

The Akatsuki Talent Show! (Oh God...)

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Another piece of rubbish written around Christmas time XD the Akatsuki hold a talent show! The reason- to prove they're more than just criminal masterminds! All entries welcome... Except Orochimaru....

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1. Pein's Announcement!

Disclaimer; I do not own Naruto, the Akatsuki or any other Naruto-related stuff. It's Masashi Kishimoto's in all his geniusness XD Normal POV; Pein stepped out to the front of the sitting room where the members of Akatsuki were uncomfortably crammed together on sofas, tables and cabinet-tops. "Excuse me, everyone. I have an announcement to make!" He called over the grunting, groaning, complaining and chattering. It did not stop. "OWWWWWWWW HIDAN, GET YOUR SCYTHER OUT OF MY LEG, UN" Roared Deidara. "DO IT YOURSELF YOU EFFING WOMAN!!!" Retorted Hidan. "GET YOUR FREAKY MOUTHS OUT OF MY FACE!!" Pein shook his head. He hated having to do this, but however, it needed to be said. "SHUT UP YOU STUPID KIDS!!! OR I WILL FEED YOU ALL TO ZETSU!!!" The room went silent. Pein cleared his throat. "Thank-you. Now that you're all listening, I have an important announcement to make. Akatsuki Christmas's can be a dull, boring affair. Not this year, my fellow criminals! This year, we will be having a talent show! Also, I suggest we play Secret Santa, and our dear Hidan has volunteered to be the Akatsuki Santa!" Hidan's mouth dropped open. "I EFFING DIDN'T!!!!!" He roared as everyone began to laugh. Pein looked amused. "Now that you all know-start thinking about your acts for the talent show! Good luck!"

Kisame's POV; All seemed normal in the hideout-until Pein decided to bring us some 'Christmas cheer'. Talent Show? Secret Santa? Hidan as Santa?! You've gotta be kidding me. I might just go home for Christmas. Less chance of getting murdered anyway, unless my little brother cooks Christmas dinner again. That would be a nightmare. Again. As for the talent show, I refuse to take part. How degrading is it to have to stand there and show off some kind of talent. I guess I could be a judge. Kisame Cowell has definitely got a ring to it that I like. I'll have a word with Pein about that...

Tobi's POV; OHMIGOD!!! A TALENT SHOW! TOBI'S CHANCE TO SHOW DEIDARA-SEMPAI WHAT TOBI CAN REALLY DO!!!!!!! OHMIGOD OHMIGOD!!!!!! WHEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!! *runs off to practise a song*

Kakuzu's POV; Hmmm, a talent show? I could do that. I have talents.... How much will the prize money be? Anyway, what to do.... I sing, I dance, I do magic tricks-which is more likely to win me that money????!! Hmmmmmm....

Hidan's POV; This is such an effing waste of my effing precious effing time! Stupid effing leader.... I have to effing enter this effing silly contest when I effing could effing worshipping effing Jashin-Sama! O_o I got an effing idea!! This effing requires some effing thought....

Deidara's POV; Oooh, a talent contest, un? I can show off my wonderful, superior art now without an argument with Master Sasori, un! Stupid old coot, telling me art should last forever, un! It is fleeting, transient and super explosive fun, un! Now, where is my clay??? TOBI!!!!!!!!!!!!

Itachi's POV; Oh. My. God. Pein expects me, the great Itachi Uchiha to sing? Dance? NO! Absolutely NOT! *Sees all 6 Peins glaring at him with lots of weapons* Fine... I'll do something....

Konan's POV; I'm looking forward to this talent contest! Time to show everyone just how hot I really am! I wanna sing something that'll set Pein's pants on FIRE! And I know just what!

Pein's POV; Oh I just can't wait! *SQUEE* My Awesome Konan, singing! *stems nosebleed* And I get to humiliate the others! I am so evil fufufufuuuuuu.... And I'm doubling up as the host. Kisame, Zetsu and I are judging. I don't want anything too dangerous to happen backstage involving Hidan....

