

Chamomile Tea

Author note: Golden Tripe: Humor Category. OOC Quatre BIG TIME. Sick humor, *passes out toilet paper* Flush when you're done reading please.

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"Where is it? Oh God don't tell me we're out!" Trowa said panicked as he rummaged through the kitchen cabinets. It was teatime; if Quatre missed his teatime there would be hell to pay.

"Hey ya Tro! Whatcha digging for?" Duo asked sauntering and grabbing a Pepsi from the fridge.

"Tea, Quatre's tea! Help me find it!" Trowa asked his voice frantic.

"I just made him a cup man, chill." Duo said as Trowa found the discarded bag on the countertop.

"Oh.... No...." Trowa said picking up the bag. "Duo, you didn't."

"Did what? He asked for tea I made him some what's the big deal?"

"This is not Quatre's tea."

"Tea is tea."

"No it's not. Not where Quatre is concerned." Trowa said bolting for the door and grabbing his car keys along the way.

"Where are you going all of a sudden?"

“Out of Range. Run Duo.”

“Huh?”

Suddenly and before Trowa could make it out of the kitchen to the front door, loud blaring gangsta rap music began to play and Quatre came bopping his way to the kitchen, grooving to the music.

“WASSSSSSAAAAAAAAP?!?!?!?!?!?” Quatre said throwing one arm around Trowa’s shoulders the other around Duo. “Gangsta Rapper Q is in da HOUSE!!!!!!!!!! Just hanging with my home boys.”

“Eh?” Duo squeaked looking at Trowa.

“I’ll kill you for this later. Trust me go along.” Trowa said glaring death at death himself.

“Yeah, right, Okay Quatre. Who are you and where can I find the pod?” Duo asked and Trowa winced.

“What-choo-talkin’-bout Willis?” Quatre asked and Trowa smacked his face with his hand. Phase two had already begun. From Gangsta Rapper Q, to Gary Coleman is 3.5 seconds.

“Willis? Who’s Willis? Q-man you sick or something?”

“Well kiss my grits sugar, can’t a boy have any fun?”

“Huh?” Duo asked looking to Trowa.

“Just shut up Duo. There’s no talking to him in Flo mode.”

“Flo mode?”

“Flo, that’s my name sugar, Can I get cha’s something to eat? Mmmmmm, darlin’ so skinny sit yer plumb good looking keester down honey pie and let mama fix you up somethin’ to stick meat on yer bones.” Quatre drawled pulling Trowa back into the kitchen and setting him down.

Duo leaned over while Quatre moved to the stove. “Tro?”

“You gave him caffeine you idiot. Never, EVER give Quatre Caffeine! You think he was nuts on Zero? Wait for it. Sit down; I’m not suffering through his trip through the satellite channels all on my own. You know he loves late night channel surfing. Now you have to cope.” Trowa said pulling Duo into the next chair.

Quatre spun around smiling; bearing cookies that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Hammer space? Duo mused as Quatre set the cookies down.

“There you go Wally and Beaver... eat up before Eddie shows up.” Quatre beamed.

“You’re the beaver?” Duo snickered and Trowa smirked.

“Nope, you are. I’m Wally. Smart ass.”

“When’s he gonna change the channel?” Duo asked as Quatre begun humming the theme to the Patty Duke show.

“God only knows, just be ready for anything.” Trowa said eyes flicking towards the door in desperation.

“No mother, as you say mother.” Quatre began mumbling as he picked up a butcher knife.

“Oh SHIT! RUN!!!!” Trowa said bolting from his chair, grabbing Duo’s shirtfront and Dragging as they raced up the stairs.

Author Question here: Why in horror movies do they always run UP the stairs rather than out the front door? Moving along....

“Why are we running?” Duo asked as Trowa slammed the door shut behind them.

A sudden banging could be heard and Trowa backed up against the wall just as a panel of the door broke free and Quatre stuck a maniacal looking face through the hole he’d just made with an axe. “Here’s Johnny!”

“HOLY FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!!!!!” Duo screamed running to hide behind Trowa. “He’s PSYCHO!”

“No, He was Psycho when he was talking to ‘Mother downstairs’. Now he’s Jack Nicholson in ‘The Shining’.”

“NOW YOU GET A SENSE OF HUMOR?!?! He’s gonna kill us!”

“Not if we keep away long enough for him to change channels.”

“CHANGE THE FUCKING CHANNEL THEN ALREADY!!!!!!” Duo whined as Quatre continued to take the axe to the door. Duo picked up a remote from the bedside table and pointing it at Quatre began clicking like mad. “WORK! DAMN YOU WORK!”

The door burst from its hinges and Quatre leapt into the room. “AR-Ar-ar-ar-ar MORE POWER!” Quatre said grunting like a caveman and Trowa heaved a sigh of relief.

“Eh?”

“Home Improvement, he’s doing Tim Allen now.”

“Riiight, okay. Trowa you have one FUCKED UP BOYFRIEND”

“He’s fine, OFF CAFFEINE! This is all your fault Maxwell.”

“How was I supposed to know?”

“Did you read the box idiot? I wrote on all the stuff with caffeine in it 'DO NOT TO GIVE IT TO QUATRE!' He is only ever allowed to drink Chamomile tea moron!”

“Oh, sorry.”

“You will be, you will be.” Quatre said moving over and poking Duo in the chest with his finger talking like Yoda from “Empire Strikes Back”

“When 900 years old you reach look as good you will not.” Quatre continued and Duo groaned. Even though Quatre did do a pretty good Yoda imitation.

“Use the force Dude.” Duo said half-heartedly.

“My Schwartz is bigger than Your Schwartz.” Quatre said turning and posing in challenge, holding an imaginary light saber.

“Space Balls?” Duo asked and Trowa nodded.

“Man Q watches too much TV.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Hi I’m Debbie, you must be Dallas...” Quatre suddenly said switching gears. Trowa smirked.

“Duo get out!”

“Huh?”

“I said get out.” Trowa said taking off his belt.

“Why?”

“Because I like this channel.” Trowa said pulling off his shirt and kicking off his shoes as Quatre too began to strip.

“What’s going on here?”

“We’ve hit Penthouse Channel. You heard him... I’m Dallas, He’s Debbie.”

“Gotcha! Debbie does Dallas, and I’m outta here.” Duo said as Quatre sank to his knees and yanked Trowa’s jeans down.

Duo slammed the door on his way out. “Let’s just hope He doesn’t switch channels in the middle of Deep Throat.” Duo said to himself.

“YEEEEOWCH!”

“Oh man, Trowa is gonna kick my ass BIG TIME. I’m sorry I even thought it.” Duo said as he heard Trowa scream from up above. The faints strains of the Jaw’s theme could be heard from up above.

The Horrible terrible End.

Oh God that was CRAP! And Contrived. It’s hard to write that badly!

LOL
