

# Ed, Edd, And Eddy

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*The story about how three boys became best friends. Please read & review!*

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# 1 - A Fruitless Scam

## Ed, Edd, "n Eddy Chapter 1: A Fruitless Scam

"No! You can't leave!" Four year old Edgar clung to his eighteen year old brother's leg. He looked down in surprise.

"Get off," I gotta go," he tried to shake him off.

"What'll I do!"

"Same thing as we always did. Hold up the family name, Eddy."

Edgar, or for short "Eddy," looked up with big eyes and let go of his older brother's leg. He walked over to his bed and pulled a shirt out from under his pillow.

"This don't fit no more, might as well give it to you," he walked back to Eddy and slipped it over his head. When Eddy looked down at it more closely, he saw that it was yellow with a red stripe and even though it traveled to his feet, it felt like a trophy.

He peered up again and watched as his brother finished packing his suitcase.

"You'll come back, right?" he asked. His brother stopped.

"I don't know. Faster I can get out of this dump, the better," he laughed and closed the suitcase. "You're gonna keep my magazines safe, right? Don't let Mom find them."

Eddy nodded.

"Good. Well, I'm out of this joint," he grabbed his suitcase and made for the door.

"Wait! Don't you want to chase Rolf's chickens just one more time? I bet Ed'd be up for it!"

He shook his head and laughed. "That don't matter to me no more, Eddy. Grow up." That was the last thing he said before leaving. Eddy rushed to the front door and watched him drive away with his friends. And then nothing. He just stayed and watched for him to possibly return.

"Bye, Eddy's brother!" a loud, happy voice rang from behind Eddy before tossing confetti on him.

"I can't believe he's gone," Eddy continued to stare.

"Huh?"

"He's gone, Ed," he shook his head in disbelief.

"But I didn't get to say goodbye!" Ed threw himself on his shorter friend and sobbed.

"Hey, hey, hey, watch the threads," Eddy pushed Ed off. "We'll be okay." This suddenly felt like an empty promise. Would they be okay? What were they going to do?

But he couldn't let the big guy down or his brother's shirt would be stained with tears very soon.

Ed wiped his nose on his arm. "We will?"

"Uh...sure. We just gotta think of a scam and we'll be in the black!"

Ed began to shiver and fell into a fetal position. "The dark scares me, Eddy."

"Don't worry about it. Soon we'll be so rich, you can buy as many of those night lights as you need!"

"Really?" Ed's eyes grew and he bit his bottom lip in a smile.

"Sure, why not!" Eddy shrugged.

"Can I buy a chicken farm!" Ed began to envision new possibilities.

"You could buy a chin. But first we gotta come up with the plan," Eddy pointed to his head.

"Like what?" Ed suddenly went blank and stared off into nothing.

"Uh...we could help Rolf with his chores," Eddy shrugged. Ed's face lit up.

"And I could hug a chicken!"

"Just keep 'em in one piece, Ed," Eddy rolled his eyes and the two walked across the street to Rolf's house. Eddy stepped up onto the porch and rang the bell. Ed looked randomly to the left and then to the right, up, down, and all around.

They heard a cow and Victor the goat, and then a scream from Rolf before a splash.

"Maybe no one's home," Ed suggested. Eddy glared at the door and began ringing the bell viciously.

"Of course they're there, we just heard!"

Another yelp from Rolf before he flew over the fence and hit the telephone pole.

"There he is, Eddy!" Ed ran toward him.

"No! Stop! Stay back!" Rolf screamed in terror. Ed stopped short and raised his eyebrow.

"Huh?"

"Leave! Rolf's chickens have had enough dread!"

"Chickens?" Ed grinned.

"Relax, Rolfie. We just wanted to help with some chores," Eddy held his hands in front of him.

"Please! Rolf begs for their protection!" Rolf was now kneeling before Eddy.

"We didn't come here to cause trouble. We just wanted to raise a little money," Eddy said.

"And hug a chicken, Rolf!" Ed exclaimed.

"Huh," Rolf looked up from kissing Eddy's shoes. "You mean..." Rolf looked around in a paranoid fashion before whispering in Eddy's ear "...*he* is not present?"

"Yeah. He just left for college," Eddy nodded. Rolf straightened, pulled up his overalls, and laughed.

"Ho, ho, then. Ed-boys want to help Rolf with Rolf's chores, yes? Go away! You fluster Rolf!" Rolf turned and walked to his porch.

"Wait, Rolf! We only-" but Eddy never finished for Rolf slammed the door in his face.

Ed laughed. "Your face looks like a pancake, Eddy!"

