

Beginnings and Endings.

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Misaki Shiki

Misaki Shiki

Beginning

The classroom was noisy and crowded.

Recess.

Boys and girls in their Gakurans and Sailor-Fukus were talking, gossiping, discussing the latest trends, the hottest girls and boys, the greatest J-Pop bands...

Just one wasn't part of a conversation.

Instead, her desk was filled with all kinds of sewing-material... Needles and black cloth, stuffing...

She was just a young girl, 13 years old, short black hair, brown eyes. Nothing remarkable, most Japanese girls had black hair and brown eyes. She was also slim; but not that slim, that she could have won a modelling-contest...

Concentrated, she sat in the middle of this noisy-classroom...

And sewed.

Stitch after stitch her work to shape....

//Wheew... never would have thought, that sewing is so tiring... But I want to do this! I want to finish this! I...//

She stopped sewing for a moment and whispered:

„Even I must have some talent...Please, let it bet his... I sooo want to do it...”

„Hey!”

She turned around.

Someone was standing behind her, smiling.

She knew this someone- how could she not have?

This girl was the most popular in the class!

The boys fell for her!

The girls longed to be friends with her!

And now she, was talking to her?

Eri was talking to her?

How was this possible?

Eri smiled:

„You're sewing?”

She just nodded:

„Hm Hm...”

„What are you sewing?”

The girl blushed. Eri was actually having a conversation with her?

„A stuffed cat... At least, it's supposed to be –,”

„Oh, now, I see it! That are the ears, right? Oh, and here's the tail!”

„Yes! Correct.”

„Wow, you already got that much... How long have you been sitting on this?”

„Oh, since Saturday..”

„Two days ago?! Wow! Are doing this for a hobby?”

„Uhh... I don't really know yet... It's my first time and...”

„Your first time!? GIRL, you must've got some talent! Did your mom help you?”

„Nope.”, she smiled. Suddenly, the girl gained so much confidence:

„Learned it from a book. I also did the sketch for the cat myself. Wanna see it?”

„Sure thing!”

The girl nodded. She longed into her school-bag and took out a sketch.

Eri laughed:

„Awww! How cute! Hmm.. There's something written?... „Mr. Mew”...”

„That's it's name.”, answered the girl. Again, she blushed. „I know, it's a bit childish to name a stuffed animal, but...”

„I think, it's really sweet... Oh my god, and your sewing looks almost exactly like on the drawing! Uhhh.... You know, I got to ask you something!”

„Huh?”

The girl tilted her head a bit.

Eri wanted to ask her something?

Now, Eri seemed a bit ashamed:

„You know, I've been designing clothes for some time now... But I don't want to just show the sketches around and every time I tried to sew anything of it, it turned out HORRIBLE! And you, seem to have so much talent! So... I would like to ask you.... would you like to sew my designs?”

„Me?! Sewing.... Clothes for you?!”

The girls heart jumped...

Never before had a popular girl even NOTICED, that she existed... and now, Eri, the most popular of the popular, wanted her to be her... seamstress?

„I... I would really love to do that!”

She smiled truly happy.

Eri smiled back:

„Wow, that's great! So, we're designing partners now, aren't we?”

She reached her hand out:

„I'm Eri!”

„Yeah, I know!”, answered the girl.

„And you're name is...?”

She gave Eri her hand:

„I'm Misaki Shiki! Hehe!”

Silence...

Finally, Shiki found some time to concentrate...

„Wheew...”

She sighed.

Then she took out pencil and paper... and started to draw.

And draw...

And draw...

And draw...

„ARGHH!!! NO, NO, NO!!!“

Shiki grabbed the eraser and rubbed it wildly all over the paper, until it ripped.

„OH NO!... I'm such a loser...“

„Uahh...Shiki, you're already awake?“

„Huh?“

Shiki turned around and looked in the door's direction.

Eri was standing there, still in her Pyjamas, looking tired.

„Oh! Sorry, Eri! Did I wake you up?“

„Naaah... it was about time that I get up anyway!“

Eri stretched and looked a lot more awake afterwards.

„I mean, having your best friend invited for a sleepover doesn't happen every day, does it? We got to use every single second of it!“, Eri winked at Shiki.

„Therefore, I'll get dressed now and then, we'll head over to Ten-Four! Does that sound good, or what?“

„Ahh...Actually, I'm a bit busy right now...“

Shiki took a glimpse at her sketches.... And blushed.

Eri got confused:

„Huh? You don't want to go shopping? Who are you, and where's Shiki?“

She went over to the desk.

