

Read this if you're bored...

By maisloatt

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this is what you should read when you have nothing better to do. it used to be parodies of reality but that wasnt funny so i changed it....:T :P

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1 - Smart One

Disclaimer: dude if i owned anything do you think these things would be 'made up'? NO.
OC- Mais is a parody of me. warped n smartaliky

clueless.

Clueless,

CLUELESS!

what did they mean by it?

why did they all sigh and shake their heads when he walked by?

What was he missing?

What was the big secret?

Why isnt he allowed to know?

He knew it had something to do with her.

That was all.

Her.

She started it.

It was all her fault.

How was it her fault though?

He couldnt figure out why she did it, until he figured out what she DID!

What was he thinking about again?

"Yoohoo! anybody there?"

He shook his head, loosing all of the (A/N:eversso hard to think of) mind notes he had just taken from memory. Looking up from the table that had become very interesting a moment before he spotted a girl opposite his seat at the table.

her long dirty blonde (A/N: calm down im not screwing up DS destiny im not even tampering OC doi.) hair was tied in a loose ponytail down her back, her greenish brown eyes looked skeptical and somewhat awkward. (spelling peez?) "Erm, Dan? You on earth today? Your zoning out," her eyes narrowed. "again." he blinked and looked out of the corner of his eye, suddenly that tree was very nice looking. "Sorry. Thinking." the girl rolled her eyes. "wow, Dan. Thats the last thing i would have expected." he glared at her.

"what?" glaring "oh come on. Am i wrong?" glaring "i can think ya know. sure not about the most complex things like world peace or anything but..." he had almost slammed himself. "Yeah, Mr.C student solves world peace!" she held her hands in front of her like a journalist imaging a brilliant headline. "heh, that'll be the day i date Trash Baxter." he snickerd. Thats the everso appropriate name she had adapted for the dunderheaded jock. (i had to say it)

"Har har very funny. C doesnt mean universally stupid."

"Sure it does."

"...."

"If not, universally blind"

oh crud.

"Please Mais not today not this again."

"Why not? the way i see it, getting in your face will make you see,"

"dont,"

"Why people think,"

"Dont do it Mais"

"That you are so incredibly,"

"DONT say IT!"

"Calooooless"

She stretched out that last part for fun.

"ARGH!" he moaned thowing his hands up in the air for emphasis then collapsing his head on the table for dramatic influence. (made up phrase just read)A few heads turned towards the table.

"Amp it down Shakespere. Your head turning." Sulk. "again." He looked up folding his arms under his chin. "Mais why do i go through this every day?"

She rolled her eyes and sighed. 'Not this again.' "Listen. Dan, you dont have to be Einstein to figure it

out." he raised an eyebrow. "which is a plus advantage on your part." "O.o" he slammed his head on the table. Turning more heads.

"Dan,"

bang bang

"Ahem, Dan, stop."

bang bang bang

"eh Danny? you can stop now."

bang bang bang bang bang bang bang bang...

"oi vey" mais muttered as she reached across the table, grabbed him by the hair and held his face suspended above the table surface. His eyes looked at her curiously.

"Are you quite finished?"

"Maybe"

pull

"Ow OW! YES yes im done."

she dropped his head on the table, allowing a final thump another "OW" and a "What the h-" (watch your language) from Einstein over there.

"Danny do you want some help?"

"No not really."

" I mean about the howl(sp?) clueless thing."

"Oh YES please! Help help help help,"
She cupped her hand over his mouth.

"Shut it and i will help."she tentitively moved her hand.

"Okay sorry."

"Okay heres how i wil help. ask me vague questions k?"

he thought for a moment. he opened his mouth to speak, "How come-"

"AbuP!"

She jutted a finger in front of his face to keep him from speaking.

"Ask anything BUT why people call you clueless"

He seemed crestfallen.

"fuge, okay," deep thought

"..."

deeper thought

"...o.O?"

deeper deeper thought

"OW brain cramp!"

"Sheesh Dan dont hurt yourself."

"I dont like you."

Mais smiled a smug smile of amusement.

"You know, i swear theres an 'I hate Mais Loatts club somewhere in southern Russia."

"Why Russia?"

"Its the last place you will ever find me."

"Why?"

"mMm. dunno guess i never will get the money to travel that far."

"Oh. and this is comming from the girl who wants to solve the energy crisis?"

"AND WILL. you'll be working for me someday Fenton."

"No i wont Loatts i wanna be an astronaut (sp?) so ha!"

"You own the world when you save its a**" (im watching my language and respecting my own right to cencurship)

"....o.O..."

"You wanna know why your so clueless?"

"yes"

"Okay then, lets see."

She fiddles with her light green sleeve (underneath short sleeved dark green T.) and thought for a moment. Having come to a thought she snapped her fingers as an evil grin spread across her face.

"I got it!"

"What? Whats the plan?!"

"come here." Mais pulled out her black (LG chocolate) cell phone (let me dream) abd dialed the number of a certain goth who was currently at home doing probably nothing at all. Dan leaned in close to hear the conversation. She turned up the volume so he wouldnt have to lean so close. (like i said im not tampering)

riiiiing

riiiiing

riiiiing "oh pick up already!"

"shush! she cant know your on the phone genius!"

riiiiing

riii"Hello?"

"Hey Sam. Its me Mais. Whatcha doin?"

"Nothing much actually i was just finishing a sketch of...wait. M is Danny around?"

Mais looked over at him gave him the *say one word and your screwed* look before answering.

"No. I met him here a while ago, he had to run off to...fight some ghost." (yes i know. get over it.)

"Oh. Okay. You know which one?"

"Erm, i think it was that lamo box-for-a-brain ghost."

they heard a chuckle on the other end of the line.

"Well then im not worried. So what was i saying?"

"Erm something...about....a sk-etch? I think?"

"Oh yeah! Hey i got a couple of 'em wanna swing by and hang out for a while? My folks are outtah town and ma grandma is too....erm.....anti-granny to care."

"Sounds like fun. but first can i ask you something?"

"Sure whatdup?"

"Who do you like again? I forgot."

"..... Mais i told you already! How the h***(im watchin it) could you forget that?!"

"Im new to this place. I have enough to remember. Its not a master bomb code just tell me!"

"You came here five months ago."

"Whats your point?"

"....."

"Sam please just tell me! You know you can trust me not to tell anyone."

"Yeeeeeaaah."

"Pleeeeeeease?"

"*sigh* fine. but you gotta swear!"

"Oh I do. *evil grin*"

"I like well more of....lllove i guess, Danny remember? I have for like ever! And everybody knows it except for captain clueless himself!"

Dans eyes were wide open. Jaw mirroring. He couldnt believe his ears. He slowly backed away from the phone and sat on the bench.

"Oh yeah thats right."

"Yeah. So, you comming over or what?"

"Somebody is."

"Wha-? Nevermind. Seeyah."

"Yeah bye"

She hing up the phone. "So captain clueless. Get the...." he was long gone. " pi-ct-ure." "This i gotta see" this she had to see. so she ran off in the direction of Sams house(mansion i envy) where she expected to find some...unexpected, yet welcome, company.

(Sams house(mansion i envy)

When she arrived outside the...place, she heard a squeal of joy. Then a scream of agrivation, "three....two....one...." "LOATTS!!!" "hehe"

suddenly her phone rang out its tune of 'London Bridge' by 'Fergie'

the caller ID said Manson,Jeremy.

"Helloooo?"

"YOU TOLD HIM?"

"who?"

"YOU KNOW D*** WELL WHO!"

"erm no i dont."

"ARGH! DANNY YOU TOLD DANNY!"

"what did i tell him?"

"MAIS!"

"what?"

"YOU TOLD HIM HOW I FEEL ABOUT HIM!"

"and?"

"RIGHT AFTER YOU PROMISED NOT TO TELL!"

"actually i techneclly did not tell"

"what are you saying?"

"well when i called you it was to juice the secret out of you. Captain C. Clueless there was listening. He never left. You practically told him yourself. THEREFORE... i 'technecally' did NOT tell anyone."

"O.o"

"you kids have fun. im a go tell tucknofreak." (clever name i came up wit. ya like?)

She hung up the phone after hearing "you know sammy she does have a point." "FENTON!"

a moment later Dan went zooming past Mais with an angry Sam at his heels. "NEVER EVER CALL ME

THAT!"

She watched the two run off into the sunset. (sappy funny so wat to expect from me.)

"smooth smart one."

she gave a hearted laugh before heading home to IM tucknofreak about the days events.

THE END

A/N: so what did you think? randomly popped into ma head. later on im giving myslef a bf. Mais is ma nickname and Loatts is made up. my OC BF will bb by his real name. he doesnt know it but he will be ma bf in real life one day.

more commin soon byes fo now.

2 - The New Kid part 1

This chapter should have come first. oh well.

Disclaimer: I only own the OCs

It was the first day of the third week of the second month of the new school year at Casper High. The gang is in 10th grade i guess. Anyhows.

Their were rumours being spread around like jam on toast. (O.o)

It was something that no person could ever keep quiet about. Something so massive and important to keep a secret. Something all feared but awaited it was.....

a new student.

The rumors were that it was a girl. No name had been aquired yet. Rumors were that she was a brainiac but had no glasses, and a decent social status at her old school. Rumors were that she skateboarded, played video games, and was a wiz on the web. Rumors were that she was a blackbelt after only three years of training. Rumors were that she was an artist. A writer. Rumors were that she had a band called the Bleeding Emeralds back where she came from. Rumors were that she was the perfect girlfriend. Rumors were: she was taken.

There were other things that im not gonna say because im too lazy.

School was ten minutes away from starting. She was supposed to come today. No body knew if she would.

five minutes passed and the halls were begining to empty. Not a sign of anyone who was lost. Maybe the rumors were wrong. Maybe there wasnt going to be a new girl at school. Maybe she wouldnt come today.

Maybe she didnt igisist.

Sam was pondering these things to herself as she rumaged through her locker for her english book. "Good thing shes hitched." she mumbled to herself. She did sound like the ultimate girlfriend. But not if she was taken.

"Good thing who is?" a familiar voice behind her made Sam jump.

"WAH! Danny dont do that god you scared me."

"Sorry."

"Its okay, wheres your stuff?"

"erm stuff?"

"For english?"

"Oh."

he ran off towards his locker somehow running by Lancer without being seen. Sam shook her head and smiled. "clueless." she sighed. Finally she found her book, grabbed it and headed for room 523 i guess.

(room 523 english Lancer obviously period 1.)

"Alright now class settle down"

paper airplanes soared voices continued to chatter and a bunch of 15 year olds continued to ignore Lancer.

"Ahem People quiet down!"

not paying attention

"Oi."

he reached into a large droor (sp?) in his desk and pulled out a megaphone.

"QUIET DOWN!"

silence.

"good now turn towards the front of the room and listen for once in your lives."

he put the megaphone back to its original place

"Now as i am sure you all have heard,"

"there is a new student here at casper."

light chattering,

The out of shape teacher turned and walked out the door returning guiding who they all assumed to be the new kid into the classroom.

"Class. This,"

he waved a hand at the teen beside him

"Is Ms. Marie Loatts,"

"Oh please, call me Mais."

"alrihgt then, Ms. Mais Loatts."

the girl gave a decent smile to the class.

She had long dirty blonde hair pulled into a lose pony tail which trailed down her back. Her eyes were a mixture of Hazel green and brown, with a mischeivious look in them. She wore a long black long sleeve shirt underneath a maroonish red short sleeve shirt with japanese characters written in black accross the top. She wore long baggy black camo jeans, that went well past her black army boots. A part of her hair fell neatly over her left eye in a downward triangle. Tucked under her left arm was a skate board with scratched up griptape and a gothic skull deck with black and red wheels. Her short nails were chip painted black and her ears were peirced twice each with a black double hole skull earring for each one. Around her neck was a black chocker with red spikes and a white dragons head pendant hanging from it with emerald green eyes.

She certainly did seem like the perfect girl friend. For any guy. Thats what worried Sam. But what consulted her was that she hopefully had a boyfriend.

One or two girls could be heard making humphing noises as they noticed the fact that almost every boy in the room was staring at her.

"Now Ms.Loatts, mrs. harndel *madeup) will take you to your locker and then return you here. Oh and before you go. Skate boards are not permitted on the school premises." the girl looked near to a massive

eye rolling but she seemed like an actress too. "Oh of course. Im sorry. I will definately be sharp on that now." "Very good, for now it goes in your locker."

With that a short old woman lead the girl out of the room. Lancer went sifting through his papers before realizing the crud he was supposed to give them was missing, "I will retern shortly class. If Ms.Loatts comes back before i do please give her a seat without any trouble." With that he left the class room.

"Suck up much?" Sam griped.

TO BE CONTINUED

in part two we all get better introductions.

3 - Authors Note

A/N: Hey peoples. my secoond chapter isnt finished because i dont have all that much spare time to write random stories. But i do have time scattered out through the day to do so. Therefore insanity will find a way. So dont worry.

when you comment. could you be a nice person for once in your life and say what chapter your sommenting on? I might be too stupid to know which one. Now since i only have 2 chapters (which will change soon enough) its okay. but when im gettting into 40 50 1million, i think that would be very useful. by the way i stole the idea of the format of the story from someone. BUT i didNOT and willNOT EVER steal the actual stories.

i will however use them as a strong foundation to my new and upcomming work.

your insane author,'

Me.

OC- Mais Loatts

4 - The New Kid part 2

where we left off.....
new kid
lancer leaves
old short lady
appearance and intros
and erm, flying monkeys with blue horns in their eyes!!
hehe as if. dont you people pay attention?

It had been a few minutes since lancer left when the new kid or Mais Loatts i guess or erm me came into the classroom being escorted by that old lady again. "Now dear, just find a seat, make some friends pay attention and you should be fine." Mais smiled. "Thanks." "Anytime dear. if you need any help you know where to find me."

with that she left and Mais was on her own.

There were a few seats open. she decided to take the one that would be hardest to claim, being placed in between a goth and a jock.

she gave a quick glance out the door. noone.
good. she was gonna get that seat the fun way,

she leisurly waltzed on over to the seat and was just about to sit when,,

"HEY!"

she paused in mid sit.

"What?"

"What do you think your doing?"

"erm, sitting?"

"Not there your not."

She smirked at walked over so that she was standing in front of him.

"Hehe, wanna bet?"

He stood up full hight in front of her. and oddly enough, the girl was only an inch shorter than he was. nearly lookin him n the eye. a soft ooooooo came from the class.

"Listen newbie (gay) i dont think you knwo who your messin with!"

she smirked all the more.

"Your right." she held up her hands in defeat.

"Why dont we change that?" she held out her hand for him to shake.

he stared at her in a weird way before accepting the offer.

she shook it up and down a few times before squeezing. really really hard.

her eyes narrowed as if to say 'man yyou in troooouble'

then out of nowhere there came a loud sickening,

CRACK!

the football player snapped his arm back and began clutching his hand.

"YOUUUUCH!"

he stumbled backwards and flipped over teh chair into the wall. and was soon slumped up again writhing in pain.

whispers broke out in the classroom . Mais took her seat next to the goth and whispered to her, " So, wheres Baren Bon Baldhead anyways?" if you havent figured it out already, the goth is Sam. Sam was just about to reply when,

Speaking of Baldy Locks (or lack there of) her he comes....
to be continued....

5 - The New Kid part 3

look, i know this is lasting way too long bu bare with me here!

Baldy Locks has just entered. (read previous chaps to understand.)

The entire classroom grew quiet as their bald teacher walked in carrying a stack of papers.
oh joy, a hole stack.

Mais leaned back in her seat looking at ease as attention was drawn to the jock in pain.

"Holy Roman Empire! What in Paris Hil(ton) (hehe i had to. im sorry i had to) happened here!?"
He was staring down at Dash.

Then, upon noticing the smug look on her face, Lancer turned to Ms.Mais and asked, " Miss Loatts, you wouldn't happen to know anything about Mr.Baxter's current condition would you?"

Mais looked in shock, "What? No, he was like that when I got here!"

everyone knew she was lying. except Lancer.

"Ah, so how did this happen then?" He turned to the rest of the class, who simply shook their heads.

"Maybe it was like, self inflicted or something?" Tucker yelled from the far back corner.

Lancer looked at him incredulously (big word)

"Erm, does it really surprise you THAT much?" Danny asked from up front.

"Well no. But,"

"OW!"

"Oh go to the nurse. By the way how did you do that Mr. Baxter?" he said as Dash was headed out the door.

"HER! It was that weirdo NEW girl!" he poointed with his good hand.

"Mr.Baxter, i dont think the star quarterback would want to find himsef benched for the entire season because hewas lying. And about a NEW student as well."

Dash gulped adn continued to the nurse.

As the class continued, two girls in the back were whispering to one another.

"Da** whatch ur back homegirl did some damage!"

"I know! do you really think she has a black belt after only 3 years when most masters take at LEAST 5?"

"I dont know girl but i am definitely stayin o her good side."

Mais heard this and smiled an evil smile. This was gonna be fun.

YEAYAH

finally i am done.

6 - KCORN!

disclaimer: all i own is, my, erm. can we skip this today? please!

"CORN!"

"KORN!"

"CORN!"

"KORN!"

"Look you and i BOTH KNOW that CORN is WaY better than KORN!"

"NUHUH! KORN rocks OUT LOUD! Corn is tasty but please, KORN IS DELICIOUS!"

"NO CORN IS! WITH A CAPITAL 'C!'"

"NO KORN IS! WITH A CAPITAL 'K!'"

"CORN"

"KORN"

"CORN"

"KORN"

"CORN"

"KORN"

"CORN"

"KORN"

"CORN"

"KORN"

"CORN"

"KORN!"

"corn."

"no korn."

"corn infinity!"

"korn times 1239328409359835436535647354823562146354365 what you just said!"

"....."

"(:|"

"....erm...."

"...."

"PEANUTS!"

"O.o?"

"i dont know."

"what were we fighting about again?"

"i have no idea"

i like to eat corn and listen to korn. \

the fight can be between who ever you want it to be.

DXS

TXV

MXM

DXM

SXM

or heck even Lancer and Trash Baxter for all i care!

please review. come oooooon you know you want to!

7 - Zap

this game was used against me. so i write about it.

disclaimer: i only own the OCs. not the characters or the evil game of Zap.

it was a Friday at about 11:30am. the gang (now including OC Mais) was eating lunch in the cafeteria. Actually, Mais wasn't there yet. She was still getting her lunch but, anywhos the other three were there. And they were eating peacefully minding their own buisness. When up came Trash Baxter. Ready to pumle poor Dan into the ground. For no reason. As you know.

well Trash was just about to sock him in the face when Mais showed up.

She placed down her tray and walked up behind Trash and tapped him on the shoulder. (mind you she is nearly as tall as he is and is not afraid of him.)

"Ahem, hi Trash. Whatcha doin?"

Trash flinched at her voice and turned his head around.

"Nothing." he was grinding his teeth.

"Doesnt look like nothing."

more grinding of the teeth.

"Put him down Baxter." Mais sounded like a demanding mother.

"OKAY THATS IT!" out of anger he dropped the poor boy into a table causing him to hit his head. Sam rushed to see if he was okay after glaring at Trash.

"STOP BOSSING ME AROUND IM NOT A LITTLE KID YOUR NOT THE BOSS OF ME AND I DONT KNOW WHY I EVEN LISTEN TO YOU ANYWAY!" and with that he stormed out of the room soon followed by teachers.

Dan was embarassed that a girl just saved his butt.

an hour later class was back in and it was a work period. Sam ad Mais were in math together and were discussing a new game Mais had learned from a 9th grader she svaed from a locker that morning.

It was called Zap/

"So explain to me why i cant look at your hand?"

"Well you can, but i cant but if you look and tell me that would be bad."

"Why?"

"See this time written on the top of my hand?"

"yeah?"

"If i find out whos name is on my hand before then, i have to ask that person out."

"Oh."

"I only have to wait ten miutes but,"

"So if you do find out, you dont ask them out, but if you wait you dot?"

"Right"

"okay."

"You wanna play?"

