

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 12: Elementary School Blues

MamaAniki: And here we are again.

Hatoralo: Not so loud. I am still having a hangover from celebrating our tvtropes recommendation. What the heck did Luan put in the fruit punch?

MamaAniki: I have no idea. Why is there a video of us online singing the opening to Digimon Adventure while being drunk.

Hatoralo: What? (looks up the video) ... well, at least we are fully clothed.

MamaAniki: I am wearing a chicken costume.

Hatoralo: I think that was Luan's late revenge for us turning her into the last arc's buttmonkey.

MamaAniki: Whatever. Let's get the new arc started, just to show everyone that this fic is more than just Lori and the others getting the hots for Lincoln.

Hatoralo: Lets hope that this time we finally breach the 100 review number.

MamaAniki: Thanks again to ultrablud 2 for proof reading the story and- where is the guy btw?

Meanwhile, in Canada

Ultrablud2: (with a sombrero on his head, chained to Luan Loud in a prison cell)
What happened at the party?

**Begin of the 2nd Story Arc:
Schoolhouse of Cards**

Elementary School Blues

School. Not the worst place for Lincoln to be because his grades were good and his social standing was solid despite some embarrassing hiccups in the past, like his

“chesthair” video. Still, school felt like a chore, especially on days like these when half of his siblings had the hots for him. Which, the more he thought about it, was probably something that didn’t happen every day to anyone. He was envying those people right now.

He was crossing the halls, hopping not to run into any of his sisters. Most of them visited the same school as him and he ran into them more than once in the past but he didn’t mind being seen with them. But considering that they seemed unable to hold back their affection, he really wanted to avoid them like the plague right now. Cause as liberal and open his school and town might be, he doubted that there was a high tolerance for the concept of an incestuous, polygamist relationship in the form of a group of underage children.

The breakfast he had at the McBrides’ place still heavy in his stomach (partly because of his worries of what his sisters may have been up to in the last hours), he walked to his locker, opened it and rummaged for the books and materials he needed for class.

He had everything and closed his door, revealing Ronnie Anne behind it. A very angry looking Ronnie Anne.

“LAME-O!” shouted the young Hispanic girl in the purple hoodie.

Lincoln was understandably surprised and shocked by Ronnie’s sudden appearance but not to the same amount when Lucy did it. He was only wondering why she was so angry.

“Is something wrong?”

“MY BROTHER!”

“Your brother?”

“My Brother!”

“Your brother?”

“My brother!”

“What is the problem?” Lincoln stopped this stupid circle. Then he remembered. “Oh, right, Lori broke up with him.”

“Yes, and he is a wreck!” the young girl shouted, furiously. “I had to comfort him for hours until he cried himself to sleep!”

Her voice was filled with rage and sadness. She looked like she would cry any moment herself. “How could she do this to him?!”

Lincoln felt a sting in his heart. He liked Bobby a lot and saw in him the brother he never had. Knowing he was suffering made him suffer too.

“I don’t know,” the young boy lied. Here and now wasn’t the place or the time to tell her the truth. “I am surprised myself! I didn’t see this coming! You have to believe me!”

Ronnie may believe the young Loud but his words weren’t able to calm her down.

“If Lori leaves my brother then I will leave you!” she swore.

Lincoln gulped. “Now come on Ronnie Anne, you shouldn’t-”

“DON’T TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD AND SHOULDN’T DO!”

Lincoln shut his mouth. He had never seen her this angry.

“Who do you think you are?!”

//I am not Lincoln, I am his evil twin, planning to ruin your relationship!//

He swallowed down the sarcastic answer, guessing only Leni would fall for such a lie.

"Listen Ronnie: I can't explain it right now but I want to assure you that leaving me will not solve this problem. I know the reason but now isn't the time."

"What is it?" Ronnie still wanted to know. "Is your sister dying or something and wants to spare my brother the agony of being with her while she is dying?"

"Well... No. But... But..." he started to stutter as a reaction of Ronnie's sarcastic suggestion. "But like I said, I can't tell you now. Maybe after I cleared up the situation she may come back to Bobby."

He hopped this explanation would soothe her but a look into her eyes told him that wasn't the case.

"I am serious, Lincoln," Ronnie growled with eyes like daggers. "My brother is everything to me. I will leave you if she doesn't have a good reason to break his heart."

Lincoln said nothing.

"Don't you understand? I will leave you."

Lincoln again said nothing but after a few seconds, he started to laugh. The laugh started out slow, gentle even, but became louder very quickly. In the end, he outright shouted his laughter but it didn't sound happy or sinister. It only sounded hollow and sad.

"I really wish that this was my only problem," Lincoln coughed as he came down from his sudden fit. "I really do."

