

# **I Believe I Can Fly**

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*Deidara is has been convinced that he doesn't exist anymore, that he should die. Sasori has a special ability called telepathy. I am sorry for the excess chappies...Really Sorry! Sasori needs to convince Deidara that he does belong here on this Earth befo*

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# 1 - Dream Small

My name is Deidara. I am trapped. I always have been. Nobody understands me at all, nobody tries. Sometimes it seems like nobody cares. But what does it matter? I'm a stranger in this place anyway, nobody should know me, or even try to. But the kids at this junior high in the Land of Sand are different. They don't want to know me, but they still feel my presence. Nobody's ever done that for me before. Before...in the Land of Earth, nobody tried to understand me. Nobody felt my presence and I was alone...

***When you cry be sure to keep the tears flowing***

***Cuz better days will never come***

***When you smile be sure to frown wide***

***Let them know that they have won***

***When you walk, slouch with pride***

***Don't show the happiness inside***

***Cuz the pain will never go***

I used to think I was alone in this world, alone with my feelings. But it seems in Suna Junior High that's all changed. There is this one teenager, his name is Sasori. He tries to understand me, tries to manipulate my feelings into better ones. Little does he know what good he's doing. He's doing no good at all. He's not trying hard enough to understand me, and yet...when it's all over, he is the closest person to me, the closest one to melting me down. But yet...he has everything I don't have...freedom. I've always been trapped, always in a cell with nothing to look at, nobody to talk to.

***When you dream...dream small***

***As small as a tiny ant***

***Cuz when you dream it won't come true***

***When you dream, dream small***

When I was little, before I came to this arid place, I used to sit by the window, sighing and watching other kids with no mouths in their hands playing with balloons and balls. Every so often a careless child would let a balloon go, and it would be carried away by the wind, and the children would stop their games and watch it float away. I would watch it float away too, but with a pang of hunger. I was never hungry for the balloon, just hungry for the freedom it possessed. But I could never have it. And I knew that much. I was the only kid in the Land of Earth that didn't laugh. But I did laugh, only I kept my joy to myself.

***When you laugh be sure to keep it to yourself***

***Cuz it will carry all your dreams away***

***When you see see the ugliness***

***All around and in yourself, and it won't help you feel ok***

***When you pray, pray for weakness***

***To help to carry on when the troubles come your way***

***When you dream...dream small***

***As small as a tiny ant***

***Cuz when you dream it won't come true***

***When you dream, dream small***

I may not have laughed, but I did smile. But not that much, because I said...what was there to

smile at? There was absolutely no joy in my life, I didn't get any from watching birds in the sky, didn't get any from talking to people. And that's the way it was...that's the way it still is. Because when I came to Sunagakure, all my dreams were washed away into the endless deserts and dunes, never to be seen again. Even when I try, in the depths of night, to come up with some ambitions and desires, I cannot. Because my dreams were big, but now they're small, unable to be accomplished. I don't want it to remain that way. I'm not emo like the people at this junior high say. They just don't understand me...nobody does.

## 2 - Fly Away

My name is Sasori. I go to Sunaga Junior High. And obviously...I am from the Hidden Village of Sand. People say I have so much common sense...but is that true? I know I have a lot of freedom...and that makes Deidara jealous. Did I tell you about Deidara yet? Maybe I did. But I'll tell you again anyway. Deidara is a boy that also goes to Sunaga Junior High. But he is not from the Land of Sand. He is from the Land of Earth, and I know this because I have the same art period as he does. He models clay with those hands of his, and there is often a chewing sound filling the room. And whenever he puts too much or too little chakra into his work, it goes BANG! and its really annoying sometimes. But I know he is jealous of me, not because of my looks, not because of anything tangible. He is jealous of me because of my unlimited freedom that stretches to the very outskirts of the Sand village.

