Wearing the Working Man's Clothes

by biteinsane

Summary

When Dipper comes back from a short trip in the Gravity Falls woods with a tiny Ford in tow, the whole Pines family learns just how much trouble they got themselves into.

~ ~

Takes place after "The Last Mabelcorn"

Notes

I love all those fanfics of the tiny Stans but I have yet to see one that is just of tiny Ford so the idea was born! Which, cause I am super creative, I shall call Tiny Ford AU (until I think of a better name).

I want to try and keep this "kid-friendly" but I can't promise for later chapters if I go where I wanna go, but that I will keep a secret incase I don't go that far. I will change any warnings if needed. Will add tags and fix things up as I go along.
It's my fault

Chapter Summary

Dipper and Ford go deep in the Gravity Falls woods to find a river that makes whatever falls in younger and much to both of their surprise, Ford ends up falling in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a big splash before Dipper process what happened. He remembered his uncle pushing him out of the way as gnomes came rushing through riding what Dipper could only say to be someone straight from the posters on Mabel’s wall.

Then it hit him.

“Great Uncle Ford!” Dipper rushed to his feet running over to the edge of the stream. The water was moving fast. He had to find his uncle before it was too late.

Ford was just explaining what the water could do before the gnomes came racing in and all Dipper knew was not to touch it. The older man seemed excited about the discovery so it shouldn’t be bad, but Dipper didn’t want to take the chance. His Great Uncle Ford got excited over the creatures that tried to kill him yesterday! He needed to find his uncle now. He ran in the direction of the water trying to locate any sign of Ford, even just the tail end of his coat.

He heard a splash and coughing.

Dipper’s legs almost gave out when he saw a figure hunched over just ahead.

“Great Uncle Ford! Are you alright?” He ran over to the lump of clothes. “We should probably get back to the Shack! That water must have been…” Dipper stopped in his tracks staring at a kid that seemed to be wearing his uncle’s clothes. “…cold?” He breathed out slowly.

The kid jumped when he noticed Dipper almost falling back into the stream. Dipper grabbed his sleeve just in time.

“I got you. I got you. Oh man, okay. Falling in again is probably bad. Are you…” Dipper noticed how scare the kid looked, “are you still Ford?”

The kid’s eyes widen. “H-How do you know my name?”

Dipper wanted to faint right there. This is not happening. He took a deep breathe and stood up holding out his hand to Ford.

“It’s a long story. But I’m Dipper.”

Ford was hesitant to give Dipper his hand. He was having trouble trying to find his hands in his sleeves too. He shook his arm until he saw his fingers through the opening in the sweater. “Why are my clothes too big?”
“That’s a short story that goes along with the longer story.” Dipper bit his lip keeping his hand out waiting for Ford to take it. “I promise it’s okay.”

“O-Okay.” Ford finally put his hand in Dipper’s slowly.

“Now we’re gonna get out of these woods to this place we call the Shack.” Dipper helped Ford to his feet. “I live there with my Great Uncle and he’ll help…hopefully.” He added quietly.

Ford looked around as he tried to walk as normally as he could with every piece of clothing trying to fall off and shoes that make him feel like he was wearing his father’s. He was also soaking wet. How did he even get like that? He had to keep pushing his glasses back up. Then he stopped in his tracks frantically looking around.

Ford mumbled something Dipper couldn’t hear.

“Is is hard for you to walk?” He let go of the younger kid’s hand and moved to eye level. “Let me take this jacket off. Maybe that’ll help?”

“No! Where’s my brother?? Where’s Stanley?” Ford pulled the jacket closer to himself. Something fell out of the jacket in the movement. Dipper went to pick it up but Ford grabbed it first. He realized what it was and shoved it into Dipper’s face. “He looks just like me! But has a missing tooth! See!”

Dipper looked at the photo in Ford’s hand. It was a bit damp and slightly folded, but Dipper could see two kids smiling wide on an old broken down wooden boat. ‘Stan -O- War’ written messily on the side.

Dipper sighed. He wished Mabel was here. She would have distracted him enough to get Ford to the Shack before he could ask questions Dipper wasn’t sure how to explain.

“He’s - He’s back at the Shack.” It wasn’t a lie, Dipper told himself.

Ford eyed Dipper with uneasiness and crossed his arms. The photo was still in his hand. “Okay…”

“Do you want me to hold the jacket?” Dipper asked.

Ford looked down at his clothes. “Yeah.” He tried to pull his hands through the jacket sleeves without letting go of the photo or ending up trapped in his sweater. Dipper helped pulling at the collar when Ford got stuck.

He started folding the jacket as best he could when he noticed the gun strapped to the kid’s back.

“Uh…I’m gonna take this off your back too…” Dipper carefully unbuckled the strap before Ford process what he said. “It’s…it’s probably heavy right?”

“Yea…is it a backpack? I don’t remember having one with me.”

