

3AM- Issue 1

By Rayne

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Written by Jadeus and I at 3am. This has spawned a comic that we've started. I'm doing the line art, my friend Terri is doing the backgrounds, and my fiance Luke is doing the cging for the covers and such.

I'll scan the issue when it's up.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Rayne/1411/3AM--Issue-1>

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'Urban landscape... disgusting. One couldn't gander at the starts with the tall buildings and heavy lights...I appall it.' He sat there, perched upon a building, looking down at the endless river of artificial light. A glint of emerald eyes could be seen as a helicopter passed overhead, getting ready to land on the very building he was standing on. As he stood, the long crimson ponytail lashed about when he turned. By now, he was shielding his eyes and pale face from the unnatural light.

In the streets below, a girl walked impatiently, long brown boots hitting the sidewalk silently. She'd been there for hours, unknowing, bored, and angry. It was intense, and the emotions had pounded her for hours. Why was she here now? Her spiked red hair was damp from the rain earlier, and green eyes shivered when she looked up to the light above the buildings. Her hand went to her head, and a gust of wind came by quickly, brushing shivers. Helicopter. Ah... The girl smiled, walking for the building it had landed on. She needed some entertainment.

He stepped forward, his dark green suit ruffles by the winds. He only dared step closer as the twin propellers came to a stop and the door opened.

"Ah sir, you've arrived. Mr. Hesford is awaiting you just below us." He smiled when he finished as a stocky, heavysset man in a brown suit stepped out. His hair was combed back and was graying slightly from its brown colour.

The girl continued up the stairs with great purpose. She smiled, and it was almost frightening. Her large bag at her side was almost threatening by its weight, and the cords that dangled at the sides threatened to catch anyone and choke them. She'd been intending on hooking up the building they were on with the bomb, but it would be far more entertaining to listen on to a conversation to which she was not invited. Her eyes lifted, and she reached the top of the narrow wooden staircase, pushing open the metal door and catching the conversation halfway through. The girl smiled a bit.

"Good morning." she said, as if she had some right to be there.

"Ah thank you Mr. Anto-" he was cut off by the girl, and the crinkles in his round face deepened as he stared at her.

The red haired one stepped forward. "Excuse me, may I help you?" he immediately inquired, stopping about three feet from the girl.

The girl nodded. "Mm. I think so." she responded coolly, closing the door calmly. "But I don't know exactly... see..." her eyes went across the city again. "I don't really know who you are or what you're doing... but I already know that I dislike you." The girl returned to fiddling with her bag, pulling out a few cords. "Maybe it's the suit. But I'm a bit bored... so I figure... you might serve as some sort of entertainment. Not sure yet."

He chuckled and looked down on his clothing. "You don't like my suit?" he asks with a friendly humour,

his gaze however shifted to the bag. Such devices...perhaps terrorism? Not his concern. "I will be with you in a moment, ah...Mr. Chote, could you step into the building, and I'll take care of this matter. The older man gave a caution glare to the girl and nodded respectfully to the one with long red hair. With that action he stepped closer and through the door, where 'Antone' closed it behind. "Bomb?" he said with slight malice.

"Sometimes. Sometimes I don't know. Sometimes it's helpful. It can be anything you want it to." she answered patiently. "But it gets in the way of my gun." the girl pulled it out, let her bag swing back at her side, and raised it quickly, firing twice.

He stood there smiling as she pulled out the weapon, and his grin broadened as the bullets passed through him, one through his throat the other in his chest. However, it wasn't blood that expelled, but rather a fine black mist and the wound on his throat looked as though it hadn't existed. His clothing however remained ripped. "You really don't like my suit, don't you now?" he asked casually as his grin subsided, waving his hand over his chest and looking up as the cloth reformed itself.

Her eyes widened. She dismissed this fast, knowing that this wouldn't be the best reaction. "..Mmm. I bet you're a gas at parties." she answered, fingers drumming on the base of her gun.

