

# The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 6

Compiled by Ian [1 April 2024]

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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 In an effort to preserve these stories, and this early history of the fandom, they have been archived here.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.

Some 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: [\[X\]](#)

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.

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# Confessions

ThatGirlInAGrayCardigan  
Posted 18 January 2015

Hi you guys! I'm usually into deep and complicated stories. I love reading them and I'm currently making one for *The Lord of the Rings*. But I wanted to take a break for a while and make a one-shot. It's the complete opposite of grave and serious (but probably complicated, regarding the love life of Ahkmenrah in this fanfiction). I made it for fun and pleasure, so please don't judge too harshly! XD But please do leave a review, and tell me what you think of it. Just to say, please imagine that Kate, my OC, has been around ever since the first movie of *Night at the Museum*. And , to see the video that inspired me (and is the actual beginning of this story), type: Night At The Museum: Secret Of The Tomb TV Promo: Ahkmenrah, Attila The Hun & Dexter in Youtube. Thanks!

**Disclaimer: I do not own *Night at the Museum* nor its characters.**

\* \* \*

Attila the Hun, with Dexter and Ahkmenrah, sit together on the couch to watch TV. Suddenly, a voice from behind them interrupts, saying, "Hey, you guys."

The trio looked up from the TV screen to see Kate, her hands resting on the edge of the couch's backrest. She was smiling, her brown eyes looking from him to Attila. Attila acknowledged her with a slight nod of his head and a smile, but all Ahkmenrah could do was stare. *Oh, in the name of Ra, she's beautiful*, he thought. Attila then started speaking to Kate in his own language.

"Sorry Attila," her smile turned apologetic, "I don't understand Hunnish, remember?"

"Oh," Ahkmenrah cut in, "He was asking if you'd watch television with us." Gesturing with his hand at a space beside him on the couch, he smiled, trying not to look a liar.

Her smile grew with amusement. She shot her eyes to Attila, who was shaking his head, speaking at bullet-fast speed and holding up his partially-crushed, empty soda can. Kate cocked up an eyebrow and laughed, saying, "You don't speak Hunnish very well, do you?"

Ahkmenrah laughed in embarrassment, his face heating up.

"Don't worry Attila, I actually came over here to give you this," Kate bent down and picked up an ice chest, which she brought near Attila's foot. She lifted the lid to reveal a mound of cans of ice-cold soda. Probably more than Attila could finish, counting the ones he'd already drained. But there was still Ahkmenrah anyway, and maybe herself included if he wasn't joking

around. And, how could she forget, there was still Dexter. "But seriously, I've got nothing else to do, so is it fine if I squish in? What do you say, hmm, Dexter?" she cooed at the cute little Capuchin monkey. He raised both arms to the sides, wanting to be carried, and looked up at her with big... *puppy eyes*? she laughed at the thought. She carried him, wrapping her gentle arms around his furry body.

For a moment, Ahkmenrah thought how it would be like to be Dexter. It was ridiculous, he knew, and in imagining it, he discarded the idea. It was altogether very weird and utterly disturbing. But he'd known Kate for a long time already, and he didn't just *like* her, he knew that. And yet whenever he made hints about his affections... nothing seemed to go right. Once, he gave her flowers for her birthday, only to find out that she was allergic to pollen. The chocolates he wanted to give her in another time Dexter ate up, and the Egyptian sapphire necklace was probably looked at as a token of friendship and remembrance, since it was given upon the announcement of her departure to Amsterdam for less than a year. A part of him said that he ought to stop and be content with the friendship they already shared. But a part was really desperate, telling him to keep at it. And even confess. But he was afraid of her reaction once he *did* confess. It might ruin their friendship. That was more than he could bear.

"I'll take that as a yes. How about you both?" Kate's voice jarred him back to reality. He nodded, turning back to the TV. Attila, who already had his eyes pasted onto the screen, didn't respond.

So she moved and sat down in between the two men. Ahkmenrah pulled at his cloak to make more room for her. But she was slim, and sat nearer to him, putting Dexter down to the remaining space. But he didn't want to be put down. Instead, he clung to Kate's arm. Then, he suddenly reached up and kissed her on the lips. "Oh, God, what?!" she laughed. Startled, Ahkmenrah and Kate looked down at the monkey, who was making small squeaking sounds, like laughing. He suddenly stuck out his tongue at Ahkmenrah. *The monkey just had to mock me*, Ahkmenrah thought. He couldn't help biting his own lip, and huffed, facing the screen again. But he couldn't focus. His eyes drifted from time to time towards her, watching her watch television. *Goddess Hathor, what is happening to me?*

"What's the problem?"

