

Meet Maggie (Please Read!)

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Maggie is the new girl in Amity Park. She just moved next door to Danny. Danny, Tucker, Sam, and she are getting along quite nicely. Will things be as great when they find out her secret? And is Danny getting stuck in between Paulina, Sam, and Maggie

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1 - Five More Minutes Mom!

Okee-dokey! Danny Phantom isn't mine nor is most of the characters in this story; they are Butch Hartman's. But... Maggie Good, Joey Good, Terri Good, and Greg Good are mine! So there! Now this is all from Danny's perspective, and it is sort of obvious! Sorry if there's too much detail! Now, here we go!

When I woke up, and opened my eyes, everything was dark, and smelt like my hair! I tried to shake the smell off, not like my hair smells bad, and suddenly the darkness turned into a dull, dark, dreary version of my room. My pillow flopped to the floor making a kind of puffy, airy sound. I rolled my eyes and figured I must have phased through my pillow! I sat up to see that all my papers and books were sprawled out across my bed. I had stayed up till around 1:00am trying to finish my homework. I looked at my clock and found it was 6:03am. If I went fast, I could make it to school in time. I was still dressed, since I hadn't changed the night before, so I just flew out the door, and down the hall. When I saw Jazz's door just barely cracked, I peeped inside to find that she was still sleeping. A confused look swept over my face as I went to see if my parents were sleeping too. To my surprise, my dad was sleeping soundly in his bed, while my mom was not. I zoomed down the stairs into the kitchen only to find my mom sitting at the breakfast table in her flannel pajamas with a cup of coffee in hand, reading a very moist newspaper. I yawned wide as I stepped into the kitchen sitting at the table across from my mom.

"Good morning, sweetie." She said looking up from the paper and sliding it onto the table. "Why are you up so early?" She then placed her elbow on the table, resting one side of her face in it. She watched me with wondering eyes as I began to speak.

"Wailluh," I began, yawning loudly, I shook it off and continued, "for one, I get it from you," my mom giggled and smiled wide, "and, isn't it Friday? Don't I have school?" I looked out the window and saw that it was raining, but not snowing. And it wasn't flooding, nor was there a tornado, and I didn't think it was a holiday.

"Silly!" my mom said pointing at me, "It's a three day weekend, you have Friday off!" I sighed and leaned back in my chair.

Rolling my eyes, I said, "Thank goodness, I thought I was late for school!" I pushed away from the table and shuffled over to the staircase. "I'll be in bed!" I laughed as I took the first step up the stairs.

"No you won't!" my mom hollered back at me. I took one step backwards just far enough to see her face. I narrowed my eyes and raised one eyebrow. She knew I was confused, and began explaining. "Don't you remember what we discussed last night?" I shook my head and strolled back over to the table. "We are all going over to help our new neighbors get settled." I pouted loud enough so she could hear me, then I crossed my arms puffed back into my seat.

"Mom! Dad and Jazz aren't even up! And our neighbors probably aren't either! And it's raining! Why do we have to help out a bunch of old geezers anyway?"

“Come on hon.! It will be fun! Your father and sister will join us when they wake up! And, they have a young girl about your age, and a son Jazz's age. Why don't you give it a shot?” my mom didn't sound one bit convincing, but, since they did have a girl my age, it was worth a try. This would be a good chance to meet a girl before anyone, so the popular kids wouldn't pull her in or reject her, and maybe she would like me! That would be cool!

“Alright, I'll go,” I groaned as I walked away from the table, over to the coat closet. I opened it up and pulled out a large, puffy, snow jacket. I hung it on the doorknob and shuffled through the jackets. I finally found my red, hooded, zip-up, sweatshirt. I pulled it off the hanger and hung the snow jacket and the empty hanger back in the closet.

“OK, let's go.” I grumbled as I hazily shuffled over to the door.

As I was about to turn the knob, my mom, halfway up the stairs replied, “Oh, sweetie, let me get ready. I'll only be a sec. Why don't you freshen up?” I rolled my eyes, and rushed up the stairs.

Apparently, one second in girl time is more like, a half hour in real time. While my mom took a shower, I decided how I'd freshen up. “I guess a shower would be cool. And then I'll brush my teeth.” I decided, thinking out loud in my bedroom. I walked over to my closet and opened it up. I pulled out a long sleeve thermal shirt, a white shirt with red markings, my pair of red converse shoes, and a pair of blue jeans. I laid them across the end of my bed, setting my sweatshirt beside them. I opened the door that leads to the bathroom my sister and I shared and stepped inside. Locking the door to my sisters room and mine, I kicked off my shoes and pulled off my clothes, turning the shower knobs to just the right tempter.

