

Missing

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Okey dokes. I made an OC. Her name's California (Cali for short) and she lives with America.

This is kinda hard to explain, so read it.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ick1/57232/Missing>

Chapter 1 - The Discovery	2
Chapter 2 - Get on the Way, Then!	4
Chapter 3 - The Search- Part One	5

1 - The Discovery

Samantha Jones' alarm went off. She slammed the 'off' button and reluctantly walked downstairs to breakfast, putting on her glasses on the way.

"Cali!" Alfred called to his sister. "I just made breakfast. You want any?" he asked from the kitchen.

"Depends. What'd you make?" California asked. She had a hunch she knew already.

"Hamburgers. Duh!" he came out of the kitchen, holding two plates with hamburgers ready and made on them.

"I'll have it later. Thanks, Al." she said. A slight frown formed on the American's face, but it passed.

"Are ya sure? They're right off the grill." America said hopefully.

"Yes, America. I'm sure." she said, starting to get frustrated. America knew the look she had on her face. It was the 'Shut up or I'm going to punch you' look. He decided to keep his mouth shut. Cali was one tough girl. She had her cute side, but boy could she throw a punch.

After Cali had finally eaten her breakfast, the phone rang.

"Yo." she heard America pick it up in the other room. "Yeah Japan, we'll be over in a sec." California perked up at the sound of her friend's name.

"Cali have you seen my white shirt?" America came sock-sliding down the hall, shirtless, almost slipping in the process. Cali looked up from her book and chuckled.

"Nope, sorry." she said. She was already dressed in her usual outfit. White t-shirt, long leather jacket, caky pants, and sneakers. Alfred groaned in frustration.

"I need my shirt!" he said.

"Why are we even going to Japan's anyway?" Cali asked, still smiling at how ridiculous her brother looked.

"I'll tell you later, after I get my shirt!" Alfred said. Cali rolled her eyes.

"Did you check the dryer?" she asked.

"Dryer. Right. I so knew that." the American rushed back down the hallway, still shirtless. Cali waited a second, then heard a crash.

"The hero is okay!" came Alfred's voice.

"Are you sure?" Cali asked.

"Yeah." there was a pause. "I found my shirt!" Cali facepalmed.

When they finally got to Japan's house, everyone was there.

"So why are we here?" Cali asked as they pulled into the driveway.

"Meeting, I think." Alfred replied.

"About...?" Cali asked. America shrugged one shoulder. "It's probably not gonna go anywhere. The meetings never do." Cali said.

"Well it definitely won't without me around. I am the hero after all." Alfred put in. Cali rolled her eyes.

The two got out of the car and knocked on the door. It swung open and France was standing there.

"Hiya France....!" Alfred said with fake happiness and a cheesy smile.

"I know that smile is fake, America." the man said, winking at Cali. She scowled at him and he looked away. America's smile faded.

"So... can we come in?" California asked awkwardly.

“Absolutely.” France said, winking again. Alfred walked in first and Cali held up a fist at France behind his back. The three of them walked into the living room, where everyone was chatting up a storm. Japan smiled at Cali, who smiled back.

“Attention.” Germany said. California tried to listen to what he was saying, but couldn’t hear over all the talking. “QUIET!!!!!!” he yelled. Nobody could yell as loud as he could. Everyone fell silent and looked at him. “This is a very important meeting and I need your attention.”

“What happened Doitsu?” North Italy asked.

“Yeah. What happened you potato...” the sentence continued with a stream of colorful Italian language. Germany glanced at Cali, who shrugged. Romano’s brother looked at him with a frown.

“Anyway.” Germany said, cutting him off. “I just wanted to say that-”

“Hey west! Fancy meetin’ you here. You know I never thought I’d-”

“Sit.”

“But-”

“Down.”

“I-”

“NOW.”

“Just-”

“Sit. Down. NOW.” Prussia finally followed his brother’s orders and took a seat on the floor.