“Something like that.” Dipper strapped it to himself being careful not to touch the gun. It looked like it was from beyond the portal, and he didn’t wanna risk it going off if he touched it the wrong way. “Alright let’s try this again.” He held out his hand to Ford again. Ford grabbed his hand and kept a tight grip on the photo looking at it when he wasn’t watching his footing.

The walk back to the Shack was long and silent, neither speaking. Dipper could only imagine what was going on through Ford’s head now that he was a child again. He couldn’t wrap this around his own head let alone try to explain it to a kid!
Oh hey kid, you’re about 50 plus years in the future and you just came out of a portal a month ago after you were in there for 30 years. From what little you told me, was pretty horrible at times! And now you somehow became younger than me, your great nephew! I have no idea what to do either! Dipper wanted to smack himself.

This was all his fault. He knew it was. If he wasn’t in the path of those gnomes, Ford wouldn’t have had to push him out of the way making himself fall into the stream. His great uncle would have told him about the properties of the water, they would both be excited about it and they would go back to the Shack. No problems.

But those gnomes had to be racing right then. Dipper groaned.

The little Ford looked up to Dipper.

“I’m sorry…” Dipper whispered.

Ford looked back down to his feet stepping over roots.

At least he knew now what happened when you touched the water from that stream.

When Dipper saw the Shack in view, he brighten up. He had to keep himself from running up to it. He still had his tiny uncle’s hand in his own.

“There’s the Shack, do you see it?” Dipper looked down at Ford with a big grin.

Ford stopped and squinted. “No…my glasses aren’t working. Everything is more blurry.” He tried to adjust his glasses again almost dropping the photo. “They’re big too…Why is everything is so big?” Dipper heard the ping of fear creeping into the kid’s voice. He really needed help. They needed to get to the Shack.

“Alright, I know you won’t like this but I need you to give me your glasses. You…I think I heard you can’t wear glasses that aren’t your prescription…”

“But they are my glasses! With my prescription! I just got back from the eye doctors!”

“I know and I’ll explain but right now I can’t without my Uncle…” Dipper looked back at the Shack “…and your brother…” He added.

Ford slowly took off the glasses and handed them to Dipper. “D-Don’t break them…Pa would kill me if I went back home with my new glasses broke.”

“I promise to take good care of them.” He placed them gently on top of the jacket.

“Good.” He grabbed Dipper’s hand and held tighter then he did before.

“If you have any trouble, tell me.” Dipper said. “We’re almost there. I’ll get you some dry clothes and you can just sit down while I get everyone.”

“Alright…”

When Dipper finally ushered Ford inside the Shack, he grabbed one of Ford’s sweaters and a towel from the laundry room and helped Ford out of the wet sweater and into the new one. When he got Ford to sit on the armchair and half dry, he promised he’d be right back with his uncle.

“Are you hungry?” Dipper helped Ford take off his boots and moved them aside.
Ford nodded both hands now on the photo as Dipper ran off still holding everything.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be up next week!
We already know kid

Chapter Summary

Dipper and a now younger Ford make it back to the Shack and Ford meets his family all over again.

Chapter Notes

I had to move things around to get things moving a little faster and make a bit more sense. So it was either 4 more short chapters that might drag it out too long or give a longer chapter so the 3rd chapter is when things go down.

I decided the latter.

That might make after the 3rd chapter a slower update but that's for then.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Grunkle Stan!” Dipper ran through the gift shop after putting Ford’s things in his room. “I need your help!”

“Hey there, Dipper.” Wendy gave a small wave when she saw him run in. “You just missed Stan. Found himself some people willing to pay extra to watch a goat eat anything.” She noticed Dipper was out of breath. “You alright?”

“Y-Yes! No! That’s the problem, I don’t know. It’s Great Uncle Ford! He’s the problem! There was a stream and and-“

“Whoa, whoa, dude, breath.” Wendy patted his shoulders. “Is Dr Pines hurt?”

Dipper took a deep breath. “N-No. I don’t think so.”

“Did you lose him?”

“No. He’s sitting in the TV room.”

“Okay. See, that’s good,” She gave a smile. “So tell me what’s wrong. Maybe I can help?”

“He’s... Great Uncle Ford is a kid again!” Dipper yelled. “And he doesn’t remember me or where we are. He’s a kid! Maybe like 10? I don’t know but he’s tiny! Smaller than me!” Dipper looked up to Wendy fidgeting with this hands. “I haven’t explained anything to him yet... Where do I begin?”

Wendy was at a lost for words. She stood up and walked out the door leaving Dipper confused unsure if he should follow.
Not a second later, Wendy came back with Stan in tow not happy being dragged from easy money.

“That 20 bucks is coming out of your paycheck missy!” Stan roared.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, boss.” Wendy dragged him over to Dipper. “Tell him the story.”

