

The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 7

Compiled by Ian [23 February 2025]

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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.

A Friendly Fight.....	2
Stairs.....	4
Nap Time.....	6
Sticky Situation.....	8
Where History Comes to Life.....	11
A Shift in the Stars.....	13
The Other Night Guards.....	15
Fireworks.....	17
Lunch.....	18
Mirror.....	20

A Friendly Fight

Anybodys
Posted 18 May 2013

A/N: Dedicated to Fallon for staying up and acting crazy with me.

The sun had set only an hour before, yet Jedidiah was already far away from his diorama. He strolled along one of the many hallways, hands in his pockets and hat tipped back. Occasionally he had to swerve around, making sure he wouldn't be stepped on by the many statues and things walking around during the night. By now, though, most of them had learned to watch out for the miniatures.

He turned a corner, facing a completely deserted hallway. It was much quieter here, his heart beating softly in his ears. Going towards the end, he found a table. He started to climb up the leg, something he had become much more skilled at doing, although it took him a long amount of time still. By the time he had reached the top, it was even darker outside, stars shining brightly through the window facing him.

His mind was almost completely empty, the very few thoughts that did pass through his head disappearing after a moment. Over time, he found those thoughts had drifted back into the room where he is home resided. Another miniature suddenly crossed his mind; one with soft brown eyes, dark, curly hair, and a statured posture. A smile sprawled across his face as he remembered the sound of his voice, domineering and proud. Inside, something stirred; something warm, something sweet. His smile widened, images of the miniature in his head playing out.

Suddenly he realized who he was thinking of. Jedidiah closed his eyes, turning his head. The pictures of Octavius vanished, whatever good feeling he had evaporating with it. Octavius was a something of a frenemy now; ever since the night they had gotten the tablet back, their relationship had been much more amiable, but they had their quarrels. The Roman still felt the need to expand Rome, and in Jedidiah's diorama there was always that strong sense to move west, even though they knew what they were going to hit. Secretly, very deep down, he had wondered if somehow they could combine, letting the Romans settle there and the vice versa, but the idea was always thrown away as soon as it reared its head.

"Jedidiah!"

The voice was almost silky, slicing through his thoughts. Jedidiah turned around, seeing the man he had been thinking of standing before him, a small grin on his face. "Why have you ventured so far?"

Jedidiah shrugged, turning back to the window. "Just explorin', I guess. It's quiet out here."

"Indeed." Octavius sat next to him, taking his helmet off and placing it beside him.

"What about your troops? Where do they think you are?"

Octavius tilted his head. "They do not need me at this time. Soldiers need not know what their generals are doing all the time." He looked towards Jedidiah. "I could be inquiring the same about you."

Looking down at his lap, he said, "Aw, they don't need me in there."

"You seem to be their leader."

"I guess you could say that." He lifted his head. "They're all roamin' around as well right now. They don't care what I do."

"Is there no respect?" Octavius asked.

Jedidiah looked over at him. "Of course there's respect. They jus' don't wanna' know where I am all the time."

Octavius fingers played with the plumes on his hat. "My soldiers are most disciplined."

"Are you trying to challenge me or something?" the cowboy asked.

"If that's what you want." He threw a look at Jedidiah, a mischievous look twinkling in his eyes for a moment.

"All right." Jedidiah stood up, Octavius following him. "Whatdya' what to do this time?"

"Friendly fight," Octavius suggested.

"Friendly?"

Octavius nodded once, keeping his head down. Jedidiah snorted, but threw his hat and gun onto the table. Getting into a fighting stance, the two stared at each other, eyes locked in an intense glare before Jedidiah ran towards him. Octavius was pushed back, but he quickly regained his balance before going towards Jedidiah. The cowboy tried spinning around, but Octavius had him, throwing him to the ground. Scrambling to his feet, Jedidiah launched himself at Octavius again, landing a clean punch to his jaw. Octavius shook his head, rubbing the place of the impact. "Friendly fight," he said.

Jedidiah just shrugged, punching moments later. Octavius grabbed his hand, spinning his arm and pulling Jedidiah towards him. He lost his balance and fell, but Octavius caught him, lifting him up off the ground.

"You can put me down," Jedidiah told him after being suspended in the air for a few seconds.

Octavius only grinned, managing to sling him over his shoulder. "Not funny!" Jedidiah shouted. The Roman let out a laugh, walking with him. "Put me down! You know I don't like to be manhandled!"

His laughter becoming louder, he managed to drop Jedidiah lightly on his feet. Stumbling for a moment, Jedidiah regained his posture before fixing his shirt. "Friendly fights don't entail carrying your opponent around."

"When has that ever been established?" Octavius asked.

Jedidiah sent him a cold glance. Octavius ignored it, eyes sparkling as he stepped closer to him. "Oh, Jedidiah, you are a pleasure." His hand went up to the cowboy's cheek, caressing it gently. Jedidiah looked into the Roman's eyes, seeing something of an amorous expression within them.

Suddenly any annoyance he had melted away, his mouth dry as he observed his face: his firm chin, his chiseled nose, the small cracks in his lips...

He found Octavius only within centimeters from his face, close enough where he could feel the warmth of his breath against his own skin. Without knowing what was happening, Octavius was kissing him sweetly. Jedidiah lifted a shaky hand, placing it on top of the hand Octavius had on his cheek. As Octavius felt his touch, he made the kiss more fierce, lips pressing harder onto the cowboy's. Jedidiah was now kissing back, eager to feel the man kissing him. His hand slipped down Octavius' arm, grasping his forearm.

