

# Epistemology

Von bootred

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Prolog:</b> .....	2
<b>Kapitel 1: Third Player</b> .....	10

# Prolog:

## [centre]Epistemology – A Death Note FanFiction

### Prologue – Fighting boredom[/centre]

Ryuk was pretty laidback. Just like every other Shinigami. Well, having a nearly immortal lifespan had of course some disadvantages. One of the biggest flaws of such a life was boredom. The Shinigami Realm was a monotone place where the only companions the never changing moon and other Shinigami were. No change, always the same. Never change. Even games started to bore him so he had decided – before Light was the owner of a Death Note, before he witnessed the birth of Kira – to try something.

It was well known that the King of Death was a powerful being, although no one knew how powerful he truly was. There was never a situation where his power was needed. The King of Death was truly a terrifying being, to say at last. So it was safe to say that it was not easy to deceive or to trick him. No, not an easy task at all. And so the thrill, the need to escape the boredom brought Ryuk to the glorious idea to steal the Death Note of his King. What did he have to lose? Even if – and that was a really big IF – the King would (or rather could kill a Shinigami) want to kill him, then at least he died trying. Even so, a Shinigami could only die when he loved a human and gave his life for this particular human.

While he was on his way to the King something stopped him. Out of the corner of his eyes, hidden in the shadows of some rotten cave... that was when he found him. Ryuk observed him for some time. The Shinigami was a small one, always cowering, watching humans in an orb interact, and watching how they lived their life. Ah, he was one of those cases, Ryuk thought and for once he didn't come around to smile.

Shinigami were beings that lived from hope and despair, at least some of them – it was rare that such a thing occurred. Ryuk was no such Shinigami, of course. He wasn't *that* stupid. But there were the ones that held feelings. (*Idiots*, Ryuk thought and snickered.) Those that grew these feelings like flowers by watching humans, only to be crushed by despair.

It was a curse. And it was no surprise to Ryuk that this fellow Shinigami was all alone, an outsider, watching in the shadows, watching children and woman and man interacting with each other. Screaming and crying and laughing and loving. Humans truly were strange. Nevertheless it was like an illness that could seep through every molecule of Death Gods. They got addicted, observing the feelings humans held for each other. Hoping, wishing, dreaming... and in the end only to feel despair and self-loathing. Those Shinigami would fall in love with a human and in the end give their life for a human. The only thing remaining colourless, grey ashes and a notebook, the possibility of being picked up by any other Shinigami.

In the end it happened. Just like Ryuk expected. It was a melancholic sight and if Ryuk had been human or one of those emotional Shinigami he would have felt compassion and sympathy.

The nameless Shinigami wrote a name in his Death Note and saved a young girl, only a child, her body not matured, nearly being killed by her abusive step-father.

When all that remained was the orb, ashes and a plain looking notebook he went to the place, watched as the man lie there, killed by a heart attack. Ryuk saw how the child started to cry, covered in bruises. Ryuk wanted to leave but curiosity got the best of him. He watched as the girl couldn't tend for herself, the mother being already dead. Days passed and the girl lay unconscious on the floor, beside her father's rotting corpse. Finally the door opened and she was picked up, man and woman where there, washed her, gave her something to eat, and a bed to sleep in.

Hm, well at least she was saved and did not die of fatigue like Ryuk would have guessed. He scratched his head, picked up the notebook at last and spread his wings. He had remained way too long on this place. Time to go.

A grin started to spread on his face. Humans. Heh. Such weaklings. The depended on each other and were trusting. So trusting.

"Hyuk hyuk hyuk.", Ryuk laughed, on his way to his king, leisurely strolling through the Shinigami Real, thinking of all the things that ran through his mind. The girl merely a faint memory, left in the depth of his consciousness the course of his thoughts changed to his goal. He thought about his plan and how the King would react once he realized his notebook was gone. Plus, he could finally see for himself: was the King of Death truly someone who wasn't fooled easily?

It was decided, a plan was formed and after some time the plan was being realized. It was no easy task. Ryuk was after all only a normal Shinigami whereas the King an unyielding being who looked down from his throne. (Well, not really much a throne, just garbage thrown together from the Shinigami Realm to make a somewhat makeshift throne.)

And when the feast was done and Ryuk had successfully realized the plan, getting away before he could get an ass beating, rumors started to lie down in the Shinigami Realm like a neatly woven net of words and disbelief. It was a most shocking thing that came to the ears of the other Shinigami.

One fellow brother was able to fool the King and stole his Death Note.

