

Rufus's Twin
By Jen

Chapter 3: Seven years later

Cid rolled from underneath his latest job from Reeve--an old Shinra fighter plane that he wanted fixed-up and repainted--and grabbed a grease rag, wiping furiously at the oil covering his face. When he was satisfied that he could see again, he rose to his feet and fisted his hands on his hips. The look on his face would have scared the hell out of a man twice his size, but then, this wasn't a man, and she was about half his size.

"God dammit Mandie! I outta thump your melon good and hard!"

Mandie, formally Amanda Cid Highwind, wasn't too concerned, even if her Dad *did* look mad enough to skin the hide off of a chocobo. Her Dad hardly ever spanked, he usually yelled and sent her to her room.

"I just wanted to see if it was like I read in the book," she replied, sliding the toe of her boot along the cement floor of Cid's shop.

"With the damn thing right over my face?!"

"I thought that was something else. In the book, an airplane--"

"Mandie," Cid said, taking a deep breath to calm down, "this is a fighter plane. It's a little different from an airplane like the Tiny Bronco."

She peeked up at him and had to bite her lip so as not to laugh. Gone was the usually messy blonde-hair, and instead, in its place, were limp, black tendrils.

"You--what's so damn funny?!"

"I'm sorry d-d-daddy! I ca-ca-can't h-help it!"

"Jesus munchkin! So now I'm a joke to you?"

He walked over to the mirror above the washbin, stained permanently black from oil and other grime, and took a good look. Hell, he did *did* hilarious. Putting on his best stern face, he turned back to Mandie, who was now rolling on the floor with laughter.

Finally, Cid couldn't contain it, and he began laughing too. He walked over to Mandie and swung her up into his arms. Mandie gladly wrapped her legs around his waist, and hugged her arms about his neck.

"You're somethin' else, you know it?"

"A chip of the old block, right?"

"Yeah. Just like your old man. But don't let your Mom hear that. She don't want you actin' like me."

Mandie giggled, "I like actin' like you."

This was how Cloud found them. He had to stop for a moment and watch them just to make sure his mind wasn't playing tricks on him. No matter how many times he witnessed Cid's affection with his daughter, it took him by surprise. Mandie had that big, tough pilot wrapped around her little finger. If she asked him to, he'd probably build her a stairway to the moon.

"Hey Cid, I hate to interrupt--what happened to your hair?!"

"Mandie happened, that's what."

Mandie grinned at Uncle Cloud, but managed to look sheepish when Cid swung his head back around to her.

"Well, I came to remind you to pick us up by eight for Rude's bachelor party."

Cid set Mandie down and grabbed a fresh, oil-free pack of cigarettes off of his toolbox. He lit one, causing Mandie to make a face, wave her hand, and run into the house.

"What the hell do you think I am, stupid?"

Just then, the PHS rang.

"Who the hell is it?!" Cid bellowed into the phone.

"It's me Cid. Yer gettin' so old, I thought I'd remind ya about Rude's bachelor party at eight," Barret added.

"What the hell is this?! You morons think I'm senile or somethin'?! Old?! I'll show you old you @\$&*^#@\$*\$!"

"What the hell you talkin' about Cid?! I only called you this once!"

"That damn spikey-headed kid is here remindin' me now!"

"The hell was I s'posed ta now!"

Suddenly, the call waiting beeped in Cid's ear.

"I gotta go! There's someone else callin' me."

Cid switched lines and barked, "Hello?"

"Cid, this is Vincent."

"I already know Rude's damn party is at eight! If *one* more person reminds me I'm gonna knock some heads together!"

"This has nothing to do with Rude's party."

"Damn Vince, why didn't you say so?!"

"I would have. However, I was attacked before given the chance to state the purpose of my call."

"So, whadda you want?"

Vincent sighed; Cid was not one for apologies.

"I am having trouble with the lighting here. I have no knowledge of electricity and I was hoping you would fix it."

"I thought you could see good in the dark. Besides, haven't you managed to go through all those files yet?"

"Reading for extreme periods of time in the dark can strain even the eyes of a man like me. And no, I have not managed to finish them all yet. Thanks to the scheming of my friends over the years, I find I have less and less time to spend on this task."

"Well hell, you need to do other things besides holing up in that damn mansion all day. Anyhow, I'll be there in a half an hour to fix your electricity."

"Thank you."

Cid hung the PHS up and turned back to Cloud, "Is Cat bringin' Rude and Reno out?"

