

# Another British Invasion

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*Mad Mod tries to rob the Bank of Perez and to keep the Teen Titans at bay he attacks them with an army of holograms that have a unique twist - they're modelled after 1960s musicians! His latest crazy idea is bound to result in an equally crazy battle...*

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## 0 - Another British Invasion

“Titans, get into formation!” called Robin.

Starfire, Raven, Cyborg and Beast Boy positioned themselves, ready for an attack.

Upon the roof of a nearby record shop stood a tall skinny man with a red mop top and sideburns, blue-tinted spectacles and a crooked smile. He was wearing tawny shoes, white trousers, a suit jacket with a Union Jack design on it, a white neckerchief and he was carrying a black cane with a red jewel for a handle. It was none other than Mad Mod – the trendy fashion designer turned scheming criminal.

“Allo, my duckies,” Mod greeted them, “I ‘ear you lot ‘aven’t been behaving lately – stopping all me supervillain pals from getting away with their crimes. You really ‘ave been a naughty bunch lately.”

“What do you want, Mod?” asked Robin. With that cane in his hand, the flamboyant sixties fan could conjure all manner of holographic images. So far, the only one he’d cast was of himself – but knowing him, more were bound to follow.

“Just a few million quid from the Bank of Perez. A man’s got to ‘ave something to live on, you know.” He twirled his baton. “Of course, I’m going to need some ‘elp from a few friends of mine...” With that, a stream of power leapt out of the cane and into the record shop. “If I’m going to invade the city, then ‘oo better to base my army on than the original British Invasion?”

Out of the shop stepped four men clad in smart suits with haircuts similar to Mod.

“Man, I don’t believe it!” cried Cyborg, absolutely stunned, “They’re the Buggs!”

Behind the Buggs appeared a group of five men wearing t-shirts which each bore a picture of a tongue sticking out of a pair of lips.

“The Falling Rocks?” exclaimed Beast Boy, “A British Invasion, seriously? Where does Mod get his ideas from?”

Musicians continued to come out of the shop and before long the Teen Titans were surrounded by a crowd of smartly dressed holographic soldiers. Up on the rooftop, Mod was accompanied by a petite teenage girl with a bouffant auburn bob, curled at the ends, wearing a sleeveless black mini dress.

“Lola, sound their battle cry!” instructed Mod, pointing at the army with his staff.

Lola opened her mouth. “*WEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLL...!*” came the deafening cry.

“Titans, attack!” commanded Robin.

Starfire zoomed over the heads of the holograms and began firing at them. She managed to knock Helaina Sharpie and Dulcy Greenfield flying. Cyborg went for the Gloomy Greys – a group of three men with grown-out hair wearing regency-style jackets and neckerchiefs – but before he could blast them with his laser cannon, he realised there weren’t three men in the band but five, because the other two had thrown a white satin blanket over his head.

“Hey!” he shouted, fighting off the bedspread, which turned out to be rather difficult since there were hidden weights sewn into the edges.

Beast Boy had turned himself into a goat and was trying to ram Candie Straw, when seemingly out of nowhere the dark-haired lady had made a miniature wooden theatre with red curtains appear in his path. Beast Boy stood on the stage looking bewildered for a few seconds. “I don’t like the look of this,” he mused, slowly realising the theatre reminded him eerily of that unpleasant incident he’d had with the villainous Puppeteer, but by then it was too late. Candie had attached cords to each of his limbs and was now making him dance around – like a puppet on a string!

Robin tried to take on The What, but he didn’t understand why they were all dressed in wizard costumes, until they conjured a pinball machine out of thin air and started pelting him with pinballs!

Robin did several backflips to escape the bullet-like hail, but had to swiftly jump out the way of a red double-decker bus that was coming in his direction, driven by Clive Ritchie and the Shades.

“Azarath Metrion ZINTHOS!” chanted Raven and in turn managed to levitate the British bus. She tossed it high into the air with great force and it flew right into the sea. (This was most certainly not the seaside summer holiday Clive had been planning, but never mind.)

The Falling Rocks noticed what she had done and before Raven had even noticed they were behind her, she’d been shot at by a paint gun! She froze in mid-air, completely stunned, dripping with sky blue paint. She caught sight of the offenders and flew towards them, her hands encircled by black clouds.

Another group member fired their gun and Raven became drenched in white paint.

Meanwhile, Cyborg had escaped from the satin blanket, but no sooner had he thrown it on the ground did he turn to face the Buggs, who immediately began assaulting him with strawberries. They hit him a lot more forcefully than he was expecting and he was knocked right off his feet onto a field of remarkably green grass which Petunia Spark had made appear in the middle of the road, next to Beast Boy’s theatre.

