

TITLE: Rose vs. Rose
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and Street Fighter Alpha 2 (Capcom for the SEGA Saturn)
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THE MATCHUP

"Whaddya' mean I can't use -MY- name?!" Amy Rose, Sonic the Hedgehog's biggest fan, cries incredulously as she leaps up at the commissioner, grabbing the collar of his shirt and pressing her nose to his.

"Well, what I mean is that the name's already taken. Someone has that booth." The commissioner answers her nervously, feeling her hot angry breath on his face.

"How can that be?! I am the Tarot Master Rose! Who else could she be?!"

"You can't be the Tarot Master Rose. That's what I'm telling you, there already is one!" The man gulps down fearfully.

Amy climbs off of him and rubs her chin. "I am she." Amy snaps at him, jabbing her index finger in the air at him.

"No. No. You're not. You can't be. You don't look a thing like her."

"Is she cute?"

"Well, yeah."

"There you go!"

The man looks at Amy up and down and shakes his head. "Well, I mean, yeah, you're a cute li'l pink hedgehog girl, but I mean this other Rose woman. She was cute, if'n you know what I mean." The commissioner says, leering.

"Hrm?"

"Well, I mean, she was human to begin with. Uh, 'bout as tall as me. Long purple hair. Bit of a scarf fetish and her shoes were a little awkward. Still turned me on, though. Real leggy." The commissioner describes the other Rose, a dreamy expression on her face.

Amy leaps up and slaps the man in the face. "Get yer' mind out of the gutter!" She lands back on the ground and looks up at him, her hands on her hips. "Bring me to this other 'Rose' that you speak of!"

The commissioner rubs his reddish cheek. "You hit hard, girl." He grumbles at her. Then, louder: "Okay, fine, follow me." He waves his hand and turns around, walking away.

Amy skips behind him down the path of the National Psychic Carnival, to the Tarot Card reading section-which

houses all of two booths. One, which is actually a tent ornately decked-out in purple and gold, has a big sign that reads "Tarot Master Rose" in a fancy cursive font on a wooden board held up on an easel just in front of the entrance. The tent across the way from it, Amy's, is still rather bare. Sonic and Tails are hanging around it, sitting on the ground and chatting. They see Amy approaching, behind the festival's commissioner, and quickly spring to their feet. They scramble around the booth, picking up cloth and tossing it around.

Amy pats the commissioner on the back of the leg. He looks back at her. "Hold up a sec, okay?"

The commissioner shrugs his shoulders. "I'll be inside Rose's-the OTHER Rose's-tent, come in when you're ready to talk this through." He tells her with a very happy smile. "Ooh, the legs." Amy hears him sigh as he steps in.

Amy groans, and stomps over to her booth. "What were you two doing?!" She snaps at Sonic and Tails. "Yer's'posed to be helping me get this thing decorated! The carnival starts in a half hour!"

"Well, uh," Sonic babbles, scratching his back. "We noticed that the woman across the way over there has the same name for her thing that you were going to use. So, we decided to wait for you."

"It's only a name! My name, anyways, but how does that keep you from setting up the rest of the booth?!"

Sonic and Tails look at each other and shrug their shoulders. "It made sense at the time." Tails whimpers, nervously wringing a long piece of pink cloth in his hands.

"Gggrrrrrrr." The cute Amy sounds like a mad pit bull, Sonic and Tails slowly back away from her.

"We'll have it done lickity split." Sonic assures Amy. "You just uh, go ahead and take care of this name thing. Okay?"

Amy turns around, spinning on her heel, and storms into the other Rose's tent.

ROUND ONE

Amy is shocked to see the carnival's commissioner sitting in a chair, with the purple-haired Rose, wearing a slinky dress standing, behind him with her hands in his hair. The commissioner groans contently as the woman moves her fingers along his scalp.

"AHEM!" Amy coughs rather loudly. The other occupants of the tent look at her. "So, what's this, a little bribery going on? Turning tricks to win the commissioner's favor?"

Rose shakes her head, her purple locks swaying. "Of course not! I'm just showing Mr. Harolds here some of my

skills. This is an example of phrenology, the art of divining one's fate by interpreting the shape of their head." She tells Amy in a vary mature, reserved tone.

"Oh yeah?! Well, this place is registered as a Tarot reading tent! You got confused or something?"

"Well, yes, it is registered as a tarot reading tent. That's what I do best. But I'm skilled in other things, too."

"Oh YEAH?! Like what?"

