

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 2: This is the life, Lincoln Loud

Author's note:

Mama Aniki: We like to thank all the people so far who bothered to read our little story and gave us comments and favorites. We are also trying to take the advice regarding our grammar problems into account and hope that with the help of our new beta, we did a better job this time around. Chapter 1 will be fixed up soon. In the meantime, let's see how things are going down in the Loud House for this weekend.

Hatoralo: I thank anyone who has shown interest in the story. I and my Partner will do our best not to disappoint now and in the future.

Chapter 2: This is the life, Lincoln Loud

Saturday morning came and with it the peace of the previous night slowly began to disperse. By 6:30 a.m. the first children in the Loud House were awake, prepared to get themselves cleaned up and ready for Saturday morning breakfast with the parents downstairs.

One of these kids was Luna Loud, who found herself in a very joyful mood this early in the morning. Which came as a sort of surprise to her, seeing how the previous night she went to bed annoyed about the fact, that YouTube had banned one of her videos after some troll flagged it. Now though she couldn't stop herself from cheerfully whistling some of her favorite tunes while taking a shower, thinking about how much she would enjoy this weekend spending time with her family. And especially her little brother.

Her cute little brother, who the more she thought about it, deserved some sort of reward for all the nice things he did in general for her and the others.

As Lincoln woke up he already had forgotten about the slightly strange events of the previous day. He didn't get any time to remember them either, because the sound of someone singing and entering his room demanded his attention.

*"Ooh you make me live
Whatever this world can give to me
It's you you're all I see..."*

"Morning Bro!" Luna greeted him fast between the lyrics. "Made you breakfast."

"What?" Lincoln asked, still half asleep. Only slowly did his brain put together, that his music enthusiastic sibling had entered his room, whistling a famous Queen song before she proudly put a tray with a plate of delicious flapjacks, topped with whipped cream and fresh strawberries, in front of him.

Thankfully his brain managed to catch up to the situation by the time Luna started to put a napkin around his neck, while still humming the remaining lyrics of the song.

"Luna, what are you doing?"

"Make sure my best bro gets the most important meal of the day", she simply said, before ruffling his hair teasingly and jumping on his bed, so that she sat right next to him.

Lincoln was slightly confused, but at the same time too hungry to think about this strange act of generosity. Besides, he loved flapjacks!

"Thanks, sis!" he said, putting the fork in the pile of sweet delight and took a big bite out of it. While Lincoln was eating Luna continued sitting next to him, humming song about friendship.

*Ooh you're the best friend that I ever had
I've been with you such a long time
You're my sunshine and I want you to know
That my feelings are true
I really love you..."*

Attracted by the sound, a certain household genius peaked through the door after knocking. "I'm used to many calamities, chimes and catastrophes in this house," Lisa Loud declared, her gaze fixed on her two older siblings. "But a song by the Princes of the Universe recited in vocal is something new. May I ask what events occur here at this moment?"

„Just making sure our bro has a good start in the day“, Luna said, petting her brother's hair while he was eating away at the sweet delight she brought him.

„I see...“, Lisa commented diplomatically. „Nice to see you caring that much for our brother's wellbeing, seeing how he had actually slept through breakfast.“

At this Lincoln stopped for a moment. Confused he looked at his alarm clock. Only now did he learn that it was actually past 8:30. Family breakfast at this point was finished half an hour ago.

„Why did no one wake me?“

„I actually suggested it, but none of our siblings seemed to have the nerve to actually call you.“, Lisa replied. by now she had taken the liberty to reach for one of the leftover strawberries. „In fact, Leni and Lori were vehement towards our parents that you deserved the extra time of sleep for your own good.“

//What?//

„Hey“

Lisa, who was just going to put the strawberry she swiped from under Lincoln's nose in her mouth, found herself suddenly being the center of Luna's attention. „This one belongs to Lincoln.“

„I think he can live if I subtract...“

Luna's not so friendly gaze let the little girl in the green turtleneck reconsider. „On the other hand, I already have enough magnesium in my body.“

She gave Lincoln the strawberry back before leaving the room in a slightly hurried manner.

Lincoln looked after her. „Luna, I wouldn't have minded if Lisa had eaten that strawberry.“

„But it was not hers,“ Luna corrected. „She should have asked for the berry, not taking it without your permission.“

The usually so laidback Luna was telling this in such a serious tone, it made Lincoln worry. Would she have assaulted Lisa over this?

As if she was sensing the uncomfortable tension in the room, Luna's expression softened.

„Don't worry about it, kay?“ she told him with a reassuring smile. „Come on. Eat up.“

As he didn't want to make her sad, Lincoln did as she told him and finished his breakfast. All the while she just watched him happily devour the last of the pancakes.

„You liked it?“, she asked when he took the last bite of his plate.

„Delicious“, he stated between bites and gulped the last bits down. „Thanks Luna, those were great.“

Then she did something he hadn't seen her do ever since she won tickets for a live concert of Mick Swagger. She squeed. Only to go over into giving him an affectionate hug. Lincoln felt instantly reminded of yesterday. But unlike Leni, who would only let go of him on behalf of Lori, Luna actually let go of him almost instantly.

But unlike Leni, she did it with an obvious blush on her face.

„Sorry bro, I...“

„It's okay.“ he interrupted her. While he was a bit confused about his sister's sudden display of shyness, he did not want to make the situation any more embarrassing for her. As such he decided to just move on from the situation and stood up. „I am going to the bath.“

„Do you want me to get some new clothes for you ready?“

He raised an eyebrow in confusion. Bringing him breakfast? Sure, that was great. But acting as his personal maid?

„Actually, I think my clothes from yesterday will still do. Don't you have something else to do?“

Luna shrugged with her shoulders. „Not really“

She took a look over her brother's room. „Gesh, this place is a dump. Want me to clean

it up for you?"

Again, Lincoln asked himself what was going on. Since when did any of his siblings want to do a chore for him? Then again, he really didn't want to waste his Saturday morning on cleaning up his messy room. And Luna looked so eager...

"If it is no problem for you..."

"I insist!" Luna said and immediately went on going through the clothes on the ground.

"Okay... have fun", Lincoln said and left the room. While he went down the corridor, he could still hear his sister, singing the last lines of the song.

*"Ooh I've been wandering round
But I still come back to you
In rain or shine
You've stood by me girl
I'm happy at home
You're my best friend"*

He liked the music of his sister a lot and admired that she was always ready to provide background music. **However**, at the same time she did not **sung** pure vocals that often. That said, the song had a nice ring to it. Even if it was sounding softer to what he considered Luna's normal cup of tea.

//Perhaps she is trying to broaden her horizon// he thought, grabbing for the doorknob of the bathroom. *//Anyway, time to take care of important busi-//*

"HI LINCOLN!", greeted a high pitched girly voice from behind.

Slightly annoyed he turned around. "What is it, Lola? I want to..."

The six year old didn't even give Lincoln the chance to finish his sentence, before she hugged his legs in the adorable way only a little kid can do.