Octavius lifted his other hand so he could encompass both sides of Jedidiah's face, kissing him fervently now. Jedidiah was forced to lean back some as Octavius grew more forceful. The beating of both of their hearts were out of control. Jedidiah felt hot, wishing he could throw off his shirt as he kissed him.

He was moaning now, pushing back against Octavius. The pleased sounds coming from him made Octavius start making noises too. They both ached to touch each other, receive what each other had in store, feel the warmth of each other's lips all over them.

They both stopped suddenly, pulling away to look at each other. Loud, jagged breaths rang around them as they stared at each other, shock now clouding their eyes.

"Friendly fight," Octavius said again.

"Right." Jedidiah cleared his throat. "Friendly fight."

Octavius blinked, suddenly sticking out his hand. "Uh..." He seemed dazed. "N-next time."

"Right," Jedidiah said, shaking Octavius' hand.

They both left the table without a word.

Stairs

Umbrella Doves
Posted 7 July 2009

A/N: I seem to think up my best stories while lying in bed with insomnia. *headdesk* Needless to say- even though I barely got any sleep last night, I hope you enjoy.

Disclaimer: I do not own Night at the Museum. If I did, I would have far too much fun. xD

Jedediah surveyed the expansion of stairs ahead of him warily. It was almost dawn, and he and Octavius were struggling to return to their spots in their exhibits. Unfortunately, Larry had been busy working out an accident involving Dexter and a lighter, so the two miniatures were unable to catch a ride. And so, the leaders had no other choice but to climb the stairs, as the elevators were of no use to them in their small size.

Exhausted, Jed finally collapsed on the twelfth stair, taking his hat off and fanning himself with it. Octavius took his chance and sat down as well.

"Ya know... I've been a-thinkin'," Jed began, glancing at Octavius. "Wouldn't it be just dandy if we were big for once, like Gigantor? Think of all o' the things we could do!"

"Do you think often?" Octavius replied snarkily, a small smirk on his face. This remark received a mock punch from Jedediah, who was smirking as well.

"But really. We wouldn't have'ta climb these here damg stairs whenever there isn't someone around ta carry us."

"Yes, that would be nice," Octavius took off his helmet and ran an arm across his forehead. In all his years of battle, it ended up being stairs that fatigued him the most. How ironic.

"We could walk around without a-worrying if'n someone will step on us...," Jed whispered melodramatically, staring misty-eyed into the distance.

"Or participate in the weekly soccer games," Octavius added, rolling his eyes a bit and sliding his helmet into its place on his head.

"We wouldn't be man-handled," Jed placed his own hat into its original position, preparing to begin the climb again.

"We would be able to acquire someone's attention without needing to yell," Octavius stood as well. He leaned against the wall of the stair prevailling them, nonchalantly adjusting his breastplate.

"Ya know, we would overall jus' get the damn respect we deserve," Jed grumbled, grasping the top of the stair and pulling himself up with a grunt. Octavius followed suit and nodded, but remained quiet.

"But what am I sayin'. You're a Roman general, for cryin' out loud. You get all the respect ya want."

"That is not true. There are many inhabitants of this museum that do not display reverence to me as my men do," Octavius struggled up the next step, then turned around and held out a hand for Jedediah. "Besides, your men admire you more than my men do me. They chose you as their leader; however, mine did not have a choice."

Jed eyed the hand doubtfully, but then took it and allowed himself to be heaved upwards. "Ya got a point there, partner."

"All things aside, it does not matter, anyway," Octavius tackled the last step, then stood triumphantly at the top, fists on his hips.

"Oh yeah? And why's that, Toga-boy?"

Octavius turned around and looked down, staring Jedediah directly in the eye.

"Because I like you just the way you are."

With that, Octavius spun on his heel and made his way to the Diorama Room, sandals clicking on the tiled floor.

Jed finished climbing the last stair, stood, and watched Octavius' back as it retreated into the distance. He then adjusted his vest cockily, grinning to himself.

"That's what I thought."

Nap Time

I'mAJinx

Posted 17 June 2011

"Damn it, Ockie. Why'd you never tell me you could be fun?" Jed asked a question he knew would get no answer to. Octavius was asleep next to the cowboy under an olive tree in the Roman dihoramma. He was having some dream and the goofy smile on his face indicated that it must've rocked. Jed smirked at the sight and carefully reached over and undid the chinstrap on the Roman's helmet. He gently set it down and looked at Octavius. "You always did have that goofy grin." The cowboy slowly reached out to stroke his friend's hair, but jerked his hand back.

"Hm...m..." Octavius rolled over and stretched out his arms. When he pulled his arms back in, he caught Jed's neck. He pulled him down and soon they were laying side-by-side.

"Damn it." It wasn't that Jed was upset about the current situation, he actually kind of liked it. But still, he couldn't let Octavius wake up and see this. He would think Jed was some creepy stalker. But then again, he was watching him sleep and tried to play with his hair. "Alright partner, just slow down and think this through," he whispered to himself. He carefully reached up and grabbed the Roman's arm. He slid his hand over and tried to pry Octavius' fingers off of his throat. The General had a look of disturbance on his face and groaned at the act of seperation, gripping the cowboy's neck even tighter and pinching the sensitive skin. "Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh," Jed quickly whispered, just barely able to not let a word of pain escape from him. "It's okay, it's okay." When Octavius finally eased up, Jed slipped through his grasp. He sat up straight and rubbed his sore neck. "Damn kung fu-grip."

