And the Moral of the Story is...

By Kaze

Submitted: September 16, 2006 Updated: September 29, 2006

The start of my new series, "And the Moral of the Story is..." (M.o.t.s. for short if you wish)

It is a collection of short comedy pieces that end with a moral that you never saw coming.

Read&Enjoy!

Kaze

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Kaze/39350/And-Moral-of-Story-is...

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1 - My name is Marko!

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" he quietly sang under his breath, this being the only thing keeping him awake through the mundane lecture from the teacher. His fingers drummed a ghost of a beat while his eyes began to spasm trying to stay awake, but utterly failing; his head about to roll off of his other hand. He looked down at his paper at the half-hearted notes he started taking that gradually mutated into doodles further and further down the page descending to the point where the pencil itself decided to be part of the notes by landing itself next to the last of its marks.

"Mark," the teacher said, mondrone tone changing to one of a failed snappish attempt.

The boy didn't look up, though his eyes stopped their fluttering. He muttered something indistinct into his palm as he further lowered his head while fumbling to pick up his pencil between his thumb and middle finger.

"MARK," repeated the teacher in a slow and bold tone.

An irritated grunt escaped from behind his hand still cradling his head, "I said my name is Marko," he firmly stated letting his hand down to hold his loose-leaf in place while ensuing his doodles once more.

The teacher rolled his eyes, "I doubt your parents named you that," He said matter-of-factly." Don't use some sort of nickname in this class, young man."

"My parents did name me Marko. Check the attendance sheet you stupid father-of-a-mule," the student argued using a clever way to cover a curse, glaring.

"Are you being smart with me mister?" The teacher growled. All the other students cautiously leaned as far away from the two's line of death-glares as to not get caught up with any of it.

"If knowing my own name makes me smart, then hell, all this kids in here are being smart with you!" The student barked, actually standing at this point, his hands firmly planted on his desk.

"THAT'S IT!" The teacher roared slamming his fist on the podium where his notes for his lecture were located, "GET OUT OF MY CLASS!"

"FINE!" The kid barked as he turned for the exit, flipping over his desk for good measure, making the poor person who was using the wire book holder underneath it as a foot-rest topple over as well. He stomped out of the room slamming the door with a cringing BANG.

All the students were stunned. Something like that had never happened before. In unison they directed their attention from the door to the fuming educator whose face was trembling in pure fury, face turning redder by the second, still glaring at the door. Their teacher had never acted like this before, regardless it being only the third week into school; he was just to boring to react so harshly.

Then, thirty seconds later, the door opened again. The kid who had just left stood in the door frame, his face also red, apparently trying to keep a straight face rather than spontaneously combusting.

It was all the way up until the point each others face was so crimson it looked like skin no longer resided there when they both burst out in the heartiest laughter they had ever let out before.

Poor students! What poor students! They have absolutely no idea what's going on! They were starting to cower under their desks while the student and teacher, both male, hugged.

"That was AWESOME!" The smaller one exploded, laughing.

"Man, I was about to die from not laughing halfway trough that!" The teacher wailed, tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks.

"You are now an eligible respect-worthy teacher," the boy congratulated.

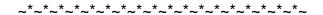
"Gee, thank goodness I have my little bro's approval," The bigger one sarcastically said pretending to be mock-relieved.

When they released their embrace Marko returned to his seat while his brother automatically resumed boring-lecture mode.

Marko smiled; face back resting in one hand, pencil doodling in another. He squiggled a couple circles and various lines in a new master-piece of his, brow furrowing as if the picture was missing something. He quietly chuckled as he labeled the word 'Moose' above it.

MORAL OF THE STORY:

The rest of the kids in the class now know that the student and the teacher don't have the same last name by coincidence.



Thus ends part one of this series. If you want to suggest an idea for a chapter I'll be happy to hear it in a comment, or you can e-mail me at caelestisangelum@aol.com

Depending on the amount of response this story/concept receives is how long it will survive.

Thank you!!!!

Hugs&Luv

Kaze

2 - Being Racial is Wrong?

The young asian student stood there, arms akimbo, wearing a face that just melted with the gruesome ooze of disgust, "Are you seriously THAT racial?" She asked, over-dramatizing the movement of her mouth.

"Yes," came a startlingly swift reply from the accused, eyes like a deer's in headlights, looking clueless. "Well, probably," she corrected herself after a moment of uncomfortable tension, "Maybe?" She questioned herself and the other rhetorically. A pause of her mulling this in her head in a state of forced thinking made her finally ask, "What was the question again? Sorry."

"Are you really that racial?!" Huffed the asian girl again, letting her breath go through her teeth just to audibly express how upset this made her.

"I guess it depends, doesn't it?" calmly mulled the other girl tapping her fingers on her chin and leaning back in her seat, giving her the essence of a smart-aleck. "Like, which one do you mean?" she suggested in order to clarify, performing her perfected talent of raising only a single eyebrow, as the other eye stared down the student in sophisticated immatureness.

"What do you mean 'which one'?!" Fumed the asian, who was starting to crumble around the edges

"Throw me a bone! You know as well as I do what I mean. There are so many different-, "she paused tapping her fingers against her skull trying to think of the right word before the other girl started going off again.

"It's obvious what kind of racial slander you were throwing a moment ago!"

"Oohhhh!" The girl finally comprehended as she rolled her eyes, apparently her strange way of realization, "so you're saying that," she pointed a thumb at herself, "I'm racial? Is that it?"

"For the love of-," the asian silently prayed throwing her arms up to the heavens slightly. "Yes, you. You are racial"

"Yes," agreed the girl nodding as if this conversation was finally getting somewhere besides backwards. "Yes, I am racial."

"Uhn..?" Half-heartedly coughed the other in disbelief, "Then apologize?" She asked, voice cracking in the futileness.

"Why would I apologize for being racial? It's who I am!" Started up the girl; an air of defense wafting around her.

Like a dog the asian bared her teeth in malice, "Why should you apologize! Why should yo-," she, again, cut herself off turning around, taking a breath, and then turning back around with the world's

thinnest lip and slit eyes towards the rude adolescent. "Do you seriously have to ask!? Should I start making red-neck jokes at you just because you're caucasian then!? Being racial is evil and wrong, and nothing, NOTHING, can make it rightful!" She fumed for a few seconds, daring the girl opposite her deny this.

"So just because I'm racial means I'm evil," The girl questioned as a statement, eye's like sleet, mouth open in disgust of these remarks.

The asian only glared, moving her head in a way that said 'duh!'

"It's not my fault my parent's named me Rachel!" She spat. "I'm not evil," she assured herself in a nearly inaudible mumble, arms crossed, deeply sunk into her seat.

MORAL OF THE STORY:

Asians can't drive.



A true story. It actually happened today at school not a few hours ago.

Thus ends part two of this series. If you want to suggest an idea for a chapter I'll be happy to hear it in a comment, or you can e-mail me at caelestisangelum@aol.com

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