

# Beginnings and Endings.

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 3: Bito "Beat & Rhyme"

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Beginning

„Daisu—,  
„DON'T CHA GO „DAISUKENOJO" ON ME!!!"  
„SO, THAT'S IT!!"

It has been a long time, since silence used to reign in the Bito-residence. 2 years? 5 years? 7 years?

At least a very long time.

But that had passed long ago.

All that reigned here was argument and shouting.

And Rhyme sat in a corner and sighed, watching her brother and her parents fighting once again.

„Daisuke!!"

There was a strange tone of anger in the voice of their mother.

„What EXACTLY were you doing in the Underpass at 12 o' clock midnight?!"

„... 'Skating...' ", answered Beat, turning his head away.

He tried to hide his own angry eyes... maybe there was also a trace of shame in it. Shame, that he didn't want to show.

„Jus' Skating..."

„Aha. JUST Skating. At MIDNIGHT?!", shouted his father.

„You shouldn't be skating in the Underpass at midnight. You shouldn't be ANYWHERE at midnight, but you're bed, understood?!"

„I'm not a kid!"

„And that on a school-eve!", continued his mother „As if you're grades weren't bad enough already—,"

„Who cares `bout any stupid grades?!"

„WE care!!", she shouted. „Just listen to yourself, Daisuke! You're talking, like you were going to rob a bank any minute!"

„I ain't speaking that bad!!"

„YES, you are! You're japanese is worse than that of some americans I met. And you ARE japanese! It's your native-language!"

Oh... His father...

Beat's father was a dolmetcher. English-Japanese. He was translating japanese for american buisnessmen and visa versa.

And he was also the one who put all the pressure onto Beat.

He wanted Beat to become a well-educated , good-earning young man. He wanted him to go to university.

But the problem was, that this wasn't what Beat wanted. He never wanted to.

„I talk the way I wanna!“

„Daisukenojo---,“

„STOP CALLING ME THAT!“

Beat snapped.

„I hate that name! I always did! It sounds like I was some girl!“

„WELL, maybe it would be better if you were one!“

His mother again.

„Maybe you would be a bit more like Raimu than!! Did you ever take a look at HER grades?!“

„Oh, yeah, so that's what ya ever wanted, huh? A second Rhyme? Well, gotta inform you:

I AIN'T HER!!!!“

„Beat...“, whispered Rhyme in the corner...

Maybe she should say something...

„Mom... Dad... I think you should go a bit ea—,“

„Not now, Rai-chan! We're talking to your brother now!“, answered her mother.

Their Dad shouted:

„YOU COULD AT LEAST FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE!!! You could at least TRY to give your best!!“

„I tried! I did! I screwed! End of story!“

„Are you realizing, what you're doing to your life!? Your going to end up working at Sunshine's!“

„Don't care. I like burgers anyway.“

„Or worse!“

„Still don't care!“

„YOU'RE NOT CARING ABOUT ANYTHING BUT YOUR LAZYNESS, ARE YOU?!“

„OK, YOU WANTED IT! I'M OFF!!

Beat grabbed his Skateboard and ran off.

„DAISUKE!“, shouted his mother.

Rhyme jumped up:

„Beat! Wait!“

„Rai-chan, you don't have to---,“

„Yes, I have to! He's my brother!“

Rhyme ran out of the door, after Beat.

„Raimu.... She's such a nice girl...“, said their mother.

„Couldn't Daisuke turn out at least a BIT like her? Whom did he get all this attitude from?“

„Uncle Koshiro!“, was their fathers opinion. „He's the only other one in the family, who is as stubborn as him.“

„No, we can't just blame others for that, honey...“

A few seconds pause.

„... Darling?“

„Yes?“

„What if Rai-chan is right? Maybe we're really a bit too harsh with Daisuke-kun. Maybe we're focusing too much on finding any intellectual talents in him?“

„What? Do you want him to become a dishwasher?“

„No... But maybe we should try to encourage him to find his own talents. Rai-chan always does that and it seems to work a bit.“

„His own talents?“

„I... Somehow I don't think anymore, that he's fit for a job in the office. Maybe, he's right and he'll probably never be. But he's a strong boy! Maybe he could go into sports...!“

„...Hmm... Sports?“

„You can earn a lot in sports as well!“

„Hmm....“

....