He looked back on the previous hour. He and Octavius were acting like children and decided to go to the Roman Senate building. Once inside, Jed tied his rope to one of the less visable balconies, hidden in the shadows. Then Octavius put on a white sheet so he'd look like a ghost. "Are you sure they won't recognize me?"

"Don't worry, Ockie. Just make your voice higher and goofy. Come on, this is gonna be hilarious."

"Alright." Octavius grabbed the rope and was about to decend, but Jed stopped him.

"Wait! Here," Jed took off his gloves and put them on the Roman's hands before he even had a chance to protest. "They save ya' from rope-burn. It's a horrible thang."

Octavius looked at his hands confused for a bit, but smiled as he realized what the cowboy was talking about. "Thank you my friend." Jed tipped his hat and Octavius began his decent. He swung down from balcony and tore through the lobby, almost hitting about a dozen Roman senators. As he did this he yelled, in a goofy, high-pitched voice, "Beware the Ides of March, ye fools!" Than he did the laughing part of 'Crazy Train' by Black Sabbath. When he got back to the balcony, Jed was laughing so hard that he could barely breath. Octavius grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him out of the building, also laughing his ass off. They booked it to the olive orchird where Octavius took off the sheet and slumped to the ground against the tree trunk. "Oh my, I don't think I've ever done anything like that."

"Yeah, well that's what you get when you have me as a best friend." They continued talking for the next half-hour until Ocatvius fell asleep. And now, Jed was smiling.

He jostled his friend and had a victorious smirk when his friend rubbed his eyes, sat up and asked what the hell he did that for. "C'mon. We gotta go see how much damage we caused."

"Alright," Octavius yawned."Let's go." They got up and half way through the orchird, Octvaius grabbed his friend's shoulder and spun him around. "What happened here?"

His fingers lightly grazed the already-forming bruise on Jed's neck, making the cowboy draw a sharp breath. "It's nothing. It just got slept on wrong."

A/N: (LYZZY:) Aaaaaaaaaaaw! Aren't they so cute together!

(JINX:) One things for sure, they're funny.

(ZOE:) I think Octavius should've hit the senators. Violence makes for a good story.

-IOC

(LYZZY:) *cowers in fear* Jinx, make her stop. *tears up*

(JINX:) ENOUGH! I am the dominant alter, I controls what goes on in my own head! Lyzzy, stand up for yourself, damn it. We're 15. And Zoe, quit picking on her. She's our inner child/fluff writer. You need to respect her personality, too. We are three alters of the same person: me. Now Lyzzy, on the pure side of our brain. Zoe, the dark side. We're supposed I to be studying for our Spanish final. Now we've corrupted these people enough. Go back to your posts and think of new fan-fix so I don't flunk out of my freshman year.

(LYZZY:) Yes ma'am. ^_^

(ZOE:) Fine. 7: ^ |

(JINX:) Sorry about them, I am the dominant alter. They don't come out too much. Only 48% of the time. Bye!

Sticky Situation

Mythicalnightguard

Posted 22 March 2014

So, your probably wondering how I got this idea. Well, one of my hobbies other than reading, wrighting, drawing, and studying history for no reason, is making crafts. And I kind of...well...glued my fingers together so...I needed to take my mind off the awkwardness.

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" What is it? " Octavius asked in wonder as he and Jedediah stared up at a tall, white bottle with a red top.

" Don't know. It says, ' Supper Gluw '. "

" I believe it is called ' Super Glue '. "

" Whatever. But what does ' Glue ' mean? "

" I do not know. "

They stood for a moment, trying to figure out this puzzling mystery. Suddenly, Jedediah began walking toward the towering thing.

" Wait! " Octavius exclaimed, grabbing Jedediah's shirt sleeve. " It could be dangerous! "

" Dangerous? Octavius, it's a bottle. "

" But it could fall on you! "

" There's only a one in a million chance of that. Come on, boost me up. "

So Octavius cupped his hands, and Jedediah put his foot onto them.

" On the count of three. One, two, three! "

Jedediah leapt up, and grabbed the red top. immediately, he noticed how slick it was, and nearly fell off. Regaining his balance, he held onto the top, looking down at Octavius. He looked so small...

" Jedediah! " Octavius called up. " I believe you should come down now! "

" Just a sec! I wanna see what's inside it! "

Rolling up his shirt sleeves, he gripped the cap, and pulled. It wouldn't come off. Trying again, he finally managed to get it off, and lose his footing. Jedediah slid off the bottle, and right onto the floor of the exhibit. Octavius rushed forwards, worried his friend had been injured.

" Are you alright? " He asked.

" Yeah. I'm fine. "

" Let me help you up. " Octavius took Jedediah's outstretched hand, and pulled him up.

" Whew! Thank's pardner. "

" You are most welcome. "

Jedediah went to pull his hand away, but realized it wouldn't budge.

" Uh, Octavius...you can let go now. "

" I am trying! " He said, struggling to free his hand. " You have such a strong grip! "

" It ain't mine! "

" Then, whose grip is it? "

" I don't know! But I think we're stuck! "

" Here. I will stay still, and you try to pull your hand free. "

" OK. Hold fast! "

Jedediah yanked on his hand, causing Octavius to stumble forwards. Steadying himself, Octavius nodded to Jedediah, telling him to try again. Again, Jedediah pulled with all his might, suddenly Octavius lost his footing, and flew forwards landing on top of Jedediah.

