

# Through Nevada and back

Von abgemeldet

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## Kapitel 1: Chapter 1

Charas not mine anything else yes. Expect the states and citys mentioned...  
Have fun...

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SQUEE!

„Hello?“ Todd answered the telephone with a pen in his hand tapping a paper trying to do his homework. The exercise was to try to find a solution for a pipe problem in the schools heat system. „Todd is that you?“ shooting up from his seat as he heard the voice of his friend from the bedlam house, he reassured himself: „D-Dib?“. The caller remained silent for a moment until he answered: „Yes?“. Smiling slightly as he heard the voice of his long lost friend Todd demanded to know: „How are you?“.

„I'm fine.“ Todd scabbled a little on his notebook and finally asked ,what mocked him the whole time, „So why are you calling?“, he heard a cough at the other side of the phone line. „Err...“ there was a huge pause „Dib?“ Todd said to affirm himself that Dib was still on the line. There was the cough again „Well, Todd you see I'm stuck and err I have no idea how to come home and we live in the same neighbourhood so, ... wouldn't you come and pick me up?“ Todd's eyebrows sunk and created a expression of disbelieve in his face.

„Where exactly are you?“ looking outside the window he saw a rather lanky man entering the house next door. He looked exactly like the guy who gave him horrible nightmares.

„Somewhere around Nevada. Rather dull. You won't believe me I saw a...“ Todd's eyes became big as he saw that the neighbour was indeed NNY! „I come and get you!“ Todd nearly screamed into the phone interrupting Dib in the progress who he hadn't really listened to since he was watching that man.

He let his pen hit the table and was already up. Kneeing to reach for his shoes under the table with his ear still on the phone „Do you have any directions?“ he asked panicked.

„Err...“ the voice on the other side of the phone line sounded puzzled „in a phone booth. Aliens stole my portable.“ out of Dibs mouth that sounded like something that would occur often Todd thought „Funny story. Anyway I'm in the middle of nowhere near Sunrise Manor and there's a big green poster.“

„I'll get you. Wait! Don't move.“ Todd slammed the phone on the holder and ran towards the door grabbing his fathers keys for the old dodge ,which was only hold together with adhesive tape, in the progress and slammed the door behind him shut. He was about to start the engine when he suddenly remembered himself about the fact that he lived in Los Angeles and Nevada was roughly a 4 hours drive away from

where he lived. And that was without the fact that he didn't even knew where sunrise manor was located. So he ran back grabbed a map and stuffed his necessities in a sac. Throwing everything in the back of his fathers van he drove of into the sunset hoping his father wouldn't miss his van over the weekend, assuming he will be alive by the end of the weekend with the crazy knife-nut man next door.

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In Nevada:

Dib was getting cold. To conserve the little warm he still had he draw his coat closer to his body. The cold nights in Nevada weren't made for somebody coming from a place with nicer temperatures.

Not that it would be cold in Nevada but the nights...

"Hey" he turned around seeing two guys not much older than him standing outside "Do you want to stay in there forever? We have to make a phone call too, you know?"

Dib left the cell and leaned against the cold glass wall while one of the guys, a young man with a orange parka dialled a number inside the cabin.

The moment he hit the glass he took out a small package of cigarettes out of his overcoat, taking a cigarette and carefully put the package back in the coat's inside pocket.

Pulling out a lighter with the writing 'conspiracy' and an alien head as ornament he ignited his cigarette and inhaled the smoke. Letting the smoke engulf his mind and wavering his thoughts, he didn't recognize that a figure approached him "Care to give me some light?" Dib nearly jumped up, surprised at the sudden intrusion from outside forces ripping him away from his thoughts.

"Of course." hastily he fished for his lighter in one of his deep coat-pockets and held it in front of the Goth-guy's face seeing how his eyes shone in a bright red and how the light was reflecting inside them making the eyes appear like rubies. The darkest and beauteous rubies he ever saw in his short, mortal life. Damien pulled away from the fire Dibs eyes still on him.

"Do you have a problem with my eyes?" the red-eye sounded annoyed and ready to kill somebody.

Bashing himself mentally he ripped his eyes away from the Goth "N-No." he hold up his hands, making a placating smile or at least he was trying to "It's just that um.." he tried to find a right word for it.

"It's not common for me to see people with red eyes. That's all." he put his lighter away and continued staring at the ground.

