

Through the Ages

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What was Luci like when he was a kid? What about Yanagi? Or Ella? Curious?

I've taken the main characters from my manga "Angely i Demony" and put them into a modern school setting and we can watch them grow up, through the ages.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Kindergarten

2

1 - Kindergarten

Through the Ages

~Kindergarten

Shannon Miller heaved a sigh as soon as the kindergarteners were out of sight. It was only the fourth day, and already she could tell it was going to be a long year. Her young class was full of energy and clashing personalities. Most of the children were fine. In fact, she thought with sudden clarity, they would probably be perfectly fine if not for that one & Lucien Tanar. The child was very peculiar. Odd-looking, Shannon wondered if he was some sort of albino, with his pale skin and hair like silver. The only part that didn't fit was his light honey-brown, gold actually, eyes. Not to mention his twin brother with red hair and green eyes. The two looked nothing alike.

Sighing again, Shannon started to gather up her papers to leave. The child was interesting, very unpredictable. One moment he'd be playing quietly with his brother or Ella Stanton who just moved from England, or Yanagi Moritonde, surprise of surprises. She was a quiet, shy girl. And then the next moment there'd be some outcry, and Lucien was at the center of it. Always, without fail.

I swear, if that kid gives me gray hair, she muttered. I'm only thirty-six. I don't need gray hair & Shannon grabbed her belongings, purse, and shut the light, locking the door until tomorrow.

It was free-time. Shannon scanned her students, looking up from her papers. Everything was peaceful. So far. She looked down again, pulling out her book for a few moments indulgence.

Hey! Stop!

Shannon looked up. It was only Sean. She looked down again.

Lucien stuck his tongue out at Sean and walked away to play with Ella and Yanagi.

Lucien's a girl! Sean called softly, taunting.

Lucien glared and then sat down with Ella and Yanagi. The two girls looked at him, each other, and then down at their dolls. Hi. Sean's being a dummy.

Ella looked over at him, her brown bangs swinging over her blue eyes. Oh. Hi Lucien.

Why not call him Lucy like the girl he is, Sean teased further.

Yanagi looked up this time, pursing her lips, quiet.

Lucien pulled a skirt on the doll he picked up, clearly ignoring the other child.

Look. Playing with dolls, Sean laughed.

Oh, Sean. Stop, Ella said. You're just being annoying.

Sean snorted. Lucy & too scared? Do girls have to talk for you? Since you can't? He walked closer.

Ella frowned, planting her fists on her little hips. Sean Turklin! You just let

Lucien smiled at Ella, grabbing her skirt hem. It's okay. I don't care. Sean's a dummy anyway.

Sean's face flushed with anger. You're the dummy! He lunged forward, tripping over Lucien's well-placed foot, crashing into Yanagi. Owww &. Lucien & you dummy &

Yanagi sniffled, tears welling up in her eyes.

Lucien looked at her. & He stood and yanked Sean off her. Sean, you are the biggest idiot ever.

Ella looked at him, pausing in coming over. Yanagi looked up as well, tears coursing down her face.

Sean looked up, his eyes growing wide. H-hey &!

Didn't your mommy ever say don't hurt a girl? Lucien said in a low voice, his face centimeters from

Sean s. He set the boy on his feet and then punched him in the face. The two girls staring at him, Lucien dusted his hands off and sat down.

Sean stared a moment and then started wailing.

Shannon looked up and ran over at the noise. Hey! Hey! What s going on here?

Sean wailed harder. Lucien punched me in the face!

Shannon grabbed a cold cloth and put it to the bruise that was quickly forming around his eyes. Lucien! Come over here!

Lucien stood slowly and walked over, his eyes on his feet. The class was silent now, all of the children watching him and her.

Now. What happened here? Lucien, why did you punch Sean? She glanced at him. Come on. Tell me why.

Sean glared at him as well from beside her, holding the cold cloth over his eye.

Lucien looked up at Shannon, his golden eyes, much to Shannon s surprise, glistening with tears. But,

Mrs. Miller& Sean was making fun of me. And he ran over Yanagi. She s okay, but she was crying.

Shannon glanced at the girl. Ella was crouched next to her, sticking her tongue out at Sean. A tug on her jacket drew her attention downward. Lucien. His eyes were bright with tears, lower lip quivering.

Shannon sighed. He was such a pretty child, and those tears were hard to refuse.

But you hit me! Sean whined.

Lucien started crying harder. But you hurt Yanagi! And my feelings! The two girls were quiet.

But you hit me! Sean said again angrily.

Alright, that s enough, Shannon said strongly. Enough crying. Lucien, there s no hitting others. You know that. And Sean, you can t say mean things, and you have to be more careful. Now I want the two of you to apologize.

Lucien looked down, his expression contrite and apologetic. I m sorry, Sean. I didn t mean to hit you.

Sean glowered. Liar.

Shannon gave him a look. Apologize.

Sorry, Sean mumbled, looking away.

Yanagi, are you okay? Shannon asked. The girl nodded. Alright. Sean and Lucien, you two stay away from each other.

