

FMA High!

By spyderhawk75

Submitted: January 27, 2006

Updated: April 17, 2006

As you can tell, Ed and Al go to school. BUT! There's some other stuff. If you like: supernerds, nerds worshiping numbers, white guys trying to be pimps, and perverted teachers, READ THIS!!!

Provided by Fanart Central
<http://www.Fanart-Central.net>

2. The Day (part two)

This story has no plot, I apologize.

CHAPTER TWO: THE DAY (part two) (GIRL: WWWHHHHYYYYYYYYY!?!?!)

"Word!" shouted Al. "Al, don't try to cool talk," Ed said. "Yo, that rhymes. Ed...said...fo shi-ZZLE!" "I wasn't cool-talking, brother! I was playing I spy with Fletcher." "Which reminds me...Fletcher is NEVER coming over again!" Ed spat to Russel. "Whatchu mean, home dwag?" "I spent 30 minutes watching Schoolhouse Rock with him and Al. 30 minutes!!!!!! That's valuable alchemy-study time!" The bus arrived at the elementary school. Fletcher stood at the door and puffed out his chest.

"Well, here I go. Out into the cold world to express my knowledge! I will learn! I will be taught! I will venture into the new and unknown, reach for the virgin and the rare! I will explore math, seek science, and--"

"Your holding up the damn line!" shouted the other elementary school kids. "I'm preparing for knowledge!!!" Fletcher screamed. "Back off midgets!!!" He jumped off the bus. "Byyy-----e Alphonse!!!" "Byyy-----e, Fletcher! Have fun at schoooooool!!!" The bus, it rolled on...to the high school. When the school saw the bus, it put up its cigarette and stood straight. "Okay, you in the front--get off first," said Steve. Poser Mobile got off and turned to Steve. "Fees, shorty, fees." "WHO YOU CALLIN' SO SHORT HE CAN'T EVEN PICK UP A QUARTER TO PAY THE FEES WITH CAUSE HE'S SO SMALL!?!?!?" Ed screamed.

"Twenty-five cents to connect, yo!" Poser Mobile screamed and ran away.

"Alright, everybody. Get off." Russel, Ed, and Al got off the bus and, side by side, walked in super-slow motion towards the school. "Who was that masked man?" said some chick. "Doesn't it suck that you and Al are in the same grade? Russ asked Ed. "That's wizzity-wizzity-wrong!"

Al giggled and batted his eyelashes, putting a finger to his mouth. "I won't be a problem!!" "Gawd," Ed muttered. "Hiiii-----i, Edward!!" Winry walked over in her high heels and kissed Ed and Al on the cheek. "Kiss, kiss!" "Run like heck!" Ed screamed. The three ran to see what class they were in. "Golly gee willikers!" Al yelled. He pulled his pants up, making sure they were over his belly button, and buttoned up all the buttons on his shirt. "I have Mr. Hughes' homeroom!!" "So do we!" said Ed and Russel. They got their text books and walked down the hall. Al smelled the books.

"Ahh...hello, math! Good morning science! Howdy, Social Studies!" He hugged them. "My wunnerful, wunnerful friends! You're all I'll ever need!!" Russel poked Ed's side. "Are you sizzly-sure you two are related?" "No." They entered the room, sliding into the three nearest seats. "Yay! We're sitting next to each other!" Al said to Ed. "Knowledge buddies!" He started scooting his butt in the seat. "Ah, don't you just love that just-came-into-the-classroom-and-sat-down-in-

the-chair feel to these chairs?" He squealed.

A man waltzed in and turned to the class. "I am Mr. Hughes. But you can call me Mr. Hughes." "I like the other way better," Al said. He pulled something out of his back pocket and put it on Mr. Hughes' desk. "Apple for teacher." "Gasp! Why, thank you, young man!" He handed Al a badge that said "Official Teacher's Pet". "Now I will get all the ladies!" Al went back to his seat. "Okay, I will now call roll." Mr. Hughes got on the floor and started whistling. "Here, roll! C'mere, boy! Good roll!" He found the roll under Russ's seat.

"Now I'll see who's here. Russel Tringham?" "Hizzity-here!"

