

Revenge As Sweet as Candy

By iluvgerard_sb

Submitted: February 12, 2006

Updated: February 12, 2006

a story about two boys at haloween. i had 2 write it for school. :P

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/iluvgerard_sb/28140/Revenge-As-Sweet-as-Candy

Chapter 1 - Trick-Or-Treat

2

1 - Trick-Or-Treat

Revenge as Sweet as Candy

“Do I have to?” Lucian whined. “Yes, your mother spent all of her free time to make you that costume, and you are going to wear it!” his father replied, as swatted at a fly that was buzzing around his ear. “I don't understand you,” Lucian's mother began, “I make you the cutest costume, and you don't like it!” She put down the blue scarf she was knitting, and took a sip of her chamomile tea. “You're not supposed to look adorable; you're supposed to look scary!” Lucian argued. His face was red with anger, as he stared down at the big brown blob in his hands. “Listen to your mother.” His father ordered.

“But I *don't want to be a MUFFIN!*” Lucian fumed, as his eyes filled with tears. “Well, that's just too bad mister, because your mother worked hard for days on that costume and I expect you to wear it.” His father lectured, as he adjusted his thick - rimmed glasses upon his beak like nose. “But dad, the kids at school are going to tease me!” Lucian choked through his tears. “They're just jealous because you have the cutest costume in the whole neighborhood.” His mother giggled.

This made Lucian cry harder, and he flew upstairs to his room to sob into his pillow. He threw his small figure onto his neatly made bed, and cried. Half way through his sobbing, he heard a loud knock on the door downstairs. He dashed to the top of the stairs, and peered over the maple railing. His best friend Donnie was at the door. “Is Lucian ready?” he heard him ask his mother. “He should be down any minute, Donnie.” His mother replied. Donnie flopped down on the brown sofa, and flipped on the television to the science channel.

It was a well known fact that Donnie was the biggest nerd in school. He had unruly red hair that was uneven and extremely frizzy. He wore giant glasses that magnified his eyes, and made him look like a giant red-haired bug. Freckles splattered his pale cheeks like paint, and he had two abnormally large front teeth. He either wore his pants too small or too big, and he had really ugly brown loafers that his mother had gotten on sale for two dollars at the local Super-Saver store. He was the president of the science, computer, Spanish, and recycling club, and he had the highest grade point average in school. He was possibly the nerdiest guy ever, but he had been Lucian's best friend since preschool. Tonight he was dressed up as Einstein, complete with a white lab coat, fuzzy white wig that stuck up in every direction, and a fake mustache.

“LUCIAN GET DOWN HERE!” his mother yelled. He sighed, pulled the muffin costume over his head, and looked at his reflection in the mirror. His curly blonde hair was matted to his head, and his sky blue eyes were red from crying. He slipped on his baseball cap and pulled the fluffy part of his costume that was the top of the muffin over his head. He looked ridiculous and he knew it. He grabbed his Nike shoes from under his bed, quickly shoved his feet into them, and ran down stairs.

His parents and Donnie were anxiously waiting at the bottom of the stairs for his arrival. His mother was

holding the family's new camera, while Donnie stood behind then and laughed quietly.

"AWWWW he looks so cute!" Donnie cracked. "Doesn't he?" his mother agreed. Lucian hopped over the last two steps, and landed on the fresh white carpet. "You two get together so I can take pictures." His father commanded. The two boys backed up against the peach colored wall and stood. "Say muffin!" his mother joked. "MUFFIN!" Donnie cried, as the camera flashed brightly. Lucian saw purple, blue, and yellow dots as he searched for his candy bag. He caught a glimpse of the fluorescent orange bag by a potted plant. He snatched it from the ground, and prepared to head out.

Donnie flung the door open and skipped up the drive way, while Lucian followed close behind. "BE CAREFUL!" Lucian's mother yelled at the boys. "WATCH OUT FOR BIRDS, LUCIAN!" his father joked. Lucian rolled his eyes at his father's corny joke, and kept running. Donnie was waddling like a duck in his tight lab coat and boots. His mustache was crooked on his face, and his glasses were sliding off his nose. The boys hopped along until they reached their first house of the night.

