

# The Solar-Powered Muffin Scraper

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*Ansem invents a solar-powered muffin scraper, and chaos ensues! I removed it from fanfiction.net for various reasons, but now it returns for your viewing pleasure!*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Siyengo/9241/The-Solar-Powered-Muffin-Scraper>

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# 1 - Chapter One

SIYENGO-ON-HIGHPRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...

THE SOLAR POWEREDMUFFIN SCRAPER!

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*Prologue*

It's been quite a while since the Multiverse was created.

Lots of things have happened since then. Humans developed. Gameboys were invented. McDonalds tried, on five separate occasions, to take over the world. Squall Leonhart mistook a bottle of Viagra for lemonade. Cloud Strife managed to put a grand piano down his pants in a – vain – attempt to impress the ladies.

This is the tale, however, of an epic quest by some very reluctant heroes to find those things which give our lives meaning.

It is the legend of the Solar-Powered Muffin Scrapper!

I hope you enjoy. If you don't, throw cheese out the window, award yourself four points and shout "Hooray" twice.

Fwee to life! Fwee I say!

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CHAPTER ONE

It was a dark and stormy night in Hollow Bastion.

Well, it wasn't really; in fact, it was bright and warm, and the sun was out and complaining about politics. A certain silver-haired teenager was sitting on one of the gondolas, quoting from angry Russian texts.

"Peanut butter, peanut butter, peanut butter and *jelly*, yum-yum, salty, sweet, sticky, squishy, have it on a sandwich all day long, 'cause it's peanut butter and jelly!"

Actually, Riku was dancing about like a moron in his kitchen, swishing about in that apron like he was made for it! Spoons and sporks flew one way; saucepans flew the other; a random caterpillar fell out the window, grew wings and flew away.

It was... RIKU'S COOKING HOUR!

Meanwhile... oh, stuff the meanwhiles. We all love Riku, don't we? *Don't we?!*

"Bananas, bananas, eat them, fwee! Chop-them-up-and-put-them-in-stew, yellow bananas, one and two!"

It had escaped him that you don't put bananas in stew, but the Authoress in the Sky was not about to correct him. He had a Keyblade, damn it – those things hurt!

Riku grabbed a wooden spoon and waltzed across the kitchen, singing about bananas. Outside, a palm tree imploded, but nobody noticed. Hollow Bastion palm trees were of a very special variety; they imploded and turned into chocolate randomly and for no apparent reason. If asked about it, they looked shifty and challenged you to a game of volleyball – people generally kept well away from them.

"Hello!" said a breadcrumb on the windowsill. Riku picked it up and serenaded it for a while, before tripping over a purple donkey.

Suddenly, the door opened. A spiky-haired creature walked in and looked in mild surprise at Riku, the donkey, the breadcrumb, and the multitude of saucepans scattered on the floor. The saucepans sang an ABBA medley, while the donkey grew wheels and screamed off into the distance.

"Riku," the one known as Sora said sternly, "did you touch my magical cookies?"

"They're plastic, Sora," Riku muttered.

"They're not! THEY'RE NOT! Don't listen to him, children! He's evil!"

Sora grabbed the (plastic) cookies and, hugging them tightly, ran away, crushing minor planets beneath his shoes.

Riku sighed. "He'll combust one day." And he gathered up his utensils, sad because the Cooking Hour was over.

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"Muahahahaha\*choke\* ahaha \*choke\* ah \*choke\*... damn it."

"Keep it down," a random Behemoth said crossly, "I'm trying to eat spaghetti here."

"But I need to perfect my evil laugh before I can release my invention upon the unsuspecting public!"

The Behemoth turned into a peacock.

"Muahahaha... hey, a moogles."

The moogles' pompom was flicked. The moogles became purple.

"Uh-oh..." The one known as Ansem backed away, and then ran off out the door and down the road. The

moogles followed.

"*DAMN IT YOU STUPID WEEVIL YOU TOUCHED THE POMPOM IT'S MY POMPOM MINE DAMN YOU I'LL KILL YOU I'LL EAT YOUR FAMILY I OPPOSE YOU AND ALL YOU STAND FOR KUPO!*" the moogles howled as it chased after him, waving a teapot.

"*Help!*"

The Heartless normally assisted Ansem in his frequent battles against moogles, clowns and toothpaste tubes; they were having too much fun to help him at that moment, however.

"My money's on the moogles," an Air Soldier said.

"Yeah," said its companion, "it's got a teapot."

"Ansem's a wimp," a third agreed.

The vote was unanimous and bets were taken; the result was 386421557137 to one in the moogles' favour, as Ansem was apparently useless without his Heartless lackeys. Plus, the moogles were armed with what a random Rare Truffle breathlessly claimed was "a super-gigantic cheese-infused teapot of death and destruction!"

"*SAY YOUR PRAYERS, KUPO!*"

Ansem leapt dramatically into the air and grabbed... A CLICKY PEN! It clicked. And clicked. And clicked again! It was the clicky pen to end all clicky pens!!!

"Eat this, moogles!"

The moogles ate it. Ansem's sweat-dropped.

"This clicky tastes of cat food! Kupo! I demand vengeance! It's offending my tastebuds, kupo!"

"Cat food's not that bad," Jenna said innocently, before realising that Greta's camera was pointed at her. She hissed and evaporated.

"Um... tell the company! It's the company's fault!"

"*FURY! KUPO!*"

The moogles put on a jetpack and zoomed away into the clouds.

The Heartless were all speechless; Ansem smirked.

"I am *too* good."

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"Don't go on pornsites, Riku! Porn is unholy!"

"It's not a pornsite, Sora. It's just Neopets."

*"Underpants!"*

Sora ran madly around the room. His cause for elation? He'd just found a pair of Cloud's underpants in the fridge. Cloud always kept his underwear in the fridge; he said it got the chocolate stains out.

"Riku, look! Underpants! Underpants!"

"That's great."

"You know what? I'm going to make them into a hamburger!"

"Um... Sora..."

The Keymaster sprinkled parmesan on the underwear and ate them. Riku went pale.

"Tastes like strawberry!" Sora danced until he fell out the window, upon which he could be faintly heard singing the Pokemon song.

Riku sighed and looked at his computer.

He dropped his Moogle Pop and shrieked.

There, emblazoned across a blank blue screen of death, the words were emblazoned:

ALERT YOUR COMPUTER HAS BEEN CHEESED ALERT YOUR COMPUTER HAS BEEN CHEESED  
ALERT YOUR COMPUTER HAS BEEN CHEESED ALERT YOUR COMPUTER HAS BEEN CHEESED