

Stories I did in Creative Writing

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My creative writing stories. I have my fright fair project, character story, and superhero story.

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1 - Fright Fair Project

Story for Creative Writing

It was an understatement to say that the state we chose to live in was a poor state. The terror of death was constantly upon us even in times of peace. To be trapped in this hellish state until we should choose to escape it (the only way out was to retreat to our graves). Most humans will never know the pain it is to be one of us. No one could ever understand our suffering. It wasn't living through most injuries that was the most painful, no, it was the pain of our skin stretching across our faces when we grew that we couldn't stand. You may ask yourself what we were born with that caused this ghastly disease to spread but you would not get an answer. Life was not always this hard for us. Once we were beautiful people who were revered in our community. So you will ask how we came to be in this state we are in now and we would tell you.

At our school my sister, Resha, and I were the envy of the town. We both had the golden hair and sparkling sapphire eyes that every child dreamed of and we had a wealth to match it. I was rightfully nicknamed, Angel, by my class mates. Our parents, by far, were the wealthiest people in town and they owned the biggest house. We had everything that a child could wish for. The name, Fairchild, which was our name, was known far and wide to many people. I guess it was just bad luck that it would not last forever.

It happened one day when we were walking home from school. It was late and the sun was only emitting a little bit of light which made an eerie glow behind the hills. We didn't see the man approach and it was too late to run when we did see him. Without a word he seized my sister by the neck and stabbed her in the heart. He stabbed her in just the right place so she would die instantly with no pain. Then he turned to me. I was frozen in place. I couldn't run or scream for help. All I could do was stand there.

"She will be fine," he said trying to calm me.

"She's dead!" I exclaimed starting to back away.

"Yes, but she will be fine."

"How can you say that she will be fine? She is dead! She can't be fine!"

"You will meet the same fate." He slowly lifted his hand and pointed two of my fingers toward my right arm.

I looked down at the black ring that encircled my arm at my elbow. "What do you mean?"

"You have to save the pain."

"What?!"

"You will be fine."

"You mean I'm going to die?!"

"You will be fine."

Tears fell from my eyes as I finally called for help. He fled quickly and was gone before anyone arrived to help. They took Resha back to our house and left her in her room. I ran to my father and told him everything that had happened that night. He didn't seem surprised, nor did he seem upset about Resha's death. In fact, he was overjoyed to hear of it. He was even happier to hear that I would share her fate. That scared me greatly. Our father loved us and he would not be so happy about such things if our dooms were sealed. There had to be more to this, something that I didn't see.

After that strange occurrence I pondered the thought of rebirth. I considered the thought that I could possibly come back to life. I thought that pain could possibly be the key to it. The man had said to save the pain and I was starting to understand. Could he have saved Resha? The thought constantly

remained in the back of my mind, but I didn't accept it as the truth. Resha was still dead and there were no signs of life coming from her room, at least none that I could see.

My father must have been thinking the same thoughts as I was because he made sure that Resha had no funeral. In fact, he didn't even have her buried. He left her to rot in her bedroom. What his motives were for doing this, I did not know, but I would try to find out. My father's odd behavior, however, was not the only thing that bothered me. I was extremely bothered by the fact that there was a dead corpse in my sister's room. Every time I walked by that room a chill went down my spine and a feeling of dread and despair filled my soul. I was being tortured in my own home, and I couldn't get away. I didn't know what to do because I knew that nobody would do anything about it.

After about a week of torture, it finally ended, but it did not end in a particularly graceful fashion. I was home alone when it happened. The blood curdling scream of a thousand mortified teenage girls filled the house and echoed off the walls for what seemed like hours. The same dread and despair that I felt when I passed Resha's room filled my soul again at that moment. Not thinking about the consequences, I ran to that very room as fast as my legs could carry me. The door was still closed and I was too terrified to open it. Then, somehow, the door slowly began to open itself. It opened so wide that it nearly fell off its hinges. I could see nothing but darkness inside the room. It was as if a dark curtain had enveloped the room so that no eyes could bear witness to its transformation.

