

# Fullmetal Automailist

By Yaoi\_Huntress\_Earth

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*This is based on a conversation I had with a Full Metal Alchemist fanartist about what would happen if Ed was able to save sacrifice his arm before Al's body was completely destroyed. The idea of Ed and Winry going off to find the perfect automail to help*

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# 1. Fullmetal Automailist

I never want to see another piece of alchemy again. I dosed some more lighter fluid on books, tables, everything in my father's study. Actually, that's a lie. Winry and I spared that old suit of armor Al and I use to play with when we were little. It had nothing to do with this whole mess; it was an innocent, just like my brother.

"But this was your dream." Al said, waiting for us outside.

"Not anymore." I know I should be thankful that I was able to save most of Al's body when that thing tried to devour him, but it just hurts to look at him. It's not that he's hideously deformed or anything like that. By the time I regained consciousness, I found out that the nerves in his legs were too badly damaged for any automail replacements. Now they're just little stumps three inches above where his knees should be.

"It's not your fault. I should've stopped you." I put my fingers to his lips. Turning down that invitation to the Alchemist's Guild was more of a shock to him than learning that he could never walk again. But as I said before, I've had my fill of alchemy. I tried to play god and look what it did to the both of us. It hurts me when people stare at Al like he's some kind of side show attraction, the occasional sad look in his eyes when he sees other kids running around, or having to carry him up a flight of stairs because his chair can't handle it.

"Don't worry, Al." Winry puts a hand on his shoulder, trying to keep both our spirits up. "We'll find a way for you to walk again. Even if we have to invent a whole new system of automail." He smiles back at her and she ruffles his hair. "That's the spirit."

"You want to do the honors?" I hand him a lit match that he reluctantly takes and throws at the trail of lighter fluid leading to the study. Someday he'll understand that not all dreams are static and that he's more important than any piece of alchemy ever was. The building engulfs into a giant fireball that we watch for what feels like hours. The more explosive stuff we took out ahead of time would be sold off for our trip. I hear that there's an academy for automail users in a city across the mountains; I'm sure the professors there might have some idea on how help Al.

"I hope you don't mind me coming with you." Winry said as she turns to me.

"What?"

"Grandma said it was ok. Besides, you're going to need my help to make some legs that aren't going to explode on him."

"What do you mean explode?"

&nbsp; Al bursts into a small giggle and I sigh.&nbsp;&nbsp;Whatever road lies up ahead for us, it'll definitely be a long one.

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&nbsp; The&nbsp;End&nbsp;