

My life in South Park

By JessyPie

Submitted: July 6, 2005
Updated: October 17, 2005

*This is my south park story!^_^
I been working for about a month on it and I hope you all like it*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/JessyPie/17045/My-life-in-South-Park>

Chapter 1 - Intro	3
Chapter 2 - Making friends	4
Chapter 3 - School Days	5
Chapter 4 - School	6
Chapter 5 - Waiting and Wondering	9
Chapter 6 - The Camp Trip	10
Chapter 7 - The switch	12
Chapter 8 - Kyle tries to win me back	15
Chapter 9 - Two years later	17
Chapter 10 - The sleepover	20
Chapter 11 - The play	26
Chapter 12 - The band	28
Chapter 13 - The ninja tournament	32
Chapter 14 - the cold that could kill	36
Chapter 15 - a fear of death	39
Chapter 16 - Kyle's been hit!	40
Chapter 17 - My hamster	44
Chapter 18 - the youthinizer	45
Chapter 19 - Pre-school	48
Chapter 20 - Kenny falls in love	50
Chapter 21 - The Proposal	51
Chapter 22 - 15 years later	52

1 - Intro

There once was a little girl named Jessica Campbell, her family moved all over and she never had a real place to call home, until her family moved to a small, mountain town in Colorado called South Park. Now the other kids made fun of her because of her glasses, well this is her story, and it's mine.

2 - Making friends

I was sitting alone in the cafeteria, when a kid in a blue shirt came walking towards me.

“Hi! My name's Kevin, Kevin Stevens, what's your name?” he asked in a friendly voice, I thought I could trust Kevin.

“Jessy, why are you talking to me, nobody likes the new kid!” I sighed.

Kevin rolled his eyes and said,

“Look if I were like them do you think I'd be talking to you?!?”

“Good point” I said.

“HEY KEVIN!!” shouted Stan.

“What the hell are you doing?!?” he asked.

“Um... Making a new friend.” Said Kevin calmly.

“AAAHHH!!!” shouted Tweek.

“Tweek!! What are you yelling about?” asked Kevin.

“They took them again!!! Those god damn gnomes took my underwear at gym!!!” shouted Tweek.

“Sigh, sniff, WAH!!!!!!!!!! I have never had real friends before!!! THANK YOU!!!” I shouted as I sobbed into Kevin's shirt.

“There, there, it's ok.” He said as he pat me on the head.

3 - School Days

“School days, School days.” We all sang.

“DAMNIT!!” I shouted

“What's wrong?” asked Kenny.

“It's my damn brother, he keeps following me.” I said as I picked up my younger brother.

“Hey mine to.” Said Kyle as he smiled.

“Hey!! She's taken!!” shouted Kevin.

“What?!?” I shouted.

“What? I thought you and me were..... oh.” Said Kevin as he walked away. I moved closer to Kyle... and smile. Then, I kissed him. Kyle turned a deep crimson red, and pulled his hat over his face in embarrassment, I just blushed and laughed.

“HA! HA! You can't even kiss your girl friend!!” laugh Stan, just then Wendy walked by and said,

“Hi Stan!!”

Just as she said that, Stan threw his cookies!! Stan threw up all over Wendy's face.

“EEWW!!” she shouted.

“HA!! And you can't even talk to your girl friend!!” shouted Cartman.

“HEY! At least I have a girl friend!” argued Stan.

“Unlike some fat @\$\$ we all now.” He added

“THAT'S IT!!” shouted Cartman. And at that moment, Cartman jumped on Stan and they started fighting. Kyle pulled his hat to its normal position, and both Kyle and Kenny laughed their @\$\$ off, as Stan kicked Cartman's.

4 - School

Mr. Garrison came in as we all took our seats.

“Ok children, today we're going to on a field trip.”

“HOORAY!!” shouted everyone.

“I love field trips!!” I said.

“I love... I... I love... you.” Said Kyle, then he did something I never thought he'd do... he kissed me.

“OH MY!!” shouted Mr. Garrison.

“WOW Dude!!” shouted Stan.

“EWW!!” shouted Cartman.

“AAAHH!!!” shouted Tweek, as he ran out the door, and ran to Mr. Mackey's office for mental help.

“Hooray for Kyle!!!” shouted Pip.

“Shut up Pip!!” said Kyle, as He kissed me again. I was so fluttered; my cheeks blushed a bright pink, as I put my hand on my cheek where Kyle had kissed me moments ago.

All the guys in the class were praising Kyle, as I was from the girls. I was so overwhelmed that I fell unconscious.

I awoke after about 3 hours; the first thing I saw was Kyle holding me in his arms. I looked into his eyes; they were the most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen.

“Are you ok?” asked Mr. Garrison.

“Ya, are you ok?” repeated Kyle.

“Yes, I'm alright” I answered.

“Good, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you pass out for 3 hours.” Said Kyle.

Needless to say, we didn't go on the field trip that day. Kyle and I were sent home. When Kyle got home, he ran straight for my house.

“Knock, Knock, Knock”

“Hello? Oh... I guess you want to see Jessy, she's in her room.” Said my father, as he let Kyle in.

Kyle ran up the stairs as fast as his legs could, when he got to my room, he was shocked to see me in my bed, with two doctors beside me.

“Jessy? Wants wrong with her?” Kyle asked one of the doctors.

“She's become very ill, we think it's a mix of a cold and a very bad flu.” Answered the doctor.

“How could this happen?” Kyle asked himself.

“K... Kyle...” I managed to say.

“Sshh... stay quiet. Why did you come to school if you were so sick?” Kyle asked me.

“I don't now.” I answered weakly.

“I'm gonna call my mom and ask if I can stay here tonight.” Said Kyle as he left my room. Once Kyle closed the door, he started to cry.

Kyle fell to his hands and knees and for the first time in his life, he prayed to god.

“Oh lord, please, it's not her time. PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER!” he shouted. He cried even harder, as he ran down the stairs.

“Mr. Campbell, can I use your phone?” requested Kyle

“Why yes, you can.” Answered my father. Kyle walked into the kitchen and picked up the phone, dialed his phone number, and who should answer, but his over protective, mother.

“Kyle!!” she cried.

“Hi mom...” spoke Kyle.

“WHERE ARE YOU?!? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO PICK UP YOUR BROTHER TODAY!!” hollered his mother.

“MOM! MY GIRL-FRIEND IS REALLY SICK AND I'M STAYING THE NIGHT HERE!” Kyle barked at his mother.

“Oh... well as long as there's a adult there then you can stay.” Said his mother in a calm voice.

“Thank you.” Kyle simple whispered.

As Kyle hung up the phone, he began to cry again, my father walked in and placed a hand on his

shoulder.

“Hey... she'll get better... now go to her... she's waiting.” My father instructed.

5 - Waiting and Wondering

After a few hours of holding my hand, Kyle began to get tired, but he knew he had to stay awake in case something happened. Ever time he began to fall to sleep; my groan would wake him up.

My father brought the coffee maker up stairs for Kyle so he could have some help staying awake. Ever so often, when he became tired, he'd get up and make himself some coffee, then run back to my side, hoping, waiting, and wondering whether I'd get better, but Kyle knew.

He knew that he'd get his wish, I mean, he begged god, to save me. Around 3 a.m. Kyle finally fell asleep, and so did I. The next day was a bit better, I could talk and sit up, but I couldn't walk. Kyle did everything for me, I'd ask him for hot coco, he'd go to Tim Horton's and ask for a large. If I wanted a blanket, he'd get me three.

The next day I was able to walk, with a little help from Kyle, and I even had some visitors. The six boys, Kenny, Stan, Cartman, Pip, Tweek, and Butters all came to see me, five of the six brought me a gift, bet you can guess who didn't? Oh well, I'll tell you anyways it was Cartman. Kenny brought a homemade card, Stan got me a stuffed cat, Pip got me a poem book, Tweek got me some coco, and Butters got me a new set of glasses.

6 - The Camp Trip

Kyle and I stayed at my house until the weekend, and then all of us went camping, Butters, Pip, Tweek, my friend, Amanda, Stan, Kenny, Cartman, Kyle, and me.

As we all piled into the van, I noticed Kenny was a little groggy, so I asked him,

“Kenny are you ok?”

“Oh ya, I'm fine.” Kenny said as he pulled down his hood.

“Just a little car sick.” He added as the car stopped.

“Alright you kids, you be good.” Said Stan's Uncle Jimbo.

“We will Uncle Jimbo.” Said Stan.

We all jumped out and waved good-bye. We all started setting up, Kyle started a fire, Pip got some wood with Tweek, Stan got out food, Kenny was reading a book, but I'm not sure what thought? Amanda and I went for a walk, and Butters and Cartman set up the tents, really it was just butters, Cartman told him what to do. When Amanda and I got back, we found Kenny and Kyle missing and the campsite a mess.

“OH MY GOD!! WHERE'S KENNY AND KYLE?” Amanda and I shouted together.

“Ow, a bear came and took them.” Said Stan as he rubbed his head and put his hat back on.

“NO!!!! WE HAVE TO SAVE THEM!!!” I shouted as I ran into the forest.

“Hey wait for me! Are you coming fat boy?” Stan said looking at Eric.

“No!” shouted Cartman.

