

The Ramen Incident

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I wrote this for my friend. She likes it. XD Hope you do.

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1 - The Ramen Incident

Okay. Right. At that moment Sasuke, that cold-hearted Sharingan ninja with the black hair was standing in front of me looking very, *very* ticked off. In fact, I think I even saw a faint red glow in his eyes. Well, you're probably confused now, so I'll pause time for a moment and start from the beginning.

START FLASHBACK

In case you're wondering, this is Naruto Uzumaki speaking. You know, that yellow-haired, ramen-obsessed kid with the weird whisker-marks on his face? Oh, and I'm possessed by a demon fox spirit, but that's not really important. Anyway, it was a normal school day except for one small detail. That morning, I had discovered that there was NO RAMEN AT ALL left in my house. This was extremely annoying, as I then had to go to the ramen bar to get some and was late for class, but I had to because I'm like a zombie without delicious ramen. So I was sitting in class after having Iruka-sensei yell at me for five minutes (making me five minutes later *still*, teachers have no sense) wondering why my life sucked so much. And that damn Sasuke kept on being his usual, stupid self, making me even more annoyed with his snobby

"I'm-better-than-everyone-else-cos-look-I-can-do-the-fiddly-flame-jutsu-thing-and-all-the-girls-love-me" look. He was sitting at his place looking like he couldn't give a damn that Sakura (that's Sakura Haruno, by the way, super-Sasuke-fangirl and the most beautiful girl in my class) was glancing over at him every now and then and giggling constantly. I withheld my rage, practising self-control, until lunchtime. I managed this by imagining that the target we were hurling shuriken at was Sasuke's face. It was mildly fun. At lunch, I finished my cup-ramen in double-quick time (I think I made a new record) all the while not noticing the absence of the other two Team 7 members. I went to the bathroom and on my way back rounded a corner and saw what was probably the WORST sight I have ever laid eyes on. Sasuke and Sakura. *Kissing*. True, Sasuke did seem a bit stiff but I didn't notice as all that went through my head was ARRRGGGHHH!!! So I turned and ran. I don't think they saw me, Sakura certainly didn't anyway. There was still 10 minutes of lunch left so I set my scheming brain to work to think of revenge. Sasuke had stolen poor, sweet, innocent Sakura, and he had to be punished. Okay, I'm not a complete idiot, I know that Sakura was far from innocent, but I couldn't punish her, could I? So Sasuke it was. Then, in a flash of brilliant inspiration, a marvelous plan hit me. I knew the Uchiha boy had tons of (coughrabadcough) fangirls that he tried to keep as distant from as possible. So I would (anonymously, of course) give them his address, which he was intent on keeping secret. I cackled with an evil grin. I'm sure I must have looked stark mad, but the plan was genius. Pure genius. There was only one tiny problem, though, I didn't know his address. Unfazed, I decided to send one of my shadow-clones to tail him on his way home that evening to find out where he lived. I grinned more widely. This was going to be good.

Needless to say, it worked perfectly. My shadow-clone returned and told me where the Uchiha house was, and I posted to address to the SFA (that's Sasuke Fangirls Anonymous) headquarters in the center of Konohagakure. Now, all I had to do was wait.

The next day, it was Sasuke and most of the girls in my class who were late in coming to the academy that morning. Five minutes after the bell, an extremely angry-looking Sasuke stormed into the classroom, you could almost see the anime anger marks, followed by a twittering hoard of fangirls. The black-haired ninja looked very ruffled, like he'd had to run through a wood, and his hair was all messed

up. When he sat down, the hoard dispelled. I couldn't help but laugh. It was HILARIOUS. If I had been listening, I would have heard him mutter "Uzumaki" angrily under his breath.

It brightened up my day no-end to see the Uchiha so put-out. When lunch came Sasuke managed to ditch the fangirls and he walked over to my corner where I sat eating. Without speaking, without even looking at me, he grabbed my arm and jerked me out of the canteen, down a corridor and to a secluded, fangirl-free part of the academy grounds. Once there, he slammed me against a wall and finally raised his eyes to look at me.

END FLASHBACK

Sasuke stared at me. I stared right back. To be honest, I was kinda scared, but I wasn't about to show him that. Then suddenly, he smiled. It wasn't a good smile though, it was an evil, "Hahah-I-win" sort of grin. I was confused. He reached into his left pocket and drew out a bottle. It had yellow liquid inside, and the label said "Time-Release Laxative". It was half-empty.

Well, this wasn't making things much clearer, but the laxatives made me worried as I remembered a certain *incident*. I gulped quietly as his other hand withdrew something else from his other pocket. It was an unopened cup-ramen. And it had my name scribbled on it. Wait. That was MY ramen! I always scrawled my name on my ramen so people wouldn't steal it. Soooo..... if that was my ramen, what had I just eaten for lunch? I paled. My stomach gurgled.

Still smiling his creepy smile, Sasuke said:

"It takes one hour to work, dunce. Have a *nice* day." He then turned around and walked away, hands in pockets, no doubt looking for a place to hide from the fangirls.

Well. I knew that I was screwed, but for some reason I shouted out: "You kissed Sakura, damn idiot! You took advantage of her, git!" I didn't expect him to hear, let alone answer, but he stopped and said: "No."

"Whadd'ya mean no?" I yelled at him.

"I mean" he stated matter-of-factly "She kissed me. Why why would I want anything to do with a girl like her?" he asked. "She's not my type." And then. He disappeared into the building.

I stood there, thinking it over. How long ago had I started eating lunch? Ten minutes? That meant I had fifty minutes till doomsday. I would probably be in class. My heart sank. This wasn't going to be fun.