

Broken Stars

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A Kingdom Hearts fan fiction. By viicious. Yay.

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1 - Chapter I

You could hear the clanking of wood far away, from a distant isle so close to the island, and yet so far. A young girl was having difficulty opening a coconut. Her thin, buoyant hair flopped lazily and she struggled. Her slender arms were weak against such a thing as the coconut, and her bracelets jangled. Hearing her name being called, she frustratingly threw the coconut at the rock, and stood up, brushing off her knees. Irritated, she picked up the coconut and trudged over to where she had heard the distant cries of her name. She walked across a plank bridge onto a smaller 'sister island', adjacent to the much larger island. They called them the Destiny Islands.

A young boy, tanned visage and pokey brown hair, all dressed up in an elaborate and painfully set up suit, ran up to her and greeted her, panting and smiling and waving.

"Kairi!" he nearly shouted into her ear, "You shoulda seen the way I kicked Riku's butt!"

Another boy on the isle folded his arms and shook his head, giving Sora a sneering smile. His silvery hair swayed elegantly in a hidden breeze.

"I just went easy on him, Kairi, so don't listen to a word he says," the silvery one said.

"Hey!" Sora spun around to eye the other boy. "She trusts me, Riku, so I think she'll listen to me! Right Kairi?" Kairi shook her head angrily.

"I'm not listening to either of you!" she retorted. She eyed the evil contraption called the coconut. "I can't get this darned thing open, and I don't care what you guys say until one of you can open it." Sora began to take it from her hand, but Riku stole it from him and easily cracked it open onto another coconut tree, some of the delicious coconut milk spilling from it. He smiled very deviously as he saw Sora eye him jealously. He handed it to Kairi and she jumped up and down happily.

"Oh, thank you thank you, Riku!" She ran to him and threw her arms around him. This would get a rise out of Sora, and Riku knew it. He took full advantage of it. He smiled like the punk he was as Sora glared at him ever hatefully. Anger burned up inside him, and he nearly shouted.

"But Kairi, I beat Riku in a duel!" He made it sound all-important. "And you know how hard he is to beat." Kairi stepped away from Riku, then, and, still holding the coconut, and spilling some like the klutz she was, she fell into a hug with Sora.

"You're so strong, Sora!" she proclaimed. And hence, Riku became agitated as Sora stuck his tongue out, blaring it into his face.

They had been like that often. Before Kairi came along, though, they were best buddies, that sky and earth. And she, the separation, seemed to tear their friendship apart. Some lonely nights, Sora would lie awake, due to insomnia, and think of nothing but Riku and Sora's friendship before, which had been true and glorious. He wondered where it had gone.

Kairi let go of Sora and faced the boys then. She held up her coconut happily and giggled.

“The sun’s setting soon. Anyone who wants some, come to the dock!” She ran away then, clumsy as an old woman, for she tripped and rolled onto the plank bridge. Sora and Riku took a step forward before they realised she was fine and she pulled herself up again. As she ran away, Sora and Riku glared at each other.

“Time for a race, Sora?” Riku asked in a discouraging tone. Sora just glared and seemed rather jealous and fiery.

“Anytime, loser,” he replied.

They ran.

2 - Chapter II

It occurred to Sora, at some point, at how frantic his attempts were, and how hopeless they were. Did he really believe there was some sort of way to win Kairi's heart? And then expect his best friend, who was also a young male, to not go for her? It was like inane propositions of letting a hostage go for free in a hostage situation. Try as he might, and as much sleep as he lost, his insomnia ridden mind could not find a way to properly conquer the love of the clumsy Kairi and have his best friend happy. And Riku, the same. How would he take Kairi's heart and satisfy Sora without? They lost sleep. And Kairi, then, in the morning, would be clueless as to where their playful vigour had gone in the night.

It troubled all three so that they had not noticed a fretful storm brewing in the sunny background, until their parents had called them back to their homes for dinner. Kairi had turned around and eyed the sky which had gone from sunny, blue, and bright, to grey, cloudy, and dark. She pointed it out, and the worn boys turned and assumed the right way of things.

"Come on, Kairi, I'll take you home," Sora offered graciously, and held out a gloved hand for her taking. She smiled and attempted to accept it when Riku pushed Sora's hand aside, and stepped forward, holding out his own dark, gloved hand.

"No, Kairi, come with me. Sora is unsure of the way." Sora glared at him. He did so perfectly know the way. How could you get lost on a tiny island like this!?, he thought, angrily. Kairi then proceeded to take his hand, but Sora shoved Riku's hand out of the way and stepped forward into Kairi's vision.

"He's just joking, Kairi, come on!" he assured, and took her hand. She was bewildered and confused, speechless and unknowing of what to do. She simply let herself be tugged along until her other hand was grasped suddenly.

"No, she'll be going with me, Sora." Riku growled.

"No, me, Riku."

"Me!"

"Me!!"

Kairi was fed up. She ripped her hands from their grasps and turned around to face them. She was red as a cherry.

