

# And the Moral of the Story is...

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*The start of my new series, "And the Moral of the Story is..." (M.o.t.s. for short if you wish)*

*It is a collection of short comedy pieces that end with a moral that you never saw coming.*

*Read&Enjoy!*

*Kaze*

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# 1 - My name is Marko!

“Who’s afraid of the big bad wolf?” he quietly sang under his breath, this being the only thing keeping him awake through the mundane lecture from the teacher. His fingers drummed a ghost of a beat while his eyes began to spasm trying to stay awake, but utterly failing; his head about to roll off of his other hand. He looked down at his paper at the half-hearted notes he started taking that gradually mutated into doodles further and further down the page descending to the point where the pencil itself decided to be part of the notes by landing itself next to the last of its marks.

“Mark,” the teacher said, monodrone tone changing to one of a failed snappish attempt.

The boy didn’t look up, though his eyes stopped their fluttering. He muttered something indistinct into his palm as he further lowered his head while fumbling to pick up his pencil between his thumb and middle finger.

“MARK,” repeated the teacher in a slow and bold tone.

An irritated grunt escaped from behind his hand still cradling his head, “I said my name is Marko,” he firmly stated letting his hand down to hold his loose-leaf in place while ensuing his doodles once more.

The teacher rolled his eyes, “I doubt your parents named you that,” He said matter-of-factly.” Don’t use some sort of nickname in this class, young man.”

“My parents did name me Marko. Check the attendance sheet you stupid father-of-a-mule,” the student argued using a clever way to cover a curse, glaring.

“Are you being smart with me mister?” The teacher growled. All the other students cautiously leaned as far away from the two’s line of death-glares as to not get caught up with any of it.

“If knowing my own name makes me smart, then hell, all this kids in here are being smart with you!” The student barked, actually standing at this point, his hands firmly planted on his desk.

“THAT’S IT!” The teacher roared slamming his fist on the podium where his notes for his lecture were located, “GET OUT OF MY CLASS!”

“FINE!” The kid barked as he turned for the exit, flipping over his desk for good measure, making the poor person who was using the wire book holder underneath it as a foot-rest topple over as well. He stomped out of the room slamming the door with a cringing BANG.

All the students were stunned. Something like that had never happened before. In unison they directed their attention from the door to the fuming educator whose face was trembling in pure fury, face turning redder by the second, still glaring at the door. Their teacher had never acted like this before, regardless it being only the third week into school; he was just too boring to react so harshly.



## 2 - Being Racial is Wrong?

The young asian student stood there, arms akimbo, wearing a face that just melted with the gruesome ooze of disgust, "Are you seriously THAT racial?" She asked, over-dramatizing the movement of her mouth.

"Yes," came a startlingly swift reply from the accused, eyes like a deer's in headlights, looking clueless. "Well, probably," she corrected herself after a moment of uncomfortable tension, "Maybe?" She questioned herself and the other rhetorically. A pause of her mulling this in her head in a state of forced thinking made her finally ask, "What was the question again? Sorry."

"Are you really that racial?!" Huffed the asian girl again, letting her breath go through her teeth just to audibly express how upset this made her.

"I guess it depends, doesn't it?" calmly mulled the other girl tapping her fingers on her chin and leaning back in her seat, giving her the essence of a smart-aleck. "Like, which one do you mean?" she suggested in order to clarify, performing her perfected talent of raising only a single eyebrow, as the other eye stared down the student in sophisticated immaturity.

"What do you mean 'which one'?! " Fumed the asian, who was starting to crumble around the edges

"Throw me a bone! You know as well as I do what I mean. There are so many different-, "she paused tapping her fingers against her skull trying to think of the right word before the other girl started going off again.

"It's obvious what kind of racial slander you were throwing a moment ago!"

"Oohhhh!" The girl finally comprehended as she rolled her eyes, apparently her strange way of realization, "so you're saying that," she pointed a thumb at herself, "I'm racial? Is that it?"

"For the love of-," the asian silently prayed throwing her arms up to the heavens slightly. "Yes, you. You are racial"

"Yes," agreed the girl nodding as if this conversation was finally getting somewhere besides backwards. "Yes, I am racial."

"Uhn..?" Half-heartedly coughed the other in disbelief, "Then apologize?" She asked, voice cracking in the futility.

"Why would I apologize for being racial? It's who I am!" Started up the girl; an air of defense wafting around her.

Like a dog the asian bared her teeth in malice, "Why should you apologize! Why should yo-," she, again, cut herself off turning around, taking a breath, and then turning back around with the world's