Eddy shook his head and it regained its usual shape. "There's gotta be something..." he pondered again.

"Oh! Oh! Pick me!" Ed waved his arm. "My mom just went to the market and we have lots of fruits!"

"Wait..." Eddy thought for a while "...Ed! We could make fruit slushis and sell 'em a quarter a piece! We'll make a killing!" Eddy grinned and grabbed Ed's head. "What kinds of fruits do you have?" Ed grinned and held out his hand.

"Oh, clementine and kiwi and pomegranate and mango and..." Ed counted on his fingers.

"Perfect! Now what would we use for a stand?" Eddy interrupted.

"I have a stand!" Ed exclaimed.

Eddy blinked. "What!"

"Come! See!" Ed grabbed Eddy by the hand and ran to his house, letting Eddy trip and stumble the whole way.

They descended the stairs to Ed's bedroom and Ed flung Eddy at the wall. "Your face looks like a pancake, Eddy!" Ed laughed again. Eddy pulled his face off of the wall and glared back.

"Where's the stand!"

"Oh," Ed began, "be right back." He trotted to the laundry room. Eddy sat down on the bed and waited. Ed came back to the doorway soon enough carrying the washing machine in front of him. Eddy hopped down from the bed and grinned at the appliance.

"Perfect! It'll even make the slushis! Bring it outside, Ed, and then we'll collect that fruit!" Eddy got up and walked behind Ed up the stairs. But they did arrive at one problem...

"It's stuck, Eddy," Ed announced at the top. "It won't go through!"

"Turn it the other way," Eddy suggested. Ed easily accomplished this alternation, but it still wouldn't fit. "Push it harder," he shrugged.

Ed turned his back to the machine and pushed against it until it broke through the sides of the door. Ed wiped his forehead and looked up to see this. "Eddy! The wall! What will Mom do?" Ed panicked.

"Don't worry about it. We'll fix it later," Eddy said. "Bring this baby outside, Ed!"

They had trouble at the next few doors, but these problems were solved similarly to the first.

The washing machine was finally outside on the sidewalk. "Let's go get the fruit!" Ed yelled, running back into his house.

They came to the fridge and emptied it of all fruits which were now spread across the floor. Eddy frowned at this. "We gotta think of a way to get these outside."

"My mom has laundry basket," Ed suggested.

"Well what are you standing around here for? Go get it," Eddy stated. Ed saluted and walked to the stairs only to trip over his shoelaces and fall down the flight. "Ow...I'm okay." He soon came back up with a basket.

"Great! Let's put the fruit in the basket," Eddy bent down to pick up the fruit.

Three quarters of the way up the basket, Ed happened to step in one of the fruits and fell, smashing all those beneath him and the ones he was holding.

"Ed! People won't pay for bruised merchandise!" Eddy shouted.

"I'm sorry, Eddy," Ed apologized.

"Where are we gonna find more! This ain't enough!" Eddy exclaimed.

Ed shrugged. "I don't know."

"Maybe Nazz or Jonny have fruit," Eddy wondered. It wouldn't be likely that Rolf would have any: all they knew he had was a meatshed.

"But how will we get it? Ed asked.

Ed and Eddy stood on Jonny's roof. Ed wore a long sleeved, black shirt, black pants, and black finger-paint beneath his eyes. Eddy wore the same, but also sported a black ski hat.

"Ready?" Eddy asked.

"Yep!" Ed pulled his toy saw out of their bag and brought it down to the roof. Eddy grinned and rubbed his hands together. Then he frowned.

"How come it isn't working?" he stared at it, dumbstruck.

"I don't know," Ed studied it.

"Is it on? Pull the chain...rope...string thingy," Eddy demonstrated by pulling on an invisible string. Ed did so, and the plastic chain went around once before stopping.

"It's garbage," Eddy grumbled. "The windows! Come on!" Eddy grabbed Ed by the neck.

"Ready?" Eddy asked again. Ed gave him the thumbs up. Eddy returned it and put on a red helmet with yellow flames.

Ed pulled a spring out of his bag and tied Eddy's shoelaces to it. Eddy put on his shoes and prepared to be shot.

"On the count of three. One, two...two..." Eddy stopped.

"THREE!" Ed exclaimed, firing Eddy at the side of the house.

"At the window, Ed," Eddy's voice was faint against the house before he pulled himself off and fell to the ground.

"Ha, ha! Your face looked like a pancake, Eddy!" Ed laughed.

