

# Reflections

By **cartoon\_carazaygurl**

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# 1 - The Problem...

In order to get into a characters personality, while warming up to write a story, I usually take the time with the harder characters to try and become them by writing some paragraphs about them thinking of the people around them. Funny, now this has become a story. Enjoy.

Disclaimer: I dont own Animaniacs, Warner Brothers Studio, The Water Tower, or any characters related to Animaniacs.

## Chapter One: The Problem

It was silent among the vastness of the Water Tower. The Warner Brothers Water Tower to be exact, to be even more precise; The Warner Brothers Studios Water Tower in Burbank California USA on a small planet named Earth. To make it simple three retired unemployed cartoon characters lived in the silent Tower just to get by. Though the silence in the Tower was broken with a small thud on the cold floor.

A small boy about the age of a young adult stood beside his bed. Inside the tower they had added a small window, which was covered immediately with boards, but the uneven boards still showed moonlight on the boys face. There was fur and there was no doubt about it, but the pattern of it was what made it odd. White fur framed around his black eyes and cheeks, the rest of it was black fur that covered his lowered ears, and a bright red nose was right in the middle of it. He hovered over the towering three-mattress bunk bed to make sure his siblings didnt notice the slight thud. He was in luck, his sister and brother where still in bed and sleeping soundly.

So he then made his way on the other side of the Water Tower, tip toeing around various objects, sooner than he expected he had found the phone. The Warner Brothers Studio didn t want to give the cartoons any communications besides TV so they took away the phone and replaced it with a special phone that reaches the only person the cartoons knew to be a friend.

"Ello?" A voice groaned on the other side of the phone.

"Eh! Hi ya there Scratchy." The boy said.

"Yakko? " The voice yawned.

"Yeah, you know, sorry for calling so late Doc I just- " Yakko started.

"You couldnt sleep could you? " The Doctor asked.

Yakko paused and slumped over a bit. "No" Yakko replied.

"Vat is it zis time? " The voice asked.

"Were gettin worse Doc Im telling you. Dot wont stop complaining, Wakko wont shut up, we keep fighting, and-- I just dont think this is right. We've lost something Scratchy, I just don't know what or why, and its been buggin' the heck outta me. " Yakko replied.

The doctor became silent for a few moments.

"I tell you vat, I know zis maybe hard at virst for you, but I think it vill help you all. Write down your feelings, on a page und keep it secret until all of vour thoughts und emotions are on zat page or more. Tell Dot and Vakko to do it too and then ven you want to reveal the pages to each other ya?" The doctor said.

Yakko pondered this for a moment. "Well--" Yakko started to chuckle.

The Doctor knew him too well, and stopped him in his speech. "Yakko..." He said.

"Oh, alright." Yakko said.

"Good night Yakko." Scratchy said.

"Thanks Doc. Good night." Yakko said.

He would have told the Doctor to say goodnight to his assistant Nurse, but he had a few other things on his mind. When Yakko turned around to head back to his bed he jumped with surprise to find his siblings out of bed and glaring directly at him.

"Oh, hi there sibs!" Yakko said as he gave them a cheesy grin.

"Why where you up so late?" His sister asked.

"Was Scratchy on the phone?" His brother asked.

"Look sibs, I couldnt sleep at all, I had to climb outta bed and talk to someone." Yakko said.

"You *do* realize that its six AM already, right?" Dot asked.

Yakko's bagged eyes widened at Dot, he had no clue, he had thought that he had pondered in bed for only a few moments and got up to make the phone call. "N- no I didnt.. " Yakko said.

"Well maybe you should go out today and get yourself a clock." Dot said as she turned away.

"And get us breakfast while youre at it, Im starving!" Wakko complained.

Yakkos shock was consumed with the old feeling that he had once lost, most called it being the big

brother, the leader, or it also could have been rage. Using his un-natural cartoon abilities Yakko reached for Dot and Wakko, grabbing them both by the tail and dragging them right in front of him.

"Wait just a darn minute! You two have been nothing but pests and Im here to change that. " Yakko said.

"I thought thats what you wanted to teach us, oh big brother of ours." Dot objected.

"I wanted to teach you both how to reach to your full potentials, not be snotty Hollywood brats!" Yakko exclaimed.

Wakko had now become angered. "Oh so were the brats!" Wakko said as he took back his tail to face Yakko.

"You both don't understand anything Ive taught you!" Yakko yelled.

"So what? Does that make us stupid now?" Dot argued.

"**This** is *what Im* talking about. Dr. Scratchsniff gave us a project to do, he wants us each to separate and write down our problems, feelings, and complaints on numbers of pages. Once we feel that we are ready we will show and read off from those pages. Are we clear? " Yakko said.

"No, cuse apparently were stupid! " Dot yelled.

"Then go write it down!" Yakko yelled back.

"Maybe we won't because were snotty Hollywood brats!" Wakko yelled.