"You boys are so childish!" she roared, and Sora and Riku inched back. "All you guys do is fight now. I remember when you two were happy! Why aren't you like that anymore?" She looked to them, demanding to know an answer. Sora and Riku, then surprised speechless, said nothing. They simply looked to her with wide eyes, until she let out a grunt of frustration, turned on heel, and stormed away. Riku immediately went on the offensive.

“Nice job,” he snarled, “You made her angry at us.

“Me!?” Sora demanded, “It was you!”

Riku turned to face him. “If it wasn’t for you, Kairi wouldn’t be angry at us! You started it!”

“But you finished!” Sora retorted. He was so angry, he could punch Riku. It began to rain and it drenched them. But they forgot about the dinner they needed to soon attend, and about Kairi who was only a bit away. They simply argued, and brought up tiny, insignificant things that no longer mattered, but seemed to have a point in what Kairi had to do with this. They were hopeless. They only stopped when a crack of angry lightning hit a palm tree and broke it in two. They began to storm away from the beach, up the trail, and back home. They glowered at each other, yelling over the rain.

“All you think about is yourself!” Sora growled.

“I do not!” Riku retorted, “I think about all sorts of different things!”

“Like what!?” Sora demanded.

“Like—like...!” Riku started, but then was unsure. He looked to the ground. A roar of thunder rippled through the sky then. Kairi was then in sight again, aiming to climb through a small passage to get to the houses.

“I knew it! All you think about is yourself! And getting Kairi!”

“That’s not true!” Riku threw down his arm in protest. “I think about the world, and where we are! I think about leaving this wretched little island, once and for all!” They were children. They had an inset teenage stubbornness in them.

“Yeah, well guess what, Riku?!” Sora felt like being particularly mean. “You’ll never get off this island, ever! We’re here and this is our life! There is nothing out there for you!”

Riku stopped dead in his tracks as Sora bolted past him. His eyes seemed to hollow and grow wide as it seemed like Sora’s last words were finally coming true before his eyes. Yes. It was true. There was nothing for him. He imagined so many things that would never come true. And he almost regretted his fantasies. Sora noticed his sudden lack of a company, and he swivelled around. As much as he was angry, he still cared for Riku.

“Come on, Riku!” he demanded. But Riku didn’t move. He was staring at the ground.

“Riku!?” Sora took a step forward and halted. A black mist began to crawl up from the ground, and Sora gasped. He struggled to be let free. He looked to Riku and tried to make eye contact, but Riku’s eyes seemed to be focused on the ground. He was in a daze.

“Riku, look at me!” Sora yelled. A flash of lightning lit up the area and suddenly Sora could see the outline of a figure behind Riku, propped up, with a hand in the air, falling. It aimed to attack Riku, and Sora threw out his hand to him.

“Riku, look out!!” he cried.

Riku suddenly shuddered and looked up. His eyes were so hollow and white. Sora knew there was something wrong. A roar of thunder crashed over Sora’s pleas to help Riku, as the black hand seemed to run through his body, as if searching for something. Seeming unsatisfied, it ripped from Riku’s body, and his eyes returned to normal momentarily. He grasped Sora’s hand, fully aware of his senses now.

“Sora!”

But it seemed like that wasn’t good enough. The shadow, lightened by another lightning bolt scraping the sky, seemed to encase Riku, a black mist surrounding the boy, who looked around at it bewildered. As Riku became just a black mass, Sora felt his hand empty and when the mist faded, he saw that Riku was gone.

“No!” he called angrily as the mist seemed to die away, and let him go of his own trap. He was confused. What happened to Riku? He then suddenly remembered Kairi, and he swivelled around to see that she was lying on the ground in a puddle of the black mass, and another type of shadowy creature, levitating, holding something extremely shiny and bright. It seemed to be trying to shove it into a vile of sorts, and Sora burst from his spot. He picked up a stick lying on the ground and swat at the shadow, who hissed angrily and backed away, still trying to force the oddly bright pink thing into the vile. Sora dashed to Kairi’s body, and she looked awake, but she focused on nothing and her eyes did not blink. He shook her.

“Kairi! What’s wrong? Kairi!”

The shadow growled and hissed at the oddly large thing that would not go into the tiny vile. Sora looked to it angrily and noticed the glowing thing seemed to be shaped like a heart. He began to suspect that heart-shaped thing. Was it Kairi’s? Was the shadow trying to steal it? Sora stood up belligerently and pointed at the shadow angrily, whose yellow eyes opened wide suddenly.

“You!!” he yelled, the raining getting the better of his decibels. “Give back that heart!” The shadow understood and suddenly rushed at Sora, making a shrill sort of screaming noise as it did. Sora gasped and dodged, but the shadow still had that heart, which he assumed to be Kairi’s. Sora turned around just in time to see the shadow shove the heart into the thin vile and it glowed brilliantly.

“No!!” Sora seemed just a bit too short to be in reach of the vile, but he tried regardless. As the shadow began to swim away in the air, Sora jumped for the glow. At one attempt, the shadow backhanded Sora and he went flying into a nearby bush painfully. A black globe sprouted and grew from the shadow’s hands and as Sora sat up, he saw it encase Kairi and begin to lift her. He hopped up and grasped his stick again. He jumped at Kairi and whacked at the black globe, but it seemed to go straight through and have no effect whatsoever. With an angry cry, he leapt up and gave his stick a good, hard knock at the shadow. With a startled hiss, the shadow’s black fingers dropped the shining vile and Sora dove for it, grabbing it, but crashing painfully into a row of shallow bushes.

