

The Wig of Rufus

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It was like any other normal day for Rufus, president of Shinra Electric Company. He had woken up, fixed his hair.. gotten dressed, fixed his hair.. had breakfast.. fixed his hair, and was now currently yelling at several of his employees.

"And another thing! It clearly states in the ShinRa Rule Book that employees are to never risk ruining the President's ever-so-perfect hair! I should have you executed!"

One of the unfortunate souls receiving this lecture, a fellow on the first day of the job, raised his hand meekly. "Um.. sir? May I ask a question?"

Rufus glared at him, his mako infused eyes seeming to glow more than usual. "No, you may not ask a question! You ruined my hair!"

The other victim, a pretty girl more daring than her companion, snorted. "Oh yeah! That's funny! Your hair is so not ruined! All that hairspray you use keeps it juuuust right!"

The young president turned his gaze to her, twitching slightly. "..How dare you suggest such a thing! This is natural! I don't use hairspray! Guards! Arrest these traitors to Shinra Inc.! Right this instant!"

Several guards appeared (Right out of nowhere!), taking the two workers by the arms, and drug them out of the room. Rufus whimpered, and pinched out a small flame on his head. The two former employees had somehow managed to set the young president's hair on fire. A major mistake on their part.

The president straightened his white overcoat, and set off for his office.. He would be sure to have his personal hairstylist come and fix the problem immediately. As he entered the large room, he gave a large sigh of relief. He hated it when people saw his hair messed up even a little bit.

After collapsing into his office chair, and taking a moment to recollect his thoughts, he pressed a small button on his desk.

"Send Hojo in here, right away." The youthful president ordered, and leaned back into the tall backed chair.

A soft, gentle voice replied over the intercom meekly, "Y-yessir.. right away, Mister Shinra."

Within a few moments, the door to the President's office opening, and in stepped Professor Hojo, head of the Shinra Science department. He was a thin, wiry man, with thinning black hair,

some of which fell into his hazel eyes. A pair of spectacles sat in front of his eyes. He wore a long, white lab coat over a white dress shirt, and a pair of tan dress pants. He had a suspicious air about him.

"It's about time, Hojo." Rufus remarked, as he motioned the professor over to the desk. "I have a dire emergency upon my shoulders, Hojo. And you are the only one I know capable of correcting it."

Hojo gave the president a confused look, then cleared his throat. "And what sort of emergency would that be, President Rufus?"

With that, the President sat up in his chair, and pointed to his hair. "My hair! My lovely, wonderful, PERFECT hair! It's been ruined! Two idiotic employees set it on fire, and now it is ruined! You must fix it, Hojo!"

Hojo was a smart man. In fact, he was beyond smart. He was a bloody mad scientist, for crying out loud! People with his genius were not hair-stylists.. He was feeling rather insulted by the idea that that was what the young president of Shinra Inc. thought of the aging scientist. "..Sir.. if I may put it simply.."

"No. You may not put it simply," Rufus replied, and flicked back what little remained of his strawberry-blond locks. "I want my hair to be perfect by tonight. I have a date with my office chair--...I have to go home and watch hent--...I HAVE WORK."

"Yes.. of course." The 'good' professor knew better than to get on Rufus Shinra's bad side. It would most likely be the worst mistake he could ever make.. and he never made mistakes. NEVER!!! "As you wish, President, sir.."

Rufus waved a hand absently.. his attention had been caught by a commercial on the TV in a corner of the large office. An advertisement for an office equipment.. they were currently showcasing office chairs. "Yeah... sure.. dismissed..." A white sleeve from the overcoat was brought up to wipe a bit of drool away. "..Chair..."

Hojo leaned into a slight bow, and backed out of the office. As soon as he was a safe distance away from the presidential office, he snickered. It was a known fact that Rufus had a 'thing' for office chairs.. but to actually see him obsess over one.. that was a treat. The president was as odd as Hojo's test subjects... all the hair gel he used probably would cause a mutation pretty soon. "As soon as that happens.. into a cage he goes.." The professor burst into wild laughter. Several nuns who were passing by stared at him in horror.