Ronnie Anne was so flabbergasted and confused by Lincoln's laughing that she had nothing to counter it, only a very shocked expression adorned her face. He took the opportunity to leave where she was standing, making his way to class.

Some of the other students who came early also looked after him with a confused stare, not knowing what to make of it.

A few minutes later, a still confused Ronnie Anne was on the way to her own class. She didn't know what just happened. Her kind-of-sorta-not-really-but-something-like-that-but-not-really-maybe-boyfriend just laughed in her face, like he had become a sad mad angry scientist or an empty supervillain. She knew something was rotten in the Loud House and she would figure out what it was. Maybe one of his sisters could tell her more about the reason Lori left her brother. She didn't know what to make out of Lincoln's behavior but she would get her answers one way or another.

Something was off. Lincoln didn't know why, but the moment he took his seat, he started to feel genuinely out of place. When he didn't let the increasing paranoia regarding his siblings or Ronnie Anne's earlier threat take center stage of his mind, he felt his thoughts wander off to how comfortable it would be to just lay in bed right now. Primarily cuddled against something or even someone. Additionally, everyone around him, except Clyde, also acted a bit off this day. Not in the way his sisters did, for which he thanked the heavens for, but they seemed to be surprised, if not even slightly put off about his presence in general.

For example, Mrs. Johnson, when seeing him take his seat, seemed a bit confused. Telling him she is glad he joined the others in a voice that made it sound as if he had

been gone for a couple of weeks and come back all of sudden. Other kids, who talked about having seen a video about Lincoln making a fool of himself at a comedian's concert, didn't realize he was there till he joined the conversation, which would then come to an abrupt and rather awkward ending.

Trying to ignore the hunch that his current feelings may be connected to whatever was going on at home, Lincoln did his best to focus on Mrs. Johnson lecturing the class about the meaning of "Lord of the Flies".

As Lincoln listened and took notes, he would look from time to time out of the window at the almost empty playground.

Wait. Almost?

Looking back again, he saw that with classes in full session, there really was another person outside, sitting on a swing and looking in his direction. A person he would recognize any time.

Lucy?

"Pst, hey Loud," one of the boys next to him whispered, making Lincoln turn his gaze to him "Can you give me some White-Out?"

Lincoln handed the boy over the small bottle of correction fluid. He didn't even listen to the boy's thanks as he turned back to the window. Lucy was no longer sitting on the swing, but instead stood in the middle of the place, gaze still fixed on him.

"Is she staring at me?"

"Lincoln!"

Startled, Lincoln turned to his teacher.

"Would you please pay attention? Remember, we are going to write a test on this book."

"Sorry Mrs. Johnson," he apologized and concentrated on his book.

Still, when the red haired teacher turned back to the blackboard, he would at least glance over to the window. Now Lucy was standing even further away from the swing and closer to his window.

I must be imagining things, he thought and turned back to the board. She would have classes too after all.

He glanced over again. She was gone.

There, see?

He turned to the next page in the book, when he suddenly felt watched again. Glancing over to the window, he now saw his sister stand directly in front of him, smiling and holding up a note on which "Hi Lincoln" was written.

The boy in question felt his left eyelid twitch.

Why is no one else seeing this?

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them, Lucy was gone.

He exhaled in relief. The next moment, he felt someone breath down his neck
"You forgot your homework," the dry voice of his sister stated, making him jump off his seat and cower in fear with closed eyes.

"Please don't kiss me!"

Only when he did not feel the touch of soft lips on his cheek did Lincoln start to open his eyes again. Instead of a pale face and black hair, all he saw were the faces of his classmates and teacher looking worried at him.

"I mean... Don't diss me!" he explained with a nervous laugh. "Please don't diss me."
"I don't plan to," Mrs. Johnson explained. "But don't diss my class in return, Lincoln."
"Yes, of course!"

After the situation had normalized, Lincoln, back on his seat, blinked for a second, realizing something. Remembering what Lucy had said to him, he looked into his backpack, to find a bunch of papers there. His homework. He had completely forgotten about it over the weekend, but glancing over it, it looked like his sisters managed to do it for him over last night.

What is this? Charles Lee died at the hands of an assassin he chocked as a child...</i>

With varying degree of quality.

Lincoln sighed. Based on the handwriting, he assumed Leni wrote that part of his homework.

She says that videogames rot your brain but she watches the cutscenes of them on ThouDuct, he thought while changing Leni's mistakes. At least this is better than her report about the Russian Revolution, which she based on that Don Bluth movie.

Shortly after he corrected the mistakes of his sisters and changed their handwriting so that it resembled his own closer, the door to his class opened.

"Mrs. Johnson?" a young Hispanic teacher asked. "I am terrible sorry to interrupt your class but you have forgotten your smartphone in the teachers' lounge."

