

Total Drama TF Island

Day 3

Previously on Total Drama TF Island

On day one, Rubberta awoke to a rooster and a crate. Having been adopted as a friend, Alice dragged her all over the island. Demi took some of Doc's weapons for herself and changed herself, Rubberta, Alice, and the Twins into gold statues. Luckily Rubberta was too heavy or she might have been taken home to sit in someone's display case. At the dawn of the second day, Alice pulled Rubberta along to the contest's physical challenge. They met Kandi Kane and the Twins while on their way. A passing ponytailed scientist made a strange request and comment. Then they gazed into an odd mirror which allowed them to see something other than their reflections. And then they were changed again. Rubberta became a syrupy sun tan lotion and was slathered all over Kandi's body just before the confectionary lady became a puddle sugary goodness. And Demi watches, waiting for her perfect opportunity to take out the competition.

Today!

6:30a Local time

/system online/

/starting diagnostic scan/

/testing auditory sensors/

The cursed sound assaults her ears, "COCK A DOO—

Off! Off! Ears off.

/command denied; diagnostic test in progress/

Not again.

"—DLE DOOOOOOO!"

/auditory test successful/

/testing visual array/

Light floods into her eyes. She blinks in surprise, but not at the excess light. Then she sees the scarlet wave receding from her over the ocean. The farther it gets from her, the lower the top gets until at last it "poofs" a hundred yards from shore. Then she is returned to darkness.

/visual test successful/

/testing .../

But Rubberta isn't paying attention anymore. Her mind is filled with questions.

What was up with that? Why --? But before she can finish the question, she answers. Something suspicious is going on here. I need to investigate. -YAWN- Maybe after a quick nap. She sets her internal alarm for a time before Alice wakes up.

Sleep mode activate.

9:00a L.S.T. (Local Standard Time)

/wake--/

Sleep mode deactivate.

Audio sensors on.

Faint sounds of rustling leaves greets her. Distant waves crash.

Visual array on.

Her eyes open. Indirect light illuminates the area around her. Patches of grass grow on the sand between the palm trees. Shadows cover the majority of the ground with shapes of light changing and darting about. She is where she was last, somewhere away from the edge of the island in all the trees.

Off to one side, the body of the pink and red haired intern, Nonie if Rubberta remembers correctly, lies on the prone form of the red suited one. With the animosity between them, they are not going to be happy when they wake up.

Alice, also asleep, is on her back legs folded under her. Her arms which probably had been supporting her torso as a chair are now splayed from her sides. As our heroine looks around, something seems to be missing. She can't quite put her finger on it. *Huh. It will come to me.*

"Now is not the time to waste. Something strange is going on. I need to investigate." She takes a moment to collect her thoughts. "Okay. The red whatever that was went that way." She points toward the sound of the ocean. "So, it most likely came from that direction." She turns her neck and looks toward the inward part of the island. "So, that's the direction I should go."

After turning her body to match her head, Rubberta passes tree after tree in her quest. Deeper and deeper she ventures. There's nothing to see but palm trees, sand, patches of grass, and fallen coconuts. She scoops up one in case she needs addition mass for fighting.

At last, a white building comes into view as the foliage separates while she draws closer. An old adobe structure stands with a fresh coat of paint. No one is there. The only thing of note is a paper with words scrawled on it hammered to a nearby tree.

It says, "I'm in charge. Go have 'Fun in the Sun.' Leave me alone." And it's signed "Chef Juan Tun"

"One Ton? Really? Who names their kid, One Ton? Poor kid." Then she reasons with herself, "Well, it's not exactly one ton, but still."

Eyes scanning about for anything suspicious, Rubberta comes to a conclusion. "There's nothing suspicious here. The flag pole is a little thick and the rooster looks a little artificial, but nothing suspicious."

Off to one side of the building is a well worn path through the trees. She takes one step on the path and turns around. "Wait. Artificial rooster?" Her eyes narrow. "Time to get rid of that morning menace, once and for all."