Zetsu's POV; Whatever Leader-Sama wants I guess. Mr. Snuggles and I will take whatever they throw at us. As long as I get to eat the loser, that is.....

2. Costumes and Jashinites....

Itachi stood in front of his mirror thoughtfully. He turned this way and that, trying to figure out his best angle. "Damn sharingan! I can't frickin' see!" He grumbled, rubbing his eyes angrily. "I guess this angle will do. Now, I need a costume.... DEIDARA!" He yelled through the wall. "What, un, I'm busy!" Deidara called. Itachi stormed out of his room and into Deidara's. "Look, girly-boy, I am NOT in the mood to be annoyed. You're the resident artist, get cracking and make me a frickin' costume!" Itachi snarled. Deidara began laughing. "Whoa, un, somebody had an extra bowl of b*tch flakes this morning, un! Or is it your, you know, time of month..." He said slyly. Itachi's face turned slowly beetroot red. "Deidara, I'm warning you, if you don't shut up, I'm gonna...." Deidara backed off a little. "Okay, fine, I'll make your stupid costume, un!" Deidara said, taking out a tape measure. Itachi eyed it warily. "Um, Deidara? Why do you need that?" He said nervously, seeing the psychotic grin on Deidara's face. Deidara looked at him as if he were stupid. "It's so I can get the costume to fit you, un! Now strip, un!" Itachi blushed. "Er, strip?" Deidara looked even more annoyed. "Yes, un, to the boxers! I can't measure with that big thick coat on you, un!" Itachi looked murderously at Deidara. "I swear, I'm going to get you for this, Deidara!" He hissed menacingly. Deidara smirked. "So, what colour do you want this costume to be?" He asked, poking Itachi in the back with the tape measure. LATER.... Itachi left Deidara's room wincing. The blonde had taken great pleasure in poking him in several painful places with not only the tape measure, but the needle, pins, and scissors too. "I just hope it's worth it..." Itachi grumbled. "I really need this money...." He locked the door of his room, and went off to have a shower, still grumbling about Deidara's lack of sensitivity. Kakuzu had everything sorted. His outfit was perfect, his routine, immaculate, and his act he knew was infallible. The suit lay in it's protector over the end of his bed, all that was missing was his equipment. "If only Hidan would hurry up and get those knives ready...." He complained. "Time is money, but that religious nutjob just does not care!" He paced the floor, until he heard a barrage of foul language getting louder and louder. "Finally!" He said disapprovingly as Hidan burst through the door, his hands full of lethal-looking weapons. "I effing brought effing all my effing weapons!" Hidan grunted. "I effing think we should effing use these effing knives! They're my effing sharpest! I only effing use them for special effing rituals!" Kakuzu rolled his eyes. "Whatever, Hidan. Just don't start screaming on stage or anything. Keep your pleasure to yourself, alright!" Hidan looked horrified. "But I effing must show my effing devotion to effing Jashin-Sama! He will effing punish me if I effing don't!" Kakuzu looked at Hidan sharply. "Well, if we lose and get eaten by Zetsu, then I hold you entirely responsible. Let's just say I wouldn't like to be you." Hidan looked at Kakuzu smugly. "But, you forget, I EFFING LOVE TORTURE!!!!!! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!" Hidan yelled. Kakuzu smiled. "But you hate frilly pink dresses, soft cushions, dolls, plastic knives.... All those nice things.... My dear Hidan, do you really think I can't torture you? I know you inside out, after all...." Hidan walked off, slamming the door. Kakuzu laughed. "This might actually turn out to be quite profitable...." He laughed, sorting through Hidan's knife collection.

