

Season 2, Chapter 76 – Good Girl on the Green



I get that explosions are cool and funny and junk but still! We can't have too many or everything will be ruined! Let's just save them for when we fall down or whatever, okay?

Anyway, today was a bland and boring day so we were all extremely tired. What is it about cloudy days that drain your energy? Perhaps the sun is actually useful for something after all? Who knew! In any case, I was currently standing in front of the sink because I had gotten lost on the way to the coffee maker and now I was just so far gone that life had lost all meaning. I was in the middle of dousing a bowl with water for reasons unknown when Amber hobbled down the stairs with a tired look on her face.

“Good moooorning...”

She yawned loudly as she wandered over to a cupboard and pulled out a bag of sour cream and onion chips to apparently have for breakfast. Her mere presence triggered my Laser Focus which allowed me to wake up just enough to pay attention to what she was doing and potentially prevent disaster in the event something went horribly wrong. When I saw her grabbing chips, my eyes narrowed.

“Chips for *breakfast*?”

She headed over to the table with a dopey smile on her face.

“Totally.”

She sat down in a chair and struggled to pull the bag open. When it finally tore, she wobbled backwards a bit from the force and both her eyes and her smile got really big.

“AHAAAA!”

I stared at her for a moment before taking my bowl full of water, apparently my own breakfast, over to the table as well.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah! I’m just tired and stuff.”

“Uh huh. Oh right, I meant to ask you- I found this nickel when I was doing laundry. Did you have it in one of your pockets?”

I held it out and she snatched it from me.

“OH MY GOD! I’M *RICH!* And I have *CHIPS!*”

She shoved a handful down her throat and started coughing rather aggressively. I sat down in the chair across from her and watched as she sputtered and gagged, doing absolutely nothing to help but enjoying the show regardless. She managed to swallow everything and then her smile returned once more. Deciding conversation would be appropriate here, I attempted to start one.

“So, do you have any plans for today?”

She immediately threw her head back and groaned.

“UUGGGHH, is it just me or have we been talking for like an HOUR?!”

I sat there and stared at her with a concerned look on my face until she straightened back up again.

“But yeah, I actually do have plans today. Do you know what this week’s hottest trend is?”

“Basketball?”

“Close! It’s golfing.”

I lapped some water from my bowl like a cat, then gave her a look.

“You’re going to go golfing?”

She smiled wide.

“Yep! I know it’s for gross old people but I figured I could at least give it a shot! Maybe I can meet a rich guy who I can blackmail into being my husband!”

“I hope you two will be very happy together.”

“I will! He won’t, but I will!”

She shoved another handful of chips into her mouth, then threw what was left on the floor and stood up. She also pocketed the nickel I gave her in case it might become relevant later.

“Okay! I think I’m ready. Off I go!”

She skipped over to the door and immediately smacked into it. I whipped around and looked at her as she gripped her forehead in pain and mumbled something about it not being an automatic door anymore which it never was to begin with. Then, she popped back up and smiled at me.

“Okay, NOW I’m ready. NOW.”

She missed grabbing the door handle a few times before slamming her fist on it which opened the door, allowing her to shuffle out. This left me sitting at the table alone like usual.

“Yeah, I’m sure Amber’s golfing adventure will go just fine. Did we not learn our lesson with the bus adventure?”

The shot then zoomed out to show that FlamDawg had entered from the living room and was standing in the doorway while glaring at me rather intensely.

“Is that my doggy bowl...?”

I stared down at it.

Later in the afternoon, Amber arrived at the River Forest Golf Course after spending the entire morning skipping down the sidewalk. To be fair, she’s forbidden from driving and she got a year-long ban from the bus so walking was her only option. Actually, skipping was an option, too! She stood in line at the place where you pay to enter for a while, then spilled her nail polish all over the counter when she finally got to the front of the line. As the man behind the counter started wiping it up, she saw a pink golf club on the wall behind him and leaned over to grab it. To no one’s surprise, she fell over the counter just as her fingers brushed the handle, sending her crashing into the man and kicking a rich person behind her with her foot. The clubs and other assorted things fell off the walls and landed on them while she writhed and screamed on the ground. To summarize, the first few seconds of her golfing experience did not go too well.

