Concert Disaster

Sydney Carton just got his grades for his Finals and was utterly devastated by them. Unfortunately, he cannot dwell on them now.... He has a concert to perform.

Notes

Inspired by my own spring concert. It was hectic, but fun. Also, I used google translate. I don't remember what I exactly put into the thing though. When you put it back into it though, it roughly gives the translation. So yeah... Enjoy!

Warning: Many are filler OCs that were made up on the spot (except Angel, Takeshi, Lenny, and the Russet twins). I apologize for having so many, but I couldn't think of any other ATOTC characters that would join an orchestra.

Characters

Mr. Stryver: Conductor

(OC-G/B) Angel Skyes: Co-Conductor

(Miss Pross) Arabelle Pross: Concertmistress

Charles Darnay: Violin 1
Sydney nearly let out a scream of frustration. He failed his French final, and he was so fucking angry at himself. He studied, literally studied with Lucie and Charles, since they were tutoring him every other day, but somehow he flunked. He was so sure of himself too! He thought he did well, and he felt so confident too! What would he tell his freshmen tutors? He told them that he felt he got a good grade on this final, but now? Ugh, he hated foreign languages....... 

Then he looked at the last letter Solaine, his French pen pal since freshman year, sent. Solaine Brunella was a girl living somewhere in France, somewhere near Paris. She was a dirty blonde with red-black tips, and she was possibly the most forgiving person he has ever wrote to. On her second letter, she sent back a copy of his reply from her first with a ton of corrections on it. There were tense, grammar, and spelling errors, but she wrote that it was okay. She wrote that she's willing to decipher his writing and that she's willing to correct his French. God bless her soul, because she managed to get him to write decent French after the fifth or sixth letter of his. He even managed to get a good grade on the writing part of his French final! They did continue to exchange letters, which later became emails, to texts, and finally Skype.

He wondered how would Solaine react when he said he failed his French final, especially when it came to conjugations.

*Who the hell made these languages so hard?*

"Sydney! We need to set up for Pachelbel! We're next!" one of the violinists called out.

He cursed. Did time really went away that quickly? Fuck, he needed to get on the stage and tune the cello. "Shit! I'm going!" he shouted, running onto the stage with a few stands in his hands.

"Woah! Careful Syd!" Charles said, spinning around him to avoid crashing. "Don't want any unconscious people on stage!"

*He* wanted to faint right then and there! Or even better, *die* after the concert! He rushed back to the
side of the stage, calling out, "That all we need?"

"Yeah, here's your cello," Angel said, passing him the instrument. Sydney only placed it safely on the floor. "Tuned and ready to go." Angel had black slacks and a crisp blue shirt that went along nicely with the gold tie. He, suggesting by the clothes, grinned at the mentally-distraught junior. "Ready Milk Carton?"

Said male gulped nervously. "No?" he replied.

Golden eyes softened into concern before their owner wrapped his arms around the trembling teen. "Sh, sh... It's alright... Is it about finals?"

How Angel knew was beyond him, but he accepted the hug with gratitude, nodding into the student-teacher's shoulder. Two reassuring pats to the back and a squeeze reminded him he didn't have to deal with this alone. "We can talk about it after the concert okay?"

He nodded, reluctantly pulling away, but not without a kiss on the forehead. He smiled before his lips contorted into a grin. "Okay, mom."

"And your dad," the blunette stated in a matter-o-factly voice.

"I thought Melbourne was my dad."

The older male rolled their eyes. "I'm genderfluid dummy." He patted his shoulder. "Let's just focus on the concert okay? You and Stryver are on."

And so he and his teacher were, because the crowd was getting slightly impatient. Mr. Stryver walked on first with Sydney following behind him to sit in his assigned seat. The ravenette tapped the mic before smiling at the crowd.

"Sorry about the delay, but I welcome you all back."

"Besides teaching chorale, I also teach the string orchestra. The class always begins at seven o'clock in the morning." Shocked gasps filled the crowd."Yes, seven at Caldoaive. Fortunately for our guest cellist-" The brunette lazily waved his bow. "-who's first instrument was the clarinet, here... Is thankfully woken up at five. Don't want to go on an empty stomach and smell like rotten food right?"

The crowd muttered agreements.

Mr. Stryver smiled. "It's a great wake up call and keeps the brain's juices moving. Fortunately, they always sound great when I teach. It's an absolute pleasure to hear them, and I do hope you would think the same...." The ravenette fixed his black tie before getting ready to gesture to the non-existent group behind him. "So here is the Caldoaive's String Orchestra!" When he turned, a look of fake horror appeared on his face, and Sydney really wanted to laugh.