"Then write down why you think I said that! " Yakko yelled.

After a moment the two younger siblings understood it. They had seen why Dr. Scratchsniff had thought of it. Dot was indeed poetic and loved to write so she saw no harm in it, Wakko was always trying to find different ways to express himself, so he like the idea. It had seemed that their problems would be solved.

## 2 - Yakko Page 1

### Chapter Two: Yakko Page 1

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and so many years have passed ever so slowly as we continue to live in the Warner Brothers Water Tower. Now as a poor cartoon orphan with no family or actual home what so ever Im not complaining. Still, without the animation business to keep us living in these conditions, we have slowly lost most of our belongings. We are the Warner Siblings, Im Yakko and as the oldest I continue to try and guide my younger siblings Wakko and Dot to becoming the best they can be. Also as the oldest, in the past, I had become well aware of the types of ways to get us food and a little bit of money on the streets by being cartoons. Im not saying we had a choice, but before we had been trying to survive on the streets begging.

I guess you could say Dot was the first to find her talent. Here was this adorable little girl, her luscious black fur coated with white on her face and feet, the red nose, the cute tail and outfit, when we had first found a mirror she knew she was cute. If I remember, that mirror we found was in fact a broken one, aaah, well anyway; she was the first to use her talent. I was the second, of course I didnt find being number two being very flattering, but it was the order.

Besides Wakko, I was always the silent type before we had ever started up anything in our career, so I would always be observant of conversations, not to mention Televisions and Radio. The basics where I had learned to make my smart aleck, and sarcastic remarks. Thus I actually was Yakko, yakking up a storm with anyone I found annoying or a friend.

Wakko was a bit different, he had never spoken for the longest time, and so he was known to be the silent comic relief. Even though he never talked he would always make us smile. When I had told the two about going into comedy Wakko immediately started to teach us different wacky and insane faces. No one knows why Wakko has his tongue always sticking out of that wide smile, but my theory is that he stretched it out while eating. I remember the day when Wakko first spoke in front of us. We had finally gained enough money for some take out and Wakko was gulping it down, just as we were, as Dot and I where busy eating we never noticed Wakkos need for us to tell him where the ketchup was.

Dot and Yakko snarled and ate the food gulping loudly, the most unpleasant sounds one could make while eating where being made from the two. Wakko sat there looking back and forth at the two as he tried to gesture them to stop. The two kept fiercely eating their food, Wakko looking distressed at his siblings, hoping for a reply to the look in his eye. At last, Yakko had his mouth stuffed with a combination

of fries, hamburger and water he managed to say a word.

"Wha?" Yakko asked.

Wakko kept looking at Yakko, blinking at him; Yakko swallowed a portion of his mouthful and asked again.

"Wha? " Yakko asked.

Wakko looked to his fries then to Yakko with pleading eyes. It pained Yakko to see his sibling wanting for his help but he knew he had to talk some time. Yakko continued to eat his food, not keeping his eyes off of Wakko he gulped down some water.

Yakko set down his cup and pointed to Wakkos fries. "You gonna eat those? " He asked.

Wakko gave a small gasp that Yakko could barely pick up; though he saw in his eyes it was loud and clear. Yakko began to reach for the fries, Dot stopped in her tracks and swallowed slowly. Wakko looked even more horrified at Yakkos hand as it reached more to his fries, Wakko bit his lip and grabbed his ears as he started to breath heavily. Wakkos mouth opened a slight more, Yakkos hand drawing closer as his black eyes traced Wakkos.

"YES!!" he cried as he covered the fries with his body.

His Liverpool accent spilled out of his mouth as he pleaded; "Dont eat them, I really want them, all I wanted was the ketchup!" He cried.

Yakko blinked at Wakko for a moment then smiled widely. "Why didnt you say so?" Yakko asked.

Dot gave Yakko a dirty look, but he only shrugged at her. "What? " He asked. Dot threw a napkin at Yakko and then looked to Wakko.

Wakkos voice was like music to our ears, it had turned out that he was subconscious about his accent, since we have never been around anyone with the accent or have had one ourselves he was extremely embarrassed. Though he had learned fairly quickly that we loved him the way he was.

This might be very confusing but when we first came to Warner Brothers they wanted us to do Animaniacs, a show about cartoon characters who where retired, locked inside the Water Tower and come back out to cause chaos and mayhem. As soon as the show was cancelled, with nowhere else to go, we asked if we could actually live inside the Water Tower. Talk about your work becoming apart of your life.

Now in the present, it has been a lot harder than in the cartoon we had done. The luxury of being a cartoon somewhat got to our heads, and we have had a few emotional problems. No more individual trailers, no hair and makeup designers working around you all day, especially the hot ones, and worst of all no one even expects us to pay anymore, it may sound generous but the Tower is like a prison. The food is only brought up to the Tower if we DO decide to pay, we arent supposed to leave the Tower, and we cant connect with anyone outside. We used to have a phone, but now all we have is a TV. Cutting the cable, no more DVD player, no radio.