"Wha-? Um sure okay."

"Give me yur hand."

she did so.

"Okay, you cant look until 2:37 today." Mais said as she wrote the numbers on the top of her hand.

"Ad the name will be.....AHA! perfect!" she began to write in slinky blue letters in the palm of Sams hand.

"Look before 2:37 and you WILL regret it."

2hours and 35 minutes later.....

'come on Sam you have kept it up this log. '

'just two more minutes.'

'but what if its, ya kno, Danny?'

'So? you can ask him out any other time'

'true'

'one more minute you can do it.'

'errrr NO I CANT!!!!!!'

SHE FLIPPED OVER HER HAND AND READ THE WORDS WRITTEN THERE.

and immediately regretted it.

the words on her hand simply read...

Tucker Foley

8 - Ken and Barbie

dont worry its not nearly as bad as it sounds...

the moon was full, shining over a delicate landscape coded in blue hues. The trees swayed gently to the coming and going breeze. The leaves making a soft rattling noise emitting from their branches.

The stars were plentiful tonight. Scattered across the evening sky.

There were no clouds to obscure the beautiful scenery.

Two figures could be made out sitting on the edge of a small lake. The ripples in the dark water contorted their reflections until they were no more.

One of the figures was a girl. A young woman you would say. Her bleech blonde hair fell loosely around her shoulders, framing her thin face. Her pale pink lips were curled into a smile witch coordinated dashingly with her vibrant blue eyes. Her nose crinckled up in laughter. The pink (yuchth) dress she wore fell over her shoulders, running down to her knees, where beyond the bare legs were a pair of bright pink (double yuchth) stap shoes. Her legs were folded under her. Using an arm for a prop as the other traced the figures in the sky. "So beautiful" she said. her voice was rasp from not talking for what seemed to be hours. "Yes it is." Another voice came from a young man set beside her. His short brown hair gelled back for the occasion. Keeping the naturally uncontained tressles out of his yellowish-brown (i dont play with gay dolls i dont know what color his eyes are.) eyes. A smile had coiled its way to his lips as he viewed the woman beside him. (not like that king of the pervs! not yet. heheheh ahem... anyway) He was clad in a black tux (how original) with a light blue tie (clash) and black shiny shoes. (shiny+ken+shoes+black=gayboi)

A red corsage (dictionary?) was wrapped in the upper left (his left) corner of his collar(thingy).

The two sat in comforting silence for a while, until the man pulled the woman to her feet. He then stood in front of her holding both of her hands and gazing deeply into her eyes. (...) Before she knew it, he was down on one knee (corn anyone?) bearing a pink (yuckyeewww) diamond ring out for her to accept.

"Ahem, Barbie (...) Jessica Jackson, (i dont know!!!) will you marry me?"

Tears formed in her cali girl eyes. as she screamed "YEs!" he placed the ring on her finger and as they were about to kiss...

~!!!BOOM!!!~

she covered her mouth to pervent the scream from splitting the somewhat calm. Fot the scene that had ust taken place would scar her and others for the rest of their lives. something so devistating and unbelivable. something not to laugh about in the least...

Kens head exploded.

Barbie fell to her knees and began to baul her cali girl eyes out. when all time comes we put to rest out

fears and pain. And so we hope our heavens to take us when we need most the consultation of comfort and reality. For we need the most sensible source of action and logic.

Barbies head blew up too and no one even cared that the both of them were dead. Hardly anyone even noticed as a scrawny nintey year old man in yellow speedos ran across town with an issue of the latest Weekly World News rolled up in his hand, being used to ward off the evil blood sucking bunny rabbits that had been chasing him for four days through the underbrush of Los Angeles.

THE END

a/N: hahahahahahahahaha that was a rather interesting peice dontcha think? review!!!!

9 - What True Love is supposed to be like, sorta....

True Love.

It had to be.

For clearly no purer passion between a two had ever existed! This had to be real. How could it be anything else? She could feel it the first time they made contact. All that time ago. It had only been minutes but it felt like an iternity. This was clear and pure. This meant love. How could it mean otherwise?

It is real, a girl at a kitchen table thought as she pulled her head forward. Placing her lips on that of her one. True. Love.

A grilled cheese sandwich.

mmmmmmm....

A/N: dont even *try* to tell me none of you have ever fallen into a temporary obsession with a sandwich! Because i know you have.

11 - What true love is supposed to be like...ornot

Sure he wore yellow skin tight speedos

Sure he read the weekly world news.

Sure an evil secret agent bunny rabbit was out to kill him.

Sure he had a gut bigger than a potroast.

Sure he had an a** floppier than layered badder.

Sure he was ugly.

Sure he was a seven time divorcee.

Sure his first name was gay.

And sure he himself was gay.

But there is more to loving an old confused perverted man with a bounty of 4992 carrets on his head than one would think...

just ask Christina Agulara.

12 - What true love is supposed to be like. really.

cheese

13 - dont let sis answer doors to op. sex

there was a knocking at the door as a girl was reading in her bedroom. She was babysitting her younger sister for her parents today.

She sighed and placed the book Witch Child on her nightstand getting up and sauntering to the front door. She heard her sister answer it first. Figureing it was one of her little friends she decided to head back to reading.

She was almost to her room when she heard the words, "Is Lauren home?" she turned around to answer knowing her sister wouldnt do anything.

She came into the small parlor to hear this just around the corner,

"Who er you?"

"I'm Ma-"

"Where ya from?"

"A few hous-"

"Whatcha doin here?"

"I was gona-"

"Why do ya wanna talk to my sister?"

"I was hop-"

"Are you her boyfriend?"

"No!"

" Are ya gonna ask her out?"

"Wha-? No!"

"How do you know her?"

"We go to scho-"

"Do you like her?"

"Wha-?"

"Do you have a crush on her?!"

"NO!"

"Are you her boyfriend?"

"What? You asked that already!!!"

"I did?"

"Yes!"

"Oh. Well, who are you?"

"Ma-"

"Im Cassandra or just Cassy cuz i don like Cassandra and thats what my mommy calls me when i do sumthin bad!" (shes like six okay?)

"Thats nice but-"

"What are ya doin here?"

"..."

"Well? OOOh! are you here for my sister?!"

"Yes."

"Are you her boyfriend?"

"NO! DO YOU SUFFER FROM SHORT TERM MEMORY LOSS?!"

"Maybe. Anyways do you liiiike her?!"

"NO!"

"Are you gonna ask her out?"

"NO YOU LITTLE-"

"Then why are you here?"

"...."

"Did you know my sister still sleeps with-" just then Marie ran into the room and cupped her hand over the girls mouth, silencing her, and filled in the rest of the sentence with, " the skeletons of decapitated children under my bed!"

Cassandra looked up at her in shock, "You do?"

"No. But i will..." she glared at the small girl.

Catching a hint Cassy's eyes widened as she ran out of the room screaming, "SANCTUARY! SANCTUARY!" Marie smiled.

She turned to the agrivated boy in the doorway. He was rubbing his temples in hopes to relieve a headache.

"So. What can i do for ya?"

"Well i was wondering if sometime you migh-"

"HA YOU ARE GONNA ASK HER OUT YOU LIAR!"

"CASSY!!!!"

lets just say no one ever heard from that girl again...

HAHAHA YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE! IM JUST KIDDING! SHE DIDNT DIE!

please review!

14 - Grades Over Boys...or not,

This sucked.

Not only did Lauren have to go to school, she had to stay after!!! But no. It wasn't because of detention. Her school hosted this after school study hall thing where you stay after to finish your work.

There was this project she and a partner had to do. It was due tomorrow. Great. Right now her partner, Emma, was looking something up on a computer. They were doing this country mapping project. Each group was given a country and had to make a map of that country to present next week. It was a thursday. The school didn't have after school junk on fridays. Thank goodness!

Lauren was sitting at a table in the library (where they all are for the study hall) coloring the map a light shade of brown. She was about one third of the way finished with thirty more minutes to work. Perfect.

Lauren had been going rather slowly since she had forever. You see, here ten minutes was like the equivalent (didn't know I knew that word!)(go me!) of forty-nine years or something. So thirty was...erm really long!

Anyways, she was perfectly intent on getting this finished and not having to work more later that night on it. Lauren, or Laura, as entitled by like everyone, looked up to see what Emma was doing. She was still seated at a computer. Slowly typing the keys to form the most ridiculous spellings Laura had ever seen. No offense to anyone related in any way to Egypt, but dude, some of those words are kinda hard to spell.

Sighing Laura looked back down at her work. Study hall had just began, so, people were still arriving. Greeting one another. Some teachers were here, so they greeted kids as they came in the door saying things like, "Oh im glad you decided to come!" or "good, you made it!" or "nehave" or even "I do hope you anticipate to finish your homework." which made them sound retarded. I mean, why else are they here you morons?! Seriously. And what sucks is they all have tenure.

Laura was half paying attention to her work, half listening to the light buzz of conversation around her. She heard names and greetings and commands and recommendations and disagreements and other things. She surprisingly heard any gossip. That was just plain weird.

Laura was about to put full focus on her work when she heard it,

his name.

not just his name.

but *his* name.

if you're even bothering to wonder said 'his' is Laura's like ultimate crush. Not only that but he's like deer to

her. She follows him everywhere. Stalks .him. And he dont know it.

he must have been here to do his project. He was in her class different period. You wouldnt understand. No one would. I dont. Anyways, someother un-important guy walked up to him, (partner) he was holding a poster with a drawing resembling a european country. They were doing their project on Germany. The two of them began talking as *he* went to put his things down at a table two over from Laura's. Laura gulped. 'This is gonna be really hard.'

She had a strait shot at him from where she sat. Meaning she had the perfect view to stare at him through. Darn. How could she focus on the gay drawing (by Emma) she was coloring when the best creation was but fifteen feet away and within worshipping view?!

She couldnt.

Darnit.

He felt eyes on him as he turned his head in her direction. Laura snapped her head down so hard it cracked her neck. She began to scribble the pencil across the poster vigerously. Hoping her spazzy motions would not break it.

She felt eyes on her.

She felt *his* eyes on her.

She sort of liked it. But NO. She had to focuse. She eased her movements, being so rough they equalled up to key scratching. She felt the rising feeling in her stomach go down. Laura slowly shifted her gaze up an inche or two. And what she saw made her heart flutter with hope and joy.

His eyes snapped to his partner.

