

Wal-Mart Employes-Roxas and Sora

By hipeople

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Oy, what happens if Roxas and Sora (twins) get a job at wal-mart? Insanity? Roxas messing things up? Sora and the-SCANNER?! Help me. Please.

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1. Of Restrooms and Scanners

By:Keiko J. Herustu hipeople Keiko105whatever you wish to call me.

Disclaimer:.....I own nothing.

I have my writing spirit back.I would have finished this yesterday,but I went to my friend's house.Lol.And yes,all of these people are OOC.Thats what makes a humor story a humor story sometimes.

"Here are your tags,guys.You start tomorrow.Six A.M. sharp:be here.Got it memorized?"

Thats what mine and my twin's new boss said yesterday after we were told we got the jobs.Our boss's name?Umm...Spoke,Wheel,Grease,ah!Axel was his name!"Mr.Axel' he said for us to call him.That sounds kinda dumb,but me an' Roxas have this thesis that he doesn't have a last name!We're gonna find out while we're at work one of these days.Our last name is Tearz.Oh,shut-it.Anyway,we work for this insane dude without a last name.Wheres our work?Wal-Mart.No,they don't sell walls.That's Lowes.But we do sell paint!Aisle...well,I don't know or care.But we get a discount!When they say discount prices on those commercials,they don't say for whom.Ha,losers.We get discounts and you don't.Hahaha-well,actually,I'm lying.We don't get discounts either.I'm just saying that about of complete boredom.Man,this is so-oh customer!

"Hi,thank you for-Roxas?What are you doing?"I asked my klutzy twin brother as he stumbled up to the cash register I was working at.I examined him closly.He's a mess!Why is he-how did he-wha-what is that on his face?Shaving creame?He has white foam smeered all over his chin like a beard.Even his blue uniform has suffered the impact of his own supidity!Its drenched in...something...but it smells terrible and rancid!He chose a bad day to wear a white shirt.He should've worn all black under clthing like me.Is that...chocolate syrup?And his pants!He dirtied them so much,they're black!Wait,thats what color they're supposed to be.Nevermind.

"Sora,you really,really,don't want to know,"he answered."I'm going to get cleaned up.Oh,and watch out for the womens department.There are things in there that will haunt my every thought and nightmare for the rest of my natural life,"Roxas,after warning me of the obvious,teetered off towards the restrooms.Whatever he did,he made himself dizzy or something,the way he's wobbling and swaying as he walks.Nah,better get back to work,well,acting like I'm trying to work.I leaned on my arm that was propped on the scanner.What?Its flat and cushioned.I am so bored!Wal Mart is always crowded with so many people!Where IS everyone?They're all going to the other registers.Why?I mean,I may be new,but you can't tell just by looking at me,right?I'm not that readable,am I?I began to wonder if Roxas was having any luck.Those stains were pretty deep.I hope he hasn't gotten in trouble.He always did get himself into trouble; like that time at the dairy farm.I hope that incident shall never be repeated in all of history.He has been gone a long time.Where is he?I was answered when I heard women screaming from the direction of

the restrooms. That dunce is going to get us fired. I stood up and stretched my head over various shelves, racks, and really tall people. Those people should play basketball! I can hardly see over their heads! Well, those people just walked by, where is Roxas-oh, there he is. Man, he needs to work out more. That chick with that purse is gaining on him, and she's wearing sandals! Ohh! Some of her friends just ambushed him from behind the magazine racks. They're by the greeting card aisle now. Roxas made pretty good distance before-Oh! Look at that punch! Is she a boxer or something? Dang.... I've never heard him cry so much. I haven't even got him to cry that much! Better be a good brother and go rescue him. It's not like anyone is going to come over here while I'm gone.