2 - Blushig Brutally

As I finished drying off, I wrapped the damp towel around my waist and stepped out of the bathroom into my room. I checked my clock and realized I had only taken about 2 min. I listened carefully and heard the running water of my parent's shower. I figured my mom would be a while, so I'd try to squeeze in a quick breakfast.

The only window in my room faces a baby blue-painted house with white trimmings and finishing. That is the house where my new neighbors moved. My window used to face the window of this scary old lady and her cat. Her cat would always sleep in that window, and when I waved to it, it would hiss at me! This is why I'm a dog person! Anyways, now it faces one of the family members of my new neighbors. Want to guess who it is? Well I didn't, and I found out the hard way!

As I stepped into my room, just a towel around my waist, I looked once more out my window. I saw a girl, about the age 14 or so, sitting on the rim of her window, legs dangling, hands holding on tight to the edge of her window. She was looking out towards the clouds and nothingness, in a deep thought. Raindrops fell on her dirty-blond hair, with the lovely streaks of blonde and chestnut through out. Her tattered blue jeans and hooded-green sweatshirt were spotted with drops of rain. As her feet swayed back and forth, her black converse shoes loosened. She quickly grabbed a hold of them, coming out of a daze, and tied them tight. As she lifted her head, I nearly dropped my towel. Her freckled face looked as soft as silk, with two locks of hair purposely hanging in front of her face. A blue hair clip, meant only for accessorizing, was snapped in her hair, just above her exquisite hazel eyes. Her lips, a plum magenta, turned from sullen to giggly like that.

She was staring at me, biting her lower lip. She closed and covered her eyes, facing a different direction. Another confused look struck me, when I realized that I was only in a towel. I blushed brutally, pulling in the curtains. I clenched my teeth and made a fist, squeezing tightly, trying to relieve my anger... and embarrassment! I smacked my forehead and peeped through the curtains. The girl was laughing loudly, as was her mom, who was now in the room. I assume she had told her mom what happened, and they were sharing a good laugh about it. "Good going Fenton!" I thought to myself in fury.

I quickly got dressed, and ran down stairs to eat breakfast. I could now hear my mom's blow dryer on max, which meant she was almost ready. I gobbled down as fast as possible (...like always! It's my specialty! Aside from the ghost hunting!), a bowl of Cheeribees and milk, gulping down the last of the orange juice as well. I heard the door to the down stairs bathroom open and my mom bellow, "Let's go Danny!" I ran past her into the bathroom, shutting the door.

"One sec, OK?" I said back to her. I brushed my teeth at the speed of sound, and flew through the door, onto the front porch. The rain was still falling, but it didn't matter to me! I had to get over to see that girl at our new neighbor's house. "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go!" I yelled over my shoulder to my mom.

"Well, look who wants to go now!" my mom teased as she stepped out of the house. For once she was

wearing normal clothes: a pair of jeans and a long raincoat. I noticed it looked oddly like a lab coat, but it was really no surprise! Besides, if you didn't know my mom very well, you would never suspect it to look like anything having to do with labs, science, or ghosts! And why would it bother me! Every time I go ghost, I`m wearing tights!

As we walked over to the next house, I couldn't help but notice all the strangely familiar ghost hunting equipment in one of the two moving vans. I paused for a minute, standing in the rain, staring at all the equipment. I shook it off, and continued walking with my mom.

As we approached the next house, I saw a `Beware of Dogs!' sign hanging on the picket fence by one nail. I assumed they just started putting it up, when it started raining. There was no way it was from the last owners.

Once, I had to "take care" of the old lady next door, and the moment I said, "So... why a cat? Dogs are so playful and cats..." the old lady, who I miraculously never caught the name of (darn short attention span!), began hitting me with a cane, which I guess she never used. From then on, my mom wouldn't allow me to go over there, and neither would the old lady!

Anyway, I trailed behind my mom, going so slow you couldn't imagine! (Cute girl or not! I was tired, and she probably wouldn't like me any way!) When my mom reached the house, I was surprisingly still half way between each house. I may be able to fly at the speed of light, but as a teenager who was not motivated to do any thing but stare at that elegant girl through the rain, I was not about to be relieved of the great sleepiness that still stalked me, luring me back to the warmth of my own bed.

