

# Lilo & Stitch go to Camp Snoopy (stupid title, I k

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*L&S run off in the Mall of America, and Jumba sends 630 to get them.*

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|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| <b>Chapter 1 - Pleakley's Announcement</b>                      | <b>2</b>  |
| <b>Chapter 2 - A Terrible Secret (okay that's melodramatic)</b> | <b>12</b> |
| <b>Chapter 3 - The Mall</b>                                     | <b>20</b> |
| <b>Chapter 4 - 630 is activated</b>                             | <b>25</b> |

# 1 - Pleakley's Announcement

I don't own Lilo & Stitch or their 'ohana, but 630 is MINE and if you use her in your stories you have to say she's MINE!

Author's Note: In this fanfic, Pleakley (and the others too, but especially Pleakley) will have the mentality he did in the movie. (The FIRST movie, not that other piece of bletzgorp. Stitch! is a great TV show but a rotten movie.) Sometimes characters (mostly Pleakley) are tragically misrepresented and I really hate that.

Another Author's Note: No flames. Unless I tragically misrepresent a character, because that is just bad and I deserve flames for it.

## Chapter 1: Pleakley Makes An Announcement

"Hey, guuys!" I sang over the breakfast table. Nobody looked up. I get that a lot.

"Guys!" Nothing.

"GUYS!"

"GUUYYS!"

They finally notice I'm trying to get their attention.

"WHAAT! I AM TRYING TO EAT HERE!" bellows Jumba. I often regret having chosen to sit next to him at meals.

"Well, since I watched Survival of the Fittest yesterday, and the price of airline tickets being what they are..."

"Pleakley, make it quick, I have to go to work."

"We're going to Minnesota!" I announce.

This engendered several reactions, none as joyful as I'd thought.

"We're WHAT!"

"What is Minnie's Soda?"

"Awwwww..."

"&#;\$!"

Nani seemed the least delighted with my announcement.

"Pleakley, we are going to have a long talk when I come home tonight. The only reason I don't let you have it now is because I have to go to work," she says.

I know she means it. Maybe she'll work late. Nani walks out the door and I return to my cornflakes.

Before too long I notice everyone is staring at me. Oh, boy. I shrink into my seat. Maybe if I ignore them, they'll quit looking at me, I think. I pretend not to notice.

"Pleakley?"

I am a cloud. A big, fluffy, happy cloud. Noone is staring at me.

"Pleeaakleey?"

Okay, they're staring at me, but it's a GOOD stare. They're, uh, looking for shapes. That's it. Shapes.

"PLEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAKLEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYY!"

My eye snaps open.

"What do you want, Lilo?" I say patiently. Patiently.

"Where's-" She was obviously struggling to pronounce it.

"Mini-soda?"

"In the United States."

"Ohhhhh." Her expression changes from befuddlement to recognition. "I remember now. We learned about it in school. Isn't that kinda far?"

"Um, nooo..."

"Yeah, an' it's real cold, too."

"Um, nooo..."

"Yeah, an' I don't wanna go." She calmly ate her cereal. I glared at her. "Well you're going anyway!" She looked up. "No I'm not."

There wasn't even a hint of argument in her voice. She was simply stating what she thought were the facts. "Oh. Well, how do you figure that, little missy?"

Lilo put down her spoon and turned to Jumba. "Jumba?" "What!" "Do you want to go to Minnesota?" "No." She smiled brightly and turned to me.

"See? Jumba can babysit me," she confidently explained. "Yes, I can- WHAAAAT!" I ignored Jumba. "No he's not."

Her smile disappeared and she looked- well, solemn. "Why, Pleakley?" she asked. "Because- um- "

I don't wanna be left alone with your sister who hates me and a monster who hates me, I thought, but didn't say it aloud.

"-because the tickets are nonrefundable!"

"Oh." Maybe now I could have eat breakfast in peace. "Pleakley?" I heard a strange, alien voice say. "What do YOU want!" "Pleakley, what's der United Plate?"