He had been staring right at her.

~~~~~

TO BE CONTINUED!

## 15 - Grades over Boys...or not, CONT.

Where we left off:

*He had been staring right at her.*

-----

Lauren couldn't resist the smile twitching at her lips. She looked back down at her work in the hopes to catch him in the act. The warm feeling growing in her stomach branched to her cheeks and she was about to go off boogazing (again) when the irritably high squeaky voice of Emma rang through her ears. "Laura I found where The Valley of the Kings is, you ready to add it to the map?" Laura shook her head clearing away her thoughts as she turned to her right to find Emma standing there holding a page with a map of Lower Egypt inked onto it.

"Oh, Emma, you didn't have to print it out. I could have just come over there." Laura felt a little guilty.

"Non-sense, what's the point in making us both run back and forth when this would just be easier. Besides, the Great Pyramid of Giza is on here too as well as the Nubian Desert." Emma sounded unagitated, calming Laura down inside, "Okay. Thanks Emma. You really didn't have to though." "I know, but hey, how are we gonna get an A if we don't put the effort into our work?" She placed the page on the table next to Laura and began walking back to the computer, "Oh and by the way, good job on the coloring! How'd ya do it that close?" Laura looked like a deer caught in headlights for a moment.

Yeah like she was gonna say. "Oh I spazzed out over that cute guy over there seeing me and wasn't even trying." Dur that would be a BAD idea. So she replied, "Oh um, lots...of, e-xper-ience?" Laura brought her shoulders up in a mid shrug. "Cool." Emma stated before returning to the computer to get some more research.

"Whew." Laura wiped away fake sweat on her forehead. She was facing to the right whereas her crush (how about we call him Boi? Its easier.) or Boi (as stated) was sitting at a table off to her left.

Laura felt those eyes on her again. She was almost afraid to turn around for fear those eyes would dart away once more. So she rather swiftly swooped down bending her shoulders over the table and continued her work with her nose inches from the poster's glossy surface. (y'all know what I mean?)

Much to her mirth the feeling of being watched didn't relieve itself of her. He was looking again. But before her ego got too big, she turned around to make sure no one (no girls and no way in heck any guys gutterbrains!!!) behind her. Nothing but a blank wall. She quickly turned back to her work knowing she must have looked really stupid suddenly looking at a wall as if expecting the boogie man. (for your humor.)

She had to look up at him. Maybe even get caught herself. NO! She screamed in her head. She had to work. Like Emma said 'How are we gonna get an A if we don't put effort into our work?' She shook her head and continued working. Still feeling the eyes on her.

Her pencil darted over the poster as her neck began to rise. Only to be snapped back down.

'Grades over boys, grades over boys,grades over boys!" she chanted in her head. Hoping to lessen the urge to look up.

it grew stronger,

'Grades over boys grades over boys grades over boys grades over boys grades over boys grades over boys,' she kept repeating it over and over. But to her dismay it only made the temptation greater, Crud.

Urge

Grades over boys

Urge

Grades over boys!

Urge

Grades over frikken cute boys!!!!

URGE!

NO MATTER HOW FRIKKEN CUTE HE IS! GRADES OVER BOYS LAUREN!!!

She couldnt take it anymore. She was nearly crushing the pencil as she argued with herself.

She had to.

She just had to.

She looked up.

She met Boi's eyes.

And to her surprise his eyes didnt move.

Neither did hers

As far as she knew her face held the expression of plainness, curiosity, flirty innocence, and intellectual maturity. Oh and she prayed it wasnt cruel or smig in any way at all. She didnt want to send the wrong messege.

It only lasted a few moments before they both looked away,

A cheshire smile creeped over her lips as she saw a cherry hue rise on Boi's cheeks as his partner

scolded him for zoning out. And apparently saying he noticed why. Laura blushed a little as well. Then the voice of Mr. Jenninsonhn (i didnt want it to accidentally be a real name. just skip over that whole word.) caled out through the media center, "Alright people times out! Now out with the lot of ya! Bus passes are up here! Carpool is out in front of the office! Now out! And not too loud! Its a library for Gallileo's sake!"

'Yeah since your yelling at the top of your lungs dude...' Laura thought as she and Emma packed up to leave. "Laura, sorry we didnt get done. Do you want to get together to finish it?"

Laura shook her head, "Nah, you done enough Emma, thanks. I can finish it."

"Oh, are you sure? I dont want to make you feel like, your carrying the whole thing,"

"Its okay Emma, i only need to color and paste a few things. Its no problem."

"If you say so, thanks. Seeyah tomorrow?"

"Yup bye"

"bye"

with that Emma took her purple shouldher bag and shimmering purse and made her way to the front desk for a bus pass. Laura always carpooled home from after-school things. It was fatser and easier. Laura was folding up the poster, (which will magically unfold when they turn it in, O\_ohhehe) and placing it in her camo sling back bag when she felt those darned gorgeous eyes on her again.

She looked up and searched for the source. When she found it, Boi was standing at the desk, waiting for a pass when their eyes met once more. Laura always wanted to know what kind of boy Boi was (confused? me too) so she messed with him a little. Strapping the last of her pack she swung it over her left arm and winked at him with a somewhat seductive smile, before headed out the doors to the carpool and dissappearing behind the walls.

She could not resist. She had to see what happened. As soon as she was sure it was clear she peeked around the corner to find Boi.

Still standing at the counter.

With an old librarian angrily forcing a pass into his hand

Staring off into space,

Not moving,

With a boyish goofy grin on his face.

He stayed that way before his pal (partner) elbowed him in the ribs rather hard, causing him to spaztically shake his head and move away from the desk, pass in hand.

Laura gave a faint laugh, covering her mouth as she stood up strait right at the corner of the door.

She heard the door open and ceased her laughter, walking away to the outside doors with a content and satisfied smile on her face.

Life just got ten times better,

Maybe, if he's really cute, grades DONT come over boys.

and if that wasnt the case wth who cares it was Laura's philosophy (dude...) and it wasnt changing. So there.

THE END.

BASED PARTIALLY OFF OF REAL LIFE EXPERIANCE ACCEPT FOR THE EYE MEETING THE WINKING AND THE ERM UM YEAH THE UM BOYISH GOOFY STUFF SO LIKE YEAH THERE. GO AWAY NOW.

im kidding come back soon for more!!!! PLEASE review! i feel badly when over 100 people read and DONT comment.

## 16 - Don't Even Ask.

There he was,

in all his glory.

Standing there,

in the middle of the lobby by the front doors.

By the buses.

At 7:58AM

When all 1163 students were arriving.

Where all 263 staff members including teachers.

And the Principal.

And the nurse.

And the school counsilers. (sp?)

And there he was.

Right there.

Wearing big red shiny clown shoes with humungus brown thick laces and white souls.

Wearing an oversized hoop skirt in a rather dingy repulsive shade of murky green with whitish gray flower petals patterning all over it,

A hot pink blouse with birght yellow buttons and a folded collar and frilly yellow cuffs, with a white undershirt showing slightly beneath the yellow fringe.

A huge chinese style only bigger violet bow was tied around his waist meeting in a huge bow in the back.

A large poofy rainbow afro adorned his poor humiliated head. And clown paint hid his naturally wonderful face from the clearly now utterly disturbed world.

An indifferent look on his face as he stared blankly into space. Trying very hard to avoid the digital cameras and phone cameras flashing off all around him.



Trying to ignore the laughter and the remarks.

Trying not to be noticed without moving.

Wasnt working.

ANd then his "favorite" part of the nightmare rolled around as his girlfriend and two of her friends came sauntering into the lobby tlaking about some Skii trip last weekend. When the three of them came to a halt three feet past him. As his girlfriend took two steps back to look him over. She sqinted her eyes at his face before they widened and her hand covered her mouth. A look of mirth and shock danced in her hazel eyes.

She collected herself and gave him another look before opening her mouth to speak.

"Dont even ask." was all he said. A tone of reluctance in his voice.

She closed her mouth again before shaking her head and smiling placeing her hands on her hips and posing in an expectant position.

Her friends began off without her. She was about to follow when she turned back to clown thing and said,

"Don't expect me to kiss you like that."

## 17 - TAG is a wonderful thing.

He was walking along the street. Minding his own business when he spotted a TV in the drugstore window.

Being the typical guy, he walked over to see what was on.

It was a commercial.

For Tag. You know that body spray that claims to make girls go gaga seduced over the very sent?

Yeah. THAT Axe.

Oh joy.

he watched. And being a guy he believed what he saw.

Well he was single. And desperate.

So what the heck?

He went in bought a can went home put it on and headed to the mall. (big. mistake.)

as he walked in a peaceful little blue jay flew by the doors.

5 minutes later...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

He zipped out the mall, screaming, his hands held in front of him, clearing his way as he ran.

A mob of *at least* 3,237 woman, girls, and more...O.o??? dont ask. Right behind him screaming, "GET HIM!"

He ran half the length of the city with the mob at his heels.

Finally six miles and two blocks from the mall, (wow) he got a break. The mob had slowed as numbers of females were hopping on one foot, attempting to remove improper running shoes I.E. heels and flip flops. Thank heavens for him.

He came up onto a seemingly abandoned alley. Not thinking he was running right by it when something grabbed at his shirt collar and pulled him into the alleyway. 'Aww man! Now what?' he thought as he was shoved into the cold brick wall. (ouch!) "Ow! What the-?" he was cut off by a familiar voice saying, "You'll thank me for this later." As he was pondering this he felt something soft ram into his lips.

The feeling was forced but enjoyable.

It took a moment for him to register, but then he realized that it was her lips up against his own.

She was kissing him.

WAIT what!?! O.o????

SHE was kissing HIM?!!! What the hell???

He was engulfed in the answer when the mob caught up to the ally. Turning their heads. Looking for him.

When they found him, and the scene, they let out a loud, "awwwwww" of distain and sulked back to the mall.

She held the kiss a little longer to make sure it was clear before pulling back, her hands resting on his shoulders. She held back a laugh at the look on his face.

His eyes were wide, with a glazed boyish look in them.

His mouth slightly agape from shock. (a bit at least)

She saw it in his eyes.

He wanted her to do that again.

So she did, more gently and in purposes of actually enjoying it. And when she pulled back a second time the look had doubled and she couldn't resist the light laugh that came from her throat.

(she had only seen him being mobbed she didnt know why.)

She caught a wiff of the air and made a face at him. Cocking her head to one side.

"Tag-?"

"Is the most wonderful thing in the world."

She gave another laugh and leaned in to kiss him a third time.

To which, he responded.

~\_~\_~\_~\_~\_~\_~\_~\_~\_~

I had to.

**18 - o.O**

im too lazy to think of anything ri now. So yeah.

>>>>>>:P

## 19 - Forbidden (vague)

"Please."

"No. We cant. You know we cant."

"I know.But please?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because,"

"Because?"

"Because it is forbidden Maison! You and i both know that this, this can never be! It just...cant."

"And what does it matter that it is forbidden Lauren? Since when has that word ever stopped us?"

"It is law. It is the rules."

"When we were young, you could have cared less about the laws, the rules."

"But we are commanded not to!"

"And since when has that ever stopped us from anything before!?"

"..."

"Exactly."

"But..."

"But what? Lauren? But what?"

"BUT I DONT WANT TO SEE YOU GET HURT! OR...OR KILLED!i never could!"

"And i dont want to see you get married to some man you dont know! and i never will."

"...b,but, Maison, I-"

"But nothing Lauren! Dont you understand? When we are like this nothing can hold us down. No rules,

or laws, or commands! Dont you see that?"

"..."

"Whats happened to you? Your not the same as when i left."

"I never knew you would return! I never thought it would matter that i changed who i was!"

"Not matter?! Lauran, how in hell could it not matter? That was who you were! That is who you still are! You deny it!"

"S..sso what if i do?"

"Why?"

"What?"

"Why deny it?"

"It hurt. I was only like that because i knew you. Acting as such a living memory only brought the pain of daggars in my side. I had to change."

"So what? Have you changed to such an extent that you shall marry off that man your father sent for?"

"..."

"Ah. I see."

"NO! please! Maison thats not what i meant!"

"No. no. i think it was. If you dont want to accept who you are and come with me, then i have no place to tell you otherwise. However i must conqur,(sp?) no less will i love you no more do you care that i do. And, all i ever asked for was your happiness. I swore to myself, and to you, that i would always allow a smile on your beautiful face, even if im not one to have caused it. I used to be. But clearly nothing ever lasts, and i suppose that as wind blows regardless of what falls beneath it, i must do what i must, regardless weather or not you accept it. Im sorry. But this is what you want. This is what you get, and i hope you enjoy it."

"oh, Maison please-"

"I love you Lauren, no matter what you do or who you marry or what happens. I always will. Even if you take strange weath over familiar comfort."

"No! Please!"

"It is what you have wished, princess. It is, as you want. And is as things shall become. And they shall remain so, for as long as you find fitting. And if only for a moment that might last, the eternity it instills in

me will be to far to turn back, and for that i apologize."

"NO!"

"Good Bye and Good luck Princess."

"PLEASE!"

"I'll miss you."

~+~+~+~+~+~+~

i am so going furhter with this one. look i will eventually make a better version and continue that one K?  
but for now, enjoy. (olden Xs if you were wonderin)

the a at the end of lauren sounded gay so i got rid of it.

## 20 - Grow Up (together)

based off of the song by Simple Plan.  
-----

She never listened.

He never listened.

She didnt respect any authority.

he did not respect any aurhtority.

She was always in trouble.

He always got in trouble.

She blasted her music to loud at home

His music was always way too loud.

She was on the phone for hours at a time each day!

He spent forever on the phone!

She was always up late

He was always up so late

And she snuck out all the time for concerts and parties,

he snuck out twice a week for concerts and parties

and Lord knows what else!

we tell her to grow up

we tell him to just grow up

but does she listen?

but will he listen?

No.



She says "I just wana have fun do give up."

All he says is "I just wana have fun so give up."

They were bad enough on their own.

But when they met...

They were skipping school,

sneaking out.

never comming home on time,

when the school dance came around they crashed it by ruining everything,

they always went to the skatepark

and the mall.

they were on the phone for hours together,

they blasted one of their stereos loud as it will go and sing to it together,

and they ignore all authority together.

we doubt they know what insubordination means.

well maybe someday they will grow up. together of course.

-----

i dont know. just popped into my head as i listened to the song. huh.

**INSUBORDINATION:** to disrespect or disregard all authority.

## 21 - Whats Really Scary

The moon was full. It hung in the gray sky, its reflection waving menacingly in the murky lake water beneath it. The wind blew gently, shifting the cattails and the dying tall grass.

There she stood. Her blonde hair blowing over her shoulder as her back was turned to the wind. Her layered eyes of green and amber searched uneasily over the land of depression. It had once lived. It had once been beautiful. Until the Grimm came. The Grimm was a sign of death. It had swept over the land years ago, killing everything and leaving only darkness.

She shivered as she rubbed her bare arms. Clad in a black tank-top, and knee shorts to match, she was freezing. Her feet were bare. The rainwater passing over her ankles, tickling them and leaving cold droplets between her toes.

Her lips were turned blue, and her skin tinged gray from the cold. Death was overcomming her. She could feel it. Seeping through her skin, trickling between her veins and stainin her blood black and green. Chizling her bones to where she felt weak and unstable.

Her hair was slowly streaking silver. The areas of normally age but now abnormal growing.

Her eyes were fading to white. The normally gorgeous coloration becoming a ghost lost in the spider webs around her pupils.

Her hands felt chalky. Her legs shaking. Her knees knocking.

She could feel her teeth losen in their gums, her tounge lose taste as salty blood rushed over it.

She became numb.

She was dying.

She knew it.

The Grimm had returned for her.

When she thought it would end she felt something sweep past her legs. Coiling itself around her. It was cold and clammy. a navy and green mist. Sending livening shills down her cracking spine. It was tightening around her. It was crushing her. Freezing her.

The pressure buckled her knees and she fell to the hard ground below her.

Suddenly as she opened her eyes, holding fear, the ground was gone. Now beneath her were swirls of black and bloody crimson. Becoming a vortex a mile below. She felt nothing holding her up aside from the Grimm.

Hell lie beyond that vortex.

The Grimn was going to drop her.

She felt it slither away from her.

A cold rush of air blew her hair abover her head, rippling her clothes and sparking a freeze of fear inside her.

As she began to fall.

The vortex around her began to swirl and shift faster and faster as she seemed to fall slower and slower, her stomach lurching sickly.

Scenes formed in the blood and black. Scenes of the life she was leaving. Tears formed in her eyes and streaked down her face. Leaving a red trail on her pale blue skin. She felt nothing though.

Then she saw a sight of herself. She nearly screamed. Her courpes was more frightening than she had thought.

Her long blonde hair- scraggaly and black

Her fair peach skin- pale and blue and gray

Her soft pink lips- cracked and dark blue

Her teeth- grayed and lose

Her green and amber eyes- gray and lifeless her soul was no longer there

Her bones showed along her collar bone, her arms and legs. Decrepit.

She wanted more than anything to look away. Her neck would not move. Her eyes were entranced.

She wanted to scream. Her voice failed her.

She was helpless. She was dead within life.

She was alive within death.

She plunged into a sudden swirl of darkness. She could see nothing. A light formed ahead of her. And a familiar voice rang in her ears. Calling her name.

She felt something shaking her vigerously, though she saw nothing. The rivets of a scream formed in her throat. She was screaming though she heard nothing. Every thing was silent for a split second as she juttet upright, suddenly the sounds of a panicked voice, her own screams, and the feeling of sweat drops down her body and strained hainds on her shoulders surrounded her.

Her eyes shot open.

She was in bed.

It was 2:43 in the morning.

Cold sweat soaked her body.

Her throat was scratched from shrieking.

And the hands on her shoulders led to her husband. His face was more scared than she had ever seen it. A look of relief passed over his eyes as he pulled her into a loving embrace. She wrapped her arms around him returning it. He was whispering in her ear, "dont ever scare me like that again!" She began crying into his shoulder. He shushed her gently, telling her it was a dream. She was awake, she was alright.

She was alive.

[OCTOBER 31ST 2018 3:00AM]

~++~++~++~++~

## 22 - 13 minutes in Hell

yes. yes it is a parody of 7 minutes in Heaven. I think its a good idea. you will see.

~++~++~++~++~

[OCTOBER 31ST 2008 8:30PM]

Lauren Berlin and her family were throwing a party at her house. The large backyard was decorated in oranges and blacks and spirits and other frightening things. Loud music was playing and many people, friends some family and their friends were dancing talking eating and enjoying themselves.

In the front Laura and her friends, Kena, Theresa, Anna and her sister Cassy and her brother Phil were set up in the front yard which was not lit as much.

Phil was frozen, dressed as a pirate, holding a fake sword to Cassy who was dressed as a maiden tied to a tree. Kena and Theresa were haunched up in graves and painted sickly greens to look like zombies whom's graves had been disrupted. Anna was standing on a black slanted stool with a rope connecting her neck to a tree branch to look like the gallows, though she was not really being hung for heavens sake! Her eyes were open, only blinking when no one was looking, wearing tattered clothes and seeming lifeless.

Laura however, was hanging unseen in a tree above the driveway. Her eyes were painted as large black shadows from hallows in the head or the Grudge. Sewn lines and cuts were painted on her arms and face, running down her legs and neck. Her skin was tinted blue and her hair was streaked in scraggly browns and blacks. She wore a black tank-top with corsette sleeves that were ripped to show the cuts and lines painted there. She wore a black pleated skirt down to her knees, torn and tattered. Fishnets covering her mid drift and legs also torn to reveal the paint. On her feet were a pair of clanky knee high, heel boots, with lose laces weaving up the center. Her nails were chip painted black and she had on navy lipstick.

She really looked scary.

She hung upside down. Normally she sat on the branch, ready to hang over into view. But seeing some one coming, she crunched up her stomach holding to the branch, ready to release. When she let go, she would swing down and upside down, land either above or in front of the faces of some innocent people and give a loud shreik that she was only capable of. It was a stange uvulating sound that seemed shrill and not of earth. Sending shivers down your spine no matter how many times you ever heard it. So far she had scared party commers, (large property, all were welcome) or even trick-or-treaters and their escorts. She loved it.

Someone was coming down the path. Seeing as there were only two of them she assumed they were party gowers. Considering they were a pair of boys no older than Laura her self was. 14 if you dont know. She smirked, stretching a sewn line across her cheek enlargening.

As they came up to her spots,

"SHAIIIIIIIKKKKKKKKHHHHHHHHH!!!" the horrific shreik erupted from Laura's throat as she swung, hanging upside down right into the face of the taller of the two boys. Only an inch away. So you can imagine how loud he screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!" sheesh they sounded like little girls. (take a moment to invision that: two 14 year old boys on halloween, screaming like little girls, after being scared by a girl. \*snicker snicker\*)

Laura went into such a laughing fit her knees nearly caused her to fall. She was clenching her sides in mirth.

The taller boy whom she had shrieked in the face of, had wound up on the ground a few feet away from her. The other nearly beside him.

