

The Anime girl in the Anime world

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Someone is finally able to enter the world of Anime!! The only problem is...

The "chosen one" doesn't even know what Anime is, nor care for it.

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1 - Introduction

The name's Kathrine, but please, call me Kathy. I'm 15 years old and absolutely LOVE the color green and lady bugs. Seriously, I have a lady bug comforter, lady bug wallpaper, lady bug-what?

What do you mean "Isn't this about Anime"? I don't even know what you're talking about. Is that some type of animal medication? No thanks, I don't have any pets.

Anyway, I go to North River High School, where there are no, I repeat, NO hot guys at all. Well, actually, there are a couple cute guys, but most of them are taken. I blame the-what now?!

Okay, so Anime isn't medication. Cool, now, as I was saying; I blame the emo kids-huh?

Alright! Alright! It's a cartoon! Now shut up!! "Not just any cartoon"? Okay, nice, now-oh for the love of Pete!!! Why do you keep interrupting? Trying to give an introduction to the nice readers here!!! Hello?!

The title? What title? I don't see any-oh; THAT title. What about it?

So what if it says "The Anime girl in the Anime World"? I don't even know anything about Anime, so, OBVIOUSLY it's not talking about me.

No, I do not want you to give me a lesson. What I want is to be able to continue my introduction. Do you mind? Okay, good.

Anyway, the emo kids are always whining and looking for somebody to "love". So, in conclusion, they get all the boys. They're hot, they give easy love, they soak up all the worth-while men. End of story.

No! That does not mean I'm done with my intro!! Shut up!!

I'm not jealous of the emo kids, though. Who I'm REALLY jealous of is my best friend, Carol. She's got James Ruckus as her boyfriend; varsity on the football team, considerate, pretty face, six pack (not that I'd know), biceps, and he's respectful to ALL girls, not just his girlfriend, like most jerks are. What? No, of course I'm not going to steal him- wait...I thought I told you to put a sock in it! Enough!

After the two went to prom as a pair and have been together since, my eyes have been on John Fisher; wrestling. I'm still trying to fit in time so I can go see him at a match in his...uniform. No, I'm not a perv- shut up. Just shut up now.

Well, enough about me. I think my introduction has gone on long enough. In case you couldn't figure out by now, I'm a regular teenager with raging hormones, a love for lady bugs, and hate for both emo kids and uncool things (*cough* person who keeps interrupting me *cough*).

See ya later, all! -Kathy

2 - And So It Begins

"Who the heck are you?!"

I know I shouldn't have shouted, but everything that was going on around me was complete chaos. I had to be dreaming, because this was NOT happening.

"You don't know who I am?" he asked in astonishment, "You've never heard of me?"

"Uh, no!!" Kathy said with irony, "That's why I'm asking!! And what the heck is going on?! What are you, whoever you are, wearing?? What am I wearing?! WHERE AM I?!"

Alright! Alright, I'll back up for those of you who are a little slow in the head. First of all, I don't know where I am, what's going on, or who this guy is, in case you were having trouble with that, too. But let me start at the beginning, where most stories usually do. It all started after school...

"Hey, Kathy!" Carol shouted, struggling to reach me through the crowded hallway.

"Hi, Carol," I said.

"We still going to the movies?" she called, even though she knew the answer.

I rolled my eyes.

"Duh."

Carol and I always go to either the movies or roller skating rink on Fridays. Not so much the skating rink, since it costs an arm and a leg to get in, even with the discount we get thanks to my brother working there.

"Cool," Carol smiled, "See you at six."

I waved good-bye as she left to catch the bus and started to into room 304; detention. Some people may say my reasons for going to detention are stupid, lame even, but, in truth, it wasn't like I always tried to get it. Only when I know John Fisher has detention do I actually try to get it. Today, however, John wasn't in detention; stupid algebra.

After 40 whole minutes of pure John-less torture, all the kids got on the D-bus, except me. It wasn't so bad; being the only one to walk home. I didn't care so much.

I said good-bye to a couple people I knew as they got on before turning to walk away. It was pretty nice day out, too. There were exactly the right amount of clouds, sunshine, and slight dabble of rain; welcome to Seattle. I went to pull out my umbrella, but, to my astonishment, it was gone. I couldn't believe it wasn't in my bag. I always had an umbrella! Never, not once, had I forgotten it! I glanced miserably up at the sky and stepped out from underneath the tree I'd been under. This was just great.

"Wet, wet, wet..." I mumbled, pulling the hood on my jacket up over my hair.

Just then, I spotted a flash of silver out of the corner of my eye. What the-? I turned to look, but, as I did so, something hit me square on the shoulders and I tumbled backwards, into the mud. "Ugh!" I shouted and looked around for what had knocked me down. Suddenly, a face popped up right in front of my own.

"Hello!!" The person said in an annoying high voice. It was a girl with...cat ears? She had bright, shiny, blue hair and big, purple eyes. Her skin was totally tan and flawless and her clothes revealed most of it. She had on what looked like a pink bra OVER a yellow tank top. Her green skirt just barely went below her butt and she was wearing orange, ankle-high boots.

