

# A Kisame Carol

By Kelalailea

Submitted: December 21, 2007

Updated: December 19, 2008

*It's a Christmas Carol Kisame style. Kisame goes on a magical journey with his Akatsuki buddies. Sooooooo funny.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Kelalailea/50453/A-Kisame-Carol>

<b>Chapter 1 - The Ghost of His Old Partner</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - The Ghost of Christmas Past</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - The Ghost of Christmas Present</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come</b>	<b>7</b>

# 1 - The Ghost of His Old Partner

Once there was an evil, cold hearted shark man named Kisame. He was a businessman prosperous in the endeavor of giant swords. He used to work with his best friend, Deidara, but he died.

Now all Kisame had was his faithful worker, Itachi. He laughed when he thought of how he worked that man like a slave.

Our story begins on Christmas Eve. Kisame and Itachi were closing up the giant sword shop for the night.

Goodnight Itachi, I'll see you tomorrow bright and early, said Kisame.

But Kisame, tomorrow is Christmas Day. Don't I get the day off? asked Itachi.

Fine but you have to do my laundry, Kisame growled as he threw a bag of laundry at his head. He laughed when Itachi fell on his behind.

Thank you Kisame& sir.

Get out of here before I change my mind!

Yes sir.

Itachi scurried out of the shop at top speed.

The nerve of that man, asking me for the day off, Kisame grumbled as he locked up the shop.

Kisame walked quickly down the street and turned his nose up at the beggars on the side of the street.

When he got to his house he could tell something was wrong. There was a creepy, cold wind blowing the air around. suddenly the lights flashed off and Kisame screamed. Then a strange yellowish light appeared out of the fireplace and Deidara flew out. He had no arms!

Ahh, who are you? Kisame screamed in terror.

I am the ghost of your old friend, Deidara, said the ghost.

What are you doing here?

I am here to warn you and teach you a lesson!

How are you going to beat me up, huh? Gaara crushed one of your arms and Kakashi destroyed your other arm.

Uh, not that kind of lesson! You must not be evil or cold hearted. I you are, you will suffer! Tonight you will be visited by three ghosts!

As if you aren't enough.

I've had enough of your jokes! Goodbye Kisame!

Hey, get back here! I'm not done with you!

Art is a booooooooooom!

With that Deidara's ghost exploded and all the lights flashed on. Kisame was frozen in place for a moment. When he could move again he screamed and ran around the room in circles screaming the British are coming! When he slowed down he slapped himself and stopped to wonder who the heck the British were.

## 2 - The Ghost of Christmas Past

Kisame ran upstairs and hid under his covers until the clock struck twelve. Then, a little tiny Sasori with wings came out from under his bed. He was no bigger than Kisame's head.

"I am the ghost of Christmas past," said the little Sasori.

"Nuh uh, you're Sasori of the red sand, hah!" Kisame replies childishly.

"Shut your trap! I sad I'm the ghost of Christmas past, not Sasori!"

"Sheesh, what's his problem?"

"I heard that! Hurry up, you know I don't like to be kept waiting! We're going to your past!"

"Ahah! So you are Sasori!"

"NO!"

"But, you just said..."

"JUST GO!"

"Alright already. You don't have to be so mean, you big meanie."

Sasori sighed and grabbed hold of Kisame's jacket. Then they flew off into the past.

"Wow, you must be pretty strong. Do you have a girlfriend?" asked Kisame.

"Yeah, the ladies go crazy for the little fairy puppet that can pick up full grown men!" Sasori replied sarcastically.

"Whatever, where exactly are we?"

"I told you, we're in your past! Look in that river over there!"

Kisame looked into the river and saw a school of fish. He recognized one of the fish as himself.

"Hey, look, it's me!" Kisame exclaimed.

"No dip Sherlock...we're in your past!" Sasori screamed.

"Oh yeah, I remember this. I had school, and I was there all the time. There's my school teacher. He was mean and fat. Oh, and there's my little sister. She died. Yup, those were good times."

"Okay, time to move on."

Sasori picked up Kisame again and brought him to a new time in his past. They were outside of a building where a lively Christmas party was going on.

"Look in the window!" Sasori commanded, pointing at the window.

"Don't you know that it's rude to point?" Kisame said sheepishly.

"Look in the window!"

"Alright, I will." Kisame looked into the window.

"Good, now continue your annoying monologue before I strand you here for the rest of eternity."

"Oh, look, it's me again."

