

# The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 5

Compiled by Ian [17 December 2023]

@night-at-the-musian / [night-at-the-musian@protonmail.com](mailto:night-at-the-musian@protonmail.com) / <https://natmsearch.neocities.org/>


---

The following PDF is a compilation of several fics posted to FanFiction.net 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 In an effort to preserve these stories, and this early history of the fandom, they have been archived here.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. These are not archived in chronological order.


The works present in this document were deleted, whether by their authors deleting the stories or their accounts. They have been retrieved via the database of Fanfiction.net works available on archive.org: [\[X\]](#)

All works archived here are either oneshots, or single-chapter cliffhangers. Multi-chapter works are in progress of being archived as of this work, and will be available to download here: [\[X\]](#)

Some works archived here are NSFW, in that they contain sexually explicit content. They may also contain violence, harsh language, and other adult topics.

Some fics present contain problematic racial elements. They have also been preserved verbatim, and have been marked with this emoji: 

The NatM Search extends their thanks to these authors for shaping the early fandom, and their thanks to Entropy11235813 for archiving these works in 2016.

<b>Battle of the Smithsonian Indian Captive version </b> .....	<b>2</b>
<b>The Unlikely</b> .....	<b>12</b>
<b>Coffee Shop</b> .....	<b>13</b>
<b>The Subtle Art of Making Tea</b> .....	<b>17</b>
<b>SoleEnemies?</b> .....	<b>18</b>
<b>The Rebel</b> .....	<b>20</b>
<b>The Hero in Me</b> .....	<b>21</b>
<b>More Than a Woman</b> .....	<b>22</b>
<b>The End</b> .....	<b>26</b>
<b>Pickles</b> .....	<b>27</b>

# Battle of the Smithsonian Indian Captive version

spatterson

Posted 27 September 2014

Beaver Girl, her sister Little Snail, and her best friend/ white sister Corn Tassel disguised themselves as Smithsonian guards. Well, Little Snail is too young for that, so she stays in the baby frame on her big sister's back. They went straight to the archives where the guys from the museum in New York are.

"Um Corn Tassel, do you think we'll be able to find the others and the tablet before sundown?" Beaver Girl asked Corn Tassel, with a worried tone in her voice.

"We should. It's only 26 minutes to sundown." Corn Tassel answered her friend.

Beaver Girl sighed as they continued walking. They finally found the crate with their friends. Beaver Girl found the tablet with Dexter. She glared at the monkey holding the tablet with a deep rage burning in her dark brown eyes.

"You little troublemaker! We are going to deal with you later." Beaver Girl growled, her voice burning like fire with her rage.

Corn Tassel grabbed a nearby spear and used it to get the tablet. Once it was in her hand, she put the spear back where she found it. At the same time, the tablet started to glow! The light shown throughout the room.

"No. No." Corn Tassel said.

"No, no, no, no!" Beaver Girl joined words with her friend.

They heard a voice behind them. It was a man's voice speaking in Egyptian. The soldiers of the man locked up the crate and pointed their spears at Corn Tassel and Beaver Girl. The man, who they could tell is a Pharaoh, looked down at the tablet in Corn Tassel's hand, then up at her and Beaver Girl. He questioned them in Egyptian, trying to talk to them, only to receive stares from both girls. He tried to speak to them again in French, again only to receive stares. Beaver Girl shook her head.

"No, English. English, perhaps." The man said after a short stare off.

The girls nodded.

Corn Tassel spoke, "I'm sorry, but who are you?"

"I am Kahmunrah, the great king of the great kings. And from the darkest depths of ancient history, I have come back to life!" The man, Kahmunrah, told her.

Beaver Girl spoke this time. "I see."

"Perhaps you did not hear what I just said. I am a centuries-old Egyptian Pharaoh. I was dead, but now I have come back to life!" Kahmunrah said a little bit louder.

"Yeah, no. I heard that. I got that. Welcome back." Corn Tassel answered.

Kahmunrah was confused. These two girls were supposed to be afraid, not calm like this. He stammered a little. This was too confusing for him.

"Who are you?" He asked the girls.

Corn Tassel answered, "I'm Corn Tassel of the Seneca Indians and this is my best friend, and she's also one of my Indian sisters, Beaver Girl. She is also from the Seneca Indians, same tribe. Also, we know your brother Ahkmenrah."

Beaver Girl nudged Corn Tassel with her elbow, who winced when Beaver Girl's elbow came into contact with her arm. "Don't mention Ahkmenrah." She whispered.

"Do you?" Kahmunrah asked.

"Yeah, we do."

"Oh, they know baby brother or the favorite son."

"Yeah, good kid."

"Oh, isn't he just?"

Beaver Girl could tell that there was sarcasm in Kahmunrah's voice as he continued.

"You know, Mother and Father always gave him the best of everything, and I do mean everything. They even gave him the throne. The throne which was rightfully mine!" Kahmunrah shouted, which gave Corn Tassel a hint of his true feelings for his brother.

Corn Tassel now realized that Kahmunrah hates Ahkmenrah, and she knows why.

"Ahkmenrah never mentioned that." She said, showing a hint of understanding in her blue eyes.

"Yeah, he didn't." Beaver Girl agreed.

"Oh, I'll just bet he didn't. Well, now begins the era of Kahmunrah, because I have come back to... Oh, never mind. Just hand me the tablet." Kahmunrah demanded.

Corn Tassel looked like she was about to give it to him, when another voice spoke up.

"Don't give it to him, Corn Tassel! You too, Beaver Girl!" shouted Jedediah from inside the crate.

Everyone else inside the crate joined in, making quite a racket. Beaver Girl glanced back at the crate in shock that they all heard the whole conversation.

Kahmunrah rolled his eyes. "Oh, Silence! Silence in there, please!" He walked over to the crate, pushing passed Beaver Girl and Corn Tassel and banged his hand on the metal, silencing everyone inside. "Don't make me come in there!" Kahmunrah shouted at everyone in the crate.

"No! I won't be muzzled!" Jedediah shouted back at him.

"Yeah!" Octavius agreed with his friend.

Kahmunrah groaned, and then turned back to Corn Tassel and Beaver Girl. He walked toward the girls, forcing them to walk backward.

"Look, that tablet is more powerful than you, Corn Tassel and Beaver Girl of the Seneca Indians, can possibly imagine. Bringing this back to life is just a parlor trick. With it, I shall unlock the Gate to the Underworld and bring forth my army from the Land of the Dead."

Corn Tassel felt a sharp prick in her back. One of the guard's spears got close to her and poked her on the back. Beaver Girl, however, didn't feel a prick in her back. Another of the guards was about to poke her on the back with his spear, but when he saw Little Snail in the baby frame on Beaver Girl's back, he stopped. He didn't want to harm the baby.

"So, if it's not too much trouble..." He barked out another command in Egyptian and the guards raised their spears and they were pointed at the girl's necks. "... hand it over."

Corn Tassel looked at Beaver Girl, who nodded. Then she handed the tablet to Kahmunrah.

"Okay, here you go."

Kahmunrah looked down at the tablet, which is now in his hand, then up at Corn Tassel.

"Wise decision." He commented. He barked out another command to his guards, who lowered their spears, and gestured to the gate. They started to walk away when Beaver Girl spoke up.

"Yeah, we know. She thought you wanted the Cube, but..."

Kahmunrah stopped and barked out a command in Egyptian, the guards stopped and they all faced the two girls.

