

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 13: The Loud and the Ludicrous

Oogie: "Welcome back dear viewers."

Maniak: Well then, time to get this arc really started.

Oogie: Yeah. I wonder if we should add the crossover tag though.

Maniak: And risk our story to get under/be ignored because no one bothers to actually click the tag on, thanks to fanfiction.nets shitty service?

Oogie: Good point.

Maniak: By the way, did we finally get ultrablud2 back?

Oogie: I think he managed to get over the border. He said something when he send me back this chapter.

Maniak: "We also have to announce our first Milestone of Platonic: Over 100 Followers!"

Oogie: "We like to thank all our fans for reading this fanfiction and their support of it.

Maniak: "Without your interest we wouldn't had made it so far."

Oogie: "We would like to request the opinion of the readers who didn't shared it so far after reaching this milestone. Don't be shy, any kind of critique, even very negative can help, as long as it is constructive."

Maniak: "With that said: Time for our next chapter, resolving around one of Hollywoods most popular Tropes: Crossovers!"

Oogie: "And a long cool car-chase scene full of incredible tense action, but who is interested in that?"

Maniak: "Good work, Time Warner/DC!"

Oogie: "Wonder Woman was good though."

Maniak: "Don't expect a premature hastened creation of a shared Fanfiction- Universe between different Nickelodeon-Properties."

Oogie: "Anyway, on with the story!"

Chapter 13: The Loud and the Ludicrous

While Hugh was making acquaintance with Mr. Limewood, Lori Loud got back from some important business she attended in the faculty, to meet up with her sisters.

"Sorry that it took so long," she said. "I literally forgot just how freaking complex the vent system of the school- what is going on?"

"Lincoln has been kidnapped!" Luna shouted. She was handling the laptop and watched in horror at the scene of her brother being abducted.

"What?!"

"The Men in Black suddenly showed up and grabbed him," Leni explained.

"Okay..." Lori began, trying to keep a cool head. "What happened while I was away?"

"Our bothersome twin sisters started a campaign for our brother, because they want him to become head of student body," Lynn replied. She was leaning against the tree and tried not to show her own worry about the situation, while also being obviously confused about the actions of her siblings. The ones from her elder sisters as well as the ones from the twins. "Then suddenly Hugh showed up, Lincoln grabbed Lola and Lana before being grabbed by two twerps and now Lola and Lana seem to be chasing them."

Lori tried her best to digest what she'd just heard. "What do you mean with "seem to be chasing them"?"

"We don't know any details cause our feed is not fast enough to catch up with what is going on," Luna explained.

Lori sighed. Pulling her smartphone out of her left pocket, she dialed a number. When the person on the other end took the call, she had just one thing to say:

"Luan... WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING?!"

Luan Loud did not have a good day. At all. Aside from the fact she had a really bad night sleep, she was unfortunate enough to draw the smallest straw when it came to who was going to be the source of the video surveillance feed for Lincoln. Which meant that, unlike her other siblings, who at least got the chance to dress up and have fun in some way or another, she had to walk around the entire day incognito with a webcam strapped to her head, hidden by one of Lana's older caps. All she wanted was to make sure Lincoln was safe. And now she had failed at that.

"I am trying to catch up to them," she winced in her smartphone. She really didn't want to be on Lori's bad side right now. "Not very easy when they have cars and I have only my two feet."

Lori said something on the other end that made the comedian frown.

"How was I supposed to foresee that? I- excuse me for a sec- hi Hugh. Where was I? Oh yeah. I can't see the future. In fact, right now I can't even see where they are driving."

Lori pinched the bridge of her nose. "Just catch up to them!"

On the laptop, the others could see the camera move from left to right for a moment, before coming to a halt at a cycle rack. The camera would then get closer to the rack and a couple of seconds later, the others watched Luan get up on some random kid's bike, which was conveniently not chained up. Shortly thereafter, the older siblings had

a pretty good live feed to the chase scene that was going on over the school's premises.

Lincoln had been chased by his siblings quite a few times in his life. But never before had he been chased as what was probably part of a rescue mission. He at least assumed that the two kids in ski masks who had grabbed him and were now driving all over the schoolyard in a toy jeep at the speed of 30 miles an hour were not just trying to give him a joy ride.

He came to that conclusion, because he had no other explanation for why he was handcuffed to a third child, who also pointed a softair gun at him.

"So, which class are you in?"

"Don't talk," the little boy ordered, pushing the gun against Lincoln's cheek.

"Careful Eric," the driver said. "We don't want to have a situation like last week."

"Oh come on!" the boy exclaimed. "I already apologized to Marvin for shooting him in the fa-"

"Ouch."

"Dang it!"

Lincoln rubbed his cheek and was happy that he did not get a shot in the eye.

"Perhaps you should lower it?" he suggested to Eric, who eventually did so.

Turning his attention to the co-driver, he asked where they were taking him.

"The boss wants to have a talk with you," the co-driver, who had a girl's voice, coldly stated. Her gaze was fixed on the side-view mirror on the left. "Dang it. The twins are still following."

"At least they don't have any weap-"

The back of the car got suddenly hit by a ball of mud.

"-ons."

"What the heck is that?!" Eric screamed as he watched back and saw Lola holding what seemed to be a bazooka made out of toilet paper rolls and tin foil.

"The Mud-Zooka," Lincoln stated in resignation. "One of Lana's little inventions. Can hit you even from a distance of 20 yards."

There was a moment of silence.

"Richie..."

"Yes?" the driver asked.

"FASTER!"

Richie did as told, but it was no use. Mudballs the size of apples continued to fly left and right, hitting anything in their path but the car.

"Time for a distraction," the co-driver suddenly stated and pushed a little button. A noise could be heard and the next thing Lincoln knew, smog was steaming from the exhaust pipe and covering the entire area. Somewhere from behind, he could hear his siblings cursing and coughing childish profanities at his kidnappers.

"Ha! Nice one Julia," Eric stated before turning around and blowing a raspberry at their pursuers. Which turned out to be a mistake, as at least one more mudball was suddenly shot from the fog and hit him straight in the face, making him drop his gun.

Lincoln immediately took the chance and grabbed for it, only for Julia to punch him in the face. Which, much to her surprise, didn't face him. Instead, he just grabbed her by

the collar and took her mask off, revealing a young black girl's face under it.

"You-you wouldn't hit a girl, would you?" she asked scared.

"I am growing up with ten sisters. Is that a good enough answer?"

Julia gulped. "Dang it."

Then, much to Lincoln's surprise and misfortune, the timid look on the girl's face changed. It became sterner, almost professional, and before he knew it, she kicked him in the chin, making him slip up and hit his head on the metal frame of the car just hard enough to lose consciousness.

A moment of silence fell over the car.

"Should we get him to the nursery?" Eric asked

"I don't know," Julia stated while putting her mask back on. "I mean, he is not bleeding."

"You know, I sometimes think our job is not worth the five dollars a day."

"Guys!" Richie stated as he was just turning around a corner of the main building, leading him and the others back to the playground.

