

Moshi Naruto De Atta Jissai No

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Submitted: October 28, 2006

Updated: November 9, 2006

What happens when Naruto, co, and Foxx (OC) become reall? ALI hell breaks loose-that's what!

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/monkey_banana_smoothie/40415/Moshi-Naruto-De-Atta-Jissai-No

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1 - The Begining

Moshi Naruto De Atta Jissai No

By: Monkey_banana_smoothie

MBS: PEOPLES O' DA WORLD!!! This story is what happens when Naruto, Sasuke, Sakura, Gaara, Hinata, Ino, Choji, Shikamaru, Kiba, Shino, and my character, Foxx, come to life and fallow me through school—with all the same classes mostly! :D

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In my POV!! :D

~~~~~

Hi. I like to be called monkey\_banana\_smoothie. This is a really funny story...

The other day, I was walking through the halls of Paul Laurence Dunbar Middle School for Innovation (hell of a long name), trying to keep up with my friend, Peter, aka, Chalk-boy, aka, Kenny killer.

“Yo! Kenny killer-chalk-boy!! Wait up!” I yelled.

He turned to see me, “What is it, MBS?”

“I have something to ask you.”

“What?”

“What if Naruto, Sakura, Ino, Gaara, Sasuke, Hinata, Choji, Kiba, Shikamaru, Shino, and Foxx were real...and wore kilts!”

“STOP IT WITH THE KILTS!! But, with all those guys really real...Hmmm...”

“Don't hurt yourself thinking.”

“Shut up. That'll be cool.”

“And we be the ones responsible to show them how life in America is SUPPOSED to be.”

“Cool.”

“AND they got the same classes as...”

“Us?”

“Me. Because you killed Kenny. How could you, Chalk-boy?”

I pretended to be sad. Peter sighed. “I didn’t mean to kill Kenny. Get over it. Kenny was just an EGG!”

“Now, you shut up.”

The two of us got into first period in time for WDMS news and Channel 1 news (way better than WDMS news).

I sat down and so did chalk-boy in the back of the class. We sat next to each other because, 1, I hate pretty much anyone else that I have 1st period with, 2, I’m way too tall and Peter says that he’s only an inch shorter, but, I’m still taller...by 2 inches!! He’s 5’6”, I’m 5’8” HAHA! VICTORY IS MINE! HAHA!

I took out my Sketchbook so I would be distracted from the crappyness of WDMS news and Peter had my Death Note book, number 6.

I sat there, my pencil centimeters or what ever-meters away from the blank sheet of paper. Nothing would come to mind. CRAP! I’ve got such a stupid artist-block. Peter nudged my arm to get my attention—actually, he was doing that for some time, I just didn’t notice! XP

“Wha’ do you want, KKC member?” I whispered, squinting my eyes. (KKC=Kenny Killer Clan)

“You know when you were talking about all those people becoming real?”

“Yea? So?”

“What that in wish form or what?”

“Well, before I said it, it was in wish form.”

“Be careful of what you wish for.”

“OH, shut up.”

I turned back to my sketchbook and decided to finish A ½ Demon Kidnapped by A Vampire, a manga I’ve been writing for quite some time now.

~~Later at lunch~~

I sat there, actually THERE before Chalk-boy-KKC-member! XD HAHA! MBS: 2 KKC member: 0!!!

He arrived and did a double take. “How’d you make it here before me?!”

“I’m faster. Plus, I don’t got a kilt!” I made a peace sign at him and stuck my tongue out playfully. “Oh, and I feel cold and I ran like my butt was on fire!”

I knew Peter hated the joke about the kilts. I forgot how that started. I guess, he said something about someone in a kilt, so it’s all his fault. HAHA! MBS: 3 Kenny Killer: 0!! How I got three, I donno!! XD

He went in line and got his food (I have a PACKED lunch! That’s how I got the 3!! XD) and his friends shortly joined.

“Hey, Peter...?” I asked.

“What?”

“Gai sensei in a tutu, wearing a kilt somehow, sitting like L, with waxed eyebrows, and.....”