"Let's just try again," Eddy growled as he was forced to climb up the tree again. "This time, the window," Eddy instructed. "FIRE!" However, this time was not the window, either. Eddy's head hit another tree, causing an avalanche of acorns to fall onto of him. He climbed out of these, pulled one out of his ear, and stomped back to the tree.

"You were suppose to hit the window, Eddy," Ed laughed again. Eddy took the helmet off and slammed it on Ed.

"Get on the spring, I'm launching you!"

Ed smiled. "I have achieved greatness!"

"Shut up and get on," Eddy disciplined. Ed tied himself on and was ready. Eddy pulled back.

"One...two...three!" Eddy released him and he crashed into the window...which was shut. "We gotta think of a better way to do this," Eddy stated, crossing his arms.

"So we tried air attacks, now we'll go underground," Eddy stated. He was holding Ed's legs up. "Dig, Ed!"

Ed's hands ripped through the soil as they descended beneath Jonny's house.

"Eddy, there's a wall," Ed stated.

"Use your head," Eddy said. Ed rammed his head into the concrete wall, causing it to crack in the center.

"Perfect!" Eddy kicked it and the broken blocks fell onto the floor of Jonny's basement. He jumped inside and landed in a ninja pose while Ed tripped through the hole. "Shh. Come on." They tip-toed up the stairs.

"Shh," Eddy pointed to the fridge in the kitchen, and then made a motion for Ed to follow his.

"Come on," Eddy opened the fridge and began handing fruits to Ed who placed them in the bag. When they stripped the fridge of all of its fruits, Eddy closed its door.

"Look at all this fruit!" Ed exclaimed. Eddy clasped Ed's mouth shut immediately and looked around in a paranoid fashion. He then dragged him down the stairs and quietly shut the basement door. Jonny and Plank stuck their heads out of their bedroom floor.

"Did you hear that, Plank?" Jonny asked.

"-----," Plank replied.

"Of course I wasn't hallucinating," Jonny said.

"Phew," Eddy took his hat off and wiped his forehead. "Dump 'em in, Ed. How many did we get?" Ed lifted the bag and filled the basket to the brim. "They fit! Quick! Bring it outside, Ed!"

Now in their regular attire, they ran back outside with the basket and set it beside the washing machine.

"So how does this thing work anyways," Eddy studied the machinery.

"Oh! You turn this knobby thingy and it turns," Ed demonstrated, but the washing machine did nothing. He scratched his head and shrugged. "Maybe it's broken."

"Your head's broken," Eddy pulled Ed's head to the back of the machine. "It needs to be plugged in!"

"I'll be on it!" Ed ran back to his house and returned with a long extension cord. He plugged it into the back and proceeded to plug it into an outlet on the side of his house. "Ready?" Ed gave the thumbs-up.

Eddy, ontop of of machine, returned the sign. "Contact!" He turned the knob. It began shaking and jumping off of the ground. Eddy clung onto the sides to avoid being flung off.

"Ed! Do something!" Eddy yelled. Ed looked back at the plug and unplugged it.

"Phew," Eddy sighed and climbed down from the washing machine. "It works! Lets fill it!" The two carried the fruits from the basket into the machine. "Turn it on!"

Ed turned the knob again. "Whoa, way cool!" Ed's head rotated with the turning laundry machine.

"Ed," Eddy pulled Ed away by his eyebrow, "we need customers, Ed."

"Oh, okay," Ed replied. "Presenting his royal majesties King Eddy the sixth and seven eighths-" Ed groaned with a kick in the stomach from Eddy.

"I'll do it, windbag," Eddy jumped onto the washing machine and projected to the cul-de-sac: "Step right up, folks! Limited time only! Get your very own fruit slushi for the small fee of a quarter!" Soon Rolf and Nazz were walking toward the stand. "See, it's all in the presentation," Eddy told Ed before facing their two customers.

"Rolf sees you are trying at Rolf's pumpernickel, yes," Rolf laughed.

"No nickels, Rolf. *Quarters*," Eddy corrected.

"So what flavors do you got?" Nazz asked, slightly giggling. She was a small girl with blonde pigtails, a blue shirt with a pink flower on it, and a short, white skirt.

"Anything you want," Eddy shrugged, slightly blushing.

"What's in there now?"

"Uh...a fruit punch."

"Oh. Like what fruits are it it?"

"Just about everything."

"Oh," Nazz looked sad. "Is there cantaloupe in it?"

"Yeah," Eddy nodded.

"I can't. They make me seriously pack the punds."

"I'm sure one would be alright," Eddy scooped a cupfull out of the washing machine and handed it to her, straw and all.

Nazz looked at it closely for a moment before taking a small sip of it. "Mmm," she grinned, dropped a quarter into Eddy's outstretched hands, and walked away with it.

