

Chris sparks

Unlikely Adventurer

Part I

Once upon a time in a galaxy so far away it didn't exist, some loser was walking along when all of a sudden... nothing happened “Oh c'mon!, I mean what the #&*> is going on up there”! “Huh, oh geez Sorry, I'm working on it!” says the creator, who has one awful case of writers block and is ***TRYING*** to come up with ***something*** so “Back off!” “Alright, alright sorry!” says the loser (“am not!!”) O.K. now as I was saying, Meanwhile in another part of said galaxy a strange creature was waking up ready to greet the day with ...wait for it... **WANTON DESTRUCTION!**

But, before I can tell you that story I have to tell you this story-- never mind I'll tell you anyway, now this particular alien, because of course that's what it was, was enough to give the Master Chief nightmares with a seven foot tall body, four inch claws, huge black feathered wings, three eyes in its head, a monstrous lizard-like tail, jet black bloodstained teeth, and to complete this horrific ensemble the ability to camouflage himself near entirely rendering itself nigh invisible to the naked eye. While he's rampaging I'll tell you this story. There once was a magical purple hippo named Pickles we'll refer to him as, Pickles the magic hippo! So anyway I bet your wondering how these two tie in to the loser, well first he has a name Chris Sparks, second he pretty much just got fired from his second job even though he has another he can no longer afford his room at the Fish n Chip hotel but he is prepared for this as he is already packed his things into boxes just for such an eventuality, he also has an apartment on hold nearby. “Hey Mac” he mumbles to Mac the doorman of the hotel. “Hey Chris, why so glum” Mac asks curiously “Nothing.” He answers “Don't give me that, what's up?” “Well...” Chris answers “I got fired and I can't afford my room.” “Oh, that's too bad, well c'mon we better get moving” Mac says heading inside “Thanks Mac” Chris says with a smile following his friend inside. We'll just stop right there for a minute; now you're probably thinking why would Mac help Chris move, well, a long time ago most of Chris' family was killed in a nuclear meltdown. Foul play was suspected but never proven. When Mac heard the news he promised to keep four year old Chris safe for as long as he lived and he has, moving from job to job helping Chris stay out of trouble. He became a doorman at the Fish n Chip hotel to watch over Chris. Now we'll resume

our feature presentation. Chris couldn't help but gawk every time he entered the lobby what with its massive wall aquarium, miniature schooners on each table, foghorns blaring every hour on the hour, even misters filled with saltwater. As the two walked in to the lobby they never noticed the strange hippo statue that had somehow appeared out of nowhere. "Alright, let's get started!" exclaims Mac. Later at Chris' apartment, "That went well" Mac muses aloud. "Hmm what?" "Oh right yeah it did" Mumbles Chris. "Hey, did you notice this statue before"-- then in a flash of smoke that smelled strangely of rhubarb and burnt rubber, the statue transforms into a big purple hippo posing heroically "We need your help Chris Sparks" the hippo said in a squeaky yet strangely respect commanding voice. "Who the heck are you" Chris asks surprised. "I am Pickles the magic hippo" "Well what do you want with me" "I need your help to stop an alien creature in another part of the galaxy" "well at least something finally happened, lets go, Mac too" "Very well" said Pickles.

POOF!

Part II

"Now wait a minute, I'm here to protect Chris and I can't let him go fight aliens" yells Mac angrily. "Aw Mac c'mon nothing exciting ever happens to me, why can't we fight the alien, please" pleaded Chris. "No it's too dangerous" "dangerous ppbbbtthhh it's not dangerous Pickles will help, right" "affirmative" "see no problem" "Actually..." Pickles muttered "I can only help Mac, you must do this alone Chris". "What, Wait a minute, wait a minute, what do you mean you can't help me"! "I'm not gonna go out there and get killed"! He was going berserk "Calm down Chris you may activate your power--" "Don't tell me to calm down"! "Chris your arm"! Mac interrupted. "What are you talking about, holy SHIT"! He cried when he looked down, his arm had transformed into a huge knife! "What the hell did you do to me!" he screamed and lunged at Pickles pinning him against a wall. "I have done nothing your anger has activated your unique mutant powers" "What do you think I am, stupid? I don't have any powers, right Mac?" Mac was silent. "Mac" Chris looked at him frightenedly? "I'm sorry you had to find out this way Chris" "What are you talking about" Chris asked as his arm shifted to human again. "After you were born when your parents took you home you picked up a screw and the next day your arm was

a huge screw they panicked, then they called me, when I showed up I saw your arm slowly shifting back to human, your parents didn't know what to do and I suggested they calm down and keep it a secret they agreed to tell you a few years later when you were older then well, you know the rest of the story the accident" Chris just fell to the ground then, as he sat there, in the dirt he felt betrayed and very, very, alone.

