

# It Never Ends Chapter 1

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*Its a story i made up! this is only the first chapter!*

*its a lot of writing xD and it has realistic deaths...the base part of the story isn't even done yet xD so u cant make a summary of it from the first chapter xD*

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## 1 - Christmas already?

*It Never Ends*

*Story By:*

*Autumn-Rain*

*Or rain\_kitty*

*Enjoy~*

## Chapter 1: Christmas already?

“Nalin, like your new home here in Oregon?” My mom called at me. I whispered no. Hi...I’m a boy who just moved from Washington to Oregon. I’m only 12. All I do is play soccer, baseball, and go to school. I’m not about perfect; I just want a friend that won’t always turns their back on me. Luckily the new school I’m going to doesn’t know any of my secrets. At my old school I was picked on for killing the class pet fish by feeding it rubber when I was 4 yrs. old. Now I’m called ‘Fish Stabber’; or was called ‘Fish Stabber’. “So I guess I’m a bit happy about moving...” I said out loud. “Well that’s really good to know my little mousy!!!!” My mom had to reply. “Why do you call me mousy?!?!” I loudly answered. ‘Honey, it’s because you squeak when you whine. You know that you do!’ ... “Mom!!!!” I whined squeaking at the same time. “Mousy!” She added. “It’s not funny...” Then mom giggled. As we were moving the boxes in the newest house I’ve ever lived in, the newspaper man threw the newspaper in the wrong yard, my yard. I didn’t care and just picked it up. “Oh my gosh! It’s December 21st?!?! We need to get a Christmas tree up now! Is it okay if I go buy one?” “Sure.” Says Dad. He throws a 20 dollar bill at me. I catch it smoothly, being I’m a

Baseball player. My Mom is super annoying I thought to myself over, and over again.

Hey, what a nice little store, I thought to myself again. But there's a huge dump right next to it! I looked so glassy-eyed to see such a thing next to a cute little store. Well I ran in, being a soccer player, I was fast. Since my dad gave me extra money by accident, I also bought little, mini trees for everyone's room. The most beautiful tree was too big to go in our new living room. Maybe it could fit in that extra room we did not want. But then it would be the only thing in that room! I think only a bed would fit in the room. I walked out with a fake tree in a box because I just remember that Gitty is allergic. Wait, Gitty isn't here this Christmas; we flushed him down the potty....that poor fish. I still do not know how my mom could find out that a fish can have an allergic reaction! As I carried the monstrous box, it fell over on me! "There shouldn't be a small tree in such a big box!" I kept complaining. But when I fell over once more, I landed in the dump and hear a whimper. I got up and found a little dying dog. It looked like a Border Collie. The first thing I thought was, "A best friend?" I held him, carrying him to a pet shelter. Some little girl followed me, keeping my stuff in her dark brown wagon. I told the man that I might come back and get him. Nobody wanted the shy little thing. After that, I came back to the shelter every day. Soon my parents found out I wanted him near the time of Christmas. On the day before Christmas Eve, we went to go get him early because some one else wanted him. I ran to his cage and found out he's not there. The man said that nobody took the dog; he's just getting his ribs fixed. So the next day on Christmas Eve, the dog never woke up. "Y-you mean he's dead?" I asked in a mellow mood. "Afraid so" said the man also looking dull. It wasn't that bad, it was just some dog I saved.

Later we were at home. I opened one present. It was from the animal shelter! It was a free t-shirt, and photo of the Border Collie! And a card that said, "YOU saved a life. Thank-you." I slept in the t-shirt.

"My eyes hurt..." I whined. It's Christmas! I run down stairs and find a gift from 'Santa Clause'. "MOM!!! I'M 12, NOT 5!!!" I yelled as dad made pancakes. Some people believe in him, I don't. I don't hate him, but I don't care about him either. It's okay to think he's real. But I like his reindeer; they can fly, and then kill people. "You have such a mind of a boy, mousy." My mom added. My dad laughed like crazy. I was ready to yell at her again when I realized it was Christmas again...I was half awake, half asleep. I open a box that had tickets in it for a dog race. "Can I really go?" "Yup." said dad. He repeated himself on accident. The gift from 'Santa' had dove ornament that was silver. I hung it on the tree. It was the only thing on the tree. But I did put a paper star on top too. Then I got socks and pants. "Wow...It matches... I love it..." I said thinking its lame. I couldn't wait to see the dog race!