

Forgetting

By deadness

Submitted: March 2, 2008

Updated: June 15, 2008

The Wudai Warriors find Jack half-dead near the newest Shen-Gong-Wu, but when he comes to he can't remember what happened to him...along with a few other things. Violence in Chapter 1 only-- might switch from cartoon to comic and back.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - The Solution

"So, Spicer, we meet once again."

"Yeah but ***why'd you have to trash my stinkin' helibot?!!***"

In an occurrence that seemed strangely natural, Jack Spicer had been sent plummeting down towards the deeply weathered interior of the Grand Canyon. He just barely managed to navigate what was left of his most prized robot into a nearby wood. He didn't even need to confirm Chase had done this, him being the only other human for a few miles. But other than the rather sudden attack, something else seemed strange about the warlord's behavior. Simply coming out for a Shen Gong Wu without insistence from Wuya was spectacular enough, but to make enough of an effort to get there before the Wudai Warriors? It left at the very least a weird vibe to Jack, even if he couldn't tell why.

The teen awkwardly wiggled his way onto the limb he was gripping until in a fairly sturdy position... Chase watching all the while... His stare seemed to penetrate Jack's soul, scrutinizing everything about him. The stare deepened the discomfort Jack was in and made the world suddenly seem cold, harsh, threatening.

"Lately I have been thinking on a matter of some importance. I think it might interest you."

"Oh, I've just been--" The death glare from Chase indicated to the teen he had not tried to invite conversation. "Never mind... go on..."

"I have been considering how many times your incompetence..."

Oh great... thought Jack. The word 'incompetence...' never a good thing.

"...Has cost many a great deal of dignity."

"Look Mr. Competent. In case you haven't noticed, pretty much everyone I get involved with has some sort of magical legacy or awesome martial arts training, so yeah, I'm not quite the best. But... but you think I can help it? I mean sah-ree for living! Quite a bit surprised at his own courage (or foolishness,) Jack stood a little straighter and cracked a sort of fear-smile. Chase, however, didn't look so impressed. Just as quickly as he had gained his confidence, the goth boy deflated as he saw Chase Young... the great warrior... super evil half-dragon... practically teleport from one branch to another towards him. Suddenly the feeling of being stared at threatened to eat him up. Half leaping back and half flying with his helibot, he scrambled back through the trees until, startled and panicking beyond any function of the thoughts, he came upon the edge of the menacing canyon. All the while, Chase grew nearer and nearer with an expression of satisfaction in his smooth features. Making matters worse, Jack's spluttering helibot began emitting distressed puffs of smoke. His knuckles turned whiter than they already were as he made his futile attempt to stay on the weak sapling.

And there Chase was, within easy reach.

'No need to be sorry, Spicer, I have a solution for both of us.'

Though the Wudai Warriors did not arrive as early as Jack or Chase had, the latter was about to leave as soon as they came. Eyeing the newest Shen Gong Wu nestled in a small bush in the canyon, the four decided instantaneously this Wu would be, as Omi would say, "simple choosings."

Wait... Chase is leaving with the Wu right where it was in the first place... so why'd he come here?

Thought Raimundo. The man certainly didn't look like he was in a rush... but then again, he never did. As he prepared to leave the scene, the Shoku warrior decided to at least ask, "So exactly why are you just leaving as soon as we come to get this Wu?"

"I didn't come for Shen Gong Wu. There was a much more important matter I had to address," the man said with a smirk, still facing away from Raimundo.

"Yeah, right where the newest Shen Gong Wu revealed itself?" Rai said suspiciously. A startled gasp came from below, and echoed up to him. Deciding this was more important he slid easily down the side of the canyon, leaving Chase to... erm, leave.

(A.N.: I really need a thesaurus, don't I?)

The Shoku had gotten down to where the Wu was like that, but discovered there was something much more surprising there.

Jack lay crumpled like a piece of paper on the ground before them. Bent and cracked shards of metal from the boy's helibot outlined his bruised body, the blood flowing from his head staining the ground the color of his hair. Sure, the Wudai Warriors had seen him hurt, actually more often than not, but never like this. He appeared to have fallen... from the edge of the canyon...

Right where Chase had been.

Raimundo looked up for a second, the thoughts of what might have happened blurring in his mind... when a pair of grubby boots swung themselves into his open palms.

Startled out of his trance by the sudden pressure, he instinctively dropped them before noticing they were connected to Jack's legs. When they hit the ground, a little moan came from the still-unconscious evil. Rai stared at Clay, who was supporting the boy's other side and seemed quite angry at Rai's display.

"Er, sorry?"

The cowboy just shook his head and murmured something to himself that Raimundo probably wouldn't understand anyway. This time he *placed* the limp pair of legs in Rai's hands and signalled to move the goth onto the now 40-foot-long Dojo.

Realizing he was surprisingly light, Raimundo offered, "Clay, I can hold Jack once we're in the air."

"Fine, but don't drop 'im this time around." Raimundo gulped, wondering why Clay cared so much for the boy anyway. It didn't matter, he thought. After this is all over and Jack's all healed, he'll just go back to getting his butt kicked on the Heylin side. It's happened before, and that's the way it's always been. They didn't know why Jack was like that, why he seemed not to want the monks' acceptance and friendship, why he'd rather be with people he pretended he could amount to than those could at least begin to appreciate his good-natured, though sad attempts. But he was Jack, and that was just what Jack did. He repeated this until the temple was in range, as if he knew what was to be in the next few days.