His look softened. "Nothing. Why do you ask?" he looked over at her. Attila was laughing as loud as anything, and Dexter was over at his shoulder, grabbing popcorn off his bowl.

"Oh, you say when you frown at a funny joke."

"You are not laughing either. And was I frowning?"

"Yes, you were and, I was asking you, and you point the statement back to me."

It was hopeless. Should he do it?

"I just..." he trailed off. Kate was looking expectantly at him. Was he really going to do it?

"I just don't know how to say it in such a way that... will offend you? Or you might laugh, though I want to be taken seriously. You might find it awkward to be with me after I say this... But I know I should. I cannot hold my feelings back any longer. I've loved you for a long time now, and I still do." The words escaped out of his mouth. Why'd he say that, in Ammit's name?

Silence.

*I guess I'll have to kiss our friendship goodbye then*, he thought, feeling his face heat up again.

Then, a hand cupped his chin and turned his face toward Kate's. Smiling and bright-eyed, she said in almost a whisper, "You should've told me so before."

*What? Is this truly happening?*

Kate drew nearer and kissed him. Relief and great joy washed over him in overwhelming amounts. He simply couldn't believe it. He sighed in satisfaction as he wrapped his left arm around her, her head propped against his shoulder. Beside them, Attila and Dexter went on cheering their football team to victory.

\* \* \*

Thanks for reading.

I made some changes, since I thought that maybe Ahkmenrah's confession was too abrupt. Ha! What am I talking about?! It is quite abrupt, even if I change anything else. Not much of their relationship together's been seen. So, if I get enough encouraging reviews, I'll continue on and finally post the fanfiction I'm in the process of making, entitled *The Pharaoh's...Girlfriend?*. It also has Kate as the OC of course, plus Ahk.

# A Quiche for a Real Man

Kat Lee, AKA Pirate Turner  
Posted 9 June 2010 // [\[x\]](#)

"What the heck is that?"

"Should it be slain?"

Cowboy and warrior eyed the thing Larry held.

"No, no, guys! It's food!"

"What kind of pie's yellow? It looks like somethin' my horse'd do."

"It's a quiche."

"A quiche?"

"Real men don't eat nutin like a *quiche*! What's wrong with you, Gigantor?"

"Just try it." Larry offered Jedediah a tinny piece. The cowboy warily examined it but finally grabbed it in both hands. He bit. "Man! This's good!"

"I want one!" Octavius pouted.

"No sissified greenhorn in a skirt's man enough to eat quiche!"

Larry quickly handed them two pieces before they could start fighting.

## **The End**

### Ingredients:

1 1/2 Cups shredded Cheddar cheese, (6 oz.)

2 Tablespoons flour

1 1/4 Cups half and half cream (milk will also work)

4 eggs, beaten

1 Package Frozen Crabmeat Thawed Drained and Flaked, (6 oz.)

1 Dash of Salt and Pepper each

1 unbaked pastry shell, (10 oz.)

### Directions:

Mix above ingredients well. Pour mixture into pastry shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Author's Note: If you enjoyed this story, or any of my other writings, I hope you'll consider joining my friends and I at a brand new fan fic/art site called Ficcercs Unite. At Ficcercs Unite, we welcome all fandoms, pairings (slash and het), and even no pairings at all; hope to begin a Marvel/Disney RPG soon; and plan on issuing challenges every day of the week! We currently only have one day when a new challenge is not posted and hope to fill that position soon. Disney/Marvel challenges are posted on Mondays and last the week (as do all the other challenges too). Come on over and check us out at today!

# All Pharaohs Don't Go to Heaven

InactiveUser1024

Posted 27 January 2010 // [\[x\]](#)

The swarm of birds spun him around until he got dizzy. None too soon, he felt himself being suspended in mid-air. Then he was falling...

He landed on the ground with a thud. "Ow," he groaned, rubbing his wrist, which he hoped hadn't been broken. He stood up and dusted himself off. His beautiful tunic had been ripped and his hat had fallen far back on his head. His hair, usually in perfect strips with claws at the end, was a matted mess. He adjusted his hat and looked around.

The sky was an abnormal shade of blue, and it was eerily quiet. The tan ground seemed to be glowing red. Huge black rocks stuck up from the ground, but other than them, all he could see was flat, dry earth. He shrugged and started off towards the horizon.