Julia turned her attention to him. Richie just pointed ahead and when she looked in the appointed direction, she realized something. They may have stopped the Loud twins from following them in one direction. But with so limited space to go for, it was quite easy to for them catch up to the three kidnappers by just turning and driving around the school the other way.

"Oh, for the love of-"

"INCOMING!" Richie shouted and made a sharp turn to the right to avoid another mudball. Unfortunately, this brought him right into a collision course with the group of Lincoln's potential voters, still enchanted by the sight of Hugh.

"Out of the way!" Julia shouted and honked the horn as loud as she could, making the adults and kids in front of her jump aside in all directions. Glitter encrusted paper pamphlets and single mudballs flew through the air as she and her friends drove pass the crowd. Behind them, the confused and angry shouts of Mr. Limewood could be heard, as well as Lola Loud cursing at her brother's kidnappers.

"Give me back my BBBFF!" the beauty pageant shouted as she tried to shoot another mudball at the third graders. Only to discover that she had run out of ammo. "Dang it!"

"Should have brought my heavy mud-filth gun," Lana mused while trying to avoid a load of softair pellets being shot at them. "Who are these guys anyway?"

Lola suspected something, but she wasn't sure yet.

"Less talking, more driving," she ordered Lana.

"I am already trying my best here!" Lana shouted. Five seconds later, she found out that the car was stuck in a sand pit.

"You call that driving?" Lola asked back, angrily looking first at the kids getting away by heading for the sports field. Before Lana had a chance to defend herself, she was pushed to the co-driver seat. "Let me show you how a professional drives."

"Just because you are really good at GTA, doesn't mean you-"

Lana shut up the moment Lola stomped on the pedal and shifted gear, managing to get power out of her little toy car her sister did not know existed. Sand was thrown in the air (and on some little kids) as the back tires went overboard, catapulting the pink vehicle out of the sand pit and back on concrete ground. The chase continued. Much

to Julia and Richie's discomfort.

"Oh come on! Richie, do we have any more gadgets?"

"Let's see... smoke screen, oil spill, nails- oh the rockets are still an option!"

Three seconds later, Lola, much to her confusion, was bombarded with three foam rockets shooting from the back of the car she was chasing.

"Well... that didn't work," Eric stated. He tried shooting another round of pellets at the twins, but his gun was empty. Resignedly, he threw it in the direction of the twins.

"Foam! Why are the rockets made out of foam?!" Julia wanted to know.

Richie just glanced at her sideways, trying to avoid a couple of students who were training for the 100 meter race and found the necessary motivation to run faster in the form of a black little toy car. "Do you really expect me to have army arsenal at my disposal?"

"I thought your dad was a general!"

"Yeah, but do you really think that means he gives his child high-tech military hardware?"

"Sorry, Richie," Julia apologized. "I just thought-"

"Guys!"

"WHAT?!" Both kids shouted at Eric. The boy just pointed to their left.

"Hi guys," Lana said with a grin on her face. It turned out that, while Richie and Julia were arguing, Lola somehow managed to catch up to them. Furthermore, while the mud-zooka was empty, Lana, grinning like a hyena, still had an arsenal of water balloons at her disposal, which she was now throwing at the three.

And to make a bad situation even worse, Lola had no problem ramming her toy into them, if it meant to stop them and save Lincoln. Or whatever would be left of him.

"Give us back our brother!"

"Never!" Julia shouted back and tried to push Lola's car away with her foot.

That voice...

Lola knew this voice and it would have made her heart jump if she hadn't had to concentrate on driving.

Next to her, Eric removed the handcuffs and pushed Lincoln in the back of the car, so that he had all hands free to deal with Lana.

Unfortunately for him, this left her with enough time to throw a balloon in his face.

Seconds later, he realized that the water smelled kinda... off. "Uargh. What sort of water is that?"

"Well..." Lana began, "let's just say it was once water."

An awkward silence fell over the kids.

"Ewww!"

"Lana, please..." Lola threw in, slightly green in the face.

While Lola was distracted, Julia managed to put enough force in her feet to push Lola's car away. Immediately Richie hit the next gear and started to win some ground again.

"Dang it!" Lola screamed in frustration and pushed the gas again. In front of her, Julia was starting to lose her patience.

"Is there no way to escape them?"

"Not with the amount of fuel we have left" Richie explained. After a swift move around the cheerleading squad, he had managed to get the car back to the school yard. "If we get lighter, I could win some ground."

"How are we supposed to get lighter?" Eric asked. Julia turned to him, calmly staring through her mask.

"What?"

Meanwhile, in the confinement of a well lightened class room on the second floor of the school building, the person who had given the order to get Lincoln looked out of the window to observe how things were going with the kidnapping.

"Well, that could be going better," the person stated to no one in particular. Next to it a young boy watched the chase with a deadpan stare. "Perhaps you shouldn't have ordered an "immediate" kidnapping," the boy stated. "You know Julia is not very good with handling things "spontaneously"."

The person sighed. "If Henry wasn't sick today, I would have given the order to him."

"An order that I still consider dumb," the boy mumbled, making the person stiff up a bit.

"Care to elaborate?"

"Kidnapping Lincoln Loud is one thing. But doing it so near her?"

The person looked confused for a second, only to start smirking maliciously the next.

"It will teach her a lesson."

"Or result in her spilling the beans about us, when she finds out who-"

"Relax," the person said dismissively. "Lola would rather keep quiet and go after us, then tell her sister or the hall monitors."

"That is not very reassuring."

The person chuckled. "Consider it my delayed "dealing" with the Loud clan."

Outside the boss saw something that made it twist its lip in disapproval. "I did not expect her to do THAT!"

"Okay, I know I can be harsh, but damn that is heartless," Lola Loud stated. Next to her, Lana was trying to get a grip of Eric, who lied on the hood of her twin's car, grabbing to it as if his life depended on it. Right now only two things were running through his mind.

One was the depressing idea that he was going to either die or get seriously injured. The other one was centered around getting back at Julia for that.

Thankfully Lana was not as heartless as Julia and decided to help the dog urine smelling boy to safety, all the while giving Lola driving directions till the distraction in the form of a third grader stopped blocking her field of view.

"Just... hold still!" Lana shouted this suggestion.

"I am holding still!" Eric screamed. "As still as I can!"

"Get that idiot in the car and interrogate him!" Lola ordered. "And remember that you can inflict a lot of pain if you bend the pinkie!"

"I think I will stay on the hood," Eric responded nervously as he heard this.

Meanwhile, Richie could only shake his head in disappointment.

"Was this your best idea?"

"Should we have stopped during the chase to let him step out? That isn't how a chase works!" explained Julia. "Now step on the gas!"

He stepped on the gas like ordered. "I guess you will not be invited to his birthday party this year unless you make it up to him big time."

"Yes, I guess you are right. How about a few free Pizzas?"

"That would be a start," informed him Richie. "But I think the boss will be even more upse-"

"FREEZE!" shouted somebody before them.

Richie and Julia beheld before them two kids who looked a little bit older than the usual students here. A young bald African American with bleached looking glasses and a goth girl with green eyes, less pale skin than Lucy and a black dress. They wore the orange safety patrol sash and had badges in their hands.