The two boys nodded, Sean sullen, Lucien sniffing but smiling sweetly. The boy would be a player when he grew up. And a lady-killer. Shannon turned and went back to her desk.

There, Lucien said as soon as Mrs. Miller was out of earshot. I got revenge for you, Nagi. He gave her a smile, flicking the tears away.

Ella looked at him. Lucien, you are such a faker.

I know. He gave them both a sweet smile.

Yanagi wiped her tears away. Thank you.

Ella looked between the two of them and then shook her head.

Shannon Miller sighed as she read her book. Almost every day, there was some argument where those three and four with Michael, were concerned. It was going to be a very long year.

Okay class. Take out your art supplies. We re going to be making turkeys for Thanksgiving! Shannon held up the model she d made that morning. The children pulled their art boxes out of their cubbies, chattering. Everyone sit down please. I ll give you paper. Okay?

The chattering continued softly as Shannon passed the construction paper out. She gave a quick demonstration and then handed out the boxes of sparkles, feathers, beads, and other decoratables. If anyone needs help, ask your neighbor and if they don t know, then come up and ask me. She sat back at her desk, going through some paperwork.

Lucien dispensed the paper to his brother, Yanagi, and Ella, and began making his turkey. I like Thanksgiving, Yanagi was saying happily to Ella as she cut feathers out of the paper. I do too! Ella replied. What do you do with your grandparents? Grandma makes all the food. How about you? Ella wrinkled her nose. Daddy s going to call in&catters? Kiterers? Um& Caterers? Lucien supplied.

Yeah! Them! Daddy made a mess last year, since Mommy wasn t there to cook, so he s having other people make food for us. It ll just be the two of us. My uncle isn t coming this year.

Yanagi nodded. How about you guys?

Michael and Lucien shared a look. Well, Michael spoke up. We re going to eat lots of turkey. Lucien looked down and said nothing, not appearing to care. And Shannon didn t know if he did. She kept her mouth shut as she walked by. She knew the two boys were orphans; they didn t know who their parents were. The two of them merely had some benefactor that paid for their housing, schooling, and et. Cetera. She didn t know what kind of family life they could possibly have. If they Shannon looked up at the sound of a wail. What now? She looked quickly to the foursome, and as expected, Lucien was standing over some boy who was now sporting a bloody lip, Ella comforting a distressed Yanagi, Michael trying to calm his brother down. What s going on?

Lucien looked up at her, his angelic face turned into a disgusted scowl, his entire little body tense with violence. Jason s a dummy and spilled water all over Yanagi s turkey, Mrs. Miller. His golden eyes shone, demanding retribution.

Shannon looked at him thoughtfully and then over at the table where water was dripping off the table. She did not fail to notice that while, yes, one of Yanagi s turkey s feathers was wet with the water, Lucien s entire turkey was lying in the water, soaked through. She frowned. Lucien, what have I told you about hitting the other students? We ve been over this before.

Lucien s frown lessened, but none of the fire receded from his eyes.

Shannon sighed. Apologize. And then when you re finished, the two of you boys will wipe up the juice and then Lucien, you will walk Jason to the nurse s office. Okay?

Lucien pulled Jason off the floor. Sorry. He went over to the sink and grabbed some paper towels, handing the boy a wad. Clean.

Shannon backed away, watching the boys with interest. Jason mopped sullenly, Lucien efficiently. He picked up his turkey, sparking no glance for his tablemates, and dropped it into a garbage can, and then very carefully dabbed at Yanagi s turkey. When they finished, Lucien looked over at her. We re going to the nurse s office, Mrs. Miller. He grabbed Jason s hand and dragged him from the classroom.

Everyone to their business, class, Shannon said, clapping briskly to get their attention. The students turned back to their business, Ella helping Yanagi, Michael calmly cutting out feathers.

Lucien returned ten minutes later, flashed her a boyish smile and then sat calmly and began his turkey again.

Thanksgiving passed, as well as their holiday break, with minor hitches every so often, always concerning Lucien and Yanagi, Michael and Ella as well by association. Shannon was tempted to call the boys benefactor, but Lucien was generally very well-behaved. A quiet and thoughtful child, Lucien had his wild moments and outbursts, but nevertheless, he seemed like a good child. And what kid didn t have fits every so often?

Shannon s own break had been most enjoyably spent with her husband, refreshingly lacking small children. They spent Christmas together, and went to their friends New Year s Party. January quickly passed with minor incidents. When she was paying attention, Shannon noticed that whenever anything bad happened to Yanagi, Lucien was always nearby, ready to champion her. It was cute really. Shannon

wouldn't be surprised if they ended up dating.

Valentine's Day would surely be interesting, and Shannon dreaded it. Hopefully, nothing bad would happen. Hopefully.

Okay class, since it's Valentine's Day, I have a little something for you. Go ahead and take out your mailboxes we made on Tuesday. And if you have valentines for your classmates you can get them out and put them in each other's mailboxes.

