ThunderStoners

By Knight Writer

Author's Note: Well, here it is! Thanks to everyone who replied to the Lost Intro of this, and I hope you all like this one!

ThunderStoners
Episode One:
Who Bogarted the Munchies?!

"It's cashed, Jaga," Panthro said as he tapped the bowl on the control console, just under the smiley face sticker.
"Oh, maaannn," Jaga replied as he looked about the bridge of the flagship. The mood lighting cast everything in an ethereal glow, bringing out the beauty of the black-light posters that hung from the walls and the beer stains on the deep shag carpets.
"The lunatic... is on the grass..."
"Heee heee heee..." Tygra giggled as he adjusted the volume and Pink Feline oozed out of the speakers like an aural acid trip. "Hey, maaaaan. I'm @%$!^in' NAKED, here!"
"So am I," Cheetara belched from his left, a bottle of rum in one hand and a coke in the other. She was far too drunk to notice the collective shudder of the other ThunderCats on the bridge. Alcohol didn't do much for one's girlish figure, she had yet to realize.
"Hey... hey... Jaga, you an' yer brother want I should wake... um... what's his name?... Y'know, the little red-headed @$&%..."
"Lion-O?"
"Hey, don't both of you talk! Yeah, I mean him..."
Cheetara let out a mighty belch which resonated off the walls before speaking. "Why? Let the little @&*% sleep."
"Nah..." Jaga replied. "He's gotta see this &^%#."
"Word," Tygra said, his enormously dilated eyes staring in Jaga's general direction. "You an' that purple clown are right."
"*COUGH HACK HACK* Yeaaahhhh... The old guy's always... man, I'm stoned..." WilyKat said as he passed the roach back to his sister and reached for a plate of brownies. Panthro turned in his beanbag seat, opened his mouth, and fell on the floor.
"Aw, #$*^ it," he said in reply.
"You're," WilyKit finished the roach, holding the smoke in deep and straining not to cough. " You... 'an't... 'andle..." A cloud of smoke erupted in the bridge, and she laughed maniacally before scarfing two cookies and a can of Space Pepsi.
"Cheetara," Jaga said after managing to tear his gaze away from a blacklight poster of a psychadelic mushroom, "fetch the stash."
"*BUUUUURP* Don' ya mean Lion-O?"
"... ... ... Oh, yeah. Him, too."

Lion-O awoke, and nearly screamed at the sight of the naked Cheetara standing unsteadily over him.
"Wake up, ya lil' cuuuutie."
"Cheetara?"
"Jaga wan's ya on the.. the... the bridge..."
"Oh... okay..."
"Hey!" shouted the fuzzball at the foot of his bed. "Lion-O needs his sleep!"
"Shut up, you $^#&," Lion-O replied as he stumbled after the weaving Cheetara.
"No respect. I get no respect, I tell ya shneyaf shnarf."

"Whassup, Jaga?" Lion-O asked, taking a beer from Panthro and slugging the Catweiser in one manly gulp.
"Check this out," the old burnout said as the viewscreen came to life. The small red planet it showed blew into millions of pieces, which almost sent Tygra into convulsions.
"Whoa. What..."
"That was Thundera, little dude."
"Thundera?" Lion-O asked, stunned.
"Yeah," Panthro said as he packed a fresh bowl. "One helluva party, man!"
"Daaaammmnn..."
"Yeah, it sucks," Jaga said. "But hey, little man, you're still the Lord of the ThunderCats! You still got the Code thing to do. Ummm... what was it again?"
"Twist it, Smoke it, Hold it, Pass it," Lion-O said, working on another Catweiser.
"That's m'BOY!" Panthro hooted, taking a hit and handing the bowl to Jaga, who the proceeded to cash it again.
"Gotta scrape the resin outta this mother#%*%er. Hey, Lion-O. Lemme show you somethin'. Man, you're gonna dig this @*%&."
Lion-O followed Jaga out of the bridge, through a bead curtain to a room that was lit without bulbs. In an ornate pedestal in the center was what had to be the most beautiful bong he had ever laid eyes on.
"Take it, man."
Lion-O walked toward it, and the bong grew to a huge nine footer as he picked it up.
"@*&#! This thing's alive!"
"That, son, is the Bong of Omens."
"Whoa."
"Inside it is the Bud of Thundera, the ultimate trip, my friend."
"How'm I gonna hit this?" Jaga, the oldest stoner on Thundera, laughed for ten minutes before answering.
"You haven't the lungs yet. Hey, it won't take long before the bong feels natural in your hands. What the &%^*? Snarf? What the hell are you doin' here?"
"I just wanted..."
"Hey, bring the others here, huh? Do somethin' useful for once."
"like doing your laundry and curing Cheetara's STDs aren't enough..."
"Move, you fuzzy piece of &%*)!"
"I'm goin', I'm goin'." Half an hour later, the other ThunderCats managed to find their way to the Bong Chamber.
"Man, what is this #*&%," WilyKat said before inhaling another brownie.
"ThunderCats, what you see here... oh, man... is the Bong of Omens. Packed within is the Bud of Thundera."