“Don’t you dare say ‘with out spandex’.”

“WITHOUT SPANDEX OR UNDERWEAR!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!” Oh, how I love to do that. :^)

~~Next Morning~~

“OW!” I screamed, feeling someone put their foot roughly on my stomach, waking me up.

I blinked once. Twice. Thrice. There, around my bed in the living room, were Naruto, Sasuke, Sakura, Gaara, Hinata, Ino, Choji, Shikamaru, Kiba, Shino, and Foxx standing there. Foxx had her foot on my stomach.

I quickly jumped up, after Foxx removed her foot, and opened the curtains furiously. I looked up and down. Foxx then asked me something, “What in hell are you looking for?!” I could tell she was mad....again.

I sighed happily, “So it’s not a dream. If it were a dream, then there would be flying pigs and one would come in, land in front of me, and say, ‘GET SOME BACON FROM ME,’ and then I would take some bacon, but some angry protesting hippy people would attack the house and my brother would be there, but he’s not a hippy, but he’s angry because I claimed the flying pig, but then I’d kill ‘em all by throwing a chair at them and then I’d jump onto my dog, and ride him like a skateboard, then everything would go all Simpson-ie.”

They stared at me like I was insane or something—who said I wasn’t?

Then, I got the best idea—why the hell not let ‘em come with me to school so I have someone who’ll agree with me (like Peter) about how our school sucks and should go splode!!!!!! :D

So, when I said it they were all like ‘well...we ain’t got nothing better to do, so, ok.’ And, I ran up stairs

and got a good shirt on—the cleanest dirty black shirt and drawn on jeans, and me Monte Carlo jacket!! When I raced passed my parents room I said, “Mom, no need to take me! I’m taking the ‘bus!’”

I ran down (after getting dressed ><’) and got Foxx to transport us (also after I told all the Naruto peeps and her the dress code and why they should follow it) and got there fast (also, we somehow got all the supplies that we needed and their schedules!!><”)

~~

We arose to the side of the school that was closest to the street. I felt my stomach kinda turn—as did everyone else’s beside Foxx’s—and told them to stay there. I snuck up behind Peter and put my hands in the air.

He turned, “AAAAAA—don’t do that again.”

“Peter,” I said, acting as sternly as I could...very poorly, “There’s some people I want you to meet. ‘New students’.”

“New students??” he asked confused. I yanked him by his hoody (cause I could and that was funny) and brought him to the 11 ‘new students’.

“Meet Foxx Kiba, Sasuke Uchiha, Naruto Uzumaki, Hinata Hyuuga, Shino Aburame, Kiba Inuzuka, Gaara, Sakura Haruno, Ino Yamanaka, Shikamaru Nara, and Choji Akimichi!”

“You serious. This isn’t a joke or trick?” Peter looked like he was struck by a confusion-ray or something. HAHA! That’s wha’ you get, Kenny-killer-chalk-boy-owl-dude-owl!!!! XD

Foxx walked up to him. She pushed me done and put her foot—very, very, VERY, hard—onto my stomach, I yelled in pain. “GET YOUR FOOT OFF OF ME!!!!” I still felt like throwing up, and if I did on her foot, she’ll kill me with the shadows. I just know it.

“Ok. That’s good enough proof. Almost. MBS, you’re really pathetic, though,” Chalk-boy said.

“Shuddup,” I told him, wiping the dirt of my already dirty shirt. I got up and showed Peter Gaara’s, Choji’s, Shikamaru’s, Ino’s, Sakura’s, Kiba’s, and Naruto’s schedules that I actually was smart enough to make!! :D “They have the same exact classes as you. Sasuke, Foxx, Shino, and Hinata.”

“You just gave Gaara the same classes as me because you’re terrified of him.”

“So is my uncle, but they kept on walking, Owl.”

“Ha-ha,” he didn’t laugh at my joke....GRRRR!!! D:<

(Dude on TV: early this morning, a girl by the name monkey\_banana\_smoothie killed a guy named Peter Trant because he didn’t laugh at her joke)

“Shuddup.”

