

Maybe

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: It starts with

Todd looked in to the mirror.

He hasn't changed much, the same eyes, the same shaggy hair,

and life hadn't changed much too.

His mother still lying in her bed, still couldn't remind her own son's name and still didn't care about him.

His dad still closed up in his room, still complaining over him and still hating him for having the brazenness to exist.

And then there was the scary neighborhood man he hadn't seen for a long time. There was something that told him that someday he would stand in front of his door with a grin and kill him and his parents. But maybe he was just paranoid. The thought about this made him giggle.

But then thinking about the carnage he didn't want to make himself think about that mess.

His eyes wandered to the bed where Shmee was laying. That means it wasn't exactly like laying it was more like sitting. Shmee was sitting and staring at him. Crowing uncomfortable to the way his mind was going, he tried to focus on something else.

Shmee needed new stuffing and his ear was ripped off maybe he should go to a puppet doctor but that was stupid. Which 16 year old went to a puppet doctor? He could do it himself. He once saw a girl sew. It didn't look that much difficult to him.

He sighed he had to make himself ready for school. Today was his first day in „Senior high school“. Somehow he felt old, he was just sixteen but he felt old.

It could be because of this „Senior“. Senior sounded old.

Then he threw a look at the clock. He just had ten minutes to make himself ready to go.

He looked down at his clothes. He wore his favorite t-shirt striped and with an monkey head. It was old but he liked it. It reminded him of something but he couldn't put his finger on it.

His old black torn jeans hung loosely from his waist. Somewhere was his belt. He looked at the clock just to see that he had six more minutes to make himself ready. Looking around he cought belt. It was under a pile of paper. He had written much in the last time. Mostly about people. Poeple with skeleton's in they're basements and with monsters. Or just about the ordinary people. People like him.

Was he ordinary? Has he ever been part of the norm?

He shook his head to get away from this thoughts.

Carefully he pulled the belt out and inside the belt loops of his jeans.

He slipped in his worn-out shoes.

And then he looked at Shmee. Slowly he grabbed him and put him in his backpack.

Another thing that hadn't changed much.

On the other side of town:

Gaz looked shocked at her new game-slave.

The screen was black. She pushed the „on“ button a third time.

Nothing.

That couldn't be!

She turned the Game-slave around and opened the lid. Somebody had stolen her batteries and she just did know one person who was insane enough to do that.

„Hey Gaz are you re...“

A fist landed in Dibs face.

„Dib make yourself ready to feel pain, endless pain...“

After having endured what Gaz called "pain" Dib slowly made his way to school. Every bone in his body screamed from agony and torment.

But at least the pain was worth it.

To save earth from Zim he had stolen Gaz batteries.

Once again he had destroyed Zim's plan to destroy earth.

The whole summer holidays he investigated and observed Zim. There was no denying Zim was putting up a new plane.

A lemonade stand! As if Dib didn't know that Zim in truth made the lemonade stand to control people.

Control people with making them into zombies with his zombie lemonade.

Ha!

But Dib wasn't stupid he destroyed the lemonade with the batteries of his sister.

Of course his sister had beaten him up to a bloody mess.

But it was worth it.

He took a step forward laid a hand on the doorknob to the classroom and screamed up.

Zim grinned devilish at the scream of agony. It was like music in his nonexistent ears.

How he loved it.

The revenge for destroying his lemonade stand.

The whole night he was up on his feet planning his revenge: a buzzer on the doorknob which just worked with Dib-earth-worm's hand.

Revenge tasted so sweet.

He broke out in a laughter. A loud insane laughter.

Anyone stared at him. At least the people which were there cause school started in ten minutes so it was clear that not much people were in class but the people which were were staring at him.

Noticing the odd looks from the other earthlings he sat down and started humming.

Back to Todd:

Todd made his way to school it was a long walk his parents hadn't cared bringing him

to school.

He run his way to school. It was not because he was late.

It was because he was frightened. What would happen if the crazy-neighbor-man followed him?

What if there was a monster or what if it was a stalker?

He could already see the school. It was a grey building.

Somehow Todd felt reminded on his old school. But this one was a lot more scary and a lot older and the fact that the schoolyard was like a empty white paper.

He questioned himself if there where too just zombies in his class and teachers which seemed to be out of hell.

Why did he always end up this kind of classes?

