

# THE SEqUEL

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*This is the sequel to A peaceful day...(yeah right). It's still zany, but has more inside jokes. I was surprised when Matthew decided to make more...but yay anyway! Enjoy!*

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# 1 - It's got chicken wings!

[Note from author's sister: This is chock full of inside jokes and stuff my brother and I make up so please feel free to ask questions about whatever. I'll be happy to give answers to you!]

## THE SEqUEL

Dib stared hungrily at the nearby bowl of chicken wings.

Gaz: You want these, don't you?

Dib's mouth turned squiggly as he feebly shook his head 'yes'.

Gaz: And you know what you have to do to get them, don't you?

Dib: If I sing a coolish song?!

Gaz cringed. She could scream 'no', but that was pretty much guaranteed not to have any effect at this point.

Dib: A one and a two, NOW! EARL IS HEAVY-O' SO FAT! WHY DOES HE EAT SOOOO MUCH? \*ba boom boom\* HE NEEDS TO GO ON ATKINS, BUT IS TOO FAT TO MOVE! SOMEBODY TRY TO MOVE HIM, HE'S TOO FAT TO LIFT! \*ba boom boom\* EVERYONE GRAB A LEG AND ARM AND PULL! **PULL! PULL!!!!**

Gaz's eye twitched. Zim, who was not too far away (coincidentally), felt the fabric of the universe unfold.

Zim: Dib did that treachery again, didn't he Gir?

Gir: Nope. He just sung!

Zim furrowed his brow (as far as you can tell).

Zim: GIR! STOP BEING A PAIN!

Dib smiled in delight at his happy song creation like a kindergartener who just made a picture that barely resembles a truck with a foot sticking out.

Gaz: DIB- \*she stopped for a moment, knowing she couldn't scold him or she wouldn't get what she needed out of him\*... I know how much you know I hate you, but if you don't stop, NO CHICKEN WINGS!

Dib: But I want the poultry! Give it now or I'll cry!

Gaz: Grr, do you ever shut up? Now here's what you need to do. Go down to Piggies and get me a pizza. If you do this correctly, you may have this bowl of slowly-decomposing meat!

Dib: Oh goodie! I always get the good end of the deal!

Gaz: And if you don't make it quick, I'll make your punishment long lasting and severe. Now go!

Dib shrugged and skipped out the door, arms swinging, tongue sticking out, and 'La la la-ing' the whole way.

Purple? Where are you?

Red looked around wearily.

Purple jumped off the ceiling fan screaming. He landed on Red and grabbed him.

Purple: So you're the mean bully! My sources tell me you are him! The mean bully! Wahhaaa!!!

He started swinging Red around.

----Purple wakes up.

Purple: Premonition tells me I should have a talk with Red.

So it was. Gaz's word was law. Humble Dib didn't understand what he had to do; he had forgotten. But he felt like walking anyway. Mindlessly and dumbly, but still.

Happening across a hapless nickel on the sidewalk, Dib stared.

It rolled a few inches.

Dib: Hi mister Nickel! Do ya wanna come home with me and meet my sister?

Nickel: No. (as far as you can tell)

Dib stared longer, drifting into a reverie.

Dib saw a strange creature moving around, turning a light shade of yellow.

Dib squinted his eyes, but it shot forward!!!

Yellow thing: **BLPP GUAP GIBBLE GIBBLE GWRAA!**

Dib: Oh no! It's flounder head fish-tail girl!

Flounder-head-fish-tail-girl: blpppp!! gribblegraawwww!!!

Dib: You sound stupid! Like Gaz when she eats pasta!

Gaz: \*Pingggggg\* \*eyes open wide\*

Dib: Anyway, I hate you because you're stupid. So go away!

Flounder-head-fish-tail-girl: Burble.

Christina: This is the story? Where're the details? Where's the meat? Why don't you make it better!

Narrator: Well, now that you mention it, you would be a nice detail to add.

Christina: Wait! No! That's not what I meant!

Dib: Wait! What about me? I'm still here!

Narrator: Shut up.

Dib: Ok. You're still dumb.

Narrator: Now what shall we make Christina do? I shall ponder.

Christina: Maybe you will give me pudding and pork loaf?

Narrator: I couldn't do that, for that would be superfluous. However...

\*Pudding goes in Christina's hand\*

Christina: Yay! Pudding! ^\_^ \*takes bite\*

Narrator/author: It's vegemite flavor.

Christina: Oh no! You are so mean!

Purple: You've got that right.

Christina and Narrator: Excuse me?

