

Jumbles

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I had my friends come up with either a 1st sentence, or a jumble. Numbers which I used a sheet from creative writing class to create a story.

Shared as written. Enjoy.

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0 - Cookie Monsters?

My friend Billie gave me a sentence to start the story. Took me over a month to come up with any sort of idea for it, but here it is. Enjoy. :3

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=15pxHe thought he was alone until he heard the footsteps getting closer. He began to tense up as they got louder as they approached. Daddy was home, and the rhythm of his steps didn't sound so happy. They stopped as he looked at the base of the door. There were daddy's shoes. The scratching of his beard was heard outside the door. He sat quietly holding the jar he wasn't suppose to have. His feet proceeded to move on as Jake sat quietly in the closet. Few minutes passed of silence so he slowly opened the door, peering around. No one was around. Time to return the jar.

=15pxHe darted for the kitchen, as fast as he could. Stopping only to peer over the opening to see if mommy was home. She wasn't and the kitchen was empty. Tip toeing towards the empty spot on where the jar was once placed, Jake stole one last cookie before placing it back. Turning around to leave, a large figure stood in his way. Looking up, his eyes meet daddy's.

=15px"Who stole the cookies from the cookie jar? Along with the jar?" He only gave a small smile from his beard as Jake tried swallowing his last cookie.

=15px"Not sure daddy. I found the jar in the closet, and felt the need to reward myself with one cookie." He stood in front of his dad, matching his pose and acting proud. His dad chuckled and patted his head.

=15px"Your mom better not find out." He said as he walked to the jar to see how many were missing. Jake looked at his father counting the remaining cookies. His count did not reach very high.

=15px"I can blame sissy. Say she came over and took a couple." His dad laughed and put the lid back on the jar. He knelt down, eye level with his son and placed a finger on his lips.

=15px"It's a secret between you and me. Now hurry! Go wash up. You look like the cookie monster." Jake giggled and ran out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Just in time too because the door opened and closed signaling mommy was home.

=15px"What's he so happy about?" She asked her husband as she entered the kitchen, placing bags on the table. He stood up and shrugged walking over to his wife and kissing her on the cheek.

=15px"I gave him a cookie and told him to keep it a secret." His wife stood and looked at him bewildered. She walked over to the jar and opened it.

=15px"How'd they get there?" Confused the husband walked over and acted as surprised as her.

=15px"What? They're cookies. Cookies in a cookie jar." He only laughed as his wife still looked bewildered.

=15px"The jar was empty when I left for work." Now the husband looked bewildered. His wife walked over to the table and pulled out a bag of store bought cookies.

=15px"Wait, so we have two cookie monsters?" The husband asked. His wife stood silent, back towards him. He raised an eyebrow and softly laughed walking to her and rubbing her shoulders.

=15px"I was hungry. It was easy to get to. I bought more for Jake for after dinner." She turned to him and then looked at the jar.

**=15px**“It’s magic!” They both turned to see Jake in the walk way with a cookie in his hand. He had heard the whole thing. The father laughed as he took a seat. Jake ran to him and sat in his lap, finishing his cookie. His mother looked at him, the jar, the cookie in his hand, and back at him.

**=15px**“How, how did you get that?” Jake only smiles through his bites as his dad laughed.

**=15px**“Were you behind this too, Steve?” Now she was upset. The father stopped laughing and looked at her.

**=15px**“No, I didn’t know you ate all the cookies. I only came home to see the jar missing and found Jake eating one and returning it. I swear Jane, I wasn’t in on this.” He rose his hands to defend his self. She only stood tapping her foot.

**=15px**“My friend from school gave me 10 cookies. I went to put them in the cookie jar when I found out it was empty. So I took the jar with me and hid. I ate 7 cookies.” Jake was so proud of his little trick. His mother sighed and only laughed softly.

**=15px**“You got me. I’m the cookie monster.” Father and son shared a laugh as mommy had finally admitted she had stolen the cookies.

# 1 - 2 5 6 9

The title is the numbers my foster sister gave me for a jumble story. Character(s) are photographer(s) in a shopping mall late at night. Situation being something embarrassing has happened. If you didn't see that, let me know. Just means I need to work on it a little more. Enjoy

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=15px**Laughter** filled the mall, echoing as it was late at night. Arlen didn't know what to do. She was caught up in the middle of it all. A friend of hers had fallen into the wishing well fountain that surrounded the backside of the elevator. She was soaked and furious as Arlen still held the camera in her hand. The plan was to take some decent photographs by this attraction, until something went wrong.

=15px'**Arlen!!**' She screamed as her hands were waving in the air for help. She dropped the camera and left it to lie where she was standing. She grabbed her friend's hands and pulled her out. Words could not describe the anger written on her face.