It was probably only hours later, but to him it felt like days. His throat was parched and however much he walked, it felt as if he were going nowhere. He was unnaturally tired, and he also felt lonely. Maybe if he could find some of his old comrades...would his Smithsonian partners-in-crime be here? If they were, would they remember him? He sighed and continued walking until a noise made him stop.

It was a horrible sound, like the screeching of metal, but he could also hear laughing. Whenever he seemed to be looking at where it came from, it changed. He tried to ignore it and keep on walking until a cold, eerie voice hissed from behind him.

"Lucifer is not pleased with you, Kahmunrah."

# Their Favorite Child

InactiveUser1024

Posted 14 March 2010 // [x]

"Kahmunrah!" my dad called, walking in my room to find me staring at the wall across from my chair.

"What do you want?" I groaned, slumping in my chair angrily.

"Your mother had the baby. She wants you to meet your baby brother."

"I don't want to, Daddy. I don't like kids."

"You'll do as I say!" yelled the pharaoh.

"Okay, fine," I sighed and went upstairs to my mother's room in the palace. Why did my mom have to have another baby? I didn't want to share the fame in being a child of the royal family.

I knocked on the door tentatively. "Come in," gasped a weak voice.

"Mother!" I cried, rushing to her side. The beautiful lady was covered in sweat and looked very tired. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Calm down, my son," she said, patting my arm. "Meet your new brother," she told me, gesturing to the bundle in her arms.

I looked down at him. He was so tiny, so little. I guess you could say he was cute, if you tried to look past the fact that he was red and wrinkled. The baby's hand reached out to me. Instinctively, I stepped back, frowning.

"It's okay. He's just saying hello," my mother told me.

"Oh," I said. "What's his name?"

My mother smiled. "We're going to call him Ahkmenrah."

"*What?*" I shouted in horror. "That sounds like my name!"

"Sssh, my son. You're brothers. We thought it fair for you to have similar sounding names. It's something to be proud of. One day, you will both rule Egypt. But for now, just try to live your life to its fullest. You have time, son. You're only 5." She kissed my cheek. "Go, your father will be waiting. We'll be down to visit you later."



"Okay," I sighed, my shoulders heaving. I felt like someone had just placed the weight of the world on my back.

"You'll always be my favorite child, Kahmunrah," my mother whispered, then closed her eyes.

I turned to go, glancing at Ahkmenrah as I left. I narrowed my eyes at him and ran downstairs and outside the palace and sat down on a rock beside the Nile. As I watched the water flow calmly, I wondered about my future. What would this new brother of mine be like? I remembered what my mother had told me. *You'll always be my favorite child.* With that thought, I was peaceful.

# Reimagining History

Kat Lee, AKA Pirate Turner  
Posted 24 June 2011

Octavius blinked moisture which he refused to acknowledge from his dark eyes yet again. He forced his head to lift proudly and looked around him at the men he was responsible for as they went about their nightly tasks. It seemed completely impossible that what he had learned earlier tonight could ever be true. Yet the night guard's words still rang through his imperial ears, and Octavius had seen the truth for himself.

They were not real, or, at least, they were not truly who they had always believed themselves. They were mere statues of the men who had existed before them, living fragments of a history that had never once really been their own. That knowledge pained the Roman General to no end. It burdened him even more to realize that he was not truly a General, a leader, or even a real man, but he refused to acknowledge that for his men trusted, believed, and needed him. Their lives, such as they were, were in his hands, and he would rather die himself than let them down.

Loud whoops split the air, and Octavius glanced over to the neighboring diorama. Jedediah had his head down, his cowboy hat hiding his handsome face and, therefore, his true feelings also, from view. He wondered what thoughts were going through the blonde's head and if he was also bothered by what they had learned tonight.

Feeling eyes upon him, Jed lifted his head and pushed his hat back with a gloved finger. He met Octavius' eyes from across the distance and noted the reflecting glimmer in his opponent's eyes that told him he, too, was fighting against tears. Jed's lips curved upwards into a becoming smile. He didn't mind drowning his sorrows in imaginary whisky, but for some reason he did not dare to contemplate, he didn't like the proud yet obnoxious Octavius being sad. He whooped, hollered, and threw his hat into the air, convincingly feigning joy. "FERGET 'EM!" he declared. "WE ARE REAL!" He began to chase after his men.

Octavius' first smile since their learning experience curled his lips, and the Roman beamed in the truth of Jedediah's words. They were real, and he knew at that moment that they would make their own history - together. They would be their own legends in their own time, and they would do so eventually, side by side. Smiling, he embarked again upon his own crusade, his heart made far lighter by the charm of his opponent whom he looked forward to one day calling his ally and secretly longed to be able to call him much more. {One day,} he vowed, his toga swishing as he walked away.

