

The Sweater Made Me Do It!

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Oneshot. In the future, Danny is alone in the Ghost Zone, an outcast in both worlds. He remembers what led up to it...It all started with a sweater.

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1 - The Sweater Made Me Do It!

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

“Great.” Danny Fenton had just opened his Christmas present from Aunt Gertrude. It was a sweater. An ugly, green sweater.

Danny sat in the Ghost Zone, remembering. He was in his ghost form, wearing a black and white jumpsuit. His hair was white rather than its normal black, and his usually blue eyes glowing green. His body seemed to glow slightly as he sat and remembered.

“Say ‘thank you’” his mother chided. “And put it on, Danny!” “Thank you Aunt Gertrude.” Danny said unenthusiastically as he pulled the ugly sweater over his head.

That was when things started happening. Strange things. Danny’s mother insisted that he wear the sweater all through the Christmas holidays. He did, and strange things occurred. They started small...

Crash! Danny’s mother, Maddie, ran in to find Danny standing in the living room near the remains of an expensive blue and white vase. As she glared, Danny pulled the sweater over his head, taking it off and throwing it on the floor. “But I...I didn’t...the sweater made me do it!” he stuttered, pointing at the sweater on the floor. “Don’t be silly!” his mother said in a laughing tone. “Put that sweater back on. You should treat it better; it was a gift.” Danny put the sweater back on, a little warily.

That was only the beginning. The sweater made him do worse. Much worse. But his memories hadn’t gotten that far yet. He hadn’t...no, he didn’t want to think about that. He didn’t want to think about why he was here, alone.

“I don’t know what happened.” Danny was on the phone with his friends, Sam and Tucker. “I just remember walking in the room...and then the vase was broken. This sweater from Aunt Gertrude...I think the sweater made me do it.”

Real-time Danny winced. He did remember breaking the vase. He knew he was doing it, but...he couldn’t stop. He hadn’t told his friends that, though. Maybe he should have ...but he regretted what he had said more than what he hadn’t.

“Sam...you knew Aunt Gertrude. Did you make her send it?” Danny accused. He couldn’t believe what he was saying, but he couldn’t stop. “What? I didn’t-” Sam defended herself until Danny interrupted: “I bet you were in on it, too, Tucker! You know what; I never want to see either of you again!”

That was when he lost his friends. Next came his family.

Danny walked down to the lab, hoping that training would make him feel better. He made sure no one was coming. “Going ghost.” He said halfheartedly, transforming into his ghost form. He began his training as he usually did, stopping when he got to a part that required someone’s help. He turned

human again and started to clean the Fenton Bazooka, as he had nothing better to do. He heard some footsteps, but ignored them. Why should he care? It wasn't like he was in ghost form, or he'd done something he could be punished for. Maddie, Jack, and Jazz all walked into the lab. Then the sweater took over. Instead of cleaning the Fenton Bazooka, Danny began shooting it, at his family as well as everything in the lab. He destroyed everything in the lab they held dear, or tried to. "I hate you guys!" he screamed without wanting to, but the sweater had total control. Then he did the unforgivable. He tried to kill Jazz. He aimed the Bazooka directly at her and...

Real-time Danny closed his eyes, but the images were in his mind. He hadn't wanted to kill her. He'd tried to fight it.

Danny tried to fight the sweater, but it wanted to kill Jazz. It wanted him to kill Jazz. So he shot. Jazz ducked just in time, but Danny couldn't do that and still be a real part of the family. They wouldn't disown him, but how could they be a normal family...after that? "I'll be in my room." Danny went upstairs, where he lay on his bed, miserable.

Danny didn't want to remember, but the images kept coming. He remembered everything, right down to the exact wording. He knew what was coming next. The worst thing. He was coming to the part where...The reason why...Why he was here alone. Why he was an outcast in the human world, even in his human form, as much as in the Ghost Zone. Why he had to "live" alone in this floating purple cave in the Ghost Zone...forever. He was coming to the part where he lost everyone's-everyone in the human world's- trust. The part where he lost everything. Forever.

Danny shivered his breath visible. He transformed, noticing for the first time that he was still wearing the sweater, over his ghost form jumpsuit. Then he focused, looking for the ghost.

Looking for trouble. He should have pulled the sweater off when he first noticed it, but he'd stopped caring. So what if one more person hated him? Or even a few people? He'd lost his friends and family. What more could he lose? Or so he thought.

Danny found the Box Ghost. He was about to enter a warehouse bearing a sign that proclaimed in purple letters "WE SELL BOXES!" when Danny spoke. "I am the Box Ghost, Beware, blah blah blah.' Can we get this over with?" He captured the Box Ghost quickly (after all, he's not that hard). Naturally, that would be when the sweater took over. Danny flew into the jewelry store next door, robbing and destroying in pretty much the same way as in the Freakshow episode. Then he flew over a large crowd of people, destroying as he went. "I was starting to trust him!" one lady exclaimed. "I knew he was evil!" a man called. Danny flew closer to the ground as he got nearer to the end of the crowd. As he was near enough to run, he transformed from Phantom to Fenton, in plain view of everyone. Then the sweater released him. Danny pulled it off, along with the jewelry he was wearing, dropping what he had been carrying. An angry mob formed, backing Danny into a brick wall. He backed up, his eyes wide. "No, I..." Danny tried to defend himself. "T-the sweater made me do it!"

A/N: My first finished fanfic. Just so you know, Danny doesn't die (someone was confused about that). He flies into the Ghost Zone, but now he's an outcast in both worlds. Please review, I want to know what you think. Flame if you want, all lost flames will be returned to their owners.