

Dream On

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Professor Xavier takes a look into everyone's dreams and finds that they seem a little familiar. Parodies include Wizard of Oz, Titanic, etc.

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1 - Intro/Kitty's Dream [part 1]

You have opened my fanfic and are reading it. Good for you. I'm very proud of you, you know. It's people like you who make this all worthwhile. Now, I must warn you all, though, that it's a bit slow in the very beginning, but it will pick up.

Also, I might point out that all main characters will be included in this story. That is, the X-Men (Jean, Scott, Kurt, Kitty, Rogue, Evan) And also the brotherhood will get in on the action (Lance, Pietro, Todd, Fred, Wanda).

DISCLAIMER: I don't own these characters and blah, blah, blah.

-Hizzy

Professor Xavier's institution was a very interesting place, as any of its residents would note. The professor found that late night was always the most interesting for himself. He often had trouble sleeping at night so on those nights he secretly entered the minds of those who slept and watched their dreams. It would do them no harm, he knew, as they were sleeping and would never know of his late-night snooping. Besides, he was an old man and that's what old men do. They pry.

On a late Tuesday night, he once again found himself without sleep and wondering what everyone else would dream about that night. His students showed particularly interesting dreams that always proved quite entertaining.

He decided to start with Kitty. Her past few dreams had been a bit dull, so the professor figured she was due for a good one. He concentrated hard and finally found the girl's mind. At first there was nothing but a bit of brain static, but after just a moment, a dream began to form. Slowly, the darkness became brighter until Xavier could see the dream perfectly. And here is what he saw:

Kitty was running down a dirt road with a fearful expression on her face and in her arms she held a fuzzy white dog. She kept running, and running, and then she stopped and bought an expresso at the road-side Starbucks, and then she was running some more. Finally, she got to a farmhouse in the middle of nowhere. She threw the dog down and ran over to her mother.

"Mom! That creepy woman is, like, at it again!" Kitty yelled angrily. The mother knew exactly what Kitty was talking about. It happened a lot. Kitty's dog would run off, relieve itself in their neighbor's yard, causing the neighbor to become very angry and dispose of it. Of course, this would always make Kitty angry so she always bought a new dog and trained it to do the same exact thing. This time, however, her mother was surprised to see the dog still alive.

"She didn't kill the dog this time?" her mother asked as she examined the dog, which indeed was not dead. In fact, it was so alive that it was relieving itself on her leg. Mrs. Pryde kicked the dog away in

disgust.

Kitty beamed, "Nope! I saved little Popo this time. That stupid Wanda will never kill my dog again!" When the name of the neighbor was spoken, a bolt of lightning crashed through the sky, the cows moored in terror, and a man died somewhere in Algeria.

It was at that particularly convenient moment that the creepy music began to play, signaling that Wanda was near. Kitty had a panicked look on her face, and she grabbed her dog and phased through the barn wall, just before Wanda entered the property.

Mrs. Pryde greeted her politely onto the far. Kitty's mother did not dislike her the way Kitty did. In fact, she wanted to kill the dog, too, but that would only result in a much worse situation.

"Hello, Mrs. Pryde. I've come to kill your dog," said Wanda evenly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," the mother said loudly so Kitty could hear. At the same time she pointed towards the barn and then proceeded to prepare for the dog's funeral.

At that time, Kitty was huddled in the barn with Popo. She was sitting next to a cow and giggling. "She'll never find us in here," Kitty said to the dog, "Unless mom tells her we're in here like she probably will. You know how mom can never keep a secret." Just as she said this, the barn door was flung open and Wanda's theme music played. Outside, lightning crashed across the sky, cows moored, and a man in Algeria, who had miraculously recovered from death, died.

"Give me the dog," Wanda said in Kitty's direction.

Kitty stared at her blankly, "Like, what dog?"

Wanda narrowed her eyes at Kitty, growing increasingly agitated. She pointed at Popo, "That one."

"Oh! You mean the one next to me?" Kitty asked and looked at the dog, then looked back at Wanda, "That's not a dog. It's a cow."

Wanda was flustered for a moment, then glared at the other girl, "No it isn't!"

"Is too!" Kitty shot back. She liked to think of herself as an expert debater.

Wanda sighed impatiently, "All right, have it your way. Give me the cow."

Kitty struggled to think of something to say or do to get herself out of this mess. Usually she only got slightly annoyed when Wanda kept killing her dog, but Popo was different than the others. The first dog she'd had, Bobo, was a very ugly dog, so nobody cared at the loss of that dog. The second dog, Koko, wasn't actually a dog. It was a bunny. Then the few after it, Wowo, Fofu, Lolo, Momo, Dodo, and Zozo, were all very stupid and they all smelled funny. Popo, on the other hand, was good natured, intelligent, huggable, and it always got rid of any Jehovah's witnesses that showed up on the farm. Kitty knew that she had to protect Popo, even if that meant doing something about it. Finally, she came up with a fool-proof solution to the whole mess. It would definitely work, with only a 75% chance of failing. Kitty

jumped up, ready to set the plan into motion, when she realized that during the time she had been reminiscing about the dogs and creating the plan, Wanda had already taken the dog and left.

"Like, crap!" Kitty shouted and ran outside. If it wasn't too late, she would come up with a new plan and get the dog back. She ran into the house to inform her mother that she might be late for dinner. Suddenly, a tornado picked up her house and carried it away.

Kitty was still looking for her mother, when she realized that something was terribly wrong. She looked out the window and saw things flying around outside. First, she saw Fred and Todd in a rowboat. Then she saw Logan on his motorcycle. After that she saw Wanda. Kitty gasped and was about to demand her dog back, when, right in front of her eyes, Wanda became a witch. More so, that is. Before anything else could be done, her house plummeted down and down and down, and just when Kitty thought it couldn't go down any more, she realized that it could. A few hours later, it finally hit the ground.