It was an old house on top of an enormous hill.

The house belonged to Mrs. White, her husband, and their fluffy ginger cat, petunia. It was well known throughout the neighborhood that Mr. and Mrs. White were very fond of lawn ornaments. They had at least one hundred different kinds of little statues and fountains spread around their neatly kept lawn. Rosy cheeked gnomes, shimmering angels, and cascading fountains lined the side walk along with carved pumpkins, singing skeletons, and a headless talking butler that nearly scared Donnie half to death when they walked past it.

They Donnie quickly ran up to the porch so he wouldn't be scared again. Lucian dragged behind and laughed.

When they had both reached the porch, Lucian knocked twice on the door. When no one answered, he knocked again and a voice yelled "HOLD ON A SECOND!" then the boys heard the roaring flush of a toilet, and a loud MEOW! The voice screamed "I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET YOU STUPID CAT!"

The front door flew open and Mr. White stepped out on the porch. "TRICK OR TREAT!" Donnie and Lucian cried. Mr. White gave them each a shiny new box of Prune Puffs cereal, and they walked on down the street.

"ICK I *HATE* prunes!" Lucian gagged. "Nutritious and delicious, I always say." Donnie said, popping a piece of the cereal into his mouth.

he boys made their way around to every house and filled their buckets to the brim. They were ready to return home when some unwelcome visitors crossed their path.

"Lucian my friend, we are gonna' have one heck of a candy stash." Donnie grinned. Lucian began to pick through his candy until he found his favorite, jawbreakers. He popped the colorful ball of sugar in his mouth, and bent down to tie his shoe. Just as he finished the last shoe, he felt a huge fist drive into his back.

The jawbreaker flew out of his mouth and he landed on the asphalt with a loud thud.

“Well, well boys, look who we have here, its Muffin Boy, and Donnie Dorko!” they heard someone yell.

Lucian looked up to face his attacker. It was Gregory banks and his dumb friends from school, who found great enjoyment in picking on Lucian and Donnie.

“What do you want?” Lucian yelled, as he picked himself up off the ground. “I don't like smart alecks!” Gregory replied angrily. “Yeah.” One of the other boys added. “Put a sock in it Joey.” Gregory ordered him. The boy backed off and didn't say another word. He knew what would happen if he did.

A Gregory Banks was a strong, morbidly obese boy who had been in the seventh grade for four years. Everybody hated his guts because he was evil. He would beat up all the kids, take their lunch money, and hang them in a tree by their underwear. Nobody messed with him, because they knew what would happen if they did.

“Who made your costume?” he asked Lucian. “My mom.” Lucian muttered. “Aww how cute his mom made him a muffin costume hahahahaha!” Gregory laughed. He batted his eyelashes at Lucian, and talked like a girl. “Give me your candy.” Gregory added changing his voice.

“No.” Lucian replied firmly. “What did you say?” Gregory fumed. “I said no.” Lucian said again, as he balled his hands into fists.

Gregory took a swing at Lucian, but missed. Lucian, thinking quickly under pressure, hauled off and kicked Gregory right between the legs.

Gregory cried out in agony and hit the ground. “RUN!” Donnie yelled, and they took off flying down the street. They didn't make it far when Gregory's friends caught up with them and pinned them to the ground.

Lucian struggled to breathe under the weight of the boy sitting on top of him, and he knew Donnie was doing the same. He tried to look over at Donnie and see what they were doing to him, but the boy that held him down shoved his face into the concrete.

Lucian heard a sickening noise, and knew the boy had broken his nose. Red liquid began to flow from his nose, creating a dark, crimson pool under his face. It began to get into his mouth, and all over his face, Lucian choked and gagged on his own blood, and tried hid hardest to keep breathing between a mouth full of bitter tasting blood, and a broken nose.

Finally, Gregory got up and walked over to where Lucian and Donnie were lying.

“Well, well, look who is tough now.” He smirked. He pulled Lucian up off the ground and shoved him into a nearby tree. “You know what to do with him.” He yelled to the others.

Lucian quickly glanced over at Donnie. His buck teeth were sticking out over his quivering lips, and he was shaking like a leaf. Over all he looked like a scared a baby bunny with red hair and glasses.