I jogged over to the scene of the attack. If I didn't hurry, there would be nothing left of Roxas to save. This is why you DON'T let fifteen year olds work. (Hey, it's called fanFICTION. They can be fifteen and work at Wal-Mart) They get mauled by chicks and their friends. Wait, I'm fifteen. Will I get mauled, too? Maybe I should hang back and-no, no. I have to salvage what's left of my brother from the clutches of these girls. Wow, they are really shredding him! Who knew that they could get so mad just because a guy accidentally ran into the wrong bathroom? This is sort of entertaining. Maybe I should make a movie. Yeah! I can be the handsome super hero who saves everyone and gets all the girls. Yeah, I can see me now, all buff, and in a super cool costume. I can have some nifty powers, and-

"Sora! Don't just stand there! Help me!" My brother's distress calls awoke me up from my fantasy. I leaped into action, which means I walked over and flashed my cool, hot guy smile. It worked to some extent. They stopped beating my poor blond twin, but glared at me. Crap. Now what do I do? Those daggers of eyes, they pierce my soul and my very being! I feel holes and slashes being driven through my skin. How do they glare so? Pain beseeches me. I clutched my stomach and groaned in the fake, agonizing pain. How the non-existent stabbing throbs through my hopes and dreams. One of the girls raised her eyebrow.

"Why are you groaning? We're beating up your partner, not you, idiot." she said. Sudden realization dawned on me. I stood straight up and brushed invisible dust from my shoulder.

"Right," I replied. I stared the girl who spoke to me in the eye. Head on in the eyes. In the pit of the swirling black pupils. "My 'partner' (I said that with great emphasis) that you're trying to murder with your purses is my twin brother. If you would be so kind as to not..umm..try and murder him, I would gladly take him back with me and make sure that he doesn't bother you anymore." I stated. The girls whispered amongst themselves, then the girl I was speaking to, obviously their 'leader', nodded towards Roxas, and he scampered off the ground and behind me quick as a goose. I don't know what kind of comparison that is, but he was pretty fast. His movements were almost one. He had a bad shake now, too. The girls gave one last glare and the head honcho girl huffed before they walked off. I turned to get a better look at the abused and bloodied Roxas. He wasn't any cleaner than before, and now he had a black eye. I'll find out if he has any more bruises when he tries to sit down later. I'll guess at how many he has by how loud he screams. Sigh, whatever was all over him before is still there, along with dust and black marks. Looks like some of the girls even broke out their makeup! Those were some hornets, I tell you. Apparently, he never did make it to the mens restroom. Wait, why didn't he just run in there?

"Hey,you can't blame me.You really can't think clearly when your being assalted by angry chicks.This is worse than that time we accidentalaly got lost and went into the video game convention for directions,"Roxas said,seeming to read my mind.I shuddered at the thought of the Day of Doom.See,went were lost on the way to the zoo,so our mother pulled over and we all went into a convention of some sort.We didn't know it was a video game convention!While me and Roxas were mobbed by fangirls of some game called Kingdom Hearts,saying we looked exactly like these two guys from the game,our mother ended up being crowned Queen of the Anime at a convention across the building for looking like some woman from this show called...umm,I believe it was Half Steel Chemist.I think it was the mother of these two brothers...umm...oh right!Edmund and Aladin!Those are their names.But,in reality,do Roxas and I look like video game characters?Pfft,I think not.(And if we did,would we have some retarded weapon like a giant key?)

"Roxas,I have to go back to the register.Go get cleaned up and....try not to get hurt,"I instructed him.I turned on my heel and headed back to my register.When I got there,I was surprised to see a line of angry,impatiant people.The lady in front was like a walrus or somthing,and she had a basket loaded up past the top with food.She looked the angriest.I swear she squeled like a hog.The way she was shouting at me,dear sweet chocolate chips it was frightening.I timidly approached the counter.

"Hi,thank you for-"I started to greet until the woman started shoving items onto the counter.She grunted.I shuddered,and began to swipe the fattening foods across the scanner.Pork,oreos,jelly beans-dude!Jelly beans!They have those here?Score!I'm going shopping after my shift is up.I continued scanning items until a got to one.Canned...spam?Yuck.I shifted it back over the scanner.Still nothing.Back over again.And again.And again.And again.And nothing.Then I started rubbing it so hard across the scanner,some of the label peeled off.Oh,this can thinks its the boss and has beat me,does it?Well,I'll show it!!I'll show you all!No can or human surpasses the might of-"Super Sora!"I shouted my heroic battle cry and threw the can onto the ground with such force,I'm sure it cracked open and splattered into thousands of globs,but it just rolled aimlessly away under someones foot.Oh sweet chocolate chips,not-

"I thought you knew how to work the register,Sakura,"Axel(yes,I shall call him only 'Axel' around the you,my readeres who follow the story)asked as he lifted the evil can off the ground.I gaped at his...stupidness.My name is not Sakura!Is not!!I mean,my mom calls me So-So,but...wait..you tricked me.

