

Our little secret

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When I was younger dad ran away and mom died. Once my older brother, sister, and I ran away from the orphanage it just got more confusing. But it was a runaway. Our little secret.

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1 - A place to call home.

Kiyara's POV:

“Kiyara Sakura? Kiyara?”

That's my name right? That's my last name, right? I can't remember what our last name is in this school. Was it Tsuba or Iwazaki? Maybe that was the other school. Slowly I could feel Yuki's voice enter my head. `You forget this last name and I swear I'll hunt you down and kill you.' Nyu, why must I always be so forgetful?

“Kiyara Sakura?”

I might as well say something, she keeps on talking and my first name is Kiyara meaning that it can only be me.

Yes Sensei?”

“Stop daydreaming and pay attention.”

“Yes”

The teacher with her messily curly black hair swaying behind her turned and went back to the notes on the board. I snapped back to reality watching the other kids hurriedly put down the notes on the board trying not to be left behind. Then I looked at my notebook, empty. How long was I daydreaming?

I grabbed my pencil and started to write down what she was putting on the board, but I found myself always putting the pencil back down. What was the point? We'd eventually would blow our cover and leave this school too. I don't know why I bother.

Somewhere in the back of my head, I could here myself thinking that this could be the school, Ohnominami Middle School that would could be staying at. (A/N: If you were in 9th grade in Japan, you'd still be in middle school.) Somehow that felt a little too easy to say, it would be like the last ones.

How long as this been happening? How long have we been running and switching school ever few months? This however, was our life it may seem complicated but it was normal to us.

Its been going on since I was 6-years-old. When I was little and I had just turned 6, my mother became infected with a disease called Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome (SARS). The disease also made breathing difficult and gave her a dry cough, one of the symptoms. Six Percent in person aged 25 to 44 years get it and mom was one of them. She became in contact with someone who had SARS being a young nurse and eventually had it.

She had gotten when I was 5-years-old and three months later after my 6th birthday she died. Although it was a fairly new disease just discovered it's felt like a lifetime in my family. We weren't allowed near mom, not at all, dad refused that and as soon as he figured out that she has SARS he sent us to go live with our grandmother in Osaka, Japan.

When I was 7-years-old, Yuki was 9-years-old, and my older sister Chiyo, Chii for short, was 8-years-old

we had another tragedy strike our family. Dad had run away, we hadn't been living with him for around a year, but he wasn't with mom.

Chii was the one who picked up the phone that day since she had a habit of doing that around that time only to find out it was dad. She too had only heard from him in telephones or letters we hadn't seen dad in a long time. You could hear the excitement in her voice:

“Daddy? Daddy! It's Chii! How are you?”

I was right next to her since my habit around that time was following Chii who followed Yuki, who wasn't there he was out with grandma in the yard helping her with her garden since he always said that since we didn't have a grandfather, it made him in charge. Anyway, a long silence came; you could hear his breath and him trying to summon up the courage.

“Hi there Chiyo. I'm fine. How are you honeying? What are you up to?”

“ I'm fine daddy. I'm just finding some paper so Kiyara and I can make a sign.”

“A sign?”

“Yeah! She and I are doing a lemonade stand around the street. Yuki said he'll help us, but we have to make the sign.”

I was still looking for paper in the closet, but my attention on the phone was much more important. I looked at Chii, “I want to talk to him.”

“Just a second Kiyara-chan,” Chii had said playing with the wire on the phone.

“That sounds great honey,” Dad said after awhile. “How old are you kids now? Are you in Middle School?”

Chii laughed, “No. I'm 8-years-old now I just started 3rd grade in elementary school. Nii-chan (older brother) just started 4th grade he's around 9 now, and Kiyara-chan just started 2nd grade she's around 7 now. Daddy, when are you coming to pick us up?”

I stopped and looked at Chii, she was really happy and it would be great if our father came to play with us for a while. I stopped looking for paper and ran over to Chii begging her. “Let me talk to him. Let me talk to him.”

“One minute, Imotoo-chan (Younger sister),” Chii has said patiently waiting for dad to answer

“I want to talk to him now,” I think another habit of mine was being impatient, but that maybe just a personality trait that I still have today.

Before any of us could do anything, Yuki had come down the hall and swiped the phone out of Chii's hand. Chii whined, “Yuki, I asked dad a question. Let me talk to him!” Yuki looked at us and then put the receiver to his ear. “Dad?”

“Yuki?”

“Where have you been?”

“I've been around Kyoto for awhile. How are you?”

“Fine.”

“Chii tells me you're in 4th grade now. Congratulations, you'll be graduating Elementary School in 2 years.”

“You will come and see that right? The Elementary Graduation?”

Yuki out of any of us was never happy to hear from Dad. He always held a grudge about him ever since we moved to grandmas and each time we tried to ask him he pushed us away. I wonder if he's angry now. Another long silence came from the other end and you could dad thinking for a second. He must have been at a payphone cause you could hear cars going by in the background.

“Yuki, listen I-”

“So that's a no right?”

“Yuki, listen. I care about you kids, but things have gotten bad for me and it wouldn't be good if I hung around you 3. You know how it is.”

“ You can hang around us you just don't want to.”

“Yuki! C'mon don't be like this! Now listen, I have something to tell you. I'll be sending some money to you kids, that your mother and I use to save up for you three.”

“Why?”

“ Things have gotten tough Yuki. I don't know where I'm going or when I'm coming back, but I just wanted to tell you kids, that I love you. I may call in on your birthdays or something. But you have to be strong Yuki, for you sisters. Please, I feel bad enough all ready.”

I now heard the silence come from our end and I could see Yuki glancing at Chii and I wondering if he should yell or not. Then Yuki looked at the wall ahead of him.

"Goodbye."

"Yuki I-"

Yuki hung up before dad could speak. I whined. "I wanted to talk to him. Did he say hi, did he?" For awhile the awkward silence invaded our house slowly and the only thing that could be heard was the shovel against the dirt of grandma digging holes for her garden new seeds and the birds chirping. Yuki stared into my gray bluish eyes, which is something we three held in common. He walked over to me and placed a hand on my head. "He says hi and that he misses you."

I looked up, "Is he coming Yuki? Is he coming to my school play on Thursday?"

Yuki's hand came off my head and saw him just creep a small smile or at least trying to. "Kiyara there is poster board and some markers on the counter in the kitchen, can you go get them, and they can be for our poster."

"Okay be right back."

I hadn't notice Yuki hadn't answered my question, but I ran off anyway into the kitchen. When I started to come back with the red and blue marker and the big poster board I stopped in the living room that led into the hallway I was just in.

"Nii-chan just between you and I Daddy is coming back right? He's coming to see Kiyara's play right?"

When I put my eye up to the little crack of the door, I saw Yuki's head down. He looked at Chii and I in my own way I felt like he was going to cry. Yuki walked over to Chii slowly and put his hand behind her head pulling her into a hug. Chii who was smaller than him at the time and always has been settled into the embrace.

"Nii-chan?"

Yuki closed his eyes and he still stood in the dark hallway, the only light was coming from the other end of the hall. "No. Dad is taking time from us. He's sending some money and he says that he'll try and see us, but he said it's hard. He said he loved us and that he'll miss us. Or that's what he meant."

I then saw Chii finally fall into that empty embrace he was looking for. I saw her orange cat plushie fall out of her arms and onto the floor. She hugged Yuki back and I then saw her tears come out. Yuki who seemed to expect she would cry just hugged her back.

Slowly I took my eye off the crack and stood behind the sliding door that divided the hallway and the living room. I felt my grip on the markers and poster board fall a bit, but not enough to drop it. My body felt like it was starting to fall and my heart began to pound. I would never see my dad again?

I, personally never ever really knew my mom. My mom was kind but all that was left was fading memories I couldn't place. Dad was always out on the road I was really hoping that he would take us back to get to know him better. I think it was the hardest on Chii though just like the death of mom was hard on Yuki. Yuki was close to mom and Chii was close to dad never knew why.

Me? I was closer to Yuki and Chii than anyone and maybe because I depended on them just like they depended on Dad and Mom. I heard the sniffs and the attempt to gain composure as Chii wiped the tears away and Yuki tried to stay strong.

I took a deep breath, and I was supposed to pretend like I hadn't heard anything. I opened the door completely getting their attention and smiled. "Hi there."

Chii looked up, but just picked up her plushy instead of saying hi. Yuki smiled back at me, but then trailed his eyes on the poster. "Kiyara I know how much you wanna do this lemonade stand. But lets do it another time, okay?"

"What? Why?"

Someone who usually had handled pressure beautifully was Chii, she was amazing at it and usually brought Yuki and I back to reality but now.now..she was-

"Because daddy just called! He isn't coming back!"

"Chii!" Yuki had spun and looked at her I could see her breath become shorter and her face turn light pink, she had tears in her eyes.

"What?" I tried to make it sound like I hadn't know, but the weight off my shoulders started to get me upset too.

"Nothing Kiyara, just go and play or something."

"But.."

"Do as I say!"

"Fine."

I walked off dropping the poster board and markers. I was angry why he hadn't told me, but I knew how

Yuki had gotten when he was angry. I opened the door out to the back and sat on the little porch. An unused juice box sat there and I picked it up watching grandma move the shovel with ease.

The sweet taste of oranges and apples entered my mouth and the spring heat was coming on me. I heard the door behind me open and Yuki came out. He had red eyes as well, he looked like he was crying. He sat down next to me swiping the juice out of my hands drinking it. He still hadn't say anything, but he still kept on drinking the juice.

"Onii-chan?"

Yuki pulled the straw from his mouth and looked at me, he hadn't say anything, but he just stared.

"Are you okay, Yuki? You look like you were crying."

Yuki looked ahead taking his eyes off of me and watching grandma. He rushed his hand through his light brown hair that was mess. His dark blue t-shirt hung off his body and his blue jeans with a few holes in them hung around his waist loosely.

"Dad loves you Kiyara, understand?"

"Uh huh."

"He just is busy a lot, but I promise I won't let anything break us 3 up whether its him leaving or grandma leaving or anything."

"Yuki?"

"I care about you two, I won't let anything happen. I promise you."

"Yuki?"

"I don't care if I have to work for hours or anything."

"Onii-chan?"

"What?"

I knew that he was going off somewhere cause he was talking without answering me for a few, but now, now he was asking me a question. The sudden surprise kind of threw me off guard of what I was going to say.

"Just, its.."

"What is it?"

"Your just really grown up and you shouldn't hide how you feel even if you really grown up. Its just, your pretty amazing."

It was Yuki's turn to be surprised, he looked straight at me not that he already wasn't, but his emotion in his eyes changed. "Kiyara..."

"And Chii, Chii is just upset because Chii was really close to him, right? So please don't get mad at her."

I looked down at the grass that silently blew in the wind. I myself felt strange for giving him advice, but it was a good feeling. My yellow t-shirt hit against my body as I waited for a sound to happen.

Yuki then grabbed my arm and pulled me into a similar hug that Chii and him were in before. He closed his eyes and his breath grew calmer not like before. "I won't let anything happen to any of us or you two."

"And we, we will both protect you Onii-chan."

"Thanks"

"Its what sisters do, right?"

Yuki laughed a little and pulled me from him to look in my eyes again. "If you ever need me Kiyara, I'll be there, just call my name okay?"

"Yeah Okay."

Most of what Yuki said from the point of the phone call to the end of the day didn't make sense. He blubbered mostly to himself or said odd things about our life when we get older to Chii or I. Grandma eventually found out and I could see pale come to her face. Was she too going to miss Dad?"

Chii after an hour of crying gave up on crying and pulled herself outside. We went on a walk together and climbed the Sakura tree not far from Grandma's house. She said if I went first she would catch me, so I did, I ended up falling and scraping my knee. Still, I followed Chii up the tree wondering if I could help her to be happy.

Sometime around 5 at night we had walked home. It was becoming dark and she was showing me all

the stars in the sky. Even though the pocky in my mouth was still occupying it, I spoke up. "Onne-chan you are happy?"

She looked at me and pulled the strawberry pocky out of her mouth, for a moment the crickets could only be heard. "Kiyara-chan you worry to much." She smiled and I knew it was a real one I had done my job.

When I came home that evening and grandma had fed us to dinner and sent us off to our merry way. I had traveled up to Chi's and my bedroom, I was the only one up there and I lay on the bed. I watched the lights in my room and felt myself get tired.

