

# Narcissus

Von Ukoku

Bakura laid the book aside on the table next to him and leaned back into the armchair. Long hours of reading had made his eyes go weary and his neck hurt too. He rubbed it with one hand and let his gaze wander on the title of the book. It was pretty interesting what kind of literature Ryou owned... "Narcissus and Echo".

The story was adopted from an old latin tale and even the summary on the back had sounded boring, being full of foreign words, but he had been too lazy to get up and search another one and had started reading. It was not that bad...

There was a vain guy falling in love with his own reflection in a lake after dismissing some goddess-girl, as he had figured out, and dieing after a leaf touched his reflection making him believe he was ugly. The whitehaired smiled. Stupid guy.

One look at the clock told him, that Ryou would be home soon. It was Easter Day and he had gone to the park with Yugi and his little group of friends featuring even Kaiba to 'enjoy the nature'. Yes, sure. Bakura had declined the offer to join them gratefully. Even if he got bored home it was better than walk all day having Ryou next to him telling him how *beautiful* the trees were, and how *great* the weather, and how *blue* the sky- no, thanks. They were better off without him anyway...

He stood and streched his tired muscles. Maybe Ryou would bring cake along? He often did that on holidays after Bakura had broken the stove -again. The Yami cast a glance outside the window. No Ryou in sight... He sighed. As much as he liked staying at home alone, it was always nicer if he had someone to observe. Bored again he let his gaze wander around through the room. Yugi had spent yesterday's evening here and had brought flowers- now lovingly arranged on the table. Bakura approached them slowly, examining them.

Yellow flowers with six leafs and a big tubethingy in their middle.  
He touched one delicate petal carefully. It was so soft.  
*You're getting old Bakura. You're petting flowers.*  
The clock was ticking rhythmically as ever, shoving the time along - more quickly when you listen, slower when you don't.  
It was getting nearly half past six and the more and more reddish light cast from the low sun colored the room in warm tints  
as if mocking the still cold wind outside.  
Not that he cared.  
Still holding one petal between his fingers Bakura realized it had detached from the rest of the flower.  
*Whoops.*  
He laid it on top of the bloom and turned his back on it.  
*Always destroying...*  
Hopefully Ryou wouldn't notice.

Shaking his head and deciding he was just tired he retreated into his room.  
Same here...everything was tinted red, from the curtains to his sheets, seeming warm and inviting and tireing him even more.  
Where had the nights gone when he stayed up all night, sometimes sitting on the roof, watching the city beneath him move on and on without ever stopping to take a breath like he had done once -3000 years ago?  
Wrong thought, wrong thought. People don't stay the same...

Sitting down on his bed facing the mirror on his closet door he started to undo the buttons of his shirt until it hang loose around his shoulders.  
He kept eye-contact with his mirror image.  
Brown eyes in brown eyes.  
Was that what Narcissus-guy had seen?  
Bakura didn't like his reflection at all.  
After all the years spent in Domino he still felt as if it didn't belong to him.  
It was not what he had been in his former life.  
'former life'. As if this was a new one.  
It was still the same...with all his memories, his aims...  
But not his body.  
He had been tan as egyptians had to be, tall, muscular...  
It felt wrong the way it was now.  
Examining his body in the mirror he tore his shirt completely off and threw it to the ground.  
Gods, he was so pale...  
He didn't try to change it at any point knowing it would be just a useless attempt to get back what he had lost long ago.

Standing up he looked at himself again.  
Okay, it was not *that* bad.But still...  
With the same reluctance he held when touching the flower he laid one hand on the cold surface of the mirror.  
He smiled.  
It looked as if the mirror-Bakura touched him too...

Slowly moving his finger tips he watched how the image followed his movements.  
Like a doll...like a puppet on a string serving it's masters will.  
Bakura liked his little play and started to draw random patterns on the surface smiling  
as he wanted his puppet to smile back at him.  
He suddenly wanted to feel the cold of the mirror and placed his forehead against it.  
As he felt comfortable finally having something to observe and being alone at the  
same time he closed his eyes sleepy, still stroking the mirror.  
'What is it that they always say? The only one you can trust is yourself.'  
If being a tombrobber had taught him something it was this.  
Don't rely on anybody else. It will go wrong just because it CAN.  
Ryou called it *murphy's law*, Bakura would say it was *the damn malignity of nature*.

The mirrored glass grew warm under his fingertips making it feel less lifeless.  
As if it was human...he opened his eyes only to find them staring back at him.  
Dark brown pools, suddenly twisting, changing into reddish brown and finally into  
violet.  
His head shot up from the glass staring at it.  
Violet...with this wild, untamed sparkling of the ancient thief king's.  
Was this real?  
Sure, he had to be dead and the dead didn't rise from their grave, did they?...but it felt  
so real...

Bakura laid his fingers on the mirror again, touching the face of *the other one* while it  
grew darker and darker, a scar manifested on his cheek.  
His features hardened, emphasizing the dignity he already radiated.  
The pale one was meanwhile still caught by these eyes- his eyes- hypnotic...  
He was with him again- no...he had never left, of that Bakura was sure.  
If only he could just become one with him once again...  
He leant closer letting his face touch the other one's closing his eyes again.  
*Closer...*  
The yami sighed in relaxation.  
He wanted to feel his old self, wanted to taste it, wanted to be it again.  
Without thinking any further he pressed his lips carefully onto the mirror, surprised by  
the sudden cold they were greeted with.  
Humans weren't cold...they never were...as long as they were alive.  
His eyes shot open gaping into the looking-glass and catching sight of his pale, half  
undressed, tired-looking yami-self.  
*No...*

Rubbing his eyes with both hands he slid to the floor.  
From the hallway there was the sound of a door lock opening, the sound of bakery  
paper bags rustling.  
"I'm home, Bakura! Uh, no smoke this time?"  
The yami rested his head on his knees, studying the carpet.  
Just a little day dream.  
Not that it mattered anyhow.  
Just a small fantasy of not being alone anymore where he didn't belong.  
Suddenly he felt very tired, too tired to even climb back into bed.  
The whitehaired curled up on the floor, his eyes shut again trying to suppress the

mental image of a pair of violet orbs.

He definitively needed a nap now.

*You really are getting old, tombrobber...you really are.*