

# ScrapS

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*If you think I've done too much artwork then you're in for a shock. My true obsession is writing, and I cannot stop. So I've made this to wrap up some of my scraped stories. Anyone can make a shout out if they want to see me finish one, and anyone can ma*

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# 1 - The E.R. Room

The E.R. Room

The E.R. room was packed from what I can remember, but since I was having a heart attack they let me through immediately. It was a sunny day that I decided to spend with my old tired wife, but was suddenly crushed by the incident that was happening. I remember bright lights and doctors all around me trying to get me to a room. Once they had found a room I could only remember people pounding on my chest trying to revive me. I was an old man and my time had come for me to leave. If I had the strength I would have told them so, well if I would have known. So there are usually people who would have told me that life was flashing before my eyes, but it did not. Instead I could not help but stare in-between the doctors who were working on me from my right hand side. There, in the window was a worried look from my wife. If I could have comprehended that sooner I would have smiled at her, if I knew exactly where I was going. See, right at that moment the thing that was going through my mind was that these kind young doctors would help me recover from this situation and I would be able to lay eyes onto my wonderful wife again. But what I didn't know is that the worried look on her face would be the last thing I would see. Though I couldn't comprehend it during that time. Speaking of not comprehending things the thing that startled me the most was seeing a girl blocking my view of my wife. Her hair was long and brown with deep hazel eyes full of happiness, just like her wide smile. In an instant I knew who she was, even before she spoke, if she was going to ever speak.

"Mattie..." I said with my last breath.

All of the sudden I saw complete and utter darkness, but as it quickly faded I found myself flying and breaking through several clouds.



I spotted Franz and JA on the hill; I started to walk towards them and waved at them.

Hey JA! Hey Franz-- I started.

Every head turned to me with wide or narrowed eyes. I then felt a cold sting at my leg and I looked horrifyingly down at my left leg. Down at my feet I spotted a boy, Johnny, a boy who constantly loves to poke fun at my *curse*, and loves to see me in pain. His wicked smile crept upon his pale face as my brown eyes looked slowly at my leg. My blue jeans were now stained a blood red, and my gash opened up wider as blood flew out of it. I cringed down at my leg and held the spot above it, hoping someone would come to my side. No one did, I was sure JA and Franz were making their way out of the crowd, but all I saw was Johnnys face. His cold brown eyes stared me down as his black hair whipped across his face in the cold wind that stung my wound. God, what a horrible way to die, have I been forever cursed to live among my kind only to test out others deaths? Why. That is all I ask. I felt the same sting travel deep into my chest and I heard a faint whisper from Johnny.

Say hi to the Devil for me. Johnny smiled. I then saw black.

Thankfully, I was never going to see the devil! I always smiled at that comment, I loved to hear him beg for me to suffer but I knew where I was going. A bright warm light shown upon my face and I found myself at the gates of heaven. The clouds had a gold outline to them and the gates were a lot thicker than everyone had interoperated in comics and cartoons, and before me stood Peter glowing and all, but not his facial expression, no he had the most lamest look on his face like he was some extremely bored student there in his homeroom for what he had hope to be the last time. It was never going to be the last time, not with Johnny around.

He sighed and put a hand on my shoulder.

You are hopeless. You have to stay away from that crowd Molly Morton. Peter sighed.

Yeah, I know. I was just curious! I protested.

Curiosity killed Molly. Peter said.

Come on. I complained.

As long as you do not go around worshiping a false Idol, or The Prince of Darkness, then your fine. Be sure to tell JA and Franz alright? Peter asked.

Yeah. I moaned.

You better take more responsibility if you want to keep your place here in heaven Molly. Ask God when in doubt. Peter reminded.

Oh alright. I sighed.

Good. Peter said.

Suddenly I woke up to find I was in the nurses office, with everyone in the entire school outside the windows, and my friends looking down at me. JAs pink highlighted black hair was awfully stringy and so long my nose started to itch, her grey blue eyes searching mine. Franz was just sitting there with smiles, his usual jet black hair and his grey blue eyes wide as they can be.

Shes back Mrs. Holloway! JA called. Franz got up as I rose on the bed, he opened the door and lots of people scattered away from the door, memorized on Franz.

Deejay here that everyone? Mollys back!! Franz yelled down the hall.

No need to tell the world Franz! I exclaimed.

I felt a sting and I held my chest, I looked and I saw my cut was still open.