The entire class was suddenly filled by "Ba- Ba- Ba-" noises and some fell out of their chairs. It was Miss DiMartino, the most beautiful teacher on this side of the Mississippi.

"Thank you, Ms. DiMartino" Mrs. Johnson thanked her, not noticing the sudden cases of unconsciousness and idiot-like babbling from her students. For some odd reason many teachers didn't acknowledge her beauty and the problems it brought with her. Well, not all but the half who acknowledged also babbled like morons every time they tried to talk with Ms. DiMartino about the problem.

Somebody saw what was happening. It saw how DiMartino gave Johnson her Smartphone back. But it also saw how half of the class was turned into babbling love-struck idiots only because they saw her.

The person's eyes got narrow and angry.

Ms. DiMartino was on her way back as she suddenly felt like she was observed. She looked behind her, but nobody was there. She walked a few more steps but couldn't

shake off the feeling that somebody or something was stalking her. Her hand wandered to the bottle of pepper spray in her pocket and she accelerated her walking speed.

She shortly looked behind her again while running but nobody was there aside of a lot of lockers.

Something was wrong. The halls were empty, the lights were out for some reason and somebody had left the skeleton from biology on the floor. It would be scary for Ms. DiMartino if she hadn't seen scarier things during the day of the dead.

Her class room was only a few feet away. She ran up to the door as something grabbed her from above and pressed something over her mouth. She kicked and punched in all directions, but she couldn't stop being pulled into the air duct on the ceiling.

Oliver Linewood considered his job as the secretary of Principal Huggins of the Royal Woods elementary school an overall pretty pleasant affair. 40 hours a week, a decent wage for a person of not even 30 years who lived alone and all he had to do was push and organize some papers, work out some numbers when it came to the school budget and read off the morning announcements over the school intercom.

He didn't know his entire day would change for the worse, when he was reading up some online article about the latest laws soon to be discussed in the Senate the next days.

"I am really wondering what hillbilly came up with that idea," he mumbled while reading about a certain proposition referred to as "Article 83A". He was so absorbed in his reading, that he did not hear the air duct grit above him being pushed aside. Nor did he see the thin stream of powder trickle down from above into his cup of coffee.

Two minutes later he took a big sip of the lukewarm drink, only to wonder why the coffee tasted rather creamy, despite him not adding any milk to it. He was shocked when he saw that his beverage had the distinct color of milk added to it. To understand his reaction, people need to know, that Linewood had the misfortune of being born lactose intolerant. Not in the way that he would suffer a severe allergic, if not even life threatening reaction, but...

GRRRRUMMMMMMMPPPPLLLLL!

"Oh dear," the secretary said, feeling his bowels move.

With a speed Lynn would achieve during a sports race, he left the office and was heading for the next bathroom.

The moment he left a figure dressed like a stereotypical rocker with a dark leatherjacket, blue jeans and with a skull mask to hide its identity jumped out of the air duct.

"Sorry, dude. But everything is allowed in War and Love," the figure declared and locked the door to the principal's room, as well as to the secretary's office. Then it turned on the school intercom and pulled a music player out of nowhere.

Lincoln had just recovered from his little crush-attack on Ms. DiMartino, who he would have actually not minded being attracted to him, even if that was a whole new can of worms to unleash, when he heard the school intercom being turned on.

"Hello Royal Woods!"

Lincoln's pen scratched over his paper in surprise. *That doesn't sound like Limewood.*

Behind him Clyde raised his head in confusion about the strange new voice.

"Coming from the secretary's office, to entertain you on this wonderful day, is Lu...
Mistress Eddybell Selina."

//What the heck?//

"And I am here to deliver a very special message to one of you guys out there."

"She can't mean me, right?" Lincoln whispered under his breath, already feeling his social life going to crumble like the roof of his home.

"A very special boy, whose girlfriends wants to apologize for scaring him."

In another class, Ronnie Anne Santiago, who also recognized the voice, snapped a pen.

//Girlfriends?!//

"Just so you know, little Thumber..."

"Little thumber? But- No. No, no, no, no, no! For the love of Ace Savvy, this isn't even her school anymore!

Lincoln's head, realizing who this may be, repeated contact with his desk.

"...we love you just the way you are."

With that said, a click was heard and all off sudden, pop music filled the air, followed by the following lyrics.

*You put the boom boom into my heart,
You send my soul sky high when your lovin' starts.
Jitterbug into my brain,
Goes bang bang bang till my feet do the same.*

All around him, kids starred in confusion at the loudspeaker, before erupting in laughter.

"Would somebody just cut off the line, please?!" Lincoln Loud shouted, but he was ignored by the hysteric students. Whatever made everyone ignore his presence earlier this day, he was glad it was right now in effect, or else someone may have asked him about the nature of his outburst.