"It's a place, Stitch." He scratched behind one ear. "Den where is der United Plate?" I suddenly realized Jumba was looking at me pretty intently.

Sometimes I wonder what he thinks about. Then I decide I really don't wanna know. "It's- um- not far-" Stitch cocks his head to the side and stares at me. I make a mental note to ask Jumba if Stitch has telepathy powers I don't know about. "Oh, well, across the sea..." I gesture rather vaguely. I glance over at Jumba. His eyes are narrowed into slits. I often regret having chosen to sit next to him at meals. "Exactly how much crossing sea is it, one-eyed-one?" he asks me. I look up at the ceiling.

"Oh, um, three- maybe four- or five- depending on weather-" "Three maybe four or five what, Pleakley?" Lilo asks curiously. "Um- hours."

This led to several reactions, none happy.

"WHAAAAT!"

"Awwwwww..."

"&#;\$!"

I try to make myself very very small. Several conversations are going on without me.

"I don't wanna be on a plane for three hours!"

"I hate planes! Why did Pleakley do this!"

Stitch chatters rapidly in alien.

"We certainly should. PLEAKLEY!"

I slip under the table. Jumba yanks me back up by the antenna. "Pleakley, 626 has something to tell you." He turns me so I'm facing Stitch, who has sort of an evil smirk on his face. He clears his throat. "SWIRLYYY!" "Swirly! The-the experiment?" He shakes his head. The evil smirk turns to an evil grin. With lots of evil teeth.

"Um... a swirly donut?" He points to my head, then points down and makes a swirling motion with his finger or claw or whatever while imitating a toilet flush. I gulp.

I think I know what he means, but if I'm wrong I don't wanna give him any ideas. Then again, you can't really get any more explicit than that.

About an hour later I walk out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. Jumba is sitting on the couch reading a newspaper. I doubt he's interested in the actual content of it, since he's reading it upside down.

I pause to glare at him. His eyes shift over to me. He looks- ashamed? Apprehensive? Guilty? Completely expressionless?

There's a long, tension-laden pause. He clears his throat.

"You've been in the shower a long time," he mutters. I don't reply. Let him be the one who just gets

stared at for once.

There's an even longer tension-laden pause. I decide I'm really not the evil-eye type.

"You'd be in the shower a long time too if a little monster shoved YOUR head in the toilet and your friends did ABSOLUTELY NOTHING and in fact even HELPED!" I yelled.

"Hmmpmph." He crossed his legs and adjusted his grip on the paper. I was starting to get a little bit ticked off. "Well, don't you have anything to say for yourself!"

He studied me and looks absolutely disgusted. "Oy, I didn't know you could look any scrawnier but without a shirt-" "ABOUT YOU!" "Oh. Well, you are the one who booked non-refundable trip without consulting me or larger girl," he said in a suddenly accusatory tone. I half expected him to whip around and say "Where were you on the night of the twenty-fifth!"

"Well, I thought it was a good idea."

"No-one else was thinking so."

"Hmph."

He turned on the TV. I took the opportunity to head off to my room. While I was getting dressed, I decided I could pack Jumba's suitcase for him. (That would teach him something.)

After packing the suitcase I glanced at the clock. Oh-oh, it was almost time for Nani to get off work. I hadn't forgotten the "talking-to" she'd promised me. Almost as soon as the thought entered my mind, I heard her say-



"PLEAKLEY!"

I hurried downstairs.

Nani was standing in the kitchen.

"Pleakley, why did you think you were free to book a trip to another state without informing me?"

I couldn't understand why everyone was so upset! All I'd done was plan a family vacation!

"I just wanted to give everyone a good time! When they announce surprise trips on TV everybody's happy!"

Nani put one hand over her eyes.

"Look, Pleakley, those are actors. The TV world is not real. It's just a flat screen. It's not real life!"

"But art imitates life. In a way TV is real!"

"It is not!"

"Well, have you ever thought that maybe the characters take on a life of their own?"