“Fine, bye then!” shouted Stan as he ran after me. Cartman sat there for about five seconds before getting up and following.

“HEY! WAIT FOR ME YOU STUPID HIPPIE!!!” Cartman shouted as he ran after Stan and I. Over in the bear's cave, Kenny and Kyle where huddled in fear.

“Please Mr. Bear, don't eat me. Eat Kenny, he's sick!” Kyle blurted out.

“HEY!” shouted Kenny as he pushed Kyle away. He fell on his back and rapped his arms around his side. He was sick; there was no denying it anymore. I could hear him from the edge of the cave.

"Kyle! I'm coming!" I shouted as I ran towards the cave. Just then, the bear came out of nowhere and attacked me. Stan jumped on top of the bear and rode it like a horse. Tweek and I pulled out our inhalers to help from having an asthma attack. Pip ran over to where Stan was and tried to help.

"YEEHA!" shouted Stan as he rode the bear right into a tree, knocking it out. I ran into the cave.

"Kyle! Kenny!" I shouted, moving my flashlight to find them.

"Jessy!" shouted Kyle as I ran into his arms.

"Oh Kyle! I thought you were going to be eaten or killed or" but then Kyle kissed me.

"Come on Kenny, hurry up! Before the bear eats you!" I said still looking into Kyle's eyes. Kenny was out of there like that! We all got back to the campsite and fell on to our sleeping bags and we started laughing.

"DAMN THAT WAS FUN!" laughed Stan.

"I KNOW!" I shouted. So we got into our PJ's and stayed up telling ghost stories. I think Tweek's were the scariest, and just as we all started to roast marshmallows, Kenny started to cough... A lot!!

"Ew dude!" yelled Stan.

"I knew it! I'm calling my dad and get him to take you home." I said Picking Kenny up and taking him to the phone. I called my dad and he came to pick him up. I came back and got into bed, and fell asleep.

7 - The switch

Next couple of weeks, after Kenny died, let him rest in peace; I started feeling attracted to Stan. So one day, I pulled Kyle away and got ready to break up.

"Kyle." I began.

"Yes?" Kyle asked with a puzzled look.

"I'm braking up with you!" I shouted. Everyone stared at us.

"But why?" Kyle shouted.

"I think we should just be friends, besides I'm attracted to Stan." I said as I grabbed Stan's arm.

"Why are you doing this?" Kyle shouted. Kyle was stunned, he attacked Stan, punching and hitting him in the face. Now, Stan was much stronger than Kyle, seeing as how he was the star quarterback on the football team, but ever time Stan got away from Kyle, he'd just attack him again.

"HELP!!" Stan cried. Butters walked up to help him.

"BUTTER! DON'T YOU DARE!!" shouted Kyle as he twisted Stan's leg back.

"Jessy!" Stan shouted sticking out his hand. I didn't have to think twice. I grabbed his hand and dragged him away from Kyle. As Stan cowered behind me, Kyle stared at me with an angry look on his face.

"How could you do this Jessy? He's not like us!!" Kyle shouted crying.

"Why? Because he isn't Jewish?" I shouted. Kyle sighed and walked into the school. I help Stan to his feet, but he fell down in pain.

"Ow! My leg!" he shouted in pain. I helped him to his other foot and to the nurse's office. Stan and I sat in the nurse's office I couldn't look at him; I had just witnessed a very violent site between two friends. The nurse walked up to Stan and looked at his ankle.

"Can you move it?" she asked.

"Not really, and when I do, it hurts look hell." Stan educated.

"It looks broken." She replied. Just then, Kyle came through the door.

"What's wrong with you?" the nurse asked Kyle.

"My head hurts." Kyle said as he sat across from me. I looked from Kyle to the ground.

"Well, I'm calling your parents and telling them what happened." Said the nurse as she walked over to the phone; Kyle and I tensed up in our seats.

"YOU CAN'T CALL MY MOM! SHE'LL DISOWN ME!!" Kyle pleaded.

"YA!! SAME WITH MY DAD!!" I shouted. I took my bray off my head and placed it in my lap.

"Well, I still have to call the hospital," said the nurse as she started to dial the number. Stan and Kyle both looked at me with a weird look.

"Jessy, why doesn't your mom ever punish you, in fact! I don't think I've ever met your mother." Asked Stan. I remained silent.

"What happened?" asked Kyle.

"We were driving down the high way... It was when we were headed here from London. We got in a car crash. That's how I got these glasses; my brother was unharmed because I held him when that drunken idiot hit us! My dad broken his arm, but my mom never made it to the hospital." I said as I looked at my feet and began to cry. Talking about my mother's death always made me cry. I cried really hard, I couldn't breath. I gasped for air as I fell to the cold ground, and this didn't help matters at all!

"Jessy? Jessy?!?" Shout Kyle as he bet down beside me, and held me in his arms.

"Oh my god! Dude!! She's having an asthma attack!" shouted Stan.

"What do I do?!?" Kyle pleaded for an answer.

"Go for help! I'll take care of her!!" shout Stan as he limped over to me. Kyle ran out of the nurse's office and hit the first classroom, which ironically, was our classroom.

"HELP! In the nurse's office!! Jessy is having an asthma attack!!" Kyle shouted at his teacher.

"Ya right! Like I'm goin' to fall for that!" said Mr. Garrison as he went on doing his work. Kyle walked up to Mr. Garrison and stole Mr. Hat.

"HEY! GIVE HIM BACK!!" shout Mr. Garrison.

"If you want him back, you have to catch me!!" shout Kyle as he ran out of the class. Mr. Garrison chased Kyle right into the Office. The doctors had already taken care of Stan and I, but I stilling couldn't breath. Finally, I was able to suck in enough air to say one word.

"Jacket." I gasped/

"Her Jacket's in the classroom!" Shouted Stan. Mr. Garrison snatched Mr. Hat away from Kyle.

"I'll get it!!" shout Kyle. When he got back, he rummaged through my pockets, and finally found my inhaler and gave it to the doctor. The doctor held me in one arm and my inhaler in the other and placed it in my mouth. He then waited till I tried to breath in and pushed the button. I started to come back, but it took a few minutes to calm down. This has happened before, but it was a young, British boy in London who saved me, I think his name was Phillip? I calmed down and was able to breathe again.

"Oh... my... god... that... hurt..." I said slowly.

"Are you ok?" asked Stan.

"Yes... but... how?" I asked.

"How else, I have asthma to." Stan replied.

"Thanks..." I said before falling asleep.

8 - Kyle tries to win me back

There was tension between Kyle and I, Stan was in the hospital of about a week now and I went everyday, with a new present for him. One time it was a teddy bear, another I brought him flower from my garden, and some of his favorite music. Well Butters had become the new Kenny and I was hoping Stan would agree.

“No way!!” Stan shouted covering his mouth with his hands.

“Come one Stan!” I pleaded.

“I'm not eating them!” Stan protested. I had made him some of my famous family recipe cookies, but he didn't like oatmeal.

“Try just one. They're really good.” I shouted. I then shoved a piece in his mouth when he went to protest again. He waited a minute to take in the flavors.

“WOW!! Thing is the best thing I've ever tasted!” he shouted.

“Can I have another?” he added. I laughed and handed him another cookie when my watch started to go off.

“Ah man! I have to go, bye Stan!” I said handing the rest of the cookies off to Stan but stealing one for the road. I walked out the front door of the hospital, and hopped on my bike and was off down the road, but, to my ignores, I didn't know that someone was watching me. Kyle was still madly in love with me, but he knew that I loved Stan, but he also knew my other love! Music! So he grabbed his dad's old guitar out of his basement, and brought it with him.

He waited till I was on the road, and started to follow me. I got home and went where I always went after visiting Stan, my window. I opened the door and stared out it, thinking about what happened that day. When I closed the window, Kyle grabbed a small rock, and threw it at my window. I opened it to see him standing there with a guitar in his hands.

“Kyle?” I said with a puzzled look.

“*Jessy! I can't stop thinking about you!!*” he sang

“*Please come back to me!!*” he continued.

“*I'm sorry for what I did!*” he still continued.

“*I miss you! Jessy! I love you! Jessy!*” he finished. I was stunned. It was the cutest thing I ever saw! I had heard of guys doing this for their lovers, but never seen it myself.

“Oh Kyle!” I shouted as I ran down the stairs and out the door. I jumped at him and we landed in the snow. We lay in the snow, staring into each other's eyes. I had missed those eyes, those big, beautiful, emerald eyes I had met that day when I fell unconscious and he held me in his arms.

“Oh, Kyle. You don't know how much I've missed you, I didn't mean to.” But Kyle stopped me by putting his finger over my lips.

“I know, I missed you too.” He said as he lifted me up.

“So, are we going to go tell Stan?” he asked looking at me.

“Not right now, let him rest, we can tell him tomorrow.” I said walking into my house, but just before I closed the door, I winked at Kyle.

Kyle and I walked into the hospital holding hands; we walked up to the door and knocked three times.

“Mom? Is that you?” Stan asked.

“Nope, try again.” Kyle laughed as he and I walked into the room.

“Stan, I have to tell you something.” I started.

“Thank God! Are you two back together?” he shouted.

“Yes! How'd you know?” Kyle asked looking very puzzled.

