

What Friends Are For

Tenimy-FF, "SmilySpiky-Special"

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: English Version

The sun was shining into the bedroom of the little two-room apartment and cheekily tickled Takagi Shun's nose. He turned around with a sigh and shot a quick glance at the clock radio on his bedside table.

Half past eight.. And today was his day off. But who could sleep properly in this heat anyway? And to top it all off, this stupid fan had conked out again.

After he had rolled around in his own sweat for a quarter of an hour he finally gave up and got out of bed.

His mother would have been proud.

"Son, you can't sleep away half of the day! What a waste of time!"

At home, he had to listen to these kind of wisdoms many a time.

But how was he supposed to fill this not overslept time now? Taking a shower was definitely a tempting option.

A little more dawdling than usual, making breakfast, taking a snapshot of the filled bowl of rice for his blog and reading the papers.

Another look at the clock told Shun that it was still only half past ten.

Sometimes, time was a merciless monster that took a sick pleasure in torturing him.

Okay, he really needed a plan for today! The dancing studio where he usually spent a large part of his time was closed until Friday due to renovations. A day trip to his parents wasn't worth the time because they just lived too far from the city.

Shun reached for his mobile and dialled the number that first came to mind. It rang for quite a while and Shun was already worried that he would be fobbed off by the mailbox once again until finally someone picked up the phone.

"Yes?"

The voice on the other end sounded a little worn-out.

"Oi Mamo!"

"Shunri? Hey, how are you, buddy?"

"Excellent. Listen, I..."

An agitated female voice called from the background and put Shun off for a moment. Then Miyano Mamoru was back on the phone.

"You still there? I'm really sorry but I've gotta go or I'll miss my train."

Shun hesitated.

"Train? Where...?"

But again he didn't manage to finish his sentence.

"I'll call you back later, okay? Bye, Shun-chan!"

Then there was a click in the line and Mamo was gone.

For a moment, Shun listened to the tooting coming from the earpiece. Then he slowly lowered his mobile with a deep-drawn sigh.

What was this guy up to now? In the last couple of weeks they practically hadn't seen each other and most of the time Mamoru's packed schedule was to blame. Here another recording for the new Ouran-soundtrack, there a photo shoot for some magazine. His buddy seemed to be constantly on the move and sometimes Shun seriously asked himself when he found the time to sleep. Besides, he really missed him by now. His hyperactivity, his infectious laugh from that way too big mouth, their fooling around. Without Mamo life was only half as much fun as usual.

But if Mamo wouldn't tell him about his plans for today Shun had to find other ways to find out. And he already had an idea..

With a determined look on his face he shuffled into the bedroom and turned on his computer. After he had uploaded the breakfast picture and posted some accompanying impressions he clicked on the link that directed him to Mamo's blog.

So the Eyeshield 21-event was on the agenda today..

It actually was a bit sad that this now seemed to be the only way to find out what his best friend was up to. But this gloomy thought was soon banished by another one that brought a sparkle to Shun's eyes.

Only he could come up with such an ingenious idea. But all alone the whole thing wouldn't be as much fun. He needed somebody to accompany him!

In his head he went through the member list of the SmilySpiky-family.

Hotta had to be ruled out because he already had enough on his hands with rehearsals for the new *pnish*-performance in which he would make a guest appearance.

He could forget about YOH as well. Today was Wednesday after all and that was the day when he was usually DJing in some club in Shibuya.

Even Katou was totally busy since he had been cast for the new Rokkaku musical.

So Shun's options were shrinking up rapidly and left him with the uneasy feeling that he was probably doing something wrong and therefore had so much time to kill.

But there was still one opportunity. Again he typed away on the keypad of his mobile with quick fingers. And again he had to wait for a while until the chosen participant for this conversation picked up the phone. In addition, the connection seemed to be a little off because Shun could only hear an unclear mumbling from the other end of the line.

"Fukkii, can you hear me? Oi, Fukkii!!", he yelled into the receiver.

"Shunri, is that you? Why the hell are you yelling like that?", Fujiwara Yuki grumbled and extensively cleared his throat to regain control of his voice.