"The Cube?" Kahmunrah asked, not believing it one bit.

"The Cube of Rubik." Corn Tassel finished for Beaver Girl, who took the baby frame off her back and began trying to teach Little Snail how to walk.

"Alright, what is this Cube of Rubik, then?" Kahmunrah asked walking up to the girls.

"The Cube. You know the one that turns all who oppose you to dust? That one? Whatever. Oh, your brother didn't want to mess with it, either. Yeah, he wanted to play it safe, too. Just, you sort of struck us as a next-level sort of girl, so we were..." Corn Tassel explained.

At the mentioning of his brother again, Kahmunrah looked very displeased. He was so displeased and angry that he barked out a command in Egyptian and the spears were once again pointed at Corn Tassel and Beaver Girl. Beaver Girl was forced to move closer to Corn Tassel, away from the spear that was pointed at her.

"I am not my brother, Corn Tassel. I will kill you, Beaver Girl, that baby, and your friends in the blink of an eye." Kahmunrah growled.

"This baby has a name." Beaver Girl spoke.

"Well, you didn't introduce the baby to me." Kahmunrah replied looking at the Indian girl. Beaver Girl sighed.

"She's my sister, Little Snail. She's two, but she doesn't know how to walk yet."

"Why haven't you taught her how to walk when she was one?"

"I didn't have time. I was too busy." Beaver Girl replied simply.

Kahmunrah nodded then barked out one last command the spears were lowered.

"Now, take me to this Cube of Rubik." Kahmunrah commanded the girls.

The girls led Kahmunrah and his guards to a crate that held a squid.

"Here it is." Corn Tassel announced.

"Open it." Kahmunrah demanded.

Corn Tassel went to the left side of the crate and Beaver Girl went to the other side, the right side, of the crate. Corn Tassel unhitched the lock on the left, looked at Beaver Girl and nodded to her. Beaver Girl, once she got her nod from Corn Tassel, unhitched the other lock and the two girls jumped out of the way, for an octopus came out of the crate. It attacked Kahmunrah's guards, and then grabbed Kahmunrah as well. When Kahmunrah was grabbed, the tablet flew out from under his arm and into the air.

"Corn Tassel, quickly! The tablet! Catch it before it hits the ground! Hurry!" called Beaver Girl, as she felt herself being grabbed by the octopus as well.

Corn Tassel looked up and saw the tablet in the air. She ran quickly and slid on the floor, catching the tablet before it hit the floor. She slid still across the floor to a crate, where she got up off the floor.

"Come back here! Come back here with my tablet! I still have your friends!" Kahmunrah shouted after her. But Corn Tassel ran down the hall, without looking back.

Really furious by this, Kahmunrah shouted a command in Egyptian to his guards. After they left to get Corn Tassel, Kahmunrah was calming down when he felt someone crash into him. Looking down, he saw Beaver Girl with Little Snail in the baby frame on her back on the floor, groaning. She was shaking her head to clear her vision. She looked up at the very angry and flustered Kahmunrah. He looked at her love-struck. He lowered his hand down to her level, in an effort to help her up, hoping that she would put her brown hand on his. And she did. Once her hand was on his, he pulled her up off the floor. Once she was up off the floor, Beaver Girl dusted her blue skirt off. Then, she looked Kahmunrah in the eye.

"Thanks for helping me up." Beaver Girl said.

"You're welcome. I can't stand to see a beautiful girl, like you, on the ground without someone to help them up."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Kahmunrah continued to stare at Beaver Girl as she moved one of her two long black braids behind her shoulder. "I really wish that there was a way for me to win her heart and affection." He thought to himself. "Wait, maybe there is. All I have to do is show affection to her, and then maybe, she'll do that to me in return."

"What are you thinking about?" Beaver Girl asked, as if reading his mind for the Indian girl she was.

"Oh, nothing."

Kahmunrah and Beaver Girl walked to a different aisle and talked for a while.

"Do you speak any other languages?" Kahmunrah asked Beaver Girl after a while.

"Yes. Only the language from the Indian tribe I'm from, Seneca. Or Indian as my tribe calls it."

"So, you also speak in Indian?"

"Yes."

At this point, Little Snail began to cry. Beaver Girl sighed, took the baby frame off her back, took Little Snail out of the baby frame and she began to sing a lullaby to her sister in Indian. Little Snail, hearing her sister's singing voice, quieted down and fell asleep in her big sister's arms. Kahmunrah watched the whole thing and saw how good Beaver Girl is with her baby sister. He watched as she began to put Little Snail back into the baby frame, suddenly, he heard Little Snail speak. Little Snail had woken up for the second time.

"I'm too big to be put back into the baby frame."

"I know." Beaver Girl replied.

"Can I walk now, big sissy?" Little Snail asked her sister.

"Fine. You can walk now. Go on, my little sister."

Little Snail was set on the floor and she began walking, even though Beaver Girl didn't teach her how to. Kahmunrah watched as the Indian baby walked up to him then back to Beaver Girl. A nod of approval came from Beaver Girl and now Little Snail shall no longer have to be carried on Beaver Girl's back. Kahmunrah smiled slightly. Never in his wax life, nor when he was still alive 3,000 years ago, has he seen an Indian girl, a white girl, and the sister of the Indian girl. Now, he wants them to stay with him forever. But, he is nervous to tell Beaver Girl. He has such a big crush on the Indian girl, but he doesn't want to tell her that he does. He is so nervous about telling her. He doesn't know what she'll say, think or do. So he kept this secret to himself.

And so, the pharaoh, the Indian girl, and the baby, who was in Beaver Girl's arms, walked to an aisle. Beaver Girl sat on the floor, holding Little Snail in her arms as Kahmunrah talked to Ivan the terrible, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Young Al Capone. He told them to bring Corn Tassel and the tablet to him unharmed. As Beaver Girl and Little Snail watched Sleeping beauty, Kahmunrah sat on a "throne" and watched the movie with them. Aurora followed the light to a small room, where a black spinning wheel appeared in front of the princess. Aurora stretched her hand out.

"No, no. Don't do it, Aurora." Little Snail said.

"No, no. Aurora, don't touch that. You're going to complete Maleficent's curse. Don't do it!" Beaver Girl added.

But Maleficent demanded Aurora to touch the spindle. Aurora obeyed, pricked her finger and fell to the ground.

"Awww! She did it!" the two Indian girls exclaimed in unison as they saw the fairies burst into the room.

Maleficent raised her eyebrow and glared at the fairies.

"You poor, simple fools. Thinking you could defeat me! Me! The mistress of all evil! Well, here's your precious princess!"

She threw her cape aside to reveal Aurora to the fairies, who gasped. Beaver Girl slapped herself on the forehead as Maleficent disappeared laughing.

"Flora, Fauna, and Merryweather, you should have just stayed in the room with Aurora, instead of leaving her alone like that to be hypnotized by Maleficent. It's too late now." She groaned.

"Yeah. I agree with you, big sissy." Little Snail said.

"I agree with Beaver Girl also, Little Snail." Kahmunrah spoke up.

The girls looked behind them to see Kahmunrah watching the movie with them. After the movie was over, Little Snail fell asleep in Beaver Girl's arms. Al Capone, Ivan the terrible, and their men walked up to Beaver Girl. One of Capone's men walked to Kahmunrah and showed him Jedediah.

"He tried to escape the crate. I caught him and put him in this cage. But one of his little friends got away." He told the Pharaoh, who smirked evilly.