***I used to think that I could not go on  
And life was nothing but an awful song  
But now I know the meaning of true love  
I'm leaning on the everlasting arms  
If I can see it, then I can do it  
If I just believe it, there's nothing to it***

I am as free as a bird, while Deidara is as trapped as a caged lion. But it didn't always use to be this way. Before...when I was little...my mother would always need help around the house. Then she was sent away to fight some demon or other, and she never returned. But those were the days when I would sit on a hard wooden chair, sighing, and gazing out the window down to the street filled with children below. But then...when my mother didn't return, I was free, free from my bonds. And then I played along with the other kids, and in time, they accepted me as one of them.

***I believe I can fly  
I believe I can touch the sky  
I think about it every night and day  
Spread my wings and fly away  
I believe I can soar  
I see me running through that open door  
I believe I can fly  
I believe I can fly  
I believe I can fly***

I thought I was going to die of boredom inside watching the other kids play ball outside. But I didn't...because my freedom came to me in the form of a bird. One day a bird landed on my windowsill and pecked at me. It didn't hurt, because this bird was just learning to fly and its beak wasn't too sharp yet. I smiled at it and held it in my hand then thrust it out the window sill. And it just hovered there for a minute or two, then dived downwards gracefully, then returned back to the window with an inquisitive look, as though asking me why I wasn't following. I just shook my head and it flew away. I never saw it again, but from that day I realized my fate was to fly like the bird, fly to freedom.

***See I was on the verge of breaking down  
Sometimes silence can seem so loud  
There are miracles in life I must achieve***

***But first I know it starts inside of me  
If I can see it, then I can be it  
If I just believe it, there's nothing to it  
Cuz I believe in me***

***If I can see it, I can do it  
If I just believe it, there's nothing to it***

I may not have wings like the bird, so I may not be able to fly. But freedom is the same either way, and in a manner of speaking, I can "fly" to freedom, "fly" away from imprisonment, and be a normal person like all the others. But now that I am a normal person, I look up to that same window, and see Deidara there, taking my place. But unlike me, he has a fire in his eyes that I never had. The fire of imprisonment. I look up at him, trapped forever, his liberty limited to the confines of school and his building where he lives, an orphan, just another person looking down in the depths of time. But he is different. No matter how hard I try to drench this fire with reassuring smiles and words, it never dies, just flickers then keeps on burning. He may be different, but I am free.

***Hey, if I just spread my wings***

***I can fly***

***I can fly***

***Check it out yea***

***If I just spread my wings***

***I can fly***

### 3 - Wind

The two met after the school day was over. They bumped into each other accidentally after school, outside the cafeteria. They were confused and dazed for a few seconds, and all was silence, only broken by the sound of wind whistling through the branches.

***Cultivate your hunger before you idealize***

***Motivate your anger to make them all realize***

***Climbing the mountain, never coming down***

***Break into the contents, never falling down***

"Deidara...we need to have a talk..." were the words that broke the harsh silence. Deidara started. His face turned pale. And then, for just a moment, Sasori could see what was under that veil of hair. Then the vision was gone and everything was normal again.

"Why?"

"Just to talk...to get to know you better...you seem a bit lonely...so I thought maybe more people should know you."

Deidara just simply nodded his head, and the two set off, going nowhere in particular.

***My knee is still shaking, like I was twelve,***

***Sneaking out of the classroom, by the back door***

***A man railed at me twice though, but I didn't care***

***Waiting is wasting for people like me.***

The two middle school students walked on until they reached a meandering river, which was bordered by a fringe of sakura trees. The pink petals floated down softly in the breeze and landed in the two boys' hair and on their faces.

"Why don't you meet up with other people? How come you're always alone?"

"Because...well...I'm afraid..."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid nobody will understand me, afraid they won't accept me as a normal kid."

***Don't try to live so wise.***

***Don't cry cuz you're so right.***

***Don't dry with fakes or fears,***

***Cuz you will hate yourself in the end.***

***Don't try to live so wise.***

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"Well...don't you want to have friends?"

"Yes...but...I know they won't accept me..."

"Well...learn to dream more. Dreams are dreams you can't stop them."

You say, "Dreams are dreams."

"I ain't gonna play the fool anymore."