The boys grabbed Donnie and drug him into some bushes on the other side of the street.

“*Nobody* kicks me!” Gregory yelled in Lucian's face, while he began to beat him. PUNCH! PUNCH! SMACK! SMACK! He hit Lucian hard in the face and stomach, and legs. Finally, he finished Lucian off with a hard kick in the stomach that almost made him puke. He fell down into the grass bleeding, and bruised.

On the other side of the street, the boys were trying to see how far up they could pull Donnie's underwear. When it got up as far as it would go, they hung Donnie high up on a tree branch. “HAVE MERCY!” Donnie screamed from the treetops.

Gregory and his gang grabbed Donnie and Lucian's candy and took off down the street laughing like hyenas.

Lucian crawled over to a nearby fire hydrant and tried to sit up. He was too weak, and ended up falling on his stomach. When his stomach hit the hydrant, he threw up blood everywhere. He continued to puke up everything he had eaten in his life, while Donnie hang helplessly in the tree with his underwear riding up his rear end.

RRRRRIIPPPP! PLOP! Donnie's underwear ripped and he hit the soft earth below.

His behind was killing him, and his head throbbed as he lay there on the grass. He could hear Lucian vomiting on the other side. He knew he was lucky that he had not been beaten up. He felt sorry for Lucian who was gagging on the blood that had been pouring from his nose moments earlier.

“Hey luce, you okay?” he yelled groggily. He heard Lucian puke again, and began to feel sick himself.

“Hey Donnie, are we dead yet?” Lucian gasped from the opposite side of the street.

“I don't think so, luce.” Donnie replied wearily. He smacked himself to make sure he wasn't dead.

“Yep, we're still alive.” Donnie screamed back across the street to Lucian.

“Okay, thanks buddy.” Lucian gagged. H threw his head back and threw up again.

Donnie's stomach began to heave violently, for the stench of the vomit was slowly creeping across the street and into his nose.

He slowly picked himself up off the ground, and staggered across the street to help Lucian. He pulled his shirt collar over his nose, so he wouldn't have to smell the contents of Lucian's stomach that were in a nasty pile on the ground. .

“Lucian?” he yelled, while he scanned the open field for any sign of his friend. “Over here!” Lucian cried.

Donnie ran over to Lucian, who was leaning over a fire hydrant. Beside him was a giant puddle of blood and puke. Donnie's stomach finally couldn't take it any more, and he threw up.

He swiftly wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and held out his hand to help Lucian up. Lucian grabbed his hand and slowly stood up. He caught his balance and the two boys made their way down the street to Donnie's house.

Donnie's house was small, had a crooked chimney, and a small herb garden beside the sidewalk.

The boys staggered like drunks up the driveway. When they reached the door, Donnie held it open for severely beaten Lucian. In return, Lucian flashed him a small smile.

"Good thing my parents went to the Bingorama's Halloween Binghamon." Donnie declared, as he flopped down on the couch. "If you don't care I'm going to use your shower." Lucian mumbled.

"Go ahead." Donnie replied, while he removed his costume.

Lucian scooted down the hallway to the bathroom. He opened the door, stepped inside, and locked the door. He pulled his clothes off, being careful not to hit any tender spots where he had been beaten. Lucian turned on the cold water, figuring that it would feel good on his battered body.

The icy cool water felt very good on him. He sighed at the feeling of the crisp, cool water cascading down his arms, legs, and back. The dried blood that had been on his face washed down the drain in a swirling red cloud.

When he was finished washing himself, he stepped out and threw a towel around him.

"HEY DONNIE, IS IT OKAY IF I BUM SOME CLOTHES?" he yelled to Donnie.

"SURE, GO AHEAD!" Donnie replied loudly.

Lucian yawned, and walked to Donnie's room down the hallway.

Donnie had a small room that was painted navy blue. There were pictures of famous scientists and mathematicians on his walls, and he had a brand new dell laptop sitting on his bed.

Lucian rummaged around Donnie's closet for some clothes and finally decided on a black shirt, and some jeans that were ripped at the knee.