It took a moment for Laura to recognize the boys. They were from her school. They were Henry Kenden and...Maison Tenners? (changed his name more) What the Hell was he doing here? He lived clear across town! Henry lived two blocks over so that did not amaze her but Maison? Her laughter ceased as a smirk formed on her face. "My, my. If it isn't Maison Tenners, and Henry Kenden themselves?" The boys looked up at her. Recognizing her voice. "Lauren?" Mais asked. Lauren sat up in the tree and swung down onto the ground in front of them. Standing tall, in pride at her appearance and her efforts.

"Well what are you doing here?"

"Well i live here silly." she smiled.

he said nothing in reply.

"Infact, this entire party was my idea."

Suddenly Lauren glimpsed at the lit watch on her left wrist and turned out to the yard. The boys followed her look.

"HEY GUYS! 8:30 WE'RE OFF THE CLOCK! COME ON OUT! ANNA ONE SEC YOU'RE GONNA WANT SOME HELP!" she yelled out.

The boys stared as five figures came to life. Laura laughed at the small yelps they gave when four of the stirring figures began walking over to the gates leading to the backyard.

She walked over to the gallow tree and untied a rope from the persons neck allowing them to walk down off of the slanted platform to follow the others.

She went back over and helped Mais off the ground (which Henry didnt because IM WRITING THIS AND I SAID SO!)

"So, you boys here for the party?"

"Er...yeah."

"Well then come on, we only got two more hours till curfew (i h8 halloween curfews!)And we have a lot more to do." She subconsciously took Mais (fluff) by the hand and pulled him toward the gates with Henry in tow, smirking at the (cotten candy) infront of him.

The lot of them (including the human props who had an hour before their shift of terror began a final time) spent their time dancing pranking scaring eating and screwing around. It was getting chilly out and a few people went inside for warmer activities.

There was a closet in the hallway with a sign that read, "13 MINUTES IN HELL" 13 being a supposed unlucky number.

"Hey, Lauren?" (Mais) theres like this unseen connection (friggin FLUFF)

"Yes?"

"Whats 13 minutes in hell? Dare-I-ask?"

"Well you know what 7 minutes in heaven is right?"

"...yes,"

"Its like that only for 13 minutes and the two people in there do something awful to one another. Ya know, strangle choke fight slit their throat and such?"

"Ah."

"My dad thought of it because he wouldnt allow 7 minutes in heaven."

"Right,"

About ten minutes later...

"HEY! what the he-" Maison yelled as Henry and Greg (some other dude they know) shoved him into the temporarily empty closet marked 13 minutes in Hell. Shutting the door and locking it. Maison banged on

the door, demanding someone let him out. When no one would he gave up and waited. Five minutes after he heard a feminine fussing outside. "HEy! YOU guys! L-et G-o of ME! What d-o y-you think y-our DOING!" she was clearly struggling against something. It was Lauren. Suddenly she was shoved into the closet, colliding with Maison as Henry and Greg (some other dude they know.)

"Well this is pleasant."

"Yea."

"So, what now?"

"mmmm i have an idea"

"What?"

"Well, its something i know we wont like."

"Okay. So do it then."

"Alright"

[heres their current position that they have not bothered moving from (fluff), Maison's back against the(DARK) closet wall, Lauren pushed up against him with herhands on his chest (originally to lessen impact) and their faces only two inches apart.] i just thought you might like to be aware of that.

Laura slowly leaned forward and,

BOOM OF GOES HIS HEAD!

dude im joking.

She kissed him. (oooo000000000)

He didnt hesitate oddly enough. Not that he was really in a position to do so.

10 minutes later...

"IS ONE AH YA DEAD YET?" you see after ten minutes they have to know.

when no one replied they clicked the handle.

"Ahem! three more minutes!?" they yelled out in unision as the door closed itself once more.

The person smirked and turned to seven people behind them.

"It worked."

THE END

~++~++~++~++~

if your dumb enough to wonder what they were doing in there....

well, nothing really more than what was stated. DONT BE GUTTERHEADS! yuckth! ew!

Sheesh!

REVIEW PLEASE

you will find me saying maison more than mais because erm HELLLLLO THATS MY PEN NAME YOU RETARDS! oi. no i did not intend for that. see im dumb and i dont notice things like that so....get over it okay? good.

## 23 - Attempt to Scare

They were riding the bus home, the lot of them were in like fifth grade. So yeah. Maison was riding Lauren, Kena and Theresa's bus with a friend of his. (Greg ya know (that other dude they know) yeah him) Well those two were in the seat behind Lauren and Theresa. Maison had an idea, he crawled under the seat (as many people do on buses nowadays) in front of them. Greg stared at his friend in a weird way. "Dude, what are you doing?" "SHUSH!" "Sorry!"

Maison continued to climb under the seat until he was an arms reach from the girls' ankles. He slowly reached out to grab Laurens ankle when, her feet dissappeared and her head replaced them, upside down, her hair trailing down on the floor, a plain look on her face.

"Dont even think about it." she shook her head slowly as she spoke, looking him in the eye. He just stared. "B-how, wha-?"

"I have my ways Tenners." with that her head slowly retracted and her feet reappeared. Maison's eyes widened. "I dont really think i wanna know."

And with that he crawled back up to his seat beside Greg. "No luck?"

"Girls are scary dude."

"Amen."

~++~++~++~

ironic, i thought of it on the bus.



## 24 - Attempt to Scare 2 Backfire

they were riding the bus home again. Maison was there. Since Kena, Lauren and Greg lived so close they had the same stop. Greg and Maison were off first. Lauren and Kena where getting their things ready.

Maison had another 'brilliant' idea.

"Dude, dont say anything! I got a plan."

"Man its not gonna work any better than the last 'plan' you had."

"You dont know that."

"Yes i do."

"We-"

the girls were headed down the path preoccupied in a conversation.

"Oh shiz shhh!" Maison then jumped behind a bush and remained silent.

"Oi vey." Greg slapped his hand over his face and shook his head.

They girls were heading up, Lauren was closest to the bush.

She was about to come up to the bush when she stopped suddenly. Kena made no move to stop walking. Lauren then went behind the bush. (other end from Maison you see.) A few minutes later...

"AHHHHHHHH!" Maison came running out of the bush and hid behind Greg.

Lauren came out laughing. She smirked in Maison's direction. "You know its a real shame." she shook her head. And the two girls headed home.

"Darned backfire!" Maison mumbled.

~++~++~++~

hey! i thought of this one after i wrote the last one!

## 25 - Random Kiss

It was like tenth grade for the lot of them (ahem, lauren, maison, greg, kena, theresa and erm anna and jake (guys need buds too) being the lot)

and maison was walking alone in the hallway after school wondering around not really doing much of anything at all.

He was standing there, waiting for Henry and Greg. They were five minutes late. He was outside the building. They walked home now. The girls had supposedly left already.

Maison checked his watch. 3:49pm. "Shoot."

just then none other than Lauren approached him. He seemed surprised for a minute before remembering that his 'pals' had ditched him, he sulkily said, "Oh hey Lauren,"

she kept walking to him. He gave a curious look, "Say, Laura, what er you doing after this late? (he had not noticed she was inches from him now) i mean, im here because the guys the-," he was interrupted by the dreams of many boys.

Some random pretty girl you like, walking up to you and kissing you.

Strait on the lips.

For no apparent reason.

He stood there shocked. But definatly did NOT move. This was (as stated) what he dreamt of.

A minute or so later, Lauren pulled away. Flicking her head, flipping some strands of light brown hair out of her mixed eyes. (seductivity)

He stared as she sauntered past him, lightly swinging her hips as if it were natural. (more suductivity!) he stood there flabbergasted (teehee fun word) for a moment before running to catch up to her, "H-hey HEy! Laura! Y-you uh ya think maybe i could like come home with ya er um er er something maybe?!" no response really.

"A erm a study date! yeah everybody needs help with their homework! {maybe we dont} but still!!! It'll be fun! Aw come on!"

"(sigh) fine!!"

"WHOOOHOOO!"

"Come on!"

He ran up beside her, and as they were walking,

they subconsciously linked hands and weaved their fingers together. [holy momma of cotten candy THATS FLUFFY!]

wtf that was gay of me to say.

~+++~+++~+++~+++~+++~

i dunno.

## 26 - The 'Study' date

Say do people normally study in a dark closet with the door locked? O.o????

hehehehe if you dont get it, go ask someone who does.

## 27 - K.I.S.S.I.N.G.

LAUREN AND MAISON

SITTIN IN A TREE

K I S S I N G!

FIRST COMES LOVE

THEN COMES MARRAGE!

THEN COMES MAISON WITH A BABY CARRAGE!

"SHUT UP YOU LITTLE RUNTS!" a newly announced couple yelled in unision at a trio of seventh graders. It was Laurens little brother Phil, her little sister Cassy and a friend of theirs, Morgan. Maison was about to get up from his seat on the sofa to wring their necks when lauren held him down and whispered something in his ear. "oohh thats good," he whispered back as the kids began chanting again, "HEY!" the three looked towards lauren, "we have a little song too."

\*ahem in unision\*

MORGAN AND PHILIP

SITTIN IN A TREE

K I S S I N G!

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" said children yelled backing away from each other.

FIRST COMES LOVE

"SHUT UP!"

THEN COMES MARRAGE!

"STOP IT!"

THEN COMES PHILIP WITH A BABY CARRAGE!

"ARRGGHH!"

the end. enjoy please comment.

why the hell did i name her margret? not that i dont like the name. i think margret is a nice name, but first off i knew i was gonna name her morgana then i go off naming her margret! man whats with me?

## 28 - Guess What?

Lauren was walking home from school alone. Alex was supposed to be walking her home. But he never showed up, so she went on alone. She heard footsteps then the voice of her boyfriend behind her. "Hey Laura! Guess what?" she turned around and rolled her eyes, "You were late to walk me home Alex!"

"Yeah yeah yeah really sorry about that Laura but GUESS WHAT!"

\*sigh\* "What?"

"I got some good news and some bad news."

"Ok whats the good news?"

"I just saved a bunch of money on car ensurence by switching to Geico!"

"...er so whats the bad news?"

"I dont have a car!"

He broke out in fits of laughter.

-\_-

AN: Philip the girl nickel inspired me.

## 29 - Just Look

"Your trying too hard."

"No. Im not trying hard enough!"

"You dont even need to try!"

"That makes no sense!"

"YOU make no sense!"

"Huh?"

"Your an idiot. A big dumb blind idiot."

"Hey! I resent that!"

"But do you deny it?" (please tell me resent and deny dont mean the same thing)

"..."

"I rest my case."

"But i still dont get it!"

"Dude, just look."

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"Ohhhhhh."

-- O.o??



## 30 - Code

Lauren had gotten a letter from Alex earlier and she was trying to decipher the code he said it had in it. This was the note:

*could you tell me something?*

*Is it possible to*

*Like math? I ask because you  
Of all people might know, because your  
Very smart in math and such, and i was wondering if maybe you might  
Even enjoy it. this could sound silly to*

*You, but i think its a fair question. That you  
Of all people should be able to answer for me, and  
Undo my confusion.though there is still a*

*Variety of questions buzzing  
Everywhere in my head, i  
Really only want to ask this one, because its one  
You might actually want to answer. Though this*

*May be a very stupid question, but please try to  
Undo my confusion because i know you  
Can and i  
Hope you will.*

*thanks,  
sighed,  
Maison,*

when she finally uncovered the answer, she nearly screamed. and when Maison walked by she grabbed him by the shirt collar and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

THE END. hehehe

~++~++~++~

can you uncode the code?

if not your dumb.

## 31 - Run-ins in 6th grade

#1:

She nearly ran into him in the hallway, as they both stopped abruptly. He had a startled look on his face. "What?" she asked. "Your ugly." He simply stated before lightly shaking his head and walking away. She shook her head and headed in the opposite direction.

#2:

They sat at a table across from one another and were facing each other. He was talking to this other guy, let's call him dude and HE (the first one) will be addressed as him or he. K? yes confusing I know. Dude asked him if he thought she was cute. He pointed in her direction. He immediately replied "No!" they began to laugh after Dude said, "Yeah she's ugly" He stopped for a moment to say in a calm voice, "I agree" he had looked her in the face. She narrowed her eyes at him and shook her head her mouth open a slit, he grinned and turned back to dude.

What's funny is that those actually happened.

The part where she (I)[sorta] glared at him (the one person)[maybe] she is that person was trying really hard not to smile. so yeah.

No it wasn't funny but that person always makes her laugh whether he tries to or knows about it or not. \\\ no they didn't happen to me.

## 32 - Suclusion

A girl of only fifteen sat in a corner of a dark room, across from a window where the rain pored in plenty.

She was wrapped up in herself, keeping warm, as the sobs gently racked her body. Her face glimmered in the occasional lightning strikes.

She sat there in suclusion. Silence. Peace, away from the waking world. Away from their cold looks. Away from everything. Away from reality.

Absorbed within the confines of her own blissful imagination, where everything was perfect and flaws where of nothing.

She had been here many times before. To cry, to think, to breath and relax. She would often drift into uneasy slumbers here. The pain of reality's daggars waning in her wounds. The airy hole in her heart always empty, always cold, and unloved. yet loving despite the fact. Her eyes, a mixture of green and warm amber with specks of blue and yellow were always blurred here. Her long wavy light brown hair always ascew, framing her lovely face. The tears streaking down her cheeks never seemed to lessen. Clad in a black sweat-shirt and baggy navy jeans with brown sneakers, she was always cold without the love people need to survive.

When she was here, nothing could hurt her. Nothing could use her. Nothing could find her or get to her. She was safe. Safe to act out, safe to scream and cry and talk without judgement or regret. This was her sanctuary.

She came here so often. It was her home. It was her purity, her person. It was her.

When she was outside of this room, she wore a mask of mirth and pride. A mask of strenght, independence laiden in her features, she conqured anything and all. But inside she was cracking like branches in a storm. When she came here, she let the cracks become breaks and the shifts become waves as the need for humanity drifted further and further away on the current of lonliness. Somber. Lifeless, her soul was locked up somewhere inside of her. Causing her heart to ache and her mind to pump. Causing her blood to cool and her voice to crack. Her knees would buckle and so she sat in her corner. Alone.

He was out there, in that world, that real world. He was somewhere out there. open to death and luck, fortune and loss. He was open to what was offured. She was closed as a lock. To which the key had been long lost in a sea of despere and betrayl.

There was one late evening, during a great storm, when she was alone. Crying without sound. As always. Waiting for her life to turn upwards was a hope she had long since abandoned. 'She heard the old oak door creak open, who could be there? She was the only one who knew of this place. Right? But who she saw in the door way nearly ripped her broken heart to bits. It was him. The item the center of her suclusion. The one thing she hid from away from reality.

She buried her face in her knees and tightened her ball in the corner.

Without a sound he walked over and sat beside her. Wrapping his arms around her tightly. She did not move. His warm touch through the storm sparked a certain hope deep inside her. She wanted her hope back, she liked it, she needed it. She needed him. She had now come to realize and accept, that even though he had put her here, he was the only one who could bring her out.

Her tears continued into his shoulder, he hugged her and said nothing. Never letting go.

Freeing her from her painful suclusion.

Filling the gap in her heart.

And melting the ice in her soul.

Bringing the mirth to her eyes, and the hope to her mind, slowing her thoughts and warming her blood in its veins.

He was saving her.

He was loving her.

THE END

i dont know. i suddenly felt depressed and said what the hell write about it.

## 33 - 10 things you dont want to hear...

10 things you don't want to hear your parents say on Halloween

1. Honey, is the guillotine ready? Yes sweetie, right on the mark. They will never see it coming!
2. Has that candy turned green yet? No we need to give it more regurgitated frog guts before it will turn green.
3. DING DONG hey honey? Whose the tall green guy? Oh good he's here!
4. Don't worry about your little friends honey, im sure they will be just fine without their livers!
5. Ya know, our son wanted to be the headless horseman? Well, im not so sure about the horse, but im sure we could manage headless...
6. Oh sweetheart, you don't want to be a princess! "I don't?" no! silly! You want to be a zombie! "oh. Okay where's the costume?" who said anything about a costume?
7. You ever wonder what's in them graves sport? "Yeah! But mom said im not allowed to be arrested for grave robbing." Ah, I know one way you could see a grave without getting in trouble. "ya do? How!" well first I hold up this musket and you hold real still like,
8. "Dad?" yeah boy? "What's in that crate from Africa?" oh, you'll find out in your sleep son.
9. "Mommy mommy! Look how much candy I went and got!" oh that's wonderful dear! Now sort through and keep anything open or tainted.
10. Hey son? "yeah?" just what year was you born again? "1993 remember?" ah yes, so 1993 to 2006 is what we'll put on the stone...

## 34 - OC Directery

These are my OC's. the names might be different because i could not remember them all. ages alter throughout chaps

Lauren Berlin- dirty dark blonde hair and hazel eyes. (Laura)

Maison Tenners- brown hair eyes to match. (Alex or Al)

Theresa Wascott- brown hair w/blond highlights green eyes. (Terry)

McKenna Macentoch[dont ask]- red hair blue eyes. (Kena)

Henry Kenlande- blonde hair and blue eyes. (Hen to tick him off usually Henry)

Greg Wilsumm [hehe]- black hair and green eyes. (some dude they know)(greg)

Cassandra Berlin- brown hair blue eyes. (Cassy)

Philip Berlin- brown hair green eyes. (Phil)

Tamisa and Deseree Tenners[twins]-both brown hair and brown eyes. (Tamy and Dez)

Mouse Jecknecksun(?)- blonde hair green eyes, (mouse)

Morgan Kendrens (used to be Margret)- er blonde hair and brown eyes. (weird combo) (Morgan)

thats all of them for now. thought you might like to know.



## 36 - Did you know...?

"Did you know that walking backwards is more exercise than walking forwards?"

i dont know....



## 37 - BIG jump forward IMS

okay so we are way into the future for the OC gang and i am using a retarded keyboard. This is when Cassy, Phil and Morgan are like 16 or something. That makes the rest of em like.....'carry the 1' oh yeah! 26 years old. And heres the marrage thingamabobby junk, ahem,

Maison-Laura (no durr)

Theresa-Greg (dont ask)

Kena isnt married. she and ....whats his face, HENRY. yeah she and Henry are engaged aww how sweet!

well nuff o dat to the other three!there are 3 of them right?

-----

Cassy was sitting at her computer IMing Phil, (her brother one room over) Morgan, Tami, Deseree, Jason, (this one dude) and (breathe) Thomas (this other dude). it was a chatroom. ahem, and here is what it said,

(cassy)sugarbat:ya guys there?

(phil)doommaster72: maaaybe...

(morgan)halloweenie: doom you are SO immature!

doommaster72: IM immature? YOUR the one with weenie for a name!

halloweenie: thats HALLOWeenie!

doommaster72:w/e!!

(Tami)gemini1: you guys!stop fighting!

(deseree)gemini2: yeah its getting on our nerves!

(jason)cherrydude1: you guys always ruin the action!

(thomas)boronbrain99:yeah! why cant you stand to see fights?

gemini2: because we werent raised that way!

gemini1: exactly

halloweenie: he started it

doommaster72: no i didnt U did!

halloweenie: no U did!

doommaster73: no i didnt!

halloweenie:yes you did!

sugarbat1: DOES IT EVEN MATTER?

halloweenie: YES

doommaster72: YES

gemini1: sheesh you guys where made 4 each other.

gemini2: yeah you were

doommaster72: what!? what the (bleep)(for fun) is that supposed to mean?

halloweenie: YEAH we were NOT made for each other!

boronbrain99: yeah seriously do you even see the way they fight all the time?

cherrydude1: he has a point ya know.

sugarbat1: ya know he does.

gemini1: well,

gemin2: thats  
gemin1: how you can  
gemin2: tell.  
sugarbat1: please dont do that!  
cherrydude1:yeah please its bad enough in real life  
doommaster72: yeah.  
halloweenie: yeah.  
gemin2: see synchronized IM ing! its a sign  
halloweenie: no its not!  
doommaster: yeah as if i would ever fall for someone whos idea of a screen name is 'halloweenie'?!  
halloweenie: thats offensive!  
doommaster72: srry.  
sugarbat: holy (bleep)!!  
cherrydude1: what? what is it?  
sugarbat1: he has never apologized to ANYONE in his entire life!i think the twins are onto somethin!  
cherrydude1: wow. i think ur right.  
doommaster72:...woops...  
halloweenie: woops what?  
dommaster72: woops nothing  
boronbrain99: riiiiight.  
sugarbat1: i'll brb  
cherrydude1: k.  
doommaster72: that cant be good for me.  
cherrydude1:whaddaya mean?  
doommaster72: i dunno but it justcant.  
cherrydude1: okay... so what do you think shes doing then?  
doommaster72: what do u care?  
cherrydude1:well,  
doommaster72:.....  
cherrydude1:?  
doommaster72:.....  
halloweenie: u ok?  
doommaster72:YOU HAVE A CRUSH ON MY SISTER!!!!!!!  
halloweenie:WHAT?  
doommaster72: not you! ew!  
halloweenie: oh good.  
doomaster72:you!  
cherrydude1: who me?  
doommaster72: yeah YOU have a CRUSH on MY SISTER!!!  
cherrydude1: WHAT? no i dont!  
doommaster72: yeah ya do!  
cherrydude1: no i dont!

[private convo]

gemin1: are we going to interupt them?  
gemin2: nah. let them have the room for a while.  
gemin1: yea, besides its fun to just sit back and watch.

gemini2: yups.  
[back to pub chat]

doommaster72: YES  
cherrydude1: NO!  
doommaster72: YES!

[another private convo]  
halloweenie: you think he really does?  
boronbrain99: who does what?  
halloweenie: you think Jay likes Cassy?  
boronbrain99: i dunno.  
halloweenie: me neither.  
halloweenie: question?  
boronbrain99: yeah?  
halloweenie: does phil really like me like that?  
boronbrain99: if i told yu he'd kill me  
halloweenie: so its a yes?  
boronbrain99: i didnt say that  
halloweenie: so its a no?  
boronbrain99: i, didnt say that either.  
halloweenie: ...  
[back to pub chat]

cherrydude1: NO I DONT!  
doommaster72: YES YOU DO ADMIT IT!  
cherrydude1: ARGH. ...fine. but im ringing yur throat later.  
doommaster72: fine by me  
doommaster72: oh (bleep)!  
cherrydude1: what?  
doommaster72: cassy was just watching over my shoulder!  
cherrydude1: WHHAT!!!?? AND YOU DIDNT NOTICE?@!  
doommaster72: no not really.  
[people stop chatting without leaving]

doommaster72: anybody there?  
halloweenie: i am  
boronbrain99: i have to go.  
doommaster72: why?  
boronbrain99: my...er...goldfish ran away.  
halloweenie: what?  
boronbrain99: yes yes very tragic i know bye!  
{boronbrain99 has signed off}  
halloweenie: what the heck goldfish cant run!  
doommaster72: does he even OWN a goldfish?  
halloweenie: idk.

[private convo]  
doommaster72: jay you there man? you been pretty quiet.  
(long pause)  
cherrydude1: im busy  
doommaster72: doing what?  
{cherrydude1 has signed off}  
doommaster72:huh.  
[back to pub chat]  
doommaster72: jay signed off too.  
halloweenie: so did cassy.  
doommaster72: .....  
halloweenie: no. way!  
doommaster72: bout frikin time!  
halloweenie: ya think?!  
(pause)  
doommaster72: so uh, you busy later?  
{gemini1 has signed off}  
{gemini2 has signed off}  
halloweenie: i didnt know they were still on.  
doommaster72: me neither.  
(biggerpause)  
doommaster72: so uh, whatcha doin like later?  
halloweenie: nuthin. ;D  