"You say, "Cuz I still got my soul."

"Dreams are dreams. Adrenaline is adrenaline. And I have no dreams...only adrenaline."

***Take your time, baby, your blood needs slowing down.***

***Breach your soul to reach yourself before you gloom.***

***Reflection of fear makes shadows of nothing, shadows of nothing.***

**"Deidara...you can have dreams if you believe and see straight."**

**"I already do believe and I do see straight."**

***You still are blind, if you see a winding road,***

***Cuz there's always a straight way to the point you see.***

**"That's not what I mean...you don't understand."**

**"No! You're the one who doesn't understand! You don't understand me, nobody ever will! So stop trying to see who I really am, it's never gonna work! Don't you see that already?!"**

**And he ran off without a second word. Sasori stood there, shocked by his last words. Then slowly his lips began to move and a voice started to come out of his throat:**

***"Don't try to live so wise***

***Don't cry cuz you're so right***

***Don't dry with fakes or fears***

***Cuz you will hate yourself in the end."***

## 4 - Reality (song name is Alive)

Sasori walked up the dirt road that led up to the door of Deidara's house. It was a very small house, and it was a wonder Deidara could even make his home in those small living quarters. He stepped onto the sagging porch, checking out his surroundings. Then a chill ran through his body, and the hairs on the back of his neck stood up straight. He felt as though he was being watched. He turned around sharply, but there was nobody there. He jumped out of his suspicions, and knocked on the door sharply. After the third knock, the door opened. But nobody opened the door. As he entered, clay fell to the ground, and he felt as though the scar on his arm was being opened again: He had gotten that scar when he was a child, from a kunai not meant for him. He looked at it carefully. There was no blood.

***Everyone makes mistakes at times***

***It's not something embarrassing***

***Don't waste these scars***

***Keep on going laughing, and it'll all be good***

He walked quietly through the house, hoping that at every corner he would see Deidara's face. But he didn't. He did come to a room with a closed door. He could hear sobbing coming from inside. He took a silent breath, and pushed the door open.

***That's right, breathe in a silent breath***

***Look to the vast sky, jump in***

***Take a break once in a while when it rains***

***Let the wind take the destination***

***All the regrets you carry***

***Can't let these scars go to waste***

***Carve an emblem into your arm, lets go as long as we love***

***That's right, from here on is the Show Time***

The door silently swung back on its hinges as he entered silently. He had mastered the technique of silence long ago, so the kneeling boy beside the bed didn't hear him. He took a while to check out his surroundings, as he had done on the porch. This room was desolate and silent, save for his breathing and the sobbing of the boy. He could see drops of red liquid splashed on the floor and a kunai knife in Deidara's hand. In his other hand, he held...a picture. A simple polaroid picture...of him and somebody else...somebody that looked exactly like Sasori??

***Ah like the past that lives in this fading polaroid picture***

***Just like the days we hung out***

***We searched for a place so we can sit in the sun***

***We fought every day like this The one step you gotta take for your desire***

***A real fight for yourself Let's sing this song forever in this place***

***Everyone makes mistakes at times***

***It's not something embarrassing***

***Don't waste these scars***

***Keep on going laughing, and it'll all be good***

Sasori could tell it wasn't him though. The eyes were a bit different, but other than that, if that person were here in real life, nobody would be able to tell him apart from the other boy. Then he saw what was on the bed beside Deidara. Was that really was he thought it was? But there was no denying it. There was a corpse placed on the bed beside him, but the shocking thing was that



it was him. There were no wounds on it, and its eyes were open, as though it had died recently. Then as he watched in fear and amazement, Deidara got up, and, with tears still dripping from his eyes, he made some hand seals and the body detonated silently. Was this a dream?

