

# What am i?

By pirichanshi

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*My first fanfic!!! hope u like.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/pirichanshi/34914/What-am-i>

**Chapter 1 - Don't let Temarie cook!**

**2**

# 1 - Don't let Temarie cook!

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<b>Don't let Temarie cook!</b>
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A blond girl was busily flipping some hotcakes one morning. Some were noticeably large, while others were tiny. She wore a nasty expression upon her face, because she hated to cook. So she

<b><u>intentionally </u></b>burned some of the hotcakes. Throwing a glare at the hotcakes that could make grown men cry, she placed them on the table.

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“Thud”

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“Growl”

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She rubbed her stomach and continued to flip the hotcakes. The heat was still making her woozy and dizzy, as well as her overwhelming drowsiness and hunger. Smirking at herself, she grabbed some chocolate chips and threw them into the batter. She wanted hers to be special, unlike the burned ones.

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“Creak”

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“Sis, you're cooking?” asked a drowsy Kankarou.

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“What's it look like?” she snapped.

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The puppeteer just shrugged and shook his head. Then the aroma of the hotcakes made him remember the Chunin exams. The sand village had once tried to take over the leaf village with Orachimaru. It was a good thing that the leaf village had not attacked, because they had no Kazekage to protect them.

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A red head was staring up into the sky. Yeah, he knew it was morning already. He just wanted to think about what had been happening recently. The Chunin exams, attack on the leaf village, his transformation and attack on Sasuke. He sighed deeply and tried to remember his past.

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<b>Flashback: </b>

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<i>“Yashamaru, why do wounds hurt others but not me?” </i>

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<i>"Little Gaara, there are two kinds of wounds. Flesh wounds and emotional wounds" </i>

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<i>"How do I know which is which?" </i>

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<i>The blond stretched out his hand and cut it with a knife. The red head gasped as if he was the one being cut. The wound began bleed helplessly along his wrist</i><i>. Then the blond replied, </i><i></i></p></div>

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<i>"</i><i>Flesh wounds like this cut are healed by a medicine. It hurts for a little while but soon the pain goes away. Emotional wounds are healed by love. Not just saying that you love a person but showing it to him or her</i><i> and making him feel special" </i><i></i></p></div>

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<i>"Yashamaru?" </i></p></div>

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<i>"Yes?" </i>  
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<i>"Did my mother really love me?" </i>  
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<i>"Yes little Gaara. She really did" </i>

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"Yes". He had believed this until the fateful day that Yashamaru had betrayed him. He had turned his back on the world and refused to believe in love. He only sought for blood, pain, suffering and death for others.

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Until the Chunin exams, where he saw Gai protecting Lee and Sakura protecting Sasuke. He was still bewildered as to why Sakura was still crushing on Sasuke while he keeps on ignoring her. He shrugged the idea off. There were many people in the world, Sakura type people, Sasuke type people and Naruto/Lee type people. This was his hypothesis; all it needed was to test it.

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He jumped back onto his bed and closed his eyes. He tried to think about other things such as what kind of people were Kankarou and Temarie, but all that he could think about was why him? Why did they have to choose to do this experiment on him? So many questions but no answers.

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“Grumble”

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His stomach was already protesting against his will but he chose to ignore it. Then he heard a voice call out to him.

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“Gaara-kun...” a weak voice called. It was so lonely, desolate and sad. He had a sinking feeling in his stomach; not because of hunger but of how bad he was feeling. He wanted to know where this voice was coming from, to comfort it, to hold it close...

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“Gaara...always remember that I love you”

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“Who are you? Where are you?”

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“Help me!!!”

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The red head stood up and decided to go down for breakfast. Maybe it was just his hunger making him hear voices in his head. But somehow, that voice was still familiar to him. But who would love a homicidal maniac like him? He had no idea. Then he heard a shouting match between his sister and his brother.

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“If you don't like my cooking then you cook!”

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“Fine! But I promise they will be a lot better than yours!”

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The two abruptly stopped their fight when Gaara entered the room. There was silence, even the fire refused to crackle. They just sat down and ate their breakfast. Some of the hotcakes had been mutilated by Temarie because she had been shouting at Kankarou the whole time. After breakfast, Gaara left the room and proceeded to his own. It had really hurt that they still didn't trust him but it was still his fault, partly.

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After Gaara had left, the two breathed deeply and resumed their fight. Only this time they made sure that Gaara didn't hear it. What if he would get annoyed, he could kill both of them! They felt shivers run down their spine because the idea was very frightening. Especially Gaara's Dessert Coffin, wherein sand would wrap around you and squeeze you to death. But Temarie was still sure that somewhere inside of him he just wanted to be comforted.

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“Do you really think that Gaara is just a killer?”

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“What do you want him to proceed to being a licensed assassin?”

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“No dummy! I mean is do you think that somewhere Gaara is good?”

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“Sis, you already saw what he had done at the forest of death. Isn't that enough proof?”

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“But”

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The two just quieted down and proceeded to their respective rooms. They spent the entire afternoon mulling as to why Gaara was like that. Gaara had overheard their conversation and wondered too, was he really all bad or was there some good in him?

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