I was halfway down the hallway when I heard the door slam against the wall. Stiff as a brick, I turned to see that the gaunt, gray hand of a corpse had curled its fingers around the frame of the door. My feet were nailed to the floor, and I was trapped in my position, not able to tear my eyes away from the hand that lingered in the threshold, so still that you would think it only a statue. Suddenly, I could see the clearly defined veins on the hand flexing themselves as if it were lifting a heavy load. Another hand appeared on the other side of the door's frame, just as gaunt and gray as the other. Then things began to move faster. Both of the hands began to flex their veins so hard that I thought one of them was in danger of popping. What seemed like a head came out next. If it was in fact a head, it was looking down. Long strands of midnight black hair hung off of the sides, covering the face completely. The hair did not allow any skin to be shown, save for the ears which were filled with mold and rotting ear wax. This person, creature, or whatever it was, was shaking violently as if tired from the work of attempting to exit my sister's room.

Things moved even faster and time was finally back to normal speed. Two feet, whose nails were in great need of clipping and cleaning, slid their way out of the room and the form of a body stumbled out of the room. In terms of clothing, the body was wearing a long robe which was stained with dried blood. This was indeed a person, whom I believed to be female, but I had no idea who. As she stumbled out of the room, she collapsed onto the hard floor and let out a loud moan. I felt kind of sorry for her then, but I still couldn't move. She crawled over to me and looked up at me. Her eyes were pitch black. I was hypnotized by her gaze until I realized that I slightly recognized her eyes.

After I recognized her eyes everything started to come back to me, and I knew who she was. I fell to the ground and began to cry. Her eyes were full of worry as she got up and stumbled to my side. She picked me up and, ever so carefully, carried me back to my room. I was no longer afraid because I knew the identity of the person standing before me. Her hair, eyes, and skin may have been different, but I knew that, without a doubt, this girl was someone that I knew very well.

"Resha, you're alive!" I cried quite pathetically.

"Yes, my brother, I am alive. I don't know how or why, but I am here," she said in a confused voice.

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I, I have so many questions that, I fear, no one can answer. What exactly are we? Who is responsible for this madness? Will the same thing happen if the rest of us die? How long will this last?"

"The man that killed you implied that the same thing would happen to me."

"Don't be scared. I won't let anyone hurt you, I promise."

I didn't have the heart to tell her that my death would happen whether someone was protecting me or not. I couldn't just tell her there was nothing she could do after she looked at me like that. I would have to find some way to tell her. I didn't have time to say anything to her before my father came home. He was overjoyed to see her alive and well again. He didn't seem a bit surprised by the way she looked or that she was alive. This confused me greatly. Then, one of the questions that Resha had asked popped into my mind. What are we? Was there something about us that was different than everyone else? I decided that I would try to find out.

* * * *

I had no time to tell Resha that she couldn't protect me from my fate. She was unable to keep her promise. For reasons none of us could understand she was kidnapped by entities whose existence had long been questioned. I had no comprehension of why she was, as they put it, no longer fit to walk among the members of our family. I was heartbroken by this incident. I loved my sister with all my heart and hated to see her go. Unfortunately, I had no time to mourn my sister's departure. More strange and confusing things were about to happen to me.

The day after my sister was taken I woke up feeling sick and heavy. The muscles in my right arm felt loose and weak. I could barely get out of bed. One of my other sisters, Alex, watched me stumble around all morning. She knew something was wrong, and she worried about me. At the point when she could take no more of it, she sent me straight back to bed. By the time I was back in my bed I was running a fever. According to Alex, it was an extremely high fever. She stayed by my side the whole time and when she settled down I tried to talk to her.

"Alex, I think I am going to die," I said weakly.

"What?! How is this happening? You haven't even been sick before today!" She exclaimed frantically.

"This was foreseen long before today."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It started the day I was born. My death is imminent now."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I'm referring to my bad arm. It was always meant to be my demise."

Alex looked down at my arm and gasped. A small cut had formed directly on the black ring that stretched around the middle of my arm. Blood was slowly seeping out of the cut, and I knew that soon it would start coming out faster. Alex was confused by the cut on my arm, but I realized that it had made itself. I knew what I had to do, but I was afraid to do it. I knew what the man who murdered Resha was trying to tell me. I needed to find a way to stop the pain or I would not come back. I was still afraid to die, and I had to explain this all to Alex.

