

The Origin of Eavi

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Eavi. Not the pokemon. The cat demon, once a human, constantly abused by his parents, who had not wanted to have a child in the first place. This is the story of his life. This is how it all began.

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Chapter 1 - Beginnings

2

1 - Beginnings

Three years.

For three years I had been living in the building I could only call my home at the time. The one you humans now call an adoption center. But no, I can't call it that, no. It's absurd. It makes me sound as if I were an animal barricaded in a cage, given only a few weeks for months until they would put me to sleep.

But nevertheless, I had been there for three years.

As a child, I never wanted anything. I wanted to keep to myself. I wanted nothing to do with humans then, just as I wanted nothing to do with them now. They irritated me. Even as this young age, they bothered me. I guess the only thing I wanted at the time were parents. Just anybody who could give me the love that I had been deprived of since birth.

But then again, I don't know that, do I?

"Zamitra?"

"Yes Zamitra," Johan said as he nodded. In front of him stood the fairly tall receptionist. Her hair was a deep brown color, her eyes a light shade of blue. She was pale compared to the inhabitants of the small adoption center but she would never care. She clutched a clipboard to her chest with her right hand, and stared forward at Johan Zamitra, smiling that same smile that she was forced to give to every other group of parents that was hopefully looking for a child that they could call their own. Beside him stood his wife, Teaiye Zamitra. She was somewhat taller than the receptionist, with dirty blonde hair that cascaded down to her shoulders. She wore glasses, a deep amber color. Her eyes were a sky blue, very similar to the receptionist's. She was smiling very slightly in return to the one the receptionist had greeted them with ever since they had stepped one foot in the room.

"Ok Mr. Zamitra!" the receptionist exclaimed as she turned away from him, her deep green skirt swaying with her movement. She took one step forward, her gaze still locked onto the pair.

"This is the way to the room that houses the children," she said to them, slowly turning her head counter-clockwise to face the door, which had a light brown hanging sign on it that plainly said, 'Children.' She began to walk and together, the Zamitra family followed.

"Take your time in choosing the right child for your family. I know that it must be difficult to find the right child for a family of your stature!" the receptionist smiled at them as she stepped into the small room, which housed the small portion of children that they had. The sun was now setting. The glare from the sun and the beige curtains gave the room a reddish glow. Shadows were cast down the center of the room, mainly of the small children.

"This is the one room that houses the younger children, ages 2-7. Would you like to look for the older children or--"

"No this is fine," Johan interrupted her, placing his hand up a few inches to silence her. Surprisingly, the receptionist did not notice. She swung her head slowly and looked back to him, her hair swinging to the left and over her shoulder. She smiled, noticing the annoyed tone that he had in his voice.

"This is the group of children you wish to see?" she questioned him. He nodded.

"Yes," He slowly lowered his arm, while Teaiye just stood at his side, staring forward. The children were asleep, no doubt.

Probably now now, the receptionist thought to herself. She continued to smile as she began to walk past

them.

"Take your time," she repeated as she slowly stepped from the room, closing the door lightly behind her. As she did so, Johan glanced back at the door.

"Very troublesome, don't you think, Teaiye?" he questioned to his wife, his gaze locked onto the door, as if he were expecting her to barge in once more, at any moment. Teaiye only nodded very slightly, then turned towards him with a small glare.

"I still don't understand why we must choose a child. Children aren't worth it. If we wanted to be recognized and get the options we want, we could have easily gotten the money and forced it upon them..." she turned back towards the children, "I'm just saying that adopting a child is a waste of time..." she murmured a little below a whisper. At her remark, Johan turned back to her.

"Hm? You think that adopting a child is a waste of time?" he asked her at the same volume. She merely replied with a small nod. A grin then begun to spread across his face.

"Well now, Teaiye, that isn't very fair to all of the children without parents! Without the ones who believed that they could take care of them in the first place. We should give one of them a chance..." It was he then that turned back towards the small room. Some children had begun to notice that they had stepped in the room. A small girl, with fire red hair, and green eyes sat in the center of the room and stared at them expressionlessly. In her lap was a small toy train, slowly beginning to fall apart. A wheel was missing and the center of it was beginning to crack in half. Another child was peering over his bunk bed, his eyes slowly widening. He had blonde spiky hair, and turquoise eyes. He was wearing a white long sleeve shirt that had to have been four sizes too big. He could have lived in that shirt if he wanted to. There were others, but they were in the shadows. But the two of them could tell that they were being stared at. They only smiled.

"Well now, Johan, it looks like some of them have begun to notice our presence!" Teaiye remarked with a fake smile, "Shall we go meet a few of them?" Johan shrugged, trying to stifle the undeniable urge to glare at all of the children.

"Of course..." and she began to walk forward, towards the center of the room.

The small girl, the one who had been standing in the center of the room's eyes widened. She wasn't wondering who they were. She had known that they were probably coming here to find a child. Every family that stepped into that room was either coming to drop off a child and put them up for adoption, for getting a child. None of them just came to see them and give them false hopes and dreams. Then the adoption center would really seem like one that housed animals rather than children. Besides, the receptionist wouldn't let anybody visit the children without a purpose.

"Mn..." the little girl squeaked slightly as she lightly put the train down next to her, folding her knees up to meet her chest. She recoiled back slightly. She didn't know who or why, but they scared her. Frightened her.