

# Through Nevada and back

Von abgemeldet

## 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 scrabbled 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 person's 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

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