"I could have lighted it myself but somebody took my powers away." Dib looked up. Was that another proof for the paranormal; a proof that there were daemons and supernatural beings on earth.

There was just one way to make sure of that. He started his question "So those p..."

Suddenly the cell door was violently rammed open and Dib shrugged together, forgetting what he wanted to say, at the loud slam the door made being slammed back nearly falling out the angles cracking the glass in the progress. "Those fuckers!" the orange dressed guy exclaimed loud and violently punching his fists upwards.

He turned towards the red eyed Goth. Dib could make out his facial features they were soft and the eyes reminded him of a cat. Dib never really liked cats he preferred dogs until they once tried to eat him which has not been a very pleasing experience.

"I nicely explained my fucking problem to them and the only thing those bastards do is laughing and tell me to whore myself out when I need a drive back so badly! Those assholes." he spat.

The guy let his hood down the moon shining on the mongrel blond, half-long hair. He scratched his head as he took a cigarette from Damien.

To say that he exclaimed his displeasure of the situation very loudly was an understatement. Dib thought he never heard so many swearwords and curses leaving a single persons mouth in his whole life.

After ranting for over 2 hours and becoming too tired to make any more exclamations the parka-guy let himself sink back beneath the Goth. Igniting his cigarette with his last matchstick he got out of a matchbox, which seemed to be out of one of those strip locals you always saw near truck stops, he began to puff his old looking smoke.

"Why do I always end up in another place after rebirth?" he muttered. Dib looked up. What was that? Rebirth? Dib's paranormal-activity senses tickled. He just had hit the jackpot.

Whoever wrote the script for his life just placed him in the biggest opportunity to prove that not just aliens existed but also that there was something not from this earth probably living next to you in your garden. He thought about how he could gain their trust. Whatever they knew he had to know it too.

"So..." both looked up. "What is your name? I mean it's not like I would need it or err that but it seems that we will be stuck here for a while." Dib pointed out the obvious. Damien took over and said both their names: "That" he gestured to the guy in the parka "is Kenny, Colorado's greatest crack whore of all time" Kenny flipped Damien the finger "And I am none other than Damien."

He nearly spit out that he was the devils son. But he rather didn't state that seeing as his powers had been stolen and any confrontation with crazy fundamentalists or "paranormal researchers", or what he liked to call them: lunatics trying to make stupid experiments with him, wouldn't be very benefiting for his health.

"And you both are from Colorado?" Kenny just nodded but Damien declined "I move often..."

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half an hour later:

Kenny was asleep and Damien was playing with his Play Station portable. Dib wanted to know more about them he'd pinned them down with questions but with the time they grew bored and just ignored him. Whenever he tried to ask them now they only repeated with a 'shut up'. Kenny was a lot more leaned back than Damien telling him to stop being a creep, Damien on the other hand was about to kill him if he would ask any more questions. So Dib stopped with his questioning for this time. However he would never give up. Noting a few things in his notebook with his pen, also conspiracy themed, he remembered himself to ask more questions.

He couldn't let this chance drop ,after all he was a supernatural researcher. Searching for the truth that was somewhere out there.

Dib looked on his clock he had smoked 5 cigarettes by now, Kenny and Damien slept besides each other snoring and there was no sign of Todd. He phoned 4 hours ago because he knew that while people like his father or Gaz didn't really care that he was stuck in Nevada, Todd was always sweet and caring. Or at least that's what he remembered him to be like.

It had been a long time since the last time they saw each other. He or better both of them in the nut house had few clear moments which was the time around 3 A.M and 4 P.M. They even had shared a room together living in close proximity. That was how he got Todd's number and address and he gave him his in return, besides it wasn't like it didn't felt good having a 'friend' who also believed in aliens, though Todd wasn't as happy about them as he was.

One could say that they really got attached to each other over the course of months.

Thinking about all of that Dib felt a little guilty on the inside. Abusing Todd's friendship for a free four hour ride across the country. But he was just human and Todd sounded very happy to drive him around or at least he interpreted the loud shrieking into the phone as a sign of joy.

He saw a light and turned around a old Dodge drove up the street.

The Dodge stopped near the phone booth and Dib could make out a faint scream. He ran to the van.

"Todd?".

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Hope you liked it

I like reviews...

## 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...

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"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 sack 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 which 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