Rumors were told from mouth to mouth and spread from one end to the other of the realm. Different versions existed of how this very stupid and very brave Shinigami stole the blasted thing. But the most important thing of this whole ordeal was that the boredom was blown away by the neatly woven words of the self-proclaimed Shinigami story tellers who told the tales of Ryuk the only Shinigami who dared to defy the King. Some said that it had been a courageous thing; others had the opinion that it was an idiotic thing to do.

However, Ryuk could care less. He was now in possession of not one (his own), not two, but three(!) Death Notes. Even better, one had been the Kings Death Note. What

should he do with them?

He flew in the skys of the Shinigami Realm looking for a place where he could savor his victory over the King. As he sat down, finally finding a cozy (cozy as it could be) spot under a dried out tree, he lay the three notebooks beside him. Two black, one purple. His laugh echoed through the Shinigami Realm and was only heard by some, that were nearby.

Time passed, not even a day in the human world and Ryuk hadn't missed it at all. The boredom.

The boredom came back, greeted Ryuk like an old friend and settled with him. The Shinigami was sure that when he remained on one spot for too long the King would find him. And really, he had nothing else to do, so it was only logical that he would flee. He just had to be secretive and cautious. It was a known fact that the Shinigami King wasn't a very nice being. Even less when he had been tricked and robbed of his Death Note. At that thought Ryuk laughed. Still, he could hide. An idea struck him.

He could hide in the world of the humans! Ah, he was brilliant. His ego grew even more when his clever brain came up with the idea of defying boredom by leaving a Death Note there and to observe how humans would react. It had been so long since he had been there the last time. Ah, an adventure! Finally, something interesting!

While he flew away to leave the melancholic realm of Shinigami, memories of a sweet and mildly sour taste came back to him. One of his fellow Shinigami had brought back apples once and they had been the most delicious thing he had ever eaten. His mouth watered and with the back of his hand he swept away the watered spit that ran along his chin, the Cheshire cat grin remaining on his face.

[centre]~°~[/centre]

He was in a country called Japan and hovered over a school. He had left a Death Note on this school and curiously watched the pupils wandering around. What a bunch of stupid animals. They were like sheep. Stupid, stupid sheep, not knowing about the big bad Wolf who was able to devour them with his sharp teeth and long claws. And his sharp teeth and long claws had the form of a plain looking notebook. If he wanted to, he could kill them all to add time to his own life span. And they weren't even aware of that.

The school bell rang and the students gathered and went back onto school but one male student noticed the black notebook. The brown haired boy hesitated for a moment before he picked it up. In human standards, Ryuk observed, he was pretty good looking. At least the Shinigami thought so after watching some girls giggling over the guy who was now the owner of the Death Note. Ryuk grinned.

Then he remembered the purple Death note. Ah well, he would stay in this town and he would drop the Death Note of the King as well. That promised to be interesting. After all a Shinigami should always be near his Note, even more if it was in the possession of an unstable human being. Sure you could leave the owner and the notebook but Shinigami were curious beings, observing humanity since centuries.

Ryuk snickered.

He watched as the male human went back into the school building, the Death Note in his hands. Ryuk decided to leave for the time being to drop the purple one and as he flew over the city he tried to imagine what the future held in his hands. Would it be exciting? Or would it get boring quickly?

Finally he came to a halt. The place he was now at was a park, with green grass and some humans enjoying the sun light and the peaceful atmosphere. Some kids were playing around, clearly one was bullied but the Shinigami could care less. Other people were doing some strange movements, at that Ryuk scratched his head. Humans were strange, indeed (later Ryuk would find out that this was called Sport and it was important for Fitness and health). So he dropped the purple Death Note and waited. And waited.  
And waited.

No one seemed to be interested in this thing. Maybe the grass was too high and nobody could see it? Ryuk went over to where the Death Note lay but then out of the corner of his eyes a girl stepped beside him. Of course she wasn't able to see him and even if she could see him, she was too focused on the Death Note.

Without hesitation she picked it up, whereas the other human had hesitated. Hm, interesting.

She had been in the park trying to lure her muse out of the dark pit that blocked her motivation and creativity to write something. (It was more like of not being able to open up about her feelings. She had no idea what she should write.) The girl sat in the grass observing her surroundings, note book in her lap and pencil in her right hand. It was pointed on the blank paper, leaving a dot where it was left.

Nothing.

Painful as it was, she could not write anything. She had gotten out of her apartment after sitting around too long and she had been forced by her friend to get out and enjoy a little sunlight. But it had not worked. The girl was too distracted by her surroundings, observing the laughing children, the happy families. And the pain in her heart was still there.

The polish female was not able to finish her assignment given by her therapist.

