

He Ain't Heavy (He's My Brother)

Rashid wanders into the small canvas tent and looks at its sole occupant staring out over clear blue lakes, a distant look fixed into eyes nearly the same shade as the water. The sun sparkling and glinting like stars on both surfaces. And the mammoth man bows his head in respect.

Strength is not determined by size, but in the conviction in the soul. And Rashid knows he's never met anyone

with more strength than the seemingly frail boy before him.

He sets down the tea service he's carried in with him and ponders just what is going on in the beautiful young man's thoughts as he leaves Quatre alone to rest.

Quatre smiles at the retreating form then returns his gaze out over the landscape and sighs at its majestic beauty.

"Don't fret over me Rashid, I can manage, I have to. For you, for me, for them." Quatre says to the empty air as

a flock of brightly painted flamingos take flight and Quatre watches them soar majestically overhead.

~*~

*The road is long
With many a winding turn
That leads us to who knows where
Who knows where*

~*~

“Put your hands down. I was the one to surrender and come out first... Remember?” Quatre says with a slight chuckle and smile to the ‘enemy’. A warm feeling envelops both young strangers and hands lower in mutual acceptance. This is just the beginning...

~*~

***But I'm strong
Strong enough to carry him
He ain't heavy, he's my brother***

~*~

Quatre watches the tall stranger slowly walk down the path away from the house. “Good-bye friend Trowa! We’ll meet again!” Quatre calls out and then settles in by the window to watch the retreating form disappear over the horizon.

“Master Quatre, do you think it wise to just let him leave. He may come back and attack us.” Rashid cautions, Quatre just smiles and shakes his head.

“I almost wish he would. At least that way I’d get to see him again.” Quatre says, his gaze never drifting away from the window.

Common sense would dictate that Rashid was right. But Quatre never did rely on his common sense. He relied on his heart, a far more reliable source of information in his opinion.

At least in matters such as this one, and hearts always overruled common sense where friends and loved ones were concerned.

~*~

***So on we go
His welfare is my concern***

~*~

“KILL ME IF YOU MUST! THEN GO AND SAVE TROWA!” Quatre sobs in despair, having finally snapped out of the mechanically induced madness of the zero system.

But at what cost did he obtain his freedom from madness?

What price was paid?

The fee far too high.

Trowa....

~*~

No burden is he to bear

We'll get there

For I know

He would not encumber me

He ain't heavy, he's my brother

~*~

Endlessly searching, never tiring. Never giving up the glimmer of hope that he could and would right the wrongs he inflicted on the one person that made all the sacrifices and fighting worth the taxing of his soul.

Quatre rubs sleep from his eyes and carries on, certain in his heart that somehow, some way, somewhere, he'll find the answers and be able to carry on.

To stop now, would be to admit defeat. And Quatre knew he was strong enough to see it through. Even if others thought him too weak, he knew the truth, and he would find the truth.

It was out there.

He was out there.

Somewhere...

He knew it seemed futile and pointless, and yes, utterly insane. Maybe he was a little mad. Who wasn't really? Everyone had at least one fault, one trait that set him or her apart from the rest of humanity. His just weren't as obvious.

Duo had his masks of jovial goodwill to hide his pain.

Heero had his drive to push forward relentlessly to obtain the goal.

Wufei had his brutal thirst for justice and meaning to the cruelties all around them.

Trowa had his quiet way of facing everyone and everything without betraying for a moment his weakness... he cared. Under all the coverings and the placid stillness of features, his lies to the contrary. He cared, even if he tended to believe his own lies.

Quatre's folly was less than obvious, and thrice as painful. In a world gone mad around them, he still managed to love humanity. No matter how malevolent and sinister humanity was becoming right before his very eyes.

He was the dreamer in a world of nightmares.

~*~

*If I'm laden at all
I'm laden with sadness
That everyone's heart
Isn't filled with gladness
And love for one another*

~*~

And ever the dreamer he remained, even lanced and bleeding, he stood firm with resolve, pleading and preaching the ways of love and peace to anyone who would listen and hear him.

Even to the very person poised to kill him.

If he gave up now, if he gave in to hate, no one would win. He had to try; he had to press forward, even if his message only reached one heart, one soul.

It was one person saved from the hate of war.

And that would be the greatest of victories.

Victory wasn't which side caused the most damage, but which side salvaged the most good from the rubble.

Quatre dove into the fray head first and grasped at the thin rays of hope and light and pulled with all the strength he could muster.

Just one, if he could save just one, then it wouldn't have been for nothing. His sacrifice would mean something.

He had to keep fighting, he couldn't give up.

He'd never give up.

~*~

***It's a long, long road
From which there is no return
While we're on the way to there
Why not share***

~*~

“No Trowa, forget about me... save Dorothy.” Quatre pleaded as strong arms lifted his wounded body from the floor. Trowa's grasp on him only tightening and refusing to let Quatre battle on in his weakened physical state.

Saving Quatre from himself so he could continue the battle later.

Through endless corridors and hangers he was carried, words of reassurance said here and there by a young man scared and frightened but unwilling to succumb to the call of tears.

Tears would be shed later, when he had the time. Right now his goal was to get Quatre to his Gundam.

Quatre smiled softly, he knew. Even if Trowa didn't think he did.

He knew.

~*~

***And the load doesn't weigh me down at all
He ain't heavy, he's my brother***

~*~

Quatre looked up towards Sandrock then back into the eyes of the boy that held him.

He understood; he wasn't the only dreamer after all.

Everyone had dreams and hopes for the future. Quatre had to find more strength within his heart to carry on.

The battle still lay before them. He'd not let those he cared for face it alone.

He would see it through to the end. For Trowa, for Heero, for Duo, for Wufei, for Dorothy, Relena, Noin, Sally, for all of them who had touched his soul and who he had touched in return.

He felt bolstered as he settled for the last time in the pilot's seat.

One last battle, one last moment to prove to those he loved just how far he would go to protect them.

A peace settled into his breast as he entered the fray once more.

~*~

***And the load doesn't weigh me down at all
He ain't heavy, he's my brother***

~*~

The shards of Libra scattered like shooting stars across the atmosphere, a thousand wishes granted and a thousand more made from dreamers as the light arched across the sky.

Starlight, star bright,

First star I see tonight,

I wish I may,

I wish I might...

Have this wish, I wish tonight.

The childhood poem ran through his mind as Quatre looked around for any sign of Wing Zero in the blaze of light before him.

There!

Like the phoenix rising from the ashes it came.

It was all over, at last. Now Quatre could face the new battle that lay ahead...

The battle to mend a broken world, and mend it he would.

Starting with those nearest and dearest to him.

His gaze drifted to his vidscreen, where a face unmasked at last and worry lines of concern evident in normally emotionless features smiled at him gently.

Trowa...

~*~

He's my brother

He ain't heavy, He's my brother

~*~

And so the new battle began on the heels of his last.

But he was strong...

And the strong always survived.

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Song Credits: "He Ain't Heavy (He's My Brother)"

By Sidney Russell and Robert Scott, (C) 1977 Harrison Music Corp., Jenny Music (ASCAP)