“Well, I was kinda worried since he never came to see me, and normally he comes to see me when I end up in the hospital. And I was hoping he'd do something to win you back, though I am going to miss those cookies.” Stan said sadly. This made me laugh.

“Stan, it's not like we aren't friends anymore!” I shout, pulling some more cookies out of my bag. I went to hand one to Kyle, but he cringed.

“Does it have a lot of sugar or salt in it?” Kyle asked frightened of the answer.

“No, just a bit of sugar, and no salt at all!” I said putting it in his hand. Kyle broke off a piece and took a bite, then shoved the whole thing in.

“Well, we gotta go, bye Stan!” I said pulling Kyle out of his room so he could rest.

“Bye! See ya tomorrow!” Stan shouted as we left.

9 - Two years later

Kyle and I have remained boyfriend and girlfriend for the last 2 years, oh and Stan and Wendy got back together, which pissed off Cartman seeing as how he liked Wendy.

It was the last day before school, and I couldn't wait, it has been at least a month since I last saw Kyle, seeing as how I was in California visiting my family. But every so often, I'd sneak away and cry softly to myself, wishing to be in his arms. The last day my father found me in the bathroom, crying. I always liked talking to my dad; he was the only one I could talk to, see as how my brother was only 5, and my mom was dead.

The day I got back, I was so happy. I ran into the house, unpacked, changed, and ran over to Kyle's house. I took a breath and knocked on the door. As I hoped it was Kyle how answered the door.

"Kyle!!" I screamed as I jumped on top of him. I began to cry again, Kyle pulled me off, and looked into my eyes.

"Jessy, why are you crying?" Kyle asked as he wiped away a tear from my face.

"Because, I've cried everyday since I left, and I'm so glad to see you again." I sobbed. Kyle pulled him and I to our knees and held me close.

"It's ok, I'm here." He said patting my hair with his hand. I looked up at Kyle. Still crying, I removed my glasses, and continued to cry into his shoulder. I was so happy to see him, his giant red hair, his green hat, his beautiful face, his eyes, and even his Jewish soul. We both got up, Kyle and I kissed each other, and then went to leave when Kyle's little brother tugged on his shirt.

"Kyle, where are you going?" Asked the 5 years old.

"Tell mom I'm going out for a while, ok?" Kyle told his brother as he pat him on the head and left, with his arm around me.

"OK, see ya!" shouted Ike as Kyle and I walked off to find the others.

We found them over at the bus stop, which was our usual hang out. Kenny was leaning against Stan and when Stan saw Kyle and I walking toward them, he turned and ran at us, making Kenny go face first into the snow.

"Oops, sorry Kenny" Stan said as he turned when he heard the "Thud!"

"Oh ya, like I've never heard that before." Kenny said pulling his head out of the snow.

"Hey, where's fat boy?" I asked wondering where Cartman was.

"He's still at fat camp." Replied Kenny.

"Wasn't he banned from fat camp?" I asked the three boys.

"Different one this time." Stan stated.

"Oh, well it will do him some good, so how was your summer?" I asked the three boys.

"Pretty good, I showed Ike how to play baseball." Said Kyle.

"I bought a ticket for an Avril Lavigne concert for your birthday." Kenny said handing me the ticket.

"Thanks Kenny." I responded as I took the ticket from Kenny.

"I made peace with my sister." Stan sighed in relief.

"Good for you!" I said smiling sweetly.

"Well, it the last day before we have to go back to school, you guys want to come over to my house and have sleep over?" asked Stan.

"I have to ask my dad." I said.

"Ya, I have to ask my mom." Said Kyle and Kenny.

"Well then, lets go." Stan said, as he walked towards Kyle's house. When we got there, Kyle's mom was standing on the front broche. She was doing her summer cleaning.

"Oh, hello bubie!" said Kyle's mom as Kyle walked up to her.

"Mom, I'm 10 now, I'm not a baby anymore." Kyle sighed.

"You'll always be my bubie. Whether you're 10 or 5!" she said sweetly.

"Mom, Stan wants to now if I can't come over for a sleep over tonight, can I go?" Kyle asked in his sweetest voice.

"Oh, alright. I can't say no to that face." Said Kyle's mom.

"Sweet, dude!" shouted Stan.

"Thanks Mom!" Kyle shouted as he hugged his mom.

"Now I have to pack, I'll see ya later." Said Kyle as he kissed me and ran into the house. I smiled and faced Stan and Kenny.

“Well, I've got to go ask my dad, Kenny if I were you, I'd go and ask your parents.” I said pointing at Kenny.

“And if I was YOU, I'd take off my shirt.” Kenny said as he walked away laughing.

“Damn it Kenny!” I cursed at him.

“Well see ya.” Stan said as he walked in the opposite direction.

10 - The sleepover

I walked alone, and thought of my mother. If she was still alive I would have told her about the comment had Kenny made, and she would have laughed and told me a long story about how the boys would do that all the time to her. It made me sad, I had reached my house, I walked up to the door, knocked and my dad answered it.

“Oh hi honey.” He said as I walked in.

“Dad, can I go to Stan's house tonight?” I asked him, my dad had to think for a while, but my dad was butter, if I asked nice enough, he'd melt and let me go.

“Please?” I said with my puppy eyes.

“Oh, alright, but I'd pack now if I were you.” He said as he pulled out my backpack. I ran up stairs, ran into my room, and I named everything I needed as I put it into my bag.

“Toothbrush, check!”

“Tooth paste, check!”

“Normal brush, check!”

“Blanket, check and double check!”

“CDs Check!”

“Picture of my mom... check...” I said sadly.

“My ca...”

“Nice try, she stays here.” My father cut me off.

“Damn it!” I shouted.

“Well, continue, and leave Imzadi and the other cats here.” Announced my dad as he walked down the stairs.

“Fine, now where was I? Oh ya!” I shouted.

“Pencil and Diary, Check!”

“Pillow for two, check!”

“Sleeping bag, check!”

“Money for cheesy poofs and other snacks, check!”

“And finally, clothes, PJ's, and a towel, Check, check and triple check!” I shouted as I finally finished packing, I looked at the clock on my night side table.

“Oh, I almost forgot! Clock, check! Wait a minute...” I said looking at the time. It was 5 O'clock!!!

“OH MY GOD! I'M LATE!!!” I shouted as I ran down the stairs.

“Bye dad!!” I shouted as I kissed my dad and ran out the door, but skid to a stop, ran back and hugged my little brother.

“Bye, sissy!” Adam shouted as I ran down the street.

“Bye Adam!” I shouted back.

“Be polite! I love you!” shouted my dad.

“Love you to! BYE!!!” I shouted as I ran out of sight.

“Is Jessy leaving like mommy done?” Adam asked my dad.

“No, Jessy is coming back this time.” Stated my father as he leaded Adam into the house. I ran as fast as I could and when I was about to pass Kyle's house, Kyle had just burst out of his front door and smacked into me. We both fell back, and rubbed our heads.

“Ow! Hey! Watch where you're going next time!” I shouted.

“I'm so sorry, I didn't see yo... Jessy?” asked Kyle as he looked up. When I realized it was Kyle, I blushed.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to snap, thought you were a stranger.” I said as I helped Kyle back to his feet.

“Hey, race you to Stan's house.” He offered.

“Prepare to lose, slow poke!” I shouted, as we got ready.

“Ready? Set? GO!” Shouted Kyle as we started the race. He got a head of me... for about a second! Because before he knew it, I was at least a foot away from him.

“Hey, no fair!” he shouted.

“All's fair in love and war!! Also you got a head start!” I shouted as we reached the turn for Stan's street.

"I'm gonna win! I'm gonna..." but I trip over Kenny before I could finish my sentence. We both rolled until we hit the ground in front of Stan's house.

"..... Why me?" asked Kenny.

"Why always me?" he said, but then his frown faded as he saw what was under him. He had landed on top of me!

"Oh!! This could be fun!" he said. When I finally came to, I saw Kenny over me.

"Hey! Get off of me!" I shouted trying to get away from Kenny.

"No way! I'm gonna do something I've always wanted to "Smack"" but Kenny wasn't able to finish, because Kyle had caught up and punch him in the back of the head.

"Serves you right, for trying to put a move on my girlfriend!" Kyle shouted as he pushed Kenny off of me.

"Why me?" Kenny asked again.

"Because you're a pervert!" I answered his question, and then Kenny had to go and add something stupid like,

"And proud of it!" and with that, Kenny got up.

"Hey aren't we still having a race?" I asked looking at Kyle.

"..... I'm going to win!" shouted Kyle as he ran up the steps.

"No you're not!" I shouted as I reach the doorbell first.

"YES!!! I'M FICTORIOUS!!" I shouted as Stan answered the door.

"Oh, hey guys come on in!" said Stan as he let us in.

"Just take off your shoes here, and leave your jackets in the closet."

"Ok, Stan, we're trusting you to be good while Shelly, your father and I go out to night. Bed by 10:30 latest." Said Stan's mom as she walked into the room.

"Ok, bye mom, bye dad, bye Shelly!" shouted Stan as they left. When Stan closed the door, he did a silent "Yes" to himself.

"Ok, can we change now?" I asked him.

"Sure, oh and Wendy's staying over to, is that ok?" he asked.

"Fine with me." I said. Kenny just nodded, still looking at my @\$\$\$. Kyle saw this and punched him in the arm.

