

Eragon REMIX

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Okay, after noticing how many people don't read Eragon, I decided to "break it down" for them.

Uh...I'm not that great at slang, but I still think it's hilarious.

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Chapter 1 - Breakdancing and Posing

2

1 - Breakdancing and Posing

An elf lady rode on her horse. Beside her were her two companions, who were currently engaged in a bragging contest. "Like, shut up," the elf lady said.

The two guys were thoroughly put out.

"What-ever!" one of them pouted.

And then they got ambushed by a group of Urgals and the Shade, Durza.

"Eww, those horns are so last season!" elf lady screeched.

"And who do you think you are with that outfit, Durza? That's, like, *totally* cliché!"

"Really?" asked an affronted Durza. "I thought it was 'in'."

Then he regained his, er, evilness.

"Urgals! Get 'em!"

And so the two elf companions were killed. Elf lady ran off somehow, which didn't help much because D-Dog cornered her.

"Give me the Shiny!" he yelled.

"No! My Shiny!"

Then elf lady used the ancient language and sent the Shiny off somewhere. Actually, she meant to send it through Durza's head, but she used the wrong phrase. And then, she totally swooned. Like a sissy.

Durza said a few words that would have gotten him grounded. Then he set the forest on fire by accident.

"Oops..."

"Yo yo yo, I'm Eragon, dude."

So said the poor, illiterate farm boy who was hunting for deer. Eragon breakdanced for a while and then struck a pose which he thought was "cool."

Then he pulled out his bow and arrow and tried to shoot the poor, helpless, wounded deer. Then, a flash of light *totally* blinded him momentarily.

“Ah! My eyes! They hurt where they’re hurting!” he yelled.

Then he saw a blue stone that which sunlight glinted off of, with vertical.....

“SHINY!!!!” Eragon screamed.

He ran over to it and snatched it.

“I’m going to take this Shiny without hesitation, and not even worry about what repercussions this action will cause for me and possibly all of Alagaesia in the future!”

So he took the “Shiny” and made his way towards his home.

Eragon went to butcher dude, who’s called Sloan. Sloan was named that because it was a cross between “stupid” and “groan”, which is what people do when they see him.

“Like, dude, wassup?” Eragon yelled.

Sloan sighed and put his head in his hands.

Eragon slinked his way towards the counter and pulled out the blue stone. Then he dropped it, causing the counter to crack a little.

“Give me some of your finest meat!” he cried. “Or I’ll bash your head in!”

Sloan was not perturbed. In fact, he laughed.

“I have all of these butcher knives, boy. Don’t forget that.”

The man gestured towards the rows and rows of sharp, pointy knives on the wall.

Eragon gaped for a while, then said, “Uh, what I *really* meant was, ‘I would like to trade this Shiny for some of your meat, please.’”

Sloan sighed and went to fetch some meat. Eragon felt like bragging a little by this time.

“I found it in the Spine.”

Sloan stopped, his eyes bugging out.

“THE SPINE????!!” he yelled. “Take your stupid rock with you!”

Eragon grabbed the stone before Sloan could skewer it. He ran back to his home.

Garrow, Eragon’s uncle, sighed contentedly. Eragon shouldn’t be back any time soon. Which meant, sweet, sweet bl—

“UNCLE! YO! I’m home!”

Garrow groaned. He motioned for Roran to greet him.

“Wassup, dog?” Roran shouted.

“Teenagers these days,” Garrow muttered.

“I found a Shiny!” Eragon announced.

Garrow was suddenly interested.

“What kind of ‘Shiny’?”

The boy pulled out his stone and put it on the ground.

“Looks valuable,” Roran said.

“We’ll sell it as soon as the traders come.”

The traders eventually came, but the trader dude was all like, “Dude, this is totally hollow.”

So Eragon was all like, “Nuh uh, girlfriend!”

But he left anyways.

And later, Brom, the local old geezer (in Eragon’s and Roran’s opinions), told a story about an age, far, far ago...

Okay, this is the short version.

Riders are like the police. Their cars just happen to be huge dragons. And one day, one of their police-in-training, Galbatorix, went clubbing with his friends in the wild. Then the gangsters of Alagaesia, Urgals, attacked them. G-dog’s friends were killed, and his dragon was totally totaled.

“No! My sweet ride!” he yelled.

And so he wandered around, dazed and crazed. Though maybe that's because he was kind of drunk. Ahem.

Eventually, G-dog made it back to Rider Headquarters. And he begged to have a new dragon. And when they refused and suggested a psychologist, he went totally crazy, and not in a good way, unless you count killing almost all the Riders and their dragons as a good thing.

And, a hundred years later, he still rules over us. Which totally sucks, because we can't just wait for him to die of old age.

And so that's the story of G-dog. When Brom finished telling that, he sniveled a bit and went off.