

Modern Times

Introduction

It was a dark Time for some people in Japan, even children and teenagers had so many problems in their life they would get a burnout from time to time. But how the burnout or crisis shows itself was as different as the individual person. Some of those adolescents showed one of the most interesting syndromes. It was called “Chuunibyou”.

“Chuunibyou” is a neurologic fascination, first discovered in Japan, where people take on another role, person or characteristic they normally wouldn’t have. It is like a roleplay, but much more radical and subconscious.

There are different types of “Chuunibyou” and the most intriguing one was the “Evil Eye”. The Evil Eye is a variation of it, where people thought they had mystical powers or are heroes, villains and various other special people. Mostly they were similar to characters in Mangas, Animes or other TV-shows.

And in here in Japan was a young man called Hyuuga Nyagashiki, who enjoyed being different. Though, he does not enjoy it that much. Hyuuga has always been a normal boy. His family and friends were normal and no one had something like superpowers. Because everyone knew that those superheroes and -villains were fictional characters in a even more fictional world. But one day, Hyuuga had enough. Enough of this silly little and boring world. Enough of school and even more of those nosy small peasants called classmates. His so-called friends were not good to him. They made always fun of him, laughed and left him out. Every time he tried to be nice but those students used him like a tool for their own satisfaction and pleasantry. Even when he was normal he got the short straw and needed to suffer his school life, until he entered the high school. From this point on he was not same he was before, he changed his look, his behaviour and even his name. But he only used this personality when he got in trouble while in normal days he kept being Hyuuga Nyagashiki. As long there is trouble, there will be “Go-Ken, master of the arts of swords”.

Prologue

“Hyuuga! It’s time to get up! You’ll be late again, for the second time already!” That was my mother, Marika Nyagashiki. She is a normal mother with a normal job. Well, for Japan it’s quite modern, that a mother goes taking on a job. My mom works at the library but only part time, so she could take care of the house. Marika is typical japanese woman. She has black hair and dark eyes. She loves tea and she wishes to travel around the country. Marika is married to Kougi Nyagashiki. His family has been known in the 20’s for being a more corrupt family company. But that ended at the moment when Kougi’s father, Saeki took over the company. Saeki loved to say “Even in good times, there will be one person to screw up everything.” Why he said that every time he saw me was a mystery for myself. Well I never got any person in my family anyway. Maybe because I didn’t care what will happen to them.

Well at least I pretend not doing so. I mean, in contrary I never got any attention from them even when I was little. There weren't any pictures of me, no videos not even a single trace that did exist in this world. Well okay, there was one. My birth certificate, that was the only thing which could say that I lived in this family for my entire life. It's kinda sad. But what should I do? Oh and it's not the second time I would be late. It's like the millionth time, but like I said, she didn't give a damn about me. Have fun in my world people. You will see what I mean by that.

"Oh geez... Why is it that complicated to put on those god forsaken school uniforms?" I hate the fact, that Japan is making us wearing those clothes. In western countries they didn't even try to say what they should wear or what they shouldn't. Japan's like a damn dictatorship about that sort of things. But I bet the old, creepy and lonely men liked watching cute little girls in skirts. Especially when it's a windy day, then it's the absolute best thing ever, I guess. "Oh god... I'm way too nice for this world." Why do I always laugh about such topics? Well whatever...

'Oh no... not them...' "Hey lovely brother and sister, how are you doing today?" 'I really hope you're doing bad...' I hate this guy, he's such an asshole to me, but his cute little sister is the only angel on this dark world, *cry, cry*. Fucking bastard with his sister complex. I hope he will finally move out. He's like a parasite. He jumps on you, sucks you dry until you die a miserable way. But only if you're the second son who could inherit a shit load of money. Oh well that would be me. It's great having a family. But the most funny thing about that, why would he care? The company is still in the hands of Saeki, so my father would get it at first, before my stupid brother would even inherit a fracture of it.

Right now, he looks at me with his casual 'you're scum' facial expression. "Stop with your useless farce, we all know that you are nothing. You think so too, aren't you, Rika?" My sister didn't even bother to look at my way and just walked away. "There you have it, you good-for-nothing." Oh come on... Why do I even need to walk this way? Next time, I'll punch him right in his face, so he won't ever be able look at me in any weird ways. Fuck him, and fuck her as well. She was always the biggest cry baby, but never got any scolding from anybody. But when I useless bastard let one curse slip through my lips I felt the hand of my father right on my face. I hate this family, and the only thing which would help me, is getting freed from them. I don't care how but it needs to be done, as soon as possible. "It's always good to see you, Ryougo."

"Oh Ryougo and Rika, how are you doing? Did you two sleep well? I hope it wasn't too loud or something like that?" I walked beside them, so I hoped i wouldn't get anything to hear about me being late again. "Hyuuga, you are going to be late again. Look at those two, they are up early and don't need to run like you." It's always a pleasure being the main asshole in the family, mom. I appreciate your input very much. "Well it wouldn't be that hard if I would get finally a proper alarm clock." Now she looks at me like I'm the worst living creature on earth. Wow... I feel the love right beside me, it's overwhelming me. I can't... take it... ANYMORE! "Just go, Hyuuga!" I did what I always had done in these situations. "Love you too, mother." I run and took the house keys, kicked the roller of my shitty brother on the ground and ran away like a badass.

School days are great...

While I was running like the greatest retard on earth I saw the funniest thing ever. The school building, wow. I like being me. It's always so refreshing to hear my own thoughts. 'I need to get laid.' That wasn't me, though, I hope so at least. I will kick the bucket anyway so what should I do at my school anyway? Like the girls think I am, I could rape someone, I could kill the janitor or robe the lockets in the girls' changing rooms. That's what I have been told at least from some of my beautiful classmates. Well the only thing I don't hate at the moment is... What's it called again? Ah yeah sleeping. I love sleeping, there you can have nice dreams without being a unsensitive dickhead for everyone. It's a nice place, where everyone is nice to each other until I crush their skulls with a really really big hammer. I don't think that I've got some problems... It's the stressful life i live in those recent 19 years. Oh yeah, I'm 16 by the way. And yes, this makes the last sentence really strange, I got it.

"Hey Hyuuga, how was the rape?" And it begins, the wonderful day got a great start again. Everyone looked at me like I was the animal they think I was. So I didn't give a damn about those shitheads. "I liked raping your mom, she was still quite tender." Oh... that... expression. He wasn't pleased at all, that I used his mom, not only improper, but as a joke as well. "Fuck you, bastard. I could kick your ass right here, right now. You are scum., do you know that?" "Oh yeah, wow... You tried to mock me, failed and now you're pissed off because your life can't proceed like it used to have. I'm so sorry, but I really don't care about you or your life. It's less interesting than the last poop i let out last weekend. Have fun at your miserably and uninteresting school day. Maybe we will see each other in the afterlife. Well but that would be funny because there isn't one. And god can't help you now, because there isn't one. Maybe, maybe you find the rest of your disgusting self and put some balls between your legs and punch me finally in my face!"

Ouch... well at least he cried after punching me, like an old baby. He deserved it, like everyone does. The others around me just looked and didn't do anything, the entire time. And after it ended they walked away like it was nothing to worry about. It was just me, I get it. Yeah you're such good friends. I like you too, mates.