

Guys, I passed my driver's license!

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Author's note: I do not own Beyblade or the characters-except Mimi.

On to the story: Tyson+ car+ driver's license=total chaos! Read to find out why.

It was a beautiful day in Tokyo, Japan. Tyson -the Beyblade World Champion with an abnormal attachment to everything that can be eaten-had called his friends over to his grandfather's dojo; at 7:00 AM!

"What's the matter Tyson?" A sleepy Max asked. "Yeah, you better have a good reason, or you'll be in your grave before sunset," Rick added. "Oh, I do," the navy-haired teen said with a big grin. "I'm doing my driver's license today." The other's eyes widened in shock "Whaaaa...?!?!" Was the only thing they could utter. "Yup," Tyson replied, "My 16th birthday is today." "Happy birthday," Tala mumbled. The teen looked at the clock hanging on one of the walls. It was 7:30. "Better get going; I don't wanna be late for my test." He raced out of the front door, and was gone.

"What do we do now? Tyson's gonna kill us with his car," Julia said fearfully. "I could shoot him with my gun. Then the vacuum cleaner-on-two-legs-problem would also be solved," Tala suggested. "O.K., but only after I had a Beybattle against him," Mimi added. The others nodded. "Guys, you can't kill him," Kenny protested. Tala was annoyed. "Why not? He made me and my team miss our flight to Russia because of a thing as stupid as this. By the time he'd pass his driver's license I'd be back in beautiful Russia-where he can't harm me in no time." His teammates nodded in agreement. "Then what do we do?" Raul asked. "I know. I'll beat him up with my tennis-racket," was Emily's answer. "And then we'll steal his car keys," Max added cheerfully. Everybody stood up, and chorused: "Let's do it!!" A few minutes of silence followed. "Awkward," Wolborg said. Tala turned his attention to his Bitbeast. "Shut up!" "Fine, fine, I'll be quiet." "Hey Tala, your Bitbeast is right," Spencer spoke. "So what do we do?" Rick asked. "I don't know," was the group's answer.

Six hours later you could hear tires screeching, and elderly ladies screaming in fear. Ambulance cars drove through Tokyo all day. But these were only some signs that Tyson had passed his driver's license. A couple of shadowy figures were lying on top of the building opposite of the Granger's dojo, were a red Porsch had just come to a stop. The license plate read: I love food! The driver's seat door opened, and out came no other than Tyson.

"I can't believe it; fat Tysie (a nickname I gave him) actually passed his driver's license," Tala exclaimed in amazement. "Well," Emily began, "if Tyson passed his driver's license, then I might as well sign up for American Idol." "NOOOO!!!"