Julia recognized the two immediately, which instantly triggered her survival instincts. "Make a turn!"

The little black car made a sharp turn and avoided the two safety patrol officers, racing back to the twins. They almost collided with Lana and Lola who were surprised by this turn of events and barely managed to dodge the incoming car before both collided. The car of the twins spun a few times around before it stopped.

"Okay, what is going on here?" the young African American demanded to know.

"Who wants to know that?" asked an angry Lola in return. The car was facing away from the two older kids and Lola was too occupied to get it started again, as that she bothered taking a look at her superiors. "We are in the middle of a chase! Those three have kidnapped our brother!"

"We already have one," remarked Lana proudly and pointed Eric who was still attached to the hood, paralyzed in fear.

"Good work, but we will take it over from here," explained the goth. "I am Ingrid Third and this is my Partner, Cornelius Fillmore. Safety Patrol."

Immediately after hearing those names, Lola froze. Fillmore and Third?

She slowly turned her head to the two middle schoolers, who were known as living legends in the profession of school hall monitoring.

It should be known, that when Lola and Lana decided to become hall monitors themselves, they did so mostly after hearing of the exploits of these two fine agents of justice at X-Middle School. So seeing their idols in front of them would have normally resulted in the following reaction:

Both growing huge smiles on their faces, before geeking out like two nerds who just went into Patrick Steward at the grocery store.

Unfortunately such a scene was not to be made now, in light of their beloved brothers kidnapping. As such, both decided to go for a more professional round.

"We are members of Safety Patrol too!" exclaimed Lana with a smile and her voice a

few notes higher than intended.

Before the two older kids could react, Lana and Lola had their orange sashes and black sunglasses on with batons on their sides. "You are allowed to use batons?" commented Fillmore, raising his eyebrow. "Is the job that dangerous here?"

"No talking, let's hunt!" Lola, who had enough of the interruption, dragged Fillmore into the car before starting the engine again.

"I will secure the suspect," explained Ingrid while she arrested Eric who wasn't in the mood or willing to resist. "I will catch up to you later."

Without another word, Lola stepped on the gas again to get the two kidnappers.

The two sisters, with Cornelius Fillmore behind them, looked determined and tried to look professionally while thinking in Unison:

ohmygoshohmygosh!FillmoreandThirdarehelpingusinggettingourbrotherback!ThelegendoftheschoolmonitorsisgoingtohelpusdefeatabunchofkidnappersandmakeourbrotherstudentbodypresidentandLincolnwillloveusforeverandwewillgetpromotedandperhapsvisitXMiddleSchoolandIthinkItinkledalittle...BEST DAY EVER!

"Everything okay?" asked Fillmore concerned. "You are trembling."

"Of course, Officer Fillmore," explained Lola calmly.

"Just a little nervous because of our brother, but we are in control," added Lana.

This day just got from worse to better in a way.

"Great. Now Fillmore and Third are involved in the mess," sighed the boss. Turning around to another one of its subjects, he asked how it was even possible for them to be here. "I thought they were already heading back to X Middle School last weekend."

"There seemed to have been a problem with the train they were supposed to take," explained a boy slightly intimidated by the tone in his superior's voice.

"What problem?"

"A strike."

The boss' left eye flinched.

"They won't drive till the end of the week."

"Great," muttered the boss, pinching its nose. "And of course both can't decide to just take the day off and spend time with their guest families."

The boss turned its attention to the boy who earlier had told him that kidnapping Lincoln may be a stupid idea. "You could have told me, Cardinal!"

The boy in question was slightly put off by his boss' tone. "How? No one bothered telling me. Everyone who could have either had classes or was out for lunch!"

"Nevermind that," stated the boss and pulled its smartphone out of its pocket.

"What are you doing?" the boy referred to as "Cardinal" wanted to know.

"We could have dealt with Lola and Lana on our own, but Third and Fillmore? We need something to distract them and if necessary any other hall monitor," the boss stated. He waited a couple of seconds till someone on the other end of the line picked up.

"Fynn? Listen; remember how I got you your favorite plush at the last fair? It's time for you to repay me."

Luan had finally found her siblings again, just as they drove away with Fillmore. The only reason she continued was the possibility that Lincoln could be in danger. Regardless of what happened between the two yesterday, it was not enough for her to give up on Lincoln, not by a long shot. She would do everything she could to rescue her brother, even if her legs would be sore as hell at the end of the day.

Richie dodged more sports teams on their way back to the school. He had never thought he would be able to send so many football players running at once in his life. He was tempted to shout "Hut, Hut, Hike!" but he abandoned that idea quickly after he noticed the friendly smile of the princess' car in the driving mirror.

"They are back!" Richie shouted.

"I see them too," Julia confirmed grimly. "And... crap! Fillmore is with them!"

"Who?"

"Cornelius Fillmore. The boy from the Safety Patrol Exchange."

"What? I thought he was already on the way back home!"

"Well, me too," admitted Julia.

"Safety Patrol Exchange," muttered Richie in disbelief. "That was the dumbest idea the boss ever had."

"First, it was actually the idea of the principal from the X Middle school," Julia told him. "The boss told me about it, had something to do with an exhibition of crystal glass art at their school. Second, them getting rid of the hall pass forgers benefited us."

"Yeah. And now we are in danger of being caught," Richie complained and tried to get more power out of his car.

Lola put a blue light on the hood and activated it. Now it was an official safety patrol chase!

"I waited for the day we could do this," she stated happily. "Like the normal police!"

"Do you have any mud with you?" Lana asked Fillmore. "We are out of ammo."

"I don't usually carry ammo with me" explained Fillmore dryly. "I am here to arrest people, not shoot them."

"It is non-lethal, so don't be a wuss," countered Lana while she thought of other options.

None of the parties noticed Luan and she herself didn't notice the little drone flying over them...

The four older sisters were pretty enraged about the state of affairs.

"Are we really paying taxes for this?" Lori shouted at the laptop. "The authorities are literally too useless to rescue our brother from second-rate kidnappers!"

"First, none of us pay taxes", Luna corrected her sister. "And second, two of the "useless" authorities are our sisters."

"And third, I think those are not second raters, but graders," injected Leni.

Everyone decided to ignore her statement.

"Whatever! If they are not able to rescue Lincoln, they will get no dessert this evening!" Lori promised.

Meanwhile, Lynn had a hunch and clicked on a certain ThouDuct channel. She was correct to trust the hunch. "Hey, I think they are showing the chase on the school-news channel with a live-feed!"

"These are school-news with a special report by Renata Veracruz de la Hoya Cardinal!" From the announcement, the camera panned to a young Hispanic tubby girl with black pigtails that had red ribbons in them. She looked young enough to be in the second grade. She sat behind a table with her hands holding some papers.

"Kidnapping, a crime as heinous as the Boogie Man! But it didn't happen to just anyone. Infamous director of embarrassing ThouDuct videos, former girl Guru, liberator of frogs and self-declared candidate for school representative Lincoln Loud has been abducted! We have a live feed to the chase in progress thanks to our Drone-Reporter Karl-Heinz Mason!"

The screen changed to an overhead view on the playing fields of the school.

"Karl-Heinz what is going on?"