Disoriented, Kitty wobbled around for a while, until she accidentally phased through a wall and fell into a big heap on the ground. She pulled herself up and rubbed her head, grumbling under her breath. This was a bad day, she thought, and that night it would earn a full page entry in her diary. Finally, she became aware of her surroundings. It was very bright and colorful all around. Kitty tried to shield her eyes against it. She knew places like this caused people to get Technicolor Poisoning.

She was still adjusting to the colorful scenery when a large black bubble began to make its way towards her. Kitty stared in amazement as it grew bigger. Her impulses got the best of her, and Kitty reached out and popped the bubble. To Kitty's surprise, a girl fell out of it. The girl was wearing a weird black dress and a crown. Also, the girl did not look pleased with Kitty.

"Um... sorry," Kitty managed as she watched the girl pick herself off the ground and adjust her dress and pick her wand off the ground.

The girl sighed, "That's okay. You'd be surprised at how many times that happens."

"Really? How many times has it happened?" Kitty asked.

"You were the first," the girl said flatly and brushed some brightly colored dirt off her arm.

"Who are you, anyway? Are you, like, some kind of cosplayer, or something?" Kitty had part of the dress in her hand to examine it.

The girl pulled the dress back and sighed, trying not to be annoyed, however, that was becoming increasingly difficult, "I'm Rogue, the good witch of the North."

Kitty's eyes widened, "Witch!? Aren't witches, like, evil?"

Rogue rolled her eyes, "Not all of us. And I'M not the one who crushed somebody with my house." Kitty stared at her blankly for a moment, not quite registering what the good witch had just said to her. "Look," Rogue pointed to under the house, where a pair of feet were sticking out from underneath it.

"Ew!" Kitty gasped as she moved away from the house.

"Ew is right!" Rogue exclaimed, "That's Mystique, the wicked witch of the east! But don't worry, we all wanted to kill her, anyway."

"Because she's evil?"

Rogue thought for a moment, "Well, that and she kept letting her car alarm go off at night and was keeping everyone awake."

Kitty glared at Mystique's feet, "She was REALLY evil, than, wasn't she? Are you sure she's dead." They two girls looked under the house and got nauseated looks across their faces. "She couldn't possibly be any deader," Rogue stated and they moved away from the body

"Um, I need to ask you a favor..." Kitty started.

Rogue stopped her, "I'm way ahead of you. You want to go home, don't you? I actually don't know how to get you home, but if you go talk to The Professor, he'll figure out how to get you there. Take Mystique's shoes and wear them for protection. All you have to do to find The Professor is follow that road there and it will take you to Diamond City, where he lives. Good luck!" With that, the black bubble appeared around Rogue and she floated away.

Kitty groaned. She was actually going to ask if there was a bathroom she could use. She really had to go and she didn't want to go in her house because Mystique might be haunting it. She sighed and looked at the road Rogue had mentioned. 'Maybe this Professor guy has a bathroom I can use...' With that, she set off on journey. One to find a bathroom, and if she had time, she'd find her way home.

Not long after she had started off along the road, she saw that the road split in two different directions.

"Which way am I supposed to go?" she asked herself aloud. She looked down at the map she had bought but all that was on it was a dotted line and an X. She regretted having spent \$10 on it.

To her surprise, a voice answered back in a German accent, "Maybe you should go left."

Kitty blinked a couple times and looked around. She didn't see anybody. The only things in the area were the cornfield, a fence, and a talking scarecrow. Kitty scratched her head and shrugged. She started walking to the left, but was interrupted as the voice spoke again.

"No wait! To the right!"

Kitty was confused but turned did as it said, however the voice only told her to go left, then right, then left, then straight, then up, then backwards, and then around in circles. By that time, Kitty had gotten very dizzy.

Kitty stopped and turned in the direction of the voice, "Make up your mind!"

The scarecrow looked surprised and offended, "Well, it's not like YOU know which way to go!"

Kitty stared at him, realizing finally that the scarecrow had been the voice, "You can talk!"

"I can do more than talk," said the scarecrow, suggestively.

"Like what?"

"Uh..." he thought for a moment, then sighed, "Okay, I can't do anything else. Happy?"

"You can talk but you can't do anything else? Like, what kind of scarecrow ARE you?" Kitty looked at him suspiciously.

"Well, I could do more, but I'm stuck up here," he told her, motioning to the pole he was attached to, "If you help me get down from here, I'll help you find The Professor."

Kitty thought about it, "I guess that would be..." she stopped and narrowed her eyes at him, "Wait, how'd you know I was going to see The Professor?"

"I just figured that's where you were going because you're holding a sign that says, 'PROFESSOR OR BUST,'" he said and pointed to her sign. She looked at it in surprise and remembered making it fifteen minutes ago when she was trying to hitchhike.

She shrugged and yanked him off the pole, "So you know which way to go?"

"Not really, but I want to see him, too," he said and noticed her curious expression and explained, "I'm going to ask him to fix this whole, being a scarecrow thing."

Kitty raised an eyebrow, "You don't want to be a scarecrow?"

"Nah, I want to be a professional wrestler," the scarecrow admitted. Kitty nodded in agreement. Not a person back home didn't want to become a professional wrestler.

"I'll be fun having a traveling partner," Kitty said to him. Her other traveling partner, Crazy George, had stayed behind back at the gas station.

"I'm Kurt," the scarecrow said and extended a hand to shake hers.

"I'm Kitty," she took the offered hand, "You're funny looking."

Kurt glared at her and pulled his hand back, "Well, my mother says I'm a very handsome scarecrow!"

"You're mother?" Kitty asked curiously. She didn't think scarecrows had parents.

"Yeah," he said, "The woman who sewed me together. Her name was Mystique."

Kitty coughed and turned the other way, nervously. She really wanted to change the subject but she only knew of one way to do that. Break into song.

