

# He's come back!

By jesa67

Submitted: November 5, 2006

Updated: November 19, 2006

*A story about you-know-who making a comeback. Can Danny battle him and his feelings for Sam at the same time?*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/jesa67/40627/Hes-come-back>

<b>Chapter 1 - The Dance</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - May I?</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - what are YOU doing here?!</b>	<b>4</b>

# 1 - The Dance

Danny Fenton looked up at the huge white and purple banner hanging in front of Casper High school's entrance. It claimed,

"Winter dance!

Don't miss your date with destiny!"

He silently thought, What a stupid idea. No ones going to come. Still, maybe I should ask Sam if she wants to go with me.... While Sam Manson next to him, goth extraordinaire and his best friend even if she was a girl, was thinking the same thing. I really want to go with him. What if he says no? She shook the thought out of her head. "So," she said, turning to Danny, "See you tomorrow." "Same here," said Danny. Both then turned in opposite directions and headed home.

Mean while, in a liar deep in the heart of a dimension by the name of the Ghost Zone, a ghost named Clockwork was readjusting his clock scepter. Clockwork was the master of time. Suddenly, there was a crash behind him. Clockwork spun around to see what had happened. He saw a huge cloud of green dust that seemed impossible to penetrate. Then, a ghost appeared through the mess and started laughing. "You didn't think that THAT useless piece of junk could hold me forever, did you?" Clockwork was astonished to see that Dan Phantom, Danny Phantom's older self had broken free. "Oh no, you don't!" Clockwork yelled. " Time o-" But before he could finish his sentence, Dan cried, "That's not going to work this time!" and began to inhale. Then, he let out a huge wail that began to destroy everything in the lab. Clockwork fought back, but the noise was too much to endure. Clockwork collapsed. After Dan stopped screaming, he looked at the damaged he had caused. "Brilliant," he said, then he crashed through a window, free once again.

## 2 - May I?

The next day Danny finally worked up the nerve to ask. Outside on the lunch patio, Sam was sitting with Danny's other best friend, Tucker Foley (techno geek). Sam watched in disgust as Tucker was wolfing down on his pork sandwich like there was no tomorrow. At the same time he was talking about how great his new calender/computer/calculator/diary/anything else you could think of was, which sent pieces flying in her direction. She hardly even noticed because she was dying of boredom. Along came Danny, and then Sam suddenly brightened up. Tucker, seeing her expression, replied "I know, isn't it great? You can text message and talk on it like a cell phone. AT THE SAME TIME. Oh, hi Danny." As Danny approached the lunch table, he said "Hey, Tucker. Look, can I talk to Sam for a second?" Tucker, a little suspicious, said, "Okay, dude." Then Danny dragged Sam behind the school wall and mustered up all the courage he could. "Listen, uh, Sam, would you like to, \*cough\* uh, g-go to the, uh, um-" Sam, noticing how Danny was turning red in the face and looking like he could hardly breath, finished his sentence for him. "Dance with me?" she said. "Yeah, let's go with that." said the very anxious Danny. "So, um, what do you say?" "What do I say?" she asked. "I say, sure, why not? But all I have to wear is that really dorky dress that my parents bought me." Danny, taking a while to realize that she said yes, stuttered, "That's fine. N-no offense, I just mean that it doesn't look that bad. Really, i-it doesn't. So, um, t-thanks." Sam nodded, then she took off to the lunch table back to Tucker and his droning. Tucker lifted his head in surprise. Then he said, "Hey, you're back. So soon? How'd it go? So, anyway,-" But Sam was once again lost in her own world, blocking out Tucker. This time, not by a feeling of boredom, but by a feeling of lightheadedness. And joy.

### 3 - what are YOU doing here?!

It was the night of the dance. Danny was waiting outside of Sam's house. He sported a handsome black tuxedo (darn you Sam, you're so lucky!). "Okay," he said to himself. "Just knock on the door and get the night over with. Maybe I should practice first- nah, I'm wasting my time- OH, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!" and then he knocked furiously. A tall man opened the door, whom Danny guessed could only be Sam's dad. "are you her date? You better behave yourself around her. I want you both back at 10." Suddenly Sam came to the door and her father walked away. "Oh, god, what did he say to you? Did he threaten you? When we come back, I'm going to talk to him-' 'Sam," Danny stopped her sentence. "Take it easy. You don't have to worry about it. It's okay. Let's just go to the dance and slip in so no one can see us. Except Tucker, he has to make a big deal of everything. Let's just go." "Okay," replied Sam. So off to the dance they went.

---

The place was packed. Over the blasting music of the DJ, you had to scream to be heard. Even then all that came out was a meaningless gurgle. Everyone was pushing and shoving just to get some punch. "Sorry"s, "didn't mean to do that"s and "ohmigod, excuse me"s were being shouted all over the place. "OUCH, WATCH IT!" cried an exasperated Danny, due to the fact that a quarterback on the school's team had stepped -hard- on his foot. "Sorry," came the sarcastic reply. Sam came rushing over, crying "Danny! Are you okay- OOFFF!" Apparently someone had "accidentally" tripped her(quotations marks around accidentally, hint, hint,) causing her to go flying forward. As she descended upon the ground,she nearly missed lip contact with Danny. "Oh my gosh!" she screamed. Danny just stared, half thinking of their little close call(especially with Tucker right beside them) and half thinking of the wonderful opportunity he had just missed. Meanwhile, a figure was floating outside the building. "Well, it seems to have been awhile since I last crashed a party." he said, chuckling evilly to himself.

---

Okay, I know I could have done better, but nothing comes to mind. I just suck at writing, but it's the only fan art I can send. PLZ COMMENT! It would make me feel a lot better.