"Ow!" shouted Kenny as he rubbed his sore arm.

"Stop staring at my @\$\$\$!" I shouted as I scowled Kenny. I walked up stairs and into the bathroom, got changed into my gray almost, kimono pants and a Hello Kitty shirt that was a little small.

"Damn it, Kenny's going to have a hard time not trying anything funny tonight." I said as I walked down the stairs. Kenny watched the whole time. Kyle didn't find this amusing.

"Kenny, I swear, if you try anything that has something to do with my girlfriend, you better get that perverted image out of your head, before I do it for you!" shouted Kyle as he punch Kenny in the arm again, but this time it was hard.

"Ow!!" shouted Kenny as he rubbed the hand that was covering his sore arm.

"Stop punching me there!" he added, looking angrily at Kyle and I.

"Ok, you asked for it." I said looking at his lower body, and with one swift kick, Kenny's face had scrunched up and he fell to the ground.

"Damn it!" Kenny squealed.

"Sevres ya right, dude, I mean if you want to look at someone that way, look for your own girl." Stan said as he walked up stairs, but stopped half way.

"Kyle, are you going to change?" he asked his friend.

"Sure, one second." Kyle said as he walked over to Kenny who was still on the floor.

"You look or touch my girl again, and I'll kick you there next time." Kyle threatened. Kyle followed Stan upstairs; I walked into the living room and found Wendy sitting on the floor with one of my favorite books, "The Three Musketeers".

"Hey! That's my favorite book!" I said as I sat next to Wendy.

"I now, isn't it the best?" she asked. We both turned when we heard Kenny come into the room after recovering from the swift kick I had given him moments ago.

"Gees Jessy, what did you do to the poor guy." Wendy asked as Kenny moaned walking into the kitchen to get an ice pack.

"He was looking at my @\$\$, so I kicked him in the balls." I answered with a chuckle. Stan and Kyle had just come down from up stairs and found Wendy and I laughing.

"Well, you two really hit it off on a good foot." Stan said as he walked in.

“Ya, we have so much in common!” I shouted.

“We both like the same book.” Stated Wendy as she held up the “The three musketeers” book to prove her point.

“We both like the same foods.” I said.

“And we both have great boyfriends” we said together. This made Kyle and Stan blush a little. Kenny walked out of Stan's Kitchen with an ice pack over his balls.

“Wow, she must have really done a number on you.” Stan said sarcastically.

“Hey, shut up!” Kenny shouted in his still high voice. This made us all laugh, except Kenny, who didn't find it to funny. So we all stayed up until at least 12:00, when nothing was on TV except adult shows. Stan lay on his stomach, surfing though the channels, Kyle playing with his video game, I was listening to my music, Kenny was still laying on the couch, and Wendy continued to read to herself, I read a little over her shoulder. Finally I got a great idea.

“Hey guys, lets play a game of truth or dare!” I said, which perked up Kenny. Kenny was a master at truth or dare. It was his favorite game.

“I do!” shouted Kenny.

“Ya me to!” shouted Wendy as she put up her hand still reading.

“Well if Wendy's playing then I'm in!” shouted Stan.

“Ok me to, just let me beat level 7, almost..... There!” shouted Kyle as he put his game down.

“Oh, can I go first?” Kenny asked.

“Fine... go... Truth or dare?” I asked him

“Dare...” Kenny said.

“Ok, I dare you to..... Prank calls your own parents!” I said. Kenny was shocked, he had prank called before, but not his own parents, he was always afraid of them finding out.

“..... Fine, I'll call my parents.” He said as he walked over to the phone, he looked back and picked it up, dialed his phone number and waited... “Ring” “Ring” “Ri-click”

“Hello?” it was his mother.

“ ”Swallow” Ma'am...” Kenny said in a fake voice.

“Your son has been arrested.” He continued.

“For what?” his mother asked.

“For having such a gullible mother!” shouted Kenny as he hung up, laughing!

“Dude, that took guts.” Stan commented.

“Thank you. Now it's my turn.” Kenny said smiling.

“Jessy, truth or dare?” he asked.

“Dare.” I said looking away.

“Show me your....” But he was cut off because Kyle had kicked him in the back of the head.

“What did I say? I said if you even think of doing something with my girlfriend, to get that perverted image out of your head, I'd do it for you!!!” Kyle shouted.

“I'm tired, let's just go upstairs and go to sleep like we were going to do two hours ago.” Wendy reminded us, rubbing her eyes.

“Ya I'm tired to.” I said as I go up.

“Fine, we better hurry before my parents get home.” Said Stan, so we all ran up the stairs, got into our sleeping bags, and started to drift to sleep. I was sleeping in Kyle's arm on the ground, Stan and Wendy got Stan's bed and Kenny slept alone.

11 - The play

After a week of working hard, our teacher came in one morning looking fairly happy.

“Hello children. I have an announcement!” sang our teacher, Ms. Andrews.

“We are holding auditions for the play we shall be having. The play shall be into the woods, a long and difficult play, some of you will make it and some shall not.” She replied as she paced from one side of the blackboard to the other.

“Wow, I love that play, I'll be a show-in for the part of little red riding hood!” shouted Wendy.

“And Kyle and I will be perfect for the baker and his wife.” I said as I looked at Kyle and held his hand. Cartman blew at his bangs as his attention turned from Kyle and I to Wendy. He loved Wendy, but would never admit it. He thought he could hid it by being mean to everyone, including Wendy, but he hated doing that to her. He hated hurting her feelings; he hated calling her a pussy and a hippie. He hated all of it!

“I bet I could make a good narrator!” shouted Cartman.

“I think I would make a better one.” Replied Pip. Cartman glared at him, when Pip saw this he slunked in his chair.

“I have to agree with Phillip, you're kind of mean.” I said, this made Pip sit up in his chair; he mouthed a “thank you” to me. I had realized last year that Pip was the British boy that day that saved me, and so I was in debt to him. He'd always say that it was just in his nature to help another human being, and he couldn't just leave me there choking to death.

“Ya, well I don't give a rats @\$\$ whether or not you think Phillip is a better narrator then me!” mocked Cartman.

“Ya know fat @\$\$, I know a perfect part for you.” I said with an evil smile.

“You would be best as a rock, seeing as how you are as fat as a boulder!” I shouted. Everyone except Cartman laughed.

“Nice one!” laughed Stan.

“Yes, that was a good laugh!” shouted Pip, getting another death glare from Cartman, but laughing so hard he didn't care.

“Ah, screw you!” Cartman shouted at me.

“Ah, go home baby!” I spat back. Cartman crossed his arms and sulked down in his chair.

“Now! Now! Settle, we all had a good laugh but now its time to “RING!!” go to lunch! I'll see you afterwards.” Said our teacher as she walked out the door.

12 - The band

We all walked into the cafeteria and walked up to Chef.

"Hey Chef!" we all said as we walked in.

"Hello, children." He answered.

"What's for lunch today, Chef?" I asked.

"Mac and cheese or Hamburger and fries." He answered with a smile.

"Ew... I'll take to Mac and cheese!" Kyle and I said together.

"Same here!" Kenny said.

"I'm going to take a hamburger and the fries!" shouted Cartman.

"You don't need it! You just got back from fat camp, remember? Do you want to go back?" I shouted at Cartman. Cartman growled as he took his lunch.

"And you Stan?" Chef asked the boy with the book in titled "Into The Woods".

"I just want something, I don't care what." Stan said with his eyes still glued to the book.

"Alright, hamburger and fries it is." Said chef as he handed the boy his lunch. We all sat at the same table we had sat at for the past 3 years. Kyle and I sat beside each other, Kenny and Cartman sat on the other side, and Stan sat beside me.

"Dude, how can you eat that?" I asked Cartman in disgust.

"Ay, just because you're Jewish doesn't mean you have to criticize the things I eat!" he shouted with his mouth half full. I sighed. I had decided not to eat meat anymore, except on holidays. I ate my Mac and cheese slowly, tasting the ketchup and the cheese together. I love Mac and cheese. It's the only thing I eat on the weekends, and when I'm sick, seeing as how I don't eat anything with animals in it. Then I got an idea. Kyle had told me about this one time when the four of them had started a band but didn't have any rhythm.

"Guys, remember when you made that band, well I think I can help you. I play a violin and they can be used as bases." I said.

"But I'm base." Said Kyle.

"I said I play violin, I never said that was the only instrument I play. I also play the drums and guitar." I added.

"Oh, well I guess we could give it another shot." Said Kenny. So we all decided that after school, we'd go home, get our instruments and head over to my house, seeing as how I had the biggest basement.

I was sitting on my couch waiting for the guys. When I heard a soft tapping on the door, I ran over almost tripping and open the door.

"Hey guys!" I said as I saw Kyle, Stan, and Cartman hold up their interments. The four boys walked in and we all walked down stairs. Kenny set up the microphones, Kyle tuned his base, Stan played a small song on his guitar, and Cartman set up his drums. I had my violin, with its strap, around my back. I took it off, put the case down, opened it, and took out my violin. I put the mini amplifier on my violin's bridge and pulled out my bow.

I started playing a soft song; it was one of my favorite Avril Lavigne songs called "Things I'll never say". Kyle heard this and walked over.

