

Wanderer

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[One-Shot] Sometimes the only thing you can do is wander...

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wandererWandererWanderer. That may be the only word that can describe me. No matter what I say, this is what I am. I know that it is wrong to keep searching for them. But I just can't help it. Even though I'm no longer human I still have human emotions. It seems kinda ironic now. When I was alive I considered myself a freak. Even when I'm dead I'm not normal. I thought everybody was equal when they died. I guess it's only for those who go to heaven. Right now I see no heaven or hell in my future. Maybe I don't deserve to go to heaven. Or maybe I have some unfinished business. That is what I want to know. That day at the Nasty Burger was my last one. And it is one I will never forget. I will never forget the terrified faces of my family, friends, and teacher as they were strapped to that boiler. I will never forget the malicious face on my evil self as he watched his victims squirm. Before I went to battle, I promised them that I would never allow myself to turn evil, that will never become most feared ghost on the planet. The battle was the toughest one I've ever faced but I finally sucked him in the Fenton Thermos. All was going well, until I saw the boiler ready to blow. I stood up and ran. I tried to go ghost but I was too weak. I can still see their pleading eyes, full of fear and hope, urging me to hurry. As I was running, I tripped and fell painfully on the ground. I looked up and witnessed the death of my loved ones. The explosion happened in a matter of seconds. The boiler and everybody who strapped on it were engulfed in a fiery torrent, sparing no mercy. The explosion grew and grew into it covered the whole restaurant. The force was so great that it sent flying backwards to the nearest building. When my head hit the wall, my world blackened. I woke up days later but not as myself. I wasn't a ghost but a spirit, a memory. I looked around and saw that most of the rubble and debris has been cleared away. Not a single soul was on the street. A newspaper article rustled on the ground near me. I try to grab it, but I just went through it. Floating above it, I noticed the article was about the accident. A photo showed my family and I. My heart suddenly ached when I saw it. The photo was taken on the last day of summer before our freshman year. My parents and Jazz were smiling at the camera with grins. I was playing around with Tucker and Sam in the middle. I blinked away the tears that were threatening to fall. Below the picture was an announcement about a funeral being held in the cemetery. Deciding to go, I took one last look at the photo and flew away. Watching my own funeral was heartbreaking. People were crying and weeping at the sight of our bodies in the caskets. Mine was the only one who wasn't damaged beyond belief. I could barely recognize them when I saw them. I saw Dash and Kwan walking over to my body in hesitant steps. Why did we bullied him? asked Dash to Kwan with tears. Kwan didn't respond, only kept on staring at my lifeless corpse. I didn't think they would come, seeing on how they shoved me into my locker every chance they got. They walked silently away from the casket with their heads looking at the ground. I was left speechless. Another figure drew closer this one's face masked by the shadows of the trees. The figure lifted her head. Valerie's eyes were brimming with tears, droplets falling to the petals of the single red rose in her hands. Oh god, Danny, she cried out. I closed my eyes and looked away. It pained me to see people suffer for my mistakes, even if it wasn't physically. I wished I could've comforted her in some way, to tell her I was still here but I knew I couldn't. I reopened my eyes and saw Valerie bent down and rest her head on my casket. She was about to leave but she was hesitant. Valerie leaned over and kissed me on the lips. She rose up and brushed tears from her green eyes that were flowing freely. Goodbye Danny. Like the jocks, she lowered her head and walked away. Valerie, I yelled after her. Come back! Valerie could not hear me so she kept on walking away. I watched her disappear into the

horizon with no clue that I was here. I lowered my outstretched hand with a tear streaking face. That was the last I remembered. That was almost five years ago, but it felt like yesterday. Throughout the years, it has been hard for me to stay in Amity Park. The memories, the good and bad, haunt me every passing day whether I want them to or not. But no matter what I do, I can't seem to leave this town. In a way, I am grateful. I don't think I would be able to stand it without the memories that rested here. Memories I desperately want to relive. And in a far corner in my mind I believe if I ever find my friends and family that it would happen. I want to find them so bad, to say I'm sorry, to say I want to move on. This seems almost impossible when I don't even know where they are. They could be in the Ghost Zone, trying to me just like I was. Or maybe they were scared of me and wanted nothing to do with me. I sighed and clutched my knees to my chest as I was floating on top Fenton Works, staring into the setting sun. Until then, I will only wander.