//Okay,// Lincoln thought now slightly alarmed. So far he had been either hugged or kissed by four of his ten fellow siblings within the last 17 hours. Siblings who normally would only do so, after he screwed up big time and had made up with them by some embarrassing act of compensation. *//Are my siblings going crazy or did I finally snap and am just imagining all of that?//*

Lola was squeezing his leg harder. Painfully hard. *//Nope, certainly not a dream.//*

"Lola I have to use the bathroom." Lincoln said while trying to get his sister off his leg. "Oh, sorry Linc," she apologized, letting go of him. Before she could say or do anything Lincoln was in the bathroom and washed his face.

"Is this the real life or is this just fantasy?"

He shook his head and did his bathroom business, thinking also about his strange acting sisters. Doing so he concluded, that of three sisters he met so far today, Lisa seemed to still act normal. At the same time though, he didn't know what to make of it. He thought about talking to her to see how accurate the impression he had on her was, but then decided against it. Lisa had a way to trick her siblings into "accidentally" ending up as guinea pigs for her experiments. The last time he fell for her tricks, his sister somehow managed to turn him in a bunny for a few hours and he had to spend half of the day as Luan's unwitting assistant in her magic act.

He also realized, that if Leni, Lori, Lola and Luna were acting as strange as they did, even if it was harmless so far, there was a certain chance that the same applied to the others.

Not knowing what to make out of that possibility, he eventually concluded that spending some time with Clyde today was perhaps an option he should seize.

As such, a little bit later, Lincoln, cleaned up and dressed in his average attire, was laying on his bed, fiddling with his walkie talkie. While trying to set up a line with Clyde, he couldn't help but admire the good job Luna did, cleaning his room. She even found somehow the time to stitch a missing button back on Bun-Bun's shirt.

"Clyde, Lincoln here." he spoke into his radio, after finally getting through. "Can I come over to you?"

"Negative." Clyde's voice answered him. "Me and my dads are out for brunch and a movie today."

"Can't I come with you?" Lincoln asked in desperation. "I pay my seat!"

"The show is sold out." Clyde explained. "Is something wrong Lincoln?"

"Yes! My sisters are... Nice to me!"

There was a long moment of silence on the other end.

"Clyde?"

"I fail to understand the problem." Clyde responded in the most deadpan tone he had ever produced.

"You don't get it, they aren't acting normal while being nice. I can't really explain it, but... something is off."

"Can we continue this later?" Clyde's voice asked. "I have to go now."

"Okay. Have fun with the movie."

After finishing the conversation, he decided to sneak out of the house and go on a walk to escape his strange siblings. Of course, he had to inform his parents first. He managed to get down without being seen by one of his sisters. Heck, he was glad that none of them had waited in front of the bathroom for him before.

In the living room, one of the usual battles were raging. This time it was Lynn Jr., Jock vs Luan, Comedian.

"Give me the remote!" Lynn grumbled in annoyance and pushed against Luan's face. "I was the first one on the couch!"

"But I will *coach* you on it" Luan responded giggling and kept the remote away. "Get it?"

Lynn rolled her eyes at the bad furniture/sports pun.

Not wanting to risk a potential fifth display of sisterly affection he couldn't explain, Lincoln, who was halfway down the staircase at this point, came to a halt.

Carefully listening to his sisters arguing, he slowly descended the last stairs, hoping they would not notice him.

"Come on Lynn. You know I love the Animaniacs."

Lynn, who was holding her sister down in the couch right now, did not want to hear it.

"So what?", she asked, trying her hardest to rip the remote out of Luan's hand. "Right now the sports channel brings the best championship fights of Bruce Lee."

"But you have watched them already!"
"And you have Animaniacs on Blue Ray!"
//Just a little further...//

In a fortunate world, Lincoln would have managed to actually get down the stairs and turn around to enter the house's big dining room, where Lincoln's mom was busy ironing clothes. In such a world, he would have then instantly asked her if it was okay if he went out in the city and be away from his sisters for a bit. Unfortunately, he instead lived in a world, where Rita Loud decided that it was just now the perfect moment to tell her two children to keep it down a bit, or else they could go outside doing something else.

Of course, such a threat resulted in the reflexive action of the girls to stop for a second what they were doing and look in their mother's direction to say they were sorry. Which in turn meant they now came into eye contact with Lincoln.
"Oh, hi Lincoln!" Luan said.
//Dang it!//

Lynn immediately took the chance of Luan being distracted, to roll her down the couch and in doing so claim the remote finally for her alone.
"Hey bro." she said. Ignoring Luan, who was annoyed about the fact she would now not get to watch her cartoons, Lynn leaned in, lazily hanging on the edge of the couch now. "What'cha up to?"
"Oh you know. Just wanting to take a walk," Lincoln explained with a nervous grin on his face. He wasn't quite sure yet, if Lynn was going to act all affectionate or not.
"Don't you want to spend some time with us instead?" she asked, throwing the remote up and down in the air, snapping it away from Luan's attempts to catch it always just in the nick of time. "We could watch some cartoons."

"What?", Luan asked at this statement, stopping in her attempts to regain the remote.
"But I thought you wanted to watch your Kung Fu?"
Lynn just shrugged. "It's up to Lincoln." She held the remote towards him. "What do you say, bro?"

Okay, now it was more obvious. "Ehh... you know, too much TV is not good for you," he said, while slowly moving towards the door. "I think I rather take a nice and relaxing walk down the block. Enjoy the wind and the sun on my..."
The first thing that hit Lincoln's face when he opened the door was indeed wind. At a speed of 20 miles per hour and followed by some heavy rain drops.
"...Face"

"The weather is just blowing you away!" Luan joked and laughed her trademarked laughter.
"At least somebody still acts normal," the only boy mumbled to himself, shutting the door.
"Okay, I stay."
He got between his sisters on the sofa and asked: "Can we watch Ace Savvy: The Animated Series?"
"Got'cha Bro!"

His sister switched to the new episode of the Ace Savvy series. His mood started to improve while watching the series, also because after the "Man of Savvy" he needed a reminder of a more competent version of his favorite superhero.

"Ace Savvy really can fight with break neck speed," joked Luan. "Get it?"

"Luan..." Lincoln sighed. A reminder was not needed.

"Let Lincoln alone, Luan" Lynn rebuked her older sister. "You know he didn't like the movie."

"What?" Luan was flabbergasted by Lynn's statement. The joke wasn't even that dark or inappropriate.

"It's fine Lynn," Lincoln said. "I'm old enough to ignore such bad jokes."

"Hey, my jokes are not bad!", Luan protested.

"Yeah. They are just not all that fresh", Lynn countered.

Lincoln felt kinda bad for Luan. Sure, her jokes weren't all that great, especially when you were bombarded with them on a daily basis, but the way Lynn acted was a bit nasty.

"Lynn...", he began in an exhausted tone, which immediately caught his sister's attention

"Yes?"

Lincoln took a close look at his sister's face and had to sigh internally. Based on the expression he saw, which resembled a mixture of undivided attention and a slight fear of disapproval from him, he concluded that whatever was going on, it had gotten to her too.