Robin was now being chased by a red passenger train, driven by Calico Jack from the Donkees. (Not that Robin could see, but the train had “Clarksville” printed on its side.) Starfire aimed a green blast at the vehicle and managed to knock it over, but no sooner had the train been thrown from its tracks (or at last where its tracks would be if it wasn’t driving down a main road) did Robin end up being pursued again, this time by a ferry driven by Gerard and the Watchmakers! It had to be one of the oddest things he’d ever seen (and that’s really saying something for a superhero) – since there was no water (let alone the Mersey river) near him, the ferry was floating less than a metre above the road, but still heading towards him at top speed.

Starfire was aiming her hands once again, when all of a sudden she got hit on the head by a very hard object. “Ouch!” she said daintily, rubbing her scalp as she turned to see who had thrown it. Not far below her was a dark-skinned woman with short, straight yet fluffy hair wearing a revealing sequined ball gown. She threw several more objects in Starfire’s direction and the Tamaranean girl looked completely bewildered when she managed to catch one in each hand. One was an Earth-jewel known as a diamond and the other was a piece of gold, fashioned in the shape of a finger. Undoubtedly Mad Mod’s latest plan was curious, but this was getting ridiculous! Why had he specifically chosen this bizarre weaponry for his holographic soldier? Was there some significance in Earth culture she was unaware of? Still, she had no time to think it over as Shelley Grassy was continuing to fire them at her – fast!

Mad Mod had been watching this display from atop the record shop the whole time. Now each of the Titans was occupied, it looked like the perfect opportunity for him to rob the Bank of Perez. He jumped off the roof and landed on his own two feet just in front of the store, before inspecting his handiwork.

Whilst doing so, he began singing a somewhat familiar number by the “Big Faces”...

“A-wouldn’t it be nice to get on with the Titans?”

Robin leapt onto a shop’s roof to get away from the flying ferryboat.

“It’s ‘arder than it sounds, when we’re always busy fightin’.”

There was briefly a cacophony of Beast Boy yelling “HELP!”, Starfire screaming and Cyborg saying, “Oh man!”

“They stop me from smugglin’, they foil all me plans,

“They doing me ‘ead in, they’re worse than Batman! Ah...”

He sprang into the middle and started spinning his cane like a majorette’s baton, a backdrop of a black and white striped swirling vortex appearing behind him, but not obscuring the Teen Titans or their adversaries.

“Busy Saturday afternoon,

“It’s me time for strollin’

“To get some quick cash from the bank.”

He looked upward at Raven, who was now splattered with paint of every colour.

“I must say Miss Raven, you really look a rainbow,”

Raven looked unamused. Mod turned to Beast Boy (who had reverted to his humanoid form in a futile attempt to escape his strings).

“Good golly, Miss Straw, this is quite a puppet show!”

Beast Boy pulled his cords as hard as possible, but still couldn't break them. Mod raised his arms and closed his eyes, really getting into the song.

“I'll sing all about me groovy life of crime!

“I sing while I'm stealin' – you can't stop me this time!”

Robin leapt off the roof and knocked over the Buggs with a single kick, freeing Cyborg from the barrage of rock-hard strawberries. Mad Mod was now lying horizontally, his arms resting on his cane, seemingly balanced in mid-air.

“Busy Saturday afternoon,

“It's me time for strollin'

“To get some quick cash from the bank.”

He jumped back onto his feet and began strolling in the direction of the bank – just like in his song.

“Root-de-doo-de-doo, a-root-de-doot-de-doy-di,” he scatted.

Meanwhile, Robin and Cyborg knocked over Shelley Grassy. In turn, Starfire shot at the Falling Rocks, making their paint guns explode all over the five of them.

“A-root-de-doot-de-dum, a-ree-de-dee-de-doo-dee.”

The multi-coloured Raven aimed her magic at Beast Boy's strings, bursting them effortlessly. He transformed into a rhino and charged out of the theatre, ramming his way through the crowd of pop singers.

“You lot can hear me, admit your defeat,

“Your plans are frustrated by the British Beat!”

“Busy Saturday afternoon,

“It's me time for strollin'

“To get some quick cash from the bank.”

Robin karate-kicked over several of the holograms while Starfire and Cyborg continued to blast the others.

“Busy Saturday afternoon,

“It's me time for strollin'

“To get some quick cash from the bank.

“I'll get some quick cash from the bank; get some quick cash from the bank...”

Robin turned to see Mod had nearly made it to his destination. “Titans, keep fighting! I'm going to find where Mod is controlling his holograms.”

He took a gadget from his utility belt to trace the source of what he hoped was the projector's energy and dashed off in the direction it was pointing.

“Mod's got to be here somewhere...” he mused, racing down an alleyway.

“Robin?” called a voice.

The Boy Wonder turned to see Starfire flying at his side, a few metres above the ground.