She sighed and decided to leave for the day. Not only would it be meaningless to stay longer out, but it was already afternoon and a vacuum called hunger started to get her attention as well. Over with her concentration, not being able to sketch a single line she stood up. Some stretching was done and her bag was picked up. She would call it a day and would get home, to get something to eat. She remembered that she had to take her new prescribed medication as well. She hung her head and as she blinked out of the corner of her eye a purple thing got her attention.

Curious she went to the place. It was a purple notebook and she bent down to pick it up, wondering who would leave it here. Maybe someone lost it? But it looked pretty neat and unused.

And suddenly, as soon as she had touched it, a shadow was blocking the sunlight. She looked to her right, startled, her eyes behind her glasses widened and her mouth opened to scream... but no sound came out of her. Ryuk looked at her, grinning, waiting for her reaction, wondering how she would react, his big round eyes watching her reaction with amusement that was only typical for his kind. She looked at him. Staring at each other, without blinking. Seconds passed. One minute. Two minutes. Her eyes began to water. Then a smile: "Cosplay?" She finally blinked.

In conclusion that was the only logical and rational assertion.

Ryuk blinked as well, wondering why in heavens name she didn't look surprised. And what the hell was 'Cosplay'?

"What?", was his only response, not able to comprehend why a human wasn't screaming, or running, or... something at the sight of him. It was a baffling experience and a new feeling clenched in his rotten heart that the Shinigami couldn't place. When was it the last time someone had looked at him like that?

Curious like a child, innocence and naivety in her gaze, not fearing him, not making fun of his antics or thinking of him as an idiot. So he did the only thing he could do at the moment and he nodded.

Her smile grew and her head was now a little bend to the left, sucking in his sight with her eyes. "Wow, looks awesome.

Though I don't know from which show it is. Or is it from a game?", a question asked friendly and with honest interest. Ryuk could only answer honestly, not capable of lying at the moment: "Er, a Shinigami."

For once his trademark grin not on his face, but astonished with a flicker of fear. Ryuk had never met someone like this before, precisely he had never met someone who had been friendly with him or never smiled so kindly. It was a very new experience for him and a feeling of bewilderment started to rise in his chest.

"Looks really good.", she said again, "Shinigami, Death God, yes?"

He merely nodded just now realizing her accent and with that a minor longing after something he had long forgotten.

The Death God looked at her name and her life span.

Małgorza Ewa Weronika Grzeskiewicz. What a long and complicated name she had. It wasn't even funny. He grinned. Or maybe it was.

The meaning of her name was interesting as well, as if it was fated that she would find a Death Note. But maybe it had nothing to do with her and she was named like that because her parents had a fondness to long names and wanted to give meaning to their daughters life.

*Pearl of life; pure and watchful bringer of victory.*

Humans were really funny. They thought that the name could somehow influence a life,

when in truth it had nothing to do with which name you had. You could be called

Dickbutt and the name would have no kind of influence on your life. An illusion humans had created for them, chasing the idea of luck and being able to direct their life. But Ryuk knew.

It had nothing to do with their names.

The important thing was how you choose you to live your life. Nothing mattered, only your own choice. You would have to live with your choices. There was no time machine where you could take a quick trip to the past or future to change things, to your liking.

What really and truly influenced a human's life was how he treated others and how others treated him in return. When another human bullied you because of your name it was his choice to do so, and you could fight or sit back and cry.

A female voice got him out of his thoughts. It was her. Małgorza Ewa Weronika Grzeskiewicz. Ah yes, she was still there.

"Sorry, but have to go.", she told him, an apologetic smile, but she stretched out her hand, the purple Death Note in it, "This yours?"

Ryuk grinned a grotesque smile that stretched his face unnaturally but instead of taking it from her he only shook his head. "No, it's not mine. Just keep it, maybe the owners going to come to retrieve it."

Małgorza nodded, opened her bag and watched in it to see if she had some space to put the purple notebook into her bag. When she finally had it stored in said bag she looked up again only to find that she was alone. She furrowed her eyebrows. How strange.

[centre]~°~[/centre]

"I am home!", she called out. No answer came, which meant that her parents were out, her siblings as well.

It was already dark when she came home. Relief flooded through her. The young pupil had no strength left for the day. School had been hard for her and being around people only drained her of her energy. It was a soothing feeling, entering the comfort of her home while no member of her family was there. Her condition didn't allow it to be much around people, even worse was that she hurt her family through her mental illness. But really, what could she do? She just felt this way and that her brain wasn't able to produce enough of the needed hormones wasn't her fault as well. Still... it hurt.

Carelessly she dropped her heavy bag on the floor and without much consideration she took off her shoes and left them on the spot. The polish female sat down on the couch in the living room and sighed.

