

Naruto One-Shots for the Teenage Soul

By penelope

Submitted: January 1, 2008

Updated: January 3, 2008

Chapter Three = humour again.

"Never fear, Neji!" someone said. Far too loudly. "Master Gai once told me of a hangover remedy! You need - well, we'll have to find a dog and get it to bite you first - and a pepper and-"

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Chapter 1 - Introduction	2
Chapter 2 - Heaven	4
Chapter 3 - Light	6

1 - Introduction

Notes: *Once upon a time, Meeg and Pea hung around in the Harry Potter fandom. Under different names, yes, because they are a cagey pair indeed. There's no point looking for any evidence of their passing: it was deleted long ago by Fanfiction dot Net. It was called "Spying On You! - the Show That Is Not A Rip-Off of Big Brother". They were sad indeed when it was cruelly taken from them, and for many years they shunned, **shunned** Fanfiction dot Net. But now they're back. Older, wiser. Not wiser, really. But with MORE M&Ms.*

And they drink, now, too.

Oh yes. You're in for an interesting ride.

We were stuck for an idea on what to write, so we just grabbed the 100 list and decided to do a series of one-shots based around that. So if you're the impatient type you can always look at it and see which chapter's coming up next. But we're cagey! So you never know what we'll do next. Probably what ever's easiest and amuses us at the time.

Feedback? We hear you ask. Reviews? Yes, indeed. That'd be lovely. And a cup of tea, too, if you please.

Chapter the First: Introduction -Iruka

"Alright everyone! Everyone! I know you're excited to be on camp, but -OI! Thank you.

Okay. Before we split into our groups, I'd like to lay down some ground rules. Anyone found breaking the rules - *Naruto, stop throwing spitballs at Sasuke. I mean it* - will be sent home immediately with either Mizuki-sensei or myself.

I want to make it absolutely clear that there will be no girls anywhere near the boys' tents. Ino's parents had some very strong words to say about that last year, and I don't want any repeats.

Keep your hands *and feet, thank you Ino* to yourselves at all times. *And you, Sakura*. There will be no unexplained black eyes on this camp.

Lights out will be at eight-thirty! There will be no excuses, *Sakura again*. I don't care that plaque is the number one cause of tooth decay, go to the bathroom and clean your teeth before lights out, not after.

Breakfast will be served at seven o'clock sharp. If you miss it, it's your problem.

NARUTO what did I say about those spitballs?

Tent inspections will be conducted randomly during the week, so keep them clean! We will be looking for contraband of all kinds, including all food items *Choji I'm looking at you.*

There is to be no practicing of any ninjutsu, genjutsu or taijutsu on your tentmates at any time! All kunai knives are confiscated as of now, you can leave them in the basket by the door. Don't you groan at me! Anybody found with weapons in their tent will be sharing Mizuki-sensei's tent and he snores like a tractor!

This is your last warning, Naruto. Don't make me come back there.

Don't feed the monkeys!

The area on the other side of the fence behind the girls' tents is out of bounds. The area around the river is out of bounds. And believe me, the weapons closet is really out of bounds! Don't let me catch you near them.

You were all given schedules on the bus this morning. You may have noticed there are two blank spaces. These are your free time. During this time, you may go down to the river, but only if you are accompanied by either Mizuki-sensei or myself.

Sasuke, let go of Naruto. He's turning blue.

Over the course of the week, special instructors will be giving up their time to advise you on special techniques. I want you all on your best behaviour at these times, as these instructors have their own punishments for rule-breaking. And trust me, Ibiki-sensei is very inventive.

Mizuki-sensei is going to split you into pairs, and then I want you all to go out and pitch your tents. Ino and Sakura, I want your tents as far away from each other as possible! Same for you, Sasuke. Shikamaru, please go and pitch your and Naruto's tent while I take Naruto to the sick bay.

...it's going to be a long week.

M&Ms wrote this chapter, and Southern Comfort wrote the Authors' Notes. We'd also like to thank our hairdressers and remind you all of that cup of tea.

2 - Heaven

Angst. We've never written angst together before, and we feel like utter, utter bastards for doing it to Kakashi. There'll be more humour (we speak fluent crack) later.