Rolf smirked. "The Ed-boy cannot delude Rolf so easily with his imprudent tricks. You shall have to try harder if you so wish to succeed-"



Rolf was knocked over by an excited Jonny and Plank.

"Two for us, Eddy!" Jonny said. "What was that?" He put Plank up to his ear to hear. Ed did the same. "Plank says to take a hike, Eddy. Your fruitless scam'll never work. That was harsh, buddy."

"Fruitless! Is he blind!" Eddy pointed to the almost full basket.

"Don't listen to him, Eddy. He don't know what he's talkin' about," Jonny replied. "Here's two quarters, Eddy!" Jonny put them onop of the washing machine. Eddy scooped two cupfulls out for them.

"Wait, Eddy! Plank likes bendie straws!" Jonny added as an afterthought. Grumbling, Eddy bent Plank's straw halfway. "Thanks, Eddy!" He looked down at the board again with a frown. "At least I don't got sawdust for brains."

"Rolf does not believe it," he walked toward them with a bewildered look in his eyes. "May Rolf have a taste of your-"

"Hey Eddy, could I have another?" Nazz asked.

"Uh," Eddy began, "okay..." Nazz gave another quarter. Eddy gave her the last cupfull the laundry machine had in it.

"Thanks, dude!"

"Sure Nazz," Eddy waved.

"BYE NAZZ!" Ed yelled.

Rolf cleared his throat, bringing attention back to him again.

"How may we assist you, Rolfie boy?" Eddy asked.

"Rolf wishes to sample you peculiar new beverage, yes," Rolf said.

"A quarter and you can go to town," Eddy grinned.

"Yes, see," Rolf handed him a quater. Eddy grabbed a cup, but saw that there was not enough of the fruity mix to fill a cup.

"Ha, ha. We just need to reload," Eddy ran to Ed who was sliding a cucumber through one ear and out of the other. Eddy slapped it away. "We need another load, Ed."

"I will whip it up!" Ed picked up the basket and poured all of its contents into the machine.

"Ready?" Eddy asked.

"Yep!" Ed turned the knob. The machine began spitting smoke and rattling as it was earlier.

"What's its problem now?" Eddy walked and stood beside Ed.

"Shaklakar! She's going to burst!" Rolf yelled, running quickly back to his house.

It was too late for Ed and Eddy, however. The washing machine exploded, splattering them with the fruits.

Eddy wiped what he thought were grapes off of his eyes and glared at Ed, rolling up his sleeves.

Ed licked some of it off around his mouth. "Mmm!"

"Why you!" Eddy pounced on top of the now surprised Ed.

"Ahh! Don't gouge my eyes out, Eddy!" Ed screamed as Eddy viciously clawed at the air above his face.

"I'll do worse than that!"

"No, Eddy! AHHH!"

A truck drove in front of the blue house on the corner. Ed and Eddy stopped their fight: Ed pulling Eddy's hair and Eddy holding Ed by the neck.

They heard the truck door open and close. Then a few hammers before the door again. The truck pulled into the cul-de-sac, turned around, and drove away.

"What was that about?" Eddy asked, letting Ed go. Ed walked across the street squinting at it.

"Sss...suu...suul...suuld...sold," Ed sounded out the word.

"Sold..." Eddy trailed off.

**To Be ContinuED...**

**A/N- So, the first EENE story in probably a year now. I saw the new episode and it inspired me to write a new "How The Eds Met" since the story was set in the third season. This will now be canon with season five. It was a lot of fun to write, though. I got to play with quite a many puns. Which are my favorite form of humor with the English language. And best of all, it's not another "Sirius" one! The one I am most proud of is the pumpernickel part where Eddy says no nickels, quarters! I thought I'd die when I wrote that. What's happening to me!**

**Well, I hope this becomes as well liked as the old version. I'm four years older, can spell almost all words in the English language (that I know), and can understand not just Double D anymore, but ALL of the characters. Even Nazz. Except Lee and Marie. I still don't quite get them yet.**

**"The Wizard Of Ed" ...I think I now know where I'm stuck in it. I am going to rewrite the last**

chapter and my original ideas about Rudolph and the Tinman before I go onto the Lion. But there should be an update when I'm inspired. I am currently coloring a HUGE work in the paint program and I want to be done with it. Ugh.

Well I hope y'all enjoy this and you haven't forgotten me! Please review! I'll give you candy if you do!

## 2 - A Third Ed?

### Ed, Edd, "n Eddy Chapter 2: A Third Ed?

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Ed looked up from his television when he heard a knock on his bedroom door. "COME IN!"

