

# Kai and Tala's Diaries

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*these are the diaries of Kai and Tala. \*snicker\* they are related to a fic that i am going to write (eventually) that basically follows the Beyblade anime series but with a few changes.*

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# 1 - Entry 1

Entry 1: Kai

I'm the best blader in this stupid town. And soon I will be the best blader in the world. I'll do it for myself and no one else, especially not my grandfather. And I'll do it on my own without his help.

Entry 1: Tala

It's cold.

It's cold.

It's so cold.

I hate the cold.

## 2 - Entry 2

Entry 2: Kai

Ugh... why can't I forget about that stupid Tyson kid!? I beat that baka! So why can't I forget him and our beybattle?

Entry 2: Tala

Ok, there is one thing I hate more than the cold. Boris. He is so ugly it's scary. And he's just plain creepy. In fact, compared to him I like the cold.

## 3 - Entry 3

Entry 3: Kai

That punk tied me! And now he has a bit-beast! But he'll pay in the tournament. I will crush him and his bit-beast will be mine. Tyson, your blading days are numbered.

Tyson: \*achoo!\* Someone must be talking about me.

Entry 3: Tala

You have no idea how creepy it is to turn around and Boris is right there! And sometimes I almost pee my pants when he comes up behind me and puts his hand on my shoulder. Ugh I hate him.

## 4 - Entry 4

Entry 4: Kai

Agh! That baka Tyson beat me! And now I'm stuck on a team with him! So now I'm the captain of a team called the BladeBreakers. And my teammates are Tyson the baka, Max the optimist, and Rei the only one who seems to have any sense or skill.

Entry 4: Tala

Ugh... I hate Ian. He's short, stupid, and has a really freakin' big nose. I hate him. But I still hate Boris more.

## 5 - Entry 5

Entry 5: Kai

I'm surrounded by idiots. They are all bakas, especially Tyson. But I think I'm actually starting to like them. And now there's a girl. Her name is Michelle. But I can't tell if she's a baka like the others. She keeps to herself. The only thing I can tell is that she's a good blader.

Me (Michelle): \*achoo\* Who could be talking about me?

Entry 5: Tala

I hate Spencer. He's a big, dumb oaf. His head is empty and there's space for rent. But I still hate Boris the most.

## 6 - Entry 6

Entry 6: Kai

Ugh... I *am* starting to like these guys, even Tyson. But he is still annoying. The girl seems nice. The others like her. But every time she smiles at me, I get a funny feeling. Maybe it's indigestion.

Entry 6: Tala

I think I hate Bryan. He's... umm... well he's not as cool as me. And I still really hate Boris. I couldn't hate anyone or anything more than I hate Boris.

## 7 - Entry 7

Entry 7: Kai

That stupid pink haired Mariah! She insulted me. She said I was afraid to blade against her. I'm not afraid of her! She's too far below me as a blader for me to waste my time. Although Michelle said that she would blade against her. Nothing happened though because Lee, the captain of the White Tigers, told his team to save it for the Asian Tournament.

Entry 7: Tala

I think I hate everybody. But I know for sure that I hate Boris the most. His face is the scariest thing even on Halloween.

## 8 - Entry 8

Entry 8: Kai

On the plane ride to China, I had to put up with Tyson's snoring. At least I didn't have to sit beside him. Michelle sat beside me. She leaned forward a lot to talk to the others. I was listening to music, staring out the window, and ignoring all of them. Then she leaned back and started listening to music while the others went to sleep. After awhile she took off her headphones and tapped me on the shoulder. Her touch startled me. I turned to her and took off my headphones. She was smiling. I got that weird feeling again. We talked a little. Then she went to sleep. Soon after I dozed off. What was that feeling? Was it love or just airsickness?

Entry 8: Tala

I was so sick of Boris I snuck out of the Abbey for awhile. I wandered around in places where there were as few people as possible. I was in a park and suddenly heard someone coming. I thought it might be Boris so I quickly hid behind a tree. But it wasn't Boris. It was just a dumb girl out wandering around, or so I thought. Then she pulled out a beyblade and launcher. I went back to the Abbey after that.

## 9 - Entry 9

Entry 9: Kai

Once the plane landed, Mr. Dickenson took us to where we would be staying for the duration of the Asian Tournament. After Mr. Dickenson left and while we were getting situated, Michelle pulled out a picture and showed it to everyone but Tyson. It was a picture of Tyson sleeping on the plane with his mouth wide open. Everyone was laughing and even I have to admit it was kinda funny. She finally showed it to Tyson who was a bit embarrassed but started laughing as well. He is such a baka and his snoring is so loud and obnoxious. And now I have to sleep in the same room with him.

Entry 9: Tala

I keep thinking about that girl in the park but I don't know why. I don't know who she is and normally I wouldn't care, but for some strange reason I do. I want to find out who this dark haired girl with a beyblade is. I only saw her once for a few moments. Could I hate her that much from one glance that I feel the need to find her and destroy her? Although I doubt I could hate anyone more than I hate Boris.

## 10 - Entry 10

Entry 10: Kai

Well, the Asian Tournament is well underway. Our team (ugh! I can't believe I just said that) has easily beaten some weak bladers called the Tall Boys and moved onto the quarter finals taking us one step closer to facing the White Tigers. I'm not blading. I don't see any point to me blading because I'm stronger than all of them. It'd just be a waste of my time. Tyson and the others can handle it.

Entry 10: Tala

I snuck out of the Abbey again. And I saw that same girl. I approached her and asked her what her name was. She said if I wanted to know her name, I'd have to beat her in a beybattle. At first I wasn't going to waste my time, but then I decided that it would be nice to blade against someone who wasn't from the Abbey. I easily beat her. She kept her end of the deal and told me her name. It's Carly.

Carly: \*achoo\* Why would anyone be talking about me?