

# Frost

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Submitted: April 30, 2006

Updated: April 30, 2006

*A small story of when Alphonse, and Edward want something so bad...that they are willing to break a few rules for it. ((INNOCENCEABOUND))*

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# 1. One-Shot

M'kays, so I wrote this story for an English project...hooray for me!

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Frost

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Edward and Alphonse Elric are the names of the two brothers you see before you. One is seven while the other nine. Edward, the older one, has a mop of golden hair which is currently dusty and tangled like a jungle in a forest. The younger one, Alphonse, has a mop of hair much like his brothers only a little more brunette than gold. Edward's eyes are gold, while his brother's are silver. They are the children of Trisha and Hohenheim Elric but sadly, their father left for the war before even Alphonse was four. Edward always had a little rough spot for his father and would never forgive the man for as long as he lived.

"Edward! Alphonse!" Called out a sweet voice that belonged to their lovely mother.

"Coming Mama!" Alphonse giggled out, and tried to turn away from his brother who had caught his legs while they had been wrestling.

"Brother! Leggo! We gotta go ta Mama!" squealed out the younger brother with excited giggles, and small mewls of protest.

"I dun wanna go inside yet! Lets stay out here Alphonse!" Edward said with a small groan of protest, and clung to the leg he had in his grip all the more harder.

"But Mama...!" Alphonse began to whine but stopped cold when he heard a small "meow!" from off to his right.

Shushing his brother, Al picked his way quietly through the garden, and peered beneath the slates of the house to see what had made such a helpless noise. Face lighting up in joy, Alphonse raced back to his brother covering something in his hands. In only the way small children could, Alphonse seemed to have found a treasure trove of gold from the expression lighting his face.

"Brother! Brother! Look what I found!" Alphonse squealed in joy, and gently opened his cupped hands to show off a small gray tabby who was just a kitten. The iron gray stripes were separated by the soft whitish gray fur in-between.

"A kitten!" Edward said happily, and stroked its nose with a finger. Giggling as the cat licked his index finger, Edward's eyes lit up in a grand idea.

"Lets ask Momma to keep it!" He laughed happily, and sprinted to the door where Trisha had been calling them. Edward motioned for Alphonse to follow, and the younger brother did.

"Momma! Momma! Lookit what Alphonse found!" Edward cried out in excitement, and pulled on the older woman's skirt.

"Calm down Edward, what did your brother find?" Trisha said, smiling sweetly to her two sons. They were truly the only light she had in her life ever since her husband had left to go to the war, and research for their country.

"Look Mama! It's a kitten!" Alphonse proudly held out the fragile life with the joy and pride only a child could hold for such a small and insignificant thing.

"Can we keep it Momma? Can we? Please?" Edward spouted off with a large grin crossing his face, threatening to split his jaw.

"Oh...Oh sweethearts... I don't think we can....I'm sorry, I'm allergic to cats..." Trisha said softly, and smiled sadly to them in apology.

"But...but it was all cold...an' sad Mama!" Al cried out, tears starting to glisten his eyes with sadness, and despair at having the only animal he'd ever wanted, taken from him before he could even name it.

"I'm sorry Alphonse...why don't you give it some bread and milk, and then put him back where you found him...I'm sure someone else will come along to take care of him..." Trisha said softly, and handed a slice of freshly baked bread to the boys, as well as a small bowl of milk.

"B-But Mama..." Alphonse said, tears starting to track down his slightly chubby cheeks, and dripping into his shirt and into the kitten's fur. The small bundle mewled sadly as the wetness disturbed the warm rest it had been given.

"Come Al. We'll go put him back..." Edward dragged the other out, and watched sadly as his only brother cried with the bad luck that had been brought about by allergies.

"But I want to keep it brother!!" Alphonse cried out almost angrily, but plopped sadly onto the ground as he let his emotions out in a torrent of rain falling tears.

"Don't cry Al! We will take care of it! You'll see! We'll make a hutch, an' bring food out after dinner for him! It'll be our secret!" Edward said with a laughing face. Alphonse looked up, and scrubbed his cheeks with one of his hands. A smile dawned across the wet face and he knew that his brother could think of anything.

"Wh-What should we name him?" Alphonse hiccuped, and held out the small bundle of fur and bones. The small kitten was now purring happily in Al's hands because it knew that it would be cared for by the two who'd found him.

"Let's name him..." Edward looked to the sky for a moment, and then back down to the soft fur

that was intermixing grays and whites.

"Lets call him Frost! Frost looks gray and white on the windows, and we found him all cold an'....frosty like!" Edward said joyfully, and petted the bundle once more.

"Okay...We will always love you Frost..." Alphonse said happily, and grinned up to the other who was currently smiling back down his younger brother.

Anything was possible, when you believed it was, and you tried with all your might to make something right.