Eddy ran into the room and stopped in front of the set. "You! Me! Outside! Now!"

"But Eddy, it's a sequel!" Ed whined.

"Who cares!" Eddy grabbed Ed's eyebrow and dragged him outside.

"We'll put on a show! I'll be the lion tamer and you can be the lion!"

"Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!" Ed repeated over and over again.

"We'll need costumes, so..." Eddy stopped and looked at Ed who had a large lump underneath his shirt. "What's that?"

"Nothing," Ed looked around innocently. Eddy jumped on him and pulled the television set out of his shirt. Eddy stared at it for a few seconds before grinning with an idea.

"Here!" Eddy gave Ed the television and a fork. "You'll eat the television set and people'll pay a quarter to watch!" Oh man, we'll be so rich!" Eddy pulled Ed into his garage.

"When we get the quarter, you eat the TV," Eddy said. Ed sat in the wagon playing with the fork. A sign hung above him reading Bottemwess Ed.

"Roger walnut!" Ed shouted.

"Shh," when they reached Rolf's porch, Eddy rang the bell. The door slowly opened and Rolf slowly stuck his head out.

"No more of the fruit drink, Ed-boys?" Rolf asked.

"Nope," replied Eddy.

"Phew," Rolf opened the door. "Why do you come to the house of Rolf? State your business! Rolf is busy scuffing the backs of Rolf's pig for malaise."

"Uh...be amazed! Watch Bottomless Ed eat this humungous TV set! Only twenty-five cents!" Eddy held out a jar.

"Ah...Rolf is good, thank you," Rolf turned around and shut the door.

"Jonny, Ed! Jonny!" Eddy pulled the wagon to Jonny's house. He rang the doorbell. No one answered it.

"Hello! Is there anyone home!" Eddy pushed the button in violently.

"Hey Eddy! Whatcha yellin' about?" Jonny asked from behind Eddy. Eddy turned around and shrieked. Jonny was wearing a black scuba suit complete with flippers and a mask and carrying a bucket of clams.

"AHH! A MONSTER!" Ed screamed, jumping out of the wagon. Eddy took this opportunity to jump into it. Ed began pushing it before jumping back into it himself. The two rolled away.

"What was that about? Oh well," Jonny shrugged. "More clam chowder for us!"

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"Is it gone?" Ed asked from underneath the wagon.

"Yeah, Ed," Eddy lifted the wagon off of his buddy.

"Hey Eddy!" another voice cheerfully greeted them from behind. Ed leapt into Eddy's arms out of surprise, but was soon dropped. It was Nazz.

"Sorry dude," Nazz apologized. "You know that house that's been empty forever? Someone moved in!"

"No foolin'!" Eddy asked before beginning to run to the house, but he came to a screeching halt. "You wanna watch Ed here eat that TV? Only twenty-five cents."

Nazz giggled. "Um...I don't think so, dude. Sorry."

"Come on, Ed. There's a fresh sap ready for pluckin'!"

"Cookies and milk!" Ed replied.

Ed and Eddy stopped before the porch of the blue house. Ed sat beside the mobile stand with the fork and television set. Eddy put a hand through his three hairs and straightened his shirt before ringing the doorbell.

There was some short rustling inside of the house before he saw the doorknob turn. Another boy, about the height of Eddy, stood in the doorway.

"Salutations! My family and I have just moved in, thank you!" he walked toward them with his arm outstretched. Eddy couldn't help but poke a bit of fun at the newcomer.

"Hey Ed, get a load of the new kid on the block," Eddy elbowed Ed in the stomach while snickering.

"Where?" Ed looked all around, completely unaware of the boy's presence in front of him. Eddy's snickering went into a hiatus when he pointed Ed in the right direction.

"Oh! Welcome friend! My name's Ed!" Ed out held a hand with three or four flies flying around it.

"And I'm Eddy," Eddy gave his hand as well with a buzzer attached to it.

"Pleased to meet you!" the boy slipped a glove over Ed's hand and shook Eddy's fingertips. "My name's Edd also, but with two d's." He shook Ed's hand while Eddy stared at the buzzer on his in amazement.

"Gee. Ain't that a coin-ki-dink," Eddy put an arm around the kid. "We all got the same name!"

Ed laughed, shortly followed by Eddy.

Edd chuckled. "Humorous indeed."

"Yeah yeah, whatever," Eddy pulled Edd toward the stand. "Be amazed kid!" Watch Bottemless Ed eat this humungous TV set," Eddy brought forth the jar, unknowingly getting himself caught in the fork. "For you, only a quarter."