"Say, that's a catchy tune. What's it called?" Kyle asked as he looked over my shoulder.

"It's called Things I'll never say. I can also play it on Guitar, want to hear it?" I asked him looking into his sparkling eyes.

"Sure." He said as he sat down beside me. I put my violin down and pulled out my guitar.

"I'm tugging at my hair, I'm pulling at my clothes, I'm trying to keep my cool, and I know it shows,

I'm staring at my feet, my checks are turning red, and I'm searching for the words inside my head,

I'm feeling nervous, Trying to be so perfect, Cause I know you're worth it,

you're worth it

Yeah

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight?

If I could say what I want to see I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away,

With these things I'll never say

It doesn't do me any good, it's just a waste of time, and what use is it to you what's on my mind?

If aren't coming out we're not going anywhere so why can't I just tell you that I care?

I'm feeling nervous, Trying to be so perfect, Cause I know you're worth it,

you're worth it

Yeah

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight?

If I could say what I want to see I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away,

With these things I'll never say

What wrong with my song? These word keep slipping away,

I studier, I stumble, like I've got nothing to say, cause I'm feeling nervous, trying to be so perfect, cause I know you're worth it

You're worth it

YYYYEEEEAAHHH!!!

Yeah

Guess I'm wishing my life away, with these things I'll never say,

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight?

If I could say what I want to see I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away, With these things I'll never say

These things I'll never say..." I finished.

"WOW!" shouted Kyle.

"Ya, dude! That was great!" shouted Kenny.

"Aw, you guys are to much." I said as I tried to hide a giant blush.

"No, we mean it!" they shouted together.

"What?" asked Stan looking up from his playing, I rolled my eyes and handed out the sheet music. As usual, Cartman had to complain, so I decided to add something to our new band.

"ALRIGHT! THAT'S IT! I'M MAKING A NEW RULE! NO HATS!" I shouted as I took my hat off, and grabbed Cartman's.

"AY! GIMME MA HAT!" Shouted Cartman, I smiled evilly and ripped his hat in half. The four boys stared at me.

"Now, if you want you hat to end up likes his, you'll take them off and give them to me!" I shouted sticking out my hand. Cartman lunged at me.

"You god damn, hippie, Jew! You ruined ma favorite hat!! God I hate you!!" he shouted as he punched me in the face. I heard a crack and a brake, so I threw him off me. I took my glasses off and looked at them, I could see a huge crack in the glass. I shuttered in angry as I attacked Eric. I ripped out a huge chunked of hair, he punched me in the eye, I threw the finally plow by kicking him straight in the nuts! Cartman and I walked upstairs and up to my dad.

"OH MY GOD! WHAT HAPPEN?" he asked as he looked at my eye.

"I ripped Cartman's hat in half, he broke my glasses, I kicked him in the nuts, and he gave my a black eye." I announced. My dad ran into the kitchen and brought out two ice packs. He gave one to Eric who put it on his nuts, and one to me as I put it on my eye. I screamed in pain as the ice hit my eye. Kyle came running upstairs with a worried look on his face.

"Are you ok?" he asked me.

"Yes I'm fine... OF COURASE I'M NOT OK!! I SCREAMED DIDN'T I?" I shouted sarcastically at my boyfriend. I started to cry it hurt so much, Kyle held me tight as I sobbed into his shirt.

"I guess the practice is off today, isn't it?" asked Stan as he popped his head up from downstairs.

"Ya, it is." My father said as he picked me up and took me upstairs to my room.

13 - The ninja tournament

We interrupt this regularly scheduled fan fiction to bring you this cleverly written chapter

South Park was hosting the very first, North American, junior ninja tournament. There were kids from Mexico and from Canada and even kids from America, but only 10 kids from South Park were in the tournament.

“So, these are them kids from South Park?” Snorted a snooty little Canadian boy as he walked over to where Kyle, Kenny, Stan, Cartman, Tweek, Clyde, Craig, Amanda and I were sitting.

“Oh shut up! I'm going to kick your @\$ in our match!” I announced as I got up from where Kyle and I were sitting and walked over to the kid.

“So, you're the famous little Kat! I have something for you...” he shouted as he pulled something out of his pocket. It was my worst nightmare it was catnip! I leaped at him as he threw the nip away. I picked it up and sniffed it. I then threw it down and attacked him. Kyle pulled me off.

“Jessy! Don't! You'll be disqualified!” shouted Kyle as he struggled to keep me from killing the Canadian.

“I don't know this Jessy! I'm Chichi!” I shouted. I got away from Kyle as I ran out of the training arena.

“Jessy!” he shouted after me.

“Just leave her dude.” Stan put a hand on Kyle's shoulder.

I ran out crying, I pulled my bow off my shoulder and ran into the practice field. I signed out an archery area and got ready to aim. I noticed a kid was watching me.

“Sniff, why are you watching me?” I asked as I let the arrow fly to the bull's eye.

“I know how you feel, to be made fun of and shunned by the world, and I can help you, if you do something to help me.” said the mysterious figure.

“Continue.” I said as I let another arrow go.

“When it comes for you to fight the Kyle person you love, I want you to kill him!!” shouted the mysterious person.

“WHAT?” I shouted as I let another arrow fly, but missed the center.

“I want you to kill Kyle!” shouted the mysterious figure as he walked towards me. I noticed he looked almost like... BUTTERS!!

“OH MY F**KING GOD!! BUTTERS?” I shouted.

“NO! I AM PROF. CHOAS!!!” Butters shouted as he laughed manically. I thought I was going crazy; I was debating whether or not to say yes or no.

“So what do you say?” asked Butters.

“I say... if he dies while we're fighting, then he dies.” I said as I walked away.

“Excellent, my plan worked.” Butters whispered to him.

The tournament began and it was that Canadian kid vs. me.

“Ready? Set? GO!!!” shouted the announcer. I pulled out my bow and shoot him in the arm.

“Oh my god!! My arm, you killed my arm!!!” cried the Canadian.

“THE WINNER IS... Jessy!!!” shouted the announcer. I waited for my next opponent and as Butters had hoped... it was Kyle.

“Next up to fight Jessica, is Kyle Broflovski!!!” screamed the announcer. Kyle's friends and family all cheered.

The battle started and Kyle pulled out his weapon. He hit me in the mouth, as I was about to cut him with my hidden sword. I fell back and hit my head on the ground. I grabbed my head but widened my eyes as I saw Kyle coming down from an Ariel attack, so, in defense; I stuck my sword out at Kyle. It went right through his stomach. He stopped and fell to the ground. I looked down at Kyle then at my own, bloody hands, I felt so dirty. I had just seriously hurt my boyfriend. I ran out the arena and the front door.

Kyle was sent immediately to the hospital. I walked into the room and saw Stan sitting beside a motionless Kyle. Stan gave me a death glare and then turned his attention back to Kyle. I walked over to Kyle, who had bandages on his chest. I looked at his heart meter and then fell to my knees, crying.

“I'm so sorry Kyle!! I'm sorry I hurt you! If you wake up I promise to quit the tournament and you can take my place.” I sobbed.

“Don't do that, you won fair and square.” Kyle's voice was weak and raspy. I looked up and saw Kyle's eyes were still closed.

“Kyle? Can you hear me?” I asked.

“Yes.” He said weakly. I got up and ran out of the room. I slammed the door shut and crouched outside the door. The announcer came up to me and sat down beside me.

“So are you going to come back?” asked the announcer.

“Sniff, ya, I I'm coming.” I said getting up.

“OK!! Now the next opponent for Jes... I mean Chichi is Prof. Chaos!!” shouted the announcer. Butters walked up dramatically to the arena.

“I'm gonna kill you Butters!!” I shouted.

“Foolish mortal! I will destroy you!” he taunted back. The bell rang for the match to begin and I got the first swipe. I ran up to Butters and punched him in the face.

“I don't even need weapons to beat you!” I shouted throwing my bow, arrows and hidden sword to the ground.

“You fool! You can't just defeat me without weapons!!” Butters proclaimed as he looked down at the things I had dropped. Seizing my chance, I ran at him and scratched him in the face.

“Hey! I thought you said you didn't need weapons?” he shouted covering the new scratch on his face.

“My claws aren't weapons, they're a part of me!” I shouted as I dug my claws into his arm, Butters let out a loud cry as he stabbed his dagger into my leg. I screeched, jumped away from Butters and, painfully, pulled out the dagger. I began to bleed a lot! I ripped the bottom of my shirt and tided it around my leg.

I ran at Butters again, but he punched me in the eye. My glasses fell to the ground as I was thrown backward again. I crawled to get to my glasses. I was about to pick them up when Butters stepped on them. I looked up at him, I hated it when people crushed my glasses, and I wanted to kill anyone who did so. I was so angry that I jumped up at Butters, who stepped out of the way; I fell to the ground again.

“Without your precious glasses, you are nothing!! MUHAHAHAHA!!!” laughed Butters as he squished my glasses even more. I went straight into angry, no mercy! I attacked Butters, my vision was clouded, but I could tell where he was, I couldn't explain it. I could hear and feel me attacking him, ripping his shirt, pulling out his hair, biting his arm, tasting blood in my mouth, hearing his cries for help, I couldn't stop, I was going to kill him! But then, out of all the voices in the crowd, I heard one.