*Morning dawn tells you the beginning Between the borders of dream and reality*

*What's Say until the day my voice dies away*

*Keep on trucking Another Day*

*All aboard ready to go Develop a single road yeah*

*Soon flowers bloom along the way And will spread its wing toward the future*

*Reality burdens real heavy but go for the top Like a No Culture*

*A monkey can only be a monkey Oh*

*One can only be himself Yeah*

*Before you worry about tomorrow with your head down*

*Be what you wanna be today*

*Rebirth, today's a fine day I've got nothing to worry for*

Deidara stopped. The whole scene froze. Silence had never before seemed so loud. And he knew it was all reality. Then the blonde turned around slowly, and Sasori got that sudden chill again. Deidara faced him, with tearstains on his face, and a bloody kunai in one hand. His breathing was shallow, and he wasn't like himself at all. Sasori's sharp eyes saw that there was a bloody cut on his arm, a sacrifice.

"What do you want?"

The voice wasn't Deidara's voice at all. This voice was trembling, seemed ready to kill or be killed the next moment.

"Deidara...what did you do? You just killed someone!"

"Oh no...I didn't kill anyone...they were already dead!"

"But that was...me!"

"You're still alive aren't you?"

"Yea but..."

Reality had never seemed so harsh before.

*Reality leans heavy on me*

*And it's torturing me*

*Nothing comes easy*

*I know that well enough*

"Why did you...do that?"

"You don't understand...you wouldn't want to listen to me anyway..."

"Why wouldn't I want to listen to you?"

"Because...well...I may seem real...I may draw blood...but...according to the past...I don't exist."

"So are you getting revenge on other people just because of that??"

"No...the person...I just destroyed...well..."

"It looked exactly like me!"

"It WAS NOT YOU. That person had the ability to even turn sadness into a wind, but they didn't always do that for others."

*Everyone makes mistakes at times*

*It's not something embarrassing*

*Don't waste these scars*

*Keep on going laughing, and it'll all be good*

*With all the regrets I've gone through*

*I'll be a person with taste*

***Even turn sadness into a wind  
Keep on going strong, and it'll all be good***

**"Then who was he?"**

**"He was a reminder from the past. Nobody of special importance. Somebody...that...was evil. Liked to torture me, for endless hours...but now it's all over...but somehow I just can't forget..."**

***That's right, breathe in a silent breath***

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***Carve an emblem into your arm, lets go as long as we love***

***That's right, from here on is the Show Time***

**"Well...just tell me...who was he?"**

**Deidara's breathing grew silent. In the falling gloom, Sasori could barely see the other middle school student. Then he heard a laugh echo around the room.**

**"Deidara, that's not funny!" Sasori said, suddenly crept out. He groped forward into the falling twilight, and found nobody. There was nobody in the room except him. Then an eerie voice said, "He was nobody. If it makes you feel any better, the body was never really there. And you did not see what just happened, because you aren't here."**

**Suddenly Sasori woke up in his own bed. He gasped for air, thinking it was all just a bad dream. But then he saw that he had dust on his clothes, and he knew that that was no dream. It was all...reality.**

## 4 - Alive

Sasori walked up the dirt road that led up to the door of Deidara's house. It was a very small house, and it was a wonder Deidara could even make his home in those small living quarters. He stepped onto the sagging porch, checking out his surroundings. Then a chill ran through his body, and the hairs on the back of his neck stood up straight. He felt as though he was being watched. He turned around sharply, but there was nobody there. He jumped out of his suspicions, and knocked on the door sharply. After the third knock, the door opened. But nobody opened the door. As he entered, clay fell to the ground, and he felt as though the scar on his arm was being opened again: He had gotten that scar when he was a child, from a kunai not meant for him. He looked at it carefully. There was no blood.

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it was him. There were no wounds on it, and its eyes were open, as though it had died recently. Then as he watched in fear and amazement, Deidara got up, and, with tears still dripping from his eyes, he made some hand seals and the body detonated silently. Was this a dream?

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*Be what you wanna be today*

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Deidara stopped. The whole scene froze. Silence had never before seemed so loud. And he knew it was all reality. Then the blonde turned around slowly, and Sasori got that sudden chill again. Deidara faced him, with tearstains on his face, and a bloody kunai in one hand. His breathing was shallow, and he wasn't like himself at all. Sasori's sharp eyes saw that there was a bloody cut on his arm, a sacrifice.

