

The Organizers

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Submitted: August 19, 2007

Updated: August 19, 2007

I thought it would be funny to make a random commic about Organization Thirteen. So I did. This is just the writing the commic is going to be based on, then I'll draw it when I have the time.

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Chapter 1 - Organization Asylum

2

1 - Organization Asylum

Castle Oblivion Stood proudly beneath a heart-shaped moon on the brink of nothingness in the World That Never Was. Then a giant heartless ate it. Coincidentally, the Organization which had lived there previously for years, had been disposed of (pwned) by none other than Sora months before. Upon the destruction of a nobody, they would fade back into the darkness. Just where that darkness went was never stated.

Thus, each member of the Organization found themselves in a suburb laced with two-story white houses, brick chimneys, blood red doors, frighteningly green grass, identical blue windows, and dark grey roofs. Each house appeared as identical as the last; every yard even seemed to have the same number and kind of trees in the same spot. It was not uncommon to see families which lived in the area getting lost, due to not finding their own home. It was such that each of the thirteen had found themselves at a house with the same appearance as the rest, though devoid of all life sense its owners had never found their way back. Perhaps they had found their way back, only to be murdered on the spot by dusks and other nobodies accumulating in their new home.

Inside was dimly lit and redecorated to resemble the previous Castle oblivion. Hardwood floor rested on the hallway right by the door while the rest of the ground was laden in light grey carpet. The walls were unpainted, and a large screen TV perched against the wall in the living room in front on a several seated blue couch. Video game consoles decorated the carpet between the couch and TV. The kitchen was, oddly enough, laden in carpet as well, yet several places had melted away from a clumsy spill of what could only be described as acid.

In the main hall by the door, on the light brown hardwood floor, Xemnas has ordered a meeting of all the members only hours after arriving. With him he kept a list of each one of their names with the number beside it. On the top was written *Remaining Loyal Members*. He had started it upon learning of Marluxia's and Larxene's conspiracy, but now all save for one name was crossed out. Marluxia, Larxene, Roxas, and Axel had obviously betrayed him to his doom, but the other members had slowly turned as well, at least in the eyes of Xemnas. Saix has been crossed out when he purposefully tripped Xemnas on the top of the stairs at Castle Oblivion and blamed a dusk. Zexion has been removed when he made an attempt to poison him. Luxord had been expelled from the list when he had thrown him out the window as desperate measures to win a video game. Demyx had been eliminated from the list when he had "accidentally" dropped a pool table on his head. Xaldin had been removed shortly after, upon snickering when the pool table landed directly on Xemnas's face. Vexen was taken out when he hid a road kill skunk in the air vent in Xemnas's room. Finally, Lexaeus was crossed out when he stapled a paper sign to the back of Xemnas's cloak, reading "*Punch me, kick me, tickle my feet.*"

"Okay." Xemnas replied one last time, "So, is there *anyone* at all who hasn't betrayed me in some way or another?" Xigbar's hand shot up and a warm smile engulfed his face. With a hint of annoyance, Xemnas grunted, "Anyone who doesn't think they're a pirate." Xigbar's warm smile slowly transformed into a painful expression as he hesitantly lowered his hand while unsteadily speaking, "Yar..." Gazing around at the rest of his henchmen, not a single one with their hand in the air, though several with a finger in their nose, he concluded, "Alright, I see how it is. Fine, go and return to your pointless and meaningless lives." The last half of this sentence was muffled out by the members gleefully clamoring about to return to what they were doing before they were so rudely interrupted. Hanging by another door far in the back was a long yellowing piece of parchment, made to resemble the Declaration of Independence. On it was written thirteen rules, one by each member. The first was written

in black ink.

I. Xemnas is the all-superior. You will submit to the all-superiorness!

Upon creating the organization, Xemnas was treated with respect. It wasn't long after Marluxia's betrayal that the other members began to resent him, not a single one noticing they were breaking the key rule.

The second was written in the grayish silver lead of a pencil.