And so they did. Both began skipping and dancing along and sang words, and occasionally trailing off and mumbling where they didn't know the words to the song. They went on like that for hours until they reached a forest. It was completed and utterly deserted. Except for the animals, munchkins, talking trees, several witches, and a strange tin statue of a man. But aside from that them there was nobody.

"Look, Kitty!" Kurt said and pointed to the tin man, "A robot!" He walked over to it and observed it closely. Just as he was noticing its strange tin sunglasses, the tin man made a noise.

Kitty peered at the tin man questioningly, "I think he's trying to talk!"

"Robots don't talk," Kurt told her.

Just then, Piotr walked by. He was in a hurry because he was late for a metal-person assembly. He nodded in Kurt and Kitty's direction and said very quickly, "Hey, how's it going."

Kitty looked back at Kurt smugly. He pouted for a moment, but the tin man brought them back on the subject they had been originally discussing: the tin man.

"What's he saying?" Kitty wondered aloud. They both listened for a moment. The tin man was saying one word over and over again but it was very muffled and he wasn't moving at all.

"It sounds like..." Kurt started and paused a moment to listen again, "Oil..."

Kitty nodded, "It does... Something that rhymes with 'oil' than. But what?"

"Boil?" Kurt suggested.

Kitty thought for a moment, "Coil?"

"Foil?" They continued naming off all the things that rhymed with oil, all the while making the tin man angrier and angrier. Eventually he gave up trying to say the word and just listened to the two in annoyance.

Kitty sat down on a tree stump to prepare herself for some heavy duty thinking. As she took her seat, something fell off the stump and on to the ground. She picked it up and examined it.

"Hey, Kurt," she held it up, "I found this can of oil sitting here... Do you think this is what he was talking about?" As she said this the tin man started making more noise.

"I get it!" Kurt said, "He wants us to oil him! That does make more sense than soil... although..." Kurt looked down at the soil on the ground suspiciously.

Kitty took the oil can over to the tin man and first oiled the hinges of his mouth. As soon as she had done so, his mouth began to move and soon he was able to talk.

"Thank you!" he said, ignoring the previous confusion, "I haven't been able to talk for so long!"

"How long have you been like that?" Kitty asked as she continued to oil the rest of the tin man.

He thought for a moment, "It must have been 500 years."

"Really!" Kurt asked in astonishment, "That long!?"

"Well," the tin man reconsidered, "It was more like five hours."

"Oh..." Kurt said in disappointment. He watched as Kitty finished oiling the final hinge and the tin man was able to move freely around.

"So, what brings you to this part of the woods?" asked the tin man.

"We're on our way to see The Professor," Kitty told him.

"The Professor," the tin man echoed and he thought deeply about that, and then said, "Would you mind if I came along? I want to see him, too." And so he introduced himself. His name was Scott and he was a tin man. He went on to explain how he has no heart, being a tin man and all, and how all the others told him that with heart he just wasn't any fun and it made him too uptight and all that other stuff.

Kurt and Kitty agreed to let Scott join them, especially after he convinced them that his rational thinking would be the only way they could make it to The Professor. And they both agreed that having a responsible person in the group would be a good thing. Especially since that meant that they didn't have to be responsible.

And so, the threesome continued on their way to see The Professor. Unaware of the danger that awaited them, and of the plot twists that would be thrown into the mix to boost ratings. Also, unaware that a chapter was just about to end...

2 - Kitty's Dream [part 2]

It had not even been an hour since the twosome become a threesome, when they entered the dark, spooky portion of the woods. The trees had no leaves, heavy grey clouds covered the entire sky, Michael Jackson fans wandered about... it was enough to leave both Kurt and Kitty pushing Scott to the front for protection. They had all been silent for the past fifteen minutes, but Kurt decided to break the silence.

"Hey, guys?" he started as he nervously looked around, "You don't think there's any lions around here, do you?"

Scott shook his head, "Lions are nothing. We should be worried about tigers."

Kitty huddled a bit more behind Scott, "I'm more worried about bears."

Kurt and Scott looked at her as if she were crazy. "What are you talking about?" Scott asked, "Everyone knows that bears don't live in forests. They live in houses."

"But-

Kurt stopped her from saying anything to further embarrass herself, "Scott, you have to give her some leeway. She's a foreigner, you know."

After that discussion, Scott and Kurt had somehow managed to get themselves into an argument about whether or not a lion could beat a tiger in fisticuffs. Scott ended up making a very good argument and was able to prove that the tiger would most definitely triumph. The whole time Kitty had been growing more and more nervous about being in a forest where lions and tigers lived.

"Don't feel bad," Scott had been saying to Kurt in the aftermath of their argument, "Lions are very dangerous as well. They have those sharp pointy teeth and those huge claws. If we were to find a lion here right now, it would be able to kill us all within a matter of seconds."

Kitty whimpered and grabbed a pointy stick for protection.

"Yes, of course," Kurt nodded in agreement and added, "But, like you were saying before about tigers, they like to kill people really slowly and make them suffer for a while first. It's probably the worst death a person could ever have."

Kitty's lip trembled and she pulled the stick closer to her chest.

"Well, we don't have to worry about them," Scott began to say. Kitty relaxed a little. The tin man continued talking to Kurt, "They wouldn't go for you or I. Lions and tigers aren't interested in straw and tin. They like blood. They'd go straight for Kitty."

"I guess you're right. We've got nothing to worry about," Kurt smiled in relief. He turned and looked back at Kitty, who was petrified with fear, "Kitty? What's the matter? Are you cold or something?" Kitty opened her mouth to speak but the only sound that came out was a small sob.

"Nevermind," Scott said and pulled Kitty along by the arm, "We better get going. If we stay here for too long a tiger might catch your scent."

