

Letters To Heaven

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Letters To Heaven

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Summary

It's never easy to recover from a loss, especially when it is a death of a parent. In the case of Hiro and Tadashi Hamada, it was both. Letters From Heaven tells a story about how loss can affect people in a variety of ways. Some might cope with acceptance, others cope with alcohol. Watch as they go through the process of family, love, healing, regret, and forgiveness.

Notes

Hey guys, Big Diesel, here. This Big Hero 6 fanfic is the first collaboration between writer [HiroAngelLight] and yours truly. HiroAngelLight is the person responsible for inspiring me with this story. So, all credit goes to her. I am just the co-author of this story. As a warning, this story does display dark themes regarding death, depression, and alcohol abuse. If you guys feel uncomfortable of the subject matter, then discretion is strongly advised. I hope you guys enjoy this bittersweet tale.

I look forward to more collaborations with [HiroAngelLight] and yours truly.

Dear Mom and Dad (From Hiro)

No one liked to grief. But grief would come to everyone someday. Little kids, teenagers, even adults would face it. Even though in different ways. Everyone, including the Hamada brothers.

It was almost their parent's death anniversary. Around eleven years ago, they went to a Science Fair in SFIT where Tadashi was chosen as his school's representative. Unfortunately, an accident occurred on their way home. A truck hit their car and took away their parent's lives. What's more, the truck exploded and made a fire. The fire that blended together with the colours of autumn leaves.

Hiro was only three years old that time. He did cry when that accident happened. But he didn't remember a single thing about that. While Tadashi, it was another story. He was already ten that time. He was already old enough to remember everything that happened on that red fiery night.

-oOo-

"I already told you, Aunt Cass. I don't want to do it!"

Tadashi's shout echoed throughout the room. His face was red, trying to hold back his anger. He clenched his fists, breathing slowly. It was his aunt who he's facing right now. The very same aunt who took him and his little brother in when no one else did. But no matter how angry and disgust he was feeling at the moment, he still respected her and didn't want to hurt her.

"Tadashi, I know you don't like the idea. But you've been grieving since two years ago, and look at you now. You look like a mess. And by continuing your grief and becoming an alcoholic like this won't change anything that had happened. I know how you're feeling, but you can't be like this forever."

"What do you know about my feeling!?" he snapped at her. "You weren't the one who lost your parents and witnessed everything!"

Aunt Cass stared sadly at her oldest nephew, "Then how about Hiro, Tadashi? He's your brother, and he also lost your parents. Have you ever thought about his feeling?"

He snorted, "How can he understand when he didn't even remember? Let alone, my feeling? The joy of being too young to remember how our parents died."

"Joy? Tadashi, you're not serious about that right? He's also sad. Sad because he didn't even remember your parents. He only knows about them from you. With you like this, he becomes even sadder, Tadashi. Think about your little brother's feeling, too!"

"And how? By writing a letter to our parents just like what you suggested? I don't want to do it, Aunt Cass. What's the point on writing a letter to the people who died years ago!? If you want to suggest something to me, then choose a good one! Not like that disgusting letter thing!"

"But, Tadashi-"

"I'm going. Don't even bother to wait for me for dinner." Tadashi walked away from her.

The door was opened and slammed shut by Tadashi rather harshly. Aunt Cass sighed, not knowing what to do. Two years ago, something triggered Tadashi's memories about how their parents died. She and Hiro tried to ask him, but he always shrugged them off. Not even wanting to tell them.

The grieving changed Tadashi into the bad side. He was never the person who talks bad or harsh toward other people, always did good things, liked to help people. But now, he wasn't like that anymore. He became harsh, didn't even watch the swearing words whether his little brother was around or not, and becoming an alcoholic person. Every night, he would come home drunk, with at least a smell of alcohol. Sometimes, he even brought a bottle of it.

It didn't only affect his study, but his relationship with his family and friends as well. Especially with his little brother. No one knew if he ever realized that. Now that he had gone out, he was probably going to a bar again. Drowning himself in alcohol.

Aunt Cass sighed and turned around. She gasped a bit when she saw Hiro standing beside the stairs. His head was hanging down, and she immediately knew Hiro heard everything. She walked toward him and pulled him into a hug. She really hated to see her nephews sad.

"Don't worry, Hiro. The Tadashi we knew will come back soon. I hope you understand and won't hate him because of this," Aunt Cass said, stroking Hiro's hair gently.