"Yes, *Reeve* is. But first, he's going to drop the bride off at my house. You'll have to drop Elmyra, Marlene, and Yuffie off there too before we head out."

Cid nodded, turning to look at the progress he had made on the fighter. It seemed, with the exception of Barret, who now ran both the weapon and items shop in Kalm; Tifa, who taught martial arts in her backyard; Red, who lived in Cosmo Canyon gaining wisdom so that he may become an Elder; and Vincent, who had no need of a job, that just about everyone worked for Reeve now. Cloud was his Vice President, the former Turks performed miscellaneous jobs--among them bodyguards--Shera worked as an engineer on Reeve's various projects, and he worked on anything Reeve sent his way.

He crushed his cigarette beneath the heel of his boot, and headed for the house. He needed to get this oil out of his hair before Shera got home and saw it. She'd probably raise holy hell and make him sleep on the couch. That is, until he changed her mind by making her see the benefits of having him sleeping in their bed.

Cid stepped into the kitchen, wiping his head vigorously with a towel. Shera stood at the stove, stirring what smelled like stew. He tossed the towel onto the counter and wrapped his arms around her from behind.

"Smells good."

"It's stew. Mandie asked for it tonight."

"I wasn't talkin' about the stew. I was talkin' about *you*."

"*Cid*!" she protested, her face turning an unmistakably bright shade of red.

"What do you say to makin' up for me bein' gone tonight right now?"

"But, the stew--"

Cid reached over and turned off the burner.

"Mandie--"

"Mandie's over at Cloud's playin' with Cera for the next hour," he replied, turning her around so that she faced him.

"Oh." she said, at a loss for words while confronted with his very determined face.

He tucked the loose strands of hair floating around her face behind her ears.

"Hmm?" he asked.

She blinked twice behind the round frames of her glasses and nodded. Cid swept her up into his arms and headed for the direction he had come.

Cid landed the Highwind outside of Nibelheim and heaved the rope ladder over the edge. Although they had led a relatively peaceful life for the last eight years, all of them still kept their weapons in close proximity. He climbed halfway down the ladder, and then tossed the Partisan down the rest of the way.

Vincent watched him from the upper floor of the mansion. He could see the flickering tip of the cigarette in Cid's mouth, and the detailed outline of the patches on his blue, faded pilot's coat. His keen eyesight was only one of the many *advantages* he received from Hojo's experiments on him. His left arm, below the elbow, was made out of metal and ended in a nasty looking claw. His eyes, once a quiet shade of brown, were now an intense red that deepened when he was furious.

Others perceived him as a calm, cold man. But, when they witnessed his frightening limit breaks, they wondered at the torture he must carry in his soul. He had shed his blue Turks uniform long ago, and in its place, he wore black clothing covered with a blood red cape--it's clasp reaching well above his chin. At his side, at all times, he kept the Death Penalty shotgun in a long holster.

Walking to the railing of the stairs, he jumped down to the floor below with the ease of a big cat. Cid was standing in the doorway, leaning on the end of the Partisan.

"You are making a hole in my floor."

"You got so many damn holes already, how would you notice?" Cid replied, lighting up another cigarette.

Vincent ignored that reply and then said, "You are late."

Cid grinned, his cigarette sliding to the side of his mouth, "I had to spend time with Shera to make up for stayin' in Costa Del Sol tonight."

Vincent turned away from Cid, not knowing how to reply to that comment. Had he any feelings, he probably would have blushed.

Cid pulled his weapon from the floor, and followed Vincent. They walked up the stairs and took the door on the right. Vincent pushed aside the tomb-like entrance to the basement, and they descended.

"Damn, I hate this place. Some of the shit that was livin' down here'd scare the hair right offa your face."

"Does that include me?" Vincent asked, delivering this in a neutral tone, his face devoid of all expression.

"If I didn't know better, Vince, I'd say you just made a joke."

They passed the room where Vincent had slept in a coffin for many years to escape from his pain. But he never really had, because nightmares had plagued his every moment that he slumbered.

When they reached the room of Hojo and Gast's experiments, Vincent felt the familiar anguish that twisted his soul. The one feeling that he allowed himself, experiencing his love for her. *Lucrecia*, his love. The sun had set and the moon had rose on her, and Hojo had taken her from him and used her to create the evil that was Sephiroth.

Cid knew that staying here must be ripping Vincent apart. It was in this house that he had lost the only love he had ever known, and that who he was as a man was altered forever at the hands of the deranged Hojo. When they had first defeated Sephiroth, Cid knew that Vincent had no where to go, so he had offered his place. But, Vincent had insisted upon staying here to make sure that Hojo hadn't left any surprises for the group to contend with.