After she had left the park for a break she went back had went back to school only to be appointed for cleaning duty of one of the rooms that stored oil paint, water colors, easels and other artistic essentials for the art club of her school. It was more a job of reorganizing these things instead of cleaning.

Trying to clean acrylic based color was, after all, nearly impossible. Once stuck on a cloth it was beyond someone's power to remove it.

She wasn't even in the art club but she did it anyway. The reason was simple. No other

club wanted her in it. She was a stranger, a foreigner, different and an abomination.

The rumors had spread too fast. One more ridiculous than the other, leaving her with nothing left. No friends. At least she had her family. Not bonded by blood but she loved them nonetheless. Only the art club accepted her somewhat. Actually they just needed someone for cleaning duty and as everyone was too lazy to do it, it was stuck on her.

To tell the truth it was all she could do. She had at least to do something at school. In this way the teachers could see her, even if she wasn't able to subdue anything at the art club. She didn't even know much about art. And she never looked at the paintings of the other students. She wasn't interested in it.

But even worse was her family. She could feel their disappointment, and most of all their sadness, it was like a weight was strapped on her shoulders. She couldn't help but compare herself to Atlas, who had been punished by the gods to carry the world.

To be honest she didn't mind the organizing, what really bugged her was the fact that it took so much time. And now she was tired as hell. What a lousy excuse. She was always tired these days. Again, her conditions fault.

She reached for her remote and turned on the TV to ignore and forget the darkness that crept its ways into the rooms.

The young girl switched through the TV Program and found a Series that seemed to be interesting. Some kind of documentary about art forgery.

Her interest piqued, hand still on the remote, she couldn't help but stare and listen, too engrossed what happened in front of her on the TV. For the first time in her life her heart fluttered at something.

Still, currently she couldn't bear watching a movie about art and so she changed the TV channel again, only to get hung up on a drama. Ah, that was the one with this one Hideki actor, this one dude. He had a lot of fangirls which went all gaga because of him.

She left it at that and stood up, stretching a little before going to the kitchen. In the refrigerator was still the Strawberry cake she couldn't wait to devour. But before that, she would eat something. There had been no opportunity to get something to eat, so she had had to wait.

In school, she had unfortunately forgot to bring lunch with her, and her family being busy had no chance to bring it to her. But now, finally home, the adopted child could fill her empty stomach with yummy food. The female student had no other choice after all. Even if she had no appetite she had at least to eat. Hunger was not a feeling she enjoyed much, but at least she could change that particular bodily function on her own.

However, another thing had first to be done - she had to take her medication. She went over to a drawer and retrieve some tablets. She closed the drawer, got herself a glass of water and swallowed them, ignoring the feeling of being watched. Now, she



could finally eat.

The girl sat down on the couch, the plate with steaming food and taking the remote in her other hand. For a moment she hesitated before she changed the channel back to the art documentary. Something had intrigued her and she just couldn't leave it alone.

It was as if a invisible force had her in the palm of its hands and slowly she started to eat, her eyes sucking in what she saw, and her ears listening closely tot he words, that were spoken.

All the while being watched by a supernatural being.

*tbc*

# Kapitel 1: Third Player

## Chapter 1 – Third Player

*2 years later*

Misa-Misa was now certainly more accustomed to the Shinigami eyes she had traded for half of her life span. She couldn't even remember how it had been without them. So when she went out to get some shopping done (a girl never had enough fashion articles and accessories) it was pretty weird when she saw someone with a name but without the life span written over their head. Curiously she put the dress back on the hanger and followed that person without a lifespan. It was a long name and without fail a non-Japanese at that. Strange. But that could mean only one thing. A third Death Note. Determination flowed through her like a hot wave and she tried to follow that person with her eyes. It would be trouble if she would lose her. No, she couldn't allow that. She needed to know who that person was.

"Misa-Misa!", someone screamed and for a moment she was distracted... and she lost the lifespan-less person. Damn. Her fans started to swarm around her like moths being attracted by light.

And she smiled and laughed with them, took some photos, gave some autographs, answered some questions. And when she was finally left alone she wasn't able to find the lifespan-less person anymore. Fear clenched at her heart and she couldn't help but worry.

And even worse was that she couldn't remember how the name was. It had been long, and weirdly written, and how was it even pronounced?! Way too much S's and Z's and Cs!

---

The King observed her, his head turning slowly around and listening to her breathing. The human girl was sleeping now, her hair disheveled and her heartbeat even. She was a mystery to him. She had the power to bend to world to her will, but she did nothing. Nothing at all! And it had been two year now. Two fucking years!