*But something's bugging me
Something ain't right
My best friend told me
Where you were last night.*

Why even that song? Lincoln wondered. *She hates pop!*

*Left me sleeping
In my bed.
I was dreaming
But I should've been with you instead.*

Lincoln decided that his head needed to make repeated contact with his desk's surface at those words, just to get the mental image out of it.

It became worse before it became better as he heard the sounds of fireworks through an open window. Lincoln and his other classmates turned their heads to the outside where they saw a colorful display of explosions like you could only see them on the fourth of July or New Year's Eve.

"Children, please stay on your desks, don't open the windows!"

But the children did open them to have a better view at the fireworks display. The strange thing was that the explosions were in rhythm to the song which was played.

*Wake me up before you go go,
Don't leave me hanging on like a yo-yo.
Wake me up before you go go,
I don't want to miss it when you hit that high
Wake me up before you go go,
'Cause I'm not planning on going solo.
Wake me up before you go go,
Take me dancing tonight.
I want to hit that high.*

How did she manage to organize this in such a short amount of time?

Lincoln knew that the Louds could sometimes accomplish pretty outstanding things, but this was ridiculous.

"I think this is a violation of the fire regulations," assumed Clyde, adjusting his glasses while listening to the lyrics and watching the display outside. "Not to mention that I doubt the person has a permit to do this."

*'Cause you're my lady,
I'm your fool.
Makes me crazy
When you act so cruel.*

C'mon baby,-

"What the heck is going on here?!"

"Dang it," the DJ said. The song was suddenly accompanied by the hammering of a door.

"Open it!"

"We love you Li-!"

A bursting noise was heard, following by the song stopping.

"Who are you?" the voice of Mr. Linewood could be heard. "And why are you dressed like Jack Black?"

More kids in Lincoln's class laughed.

"I am the Kung-Fu... I mean the master Roadie of Metal!" shouted the intruder. The sound of something being thrown could be heard, followed by Mr. Linewood exclaiming "Ouch!" and some heavy footsteps storming out of the room.

"Well, that was something," Clyde stated, looking over to his best friend, who tried his

best to hit himself unconscious with the Lord of the Flies in a sea of laughing students and a rather confused teacher.

Please, don't let anybody find out that was Luna or that she was talking to me, the young boy pleaded to the heavens while hitting himself with the most known work of William Golding.

"I apologize," Mr. Linewood's voice said over the intercom. "The intruder escaped while she threw a headless bat at me."

A terrified gasp was heard not only in Lincoln's classroom but in all classrooms.

"I apologize again," Mr. Linewood stated, sounding ashamed. "I correct my last statement thusly: The intruder threw a little action figure of a bat themed character without a head at me."

Several sighs of relief could be heard in several classes.

Time flew by and soon Clyde and Lincoln sat in the refectory and chewed down on the food Clyde's parents made them for lunch.

They discussed the finale of *Savvy Girl* with some of their friends.

Or at least Clyde did. Lincoln, while giving his two cents to the topic once in a while, was mostly preoccupied thinking about his sisters. Them and his "on-off girlfriend" and what he could tell her in regard of Lori and Bobby's break up.

You see my dear Ronnie Anne, Lori fell in love with me all off sudden and therefore broke up with her Boo-Boo-Bear.

He could say this, but only the threatening apocalypse could get him to tell her the truth.

He was just chewing on a bit of his sandwich, when somebody took a seat between Lincoln and Clyde.

"Hey," protested Lincoln. "Don't sit... Oh, no!"

The young boy first refused to believe that he was seeing but he couldn't, he seriously couldn't believe that Leni would do this even after everything that had happened.

"Hi, my cool cats, how is it hanging?"

Clyde turned to the newcomer and almost choked on his own food, when he recognized the girl beside him. Though he was the only one, partly to the fact that Leni no longer really looked like Leni.

Her hair was now colored black and greased up and she wore a black leather jacket, blue jeans, sunglasses around her neck and the most charming smile she was capable of on her face. Lincoln suspected that she made those clothes herself because it looked very well made and the same was true for her hairstyle. Either that or she stumbled upon his paternal great-grandfather's old clothes in the attic.

"Who are you?" asked Rusty Spokes, the red haired boy with freckles, dumbfounded.

"I am Leonzie," Leni introduced herself with a fake smooth voice which also had a slight Italian accent to it. "I am, like, the coolest tiger in all of Royal Woods."

"Tiger?" Liam expressed in confusion. "Don't you mean cat?"

"I mean what I mean, little cougar," "Leonzie" replied. "Now don't be a downer crocodile on me little buddy. Get up and rock out!"

"Excuse me, Ms. Leonzie," another redhead with eyeglasses named Zach spoke up.

"But I think you are in the wrong school."