What would our future be like? I wonder if what Yuki said of staying together and keeping each other safe would be the same tomorrow? And that's all I wanted, was yesterday to be tomorrow and things just to be the same before the madness came.

I think adults that I've come across in my life can be rather careless. Its almost as if once they start having responsibilities they start to run or shrug it off. Those in my life who do seemed to take responsibilities are usually snatched away either by death or something else. Grandma wasn't someone to run off, but I think the pressure of having us 3 around started to come upon her.

Its not like Grandma was to sick or elderly to watch over us make sure we did our homework and what not, but its not like she was exactly fit to keep up with our energy. Eventually a few months past by after having that phone call from Dad; Grandma began to become over stressed. When Chii, Yuki, and I weren't making trouble or being hyper we were usually getting other kids in trouble. We mostly hung around one another since friends seemed a little overrated at the time, but once with other kids we were little troublemakers more then usual.

Even though Grandma loved us, she said she couldn't take it and so she drove us to the Hinageshi Orphanage in Kyoto. I was in the car ride that morning to the orphanage and I was holding onto the small turtle doll that I had gotten from my grandmother before we left. Yuki sat on the other car window and Chii in the middle. I bounced up in the seat and kept looking out the window. Grandma turned to me

"Kiyara, please calm down, honey."

"I can't grandma. Were going to Kyoto."

Chii looked at me and I could see Yuki look at me too. Chii blinked, "Why is that so great Imotoo-chan?"

"Because Daddy said he lived there right, so maybe he will adopt us."

Yuki's face color flushed from his face and Grandma put her hand on her head and back on the steering wheel. Chii looked at me as her hands folded in her lap and she sat back and closed her eyes. I don't know what I had said, but it must have been bad considering silence came in the car. I sat back in my seat and looked out the window, I didn't mean it. Whatever was going to happen I hope that I wouldn't lose any more people in my family.

When we arrived at the orphanage grandma began to bawl like a mad man, she didn't get out of the car that made Yuki caused the first move. He opened the car door and hopped out landing on the rock that was suppose to make it look like a driveway. Chii and I hopped out of the car after him and I slammed the car door shut. I could hear Yuki trying to calm grandma down and bring her inside, but grandma just kept bawling. I looked at Chii as we were waiting. "What did I say in the car, Chii-chan?"

Chii looked at me and placed her hand in her little sweatshirt. She looked the other way I wondered if she was crying too, by now Chii was 9, Yuki 10, and I 8-years-old. I watched her and that's when I noticed Chii looked so grown up. When did that happen? She opened her mouth. "Kiyara, dad's not coming to get us. He never is, don't you get it? Don't you understand? Dad can't have us, he can't afford to have us with him."

For a moment I was so lost in what she said. He was not coming? He would never come? He couldn't afford us? I couldn't get it through my head of what was going on, but its not like I had time too. It was all happening very fast. Slowly Grandma got out of the car and started to lead us to the orphanage. I tugged at Yuki's sleeve so he didn't move so fast. "Yuki.."

"Yeah?"

"Dad loves us right? He's coming, right? He's coming?"

Yuki now took the silence that Chii had taken only a few minutes ago. I now noticed he looked grown up as well. When did we all start growing up? Did it happen to me too? Yuki grabbed my wrist and started to walk after Grandma and Chii in order not to get left behind. He didn't turn back, but I could hear sincere in his voice. "Kiyara. Dad loves you, dad loves us, dad may not come back, but don't ever think that he doesn't love you. Do you understand?"

Why was everyone always asking me if I understood? I don't think I would or could at this point, but maybe that's why they're asking. It made me feel like I was still that little kid who didn't get anything and always had to be explained it. Somehow I think this was the hardest on Yuki and Chii then me. I hadn't been around dad or mom enough to make any sort of connection, but Yuki and Chii they had more time and so it must be hard. I felt so bad and I felt like all my problems were just adding to the weight on their shoulders.

"Yuki.."

"Kiyara?"

"He **will** come back. He **will**."

Yuki glanced at me for a moment and said slowly. "We don't deserve this, but as long as I have you two, I'm good." I felt really happy then for a quick moment that he said that, I would try to be really good for them. Yuki grabbed Chii's wrist too who stopped to pick a flower up in the yard that clearly had a sign up that said 'Do not pick' Yuki turned to both of us as grandma rang the doorbell. "I promise, I will never let anyone adopt any of us without one another, I promise you both that."

Chii looked at me and back at Yuki. "That's really sweet, Nii-chan. I promise I will not be adopted." Then they both looked at me who was still trying to figure out anything that was happening. I realized they

were looking at me and nodded agreeing. Maybe one day I'll understand what's going on, but now its all just confusing. I wonder when they ask me if I understood what was going on when I get older, I would finally be able to say yes.

Sometimes you don't fit in places and I think the orphanage was one of those times. We were the new kids and naturally the fresh meat. Suddenly our trips to inside of the orphanage weren't all that glamorous like the times we'd run into grandma's house.

Food was something to add to my despise list and the sleeping hours were nonetheless horrible. The only time I liked spending time in that orphanage is when we'd all been allowed to go outside. Next door was a family with two little boys and they were always showing me some cool stuff. They one time were showing me how to jump off the roof correctly.

Yuki hated me hanging around those kids so naturally I wasn't allowed to be by them and that just ruined my day. Chii liked swinging on the two swings in the backyard with some girl named Melody so I used to watch them as I stacked number of rocks. Yuki had become fascinated with soccer, but slowly I saw him fighting with the other boys on who could play so he just instead started playing against himself and the wall.

The time I was around 11-years-old, Yuki had come home in a huff. He couldn't take it anymore living here and no one was adopting us at least not all together. So he sat Chii and I down and told us that we would be sneaking out.

When I was sleeping one night Chii had come and woken me up. I don't remember how we got through the door, but we did and eventually out on the road. I had an anxiety of knowing what we were going to do. Yuki explained that he's been rounding up money since we got here and that we could live in shacks and small portions of food till he raised enough to buy a house.

Constantly we were always on the run of the orphanage ever since we saw posters up for us. While we

attended new schools, mostly public since we couldn't afford private schools, we were still in paranoia. When we started our runaway Yuki's first last name he gave us was Saskue. When someone asked our last name my first day of 6th grade, I said "Ritsuko" which was our original last name, and then we were back on the road again in any attempt to hide from the orphanage.

I don't remember how many schools I went through or the new last names he kept giving us. For about a year we went through so many shacks and once and awhile we lived in opened garages of gas stations. The other second year we were living in parks and in the winters we were sleeping in bus stations.

Chii got a job when she turned 14 and I was to stay at home as Yuki and Chii worked every night saving up for either food or the next house. It seemed like we were always assuming that we were going to screw up somehow and go to a new house.

When I turned 14-years-old, Chii was 15-years-old, and Yuki was 16-years-old it seemed that Chii and Yuki had raised enough money to buy a home. It wasn't far from the bus station we were living at now but it was a good home.

I never had a job, but the summer before this school year Chii and I got a job as waitresses at a coffee shop. Yuki works at home a lot as a Computer and Telephone Management. This is where the whole story starts.

My life, our life, has been always on the run, but this is the first time we've actually had a home in awhile, food in the fridge, and a good bed to sleep in. I think we were starting to have high hopes of not blowing our cover and live the remainder of our childhood in this house.

High hopes, high hopes was something that always got me really down. Every time I assumed something it was always changed around and I think in the end my spirit just broke. Dad hasn't been seen since I was around 7-years-old and I hadn't heard from grandma since the day she dropped us from the orphanage.

I however have an older brother and an older sister who seemed to be taking life all in fate right now and pretty much watch over me. So why is it, why is it that I can't seem to have the same spirit as when I was a kid?

But maybe, this is the place this town, this school, this house is finally a place to call home.

2 - Yuki's Girlfriend...?

I hadn't really planned on telling Yuki or Chii that I might of given suspicion to the teacher on who we really were. Right now all I could focus on was the loud noise in the hallway that Friday afternoon.

Kids slammed their lockers and talked about what they were planning this weekend. Those who did sports grabbed their gear and started to heads out towards the field or pool if they did swimming. I myself did soccer, but right now the murmurs in class were in my head.

Recently in my class there was a rumor of kids disappearing and that whenever they went through this specific neighbor hood they never came back. It was deeply on my mind. A few kids in class were going to check out the neighborhood and me, well being me, had to go see it for myself.

After grabbing the weekend's homework of English and Chemistry I decided that I would run home and get changed real fast. The pounding of my school shoes against the ground seemed to boost my energy more and more as I begun to run out.

A girl by the name of Riko turned to me as I ran by and yelled my name for my attention. "Hey, Kiyara!"

I turned around fast and tried to look past the few upperclassmen walking by. "Yea?" Riko waved for me to come over as I walked over and stood next to her and she got her books.

Personally, I didn't know Riko all too well. She and I met on the first day since she was my guide around the school, but it's not like we were best friends or even considerably good friends. We talked and we saw one another, but the point of a friend relationship was taking it a little far. However, she was one of the kids going to this "haunted" neighborhood.

Riko finally looked up after putting a book in her bag, she was at least 3 inches taller than me, but a year older. She smiled letting her twisted reddish hair hang down her face. "You're coming tonight, right? To the haunted house?"

"Yeah of course, I just have to run home first."

"Cool, the kids and I are meeting at the Deli down from Silent Avenue so meet us there around 4 okay?"

"Of course, sure."

She started to walk away and she looked at me for a moment and watched a few other kids walk by. "Wait a second, don't you have soccer practice?"

I stood there, oh right, practice. I let my mind wander off to what we might be doing today at practice, but the loud noise in the hallways kept my mind back to reality. What would Yuki say if I missed practice? He did go through all that trouble to get me into that club.

While Yuki and Chii worked after school and I went to practice, I worked at nights. I usually worked around from 7:00-11:30 and soccer practice usually ended at 4:30 or 5:00 which gave me enough time to go home and do my homework. Sometimes Yuki and Chii would wait for me to come before eating dinner, but sometimes we were all so busy that it was usually takeout or whatever you could find.

I hated the fact that we were always working that we couldn't just have clubs or hang out after school like normal kids, but Chii-chan said when we were older she would buy us all a new house and we could

have all the fun we wanted, she said somewhere in the meadows where we could run. I didn't get that, how we were going to run if we were old? I doubt I'll want to do that when I'm older.

I did have practice today, but I'm sure it's okay if I miss this practice, this one practice. Yuki wouldn't mind right? I looked around as if the upperclassmen might have Yuki or Chii in it, but I didn't see any of the faces.

Riko waved her hand in front of me and got me focused again, she arched an eyebrow, "You okay there?"

"Oh sorry," I said moving the piece of my shoulder length chestnut hair out of my face, "I can come, don't worry. I do play soccer, but I can miss it."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Okay then." Riko started to run off home waving to me and said for me to meet her at the Deli around 4 again. After she got out of view, I turned and began walking down the right hall to the other outside door, which directed to my neighborhood.

In between my conversation and thinking I hadn't heard the noise die down, suddenly the school got quiet and only the voices of teachers in the teacher lounge coming from down the hall.

Mostly what was on my mind right now is what I was going to say to my coach or nonetheless Yuki. I did have work tonight, but I think I would back before then even if I wasn't I'm sure Chii could cover my shift.

When I opened the doors to the courtyard hearing whistles of all sorts coming from different directions and kids panting out of breath from track, I suppose, I began to run.

My uniform was completely covered in the dust being thrown around in the wind, but I didn't care. I kept running hoping that maybe I'll get home and get to call one of my siblings at work to tell them where I was going.

Some of you may call it selfish to not doing my priorities, but I would have enough of those when I'm older, right? Besides, it was one practice not like it was going to kill anyone.

We just started this new school in the spring after blowing our cover of our last name, Ritsuko, at the old one. I think everyone was pretty much hoping that we would be able to make it through one semester in the same school, everyone meaning my siblings and I.

Friends, people were hard to get along with or at least keep. Yuki made friends who were often not too much into his business to even ask his name, guess its why he could be more calm and relaxed about it. Chii had a few troubles making friends because they were always so interested in her and her life that she normal tried to stay quiet which pushed people away.

At this school though Chii was having a much easier time since most of the kids either didn't pressure their friends too much about their life or just didn't seem to care. I on the other hand was still working on the subject of friends.

In this school even though I've been in the school for about 2 weeks now, had tons of people to make friends with. I normally kept to myself though in fear of blowing our cover. I didn't really want to move, but if we didn't move then I would be in paranoia so much that I would never of made any friends.