At that exact moment a few feet from the trio, a couple of trees went flying and a big, furry, snarling something lunged out onto the path. The three screamed and scattered. Kitty hid behind some bushes, Scott converted himself into a tin can, and Kurt ran around in circles, still screaming. The thing watched them all for a moment, with little or no interest. After a few minutes, the girl, the tin man, and the scarecrow began to calm down and they all looked at the thing, which they quickly realized was not a lion or tiger, but a creepy mountain man. The mountain man had an annoyed look on his face, he began to say something, but that only sent the three running around screaming.

Finally, the mountain man yelled very loudly for them all to shut up. Each did as they were told, and they stood very still.

"Now," the mountain man said slowly, "Why are you all screaming?"

The three didn't move. They stayed in the same position with their mouths hung open. The mountain man stared at them impatiently until, finally, Kitty and Kurt nudged Scott forward to represent them to the mountain man. He stood awkwardly in front of the mountain man and said in a shaky voice, "We were screaming because you're really creepy... and you did knock those trees out over there."

The mountain man looked over at the aforementioned trees and realization crossed his face, "Oh. You mean when I did this?" As he said 'this' claws sprang out of his hands and he sliced a few more trees with little effort. The three shrank back and huddled together on the path. The mountain man turned back to look at them, "No wonder everyone is always screaming and running away from me." He sighed and hung his head, "I don't have any friends anymore."

Kitty felt pity for the mountain man and began moving closer to him and asked, "Because they were all afraid?"

"No," he said glumly, "Because I killed them all."

Kitty stopped in her tracks and her face froze in a horrified expression. She reminded herself to continue being friendly, unless she wanted him to kill her, too. Her voice was now shaking as she said, "Why would you do something like that?"

He narrowed his eyes and looked off into the distance, as if glaring at the people he had mentioned, "They made fun of my hair." Kurt was suddenly glad he had suppressed the urge to say anything on that subject.

"Would you have killed them if they hadn't said anything about your hair?" Kitty didn't really know how to talk to creepy mountain men, so she spoke to him as if he were a child. It didn't seem to invoke his rage.

“Of course not,” he said, shocked that she would even suggest such a thing. The three relaxed a little. The mountain man narrowed his eyes again, “Unless they really had it coming.” He looked over at Kitty, “I wish I could have comfortable conversation with everybody, like I’m having with you.”

Kitty nodded stiffly, a fearful smile across her face, “Yes. I totally agree with everything you just said. Please don’t kill me.”

The mountain man looked thoughtful for a moment, “I was planning on going to see The Professor and see if he can fix my creepiness.”

“Really? That’s convenient!” Kurt asked in surprise, “We’re traveling to go see him, too!” Upon saying this, he was elbowed in the side by Kitty and had his foot stomped on by Scott.

“In that case,” he said, “Would you mind if I came along with you?”

Scott swallowed hard and stared at the mountain man’s claws, “Just as long as you don’t kill us.”

“Deal,” said the mountain man, “By the way, my name is Logan.”

So the threesome become a foursome.

Little did the four of them know, they were being watched by the wicked witch of the west, Wanda. She sat in her castle, watching Kitty very carefully through her magic crystal ball, which had very good connection, since she had finally switched to a cable modem. Wanda was not pleased with what she saw. Kitty had something Wanda wanted and there was no way the witch would let her get away with that.

Just then, several of Wanda’s monkey minions; Pietro, Lance, Todd, and Fred, flew in through the window.

“We’ve completed our mission,” Lance reported as he tossed a bag at her.

“Great, I’m starving!” she exclaimed and opened the Taco Bell bag, only to find a shocking site, “Where’s my Chalupa!?”

Fred wiped a bit of sour cream out of his fur, “It must have escaped.”

“You fools!” she hissed, “Do you realize what this means?”

“You won’t go out with me?” Todd asked sadly.

She growled, “No, it means that you’re all idiots! Now go back and do it right this time! And get me some cinnamon twists, while you’re at it!”

“So, you’ll go out with me when we get back, right?” asked Todd hopefully.

"Get out of my site!" Wanda screamed at them, sending the four on their way out the window.

Pietro muttered under his breath, "Geez, must be someone's time of the month."

"Notice how she didn't say 'no'?" Todd said to Fred.

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This dream is brought to you by Taco Bell: the Mexican fast food restaurant of choice for nine out of ten munchkins. Also, that one munchkin who doesn't choose Taco Bell has no taste buds and watches Lifetime.

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Not long after meeting up with Logan, Diamond City was finally in sight. It was the single most beautiful thing Kitty had seen in her entire life. Except for that time she had seen that empty plastic grocery bag caught in an updraft. All that lay between the group and Diamond City was a large field of poppy flowers. Little did they know, Wanda had used a spell that caused the poppies bring about a deep sleep for anyone who smelled them. They had all obviously forgotten about when, five minutes ago, a couple of Wanda's monkey minions had accidentally told them all about it.

They all began to run as fast as they could towards Diamond City. The group had not even gotten halfway through the field of poppies, when Kitty and Logan stopped mid-run, got funny looks across their faces, and fell over. Kurt and Scott came back to the fallen friends to investigate.

"Oh no! Their dead!" Kurt cried, "What'll we do!?"

Scott took a closer look, "Judging by Logan's loud snoring, I'd say they're just sleeping."

"Why would they be sleeping?" Kurt asked.

"It must have something to do with these poppies," Scott observed. The poppies were indeed very suspicious, being poppies and all.

"Poppies..." Kurt mulled over what he had just been told, then his eyes got big and round, "Poppies make opium! They've been drugged!" He began to violently shake Kitty in an attempt to awaken her from her tripped out state.

"Um... Kurt..." Scott started but was interrupted by Kurt's loud wailing.

"Cut down in the prime of their lives!" he sobbed, "They didn't even get to see The Professor! WHY!?!?"

All of a sudden, Rogue, the good witch of the north walked up to them. Without saying a word, she dumped a bucket of water on the two sleeping forms, waking them instantly. Before anything could be said, she disappeared into a bubble and floated away.

