

# tempo's back ground

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*just some storys about tempo.....they'r funny*

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**Chapter 1 - The Piercing**

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# 1 - The Piercing

Tempo yawned and stretched out on the couch. He was bored. Really bored. Positively bored. Insanely bored. Since he himself came to the T.W.I.S.M. school, life had certainly been interesting. Covu, and Rieyu had also ended up there, and he hadn't really seen the place from the outside... Anyway Rafa had left to go shopping for the day. She had asked Tempo to wake Matthew up... he had to go to a meeting about peace agreements between the Narkin empire, and the Rougust kingdoms.

He looked at the clock and grumbled. It was eight A.M. and Matthew was not up yet... He was still sleeping in the master bedroom. Rafa had left a long time ago to do some shopping and other various errands. Matthew apparently was not a morning person. This gave the Brood (dragon boy) a devilish idea.

Tempo began rummaging through Matthew's medicine cabinet. He knew he was a trained medicine healer and he probably had all kinds of cool junk, he was looking for a natural desensitizer... maybe one that he used for pulling out bullets. Finding one that he knew was an easy find at a drug store he left the bathroom and headed for a makeup box in one of the powder rooms. Rafa had kept it up stairs.

Opening it he peeked around in there, most of the stuff was for her dress up days, formal occasions or just going to mess around. Grinning he pulled out a G- shaped metal ring with the edges rounded. Gathering his items, he crept up the stairs and tiptoed into the master bedroom. Matthew was snoring quietly. Apparently, Matthew was also a heavy sleeper. This was perfect.

Carefully Tempo dabbed a little of the desensitizer on the side of Matthew's bottom lip. Matthew stirred and growled in his sleep, but after a few tense moments he was sleeping deeply again. Grinning Tempo slipped the fake lip-piercing onto the area he dabbed with the desensitizer, being sure to put just a little on the parts that would go on his lip so that that would be numb too. As the little bit of his lip was not quite numb yet, Matthew stirred more this time and opened his eyes for a moment. Going somewhat pale, Tempo ducked on to the hardwood floor, but Matthew simply shifted positions and went back to sleep.

He knew Matthew was not sleeping as deeply this time, so he backed out as carefully and as quietly as possible, cringing when he hit the creaky middle step on the stairway. As soon as he got on the couch, he snickered, knowing he was now home free. How wrong he was, so terribly wrong.

Matthew finally woke up and scratched the side of his face. He grumbled and pulled himself out of bed then he managed to drag him self over to the closet where he chose his usual attire. He slid his blue jeans over his black boxer shorts then chose one of seventeen red t-shirts, his black denim trench coat was downstairs.

He could have gone into the upstairs bathroom, but there was currently a baby rex in there being kept quiet while she recovered from surgery and he didn't want to make it mad and get scratched or bitten, so he made his way downstairs, making sure to give Tempo a look as he walked past him to the bathroom.

Tempo held in his laughter for a full four minutes before he finally heard an enraged "TEMPO!!!!!!" from the general direction of the bathroom. Then he laughed out loud. Matthew stormed over to him, "What in the WORLD did you do Tempo!?" the angry reptilian- raptor man demanded.

"Well y'see, Matthew" he snickered, "While you were asleep I thought you might wanna look scarier for this meeting, soooooooo... I put a professional anesthetic on your lip and gave you a piercing. Looks great." he couldn't suppress a giggle.

Matthew, however, was not amused. He was usually cranky first thing in the morning and this morning Rafa was not here to quell his anger. Even worse he hadn't had breakfast nor had he woken happily, which served to stir his anger further. He approached the Brood madly, eyes glowing with anger and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck.

Tempo's crimson eyes immediately widened and he grabbed hold of Matthew's wrist. Figuring that things were getting way too dangerous he reached out, grabbed the ring and pulled it off. "See there... heh heh... its fake... It was just a joke. C'mon man chill out. You're way too uptight..."Tempo gestured eagerly.

Matthew sneered... Not Tempo's desired reaction. Just when he thought the reptilian was going to kill him, he dropped him back on the couch. He winced as the armrest hit his lower back and watched Matthew carefully. Matthew sat in a chair and calmly put his boots on over his stocking feet as Tempo returned his attention to the news he'd been watching on TV.

"You know Tempo; you act just like a little brat with these stupid pranks."

"Covu plays em..." Tempo stuck his tongue out.

"He knows when to be serious... You just plain act childish..."

Tempo was about to make some persnickety comment about him lightening up when he suddenly felt a strong hand wrap around his wrist and with a sharp jerking motion the Brood found himself being pulled up the stairs. Matthew dragged Tempo in to the master bedroom, nearly throwing him on to the red velvet blankets as he stumbled into the room.