"Alex...I have to stop the pain or...I won't come back," I stuttered.

"Stop talking like you're going to die!" she cried in disbelief.

"It would be a lie to say that I am not going to die, but it would also be a lie to say that I will not be fine."

"That doesn't make any sense!"

"It will make sense in time. If you do not want to see me die now, you should leave."

"Alright, I understand. I'll come back in about a half an hour to reattach your arm."

"It won't take that long."

Alex looked at me with the same worried eyes that I saw in Resha on the day she died. She looked down at my arm and kissed the cut that was bleeding faster every second. Then she kissed me on the cheek and wiped the blood from her lips. She pushed my bangs away from my sweaty brow and dried my tears. (Which is strange because I don't remember crying) After a few more seconds she left the room and closed the door behind her.

At that point I was ready, and I knew what I needed to do. I knew that my pain and suffering would last

and I would die if I let my arm slowly fall off. With that in mind, I sat up in bed and firmly grasped my wrist with the hand of my good arm. I braced myself and with one try I ripped my arm clean off, fell back onto my pillow, and lost my breath.

2 - Character Story

I woke up at what I thought was morning and was pleased to see that I had managed to sleep through most of the day. It was late afternoon, and the sun was shining directly in my face through the window of my messy, old room. I thought it would be best for me to sleep this late because "he" was coming, and I was probably in for a long, sleepless night. I slowly sat up and groaned at the annoyance of that blasted sunlight shining in my eyes. I did manage to get up out of bed and shove the curtains closed.

Just as I was slipping on my boots and was reaching for my hat, there came a knock at my door, and I opened it up to see who was there. It was one of the nice young ladies that took care of the inn (which was the place I called home). She looked at me strangely like most of the people do. They thought my gray skin and black eyes looked odd. I had to speak loudly for her to snap out of it and listen to me.

"Can I help you, miss?" I asked, and she jumped.

"Um, a man's here to see you, sir," she said in a timid and shy voice. (That's the way they all talk to me.)

"Already? Well, thank you very much. Tell him I'll be down in a moment."

"Yes, sir."

I closed the door and walked into the bathroom, looking in the mirror at my imperfect reflection. It was the same old me that I had been the day before. I still had my gray skin, my eyes were still black, and I still had that bloody kiss mark on my cheek. (That was the reason they look at me strangely.) I wished so much that it would go away. My hair really didn't need brushing, so I just ran my fingers through it and put my hat back on. Then I was on my way down to meet with "him".

"Gonan! It's about time you came down here." He greeted me loudly as I emerged from the stairway.

"I heard you have a job for me," I said getting right down to business.

"Yeah, I think yer goanna like this un. We think he's one of Demon's men but yer goanna be more excited about who yer savin'."

Demon was kind of like my arch enemy. His men were always giving me trouble, and most of the guys I was after were in league with him. I was hoping that, one day, I would be able to get Demon himself. His men were giving me an awful lot of trouble, and I was getting tired of it. They always seemed to be committing the crimes that set me off the most.

"Just tell me what I'm up against," I said with a friendly smile.

"I'm not sure what his name is, but he targets ladies most often," he said, waiting for my reaction.

My expression suddenly became serious. "Don't worry about it; he's as good as dead."

"That right there is just the kind of enthusiasim we're lookin' for. I know how ya hate guys who pick on girls."

"How much?"

"We'll decide that when I see the condition ya bring 'im back in."

"It's a deal. I'll have him to you by tomorrow at the latest. I can't promise that he'll be in one piece, though."

"Good, I'll see ya tomorrow then."

There was a group of people sitting at a table behind us that were playing cards. One of them, a girl with her hat hanging off of her neck, leaned back and shoved my arm.

"Y'need any help with 'im, boss?" she asked loudly.

"Nia, I need you and Rene to stay here and keep Pixie safe, okay?" I said, keeping my serious tone.

"Awww, why do we hafta miss out on the fun?"