“STOP!!!” shouted Kyle as he walked up with his crutches. I looked down when I heard this, Butters, seeing me distracted pinned me down on the ground and pulled his dagger out again, and plunged it into my side, I screamed in pain.

“Why do you do this to kids!” Kyle asked the announcer.

“Because you heal easier then adults?” said the announcer.

"THAT'S THE WORST EXUSE I'VE EVER HEARD!!!" Kyle shouted as he ran up to the side of the stage. I was still holding my side; butters pulled his dagger out and stabbed my crest. I screamed again, I was losing way too much blood, I tried to crawl but my strength, along with most of my blood was gone. Butters kicked me in the stomach and I couldn't take it anymore.

"I give up..." I said very weakly and passed out. I woke up with Butters standing in the corner of my room. I still couldn't see, since Butters crushed my glasses, but I could make out a few shapes.

"Dude she awake!" shouted a shape. It sounded almost like Stan. I felt someone take my hand in his or hers.

"Jessy. Are you ok?" asked the shape that sounded like Kyle.

"YA, I'm ok. But I can't see!" I shouted as I blinked my eyes for like the twentieth time.

"How long have I been out?" I asked.

"A few weeks, almost a month." Explained a muffled voice.

"WHAT? I'm gonna Kill Butters!!!" I shouted but stopped and grabbed my side in pain.

"Calm down! You still haven't recovered idiot!" shouted a figure in the corner

14 - the cold that could kill

And now, back to your scheduled program

A month had passed, and Stan was doing very well in his role as “Jack”. But he started to sound a little off. One Tuesday morning Kyle, Kenny, Cartman and I were waiting for Stan at the bus stop. As Stan walked towards us, I noticed he was very pale, and was wobbling. When he got to us he almost fell in the snow, but I caught him before he fell. I looked down at him then at the others.

“Stan, are you ok?” I asked him as I lifted him to make eye contact. Stan answered with a whiney, pain-filled groan.

“Stan, you shouldn't be here.” I said with concern in my voice. Stan managed to stand with some help from me. When the bus got here, he pulled himself on.

“Be careful Stan, it's slippery.” I said going on after Stan. Stan had wobbled a little, but was able to get on the bus. We all made our way to our usual spot. We sat at the front. It went Stan at the window on the left side, then me, then Kyle near the aisle. Cartman and Kenny sat on the other side. I was worried about Stan. He looked really tired and sick.

When we got to school, Stan looked even worse. He's breathing had gotten worse, he was seeing things, and he almost fell down the stairs on the bus, if I hadn't of been there, he would have hit his head on the sidewalk. I help him to class so he'd be warmer. When I put him in his seat, I walked up to Ms. Andrews.

“Ms. Andrews, Stan is sick, can I take him home.” I asked pointing at my very pale friend.

“Oh my, no! Take him to the nurse's office and tell her to call his mother, he wouldn't make it home even with your help.” She answered. Just then, Stan fell out of his seat. I ran over to Stan, and looked into his eyes, everyone crowded us. Stan looked back at me and groaned again. I know he was in pain, so I did what any friend would do.

“Kenny switch me jackets!!” I shouted as I started to take off my jacket. Kenny's eyes widened as he nodded. I took Kenny's coat and throw it on Stan, grabbed his bag, and picked Stan up piggyback style.

“Where are you going?” asked Ms. Andrews.

“I'm taking Stan home, he won't last long enough to wait for his mom.” I shouted as I burst out of the room. I ran down the hall, passed the lockers, and out the front door. I knew I could get to his house faster than if his mom drove. I ran as fast as I could, I ran and ran and ran. I had gotten to the bus stop when I noticed Stan hadn't moved or anything since school, except a shiver once and awhile.

“Hang in there, Stan!” I shouted, only a few miles away from his house. Stan was going into hypothermic shock. His temperature was low and still dropping. I could see his street only a few houses away, I know I'd make it, but I slipped and I went face first into the snow. I was starting to feel a little sick myself. I could feel that my nose was getting stuffy, but I couldn't let Stan get worse. I got up and started running again. I got to the turn to Stan's street and I ran until I got to his house, I knocked on the door. It was Stan's mother and father to answer. I looked up at them and fell to the floor.

“Randy!! Oh my lord! It's Stan!” said Stan's mother when she pulled back the hood of Kenny's parka, thinking it was Kenny. Stan's dad had picked me up, and put a blanket over me, then lay me on my back, and ran over to his son.

“Randy, he's cold to the touch.” Said his mother with a worried look.

“Alan's kid is to, she must have run all the way from the school.” Said Randy.

“That's at least 5 miles Randy!” shouted Stan's mother.

“She's a fighter, just like her dad.” Stan's dad said as he looked at me.

“I'm calling Alan and the hospital.” Said Stan's mom as she ran into the living room to get the phone, leaving her husband to care of both Stan and I.

I came to with a blanket over me. I sat up and looked around, I could see Stan's dad and Stan on the floor.

“Oh my god Staa AAA...Aaaa...CCHHOO!!!” I sneezed.

“Jessica! You're awake! Stan's mother was about to call your father,” stated Stan's dad.

“Tell her to call the hospital.” I said as I looked at Stan, who was breathing really heavy, I took the blanket around me and placed it on Stan.

The ambulance arrived and so did the news.

“Tom, I'm standing here in front of the Marsh residence where 10 year old, Stanley Marsh is being placed into an ambulance and taken to the hospital. If it weren't for one of his little friends, he would be dead.”

At the school, Butters was running through the halls, and skid to a stop in the classroom.

“Hey everyone! Stan and Jessy are on the news!” shouted Butters, as he ran out over to the TV in the classroom and turned it to the news channel, I was on the news.

“So, Jessica, why did you risk getting sick just to save your friend?” asked the news guy.

“Well here's my answer, I thought if I didn't, who would? So I switched jackets with a friend of mine and

instead of putting it on me, I thought Hey! He could use it more than me!" I shouted into the microphone.

"Ha! And you thought he should go to the nurse!" Kyle shouted at the teacher. Ms. Andrews glared at Kyle.

"That's enough! You have detention mister!" she shouted as she wrote "Kyle after school" on the blackboard.

"But, my best friend is headed to the hospital!" Kyle shouted.

"You should have thought of that before you mocked me!" the teacher shouted back.

"Up yours!" shouted Kyle as he ran out of the room and out the front door. Kyle ran as fast as he could to get home. When he got there, he knew his mother and father were at work, so he opened the door, ran up to his room, and grabbed the present he had been saving for Stan's birthday. He ran down the stairs, out the door, locked it and got out his bike. He knew that it would be tough to ride in the snow, but he had to get to the hospital some how. He had to see it for himself; he had to see if Stan was going to die. He just had to.

15 - a fear of death

Stan and I arrived at the hospital, and I ran in with Stan. We were put into the same room incase Stan got worse I could call for him. Stan was hooked up to a machine for him to breath. Stan's mother could hardly believe that her little angel was in such a bad condition, why didn't she listen to him when he said he was sick? Why didn't she even check?

Kyle rode down the high way as fast as he could. He could see the hospital getting closer. When he got to the hospital, he didn't even care to lock his bike, he was to worry about Stan and I to care about his favorite bike. He ran up to the counter as rang the bell.

"Yes?" asked the nurse behind the counter.

"Where is the Campbell and Marsh room!" Kyle asked frantically.

"Room 785." The nurse pointed in the direction.

"Take this, they say he's contagious." Added the nurse as she handed Kyle a mask.

"Thanks." Said Kyle as he put it on and ran to room 785. He burst into the room, and ran over to me, hugging me. I went to lift the mask to kiss him, but he flitch.

"Sorry, nurse says he maybe contagious." Said Kyle. He turned and walked over to his friend, Stan looked up at him and groaned a laugh.

"So you did come." He said coughing repeatedly.

"Dude, you look like s**t!" shouted Kyle.

"I feel like it to." Stan said as his coughing fit stopped. I walked over to Stan and felt his forehead. He was burning! I took the rag from his table and placed it on his head.

"Thanks Jessy." Stan smiled and fell asleep.

16 - Kyle's been hit!

It been a month since Stan's sickness attack, and he's been out of the hospital for a few day now. We were walking home from school when Kyle wanted to show me something.

"What is it Kyle?" I asked him.

"I can finally do a wheelie on my bike!" he shouted getting out his bike, he took it on the road so I could see better, but he didn't see the car coming. It hit him full blast! He went sailing though the air and smashed into the ground. I screamed as I ran over to his bloody body.

"Kyle!!" I screamed into his ears, but got no responds. I screamed for help but no one came, so I dragged him off the road and ran up to his house, bursting though the door

"HELP!!! KYLE WAS HIT BY A CAR!!" I screeched, his parents both screamed and followed me to where their son lay, motionless.

"GERALD! RUN IT TO THE HOUSE AND CALL 911!!!" his mother screamed at her husband.

"Yes dear!" shouted Kyle's dad as he ran into the house and grabbed the phone.

"Hello? 911 emergency hotline, how may I help you?" asked the nurse on the other end of the line.

"Yes my son has been hit by a car!" Gerald shouted into the phone.

