

Mission #1: You Really Shouldn't Have Done That...

Disclaimer: I do not own the concept of the PPC, Jay and Acacia do. I'm just playing in their sandbox. Agents Gijinka and Keats are mine, though. Also, the novel *Wicked* belongs to Gregory Maguire, which is in turn, based on the book *The Wizard of Oz*, by L. Frank Baum. This fic, "Should Have", belongs to Secret Happiness, who can keep it for all I care.

This is a bad fic. How bad, you may ask? It made TV Tropes' "So Bad it's Horrible List". Make of that what you will. For the morbidly curious, here's the link, but be warned of all the gore involved: http://www.fanfiction.net/s/5055279/1/Should_Have Also, I'd like to give a big thank you to Desendelle for betaing, plus EllipsisFlood, Tray-Gnome, and

WARNING: Some gore (though the really bad stuff has been cut out for sanity's sake), swearing, and SERIOUS canon defilement.

This sporking also includes Mandarin taken from Joss Whedon's *Firefly*, but with only the Firefly Piniyary to go by, it might be technically incorrect...

[BEEEEEEEEEP!]

Both agents jumped in surprise at the sound of the console going off.

"Sounds like our first mission," said Gijinka, getting to her feet. "Guess I'll go see what the damage is..." She headed over to the console and pressed the button to look over the report.

Suddenly she began to tremble in anger, before unleashing a strangled cry of rage. "GAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!"

Keats turned towards her, looking concerned. "What?! What is it?"

But Gijinka was silent, pointing at the console with a furious expression on her face. Frowning, Keats peered over at the screen. "Wicked? Can't say I know much about it..."

Gijinka looked at him, her expression softening slightly. "...Well, do you at least know what the Wizard of Oz is?"

Keats thought for a moment before answering. "A little bit..."

"Good, then you at least know the basics." Gijinka grabbed a bag that was hanging over her cot before striding over to the bookshelf, pulling out a book and throwing it into the bag. She then took a moment to grab a small dagger from the steamer trunk under her cot, plus another small device, before punching in the coordinates for the fic.

As a portal appeared, she turned to face her partner. "You coming?"

"Into the breach," murmured Keats, and followed Gijinka through the portal.

" I will save you!" Dorothy cried out as she hurled the bucket of water towards the witch. The Witch, eyes darting to the girl at the very perfect movement, moved away from what would have been her very watery grave.

The agents blinked as they stepped through the portal, only to be thrown straight into the story. The setting was incredibly generic,

"...Did the author neglect to put in a disclaimer?" Keats asked, rubbing at his eyes.

"Looks like it," Gijinka muttered. "And why are the quotation marks separated from the paragraph?"

" You are trying to murder me!" The witch yelled out, running around the now spreading water to get to the girl.

"Okay, there's a charge for confusing phrasing," Gijinka said, pulling out a small notebook. She then paused in thought. "Wait, shouldn't Witch be capitalized if it's referring to the character?"

Presently, there was a faint pop, and a small winged monkey appeared in front of them, flapping its tiny wings in agitation.

"Ooh! Our first Mini!" Gijinka beamed. "Come here little witch, Auntie Gijinka won't hurt you..."

Instead, the Mini shrieked and flew at Keats, before settling on his head. "Aww... she likes you!" Gijinka exclaimed happily.

Keats just sighed. "Great, just great. That's all I need..."

" No, no, I was trying to put out the fire." Dorothy said quickly and the witch's attention was pulled to her burning skirt again, and she stopped in her move forward. The witch moved back and dipped the skirt into the water to kill the fire simply, leaving her draggled skirt hanging damp.

" No." The witch said out before the fabric could touch her skin, and instead grabbed the still dry part and ripped her skirt. The witch dropped the part she had ripped, and then looked back to the girl.

" That was trying to kill me." The witch said then moved forward, broom now held even tighter in her hands.

" It wasn't. I swear...I swear..." Dorothy tried more, tears coming to her eyes as she

moved back more.

" You were trying to kill me!" The witch shrieked now as she slammed the broom onto the girl's chest, getting her to cry out at the instant pain of burning.

" Please, stop, I just wanted your forgiveness!" Dorothy yelled, and then tried to scramble away from another stab from the burning broom, trying to quell the fire on her own dress as well.

" I will never forgive you!" The wicked witch jabbed at her again.

" But why not? I would beg on my knees if you weren't stabbing me with that broom!" Dorothy said and the witch just hit her down to the stones, flat on her side. Dorothy coughed at the pain of it.