She was probably even more powerful than Ryuks human (at that the King snickered triumphantly) and that meant something, right? But well, he had nothing to truly complain about. She brought all kind of fruits. He had nothing against apples, those were awesome but thanks to her he had been able to get a taste of strawberries and bananas and peaches. Oh, peaches were his favorites and she always had some for him. Even more important was maybe that it was never boring with her. She was so interesting. It was not that she was that intelligent. Nonono, she was not stupid either, but what was so special about her was that she was so damn honest. And she had this contradiction of naivety and love, kindness and forgiveness and hate and distrust, sadness and rage. It was fascinating. He had never met a human like this! It was just... she was so emotional. She was feeling with everything she was,

everything she had. It was exciting to look how she was immersed in some movie and crying one moment, laughing hysterically the next.

Still absorbed in thought he got a peach out of the food bowl and bit into it. The juice ran down his chin and a drop of it fell down to the floor. Maybe he should add some spice? He was anyhow the one Shinigami who knew all the rules, every little dirty trick up his sleeve. Great, now he had to think about this stupid Ryuk again. How could he be so stupid to be tricked by another Shinigami? Ah, sometime he would get the ass kicking he deserved. Literally. Of that, the King would make sure.

When Małgorza woke the next day and stretched like a cat, she had the feeling that this would be good day. She had slept wonderfully, for once there was no headache or Migraine pounding in her head and it was still early. It was always great when she woke without needing the alarm clock. She turned in her bed and looked at the time. Her alarm clock was set for 9 a.m. and it was now 7.43 a.m. A content smile graced her lips. With recharged energy she left her bed and went to the bathroom. Curiously she had glanced around but King was nowhere to be seen. (He still hadn't told her his name, so she only called him by his title.) She just shrugged it off and went to relieve herself. After that she went to the kitchen to eat some breakfast. A small breakfast its content only being some fruits and freshly brewed tea.

After she ate she went to brush her teeth and took a quick shower.

Today she had planned to visit a friend at To-Oh University. Her friend Yukari studied medicine there and Małgorza had promised to pick her up and to eat dinner together. Yukari was great and a helpful friend and the polish girl loved her without doubt. Without the medicine student she would be still drowning in depression. Well, she still had some problems with that, and those problems would never leave her, but Yukari had helped a great deal. Who was she kidding? It was not only Yukari but her dog as well. Momo had been so cute, and such a wonderful source of comfort. The polish female laughed at the fond memories.

Another thing was, Małgorza still struggled a little with the Japanese language and Yukari had helped her a lot in that aspect of her life as well. Thanks to her she was now able to talk and listen properly. The writing though, still confused the shit out of her. Hiragana, Katakana and what-not.

She looked forward to see Yukari again; they had not seen each other for some time now. But she still had time until they would meet up and so she decided to go take a walk and stroll through the city until then. Maybe she would visit her adoptive mother. She hasn't seen her family for a while now and she missed them.

Currently she lived alone in a small apartment, she moved one year ago, because of her problems with her brother, who wasn't her brother by blood at all. A shiver ran down her spine as she remembered what he had nearly done. He was partly the reason why she moved away. Thank god her family had enough money to help her. She was stills studying after all, and her small job couldn't help her keeping the apartment and buying food.

Sometime later Małgorza packed her stuff, shoes on her feet, jacket on and bag on her shoulder, she hesitated. Then she went and got her Death Note. She wasn't sure why she took it, but she felt it was safer that it was with her. What if some petty thief decided to rob her apartment and got the notebook in his hands? That would be horrible. Better safe than sorry.

Misa was visiting Light on campus and she couldn't wait to finally see him. She giggled at the thought of meeting him. She loved him a lot and he was perfect. He was Kira after all. Kira was Misa's hero and she would do nearly everything for him. Her love was something he would never lose, she had made this promise the day she met him and found out that he was Kira. Ah, how wonderful. Not only was he a beautiful specimen, but he was intelligent as well, and sometimes he showed her his love as well.

As she waited, these thoughts and memories in her mind, something caught her eye. She turned her head to the left and spotted a girl. She wasn't Asian, hair in a ponytail, black thick glasses and a name floating over her head. But no life span.

The idol was flabbergasted. Wasn't that the name she had seen that one time while on a shopping trip? She couldn't believe that she had found her! It was without a doubt the same name!

"Misa?", Light's voice brought her back to reality. "Light!", she called and ran to him, embracing him "I- there!..." She looked up at him, her glossy lips made for kissing, but ignored by him.

He looked at her, confused by her antics and wondering what the hell her problem was, again. He knew she was a weird one, but he knew exactly how to use her. So he only produced a smile on his face: "What is it Misa? You know, that you can tell me everything."

