

FMA

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A girl had moved to Ishbalm and saw what happened to start the war. Now 5 years later, shes in east central with her sister, who has changed much more then people would think. But when they find Ed and Al, will more spark then they think?

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1 - Prolouge of war, part 1

Nell sat outside of her Ishbalan home. She watched the sun with her mossy green eyes, as it fell though the only tree on her block, in her own front yard, onto her silver hair. She laughed at the sun. Why she moved here, she would never know.

Inspection had begun. She joined her sister, Hannah, and her friend, Curia, as they stood. Curia had her panda bear plushie, and she cradled it in her left hand, so it wouldn't fall into the gutter she was standing in front of. An inspector stood in front of her. He held out his hand.

"Little girl, give me that bear."

"Why do you want Koo?" Curia asked. She had named the bear.

Hannah whispered to Curia. "Just give him the bear, He'll hurt you!"

"Shut up Maggot! Give me the Bear!"

"No!"

BANG!

Hannah screamed as her sister held her close. Curia's blood flowed freely into the gutter and into the sewer below it.

All because of a stupid teddy bear, a war erupted. A war that would slaughter those who tried to stop it, a war that would send state alchemists hurling things at Ishbalian Men, a war that would slaughter whole families and separate others. A war that would change the lives of two girls that had been right there when an inspector shot a child over a stupid little bear.

2 - Prolouge of war, part 2

Roy mustang, the `Flame alchemist' sighed after a long day. The Ishbalan war was not such a picnic as he had expected. He started heading back to the Barracks when he heard a sound. What was it? A warrior about to attack? A fellow officer in trouble? No, it was almost a whimper, like a schoolchild who was too afraid of a bully to even defend himself. It did sound like a child in pain.

He quickly sprinted over to a large rock. A girl had her leg pinned under it. She cried as he slowly lifted it a bit and she pulled her leg out. She had short hair, which was so dirty that he was barely able to distinguish that it was Blond. Her amber eyes were almost blank, if not for the fear that lurked inside of them.

He looked at her at eye level.

“Are you Okay?”

Silence followed.

He sighed.

“Little girl, are you able to move your leg?”

She shook her head no, and held her arms up in a matter to say `pick me up'.

Roy Mustang sighed again and picked her up.

“Where's your house?”

“Hickory marrow”

He blinked and took in a large amount of air in surprise. *“That was the area we bombed today...”*

“It got blowed up, didn't it?” She said.

“Yes.” He whispered.

She buried her head in his shoulder and cried. She looked up.

“The tree.”

“What?”

“The tree! There was a tree in front of our house! I want to see the tree!”

He sighed once more and carried her over to the rubble of Hickory marrow. She counted the rubble piles.

“1... 2... 3... Curia's house... That's ours!” She cried, and she pointed over to a large rubble pile.

Roy Mustang gasped. The tree wasn't even knocked down. He walked over to it. She put her hand onto the tree and put her other arm around it. She lifted herself and held onto the tree.

“I'm a Koloa!”

Roy Mustang felt a stab of pain.

“You sure are...”

There was a noise, and almost like history was repeating, he sprinted over. Only this time, a trap door was under the rock. He pushed it over and it rolled to reveal a door only a child could fit into.

“Well, maybe Mom did have a point of this being handy...”

The girl, with her long silver hair, looked up at Roy. She yelled in surprise and slammed the door shut.

“Hey! Sis! Look at me!” the little girl shouted. “Nell! Look!” The girl flung open the door and scrambled out. She looked from her sister, who was still clinging to the tree, to Roy, who was staring at her hair.

“Stop staring.”

He looked away.

“Where'd you find Hannah?”

“Who?”

“Her, Stupid.” She pointed to the little girl as He went to pick her up.

“Oh, in where downtown used to be...”

The girl smacked her sister.

“I told you to run! You were supposed to start at sunup! But no, YOU had to start at 4:00! Why the heck did you wait so late? Why'd you stop running?”

“STOP!” Roy Mustang grabbed her wrist as she went to hit her sister again.

“She was stuck under a rock, she may have had to stop there.”

He transported them to the refugee center and made sure they got onto the boat to East Central. After Hannah's leg healed.

3 - Back to east central!