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"But that was...me!"

"You're still alive aren't you?"

"Yea but..."

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*Reality leans heavy on me*

*And it's torturing me*

*Nothing comes easy*

*I know that well enough*

"Why did you...do that?"

"You don't understand...you wouldn't want to listen to me anyway..."

"Why wouldn't I want to listen to you?"

"Because...well...I may seem real...I may draw blood...but...according to the past...I don't exist."

"So are you getting revenge on other people just because of that??"

"No...the person...I just destroyed...well..."

"It looked exactly like me!"

"It WAS NOT YOU. That person had the ability to even turn sadness into a wind, but they didn't always do that for others."

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**"Then who was he?"**

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"No...the person...I just destroyed...well..."

"It looked exactly like me!"

"It WAS NOT YOU. That person had the ability to even turn sadness into a wind, but they didn't always do that for others."

*Everyone makes mistakes at times*

*It's not something embarrassing*

*Don't waste these scars*

*Keep on going laughing, and it'll all be good*

*With all the regrets I've gone through*

*I'll be a person with taste*

***Even turn sadness into a wind  
Keep on going strong, and it'll all be good***

**"Then who was he?"**

**"He was a reminder from the past. Nobody of special importance. Somebody...that...was evil. Liked to torture me, for endless hours...but now it's all over...but somehow I just can't forget..."**

***That's right, breathe in a silent breath***

***Look to the vast sky, jump in***

***Take a break once in a while when it rains***

***Let the wind take the destination***

***All the regrets you carry***

***Can't let these scars go to waste***

***Carve an emblem into your arm, lets go as long as we love***

***That's right, from here on is the Show Time***

**"Well...just tell me...who was he?"**

**Deidara's breathing grew silent. In the falling gloom, Sasori could barely see the other middle school student. Then he heard a laugh echo around the room.**

**"Deidara, that's not funny!" Sasori said, suddenly crept out. He groped forward into the falling twilight, and found nobody. There was nobody in the room except him. Then an eerie voice said, "He was nobody. If it makes you feel any better, the body was never really there. And you did not see what just happened, because you aren't here."**

**Suddenly Sasori woke up in his own bed. He gasped for air, thinking it was all just a bad dream. But then he saw that he had dust on his clothes, and he knew that that was no dream. It was all...reality.**



## 5 - Harmonia

The next day was pretty much normal, except Deidara didn't have that cut on his arm anymore. Sasori kept looking over at the blonde, trying to see if his eyes were playing tricks on him, but the cut, or scar, was never there. Deidara didn't notice his inquisitive and frequent stares until after the art period. The two came out together, not jostling or pushing each other playfully, like any other middle school students would have done, but just got out at the same time, paint staining their clothes. Well...paint was staining Sasori's clothes, but not Deidara. As usual, Deidara was quiet and reserved, but occasionally Sasori would try to start a conversation and it lasted for a maximum of 5 minutes. During that period, the Sand student could barely hear the Earth student.

***Can you hear me?***

**The last bell rang for the day, and all the students rushed out of the hated junior high, except two. Two students that came from different backgrounds. The Sand and the Earth students. The two walked out under the blue sky, and Sasori looked up directly at the sun. The sky was so bright and blue today, just like...just like...that picture Deidara had been holding yesterday. Why did his thoughts keep drifting back to Deidara??? There was no reasonable answer.**

***The sky is limitless and blue***

***The sea is endlessly large***

***To you, please remain smiling or else I'll cry***

**Sasori stole a quiet glimpse at Deidara's hands. The hands that had held that kunai yesterday. The hands that made such lovely sculptures in art class. The hands...with mouths??? Sasori's breath was knocked out of him in a sudden whoosh. Nobody in Sand had mouths in their hands. Was his classmate even...human??**