{x\_mtlover\_x has signed on}  
halloweenie: who?  
x\_mtlover\_x: ello  
doommaster72: who the hell are you?  
x\_mtlover\_x: im the author  
halloweenie: oh.  
doommaster72: oh.  
x\_mtlover\_x: so whatu 2 doin?  
doommaster72:nuthin  
halloweenie: nuthin  
x\_mtlover\_x: good  
{x\_mtlover\_x has signed off.}  
doommaster72: what the hell?  
halloweenie: i have no idea.

THE END!

dont ask. but it was fun to write. especially the part where Thoms pet goldfish "ranaway"!!!!  
enjoy.  
comment please!

## 38 - Fish Licence

this is between Phil (age12) and Lauren (age18) yes i messed up dont ask.

-----

"hey Lauren?"

"yeah phil?"

"can you give me a lift?"

"where to?"

"a place where i can get a licence for my pet fish?"

"ahem, a licence for your...fish?"

"yeah a fish licence."

"for your pet fish?"

"yeah Erik."

"you must be crazy."

"I am not crazy!"

" why should i be called crazy simply cuz i want to buy a licence for my goldfish Erik? you didnt call your boyfriend crazy when he got his dog licenced! i didnt call you crazy when you got YOUr dog licenced!"

"yeah but those are dogs!"

"so?"

"alright alright alright. now you want a licence?"

"yes"

"for a fish?"

"yes"

" you are crazy"

"LOOK ITS A FREAKING PET ISNT IT? i got a licence for my pet dog didnt i? a dog licence! i got a licence for moms pet cat Erik!"

"you dont need a licence for a cat!"

"i freaking well do and i got one!"

"there is no such thing as a bleedin cat licence!"

"yes there is"

"no there isnt!"

"is!"

"isnt!"

"is"

"isnt!"

"there is and i freakin got one too look! well then whats that then?"

"its a dog licence with the word DOG crossed out and the word CAT written in in crayon."

"guy didnt have the right form"

"what guy?"

"the guy from the cat detector van"

"more like the loony detector van"

"its people like you that cause...." (i didnt hear that part make it up!)



## 39 - Moving?

Lauren and Kena were walking through the halls of Riveredge Middle School. (i totally made that up by the way) since im writing this story they had ten minute passing periods. Therefore, given them time to talk about things like this:

"So Laura, did you hear the McHertz's were selling their place?"

"Yeah, they only live a few houses down i heard someone had bought it though."

"So soon?"

"Yeah i guess."

"Huh, weird. You heard anything about the people who bought it?"

"Yeah, a man and a woman, i heard they had a son our age and a pair of twins the same age as my brother and sister." can ya guess who? lauren cant.

"Friends to go around eh?" she nudged her suggestively with her elbow.

"Shut up."

The girls were walking along when they passed Maison and Greg, Lauren could not resist, they slowed to an unquestionable pace so no suspicions would arise.

Lauren being closest, was the one to eavesdrop. And here is what she heard,

"So wait, man your moving?"

"Yeah, "

"Where to Maison man i gotta know. "

"Will you relax? im still going to this school and everything."

"Oh. So where ya movin to? Like what street or whatever?"

"Something like Beachtree Rd or something like tha-"

that was all Laura heard before Kena yanked her to the left helping her to narrowly avoid the doorway pole.

"Thanks."

"SO? what were they talking about?."

"Tenners is moving."

"How ironic! Hey, good thing some family already bought that one house right?"

"WHat!?"

yes they are all idiots arent they?

yes i paraphrased that from spongebob

and yes i am neurotic.

no i dont know what that means!

TO BE CONTINUED....

more interesting version of: dear diary my crush lives next door.

yes i think i am gonna erase that one eventually if i havent already.



## 40 - Cozy

It was late on a Friday evening somewhere around December. There was too much snow outside for them to travel. SO there they were. On the sofa in front of a dying fire. The warmth it had once given off was locked within the green fibers of the blanket he had wrapped around them. In addition with their combined body heat they were anything but cold. The two of them were curled up on the sofa, his back nuzzled into the crook of the sofa arm. His legs were bent up onto the coffee table forming space in his lap. Well, if not for the girl there there would be. She was seated across his lap with her head resting on his chest. Her arms were folded up with one hand placed on his stomach. His arms wrapped around her, one over her shoulders and the other rested on the curve around her waist. Her legs dangled comfortably over the edge of the sofa. The top of her head fitted tucked under his chin allowing him a headrest of his own. His fingers loosely held the corner of the blanket over her shoulder, draping the upper part of her arm. The other end of the blanket had fallen from his shoulder and crumpled up behind him. The lower corners folded out underneath them. Their eyes were closed contently and their breathing was timed and even. Their lips parted slightly for additional air as they slept, pleasant dreams apparent on their features. The boy made a faint grunt in his sleep as he held her tighter to him. A light sigh escaped her lips as her head nuzzled his neck, causing him to shift gently into the warm touch. The shifting came to an end as the couple found comfort in their positions.

As the fire finally began to dwindle to ashes, a slightly older woman came down the stairs without a sound. Seeing the sight before her, a smile spread along her cheeks, as the final traces of light illuminated the pair of young lovers, curled up within each others warmth, and comfort.

Nice and cozy.

DAMN COTTEN CANDY SILK AND FUR GOT NOTHIN ON THAT FLUFF!

i dont know why or how i thought of it.

## 41 - i need a moment

it was a rainy day when the sun came out and fell out of the sky crushing everything in its path and that was a lot of things including people. Then the clouds disappeared and suffocated the people of the world the end!

yeah i dont know.

## 42 - "Yes" in smarts and im pissed

He was such an insensitive idiot. She hated him for it. What sucked was that she loved him for everything else. Here was his plan, you see since about a week ago, he had not been doing so well in math and his parents ordered him to get some help from someone. "That's not the only thing that boy needs help with," Lauren muttered as she turned the knob on her locker, entering all three combinations she swung the door open. Her locker was well organized as always.

She saw him heading over to her and sighed, "Speak of the devil, " he walked up to her seeming proud of himself. "Hey Laura, guess what?"

"hhhhh what?"

" you remember that plan i told you about?"

"Ohhh you mean that retarded one thats never going to work?"

"yeah, i, HEY NO!"

snicker snicker (lauren)

"No its that brilliant plan thats going to work."

"Oh really?"

"Yep."

"How?"

"Well heres how it works, you know that Gwen Harnmash? (it was almost hamhead) Ya know that really smart strait A student?"

"....."

"Well, s'far as I know she's single,"

'i dont like where this is going.'

"well since im bombing math and shes smart, i thought i would woo her so she would help me easy."

'why go to the trouble with her when I AM RIGHT FRIGGEN HERE? I LOVE YOU and i would LOVE to help you! you idiot!' lauren screamed in her head as she felt steam comming out her ears. (not really)

"and just HOW do you plan to do that casanova?"

"You'll see."

++++++LATER++++++

"Im telling you this wont work!"

"why not?"

"because its retarded!"

"look i- there she is later!"

"oi this i got to see." 'no matter how pissed i am about it all.'

+++++here we go+++++

"Erm, Hey ...Gwen!"

"Oh, Maison, hello." (gag)(by the way Lauren is |-| that close to wringing Gwens neck. and quite frankly im okay with that.)

"yeeah, i was wondering if maybe (god this is hard to type) we could hang (eeeewwww im not even

looking at the screen anymore) out some time.(blechth)"

"Is the base times the equivalent of an irrelevant equation squared by the exponential integer?" (dont expect that to actually be correct.)(or to make sense)

"errrr,"

'ARG!' "It means YES in mathematics you idiot!" lauren said rather shouted. then she broke between the two and stormed off to who knows where.

"Hey, look i dunno, maybe you should go get your girlfriend, she looked pretty angry." with that Gwen walked off.

"No wait she is not my girl- oh never mind." he knew where she was going and he had to go and get her. even if she wasnt his girlfriend, when he thought about it all, he hadnt been thinking very clearly.

++++in a nice grove i made up.++++

well there she was, pissed off and all.

she heard a voice come from behind her, "Hey um Lauren?"

"shouldnt you be 'studying' with Gwen?"

"no, a-actually i was hoping you would,help me "

"now i mnot so sure i want to"

"now?"

"well, ya know, i would have loved to have helped you."

"why didnt ya offer??"

" i did you lumox."

"oh, qwell will you please?"

"hh no!"

"c'mon Laura your smart, and i dont have to woo you or anything please?"

"well, i dunno Maison, i mean ya didnt want it before, why would you want it now?"

"its not the help i want, its YOU!" he clamped his hands over his mouth the second it left his lips.

"w-what?"

"nuthin ferget it!"

"no you said sumthin."

"nno i didnt!"

"move your hands."

"what? why? no!"

she walked up to him and tried to move his hands from his mouth, "oh will you grow up? now move 'em!"

he put down his hands affraid of what she would do to him.

he closed his eyes tight,in fear.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

you all h8 me now doncha..... good. veerrrry good.

the cont will be called: YISAIP 2.

## 43 - What Happened?

What happened...what happened... to the girl i used to be?  
What happened...what happened... to the world i used to see?  
what happened happened happened...to me?

Well, there she was. Up on stage, as the intro to her song began. "Ugh i cant believe im doing this!" she muttered away from the microphone. The easy tempo of the song balanced out as the first verse began, 'here we go,' she thought as the words seeped from her lips steadily...

I...I used to be so free,  
I used to never need,  
I used to never be.... the kind, of girl,  
who asked for the moon, all in the palm of her hand.  
who would swoon, and dig for gold in the sand.  
I used to be that freaky girl, who always questioned the world,  
I used to be so untame, that it was clear that i wasnt sane.  
but nowadays all out of nowhere i live in ways that i normally dont care  
for and i dont understand why in the hell he had to go and...drift.  
It makes no sense oh...

well there was verse one, not too bad now for the chorus.

What happened, what happened we used to be so cool,  
what happened, we used to be some kids from school,  
where'd you go so distant, its like its all so new,  
what happened to the girl who needed no boy,  
what happened to the guy who used pain as a toy  
what happened to who we used to be?  
what happened to you and to me?  
help me see what...

long chorus but she oulled it off, verse two now,

I,,,I had nothing to regret  
used to be so independant  
and suddenly...im the kind of girl,  
who dreams for this guy, all on her arm  
who wants to give it a try and do no harm  
I used to be miss i dont want a boy  
and now it sounds like something i'd enjoy  
like a kid with a toy, and i still do not get, why i had to forget...life.  
this makes no sense

she repeated the long chorus...twice. after this it was over...

what happened to the girl i used to be?  
what happened to the way i used to see?  
what happened to me?  
what happened to the girl i used to know of...  
what happened...to that girl?

she fell in love....  
in love....=====

[chorus]

there, it was over. if only he had gotten the ever so clear message,  
that it was about him.

THE END

## 44 - Babysitting P1

Now he knew. Now he knew why some girls were so up tight. And he had wished he hadn't. If someone asked him to sum up hell and all that is bad in one word, he would answer this: babysitting. Sure it would sound silly to you now, but that is what he thought before all this happened. He was definitely never going to disrespect a girl again. Not now that he had walked in their shoes. (more specifically than he would ever admit)

So here he was, tied up by blue yarn, hanging from the upper floor banister. He didn't want to know how much longer that yarn was going to hold. With your head about five or six feet above the ground, you wouldn't either. There was a green sweet apple shoved so far into his mouth that he couldn't spit out, and he couldn't bite any of it off. Surrounding him was absolute mayhem. Various foods were all over the once white walls as well as paint, marker, and crayon. A wisp of gray smoke was emitting from the kitchen accompanied by a repulsive odor. There was a loud beeping coming from what he assumed to be the oven. And, as he had predicted, the fire sprinklers were set off as another alarm rang through the house. Now he was wet, gagged, tied up, and hanging from a two story banister.

What was worse, was that this was not the end to his suffering. The second she got home, he was dead meat. She should have known better than to leave him with a demon.

Just as the thought had come, so had the demon, wizzing right by him, flailing a string of towels behind him screaming at the top of his lungs. After the demon had disappeared he heard a key hit the front door lock in the other room. "Aw, shoot." he muttered to the best of his ability with an apple lodged in his mouth like a pig dinner. He heard the door open and rushed footsteps, "What the hell is going on in here?!" yep, it was her. his soon to be assassin. She was supposed to be his : soon to be girlfriend. The deal was that, if he was competent enough she would go out with him, but now that things were going in the opposite direction, he wondered if she would even come near him ever again.

The footsteps headed into the room from which he was hung. She simply stopped in the doorway and leaned against it. Sighing, she shook her head and rolled her eyes. "This is what happens when I leave you alone for ten minutes?" "awwwkmmaahhhicaaauhbaaahhaaha!" "What? hang on, " she walked up to him and pulled the apple out of his mouth with some effort. "what?" "I can't have been that long!" "well it was! now explain to me how you did this to yourself?" "what? look I did not do this! any of this! it was that little demon!" "hh who Marty?" "yeah ya surprised? that little creature is the most devious, evil, minicacle scheming rottin little thing I have ever seen!" she placed her hands on her hips. "he's five." that made him feel dumb. but he had to admit, even in comparison to himself, that kid was pretty bad.

TO BE CONTINUED. sorry but my laptop is slowing down.

## 45 - Ouch S:A POV:1

Ouch is the title. by S:A i mean story A meaning there will be other chaps called Ouch with a diffy twist. POV:1 means the first point of view for this story. like POV:2 might have more detail or whatever. But, for now lets stick to POV:1 eh?

its sad and i dont like it.

this is POV:1 which is often the outlined short version. pardon the bad spelling/grammar

+++++

They had been sent to a coastline trimary boarding school. (you know how primary is elementary and secondary is middle school? i forgot what high school is so i named it trimary.) Not because they were bad. But because they were smart and their parents wanted no less than a good education for them.

She had come here last year and was returning on the first day back. All had been going well, until she found out that her friend was diognosed with OMGD or obsessive male gender dissorder. boycrazy.and was sent to an all girl school. Earlier that morning. After that her other friends began fighting and then told her the last thing she would have expected to hear from them.

So now she was walking to the dorm room of a male friend of hers. She had been told something incredulous and wanted to know once and for all weather it was true ornot. And she had to hear it straight from him. So now she was going to find him and ask to his face: Do you love me?

Her friends had warned her not to, and that she should wait for him to be ready to tell her himself. She hadnt listened, and after she opened the door to the dorm, she wished she had. (cookie for anyone who knows where im going with this.)

As she opened the door, she was prepared to say they needed to talk. But, she had done so without knocking, expecting nothing unusual from him. She had met him last year and they had been friends ever since.

Well, she opened that door and this is what she saw. much unto her liking and even more to her discomfort.

He was there. His dorm mates were clearly out, but he was not alone. There was a girl there too. A girl she did not know. but apparently he knew her very well to have been kissing her the way he was. The moment turned awkward as she apologized for intruding and he introduced the girl as his..., girlfriend.

It was not long before she was at first walking away from the door and then running from the dorm, wishing to banish the visions now implanted in her head.

THE END



yes its sad its from Zoe 101 on teen nick and that eppy was a ripp off and i hated it yet i felt like writing about it....

## 46 - Babysitting P2

where did we leave off again? ahhh yes.... he had just admitted that in comparison to himself this 5 year old was pretty bad.

+++++

She sighed at him. "Well. however you got up there, i'll get you down. hang on," she began up the stairs. "OH AS IF I HAVE A CHOICE!" he shouted up to her. She couldnt resist a small smile on her face. She was half way up the stairs when a young voice rang out from downstairs. "IS LAURY BACK YET?!" she recognized it as Marties voice and headed back down into the kitchen. Where she found the little boy sitting on the counter fumbling with a can opener. "Marty! what are you doing?" she yelled over the noise. "I dunno! dats why i called you!" Lauren took the can opener from the boy's hands and pointed out the door, "Young man would you care to explain why my boyfriend is hanging above the floor in the other room?" She was loud enough to be heard over the noise by Marty, and by Maison..(guy in yarn) With a woed look Marty ran off into some other part of the house. 'I may as well get Maison down.' Lauren thought as she headed back into the main entrance. To find him hangin uoside down with a cheshire grin gracing his already clever features. She cocked her head with a raised eyebrow. "What er you so happy about?"

he shook his head and averted his eyes up (or down i guess) and while smiling replied in a mock feminie voice, "Young man would you care to explain why my boyfriend is hanging above the floor in the other room?" he gave her a sly smirk catching her on the spot. "Oh..er well, hhh ya know.. erm I" his smile grew wider. Then a smug look mirrored his own on her face. "And why where you evenr 'helping' anyways? because you couldnt get a girlfriend on your own?' his face fell an shock. "Well i der i erm,eh..." her smile now widened as she placed her hadns on her hips awaiting an answer. "Well, maybe none of them where my kind of person. HA! cant pin me on that on can yea!" "Do you want to get down or not?" A coy look eased on his face/ "Which one will get you to kiss me soonerr?"she smiled. "well why not find out?"

CLIFFY

dont ya hate me?

yes, im glad you do.

## 47 - Draft

To commemorate those whom have lost a loved one to war.

---

"Daddy please! How can you do this to us?!" Lauren Berlin screamed as tears streamed freely down her cheeks. Her younger sister Cassandra, clung to her fathers leg screaming in tears. Her slightly older younger brother Philip was standing to the side, using all his willpower to stop tears of his own. Mrs. Berlin was leaning in the doorway, covering her mouth and looking away as droplets stained her blouse. "Laura, Im sorry, but the government said, Any man of age whom is fit to serve, must report to the Southeastern Army/Navy base at 4:00pm tomorrow afternoon. And the confederacy is already expecting me. Not showing while in fit condition could mean the worst of this family. I have to go." "The worst of this family is if you leave!" Lauren barried her head in her hands as she sunk to her knees. Cassandra stopped crying to look up at her fathers face, he met her brown eyes with his own green ones. "Papa? When are you comming back?" the man was straining, he looked away from the young childs gaze, a choke escaped her mothers throat as the sobbs shook her all the more. "Honey, I, babe i dont know that im even...comming back." cassandra screamed into tears and cluung tighter. He rubbed the top of her head gently. Her mother slowly pulled Cassy from her fathers leg and he hugged her tightly. He then hugged his oldest daughter who nearly refused to let him go. And after hugging Phil he kneeled in front of him. "Now listen bud, i need you to take care of these girls here. Your the man of the house now. Can ya do that for me bud? Do it for your pop? please?" Phil losely noded his head. "OKay dad. I...I i will." "Thats my son," the man hugged him one last time before closing the door behind him. Wihtout a final word.

---

+++++2 years later+++++

A girl the age of about seventeen, stood in the pouring rain. Surrounding her was a cold mist. Obscuring her sight along with the hot tears running down her pale cheeks. Soaked through she angled her head down at a gray stone dug into the ground with red roses and vines wrapping it like a coat. She let out a choke as she read:

*JACOB PHILIP BERLIN  
ARMY SOLDIER IN A DRAFT  
BELOVED HUSBAND, BROTHER  
FATHER AND FRIEND.  
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN  
~1972-2008~  
REST IN PEACE*

"daddy..." she shuddered at the memories flooding her mind. Frozen, the feeling of strong arms around her stardled her. She eased into the touch as a foreign feeling of warm breath melted into her ears, "This too shall pass." her eyes averted to a stone beside that of her father which read:

*BRYAN MATTHEW TENNERS  
NAVY SEAL IN A DRAFT  
BELOVED HUSBAND  
FATHER AND FRIEND  
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN  
~1973-2007~  
REST IN PEACE*

"May their souls be blessed with peace."

THE END.

i know not the feeling of such a loss, but in commemoration of those who do.  
THANK YOU TO THE LIVES RISKED AND LOST FOR THIS COUNTRY.  
LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE BRAVE.  
WITHOUT THE BLESSED BRAVE,  
THERE WOULD BE NO FREE.

THANK YOU.

## 48 - IMPORTANT AUTHORS NOTE

funny place for an intro eh? ah well.

okay, i am gonna be working on somethin new so dont worry, but heres the thing. i get interupted a lot and i dont want to lose work from entering it directly onto the sight. soooooo i will be puttin it into word and then pasting it over. it might take a while.

it will be called: Pure Luck and Histeria.

it might be different if i learn how to spell histeria...

anyhow its what i dream about at night. dont worry its not entirely demented.

ahem \*coughomitthatcough cough cough\* man i need to get some water.

well i will be adding smaller bits in so you dont get bored with the 45-6 some chaps i have already put up. OOOOO and i am gonna get started on an OC piccy of Lauren AKA my fanfic counterpart who has the life i sometimes wish i had.

You see, Lauren is everything i want to be and everything im not. She gets things i want and has things i cant have (ahem like a BF cough) bit, then again she is sometimes the target of things i dont ever want to happen. being my fears. i express these fears through poor Laurens life and her friends so that they dont plague me in my sleep. I have had a sleeping disorder since i was born. Night Terrors and Nightmares and what not? full nights with no sleep? I have never seen my face without bags under my eyes. I swear. But, my parents think that writing my emotions out through comedy like this will help them go away, so that by the time it really matters, i can get some good sleep and make a full recovery. Also, because of my over creative mind greatened by ADD and RLS i have bad visions in my head all the time of people i love dying and then dreaming about it later. I bring myself to tears most of the time. NO, i am not ever goin EMO or GOTH because too many people care about me for me to ever feel i need to do that. I have a perfect life, i just dont know what to do with it yet. But i am still young. I have time and YOU ARE HELPING ME recover from a disorder i was born with by reading these and commenting on them, So if your older than i am (which i know most of you are) and you think this will be immature or is. Think like this: you are helping a young girl recover from a disorder at birth. And i thank you so much for doing so.