Cid couldn't imagine living without Shera--even the thought caused pain to spread through his gut like wildfire--and he could only speculate at what Vincent must have felt all these years for Lucrecia.

"Let me have a look at the circuit breaker."

Cid ducked his head inside, and messed around with a few wires. That wasn't working, so he dug deeper.

"What the hell?!"

"What is it?" Vincent questioned.

"There's-somethin'-back here...it feels like-ugh...a damn file."

He adjusted a few more wires, and then, satisfied when the lights came on, he turned to Vincent.

"I'm not sure what the hell this is."

"Leave it on the table, we must pick everyone up if we hope to make it to Rude's bachelor party in time."

Cid tossed the file on the table, not noticing when an enormous stack of papers slid down to cover it.

"Yo, Rude. Who do ya think is enjoyin' your party more, you," Barret jerked his thumb in the direction of the bar, "or them?"

Rude turned to look at the trio and then back to Barret, "Them."

Rude was on his third beer, and showing no signs of intoxication. Next to him, Barret was still on his first. He had promised Elmyra that he wouldn't get drunk. She figured someone needed to watch out for the three that always got plastered. Vincent, Red, and Cloud were the only three that hadn't touched alcohol. Red considered it toxic, Vincent a waste of time, and Cloud wasn't interested.

The three party animals then, were Reeve, Reno, and Cid. At this moment, they stood at the bar, beers in hand and singing Cid's choice of song--*Over the Wild Blue Yonder*--at the top of their lungs. Though not drunk enough to be incapacitated, they were nonetheless sloshed enough to make fools of themselves.

"Vincent, consider yourself blessed to only have enhanced eye sight. I am burdened with overly sensitive hearing," Red added, covering his ears with his fore paws.

"I ain't got super hearin' and they're buggin' the hell out of me!" Barret stated.

"I find that if I concentrate, I can tune them out," Vincent told the group.

"I wish that I could do the same," Cloud replied.

Rude tossed back the last of his beer and said, "I have grown used to it. Reno has been doing this since we first met as newly inducted Turks."

"Yo guys! Yer makin' asses of yerselves!" Barret yelled.

"@#\$% you!" was Cid's reply and then he launched into the chorus without skipping a beat.

"Hey Rude!" Reno yelled. "Why don't you join us?"

Rude's eyebrows raised above his dark glasses, "....."

Reno dismissed him with a wave of his beer bottle, and went back to singing.

"Are you looking forward to being married?" Cloud asked Rude.

Rude thought about it for a moment, his face as impassive as stone.

"Ya ain't havin' no second thoughts are ya?" Barret asked, after waiting so long for the answer.

Rude took a drink of his beer and said, "I have been waiting a long time for this day. I have had feelings for her since the first moment we met. But, she was in love with another and there was nothing I could do. I lost all hope that she could ever see me for more than a friend. Now, to know that I will be able to share the rest of my life with her is my dream come true."

Everyone gaped, astonished that so many eloquent words had come out of Rude's mouth all at once. Rude, embarrassed by the attention he was receiving, ducked his head to hide the blush that had spread across his cheeks--however, it had also spread across his shiny scalp.

"That was wonderful, Rude," Red said.

"Ye-yeah," a stunned Barret added.

"You touched upon feelings I did not know existed," Vincent stated.

"That's how I feel about Tifa. I just can't say it quite like that," Cloud delivered.

By now, the consumers of mass quantities of alcohol, had launched into their fifth rendition of the song, and those sitting at the table were tired of hearing it.

"Ain't ya got anything else to sing?" Barret demanded.

"Not singing at all would be preferable," Cloud decided.

"Just because you guys don't know how to have fun, doesn't mean you need to ruin ours," Reeve replied.

"I am afraid our idea of fun does not include torturing others," Red said.

"All right, all right! We get the damn picture!" Cid yelled.

"Let's play poker for gil," Reno offered.

"Now yer talkin'!" Barret agreed.

Marlene watched Mandie and Cera playing the popular Chocobo Racing video game from her place on Cera's bed. Mandie was racing a black chocobo named Buddy, and Cera was racing a blue chocobo named Max. At the moment, Buddy was severely behind.

"Looks like I might win you this time, Mandie."

"Don't count on it, Cera," Mandie replied, scrunching her face up in an intense look of concentration--a look her Dad told her she inherited from her Mom.