“A-Alright…me and Great Uncle Ford were down in the woods…”

~ ~

Ford sat in the armchair swinging his legs over the edge looking around the room he was left in. Everything just looked fuzzy. He sighed as he leaned back lifting the photo over his head. He couldn’t remember if his mother had given it to him. He wasn’t even sure if this picture got developed yet. The camera was still sitting on the kitchen table the other day. He remembered there was still a few spaces left on it. He wanted to use it to take pictures of the mermaids he swears he saw. Stanley made fun of him for it. Ford had to prove him wrong.

“Ma promised I could use it…” He mumbled to himself.

“Hey Dipper! You back from your nerd trip yet!” A voice startled Ford and he quickly sat up and shoved the photo behind his back.

He saw a figure in the same doorway that Dipper ran through. He noticed it had long hair and blushed slightly. He needed Stanley. He’d know what to do.

Trying to not look at the girl in the doorframe, Ford noticed a small lump of pink that followed closely behind her.

“Oh…hello!” The figure moved closer. Ford tried to push himself farther back into the seat.

“Hey, you kind of looked like Dipper when we were littler! Messy hair and all!”

Ford stayed quiet hoping she would go away when he stayed quiet. He tried to make himself fall back deeper in the armchair.

“I don’t bite!” She giggled. “I’m Mabel! And the pig is Waddles!” She held out her hand.

Ford looked between her hand and her face. He quickly removed his hand from his back and put it into hers. “I-I’m Ford. Dipper brought me here…he said my b-brother was here…”

Ford could see the shock on the girl’s face even without his glasses and quickly removed his hand from hers letting the sleeve cover his hands.

“I’m s-sorry…” he mumbled. “It’s-I-“ He started to stutter trying to explain. Stanley was usually with him when this was brought up incase anything bad happened. He’s only dealt with this a few times on his own and they all ended badly.

“Grunkle Ford!” She grabbed his cheeks. “Is that you! You’re so tiny and adorable!” She squealed making the pig squeal with her.

Ford’s face was completely red. “I-I…I…What?”

“Wait right here! I’m gonna get my camera!” Mabel ran off before Ford could say anything. He was so confused and flustered by the girl that was a flash of colors and sparkles.

The pig jumped on to the armchair with him curling up on his lap. He carefully put his hands on the
pig. It didn’t seem to move so Ford thought it would be okay to lean on the pig.

“Waddles, right?” The pig perked its ears up. “Okay Waddles, I never saw a pig this close up before…you gotta tell me if I do anything wrong…”

Ford was startled from his thoughts when he heard more footsteps from the same direction that the girl ran toward.

“Great Un- I mean, Ford? You still in here?” Dipper called into the room before coming in.

“Y-Yeah…” Ford whimpered gently petting the pig.

“You alright?” Dipper asked noticing how red Ford’s face was. “I see you found Waddles.”

“Yeah…t-there was also a girl? Mabel?” He said. “She was loud? And extremely excited that I was tiny? And then her pig just sat on me when she ran out.”

Dipper slapped his forehead. “I’m sorry, I should have warned you about my sister. But I promise she’s nice, just gets excited easy. Probably too much sugar.”

“She called me ‘Grunkle’? What does that even…” That was when Ford noticed the taller figure behind Dipper and his face drained of color.

Dipper noticed the change when Ford trailed off and looked behind him to see what Ford was staring at. He saw Stan in an equally terrified look.


“O-Okay…” Ford became even more quiet then before looking between the two of them.

The silence was deafen until Mabel came barreling into the room yelling about a camera. Stan grabbed her before she could tackle anyone in her way.

“Calm down, pumpkin,” Stan finally spoke up. “Your Grunkle Ford is confused and you’re making him more confused yelling like that.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Mabel said looking at the kid sitting in the armchair. “I’m sorry, Grunkle Ford.”

“S’okay…” Ford looked away from all of them still petting Waddles.

Dipper took another breath trying to ease himself. He realized when he saw Stan’s face, he was going to have to act as an adult in this whole ordeal. At least for a time, he hoped.

“I’m going to make this as simple and easy to understand as I can, okay?” Dipper said as calmly as he could.

Ford didn’t look at him but nodded.

“Well first off, ‘Grunkle’ means ‘Great Uncle’” Dipper placed a hand on the smaller kid’s shoulder. “And you are mine and Mabel’s Great Uncle Ford.”

“I can’t be any kind of uncle!” Ford huffed and Waddles jumped from his lap hiding behind Mabel. “It’s just me and my brother!” He thumbed at the photo in his hands.

“That’s where the long story starts,” Dipper gave Ford’s hand a pat. “You’re actually years and years in the future. Remember when you came out of that stream?”
Ford nodded.

“That stream makes people younger and you must have been in there long enough to make you this young and you don’t remember anything about the years after you were this age. Do you understand?”

Ford nodded again and finally looked up to Dipper. He could see the younger kid was trying to keep himself from crying. “S-So I’m - I’m just young again? Will I be like this forever? Is my brother the same way? You…You said he was here.”