"Alphonse Elric?" "Present and accounted for!" "Edward Elric?" Mr. Hughes heard a squeak. "Edward?" He heard the squeak again. So he got out his ginormous magnifying glass and looked at desk #3. "Oh, there you are! You're so small I couldn't see you." "WHO ARE YOU CALLING SO SHORT HE COULD FIT IN A JAR AND BE SENT TO AFRICA AND PUT IN A TESTING LAB TO BE TESTED FOR SOME KIND OF SHORT DISEASE!?!?" Ed screamed. Mr. Hughes stared. ".....wanna see some pictures of my daughter? Come on, look! Look!" He shoved pictures of Elicia in Ed's face. "Gettum away!" "She's turning three today!" Al giggled. "Wowiee wow wow! She sure is cute!"

Mr. Hughes shoved the pictures in Al's face. "Look! She's beautiful! BEAUTIFUL!!!" He started to get rabies. "But, no...everyone says she isn't important! No one cares. Well, I'll show them...I'll show them all!!!" He roared and jumped out the window. "Look at her! LOOK AT HER!!!!" He slapped a picture in everybody's face. "Ah! Mommy, it burns!"

".....okey, dokey artichokeys!" Al squeaked. He jumped up and waddled to the front of the room. "A-----s official Teacher's Pet, I will now take charge of this classroom." He giggled and fluttered his eyelashes (at the same time). "Let's read a book!" The bell rang and everyone shot out of the room. "Well, golly gizzards! I Think it's time for music!"

Al got his books and skipped gaily down the hall. Ed and Russ peeked out of the locker. "Is he gone, E-to the-D?" "Yeah," said Ed. They got out and pimp-walked to gym while someone played "Candy Shop" in the background.

(Gym)

"We have to...undress?" Ed asked. "Yes," said Coach Hawkeye. "In...front of everyone?" "Yes, Edward." "AND take a shower?" "Uh-huh." "In...front of everyone?" "YES!" "Oh....in front of everyone?" Russel pulled Ed into the locker room. "Yo, gettin' dressed is off the shizzle fo rizzle dope bomb hite!" The girls rolled they eyes--I mean, THEIR eyes.

(locker room) Ed gawked. "You...wear briefs?" Russ nodded, then posed. "Keepin' it real." Ed still had his clothes on. "Why ain't you changing clothes, dawg?" "I forgot my clothes." Al popped out of a locker and handed Ed his clothes. "I ironed them just for you, big brother! Cause I love you." He popped back in...then came out again. "And...just in case you...thought so...I didn't mean that in a gay way." He disappeared again. Ed gulped. "B-but I'm allergic to being naked in front of twenty other guys!" "HALF-naked." Ed hid behind Russel. "I-is anyone looking?" "G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit!"

3. Look Down...

It was the one-eyed, one-horned, fling purple people eater. Actually, it's....

CHAPTER THREE: Al's Ultimate Goal

(music class) "Okay class!" said Professor Fuery. "We're going to have a super-duper time in class today!" Al smiled and giggled. "What are we going to do, Prof. Fuery? Sing a song?" "That's right, Alphonse! Come up here and help me!" Al twirled on his feet and giggled again. "Well, gosh, I don't know..." "Oh, you silly-billy! It's alright!" Prof Fuery took out a sock puppet. "This is Mr. Doodles! Mr. Doodles is your friend!" Al bounced to the front of the room and hugged Mr. Doodles. "Well, howdy-doo! I love you!" Al squeaked. "O-----kay, Alphonse! He-e-ere we go!" They started bouncing up and down.

"Happy, happy, joy, JOY! Happy, happy, joy, JOY! Happy, happy, joy, joy, JOOOOOY!"

They held hands and twirled in a circle while flowers sparkled merrily around their heads. Then (still holding hands) they skipped down the rows of desks. "Okay, Al! Time to dance!" Al and Prof. Fuery dosey-dosed, then skipped back to the front of the room. "Wowee, wow, wow!!" Al squeaked. "That was fun, fun, fun!! But for some reason, I feel sad..." Prof. Fuery stuffed Mr. Doodles in Al's face. "It's okay to be sad! It's your body's way of feeling better about your miserable life!"

Al looked at his shiny "Teacher's Pet" button. "What is it, Alphonse?" asked Prof. Fuery. "Well, I...I want to be more than just 'Teacher's Pet'. I want all the teachers to love me so much that they'll bow when they see me! They will fan me and feed my grapes and give me extra homework by the gallon! I will become the ULTIMATE student! I'll--" Beep, beep, beep! The bell rang and everyone left. "Time to go already? Golly gee...would you and Mr. Doodles care to discuss this tomorrow?" Al asked Prof. Fuery. "Oh, yes! That would be most exuberant!" Al waved bye-bye and went to lunch.