Max rounded the loop, a white chocobo right on its tail. Behind the white chocobo, a red, green, yellow, and then the black Buddy. Mandie wasn't too worried about being in last place, she had a few secrets Cera didn't know about.

Suddenly, the white chocobo gained on Max and was nearly in the lead until it lost its stamina and fell far behind. The red warked and rushed to fill the space left by the white. The green started panting, and its tongue fell out of its beak. It looked like the green wasn't going to make it either.

The goal posts of the finish line were looming in the distance, and Mandie knew that it was time to make her move. Switching her fingers to the top of her paddle, she started pressing furiously. Buddy warked and shot ahead of all the lagging chocobos. Just as the chocobos approached the finish line, Buddy overtook Max and won by a beak.

Cera threw her paddle to the floor, and jumped up, "You cheated, Amanda Highwind!"

Mandie contemplated this turn of events. She may have inherited her Father's legendary temper, but she also inherited her Mother's ability to think things through before she acted. The question here was, did she want to fight with Cera, or ignore her?

A sparkle of the Highwind mischief was suddenly visible in her eyes, and she decided that she hadn't had a good fight in awhile. So, she rose gracefully, and turned to face her accuser.

"I didn't cheat, Cera."

"Oh, then what do you call that?! You were in last place and then you suddenly won!"

"I just know a few tricks, that's all."

"You just didn't want to tell me because you didn't want to lose! You know I'm better at video games than you are."

Mandie looked down her nose at Cera, as if the other girl was beneath her, and didn't comment.

"Ooh!!! You think you're sooo superior! Well, let me tell you Miss. Amanda, you're nothing but a grease monkey! All you ever do is spend time working on your Dad's dumb planes like a stupid boy! At least my Dad has a real job! He's Reeve's Vice President, not some stupid mechanic."

Mandie's jaw dropped open. She could hardly believe the mean things that were coming out of Cera's mouth. *Grease monkey*...*stupid boy*...*stupid mechanic*...and then, Amanda Cid Highwind became thoroughly ticked off. Considering her parentage, this was not really a wise choice on Cera's part.

Cera didn't even have a chance to move out of the way as Mandie used the move Tifa had taught her to knock her opponent from their feet. But, Cera had been taking lessons from Tifa as well. She easily jumped to her feet, and prepared herself for Mandie's next blow.

Mandie watched Cera like a hawk, anticipating her every move. She knew that if she waited long enough, Cera would get impatient and then sloppy. So, she casually dipped in and delivered a small slap to Cera's left cheek. Cera countered by a swift jab to Mandie's upper jaw, which Mandie easily blocked and returned one of her own. Frustrated, Cera swung wildly, managing to graze Mandie's shoulder and throw her off balance. Given this opportunity, Cera jumped in and kicked Mandie's right leg out from under her. Mandie hit the floor and felt her backside scream in pain. Cera eagerly dove in, and was surprised when Mandie grasped her right arm and tossed her against the wall.

Mandie leapt to her feet and waited in her fighting stance for Cera to recover.

Tears of pain and frustration filled Cera's eyes as she said, "You stupid jerk!! You're just jealous because I'm more popular than you are!! At least everyone doesn't call me grease monkey!"

"Take that back! Nobody calls me grease monkey except for you!"

Cera smiled evilly, "You're wrong. Half the school calls you one. Just the other day, Gavin Nollen said you should act like a girl instead of a boy."

The blood slowly drained from Mandie's face; Gavin Nollen was one of her best friends next to Cera. He loved airplanes just as much as she did.

"That's not true." she whispered.

"Oh, but it is. He even said he thought your Dad was a moron and your Mom a nerd."

The name calling hurt, the thought that Gavin might be saying things behind her back hurt even more, but the insults to

her parents just plain pissed her off. And so, Amanda Cid Highwind got her first limit break--Dragon Punch.

"TAKE-THAT-BACK!!!!"

Cera watched in horror as Mandie's eyes began to burn an intense blue and a shower of red shot from her feet up. Mandie set her legs apart, raised her burning blue fists, and in a blur of crimson and cobalt, darted forward delivering a powerful uppercut starting at Cera's feet and ending beneath her jaw.

"Ummmph-" Cera said, and fell to the floor.

"Holy cow!" Marlene yelled, jumping off of the bed.

Mandie, her chest heaving with the effort to breath, walked up to Cera and knelt down beside her.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. I think," she wheezed.

Mandie sat down next to Cera and rested against the wall.

"Jeez Mandie, that hurt."