"I hope so, too, Aunt Cass. I really missed the old Tadashi. Even though he's like this, I can never bring myself to hate him somehow."

Aunt Cass pulled away. She could see a single tear drops from Hiro's eyes. She raised her hand and wiped it with her thumb, "It means you love your big brother dearly. And it's good. I'm really glad he has a little brother like you."

Hiro smiled little to her. Then he remembered something, "By the way, what did you suggest to Tadashi earlier that made him mad like that? I heard it was about a letter?"

"Mhm," she nodded. "I told him to write a letter to your parents. It's almost their anniversary. And Tadashi is still..., restrained by grief. I really wish he would tell us what happened two years ago, that made him grieving again after all these years. By writing the letter, you two will write everything you have in mind. Everything you really want to tell to your parents. I heard it could help lighten up the heavy feeling you're having."

"Heavy feeling, huh?"

"Yeah. Do you want to try? I won't force you to do it. But, at least, consider my suggestion, okay?"

Hiro only nodded. Aunt Cass patted his shoulder and left him to cook their dinner. He watched as Aunt Cass walks away. He turned around and walked back to his room.

Looking at the room made Hiro sad. It used to be a lively shared-room. He and Tadashi usually talked about things, joking around, played tricks toward each other, sharing ideas. Or sometimes, Tadashi scolding him after he found out the naughty things he did. Now, the room felt really dead and out cold. As if no one had used it for a really long time.

The room in Tadashi's part was also changed. Not a good change. It used to be clean, neat, and tidy. Now, dirty clothes everywhere, books were scattered on the floor, full trash bin, and he could even see cobwebs on the ceiling. That wasn't how Tadashi's room should be.

Hiro sat on the study chair and rested his head on his folded arms. He really missed Tadashi. Nothing good had ever come to them since two years ago. He really wanted to know what the hell happened to Tadashi that changed him like that. But, as much as he wanted to demand Tadashi for answer, he couldn't. More precisely, he didn't dare.

Tadashi had become a really harsh person. If Hiro did something Tadashi didn't like, or disobeying him, he would get the punishments. He wouldn't even hesitate to slap and hit his own little brother along with those cursing words now. Something the old Tadashi would never do to him. Because the old Tadashi would never dare to hurt him, even just a tiny scratch.

Remembering those things left a stinging pain inside him. 'Where did my kind and gentle big brother go?' He sighed. Then, his eyes caught a notebook lying not too far from him. He straightened his body and took the notebook.

"Writing a letter to mom and dad, huh?"

Aunt Cass words rang in his ears. She said writing a letter could lighten up the heavy feeling. "It didn't sound bad, actually," he murmured to himself. "But, should I try it?"

-oOo-

After a long time of thinking, Hiro finally decided to try his aunt's suggestion. He found himself staring at a snow white blank paper on his study table from his seat. He didn't really know what to write. He didn't remember about his parents as much as Tadashi did. Maybe it would be different if he was a bit older when they died. That way, at least he would remember something about them, even just a little bit.

A few minutes passed. Something finally came to his mind. He took a pen from the stationary glass and started to write everything he had in mind that he really wanted to say to his parents.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. How are you doing? I hope you're happy in wherever you are now. And you still remember your youngest son, right? Yup, that's me. Hiro Hamada, the coolest nerd in the world. Okay, scratch that. I may be a genius, but I'm not a nerd. Well, Tadashi is. Haha.

Mom, Dad, it's been eleven years since your deaths. And I've been missing you since then. I know I didn't remember anything about you. I wish I did. But I was too young when you died.

The truth is, I'm really sad that I didn't even remember about you. I'm jealous of those kids who have their parents with them. And if they don't, they still remember about their parents. That time when I was a kid, I always thought that God was being unfair to me. Taking both of you away from me when I was so little and still needed your love and care. I always kept that to myself, not wanting anyone to know. But somehow, Tadashi knew.

He told me that time, about not keeping everything to myself. To at least tell him if something was bothering me. And after that, I told him everything. I thought he was going to scold me. And yet, he didn't. Instead, he gave me his gentlest smile and hugged me.

Then, he started telling me stories about you two. Showing me pictures of you, and pictures of the four of us. I knew everything about you from Tadashi. I was glad that God didn't take him away, too. If Tadashi had died too that time, I would be left all alone, without any memories about my own family. And I don't want that.