"Well, phrenology, of course." Rose replies with a smirk as she pulls her hands from the man's hair and begins counting off her other skills with her fingers. "Tasseography, spirit communication, omen reading, scrying, palmistry, and statistical analysis--gamblers love that one." Rose folds her arms over her chest, pushing up her bosom, which catches the eye of the commissioner. "What are YOUR other skills?"

Amy gasps. "Uh ... I read tarot." She replies quickly, then, calmer. "And I can play a mean game of Go Fish with them, too." She says, attempting to achieve a tone of mystery with her voice.

"Oh." Rose says curtly as she yawns.

"Yes, well, a person's skills don't dictate the name they can use for their booth." The commissioner stammers, his eyes fixed on Rose's chest.

"Why, thank you, commissioner." Rose's voice is throaty.

Amy grunts in disapproval. "Oh, please."

"Yes, well, I did some checking, and it seems that Ms. Rose here." Mr. Harolds looks around the tent, dazed. "Well, I mean, AMY Rose. She registered at this carnival for the Tent Name 'Tarot Master Rose' two days prior to your registration. So, I'm afraid that she's entitled to use it."

Amy jumps around the tent merrily. "YES!"

Rose looks at the little hedgehog sternly for a second, then back at Mr. Harolds. "But-and I so hate to sound childish-when I arrived here her booth was not even completed, in fact, the doors open not too long from now and her booth still has a long way to go." Rose steps over the to tent's entrance and pulls back a piece of cloth, letting the commissioner look outside at Amy's still bare-bones booth, with Sonic and Tails lying about around it.

"YOU TWO LOAFERS! I'LL BEAT YOU SENSELESS WHEN I GET OUT THERE!!" Amy shouts out the tent at them, raising her arm angrily.

Sonic lazily looks around. "You hear something, Tails?"

Tails chews on a piece of straw in his mouth and lies down on the ground. "Nah. Not a thing." He says, and begins snoring loudly.

Amy turns to the commissioner. "Please Mr. Harold, don't hold the fact that I'm working with a couple of IDIOTS against me!" She pleads.

"B-but. I've already had all of these pamphlets printed up. And these shirts. The water bottles. The collector's phone card. They all have the name 'Tarot Master Rose' on them! Heck, my mug even says it!" Rose whines, showing all of the various objects to Mr. Harold.

"Oh, well, dear," Amy begins coyly. "You could just give those to me, then, can't you?" Amy extends her hand to take the bundle of promotional items.

Rose snatches them away and glares at Amy. "I'd rather see them burn." She says icily.

Amy smiles sadistically. "Oh, I can take care of that."

The two growl at each other. "Just try it, little girl." Rose taunts Amy as she takes a step towards her.

"LADIES! LADIES!" Mr. Harold, the commissioner shouts as he steps between the two. "Please, no violence here." He sighs heavily. "Now, I think I have a solution to our little problem! Amy, you can use the name of 'Tarot Master Rose' for your booth, and you," Mr. Harold looks at the purple-haired Street Fighter admiringly. "You may use 'THE Tarot Master Rose' as the name of your tent."

"THAT'S THE STUPIDEST SOLUTION EVER!" Amy cries incredulously. "What's the difference between the names?!"

Rose groans. "There is a 'the' in the name of my tent and there isn't one in yours." She shakes her head, annoyed. "Do you get it, now?" Rose adds in a condescending tone.

"You haven't seen the last of me!" Amy storms out of the tent in a huff.

ROUND TWO

"That good for nothin' hussy. If I had cleavage like that I bet I'd be rakin' in the customers, too." Amy grumbles under her breath as she raps her fingertips on the countertop of her booth, staring angrily at Rose's tent. "And she's got all those flyers and free shirts and," Amy sighs. "I COULD HAVE A CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT IF SOME LAZY BUM OF A HERO WERE TO GO AROUND AND GIVE ME A LITTLE PUBLICITY!" Amy shouts in an unsubtle way to Sonic.

"Wha? Huh? Is the fair over yet?!" Sonic babbles, snapping out of his nap. He claps his hands together. "Well, that

was great, I guess we'll pack up this stuff an-" He says, walking towards Amy's booth.

"It not over yet you dolt!" Amy snaps, leaning towards Sonic as she digs her fingers into the countertop. "I haven't even begun!"

"Oh, really? Wow, then I guess I'll go and ... uh ... tour the festival. Hey, where's Tails?"

