

Story Starters

By Leemiester

Submitted: November 15, 2004

Updated: November 15, 2004

Just some fun inspiration if you want to start your own story.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Leemiester/8785/Story-Starters>

Chapter 1 - Angel/Demon	2
Chapter 2 - Band Auditions and Crap like that	3

1 - Angel/Demon

A small yawn filled the night air as the pale lids momentarily closed over a pair of light blue eyes. The golden lashes upon said lids seemed to shine lightly from the light of the street lamps. A smile formed where the once agape mouth had been. It was a peaceful smile, one that made the owner seem at peace. And truth be told...he was in peace. Complete and total peace.

A frail hand moved to toy with the blonde locks upon his head. They were tied in two messy buns at the top -to the side- at both sides of his head. The male was rather small, short and looked frail. Much unlike the normal sized, or overly buffed men he usually saw roaming the streets. One might ask what such an innocent looking creature was doing out right now. It was simple...he was waiting. For something, anything to come along so that he could do his job.

Kyo had been assigned to guard this city as best he could, and call for back up when needed. Guard it from what? And who sent him?

Guard it from demons, those whom he was supposed to be able to classify and deem whether or not backup was needed. And sent, by angels. For he too, carried the weight of the white, feathery wings upon his back.

Rubbing his eyes lightly, he tried to stay awake, for Kyo...was definitely tired. He hadn't gotten used to staying up so late each night.

"hy oh why was I assigned the night shift?" The soft voice questioned himself as he hugged the light blue turtleneck around him. The white jeans he wore made a soft sound as the material rubbed together every now and then as he was walking. And for a moment, at times, he wished something /would/ happen. Just once.

2 - Band Auditions and Crap like that

Was it really...natural for someone to be truly happy? Was it right for one person to be joyful, and cheery all the time? Was it even possible for true happiness to exist. Hell yeah!

The soft clumping of boots could be heard coming down the sidewalk. It was a steady rhythm, and...not many would be able to tell what it really was. Too fast for walking, too slow for running, too inconsistent for jogging. What on earth was this child doing?

Simple.

Skipping.

And...singing?

There had to be some sort of law against that...right? Skipping and singing, "I'm off to see the wizard...the wonderful wizard of Oz..." Had to be some sort of crime. In this place. Didn't it? Well, apparently not, because the male just kept...skipping...and singing. Like he was programmed to do so. Though, as odd as it may seem, he had a destination. No...not to see the wizard...the wonderful wizard of Oz.

A pair of...oddly dull...blue eyes stared at the sign in front of the open garage. Sure, he seemed a bit naive. Just a bit. But that was only because this lad, had received two hours of sleep the night before. Rubbing a single placid hand through his bright purple hair, Rae bit his bottom lips lightly.

Not that he was nervous...no..well...just a little.

Taking a moment to tie back the messy purple locks into two buns at the top-sides of his head, he finally took a deep breath and marched up to the garage. Which must have been a sight to see, because with the pink platform, pleather boots he wore...it wasn't easy.

It didn't take much effort to tell that Rae was nervous. The way his fingers gripped at the sleeves of the purple, small - women's babydoll sized, long sleeved shirt --With the unforgettable face of The Cheshire Cat on the front, and "We're all mad here" written in pink font on the back. His boots were tapping lightly upon the ground, trying to pulse out some of the nerves. The pair of stripped pink and purple pants -reaching to the middle of his knee high boots- made a soft rustling sound as the fabric met its twin.

"Hello?"