2 - Oh Crap! A Cliche!!

EDIT: I had to go back and manually fix all the massacring that FAC did to the document. So, for anybody whose eyes bled reading it, I apologize, and this should be better.

Chapter Two: Rise of a Dummy

Master Fung was definitely not tickled to see Jack Spicer at the Xiaolin Temple again so soon. Even after hearing what had happened to the evil boy genius it took Omi 5 minutes of solid begging.

"I will make sure that Jack never gets near the Shen-Gong-Wu! I will watch him 42-7 if I must!! pllleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeassse???"

Great, thought Raimundo. Watching a comatose radish for a few days straight, totally worth it.

"Alright, Omi. We shall heal Jack here, but unless his wounds are serious he leaves as soon as he is healed. I know what you are trying to do--I'm sure we would all like Spicer on the side of good..."

COUGH COUGH

"...Thank you Raimundo... But it is foolish to believe a huge ocean lies just past a tiny stream of hope."
(A.N.: God that sucked.)

"Master Fung?"

"Yes Raimundo?"

"Your figure of speech is making me need to use the bathroom."

Five days later... *pants zip*

For days and days Jack seemed completely gone. He never moved an inch, nor did he give any other signs of being alive besides having a pulse. According to Omi, the monks were to take shifts watching Jack so when he "went to" he would have no chance of stealing any Wu. On Raimundo's shift the boy turned just a little, the first stirrings of consciousness from him in days. Raimundo didn't notice, engaged as he was in...stuff. When Jack let out a groggy moan, THAT he noticed. Rai watched as, still half-unconscious, Jack raised himself off his bamboo healing mat and gave Rai a blank stare.

"Owchie... my *everything*."

"Yeah, that'll happen when you smash your head open in a canyon gorge."

"When I whatnow?"

Rai rolled his eyes at Jack's lame act. "Yyyep."

"Who are you?..." Jack sounded more like a little kid than ever before, and looked pretty scared of the tan cynical boy in the corner.

"All right then, let's start over. My name's Raimundo, what's yours?" Er, ouch.

For a while this managed to shut Jack up, and Rai assumed he had understood the question was rhetorical. But after a short silence, Jack said, "Er...I...don't know."

WHITESPACEWHITESPACEWHITESPACE

Kimiko missed Jack...she supposed. She wasn't very fond of him, but without him around to get on her nerves things just weren't the same, even at the temple where they didn't see him much anyway.

Knowing Jack wouldn't be around to annoy the Wudai Warriors, going out for Shen-Gong-Wu seemed so boring all of a sudden. And even though she didn't much like the goth, she couldn't even stand the thought of him *dead*.

Dead...nobody could die here. The temple, the magic... it made life seem like a dream. That dream couldn't end, not for anyone...Jack couldn't be gone.

SLAM!!!!!!!!!!!!

"OWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW!"

Yeah, she didn't want him dead, but a few more days in comatose wouldn't have been too bad. Raimundo was dragging Jack by the ear--quite literally--right toward the Shen-Gong-Wu vault. One by one, the two went past the other monks. Clay, after a stunned silence, shook it off and followed the two, namely Raimundo.

"Rai, didn't Omi say..."

"Yes."

"And Jack is still..."

"Yep."

"So why are you..."

"Cuz. He's *not* going to steal any Wu."

Clay looked down for a moment at Jack--no *duh* he wasn't going to steal any Wu. He probably wasn't even going to stand up after the fall and Raimundo freaking him out like that, at least for a day or two. But when Rai got like this, even the fact he was dragon of the Wind didn't make him any less persistent. Clay stood back a little to let them pass, and noticed Jack seemed different. Though still about as whiny as always, he seemed more jumpy at everything--overwhelmed at trying to recognize his surroundings and trying to decide whether this guy was going to just hurt him more. As it seemed more and more likely, Clay hoped he hadn't had his memory damaged...

"Mind Reader Conch!!! This might get messy..."

Raimundo, still clutching Jack's ear to keep him still, held the magic shell to his ear and heard a bit of white noise before hearing Jack's voice in the shell.

Ear still hurts. Owie. Why is this guy so mad at me and why is he holding a shell? And why won't he tell me what my name is? "OW!!!!!!!!!" This came from Jack when the Conch was chucked at his head in frustration.

MOREWHITESPACE!OMG!!IWANTASANDWICH.ORSOMENACHOS.NACHOSWOULDBEGOOD.

"So, um, Jack this is Omi, Kimiko, and Clay, and I'm Raimundo. By the way, your name's Jack." Omi bowed, to the surprise of the others, and elbowed them so they did the same. "Jack, I see you have been hurt."

"That person...Raimundo...he was yanking my ear!"

"I could see that," Omi said, casting a glare at Raimundo.

"All right, so I was a bit rough!"

"Rai, you were draggin' him by the ear he fell on."

"It didn't hurt so much..."

"HUH?" All four of the monks stared at Jack.

"It didn't... maybe I'm just used to it. And was I always so whiney?"

"You DON'T want me to answer that," Rai said, and he smirked, which Jack didn't get at all.

Okay, chapter done! Is it good? WHO CARES! I actually know how this is going to end, and I'm gonna FREAKIN FINISH IT if it takes me 1500 years! Er, so what do most fanfic authors do at this point?

Deadness(whispers): Cookies! Say something about cookies!!

Oh. Um... KWAYAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! *throws death cookies that hit peoples eyes and kill them dead* Finito!!