She sighed.

"Look, I'm not here to discuss TV with you. I want to explain that it's not good to use MY money to plan trips nobody wants to take!"

"But I paid for the tickets!"

She looked suprised.

"Oh. Well, that's a little better. However, you should have made sure everyone wanted to go to Minnesota before you made the decision. And you should have told us

a LOT sooner. No-one's packed and if I know you the flight is early and long."

"7:00 AM and three to five hours."

"That's what I thought."

There was a pause. I turned to go. "Get back here!"

I got back there.

She gave me a look. "Before you go, I want you to give me your word that you're never going to do this again."

"Um, sure."

There was another pause. I stuck out my hand. "Wanna pinky-swear? I saw it on TV and it's fascin-""Good night, Pleakley."

## 2 - A Terrible Secret (okay that's melodramatic)

I hurried into my ship. I couldn't leave now! I had things to take care of! There was 630 to develop! I'd already written the blueprints, I had to make her now or I would go completely out of my mind! I went over the schematics. Perfect. Just perfect and ready to develop, only I WAS LEAVING TOMORROW! I slammed my hand on the desk in frustration. "OW!" I hadn't seen that pencil sticking up.

I examined my hand. A small drop of blood welled from my index finger. I sighed and sat down at the desk.

Maybe it would no harm to work on it overnight. Sure, I would be exhausted tomorrow, but I could sleep on the airplane. I picked up the schematics and fed them into the main computer.

Hours later, I was waiting for the computer to finish downloading. I picked at the scab that had formed on my finger. I knew I shouldn't, but I needed something to do while I waited for the download or else I'd fall asleep.

"Download complete. Add DNA samples now."

I added the chosen DNA. Several species, but nothing cute or fluffy. I also made sure 630 would have no capacity for emotions or to make her own choices without being programmed to make them. She would also be hideous. All in all, she wouldn't be able to question me or run off and get adopted by an adorable Earth child.

"Species entered: Rhinoceros for toughness. Tiger for agility, fighting ability and senses. Hork-Bajir for back spikes. Bat for senses. Gremlin for appearance. Unknown species for unknown function. Bionic element for various abilities. Pigments for desired pattern."

I frowned. Unknown species? Oh, well, the computer was getting old, and I was too tired to find out what that meant.

"Would you like to create experiment?" I pushed a button. There was a hissing noise and then loud banging from a section of the ship. I pushed another button and a small, green pod fell out of a slot in the wall. I pocketed it. I was going to sleep in the ship, but it occurred to me that Pleakley might suspect something, so I trudged into the house and crawled into bed without even removing my lab coat.

I pulled the blanket up to my chin and noticed my finger was bleeding again. H'm. Something bothered me about that... but I fell asleep without figuring out what.

"Jumba!"

"Mmmmm."

"JUMBA!"

"Shuddup."

"JUMBA!"

"I'masleep shuddup."

"Wake up! We're gonna miss our flight!"

"Hm? Flight?"

"It's already 6:30 and the airport's 20 minutes away!"

"Airport? 630?"

"GET UP NOW!"

"Oh!"

I get up now and rush to the car. I'm buckling my safety belt when I remember my suitcase.

"Uhh, Pleakley?"

"I already packed your suitcase."

"Oh."

Pleakley has a strange look on his face. I wonder, but don't say anything.

In 15 minutes we are at airport. We rush through. Luckily, we manage to bypass security due to a shortcut found by 626. (I say lucky due to certain items that may be considered of a, let us say suspicious nature in my pockets. And it was faster too.)

We barely manage to get on the plane and are stuck with seats behind coughing old peoples. I am asleep before we leave the ground and don't wake up until landing. We hurry through that airport too and get on the next flight, AGAIN stuck behind coughing old peoples.

