

Total Drama TF Island

Day 1

Previously on Total Drama TF Island

Doc and Tracey were warned of Uncle Ben's imminent arrival to enter them in a contest. They hid in the control room. After Tracey stops Doc from revealing their location because he was convinced that it was safe because Uncle Ben did a Jedi Mind Trick to a security camera, Rubberta accidentally bumps into him while rushing in to get an upgrade to her nanobots. Uncle Ben leads Rubberta to Doc's unfinished teleporter and teleports Rubberta to the coordinates of the contest. The machine is unfinished because the Z coordinate hasn't been programmed. So, Rubberta appears several hundred yards above the island. She falls to the sand below. Thinking Uncle Ben sent her on a vacation and that Tracey will be substituting for her, Rubberta forms a hammock between the two trees she fell between.

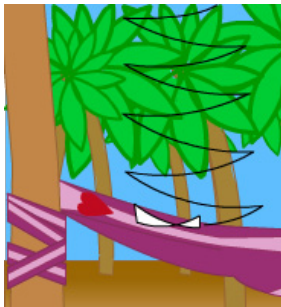
Today!

6:30a Local time

An alert reaches her brain in its sleep mode. The alert shows orange ears. *It's not even Noon yet.* She turns on her ears. "—A DOODLE DOO!"

A rooster on this island? Good grief.

She mutes them again and returns to sleep mode.



8:00a

Another alert reaches her mind. A large red rectangle on her torso. She checks but there's no alert there. But before she can doze off, a small green pressure appears. *It's not going away. I guess I have to check it out. Connect to eye units. Open lids.*

There on her flattened heart on Cod Developments letterhead is a message.

"Dear Rubberta,

I knew you needed supplies there, so I threw some of Doc's stuff together and teleported them to the same coordinates I sent you.

*Win big,
Uncle Ben*

P.S. I forgot the crate lid."

"Crate lid?" Rubberta looks up. A dark diamond shape descends. "Of course." It bounces off her and crashes into the crate on the beach. Guns and inventions are scattered all around the overturned Cod Developments box. "Stupid Uncle Ben."

But before she can return to sleep mode, a voice calls to her, "Hey!"

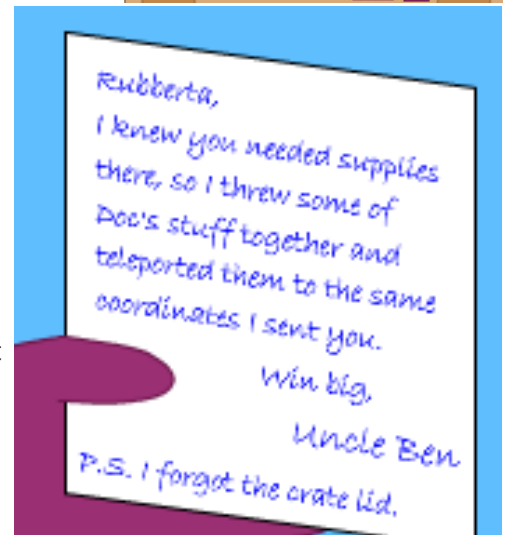
Rubberta turns her neck to see this latest distraction. "hey," she says with much less enthusiasm than her guest. This brown haired older woman is wearing a yellow t-shirt and black jeans.

Tennis shoes together, the lady offers her free hand. "Hi, I'm Alice. My daughter, Carrie, can do that."

The living hammock takes it and shakes, "Rubberta." With a yawn, she begins, "Alice, it's a little —"

She is interrupted by two figures running at her. "There you are!" The green shirted intern says.

"We have been looking all over for you." The red shirted intern saunters up.



“Yeah.” The elf-eared one continues, “Some guy named Uncle SomethingOrOther signed you up.”

Confused by the words, Rubberta asks, “Signed up?”

The other three nod, but before anyone can say anything, a loud boisterous voice charges in, “Oh look! Free weapons! All the better to play with.”

All four pairs of eyes turn to the new visitor. A heavy set woman in tropical clothes points a gun at them. Rubberta zooms her optical lenses. Sure enough, a Doctor Cod weapon from the beach. The tiny engraving on the device confirms it.

The newcomer continues, “This one says ‘Eraser’. I suppose if I ‘erase’ the competition, there’s a better chance for me to win.” Alice steps forward to take the blow. The hammock’s free hand grabs her shoulder.

Electricity jumps from the nozzle and arcs into the volunteer. It surrounds Alice and continues on, travelling down the arm. The hammock begins to gain substance as the arm and legs unwrap the trees. In moments, Rubberta stands there next to her boots she discarded the night before.

After a few futile attempts to grab the tree to her right, she growls out a frustrated, “Grrrrrrrr! I can’t form a hammock anymore. It’s like it’s been erased from my memory. How am I going to go back to sleep now?”

“Demi, I know this contest is all about transforming people,” the red intern says as she backs away, “but could you wait until we are farther away?” The green one nods as she slides the other direction and behind the attacker.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Demi pulls another gun from her ample chest. “This one should work. Anything this color must act correctly.”

“Alice, get away from there!” The green one calls from her safe spot.

“No, Nonie. I want to be changed. I might get a superpower from this.”

“Perfect.” And the gun fires. “I guess this makes me the Woman with the Golden Gun.”

The beam zips like greased lightning at Alice. In an instant she stops cold, frozen in that pose golden from head to toe. Being shiny and reflective, she bounces the beam at Nonie who she was looking at. Another golden statue appears in Nonie’s place. Nonie who was looking at Patricia extends the beam behind Demi and adds another figurine to the group.

Despite turning her head to stick her tongue out at Nonie, Patricia was facing Demi. Angles of incidence being what they are, the beam misses Demi, the gunwielder, and completes the triangle. Rubberta takes on a golden sheen and stops her turn toward the beam. This is the perfect angle for the laser which dives inward. “Right in the Centroid,” Rubberta muses inside her shell.

“Awww sh—” and it is finished.

Quickly, the gun’s battery dies, and the ray sputters and stops. A diagnostic scan reports that visual and tactile scanners are inoperable and made of an ore. Auditory, vocal, and brain functions are normal. *Apparently being inside my balloon-like body saved them from changing.*

All is quiet. Rubberta readies to re-enter sleep mode when her audio sensors pick up a muffled crunching nearby. Then the slight sound of a stretching limb and rubbing metal. A small, vaguely mouse-like voice says nearby, “For me? You shouldn’t have! But I accept. I accept the award for Most Flexible Superheroine. Most elastic women could have claimed this award, but I believe that my ability to become all sorts of animals is what —”

Auditory sensors off

I don’t want to listen to someone using me as a trophy. Oh well, I guess that means I get to go back to ... Yawn.

Sleep mode activated.