

Life on the Road

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The members of MCR get a new traveling companion.

But where did this person come from?

And whats going to happen now that they're here?

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1 - A New Friend

The van was out of gas again. The prices had been so high at the last station, and they had thought that they would at least have bought enough to get them to a cheaper station. Too bad they were wrong. Gerard Way sighed as he lit up a cigarette. They would just have to wait until Bob managed to flag down someone who would be willing to siphon them a gallon or two. Gerard had closed his eyes when he felt someone's annoyed poking in his side. He sighed and opened one eye to find Frank stretched out on the couch next to him, poking him to get his attention. What is it Frankie? asked Gerard around the cig. I'm bored said Frank. Will you go get my guitar out of the supply trailer? Frank put on his puppy dog eyes and stared up at Gerard. Do it yourself man it's hot out there! said Gerard. Pleeeeeze Gee? Do it for Mikey! Frank gestured at the boy to his right who was too absorbed in his music to realize he was being used as Frank's laziness tool. Gerard sighed and swung himself up off the couch. Fine. But this is the last time. And try to keep still in the bus okay? Gerard walked to the front of the bus, nudging Ray on the shoulder. Ray, I need the key to the supply trailer. Can you take it off the ring for me? Ray looked up from the steering wheel. Yah sure and after about a minute of fiddling and jingling, he loosed the key and dropped in Gerard's hand. Don't give Frank an amp. Just the guitar. Roger said Gerard, saluting his friend as he jumped off the bus. And stop calling me Roger! yelled Ray after him. Gerard giggled to himself. Ray was funny when he was tired. Gerard walked around to the trailer. He glanced over at Bob, who was having trouble flagging down a car. Granted, there were no cars on the road at all, so it wasn't really Bob's fault. Gerard managed to get the door open and he climbed into what little walking space the trailer had, searching for Frank's guitar. Damn it was boiling hot in here. Well, metal getting hit with lots of sun would be prone to heat up wouldn't it? Gerard looked around. What he did find however, was certainly not a guitar at all. In fact, it wasn't even shaped like anything that should be in the supply trailer. He noticed it right away, that is, right after it moved. Gerard shifted over to the back right corner of the trailer. It looked as though something had fallen, but it hadn't made a metal on metal sound. It was more of a soft thud. Gerard moved over to allow the sun streaming in from the open door to hit the object he had discovered. It was a person. A girl in fact. She was curled up in the corner of the trailer, concealed under a black hoodie. And she had been sweating like crazy, but now her skin was getting dry and turning red. Her breathing was heavy and her eyes were unfocused. Oh my God. Gerard whispered. Who was she? Where did she come from? And how the hell had she gotten in here in the first place? Gerard leaned down and shook her gently. Hey, hey, are you all right? The girl turned her head slowly and looked at, or rather through, Gerard with unfocused eyes. Her eyelids fluttered shut and she didn't respond to any of Gerard's continued calls. Oh shoot Gerard threw his cig out the trailer door and he bent down to scoop the girl up in his arms. Damn she was light. She had to be about his height. Maybe a little shorter. But she barely weighed anything! And to top it all off, once she had passed out her breathing had gotten very ragged. Gerard rushed out of the trailer kicking the door shut behind him. BOB! He screamed. Forget the cars for now and open up the bus door for me! Bob turned at Gerard's yell. He had paused for a moment, slightly shocked to see his friend carrying a girl that he appeared to have produced from nowhere. But he soon ran ahead of Gerard and opened the door for him. Gerard ran up into the air conditioned bus with Bob right behind him. Upon their loud entry, Frank sat up and Mikey looked over. Ray got up and followed Gerard and Bob into the middle of the bus. Frank! Move! yelled Gerard. Frank rolled off the couch and stood back as Gerard laid the unconscious girl out on the sofa. He unzipped her hoodie and removed it from her body only to find long sleeves covered by a short sleeve shirt. What is this winter? Gerard removed the black short sleeve shirt and