" I wasn't forgiven, little one. So you don't get to be either." The witch said, then looked at her now nearly diminished broom and let it fall to the stones near to the girl.

Gijinka groaned. "Man, this is so boring! Will something happen already?" She turned to her partner. "Does that count as a charge?"

"I think it might be." Keats answered. He pointed the CAD at Elphaba, and a readout appeared: [Elphaba Thropp. Human? Canon. OOC 50.5%] "Huh, that's odd."

Gijinka dug her book out of her bag and began flipping through it. "Well, she was a bit... mad by the end of the book... but it's not like she was *that* far gone!"

" Please, I want to be forgiven, I want to make it right." Dorothy pleaded, but the witch just grabbed her chin with her long fingered green hands.

" You still can't be forgiven." The witch said, then a loud slam was the message that the Lion and Liir and finally made their way up, the locked door all that was keeping them away. The witch nearly cursed out then just picked up the girl by her shoulders roughly.

" Give me the shoes then." The witch demanded and Dorothy stared at her.

"I would, I would! But they won't come off my feet. I have pulled with all my might." Dorothy said and the witch looked down to the red sparkly shoes. The ones her sister had worn, the ones she had worn all the way to death. She had to have them. The witch knew this.

" Then you're feet come off." The witch said and pulled out a knife from the many fabrics covering her body.

True to the Words, Elphaba pulled a knife out of her clothing, which was now part of her body, making the agents wince.

"That's another two charges right there, using 'you're' instead of 'your', and making Elphaba pull a knife out of her body," Gijinka muttered, writing it down.

" No, please, don't do that!" Dorothy cried out, trying to push back, trying so desperately.
" It's that, or you go off the roof and I take them once you are dead." The witch said, as a cackle came from her throat now as her mind twisted around that she was definitely getting the shoes. Then, the door swung open, as the lock had been smashed through.
" Damn it." The witch swore out.
" Get away from Dorothy!" The lion roared out.
" No!" The witch yelled then grabbed Dorothy. " I'm getting those shoes!"
Dorothy couldn't even yell back as she thrown from the tower and began her plummet down.

There was a horrified moment of silence between the two agents, and even witch had fallen silent. The CAD in Keats' hands let out one final strangled cry before dying in a puff of smoke.

"...Did... she just throw Dorothy out the window?" Gijinka whispered.

Keats gulped. "I... I think so."

There was silence for a moment, then Gijinka spoke up, her eyes narrowed. "Keats," she said, her voice dangerously low, "I'm going to kill her after this."

"I know Gijinka, I know..."

"I mean, I know some people didn't like Dorothy after reading the book.. but *this* is just... GAH!" Gijinka huffed and crossed her arms. "I fucking hate crazy fan-girls some times."

"...Said the pot to the kettle."

The girl eyed her partner, then looked back towards the scene. "Although," Gijinka said, smiling cruelly, "it does give me an idea for what to do with the replacement... But first..." she grabbed her pack and began rummaging around in it

" Dorothy! No, Dorothy!" Lion yelled and moved right to where Dorothy had disappeared.
The witch looked to the lion, an instinct to kick him out also stopped by her feelings on the rights of all animals and Animals.

" I'll save you Dorothy!" The lion said then slammed past Liir to get down the stairs as quickly as his four paws could take him. The witch watched him go then looked at Liir.
" See what happens." The witch ordered and Liir stared at her, then just nodded, and moved down the stairs after the lion, but not nearly as fast. The witch watched him go also, and then looked out of the tall tower, a sigh coming from her. She might have the shoes, she might not, but all she could think about now was the puddle of water still staining where she had been. The witch looked to it then moved her feet to slip off her shoe. The green skinned foot met with the water and she hissed out as the water touched her, relinquishing her foot instantly as it burned. She quickly rubbed the foot on the

stone and pulled the shoe back on.

The pain still blared in her foot even as she decided to walk down the steps. The witch glided down the steps she knew so well until she reached the bottom, then even lower she went in this place, until she met the bottom, and a sight of sorrow but it seemed so nice to her strange eyes. A little broken girl lay on the ground, blue checkered dress covered in red, a big beast of a lion crying beside it, Liir standing to the side either oblivious or not paying attention to the sight. The witch smiled a little, she would have the shoes. She would have this world.

The wizard of OZ should be scared.

There were another set of pops, and a pair of Minis appeared, looking agitated.