//And that makes half of them//, he thought in resignation, before he continued.

"Just let Luan make her puns if she wants to."

"Okay", the sports fan meekly said.

"And would you please apologize to her?"

And then, much to Luan's confusion, she did as Lincoln asked her.

A bit dumbfounded about Lynn just doing as Lincoln told her, all Luan could say was "Apology ace-cepted", which earned the obligatory groan from her younger siblings.

With peace restored to the living room, the three siblings spend the next 20 minutes watching the latest episode of Ace Savvy, when suddenly Rita called her son.

"Don't forget to bring the trash out."

Lincoln shrugged. At least one female in this household was still normal.

"I do it!" Lynn yelled and got from the couch.

"You mean you want to switch our housework?" Lincoln asked.

The sporty one shook her head. "No, I do both. Just stay here and enjoy your weekend."

Before the brother could respond Lynn ran away with the speed of a tornado.

"If you really want to Lynn, then do it", allowed their mother. "But next time you two do at least the switch."

"Yes, Mom", Lincoln answered and wondered what the next sister would do for him.

Luan was confused too. Lynn and Lincoln were good buds, but the former was a little bit too friendly in general right now.

On the upper end of the steps Lisa had seen what just happened. She knew a lot about physics, chemistry, medicine, genetics and more fields than she had the time to count. But Lynn voluntarily taking out the trash? That was confusing.

"Something isn't right here," she said into a recorder, before turning around to go back in her room. "I will figure out what is happening with my sisters."

Over the next two and a half hours, Lincoln Loud experienced what he would consider the most peaceful, yet also weirdest Saturday morning he had for years at his home. The peaceful aspect of this morning came from the fact, that unlike most other Saturdays in a household with close to a dozen kids, Lincoln was actually allowed to enjoy a bit of quiet and peace time just for himself this day, by watching all his favorite Saturday morning shows without any interruption. The weird aspect though came from the fact that he managed to do so, while still having to share the same house with all his siblings present, who acted in what could only be considered a weirdly civilized manner around him.

Granted, most people would not call that necessarily weird on its own, but then they didn't know what was defined as "normal" living in the Loud House. For example: It was "normal" that at Saturday 11 a.m., Lola and Lana would take over the couch to watch the late morning rerun of Blarney the Dinosaur, as for some reason they didn't get enough of it already at 7 a.m. It was normal, that if Lori saw her siblings waste their time watching cartoons, she was going to call at least Lincoln out as childish. It was considered normal, that if you left the sweet spot on the couch just to get something from the kitchen, someone was going to take it from you. And above all, it was normal that when two or more siblings were fighting over something, the chance of them becoming quiet without some intervention was close to zero.

And yet all those things did not apply today.

Instead of whining about Lincoln moving or else they would tell mom about him reading comics in his underwear on the roof again, the twins rather fought about who was going to sit next to him. Which didn't even take long, as Lincoln just decided to move in the middle, allowing both to take a side each. The only one who was upset about that was Lynn, who was at a bathroom break, and now had to sit on the floor.

When Lori came down and saw them watch the latest episode of "Juvenile Youngsters GO!", she was just rolling her eyes and congratulated Lincoln to actually be able to sit through that sort of garbage, thinking he watched it for the sake of their younger sibling's entertainment, before she went out, telling her mom she was going to the mall for some gift she wanted to buy for someone.

And when Lincoln was going to the kitchen to get himself something to drink during a commercial break, Lana decided to go into feral mode to prevent Luan from sneaking up to the sweet spot. Which was officially weird enough for her that she decided to instead go upstairs and read up on her biography of Groucho Marx.

In short, this day was getting better and better.

Of course there was the possibility that they were playing a joke on him, with Luan as the mastermind. However, an act like that would need a lot of willpower, time, concentration, patience and good timing, something not all of his sisters were able or willing to do.

Maybe he could test his luck, but not now. He wasn't willing to watch so much of "Juvenile Youngsters GO!" at once.

//Reminder to myself: Show your Siblings the first series at some point.//

"I get a snack, do you two want something?"

"No, but thank you Lincoln!" the twins said in unison.

Another strange thing. Lana and Lola usually didn't do the "Twin-Talk" cliché, especially not for something that trivial. Maybe it would turn out to be a joke after all?

In the kitchen he walked to the refrigerator and wanted to open it.

"Lincoln?"

He jumped away from the voice and turned around. Like the Spanish inquisition, nobody expected Lucy Loud. Even if they all had fallen prey several times to her unusual jump scare abilities. It was a wonder none of them had received a heart attack already

"Lucy, you scared me!"

"Sorry Lincoln," she apologized. "I wanted to ask if I may lay out the Major and Minor Arcana for you."

"Mayor Arca- what?"

"The Tarot cards", she explained.

"Oh, no!" Lincoln rejected immediately. "Last time you read my future, you ruined my day at the national park."

"I have the feeling the cards will be kinder to you this time," she promised. She took him by the hand and led him to the kitchen table, where she took a seat before pulling her tarot cards out of her left dress pocket. "If not, I will perform a ritual which will transfer your bad fate onto Me.", she promised.

Lincoln wasn't much a fan of Lucy's occult mumbo jumbo, but then again, he had nothing better to do right now. And if it kept him a couple of minutes away from an episode of "Juvenile Youngsters GO!" even he considered unbearable...

"If it makes you happy...", he said and pulled himself a chair up. "Go on."

Immediately Lucy began to spread all the cards on the table, before shifting them face down around for a bit. She ordered Lincoln to stack them up again, without turning them over.

"Why me?"

"The cards must know whose faith they are supposed to tell, by being in contact with your life force."

Lincoln didn't buy any of that, but still did as his little sister asked him. When he was finished, she took the cards and told him that she was going to lay him a formation referred to as the "Celtic Cross".

"This formation allows me to get insight in how things develop for you in a certain way", she explained. "But for it to work, I have to ask you to think of a topic you want to know more about."

Lincoln only listened.

"Can you think of anything specific you would like to have an answer for?"

From the living room the other sisters could be heard and immediately he had the right question his sister should answer in mind. But instead of giving her a straight answer, he simply nodded. Which seemed to work well enough for Lucy, as she immediately put the first ten on top of the deck one after another in the previously mentioned formation.

She took a deep breath and began to turn eight of the cards over, which she then examined carefully.

"Hm..."

"So?", Lincoln asked. "What does my future say?"

"It doesn't tell you anything about your future yet...", Lucy said in a chastising, surprisingly dark tone.

"But I always thought..."

"Your opinion on tarot is poisoned by a mockery of it in the media", she retorted rather emotionlessly, yet still in a way that Lincoln would identify as "insulted" in comparison to her normal demeanor.

She looked at Lincoln and sighed when she saw him being puzzled at her "outburst".