Everyone stared after her, than exchanged confused glances. They all decided at that moment, to never

mention the particular event ever again.

They faced many more obstacles on their way to Diamond City. Fierce weather, munchkin attacks, a few run-ins with Wanda and her monkey minions, even a few plagues... but nothing was able to stop them. Three weeks later, they had finally finished walking the seven yards to Diamond City.

Once at the front gate, Kitty noticed a large sign that said, 'PLEASE KNOCK.' She did as it ordered and, moments later, the doorperson, Jean, peeked out at them.

"Can I help you?" she asked quickly.

Kitty smiled politely at her and answered in the nicest-sounding voice she could manage, "Yes, please. We're here to see The Professor."

"No," she said and slammed the door shut. Kitty stared at the door for a moment, then looked back at her companions. They motioned for her to try again, so she knocked on the door once more. It opened and Jean appeared at it, "I already told you, you can't see him."

"Why not?" Kitty asked, managing to catch the door before Jean slammed it again.

Jean got an impatient look on her face and answered, "It's against regulations."

"What is?"

Jean looked even more impatient and said, "If you don't have an appointment, you can't see him. Now go away, he's got other clients to see." With that, she slammed the door again.

Kitty turned around sadly and looked at everyone else, "What now?"

"Get out of my way," Logan grumbled and pushed her aside. He banged on the door noisily. Kitty, Kurt, and Scott all looked on in quiet horror. Even though the guard hadn't let them in, they didn't want to see her ripped apart by a disgruntled mountain man.

Once more, Jean opened the door and looked out, "Can I help you?"

"Yes, actually you can," Logan started off in a calm, courteous voice, that left his companions' mouths hanging open, "I'd like to make an appointment to see The Professor."

Jean smiled at him and pulled out an appointment book, "What time would you like to make it for?"

Logan feigned a contemplative expression, then answered, "How about right now? Is he available then?"

Jean looked in the appointment book. No appointments were scheduled for the entire day. She smiled up at him, "Looks like there's an opening. Come right this way." She opened the door for them.

Logan looked back at Kitty. "That's how you do it," he said, his voice dropping down to its usual growl. Kitty scowled at him, then stomped in through the door.

Upon entering, they found that Diamond City was not actually a city at all. It was just a very large, fancy city-looking building. Inside the building, they were all amazed at what they saw. Nothing. It was just an empty room with plain, white walls and ordinary white tiles. Jean lead them through the room and into a separate room which had a sign across it that read, 'The Professor.'

Jean stopped at the door and told them, "You're on your own from here. I have some important filing to do." With that, she departed to go file her nails.

The four entered the room, which was quite dark. Kitty squinted in the dark to see, when suddenly two columns of fire rose from the other side of the room, and The Professor's giant head could be seen.

"I am The Professor!" said the head, then stared blankly at them.

Kitty stepped forward, "My name's Kitty. The good witch of the north told me that you would, like, know how to send me home."

The Professor stared at her, "Really? The good witch of the north said that?"

"Um... yeah..." Kitty said uncomfortably.

The Professor thought over the new information, then said, "I suppose I could do that.... but at a terrible price."

"Which is...?" Kitty asked.

"Uh..." The Professor looked around, "Well... hm... Oh, I got it! Bring me the broom of the wicked witch of the west!"

"But she's mean! She won't give it to me!" Kitty whined.

"Than I guess you won't be going home, will you?" The Professor said.

"Fine!" Kitty yelled, "I'll get it!" She folded her arms over her chest and turned away to pout.

The Professor turned his attention to the others, "What do you want?"

Scott began, "Well-"

"Bring me the broom and I'll do it," The Professor cut him off.

"But-"

"Broom!" he said.

"The Professor has spoken!" said The Professor and more fire shot up. Suddenly, a curtain behind the head caught on fire and began to burn. "You fool!" shouted The Professor to the source of the fire. St.

John stopped shooting the fire around and stared at The Professor for a moment, then ran away, laughing insanely.

The four left the room angry, annoyed, but mostly just confused. None of the spoke to each other the whole way out of Diamond City and through the poppy field. In fact, nobody said a word until they were halfway through the spooky woods.

"So, how are we supposed to get the broom?" Kurt asked.

Logan pulled out his claws and said in a sadistic, yet creepily excited voice, "Looks like we're going to have to kill the witch." Kitty gave him a stress ball. He began squeezing it until the evil glint disappeared from his eyes.

"I think the best thing to do in this situation," Scott began rationally, "Is to go to where the witch is and take the broom."

"Oh really?" said Kurt sarcastically, "That easy, huh? And I think the best solution to your heart situation is to just go and rip it out of someone's chest."

Scott stared at him for a moment, and an expression of realization crossed his face, "You know, I never really thought of that..." Kurt raised a cloth eyebrow at him, then backed away slowly. Scott looked at Logan's chest and wondered how he could get the heart out of it.

They had no more time to wonder how to get the broom before some of Wanda's monkey minions, Pietro, Lance, Todd, and Fred, all flew down from the sky. Pietro grabbed Kitty and began to fly away with her.

"Where are you taking me," Kitty shrieked and struggled against the flying monkey.

Pietro grinned and said, "To Wanda's castle."

"Oh," Kitty sighed and relaxed. That was the exact place she had planned on going to, anyway, and this way she didn't have to walk. She smiled up at Pietro and said, "Thank you."

Pietro scowled slightly. Of all the people to kidnap, he just had to get the one who actually liked being kidnapped. It completely took all of the fun out of it. The monkey sighed and used his super speed to get the terribly nice kidnapping over with.

Meanwhile, Fred was also having an unusually easy time kidnapping Logan, whose stress ball had somehow put him in a euphoric oblivion.

"Um..." Fred shifted the mountain man's weight around, "I'm kidnapping you and there's nothing you can do about it!"

"That's nice..." Logan purred. Fred was becoming increasingly uncomfortable with this assignment.

