

About a simple question...

and some others...

Von Stampede

[Untitled]

Six month are passed by, since we sealed Jormungandr away. Sabata and me, we live both in a house in San Miguel. The 6th Avenue I lived in before is complete destroyed. Although this, we don't speak much together. Sometimes, Sabata is away for some days, without saying where he is or when he will be back. I already stopped being worried about this. And even if he's here, he often sleeps in the morning and soon afternoon. If I got up in the morning, he often goes to sleep first.

However, there were enough times we could talk about things. But we don't talk together. Because our relationship is very difficult. Well, it's more Sabata who's difficult. He doesn't answer most questions and he doesn't let involve him in an entertainment he doesn't want to get involve. And he doesn't start a conversation from himself.

It's not so difficult like at the beginning. But it's still laborious sometimes.

But actually, that's not the matter right now.

I'm half lying on my bed and I'm more awake than in some days. My bed is under the window, which is open every night, because of Nero, who comes to Sabata almost every night. I think it would be better to change our beds; if Nero comes in, he always wake me up, by jumping on me. He's going to wake up Sabata either way, so he could sleep right here. Then I could stay asleep.

Argh. This is not the matter too.

I look to Sabata, who sit on his bed in the other side of the room and is looking back. Through the window above my bed is the full moon shining in, so I can recognize his silhouette. And, of course, his glooming red eyes. Nero is next to him and nestles his head in Sabatas hand. He has asked me a question before.

"Were you awake and thinking about this?", I ask him then.

"No.", he says and I realize that he's not looking at me, but merely staring out of the window. "I was thinking about something different. But my thoughts ended up there."

For a moment, I wonder, what he was actually thinking about. Maybe he was thinking about Carmilla. Probably he does that often.

"Are you that surprised about this question, that you don't answer?", he asks me and his voice is a little bit disapproving. Out of my thoughts I quickly shake my head. "Not about the questions matter. More about the fact, *that* you ask.", I say honestly.

"Because it's in the middle of the night?" I'm not sure, but I think he knows, it's not about this.

"No. Merely because you never let yourself be involved in this kind of conversation. You always say that you don't care."

Sabata says nothing more now and is just turning away his head. I know this very well. He can't be honest. Not to me, not to the others, not even to himself.

"And although I know that you care", I say then. "it's pointless to try to tell you. Because you're acting as if you don't want to hear it. And you know this, don't you?", I don't know why I don't simply answer his question, but start to talk about his behaving. Maybe this is one of rare moments, he will listen to me. Anyway, I hope so. But my hope fails. Immediately, he draws back the blanket and stands up. I can't read in his face what he's thinking now, but I'm pretty sure that he's mad. He's going to went out. "Hey, just wait a second, Sabata!", I want to stand up and follow him, but I forgot about my blanket and so it beats me down the lengthwise. Nero runs after Sabata who closes the door loudly as it passed. I can hear that my brother goes outside. Slowly and frustrated, I stand up and sit on my bed again. Actually, I should have seen this coming. Sabata is simply like that. I better had answered his question. I don't think that there will be a chance to talk to him about those things again soon. Hastily I shake my head. Sabata may be stubborn, but me too! I stand up and go out. I think I know where he's going.

It's not as warm as in the last few nights. Here in the desert it's even colder. And the worst are those gray clouds, which I can see not far away. I pass the old Temple before the real desert. Down the stairs I can see Sabata sitting on the well. Nero is lying on his lap. He surly has noticed me already. I walk down the stairs and stay next the well. "Oi, Nii-san.", I say. Nero raises its head, but Sabata doesn't look at me. There is a short silence, before he asks me: "What are you here for?" sigh, I sit down. "I want to talk.", I say simply. "You see, I didn't want to say... Well, I didn't want to make you mad." Sabata looks at me for a moment, but then back to the black cat. "It's not that it's your fault.", he says to my surprise. "It's just that I didn't want to hear it. I already know about my behaving, see?"

"Oh... yeah, and why is it a problem to hear it then?"

"...", no answer.

"Okay, I see... It's only a problem of your pride, isn't it?"

"..."

"Fine, thus I'm right."

"Yes, and now shut the hell up!", he shouts annoyed. But I just smile back. And I can swear Nero is looking the same way as me!

"You're a stubborn idiot, Nii-san.", I say laughing.

"Naive gawk.", he gives back and it sounds as if he's sulking. This is pretty funny. But more important; I have an idea. My smile becomes nasty. Fine, either way, this will be very funny or it will hurt. If it fails, Sabata definitively is going to kill me. Okay, maybe he wants to does this too, if it works. But we'll see.

"So, you're acting in that childish way because of your pride?", I ask still nastily smiling. Sabata looks too me really skeptical.

"What do you mean by 'childish?' I never act like a child!"

"Of course you do!", I shout. "If children talk about things they want people to make believe, they often act as if nobody could know what's true, just themselves."