"Um.... Okay, orchestra.... Come on stage, because I don't want the principal to be angry with me..." he called out, a terror-stricken smile on his face.

They all waited for a couple seconds, the ravenette absolutely rigid, while the fiery brunette attempted to stifle his laughs.

"Ok, um... One moment please," the teacher said cheerily, turning around to walk towards Sydney. The cellist snorted loudly, lips trying to resist curling into a smile. "Sydney, where are the others?" he whispered in fake concern.
Said male shrugged, actually really not caring. They continued to fake-talk with large gestures and faked-emotion faces until the older male turned around to walk to the mic. "We seem to have run into some communication problems. Please excuse me while I um..." Mr. Stryver didn't bother to finish, because he was already screaming and cursing for the orchestra. The audience laughed at his misery.

Sydney shook his head in exasperation, as if saying that this had happened way too many times. He placed the bow on the highway and began to play at least the first sixteen notes that repeated after the eighth. Slow, deep sounds filled the theatre, and the fiery brunette was actually enjoying the melody until he heard stomping footsteps of a certain concertmistress. He gritted his teeth, but continued to play.

"Oh God!" Arabelle cried out, running around the formation to then chant out,"Sydney, Sydney, Sydney, Sydney, Sydney!"

He then grew annoyed when she grabbed his stand, so he slid his finger up the string to make an odd sound. The audience giggled as he glared up at worried redhead, setting his bow down on the empty chair next to him.

"What?" he growled out.

Her hand left his stand to turn to the crowd and around. "Wh-Where is the rest of the orchestra?" she asked, truly looking distressed.

"I don't know. Stryver's looking for them," he hissed, gesturing to the side of the stage.

Her brown eyes widened in concern. "Wait, did they not-?"

"Seat. Now," he ordered, shooing her away as he grabbed his bow.

She groaned, attempting to protest, but he wouldn't let her. She complied, only to flip him off in Italian. People who knew or were Italian gasped and laughed. She counted, signaling to start at the beginning. All was fine until around measure nine. Their introverted second ran in, sounding absolutely distressed as she muttered in German. She ran into two of the chairs, knocking one in the process. She squealed as the audience laughed at her misfortune.

The dark-haired girl quickly fixed the chairs, immediately sitting down to only hit the wrong notes with too much pressure of the bow. A second measure in, and the duo immediately stopped playing to glare at her with disbelief and/or anger.

Sydney stuck his bow in the ground with anger, gesturing largely at the poor girl. "Romilda! Seriously!? You're one of the best violinists here!" he accused, irritation evident in his tone.

Said girl cowered behind her violin, but she knew he didn't mean it. The crowd chuckled and cooed.

Arabelle sighed heavily. "Romilda, sweetheart, don't do it again."

The poor girl squeaked in agreement before they all started at measure nine. It sounded nice, and the brunette started to relax.

However, that was broken around measure twenty-one.

"Get out of my way Aneta!"

"You get out my way Aleks!"
The Russet twins nearly fell onto the floor, but they continued their squabbling as they fought to their seats. The junior glanced up to see the amber-haired male stick his tongue out at his older sister.

"Aleksander-Lukas Russet, get your butt out of my chair!" she screamed, kicking him into the right seat.

Said brother yelped, clutching onto his landing for dear life. The crowd gasped, laughing at the scene. "Measure number please!" the sister called out.

Arabelle furrowed her brows as she continued to play. "Um... Measure 30!"

The Russet twins immediately fell in sync with the group as Sydney let out a sigh of relief. The song didn't stay quiet in between measure 33 and 41 though...

Screaming came from the same side of the stage, and Sydney knew who that was. Bernice Vengeur ran in with her cello over her head, and the brunette was pretty sure his ears were ringing.

"Mon dieu! I'm so....." The apology died on her tongue. "People? Um..." She awkwardly set the cello down into the belt, shifting to get into a comfortable position. "What measure dear Carton?" she asked politely, batting her eyelashes.

He scowled. "None of your business wench," he replied.

She gasped, the crowd eating this comedy up when she nearly pushed Sydney off his seat. Thankful for his ear, he managed to keep the notes going. For revenge, he kicked the endpin out of Bernice's cello belt. She gasped, angrily nudging him before she entered.

