

Marilyn Muffin

By Lash27

Submitted: September 21, 2006

Updated: September 21, 2006

Everyone has their views on life. Gerard and Mikey Way are no exception. Gerard has his opinion on how things work, and Mikey has his. Marilyn Manson, however, is extremely wise and thinks profoundly about all things. At the same time, the world keeps spinning beneath their feet and they have to run to keep up.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Lash27/39454/Marilyn-Muffin>

Chapter 1 - (Punching + Random) + Fog = Strange

2

1 - (Punching + Random) + Fog = Strange

Marilyn Muffin

Chapter One: (Punching + Random) + Fog = Strange

My heart was beating so hard and fast that I thought my ribs would break if it didn't slow down. My lungs felt like they were on fire, with a slight wheeze to every deep breath. My stomach was caving in from hunger as I kept running, and my sides were aching beyond belief. With no pity, the same voice shouted into my ears:

Come on! I know you can do better!

Gerard's voice echoed in the small gym as he made my treadmill go faster. I was beginning to slip; trip over my own feet.

Come on, Mikey! Keep up with it! he persisted, one hand on his hip, the other pushing the buttons on the machine.

P-Please stop& I wheezed, pushing myself to the limit.

You can do it, Mikey! Just try a little bit harder! another 3 miles faster.

Eeeek! I squeaked, finally falling over myself and being propelled to the floor by the moving belt.

Gerard sighed with frustration and knelt down next to me. You know, you really could've done better.

Why does it& matter& so much&? I gasped, massaging my legs to make sure they weren't dead.

Because you're so fat! He cried, throwing his hands up into the air. I mean, look at you! Your stomach's perfectly flat and nothing but muscle, but it's not caved in! You're starving yourself until we see some results.

Gee!!

Oh, boohoo! I know what Gee really means! Call me an asshole again, and you're not eating even cardboard.

I took a deep breath and gave up. I'd tried arguing before, but Gerard went to insane measures to make sure that he always had a comeback, no matter how stupid it sounded. I took a look around the claustrophobic exercise room. The treadmill was practically touching the bench with the dumbbells, the yoga balls colliding with the weights, the bike in the middle of all the mats. Most of the walls were covered in mirrors, and the ones that weren't had encouraging posters tacked to them. It wasn't the best gym in the

world, but all that mattered (according to Gerard) was that there was something to use to burn fat.

Gerard nudged my shoulder and told me that some weights were up next, but I wouldn't move. I'd been doing this for far too long. I was sick of it. It was sick of me. It was so annoying!

Mikey, come on, please?

Ughh& I groaned, flopping down on my back and closing my eyes. No more&

&Fine& Gerard said hesitantly. Let's head back to the hotel.

I reluctantly sat up and pulled myself to my aching feet.

%^%^%^%^%^

Mikey was being really boring today. Usually we go out daily to the gym and I coach him without any problem, but he just wasn't into it today. He gave out a lot earlier and really just gave up. Then he got mad at me. I just don't get it. I'm only trying to bond with him, so why is he so rude?

I figured a coffee would cheer him up, so on the way back to the hotel I turned into the parking lot for Starbucks. He slowly dragged himself inside and sat down, laying his head on the table. I ordered him a caramel cappuccino and got a black coffee myself. After I delivered Mikey his drink at the table, I thought to get some muffins as a second thought. Mikey liked muffins, right?

Two blueberry muffins, please, I told the cashier, who looked strangely familiar.

Coming right up, the man replied, reaching in the display shelf for the order. His skin was ghostly pale. So pale, in fact, that Gerard was jealous. His nose was incredibly familiar, but he just couldn't place where he'd seen it before.

Eight dollars total for the drinks and muffins, the man said.

I gave him a ten and he gave me two bills. I took the muffins and sat at the table. Mikey hadn't moved. Hey, I said firmly, Wake up,

Mmm& Mikey moaned, lifting his head slightly.

Got you some coffee and a muffin.

Coffee and whaa?

Coffee and a muffin.

Coffee and Marilyn?

Marilyn? That s it! The cashier looked like Marilyn, Marilyn Manson. I looked around Mikey and sure enough, there he was, filing away at his nails while leaning on the counter. I couldn t believe it. Marilyn Manson, THE Marilyn Manson, serving me muffins and coffee. How cool was that?

You got me Marilyn? Mikey asked again.

No. Muffin. Muff-in. I explained.

Muffin? Ohh. Where?

In front of you beside your cappuccino.

I got a cappuccino? When?