"Apologies", she said. "But tarot isn't simply telling someone they will win a car or tickets for the next blockbuster movie the following week. Tarot can make you come to terms with a situation you face and give you a glimpse in the direction you are headed to. That is where the myth about "foreseeing the future" comes from. But each card's own meaning as such, needs to be understood in connection to the issue and "problem" at hand. You must be self-aware of what it is that makes you ask the cards for help, be open to the advice they may give and accept the parts of your own being reflected in them. Otherwise a card that is supposed to stand for a great opportunity, can be misinterpreted as a warning of a great danger."

She looked her brother in the eyes, though he couldn't much do the same thanks to her black hair covering them. "I am trying to make you understand whatever you are facing, by explaining to you what is going on and advice you how to act upon it for the future. Not a summary of what exactly happens."

"Sorry", Lincoln said. And he meant it. While he didn't consider it to be real, he was quite aware that it meant something to his sister. He did not want to make her feel bad for something she cared about. And based on the explanation she gave him just now...

He didn't know that laying a bunch of colorful illustrated cards was that much of a big deal. Perhaps he had to look up on the subject himself someday in more detail.

If anything, it would perhaps inspire him in the creation of an interesting Ace Savvy villain for a fanfic Clyde was writing.

"Nevermind", Lucy said, moving her fingers over the cards.

Finally, after a couple of seconds, she began to talk, putting her finger on two crossed over cards.

"The Page of Cups and the six rods represent both emotional support and praise, with the later also indicating success and good luck in the future. Are you getting this right

now?"

Lincoln tried to think. He wouldn't say that his sisters praised him, if he ignored what Leni said to Lori about him, but some of them had now within hours decided to treat him more special than usual and he was enjoying it.

"I would say yes", Lincoln replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Does it bother you?"

Lincoln blinked in confusion. "Why do you ask?"

She pointed at another card. "This card here, the Moon... in this position, combined with the other two, it would indicate that you are... Afraid?"

Lincoln thought about it. "I would rather say... Irritated? Confused?"

Lucy looked at him. "Why?"

Lincoln thought how to formulate it as diplomatic as possible.

"Because I am not used to it?" he said, only to add in a more somber tone the words "Especially from you guys" to it.

He broke up in hope that Lucy would figure out what he was meaning herself, but the young goth just continued to look at him in a way indicating that she wanted to hear it from his own mouth.

"Come on, Lucy. You know who is giving me the praise and affection right now. And as often as we fight and with the sort of luck I tend to have... I love you guys, but it is not as if you shower me in affection without there being some catch to it."

"True", Lucy admitted. She pointed at one of the cards, on which five young men were fighting against each other with sticks. "Our past is painted by a lot of brawls and the measuring of what we can." Lincoln bizarrely enough remembered, that this one was the fifth card she had laid down. "But I don't think it justifies your expectations" she said, pointing at what he remembered was the ninth card. It showed a knight on a horse with a drawn sword, supposedly heading for battle.

Lincoln raised an eyebrow. "What expectations?" he asked confused.

Lucy's voice became as cold as snow, as she explained the meaning of the Knight of Swords. "Destruction, battle, wrath. The looming end of a relationship."

Lincoln was shocked. He considered the situation weird, but he did not think of his sisters being nice to be the start of something far more sinister. Did he? After all, they were still his siblings and he loved them. Even if they were getting on each others nerves, they could never...

You are literally the worst right now!

"AND YOU ARE THE WORST, PERIOD! WHY DO I HAVE TO BE RELATED TO YOU OF ALL PEOPLE!"

Shocked gasps could be heard from multiple people.

"Take that back, or..."

"Or what? Are you going to turn me into a human pretzel? Get on with it. Perhaps I get some quiet in the hospital!"

"Lincoln?"

The white haired boy blinked his eyes as he left the distinct memory of a not so long ago family feud behind him.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah" Lincoln replied. "I just remembered something."

He nervously drummed his fingers on the table.

"Want to talk to me about your expectations?"

Lincoln shook his head.

"... Are you ashamed of talking?"

She sighed when she saw her brother answer with a shameful nod.

"If it is any consolation, your subconscious expectations don't have to indicate what is actually to come."

Lincoln stopped drumming.

"Your future is indicated by the cards I haven't turned over yet", she explained. She also pointed to another card on the table. "Furthermore, you have the "Nine coins" in the third position and these two in the fourth and eight."

Lincoln looked at the second card she mentioned. "A family under a rainbow made of cups?"

"The ten cups", Lucy explained. "It represents joy and familial harmony."

She suddenly put her hand over his.

"But the card's position puts its meaning into a place where it represents something that is of a constant", Lucy elaborated in a tone that managed to be dry, yet also surprisingly comforting. "Something we realize subconsciously as always being part of destiny's plan for us. In your case, this card would mean, that your family is something you can always count on. Something that will stand by your side even in your darkest hour."

She squeezed his hand.

„It means that you are loved, Lincoln“, Lucy explained. „Even if we fight. We would never truly hate you.“

Lincoln knew in a part of his mind, that Lucy acted strange. That the real Lucy would have used far more foreboding words to describe his situation. But at the same time, he welcomed those surprisingly warm words.

"Furthermore, you have "Justice" on your side" she said, pointing at the eight card. "So if anything, others would see the current situation as just being something you deserve. And with the "Nine Coins" in the third position, you can at least in the present situation still expect a few more good things.

Lincoln didn't know how to feel about that. On one hand, he was relieved that the behavior of his sisters, as weird as it was, would probably not result in any negative consequences for them. On the other hand, Lucy's cards haven't given either of them an explanation for WHY the sisters were as nice.

//But do you really want to know?// He heard a small voice in his head ask selfishly.

//Do you really want to dig deeper into this? Risk accidentally insulting them, because they really just want to be nice to you? And when has Lucy ever lied to you?//

Well, she once lied knowing about Pretty Princess Po-

//That was just one incident. But many other times? She cares about you. So do the others. They just want for you to be happier as usual for once.//

Lincoln still wasn't sure.

//Who knows? Perhaps it is their way to make up extra for what happened two weeks ago?//

Lincoln shuddered mentally. He and his older siblings had gone on each other's throats a couple of times. But the argument they had half a month ago... He still felt sometimes uncertain, that they had accepted his apology. And he considered their contribution to reestablish the peace rather weak, the more he thought about it.

//Just see where this is going. If they want to be nice to you, why not accept it for a change?//

But what if...

//...There is something bad coming from that? Well, Lucy has still two more cards to uncover, doesn't she?//

Lincoln looked at the table. Indeed, the sixth and tenth card were still uncovered. And what had Lucy said again?

"I am sorry, Lucy" pointed at the remaining cards. "But what will those two represent again?"

"Your long time future in regard of the situation"

For a second Lincoln could swear that the voice in his head exclaimed a little "huzzah!"

//Don't you see? If there is truly something bad coming from it, you can still do something to prevent it. And if not? You can enjoy it. Have fun. Even do your best for them to have something out of it.//

Lincoln had to admit, that the voice of his subconscious made a compelling argument. Turning his attention back to Lucy, he was just about to ask her to turn them over, when Lana entered the kitchen.

„What takes you so long, bro?" she asked Lincoln, ignoring Lucy completely.

