

# root and migi's crazy journey through the aniverse

## ARC 1

Von rootathell

### How it all began

Yggdrasil Login

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Loading shell...done

Login: Kami-sama

Password: \*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\* \*

Welcome Kami-sama

<root@Yggdrasil#>./ siadministrator.sh

-Welcome to SIFFA V 2.43-

- 1.) [Create new FanFiction]
- 2.) [Edit current FanFictions]
- 3.) [Delete old FanFiction]

# 1

Create new FanFiction chosen

...

...

Please specify parameters:

Crossover? y/n

# Yes

Special Series? [Input:Series/Random/File]

# Random

Type? [Description]

# SI characters are thrown in sticky situations

Load SI Characters: [Import Profile]

# Michael 'migele' Dibold; Roman 'root' Smetana;

Gore ... (y/n)

# Yes

Bad Luck... (y/n)

# Yes

Sticky Situations, Misunderstandings,... (y/n)

# Yes

Lemon-Scenes? y/n [Add description if y]

# Yes m/f(/f/f/f/f), SI-Char + Anime-Char

Add additional commands? y/n

# Yes

#Insert Admin -chmod 777 -group SIAdmin -profile "Sarah 'sagadi' Dibold"

Create Storyline

# Yes

Please wait...

#include stddisclaim.h

#include multiversedisclaim.h

#include selfinsdiscl.h

#include murphylaw.h

#include heisenbergunschaerferelat.h

#include chaosextr.h

#include lemon.vir

#include howdidthatgetinthere\?.vir

#include warfare.h

#include weapons.h

#include nonsense.h

#run fanficwrite.sh

compiling data.....done

View log (y/n)

# Yes

...compiling...

Result:

Senseless violence, sex and pwp

Save Project? (y/n)

# Yes

Execute Project? (y/n)

# Yes

root and migi's crazy journey through the aniverse - How it all began

It all started with a normal 24 hours anime session at root's place, having just gotten his hands on some classic anime-dvds, the plan was to make a marathon combined with some bottles of the finest (read most proof alc). Unfortunately migi had to drag his annoying little sister with him (not being the age). While it cut short the ecchi stuff, it gave "dumber and dumbest" more stuff to argue about. Fortunately that was only through the high alcohol level the two alternative persona's made their appearance.

But it was enough to start a lot of trouble.

This was, because they slandered every anime they watched and commented on how they could do a much better job. Pride, the downfall of the mighty and crazy.

As carmatic justice would have it Sarah had enough and made a fateful wish

"I'd love to see that"

Somewhere, somewhen L-sama grinned and all of creation shivered, except the two unsuspecting victims of fate.

Justice is a dish best served hot and live.

And blackness engulfed the two drunk bakas and the wishmaker.

"Ugh...damn no more homemade Long Island Iced Tea" groaned Roman as he woke up somewhat. Then another jolt of pain hit him and suddenly he had another batch of memories shoved inside his head...the painful way. "Note to self: that was the last time I came up with such a stupid drinking game, who the fuck takes a shot after a spelling mistake. Fortunately migi's spelling was far worse than mine". Now how to explain that to the cop that was surely nearby...the civilian cop car stood out, even to his impaired mental faculties. <Hey wait...that's mine...huh, how's that?> On a side note he also wasn't running on all cylinders.

Then came the moment of truth...

root -alk +additional memories of an entire life =

<FUCK I'M IN A SELF-INSERT>

With that another spike of pain shot through Junpei Urashima's head. That didn't

prevent him from smashing his head against the nearest hard object, being his cop car. At least that brought his eyes to the note taped on the windshield. -Get migi from flight OE6824 at terminal 4C-... <Well at least he is facing the same shit as me>. With that happy thought Roman...Junpei staggered away to meet his now partner in quasi-crime.

"Please wake up up" was the first thing migi registered. After all while he never had hangovers he still felt the alc cursing through his veins full strength. Root and himself had played a stupid game while watching all those animes, every mistake was one shot, starting at Amaretto, ending at Zybrówka (the great polish vodka he had hooked most his friend on). <Too bad I suck at spelling> he tried to order his thoughts, and opened Pandora's Box while that, trying to integrate a whole life while the stewardess was talking to him wasn't his idea of fun. At least he was a regular P&P rpg player so he could easily adapt to a new role. IF he knew it.

As he took his bag the sticker 'root's in Japan' cheered him up, at least he wasn't alone on this fools' quest. With that Keitaro Urashima got up groggily and decided that he would keep count in future, after all he couldn't have had much more than those 7 shots he still remembered, could he?

"Why me?" he muttered as he followed the throng and wondered how he would recognize his own luggage.

Arriving at terminal 4C just in time, Junpei was on the lookout for his drinkin' buddy, his new brother and fellow fanfic author.

Good thing that under the mostly Japanese passengers he stood out like a sore thumb. Nobody else packed so swords and knives with him like migi...Keitaro...damn this was really messed up.