At the moment, Lance and Todd were having a bit of trouble with Kurt and Scott. Their orders had been

to simply destroy the scarecrow and the tin man. They thought it would be easy but found that the victims were fleeing in terror. It was completely unexpected.

Finally, Lance created an earthquake with his power and sent a pile of rocks tumbling down off a convenient cliff and on top of Scott. The rocks smashed the unfortunate tin man apart.

Todd chased after Kurt as that was happening. Sometimes Todd would fly and sometimes he would hop, which made Kurt very confused. He had never been chased by a monkey/toad before and didn't exactly know how to deal with him. So he improvised and teleported himself around, just managing to stay out of the reach of Todd. Just as Kurt thought he was going to get away, Todd snagged a piece of the scarecrow's shirt and yanked hard on it. The shirt was pulled open and the straw inside Kurt flew out.

"My straw! I need that to live!" Kurt yelled and tried to grab at the straw, but to no avail. Soon he was just a pile of German cloth.

Todd and Lance smiled smugly at each other and flew away to tell Wanda what a good job they had done. Sometimes if they were really good she'd give them a cookie. The rest of the time she would just hit them a lot. They liked the cookies better.

Back at Wanda's castle....

"Wanda, I got the girl!" Pietro said as he threw Kitty onto the ground in front of the witch.

"Good work, idiot," Wanda said and gave Pietro a cookie. He happily munched on it and flew out the window. Once he was sure she couldn't see him anymore, he stuck his tongue out at her. 'I sure showed HER!' Pietro thought proudly.

Kitty pulled herself off the ground and faced Wanda, and said in the most assertive voice she could muster, "You have something I, like, want!"

Wanda looked surprised for a moment, but then an idea came to mind and she grinned down at Kitty, "What is it you want?"

"Your broom," Kitty said, still trying to be assertive. She pointed at the broom Wanda was holding in her hand.

Wanda looked from Kitty to the broom and wondered why anyone would want it. She shrugged and said, "Okay. But since this IS my only broom," she thought back to the whole closet full of other brooms, "Why don't we make a trade?" Kitty began to pull out her wallet, but Wanda stopped her, "I don't want your money. I want those shoes you're wearing."

"My shoes?" Kitty looked down at the shoes on her feet, "You mean these ruby ones I, like, got on sale at K-Mart?"

"Exactly!" Wanda said. Kitty didn't see anything wrong with this trade. She didn't actually like the shoes. They were very ugly and she had only bought them because they matched that cute red dress she had. She took the shoes off her feet and exchanged them for the broom.

As soon as the shoes were in her hands, Wanda began cackling evilly, and was about to unleash the shoes true powers, when Fred slammed the door open.

"Wanda!" he said loudly, abruptly ending the witch's cackling, "I put the mountain man in your bedroom just like you told me to!"

Wanda glared at him, "I told you to put him in the dungeon!"

"Oh..." Fred looked down at his feet, "I thought dungeon was just another room for bedroom."

"Idiot!" Wanda shouted. She pointed at Fred and Kitty, "You two stay here until I get back!" She pushed passed Fred and stormed out of the room.

Fred and Kitty sat in silence for a moment. Kitty finally looked over at Fred and said, "I'm really thirsty. Could you get me, like, a bottle of water or something?"

"Uh, okay," Fred said and exited, a few moments before Wanda reentered.

"Now where was I?" Wanda said as she stepped back in. She picked up the shoes and began cackling again. The true power of the shoes was about to be released when Fred slammed into the room again.

"I got the water!" he announced and handed it to Kitty.

"Oh, thanks! It's, like, really good to finally have some real bottled water for a change," she exclaimed and began to drink it.

"Well, actually," Fred said sheepishly, "We were out of bottled water so I just filled an empty one with tap water."

Kitty immediately spit the water and tried not to freak out. "I can't drink tap water!" she shrieked, but was interrupted when she noticed Wanda screaming. She looked over and saw that she had accidentally spit all of the water on the witch. "I'm sorry," she said, "Is that, like, a new cape?"

Wanda continued screaming and her body began to smoke. Kitty watched in disgust as the witch melted.

Fred and Kitty stared at where Wanda once stood. Neither knew exactly what to say. So they didn't say anything. They just walked in separate directions, never to see each other again.

Kitty found Logan and both went out in search of Kurt and Scott but all they could find was a big pile of metal and a few pieces of cloth. Instead they just built a new Kurt and Scott. They were almost exactly the same, except that Kitty decided to make Kurt a girl this time.

Once they were all reunited, they traveled back to Diamond City to see The Professor.

"So," said The Professor after he had heard the entire story of how Wanda had been defeated, "You

threw water on her and she melted? It seems a little too convenient. Go back and kill her again. This time, make it more exciting."

Kitty looked at him in shock, "But-"

"You all have to leave now," Jean said as she directed the four out of the room, "It's time for The Professor's nap."

The four left the building in disappointment.

"What are we supposed to do now?" asked Kurt. Nobody knew the answer except Scott, but he decided to keep not mention anything.

They were all in the middle of feeling sorry for themselves, when the good witch of the North floated down in her bubble.

"So how did it go with The Professor?" she asked.

"Terrible!" Kitty groaned, "You said he'd help me and he didn't!"

Rogue shrugged, "Well, what do you want from me? I'm just a witch."

"If your a witch, can't you help me get a heart?" asked Scott.

"Sure, why not?" Rogue pulled a heart out of her pocket and handed it to him. He looked at it in disgust for a moment, then walked away to figure out how to put it in his chest.

"What about me?" Logan demanded, "I was going to ask him to help me not scare everyone off."

"Here," Rogue said and handed him a new stress ball. Logan squeezed it a couple times, got a large smile across his face, then walked away to make some friends.

Kurt stepped forward, "And me? Can you fix my... being a scarecrow?"