The Andromeda siblings then entered the stage all cooly, not really making any sound as they posed with sunglasses down. They commented on how rude they rest of them were for not waiting for them before walking to their seats. However, the brother Leda patted Aneta's head fondly before entering measure 41. The sister Janus, on the other hand, played with Romilda's braids before she got literally whacked by the girl's bow. She entered on measure 44.

The pianist entered at measure 49, where she smoothly played before a roar of screams erupted from the crowd. Sydney laughed at the two people that entered: Qaletaqa Natemica, the American History teacher, and Angel Skyes, the student-teacher. The former was on the stacker, sitting on a chair as he played along to the song on his violin. The latter was pushing him, apparently very gleeful about this whole ordeal.

A look of terror streaked the Native American's face as the English citizen pushed and pulled the stacker, having a bit too much fun. The duo soon became a blur of black, blue, and gold as Angel spun them around as Mr. Natemica screeched and looked like he's going to fall off. They stopped before spinning the other way around. They stopped again, but the blunette pressed a kiss on the older man's cheek as Sydney heard girls scream about shipping.

The history teacher then thwacked the younger person with his violin, apparently a little pink from the action. The blunette laughed, yelling, "That was a thank you kiss! You're so mean!" He pushed the stacker through the spot between Leda and another empty chair as he rubbed the spot Mr. Natemica hit. When the chair situation was dealt with, Angel walked up to the conductor's stand to pull out the baton in awe.

The brightfully-dressed man went down on one knee, glorifying and blessing the ordinary stick. It was kind of humorous when he also started to conduct, where he practically fence-danced around the half-circle. Sydney knew his RC can conduct, but he didn't dare to stop playing to fix that. Then, he
saw Charles awkwardly walking up the steps leading to the stage.

The golden brunette 'attempted' to be quiet as he approached his chair, but he immediately froze when Angel caught sight of him. The older male gasped before putting up an 'angry parent' face, hands on his hips and face contorted into a scowl. The blunette walked up to the frozen freshman, going into a fencing stance of some sort.

"SIR CHARLES DARNAY!" he called out, stick pointing at the pale-looking student.

"B-Bonjour Monsieur Skyes!" said student greeted nervously, sitting in his seat slowly.

The student-teacher held out an expectant hand, to which Charles gave a pure, confused look.

"What?" he asked.

"Your shoes. As payment for arriving late," the blunette explained.

That was not what they rehearsed earlier, but the golden brunette reluctantly unlaced and gave his black shoes to the man. Then the crowd burst out laughing when Angel thwacked the Frenchman with the stick and his shoes before he started to dance around the half-circle again. Charles flawlessly entered around measure 65 to 73, but but maybe about four measures in.....

"OH MY GOD LENNY WE'RE LATE!!!!" That came from the right aisle.

"TAKESHIIIIIII!!! WHERE'S MY BOW!? I DON'T KNOW WHERE I PLACED IT LAST!!!!" That came from the left aisle.

Blurs of yellow and purple ran down the two side aisles, flailing and screaming about. Lenny, who was in the left aisle, actually looked terrified as she ran up to the stage. Takeshi, the older brother of Lenny, then ran up the stage to fully ram into Angel, who nearly fell over. When Lenny ran into the blunette, the student-teacher actually fell onto his butt. Sydney laughed at the man's misfortune.

The blonde had a face of complete worry as she backed away from him, gasping out apologizes before she ran off to her seat. Angel stood up, rubbing his behind before gently whacking Takeshi and Lenny on the head with the stick, giving the latter the shoes in his hands since the blonde somehow lost hers in the aisle. The blonde smiled sheepishly, slipping the shoes on quickly before playing.

Maybe around Measure 81, Mr. Stryver came back, screaming his head off before he realized that the entire orchestra is there. He smiled nervously, gesturing to the orchestra before glaring at the student-teacher. The blunette grinned, waving excitedly at the approaching staff member. Mr. Stryver's steps were loud stomps, signaling that he wasn't too please.

The ravenette crossed his arms, growling for everyone to hear,"What the hell are you doing Mr. Skyes?"

Said male blinked up at the taller male with a smile. "Conducting!" was his reply, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. The crowd chuckled and giggled.

"While dancing like a fool?" The older male snatched his baton back as he hissed,"Give me that! You don't deserve to hold this!"

