

The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 1

Compiled by Ian [14 October 2023]

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The following PDF is a compilation of several fics posted to Livejournal, FanFiction.net, and AO3 between the years 2006 to 2014. In an effort to preserve these stories, and this early history of the fandom, they have been archived here. They are unedited from their original state, including grammar and spelling errors. They have also been archived with their links, so one can see them on their original platform.

All works archived here are oneshots. Multi-chapter works are in progress of being archived as of this work, and will be available to download here: [x] These oneshots are not archived in chronological order.

All works archived here are SFW, in that they do not contain sexually explicit content. They may contain violence, harsh language, and other adult topics. Sexually explicit fics are in the process of being archived in a different document, which will be available on the NatM Search site.

The NatM Search extends their thanks to these authors for shaping the early fandom.

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Drawing Contest

xxmyfearsmylies // [x]

Posted 9 January 2007

Note: This was the first NatM fanfiction posted, less than a month after the first film!

"Those are the young liege's writing means!" cried a shocked Octavius. Jedadiah looked up at once. He was standing up, struggling to hold a large, blue crayon and maneuver it upon a piece of paper- which unknowingly was Nicky's homework.

"Yeah, and I'm using 'em! It's more funner than riding on the roof of a speedin' train!" Jedidiah exclaimed excitedly. Octavius looked skeptical. "Awww, Octavi-butt is scared 'bout usin' these things, is he?"

"H-hey!" Octavius stammered, jogging over to a red crayon and, after a bit of work, was able to support the weight and place it on the page. "See? I'm not *frightened*."

"Well then, partner..." Jed dropped the crayon and strolled over to where the other inch tall man stood. "I challenge you to a... draw."

"A huh?"

"We both make a pic'ure and Gigantor judges who made the best!"

Octavius took a moment to think, but then bowed. "An honorable battle it shall be."

"Hey! HEY! Gigantor!"

Larry nearly passed Jedadiah by because he had heard a distressed screech of the monkey kind- Dexter. "I'm sorry Jed, but I gotta save that ungrateful little primate-" He stopped and realized what he was about to do. "Onnnn second thought, what is it?"

"My liege, we are in need of your judgement," Octavius said, as he assisted Jed in sliding the paper towards him.

Larry watched them struggle for a few seconds before casually sliding the paper from the desk and squinting at it. "Uhh... what were you guys doing to Nicky's homework?"

"We were having us a competitioning!" Jed explained vaguely.

"What he *means*," Octavius explained. "Is that we both drew 'pictures' with the young liege's utensils, and we would like your opinions-"

"Whose picture is the go'durn better one?" Jedadiah interrupted, making Octavius glare.

Larry squinted even harder to see the tiny red and blue drawings poking out of the directions for numbers one through seven's math problems.

The blue drawing looked like a very abstract depiction of a train, and the red was a man and a boy. Probably Larry and Nicky.

"Jed, I sure hope yours is a train, because if not, it looks unfortunately like a threesome of the gay variety, and Octavius, if this is me and Nicky, whaaat did I tell you about being a kiss ass?"

Jedadiah looked thoroughly confused and Octavius just looked at his feet.

Dexter let out a deafening screech and all three covered their ears. "Ooookay guys, I gotta-"

"WHAT?" Jed and Octavius yelled in unison.

"I HAVE TO GO-"

"WHAT?"

"WHAT? --OH, NEVERMIND!" Larry ran off at break neck speed, and soon, the insistent screeching stopped.

Octavius and Jed slowly pulled their hands from their ears. "Did he happen to mention who won?" Octavius asked in vain. Jed shook his head.

"Don't think so... dang..."

"Please take out your math homework, we will check it together..."

Nicky took his math homework out of his Take Home folder and put it on his desk.

Sighing, Nicky put his chin in his palm and looked down at his paper one more time...

Two red and blue drawings poked out from the top of the directions. Narrowing his eyes, Nicky took a closer look. A train, a man, and a boy.

What?

That Adventrous Night

daisyduke80 // [x]
Posted 26 July 2007

Jed and Octavius had been driving in the little remote hummer trying to stop Cecil from stealing the tablet when suddenly they went under the carriage that Cecil had been using and started skidding.

"I can't hold her!" Jed yelled.

They both yelled as the hummer went over a mountain of snow and flipped over. Then everything went black. A few minutes later Octavius groaned softly.

'What happened?' Octavius asked himself as he came around.

He opened his eyes and saw that the Hummer him and Jed had been driving, was on it's roof and on fire. He looked by his side and saw Jedadiah laying on his back still unconscious. Octavius scooted by him.

"Jedadiah wake up," he whispered tapping his cheek slightly.

Jed's eyes didn't open. Octavius realized they needed to get of the car before they melted and get back to the museum before sunrise. He dragged Jed over to the window and climbed out. After he got out, he reached in and got Jed. He dragged him away from the car and laid him down. He knelt beside him and tried waking him again.

"Come on Jed you need to wake up so we can get back to the museum," Octavius whispered.

After a few minutes, Jed moaned softly as his eyes fluttered. He opened his eyes and met Octavius' worried face.

"Octavius," he whispered.

"Yeah. I'm right here. Are you alright?" Octavius asked.

"I think so. What happened?" Jed asked.

"Well from what I can tell, while we were driving that remote control car, we flipped over and crashed. It is almost sunrise and we need to get back to the museum. Can you stand?" Octavius asked.

"I'll try," Jed replied.

Octavius helped Jed stand up. Jedadiah took a few steps and would have fallen if Octavius didn't catch him.

"Are you sure you okay?" Octavius asked again.

"Well sort of. My ribs and right leg hurts real bad," Jed confessed.

"Well I'll help you back to the museum. We better go quick though," Octavius stated.

Octavius put Jed's arm around his neck and put his arm around Jed's waist. They started walking as fast as they could.

"I'm not going to fast am I?" Octavius asked.