Rogue stared at the scarecrow for a moment. She had remembered Kurt being a boy scarecrow before. She shook her head, then said, "But why would a pretty scarecrow like you want to be anything else? Come on, lets go braid your hair!"

Kurt giggled, "Okay!" And the two skipped off.

"Hold on!" Kitty yelled after them, "What about me!?"

"Use the shoes! They have powers!" Rogue called back at her before she and Kurt disappeared out of site.

Kitty looked down at her feet, only then remembering giving Wanda her magical shoes. Now what would she do? How would she get home? Would she ever get to see Popo again? How would her socks stay

clean without shoes? She was all alone now because her friends were actually happy. The jerks.

She knew what she had to do. She had to live here in this strange land and make a place for herself. Maybe she would become the new wicked witch. That's right, she would go back and get her shoes, release their evil power and...

"Hey there's my house!" Kitty exclaimed as she saw the farm. Turns out, the tornado had only moved it a few feet to the left.

With that, Kitty woke up. She rubbed her eyes and looked around her room. There was no farm, no witches, no shoes...

"Weird," she said and went back to sleep.

Meanwhile, the professor was sitting quietly, thinking over what he had just seen. He decided that it would be best to not think about it and instead forget he had ever seen it.

3 - Kurt's Dream

The professor decided to get his mind off Kitty's strange dream by moving on to somebody else. Who would it be this time? He went through their minds quickly and found that Kurt was just beginning one of his dreams, and decided that he might as well take a look.

At first the professor couldn't make anything out, but after a moment or so he realized that the dream was taking place on a plane. The rest of the dream began to unfold:

Kurt took his seat next to the window and looked around nervously. The flight wasn't all that busy but all of the other passengers were making a lot of noise. He was glad that Evan had decided to come with him on his trip to Germany. He didn't want to tell anyone, but he really didn't like flying all that much since he had seen *Alive*. Sure, he had found the movie extremely hilarious, what with the eating people and all, but it kind of ruined the whole prospect of flying. On the other side of the aisle next to Evan, he noticed a suspicious looking man stroking a handgun.

Kurt leaned over to the man and said, "Are you nervous about this flight, too?"

The man looked at him in anger, "What is THAT supposed to mean? Are you accusing me of something."

"Nothing!" Kurt said quickly, "I just meant that I'm a little uneasy when I'm on planes and you looked like you-"

"Shut up! Shut up!" The man shouted, "Now everyone knows! Are you happy!?"

Kurt was very confused, "What are you-"

The man jumped out of his seat and pointed the gun at Kurt's face, "I'll kill you!"

Before the man could follow through, a flight attendant tapped him on the shoulder and said in a very polite voice, "Excuse me, sir, but we have a 'no gun' policy. You'll have to put that away."

"Oh, sorry," said the man and shoved the gun in his pocket. The flight attendant smiled and walked away. The man sat down and glared at Kurt, "I'm still going to kill you."

Evan snickered next to him, "Smooth move."

Kurt sighed and stared glumly out the window. The plane hadn't even taken off yet and he'd already managed to become the target of a convict, according to the man's prison uniform and handcuffs still attached to his wrists. Instead, Kurt focused on a different plane that was taking off at that moment. He thought, 'See? That plane is taking off just fine. It's completely safe.'

Just then the other plane exploded. Kurt's eyes widened and he looked away from the window. He felt

his whole body tense up when his own plane began to take off. His hands dug into the armrests, but other than that, he didn't move an inch, except for his heart which beating so hard that he was sure it would explode out of his chest like that alien did in the movie Alien. He thought that was a very cool part in the movie and he was so busy thinking about it that he forgot all about being nervous. Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, he felt something hit the back of his head. He looked down and saw that it had been a cookie. Behind him, he saw a little boy, with a handful of cookies. When the little boy saw Kurt's accusing eye on him, he pointed at the elderly woman sitting next to him. Kurt rolled his eyes and turned back around. Little did he know, it really was the elderly woman who had thrown the cookie.

Kurt went back to staring out the window. The sky was full of dark clouds and he couldn't see anything beyond the wing of the plane. As he was staring miserably into the storm outside, he noticed something on the wing. He squinted to make it out, and was shocked to see it moving.

Kurt shook Evan's arm, "I see something on the wing!"

"It's called an engine," Evan muttered.

"No, I'm serious!" Kurt jumped out of his seat, "There's something on the wing of the plane!"

The convict stood abruptly and aimed his gun at Kurt again, "Now you die!" He was interrupted when the flight attendant tapped him on the shoulder.

"Sir, we've been through this before," she said and pointed at a 'no guns' sign.

For a moment the man got a thoughtful look on his face and he said, "What about knives? Can I use one of those?"

The flight attendant considered this. She looked over at another flight attendant, who only shrugged. "I'll have to check the manual," she said finally and walked away.

The man watched her leave, then leaned over Kurt with a serious expression. "When she gets back," he said, "I'll cut you good."

Kurt wasn't listening. He was staring out the window at the thing. Was it a person? Maybe it was some sort of animal. What was it doing out there? It almost looked as if the thing was trying to pull apart the wing. Then a thought came to Kurt. It was quite obviously a gremlin. Everyone knew that gremlins destroyed aircrafts. If Kurt had learned anything from the movie Gremlins, it was that he shouldn't feed it because it was after midnight. He was in the middle of wondering why the rain wasn't affecting it, when the stewardess came back to inform the crazy man that knives were only to be used for cutting steak or dealing with elderly folks who wouldn't shut up.

"Damn!" said the man and stabbed his knife into the armrest. He cast a glance at an old woman who had started up an unwanted conversation with a different stewardess, but the man decided against using the knife.

"Uh, miss?" Kurt called after the stewardess as she was turning to leave, "Did you know there's a gremlin on the wing of the plane?"