Interesting (not really, but anyway) note: *this isn't a long one-shot, but it took us until one in the morning to write because we kept having to stop to make stupid jokes and drink tea. Tea fortifies us against the angst. We recommend it for all your less-than-cheerful readings. Earl Grey for preference.*

Chapter the Second: Heaven -Kakashi

He couldn't sleep. Too muggy. He'd balled his blanket up and thrown it away hours ago, his pajamas had soon followed, but the air in the room was so heavy, so damp that it hadn't done any good. It sat on his chest like a living weight, pinning him to the sheets.

He couldn't sleep: he'd heard that a glass of milk could help, but his fridge was empty. He didn't like the idea of cooking a meal for one person, so he didn't eat much, and never alone. Between training and missions, it was the most time he ever spent with people these days. People were a balm. A little bit at a time, and only when he needed to.

There'd been people around him once, all the time. Maybe it'd been too much. He thought so now, anyway. Medicine. Too much all at once and it'd be enough to make you ill. But *perhaps*, just... perhaps. He could imagine.

Perhaps made its way into his dreams, these days. His waking dreams, even, like the one he was having now. He rolled onto the floor, his face pressed against the hard wood, made no effort to move. The air settled on his back and pressed him down. *Perhaps*...

...they had never died. There'd been a wedding. A big one, probably in spring. There'd been the smell of cherry blossoms, faint on the breeze. He'd uncovered his face, just for them. Just to feel the breeze cooling his cheeks. He'd even given the bride a kiss, just a quick one, just to see ...Obito splutter and huff. That night he'd gone to sleep with their laughter still in his ears and a smile on his lips.

And there'd been children, of course. Their house had rung with shouts and laughter, all the time, so loud that he could swear that he sometimes heard it at his home. Obito would turn up sometimes on his doorstep, seeking reprieve, and he'd share hot sake with him before he had to go back. Sometimes, Minato would be there too, and his home was almost like a sanctuary to them. They'd tell him how lucky he was to still be "unattached", but they'd smile when they said it and he knew they weren't as unhappy as they'd have him believe. He could still smell the sake on Minato's breath as he slung an arm around his shoulders and imparted drunken words of wisdom. Then he'd be the one to steer him home and try to explain to his wife that it was the last time, really...

And then he'd go home and... *and...*

There'd be someone there. Someone who'd mumble sleepily at him when he came in late, whom he'd wake up beside in the early hours of the morning. There'd be soft skin under his fingertips, and long hair spread over his pillows, tickling his nose. He could very nearly imagine the scent of it. A clean scent, like shampoo or soap.

The floor felt sticky against his skin. He must have fallen asleep; his right arm was numb. A shower, or at least a wash in the sink, he thought. His skin was clammy all over and stuck to the floor when he went to stand. It made a noise like a bandage being pulled off. He ran a hand over his face and felt the raised skin of his scars.

Perhaps had been sneaking into his dreams again. Maybe he'd need the balm again tomorrow.

Editing? What's that? May we have a cup of tea, now?

3 - Light

With us this morning, for this very special New Year's Day post is the Walrus (he doesn't live on this site, so don't bother trying to look him up. His main function is to eat any food that we can't. He also likes tea). Pea believes in Ricadonna. The Meeg isn't impartial to vodka, which is the name of an exchange student from Russia, apparently. The Meeg likes to watch the sunlight glinting off his manly stubble. On his legs.

A Happy New Year and aurr aurr to you all.

Our New Year's Present to you all. We thought it rather fitting.

Chapter the Third: Light - Neji

Too bright. The morning light is a terrible thing when you've three-hundred and sixty degree x-ray vision. And a hang over that could knock over an elephant. *Life is a bastard. No, alcohol is a bastard. Never again*, Neji promised himself. He lay face down on - a couch? Must be - his face buried into the cushions. Not because it was helping, but because he was sure he was going to throw up if he moved. Someone, he noticed, had very considerately set a bucket and towel next to the couch.