"No," Jed replied, "Octavius it's so cold."

"I know. But we are almost there. So don't give up on me now," Octavius comforted.

They got to the stairs with only 1 hour left til dawn.

"Okay you will go up first and I'll follow behind," Octavius stated.

Octavius lifted Jed on to the step then pulled himself up. After 15 minutes they made to the top where Larry, Nick, and Teddy Roosevelt stood. Octavius still supporting Jedadiah.

"You ain't get rid of us that easy," Jedadiah smiled.

"Are you alright?" Larry asked.

"My ribs and right leg hurts badly," Jedadiah replied.

Larry picked them and carried them inside. He set them down on the desk. Jedadiah laid down and Octavius sat next to him. He looked over Jedadiah.

"He is going to be fine. Just lay here and rest for awhile. Octavius stay with him," Larry stated.

Larry, Nick, and Teddy went to restore order. Octavius and Jedadiah sat in silence for awhile. Finally Jed propped himself up on his elbows grunting in pain as he did.

"You should lay back down," Octavius told him putting a hand on his shoulder.

"I just wanted to say back there you saved my life. Even after all the things I've done to ya," Jed stated.

"Well I couldn't let you die. Like me you have people to lead," Octavius replied.

"Well I just wanted to say thanks," Jedadiah stated.

"No problem," Octavius stated.

Jed put his arms around Octavius' neck and hugged him. Octavius hugged him back. That was the way Larry found them. A few nights later, Larry brought Jed and Octavius a new remote control car. They drove it around with REXY following behind.

"Let's ride," Jed smiled.

Jed put the car in gear and sped off with REXY following behind.

Christmas at the Museum

daisyduke80 // [x]

Posted 23 December 2007

Once upon a time in New York City there was a magical museum. It was called the museum of Natural History. Including it was the most wonderful time of the year...Christmas! Everyone in the museum was preparing for the most joyous occasion.

"Are you excited about Christmas Rebecca?" Larry asked.

"Yes," Rebecca said as she hung decorations in the main hall.

Larry watched as she did. He kept thinking about what her face would look like on Christmas when he gave her his gift.

"Hey Larry," Rebecca said. "Is Nicky coming to the museum for Christmas?"

Shrugging, "I don't know," Larry replied.

Just then Larry was slapped hard on the back, "Merry Christmas, Lawrence."

Turning, "Hey Teddy!"

"Lawrence I think you should get over to the diorama room. Jedadiah and Octavius are fighting again," Teddy made known.

"Oh no," Larry sighed.

Larry walked to the diorama room. Sure enough, Jed and Octavius stood on top of the bench fighting.

"It's all your fault Octtie!" Jedadiah yelled.

"My fault? How is it my fault?" Octavius asked.

"If you hadn't distracted me, I wouldn't have dropped my father's watch and then drop the hammer on top of it!" Jedadiah yelled.

"What is wrong with that? He's DEAD!" Octavius said.

Jedidiah's mouth opened in shock, "How can you say that?!"

"Your father is dead Jed, he is not coming back..." Octavius said calmly.

Jed looked hurt. He looked at his friend with tears in his eyes.

"That was my father's watch! It was the only thing I had to remember him by. And you took it away from me," Jedadiah cried, "I don't wanna talk to you ever again!"

Jed ran off to the Frontier and to his tent where he let his emotions go.

"Octavius what is going on?" Larry asked.

Sighing, "Jedidiah is just being emotional...just like a full class woman."

"Octavius, that isn't nice," Larry said.

"Niether is it "nice" to send all of someone elses army to the pub," Octavius said.

"Well still you really hurt Jed. I think you should go apologize to him," Larry suggested.

"Why should I apologize to him?" Octavius asked.

"Because he is your best friend and what you said to him really hurt. You better think about what you did. You probably just lost your best friend," Larry made known. With that he walked away.

Rolling his eye, "You probably lost your best friend!" Octavius mocked in a goofy voice pretending to be Larry.

Yet, it was his father's... Octavius shook that thought from his mind. Jedidiah had to get over it if he liked it or not. Jed sat in his tent. He was looking at an old snapshot of his father.

"I'm sorry Pa. I promised you I would take care of your watch and I failed. I'm so sorry," Jed whispered.

Jed let more tears spill down his cheeks. He still couldn't believe

Octavius would be so mean about it. Maybe the friendship just wasn't meant to be.

A week had passed and Octavius had yet to apologize to Jed. And Jed had yet to talk to Octavius.

'Maybe I shouldn't have been that mean to Jed,' Octavius thought, *'But then again he did tell my army to go to the freakin' pub. I let him watch the army for 5 minutes and this is how he repays me.'*

Octavius sat down on a bench and rubbed his hands against his face in frustration.

'Maybe I should apologize to him,' Octavius thought.

'How am I supposed to do that when he won't even talk to me?' Octavius asked himself.

A smile soon spread on Octavius face. He went back to the Frontier and gathered up the remains of the watch. Then rushed back to the Empire.

Later that night, Jedidiah found a letter in the post office for him.

'I know you must hate me right now for what I did to you and I 'm sorry for it. Please meet me at the Hall of African Mammals in one hour. I have a surprise for you.'

Your friend,

Octavius

One hour later, Octavius was pacing around the Hall of African Mammal in the monkey exhibit.

He soon heard a galloping horse. He turned around and saw Jedidiah galloping up.

"Hello Jed," Octavius greeted as Jed got off the horse, "I'm glad you came.

"You know I almost didn't," Jed made known

"I'm glad you did," Octavius smiled weakly.

"So what's this all about?" Jed asked.

"I just wanted to say sorry for what I did. I never should have said the things I did," Octavius apologized, "and I brought you this."

Octavius handed Jed a box. Jed opened it. He stared at shock at what it was. It was his father's watch. It was fixed.

"Octavius..." Jed was speechless.

