

# All The Vowels Vow

## diverse Drabbles zu diversen fandoms

Von noii

### Kapitel 6: all the vowels vow

i

(La Familia - Mirah)

Twelve shares his umbrella with her. It had rained the whole day and now even harder and Twelve brought only two umbrellas with. He gets scolded by Nine for not thinking, but he says it's not a big deal and opens it and it's pale yellow colored. Like your voice, Twelve smiles. He goes on on how he saw it the other day, while embracing her hand with his, entwining them, his damp fingers between hers. Twelve's a sunny boy with a dangerous hobby and Lisa sometimes feels like silver bracelet found on the street, picked up and kept and treasured. Twelve spins the umbrella around, raindrops dripping down on her head, she squeaks and he laughs and apologizes. Nine walks next to them, they're not in a hurry, and the rain is not as hard for them to be; it's a nice summer evening rain. Lisa thinks Nine's umbrella is black or a really dark blue one and she wonders what colour his voice sounds like to Twelve. Nine hasn't said anything in a while. He's always deep in thoughts and he rarely talks to her, even though by now he acknowledges her as a part of their little community behind closed doors. She's not a part of Sphinx, but a part of their lives now and erasing that is not as easy as a deleting malware on the computer. She thinks it's fine that way. The dangerous hobby is not a hobby, still dangerous though and scary and she understood by now how important it is for her not to cause problems. She shares a strange feeling of understandment with Nine, that she doesn't quite understand herself, but it is calming her and him sometimes when Twelve is not around, though he is right now, but Lisa feels it anyway. Twelve's fingers are between hers and Nine's face is hidden behind the umbrella, his right hand holding it steady, even though the rain drips down on his right shoulder and it suddenly looks so lonely that she takes a step closer to him. Twelve follows without questioning and smiles a warm smile at her when she reaches over, opening her hand and slowly fiddling the hem of Nine's dark shirt between her thumb and pointing finger. Nine doesn't react, so she figures it's alright and keeps the fabric between her fingers as they walk home, in the rain, under rainbows and umbrellas. Twelve holding on to her and she holding on to him, so that he doesn't get lost and holding on to Nine so that he doesn't feel lonely.

ii

(Pusher - Alt-J)

Nine calls her when she's next to the fruit baskets in the supermarket around the corner, deciding to whether buy a whole melon or an apple, a pie and a peach for the same price. She rarely receives calls from Nine, he usually lets Twelve do the stuff he likes to avoid and usually it's about her almost burning the flat to ashes over non-existing cooking skills. Usually Nine just wants her to stop anything, everything she does, because it's irritating and distracting. She hears her phone ring in her pocket, the phone Nine changed the sim card of, giving her a new number and if he'd ask her, a new identity, which she's more than thankful for. She hears it ring just when she decided to weigh the melons weight and she expects Twelve to tell her to not let the oven turned on when she leaves the house, even if she's just ten minutes away, and she's already preparing to say that she's thought of that, too, when she went down the stairs and that she's sorry, when she hears a deep, rusky voice, that's certainly not Twelve's.

"You're in the market right?" Lisa almost lets the melon crush on the floor, because it's Nine. His voice sounds ruskier than normally.

"Can you get me some cough candy." He clears his throat lightly as if he's aware of the unusual situation; and of course he is aware, because Nine is aware of everything.

"S-sure." She answers and can't help to smile a bit, when she tucks the phone between her ear and her shoulder to shove the heavy melon in a really flimsy looking bag, hoping it won't rip as she looks for the confectionery column. She hears Nine typing on the laptop keyboard, when she grabs a green bag of candy, displaying a few leaves of eucalyptus on the packaging. She clears her throat to get his attention.

"Got them.", she says and he hums a reply, ready to hang up, when she presses the phone closer to her ear.