"Shut. The. Curtains," he growled. Or tried to growl. His vocal cords felt as though they'd been lubricated with acid, and its hard to sound threatening when your voice is only just above a whisper.

"But it's a beautiful morning," said someone. He didn't care who. His head hurt too much.

"I hate you both."

"No you don't. Who else would bring you back to their place, let you kip on their couch, throw up on their carpet and make a giant mess of the bathroom?" A pause. "You owe me new shoes too. Nice ones."

Memories of the night before were creeping through his rather abused brain. He wished they wouldn't.

More importantly, he'd just realised that this wasn't his house. This wasn't his couch, and it wasn't his carpet he'd thrown up on. Oh. Crap.

"Never fear, Neji!" someone said. Far too loudly. "Master Gai once told me of a hangover remedy! You need - well, we'll have to find a dog and get it to bite you first - and a pepper and -"

"Lee. I don't care. Stop talking."

"I'll make you some bacon and eggs. You need protein." He heard a fist smacking into the palm of an open hand. "Maybe if you eat a hundred pieces of bacon -!"

"Lee!" he surged up off the couch and immediately regretted it. Tenten thrust the bucket into his hands and grabbed the back of his head, forcing it down into the bucket. Tenten patted his back, holding the bucket at arm's length and averting her face. Not because she wanted to, but because she knew someone had to.

"Get it all out," she said, not as sympathetically as he'd have liked.

He sat back down a minute later, throttling Lee the last thing on his mind. That is, until the smell of bacon began to waft in from the kitchen. Turning his stomach. He considered putting the blanket over his head to block the light and smell, but he noticed it had a motif of little duckies. He gave Tenten a look.

"It was the only spare blanket I had," she said. She folded her arms. "We could have left you on the street when you passed out, covered in goodness-knows-what. Lee had to shower you, you know," she added. "You can't tell now, because he's tough, but he was traumatised. He's going to need therapy. Lots of it."

They both turned to look into the kitchen. Lee turned and waved cheerily. Neji felt slightly traumatised himself.

There was a knock at the door. To Neji, it felt as though someone had driven a nail into his skull. Twice. Tenten opened the door, letting more of that light - horrible, burning *light* - into the room. Kiba came in with it.

"Hinata asked me to help her find you. You're in a lot of trouble," he announced. (Neji ground his teeth. Why hadn't he noticed how *loudly* Kiba did everything before?) "Your uncle's looking for you. Hinata

covered for you, but I don't think he bought it." He stopped behind the couch and leaned against it, waved his hands flippantly. Neji could have sworn he heard the air move. Damned Kiba. "Something about ... bunnies. I don't know where she went with that, but I don't think your uncle was impressed." He grinned nastily, showing more fang than was seemly. "You'll never live it down." He eyeballed Neji, his chin resting on one balled fist. "Wow. How the mighty have fallen. You look worse than Lee after the New Year's party. Oh," he glanced toward the kitchen. "Hi Lee."

Neji jerked to his feet, nearly upending his bucket over Akamaru and lurched toward the door. He'd rather brave the daylight and face whatever he'd done last night than listen to Kiba any longer. He heard footsteps, Lee's, patter after him down the hall.

"Wait! Eat something before you go."

He sighed, stopped, turned around and glared at the frying pan Lee held. He took a piece, a very small piece, to humour him and forced a smile. A sour smile, but it seemed to be good enough for Lee, who beamed back.

"Look," Neji went to run his hand through his hair, but thought better of it. Apparently his teammates didn't care quite enough to hold his hair back while he was being sick. Instead, he rubbed his temples and squinted against the blinding (to him, anyway) light outside the house. "I'm...sorry about last night." He turned on his heel and stalked off before Lee could say anything.

Lee stood staring after him, a rasher of bacon slipping out over the edge of the frying pan. Kiba and Tenten wandered up behind him.

"What the hell was that about?" Kiba asked.

"Oh, I told Neji that Lee gave him a shower while he was drunk last night." Tenten caught the bacon before it hit the ground and chewed carefully. Lee stared at her in horror.

"You *what?*"

Apologies to all Russians. This is not a test. It's an exam. You are being graded.