"Yo Kei-kun, how was the flight" he greeted in a cheerful sounding voice, suppressing a wince at the spike of pain this caused. Seeing Keitaro not wincing but swaying in non existing breezes eased the pain somewhat, but not by much.

"s alright...I think...my first new memory was of the stewardess waking me" answered migi...KEITARO truthfully. "So what's your new story...brother" he added.

"Don't remind me...I woke up next to a police car only to find out it was mine...anything spectacular happen to you?"

"Just found out I'm married..."

"Ok, that's a new one...c'mon let's drink to that...on second thought, better not that's what got us into this mess".

"I think there was something about granny wanting us to come to Hinata Inn..." answered Keitaro

There were three seconds pause, before both voiced their opinion openly.

"FUCK!, we are Love Hina SI's"

"Well, at least I'm not Keitaro" grinned Roman.

"I'm a happily married man with two promised girls... I'm gonna die once she finds out about that."

"She...who?" asked Junpei smirking.

"Sore wa...himitsu desu" answered Keitaro grinning.

Junpei did resist the urge to facefault. "Spoilsport" he muttered.

"Well how's the plan?" Kei asked.

"Well our situation isn't as bad as in canon, we know what's gonna happen, you already got into University, I have a steady job as a cop in a special force, we could have done much worse, like landing directly in the onsen" explained Junpei.

"Congrats, you just doomed us" quipped Keitaro.

"Hey, what fun is it to be omnipotent?" joked Junpei.

"Point taken, let's hit the road, you drive"

"Who else?" answered Junpei sarcastically. He somehow knew that Keitaro still hadn't made his driving license.

...

"Next stop, Hinata Cafe, home of the mad fan-wielding aunty" grinned Junpei and hit the pedal to the metal and the 225 PS of Junpei's Audi A6 quattro hit the road.

"Whooooooooooooooooo" cheered the still far from sober idiots while sticking their heads out the side windows.

[Hinata Cafe]

"SCCCCCRRREEEECCCHHHHHHHHHH"

With the sound of tortured tires and brakes the idiot duo came to a spectacular halt two centimeters before the entrance to the Hinata Cafe, scaring the shit out of one of the elders

"This is most surprising"

"They will have to do"

"The players are assembling"

"They are not what was expected"

"They are more that what was expected"

"Let the games begin" the last one smirked with a 'I know more that you' grin.

Keitaro stumbled out of the car, not carsick but still working on getting the booze out of his system "I'm going to see if 'ruka has a some strong enough tea to wake the dead. You comin' or goin' ahead?"

"And let myself get punted into the sky, no thanks, I'll join you" answered Junpei.

They both entered the Cafe, that thankfully had a sliding door, since the entrance was still blocked by the car. "Yo, oba-san" greeted the two in a infuriatingly happy way. While Haruka whipped out her paper-fan, Keitaro took ahold of his Kodachi. Sharp steel always wins against blunt paper.

"Well hello you two" greeted Haruka, eying the cut edge of her weapon of choice.

"The old bat wrote she wanted something, you happen ta know more 'bout it?" asked Junpei grinning.

"Yes I just got a fax today, better you read it yourselves" answered Haruka, whipping out a stack of papers from nowhere.

"Could you get us s'mthing hangover curing? No coffee please" asked Junpei.

"Two Kitsune specials coming up" commented Haruka and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Wow, I have scripts from university shorter than this tome"

"No kiddin', I've seen paperwork from murder cases shorter than this" replied Junpei.

Soon after this Haruka came back with some extra strong tea with a special ingredient, sure to wake the long dead.

After waking up fully, the two sorted through the paperwork that would make them the manager and co-manager of Hinata Sou, all GIRLS dormitory, Keitaro being the poor fool, getting the main job.

Junpei, being a little more familiar with the strange terms in the contract concluded a few simple facts.

- 1.)Men could manage all-girls-dormitories, it was not forbidden by law.
- 2.)They could threaten the residents with eviction for forbidden behavior
- 3.)They could just throw them out regardless
- 4.)They break it, they pay it
- 5.)The hell, why not?
- 6.)Chaos needs no recipe, ingredients list anyone? (by a famous ff-author)

"Are you pondering what I'm pondering Pin...Keitaro?" asked Junpei.

"Yes but where do I get fresh cherries and whipped cream for koibito?"

This time Junpei really facefaulted.

"Now I know it...that hurts" groaned Junpei from the floor.

"Well, it's time for action"

"So you're in on the fun?" asked Junpei.

"You bet your ass I am" grinned Keitaro.

"kay, lets kick some ass and give some names" (Minako quote).

A/N:

Well, we're BAAAAAAAACCCCKKKKKKK!!!

It's New Years eve, currently 3:33 our time and we are currently halfway drunk and decided to remake our SI in english.

Blame spelling errors on Long Island Iced Tea (homemade), Jack&Coke and other potent stuff and not so potent stuff.

HAPPY NEW YEAR FOLKS  
rootathell, migele