

Mizuko and The Field Trip!

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A little oneshot I did for a writer's contest in the forums. Mizuko, the main, is on a field trip, and spots A LOT of butterflies! But what happens when the energy blast hits?!

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/1mangalover/45089/Mizuko-and-The-Field-Trip>

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Follow the butterflies!

“Oh, wow! Butterflies, many many butterflies! Greens, blues, reds, yellows, and even ORANGE!” Miss Kichi exclaimed to us students. I, being a mere 8 year old girl, was also excited. I am just a regular third grader, and my name is Mizuko! I’m sorry, but my Mommy says I cant tell strangers my last name. So lets be friends!

“Alright kids, were going to follow Mr. Karakuri to the flower field, where there are ALL kinds of butterflies!” Miss Kichi continued, receiving groans from the boys and a few happy squeals from the girls. She ushered our 20-student class over to a short and stocky old man. He was quite scary, with all the wrinkles and those squinty black eyes...

“Hello! Lets go, kids,” Mr. Karakuri grunted to us all. Oh, how frightening. Mr. Karakuri sounded like a *tengu from the mountains up north!

I almost shuddered in my small third-grade schoolgirl uniform that had a white polo shirt and leggings, and plaid skirt and button-up vest. Every girl wore the mandatory brown shoes, that, if they’re loose, will go Clip-Clop! Clip-Clop!

“Hey, Zuzu-chan!” my best friend, Hinako called to me. My nickname is Zuzu-chan. She rushed over and snatched my hand, beginning to wave both our arms up-and-down.

“Hey, Nako-chan!” I greeted her, joining in on the arm-waving. Gleeful as I was, it wouldn’t have been so great as the day was sure to be without my usual energy blast. It came straight away after my greeting to Nako-chan. I felt a bubbly feeling overcoming me, and smiled the stupid smile I always display on my energy blast.

My classmates looked at me, expressions of utter horror painted of their faces. They all either ran away up by the teacher, or took refuge behind trees or friends until I passed. As usual, the sugar-induced thoughts of crazy and wild actions flooded my mind, my conscious telling me to pick the best one and go for it.

I chose the VERY, BEST, ONE.

I let go of Nako-chan’s hand in a flash and bolted over to a stream nearby. I heard gasps of shock coming from my classmates- though, WHO CARES?! I had seen an unnoticed beauty, the butterflies! I shouted, chanted, cheered, and gave loud, screechy battle-cries. I chased after the butterfly that flew away as fast as its little wings could carry it.

“Mizuko-chan! Please come back! You might get hurt!” Miss Kichi called out to me. I didn’t listen, but continued to chase the butterfly, but a different one now. All of a sudden, I spotted something