"Oh please. What damage would they possibly do? Why, they're no bigger than a little grain of couscous, aren't you?"

"You know, two words come to mind when I hear you talk. "Delusional" and "weirdo". And if I had to say a third, "goofy". Just goofy. Now, you let old Jedediah outta here, or he's gonna get angry." Jedediah retorted.

Kahmunrah started laughing. "I'm sorry, I can't take you seriously. You're just adorable. Even when you're threatening me, it's hilarious. Is it just me, or are these guys just unbelievably cute?" he asked, giggling like a little child.

Jedediah got furious. "Now, hold it a second now. Now, you have the right to keep me as your captive, torture me even. But don't call me cute! I ain't cute!" he yelled back at the Pharaoh. Beaver Girl shook her head. "Oh, Jedediah. Always like that."

"What is your name, toots?" Al Capone asked the Indian girl, walking over to her.

"My name is Beaver Girl." Beaver Girl replied.

"What kind of name is that?" Ivan asked, curiously.

"It's an Indian name." called Kahmunrah.

"And what is your sister's name?" Ivan asked, looking at the sleeping baby in Beaver Girl's arms.

"Her name is Little Snail." Beaver Girl said, glancing down at Little Snail in her arms.

Napoleon Bonaparte returned with Corn Tassel and the tablet. Kahmunrah took the tablet from her and tried to dial in the combination to open his gate. When the gate didn't open, Kahmunrah sighed.

"I'm afraid that Mother and Father may have slightly changed the combination on me."

"Wow. I guess this whole unleashing the underworld thing isn't working out for you, right? I'm sure it's pretty frustrating because you waited thousands of years to come back from the dead and everything, now you can't get it open." Corn Tassel said.

"Fear not. For I shall wait a thousand more if I must." Kahmunrah stated simply.

"Good. Because in a few hours you'll be standing here in a frustrated position, frozen, I'll walk out of here with the others, Little Snail and Beaver Girl, and that'll be that. So, I got all night." Corn Tassel replied.

"Really? All night? Well! He doesn't." Kahmunrah pointed to Jedediah. "Open that cage." He ordered walking to it.

"What are you doing?" Corn Tassel asked.

"Whoa! No touching! No touching! Don't you manhandle me!" Jedediah yelled at Kahmunrah.

Kahmunrah laughed at Jed's act. "Oh, look, look! He's having a tiny little tantrum." Kahmunrah announced, giggling like a little school girl.

"Jed?" Corn Tassel asked shocked.

"Ah-Ah! Don't you squirm! Don't squirm. It'll only be worse for you." Kahmunrah continued, grabbing Jedediah.

"Put him down." Corn Tassel called out.

"Don't be afraid." Kahmunrah continued, ignoring Corn Tassel. "I shan't hurt you. Oops! I lied." He put Jedediah into an hourglass and tipped it over. "Uh oh! Oh, I don't think he has all night at all, miss Corn Tassel. From the looks of things, I'd say he has... Oooh. A little over an hour."

"Take me out of here!" Jedediah shouted, but the pharaoh ignored him. He walked over to his gate, took the tablet out of the slot, and began walking toward Corn Tassel.

"You were the guardian! You know all about this tablet. You are obviously much more clever than the rest of us. You may, or may not, know the combination. But I am going to give you exactly one hour to figure it out. If you do not, I shall kill your friends. Beaver Girl and Little Snail shall be my prisoners. And please don't think about escaping, for I shall be watching you." Kahmunrah stated, shoving the tablet into Corn Tassel's arms.

"Look, I don't even know where to begin to decipher this thing, all right. Really." Corn Tassel argued.

"Oh, what a pity. And your little cowboy friend seemed such a charming little fellow. Beaver Girl seemed pretty and Little Snail seemed cute for a two year old. Ah-well! Tick tock, miss Corn Tassel. Your hour has begun." Kahmunrah replied.

"Hey! You got this partner. I know you do." Jedediah called out to Corn Tassel.

"Yeah Corn Tassel! You got this!" called Little Snail, who heard the whole conversation.

"Yeah, Corn Tassel, my best friend! You got this!" cried Beaver Girl. Corn Tassel looked from Jedediah to Little Snail to Beaver Girl. She knew they were right.

"Shoo!" Kahmunrah shooed her away by waving his hand. Corn Tassel turned and ran out of the room.

"I hope she'll succeed." Beaver Girl breathed after she was gone.

"I hope she will as well, sister." Little Snail agreed.

And so, they waited for Corn Tassel to figure out the combination. And as they were waiting for her to, Kahmunrah put on a white robe and began to punch the air a little bit.

"You know, I do sort of feel like a floating butterfly." Kahmunrah said.

"You are crazier than a road lizard." Jedediah retorted softly, causing Little Snail to giggle.

Kahmunrah glared at Little Snail as a song called "Fiery Nights" from Lord of the Dance began to play. Beaver Girl set Little Snail off her lap, got up, and she kicked off her moccasins, exposing her brown feet. She took her hair out of the long braids, letting her black hair dangle behind her back. She tilted her head back, sending her black hair flying behind her, and then started to dance to the music. She continued dancing by herself for 2 bars of the music. She skipped to the middle of the floor, the second bar of the music almost over, as Kahmunrah, amazed by her dancing, walked up to her. She raised her arms up into the air and tilted her head back again, allowing her black hair to fall loosely behind her back once more, straightened back up and looked at the Pharaoh as the music changed a little bit, heading into the third bar of the song.

"Could I dance with you?" The Pharaoh asked the Indian girl.

Beaver Girl nodded.

Kahmunrah held his hand out to Beaver Girl. She put her hand on his and they started to dance together. Here, the third bar started. Kahmunrah felt like he was going to burst with love for Beaver Girl, and was about to tell her that he liked her, but he stopped himself just in time from doing that and continued to dance with the Indian girl. When the song ended, Beaver Girl's hand was still on Kahmunrah's hand, and Beaver Girl was in a pose with one knee on the floor while Kahmunrah was standing. When Beaver Girl got off that knee, she was out of breath, Kahmunrah was falling more in love with the girl, Little Snail, Ivan, Capone, Napoleon, Ivan's men, Capone's men, Napoleon's men, and Jedediah were cheering loudly in unison. Beaver Girl picked up her moccasins and put them back on her feet.

"Good job, big sissy! Good job, Kahmunrah!" cheered Little Snail.

"Yeah!" cheered Jedediah.

Napoleon, Capone, Ivan and their men wolf-whistled in unison as Beaver Girl sat down next to her sister and she started doing her braids again. Then she heard Napoleon. He was holding a spyglass in his hand and was standing at a window. Napoleon spotted Corn Tassel leaving the museum and walking with someone to an unknown place.

"Attention! She's leaving with the tablet!"

"Where is she going?" Kahmunrah asked, snapping out of the lovey-dovey look he was giving Beaver Girl.

Napoleon just pointed in the direction. Kahmunrah snatched the spyglass from him.



"Give me that! Why, she's not trying to figure out the combination... She's trying to escape! Go. Go! All of you! Kill her! And bring me that tablet! Come on people! Let's go. Without that tablet, we have nothing!" He shouted angrily.

Beaver Girl had finished putting her hair back into the braids. She walked over to Kahmunrah and looked out the window. She saw Corn Tassel walking with Amelia Earhart to the Air and Space museum. She shook her head.

"No. She is trying to figure out the combination." She announced aloud, making everyone else stop.

"How can you tell, Miss Beaver Girl?" asked Ivan the terrible, staring at her.

