

# **Spud's Life: Luncheon with Explosive Fries**

**By PuNkPoP**

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*You thought your lunch was safe... poor you! This is a story about how my ghetto penguin and his creepy friends save Alpha Beta High school!*

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# 1 - Spud's Life: Luncheon with Explosive Fries

Spud's Life: Luncheon with Explosive Fries

You all may think I'm crazy but I know it's true and that's all that matters. What? You don't know what I'm talking about? Well, I guess I can tell you, as long as you don't flip out and think your school lunch is an explosive. But first, let me introduce my self. Hello, my name is Spencer Andrew Tollin. Most people call me Spud. I moved to Hellington, Georgia from Snow Shelf, Antartica. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "Antartica?" Yes I moved from Antartica. That's where most penguins come from. Now I know you're confused. I'm a penguin! And I'm proud to be a penguin. Not only am I a penguin, I'm a ghetto penguin. I wear these spiffy shades (not sunglasses) every day. I attend Alph Beta High school as an awesome senior. Yeah, it stinks being the shortest in the entire school but I'm getting off topic. Let me start telling my so-called "adventure".

Okay, so I was eating lunch with my two best buddies. They are Tatar the Punk'd Out Parakeet and my girl Robbin the Gothic Robin. Tatar has no common sense what so ever and Robbin is just too smart to hang with Tatar and me. She hangs with us because we have all been friends since first or second grade. It's cool hanging with people you have known since elementary school.

So anyway, we were all eating lunch at our normal lunch spot, the round table with "I luv eggs" written on it with blue pen. Tatar usually arrives there first, then me, and last but not least, the amazing and beautiful Robbin. We always get fries. Why? Because they are made from potatoes and my name is Spud and a Spud is another name for a potatoe. And we all joyfully eat our scrumpcious french fries. Well, who knew that a meal of innocent french fries could blow up the best high school in Hellington. As usual, I went up and purchased a little cup of fries from one of the hair net ladies. It took me a whole twenty-five minutes to buy one cup of stupid fries, which ended up being mysteriously cold. Then I walked all the way to our table with the writing on it. And as usual, Robbin tells me how long I took to get my fries.

"Wow! It took you only twenty-five minutes and fourteen seconds. That's a new record!" she stared to clap.

"Shut up Robbin! It's a long job, and I have to do it because you two are too lazy to go get a cup of fries." I retorted. Then Tatar was reaching for one of the freezing fries.

"GAH! Spud! These fries are so dang cold! What happened?"

"Who knows? They were just brought out too." I replied. Robbin started to examine one of the fries.

"Well, this one has a light blinking inside of it..." Her voice trailed off.

"What? What is it?" I asked.

"Oh my gosh! Spud," she wispered, "I think your fries are... well..."

"WHAT?" Tatar and I shouted. People were stairing at us then. Then Robbin aswered us in a low, hushed voice.

"I think your fries are bombs."

"BOMBS?" I yelled. Okay, that was a big mistake. See, saying "bomb" in high school and saying it on a plane has the same reaction. Everyone who hears it starts going insane. Before I knew it, the cafeteria was empty, except for Tatar, Robbin, and me.

"Well that worked nicely." Tatar sarcastically remarked.

"You better be right about the fries, 'cause if your not-" I started say but Robbin cut me off.

"I know I'm right. Do normal fries have timers inside of them?" She asked that like it was a trick question. Well, that question certainly took Tatar a while to figure out.

The timer in the fries read 2:45, so we had to think fast. There was no teacher to supervise us so we were on our own. We all started to try and break the metal structures in the fries but, no luck there. Then I became very ticked off.

“Okay. We can’t just let this little container of junk blow up the school. We need another plan.” I spoke using my noble voice. Robbin shot me a disturbed look.

“Spud, how about we eat them. Our stomach acid should eat away the metal.” Tatar thought that idea was stupid. But so is he, so he should just go with the flow. So on Robbin’s count, we practically inhaled the fries. I swear I have never tasted anything so foul (besides chicken) in my seventeen years of living. And before we knew it, the carton of cold, explosive fries were sliding down our throats. My stomach was making noises it usually doesn’t make.

“I hope I don’t ever have to do that again!” Tatar told us. I nodded my head because if I opened my mouth, I was probably going to barf everywhere.

“That was a good yet the worst idea I have ever thought of.” Robbin stated and before she finished talking, I was rolling around on the floor in pain.

Later, we were all napping on the cold floor in the cafeteria. I was still holding my stomach because it still hurt. When we woke up, the principal and a bunch of other random teachers were formed in a circle and looking down upon us.

“Are you three alright?” Dr. Clurke, the principal, asked us.

“No. My tummy hurts. BAD!” I answered.

“Let’s get you three to the clinic.” One of the female teachers said. Then we were lifted off the ground. So, now what do you think of cafeteria food? We jumped to the conclusion that the fries got mixed up with some military devices. That was Robbin’s great idea. I still think someone from another high school didn’t like Alpha Beta high. So they wanted to blow the school up. But they didn’t know that I was there to stop them! Mwa ha ha ha ha!

Yeah.