

# **GTO: Shared Wisdom**

**By KawaiiAmethist**

Submitted: June 20, 2003

Updated: June 20, 2003

*Onizuka plays teacher to his twins.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KawaiiAmethist/95/GTO-Shared-Wisdom>

**Chapter 1 - GTO: Shared Wisdom**

**2**

# 1 - GTO: Shared Wisdom

GTO: Shared Wisdom

Eikichi Onizuka aged 29 and very much married, with two small twins, sat by the lake with the aforementioned small ones, Ryu and Tori. Their mother Azusa, was busily setting out the picnic she had shared and asked that the three not disturb her.

Ryu played with a hand-held video, while his father cheered him on. "Come on, jump over that, no not that! Now look, you fell into the swamp! Sheesh, you should really let a man handle this one!"

With that he snatched the game from the young boy's grasp. Ryu grunted and folded his arms, sulking. His father started up the level, and began to play. "Yes, yes! Wait...no...argh!"

Ryu grinned, snatching back the game as Onizuka fell into the pits of despair. While he wailed in anguish on the ground, defeated and feeling less of a man, he noticed his daughter, Tori was reading a book quietly. "Hey, sweetie, like a go of the game?"

Tori looked up from her book, blinking her big brown eyes. Ryu cackled at the thought of a girl playing a computer game. Onizuka lifted the game from Ryu, who tried to resist the grab. He handed it to his daughter. She stared at the controls, and wondered what she was supposed to do.

"OK, this button is to walk; this to run; this to shoot; this to pick up things and if you press these two here as a combo you can do an awesome secret attack!" Explained her father.

Tori quietly nodded, and started up the level. Ryu and Onizuka watched in anticipation for another go. A go they soon realised wasn't going to happen any time soon. Their anticipation turned to awe as Tori played on, level after level, not dying once. Crowding around her, they gasped as she entered the last level.

"Wow," gulped down Eikichi hard, "I've never gotten this far before...Tori, you're my idol! I'm tripping your allowance!"

"That's not fair!" Declared Ryu.

His father folded his arms, a lit pipe suddenly in his mouth, "Though you two are only five, it is important for you to earn you're allowance, tis the way it is, and the way it must stay."

As Ryu prepared to get angrier, Tori quietly put down the game and picked up the book she was reading. "I am finished the game."

Ryu and Onizuka fell back in shock.

"Tori is my idol!" Yelled Ryu, jumping up and down.

Tori beamed a smile, returning to her reading. Her father kneeled close to her, and to see what was so important.

“Hey, what’s all this?” He asked, scratching his head; “Isn’t this too advanced for a preschooler? It’s a book on nature, it doesn’t even have pictures!”

She blinked, tilting her head in thought, “It is a nice book. Mama said I could have it, and says it’s very amazing I can read it, is it amazing?”

Eikichi Onizuka held his heart, a mix of shock and pride that he actually produced a super brain. His mind wondered to memories of Urumi Kanzaki, a student with an extraordinary IQ, and more importantly, who tended to use her gifts for evil, instead of good, when he first encountered her.

Cringing, he took her by the shoulders, trying his best to breath, eyes bugging out, he staring directly into his confused daughter’s eyes, “Promise me, my little idol, Tori Onizuka!”

Tori nodded.

“Whatever happens, no matter what anyone says, don’t you EVER attach a snake to your teacher’s little man!”

Ryu scratched the back of his head, “Huh?”

Tori promptly nodded.

Onizuka calmed down. “Phew, glad we got that sorted out!”

He sat down, and stretched on the grass, enjoying the breeze.

Ryu half laid on the grass, annoying an ant hole with a small twig. He peered up, shading his small face with his free hand. “The sky looks pretty...Daddy, why is the sky blue?”

Onizuka closed his eyes, “Well, you see son, once upon a time there was a paint contest in heaven. All the angels, fairies and pixies gathered together and painted their very best to create great works of art. They all looked super impressive, I mean, we’re talking gallery gold here, not something you’d find on a mechanic’s calendar. Anyway there was one small angel who couldn’t afford much paint; all she had were blue and white. So the small angel painted the canvas blue, and then she did fluffy white flowers. The art critic, some snobby, snooty seagull looked over the entries. He awarded third place to the pixie that did a dark landscape filled with twinkling pieces of sparkles, and nine swirls of colour. The second place was given to a fairy that did a combination of yellows, reds, oranges and a bit of purple here and there. And in first place was our little angel, because it was the most beautiful garden the critic had ever seen. So you see son, that is why the sky is blue.”

Ryu sighed, “Oh, Daddy doesn’t know either.”

Onizuka gagged, “Hey! I do too! But a kid your age could never comprehend the complexity of why the

sky happens to be blue!”

“Daddy doesn’t know!”

“Great Daddy Onizuka knows all and can answer any question thrown at him!” Growled Eikichi.

“Daddy doesn’t know!” Sang Ryu, dancing around.

Tori smiled, peering up at the sky, “It is a very pretty garden.”

“Huh?” The boys both blinked.

“Miss Angel’s painting,” she pointed to the sky, “It is beautiful.”

Onizuka grinned, “You bet it is! Good thing we get to see it for free, ay Ryu?”

Ryu folded his arms, “And the sun?”

“Huh?”

“Where does the sun fit into Daddy’s story?”

Onizuka rolled his eyes, “Well obviously it won first place for the sculptor awards.”

“Daddy doesn’t know!” He sang again.

“Why you little...!”

“Lunch is ready!” Yelled out Azusa.

“Ooh, lunch!” The three headed off, forgetting any misgivings on the sky and sun.

@~Ten Years Later~@

Tori stood by the lake, to say good-bye to it. Her family was moving to Tokyo, the city she and her brother were born in, but had left when they were only two. Ryu joined her. They both stood silently, staring at the ripples creating by the breeze.

“I’m going to miss this place,” said Ryu, breaking the silence, “Our picnics here have always been fun, ay.”

Tori tilted her head up, her shades blocking the sun’s rays. “It really is a lovely garden, isn’t it?”

Ryu smiled, “Sure is, sis.”

“As long as we’re under the three artworks of the heavens, we’ll always be in a place we can call home.”

“Yeah,” agreed Ryu, “Still, that damn sculptor gets on my nerves, it should have come second – no, last!”

Tori gave him a lop-sided look, “The moon would have clashed with the blue sky. Use your head.”

“I am; the sun’s too damn bright!”

“Then make a new one,” replied Tori, “You know, you really are a good mood breaker, Great Idiot Onizuka.”

Tori stormed off, but not before she tripped her brother into the river. Ryu furiously bellowed curses at her, as he sat in the weak current. “Oh man, I’m soaked! Hmm...maybe I should ask Dad some time why water’s so wet.”

@~End~@

Samantha Hill –2003-