"Sorry, you just made me really mad."

"Look, I'm sorry. All those things I said-they aren't true. None of them."

Mandie waved her hand in dismissal, "It doesn't matter."

"Sure it does. Can I tell you something?"

"Yeah, shoot."

"Well, I'm really jealous of you."

"What?! Me?!"

"Yeah. You're so tough, and you never let the other kids bother you. You never care what anyone thinks. I wish I could be like you."

"Jeez Cera...", Mandie trailed off, embarrassed.

"I didn't mean those things about your parents. Your Mom is really smart and your Dad is sooo fun. He lets you fly airplanes and do dangerous stuff."

"Shhh. Mom isn't supposed to know about some of the stuff Dad lets me do."

"I won't tell," Marlene said.

"Yeah, tell us about the time he took you exploring in the Nibel Mountains."

"Well, okay."

Her rapt audience gathered around her, as she began the tale of her perilous journey through the dangerous Nibel Mountains.

In Cloud and Tifa's kitchen, five women sat smoking cigars and playing poker like pros. Well, some of them were, the others were just bluffing it.

"Boy, if the men could see us now!" Tifa said.

"Cid would yell at me for smoking. It's all right for him to do it, but not me," Shera replied.

"Who cares what they think anyway!" Yuffie yelled.

"I think I got you beat this time, girls!" Elmyra crowed.

They all laid their card down on the table, and were shocked when the bride's hand beat them all.

"You are so good at this! I never even guessed you had anything!" Tifa exclaimed.

Shera chuckled, "You have almost all of our gil."

"Don't worry, I plan on giving it back."

The bride pushed a lock of blonde hair out of her eyes and turned toward Cera's bedroom, "Did you hear that?"

"What?" Tifa questioned.

"That thump."

Tifa stood up, "We'd better go see what's going on."

They started for the girls room, but Shera stopped them at the door when she heard Mandie's voice say, "Dad even let me fly right over them! He wasn't even afraid I'd crash!"

Shera's face got noticeably pale and she made a mental note to talk to Cid about what he was letting Mandie get up to.

"Girls, what are doing?" Tifa asked, knocking on the door.

They heard frantic whispers and the shuffling of objects before the door was opened by a wide-eyed Cera sporting a nifty bruise under her chin.

"CERA! What happened to you?!"

"I did it." Mandie replied, stepping forward.

"Amanda Cid Highwind!" her mother exclaimed.

"Don't get mad at her Aunt Shera, it was my fault. I was mad at her for beating me on the video game and I said some mean stuff."

Shera narrowed her eyes and turned to Mandie, "That is no excuse for violence."

"Awww Mommmmm!"

"Don't aw Mom me! You are in big trouble little missy."

Tifa placed her fists armed with God's Hands onto her hips and said to Cera, "You are grounded off that video game for a week. And you can be sure your father is going to hear about this when he gets home!"

"Marlene, I'm disappointed in you. As the older of you three, you should have stopped the fight before it started."

Marlene looked at her Mom, and then down at her shoes.

"As for you, young lady, you can bet your boots Dad's shop is off limits for a week!" Shera informed Mandie.

"Oh man!"

"Well shit! I ain't got crap for a hand!" Cid yelled, throwing his cards down in disgust.

"That's because Rude-san here is the MASTER!" Reno informed him, throwing his hand down as well.

"Yeah, well Vince runs a close second!" Barret growled, tossing his cards into the ever growing pile.

Red was lounging in the corner, watching the game commence. He wasn't into losing his gil, so he let the others entertain him.

Soon, all of the players had bowed out leaving a showdown between Rude and Vincent. They eyed each other from across the table, neither giving away the quality of the cards they held in their hands.

"I will raise you 100." Vincent stated calmly.

"I see you and raise you 200."

"Very well, I match that and raise you another 200."

"So be it." Rude replied, matching and raising Vincent 300.

Vincent frowned, and then raised his bet to 500. Rude's face showed no emotion, but sweatdrops formed on his sparkling brow. The pressure was on, and Rude wasn't sure what Vincent was holding in his hands. Damn, but it didn't pay to play against a man with no emotions.

"I raise you another 500." Vincent said.

More sweat trickled down Rude's face, and he appeared to be contemplating his next move. Fold, raise, or call? He glanced at the meager pile of gil and made his decision.

"I fold."

"The almighty poker master Rude FOLDED?!" Reno yelled in disbelief.

Cid clapped Vincent on the back and shouted, "Way to go Vince!"