Watching Octavius from the shadows of the saloon door, Jed grinned even wider. They would get through this together, or his name wasn't Jedediah! He began to whistle, the late night feeling young again and hope for a better future with Octie at his side bursting throughout the cowboy's rebellious heart.

# One dance

SwarleyWritesFanfiction  
Posted 31 December 2014 // [x]

Ahkmenrah and his new discovered skills as a DJ were making the night epic and unforgettable. Everyone from the British Museum exhibit and from the Museum of Natural History seemed to be having fun and a really good time.

In the party there were also some couples: Teddy & Sacagawea, Tilly & Laaa, Remy & Trixie were together, and there was another couple no one was aware about; these two got together the last night they thought they would see each other, Jedediah and Octavius.

They decided not to come out as a couple -yet- when they came back to life that same night so they were dancing "together" like friends (even if now they were something more).

Ahkmenrah noticed some random loving looks between them and wanted to have some fun (and also to prove a point).

After a while of loud, noisy music you could dance at, he chose to change the atmosphere of the museum to a more romantic one and played some songs for the couples.

Jed and Octavius stopped dancing on the LP record and looked at each other in surprise. A little smile was forming on Octavius's face; Jed tried to look away because he was blushing.

Octavius got a little closer and touched Jed's shoulder which made him turn around and face Octavius.

"Care to dance?" - Octavius asked extending his arm for Jed to hold his hand.

Jed wasn't sure if he should or not, but hell, he did want to dance with Octavius. His heart was beating faster as he reached Octavius's hand.

Octavius pulled him closer and placed his hands around Jed's hip. Jed was smiling now and he felt so secure being with Octavius, those strong hands holding him.

"Weren't we coming out as a couple... later?" - Jedediah asked and looked up at Ahkmenrah. He wasn't looking at them (or that's what Jed thought) while they kept dancing on the LP record.

"Plans change, don't they?" - Octavius answered with a smile.

"Oh whatever, I don't really mind now" - Jed said as he lead into a kiss. His hands were on Octavius's neck but as soon as they kissed he placed one on his cheek.

Right after the kiss, Jed placed his head on Octavius's shoulder and they kept slowly dancing to the song. It was hard while being on a moving record. And it would have been harder if they knew everyone was staring at them.

# Oranges

lazaefair

Posted 11 November 2009 // [x]

Larry found Ahkmenrah out back on the loading dock eating an orange. He didn't go out to join him right away, but leaned a hip on the doorway and simply watched as Ahkmenrah neatly peeled the fruit, sectioned it out precisely, put the first one to his mouth, took a slow bite, chewed, closed his eyes, swallowed, and licked the remaining drops of juice from his lips (in a move that almost had Larry doing some lip-licking himself).

He'd eaten another section by the time Larry finally left the door and sat down next to him, slinging an arm around Ahkmenrah and tucking his chin into the pharaoh's shoulder. "That looks good."

Wordlessly, Ahkmenrah held up a section. Larry opened his mouth and Ahkmenrah fed him the piece. The orange burst into marvelous flavor on his tongue - the tree it had come from had been shipped from Morocco itself, along with five others, for an upcoming North African exhibit - and he hummed a little with enjoyment.

Ahkmenrah had turned his head slightly and was watching Larry out of the corner of his eye. After a moment, he said, "The trees smelled exceedingly fragrant. I'm confident Dr. McPhee will forgive the theft of one orange among dozens--"

"Oh, he won't notice. There's plenty to go around. And yes," Larry said to Ahkmenrah's raised eyebrow, "Dexter's locked up for the night."

"Are you sure?"

"Come on, give me a little credit here. It's been, what, six months since he's given me trouble? Okay, more trouble than I can handle," he amended when the eyebrow went up again.

Ahkmenrah's skeptical expression broke into a small, amused smile, and Larry couldn't help himself with the kiss. He tasted, not too surprisingly, like oranges.

"Mmm," Ahkmenrah murmured when they separated. "Oranges."

"Funny," Larry said, "you read my mind," and kissed him again.

# Dirty, Lying Gangster

BatmanPowerRangerSkywalker

Posted 6 March 2011 // [\[x\]](#)

Here's some back ground information:

Rosalia Daley is Larry Daley's twenty-one year old sister. She was not with him at the Smithsonian. Al Capone's exhibit was moved to the Museum of Natural History and the wax doll fell for her almost instantly. Rosalia missed out on a lot of childhood experiences because her parents were older when she was born, so she still likes child hood things. This is just a one shot that filled up the front and back of an index card.