"Because I need someone to protect Pixie. Besides, I've already got a plan, and it doesn't require more than one person."

"What's the plan, boss?" asked another girl with long hair who was sitting across from Nia."

"Well, one of those wealthy men from up north is coming into town tonight, and I believe that if this man is one of Demon's, he'll be there to rob them," I said with confidence.

"So, yer goanna stuff 'im there?" Nia asked excitedly.

"Yeah, I'm just hoping that the coach will get here tonight. I'm getting my payment tomorrow."

"You'd be in quite a fix if you showed up to collect yer payment, and ya didn't have yer guy."

"That's why I'm getting him tonight."

We all leaned in close to the center of the table. This was usually the part where I told them what was really going on, but I had a better idea. Since we didn't have any identification for this man, I thought it would be better that we make sure no enemies heard our real plan.

"So, what's the real plan, boss?" Nia asked quietly.

"I'm not telling you quite yet. We'll have a meeting in the back room in approximately five minutes. Don't be late," I said with a commanding tone.

"Wait a minute, if you say approximately, don't that mean we can come in around five minutes?" Rene asked in confusion.

"No, it means that you can show up before five minutes, but if you're even a second late, there will be trouble."

"Okay, I was just makin' sure. See yall later then."

* * * *

Five minutes later Rene came scurrying into the back room with only a second to spare. Everyone was seated in a dark room that only had one or two hanging lamps to light it. We had two men guarding the entrance, and two looking around to make sure nobody was eavesdropping on our conversation. That was the better setting I was looking for. I was ready to tell them my real plan.

"Now can ya tell us what the plan is, boss?" Nia asked for the third time.

"Yeah, and I think you guys are going to like this," I said, getting excited like the rest.

"Alright, spill it. We already know there aint no wealthy man who's cumin' into town tonight. We'd a heard about that before now."

"Yes, it's true, I made that all up. Actually, you and Rene are the ones who are going to be in the coach, and you'll be protecting Pixie from there."

"Huh? Why does Pixie have ta tag along with us?" Rene asked, just as confused as she was before.

I sighed. "She's just so set on helping me out that I couldn't say no."

"That's right, and even if I have ta be bait I'll do my part to help Gonan out," Pixie said, walking over and hugging my arm.

Pixie was my girlfriend. She could be a pain at times, but I was just so happy to have a doll like her as my own, that I seemed to forget about that. Besides, all she wanted to do was help me out. I just couldn't turn her away when she looked at me and used "that" face. I guess you could say it was my weakness. Well, I guess it was only my weakness for her. I'm sure that no bad guy could go in, rob a bank, give me puppy dog eyes, and get away with it.

"Alright, lemme get this straight. You want us to get all prettied up so we can go with ya in a big ol stage coach and go catch a bad guy that we don't even know the name of?" Rene asked with the confusion that was starting to become commonplace for her.

"Well, not exactly. I'm going to be driving that "big ol" stage coach," I said with a smile.

"Oh, okay, so we get all prettied up, then you drive us in the big ol stage coach, and we just assume that yer man heard us?"

"No, if you girls get all "prettied up", then he'll think we are wealthy people who came from up north."

"But how'll we know it's him?"

"He's one of Demon's men; he'll be wearing the symbol on his jacket."

"Suppose he don't wear a jacket?"

"Rene, this isn't important, but all of Demon's men have a tattoo on their hand, so we would be able to catch him that way. Either way, it doesn't really matter. You're not ever going to see him. You'll be watching the window and waiting for my signal. When I give it you, you'll pull out your guns and be ready for ambush."

"That's just in case he should bring some guys with 'im?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Oh, I get it now."

"So, I'll expect to see you all here in a couple of hours. A couple of hours is two if you can't count. Oh, and you have to be prompt. Do you get it, Rene?"

"Yes sir, I won't be late again. You'd probably take my head off with that pistol a yers if I did that."

"That's right, then let's move out, and I'll see you then."