"Let's see... lion and The wizard of OZ, I presume?" Gijinka jotted it down, briefly glancing up at the Words. "A charge for two more Minis... oh yes, and *casual murder!* And no," she added as her partner opened his mouth, "I'm still not over that!"

Keats closed his mouth quickly, knowing better than to agitate his already incensed partner.

" Dorothy!" The lion cried out again to find the girl. Oh how he begged for her to still be in the air, some how be less heavy than how she should be. Maybe Dorothy was made to be as light as a pedal, how pretty she was as a flower. How could the world really crush a flower?

" Dorothy!" The lion yelled out more desperately now, and then, he had no reason to yell anymore. The lion could barely talk now as he stared at the body he was so wishing was still going to be flowing on the light breeze. ("What does that even mean?" asked Keats.) Dorothy lay on the ground, body crushed with nearly every bone shattered in the pool of blood that made the lion want to run. So bad his legs wanted to move back but forward he went until his paw met the liquid. This cowardly lion wanted to throw up now, but instead two huge paws came down to the small body and scooped the girl up.

" Dorothy, oh Dorothy, I couldn't save you." The lion said as big tears trailed from his cat eyes, rocking the girl in a strange half human half animal way about this beast.

" You're better without her." The witch's voice came out to the lion, his head instantly springing up to look at her as she attempted to pluck off the red shoes from the small feet.

The agents winced once more as the Lion's head sprung off his shoulders.

"Another charge," Keats muttered, as his partner scribbled it down.

" I am not! She was just Dorothy, she was helping us all." The lion said back. The witch didn't even look up to him as she kept attempting to pry the damn things off.

" She was just a silly girl who didn't understand what was going on." The witch said,

moving the feet now back and forth to see if a plan could come to her. The lion looked at the witch more carefully then down to the broken girl, whose feet were dropped now.

" I saved you from that lab. You just need to live in this world as it messes us all up." The witch said and her same knife was produced. The blade went to the thin ankles but she was paused by the lion making a small noise of protest.

" Wait." The lion said meekly.

" What?" The witch said in an eerily calm tone.

" Let me leave first." The lion let out, eyes downcast, but not even looking at Dorothy, just the ground around them. The great form of green and black nodded her head in a yes after a short stop, so the lion looked to her, then to the stars.

" Better not be praying." The witch said, but her words were mumbled. The lion just slid Dorothy's body off of him, and laid her gently on the ground.

The agents blinked. "A few charges of 'Ing Syndrome'," Gijinka muttered, then paused. "And possibly being a bit emo."

" Whatever you want." The lion said in a downtrodden voice, then all four paws met the floor. The creature bounded off to seclusion and the witch's attention easily returned to the girl. Eyes moved to the dagger then back to the little white ankles, then before she could think more on it the blade were gone.

And with that, Elphaba-Sue began cutting up Dorothy's body. The agents stared at the gruesome scene, unable to believe what they were seeing. Beside them, the Minis whimpered silently, hiding their faces. Gijinka clenched her fists and grit her teeth in anger, trying to contain her seething rage. At the same time, Keats took a step back, looking pale.

"Dear sweet merciful Goddess..." He gasped, horrified. "She's just chopping up the remains of an innocent girl, the *bui huhen de pufo*..."

Gijinka looked at her partner in surprise, one eyebrow raised. "...I didn't know you could speak Chinese."

Her partner nodded and scratched the back of his head, grateful for momentary diversion from all the gore. "Sort of. I got into Firefly during training, and picked up a few words of Mandarin... look, that's not the point here."

Gijinka nodded in agreement, taking a cursory glance at the Words. "...Looks like the fic's wrapping up, we'd better get ready to charge this bitch." She hurriedly typed a few coordinates in the Remote Activator, then handed it to Keats.

"When I say 'Now', open the portal to this location, got it?"

“Um... right.”

Meanwhile, Elphaba-Sue gleefully tore into what remained of Dorothy, determined to get at the shoes.

The witch ripped apart what was left keeping her from her prize then finally it was all gone from her beloved shoes. Laughter bubbled up in her, but it was the same twisted shriek as she had always let out. She threw off her boots and her feet went in with a squish. A horrid squish but it almost sounded sweet to her. The red morphed to fit her perfectly and she admired the shimmer they still had through the stains. They were hers, all hers, no one could take them now.

“HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!” A voice cried, and Elphaba-Sue turned to see a pair of youths step out of the shadows. The woman of the pair was glaring at her angrily, while the other was hanging back, looking nervous. Curiously, a trio of what looked like miniature winged monkeys fluttered behind them, screeching angrily.

