

Whispers To Heaven

By Sacillia

Submitted: July 17, 2010
Updated: August 15, 2010

A remarkable blind woman sees what no one else can in him... (This is a fanfiction that I am also publishing on fanfiction.net under the user name Sacillia)

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sacillia/58095/Whispers-To-Heaven>

Chapter 1 - Prologue: The Incident	2
Chapter 2 - Chapter 1: 6 years of Trauma	4

1 - Prologue: The Incident

Disclaimer: I do only own the story and plot[br]

Summary: A remarkable blind woman sees what no one else can. R&R[br]

Whispers to Heaven[br]

Prologue: The Incident[br]

A man and woman gaze over the hospital bed in which their 9 year old daughter lay. Tears stream down the womans' cheeks as she turns to her husband for support. "How could this happen! To my daughter...What did she do to anyone." He embraced her while attempting to comfort her by rubbing her back gently. "Why won't you say anything?" The woman questioned lifting her head from his shoulder. When her eyes reached his she noticed that he too was crying.[br]

"Ignore my tears darling and I'll wipe away yours. We have to be strong now for our daughter. She will make it, she will survive. After all she is our daughter." He quickly dried and ceased his tears before wiping hers away.[br]

Their daughter which still lay there began to open her eyes. Her now pleased parents grew into a smile which faded when they saw the expression which played on her face. The young girl continuously blinked and rubbed her eyes. "Why is everything dark? I can't see! I can't see!" She cried out. Her words from then on were not understandable.[br]

The doctor walked in upon hearing the young childs' screaming. "I regret to inform you this. Your daughter has gone blind from the fire. I have done all I can do. She has serious burns which will heal in time however her eyes will never recover without eye replacement surgery. Although it will take a small fortune for that option. I suggest spending time with your daughter, adjusting and learning to love her even without her sight. Be patient and with your love and encouragement your daughter, Kagome should strive even with this visual impairment." Looking down at the childs' now still figure and shocked facial pose he added "I think I will leave you two to your daughter now."[br]

"Mommy...Daddy...Did the doctor say that I am now blind."[br]

Kagomes mother leaned down to embrace her daughter. " I'm afraid so sweetie." Tears rolled down both of their faces.[br]

"I don't believe him." Kagomes father exclaimed. "She will be fine, we just have to believe and pray as well as hope for the best."[br]

"Is that all you can think about right now? Our daughter been pronounced blind and you believe a prayer can help her? Science says nothing of the sort." Kagomes mother shouted.[br]

"If you don't believe, then you don't recieve." He shook his head.[br]

Kagomes mother lifted from her embrace with her daughter. "Mommy will be back Kagome, I am going to go inform the hospital that we want you discharged now."[br]

Kagome nodded. Tears remained on her face. She wondered if she would have ever flowing tears. Tears that she would see again on a face that she could now only feel. *'Nothing will be the same anymore...'* Kagomes thoughts ran wild. *'I will never see again. I will never hope again. I will never believe in miracles again.'* She continued fill her mind with these ideas until it caused her

to drift to sleep.[br]

Kagome's mother was causing a scene with the hospital staff. Kagome was sleeping. Her father was kneeling beside the hospital bed as he closed his eyes, put his hands together, and whispered a prayer to heaven.[br]

Author's notes: Please R&R. I'd like to know if I should continue this story or not.[br]

[br]

2 - Chapter 1: 6 years of Trauma

Whispers To Heaven[br]

Disclaimer: Story and plot are mine. Characters are not. This will be my disclaimer throughout the rest of this story.[br]

