

Real Life and Insanity

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Okay... let me explain. This is what my life would be like if I really knew MCR from when we were young. I am the girl in the very beginning and my name is Ira. I am way older than I am now. Probably 28. Yeah... I'm around their age... Just love my fantasy world and stop thinking about how strange I am!

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1 - Mechanical Pencils

"Yeah-huh."

"Nuh-uh."

"Yeah-huh."

"Nuh-uh."

"Yeah-huh."

"Nuh-uh."

"Yes he will!" I jumped at the 25 year old. He yelped rather dramatically, like I was murdering him. The television said something and we both looked up from our small romp.

"I told you he was gonna die!" I laughed. He just glared at me. We sat upright again, leaning against the loveseat. Our feet were propped up on the coffee table in front of us, even though the owner of the house was always yelling at us about it.

"You've seen this episode, haven't you?" He crossed his arms, pairing it with an accusative glare.

"It's a new episode, blondey. I couldn't have seen it before." He could be so dense sometimes.

"Then you can see the future!" He yelled, throwing his arms in the air. "And I'm not blond!" I moved my right foot to the top of his head.

"Yes you are," I mumbled, playing with his hair with my monkey toes. It was longer in the front and it was black. The rest of it was blond.

I didn't know they killed any one on Diagnosis Unknown," he said, pushing my offending foot away. "I've never seen it before."

"They do it all the time." We both went quiet as our show ended at 12:30 AM. The silence consumed the room, even though the Lunesta commercial played. We stared at each other for a minute before I broke the silence.

"I can stick a mechanical pencil up my nose!" I screamed, not caring if I woke any of the people sleeping in the nearby rooms.

"I can too," he replied competitively. We both ran off to different parts of the room in search of a collection of writing utensils. I soon found three mechanical pencils, half a box of colored pencils, and a Sharpie that I colored my fingernails with earlier. I grabbed two of the mechanical pencils and ran back to the couch. He soon followed and sat in my lap. He weighed more than me, but I didn't care. I chewed off the tip of my pencil and he did the same. We both rammed them up our noses. I got about an inch up my nose before I started sneezing and he didn't even get that far.

"I win!" I cheered, jumping up, knocking him off my lap onto the floor. A slam for a short distance signified that we woke someone up.

"Oops," we both whispered. I could feel the eyes on my back and slowly turned around to look into the green eyes of a friend.

"Oops yourself," he growled back. "Why aren't you sleeping like normal people?"

"Cause I don't like sleeping at night. I'm nocturnal." I smiled slightly, trying to hide my guilty eyes.

"Well, most people are diurnal and you should be too." He put his hands on his hips, cocking one eyebrow. The man on the floor got up and walked away, leaving me and the other man alone.

"I don't want to be normal. Normal scares me."

"And you scare me." He smiled and walked back to his room.

"I love you too," I mumbled as I layed down on the loveseat. I was already asleep by the time the strange-haired boy came back into the room.