"I realized how much it meant to you so I took it over to the Empire and the watch repair man fixed it. It did take alot but it was worth it," Octavius explained.

Jed looked like he was going to cry of happiness now. But he didn't.

"Thanks Octavius," Jedidiah smiled as he hugged him.

Octavius hugged his friend as he smiled.

"No worries," Octavius replied. "Do you forgive me though?"

Nodding, "Of course," Jedidiah said.

"Well this is a Christmas miracle!" JEdidiah said.

"Now...what is this "Christmas?" OCTavius asked. "Everyone keeps talking about it?"

"WHAT IS CHRISTMAS??!!" Jedidiah exclaimed.

"You mean you never knew what Christmas is?" Jed asked.

"No," Octavius stated.

"Christmas is when you sit around with family and friends, eat a big dinner, exchange gifts, and listen to stories of christmases past," Jedadiah explained.

"Sounds fun," Octavius smiled.

"Of course it's fun!" Jedidiah exclaimed!!

"It is funner then mud wresteling!" Jedidiah exclaimed.

Lifting an eyebrow, "Funner than mud wresteling?" Octavius said dryly.

"Yeah," Jedadiah smiled.

"Well I guess you can count me in on this," Octavius stated.

"Sweet. Come on we need to get to the main hall and help decorate," Jedadiah stated.

With that Jed and Octavius began help decorate.

Everyone was making the main hall look great as they sang Christmas songs.

silent night, holy night

all is calm, all is bright

round yon virgin mother and child

holy infant so tender and mild

sleep in heavenly peace

sleep in heavenly peace

silent night, holy night

shepherds quake at the sight

glories stream from heaven afar

heavenly hosts sing alleluia

Christ the savior is born

Christ the savior is born

silent night, holy night

son of god love's pure light

radiant beams from thy holy face

with the dawn of redeeming grace

Jesus lord at thy birth

Jesus lord at thy birth

They had a big huge tree and were putting popcorn, garland, beads, and ornaments on it.

"Only two more hours everyone!" Rebecca said excitedly.

"Uh...Rebecca, I kinda need to ask you something first," Larry said nervously.

"Yes, what is it?"

Getting down on one knee, "Rebecca...I love you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you..." Taking a ring out, "Will you marry me?"

Rebecca had tears of joy running down her face.

She looked around at everyone who had anxious faces. Then she looked back at Larry.

"Yes," she smiled.

Larry slipped the ring on her finger, then hugged her as they shared a kiss.

Everyone clapped. Jedidiah sighed, "They will be kissing everymoment of the day!"

Rolling his eyes, "Darn...you are right!" Octavius said.

Larry looked to the two small men, "Ready to put up the star guys?" "Yup," they answered.

Larry put Jed and Octavius on top of Rexy's head and handed them the star.

"Be careful," Larry warned.

"We will," Octavius stated.

Rexy lifted them to the top of the tree and they carefully placed the star on.

Hours later

Jedidiah and Octavius sat around a campfire.

Smiling, "I have a gift for you Octavius," Jedidiah said.

Staring at him confusedly, "What do you mean?"

Handing him the gift, "For you pal, Merry Christmas."

Octavius took the present and took off the brown paper covering it. It was a new silver dagger.

"Wow...uh...thanks Jed I really love it," Octavius smiled.

"I thought you would," Jed smiled, "Merry Christmas Octavius."

"Merry Christmas Jedidiah," Octavius smiled.

They hugged.

Everyone gathered in the main hall as snow fell softly outside. The tree was the only source of light. Larry sat in a chair. He was going to read *Twas the Night Before Christmas*.

"*Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring not even a mouse,*" Larry began.

As he finished, everyone was asleep. As they all slept, a booming voice sounded through the night;

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

Children sleeping, snow is softly falling

Dreams are calling like bells in the distance

We were dreamers not so long ago

But one by one we all had to grow up

When it seems the magic's slipped away

We find it all again on Christmas day

Believe in what your heart is saying

Hear the melody that's playing

There's no time to waste

There's so much to celebrate

Believe in what you feel inside

And give your dreams the wings to fly

You have everything you need

If you just believe

Trains move quickly to their journey's end

Destinations are where we begin again

Ships go sailing far across the sea

Trusting starlight to get where they need to be

When it seems that we have lost our way We find ourselves again on Christmas day

*Believe in what your heart is saying
Hear the melody that's playing
There's no time to waste
There's so much to celebrate
Believe in what you feel inside
And give your dreams the wings to fly
You have everything you need
If you just believe
Just believe*

Author's Note: From me and LightonaHill, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you and your families be happy at this time of year and for the year to come

True Friend

daisyduke80 // [x]
Posted 14 April 2008

Jedariah sat in his tent in the Frontier. He was putting the finishing touches on his project. It was Octavius' birthday today. With Larry and Rebecca's help, he was throwing him a surprise party. He couldn't wait to see Octavius' face when he found out and when Jed gave him his present. Jed finished his project, and expected his work.

"It's perfect," he smiled.

He took his gift and wrapped it. Then he took it and headed to the main hall to check on the party.

"How's it coming?" Jed asked.

"Great were almost done," Larry stated.

"Give us about 5 minutes before you bring Octavius," Rebecca smiled.

"Okay besides it'll take me that long to get him to come here," Jedariah stated.

Jed took his present and hid it behind the desk. Jedariah took off to the Empire. When he got there, he saw Octavius commanding the army. Jedariah went up to him.

"Hey Octavius," he greeted.

"Hey Jed," Octavius replied.

"So Octtie do you wanna come with me and take Rexy for a walk?" Jed asked.

"I don't know. I have to stay here and command the army," Octavius replied.

"Oh come on Octtie. It won't hurt to take a little break. Besides you could use it," Jed persuaded.

"Alright," Octavius agreed.