"Totes. Like, this is the right school, little leopard," Leonzie explained and leaned back, resting on the air with her elbows. "Now relax and tell you why I am here."

"Why are you here?" asked Clyde foolishly before Lincoln managed to stop him.

"I am here to show you cats, that Lincoln Loud is the coolest lynx in this entire groovy school."

Lincoln thought about a way to K.O. Leonzie without raising suspicion.

"I want to tell you that nobody is jiggy like Lincoln," Leonzie assured the others with a wink. "He is as smart as an Einstein, strong as a Tyson, swift like an Owens and as funny as a swimming pool."

"Swimming pool?" Clyde asked in confusion.

"Oh, sorry," Leonzie apologized. "Like, I meant the dead guy in the swimming pool."

"That is not his name," Zach tried to correct her. "It is-"

"Like, not important," Leonzie interrupted him followed by a turn and wink and point at Zach. "Totes. What is important is my cool little leopard to tell you how totally radical spacy funky this Lynx is!"

Lincoln felt embarrassed beyond belief. He never expected his sister to behave like a try hard from the 70s trying to re-experience his or her youth.

This can't get any more embarrassing.

Out of seemingly nowhere, "Leonzie" suddenly pulled out a beatbox and switched it on.

Why does fate want to prove me wrong?

Before anyone could say anything, Leonzie started to dance around, winking to the boys and the girls in the audience while radiating an incredible aura of self-assurance.

"Let me tell you a story!" Leonzie shouted while dancing.

**"See this is the story of how in Royal Woods,
There was this kid whose sisters loved the most..."**

Lincoln cringed hard at those words.

**"So take a minute and just sit right there,
while I tell you about the boy with the white hair!"**

Lincoln could only watch in shock and horror as Leonzie danced through the hall and told everybody in rap how he supposedly fought back criminals, stole a piece of the sun from the crown of an evil god, tamed dinosaurs, hunted pirates, was a pirate, found Excalibur, punched a spider hating editor in chief in the face, invented a new fast food, kicked an attacking helicopter with a piece of steel from the sky, was a secret agent of a secret government organization that hides the existence of alien life and so forth and so forth.

Lincoln was thinking about escaping this predicament while the others were

distracted, as a middle aged man with glasses entered the school cafeteria.

"What is going on here?" Limewood asked. Some kid had come to him, telling him something about a stranger in the cafeteria singing to the students and making many of them feel uncomfortable. "Do we have another DAZZLING situation?"

"The man!" Leonzie shouted like it was the most terrible thing. "I have to go! The man can't have me. The man is so uncool!"

The "man", in question, didn't know if he should feel insulted. After all, in the five years he spent as the school's secretary, he was never called "uncool" by what seemed to be a Grease cosplayer.

He was also too dumbfounded to properly react at first. "What the..."

"You will never get me Imperious pig! You henchman of the system!"

Leonzie ran into the kitchen and seconds later, she came out on a modern Harley Davidson. "You have the power!" she shouted. "Lincoln will show you freedom! Follow him!"

"Hey, stay here!"

Mr. Linewood raced after Leonzie who drove through the door.

"Oops," the others could hear behind the door. "Totes wrong direction."

They heard sounds of the bike doing a turn and driving into another direction.

"Like, there is the exit again."

"Come back here you rowdy troublemaker!" they could hear Mr. Linewood screaming. "Driving through the halls with a motorcycle is forbidden!"

Everyone starred at the cafeteria door as if some sort of encore was going to follow. But as it became obvious that nothing was going to happen, everyone turned their attention to "The Lynx" as that person called Lincoln.

"I have no idea who this was, I swear," Lincoln lied with a nervous smile.

"I tell you who this was," Zach stated in a matter of fact tone, chewing on a sandwich.

Oh please no.

"The worst Henry Winkler impersonator I have ever seen."

Silence fell.

"Who is Henry Winkler?" some girl in the cafeteria asked.

"I think he played the dad in Full House."

"What is Full House?"

"A show about some guy building stuff that explo-"

"No, that was Home Improve-"

"Why do so many of our friends know obscure 90s comedy shows?" Clyde asked in a whisper.

"Who knows," Lincoln replied in defeat. "I am rather wondering where Leni got that motorcycle. Or where she learnt how to dri-"

From somewhere outside the school, a loud screeching noise could be heard, followed by a crash.

"-ve it."

"MY CAR!"

Everyone, including Lincoln, went to the nearest window to see what happened. There in the parking lot stood Mr. Limewood, looking at his car, whose left door had been turned into a fine piece of obscure art by a motorbike crashing into it sideways. The driver of the bike was nowhere to be seen, which worried Clyde.

"Do you think Len- I mean, Leonzie is alright?"

