

Inubob Yashapants!

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Imagine the Inu-Yasha charecters as the Spongebob charecters...well this is what this story is all about.

Some of these delightful fun-filled scenes are from the old Spongebob scenes, so it will be more....spongey..

So, enjoy it's wierdness! For thi

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Chapter 1 - Flusty Flea 2 manager am I!

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1 - Flusty Flea 2 manager am I!

It was a lovely day in Tokyo, Japan. A cheerful hanyou with long silver hair and dog ears stepped out of his hut. He straightened his red tie, and brushed invisible dust off of his white shirt and brown shorts. A yellow snail with two shells came slithering out of the hut.

"Meow," it replied, crawling up on the hanyou.

"No no, Kirara," said the hanyou, taking Kirara and putting her back in the hut. "You can't come with Inu-Yasha." Kirara mewed one last time before slithering back into the darkness of the house. Inu-Yasha walked on and stopped when he came up to a young teen. The teen had black hair, earrings in his ears, and was wearing only green shorts with purple flowers on them.

"Hey Miroku!" Inu-Yasha greeted him cheerfully.

"Hi Inu-Yasha," Miroku said in a plain voice, raising a hand. "Today's your first day as the Flusty Flea 2 manager, right?"

Inu-Yasha nodded excitedly. "Yep! I can see it now..." Suddenly, everything went squiggly. "AH!" Miroku cried. "Everything's all squiggly and blurry now!"

INU-YASHA'S DAY DREAM SEQUENCE:

Policemen were pushing people back from the Flusty Flea 2. News reporters were everywhere.

"Mr. Myoga," started one reporter, "what's going on here?"

"I'd rather not discuss it right now," said a huge flea demon, tugging on his blue shirt. "Not until the manager gets here."

"There he is!" somebody called out, pointing to a car that was coming up. It stopped, the door opened, and Inu-Yasha stepped out. He walked over to Mr. Myoga.

"What's the sitch Mr. M?" Inu-Yasha asked, taking out some bubbles and blowing them.

"It started out as a simple order," Mr. Myoga said, while trembling violently. "A Flusty Patty with two pickles. When the customer got it... THERE WAS ONLY ONE PICKLE!" He started to weep.

Inu-Yasha slapped him to make him stop crying. "Get a hold of yourself Myoga." He suddenly put on a serious face. "I'm going in." The hanyou opened the door to the restaurant to see a shaken man sitting down next to a Flusty Patty.

"It's ok friend, I'm the manager of this place," Inu-Yasha said calmly, walking over to the man.

“I-I’m really scared man,” the man sputtered.

“Got a name?” Inu-Yasha asked, taking out a suitcase.

“Hiten,” said the man. He started to fiddle with his braided ponytail.

“Got a family Hiten?” Inu-Yasha asked, searching through his suitcase.

“I-suh fga,” Hiten stammered, trying to keep tears back.

Inu-Yasha snapped his fingers to get Hiten’s attention. “Come on Hiten, lets here about that family?”

“I’ve got a sister, a brother, and two lovely parents,” Hiten said through hiccups.

“That’s what it’s all about,” Inu-Yasha replied, who had finally found what he was searching. “Hiten, I want you to do something.”

Hiten immediately stopped crying. “What?”

“Say pickle.” Inu-Yasha picked up a pickle using some pliers. He lifted the top of the patty off and then-

The front door came flying open and everyone outside gasped. Inu-Yasha was holding onto the happy costumer who was holding on to the improved Flutsy Patty.

“Order up.”

“Yay!” Everyone cheered as they grabbed Inu-Yasha and lifted him up into the air. “Three cheers for the manager! Hip hip- hello? Hip hip- Hello?! Hip hip- When I speak to you, I want you to LISTEN TO ME!”

END OF INU-YASHA’S DAY DREAM SEQUENCE

Inu-Yasha came out of the daze and back to Miroku. Miroku was looking at him with the most angriest

look.

“Why are you mad, Mir?” Inu-Yasha asked slowly, backing up a bit.

“I can’t see my forehead,” Miroku replied in an angry tone. “Plus, it’s not listening to me. Everything is sooooo stupid. Everything’s against me.” He looked at his watch. “And it’s 8:01!”

Inu-Yasha’s eyes widened. “8:01?! I’M LATE FOR WORK!!!! I’ve gotta go buddy, see you later!”
With that, Inu-Yasha ran to work.

“Yep, bye Miroku,” replied Miroku, who went walking back to his rock.