Dipper started trembling over his words trying to figure out the right thing to say when Stan stepped forward and bent down to Ford’s level. “Hey there, Sixer. I’m your brother.”

Ford looked at Stan and back to the photo. “You can’t be Stanley. You’re old!” Tears started down his face as he tried to quickly wipe them away with his sleeve. “I want Stanley!” He started sobbing before he could stop himself hugging the photo close. “I want Ma!”

Dipper and Mabel tried to rush forward but was stopped by Stan. “Hey, hey it’s alright. I know, I’m pretty old, but this morning so were you.” He took the handkerchief out of his back pocket and put it toward Ford’s nose. “Come on.” Ford blew his nose into it. “There you go.” He shoved the cloth back into his pocket.

“Now I know it’s going to be hard to believe all this, but it’s all true.” He turned to point at Dipper. “You said it was a stream in the woods?”

“Yeah.”

“I remember reading something but if it wasn’t the portal I didn’t care. I would check out the journals or those random notes. I know he had a bunch of papers laying about.”

“They might be back in the lab! Come on Mabel, I need your help. We’ll grab everything we can.” Dipper grabbed Mabel and they went running toward the snack machine. Waddles following close behind.

“Don’t let any customers see you two!” Stan yelled after them.

Stan and Ford were left alone in the TV room. Ford sniffed a few times rubbing his eyes. Everything was already blurry, he didn’t want it to get worse.

“It’s alright, kid.” Stan startled Ford. “Sorry, but you can stop hiding your hands. Those two know and they don’t care. Heck, Mabel? The first thing she said when you shook her hand was ‘wow six fingers, one finger friendlier than normal.’ You loved that.”

Ford didn’t look up at him. “Are you really Stanley?”

“Yeah.” Stan crossed his arms. “There’s more to this story than the kid told you, but I think that’s all you need to know for right now. It’s a long story, that I am not sure you want to hear…or I want to tell.”

“Alright.” Ford sniffed one more time.

“It’s past lunch time and Dipper said you were hungry. Do you want a sandwich?”

Ford nodded climbing out of the chair. He grabbed onto Stan’s pant leg as he tried to keep his own pants from falling down.
“We might have to get you some new clothes first, ones that actually fit.” Stan reached for Ford’s hand and directed him toward the kitchen.

~ ~

Ford sat at the table eating a sandwich after he was forced into one of Mabel’s sweater and a pair of Dipper’s shorts. He watched as the two shuffled through piles of papers and books.

Stan left them when he felt sure Ford finally calmed down enough to take more than just nibbles. He said something about his employees burning down the shop if he wasn’t there to prevent it. The twins barely noticed that he left.

Waddles leaned onto the chair Ford was seating on trying to get him to give him some of his sandwich. Ford giggled looking at Waddles’ face squished up from the seat.

Ford looked over as the twins poured over the papers when he heard them mumbling amongst themselves. “Can I help?”

Both Dipper and Mabel looked up at Ford and then to each other shrugging.

“I guess it should be okay,” Dipper said pushing over some papers to Ford. “There’s nothing too bad in these, you can look through them again and make sure we didn’t miss anything.”

“I can do that.” He grabbed at the papers. “I just gotta look for things about water? The fountain of youth or something right?”

“Something like that!” Mabel chimed in. “It really shouldn’t be hard. You just…write a lot when you get older. There’s a lot to go through and this isn’t even half of it.”

“Oh, my teachers said I write a lot now,” he tried to straighten the pages and placed them next to his plate. “What do I write about?”

“All different kinds of things!” Mabel slammed her hands down on the table. “I’m not even sure what half these things say.”

“Yeah, there’s a lot of science and math we haven’t learned yet,” Dipper said biting on his pen. “but most of this is what you found here in Gravity Falls.”

“Where is Gravity Falls?”

“Oregon.”

“We’re in Oregon right now?”

“Yup.”

“I’m across the country??” Ford almost fell out of his seat.

“All the way!” Mabel cheered.

“I-I can’t be! Did me and Stanley actually sail across the world? Is this where we landed? I didn’t think we’d actually get anywhere on that boat. We must have circled the Earth to get here!”

Dipper and Mabel looked at each other before Mabel spoke. “You guys didn’t sail across the world…”
“You moved out here after college to study anomalies.” Dipper added.

“Did Stanley come with me?” Ford looked up at them pushing his plate around. “We both came here right? Even if we didn’t sail across the world, we would still be together. We promised.”

Mabel shook her head.

“You guys…had a falling out when you were teenagers,” Dipper replied. “Grunkle Stan…uh…you guys went your separate ways…after high school…A lot of things happened between you two…”

“Oh…” Ford didn’t feel like eating any more and pushed the plate away. He shuffled through the papers quietly as did the twins. He leaned against his arm on the table bringing the paper close to his face to hopefully see what it said.