II. Be good.... pass it on.

Xigbar figured the most important rule would be to keep order. With many of the members often at each other's throats, this rule was disregarded as well.

The third was sketched in a dark purple pen.

III. Any breaking of the rules will result in Xaldin threatening to threaten you.

This rule had been upheld quite well, as Xaldin was often seen saying, "Don't make me threaten you!" On occasion, he could even be seen threatening to threaten himself with, "I don't want me to threaten me again!"

The fourth was neatly written in a dark blue colored pencil.

IV. Respect your elders or they will put poisonous snakes in your bed while you sleep!

This rule had been upheld often as well. While most members found it laughably ridiculous, they would often wake up the next morning with several venomous creatures.

The fifth was written with a brown marker.

V. Everyone's name has to have an "X" in it or the letter "X" will kill you.

All members already had an X in their name and found it hilarious that a letter would stalk them until a rumor was passed around about a previous fourteenth member without an X in his name. He had awoken the next morning to discover himself dead and with a letter X painted on his face.

The sixth was written in a light purple colored pencil.

VI. Everyone must take a shower at least once a week.

With an advanced sense of smell, Zexion found it exceedingly difficult to get through the day if he could smell everyone. Most of the members found it suspicious that he should remark about the smell of the other henchmen when the chilling concoctions he made for food, as they could not stand the smell from a yard away. Seeing as how none of the members had even thought about getting a job, he had no money to work with to feed thirteen people three times a day and got most of his materials from unknown places and had even, at times, turned them all into cannibals when adding a dragoon nobody to the mix. Upon a simple glance, the burns on the floor would appear to be an accident, but a closer look would suggest it had been on purpose, as the area where the carpet melted away was in the shape of a smile, perhaps to ensure service with a smile and usually laughter when he could not contain a maniacal when killing some innocent god-knows-what to make for breakfast.

The seventh was in light brown ink.

VII. Quit hitting yourself.

Saix often greeted others by replying, "Quit hitting yourself." On occasion, they would actually be inflicting pain upon themselves, though most often an accident.

The eighth was more clear and solid than the rest, as it was written in bright red marker and only consisted of three capital letters.

VIII. HAM

Axel had taken a liking to the word "Ham." Seeing as how no one had ever eaten ham or any other decent bit of food in many a year and Axel didn't eat anyway, the meaning of "ham" was lost on them. The ninth was written in blue ink.

IX. The fluffy pillow on the couch is reserved for me!

Demyx was often seen with a furry pink pillow, which had been there when they "moved in." Being the only pillow on the couch, it began to grow on him, which was an obvious weak point, so it was often thrown out the window. This usually resulted in instant insanity, for Demyx was prone to losing his mind over nothing and would usually yell uncontrollably while running around in circles, figure-eights, rectangles, and many other patterns.

A tenth was written in orange colored pencil.

X. All of your hoss are belonging to me.

Luxord had been using the word "hoss" quite a lot recently. It was apparently something that existed everywhere but exactly what it was, no one was quite sure of. It hardly mattered, seeing as how it had already been claimed by Luxord, who was often glued to a game. At one point he had literally been glued to it when Lexaeus got a little too happy with the glue, and it was another couple weeks before it had come unstuck. Luxord had never lost a game because he had found different ways to cheat. It had become a habit to throw a prized object out the window or mutter a few words as to convince the opposing player to leave when faced with a possibility of losing. When finding nothing of Xemnas's to throw out the window, he took desperate measures to throw Xemnas himself out the window, causing his removal of the list of loyalties.

The eleventh was in bright pink ink.

XI. Flowers are pretty.

Marluxia rarely was seen in the house, other than on a special occasion. Seeing as how he adored his happy little plants so much, the other members agreed to throw him outside to save space. Marluxia often talks to the plants he grew around the house as he lives his life like an outdoor pet, with them being his closest friends.

The twelfth was written in a cream yellow colored pencil.