"I don't attend parties." he answered briskly, running a finger through the side of his pulled back hair. "I won't bother trying to comprehend why you would act so hostile to a stranger, but I will ask why you are here."

"I thought I'd said so already. Maybe not. It doesn't really matter." the girl answered. "I sensed something up here. And I don't like the upper class. I was going to kill myself today, so I'd considered killing the lot of you too. It seemed right to me."

"Disgusts you doesn't it? The filthy rich waving their money about, how people fall in -love- with those who have plentiful amounts and how many swooning teens fall for the famous? Not to mention the elaborate homes and buildings they -need-?" He smirked as his eyes ravaged the sky, false hope within the green hue. "Cant even see the stars, all humanity's fault."

The girl nodded after some thought. "Yes." she answered. "Can hardly tell one person from another nowadays. I hate it here." she regarded the silence a moment, replaced her gun in her bag. It didn't even matter to her that she'd tried to kill someone. "Even so." she answered. "Doesn't matter. Nobody wants to hear what they can't believe. I'm sixteen. Nobody cares what I think. I'm not old enough to be a person in this place. Not enough." she tightened the wires in her bag a bit, replaced them as well. "But that doesn't matter either. Who are you? Why can I shoot you without drawing blood?"

"My name is Sage Antone; one could call me a magician if you cared to know." He held up his left hand and pointed his index finger upwards. It had blood running down from the tip. "I guess you could say you drew blood from me, but not as you hoped." He walked closer to the edge of the building, it was nearing on five am...he had about an hour or so. "So, you were going to kill yourself as well as others. You're an Atheist I presume?"

"No." she answered. "I don't believe in God. But I believe there's something better than this." she watched the sky around her. "It's true. I have a hard time believing in anything. But I've seen too much

now to deny any sort of spirit at all..." she regarded the silence a moment. "...My name's Jane." she added, without much thought.

He nodded respectfully. "Ah, they destroyed this world. Twas so much more beautiful a few hundred years ago, before television and automobiles." He leaned over the edge, dangerously close to falling over now. "Still desire to kill me and or yourself?"

"... not really." Jane answered. She watched the edge carefully. "...I was going to blow up this building... I don't know..." she shook her head. "... This whole mess is retarded. But I have no home to go back to now anyway... so I probably shouldn't chicken out half way though."

"Your not half way yet, half way is planting it, the other half watching it go off..." he smiled and turned around, slowly stepping on the edge of the building backwards, almost threatening to lean over and fall to certain death. "If you care to I don't mind, I was going to quit my job tonight anyways, and if you do destroy this place your saving me trouble. And I wouldn't mind watching, just another test for myself." He looked over his shoulder and below. "Though it would be a shame to watch one as young as you perish..."

"Age is overrated." Jane answered. "Why are you here? I don't get why you're bothering to talk to me at all. I did just try to kill you, in case you didn't notice."

"Perhaps no one is interesting enough to talk to, and a young lady armed and dangerous willing to take a life is both amusing and intriguing in my mind." He hopped off the edge and landed back upon the roof, stepping closer. "Does it matter; do you wish I would simply leave so you can finish your work? Request and I may do it."

"No." she answered. "I like talking to you." she paused. "What are you doing today?"

He looked slightly amused once more; almost a smile crossed his now cold face. "I shall have to rest or seek refuge within the next hour...Sunlight irritates me. Its something I cannot help." He stepped over to the girl, brushing past and leaning against the door. "How about you, you going to kill these people or must I?"

Jane stopped, froze a bit. "Wait." she answered. "You want to kill them too?"

"I said that just a bit earlier...Both Hesford and Chote are in an organized crime ring dealing drugs and prostitution... I simply wander punishing those I see fit. Did you know that the small one who left the chopper is responsible for 50 planned murders within the last year?"

"Well, frack." Jane said. She pulled out her gun again. "Hurry up then, we're wasting time... geeze, I fracking hate rich people..."