As Jed and Octavius walked to the little remote control car, Jed looked back at the army and gave them a wink. They nodded in understanding. Jed and Octavius sped down the hall in the little remote control car. Once they got near the main hall, Jed stopped the car.

"Why are we stopping?" Octavius asked.

"There's something in the main hall that I wanna show you, but it's a surprise so I thought we'd walk the rest of the way," Jed explained.

"Okay," Octavius agreed.

They climbed out of the car.

"Close your eyes," Jed stated.

"What?" Octavius asked.

"Close your eyes. I don't want you to see it right away," Jed explained.

Octavius closed his eyes. Jed placed his hands in front of them to make sure he didn't see.

"Okay start walking," Jed voiced.

Octavius started walking very carefully with Jed behind him. Once they got to the main hall, Larry knelt down in front of them and held out his palm.

"Step up," Jed told Octavius.

Octavius raised his foot and stepped onto Larry's palm. Jed followed.

"Do you trust me?" Jed asked.

"Of course," Octavius answered.

Jed nodded to Larry and Larry started lifting them. Octavius started swaying slightly.

"Hold on. Keep your eyes closed," Jed stated.

Larry carefully placed them on top of the front desk.

"You ready?" Jed asked.

"Yes," Octavius answered.

"Alright open your eyes," Jed notified as he took away his hands.

Octavius opened his eyes as everyone shouted, "SURPRISE!"

Octavius looked around. Everyone in the museum was there. There was also a big banner that said, 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY!'

"What is all this?" Octavius asked.

"It's your surprise party," Jed answered standing in front of Octavius, "I wanted to do something special for your birthday, so I decided to throw you a party. With Larry and Rebecca's help of course."

"You did all this?" Octavius asked.

"Yeah," Jed smiled.

"Why?" Octavius asked.

"Because that is what friends do for their friends," Jed answered.

As the party carried on, Jed got more excited about giving Octavius his present. It now drew time to do it.

"Uh...Octavius, I have something for you," Jed made known.

"What is it?" Octavius asked.

Jedadiah pulled at a wrapped package and handed it to Octavius. Octavius carefully unwrapped it. He almost had tears in eyes when he finished. It was a picture of him and Jed that Larry had took of them. It was in a hand carved frame. Octavius looked on the back and there was a poem.

A friend should be radical.

They should love you when you're unlovable,

Hug you when you're unhuggable,

And bear you when you're unbearable.

A friend should be fanatical.

They should cheer when the whole world boos,

Dance when you get good news,

And cry when you cry too.

But most of all, a friend should be mathematical.

They should multiply your joy,

Divide your sorrow,

Subtract the past,

And add to tomorrow.

Calculate the need deep in your heart,

And always be bigger than the sum of all your parts.

Octavius looked up at Jed.

"Jed it's...wonderful," Octavius smiled.

"Do you really like it?" Jed asked.

"I love it," Octavius stated.

They hugged. This truly was the greatest birthday Octavius ever had.

We sign our cards and letters BFF

You've got a million ways to make me laugh

You're lookin' out for me; you've got my back

It's so good to have you around

You know the secrets I could never tell

And when I'm quiet you break through my shell

Don't feel the need to do a rebel yell

Cause you keep my feet on the ground

You're a true friend

You're here till the end

You pull me aside

When something ain't right

Talk with me now and into the night

'Til it's alright again

You're a true friend

You don't get angry when I change the plans

Somehow you're never out of second chances

Won't say "I told you" when I'm wrong again

I'm so lucky that I've found

A true friend

You're here till the end

You pull me aside

When something ain't right

Talk with me now and into the night

'Til it's alright again

True friends will go to the end of the earth

Till they find the thing you need

Friends hang on through the ups and the downs

Cause they've got someone to believe in.

A true friend

You're here till the end

You pull me aside

When something ain't right

Talk with me now and into the night

No need to pretend

You're a true friend

You're here till the end

Pull me aside

When something ain't right

Talk with me now and into the night

*'Til it's alright again
You're a true friend*

The End

tomatopudding // [\[x\]](#) // [\[Русский\]](#)

Posted 18 January 2010

The end was near, of this Jedidiah was certain. They were headed towards a pile of dirty snow, large to his view, in a speeding remote-control Jeep. Beside him, Octavius was sitting with his mouth open in shock and fear as they sped forward.

'Hey, Octy,' Jedidiah called over to his frozen friend.

'Yes, Jed?'

Jedidiah reached over and grasped Octavius' hand, twining their fingers together.

'Jed?'

'Ah need to tell ya, afore we die,' Jedidiah told the Roman, 'We may have had our differences, but,' the cowboy stopped for a moment. Seeming to gather his courage, 'Ah love ya!'

Octavius sat in shocked silence for a moment. As the Jeep hit the snow bank, Octavius leaned over and covered Jedidiah's mouth with his own. They grasped each other desperately as the Jeep flipped through the air and came crashing down into the snow.

Reality Bites

Verecunda // [\[x\]](#) // [\[Русский\]](#) // [\[Podfic\]](#)

Posted 10 November 2011

“Hey, Octavius.”

“Yes, Jedediah?” Octavius glanced over. The cowboy was leaning forward in the driver’s seat of their parked car, hands hanging over the steering wheel as he stared out of the windshield.

Jed turned to look at him. “You ever think ’bout if we were... real?”

“What do you mean?” Octavius was used to his friend bemoaning their small stature, but tonight the pensiveness in Jedediah’s voice took him by surprise.

“Y’know - real. Not just big like Gigantor, I mean. Real, like, if we weren’t jes’ figures in a display but if you lived back in the real Roman Empire and I was in the real Wild West.”

“I see.” Octavius thought about it. “Hm. No, I cannot say I have ever really given it much thought. I have memories of Rome, and they are real enough for me. Why?”

