

From Hell: A Pointless Exchange

By ShadowSpyro

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Uh ohs. It's a lmae attempt at a Christmas From Hell edition! XD

Everything (c) me (Amy)

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1 - Pushing Up The Daisies

When I said that it isn't the hair colour's fault, I didn't think I'd be taking back so soon.

The blonde bloke stood next to me in the snow covered graveyard, looking blankly at the coffin like a stunned Bush Baby, finally stirred from his thoughts. Assuming he was capable of something so complicated.

"I'm dead?" He said, as if in awe.

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"After that disturbingly amusing incident with the old sock, I'm pretty sure."

He went silently back to his thoughts.

After a few moments of silence: "Are you absolutely positive?"

"For the last bloody time, yes!" I growled.

"Who did you say you were again?"

If idiocy had a shape and that shape had a name, it would be called Mark Hagans and would look identical to the bloke stood next to me.

"How long is this gonna take?" I sighed, glancing at one of my hour glasses.

"I dunno. Ain't never been to a funeral before. Auntie Beth, y'know, the woman who raised me? Anyway, she never let me go to a funeral because it'd end up scarring my mind, she said."

Assuming he had enough mind to scar...

After that last, short exchange and remarkably pointless exchange, the awkward silence fell down on us both again as the snow once more started to fall.

"How long did yours take?"

"Pardon?" I looked at him strangely.

"Y'know, your funeral. You did mention you were alive at some point, right?"

"Yeah. I was alive at some point, but that was over fifty years ago."

"Well, did you have one or not?"

"No."

"What? Why not? Everyone's gotta have a funeral at some point." He gasped, wiping away a snow flake that'd just landed on his nose.

"Not me. It's kinda hard to have a funeral when your remains have been ingested by your English teacher."

"Your English teacher was a cannibal?"

"No. She was a six limbed, seventy foot tall alien with the temper of a midget who took it upon herself to devour me once I'd bled to death. Personally, I'd had have preferred the after school detention..."

Once more, the silence of the mourners got it's icy grip on us and smothered us.

"Not all midgets are bad tempered, y'know? I knew one. Was a nice gal. Used to help me clear Auntie's garden at the weekend." He started rambling.

"I meant short."

"Short what?" Mark asked, looking confused.

"A short temper."

"Oh." He finally said.

We watched in silence as the coffin was slowly lowered into the ground.

Well, he was watching, I was catching snow flakes on my tongue, like you when you're bored out of your

skull.

"So. Did you kill me or just take my soul?"

"Both."

"Ah." He paused. "But why a sock?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing, but it only took a second, by the state of your flat, to realise why you were using the sock."

His brow furrowed, again obviously deep in thought as he tried to put two and two together and eventually came up with five.

"Huh?" He eventually said.

It was obviously a well thought out answer. If you had the brain capacity of a knat in winter. Well it was winter, so I could forgive him for not being completely on the ball.

"Because it was the nearest thing to hand." I sighed, finally giving in on him. "And it was mildly entertaining to watch. To a certain extent, anyway..."

Another brief pause.

"Think I'll ever have sex again?" He asked curiously.

"With the size of that sock you had? I honestly don't know."

"Oh." He said simply as the graveyard fell into silence once again.

We watched as the Eskimo-like mourners trudged away into the thickly falling snow.

Possibly, some of them, if not all, were secretly giggling to themselves about Mark's untimely demise.

"Y'know you could've killed me in the throes of passion with a beautiful woman."

"Aye. But I killed you in the throes of passion with an old, grubby sock you found under the sofa instead."

"That's not the same!" he whined.

"Well, you could've drawn a face on it before you started your little one man fap-fest. And I'm still suprised that you didn't wear out your poor old DVD player."

"That was my third DVD player actually." He corrected in a nonchalant tone.

"You really did lead a sad little life, didn't you?" I said as I looked down at Mark, who was now sat on a grave stone.

"I was a banker, so what d'you expect?"

"Heh. A banker by day and a wan--"

"Don't say it! I got enough of that off my boss and colleagues at work!" He grunted.

"I can imagine their reaction after hearing that you died in the grip of ecstasy." Emphasis on the "Grip" by the way...

"That's not funny!" He growled and stormed off through the grave yard.

"I know, but it's the best sodding giggle I've had all day!" I laughed.

You really shouldn't laugh at something as tragic as this, but that's what it was. Tragic. But then I am a generally morbid and an easily amused person.

After the realisation that my freshly harvested soul was walking stubbornly off into the sunset, I had to set off after him before he vanished for good and started haunting some old woman, driving her to own hundreds of cats.

2 - Hey Look! An Eagle!

"Mark, where in the hell are you going?" I said almost tripping over my robes.

"To visit my parents!" He said looking over his shoulder and almost slipping over in the slush.

Great. Not only is it Christmas, but I had an hour to get this guy into the Sorting Office que before Veera shuts for the night. And with a soul like Mark's on my shrivvled hands, completing said task is going to be like counting many small children who've just been force fed sugar.

"You realise they won't be able to see you."

"Then I'll move things about or write in the condensation on the living room window." He snorted.

"That's classed as a haunting! You do that and you'll be stuck in that house for the rest of your afterlife! Well... Unless it gets burned down or soemthing... But that's besides the point! I can't let you do any haunting!"

He spun around his heel, again, almost falling over in the slush as he did so.

"Are you saying you care for me?"

"What?" I squeaked angrily. "Piss off! The only thing I care about is gettin' me job done so's I can go 'ome an' put me feet up!"