" Get off'a me! " Jedediah yelled, trying to push Octavius off.

" I am trying...ow! Do not do that! You are twisting my arm! "

Just then, Larry walked into the room, carrying a small clay statue. He had been planning to add the statue to the roman exhibit, and had left the super glue on the display. He heard grunting and arguing, and saw what appeared to be Jedediah and Octavius fighting again.

" Hey! Come on guys! Break it up! " He said, putting down the statue. When the two miniature men did not stop, Larry sighed and picked Octavius up by the cape, and was a little surprised to see Jedediah for some reason holding onto the roman's hand.

" Put us down before ya pull our arms outa' socket! " He cried.

Larry put them down, and the two stood hand in hand, facing Larry.

" Um... "

" Gigantor, we know your busy 'n all but... "

" We appear to be stuck. "

" Stuck? " Larry asked confused.

" Yeah. We can't seem to let go of each other's hand. And it's kinda awkward. "

" How did you guys...oh no! "

" What? " Octavius said as Larry slapped a hand to his face.

" Did you touch the super glue? "

" Yeah... " Jedediah said slowly.

Larry groaned, and shook his head.

" Was that wrong? " Octavius asked.

" Yes! Yes it was! Very wrong! Why can't you guys just leave stuff alone? "

Octavius and Jedediah looked down at their feet. Indeed, they had a tendency of letting their curiosity get the best of them sometimes. And most of the time, it was Jedediah's idea.

" Gigantor, i'm sorry. It's my fault. I dragged Octavius int'a this mess, against his will, and got us stuck. "

" Yeah, Jed. I kinda figured that. "

" Can you unstick us? " Octavius asked hopefully.

" No. No. I can't. Super glue is very sticky stuff. You'll be stuck together for awhile. "

" We're gonna be stuck like this for ever! " Jedediah wailed.

" Calm down Jed! It's not gonna be forever! Just one night! I'll go to the store tomorrow and get some glue be gone. "

" But, what shall we do for tonight? " Octavius whispered.

" Well, you two can hang out in my office untill I get back. "

Larry carefully picked the two up, and walked to his office. Halfway there, he was stopped by a very curios Teddy Roosevelt.

" Well, what have you there lad? "

" Well, these two decided to get into the super glue, and now their stuck. "

Teddy tried to hide a smirk, but as usual, his eyes betrayed him.

" You wouldn't think it was so funny if it was you! " Jedediah yelled angrily.

As soon as Larry left, Teddy burst out laughing. Those two were the funniest!

Once at the office, Larry set the two in his locker, and set about his rounds. Inside the locker, it was dark, and it smelled vaguely like socks.

" Man, i'm sorry Octavius. I thought it would be a good idea to investigate...and this is awkward... "

" Yes we are all well aware of that. And we all know that you were wrong, and I was right. "

Jedediah sighed. As much as he hated to admit it, he knew his friend was right, and that he was a fool.

" Yeah. You were right. "

They were quite for awhile, then, as the sun began to rise, they said their good days..

xx

The next night, Octavius and Jedediah woke, and found themselves on the table in Larry's office, with Larry standing over them, holding a bottle of Glue Be Gone and a swab.

" Good evening you two. Ready to get unstuck? "

" Boy howdy am I ready! " Jedediah exclaimed eagerly.

" Yes. Indeed we are ready Larry. " Octavius said, just as eagerly as his cowboy counter part.

" Alright. This may sting a bit, but after I put this on, you have to hold still for five minutes to let the chemical work. "

The two miniatures nodded, Larry dipped the swab into the bottle, and carefully dabbed it onto the miniature's connected hands. Jedediah winced, Octavius bit his lip, and five minutes later, Larry poured a few drops of water onto their hands with a dropper.

" OK. When I say go, pull your hands away quickly...go! "

Octavius wrenched his hand away, and immediately he felt a burning sensation from the tips of his fingers, to his wrist. Apparently, Jedediah felt the same thing, because he was jumping around and cursing softly under his breath. Well, Octavius thought, at least we are no longer stuck together.

" There. " Larry said, rubbing a bit of neosporn on the red hands of his miniature friends. " Maybe now you'll stay away from mysterious white bottles. "

" Yes. We will DEFINITELY stay away from white bottles from now on. Right Octavius? "

Octavius nodded. Next time, he would stop Jedediah from getting taken over by his intimate curiosity, even if it ment gluing him to a wall.

Where History Comes to Life

Apphia

Posted 30 June 2012

I don't own Night at the Museum, only my OC character Alexa.

"Welcome to the Museum of Natural History. Enjoy your adventure through time," A young woman with dark brown hair and bright blue eyes said. She was of average height and had a nice figure, well enough to turn a few heads. "Hey Rebecca can you hold the fort down? I gotta do something," The girl Alexa said to her best friend and co worker.

"Sure, go ahead," The raven headed woman assured her younger friend. With a smile alexa left the front desk and headed to the back of the museum where the offices were. As she tapped her black heels on the floor impatiently the door finally opened. Alexa put on a fake smile as she entered the room and leaned back against the worn out desk.

"Ah, Alexa to what do we owe this pleasant surprise," The old man named cecil asked politely.