“Mr Dr Pines!” A voice boomed making Ford fall from his seat almost falling on Waddles as the pig rushed away in the other room. “I heard what happened! Are you alright??” A giant man was looking down at Ford.

He was frozen in his spot staring up wide eyed. He just got use to the twins and almost getting use to knowing his little brother is now his older brother. Much much older brother. Now there were more people? Why was this one so big? He was bigger than the now old Stanley! And close up he looked like a gopher man like from that magazine he found on the beach a year ago!

“Oh, I’m sorry dude,” the man reached out to help Ford up but Ford just crawled under the table toward Dipper and Mabel.

“It’s okay Ford,” Mabel crawled under the table with him. “That’s just Soos, he’s nice. He’s the handyman of the place!”

“I didn’t mean to scare you Mr Dr Pines,” Soos sat down on the floor as under the table as he could get. “I just get really worried about all you Pineses and I heard you got youngified. Just wanted to make sure you were doing alright.”

Ford eyed Soos before relaxing but he didn’t want to move from under the table. He asked Mabel to grab the pile he had near his plate. He looked between Soos and the papers.

Soos just sat there humming to himself as he watched all of them flip through books and papers.

“So what are you guys looking for?” Soos finally spoke up.

“Some kind of youth water thing…” Dipper said as he pushed another page to the side. “Like if there’s a cure or a limit to how long it lasts. Grunkle Stan says he may have seen something.”

“But you know how old he is,” Mabel flipped another page in one of the journals. “Old man brain. He forgets what he has for breakfast all the time.”

Dipper looked over what Mabel was going through. “That’s journal 2 right? I think I’ve gone through that one enough to know if I saw anything about youth water.”

“With the blacklight?” Mabel asked.

“I think so but we it wouldn’t hurt to check with that again.” Dipper hopped off the seat running to get his light.

“Is there invisible ink?”
Mabel nodded as Ford stood up looking over the edge of table. “I use to make invisible ink with lemons.”

“Really??” Mabel brought the book to her face and gave it a big sniff. “I don’t smell any lemons just old paper. Maybe it’s too old…”

“Maybe…” Ford pulled out the papers in front of him on the table and went back to reading.

Soos got up to sit in the chair that Ford was sitting in and take any papers that Ford put aside. Reading over them with a third set of eyes.

Dipper came back with the blacklight and all three of the kids looked over the journal with it. Ford saw lines and swirls light up on the page and watched as the twins scanned through each page. His face squished against the table as he pushed all the other papers aside.

“This is boring,” Ford whined. “I thought I would have more fun to see what I do when I get bigger but there is so much.” He blew a raspberry. “I do write a lot…”

“And draw a lot!” Mabel showed Ford some of the pages in the journal. “We’re the artists in the family Ford!”

“Whoa that looks a lot better than what I draw now!” Ford grabbed the book excited with a grin on his face. “Wow. I did this!”

“Do you wanna do some drawing now? We should probably take a break.” Mabel jumped off the chair. “I got a whole lot of art supplies!”

“You guys can go do that, I’m gonna keep looking. I know it has to be here somewhere.” Dipper waved them off chewing on his pen.

“I’ll stay with you dude.” Soos said taking a few more papers.

“Alright, but if you two need any help or found anything, tell us! We’ll be right in the TV room. Come on Ford.”

Ford followed Mabel into the other room and sat down near the armchair as Mabel ran up the stairs to get her supplies. He took out the photo he kept in his pocket and looked it over trying to remember why he would have it.

Chapter End Notes

There will be more Stan and Ford interaction in later chapters. Will probably have more Wendy and Soos in later chapters too cause I love them.

Just a quick note: I'm pretty sure Alex Hirsh said somewhere that the baby in "The Tale of Two Stans" is Shermie so Shermie in not mentioned in this fic (or maybe they will but whatever it ain't really important right now)

You can make invisible ink with lemon juice, it's not the same as invisible ink but it still works:
Put a little bit of lemon juice and some drops of water in a bowl, mix it up, use a Q-tip to write something on a white piece of paper, and wait for it to dry. Put it near a light and
BAM secret message revealed! Fun for the whole family.

Next chapter will be up next week!
I'm just an old friend

Chapter Summary

Ford learns a little about him and his brother and Bill Cipher finds a way to weasel his way into the Pines family once again.

Chapter Notes

I can now post that one comment from the first chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After only an hour, Ford watched as Soos left for the day and Dipper come out of the kitchen to join them in the TV room. He even saw Stanley move in and out of the house grumbling to himself.

“What does my brother do?” Ford asked when he sees Stan leave the room for the fourth time.

“He owns a tourist trap.” Dipper said still shuffling through papers.

“A tourist trap?”

“Yeah, it has a lot of fake supernatural things.”

“We need to give you a tour one day!” Mabel said excitedly. “You’ll love it! We’ll get Grunkle Stan to a whole tour too! I bet we can get him to do one for you. Or…” She nudged Dipper. “We can convince Dipping Dots here to dress up like Mr Mystery again.”