Lincon sighed and pointed to a nearby shrub, from which a person with a slightly damaged leather jacket emerged, only to wave at Lincoln like a happy idiot and then disappear in the nearby woodwork, before Limewood saw her.

"Wow," exclaimed Clyde.

"Let's hope this is the worst thing any of my relatives does today," Lincoln stated. Only for his eyes to narrow seconds later. "Oh who am I even kidding?"

Luna Loud looked up worriedly to her sister. "Are you okay?"

"Totally," Leni replied. She pointed at her hair "There is so much hairspray in that thing, it's like having a helmet on,"

"Still..." Luna began, wanting to ask her if she did not suffer from some sort of head injury, layers of ozone destroying hair product or not. But then a very cynical part of her wondered how much affected her older sister could get by a brain injury, making her shut up. So instead she decided to do the nicest thing she could think of right now and help Leni out of her outdated, though she insisted to use the word "retro", biker outfit. All the while she was also looking for bruises, just in case.

While this was going on, Lynn Loud sat under a tree, looking at a laptop on her legs. "He is leaving the cafeteria!" she stated, her eyes glued to the screen where a video feed of Lincoln putting his tray in the trash and heading for the door of the lunch room was showcased. While watching, Lynn became quite aware of a sour expression on his face, which made her feel damn crappy. Crappy and reconsider what she was doing with her morning so far.

After they had driven up the younger kids to school, Lori suggested that they should stay for a moment to look if Lincoln was okay, considering the chaos of the previous day. Something the young sports fan had no problem with at first. But then the others had "ideas", so to speak.

To be more precise, they had suggestions how to make it up to Lincoln, by making him more popular at school. And if she was honest with herself, Lynn was not okay with that. She remembered past schemes to help her little brother become popular, like giving all the girls in the school chocolate for Valentine's Day. This ended with the family owing someone 5000\$ in sweets and Lincoln being called a creep for hitting on girls who already were in a relationship. But this? Meddling was something she was okay with to a certain degree, but breaking into school, stalking him and destroying, though by accident, a teacher's car? And then there was the entire thing about Lori going in there two hours ago and still not calling back.

She glanced over to Luna and Leni. She had the feeling that something was seriously wrong with her sisters. And the more she thought about it, the more she suspected that something was also wrong with her. At least "normal" Lynn wouldn't have spent half of the last night thinking about her brother, her mind drifting into territory she was not comfortable with at all. She would have also probably called them out on wanting to do anything else but play "big brother"

(or rather big sister in this case) over a webcam one of the others used to spy on her cute little-

Luna had just put a little kitten patch on Leni's forehead, when she heard the noise of something hitting human skin. Turning around she saw Lynn retreating her right hand from her own cheek. "Are you okay?"

"I am fine." Lynn replied, her voice trembling a bit. "I was just hitting some dirty mosquito."

"I see..." Luna said with raised eyebrows. She turned back to Leni and fixed her up for good.

Lynn meanwhile felt herself very nervous. Just now she had caught herself drifting off again mentally. She wanted to ask her sisters for help. But considering how they acted...

Perhaps, if I could get a chance to talk to Lincoln directly... she thought and watched her brother.

After "Leonie"'s little scheme to boast his popularity, Lincoln thought it was best to avoid attention, by spending some time on the schoolyard and get some fresh air. After all, here he had probably a better chance to avoid his sisters than in an enclosed area and...

"Excuse me, Sir?"

Lincoln, who had his eyes in a book, now looked to a bespectacled second grader with a writing pad and a smartphone in her hand. "Are you Lincoln Loud?"

"Yes"

Before he could ask for her name, the girl made a photo of him with her phone and started to ask him some questions.

"Mister Loud," she began in a surprisingly polite manner for an eight year old, "how is your position towards the school cafeteria wanting to abolish Taco Tuesday?"

Lincoln was confused. "Well, that would suck. I mean, who doesn't like tacos? But why are you asking-"

"And what is your position on the recently discussed gender politics, asking for girls to be allowed to use the boy's room in case your sister somehow manages to demolish the plumbing system of the school again?"

Lincoln frowned. "The teachers could never prove that Lana- wait, why am I even trying to defend that? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Gabriella Gumshoe. But you can call me Gabby Gums, Sir. I am reporter for the Royal Elementary Inquire. And our readers want to know more about the boy who challenges student body president Alexandra Dumas to a re-election."

Lincoln was silent for a couple of seconds. Then he gave the most reasonable answer he could potentially give in that situation and with his current knowledge.

"What the fu-"

“-udge! Everyone will get one cup of fudge as dessert during lunch break each day, when my brother enters office.” Lola Loud shouted. She was standing on top of a soapbox in the middle of the playground, answering questions kids from all over the school asked. In the middle of the increasingly growing group, a bunch of first graders could be seen, handing out in crayon written, glitter and noodles designed pamphlets that supposedly contained the entire election campaign of Lola’s older brother, widely known as the “Chest Hair Kid that lost a video contest against a hamster”.

