

A day in October

Von Yuki-kon

Here we go. I wrote the whole stuff in english, because it's an english story, too. (sounds logical, doesn't it?! ^^°) ->

Title: A day in October

Part: 1/1

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Fandom: none -> it's an original ^^v

Warning: Slash, silly, romance ... no plan ^^"

Disclaimer: Mine, mine, mine!!! ^___^ Everything belongs to me - the characters, the idea ... and the very bad language *sweatdrop* But I make no money with this. (what a surprise)

Author's Note: Our class had to write a short story in english and I *had* to write something like this!! n.n I couldn't believe that my teacher said nothing special to me after she read it ^^" (Yeah. My teachers are very tolerant...nya...) - Okay, there will be many mistakes, but I hope you will ignore them. If you find them you can keep them - or you can correct them, but I think that would last too long. *sigh*

Enjoy! ^-^

"A day in October"

It was a surprising warm day in in autumn when my parents decided to travel to Tokyo. They didn't ask for my plans at the weekend. They just put me in the car and drove on. I hated it. They never wanted to know what was my opinion on something. They just said how great it would be if we go on a family-trip to this town or to that place, but they never asked: "How about you, Takatori? Would you like that, too?!" Even if I said: "Please go alone. I want to meet up with some friends on that day." - Did they listen to me? Surely not.

So we went to Tokyo on the first weekend in October. We had to drive about three hours until we arrived in the big city and in Tokyo itself it took us one more hour to pass through the traffic. At least we left our car near the park in the center of Tokyo, next to the central station. My parents sat down on a bench, took out their lunch boxes and gave me mine, too. But I didn't want to sit together with them and eat. So I

asked my father if I could walk around, because I liked to see the river and go to the football field and the basketball field as well. "Of course.", he said and I got moving. At first I walked down the way that led to the wide brook and sat down at the bank. It was nearly silent which made me wondering if I was really in the metropolis of Japan. But it was quite good. I could hear the birds singing a nice melody that made me feel happy. After a few minutes of listening to their song I opened my lunch box and took out some food. My mother had made her delicious rice-balls. I slowly ate three of them, because I would like to eat the other five ones later. There were also different kinds of sushi, so I tasted them. They were as good as always, but since I loved the nigiri-sushi most of them I prevented them for the evening.

Though I knew that you mustn't do any sports or other activities if your stomach is filled I decided to go to the basketball field. I'd often been in Tokyo before, but I never had the chance to visit this place. Just a short walk - but maybe it only seemed to be short - and I stood in front of a square which was surrounded by the trees that grew in the whole area. I was surprised as I didn't see anyone playing, running or just dunking. But a few steps besides me there was a bench and on the bench sat a boy. I noticed that he had a basketball with him. I didn't think about it when I went ahead and sat down next to him. He didn't look up. He didn't seem to realize me at all.

I watched him secretly. He was a good-looking boy at about my age. His black hair fell on his shoulders and the fringe hung over his dark brown eyes. I was totally fascinated. Even if I knew that it was not 'normal' to be attracted to young men I already had a boyfriend some years before. But my parents surprised us when we were in my room and stood there kissing. Since that day the relationship between my parents and me was getting worse than it had been all the time. The fact that it was a boy and not a girl was the only reason for them to pay no attention to my opinions anymore. They never ever tried to understand my feelings. They just were completely ignorant.

I tried to do everything to solve this problem, but one thing would be impossible forever, because I couldn't change my mind of being like I was and ever would be.

After remembering all those things I would like to forget I took a view on the boy again and even made up my mind why I had come. "Hey, you.", I started the conversation very intelligently. "Why are you sitting here with a basketball? Why not playing it instead?"

The tall boy faced me and I saw into his deep brown eyes. "What else should I do without someone playing with me?", he asked in such a tone of voice that sounded bored, but also a bit sad. "What for do you think I'd like to ask you?", I replied with another question and gave him an encouraging smile. He smiled back and stood up passing the ball to me. "Ok. It's your turn."

And so we started the game. Kaworu - which was the boy's name - was really friendly and nice. We had a lot of fun at the time we spent together. Besides playing basketball we talked to each other the most time. It was interesting and surprising how much we had in common. He told me that he lives in Kyoto and I was very delighted, because from this city it was not a long way to Osaka - where I come from - as well. I asked him for the address and it was good luck that he had a marker with him. So he wrote it down on my left hand and then I wrote mine on the back of his left hand, too.

It was already in the later afternoon when I remembered my lunch box. Kaworu made me remembering it as his stomach did make strange sounds. I had to laugh, but then I quickly went to bring along the meal. We ate the nigiri-sushi together and I gave him four of the rice-balls since he looked at me with some very cute puppy-dog-eyes. As

we finished eating I had to go. He decided to bring me back. I had a kind of bad feeling about this, but on that moment I didn't care. We walked together on the path and while it got colder he put his arm around my waist and took me back to the place my parents were waiting nervously. Then his hand left my back and he just stood there until my parents finished their moral support. After that they said a short "Hello." to Kaworu and walked away to go for the car.

I was a bit shocked - somehow in a positive way - that they didn't shout at me and even greeted him - in a more or less friendly way, but they did. Nevertheless it was very embarrassing. Kaworu's parents were nearly exactly like mine so he knew about my feelings at this moment. I sighed and he led his hand onto my shoulder. "Don't worry, Taka. One day they will understand..." He didn't continue speaking, but I could imagine what he wanted to say. Suddenly he turned me around so that I had to look into his face. "One day even you will understand...everything...", he whispered.

I couldn't say anything. I could just stare into these wonderful eyes and try to find some hint for the meaning of his words. Before I realized what was happening he closed his eyes and his lips touched mine. At first I didn't know how to react, but somehow I automatically kissed back. - It seemed to be for eternity.

After a very long time - I never could describe how it felt and how long we stood there in fact - he broke the contact of our lips and took my hand. "Please don't forget me like I won't forget you, Taka..." With those words he left me alone.

I never saw him since that time, but I always remembered his smile, his eyes, his voice, his hair and his tender lips. Now at these days I seem to know what he wanted to tell me before. - One day they will understand. - And I hope one day everyone will understand...

~*~The End~*~