The bubbly blonde nodded, convinced that his words to be true, even if she lied a little to herself: "Yes... yes I know. Do you remember when I told you about... the third one? You know?" They were in public and talking open about their part-time doings was not something that was doable or tolerable.

He nodded. Of course, he remembered. After that he had talked to Ryuk about it but the blasted Shinigami had only laughed and laughed and screeched about how interesting and funny everything was at the moment. Light had no chance of getting something out of Ryuk. And there had been no new killings, nothing strange, so Light has deduced that the third person with a Death Note only had killed very little or not at all. There was the possibility of this person having Shinigami Eyes as well.

He had been terrified.

The reason why it frightened him so much was that he knew nothing. With L he at least had met him, his father was part of the police squad on the Kira case and he knew what he could expect to a certain degree. But now... with this third player in the game everything was uncertain. Was she or he pro-Kira or anti-Kira? Did she or he have the eyes? Had she or he killed someone? What would she or he do?

This uncertainty gnawed at his sanity and left him with nothing but fear.

"She's here.", Misa whispered alarmed.

Light's eyes widened for a short second and he opened his mouth to say something. He lifted his head and looked around, but quickly a mask of indifference covered his emotions which were in turmoil. He followed Misa's gaze and he spotted the girl. She didn't seem to be special.

Was she a student? He had never seen her. And a foreigner was spotted easily on this university. He observed her closely. The girl looked at her wrist and sighed. She

seemed to get impatient. Moments later someone approached her and called a name. The girl looked up and a broad smile grew on her face within seconds. A Japanese girl, a girl he knew was named Yukari stepped to her and the girls embraced each other. They talked for some time and then stepped out of school grounds talking to each other about mundane things, which held no interest for him – of that he was sure.

Rem and Ryuk meanwhile were floating high in the air and looking down to the girl. Ryuk laughed and Rem remained stoic, both wondering what the future would hold for them. They were Shinigami but they had by no means knowledge about the future. The King beside the girl had looked up and discovered them.

Then: "Shouldn't you hide, Ryuk?"

Immediately the laughter stopped: "Oh shit, you're right!" He laughed again while he flew away, as fast as possible. The King remained on the spot, expressionless, and turned around to finally follow the girl who had his Death Note. It was not the right time to kick Ryuk. A little waiting would do no one any harm.

Light focused on the girls, had to find out more about her. He wouldn't allow any inconveniences, even if the possibility of such an inconvenience was a small one.

---

Małgorza had delicious dinner with Yukari and they had much fun together. As it seemed Yukari was doing well with her studies although she couldn't get much sleep. She told Małgorza the news that she finally found out on what she wanted to specialize. Neurology.

At that the polish girl was surprised and asked for the reason.

"Actually it's thanks to you Rosha.", Yuakri began and called Małgorza by her nickname, "When you told me about your Migraines, and that your doctors couldn't really find out what was wrong, I started to think about it. About the mysteries of the brain and its inner workings. And then I realized: A brain is a person's whole life. Your emotions, your ... everything originates from there. And that is just fascinating. Why does it function like it does? Why are some people more intelligent than others? Why are some people more creative than others? And then the migraines and head ache's. There are so many different causes, so many different types. The brain is not even fully explored and scientists still are working on it. And that is just so overwhelming and I want to learn so much about it!"

It was obvious how tired Yukari was, but she was smiling so brightly and there was this spark in her eyes, Rosha could only feel happiness for her friend and she told the medicine student how she supported her, how she was proud of her and that she was happy for her. But not without feeling envy, which had turned into a little spark of hate – and for that she hated herself as well. Yukari was her friend. There was no reason to be envious.

Yukari had her life figured out, had something she wanted to strive for and more importantly had a goal.

Rosha had no goal. She was a creative person and she knew that she was talented, but should she do music? Write books? Draw and illustrate? She didn't know.

They had talked long after that, about god and other important or unimportant things. They never talked about Kira though. This topic was not something both of

them wanted to pursue. Yukari was as a soon-to-be-doctor, someone who treasured life, it didn't matter what the person has done or who the person was. A patient was a patient and as a doctor it was her duty to try everything in her power to save those that suffer from illness and pain. She was a healer through and through.

And for Małgorza – Rosha – it was a rather uncomfortable topic. She knew about the Death Notes, knew about Death Gods and knew about the rules. It was strange to know, how she held this power that Kira probably held as well and to know how he killed, but not being able to go to the police. They would tell her she was crazy. They would bring her to an asylum and to doctors and pump her blood full with medication and depressants. It would be no surprise to her if this would truly happen, with her case history...