"If you want to say something, just say it, Django. But stop comparing me by a child!", he says and now his eyes are glooming fatally. But that doesn't scare me. Not anymore.

„If you act like this, I think I'm righ-" - "You're not!"

"Are you too pride to admit yourself, that we all saw though your true self?"

"What do you mean by this!?" I notice that he gets angry.

"That you're still acting cold and careless. Is it that embarrassing to show that you're a nice guy?" I understand that it's not fun. But I want to know what Sabata is going to say now. He's not going to stand up – sure because of Nero.

"You seem to forget, that I'm the Dark Child!", I can see in his face, that now it's not his pride, which is hurt, but merely that he's going to be really angry. Probably he thinks that I make fun of him. "No, but you see, nobody cares about this fact. You said it by yourself; Darkness isn't bad. It's about how you use it. And you're not bad either. Sumire is the one who says it most. She really has a hang on you, see?", now, I'm going to be serious. Sabata is still staring at me and turns his head away then.

"Django...", he says calm down again. Oh well, this is not good. "Just shut up and go to hell!", by these words, he stretches out his arm and push me back. "Wuah!" I fall back and land in cold water. "What the hell are you thinking you're doing!?", I scream as I come up again.

"I thought you need to cool down. Besides, it's fun. I never saw you making a face like a wet poodle!", Sabata says laughing while I sulk. Yeah, it's good that he's sometimes showing this side of himself. But was there really a need to do it *now and like this*?

"Oi... Nii-san, it's damn cold!"

"Sorry, can't help. Nero doesn't want to go up!", Sabata says by a nasty smile. And I smile back. Fine, I will have revenge someday.

"Say, Sabata. Were you thinking of Carmilla?", I swim back to the rim. Well, if you can call this swim. It's still just a well. This time, I ask seriously. "I know that this isn't my business but... you're even more often and longer away. And I wonder, if there will be a day your definitively stay away.", to be honest, it scares me to think about this.

"Would this be a problem?", Sabata asks back serious too.

"A problem? Well...", I'm not sure how I should explain this. "Let's say... I think its fine, if you go to redeem your promise. But... You could say this. It makes me worry not to know, what's up. I don't know for sure how you see this, but you're my family. You're important to me. And also to the others of the city.", yeah, this is the point. But I wonder: Didn't he know this? There is no answer first. But then Sabata says: "Who said I go to redeem a promise? It's more that you guys are going on my nerves."

Okay, this is one of the (not even rare) moments I would like to slap him. But 'cause I know he will slap back heavier, I let it be.

"Oh, common! If this would be the reason you wouldn't come back, would you?"

"... We don't argue this any longer."

"Fine, I know either way, that I'm right."

"I didn't say this, ya know?"

"Do you really think I need to hear it from you? I can think by myself, Nii-san.", I say smiling self-satisfied.

"Why do you stop taking me serious?", he asks me and seems to be really confused.

"Huh?", I look up to him. "Seriously, you do not have a bit of respect to me."

"Yeah... Well, of course I have. It's just not this kind of respect you're thinking of. ", I answer and see his discontented face. "And your cold behaving doesn't change this. On the contrary."

Sabata seems to search a good answer, but he only sighs then.

"Let me ask you two questions. First of: How did you know I'm here? And second: Don't you want to come out of the well at least?", he asks without any context.

"First was easy. It's why I knew, that you go away to redeem your promise. You're very often thinking of Carmilla. I can see it all the time in your face. And I know about the legend. That dead could come back to live in the ruins.", I explain simply. I can see, that the fact I can read this in his face that easy is unpleasant to him.

"And the part with the well... to be honest: I think you want me to come out, 'cause you wanna push me in again."

"If you think so, I could drown you now you're in."

"Okay, I understand. But there is really no need to, ya know?"

"I'll think of it, when you answer my first question tonight."

Right. That's actually why we sit here now. "Sorry for not answer it first.", I say then, while I look to the sky. "Our father was very brave. He made a lot of jokes and was playing nonsense with us children. Back then, there were a lot of kids in my age. Sometimes, he showed us how to make little traps for strokes. Our mother urged him then. She said he's sometime more childish as we."

"Hm.", is all what Sabata has to say. Nero is fall asleep in this time.

"How was she? Our mother?", he asks without looking at me.

"She was very kind. But she often got angry if we did something dangerous without taking an adult with us. She always was very worried."

We talked the whole night together. About this and that. And if Sabata didn't answer one of my questions, I simply asked another one. And of course, I got out of this well. It was in the early morning, as we came back. The next few days were like always, as if nothing happened. Until an evening a week later. I came home late because I helped Sumire to clean up the warehouse. On the desk was a piece of paper.

As I read what was written, I had to laugh.

„I'm away for a while.

Sabata"

Yeah, that's him. But it's the good intention, which's matter, isn't it?