"Umm,I do,and my name is Sora!It says right here on my name tag!"I corrected,pointing under my tag,"S-O-R-A.Sora,"I crossed my arms as Axel walked to the register I was working at and shoved me out of the way.He scanned the stupid can over the scanner and it worked.I gaped(again)as he typed up the total.

"Ohmidearsweetchocolatechips!(Thats my favorite phrase,by the way.After the Great chocolate

chip incident when we were trying to help mom bake some cookies. So excuse me if I say it to much. It bugs the crap outta Roxas. Haha) She spent-"Just then, Roxas ran by screaming as the boyfriends of the girls' that were chasing him earlier hunted him with thoughts of death. I better save him again, but Axel is insisting on showing me how to work that evil flippin scanner. Ah well. Roxas needs to learn to fend for himself. He is so weak.

"Sakura," Axel said, running a box of quik-mix pancakes over the scanner, "This is how you work a scanner," He dropped the last of the grocery's some poor man purchased against his will. He handed the guy his receipt, and I swear he almost fainted.

"What happened to discount prices!" he yelled angrily. Axel faked smile and darted off. I was left standing, complaints swarming all around me. So, while Roxas is being killed by jealous boyfriends, I'll be murdered by angry customers! Now I know why there were two open spots for a job here. Axel expects the younger ones to be killed off early in the job so he doesn't have to pay them! First, he doesn't have a last name, then he tries to have me and Roxas executed! Dear sweet chocolate chips! He's a madman! I bet when he kills us he'll stash our bodies in that old river behind the mill! And then the news will start rumors about us, and our reputations will be smashed and-

"Yo, new kid. Let me handle this. Your shifts up anyway," a voice called out to me. I searched for the voice's source, until I saw blond hair spiked over the heads of many of the people. He whistled for their attention. No one listened, and continued chewing me out. He whistled again, and received the same results as his first attempt. Who was this guy? I started thinking of any blond spiky haired dudes that I knew, and the results turned up none (except Roxas, but he was sort of busy at the moment.), so I just decided to watch and pray that this guy could save me. He coughed and loudly tapped his foot, yet no one paid any mind. "HEY! BUNCH OF THICK DOORKNOBS! BUY SOMETHING AND GET OUT!" The crowd, myself included, gazed at the man who probably just saved my life. He had spiky blond hair, basically shaped like my own brunette locks, and he had deep blue eyes, similar to mine and Roxas's. Crap! Roxas!

"Thanks mister!" I shouted as the crowd dispersed and I ran to rescue my brother (again). The man called back.

"The name's Cloud!" Cloud-spiky blond-blue eyes-just saved my life-is now getting a lot of girls at the register-HEY! How does he get all the girls? Dork. Anyway, I bashed my way through crowds. By this time, my only brother is probably a bloody pulp. I dashed to a gang of guys and shoved them aside.

"Rox-as?" I yelled as I looked down to see..or not see...my brother. It wasn't him. Instead, it was some fat kid. I glared at the guys, who looked pretty p'osed that I just knocked them around.

"Hey, you twerp, what's the big-"the 'leader' , who was standing directly behind me, spoke, puffing

his chest like he was all big and tough.I slowly turned,my eyes locked in an evil and dark glare.Shadows bounced off my face,making it look like I hadn't slept in weeks,or had been on something.He cringed,for a second showing fear.Great fear.I stepped up to him and gripped his shirt collar,yanking it so hard towards me,I swear some fabric ripped

"Where is my brother?"I asked grimly,murderous,a glint of death in my eyes.The guy shuddered,then pointed a shaking hand towards the crafts.Sweat poured off his forehead.