---

Yukari was strolling through the university's library some days later, searching for materials for her course. Her hand was hovering above book backs on one of the many bookshelves that represented the library. Her eyes flew over the books backs; searching for the one book she needed the most. A triumphant smile was on her lips the second she found it and happily she left the aisle. Someone was coming in her direction, and naturally as she didn't want to bump into that person she went to the right trying to get passed him. But the person stumbled and books flew out of his arms, flying all over the floor.

Instinctively she avoided the mess and stepped back.

"Oh no, are you alright?" she asked worried and held her hand to help him get up. He took her hand and stood up, answering: "Sorry, today is not really my day. I hope you weren't shot with one of the books missiles?" Last he said jokingly.

"Don't worry, I'm alright. The library war didn't affect me much.", she said answering him jokingly as well, humor in her eyes.

Only now she got a clear look on his face. She knew him! That was Yagami Light, he had been on first place of the entrance exams, together with this weird Ryuzaki Hideki.

When he started to gather the books he dropped she heard him sigh and mutter something about having a bad day. She smiled again. So he was just a normal student like everyone else, didn't matter if he was a genius or not. Yukari didn't expect him not being a stuck up son of a bitch.

"Ah, I'll help you.", she stated and kneeled down to gather other books. She glanced at the titles. Law and criminology. So he wanted to be one of the good guys, huh? No, not a bad guy at all.

He looked up, a thankful smile on his handsome face: "Thank you, but you really don't have to."

"Balderdash! Of course I'll help!", she answered.

Together they stood up and she gave him the books she had gathered.

"So, you want to be a police men or agent after college?", curiosity getting the best of her.

He nodded shyly: "Yeah. My dad is a police chief after all. Watching him made me

realize what a great job that can be. Saving people, being there for the weak... it makes me happy to think about it."

Yukari smiled softly: "That sounds wonderful. I think you'll be an amazing cop."

"Thank you.", he answered and started to turn around, "So then... see ya later."

She watched him go, and then she got an idea: "Wait!" The medic student ran up to him.

"By the way, my name is Yukari Tadashi. Some friends and I are going out tonight, so if you want we could meet up? Because you know... you said you had a bad day and maybe some drinks would increase your mood? What do you think about that?"

Lights back still turned to her he smirked. Perfect. When he turned to her his smirk wasn't there anymore but a surprised look. "Really?", he asked, "And your friends wouldn't mind?"

She laughed: "Haha, no. To be honest, only one friend, but she wouldn't mind at all! You can bring others as well. We are going to meet up at this pub. It's called 'Green Rose'."

Light laughed lightly as well: "I would be really happy. I can give you my number, and you can just call or message me, so that I'll know at what time and where the pub is."

She nodded enthusiastically: "Sure!"

Together they talked and went to a table where he put down the books. After they had exchanged numbers they talked a little bit more. But then she had to go and he watched her leaving the library. He smirked.

If he was able to befriend her, he could find the owner of the third Death Note. He only had to wait how things would progress. Behind him Ryuk snickered: "Sneaky, Light, very sneaky."

---

Light was at Head Quarters of the Kira Investigation Team. He sat beside L when his mobile phone let out his ring tone. He picked it up and looked at the message. Yukari. He read the message and then wrote one to Misa. It was time to go.

He stood up when L asked: "You are leaving already Light?"

Light looked at his nemesis and smiled, leaving the hate out of his eyes: "Ah, Ryuzaki. I'm going out with friends from colle-" His ringtone sounded again. Misa had answered.

She apologized. She wasn't able to attend because some photoshoot took too long and it was not possible to rearrange it. He sighed.

"Oh well...", he looked back to L from his phone, "I am going to meet a friend from University. She asked if I could come and she only wrote me now where and at what time." He looked at his wrist on the clock that resided there: "And I have to get a change of clothes and a quick shower if I want to get there on time."

L looked at him with his onyx eyes. Nothing betrayed his emotions and he wiped his thumb along his lips: "Hmm..."

"Well then, see you tomorrow.", Light said to the others. Matsuda sat tired in his chair: "Haha, have fun Light. At least you get to chill out sometime." His colleagues shot him an angry look and Matsuda apologized: "Ah, sorry sorry, it wasn't meant like that."

"Ah, just shut it, Matsuda. We are all tired...", said Aizawa and rubbed his blood shot eyes.

"Watari.", L called out and within seconds the old man appeared and asked: "Yes, L?"

"I think I am going out. That is, if Light doesn't mind if I go with him.", explained the master detective and Light looked for the first time since long ago genuinely surprised.

