

Playing The Melody

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Sasuke, introspection (he's an arrogant little prick, but he's still inspiring) For the 100 Themes Challenge on deviantART, and for Team 7, because I loves them.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/YOURIMAGINARYFRIEND/56999/Playing-The-Melody>

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Mweee! Team 7 is love ^__^ Anyway, yeah - I wrote a very tiny drabble thing, because I had Sasuke on the brain and he just wouldn't shut up. I think he must be having an affair with my muse, the way he keeps popping up and sticking his nose into things like he has a right to...which he does, I suppose.

So, for Sasuke, and all of Team 7, and for the 100 Themes Challenge on dA, I give you;

67) Playing the Melody

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Naruto was the base of their team. He drove them along, gave them something to mark time against. He provided the energy, that endless stamina that held them together. Because he just kept going, steadily following Sasuke, steadily loving Sakura.

Then if Naruto was the base, Sakura was the harmony, the thing that kept the two boys apart, stopped all that energy condensing and exploding. She let everything diffuse, complimented them both, loved them both. She kept up every step of the way, never out of time, never giving up as long as...

He was the melody. He led the dance, running hither and thither at his own whim, weaving through keys, daring them to pick up the pace and join him. And at long as he kept playing, they were with him, following every fancy twirl, counterbalancing his wildest improvisations. He was playing the melody, and he would keep playing for as long as it took. And then...then he would sit down, maybe take a bow, and step outside for a tea break with his teammates.

They'd rest, his friends, the only people he trusted. It would all be peaceful. At least until the break ended, and the music began again. Would he play the melody again? Or would he sink back; let somebody else take the lead for a while. He didn't know, but it didn't really matter. It would still be them, still be their music, their dance. He would be happy either way.

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Feedback makes me happy, even on tiny fics like this!