Past: 1907, East central

It was cold and rainy. Envy stood there in a raincoat, and walked across a long bridge. He saw a blur, the rain was too thick to make it out clearly. He crossed the road. A little girl, about 5, looked up at him. "What happened to you?" he asked her. She stared at him. Her eyes captivated him, big, round, and amber. "My sister... She...." She looked to the other side of the bridge. He looked over to see a little girl, holding on to the side of the bridge. But... She was on the wrong side of the railing. She let go. Envy acted quickly, diving into the muddy, overflowing river. He swam over and pulled her to him, and she thrashed around. "I WANT TO DIE!" she screamed.

Present: 1910 Envy's room, Homunculi Hideout, 3:47 A.M

Envy woke up, panting. That day still haunted him. "Damn it..." he whispered. He had never had that dream until recently. He needed to find her. Was she ok? Was she as he feared? Wait, but why did he care? He wanted to yell it all out, "Why do I care so much!" but he didn't. He saw his door open and he looked over. Wrath stood there and stared. "Are you Ok? You were yelling pretty loud."

"Yeah, Twerp, I'm fine, go away, damn it." Wrath stalked out of the room. Envy fell backwards onto his bed, still panting. He was cold with sweat, and he soon fell back asleep.

He woke up at nine that morning, dressed, and ate. He walked outside, hoping that today could possibly be the day he killed the Elrics. He walked past a café, where he passed it so quickly, he didn't notice a girl sitting at the counter, and her pet dog.

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Nell was fuming again. She had been at this café for three hours, writing down everything she knew about animal genetics Alchemy, and all she got was four pages in a composition book. And she was racking her brains for that formula, the good one, that you could make a cat out of, with the right equivalence, of course, as with all other alchemy. She remembered it suddenly, thanks to her photographic memory, and wrote it down, every number exactly precise, every bracket placed perfectly. When she finished, (taking up three pages in the process,) she started on yet another.

When she was done, her notebook was now half full, (all about animal genetics alchemy, she had more than 75 animals down.) her stomach half empty, and her dog asleep. She looked down onto her dog. She knew it wasn't a dog in there, but her sister, trapped in a dog's body. She used a dog's soul and swapped it for her sister's. (She was smart that way, it was the stray dog that kept getting into everyone's trash and killed every cat in town.)

The German Shepard woke up, and looked to her sister. It wagged its tail and barked happily. Nell Ruffled her sisters fur. Hannah would be back to normal soon. Same with her. And that horrid tattoo on her knee would be gone too. Nell got up and stretched, and then shoved her composition book into her bag. She then ordered a doughnut and a small hunk of bread to go. She munched on the doughnut as she and Hannah walked into the late fall streets.

Nell had taken to wearing a heavy jacket lately, so her long knee length purple coat stood out against her red scarf and her silvery blonde hair. Her hair was silver, from her mothers side, and had a tint of blonde, from her dad's side. In the right light, it looked just like silver. Nell stretched, and everyone around her turned to stare. Her hair was now in the right light... again. She heard at least five people around her say `wow.' She smiled at them. She then knew that she *had* to dye it. She hated people stare at her. It made them remember her. And she didn't like to be remembered. She kept walking home. To walk home, to her apartment, she had to walk past the military base. Of, course, she did that everyday, so it didn't bother her one little bit.

She turned to look at the base, like she did every time she passed. She stopped, as they were holding a ceremony of some sort. Of course! She whacked herself on the head. Today the military was holding a parade. All of the military would march down the street. She watched as they all marched in line, according to rank. Twenty million other people cheered around her.

She had to get out of there, to many people would notice her. There was another way home, through the crowd so she elbowed her way forward, which wasn't hard, Hannah growled and they parted for her. She got to where she was going, and she elbowed to the front of the crowd, and stared. They were about ten yards away, gaining a yard every five seconds. She saw a boy standing next to the Fuhur, with blonde hair, and golden eyes.

"Wow, he's..." she shook the thought out of her mind. They were a yard away from where she was standing, and she made daring attempt. She darted across the road, and went into the crowd. The crowd didn't notice her. They were staring at something else, and they all hushed.

The march stopped. She poked her head out of the crowd, and was horrified at what she saw. Hannah was standing in the street, looking at the Fuhur. Only... She had a glare in her eye. She let out a deep, throaty growl. Nell pulled at her fanned out ponytails.

[Like in Chikyu Misaki. if you don't know what it is, look it up on yahoo or Google. The girl with the red hair.]

"This cannot be happening. Oh god, oh god, oh god... I'm so dead. Well... Hannah is, not me... shoot!!!" Nell whistled. People looked over to her.