"WE'RE IN YOUR PAST!"

"Okay, I get it. Oh, and there's my old partner, Deidara. I remember, this was the end of our most prosperous year. The sales of exploding action figures and giant swords had skyrocketed. Oh, look, there's my old girlfriend, Clarice the dolphin girl. She's so pretty. Yup, those were very good times."

"Time to go."

"Wait, but I like it here."

"You're going and that is final!"

"Yes mommy."

"I'M NOT YOUR MOM!"

Sasori threw Kisame to his next memory. They were at the same lake that they started at, but Kisame

and his girlfriend, Clarice the dolphin girl were there.

"Ooooo! It's my girlfriend, Clarice the dolphin girl again. She's so pretty," Kisame said as he looked into the lake.

"You're right, that girl is quite pretty. I might just have to steal her from you," Sasori joked.

"NOOOOOO! I'm no match for your buff puppet abs! she would love you!"

"It was a joke, A JOKE!"

"Whatever, could you just tell me why we're here?"

"Listen to them and you'll find out."

Kisame listened to himself and Clarice the dolphin girl.

"What is it you wanted to tell me?" the younger Kisame asked excitedly.

"I wanted to say...well...what I wanted to say..." Clarice the dolphin girl stuttered.

"You wanted to say what?"

"That you're and ugly, self-centered bastard and I hate you."

Clarice the dolphin girl backhanded Kisame and swam away.

"Wow, that's a downer," Older Kisame sighed.

"That's right, your life sucks," Sasori laughed.

"Well, thanks a lot."

"Happy to help."

Sasori took Kisame back to his room in the present time and slammed him down hard on the floor.

"Goodbye, Sasori," Kisame said, waving dizzily.

"We've already been over this. I'm not Sasori...I'M THE STINKING GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST!"

Sasori fumed.

"Well, goodbye, whoever you are."

"GOODBYE!"

Sasori flew out of Kisame's room angrily. Kisame waved and decided to go back to bed. (His head hurt.) He didn't have too much time to sleep before the clock struck once again.

### 3 - The Ghost of Christmas Present

As the clock struck one all the lights flashed on in the next room. Kisame started freaking out again, and it took him a while to settle down. He finally became sane and went over to the door. He heard a voice on the other side of the door saying 'when I getcha goanna eatcha' very loudly. Kisame expected to see someone picking their nose on the other side of the door. Instead he saw Tobi, dressed as an 80's rocker, with his hand in his mask.

"Oh, hi Tobi," Kisame said as he walked into the room.

"Greetings, Kisame, I am the ghost of Christmas present," Tobi said, taking his hand out of his mask to reveal a large booger.

"Ahhhh! Tobi's digging for gold!"

"I am the ghost of Christmas present."

"I understand that. Where are you taking me?"

"We're already here. Kisame, this is the present."

Everything got quiet and the wind began to blow. A random tumbleweed rolled across the room. Then Tobi stood up and looked at Kisame. (Of course you couldn't really tell because of his mask.)

"No offense, but I think your present sucks. We're going to someone else's present," Tobi said cheerfully.

"Where are we going?" asked Kisame.

"Hmm, I think we'll visit your nephew, Zabuza's present. He's at his house, having a Christmas party."

"Okay, then let's do it."

Tobi and Kisame put on their sunglasses and started walking down the street in slow motion. Then they saw how ridiculous they looked, stopped, and took off the shades.

"Here we are," Tobi said, jumping up and down.

"Does this mean I look in the window?" Kisame questioned.

"Indeed it does. Go see what you can see."

"I see my nephew, Zabuza."

"That would make sense, because we're at his house."

"Ah, and there's his transsexual friend, Haku."

"Huh? I thought Haku was a girl!" \*total shock and surprise\*

"Well, he claims to be a boy so we call him transsexual."

"TMI, Kisame, TMI."

"Anyway, oh, look, it's...hey, wait a minute! Those are my business rivals, Raiga and Suigetsu! And Suigetsu is with my girl, Clarice the dolphin girl! What's going on here?!"

Tobi shrugged. Kisame noticed that Tobi was now wearing revolutionary war threads and a tricorne hat. He thought it was strange, but he didn't say anything. Kisame overheard them when they were talking about him. He heard Clarice the dolphin girl say that he was an ugly, self-centered bastard.

"Hey, Kisame, let's go somewhere else," Tobi said boredly.

"Lead the way, Tobi," Kisame groaned.