***You don't have to look around now***

***Because everyone are in these hands***

**Sasori had a special ability that nobody knew about. Well...his mother HAD known about it before she had gone off and foolishly killed herself fighting a demon. Well...Sasori wasn't as stupid as the rest of his long gone family. Not that his mother was stupid...she had just made the wrong decisions and left him all alone in this cold cruel world. But he had learned to hide his special ability, hide it from everyone, while Deidara could not hide his hands from other people. They saw, and they knew that he was not from this land. They called him foreigner. Nobody in Sand had special abilities, except for Gaara. He could shift sand independent of his will, and he never had a single bruise or speck of dirt on him. But Sasori had a special ability too. Nobody just knew about it yet. This special ability was called...telepathy.**

***Wanting to cry, wanting to run***

***If you forget happiness then sing***

***Light was born and dark was born, the two is together***

***Feeling harmonia, telepathy***

**But there were some side effects to the people he was trying to communicate with through the brain. First of all...if they couldn't control their chakra properly, they would immediately faint. Since the junior high didn't really let the students spar with each other, afraid that somebody would get killed, since that accident with Gaara, so Sasori wasn't really sure whether Deidara had near perfect chakra control or not. Another major side effect was that Deidara's chakra holes would get plugged with the delicate flow of chakra sticking to the holes. He didn't want any of**

that to happen, but he did want to see Deidara's thoughts, what he was thinking, what he was planning to do later. Sasori made some complicated hand seals then transferred his soul into Deidara's body, like Ino did using her charm, except his body just went on auto pilot and walked or did other things for him with his command. And besides, he didn't control Deidara....just read his thoughts and nobody would ever know.

*The cloud is white and drifts aimlessly  
The rain isn't black and crying anymore  
When you look up, you'll notice that single line  
Someday, the heart calls hallelujah*

Sasori read his classmate's thoughts, he hadn't really come to thinking of Deidara as a friend yet, like an open kanji book. It wasn't that hard to transfer the kanji into pure English, since he had had many years of practicing. The thoughts weren't exactly...normal...not like thoughts of a normal person. But Deidara was different. Very different. He wasn't just an average person, he was a complex person, hard to understand, hard to cope with. But if you could get close enough, you would realize that he wasn't much different from a trapped person, like a person in jail. A wren sang from overhead, a good omen. But then something pulled it away. It didn't fly away, it didn't hop away, didn't even walk away. Something just dragged it. Both middle school students saw it, but Sasori was the only one who gasped at this strange spectacle. Deidara acted like it was no deal.

*The wren that searches for an unchanging song  
Can you see that we're all connected with an unseen thread?*

Deidara's thoughts went something like this:

I can feel that I am being watched, being controlled. But by who? This chakra inside me...I can feel it is not mine. Could it be Sasori's? No...it couldn't be. Maybe it's...his. I want to forget him...forget him forever. But now how can I? His reincarnation is walking right beside me, for God's sake! Why does he have to torment me like this...in so many ways, shapes and forms? I know...he is the one behind all the disappearing wounds, but eventually...he'll take me down too...Like he took down every other person that I cared about. But there is also one question to wonder about also: I really don't exist. Grasp my hand and you won't feel anything, but I am still pulled up anyway. I can't be killed. I've tried suicide...it doesn't work, no matter how hard I try to die and leave this life, I just can't. I know what I need to finally rest in peace from that demon of a brother: I need love...from somebody else...

*Feeling alone, at the brim of being alone  
If you're buried, close your eyes and sing  
Even if we're apart, on that same land  
Under that mistletoe  
Feeling harmonia, telepathy  
Can you hear me?*

Sasori knew immediately what Deidara meant. Love from somebody else, love from somebody that looked just like his older brother. Someone that was named Sasori. He immediately transferred out of Deidara's body into his own, feeling that chilling feeling he always got transferring back into his own body, like some demon or spirit had had control of it just recently. But he knew that couldn't be true. Instantly Deidara's eyes returned to that dreamy look he always got.

*To that dreamer, with love  
I will deliver happiness to wherever so sing  
If you forget happiness then sing*

*Light was born and dark was born, the two are together  
The final harmonia, telepathy  
Can you hear me?*