You can tell when I'm getting a tad annoyed. I tend to start using abbreviations alot...

He spun back round on his heel and stamped off through the slowly thickening slush towards a brightly lit house. After much slipping and sliding and cursing about water in one's shoes, I followed him into the heavily decorated house.

Seriously. This one small house put the Blackpool illuminations to shame. And then there was the power cut in Liverpool on Monday night... The whole city went out!

"When did you put these up?"

"Huh? Oh, Monday. D'you like 'em? I put the Sanat up on the roof meself." He grinned.

COINCIDENCE!? We can only hope the Hagan family don't extend their blinding display next year, otherwise the whole of England might suffer from a bout of chronic blackouts.

"Don't touch that!" I snapped, smacking his hand away from the fridge and it's colourful array of magnetic letters.

"Ow! Don't touch what?" He said with all the innocence of a Fox with Chicken feathers stuck to it's bloodied muzzle.

"I know what you were gonna do with those magnets!" I hissed.

"I was only gonna leave a small note."

"Don't you get all uppity on me, mister! Don't you remember what I told you earlier about touching things?"

"... Uh..." He faltered as he stood in front of the battered old fridge gaping like a beached fish.

"Eeeee, what a crackin' li'l toaster!" An older, female voice squeaked from the over decorated living room. "Such cute li'l yella feet! And a li'l yella plug to match 'em too! Oh I miss our Mark..." It sniffled.

"Mum!" Mark cried and ran through the dividing wall.

"Would this toaster happen to have a metallic green body and power cord too?" I said ponderously as I followed him into the dark, cluttered room.

It was small. It was musty. And somewhere, under all that tinsel, an old ciggarette smoke stained wall paper from the late seventies lurked, hiding in the seasonal jungle of tinsel, waiting for it's prey...

"Yup."

Then I saw the metallic green and yellow toaster.

"Of all the toaster on this planet, you had to choose that one!" I grunted.

"Yeah. Apparently it's no ordinary toaster."

"That's one way of putting it..." I could've swore he was looking at me.

The toaster, I mean.

"I hear it's travelled the world." He said in awe as his dad, whom resembled a cross between a prune and a gnome, inspected the kitchen appliance.

"Where did you get hi- it?"

"e-Bay." Mark said simply as his parents waddled into the kitchen with it.

"Figures.." I sighed and followed them into the kitchen with Mark to have a gander at the happenings.

3 - Invincible Forces and Weretoasters

"What?"

"I dint owt."

"Ah coulda swore you said summut just then."

"Here we go.." I sighed, watching as Mark's mum put a couple of slices of bread into the metallic and yellow toaster.

When she turned her back on it, satisfied that the bread was toasting nicely, a faint crunching sound emanated from that particular corner of the garish little yellow kitchen prompting Mark's dad to look up from his current position from behind the paper and peer through the thick smoke that seemed to be endlessly pouring out of the tip of the near dog-ended fag that was wedged firmly between his fingers, and at his wife, watching with blank curiosity as the Sturgeon like woman peered into the strange toaster.

"What?"

"He's eaten the toast. Again." I said scratching my neck thoughtfully.

"Nah. You might be the Grim Reaper-"

"A Reaper." I corrected.

"Right. But anyway, I may be dimmer than the average, but I knows that a toaster toasts bread, it don't eat it." He said with an aire of triumph as if he'd just found an episode of Crystal Maze being shown on a little known about TV channel.

"It's eaten the bleedin' toast!" His mum said in dismayed fascination.

"Wait, how did you kno- OW!" He yelped.

"Touch another pen again, and I'll shove it up your ar-"

"Are you sure? I mean, it is a toa- Oh my god! The sodding thing's alive!"

It yanked it's plug out of the wall, burped, grunted, then bounced - sorry - fell off the side board and scuttled away into the living room as if it were on the trail of something, where it promptly became entangled in the dangerously low hanging tinsel.

"It's alive!?" Mark exclaimed as he bounded after me and into the living room.

"Yes Doctor Frankenstein, it's alive." I grunted unenthusiastically as his parents barralled through us to stand and watch (as you do when something weird and spontaneouse happens) the disgruntled toaster struggling among the tattered tinsel. Then it started sneezing.

"Oh bugger..." I groaned, knwoing what was going to happen next and took a step back.

"What?"

Him and his parents screamed as a particulary violent sneeze twisted the toaster into a green and yellow Coyote like creature with piercings.

"What is it?" His mum said in wide eyed terror.

"A Weretoaster?" GP asked helpfully, then instantly regretted it as a fire poker came into contact with his head.

"I thought you had a gas fire?" I asked thoughtfully.

"A Weretoaster?! What the hell?" Mark squeaked, not quite knowing what to say next.

"Oh yeah.."

His parents took a step back as GP suddenly tilted his head to one side, a grimace of pain on his face replacing the inane grin, as an invincible force grabbed him by the ear like an angry aunt. The invincible force being me.

Meanwhile, struggling in my other, desperately trying to wriggle free like a less than greasy Weasle, was Mark. I knew what he was thinking. His eyes were on a pencil and note pad on the little table near the TV in the corner.

"GP, you got a pub to run and punters to poison. Mark, you should've been in the Sorting Office que ten minutes ago! Veera's gonna have my head on a pike!"

The pair of them groaned like a couple of school kids who've just been slapped with a life time's supply of after schools as the black flames whirled about us, taking us into Limbo, which is where they should be. Apart from GP who should really be at work, scraping the bottom of the inconspicuous barrels that'd been dumped outside his pub...

END!