* * * *

We all arrived, on time, in the back room two hours later. Rene, Nia, and Pixie were looking more beautiful than they ever had been (except for Pixie, who was always at her prettiest), and they were prepared to catch the guy. A stage coach, which was also "prettied up", was waiting for us outside. I thought that a wealthy man might have a more flamboyant looking coach than a man who wasn't so wealthy. As soon as everyone was all settled, we were off to catch our bad guy.

We had to take the back way out of town so nobody would see us. Then we would turn around and go back in to town by the normal rode where, hopefully, our man would be waiting for us. I sat there, quietly driving the coach, while the girls sat inside. I could hear them chattering away like they always did. Pixie was watching me, but she didn't know I could see her. I could tell that she thought I was lonely, but I really wasn't. I didn't mind being alone at a time when I was doing my job.

There was a group of about five people waiting for us at the entrance to the town. One of them came up to the coach, and I stopped. He had his hands in his pocket where I couldn't see what they were doing. I put one of my hands behind my back and looked down at him. Immediately I gave the girls my signal, but I couldn't look back to see if they were paying attention.

"Aint you that wealthy man they said was cumin into town on business er somethin' like that?" the man asked.

"I might be, what would you gain by knowing that?" I asked loudly.

"Oh, you got one a them proper accents, so you must be him."

"If you say so."

"Well then, if you really are that wealthy man, you better..."

I pulled out my pistol and pointed it straight at the man. "Freeze and put your hands where I can see them."

He looked at me in shock but did what I said. I didn't move for the longest time. My mind was telling me to pull the trigger but my hand wouldn't do it. Even though I knew the things he had done I still couldn't kill him. I very badly wanted to kill that man, but I just couldn't pull the trigger. I didn't know what was wrong with me. In the end I handcuffed him and took him in the next day. I guess I just figured that it takes one to kill one or something like that. I was never a fan of morals, but that is another story entirely.

3 - My Superhero Story

You didn't think I was just goanna forget about Anime Idol all together, did you? I wouldn't do that. To all my fans....it's not over!

The Ninjas and Arc Angels are proud to present
Anime Idol: The 'Make Your Own Superpowers' Kit

It started out as what was most likely the greatest day of my life. (I'm not telling you anything. You'll have to read Anime Idol 3 to find out.) Everything was going so right for me that day. Then I got a large package in the mail, which was strange because I usually didn't get any mail. The strangeness continued when Hannah arrived at my house even before I had opened the package. She said she got an incriminating letter that told her to come to my house immediately. (The 'Hannah getting letters that say to go to my house' thing was really starting to get on my nerves.)

Hannah was jumping up and down, and my eyes rolled. It was probably nothing to get excited about. Hannah was expecting it to be some sort of awesome new gadget from Melinda at the research center. It turned out to be nothing remotely similar to anything we could have gotten from the research center.

"What is it, Emma?" she asked in her usual hyper voice of excitement.

"Uh, it says it's a 'make your own superpowers' kit," I said with no excitement whatsoever.

"Ooooo! That is so awesome! You have to open it now!"

"Hannah, I'm not buying this at all. If I open it, we'll probably have to buy it."

She gasped. "You mean you don't believe?!"

"I have found ninjas in my bedroom when I woke up. I've found soul reapers in David's guitar shop. I've even found Itachi sitting in The Evil Simon's resort and casino getting massages by hot babes. Do you think I believe?!"

"Uhhh, you don't believe, do you? Ahhhh, shun the non believer!"

"Gosh, Hannah! Would you just shut up! I meant that I do believe!"

"Well, you don't have to be mean about it." She crossed her arms and pouted.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

Hannah pointed to the first line of this story, "I thought this was supposed to be the best day of your life."

"Oh, that's right, thank you for reminding me."

To make a long story short, we decided to open and/or use the 'Make your Own Superpower' kit. (I did it because it seemed like something ridiculous that could pass the time. I didn't really think it would work.) I decided to give myself the power to school people in extreme guitar battles and randomly zap people with my fingers (Kind of like force lightning. You know, like those dudes off Star Wars). Hannah gave herself the power to do killer drum solos that are so amazingly awesome that they knock people out, and the power to randomly summon key blades. Together we were apparently some sort of super hero team (Hannah is paying me to call us some cheesy name but I won't take her money). Surprisingly, it worked and we had superpowers. (I have no idea how that happened.)