"As you can see, the officers who lead the chase from the beginning are Lana & Lola Loud. The two are famous for being so hardass on their patrols, they even gave the school principal a detention for telling a bad joke."

"Yes, I remember the case," stated Renata dryly. "Lola told his parents about his bad behavior."

"Very awkward for everyone," Karl-Heinz commented. "Anyway: An African-American boy is with them. He is also a member of safety patrol but he looks too old to be in this school."

"What about the kidnappers?"

"They are clothed in black; I am unable to identify them from here. Back to you Renata."

"Thank you Karl-Heinz."

The screen changed back to Reneta. "We will update whenever something new happens."

The boss watched the report on a mobile phone. Next to him, Cardinal, the phone's owner, looked as if he was going to state "I told you so" any minute. But instead he just said this: "Now the press is involved in it too."

"At least the news channel has something interesting to report for once," stated a minor minion in an attempt to lighten the situation.

"Shut up, Wesley," another kid said and wacked the boy over the head, which almost lead to a little scuffle but the Boss' presence prevented it.

The phone's owner looked to its boss. "Do you still believe we have the situation under control? Or are you going to change your mind only when Dagmar gets involved in the mess too?"

The boss turned its attention back to the window. From the horizon it saw something coming in the direction of the Loud twins. It made the boss smile.

"Le Roi?" one underling asked.

"Send Julia a message," the boss ordered. "Tell her help is coming."

The boy with the phone took a look himself. "I hope your idea of a "distraction" is going to work. Otherwise I am starting to think we should go for "Plan Watterson" at this point."

Despite a rather harsh driving style, Richie avoided the destruction of the flower gardens of the gardening club. Partly because Richie himself was one of its members and he didn't want to ruin his own work.

"Richie, just drive over the flowers."

"No!"

Meanwhile, Lola tried to find another way around the flower garden. It was placed between a shed for the garden tools and a little wall. She didn't want to drive around the shed because it would cost them time but she wasn't here to destroy beauty either so...

"Hold on!"

Without a second warning, she gave full speed and shouted: "Lana, use the hydraulic on the left, fast!"

Lana knew what she meant. She wasn't only a good plumber but she also had experimented with mechanics from time to time. The princess car had its own little surprises like two very fast hydraulic telescope legs, built to get easier under the car but also for moments like this. Lana activated and deactivated the leg for the left and brought the car half onto the air, driving on the two right tires. That way Lola could drive on a very small strip of earth which left the flowers unharmed. After passing this obstacle, Lola brought the car back to its old position.

Fillmore whistled. "Impressive. Did you install this officer...?"

"Lana Loud," introduced Lana herself. "The driver is my twin and partner Lola."

"Dang it, she is an excellent driver!" Richie cursed.

"Don't worry," Julia tried to calm Richie. "Backup will reach us soon."

"We have backup?"

"Yes," Julia stated with a hint of surprise about the message she had gotten from the boss. "Le Roi has seen what is happening on TV and will send us help."

"The Executioner?"

"No. She was talking about sending mercenaries."

"Are you fu-"

Another car crashed into the princess' car. Lola hit the brakes and drove to the right to let the other car pass her.

"Raspy Rats!" Lana shouted as she recognized their enemies. "The Kindergarten kids!" From all directions came the kids from the kindergarten in little cars, on rollers and on bicycles with support wheels. They had little toy weapons and soft air pellet guns.

Normally they weren't a great danger but if they got too much sugar then they could become hyperactive beasts. Their eyes looked wild in all directions and their mouths watered from the wish of more sugar.

"What is going on with those kids?" Fillmore wanted to know.

"Someone must have given them candy!" Lola exclaimed in horror and rage while she rammed against the enemy vehicles to get them out of the chase. "They will do everything for more, they are real sugarheads. And based on their looks, they gave them really potent stuff. I have never seen them this aggressive before!"

One Kindergarten kid jumped from his bike onto the princess' car and tried to attack Lola but Fillmore grabbed the child and threw him into the kids of another car which forced the driver to hit the brakes.

"Be careful so that nobody gets hurt," reminded Fillmore his colleagues.

"I will do my best," promised Lana.

"I will guarantee nothing," guaranteed Lola. She was pissed and nobody should stand in the way of a pissed of Lola Loud.

Lola and Lana took their own soft-air guns. Their use may be limited but they couldn't be choosers.

Luan, who was still following them, wondered if she should help them in this battle now or later.

Dagmar Solberg was writing a report about the "Cheese Cake Counterfeiting" affair Captain Linus van Pelt was investigating. The largest student in Royal Woods was pleased with Van Pelt's progress in the case.

The entire day was a good one so far and the muscular girl didn't expect much trouble. She had gotten note of a toy-car chase by the twin officers Lana and Lola Loud from her safety patrol PM system. The commissioner with the short black hair didn't think much of it, because if anyone could stop a measly car chase, it was the "Gemini of Justice", the moniker many students called the two out of fear and respect.

More out of fear for Lola, more out of respect for Lana in their separate cases.

The female with the Japanese features (whose nordish European name was the result of a lot of adoption papers related shenanigans) had given them permission to use Lola's little princess car as a patrol-vehicle as a test to see if they were ready to be "back on the streets". She didn't think that this "car chase" was anything spectacular. There was kind of a ban on "hall monitors chasing suspects", but it was seldom enforced, because nothing had been destroyed on a chase nor did somebody get hurt. Only few people ran and the ones who did had done something rather bad most of the time.

She got another message, this time on the Skype-Channel. It was a message detailing how the chase was going and additional information.

"Lincoln Loud is the abducted subject, brother of Lana and Lola Loud. We are not able to identify the kidnappers."

This sounded more concerning. Unidentified kidnappers. Who at this school was good enough to conceal their identities?

I wonder if it has something to do with-

Her thoughts got interrupted by a direct call from one of her officers. In this case it was a girl by the name of Sarah Williams.

"Sarah, what is it?"

"We... may have a situation here, Commissioner Solberg," the voice on the other end informed her.

"Do you mean the car chase of the officers Loud & Loud, Officer Williams?" Solberg asked in a honest friendly tone and with an expression on her face. "As long as they endanger nobody or start destroying stuff, we will let it slide."

"You trust them with that?"

"Lola and Lana can take care of the situation," Dagmar explained in a trusting tone.

And I doubt a situation like the one from two weeks ago comes up again she added in her head.

"Normally, I would agree," Sarah replied. "But I was informed that they teamed up with the exchange hall monitors."

Dagmar froze for a second. "You mean to tell me the officers Loud & Loud teamed up with Cornellius Fillmore, the most destructive hall monitor in the history of this nation?"

"Pretty much, ma'am."

Silence.

"Ma'am?"

"Defcon 1, red alert, this is not a drill! I repeat, this is not a drill! Everybody, get in position!" ordered the Commissioner over the safety patrol team channel. "We need to stop this before Lieutenant Fillmore goes into action!"

She had feared that this could happen. She had assigned Fillmore and his partner into a calm corner of the school in the hopes that he wouldn't get involved in anything resembling a chase.

Their help in solving the Hall-Forger case had been critical but she wasn't grateful enough to risk the school's insurance policy.

