

WHERE IS IIIIITT?!

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Like totally, is like, Bra the bimbo, like gone for good?

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“AAAAAaaaaaaahhhh!”

Vegeta raced from his intense training in the gravity chamber, to the room of his daughter, Bra.

“What’s wrong? Is there an intruder?” He demanded, ready to ki blast.

Bra looked up from rummaging around in her chest. Tears were in her eyes. He hated to see her that way; she was always loudest when like that. She ran to him and snuggled her head in his chest.

“Daddy,” she sobbed. “My...my...my...”

“Your what?”

She looked up at him. Her lips began to quiver. “My...credit card is missing!!!! Waaaaaaa!”

Vegeta sighed. “Oh, that’s too bad,” he lied.

Bra began to babble in between cries. “It was my dearest friend. We went to every sale together. Oh, the sales! I remember that trip to Paris, we spent so much in ten minutes –“

‘Yes, I remember it clearly,’ Vegeta scoffed to himself. ‘You and your mother broke a few records, and a few clerks’ sanity.’

“- What’ll I do without you? Why do the good ones always die so young?! Why?!!!!”

Vegeta pushed his daughter to arm length. “Listen, it’s not the end of the world. BWe can just get a new one. Besides, you’ve got about twenty other credit cards.”

Bra threw her arms up. “So what?! They’re not like that one!”

Vegeta, badly wanted to not be near her presently, and had a suggestion. “Why don’t you visit Trunks at work, perhaps he’s seen it.”

Bra gasped. Her tears disappeared. “Of course. Trunks took it! He would! Just to spite me. Oh, he’s going to cop it! Thanks Dad.”

Vegeta watched in horror as Bra sped off. “Well, it’s official, I’m going to HFIL.”

Capsule Corp: President Trunks’ Office

Trunks was looking over a few reports. He was getting bored and considering playing hooky to hang out with Goten. Just as he was opening his window, he heard the door slam open. He shrieked, and turned around.

It was Bra

“I wasn’t going to skip work again,” he automatically said to his sister. “Please don’t tell Mum. If you do, I’ll tell her about your shopping spree last week.”

“Which one?” She seemed dumbfounded, but quickly became aggressive. “Listen goober-boy, I know you took my credit card. Now give it back!”

Trunks walked over to her laughing. “Very cute. I hate to disappoint you, but I didn’t take your stinkin’ credit card. Though I wish I’d thought of that a month ago when you dragged me to that God-awful sale at Variety Savannah. Savannah my @\$\$\$. It was beyond claustrophobic.”

Bra let a tear roll down her rosy cheek. “You honestly didn’t take it?”

Trunks shook his head. “Sorry. Try Mum, she’s supervising a construction right now of a –“

He couldn’t finish. She’d all ready run off. “Weirdo.”

Construction Department #3

“Ok, a little lower,” Bulma Briefs commanded into the mouthpiece. “A little lower, and –“

“Hi Mummy!” Bulma heard.

Bulma searched for the voice’s owner, and spotted Bra walking toward her. “Hi there, Honey!” She shouted cheerfully, waving her hands.

Bulma’s eyes bulged. She turned around, just in time to see the huge metal pipe crash onto the aircraft. Bulma scrunched her nose, and kicked the ground. “I WAS WAVING TO BRA YOU IDIOTS!!!!!!” All of the workers went pale, and prayed for their jobs to still be in tact.

Bra went equally pale, when she saw the damage. “Gosh, I’m sorry Mummy.”

Bulma sighed. “There goes my dreams of a personal sports spaceship. So, what can I do for you? Has you father blasted something again.”

She laughed. “No, nothing like that. Say, Mamma, have you by any chance seen my credit card.”

“Your credit card? No, I haven’t. Did you ask your brother?”

Bra nodded.

“How about your father?”

Bra nodded.

Bulma thought to herself. “OK, why don’t you just retrace your steps from your last sale? The clerks might have it in lost and found.”

Bra folded her arms. “I’ll try it. I can drag Marron and Pan along. If it’s not there, schedule an appointment with the Capsule Corp. physiatrist.”

Bulma looked on in concern, as Bra stormed out.

“Yo, Bulma, should we try to unload it again?” The foreman asked.

“YOU BRAINIACS HAVE ALL READY RUINED IT, WHAT DO YOU THINK?!”

The workers looked at each other, then to her.

Bulma clenched her fist. “Aaaagh, I’m surrounded by morons!”