"Hah! Take that, Emma the nonbeliever! It worked, and now we're superheroes!" Hannah exclaimed.

"Don't count on it," I said with a sigh.

"C'mon, Emma, we have to do it. What if The Evil Simon got one of these 'Make your Own Superpowers' thingymadogers in the mail too? What if the forces of evil are alive and well, and they are going after our friends?!"

"Um, what was wrong with my ninja skills that I had before this?"

"I've ran out of comebacks."

"My point exactly."

Despite my pleas to drop it and leave it alone, Hannah convinced me to become a superhero. (Some superheroes we turned out to be.) She then proceeded to jump around the house yelling random things and not paying any attention to where she was going. That caused me to start yelling at her big time and telling her that if anything in my house got broken she would die. (You people know how I get when people touch the things in my house.) She ended up dragging me all the way to David's guitar shop so we could tell everyone about our little adventure. (For all of you who are furious about the decision I made in Anime Idol 3, yes, I do get back together with David. No, you're not going to get any more information, so quit asking!) All of The Ninjas and Arc Angels were there to hear it.

"Oh my gosh! That's so cool! I can't believe you guys are superheroes!" Angel exclaimed, just as excitedly as Hannah. (I think she was spazzing.)

"You guys should make up like some cool catch phrases and stuff. What's your goal as superheroes?" Ayuri asked while she was trying to calm down Angel.

"Their goal should be something like 'to maintain a peaceful television schedule so we can watch awesome anime shows all day and no evil little kids shows.' No more evil Pablo!" Sammy said in one of those weird voices that the people on super hero shows usually use.

"Well, actually we were planning on making all of you have super powers too," I said with a grin.

David sighed, "Are you serious?"

"Dead serious."

"Well, this should be interesting," Archie said beginning to run around the room with Hannah and Angel. Then it started to get crazy and I had to scream until I was hoarse to get them all to shut up. (I tire easily of their antics.) We did end up sharing our 'Make your Own Superpowers' kit with everyone, and we all ended up having ridiculous super powers.

I'll start with The Ninjas. David, who was just as excited about all this as me, decided to have the power to do something weird to his numchucks to make them kill people, Sammy ended up with the power to use jutsu like the characters from Naruto, and Ayuri had the power to transform things. Victor came up with the power to knock people out with his good looks (I have no idea where he got that from). Then there was Arc Angels. Archie kind of copied off of Hannah and had the power to summon key blades, Daniel decided to keep the power that he had, but he changed it so that he could control people's minds, and Angel had the power to fly around and randomly breathe fire on them.

"There is one thing that you should all keep in mind," I said after everyone has almost settled down.

"Yeah, what is that?" Sammy asked curiously.

"With great power comes great responsibility."

"Wow, that's really deep...hey, wait a minute. You copied off of Uncle Ben!"

"So what if I did?"

"Then....um, I got nothin."

"HEY EVERYBODY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!" Hannah randomly shouted.

"Just tell us, you don't have to shout," I said, flinching and covering my ears.

"We should write a manga about our super powers. We'll call it 'The Awesomely Amazing Justice League of Anime Idol'."

"Um, Hannah, that actually sounds like a good idea."

Sammy jumped in between us, "Yeah, why didn't I think of that? Let's sell them here at David's Guitar Shop."

We had all thought it was impossible, but it was happening right before us. It was actually Hannah who came up with the good idea this time. For a moment we were all in shock but then we got right to work

on the manga. I was dead set against us having cheesy superhero names so I stopped Hannah at Cookie man and Archie boy. I didn't even want to know what she had planned for the rest of us. After that we put Hannah on drawing duty and I was in charge of making up the stories. In a few short hours we were done with our first volume and we were ready to share it with the world.

After we sent our manga volume out to be copied I went home for a while. There wasn't really anything to do so I crashed onto the couch and turned on the TV. What I saw was a commercial, but it wasn't your average commercial. Hannah and Sammy were in it. I watched the commercial as I started to get mad, but then I changed my mind when I saw it. With a sigh of relief I realized that they hadn't come up with anything embarrassing.

