

Would You Like Some Fries with that Crazy?

# Would You Like Some Fries with that Crazy?

By : Vampire Girl

PG-13. Maya Lilton is spontaneous, colorful, and oh yeah a freekin' shapeshifter. Maya loves herself. She can shift into a grey panther. Her best friend happens to be the all "evil" mistress of the night, and she works at McDonalds. Yeah. . .



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## Chapter 1: Spadecialality

### Chapter One: Spadecialality

People say I'm a freekin' nut case. But I'm just SPADECIAL!

Yeah, that's right, I said spadecial. . .

Kay'so I was, like, hanging out with the my best friend, the All Evil Mistress of the Night (A.K.A. my best friend who happens to be a vampire, Maddy).

Maddy was staring at me as I skipped down the dusty sidewalk. I looked over at her.

"Watcha staring at?" I asked light and cheerfully.

She sulked at me. "I'm staring at you. You look like a freeking retard."

I stopped skipping, put my hands on my hips, and stared at her. "I believe the term is 'mentally ill'."

Maddy rolled her eyes. "Fine then. You're acting *mentally ill*."

I clasped my hands together with joy. "YAY! I'm SPED!"

I stared skipping again, causing my rainbow zebra stiped tutu to fluff up when each foot hit the ground. I twirled and jumped. My *tres beau* convers all star high tops lands gracefully on the ground.

"HI-HO, HI-HO, IT'S OFF TO WORK I GO!" I sang. I was off to McDonalds where I worked part-time. Maddy went there and sat in the booth in the way back just to annoy the manager when he said she couldn't sit unless she ordered somthing. Of course she always ended up staying. When he told her to "Get the F\*\*\* up and go order somthing or leave!" she gave him the evil eye and worked her vamp magic on him.

"Hey, Mad." I said cheerily.

"What?"

"Do you think you can do some freeky mind thing on my boss to make him give me a raise?"

She turned to look at me. "No." she answered flatly.

"AW! Why not?" I whined.

"Because It's not right."

"I'M NOT RIGHT! But does that matter? NOOO!"

Maddy stared at me like I was a senile old lady who was shouting that there was a cat on fire in her pants, and if somebody did not get the cat out right away she would drop dead on the spot and insist to be burried with all her money, therefore insuring no money to the younger generations of her family.

"Why are we friends again?" she asked.

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"Because my doctor says I need a 'stable companion to guide me through life'."

"Oh yeah."

I smiled huge at her and continued skipping.

See? I'm not insane.

I'm just spadecial.

## Chapter 2: Boredom Under the Yellow Arch

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I sighed. I stared around me at the empty restaurant, thinking to myself, *SOOOO BORED!!!*

Right then a customer walked up to me. It was a slightly older lady. Maybe about sixty or so? Her gray hair and cat glasses made me bounce around inside. I loved old people.

I smiles real big at her and asked, "Hi! Welcome to McDonalds. What can i get for ya'?"

She squinted at the menu. "I'll have a small cheeseburger, with extra ketchup please."

"And would you like some fries with that?"

"Oh yes thank you, deary."

I was now actually bouncing up and down. I typed the order in and a few minutes later her food came.

"Mam!" I called to where she was standing in the corner.

She came over, claimed her food and left. I frowned and stopped bouncing. Aw. Now I was sad and bored again.

## Chapter 3: Secrets

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Back at home that night, I sat with my head on the dining room table, listening to my mother scream at me.

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR ME?" she yelled. She never yelled like this unless she was drunk, which was most of the time.

My mother, Elaine Keller, was a drunk. She didn't take care of me, didn't do really anything except sleep and drink. And yell about what a disgrace I was.

In the middle of one of my mother drunken ravings, I pushed my chair away from the table, got up, and walked out the door.

I ran blindly out into the dark street. I knew where I was going. I'd been going there for years. Maddy's house. Maddy was really the only person I *knew*. I didn't trust anyone else. Maddy was the only person who knew me. The real me. You see, I wasn't really the cutsey, rainbow loving girl everybody thought I was. I used my "love" for rainbows, fuzzy animals, and other cute things, to keep my depression at bay. My depression was constantly threatening to take over my life. I hated everybody, and that's how I liked it.

Once I reached Maddy's house, I crawled in through the window, which I always went through, and sat on the end of Maddy's bed. A second later she entered. She looked down at me, crying on the end of her bed, and immediately sat down and wrapped her arms around me. I buried my face in her shoulder and cried. Maddy was the only one I could trust in this convoluted, dirty, insane world. Maddy, because she was the only one different enough to understand how I felt. Maddy, because no matter how bad things got, she was there.

