

The Diary of Lucy Daisuke-Ishikawa

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I decided to write this based on my made-up character in the Lupin RPGs that I'm in!

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1 - Fragile Flower

The Diary of Lucy Daisuke-Ishikawa - Fragile Flower

My name is Lucy Daisuke-Ishikawa. I'm 16 years old and I live with my parents. I love my parents to death and I'm glad that they're my parents. But there's something else. I was adopted. Yep, adopted...right when I was a newborn. And my parents are very famous indeed, well...OK, wanted. You see, my parents are gay. I have two of the most loving dads ever. My Dad is Jigen Daisuke, and my Father is Goemon Ishikawa. And I'm Lucy Daisuke-Ishikawa. Crazy, huh? Well, sometimes. I also have a famous uncle, who is a master thief and an awesome master of disguise. I'm proud to say that my uncle is none other than Lupin the 3rd! And my older cousin is Kyle Kime. I love my family a lot, as well as my friends. Even though I love my parents, sometimes it's a bit hard to be a Daisuke-Ishikawa. I have two names to uphold. The Daisukes are...well, I'm not sure about my Dad's side of the family. But the Ishikawas, my Father's side of the family, are a long line of Japanese samurai, which I think is so cool! Growing up, my life was awesome. I had everything I could ever want. It was no worries all the way. Well, up till my 16th birthday, that is. My 16th birthday was pure hell and I had to spend a few days at the hospital...all because I first went and stole my Father's bottle of Sake and drank the whole thing...then after awhile I went upstairs to my parent's bedroom and found Dad's Scotch and drank all of that too. I didn't know what I was thinking or doing. I was just feeling very very depressed that day and needed to drown my sorrows. I drowned them alright. But eventually I got through it and my Dad stopped his drinking, which was a good thing. What happens next? Who knows...

2 - Growing Up Daisuke

The Diary of Lucy Daisuke-Ishikawa - Chapter 2: Growing up Daisuke

Sigh Well, it's another day. I'm over at the cafeteria writing this and thinking about my life. At home, my parents call me by my first name only (except when I've done something wrong!), and here at school, they call me by my last name only. Weird, isn't it? I'm very lucky to have Rei acting as translator in my Japanese History class. I have so much trouble saying those long names! On top of that, the reason I joined this class in the first place was so I could learn about my Ishikawa ancestors...I didn't know the class was going to be taught in Japanese too! Well, when Rei can't help me on my homework, it's a good thing that Father can! I love my school, friends and parents. There's just one thing that I can't figure out...myself! Uh-oh...the chimes are ringing. Time to split! Don't wanna be late for my English class and have to stand outside the classroom holding two full buckets of water, huh? Later.

AFTER SCHOOL -

Whew! What a long day! I have plenty of Japanese history homework...we have to do our own family tree. It's gonna be hard for me, I know...but I'm gonna try it out...see if I get a good grade. Oh, and I wasn't late for any of my classes! ^_^ So...on to the matter at hand: myself. OK, when I was little, I always used to kinda lean on my Father's side of the family. I'd wear cute little kimonos and go to the Shinto shrine with my Father whenever he went. But when I was about 7 years old...I started looking up to my dad, and it's been like that ever since. All my life I've been practically growing up as a Daisuke rather than an Ishikawa. I never cared for my Father's religion...even though I was raised as a Shintoist. I stopped believing altogether as soon as I started to act, dress and at times cuss just like my dad. I remember the very first time I said "friggin'", it was when I was about 8 or 9 years old. We had just sat down to dinner at home and Father had asked me how the food tasted. I had had a bad day at school and I felt sad, so I took only one bite of food (it was sushi) and said "It's friggin' horrible!" My Father, being as religious as he was - and still is - just said to me "Go to your room. Your Dad will be there in a few minutes to talk to you. You are not to come out until the sun rises again." Just like that he up and left the house, went into the garden we had out back and started praying. I looked at my Dad...man did he look pissed! I went up to my room, feeling even more sorry for what I said. But what really scared me was the talking-to that I got from Dad. When Dad was done yelling at me, I wanted to cry so badly, but I couldn't. I wasn't allowed to show any emotion in front of my dad. So I had to "hold it in and toughen up" - as Dad always put it. From that day on, I could NEVER cuss in front of my Father. My Dad, yes, my Father, nope. I'm not sure when I started looking up to Jigen...I mean Dad...but I did. And it's been cool. I've never been religious at all, and neither has Dad. I love watching old gangster movies as much as Dad does, they're so cool. I've been at the local shooting range a few times and I've even shot a few

alongside my Dad. Thinking back...I feel as if I'm more of a Daisuke, seeing as I take after Jigen...I mean Dad, on a bunch of things, besides cussing. But I sure do love it when my Dad says "Friggin' hell" or my personal favorite "Dammit!". But I do have two last names to uphold. I have the Daisuke side of me down, I just can't grasp the Ishikawa side of me yet...there's so much history I have to learn...plus what bothers me is how much religion - in my case Shinto - plays a huge huge part in the Ishikawa side of my family. But I'm going to have to make this all work out if I want to pass my class. Question is...how?

Son of a dog! It's 7:30PM already! And I've been here writing this since 2:15PM! Oh, friggin' hell! My Dad and Father are gonna kill me when I get home, I just know it! Oh, good! The bus is here. Hmm...this is the first time I've been this late coming home...wonder how they'll react! Here's my stop. Uh-oh, I can see Dad looking out the window at me. Two words: I'm dead!