"You have the wrong guys!The ones who were beating up that look-a-like of yours dragged him over there.To the crafts,"I pushed the guy down to the ground,smiled,and waved.

"Thank for shopping at Wal-Mart!Have a nice day!We love to see you smile!"I chirped happily.I began to skip off to the crafts.Heh,thats gotta scar 'em.The guys I left watched me as I hopped and leapt.What the heck?I did a piroette on my way out.Bet'cha didn't know I know ballet-umm...scratch that...unless you can explain to me how to do an axel turn,degnabbit.

"Did he just use McDonald's old catch phrase?"one of the guys questioned all the others.They just shrugged like idiots.The fat kid that was there got away,so they decided to seek out a new victim.

"Roxas!"I shouted as I bursted into the crafts section.The target gang were crowded around in a circle.I gasped.What horrible things had they done to my brother?!The animals,crowding around him to watch his pain and suffering!Don't worry Roxas!!I shall save you for I am-"Super Sora to the rescue!"The gang stopped and turned around to face me,hated visable in their eyes.One grabbed some string,another a crochteing needle,and approached me,until Roxas of all people exited from the center of the group,wearing sunglasses for no reason."Okay,Roxas.One:Are you okay?Two:Why are you here?Three:Take off those sunglasses!They aren't your color!"He yanked the sunglasses off his eyes and gazed confused at me.

"Umm,okay.One:Yes.Two:I'm here becuase in exchange for my freedom,I offered to crochte for the main honcho there.Three:Why?I think they look cool,"Roxas answered,calmly putting the sunglasses back on.I rubbed my forehead.

"Umm,Roxas.One:Good.Two:You can knit?Three:They look cool,just not on you,"I taunted.One of the guys stepped up to me.

"Hey,you got a problem with Roxas's style,punk?"he threatened me,pounding his fist into his other hand,creating a loud popping noise.Roxas placed a hand on the guy's wrist.

"Hey hey,he's my bro.He's cool,but I gotta roll,ya'll.Hope you enjoy the socks!"Roxas yelled as I grabbed his wrist and dragged him away,but I looked at his clothes.I sighed and went through a certain aisle to pick something up.

"Sora!Roxas!How was your first day?"Our mother cried as soon as Roxas and I got to our house.I think she was looking out at us through the window as we walked up the driveway.I felt some presence watching us.I was the first in;Roxas hung back.

"Alright,"I replied,handing her a bottle of Clorox bleach before I ran up the stairs and slammed my door shut to protect my ears.I guessed Roxas had just entered,dirty clothes and all,when I heard my mother's scream ring throughout the house.First day-done.I looked at our schedule.We had a whole day before we had to go back.Maybe should get Roxas to teach me crochte.It sounds like it could come in handy.

So,how was my driving?I liked typing in someone elses POV for once.It was fun.Yeppers,I already have the 2 and 3 chapter planned.BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!Sorry for the shortness.I'll try to do a longer one.

2. Of Piranhas and Video Games

By:Keiko J. Herustu;hipeople;Keiko105;Rikuishotyeahyeah;Keiko122;Demyx Luver;whatever ya want to call me,cuz I have alot of usernames..well,not really,but hey.

Disclaimer:...saddly,I only own le plot and idea...which is basically the same thing...dangit!

And another thing,sorry about this chapter.Its sorta a fangirlish thing,with ideas from one of my best friends,akiraandroxas,which features her charater,Akira.And it also introduces you to Keiko,my other half.0_o""