~~~

We got into 1st period (Peter almost didn't make it because he had his sax with him and put it in the band room, I switched from trombone o' doom to drums NOT o' doom) and Mrs. Matthews was introducing the new students.

"Ok, so today, students, we have 11 new students. All from...Japan. Gaara, Shino Aburame, Choji Akimichi, Sakura Haruno, Hinata Hyuuga, Kiba Inuzuka, Foxx Kiba, Shikamaru Nara, Sasuke Uchiha, Naruto Uzumaki, and Ino Yamanaka," Mrs. Matthews said.

'HOLY HELL! She got the names right with no problem!! It toke me forever to get Shikamaru's name right. Even longer for Ino's last name. Yamanaka, Yamanaka, Yamanaka, Yamanaka, Yamanaka, BLLLEEEEEEH. And sometimes, I STILL get her last name confused up with Yakamita!!! And she put them in order in ABCD order!!!!'

I looked at the people around the room—everyone put Peter and the 11 'new students' looked weirded out from the new people—And Natalie looked like she liked Sasuke....so did Tori. And Katelyn. And Nyete. And Sakura. And Ino. And Naruto. J/k!

And Carissa. And every other girl in the class beside Foxx and I. I have the forth, and she doesn't really show any of her emotions, so I couldn't tell. Anyway, the teacher asked the 11 new students something, "May you share something special with the class." Everyone's eyes fixed on to Gaara. He said nothing and glared at Shino. So, Shino went.

"I can control bugs," he said, everyone tried to hold in their laughter.

Then, it was Choji's turn. "I luv food!"

Next, Sakura. "As you all have noticed, I have beautiful pink hair."

I felt like....caughing. So did Foxx. And Ino. "**caugh*liar*caugh*"

Next, it was Hinata, who said nothing because she was too shy, so Kiba went. "I come from the Inuzuka clan in Japan!" he said, then letting out a YAHOO.

After him, Foxx went. Everyone's eyes fixed onto the wolf on her forehead. "I have nothing of much interest to most, but, the wolf on my forehead...It isn't paint or a tattoo....but, a birthmark." When she spook about the wolf being a birthmark, everyone's eyes bulged out of their sockets.

After Foxx, it was Shikamaru's turn. He said nothing, so it was Sasuke's turn, who also said nothing, so, it was Naruto's turn, and as you know, Naruto always had something to say....loudly, "I LOVE RAMEN!!!!"

Everyone had to cover their ears, it was so loud. Especially Foxx. Well, then, it was Ino's turn. "I have the most beautiful blonde hair in Japan."

Foxx and I caughed. So did Sakura. “*caugh*Jaright*caugh*”

Blah-blah, yada-yada, blah, blah, blah, yada, yada, blah, ok, so, now, we in Lunch!! YAY!

I sat waiting for Peter for HOURS.

Once he got to the table—which also had the Naruto people and Foxx there—he, again, double-taked. “Foxx,” I said plainly, not looking up from the drawing I was drawing.

“Oh, of course...and not your butt on fire?”

“...that too.”

To Be Continued...

2 - MBS takes 'em to 'er classes!

Moshi Naruto De Atta Jissai No

Chapter 2: MBS takes 'em to 'er classes! YAY!

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I showed the four (Sasuke, Shino, Foxx, and Hinata) to period 5—health. Yep, this weak it's health...And today's the day before the day before the day when Winter Break starts, or in short, Thursday.

When we five walked into there, Mrs. Rosavere greeted us. She noticed that there were five of us, and asked me if I wanted to switch to team 7. I answered, "Ok!" Inside...it wasn't just 'ok'.....

'HELL YEA!!! I HATE MY TEAM!!!'

Us five went to the back of the room.

I whispered to Sasuke, "Hey, you're still in team 7! What a quawik-a-dink!"

