

# Ame no Tsuki

Von Kirschli\_Kuchen

**Title:** Ame no Tsuki

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**Players:** Organization XIII

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**A/N:** Rain of the Moon

The times are pretty much screwed up.

The hows and whys of this story will not be answered it's up to you to think about them and I would clearly love to read your suggestions.

" thoughts

*italics* flashbacks and more or less dreams

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A funeral is where this story begins.

Eleven hooded figures stay around and one lays sobbing half on the grave.

"Why? WHY?!" yells the laying person and cries uncontrollably into the earth.

A tall figure embraces the smallest of the group and lets them cry in their chest while on their face one single tear makes it's way down to their chin, too.

XxX

'Isn't the world supposed to stop?' you think as you walk down a busy street.

You stop at the junction to a little alleyway and look into it.

*You see the cold body lean against the wall. You scream-*

You close your eyes, turn your head and walk away.

XxX

'Isn't it supposed to rain?'

You stand still and unmoved from the people hurrying past you. Your gaze drifts to the skies.

*Your mouth tastes somewhat metallic. The air is sweet and heavy – it's as if you could cut-*

Your neck hurts from all the looking up so you look on the ground and continue your walk.

XxX

'Isn't it supposed to be quiet?' you think as a couple of loud screaming kids run past you.

*You only are the source of all noise. Your wailing, yelling, crying-*

Your eyes are wide open and you're breathing heavily. You touch your chest and slowly calm down again as you're leaving.

XxX

'Isn't the world supposed to turn gray?'

You sit on a porch in a park where the leaves on the trees shine in every color imaginable.

*Red. So unbelievably red and so very much of it. It's practically everywhere. As you look in front of you there is the source of the red – the blood as you hysterically notice.*

*"N-no I-it can't be-" you stutter as you crawl to the body of your longtime friend "P-please don't leave me- I-I d-don't know how I should live without you I- P-Please, Z-"*

You sit up abruptly. You must have dozed off as you stared at the leaves.

You suddenly feel sick, stand up and leave again.

XxX

'Aren't they supposed to be mourning?'

You sit jet again on a porch but this time near a playground. How you ended up here you do not know; it could be a silent scream for help or just to be near people.

Whatever it is you sit there and watch the children play.

One child falls down on a little rock, scrapes his knee and bleeds. You notice faintly that his mother hurries past you to get to her child.

'Color-'

*Red strains your face, hands and clothes. You touch your face as if you couldn't tell that you were in fact you.*

*You turn your head to the heavens and nearly scream your lungs out-*

You shake yourself out of your reverie. You had too long stared into space. You get up and quickly walk away.

XxX

'Why doesn't it hurt anymore?'

You bring the blade down and down again but you still feel nothing but the general numbness that consumed your body ever since you saw him go down.

*You see him scream in agony, see him moan in pain, see him cry of the loss he must be sure to experience soon-*

You go down sobbing but with a smile on your lips.

'Soon I'll be with you Zexion, my love.'

You draw your last breath-

XxX

A funeral is where this story ends.

Yet again stay eleven hooded people around but no one lies on the grave anymore.

A tall figure wraps their arm around the shoulders of the smallest of the group and a deep baritone voice whispers sweet reassuring words into the crying teens ear trying to soothe them but can't stop the sobs that escape the tiny youth.

Some of them mumble incomprehensible words or sob small unintelligible pieces of sentences. Others stay stoic and unmoving on their spot and mourn silently.

"Two members in one month..." a tall tanned figure whispers softly his head with a sad yet gentle gaze tilted to the grave. "...a great loss for all of us." the palest of the group supplies helpfully. The tanned one looks up and forces a small painful smile to grace their lips. "Yes, it really is." They sling their arm around the waist of the pale one. "It really is."

On the grave stands in big bold letters '**Demyx Muse**'

End