"She's heading to the Air and Space museum. She couldn't figure out the combination in this part of the museum, so she's trying the other part of the museum." Beaver Girl replied.

"Oh. Well, we must let her try and figure out the combination on the other part of the museum, then." Kahmunrah announced.

The others nodded in agreement. Little Snail walked over to Beaver Girl and tugged on her blue skirt. Beaver Girl looked down at her sister.

"You did really great in your dance, big sissy. Especially when Kahmunrah danced with you for the rest of the song."

Kahmunrah blushed. He was touched by Little Snail's words, but he didn't want Beaver Girl to know that. She looked at the Pharaoh and saw that he was blushing.

"What's wrong, Kahmunrah?" she asked.

"What? Oh, nothing is wrong, Beaver Girl." Kahmunrah lied, still blushing.

"No, I can tell that something touched you because you're blushing. Do you have a crush on me?" Beaver Girl contradicted.

Kahmunrah's blush deepened. "Yes." He replied.

Now, it was Beaver Girl's turn to blush.

"Now you're blushing Beaver Girl." Kahmunrah teased.

"I know."

"Do you have a crush on me like I have a crush on you?" The Pharaoh asked.

Beaver Girl's blush deepened like Kahmunrah's did.

"Yes." She replied.

Everyone in the room gasped in shock, even Jedediah. Little Snail giggled.

"Awww! So, we've got lovers here!" Little Snail announced in her cute little voice, making Beaver Girl's and Kahmunrah's blush deepen even more.

"Little Snail, stop." Jedediah commanded the girl.

"What? It's true! They're both blushing." Little Snail contradicted Jedediah.

Beaver Girl picked Little Snail up and set her by Kahmunrah's gate.

"Little Snail, sit down." Beaver Girl commanded.

Little Snail obeyed her older sister's command quickly.

"You will stay here until I say you can walk back to me. Got it?" Beaver Girl continued.

"Wait! Am I in trouble, big sissy?" Little Snail asked.

"No. You're not. I'm just saying you should stay here until I say you can walk back to me and Kahmunrah."

Little Snail sighed. Beaver Girl walked back to Kahmunrah and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"I'm giving up. I don't need the combination. I want to be on Corn Tassel's side." Kahmunrah said to Beaver Girl as he took a hold of one of Beaver Girl's braids and began to play with it.

"You should tell her that when we see her." Beaver Girl replied.

Just then, a plane crashed through the window. Corn Tassel fell out of the plane and ran to Little Snail, who was by the hourglass.

"Stop, Miss Corn Tassel! I need to tell you something." called Kahmunrah.

Corn Tassel stopped and faced the Pharaoh.

"I'm giving up. I don't need the combination. I can see that I'm going to lose. I don't want to rule the world. All I want is to be by Beaver Girl's side, take care of her sister, to be on your side, and be your friend."

Kahmunrah walked over to the hourglass, held it close to the floor, and opened the bottom latch. The sand fell out of the hourglass, and so did Jedediah. He was safe and sound. Corn Tassel was shocked at first, but now, she was glad that Kahmunrah doesn't want to rule the world.

"Okay." Corn Tassel replied.

Jedediah ran over to Corn Tassel as Octavius rode in on a squirrel.

"Hey, Jed! Need a ride?" Octavius called out to Jedediah.

"Sure, Octavius." Jedediah replied as he ran over to his friend.

Octavius pulled Jedediah aboard his squirrel. They both rode off back to the others, who were in the room and had witnessed the whole thing.

Amelia led them all outside. They all climbed into the plane, but Beaver Girl stood with Kahmunrah.

"I guess this is goodbye." Kahmunrah said to the Indian girl, sadly.

"Don't worry. We'll see each other again." Beaver Girl promised him. "But until then, you'll have to think of an apology for your brother."

"Awww! Do I have to?" Kahmunrah pouted, making Beaver Girl giggle.

"Yes. You do." Beaver Girl replied.

"Beaver Girl! Come on! It's time to go!" called Corn Tassel.

"I'll be right there, Corn Tassel!" Beaver Girl called back.

One week later, Kahmunrah was transferred over into the Museum of Natural History in New York. He woke up to see Beaver Girl standing above his sarcophagus.

"Morning, love." She greeted him as he sat up.

"Beaver Girl! I thought I'd never see you again. How long has it been?"

"About a week." Beaver Girl replied.

Kahmunrah got out of his sarcophagus, saw Ahkmenrah and apologized for all of the horrible things he's done to him. Then, he spun Beaver Girl around. Now, Beaver Girl has married Kahmunrah, Corn Tassel stays by her friend's side and takes care of Little Snail, Ahkmenrah is just happy for his older brother. The next day, Beaver Girl began making a pot out of clay. Corn Tassel watched her friend as she made the pot, holding Little Snail, who is now 10 years old. Kahmunrah walked into the room to see his beloved making a pot out of clay. He sat next to her and noticed that she didn't raise her eyes.

"You see, when I make things from my tribe's memory, I have to concentrate. I can't have any distractions." Beaver Girl said, not looking at Kahmunrah.

"I see." Kahmunrah smiled.

After she was finished, Beaver Girl handed the pot to Corn Tassel.

"Take it outside. The heat from the sun will dry it." she instructed.

Corn Tassel nodded. She walked outside, and set the pot in the sunlight. Then, she walked back in and sat on the other side of Beaver Girl. Then Beaver Girl looked at Kahmunrah.

"I'm glad I got to meet you, Beaver Girl." Kahmunrah said, smiling at the Indian girl.

Beaver Girl smiled back. "I can tell."

# The Unlikely

BlueKait

Posted 9 December 2013

Kahmunrah sat on his throne behind a glass wall. Larry kept him for the museum, saying that there's a lot of people who might enjoy him. Kahmunrah been through a lot of speech therapy and he been slowly getting better. One night, Larry came in with a woman around his age. She was 5'5" with black hair and two different coloured eyes, one amber and one brown.

"Hey guys. Come on out," Larry called.

The exhibits came out and talked with one another. The woman is amazed on how the figures can move. Her and Larry moved around the museum, seeing everything. They entered the Egyptian exhibit and the woman looked at the hieroglyphics, looking amazed.

Kahmunrah noticed the woman in front of his exhibit and sat down on its floor. Feeling she been watching, she looks up to Kahmunrah and puts a hand to the glass. He does the same and she gasped, then smiled. Kahmunrah took his eyes off her and looks down.

"I see you found Kahmunrah," Larry said.

"Yea. He has such a sad expression. How come he doesn't come out?" she asked.

"He can but chooses not to. He's still mad at his brother, Ahkmenrah. Kah, why don't you come out to meet my friend here?" Larry asked. Kahmunrah stood up and steps out of his exhibit. He walks up and waves.

"Hi! My name is Zalika. How are you?" Zalika started.

"You look familiar," Kahmunrah answered.

"Yea, you probably saw me at the Smithsonian. I used to work there. Now I work here," Zalika smiled. Kahmunrah, for once, smiled. Zalika giggled and Larry left them alone for a while. They ended up holding hands and laughing.

"You know, it's been really great to get to know an amazing Egyptian pharaoh like you," Zalika commented.

"Nah. I don't believe it," Kahmunrah responded.

"Come here," she said.

She grabs his shoulders and pulling him in for a hug. Kahmunrah awkwardly hugs back. When they broke apart, Zalika looked down and mumbled something. Kahmunrah puts a hand on her face and smiled. She looks at him, a tear coming down her face.