"Also, we got strange reports from the Kindergarten," Sarah continued. "Our informant there-"

"Send a few undercover officers to the kindergarten," Dagmar interrupted Sarah while preparing her equipment. "I am on my way."

"Yes, ma'am."

"They need help!" decided Leni after witnessing the arrival of the Kindergarteners and prepared her motorcycle"). How she even got it fixed up so fast after the accident is anyone's guess. "I will follow our siblings and aid them."

"Wait Leni!" Lori tried to stop her sister from doing something rash. "It is too dangerous!"

"Nothing is too dangerous when it comes to rescuing your family," Leni explained while she put on her helmet. "I will return as soon as possible."

Before anyone could stop her, she was already on her motorcycle and drove away... in the wrong direction.

Lana hit one of the attackers between the eyes which took the kid out for the moment.

They came closer to the main building and their enemies tried to surround them.

"Ignorant Inkling, they are too many!" shouted Lola. "We need to get rid of him."

"We could lose them in the school halls," suggested Fillmore. "But it is risky."

Lana smirked as she heard this suggestion. "I am the queen of risks. Lola?"

"I am on it."

"What about the kidnappers?"

"I will force them to take our course too," Lola promised. "With nitro!"

"Lola, Lisa didn't test the formula before."

"Then we will test it now!"

Lola revealed a red button on her dashboard hidden behind a little tablet. An advantage of being related to a technician and a genius in chemistry was that they could work together to create especially potent fuel for a little car as well as a fitting nitrous oxide engine. Lola pushed the button and in seconds they were out of the enclosing kindergarteners and besides Richie and Julia. Before the two kidnappers could proceed what just happened, Lola rammed the black car and forced them into the school. The twins followed suit, as well as several kindergarteners who were just catching up.

"Well, so much for the distraction."

The boss was getting genuinely annoyed by now.

"Okay then," it declared to no one in particular, throwing the hands in the air as if to say "the things I have to deal with" before turning around.

"Cardinal, Portos, follow me." He turned to two other agents. "As for you, inform our agents in the safety patrol to get a hold of Fynn."

"Yes, sir!"

"This will be a long day."

"Don't tell me," mumbled "Cardinal" as he followed his superior. "You started it."

Back in the studio, Renata was still sitting at her desk and reporting.

"We got an update: The car chase is now in the school halls. Karl-Heinz, what is happening?"

"It is chaos, pure chaos!" Karl-Heinz reported. "Students are running for their safety. They rammed into several lockers and it is really difficult to steer a drone in these halls."

The screen changed to the school halls and showed how Fillmore and Lana were jumping onto the car of the kidnappers while Lola was ramming attacking kindergarteners into the lockers. Fillmore and Lana got into a wrestling fight with

Richie, who was stronger than he looked.

"According to new information we acquired, the third officer is the legendary Cornelius Fillmore. You may remember him from our report about the hallway forgers last week. An ex-delinquent who is now a very successful but also destructive officer of the law. He acquired the nickname "Fillateral-Cornage" because of..."

The screen showed how Fillmore wrestled away from Richie and grabbed Julia, fighting with her over the steering wheel. This action got the black car into the canteen where it drove over several tables and into the kitchen where the car rammed into several ovens and damaged them badly while the personal was jumping out of the way which lead to many dishes getting thrown in the air, bumped off shelves and desks to shatter at walls and the ground.

"...No explanation needed", finished Renata her report.

Richie and Julia forced the two intruders to the edge of their car with their own soft-air guns while they drove out of the now destroyed kitchen.

"What will it be, officers?" asked Julia in a dark tone. "Jump or being shot at with several soft projectiles?"

"Fillmore!"

Ingrid had reached them now on her own rollers. She jumped over a car of the kindergarten kids and came besides the black car.

"Do you have room for more?" Fillmore asked astute.

"Anytime."

The boy jumped behind Ingrid who got away from the car while ramming an enemy roller out of the chase.

Meanwhile, Lana decided to take a risk. "Jumping time!"

Lana jumped from the car onto the head of a kindergartener on its tricycle, used her momentum to jump against a locker in the hallway and, with a swift move, landed back in her sister's princess car. Without a word, Lola gave her twin a soft-air Uzi, which Lana used to get rid of the other drivers.

"Nobody stops the Officers Loud & Loud!" the two howled while Lola rammed again into the black car.

Then the other officers of Safety Patrol appeared on foot and on their own vehicles to stop the kidnappers and the kindergarten kids.

"STOP THIS!" Limewood shouted and his voice could be heard amongst all the chaos.

"Stop this chaotic car chase now, or you will get detention for the next 6 weeks!"

Back in the studio, Renata was in contact with a very horrified looking Huggins on the right side of a screen. "What do you have to say about these developments, Principal Huggins?!"

"I... The Safety Patrol and my trusty secretary Mr. Limewood will get this unusual and not at all regular situation under control."

The screen changed to the now full on battle between kindergarten kids, the Loud twins, the Safety Patrol, as well as Fillmore, Third and Limewood, who everybody ignored.

"STOP!" the secretary desperately shouted into this total chaos of colliding bodies and vehicles, flying air pellets and wrestling Safety Patrol and kindergarten kids.

"The situation will be back to normal any second now," Huggins stated in a tone which sounded not as confident as he had hoped.

"The school looks strange," expressed Leni while rubbing her chin.

"This is a restaurant," the chief waiter explained in a deadpan tone. "Would you and your motorcycle like to have a table?"

"Later, I have to rescue my brother from two kids who have kidnapped him," Leni explained.

"Of course you do, Madame," the waiter said, the deadpan tone increasing. "Good luck to you."

"Thanks!"

And Leni drove out of the restaurant.

Despite the Safety Patrol's best efforts, including erecting a roadblock made out of third grade desks, no one was able to stop Richie and Julia in the wild chase through the main building. Thanks to the help of sugar high minions and dumb luck, they always managed to overcome the odds and escape Lola and Lana, as well as the exchange patrol officers who were right now trying their best to keep an entourage of wild kindergarten kids from circling the Loud twins' car. The impressive aspect of the kindergarteners' maneuver came from the fact that many of the kids did so not on little tricycles or bikes, but on more or less rather "unconventional" means of transportations. Like a miniature chariot drawn by three rather confused and highly energetic dogs in body armor, with the people in the chariot itself, three kids with rather wild expressions on their faces, throwing Play-Doh and other stuff at the twins. "Hey, watch the hair!" Lola shouted, trying to avoid getting macaroni and glitter in the face.

Meanwhile, Lana couldn't help herself but admire another construction right behind them, a weird combination of tables and chairs on small wagons being pulled by multiple kids on their tricycles, with one kid on top of it all playing drums and other instruments, while fellow kids were aiming for the Louds with spit balls.

Something about the vehicles looked familiar to her, but she didn't know what.

"I have to admit, that is impressive," Lana stated, while shielding herself from a burst of spitballs by grabbing after a random kindergartener from her left and using it as protection.