"Sora!Sora!We're gonna be late!Stupid,"I yelled at my brother.He snores like mad I tell you.You may think you snore something terrible,but you haven't heard snoring until you got a sound of meh brother's.Good sweet caramel syrup!(Well,since my bro claimed the Dear Sweet Chocolate Chips,I had to get my own saying!)Man,com'on Sora-chan!Yes,I called him Sora-chan.I don't have a problem,even though Sora does say I do have issues ever since incident #69.I,unlike my dolt sibling,am more organized with the incidents.After #10,I began keeping tabs on what happened and when.HE,on the other hand,just names them.He is pret-ty good with names though,so he has hardly any trouble recalling them from the corridors of his mind.Sigh,I wish he would wake up.He is such a nocturnal bat buddy,he sleeps all day and plays in the night...wait-that sounded sorta wrong.Umm,he is active at night...that didn't sound any better,if not worse.Well,I hope you know what I'm talking about...wait,that still doesn't sound-oh,just drop the subject.I gotta wake this loser up."Sora.Sora!SORA!".....he didn't even flinch.This calls for drastic mesures.But,I'll need a bazooka,antelope,straw hat,watermelon,file cabinet...or I could...just do this!I yanked the pillow out from under his head,causing it to thump lazily back onto the bed.I looked at the pillow,then to him. Pillow,him. Pillow,him. Pillow,him.Commit it to memo-Dangit,I'm starting to sound like Mr.Axel and I've only worked one day.Well,we only have a grand spankin total of twenty minutes to get our lazy butts to our job,and Sora isn't even ready...or awake...but I'll change the latter.I began hitting him with his pillow,a whooshing sound occuring everytime I swung downwards.Sora yelped as I struck him a final time and tumbled off the edge of the bed,where I continued striking him,even though he was trying to escape by crawling on the floor.

"Wake.Up.SORA!"I yelled as I continued hitting him insanly hard with the pillow.He tried to yell something back,but I socked him in the mouth before he could say it.I stopped for a moment."Yes?"To my horror,he yanked the soft coshyness item from my grasp.I backed up,only to find myself rammed into a corner."Sora,we can talk this out,right?Sora?Sora..."I coaxed,trying to save my hide.I ran my hand along the rough wall,stained with the many fights of mine and my brother's past,trying to find some sort of randomly placed secret switch or something.Sora advanced with thoughts of death.Where the crap is that switch!He raised the pillow high above his spiky hair.Switch,SWITCH!He prepared to bring it down,until our mother called us from the downstairs kitchen.I sighed a breath of relief.Sora glared and slugged me anyway,then dropped the item of murder on the ground.I rubbed my aching head.Dang,since when is he so strong?Degit.He dashed into the closet(a nice walk-in)and sorted through all his messy,disorganized clothes as I walked out of the room,careful to shut the door behind me.I slid

down the stair banaster,landing clumsily on the ground.I rubbed my back as I limped into the kitchen.Curious,I gazed at the clock.We had all of five minutes.Great.Our mother was frantically pinning an earring on and hurriedly grabbing her purse.

"Where is Sora?"she asked,out of breath as she shoved her shoes on.I sighed and pointed up the stairs.She fumed."Sora!Sora Tearz!Get your lazy butt down here!You have to be at work NOW!"She screeched.Sora came tearing down the stairs,leaping from the third to last stair and dashing through-more of into-the door.He rubbed his nose,with was bright red with pain,opened the front door,and carefully made his way out,leaping into the car.I quickly follwed,our mother behind me.I jumped into the back along with Sora. Our mother started up the car,and backed out of the driveway.She slammed her foot on the accelrator.I swear that on the road,she nearly crushed five pedestrians.Both my brother and I were clinging the the arm rests like there was no tommorrow.I felt the force of our speed shove me hard into the back of my seat.I screamed when she reached her peak speed-120.Good thing this is the interstate...wait-thats a bad thing.She turned so sharply I nearly came flying out of my seatbelt.When she turned the opposite way,Sora crashed into me.I pushed him off,but was hurdled foreward when she came to an aprupt stop.I crashed into the seat in front of me.Sora took hold of my wrist and dragged me out of the car.He pulled me along the pavement,receiving odd stares as we raced the clock.I tripped him and stood up,brushing myself off.We were directly in front of the entrance.I dragged him inside,until I felt a tug.

"Sora,I know you don't want to go in,but we have to work so we go to college,"I told him,still staring foreward.I heard a muffled huff from behind me;I turned on my heels.And there was Sora,trapped in the sliding doors.I invisioned a sweatdrop forming on the back of meh head.Dangit,I read to many mangas...He cried,his voice muffled,considering his face was currently being smooshed by the floor.I hoisted him through the door,falling backwards when I tugged.I landed on my butt,right next to a tapping foot.Uh-oh.It's not,it couldn't be-I looked up towards the face of the person who was apparently annoyed by my tardiness.Heh,tardiness..thats a funneh word.Heh.