"Um, Kokonoe-kun, could you, um, turn off the oven, to prevent further fire risk, because I accidentally left it on, and any contact with combustible material may cause a fire...", she stutters out, while trying to sound as professional as he always does. There's a long pause and she already prepares herself for a lecture, when she just hears the sound of the legs of a wooden chair getting shuffled aside.

"Got it.", he says and Lisa shivers at the husky tone his voice has right now, that deep, deep voice, that just always gives her goosebumps. Good and bad ones.

Then he hangs up, and even though she knows, he wouldn't have cared if she'd have rejected him, because he probably just called out of convenience, she's sure he appreciates it.

**iii**

(Butterfly Culture - Benjamin Francis Leftwich)

He calls him Nine and he calls him Twelve. What kind of names are those, she wonders as she shivers when the wind breezes the cold air of the night against her neck, giving her goosebumps and probably a cold. The rooftop is nice, though. She can see the stars from here and remembers a long forgotten memory of an evening in summer spend on the lap of her father, his big, warm hands holding her, dandling her to a lullaby. A summertime sadness she chose to forget. They used to listen to the cicadas sing and he would point up the sky, drawing constellations. The cassiopeia, the orion, the virgo. Pegasus had been her favorite. There're no cicadas singing in a place like this, but Twelve brings her a blanket, tells her Nine might be cold, but not an asshole and that it would just take some time for him to accept her. Under the blanket she feels warm and suddenly arches for a hand, as big and warm as her father's used to be, to hold her. She asks Twelve whether to call him Hisami or Touji or Twelve; he says it's fine either way.

**iv**

(Youth - Daughter)

Lisa gets better at cooking every single day, at least Nine thinks she is, even tho he is not really sure how. Her food starts to taste better. They haven't really had the time to keep track on her, keeping her out of the kitchen and sometimes, when Twelve is just too tired and too lazy to cook and they've already accepted the fact of a missing dinner, Lisa steps out of the kitchen with two plates of spicy beef noodles as if they're mentally connected. Which they aren't. And maybe they've just started to adapt to her food, that they don't notice the bad taste anymore. In the past he had kept track of the number of days she's with them, but then he kind of lost it and since then he's not really sure anymore; the days are just a blurry amount of time and he begins to wonder how long this fake image of family will last, because, after all, all good things eventually come to an end.

**v**

(Lifeforms - Daughter)

"Lisa, you're overreacting."

"I'm not!"

"He's done this before, it's happened before, he will be fine."  
"How do you know? They're are of the worst kind, you know?"  
"Yeah, but Twelve is not an idiot. He'll handle it."  
"Ugh, why did I even ask him, I should've just gone myself."  
"If you wanna faint on the street go ahead, no one's stopping you. In any case, I've told him to stay out of your business anyways."  
"That's mean, Kokonoe-kun."  
"That's not mean, that's rational. You always get us in trouble."  
"...I'm sorry."  
"No need to apologize, you've done that so often it lost it's purpose and it's intended effect a long time ago."  
"..."  
"..."  
"Kokonoe-kun?"  
"What."  
"Why didn't you go, help Twelve?"  
"Because it's none of my business."  
"But he's your business. His safety is."  
"Yea, yours, too. Except it's not. Ugh, just stop talking for a while."  
"..."  
"..."  
"Kokonoe-kun?"  
"..."  
"Are you hungry?"  
"No."  
"I should cook something. If Twelve comes back, he'll probably be hungry."  
"If..."  
"What?"  
"Nothing."  
"..."  
"..."  
"I wonder if he's alright, Twelve."  
"Like I said, you're overreacting."  
"How do you know he won't faint."  
"Because he's not as weak as you are."  
"..."  
"Besides, he's good at dangerous missions. Which you already know."  
"Still..."  
"Why are you calling him 'Twelve', by the way?"  
"Because... That's his name, isn't it?"  
"If that's his name, then why are you calling me the way you call me?"  
"Kokonoe-kun?"  
"Yeah."  
"I- I don't know. I-... "  
"YOU....GUYS..."  
"Oh, you're back."  
"Eee, it stinks!!"  
"Oh really! Lisa, come back here, don't you dare run away, you made me get it for you, I can't believe it, I thought it'd be a melon!"