Matthew walked over to a wooden desk beside the closet he had chosen his attire from. Opening the bottom left hand drawer, he pulled out a slim, silver suitcase. He quickly opened it to check for something, and closed it. Turning toward Tempo,-who was now basking in the warm sunlight coming in

through the window.-he asked “what time is it?” tempo's reply was simple but short, “eight- twenty...why?”

“All right, if it is eight- thirty when we leave...and I drive at thirty-four miles per hour...and where I'm trying to get to is about twenty-four miles away...what time would we get there if there's no traffic?” Tempo sat up trying to figure it out. “I'm guessing the ride would be roughly about forty-five minutes...sooo, nine- fifteen a.m. ...give or take a few.” Tempo estimated. “You're absolutely right!” Matthew announced quickly, “Now you know why I make you study till the raptors come home.” Matthew said smugly. Tempo just grunted at the fact that Matthew was right about the importance of learning math.

Matthew sat down on to the bed, picked up a small, wooden, brush from the nightstand, and began to brush Tempo's silvery, mauve hair. “Ow...owww...OWWWW! That hurts! Tempo declared in a whining tone of voice. Matthew brushed Tempo's hair until it was as smooth as slik, then he pulled it back tight just as his own hair was fashioned. Putting the brush down on the nightstand, Matthew stood and said “you have one of two options I am offering to you...one, you can walk down stairs and sit in the living room quietly, or two, regrettably ...I can drag you down. Tempo stood, and stuck his tongue out and left the room, indicating to Matthew that he preferred option number one.

Matthew picked up his suitcase and left his seemingly cozy room. He walked down the stairs and made a right, entering the living room to see Tempo watching some cartoons on T.V. so he continued into the kitchen, as he hadn't had breakfast yet. Several minutes later he came into the living room and set a tray with two plates of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast with jelly, two glasses of orange juice and a mug full of coffee on to the table as he sat down. “Sit up, tuck your shirt in, and fold up your sleeves.” Matthew said in a non-joking tone. Tempo did just as he was told. “By God, it's a miracle!” Matthew thought to himself.

After they were finished, Matthew picked up the plates, washed them, and put them away. It was just about time to leave. Matthew walked back into the living room. He walked over to the hat stand beside the lion sculpture and put his trench coat on. Tempo was putting on his buckle-up, steel-toed boots that matched his tight black-T and grey jeans perfectly. “Let's get going...” Matthew spoke in an assertive tone. Tempo arose from the leaf- green carpet and jolted out the door. Matthew picked up his suitcase from the table and walked outside to let Tempo in to the truck.

This truck was like a tank, it had camouflage, iron bodywork, tinted black windows, three-foot tall tires, and many gizmos and gadgets that you could use for keeping track of criminals, such as radar and computerized police bulletins. Tempo jumped in as soon as Matthew had unlocked the heavy steel doors. “Tempo, buckle up.” Matthew said as he fastened his own seatbelt. Tempo put his seat belt on, making sure it clicked. Then he turned on the radio very loud, \*TWEET TWEET TWEET! It's a beautiful morning, on a Sunday afternoon.” Matthew turned it down.

“Did you study for your Science test tomorrow?” Matthew asked matter of factly.

“Even if I said yes, you still wouldn't leave me alone. So no, I did not get to finish chapter 5.” Tempo answered while looking out the window. “What's the first stage of an amphibian?” “The first stage of an amphibian is an egg which is usually in water.” Tempo answered. “What are the two elements of salt?” Matthew asked another question. “Sodium and chloride.” Tempo answered. “What are the three items of the triangle you need for fire?” Matthew asked. “First you need fuel, and then you need air and last but not least... heat!” replied Tempo, and so on it went with the questions till they got to the court of Justice in Terra, Invalence.

Once inside Matthew told Tempo to behave himself as best he could. Tempo followed Matthew in to a room with a big marble table in the center, several wooden chairs, and bookshelves along the back wall. Two men dressed in the finest dress robes Tempo had ever seen, sat across from each other. Matthew walked over, sat in a chair at the end of the table, and introduced himself to the king of the Rougust kingdoms and the prince of the Narkin Empire. Then he pulled out the papers that he needed. The three men began discussing terms of agreement to end the war.