"Sora!Roxas!You two are late!Can you explain your tardiness?!"our boss screeched,infuriated.I had to stifle a laugh.Tardiness,hee,tardy...I stopped my complex train of thoughts and looked at the clock.Lets see,the long hand is the hours-no wait,or is it the seconds?Or minutes?Miliseconds?Or does it measure volume and water levels?!I began drooling at the side of meh mouth.I don't know why,but when I'm REALLY concentrated on something,I drool.Axel picked me up by the back of my shirt collar.Dangit,I'm light,hanging in midair.He set me down.I turned on meh heels,again,considering that my back was facing him.Theres something about this guy that I hate.Can't quite pick it out though....He groaned,looking down."Just,go do something.Theres been another incident with the lawn mowers we keep on display outside.I think it was someones speeding car smashed through a couple,"He looked back up,and all that was left were a couple dust clouds.I knew there was something suspicious about those thumps we heard when we pulled up....

I had to go work at the pet supplies aisle. Sora was at the register again. He needed more practice or something. I stood a bag of bird feed back up. There was nothing to do here! I should've brought like a manga to read or something. I went into the catfood aisle. There were two girls, one with light brown hair, the other with reddish brown. The one with the reddish brown hair was disorganizing all of the cans. The other looked like she could only hope to contain her friend.

"Akira, stop-AKIRA!" the light brown haired one cried desperately. The other girl, Akira, was obviously on a hype or something. Moutian Dew normally causes that. I rushed over to them. The light brown haired one looked exasperated, like she's had to deal with this all day (or at least an hour). She looked pleadingly towards me. "Help," she squeaked. I rubbed my forehead, then placed my hand on Akira's shoulder.

"Umm, can you please stop? I'm the one who has to fix this, ya know," I begged. She looked at me. The look of pure evil. I shuddered, and the other girl stepped back.

"Only if Keiko lets me have a fishy, Roxas," she threatened. I stepped back with the other girl. The girl with me got a look of determination on her face, then walked back up to the demon. I just about mouthed for her not to go, but it was too late. She's going to die for sure, and I'll have a mess to clean up... Wait, how did that girl know my name?

"Name tag," Keiko replied, turning her head to face me. Oh, wait, how did she-? "I'm psychic, stupid," she finished. I twitched. These two are strange. "And you have a funky hairdo. Oh, that guy with the pincone hair is your brother? Heh, I shoulda guessed," she continued on. I twitched. I have no privacy anymore... "No, you don't," Oh, shut-up, you. She faced Akira. "Okay, Aki, you can have a fishy," Both gazed at me with evil glints in their eyes. Oh. My. Gosh.

"Come on, Roxy!" Akira chimed, grabbing my hand and dragging me to the fish. She stopped in front of THE tank. All day I had been watching them swim back and forth, and all around. When I stocked the bird feed, when I stacked the cat toys, when I grabbed a skateboard and rode straight into the rabbit food, they all watched me. Their beady little eyes, their evil fins of doom, yes, this fish could only be purchased by a demented little child. Akira. Only one kind of fish could live through the tortures of this girl. Only one kind could-

"Just get her the fish....." Keiko mumbled, "And stop sounding so dramatic....but what was that about the rabbit food?" HOW does she do that? "I'm-" Psychic, yeah, yeah, we know. Just let me narrate my story, k? This is MY chapter. "Fine,"

I slowly approached the nets to scoop the fish out with. I reached for a net hanging on the rack at the end of the tanks, but I saw some gloves lying on the counter. Using common sense (that Sora claims that I don't have) I slid them on and grabbed my net. Good sweet caramel syrup I'm

SO gonna die...Either by the hands of these girls or by the hands-err,fins,of these fish.A PIRANAH!Okay,that sounded dramatic enough,right?Good.Yes,a priahna....wait...why do we even sell these here?I really didn't know that we did....Anyway.I dramatically reached into the tank with my net at the ready.Okay,now,I can do this,I can do this,I can,got it!!I pulled my net back out from the water.And it contained the evil fishy.I was about to put the fish in a plastic bag filled with water,but at the last second,it leaped from the net and clamped onto my arm.I screamed bloody murder.I started shaking it around rapidly.