“Starfire? I thought you were supposed to be fighting with the others.”

“I am confused about this ‘British Invasion’. I do not recall diamonds and the golden fingers being used in Earth warfare, nor do I know what battle the regiments of the Buggs or the Falling Rocks are from. It is very perplexing. Can you explain them to me?”

“The British Invasion wasn't a war. It was a time back in the 1960s when lots of British singers became

popular in America. Mod's just using holograms of them to fight us because he's insane."

Starfire giggled. "Is that like a *rap battle*?"

"I'll bet my bottom dollar Cyborg or Beast Boy taught you that phrase."

Just then, the device Robin was holding began to go, "BEEP BEEP BEEP!" He ground to a halt and took in his surroundings. His attention was drawn to a decrepit, abandoned malt shop. From the style of the sign, he could guess it had been built in the 50s or 60s. With that being said, it looked like the perfect hideout for a 60s-crazy supervillain.

"This has got to be where Mod's hiding," he remarked, moving towards the door. Starfire landed by his side and advanced with him.

Inside the café, there was a maroon and gold soda bar on the left, with red-cushioned stools, and on the right were several metal tables surrounded by sweetheart chairs. At the back was a jukebox with doors either side of it, which looked rather promising. Robin trod very carefully, not wanting to give the game away.

"What is the plan, Robin?" whispered Starfire.

"I'll sneak in and catch Mod. Once I've got him in my lasso, your job is to turn off his machine." Robin took out the rope from his trusty utility belt.

"That is roger, friend Robin." Starfire grinned and gave him a thumbs up.

Robin crept closer to the door on the right side of the jukebox. "I'm going in on the count of three. One...two...three..."

The teenage super boy thrust open the door and charged in head-first. Suddenly there was an alarming *CRASH!* as he tumbled over several cumbersome objects in his path.

"*AAARGH!*" The next thing he knew, he'd landed in a heap on the floor, his foot stuck in a bucket, fighting off several mops and brooms as they collapsed on top of him. There was a "tweet tweet" sound as little robins circled his head. Starfire clamped a hand over her mouth in surprise. This wasn't Mad Mod's secret control room! It was the janitor's closet!

Meanwhile, Mod's hologram of himself had just come out of the Bank of Perez carrying a swag bag with a dollar sign on it and was just working out the route to the nearest exchange centre when all of a sudden his real-life counterpart heard a terrific noise.

"What was that?" he cried, looking up from his computer. He was sat in a darkened room, surrounded by machinery with lots of switches and dials, controlling his holographic army. He heaved his aged body from the dirty seat and hobbled towards the door as quickly as he could manage, relying heavily on his cane.

Robin had barely managed to stumble out of the cupboard, having lost his rope in the kerfuffle, before the door on the left side of the jukebox was thrust open. "I'm sick an' tired of you blimmin' duckies spoiling me plans!" cried Mad Mod, brandishing his walking stick.

"You do realise the reason we spoil your plans is because you are on the wrong side of the law?" responded Starfire innocently.

"SHUT UP!" He swung his baton at her, but she ducked just in time. "I've got better things to do with me time than listen to some goody-two-shoes whinging about the immorality of me methods!" He swung again but Robin leapt in his path, blocking his cane with a mop he'd grabbed from the broom closet, hopping all over the place whilst furiously trying to shake off the bucket still attached to his boot.

"Nobody insults my friends, Mod!"

The supervillain was barely able to keep a grip on his staff as Robin danced around, appearing in Mod's eyes to be doing a bizarre combination of the twist, the mashed potato and the Freddie. Finally, he managed to shake off the offending pail, hurling it with such force it flew right over the breakfast bar, knocking over a container of tomato ketchup (probably decades out of date) before landing on top of a soda fountain.

Starfire threw Robin another mop, which he used to cross against the other, almost bending over backwards. The aged designer began to realise his frail body did not stand a chance against the young, agile Boy Wonder. Just as he was contemplating what he could possibly do next, Robin had dived under his legs, quick as a flash! Before Mod even had a chance to register what had happened, Robin sprang back to his feet behind him, grabbed a mop off the floor and whacked him on the back, knocking him head first into a nearby trash can.

Mad Mod thrashed furiously, shouting British obscenities (or at least trying to, despite the fact he was buried upside-down in the waste he'd been depositing in the bin since he made the malt shop his hideout) while Starfire and Robin darted through the door to his control room. Inside, they saw a big screen in the middle of all the equipment, upon which was the other three Teen Titans, still battling the pop star holograms.