"I'll give you two, for it would be impossible for the human esophagus to manage such a feat." Eddy dropped the jar to the ground in shock. Edd naïvely pulled two quarters out of his purple overalls and, pushing his black hat up from his eyes, prepared to drop them into it.

"In your hat, bucko," Ed smashed the fork through the television. Eddy, who was rubbing his hands together, was brought along with it. Ed prepared to swallow the television set - and Eddy. "Yum!"

"What the-" Eddy said in a daze before getting stuck into Ed's mouth.

"Good lord!" I'm going to be ill!" Edd ran back into his house and shut the door.

"ED! Open your mouth!" Eddy yelled.

"Ewwy?" Ed looked around for his friend.

"IN HERE!"

Ed opened his mouth and spit out the television set and Eddy.

"Ed, remind me to lend you some floss," Eddy wiped Ed-spit from his face.

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"Look at that, Ed! Twenty-five cents! A whole quarter!" Eddy grinned at the profit from their latest scam.

"And what can you do with a quarter?"

"JAWBREAKERS!" Ed yelled.

Eddy climbed onto Ed's back and kicked him in the side.

"NEIGH!"

"Go, baby, go!" Eddy punched his fist in the air. Ed ran down the street like a horse, but stopped in front of the blue house, causing Eddy to fly off of him.

"My quarter!" Eddy crawled frantically toward it as it rolled into an open sewer.

"Is he okay, Eddy? He hasn't come out in a week," Ed stared at the house.

"I'll make you wish you never would've come out!" Eddy ran toward Ed.

"AHH!" Ed yelled, running toward the house and through the door. "Don't hurt me, Eddy!"

"Get back here!"

"What's going on?" Edd came out of his kitchen with two sizes too big oven mitts and a perplexed look on. Ed tripped over his untied shoelaces and fell at the boy's feet.

"Hi Edd with two D's," Ed looked up and waved. Eddy grabbed Ed's ankles, pulling his face back to the floor before dragging him toward him. "NO, EDDY!"

"Gentlemen, please!" Edd tried to separate the brawl, but to no avail. Eddy bit Ed's leg. Ed hit Eddy over the head. Eddy repeatedly slapped Ed in the face.

"WAIT! You got something in your shirt," Ed pointed down at Eddy's shirt. Eddy stretched the bottom corners of his shirt out and looked down. "Where?" -

- Only to be flicked on the nose and laughed at by Ed. Eddy growled and jumped on him again.

"HOLD IT!" Edd yelled. The two froze: Eddy, who was on top of Ed, was holding onto Ed's neck while Ed, pinned to the floor, was pulling Eddy's hair. "Can't you resolve your differences somewhere else, possibly OUTSIDE OF MY HOUSE!"

Ed's eyes suddenly grew twice their size. "Hold on, I'll save you!" Ed grabbed the nearest piece of furniture and slammed it overtop of the boy. Edd gasped for air and pulled himself out from under the couch.

"You had a brain-sucking mutant leech on your head so I destroyed it," Ed grinned.

The "mutant leech" slipped down Edd's head. "My hat?" he asked as he straightened it again.

"Mutant leech is hat?" Ed stared blankly.

"What?" Edd stared at Ed.

"Huh?" Eddy inquired.

"Who?" Ed grinned.

"What?" Eddy asked.

"Where?" Ed said, still grinning.

"Um...yes...well very nice seeing you gentlemen again but I really must-" Edd tried pushing them through the gapping hole in his front door, but Eddy turned around, grabbed his hat, and pulled him closer.

"You've spent the entire week cooped up in this house. How 'bout you come outside with us for awhile," Eddy menacingly let go of the hat, which flung back to Edd's head as the entire headwear fell over his face again.

"I don't know," Edd rubbed his head unsurely. "I mean I do have an awful long list of chores to do..."

"Come on! It'll be fun!" Eddy grabbed him by the hat again. Edd, who clung onto his hat once more, was unwillingly pulled outside, flapping up and down like a flag being waved. Ed hopped through his hole and followed the two as he laughed.

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"So..." Edd looked curiously at a ping pong stick, "what do you do with it?" He turned it upside down to get a different view of it. Ed grabbed it from him.

"You hit it back and forth," Ed laughed a bit and then demonstrated how to use a ping pong stick. Eddy watched him with his hand scratching his face before he grinned devilishly and caught the red ball in midair, stretched the string attached to the ball out, and released it so it would hit Ed in the mouth and knock him off his feet.

"Ed?" Edd looked down at the boy on the ground that had black-and-blue marks all over him now, but was still grinning from ear to ear.