"The devil cometh!" One whispered to her companions, as they quickened their pace dramatically. Hojo just continued laughing for effect. Scaring nuns was a lovely way to pass time.

Off to business. Hojo slinked into his laboratory, where random specimens were floating around in random jars on random tables and random shelves. In a cage in a corner of the room was a

young girl, about the age of fifteen, that the TURKS had picked up wandering the streets. She was curled up in the center of the cage, screaming, obviously in great pain.

Hojo smirked to himself. There was nothing quite like the sound of a specimen screaming. It was music to his ears. "Yes.. that's it, my specimen.. keep on screaming."

The girl immediately ceased, and stared over at the professor, who was now standing directly by the cage, still smirking. "Hojo.... professor..." she whimpered, as she crawled over to the side of the cage, directly next to Hojo. The plotting one watched her with mild interest, as she pulled herself to both feet, and stared at him through the bars of the cage. "Come... here.... please..."

Sure. Why not amuse the pathetic human for a minute. He took a step towards the cage, that smile still plastered on his face. "And what do you need, my pet--AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

With her own smirk, the girl backed away from the bars of the cage, watching Hojo hop around the room, screaming a rather high-pitched scream. "AAAHHHH! HOW COULD YOU KICK ME THERE?!" He demanded, falling to his knees. Behind the glasses, his eyes had gone cross-eyed, as well as teary. Throughout a pained sob, he managed to choke out, "You're gonna pay for *sob* that! *sniff* I'll get the TURKS to *wail* make you regret that! *coughcough*"

Though he couldn't hear it, the girl chuckled to herself, and muttered. "Who cares.. seeing you cry is worth it.."

For some unknown reason, at that very moment, Sephiroth decided to show up. Why this was so is anyone's guess. However, he was there, in all his Sephiroth-ness, waving the Masamune around blindly. "HOJOOOOO! SHI-NEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Hojo didn't get a chance to respond. For, at that moment, a giant can of Fresca soda decided to fall on Sephiroth, rendering him unconscious. Hojo slowly blinked at the fallen Sephiroth, shrugged, and strolled over to his desk, having nearly completely recovered from his 'injury'. He took no hesitation in stomping on Seph's hand as he walked around the crazy guy. "Such a shame.. such a shame.. send up Bob." That was spoken into the intercom.

It took a moment for there to be a response. When one did come, it came in the form of a shakey, elder woman's voice. "S-sir... who's... B-B-Bob...?"

Hojo sighed. The time called for a sigh, and therefore he sighed. "Bob... JUST GET BOB UP HERE! ...Before I make you my next test subject."

"Y-y-y-y-y-y-yes... sir..." Click. The intercom was turned off. Hojo sighed once more, just to make the scene more dramatic, and slumped down into a chair by the desk. The girl in the cage threw the scientist a rude gesture.

The minutes ticked by... Hojo was growing impatient. Beyond impatient, in fact! If Bob didn't show up soon, the professor might have actually gotten angry. That didn't happen, though. For,

soon.. a large, burly man with neon pink hair came charging into the room. "Hojo-baby!" He boomed, as he strided over to Hojo, once or twice tripping over the red cape he wore ever so dramatically. "Long time, no see!!"

Hojo stared in silent horror. He knew Bob was odd.. but this was.. well, scary. "....Bob. Don't touch me. I have a job for you."

At this news, the large man squealed with delight. "Oh, goody!" He immediately was at attention, though a large, goofy grin sat on his face. Hojo resisted the temptation to shoot himself.

"Bob... cut off this guy's hair, will you?" At this, Hojo gestured over his shoulder, where Sephiroth still lay, the can of Fresca having rolled underneath a table nearby.

The pink-haired man glanced from Hojo, to Seph, and then back to Hojo. "....Why?"

Hojo groaned. He hated idiots, especially ones with pink hair and a superman cape. "...Because.." he said in a calm voice, well, at least what he thought was calm. "...I need you.. to make... a wig... out.. of.. his.. hair. Do you understand that?" He immediately grabbed a random flask, and threw it to the ground. "...Hurry up, too. ..You're a hair-stylist.. this should be easy for you."