He just didn't care, he just moved to the back of the room. We all sat down and listened.....sorta

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After health, I had them follow me, "HUT two three four, HUT two three four!" I think they got pissed off by that...ANY way, we got to the French class room. When I stopped and went to the wall, the four 'new students' started to go into the class room but, I pulled them back by their collars.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked.

They looked at me strangely. "We were going into the class," Foxx said after recovering from shock.

"Not yet, you ain't. We're not allowed to until Mrs. Anderson says so. And even when we get into the class, we're not allowed to sit down until she says so. That's after we say 'Bonjour, Madamwazel Anderson' or something like that...but, you can be like me and say, 'Kunoichi sensei'. It's fun. Also, when you get into there to speak English you have to say 'Puis-je parler anglais?' And to speak in Japanese you have to say, 'Puis-je parler Japonais?' 'K?'"

"You serious?" Sasuke asked me.

"Ja. You think I'd lie?"

Everyone stayed quiet...It was true...I'd hardly—err—never lie! 0:)

Mrs. Anderson came walking down the hallway. She looked at all of us. Then, she noticed the four. “Oh, bonjour. *News Dude: MBS replaces true name with SN* MBS, are these new students?”

“Oui.”

“Ok. What are you’re names?”

“Puis-je parler anglais?” they all asked. Mrs. Anderson nodded.

Foxx went first, “I’m Foxx Kiba.”

“Sasuke Uchiha.”

“H-Hinata Hyuuga.”

“Shino Aburame.”

Mrs. Anderson nodded, and then said for the class to enter to the class and we had to listen to her teach us French—well, most of the class, I wasn’t paying much attention and neither was Foxx. Then, Sasuke gained my attention.

“Hey, monkey_banana_smoothie? What interments did you sign us up for in band?” he asked holding up his schedule.

I sat there and thought, then whispered, “You have saxophone, Foxx has percussion, Shino, you have bassoon, Hinata, you have a flute. For Gaara, alto-sax, Sakura and Ino, flute, Naruto and Kiba, trumpet, Shika got clarinet, and for Choji, tuba.”

Sasuke had a face like he wanted to murder me. What’s wrong with sax besides the fact that if you put ONE letter upside-down, it turns into sex??

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We got into the band room to find that Mr. Scruggs was absent. So, the 13 of us (Kenny-KKC-member-killer, Naruto, Sasuke, Sakura, Choji, Foxx, Kiba, Shino, Hinata, Ino, Shikamaru, and Gaara) sat together and watched the movie on whatever—actually, not paying attention and talking to eachother or our demons (well...Foxx talked to her demons and us)! -\_-’

One conversation made all of the Naruto people have day-mares! (haha. Not nightmares, nightmares during the day)

“Yo, Naruto, Sasuke, Sakura, Choji, Foxx, Kiba, Shino, Hinata, Ino, Shikamaru, Gaara? When we get home, I’m gonna show you fanfics,” I said, with an evil grin painted on my lips, matching the gleam in my eyes.

Everyone of them gulped. Naruto asked, “W-what are....fanfics?”

“You’ll see,” I said in a sing-song voice with slyness behind it.

KKC member started trying to hide his laughter and blushing. And, like he always does when he doesn’t get what’s going on, Naruto yelled to Peter, “WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?!?!”

Everyone stared at Peter and Naruto. I was snickering under my breath. Everyone stayed quiet, waiting and watching for Peter’s answer. He didn’t until they went back to watching the movie.

Peter whispered to Naruto, “MBS is going to torchor you with fanfics. Fanfics are stories made by fans...\*laugh\*...which have all these ‘things!’”

All the people from Naruto gulped and blushed. “W-what kinds of things?” asked Sasuke, gulping.

I answered that, “Yaoi, yuri, sex, profanity, OC’s, gay-sex, nudity, yada, yada, so on and so forth.” Everyone, including Owl, stared at me.

“I thought they only had stuff that wasn’t gay,” said KKC member.

“Nope. I read all kinds, and I know more than you. Oh, and, how many people wanna ride the bus?” I asked. No one raised their hands, “Good. Cuz I’m not gonna ride it either, my mom’s gonna pick me up at Mrs. Braxton’s house.”