My art and my writings are my heart and soul, writing and drawing makes me feel better and helps me with the stress of everyday life, as well as that of others.

So thank you so much for reading because it means so much to me that i have the ability to interest over 350 people in my pardized life experiances.

THANK YOU! :)

-Mais Loatts (not my real name. thats my author name.)

Lauren Berlin is my counterpart name.

now that we cleare that up, BACK TO FUN!

## 49 - Monster Movie

It was october 13th and it happened to be a friday. Maison,Lauren and her younger brother Phil had just gone to see....The Grudge 2 how bout? yeah.

It had originally been just Maison and Lauren, but, Phil had stowed away and when they got there he had begged them that he could come along and see the movie.  
and they now wished they had not said yes.

The three of them came out of the cinema. Maison first and then Lauren and Phil.....clinging fearfully to her leg.

"Remind me why we let him come along with us?"

"Ahem, YOU let him come along because you thought it would be good for his social life to see the hit horror movie of the fall. And you were too lazy to carry your own soda." lauren responded in a mocking voice.

"Okay the first part i will admit, is true, but i resent that last bit!"

"Oh whatever! now will you help me get him off?"

"yeah yeah yeah"

they both pulled at him but he wouldnt budge.

"Maison i told you he was too young!"

"really? i didnt think so."

"clearly..."

"...."

after ten more minutes of odly useless efforts they came to the conclusion that... "Laur he aint commin off any time soon."

"Ugh i think youre right. But how am i supposed to move with 104 pounds on my left leg?"

"I dunno, you seemed to make it out of the theatre okay..."

"Yeah only becuase he wanted out as soon as possible."

"oh"

"none the less, its almost 11:30 and i doubt we're gonna get him out in the dark easily...{Phil}AHHHHHHH{Phil} or at all."

"great."

THE END.

i was too lazy to continue.

## 50 - PLAG: 1

PLAH: pure luck and hysteria

PLAH 1

"I hate Mondays." Sixteen-year-old Lauren Mary Berlin yawned as she walked into school with her best friends, McKena Macintosh and Theresa Wascott or just Kena and Terry. "I'll say! No one is ever happy on Mondays! They're all half awake and grumpy." Kena moaned. "Hey do you mind? Im trying to call Gregg!" Terry snarled at them groggily. "see?" Kena finished as they passed by the music wing. "Say, Laura? Can you come with me to get my clarinet? I'm too tired to watch for the door post things." Lauren had already steered her away from two poles and a brick wall. "yeah sure, at 7:46 in the morning you're a threat to yourself as well as those around you." The two of them laughed. "true, well come on!" Kena nearly missed one of two double doors on her own. "Hey Terry you cool with that?" Lauren asked but Terry was already walking off speaking into her cell phone. "Doesn't she know she's gonna get caught with that during hours?" Lauren asked. "Not with Greg on the phone." Lauren shrugged. The two of them came up on Kena's orchestra locker and she began to unlock it. "Hey Mc?" Lauren asked. (Mc was Laurens nickname for her) "Yeah Laur?" (she only used Laur to taunt. Because, well here just read...) "Okay 1. because you're my friend I wont wring your neck for calling me that and 2. could ya hurry it up? I have to finish something before first period!" " Okay okay Laura, im working on it!" she quickly removed the lock and pulled the case from the small cubby behind the door. "I hate having orchestra first period! Try playing from Blue Danube when your fingers are asleep!" Lauren nodded as Kena shut the door and locked it, putting in the combo one last time just to check, before locking it and turning to leave with Lauren. "Yeah, well, art first period isn't any easier! I mean, how the hell do you shade perspective with your eyes half shut?" Kena nodded in turn. "Man, electives first is stupid. I liked it better when we had core first. Didn't you?" "Yeah! I mean at least they are all in the same place? Right near your locker ya know? With electives your running back and forth with what like five minutes to do so?" "I know! But I heard that they might extend it sometime around midterms so we have like ten minutes, to keep cool so we can focus without stress." Lauren grabbed her by the shirt sleeve and yanked her to the left narrowly missing a closed double door. " Thanks." "Sure thing." The two girls headed towards the 10th grade academic hall where all the lockers and core classes where. As they were coming up on Laurens locker Mrs. Diteles walked up to Lauren, more like shuffling because she was a short and stout woman and most of her students would hurt their necks to meet her eyes. "Oh Lauren Lauren! The work you did on you Memorial Day Essay was outstanding! I just had to congratulate you in person! And I was going to ask you if you would mind my sending it into a little contest the local librarys literary association is having in about a week or so?" The short woman looked very hopeful. "Well sure Mrs.D, if you really think its good enough," "Good enough? Oh Lauren its astounding certainly its going to be a piece to beat! Oh have you any idea how proud I am that I have you as a student?" "Apparently very much." "Oh yes dear! You are a known one in the teachers association you know? You are most certainly one of a kind Lauren Berlin, a definite renaissance person so gifted and unique! Oh your parents must be proud!" "Well im sure they are Mrs. D but I have to," "Well, I shouldn't keep you girls waiting, but if you need a spare moment just come right to me and I will have a pass written up for both of you." "Thanks Mrs. D" "Oh anything for a star pupil dear anything at all!" with that the woman shuffled off to yell at a pair of boys rough housing in the halls. "Sheesh Laura

she gonna sign you up for a Nobel Peace Prize?" "Oh shut up!"

The girls headed towards their lockers and gathered their books, packing away their coats and bags.

"Oh crap, looks like we aren't gonna make first period on time Mc." A smirk crept up Kena's lips.

"No, but it wouldn't matter if Mrs.D says so." Lauren rolled her eyes. "Mc, no. I don't want to take advantage of her!" "We wouldn't be taking advantage, we would be taking her up on her offer. Now come on!" Kena pulled her by the hand to the Language Arts classroom.

"Thank you Mrs. Diteles!" both girls chimed in unison as they left for class with passes in hand. "No problem girls! See you later!" "Kay!" they responded. Down at the end of the hall the two friends parted ways to their opposite classes.

+++++LUNCH+++++

"AHHH!" a faint shriek blended in with the other loud sounds of tenth grade lunch. It was 11:34am when this group ate. They shared the last half of their lunch with the freshmen. Lauren was shaking her head as Terry was shivering back and forth attempting to remove a sting of spaghetti from her head. Mc had sneakily placed it there but moments before and now everyone within a ten-foot radius was cracking up. Not being able to tolerate much more, Lauren finally reached up and pulled the string from her head calmly holding it in front of her face. As it dangled back and forth wriggling like a dying worm Terry's spaz out was soon over. And the surrounding laughter had seemed to cease completely. Within five minutes the group of eight was discussing matters on the new choir teacher being gay and how the songs they sang were discrimination against religion. Lauren was just commenting on how she was glad she wasn't in the choir this year when she stopped in mid sentence. She had been saying, "Well, my mom said not to join the choir this year because it would be stupid to-" she had suddenly stopped with no warning and for seemingly no reason. There was a zombified look on her face as she stared unblinkingly to something behind Kena. "well? What would be stupid?" Kena asked. To no response she turned around and immediately spotted the item of Laura's distraction. It was something alright. Or rather...someone.

CLIFFY!

can you guess who? well, you gotta wait because i need to brainstorm the next chapter.



## 51 - Dance Dance Revolution!!!

"NO WAY THAT IS SO NOT FAIR MAN I WANT A REMATCH!"

"nope."

"awwww c'mon?"

"no!"

"please?"

"no"

"please?"

"no"

"please?"

"no!"

"please?"

"NO!"

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"please?"

"ARRGH! Why does it even matter???"

"I'm a sore loser."

"yeah..."

"HEY!"

"you said it."

"true,"

"so you really want a rematch that badly?"

"yep."

"its a game!"

"yes but its a game thats humiliating to lose."

"i see."

"rematch?"

".....hhhh fine! but we are not doing it to 'Oops I Did It Again!'"

"awwww. then what song?"

"Ridin Diirty!"

"NOO that ones hard!"

"It wont kill you"

"yes it will."

"you big baby."

"i am not!"

"-\_-???"

"maybe a little..."

"alright you wanna rematch? then lets dance!"

"bring it on!"

5 MINUTES LATER

"WAAAAAAAAA!"

"oh stop wailing you knew i was gonna win!"

"so did you! you knew that song was hard!"

"so did you! why didnt you stop me?"

"you wouldnt listen to me!"

"oh."

\*on floor whipering fake\*

"will you stop being so sore loser?"

"waaaa"

\*smooch\* i had to.

"never mind. what d'ya wanna do now?"

"Ping pong?"

"..."

\*kisses\* i cant help myself no one can.

"okay! match?"

"i was thinkin tournament."

"...."

\*more kisses\* LOOK IM THE CRAZED AUTHOR AND I SAY SO SO BUGG OFF! back to our story now.

"a tournament it is! what are we waitng for!!!!?"

THE END.

LOOK 4 SEQUIL: ping-pong

## 52 - fact....

dude i need sooo much help.

## 53 - Alaena

"Will you stop drooling over her?!"

"Drooling over who?"

"That new girl?! whatser name? Ally Kichem or something?"

"thats Alaena Kinsum."

"ARG see you ARE drooling over her!"

"i am not!"

"Then whats that?" \*points\*

"Erm, i...am a me-ssy ea-ter?"

"uh-huh, of course you are. well i dont care im outta here."

"But shes totally hot!"

"ARGGGGGGGG!"

this just proves im gonna have to make Lauren look like a babe...  
man, thats gonna be expensive. DANGINT!

dont ask.

## 54 - Lauren

"hello?" \*snaps\*

"...."

"HELLO?! Earth to Marco!" hehe i thought it would be funny.

[lauren] "His name isnt Marco."

[alaena] "So? Thats what i call him."

"does he know that?"

"of course he does! why wouldnt he?"

"Well if he knows that, then why isnt he responding to you?"

"because he is drooling over YOU!"

[Maison] "I AM NOT!"

[lauren] "he speaks!"

[maison] "yeah....." dreamily by the way.

"Um, you ok?"

"hm?"

"are you o-kay?"

"Wha-? yeah, im good"

"whatever you say,"

[Alaena] "Ugh! you know what? If your going to spend the whole time drooling over her, {not drooling!} than i see no point in being your girlfriend!"

"Saywha-??? you were never my girlfriend! were you?"

"well- no, but if i was i wouldnt be anymore!" \*storms off\*

"okay so did i like, just get dumped or what?"

"i dont know."

"think she would 'take me backe if i asked her now?"

\*sigh\*

"what?"

\*kisses\*

"wha- hat was i doin? again?"

"mmm- you tell me."

"....."

C  
O  
N  
F  
U  
S  
I  
O  
N

"you busy later?"

"nope."

"you are now"

:)

:)

THE END.

there that made everything better.

now i can sleep at night knowing im the same ol insane author you expect me to be.

ya know i always reread my own stuff all the time and i always find them as funny as i hope you do.

## 55 - Ping-Pong

sequel to Dance Dance Revolution

-----  
\*playing game\*

"OW!"

"Sorry my aim was off."

"Nah its cool i guess."

\*playing game\*

"OUCH!"

"woops sorry my bad."

"no its-okay."

\*playing game\*

" OWWWWW HOLY CRAP WHAT THE HECK IS YOUR PROBLEM!?"

"bad aim?"

"arg"

\*playing game\*

P  
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G

G  
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M  
E

"OW LAUREN! THAT WAS ON PURPOSE!"



"hehehe"

\*growl.\*

"I hate ping-pong."

THE END

this one makes me laugh every time.

## 56 - The power of young love...and i mean YOUNG

Okay so Laura and Maison and MC and Terry and Greg and...Henry that's it are all in.....kindergarten so they are all like five. get it? got it? doubt it. by the way I put realistic dialogue into my works meaning I type as if I'm talking to you directly.

---

okay down at...Riveredge Kindergarten it was time for recess. So the six of them were out on the playground.

Terry and Greg were on the swings, Kena (MC) and Henry were on the teeter totter together and Maison and Laura (see not even the author is allowed to call her Laur) were, well.....okay let's say they were, erm, on the monkey bars! yeah that's it, monkey bars. heh.

ahem, well anyways that's what they all were doing. and there was this...bully dude okay yeah a erm bully guy person named.....Jargon. I don't know. Jargon sounds like a mean name doesn't it? I think it does. Okay so Jargon came out and was looking for people to torture. there were no adults outside for the time being and it was enough time for him to make every single poor little kid on that playground cry. and he planned to do just that. As he walked by, he pushed a pair of girls skipping rope causing one to scrape her knee to the point of bloodshed on the pavement. Continuing on he tripped a boy running to catch a red ball his partner had thrown for him. He was unable to catch it seeing as how he fell and hit his head on the side of the sandbox. giving the kid a bad bump that clearly hurt very much. He soon came up to where Greg was pushing Terry on a swing [how cute!] as Terry was going up he came over and shoved Greg out of the way into the woodchip covered ground. Greg was powerless as Terry came back and having expected to be pushed gently by Greg she was taken quite aback when Jargon grabbed the chain ropes suspending the swing seat and held them as he pulled it all the way up causing Terry to fall flat on her face and she sat up holding her bleeding nose and began crying loudly. Greg crawled over to help her as Jargon headed off to the teeter totters where the unsuspecting Kena and Henry were merrily enjoying themselves. He came up behind Henry and stomped his foot down onto the back of the seat causing the teeter totter to stop its movement. He then grabbed a lock of Henry's (rather shaggy long) hair and pulled him forcefully off to the side of the teeter totter and onto the ground on which many had fallen before him. Kena was looking very surprised as Jargon sat down in Henry's place and pushed up allowing her gently to the ground. Kena was half way off of the contraption when he suddenly pushed down with all of his might, flinging her harshly off into the scraggly grass outside the play ground nearly six feet away. She went rolling down a small tree and began to scream in tears. [man this kid really sucks doesn't he?] Finally after hurting some kids playing with a football and the slide he came up on the monkey bars where Maison and Laura were having a conversation while hanging from their knees three feet above the ground. They didn't notice Jargon was there until Maison was pulled down off upside down coming to the hard ground on his head. He let out a scream in anguish as he fell. Laura let out a scream in shock and worry as she watched him fall not knowing why until she spotted Jargon laughing behind him. She got down quickly and rushed to Maison's side. From what they could tell he was okay. His eyes had glazed over. But he was too busy rubbing his head to cry. Laura stood up in front of Jargon [looking all tough] and said to his face, "you think that's funny eh?" Jargon stopped laughing to look over at her. "yea watsit to ya ifs i does?" [shudder at that grammar] "whats it ta me? heres wat it is ta mee!" with that she gave him a good blow in the gut to which Maison gave a visual cheer. Bbut any celebration was gone when Jargon gave her an angry look, "yur 'owwna

regwet dat!" with that he shoved her hard as he could knocking her back into a hard green bar where she hit her head pretty hard from whiplash. She began to cry instantly. Seeing this maison gave jargon the nastiest look a five year old could give [oooo he in truuuuuuble] maison then walked up to him in the same place Luran had once stood. Jargon stopped to say "Oh ya wanna get pooshed too?"

"Nope, i wanted ta knoww if yoo did." he said it rather politely catching jargon off guard.

then out of no where (and i mean friggen nowhere!) maison reered a tight fist into the side of jargons head, sending him back a few feet into the brick wall of the school building where he hit his nose which began bleeding and a small bruise formed slowly on the side of his now red face. and for the first time since anyone had ever seen him, he began to cry and ran screaming for his mommy. He went to tell on the teacher. But they had seen everything. Except for what maison had done. so they did not believe the bully and took him inside. AND HE NEVER CAME BACK MUAHAHAHA!

omit that.

feeling qiuite satisfied, maison ran to Laura whos tears had subsided with a small smile on her face.

[keep in mind they are all five]

"are yoo okay?"

"yeah \*sniff\* th-thanks maysun." (awwwww)

maison smiled and held out his hand to help her up, which she gladly took.

"any twime Lawa" (so cute!!!)

lauren smiled, "yore a hewo ya know. and hewos nee rewords!"

"yea so wats myne?"

"dis,"

she leaned up and gave him a sweet kiss on the cheek to wich she was greeted by a blush and a quick smile before:

"EW lawa! u gawv me girwal cooties!" thats adorable!!!!

laura laughed as the two of them headed back inside, hand in hand. [i had to the moment called for it!]

THE END.

did i make them too young?

....

oh well!

i am so making an older version of this one! note the (jargens back) story is not the real parody of this one. Bullies Smash will be.

## 57 - Jargans back....

The gang (older) was at the beach. and by older i mean the older of the siblings consisting of maison, Laura, kena, Terry, greg and henry.

Maison and laura are dating, terry and greg are too and kena and henry are really close.

it was about 6:45pm and the sun was still up. the sun is allowed to be up because im the author and because its summer. So, the beach was right beside a volly ball court which as you know are used a lot at the beach. Which was right next to the back allys of a hotel.at that moment, maison and laura were sitting down where the tide nearly caught their feet watching little kids running around splashing and screaming in joy. Not far away terry and greg were eating nachos (the fun way and you can make that up on your own.) and kena and henry had gone for a walk.

about half an hour later the gang decided that since the court was empty they would go head to head at volly ball. boys vs. girls. well the girls were kicking the guys butts.

"man i wish we were playing b-ball man then we could smoke em!" greg complained.

"ahh, dude dont count on it. hard as it is to admit...do you have any idea how many games i've lost to lauren?" maison said rubbing the back of his head.

"I'm guessing... a lot?" henry was trying not to crack up.

"hhhh guys, drop it." maison said glaring at them.

"awww c'mon maison, you cant honestly expect them to let you live down the fact you can even beat your own girlfriend at basket ball?" lauren cooed from the other side of the net.

"Oh shut it!" maison steamed. "Just serve!"

"Okay....." Lauren served a decent spike that wound up catching greg in the back of the head giving th girls points.

"Ya know mais, you shouldnt call serve when your teammates arent paying attention."lauren was smirking stading with her face in the net one hand tangled up over her head and the other resting on her hip.

"Look whos talking," maison pointed lesurly behind her as henry served to kena and terry who were babblin on about something. they wound up shreiking as the ball bounced to the ground between them and went flying into the allyway behind them. the guys started cracking up.

after a few minutes the realization that someone had to retrieve the ball dawned on them.

"yo man i am not gettin dat ball. it gone inta that freaky ally!" greg complained.

"i dont like allys either they creep me out!" henry agreed.

"and i'm just plain lazy." maison marked causing the other two to laugh.

"Ugh there must be sludge and just yucth! in that ally! i am not going in there! this suit is brand new and it cost me a lot of \$\$!!!" terry moped.

" there are probably poor little kitties in there and i couldnt bare to see them in that condition!" kena shuddered at her own point.

"Looks like its up to you Laur."maison remarked from a hole in the netting. Lauren walked up to meet his face on the opposite side with at first a glare which turned into an innocent pout. "awwwwww, your not gonna make lil ol me go into the scary allyway all by myself are you maysun?" she had refurred to the irresistable nickname she had for him since they were five. [see chap 56]

he smirked and closed his eyes. "nu-uh laur its not gonna work this time. im not opening my eyes!" he had always fallen a victim to her pout.

"Oh so your just gonna let me get snagged by some big monster?" lauren placed her hands on her hips.

"mmmm yep. "

"fine then."

she walked around the net puched him playfully in the arm and whispered "ya bug jerk" before walking off calmly into the dark allyway where you couldnt see past a certain point of view.

She had soon dissappeared behind the fog that the author had conspicuously placed there.

+++++

after a few minutes of searching laura finally came up upon the ball. she was about to reach out and grab it when a muscular veined hand snatched her wrist and pulled it up. Causing her to yelp. "well, well, well. if it isnt Lauren Berlin..." she recognized that voice. and as soon as she did she whispered, "oh hell,"

a low cackled sounded as a low voice said, "oh hell is right laury. you know, you can still have me. im wid open."

she nearly screamed in anger. "no." she was restraining well. "Oh now now laur laur, dont tell me we have to do this the hard way..." the low voice said.

"We dont HAVE to do ANYTHING at ALL." lauren spat. "AND DONT YOU EVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN!" the man (yeah man) took her arm and shoved her back up against the wall with her arms bent behind her back. His hands on her shoulders holding her against the cold brick. "Oh but we do...Laur laur..." a growl emitted from her throat. "Let me go you bastard!" she spat at him. instantly pushed his forearm up into her neck holding her up an inch from the ground against the wall causing a faint gasp from her. "Oh Laur laur, we arent playing nice today now are we?" she growled again. "Now come and give a man a kiss." he was leaning forward and as soon as he was less than an inch away... she spit right in his face causing him to pull away and using his free hand wipe the sylvia from his eyes. he returned to her with a glare. "Its a shame laur laur." he pushed his forearm harder into her neck, cutting off more air. "we could have been something ya know? you had chances. plenty of em too." the man sighed as lauren glared at him. "hhh but no. you had to go and choose that looser over me. what can that whimp offer ya eh? what can he promise that i cant eh?" he released enough for lauren to speak. acid seeped from her words as she spoke, "he can give me- l-ove, " (remember partially choking) "and--h-he, can p-rom-se m-me th-at h-e w-w-on-t b-e a-n a-ss-ho-lw r-r-rap-p-er!" her voice was quivering as she stuggled the words. "Your gonna regret that laur laur!" his arm shoved harder into her once more and she was unable to scream as his other arm darted to her thigh, running up and down her sides. sending unnerving chills down her spine. she wanted to throw up. "l-l-et me g-go -y-y-you -bas-t-ar-d!" "nope laur laur cant do that. cuz then you would go and tell that useless boyfriend of yours. but then, what do i care? heh, not like he could do anything ta me anyways."

Laurens head felt like it was going to burst from loss of air, and just when she thought it would, she found she was no longer on the wall, but now on the cold ground. and her arms hurt. from impact she assumed. She was about to get up and run when something grabbed her right arm and forcefully pulled her onto the back. seeing hands land on either side of her her legs pulled up against her body and her own arms crossed infront of her face from relfex. and a good relfex too. she felt the body of the worst person she had ever met press against her legs. She knew what he was up to. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?" she knew what he wanted. "you laur laur isnt it obvious?" lauren began to squirm under his weight to the best of her ability. "GET OFF!"