"Oh dear. Did I wake you up? I'm sorry..", Shun replied and apologetically raised his hands even though the other probably couldn't see his gesture too clearly over the phone.

"Well, I went out for drinks with some people last night and it got a bit late. So, what's up?"

A big grin spread on Shun's face.

"Do you have any plans for today?"

After he had let Fukkii in on his plan, Shun hastily packed up some food for the journey and soon he was on his way to Fujiwara's place. When the latter had made himself comfortable on the passenger seat Shun reached over to the backseat and

moments later two blue and white tufts were dangling in front of Fukkii's face.

"Shunri.. what the hell..?"

"What? A real football game needs cheerleaders. And real cheerleaders need pompons."

For a moment his friend gave him a completely flabbergasted look but the spiky part of SmilySpiky only giggled merrily until Fujiwara, too, couldn't suppress a snort.

"You two really are a perfect match. Both completely loco!"

Fujiwara's comment was spot on but Shun was sure that he still would take part in the activity.

So the two friends made their way to the little stadium in which the event was supposed to take place and which was situated quite a few miles away from the city centre. They were transported in a little red bone shaker that boastfully called itself "automobile".

"Why don't you have air conditioning in this thing?", Fujiwara groaned after half an hour and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"This thing doesn't even have a radio. I'm glad if it doesn't flood before we get there. The towing off would cost more than the whole thing's worth.", Shun replied and wiped his wet hands on his shorts.

Everybody was constantly pestering him to finally buy a new car but Shun always was a little careful when it came to these kind of bigger investments and besides, after all this time he had become rather fond of the old banger.

Nevertheless, the heat was getting to him, too. If you didn't happen to live in the north of Japan, this season could be really unpleasant. The humidity was extremely high and you didn't even have to go outside to have your clothes sticking to your body after only a few seconds. Who on earth had come up with the harebrained idea to organize a football match in this weather?

"Remind me to smack you later for this crackpot idea.", grumbled the young man on the passenger seat and interrupted Shun's thoughts.

Somehow they managed to reach the stadium without sunstroke or the death of a vehicle. Packed with a picnic basket and the remaining props they made their way from the huge parking lot to the entrance and realised with surprise that they weren't the only ones who had braved this heat to witness the event.

In the stadium itself they were met with an atmosphere of an oversized beehive. Everywhere bigger and smaller groups had settled down. Banners were waved. People were chowing down on hotdogs and there was a humming and buzzing all over the place.

The SmilySpiky-party looked for a place near the barrier and took position there. There was still some time left until the event was supposed to start and so the two friends killed some time with eating and a first-rate game of Jan-Ken-Pon. Shun always had a good chance of winning when playing against Mamo's gross motor skills but this time he was decisively defeated.

"Ha! Nobody stands a chance against my rhythm!", Fujiwara bragged who was in a very good mood by now.

"Oh, shut up, Kamio-kun!", Shun griped and at least got an encouraging backslapping from his opponent.

Suddenly a tinny crack resounded from the speakers above their heads.

"Hi Fans! Thanks for coming in such large numbers on this beautiful summers day.

Now we don't want to keep you waiting any longer. Here are the two teams that are competing against each other today. First, the "Tokyo Thunders"!!"

When the team of professional players that mostly consisted of wardrobe-like colossuses in gold-coloured jerseys entered the stadium a huge round of applause broke out from the ranks and after a little lap of honour the team properly lined up in file on the touch line.

"And now! The challengers! The underdogs! The Davids in this game against these superior Goliaths! Here's the team of the EYESHIELD-SEIYUUUS!!!"

The voice of the announcer nearly cracked and the crowd went completely ape-shit when the other team dressed in red and white and whose players on average were smaller by a head than their opponents entered the field.

"Hey, isn't that the wrong colour? I thought the "Oujou White Knights" were playing in blue and white.", Fujiwara commented on the events while flaunting his expertise.

"Well, they don't have all Seiyuus from the same team so they probably had to agree on one jersey. And the "Devil Bats" are the main team of the show..", Shun considered but then something caught his eye.

"Hey, that's him! Mamo's just entering the field!", he called out excitedly and pointed at the tall despite the protective gear still very gangling looking figure that right now was sprinting onto the field while wildly waving his hands.