Beast Boy was still in rhino form, stampeding through the crowd whilst a multi-coloured Raven was trying to free Cyborg from the clutches of Victor's Vagrants, who were all dressed in Tudor clothes – one of them being Henry the Eighth – and were trying to put him in the stocks which they'd conjured. One of them was clutching an axe, ready to behead him. Raven used her magic to levitate the stocks out of the way and tried to move the axe out of the band-member's hands, but he was holding on tight. Robin sat in the office chair and scoured the control panel desperately for anything that looked like an "off" button. "There's got to be a way to turn it off!" Knowing it would be impossible to find the right switch without making a few wrong presses (the results of which he didn't like to imagine) he got onto the floor and began searching for a power cable, joined by Starfire who had the same idea.

"I'll teach you to throw me in the rubbish, you blinkin' duckies!" came a furious voice from outside.

Mod burst open the door, a banana skin on his shoulder, looking ready to bludgeon them to death with his cane. Luckily, Robin had just managed to find a promising line, which he held up for Starfire. She focused on the wire and her eyes began to glow green, before a fountain of emerald fire hit the cable and snapped it in two. The computer shut down in an instant.

"NOOOO!" wailed Mad Mod.

Meanwhile outside the Bank of Perez, the Jump City police force arrived at the scene of the crime, ready to detain the bandit who had robbed the bank and hypnotised all the staff, only to find he had completely vanished. There was, however, in his place a large sack with a dollar sign containing all the cash he'd stolen...

In front of the record shop, Beast Boy, Raven and Cyborg were now surrounded by all of Mod's holograms, with slim chances of defeating them, when all of a sudden the entire army disappeared.

"Boo-yah!" shouted Cyborg, pumping his fist, "Rob just saved our bacon."

"What a shame the paint didn't vanish as well," deadpanned Raven, who was still every colour of the rainbow. Beast Boy hadn't really noticed her unconventional makeover until that moment and suddenly began chuckling away, much to her annoyance. "I'm glad you find it funny."

Back in the malt shop, Mad Mod was even madder than usual.

"You duckies always foil me plans!" he wailed, as Robin clamped him in a pair of handcuffs, "Can't you leave an elderly supervillain to get on with his schemes in peace?!"

"Justice has been served, Mod!" responded Robin, marching him out through the front door with Starfire's assistance.

"Robin is right," added Starfire, "It is wrong to attack the city with an invasion of the British. You have received your desserts of the just."

"I 'ate you blinkin' patriotic Americans," grumbled Mod.

"I am not really the American. I am from the planet of Tamaran in a distant galaxy."

"Well, you SOUND American!"

"It is part of my cultural assimilation."

"I suppose you're going to cart me off to 'er Majesty's pleasure now. This isn't the last you've 'eard from me! Mark me words, duckies, I'll be back!"

...

Later on, after Mad Mod had been handed over to the authorities, the Titans were back in their tower. Raven was taking a bath (surprise, surprise), Cyborg and Beast Boy were playing a video game and Robin was busy studying in his quarters, hunched over his desk.

"Robin?" came a gentle voice from the doorway, "I would like to show you the 'groovy' new dress I have bought." Robin turned to see his sweetheart Starfire, who was wearing a sleeveless lilac mini dress, making the v-shaped "peace" sign with her right hand and grinning. "I have been researching the 'far-out' 1960s and the invasion of the British. This dress is the mini and was made popular by Mary Quant – who was a British designer, like Mad Mod." She handed Robin a pink carnation.

"Uh, thank you." Robin had never been given a flower by anyone before, but it came as no surprise that Starfire was the first person to do so.

"I think I might have the power of the flower. Do you suppose this will help in our next battle against Mad Mod?"

"You never know, Starfire..." said Robin with a smile.

## The End

A guide to the artists/songs parodied in this story:

The Beatles (the Buggs) – Strawberry Fields Forever

The Rolling Stones (the Falling Rocks) – She's Like A Rainbow

Lulu (Lola) – Shout

Helen Shapiro (Helaina Sharpie)

Dusty Springfield (Dulcy Greenfield)

The Moody Blues (the Gloomy Greys) – Nights In White Satin

Sandie Shaw (Candie Straw) – Puppet On A String

The Who (the What) – Pinball Wizard

Cliff Richard and the Shadows (Clive Ritchie and the Shades) – Summer Holiday (from the film of the same name, which prominently featured a London bus!)

Petula Clark (Petunia Spark) – The Other Man's Grass Is Always Greener

Davy Jones from the Monkees (Calico Jack from the Donkees) – Last Train To Clarksville

Gerry and the Pacemakers (Gerard and the Watchmakers) – Ferry 'Cross The Mersey

Shirley Bassey (Shelley Grassy) – Diamonds Are Forever/Goldfinger

The Small Faces (the Big Faces) – Lazy Sunday Afternoon (that song sounds as though Mad Mod is already singing it, haha!)

Hermin's Hermits (Victor's Vagrants) – I'm Henery The Eighth, I Am