"But I bet it is pretty damn impractical to move with that thing through narrow places," Fillmore stated, riding next to her with Ingrid on a scooter they had grabbed from one of the Kindergarteners. Before Lana could question what he meant, Ingrid grabbed a class door and opened it. Two seconds later, one of the tricycles tried to

avoid the now open door, only to crash into his fellow drivers, making the entire construction of chairs and desks behind them come to a stop and fall apart

"Huh. Nice job."

"Thank you," the young goth said.

"I hope the kids are okay," Fillmore stated.

"I would worry more about those chariots," Lola insisted. Next to her on the left, one of the dog drawn chariot constructs was getting ground till it was now in front of them.

Fillmore, who had managed to rob a water gun from one of the kids, tried to shoot the driver down, only for the two other kids in the chariot to protect him with some self-made shields, before throwing a water balloon on the seventh grader that managed to knock him off the scooter.

"Fillmore!"

The boy in question luckily managed to roll down in his fall in a manner that resulted in him barely getting any scratches. Nonetheless, by the time he got up again, he was surrounded by other kids, ready to soak him with water guns. But before he got fired at, someone drove through the crowd and past him, grabbing the boy by the collar.

"This is nuts," Luna Loud proclaimed, watching the school's news feed covering the unfolding events. "Those kids are going to get detention for the rest of their lives."

"Stuff like that never happened when I was student body president," Lori declared. She observed the chaos unfolding only from the side, while simultaneously trying to reach Leni on her phone, but without much luck. "Where is that girl?"

"For the last time Miss, you are at the wrong place!" a rather annoyed looking teacher tried to explain to a young girl dressed in surprisingly well styled biker outfit.

"But this is Royal Woods School, right?"

"Royal Woods Middle School, and..." the teacher held in for a second. "Wait. Don't I know you?"

Leni flinched and gave a nervous smile. "I, like, don't know what you mean."

The teacher's eyes widened when, at the mentioning of the word "like", a floodgate of memories regarding a certain student and the frustration to teach her algebra washed over her again. "Leni Loud?"

With Fillmore unable to help, the kindergarten kids managed to win more ground on the Louds and Ingrid, who, in a desperate attempt to not be crushed between two tricycles, had jumped on the pink princess' toy car. She hoped desperately that no one at X-Middle School was ever going to see her driving around in a vehicle, whose color scheme alone made her cringe. Though it didn't seem as if she was going to spend much time on the princess' car either, as the kids in the dog chariots left and right were ready to slice the car's tires. Or at least they tried. As they had to find out, child safe scissors on sticks didn't really cause that much damage on tire rubber. Still, it was

annoying. And kept the twins from getting any more ground.

"Dang it!" Ingrid cursed while breaking a stick by kicking it. "Any ideas on how to get rid of them?"

"I have one," Lola claimed in a sinister tone.

"We are not going to hit the dogs," Lana said dryly.

"But--"

The look in Lana's eyes made Lola decide to just shut up.

So instead she decided to stay silent, while around her, little kids were annoyingly shouting "Uga Jacka" and tried to make the tires go pop. "So what now?"

Suddenly, something pink and bone-shaped flew through the air. Almost immediately the dogs on the left and right chariot got even more enthusiastic and chased after the weird object, much to the drivers' horror. Seconds later, a crash further away could be heard.

"Where did the chew toy come from?" Ingrid asked.

Lola looked to her better half.

"Don't look at me. I haven't--"

"Hey guys!"

The twin's eyes widened in surprise at the familiar voice and got distracted enough to turn all their attention to their left for the moment.

"I see you are the fury of the road."

"Luan?"

"The one and only," the family comedian stated, doing her hardest to keep up with them on the bike she "borrowed" earlier, while avoiding all sorts of projectiles thrown at her by little neckless monsters. Which wasn't quite as easy, seeing how she also had to carry the weight of a seventh grader on the back with her.

"Nice seeing you again, Fillmore," Ingrid stated.

Her friend and partner simply nodded and handed her a water gun he snatched prior from some other kid.

"What are you doing here?" Lana wanted to know, while punching some random kid that tried to jump on the car out of the air. Behind her, the older officers were busy keeping any potential new assailant away by shooting with water guns or throwing probes Luan had with her at them.

"Aside of skipping school and having a BMX experience that Lynn would be more fit for? Trying to save our brother. By the way, do the right thing now and turn left."

Lola blinked in confusion. "What?"

Thankfully for her, Lana was aware enough to see that they were aiming for a row of lockers and turned the wheel to the left just in the nick of time. Some kids and hall officers had less luck, though, and crashed into them, books and papers of other students raining down on them.

"And how are you planning on helping us?" Lola wanted to know, while trying to avoid the unfriendly fire from the chariot in front of her.

"Oh simple," Luan only said. Next thing her younger siblings knew, she was falling behind them, ending up right between the pursuers and the pink car.

She cleared her throat. "Now watch and learn, here's the deal..."

All of a sudden, she pulled a bunch of banana peels from out of nowhere and threw them in the air. Seconds later, there was a pile up of tricycles and little bicycles behind her to be heard.

"...they slip and slide on the banana peels!"

Before the twins had a chance to groan at that little rhyme, their sister pedaled faster, till she was next to the chariot in front of her.

"Hey kids," she greeted the kindergarteners, much to their confusion. "Trick or treat?" One of the kids looked to its friend and then to Luan again before three years of Halloween experience made him reflexively say "treat".

"You've got it," Luan pulled a bunch of dog biscuits out of a pocket and threw them on the ground. Immediately the chariot came to a stop as the dogs were eating away on the doughy treat. The kids had barely a second to realize what she did before Luan would then spin around the chariot, all the while pulling a rope made of colorful cloths out of her pocket. In a matter of seconds, she had the kids roped up in it.

"And that is a wrap," she proudly stated when finally stopping, making a bow to an imaginative audience while still on the bike.

"Damn!" Lynn Loud exclaimed in appreciation, "That was actually kinda cool."

"Yeah, great and all," Lori said dismissively. "But where is Lincoln?"

"Great maneuver Miss..."

"Loud," Luan said to Fillmore. "Luan Loud."

She handed the young officer a business card. "Comedian extraordinaire. If you ever retire from force, call me. I can organize a retirement party."

She looked Fillmore over and suddenly took a sharp breath in. "Though, based on my experience with cop movies, perhaps I should rather organize a funeral two days before that."

"Excuse me?"

"I promise I will try to make it as cheerful and classy as possible."

Thankfully, before the conversation took a turn for the really ugly and awkward, the others managed to catch up.

"Okay, that is it!" Lola stated and jumped out of the vehicle. Before anyone could do anything, she grabbed one of the tied up kids and looked him straight into the eyes. This in turn had a surprisingly detoxing effect on the kid, who immediately came down from its sugar rush only to realize he was now at the mercy of Lola "The Pink Don" Loud.

"Hi Fynn," she told the little boy in a tone that managed to be both sweet and dangerous. "Would the "Lord of the Twerps" please be so kind and call off his small army?"

The little boy tried to protest. Thankfully, his survival instinct kicked in first and so instead of kicking Lola against the kneecap, he pulled a walkie talkie out of one of his friends' back bags and turned it on.