"For real?" Tygra asked. "I thought that *&%^ was a legend."
"Oh, maaan... it's real." Jaga said, eyeing the bong with longing. "It'll &^%(you *up*, man!"
"Hey, lemme get a hit!"
"Hold up, Panthro," Jaga said. "There's some other &^%# we gotta do. First, we don't know where the hell we're gonna be, so we gotta have clothes." Jaga tossed bundles of transparent red cloth at the ThunderCats, which materialized as clothes and weapons.
"Maann," WilyKit said, "I look *cool*! Think so, bro?"
"Uh... yeah..."
"Does this make my ass look big?" Cheetara asked, to no reply.
"Maaan, I *hate* this #&%^!" Panthro yelled as he beheld the spiked suspenders and shorts. "The 'chuks are cool, but look at this! Man, I gotta kick my own ass for wearing this *&%^!"
"Duuuude," Tygra said while swinging his whip. "I'm gonna kick *ass*!"
"Jaga, what's this crap?" Lion-O asked as he studied the blue suit he wore.
"You got clothes, so shut up..." The ship rocked a few times as blasts of ions hit the hull. "Oh, &%^$, what now?"
"It's the cops!" Panthro shouted. "Battle stations!"
"Lion-O! Stay here!"
"But..."
"Shut up and do it!"

The mood lighting on the bridge had changed to an ugly red as Jaga managed to put his helmet on.
"What's up?"
"It ain't the *BUUURP* cops," Cheetara said. "It's a bunch of monkeys and (*&%/."
"Ah, &%*$, the Mutants," Jaga said as he searched in vain for a twinkie.
"They're in!" Panthro cried.
"*&^$!* Hide the cupcakes!"

Slythe took a hit of the Plun-Darr homegrown, and grinned.
"We're kicking their asses, yess?"
"Hoo HOO! Pass that, snake-face," Monkian said. Slythe gave over the blunt, and Monkian took a monster hit.
"Their ships are blowing up like fireworks," Jackalman said after taking the blunt from the monkey.
"$*&%, dogg, we wastin' 'em!"
"Maaan, they've got so much shit on those ships, they ain't gonna fight! Kick ass!" The ship, run by a computer rather than three stoned Mutants, docked with the lead ship of the convoy and bored a hole in the hull. Slythe, who had taken the blunt back and finished it, grinned at his two cronies. "Us reptillians can handle this *&%#."
"So, you snakes can smoke all that bud yerselves?" Monkian asked. "No way!"
"Yeah, Slythe," Jackalman added. "You ain't bogarting that righteous reefer for yerself!"
"Why don't we.. um... Aw, *^$& this, let's go get high!"

The battle was intense. It would be, at least, if anyone could remember it. Well, some stuff happened,

and other stuff, and some ass got kicked and... um... Twinkies and Ho-Hos got demolished and... um... to hell with this, let's skip ahead...

"You won't have this bong while I smoke!" Lion-O said, scared almost to the point of crapping his tunic at the sight of Slythe's form.
"*&$^ you," Slyhte said.
Lion-O's eyes grew bloodshot as the Bong of Omens grew and the Pot Signal shone in the room. Um.. other stuff happened, and some ass kicking happened... and some munchies got destroyed and... Oh, maaannnn....

