

A little Story...

By wilson

Submitted: July 23, 2006

Updated: July 23, 2006

I made this in a CLAIT lesson one day. It was funny at the time. All the characters are famous musicians from my favorite band's. (Dave Mustane is my LEAST favorite musician in the Thrash genre, but Megadeth are one of my favorite bands). I was gonna put

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/wilson/37359/A-little-Story...>

Chapter 1 - A little Story

2

1 - A little Story

A little story&

There was once a little red daemon called Jimothy and he lived in a little red house in a little red place called hell&

Nah, just kiddin !

There was once a person called Cliff Burton who was the best friggin' musician in the world and a fool called Dave Mustaine made his demons rise above Cliff and devoured him. A vigilante named Daron Malakian rose against him and was subsequently destroyed, but rose again with the guitar skill Dave once had.

Stripped of his power, Dave had no choice but to destroy the weakened Metallica before it was stronger than him.

James Hetfield, the best rhythm guitarist in the friggin' world, was warned of Dave's return by a celestial being called Shavo Odadjian. Shavo said "Dave has returned and he is after you, Kirk, Robert and Lars! He must be stopped, for if you don't, all music will be destroyed and replaced with crappy Megadeth songs! He MUST be stopped! The world depends on it!"

Just as he spoke his legs vaporized and Dave flew out from behind him revealing his green hands that

were drained of any guitaring skill whatsoever. I have a fake stag/Gibson "flying vee" rip-off thing here and the gain on it will ruin your hearing for life! HAHHAHAHAHA!

Dave landed in front of James and hissed a green cloud of noxious fumes. James butted him and was sent flying with the recoil.

Hahahah! cackled Dave.

Your all weak-hyuck!?!?

Dave spluttered as a huge chin smashed his face in and made him barf loads of mucus.

You know you can't defeat the 4 Horsemen, David! scoffed Lars.

so don't bother trying, Mofo said Robert.

and go back to hanger 18 said Kirk.

Suddenly, the ground started to shake and the worst friggin music in the galactic empire of Humanism blared out from the craters and fissures.

the symphony of Destruction giggled Dave revealing his Angus Young SG rip-off made from ebill matches from hell itself.

At the same time Kirk and James revealed their Gibson Special s and Gibson EXP s respectively.

you are doomed, David! said Lars, pulling his gold/diamond plated drumsticks out from his trackie bottoms.

you won t escape!!!! drooled Robert.

Four green lightning bolts spiked from Dave's long, green and skillless fingers, and struck the Four Horsemen individually. James raised his axe and a blue bolt of lightning streaked across towards Dave. The bolt was interrupted by the bolt that had its grip on James. Robert raised his bass above his head and slammed it down on the ground, causing an ultra-multi-mega-mass-earthquake. The shockwaves catapulted towards Dave, who had a look of fear on his melted face as though he had seen death incarnate. The green lightning faded in an instant and the lightning and shockwaves smite Dave where he stood.

Dave looked towards the sky, sighing deeply, refusing to acknowledge defeat, and dissolved into the soil of the earth.

Well that was different! said James.

The sky returned to its unnatural, dark, grey, polluted state (this is earth and earth is polluted, yes?).

Heh-heehee! squeaked a familiar voice.

Hey! It's Michael Jackson! gasped Kirk. Wacko-Jacko bent down to inspect the ground where Dave had disappeared through.

You've been struck by a smooth criminal sung Jackson.

You need some therapy, Jackson scoffed Mike Shinoda.

He walked to the end of the land where the Earth had split like a banana. The world started shaking like a jelly version of a bouncy castle. A shining Red Daemon shined upwards and raised his arms into the air.

Dave will rise once more... bellowed Jimothy the Daemon.

and we will defeat him once more said James. Kirk pulled his phone out and dialed in a number.

Yo! Yeah! I need a daemon removal service! yeah! no. right now! follow the friggin' huge opening in the ground! yeah you'll find us along that somewhere

Kirk smiled and looked at Jimothy. Jimothy frowned and went a dark red.

Don t mock me, mortal& growled Jimothy.

Suddenly, Daron Malakian appeared from somewhere coz he had to come from somewhere and he strummed his guitar and sung the most beautiful lyrics in the entire friggin universe (No joke)!

All I can think of is my suicide

Coz we had no places to run and hide

I can show you where my best friend died

If we were brave some of us might just have survived

Later that night we sat down and we all just cried

Jimothy slowly descended to the ground and lost his red glow, revealing his long, golden locks of treacle coloured hair and massive 6-pack.

You&evil&nice person! Said Jimothy kind and soothingly. James looked at Kirk and then at Daron.

What the Sam Hell did you do? he said.

He s nice now, said Daron