Part III

As the three of them trudged along Chris hadn't said anything to Mac or Pickles. "Is he alright?" Pickles asked Mac. "I don't know Pickles he usually ain't like this when he gets mad he cools down pretty quick but I guess it's a little hard to swallow, just give him time". Chris ignored whatever the others were saying he was just trying to control his powers as his arm kept shifting back in forth between human and steel. Forget them he thought I can kill this thing by myself. As he practiced he found out if he concentrated he could change shape at will. Watching Chris practice Mac decided to apologize, "Hey Chris I'm sorry I should have told you sooner, besides you can't stop this thing alone and I think there's something you should absorb". "What are you talking about absorb"? "Well haven't you noticed what ever you touch you can morph into"? Chris noticed it was true now that he thought about it he changed his arm into a crowbar, sledgehammer, nail, drill, hacksaw, and even a blowtorch. "Cool!" he shouted. "Um, Chris here" Mac said giving him a handgun. "Whoa Mac, why the heck do you have that thing" he asked incredulously. "I keep it around just in case" he says handing him the gun. Chris takes the gun and feels a small surge of energy then concentrates and morphs his arm into a larger version of the gun. "Cool" he mutters as he aims at an old piece of plywood and fires, putting a clean hole in the board. "Hey, how are we going to stop this alien thing anyway"? Chris asks turning to Pickles. "We just need to stop him for now" "O.K. then" "Hey is that it over there"? Mac shouts pointing at a large shape in the distance. "Well, I have good news and bad news" Pickles says. "The good news is yes the bad news is yes" he says as the shape turns and jumps and soars at them "oh that's not good" Chris says as he morphs into a drill and pistol, Pickles waves his wand and is ready for battle, Mac checks his ammo and aims to kill. "CHARGE"! Chris yells as they surge toward the alien.

Part IV

The alien wasn't sure why these puny creatures attacked him he had already eaten his fill of humans but decided to make an exception for these three. He found it strange every time the small one touched him he gained his traits like his claws and wings. The fat one however sent strange lights from his stick that hurt him; he chose to kill this one slowly. And the muscular human had a weapon that couldn't hurt him but every time he knocked him down or cut him he would get back up. Most irritating he thought. He picked up a boulder and crushed the muscular one but he just kept coming then he noticed a strange light coming from the fat one that covered the muscular one. Aha! He pieced it together the fat one was protecting the muscular one. Stop the fat one stop the muscular one; he picked up a street light and swung it like a club at the fat one and knocked him out cold then smacked the muscular one with his tail. "Mac"! The small one shouted then began attacking with extreme brutality and ferocity harming him repeatedly and without mercy even when he returned the attack he seemed to ignore the blood and pain and kept fighting. The alien decided to surrender and survive the battle by flipping over and lying still, the universal sign of submission but the human kept attacking. He could feel himself dying and the world... going dark... The alien woke up feeling rejuvenated and reenergized but confused finding his wounds were almost nonexistent. Then when he explored his surroundings he recognized this as a human nesting ground.

Then he heard yelling in the other room. Activating his camouflaging abilities he quietly slipped past the human the small one had called Mac then he moved through the cramped corridors following the sound of voices he found the fat one and small one but without any weapons. Listening in he learned that the small one was called Chris and the fat one; Pickles was responsible for his healing. Chris and Pickles were arguing over why Pickles had saved his life. "I thought you said we're supposed to kill this thing" Chris obviously didn't support this idea. "No, I said we were supposed to stop it not kill it" Pickles cared about him, not quite understanding this strange emotion he decided to think about this in solitude. Quietly returning to his room he sat down next to the bed and started thinking.

Epilogue

Thoughts

Chris was thinking it was a bad idea letting that thing have free roam around his house and it was just waiting for the right time to slit their throats.

Mac was working out in his room thinking he went insane and needed a sucker punch to snap him out of it and maybe a few drinks.

Pickles was standing on the roof thinking about the worse that was yet to come...

THE END

(or is it!?!?)