

# **X-Laws are idiots**

**By necromancer\_boy**

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*No matter how hard they're trying near the end, the X-Laws will always be idiots! CONTAINS MAJOR X-LAW BASHERY! Also contains some minor lime.*

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# 1 - Here it is!

Ah, so nice to just write a comedy piece, intent on X-Law bashing. I'm carrying over the joke from chapter 13 of A Brush With Death, about Marco seeing patio furniture as a servant of Zeke.

Bongo: Just get on with the bloody story!

Anthony: <^\_^' yeah, sorry about that...

Disclaimer-type thing: I don't own Shaman King, but I want to, so that way I can push all of the X-Laws in front of a train.

Robin: That's kind of gross.

Anthony: Excuse me? Did you see Mosh? That thing is just wrong!

Marco: There is nothing wrong with the Guardian of Babylon.

Anthony: Yeah, babble on, Marco. And what's with the bathing suit?

Jeanne: It's not a bathing suit!

Anthony: Look, something shiny!

Jeanne and Marco: Ooh! Where?

Anthony: \*cackles\*

X-Laws are idiots.

By Anthony Butler

Part 1: Shooting up chairs.

“Marco!” Jeanne exclaimed. “What did you do to my new IKEA patio furniture?”

Marco was still pointing his smoking gun at the ruined table and chairs. “They are servants of Zeke! We

must deliver swift justice to them!”

“Marco, you idiot!” Jeanne shrieked. “I just bought those!”

Marco turned his gun towards the Iron Maiden. “You have been corrupted by Zeke! I will cleanse your soul, and then I will be the girl in the big thorn-lined iron box, just as I have always wanted to!”

“You wanted to be a girl in a big thorn-lined iron box?” Lyserg asked.

“Yes,” Marco said cheerfully. “It’s a childhood dream.”

“YOU PERVERT!” The other X-Laws screamed. “YOU WANT TO BE A GIRL?!”

“Yes!” Marco said, floating slightly. Flower petals, glitter, and those odd bubble-type things drifted across the swirly pastel background.

“You’re a nutcase, Marco.” Jeanne said, stabbing him with a cattle prod.

Marco fell twitching on the ground, and was dragged away to be pushed off of a cliff by some other X-Laws.

At home with Jeanne...

“Ah,” Iron Maiden Jeanne said, stepping out of her thorn-lined box. “It’s so nice to be home.” She locked the door, glanced around, and pulled a bulging scrapbook from under her couch. She opened it, revealing hundreds of pictures of Zeke Asakura. Zeke watching people, Zeke zipping around on the Spirit of Fire, Zeke in the bath, etc.

“Mmm, Zeke.” Jeanne said, eating a chocolate bar. “Zeke...”

“Marco, what is Jeanne doing?” Lyserg asked curiously, looking at the barred door.

“Every day, our beloved Iron Maiden retreats to her sanctuary to pray, and to contemplate the world, and she is visited by visions of religious ecstasy.” Marco explained, feeling smart because he had used big words.

“ZEKE!” Jeanne screamed. “ZEKE! YES! YES! YES!”

“That doesn’t sound like religious ecstasy.” Lyserg said suspiciously. “That sounds like an-”

“I have decided our next plan of action.” The Iron Maiden wheeled out of the room, before Lyserg could totally bust her credibility. “But first, I want to see the latest surveillance photos of Zeke.”

In keeping with our last theme...

"We have finally captured Zeke Asakura!" Marco said gleefully. "Shall we dispose of him, my lady?"

"No," Jeanne said. "Send him to my chambers. I wish to interview him."

"Very well."

*Two hours later...*

"OH ZEKE!"

"OH JEANNE!"

"OH ZEKE!"

"OH JEANNE!" (And so on and so forth.)

"They've been screaming like that for the past two hours." Lyserg grumbled. "When do we get to kill him?"

"We'll get to kill him." Marco said. "I think."

"YES!"

"YES!"

"YES!"

"YES!" (And so on, and so forth)

"THAT'S IT!" Lyserg shouted. Before Marco could stop him, he whipped out an Uzi, kicked the door open, and pumped Jeanne and Zeke full of lead.

Fetch, boy!

"Lyserg." Marco said.

"Yes?" the green-haired shaman asked.

"Fetch, boy!" Marco called, throwing a chewed tennis ball down the hall. Woofing madly, Lyserg ran,

grabbed it in his teeth, and dropped it at Marco's feet. Lyserg was wearing a puppy costume.

"Good boy, Lyserg." Marco said. "Have a Scooby Snak!" He tossed a dog biscuit into Lyserg's mouth. "Now fetch!"

Ah, you've got to love bashing X-Laws. I must think of more ways to make fun of these morons. Maybe I'll make Marco eat paste...

Marco: I don't want to eat paste!

Anthony: This from a guy who wants to be a teenaged girl? I can make you do whatever I want to.

Marco: You made that up!

Anthony: Oh, did I? \*holds up Marco's pink frilly secret diary\* It says that on every pink frilly page. \*opens pink frilly diary\* let's see-ah ha: `Monday, June 12. Oh, how I desperately wish I was a teenaged girl who lived in a thorn-lined box, like Iron Maiden Jeanne. I don't like her. I want to pull her out of her box and push her into oncoming traffic.' It reads like that for FIVE HUNDRED PINK FRILLY PAGES STRAIGHT! \*flips through five hundred pink frilly pages in the same pink frilly vein\* I found it under your bed.

Marco: That's not my pink frilly secret diary! My pink frilly secret diary is in my pink frilly closet, behind all of my pink frilly party dresses!

Anthony, Bahamut, Bongo, and Robin: O.o...

Thanks to Monty Python for the whole `Pink frilly' thing. (The special edition of Monty Python and the Holy Grail on DVD has pink frilly edges for widescreen, instead of black bars, or so the box claims...)