. Just as he finished dressing, Donnie poked his head through the door.

"Oh, sorry." He said blushing.

It's okay." Lucian assured him.

Donnie came in, jumped onto his bed, and said "you know what Lucian?"

"What?" Lucian inquired.

“Well, I was thinking that we should get back at those guys for what they did to us, you know, have our revenge.” Donnie babbled.

“Donnie, you're a smart guy, think about it,” Lucian began, “now what would happen to us if we got caught “having our revenge” ?” he finished, making the quotation sign with his fingers.

“Don't be such a worry wart, Lucian.” Donnie teased.

“So what is your great idea for revenge?” Lucian mimicked.

“You know those big fancy bikes they have?” Donnie said excitedly.

“How could I forget, they tried to run over us with them, remember?” Lucian mumbled.

“Oh yeah, that is right.” Donnie replied thoughtfully.

“So what are we going to do to their bikes?” Lucian asked, while he tucked a lock of his freshly washed blonde hair behind his ear.

“We slash their tires.” Donnie announced proudly. A big smile took over his face, and Lucian could tell he was imagining the whole thing in his mind.

“How the heck are we going to do that?” Lucian cried, as he flailed his hands around in the air.

“We get one of mum's really sharp nail filer things.” Donnie started. He looked at Lucian to see his response.

“Go on.” Lucian urged.

“And we pop those fancy bike tires like pimples.” Donnie finished.

“You know, that sounds crazy enough to work!” Lucian exclaimed.

“So we are going to do it?” Donnie said, nearly falling out of his seat.

“Heck yes!” Lucian yelled.

“No backing out?” Donnie asked in a serious tone.

“Nope.” Lucian replied with a laugh at Donnie's newly found spirit.

“Okay, you gather the materials while I put on some underwear.” Donnie ordered.

“Alright.” Lucian sniggered.

He got up and went to Donnie's parents' room. On his mother's giant make-up table was a very sharp nail file that looked more like something you would use in the kitchen than on your nails. It was nice and

pointy and perfect for the job. While he was in there, Lucian found a black hat, a flashlight, and some black eyeliner which he put under his eyes like a football player. He dressed all in black so he would blend in with the dark night sky.

STOMP! STOMP! Donnie came rushing down the stairs like something was after him.

Apparently he and Lucian had both been thinking the same thing about camouflage, because Donnie was wearing a bulky black sweater, cowboy hat, and leather boots.

Lucian pretended to cough so as to disguise his laughter.

“How do I look?” Donnie joked. He began to strut around and do poses like a model.

“Fabulous!” Lucian said throwing his hand back.

“You got everything?” Donnie asked.

“All set.” Lucian replied giving him a thumbs up.

Lucian stuffed the flashlight and nail file into his pocket, and they headed out into the cool night air.

Donnie skipped ahead proudly. He thought he was something else for thinking up the plan. After about ten minutes, they reached Gregory's house.

Unless someone told you, it is highly unlikely that you would ever know that the huge white house was Gregory's. It was enormous, and had a nice big yard. The lawn was green and cut, and there was a mailbox painted to look like a cow beside the narrow stone path that leads to the porch. The house was where Gregory and his friends came to smoke, drink, and play poker in the basement every Friday night.

Donnie and Lucian slowly crept up the gravel driveway, and had almost reached the bike shed when Donnie fell.

“OOOOOOOWWWWW!” he cried. Lucian grabbed him by the back of the shirt and dragged him behind an oak tree just in time.

From a small hole in the tree, Lucian could see a dark figure peer out from the front door of the house. The person at the door quickly scanned the yard, and then went back inside. Lucian sighed with relief, and motioned for Donnie that the coast was clear.

They were ready to run to the shed, when the porch lights flipped on, and the figure stepped back out on the porch. This time the figure had something in its hands. Lucian leaned closer to his peep hole in the tree, and discovered what the object was. A gun.

Lucian nudged Donnie's hand with his foot to get his attention. Donnie looked up at Lucian, who put his finger to his lips. Donnie got the message and stayed quiet as a church mouse.

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! the two boys didn't move or breathe as the figure came closer to their hiding place.