So at this point, I think the fact I was skipping practice and hanging around kids my own age seemed overwhelming and very pleasing. I usually hung around Yuki and Chii, but lately we've all been so busy to pay this month's bills that it gets sort of lonely. Having kids besides Yuki and Chii was like I was replacing a quick feeling.

Friends we made before were never to be talked to after we moved away from them it was rule in this "family" of ours. If we moved to a new school, made friends, and somehow blew our cover we would have to loose all connections with our friends.

Its not like we wanted to stop talking to them or even stop hanging out with them, but if they knew where we were going the chance of them telling an adult or contacting the orphanage might have been a possibility and running from the orphanage with the goal in the first place.

I don't really know what that I had to do with me skipping practice or even going out for a few, but it seemed to be on my mind today. They say that friends come and go, but your family will always be besides you, but this time I just wanted at least someone to talk to besides my family.

I walked into the house that afternoon and went upstairs to get a drink before I started to find some clothes to wear while I went out. While grabbing a water bottle I saw the note on the fridge.

Kiyara,

Don't go wandering off, stay home and then go to work. I'll save you some takeout for when you get back. By the way, stop stealing my shirts from my room. Ttyl.

-Yuki

The fact I stole his t-shirt for bed last night was probably what he meant. Still, when he said don't go wandering off I tore the note off the fridge and crumpled it up. After throwing it in the trash I walked off down to my bedroom.

We had a two-store house it was really neat. Yuki's bedroom was the first one you passed, it oversaw the road and he could hear cars honking in a distance. It was usually really messy in there, but somehow I always ended up finding his clean shirts anyway.

A bathroom next to his room and Chii-chan had the room across from his and it usually had loud music playing from it, but right now it was quiet. If you kept walking down the hall pass the family room, the second bathroom, and then the laundry room you got to my room. I don't know why, but I had a fascination my room being apart from everyone else's.

I opened the door and was blinded by the sunlight coming in, though this room did get the most of the sun. I grabbed the blinds and pulled them down allowing shade into the room and visibility. My room was the smallest of all the rooms; Chii's being the biggest.

Some of the boxes in my room were in the corner some of them unpacked as if expecting to just packing it up. There was a bed of mine in the corner and a nightstand next to it. Under the windows was a desk that I usually just kept things on and did my homework.

In the corner of that was a beanbag chair. Against the other wall was a closet that held piles of clothes some that needed to be washed and some that were already cleaned. Empty hangers and a few soccer balls in the back, but that was really all.

There was a skateboard somewhere in this room, wonder if I could ride it there. After looking for the skateboard for about 10 minutes, I gave up and started getting dressed into my normal clothes and out of the uniform.

I found blue jeans in all the mess and a light blue and black striped shirt. I put some black bracelets on and quickly put some sneakers on as well. My shoulder length brown hair went into low ponytails and I ran out of my room.

I threw Yuki's t-shirt that I borrowed back into his room and opened the door to Chii's room so it didn't get so hot in her room. Grabbing a black jean jacket if it got cold, I ran out down the street to the Deli.

Sometimes when I was a kid, I would get changed for absolutely nothing, sometimes I was even too lazy

to change out of my uniform. It felt nice to actually do something this weekend then lie around or even go to work.

I'm going to be in so much trouble, oh god. It was around 12 and I was just starting to walk home. The neighbor hood was empty of course, but when every time we heard noise we all just flinched a little, even the guys.

We were walking around the neighbor hood for quiet some time until we heard screaming. All of us ran like crazy out of the neighbor hood, turns out the screams were from a movie theater in town.

After hanging out with these kids for quiet sometime just walking around I had lost track of time. Now I'm running home realizing missing work and soccer was going to get me into trouble.

I fumbled for the keys to the front door to the house, shaking mostly because of the cold and the rain coming down. I might have been running because I wasn't fully convinced that this scream was the theater and it might be some like zombie or whatever.

I jammed the keys into the door and shut the door behind me, the T.V was on and I could hear the sink running. Other then that the house was quiet besides the sounds of my breath trying to catch up.

Walking into the kitchen should have never happened, because I didn't know what I was getting myself into. I took my shoes off and laid them on the floor casually and tried to act like everything was fine, hoping that maybe they went to bed or something.

Suddenly I heard Yuki's voice. "Pick your god damn shoes up, Kiyara." I looked at Yuki who was doing the dishes fast in the sink, he didn't even look up and somehow he knew it was I. His voice was angry, oh not even angry, pissed.

I watched Yuki for a moment he looked exhausted. His brown hair that spiky up just a little seemed wet as if he took a shower and his bluish gray eyes, same as me, were sunken low as if tired. His back arched over the sink and his jeans kept needed to be pulled up because they were just a little to big for him.

I started to approach him after picking up my shoes and taking my coat off. "Yuki, I'll finish them."

He turned off the sink and slammed his fist on the counter making the house much louder. "Do you know how worried sick I was!? What the hell is wrong with you?!"

I opened my mouth in order to interject, but he now approached me and got about 3 inches from my face. "Don't you dare speak, Kiyara! You think you can just skip practice and work for playmates!?"

"I was checking out a haunted neighbor hood," I had said backing up and slumping into the kitchen chair. Where was Chii, she would of defend me right?

Yuki slammed the cabinet door above the sink and took a cup out. "A haunted house!? That's what you went for? I freaking was going to call the police if you weren't back! I didn't know where the hell you were! Chii had to take your shift and you were fooling around!"

I looked up from the centerpiece I was trying to concentrate on to ignore his yelling. "Chii took my shift?"

"Yeah! She had to work her @\$ off so you could go play! F**k what were you thinking?! Were you for once thinking about maybe other people instead of yourself!?"

I got up angrily and push the chair in and yelled back at Yuki. "Lets get something straight! I don't care if I missed one practice or missed work, I wanted to hang out and you don't need to call it playing either! I

wasn't playing I was hanging out!"

Yuki glared back just equally knowing that I wouldn't get away without him getting the last word. "Kiyara! You as hell know that I signed you up for soccer so you would have something to do! I worked my @\$ off and Chii worked her @\$ off so you could do soccer and now your throwing it all away I-"

"It was ONE practice!"

"I don't f**king care! You don't miss any! You do what we paid for, got it!?"

I leaned against the wall looking down the hall for any signs of Chii's bedroom light being on, it was on, but her door was shut. I could glare at Yuki all day, but it wouldn't get me anywhere, I didn't want to say it but it fell out of my mouth.

"So what are you now, my dad!?"

Yuki grabbed my arm at that instant and slammed me against the wall so hard that I fell to the ground. I heard Chii's bedroom door open, she stood there in shock; Yuki would have never attacked me unless we were fooling around, but this was not to hurt me (Even though he did) it was to get my attention.

" Kiyara, stop being a selfish little brat!! Don't you **ever** compare me to that bastard or even reference him in this house! Now listen up, I'm the oldest, I'm in charge and I seem to be the only one who can take responsibility for this house! I worked my @\$ off and Chii's worked her @\$ off and you are not five anymore and you too have to work your @\$ off too!"

I rubbed my head, but continued listening and waiting for him to finish. He looked at me and leaned against the wall and looked down at Chii in the hall. "Get back to bed, Chii."

Chii who was in black pajama pants and a gray tang top was staring at us. Her dark brown hair curled up

to her mid back. Her bangs this weekend end was orange and some of the strands in her hair were hot pink. She had the same color eyes as Yuki and I and even though a year older than me, 15, she was just a few inches taller.

“Nii-san don't get so mad, I'm sure Kiyara wasn't thinking.”

Yuki looked at me and then back at Chii. “Hell she wasn't thinking. Now go back to bed, before you get involved.” Chii looked at me for a moment and I looked back at her, she walked into her bedroom shutting the door behind her.

Yuki knew Chii was probably listening against the wall or something so he grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into his room. I sat on the bed and Yuki paced back and fourth.

In his room it smelt like boy clone and a mix of opened detergent, but I couldn't decide. I leaned against the wall and waited for Yuki to yell, Yuki never got this mad, I wonder what was wrong with him. Maybe he reached his limit with me, since I had a knack of getting into trouble and when it wasn't me it was Chii.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my head and a shadow over me. I looked up to see Yuki looking at my head; he ran out of the room and came back with an ice pack. He placed it on my head and told me to come with him.

What was this? He was being all dad like before and now big brother? His mood was too hard to decipher most of the time. He shut my bedroom door and told me to lie down under the covers. I did as I was told, still having the ice pack on my head.

Yuki sat at the desk chair and looked at me, he was watching me for a second. The only light coming from the room was the desk lamp. Yuki sighed for a moment and turned his back to me burying his face into his hands. “Kiyara what is it? What's making you like this? Why were you so keen on missing work today and skipping practice?”

Sometimes Yuki could be the kindest person in the world, but when he got mad or worried he really showed the way he felt. I opened my eyes staring at the ceiling feeling lightheaded. Was I bleeding from the top of my head? I really didn't know why I did the things I did lately about my grades and sports, but right now it didn't seem important.

Yuki walked over to my bed sitting at the end of it letting his face hide in the dark as his eyes showed struggle. "What is it Kiyara? Is work too hard for you? Do you need a few days off from school? Is someone picking on you? Is it *that time* again?"

It felt really weird for Yuki to ask those questions. I mean, not that I wasn't used to serious conversations like this, but *those* questions were odd. What was really bugging me? It wasn't like me to do any of that stuff to not call or go to work, I was usually able to focus on things a lot quicker. Was I starting to cave?

I closed my eyes for a second and tried to think when I started thinking all of the rebellion thoughts of missing work and skipping practice. It led to a thought for a moment, the other day I had heard kids talking about what their parents did for a living, we were supposed to make a presentation.

I spent all of last weekend on this project, but every time I went to go write it nothing came up. I ended up writing one really quick sentence and presenting it in class. I had to lie about my real life because it might cause suspicion. When I literally said in classes, 'my dad works and my mom stays at home. Thank you' it didn't seem to satisfy the teacher a bit.

Again, I was told to write the paper and so I ended up writing this 2 page essay on what I thought my parents were like and what I believe they would be doing nowadays if we all lived together. After that, I found myself in bed wondering what they were really like and ended up crying myself to sleep.

When I was a kid the thought of having no parents was cool. It was cool to run on our plans and not a schedule of adults. While some kids weren't allowed to do certain things such as run out in the rain without a coat, I was doing that all the time when I was a kid rain or snow.

Back then it was cool, but now it was just sad. Kids could get a lot more ideas from their parents and a lot more information occurred around adults than as of three kids. Maybe that's why I went out tonight, because I didn't want that sense of loneliness I wanted to be with one big group.

Why I didn't go to work or soccer seemed to just remind that the fact I didn't have any parents, which led to the thought of why I had to work and practice for a game that a parent of mine would never see. Maybe I was trying to hold everything inside and deny every thought of what people think of my reasons for acting this way; so I wouldn't hear the fear really inside of me.

I knew that Yuki and Chii were often like this a lot when they were little. Yuki had to work a lot nowadays to support this house and he would sometimes mutter to himself about 'if we had parents'. Chii sometimes talked about drawing what our parents looked like, but she was often found saying 'I can't remember and I don't have a picture.'

We were all pretty in a bad mood or upset lately because the anniversary of mom's death was coming up in a month, we always got like this. I felt myself slowly going to sleep and I felt Yuki take off the icepack of my head.

Wait, I never answered his question. The bedroom door opened and I called out to him quietly with my eyes still closed. "Yuki?"

Yuki looked at me after turning out the light on my desk. "Yeah, what?"

"I miss **them**."

Yuki shut the door and I knew he did because I opened my eyes a bit to see what he was doing. I now was looking at the ceiling and Yuki walked back over to me. He stood over me and just stared.

"Kiyara, I'm sorry you feel like that. Is it because no one has been to your soccer game in awhile? Do you want Chii and I to take a day off of work so we can watch you? What about work you want a few days off?"

“No, it's not like that. Its just, a presentation.”

“Presentation?”

I could feel my tears forming and so I turned my back to him so I could stare at the wall, I hardly cried but lately it's been really easy to. “Last week, my class was to give a presentation about our family.”

“Oh,” Yuki had said waiting for me to continue.