Oh yes dear your definitely going to need stitches. A voice said.

I turned to find the nurse, Mrs. Holloway. Her light brown hair was extremely curled but shoulder length as always.

I am pretty sure your Mother and Father are on their way so you should sit tight until they come. Mrs. Holloway said cheerfully.

I saw Jessica motioning Mrs. Holloway to stop talking, she looked like she was drowning she was jumping so fast. She then sighed and looked at me sadly, I turned away from JA then to Mrs. Holloway.

M- My father is dead, Mrs. Holloway.. I said.

She stared at me for a long period of time; out of the corner of my eye I saw Franz with the door still open and everyone in the whole school looking sadly through the windows. It was like I was some mascot of the School, everyone looked after me, everyone teased me, and everyone pestered and poked. This wasnt just a sad moment to remember for the Young Adults at Irony High, it was a horrible memory for me.

I do not know how my Mother does it; she acts all the time like it was no big deal. She never wanted to think about the day again. It started on Thursday night when my Mother and Father where raising their voices, I hated it when they would argue. They cursed and yelled at one another for the longest time, as the night grew longer they where separated while they slept. My Mother took the bed, my Father took the couch, and I wept in my room. The next day was poring rain and fog was thick, my Dad wanted to get out of the house and I needed to get to school. I should have refused, but he drove me to school. We went earlier than usual so I asked him a couple of questions. He told me that Mom and Dad where fighting over just some issues of raising money, his job, and education for me in the future, but it was nothing to worry about. At that moment I broke down and cried in his chest, he felt sorry for me so he told me he would walk me up to the school. He did so, something told me to look back behind me as

soon as my father began to walk away. Just as he walked off the curb our own very school bus hit my father.

The last words he said to me; *It was going to be alright*, he would always be there for me and Mom, that he loved me, and that's when he strode off. I managed to say.

JA sat next to me and held me as Mrs. Holloway sat down slowly in her chair staring widely at me.

I- I'm so sorry Molly, I had no idea.. Mrs. Holloway said.

The clanging noises of our bell rang down the halls and everyone scattered away from the door. Francis slipped inside and looked at me with sorrow. It was like they were all expecting me to cry. I was done bawling my eyes out at home so I couldn't shed any tears even if I wanted to. Mrs. Holloway looked at Franz and JA and spoke to them.

You two better head to class, I will look after her. She said.

JA and Franz nodded, JA looked at me and kissed me on the forehead, then got up and walked away. I sat there, puzzled, along with Mrs. Holloway feeling the same way.

Does she always do that? She asked.

N- No, she doesn't.. I stuttered.

I knew that JA lost her Mother figure not too long ago so I guess she was trying to show some comfort besides a simple hug. It is normal for friends and family to do that right? She was considered family to me, including Franz. Speaking of them I guess I should tell a little more about them.

Franz was the first boy I ever met and became friends with. The first boy I *encountered* was trying to beat me up. It was in 1<sup>st</sup> grade, a 2<sup>nd</sup> grade blonde haired boy was trying to take my lunch money and I was behind a ledge with a metal fence below. He threatened me and started to take advantage of the area I was in. He decided to shove me a bit until I dropped the money, but I held on to it. When all the sudden I slipped and was starting to fall backwards, but a hand caught mine and my money then pulled me up. I met eyes of blue grey, jet-black hair, freckles, a pale face and a wide smile attached to a somewhat over weight bulky body. I remember grasping him in a hug with relief and him picking me up and run off from the goon. He was my hero, I had a crush on him in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and I haven't left those emotions since.

How I met Jessica was more emotional. In the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade we happened to cross paths in the Nurses office. She had red hair at the time, short and wavy that curled around her chin. Her grey blue eyes just searched me, I couldn't blame her, as I was bleeding half to death, a gash on my left arm was wide open. As soon as my arm was bandaged up she ran to me and clung on to me for dear life and began weeping. She had told me later that her brother had died by bleeding to death at the playground, I couldn't blame her for crying at the site of someone else whom she thought would die. We have been friends ever since.

The pain from the present was brought be back to my senses.

Sheesh! I yelped.

Oh Molly you have had these stitches put on all the time! My mothers voice said.

I was now at the doctors, getting some stitches on my chest; normally I horribly hate stitches and go numb or faint every time I see a needle, or the doctor, but the doctor and my mother made sure I was awake. For me, this was torture; it is horrifying for me to see a cut forced together again.