“Who?” asked Chalk-boy-san.

“Mrs. Braxton is a friend of mine who lives near here.”

“Oh...”

“Ja...”

To Be Contnued...

### 3 - New Peoples! YAY OR UNYAY!

Moshi Naruto De Atta Jissai No

Chapter 3: New Peoples! YAY OR UNYAY!!! XD

Pre-view::: We all stared at the end of the bed, hearing breathing not from my li'l puppy, Bandit...

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After school, Foxx transported Naruto, Sakura, Ino, Sasuke, Hinata, Gaara, Shino, Choji, and Shikamaru back, inside the house (wow) and left me and her to see Mrs. Braxton. (Kiba went with Peter because Kiba wanted to see KKC member's two doggies and Foxx got Akamaru there somehow with out the teachers or principal seeing. Donno how...).

So, the two of us walked over to Mrs. Braxton's house.

When I rang the doorbell, I noticed that Foxx was looking around.

"What cha looking for?" I asked.

"I don't think Mrs. Braxton is home. I don't see a rolling thingy with metal," she answered.

I felt a question mark appear on my head. Then it turned into an exclamation mark. "Oh, Mrs. Braxton doesn't have one. She doesn't work either."

"Eh...?" That ½ demon didn't understand what I said—of course she wouldn't until she saw Mrs. Braxton.

The door opened and a darker skin tone, elderly lady had her shaking hands on the white door. A smile appeared on her face.

"Hello, Sadie baby (only Mrs. Braxton can call me that)! My Sadie-baby," she walked out and gave me a hug.

"Hello, Mrs. Braxton. This is my friend, Foxx Kiba. She comes from Japan," I said, and Foxx put her left hand up (you put your left hand in, you put your left hand out, you put your left hand in and you shake it all about....sorry, just had to do that.)

Mrs. Braxton opened her arms to Foxx, "I've just gotta give you a hug, child." Foxx left a soft smile appear on her face as the shaking arms of Mrs. Braxton rapped around her. I did a quick check to see if I had a camera....nope...no camera. No blackmail—err—memories. 0:)

Mrs. Braxton (awesome person), Foxx, and I walked into the yellow house. I noticed that Foxx was sniffing a lot.

Though I questioned what she was smelling, I didn't care. We went into the dining room. Foxx sat in one chair, and I sat in Mrs. Braxton's late husband (sad).

"What part of Japan?" Mrs. Braxton asked. "Miss. Kiba, what part of Japan are you from?"

"Tokyo, ma'am," Foxx answered.

"Why did your parents move here?"

Foxx put her head down and thought. Deeply. Ya know it's easy for someone WITH parents, but someone WITHOUT? Pretty difficult.

I answered for her, "They moved here to become more free, Mrs. Braxton."

"I'm sure you'll enjoy this city, Foxx," Mrs. Braxton said, nodding to Foxx. Foxx smiled.

"I'm sure I will."

I caughed, "*caugh*Idon't*caugh*" I smiled.

"Sadie-baby, I just can't believe how tall you've grown," Mrs. Braxton said, turning to me. "How tall are you?"

"5'9", Mrs. Braxton."

"How's your mom?"

"She's ok. She hasn't slipped down the banister yet, so, she's doing just great!"

Mrs. Braxton turned back to Foxx, "Do you want to hear the funniest story about when I used to help clean Mrs. Penn's home?"

"Sure," Foxx said. I just KNEW she was planning something....That smile wasn't a smile, it was a smirk. And she stole my glint! D:<

"I was folding her brother's, Jonathan, clothes, and he slept in the basement, and Sadie was a little baby, and playing with her toys, and had them spread out. I told her, 'Sadie baby, move your toys, or I'm going to trip over them.' She kept playing and, when I was carrying the clothes, I couldn't see over it, and tripped and almost broke my neck, and Sadie baby rushed over to me and said, 'Hurt? Are you hurt?' I said, 'No, I'm not hurt.' And sure enough, she moved the toys and made a path for me," Mrs. Braxton said, laughing.