(lunch) "Gee, willikers, brother! What in the name of Shok von Glutenheimer happened to you guys?" Ed and Russel were sitting at the table with their faces in their mashed taters saying, "Ow...ow...ow...homedawg...ow..." A candle appeared over Al's head because he wanted to preserve electricity so he didn't have a lightbulb. "Oh! I said I'd call Fletcher!" He pulled out a walkie talkie and pressed a button. "Fletcher? It's me, Al. Over." "Al? Oh, hey! I was just in the middle of writing my super-cool story called The Magical Adventures of Puff Puff the Magical Mustard Puff. It's off the heezy fo' sheezy!!....over." Ed rolled his eyes, then he saw something...something magical.

Envy...the hottest tenth grader alive...was flirting...with Winry!! Ed jumped up and ran to them. "Who do you think you are?" he shouted. "Tell it like it is, Aieesha," said Yoflonda.

"Shut up! He's my homeboy!" Russel screamed. "Uh....like I said, who do you think you are?"

4. Once Again, Read It

It's Adam Sessler and Morgan Webb! Actually, it's...

CHAPTER FOUR: Plotless Random Chapter (GIRL: I'm tired o' screaming.)

(math!) So, like I was saying, she dumped me for some guy because he said 'Add you and me, subtract Jean, and you get love'. That's just cheezy," said Mr. Havoc, puffin' on a cigarette. "And I was all 'Add my fist and your face, subtract a few teeth, and we get...perfection.'" "Wow! This math is intriguing and sumptuous!" Al said in a bubbly voice. Ed shot a spitball. "Sumptuous', my a--" (science) And you pour the xyphloonium in the CO₂ + H₂O + CYX₃ ," said Mr. Tucker. "Daddy?" said Nina. Al poked Ed's side. "Psst! Hey...hey, brother! PSSSST!!" Just ignore it, Ed thought. He just wants to get me in trouble...

"PSSSST! Brother!!" Ignore it... "I LO-----VE you, brother!!" Gosh DANG! Ed thought. Why? Why didn't she wait? Mom could've waited 18 years, but nooooo. She had to go and have me a little brother! ONE YEAR AFTER I WAS BORN!!! "Bruh-----ther! Brother, psssst!" Ed turned his head. "...Winry's making out with Envy." "WHAT THE ***!?!?" Ed jumped on his desk and looked around, foaming at the mouth. ".....Mr. Tucker, Edward cursed."

Mr. Tucker put down his beaker of PYX2TOY36 . Edward, get in the corner." "But--" "To the naughty stool!" Ed put the cone that said "Dunce" on his head and sat on the stool. Al beamed because he felt special. But now everyone thought he was a goody-two-shoes. Well, technically, he is... (history) Ed sat far away from Al in history. But, see the bad news is...they had assigned seats, so they were forced to sit beside each other...

"Um...four score and seven years ago," said Ms. Ross, "Some....guy....did this thing. And it...it affected our history." Al stood up and slow clapped...until he saw that no one else was, so he stopped. "Yo, Edward!!" Russel, who wasn't in that class, just walked in. "I need to borrow a pencil." "No, go get your own." "Da-GUM, shorty! Don't ya know how to share?" "Excuse me," said Ms. Ross. "Why are you in here?" "Um....I have a hall pass?" "Oh, okay." Russ looked at Ed. "Well, Elric, you say you won't give me a pencil? Y'know what this calls for?" Ed's eyes widened. "God, no!!"

Russ and Al stood at the front of the room with microphones. "Yo, DJ! P-play da track!" Fletcher gave an A-town sign and put the track on, son. Then..."Ohhhh! You have to learn! Learn to live with who you are!" Al sang. "And GOD will smile on yooooouuuu!" "Go, DJ, go, go!" rapped Russ. Al started to sing again. "And when LIFE gets you DOWN!! You have to GRIN and BEAR IT, and LOVE who you ARRRREEEEE!!!! And--" The bell rang and everyone left the room. "I wasn't done with me song!" Al screamed.

"Oh, god! Everyone hide!" Russ, miss Ross, and Ed hid. Ed knew that if Al never got done singing when he broke out in song, something bad would happen... "Al...ANGRY!!" Al screamed. He ripped off his shirt, grew muscles, and turned green. "Oh, no! It's the Inedible

