Old Memories, New Pain

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Oscura is back at the place she grew up in, and hates the most. she looks through a scrapbook of her life. will the old memories consume her oneshot

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Chapter 1 - Old Memories, New Pain

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1 - Old Memories, New Pain

Old Memories, New Pain

Closing the curtains Oscura sat down, her ebony black hair swinging in front of her eyes, eyes that were red from crying, she rubbed them, turning to her left she picked up a leather bound red and black book.

It's easier to run

Replacing this pain with something Numb

It's so much easier to go

Than face all this pain here all alone

Opening it she picked up a pen, the first page was covered in signatures, she put the pen down and ran her fingers across them as she muttered them "Jon, Alexander, Paul, Bryan, Ian, Spencer, Kai, Tala, Boris and Voltaire" her voice turned bitter at the last two names adding her own name Oscura Hikari, she turned the page blinking away a tear that threatened to fall.

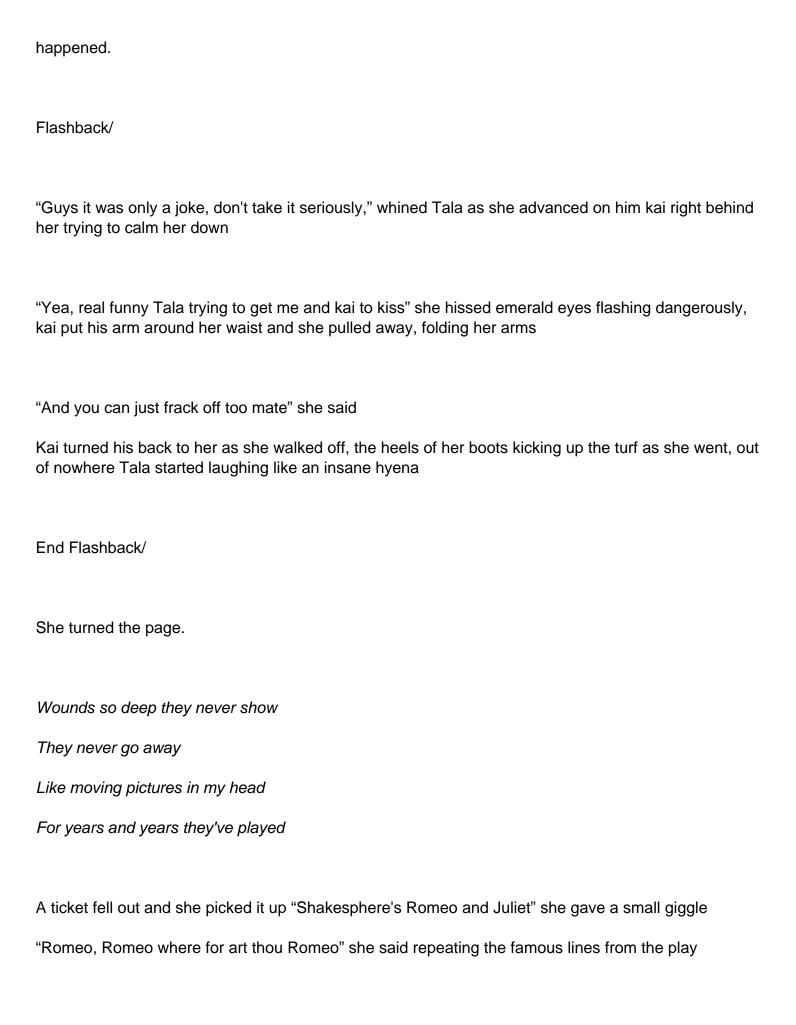
Something has been taken

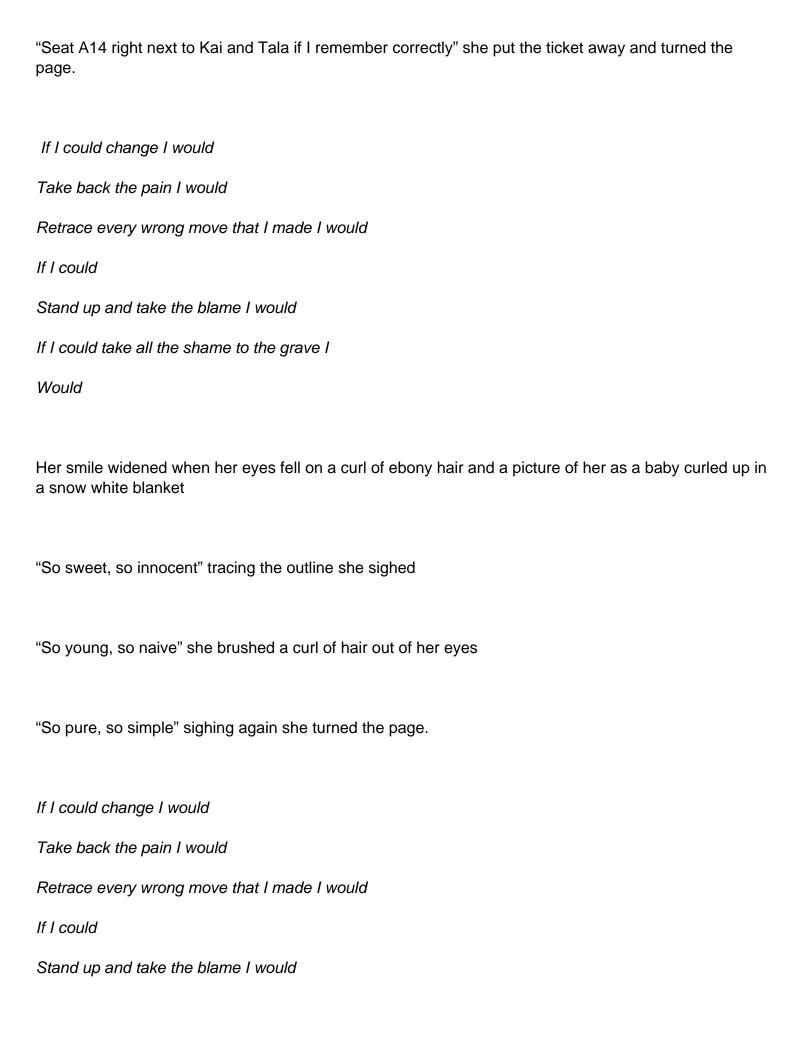
From deep inside of me

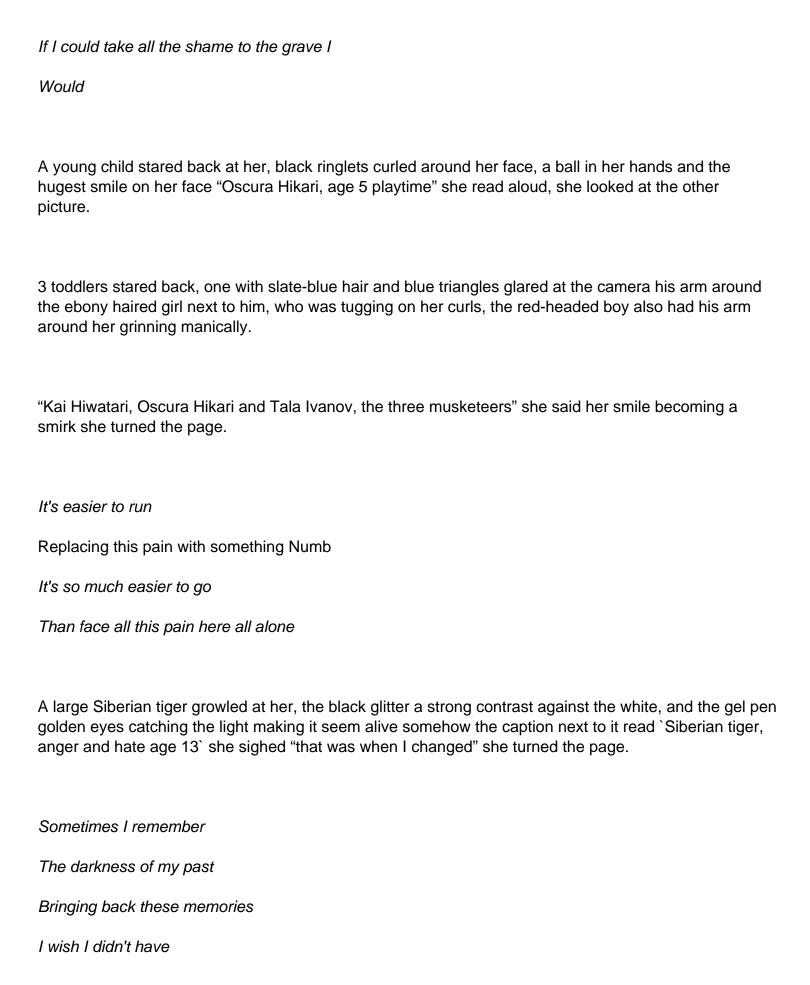
A secret I've kept locked away

No one can ever see

On the next pages there were pictures of her as a child and as a teenager, carefully noted with messages and ages, she looked at the picture of her, kai and Tala, both her and kai had their backs to one another, Tala was laughing at the pair of them she gave a slight smile as she remembered what had







The next page was completely black apart from a figure sketched in white chalk, it was a girl waist deep in a sea of pure darkness, her long hair was plaited at the top and hung lose as it floated on the surface of the water, her back was to the audience and her head bowed teardrops fell into the water causing ripple marks to appear the caption read

'even one teardrop can change the sea'

she blinked away a tear as she turned the page.