"I don't feel like I belong here, Kah. Larry brought me here to see you guys when I started working so I know what I'm up against. But I didn't know I will get to know someone like you. I am confused ... and scared," Zalika stated.

"Zalika, you do fine," he replied, smiling.

"Thanks, Kah. It means a lot," Zalika grinned, wiping away her tears.

Larry found them and told them that the sun's coming up. Zalika says goodbye to Kahmunrah and he hurried to his exhibit. She sensed something is wrong but shrugged it off. She leaves the museum to change her outfit and gets ready for work the next day.

# Coffee Shop

FloatingPizza  
Posted 22 April 2011

**Author's Note:** Greetings, fellow fan of the *Night at the Museum* franchise! At the moment, this story is a singular one-shot focusing on the three rouges of *NatM 2* fame, but if I ever decide to post any more *NatM* short ficlet-things I will in all likelihood place them here, so you are more than welcome to add this to your Story Alert if you enjoy what you read. Now, as Teddy would say, onward!

\* \* \*

When one pays a visit to any type of public establishment, it is generally expected that there be some type of refreshments at this place. Whining children and caffeine-starved parents alike cling desperately to this fact, either in hopes of obtaining a sugar-charged soft drink or the extra-large lattes which replace said sodas later in life. And indeed, if there were no havens of this type in those dusty old museums or state parks, imagine what would happen to the fashionably uninterested teenagers! Why, they would have no where to brood over their energy drinks or overly-expensive imported waters while they texted their friends about how stupid their families were being in their sad attempts to engage their adolescent's attention.

In light of such uncompromising facts, the board of the Museum of Natural History decided it would be a good idea to add a Starbucks to the facility. They beat down a frenetic Dr. McPhee frantic over his exhibits being marred by spilled coffees and teas, and to the joy of many patrons (and a night guard who still had trouble with his circadian rhythms) had it up and running within the month.

Of course, the Starbucks had to run all hours the museum was open, as to gain the maximum profit. As such, this included night hours. And as it was open to such a late hour anyway, the board also found it agreeable to provide complimentary drinks to the actors playing the 'living' exhibits- it would make sense that they would need the caffeine most of all, having to be up half the night impersonating historical figures, so they thought.

So they thought wrongly.

Their offer was rarely taken advantage of by anyone except Mr. Daley, the said night guard, who drank enough for three people, with good reason. For a long time he was the only one who did so, until on a dare one of the actors decided to stroll in and down 3 grande mochas in one sitting. The actor, an Italian-looking hothead somewhere around 25, had been watched with a look bordering on apprehension by the two who had given him the dare. A Hun who had walking by saw them standing there looking like a pair of addled fish, and peered into the café to see what was going on. The Hun then came to resemble an addled fish also, and ran off in the opposite direction yelling gosh-knows-what and nearly tripping over his furry boots.

After that, night business picked up. The dark-featured guy that had tipped the domino came by nearly every night, flirting with the baristas until someone shouted something about Mae, sobering him immediately. The other two that had given him the dare followed suit without the flirting, which they would have likely failed at.

So were the circumstances preceding this night in late April, not that different from the rest but interesting simply because of that.

\* \* \*

The three of them were seated in the Starbucks at one of those illogically high tables the chain sometimes employs, each to his own and one of them currently ranting off a soliloquy, which little endeared the rest of the population to them.

Tallest of the three and straight-backed in his seat, Ivan drank his tea black and bare, sipping delicately out of a 600-year-old cup and saucer of Russian porcelain the night guard most certainly did not know he was using. His successor by about 300 years sat to his right, a souvenir mug emblazoned with the French flag cradled in his hands. Napoleon also drank tea, but he preferred his earl gray and with a good bit of cream to take off the bite. Across from the both of them and most isolated physically and mentally was Al Capone, early 20th century monochromatic gangster of high standards and black coffee, who was currently rattling off all the reasons tea was derogative to one's health and coffee rescued said health.

"And *that* is why the cocoa tree will save America!" he finished his tirade over the coffee bean's weight-loss potential with a slap on the table, rattling the silverware.

Ivan was critical, and in his critique he was terrible. "Mmmph." he grunted, somehow granting even that a Russian accent. "Your argument has its points. But in long run it will fail." he lifted his tea and tried to emulate Confucius.

Capone scowled. "Well, Ivanovich, where exactly do ya get ya flawed idea that tea's any betta than coffee? They didn't have it in Russia back then, did they?"

"Didn't need to. Only need to look at picture of you in about 10 years. Quite chubby."

"Oh, says you! Dry up!"

Napoleon sniggered in a smug manner, earned a tell-off from Capone for being a puppet, and resolved to improve his English so he could better understand retorts.

"Bear in mind I am only addressing your failed veight-loss theory. The energy, I suppose it provides, because somehow you are always jumping round like fox with indigestion."

Capone found the simile and Ivan's vague dismissal of his extremely correct theory absurd enough not to merit a response. He threw his head back and drank the coffee like a shot, trying to ignore the ignorant pests.

What he *could not* ignore, however, was Ivan slurping his tea like *he* was the one with indigestion.

Capone set his cup down and looked at Ivan with distaste, then curled his lip and scoffed, summing up his entire viewpoint in one sentence. "Tea is disgusting."

"No more disgusting than drinking boiled *beans* like you do," Ivan shot back immediately. "You don't even put sugar in that bitter mess! It's so blackh and vile, aachh, I don't see how you drink it. At least the Frenchman sees fit to partake of king's beverage," he sniffed, "Even if he does ruin it by filling it with cream likhe spineless Englishman."

Napoleon glared at Ivan with fury as the monarch happily downed his tea. "Englishman? *Englishman!* You dare compare *me* to ze culture-less English *swine*? Faugh! At least I do not hail from a perennially snowed-in and backward police state where the entire population is half-drunk at any given houer!"

Ivan immediately broke off his slurping.

Capone raised his eyebrows and glanced at Napoleon. "Hey, now, you ain't one to be talkin' about a police state here, small fry."

"*Small fry!*"

"Yeah, it's a good term, denotes your Frenchness and suggests your physical appearance at the same time. We can talk 'croissant' if ya feelin' twisty."

Napoleon had turned a shade of pink off of Crayola's charts and was about to say something nigh unprintable when the atmosphere of the Starbucks was broken by deceptively delicate sound of breaking glass.

Capone, Napoleon, and the barista all turned at once toward Ivan, who had just dropped and broken one of the oldest pieces of porcelain in the museum's possession. But far more unfortunate than that fact was the look he was giving Monsieur Bonaparte.

Ivan, in contrast to Napoleon and most other people, did not flush in extreme anger. He did the exact opposite, paled, and now his severe face had gone even whiter than its blue-blooded usual.

Capone dropped his coffee in a hurry and pushed back his chair, about to duck and run. He had seen a Commie conspiracist insult Russia in front of its former autocrat before and it had taken nearly 5 guys and the woolly mammoth an hour to pull Ivan off the guy, then about 20 lawyers to avoid undue harassment lawsuits.

Capone's evasion was just about one second too late.

Ivan jumped up out of his chair and took the table with him, the assorted drinks and condiments on top of it flying away. He swung his ever-present staff at Napoleon's head, and would have hit him, had not the revolutionary's oversized hat taken the blow and fallen presently into a puddle of liquid. This enraged Napoleon even further past his present point, and the heartbeat he saw an opening took it and tackled Ivan flat in a move that would have made an NFL linebacker jealous. Capone, meanwhile, was doing his best to avoid being stepped upon or kicked in the face whilst simultaneously trying to reach the shelter of the overturned table, which was rolling around on its side like an egg.