"It's only me you don't have to put on the old gentleman act," Alexa bluntly said already knowing the true nature of the old trio. Cecil, gus, and reginal were not like normal security guards just like alexa was not just a woman in love with the museum and it's history. They all kept a secret. A secret so amazing that it kept the trio of old men feeling young. Only those four knew that the museum came to life every night. Every exhibit, every part of history in the museum came to life after the sun goes down. While cecil and his posse ruled the museum with an iron fist and treated the exhibits with cruelty alexa loved everyone there and was friends with them all. Alexa was suspicious of the guards and didn't trust them one bit. When she heard that they were getting replaced she was relieved for not only herself but for her friends that won't have to be locked in cages anymore. That new found hope started fading however as months passed by. She was angry that the old bags of bones were rejecting everyone that came for the position. Alexa knew that they were doing it on purpose. Those oldies were sticking around for something, but what.

Alexa POV

"Fine then, what do you want," Cecil curtly asked me.

I rolled my eyes and said, "I want to know why your still here. McPhee told you to find a replacement five months ago."

"We haven't found anyone who deems fit to guard the museum," Cecil tried to explain to me as if I were a child. Before I could retort back we heard a bell ding signaling that someone was at the door. When cecil let the person in blue eyes met brown as I saw a man walk in nervously. He was maybe as inch or two taller than me with dark brown hair and golden brown eyes. When he smiled at me I gave a small smile back blushed and turned away.

I cleared my throat and said, "Well, I'll leave you to your interview," before heading back to my job at the front desk.

Larry POV

"Who was that?" I asked after the young woman left. I had to admit that she was very pretty.

"Not important. Lets talk turkey. The museum is losing money, hand over fist. I guess kids don't care about was figures or stuffed animals. So they're down grading which is code for firing . . . me and the other guards. The want to replace us with one new guy." As cecil told me about their predicament I noticed that he didn't seem to upset about losing his job. It was like we were a couple of friends getting coffee. Okay, my first impression of the other night guard gus is the picture of a deranged, angry, smelly dwarf. He looks like the kind of guy that would say hoodlums. "Gus, this is the kid that wants to be the new night guard." When cecil said this I froze.

"Whoa, wait night guard? The lady at the agency said it was a museum position," I told them.

"Most important position in a museum larry," The guard reginal said.

"He looks like a weirdy," Gus said looking at me closely. Who's he calling weird, if anyone here he's the weird one. Anyways after a lot of convincing and wordplay I somehow got the job. I'm not even sure how I got it.

Cecil POV

This is definitely our guy. He's weak and oblivious, he will be easy to get around. Once my colleagues and I have robbed the museum and Larry Daley is framed we will live out our retirement in luxury. The only problem is that brat Alexa. She is a threat to my plans.

Welcome all! Here's what's going on. I know that the chapter is really short, well for my standards, I'm sorry. It's short because I am going by the scene selection list that came with the DVD. Hope you liked it, and even if you didn't you should lie for me and say it was great!

Review!

A Shift in the Stars

peraspera

Posted 7 July 2013

It wasn't all that common that the Museum of Natural History was busy nowadays, what with the incidents that had occurred shortly after Larry Daley took after as the night guard. People filtered in by the groups, sometimes ranging from ten to twenty people. It was rare that anyone ever came in by themselves. It was even more rare that someone came in by themselves every day to study only one exhibit.

That was why Larry Daley found himself watching a brunette carefully. She could only be seventeen at the oldest, with long, straight, brown hair, tanned skin, and dark, brown eyes. She has a notebook in her hands and she was scribbling down notes as she walked around near the Egyptian Exhibit.

He decided to confront Rebecca about it. She had to know something about the mysterious teen's constant presence around the museum. "Hey, Rebecca." Larry greeted casually.

As someone walked by and pointed to one of the maps, asking if they could have one, Rebecca handed them one with a smile on her face before she turned back to Larry. "Hey yourself." She paused, easily reading the look he had. "You want something."

"I just want information." He replied, holding his hands up as if he were being held at gunpoint by the police. He gave the brunette woman a small, sheepish smile. "I was just wondering what that girl is doing around the Egyptian exhibit every day. It's just a bit odd, that's all."

"Oh. That's just Anastasia." Rebecca shrugged it off. "She's a high school student. I think she's sixteen or something by the looks of it. Anyway, her first day here, she asked me to point her in the direction of the Egyptian Exhibit. I asked her what it was for, and she said that it was for a school project."

"So she's been studying the same exhibit for days?" Larry questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Rebecca shook her head. "No, actually, she's been studying the same exhibit for weeks."

The life at the museum that night was the same as always; the exhibits were laughing and having fun among themselves, music playing in the background as the group mingled and danced. Larry Daley stood outside of the circle, smiling fondly at them, when he noticed something odd.

Ahkmenrah wasn't there.

Frowning, Larry looked around, going through the crowd and masses of exhibits, though he didn't see Ahkmenrah anywhere. He didn't even see him participating in the soccer tournament, even though Ahkmenrah loved a good game of soccer.

"Hey, Teddy." Larry greeted his old friend.

"Ah, Larry!" Teddy greeted back, tipping his hat. "What seems to be troubling you, my good man? You look like you're gravely worried about something."

"Someone, actually." Larry corrected him. When Teddy raised an eyebrow, obviously confused, Larry continued. "You haven't seen Ahk around, have you?"