Not on my chest Mother of mine! Ow! I yelped.

I thought you said you where getting into the whole Goth thing? Mother said.

I was curious okay. Im over it. Yow! I yelped again.

Please try and not squirm, and please Mrs. Morton try not to make your daughter yell My doctor said.

As soon as the stitching was done on my leg and chest we headed out. Once we got into the car I stared down at my feet. If I told my mother what I saw when I had died for a short moment I knew she would think I was mentally ill, Peter told me this situation was supposed to be confidential, the limit was two. That was until my school came in, so now all my school knows and my Mom has no clue. It sounds completely unfair, but Peter has a point. It might spread, even if mom doesnt want it to. I promised myself unless something horrible happens that leaks out my secret, I will tell her.

You okay sweetie? My mom asked.

I was snapped out of my thoughts, and I looked to my mom and forced a smile.

Yeah! Everythings good. I replied.

Aw crap, it was my first lie. Believe it or not that sentence that just spewed out of my mouth was my first official lie.

I kind of liked it..

Back at School the next day people swarmed around me asking all sorts of stupid questions.

Are you okay?

Did you knock out when he stabbed you?

I heard no one knows who stabbed you!

Are you mad about that?

Cool stitches!

Oh my god! You have stitches!

Did it hurt?

Are you okay?

Everyone has been circling rumors that no one knows who it is!

Idiot! No one knows who it was, the roomers are that it was Johnny!

I heard he missed your heart by only a centimeter!

I heard it was a comic character that came out of its book to haunt you and had finally killed you!

It was silent after that last comment, everyone looked to find a girl with long red hair her green eyes looking completely clueless at the crowd.

What? Its what I heard. She simply applied.

Everyone looked back at me, as they where asking more questions I saw two black heads forcing themselves to the middle of the crowd, where I was.

A.N.: Yep, Elen made a cameo in this. I know you arent crazy about JHTM at least, to my knowledge but I had the urge to just dump you in there. ^.^



### 3 - My 8-Bit Theater FF

This is my sad attempt at making an 8-bit theater (and/or FF1) fanfiction with newly added characters and appearances of the old ones.

Down the street among the busy people was a tall brown witch-like hat, along side of it was bright red hair. People moved out of the way to reveal two men walking down the brick road surrounded by many buildings fashioned of bricks and wood. The one wearing the hat had somewhat long black hair down to his shoulders, blue robes, with the hat covering his face you could only see black and bright yellow eyes glaring at the red-headed one. The red-haired man seemed happier than the one in the hat, he had red armor on and his eyes beamed a bright blue color with a wide smile.

“So where are we heading next Black Mage?” The red-haired one asked.

“Where just here to take a look around alright Fighter?” The one with the hat yelled.

“Okay then! So are we going to a sword shop? I like swords...” the red-haired one asked.

“I’d like for you to SHUTUP!” Black Mage roared.

“Geez Black Mage you sure are snappy today...” Fighter said.

“I wonder why...” Black Mage mumbled. Though it was clear Black Mage knew exactly why he was so snappy, it was because Fighter wouldn’t stay quite the whole way they were walking to the town from trying to start a conversation with him.

So they continued to walk down the people-filled road and looked at all the sidewalk shops. They stopped in front of one that Fighter couldn’t help but stare at. The pergola had a cloth over it that was a dark purple it was fairly big and had many weapons and handmade things in it. Black Mage stopped because of the beautiful mistress guarding the tent.

Her hair was purple like the cloth that made the tent, her eyes were a deep blue, while her short armor was a lighter purple and her tall brown boots went up to her knees, on her back she held a gigantic sword and arrows. She also had purple see-through cloth to cover her elbows down to her hands held with a brown band with a dark purple jewel.

“Hello travelers, I haven’t seen your kind around here, you must be new to this town.” She said.

Black Mage’s eyes went wide as chills went up his back. “I- I- I- I-...” Black Mage stuttered.

“Wow!!” Fighter exclaimed at the girl. He looked at her back that had the giant sword. “That’s a big sword! I like it a lot!” Fighter said.

“Heh, well I am enchanted but tis not for sale... Though I have many others like this one...” The girl said. “What’s your name? My name’s Fighter, I like swords...” Fighter said.

“...My name is Femi and I like any kind of weapon really...” The girl said.

“Femi huh? Doesn’t that mean ‘love me’?” Black Mage asked.

“...Uh yes it does...” Femi said.