The students all got up and went to their cubbies, collecting bags of valentines, giggling and laughing. Shannon walked around putting a little valentine into the students' boxes. The students were flitting around the tables, giving out their own valentines, when Shannon finished. She smiled at their excitement. Ella and Yanagi walked together, smiling and giggling. Michael was shaking out his bag, a stray valentine falling out which he deposited in Ella's box. Lucien was walking back to his desk from Yanagi's, grinning madly as he ruffled through his box.

When you're done, instead of our usual snack, I made cake! Shannon said, quieting the cheers. So hurry and sit down.

The cake cut and ready, Shannon began handing out pieces to the students who were eagerly waiting. Joshua grabbed his piece, swerving around Katie. Nathan grabbed his piece and hurried back to his desk, tripping on his untied shoe, the cake going flying.

Shannon watched in resigned dread of the outburst coming, surprised when Lucien batted it to the floor. The surprise faded when she saw it would have landed on the oblivious Yanagi. Nathan's face wrinkled up in distress at the sight of his cake on the floor.

Don't cry, Nathan, Lucien ordered. Just ask Mrs. Miller for another piece.

Nathan sniffled and picked up his mashed cake and returned to her, his face upturned hopefully.

Shannon shook her head, smiling, and gave him another piece. It was thus that Valentine's Day passed without any major incident.

The days pattered on by, sun and rain, St. Patrick's Day and spring. The end of the year was fast approaching and Shannon would be glad for summer.

Yanagi, Yanagi! Let's go on the swings! Ella called, dragging Yanagi after her as Shannon let them outside for recess on a warm day in April.

Okay! Yanagi trotted to keep up, racing with her to the swings so they would get there first.

Lucien and Michael ran out, leading a herd of boys to the blacktop, kicking a ball around.

Shannon walked out after them, wandering, watching the children to be sure no one got hurt. I'll miss these guys when they graduate into first grade, Shannon thought. They're an energetic group.

Lucien ran away from the boys after a while and ran over to Yanagi and Ella on the swings. Yanagi! Need a push?

Um& no& that's alright, she said, looking at him over her shoulder.

Push me! Push me! Ella called.

Lucien made a face. Fine. But I wasn't asking you. He gave her a push anyway. Shannon smiled at the exchange. Lucien ran off again while Ella and Yanagi chatted on the swings.

Yanagi& Do you want to go over and pick dandelions? Ella asked her as she slowly swung to a stop. Yanagi looked at her. Okay! She jumped off her swing and trotted over towards the lawn where the dandelions were. Ella ran after her. I'm gonna make a crown!

Lucien looked at them from the blacktop, turning as some of the other boys called to him. Over here, over here! he called to them, waving his arms. They kicked the ball around for a while. Shannon sighed and walked around the playground, monitoring the students. The calls of the boys playing soccer followed her.

Hey! Sean, stop kicking the ball over there! Lucien called, pointing away from the grass where Yanagi

and Ella were.

Stuff it, Lucy, Sean retorted, giving the ball a lusty kick.

Luce! Michael shouted from across the blacktop, motioning for him to get the ball before it hit the girls.

Sean, you dummy! Lucien sprinted across the grass as fast as his little legs would take him towards Ella and Yanagi.

Shannon turned at the distressed shrieks, hurrying back towards the blacktop. Likely it was Lucien.

Yanagi's tell-tale shriek followed by Ella's spurred her into a sprint. When she got there, Lucien was on the grass next to Ella and Yanagi, Michael rushing over, a tail of boys following.

What happened? Shannon demanded worriedly.

Lucien just Kenny began.

Nothing, Lucien grunted, sitting up slowly, wiping blood off of his lip.

Sean kicked a ball at us and Lucien just saved us, Mrs. Miller, Ella explained dutifully. He dove in front of the ball to stop it from

Ella. Lucien shut her up with a glare.

She shrugged, looked up at Shannon, and fell silent.

Are you okay, Lucien? Yanagi was asking softly.

He flashed her a reassuring smile. I'm fine!

Shannon sighed and turned. Sean, you know better. No art time today. Michael, help your brother to the nurse's office to stop the bleeding and clean that scraped knee.

Michael nodded and helped his brother up, Lucien leaning on him as they headed inside. Shannon couldn't help but notice the dark glare Lucien shot at Sean, who cringed.

For the rest of the week, Lucien was a generally recognized hero. From what Shannon gleaned, Sean kicked the ball and Lucien ran and dove, catching the ball so it wouldn't hit Yanagi. Shannon wasn't surprised.

What had surprised her, however, was the way he had handles the whole situation afterwards.

Whenever one of the boys clapped him on the back or congratulated him on a great catch, he would nod and give them a calm, proud, almost quiet smile. He certainly was an interesting child.

The year ended with minor outrages, and Shannon was more than a little wistful to see this crowd go.

They were a good bunch of kids, maybe her favourite in all the years she had been teaching, though she never liked to admit favourites. It had been a good year, and she was excited for the summer, as her husband surprised her with a trip to Italy.