

Another Stupid Fall Out Boy Fanfic

By fuzzyavalanchefob

Submitted: March 14, 2007

Updated: March 14, 2007

Another one for school. This time, Patrick drinks some Mr. Pibb and things get, well, weird. Sorry it's so short.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/fuzzyavalanchefob/44143/Another-Stupid-Fall-Out-Boy-Fanfic>

Chapter 1 - Lunchbox Goes HYPER

2

1 - Lunchbox Goes HYPER

Writing lyrics for their next song, Pete Wentz clears his head and scribbles on a sheet of paper until it rips from the pressure. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Patrick Stump reach for a can of Mr. Pibb, his all time favorite drink. Whenever Patrick drinks it, he get hyper and starts ranting like a maniac. Pete saw this and bolted towards Patrick, but it was too late. A drop had made it into Patrick's system, and his eyes swelled to the size of tennis balls.

I was using the bathroom while he drank it, I answered a trivia question correctly from a local radio station and won a chance to tour with Fall Out Boy. As I exited the dinky trailer bathroom, I came to see Patrick doing backflips and tackling Joe to the ground. Joe, with his adorable lisp, screamed out something nobody would have understood even if Patrick wasn't smothering him and muffling the sounds.

It sounded something like, "THITH ITH IT! PATRICK NEEDTH TO THTOP DRINKING THITH THTUFF!!!" Meanwhile, Andy, who was busy driving the bus while the shenanigans carried on and was totally oblivious to what was going on, glanced in the rear view mirror. He heaved a heavy sigh and continued driving.

Patrick was running around in circles until I grabbed the back of his shirt. It stretched to an amazing length, however, he was still held back. It reached its limit and he snapped back and landed on top of me. Pete saw this as his chance and quietly bit Patrick on the neck. Patrick squeezed his eyes shut and shrieked a mindless rant that no one understood, but one thing stood out clear:

"I WILL GET YOU FOR THIS, PETER LEWIS KINGSTON WENTZ THE THIRD!!!!!" he screamed at a bloodcurdling volume, went limp, and rolled off of me. Boy, he sure was cute when he was unconcious. "That...wath...totally uncalled for..." muttered Joe, his brown curly hair even more messed up than it usually is. Joe and I exchanged relieved looks, and Pete went back to writing in his notebook. In the mayhem of it all, Andy just sat in the driver's seat, smirking.