Since your deaths, Tadashi worked so hard to become a dad, a mom, and an older brother for me. He always tried to play with me, care for me, and love me both as parents and brother at the same time. I'm really happy to have such an amazing big brother like him. Without him, I don't know what I would have become now. And every day I feel grateful to have him here with me.

But Tadashi has changed since two years ago. Something happened to him and it made him grieve again. Aunt Cass and I had tried so many times to ask him what happened but he never told us anything. Now, he became a harsh and alcoholic person. He even raised his hand on me a few times already. Something the old Tadashi never did to me.

Mom, Dad, what happened to him? Where did my brother go? I really missed him. I don't want to lose him, too. He's the only one who makes me know about you two. He's the only one who knows me really well and how to cheer me up every time I have my downs. I love him so much and I'm scared that I would lose him, too.

Tadashi is a really nice person. Whatever bad things that happened to him two years ago that made him become like this, he didn't deserve that. I want my brother back. I want Tadashi back. I don't want to lose him too. I don't want to be left alone. I really need him even though he will think of me as a baby brother forever. I don't care if he calls me a baby in front of everyone. What I really need and want is my brother to come back to me. Without him, I would be lost.

Mom, dad, please, help me bring my brother back. Give me your strength so I could help Tadashi, too. All this time, Tadashi was the one who helped me with my problems. And this time, I want to be able to help him, too. I want him to feel that he's not alone. That he still has

me by his side, who is ready to stay and always be there for him on his ups and downs. As his little brother, I'm willing to do anything to make him happy again.

If you really read this letter, or listen to what I told you while writing this letter, then I want to say thank you. I may not remember about you, but I love you. And you two will always live in my heart. Someday, we'll meet again. And when that time comes, I will tell you everything. Including what Tadashi and I have achieved while we're still alive and breathing in this world. I love you, mom, dad. And thank you, for being such amazing parents I ever had.

From,

Hiro Hamada

When Hiro had finished writing his letter, he finally realized that he was crying. He wiped the tears away and took a breath. He had written all the things he wanted to say to his parents. Aunt Cass was right. He did feel a bit better. Well, it would be much better if the old Tadashi had come back, too. He missed Tadashi's smile, laugh, jokes, and everything about him.

He looked at the time and it showed 10:23 pm. "Wow, it's already this late? I better go to sleep now," Hiro said. He took out a white envelope and put the letter he had folded into it. He didn't bother to seal it and just left it on his table. He thought that no one would read it after all.

After he brushed his teeth and changed his clothes to the comfortable ones, he climbed onto his bed and laid there. He yawned. He imagined Tadashi tucked him to his bed and kissed his forehead like he used to do when he was little.

"Good night, big brother," Hiro mumbled to himself before he finally fell to sleep. That night, he had a really nice dream of him, Tadashi, and his parents. A dream that he almost never had over the past years. And unknown to him, later at midnight, someone read the letter he had written for his parents and everything would be changed from the moment he woke up in the morning.

-oOo-

Tadashi's Sorrow

It was Tadashi's pride, shame, and arrogance when he closed the door behind his aunt. He stood there, staring at the world that gave him the options of being who he was today. The outside world can be a painful place when a person was considered orphaned. A chill picked up. He felt it on his neck as he tightened his scarf. He knew a storm was coming and that could have been placed as a double entendre in Tadashi's vocabulary. Words couldn't fathom the anger that spread into his veins like a poison, slowly killing him without remorse. Feeling every single fiber of suffering until his demise. He bit his lip hard. He wanted to feel pain. He wanted to feel something. Something to take off this misery. Something that he could display control. That day of his parents' demise was the first time in his young life that he didn't have control.

The very day he had placed blame on himself. The very day he felt he was responsible for his parents' death. He tried to cast away those thoughts; knowing that the day was approaching. And the thought of writing a letter infuriated him. What could he possibly say that can give the older brother solace? What could he possibly do to remedy himself? He was a wreck. A failing university student; a failing boyfriend; an alcoholic; and overall, a poor example for his aunt and his brother.

He opted to walk to the liquor store in search of his next fix. Since the older Hamada was unemployed, he was on a fixed income with his aunt. Since his recent firing at the robotic lab, he felt it was another proven point that hell was meant for him. His philosophy was "life was a bitch and it was my pimp." No longer did he try to change because he felt that the world was going to do it for him. Just like the day of his parents' accident.