Tempo, however; was entertained, but for only a few minutes of listening to politics... he wandered off in to the rest of the building. In a few minutes, Tempo found his way out of the maze like building. Outside he ventured over to another building and went in side. Walking in, he saw an old woman wearing large, thick glasses, sitting behind a desk, probably a secretary. He began walking down the hallway, just left of the secretary's desk when he tripped over a green tinted silver pendant, in the shape of a horse, with a ruby for an eye, sapphires for Mane and tail and a gold rope chain to finish it off. Picking the trinket up off the floor, he put it around his neck.

Tempo walked further down the hall and nearly missed an open door. He backed up a step and peered in through the half open door. There was a dark haired man leaning against a wall, probably in his thirties, a pure breed raptor judging by his height and length of tail.( Unlike Matthew, who had no tail, no legs built for speed or tearing, such as an animal raptor's, and he wasn't that tall.) There was a shirtless blond elf with his hands tied to the wall, he looked to be in his teens, and he had red, bloody marks down his back. In addition, a black leopard with onyx hair with an indigo tint to it, was lashing the blond elf with a whip.

Tempo, disgusted by what he saw, burst into the room. The leopard stopped his brutal assault on the

elf. "Let him go!" Tempo demanded. "Leave at once". The Leopard-Man responded. "This slave is being punished, and it's not a sight for children." Tempo stopped for a second reminding himself that he was in a different country. Thinking of the situation he was in, the only reason he wasn't jumped was that he had his pass pinned to his shirt.

"So... how much did you buy this trouble maker for?" Tempo calmly questioned, changing his whole outlook. "I bought him at forty dollars...they said he was well trained, but to my surprise he's just a disrespectful cur!" the raptor said with regret in his voice. "That is why I'm beating him." he spoke to Tempo as though he was a Nobel's son. "...Would you like to trade?" Tempo said as he took off the necklace and held it up. The raptor picked up the necklace and inspected it. He could most definitely get more than forty dollars for it. "Why not?" The raptor said after some consideration of it. He handed Tempo a paper of ownership. And signed the slave over to him, Tempo signed as well.

The Leopard untied the Elf and gave him his shirt and jacket. The Elf put them on. "Lets go" Tempo ordered the slave and walked out the door. The blond Elf quickly followed his new master. Tempo walked into a store and told the slave to wait for him in the bathroom. Tempo bought some aloe lotion from the cashier. The cost was four dollars and twenty-two cents. He gave the cashier five dollars and the cashier gave him back seven dollars. "Excuse me, but you were supposed to give me seventy eight cents, not seven dollars." Tempo said as he saw she made a big mistake. The cashier gasped, she apologized for it and thanked Tempo for being honest.

Tempo waked back to the bathroom, and asked the Elf to take off his shirt.

Tempo read the ingredients on the desensitizer he had used on Matthew earlier to make sure that when he mixed it with the aloe nothing bad would happen.

After Tempo thoroughly mixed the desensitizer in to the aloe he applied it to the elf's' back. The desensitizer served to make the skin numb and the aloe served to stop the bleeding. "Thank you." The elf replied in response to the cream Tempo put on to his back. "No problem...no one should be treated like that!" Tempo snapped at the thought of someone so cruel.

Tempo reached into his messenger back pack and pulled out a small first aid kit Matthew made him carry around, and took out some gauze (just in case the Elf started to bleed again) and gave it to the Elf. "Thank you...master." The elf said quietly. Tempo just stared at him for a moment and said, "I'd rather you not call me that...O.K." the elf finished tying the gauze around his chest and back and answered, "yes sire." Thinking the elf would probably just keep on answering with more names of respect, Tempo said to him, "O.K.... don't call me master, sire or any other weird names, just call me Tempo. Ok?" The Elf simply nodded and said, "My name is Sobi."

Then Tempo led Sobi to the building Matthew was in. When Tempo came in with his new friend, Matthew was just about finished with the peace treaty. Tempo sat down in the chair on the opposite side of the table to Matthew and the two royals. Sobi followed and sat on his knees next to Tempo. Then Tempo coaxed him to sit in the chair across the table from him so that the two could play cards or any type of game you could play on paper. Two or three minutes later Matthew had finished the peace treaty with a simple exchange of handshakes and signatures. Then Matthew asked Tempo where he had found a friend to play with. Therefore, Tempo explained what had happened.

When back at TWISM, Tempo ran over to Spike and Brent. Earlier, they had planned something for when Tempo got back. Matthew started to talk to Sobi.

“How was it? Did you do anything fun?” Spike asked in his normally hyperactive voice.

“Yea...did you do anything fun?” Brent asked evilly. (Which meant in Brent's world, “Did you pull any pranks on Matthew?”) Tempo just smiled and said, “No I didn't, unless you count this morning...”