“I been thinkin’ about it a lot,” said Jedediah, once again gazing out of the windshield at nothing in particular. “Livin’ a real life, in the sun. With Manifest Destiny where there were real progress. Buildin’ a railroad what’d actually go somewhere, havin’ dynamite what actually worked.” His voice turned wistful as he added, “Guns what actually fired.”

Octavius, sensing that there was something else, ventured, “But?”

Jed sighed, then looked at him again. “But then I got to thinkin’. If I was a real cowboy, in the real West... then you wouldn’t be there. You’d be in Ancient Rome, two thousand years away. And I’d never meet ya, never even know about ya...”

Octavius, hearing the catch in the cowboy’s voice, reached across and laid his hand across Jedediah’s.

“And?” he prompted, gently.

Jed grinned, sliding their fingers together and squeezing. “Well, I decided it weren’t worth it. If bein’ real meant not havin’ you, then I choose bein’ li’l, partner. Every time.”

Octavius smiled, and kissed him.

Moll

rodlox // [x]
Posted 25 May 2009

Location: Smithsonian basement:

Just as Sacajawea was about to strike the fatal blow to one of Ivan's soldiers, someone grabbed her hand -

"What you doing?" Al Capone asked her.

"Fighting," she snapped at him.

He nodded, and when the knight tried lashing out at Sacajawea with a vicious kick, Capone stomped on his ankle and slapped him back down with his gun. "He oughtn't have done that," Al Capone said casually.

"Thank you" she said. If the knight was getting back up, it wouldn't be any time soon. "Are you on our side now?" Sacajawea asked Al.

"Depends. You spoken for, some guy's moll, maybe?"

"I am spoken for," she said, trusting that 'moll' was somehow signifigent. Theodore will know it, surely, when we return home.

"Damn. That's a real shame," and kicked behind him, striking the Frenchman who had tried to sneak up on them. "Then no, I ain't changin' sides."

"Then why?" she asked.

"I got standards," Al said. "And you, you're somebody - Lincoln, Thinker, Earheart, all here; you wouldn't be here if you wasn't somebody big." For a guy with itty cajones, Daley's got pull with the big names.

If I was not someone famous, I would not exist. "Then you've never heard of me?" Sacajawea said.

"Now I never said that," he said. "Just they shouldn't be hittin' ya."

"Are you suggesting I'm delicate?" she asked, backhandedly slapping away another Frenchman.

"Naw," Al said. "If you was, you wouldn't've walked into a fight. You're bigger than that."

Having seen Lincoln, Sacajawea wasn't immediately sure how to take that.

His eyes left hers for a moment, and he had his gripping hand slide down her arm, taking her hand and bringing it to her face; she told herself it was surprise that was why she didn't take the prime opportunity to slap him.

"I'll be seeing you," he said, brushing his lips over her knuckles before passing through the fray in pursuit of - of Larry, Sacajawea saw.