XII. Each member should be required to pick up after themselves.

Larxene, being the only known female member, decided it was her job to restore some order, as none of the others had volunteered. She lived in the venting systems and members would often request for her to spy on someone. No payment was required, it as her favorite hobby. She had convinced Vexen that the walls would yowl at him on occasion and had scared most of the members out of their wits on at least on occasion, they all thought the place was haunted. The thirteenth, the last one, was written in a green marker.

XIII. I'm not living in the basement again.

Roxas had lived in the basement at the previous Castle Oblivion and did not enjoy it. After much deliberation, they had decided to throw Lexaeus in the basement instead. Upon being forced to join the Organization again, he turned emo.

Larxene peaked out of an air vent to listen to Demyx talk about voices he had heard in the wall when he paused to rub his eye. Peering at his finger for a moment, with which he had just rubbed his eye, and broke out in an immediate frenzy. "MY EYELID IS BLEEDING!" He dashed out the door and the rest of the members had come to watch the show, save for Zexion, who was talking to a still twitching tentacle in a boiling cauldron. He has gotten sick of the stove and put a cauldron in its place, insisting it was more fun. As for the oven, it was probably cooked and eaten. Demyx tore down the street, still bellowing. Recalling he wasn't supposed to stray far from the new headquarters, he had nowhere to run but in circles. Several neighborhood families had noticed, but paid no mind, fearing they would be murdered the moment they took notice.

The commotion had attracted the attention of Lexaeus, who was in the basement, making arts and crafts as if in a kindergarten class. He peeped out of the basement and gazed at the seen. Sensing a great opportunity, he ran down to grab the object he had been working on and brought it back up, to meet Demyx outside, who had just abruptly halted, peering at his finger once again. "Wait, no it isn't.", were the last words he said before being tackled by Lexaeus stapling a red cape on his back made out of red construction paper glued together. It had a Superman symbol on it and with no clue what just happened, Demyx dashed down the street again, at an alarming pace, this time closer to the house, yowling, "AAAAAAHHHHHH... AAAAAAAHHHHHHH... AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Still completely unaware of exactly what Lexaeus had put on his back, he ran dangerously close to the garden Marluxia had planted, Superman cape billowing behind in the wind. A particularly delicate blue flower had been trampled in Demyx's futile attempt to run away. Marluxia focused, horrified, on the flower for a few minutes, before pulling a small black remote out of his pocket with a red button. The moment he pushed the button, Demyx was stopped by a ten foot tall Venus fly trap. Glancing around, being sure he was completely trapped, he replied, "You suck." Ignoring this, Marluxia chuckled, "Any last words?", "You still suck." After a moment of pause, Marluxia tapped the button once more and Demyx was devoured by the Venus fly trap in a single gulp, his last words, "Pffrtf."

Shortly after Demyx's death, the others started a wicked awesome, super rare, twelve player mode of Super Smash Brothers Melee, because Brawl STILL wasn't out yet (Screw those guys and their taking foreverness). Luxord had yet to lose a game, but was a lousy gamer. Naturally, he used his only defense, cheating. Demyx had come back to life as a zombie cos zombies are uber cool. Losing horribly, Luxord started the chain of events that would lead to his victory.

First, he sent one of his loyal gambler nobodies to turn the air conditioning way up. Larxene was forced to retreat to a warmer area in the venting system and was quickly pwned at the abandoning of her controller. For the second line of defense, he whispered into Axel's ear that he looked fat. Axel immediately broke out into uncontrollable sobs and ran to the bathroom to throw up something he didn't eat and maybe a kidney or three. He was also quickly murdered after leaving the area. Shortly after Axel

left, Roxas left to follow him and was destroyed before even leaving the room. With the pink pillow nowhere in sight, Luxord threw the next best thing for Demyx to chase out the window, his arm. Though he had only died ten minutes ago, he was still decomposing and easily breakable. Luxord snapped his arm off and tossed it out the window, which Demyx chased immediately. He then told Marluxia that there were bugs eating the roses by the corner of the house and Vexen that Roxas and Axel were playing in his room.