Enjoy.

Earlier that evening, Ahkmenrah had let Al Capone and his guys look normal for a night and like good gangsters, the four guys escorted Al and me to the kid store. I created a girly bear (that was actually a monkey).

"That looks like you, Doll." Capone said.

"Does it?" I asked.

Al had purchased a fuzzy brown bear and gave it a pin stripe suit and a Fedora. He told me that his personalized sound was just him saying "*guh*" over and over. I had chosen the prerecorded "*I love you, I love you*" and named it Rosie Posy, since Al suggested it looked like me. He named his Boss. We arrived back at the museum and Al convinced me to trade stuffed animals with him.

"Where are you going to put Rosie during the day?" I asked.

"I have a storin' place." He assured.

I was now in my apartment, snuggling Boss. I decided to press the button before falling asleep.

*"I love you, Rosalia. Always have, always will."* Al Capone's voice said.

What a dirty, lying gangster! The bear did *not* say "guh."



"Hey, cut it out!" Ahkmenrah said, annoyed. "Your just jealous Mother and Father chose me as their heir and not you!"

"So true," Kahmunrah said, just as the tutor was turning around.

"Right then, come along, young prince's, you've much to learn about the great Nile."

As the three walked towards the edge of the river, Kahmunrah squealed in surprise as his left foot got sucked into the mud. "Help! Help! Its got me!" He wailed, trying to crawl out of the muddy trap.

The tutor smiled, and Ahkmenrah sat on the shore, dry and mud free, laughing.

"No, it doesn't have you," The tutor said while pulling the distraught and dirty prince from the mud. "In fact, can you tell me why you were stuck?"

"Because I have mud all over my beautiful golden sandals!" Kahmunrah yelled, shaking his feet and flinging mud everywhere.

A splash of mud landed on Ahkmenrah, and he giggled. "I do, Tutor," He said, raising his hand. The Tutor motioned for him to continue. "The river floods during the rainy season, causing the land between the village and the river bank to turn to mud."

"That's right. And do you know why that's important?"

"So people can get sucked into a bottomless abyss?" Kahmunrah muttered sarcastically, crossing his arms.

"No, Kahmunrah." The Tutor said, slightly annoyed.

"I know! I know!" Ahkmenrah said eagerly.

"Ahkmenrah,"

"It's because the river carries sediment from other places, and then deposits it on the fields when it floods."

"Precisely. Why does that benefit farmers? Kahmunrah?"

"It allows them to make money so they can pay their taxes and I can get new sandals."

The Tutor sighed. "Ahkmenrah?"

"It helps the farmers, because it deposits new, fertile soil so that the crops can grow better. That way, the economy keeps up, and Kahmunrah can get his new sandals without taking anyone's head."



"You are most right, young prince. Speaking of economy, how does our dear Nile River help us with our money?"

"It allows Mother and Father to spoil Ahkmenrah." Kahmunrah said jealousy, staring unkindly at a passing paddle boat.

"No, brother. It allows us to trade with our neighbors so we can import goods we cannot get here, and export goods our neighbors cannot make."

"That is absolutely correct. Do you know our neighbors of trade?"

"Well, I know we get olive oil from Greece, and exotic pets and animals from Nubia, and...."

"And weaponry from Rome!" Kahmunrah butted in, smiling.

"Yes, Kahmunrah. You finally got one right. But do you know our MAIN resource we get from Rome?"

"Uh.....no."

"I do! We get politics and rather ironic and funny news, and fine pottery, as well as soft silk and linens from the Asian Empires, who trade that with the Romans, who trade it with us for gold and silver."

"That is absolutely right! Kahmunrah, do you know what else the river gives us?"

"Uh.....water?"

"Yes, it gives us water. But I'm looking for something more....specific."

"But, we need water to survive, as the Royal Tutor you should know this."

"That I do, young witty prince. But, I'm looking in means of boats..."

"Transportation!" Ahkmenrah exclaimed, jumping up. "The river gives us transportation so we can easily get from one place to another!"

"Correct. Now, since we've learned about our mighty river, let us go home and have an early lunch."

"And a pair of clean sandals!"

"Yes, Kahmunrah, and a pair of clean sandals."

