



eBook Productions

# Artemis Fowl: Childhood Days

Fan Fiction by Nathan Hur

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Artemis Fowl, and I do not directly or indirectly make any profit out of this work. I understand that Artemis Fowl is owned by their current owner, and that this is purely fan fiction. This work is not associated with the owners, publishers and associates of Artemis Fowl.

Thanks to Eoin Colfer, who created wonderful adventures for all teens to enjoy.

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## FOREWORD:

This story was written in one-shot, no editing, no corrections to anything other than grammar errors. This is probably because I was too excited while writing this! If this proves successful, I will install a second edition available for download at [www.nateeo.weebly.com](http://www.nateeo.weebly.com)

The start of this story really sucks, and only moderately improves during the preschool part.

Anyway, hope all Artemis Fowl fans enjoy this. If you have never read Artemis Fowl, I suggest you go to your nearest library or bookstore and GET IT NOW!

Here is the online home of Artemis Fowl: [www.artemisfowl.co.uk](http://www.artemisfowl.co.uk)

Credits to OpenOffice, which made writing this so easy: [www.openoffice.org](http://www.openoffice.org)

I feel like an advertising freak, so enough of this.

-Nathan

“If you find yourself imitating another writer, that doesn't have to be a bad thing, especially if you are a young or a new writer. However, you should be conscious of exactly how you are imitating him - word choice, sentence structure, motifs? - and think about why you're doing it. “

-Poppy Z. Brite

The following story's information was retrieved from Angeline Fowl's own records, and from various victims of Artemis Fowl (those being his teachers from when he could talk). It may not be what you thought it were. Apparently Artemis Fowl's unofficial biographer, Eoin Colfer was brain-washed by Artemis' bodyguard, Butler. This, apparently, involved a shaking of a fist and an unidentifiable sharp object.

It started in a hospital, in Ireland.

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In that hospital, with it's signature white walls, was an increasingly white man. Artemis Fowl the First sat hunched over a bench outside a maternity room, listening to his newborn inside softly humming. His newborn hadn't cried ever since being born, and its eyes were already close to opening. Unlike most new fathers, he was worrying about how his work and his new son would conflict. *I have to keep my work down to a minimum*, he thought. *Just to keep us living comfortably*. Comfortably meant just a small manor, a few security systems, and a bodyguard for every Fowl. Minimal work simply was managing a small criminal group, only one of the largest criminal empires ever to face off with Dublin's finest donut munchers.

Artemis Fowl picked up his mobile phone and speed-dialed a contact.

“He's here, Butler.”

Artemis Fowl II, being so dutifully named and being the son of Artemis Fowl, would conduct his first adventure shortly. That horrendous, brain versus muscle match, would begin in the form of a name: O'Brien Rainbow Preschool.

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The caregiver knew something was not right. She stood there, with at least four toddlers pooling their saliva on her shoes, but she wasn't looking at them. She was staring at a small boy, huddled in the corner playing with some wooden bricks. The little boy never dribbled, wiped his mouth with a serviette after having Animal Biscuits, and often raised his hand to interject during story time, to object to illogical plot of the story. Although Artemis had several logical reasons compiled in his brain, the fact that he was hardly 3 years old made him resort to muttering 'stupid' to every story.

Apart from not being able to walk, he was considered a genius. Little did they know

that this little boy figured that calling for someone to move you is far more efficient than walking yourself. Being the misfit, Artemis was given the cold shoulder by his dribbling comrades, the caregivers often ignored Artemis too. His mother, Angeline, was worried about this and thought that her son might fit in with more intellectually equaled children.

After the first week, Artemis was to be moved to a preschool. On his last day at the playgroup, his bodyguard, Butler came to pick him up, because Angeline Fowl was busy. Their class was reading a book, when Butler came. The floor vibrated slightly, and a over-dramatic boy who'd stayed up too late watching TV screamed, "A dinosaur is coming!" A smarter toddler, dressed up with suspenders, suggested an earthquake. Nobody was too worried at these remarks, because a few seconds later they were all staring at Butler who was standing in the hallway, crouched over.

The sight triggered many toddlers body fluid release system, and almost one of the teachers. One teacher, the only one without his lower jaw threatening to leave its residency, composed himself and called Artemis.