"He's off getting pictures of his aura taken or something." Amy grunts, folding her arms over her chest. "And I have nothing to do because that purple-haired woman who dresses like some kinda' street walker-"

"Street fighter."

"Street WALKER is getting all of my business! I gotta' do something about her. Something bad." Amy looks around herself. "Waitamminute. Tails. Pictures. Ah." She leaps from her chair. "Look after the booth for me, Sonic!" She orders him as she runs off into the festival.

"TAILS!" Amy waves her arms to get his attention. "Come back here with me," she says as she snatches a camera from one of the aural photographers. "I'll get this back to you in a minute, hon." Amy pulls Tails behind a tent and begins snapping pictures after she tells him to pose and to "look innocent."

An hour later, Amy sneaks into Rose's tent while she's away for a little while and plants the freshly developed pictures of Tails.

Afterwards, she comes running out the tent, her hands cover her eyes and she screams out: "Oh, my virgin eyes are soiled! How awful! How terrible! Ecchi! Ecchi!"

The crowd becomes silent and all eyes turn to Amy who continues to rant about having her soul corrupted by the horrible sights contained within Rose's tent. "It's awful! Disgusting! Furry! It's ... it's a furry!"

A woman screams in the distance, then falls-unconscious-to the ground with a thud.

A little child tugs at the arms of his father's coat. "What's 'furry,' dad?" The father grunts and looks down at the boy. "Uh ... it's something bad. Yeah. Bad."

The Mr. Harolds walks up to Amy. "Are you claiming that THE Tarot Master Rose is housing furry material in her tent? That's a rather serious accusation, young lady." He says sternly.

"Yeah, what are you talking about?! What kind of person do you think I am?" Rose, standing behind the commissioner says. Then she purrs into his ear: "Trust me honey, whatever she says I've done isn't true. Go on, ask

her to back up her claim!"

"Hmmp. Yes, Rose here has a good idea. Do you have any proof to back this up?"

Amy draws little circles in the dirt with her foot. "Well, as a matter of fact, I saw them in her tent, they're right in there." She says, her face turned down (so nobody sees her sly smile) and points in the direction of the tent.

"Well let's just have a look, then!" Mr. Harold's proclaims in a masculine voice (the better to impress Rose) as he strides into the tent. Rose and Amy linger outside, and the entire crowd looks on nervously. The only noises heard for a couple of moments are the blowing wind and Sonic's incessant snoring.

Then, a piercing, woman-like scream is emitted from there. "This is disgusting! May God have mercy on my soul! Why? Why?" And Mr. Harold's come running from the tent, shrieking wildly and shoving everyone out of his way. The hushed crowd pulls closer to the tent with burning curiosity.

"See?" Amy sneers at Rose.

"Now wait a minute." Rose grumbles in disbelief as she saunters into her tent. Everybody hears her inside the tent: "What are these?! Who is this fox?! There's nothing Ecchi about these photos! He's just rolling around in the hay!"

The crowd gasps in shock.

"No! No!" Rose responds. "I mean he's really just rolling around in the hay! This picture was taken just outside the stable here, where they have those 'animal spirit guides' at the far end of the festival!"

"He's with an animal?!" A faceless stranger yells out.

"NO! He's just in the hay! See?" Rose pokes her torso out of the tent and holds up the pictures.

A moment passes, and then the entire group runs away, screaming in terror and waving their arms fearfully. "She's a pervert! Pedophile! Furry! EVIL!"

In an instant, all there is around Rose's tent is a puff of dust and Amy, her arms folded over her chest and smiling wickedly at Rose. "So, how's yer' tent doing here, huh? I don't see much business going on." She shrugs her shoulders as she chides: "That's when happens when you distribute this kind of stuff." Amy points at the pictures in Rose's hands. "You are SUCH a sicko, lady."

Rose emerges from the tent and in one quick movement she tears the photos in her hands and scatters them to the wind. "Nemo me impune lacessit." She growls as her scarf begins to flair up menacingly and an aura of Soul Power glows about her.

Amy calmly reaches into the pocket of her skirt and pulls out a massive hammer. She brandishes it and smiles at Rose sadistically. "Time to open up a good old can of whup-ass!"

ROUND THREE

Rose uses her enchanted scarf to propel herself in the air. Over Amy, she then uses the article of clothing to form a massive drill around her hands as she dives for the pink hedgehog's head. "This ends quickly. I have faced demons, psychotic dictators, and even martial artist schoolgirls! How could you have thought that you could stand a chance against me?!"