“It was that week that you were working a lot. I asked Chii for some help on the work, but Chii said she didn't know. So I sat here in the room and I didn't know what to write. I ended up writing a sentence, `my dad works and my mom stays at home. Thank You.' My teacher didn't accept it. I came home and I wrote a two-page essay about what I thought they were like and what they would do if they were here now. I don't know why, but I was crying after school. I don't get why I was so hurt by this, it never affected me before.’

Yuki stood there and I felt tears rolling down my face I tried to rub them away in the pillow, but Yuki grabbed my arm to make me stop. I sat up against the wall and my eyes were now awake. As a big brother, they usually weren't this nice, but this one of Yuki's kind moments. Yuki wiped the tear away with his thumb and I felt his voice chill a little bit, as if he sucked on an ice cube before.

He tried to smile. “Don't cry. It will be okay, I promise. You'll forget all about it. Plus, crying doesn't suit you Kiyara. Just wait a little longer and you'll understand one of these days, okay?”

He opened the bedroom door and began to walk out when I had one more question for him. “Yuki?”

“What Kiyara?”

“Do **you** understand what happened?”

For a moment silence came and the only sound was of Chii desperately trying to lean against her bedroom door to listen into the hall, which is where this conversation led out. Yuki just started to shut the door. “Goodnight Kiyara.”

I don't think any of us will ever understand what's going on and I couldn't tell if that was for a reason or just because we were just so blinded by everything else.

“Kiyara, dear! Wake up! Wake up!”

I knew that voice and it just led me to the thought of what time it was. I grumbled trying to hide under the covers. “What?”

Chii, the owner of this voice, was trying to pull me out by the leg out of bed. “Wake up. Its already 2 PM, you can't sleep all day, c'mon Yuki is bringing us to the movies today, were going to be lat-“

Chii fell on my bedroom floor trying to pull me out of bed, I cheated though I grabbed onto the bedpost so she would have to drag me with her. She threw the beanbag chair over me head and I don't think she realized, but she started suffocating me.

I kicked my feet and Chii just kept saying in this amused voice, “Wake up!” I pushed her off onto the floor again and sat up in my bed, breathing hard. Didn't she realize I couldn't breath!?

She laughed, “Good Afternoon, Ki-chan!”

I looked at her, "Its nothing to laugh about! You nearly killed me!"

She laughed nervously now, "Oh did I? Sorry," she put a finger up in the air, "look on the bright side-"

I stuck my tongue at her, "Bright side!?! I nearly died!"

Chii smiled, "Yeah, but at least you wouldn't be sad anymore. I don't like you sad."

My face stopped making faces at her and stared at her for a moment looking at her. Did Yuki tell her something? I decided to ignore it and stood up out of bed helping her up. "But you would rather see me dead?"

Chii rubbed the back of her head and only hummed a song, she took my hand in the process. I blinked, getting the point; I teased playfully, "Aww your not nice."

Chii decided to change the subject as she spun around on one foot and smiled. "Do you like my outfit? I bought it yesterday."

I hadn't noticed her outfit, but it really was a neat outfit when I did notice. Since it was nearly Spring Chii-chan was wearing shorts. Black shorts hung off her thin waist and her light blue tang top loosely went over the shorts a little. The shirt had a big black heart in the middle with a chibi demon wolf in it like in the animes. Around her hips was one of Yuki's stud belts and on her feet were knee high black boots. She wore a big light blue sweatband with a black bubble on it and she had her nails in black. Her darkish brown hair was messily put into a bun and she could probably be described as the evanescence of adorable.

I jokingly got jealous. "Geez why not just attach a sign to yourself that said `Hug me I'm adorable.'"

She blinked sitting on my bed, "They sell signs like that?" I sighed and started to look in my closet. She bounced up and down behind me. "What are you going to wear?"

I turned to her, "Did you happen to have any like sugar this morning?" She waved her hand casually, "Just assume I had candy, why don'tcha? Why can't you just guess that I'm happy?"

My eyebrow arched making a disbelieving look, "But **did** you have sugar?" She stared at me for the longest time and then just said, "Maybe."

She sat on my bed flipping through my soccer magazine as I picked something out to wear, nothing good. Suddenly Yuki came running in trying to hold up his pants he yelled at Chii. "Give me back my belt, Chii."

Chii stuck her tongue out now, "Come and get it or are you afraid?" Yuki stared at her like 'you got to be kidding me look.' Not that Yuki, Chii, and I have not wrestled or even playfully fought with one another, but last time Chii and I put Yuki's shoes on fire. Yuki grinned, "Do you really want to challenge me?"

Onee-chan raised her hand and laughed, "Okay, lets take a vote. Who is a better fighter, Nii-chan or I?" Naturally, then voted for themselves and I just watched. Yuki looked at me. "You're the tie breaker, Kiyara. Choose."

My head in all the tired in it and sudden voting contest I was lost, I did what I thought was right. I smiled back at the both of them. "You both know I'll beat both of you."

Yuki grabbed my arm pulling me into a headlock and giving me a really bad nudge, he rolled his eyes and used sarcasm, "Oh yeah, your terrifying." I tried to get loose, but his grip was too strong. Chii laughed, "Awe little Kiyara thinks she can beat her two older siblings?"

I sobbed, "I thought you were on my team."

“I am, I just like teasing you. So really who is the good fighter?”

“I told you who.”

Yuki started randomly cracking up and waved his hand in the air. “No way Kiyara is the winner here.”

“Remind me, who set your shoes on fire last time,” I asked Yuki glaring playfully at him.

“You.”

“And I'll do it again if I have too.”

Chii got up and ruffled my hair messing it up as if Yuki hadn't already, “Awe its so cute how you try to be tough.”

I tugged at her arm, “Hey stop treating me like I'm five, I can take you.”

She started to walk out of the room, in order to get out before a wrestling match started.

Yuki grabbed Chii around the waist while she was walking out and pulled his belt off her hips and ran down the hall, dropping Chii in the process. I heard him laughing all the way down the hall until his slammed his bedroom door shut.

I blinked, “That was odd.” Chii looked at me and back down the hall. “You'll have to come out of your

room sometime, Nii-chan!”

In a faint distance I heard Yuki yell, “Like hell I would! And these two are what I'm supposed to call my family? Oh dear god.

Sometime after choosing what I was going to wear and getting Yuki out of his bedroom we headed towards the movie theater. I ended up wearing kaki green caprice with a black tang top and a soccer ball in the middle with letters that said `I live, breath, and eat soccer.” Over my tang top I had my black windbreaker it over and white and black sneakers. My hair was just down back in clips a little.

We had to walk, since Yuki didn't have money for a cab. Chii and I did a lot of window-shopping as we walked and Yuki tried to listen to his headphones. I turned to Yuki while Chii stopped to use the bathroom.

I looked at him, “Um Yuki, how did you, get to miss work today? Why are you doing this?” The conversation last night never mentioned him taking off for the day or nonetheless to a movie. He stared at me and put his headphones over my ears pulling my hood over my head, he didn't answer my question though.

Somehow and somehow we made it to the movie theater in time. While Chii and I were getting some drinks I had a strange feeling Yuki went missing all of the sudden. I pulled Chii's arm. “Chii where did Yuki go?”

She too looked around and no sight of him was found, “I don't know, maybe he already headed in.”

“Without us?”

“Well you know Yuki and seats, I mean, maybe he wanted good ones and assumed we would just get the hint.”

We decided that Chii and I would go sit in the theaters and wait for him to head up by us. In about a half an hour into the movie, horror movie might I add, terrified of them, I began to grow nervous. I tapped my foot impatiently ignoring the gory scenes on T.V that Chii seemed to be having a blast with.

Chii looked at me as she saw me get up and start to walk away. “Where are you going?”

“I got to go find, Onii-chan,” I whispered, “I'm worried.”

She got the hint and followed after me. We carried our sodas and candy around eating and drinking them as we looked outside for Onii-chan. where did he go?

I kept chasing after Chii who at this time was running ahead of me, which it was normally the other way around. I looked around and we went around the block about 5 times. I slammed my foot on the ground. “Where is Yuki?”

“I don't know,” Chii said looking around as if he might all the sudden pop up and say something like ‘I **was** in the movie theater.’

Suddenly Onii-chan started jumping up and down to see over adult's heads, “There!” I tried to duck to see through people's feet, and I could only see a boy on a bridge a little far a ways.

Chii grabbed my arm and started pulling me towards him, feeling quiet proud she found him first, as if it were ‘I Spy’. I thought we had lost him; he was the soul basically of our lives right now.

We felt our feet trying to stop ourselves at we got to the end of the bridge, Chii nearly made me flip when she put her hand out and forced me to stop walking. She looked at me, "Who is she?"

I looked over the bridge at where Onii-chan was and suddenly saw this girl. The girl looked to around his age maybe a year younger. She had long black hair and these really pretty green eyes. She looked a little pale, but her cheeks were pink as if her blush might have faded out. She was wearing gray baggy pants and a green t-shirt. She had her hair down and her white sneakers were on. She was very pretty indeed.

I shook my head at Chii-chan answering her `no.' She started to march towards Yuki I think she might have been a little angry cause she was sure making a loud clicking noise with her boot. I followed after her.

She pointed at Yuki, "Where the hell have you been!?"

Yuki looked at us and back at this girl, "The movie ended?"

"Answer the question!"

"I've been with Sora. Oh right," he looked at us pointing to Sora, "This is Sora Nadho she's in my class."

Sora nodded smiling, "Hi there. Nice to meet you. Um, who might you two be?"

Yuki pointed to Chii, "This is Chiyo, we call her Chii, she's the older sister I was telling you about and that," he said pointing to me "that is Kiyara, she's the younger one."

Sora jumped with happiness, "Aww their adorable."

I laughed nervously trying to be nice and not to rude, “Yo were just a few years younger then you, like 2 or 1 years.”

Yuki coughed and looked at Sora, “I told you she thinks she's older, wiser, and tougher.”

“I do not!” I had said trying to hit Yuki a bit playfully.

Chii tried to be nice too now she smiled so slightly. “So you know about us? So who are you? How long have you been hanging around Yuki? We've never heard about you.”

Sora kind of gave a quick glance at Yuki who sighed, “I was going to tell them, today.”

I stood next to Yuki holding onto his wrist as if I was going to pull him back to the movies with us. Chii and Sora looked at one another almost as if two tigers were ready to attack. Chii twitched a bit, “Tell us what?” Chii and I were overly protective of Yuki, but Chii took it to another extent.

Sora laughed a bit blushing, “I'm Yuki's girlfriend. I've been going out with him for a month now.”

Chii stared at Sora letting her face flush and my face flushed a bit too. A girlfriend? Wait, so was I bringing him down last night talking about loneliness? Cars went by and cherry blossoms from the tree above the bridge fell.

So this was Yuki's girlfriend?

3 - Heat Exhaustion

Kiaragurl03- Tee Hee, the newest chapter. Keegan coming in the next one, don't worry Onee-chan! ^-^

“Girlfriend?” Chii asked Sora, who just replied by nodding. I glanced at Yuki and let go of his arm walking back over to Chii.

Sora feeling a little uneasy now looked for Yuki to help, who tried to change the subject. “How was the movie?” Chii looked at him letting her eyes become merciless, “Wouldn't you like to know.”

Yuki looked back at Chii as wall glaring as if saying `Relax. I'll explain later'. Yuki then looked at me and smiled, “Did you like it Kiyara?” I opened my mouth to respond, but Chii put her hand to stop me. “You should of come if you want to know, don't ask Kiyara.”

Sora laughed nervously and stated, “This is quiet awkward isn't it?” I replied by only nodding agreeing. Why was Chii so mad? Chii grabbed my arm and dragged me along back towards home. “See you later.”

Now it was Yuki's turn to chase us like we had done to him and so he did. He smiled at Sora saying, `see you later', and chased after us. “Chii! Kiyara!” I turned around stopping since somewhere over the time she let go of my arm.

Yuki however didn't stop running when he passed me, he waited till he got to Chii and grabbed her

shoulders. He wasn't even breathing hard Yuki was a great runner. "What's up? Why are you so angry?"

I waited for Chii to respond, but she didn't. Yuki tightened his grip trying to get her to talk. "Don't act like this! Turn around and stop giving me the cold shoulder!"

Chii now turned around and I don't know if Yuki could see, but I could see tears on the brim of her eyes. "This is the only time in months that we've been able to get you a day off! You'd rather spend it with that—that-girl!?"

When we were younger we had a lot of time being with one another maybe Yuki felt like he needed someone else. Its funny what love can do to people, but this is the first time I've ever had known Yuki to have a girlfriend nevertheless lie to us.