An accident that he caused.

No one could have predicted the circumstances but God himself on that fateful day. He was ten years old at the time. It was the day of Tadashi's Science Fair at the SFIT. Tadashi was chosen by his school to represent them for the title of Grand Prize winner. It was a day that Tadashi was standing on pins and needles in hopes of earning the Grand Prize. The winner not only would receive a trophy, but also qualify for State in Sacramento and win a cash prize. For Tadashi, it wasn't about the money, but the recognition he could acquire for achieving such an award.

The day didn't come as easy. The day of the competition was also the same day that Hiro fell ill. Their mother grew concern, opting to stay home while he and his father would go to the competition. Tadashi was upset, wanting the entire family to be there. Despite her disagreements of attending, the older Hamada cried and begged until they had made a consensus decision. Hiro, who was very mature for his age wanted to see his brother win the competition. He didn't want his sickness to hinder Tadashi from stop them from attending. Their mother was worried, but they all decided that they were going to the competition.

The Hamada family cheered Tadashi on as he showcased his project to the judges. Although he felt it was child's play, but he developed sensors on canes for blind people that notified

them when they were approaching a street corner. The project was met with plenty of praise. Later that day, the judging began. When the judges announced Tadashi winning the Grand Prize. He had jumped in excitement. Tadashi smiled, but grew concerned when he noticed that his family was missing. He questioned where could they be. For winning an award prize wasn't as important without his family being there. He scanned the audience in search of them, but they were nowhere to be seen. Tears escaped his eyes as he saw the cameras continued to flash upon him.

It was an important moment for the ten year old and they weren't there to see it.

As he returned to the family area, he saw that the family was there waiting on him. His mother apologized for not showing up. She explained that Hiro began getting chills and they both went to the restroom.

Tadashi didn't want to hear it. He dragged his trophy and walked toward the exit. Although he didn't say it to their face, but he felt that his actions caused their demise.

I wish you were dead.

Those five little words affect the older Hamada brother. Words that circled his mind over and over like a carousel. He kept whispering those words under his breath on their way home. Angered seeped into his mind as he wanted resolution for his parents missing his ceremony. He gripped on the trophy as his parents were heading home.

I hate you!

I hate you!

I wish you were dead!

I hate you!

I hate you!

Tadashi kept shaking his head, wanting to release the words from his troubled lips. It felt like a dam overflowing with water. He didn't look to his parents or to his brother, for it only perpetuated his anger. He continued rocking his head, gripping the trophy with the intent of breaking. He wanted something to prove a lesson.

I hate you!

I hate you!

I hate you!

He finally looked to his parents. His mother turned and displayed a concerned look. Her face looked to Tadashi. His eyes widened. Before he thought she was going to say his name, she turned to Hiro. She wanted to know if Hiro was alright.

Tadashi blurted out some words, but it wasn't received. An eighteen-wheeler lost control of the vehicle and ran straight into the family car. The words were blockade by shouts, screams, and sounds of the wreckage.

Then, with the exception of the car horn, silence.

Tadashi didn't remember much. He knew that someone had pulled he and Hiro from the wreckage. He remembered his brother screaming loudly for their parents. He remembered seeing smoke coming from the vehicle. He remembered staring at the car as it began to burst into flames.

He quickly lost conscious after that.

I hate you!

I hate you!

I wish you were dead!

Tears escaped Tadashi's eyes as he walked across the street to head to the liquor store. At least the liquor could numb his pain. The liquor could make him forget that he was the cause. The liquor gave him an excuse to give up control.

For he didn't have any control of his life. Not with his aunt. Not his parents' accident. Not with Hiro. Overall, not with himself.

What does writing a letter prove? That I wanted my parents to die? My hate caused their death? Would they even forgive me for what I have caused? No matter how much I look at this, they wouldn't forgive me. I wouldn't forgive me if I was responsible for their death. It kills me inside for the trouble I have caused. And now, it is seen upon Hiro and Aunt Cass. I can't keep a job. GoGo isn't talking to me. The friends I used to have scared me away. Looking at the lesser God for I don't deserve forgiveness. I don't deserve forgiveness. I don't deserve nothing. I hate myself. I wish I were dead.

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