When she saw her brother sit in front of a bunch of cards, she got confused.

"Are you guys playing a card game? Who is winning?"

Lana took one of the face down cards, looked it up and showed it to Lucy. "How many points is that one worth?"

The goth didn't answer. But Lincoln could feel the silence emitting from her being of the dramatic kind that in any movie would soon be followed by a huge explosion.

"Actually Lana, Lucy is trying to predict my fortune", Lincoln explained, trying to defuse the situation. He carefully took the card out of her hand and laid it back on the table.

"Oh, that old mumbo jumbo", Lana stated, earning a resigned sigh from Lucy, which the little tomboy seemed to ignore. Instead she turned her attention back to her brother.

"Are you guys finished soon? "Lightning Felines" starts in five minutes"

Lightning Felines was Lana's most recent favorite show and based on her behavior it seemed she wanted to make him a devoted fan of it too.

Lincoln looked at the two remaining cards. "I will be there in three minutes", he reassured the tomboy and watched her stroll back in the living room.

Only when he heard her and Lola argue about free couch space, did he turn his attention back to Lucy

"You okay?"

"Yeah, I am fine," came the monotone answer.

"If you want, I will talk to her later and tell her to show some more respect," he offered.

"It's okay," she reassured him and got back to the cards. "Let us just finish this okay?"

Lincoln gave her a reassuring nod. He felt nervous, yet also excited about what Lucy was about to tell him.

He watched Lucy turn first one card in the middle of the formation over, then the one Lana picked up.

The first showed what seemed to be a person in different stages of its life walking along a wheel, while multiple occult symbols filled out the background. The final one on the other hand seemed to be again of the minor arcana, this time showing a person happily standing under a stream of coins pouring over them.

"The Wheel of Fate and the Ten Coins," Lucy stated. A smile formed on her face, indicating that it meant something good.

"What do they mean?"

"One symbolizes destiny and a new beginning, while also indicating great fortune, success and the gaining of a reward", Lucy explained, pointing at the Wheel. "And because it is the second to last card, it means you will experience it within the near future."

Lincoln took a deep breath. A new beginning? He tried to imagine how things could get even better and had a hard time doing so without going into power fantasies that involved him getting a new room.

"The really interesting one is the last one though," Lucy told him. "It tells you how this step into the near future will affect you in the long run."

She looked him in the eyes, giving Lincoln a very rare but adorable affectionate smile:

"You will experience a period of stability, success beyond all expectations and support by those who love you."

She moved her hand over the cards and put them back on the deck. "Congratulations, Lincoln" she stated with a smile. "The spirits are rewarding you for all you have done."

Lincoln didn't know what to say. He was expecting to get the short end of the stick with these two cards. But instead he got a hand that made his subconscious dance a mental conga to the tune of "We are the Champions".

"So... what does that mean?" he asked Lucy while standing up. "That it is okay for me to accept what is about to come?"

She held in for a moment before standing up too. "Pretty much" she replied. "That is unless you don't think you are deserving a good time."

Before Lincoln had a chance to express any deep-seated doubt about getting rewarded for just being him, Lucy put a hand on his shoulder. "But if you ask me, you are the one who deserves something good more than any of us for once. So, enjoy

your fortune. Cause life is a harsh mistress that will take it away from you if she gets the chance."

She pulled her hand off, gave him a soft smile and left the kitchen, probably to spend the rest of the morning summoning the spirits. Lincoln looked after her and after weighing up her behavior and the degree of affection in her gestures, crossed her off his mental checklists of siblings that were still acting normal.

Later, as he sat again in the sweet spot and enjoyed the latest episode of "Lightning Felines", with the twins trying to cuddle up against him, he thought about what Lucy told him. He concluded, that if her words were true, a great opportunity was at the horizon.

Half an hour later, with the cartoon block being over, Lincoln returned to his chamber to look at his coin-collection.

Taking his coin book out of its shelf, he opened it and looked at the currency from many countries and even different centuries. The history of coins fascinated him since he was little and it helped him to clear his head, in order to think about the way his siblings acted and the fate Lucy and her cards had foretold him. Was he really on a big lucky streak, supposedly brought upon him by those he cared for?

It was true, misfortune befall him on a kind of regular basis: Nothing overdramatic and it didn't end with him losing all the time, but it was annoying. He sometimes hated his lot as mediator/handyman/normal guy of the family, who had also the misfortune of being stuck in the role of the middle child. He knew his sisters had their own problems to deal with but it sometimes felt as if he always had to solve the biggest conflicts or take the fall. Why? Yes, sometimes he had to clean up his own mistake. And he was always willing to own up to them. But the other times? If karma really was a thing, wouldn't it make sense if he gets a row of fortunate events?

//A good time, provided by my sisters//, he thought. *They are in my debt in a way...*

He was still deep in thought when he suddenly got interrupted by Lori calling everyone down. Seconds later all the siblings and the family pets were in the living room. Lori was already waiting with her parents.

"Mom and Dad have something to say. So, ladies and Lincoln, you better listen up."

"Thanks honey", her mother said. She held baby Lily in her arms while addressing her children "You guys remember my colleague Susanne?"

As none of the Loud children really paid much attention to their mother's work (not because they didn't love her or anything like that. But what was exciting for a kid about being a dental assistant?) none of them could. Except Lincoln, who if he thought hard enough, could vaguely associate Susanne with the face of a brunette he met during the improvised "Bring your son to work day" his mom did with him a couple of weeks ago.

"She was going to visit a symposium on dental hygiene on Dr. Feinstein's behalf. But she just called, telling me she got the flu."

"Poor Susanne" Leni said. She didn't know the woman, but she wished no one to be sick.

"Thanks hon", Miss Loud injected. "Anyway, because everything was paid up by Dr. Feinstein and he can't get a refund, I was asked if I would be interested in going to the seminar."

The kids remained silent.

"Ehm... Are you?" asked Luna eventually, not sure why this was any big news to call everyone.

"Well, yes I actually am," replied her mother. "The thing is, the seminar starts tomorrow and goes on for a couple of days in Danville, Colorado."

At this, the kids started to pay attention. The only way to reach Colorado within a day they knew off was the airplane. And several days?

"And seeing how your dad has taken off the next couple of work days thanks to extra hours, he is thinking of joining me."

Lori was the first to speak up. "Are you saying, you and dad want to leave the house to us for the next couple of days?"

"Only till Wednesday night", Rita said and added: "Of course, you would be in charge, Lori. You think you are ready to take that responsibility?"

The oldest child of the household had overseen her siblings ever since she was too old for a babysitter. But then this was only for a couple of hours. But five days in a row?

Simultaneously, while Lori was contemplating the idea, Lincoln himself was thinking. Was this part of his fortune the cards were talking about? His parent's leaving the house for the weekend and three school days, at a time it seemed his siblings couldn't stop agreeing with him at all and were uncharacteristically nice to him?

He knew deep down that taking a chance like this was in some way also wrong. He knew he was trying to take advantage of a situation he didn't even fully understand. And yet...

"Well, Lori?" her dad injected for the first time something in the conversation.