3 - The Girl in the Window

“Danny, this is Maggie.” She held her hand out, indicating that she was right next to her. Duh! “She’s fourteen, just like you. I assume you will both be going to Casper High together?” I nodded my head, not once taking my eyes off of Maggie. I was pretty much in awe! Maggie was slightly blushing. I imagine she was embarrassed about having her mother’s arm around her. I stared on. Her mother’s words were blocked out, creating a bit of a drone.

Maggie shifted her eyes from one side to the other. When she finally looked towards me, she blushed even more, biting her lower lip. I realized that she was staring into my eyes. I smiled shyly, and then looked down to the ground. I began to blush as my foot twisted behind the other.

We all have our little quirks that indicate we’re shy, right? Well, I was hoping this wouldn’t happen, but it did. My feet turned intangible, and I fell to the ground. I was positive, that from her perspective, it looked like I just lost my balance. My feet quickly became visible (Thank Goodness!!) and I opened my eyes.

A few raindrops fell into the puddle in front of me. I had actually fallen into the puddle as well! My jet-black hair hung in my face, all wet and frizzed. It was so cold and hard on the wet cement, and yet, I wanted to stay there. Stay there buried in my jacket, hiding my face in shame. I was certain my face was totally red, from my chin to my nose. I looked up, and to my surprise, a pair of eyes met mine.

I blinked in shock, and then shook it off. I sat up on my knees, brushing off the water and dirt that coated the front of my jacket. I wiped the rain off my face, and brushed my hair back over my eyes. It sprang back into form, letting a few drops of water glide off the tips. I held my arm in a bit of pain and lifted my head to see another face in front of mine.

Maggie was sitting on her knees right in front of me. I didn’t want to embarrass myself any more, and quickly stood up, brushing more junk off my pants. Maggie began to get up, and completely forgetting my want to rid of the embarrassment, I held my hand out for her. She touched it lightly, as if I were about to fall apart, and then grabbed hold. I didn’t want to seem too close, so I let go as soon as she was up. But I’ll tell you now; I didn’t want to let go. Her hand was warm and soft, compared to mine, which had just been on the chilly, firm ground. I felt something in the few seconds in which we were holding hands. It felt like a spark, or a connection, like something was right in the world. Wow! I do not sound like I’m fourteen!

Any way, as soon as I let go, Maggie walked back to the door. “Thanks,” was all she said. When she stood next to her mother, looking like a five year old, yearning for protection from the rain, she looked deep in thought. Staring down at her feet. Not embarrassed, but more, well, interested. Probably in the shock, that is, if she felt it too.

“...Danny...” said a voice. I was sure the voice was my mom’s and had said more, I just wasn’t listening. I looked up. It was really hard to pay attention. My mind was set on the shock that I had felt. I was trying to replay it in my mind. It was hopeless. I sighed, and tried my best to pay attention. “Danny,” my mom

said concerned, "are you ok?" I blinked my eyes, trying to wake myself up. I nodded, and sniffed a bit. I was really cold. I thought it was just my encounter with the ground, but it was much more complicated. Some thing I will definitely explain later.

My eyelids were heavy. I didn't feel as enthused about meeting Maggie anymore. I had embarrassed myself two times in front of her, and now she probably didn't even want to be five hundred feet from me. I was getting tired again, just barely keeping awake. I wanted to crawl in bed and just hope for a better day. When a voice of glory sang through.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Mrs. Good, which apparently happens to be their last name, chimed, "Come in, Come in!" as my mom and I stepped inside, I noticed the house to seem a bit less creepy. The old photos of dead people were taken down, and the walls were painted a soft yellow, almost opposite of the dark maroon that had once disturbed the old walls of the house.

4 - On My Knees

“Danny, this is Maggie.” She held her hand out, indicating that she was right next to her. Duh! “She’s fourteen, just like you. I assume you will both be going to Casper High together?” I nodded my head, not once taking my eyes off of Maggie. I was pretty much in awe! Maggie was slightly blushing. I imagine she was embarrassed about having her mother’s arm around her. I stared on. Her mother’s words were blocked out, creating a bit of a drone.

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5 - Nothing, nothing!

“So, why don't you two head up stairs into Maggie's room!” Mrs. Good said cheerfully. “Be sure to keep it down, Maggie. Your father and brother are still sleeping.” Maggie nodded her head and looked over at me. I smiled awkwardly at her. The last thing that I wanted was to be stuck in a room with her. Well, what it really was is that I didn't want her to have to be stuck in the same room with me! I could sense she didn't want to. But hey! What do I know!