“Who are you?!” Elphaba-Sue demanded, “Did the Wizard send you?”

“Sorry,” Gijinka said coldly, getting out her notebook, “We’re from the PPC, and we’re here to charge you with the following: lack of a disclaimer, derailing bookverse canon, having boring prose and poor grammar, confusing phrasing, inconsistency with capitalization, creating the Mini Winged Monkeys witch, lion, and wizard of OZ, for several counts of Ing Syndrome, inflicting brutal violence on an innocent Canon, both disturbing and pissing off PPC agents, and being an ungodly Character Replacement that insults the works of both Gregory Maguire and L. Frank Baum. For this, your punishment is death.”

“I don’t know who you are,” snarled the witch, raising her hands as if to cast a spell, “But I won’t let you take these shoes! They’re mine, you hear?!”

To her surprise, the girl’s mouth quirked up in a smile. “Oh, we’ll see about that.” She pointed at the Sue and shouted, “Fly, my monkeys! Fly!”

On cue the Minis swooped down at Elphaba-Sue, screeching loudly. In response, the Witch screeched in return and tried to bat them away.

“NOW, KEATS!”

Startled into action, the Half-Elven agent pressed the button, causing a portal to appear behind her. Gijinka took advantage of the Sue’s distraction and shoved her through the portal

The Witch had only a moment to scream before falling through and disappearing from sight.

“Where’d you send her?” Keats asked, cautiously examining the portal.

In response, his partner just gave him a Cheshire Cat grin. “Sent the bitch to Kellswater - basically it’s a deadwater lake that kills whoever drinks its water. And if this Sue has the same weakness to water the canon has...”

There was a loud splash, followed by an even louder shriek.

“...Then she’s as good as dead either way.”

Keats sighed. “Alright, now that that’s over with, we have to find the real Elphaba... and also...” he motioned to the bloody mess that was Dorothy’s corpse, and Gijinka nodded in understanding.

“...Right. “

To distract himself, Keats pulled a packet of bleepettes out of his jeans pocket, and stuck it in his mouth, lighting it with a small flame he conjured up.

“*And* you smoke?” Gijinka questioned.

Keats shrugged casually. “Let’s just say it’s a good way to relax.”

Her partner sighed and shook her head , then pulled out the Remote Activator, pressed a few buttons and spoke into it.

“Hello? This is Agent Gijinka of the Floaters Department. We have a downed canon in continuum... letsee... WZKD-5154-636-LFB-GM. Uh huh, yeah, it’s pretty bad. Should I teleport the... remains into Medical? Ah, okay.” She put away the Remote Activator then turned back to the mess.

“Alright, they

As they returned to their RC, Keats noticed that Gijinka seemed to be in a much better mood, singing, “Ding Dong, the Witch is Dead” and swinging her arms back and forth. The Minis flew after them, chattering loudly as if happy to be out of that badfic.

“Someone’s happy,” he said after a moment, eyeing her warily.

“Hm? Oh yeah!” The girl said cheerfully. “It feels really cathartic to take down that piece of crap.” She grinned broadly.”Y’know what? I’m gonna go see if anyone wants these Minis. See ya in a bit..”

And with that, she skipped back out the door, with the Minis trailing behind. Keats watched her leave, shaking his head.

“She really is *butai zengchengde*, isn’t she?” He said to no one in particular. Looking down, he saw the Mini witch sitting on his cot and looking up at him with wide eyes.

“You don’t want to go, do you?” The Mini shook its head. “So, you’d rather stay here?” A nod.

With a sigh and a shrug, he sat down on his cot, pulling a book out of his bag, as well as a small MP3 player. He put the earbuds on, and sat back to read.

“Now then, where was I?”

There we go, my first ever mission! And if it wasn’t obvious, this fic rubs me the wrong way. I loved both the book and the musical, and to see it (not to mention the original story) defiled like this is... well, unpleasant. I mean, it’s easier to pity the Wicked Witch of the West now, but to blame Dorothy for something she barely had any control over? Seriously? Plus, in *Wicked: the Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West*, she was going to apologize to Elphaba for (inadvertently) killing her sister! Hell, in other adaptations (including the original novel and the 1930’s movie) she was trying to save someone, and didn’t know the water would hurt her!

This is why I hate crazy-obsessed fans, they take things **way** too far sometimes...

Mandarin:

bui huhen de pufo - “Remorseless harridan”

butai zengchengde - “Not entirely sane”