3. Enter The Problem... Naruto Uzumaki

"NO ZETSU FOR THE LAST TIME I AM HOSTING THE DAMN SHOW!" Pein yelled. "But Leader-sama, I know nothing about music or talent!" Zetsu said exasperatedly. Pein sighed. "Just say what you like about it and what you don't- it's that simple!" Zetsu went off in a huff, muttering to himself angrily. Pein breathed a sigh of relief. Organizing a talent show had been harder than he had thought. "Maybe I should get someone in to do the hosting..." He thought. Then, a sudden stroke of genius hit him. "What if... Yes! It's the perfect plan!" He laughed gleefully, rubbing his hands together. He picked up the phone, and the phonebook for Konoha. He flicked through it until he found what he was looking for. "RIIIINNGGG, RIINGGGG" "Hello?" The voice answered. "Is this Naruto Uzumaki?" Pein asked slowly. "Hell Yeah! Dattebayo! Who is this?" Naruto yelled down the phone, making Pein recoil. Pein put the phone back to his ear gingerly. "This is the Leader of Akatsuki. Due to it being Christmas and lack of resources, we need your help..." Pein said grudgingly. "I'm not helping no stinking akatsuki loser! Dattebayo!" Naruto snarled. "Please, all I need you to do is host a stinkin talent show! I'll buy you ramen for a month! Please!" Naruto thought. Then he said "Fine, but only if I can get some friends involved in the show. Deal?" "Deal." Naruto put the phone down and Pein sighed. How was he going to cope with Naruto for a whole day? Kakuzu was going to MURDER him about the ramen thing, but even for an S-Ranked criminal, promises were promises. Kisame was busy, meanwhile, picking out a suit from Sasori's old closet full of clothes made to fit different puppet bodies. It was now where half the bulkier members of Akatsuki went to fulfill all their clothing needs. Kisame was a bit irritated. Sasori had had little or no taste in clothes for people of his frame, and could only find a jazzy white suit and a flamboyant salmon pink shirt. Shoes were thankfully no problem. That was his guilty pleasure; good shoes. Kisame sighed. Itachi better look out...

4. Meanwhile with Naruto...

"HEY, HEY GUYS!!!" Naruto screeched at the top of his voice, running down Konoha's High Street towards a group of his fellow Genin "THE AKATSUKI ARE HAVING A TALENT SHOW!!! IT'S LIKE THE PERFECT WAY TO INFILTRATE THEIR BASE!!!" Sasuke dropped the onigiri he was eating. "D-did I just hear you right, dobe?" Sasuke gasped. "I'll finally be able to avenge my family!" He said, a hint of a smile forming on his pale lips. Naruto nodded. "Yup. That's just what I was thinking, dattebayo!" Naruto grinned. "And I'M hosting it. The Leader said he'd buy me free ramen for a month!" Naruto laughed. Sakura went pale on Pein's behalf. "Hope he knows what he's getting himself into... At least it'll give Iruka-Sensei's wallet a break!" She said, trying not to laugh at the Akatsuki leader's misfortune. "Well, I want to join in!" Tenten butted in. "I want to sing a song!" "Me too, so I can show Sakura-Chan my youthfulness!" Lee said, as Sakura gazed adoringly at Sasuke. "Well count me out." Neji said. "I might just come and watch. It will be funny, after all." Hinata nodded in agreement. "I-I might just watch too... I don't really have any talents worth mentioning..." She said sadly. Naruto grabbed her shoulders. "Hey, Hinata-Chan, there's bound to be something you could do!" He said. Hinata went bright red at the contact with Naruto. "Umm... Uh... Er... Okay, N-Naruto-Kun..." She stammered. Kiba spoke up. "Akamaru and I could do a dog-training act! Show everyone how smart he is!" He called out, as Akamaru barked in agreement. "Hey, Shika, what would you do?" Choji asked, stuffing potato chips into his face. Shikamaru looked bored. "Watch? Talent shows are such a drag..." He said, twiddling the hoop in his right ear. "WELL, THAT'S SETTLED!" Naruto yelled over the bickering Genin. "COME ON, LET'S GET READY TO KICK AKATSUKI BUTT, DATTEBAYO!"