

# The Dreaded Green Something

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*Do you hate eating veggies? Do you hate eating large globs of an old-shoe-smell-like green something that your mom claims is a veggie? If you answered yes to these questions, then this story's for you!*

*Comments and Critism Welcome!!!*

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# 1 - The Dreaded Green Something

The bland taste in his mouth started to cement his jaw together, unwilling to chew the substance further and allow its unforgiving juices to infiltrate his taste-buds anymore. Regardless, he forced his lower jaw to revolve in circular motions, much like a cow does when chewing cud, to shorten the ordeal. The sooner he could swallow, the sooner the aftertaste would set in, the sooner the aftertaste would disappear. Squinting his eyes from the cardiovascular endurance called forth to chew this senseless lump of steaming green something- he wasn't entirely sure what it was himself- his eyes soon began to water. Partly from the taste, partly from the soreness in his jaw joints from chewing, but mostly from the uncomfortably cotton ball-like texture it gave off every time his teeth applied friction. Before the weak dams that his lower eyelids created gave out to his tears growing height, he forced himself to swallow the substance, while feeling the same sensation of that cotton ball being rubbed against all 360 degrees of his throat. Finally, at long last, he forced it all the way down into his stomach where it rested uncomfortably in his stomach juices. They both, the thing he just ate, and the things he had eaten, starting reacting with each other in a way that one would pray for two things never to react. He grabbed his stomach and bent over, folding his torso onto his knees, in a futile attempt to get the two reactants separated, eyes bugging out in shock of this horrible and foreign feeling. He knew, he just knew he couldn't hold on much longer before the nuclear fusion acting inside of him would eat away at all his innards. Slowly, painfully he raised his head, grimacing with every inch he rose until he was eye to eye with one of the three-member audience who forced him, even worse, threatened him, to eat the abomination. Incapable of stringing together coherent words, he instead lifted one of his arms which clutched his tummy, regretting this instantly as its pressure halted the small amount of relief ceased, and raised it agonizing inch after agonizing inch. Finally the appropriate hand gesture and facial expression were made. Now all he had to do was to make some sort of noise to punctuate just how horrible a fate this person had bestowed upon him. He gave out a low, growling grunt, flaring his nostrils in his righteous anger, or at least he thought he accomplished this noise. All the other three participants heard was a rather effeminate whimper which would've been more cute than creepy under different circumstances.

Lowell Marcus Yucca, you aren't going anywhere until you finish what's on your plate, firmly stated his mother, matching his death glare with practiced precision.

Anger turned to dread. His hand fell limp on his lap, as he stared at the table-level position he was still at, bent over and all that. Lowell went at his mother from a different angle this time. He conjured up his best puppy-dog face and made a whimper like he did prior, this time lacking the creepy and exploding with the cute. A silent celebration went on inside his mind as he saw the woman's expression soften up. He started milking this act for all it was worth. And just when he thought that he won&

Eat! Demanded the dictatorial mom, the previously softening face back to its resolute seriousness. Looking down at his plate, he grimaced at the mountain of green something, much larger than everybody else's he mentally noted, in dread. He pinched his nose in a genius remembrance that it would dampen any flavor no matter how strong, and reached for the salt in hopes that it would distract the awful flavor from his tongue. This fated pairing was doomed to last eternally; Lowell finished his entire plate in a matter of minutes as his mother apathetically watched her son's rediscovery of the combination of nose-pinching and salt for the umpteenth time.

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Yay! The first thing I've written in forever! Please, oh, please comment on something anything; it doesn't even have to regard the story, although it's preferable!

I don't know if I should continue it or not, so please tell me if I should or shouldn't. If you have ANY suggestions, and I mean ANY, of what should happen next, I will be the most grateful person in the world to hear it!!!