

Season 2, Chapter 83 – Clash of the Nutjobs



Poor Amber doesn't deserve such torment! One day, Zack is going to push her too far and then she's going to awaken to some secret ultimate power and then we're all screwed.

Anyway, today was one of those slow days without much going on. While that might seem like a good thing since we usually have Zack blowing things up every six seconds, it just means that we're due for chaos any minute now. The longer we go without, the closer we are to having some. It's better to start the day with explosions rather than saving them until later! Currently, Amber was sitting on the couch in the living room with a bag of Skittles that she was quietly snacking on. Every few seconds she'd reach in and pop another one into her mouth with a bored look on her face. It was weird how she wasn't watching TV or reading a magazine at the same time, but I suppose not everyone is capable of multitasking.

Once she was roughly halfway through the bag, FlamDawg suddenly came downstairs like he was some sort of random event triggered by her amount of candy consumption. Once she's down to 50% Skittles, the second phase of snacking will trigger and FlamDawg will appear! At first it seemed like he was just passing through, but his ears perked up when she reached in for another one and he stopped to side-eye the bag. The rustling of bags is the universal sign for "I have food" and all creatures are keenly aware of this fact. Even Zack knows to come downstairs when I open his bag of Hacker Chow! FlamDawg remained frozen in place for a few seconds, watching as she slowly popped in one Skittle after another, then suddenly flung himself over the back of the couch and attempted to rip the bag from her hands.

"SKITTLES!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs as he went flopping over the couch; rolling forwards and smacking into the coffee table all while gripping onto the bag with both paws. He slumped down on the floor for a moment before popping back up and aggressively pulling on it.

“GIVE ME THE SKITTLES!”

Amber fought back and flailed her head around.

“NEVERRRRR!”

Realizing the effort was proving futile, he released one paw and used it to thump her on the head and whack her in the face. He hoped doing so would cause her grip to loosen, but it only made it stronger. They both flailed around, neither willing to relinquish the coveted Skittles.

“STOP! GET OFF MEEEE!”

Several Skittles were sent flying out of the bag and scattered all over the carpet below, prompting a screech from Amber.

“NOOO!”

Zack immediately slid out from under the couch and started snatching them up with his disturbingly long tongue. It was around this time that I wandered downstairs, having heard the loud screaming but really only wanting to grab a drink from the fridge. I stopped when I saw what was going on but ultimately decided it would be best if I just didn't get involved. I quickly hurried from one end of the room to the other, stepping around Zack who was sliding around on the floor like some sort of candy-sucking Roomba. Please do not let this become the inspiration for a Zroomba. Upon entering the kitchen, I heard Amber's screaming grew progressively louder.

“AAAAIIIIYEEEEEE!!!”

KA-BLAM! There was a massive explosion and several Skittles flew in and landed on the tile floor. I suppose that's one way to end a fight, but again, I'm not getting involved. The doorway to the living room was now burnt and broken but I didn't care and just grabbed some juice from the fridge. As I sat down and started sipping with a content look on my face, an orange boomerang suddenly came flying in from the destroyed living room and started spinning in circles in the air.

“What the heck is that?”

It soon hit me in the back of the head, knocking me face-first into my juice which fell and spilled all over the table. I now had my head down and started absorbing the juice like some sort of sponge when a puddle began to form. Closer inspection revealed that this boomerang was

actually FlamDawg who had somehow been contorted into that shape. He flew back over to Zack who caught him as he floated into the room.

“All that sliding around on the floor gave me inspiration for this FlaDoomerang!”

He went to float through the sliding glass door, but suddenly stopped and turned back towards the living room.

“Hmm, has the living room been blown up thoroughly enough? My own contribution couldn’t hurt.”

He snapped and the room violently exploded again, accompanied by a loud scream from Amber.

“Oh! I thought she was already dead. Well, she is now! That’s what they get for fighting over Skittles.”

He turned towards the glass door and floated out into the backyard where he threw the FlaDoomerang and the shattering of a car windshield was heard the moment it left his hand. I was now all alone in the kitchen again, still face-down on the table, but then my head turned slightly, revealing that I looked rather angry.

“Someone had Skittles?!”

Sometime later, I had relocated from the kitchen table to the couch in the living room which was now miraculously back together. I love when timeskips reset things! And yes, I am capable of moving when I feel like it. I was simply sitting there with an angry look on my face when Zack slowly floated over, texting on his expensive new smartphone that he had stolen from someone he hit with the FlaDoomerang. He didn’t look up at me but started talking like we were friends or something.

“Hey. You don’t look happy.”

My eyes narrowed.

“I’m not.”

“...yay.”

Apparently, that was all he wanted to say because he turned and started floating towards the kitchen using some sort of autopilot that allowed him to keep texting without bumping into walls. I debated pulling off my shoe and throwing it at him but that was when the front door suddenly flew open and Amber stormed inside with a wild look in her eye.

“THAT BUTTFACE RUINED MY SKITTLES!”

I sighed loudly as she slammed the door shut.

“Oh, great. You’re alive again. Yaaaaay.”