"Onion rings are good for the noggin'," was his proclamation.

"Enough of this. I know the perfect thing to try," Eddy remarked.

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"Alright Ed, throw the ball," Eddy punched his mitted hand into his other hand and pushed the umpire helmet over his face. Ed, on the pitcher's mount, put his baseball cap on backwards, closed an eye, stuck his tongue out, and measured the distance between himself and home plate with his thumb.



"Eddy, I'm not too sure about this..." Edd shook from head to toe as his red baseball helmet hung loosely on his head. He tried to lift the large, wooden baseball bat, but could hardly drag it.

"Don't sweat it, kid," Eddy slapped him on the back. "You'll be fine! Play ball!" he clapped his hands together and quickly put his glove back on his hand. Edd finally managed to lift the bat and struggled to keep a grip on it.

Ed squinted his eyes against the gleaming sun, lifted his arm up, spun it around, and tossed the ball for home base. It rolled and hit Edd on the foot.

"Quit foolin' around Ed and pitch the ball," Eddy laughed and threw the ball back for him. He caught it, punched his glove, and threw it again.

"Oh dear," Edd swung the bat round, but because of its momentum, was closely swung around with it. The ball made contact with Eddy's glove and he threw it back to Ed.

"STRIKE ONE!"

Ed got himself prepared to throw the ball again. Edd panted from the sweat coming down from his forehead as he tried to lift the bat again. Ed threw the ball before Edd could do so however, so Edd ducked from the ball as Eddy caught it once again.

"STRIKE TWO! Come on, Sockhead, hit the ball!" Eddy pulled him back up and pushed the bat against his chest, knocking the breath clear from him. He threw the ball back to Ed once more.

He did his first routine again: squinted his eyes, stuck out his tongue, and measured the distance from himself and the home plate. He kicked his foot up, swung his right arm around, and released the ball.

Edd watched as it came; his squinted eyes glued to it and hands firmly grasped onto the bat-

"FILTHY!" Edd dropped the bat and fell to the ground as the ball hit his baseball helmet.

Eddy laughed. "STRIKE THREE!"

"Ow," Edd rose himself from the ground and held his helmet to stop it from vibrating.

"Come on! Let's try again," Eddy handed him the bat again.

"Eddy, I can't!" Edd struggled to keep a hold on the bat, but dropped it. "OUCH! My foot!" He hopped up and down as he held his foot in his hands, but accidentally slipped on the baseball bat - "Huh?" - and fell backwards. His helmet whirled around his head, causing Ed and Eddy to laugh even harder.

"Very funny," Edd picked himself up from the ground again and brushed the dust and dirt from his overalls. "These grass stains will never come out!" he complained.

"Hey Eddy, let's try football!" Ed and Eddy laughed even more Edd turned more and more red. Ed,

however, continued to laugh, so Eddy hit him over the head.

"You never heard of ping pong and you can hardly lift a baseball bat. Is there anything you can do?" Eddy asked.

"I preserved a striped earwig last week," Edd grinned, though Ed and Eddy didn't.

"You're kidding, right?" Eddy inquired.

"Um...no..."

Eddy continued to stare in amazement until Ed began to whisper into his ear. Eddy turned to him, "Upstairs to the right." Ed ran away.

"Fine, all I can think of is maybe you helping with a scam..." Eddy sighed.

"Scam?" Edd asked.

"Yeah, scam," Eddy repeated.

"Well I can't find any honesty in that," Edd crossed his arms.

Eddy moaned. "Look, wouldya just do it from Ed?"

"Ed?"

"Yeah, he felt bad for ya," Eddy put his hands behind his back and talked to the ground. "Just give it one more shot. For Ed," he added.

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Eds Sikik Servas hung on a banner above a box with an overturned fishbowl on it. Eddy sat behind the box on a pillow and Edd stood behind him. Eddy wore his shirt on his head as a turban and Edd had found the nearest bathroom towel for his turban. Eddy also wore humongous magnifying glasses on the tip of his nose and Edd sported purple carpeting glued onto his face to resemble a beard.

"And how may we help you?" Eddy asked as Jonny came through the blanket tarp they had built in Eddy's driveway.

"Ed's Physic Service? Wowzers!" Jonny leapt up and fell onto the pillow across from Eddy. "Can you guys really read my mind!"

"Uh..." Eddy trailed off and then elbowed Edd in the stomach. "Et-ga ack-ba here-ta," he murmured. Edd nodded and left Eddy with Jonny. "No, actually I'm more into that levitating stuff...uh...fortune cookie? Only twenty-five cents." Eddy picked a basket off of the ground that was filled to the brim with fortune cookies.