This time I can't sleep because Pleakley is next to me and will not shut up about the "fascinating" trip. I am forced to sit through a long, boring ride full of coughing and Pleakley chattering about the clouds outside the window or some such nonsense. Finally, we land in Minnie's apples. (These peoples are so obsessed with possessives! First Minnie's soda and now Minnie's apples!) We sit around in the airport (this time forever, so strange these places work) until everyone has their luggages.

Pleakley looks strange again when he hands me mine. I can't help but wonder what exactly is in this suitcase. Oh well, I will discover later.

We rent a car and drive away from airport. We get a nice big van and I get the back seat all to lonesome. (Funny, it seemed almost as though nobody wanted to share my seat.) I was just dozing off when I heard-

"Pleakley, did you get a hotel?"

"Oh, yes, in a little town called Cann-"

"Where is it?"

"There."

"Couldn't you have gotten someplace closer!"

"Well, probably..."

I heard a sigh.

"Never mind. Just give me the map."

I tossed and turned and tried to find a comfortable position. But when I finally found one-

"Hey Stitch!"

"Gaba?"

"Wanna play a game?"

"IH!"

"Okay, this is called the HaHa Game. First one says 'ha' and second one says 'ha ha' and each one adds a 'ha' 'til someone laughs. Wanna try it?"

"Sound stupid."

"Aw, come on, it's fun!"

"Oh, okay..."



"Ha."

"Ha ha."

"Ha ha ha."

"Ha ha ha ha."

And so on until they were both cracking out. When they were finished laughing-

"Okay, now let's play a different game. We look for things outside that start with letters and we go in order of the alphabet,

like first we look for something that starts with 'A'."

"Okay."

"Let's start now."

"Ih!"

And so on it went with one idiotic, stupid game after the next. I was just drifting off anyway when-

"Hey Stitch, let's sing now."

"Ih!"

They all started singing, Pleakley and bigger girl too.

"Aloha oe, aloha oe, i ke onaona noho i ka lipo..."

I shut my eyes and growled in frustration. I would never be able to sleep now.

When I opened my eyes, we were there. Pleakley was shaking me.

"Gowayyoushtupeednoodleforzeaffecsheeonofpederyourejuzdkebbinmgdonaldimazleep..."

"Jumba, we're at the hotel!"

Oh. I squinted at the building. It had stairs and a green roof. I looked around for a name.

"Sarah's Toga."

I told you so.

I stared at the room. There were two beds.

"Okay," said larger girl, "Lilo, Stitch, and Pleakley can share a bed, and I can share a bed with-" She

turned to me, then away from me. I thought I saw a look of disgust flicker across her features.

"I can sleep on the couch."

Pleakley looked up from where he was smoothing the covers on the bed (They looked fine to me but whatever). "Hey Jumba, if you're not sharing a bed with-" "No." "Oh. It- it's just that Stitch-" "No." "Oh well I guess you might squish me anyway." "Yes." Larger girl handed me a suitcase. I set it on my bed and opened it up. Two pairs of underwear, my least favorite shirt, a rubber waterfowl, a big plastic clown... Was Pleakley mad at me?... something very strange that resembled a cross between underwear and a slingshot- "That's MINE you lol!"- oh well I could wear my lab coat the whole time.

### 3 - The Mall

It was morning, my least favorite time of day. I curled into a ball. Pleakley was trying to wake me up.

"Wakey wakey Stitch! Up and at 'em! Rise and shine, you little monster!" "Go wake Jumba." "I already did." "Wake him 'gain." "No." "Then go boil you head."

I heard Lilo's voice.

"Lemme try." Pleakley was fuming by now. "Fine."

Lilo crawled up on the bed (these dratted humans always want to wake up so early, Jumba's not the most fun to be around, but he at least has the sense to sleep 'til noon) and shook me gently. "C'mon Stitch, we're going someplace fun today..." "Naga fun. Sleep."

I was trying to get her mad too so she'd leave, but it didn't work. "C'mon Stitch, you'll like it once we get there..." "Naga!" "C'mon Stitch, the hotel has coffee..." "NAGA NAGA NAG- Coffee?" "Yep."