"Panthro, how is it?" Jaga asked in the most complete and comprehensible question he'd asked in over three centuries (Jaga's clan lived for hundreds of years, and depended heavily on incest, but that was shown in the hit Thundera sitcom "The Thunderian Hillbillies").
"um... You want the good news?"
"Whoa..."
"Well, since Tygra insisted, Beavis and Cathead are starting a new season."
"Hey, Panthro," WilyKat managed, "Can you turn that off MTV? Kennedy's kinda old..."
"Oh, yeah," Panthro said as he fought against the enormous buzz the Bud of Thundera had given everyone on the ship. The line diagram of the ship came up, and Panthro studied it for an hour before talking again. "Okay. This is weird."
"What?"
"Well, Jaga, we're *&$^ed. We're so damn (&$^ed."
"Aw, shiiiit."
"The closest planet is out here," Panthro said as the computer - blessedly unaware that a bunch of alcoholics and stoners were at its controls - showed a blue planet at the ass end of the universe.
"Dammmnnn..."
"Are you kiddin'?" WilyKat asked. "What the (*%*? There ain't even a Snarf-Eleven out there!"
"I got the munchies!"
"OH, &^$&, we hafta go in the suspension capsules!" WilyKat replied as he hog-tied his sister and threw her into a capsule.
"Lemme out!"
"How's that robot pilot, thing?"
"Um," Panthro replied, "from the looks of this, it's as (&%$ed-up as we are."
"Awright," Jaga said, "get in those pods. I'll pilot the ship to... wherever the hell that planet is."

The trek across countless light years of space to the Blue Planet was enough to bore anyone out of their mind. Jaga, however, didn't need the boredom since his mind had long sinced gotten crispier than the food at the Thunderian Fried Snarf (The rotisserie Snarves were a huge hit among the stoned nobility) joint.
The factor of Jaga's age became moot when - after dropping three tabs of the acid he'd found in Tygra's quarters (beneath the panties, the ball-gags, and things Jaga simply did not want to consider) he found himself running away from a dozen nude and horny Grunes and leapt into the nearest doorway. Unfortunately, said doorway happened to be an airlock.
The computer engaged its robot pilot, and the ship managed to crash on the blue planet.

"Aw, #&^%, I knew I was gonna hate this," Snarf groused as he emerged from the suspension capsule. "Now, where the hell is every... Lion-O!"

"Wha..." Lion-O managed as he saw Snarf leaning over him. "What the *^%$ do you want?" He rose, only to bang his head on the open lid of the suspension capsule. Sober - and not liking it one bit though he didn't know why - Lion-O looked at his hands. "Holy screamin' *&^%! I'm (*&^%in' HUGE!" The blue tunic was shredded about his muscle-bound frame, and he decided to...
"Lion-O? Why are you looking down your pants?"
"Holy screamin' *&^%! I'm (*$%in' HUGE!!!!"
"Oh, for the love of... Lion-O! The Mutants are back, shneyarf shnarf!"
He looked up as the ugly green ship flew overhead and hovered over one ungodly mess.

Slythe finished rolling the doobie as the various nameless thugs he had hired on Plun-Darr's VariousNamelessThugs.com website picked over the wreckage.
"This," he said as he fished for his lighter, "is some cool (**^."
"Hurry up and light that, *&&hole!" Jackalman snarled.
"*&^$, three-to-one odds those cats're dead, man."
"You're on," Slythe said before sparking the Mary Jane and taking a toke.

"Man," Lion-O said from behind the jagged stone ridge, "those are some UGLY mother(&^$ers."
Snarf ignored him, contemplating wether or not to show him the Bong of Omens he had just found. Maybe, if he could get Lion-O to stay sober, then he could...
"Oh, yeah," Lion-O said dreamily as he watched the Mutants banging on some familiar-looking pods. "I know that smell..."
"$(*&!!!!" Snarf cursed as he saw Lion-O run down the slope to the cloud of smoke.

"Hey!"
Slythe looked up at the red-haired oaf which ran down toward them.
"Who the (*&$ is that?"
"Looks like a ThunderCat, hoo hoo!"
"Whatever," Slythe replied as Jackalman passed him the joint. "The question will soon... soon.. screw it, just kill the bastard!"

"Can I get a hit?" Snarf heard Lion-O ask just before the Mutant horde tried to jump him. Snarf shook his head regretfully as he wrapped his tail around the Bong of Omens. Lion-O threw aside two Monkians and barely dodged an axe swipe from a Jackal as Snarf leapt from the rock outcropping.
"I'm gonna hate myself for this, I just know it, shnarf snarf."