"Sure!" Jonny threw Eddy a quarter and stuffed the cookie into his mouth.

"NEXT!" Eddy yelled, kicking Jonny out.

"Wow, Eddy. This is so cool!" Nazz walked in and looked around.

"Isn't it! What can I do for you, Nazz?" Eddy grinned devilishly.

"What am I gonna be doin' when I'm older?" she asked. Eddy's mouth twitched for a little while.

"I'll do better! How would you like to fly?"

"Me? Fly! Wow! That'd be like totally radical!" Nazz exclaimed. Edd lowered himself from a rope, unseen by Nazz, and hooked Nazz's skirt to another rope.

"That'll be twenty-five cents," Eddy grinned. She handed him the quarter and he put it with the other one. "Oh Great Spirit!" Eddy waved his hands over the fishbowl. Ed's head rose from under the box and into the fishbowl. He, too, had purple carpet glued to his face as sideburns.

"Hhhhhmmmmmm," Ed moaned.

"Ull-pa he-ta ope-ra, humbo jumbo jie, make Nazz fly!" Eddy threw his arms up to the sky as if summoning some distant being.

"Whoa!" Nazz squealed as she slowly floated up.

Edd pulled on the rope valiantly, but couldn't keep a good enough hold on it. He gripped it with both hands and his feet slid forward.

"What's going on?" Nazz asked as she started to lower to the ground again.

"Uh...ix-fa ow-na!" Eddy said to the fishbowl.

"Okay, Eddy," Ed stood up in the box and walked out to help Edd to the complete surprise of Nazz and Eddy.

"Um...Ed..." Edd trailed off when he saw the boy in the box coming toward him. Ed took the rope from him and pulled it down, causing Nazz to hit her head off of the wooden pole holding up the tarp. She was knocked out almost immediately and fell to the ground like dead weight.

The tarp, losing its main support, fell to the ground as well.

"Where am I?" Eddy stood up under the blankets and searched for a way out.

"Ha ha! Who turned out the lights?" Ed laughed.

"When is it Rolf's turn?" Rolf asked. Ed and Edd stuck their heads out from under the blanket and into Rolf's shoes. Eddy stuck his head out last, on top and in between Ed and Edd's.

"Uh...hold on!" Eddy crawled back under the blankets and stuffed Nazz in the vase that had been behind his pillow.

"Come on in!" he crawled out again and beckoned him in. Rolf ducked his head and went under with the three.

"What happened to the sun? Rolf cannot see a thing in front of his hand!"

"Be patient, Rolf," Edd reached into his pocket and pulled out a flashlight. "Resourceful!"

"So what fortunatries do you have for Rolf?" he handed them a quarter.

"Uh...pick a number from one to ten," Eddy tried to grin.

"What sort of trickery is this!"

"Pick a number," Eddy shrugged.

"Where are Rolf's fortunes!" he yelled.

"Oh my, " Edd backed away.

"Hiya Rolf!" Ed waved.

"Insufferable chiselers! Prepare to meet Rolf's bare hand!" Rolf rolled up his sleeve and, with a flame in his eyes, marched toward them.

"Rolf, what'd we do!" Eddy asked.

"Dear Rolf, please reconsider!" Edd pleaded.

"ME FIRST, ROLF!" Ed yelled.

Rolf stopped at the potted plant, tore out the plant, shook Nazz out of it, and threw the three inside of it.

"Wait Rolf!" Eddy was the one pleading now.

"Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!" Ed laughed. Rolf turned the pot onto its side and with a kick from his foot, sent it rolling down the street of the cul-de-sac until it smashed into a fire hydrant.

"Ouch!" Edd moaned.

"Do it again!" Ed cheered.

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**To Be ContinuED...**

----- **A/N-** Thanks to the three reviews, y'all! I appreciate it! Guess y'all musta forgotten 'bout me on here...kind of a long run of what I use to get...either that or EENE is becoming so popular, you upload the page and there's another story! Most of them are in script form now and those that I do have the patience to read, I will tell them what I think of the story and then warn them of rule. One of them sent a message back to me: really mean, you know like "What other form am I suppose to use, Einstein?" Said pretty nice there, though. I don't even remember the person's name anymore and even if I did, I wouldn't post it. Tell you what, though: only time I sent a letter to someone on here that wasn't...what's the word...cheerful or...nice...yeah, that'll work...

The familiar scene is of course from the one EENE episode I can't remember its name. The mutant leech skit belongs to servalgirl over at DeviantART. She is a genius!