=15px'**Merlin, I-I'm sorry.**' Her friend ignored her apology and stormed off to the public bathrooms. A group of jocks from a nearby high school were still around laughing and making crude comments.

=15px'**Man, she was looking at you.**'

=15px'**Dude, did you see her expression before she fell?**'

=15px'**Priceless.**' Arlen couldn't take it anymore. The blond jock had shouted at her friend before she fell. At first it was pointless shouting and rude comments they ignored, but one threw Merlin over the edge. Quit literally, threw her over the edge of the fountain.

=15px'**I hope you're happy.**' Arlen shouted at the group of boys.

=15px**Their laughter** died when they heard her voice. One snickered at her.

=15px'**Quit entertained if you ask me. She looked a little parched. Don't flounder fish belong in water?**' Their laughter builded up again as the blond continued his rude remarks.

=15px'**How'd you get into the building?**' Once again their laughter stopped and remained silent snickers.

=15px'**Umm through the door, duh. What are you? A dork fish?**'

=15px'**Oh, I didn't know there was a petting zoo within this mall. I had figured that goat belonged somewhere there, you mr. Elephant belonged in the zoo, and what aren't you? Extinct because surely two-buck teeth ducks died with the Dinos.**' Their silents remained a blessing as they tried to understand what she was getting at. The one referred to at the duck gave a weak laugh.

=15px'**No one says Dinos anymore.**' His friends began smiling.

=15px'**Oh sorry, do you think your reading and comprehend is above a 2nd grade level? So, I can say dinosaur and you would know how to spell it, what it is, and how to say it? Based off your IQs I couldn't tell.**' Their smiles faded as they choose to begin walking away. They were the only remaining people of the group in the area. Everyone else had moved on to continue their shopping. 'Have fun at the petting zoo, the actual zoo, and even underground. Bye bye you pathetic boys.' With that Arlen headed to the bathroom to check on her friend. At first it seemed no one was there, but two feet could be seen in one stall. 'Merlin?'

=15px'**What do you want Arlen?**' her voice cracked as if she had been crying. Arlen gently pushed open the door and found her friend, still soaked, sitting inside the stall.

=15px'**They're gone. I'd never let such actual animals treat you that way. Evidently I'm a dork**

fish.' With that comment, Arlen placed her hands, palms facing away, against her cheeks, made fish lips and moved her hands like a fish. A little chuckle escaped Merlin as she looked down at her hands. Arlen placed her hands upon hers and kneeled down to meet eye level.

=15px'They have IQs lower than a newborn. I'm surprised they know how to breath. Just think, if we lived underwater, we'd be like mermaids.' Merlin looked up at her, her eyes slightly shining. She loved mermaids. She believed they were real and wanted to meet one. She nodded her head and softly laughed. Footsteps entered the bathroom, but the girls felt no need to see who it was. They stopped at their stall as the rustling of a bag being separated or placed down was heard.

=15px'I had hoped you were still in here. It may not be your style or your taste, but at least it'll get you out of those wet clothes. It's starting to snow outside.' Both girls turned their attention to a middle aged woman, hanging Arlen the bag. She gave a soft smile to Merlin as her eyes showed sympathy and hurt. It almost seemed as if she had been in the same situation, but no one around to help her. Arlen took it and looked inside before handing it to Merlin and turning back to the lady.

=15px'You didn't have to go out of your way to buy her clothes. It's much appreciated as we just came window shopping.' Arlen stood up and addressed the woman in her kind way.

=15px'Oh it's okay. I've been in the same situation.' So it was true, Merlin had though. Her eyes lit up slightly knowing someone knew her pain.

=15px'Thank you, so very much.' The woman nodded as Merlin shut the stall and began changing into the dryer clothes.

=15px'It seemed there was no blow dryers available, but it wouldn't have been much help as these darn bathrooms have no outlets.' The woman looked around, hands on her waist, huffing in disbelief. She then turned back to Arlen with a warm smile. 'It's good she has a friend like you. I don't believe those boys were raised by their mother.' 'Thank you. It's just sad how people like them have to get their entertainment from other peoples pain.' The woman nodded just before Merlin came out of the stall. Those clothes fitted and looked pretty good on her.

=15px'You look dashing.' Arlen said. Merlin smiled and gave her thanks once again to the lady.

=15px'I don't need a hair dryer when they have those hand dryers. Works the same actually. Just gotta press the button a million times though.' The woman laughed hysterically and the girls chuckled. Arlen helped Merlin dry her hair from the hand dryers and the lady was quite impressed they had thought of it.

=15px'Just think, it doesn't have that other end that sucks in air and end up getting your hair caught.' Arlen shouted over the sound. Her hair was short due to incidents like that with her hair dryers. Merlin laughed as it died down. Hitting the button, they continued drying her long hair. She grew it out, hoping one day to be a mermaid. The woman said her goodbyes to the girls as they parted ways.