He let go of Chii's shoulders and walked around for a moment leaning over the bridge looking at the water. "Why is it that every day you two have to have some sort of angry vibe going around? I'm sorry I ditched you two, but she showed up! I couldn't just leave her there."

"So you left us!?" Chii was angry, she kept yelling as people stared.

I kept standing there watching my older siblings. Why did we always get so angry? Yuki had a point; it seemed every day lately we were getting angry. Chii also had a point, he had no reason to leave us and even if he did he should have told us.

I wonder if Yuki feels lonely too, if he is going out with Sora because he too feels like he needs someone to care like I do or even Chii.

"I told you, I'm sorry!"

Chii wiped her eyes getting angry, "You care for no one but yourself Yuki!"

"That's bullsh*t! I care about you two! Why in the hell do you think I bought this house? You on the other hand, blowing covers left and right!"

Yuki was getting mad and I hated when he got mad. Chii looked at me and pointed, I knew she wasn't trying to be meaning, but she was only trying to be fair. "Kiyara blew our cover too! Why aren't you yelling at her?"

Yuki looked at me and I looked back at him and then the other way, to the other side of the bridge. Some odd reason I couldn't take when Yuki or Chii stared at me it was weird. "Don't bring her into this Chii! She's not even arguing leave her alone!"

She laughed and pointed her finger at Yuki, "Last night, you could of cared less about her! You even shoved her into a wall! Now your big brother? Do you ever notice that you are the one to be in both fights?"

"Because you two are always on me about everything! Get off my back and stay out of my personal life!"

"Go to hell!"

For quiet some time those two argued and argued. Words, they sounded like my mom's and dad's. Yeah, I can remember some of it now. Before mom got sick my father and mother use to argue all the time. I can hear it, I can...

----Flashback-----

Mom had just started her nursing career and dad had been working it what Yuki works in today, Technology. Money became tight despite the two careers it was just very hard since not to many people were looking for nurses and mom had been at the bottom of the working career. Dad hadn't been able to find to many jobs and life in our house was cramming.

I must have been 4-years-old because Chii was 5-years-old and Yuki 6. I was sitting in the playroom at the time playing what we called "Stack the cups". It was a great game; we'd stack the cups as high as we could, Yuki being the tallest would put the last one on top.

We each took a turn using some crazy move in order to knock down the cups, it may sound boring, but it was raining that day and the power was out.

One of the cups was knocked out into the hall and Chii asked if I could get it. I got up clumsily and walked out into the hall almost tripping over Yuki's right leg. The cup went really far into the hall so I walked over to it.

"Shut up!" I heard my dad yell, I looked up holding the light yellow cup close. I couldn't see them, but I certainly heard my parents. My mother and father, what were they fighting about this time?

"Where were you last night, Haru?" my mother asked my father.

"I don't need to tell you!"

"Your children had waited all night for you to come home, where were you? You said you would be at the office and you weren't!"

“I just,” my dad tried to calm down, brushing his hair from what I could see “I went out for some drinks with Mokuba and Hiro.”

Silence again and then my mother gave such a forcing slap towards my father. “How dare you! How dare you go out and leave me with the children, you know were tight on money and,” my mother sobbed “ your using it on booze!”

My father slammed the chair down making me tighten my grip on the cup. It was to scare my mother, “I can't deal with this. Get off my back! Stay out of my personal life!”

I had just noticed how much nowadays Yuki sounded like dad and how Mom's crying sounded like Chii's.

---End of Flashback---

Still the yelling was heard between these two till I finally just couldn't take it anymore. In the back of my head I could hear my father push down the chair just like Yuki slams his fist.

Why was this all happening? Why were we getting so angry? Why? Yuki took us out to make me feel better, so maybe if I weren't so selfish, none of this would happen!

I stood between them and screamed. “Shut up!” Yuki and Chii became silent and onlookers now turned their attention towards us. Chii blinked feeling herself calm down, “Kiyara? What is it?”

Yuki who seemed to have the same question on his mind, "You okay?" I had forgotten I was completely silent throughout their argument and to have myself burst out must have meant that I wasn't okay.

But I wasn't, I wasn't okay. My stomach was turning and flopping up and down hearing their words. Of course, they use to fight this way too but I never felt like this before. I've never felt so sick in my life and so I clutched onto my stomach.

"Stop arguing, please."

Chii grabbed my arm feeling utterly concerned now, "Kiyara? Are you okay? Hey! Kiyara!" I wasn't responding, my head was turning my lips felt ice cold, as did my hands and fingertips.

She slipped her hand under my bangs and asked me, "Are you running a fever? Kiyara?" I fell to my knees feeling the world spin and I put my hands on the stone bridge in trying to bring myself back down to earth.

Yuki yelled I could hear him. "Chii stay with her, I'm going to get her some water to cool her off." He ran off in what direction I don't know. Was it the spring heat that was getting to me? Was it the fact these two were arguing and I was just trying to create a scene?

No, it wasn't that I really did feel ill all the sudden, but what it is beyond my knowledge. Chii bent down to me and I could hear her breaths in comparison to mine hers sounded calm while mine sounded desperate.

My cheeks were slowly fading of color, my body of stiff and weak at the same time, my stomach felt clenching, and my mouth felt dry. I looked at Chii letting our eyes meet, our eyes looked exactly like our mom's its how we always found each other identified one another, our eye color.

I could hear my dad's voice again as he soothed my pain the way he use to when I use to be sick `its okay, its okay.' I felt my left elbow fall to the ground and Chii grabbed onto my arm and around my back to my other arm, "Kiyara, just hang on, Yuki's coming."

Then I could hear my mom's voice singing a lullaby she use to sing to me when I was just a baby, how could I remember it? Chii use to sing it to me whenever I was little back in the orphanage, nowadays its barely heard. But now I could hear her, my mom.

Wait, its not my mom, It was Chii's voice. I felt sweat roll down my side cheek as I looked at her, she smiled trying to be encouraging now. She sang:

*Rising, rising is the moon;
Large & round one
Plate-like full moon will rise soon.*

*Hiding, hiding is the moon,
behind the clouds, dark clouds, black clouds;
Plate-like full moon will hide soon.*

*Appearing, reappearing is the moon,
Large & round, large & round, round round one,
Plate-like full moon will rise soon.*

Why my mother sang about the moon, I don't know. But I knew the song was made especially for me, Chii and Yuki told me so. The song made no sense to be what so ever, but it was the way she sang it that made it so great and somehow Chii could sing it just like mom.

Yuki came back bending down, helping me back up and giving me the water. Chii stopped singing it after awhile, but I could still hear it in my ears. Yuki was making sure I didn't fall like I did before I could tell.

When I was about halfway done with the water, my knees felt weak again. I looked in the water the sun was reflecting off of it. What was going on? I never usually felt this sick.

Yuki pushed the water back up to my mouth and demanded, "Keep drinking it." I kept drinking, but the more and more I did the more and more I kept thinking about our life before this.

Why was everything bothering me lately? The way Yuki and Chii argued even though I knew it would get better, the way I was acting with my responsibilities, and the way I was handling anything wasn't normal. But maybe I'm just being stupid.

I finished up the water and threw the bottle to the ground; my eyes felt weak and my head extremely numb. I began to fall foreword as sleep consumed me and I heard Chii yelling to Yuki. Yuki caught me and I could feel their eyes on me.

Then again maybe its just another thing I don't understand.

I woke up to the sounds of crickets, bullfrogs, the sound of a T.V in the far distance and typing on a keyboard. When I opened up my eyes I came to the sight of more dark. Where was I?

I sat up rubbing my head and closed my eyes yawning one more time. When my vision became clear enough I saw that I was back in my room; in my bed. It was dark out and my alarm clock read `10:08'. My feet seemed to touch my bedroom floor with such force that it hurt.

Being careful of how I acted I walked out of my bedroom. The house was quiet and it was odd, but nice. I noticed I was now in new clothes, in black pajama short with a long sleeve light blue shirt and my hair down a little messy.

The carpet in the halls silenced my footsteps and I peeked into Chii's room only to find she wasn't there. I then walked over to Yuki's and the crack on his door was seen, he was working.

Patiently I tried to decide what to do, but my hand overpowered me and I knocked on the door. Yuki didn't even look back, "Come in."

My hands slowly opened the door and quietly closed it and yet Yuki still didn't look back. I walked behind him and stood as I saw what he was working on.

On the screen there were a bunch of numbers, words, and big long letters that I didn't understand. Yuki didn't look back, "Heat Exhaustion."

"Huh?" I said noticing I dazed off.

Yuki kept on typing not looking back. How did he know who I was? "You fell to heat exhaustion."

"All the sudden?"

"Well you get delirious when you start to have heat exhaustion, did you feel delirious?"

I nodded seeing that he was in no mood to have a long conversation that he was busy. "Anyway its good to see your awake. They're some food in the oven for you, okay?"

My eyes narrowed down looking at Yuki. I felt bad for him he never got a break. He had to deal with school, with work, with us, and all he asked for was a girlfriend for someone to care about him as much as he cares about everything else and we got angry with that.

I didn't leave though, I kept looked down at my hands. "Um Yuki.."

He didn't stop typing and it was getting me a little angry that he wasn't, but I controlled my temper.
"What?"

I put my hands on his hands for him to stop typing and he looked at me seeing it was serious. "Do you feel still sick?"

"No, no that's not it, it's just..." I looked down this oddly felt like the day we found out our dad was never coming for us, that day of the phone call. "I just, I like Sora a lot, she's nice and if you like her, I like her too."

Strangely the tears kept touching the brim of my eyes. Chii and I were crying an awful lot lately. Yuki stared at me and went back to looking at his computer screen and then put his head down sighing.
"Come on, get out of here I have to work."

Not a word about Sora? What? However, I did what he said and began to walk out of his room, hitting his bedpost with my leg a bit. I opened the door and Yuki called out.

"Hey."

My head turned up towards Yuki, looking at his back, his head fully on the screen that was backed up against his wall.

"Yeah Onii-chan?"

"What did I say about you crying?"

It didn't cross my mind, but as he said it I suddenly remember what he said the night before. `Crying

doesn't suit you Kiyara.' That's what he said and at that I could smile a little.

He was trying, he really was and if all he asked was for Sora I would do my very best to like her and try to convince Chii to like her too.

Speaking of Chii, I walked out of his room shutting the door after saying `Yeah.' I walked out into the kitchen that was attached to the living room. I walked over to the living room and looked at Chii.

She was wearing dark blue short pajamas a short sleeve gray shirt that had the Japanese word for Love on it. I walked over to her sitting down in the armchair, seeing she was watching some anime, neither of us said anything. I looked up and she didn't even look at me. "Um, thanks for helping me before."

"Huh," she looked at me and blinked she was clearly in a daze "Kiyara! Your awake!"

I laughed nervously nodding. She smiled pulling the pocky from her mouth. "I'm so glad. You had me worried. You suddenly passed out!" I blinked cocking my head and changing the subject.

"Where did you get the pocky?"

"Huh? Oh, Yuki got it for me after he brought you home. He ran to the store and got ice for your head and pocky for me, he said `think of it as an apology' after he checked on you he locked himself in his room and hasn't said one word."

My eyes blinked with completely confusion. He was sorry? What for? I felt sorry for him the most. Then a big wad of ice was put on my head as Chii held me down laughing. "Cool you off." She sang while laughing.

My eyes shut tight trying to pull her off, "Get off. Its cold!" She laughed more, "Well of course Ki-chan it's suppose to be cold. Its for your head." She kept pressing it down making my forehead go numb,

“But my head is all better.”

She then stuck a piece of pocky in my mouth making me shut up and got off me, throwing the ice cube into the sink and smiled, “That's what you wanted right? The pocky?” She winked.

Sometimes I don't get her, but then again I have my weird days as well. Yuki use to call us `trouble' or `crazy' all the time since when were both like this its utter chaos. Chii then started to draw with her knees close to her and humming.

Chewing on the pocky and watching the T.V her song trailed and I heard her. My eyes diverted back to her and I cocked my head again, “Chii, before when I was sick on the bridge did you start humming?”

“Sure did.” She said it so casually as if it meant nothing and continued drawing.

“Why?”

Chii looked at me letting her eyes study mine, why wouldn't she? She crept a smile. “Well that's what mommy use to sing to you right? When you were sick? I just though maybe it would help,” then she pretend to hit herself on the head “but I didn't, stupid me.”