The trio decided to go fishing at a nearby lake in the woods.

“Race y'a!” Spike yelled and took to his heels, fast as lightning. Being a quick little son of a wolf and tiger Spike Mieojin made it there first. Then the Brood boy Tempo Musica, and last was the smart mouthed, fire demon, Brent B. Pyro.

The lake was dark and cold, almost like a deep well you couldn't see the bottom of. Tempo sat on the dock hoping he would catch some thing besides a lobster or a crab (that's what he always caught.)

“Hey I've got an idea!” Tempo said with a sure grin.

“OH-REALLY-OH-O'RILEY!?” The red headed fire demon asked sarcastically, which put Tempo on the spot.

“Well...yea!” Tempo said showing no discouragement. “Here's the plan... we take rocks and stack them up almost to the top of the water... just a few feet away from the shallow end of the lake, creating a small pond, then we scare all the fish in to the pond we just made, by jumping in to the opposite end of the lake. Then... when all the fish are in the pond, just about, we finish the dam by releasing the shoe strings that would hold the book bags full of rocks, which in return will make the dam high enough to keep the fish in the little pond we made...then we take a fishing string with about forty-four hooks slipped on to it...we tie one end to a tree and throw the other end to the other side of the pond, where we bring it around a tree and tie a quick-release knot in to it so that we can pick the fish up and slide them to the side of the pond where the string is tied up and take the fish off and put more bait on the

hooks.” Tempo explained quickly.

The three went on and tried Tempo's plan that seemed to be absurd, but it actually worked.

After a while of fishing up about a million fish, Brent got a little bored. “You know...a kid at school said that there is a cave near here and that it is haunted by some ghost.” He said with a look of pure mischief. “So, what are you proposing?” Tempo asked with an, I don't care kind of tone. “So let's go see if the roomers are true...DUH!!!” Brent exclaimed in his usual, jerky attitude. “ALRIGHT! Man you're a hot head.” Tempo joked at Brent. “What about you, Spike?” Brent asked nicely for once. Being bored to death, Spike just stood and nodded his wolf—eared head, meaning he was ready to go.

They left the book bags at the pond thinking they would come back later. Off they went! Hiking through the forest as though they were world-renowned explorers. They came upon this hill-like cave covered in vines that hung just about every where. It did not look too inviting, considering the cave appeared as though it was a half buried skull, with bats flying out of it. When they entered, their eye-sight was reduced to shades of grey. They walked in further, and stopped when they heard a low grumbling noise. “What is that noise?” Spike asked in a whining tone of voice. “It sounds like your brother snoring.” Brent answered him in a joking tone. “No, it sounds more like my puppy biting Matthew's ankles.” Tempo said truthfully. Though the cave was dark the three boys noticed an eye shine in the far back. Quickly a few bodies started to take shape around the amber eyes in the darkness.

The three backed up a few steps. “They're your kind Spike, talk to them!” Brent anxiously commanded. “You're off your rocker!!! I may be a wolf-like brat, but I sure as heck can't speak their lingo!” Spike said as the three simultaneously turned tail at the speed of light. They ran quickly out the cave with the curs hot on their heels. Seeing a tree to tall for a wolf to climb, Tempo accelerated, jumped at full momentum in to the tree and began to climb upward as fast as possible. Spike and Brent followed as well.

Midway up the tree, the three rested to catch their breath. “How long do you think they will stay down there?” Tempo asked as he sat down on a branch and looked down at the curs. “Don't know.” Brent said. “Well, I guess we will have to wait it out then.” Spike spoke hesitantly. They stayed in the nearly dead oak tree, till the sun started to set. “All right the fastest one of us will have to make a run for the school and get some help.” Tempo planned thinking of the fact of wolves being pack hunters, he thought that they either would go for the one running or stay at the tree. On the other hand, they just might do both.

As the cool, crisp, night air descended upon the land, Matthew started to become worried about the three boys, for they have never been on a fishing trip until dusk. “What's the matter?” Sobi asked



hesitantly from watching Matthew for the past hour. Matthew did not seem to notice the question asked. Matthew stood from his cherry-wood desk and walked out side to the tank like vehicle. Sobi followed as quickly as possible. "What is wrong!?" Sobi asked as he buckled the seatbelt. Matthew turned the chrome key in the ignition and answered, "Tempo is not allowed out past sunset...curfew is past time...which means if he doesn't have a good reason he is in BIG trouble." Matthew took off down the dirt road into the county.

Sobi looked out the window and started counting phone polls going by...at the rate of four...to the seventh power...and well he put two and two together...an added twelve...he carried five...he multiplied that by three...and came up with.....a headache.