She throws her coconut-laden arm backward. Once it reaches maximum extension, a momentary calculation guides her returning limb. At the precise time and angle, Rubberta's hand relaxes launching the projectile into a beautiful arc over the white house right into the beak of the motorized fowl. "That should take care of that."

Without waiting for impact, she turns and strides down the new path. A metallic crunch behind her brings a smile to her face. "Rubberta 1, Rooster 0 more." The return toward the beach is uneventful at first.

Then off to the right disguised by the shadows an unusual shape emerges. Rubberta almost misses it the first time with its tall, straight, flat sides. But notice it, she does.

Rubberta removes her boots and tip-toes in the direction of the strange object. "What is a rectangle solid doing here?" A recent rude wakeup of a crate crashing on her flashes crosses her mind. "Well, I guess they aren't *that* uncommon." Creeping closer, she rounds one corner and reaches the front of it. And stops cold.

It's an elevator.

Well, mostly. Three sides are unmarked. The fourth, that she is facing, has recessed doors that meet in the middle. That's where the similarities end. Cut out of the doors is the shape of a female with legs and arms spread apart. Beyond the closed, sliced doors, the motif continues with the 3d contour of a person with holes for the eyes and square pads for palms and fingertips.

"That is suspicious." She takes a moment to consider her options and then dismisses them all. "I should try it out." She shrinks herself because the form is for a lady shorter than 6 foot tall.

After aligning her eyes to the holes, she is blinded. The tiny, tin-ny, almost sub-audible sound of a screen displaying text is the only sound she hears. No ominous door sealing sounds to trap her in. No whistling of inbound rockets. Not even the hum of warming up laser weapons.

"It must be safe." And then her eyes clear.

The screen at eye level says this, "Dear intruder, you are not authorized to enter this mode of transport. Continued attempts to utilize this vehicle will result in tazing, followed by squishing, rounding, bouncing like a basketball, attachment to a paddle, ..." Rubberta reads no more. Her cover has been blown.

"I'll need to find another way in." She pushes with her hands and an alert of red on her shoulders shows two small circles. "Crud. I've been hit with a tazer." Each dot ripples an expanding miniature red circle. The dead weight of the nearly useless limbs topple her onto her back as a dart passes over head which originated from the box she fell out of.

A mallet larger than that which contained it looms over her. Her legs spring into action flipping her heels over head in a reverse somersault. Just in time, too, as the hammer dents the sand where she was microseconds earlier. Using her momentum, she stands up on her feet and leans back on a tree behind her.

The hammer retracts and the device returns to standby mode as best the heroine can tell. A second check reveals the crimson alert has been downgraded to orange. "The little guys must be stretching out their numbers to keep me functional." *Thanks Team!*

She gets no response, but she feels better. "Now. How am I going to infiltrate that suspicious device to get to the bottom of all this?"

However she doesn't get time to contemplate this. A hand grabs hers and drags Rubberta along. "There you are! I've been looking all over for you." And then without taking a breath, the yellow and black whirlwind known as Alice presses on, "Lucky us! Free day. Let's head down to the beach you are so fond of and do something fun."

Rubberta's arms go red again from the stretch Alice is placing on her arm. She wills some of the Movers to change locations and somehow bring her arm back to a normal length. It works. Slowly.

Just as she gets her arm working again, they burst into the unfiltered light, and Alice slows to a stop. Rubberta nearly falls on her face from the sudden decrease in speed plus the pulling action of her limb.

What they see is every man's wet dream. Voluptuous babes bouncing on the beach, each sporting a skimpy suit. However, the sight is not Rubberta's cup of tea. *Stupid skin show.* That's when she notices she has pulled her lithe belly in. *Oh yeah, I'm not plump like this.* She lets her concave belly relax.

Kandi is sunning on a chair behind them. "That's what was wrong!" After getting a funny look from Alice, Rubberta completes the thought in her head. *Kandi wasn't there when I woke up.*

Next to her is a clown squirrel person with purple hair. She seems to be tanning herself. *How is she going to get a tan with all that makeup on?* Rubberta wonders.