"An ambulance is on the way!" shouted the nurse. Gerald hung up the phone and ran out to his son's body. The ambulance came and put Kyle on a stretcher. I went to get in with him, but the doctors said there wasn't enough room. So they closed the doors and road off. I stood there, mortified; I grabbed his bike off the side of the road, and rode to Stan's. I knocked on the door. I explained that Kyle was hurt and headed to the hospital, Stan got out his bike and we rode to Kenny's. Then the three of us rode to the hospital, but first I had to go home to grab my guitar.

When we got to the hospital, we ran up to the counter.

"Oh, Hello Stan! How are you today?" asked the nurse.

"Where is the Broflovski room?" I asked panicky and demanding.

"First room on the left." She answered. Stan, Kenny, and I ran and slip to a stop when we saw Kyle hooked up to an I.V. and breathing machine. I walked up to him, took his hand in mine and sobbed into the sheets.

"I think we should leave them alone for awhile." Said the doctor as he guided everyone out of the room

and closed the door. I sniffed and wiped the tears from my eyes.

"Kyle, I want to play our song. Look, I even brought my guitar." I said as I sobbed calmly. I started to play the song; it was a song we had chosen to be our song forever and ever. The song was called "Things I'll never say."

"I'm tugging at my hair, I'm pulling at my clothes, I'm trying to keep my cool, and I know it shows,

I'm staring at my feet, My checks are turning red, I'm searching for the words inside my head, I'm feeling nervous, Trying to be so perfect, Cause I know you're worth it,

You're worth it

Yeah

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight? If I could say what I want to see

I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away, With these things I'll never say

It doesn't do me any good, it's just a waste of time, what use is it to you what's on my mind? If ain't coming out we're not going anywhere so why can't I just tell you that I care?

I'm feeling nervous, Trying to be so perfect, Cause I know you're worth it,

you're worth it

Yeah

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight? If I could say what I want to see

I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away, With these things I'll never say

What wrong with my song? These word keep slipping away,

I studier, I stumble, like I've got nothing to say, cause I'm feeling nervous, trying to be so perfect, cause I know you're worth it

You're worth it

YYYYEEAAHHH!!!

Yeah

Guess I'm wishing my life away, with these things I'll never say,

If I could say what I want to say, I'd say I want to blow you... away, be with you every night, Am I squeezing you too tight? If I could say what I want to see I want to see you go down On one knee, Marry me today, guess I'm wishing my life away, With these things I'll never say

These things I'll never say..." I finished the song and started crying into the sheets again. The doctors, Stan, Kenny, and Kyle's parents all walked in as I ran out in tears. I ran out of the hospital and throw myself in the snow. When I had thought I had gotten sick enough, I ran into the hospital and up to the counter.

"Sniff, I have a very bad cold, can I please stay in the Broflovski room?" I asked the nurse behind the counter.

"Well I don't know," she said looking at me.

"Please?" I begged as I started to cry again.

"Oh, alright, I've done some crazy things for love in my time to." She said as she led me to the room, she opened the door to see no one had left yet.

"Kyle, this is your new room mate." The nurse talked towards Kyle, who she knew couldn't hear her.

"Get into bed, you need your rest, I'll call your dad." Said Stan as he walked out of the room. I got into the bed beside Kyle and felt much sicker then I had thought. I was so dizzy, I had the biggest headache ever, and then I passed out. The doctors rushed over to me, one female doctor felt my forehead while the other put an I.V. in my arm. It was like I was in a dream world and had just woken up. I saw Kyle; it was like our minds were one. Kyle and I were talking for a while.

"So what's going on? Why are we here?" Kyle asked.

"Kyle... this isn't real, we're in the hospital, you were hit by a car, and I made myself catch a cold so bad! It made me pass out." I explained.

"WHAT?" Kyle asked.

"Sigh. Are we at least in the same room?" Kyle asked.

"Yes." I said.

"Well you have to wake up! And so do I. Lets do it together. OK?" Kyle asked.

"Ok. But don't try to get out of bed." I said. We stood there, with our eyes closed and the dream ended. Kyle and I opened our eyes together as we had promised each other in the dream. I saw my dad and Adam had come to visit.

"Oh thank god, you're ok!" my dad shouted as he ran over to me. I saw he was wearing a mask. I looked at the mask then at him. I tried to speak, but my voice was gone, when I saw the mini blackboard

on the table, I knew I had gotten real bad. "Why can't I speak?" I wrote on the board.

"You have a cold and they took out your tonsils, you've been asleep for days" my dad explained. My eyes had widened. "Then what's with the mask?" I wrote.

"You have such a bad cold that we have to wear them, except Stan because he gave it to you." My dad explained again. I looked over at Kyle as he sat there, eyes widened at the mask on his face. I shook my head in laughter and wrote on my midi board. "I have a bad cold, and I can't talk." I wrote and handed it to Kyle. "Oh." He wrote back, I could see he couldn't talk either. The doctor walked in and noticed Kyle and I awake.

"Ah, I see you two are awake. Can you talk?" asked the doctor. "No!! What do you think? You took my tonsils!!!" I wrote angrily.

"Calm down. Are you hungry?" asked the doctor. "Yes!!" I wrote. Kyle's eyes widened lifting his arm. The nurse's walked in with our food I was in heaven. The food in front of me was all ice cream!! Kyle had sat up and started eating; he had to get his strength back.

17 - My hamster

Stan had decided to get me something for me to feel better about being in the hospital... again!!! He thought he'd buy me a hamster! He walked up to the guy behind the counter.

"Hello, what can I do for you little boy?" asked the owner of the store.

"I want to buy a hamster for my friend." Stan explained.

"Ok, do you want a teddy bear hamster? Or a normal hamster?" asked the owner.

"I'll take which ever lives longer." Stan shrugged.

"Ok, Teddy bear it is." Said the owner as he pulled out a dark, almost black, gray hamster with white ears.

"THAT'S PERFECT!" shouted Stan as he held out the cage for the hamster. He walked out of the store after paying the owner and put the cage in the back of his bike. He rode to the hospital. He walked over to the room, put on the mask and walked in.

I turned to see who it was hoping it was my lunch. When Stan walked into the room. "Hi Stan!" I wrote on my blackboard.

"Hey Jessy, I bought you something." He said walking over to my bed and put the cage on my lap. "Oh Stan he's so cute!" I wrote. Stan smiled, happy to see my positive attention, even if I couldn't speak.

"What are you going to name him?" Kyle asked weakly. I thought for a second and then it hit me. "Style!" I wrote.

"Style? Why Style?" Stan asked. "A mix between my two friends, Stan and Kyle. STYLE!" I wrote.

"Cool!" Kyle mumbled.

18 - the youthinizer

Kyle and I were released from the hospital and when we were waiting for the bus one morning, Cartman came running.

“YOU GUYS!! YOU GUYS!!” Cartman shouted as he ran up to Stan, Kyle, Kenny, and I.

“What?” we all asked at the same time.

“I just bought this cool thing from a weird scientist off the Internet and he said that it will make us live forever!!” Cartman shouted as he lifted the weird looking machine.

“Well? Are you going to use your waste of money?” I asked sarcastically. Kyle elbowed me and gave me the “please don't!” look.

“Don't! What if it works? I couldn't stand living forever without you!” Kyle whispered as he pulled me into a hug. I pulled out of the hug and kissed him.

“EW!! Anyways... yes I will!” shouted Cartman as he pushed the big, red button on the top of the machine. There was a bright, white flash that made everything go snow-white! When it died down I noticed something was a miss.

“OH MY GOD!!!” I jumped when saw Kyle, as a pre-schooler!! I turned to shout at Cartman when I noticed he had changed to!

“WHAT THE HECK!! HECK? I HAVEN'T SAID HECK SINCE I WAS 4!!” I shouted. Then it hit me.

“Cartman! You thingy! It doesn't makes a person live forever, it makes them shrink in age!!” I shouted. Cartman looked from me to the machine on the grounded. He picked it up and smiled widely. He was smiling until he got on the bus. We walked up the stairs, just to get stared at when we went to our usual seats. Wendy whispered something to Bebe, and Tweek twitched as usual at this sight.

“Um... Little girl, that seat belongs to...” Wendy began.

“I know! This seat belongs to another girl named Jessy! Well, newflash Wendy! I am Jessy!” I shouted as I looked at Wendy behind me.

“Jessy? What happened? How'd you get so... small?” she asked looking me up and down.

“Cartman” I said bluntly, she then understood. She walked up to the fat pre-schooler and sighed.

“Can you change me to?” she asked.

“WHAT?” I shouted.

“Why should I change you?” shouted the tiny troublemaker.

“Because! I want to be with Stan forever!!” She shouted making Stan blush deep! I rolled my eyes smiling.

“What's in it for me?” asked the small, round child.

“I'll give you.... Anything.” She said looking at the ground.

“Anything?” Cartman asked.

“Anything.” She repeated.

“Well, there is something I do fancy a lot! I want you to... go on a date with me, one date, that's it!” Cartman explained sticking out his hand.

“Fine!” Wendy shouted as she took Cartman's hand and shuck it. Cartman released and aimed the machine at Wendy, but it didn't just hit Wendy! It bounced off all the walls of the bus and hit everyone!!

“Oh Hamburgers!” shouted Butters young voice as he held his blanket.

“How you get that?” I asked pointing at Butters's blanket.