Spike got ready to make a run for it...when, Tempo ask if he was sure about it "NO! If I was sure I would have jumped already!" Spike snapped at Tempo. "Fine, I'm sorry..." Tempo replied to calm him down. "Well if you don't jump were ALL going to be dog food." Brent interrupted. Spike steadied himself on the branch, got ready, and jumped to the ground, with a bit of a stumble he was off fast as lighting, the wolfs chasing after him of course.

"Do you think he will realize he ran the wrong way?" Brent asked as he jumped down. "Not until he reaches the end of the world..." Tempo replied as he perused Brent out of the tree. "We are practically lost in the woods, there is a sugar crazed wolf-boy running around with wolfs chasing him, and all I've got to eat is some Jelly-Belly gourmet jelly beans." Brent said in a THIS DAY CAN NOT GET ANY WORSE tone of voice. "Did you know if you add two chocolate puddings with one sweet-strawberry you get chocolate coved strawberries, or if you add a blueberry muffin with a lemon you get lemon-berry pie, or if you put together..." Tempo stopped in mid- sentence to look at there surroundings.

"Let's Figure out where in the world we are" said Brent. "Sure, why not?" replied Tempo. So the two rapscallions ventured on through the woods, to find the cave they had earlier been chased from. The more they walked, the more they got lost. Soon enough the two found them selves as lost as a needle in twenty haystacks.

"Hey wait up!" Tempo yelled at Brent to at least slow him up. "Why don't you just hurry it up then?" Brent asked as he climbed up a steep rock with moss on it. "Slow up, you're gunna get" That was all Tempo could mummer out before Brent's footing gave-way to the mossy rock beneath his black and blue

Nikes, with sent him sliding down a rocky hill. Tempo dashed down the hill after Brent.

Brent was face-down on the cold forest floor. He had three gashes on him; one on the left elbow, another on the right shoulder, and one just above the right knee. Tempo picked up a sharp rock and tore a hole in his two pant legs and one in his gray jacket sleeve. Then he tore them off, so that he could tie up the wounds to prevent bleeding. "I told you not to go so fast!" scolded Tempo. "Knock it off!!! You are starting to sound like my mother..." Brent snapped. "Maybe I wouldn't if you would listen to people every now and then." Tempo defended. Then he helped Brent up from the ground, after finishing the lat knot in the make shift first aid bandages.

The two continued there pursuit on finding the cave. The two felt like they have been walking all day long. Tempo and Brent walked side by side through the dark forest. Tempo looked up at the stars. "There so much brighter out here...aren't they?" Tempo asked Brent. Brent looked up at the stars as well. "Yeah, they are much brighter." He answered quietly. Brent's blue and green eyes seemed to shimmer in the moon light, Tempo's eyes just glowed in a dark crimson eye shine.

"Why can't find that little brat? I have looked in all of his hang out places, I have looked in all the stores. Where the heck is he?" Matthew asked himself quite annoyed by now. It wasn't the fact of Tempo being lost as much as it was the fact of Matthew owing and running a military based camp, were every thing was a strict routine.

\*\*\*\*\*BRRRRRRRING, BRRRRRRRING...BRRRRRRRING,\*\*\*\*\*

"Hello?" Matthew answered his cell-phone. "Postage got raised to thirty-nine cents for a first class letter. I have two-hundred twenty-three cent stamps for the two-hundred letters. Sooo... I need sixteen cents more postage for each letter. The post office doesn't sell sixteen cent stamps or fifteen cent stamps. But it sells tens, fives, threes, twos, and ones. So what should I get?" Asked Sobi. "Well you could get two-hundred tens, fives, and one cent stamps." Said Matthew. "Thanks" Sobi said and hung up.

\*\*\*\*\*BRRRRRRRING, BRRRRRRRING...BRRRRRRRING,\*\*\*\*\*

The phone rang again. Matthew answered the phone again. "They say they are out of five cent stamps...what would should I order instead?" Sobi asked. "Well you still need the two-hundred ten cent stamps, and since they are out of fives you don't need ones. Just get threes....get four-hundred three

cent stamps.” “Ok” Sobi answered and hung up.

The two had been walking through the forest for hours on end. Tempo looked up to the sky. He saw a street light just behind some ever green pine trees. “There is a light and hopefully a rode up that hill!” Tempo said joyfully. The two homesick boys ran up the hill to the rode. They walked for about half a mile until they got to a town. They walked over to a market, where they just happened to find their friend Spike. Spike a fairly old wouman whith her groceries.