

# There's Super Heroes and Super Zeros

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Submitted: June 26, 2009

Updated: June 26, 2009

*why do things need a description?*

*Manny X Frida*

*eh, read, comment.*

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**Chapter 1 - Midnight Talks**

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# 1 - Midnight Talks

El Tigre swung from a light post in the dead silent night. He landed on the ground. He was as stealthy as a tiger, as silent as a mime, and as super macho as, well... the machoest! "Frida. Frida. Frida!" he called as quietly and as loudly as he could. Nothing moved at Frida's window. "when I need to talk to you, I need to talk to you! FRIDA!" he called as loud as he could, without waking anyone. He really didn't want to wake up as of Frida's family, or her dogs. Especially her dogs. He bursted his grabble claw and grabbed the window frame. He tapped on the glass with his claw. "Frida..." he said quietly, drowning out the a in her name. Nothing happened. He stood there, his feet resting on the wall, his claw hooked on the frame, a frown on his face. He took out his claw again, and made a circular motion on the glass. He placed his claw back in, and poked the glass. The circle fell into Frida's room. He squeezed threw, and fell on the floor, with a light, thud. He glanced around the room. I was a little messy. "normal Frida." He said with a chuckle added in. He tip-toed over to Frida's bed. With a flick of his belt, he was Manny Rivera again. He poked Frida's arm. "frida. Wake up. Come on, I want to talk." He said poking Frida's arm still. Frida rolled over with a moan. "five more minutes mom." Manny's vein pulsed. "I am not your mother! Wake up Frida!" Manny said, flicking his belt again. He poked her arm with his claw. "ow!" she yelped rocketing up. "SHHH!" El Tigre exclaimed putting his claw over his mouth, and waving his other hand around. "your not my mama." Frida said, putting up her eye blinder. "of course not. Frida, I want to talk about something." He said, annoyed at first, but then sounding kind of serious at the end of it. He flicked his belt, and in a flash, he was Manny again. "well what? It's 12:39. I kinda want to sleep tonight." Frida said annoyed, bags under her eyes. Manny stood there. "I understand, but I want to talk about something kinda serious." Manny said, swaying back on forth, his hands behind his back. "no, I will not help you clean senior Peppy's bird cage. I have to floss my dogs teeth for a month." Frida said grabbing her sheets with a flourish, and turning over, out of Manny's sight. "no! it's not about that! I finished that. And I know my nose is there, but It's something more important, that you seemed to put off for years!" Manny whispered quietly. Frida moaned. She sat up again. "why don't we continue this in the morning, when I'm more awake, and have me some churros?" Frida asked, sleep drowning in her eyes. "NO!" Manny snapped. "you always put this off, and I want to talk about it right now." He grinded his teeth at the end of his slapping in the face with his words. Frida sat there. A dead silence grew in the Mexican air as Frida sat there, and Manny stood there, his finger pointing at the floor with emphasis. Frida shrugged, punched Manny playfully in the arm, and rolled back over. Manny's whole body drooped down. Manny punched Frida in the arm. She rolled over, and opened an eye. Her Blue-Purple eye met with Manny's brown eyes. "what?" she asked, leaning on her elbows now. Manny stood there, leaned back, and blushed. "well... um.. I... I was going to..." "go home, and get some sleep. If your papa finds out that you left home, to come here, or if my papa finds out, your dead meat." Frida said, slowly blinking. Manny brought his hands behind him again, and scratched the back of his head, what he normally did when he was nervous. "that's true. Well, I guess I failed this again, see you tomorrow." He said waving. He flicked his belt, and exited the way he came from. Frida blinked, and rolled back over, not thinking of what Manny even meant.