“I am not doing that again.” Dipper said with a straight face. “That was horrible and we are not doing that again.”

“Aw, party pooper.”

Dipper rolled his eyes.

“So Stanley owns a tourist thing, you said I came out here after college, right?” Ford fiddled with the pencils scattered on the floor. “What do I do? You said I do research out here?”

“Oh yeah, you got a grant from college and came out here,” Dipper spread the papers out in front of him. “You spent like 6 years here…before….uh…you weren’t here that long compared to Grunkle Stan.”

“Why?”

“You went on a trip for like 30 years,” Mabel elbowed her brother. “Very far away for more research!”

Ford looked up at them suspiciously. “…Okay…”
Dipper tried not to look Ford’s way as he brought the papers to his face.

“We have been inside way too long!” Mabel laughed awkwardly jumping to her feet tugging Dipper by his sleeve. “Let us go outside and enjoy the sun! For it is summertime! Time for children to go play outside away from all the tension that builds inside tiny rooms.”

She tugged Ford up from the floor too and dragged both outside before either of them could really stop her. Both grumbled as Mabel pulled them from the porch and toward the woods. Waddles jumped onto the couch watching them from a distance.

“Here we are!” Mabel let them go spreading her arms wide taking a deep breath. “A beautiful day to take a break.”

“We were only at that for like an hour and a half, Mabel. You didn’t even last that long.” Dipper crossed his arms and angrily sat down on the grass. “And it’s the afternoon. The sun is already starting to go down.”

“And I didn’t finish my drawing!” Ford did the same with a pout on his face.

“Oh we can finish all that later,” she brushed them off. “Have you lost your sense of adventure already? I think we all know what you two need.”

“No.” Dipper said.

“Come on, bro-bro,” she started poking him blowing raspberries.

“Ah, Mabel! Stop!” She kept up poking him as Dipper tried to push her away.

Ford couldn’t keep up the pouting face anymore and started laughing at them. He poked Mabel to get her off of Dipper and they ended up having a poking match chasing each other around. Even Dipper found himself trying to ambush the other two.

They weren’t very good at hiding when they giggled every time they saw Dipper move closer toward them.

Waddles joined in knocking Dipper to the ground and holding him there while Mabel and Ford fell down from laughing too hard at him struggling to get up. Waddles sat up looking proud of himself.

“This isn’t fair!” Dipper yelled pushing the pig off of him. “You trained him to do that!”

“Did not!” Waddles ran over to get pets from Mabel. “Must have learned it all on his own.” Mabel squished his face. “It’s cause you’re a genius pig! The smartest pig in the world! Aren’t you, Waddles?”

Waddles licked her face and she started on another set of giggles.

“He’s a very smart pig!” Ford gave Waddles a few pets before the pig went over to him to lick his face. “Pa never let us have pets, we tried to bring a dog home once…well…we tried to bring it into the school. Stan thought it would be funny to let it run around in the school, but it wouldn’t come in. It was even raining! We got caught trying to lure it in with hotdogs.”

“Must not have liked hotdogs.”

“I don’t blame it, hotdogs are gross.” Dipper made a gagging noise before he walked over to where the other two were sitting.
“You just haven’t found the right hotdog, Dipper.” Mabel said matter-of-factly.

“They’re all the same Mabel.”

“I bet not.”

“We are not betting on hotdogs!”

“Ha! You say that cause you know you’ll lose!”

“No, cause it’s a stupid bet!”

Ford watched the two argue leaning onto Waddles trying to keep his eyes open. Running around really did him in and the pig did make a comfy pillow. Ford yawned before closing his eyes listening to the last bit of what hotdogs could be made cause how can you say that with Waddles right there you big jerk…

~ ~

Ford was walking through what he thought was a wheat field. An old one, it was summer after all. When he saw the swing set, he ran over as fast as he could hoping someone else would be there but no one welcomed him. Only one of the swings wasn’t broken.

He propped himself up and started swinging his legs. At least it was something to do while he waited. Something was bond to happen. Ford knew it.

So he waited. Swinging back and forth on a broken down swing set.

“Well hello there little Fordsy!” A voice echoed and Ford stopped the swing digging his feet into the dirt.

Ford looked around but didn’t see anyone before starting to swing again.

“Oh don’t look so sour, kid. I’m…right…here!” Something yellow popped in front of Ford making him fall backwards, legs still on the swing. “Surprise!” A yellow triangle’s one eye was staring down at Ford as he tried to untangle himself quickly from the swing.

“W-What? How…What are you?” Ford pulled himself up with the swing trying to keep it between himself and the triangle.

“Oh, I’m just a friend from the future!” It pulled off its top hat and gave a little bow, looking Ford up and down. “Name’s Bill Cipher.” It circled around Ford.

He kept up the swing between the two of them.

“I’m was even more than that, kid! I was your muse way into the future!” Bill waved its hands wide.

