

Strong Bad has good in him

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An extremely short tale of Strong Bad almost finding good in him.

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STRONG BAD HAS GOOD IN HIM

"Alright, The Cheat!" Strong Bad called as he dashed across the grass. "You ready for this?"

"Meh!" The Cheat replied as he held the box of dynamite close to his yellow-furred chest.

The two trouble-causers crept up to the back of Bub's consession stand. "Alright, The Cheat. This time, we're not going to mess up! I don't wanna be thrown in that cardboard box jail again, so this time make SURE the dynamite is in position! I've been DYING to get my hands on those swiss cake rolls ever since I wasted them by stuffing them into the hard drive." Said Strong Bad in a low whisper. "Now then... hand me those cake rolls. I mean, fireworks. I mean, dynamite."

The Cheat lifted up the 'dynamite' and then laid then next to the consession stand's back door. Strong Bad grabbed his BMW lighter from his pants and flipped up the lid. "Get ready..." He whispered as he began to lower the flickering light towards the strings of the fireworks.

"Aha! I've caught you again! Nice try, Strong Bad!" Yelled a sudden voice from behind the gang.

"What the crap?!" Strong bad yelled and dropped the lighter inches away from the fireworks. "Oh, crap, not you!" He moaned as he saw a certain red-and-white armless wonder standing a few feet away from the crime scene. "Strong Bad, it was a bad idea we released you from the cardboard box. We demand a new doer!" Homestar yelled as he approached Strong Bad.

"Look, man, I was only doing it for the swiss cake rolls! They're like, calling my name!" Strong Bad protested.

"Excuses, excuses! My life is filled with excuses! Now march to the courtroom, mister crimerman!" Homestar replied.

"Er... doofus, you might've forgotten that we don't have a courthouse."

"Oh." Homestar said, stopping in his tracks. "Well, since we don't have a courtroom, I guess we're just going to have to let you guys go..." Homestar replied.

Strong Bad turned and with The Cheat, they excaped before Homestar could realize what he just said.

Dear Strong Bad,

Why are you always so dang evil? Do you enjoy being the bad guy of the town? Why are you always trying to break into stuff and get your reputation so high? You're lucky everyone lives with you and copes with your misbehavior. I think you need a change of ways.

Regards,

Mike NJ

"Well, mister Mike Not... um... Jelly, I have to say that... um..." Strong Bad paused as he read the email again, pondering what he should write next. "I'm STRONG BAD! You hear? My name! Its BAD!"

He stared at his Lappy for a few more seconds, then grabbed an unopened Cold One that was sitting on his desk. He concentrated on his blue crystal, and suddenly, the cap flew off the can. He DID try to break into Bubs' last night to steal the swiss cake rolls, but he had been wanting some of those ever since email number 41.

Strong Bad went over all the times he has been bad in his head. Like the time he made Homestar cry with the pathetic drawing of Lil' Brudder, and all the times he prank called Marzipan, and the time when he burned Strong Sad's beautiful revision of Trogdor, and the time where he kicked The Cheat.

Strong bad felt a second of sorryness for the things he had done, then the second vanished and Strong Bad was left with his normal self. "Oh well. Those were the good old times." He stood up, causing Chairscot to scoot across the ground. "And the good old times are still here!" He grabbed his lighter and ran outside.

Though Strong Bad fails to see it, and everyone else as well, there may actually be some good in him.

Somewhere.

THE END