"What the hell did ya have anyway?" Barret wanted to know.

Vincent turned his cards over: a pair of....TWOS!

"@%&#!" Cid exclaimed.

"So, what did you have?" Reeve asked Rude.

"....."

"Obviously, something better," Red proclaimed.

Cid rose from the table and walked to the bar to get another round of beers. Suddenly, the door to the bar was flung open and a large group of scraggly, dirty hoodlums walked in.

"Get the hell outta here! Can't you see this is a private party?!" Cid yelled.

"Shut the @\$% up, old man. We don't wanna hafta hurt ya!"

"OLD MAN!"

"Shit! Get outta the way guys! I called Cid old man today and he just about came through the PHS and kicked my ass!" Barret yelled, readying his weapon.

Cid grabbed his Partisan from the bar and turned to face the enormous pack of men.

"Hey, look at this! Old man is goin' to take us on himself!"

Cid felt the blood rush to his head and pound in his temples, burning off all of the alcohol he had consumed. His limit gauge filled to the top and burned bright red with fury. It was not a good night to be the first few guys in front. Bright orangish-red encased his body as he rushed forward and beat the hell out of the first four guys, including the one who had called him "old man". Big Brawl was out and in full force. When he got done with them, they weren't going to be able to tell one end from the other.

"Jump in here anytime guys!" Cid bellowed.

"Damn! A poker game *and* a bar fight all in one night! What more could a man ask for?!" Reno yelled, grabbing his electric nightstick.

Cloud pulled the Yoshiyuki from his back and took on the two guys wielding swords. Red, who had been calmly observing from behind, suddenly lunged forward and tackled a man who had landed a good punch upside Rude's head.

"JESUS! Get it off, get it off!" the poor man screamed.

Reeve pulled his .45 from his shoulder holster and wished to hell he had Cait Sith right now. He stood shoulder to shoulder with Vincent and exchanged shots with the cowards hiding behind the bar.

"TURK LIGHT!" Reno cried.

Reno's opponent was then so confused, that he started attacking his own guys and helping the other side immensely.

"GOD DAMN PUNKS!" Barret yelled, taking down one guy with his gunarm and at the same time, taking down another with his fist.

A bullet lodged itself into Vincent, right above his metal arm and Reeve jumped out of the way as Hell Masker cut himself some firewood. He neatly sliced the bar in half, pushed each side out of the way, and proceeded to carve on those unfortunate enough to be in the way.

Cid, who was alternately using his spear and his fist, whipped the legs out from under his opponent and then landed, elbow first, on his chest. Rude blocked a punch and threw one to the gut, two to the chin, and then pounded on the poor guy until he fell to the floor. Meanwhile, Cloud had already sliced his way through a bunch of guys and was looking around for more.

Red used deathblow on his opponent and gave him permanent brain damage. Reeve and Vincent, having taken care of the men behind the bar, stepped back and watched their friends finish off the last of their enemies.

When things had finally quieted down, the bartender--who ran to the back room when the fight broke out--peaked his

head out of the room to survey the damage.

"Don't worry," Reeve told him, "I'll pay for any damages. Hell, it was well worth it. I haven't had exercise like that in years!"

"Damn, I'm gettin' old. It's time for bed." Barret said.

"Don't give up on us yet," Reno replied, "the fun has just begun."

WHO is Rude marrying anyway? Any guesses? You'll have to read ch 4 to find out; when I write it of course! In the meantime, feel free e-mail me your guesses.

Ok, so I didn't give the girls' bachelorette party that much writing time. It's because I was enjoying the drunk guys so much! HEHE. Reeve and Reno were of course drunk, but CID, DRUNK AND SINGING?! HOLY COW! That struck me as a Cid-esque thing to do.

So, which brawl did you enjoy more? I'll take votes! Which one did I enjoy more? I'm not telling:)

Hey, who hasn't been in a situation where Mom was reaming you out like that? HEHE. Me, a lot.

Okay, so I know Mandie's limit break was Mortal Kombatish. But hey, I love to be Scorpion and grab my opponent with the thingy in his hand and then punch them right through the floor!!! "Get over here!" HEHE. Sorry, I got carried away. Hey, Mortal Kombat: Annihilation SUCKED! What's a matter with them!! Don't they know you don't make a sequel just for the sake of making a sequel?! It has to ACTUALLY be good!!

What's next? Well, I thought I'd give you a little taste of the day to day life of the gang. I guarantee it will be a lot more entertaining than they want to be.

As always, compliments-er, I mean comments appreciated:)