"Hey! Share the wealth!" Lion-O shouted just before he saw Snarf land on a monkey's head and toss a beautiful-looking bong at him.
"Catch!" the little freak shouted as the bong spun through the air to land in Lion-O's hand.
"This... hey... I KNOW this bong! I..."
"Lion-O..."
"Wha... Jaga?" Lion-O stared at the glowing blue image of Jaga, a blunt of epic proportions dangling from his bearded lips and a pair of fine-ass female pumas on each arm.
"Wasssup, dogg?" Jaga said as he took a hit and held the smoke deep.
"Am I trippin'?"

"@*&$, Lion-O! I ain't got all day! You got some kick-ass weed in that bong, dude!"
"I... do?"
"It's the... aw, (*&% this, just hit the damn thing, willya?" As Jaga faded, Lion-O heard him say something about a hot tub to the women.
"Get that bong!" the reptile shouted. "He's got the bud!"
"Thunder... Thunder... THUNDER! THUNDERCATS.... ... ... Whooooooaaaaaaa..."
The bong grew each time, and a lighter instantly appeared in Lion-O's hand. The spark hit the pot, Lion-O took a hit, and it all came back as the signal soared into the sky.
The other ThunderCats awakened, seeing Mutants everywhere and too hungover to fight. An immense cloud of smoke covered the area, and fighting was the last thing on anyone's mind.

The computer of the Mutant ship scanned the fiasco below with some equivalent of embarrassment. Against its better judgment - and also because it was programmed to - the computer beamed the now supremely stoned Mutants aboard and set a course away from the weed smoke.

"#*&%, man, you grown!" Tygra said as the adult Lion-O walked over to the group of ThunderCats.
"Who (*%!ed with your capsule?"
"Aw, *&%$, my bad," Panthro said as he looked about for a paper.
"The beer!" Cheetara groaned, "where's the beer?!"
"Hey, hey, check it out," Tygra said. "We, like, gotta survive out here an' #*%&."
"Yeah..." Panthro said. "I think I can build us a Lo-Rider from all this *&%^ out here."
"... ... ..."
"Heh, check him out," WilyKat said, reaching into a pouch on his belt for his spare baggie. He pointed to Lion-O, sprawled out on the ruined slab of metal that was once a ship. He stared vacantly into the sky, mumbling something about Jaga and hot tubs.
"One tiny hit, and he's *&%$ed up," WilyKit snickered.
"Now, now," Panthro chided. "He took it to the head for his first time out."
"... Who's got a twinkie, maaaaan...."

"Whoaaaa...."
"That bud was the shizzzznit!"
Slythe hardly cared, munching on a pizza while the ship flew over an endless desert. He had to get that freakin' bud. Somehow, someway...
"What the (*^% is a cupcake doin' in the desert?"
"I'm goin' for it!"
"Monkain, you stupid...."
The ship's computer calculated the impact point and prayed it would be a quick death...

Slythe looked up at the psychadelic pyramid's shifting color scheme with rapt attention. Man, this was some cool-ass *&$#...
"Duuude..."
"I know...."
A section of the wall melted into the sands, and the Mutants stood there in awe at the sight.
"There are no green spacemen," Jackalman repeated over and over. "It's not real, I'm just trippin'..."
"Enter..." came a voice from the depths of the pyramid.
"Hoo-hoo, that bud musta been laced or somethin...."

"You ain't trippin'," the voice replied. "Now get in here... I got munchies..."
"We're there!"

"What is this *&^^?" Slythe asked as he looked around the black-lit chamber. Posters of rock bands and aliens glowed on the walls. The Mutants walked over the deep shag carpet to the big-screen TV in the center, which displayed...
"The hell is Lion-O doin there?" Jackalman asked.
"Hoo! He's got the bong!"
"Whassuuuup."
He emerged from behind the bead curtain at the opposite end of the room. The crimson bathrobe was open at the front, showing a frail body wrapped in multi-colored bandages. Blood-red eyes peered from within a withered face not even a mother could love. In one hand was the single largest joint any Mutant had ever seen.
"Who're you?" Slythe asked.
"I am Mumm-Ra, the Ever Toking," he replied, holding a blowtorch to the end of the uber-doobie and sucking on the end. "You wanna hit this *&^%?"
And so, an unholy alliance is formed. Or would have been if everyone hadn't been stoned out of their minds.

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Author's Note: Sorry if the ending is kinda weak, but I was running out of ideas for this. I figured it would be best to wrap the chapter before I really screwed it up.

Anyway, hope you all like it!