

For Want Of A Better Title

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Eragon and Murtagh have a little argument with hilarious consequences. Hilarious to me, anyway. And I was on a sugar high when I wrote it.

WARNING!! Death and serious character deformation!!

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1 - Still No Title Folks

Summary: WARNING! This fanfic contains homosexuality, death and serious character deformation. Cameos: Father Dougal McGuire, The Cat (check xxnaminexx's account) and Ms Broad (aka my art teacher – if you go to my school, plzplzplzplzplz don't rat on me *Demyx puppy dog eyes*). Disclaimer: I own nothing. Not even Dougal's Tape Recorder. One day, I'll buy Oliver. That is all. Written from the POV of one of my many OCs. This one's called Xirv, and he's from the MAGICAL world of Kingdom Hearts!!

Earlier on, whilst exploring the newest addition to our world count, I encountered an extremely amusing scenario. It seemed that two young men were having some sort of disagreement over something trivial, yet it seemed to spiral out of control...

I believe the younger of the two boys to be named 'Eragon', and the older 'Murtagh'.

"What did you do to make them so angry?" Eragon asked Murtagh tauntingly, "Did you upset someone important, or bed the wrong woman?"

The comment about women seemed to anger the older of the pair. "I'm only eighteen, for Helzvog's sake!" he yelled indignantly.

"Yes, but..." Eragon seemed to hesitate before continuing, "...but I hear the fangirls love you!"

Murtagh looked shiftily at his surroundings before replying, "Of...course...not..."

At this point, another figure entered the conversation. He popped up from behind a bush, seemingly as though he had been listening all along, and said promptly, "Maybe not, but I love you!"

"No way! Is that...Roran?" said Eragon incredulously.

The boy Roran replied with a brief nod, although his gaze was fixed upon the obvious object of his affection; Murtagh. "'Tis I."

At this point, Murtagh began to back away. "Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked Roran nervously, adding, "Well, this is awkward!" when he got no response.

"No it's not!"

Looked like Murtagh had got a response different to the one he had wished for. He began to back away slowly. As he walked, he realised that someone was standing behind him. He turned, only to come face to face with Roran.

His eyes widened. "How did you get there so fast?"

"The wonders of the author being on a sugar high, my dearest love." Roran replied, his expression perfectly serious.

At this point, Eragon finally managed to regain his composure. He charged over to Roran, yelling, "This is just stupid!"

It seemed that it had all become too much for Murtagh, who screeched, "Okay, that's IT!" before plunging his sword into Roran's stomach.

Roran looked down, a shocked 'O' forming on his lips. Then, to everyone's astonishment, he began to whistle. After a few minutes of the torturous melodies he was producing, Murtagh took it upon himself to point out to Roran that he should, by this point, be dead.

"How are you still alive..?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah, sorry 'bout that!" said Roran, grinning sheepishly, before he collapsed to the floor, obviously

deceased.

“Murtagh!” yelled Eragon, his voice shaking, “Murtagh! How could you!” Before Murtagh could respond, Eragon screamed, “I thought you loved me!” Tears glistened in his eyes.

Murtagh rolled his eyes. “Not you as well...”

Eragon smiled happily, saying “What can I say, it runs in the family!”

“This is ridiculous...” muttered Murtagh exasperatedly, as Eragon beckoned to him, attempting to act seductively.

It was now that Murtagh made a completely unexpected move. He turned on his tail and ran. As he ran, a raven-haired man jumped deftly from a cliff that I hadn’t before noticed.

“Murtagh!” he yelled, “Come here! I got a better plan this time! If you join forces with me, I’ll slaughter all homosexuals!”

Murtagh stopped running, a confused expression plastered all over his face. “Galbatorix...what are you doing here?”

Galbatorix’s eyes flicked from one side to the other. Prompted by a questioning look from Murtagh, he said, “Just remembering a very fast game of tennis I watched...and in answer to your question, twisted coincidence! Now, you wanna join me or not?”

Murtagh narrowed his eyes slightly. “Never.”

“Fine!” said Galbatorix in a voice not dissimilar to that of a sulking teenager, “BRISINGR!”

A fireball appeared in Galbatorix’s hand and flew towards Murtagh. He turned his back, expecting the worst. However, Eragon sprinted to him and threw himself in the way of the fireball with a cry of, “NOOOOOOOOO!”

Galbatorix seemed to be unmoved by this. “Oh dear,” he said emotionlessly, “The last Rider appears to be dead. Well, Murtagh, now that your friend’s dead, you want to work for me?”

“Like I said...never.” Said Murtagh, crossing his arms and pushing his nose into the air.

“Your father would have wanted you to.” Said Galbatorix.

It seemed dear Galby had hit a nerve. “That...that THING was not my father! You’ve seen what he did to me! To my back!”

“That? It’s just a scratch! It wouldn’t even hurt me!” said Galbatorix, smiling evilly.

A mischievous grin spread across Murtagh’s face. “Oh, really?”

“Yes.”

Murtagh walked over to where Galbatorix was stood and did the one thing no-one would have expected. He. Poked. Galbatorix. In. The. Arm.

Tears formed in Galbatorix’s eyes. “OW! That really hurt!” he said, his voice wavering. As he spoke, a smiley face plaster appeared on his arm. “For that, you will pay! SHRUIKEN!”