“Come on!” Maggie sang happily. She grabbed my arm and led me to the stairs. Again, a bit of a static feeling crept up my arm, like a message, or something. As we went up the stairs, she let go, but when we reached the top, she grabbed hold of my arm once again, and showed me to her room. “Well...” Maggie said in a depressing way. I looked around her room. All there was, was a metal chrome bed with a mattress covered in flower print bed coverings, an unassembled desk, several cushions spread across the floor, one huge bean bag chair, and tons of closed boxes, that were being used as tables. A single box was opened, filled with photos.

I walked over to the box, and leaned over it, peeking inside. At the top was a picture of a girl in a black dress, holding a red rose, bare foot, laying on a field of grass. I stared long and hard at it until Maggie explained. “That's my best friend, Beth. She was a teen model. Or should I say, old best friend,” Maggie sighed and sat down over on her bed, creating a bit of a squeak as the springs bounced.

“What do you mean *old best friend*?” I questioned as I sat down next to her. She looked a bit shocked that I even cared, but went on anyway.

“Well, eventually, she became more and more into the modeling, that she was never around. I told her it was either her modeling or me,” she paused for a moment, then went on, “She moved to France, and began making even more money there,” Maggie sighed again, sounding kind of depressed and then added, “And of coarse there was the accident...” She didn't continue. I looked at her in a puzzled way. Still no answer.

“Uh... what accident?” I watched her carefully. Her face going from blank, to confused, to frightful all in one move.

“Nothing, nothing!” she replied as soon as she thought up an answer. She ignored my curiosity, and walked over to the window, where she had sat before, across from my own window. She held tight to the rim of the window, and leaped up, onto the window pain, dangling her feet in front of her, just like before. “It's just a memory now...” she trailed off, leaving my breath untouched, inside me, just waiting to burst out in one huge gasp. I knew her secret! The way she said nothing, sounded like me before I run off to “go ghost”, except, in a girls voice, of course!

“So, I, uh...” all words escaped me. I just wanted to plop down with a cup of hot chocolate and hear all about her life, sitting so close, I could feel her breath upon my neck, holding my clammy hands that had been scratched and frozen earlier. “What, uh... your... your parents are ghost hunters?” I shook out of my

daydream, blushing, as if she could read my mind. I covered my cheeks as she turned around to look into my eyes.

“Uh...” she giggled as she bit her bottom lip. I uncovered my cheeks. I had tried to rid of the light pink that scattered around my cheeks, but now a bright red flooded my whole face. It was odd, because, here I was, embarrassing my self here, and there, and every where, but I hadn't seen her completely blush, not once!

I scratched my head, creating my hair to frizz out everywhere. I stood up and walked over to the window, joining her search for dreams. “So...” I said, not once looking up at her. I watched the clouds, as they slowly crept along, getting darker and darker. Cold, crisp air bit at my face, like a metal pole, frozen from a storm, sticking to your tongue. I felt a pat on my head, and I finally looked up.

Maggie was fixing my hair, when she noticed I was looking. She slowly pulled her hand back. Now, she was really blushing! “Uh... old habit...” she grinned at me, her face blooming like a rose bush. She scooted over and patted the empty space next to her, indicating me to climb on up. I smiled at her, as her face, almost like a burn from a boiling pot of water cools and becomes normal, flushed, and perked back up again. I jumped up next to her, and dangled my feet as well.

6 - An ocean of love!

Eventually, she stopped laughing, and looked back up at me. I was now standing on the solid floor, looking out the window, once again. My feet felt all jelloish and cramped. When I noticed Maggie was looking up at me, I was about to look back at her, but a hard gust of wind blew against my face, blowing my hair back and cooling off my face. When I did look back at her, Maggie looked as if she were about to melt into an ocean of love, her mouth hanging open, catching raindrops. I looked at her in confusion, once again, and she shook it off, turning to dangle her feet over the floor as I did before.

She looked at me again, a light pink painted across her face, and began, "So, uh, what are your friends like?" She seemed a little uncomfortable, like she needed to try a few more positions before feeling totally comfortable. She didn't budge.