Once she had paid for entry, got her pink golf club, and made the employee quit, she headed to the counter across from where she was and purchased some patented coordination in a baggie. Something told her she was going to need it today! The woman behind the counter smiled and handed her a small plastic bag with sparkles inside, but they flew away the moment she opened it up. Just as she was about to complain, the woman closed the counter and it was revealed she wasn’t affiliated with the golf course in any way. Jokes on her- she paid with Zack’s Zcredit Card!

Finally, after what had seemed like a day of ordeals already, she entered the golf course and was greeted by a vast grassy plain that the course took place on. She wandered over to the first hole, looking a bit disappointed as she went.

“Wait, this isn’t the golf with the windmills and the bumps and the colorful balls? Totally LAME.”

Deciding she would give it a try anyway because *Gossip Glam Magazine* can never be wrong, she teed up at the first hole. Thankfully, there weren’t many other people playing today so she had most of the course all to herself. She looked around at the grass before her, the trees surrounding the path to the hole, and the flag flapping in the distance. Being the first hole, this layout was extremely basic and there were no sandbars or water hazards to deal with- just a straight shot to the hole. She thrust her pink club out, bent her knees, and wiggled her butt as she prepared for her first swing. All those hours spent playing Wii Sports had prepared her for this very moment! After several unnecessary pre-swing rituals that she had apparently developed in the seven seconds she had been standing there, she swung and hit the ball with such extreme force that it shot through the air, flew clear out of the golf course, and disappeared from sight.

“Ugh, what?! You mean I have to be *gentle* when I swing?!”

Meanwhile, FlamDawg and I were in the kitchen back at home. I was aggressively scrubbing the bowl I had lapped water out of at breakfast while FlamDawg stood next to me with an angry look on his face.

“That’s right! Scrub! Scrub your FILTH off of my bowl! Right there! You missed a spot! Scrub harder! Wait a minute, this isn’t my bowl...”

Suddenly, a golf ball smashed through the roof and hit him in the back of the head, knocking him into the sink where his face landed in the bowl. Zack then floated by and turned on the faucet before leaving the room, causing water to spray him rather intensely while I stood there and watched as he gurgled and flailed.

Back at the golf course, Amber was dancing around near the first hole. What started off as generic dancing turned into some kind of choreographed Beyoncé performance as she thrust her hips and swiveled her head around while using her golf club as a fancy baton.

“WOO! Only 57 over par! I ROCK at golf!”

She continued dancing until she pulled out her scorecard and went to write her strokes down. When she saw how many holes there were, everything stopped and her eyes grew wide.

“EIGHTEEN HOLES?! What do you mean, EIGHTEEN HOLES?! I’m gonna be here for, like, ever!”

She started sobbing as she trudged over to the second hole, though thankfully she was all smiles again by the time she made it there. If her magazine can do it then so can she! After teeing up and doing her rituals which included four new ones, she swung the club, causing it to fly out of her hands and shoot across the course!

“Oh! I need to *hold on* to the club when I swing? That’s too much work!”

It soared over several holes before flying across the parking lot and smashing through the back window of Bob’s car just as he was preparing to pull out! It hit him in the back of the head, knocking him unconscious and causing him to fall limp on the steering wheel. Almost immediately, a Little Bang angrily stormed over to him and started writing him a ticket.

“Sleeping in the parking lot?! That’s a \$600 fine, buddy!”

He tore off the ticket and slapped it on the side of Bob’s head before noticing the pink golf club that had landed in the passenger’s seat.

“Are you trying to steal official golf course property?! That’s it, buddy! You’re coming with me!”

He attempted to put handcuffs on Bob’s limp wrists until a golf ball came flying in and donked him on the head, knocking him unconscious. In the far distance, Amber’s voice could be heard.

“Hey! My elbow works just as well as a club!”