"S-Sorry."

"Don't peg your nose, I had to deal with this the whole way back here."

"Eee, oww, it's so sticky..."

"Nine, get over here, help us."

"Ah, Twelve, it's really spiky, how did you even carry it-"

"With my super-powers, like thi~s-"

"Careful!"

"Ah, Kokonoe-kun! Please get us a towel, ahh--"

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"Jesus, you almost made us lose our second place, just because you want to impress a girl."

"She's not just some girl! Anyways, it's alright, it's delicious, isn't it."

"Just make sure you get rid of it, before it starts to mold."

"Yea, yea. Anyways, I can't believe, you didn't say anything. You knew, didn't you?"

"Hn."

"Don't 'hn' at me. What's with that face afterall?"

"What."

"Did you two have 'the talk' when I was not around? Ayyy, they grow up so fast-"

"She calls you Twelve, you know."

"Yeah, I know."

"..."

"And she doesn't call you 'Nine'."

"..."

"You probably don't know what to think of that, but I think you can just not-think for one time. It's fine."

"It's not right. She has to stop."

"Well, I like it, the way she says 'Kokonoe-kun'. It fits you."

"...What."

(Durian are funny things. ;))

**vi**

(Taro - Alt-J)

Twelve removes the dark brown nail polish while her tears drop down on the dorsa of his hands and as he hears the deep sad noise that searches it's way out of her throat he feels the urge to cry for the first time in his life. It's okay, he repeats. It's okay. It's okay. But he has betrayed the one person in his life he would've entrusted his everything to and he's saved someone he barely even knows; for what? It's okay is a barefooted lie on a shattered mirror on the ground, Nine is somewhere he doesn't know, with a radioactive bomb and his own life on the tip of his fingers. The need to cry grows. Crying has always been something he couldn't understand. Why do humans cry, he's asked Nine when they were younger. Never has he wished for Nine to be with him this much in a long time and never has he felt the warmth of a girl's arms

embracing him the way Lisa's do right now, her tears on his collarbone and her sobs in his eardrum. It's okay, she whispers, when he feels dry tears on his own cheeks and her heartbeat next to his. Her voice is yellow and orange and red in his ears, a mix of colors he's never even heard ever before and she's amazing, he thinks. We will find him and bring him home.

## vii

(Dissolve me - Alt-J)

*She makes the sound, the sound the sea makes, to calm me down.*

Her lips are soft against his temples, as she mumbles a song into his ear, just as soft as the kisses feel on his skin, comforting, pulling the ache out, the ringing in his drumfell stops as the words reach it, as if she is resting his head on a pillow of silk. He feels her removing his glasses, her mouth on his closed eyes now, adding feather light pressure on the very thin area underneath his eyelashes. He feels fragile, but she feels even more fragile in his hands, which are trembling, as he notices now, trembling and holding onto her arms, with so much power, and so strong, it must hurt. The attack ebbs away as she comforts him on the ground, she shivers and he's sure it's not because of the cold, her fingers tremble as if they search for something, anything, to not feel so fragile, so helpless anymore and he figures his own hand should take hers to hold on to, just for now and just because. Just because today is such a fucked-up day and the ringing gets worse and the attacks come and go even more often than before, that even she notices it and gets scared. Just because she's been an idiot most of the time and he'd still like to give her back to the world she's come from, just so he'd know she'd be safe, even though she'd hate it. Just because it's alright, the way it is now, what she doesn't know, and shouldn't and what's always been fucked up will be fucked up forever, him and Twelve included. Just because time is a weird thing on this earth, because minutes can seem like hours and days can seem like seconds and the whole time they've spend with her has been so fragile, just as frail as they are, and yet so incredibly calming. Just because she's not number and if he could, he'd thank all the gods he doesn't believe in for that.