

Fila 1

FATE/CRIMSON ECHOES prototype 1

Prologue: Crimson Awakening

Time does not move forward. It only pretends to

We tell ourselves that tomorrow will be different, that yesterday cannot be changed.
But in the instant between life and death, I saw it — the world can still turn backwards.

If that was a miracle, then it was one meant only for me.
And if it was a curse, then I suppose I was already chosen.

It was a mundane, cold day of December, birds were singing their daily song in the morning as they stood on trenches outside, the charismatic air of winter was ubiquitous, it really couldn't get any better-

BZZZT!BZZZT!BZZZT!BZ- "crash"

The alarm clock that was just on the bedside was thrown into the wall and landed on the floor. The annoying sound of the object that woke up its owner has stopped once it hit the floor. Or so she thought. BZZZT!BZZZT!BZZZT!... it looks like the alarm clock will not give in to its sleepy owner.... The blanket gets thrown to the side.

"I AM UP YOU HEARTLESS MONSTER!" The girl shouted as she made her way to the vexing contrivance that ended her beauty sleep. The device gets turned off.

The girl then walked to her bathroom to wash her face so she can fully wake up. Afterwards, she began her morning routine in getting ready for school, which usually takes her around 40 minutes. This is the type of person that Kisaragi Haruka is, the model student. A perfect balance between flawless grades and a gorgeous appearance, it is to no one's surprise that out of every girl in the Koryu Academy, Haruka has been confessed to the most by a landslide.

But unfortunately for all of the boys that had the courage to ask out the most popular girl of their academy, those feelings were never mutual. Kisaragi Haruka's heart is yet to fall in love. She was never the type to prioritize her love life over her academic life, she knows that having a relationship at an age where her partners aren't mature enough will lead to drama, so she decided to dedicate her time to studying so that one day she will have her dream life, that is how Haruka saw what people named "future". Although, sometimes you need to take a few steps before jumping over a bridge.

"Why won't you cooperate, stupid hair!" It started. The daily battle between Haruka and her hair in the morning. After a long and hard battle, Haruka leaves the bathroom satisfied as her wavy hair has been tamed and her appearance looking as good as always. The contrast between the white jacket and her black hair makes her appearance even more appealing, and although this has been her outfit for school everyday for 2 years at this point, Haruka does not mind the school uniform at all, the only improvement she can think of would be making the skirts slightly longer, due to multiple reports of boys that were staring at the legs of students of the opposite sex. Haruka knows that this would not fully solve

the problem , but it would at least make it more bearable for more students than you imagined.

The road to school was the same as always , a walk of about 15 minutes separated the house that Haruka lived in from the academy she studied in .Usually she would walk alone all the way to school , since none of her classmates or friends lived by . But today , she noticed one of her classmates sitting on a bench in a small park whilst walking by . Before she even got the chance to decide whether to approach her classmate or not , she heard her name being called out.

“ Good morning , Haruka-san,are you planning on joining a club today?” The girl spoke with a gentle voice.

“Good morning to you too,Aoyama-san, I'm not planning on joining any school clubs anytime soon , why are you asking?” Haruka asked , wanting to know why her classmate asked something like this out of the blue.

“ Well , besides students that live far , only students that have morning practice go to school at this hour.”

“Hmm? Could you please tell me what time it is , Aoyama-san?” asked Haruka , a little puzzled by her classmate's answer.

“ It is exactly 6:42 AM, Haruka-san.” Answered Aoyama with her polite tone.

“ I see , thank you Aoyama-san , “ replied Haruka.

“ Are you leaving already , Haruka-san?”

“Yes , I promised to meet up with somebody at 7 AM today , see you at school, Aoyama-san.”

“ See you at school , Haruka-san.”

As Haruka walks away, Aoyama's attention returns to the beautiful landscape of winter.

“6:42 huh , exactly 1 hour early , that explains why I felt more tired in the morning. I probably set the alarm clock wrong last night since I stayed up late , well that's a mistake I'm not repeating.”

As she steps in the Academy's courtyard , Haruka takes notice of the countless students that are practicing for their respective clubs in the morning training. The more she watches , the more thankful she is for being part of the “ sleeping until school” club.

She gets inside the school building and changes from her outdoor shoes to her indoor shoes.

She walks to the staircase. Since Haruka is in her 2nd year of high school , her classroom, 2-A is on the 2nd floor. As she walks up the stairs , she can hear some of her kouhais chatting on the first floor .As soon as Haruka gets to the floor that her class is on , she hears her name being called again.

“ Kisaragi?”

Haruka turns around to address the person that is behind her .

“ Yes? Is there something in the matter, Tohsaka-kun?” Replies Haruka , a little puzzled by how her classmate called out her name.

“ No, I'm just a little surprised to see you so early at school , from what I remember you re not an early bird “

“Well you see , Tohsaka-kun , today I decided to get to school early.” replied Haruka , with her usual smile and warm tone

“ I see , for a second I thought you might join a club “ replies Reiji Tohsaka with a nonchalant tone.

“ Oh? Is the athleticism club looking for a new female member? or do you think perhaps *somebody* could boost male members?” Asks Haruka with a teasing tone as she grins slightly .

“ You've got it wrong, Kisaragi. I don't remember saying anything about a specific club , and I'm not planning on using a classmate for her body so the club gets bigger “. Replies the boy standing no more than 2 meters away from Haruka.

“ I was just joking , Tohsaka-kun , besides we both know that nothing would make me join a club.” replies Haruka

“ See you in class , Kisaragi”

As Reiji Tohsaka walks past Haruka, she notices something on the back of his hand that is out of place... a glowing red mark , but ultimately decides to not pry into it .” The bell rings , signaling that school has begun for the day.

The day passes quickly for Haruka as she finds herself on her way home , now the road is filled with fellow students and strangers.

As Haruka crossed the street ,the cold December wind cut through her jacket, when it happened. A truck came barreling down the narrow lane ahead—far too fast, far too close. Who would have expected that? A truck traveling so fast whilst the traffic lights clearly showed the bright red light . That was it for Haruka and countless other innocent people that were unlucky enough to cross paths with this driver.....

Until.....

Haruka opened her eyesShe was standing right where she was before getting hit A chill ran down her spine as she couldn't move ... She ended up watching the accident happen twice , but this time ... She wasn't a victim... She was a spectator .

As Haruka reaches her home , she recalls what just happened .

She saw the catastrophe before it happened .

While she was changing , Haruka noticed something unusual with her appearance....She walked to the mirror and was shocked by what she saw.... Her usual crystal blue eyes ... Shimmered and twisted into a deep violet, flecks of crimson dancing at the corners... they started to flicker , she saw what she will eat at dinner , she saw how a red plate will break today , she then saw blood a lot of blood being poured in a golden cup .Haruka caught a feeling of Nausea as she sat down on her bed , she looked at her hands and noticed 3 glowing red marks appeared on her hand then she remembers her encounter with Tohsaka Reiji.

Fila 2