She throttled the next knight who came her way.

~~~~~

**the end**

# Slightly Scandalous

Verecunda // [x]

Posted 11 October 2011

As the sun set and the museum came alive, Jedediah stretched his cramped muscles and looked out across the Wild West diorama with a grin. “Whew-ee, another night!”

The rest of the cowboys and railroad workers were also stirring, and before long, the entire display was clamouring with voices and activity. Jed stayed long enough to make sure that the building of the railroad was underway again before taking off towards the edge of the diorama case. Across the room, he could see the Mayans pressed against the glass of their own display. He tipped his hat to them before craning over to the left to catch a glimpse of Ancient Rome. From here, he was just able to hear a familiar voice, calling out commands in Latin.

*“Ad signa! Mandata captate! Pila infige!”*

Sounded like Octavius was already putting his legion through their paces. Stick the guy in front of a bunch of soldiers and he was all business, all steely command and dignity. Jedediah’s grin became decidedly wicked. Boy, would them Romans be shocked to know that just the night before, their general hadn’t been nearly so prim and proper. And what had come out of his mouth then hadn’t been military commands, but things that’d make even a saloon girl blush.

But Jed knew that ol’ toga boy would rather take on a horde of screaming Caledonians single-handed than admit something like that. Hell, he barely even let Jedediah touch him in view of anyone else. One of those goofy Roman hang-ups. “Scandalous”, he called it.

Lucky for Jedediah he had never been one to worry about scandal. So, without further ado, and with his grin now practically splitting his face, he slung his trusty rope round the nearest boulder and slid down to the diorama room floor.

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*“Ad aciem... Ad testudinem...”*

Octavius watched with proud satisfaction as his troops slid effortlessly from one battle formation into the next. Truly, it was discipline such as this which had made the Roman Army the greatest military power in the known world. It was an awe-inspiring sight, as evidenced by the many civilians who were standing around the edges of the diorama to watch the display.

He opened his mouth to issue another command, but before he could say a word, a voice shouted, “Hey! Octavius!”

Surprised, he turned to see Jedediah hauling himself over the edge of the diorama. He stood up, straightening his vest and tipping his hat to a rakish angle before swaggering over, grinning all over his face.

“Evenin’, partner.”

Octavius held out a hand towards his soldiers. “*Consiste.*” They came to an obedient halt and he added, “*Laxate.*” Then he turned towards the cowboy. “Jedediah! You are here early.”

Jedediah shrugged casually, but Octavius spotted the gleam in his eye. “Eh, y’know, had nothin’ better to do, decided to come on over n’ see what you were up to.” He leaned in, his smile suddenly lecherous. In a husky undertone he added, “See if’n you were up for another round of the ol’ horizontal tango.”

Octavius shivered, but quickly collected himself. “Jedediah, I am still drilling my men.”

Jedediah looked over his shoulder; so did he, and realised that every eye in Rome was now upon them. He flushed, but Jedediah seemed unperturbed. He merely gave the Romans a cheery wave and shouted, “Howdy, fellas! Mind if’n I borrow your general for a couple of secs?”

“Jedediah, can’t this wait?”

“No way, man. I need yer help.”

Octavius’ eyes widened. “My help with what?”

Jedediah was smirking now. “Causin’ a scandal.”

“What in the world do you mean?”

“Come closer n’ I’ll show ya... Nope, closer’n that... Closer...”

“Jede-mmmph!” He was abruptly cut off as Jedediah seized his face and pressed their mouths together. For a split second he was rigid with shock, but when he felt the cowboy nip at his bottom lip, all thoughts were driven from his head and he opened his mouth to Jedediah’s tongue. The cowboy plunged in eagerly, roughly, a moan rising in his throat. It elicited an answering growl from Octavius, who returned the kiss with equal fierceness, his tongue battling with Jedediah’s, his fingers coming up to tangle in shaggy golden hair, letting himself get swept away by the heat and the sweetness and the intensity of it all...

Then, all of a sudden, Jedediah was no longer there. Octavius reeled backwards, stunned, and it was only when he heard Jedediah’s voice - “Well - later, y’all!” - that he remembered exactly where he was, and became aware of the dead silence around him. He whirled around - and was faced with a sea of wide, staring eyes: gape-mouthed senators and smirking legionaries.

For a moment he could only stand there, mortified. Then he heard a cackle of hysterical laughter from somewhere behind him, and the blood rushed to his face as he turned and roared, “JEDEDIAH!!”

# Amo, Amas, Amat

Verecunda // [x] // [Русский] // [Podfic]

Posted 11 October 2011

It was just after midnight, when Octavius and Jedediah had finished playing fetch with Remy and were taking a well-earned rest under the trees in the corner of the Rome diorama, that Jed sprang a rather unexpected question.

“Hey, Octavius, y’know this whole Latin business you Romans have...”

Octavius raised an eyebrow and, in one of his rare displays of sarcasm, replied, “I have heard of it occasionally.”

“Shaddap. Anyway, well, I was wonderin’ if... well, if’n I might be able to speak a bit of it?”

“You wish to learn Latin?” To say that Octavius was surprised would be a bit of an understatement. After all, Jedediah had never shown much interest in foreign languages before, and besides, the magic of Ahkmenrah’s tablet allowed them to communicate perfectly well in English.

“May I ask what prompted this?”

Jed shrugged. Truth was, he didn’t really want to admit his reasons out loud. Hell, he didn’t even really understand them. After he and the Roman general had finally put aside their differences and become friends, they’d got to spending much more time in each other’s dioramas, learning more about each other’s cultures, something they’d never done properly when they were fighting every night. And while Jedediah looked forward to his trips to Rome, there were some things that just bugged him. Like when he heard Octavius yappin’ away to the other Romans in their own language. He didn’t like not knowing what Octavius was saying, and he didn’t like having to share the general with anyone else who did. He’d be damned if he said that out loud, though. He didn’t reckon Octavius wanted a friend who was clingier than a coyote with its jaws round his leg, and dammit, he had a reputation to keep up.

“Aw, y’know me, partner,” he said cheerfully. “Ol’ Jedediah just can’t resist a new adventure!”

“I am aware of that,” said Octavius, “but for you, my friend, new adventures usually involve some speeding vehicle or other, not linguistics.”

Jed made a pouting face. “Y’mean you don’t wanna teach me?”

“Of course not!” said Octavius, looking shocked that he’d even thought such a thing. Regaining his composure, he pressed his fist over his heart. “On the contrary, it would be my honour, Jedediah. *Carpe diem*, as the saying goes. Or in our circumstances, I suppose it should be *Carpe noctem*.”

“Whoa, whoa, hold yer horses there, partner! You’re gonna have to hook me up with a beginner’s course before I can understand any of that there yammerin’.”

“As you wish.” Octavius considered for a moment. “We should begin with something simple, such as how to conjugate verbs.”

