

Angstylocks and The Three Ninjas

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Angstylocks and The Three Ninjas

by [sexybee](#)

Summary

Once upon a time there was a family of ninjas that lived out in the middle of the Hidden Leaf Village. There was a mommy ninja, a daddy ninja, and a baby ninja. Mommy ninja liked to cook, Daddy ninja liked to read, and Baby ninja liked to well... eat and fight and go wild and generally make mommy and daddy ninja's life really difficult. But they still loved him anyway. There was also a cute little ninja whom everyone called Angstylocks, because his hair was so floppy and full of angst.

Notes

It's crackity-crack-crack.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Once upon a time there was a family of ninjas that lived out in the middle of the Hidden Leaf Village. There was a mommy ninja, a daddy ninja, and a baby ninja. Mommy ninja liked to cook, Daddy ninja liked to read, and Baby ninja liked to well... eat and fight and go wild and generally make mommy and daddy ninja's life really difficult. But they still loved him anyway. There was also a cute little ninja whom everyone called Angstylocks, because his hair was so floppy and full of angst.

One day, when the three ninjas (no relation to the Three Ninjas, unless you wanted to call the oldest Ninja Daddy ninja's grandfather, since he'd trained Daddy ninja's teacher, but now he was also training Baby ninja, so that would make him his own grandfather, and this really isn't that kind of a story, although if you like that sort of stuff he can get it for you, on discount) were out on a mission, Angstylocks was walking through the Hidden Leaf Village on his way to find the person he'd vowed to kill, when he stumbled across the three ninja's house. "What kind of stupid person builds their house way out here in the middle of nowhere?" he wondered. So he went inside to find out.

When Angstylocks entered the house, he found three bowls sitting on the table and a pot of ramen on the stove. He looked at the smallest bowl. "Ugh, dolphins. Too cutesy." Then he looked at the medium bowl. "Scarecrows? Naked scarecrows? Too weird," he said. Then Angstylocks looked at the largest bowl. "Well," he said, "foxes aren't that cool, but I guess it's better than the other two." So he sat down and filled up his bowl and ate it all.

Then Angstylocks was bored, so he looked around for something to do. Using his cunning ninja skills, he discovered three books laying on the table. He picked up the first book, *Makeout Paradise Vol.3*, and flipped through it. "Too perverted," he said, throwing it back down. Then Angstylocks picked up the second book, *On the Wings of Love*, a soppy shoujo story about wee little orphans who found beautiful friendships with other wee little orphans. "Too sappy," he said. Then Angstylocks picked up the third book, *Wind Style Fighting Secrets REVEALED!*. "This is more like it," he grunted, and sat down in a chair to read.

But alas for poor Angstylocks, he had been up extra early to train and get in some quality angst time, and his eyes soon grew heavy. "I'll just take a brief nap," he said, "before I go kill my brother." Angstylocks curled up in the middle of the bed in the smaller bedroom (the bigger bedroom may have had a bigger bed, but the bed was covered with shuriken, scrolls, and partially graded papers), and fell fast asleep.

Soon the three ninjas had finished their mission and were on their way back home. As they entered the house, Daddy ninja said, "Someone's been in our house." Mommy ninja nodded gravely, scanning for sight of the intruder.

Baby ninja cried, "Really? How can you tell? Is it some sort of super elite secret ninja spy detection thing? Is the dirt scuffed in the wrong direction? Did you put a spell on the house? Huh? Huh?"

Mommy ninja just sighed. "The door was open, all the ramen's been eaten, and the books are on the floor."

“SOMEONE ATE MY RAMEN??!?”

Mommy ninja and Daddy ninja exchanged glances. Baby ninja was very protective of his food.

“THAT GOOD FOR NOTHING LOW-LIFE SCUMBAG THIEVING CREEP! HE BETTER NOT HAVE TOUCHED ANY OF MY STUFF!” Baby ninja stalked over to his bedroom and threw open the door. “AAAACK! HE’S ON MY BED!! GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!”

With that, Baby ninja threw himself at Angstylocks, aiming a vicious punch at his sleeping head. Without opening his eyes, Angstylocks blocked the punch. Growling, Baby ninja dove into attack mode, kicking and punching wildly. Angstylocks, waking up, fought back, and the fight, full of hurled insults raged for hours until the two finally thrashed themselves into exhaustion.

When it grew silent again, Mommy ninja and Daddy ninja poked their heads into the room. There, sprawled out next to and partially on top of each other, were Baby ninja and Angstylocks. “Awww,” said Mommy ninja. “They’re all worn out. Do you think we should...?”

“No.” When Mommy ninja looked at him, Daddy ninja clarified. “It’s more fun if they figure it out themselves. And besides, this way we can get pictures.”

“They’ll kill you when they find out.”

“Yes, but not until they find out.” They stood in silence for a further minute, gazing down at the two sleeping boys. “Come on,” Daddy ninja finally said, “let’s go make good use of the sharingan eye.” He quirked his single visible eyebrow in a libidinous manner.

“If Naruto steals all of his lines from you, it’s no wonder Sasuke’s still oblivious.”

“Hey, they worked on you, didn’t they?”

The door closed behind them, as two loud snores broke the air.

End Notes

Originally written 2005. Cleaned up typos from LJ.

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