Mid way on the beach, three ladies are making a sand castle. The one in white with black line patterns looks a little nervous and frustrated at the same time. Her flexible hands are surrounding a tower that another with purple hair and a green on green suit, which reminds Rubberta of Kidd-P's Melodia, pours with her snow shovel limb. The red, yellow, and black pro-wrestler looking one is firming the castle walls.

The rest of the ladies are in the water, including a nurse and one who is smiling with her bangs covering her eyes, are all in a splash war. Alice sets down a basket and pulls a blanket out of it. After spreading the large towel she removes the food and places it around the edges.

Realizing she's stuck, she tries to be social. What did she remember about this woman. *Oh yeah, she's a housewife with three kids.* "So, Alice, you look pretty good for someone who had three kids –"

The brown haired companion chuckles, "Why thank you. But I only had Carrie. The rest are adopted."

Oh yeah, right. "Well, that makes sense, but you look so young. How old are you?"

"A woman never tells her age." Alice pretends to fan herself with an imaginary fan and then breaks down laughing at Rubberta's confusion. "Well, I suppose I can tell you because you are my friend. I'm 37."

Alice looks back at her purple friend in skepticism, “Look better than you? I find that hard for any person.”

[illegible]

She flattens and takes on angular sides. Her arms are forced far from her sides while her legs and neck lock into place. The wind catches the phoenix girl and lifts her high into the air.

At the same moment, Nonie and her “friend” exit. “Hey guys, what’s up— Uh oh! Patricia, let’s get —”

When the dust clears, Rubberta stands alone in the middle of all the equipment. A nurse colored speed boat waits in the ocean with a red and white patterned tow rope and a yellow to pink, passing through orange, gradient parasail.

Next to the boat, is a green with brown bangs design jet ski awaiting a rider. Nearer to the shore, a pair of skis are beached. Despite being nearly opposites, the yellow, blue, and green one seems to go well with the dark colored one. Close to the skis stands a surfboard with the pin up of a sexy techno drow, perfect for the nerdy surfer.

Alongside the sand castle is a black barbeque painted with a flames pattern. Atop the castle throne is a lavender and green teddy bear. Where the interns were standing is a red plastic pail with a green spade in it. Laying on the beach chairs are a red and white peppermint beach towel and multi-colored and patterned Frisbee.

Rubberta is so dumbstruck by all this violence and 'carnage' that she totally forgets to look for her friend. Stepping back, her foot slips. Next to her on their beach blanket, is a yellow and black wakeboard.

With no one around, Rubberta shouts to the sky, "What's going on here?" And then a fly lands on her shoulder. One bite later and she starts melting again. "Noooooooooo ..."

Two figures bound onto the scene. The blue and yellow stretchy heroine arrives first with sunglasses perched on her black haired head. Surveying the scene she heads for the Nonie and Patricia sandcastle kit.

The mousy heroine appears next. Her shades have slid down her tapered nose revealing her beautiful blue eyes. Rodent ears peek out from golden blond hair tied in a ponytail, or would it be a mouse tail?

She, in turn, races out to the water. "Come on, Rita! Let's go skiing."

The sand castle maker turns and sees the water gear for the first time. "Sure, Rubina. You want to go first?"

The plump sniper in the floral print outfit tries to figure out what the gun does. "Kite ... goo ... hmmm." She sits up and watches the fleeing contestant get back up on her feet.

Gripping the shield-like lid that she tripped over, the blond latex genie starts to take a step over the pipe the lid came off of when she freezes because an insect lands on her shoulder. Immediately her arms and legs are pulled into herself. The rest of her shrinks and rounds until she is small enough to fall down the hole she uncovered.

The surviving competitor smiles. Being the only contender has made her day. But the guns effects confuse her. "Fly. Kite. Ball. Goo."

And then it hits her as the fly lands.

"Fly Ball. Go fly a kite. Fly in the ointment." Her limbs shorten as her hands and feet become hooves. Wings pop out from her sides. "Great," she oinks, "I'm 'When pigs fly.'"