That night, after I'd dried my eyes and let the puffiness go away, Maddy asked her mom if I could spend the night. The answer was of course, yes. I loved Maddy's mom more than my own mother. I loved Maddy's family, period. Her brother, Jason, was tall, pale, and skinny. He had clear blue eyes, a mouth permanently etched in a scowl, and black hair that hung around his face, half covering his eyes. Jason was also a vampire, like his sister. He was emo, not goth like Maddy. I loved Jason too, just not the same way I did his mother or sister.

Jason was the only other person besides Maddy that knew why I spent so many nights at the Melark house. I saw the sadness behind his own eyes now, as he sat in his room, his ear buds plugged into his ears. He had his ipod in his hand, no doubt listening to his emo music, or Three Doors Down.

We were a strange combination. Jason, Me and, Maddy. The Emo, the Goth, and the Unicorn. Me being the unicorn obviously.

Maddy and I walked back into her room, I slept on the floor next to her bed. Well, sleep isn't the right word. Laying there, staring up at the band posters that covered her ceiling listening to her sleep is better.

After I was sure she was dead to the world, I snuck out of her room and into the hall. I leaned in Jason's doorway and watched him sleep. A moment later he opened one eye and stared at me. He smiled and opened his other eye.

"Hey," I said, smiling back at him.

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"How are you? Mom hit you again?" he asked.

I crossed the room and sat down next to him, letting him wrap his arms around me.

"No," I said, "Just yelling about how worthless I am."

Jason kissed the top of my head, then rested his chin on it.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be, it's not your fault."

"No, I ean I'm such a terrible boyfriend. But I'm sorry your mom yells at, and hits you."

"How are you a terrible boyfriend?" I asked, truly puzzled.

"Cause I make you sneak around with me. Doing everything in secret. You must think I'm a terrible boyfriend,"

"I do not! I love you. And I know why you make us sneak around." I did, it was because he didn't want his sister to know that her best friend was dating her brother. Wich if you think about it,would be pretty weird.

I snuggled down into him, and drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 4: Sibling Rivalries

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When I woke up, I was alone. And still in Jason's room. I heard raised voices in the hallway, and crept over to the door to listen.

"What were you two even *doing*?!" I heard Maddy yell from the other side of the door.

Jason snorted, "Certainly not what you think we were doing."

"Well then what were you doing?" Maddy shot back.

"Just sleeping. God! Why do you need to know every inch of my personal life, *Madeline*?" Ooh. Jason had crossed the line. Calling Maddy by her full name really got her going, and I wasn't sure how I felt about a vampire vs. vampire battle.

I opened the door and walked gingerly out to join the conversation, eliminating any possible chance of a supernatural fight.

"My brother?!" Maddy asked me hysterically.

I stared down at my feet and mumbled, "Sorry. We didn't want to tell you 'cause we knew you would act this way."

I glanced over at Jason, who had his arms crossed so you couldn't see the scars on his wrists from years of cutting. He was still staring haughtily at Maddy. I nudged his arm, trying to calm him down; instead he just got even more infuriated. His face flushed with color, and I could see his fangs slide out.

Jason's response only triggered Maddy to act the same way. I backed up against the wall, wanting to get out of the firing range.

In the end, Jason was the first to move. He leapt at Maddy full force, knocking her against the wall beside me. I quickly whirled aside to give them room. Maddy grabbed the front of Jason's shirt and dragged him over to the opposite wall, slamming him up against it.

And so it went. Me jumping out of the way of Maddy and Jason's flailing limbs. I watched, completely unprepared when Maddy locked her hands around Jason's throat.

Maddy still had her hands around Jason's throat. He was convulsing, trying desperately to get air. It wasn't even that Maddy was strangling a person that bothered me. It was that she was strangling her brother, with such a fierce expression. Like she knew it was Jason, yet she didn't care if he died.

"MADDY STOP!" I yelled in a strong, yet desperate voice. I felt the red lightning start crackling at my fingertips, a sure sign that it was going to get real bad, real fast.

When Maddy failed to heed my command, I pulled my fist back then let it fly. It hit her right in the nose. My punch momentarily stunned her, giving me what I needed. Time to get Jason away from his sister.

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I grabbed him under his arms and yanked him away from Maddy. I set him up safely in the corner of the hall, and then checked his pulse. Still living. I gave a sigh of relief.

Jason woke up moments later, completely confused and clearly in pain.

"Don't move your head," I said. Letting my fingers run over the soft, tender bruises on his neck.