Purple: I've been tracking the evidence for about a minute or so. Red is becoming mean! I need to put this- high-pot-he-sis to the test!

Meh.

Dib: Love me too!

Narrator: Fine. I'll go back into...narrator land now.

Dib was back on the sidewalk, the nickel having been eaten by a Great Dane. He saw the poor hound coughing and choking madly in the distance before it fell over.

Snoopy: Bluhhhd!

Dib remembered what he had to do. He turned around, but GAZ WAS THERE STARING AT HIM!

[P.S: I'm Christina and the narrator is Matthew. I don't really like pork loaf or know what it is for that matter, but I know I like pudding! ^\_^]

## 2 - Puppies and Poundings

Gaz: How dare you take light of my eating noises that I...don't make!

Dib: It still sounds funny.

Gaz got angry. Her eyes narrowed...very much so.

Dib: Now remember your therapy.

Gaz: That chump didn't even have a doctorate! He couldn't even make a puppy calm if he tried.

Dib: You said puppy. I want a puppy now Gaz! Give me a puppy! And not that Great Dane!

Snoopy: MORE BLUHHHHHD!

Gaz: Now I will really give you punishment!

While she was closing in on Dib, a girl came running past, screaming "Kitsune!" multiple times.

Gaz: Don't dare distract Gaz!

The weird Kitsune-screaming girl ran off. It turned out she was being chased by none other than...

(In the distance) I don't know what you've been told; I'm going to hit you till you're COLD!

Military Snoopy Mk4: Wait, where did she go?... Wait, new targets! SOUND OFF!

Gaz: Hit me and you die.

Military Snoopy \*sweatdrop\* aims at Dib.

Dib: Hit me and...I'll cry!

Military Snoopy: All the more reasons! GOD, BLESS AMERICA!!! LAND, WHERE I \*Hits Dib\* POUND!  
\*wall thump thump\* HIT BESIDE HER \*lamp bang bang\* AND SMITE HER \*grass bash bash\* .....

Dib was becoming grotesque looking. Let us check up on Zim.

Zim: I heard my name.

Gir: YAY! CLOUDS ARE CANDY FLOSS!

Zim: Will you be quiet; I am working on my Mastermind plan 2!

Gir: Only if you give me a cookie.

Zim grits his teeth and throws a stale fig neutron at Gir. Gir is pleased.

Gir: What is mastermind plan 2? \*Forgets about the nasty confection\*

Zim: Secret.

Gir: Tell me.

Zim: No.

Gir: Yes.

Zim: No.

Gir: YES!

Zim: NO!

Gir: No.

Zim: Ok then. Shall we move on?

Gir: No!

Zim: Yes!

Gir: What were we talkin' about?

Meanwhile, in a parallel universe, Gaz was trying on clothes at the mall.

Gaz: What do you think looks better on me, like, the blue or the pink?

Dib: Whatever sis. I'm trying to download illegal movies!

Gaz: You're right! The pink is totally awesomier!

Dib: Get out before I throw Sports Illustrateds at you!

Gaz: You are so, like funny!

Dib: Whatever.

Red: Let's color rainbows and happy things!

Purple: Shut up Red. You're so dim witted. Tell me what equilibrium is and I will give you a nickel for the gumball machine!

Red: Duhh.....Two friendly librarians?

Purple: ....\*scratches brow...ya\* You naïve twit!

Back to the universe we all know as our universe:

Dib: That stupid Snoopy was mean.

Gaz: At least he did a good job beating you. But I still have to.

Dib: Drat. Ok, I'm ready. Not too hard this time!

Gaz: What was I doing again?

Dib: I forget. Something about cookies and ice cream.

Gaz: Those horrible things? They are sweet...\*shudder\* I only like bitter and angry.

Dib: Angry isn't a food group ^\_^

Narrator: Will this story get ANY worse? CAN IT? IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE? \*FOAM FOAM FOAM!!\*

Johnny Bravo: Ya, whatever.



### 3 - Subplot Number 1

**Part three:** NOTE (the sticky kind that is shaped like squares that you can stick to almost anything except Styrofoam...Drat, how useful that would be.):

This next part will probably go askew. Randomness is great, but staying on plot is ok too.

Dib: You're lying. I know you are.

Narrator: Do NOT interrupt notes Dib! They are serious!... ..... You're right though....

Let us go on. And before I end the note, let me end with this: CHRISTINA, STOP GIVING MY CHAPTERS AND STORIES DUMB NAMES! I DID NOT AUTHORIZE THEM! NO SOUP FOR YOU! Ahem. I will get all the random, floating on my head ideas out onto little subplots. Nifty! Super! Swell! Whatever word you use depending on region! But not Super Nifty. Never say that. Or grand.

