Just churned this out for fun. It's not meant to be taken seriously. At all.  
  
For those who might not want minor spoilers to such fics as **High School**, **Fermata**, **Colored Rhythms**and **Smile**, should take caution in reading.  
  
  
  
  
**"The Waiting Room”**  
  
by jazzer (Aramis)  
  
  
The waiting room was relatively quiet. There were a few people mulling about, some more fidgety than others depending on how long they’d been stuck in this white-walled room. The Shinhwa guys were in their own little huddle, cracking their own little jokes. Once in a while, they would burst out in laughter, and everyone else would wonder what that was about. The Supernova guys were the worst; they’d already ruined half a dozen magazines making paper airplanes and launching them randomly around the room.  
  
Kim Kibum picked a paper airplane off his head and muttered about proper behavior in a public place, but not even Yesung sitting on his left heard him. Then again, Yesung had long ago given up paying attention to his surroundings. He was always sleeping; he’d even mastered the art of sleeping with his eyes open.  
  
The doorknob turned, and everyone looked up to greet the newcomer.  
  
Kim Junsu peeked his head in and glanced about. “Is this the waiting room?”  
  
Kibum stood up with a start. “Hey! Junsu! Come in, come in. This is your first time, right?”  
  
Junsu stepped in a bit uncertainly, closing the door behind him. “Yeah.” He sat down in the chair that Kibum indicated. “So this is it. The waiting room.”  
  
“Overhyped, right?” Kibum laughed. “It’s a lot less fascinating than people make it out to be.”  
  
Junsu arched an eyebrow. “Dude, since when are you so bubbly?”  
  
Kibum realized that, yes, he was a little out of character, and he settled down in his seat. “Sorry, was a little too excited to see a new face. And you. You never come here. But first, what’s with the red suspenders?”  
  
Junsu looked a bit sheepish as he gave his suspenders a twang with his fingers. “I just came directly from my last gig. You might have heard of it? **Thistles and Goldenrods**? I’m a nerd in that.”  
  
Kibum snapped his fingers. “Right! I heard from Eunhyuk. You guys signed on with Yoona and Heebon, right? They’re cute.”  
  
“Yeah,” Junsu agreed, “though Yoona’s a bit miffed that her character is a little – err, self-centered in that one. It’s hard to be a character that is so opposite of your real personality, you know? She’s waiting for the day when she ‘becomes’ a good person. Don’t know if that’s gonna happen.”  
  
“I know what you mean. I’m always being cast as emo boy. I swear, I have a perpetual scowl now, don’t you think?” Kibum pointed to his forehead.  
  
Junsu leaned in and checked it out. “Nah, doesn’t look that bad.”  
  
“That’s a relief.” Kibum looked puzzled. “Wait, but if you have a solid gig, why are you here?”  
  
Junsu gave a little depressed sigh. “Oh, we hit a big one.”  
  
“Writer’s block?” Kibum clucked his tongue sympathetically.  
  
“You got it. What are you doing here?”  
  
“Oh, Susie just finished up season seven of **High School**, and she’s prepping us for season eight. She gave us all a little off-time. Apparently the others had other things lined up.”  
  
“Duh,” Junsu slapped his forehead. “I knew that. You know, she left me out of the last chapter, so I totally forgot. She hasn’t been real good about my consistent appearance. Not that I’m complaining. After all the stuff she dragged me through in the first few seasons? Watching the girl I liked dating one of my best friends. And then the pregnant girl? That one was a doozy.”   
  
Kibum was nodding his head in agreement. “The Bumsteins haven’t exactly been sailing a smooth path, either. It’s character after character trying to come between Yeonhee and me. First Eunbi, and then Shiwon. Now Ara. What a tangled web she weaves.”  
  
“Authors are head cases.”  
  
“But I’m looking forward to season eight. Though I’m going to miss that gig when it’s over. That’s two long years in the running. I don’t know what I’m going to do Saturday nights if I’m not working on High School.”  
  
“Same here,” Junsu said with a little sigh.  
  
“Shut up! You’re never in need of a new gig. Everyone’s always writing about you and the rest of the Dong Bang boys.”  
  
Junsu truly looked sad as he heaved a louder sigh. “Man, that trend is so over. Just a few months ago, the forums were crammed with Dong Bang fics. Now, the forums are overrun with Big Bang fics.”  
  
“I know!” Kibum crowed so loudly Yesung woke up with a snort. “Those Big Bang boys are never in here these days! And they’re always paired up with Wonder Girls. Wonder Bang, my butt. I want my shot at Sunye.”  
  
Junsu waved his hand dismissively. “Did that in **Colored Rhythms**. She totally burned me. You know what I just realized? I never get the girl!”  
  
“Shut up. You got the girl in **Smile**.”  
  
“Yeah, but only after like sixty chapters of pure torture.”  
  
Kibum was actually holding up his fingers and counting off. “And that gig you’re working on now, you’ll get Yoona.”  
  
Junsu shook his head. “You can’t determine that now. It’s nowhere near finished yet.”  
  
“Please,” Kibum drawled with a roll of the eyes. “It’s a light comedy. It’s not exactly going to end with your death or anything.”  
  
“Good. It’s bad enough some stories begin with my death.”  
  
“Tragic.”  
  
“Tell me about it.”  
  
“But there are plenty of happier fics with you starring. There’s **Fermata**, that wonderful one-shot Ji Eunie wrote with you and Seunghyun.”  
  
Junsu gave Kibum a sour look. “Now, there’s a story that ended with my death.”  
  