"We are going to the Uchiha residence where you worker, Itachi, lives."

"Whatever you say."

Kisame rolled his eyes when they arrived at the Uchiha residence. Tobi was dressed in a full suit of medieval armor. He looked ridiculous.

"Mmmmm..." Tobi said in a muffled voice.

"Come again?" Kisame asked in confusion.

Tobi lifted up the flap on his helmet so he could talk. "Look inside the house."

"I will do that now."

"Very well."

"Oh, this is no fun, I don't recognize anything here."

"Just wait, it's coming."

"Oh, look, there's Itachi. He's my worker. I'm mad at him because he asked for the day off tomorrow. Can you believe it?!"

"well duh! Didn't you know that tomorrow is Christmas day? You're supposed to have the day off."

"Oh, look, there's my laundry. I think I left my only other pair of underwear in that bag. I hope I get it back soon."

"You only have two pairs of underwear?!"

"Was there anything you wanted me to see here, Tobi?"

"Yes,, there is something I wanted you to see. Look at Itachi. See his family. There is his wife, Resha, his oldest son, Sho, the twins, Kosuke and Ernon, and his little girl, Little Rin."

"Awww, that little girl is cute!"

"Oh, poor Little Rin. She's on crutches."

"No!"

"Yes, and she's sick."

"No!"

"Yep, and they don't think she's going to make it."

"No! She's too cute to die! Wait a minute...this doesn't make sense. If they are dirt poor, and they have a little girl who is probably going to die, why are they all so happy?"

"Well, some say that it's because Itachi will soon have killed the entire Uchiha clan, besides himself. Others say that it's because there's lots of love in their family."

"That's so sweet."

"Well, it's getting late. I have to be going."

Kisame didn't have time to say anything because Tobi, who was dressed as a caveman, had turned to dust. He blinked and he was back in his room. It was time for the third ghost. (Two down, one to go.)

## 4 - The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

The clock struck two and Kisame was scared. He figured that since the first ghost was young and the second ghost was old, the third one had to be somewhere in between. That meant teenager which was very bad. It turned out that he was quite wrong about the third ghost. (It was much worse than a teenager.)

As the clock struck two Kisame saw a person with straight black hair and white skin come out of the shadows.

“Ahhhh! It’s Michael Jackson! What do you want from me?!” Kisame shrieked.

“I believe the preferred term is Orochimaru, but I am the ghost of Christmas yet to come,” the person said.

“If you’re not Orochimaru, then why do you look like a homosexual?”

“I DO NOT LOOK LIKE A HOMOSEXUAL, YOU BASTARD!” Clarice the dolphin girl was right about you.”

“Gosh, I didn’t know you were so defensive about it. I thought you came out of the closet years ago.”

“I did, I came out of the closet right over there.” Orochimaru pointed to Kisame’s closet.

“Ugh, never mind.”

“Anyway, we are going to your future. My mission is to scare the living “you know what” out of you.”

“You’ve pretty much accomplished that already, but I always wanted to see the future. Let’s go.”

Orochimaru took Kisame into a black hole. The black hole was filled with scary monsters that didn’t scare Kisame one bit. Then Orochimaru took him to his future. They were outside the house where Kisame lived. Poor people were standing there having an auction.

“Oh, look, the poor people are having an auction. Someone must have died,” Kisame said, examining the items that were up for auction. They looked very familiar to him.

“Yes, someone has died,” said Orochimaru.

“Who died?”

“That’s for me to know and for you to find out.”

“Fine, be that way.”

“Oooo! Look at the fancy stuff they’re selling.”

“Yeah, whoever this guys was, he had good taste in giant swords. He must have bought them from me.”

Orochimaru just smiled and nodded.

“Before we find out who the guy who died is, I am going to take you to the Uchiha residence,”

Orochimaru said with a suspicious, evil grin.

“Yay! I can’t wait to see that cute little girl again,” Kisame said cheerfully.

“Okay then.”

Kisame and Orochimaru skipped off to the Uchiha residence to see Little Rin. When they got there Kisame poked his head into the window. He was extremely shocked.

“Hey, Orochimaru, why do they all look so sad? Where is Little Rin?” Kisame asked in extreme confusion.

Orochimaru laughed and then slapped Kisame.

“I told you that I’m the ghost of Christmas yet to come. If you really want to know, they are all sad because Little Rin is dead.”

“NOOOO! WHY MUST THE GOOD DIE YOUNG?!”