“Also, our brother will convince the teachers to build a new playground for all of us to enjoy.” Lana Loud proclaimed proudly while standing on top of a slide. “With extra mud pits, mazes and installed water guns for the hot spring days. And he will make the teachers pay for it.”

“Is their wage even high enough for that?” some kid randomly asked.

“If not, Lincoln will force the Superintendent,” Lola countered. “I heard that she makes way more money than all the teachers and the principal together.”

A boy in the audience, who just happened to be the Superintendent’s son, raised his voice telling Lola how that was a load of bull. Unfortunately for him, before he had a chance to elaborate on his family’s finances, the snapping of Lola’s fingers could be heard and a group of other first graders dragged him away.

“Any more interruptions?” the beauty pageant asked her audience.

No reply.

Not even from Lana who wouldn’t usually tolerate such actions from Lola and was even surprised that her twin hadn’t even tried to counter his counter-argument in any other way.

Lola continued her speech with the following: “This school is a mess. The current representative Alexandra Dumas is a half-baked incompetent washout with no actual administrative competence!”

This was actually a complete lie, but since when was the truth of any relevant in politics?

“And she doesn’t like mud!” Lana told the listeners and a few gasped in shock. “I don’t know why she is anti-mud but we will not stand for it, Lincoln will not stand for it!”

She was greeted with applause and the crowd of kindergarteners shouted, “Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln!”

Said person was nearby, hidden behind a garbage can and thinking about his next step.

When I flee to Canada, I will have a better life expectancy, but on the other hand, I always wanted to visit the Vatican.

Unbeknownst to Lincoln, a certain person and its friends were observing rather closely the ruckus caused by the two campaign aides. The person was not necessarily happy about what it saw. But unlike its associates, who asked it if Lola and Lana’s action could be considered a breaching of “the agreement”, it took it all with a small bit of humor.

The person just wanted to tell its friends that Lola was probably just trying to stick it to them when its smartphone rang.

"Excuse me," the person said and took the call. "Hello? Who... Oh..."

The person's expression changed from friendly and serene to serious and somber.

"Yes, of course."

The person put its smartphone back and looked at the Loud-twins with dismal.

"You wanted to tell us something?" one of the person's friends asked.

"Yes," the person said in a rather aggravated voice, much to the surrounding people's surprise. "Arrange for a "meeting" between me and the whiz-kid Lincoln," it proclaimed in a controlled tone. Two of its associates looked at each other and then back to their "boss". "Sure. When do you want to meet him?"

"Now!" their boss exclaimed and went back into the main building. "I want this problem to be dealt with before the end of this day."

Elsewhere, Mrs. DiMartino was waking up. After being pulled up into the air duct, she had lost her conscious. She tried to move but she couldn't. She tried to speak, but she was barely able to open her mouth. She opened her eyes and found herself bound to a chair and with tape on her mouth in the cellar of the school. She sighed.

Great. High school all over again. </i>

"Under Lincoln's command, spring break will last for two weeks, frogs will no longer be dissected for biology and all mobbers, jerkfaces, douchey teachers and that stupid bully Moe will be kicked out! Down with Moe!"

"Down with Moe!" Lana shouted.

"Down with Moe!" all the students shouted with them. "Down with the jerks!"

This was enough for Lincoln. He hated bullies too, but he was not going to start a "cleansing" to get kids to behave in school. Besides, the word "jerkface" could indicate everyone, regardless of allegiance. Scratch that. He didn't want to go into politics, period!

While the boy was pondering what to do to stop his sisters from making outrageous promises and dragging his "opponent" through the mud, he didn't notice how somebody came closer to him.

"Hey Lincoln, what are you doing here?"

Lincoln turned around to the person with the familiar British accent. "Hugh?"

Before Lincoln was probably the best looking British man in the entire world. A large, wiry hunk of a man with brown pompadour hair and an incredibly charming smile.

"I am hiding from my sisters," he told the friendly student. "They... You see, they are managing a campaign for me and I don't even run for school representative! Not to mention that the former vote was last month. It is a bit too early for anyone to candidate."

"Campaign season has become a mess in this country," Hugh commented. "I heard it was bad before but now..."

"Tell me about it. By the way, why are you here?"

"I work in the school library to pay for the college," he explained. "Say, is there any way I can help you?"

Lincoln was pondering about the offer. "Actually, yes. There is."

Before Hugh could ask how he could be of help, he found himself pushed in front of Lola's crowd.

Hugh felt rather nervous. "Hi children!"

"Ba... Ba... Ba..." was the only thing coming from at least half of the crowd before him.