„What are you doing, huh? What's that?“

„Ah , don't look!“

Shiki tried to hide the sketches, but Eri was faster and got one:

„Huh? Is that....“

„A Design, yes...“

Shiki blushed and grabbed Mr. Mew, who was sitting on the bench right beside her. She always grabbed Mr. Mew, when she was nervous. It kind of calmed her down.

Eri studied the sketch carefully:

„Hmm... Kinda cute... But... Something's missing...“

„I know...“,

Shiki sighed.

„I've been trying over and over and over again, but I just can't come up with anything you could actually wear in public... I feel so useless...“

„Hey, Shiki... You're not...“

„Ah, your designs are so cool, Eri! I mean, just look at those!“

She pointed at Eri's clothes on the couch in the other corner of the room.

„Just the skirt alone is so great, I wouldn't even have known, that making something like that was possible! I actually doubted, that it would work, when I sewed it, but it did! And you know why? Because your designs always work!... I'll never be as good as you...“

Shiki sighed.. She looked, under the table, for no apparent reason and hugged Mr. Mew.

„Shiki...“

Eri stood up.

Then, she shrugged and smiled:

„You’re right! You’ll never be as good as me! Hehe!“

„Huh?“

Shiki looked up.

Eri was smiling...

And for some reason, this smile seemed rather... creepy to Shiki.

„And you know, why that is?“, asked Eri. „Because you’re not meant to be a designer!“

„W-What?“

Shiki shocked...

Eri... Did she really just...

No...

Tears. She could feel them, gathering in her eyes.

„Eri... You really mean, that I’m...”

„Well of course!“

„WELL, FINE!!!“

Eri jumped.

That scream got her off guard.... It took her a few seconds to realize, that she probably said something wrong, and even more time to realize, WHAT it was.

By that time, Shiki had already grabbed her bag and was rushing out the door.

„I’M GOING HOME!!“, she shouted.

„SHIKI, WAIT! I DIDN’T---“,

But was already outside and slammed the door.

Eri just stood there in disbelieve.

This must have been like the worst idea she ever had.

She never felt that bad in her entire life.

Shiki was running.

And running...

Over Dogenzaka ...

The buildings of Shibuya just rushed past her, she didn’t even pay attention to the people around her, and several times hit somebody while running.

//Why?!//, she thought

//Eri... I thought, you liked what I do... But I’m just a nobody. I thought, being your friend would change that and at least you would notice, that I exist! But it didn’t! I can’t do anything! I can’t even wear your designs, ,cause they wouldn’t look good on me!

I’m to fat, to common, to casual, to boring...

I’m a failure in everyone’s eyes! But I can’t be Eri! I can’t be cool and cute and charismatic and strong and beautiful! I can’t design! I can’t be Eri! I’ll never be!

Mr. Mew, you’re the only one who really knows who I am, aren’t you?!//

Shiki looked crying at the ground and kept running.

Past Ten Four, over the scramble...

...

That’s, when she suddenly heard the people shouting loud and shocked.

She quickly looked up from the ground and realized:

The traffic-lights where red.
Red.
And she ran right to the middle of the scramble-crossing...
Everything happened to fast now...
Shiki turned around... She heard a hoot.
A truck.
It was coming right into her direction.
It was much to fast.
It wouldn't be able to stop, even if it tried.
It was a heavy truck. It would just... crush her.
Shiki was frozen. She couldn't move.
It was to late.
It was already that close...
So close...
Shiki quickly shut her eyes and pressed her stuffed Cat against her chest in fear.

Mr. Mew...Tell me... Do you think, I'm...special? Like Eri?...

An impact... That was the last thing, Shiki felt... And afterwards...
Just darkness.

Eri was ready now.
She packed all her things. Also some bars of Shiki's favorite chocolate..
She would make up her now... Apologize for what happened the day before...
She was about to go...
Suddenly, the phone rang.
„Huh?“
Eri took the receiver and answered the call.
„Uhhm... This is—„
„Eri-chan?! Is that you?“
Eri recognized the voice... It was Shiki's mother. But, something wasn't alright...She sounded like, she had been crying...
„Misaki-san? What hap pend, huh?“
„I-it's about Sh-Sh-Shiki.... You're her best friend... so I thought, you should ... know.... she's... yesterday... the police found her... the scramble crossing.... She's...she's...d—„
As Eri heard the rest of the word, the receiver-sliped out of her hand.
So did the bad with the tings, she packed.
Eri sunk into her knees, her eyes wide open.