# Letters A Drabble

XTheAuthoressX  
Posted 18 August 2009 // [\[x\]](#)

Octavius had spent many long hours bent over a piece of parchment, spilling out his soul. The thing was a good few inches long (this was huge for them, mind), and he had it delivered by horseback to the one it was intended for. The one he loved so desperately. Jedediah. He hoped the letter would convey his feelings as well as his heart did.

Jedediah received the later a little later. He opened it and scanned down the page, eyebrows furrowed. Octavius's hopes were certainly crushed when Jed put it away.

Maybe he shouldn't have written it in Latin.

# Amicus

Gabrielle Day

Posted 18 July 2009 // [x]

A/N: So I just saw the second one about a week ago, and it was adorable. My favorites are still Jed and Octavius (even if Larry/Amelia was also super cute) and I found this ficlet floating about my hard drive. Enjoy!

Jed pushed himself up on his arms and looked around, dazed. *Great. The car is melting,* he thought. He frowned, realizing he was alone.

"Octavius?" he called. His companion et foe offered no reply. His gaze landed on the other figure, laying several feet away, shiny metal helmet lost in the fray. His breath caught in his throat. The Roman general was not moving. Jed jumped up and slugged his way through the unforgiving inch of snow and fell to the man's side.

"Hey, man, wake up. Octavius, come to, partner."

Jed's concern grew when he noticed a gash on Octavius' forehead. Jed brushed the back of his fingers against the cool skin and through dark hair.

"Oh, hey, you can't be dead. You can't be dead." He mumbled.

He fumbled with the ties on the torso armor, desperate for any kind of movement or acknowledgement from his friend. They finally came undone in his fingers and he lifted the heavy body piece away.

"You're not bleeding, don't be dead." He said, gently touching Octavius' side, afraid to inflict anymore damage than the flipping of the car had done. He clenched the tunic in his fists and resisted the urge to shake the stubborn general by the shoulders. "You gonna quit on me now? That ain't no way to loose a fight. It ain't right. It ain't right."

He pushed his hat off and laid his head on Octavius' chest, above his heart. Jed heard nothing, and he refused to admit that he was crying the loss of the Roman.

Octavius squinted and opened his eyes. *Well this is not a good development,* he thought, turning his head and observing the car disintegrating before his very eyes. He took a deep breath and glanced down to the weight on his chest and was mildly startled to find a blond head below his face. He frowned, realizing that his friend was either crying or having a breathing problem. Octavius lifted a shaky hand and placed it on Jed's head, petting the blond hair rather awkwardly.

"Jed? Is everything all right?" he asked quietly.

Jed jerked up, his expression one of awe and excitement. "You're alive? Really? You didn't die? I didn't mean to call you a quitter, honestly."

"What do you mean, am I alive? Of course I'm alive. Why would you think otherwise?" The Roman asked, confused.

Jed sat up and pulled Octavius up as well, keeping his grip on his friend's arms. "I thought you were dead. You didn't have a heartbeat."

Octavius was quiet for a moment. "I'm flattered for your concern, but Jed, we're plastic. We don't have heartbeats."

There was a long pause before Jed got up and walked a few steps away.

Octavius was nearly smacked in the face with his armor a moment later.

"Get a move on, toga boy. We gotta get back before we turn dust like."

Jed hid a snuffle and wiped his nose on his sleeve. Octavius grinned and put on his armor.

# Jimmy Jacked

Mythicalnightguard  
Posted 27 December 2014 // [\[x\]](#)

"Crimody we're jimmy jacked!" Amelia exclaimed, pulling Larry behind the advertisement sign.

"Jimmy jacked?" Larry questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"It's how I speak, Mr. Daley." She replied indignantly, crossing her arms.

"Okay. Okay. It just sounded a bit strange for you." Larry commented in self defense.

"Oh no, our path's been blocked by bad people, what's the fun in that? My point is we aren't getting into the Air and Space Museum."

"Then why didn't you just say that?"

"Look! I said what I said, alright?" The pilot said, slight annoyance on her face.

"But jimmy jacked? Of all the things..."

"Mr. Daley could you stop yip yaping please!?" Amelia asked annoyed, casting an exasperated glance at the former night guard.

"Sorry. I just found it, you know, a bit out there." Larry replied, hiding a smirk.

Before they could react, the soldiers in front of them turned, and began running towards them. Amelia took off running, with Larry following close behind.

"Now we're jimmy jacked!" Larry yelled, glancing behind him.

While they ran, Amelia shot him a look of angry disbelief, and punched him roughly in the shoulder. It was going to be a long, grammatical night.