"But Mr. Sryv-"

"OUT WITH YOU DEMON!" Mr. Stryver yelled, whacking Angel with his stick a couple times.
Angel screamed, yelping loudly in Latin as he ran off the stage. Everyone laughed, but had no clue what the student-teacher said, since Latin is a dead language. The conductor sighed heavily, arms raised to assist with the tempo. Thankfully, they were almost finished with the piece so it didn't take long to end.

The crowd cheered, screamed once they finished. The ravenette turned around with a relieved smile to bow before gesturing to the orchestra. After a few seconds, Mr. Stryver called Angel to the stage. The blunette peeked out behind a curtain, looking absolutely hurt. The older man rolled his eyes, insisting the younger to walk out to give a bow.

Angel walked out with slow, but long strides with his hands behind him. The seconds and the cellists noticed that he was carrying something, Sydney only having an idea of what it was.

"Thank you for your... eccentric conducting Mr. Skyes. We appreciate your help," Mr. Stryver said with a smile when the blunette was close enough.

Said blunette slowly looked up at the taller man, a grin slowly forming. "You're very welcome Mr. Stryver," he said, golden eyes glinting mischievously.

Said teacher raised a suspicious brow. “Spare me this Mr. Skyes… Pray whatever you are holding behind your back, is not dangerous I hope?”

The shorter man snickered at that before revealing what it was: an opened, aged book. It looked really old, and something told Sydney that this was not an ordinary book.

“Fúgite daemonium concupiscentiis tuis uitiare terrarum!”

And the fiery brunette was right. A puff of black-blue smoke engulfed Mr. Stryver, who was screaming when that happened. The crowd and the orchestra gasped, clearly shocked that the student-teacher performed some kind of ancient magic. When the smoke cleared, Melbourne Wicker appeared sitting on a chair with a book and glasses.

“Angel, what in blazes did you do!?” Arabelle screeched, brown eyes wide.

The redhead in the chair looked up before straightening up, realizing that he was in another place other than his dorm room. As he stood up quickly, the chair he was sitting on fell over with a loud clattering sound. Judging by his stance, he seemed scared and bewildered. When his eyes land on a certain grinning blunette, something immediately clicked in his head.

“Angel,” he growled, stomping over to his shorter counterpart.

Said male smiled innocently. “Yes Mel?”

“What the hell did you do?”

The blunette blinked, looking out into the crowd. “Old Latin incantations. Why?”

Melbourne ran a hand down his face in exasperation. “Don’t tell me you actually did that?” He really hoped his partner didn’t do so.

Angel laughed. “I do it all the time! Why do you think my family has those exorcist circles and all?”

Wait what?

“Angel!” Melbourne began to flail his arms. “You can’t just-! Since when-? YOU NEVER TOLD
Said student-teacher shrugged, rolling onto his heels. “You should have known Mel! It’s painfully obvious if my first foreign language is Latin.”

“Just bring back Mr. Stryver dammit.” The redhead doesn’t want to deal with this right now.

“Fine, just move yourself and your stuff somewhere else. I need the space in case Papageno manages to tag along….”

The taller male grumbled, picking up the fallen chair to place it next to the piano. The shorter then flipped through the pages of the thick book, making a circle with his toe. The crowd waited in anticipation, wondering what would happen next.

“Principes terrae caelique misit unam dimittere peto . A est composita insontem Itaque rogo te, ut et hic liber.”

Red, green, and blue smoke filled the middle of the stage as people gasped at the scene. A figure can be made out of the smoke, and it revealed to be a very distressed Mr. Stryver.

“Mr. Stryver, are you ok!?” Charles asked.

Said ravenette looked at the golden brunette with wide eyes as he wiped his brow from sweat. He didn’t answer until he looked at Angel. “Please don’t send me there again,” he whispered.

“Where did you put him demon?” Sydney called out, intrigued.

“It’s called continuum. You don’t want to be there, since you do the same thing over and over again,” Angel replied, closing the book. “Trust me. Been there, done that,” he said, scratching the back of his head. “And I have Mackenzie to thank.”

“Hey, she didn’t mean to!” Melbourne defended.

The blunette snorted. “Sorry folks! Got a little out of hand tonight. Let’s take a ten-minute intermission ok?”

The crowd murmured agreement as the group went off to later get their set up off the stage. Sydney looked at Angel, who was moving stands to a corner. The junior walked up to the student-teacher, whispering,”Teach me how to do that.”

The older male grinned. “Only if you learn Latin,” he whispered back.

The student groaned. “I failed at French. Do you expect me to learn Latin of all languages?”

And he didn’t learn the incantation that night.

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