"Blimey, not again," he sighed. He was such in a rush for most of the day he had forgotten about his effect on most of the female population.

Lincoln meanwhile, snuck up from behind, snatched his sisters and pulled them into a concealed part of the climbing frame.

"Girls, what are you-"

He was interrupted by both of them suddenly hugging him with bright eyes.

"BBBFF!"

"Bro!"

Not again.

"Hope you had a nice time at Clyde's."

"We missed you," Lana added. "Though not as much as Lori. She was really weird. Like if you were Bob-"

Instead of letting her finish, Lincoln pushed her and Lola back a bit, giving them a stern look.

"Bro?"

"Are you two nuts!?" he screamed quietly, his anger vast but under control.

"Announcing me as candidate for the office of school representative?! I don't want to go into politics!"

"But you are the right person for the job," Lola defended herself. "You are managing the Loud family quite well."

"Do you remember the time I was stuck in the pipe?" Lana told him. "You found a solution to get me out of it before we had to tell mom and dad!"

He remembered this incident quite well. Lana had somehow managed to get herself stuck in one of the pipes under the house. After raw strength failed to pull Lana out, Lincoln had the idea of simply mudding her up until she was able to slither out.

"Being a responsible child and being a school representative are two different things!" Lincoln explained in frustration. This was not the time for him to think about a political career but to find out what was going on with his sisters. He just wanted to have a normal day at school but it seems that he even could forget about that.

"But I'm telling you BBBFF, you would make a great school representative," Lola insisted. "It's in your blood. And your name is the last name of one of our presidents. Beside, considering what Alexandra is into-"

"I don't care!" Lincoln stated once more.

"Now go there and say those nice children that I don't plan to run for school-repre-"

THUD!

"Ouch," he exclaimed. Something had hit him in the back of his head. Looking down on the ground, he saw that it was a green can, that was now laying in front of the three siblings.

"What in the-"

Suddenly gray smoke escaped the can. Second later, the three found themselves in a cloud of smoke.

"What the heck is that?" Lincoln heard Lana cough up.

"A smoke grenade."

Lincoln blinked in confusion, trying to grab for his sisters. "Is that another one of your schemes? I swear, if th- AAAAAAHHHHH!"

"Lincoln?"

Instead of getting an answer, Lana found herself suddenly pulled at the collar out of the climbing frame by none other than Lola, whose awareness of her surroundings turned at the scream of her brother up to bloodhound levels.

Three kids in black masks, black suits and sunglasses just pulled them into a mini-car, similar to the one that Lola was using and they drove away with him.

"STOP, YOU BOTHERSOME BROTHER-KIDNAPPERS!" Lola shouted at once. Luckily Lola had her own pink car with her, parked behind the climbing frame. Dragging Lana with her, Lola sat down in it in seconds and started to follow the kidnappers.

In that moment Mr. Linewood, who had heard of the commotion on the playground, arrived. He was filled with a lot of anger by the destruction of his car and ready to unleash his wrath on whoever was making so much noise on the playground.

Instead, he just found Hugh, who was awkwardly winking to the children, one half gazing in joy, the other half confused about the behavior of their friends.

"Hello," Hugh greeted Mr. Linewood. "Are you part of the staff?"

The only response by Oliver Limewood was a mindless "Ba... Ba... Ba..." which in itself told a couple of kids something new about the school secretary.

Hugh reacted by raising an eyebrow, before giving an amused chuckle. "Well, I may not swing this way... but nice meeting you." He said before extending his hand.

The secretary shook it while being in the seventh heaven.

MamaAniki: There. Done.

Hatoralo: Are you sure? I think we-

MamaAniki: No. This chapter is done! Done, done, done! We still have over 100 pages of first draft to go through, before we even reach the halfway point of this arc.

Hatoralo: Okay, gesssh. But can't we really not insert some more obvious Trump jo-

MamaAniki: No. Look, I don't like Trump either. But if I wanted to be a comedic hack who beats up on a political dead horse, I would write for Last Week Tonight! And no one cares for us soapboxing about politics in this story.

Hatoralo: But soapboxing about fanfics last chapter was okay?

MamaAniki: ... You know WHY we did that.

Hatoralo: "Before we go... Why is an elephant standing in the room?"

MamaAniki: "It isn't that big."

Elephant: "You know exactly WHY I am standing here."

MamaAniki: (sighs) "Yes."

Hatoralo: "Too address the problem before anyone else does: We know about Cheryl. We know that she should be the secretary of Huggins and not our Mr. Oliver Limewood. The problem is we have already written a TON of material and Limewood is too strongly intertwined in it to remove him."

MamaAniki: "We also grew to like him."

Hatoralo: "So he will stay. Heck, we probably come up with an explanation for that canon divergence anyway."