Subplot 1: Gaz meets the new girl, who goes by the convenient, not-nearly-even rehearsed or thought of before-name Mary Sue.

Gaz: What a delightful day for pizza. I am not even completely angry at the world right now, but still pretty close!

\*Door knocks\*

Gaz: Get it Dib. I'm busy writing my to-do list in my day planner! Or some other lame excuse like that!

Dib: You know I can't do that! \*Rolls eyes\* You know what happened last time... \*Fadey flashback thingy\*

Dib: I'll get it Gaz! \*Opens door\*

Person at door: Hello, I'd like to sell you this vacuum cleaner. It is very important that you buy it. It is my job to sell it, you know.

Dib: Ok. How much does it pollute, er, I mean cost?

Person at door: Pollute? P...Po...Pollute? \*Head cocks right\* They didn't say anything about...po-lluti-on....!

Dib: Now don't make me call the paramedics on you, Mr. Tall Stranger!

Person at door: Wheeze... Pollution?! I need to get to the bottom of this! I must stop this horrible insurgent company at once!

Gaz: And then you hit him with the frying pan. And then the fire extinguisher. And the cat.

Dib: But he was breathing heavy! You should always hit someone with hard objects when they breathe heavy. Everyone knows that.

Gaz: Never mind; just run upstairs. I'll get the stupid door.

Not happy that she actually lost (Gaz: Never say Gaz lost...) Appeased Dib to avoid conflict and two more paragraphs of nonsense, she reluctantly opened the door.

A girl with long flowing brunette-with-gold-highlights and a slender, tall, yet strong stature and a feeling of aura stood before Gaz.

Mary Sue: Hi, my name is Mary Sue. I'm new here. It is WONDERFUL to meet you. You look like such a WONDERFUL person!

She said in a very enticing voice. She had the most perfect eyes, with which she stared at Gaz with a pearly white smile.

Gaz stood aghast. She immediately sensed danger, realizing that nobody could be this perfect. She also thought that the name Mary Sue seemed familiar, but couldn't put her finger on it.

She opened one eye and snapped.

Gaz: I don't know who you are-

Mary Sue: "I'm Mary Sue!" She said delightfully, not brushed by this comment.

Gaz: -But you don't belong here. Something about you seems strange. Go away. \*Slams door\*

Mary Sue: \*Through Door\*- But it is so great to know you! You are so cute, funny, and WONDERFUL!

Gaz felt a bout of anger rising.

No Gaz. Remember your therapy... Professor Sleeziak, I don't think its working... Explosion imminent!

The door boomed open, knocking Mary Sue off balance and onto the ground. She rose from the ground gracefully, not showing a sign of dirtiness.

Gaz: \*Menacing\* **Look you... You think you can come around and grace us all with your perfection... I don't like that... Hatred is the only thing acceptable!!!!**

Mary Sue: But I love everything and everyone sooooo much! \*Sparkly Eyes\*

Gaz: That's it. \*Blows up inflatable Dib, then pops it with teeth.\*

Mary Sue: You are SOOOO funny and SOOOOO Wonderful!!!

Gaz approached this awkwardly placed female with Death's gaze in her eyes. She levitated into the air, stared coldly into her eyes, and transported her into another dimension...leaving but ashes.

Dib: \*From behind, eating popcorn\* Wow! I didn't know you could do that. That was neat. I want to fly too! Do me next! Do me next!!!!

Gaz: If I did that, I would have nobody to torture, fool...

Dib: Darn you and your Pythagorean Theorem logic.

Somewhere off in a distant fairytale land where everything is fantastic, utopian, and perfect.

???: Dude.... Look's like my transporter device thing failed... I had to switch myself with somebody else to find my one true soul mate, Gaz, who shares all the hatreds and despises everything I do... Looks like that won't happen. Crappy Japanese hardware. I wonder who got put in my place?

END of 1st subplot

Subplot 2 (and last subplot) Coming soon. Now excuse me while I eat pie and apply ointment to my sore fingers. In that order, of course, because like everyone else, I eat pie with my hands.

Mmm, pie. Haha. I said pie. Twice.

[-Sadly, this was the last part my brother made before losing interest in this story. There may be a time he adds on to it, but you can check out his dA gallery for now. His screen name is **me-duhhh** if ya' want to see more! He's got some pretty funny comics and a story there. ^^ -]