She stared at him for a moment, then started laughing. Then everyone started laughing. They all pointed at Kurt and laughed for a few minutes, until some old guy started having a heart attack, and everyone focused their laughter at him instead. It went on for another forty-five minutes. By that time the old man's heart attack had subsided and he had gone to sleep. There were still a few people chuckling, but they were mostly just remembering the look on the man's face when he had been having the heart attack.

Kurt looked over at Evan, "You believe me, don't you?"

Evan sighed, "Look, you're probably just on edge from our movie marathon last night. You know: Alive, Gremlins, Alien, The Twilight Zone Movie...."

Kurt looked out the window and didn't see the thing out there anymore. He relaxed in his chair, "I guess you're right." He was glad that they hadn't gotten around to watching Con Air, because then he'd think there was some convict threatening to kill him. He cast a tentative glance to the seat next to Evan and saw the convict, who was currently glaring at him, and moved a finger across his throat, making a cutting noise. Kurt slumped in his seat.

Yawning, Evan looked at his watch. It was already very late. "Hey, man, I'm gonna go to sleep, okay?"

"Ja," Kurt nodded, "Me too." He leaned his pillow against the window and snuggled up against it. It wasn't long before he was asleep. He dreamt about some kid with strange powers, who manipulated his life to become more like a cartoon. It was a very strange dream. Kurt woke up with a start. He saw that Evan was still sleeping and cast a hazy glance at his watch, showing that he had only been asleep for little more than an hour. He yawned and considered going back to sleep, but decided against it. He pulled his pillow away from the window, but his blood ran cold at what he saw just outside the window. The gremlin had its face pushed up against the window and it looked as if it was trying to claw its way in. Kurt shrieked and fell out of his seat.

Evan stirred and looked down at Kurt, "Wuzza?"

"The gremlin..." Kurt pointed a shaking finger at the window but the gremlin was already gone.

Just then, the pilot burst out of the cockpit, "I heard screaming. Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," one of the stewardesses said in annoyance, "This young man here just thinks he saw a gremlin."

"A gremlin!?" The pilot scoffed and burst out laughing. Then everyone pointed at Kurt and laughed.

Kurt pulled himself back into his seat and looked out the window. He saw the gremlin out there, and this time it was clawing at one of the engines. Kurt tried to tell them but they all just kept laughing.

The stewardess wiped a tear from her eye, then seemed to have a thought and her laughing died down, "Ah, Larry?"

The pilot was still chuckling, "Yes, Janice?"

"Who's flying the plane?" she asked.

Larry rolled his eyes, "The co-pilot. Do you honestly think that I'm daft enough to leave the controls unattended?"

At that moment, the co-pilot emerged from the bathroom, "I heard laughing. Did that old guy have another heart attack?" Everyone burst into more fits of laughter, except for Kurt, Larry, and the aforementioned old guy, who was indeed having a heart attack. Larry looked around nervously, then hurried back into the cock pit, hoping nobody had noticed that the plane had plummeted dangerously low.

Kurt ignored everyone's laughter as he stared out the window in horror as one of the engines shot sparks out of it and died. The gremlin moved on to the next engine.

"The engine! The gremlin just ruined that engine!" Kurt pointed frantically out the window, but everyone just laughed harder.

"Oh man!" Evan was clutching his side from laughing, "You're too funny!"

"I'm serious! We're all going to die!" It was hopeless to convince anyone of anything when they only laughed harder at anything that was said. Kurt knew he had to do something. He couldn't just sit around and wait for the gremlin to kill them all. As much as he hated all the people in the plane for laughing at him, they didn't deserve to die. Except for the convict, who had been sentenced to death in the first place.

Kurt looked over at the convict, who was laughing too hard to shoot the gun he had in his hand. He grabbed the gun from the convict's hand. He knew what he had to do. First, he would shoot the window out, then go out there and shoot the gremlin, then he'd force the gremlin to apologize to everyone. He hadn't really thought the whole plan through, but he was sure it would work because it was completely not something a crazy person would do.

Of course, he hadn't taken into account the whole being high up in the air in an airplane thing. Nobody noticed his actions at first, as they had all taken to laughing at the poor old heart-attack-prone man, but they certainly noticed after the first shot rang out and window next to Kurt smashed into pieces. Then all hell broke loose. Many people began screaming, others laughed harder, one man ran around on fire, Kurt continued shooting out the window and yelling at the gremlin about how it was ruining his whole trip, Evan went back to sleep, St. John was setting more people on fire. Then, the pilot and co-pilot burst out of the cock-pit. Larry started throwing hand-grenades around and the co-pilot dumped hot coffee into some girl's lap. She would later sue him for millions.

It went on like that for a very, very, needlessly long amount of time. Eventually, the plane managed to land itself safely on the ground. The chaos went on for a couple more hours, until everyone realized that they had landed and exited the plane in an orderly fashion.

Kurt found himself in a straight jacket, being loaded into an ambulance.

"Wait! I'm not crazy! The gremlin tried to kill us!" Kurt pleaded desperately, "Just go look at the damage!"

"We saw it," said a police officer, "It was all caused by your shooting."

Another officer nodded, "That's right, the bullets smashed the engine, then they made those claw marks all over the wing, then crapped on it."

"But bullets can't-"

"Get him out of here," said the first officer, shaking his head at Kurt's craziness.

Kurt struggled in vain, "Evan! Tell them I'm not crazy!"

Evan looked at Kurt, then at the officers, "He's crazy. Really crazy. Hey, Kurt, where do you keep your DVDs?"

The paramedics loaded Kurt into the back of ambulance and began to drive him away. Kurt lay in his straight jacket and finally gave up on struggling.

He saw the gremlin sitting next to him and said to it, "You know, nobody believes you exist except for me."

"Oh, of course they do," said the gremlin, "And they're always after me Lucky Charms."

At this point, the professor got himself out of Kurt's dream as fast as he could, before it could develop any further. He shook his head and reminded himself to make sure the students didn't get any more sweets before they went to sleep.