ThunderStoners

By Knight Writer

ThunderStoners
Episode Two
"Phattie, phattie, who got da phattie?"

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"Good *&%^, huh?"
Slythe looked up at Mumm-Ra from his place on the floor, where he'd been for the past several hours, and opened his mouth. Speaking was too much trouble, so he tried to resort to telepathy.
"Hooooo...." was all Monkian could manage before diving into a bag of funyuns like a mad bastard.
"Nyeheheheee... where'd you score that kind *&^%?"
"Nevermind," the baked mummy said as he reached for a bowl of fritos. "Heh... hey, Slythe. Are ya with me?"
"Maaaan, I'm stoned, yessss?"
"Check this," Mumm-Ra said after downing several handfuls of BBQ corn chips. "There's this (*%&, maaan, the Bud of Thundera... an'..."
"Hoo! You... know 'bout that?"
"Dude, I been wantin' to hit that for, like, uuuuhhhhh.... *&^% this, go score that *&%@!"
"Nyeheheheeeee...."
"As sssoon as I can find my feet, yesss?"
"Hoo-hoo! Maaaan, you're *&%$ed up!"
"Oh, yeah... there they are!"
"Those're MY feet, you asshat!" Mumm-Ra roared as he transported the Mutants out of his pad.

It was a thing of beauty, polished to a gleaming white. The interior was a deep purple, down to the floormats and the shag seat covers, as well as the fuzzy dice dangling from the rearview. It was perfect.
"Sho..." Cheetara slurred, leaning against the chrome, "Whatda hell ish it?" The forty went to her lips, and came down a lot emptier than it had been on the trip up.
"The Shaggin Wagon!" Panthro said before laughing maniacally and picking off a piece of a mushroom he'd found in the crash site.
"Heh, you oughtta go easy on that (&%^," Tygra said from Panthro's right. "Didn't work so good for ya last time."
"Yeah," Cheetara said. "Yous was... *BURRRRP* beatin' yer legs... wha.... wha wash he shayin?"
"Little green men were givin you head!" Tygra erupted into gales of laughter at the thought.
"&%^# off, ya stripey bassard!" Panthro shouted. "I told ya once, I don't remember that!"
"Wha... whadoya rmember?"
"All I remember is seein' Tygra tryin' to jag me in the @$$ back at the Cat's Pad... Ain't that *&%$ed up?"
"Yeah..." Tygra answered with a too-innocent grin and a nervous titter. "Told ya 'bout trippin' with th' Grateful Mutants, maaan."
"HEY!" WilyKat shouted from the wrecked ship. His sister followed behind as he exited, both carying one end of a large cooler. "We got Doritos an' &%$*!"

"Man, that's a sweet ride," Lion-O said as he picked up the Bong of Omens and the twenty-sack.
"The *&%^ YOU goin'?" Panthro shouted as Lion-O packed the bowl.
"Hey, look, man..." Lion-O trailed off for a moment, staring vacantly into space as his train of thought left the station without him.
"He's goin' to look fer shome smoke," Cheetara said after demolishing the forty and going straight for the Cat Daniels.
"Who knows when our *&%$'s gonna go dry?" Tygra added
"Oh, yeah!" Lion-O shouted. "Peace!"
"Lion-O" shouted Snarf as he ran to catch up. "I'm goin' too!"
"Think so?"
"Y... you can't go alone!" the little beast said, catching up to the stoned lion.
"Awright, ya little *%^$. This one's for the game!"
"Oh, &%^$!" Snarf, while sober, wasn't fast enought to avoid Lion-O's boot before it sent him sailing over the crash site and between two trees.
"It's good!" WilyKit cheered, arms over her head.
"Wow," Panthro said. "You coulda been on a Snarfball team!"

Snarfball had been the national pastime of Thundera for centuries, entertaining the stoned nobility of the ThunderCats. Each team had ten players. The Snarf - glued into a ball shape - was kicked about the field in an attempt to score a goal by booting the defenseless, screaming creature through two posts at the end of the field. On average, ten Snarves were killed per game.

"Hey," Tygra said after Lion-O left and Snarf's screams faded into nothingness, "what's this thing?"
"Hey! Keep off that damn samoflange!"
"What the (*%$ is a samoflange?" WilyKat asked.
"This," Panthro said, yanking the lever. The sound system came to life, pounding out a thundering beat that sent birds and small animals for miles around running for their lives. The front paws of the ThunderTank raised up, then slammed back town on the grass, pushing the front end up.
"Whoa..." WilyKat said in awe as the front of the ThunderTank began to bounce up and down in time to the beat. "You be pimpin'!"

Lion-O walked through the woods.
Lion-O was straight up baked.
So, that meant he actually stumbled through the woods.
But, when toking up on bud that could tranquilize an elephant, such things lost importance. Especially when the trees melted and the ground moved whether he was walking/stumbling/laying-on-his-ass or not.
He indeed met the Mutants in the woods, and he indeed meant to fight them.
But, they all said "Screw that noise" and got high as kites.
And, in another dimension, Knight Writer learned that there's no point in writing kick-ass battle scenes when dealing with characters who smoke more reefer before 7:00 AM than Amsterdam and Jamaica do in a day. So, he skipped ahead (an episode or two), to a meeting with one fine hottie of the forest. In a scene or two.
And, he intends to bring a TCATGR character into the fic shortly. Possibly more, if any others want to appear.
But, since this has completely shattered the Fourth Wall, he's gonna cut the crap and write some

hopefully funny $#!^.