„Did... Did I do this?....“

Ending-Beginning.

Eri was standing right before the door now...A bag full of chocolate in one hand, some flowers in the other. She gulped.

Shiki had an accident right after the fight. A truck hit her, but, like a miracle, she survived with just a few mild wounds that healed within five days.

Of course, in reality Shiki really died and was restored to life by the composer, but Eri couldn't know that.

And it was better that she didn't.

Eri ringed the doorbell.

After some moments, someone opened.

A girl at her height, short, black hair and green clothes. And a stuffed cat.

„Uhhmm... hello Shiki... I'm so---„

„ERI!!!“

Before Eri knew, what happened, Shiki had already charged for her with open arms and hugged her.

„OH, you don't have a clue, how glad I'm to see you!!!“

„I'm glad to see you too, Shiki! Hehe!“

Eri „freed“ from the hug and looked into Shiki's eyes:

„Shiki, listen, I'm sorry about what I said the other day... I just wanted to...“

„Cheer me up, I know!“, Shiki laughed. „Yeah, I got it all wrong and overreacted... I'm the one, who should feel sorry, really...“

Eri persisted:

„No, I am! That was the most stupid and unsensible thing, I could have said, and I'm terribly sorry! Here!“

She gave Shiki the bag:

„That's for you. I know, it's not gonna make up for you beeing hit by that truck... but, please. We're still friends, right?“

Shiki laughed:

„Eri, you'll ALWAYS be my friend! Even if I were dead!“

„Ah! Don't say something like that!“

„Sorry, it slipped!“

„Slipped?!“

„Ah, anyway....“

Shiki took Eri's arm and led her inside:

„Oh, there's something I gotta tell you, Eri!“

„OK, go on!“

„I met someone in...uhh... the hospital!“

„A boy?!“, asked Eri.

„Yes!..Uh, no! Uh... I mean, yes, he's a boy, but were not like that---„

Shiki thought about the Entry-fee thing...

„At least, I think so...“

„And? How is he?!“

„NICE!“

„Really?!“

„Well, he started out as jerk, but after a while he really changed!“

„Oh? So you were roommates?“

„Uhhm, yes, kind of!“

„Didn't know that was possible... boys and girls in one room, you know...”

„Ah, it there was to less beds and stuff, you know..”

„Whoa! You didn't have to share a bed, did you?!?!”

„NO! Of course not!”

„Wheew... So, what's his name?”

„Sakuraba Neku!”, said Shiki.

„Hmm... Sakuraba? Like in „Cherry Garden?””

Eri grinned.

„Well, pluck the cherries, while they're ripe!”

„Lame pun!”, said Shiki.

„I know!”, she laughed. „It's just already fun to hit on you and that guy, and I haven't even met him yet!”

„HEY! Excuse me for telling you! Hehe!”

Shiki grinned. She knew that Eri was just joking.... Hopefully.

„Ah, anyway, we had a few fights, but then, we got into talking and made friends with each other and some other people! And we're all going to meet up at the Hachiko statue tomorrow!”

„Aww, THE Hachiko? Sounds great! That must be some awesome people!”

„They sure are!”, smiled Shiki.

„You got to introduce them to me as soon as possible!”

„ I will!”

„And then, we're going to give them all.... A MAKEOVER!! I'm doing the desings!”

Shiki laughed:

„Neku and Beat are not gonna like this!”

„Shibuya is a battlefield. Live and Die for fashion.”, claimed Eri.

„You should wear some of the outfits we made more often as well...”

„Ahh... They don't fit me...”

„They sure do!”

„Tomorrow...”

„Yeah, yeah, what a convinient excuse!”

Eri laughed.

She looked at the clock:

„Oh shock! Already twelve?! I gotta go home, sorry!”

Eri jumped up and wanted to leave, as Shiki stopped her:

„Eri...”

„Huh?”

Shiki smiled:

„The birthmark on your right wrist is cute. You don't need to cover it up with wristbands!”

„Hey!... How did you...?”

Shiki just kept smiling, until Eri realized:

„Oh! You saw it while the sleepover, right?”

„Probably?”, giggled Shiki.

„Huh?”.

.....

„Ah, gotta go! See ya!”

Eri rushed out, winking at Shiki one last time.

Shiki cuddled Mr. Mew happily.

*I'll always be Shiki and Eri'll always be Eri! No matter what either of us may look like.
And it's good that way, am I not right, Mr. Mew?*