“As I was saying, one of the countries has been reported missing, and we need to find him.” Germany explained. Cali looked around and did a head count:

Austria

Hungary

America

North & South Italy

France

Germany

Prussia

Japan

Russia

China

Spain

Everyone was here. Except...

“Who’s missing Doitsu?” Italy asked.

“England.”

2 - Get on the Way, Then!

Cali's eyes widened.

"Oh gosh." she said. America shrugged, taking another bite out of his hamburger.

"I'm here so I really don't care." he said, mouth full. Cali slapped him across the face.

"This is our brother we're talking about here! Are you crazy? What do you mean you don't care!? Gosh you're such a little-"

"Thank you, California." Austria said, taking a piece of lettuce off his cheek. As he got up to throw it away, Germany cleared his throat.

"People." Prussia said sarcastically. "This is an urgent situation. Now why don't we all listen to my dear bruder?"

"Um.... Isn't it brother?" Italy asked. Now, everyone was talking. Cali knew this wouldn't get anywhere.

"HEY!!!!!!!" Germany yelled louder than the first time. This time, everyone was so scared to say anything else. That is, everyone but Prussia.

"Okay. We need a search party. Cali, America, France, obviously me, my dear bruder, and Russia."

"Wait a sec, woah woah woah. We are not taking him." Cali said, pointing to France. He winked at her.

"You're right. He'll probably-"

"I will be picking the search party." Germany cut Prussia off. "Cali, Japan, Austria and myself will be searching for England."

"What about America?" Cali asked.

"Okay.... America can come, too." Germany said.

"And me." Prussia put in.

"Why?" Cali asked.

"Because I'm awesome." he replied. She facepalmed.

3 - The Search- Part One

“Woah, careful there, Sammy.” America said as his sister searched for her glasses after taking an embarrassing fall over a stray rock. She finally found them and put them on.

“Don’t. Call. Me. Sammy.” she growled, standing up and brushing herself off. Gosh she was a klutz.

“Okay.....” Prussia paused a minute. “Sammy.” she knew he was doing it just to make her mad. She laughed sarcastically, then quickly stopped laughing and glared at him. Then, she heard a ring from her coat pocket. She took out her cellphone, then told everyone to stop walking so she could talk. “Hello?” she answered it. “Yeah Vienna, hang on a sec.” she put her hand over the phone. “Austria! It’s Vienna. For you.” she hissed. Austria made a ‘what’s she calling for?’ face, then came over and she handed him the phone.

“Hi.” he said. There was a silence. “Um... just a minute.” he said, taking the phone away from his ear.

“Vienna wants to help... apparently Italy told her about the... issue. Can she come along?”

“Yeah, I guess. Just tell her where we are and tell her we’ll wait here until she gets here.” Cali explained. Austria nodded, then did exactly what she had told him to do.

After about a half-hour of waiting, Vienna finally showed up.

“Sorry for being late.” she said as she walked up to the rest of the group. “Oh, by the way. Sorry for the last minute notice, but Berlin called and she’s coming, too.”

“Riza!” Austria yelled. Although, it wasn’t necessarily a yell. It was more of a frustrated voice. But everyone knew that he had to be pretty mad to call her by her actual name. “It’s rude to tell people last minute things like that. Let alone coming late without letting us know. You should have called or something. You have a cellphone...” he kept going on. Cali noticed Vienna glance at her. She knew that look. That was the ‘Please shut him up’ look.

“Okay let’s get going.” Cali said.

“Don’t we have to wait for Berlin?”

“Okay then let’s not get going.” Cali corrected herself.

After another 20 minutes of waiting (and listening to America complain), Berlin came.

“Sorry I’m la-”

“Thank God you’re here. That one doesn’t seem to know the meaning of ‘Shut up.’ Or ‘She’ll be here soon.’ Help. Us.” Cali said, nodding toward her brother on the word ‘that.’

“That wasn’t soon!” America put in angrily. Cali just rolled her eyes.