Eventually and by some strange mechanism of either horizontal gravity or Napoleon's slight attempts to flee, the fight (along with various French and Russian insults) echoed into Hall B, following its precursors, who had left a very widespread pool of varied beverages all over the Starbucks' floor.

Capone, his fedora half-off, suit stained, tie inexplicably undone, sat sprawled on the floor and staring into the hallway with his mouth open. After a piece, he muttered, "Dang. Crazy fools can fight." then pushed himself laboriously up and started rubbing his back, shaking his head and trudging in the general direction of his exhibit.

Behind him, the hapless barista stared at the mess and sighed, retrieving the mop she kept close at hand.

"Ivan the Terrible, Al Capone, and Napoleon Bonaparte spilling junk all over the floor during *my* shift, for the second time in a week." She grumbled, struggling with the ornery cleaning instrument and nearly tripping over Ivan's scepter. She pursed her lips and blew out slowly. "Those guys get waaay too in-character."

\* \* \*

**Author's Note:** So this was something I've been working on as a little side-thing/character interaction-thing. I'm not sure if it's that good, I don't really write for Ivan

even though I like the guy and Napoleon pretty much faded into the background in a lot of this, but whatever. And if linebacker is an incorrect term in football I also apologize, I fail at all things football-related.

And yes, Capone slang again. Dry up, sap, etc. All meanings can be found in the [Internet Guide to Jazz Age Slang](#), which in turn can be found using Google.



# The Subtle Art of Making Tea

GalaxyGirl317

Posted 24 December 2014

**A/N-This is a little idea that came to me one day as I was making breakfast. It uses my character from Inkpot.**

**IMPORTANT I will be taking ideas from reviews that you give me on one-shots. Please hit me with some ideas! I will try to post at least one one-shot a week, but that all depends on how much feedback I get from you guys. I will do a one-shot in just about anything...**

"The Subtle Art of Making Tea"

Quilla stood by the little camping stove with a kettle-full of water waiting for it to boil. She leaned back against the cabinets and faced the audience. Theodore, Attila, Jedidiah, Octavius, Ahkmenrah, and Nicky were gathered around the doorframe. Larry made instant coffee here, but instant coffee was boring. Now tea, especially tea made by a Brit, was interesting. There was almost a science to it.

Brits were strange, they all agreed, because after all, who in their right mind would devote a specific time each day for tea?

Nonetheless it was an interesting process to watch, the steaming water poured into the porcelain mug and as the water slowly turned into a rosy hue which was then bleached out to a pale pink colour by the copious amount of cream Quilla emptied into it. The steam rose in tight circles from the mug and evaporated into the air. Quilla tipped back her head and let the hot liquid slide down her throat.

Needless to say they all wanted to try tea after that.

**Well, there goes my first one-shot of the series. I will try to do more as they come to me... Bye for now.**

**-GalaxyGirl317**

# SoleEnemies?

GalaxyGirl317  
Posted 1 April 2014

**A/N: Some of the characters will be out of character! Also, I might not get to update this as often as you might like. This is not compatible with my other stories.**

Chapter 1- Enemies- Larry

Ever since Autumn had come to the museum, it had always been the same story. They had tried and tried to make them see reason, but each night had always been the same.

Larry clearly remembered the first night Autumn had come to the museum. She had thought it was a joke. Something to make fun of the "history fanatic"; the "Indian freak". He had thought she would be the same as all the others that came here. After all, Theodore Roosevelt wasn't exactly hard to get along with. But oh no, of course she had to be the odd one out.

The first time Autumn had come into the museum she thought it was a prank Larry and his friends had set up to poke fun at her. Larry remembered all too clearly every detail of that fateful night. It had started out rather funny from Larry's point of view. When Autumn had gotten the joke it had been funny to her, too.

Funny, with one exception. From that night forward, Autumn and Theodore Roosevelt were considered worst of enemies in every since of that phrase.

It had started out as a harmless rivalry. It was about two weeks before they had their first real spat. After that, they hadn't talked to each other for days. Autumn's tone was always forced and clipped, while Teddy simply ignored her unless he was forced to talk.

Try as they might, no one could make either of them willingly tolerate the other's presence. Larry had not really given it much thought until what was referred to as the "Ultimate Spat" occurred. Autumn had slammed the museum door so had it made to floor shake.

It had started out as ordinary as any night at the museum could be. The Huns, Akmunrah, Christopher Columbus, among others had started a game of soccer. Larry was slowly drinking a mug of steaming coffee. Nick was riding REXY, who was chasing the bone attached to Jedidiah and Octavius's car.

Larry then made the perhaps fatal move of looking up. All was still and silent for a split second. Somewhere deep inside the museum a door slammed hard. Twice. Everyone looked up in interest. Then came the sound of two sets of footsteps stomping down the third floor marble staircase. Collectively, everyone looked in turn for Theodore and then Autumn. They were nowhere to be found. There was a mutual gasp.

A faint sound of yelling reached the groups' ears. The looks on the faces of the people ranged from expectant to scared to worried. The group devoted their ears to listening.

"...stupid...wretched...I don't care..."

"If you listened to me...this wouldn't have happened...I warned you...happen..."

"...act like...crime...I didn't do any harm..."

"...realize what...doing?"

Just then Autumn came around the corner, and on her heels was Teddy Roosevelt. The whole museum cringed. This was hardly ever a good sign. Larry looked around at the panicked looks of the museum's inhabitants.

"If you want to be like this, then fine! See if I care!"

"Autumn, please listen to me for once instead of rushing off!"

"For the love of all things good and green, I don't care!"

The museum door slammed. There was the sound of galloping hooves as Theodore Roosevelt rode away. The inhabitants of the museum looked at each other.

Sacajawea's brow creased in a worried way. She shot a fleeting glance at the crowd still staring at the door.

**So there is the first chapter...cliffhanger! ;)**

# The Rebel

Q's Little Nerd  
Posted 6 March 2012

Somewhere in the Smithsonian, Larry Daley had the tablet, and yet again he was running from Kahmunrah's arm.

Medieval rebels, it said across the top, and a smaller sign, next to a empty stand said, Erma King. A few paces away, a young lady, around twenty raced away from the stands, black pants, knee high light brown boots, she wore a dark purple tank top with a loose fitting black shirt over it, the one sleeve on her shoulder, held up with a small pin, the other had slid down her arm, there was three rips, right across the middle, as if they'd been put there on purpose, showing more of the purple tank top.

Her skin was slightly tanned, as if she'd been in the sun a lot, and her hair was long and straight, and was a bright red with orange and blonde highlights. Her bright green eyes looked around the room, before she took a deep breath, before rushing across the empty space to the next pillar, now she took the time to slid her hand down into her boot until she felt the knife's handle, her other hand checked her pockets, she pulled out a brown leather pouch, which she quickly returned to her pocket, her thumb ran over the next item, a small brown wooden cross, she returned it to her pocket as well, and the last item, a former white strip of leather which Erma herself had dyed a dark blue. Reaching back, using the strip of leather she tied her hair out of her face, before peering back around the pillar, seeing the coast was clear, walked out from behind the pillar, her head held high.