However, her clothes weren't the only thing weird about her; I screamed and lurched backwards. It was that this girl, whoever she was, was 2-d. She literally looked like a cartoon that had just jumped out of a television set. She had to admit, the girl didn't look like most cartoons she'd seen. She was a bit more

realistic, besides the face, but, nonetheless, this was the freakiest thing I'd ever seen.

3 - Getting Somewhere

“Oh my gosh!!!” I screamed and chucked a mud ball at the cartoon girl’s face. It went right through her, though she still looked shocked as it hurtled towards her face. I, thinking that it was going to actually hit and give me an opportunity to escape, quickly pulled myself up off the ground, slipping once, and ran like crazy, my binder clenched tightly to my chest, down the deserted street.

“Wait!!!” the girls voice yelled behind me, “Please!!! Wait!!!”

I glanced over my shoulder to see her chasing after me; her footsteps didn’t even phase the puddles she was trotting over. My head snapped back to see where the left turn at the end of the street was. Smiling hysterically, I focused on that corner as it came nearer and, as soon as I got there, I rounded it perfectly and dove behind a large group of hedges just outside of someone’s house. Though my body was screaming for air, I forced myself to hold my breath as the girls figure ran past my hiding place, barely visible through the wet branches.

“Where’d she go?!” the girl cried to herself, a little ways down the street.

I figured she was a good enough distance away. I exhaled, letting my poor lungs huff and puff as much as they wanted; I was still trying to maintain at least a little bit of silence, though. The adrenaline wasn’t helping either; I just couldn’t get enough air. Realizing what was happening; I quickly set down my binder, took off my backpack, spun it around, and began searching the front pocket for my inhaler. I was eternally grateful all of a sudden that I didn’t have any noisy key chains attached to the zippers, like most girls.

When I finally gripped its smooth surface, I yanked it out and shoved it in my mouth, but as soon as I pressed down, I regretted it.

Pssshhhhh

My eyes widened.

Pssh, it went as I released.

“Aha!!!” the girly voice rang out and the bush in front of me was suddenly parted, revealing the cartoon girl, looking overwhelmed with joy, “There you are!!”

I screamed and dropped my bag and inhaler, crawling backwards on my hands to get away.

“Hang on just a sec.!” she chortled, and grabbed my ankle, dragging me towards her, “It’s alright! I’m not gonna hurt you!!”

I glared at her and then at my ankle that her furry glove were gripping, trying to show her that I wouldn’t be agreeing to anything if she continued to hold me.

“Oh, sorry,” she smiled, and released. I started to get up and climb out of the hedge. She put her hand out to help me, but I swatted it away.

“Who the heck-“ I paused and looked around, “...are...you?”

The entire street was frozen!!! I really wanted to believe that everybody on the street was just standing still. But no, I knew that every thing was indeed frozen when I saw that the rain droplets were standing still in the air as well. Kids on bikes and their smiling faces remain frozen. One man remained frozen while pulling a tarp over his car, the tan covering was caught in a stand still as it floated in the air where the man had tossed it over. Another seemed to be frozen trimming the very bush I had just been sitting in.

“The names Amy-chan,” she chimed, acting like everything around her was perfectly normal.

“And you’re-“

“An anime character!” She finished and gave a really wide smile and shook her shoulder-length blue

hair.

“You mean an animal character?” I tried to correct. Eyeing her cat ears, pupils, and tail; the girl even had paws for Pete’s sake!

“No!!” she actually looked at me like I; me; KATHY; was crazy, “I’m an ANIME character!”

“Uhm...okay,” I shrugged.

She still seemed to be surprised, “Don’t you know what anime is?”

I decided to give this girl a little taste of my sarcasm, “Oh, YEAH- SURE I do! I TOTALLY know what anime is!!”

“Great!” she sighed with relief; I decided not to tell her I was being sarcastic. This girl, Amy, or whatever- was as dense as a puddle. I leaned over and picked up my backpack and binder.

“So...what are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be off in “anime” world or whatever...?” This day was getting wilder by the second and all I wanted was for her to go away and forget this was going on. I was probably dreaming anyway. I’d probably wake up to Ms. Burns sharply poking me in the shoulder with her ruler, telling me that detention was over and I could stop napping. As I awaited her answer, I pictured my sleeping self, drooling all over the desk. I hoped I’d wake up soon; drooling on desks was SO not cool.

She smiled, but still didn’t answer. Instead, she grabbed my wrist with her fuzzy paw gloves and my surroundings were suddenly melting away. The murky atmosphere due to the rain clouds above me began to gradually grow brighter. The colors became more distinct as the frozen people disappeared. The floating raindrops-and even the sidewalk beneath my feet- began to go away and were being replaced by cartoonish scenery- much like Amy.

“What?!” I shouted, utterly bewildered, “Noo!!”