Wakkos constant wailings for food has died down a bit as he tries to get used to having a more humane appetite. Dots complaints of every little thing have calmed, with the realization that its best to be happy with what you have. I cant complain about them though, Ive been a tad too bossy this whole week, something that neither one of them liked about me.

### 3 - Wakko Page 1

A.N: I'm back with this one! I had this chapter lying around for AWHILE now, and I didn't want to leave anyone hanging too much. ^-^;; Just a note; this was based on the episode Babbiln Bijou according to the interviews about the Warners inbetween the episode. I haven't seen all of the episode, and this was before I got my eyes on "The Warners 65th Aniverisery". So sorry if it isn't entirely accurate.

#### Chapter Three: Wakko's Page 1

Never have I felt so hungry in all of my life. Yakko has starved me from day one, and I've felt horrible. I've tried to watch some Don Knots videos to keep calm, but my stomach never keeps quite. Yakko has been telling me to do things more "productive" or "things that benefit our lives" than just eating and watching TV. Though, it's the only thing I can do, I was once PAID to do it! Eat, watch TV, act stupid, sing, and dance. I have to say those times where the best.

We where playing as siblings, and we where siblings, it drew us closer with the bloopers, the trips, the slips, and the plain fun of acting together. The best thing was that we where ourselves. None of us where too far from the characters we where portraying. Every actor dreams of the day where a director comes up to an actor and says to just be yourself, and don't read the script. It was what the studio did to us and it was the best.

Though as the times changed we kept making more of a profit, thus we got to buy things we didn't have at first, doing everything we ever wanted, and meeting our heroes of Acting. Yakko, in the beginning, was very kind. He was always watching out for us making sure we took the right steps. So to do that he would always take a step ahead into anything before Dot and I did it. So naturally, Yakko was the first to take the wheel with our comedy career. He did a week of touring and then introduced us to Sy Skyman, Jack Benny, George Burns and Milton Berle. Milton didn't get along with Yakko much, which is pretty much all you need to know, so I won't go into it.

It was the same thing with the cartoon business; Yakko, being well observant, thought over the whole thing and stepped in first for the auditions. Though his experiment went wrong when he couldn't get passed the audition without us, so he took us along for the ride. The people thought it was hilarious, amazing, fascinating, and devilishly cleaver of the things we could do. Yakko was known as brains, I was known as brawn, and Dot was known as... cute.

Though over time, our personalities changed due to the whole experience. Yakko has become even more controlling and unbearable to stand. Though he still watches out for us, that I'm glad for, he is a lot more stuck up.

Dot in the beginning was sweet, a tad controlling, and extremely sensitive. She was mostly like a smaller, female, version of Yakko. She would always be glad to be the follower, but sometimes there where times she felt like she needed to stand up. Dot was kind of like the healer in the family, it seemed she was the good conscience for Yakko.



I couldn't help but wonder where I fit in the picture...

The gentle breeze lifted Yakko's ears softly as the three siblings walked on the sidewalk. Wakko stared at the sidewalk, and thought about how he hadn't yet told his family why he never spoke to them in a long period of time, as he stared at his feet.

"A- Am I in trouble Yakko?" Wakko managed to say.

Yakko perked his ears up and looked to his middle sibling over his shoulder as he continued walking. "Why would you say that?" Yakko asked.

"I, knew how to speak for a long time, tried to get rid of the accent but-" Wakko started.

"You think you're in trouble for having an accent?" Yakko asked.

"No, I knew how to speak, but I never wanted to." Wakko said.

Yakko spun around and stopped in the way of Wakko, so he had to look in his eyes. Out of Yakko's peripheral vision he saw Dot walking on, he grabbed her by the tail and pulled her in the triangle. Dot's tail pulled out of Yakko's hand as he loosened his grip on it; with a sense of insecurity she grabbed Yakko on his right index finger.

"You know Wakko, accent or not, able to speak or in the silence, we love you for the way you are." Yakko said with concern.

Before Wakko could even realize it his eyes swelled up with tears and he tackled Yakko, causing Dot to lose her grip, and Yakko to almost lose his balance. Yakko began to grow a big grin, and after that Dot smiled and grabbed a hold of the two. Yakko began to laugh, and then the two other erupted in laughter also.

Yakko had always stated that it's always best when you're down to look up at the situation and laugh. Yakko was always the one to be optimistic about certain things, something that I could never really do.

So back to Dot; the way she turned out was even more hideous than Yakko had. She was ten times worse than Yakko, she and Yakko had gotten into the worst fights I had ever seen, on set, and even at

"Home" . They would go on and on about the smallest things, like I said we weren't very far from our characters "I'm Mad" is the best way to put how much we've changed. Dot and Yakko always bickering, and apparently, according to Yakko, I've been complaining too much. Something the two had never liked about me.