I looked at her letting my eyes brighten up and then smiling, “No way, it helped a lot. Thanks. It's been a long time since I've heard that one.”

She smiled back and nodded just laughing a bit. “Remember? Remember when mom wanted us to take naps? She lock us in our rooms and we would be banging on the doors?”

I laughed more not understanding it and could just imagine it. I stood up remembering one thing. “Remember that one time when we were younger, Yuki had convinced us that if we swung high enough that we could flip over the swing bar?”

“Yeah, and then when we tried I fell and broke my arm. Mom was so angry at Yuki that she told him if he didn't stop telling us lies she'd put him on the swing and flip him over.”

I scratched my head trying to remember another one. Chii beat me to it first though she laughed,

“Remember when we were younger and Yuki and I thought we could climb the roof? But we didn't want to get in trouble so we sent you and you didn't even make it 5 steps and you fell, cracking your head open. Mom had to go to the hospital again and later on that night she made Yuki and I sit up there till after dinner.”

I had one still trying to hold in my laughter because I was practically dying of laughs.

“Remember that one time you and I wanted to get back at Yuki because he never came looking for us in hide and seek? So we pretended that you had gotten a fishing hook in your hand and I waited. When Yuki was running to the house to get mom I turned the hose on him.”

Chii too was trying to hold in her laugh as well, “I remember dad got so mad that he wanted to punish us now. So he broke his fishing hook and told us to stand in the street. When we stood in the street he sprayed the hose on us and we went to go move, but he wouldn't let us. Then he left us to stand in the street until dinner.”

“Yeah,” I started to quote dad “`Chiyo and Kiyara! You ever do that again and I'll have your heads. Now apologize to your older brother!’ And we did and we started to walk away and then he was like `Do not move until I tell you so!’ Then he didn't come back till dinner!”

She smiled and pushed a lock of hair behind her ear and I smiled back and I think in all our laughter after going in old time sakes I could hear Yuki in the distance laughing too.

A Swedish Proverb once said, "Enjoy life. There's plenty of time to be dead." That's all we were trying to do, enjoy life. Somewhere in my head not only did I hear my siblings and my laughter, but also my mother's whose laughter seemed to trail off with the evening wind.

Kiaragurl03- Um yep! ^^ Wait for Chapter 4 ya'll! ^^

4 - Test days..are bad days

Kiaragurl03- um, can't say anymore then here is chapter 4.

As the weekend went on Chii and I began to notice how often Sora was around now. When she wasn't over our house she was constantly bumping into Chii and I in the town or in the stores. The more and more I watched how Yuki acted around this girl the more and more my heart pounded. How good it was to see him happy.

Chii has locked herself in her room as the week went by, but I hadn't really considered anything was wrong. Since midterms would be coming along soon I assumed she was studying. You see despite our different ages we all were in the same grade.

I suppose the moving had mostly to do with it. When it comes to school we aren't all that hooked up on it.

According to Yuki, he said our grandmother, the one we stayed with, held us each of us in her arms when we were born. She held Yuki and studied him, she said `Ah yes, Yuki, your going to be a great man when you get older. But study hard.'

She held Chii in her arms a year after and said `Chiyo your going to become a very beautiful girl with a great voice. Do well in school, don't let your carefree attitude get to you.'

A year after she held me in her arm I knew somewhere in my mind I had that memory even though I couldn't place it. Yuki said to me what she said to me, `Kiyara you are going to be a thinker. I can tell. You're going to daydream often, but your not going to be stupid. Your grades—your going to be fine in school, try to have fun.'

Of course Yuki heard this from mother before all the events happened. Sometimes when I was doing badly in our school and I was about in third grade Yuki would mutter under this breath.

Chii said he was often being stupid, but I tried to listen to him. We all tried hard, but in between the running away and such the information eventually didn't click into our heads. When I was younger and we were living in gas or bus stations I would slip out of sight and pick up a book and read it.

When Chii and Yuki use to work and I was too young for work, I use to take some of our savings and go rent a book. Eventually Chii would find out we made it a secret for not to tell Yuki. We would last merely about 2 hours before Chii ratted me out on the circumstance it slipped out.

When Yuki did find out he gave me a very cold shoulder no matter how many times I apologized. In time Yuki forgave me, but in turn he hid the money. I found the money.

--Flashback--

One time when I was around 9 I had stolen over 430,000 yen (roughly around 130\$). I wanted this really expensive book along with some candy for my own pleasure. These books and small mangas I've been dying to have for over a year. Its not like I was trying to be selfish, but it had been around New Years and this was a way to treat myself to the holiday.

I decided not to tell Chii that time and kept it a secret hiding the book in the corner of the bus station. No one found it, since I had dug a hole that afternoon as Yuki and Chii worked in town and hid the book and candy in it.

I don't know how I was going to be as he found out the money was missing, but one thing was for sure I mustn't tell Chii. I had to keep it quiet till I figured out a plan. While the holiday came closer and closer Chii and Yuki got off from work. We lived in the large one room of the bus station paying the owner of the bus station 10,000 yen (20\$) a month.

Yuki sat on the floor as Chii and I sat across from him on our knees. He said that if we had enough money we could buy some of the traditional food for New Years and some gifts.

He grabbed a shoebox that had many pictures in it of us, our mother, and the tiniest picture of our father. Also in it were seeds, flower seeds Chii said we would grow these when we got our house. In a small red bag was the money Chii and Yuki had been saving up.

My 9-year-old heart pounded as Yuki slipped out the money. Over the course of the year he and Chii had saved up over 75,000 yen (400\$) but minus the 430,000 (130\$) I took out, made us have roughly around 50,000 yen (300\$) and minus the monthly rent and times that by 12 months of the year it minus 40,000 yen (200\$) it resulted to leave only mere, 15,000 yen (30\$). So right now all that hard work of 75,000 (yen) by the end of the year left us with 15,000 yen (30\$) when in reality despite taken the money away for my book, we should have had at least 27,000 yen (70\$)

Yuki looked confused as he counted up the moneymaking Chii and I count up the coins. He yelled in a panic and since he was only 11 at the time, his voice was higher then now. "No way!" Chii looked up and blinked, "What is it Yuki?"

"If we had 75,000 yen (400\$) and we take away each month's rent which would add up to be around 40,000 yen (200\$). We should have at least another 40,000 left, but we only have 15,000 yen (30\$)"

Chii and I blinked and she looked at me, "Since when did he get so good at math?" I shrugged. Sometimes when it was important Yuki was very tact on money making and he tried very hard to work around it to save for our house. I tried to sound believing "We also used money for food remember?"

Again the money was counted and a third time till Yuki slammed his fist on the ground, "Damn!"

"So," Chii stated "Assume we took around 200,00 yen (40\$) for food. We should have at least 27,000 yen (70\$) in there! Count it again."

The yen dollar bills and the change again came out to only 30.00. This is very confusing I know; let me explain it to you in “American terms”. Say you had 400 dollars in your hand. Now you have to take 200 dollars away for rent leaving you with 200 dollars. Lets say you spent 130 dollars on your own leisure activity (my book) giving you 70 dollars. You take away 40 dollars for food over the year giving you 30 dollars. Which in terms is what was left in the little bag.

I stood up on my knees trying to convince my brother and sister I hadn't taken it, I hadn't done anything bad in awhile so I just assumed it would be okay. I don't think my acting skills were quite out to what they were supposed to be. “Maybe someone took 30 dollars out.”

Chii looked at me and leaned in and nodded, “Yeah, maybe someone took 30 dollars. Like Kyo.” Kyo was the bus station owner. Yuki shook his head trying to calm his nerves, “No, nobody but us know about this money pouch. Only two conclusions I can come up with are we have a liar in here or someone told Kyo where it was. So tell me where it is.”

“Maybe it was you! You can't assume it was us!” Chii stated feeling awfully offended.

The two of them bickered for quite a long time like they do now. I felt bad all the sudden, they were working hard to save money so we could grow up and have a good life and I was taking it like a spoiled brat.

As loud as my head was screaming in repeating the math over and over to see why I didn't realize it before, I hadn't notice I didn't say anything causing suspicions. Chii studied my eyes. “Kiyara, did someone come around here when we were at work? Did they threaten you and ask for the money?”

I looked at Chii and felt my face go white. Another lie, “Well someone might of come, I've been keeping a good eye on it, but when I went out the other day someone might of stopped by.”

Going off to another subject between one another Yuki watched us. Yuki at the time worked from 8 A.M. till 5 P.M. Chii being 10 at the time worked from 9 A.M.- 6. P.M. The only one at “home” was me and knowing my history of stealing money (even if it was only once) was backing up Yuki's suspicions. Yuki stood up and glared at me as he yelled, “Show me what you bought! Now!”

Chii and I looked at him, we couldn't decide who he was talking to. Yuki yelled again, "Do it now!" He specifically looked at me now making Chii get up quite interested. I got up and stared at him and Chii tugged on my arm. "Kiyara, you didn't steal again did you?"

My head went down and my eyes in a different direction, but I walked to where I hid the book and candy. I dug in the dirt and they stood up. In the hole the book and candy laid and Chii and Yuki stared at one another then down at it. Chii picked up the book trying to calm down and not get angry since she knew Yuki would cover that. "How much was all this Kiyara?"

I looked at Chii in her eyes and stated in a disappointed face, "Four-Hundred- and Thirty Yen." (130\$) She had her eyes widen a bit seeing that I not only lied to them, but I used our money. Yuki stood up all the sudden and his eyes covered with shadows.

Though I saw no movement in his legs his hands were lightning fast. A whimper escaped my lips as my cheek turned red. Yuki had slapped me and it had been the first time he ever actually meant it. He walked away leaving Chii and I standing there.

Chii put her hand on my cheek and I felt tears come to my eyes. Chii smiled encouragingly, "Kiyara he'll get over it in a couple of days. Your cheek okay?" I nodded as I put my head on her shoulder crying, Yuki hit hard. She patted me on the back of the head.

Moments later the two of us both stood there just sitting as we pulled out the candy and Chii started to read the book. When I grabbed the candy it was slapped out of my hands I met with the glaring and merciless eyes of Yuki. "Don't you touch that!" He shoved the candy and the book back in a plastic bag. Chii stood up, "Nii-chan! Don't be mean!"

"Shut up!"

Yuki began to walk away and yelled, "Follow me!" Half of me was afraid that if I didn't follow I would get a slap again and half of me just followed because I knew it was right. Yuki tried very hard not to be a

violent person, though I could see it in his eyes, but when he snapped; he snapped. If anyone bothered us he snapped or he was angry enough with Chii and I he hit us.

All that New Year's Eve we went around returning the items I had bought and I had to say I'm sorry over 5 times before the store man was convinced. Each store was far apart so it took us over three hours to return and apologize.

We had no food, no presents, and not even a drink in a vending machine to celebrate. However our long journey did cause us to stop for a bathroom break where I looked for some change, maybe I could buy at least something. Yuki leaned against the wall as we waited for Chiyo.

“What is it Kiyara? Don't you want a good life? Don't you want to grow up and live in a house? Do you like walking on the streets?” Yuki demanded questioning.

I looked at Yuki and shook my head, “That's not it. I wanted—to have something to do. Its boring, why can't I go to school?”

“Don't start that again. I told you, we don't have enough money for any of us going to school. Chii and I are working and when you're older you'll work too. Kiyara it's the way it works. I promise when you get older, you'll be able to live carefree, but right now we need to work for it. Taking our money is not how to solve it!”

His words echoed in my head that whole day, I was bored. I felt like he hadn't listen to a word I said. He was still angry and he didn't regret hitting me. Yuki had blisters on his hand and bruises on his legs to prove he worked hard for his money and I took no consideration into this. Yuki at the time worked as a field digger and in the winter helping moving boxes. Chii worked as a young woman's cleaner; sort of like a maid.

Why was it I couldn't think of no one but myself? Was I honestly that selfish? I mentioned what Yuki said to me as we got ready for bed, Yuki was already asleep seeing how this was the first time in months he got actual sleep. Chii looked at the endless darkness that invaded the small room. “But you know he's right, Kiyara. He should be angry. It wasn't right for you to take that money for your own pleasure.”

I closed my eyes, trying to repeat in my head what a terrible thing I did, she however continued which made me re-open my eyes. "He's wrong too though. You want a better life, but basically your life has always been on the run so to you this is normal. I bet you barely remember the orphanage or our grandma's house. To use our money was just a sign that you were use to this."