“I think my name should be Femi...” Black Mage said sadly.

“W- why is that?” Femi asked.

“So that *you* could love *me* baby!” Black Mage exclaimed.

Femi didn’t do anything except blush and stand there looking at Black Mage.

“Wow, I think you’re losing your touch B.M....” Fighter commented.

“No, it’s not him, I’ve lost count how many times I’ve gotten that one...” Femi said.

Black Mage sighed and walked into the tent looking at the weapons. “Uh, well then let me show you the big swords then Fighter...” Femi said.

So Fighter followed Femi into the back, as well as a sulking Black Mage. Femi opened a curtain, it was a room with many swords but everyone was focused on the floor. On the floor was a sleeping girl, her hair was red and a blanket was wrapped around her as well as a bundle of clothes to act as a pillow.

“Heroine!!” Femi yelled.

With a jump the girl sprang up and looked to the Femi. “Oh! Hi big sister!!” the girl yelled.

“What are you doing in here?” Femi yelled.

“Well I wanted it to be a surprise see, I came all the way from elf town from my recent adventure and I wanted to come and see you, so I decided to sleep here until you came. I guess you found me though!” Heroine explained.

“Uuh!! You are sleeping in my most valuable room, not to mention sleeping on merchandise!” Femi yelled.

“Uuh, I’m not exactly sure what’s going on but who is that?” Black Mage asked.

“Her name is Heroine, she’s my sister...” Femi said.

Fighter was still gazing at the red head as she got up. She had bright blue eyes with light red armor almost like her sisters, and she also had a big sword next to her. He watched her grasp the blanket and

shirts she had slept on and put them where she had found them. She put the big sword around her back and smiled at Fighter.

“Who are these two?” Heroine asked.

“They’re customers you oaf!” Femi exclaimed.

“Oh! I- I’m sorry big sister is there anything I can do to make it up to you I—...” Heroine started.

“Ugh!! Just shut up and get outta here!” Femi yelled.

Heroine hunched her back over and walked out, Fighter and Black Mages heads following her.

“Wow, could you teach me how to do that?” Black Mage asked.

Fighter only looked sadly at Heroine, then smiled as he began to walk out.

“You want me to teach you how to get under my sister’s skin?” Femi asked.

“Yes! Cuse you see we have much in common; We’re both hot, we’re both evil, and we both have complete morons on our tail--...” Black Mage started.

The next thing Black Mage could comprehend was that all of the sudden he was out on the street again.

“No one insults my sister but me got it buster!” Femi yelled.

“Sheesh she’s got anger issues...” Black Mage said.

“Oh, like you don’t...” A voice said from behind him.

Black Mage turned around to find a man with long white hair that glistened in the sun and a hat that was read with a white feather on it. His eyes where a hazel color, his shirt was white, the bag that was strapped around him was brown including his belt and boots. He also had a red robe and red pants.

“Red Mage!!” Black Mage exclaimed.

“Yes, tis I Red Mage! Come from the dark confines of--...” The man started.

“Yes, yes, all that junk but how did you get here? How did you find me?” Black Mage asked as he got up dusting off his robes.

“Well this is a tourist spot, and the shops are quite lovely. Also; everyone in Elf Town can here your bloody screams!” Red Mage yelled.

“Wow, well I would stand up to this but those weren’t my screams.” Black Mage said.

“Well... is Thief with you?” Red Mage asked.

"Nope." Black Mage replied.

"Was it White Mage?" Red Mage asked.

"Not in a million years..." Black Mage said.

"A bloody cry for help perhaps?" Red Mage asked.

"You gotta be kidding me..." Black Mage said lamely.

"A fox being murdered slowly and painfully?" Red Mage asked.

"That's gotta be the most entertaining thing I've seen, but never again..." Black Mage said.

"Well... Where they Fighter's screams?" Red Mage asked.

"Don't tempt me..." Black Mage said.

"Well then who's where they?" Red Mage exclaimed.

"They where mine..." Femi said.

Red Mage looked behind B.M. and looked over the girl. "DUN, DUN, DUUUUN!" Red Mage exclaimed.

"Will you ever stop doing that?" Black Mage exclaimed.

"Well I'll be...who would've thought that those shrieks of death would come from such a fine gal..." Red Mage said.

"Hey! I saw `er first ye old man!!!" Black Mage exclaimed.

"That'll be the day..." Red Mage said.

"I will kill you..." Black Mage mumbled.