Fashion Vale

“Is this really necessary?” begged Marron. “You’ve all ready got like forty other credit cards.”

Pan rolled her eyes sarcastically. “Oh, but Marron, you don’t understand, it’s her special credit card. Her baby. Her first. Her –“

“We get the drift,” Marron cut in.

The three girls were waiting in line in the last store Bra had used her favorite credit card. The line was long for lost and found. Bra was anxious, Pan was restless and Marron was finding it difficult to stay her usual cheery self.

“This is ridiculous,” whined Bra. “I should get special treatment. After all, I am a princess.”

Pan folded her arms. “Would you please stop channeling your father. This is Earth. Remember?”

Bra couldn’t control herself anymore. With a “humph”, Bra began to storm toward the front of the line – with her friends in tow.

When she reached the front, she pushed a man aside and stared directly into the eyes of the saleswoman, who was in total shock. Bra opened her matching red handbag and produced a photo of her with her favorite credit card. “Have you seen this credit card?” She demanded. The saleswoman shook her head.

Bra disappointed, dragged her feet out of the store with her head hung. Pan and Marron’s hearts sunk. This was really serious. They followed her out, and found her wandering into Bargain Hut. They gagged

in shock. That wasn't even near a one star store!

They ran to her. "Bra, what are you doing?!" They begged.

"I...I am going to give up my sad charade of being a bubbly, no-brained, weak excuse for both a Saiyan and a Briefs."

Marron couldn't believe her ears. "What are you saying, Bra?"

Bra looked at her through bloodshot eyes. "I have to shop cheap now, so I can put my money to good use, like the finest training equipment for a beginner and a team of tutors to make me smart."

Pan felt faint, and dropped to the ground. Marron, dumbfounded, was catatonic, watching Bra walk into Bargain Hut. This just had to stop. It had to! An intervention had to be arranged, or they might lose the Super Saiyan Shopper forever!

Kame House

Marron and Pan arranged for all the people in Bra's life to be assembled at Kame House – even those Bra didn't exactly like. Assembled were: Bulma, Vegeta, Trunks, Goten, Master Roshi, Turtle, Oolong, #18, Krillin, Chi Chi, Goku, Gohan, Videl, Mr. Satan, Piccolo, Dende, Mr. Popo, Yamcha, Puar, Corrin, Yajarobi, and course, Pan and Marron.

They all waited in anticipation for Bra. They all seemed to have a tale to tell. None pretty.

"I saw her attempting to read War and Peace," grieved Bulma. "My poor baby!"

Vegeta shook his head. "So what? She was up all of last night training in the gravity chamber!"

"But it was only set to two times gravity of Earth," pointed out Trunks. "Although the thought of her training is especially freaky."

"Chi Chi and I asked Bra for fashion advice yesterday, and she refused," #18 bellowed. "She refused. This is the girl who traveled all the way to Venice last year, and interrupted a catwalk strut to point out the flaws in a few designs!"

Goten quivered. "This is all very scary. We've got to do something, and fast. I need advice on gifts for my newest girlfriend."

"I know the feeling," chimed Yajarobi. "Bra promised to set a work out program for me and Corrin –"

"Speak for yourself," Corrin hissed.

"And then she says she's got studying to do."

"Dende," asked Yamcha. "What do you think we all should do?"

Dende was surprised. "Me? I'm not sure what we should do. Bra's a complex young woman –"

"She's only fifteen," Vegeta angrily cut in. "She is still only a girl. And don't any of you forget that."

Gohan laughed. "Vegeta, get a grip. No one here is here to hit on her. Now, Dende, what is it you were saying?"

Dende nodded his head. "Right. Bra is a complex young girl, prone to sudden upsets. Everyone here should be cautious when speaking to her, especially you, Puar."

"What's that supposed to mean?" She shrieked.

Before Dende could reply, Turtle alerted them of Bra's approach in her hover cycle. They all held their breath, as she pulled up outside.

Bra, carrying a set of Astrology books looked at them in confusion. Bulma tried to hold in tears, as she looked over her usually stylish daughter's ensemble. Instead of velvet red mini-skirt, short top, high boots and long gloves, she wore faded denim overalls, a long-sleeved purple skive and clashing yellow tennis shoes.

"What's with the Astrology books?" Trunks was able to get out.

"I want to learn all about the universe," she excitedly exclaimed.

Piccolo stopped himself from laughing. "Kid, you got the wrong sort of books. You should get Astronomy books."