"Well," I began with a smile, leaning against the wall, "Tucker is like a total techno geek, but he's always cool to be around, even though he is a bit of an annoyance once and a while. And Sam," where to begin. How was I to explain that she was Goth, an ultra-recyclo vegetarian, and a really cool person, all in one sentence with out freaking out Maggie? "She's, uh..." I couldn't get the words out. This was kind of tough, because I didn't want to make her seem that I liked Sam as more of a friend, so she wouldn't feel intimidated to like me. "She's-a Gothic-vegheaded-geek-but-my-best-friend!" I blurted out in one big heap of a sentence. Maggie stared at me, furrowing her eyebrows, leaning away from me a bit.

"What?" she questioned. She sounded as if I had spoken I different language or something. "She's Goth," Maggie said slowly, repeating me, "a vegetarian, and your best friend?" She still looked confused as she waited for a response.

"Yeah..." I answered her, a bit ashamed. I wanted her to like me, but not think I liked Sam more than a friend, or less that a friend. "I, uh..." no sooner than when I figured out what to say, did Maggie cut me off.

"Really?! That is so cool!" Maggie shouted, jumping to her feet. "Wow! I wish I had a friend like that!" She leaned against the wall, looking as if it were her dream to meet someone like Sam.

"Well," said, glowing, "you could, if you wanted to!" I knew she wouldn't refuse this, so I just kept going. "We could hang out with Tucker and Sam today, and give you," I pointed at her as if this were the chance of a lifetime, "the grand tour of Amity Park!" If she knew about my ghost powers, I could have totally given her the grand tour, from the sky! But, it was better not to let her in... yet!

"Oh, you'd really do that!?" she sounded as if it really were the chance of a lifetime.

I nodded and hummed, "Mmm hmmm!" I so wanted to get to know her better, and if she met my friends, and hung out with us, then we'd be tight, and I could totally, like, get to know her, and then lure her into dating me! (Now that's that 14 year old I knew I was!)

“If you wouldn't mind?” she pretty much pleaded, like I'd say no!

“Of course not! I'd love to take you! In fact I love...” I stopped myself before continuing. If you don't know what I would of said, it would have been like this, ‘I love you! Uh... I mean...’ and then go from there. Luckily, my ingenious (well, if you call a C student igneous) mind thought of something to say just before I blurted ‘I love you’ out all over my potential girlfriend. “Uh... I love the fact that I know my friends would love to go too!” ‘Phew!’ I thought, ‘Nice save!’

7 - Almost like a fairytale...

Finally, after a great deal of time watching my mom tap her foot, waiting impatiently for me to speed up a bit, me not even noticing I was even awake, let alone walking outside in the rain, I reached the stoop of our new neighbors. My eyes slowly closed and (luckily my mom was turned around, because) I slowly phased through the ground.

My mom rang the doorbell and watched the door impatiently. "Ok, Danny, I want you on your best behavior. We need to make a good first impression," my mom lectured to me as I jumped back to life. I was about to ask what we'd do if they were still sleeping, but survey said, two people out of one household was indeed, awake.

I carefully touched my body, trying not to let my mom suspect anything suspicious. Yes, everything was visible. If the whole first impression thing was true, I absolutely could not be seen, well, not not be seen invisible. Especially after the towel incident!

When I finished my inspection, as if on cue, the door flew open, revealing a much friendlier face than the face I had witnessed there before. Standing before me was a slim woman, about the same height as my mom. She resembled the stunning girl in the window, but much older. Her face was much slimmer, and her waist a lot wider, as were other parts of her body, which I'm sure are better left as not the unknown, but the already known! Her hair was much shorter, sort of like my mom's, but without the bangs, and incredibly layered. Although she was amazingly similar to the girl in the window, my eyes wandered away from her, searching for the girl I had seen out in the rain, laughing at me from her window. She was nowhere to be seen. I sighed painfully, awaiting my hazel-eyed wonder. Almost like some kind of fairytale, except, instead of battling dragons, I would save her from vicious ghosts, never having true credit for my great deed.

"Why, hello!" the woman said cheerfully! "You must be Maddie Fenton! It's a pleasure to meet another great ghost hunter such as yourself!" She held out her hand, as mom shook it gently.

"Another?" my mom questioned, "Are you one yourself?" She stared on in awe, as if in the presence of 'Your Majesty'.

The woman bit her lip in excitement, and shook her head. My mom was excited as well, but both held in their excitement. 'Whoo-hoo!' I thought to my self, 'There is no greater celebration than meeting a GHOST HUNTER!' I rolled my eyes and began concentrating hard on a certain puddle that resembled a 'P' inside a 'D', somewhat like the symbol on my ghost-form costume. Suddenly, a huge drop hit the puddle, and it splashed everywhere, leaving more of a normal puddle for me to ignore.