There were still six left and a very limited time to take them down. He tore off Xigbar's eye patch, which revealed that the eye under it was perfectly fine and the patch was only worn as an obsession. At the words, "You're not a pirate.", he slowly walked away towards his room to get another one from a pile. With his head down, he replied, "Yarg." Xaldin laughed evilly and quoted, "Give into fear... which leads to hate... which leads to the *dark* side!" in a voice surprisingly similar to Darth Vader's. He informed Saix of the presence of a cat outside. Saix quickly jumped out the window to find the victim, soon to be tortured into wearing tape on its feet. Zexion stopped playing on his own when something exploded in the kitchen, which appeared to be some sort of newspaper with raisins and a wale head.

The usual method was taking far too long, with still three others to take down and time almost out. He lit a match and tossed it on the carpet behind the couch. It took a few moments, but the others leaped over the couch to put the fire out while Luxord zwned them all with a Kirby.

Against orders and rules, Axel and Roxas had gone outside and wandered past the boundaries of the house, which they often did. The sun shone brightly overhead when Roxas asked, "What do you want to do?" Axel's only response was, "I dunno. What do you wanna do?" Roxas continued, "I dunno what do you wanna do?" "I dunno what do you wanna do?" "I dunno. What do you wanna do?" "I dunno. What do you wanna do?" This continued for several hours until the sun had long set and moonlight glittered over the sky. "Wanna go drunk driving?" Axel broke the infinite loop when he noticed a building with a large neon sign overhead, reading "Beer." Roxas quickly responded, "Okay!"

Seven year old Amanda just got an A on her book report. As a reward, her mother takes her out for ice cream, Amanda's favorite treat. On the way, a drunk driver smashes into their car, killing Amanda and her mother instantly. (This is a radio commercial that comes on all the time.) Roxas and Axel whooped and yelled "WEEEEEEEEEEEE!", upon seeing the dazzling, bright lights of the explosion from the car they had just hit. They had to pull over several times to throw up. There was enough beer stashed in the back to impair a heard of water buffalo. Axel had somehow managed to duck tape his own hands to the steering wheel, and when they crashed into the house with a stolen vehicle, he had to dislocate the steering wheel from the car to get out and they both fell asleep on the floor.

In the morning, they awoke to find that they had crashed into the house across the street. A child and two adults were staring at them blankly, waiting for them to leave. They stood at a safe distance, fearing that by some amazing force they would all be decapitated. Roxas and Axel briskly walked to the house, recognizing it from Marluxia sleeping in the front yard and a cat hanging by its toes in a tree.

Saix's favorite hobby was torturing neighborhood cats. The previous night, he had found one, taped all of its feet together, and put a sock on its head. The entertainment never ended. Before going to bed, he removed the tape to only its front paws, still with the sock on its head, and hung it on a tree to play with the following day.

Now the cat struggled, continuously yowling. No one had come to complain or claim the cat because it was a long known fact that the moment your foot touched the grass in the yard, you would die by some unknown means of freakiness.

The morning started out as usual, with the screaming of a banshee as if someone had been murdered. Vexen had claimed another victim from his rule when Xaldin poked him in the eye the previous day, sealing his fate. Vexen had decorated Xaldin's room with rabid rabbits, snakes, spiders, and scorpions. Coincidentally, there were few rabbits, as the snakes had eaten half of them and most of the snakes

were rabid from the rabbits. Xaldin ran out of his room, covered in foaming hares and hissing snakes as scorpions followed. It was several hours earlier than anyone usually got up, and Xaldin was quickly silenced when Marluxia threw a pair of hedge clippers through the window, landing in his skull. Rabid snakes and scorpions littered the floor; the last of the rabbits had been eaten. Zexion got up shortly after to make breakfast with the snake and scorpions and saved cooking Xaldin until lunch.

"I had a dream that everyone was murdered by Smurfs except for me and I was going to run away from them, then I remembered that my hair is really pointy, so I killed them with my hair, then everyone got up, then Axel ate one of the Smurfs, then I knew it was a dream because he doesn't eat." Zexion was talking to the dinner he was making, which consisted mostly of a table leg, a fingernail, that pink fluffy pillow, and the cat, which had been hanging outside earlier and died of starvation. He often had long, deep conversations, and they sometimes even seemed to converse back.

