

The best Death Note fic EVAR!11!1

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*This is the first chapter of a "parody mary-sue" I wrote to poke fun at people who are serious about writing these things.
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1. Fascination

AN: Lord help me& I m intentionally writing a mary-sue for the sake of parody. SOMEONE SHOOT ME NOW. Oh, and I know my formatting is weird, stfu. Anyway, this may be a bit farfetched& but Mary-sues ARE evil.

Chapter one: Fascination

Staring at her secret crush from afar, she quietly awaited when there would be a chance to talk to him. Long, golden locks that barely fell over his shoulders, blue-green eyes that could pierce any man s soul, and that distinctive burn-mark& It was a flaw, but she found it might be easy to cover up. He definitely was beautiful, almost as beautiful as her. Her name was Violet Li Keehl. Well& that wasn t her real last name. Not yet, anyway. She tried not to move, and her short, leather skirt and leather bustier would make a squeaking noise, and give away her location. Her shiny, thigh-length lavender hair hung down her back in a cascade of curls, caressing the Death Note she had strapped to her side. Batting her long eyelashes over her sparkling, sapphire blue eyes she continued to wait for the perfect opportunity. At that moment he was talking to some lanky, brown-haired nerd. She wished he would leave, so she could finally proclaim her love.

Matt, I think someone is watching us& Mello whispered into his friend s ear, Go stand watch somewhere else, I ll call you& after I handle our little spy.

Matt nodded, grabbed his vest and walked off. Finally, now s her chance!

Whoever you are, I know you re there. Might as well come out of hiding The blonde said, snapping his chocolate bar with his teeth. Without skipping a beat, Violet skipped out from behind some wall. She continued to skip up to Mello without any fear or hesitation.

Oh, would you look at that& isn t it a little late for you to be outside, little girl? Your daddy must be worried about you He remarked with a malicious smirk. She smiled, Nope, my daddy was killed by Kira. Showing no signs of being sad, she started pouring her heart out Mom too! I m all alone! I have to live on the street in a small cardboard box, while hoboes hit on me. But you are the one thing that s kept me alive this whole time!

Me? Mello asked, now confused. He wasn t sure if he could take too much more of this insane prattle.

Yes! All this time I ve been watching you from afar, waiting for the perfect opportunity to talk to you, but every time that dork would leave, you d follow him!

Mello sighed, You mean Matt? Look, who the hell are y& He was silenced when Violet put her finger up to his mouth, Shh, don t talk . Becoming slightly annoyed, Mello s face reddened and he stepped back far enough to be out of her reach temporarily. I don t know who the hell you think you are, but& He was cut off by the sound of the girl sobbing. Gomen Nasai&

What the frack are you& Mello tried to respond, before being cut off again.

I m sorry! I love you, even though I know nothing about you! You are like my Romeo, please love me back! There was a long awkward pause after that outburst. Mello attempted to think of a way to sneak away, while she was crying and carrying-on. Suddenly, there was the sound of gunshots, and someone screaming. He waited for a moment, to make sure he wasn t imagining things, then his cell rang, Mello.. Someone got me. It was Matt.

What the hell do you mean someone got you? Who? The blonde yelled angrily into the cell

phone receiver.

I don't know, Mello. Jesus Christ, Someone shot me in the leg. I need you to come and get me.

Mello sighed, Where are you?

I'm hiding in the alleyway behind the apartment. Matt replied.

Sighing, Mello replied, Alright, I'm on my way. He angrily snapped his phone shut, and looked at the girl, who then had a malicious grin on her face rivaling Light's. Shaking his head, Mello took off down the street, I don't have time to deal with your dumb @\$\$! Violet got up, dusted herself off, and somehow dashed with supersonic speed to catch up with Mello, despite the fact she was wearing high-heeled boots. MELLO! She called out, causing Mello to cringe, Don't leave me behind! You can't! I'm a defenseless little girl!

If you're so defenseless, how the hell do you live on the streets? And stop following me! He shouted back, starting to lose his temper. She made a noise like she was going to cry again.

Wonderful, just wonderful& He thought, tempted to bash his head against a brick wall.