"Ewewewewewewewwwwwww!"was all I could yell.I nearly knocked my pounding arm into Keiko.She ducked and grabbed my arm.She yanked the prihana off and tossed it into the bag,which she had retrieved from the floor when she ducked.She knotted the top of the bag and handed it to Akira.I checked my arm for any damage,but when I gazed at where it should've been...it wasn't!Wait,what?Well,anyway,MY ARM WAS GONE!I fell on my knees and started crying,while holding my shoulder.Akira walked over to me slapped me.I gave a look of wonder and confusion to her...until she pulled the sleeve off of my still attached arm.....yes...my sleeve came down and covered it....oh,shut-up!

"Thank you....have a nice day,"I grumbled as I sulked off.I entered the cat food aisle and stooped to clean up the mess that stupid girl caused.So much desruction...

After I finished,I began to wonder...where was Sora during all of this.I figured that no one else would need help for a while,so I began to wander aimlessly through the friggin store.It was so huge,and so many stupid people wandered the aisles,I could hardly move.I nearly ran into some stupid fat kid with an ice cream cone.Stupid kid.He needs to go on a diet.I should plug up a treadmill and FORCE him to run on it like a little hamster.Bwahahahahaha!!!!Errrrr....errrrmmmmmm.....Sooooooo.....

I saw crowds of teens heading all in one direction.They talked hurridly and excitedly,so I decided to tag along and see what all the commotion was about.I blended into one of the groups.I recived glares,though,becuase I stuck out....alot....for reasons:1)My hair spikes beyond all other's...with the exception of Sora.2)I was shorter than ALL of these people.I'm fifteen and they're like what,seventeen or eighteen?Ugghhh...3)....errrr....I was wearing my Wal-Mart uniform....

The girls rolled their eyes and the guys just shook their heads and walked away.So I stood there,dumbly,with no life or anything else to do....I watched everyone head into the video game section.Curious,I followed.They werree all crowded around some geek playing a playstation game demo...which is weird...becuase demos are supposed to be short...and this looks like it's been going on for hours.

I headed over,shoving and squeezing my way through the thick crowd.When I reached the center,there was a boy standing there,rapidly smashing buttons on a Ps2 contoller....It was-

"SORA!!!"I yelled at him.He didn't even wince.It was like he was some zombie,cursed to forever play the game.It was terrifying,almost,to watch him.I was afraid to shake him out of it,too.The crowd surrounding us seemed to glare like no tomorrow,making sure Sora safely finished the game,and all I could do was stand and watch wearily as my only brother was sucked into the world of games.See,he usually prefers to read or draw or something(and I skateboard or chat on the internet),so he never really plays games,but,its for his own good.Whenever he starts a game,he can't stop until he has beaten it.The last time it happened,incident #206,we didn't see Sora's face for almost a week.He lost ten pounds during that dark time....

"Roxas..level....99..."he muttered in a drunken state.I looked at the screen.He was,in fact,on level 99,at the final boss.If he beat him,the game was over!Why you didn't play through level 100,the world may never know...

Suddenly,there screen flashed many bright colours and the word END came on the screen.The crowd cheered as Sora grabbed my sleeve."We're going home.....but first,"he muttered.

As soon as I got home,I ran into the bathroom,got a wet cloth,and brought it to my mom.I darted back to the room and got the Clorox from a couple days ago.When I walked back in,I saw Sora turning the door knob.I shoved the Clorox into her hands and ran up to my room,slaming the door just in time to drown out my mom's scream when she saw the sticky mess Sora was from the jellybeans he ate on the walk home.Sora really likes jelly beans.Bored,I changed into a white shirt and black jeans,grabbed my skateboard,and on my way out until-THUMP!

"Roxas!Did you fall down the stairs again?!"

Maybe I should take coordination classes....

Ha...XD this is actually a pretty darned fun story to write,even if it is immature and crappy.XP
The third chapter has been started.Expect it soon!