"And where do you think you would be going, Doll face?" Al Capone said as he stepped out of the shadows, his gun slung casually over his shoulder. "It tis none of your business." "When you're in my territory it is." "And how was I suppose to know this is your territory?" asked Erma looking Capone straight in the eyes, "Alright... You've got a point, now get outta here!"

Erma took off for the door, stepping out onto the national mall, she began heading toward one of the other buildings, and as she neared the doors, a man came running out, wearing a night guard uniform, and carrying a golden thing, the Tablet of Ahkmunrah, "Uh.. Hey, do you know where a man is, black and white, wearing a fedora, pinstripe suit, big gun?" "Yeah he's in the castle. Not the most friendly, "Good, thanks..." He rushed back to the side door of the Air and Space museum, and Erma shouted after him, "He's not in there!" "I know, I'm trying to avoid him!" The door opened, and the man slipped inside, Erma quickly grabbed the door before it closed and slipped in behind him.

# The Hero in Me

Ritzy Spiffy  
Posted 25 January 2010

**The Hero in Me**

**©WCSA**

**I do not own Natm 1 or two, I do not own 4-H, I do own the people.**

**May turn into a Jed/OC K it's a BIG Maybe!! I don't think I will really fall in love with a wax dude, but u never know.**

**\* \* \***

**In August, 15, 2016.**

**Larry Daley stood by the door watching people come and go, and then he thought 'The tablet is down there, somewhere on a shelf' and then another thought crossed his mind 'Dr. McPhee, GRRRR he had to have the tablet brought here, I wish he knew about the whole thing.....', His thoughts were interrupted when a bunch of about 18 year olds came in, 3 boys and 4 girls came in.**

**The one in the front a girl with long brown hair, put into a pony tail and a shirt that said 'why do people fly? For the fun of it!' with a picture of Amelia Earhart on it.**

**Yet again his thoughts went to Amelia 'Red curly hair, her laugh, their last kiss, and then the last words she said to him 'have fun!', yet again his thoughts were ruined when the girl with the long brown hair said "Sir, me and my friends are trying to find Amelia Earhart's plane, could you help us?" Larry thought for a moment and finally said "Yeah, I can, right this way" and he led them toward the stairs and to where her plane was at.....**

**ANNIE'S P.O.V**

**We walked into the air and space museum, we ment Me, My three friends from 4-H Katie, Jenny, and Christina, and then Three tag along boys just hangin out, Gavin, Mikey, and C.J.**

**I looked around looking for someone who could help us find Amelia Earhart's plane and then we were going to go from there in the air and space.**

**Finally I saw a older, sorta short man, just staring at the door like he was lost in memeroies.**

**"Sir, Could you help me and my friends find Amelia Earhart's plane?"**

**He finally said "Yeah yes I can, right this way" and led us toward the stairs and up we went.....**

**-----What did ya think, should I finish it, and I need ideas so pm me or put it in the review thanks- Annie**

**P.s If I made a night at the museum site would anyone join, it will like have a chatbox,stuff on the people, and lots of fun stuff, let me know And i can't get the dumb underlines go away -crys- i suck at typing lol**

# More Than a Woman

RosesandThorns666  
Posted 1 February 2011

**Summary:** Al Capone, Napoleon and Ivan the Terrible have joined the museum in New York, but have to help Larry and the others battle a familiar dark force that threatens their new home. Somehow, romance seems to ensue. Please R&R!

**Disclaimer:** I don't own *Night at the Museum/Night at the Museum 2: Battle of the Smithsonian* or its characters. I only own Jessica Alice Daley.

**A/N:** Wooo, my first Al Capone/OC fic! Hope you like! It's set after *Battle of the Smithsonian*, and Al, Napoleon and Ivan turned on Kahmunrah (in my version of events) and the details will be explained in later chapters!

I hope you enjoy and I hope you like Jess!

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

\* \* \*

## More Than a Woman

### -Chapter One: Something New to Me -

Jessica sighed, stroking a hand through her dark hair as Nick pressed play on the stereo, *Smooth Criminal* by Michael Jackson sounding out through the foyer, the young girl placing her hat on her head and standing in the middle of the floor. Every exhibit watched with great anticipation as she began to move to the song, Larry grinning as his niece moved through her routine, turning and looking at Ahkmenrah and Attila the Hun, both sighing dreamily as they watched her.

"Y'know, staring's creepy." He said, the exhibits nodding in response, "So why are you?"

Attila said something, Ahkmenrah smiling lazily and nodding.

"You're right, she is perfect..."

"Oh, brother..." Larry sighed, continuing to watch his niece dancing, chuckling as Teddy approached him and patted his shoulder.

"My, my, my." He said, "What an excellent dancer your niece is."

"Yeah, people call her the Michaela Jackson of New York." He said, "A bit dumb, but you've gotta admit she does his moves pretty well, right?"

Al Capone and Napoleon headed into the room, stopping and watching the young woman who was currently dancing in the middle of the floor. Ahkmenrah had graced Al Capone and his men with at least being in colour rather than black and white after his and the others' efforts when they turned against Kahmunrah during the infamous 'Battle of the Smithsonian', led by none other than Larry and General George A. Custer.

Jessica was experiencing her first night here at the museum and was already aware of what happened at night. The museum opened at night time on a Friday and a Saturday night, remaining open only during the day on the other days of the week. Tonight was Wednesday, and as usual, the museum's inhabitants, Larry and his son Nick would have a party. Jessica was living with Larry and Nick at the moment, since she'd just gotten a job at the museum as a fellow night guard.

She'd arrived that night in her uniform but changed into something much more comfortable. It transpired that most of the exhibits admired her fashion sense, Jessica comfortable to wear a coloured shirt, pinstrip waistcoat, a tie and black pants with a chain across the pocket, flat black boots on her feet and that hat and those fingerless gloves ever present.

"Who's the girl?" Al asked, looking down at Napoleon who shrugged.

"I don't have a clue." The french leader replied, "Never seen her before...she's pretty, no?"

"Oh yeah..." Al said with a smirk, "Real pretty."

Ivan, another new addition to the museum stepped out and watched the young woman dancing, mesmerised by the way she made her body move.

"Pretty lady..." He said, "Never seen her before."

"None of us have." Napoleon said, chuckling as he looked up at Al, "Although, someone seems to have infatuation..."

"I do not." The gangster retorted, "Just kinda curious, I guess."

The three made their way towards Larry who smiled as he saw them, beckoning them closer as he watched his niece.

"Hey, guys." He said, the others nodding in response.

"Who is the petite brunette that you've brought with you tonight, huh?" Napoleon asked, Larry raising his eyebrow and shooting the frenchman a warning glance.

"That happens to be my niece, Jessica." He said, "She's just turned twenty."

Jessica's dance ended, the young girl taking the hat off her head and bowing to everyone, smiling gorgeously as she earned a huge round of applause from every exhibit, whether through vocal sound or the clapping of hands. She turned and looked towards her uncle, heading over as she spotted three new faces. She smiled pleasantly, gorgeous blue eyes twinkling brightly as she made her way over, dark brown curls hanging over her shoulders as she stroked a hand through them again.

"That was amazing, Jess." Larry smiled, Jessica beaming and hugging her uncle tightly.

"Thanks, Uncle Larry." She replied, smiling at the exhibits which made Al feel a strange restriction in his chest, "Wow...let me guess..."

She studied the three of them and bit her lip, the look in her eyes making each man feel a little unsteady on his legs. Damn, the effect she had on people.

"We've got Napoleon Bonaparte." She said, Napoleon nodding and kissing her four times, twice on each cheek.