“A muse? Ain’t muses suppose to be girls in big white dresses? You’re a floating triangle!”

“Oh, Fordsy,” Bill ruffled Ford’s hair. “You got a lot to learn about all that but that’s another lesson for another day! Probably when you’re older.”

Ford pushed its hand off his head and glared up at the triangle. “Stop calling me that.”

“Oh,” Bill looked offended. “I am so sorry, Stanford Filbrick Pines! Or should I call you Sixer?”
“No! Only Stanley can call me that!” Ford put his hands behind his back. “You’re only making fun of me!”

“I would never, Stanford!” Bill put his hand to his bow. “I am just here to help an old friend.”

“A friend?”

“Oh, yes.” The triangle nodded. “We’re the bestest of friends when you get a little older. We did so much together! We helped each other out all the time. I helped you with all this research here in good old Gravity Falls!”

“Really?”

“Yeah it was a great time.” Bill looked down at Ford. “And I would love to help you with your problem right now but…”

“But?” Ford eyed him playing with the rope of the broken swing.

“But there is something preventing me for doing anything more than popping by to say hi to one of my favorite people in the whole universe.” Bill could have smirked.

“Why?” Ford picked up the swing seat seeing if he can put it back together.

“Long story,” Bill waved him off.

“Everything is a long story today.” Ford huffed crossing his arms.

“Hey, don’t kids love long stories?”

Ford glared.

“Oh don’t look at me like that, I’m here to help!” Bill floated around Ford, his arms wide. “I just need you to help me first.”

“Alright, what do I do?” Ford stopped messing with the swing.

“Well not right now.” Bill side-eyed him. “Next time, we’ll make a plan. I still got to set up my end of the plan. Right now I want you to keep me secret from Pine Tree and Shooting Star.”

“Pine Tree…? Oh! The hat! Do you mean Dipper and Mabel? But why?”

“They wouldn’t believe you.” The triangle laughed. The echo of the laugh caused Ford flinch. “Think about it, kid. A floating glowing yellow triangle came into your dream telling you it can help with your being too young problem? Remember the mermaids or that Mantisman? Your brother probably still doesn’t believe you about them.”

“I guess not,” he said quietly kicking at the loose dirt.

“Yeah! So just for now, keep quiet about me but it won’t be for long, I promise. And you can come talk to me when you next fall asleep outside! It’s the best weather for sleeping outside close to the woods. The closer the better kid!”

Ford looked up at the triangle and thought about what he said for a moment. “You promise?”

“Promise, kid.” Bill ruffled his hair.
Ford shot up from his sleep scaring the pig that he was using as a pillow. He looked around frantically when he remembered he was across the country and years into the future. He groaned as he ran a hand down his face.

“That was a short nap,” Mabel laughed as she ran over to him. “You took a lot of short naps before too. We didn’t want to wake you incase you have trouble sleeping tonight. I know my first day here, it took forever to get to sleep. Little kids need their sleep!”

“I guess, I’m a lot more tired than I thought…” Ford looked around.

Dipper yawned. “It was a long day and we still have so much to look at…I just hope we find it soon.”

“Come on you two dorks!” Mabel yelled running up the porch. “Let’s go inside and see what’s for dinner!” She opened the door rushing inside with Waddles trotting inside after her.

Dipper laughed following her saying it was probably some kind of unknown meat like it always is.

Ford slowly followed them looking back at the woods.

“You coming inside Ford?” He could hear Mabel calling from the house.

“Y-Yeah!” Ford rushed in letting the door slam shut behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Unfortunately, I cannot promise a chapter next week. Cannot promise it in the next two weeks either. I’m a bit stuck at the moment but I can promise that there will be Stan and Ford bonding in the next chapter! Might even be a long chapter as I will be moving the plot along now. Also my favorite line is in the next chapter.

I might put up this one kind of BONUS chapter that I had to cut out in the last chapter as it really did nothing to the plot. I’ll decide next week. Or give it its own little fanfic section for bonuses that do nothing to plot and just little kids being little kids. Which way would be better for you guys? Add the bonus to this or make a new fic for any BONUS chapters.

Also, that part of trying to get the dog inside the school is based off the story my dad told me of trying to get a dog inside the school. Which is why it’s a darn miracle I wasn’t kicked out of my highschool by my name alone.
Remember Brother?

Chapter Summary

The kids find out more about the stream and Ford and Stan have a little talk.

Chapter Notes

I did say this chapter might take awhile. And it even took longer than I wanted it too.

But here it is! ENJOY. This chapter has my favorite line! About lizards.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I FOUND IT!” Dipper came running into the room after breakfast excitingly waving around some papers. “It’s here! It was in the study!”

“Finally!” Mabel picked herself up from laying on the floor with Waddles. “So what’s the word, brobro?”