"I saw him earlier, actually, right before the festivities began." Teddy replied. "He looked like he was in a terrible mood, very forlorn. He just watched everyone for a few minutes before he left. I didn't see where he went though, but I'm guessing that he went somewhere that he was sure no one was at."

"Thanks, Teddy." Larry said, running a hand through his hair and releasing a sigh.

"No problem at all, my good man. I wish you luck." Teddy then bid Larry goodbye, going off to most likely find Sacajawea.

Larry then searched everywhere in the museum. He searched through the Egyptian exhibit, and Ahkmenrah wasn't there. He wasn't in the African exhibit, or the Miniatures exhibit, or anywhere that he usually was. He wasn't chatting with Columbus or the Huns or anything like that.

"Where is he?" Larry groaned, standing against the wall beside the elevator and rubbing his temples, clearly exasperated.

Suddenly, the elevator doors dinged. Larry looked over on instinct, only to see Ahkmenrah sitting on the ground, his legs crossed. He reached up to press the down button, and that's when Larry ran in.

"Ahk!" He shouted, pressing the 'door open' button. His friend looked up at him, alarmed. "Ahk, I've been looking all over for you, buddy. You weren't downstairs with everyone else, and Teddy said you were looking pretty sad." He paused, looking around the elevator as the doors closed and looked back at Ahkmenrah. "Have you been here the whole time?"

Ahkmenrah nodded slowly. "I have. It's the only quiet place I can find. Well, it used to be."

"Can I sit?" Larry asked, gesturing to the spot beside Ahkmenrah. Ahkmenrah nodded, and Larry sat beside him, crossing his legs as well. "So, what's troubling you, buddy?"

"It's silly." Ahkmenrah replied dismissively.

"If it's making you this sad, buddy, it's not silly." Larry replied. "Now, just tell me. It'll help to get it off of your chest."

"I heard a girl's voice today." Ahkmenrah replied, and suddenly, it was gushing out. He couldn't stop himself. "I've been hearing it for weeks. She doesn't talk about anything groundbreaking; just the weather, and her classes, and her friends, and all of that kind of stuff. And it's stupid, but I've never heard anyone's voice in the daytime before. And her voice, it makes me happy. Like I'm walking on clouds."

"Well, why do you feel so terrible about it then?" Larry questioned.

"Because I was in love with a girl and she died. I've been waiting for her to come here, for them to discover her tomb, to bring her here, but she hasn't come. A-And I feel like I'm going against her." Ahkmenrah replied. "Her name was Cena. She was perfect; beautiful and sweet and smart, but she had this edge to her. Maybe that's what got us in trouble in the first place. She was captured and became my servant. I got too close to her, and we fell in love. She told me she was the Nubian princess, and at the time, we were at war with Nubia. It couldn't be. It was destined to fail, but we continued. Kahmunrah, my brother who I'd gotten the throne over, found out, and he gave me a choice; keep the throne and he'd expose Cena and they'd kill her, or keep Cena and give him the throne. He'd destroy Egypt. What was I supposed to do? I wanted to pick her, but she chose for me. When I was sleeping, she poisoned Kahmunrah, killing him, and then killed herself with the same poison."

It was silent in the elevator for the longest time. The only sound was the 'ding', signaling that they'd come to the top floor again. This time, Ahkmenrah stood. "I need to go." He said.

"Ahk, wait!" Larry called, getting to his feet. But Ahkmenrah was already gone, and the doors closed in his face.

A/N: Hey, guys! Sorry for the long wait. I wanted to make sure that I had all of the plot points going and stuff for the sequel before I started it, and I definitely do. I can't wait to put the rest up, because I think that you guys are really going to like it. Nothing is as it seems in this, and it has a lot of twists and turns.

So, what do you guys think so far? I'd love it if you reviewed and told me what you think and what you'd like to see in some upcoming chapters. :)

The Other Night Guards

Gwen Gamgee

Posted 17 February 2010

Ok, this is one of those that I could see actually going somewhere, and I may or may not actually write a second chapter some day. For right now though, it's just an interesting one shot of behind the scenes in "Night at the Museum: Battle of the Smithsonian."

I just thought while I watched this movie, "Doesn't the Smithsonian have night guards of their own? What the heck are they doing during all of this?" So, this is my take on why the heck they weren't helping poor Larry out. Please, enjoy.

"What are we going to do?" The whisper was tense and frightened, most unlike what normally came out of the young guard's mouth.

"I'd like to say we go out and kick Mr. Fancy Pharoah's rear end," replied one of the older guards, "But unfortunately, that isn't an option right now."

About ten men of varying age and race were clustered within the small video room, all wearing the uniform of the Smithsonian guard. The unfortunate bunch had been locked in the room during thier usual coffee break earlier in the evening. They had been both frightened and surprised when they discovered by watching the video moniters that they were, in fact, being held prisoner by the same exhibits they had so faithfully guarded in years past. To be specific, they'd been locked in by the Al Capone maniquins.

"What about that one guy?" Brandon (Brundun) asked.

"You mean the one that stole your ID card?" quipped one of the others.

"Hey!" Brandon argued, "That guy is a seriously hard core kinda guy. He could've taken it by force if he wanted."

"Yeah," the one guard watching the earlier hour tapes agreed, "I noticed when I went over the end of your first shift." Brandon went red and indignant.

"Shut up Jason!"