Foxx laughed (O. M. G.), putting her hand to her mouth, "That's hilarious. So, 'Sadie-baby?' Do you pick your toys up?"

"...yes," I answered, blushing.

Mrs. Braxton laughed. We then heard the doorbell. “That must be your mom. Nice seeing you, and nice meeting you, Foxx,” Mrs. Braxton said, looking at the door. We both grabbed our backpacks and headed to the door.

Sure enough, it was my mom. She had us go into the car and we were off (after we said bye to Mrs. Braxton) and were home in a matter of minutes—literally. When we entered the living room, I jumped to the computer and started to get it running. The 10 Naruto people and Foxx watched me. I pulled up a Word document called ‘Mr. Snugglemuffins.’

“What’s that?” asked Sasuke.

“You’ll see,” I answered.

All of them read through it. Choji, Hinata, and Shino nearly died from nose bleeds, Ino and Sakura were flaming, Shikamaru thought it was troublesome (to him, what isn’t), Sasuke and Naruto gaped, and Foxx and I could hardly hold our laughter in.

“Th-th-this is w-w-what f-f-fanfiction is,” I said, stuttering, trying to hold the laughter in.

Sasuke grabbed my collar, “WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!?!?!?”

“I just told you, fanfic...tion,” I answered, smiling.

“I MEAN, WHY DOES IT HAVE THAT CRAP IN IT?!”

“What crap? OH! About you and Naruto being together, you being horny beyond belief, fact or fiction, Sakura and Lee being together, Ino and Shikamaru being together, and you and Naruto having sex?” I asked, like a little kid.

“YES!”

“Because, 1, I didn’t write this. 2, fans luv, luv, luv, LUV this, and luv L-U-V, not L-O-V-E. 3, there’s fangirls for yaoi and luv you two together and the juicy, hott, spicy sex.”

“I don’t see why.”

“Why...? Why, you asked?”

“I didn’t ask...I said.”

“Same difference! Well, it’s just like crack, alcohol, cigarettes, and other drugs. First, you’re all like ‘I am NEVER EVER going to like that,’ then, like 5 minutes later you’re like, ‘....I WANNA SEE[or read] THAT AGAIN!!!!’ And you’re drooling onto the keyboard, so that you get electrocuted, believe me...That’s what happened to me.”

All the people from Naruto looked at me weirdly.

“OH, and yuri.”

They're eyes grew. Foxx was still trying to hold in her laughter. Then I remembered something very important!

“Yo, guys, gals, germs,” I said, turning to them, “I've got to go get your guises as clothes! Foxx! Can you transfer me into another place?”

“Joo bet,” she answered.

“And two other people?”

“Ja.” She got ready. “Who else and who else?”

“Damian Shultz from school and KKC member—err—Chalk-boy—err—Owl—err—Kenny-Killer—err—Kenny-Killer-Chalk-boy—err—Peter,” I answered and trying to remember KKC member's name. Man, I have way too many names for Owl.

“k. What realm?”

I reached behind me and grabbed a Naruto manga book—the first one. I flipped to the first page and pointed to it, “Here.”

“Easy.” I watched her transfer me—then watched as people in weird clothes passed by me. Then heard two people—boys—falling. I looked up to see Peter and Damian fall on top of me.

“Can anyone say ‘ow?’” I asked myself, sarcastically.

Pet got off me and Damian did the same. KKC member asked, “Where are we? I was just getting ready to go for a walk with the dogs and Kiba and Akamaru.”

“We're in Konoha!” I poked his forehead with all my might in my index finger, “What? You don't know you're surroundings that well?”

“How?”

“What?” asked Damian.”

I thought for a bit. “Oh, Foxx.”

Kenny-killer nodded. I thought again. I turned to the two, trying to look as serious as I possibly could, “Chalk-boy! Since you have your owl-demon—Fukuro—you go get Kiba's, Naruto's, Choji's, Ino's, Sakura's, and Shikamaru's clothes. Damian, you go get Shino's clothes. And, since I have my dragon demon—Sumi—I'm going to get Hinata's and Sasuke's clothes. Come back to this spot after you're done.”