Moments passed and silence now took over with the darkness. I muttered pulling up the futon to my face. "I'm sorry Chii that I lied." She turned over on her side to start getting some sleep. "Its okay, I probably would of done the same thing, if I wasn't so busy." She eventually faded off to sleep.

My new years resolution for that was never to steal our money and only use it with permission. Though at times I did sometimes steal a dollar or two, never as much as 5 dollars tops. I subconsciously found new ways to get in trouble.

I closed my eyes drifting off to count sheep. I yawned, "Happy New Year Onne-chan." Her sleeping body laid, but I knew she wished me a happy one as well. Then I looked on the other side of the room with Yuki in small futon. I muttered as well, "Happy New Year Onii-chan."

--End of Flashback--

Throughout the whole week in school, I had repeatly seen this memory in my head. Maybe it was like it was back then. Yuki works hard, Chii works hard, and I somehow screw it up. I was probably a bad seed or something.

When I mentioned this to Riko she laughed and shook her head `no'. "No way, Kiyara. You can't blame yourself of what happened in the past, you were nine. You all grew up since then. You can't be a bad seed, your were still just a kid remember."

Still the memory implanted in my head and grew miraculously. The week was slower then ever and the schoolwork piled up. We too had been mentioned of the upcoming midterms. My mind quickly speed to

the thought of Chii locking herself in her room.

She wasn't even going to work now and she asked Yuki if she could take time off when he asked her why, she said 'I need to study.' I found Yuki up sometimes throughout the night. He hardly got any sleep and was always so busy to even say hello. When he wasn't on the phone talking about work he was reviewing for midterms.

I however was taking the time to study every now and then, but really not make as much of a big deal. I knew I would probably cram it all in at a cram session the night before. Riko seriously had some high standards for herself and constantly asked me to help her with something, which made me study.

Sora would be over our house after school for a few hours each night to study with Yuki. I usually just waved and went into the living room. Sometimes I heard laughing coming from the dining room. Studying was that funny?

Before I knew it the tests were finally here the Monday after. I was right, I crammed it all in the night before so I retained the information, and I do better under pressure though I don't handle it well.

That morning a knock came on the door and I answered it. It was Sora. I smiled, "Hi there. Yuki isn't done getting dressed, I think. Would you like to come in any way?" She smiled nodding her head as I saw her walk in.

She rubbed her arms, "Its so cold out today."

I didn't say anything as I grabbed a cup and put water in it. I cocked my head, "So I haven't seen you since Saturday, where have you been?"

"Oh I've been cramming. I heard you went back to work?"

“Yeah, Chii has been taking off so I have to do her shifts too or we might lose our jobs.”

She blinked, “Why is she taking off?”

I shrugged and saw Sora look down at the ground with great agony. “Watsup?” I asked her curious of why she all the sudden looked so sad. She just shook her head and smiled. Another knock was heard at the door and I began to walk to it yelling to Sora, “Feel free to help yourself.”

The door opened bringing the cold air into the house. A boy stood there. He had short hair that was black and hung down the back of his neck nicely. He had brown eyes as well. On his nose he had black-framed glasses and he was a few inches taller than I. I never ever have seen this boy. I blinked, “Um hi?”

“Hey, is Chii around?”

“Who wants to know?”

“Oh sorry,” he laughed, “My name is Keegan Yokoso. I'm in Chii's class, I'm here to pick her up for school.”

Curious as I was about whom the heck this guy was I didn't say anything as I expected him to follow me to where I left Sora. I didn't know what to do with them, they looked like two helpless children and I'm the adult wondering what to do with them.

I yelled down the hall as I heard the rain pour outside. It started raining? “Chii! Yuki! Um—Sora and Keegan are here.” The darkness outside only added to the thickened darkness in our house. However the both of them walked out of their rooms.

Chii looked much different than normal, though wearing her uniform her hair was up when I was used to

having it normally down. I blinked, "Chii?" She smiled and walked over to Keegan. "Thanks Kiyara for letting Keegan in."

Yuki was the last one to come out of his room, desperately trying to get his shoe on and has a cell phone between his shoulder and ear. "Yeah, yeah Jiro! Just get the papers in!" He hung up the phone and finally getting his shoe on as Sora laughed.

Sora smiled, "Good Morning."

"Morning," he smiled back taking her books and she blushed furiously. They've been going out for two weeks and still she blushes. I found that funny. However Yuki didn't see me as he looked at Keegan. Yuki reminded me of a dog who marked his territory. This guy was defiantly not supposed to be in his territory.

He raised an eyebrow, "Who are you?" Keegan opened his mouth to say anything moving a piece of hair out of his eyes. Chii blushed a bit and laughed, "This is Keegan Yokoso. He's in my class."

I nodded confirming it, but I don't think anyone saw. Yuki didn't say anything after that to Keegan, "I see." We all decided to walk to school together since it would be pointless to leave separately.

Chii and Keegan took an umbrella, as did Sora and Yuki, and I took the last one. I walked next to Yuki and Sora who somewhere over the walk joined hands. Yuki had his eyes on Chii and Keegan as if deciphering why they're so close.

Like Chii is with most people she was very kind and very funny to Keegan who laughed at each of her jokes. Sora giggled at this constantly and Yuki switched his eye motion constantly from Sora to Chii. He finally urged me to yell something to Chii and Keegan as Keegan put his arm around Chii. Yuki pushed me as I recited what he told me to say.

"Chii-chan!"

“Hm?” She looked back as if she hadn't known we were there she turned even more pink.

“Um—this umbrella is to big for me, come and share it with me!” That's what Yuki told me to say right? Right?

She laughed and waved her hand, “Come now Kiyara, you're a big girl. Besides the bigger umbrella the better you'll stay dry.”

Yuki backed me up, “Yeah well you know Kiyara—come and stand by her. Let Keegan have that umbrella.”

Chii turned even more crimson; I didn't think it was possible to blush so much. What the heck was she blushing about? Sora muttered to Yuki in a joking way, “Don't be a nag. Let her be.” He grumbled something, but I couldn't make it out.

Honestly, I don't get what the heck is going on. Whatever was going on just went past my head, but the umbrella did keep me dry like Chii said and sooner or later we made it to school.

Why must there be a thing called test? Why? Is it a law? Why would anyone make a law about cramming your brain about information and then giving us like a 20 page packet on what we learned? Must be up there with the man who created homework. How I wish I could go back in time and behead them both.

I sat in the hall as I ate the bread from lunch. My eyes looked sunk, I was so tired my head clearly somewhere else. Kids talked about all sort of stuff that day as the rain trickled down the hallway windows.

Footsteps of all sounds went past me back and fourth as I closed my eyes and I think I fell asleep. I woke up only 10 minutes later to find Yuki's hand on my head; he arched an eyebrow and grinned, "Y'okay there? One test too much for you?"

"Just tired, I suppose" I yawned rubbing my eye. He smiled and looked around as if someone should be with me. "Where is Chii?"

"Huh? I don't know, I saw Keegan before he was looking for her. He said something about showing Chii the copy room for like student council and stuff."

Immediately Yuki yelled, "What?" He sounded more defensive then anything I again yawned and nodded my head to give him the hint what I meant was true. He looked in all directions frantically. "What? Why? Where? Who? How?"

I wonder what I got on the test, must have been something terrible. I didn't know answer 1. My eyelids felt heavy and I began to count sheep. 1,2,3—

"Hey focus here!"

My eyes shot open to see Yuki was still over me looking around and he asked a teacher where the copy room was. The teacher said 'First story, down the hall and to your left.' Yuki growled under his breathe, "Where no one can see them."

"Yuki what are you tal--"

" Promise me! Promise me if you have a guy friend you will tell me."

"I don't get the pro--"

“Promise me!”

“Yeah, okay.”

Yuki ran off down the hall like a crazy maniac. My head went down, but Chiyo's laughter came behind me from inside the classroom. “Thanks Kiyara. It threw him off completely!” I looked up and smiled, “You owe me 5 bucks.”

Chii smiled back and I rested my head back. Suddenly I heard Chii curse under her breath, “shoot.” She shut the door going back into the classroom and left me in the hall. When I opened my eyes I looked to see a group of three girls and six boys go by laughing and talking.

One girl laughed rather loudly it made my head hurt, “I heard she's been crying.” I now was interested though my head still hurt. Another girl chimed in, “Well then she better stay the hell away.”

I blinked, what was going on? Those girls walk down the hall and I sat there, trying to get more sleep. The next time I heard those girls come down the hall was only about 10 minutes later. Chii was still in the classroom and Yuki still had not come back from his runaway adventure to the copy room.

This time the girls were saying words about a girl rather angrily. Though there were three girls the six boys outnumbered them. They walked down the hall talking about whomever they were talking about. One of the boys caught a glance at me he narrowed his eyes bitterly. When the footsteps of the three girls and six boys left the hall the classroom door, where Chii went into, opened.

She ran out of the classroom putting her hands up to her face and running down the opposite end of the hall the boys and girls went. Keegan flashed a very small smile at me and ran after Chii.

I stood up suddenly feeling like all the noises and chatter didn't matter. I could only hear Chii's crying, it

sounded like moms. Two hands grabbed my shoulders and I looked back in fear since it scared the crap out of me. Yuki sighed, "Good she's not in the copy room."

Her cries sounded so much like moms. I didn't like those cries I hated them. They were like peroxide on a flesh new cut or like burning shower water on your scalp. The sounded terrible in my ears. I didn't want to hear them. I looked back at Yuki getting his shoulders off mine.

"Yuki, Chii-chan was just crying she ran off that way. Is something wrong?"

This got Yuki's attention he focused his eyes on down the hall, "Are you sure she was crying?"

"Yeah."

He muttered the f' word irritably he shoved his books at me, "Hold my books. I'm going to check on her."

"Can I come?"

"No stay here."

"But Keegan went."

This got Yuki's attention even more, he ran off leaving me holding his books. I wonder why she was crying? Is it the same reason she's been locking herself up in her room? Who was Keegan, was he really just a friend? Why did Yuki go in such a rush when I told him that Chii was in the copy room?

I pondered on these questions for about 20 minutes, but no results came out of it. I heard Yuki pounding

footsteps come into the hall and Keegan's after it. I looked up from sitting on the heating vent. I jumped in front of Yuki and Keegan. "How is Chii? What's wrong with her?"

Neither of the boys answered me right away, Keegan started too and Yuki raised his hand and flashed him a look I couldn't see. Yuki turned around and put a hand on my shoulder, "Thanks for holding my books Kiyara. Take Chiyo (her full name) home, okay? Tell her I'll be home soon. Don't ask her questions, just be quiet and leave her alone, okay?"

"Yeah but where are you going?"

"Lets just say I'm going to be with some friends."

"Keegan is going too?"

"Well I realized I have a lot in common with Keegan so he's going to hang with my friends for awhile. Anyway, go home before it starts thundering and lightning."

"Okay," I said obediently still quiet confused on what was going on. Both of them passed me and in the processes Yuki ruffled my hair. Keegan had a pissed off face on and Yuki had an even more pissed off face on.

Whatever happened, those two were defiantly not happy about it.

Whatever was going on Yuki sent Sora with us because she joined me outside of the girl's bathroom? Sora smiled weakly at me and her cheeks looked stain tears. I knocked on the door, "Chiyo?"

Onne-chan? C'mon were going home.”

She screamed at me, “Go the hell away!” I defiantly heard sobbing in the process. Sora opened the door and put a finger up telling me to wait a second. Noises muttered from the bathroom and several `Shh's' came within it and after it.

The door opened and Chii walked out with a large sweatshirt over her, it looked to be like Keegan's cause it was not Yuki's. Chii put the hood up and didn't even look at me and I didn't get any chance to look at her. Her hand covered her mouth and Sora followed next to her.

I walked behind them as our umbrellas came out; we began to walk out of the school courtyard. Splashing mud from our shoes and getting up onto our school uniforms. Sora put her hand on Chii's back. I'm her sister, why can't I do that?

Screams were heard and Chii and Sora stopped walking, I stopped too getting a look at where screams were heard. Eight boys stood in the mud, drenched, and blood coming off their face, arms, and legs.

I recognized them immediately, those six boys the boys with those three girls and Yuki and Keegan. The three girls yelled and squealed but the fight between the six boys, Yuki, and Keegan went on. Yuki looked as if he could charge an oncoming train and I couldn't see Keegan due to his back was to me.