"Okay, here it goes! "Mission Cheerleader" is starting right now!", Shun gave the orders and the two friends grabbed their pompons.

"Do we have to stand up, too?", Fujiwara asked a little hesitantly.

"What do you think? Have you ever seen sitting cheerleaders? These aren't the Paralympics.", Shun replied indignantly and pulled the other up with him.

"Just do as I do.", he called out and got into position. With outstretched arms he started an improvised little cheerleader dance while yelling "Saku! Saku! Sakura-chan" over and over again at the top of his voice.

After some hesitation and a dig in the ribs, Fujiwara jointed in and soon their howling was attracting the attention of the entire front ranks. And those weren't the only ones who had noticed the ongoing action..

When Mamoru heard the name of his anime character he turned his head in surprise and looked over to the stands.

At first he only saw two mad and moreover male fans who seemed to be dancing the funky chicken in his honour but on closer inspection he recognised his two friends and his jaw dropped in amazement.

"No way..", he mumbled while still staring at the two rowdies.

"Friends of yours, Miyano-kun?", one of his team mates asked and thoughtfully scratched his chin.

Mamo had to swallow hard and furtively wiped his eyes.

"The best.."

When he finally regained control over himself he was all smiles again.

"Hey guys! You're awesome!! Thanks!!", he yelled over the field and bounced up and down like a human rubber ball.

"I think he might have recognised us..", Fujiwara noted grinning and tried to juggle with his pompons which didn't really work out the way he'd imagined.

Now both teams were lined up opposite each other and in direct comparison it was obvious that proportion-wise the Seiyuus really had drawn the short straw.

"I hope this turns out alright..", Shun whispered sounding a little concerned and watched with excitement as the starting whistle was blown.

There really was a lot of action going on even though it was obvious that the professionals were holding back a little to not ask too much of their opponents. Nevertheless, some members of the seiyuu team still had to kiss the dust and the heat alone had all participants dripping in sweat in no time.

But there were also positive things to announce. Because of Mamoru's height and his good teamwork with Yamaguchi Kappei who was dashing over the field like a weasel on speed the inferior team even managed to score a few touchdowns. Of course, those alone couldn't avoid that the final result of 25 – 66 was quite clear. But the grief over their defeat didn't last for long and the audience was frenetically celebrating the winners of the heart who after all those physical efforts weren't able to show suitable appreciation.

Shun and Fujiwara, too, were covered in sweat and their voices had been affected by all the cheering and yelling as well.

"I'll just go and say hi. Will you take care of our stuff?", Shun croaked and without waiting for an answer he thrust his pompons into Fujiwara's hands and jumped over the barrier onto the field. While running past, he grabbed one of the water bottles that were lying around everywhere and headed directly for Mamo who was lying on the ground at the bottom of the field. With arms and legs outstretched into the air he would have looked like a dead beetle but his chest that was lifting and lowering itself at a rapid pace looked more like the early stage of hyperventilation.

"Care for some water?"

Mamoru felt a pleasant shadow that was shielding his face from the blinding sun and he opened one eye.

"Are you an angel?", he whispered and licked his dry lips. A pretty pointless act because he was missing the necessary amount of spit.

"Well.. cheerleader.. angel.. who knows the difference?", Shun smirked and knelt down next to his jaded friend.

After he had gently but firmly managed to get the limb body into some kind of upright position he handed him the water bottle whose content went straight into the yawning abyss that is Mamo's trap. Hadn't the self-appointed Cup-Emperor been so worn out he probably would have tried to stick the whole bottle into his mouth but right now he was really lacking the required drive. But he was punished for his greed right away because he choked on an overdose of water and suffered a moderately severe coughing fit.

"Easy buddy.. we don't want you to die right here on the field. Man, you look like your head's gonna blow up!", Shun said while shaking his head.

"That's exactly how I feel..", Mamo replied and leaned against his friend and nearly knocked him over.

"We'll take you home then and you'll have a good long rest, okay?", Shunri suggested and helped his mate to drag himself over the field at a snail's pace.

With united forces they managed to get Mamo and the rest of the baggage over the parking lot to the car during which time the brave warrior continually demanded a shower.