Bob nodded to himself, and pulled out a pair of scissors. "Yeah, baby, yeah. I can do that! Shame to cut off such a cutie's hair, though." At that, he waved a hand over towards Sephiroth. Had this been anime, we can be sure that Bob's eyes would have turned into giant hearts.

"..I said hurry." That was Hojo, of course. He was, once again, impatient.. The sooner the wig was made, the sooner Bob could get out of his beloved laboratory. "...Hurry, or I'll make you a test subject." The scientist really did love that threat. It always struck fear into the hearts of all that heard it. He could never understand why, though.

Apparently Bob didn't understand the threat either. He just grinned a large grin at Hojo, and strolled leisurely over to Sephiroth. "Yeah, I'll hurry, Hojo-love. Don't rush an artist." Maybe Hojo would make the stylist a test subject, anyways.

The long forgotten girl in the cage cleared her throat. It was time for her to have a bit of attention again. Right.

Bob set about his job of cutting of Sephiroth's hair. Bits and pieces of the silver locks flew around the room, as the pink man worked. Hojo couldn't help but stare in awe as Sephiroth's hair fell to the floor, gathering in clumps around his still form.

Within a few short minutes, Bob stood, dusting his hands off on his red cape. "Well! That does that! I hope I get a nice payment out of this, Hojo-baby!" At that, he sent a wink over to the professor. Hojo twitched involuntarily, then managed to grin weakly at him.

"We'll... see... Bob...." He choked out, and, regaining his composure, straightened his glasses. "Just hurry up and make the wig."

...We'll pass the time some more again. Within an hour, the ever quickly working Bob held up a brand new, silver wig. "Here we go, Hojo!!"

Upon hearing his name, Hojo immediately dashed over, and snatched up the wig. "GOOD!" He quickly examined the hair piece, and found it worthy to be worn by the president of Shinra Inc. In fact, if Hojo had been bald, he would have worn it. Impressive, indeed. "..Good job, Bob... very nice job..."

The hair-stylist beamed, his large arms crossed over his chest. "Oh, that's lovely! So, about my payment..."

This is what Hojo was dreading. He glanced up as who towered over him, preparing to turn tail, and make a mad dash. "..Yes...?" He felt his knees start to shake slightly.

"Well.. I was wondering.. if you could get me an autographed picture of Rufus-chan!"

Hojo fell to the floor, twitching. At least he was safe, but.. how was he going to explain to Rufus that he needed an autographed picture of the president?

Feeling she was left out again, the girl in the cage piped in. "I want a picture too!" In another odd occurrence, a smiling man with chin-length, purple hair appeared in the cage.

"Sore wa himitsu desu!" He chirped, hit the girl over the head with the staff he held, and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

Hojo was having a very bad day.

"I want to move to Australia..." He mumbled to himself, and crawled underneath his desk. Bob stared blankly for a minute, then made a note to himself to find out what Australia was later.

"Yes... Bob... I shall send you an autographed picture of the president.. at a later date..." He was feeling as though he was in a dream, and wondered if the person who was dreaming this particular dream was enjoying it. He knew that he himself was having an absolutely horrible time.

Bob nodded, and backed out of the laboratory, but not before blowing the hiding Hojo a kiss. "I'll be waiting, Hojo-chan!"

"..Someone kill me."

"That can be arranged."

Hojo screamed his horribly high-pitched scream again. When he turned around, there stood Sephiroth, the dim light in the laboratory shining off his now bald head. Hojo screamed again... and then all went black.

Epilogue

Bob moved to Costa Del Sol, where he opened a hair salon. He soon ran off with a middle-aged lawyer named Steve, however. When last heard of, they were living in the country, in a small cottage with a white picket fence.

Sephiroth, as we all know, was defeated in battle by some odd, spikey-haired kid named Cloud. We all mourn his loss.

Rufus received his wig, and was quite thrilled with it. Soon after, he bought the Office Depot store chain, and had all office chairs in stock at one particular store moved into his office.

The girl in the cage escaped, and was never heard of again.

As for Hojo? He survived, but spent many, many weeks in rehab. He never fully recovered mentally from that one fateful day.

The End?