"He certainly seems to know what he's doing," the older guard admitted, watching the 'night guard' on the camera, aiming a pitch fork at the egyptian guards. "Is that- Amelia Earhart with him?" Another one of the guards leaned in next to him.

"She was down in the lower levels getting a clean up this week," he said, looking in awe at the figure.

"Thank you Nels."

"Look," Brandon said, trying to get thier attention, "The guy said he'd seen stuff I couldn't even imagine, seriously," he stressed, "That's what the freaky dude who stole my card said. Maybe he's here cause of that," he said pointing to the screen, "He said he was a night guard, I dunno, maybe he knew something was going on..."

"Honestly Brundun," Nels chastised him, "How stupid do you have to be? There is no way anyone could expect this. The guy lied to you. He probably caused all this!"

"I don't know," The older guard mused, still watching the screen as the man went into one of the picture in the art museum, "He doesn't seem to be friends of our Mr. Kamunra down there, and that seems to be a good thing. Jason, you got anything on last night yet?"

"Yes sir Mr. Detin sir." The guards crowded behind Jason as he played for them a sped up version of last nights events. "It seems the problem comes from the exhibits that came from New York to go in storage. They have this plaque thing, which we've already determined our Pharoah friend wants. Seems the bunch of 'em held him off all last night, ending in a stand still, with them trapped inside the metal box there. Now," he said, pauseing the tape on a particular scene, "at around nine

last night, one of the little dudes, I think it's a cowboy, hard to tell, made phone call. I'm thinking, and this is just a guess, that that's where our mystery gaurd came from." Mr. Dentin nodded in agreement.

"So he's friends with the New York Crew."

"This is insane!" Nels pointed out, "There is no way the exhibits are coming to life. It just doesn't make sense!"

"Sense or not, we have to deal with it," Mr. Dentin reminded him. "Now, right now we need info. Less, I want you on the laptop of yours, finding out what you can about that tablet."

"Right sir."

"Kevin? I need you on our computer over here, seeing if you can find out who that maniquin called last night. Derek, I need you to find out if the phones are still working, let the police know we have a situation, but try not to go into detail. They'd just call us nutters and hang up."

"You sure we aren't nutters?" Nels put in.

"Nels, if you have nothing constuctive to add, I'd like you to stand in the corner and shut up. Jason, I need a translation of what the Phroah was on about earlier today when that night guard showed up."

"On it sir."

"Anything I can do sir?" Brandon asked.

"Keep track of your friend there," Mr Detin motioned toward the screen, "let me know if anything happens. And you two," he motioned to the remaining guards, "We're going to work on a way out of this room. I'm not about to be cripled by some cardboard gangsters."

"Oh good luck with that sir."

"Shut it Nels."

Personally, I know a Nels who actually would act like this. Hence his inclusion in this piece. Anyways, you like? Does it truly need another chapter? Please, let me know.

Fireworks

FireGoddess528

Posted 1 July 2009

With Fourth of July being so close, I thought I might write a short oneshot with my favorite couple.

Fireworks

Fireworks dance in the sky, lighting up the midnight sky in an array of bright colors, wowing those who watch the display every year. But this year there are two new watchers; a couple sitting in a window in the Museum of Natural History.

Sacajawea scoots closer to Teddy, as a flash of red light bursts into the night sky.

"Thank you for watching with me," she says softly, as she rests her head on his shoulders.

Teddy smiles, but does not say anything back. He does not need too. Words were not important at the time. The only thing that matters to the couple is being together. The only noise was the sound of the fireworks booming in the distance. Finally, Sacajawea spoke again, though her eyes never left the fireworks show going on in front of her.

"They are beautiful," she says, smiling.

Teddy smiles back, "Yes they are," he agrees.

But his eyes are not on the show going on in front of him. His eyes are on the beautiful woman sitting next to him. If it was even possible, she was even more beautiful with the colorful lights bouncing off her tan skin.

"Happy fourth of July," he says.

"Happy fourth of July."

There seriously needs to be more Teddy and Sacajawea fics. They are such a cute couple, and a lot of fun to write. Hope you enjoyed reading this fic.

Lunch

lazaefair

Posted 16 November 2009

Warm afternoon sunlight filtered through a set of nondescript blinds, falling in stripes across a single hand resting on a bed comforter - at least, it did until the owner of the hand suddenly exploded out of bed with a heartfelt, "Oh, shit," glanced at the bedside alarm clock ("Oh, fuck"), and flung himself into the kitchen to grope frantically for his cellphone.

"Hello? Rebecca? It's Larry. I'm so, so, so, so sorry. I just, I forgot to set my alarm again, not that that's an excuse--I know this is the third time, and, I promise to make it up to you. What are you doing tomorrow? We can try lunch again. How do you feel about Greek? I know this great place in Queens--"

Across town, Rebecca tightened her lips and tapped a fingernail on the marble surface of the information desk as she waited for Larry's babbled apologies to wind down. When they didn't, she cut in. "Larry. Larry. Larr--LARRY."

"Yes?" he said meekly.

"Listen," she said gently. "I understand. No, really, I do," she cut him off again when he tried to say something. "You're the night guard: you work at night and sleep during the day, but I work during the day and sleep at night. Look, I like you and I can't thank you enough for showing me the Museum at night." She had to pause and swallow past the inevitable regret in her throat. The silence on the other end of the phone wasn't helping. "But I don't think it's going to happen. For us."