rolled up the red sleeves underneath. Her body had begun to sweat again. That was at least a good sign. It meant she wasn't in danger of heat stroke anymore. Mikey handed Gerard a bottle of water from the fridge. Gerard rolled it across the girl's forehead. No response. He opened up the water and gently poured some over the girl's chapped lips. She was still asleep, but she did lick it up. Oh thank god said Gerard. He poured water into the girl's mouth and she swallowed unconsciously. Finally, after the flow of the water became steadier, she slowly woke and sat up taking the bottle in her own hands and draining it down. She drank two more bottles they offered her before she laid back down again and fell asleep. Her skin had by now returned to, what could only be guessed as its natural color. Her breathing had returned to normal. Gerard sighed and sat back. She was going to be okay. That was close. Had Frankie not gotten Gerard to go out to the supply trailer, or if they even hadn't ran out of gas, it might have been too late by the time they stopped and opened the trailer again. Frank crawled over to the edge of the couch and stared at the girl over the edge of the cushions. He blinked a couple times before looking back over his shoulder at the band. Where do you guys suppose she came from? he asked. Mikey spoke up that's a very good question Frankie. I suppose we'll just have to ask her when she wakes up. ~~~~~View a better submission of the story here:

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2 - While you were asleep

key sighed as his watch timer beeped. He got up from his seated position next to the couch and stretched. He walked over and nudged Gerard. "Your turn" he said and flopped down in the chair after Gerard got up. It had been about this time yesterday that they had found the girl locked away in the back of their supply trailer. She still hadn't woken up. Each band member had begun taking one hour turns to watch her. Bob had managed to flag down a car that had siphoned them 2 gallons of gas. They had made it to the next station with Ray coasting the bus as much as possible. They had filled it up all the way this time and gotten some food from the quick mart's freezer section. Gerard took a seat next to the couch. He rested his chin in his hand as he watched the girl sleep. He couldn't tell her age at all. One minute she would look like a teen, but then she'd get hit with different light and look like she was in her early 20s. This, in his opinion, was one of the creepiest things he had ever seen. She was about 2 or 3 inches shorter than him and incredibly skinny. Her hair was long, and reached her hips at least. It was soft and medium brown. Gerard had taken to gently braiding and re-braiding the same lock of hair over and over when he was watching her. When Frank had gone to pick up the girl's hoodie, he ended up dumping everything out of the pockets on, what he called, "accident". Basic things had fallen out of the pockets. Pens, pencils, a pack of gum. There was a small drawstring bag with basic makeup in it. Concealer, a compact, eyeliner and eye shadow. Nothing else. She had also been carrying a pocket-sized sketch book. Gerard had flipped through it to find that the drawings inside were actually very good. The book had a name tag pasted across the front that said "Hello, my name is Nocturne" A few of the drawings were signed with the name nocturne as well. They were followed by the initials KI and the year the drawing was from. A few of the drawings were just fun little layout sketches for full-sized comics. But most of the drawings were character sketches. The girl had taken to drawing one specific character in great detail. There were defining features on this girl's body. Close ups of the character's arms showed crude X shaped scars on the undersides of her wrists that were covered with long sleeves or gloves. The character also had a series of jagged scars across her stomach. There was a half-written biography off to the side. It hadn't gotten to explaining the markings. Gerard thought about the sketches as he watched Nocturne sleep. He had decided to call her that seeing as it was the only name he had gotten close to confirming. There were large similarities to Nocturne and the character she had designed. Gerard wondered if maybe she was the character. Gerard let his eyes trail down Nocturne's arms. He had seen her wrists when he had pushed the sleeves up. There hadn't been any markings. He began to wonder about her stomach. Gerard's thoughts were interrupted by Ray tapping him on the shoulder. "Time's up Gee." He said. "Get some sleep. I'll watch her through the night and wake you if she gets up" Gerard nodded and glanced at his watch. 1 am. Ray had parked the bus on a highway oasis for the night. Gerard nudged Frank off of Mikey's lap and sent them off to bed as well. Bob was already asleep. Mikey stared up at the ceiling in his bunk bed. "Do you guys think she'll be okay?" Mikey was beginning to wonder if Nocturne would ever wake up. "Yah, she'll be fine" said Frank encouragingly. "Now go to sleep. If she can rest that easy, you should be able to too." Mikey nodded and drifted off to sleep. Frank whispered down to Gerard. "Hey Gee, what do you think'll happen when Nocturne wakes up?" Gerard stared at the wall. "Hard to know Frankie. We'll just have to wait and see." ~~~~~Easier to read this copy: <http://www.deviantart.com/deviation/37732280/>