Jed blinked. “How to what whats now?”

Octavius sighed. This was going to be a long night.

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“Let us try this again. Repeat after me: *amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant. Amo* - I love. *Amas* - you love. *Amat* - he or she loves. *Amamus* - we love. *Amatis* - you love, and *amant* - they love.”

“Hey, whoa!” cried Jed. “Back up there a minute. You said ‘you love’ twice.”

“The first was singular. *Amatis* is ‘you’ in the plural.”

Jed sat back, scratching the back of his head. “Boy, I’m about as confused as a water-snake in a sudden drought. Dunno how you do it, Octavius.”

“Well, it does not seem so difficult since it is my mother-tongue,” said Octavius. Leaning back against the tree, he removed his helmet with a sigh. “Clearly I am not a very able tutor.”

Jedediah sent a surreptitious glance over at Octavius from under the brim of his hat. The Roman looked so disappointed, all pouty face and big sad puppy-dog eyes, it made him feel bad, too. On the other hand... it wasn’t often he got to see Octavius without his helmet. He’d never noticed before, but the general’s dark hair curled a little, especially just across his forehead. He suddenly had a very vivid image of his fingers running through it...

“Jedediah?” Octavius’ voice brought him back down to earth with a thud. “What in Jupiter’s name are you doing?”

It took a moment before he realised that his hand was hovering outstretched between them. Heat flooded his face and he abruptly dropped the offending limb, glaring down at it. *Traitor.*

“Now let us try this once more.” Octavius’ patience was wearing thin. Jedediah was acting most strangely, his mind clearly only half on the lesson. And it was a lesson he had requested! But despite his own irritation, he was determined not to fail the cowboy. Secretly, he was rather thrilled that his friend should seek to know more about his way of life. He welcomed any opportunity to bring Jedediah and himself closer, but from what he had learned of the social mores of the Wild West, he realised it was prudent to keep such thoughts to himself.

So, returning to the lesson, he pointed to himself and said slowly, “*Amo*. I love.”

“Huh?” Jedediah had got so caught up in his own head that he’d almost forgotten all about Latin. “Sorry, I missed that. Who do you love, Octavius?”

To his surprise, Octavius’ face turned the same colour as his cloak. “No one! I was just conjugating the verb.”

“Sure. Sorry.” Now Jed felt like an idiot. Dammit, with all these weird thoughts whirlin’ through his mind like so much tumbleweed, he was beginning to get all in a stew. “So, uh...” He pointed at Octavius. “*Amo?*”

Octavius exhaled heavily. “No. *Amo* is the first-person singular.”

“Dammit, partner, don’t you make me more balled up than I already am! Now lemme see if’n I’ve got this right now... *amo* means ‘I love you’?”

“Just ‘I love’.” Octavius was very red in the face now, and not all from frustration. “If you wished to say ‘I love you’ it would be ‘*Te amo*’, but that is not the focus of this lesson.”

*Te amo*. Jedediah mouthed the words to himself. He liked the sound of them, especially when it was Octavius saying them. Not that Octavius would ever say them to him, of course... right?

Godammit! What had got him thinking like this all of a sudden? In an attempt to distract himself, he tried to slump his way through the Latin words. “*Amo, amas, am-what’s-it-again...* nope, sorry, partner, I just ain’t gettin’ it...”

Octavius looked over at Jedediah, watching him grumble to himself. He hated the downcast look in his friend’s blue eyes. If only there were some way to help him fix it in his mind...

“Aw, dang it, Octavius, why do I gotta learn this word, anyhow? It’s not like anyone is gonna be tellin’ me *te amo*, or whatever the Sam Hill it was, any time soon.”

Octavius’ eyebrows shot up at that, and as he listened to the cowboy wallowing in self-pity, a slow smile formed on his lips. He shuffled closer.

“Jedediah.”

Jed cut his grumbling short at the sound of the Roman’s voice, all soft and silky-like. “Huh?” He turned his head, but before he could do anything else, Octavius’ hand was against his cheek, fingertips trailing lightly across his skin. The sensation sent a shiver through his body, and sent his heart charging like a runaway horse. Next thing he knew, Octavius’ face was a blur and the Roman’s breath was whispering warmly against his lips. Instinctively, they parted, and before Jed’s mind could grasp what was happening, Octavius’ mouth brushed over his.

It only lasted a moment, over as soon as it began, but even when Octavius pulled away, he was still close enough to let their lips graze together as he breathed, “*Amo.*”

Still reeling from what had just happened, Jed struggled to think of the right word. “*A-amas?*”

Octavius nodded, eyes shining. “*Te amo*, Jedediah.”

It was like a light being turned on in his brain, doing away with whatever confusion might have been left. Jed’s mind hadn’t even started to catch up with the rest of him as he lunged across and seized Octavius by the arms, pulling him back in. The Roman’s mouth was hot and wet, pressing eagerly against his, inviting him to deepen the kiss. Which he did, wholeheartedly. Damn, but he’d never enjoyed a kiss as much as this one. He groaned into Octavius’ mouth, tangling his fingers in his hair, just as he’d imagined, and was beyond elated when Octavius moaned and grasped his shoulders.

“Hey, Octavius,” he murmured breathlessly, showering kisses on the Roman’s lips, “what’s Latin for ‘too’? Y’know, like, ‘as well’.”

Octavius smiled, a little dazedly. “*Etiam*. Now get back here at once.”

“*Etiam...*” Jed smiled widely, and pressed his lips against Octavius’ again. “All right... *te amo etiam...*”

Hearing those words almost made Octavius melt right there and then, but somehow he forced himself to break away from Jedediah’s insistent kisses. “Wait, my friend. Do you not wish to continue with the lesson?”

Jedediah shook his head, grinning. “No need, partner. I got all the Latin I need to know now.”

# Poetry Slam

Verecunda // [x] // [Русский]

Posted 11 October 2011

Jedediah hated to admit it, but there were times when courting a Roman general had its drawbacks. Not often, but there were times.

This was one of those times.

Most of the museum would be downstairs in the foyer, he thought wistfully, playing games and dancing the night away. And on any other night, he and Octavius would be cruising the corridors in their car, trailing the bone for Rexy.

Except tonight, the Romans, with all their strange obsession with being civilised, had decided to hold some sort of fancy do in their diorama, and of course, Octavius, being their leader, was the guest of honour. And as leader of the Wild West and Octavius' "special friend", Jedediah had also been invited. So he couldn't really say no, now could he?

And that was how he'd ended up bored out his skull, sitting next to Octavius at a goddamn *poetry-reading*.

He'd tried to hide his horror, especially seeing how fired up for it Octavius and the rest of the Romans were. And hey, he liked a sing-song around the campfire as much as the next cowboy. But the moment that fancy-mouthed bedsheet-wearer had stood up in front of them all and started spouting off about sparrows and napkins and kisses, he felt his eyes roll into the back of his head and his head begin to nod. From time to time, he was vaguely aware of Octavius' elbow digging into his side, but on the whole, he managed to do a fine job of blocking everything else out.

