

# What Ansem Does in his Spare Time

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*Riku and Sora are assigned a video project: they must film something cool or exciting. What better place to find something cool and exciting than Traverse Town? Apparently, there are many. Warnings: shounen-ai, crack, soccer-mom-bashing. [By "Ansem," I me*

# 1. What Ansem Does in his Spare Time

Yesh.... this takes place in Traverse Town, after KHII. I know Xehanort's Heartless \*insert spoilers here\*, but oh well! So, without further ado...

What Ansem Does in his Spare Time

by Syretia Voldemort

Anywhere else, it would've been a beautiful, sunny day, but in Traverse Town, it was always nighttime, so who cares? Riku and Sora strolled merrily(?) through the streets hand in hand in search of anything exciting to film for their school video project, but to no avail.

"Jeez! Since when has Traverse Town been boring? The one day we actually WANT to be stalked or attacked by Heartless or enslaved by rabid grannies, the place turns into a ghost town!" Sora ranted.

"When were you enslaved by rabid grannies?" Riku asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Never, but that's beside the point!" Sora pointed his camera in a random guy's face, glaring at him intensely. "Say something exciting!" The guy's eyes widened. He started backing away, then bolted into a store as if his life was in danger. Riku sighed and shook his head. Either Traverse Town was harboring criminals who didn't want to be taped, or there was a sudden epidemic of camera-shyness. Either way, they were getting nowhere with their report.

"Maybe we should go find Leon. He can stage a fight with Yuffie or something, and then we can get out of here before we die of boredom," Sora suggested. They were on their way to the Third District when a new shop by the mailbox caught their eyes.

"What's that?" Riku said, pointing at the tiny, nondescript building. "Was that always there?"

"No, it wasn't. Maybe it's some kind of soul-stealing phantom-house of doom! Let's go film it!" Sora practically squealed. He dragged Riku over and peeked in the window, practically knocking a small girl into the mailbox on the way.

"No need to rip my arm out of its socket; I'm sure the building isn't going to sprout legs and run away!" Riku said, rubbing his shoulder.

"Sorry!" Sora held his camera up with one hand, making extra sure not to miss any of the exhilarating building action, then gave Riku a hug and a kiss. "Feel better now?"

Riku smiled. "Much better. Thank-- ow! What the heck was that?" Riku turned around to face an enormous, muumuu-clad stomach with a shocked child on either side. He jumped back and bumped into Sora, knocking him onto the floor, then fell over as well, landing in Sora's

lap. The angry woman to whom the gargantuan gut belonged started hitting the quaking boys with her shopping bag while the kids laughed hysterically.

"That oughtta teach y&rsquo;all to be so indecent in public! What kinda example youse think yer settin&rsquo; fer mah kids!? Ever think uh that? Great, now I gotta take &rsquo;em to church to have their souls cleansed! I&rsquo;M GONNA MISS MAH SOAPS! I git real ornery when I miss mah soaps! Aw, crap, and they&rsquo;re gonna miss soccer practice! Great, thanks to y&rsquo;all, mah kids is gonna be outcasts! Hope yer happy! Ya know, it&rsquo;s people like y&rsquo;all that--"

"Hey, honey! I found those cleats you wanted!" a bald, obese man in a leather jacket called from the steps.

"Punkin-face!" The woman threw a soccer ball at Riku&rsquo;s noggin, then ran over to her husband and... I&rsquo;m too squeamish to type it.

"Ugh, and she called \*us\* indecent?! That&rsquo;s just gross! Eww, I&rsquo;ve never seen so much blubber in my life! Avert your eyes; you&rsquo;re too innocent to see that."

"It&rsquo;s nice of you to want to protect me, Riku, but would you mind getting up? I&rsquo;m starting to lose feeling in my toes..." Sora squeaked.

"Sorry." Riku said, standing up and holding his hand out to Sora. "I hope you at least got that on film..."

"I sure did!" Sora said, taking Riku&rsquo;s hand and pulling himself up. "Well, what wasn&rsquo;t obscured by the shopping bag, at least." He sighed and leaned against the side of the building. "I&rsquo;m glad we got our project, but why did we have to get beaten up to do it!?"

"Because soccer moms are insane," Riku said bitterly. "I&rsquo;m thirsty; I hope whatever this store is sells sodas." He opened the door and started to walk in, but stopped dead in his tracks when he saw what was inside.

"What&rsquo;s the matter; why are you just standing there?" Sora asked, but he soon found out why and nearly fell over laughing. As if their day hadn&rsquo;t been weird enough, sitting in the corner, knitting a pink sweater, was none other than Ansem!

"Hey, Ansem! Smile for the camera!" Sora said. Much to their surprise, he grinned cheesily and gave the v-sign. Sora and Riku weren&rsquo;t sure if they were seeing things, or if they or Ansem had gone insane, but they knew one thing for sure: they would definitely get an A+ on their video project.