I sighed. Should I hold my ground or give in to the coffee? I decided on coffee.

"Okee-takka. Stitch up."

I got out of bed and looked around. Pleakley was still there, looking suprised that Lilo had made me wake up. Nani and Jumba were gone, probably getting coffee. I put on my "Kenny" disguise and pad downstairs. I see a place with a bunch of tables on the second floor.

Nani is getting coffee and Jumba is sitting at a table with his mouth packed full. I sidle up to Nani. "AHH! Oh, Sti- Kenny. It's just you."

She makes sure nobody's watching since in my disguise I'm supposed to be about six, then she hands me the coffee! I go over to where Jumba is sitting and slurp it down in one gulp. I glance at his plate. Waffles, pancakes, donuts, cereal, more donuts, syrup... Jumba notices my gaze. "Get your own." "Okay, okay..." I head for the place where the food comes from. While I'm there, I grab more coffee. I return to the table and gulp down my coffee, then my sugary breakfast. Then I head back to the room so Nani doesn't scold me about having sugar AND coffee. (Plus, all that stuff makes me so jittery I HAD to move.) Once there, I decide I might as well run around in a circle for a while. When Lilo comes out she sees me chasing my tail and scolds me for having too much coffee.

A while later we're in the rental car, heading for an unknown destination. I'm bored and complain loudly about it to Nani. She pops a CD into the CD player in the van. Jumba made the CD for Lilo on his computer, so who knows what's on it. It turns out to be Elvis music (thank goodness, I thought it might be weird).

While everyone's singing "Rockahula Baby," I'm wondering what the chances are that they'll let me destroy Minneapolis. Not very good, I think. It would probably be lots of fun, though, I've never wrecked a city before... While my mind dwells on this, a GIGANTIC mall comes into view. Pleakley turns around in his seat.

"Well, what do you think, guys?"

"We're going to a mall?"

"The second biggest mall in the world! And it has a theme park in it!"

"Wow!"

"Egalagoo!"

It occurred to me that the next best thing to destroying a city would be to destroy a big mall. Then I thought... why destroy it? Why not... take over?

I pushed the idea from my head and sang along.

Later, we were inside the huge mall. I was thrilled! It was SO BIG! And there were people EVERYWHERE! I couldn't hold still. I didn't want to hold still. There was so much to do! So much to taste! I frolicked in a circle while Pleakley pushed the elevator button. Nani turned to me.

"Stitch, stop being so hyper! You're supposed to be a kid, not a dog!"

I pretended I couldn't hear her and chased an invisible monster.

The elevator came. We clambered in. I sat on the floor. We stopped a floor early and more people came in. Pleakley hissed "try to act like a human being" into my ear.

The elevator stopped. We got out. and went over to- WOW! RIDES! PEOPLE! NOISE! I laughed. Lilo took my paw in her hand and pointed to a roller coaster.

"Look at that!"

Nani led us into the ticket line. Pretty soon we were all wearing wristbands (except Jumba, whose wrists were too fat, so Nani took his and stuck it on his forehead).

We walked through the park. Lilo pointed to a ride that looked like a tree with a bunch of swings hanging

from it. "I wanna do that!" "Ooooh! Meega too!"

Pleakley watched in trepidation as the swings rose and flew in a circle. "Oh, no. You'll have to do something safer." (Wuss.) Lilo looked disappointed.

"But all the rides are safe." Jumba stopped pawing at his forehead. "Yes, Pleakley, are hardly ever deaths on parking rides." Pleakley turns pale and I give Jumba a scorching look. He doesn't notice. "Deaths!"

Nani sighs. "Pleakley, the rides are safe. Ignore Jumba."

He looks unconvinced. We continue onward. Suddenly Pleakley points to a train ride. "What about that one?" The ride is slower than a snail trail and less exciting. "Blecch! Lame!" "Okay, then, what about the carousel?" I wrinkle up my nose and shake my head. "Well, then I'll go by myself!" He turns to Jumba and smiles hopefully.

