching for themself (angsty, depressing)

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

It's dark. I'm alone. Where am I? Who am I? The shadows won't tell. They're silent, cold and empty. Like me. I must be a shadow. Lightning flashes, and for a second the darkness is gone. I'm still here. I'm not a shadow. So what am I? A soul. I must be a soul. A lost soul here in the shadows. Shadows? So where's the light? I turn, and there they are. Torches, burning brightly in the storm's dry heat, held high by four men arranged around a black box and a hole in the ground. A coffin. Is this me? Am I lost because I died? I ignore the few people who came to the funeral and draw close, to where I can read the silver plaque on the coffin lid. Seto Kaiba. that name fills me with hatred. I don't know why I hate him, but I do, and I don't know why I'd be at his funeral, but I have to be. I have to find myself, so i'm not lost anymore.

Someone's crying. A mass of black hair that's actually a boy. Maybe that's me. He seems lost enough. I want to comfort him, tell him not to cry over Seto, but souls can't speak. A mass of white covers the black. for a second I think it's a ghost, but it's just another boy. He hugs the first and cries with him, while a second 'ghost' stands over them, looking uncertain. 'Hold them,' I try to say. I make no sound but he seems to hear me as he kneels and wraps his arms around them awkwardly, like he's never comforted anyone before. I don't belong here. They're sad, but peaceful. They're not lost.

Not far away are two others, with tri-colored hair. The shorter stares at the scene with tears in his eyes. I'm not his soul either. He's too innocent. Innocent, yet there's a strength in him only a soul can see. I envy him both, the strength and the innocence. And I envy him the boy who stands behind him, arms wrapped protectively around him. I want to be held like that by someone, anyone. I don't want to be alone. The taller of the pair almost seems to be staring at me. I think I should feel something when I look at him, but all I can manage is a weary sense of defeat. He wins again. I don't know where that thought comes from, but it rings true. I lose.

A blond couple stands at a distance from the rest. If I belong with anyone here it's one of them. One boy is just standing there, in a suit that looks like it's never been worn, blank and formal. His companion just doesn't seem to care. The first might be me. He looks a little lost. But I look at his eyes, and though he seems cold there's a fire there that says he could never be broken the way I am. The other, then. He seems broken too, but in a different way. There's something there, but it's not a soul. He turns suddenly and grins at me, and the darkness behind his eyes threatens to swallow me. I hate the dark.

I tear myself away from his gaze. I'm getting desperate. There's only one person left. A third blond, the only person standing alone. He glares at the coffin before calling to the others. "What's everybody so upset about?! I say good riddance to the bastard! I'm glad he's finally dead and out of our lives!" But the tears threatening to pour from his eyes betray him. He looks strong, but he's more broken than he'll let anyone know. Still, there's a spark there that says I haven't found myself yet.

They've opened the coffin. I think the bundle of black hair is saying a last goodbye. But now another boy is coming up. He's flickering in and out of existance like a hologram, and no one seems to notice him. He brushes turquoise bangs out of his face and leans over to give the body a gentle kiss on the cheek. He takes the first boy's hand and squeezes it slightly, before fading away.

There's no one else. I'm still lost. I turn to go, but change my mind. I want to see the body. I step forward and look in before they close the coffin. I automatically look at the cuts first. The blood is gone and they're stiched up, but they're still clearly visible against the pale skin. Then I look at the eyes. Empty eyes. My eyes.

I'm running. Or maybe floating, because I can't feel my feet hitting the ground. My wrists, which seemed to be smooth skin a moment ago, are pouring blood. Why can't I get away? I just want to be someone else, anyone else. Anyone but me. I collapse, and my tears soak the ground. But I can't cry. I'm not real. I'm lost. It's rain, and it pours through me and wraps me in ice as I lay broken on the ground. The lights are fading. It's dark. I'm alone.