„... Probably... we should apologize to him, when he comes back...“

Their mother smiled:

„And I'll make some Curry. I know how much Daisuke-kun loves it.“

Meanwhile, Beat was skating through the streets of Shibuya.... He wanted to get away.

Away from all the shouting.

Away from all expectations.

Away from his parents.

“Beat!!!“

Beat looked up. It was his sister's voice.

“Please! Come back home! I'm sure, Mom and Dad didn't mean it! They were just overreacting a bit!“

In the first moment, Beat was happy, to hear her voice--- but it lasted only this moment.

No.

Not again.

He always had to rely on Rhyme.

He always had to get comforted by her!

She was 12!

He was 15!

He was no baby!

He was too old for this...

"Go home, Rhyme!!", shouted Beat.

"Please, listen!!"

"No! I've listened long enough!"

Beat made a risky maneuver to make Rhyme lose him. He was way too fast for her to follow.

"Beat!!!--"

Rhyme slowed down. She was out of breath.

He had the skateboard... If she just had taken her bike with her...

"Huh.... What now?"

She looked around...

Until, she got an idea:

"Ah! I think, I know where he's going! Just need to take the short-cut! Hehe!"

Rhyme turned left, into a narrow street. She ran up and up and up.... Until she was at Mashita-park.

She carefully climbed down the bridge and ran into the underpass.

Beat was already coming from the other side.

She waved at him:

"BEEEEAT! Please, stop!!!"

"OH, man... Forgot 'bout the shortcut..."

Beat sighed.

Rhyme got him... Again...

He was about to turn around and escape...

When he saw some lights behind the waving Rhyme.

....

Lights...

A car?...

...

A CAR!!!

And she didn't seem to notice it at all. She just kept waving!

"RHYME!!!", shouted Beat. He rode his skateboard up to her.

"Beat!"

Rhyme smiled. He was coming in her direction.

"CAR!!"

"Huh?... Car...?..."

Just now, Rhyme turned around and noticed the vehicle coming in her direction.

"...KYAAAAA!!!"

She froze on the spot.

Beat shocked.

She wasn't moving.

Why wasn't she moving?!

The car would hit her!

It was too fast!

Even IF the driver noticed her now, it would be too late!

DAMN, it would kill her!

I would kill her!

Beat couldn't think anymore. He jumped of his board and ran up to his sister:

"RHHYYYYYME!!!"

He jumped. And pushed her.

Out of the way.

Please out of the way.

*Please, let that be enough!! Please, she mustn't die! I don't care if I die! I've ain't got nothing to life for anyway!! But she is!! She mustn't die! Not `cause of me! Not `cause she wanted to help me! That's not fair at all!*

Beat pushed...

No...

It wasn't going to be enough..

He could still feel her shirt between his fingers!

She was still next to him!

She was still on the road!

...

He heard her loud scream, combined with another voice, probably that of the driver...

Than, he felt the metal of the car touching his body...

It felt so slow, so incredibly slow, but he knew, it was happening in split-seconds in reality.

She felt beeing pushed down and heard a very unpleasant noise... that must be his bones crushing...

Her shirt was still between his fingers, he knew it.

She was in this as well.

She was dying here with him...

*Hell, NO!! That's not true! It mustn't....be...*

Beat's thoughts clouded... He tried to open his eyes...

He couldn't fell or move anything.... He couldn't even tell, if he was in agony, or if he was already dead...

But he saw the shilloute of his sister before him... Lying next to him...

He could hear her voice, like through a thick wall of cartoon.

"Beat.... Sorry..."

*...No... I should feel sorry...*

*You're the best little sis`ever, Rhyme.*

*I wish I could have been just a lil' bit like you...*

*I'm such a loser...*

With his last energy, Beat took Rhyme's hand...

Before both of their minds left the crushed bodies.

And just some time later, in the Bito-residence, there was still no silence.

But mourning.

"They're... dead....."

On the stove, something was burning up.

But nobody cared.

*...Today, I lost two things. My dreams. And my brother.*

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--To be continued--