"I..."

"I am sure Lori is able to do so!" Lincoln shouted.

...He decided to take it.

"Lincoln", his mother scolded him. "You know it is impolite to interrupt others."

"Sorry", he apologized. "But come on, mom. Have we ever screwed up big times, while being alone?"

Rita Loud needed to keep herself from reminding her son about the paint job incident the house once received by her kids. Among other things.

"And it is only for what, five days? We won't burn the house down."

"Yeah", Luna suddenly added, "we are old enough"

Lincoln smiled internally. Luna was taking his side on the subject. If it was because of whatever had gotten into her, or because she wanted to have the weekend also for her own he didn't know. But if she was going to join him, maybe the others would too. "Like, we can totally take care of ourselves for that time. I mean, it isn't as if it was half a week." Leni said.

"Actually...", Lisa tried to reply, but then got interrupted by the twins.

"We swear to play nice with everyone."

"Since when do you speak in unison you peaky twins?", Luan asked in a suspecting tone but laughed afterwards. "Get it?"

The twins just stared at her quizzically.

"Luan, the two are too young to remember a series by David Lynch", said Lori while rolling her eyes. "Try more modern references."

"You got the joke, didn't you?", challenged Luan.

"Whatever" Lori responded in annoyance. "I accept this responsibility. But you all have to act according to the plan."

"But the plan is only for single evenings," Lynn interjected.

"We will draw up a plan for those five days," Lori explained. "You will all receive your freedoms, but we also have to take over the tasks of mom and dad in this time."

Luan swallowed down a joke about 'like producing more siblings' because the audience was partly too young and her parents would have grounded her in that case.

The other siblings were okay with the situation too. As long as Lori didn't decide to become drill sergeant dictator again like she did in the past (until a certain rebellion ago), it should go over well. They remembered how Lisa had explained to them the concept of the balance of order and chaos. How neither complete order nor total chaos should have predominance over any form of organization or society. They understood this, except Leni, who just said that she would be social in any society.

"Great," their mother said and handed Lily over to Lori, before giving the older one a kiss on the forehead. "I am sure you can do this."

She then turned to her other children.

"And you will behave."

"We will!" they all promised.

"I help you packing your cases", Lincoln offered his assistance.

"No need for that," his father assured and pulled two already packed suitcases from under the stairs. The children gave their father a bewildered look in response.

"What?", he said in a tone which sounded somewhat innocent. "I swear it is not as if we keep them prepared in case such a day would ever come."

The children still looked bewildered and kind of doubtful about his explanation.

"I swear we are not desperate to get some our time once in a while..." Lynn Sr. desperately tried to assure his daughters and son about the situation.

"Sweetie, let's just go," Rita interjected, took his hand and lead him out through the door. The children followed them, watching as they hastily put the suitcases in the back of a taxi that had parked right in front of their house. Lincoln didn't even want to imagine how his dad was going to explain that. Seconds later, after their parents waved them a quick good bye and reassuring them, that they loved all eleven of them, the Loud children watched the car speeding away.

Lucy looked after them before shutting the door, sighing. "They are gone, like all the hope I once had."

"Very uplifting Lucy," Lori remarked with some snark. "Everybody into mine and Leni's room. We have to create a daily schedule."

While everybody was going up the stairs, Lori stopped from going with them and

turned to Lincoln.

"Lincoln, I have something for you," she said. "I want to give it to you before we go up."

She went to the couch, where a bunch of bags were standing. The logo printed on them made Lincoln realize, that they must have been from the mall Lori was visiting earlier the day. He watched Lori pull something out of one bag, before she turned over and hold it out to him. The object turned out to be a surprisingly thick book. On its cover, Ace Savvy was facing off **several** members of his rogues' gallery.

"Holy Moly!", Lincoln exclaimed. He grabbed the book with shaking hands, not believing what he held in them. "Ace Savvy: The Pre-Crisis Omnibus Collection."

"You like it?"

"Liking it? This book contains five years' worth of Ace Savvy, before they rebooted the entire Savvy Universe in the "Gambit of two World Saga.", he explained, geeking out hard.

This thing was pretty much a required read for every Ace Savvy fan out there. He himself would have gotten his hands on it months ago, if it wouldn't...

He turned to Lori. "This thing costs 120 dollars!"

"I know," she said, ruffling his hair affectionately. "But I think it is totally worth it, if it makes you happy."

Lincoln decided that the time to just roll with it was over.

"Lori, can I ask you something?"

She looked at him and saw that his eyes had become rather serious.

"Sure Lincoln. What is it?"

He took a deep breath, before stating his question. "Why are you so nice to me?"

She blinked in confusion. "I beg your pardon?"

"Well, yesterday you kissed me on the head, today you are not teasing me for watching cartoons and now you buy me this?"

"Don't you like it?", she asked. "I have the recipe, so we can return it at any time."

"No, that is not..."

He sighed.

"I love it. I think it is the best gift you have given me in years."

Lori suddenly hugged her brother. "I am so glad to hear that", she exclaimed. Lincoln managed to free himself and looked up to her again.

"But why are you doing this? Heck, why are all of you suddenly so nice to me?"

Lori just stood there, to let him calm down a bit. Then she got on her knees, to ruffle his hair again. "Because you are our little brother. And we love you."

And then, she slowly lifted his chin, to look him deep into the eyes. "I love you."

Lincoln blinked.

"I love you too, but..."

He didn't even manage to finish his line, as she hugged him again.

"You are my very special little brother. You are cute, smart and I want to make you happy for always being there for us."

"Okay, okay", Lincoln said, surrendering to the hug. There was no way to resist now. If this was what his sister wanted, who was he to deny it?

"Is there at least something I can do for you in return?", Lincoln asked.

She leant in closer to his right ear. "How about a kiss?", she whispered.

Lincoln froze and let his comic drop.

"Ex-Excuse me?"

"You know, on the cheek", Lori elaborated, showing him her face. "Just to show me you appreciate me too."

//Thank god//, Lincoln thought. *//And I thought she meant...//*

"Well?"

Lincoln leant in closer. Thinking that there was no harm in it, he gave his older sister a small kiss on her right cheek.

Weirdly enough, she seemed to almost melt under it, seeing how her hug got weaker and her entire face seemed to relax in a serene manner.

When she remained like that for a couple of seconds, Lincoln coughed a bit, hoping it would bring her back to normal.

"Oh, sorry", she said, snapping back and letting go of him.

"No problem."

Both siblings remained silent for a bit, looking at each other awkwardly.

"So..."

"Yeah..."

Lincoln scratched the back of his head.

"I think I am going to the others and organize the schedule", Lori stated, her face blushing.

"Is it okay if I come in a bit later?"

"Yeah, of course," Lori said with a smile. "Take all the time you want, Lincoln."

While halfway up the stairs, she turned back to him again. "But don't let me wait too long."

"Won't do so, Lori", he reassured her and watched as she went up to her room, heavily sighing and with a dreamy look on her face.

While upstairs the sound of Lori's room door opening and closing could be heard, Lincoln just stood there. He thought exactly about what happened right now.