" i mean hehe c;mon laur laur, your a total babe ya know that?"

"arrghhh GET OFF!!!!" her scream echoed through the allyway and she prayed some one would hear it. she prayed someone would come to her rescue. she prayed Al would come and saver her. She prayed with every inch of faith she had in her heart. Suddenly finding the spaz inside her she did what she had

done when she was little, and when something had startled her. She flailed. she began to kick her legs continuously and waved her arms spaztically in front of her face giving small yelps as the man tried to stop her. but one thing you had to know about lauren, was that when she was spazzed out, she was spazzed out. and it was impossible to calm her down at that point in time.

+++++

Lauren was growing tired. she had been spazzing for three minutes and he had not given up yet. she had finally given up and allowed him his way. stratted to her with his legs on either side of her and his hands mirroring such position.

He had began to bite her neck and shoulder painfully. she cried out in pain but made to move to stop him.

just when she thought it was over and that her fate was decided the voice she had been praying for sounded ten feet away... "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!!"

"MAISON!!!!!!!" lauren screeched his name and tried to turn her head up to him, but the man was making it impossible to move. distress sounded in her voice loud and clear. and she could feel the fire she knew was flaring in his normally soft brown eyes. which she now assumed had become bloodred. she had seen all when he was pissed. and i mean so pissed. she had seen an aburn yellow take to his brown eyes, turning them deep red, ripples seemed to form the silhouette of fire in the core. and it had scared her. it had never been towards her. it had always been for her. she had only seen him that angry when something happened to her. but there was something stronger about this time. there was something that scared her more about him. it felt like the will. the will to murder. and she didnt like it. but for now, she just wanted to be safe in his arms once more. as far away from this bastard as possible for ever and ver. on the beach shore watching the sun set forgetting everything.

"Oh, hey Tanners, wonderin bout yur little girlfriend? yeah shes having a great time with Me." the low voice cackled out. Lauren made a fast movement to deny it, but was stopped by the realization that Maison would never listen to this man. not even if he said the sky was blue and the sun was bright. He was too blinded by hatred to listen to anyone but her right now. and she was not about to tell him to hold back. She closed her eyes waiting for it all to end. she felt teeth dig into her shoulder once more and let out a cry in anguish not daring to open her eyes. She could hear his growls and feel his footsteps headed towards them and suddenly the weight on top of her was removed instantly as the teeth pinched her skin causing her to groan in pain. she heard a loud thud somewhere nearby and then felt gentle hands take to her shoulders, bringing her to an upright position. "Lauren! Lauren are you okay?" she groaned and slowly opened her eyes to see the face of her prince charming. the red in his eyes was beginning to die down at the base of his eyes as the loving softness returned that he only showed to her. "I-im okay." her voice was shakier than she thought. She was pulled into a tight embrace wich she returned as if he would disappear if she didnt. tears began to roll down her cheeks, he gently pulled back and wiped them away giving her a small smile. she returned his with a weak smile of her own. He pulled her to her feet which she found she could barely stand on and held tight to her shoulders. She tripped and fell into him, he caught her and felt as though he wouldnt let go. But he soon had to, when a voice rang out from the other end of the ally way, "NOT SO EASY TENNERS!"

TO BE CONTINUED.....

guys, this wasnt easy or fun to write.

## 58 - Envy

"oh my god look at you! you are sooo cute!"

"...."

"yes you are!

"hay er laur?"

"yeah?"

"i er left my book downstairs could you go get it?"

"hh your so lazy. fine. i'll be right back baby! yes i will!"

-----

"Okay listen up pal i dont like you and you dont like me. so lets just get one thing strait. Lauren is MY girlfriend! And there is nothing you can do to take her away from me!"

"grrrr."

"oh so THATS how you wanna play it eh? FINE! but i will prevail i assure you you feind!"

"grrrr."

-----

\*walks in\*

\*clings to legs and cries pathetically.\*

"laura please dont pick him over me please i mea who was here first?! come on Laura you cant honestly love him more than me! can you?"

"Maison what are you talking about?"

"that feid whos trying to take you away from me!"



"Who Adrien?"

"YEAH the devil!"

"hes a doby puppy. Maison. i could never love him like that more than you."

\*hugs\*

"YES THANK YOU THANK YOU!"

"HA IN YOUR FACE DOG! HA!"

"hhh i love you but I dont know why."

"Just lookin out babe. just looking out."

\*eye roll\*

\*kiss.\*

THE END.

it was funny okay? i always wanted a doby puppy. my last two died. NO i didnt kill them! you meenies! the idea was not entirly mine. the inspration came from another aurthor on another site. like i said. i dont take credit for someone elses work unless i forget i didnt make it up, which i never do so dont worry.

## 59 - While You Where Sleeping,

"Man you should have seen yourselves!" this is henry talking.

"Yeah dude, Maison, you drool too much!" greg.

"Lauren you throw stuff, its really funny by the way. " Theresa.

"yeah" kena

so there the two victims sat not bothering to deny what they were told. Because they had a plan, a joke if you will. And this is how it went.

"Hey, why dont we tell them what they look like when they're sleeping?" Laura

"But we cant," Maison

"And wy cant we tell them AI?" Laura

"Because....."Maison

"THEY WERE UNDER THE COVERS!" Maison still, in a sing-song voice.

the second he finished the couple made a run for it as two of the three (Kena and Henhead) teehee ran after them.

However, Terry and Greg stayed back.

(Terry) " What were they doing spying on us?"

(greg) " I dont know."

....

(o)-(o) "Ahem! there are some things we DONT need to HEAR!"

"Who are you?"

"Im the author you gutterheaded dunderbrains!" \*snicker snicker\*

"Well you made us say them!"

(\*\_) (!) "he, he, erm....yeah well, (walking slowly towards the door) i'll erm he just em, be..... (runs away) LEAVING!!!!"

the end.

dont ask.

(author gets pelted with rotten fruit and other inanimate objects)

OW! HEY!

## 60 - BIG CHANGE PEOPLE HUGE!

Okay seeing as this is the 60th chapter i suppose it is a good place to put this information:  
I AM CHANGING ALEX'S NAME!

okay as i am sure you all should be aware if you have been reading the past 59 chapters of this story you would note his name as Alexander Tenners.  
well, to me the name Alexander is getting really darn annoying.

dont ask why. because it is just getting annoying to type and all.  
SOOOOOO

his new name is Maison. Yes, i am pretty sure that is spelled wrong. I like spelling it that way.

Now, so you poor people dont have to put your minds to the extra work, i am going to go to the trouble of changing his name in EVERY SINGLE FRIGGEN CHAPTER.

so i hope your happy.  
if not, get over yourself and eat a sundae.

your welcome.

the chapters should all be done by sometime next week hopefully before i die.  
nah im just kiddin, three to five days maximum, heck i might have most of them done tonight (october 22) if we're lucky. If not, sometime before next friday i garuntee you.

Does anyone have any other name (boy) suggestions that begin with the letter M?

yes they have to begin with the letter M and i cannot state my reasons why on the internet. Please dont take that too personally.  
If you do have any other male name suggestions, please let me know.

9/10 chances are that i wont even pay moderate attention to them all and 10/10 i wont pick any of them. i might. but they would have to be really good names.  
let me know before 11:20 and 46 seconds tonight WOOPS too late never mind dont bother.

but if you want to give me suggestions anyway i guess i wont mind.

if you want to give me a name based off of personality that your gonna have to read for once in your life! the characters personalities are often expressed through the stories i tell.

now keep in mind, i am only changin his name in this story. Should he be mentioned in any other stories of mine i will most likely jump from Alexander to Maison. So get over it. The other characters remain the same for now.

## FURTHER NOTE:

OKay certainly you people are aware of my story Bloody Haunting?

Well if there are any chapters in that one i am going to erase them all and rewrite the entire thing. I suppose i will have the same basic context or idea of the story with a twist or two for fun.

no this is not easy for me in fact it is an awful lot of work.

but once i have this part done, it will be more fun for me to write and that way there will be more for you to read.

im doing this all for you guys. but if like two or three people out of nearly 500 readers are willing to comment, than i see no point in giving you more.

however, thanks to those WHO DO COMMENT (thank you by the way) i will continue writing. for now.

but if the rest of you bums dont get off your butts and type a little, than its gonna take more than 3 or 2 loyal readers to keep these stories going.

not to put pressure on those who do comment by the way.

## THANKS FOR POSSIBLY PAYING ATTENTION

and thanks for even bothering to consider reading my stuff.

COMMENT YOU INCOHERANT MONKEY NUT SUCKING GUTTERGUM BALL BRAIN HEADED TOE RINGING SPAZMASTER GUNKYBUTTS!!!!!!!!!!!!

please?

not to be mean or anything.

## 61 - The Wonderful Unforeseen

Lauren Berlin was a rather secretive girl. She always had been. She always wore baggy boyish clothes, and her long dish water hair was always in her face. No one had ever really seen what she actually looked like, not even her eyes. No one except her family and close friends.

She wasn't even a very open social person. It made you wonder how she had any friends at all. She was an A student however. She was a very strange girl indeed.

Well today (Friday) they and like four other people (friends) were going to the beach together.

Maison was waiting in the shade of an overhang near the ridge of the beach with his two best buddies in the whole wide world: Henhead (Henry) and Greg. They were talking about some unrelated topic while they were waiting for the girls to show up. The girls consisting of: Kena, Theresa and...Lauren. The boys had met the other two a few times before. Though it was odd how Lauren was always with them, yet she seemed to disappear whenever they lot of them came in contact. Maison had seen her smile once. It was a vague smile out of what the high schoolers called: Satins Pleasure. Satins Pleasure or SP is when someone is happy over something bad or ya know, evil. Like laughing over a prank would be laughing out of Satins Pleasure as the phrase went.

The three girls had been walking along when this guy he didn't know, but apparently the girls knew came walking up and was walking beside them for a while. Lauren seemed smug the entire time. Gllowering at the boy underneath the hiding darkness of her black jacket hood. Letting her hair trail out over her shoulders and her long bangs shade her eyes, which he didn't know the particular color of. He thought they were green. She seemed like a green eyed person. (not the envious green btw)

Anyways, the boy had been talking to Theresa or Terry. They had been deeply in conversation when the boy came up on the very end of a grated bench and fell over face forward into the wishing well on the other end. Him falling into the three foot well caused a large splash, missing Lauren and soaking Kena and Terry. Lauren just stood there with an evil look on her face. As if some evil plan she had intended had easily been carried out with flying colors.

Maison felt the unnerving lurch in his stomach at that smile. There was something about it that scared him, yet perplexed him all the same. This had been nearly a week ago.

Maison was soon pulled out of his lake of memories by the sound of henhead (i love calling Henry henhead) and Greg laughing. He clearly had not been in tune with the conversation so there was a twinge of light remorse in his guts that brought a thought of accidental idiocy to mind. So he dared to ask, "Hey guys, what's so funny?" the two boys looked at him funny before responding, "dude weren't you even listening?" henhead asked. "or were you too busy thinking about larrrrrrraaaa!" Greg dragged out mockingly as the two boys began cracking up once more. "guys....guys!....GUYS!" they stopped to look at him again. "will you shut up and tell me what's so damn funny?" the boys looked at each other for a moment. "well, nothing man, cept," Greg began, "we just think it's funny that your gonna try and ask lifeless Lauren out today." Henry finished in snickers. "really? and what's so funny about that?" Maison asked slightly offended. "well, spshhh c'mon man i mean, she is like the most solumn person in school." "Yeah and..." Greg started snickering uncontrollably in mid sentence. This time even henhead (:) didn't know what he was trying to say. "what Greg?" Maison was almost afraid of the answer. and soon regretted asking as the boy finally got his point across and henhead joined him in laughing..."man you dont even know if she....is really a SHE!!!! i mean she wears boy swag all the time dude wataya think bout them apples?!" Greg was stupid like that. anyways..."Oh my go-you guys are so gay its not even funny!" the boys continued to laugh and maison came up with a brilliant plan, "Ya know, you dont have

to hide it anymore." he said calmly. causing both boys to cease laughter immediately and turn their heads to him abruptly. "hide what?" henhead asked the both of them listening intently.

"Oh dont play dumb with me henhead." snicker snicker, "i know what you bin up to."

"dude, man what are you talkin bout?" greg asked

"yeah?" henhead agreed.

a sly smirk stretched on maisons features and the second it did the boys knew they were in for it.

"You know, the fact that you've been together since.....forever!" the looks on their faces made him crack up as he had made it seem so serious as if it were true. His laughter increased as two girls who had been listening in backed away clearly believing it was true. He was soon holding his sides.

He was stopped by the sound of feminine laughter from not too far away.

The three boys looked over to see a black mercury (sounded cool) car come to a halt in the parking lot. Three teenage girls (their age) got out of the car. The shortest of the three girls was only a few inches shorter than greg who was about 5'7". She was rather stout, adorned in a pink one peice suit with a halter top with green stripes and a yellow surong with pink sandals. her brown hair was cut to her ears and a pair of sunglasses hid her green eyes. This was Terry. Fashion savvy diva person.

Another girl, whom was about the same hight as henhead who was 5'8" stepped out from what appeared to be the passenger seat. (these people are getting taller) This one was rather thin but in a healthy way, and with a somewhat plain figure. She wore a two peice suit with leopard skin patterns and light blue lining that went over her shoulders to tie up in the back. they knew her immediately as Kena, from the cat shaped purse hanging from her arm. Her redish brown hair was strewn hap hazardly over her shoulders as always and she had an oversized white button up shirt covering her shoulders. The usual mirth was imminent in her blue eyes.

Then, there was a girl maison did not recognize. in fact, he had never seen her before. especially not with Kena and Terry. She was the tallest of the three. Being only one inch shorter than maison himself making her a good six feet tall. She had dish water blonde hair that was tied in a peacock bun at the back of her head with a navy hair tie. (if you dont know what a peacock bun is got to the very bottom) She had on no glasses, revealing a pair of gorgeous layered eyes of blue and green, with a dash of cinnimon in them. ( dont ask how they can tell from that far) "Around her neck was a shark tooth chocker held by black thread. She wore a Black with red smuged together, bikini halter top that tied with black sting at the base of her neck. Revealing a well cut collar bone, among other things..... AHM she had on really short black ripped denim shorts that showed nice long legs. On her feet were a pair of black and red sneakers with red laces. Her mid driff could not be decifered from underneath the navy blue sweatshirt fitted to her shoulders. The girls walked over to a spot that they had chosen and as they were setting things up the girl removed the sweatdhirt, to uncover a thin well trimmed stomach. As well as a mid hour glass figure. ( dont know what an hour glass figure is? you freak.) maison couldnt stop staring. Before a certain moment in time she held a bright look on her face. A young boy was running to catch a foot ball and as he ran past them he was hit in the side of the head with the ball. tumbling to the gound uninjured the boy rubbed his head and regained his footing to return the ball. thats when maison saw it. that laugh. that look.

both of them....

where out of Satins Pleasure....

## 62 - Satins Pleasure....seem familiar???

it should.

flash back: ' *That laugh. That smile. Both of them. Out of Satins Pleasure.*'

hmmmm now where have we heard that before????  
-----

Satins Pleasure. it was a unique trait. a trait where joy could be pulled from pain of all sorts. he had only seen that particular Satins Pleasure once before. No more than a week or so before. But it couldnt be. But how familiar? How ironic? How possible? How could it possibly be? That girl maison did not recognize. She had the Satins Pleasure. She had the look. the smile the laugh. The hair color. The partially green eyes.....

"Lauren..." it was merely a meek whisper falling from his lips dead without emotion. only shock.

"what was that man? i i di'nt hear ya i was too busy check er out!" greg had turned his attention to maison where as henhead had his eyes on....kena? what the hell? oh well we all need love. anyhow moving on,

maison had not taken his eyes off of that one girl.

recieving no answer greg waved his had in front of maisons face. he didnt move.

he didnt blink. he wasnt breathing. realizing this after finally pulling kena from his gaze, henhead slapped maison on the back. Maison inhaled a sharp breath and let it out, continuing for life. "sheesh man, what is with you?" henhead asked.

maison had still not taken his eyes off of her. he pointed vaguely. "h-her," he managed to say.

he was clearly trying to word something, "yeah she's fiiine aint she?" greg clearly had not noticed.

henhead had though. "man spit it out!" maison suddenly came to grips with reality.

"thatonereallyhotgirloverthereislaurenberlin!!!" he blurted out covering his mouth after he did so and incredulous look on his face.

"saywah?"

"dude what did you say?"

before maison could respond they found that kena had noticed them. apparently she had only heard their voices and not their conversation. lucky maison. she began waving over at them beckoning them over. greg and henhead began without pause but maison found his legs where preventing him from moving. so henhead and greg had to pull him along.

by the time hey reached the spot kena was saying hi and so was terry and neither of them bothered to bring up the "new" girl kneeling on a black towel on the ground flipping through a large aqua-biology book. she had turned to a page with a bold heading that read: CREATURES OF THE DEEP? OR ANIMALS OF DISCOVERY? THE TRUTH BEHIND SHARK ANATOMY. clearly she was into sharklife. she had not seemed to take notice of the three gawking boys behind her. welll 2 at her the other one at kena, what the hell why cant i drop that!? oh well every one needs love anyways moving on. she was six feet away from them on the sand as she shifted to a leaning sitting position with one arm as a prop and the other cradling the book in the crook of ther elbow, holding the sides on her arm and



forearm. as if she couldnt hear them or she was ignoring them and doing a very good job. As terry and kena began talking to two of the boys greg and henhead shoved maison forward causing him to stumble three feet or so, stopping but two feet away from that one girl nearly looming over her. he only prayed he didnt fall over.

"You been off your legs to long Tenners?"

he gave a small yelp as he fell on his face in the sand beside her legs.

"hoowdddoonwiiwsssmoe?" he mumbled something in the sand.

" i cant understand you when your eating sand." she said calmly. she had not looked up from her book at all.

he pirched his head up on his arms and sputtered out a mouthfull of sand and who wants to know what else. "\*cough\* howd you know it was me?" he wiped some sand from around his mouth.

"I have my ways." was all she said before turning to face him for the first time that day, and giving him that look. Satins Pleasure. directed at him? great. it was only the look no laughing. he supposed it could be worse.

\*&%&%&^%&^SORRY! GOTTA STOP 4 NOW I HAVE TO GO LIKE NOW OKAY? I WILL PICK UP TOMORROW I PROMISE!!@#\$%^&\*(

## 63 - ow thissucks

i will not be able to add vary much if aything at all for the next several weeks.

why?

cuz i broke my arm and i am unable to type for very lng the motion of even using my other hand hurts,  
ow, g2g

srry guys

bye

## 64 - surreal

have you ever experenced something where, you knew it was real but it didnt feel like it? i have. not more than 3 days ago and i can never forget.

my name is lauren berlin. i am 14 years old and attend 9th grade at riveredge highscool. it was a tuesday that had begun like any other. getting up at 6:30 in the morning, meeting up with terry and mc and heading off to school. at schhol, meeting up with the guys, and spending the last ten minutes before 8:00 screwing around. first period: art class. mrs.rawd complimented me on the work i had done. so the day was starting rather well. after art, i had journalism where my article was picked for the school yearbook! after that, digital video production or dvp. i polished off my project that i had been working on for about...3 weeks. by then, it was time for lunch, where it was pizza. this day had been going so well. i was feeling so good. after mc put a gummy worm in terrys hair, nothing could bring me down. nothig, at least, until 4th period gym...

sriry i got to leave a cliffy. my narcoticsare making me sleepy, i will continue in a couple of hoursdont wrry. i am an optimist. and i am noy about to let you guys down.

## 65 - peanuts

one boring saturday afternoon henhead was alone at home and he was hungry. but seeing as how he was an idiot he was unabe to cook anything at all, he was couch diving. he was burried half way into the couch when he finally found something. he pulled himself out of the cushion holding a \$20 bill in his hand.

"aww 20 dollars? i wanted a penut!" he c omplained

'wait, 20 dollars can give you many peanuts!' a voice in his head told him

"really? explain." henhead replied.

'money can be exchanged for goods and services.' the voice said.

"oohhhh"

i got it from the simpsons.

## 66 - reading under a tree

this is gonna be funny.

-----

the gang was at the park and everything was quiet. henhead was fast asleep against a log, kens was...oh i dont know, erm,listening to music or something. greg was playing a muted handheld video game and terry had wandered off somewhere to talk on the phone to her cousin diana. lauren was leaning against a large oak tree reading a thick book entitled: THE PARODIES OF REALITY BY: MAY LOATTS. [btw my fake name is now may loatts not mais for obvious reasons.] maison was nearly asleep right next to her. he was really bored so, he thought he might have som fun. lauren didnt like to be bothered while reading but, nuscence was what was expected of him. there was nothing he could do about that, and theres nohing he would do in this boredom. all was quiet and calm.