Bra laughed. "I wondered why the constellations were telling me I was complex and two-faced. Lousy star sign."

"You're probably wondering why we're all here," Videl said to Bra.

Bra shrugged. "Whatever the reason, I hope it doesn't last too long, I've got some ki training, so far I've lifted it ten points – wow!"

Vegeta clutched his heart, and rested on Bulma's shoulder. "I think I just had a stroke."

Bra shook her head. "No, I don't think you did, Daddy. You'd need a few more symptoms."

"Now my left arm feels tingly," he sighed.

Bra bit her lip. "Oh my, I think you're having a heart attach. I'll call the ambulance."

"Does anyone know the number for 911?" Asked Oolong.

As Bra rang the hospital for her nearly passed out father, everyone growled and cursed at Vegeta.

"Way to go Veggie-Brain," scorned Mr. Satan under his breath.

Local Hospital

Vegeta was set up with a large room – courtesy of Bulma. Everyone had traveled to the hospital with nothing else better to do. Goten, Yamcha and Master Roshi hit on the cute female staff, while everyone else either pigged on hospital food, or read magazines.

"How do you feel, Daddy?" Bra pleaded with concern. "Perhaps I should go study some medical journals."

Vegeta gasped for air. "I think my life just flashed before my eyes!"

Bulma's eyes went wide. "Oh, dear God! Bra, what are you doing to your poor father?!"

"I just offered my newfound desire to learn," she meekly explained. "Oh, Daddy, by the way, I was able to set the gravity chamber up so it can simulate real situations. Aren't you all just proud of me?"

Everyone stared at her in shock. She blankly stared at them, wondering why they weren't happy.

"Bra," began Krillin, "why are you doing this to us? To your father?"

Bra tilted her head. "Uh, doing what?"

"Acting like...like this?" Demanded Gohan.

Bra sighed. "My favorite credit card went missing. With it gone, I realized how shallow and weak I was, so I decided to change my ways, you know, to be more like my family."

Vegeta shot up. "You're putting me through this because of your damn CREDIT CARD!!!!!"

"But it was my first one!" She said, stamping her foot in a hissy fit.

A nurse popped her head in. "There's a call for Bulma Briefs."

Bulma stormed out, trying to hold in her anger at Bra. Five minutes later, she came back, ecstatic, and hugged Bra. Bra looked at her with curiosity. "What did I do, Mummy?"

Bulma nearly had tears in her eyes, and could barely speak. "Your little invention...it...it..."

Vegeta and Trunks went pale. "It what?"

"It blew up the gravity chamber!"

Trunks and his father exchanged horrified looks. Oh, great. They'd been through this before. Until it was fixed they'd have to spend...spend...oh, great...quality time with the family! Oh the inhumanity!

"My baby's dumb again!" Bulma cried, jumping up and down with Chi Chi.

Bra huffed and folded her arms. "Excuse me, but I can hear you!"

Bulma wiped her tears away, and began to pull something from her pocket. "By the way, Honey, I was given this by the nurse."

The missing credit card! Bra shrieked with delight and snatched it from her mother. She began to cradle

it and promised to never leave it again.

"Oh, uh! What the HFIL am I wearing?!" Bra spat with disgust at her outfit. "I so need a new wardrobe. Yo, boys!"

Every male in the room looked up. "Since you've got nothing better to do with your time, how about we go for a little ol' shopping trip. My treat."

"OK!" They all said with enthusiasm. They all raced out, following Bra. Trunks stayed back with the women, knowing what Bra had in mind by her treat. "There's one or more born every day."

Vegeta rested back in bed, feeling a little better with the knowledge his little girl was back to her old self.

"Bulma," he said kindly, "where was that blasted card all along?"

Bulma smiled. "It turns out she'd gone on a date with a young man who works here, and left her card at the restaurant they ate at. He'd kept it in the hopes she'd ring him. Ah, young love."

Trunks and Vegeta went into a rage.

"WHERE IS HE?" Demanded trunks. "I'LL KILL HIM!!!"

"HE MADE BRA PAY?! I WON'T STAND FOR THAT!"

Bulma growled as her husband and son sped out of the room in a blind fury.

"I've got to have the strangest family on the planet."

Another nurse came in and gave Bulma the bill. She half-smiled, and pulled out her purse.

"Aaaaaaaaargh!" She shrieked.

Everyone ran to her side.

"Bulma, what is it?" #18 gasped.

Bulma fell to the ground, crying. "My favorite credit card...it's...it's...MISSING!"

THE END!