16 holes, 7 pink golf clubs, 38 golf balls, 5 cents worth of lipgloss, \$6,853 in property damage and 5 hours later, Amber arrived at the 18th hole, the very last one. She looked extremely drained after everything that had happened on her grand golf journey and had already long since decided that golf wasn’t for her. It certainly didn’t help that the weather had gotten cloudy, looking as though it might start raining at any moment. After trudging to the most difficult hole on the course, she teed up and hit the ball without even bothering to do any of her rituals because life didn’t matter anymore.

Thanks to her low-effort swing being significantly less powerful than her usual one, the golf ball flew across the course and navigated the ground below as it landed, avoiding the sandbars, water hazards, and heathens trying to eat it along the way. It rolled right up a hill then cascaded downwards towards the hole, spinning around the circumference for a moment before landing right in with only one single swing. Her tired eyes shot open as confetti and pre-recorded applause filled the golf course, helping to mask the thunder that could be heard from the dark clouds overhead.

“Wait... did I actually... get a hole in one?!”

More confetti shot out everywhere, effectively ruining the golf course as she started dancing around in victory.

“THIS IS THE BEST DAY EVER!”

She slowly and triumphantly held up her pink golf club in celebration. In that moment, a bolt of lightning shot down from the thunderous clouds above and hit the metal club, acting as a makeshift lightning rod and shocking her rather severely. She twitched and spasmed as she was thoroughly electrocuted, but that wasn't even the end of it. The lightning flowed through her very being, jolting up her arm, down her spine, and over her hip until it landed on the nickel in her back pocket. The moment it made contact, there was a massive electric explosion that blew her perfectly plump posterior right off! It shot across the golf course and landed somewhere in the parking lot as evident by the screams of people leaving due to the weather.

Sometime later, I was relaxing in the living room back at home, intently watching a documentary about the history of string when the front door swung open and Amber stomped inside. Her entire self was a burnt, blackened mess and she had thick bandages wrapped around where her posterior should have been. I didn't bother looking away from the screen and instead greeted her like normal, assuming everything went fine.

“Hey, Amber. Did you have fun at the golf course?”

She stormed over to me with heavy footsteps that rattled the entire house and I looked up at her, seeing that she both looked and smelled like fried chicken.

“Oh dear.”

She then slammed the nickel I had given her down on the coffee table with more fury than I had ever witnessed someone slam money down before.

“YOUR DAMN NICKEL BLEW MY ASS OFF!”

I stared at it for a moment before looking back up at her.

“Well, your booty do be popping so it was only a matter of time before it popped for real.”

Apparently, that answer was incorrect because she slapped me across the face before I even knew what was happening. It was so impactful that it immediately triggered a timeskip and I found myself lodged inside an igloo somewhere in the depths of Antarctica. A Bob wearing a poofy coat wandered over, sighed, and started chiseling me out of his home. I guess there are multiple Bobs all over the world! Who knew people could share the same name?

Back at the house, a still-fried Amber was now standing in the middle of the living room with an angry look on her face. Clearly, it was not a good idea to interact with her at the moment, and yet FlamDawg entered the room and did just that. He walked right in and approached her with a smile.

“Hey, Amber! Um, sorry but earlier I accidentally dropped a bowling ball on the cookie jar you loved so much because I thought it was Zack in disguise. But it’s totally fine, right? We cool?”

Her nostrils flared and fire shot out when she opened her mouth. They weren’t cool, they were red hot! Zack floated down the stairs to refill his juice cup and saw the two running in circles around the coffee table while FlamDawg was screaming at the top of his lungs. He watched for a while until I walked in the front door with a large chunk of ice stuck to my head.

“Oh, there you are. I was wondering where you went when you weren’t in your room when I blew it up earlier.”

“One thing at a time, please.”

“What is going on?”

“Amber had a bad day at the golf course so now she’s mad. I really wish there was a way we could put her somewhere else for a while until she calms down.”

He sipped from his cup that was now full of juice again.

“I might be able to help with that. I have... *connections*.”

My eyebrow raised in curiosity and the camera zoomed in on our faces as loud bone-snapping sounds and FlamDawg’s girlish screams could be heard in the background.

Sometime later, it was a quiet day at the GreenGrove Gazette, the local newspaper branch, until the glass doors swung open and senior editor Jackson Beauregard marched in holding what appeared to be a single photograph. Actually, he was floating because this person was simply Zack in a hat. Had you fooled for a minute there, though! He glided up to the front desk where a woman looked surprised to see him.