Jumba stares at him. Pleakley frowns.

"Jumba, do you want to go with me?" "No." "You're sure?" "Yes." "Oh. Okay." Pleakley looks at the ride. He looks back at Jumba. "B-but I don't wanna go by myself." "Ask little girl." I tune out and look around for a good ride. I spot a big yellow one that goes up and down and to the sides. I point. "Oooooohhh! Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!" Lilo looks at the ride. "Whoa! Cool!" Pleakley looks at the ride. "WAAH! No way are you going on that thing! This was a bad idea. Let's go shopping!" Nani gives Pleakley a Look. I've been given Looks so many times I know exactly what's coming. "Pleakley, I already paid for five wristbands. We are not going shopping until after we've gone on some rides." Some!

Pleakley cringes. "But I came here to study-" "Well, everyone else is here to have fun, so unless you want to go off into the biggest mall in America alone..." Pleakley looks unhappy. "No, I'll stay."

After a boring morning (Pleakley still refused to let me and Lilo go on anything good), I was about ready to give Pleakley another swirly. Or chew on him awhile. It was getting close to lunchtime. As if reading

my thoughts (about lunch, not shoving Pleakley's head down a toilet), Nani said we were going to leave the park to eat and then come back. While she led us toward a funky-looking cafe, my mind began to whirl. I had to get rid of Pleakley. But how? It was when Nani was picking out a table that it occurred to me. Unless you want to go off into the biggest mall in America alone... Hmmmmm. Nani stood up. "Pleakley, I'm going to the bathroom. Can you go up to the counter and get menus?" She turned to Jumba. "You can watch them, can't you?" He nodded. My heartbeat quickened.

If I was going to do it, now would be the time. I wait until Nani and Pleakley are gone. I tap Jumba on the shoulder. "Um, Jumba?" No answer. I tap again. "Jumba!" He's asleep! Well, now or never, I tell myself. I grab Lilo's wrist and dash out of the cafe.



## 4 - 630 is activated

I came out of the bathroom. "Hey Pleakley did you get the-" I stopped. Jumba and Pleakley were standing next to each other, talking in low voices. Lilo and Stitch were nowhere in sight. I could tell something was wrong and had a pretty good idea what. "Where's Lilo?" I say, barely controlled anger leaking into my voice. They stop talking and look at me. "Oh. Um, hi, Nani," Pleakley says. He's trying to sound casual, I can tell. Jumba speaks up.

"Uh, little girl? She, um, went to- she is gone." "Gone!" "Er, yes." "She left! Why? Weren't you watching her!"

"Oh, um, I- er- I fell asleep for a second, only an instant, I wasn't expecting-" "You fell asleep!"

Pleakley looks like he's going to cry. "I'm sorry! I wasn't looking!"

I sigh. "It's not your fault, Pleakley. You're not the one who was supposed to be watching them."

I glare at Jumba. He wriggles uncomfortably. That shouldn't give me a sense of satisfaction, but it does. I take Pleakley by the hand and start leading him out when-

"W-wait." I look over my shoulder. "What?"

Jumba clears his throat. "I have something to help." "What is it? It's not an experiment, is it?" "Um..." "Jumba, I don't want another EXPERIMENT! I WANT MY SISTER!"

"But 630 will be very helpful!"

I blinked.

"You made a 630!"

"She is designed to do only that which she is told."

"Yes, but some of your experiments have been known to have flaws, such as NOT doing what they're told!" Pleakley said.

I thought about it. Maybe 630 would be helpful. And Lilo was long gone. Besides, it was designed to do what it was told, although I didn't know how reliable that was.

I sighed. "Okay. Activate the experiment."

He walked over to a drinking fountain and dropped in a pod. There was a glow and then- "Hmm, not what I was expecting..."

Author's Note: Ooooooh, an evil genius cliffhanger! Oh, and I'm not gonna add a new chapter 'til someone comments on my story!