Maybe you shouldn t drink caffeine. Let s just bring it back to the hotel so you can sleep. You re out of it.

I ve never seen Mikey so happy to hear that word; sleep. He immediately stood up and walked out of Starbucks sluggishly, waiting by the car door until I unlocked it. He flopped in the passenger s seat and lay still for a moment, then curled up and was still again.

I stood and gathered the coffees and muffins, heading for the door. I turned around one more time to glance at Manson, who was now staring intently at his reflection in the glass display case, shaping his eyeliner with the edges of his newly-filed nails. I smiled a small smile and the thought to take a picture with him ran across my mind. Well, maybe I shouldn t take a picture *with* him, but a picture *of* him. Yeah. I d do that.

I made my way out to the car and got situated in the driver s seat. I took out my cell phone and rested it on top of the steering wheel, zooming in the camera for a better picture of Manson. I pressed the OK button and got a decent shot, then saved it for later use. Whatever later use may include.

%^%^^%^^%^^%^^%

I stumbled through the hotel hallway, my shoulder bumping into the wall every now and then. Gerard had worn me out at the gym, then tried to get me all hyped up with caffeine at Starbucks. He tried to cover it by getting me a muffin. Idiot! He thinks I don t notice how he s really treating me. He smiles and tries to be caring, but it s obvious that that s all a show. He finally gave in when I refused to drink the cappuccino and drove us back here, the hotel. We ll only be here for a few more days, until the tour starts up again. To be honest, I m not looking forward to it that much.

Gerard unlocked room 127 and let me go in first, which he never did before. Weird. I immediately flopped down on one of the beds and kicked off my shoes, then my socks.

Why are you so tired, Mike? Frankie asked, lounging on the other bed, watching TV.

Ugh, I grumbled, turning over on my side.

We went to the gym and then Starbucks, but he didn't want a cappuccino. Gerard answered, as if nothing were his fault.

Well, Mikey needs to wake up! Frankie cheered, turning off the TV and standing up.

My body tensed. This had happened before to just about everyone who was asleep/tired around Frankie. And it was happening again.

WHAA! WHAA! WHAA! WHAA! Frankie blared like an alarm clock, tackling me.

Frankie!! I yelled, trying to push him off, but to no avail with my weakened arms. When I was on my back and he was sitting on top of my hips, he grabbed the collar of my shirt and pulled me up, then jammed me back down into the mattress repeatedly.

Wake up, Mikey-Mike-Mike! he grinned that goofy grin of his.

Stop! I pleaded, now trying to pull his hands off.

Nope, you've got to get up, or I'll get Bob out here!

NO!! Please, Frankie! Let me go! I'm tired!

No way. WAKY!! he screamed, grabbing my face and bringing it up so it was inches from his.

Let me go! I whined, pissed enough to spit in his face. So, I did just that.

Gah! Frankie wailed, wiping his face with the backs of his hands. Eww!! Mikey spit!!

I mustered up all the energy I could and sat up so fast that Frankie fell to the floor. I darted into the bathroom and locked the door, then leaned against it to catch my breath.

Mikey!! Don't leave me!! Frankie whined from outside the door.

Let the guy have some rest for once, Frankie, I heard Gerard's voice coming closer to the door.

But he can't sleep!! He needs to stay awake, or I'll attack him again! Frankie argued.

He's worn out, dude. Let him sleep!!

But Owww!! I heard a loud *smack*, and knew that Gerard had slapped Frankie.

Shut up and go in the other room and bother Ray or something!! I finally shouted, sliding down the door to sit on the floor.

But Mike-OWWWWWWWWW!! Frankie howled.

You heard him, shut up!! Gerard growled.

This was weird. Gee and Frankie would get in play fights and hit each other, but I never knew him to be the type to hit someone in an argument. Sure, maybe he threw a few punches here and there, but this was Frankie. And no matter how sleep-deprived he made me, I still loved him. I decided to go out and get them to calm down, and just as I cracked the door open, Frankie tried to ram it with his shoulder and as he did that, Gerard had thrown a punch.

So all like dominos, we tumbled down. My back slammed against the tile, Frankie s shoulder jammed into my chest, and Gee s punch just happened to hit Frankie s nose then continue down to the floor. There was a fingernails-on-a-chalkboard screech as the floor cracked with the pressure of Gerard s fist, and as he raised his hand his bloody knuckles became visible.

We stayed still for a long time. Okay, so maybe it wasn t a really long time, but it felt long. Gerard finally pulled himself to his feet, then grabbed Frankie s arm and pulled him up. I had gotten the wind knocked out of me, so I was still a little breathless, but I d live.