He said nothing for a while. She asked, "Larry?"

"Okay. Um. I." He blew a gust of air out. "I guess I understand."

She could have dropped the phone with relief. "All right. Um, I'll see you around, okay?"

"Sure. Have a nice afternoon, Rebecca."

Well, that ends that, Rebecca thought as she hung up, and tried not to feel too jubilant.

&&&

"God, I knew it was a mistake to let the British anywhere near the Zulus," Larry said by way of greeting and collapsed limply into the couch in the guard office.

Ahkmenrah looked up from whatever website he was surfing. "As you remain unstabbed, unspared and unshot, I presume you eventually solved the situation."

"Yeah, no thanks to any of you guys. Where did everyone go? Teddy? Sacagawea?"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to tell you their specific whereabouts," Ahkmenrah said smoothly. "As for myself, I was caught up in an engrossing account of the American Civil War," he gestured to the computer screen which showed what looked suspiciously like a Ken Burns documentary, "and didn't hear anything amiss. Sorry."

Larry slowly let his head drop onto the back of the couch. He mused aloud to the ceiling, "Do I want to spend a lot of time and effort to weasel whatever those two are up to out of you? Or am I way too exhausted for that? Hmm. Should I eat my lunch instead?"

"It smells wonderfully tempting today," Ahkmenrah said (un)helpfully.

"Bullshit and both of us know it," Larry smirked at the ceiling, but held his arm out anyway. He heard a rustle and out of the corner of his eye, watched Ahkmenrah's arm move in a smoothly coordinated motion. A paper bag landed in his hand a second later.

"Awesome, generic ham sandwich here I come," he said, drawing out a rubbermaid container with a flourish. Deprecating remarks aside, he dug into the sandwich with the appearance of full enjoyment. Babysitting a zoo was hungry work and he looked forward to his "lunch break" every night.

Peace settled over the office for a while as Larry munched and a soothing narrator voice described in detail the slaughterfields of Shiloh. Then, over the sounds of mournful violin music, Ahkmenrah asked, "So how did your lunch date with Rebecca go this time?"

Larry made a face mid-chew. "I overslept and she broke up with me when I called to apologize."

"My condolences."

"Thanks, but it's okay," Larry waved a dismissive hand. "We both sort of saw it coming. Funny thing," he took another bite of sandwich, "I was barely even thinking about her while she was dropping the axe."

Ahkmenrah raised his eyebrows. "Who were you thinking about, then?"

"Who said I was thinking about a person?" Larry said with an evil eyebrow quirk of his own.

As a pharaoh intricately trained in the fine art of diplomatic subterfuge, Ahkmenrah didn't even blink. "Dexter must weigh very heavily on your mind if you're thinking of him that often."

Larry laughed out loud. Even the sudden roar and crash that filtered through the open office door failed to damp his apparent good mood. He bounced to his feet, tossing the remains of the sandwich in the trash while checking his flashlight in its holster. He pointed a finger at Ahkmenrah. "Hold that thought, and I mean it." Then he was gone, to save the Museum again.

Ashokan Farewell continued to play in the quiet that descended in Larry's wake. Ahkmenrah looked down, suddenly conscious of the smile on his face that wouldn't quite go away, and said out loud, "He's gone."

Sacagawea poked her head out of the side office first, then Roosevelt. They looked distinctly rumped, and yet both their eyes were crinkled and their grins were knowing. "Don't worry, my boy, your campaign will see success eventually," Teddy boomed, walking into the guard office while straightening his gloves.

"I," Ahkmenrah replied, "haven't the slightest idea what you're referring to," but his smile mirrored theirs.

Mirror

darksideofnight

Posted 27 December 2014

When Ahkmenrah exited his sarcophagus the first time in New York, there had been seemingly endless nooks and crannies to investigate and explore. Becoming reacquainted with the world was a novel experience. On one of his first nights, after all the unsavory business with the former night guards had been dealt with, he saw himself.

There was a console in the adjacent section of the Egyptology exhibit. Since the coffins were not opened, 3D images had been loaded onto the screen so the public might view the mummies. The former pharaoh had approached this with more than a little trepidation.

Ahkmenrah's first impression was an abrupt shock at the state of his own vermiform corpse. The second was a close inspection of his own living hand, as he contemplated the incongruous shift from 3000 years dead, to alive and well. There was a strangeness in the idea that he became living and whole in the sparse few seconds after the sunset. It made him uncomfortable.

On this occasion, Larry had found him, after doing his rounds through the rest of the museum. Noticing the images pulled up, he felt a spark of uncertainty at how to handle the situation.

"Kinda weird, huh?" He ended up asking. The Egyptian nodded.

"When I was in there, I feared..." He paused, giving the night guard a measuring look. "I worried that the spell had failed, somehow. I wondered if my body really did resemble a corpse, and that was why I remained locked away." They both gazed at the decrepit remains of Ahkmenrah.

"You don't belong in there. I'm sorry about what happened." Larry said, feeling another flash of irritation for Cecil and his cronies. Ahkmenrah, for his part, did not remind the New Yorker that he was blameless in the matter. As a ruler, he understood that sometimes "sorry" just meant a shared grief over things that could not be changed.

They looked for a while longer, before both leaving to assist Teddy in the hall of miniatures. The Pharaoh had not approached the console since.

A/N: hm. Not sure how this went. But against my better judgment, I am very fond of NatM.