The two boys nodded and ran off to the houses I told them—well, Kenny-killer-Chalk-boy had Fukuro

come out and fly off and I had Sumi come out and fly on her.

“So, Sumi? How difficult will it be to get into the Hyuuga and Uchiha residence, do you think?” I asked the white and blue dragon.

“The Hyuuga will be more difficult than Uchiha.”

“Why?”

“Neji, Hinata’s father, and Hanabi will be there—most likely ready for a fight.”

“Good. I wanna fight.”

“With me around, you won’t need to. All you need to do is grab the clothes and get out.”

“Awww! I wanna fight Hanabi!” I pouted.

“Shush, ungrateful child! She could kick your butt, hands, claws, and paws down.”

“...I know...”

The two of us got to the Hyuuga residence and peeked inside to find Neji in Hinata’s room.

‘I wonder what that ‘destiny-is-every-thing’ dude is doing in there...’

Sumi and I sat there for a minute.

“MBS.”

“Huh?”

“Go onto the roof, I’ll get the clothes.”

“Wha’??”

“Get onto the damned roof!”

I jumped up onto the roof and watched, clenching with all my might to the roof, trying not to fall.

Sumi went into the room, quiet as a mouse, and slipped into the drawers. I noticed that Neji was turning around and I yanked my head back up. Before I did, I noticed that it was the Byakugan. I gulped.

“HEY! YOU! HOW’D YOU GET UP THERE?!” I heard a voice say.

I looked down and noticed Hanabi. I looked side to side looking for an answer.

“Err...I don’t remember...?” I asked.

“That’s a lie!”

“No it ain’t.”

“Yea, it is.”

“Is not.”

“Is too.”

“Is not.”

“Is to.”

“Is not.”

“Is so.”

“Is not.”

“Is so.”

“IS SO TIMES INFINATY SQUARED!!! HA!”

“That’s stupid.”

“No it isn’t.”

“Is to.”

“Is not.”

“Is to.”

“Is not.”

“Is to.”

“Is not.”

“Is—”

Before Hanabi could say ‘Is to’ again, Sumi came out of the window.

MBS, stop your child-play and get on my back.

Though scared of her, I jumped onto her and flew off, ending my little fight with Hanabi, and leaving that

little brat with confusion.

When Sumi and I arrived at the Uchiha manor, I knew no one would be home, so I just opened the window, and jumped inside. I sneaked over to the dresser and opened it. Huh...Sasuke did have other things than the T-shirt thingy and white shorts...

He had that black over stretched rubber thing, the yukata thingy, pj bottoms, and...more of the T-shirt thingy and white shorts...I shoulda knew. Shoulda knew. Coulda knew. Woulda knew...if it wasn't for my curiosity of how he snuck passed all those fanny girls and had sex with Naruto-san.

I grabbed all the clothes I could carry and ran out of the room, and jumped onto Sumi.

"To where I was before, AWAY!" I shouted. Sumi rolled her eyes.

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Before we got there, I had Sumi go back into me, and I walked. So many smells filled the air. Ramen, rice balls, and fish....oh, and liver. Ew.

I got to the spot where we met earlier, only to find no one there.

'Why isn't Damian-kun-kun and Kenny-killer not here yet? I gave Damian-kun only one, and KKC member 6!'

Then I heard foot steps from behind me. I turned around to see Chalk-boy and Damian running up.

Once they got there, I just went all boomy on them. "What took you guises so long? I got into a fight with Hanabi, almost got spotted by Neji, and almost killed by fanny girls o' Sasuke, and you guys make it here later than me!"

"You got into a fight?" asked Damian. I could tell that it was disbelief.

"I did. Now, Owl, Damian-kun-kun, hand me the clothes. Peter, except for Kiba's." They did as they were told and the three of us some how got back to our homes.