"Hello people of Anime Idol. If you haven't already noticed, our anime has been transformed into a superhero world. Now we have created a shiny new manga series for you to read," Hannah's hyper voice said through the television speakers.

"I'm sure you want to know where you get the first volume of this amazing new manga series. Well, you can pick it up in a few minutes down at David's Guitar Shop. If you want to get your hands on this epic manga, all you have to do is go down to the guitar shop of everybody's favorite left-handed, bearded rock star, David Cook! You better hurry if you want to get it today, because we have a limited supply of copies and they are going fast," Sammy said cheerfully.

"Oh, and coming soon, The Adventures of Cookie man and Archie boy!"

"Wait, Hannah, Emma said we couldn't use those names."

"Never mind."

"CUT!"

I looked up at the ceiling, took a deep breath, and counted to ten. I couldn't believe they made a commercial about it! It wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be. At least they took back the "Cookie man and Archie boy" thing. I decided to get back up and go back to David's Guitar Shop. When I got there a huge crowd of people had formed in front of the shop. I looked around back and found The Ninjas and Arc Angels, and Hannah, Sammy, and Victor (don't ask) were crying. They were all standing in front of an empty semi.

"What's going on here?" I asked in confusion.

"The truck that was supposed to be carrying the copies of our manga showed up empty," David said looking back at me.

"What could this mean?"

"I know what it means!" Angel shouted, "It means that there's evil afoot!"

"What? The evil is a foot? What person do we know who is evil and also a foot?" Archie asked clueless.

"Ugh! I give up!" I groaned, "Who could have done such a thing."

"I have a theory!" Angel shouted, louder than the last time.

"Then say it."

"My theory is that The Evil Simon got the same thing in the mail, and now he and all his evil minions all have super powers too!"

"That actually sounds like a legitimate theory. What is this anime series coming to? Are things actually going to start making sense?"

"Not quite, you haven't heard my theory about Sanjaya yet."

"What is that?"

"He has the power to form ugly hairstyles without touching his head."

"Wow, he sounds scary," I said sarcastically.

"I know! We better watch out for him!"

With that we began to devise a plan, and, of course, I always had to be in charge of that. I couldn't think of a really great plan because of the fact that I wasn't too enthusiastic about the whole 'superheroes'

thing. I decided that we would need to break into our old groups, which meant that Angel, Ayuri, and Victor would have to stay behind. (So much for killing them with good looks.) After that I would take the remaining ninjas and go fight The Evil Simon and his minions. Then Hannah would take the remaining arc angels and go grab the manga volumes. It wasn't a very fancy plan, but it would work. The plan was devised, the so called "superheroes" were ready, and we were off to The Evil Simon's Evil Lair, Resort and Casino.

* * * *

Because we were flying on Saphira, we arrived at The Evil Simon's Evil Lair very quickly. As I said before, take that downtown traffic! It was very easy to find the evil lair now because we had seen it before. It was especially easy when the giant sign with flashing lights that said 'The Evil Simon's Evil Lair, Resort and Casino' was turned on. Honestly, I thought he would have changed the look of that place by now.

After Arc Angels left Sammy, David, and I prepared to enter the evil lair and fight The Evil Simon. All we heard was the sound of the neon sign flashing on and off. It was quiet...too quiet. It could have been a trap, but The Evil Simon didn't even know we were coming. My guess was that the whole 'Anime Idol has been transformed into a superhero world' thing hurt the feelings of all the anime villains and they went home. As we walked in we didn't notice that a few sin spawns were sitting outside the door. We sneaked around for a while until we found the entrance to The Evil Simon's real evil lair. It was a big room in the basement of his 'anime villain vacation getaway', and, oddly, it was empty. We all looked around but found no trace of a single bad guy, minion, or (insert title of super villain sidekick here) anywhere. I didn't know what to think.

"Hey guys, either we have some speedy competition, or The Evil Simon flew the coop," Sammy mumbled, looking around the room.

"They have to be here somewhere," I said, doing the same.

"Do you think Angel, Ayuri, and Victor held a grudge and hired the flash to come and do our job for us?"