I looked up just as the woman was saying something to me. "Now who is this!" the woman squealed. I assumed it was about me, for she was waving at me (like I was five!) and shaking her head at me. (I guess she thought I was five, although I looked fourteen, and felt I was amused by her gestures.) I rolled my eyes and smirked at her. I did not enjoy being treated like a baby!

“Well, this is Danny!” my mom said, smiling wide and patting my back, pulling me closer to her side. She rubbed my head, creating my long, jet-black hair to fall in front of my face. I couldn't see a thing. I crossed my arms and pouted over it before blowing it away with my stone cold breath.

I could feel it's icy charm letting me know a ghost was near as blue air fogged around my eyes. I looked around for any sign of ghosts. Nothing. Silence. Emptiness. There was no indication of anything unusual. I assumed it was some ghost doing no harm; that just wanted to be left alone.

I turned my attention back to the adults, when I noticed a new member to our little group. It was her. The one who had laughed at me, but politely looked away. The one with the lips of plum magenta and the hair of dirty-blonde. With the eyes of hazel, like a brown mixed in with aqua and green. The girl in the window.

I caught her attention, and she smiled warmly at me. It seemed she forgot all about the incident from our windows. Her mother saw I was once again, looking, and put her arm around her shoulder.

8 - Two Magical Words

Maggie looked kind of bummed. Maybe because I hadn't said `you' after those two magical words, but I doubt it, and then again, I save the day, not read minds! "Well, then," she sang with a smile, "it's settled, I," a loud crash coming from outside cut her off.

"What was that!?" I shouted, running to the window with her. We both stared long and hard. My breath was as blue as the daytime sky, and I shivered, for now, everything felt extremely cold. I knew I was looking for a ghost, but to this day, I don't know if Maggie was just looking for something out of the ordinary, or something more. I know if I wasn't so naïve fifty percent of the time, I would have noticed the green wisps, hanging in the air, as Maggie let them out in gasps of frustration

"Uh, it's probably just my dogs!" she exclaimed, calming down a bit. I smiled wide. I love dogs, and now, I had this beautiful girl at my fingertips, and she had a dog!

"You have a dog?" I asked, which was a pretty standard question, on account of, she just said that she did.

"Oh yeah! I have two, Fred and Ma-" again she was cut off. A loud thump could be heard, and some kind of zap. We both turned our heads once again, to see a short blue man, in overalls and a beanie. He was flying fairly slowly, right past our window, carrying a box, much larger than himself.

As he saw us he stopped and shouted, "Beware!" How predictable! The Box Ghost!

"Oh please! Him, again!" Maggie and I said at the same time. "Uh, I mean, oh, no! A ghost!" I smiled at her and she smiled back. Suddenly, it struck me! She knew about the Box Ghost, so, I just had to wonder. We both blinked in confusion, then jumping back to life.

"I'm... goanna... go, to, the... bathroom! And if I'm not back soon, I, am, cleaning the bathroom!" Maggie said, kind of unsure of herself.

I nodded and replied, "And I'll be in here, uh, cowering in fear, and if I'm gone when you come back, I, uh, fell out the window!" I tried to sound convincing, but I'm sure `falling out the window' was pushing it.

Maggie just furrowed her eyebrows, and ran down the hall. As soon as she was gone, I went ghost, and flew out the window. (Now how dumb does the `falling out the window' thing sound? I did, kind of, tell the truth!)

As soon as I was out, a box thudded against me, barely pushing me a half inch. I rolled my eyes, and zapped the Box Ghost, sending him flying through the air, and smacking into a tree. I flew over to him, and raised one hand. He gasped, and quickly flew away, into the deep gray clouds.

"Whoa!" I said in shock. "That was almost too easy!" I knew that the Box Ghost never remembered

me, there fore, every time we fought, he was never afraid. But now, he ran away, and I hadn't even done anything.

“Yeah,” said a voice from behind me. I spun around to find a girl; about my height, black hair in a high ponytail, blue eyes, and wearing; a long sleeved, white top, with an M over lapping a G on the front, white tights, black boots, and a black skirt, all covering her bronze-tan skin. A few freckles were scattered over her cheeks and nose. An evil smile spread over her face, as her eyebrows narrowed, staring right at me. “Well so is this!” she finished, zapping me with a ghost ray, sending me crashing to the ground. I skidded to a stop. Regaining my balance, I stood up and flew back up to the ghost girl, who was busy filing her nails, in some kind of sitting position.