“Mr. Beauregard?! I thought you were dead?!”

He flailed his hand about.

“My death was... greatly exaggerated. In the newspaper. In the article that I wrote. But enough of that! Is everyone in the meeting room?”

“Yes, of course, but...”

He floated right past her, knocking the entire desk over in the process for dramatic effect, and entered the third door down the hall on the left where a bunch of newspaper people were gathered around a table. They gasped at his sudden appearance but he didn’t have time to explain himself again.

“People, I hold in my hands our latest headline.”

He waved the photograph before slamming it down on the table for everyone to see. They all leaned over in their chairs to get a good look at it, though unfortunately we got a shot of their faces instead.

“Oh... Oh my god..”

“This might just be the story that saves our newspaper.”

“How is she bending like that?”

“Don’t ask questions, just print it! Now I’m going to go to the break room and get a coffee. You guys always had good coffee. Better than my coffee.”

He turned and left the room, floating further down the hall and intentionally slamming into various things as he went. The group continued to stare at the photo before someone snatched it and they all sped into the publishing room to get to work, slamming into walls in much the same fashion.

We cut to the next day where Amber’s anger hadn’t subsided and had only gotten worse. I had managed to push her into the front yard after about two hours of bumping into her (she moved about two pixels with every bump) so she was now standing in the grass with her arms crossed, yelling at people who passed by.

“Hey, YOU! Don’t you look at me when I call out to you! You think you look so cool on that bike?! I had a princess one when I was seven and MINE LOOKED BETTER SO CHOKE ON THAT!”

When her words weren’t enough to satisfy her, she picked up a rock and threw it at the small child on the bike. The child screamed as the rock flew over and the bike violently exploded when it made contact. Don’t look so concerned- she has done far worse to people much older! She went back to standing there with her arms crossed until police music started blasting and a group of Little Bangs stormed over to her. The leader was an Uber Bang, one of the highest ranking Little Bangs on the force.

“Amber Shine?”

She turned to them with a wild look in her eye.

“Yeah? What?!”

The Uber Bang nodded at the others and they immediately tackled her to the ground, slipping handcuffs over her wrists.

“Hey! HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! It wasn’t my fault that kid got blown up!”

“We’re not here for that. What you do in your yard is your own business. Amber Shine, you are under arrest.”

“For what?!”

“For THIS.”

He held a newspaper up to her face and she gasped upon seeing the headline. It read, “Police Hater Stomps Out Justice!” and below was a large picture of her aggressively stomping on a Little Bang who was crying in fear. This was actually a photo of the time she beat FlamDawg up for stealing her Halloween candy while he was dressed in his Little Bang costume, but taken out of context it looked quite serious. The Uber Bang threw the paper aside and glared down at her.

“People like you make me sick. Five years at the police academy just to be abused by some jank lady. You like abuse? We’ll show you abuse!”

"What did you call me? Jank lady?!"

The other Little Bangs grabbed her and tossed her into the back seat of the squad car that for some reason was covered in sharp spikes. There was a slicing sound as she landed on them and then she stopped moving altogether which was probably just a sign of rehabilitation. The cops climbed into their respective cars and drove away, hauling her off to the maximum-security prison up north. FlamDawg and I watched from the living room window while I sipped on some tea from my mug.

“And there she goes. Hopefully some time in jail will help her calm down.”

“Or maybe she’ll get super jacked and come home with more rage than we ever thought possible.”

I turned to him with a look.

“For once, could I send someone to prison WITHOUT you turning it into something negative?”

He rolled his eyes and walked away as I sat on the couch to enjoy the rest of my day. As the shot panned away from the window, it drifted over to the newspaper on the ground, revealing that Zack had taken all of the credit for the article but then died immediately after due to choking on old coffee. It seems the legend of newspaper superstar Jackson Beauregard won’t be continuing after all.

So then! This was a wild ride, wasn’t it? First Amber goes golfing, then everything goes horribly wrong, then she’s arrested for something taken out of context! I do love chapters like this.