"I highly doubt that. I bet The Evil Simon is planning something."

"Emma is exactly right," we heard one of the minions say as The Evil Simon and his minions appeared out of nowhere.

Sammy gasped. "It's The Evil Simon and his evil minions! Where did they come from?"

"Excellent question, Sammy," The Evil Simon scoffed, "I...actually have no idea."

"What are you planning, Simon?!" David asked with a scowl. (We were all scowling.)

"Well, since it went so well, I thought I would bring back the 'bad guys always win plan'. We are going to rewrite your manga so that we win and you loose and there's no way you can stop us.

MUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

A big hairy something came up in The Evil Simon's face.

"Sanjaya HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR INSANELY UGLY HAIRDO OUT OF MY WAY WHEN I'M DOING MY EVIL LAUGH?!"

Sanjaya ran away screaming.

I slapped my forehead, "You guys are so pathetic."

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?!" The Evil Simon shouted angrily.

"You heard me.

"AH..." he paused, "Wait, would you guys just attack them?!"

All at once at least a hundred sin spawns came out of the walls and surrounded us. Jason jumped in front of me with an acoustic guitar in his hand, Kimberly Caldwell jumped in front of David, and Sanjaya jumped in front of Sammy. For about ten minutes we stood there making scary faces and growling at each other. Eventually I looked around, slapped my forehead, and yelled at all of them, and they snapped out of it.

"Emma, I challenge you to an extreme guitar battle!" Jason yelled pointing at me.

"Woah, wait a minute. You're challenging me to a guitar battle, and you're going to use that?" I questioned in disbelief pointing to his acoustic guitar.

"Yeah, is there a problem with that?"

"I guess not. I get to pick the song."

"No way! That is so not fair!"

"You sound like a sissy girl, its fair. Now we shall play...Once in a Lifetime!"

"Oh no! Not a Dragonforce song!"

"Yes, a Dragonforce song."

The song began and I started zapping the sin spawns with my guitar. I was also masterfully dodging every one of Jason's weak attacks with his guitar. (Now you know what extreme guitar battles entail.) I looked over, and saw David beating Kimberly Caldwell badly with his awesome numchuck skills. I looked the other way and Sammy and Sanjaya were still standing there, staring, and growling at each other. I yelled at them, and they sprung into action. I turned back to Jason after Sammy and Sanjaya had started fighting, but then everything stopped.

"EWWWW, THAT'S SO GROSS! GET YOUR NASTY HAIR OFF OF ME!" Sammy screamed.

"Hey, that's not very nice," Sanjaya said as he began to stare at her again.

"You are my enemy. Do you expect me to be nice to you?"

"Um, I guess not, but that was just uncalled for!"

"I say it was called for. You never know what could be living in THAT hair." Sammy pointed to Sanjaya's pohawk.

"What do you mean what could be living in it?!"

"I MEAN THAT POHAWK IS THE UGLIEST, MOST REDICULOUS HAIRDO I HAVE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE...BAR NONE!"

"That really hurt!" Sanjaya started crying and ran away. (One down, two to go.)

Eventually Jason's fingers got tired, and he began to weaken. I took advantage of that and finished him off, but I was paying too much attention to him, and I allowed one of the sin spawns to get too close and scratch my arm. For the umpteenth time, the stitches on my bad arm came undone. (WHY DOES THAT HAPPEN IN EVERY STORY?!) David finished off Kimberly Caldwell and came to save the day.

Between the two of us we defeated all the sin spawns, and The Evil Simon ran away...again. There was a kissing scene but we had to stop because Sammy turned around, and I didn't want her to use it against me.

We met up with Arc Angels at the entrance to The Evil Simon's Evil Lair. They had found all the manga and brought them back to David's Guitar Shop. We all got on Saphira and headed back to Anime Idol where everyone was waiting for us. I'm not going to say that we lived happily ever after, because that is never the case. Who seriously believes that all of those fairy tale characters actually had perfectly perfect lives after the stories ended?! Well, anyway, this is not the end of Anime Idol. There will be more. (No, Hannah, we are not coming back in tights!) Until then...I really don't have anything to say except for the end.