9 - One Good Deed

"Who are you?" I questioned, leaving my hands down, indicating I wouldn't shoot.

"That's for me to know," she lifted her hand and sent some kind of shield over me, leaving me to drop to the ground, hard, "and you to never find out!" she finished, watching me rub my head, as I flew back up to her. "You wouldn't hit a girl, would you?" she mocked, making big puppy dog eyes.

"It's against my standards, but," threw a ghost ray at her, but it came right back at me, but now in a dark blue.

"Heck," she laughed, "you couldn't hit a girl!" I fell to the ground once again, but flew up to her... again.

"Ok, no more mister nice guy!" I shouted, lunging at her. I went intangible, and brought her down with me. Before I knew it, I was flying through the air alone, hitting a tree, and sinking to the ground. "Owe!" I moaned, holding my stomach. I flew up again and kept shooting at her as she went intangible, dodged, and created various shields, avoiding each shot, every time. I stopped for a breathe, as my hands smoked from the blasts.

"Too bad. I thought the Halfa would put up a bit more of a fight. But seeing as you are a good ghost, and such, I'll just keep an eye on you, to be sure you really are good." Once again, I couldn't help but be so naive.

"Say what?" there was nowhere to begin. What was she talking about? How did she know I was the Halfa? And why couldn't I hit her?

She sighed and just floated there. "I'm watching you, just to make sure you aren't bad. They say you're a good ghost. But, I can't really trust a ghost, unless I have proof, or something," she continued filing her nails. Suddenly, two clouds of smoke appeared, as duplicates of this new ghost stood guard. "Oh, this is the life!" she said as one ghost began to come towards me and another stayed back. "It's nice to have these powers isn't it? Oh, wait! You don't have these powers! HA!" she snapped her fingers, and a bottle of night-sky blue nail polish appeared. She continued laughing as I held off her replica.

"How are you doing this?" I shouted, as the replica spun around, created a tornado like Frisbee, and shot it at me, leaving me to spin in a circle, thud against the ground.

"Don't hurt him!" the original, who was now blowing her nails as a second replica, painted the other hand. "I just want you to watch him!" The replica that was on guard pouted, and just floated in front of me, never moving her eyes from me.

"Haven't you heard?" she said in a very popular, know-it-all voice, "Girls mature much faster than boys! And I'll tell you now, that old Vlad may have the years and wisdom, but I have the youth and powers!" She finished blowing on her second hand, and brought in her replicas. She just smiled evilly, and kept

watching me. "Do one good deed, and I'll believe what I've heard, and let you go!" she floated lazily, just watching me.

"I won't fight you, and just sit here, is that good enough?" I pouted, trying to squirm free. I was sure Maggie was back, and thought I fell out of the window. I had to get back.

"No. It isn't! Now save a cat from a tree, and get this over with, Mr. Danny Phantom!" I pouted, again, and scanned the area. I found a kid being bullied, and since I know how that feels, I flew over to help him.

"Hey kid," I tapped on the bullies back as he dropped the kid, who ran in fear, and turned around.

"What do you want pu-" he froze as I went on.

10 - Maggie... Maggie Goul

"Don't hurt him, yada-yada, or you'll hear from me, got it?" the boy just nodded, and as I flew away, I heard him crying for his mom. "Is that what you wanted, uh," I read the two letters on her shirt and finished, "M. G.?"

She smiled, almost, well, sweetly, and whispered, just loud enough for me to hear, "It's Maggie, Maggie Ghoul," just before disappearing, going who knows where.

"Maggie," I repeated to myself. I flew back to Maggie's house, and landed in her room, a normal (sort of) human once again.

"Sorry I took so long!" Maggie said, running into her room, in a kind of, out of breath tone. "The, uh, thing was stuck to the thing, so I had to use the other stuff to, you know, get it off." I just stared at her for a second, then smiled warmly at her.

"So, what do you want to do?" I asked her, a little out of breath myself. Maggie just walked over to a plastic container, and pulled out a couple of things, and walked back over to the door.

"Well, I'll tell you what I don't want to do! I don't want to do what is mandatory at the moment," she turned around, and walked back to the bathroom, calling back to me, "I'll just be a second!"

Again, the, one second thing was more like ten minutes, but I did get a chance to see her dogs wandering around in her yard. One had long, shaggy, golden-brown fur, and a red collar, while the other had a light yellow-blond fur, with a few white markings, and a blue collar. I watched them in peace, as each of the sniffed around their new home. It was nice to know they were in good hands, and that, from now on, I was actually going to see two dogs, everyday, that weren't ghosts.