At least, until he realised that the poetry had stopped clogging his ears, and that the voice he could hear now was Octavius'.

"Huh?" He looked up, blinking. "Whaddya say, partner?"

"I said it is over. We can leave now." Octavius was already standing, looking faintly amused. "Come."

Sure enough, the poet had disappeared and the audience were dispersing. Octavius was taking off, and Jed followed.

"Y'know somethin', partner," he said, falling into step alongside him, "I think I liked you Romans better when I thought y'all were just about conquerin' the world and standin' in straight lines. Is that how you beat yer enemies into submission after the battles? You get Cat-what's-it to read 'em poetry till they break down?"

"His name is Catullus," replied Octavius, refusing to take the bait, "and his work is some of the finest ever written in its meter."

"Guess I'm just too much of a *barbarian* to appreciate it," said Jed with a grin.

"Quite." Octavius smiled back. "He did recite some of his - ah - earthier pieces, which would have no doubt appealed to you, but you were asleep by then."

"Well, can you blame me? All that talk about livin' and lovin'... how namby-pamby can you get?"

Octavius raised an eyebrow. "I thought it a very fine sentiment."

Jed grinned wider, unable to resist yanking the chain a bit more. "And *'night is one everlasting sleep'*? What was that all about, huh? Kinda missing the whole point of this here place, if ya ask me. For a poet, he ain't very observant."

Octavius opened his mouth to reply, then gave up and shook his head. "I see you have much to learn about the art of poetry, my friend."

"Aw, c'mon, you call that poetry?" Jed exclaimed. Waving his hands dramatically, he quoted, "*Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then another hundred, then another thousand...*" That ain't poetry, Octavius! Hell, I coulda written that!"

"Mm." Octavius nodded gravely, then smirked. "But you didn't. Mind you, I've heard the sort of songs your people sing, filled with young women being murdered, interminable horse races, and inept bandits languishing in prison."

"Yeah. Well. Them's real things, that ordinary folks can relate to. Not like all them hundreds and thousands of kisses. That ain't practical. Couldn't be managed."

Octavius suddenly stopped walking, and he turned towards him, eyes dark. "Oh, Jedediah. That sounds suspiciously like a challenge."

Jed stopped short, gaping. He saw Octavius smirk ever so slightly, then, next thing he knew, his back was against a column and Octavius had a hand pressed against his chest. Thank the Lord all the rest of the Romans had sauntered off, he thought, as the blood rushed to his face.

Octavius leaned in. He brushed a feather-light kiss against Jedediah's lips, agonisingly slow, then moved his mouth to his ear and breathed, "That's one."

Cottoning on, Jed leaned his head back against the column. "Hey, now, partner. Don't you even think about it..."

Octavius ignored him, and kissed his temple. "Two..."

Jedediah bit down on a groan, his resolve crumbling fast. But he was still stubborn enough to insist, "I'm tellin' ya, Octavius. It can't be done."

Octavius just smiled, then pressed another kiss just beneath his jaw.

"Three..."

# Filling His Shoes

sarahandthegraveyardshift // [\[x\]](#)

Posted 5 June 2009

AN: A short little something after seeing the second movie. I thought they were both really great. And, for some reason, I'm on this deathfic kick. I can't seem to stop myself. But at least I've stopped labeling them "The Death of..." So here it is, short and sweet.

## Filling His Shoes

Nick Daley ties the final knot in his left shoe, standing from the locker room bench and scrutinizing himself in the full-length mirror. He'd never admit it aloud, but at the age of thirty, he is starting to look more and more like his father. The museum night watchman uniform only accentuates this fact, and he sighs, shaking his head and heading out with one last check of his flashlight.

His first night as the watchman. He patrols the halls early, reveling in the quiet that will soon be broken by the curse of Ra's tablet.

*It's not a curse, he has to remind himself—his father's words. It's a gift. You gotta remember that, Nicky. Otherwise...there's just no point.*

Lawrence C. Daley, who saved not only the museum but the world several times over, who gave everything he had to this place...who died three days ago.

Despite the power he acquired from the tablet, as his predecessors had, Larry was killed protecting the artifacts—and friends—he held so dear. It had been teenagers, just a couple of punk kids, trying to fulfill a dare. They'd broken in, and Larry had found them in the safari exhibit, poking at the sleeping lions that they thought looked very real. The night watchman told them to leave, that he wouldn't call the police if they just stepped away from the awakening lions and left the museum. They rewarded his kindness and concern with a knife to the gut, running from the museum with lions and various other creatures at their heels.

Nick remembers the call.

*"Nicky, you have to get to the hospital."*

*"Teddy? What's going on?" Nick sits up in bed, his girlfriend rolling over and groaning with annoyance.*

*"It's your dad, Kiddo," Teddy's voice is uncharacteristically solemn, quiet. "Something's happened. An ambulance came and took him. You should hurry."*

Larry died before he reached the hospital. Nick attended the funeral and applied for the job as night watchman that same day.

Tonight, the museum will hold its own ceremony, its own tribute to Larry Daley, the night watchman who did so much to keep them safe, who went beyond the call of duty. Tonight, they will mourn. Because tomorrow things must return to normal. Tomorrow, Teddy must sit proudly on his horse and smile into the unknown, Attila and the Huns and the cavemen must strike their various violent or stupefied poses, Ra must lie in his sarcophagus as a long-dead pharaoh mummy, and Jed and Octavius must round up their cowboys and soldiers and be small but not insignificant replicas of the past.

Tomorrow, things will be the same, just as they always have.

But when the night is over, and the sun is creeping over the trees, when things are back in place and a familiar stoicism befalls the museum, Nick notices that everyone looks just a bit sadder than they did the day before.

AN: Later, Gators! Catch you on the flip side.

# Shake on it

rodlox // [x]  
Posted 24 May 2009

## **Location: Smithsonian basement:**

Everyone was arrayed in two lines and walking in opposite directions - Lawrence's idea, saying sports teams did it so everyone could say hi.

And so, after she and Amelia Earheart said their goodbyes, Sacajawea saw who was next in line, and stifled a silent groan when she recognized him: the man she'd been trapped in that crate with.

General Custer started to extend his hand to her, then hesitated. "You won't catch anything, will you?" he asked her.

A little surprised he wasn't asking it the other way around, Sacajawea shook her head.

"Good," he said, and grabbed her hand.

"You...you fought well, General," she said. *If I had lacked diplomacy, I would've killed Lewis and Clark years ago.*

"Libbie would've liked you," Custer said as he shook her hand. "So would Monahsetah."

Sacajawea paused. *Wait. You couldn't pronounce my name, but you can pronounce...* "I'm sure we'd get along well."

"Definately," and raised his shaking hand to tip his hat just a bit. "Well, adios little lady."

~~~~~

the end

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