

Pomeranian Devil by Davis Cheng (Y5, CIS)

Even before falling through the ice caps, my day totally sucked.

“My engine’s on fire, my eject pod blew up and I can’t steer. This cannot get any worse!”

Suddenly, the jet stopped.

“It just did.”

My name is Pomeranian Devil, a unique creature that exists in both ninja and pomeranian form. At the moment, I am falling down to Planet Sinlos, a deserted, ice-covered, water-covered huge planet. I was plummeting to Planet Sinlos at exactly 2,000,000 miles per hour, I know that because I fainted of shock after ejecting my propeller chute. Even after I ejected my parachute I still went clean through the freezing ice caps and into the water of kinm (thicker than usual water). It turned out there was life on Sinlos, very significant life that is.

“Dude why aren't you dead?” asked this strange creature that looked like a devil cyborg.

“Why am I not?!” I asked myself. “And how can I understand you? Aren’t you supposed to speak like alienese or something?”

“Well, I put some translation bots in you,” the alien clarified.

“In me or on me?” I asked.

“In you,” he stated.

“So what's your name?”

“Pwnage, the only cydevilan left. All the other ones got nuked by this meteorite called earth (this is at year 50,000),” the alien continued. “You were in critical condition. If it weren’t for me, you would be an ice cube for the fermonbeds to play with.”

“Fermonbeds?”

“Yes. Fermonbeds. Fat, huge, crazy whale sharks.”

“Yay, more things that can kill me.”

“First they drag you underwater, then they turn you into an ice cube, then they play volleyball with you in your frozen form.”

“Okay not funny.”

“So how did you crash?”

“This random guy just crashed into me on my way to planet C.R.A.Z.Y.N.E.S.S.”

“Sounds pretty crazy.”

“P.S. so I scavenged your ship and found stuff and I used the scrap to make weapons. I’ll show you my new weapons from your ship and what’s leftover.”

When I got to the armory of 99 century gun, my jaw dropped. How did Pwnage make this from scrap? It included an Obwberen Mach 9 V2 – a bow that can vaporize stuff, suck in stuff, disintegrate stuff, had sonic arrows, hydra arrows, explosive arrows, void arrows, electrical arrows, fire arrows, rope arrows, splitter explosive arrows, doomsday arrows, stab everything arrows, smoke arrows you name it. Best of all the entire quiver was infinite. To its left was a NR Savage Blade which could cut through anything and had after pulse. Above it was a FCM Jetpack, a water-proof, infinite fuel that could shoot out anything with a fast food maker and drink holder.

“So,” Pwnage broke the silence, “let’s go kick butts of those random people who crashed into your airplanes.”

The flight was awesome. There was a slush machine, a hot chocolate fountain, a milkshake dispenser and some fast food machines. On the way we saw the guy who crashed into my plane and one thought was in both of our heads -- revenge. Apparently, we both wanted to go to C.R.A.Z.Y.N.E.S.S. like crazy, but he didn’t realize that he crashed into me. He thought that I crashed into him. So the rocket wars started.

The stranger was clearly not prepared for a supa dupa ultra crazy nuke cause I blew his wing off, then he fired the eject pod which was headed for a random area. Wait.. no.. it was heading for C.R.A.Z.Y.N.E.S.S.! We zoomed after him like a cheetah with its butt on fire. We finally caught up with him.

“So sing along! (typical musical tune) 1 little 2 little 3 little missiles, 4 little 5 little 6 little nuclear bombs, 7 little 8 little 9 little torpedoes 10 little explosives in all (you can stop now).”

It was an amazing sight - a fart (we figured he was a fart when he sort of exploded in the fire) exploded in a tiny melting burning eject pod. While he was falling to C.R.A.Z.Y.N.E.S.S., I decided to go solo.

With my control over the air I caught up with him, and he was mad. “I will not be defeated by a ninja! I can only be defeated by little furry dogs!!”

“Wait,” I thought to myself, “little furry dogs?! YAY!” I turned into a small pomeranian.

“Gahhhhhh!” the fart screamed. “I hate dogs!! F.F.F.(funky fat fart) will not be defeated!”

1000 meters until we hit C.R.A.Z.Y.N.E.S.S.

“BARK, BARK, BARK!” 500 hundred meters. “NEVER!!” He started disintegrating into thin air. 250 meters. “Growl!” “NEV...” He imploded into thin air, and the fight was over.

I landed on a cotton candy pillow. Pwnage somehow got down faster than me. He asked if I was okay. I barked in agreement and fell asleep. I had dreams of F.F.F. looking for revenge in a different dimension. I dreamt of fermonbeds. Most of all, I dreamt this wasn’t over. (to be continued)