How uncharacteristically affectionate Lori was and just how much his own approval and affection seemed to bear meaning for her in return. It just confirmed for him, that something weird was going on here. He was even thinking to call his parents and ask them to come back under the pretense of a made-up crisis. But then, on second thought, he was asking himself one thing: What was so bad about the situation now? After all, perhaps he was just paranoid. Perhaps his sisters truly had realized, just how much he meant to them and that he could deserve a good time. Perhaps this was the start of a new age in the relationship he had with his family, as Lucy's cards foretold. And hey, he already contributed in getting his parent's out of the house to further his little sister's forecast.

So if anything, he was just going along with what was yet to come for better or worse. Right? His eyes glanced over to the floor and to the omnibus he had dropped. When he picked it up and looked over the cover again, another, more sinister thought came up.

//And if they want to show me their love by making me small gifts...who am I to deny it?//

"I don't quite get it."

Everyone groaned.

"Come on Lisa", Lynn said. "What is not to get here?"

For the last minutes, the sisters were organizing the schedule for what was essentially a five day vacation in Loud House-vania for them. Which surprisingly did not take up much time. There was a bit of groaning going on regarding certain duties, but everyone seemed to understand what would have to be done. In fact, a raw schedule had already been worked out.

There was just one little thing off about it. And Lisa seemed to have been the only one actively aware of it, as well as willing to point it out, much to the annoyance of the others.

"Why is...", but before she could finish her question, it knocked on the door and Lincoln came in.

"Hey guys..."

"Hi, Lincoln!", they greeted him in unison, like he was a physician with dubious qualifications.

"How much did you plan already?", he asked. "I will continue with my garbage run and I think I'm qualified to buy our groceries."

"I do the garbage for the next few days already," Lynn informed her brother.

"And I do the groceries," Leni exulted. "Though I don't know why we need Groschen, Lincoln already got one from Germany."

"Leni," Lisa started in an exerted tone. "A grocery store is not for- how the heck do you know what the nickname for the outdated 10-Pfennig coin is?"

"I know the name of all the little coins!" Leni answered cheerfully. "I find them cute and adorable!"

Lisa tried to wrap her head around this absurd explanation, while Lincoln finally had an answer as for why Leni liked to look at his coin collection from time to time.

"Okay, you can do the groceries, Leni." allowed Lori. "But you take Lisa with you, just in case you need help with carrying the bags."

//Translation: I have to make sure Leni buys the correct victuals//, Lisa thought and gave an understanding nod towards Lori, who nodded back to her.

"I will collect you with the car when you two are finished with the purchases."

The rest of the assignments, jobs and tasks were quickly distributed around the family.

In the end, Lincoln had nothing to do at all. He now had all the free time in the world, well at least for five days.

And all of his siblings seemed to be happy about that.

Except one.

"Okay, why doesn't Lincoln have to do any work?", asked Lisa in a more than annoyed tone. "He is not sick, none of his bones are broken and he will not spend the next days with Clyde at his house."

"Because he is simply the best!" Luna answered, smiling calmly.

"We don't want him become addicted to work," Luan explained. "It would be very sad if he became a work-aholic. Get it?"

Lynn did a facepalm in response. "Luan, the word already exists. It isn't even a pun!"

"Really?" Luan's surprise was genuine. "I didn't know."

Lincoln realized that Luan now too seemed ready to pamper him. Whatever was happening he decided to take a risk and asked: "Can I choose our dinner?"

He got 8 yes-votes, one abstention by Lily and only one no-vote from Lisa.

"This is an effrontery!" Lisa called out and got on the bed she had been sitting on so far, looking very angry. "What is wrong with you?"

"Lisa, sit down", Lori ordered. "The vote is final."

Lisa grumbled something unfriendly and headed to the door.

"Where are you going, missy?" Lori wanted to know in a sharp tone.

"I have to finish a paper for the university," the little genius answered. "If you need me, I'm working on decrypting the secrets on the universe!"

"I know the secret", Lucy said with confidence in her voice: "Everything is meaningless, except Lincoln."

Lisa slammed the door behind her and made her way to her room before she could express her frustration with over a hundred swearwords from over a hundred different languages and dialects.

Lincoln, considered to go after her, when he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Let her go, bro", Luna said.

"Yeah", chimed Lynn in from the other corner of the room. "If she wants to throw a temper tantrum, it is her problem."

"Lynn, please." Lori added with a sigh.

"Come on guys," Lincoln threw in. He didn't want the mood to get sour, just because Lisa was not following the lead right now. "I bet she is going to calm down soon."

"I just hope she also realizes that we are doing all this for you, because you are so awesome," Lana said cheerfully.

"They say hope dies last," Lucy stated. But instead of letting it by that, she continued by adding in a more sinister tone: "But when it does..."

"And if she doesn't come to her senses, so what?", Lola wanted to know while she walked to her brother and hugged one of his legs. "More for us to love."

"Yeah", added all the others in different states of sisterly affection, before giving Lincoln a good old fashioned group hug.

Lincoln, in the center of attention, could only smile.

//I think this is going to be the start of something wonderful//, he thought.

"Stupid hairless apes", Lisa grumbled under her breath, while working on some of her equations in hope of distracting herself. Though it didn't take long for her to discover, that she had forgotten to integrate a certain value down the line. "Dang it!", she murmured and threw the paper in the can. But instead of taking some new one out, she just sat at her desk in frustration, her gaze directed at the ceiling.

//What is going on here?//, she thought, not for the first time this day.

She was considered a genius and child protégé in pretty much all fields scientifically. Heck, she once came pretty close to create her own time machine out of the dry cleaner at home. The only reason she never finished it was because their parents realized at the last minute, that when she had asked them if it was okay to get yellow cake for its energy source, she was not referring to sponge cake. And an ordinary set of A4 batteries was unfortunately not even powerful enough for a 30 second time jump.

Yet if she was that intelligent, why couldn't she figure out what was going on right now with her sisters? Why were they so uncharacteristically nice to her brother Lincoln, **bordering** in parts on a devotion she only saw in relationships between a pet and its owner? Of all the things in the world she despised, not having an answers to a certain question was her greatest pet peeve. And this question was at the back of her mind ever since breakfast.

//Maybe they know something about his state of health I am unaware off.//

She remained silent for a bit, her face becoming more somber.

//Great, now I made myself sad with the potential scenario of my brother ceasing of a severe disease.//

She shook her head to discard her thoughts. Still, something was afoul in the Loud House. And she was determined to find out what it was, before things turned even weirder.

Lincoln stepped out of Lori's room, flanked by his sisters, ready to do everything to make his life from now on better than ever. He jumped onto the banister and slid it down.

"The grind into a better life is over and I didn't even have to do that much!", he said overjoyed to no one in particular.

"This is the life!"

I eat filet mignon seven times a day

My bathtub's filled with Perrier

What can I say?

This is the life

Lincoln sat in the armchair. Leni gave him a manicure for his fingers while Lola gave him one for his toes. All the while he watched "2001: A Space Odysee" on TV. He wanted to see what was so great about the movie that everyone parodied it.