"Hannah..." she whispered. The dog didn't hear her. Nell crouched on the ground. "Hannah..." she called, slightly louder. Hannah was still growling at the Fuhur. He looked over to Nell. "Ah, you must be this dogs owner." Nell stood up. She was blushing a deep red. "Uh, yes sir, uh, sorry it's um... my dog yes... I'll grab her... I'm sorry Mr. Fuhur sir..." Nell marched out into the street and grabbed Hannah by her collar.

She realized as soon as she got there, Hannah wasn't going to move. "Hannah..." she whispered to her

sister. "What are you doing? I'm going to get in trouble..." She realized her sister had that look. She usually had it when a different homunculus (Besides her) crossed her path. She looked up to the Fuhur. He stood there, waiting patiently. Then she remembered. That homunculus that saved her. She learned that he could change into any person at will. But, why would he become the Fuhur? All that's in it for him was... Millions of armies at his command, and he could rule the- *"Ok, that was a stupid question. But, why now? Where's the REAL Fuhur?"* those thoughts were running into her head a mile a second, and she was still standing in the street. A name suddenly came into her head, and ended up taking the scenic route to her mouth.

"Envy?" The Fuhur froze.

"Damn it." The homunculus turned back into his palm tree self.

"I didn't know that I would be noticed. I was hoping to kill Elric today." He turned to the boy, who was dumbfounded.

"Another time, I guess." Envy ran off. Nell was left, standing awkwardly alone in the street, everybody staring at her. (Everybody, also means the military and everyone in the crowd.) She backed up a little, looking for an opening in the crowd where she could squeeze through. Then as if the heavens weren't on her side at the moment, the clouds shifted, and her hair caught the light. It shimmered in the autumn sun, and everyone stared. She found an opening, and she dove into the crowd. Everyone around her was talking in excitement, and a stream of constant babble erupted into her state-of-mind. She sprinted. No one followed her, except, she heard behind her, one person, and she tried to lose whoever it was the best she could. She dodged through unknown alleys until she turned up to a flight of stairs, which she and Hannah loped up, and she slammed the door.

Home. She had made it home, to her one bedroom apartment. She was praying that whoever followed her was lo- `Knock.' Just `knock.' They knocked on her door, and she wanted to tear her god blasted hair out and scream. But she didn't. She got, up, gathered her bearings, and went to her door. They were impatient, she noted. They were knocking harder. She opened the door, and there, on her doorstep, stood that boy from the front of the parade.

"Hello, I'm Edward Elric. You just saved my @\$\$. Can I come in?"

My corner!!!

Every chapter after this, I'm having a Q and A corner! You want to join? Go ahead!!! Just put your question up on my profile, and I'll answer them. Until then, here's some I know you might ask, or I've gotten in the past.

Q: Who's your favorite and least favorite characters?

A: Favorite... That's tough. I'm tied between a lot of people. My top faves are: Ed, (Hottie!!) Scar (Kick @\$\$!) Sheska (Looks oddly like me, and acts like me too... I Love books and I have a photographic memory... Somewhat -.-;; and Wrath (CUTE!!! *Hugs*) Least Favorite; Tied by two. Greed and Barry the chopper. *loads 44 caliber.*

Q: Do you know a lot about Fullmetal Alchemist?

A: First of all it has an abbreviation. I would LOVE it if people used it. I use FMA.

Funny story. My friend Chelsea taught me about FMA, and I know more then her, thanks to www.fma.xezi.com, and www.absoluteanime.com. Lifesavers. I found out everything I could possibly know through them.

Q: GVW-sensei, HOW TALL IS EDWARD ELRIC???

A: -.-;; the never-ending height question. Great. Well, Ed is actually 5'1". And if you laugh, I'll kill you, I'm THAT tall also. Without shoes on. *Ed I and I load guns, waiting for laughers to shoot.*

Q: Do you like Ed?

A: No. I LOVE ED! ED RESEMBLES ME, I CAN BE A JERK TO HIM AND HE LOVES ME ANYWAY! HE'S MY LOYAL SERVENT!!! Ok, getting off my Almost Roy-to-dog moment there... I love Ed. He's hot. He's got a bad Temper. (Like me.) He hates being called short. (Like me.) he hates milk. (Like me.). UNfortunately, he's not a vegetarian. (Like me.)

Q: Why does Ed hate Milk?

A: Good question, My friend! Everyone says Milk makes you taller, so Ed Doesn't like milk because He's on a quest to show that, no, it doesn't.

Bye Everyone!

-Mariah