

Through Nevada and back

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Chapter2

Hello my dear readers the characters don't belong to me (I just borrow them and use them for my story without making any money) they belong to their owners (who pimp them out to eager ff-writers and ff-drawers without their knowledge (if they don't use the internet that is.))

Have fun...

"D-Dib?" he had cranked down the window and was now gazing out of it trying to make out the figure that came near to him waving it's arms.

"Todd is that you?" the conspirator came nearer, finally standing next to the van spying through the open car window.

Todd affirmed in a jittery voice.

He wanted to drive away from here as fast as he could with as few strange encounters as possible which was near impossible, for somebody like him. "We haven't seen each other for a long time." he regarded Dib while saying those words.

During Dib's convergence Todd had noticed that Dib had changed, a lot since the last time he saw him:

Dib's glasses looked worn out and were held together with an apprehensive band, his hair had lost a little of its luster and as he grinned Todd could see that his teeth had a slight tint in them coming from coffee and nicotine.

Todd also perceived that Dib still wore that blue t-shirt with the smiley and he still had that long black coat he took rarely if ever off.

"So what took you so much time?" Dib looked at Todd as he asked that. Holding the steering wheel in his frantic grip looking so tense that Dib thought he was unable to open his mouth.

Taking a step further towards the open car window he looked at him through the window seeing his lithe form in an uncomfortable car seat with distasteful images covering it. Todd's eyes were dark and heavy his eyelids had sunken a little and he had

dark circles around his eyes coming from sleep deprivation and worry over the world. The gray coat made of Egyptian cotton hung from his shoulders like a dirty old sac covering the thin body wrapped in a t-shirt from one of those TV-shows with monkeys all over it.

His shaggy black silken hair was ruffled and looked like it hadn't had seen a comb for decades.

Todd's little mouth was forming a sentence drawing the corners of his mouth upwards, Dib watched as the soft petal-like lips opened themselves leaving a few words staying in the air: "I had trouble finding this place."

Dib needed a little time to realize that the other one had spoken to him and a little more time to remember what he had said.

"I came here under um.." Dib tried to find the right word "mysterious circumstances?" he smiled at Todd, who wasn't into a laid-back mood which you could tell from the way his eyes shifted from left to right and how he pressed himself against the driver's seat. It wasn't very easy for a nervous person like he was to stay calm in the middle of a dark street with no streetlights and the howling of coyotes in the background while the moon was hidden behind the clouds.

"So umm ..." he fiddled with the play button of the radio "Do you jump in?"

This ripped Dib out of his daydreams and into a near lavishing mood of happiness. Finally he could drive home and get into his bed and...

But wasn't there something he needed to be done first?

He looked back and suddenly remembered what had happened just 4 hours ago. How he had met those mysterious guys who probably gave him an answer to so many of his paranormal questions if he just found the right time for it.

Biting his underlip he thought about a way to get into those guys' heads and find out what their rambling was about.

As he turned back and regarded the old car Todd sat in, an idea sprang to his mind.

"Say Todd, would you mind if I would invite some of my new friends?"

Todd stared at Dib for a moment. "Well, I don't think it would hurt," he mumbled to himself knowing very well that it may not hurt him but that it would cause some unfortunate events in his life.

The incomprehensible mumbling from Todd was, of course, the only thing the over motivated Dib needed to scream at the remaining two persons at the booth: "Hey guys" he winked, while jumping into the seat next to Todd who was sighting defeated "I found somebody to drive you home!" while grinning from ear to ear. During the time Dib had his manic phase Todd bit his lip and hoped that he made it out of this federal state alive and well.

Damien and Kenny were heaving themselves up ,grinning that they found somebody stupid enough to give them a free ride home, and gathered together their scattered items before they tiredly turned towards the dodge that was their ticket home.

Dib crammed his backpack under the small space located beneath the seat during the time Kenny and Damien made their way towards the dodge opening the unlocked backdoor who made a protesting squeak as it was rammed open and threw themselves on the uncomfortable seats stuffed with rotten foam material. The door squeaked again and was pushed shut by Damien who already knew that the first thing hw was going to do after getting his powers back was to blow up this fucking old van.

Todd looked up eying the new passengers with suspect and a little tinge of fear. Being anything else but happy to meet new people due the fact that they always promised trouble.

Besides those guys looked anything but trustworthy they could kill him in his sleep and steal his money.

During Todd's musings the guys had already stuffed their backpacks under the backseat and Kenny was already sleeping again cuddling against Damien who annoyed with the attachment brushed him off just for Kenny to repeat it mumbling a few words that sounded like "You make such a good pillow" which was answered with another brush and a grumble from the pissed off goth who was obviously having a migraine.

Todd sighed defeated ,looking behind him trough the looking glass, it wasn't like he could do anything. The trouble he was about to avoid invited itself in his life every time he didn't need it.

But its not like anybody would ask him if he was comfortable with two guys in the backseat he didn't know demanding to be driven to their home city or his neighbor traumatizing him during his childhood .

Sinking his head in defeat he had to admit destiny hated him and his guts.

Stomping on the accelerator activating the engine Todd and his unwelcoming guests drove towards the full bright moon in the old dodge his father didn't cared about now because he had bigger problems in L.A, namely a maniac called Johnny...

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I've got a nice and wonderful comment and I'm happy to know that people care about the stuff I write.

Yo! And I will tell you that I still haven't decided if NNY will make an appearance or none at all