"Ok," I heard Maggie say suddenly, bringing me from a daze, "I just had to, uh, just, do some things, you know!" she let out a stale laugh, and as she smiled, I could see something weird going on with her mouth. She quickly put her hand over it and began to blush.

"What was that?" I questioned her, not having the slightest idea of what was going on with Maggie's mouth.

"Oh, nothing!" she said as her voice shuddered, never once removing her hand.

"There's something going on with your mouth!" I accused her, not trying to sound mean, but persistent.

"What would make you think something up as silly as that?" she giggled, again, very fake, not sounding one bit convincing.

"A few things!" I shouted, getting a little perturbed. I had to get her to move her hand, so I pointed at her

and teased, "You have braces!"

"I do not!" she screamed back, pointing at me with one hand, the other balled in a fist at her side, and her teeth clenched, letting me have a full view of her retainer.

"Ah, ha!" I shouted, shaking my finger at her. "I knew it!" I did a little victory dance, but looked up to find a not-so-happy Maggie.

"Ok, you caught me," she moaned depressingly, "I get my braces Sunday, and for now, I have a retainer." She turned her head and finished, "I understand if you don't want to give me the tour tomorrow."

I frowned at her response, and replied, "Oh, no! It's not like that at all!" Maggie perked up and looked at me.

"What? You don't mind?" she seemed utterly confused. Why would I leave her in the dust just because of some stupid retainer?

11 - Lost in Memories

“What would give you the idea that I'd mind?” As I looked at her, she seemed a bit lost in her memories, like when you look at a bad scar, and remember the day you got it. She never did answer me, but I had a feeling it had to do with her old friend, what's her name.

“Oh, nothing!” she sparked up. (Well, technically she did answer me, but not exactly!) “So, whacha wanna do?” she questioned me, much more lively than when I had asked about the retainer.

“Well,” I began, “We could just hang-out here for a while!” I suggested. And that's just what we did. We talked a bit, actually, a lot, and got to know each other.

By noon, which was around the time my mom and I left, (no sight of dad, even though Jazz came and met Maggie's older brother, Joey), I knew all there could possibly be to know about Maggie. Well, almost. I knew; her middle name was rose, she loved dogs, she was afraid of bees, she played volleyball, her favorite color was green, she hated black (mainly the exact opposite of Sam), she loved chocolate, she hated math, she was an author (sort of), she had a pet bunny as well as her two dogs, she was going to go to Casper High, she didn't have a boyfriend or any other friends, and she loved rainy weather, just like the weather that day, and basically everything in between.

As for me, she probably thought the same thing. She now knew every thing, except for one thing. Of course, I left out the fact that I was half ghost (duh!). I told her about me, and about school, and we talked about our (not so much a tour) date (as friends) around town that day. I was really excited to get to know her. I really didn't want to leave, but I was getting tired, and I knew Sam and Tucker were probably wondering where I was, so I left with my sister and mom, unwillingly.

Luckily, before I left Maggie and I had exchanged phone numbers. We were planning on calling each other, that way we would know where we'd be going on our tour and such.

As I tagged behind my mom and sister, all I could think about was the date. Our date! The more I thought, the perkier I became. I remembered how Maggie had told me how she had plenty of friends at her old school, but now had to start all over. She was glad to have a new friend, and make more the same day. I wanted everything to go perfect! I mine as well have just sent out invites and threw on my tuxedo, because I was acting as if this was a party.

By the time I got home, my mind was filled with ideas. `We could go to the arcade! What about a walk through the park? Or a romantic brunch!?' The brunch was going too far, and the arcade sounded a bit too, well, guyish, so I decided we'd start with the park, then maybe a stop at `The Nasty Burger'.

As soon as I entered my room, I leaped for the phone and speed dialed to Tucker's. “Yes?” I heard on the other line. It was Tucker's mom. I hadn't noticed I had dialed his home phone number.

“Uh, hi!” I said a little dazed. I needed to get a bit more sleep. “This is Danny, is Tucker there?”

There was a pause, and she finally replied, "Sure, hold on one sec." As I heard her muffle the phone, she shouted, "Tucker! Phones for you!" Footsteps filled my ear as the phone rattled and scratched.

Finally, a voice panted, "Hello?" Tucker sounded as if he'd never run down stairs before.