He finally reached his destination pulled the door open and saw that the class was only half full.

Looking around he saw a green guy. Maybe he had the flu or another sickness.

He sat next to the was the opposite to the place the green kid sat, because whatever that guy had he didn't want to have it.

Feeling safer he put out his college-block, a biro and began to write.

He had just wrote a side or so then the door busted open and a boy in bandages and plaster which looked like he nearly was killed came in the classroom.

Todd couldn't even imagine how that,he didn't know how to name it, nor could he identify the mummies gender,could walk.

That was it. A story about a mummy going to class and eating every child and making zombies out of them.

He was so focused on the sheet of paper that he didn't recognize the screaming and that the guy in bandages had somehow managed to get out of them and was now in a fight with the green one.

And Todd didn't even recognize the classmates which were around them and cheered them up.

His pen was still working and working. Until he reached the end of the story. Then he recognized the cheering up.

Seemed like he was in a class of rowdies.

The teacher came in. She looked like she were on happy-pills. Like his mother liked to say to him, in one of her few clear moments: „When you take them you're in a wonderful dream.“ and then she ordinary began to giggle and Todd couldn't sleep the whole night long.

The cheering up died down and everyone sat on their desks once again. Then he heard a voice. Shmee?

„Hey you.“

He turned back. A guy with black hair and a blue T-Shirt sat there and he had an impressive head. His glasses had a few cracks. This must have been the guy which had the fight with the flu-guy.

„Do you see the green guy there?“ he pointed at the green guy „He's a alien!“

Todd stared at him.

This class wasn't full of rowdies this class was full of insane people!

The guy with the cracked glasses still was looking at him. No, not at him inside him. great just great, Todd.

No or. Now he was already that far?

Just because this guy had said to him that this guy, he looked at the green guy, was a alien couldn't bring back Shmee.

Or?

But what if the psychiatrists at the asylum had lied to him. What if it was all true.

„I...“ now it was on him. He could deny it saying the green one was just sick or believe him, believe him and end up in an asylum once again.

„I don't know...“

The rest of the hour was very peaceful and there was no weird occurrence which surprised Todd. Knowing that he was like a magnet attracting weird things from a 5 mile radius.

It was lunchtime now. The teacher seemed to just ignore the clock and talk about random things while anyone just ignored her and left for lunch. It wasn't like she would actually was completely closed up in her own little world. A world about pink bunnies and crazy squirrels.

Now it was lunchtime. And the only place was either on the green kids table or the table where the kid with the broken glasses and the impressive head was.

He didn't even know their names may he should ask them. It wasn't very nice addressing people with nicknames, Todd thought thinking about his etiquette.

He sat with his lunchpack at the end of the table where the glass-guy sat. He just had made himself an sandwich. Nothing more just a little peanut-butter and jelly sandwich.

How classical.

He began to eat.

„So!“ Todd nearly sprang up at the voce. Wasn't that...He looked up just to see the guy with the glasses from class once again.

„You want a proof, don't you?!“ he jumped on the table „I will give you a proof!“

„...“ Todd just sat there and resisted the urge to ran away screaming out of the school. The long-forgotten sandwich had fallen under the table and any desire to eat it was long gone.

„I will show you that I am right and then you will believe me!“

Anyone in the lunchroom was staring at them. Their lunches long forgotten they continued staring at them as the guy with the glasses sat down again and began chewing on his cold steak.

Todd was looking down. He didn't want to eat anymore. Then he began to remind himself that he still didn't know the guys name.

„Err...“ he looked at the table „I don't know your name“ he whispered as quiet as he could.

„What?“

„Your name...“ Todd whispered again, but this time a little louder.

„Oh I'm Dib! Professor Membranes son, you know him?“

Todd shook his head. He didn't watch TV that often.

„Well what's your name?“

Todd looked up. Dib was trying to cut his steak in a half. It was probably as tough as a shoe sole. How good it was that he brought his own meal.

Dib's eyes were set on him once again „And what is your name?“ he repeated.

„Oh,my name is Casil. Todd Casil.“

Dib began chewing on his steak as just another person entered and sat down besides Dib. She was a purple haired, her squinted eyes were glued at the monitor from her handheld,he could identify as a game-slave, she was skinny and tall.

Probably even a little taller then Dib.

„That's my sister Gaz.“Dib began to introduce.

This was only responded with an growl.