"You can do that at home."

"I caaaan't! I'm tiiiired!!"

"Then do it tomorrow."

"But I'm feeling diiiirty!!"

Mamoru gradually sounded more and more like a child that didn't get his will in a supermarket.

Fujiwara who by now was a little annoyed opened the car door and folded back the passenger seat.

"Ungrateful brat! Get in the backseat and shut up!"

"Shunriii! Fukkii's a meeaniiii!!", Mamo whined but still let himself be bundled off onto the backseat where he immediately stretched out his bruised limbs.

"I hope he falls asleep soon..", Fujiwara grumbled and buckled up.

He had hardly finished the sentence when a faint snore reached their ears from the rear part of the car and both driver and co-driver burst into hoarse laughter.

The return trip passed quite uneventfully and Shun really had to pull himself together to not fall asleep behind the steering wheel. His constantly dozing off co-driver wasn't a big help either.

After about an hour they were back in the city centre and Fukkii was dropped off in front of his apartment.

"Can I keep the pompons?", he asked before Shun drove off again and the latter chucked the blue and white tufts out of the open car window.

"Have fun. We'll talk later, okay?"

"Yap, I'll call you. And take care of the brat.", Fujiwara replied and pointed to the backseat with pompons in hands.

"Sure thing! See ya.. "

Shun honked farewell and then his little bone shaker was back on the road.

Fortunately, Mamo's place wasn't far away and after only a few minutes the car was brought to a halt again.

"Hey, we're there!", he called to the back.

No reaction whatsoever.

He tried again. This time a little louder.

His friend was lying there like a rolled out carpet and didn't even flinch when Shun started to make a little rumpus with the horn.

"Are you kidding me? Am I supposed to carry you up to your room now?", he grumbled but then he got out of the car with a sigh and carried out his duty as a caring best friend.

It took ages before Shun was finally able to fish the keys out of Mamoru's jacket pocket and it wasn't very helpful that his friend's body which seemed to have lost all strength by now was constantly in danger of sinking down onto the floor.

Drenched in sweat, Shun pushed open the door and steered the limp rag over his shoulder over to the bedroom and nearly knocked over Mamo's Playstation on the way.

"Watch out, Riku..", the younger one mumbled without opening his eyes.

"I see.. It's okay if I break my neck as long as your score isn't deleted, right? Baka.."

With a last grunt the not so keen helper dropped Mamo down on the bed and sat down next to him while breathing heavily.

"Once and never again! At least I won't have any problems with falling asleep tonight.", Shun muttered more to himself than to the occupant of the bed who was lying next to him sweaty and filthy but with a peaceful smile on his face.

"It's kind of unfair that even in this state you still look cuter than me.."

Because he still didn't get any reaction he heaved his aching bones from the bed and tapped off the dust from his pants.

"Night, you hero.."

Shun was nearly out of the door when he heard a little moaning from behind. When he turned around he caught sight of Mamo who made an effort to lean himself onto his elbow and looked at him with tired eyes.

"Shun-chan..?"

"What is it? And why are you awake now?"

Shun left eyebrow twitched.

"I.. haven't thanked you yet.."

He looked a little bashful but maybe the redness of his cheeks from the previous exertions just hadn't completely faded yet.

"That's alright.."

Mamoru vigorously shook his head or at least as vigorously as possible in his current state.

"No, it's not alright! .. Thanks.. that you two were there today.. that meant a lot to me! And thanks that you're bearing with me even though I'm an idiot sometimes.."

"Sometimes?"

"Oh, shut up!"

With such a big mouth pouting was that much more impressive..

"And.. thanks that you're my best friend.."

Shun hadn't been prepared for so much gratitude at once but the warm feeling that was spreading in his stomach right now still felt good.

"Well.. you're welcome.. I mean.. I feel the same way.. We're a team after all , right?"

Mamoru gave a tired smile and sank back into the cushions.

"So that's sorted then. I'll call you tomorrow when I'm back among the living, okay? We could go over to "Wendy's" and eat some burgers. My treat."

"Do you have time?", Shun asked sceptically.

"I'll make some. That's what friends are for, right?"