Xigbar wandered around in circles, dangerously close to the kitchen, contemplating why no one else seemed to like pirates. "What's wrong with them? I mean, what did pirates ever do to them? Pirates are cool. And there's nothing wrong with wearing an eye patch for fun." Zexion giggled creepily in the kitchen, "Heheheheheh.... if you keep talking to yourself.... like that... people will start thinking you've lost it or something." Xigbar thought for a moment and said, "Yeah... they won't like pirates if they think they're crazy and talk to themselves all the time. Thanks." Zexion turned around and glazed at Xigbar, bewildered, as he replied, "Oh, hi. I didn't smell you there. I didn't think anyone else was here..."

"Maybe you have lost it." Xigbar edged away step by step as Zexion peered around, as if he had never seen the house before and sniffed the air a few times, calling back, "Can you help me find it?", but Xigbar was already long gone.

Xaldin thought it rather strange and ironic for Larxene to be the only female member of the organization. He, therefore, sent her on another mission. "I need to you to check on everyone to see if they're really what they claim they are. Mark down everyone you suspect on this paper." He handed her a clipboard with a pen and a single sheet of paper on it through the vent. Marking her own name on the list first, she set off.

First, she caught Roxas and Axel making out in the hallway. Her first instinct was to ask, "Are you two gay?" Both of them seemed rather offended. "We're not gay, we're *lesbians*! Got it memorized?" Axel stated while pointing to his head, which was rumored to be empty. Roxas piped in, "Yeah, get it right, *stupid!*" Larxene marked them both down on the list and continued. She stopped at the kitchen to have a chat with Zexion.

A vent was near the ceiling of the kitchen and was meant to vent out the smell of god knows what was being cooked. She stopped in the vent and was about to ask when he stated, "Hehehehehehehehe.... I could smell you coming a mile away." She paused to sniff her armpits before asking, "Are you sure you're a boy?" "Do boys cook?" Larxene marked him down on the list. What appeared to be half of a blue flamingo boiled in the cauldron and began squawking loudly, making immeasurable noise. Amid the noise, Larxene started to explain, "Xemnas thinks that there are other females in the organization. Thought they all look like men, they could just be really ugly women." Zexion had managed to shut the bird up by poking it repeatedly in the face with a fork until it was silenced. Still holding the fork like a knife, "he" turned to Larxene and angrily said, "Fork you!" She quickly retreated back into the vents. She then stopped near the TV, where Luxord was playing a video game. She asked calmly, "Are you a woman?" Her response was nothing more than a great deal of uncontrollable laughter. Assured he was going to laugh himself to death, she started to leave until he replied, "Yes." She marked him on her list and hesitantly asked, "Then why.... do you have a beard?" "I was the bearded lady, okay!?" Sensing she struck another soft spot, she fled to the only vent that led outside, the one by the garden. Marluxia never answered the question. He simply stared blankly at her and pointed to the flower he was watering. Larxene marked him down, "Right." Several hours went by of Larxene interrogating the other members

before she returned the results to Xemnas.

“Okay.” Xemnas replied one last time, “So, is there *anyone* at all who isn’t a woman?” Xigbar’s hand shot up and a warm smile engulfed his face. With a hint of annoyance, Xemnas grunted, “Anyone who doesn’t think they’re a pirate.” Xigbar’s warm smile slowly transformed into a painful expression as he hesitantly lowered his hand while unsteadily speaking, “Yar...” Gazing around at the rest of his henchmen, not a single one with their hand in the air, though several with a finger in their nose, he concluded, “Alright, I see how it is. Fine, go and return to your pointless and meaningless lives.” The last half of this sentence was muffled out by the members gleefully clamoring about to return to what they were doing before they were so rudely interrupted.

Right, the next one will be funnier cos it has a plot and it doesn’t require so much explanation.