The shadow angrily swirled its hands around and an oval of black mist appeared. It wafted its claw towards the oval and Kairi’s globe, almost obeying the hand, floated through the black, swirling circle.

The shadow then turned on Sora, who was rubbing his head painfully as he sat up. His eyes shot open in panic as the shadow was screaming, rushing at him, and he rolled out of the way just in time, to see the shadow careen into the hedge and splatter into many blobs. He broke a harsh laugh as he got up and began to walk towards the swirling portal when the black blobs began to allocate to form a shadow again. Sora watched it.

“Uh oh...”

The shadow rushed at him, and Sora tried to jump into the portal, but it seemed too high. No!!, he thought, I won't lose Kairi! But then he realised what he'd just thought, and he had forgotten about his best friend. And Riku, too..., he thought sadly, before he was suddenly shoved onto the sand by the shadow. He turned around onto his back, dazed slightly, to see the shadow descending towards him, and quickly.

His stick! Where was his stick? He saw it come closer and he held out his hands, one with the vile in it, as if to create a sort of shield. He closed his eyes in fear, and cringed, waiting for the shadow to destruct. And suddenly he heard a loud DLAP sound. He opened his eyes and saw the shadow back away, hissing, holding its upper area (which could be decided as a face). And there, in his hands, looked like a very large key, but in the stature of a blade. He looked at it in confusion. A bolt of lightning etched the sky, showing Sora all the detailed things about this odd key of a blade.

But it worked.

He jumped up then, and held up the blade. He gave the shadow a look of triumph, and the shadow knew it was in trouble. It began to trail back to the portal, and quickly, but Sora jumped up and whacked at it. It threw the shadow into two pieces and it hissed and writhed in pain. It floated to the ground where it seemed to melt into the dark sand, and was gone. Sora, slightly panting, looked to the blade in amazement. It was incredible. But he hardly had time to think, as a shallow, watery noise filled the air. He turned around to see the black, swirling oval begin to shrink, and he knew it was going away.

“No!!” he cried, and tried to jump up at it. He could only get a hand in it, and when he tried to grab it, his hand went straight through. He landed on the sand and looked around, trying to think of what to do. He saw the key of a blade in the corner of his eye. Maybe this?

He stabbed the shrinking circle and didn't expect anything to happen, but to his surprise, it felt like he had locked on to something solid. He wiggled the blade around and saw that the portal wiggled too. He pulled the blade toward him and the portal came closer, and lower.

Perfect.

But it was still too small and shrinking. He whacked the side of it, and it recoiled back from the blade, and then began to shrink again slowly. He continued until the sides had recoiled away from the blade so far that it was big enough for him to step through. And when he did so, he felt like he was on solid ground. It was so dark, except for a small amount of light coming from the shrinking picture of the wet and stormy Destiny Islands and the glowing vile.

And then it was gone.

He began to walk forward, looking for something; anything, when he heard a loud ripping sound. He looked to the source and it appeared the blade was ripping a hole through the black mass, where he spotted dark sand below. He knew if this blade didn't get put away, then he would not be able to use the portal. He suddenly wished it to be gone, and to his surprise, it randomly disappeared, the rip in the black mass slowly closing up.

He looked around and saw nothing. It was all black. Save for the vile. When he held it close to him, he could make out himself. But nothing else. He held it out to look for any objects, but it was like there was nothing. Like he was blind. He didn't know what to expect, and had the feeling that anything would suddenly jump out at him. He was about to demand the blade out again when he thought he heard a voice. He stopped dead in his tracks and tried to listen. It was so faint and small, he couldn't make it out. The whisper seemed to get a bit louder each time it was uttered, but not enough to make sense of it. He was listening intently, when a loud voice suddenly screamed and it echoed all around the portal, which seemed to be fairly large, Sora judged, from the return echo. It was loud and sharp, and it pierced his ears. He clamped his hands over them to block it out, when lights suddenly began to show, in a circle, like little doors opening up.

They each seemed to form a picture of some other place, and he removed his hands only to listen to the now many audible whispers chanting the same thing over and over again.

'Keyblade'.

Keyblade?, he thought, as he considered it, and it appeared in his hand again. The whispers seemed to be startled and they screeched and screamed in high shrills. He attempted to cover his ears again but caused a huge rip to open on a certain door, which looked like a city at night. And without warning, he felt he was being tipped over by something behind him and he fell into the picture, it getting blurry, as if he'd just fallen into water. He closed his eyes, as the blur seemed to give him a headache, and when he opened them, the picture was getting larger and clearer. And suddenly he fell straight onto solid, grey ground. His body smacked into pavement, and rolled some ways before he simply stopped moving, his Keyblade disappearing from sight. He looked up wearily and watched the portal in the air close ever slowly, the screams, now silent whispers, dying away in his ears. He tried to get up, but black suddenly clouded his vision, and he passed out.