“I don't know it was in my bag.” He explained. I looked at him confused, and then turned my attention to the Inuyasha one strap bag on the floor of the bus. I walked up, picked up my bag and opened it, to find a fox stuffy! I grabbed it and squeezed it tight. Everyone looked it his or her bags to see what Cartman's new machine had given them.

Kenny found some money. Kyle found a driedel. Stan found some guitar books. Bebe found a hair bow that matched Wendy's new one. Clyde found some Lord of the Rings toys. Craig found a new hat. Jimmy found some really good joke books. Pip found a lot of British cheese eggs. Timmy found a Turkey stuffy. Token found a book on his family history. And Tweek found a lot of coffee.

“Gabbles!!” shouted tiny Timmy as he held the small stuffed toy as little Tweek happily sipped at his coffee. Kenny started to count his money as Kyle and I played with the driedel. Wendy and Bebe laughed to them as they talked about how they bow matched so much. Craig put on his new hat as Stan read though his guitar book. Clyde played with his new Lord of the Rings toys as Jimmy tired some of his jokes on the other kids. Token was showing Pip his book while eating the cheese eggs with him. Then there was Cartman, who looked very sad.

“What's wrong? You're going on a date with Wendy, You bought something worth the money, and you made everyone happy. So why are you so sad?” I asked.

“Well... I-I didn't get anything in my bag!” shouted Cartman as he started to cry. I had never seen him cry before, and it was a sad sight.

“Yes... but you got the best gift!” I shouted.

“What?” Cartman sniffed.

“This! You can use it to make everyone in South Park so happy!” I shouted pointing at his machine.

“What is this thing called anyways?” I asked.

“He said it was called the youthinizer,” he answered putting a hand on the machine. The bus stopped and we all got out. We all walked into the school and into our classroom. We all got into our seats and waited for our teacher.

“Ok, children today we're... going... to...” but when she saw she was talking to pre-schoolers she stopped.

“To what?” I asked.

“Um. I believe you are all mistaken. You're supposed to be in pre-school. Did you're parents drop you off here?” asked our teacher. I was about to answer when Kyle slipped me a note. It said, “don't say anything! We can go back to pre-school!” I looked over and Kyle who winked at me.

“What pre-school?” I asked cutely. Our teacher signed and walked up to the phone, dialed some numbers and waited.

“Hello? Principal Victoria? I have a classroom full of pre-schoolers, could you call up a bus to take them to pre-schooler? Yes! Good!” and with that she hung up the phone.

“Child, grab your things and form a single file line behind me, no pushing or shoving now!” she said as she walked over to the door. We all ran up and stood there. Ms. Andrews walked us out of the classroom, down the hall, passed the lockers and out the front door. When the bus arrived we all got on and sat in our usual seat. We were so excited.

“So what's it like in South Park pre-school?” I asked.

“It's the best! We get nap times and snacks and even play time!”

“Wow! How comes... did I just say comes?” I asked.

“Oh no! Cartman! We're turning prima! We're turning into pre-schoolers!” I shouted. Clyde began to cry and Tweek screamed.

“Oh well! Pre-school will be great a second time!” Stan shouted as he relaxed in his seat.

19 - Pre-school

We got off the bus and I was nervous. It was like Tweek and I had switched personalities. He was calm and up beat and I was twitchy and nervous. We walked in and the teacher walked up to us.

“Didn't most of you come here a few years ago?” asked the teacher. Everyone shook his or her head. The teacher signed and everyone went to do his or her own thing, except me. The teacher walked up to me, got down to my level as started to shake and my eyes started to weld up.

“What's wrong? Why are you so scared?” asked the teacher as she handed me a tissue. I blew my nose and signed.

“I'm just scared of all this, it's all so new to me.” I said squeezing my fox stuffy tightly.

“Who this?” ask the teacher as she pointed at my fox.

“I just got him this morning, and I haven't given him a name yet.” I said scarcely.

“Well, lets see, have you ever been to Japan?” asked my teacher.

“No! But I've heard a lot about it!” I shouted.

“The how about the Japanese word for fox? Kitsune!” she shouted.

“That's a great name.” I whispered as I walked away; sing a song about my fox. I walked up to Kyle, who was on the ground waiting for me.

“What was that about?” asked Kyle as he handed me a snack from his bag.

“I was just talking to the teacher. That's all.” I whispered hugging Kitsune. Just then Stan and Kenny came over.

“Hey guys!” shouted Stan, making me scream.

“Dude, what's with your girl-friend?” asked Kenny.

“I don't know! It's like she switch personalities with Tweek!” Kyle shouted looking over to where the small, happy blonde was sitting, drinking his coffee and laughing! What was he so happy about? It made me so mad! I started to shake and twitch again. Kyle held me in his arms and I felt so much better, it was like his touch made everything all right. I felt like we were meant for each other.

“Kyle...” I whispered and fell asleep in his arms.

"I guess its naptime." Said teacher as she picked me up and knelt down beside Kyle.

"Do you want to help teacher?" she asked.

"Yes please!" smiled Kyle.

"Set out a bed for your friend please." She instructed. Kyle looked around and sure enough, all in a neat row, was some fold out beds. Kyle ran over to tell, and with some help from Stan, un-folded the beds and got ready to sleep. Kyle was put beside and Stan, and, of course, Cartman had to complain about him not being tired.

"Everyone has to go to sleep, no matter what." Said the teacher as she held onto Cartman's hand while she knelt. So she made a deal with Cartman.

"Eric, you can stay awake, but you have you do something for me." The teacher said calmly.

"... Go on." Cartman squeaked. The teacher said that if Cartman stayed awake, that he'd have to tell her about me, while he played quietly.

"well, let me think, her mom died when she was moving. And" but the teacher cut him off.

"Her mother died?" asked the teacher, what a stupid question, she thought to herself.

"Yep, died in a car crash." Cartman as he continue to try and color in the lines.

"No wonder she's so jumpy." She said look at me with sympathy in her eyes.

20 - Kenny falls in love

Chapter 20: Kenny falls in love

When I woke up, I saw that Kyle was sit beside me, which made me jump a little.

“Jessy, Cartman, he told the teacher about your mom. Everything.” Kyle said with a frown. This made me angry and sad. Angry because I didn't like it when people told others about how my mom died, and sad because it made me feel bad and I didn't like to see Kyle upset. I slipped off the bed and into Kyle's embrace.

“Hey guys!” shouted Kenny with a smile. I just knew he had something to say, because he was jumping up and down a little.

“Guess what!” he smiled. Kyle and I just stared at him waiting for the answer.

“The new kid was on the bus when Cartman shot the beam, and she likes me!!!” Kenny shouted as he fell to the ground backwards. Just then, Nighty, the girl Kenny was talking about, walked up to us.

“Hi! You must be Kenny's friends!” she said politely.

“Yes we are, I'm” but she cut me off.

“No! No! Don't tell me! Um... you're... Jessy, and you're... Kyle!” she said with a smile. Meeting her made me feel welcome in this place because I wasn't the only kid who had never been to an American pre-school. We all walked over to a table, grabbing our bags for our lunches.

“So, how did you guys meet?” I asked taking a bite out of my Mac and cheese.

“well, Kenny was sitting alone in the corner drawing and I thought to myself, he's kinda cute, I hope he isn't really a pre-schooler.” She said as he kissed Kenny on the cheek. Kenny fell out of his seat with a dream-come-true look on his face.

21 - The Proposal

I had arrived home from my job at the restaurant and I was ready to cook my dinner. I walked in and found the lights were off.

“Kyle? Are you home?” I said as I turned on the lights. Once the lights were turned on I saw every one of my friends and family.

“What the?” I started.

“SURPIZE!!!” shouted everyone.

“Why are you all here?” I asked.

“Because I have to ask you something.” Kyle announced as he walked over to me. Kyle grabbed my hands and looked down into my beautiful hazel eyes as I gazed into his jade green eyes. Kyle got down on one knee, and I knew exactly what he was about to do.

“Oh, Kyle Of course I will!” I said as Kyle opened his mouth.

“How'd you now?” he asked as he pulled out the ring.

“I had a hunch when you got on your knee.” I said with a laugh. Kyle picked me up bridal style and we kissed. Everyone cheered.

Kenny tried to hide the bottle of hard liquor behind his back as he walked by Stan; Stan just gave him a weird look and continued to dance with Wendy.

Kyle and I were dancing on the dance floor, and man were we good. I had chosen the song we had danced to for the 6th grade dance. The song was called “Things I'll never say” and it was our song, we'd sing it all the time at lunch and everyday after school.

22 - 15 years later

chapter 21: 15 years later

it was 5 years today that Kyle had asked me to marry him, and we had already had our first child, a beautiful girl, Kyle and I named her Bernedette Bella Broflovski.

It was Bernedette's first day of school and she was very nerous.

"I don't wanna go mommy!" screamed the little 5 year old.

"but you'll have so much fun, and your friend, " and with that, Bernedette squealed and ran into the school. I turned to Kyle and sighed

"our little girl is growing up, I wonder if this is it for our adventures." I said sadly.

"well, our adventures may have ended, but her's have just begun." Kyle said pulling me into a hug.

sorry people, but this is the end of MY life in south park, but Bernedette's life if just about to begin..... I'm not sure when it will be up, but it should be up soon ^;