Suddenly, I received a strong mental image of a black dragon sitting in a small metal bathtub. He appeared to be playing with toy boats. As I watched, a thought bubble appeared beside his head, containing the words, ‘I think Master is calling me...he’ll have to wait, I want to sink the HMS Pinkbarbiedoll.’

“Oh great, he must be playing with his boats again...” said Galbatorix quietly, looking annoyed.

“Hang on a second...your all-powerful dragon plays with toy boats?!?!?” said Murtagh incredulously.

Galbatorix grinned. “Umm...o course not...I said...erm...killing! Yes, that’s it, killing...donkeys. Yes. He is killing donkeys. Yes.”

“No you didn’t! You said playing with boats!” said Murtagh, raising an eyebrow.

Suddenly, a small, brown-haired priest appeared behind the pair. He appeared to be holding a tape recorder. Well, I say holding a tape recorder; I mean waving a tape recorder around in the air with no fear whatsoever of dropping it.

“I thought you two eejits would argue about it, so I took the liberty of recording the conversation!” said

the priest. He had a thick Irish accent, so much that Galbatorix seemed to be having difficulty understanding him.

As Galbatorix attempted to understand, the priest pressed a button on his tape recorder.

“Oh great, he must be playing with his boats again-”

Galbatorix looked angry, but quickly regained his composure and addressed the priest. “You’re in the wrong crack-fic, child.”

“Aye-up!” said the priest jovially, “That I am, Ted!”

A large sweat drop appeared above the King’s head. “I’m not Ted.” He stated, looking at the spot where the priest had stood; he was gone. Galbatorix shrugged.

“Isn’t ‘Ted’ a strange name, Galbatorix?” asked Murtagh.

Galbatorix nodded solemnly. “Yes, Murtagh. It is indeed a strange name!”

The two eyed each other.

“Anyway...” Murtagh said, “I knew you said he was playing with boats!” He was grinning.

Galbatorix glared. He appeared to mutter something, and a ball of fire appeared in his hand. As he continued to glare, the fire propelled itself towards Murtagh.

Before Murtagh even had time to react, the corpse of Eragon threw itself into the path of the fireball with a cry of “NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”.

“Erm...” began Murtagh, in the fashion of someone who has just seen someone come back to life, “Aren’t you dead?”

“My love for you brought me back to li-MMMPH!” He was cut off by Murtagh’s foot being strategically placed in his mouth.

“Love can bring you back to life...” said Galbatorix quietly, “So I should find someone to love!”

“How about her?” interjected Murtagh, pointing to a space with nobody in it.

“There’s nobody there...” replied the King.

“Oh, but there IS!” Grinned Murtagh.

Galbatorix looked over to the empty space. It was no longer empty. In it stood a...woman is probably the safest bet. Her hair was messy, her skin wrinkled and her eyebrows merged into a monobrow. The words ‘Yay Art!’ were written on her shirt, but Art had been crossed out and replaced by Killing. On her skirt, the words ‘I *heart* Mrs Evers’ had been replaced by ‘I *heart* Galby 4 Eva’.

“Galby!?” Yelled Galbatorix indignantly and Murtagh laughed. Under his breath, the King added, “I’d try to kill you, but Eragon would just jump in front of you again...”

As the two men glared at each other, a large black beast wearing a pink bath robe appeared in the sky. With further inspection, I identified it as Shruiken, the King’s evil dragon who plays with boats in its spare time.

Did you call, master?

The voice was that of the dragon, and it appeared to be communicating telepathically with its master.

Galbatorix groaned. “Yes!” he yelled, “But that was before the author got bored of you and wrote you out for a while!”

“Now...GO HOME!” Yelled Murtagh, grinning like an idiot. The only reply he got was a fireball in the face from Shruiken.

“Now,” began Galbatorix, “It is MY turn to point and laugh!” He pointed. And laughed.

“Here, my love!” came a cry from the floor by Murtagh’s boots; Eragon. “Have MY eyebrows!”

Murtagh rolled his eyes. “If you want to fix it, use magic!”

Eragon said something in an unidentifiable language. There was a flash of octarine light, and Murtagh was no longer even slightly on fire.

“THAT’s better!” grinned Murtagh.

“Yes!” agreed Eragon, adding after a sharp kick in the face, “Far betterer!”

Murtagh glared.

As I watched these seemingly medieval people, I heard a phone ring.

“Ooh!” squeaked the King, “It’s for me!”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a mobile phone, albeit a practically ancient one.

“Hello?” There was a pause. “No, I did not place an order for a large quantity of ‘Gofer Feed – Reduced Quality!’”

“Yeah, that was me...”

A small ‘Feline’ had appeared, and was sitting on the head of the King. Its eye seemed to be twitching in a very threatening manner.

“Who. The Hell. Are You?” asked Murtagh, trying, and failing, to hold back laughter.

“No-one of condiments.” replied the cat-thing. “Mmm...condiments...” It smiled at Murtagh. Then it looked at me. “Are you aware of that shifty guy watching you?” it asked.

I interpreted this as my cue to leave, although I will be sure to return and watch the outcome of this little...shall we call it a tiff? I think so.