Light smiled at L: "I don't mind at all, Ryuzaki."

L nodded and stood up, while talking to Watari: "Tell me when there is some change."

The answer came immediately: "Of course."

Light was cursing at the thought that Misa couldn't be there at a time like this. She would have been able to see his true name... damn, just his luck.

---

They stood before the pub for a few seconds before stepping into it. It was a hidden bar, not well known but it seemed cozy and it looked rather nice. The light was dim, and it smelled like cigars and food. Two barkeepers were standing behind the bar while one waitress was going around bringing drinks and getting orders. Light looked around and he found what he was looking rather quickly. In a quiet corner sat Yukari with another person. He instantly recognized her as the owner of the third Death Note. Maybe he wasn't as unlucky as he thought? He did not expect to meet that person so quickly. He went to them, L following him and observing his surroundings, even more Light's reactions. The detective suspected Light to be Kira to some degree after all.

Light approached the table in the far corner; the girl spotted him instantly and smiled when she saw that he was directly going towards them. She said something to Yukari and she turned her head to look at them.

"Hey Light!", the medic student greeted him when he finally arrived at their table.

"Hey, Yukari. I brought my friend with me. His name is Ryuzaki.", he nodded toward the black haired detective. Ryuzaki lifted his hand as a greeting and merely said: "Yo."

"Sit down, sit down you two. The more the merrier.", Yukari tapped on the table to sign them, they should sit down, underlining her words. Both male students sat down, L of course being his usual self with his feet up. Yukari finally introduced her friend: "This is Rosha. At least I call her so. Her name is impossible to pronounce!"

"It's not!", replied Rosha with a quiet and timid voice but loud enough to be heard, a small humorous smile on her lips, "It's just you can't speak my native language."

"Yeah, because not being able to speak polish is something to be ashamed about.", Yukari smiled amused and rolled her eyes at Rosha.

Light smiled, but really, being a little nervous about not knowing her full name. What could he do with a nickname? If Misa was only here... but he smiled and turned to the polish female: "So, I have never seen you on campus. You aren't a student?"

"Mhm...", she shook her head, "I not really cut out for To-Oh. I heard only people with amazing skills are able to study there. And, I am not interested in any of the courses.", she answered. Light nodded: "I see... so what are you doing then?"

Yukari answered instead of Rosha: "Oh, she is an amazing artist! She is able to draw two eyes and they look identical! That is amazing."



Rosha cheeks got a red hue and she couldn't help but giggle, the giggle changing into a loud laugh.

L in the meantime was listening to the topic and observed everything with his eagle eyes. Nothing would escape his gaze, he wouldn't allow that. He had analyzed Yukari. He knew her from university. Only recently she had gained some prestige on her studies and she was a pretty girl as well. Black short hair, hazel eyes, small nose, timid and slightly darker skin than most Asian woman. She studied medicine and had decided this semester to direct her studies to neurology. Why was Light interested in her? Light had never spoken to her but what had picked his interest now? His mind was clearly working on solutions. He would come back to his deductions later.

Then his gaze turned to the foreigner. Rosha. A nickname. Clearly Polish heritage, it was mentioned after all, and speaking Japanese with a strong accent, still making some mistakes in the Asian language. Blue round eyes, black glasses, brown hair that was held in a bun. Her figure displayed more bodily curves than Asian women's. Paint on her fingers and on her neck, freckles adorning her skin. His gaze was unyielding, not blinking even once.

Rosha didn't know what to think of that.

"Ryuzaki!", called Light out and immediately got the detective's attention, "Could you please not do that... gaze thing? You are making them uncomfortable."

"Oh, is that so?", was the answer from the detective his head turning back to the artistic female: "I apologize. I hope I did not make you too uncomfortable."

"N-no... It's ok.", she answered, blood still in her cheeks, a forgiving bright smile adorning her face. Truth to be told, when he had looked at her with those eyes, yes it had made her very uncomfortable. He had been looking at her with all his attention, concentrating on her. Heat had risen to her cheeks, her heart rate increasing. Matgorza didn't know what to think of him. And why was he sitting like that? Wasn't that uncomfortable? And he had dark circles around his eyes - was he ok?

Behind her, King stood, arms crossed over his chest and chains rattling now and then, even though no movement was being made.

"Girl.", King said, knowing he wouldn't get an answer, "Be careful. That one brown haired human is in the possession of a Death Note." King had struggled if he should tell her or not. But there was the possibility of her getting killed and King didn't want that. He was way too much fascinated by her, that he could give her up. Giving her up meant, returning to the Shinigami Realm, which meant returning to the boredom and whining of Shinigami.