He grimaced in pain as I pressed too hard on a certain spot. "Ow," he said.

"Sorry. Try not to talk unless it's necessary. Ok?"

"Ok."

I was only dimly aware Maddy was on her feet and moving.

Straight for me.

## Chapter 5: A New Beginning

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I rolled on my heels, letting myself fall back onto the ground, then sprang up. I launched myself full force at Maddy, knocking her against the wall.

"Maddy look at me!" I yelled, "Look me in the eye! You are not this person. You wouldn't kill Jason. Please Maddy! Come back."

I watched as her eyes slowly emptied of the evil hatred. Her blue eyes, ones identical to Jason's, widened as the realization of what she'd done hit her head on.

She sunk to the ground.

"Oh my god," she whispered, "I just- I just killed him, didn't I?"

I shook my head, "Maddy, He'll be all right. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I didn't tell you. I should have when we started going out."

"No, it's better now than later, I guess. I just can't believe it happened so fast."

"I know," I said.

Finally, Jason and Maddy's mother registered the banging and yelling, going on up in the hall.

"What is going on up there?" she yelled up the stairs.

I looked at Maddy.

"Uh, nothing?" she replied, keeping her eye trained on me.

I heard Mrs. Melark coming up the stairs, and immediately dove in front of Jason. I yanked his collar up to cover the bruises on his neck. I hauled him to his feet, as Maddy stood up too.

Mrs. Melark reached the top of the stairs as I whisked myself to stand next to Maddy.

She stared at Jason, Maddy, and me in turn.

Behind my back, I snapped my fingers, felt the sparks fly from my index finger and thumb, and the fire alarm went off. Mrs. Melark hurried back down stairs into the kitchen where she was no doubt, making waffles for breakfast.

Maddy let out a breath of relief, as Jason slumped against the wall, white face, eye half closed.

We heard a shriek, followed by smoke billowing up the stairs. Maddy and I each took one of Jason's arms and dragged him down the smokey stairs.

I coughed as smoke filled my lungs. To my right, I could hear Maddy coughing as well. Jason was too drained to cough.

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"KIDS! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!" we heard Mrs. Melark scream. Duh. As if we weren't doing that already.

In the living room, Jason slumped out of our grasp. I didn't have time to pick him up again before Maddy grabbed my hand and rushed me outside.

I stood on the lawn, watching the house burn, screaming Jason's name over and over again.

The house gave a shudder and collapsed, and I knew there was no way Jason was alive anymore. Tears ran down my face, making tracks through the soot. We stood there until the house burned out, and the fire fighters arrived. As they rushed over to the ruined, burned down house, I saw a single figure arising out of the ash.

Jason.

Everybody stood still, even the fire fighters, watched transfixed as Jason stretched, burned skin and ash flaking off of his body. Miraculously, His jeans had not burned, in fact, they were completely unscathed.

Jason lowered his arms and with a great cracking sound of burned skin, twenty -foot wings slowly spread from his back.

## Chapter 6: Hellfire and Angels

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Jason's wings were huge. Black as a raven's, and so completely unbelievable. He'd just gone from being a half strangled emo vampire, to being a good as new completely non-vamp, angel that look straight from the depths of Hell.

Jason himself looked just as surprised at his new wings as the rest of us. He was staring at them, running his hands over the black feathers, and repeatedly flapping them.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a fire fighter pull out his cell phone, but Maddy was there in a flash, knocking the phone out of his hands.

"I don't think that's necessary," she said, picking up the phone and returning to my side.

I barely paid any attention to that; I was too busy gawking at Jason. He was still flapping and wings, watching, fascinated, as the slightest movement in the feathers completely altered the way his wings moved.

It wasn't even the wings that made me see the world in a new light. It was the elation on Jason's face.

Back at home, my mother was awake enough to understand what had happened at the Melark house.

I don't want you going there again," she said, "It's too dangerous. Apparently, her mother doesn't care about her enough not to let the house burn down."

"Oh, and you do?" I said coldly, "And I can go where ever I want, when I want to. When and if you start being my mother again, then I might listen to you."

Mom crossed her arms and we glared at each other for a few minutes before I got up and went to my room. I reflected on the events of the previous day.

Maddy had choked Jason. I'd burned their house down (Because I knew it had been me. I used magic to set off the fire alarm, which had triggered and actual fire to start). Jason died. Jason came back. Jason grew wings. I'd decided to stop pretending to be a different person, though that was going to be kind of hard considering my hair was still died rainbow colors.

My world had changed considerably in the last two days.

And I'd decided I liked it.

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