Thankfully she didn’t hear that or else there would have been a bone-cracking sound and the chapter would have ended. She marched over and started aggressively pacing back and forth in front of the TV. Thankfully it was off or else there would have been a bone-cracking sound and she would have ended.

“WHEN I SEE THAT DAWG AGAIN, I’M GONNA SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CROSS ME!”

I stared at her with a look that said I totally didn’t even care.

“You know, I’ve been wondering. How come you’re all sparkles and glitter most of the time but a violent screaming demon when you get mad?”

She whipped around with a confused look on her face as if she couldn’t imagine why I was asking such a thing.

“Because, that’s part of my hot pop diva self! See, I look all cute and harmless so people give me presents. But then I can also get really angry when they don’t give me anything. It all makes perfect sense.”

“Does it?”

“Yeah! My extreme anger is what sets me apart from all the other hot pop divas in the world while also giving me the strength to destroy them all! Speaking of destroying, FlamDawg is at the top of my list! I BOUGHT those Skittles! I tried to buy some more but they were THREE dollars! That’s too much of a money!”

I sighed again.

“Well, whatever. When you confront him, just try not to do it in front of the others. You should know that some of the others are very... *impressionable* and we wouldn’t want them picking up on the things you do when you’re angry.”

“What things?”

“Remember that time you got called to the community center?”

We cut to a flashback set a month or two ago when Amber was stepping into the glass doors of the GreenGrove Community Center, also known as the place where most big events happen in the town. She had gotten a call that there was some sort of issue and needed to come down

immediately to resolve it. Seeing as Nathan had left town with Zack and FlamDawg in search of the world's largest toothbrush, it was up to her to see what this was all about. She walked down the entry hallway and opened a door to one of the conference rooms. In here, a gentleman was seated in front of a desk.

"Hello, Amber. Please, have a seat."

Amber sat down in the chair across from him.

"You're the guardian of Ms. Cat Makoto, correct?"

"Um, well I'm not sure if 'guardian' is the right word or whatever but she does live with us."

"I needed to speak to you about an issue regarding her."

"That sounds bad."

"It is. I'm sure you're aware that Cat frequently attends meetings of the volleyball club here?"

"No, not at all. Is that where she goes when she's not in the chapters with us?"

"I don't know what that means, but probably, yes. Well, earlier today she got into a verbal fight with one of the other members during a practice game."

"That sounds bad."

"Again, it is. I worry that she might have picked up on some of your... *colorful language* and used it in this fight."

"My colorful language?"

"Yes. Remember when you got mad at the last town meeting?"

A flashback attempted to start but since we're already in a flashback and I don't want to do an Inception thing, the scene instead glitched out for a moment before continuing.

"Yeah, because you refused my proposal to add another mall! But anyway, I don't see what the issue is. So she said a few vulgar things that she might or might not have learned from me when I said them at the last town meeting. How bad could it be?"

"Well... she said... *this*."

He handed her a piece of paper and she began reading it. The more she read, the wider her eyes became until she gasped in shock. You'll get to see what it says on the uncensored DVD version! When she was finished, she slowly got up, walked out of the room, headed down the hall, and entered a bible club meeting where she dressed as a nun and devoted her life to absolving herself of all past sins.

We returned to the present where FlamDawg was now sitting on the couch next to me and Amber was as sinful as ever. She went to comment on what we just saw in the flashback, but stopped when she realized that the target of her fury was now here. She stared at him rather intensely which had me confused for a moment until I turned and saw that he was suddenly there.

“Oh. Oh no. Quick! Somebody sing the peanut song!”

Zack came flying in with one arm outstretched.

“PEANUUUUUUU-!”

“SHUT UP!”

He fell on the ground and violently exploded, sending clumps of yellow shirt fabric flying in all directions! Normally, the peanut song soothes Amber and calms her down but it seemed this time was different! I cringed in horror as her glare only intensified.

“Now, Amber... let’s not do anything that might destroy the living room!”

Her wild gaze snapped to me.

“YOU BETTER SHUT UP BEFORE I SLAP THE VOICE OUT YOUR THROAT!”

I immediately deflated and fell limp on the couch. FlamDawg gasped in shock at my defeat before his face scrunched up in anger. In that moment, he did something that none of us had the courage to do: fight back.

“You know what, Amber? You’re just a big... fat... JERK!”

The studio audience went "OOOOH" really loudly and the room fell silent. Her eyes grew wide but the glare did not soften. Lightning cracked, thunder boomed, and fire somehow spewed from the carpet as her fury reached a fever pitch. Before he could even react, she wound her arm back and flung it forward, slapping him in the snout with such intensity that he immediately changed elements and became the Dawg of Ice! He was knocked off the couch and fell on the floor. As he struggled to pick himself up, she got down to his level and whispered in his face.

“I... am not *fat*.”

With that, she turned and strutted away, leaving poor IceDawg Glacier to melt right there on the carpet. On that day, there was a clash of the nutjobs and somehow Amber managed to

defeat me, Zack, and FlamDawg in one fell swoop. The rage of a woman should never be underestimated.

So then! That was certainly intense! How many times do I need to say that men should *never* confront an angry woman? It won't end well for them no matter how strong they think they are!