"Here is Firefly," he spoke into the walkie talkie, his eyes still fixed on Lola. "New order. Everyone, surrender."

Almost immediately, it became a lot quieter in the corridors. The sounds of hall monitors fighting against little kids subsided, till only the protests of the school's

secretary could be heard, who demanded for the parents of the kids to be called. Fynn, or Firefly as he liked to be called by his friends, gave Lola an appeasing smile, hoping it would calm her down. Unfortunately for him though, the only reaction this got out of her was an even brighter grin, revealing two rows of shiny and very sharp teeth (with one rather large gap), reminding him of that awful shark movie his older brother made him watch on Halloween.

"Good. Now tell me, where is my brother?!"

"I don't know!"

Based on how the smile on Lola's face dropped, this was not the answer she wanted to hear.

"What do you mean you don't know? Wasn't he in front of you?"

Before Fynn had a chance to say something, another kid, the driver of the chariot, said, "Actually, they turned right at the lockers."

Lola blinked. And then turned her gaze to Luan.

"Oops," the comedian nervously stated, rubbing the back of her head.

From the princess' car, the annoyed grunt of Lana could be heard, accompanied by the sound of her head hitting the car's horn. "How are we supposed to find them now?" she asked.

As if right on cue, the sound of multiple wheels squealing on the ground could be heard from a room on the left, whose door, as well as a window were open. Storming to the open window, the Louds and the senior officers saw the kidnappers driving out of the main building, heading once more for the playground.

"Any ideas?" Luan asked. Meanwhile, Lana was pulling a desk near the window, much to Ingrid Third's confusion.

"What are you-"

In a swift move involving her trusty hammer, Lana broke two of the desk's legs and turned it into an improvised ramp.

Things added up in Luan's head and she looked at her younger siblings in shock, while they were already taking seat again in their car. "You are not thinking of-"

Instead of answering, Lola pulled the gear and stepped on the gas. "Oh yes, we are."

Richie was just about to feel at ease due to escaping the officers Loud & Loud, when all of the sudden, he heard Julia scream all sorts of profanities while firing a load of soft air-pellets at something behind her.

Taking a quick glance in the side-view mirror, he saw Lola and Lana flying out of a window of the main building in their car. The toy managed to perform a barrel roll midair because the desk had tilted slightly to the left, while Lana was still shooting at the two with a foam rocket launcher, before landing on the wheels and giving chase again.

"WOOHOO!" Lana exclaimed. "We need to do that again!"

From further away, Julia could be heard screaming.

"What the heck do we need to do to get rid of these pests?"

"Try forcing Lana to take a bath," a voice suddenly said. Before Julia had a chance to react, she got her soft air gun kicked out of the hand by a white snicker. Only now did she remember their little hostage, who had regained consciousness again.

While Julia got into a fight with a still handcuffed fifth grader, Richie was slowly getting aggravated. He certainly had enough of that overly long chase that probably got him already in more trouble than what the boss could pay him in candy for was worth it.

So he decided to do something he rarely does at his job. He made a decision for himself. And the first step in doing so was hitting the brakes.

"Why are you stopping?" Julia wanted to know, her fist being stuck in Lincoln's mouth.

"I have had enough of driving away," Richie stated and turned the car around.

"I am going to show them that Richard Elisabeth Feinstein is not a chicken!"

Julia looked at her underling in a mixture of new found respect and confusion. "Your middle name is Elisabeth?"

He only glared at her and she sat down in the car, buckling up.

"What are they doing?"

"I think they want to challenge us to a game of chicken," Lana said, looking at the black car powering up. This made Lola smile. "Good."

She pulled two helmets from under the dashboard and put one of them on her twin's head. Then she pulled into the next gear. "Let's roll."

Next thing anyone knew, the two cars were heading for each other.

"Well, this will get messy," Ingrid Third stated dryly, looking out of the window. "Shall I call for a cleanup crew?"

Before Fillmore could reply, the shape of Luan on the bike again passed her and followed her sisters' example by jumping out of the window.

Fillmore looked after her. "That is one messed up family."

"At least they stick together," Ingrid expressed and shrugged with the shoulders.

Behind them, the sound of yelping dogs and moving tires could be heard.

"Did Fynn just escape?"

"I think so," Ingrid replied.

Fillmore sighed. "Dang it. And I thought I could enjoy lunchtime."

Lincoln, still chained to the car's frame, tried desperately to break the handcuffs. Or at least get the belt on.

"Guy, I appreciate that you want to challenge my sisters," Lincoln said nervously in admiration to Richie. "But I know them for six years. You are better off just driving away again."

Richie didn't listen. Instead he stepped on the gas harder.

"You don't know them as well as I do. They won't budge!"

The two cars were now pretty close on their collision course.

"You don't know them!" Lincoln shouted, now in panic, still stomping the car's frame to get the cuffs off. "You don't know them; you don't know th-"

CRASH!

“LINCOLN!”

Luna was shaking, her eyes fixed on the screen of the laptop.

“Is... is he...”

“No!” Lori shouted, grabbing the laptop and trying her hardest to suppress the tears forming in her eyes. “He can’t be. He-my little thumber...”

Lynn was at a loss for words. She just witnessed three of her siblings being involved in a miniature car crash. But what shocked her more than the possibility of Lincoln being seriously hurt was the fact that Luna and Lori didn’t seem to care at all for Lola and Lana. Their only concern was their brother. Not the two six year olds she just saw through drone live feed flying out of the car and half the school ground into the nearby manure pile of the school’s gardening club. Granted, they wore helmets and based on personal experience, it was safe to assume they were okay. But still. They would cry their eyes out for Lincoln, but not them?

“What the heck is wrong with you?!” she shouted at the two, making them shut up in their sorrowful crying. Then, just to shock them even more, she slapped the laptop out of Lori’s hand. It was a miracle it did not break when it hit the ground.

“Lynn, what are you-”

“No, what are you two doing?” she shouted, interrupting Lori before the oldest could even begin chewing her out. “Lincoln is not the only one who could be hurt right now! Why are you guys so fixated on him?”

“Well, excuse us,” Luna replied to her in a surprisingly aggressive tone while trying to calm Lori down by rubbing her shoulders. “God forbid we are worrying about the love of our life.”

-
-
-

There was a long moment of awkward silence, in which a couple of things made click in Lynn’s head. She was shocked.

“What did you just say?”

Only now realizing what she said, Luna looked to Lori.

“You just had to spill the beans,” the oldest sighed.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Lori claimed and gave her sister an affectionate kiss on the forehead that seemed to calm her. “Get her!”

Before Lynn had a chance to properly process what was happening, Luna had pinned her down on the ground.

“Sorry sis,” the young rocker said. Lynn tried desperately to raise her arms, but Luna showed a sudden level of strength Lynn had never seen before.

“Let me go!” the young sport ace demanded, only to be turned around so that she was now staring at the laptop screen again. Lori came up to her and closed the live feed of the drone. She then clicked open another file, making a video of her brother suddenly pop up.

"Only after you understand our point of view," Lori stated and clicked on the video. Lynn tried to turn her eyes away, but Luna forced her to watch. Seconds later, no amount of force was needed at all.