Chapter 1: 6 years of trauma[br]

~~~6 years later~~~~[br]

The now 15 year old Kagome lay in her bed feeling around for the remote. "Kagome!" Her younger sibling Sota shouted. "Mom said it's time to eat. Why are you trying to change T.V. you can't see it anyway." Without allowing her the opportunity to respond he shrugged "MOM! Kagome won't go eat your fantastic cooking. She's too busy 'watching' TV."[br]

Kagome's mother hurried along the trail to her daughters room. "Kagome there is no sense in you being this way to your brother nor do I have the time to wait around for you to continuously listen to that garbage. You can't see it, why give yourself a constant reminder about your imperfection. I know it's hard for you." Her now bitter mother remarked.[br]

"Yeah, you could give me your television sissy." Sota grinned.[br]

Ms. Higurashi sat by Kagome and offered her comfort. "What you're going through is unbelievable for me. Same goes for your brother. I know that you're upset about your old school and grim on the idea of starting regular school tomorrow. Although I have faith that you will do just fine and in 3 years we can get your eye replacement surgery done. Now come and eat Kagome. The food is getting cold."[br]

The sounds of their foot steps were drifting further down the hall once the feet of her mother and brother reached the kitchen. Kagome allowed the tears she slowly filled her eyes to fall onto her pillow. "They don't understand..." She mumbled.[br]

*'In the past six years, I've grown into my inability to visualize object. While my other senses have risen and my instincts are right on the dot. I can pinpoint those whom are typically referred to as crude people whose hearts fill with impurities. Although I wish I could meet one person with a true and honest heart who doesn't think of me as different or in need of aid. I attended a school for the blind since my incident at the age of 9. My school however burned to the ground this Summer due to a fire a local pyro-maniac with a major problem with disabled members of society. My mother and father shared different opinions about what was best for my well-being. This critical point in all of lives ended up in a nasty divorce that took place only 4 months after Sota was born. I only see my dad on the weekends.'* Her thoughts became interrupted by the distant call of her mother demanding that she set herself at the table.[br]

Kagome pulled herself together wiped away her tears and made her way through the hallway counting every step she took. When her feet reached the kitchen, turning slightly to the right she took 4 steps. While seating herself she apologized for being late to the table and for making them wait.[br]

Their quiet dinner was interrupted when the door bell rang and continued to ring forming a sensation of bells chiming. Insistent on not leaving the table they sat there and kept eating. In a few moments of all the repeated sounds Ms. Higurashi stood with anger. Leaving the table she

moved along to the front door slamming it open she forced a nice "How may I help you?" statement.[br]

Standing on the outside of the door was their father. "Hello, I'm here to pick up the kids."[br] "You're late." She hissed.[br]

"I know and I apologize for this. Although I'd still like to keep them for the remainder of the weekend."[br]

"Fine." Slamming the door in his face, she turned and yelled for Kagome to gather their belongings and go with their father to his house for what was left of the weekend.[br]

Kagome and Sota stood and placed their dishes in the sink. Both headed to their rooms and picked up the bags which they had packed Friday night, when he was supposed to pick them up. They wasted no time getting through the front door and into the vehicle. Neither relished the idea of being around their mother after she had seen their dad again. The sight of him turns into a bitter take everything out on the kids kind-of mood. Sota referred to this behavior as fire breathing dragon mode.[br]

The ride to their second abode was silent as could be. In a few short minutes they had reached his home. In the neighbors yard a moving van sat. "Whose moving there dad?" Sota questioned.[br]

"I believe they introduced themselves as the Yuricoshis'. It's a family of four."[br]

"Oh they have two kids then? Do you happen to know their age? Better yet their gender?" A smile crossed Sotas' face.[br]

"Haha. They have two boys Sota. One is Kagomes' age and the other is 2 or 3 years older I assume. Neither of them said much." Mr. Higurashi laughed.[br]

Turning around Mr. Higurashi walked back over to his car and helped Kagome with her things as well as directed her to the door.[br]

*'Why does father always...no why does everyone believe I can't do anything on my own. I am capable of doing things on my own...'* Kagome thought to herself as they reached the door step. Her father opened the door and they all entered the house. He then continued to help her to the room in which she stayed at while she was at his house.[br]

Tired from staying up all night thinking Kagome fell down on the bed and closed her eyes and dreamt of that night. The night she lost her sight.[br]

~\*~Kagomes' Dream[br]

A ravaging flame engulfed the young girls bed. As she cried out hoping, wishing, praying to be heard before the unthinkable result emerged. Nothing. No a thing came to the childs rescue. Her screams echoed throughout the halls. No one knew she was home. No one could hear her. No one would her. She would undoubtedly die. Her lungs filled with the smoke in which was emitted by the fire. Sirens were the last sound the young girl heard before her eyes shut. Upon the fire being extinguish the raven haired girl covered with ash around her was found. "We've got a body in here!" One of the men shouted.[br]

A gurney was rushed into the room. Placing the corpse on it they hurried it to the ambulance. She was on her way to the hospital.[br]

~\*~\*End of dream[br]

Kagomes' dream came to an sudden end when the sound of laughter rang through her sensitive ears. Pulling herself up she stood from her bed and began counting steps. '1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6-' Her counting ceased when she bumped into someone. It was a man. The scent was so calming to her. His warmth comforting. Even though it was just for a minute. She gazed upon with her sightless eyes. She could feel it. He contained a different aura than most guys...most people she had ever met. He was true and honest as well as sincere. He was whom she had been waiting for

all of her life.[br]

"Inuyasha!" A woman shouted. "Hurry with the drinks for your father and I." Laughing she added. "Don't forget Mr. Higurashi."[br]

*'Inuyasha? That was his name. It had to be.'* Kagome thought wondering if she would ever meet him again as he walked away. Apologizing for bumping into her. He continued to the kitchen to receive the requested beverages.[br]

[br]