"hey laur? whatcha reeedin?" he asked in an 'is it not obvious im trying to be annoying' sort of voice. lauren looked up at him raising and eyebrow with a skeptical look. "the book -you- bought me last week?" she made it sound like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"well how would i know that?" maison asked incredulously sounding offended.

"well...you could have looked at the cover, or you could have considered that i've been reading this book for the past...five days?" she made that sound obvious too.

"oh." maison shrugged it off."yeah okay." with that, lauren contnued her reading. but maison wasnt finished. far far from it. he was also far far from being awake. yawning, he stretched his arms crossing over his head. he slowly lowered his right arm down behind laurens head which was tilted down slightly, and casually draped it over her shoulders. at first, lauren didnt seem to even notice. but then to maisons amazement, she eased into the feeling and resorted to the position of leaning into maison. maison of corse had no objections. he shifted slightly causing them both more comfort. lauren gave a light sigh and kept reading. maison was astounded.

you see, they werent dating or anything. and before now lauren would wave off any such actions. the fact that she didnt seem to mind surprised, and pleased him. he risked resting his head ontop of hers, and to the extent of his joy, she seemed to relax into that too.

suddenly that book was his best friend because apparently so long as she was reading it, she wouldnt slug him for snuggling up to her!

the beauty of the moment died as greg yelled in pride and began his victory dance not far away. lauren lightly sghed as she turned one of the thin pages making little motion so as not to disturb the snug position she had found herself in.

it then occured to her that nomally she would have shooed him away from this sort of thing. but here she was allowing him to curl the two of them up together as close as he dared. and she didnt mind. certainly

she would stop him if it got too serious, but she knew him. she knew he wasn't like that. she had to admit, at least to herself, she liked it this close. it wasn't that she didn't like him like that, she did like him, a lot. but he had enough to focus on right now. a girlfriend would not make things easier.

but she had been thinking, she didn't want to miss her chance with him. the last thing she wanted to see was some conceited \*itch hanging on his arm like an ornament. brainwashing him and running him dry, then breaking his heart when they got bored. she knew that she had to make a move eventually. he had been making moves on her for weeks. every day she asked herself why she kept turning him down.

the upside was that he was persistent for her. this of course, was a move. but this time, she thought she might take it. after all, she didn't know how much longer he would chase her. sure they were friends, but that meant limitations against what she knew they both wanted.

and she didn't want to wait anymore for the lift on those limitations.

what brought her back to reality was the sound of maison's voice,

"laur?"

she shook her head to clear the ight fog that had folded over her mind recently in thought and responded, "yes?"

"why won't you go out with me?" he sounded upset and...desperate?

lauren rolled her eyes and gave a sigh. "i..." she quickly looked around at the others, "i...i don't know, i mean,"

"i mean do you not like me like that?" he seemed a bit crestfallen.

"well i-"

"because, if you don't then, just tell me, and i'll...lay off." he slowly began to pull away from her. 'no!' lauren panicked in her head.

he was almost completely away when she found her voice. and more of her heart than her mind intended to use it.

yes you have to read this:

"No maison, it's got nothing to do with that it's not that i don't like you like that because i do i really do i like you a lot it's just that if i figured you had enough to deal with and that it's too much or something but don't think for a minute i don't like you like that because i do but if you asked me now i'd probably say hell yes!" she blurted out quickly

"what?"

lauren rolled her eyes. not wanting to say it again she reverted to plan B. she turned her body to face him and looking him straight in the eyes and placed her hands on either side of his head cradling his

cheeks. smiling coyly she pulled his head forward while leaning in at the same time. closing her eyes she gently brought their lips together in a full yet tentative kiss.

he was frozen for a moment, she began to pull away in fear, when she felt his own hand race to the back of her head, pulling her back in. the sudden touch sent chills pleasantly down her spine causing her shoulders to bunch up shyly.

with time the kiss grew more passionate as his other arm found its way around her waist, and as she coiled her arms around his neck.

both of their hearts began to pound as they pulled away remaining in their embrace.

"sooo erm... will you go out with me?" maison asked hopefully.

running her hand through his hair she smiled, "yes!"

with that they leaned in at the same time meeting in another passionate kiss.

five minutes later terry came back from her phone call and stopped dead when she saw the couple making out under the tree.

"did i miss something?"

kinda! ha enjoy! comment! my arm hurts! ow!

## 67 - poke

poke.

"hey!"

"what?"

"..nothing."

poke.

poke.

poke.

"will you stop?"

"stop what?"

"stop poking me!"

"i wasnt poking you."

"grrr."

poke.

poke.

poke.

poke.

poke.

poke.

poke.

"will you please stop?!"

"but im not doing anything."

\*snarl\*

poke.

poke.

poke.

poke.





it can be who ever you want it to be. if you need ideas thinka james bond and tamone....did i spell that right? : T

**68 - 600!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

600 VIEWS BABY YES!!!!!! AWESOME KEEP READING AND I WILL KEEP WRITING!

this may not be some kind of record but it is to me do just let me have my momet.

## 69 - The Greater Generation

my name, is lauren tenners. my age, is unimportant. because in this ever changing world there are no true limits on our individual assistance.

i am part of the greatest generation. in fact, i and my closest friends, and husband, are some of the last of that generation. the generation that saved the world. the generation that they are proud of.

the greatest generation.  
and yet, the worst.

we were the ones who had to pull through the darkest of all times. the hardest.  
we had the most weight on our young shoulders. we had the weight of the world and its shattered past, as well as its undeciphered future.

so young. but we did it. no one knows how. no one really cares. so long as we did it.  
its been fourteen years since my generation, since our generation saved the world.  
well, we didnt really save 'the' world, we saved 'a' world. we saved their world. whereas our world was destroyed and taken away, forgotten.  
this is a new world alright. a better and safer world.

better for them. safer for them. comforting to them.

but to us?

it was a cold new planet, it was foreign and we had yet to find our way in it.  
that is why we stay together. bound eternally by the friendship and love in our hearts.  
we arent afraid of this strange new place. there is no need to be afraid of it. this is still the same world we were born in. this is the same earth on which we walked. this is still our world. though it isnt the way we remember it.

we are simply more cautious. anything and everything in the universe that was ever new was at one point fragile. delicate. that is what we had feared for this new world. how delicate and vulnerable it is in this state.

we dont know how long it will be until the planet can restablize itself. but what we do know is that...we have to be here and ready until it does.

as its saviors we are officially its protectors.

not to say that the others will not fight along side us. they will. and it is not a matter of weather or not they do. it is simply a matter of weather or not we do. we know we must, wev all know it is our place to do so until we die.

and that is hopefully a very long time away for all of us. therefore we need to be here for the earth to keep it well and safe. for the next and hopefully even greater generation. the one that we are to create. the one that we have begun.

and the one that we will keep alive and strong. no matter what it takes.

we are not afraid of the future and what it may hold for us,  
and our children will be raised just as smart brave and strong.  
our children will be the greater generation.  
miranda will be part of that generation.  
my daughter will be part of that generation.

the greater generation. to hold the world secure after its tiers are gone...

i dunno.

## 70 - mistakes (2?)

she was married.

she was...happily married.

she had three beautiful children, smart and wonderful.  
after their father. a daughter and two sons.

a son and the daughter were twins.  
they took after relation to their father. whom was the elder brother of a pair of twins.

the other younger son was most like his mother in appearance, yet his behavior was the mirror of his father.

their names?  
the twins were alexander and alexandrea [please. just dont even bring it up i know ok?!]

and the other son was jason.

they all took right after their father.

their father.

he was a wonderful man.

but she was married now. to another man. her first marrage. and sadly her only marrage.

she had realized years ago the mistake she had made. the moment that her children had been born she knew most of her mistake.

at first she had tried to ignore them. but it was to no use. then was when she realized that her mistakes were unfixable. time is unrewindable.

but love...is unignorable.

her husband did not know of her misstakes and neither did her children.  
none of them knew that those three children were born of another father, another man.

the man she loved. she had known the m all their lives and loved him half the time. and yet she had left hm for this...this stranger. eleven years of lies and pain.

eleven years since she had last seen his face or heard his voice.  
she remembered. it was the day of her wedding, but three hours pior to the bggest mistake of her life.

she remembered the pain on his face, in his eyes. the tears in both of their eyes.

she remembered how hard it was to hear him talking.

and she remembered wanting nothing ore than to chase him. to leave to entire precession behind. leave that strange man behind.

she mulled over her thoughts like the waves of the sea as she looked through photographs from her childhood.

and her wedding. she had been sifting through them in pain and in wanting when the doorbell rang.

with her husand at work and the children at school the house had been so soundless.

she walked down the stairs and towards the parlor where the door hid the last person she thought to ever see across her thresh hold.

opening the door she gasped as her knees felt weak and her heart seemed to stop dead.

she looked into the all familiar chesnut eyes of none other than...

"maison..."

eh, dont ask.

## 71 - ATTENTION ALL READERS!

i am writing a new story called Veeol Dena Aetreh. but i am not going to put it on this account. why would i do something so retarded you ask? i dont know. but the account it will be under is that of 'loseitatem'. minus the apostrophies of course.

i will put a number 0 chapter summary in there very soon.

dont worry i am not going to stop parodies of reality. in fact, if i did that i wouldnt have any more ideas for Veeol Dena Aetreh!

therefore i will be running count em 2 major stories.

Veeol Dena Aetreh includes all of your fav OC characters and even some new ones!

And no it isnt in any sort of foreign language. though there is one part where greg says something in a language i made up. he says something like low is more eber lierr rote dizno ti me or something. it means why me in metatiesol. metatiesol is my own secret language and i might wind up using it sometimes.

anyhow keep an eye out for the story Veeol Dena Aetreh and know that you are gonna wanna read that!

by the way the title is in matetiesol too. im pretty sure thats not a real language....if it is lemmy know. because i could be saying something very mean and not know it!

metatiesol sounds like a natsy stomach medicine.....yuchh.



## **72 - ATTENTION ALL READERS (again)**

forget that last tidbit imi putting the story on this account



## 74 - im not gay because of this.

she had always been known for dressing like a boy. As well as acting like one sometimes. But no one ever dared call her gay or anything because anyone who did was getting a new fist for christmas if you catch my drift.

Well they all had known her for their entire lives and she had never changed for anything. Or anyone.

She was also very rebellious. She hardly ever listened to anyone ever. Not even her parents. not when they werent looking. they would tell her she couldnt go somewhere and she would say OK. then after they were asleep or gone or whatever she snuck out and got back before they noticed and left no evidence.

no one ever really thought of her as a...well what should i say that wont make us all feel awkward?  
....nothing okay.

well the thing is no one ever really thought of her has a, i dunno babe hottie or whatever? (that was hard...)

they never really thought of her as one with a figure of any sort either. She always wore such baggy clothes. she always seemed to everyone, like the plain athletic type. hell were they wrong. well thats what she had been like nearly her entire life.

so you can only image every persons surprise when....erm when, ah crap. i didnt think i would get this far in the chapter so i didnt think anything else up. sorry guys give me a minute.....

okay got it.

normally she showed up to school (I.E. anywhere public) in as said baggy clothes. She also always had her hair down, it was long and strait and usually very very messy. her bangs would always hang way over her eyes. so most people didnt know what color they were. (pathetic arent i?)

well one day when she showed up in something else, no body knew (or could believe) who she was. She had come in wearing a black long sleeve (like knuckles long) that fit to the figure no one knew she had, and black (puck/goth got it?) hip hugger jeans that were only lose around her ankles. (meaning they are hiding all but the toes of her brown shoes) Her hair was nice neat shiny and pulled back into a nice pony tail down her back. her long bangs (chin long) where pulled neatly to the left side of her face only hiding one of two apparently grey-green eyes.

she was gorgeous. (please dont think im gay)  
to some even hot. (thank you.)

but the question was, why? why had she suddenly decided to dress like a girl over night? not even her two best friends in the entire galaxy knew that. and that was saying something in their case. all they knew was that it had to be pretty important for her to go to such lengths over it.

well, the rest of them will never know but i think you should. so ill describe to you her reason for such changes.

here, let me describe it for you,

6'1"

smart

funny

cute

and from outta state as of.....one day ago.

if it isnt obvious you need help.

or maybe im the one who needs help, i dunno maybe. btw this chapter was someone elses idea.

## **75 - ATTENTION!2**

im looking for a new character and i need some help! see my profile for details!

## 76 - She's A Rebel

She's A Rebel [as performed by Greenday]

*She's a rebel,  
She's a saint  
She's salt of the earth  
And she's dangerous*

That was Laur. She was a total rebel. So far this song was accurate. Mason caught himself thinking as he sat high in the branches of an old oak tree listening to his Green Day CD. Well CD nonetheless, he had downloaded the music onto his cell phone.

*She's a rebel  
Vigilante  
Missing link on the brink  
Of destruction*

What did vigilante mean? Why did all of his favorite songs have to have a larger vocabulary than he did? Not that he was stupid. He supposed it was because so many songs had foreign lyrics nowadays. Vigilante sounded Spanish to him. He made a mental note to run a web search on it later. Then he would listen to the song again knowing what it meant.

*From Chicago to Toronto  
She's the one that they call  
old whatsername*

That wasn't entirely true about Laur. She was actually very well known. But then again, there had been times when he had taken her out on what they called 'dates'. They were actually mischievous missions, on which the two of them caused all sorts of trouble. During the aftermath they overheard at school she had been referred to as whatsername or things like that. He'd been to Toronto once. It was very cold.

*She's the symbol  
Of resistance  
And she's holding on my heart  
Like a hand grenade.*

Now that part had to be true. She was practically the symbol of resistance. She was a very out spoken and unique person. She never let anyone boss her around. And you could say she had a hell of a hold on his heart. He loved everything about her. And like a grenade, she had total control over him. She knew she did too. He didn't mind her having such power. The guys called him a trained dog under her

watch. He didn't care. He may be a trained dog. But he's a happy dog.

*Is she dreaming  
What I'm thinking  
Is she the mother of all bombs  
gonna detonate.*

He always did wonder what she was dreaming about. Well, the times when she didn't tell him her dreams anyway. But he knew she could never dream what he thought about. She thought the same things he thought. All about marauding and pranks. But he had no idea what she dreamt about. If there were such a thing she would be the mother of all bombs. You set her off and you may as well be dead in the first place. He knew from personal experience.

*Is she trouble  
Like I'm trouble  
Make it a double twist  
Of fate  
Or a melody that*

She sure was trouble like he was. Together they were a total pain in the @\$\$\$. To everyone but each other of course.

*She sings the Revolution  
The dawning of our lives  
She brings this liberation  
That I just can't define  
And nothing comes to mind...*

As the song repeated its chorus Mason dove into remembrance of how beautiful Laur's singing voice was. Every time he heard her it mesmerized him. He didn't know what liberation meant, but he knew that she brought this certain sense of achieving equality and rights leverage to everyone she met. .... Anyways he couldn't really sum that up in one word. (-\_-) nothing really came to mind. Oh well.

*She's a rebel  
She's a saint  
She's salt of the earth  
And she's dangerous.*

Why was he here instead of hanging out with her?

*She's a rebel  
Vigilante  
Missing link to the brink  
Of destruction*

Theres that vigilante word again. What the hell does that mean? Gosh he wished he knew. Maybe he would ask laur about it later.

*She's a rebel  
She's a saint  
She's salt of the earth  
And she's dangerous*

What time was it anyways?

*She's a rebel  
Vigilante  
Missing link to the brink  
Of destruction*

Shouldn't he be meeting up with her sometime soon? He climbed down from the tree as the song came to an end.

*She's a rebel, she's a rebel, she's a rebel, and she's dangerous.  
She's a rebel, she's a rebel, she's a rebel,*

He looked around for a few moments. He turned around in a small circle. When he turned back around he was greeted by a kiss.

From his little rebel.

*And she's dangerous.*



## 77 - Its the song that never ends...

Laura, Mason, Henry and Kena were riding in a black stretch limo with none other than....VLAD MASTERS! (lololol im sorry i had 2) If youre wondering how they got a ride from him i will tell you. Ahem, henhead is his uncles, sisters, best friends, daughters, nephews, fathers, brothers best friends sisters second cousin removed seven and a half times fathers roommate in college. how that relates him to vlad in any way at all i dont know but it was sure fun to type!

anyhow henhead had called in a favor to drive them from the mall to their houses. actually once they were in the limo he began to beg vlad to take them homw with him for a while. vlad had argued that the time simply would not allow but they insisted and against his will vlad said YES! after all, its only for a few hours and he could jet them all back home. however since they were ten minutes in the limo they had to drive the next three hours to wisconsin. (look i dont know where they live in this one K?)

It had been ten peacefull minutes. the four teenagers had just been talking amongst themselves and whispering. He could easily decipher the 'pairs' (;D) of the foursome. Mason and Laura seemed to whisper to each other the most and aside from that they just plain acted like a couple of (IM SORRY!) lovebirds! that left Kena and Henry who didnt have as strong a relationship but they were into each other it was more obvious than the fact that he was stinking damn rich! (that is obvious btw)

vladdy was sitting on the limo seat across from them all giving them seven (!) feet of space between them all. Vlad had taken kindly to the given silence and pulled a book out of one of the poskets under the seat. He had just purchases a copy of the bestselling book "Eragon" (which is an awesome book and im sorry to make VLAD read it but you just wait) He had heard it was a very popular title about the young folk. and since he wanted to be 'hip' and 'cool' he decided to give it a shot.

~\*~\*~\*\*\*~\*\*~\*~\*

Vlad was bout 20 pages into the book and so far it was a pretty somber read in his opinion. He didnt understand what was so exciting about hunting deer and finding some shiny blue rock with an unknown value. But hes an old guy he wouldnt understand. He had gotten so used to the peace that he nearly screamed throwing the driver off for a second when the four of them began to sing in a chorus:

"ITS THE SONG THAT NEVER ENDS IT GOES ON AND ON MY FRIENDS! SOME PEOPLE STARTED SINGING IT NOT KNOWING WHAT IT WAS AND NOW THEY CANT STOP SINGING IT FOREVER JUST BECAUSE..."

vlad had just regained himself. "Children what on earth is tha-"

"ITS THE SONG THAT NEVER ENDS...("ahem children?") IT GOES ON AND ON MY FRIENDS...("would you stop now?") SOME PEOPLE STARTED SINGING IT NOT KNOWING WHAT IT WAS, ("hello! i want to say-") AND NOW THEY CANT STOP SINGING IT FOREVER JUST BECAUSE...("CHILDREN!") ITS THE SONG THAT NEVER ENDS...."

they continued singing and vlad could not get them to stop. 'come on vladdy ol boy just two and a half more hours, certainly they will get tired of this childish act soon enough,"

2 HOURS LATER:

vlad sat curled up in a ball holding onto two clutches of silver hair he had yanked from his head. his eye was continuously twitching. they had not stopped. 'thththththththirty mmmmmmmorrre mmmminnutes vvvvlladd! you ccan ddo itt!'

30 MINUTES LATERR....

"FINALLY!" vlad yelled as he leaped spaztically from the limo and darted into his mansion leaving the four teens behind. He slammed the large wooden doors shut.

5 MINUTES LATER (they havent come in yet (the 4))

knock knock echoed on the large wooden doors. vlad answered it seeming like his boring unmarried rich sane self again. when he saw the four teenagers on his doorstep he was about to let them in and apologize when...

"ITS THE SONG THAT NEVER ENDS IT GOES ON AND ON MY FRIENDS SO THEN WE STARTED SINGING IT NOT KNOWING WHAT IT WAS NOW WE CANT STOP SINGING IT FOREVER JUST BECAUSE...."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!" vlad suddenly schreeched at the tops of his lungs and pulled more of his hair out. he went tearing down the marble hallways and made a sharp turn three feet from the actual corner. causing him to run moch 5 right into a stone wall at point blank range. he fell back and swooned like a lovestruck girl and fell to the floor unconcious.

the four began cracking up and went back to the limo to go home. what they did in THIS limo ride WITHOUT the old and boring VLAD person, i will not say. two boys, two girls and one 73 year old limo driver who cant see them....use your imagination for a moment....~

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~  
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ye....thats riiiiight wink wink! they were.....playing GO FISH!!!!!!!

the end

I DO NOT OWN VLAD MASTERS OR HIS LIMO OR PROPERTY OR HIS INSANITY THANK  
GOODNESS!