"Bonjour, jeune femme." Napoleon replied, kissing Jessica's hand which made her blush despite her gazing at him with confusion, "Ah, you do not speak French?"

"No, I'm afraid not..." Jessica said sweetly, Napoleon taking his hat off to her and bowing.

"Hello, young lady." He said softly, Jessica processing the French and English greeting and realising they were the same.

She smiled brightly and moved to the next person in line.

"Hmm...face is kinda familiar from what I studied in history class at school." She smiled, "Ivan...Ivan the Terrible?"

"Hello, Jessica." Ivan smiled, shaking her hand, "I am liking your dances."

"Thanks." Jessica replied with a grin before muttering to her uncle, "Guess he's not so terrible after all..."

Then came the final person, Jessica's breath catching as she looked up at the man before her. She took note of the clothing and the gun, the hat and then the smirk. As he bowed a little to her and tipped his hat, Jessica blushed and bit her lip, Al taking her hand and kissing it as Napoleon had, the Frenchman and Ivan giving him raised eyebrows.

"Al Capone..." She breathed, "Clearly in his younger years."

"Pleased to meet you, sweet cheeks." He said, Larry tutting whilst Jessica giggled and blushed, turning as Ahkmenrah called to her.

"Same to you." She replied, "I'm sorry, Ahk promised me he'd give me a tour..."

She smiled at the trio of former villains before nodding to her uncle, making her way over to the Pharaoh and linking arms with him, Larry not missing how each man's eyes followed her backside.

"Guys...she's my niece..." He breathed, the others snapping out of it and heading their separate ways, Al throwing glances over his shoulder as that gorgeous young woman wandered away with Ahkmenrah.

Larry sighed and headed over to Teddy and Sacagawea, shaking his head as they looked at him.

"She's been here less than an hour and already every male exhibit can't keep his eyes off of her..." He breathed, "Even Napoleon, Ivan and Capone had been checking her out..."

"She's a beautiful young woman, Larry." Sacagawea reassured him, "She'll always attract male attention. Is it not common for a woman of such stunning grace to be the focus of male attention?"

"It's too common..." Larry replied, scrubbing a hand over his face, "Anyway, she's just making friends at the minute and I'm not gonna stop her from doing that."

The others nodded, a small car approaching with Jedediah and Octavius in it.

"Gigantor!" Jed called, "That young lady you've brought with you is just...amazing!"

Octavius blushed a little and looked down to his hands.

"I think she's beautiful."

Larry tutted and ran his hands through his hair.

"Yes, guys, everyone does."

\* \* \*

"I'll leave you to wander on your own, my dear." Ahkmenrah said softly, "I must return to my tomb. My guards need to be informed of who you are."

"Alright." Jessica replied with a gentle smile, "Thanks, Ahk. The tour's been wonderful."

The Pharaoh kissed her hand and Jessica blushed, turning and heading up the corridor with a large grin on her face. Almost everyone had kissed her hand that night, even Dexter the little capuchin monkey. As Jessica wandered, she came across the neanderthals, who proceeded to corner her and begin to touch her face and body, clearly exploring her because they'd never seen her before.

The poor girl was terrified, just standing there with tears of fright in her eyes, unable to breathe as the cavemen pressed her into the wall.

"Boys!" Came a strong New York accent, "Leave her alone...it's okay, she's new, that's all..."



Jessica sighed with relief as Al Capone came out of nowhere and pulled the cavemen away from her, calming them down as he'd learned to before taking her hand and pulling her away, releasing his grip and taking her wrist instead. There was the faint hint of a blush on his cheeks but Jessica pretended not to notice. Poor Al had no idea what was happening to him. When he'd led Jessica away his heart had beat faster than he'd ever felt it and he'd had a rush of a warm feeling rush through him. He tried to ignore it, turning to Jessica when they got to Jed and Octavius's hall.

"You alright?" He asked, Jessica nodding in response and wiping a tear away, ashamed of being so scared.

"Fine," She replied, "Thanks for that."

"Not at all." Al said with a small smile, both people looking up at the sound of a car.

"You'd better get back to your exhibit, Capone." Jed said, "Almost sunrise."

Al stood up, Jessica standing too and smiling shyly at him.

"I'd better get movin'." He said, "Pleasure to meet you, Jess."

"Same to you, Al." Jessica replied, watching the gangster nod to her and begin to walk away, "Thanks again!"

Al turned to look at her and bowed, tipping his hat and proceeding to walk away, leaving Jessica who helped Octavius and Jed back into the exhibits, moving to the foyer and saying goodbye to everyone she passed.

Her first night at the museum had been wonderful.

Meanwhile, Al had been thinking of Jessica all the way back to his exhibit, still struggling to understand what that feeling was in his stomach and chest. It was like he had a butterfly or something fluttering around in there and it worried him. He climbed back into his exhibit, taking that familiar pose and keeping Jessica's face in his mind as the sun rose, the museum going still and void of life, all except for Larry, Jessica and Nick, who began to slowly make their way home.

-TBC-

\* \* \*

**I hope you deem this good enough to continue! If you do want more, feel free to let me know!**

**Hope you enjoyed!**

**Thanks for reading!**

**xxxxxxxxxxxx**

# The End

ekuliast

Posted 4 January 2010

This is lpov.

Chapter 1

As I walked into the museum for my shift as night guard at the museum, Dr. McPhee appeared and said, "Well. Looks like we're getting an expansion."

As an immediate reaction, I exclaimed, "What? Why? What's happening?"

"Apparently, the new animated exhibits are doing so well, they decided to expand the museum. You know, bring in more money."

"Who decided?" I questioned.

"The board and I," he replied.

As the situation finally sunk into my head, I realized that Amelia might be coming. So, I asked, "What new exhibits are coming in?"

Taking his time to respond, he said, "We're just increasing Ahkmenrah's tomb, and adding an aviation exhibit. Anyways, you should be working, not talking."

Happily, I left, with thoughts of Amelia floating around my head.

"So, Lawrence, you look mighty cheerful today. May I ask what happened?" came a voice from behind me.

I turned around, surprised to hear Teddy's voice. In my joy, I didn't realize that the sun had set already. SHOOT! I was supposed to meet Amy at the front door at sunset. Oops. (Iono the name of the girl he met at the end of natm2, but she looks like an Amy, so yea... tell me if u know her name) As I ran towards the front entrance to the museum, I shouted to Teddy to hold on.

That's it...for now... review on the little bit that's there? Cuz writing gets boring for me since I have ADD... I need something to keep me going...

# Pickles

pinkxjellybean  
Posted 6 December 2010

**AN I began working on this a while ago, and have been off and on working on it for a bit. I was inspired by Minister Cox, the mummy that was on display in the Natural History Museum in DC. His name was changed, and I wrote this poem about him, but realized that with a little tweaking, I could apply this to Ahk.**

**So, here you go.**

Pickles are Cucumbers soaked up in evil.

Briny,

Foggy,

Disgusting Evil.

But underneath he's like a pickle.

He's shriveled and dead,

but I can't say he's evil.

Cursed is a better word.

His name is no longer his own.

They renamed him and put him behind glass for everyone to gawk at.

Families from Iowa drag their children through and use him for lessons.

The Children don't care, or they scream or press their snotty noses up on the glass,

Leaving streaks on the case.

To them, he isn't a person, or a dead one,

To be respected.

He is an artifact.

An object which is and always has been,

Inanimate.