"BECAUSE YOU STOLE THE NAME FOR MY TENT!" Amy dives to her side and swings wildly with her hammer. It strikes the tip of Rose's drill, throwing her off-balance in mid-air and making her crash to the ground headfirst. "Huh. Those must've been some pretty pathetic martial artist schoolgirls."

Rose, with a series of flips, gets back to her feet and faces Amy with an angry stare. "Beginner's luck and nothing more, hedgehog! Now you will witness my true power!" Rose makes a series of gestures and poses, then twirling her scarf about, cries out "SOUL SPARK!" as she flings her scarf in the direction of Amy. The garment stiffens and then channels an orb of glowing energy that heads straight for Amy.

Amy readies herself for the mystical projectile. She grips her hammer in her two hands and eyes the sparkling ball intensely. Just as it approaches her she smacks it with her hammer as if she were playing baseball and it shoots right back at Rose.

In the moment before the reflected power would hit her, Rose smiles in amusement, then with a quick jerking motion waves the scarf in front of her and causes the projectile to disappear. "You see? I can do anything!" Rose boasts, but sees that Amy is no longer standing before her. Rose hears a hoarse cry of "GERONIMO!" above her and sees the silhouette of Amy, hammer raised above her head, in the air against the sun. Another amused smirk, and Rose leaps into the air as well, her left hand outstretched as she calmly says: "Soul throw!"

In mid-air, Rose's hand snags the collar of Amy's shirt, she then swings Amy around as though she was a rag doll and flings her at the dirt ground of the carnival. Amy lands with a heavy thud, her hammer comes down a few feet away from her-into her stand-and destroys it.

"Haha! Well, I suppose the name for your tent is no longer an issue!" Rose laughs like a seal as she lands on the ground, feet first and her hands on her hips. A small crowd of people return to the area, drawn back by the sounds of fighting.

"Hey, lookit the lady in the dress, mom! I know her! I seen pictures of her onna internet!" One young boy says, pointing at Rose.

"That's nice, dear."

"Yeah! There was this one picture where she was nekkid' and this guy named Sodom-" The boy continues matter-of-factly, his finger now embedded in his nose.

"NAKED?!" The mother repeats in shock as she eyes Rose, still laughing at the fallen Amy.

The irate mother stomps over to Rose and taps her on the shoulder. Rose looks at her with a puzzled expression. "Who are you? You're interrupting my gloating!"

"Gloating, I'll bet you are you vile, wanton hussy!" The mother shrieks. "My boy just told me that you've done ... pornography?! And then you have the gall to come here among RESPECTABLE psychics?!"

"Pornography?" Rose is incredulous. "NO! That wasn't me! Some perverted kids on the 'net drew those pictures! It's not MY fault! I would never have posed for something like that! My soul is pure! That is why I am able to use the power."

"Oh, I'll bet you tell that to your parents, too."

"Listen, lady, I do not partake in any such degrading work!" Rose snaps, pointing her finger accusingly at the mother.

The irate mom slaps Rose's hand away. "Hmph! Apparently you were not taught a blessed thing as a child, were you?!" The mother scolds as she turns around and quickly walks away, holding her son's hand and dragging him along behind her.

"Is it true? Yer' a porno actress? Oh, would you be my goddess?" An acne-ridden boy gasps as he scuttles up to Rose.

Rose sneers at him. "Go away! I do not have time for you, you corrupted youth." But her words fall on deaf ears, because the boy continues to stare blankly at her, his eyes glazed over and jaw on the ground. Several other boys gather around Rose, all insisting on staring lewdly at her.

Rose backs away, but bumps into a boy who was standing behind her, eyeing her shapely posterior. The boy makes a pleased whimper, and then falls to the ground. Rose groans in disgust, and turns around, running from the ogling boys. "The lot of you are horrid, horrid creatures!" Rose yells back at them as she picks up her pace. But it does no good, as the boys continue to chase her in their goddess-worship way with cries of "I love you" and "You're the most perfect woman in the world."

Amy groans in pain as she sits up just in time to see Rose dash out of the psychic festival, her horde of admirers following. Amy chuckles to herself as she gets to her feet and picks up her hammer.

"It's not like you beat her, you know." Tails comments, standing behind Amy.

The pink hedgehog shrugs as she hefts the hammer in her hands. "Hey, she's gone, that's all I care." She pauses a moment to reflect, then throws up her hammer in the air and jumps up, smiling as she yells out "YA-TAI!"

The END