"Artemis, your daddy is here to pick you up!" he said. Butler met his gaze.

"Um, that would be bodyguard, if you wouldn't mind," Butler coughed. The silence grew awkward, until a single bead of sweat made a run for it down Butler's forehead.

Butler approached and swept up the now giggling Artemis. Not one teacher asked for his pick-up card.

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*Never trust a learning facility with the name a pub should have,* that would be Artemis Fowl's motto. He was now three and a half years old, being home-schooled by his father Artemis had a basic knowledge of computers, economics and could already read at the level of a ten-year-old. Watching the success of her son, Angeline Fowl wanted to have another baby, only to be stopped by her husband's weak excuse, "Well, the more you have, the dumber they get."

There are no records of his first day at preschool, but rumor has it that two teachers responsible for the class Artemis was in handed in their resignations. After some possible gifts of large sums of money, the teachers remained at their posts, although one would have to enter mental rehabilitation.

Since we are on the topic of resignations, we will head over underground, to our friend Holly. Coincidentally, on the second day of preschool for Fowl II, Holly Short was on a date with Trouble Kelp. They were both young and Holly Short's hormones were unbalanced (according to Holly). For whatever reason, they now sat inside Vorgat's Diner, famous for its unsurvivable burgers.

“So, Short, what do you want to be when you get older?” Kelp asked briskly, sipping his murky coffee. Holly thought this was an awkward conversation starter, but decided to reply honestly.

“I want to be a LEPrecon officer,” she announced boldly. Kelp almost spewed his coffee, and was going to laugh, but then he noticed Holly's determined face. Holly must have noticed his body language, because she gave him a dirty look.

“If you don't believe me,” she pouted, “let's spar.”

“Sure,” replied Kelp, seeing this as a relationship 'strengthenener'. He was wrong.

He paid the bill, exposing his over-stuffed wallet, and exited the building with Holly by his side.

Trouble Kelp's house was on the fortieth floor of the Freckly Apartment complex, being one of the most snobbish complexes in Haven. The polished walls of the towers sent a beam of light, like a signal, attracting robbers and thieves like moths. Inside on the decorated carpet, Trouble Kelp lay there, staring at the foot which Holly had laid on his chest.

“I was just letting you win,” Kelp excused himself, “a good fighter always tries to feel his opponents weaknesses and strengths.”

“*feeling* for weaknesses and strengths like that will get you killed,” Holly replied bluntly, lifting her foot and allowing Kelp to get up. A big mistake.

Kelp getting up, being the mistake. He launched his foot at Holly's calves, attempting to trip her. At the last millisecond before contact, Holly drew her knees to her chest, spun around in mid air and-

Outside, if one were listening, there was a very unnoticeable 'thump', and a significantly more noticeable scream. A rather girlish one.

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The teacher knew something wasn't right. Well, she knew two things that weren't right: Artemis' behavior, and the fact that his parents had given her two thousand more than agreed. Of course, she didn't mind the latter, and she honestly didn't really care about the prior, except for the fact that she was being paid to care so.

At closing time, three rowdy boys huddled around the sitting Artemis, arms crossed, lips pouted. The larger of the trio stepped forward and pushed Artemis, calling him a new word he had just picked up from his dad.

“Give me your cookie.” this 'cookie' referred to the prized cookie that all the kids got during lunch time.

Artemis stared at him innocently, rubbed his pockets to show nothing was there, and then pointed behind the trio. Being the stupid bully stereotype, the three boys turned around.

Artemis pulled out a figurine from the play box, jabbed each boy dutifully behind the ear lobe. At this moment, Butler came in, now being the usual pick up for Artemis.

Butler smiled. And he had good reason to because he had just taught him that trick, the signature Butler move.

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Unfortunately, one of the unconscious boys had an uncle, who was related to a man who knew a friend who was in a gang. Practically family, in their gangs terms. The gang was rich. As soon as Butler accidentally mentioned 'rich' to Artemis, little Fowl II began his first plot.

He was to make a stunning two-hundred and fourteen from his exploits, a remarkable amount to a toddler (it could buy hundreds of lollipops), but he earned something even more.

A career in exploitation.