Sometimes I think off letting go

And never looking back

And never moving forward so

There would never be a past

A stroppy teenage girl dressed in a black halter neck top, denim shorts and knee-length black boots glared at her, a gothic cross hung from the chain she clenched in her fist, the top showed her pierced navel, silver crosses hung from short chains in both ears, the caption a black cross on a white and written in gold ink read.

"November 17th 2005" she said tucking a lock of ebony hair behind her ear; she fingered the cross on the chain around her neck.

"Was it worth it" she murmured to herself as she turned the page.

If I could change I would

Take back the pain I would

Retrace every wrong move that I made I would

If I could

Stand up and take the blame I would
If I could take all the shame to the grave I
Would
A CD in a plastic wallet slid out, she turned it over in her hands before putting it in the player and started to gently sing along in Spanish.
Como un libro
Que no sabes el final
Y te asusta lo que lees
Aso la vida es
Quando nates
Y te expones al dolor
Y de poco y con valor
Logras crecer
She took a deep breath relaxing her body
Y como libro el corazon
Nos ensena que hay temor
Que hay fracasos y maldad
Que hay batallas que ganar
Y en cada pagina el amor

Nos convierte en luchador
Y descubres lo comuï€^n
No hay un heroe como tu
She sighed so many memories
Son muy pocos
Que se arriesgan por amor
Pero tu tieneslafe
Y es o lo es todo
No decaigas
Que vivir es aprender
Y no hay nada que temer
Si crees en ti
She sighed as the chorus started again
Y como libro el corazoï€̂n
Nos ensena que hay temor
Que hay fracasos y maldad
Que hay batallas que ganar

Y en cada pagina el amor
Nos convierte en luchador
Y descubres lo comuï€^n
No hay un heroe como tu
She brushed her hair out of her eyes
Solo dios
Sabe donde y cuando
La vida no sera
Lo has echo bien
Solo con un sueno todo
Sabres como vencer
She opened the curtains to look over the balcony onto the grounds
Y como libro el corazoï€ ⁿ
Nos ensena que hay temor
Que hay fracasos y maldad
Que hay batallas que ganar
Y en cada pagina el amor
Nos convierte en luchador

Y descubres lo comuï€^n No hay un heroe como tu She turned the CD player off and put the CD in its case before turning the page If I could change I would Take back the pain I would Retrace every wrong move that I made I would If I could Stand up and take the blame I would If I could take all the shame to the grave I Would 3 teenagers glared back at her. The slate haired one had his arms folded; he was wearing a long black matrix style coat with jeans and a navy blue turtle-neck top on. The red-headed teen that was sat cross-legged with his back to the tree had black jeans and a white t-shirt with a red stripe across on. The ebony-haired teen who was sat on the lower branches of a large tree; was wearing combat trousers and boots and a black bikini top, a yin-yang symbol visible on her hip, a smirk on her face. She read the caption "Oscura, Kai and Tala, still the same just older" she smiled inwardly and turned

the page.
lucture chiese it equide
Just washing it aside
All of the helplessness inside
Pretending I don't feel misplaced
Is so much simpler than change
The next page was black with golden edges; she picked up her pen and started writing in gold ink.
If I could change I would
Take back the pain I would
Retrace every wrong move that I made I would
If I could
Stand up and take the blame I would
She put the pen down and walked out onto the balcony; a gentle wind blew,
She sat down on the chair that she kept out there.
It's easier to run
Replacing this pain with something Numb
It's so much easier to go
Than face all this pain here all alone
Running a brush through her shoulder length hair, her emerald eyes caught the moonlight shining like
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the emerald stones on the cross that hung from her neck.
She got up and sat on the edge of the balcony shelf swinging her legs, heels catching the stone carvings, she saw a pair of figures stood talking; one with slate blue hair his arms folded once again, and a red-head his hands by his sides.
The slate-blue haired one looked up and saw her, he started running towards the main entrance, and the red head followed him.
She turned to her left and picked up the scrapbook once again, she wrote one last sentence and put the book down
"I'm sorry Kai, Tala" she whispered
Then she lent forward.
`And now I take all the shame to the grave`