Holy crap, what happened? Ray asked, stepping cautiously into the bathroom.

We all remained silent. Frankie looked into the mirror and studied his bloody nose, quietly mumbling curses. He took a wad of toilet paper and held it to his nose, then stalked off to who knows where.

Gee held out his hand for me to take, but I didn t. I stood up on my own, wincing slightly from the ache in my ribs. I was still incredibly tired, and somehow I knew that if I went to sleep Frankie wouldn t pounce in me again. There was a lot of tension between him and Gerard now, like the extremely thin string of friendship would snap in two and they d kill each other.

I heard Bob s voice now, although it was distant. He was talking to Frankie. I could tell because there was no answer and mumbles were being repeated that sounded like his name.

What happened? Ray asked again.

&Nothing, I replied without looking at him and ambled out the bathroom. I sat on the edge of the bed and sighed, knowing that there was going to be a big bruise on my chest in a few hours. I slowly laid down and got as comfortable as I could, then was asleep before Bob could even say my name.

%^%^%^%^%^

I stepped out of Starbucks, that dreaded place that smelled like burnt bread all the time. I was careful to avoid the cracks in the sidewalk so I wouldn t damage my new shoes. Although my body was walking at a fast pace towards an intersection, my mind kept going back to those two men that resembled Gerard and Mikey Way. Had that really been them, or was my mind playing tricks on me again? It was most likely my mind, but I still had this gut feeling that for once what I had seen was real.

Move out of the way, whore!! a man called from a taxi.

I was in the middle of the intersection, not watching for the oncoming cars. The taxi was blaring its horn and was barely a foot away from hitting me. I casually flicked the driver off and continued on my way towards the park.

As I walked down the mossy walkways, flocks of birds twittered and flew up into the suddenly foggy sky, disappearing like dark stones being dropped into a lake; the outline growing fainter and fainter.

The fog. Something about the fog always made me think deeper than I usually do. Almost all of the time my attention is consumed by my thoughts and it's like jailbreak to get back to my senses; the trains of thoughts were always hunting me down and the fog stopped me in my tracks and let my mind catch up with me.

I'd stop and think about whatever needed to be thought about. There was a never ending list of things to ponder, but I scarcely wasted my time. I had trained my brain to concentrate on what's going on around me and my body to react to it, but my mind was always elsewhere. Sometimes with the ravens that were now invisible in the mist, sometimes with the dew-coated flowers that tried to hide in the sunlight, but to no avail. The sunlight reveals all the flaws that shade once covered.

Like a secret, I thought. A secret that you promise yourself you'll keep forever and ever, until that day when it comes up and you have the biggest urge to spill the beans, to scratch that itch and to tell. In the shade everything is safe. In the sunlight things wither and die. It all made sense.

Shade, cool and safe.

Sun, hot and murderous.

The fog was incredibly strong this strange day. It was the end of my shift, 3 O'clock, and the air was completely drowned in the clouds. It was almost suffocating. It was suffocating. So suffocating, in fact, that it seemed my brain wasn't acting normal (again) and didn't register that I had rammed my shin into the edge of a fountain. A few seconds later the pain was deciphered and I sucked in my breath quickly, limping over to a wooden bench to examine my mistake.

My calf was red and slightly swollen already. I must've hit it pretty hard, considering how the hurt throbbed through my entire leg when I even barely grazed it with the tips of my fingers. I sighed and pulled myself to my feet. The fog was so thick now that you could barely make out the outline of your hand if your arm was outstretched. Strange.

Strange. How many times has that word crossed my mind? It seemed to describe almost everything.

Gerard and Mikey Way at Starbucks, eating muffins and cappuccinos. Strange.

Shade. Strange.

Sunlight. Strange.

The human brain. Strange.

The human mind. Strange.

Cracked sidewalks. Strange.

Fog. Strange. So strange, in fact, that it should be the definition of strange.

And it s off!! My mind is off to ponder the many variables of the controlled experiment known as life.

Life.

The list grew again, the many topics adding like something I can t explain. Something that is far beyond my reach.

More words were added. So many words and letters, letters and words that were all a mere blur by now. My mind couldn t keep up and it felt as if I, Marilyn Manson, would collapse, unconscious, from all this wondering and deep thinking.

A/n: Holy crap. This is by far the longest chapter for any story that I ve written. This thing is just past 8 pages. The 8th starts at the single word Life. Hopefully whoever read this, most likely my mom who may find my file, enjoyed my little profound thinking.