Lincoln Loud never considered himself a child kissed by Fortune. But even he had to admit that he had more luck than smarts when, just seconds before the crash, he managed to break his handcuffs free and roll out of the car. Otherwise...

Well, he doubted he would be dead. But his wrist would more than likely be broken.

Still dizzy from his escape, he watched as Julia and Richie climbed out of the pile of metal, equally as confused and more struck as him.

Julia was already pretty close to get to him, when the screeching sound of bicycle tires was heard and Luan appeared next to him.

The white haired boy, still on his knees and trying to comprehend what just happened, looked up to her.

"Luan?"

His sister in question just reached her hand out to him.

"Come with me if you want to avoid detention."

Lincoln wanted to ask what she meant by that, when further away the sound of the school doors opening could be heard, followed by a very angry Limewood shouting.

"LOUDS!"

Out of reflex, Lincoln took Luan's hand. His sister helped him on the bike.

"Hold up, Buckaroo," she told him and threw a prank smoke bomb (the non-mud related kind this time) on the ground. By the time the smoke was gone, so were Luan and Lincoln.

Much to Limewood's chagrin, who could feel his right eye twitch.

"Today is one of those days, isn't it?" he asked himself and the world in general.

"Nothing is going right for me, isn't it?"

All of the sudden, the screaming of a certain beauty queen could be heard.

"COMPOST!" Lola Loud shouted, her upper body stuck in a pile of decomposing vegetables. "I HATE COMPOST!"

"Speak for yourself, sis," was Lana's reply, while she tried to make the best of the current situation.

Limewood smiled. "Well, perhaps some things go right for me."

While going over to pick the twins up, he took a quick glance around and realized something. "Where are the other drivers?"

To say Lincoln was confused would be an understatement. All he remembered was that three second graders had kidnapped him earlier and that he was just about to give one of them a head-butt. Next thing he knew, he almost got seriously injured in a game of chicken and was now hanging on his sister Luan driving a bike around the school, just for her to come to a stop at another entrance door to the main building. Still dazed and trying to overcome a mild concussion, he got dragged into the main building, his sister making sure they avoided all sorts of hall monitor patrol officers

and kindergarteners, who, mere minutes ago, were looking for them. Eventually the young boy found himself dragged in the empty chemistry room on the second floor of the school.

"You stay here," Luan told him, leaning him against a teacher's desk before taking off her baseball cap with the ridiculous camera stuck in it.

After that she went on looking for the lab required first aid kit and some alcohol.

"Let's see... methanol, acetone... picric acid?!" she shouted in disbelief. "Are these guys going to blow us up?"

Behind her, Lincoln moaned.

"Just wait a- ah! Ethanol. 70%. That should do the trick."

Seconds later, with everything she looked for at her side, she examined Lincoln. The young boy had quite a nasty bruise on his forehead, which was certain to grow into a bump over the next hours.

"How are you feeling, Lincoln?"

"Like barely surviving a ridiculous blockbuster chase scene," the young boy said and flinched as his sister put a wet alcohol dipped cloth on his bruise.

"It should be me lampshade hanging the situation, you know?"

Luan sighed and gave him a reassuring smile. "Does it hurt anywhere?"

Lincoln moved his arms and legs. Aside from a sour tug on his arms, he didn't really feel all that...

"Ouch."

"What is it?"

"My leg", he stated, putting a finger on his upper thighs. There was a stain of blood on the fabric.

Before he could say anything else, Luan was suddenly grabbing his pants and trying to pull them down.

"Luan, what the-"

"Quiet!" she told him in a serious tone he was not used to from her. Thankfully, she did not want to pull them down for god knows what reason. Instead she only pulled them down far enough so that she could take a look at the injury he was pointing at. She didn't like what she saw. It was a bleeding cut on his left thigh, though not one of the sort that would need severe medical treatment or stitching. Still, she couldn't let her brother just walk it off.

With another cloth, this time dipped into water from the sink, she cleaned up the cut as well as she could, before tipping the cloth with alcohol on it. This time it burned quite a bit and Lincoln had to suppress tears from forming in his eyes. But seconds later, the burning sensation stopped and Luan, using some gauze pads and patches, stopped the bleeding.

"That should do the trick for a while," she said. "Or at least till we get you to the nurse."

She looked at her brother sympathetically. "I would give you a kids aspirin for the headache you probably have, but that would thin your blood. And you can't have that now with your cut."

Lincoln blinked in disbelief. "How do you know?"

"I told you yesterday, I know SOME things about first aid," she said, rolling her eyes in

a mocking manner. "Gosh, don't you listen?"

He just starred at her. "I thought that was a joke."

She smiled and sat down next to him. "Not everything I say is a joke, you know? And believe me, when you hit yourself with a bowling pin as often as I did during some juggling acts, you learn to appreciate the first aid kit."

She took his hand in hers and smiled at him. "You okay?"

"Yeah," Lincoln replied, not quite knowing what to say. Eventually, he added a little "thanks" for the medical attention.

"No problem. It's the least I can do for my sweet little brother."

Sweet. He shuddered at the mentioning of that word. It reminded him of the fact that he was with a potentially love struck sister again. And this time alone. That being said, when she was saying that, she was, unlike certain other sisters, not staring him into the eyes. At least directly. In fact, she was glancing towards her cap and the camera in it.

Lori looked at the live feed in confusion. "What is she doing?"

"I think she is trying to tease us," Luna theorized. She and Lori sat under a tree, the laptop on Lori's knees while Lynn was sleeping with her head in the young punk's lap, sighing and muttering Lincoln's name.

"That little... she wants him for herself now!"

"Well, to be fair, she got relatively little of him yesterday," Luna said in defense of her roommate. All the while she was petting Lynn's hair, who seemed to enjoy it quite a bit, leaning against her sister's fingers like a cuddle needy pet.

"Still. If we don't get to spend quality time with him now, why should she?"

A sudden noise from the feed interrupted her. "What was that?"

Luan just wanted to tell her brother something important, when the door to the class room opened. Before she could properly react, a small figure had jumped up to her and put a cloth over her mouth. She smelt something really awful, only to lose conscious.

"Luan!"

"Got you now, Loud!" Julia, no longer bearing her ski mask, exclaimed with fury in her eyes.

Lincoln felt something very smelly covering his mouth too, sending him into sweet unconsciousness again.

"Now, time to get you to the boss!"

"Okay, Julia," Richie stated, grabbing Lincoln under his arms. "But first, could you please give me back my socks?"

The young girl blinked and then looked at the "cloths" in her hand. "Sure," she said and threw them back to her friend, who put them back on his feet. "By the way, how often do you change them?"

Maniak: Well then, now unfortunately a little downer; This fanfic is put on ice for some time. Not in the way as that we break it up or that we are now getting all whinny because of some random dude not liking or story, but because reality is a bitch. I have to wrap up my current education and studies and simultaneously I have developed health problems that need treatment. And no, it is not cancer or anything else immediately life threatening but... well, I need time and we are also rather close to reaching the point where every draft we have worked on for future chapters is caught up. And we like normally to have six chapters or so still in the works before loading one up.

Long story short: We are on summer break. Sorry