I looked around. "Holy, freaking, fricking, craping hell....That was the most fun I have ever had in the history of history." Everyone stared at me. "Oh, and Sasuke?"

"What?" the raven-haired boy asked me.

"I got your suit made out of rubber!"

"It. Is. Not. Made. Out. Of. Rubber."

"Suuuuure it isn't. And I fully inspected it, and didn't find any dry, white stuff."

Foxx started to giggle.

Sasuke blushed and snatched the clothes out of my hand. I held up everyone else's clothes, and they took theirs.

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We all got ready for bed. We were waiting for Sasuke, because we totally torched him by taking all the showers before him, leaving only cold water—I'm sure he was used to that—and kept saying things like 'have you kissed Naruto lately' or 'so, how hot was it inside of Naruto' or 'are you planning to do it again with Naruto.'

When he came down, we all were crowded by the comp and reading something. (45 ways to piss off Sasuke)

He walked up to us. I minimized it and turned to the Uchiha heir and beamed at him.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!" I said, smiling big.

"Then why were you all snickering and laughing?"

"...Comics."

"...I'm not even going to ask."

"Ok! Cause we're never really tell you the truth, because we're pretending to be the government." I pulled out some shades and put them on and folded my arms. "We will tell you nothing but the lies, and nothing but the lies."

Sasuke rolled his eyes and walked over to the bed and looked at it strange.

"You never really did tell us why there was a bed in your living room."

"Me dad nuclear engineer. He go on assignment in Arkansas. He come back from assignment. He bring bed. Bed put in living room. I take living room over because I can. YAY! We all win!"

Sasuke turned back to me. "You don't have to act like I'm a baka like Naruto."

I gasped and so did Foxx. "How dare insult your partner, Sasuke!" the ½ demon and I said, gaping our mouths and acting ashamed.

The Uchiha hit his forehead.

Foxx and I were just getting a kick out of this. Our inner selves were on the floor, trying to hold in their guts.

She and I gasped again. “How dare you hit the spot were your partner could have possibly kissed you!”

He looked really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, REALLY, REALLY totally pissed off. I looked around frantically.

“Where’s an angry Pikachu?! We need a quick get-away!”

“You do realize that was just fanfiction and not the real thing, right?!”

“...maybe it’s Maybelline!” I watched as the Uchiha looked at me like he was really going to murder me—but, murder me, you’ll stay here for all of forever and more! >:D

j/k

I just told the Naruto people that so I don’t get killed by Gaara and Sasuke...and Ino....and Sakura...and Naruto....and Kiba....and Shino....and everyone else, pretty much. Except Hinata. She’s too kind to kill!

^_^

Well, I got up and stood in-between Sasuke and the rest of them. “Ok, so we need some sleep—and Foxx if you’re going to say ‘But I don’t sleep’ I know. You don’t need to sleep, so don’t if you don’t wanna—and Naruto, if you’re gonna ask ‘why does she not need sleep?’ I’m not going to tell you. So, we’re going to fit....1, 2, 3, 4, 5...five peoples on the bed. You’ll sleep the width, though. One person will get the couch, and the rest of us will get the floor. Who volunteers?!” I raised my hand and Foxx did, too. Shikamaru did. Then Naruto did.

“THAT SOUNDS FUN!”

“Joo BET its fun!” I answered.

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We all got into the way that we could—or volunteered for—and went to sleep, ready for the next day.

When I fell asleep, I had the coolest dream ever: I saw flying pigs and one would come in, land in front of me, and said, ‘GET SOME BACON FROM ME,’ and then I took some bacon, but some angry protesting hippy people attacked the house and my brother was there, but then I killed ‘em all by throwing a chair at them and then I jumped onto my dog, and road him like a skateboard, then everything went all Simpson-ie.

See? Coolest. Dream. Ever. Funny thing was, I keep having that dream. BUT, I wuv that dream! ^w^

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We all stared at the end of the bed, hearing breathing not from my li'l puppy, Bandit...or me...

To Be Continued....

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! XD