Lisa meanwhile was in a hiding spot under the couch and observed the behavior of her elders, writing notes.

*I buy a dozen cars when I'm in the mood
I hire somebody to chew my food
I'm an upwardly mobile dude
This is the life*

Lori and Lincoln made selfies together and she helped him into a Go-Kart which they drove a few rounds through the road. Somebody was following the two in a second Go-Kart, disguised in a blue overall, a green shirt, white gloves and a green cap with an L on the front. **It was Lisa, eating a cookie in form of a mushroom and observing.**

*They say that money corrupts you
But I can't really tell
I got the whole world at my feet
And I think it's pretty swell"*

Lana was installing a diving board under the window of Lincoln's room. As she was finished, Lincoln came from the window onto the board in his bathing trunks and did a dive into the self-made pool that Lana had also **dug** in the backyard. It was filled with chocolate milk, thanks to Lucy, who winked towards Lincoln while he made some backstrokes and spit the chocolate milk out of his mouth, fountain style. Lisa was underwater in scuba gear and wrote notes on a water-proof tablet.

*I got my sisters lined up outside the door
They've been waitin' there since the week before
Who could ask for more?
This is the life!*

Luan did a comedy routine on a stage for her brother while he sat in a royal throne with a drink and Lynn massaging his shoulders. The routine consisted of her doing a sketch about how she tried to adjust a picture, but via Domino effect the entire set on the stage got destroyed. Lisa was in the catwalk dressed in cape and a white mask covering half her face, observing and writing down notes.

*You're dead for a real long time
You just can't prevent it.
So if money can't buy happiness
I guess I'll have to rent it!*

Lola drove Lincoln in her little car through the neighborhood like he was the boss, clothed in a white suit, eating raw sugar out of a bag. Lisa followed them on a scooter, still writing notes, but she was also sweating a lot. Lisa had to learn that keeping up

with a motorized vehicle and writing notes at the same time can be more than exhausting, especially if the co-driver was on a sugar-rush and started to shoot at people with a water gun, all the time shouting that they should say hello to his little friend.

*Yeah, every day I make the front page news
No time to pay my dues
I got a million pairs of shoes
This is the life!*

Late that afternoon at Gus Games and Grubs, Lincoln enjoyed playing Guitar Hero against Luna. He wasn't doing good compared to the family's master musician, but still enjoying himself. Cause even if he was losing that round, he could challenge Luna again with no problem over and over. Lori had used her working privileges to the max and secured an endless supply of coins to play for her siblings, as well as all the root beer and pizza they could digest. By the time they left the place, their stomachs were full and the price rack was emptied, thanks to Lynn using her coins to break all ball games and winning everything the arcade had to offer, before handing it over to her brother.

Lisa was still following them in the shadows making notes, but she was rather grumpy. She had tried herself to win something, but after Lynn had ransacked the shelf, all she got was a pet rock.

*I got a solid gold Cadillac
I make a fortune while I sleep
You can tell I'm a living legend
Not some ordinary creep*

Van-Zilla, painted in gold colors, as Lola said someone as Lincoln deserved to be driven in a golden chariot, was headed towards Royal Wood's music hall.

Within the family vehicle, Lincoln, surrounded by his prices, got spoon-fed with ice cream by Leni and had the entire midsection of the car all for himself. Most of his sisters were cramped within the backseats, shouting "Weird Al, Weird Al" all the time, excited over the fact that, after a suggestion by Luan, they were going to a concert of the famous parody song writer Weird Al Yankovic, who was playing today at Music Hall.

None of them was aware of Lisa in the car boot. And seeing how focused everyone was at Lincoln, Lisa was slowly asking herself, if they would notice her even if she was standing right next to them

The answer to that question was an insulting "no, they don't", as none of them even bothered to ask what she thought of Weird Al's performance later during the concert, when she stood right in-between the twins. All her siblings attention was still spend on their brother. A brother, who, thanks to Luna throwing him at stage, was right now

performing next to Weird Al on stage, singing the last lines of "This is the life", a rather obscure song by the accordion playing comedian.

"No way, I'm the boss, the big cheese" Lincoln sang. Obvious to Lisa's presence, he looked down to his sisters, smiling.

"Yeah, I got Royal Woods on its knobby little knees

And I can do just what I please...

This is the life"

His sisters chanted his name like 13 year old groupies. Lisa on the other hand held in with making notes to give her brother a look of genuine concern.

It was now close to 10 p.m. and the Loud siblings were driving home.

Lincoln, leaning back against his seat and enjoying the praise his siblings gave him for his performance at the concert, was humming his favorite Weird Al songs in a joyful mood, though one song in particular seemed to have caught his interest, as he was singing it over and over again.

If his sisters wouldn't have been blind by unconditional sibling love, they may have heard the surprisingly condescending tone in his voice, as he was singing the final verses of "This is the Life".

„That's right, I'm the king, number one..."

„Actually, Lori is number one. You are number six", Leni said, thinking he was referring to the chain of command regarding the age of the children.

„I buy monographed Kleenex by the ton..."

„Why?" Lana asked, before adding more concerned: *„Do you have a cold?"*

Lincoln ignored the question and just looked at his sisters with a smug smile on his face.

„They pay the bills, I call the shots

I grease the palms, I buy the model yachts!"

„We are home", Lori suddenly said.

The moment Van-zilla came to a stop in front of the garage, everyone stormed out, holding Lincoln over their heads as if he just singlehandedly won the Super Bowl.

„One thing I can guarantee,

The best things in life, I get now for free", the white haired boy continued, while his sisters stomped the door open.

In a swift move, the enchanted sisters threw their brother in the air towards the staircase, where he made an impressive 8 point landing on his feet.

„It's such a thrill just to be me, this is the life!“, he declared to his sisters and the world, feeling like the greatest in the universe.

Normally, his sisters would have given him the mother of all wedgies for this display of arrogance. But instead they cheered him on as he went for the big finale.

„This is the life!“

No one was aware of Lisa disapprovingly shaking her head and moving towards the kitchen.

Unbeknown to Lincoln, he didn't just have his sisters paying close attention towards him. In a place where only the light of a worn-out laptop enlightened the darkness, one person watched through video feed how Lincoln Loud just turned a Weird Al number into a watered-down villain song.

“Yes Lincoln, this is the life”, the person stated affectionately. “And soon it will get even better.”

Authors' notes:

Hatoralo: And there you have it folks. Chapter two of our story.

Mama Aniki: You know, whatever the reaction, I will always be proud of the fact we just turned Weird Al Yankovic music into the basis for a villain song.

Hatoralo: You think we overdid it with the references?

Mama Aniki: Please. If Doug Walker can make an entire movie based on references...

Hatoralo: Anyway, hope you guys had fun reading it.

Mama Aniki: And “spoilers”: Lisa is not behind any of the things going on.

Hatoralo: Have fun guessing who is.

Mama Aniki: But spoilers: Any answer you give is probably wrong.