Berbils were gentle, peaceful creatures. What could one expect from robot teddy bears? Blood-thirsty killing machines they were not. They had originally been designed as such, but they ended up being too cute and cuddly for wasting thousands of foes on a post-apocalyptic battlefield of an alien world. So, they were booted off their planet, where their creators did indeed create the perfect killing machines. Soon afterward, said perfect killing machines proceeded to kill their creators in ways that would make sadists and undictators toss their cookies. If not, then sadists and undictators would go home and have cookies just so they could toss them.
The perfect killing machines then found themselves with a serious logistical clusterfuck. With no transport off the planet Robear, and all the organics horribly mangled, what was there to kill?
In a war that ripped the planet Robear apart, the perfect killing machines wasted each other.
The upshot of this pointless tangent? The Ronixis Battle Androids were destroyed, thereby sparing the cosmos their perverse literary wrath.
Too bad the same didn't happen to the Overgard Battle Androids of the planet Dumbass, but that's another story...

The Berbil strolled merrily along the plains of Third-and-a-half Earth, singing to itself and generally enjoying the hell out of life on its way to do whatever robot teddy bears do all day. It watched the butterflies, the birds, the bugs that hopped about, and marched along the trail.
It paid no heed to the thundering bass that came up from behind. It was a catchy tune...

Panthro snapped his eyes open as the ThunderTank lurched. He looked back and...
"Oh, shiiiiit..."
"What happened?" Cheetara asked, her head poking up above the dashboard.
"Just a speed bump," he replied, shoving her head back down. A few seconds later... "Thasss right, who's yer daddy!"

"Who are you?"
Lion-O looked at her, from the toes up. How far did those legs go?
"Who are you!" she shouted as he brought up the bong.
"I'm... the Lord of the ThunderCats an' shit, y'know?"
"No, I don't," the woman replied. "And what is that smell?"
"Oh. Sorry," Lion-O said as he fanned the air around his posterior.
"NOT THAT!" the unknown woman hollered. "The smell coming from that thing in you hand... It's like burnt rope."
"You got shit like this here?"
"Is that... marijuana?"
“Hells yeah! Who’s yer hookup?”
“I don’t understand? hey, what are you doing?”
Lion-O took another huge toke, and blew the smoke directly into the face of the unbelievable hottie before him.
Willa, Queen of the Warrior Maidens, prided herself on being strong and clear-headed.
On breathing in the acrid smoke, the clear-headed bit went out the window in a big hurry.

“Wha.. what the… oh, wow. Can I hit that?”

Several hours later…

“Was it, like, good for you, too and stuff?”
“I am never… EVER having sex with one of your kind again!”
“What?!”
“All the scratching, the biting, the yowling the… the… HAIR flying everywhere it was just… Ugghhh… Why don’t you try SHAVING for once, huh?!”
“We’re NATURALLY hairy!”
“I know, I’m still picking it out of my teeth! When’s the last time you… you… what was I talking about?”
“About how human women are violent during sex, and how hairy we are, and how…”
“I’m goin’ to bed…”

Back at the wreck… huh… The ship or the cats? Well, if you must know, there wasn’t much difference, Meow. No, I don’t have any Fritos. No, no mini-pizzas, either. Hey, have you been hitting those dried banana peels again? Jeez, I told you that you didn’t have to research the part. Yes, it’s coming up in a later chapter. I KNOW how long this one took.
Okay, here’s a bag of Doritos. I’ve really gotta cap this one off.

Ahem

Back at the crash site (that’s better) Tygra and Panthro were… oh, that’s just too easy. Let’s just skip to the dialogue, how ‘bout it?

“Heyyy, Panthro, whaddaya call nuts on a wall?”
“Um? walnuts?”
“How about.. about? about?”
Cheetara whapped him upside the head with an empty.
“About nuts on a chest?”
“Chest…nuts… Chestnuts?”
“Now… now… this is the good $#!^? how about nuts… on yer CHIN?!”
“Chinnuts?”
“No, biotch, a big fat…”
“Lion-O!”
“Yeah, guess that could work, too,” Cheetara mumbled as the ThunderCat lord stumbled in.
“Lion… WHOA!” Kat said as the lion walked past. “The hell you been doin’? You smell like @$$, man!”
“Earth girls…. are easy…” he said around a yawn. “And damn do I wish they weren’t!”

Author’s Note: Finally, it’s here! Meow Monkey, I did manage to get you in here. Hope you like it! No mockery on you or anything, but I did say I’d do it.
Oh, and as for the Lion-O/Willa bit, don’t take offense, ladies. I mean no disrespect to women. None at all. It was just the only way I could think of to finish out the joke. It was only a joke. I meant no harm.

With that said, hope you all liked it!

Knight Writer