While we were hearing screams of the boys and pounding of fists I looked up at Chii's face. Her face had running mascara coming off; she had swelled up red eyes, her face looked pale. She had red ears from the cold and her teeth chattered. She kept sniffing.

My eyes led off hers and to where Yuki was. He looked dirty and the fearless face of his was scary as hell. He growled and kept screaming, “Bother my sister again, I'll hunt you down and kill you!”

Before I knew it Chii, Sora, and I kept walking. Sora kept her head down, as Chii seemed to be talking and I couldn't make out what it said cause the rain overpowered it.

No one ever said test days were good days, right?

Kiaragurl03- yes ma'm the newest chapter is up! ^-^ I'm quiet proud of it, but the money ordeal confused the heck out of me. I had to look it up several times. I like the whole brother protective thing; I think it's cute. Yep, well peace. Look for Chappie 5 soon!

5 - The house full of tension

Kiaragurl03- the newest chapter I hope you enjoy it.

As rain came down harder and harder on the walk home, the tension tightened as well. The very fact that the unbearable out beaten face of Chii, drenched in rain and tears was bothering me. What was going on? Why was she so upset? Not that I really could afford to get in trouble with me being I lately-but I wish I could ask. No one besides Yuki, Keegan, and Sora knew what was going on and that made me angry.

Walking to our house was in utter silence, no one spoke, no one asked questions, and it was a moment we all understood to shut up. The only thing that could be heard from us three girls walking back to my home was the tapping of our schoolgirl shoes on the pavement.

When we did get home, I was relieved the atmosphere from outside changed immensely and I felt like my breath was finally allowed to come out. The house was just as quiet outside the only difference was it was dryer. As soon as we walked in, I noticed Chii changed in attitude in well she was no longer upset, but angry.

She threw all her books, the umbrella, her book bag, and took off her shoes and slammed them on the ground. She stomped all the way to her room, hitting any wall she felt like as she went by, flinging a picture off the wall and with that she slammed her bedroom door. Not once, but three times.

Sora seemed pretty skeptical about what to say and do at a time like this and then she, walked over to Chii's room. She knocked on the door to the bedroom and nothing was heard, but then glass breaking.

Sora yelled, "Chii let me in!" Dumfounded, I stood there. I did what I thought was best, which was to get out of the way. Grabbing my book bag I walked down to my room and Sora seemed nonetheless desperate at the point, but she kept persisting. "Let me in!"

When I closed my bedroom door, I threw my backpack on the ground. Odd, how I wasn't the one slamming things around for once. Something in the rain kept me from getting so worked up about things, things relaxed in the rain and I-got quieter.

I headed over to my desk and opened the window above it to make some cool air come in. In the hazed over bedroom with no light on, but from the one outside that was desperately trying to stay awake, I worked. Decided to work on English first and answer the questions of my textbook.

Halfway through I could hear Sora bursting into tears, seeing how she failed to open the door. A couple of doors down I could hear the thrashing around going on in the room. And no matter how much I tried to keep my mind off the thrashing I couldn't.

What really had happened? Something Chii kept inside, something deep inside her was being torn apart and we apparently didn't know. Up until now, now Yuki knew and she had finally been able to release it. She must feel good throwing things around. But the question still remains, what happened?

I didn't dare come out of my room to get involved in such an aggravated state and I knew Sora tried to back off. She must have to stay or wanted to stay until Yuki got home-whenever that was going to be.

Yuki was infuriated with something that made his blood boil because never (and I mean never) have I seen him so willing to fight. He almost looked like a murder ready to have the corpses body in his hands. I hope he's okay though-it be bad if he blew our cover again or worse, got hurt.

Nothing to do and when I say nothing, I mean absolutely nothing. I couldn't focus on schoolwork it was way to hard and the moments I spent lying above the quilt on top of my bed looking up at the ceiling ticked away. I suppose-I could unpack. I had two hours till work.

Decided to test the how the water was, as I stepped outside into the hallway. Silence. Sora was in Chii's room and I could hear the muffling sounds of talking coming from inside each desperately trying to keep quiet, as if to hide something from me. Grabbing the takeout box that held a numerous amount of delivery restaurants, I read it.

At first I wondered if Keegan and Sora would be coming to eat over too, in the end I decided to order as if they were eating over hoping if they didn't we could save them as leftovers. Though the takeout would be here sometime when I was at work, I left money on the counter attaching a note, "For Takeout - Kiyara."

Hurrying back to my room I pondered what I should do next, where in the hell was Yuki? I wanted to know what was going on and I wanted to know now! My anxiety of what was going to happen killed me. Hastily, I grabbed a few boxes and unpacked not aware of what I was completely doing.

Most of what I found was just pointless things: vases, pictures, books, and carpets. Why were they in my room? I found a box of my stuff: my sketchbook, my soccer ball, my crochet project that I hated so much and wanted to finish at the same time, a few of my cd's, my cd player, and get this-my old laptop.

All right, so you may be asking, well I thought you were poor what the hell are you doing with all this crap? Well you see, most of it—wasn't completely ours. We've collected it from dumpsters: like the soccer ball I found. However the laptop, CD player, CD's, sketchbook, and crochet project were my mother's stuff that she gave specifically to me after she died. My grandmother had it in her attic and I don't know whether she knew where we lived, but one day all these boxes ended up on our front porch, no signature, and no addresses, just boxes. So here they are.

Hooking up the laptop was harder the hell, I had no idea what I was doing and several times my fingers were pinched when I touched or did something wrong. Eventually I got it running and put at the end of my bed not really having a place to put it.

I put the CD player on my nightstand and in the drawer my CD's. The sketchbook- was actually my grandmothers, it was suppose to be going to Chii, but when we were living at my grandmothers I complained I didn't have one, and so Chii gave me this one. The crochet project, something my mother

started and never got to finish and since I understood the directions I decided to do it.

I shoved the boxes in my closet and shut the closet door; there was a lot more space without any boxes. I played with the soccer ball for a few moments completely oblivious to what words were going on in Chii's room. I was lost in my own thoughts and I didn't care because clearly no one wanted to tell me what was wrong- so why should I ask what's wrong?

I was such a hypocrite- in my mind I gnawed on what might be going on. Around 5:00 or so I got back out of my bedroom and walked over to Chii's door, I honestly had to ask her something besides what was going on. She opened the door a smidge. "What?" I tried to peer in, where was Sora? "Um, work are you going?"

Chii tightened her grip on the door and began crying, she just kept crying. What the hell? What did I say? She then got angry and opened the door reveling that Sora was sitting on the floor. "Do I look like I should be ready for work?"

"No," I answered flatly.

"Then why would you ask such a stupid question?"

"It was just a question."

"Well don't ask anymore like that."

Like when we were kids, I couldn't tell if she was angry or joking around half of the words she said were kind of said in a mockery way. I raised an eyebrow curiously. All right here it goes. "What happened, in school today?"

"Nothing," she lied, "None of your business anyway. No need for you to get involved, I don't want you

involved. Besides Sora's already helped me. But thanks anyway.”

“You're my sister, not Sora's.” I said offending Sora as if she had something to do with it, not her fault she was there, she just cared as much as I did.

“But you don't get what's going on.”

“I would if you told me.”

Chii seemed a little aggravated by my constant pestering. I glared at Chii; she turns to Yuki's girlfriend over her own sister! I fixed my sleeve and began walking down the hall, I said bitterly, “Fine whatever, I don't care.”

Confused, Chii thought it was about the hours I had to work that I was complaining about not about how she wouldn't tell me anything. She barged into the kitchen to where I was; “I worked your shift last week!”

“What are you-”

“Last week! When you were selfish I worked your shift! Can't you do something for me? Without complaining! You—you have no idea what I've been going through for you!”

I stopped, wait a second. For me? Chii instantly covered her mouth. I pieced the puzzle pieces together they all seemed to fit. Somehow, somehow I had done something. Someone must of said something and Chii stood up for me, which in turn got the attention thrown at her. She's been keeping herself shut, locking herself in here room, and it was all to protect me. Well if I k-I mean..I don't get it.

Tears seemed to form at my eyes, I threw them away quickly and in a flash, before Chii could say anymore I grabbed the black umbrella, took my key, and slammed the front door. What a terrible person I was.

No matter how much I wished for it to happen and how much I dreamed for it to happen, work did not end early but took longer. People in this town seemed completely nonexistent today, and still the manager ordered for us to stay. For what? Stare at the walls? That evening I dragged myself home, feeling completely at lost at what Chiyo said before.

Chii cared for me a lot, but when she got upset I don't think she realizes what she said to Yuki and I a lot. To be completely honest, I jumbled on who had it worse Yuki or Chii. Yuki had it worse cause he had to support us, but Chii had to be the burden bearer. And I? I was the little one, who always got into trouble or screwed us over.

I took my time walking home, stopped in a few stores. I deprived myself of going home, because I felt it wasn't worth for me to go back. I've done nothing good for either of them. I sat on the park bench for a while watching the sky as the rain slowed down. I don't want to go home at this point.

Three teenagers living in one house was already filled with revulsion, no need for us to create more and yet we did. We got like this when money came into the subject, when work did, but right now most of our emotions launch up in the fact mom's anniversary of her death was coming.

I kept on telling myself, I couldn't go back till after dinner or I couldn't go home. I would just get in more trouble, but I didn't want them thinking I was running away. I—don't even know what I'm saying anymore. My lips tightened, I hated today.

However I knew that's one of the reasons Yuki wouldn't tell me what was going on, because he knew I'd feel guilty and he was right, I did. I had to be good, I had to try and be. I can't bother them with such stupid problems anymore; I have to be more independent.

Still I felt like I was going to cry at that moment. Chii got picked on; Yuki had a fight, and what for? For what someone said about me? Chii took all this torture because she stood up for me, Yuki fought till his knuckles bleed because of Chii's torture. If I didn't have such worried carrying siblings none of this should of happened. Chii shouldn't have stood up for me.

Yet I, being myself never knew this. I never knew what was going on and last week not only was she suffering at school, but taking the work from her sister, so I could fool around.

Someway I convinced myself to go home, the thought of takeout food being there kind of had something to do with it. The rain had turn into fog, puddles lay in the ground, and once again the streets were noiseless.

I opened the front door, allowing myself in checking what was going on in the house. This too was a house of complete stillness. I walked in, took my shoes off and walked to the kitchen. Then before I knew it I was being talked too.

“Hey,” Yuki said coming running in, Oh so he's home. He had this worried expression on where I was. “Where were you?” he asked calmly.

“Work.”

“Work ended an hour ago.”

“I took time to walk around.”

“I see.”

Yuki seemed to glance at Chii's door and back at me, he tried to change the subject, “You want

something to eat?"

"No," I lied, said trying to think of another punishment for myself for putting Chii through all that. Yuki didn't listen though he shook his head, "You haven't eaten since lunch."

My anxiety overrides me and I started to ask Yuki, but my voice trailed off. "About Chiyo.."

"Kiyara, that's nothing you need to worry about."

"I want to apologize," I said in a stern voice.

"About what?" Yuki asked if trying to analyze what exactly happened before he came home. I looked around, "Where's Sora?" Trying to act casual I grabbed a stemmed rice ball and started headed to my room. Yuki answered, "She left to go home, when I came back and-Kiyara wait a second." He grabbed my wrist and I looked like `what the heck do you want?'

He darted his eyes back and fourth between the walls then he said in a low voice, "Sora said—that Chiyo and you got into a fight, did she—"

"Nothing you need to worry about," I said quoting him.

"Kiyara, don't play this game. But, seriously, I mean your, okay? I mean everyone kind of- surpassed you and I just wanted to make sur—"

The phone interrupted our talking. Yuki had gone to go get it, he yelled to Chii as he knocked on her door. "Keegan is on the phone." Silence and then a Chii's hand reached out from her door and took the phone from Yuki shutting herself in her room again. What does she do in there so long?

By this time, I already myself down the hall hopping Yuki would leave me along. Yuki called out, "Kiyara wait a s-"

Stubborn as I was I turned to Yuki, and grinned, "Don't you have some work to do."

"Your more important than that."

Shadows covered my eyes, and I suddenly didn't like talking so much. My voice clenched with uncertainty. My hand on my bedroom doorknob turned, I smiled weakly at Yuki, "I'm sorry."

With that I shut the door. I left him completely confused, not filling him in because I had wanted to figure it out myself. What a selfish brat I was.

Kiaragurl03: Um, new chapter up soon. Yups!