

My Immortal Shiptoast

If you take the Ship of Theseus/Minotaur, and you swap Theseus out for Argus and then the Minotaur out for the Gorgon, is it still the same ship, or does it become Argon?



Bella Swan and Edward Cullen were having a romantic dinner on their favorite cruise ship. "Bella", Edward said, raising a glass, "let's have a toast to our relationship." "I don't know, Edward," Bella said. "Have you seen the name they've been giving our ship on the internet? **I'm not sleepy yet, and I'm not sure I want to head in that direction (7)**. I think we might have to break up." *[A/N I actually really like this ship because it has my sixth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth favorite characters but oh well]*

Edward ran away crying. A lady smiled at Bella and sat down across from her. "Hello, sweetie," she said as she set her cocktail down on the table. "I never thanked you for that screwdriver you gave me." Bella stared at her confused but also with a sense of strange familiarity. "Do I know you? When did I give you a screwdriver? We've only just met." The lady just smiled at Bella. "Spoilers, this is *your* first meeting" Bella started to tremble. "But the name of our ship indicates this could be our **final adventure (8)**, and that won't do. We'll have to break up." *[A/N This only featured my fourth and fifth favorite characters, must be a sign it was doomed]*

Bella left, passing a mercenary as he strolled up to the table. He stopped, took a long, deep look at her. "Lady, aren't you a sight for sore eyes. I've been stuck with this guy who smells like some kind of angry animal and could go for a quick fling." The lady paged through her book, pretending not to hear him as he continued: "Oh my, reader. What's that it said? She's pretending not to hear me? Maybe if I compare her to the other folks in this fanfic she'll appreciate me more." The lady looked up at him all red in the face, looking as if he had two black eyes. "They say this ship is supposed to be like a **nice, calming beverage (7)**, and this isn't working at all. We're going to have to break up." *[A/N This had more of my favorite characters, featuring the third, fourth, fifth, and ninth, but still not good enough]*

As the lady walked away, a girl walked up who looked like a rag doll. (or maybe, she had just once received a rag doll that looked uncannily like her—did she ever have her eyes replaced with buttons?) The mercenary cocked his head to contemplate this fact, and then smiled at her and said, "She approaches, with beautifully gleaming un-be-buttoned eyes! She must have returned that doll before the **time limit (8)** that is our ship." *[A/N this is a good one!! It has my third, fifth, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh favorite characters.]*

The mercenary sauntered away, and out of nowhere appeared an old soldier with a bandana to take his place. "I didn't even see you approach" said the rag doll girl as she stared into his eye. "How did you get here? There's nowhere you could have hidden." She curled up against him as a waiter came by to pick up a cardboard box that was on the floor near the table. "I heard you used to raise dogs of some sort. Were they wolfhounds?" "No, foxhounds," he replied, cradling her closer. "Oh. This won't do at all," she sobbed. "Our ship is too cute to have **such a venomous name (5 5)**. We have to stop seeing each other." *[A/N two good ones in a row!! This has my third, fourth, fifth, ninth, eleventh, and twelfth favorite characters]*

As the rag-doll girl stepped away, a man approached in a blue hooded cape. "I've walked over so many magic planes to get to you, my dear", the hooded man said, as he heard the soldier think, *did he say plains? I thought he was more of an islands guy?* and smirked to himself. The soldier stared into his all-knowing blue eyes, and thought to himself, *our ship name gives me **comfort (6)** when his eyes stare unsettlingly into my mind. I wonder if he can read my thoughts.* The hooded man blinked. *[A/N This ship is only ok, but at least it's got my third, fourth, ninth and eleventh favorite characters!]*

The soldier broke eye contact and nervously chuckled, and then made his excuses and snuck off. The hooded man felt someone approaching from behind and didn't turn around. He felt her thoughts roil with excitement at the prospect of being choked by a mysterious hooded stranger, and thought to himself, *sounds about par for an incompetent secretary and ditzy heiress, especially one who works for a stupid spy organization.* He briefly thought about indulging her and

instead **let out a loud burp**. That's us if we were to date, he thought to himself with a suppressed giggle. ***I'm the ship (7).*** [A/N ok kind of a weird one but it's got my third, sixth, ninth, eleventh, twelfth favorite characters okkk]

The hooded man decided instead to head out, leaving the ditzy heiress to sit by herself at the table. A head cheerleader from Riverdale High School walked up to her, crying about her twin brother. The ditzy heiress shifted uncomfortably, obviously not used to dealing with other people's emotions. "I'm just going to **come out and say it (5)**," said the heiress, "because I owe it to our ship to do that. It's rude to cry in front of other people." [A/N bad ship, I know, but it has my third, fifth, sixth, seventh and eleventh favorite characters :3]

The ditzy heiress got up suddenly and left, but left behind her dinner. A large hairy fellow swooped in with eyes only for the food. "Can I have that? I'm making a pic-a-nic basket for later," he said. The cheerleader waved for him to continue, although she was lightly disgusted. *I don't even think he's human*, she thought to herself. *Although our ship would be **a beautiful gemstone. Maybe an emerald or an aquamarine (5)***. She shook her head and prepared to head out. [A/N: This ship is kinda gross but I couldn't resist! It's the only one in the entire fic that uses only my favorite characters!!!!]

As she left, a handsome-looking military man with a wry grin sauntered over to the hairy fellow, explaining that he'd been deployed over in Korea. He'd apparently been a doctor of some sort, but wouldn't stop talking about hot lips. The military man leaned over and examined the **Eastern European dumplings** that the hairy fellow was packing into his picnic basket. "You know, if we were together **one of those (7)** could be our ship," observed the military man. [A/N this ship's a good one because it has my first, fourth, eighth, eleventh, and twelfth favorite characters!!!]

The hairy fellow was taken aback, so he picked up his basket and skedaddled. The military man sat down in his seat and looked up to see someone approaching. *Who's this approaching?* The military man thought. *He sure looks intriguing. Looks like a real family man, although his style is a bit dated, looks like he hasn't updated his wardrobe in a few decades.* The military man struck up a conversation with the family man, but was quickly taken aback when talk turned to kicking his kids out of his basement and putting his foot in their asses. The family man blathered on, oblivious to the military man's discomfort. "If we were dating, our ship would be an **overnight one**," he said. "**Leave in the evening and arrive the next morning (6)**." [A/N my second, tenth, eleventh, twelfth favorite characters are in this one!!]

The military man decided that he'd had enough of that and called for a medivac. The family man's eyes perked up when he noticed a brunette over by the bar pretending not to listen in on their conversation. *Seems like she perked up when I threatened the last guy*, he thought. *She seems intrigued, no, enticed by the idea. Heck, if we got together, we could be **a guy made of fortified iron (8)**!* [A/N ahh, a ship with my third, fifth, ninth and eleventh favorite characters!!]

Before he reached her, however, a different man swooped in, one who oozed the impression of being very good at BDSM out of his very pores. The brunette smiled at him. "You're who I'm meant to be with," she said as he approached. The BDSM man nodded, and glanced over at the table that Bella and Edward had sat at earlier that evening. "It's true," he said, raising a glass. "You are the Bella to my Edward."

[author's note: Ok, so I wanted to write the best fanfiction ever, but I was having trouble figuring out what should go in it, but then I realized that the answer was just that I should write about my twelve favorite characters, duh!! Hope you enjoyed it, and lemme know what you thought of my favs! :]]