Kibum blinked his eyes in surprise. “Dude, I totally forgot. Sorry, man.”  
  
“It’s okay. At least I got the girl, technically. And I didn’t puke like Seunghyun did. Total image ruin.”  
  
They shared an evil laugh.  
  
There was a rustling noise from Kibum’s left as Yesung shifted in his seat. “You think you guys got it bad,” Yesung complained with a yawn. “I’m never the star of any fics. And when I do get randomly cast, I’m always like the emo psycho or something that wants to kill off the human race but save the penguins.”  
  
“That’s pretty bad,” Junsu agreed, “but at least you didn’t have to wear paperclips on your ears and be obsessed over bacon.”  
  
Kibum slapped his hand against his knee. “**SMJ – Storytime**, right? That story was the funniest thing ever. Kang KangKang. I laughed for like ten minutes straight.”  
  
They both turned to Yesung with smiling faces, but Yesung had already fallen asleep again.  
  
“Is that all he does here? Sleep?”  
  
Kibum dropped his voice and whispered, “Well, you know he doesn’t get a whole lot of calls for roles. Same with those guys.” Kibum indicated the Supernova guys with his head.  
  
Junsu also hushed his voice. “Oh, I heard the rumors. That Kim Sungjae kid almost got a gig by the one person who was even willing to write a Supernova fic, but he got dropped for Hongki.”  
  
“And did you hear how many times he performed that kiss scene with Eugene for the author? It was inspiring, all right. Inspiring for Hongki!”  
  
They clucked their tongues.  
  
“And the Shinhwa sunbaes?”  
  
Kibum shook his head sadly. “Apparently people got tired of cold-hearted Minwoo and arranged marriages. For a while, Hyesung was pretty hot, too, but his last gig, something about a moviemaking club, was put on indefinite hold. Though, there are rumors of some one shot appearances for him coming up.”  
  
Junsu nodded his head, wondering if in a few years, or even months, he would be making a permanent home in this white room. How very sad the idea was. “Hey, then where are the HOT sunbaes? They’re never written about these days.”  
  
“Oh, I hear most just drop by once a day to pick up their royalty checks. You know, for those stories that still get read, like the really popular ones that kids like to call old school. But Kangta hyung never even bothers to come out. When someone wants him, they just page him.”  
  
Junsu got a look of awe as he thought about Kangta. “Now there’s a guy who died in almost every single story written about him.”  
  
“Yeah, he’s the original kill-off-because-the-author-can’t-stand-to-see-him-paired-up-with-a-girl-though-it’s-only-a-story character. He was way before you.”  
  
“I guess that’s somewhat comforting,” Junsu sighed.  
  
They fell silent momentarily, and they could hear the clock ticking. The Supernova guys were still folding paper airplanes. Sungjae looked a little more depressed than the others; seeing how he came so close to debuting, this was understandable. The Shinhwa guys had fallen silent temporarily because apparently Eric and Hyesung had exchanged a few harsh words. Undoubtedly they would make up in a few minutes and continue their childish antics.  
  
The clock continued to tick.  
  
“Man, I’m practically unemployed!” Kibum suddenly wailed, causing Yesung to give another disagreeable snort. “At this rate, I’m really going to go emo.”  
  
Junsu rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “You know who’s to blame for all this, right?”  
  
Kibum cocked his head to the side. “The fickle nature of a fangirl?”  
  
“No,” Junsu said with a snap of his fingers. “The torrent of non-gasoo fics crowding the forum. Suddenly everyone wants to read stories about real original, fictional characters! What about us? Where have all the fanfics gone?”  
  
Kibum was nodding like a bobblehead. “Hear, hear. Fandom is dying.”  
  
Junsu grabbed Kibum by the shoulders. “Never say that, my friend. Fandom isn’t dying. It just hit a major roadblock. We will prevail. WE WILL PREVAIL!!!”  
  
Suddenly the intercom in the corner gave a screech, and a scratchy voice cleared her throat. “Calling for Kim Junsu. Kim Junsu of Dong Bang Shin Ki. Please head towards Story seven-thousand-twenty-two. The author just opened up the document on Word. Don red suspenders, and please standby.”  
  
Junsu quickly jumped to his feet. “That’s me! Hey, talk to you later, okay? Good luck!” He was gone before Kibum could reply.  
  
Kibum slunk down in his seat with a grimace. “Where has all the loyalty gone? Despite everything, Dong Bang Shin Ki is still as popular as ever. Good riddance.”  
  
He glanced around the room and sighed. He swatted another paper airplane that came too close. Yesung shifted in his seat and leaned against Kibum’s shoulder.  
  
Kibum stood up abruptly, grabbing his short hair with his fingers.  
  
Yesung hit his head against the armrest and glared up at Kibum.  
  
“Please, Susie! Hurry up and WRITE!!”  
  
  
THE END...  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
The stories directly mentioned in this ridiculous one-shot are:  
**Thistles & Goldenrods** by *Aramis*(me)  
**High School** by *scribbles\** (Susie)  
**Colored Rhythms** by *yippieyeah*  
**Smile** by *xkiseki*  
**Tredectec** by *scylla*  
**Fermata** by *Ji Eunie*  
**SMJ - Storytime** by *melonbar92*  
  
I didn't exactly ask the authors for permission, so I hope they don't mind. If by any small chance, you guys read this, just PM me if you're not okay with it. >.<  
  
  
These stories were chosen simply because I read them. Or they were mentioned by a friend.