

Our little world on the roof

PiKame, onesided RyoPi

Von abgemeldet

Prolog: Prolog

My first post here....Here we go!

"OMG! I made a hole in the world!"

I looked around over my shoulder. I was unpacking my last things into a wardrobe that Kame gave me. Today, my responsible and self-relying life starts.

I rose from the half-unpacked box and walked into the living room. Kame was standing with a broom under the lamp with paper Earth lampshade, frowning at a tiny hole in the middle of Africa.

"It's the broom..." his sad dark eyes bore into me. I stepped closer to that "global catastrophe" and with all my might tried not to laugh.

"Well, surely, the Baikal isn't the deepest lake on THIS map..." I stated, still admiring the hole near Victoria's Lakes, reminding me of England a bit.

"I didn't intend to do it..." Kame piped up. I looked at him.

"It's your apartment, don't apologize to me. But if you want, we can go buy a new shade after school today. I should be finished by 3PM."

Kame quietly nodded and looked as if he admired me for solving this unexpected problem so effectively.

I know him only for a week, I thought... it doesn't feel like it. When I look back, it's been only a week since my pushy sister introduced me to this boy full of paradoxes. She pulled me to the party, even if she knows I'd much rather fool around on the beach with my retriever. But Yasu was already exhausted from when she took him to her cycling trip, and because of that she managed to pull me here into this apartment. It's located on a roof and has only two bedrooms, a living room, a tiny kitchen and a bathroom. You walk straight into the living room, with the opposite wall made of

glass. The rest of the roof, approximately as big as the whole apartment itself, was made into a great roof garden with a swing and a flood of flowers. I love the room that Kame gave me from the first moment. It has a large window overlooking the garden and an aquarium in the wall that connects it to the living room. Kame's room is just as big, but instead of the garden, it is next to the kitchen.

There were lots of people, when I was there for that first time. DJ played dance music like UVERworld and An Cafe. Then, I felt like I would suffocate in the middle of that mass of squirming bodies. I spent almost the whole time on that swing out on the roof. When Kame sat down next to me, I curiously looked at the laughing boy with coke in his hand. His brown haircut was structured, with the strands falling to his shoulders. He was wearing a simple striped shirt and torn jeans.

"Having fun?" he asked and downed the rest of his coke.

"Too many people for my liking, but the music is nice," I answered truthfully. Kame smiled and threw the plastic cup to the nearest bin.

"Kamenashi Kazuya," he held his hand out to me.

"Yamashita Tomohisa," I shook that hand and looked at the stars above us. There weren't many of them, but at least I had somewhere to look to. His face was attracting me too much.

"To be honest, I know your name. Aya sent me. She told me you're looking for an apartment."

My sister talks almost every second of her life so I didn't even think about being surprised that at least half of these people know my name and my shoes size.

"Well, I want to move out," I mumbled.

"You can move in with me. I need help with the rent and some company would be nice, too."

Surprised, I looked at him.

"Just like that? You come to a stranger and move him into your apartment. You don't even know me."

"I know your sister," he said with a shy smile. This time it was him who averted his eyes and looked at the sky.

"And where do you live?" I asked so he wouldn't think I wasn't interested. I only needed some time to think it over.

"Here," was his quiet reply.

Wow, that's really something. When I imagined the apartment without all those people, it was really luxurious. No wonder he needed someone to split the rent with.

"How do you pay for all this?" I asked, curious.

"From the matches. One win is enough for six to nine months of the rent. But the last two matches didn't go very well..."

"What matches?" I inquired. He didn't really have the build of a fighter.

"Box. Oh, I have a match in two days, come watch," he bounced excitedly.

It took me a while to process the news and I tried to connect the image of those big, muscular, sweaty men with the box gloves and their mouths bloody from the fight, with this little thin spaghetti advertisement.

"Uh," escaped me very intelligently and Kame burst out laughing.

well, that was how we got to know each other, I thought about it the whole way to school. Kame was totally different in the ring. Aya and me went to that match of his. I found out he was very popular within the boxing circles and is very successful in his weight category. He jumped around in the ring like a gummy monkey facing his opponent, even smaller than he was, and I couldn't quite avoid the thought of watching a fly and a mosquito box. But I did feel respect, I wouldn't ever want him to beat me.

A week later, I moved in. Because I work overnight, the people home started to get irritated, because they couldn't sleep. Not always I have work to do, but still. I study programming and computer technology and I work in a nonstop hotline, especially nightshifts, because during the day I have school. And as they pay per hour, I don't mind not having anyone calling for the whole night. But those nights are rare. People usually have time to mess with their computers only in the evening and when something breaks down, they call me. It's an easy job and I at least have a stable income. I moved in with Kame also because he doesn't mind my night job and my dog. And Yasu obviously fell in love with the old blanket I spread for him under the swing. I really wonder how we'll get along.