

ROSEHEAD FANFIC

BY

SARAH TSAI

"Ladies aaaand gentlemen, welcome to the live 55th airing of the Olympics on this channel! I'm your host, Ruben Rubiginosa," a fat bald man rumbled. He then proceeded to scratch his scalp. It was a fine scalp, too: so shiny and smooth it reflected the camera filming him."Rubiginosa," warns a voice backstage. "Yes, Rosa?" "Get back on task," she growls."Oh, yeah, yeah," he nods, waving a pudgy hand. "Wait, what was I doing?"The self-inflicted slap on Rosa is heard onstage. "You were supposed to read the teleprompter!""Oh, that." A message in white font scrolls across the screen: That's how you know this show is live. Blue Em Channel, quality clear as water.Rubiginosa straightens up. "Today, we'll be airing the high jump event. This event began from...the beginning, like all things do? Actually, no. Don't confuse the high jump with the long jump, which was one

of the original events. "Rosa groans. "Let's meet our first contestant! Not really, of course, because the contestants are kind of in Germany while we're in America," Rubiginosa laughs uneasily. "He's a...blonde guy! Named Edgar Apollo!" The TV switches quickly to a shot of the man. Rubiginosa continues on his description. "Edgar Apollo is stepping up to wherever he's supposed to jump!" The blonde man rubs his hands and exhales from nerves. He stares up at the bar he must pass to begin his trial to glory. It is seven feet above the air. "Audience, I do believe we're seeing him try to improve upon the world record," Rubiginosa calls out. Then he stares at the teleprompter and shakes his head. "Never mind. He's actually only trying to improve on other contestants' records. The world record is 8 feet and a quarter of an inch." "I can't take it anymore," Rosa hisses. "Let me at him. Come on, let me at him. His jokes aren't even funny. A talking dog would be funnier than him." "Rosa, my dear, I take my job seriously. Just watch and learn, daughter." As Edgar Apollo jumps, he hits his head against the bar and falls to the ground. He starts crying, and blood leaks out of his mouth. But the two Rubiginosas do not notice. "Don't call me your dear! It's annoying! You're doing everything wrong!" There's the sound of feet stomping on the ground and a high-pitched, manly scream. Meanwhile, doctors race over to the fallen contestant. He spits out something red and slimy into a bucket. "Greetings. My name is Rosa Rubiginosa," she calls triumphantly, having won the short battle. "Oh, I pity Ed. It seems he's bitten off his tongue when he attempted the jump." Red font scrolls across the screen: We fight over the accuracy of our news. Blue Em Channel, with quality we shed blood over. The next contestant steps up. With long legs, light skin, and gray eyes and hair, he grimaces at the sight of poor Apollo. "Here's the Panther," Rosa says. "He's the one of the most loved athletes in the Olympics this year, but he has the worst personal best of all the gold-medal-hopefuls! The love's probably for his looks. Ladies, back off because he's mine," she snarls at the camera. "I heard he likes steak! Have you?!" Then, she turns her attention back to the screen again. The female Rubiginosa calls, "What a shocking development! The Panther is halted by...a rosebush! How? Maybe he's a roses guy." Indeed, Bär stares up at the towering botany. In less than an half an hour, it has grown thirteen feet. "I can't jump over that," he growls at the judges, who are occupied with staring at the new problem. A man wielding a pair of gardening shears streaks across the field of the Olympic Stadium. "Hold on! A new development," Rosa exclaims excitedly. "A man with a dangerous weapon has entered! What will he do?! Wait a second..." The crowd gasps when they recognize Alfred Bloom's face. "That's the owner of the beautiful Bloom Roses!" Rosa shouts. "What's he doing here?" With little effort, Alfred Bloom leaps three inches over the 8 foot quarter inch mark...and he keeps leaping. In no time at all, he's shearing the mysterious rosebush into a sheep. A thirteen foot tall sheep covered in blood red roses. To the entire world's surprise, the rosebush sheep baas. Alfred gets down on his knees, and a banana materializes in his hands. "What's he doing?" Rubiginosa asks. The sheep trots over to the kneeling man and sniffs the banana. In one bite, it gulps it down while nearly taking

Alfred's hand along with it. This time, the sheep kneels. Alfred climbs on top of it, and the sheep trots off. Suddenly, the crowd starts clapping. Some guy shouts in Chinese, "I can't understand why, but that brought tears to my eyes!" "Guess sheep like baa-nanas," Rosa says. When the sheep gets to the stadium wall, it breaks it. After five minutes, the world forgets about the sheep...and Alfred breaking the world record. The games continue. No one else breaks the record. More people watch swimming. Some brave man tries to view synchronized swimming. ***At the Bloom Mansion, Eugenia Bloom claps her hands as she watches the television. She always liked to look at the sports channels using languages she couldn't understand. They made the action so much more exciting. And Alfred was even on TV, too. She always told him he should try out for the Olympics. Eugenia planned to congratulate her husband when he got home for a job well done. Speaking of the devil...Someone rapped on the door leading directly to the garden. Eugenia got up and walked over to unlock the door. Her dear Alfred preferred surprising her in the garden. "Alfred? I can't believe it," she said, smiling. "You broke the Olympic World Record! I knew you could do it!" As the door opened, the scent of rot wafted in the house. ***When Alfred got home, having captured one of Rosehead's runaway children, he called out his wife's name. "Eugenia?" He deposited the sheep into the garden, where it joined the rest of its brethren. "I...I need to tell you something..." Sweat beaded his brow as he entered the living room. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Alfred saw the TV fade to black, and he screamed. ***Later, Alfred would throw out most of the electronics in his house except the lights. He named a mastiff Bär as a way to remind himself of the incident, but he never could bring himself to look at Daphne, Ed, and his own son the same way again.