“Well there’s no cure on it but it doesn’t last too long! Around 10 days but this was with a small animal.” Dipper looked over the page. “A lizard was used, I think? Might last a little longer with humans and Ford was in the water for almost a minute.”

Ford was looking at them still sitting on the floor, marker in hand. “So I’ll change back?”

“Yeah! It’s been a little over a day now so we’ll see what happens 9 days from now.” Dipper beamed. “We might have a wait a little longer but that should our count down.”

“Will I remember anything?” Ford grabbed another marker.

“I’m not sure, it’s not like you could ask the lizard what it remembered.”

“Let’s interrogate a lizard!” Mabel grabbed Dipper’s arm.

“We are not interrogating a lizard, Mabel!” Dipper pulled his arm away from her grip. “It’s probably not even alive anymore, it was 30 years ago!” Dipper pushed Mabel away as she nudged him still talking about lizards.

“No, I mean when I’m still like this?” Ford gestured to himself. “Like do I go back in time remembering all this?”

“I don’t think so…” Dipper scanned the page. “I think everything just goes back to normal since you really didn’t go forward in time.”

“And we should know!” Mabel hugged Waddles. “Isn’t that right you big softy?”

“We are not going through that again.” Dipper rolled his eyes. “That whole ordeal was a horrible
Ford looked at them shocked. “You actually went back in time? You went through time??”

“Yeah and we don’t suggest it at all.” Mabel said flatly.

“A lot of weird things do happen here…” Ford trailed off coloring something on the paper. “This place is amazing…”

“It’s why you came here! To study all the amazing things!” Mabel sat down next to Ford. “What you drawing?”

“I don’t know.” Ford drew a few swirls. “Just kind of making shapes.” They page was covered in circle and squares. “Not sure what to draw…”

“Hmmm…” Mabel thought for a moment looking back and forth between Dipper and Ford.

“There you kids are. Enough of a break for you two.” A voice startled all of them. They didn’t notice that Stan was standing in the doorway. “I need you two back in the gift shop. There’s gonna be a crowd today, I need it clean.”

Dipper and Mabel groaned.

“Now, you little gremlins.”

“But…” Dipper started.

“But…”

“But Ford, Grunkle Stan!” Mabel gestured to Ford who stood up. “He can’t…”

Stan waved her off. “I’m not leaving Ford alone, we’re gonna have some brother bonding time or something. So off with you two.” He pushed them both toward the shop. “It better be sparkling when I get back in there! AND NOT WITH GLITTER, MABEL!”

Ford could hear Mabel yell something back about him being unfair.

Stan chuckled at that before he looked back at Ford. He took a deep breath and straightened himself up.

“I…I’m sorry I’ve been sort of…avoiding you, Stanford,” Stan rubbed the back of his neck. “You understand…this is awkward for everyone. If it weren’t for those two kids, I…I wouldn’t know what to do. Probably make everything worse…” Stan gave an awkward laugh.

“Yeah…I like them. They’re really nice.” Ford fiddled with the papers in his hands.

“They’re great kids, that’s for sure.” He gave a soft smile before looking down at Ford. “So what were you doing before I got here?”

“Oh um…” Ford looked through the papers in his hands. “Mabel let me use some of her pencils to draw.” He handed them up to Stan. “I…I was trying to draw some of the things I saw in that book…journal? There was some things in there…I really liked.”

Stan chuckled. “Yeah, you got really good at drawing as you got older. I was glad that you still drew as much as you did after all those years…” he flipped through finding a drawing of a swing set and a boat, frowning slightly. “I know the kids probably told you a few things…about us or more what
happened to us?”

“A little…” Ford shuffled in his spot. “Dipper said we had a ‘falling out’ in high school and that we went in different directions. It really didn’t sound…it sounded really bad.”

“Yeah…” He handed the papers back to Ford. “A lot happened when we were teens…teens do dumb things. Remember those teens down the street? The ones that did all those pranks? God, we were just like them.” Stan ran a hand down his face. “It’s a miracle we made it to the age we are for so many reasons…”

They stood in silence for a little while before Stan cleared his throat.

“So they kids told you what I did here right?”

Ford nodded.

“Good,” he scratched his chin. “I have an half an hour before the next tour bus comes, ya wanna see what I do first hand? You’ve always been good with your stories when you were younger, you can probably give me a new act to work with.”

Ford nodded again.

“You’ll get a kick out of my version of the Fiji Mermaid!”

“Nu uh!” Ford huffed crossing his arms.

“I’m only joking, Sixer!” Stan ruffed his hair. “I thought you were around the age you swore you saw something in the ocean. You wouldn’t shut up about it for years.”

“There was.”

“Yeah, yeah, Stanford, but I still stand by my statement that no mermaid would go to a Jersey shore let alone one called ‘Glass Shard Beach.’”

“It’s just sea glass, Stanley.” Ford glared at him. “Usually…”

“You think any of the bottles we threw out there became that.”

Ford thought about that for a moment. “Probably not.”

Stan shrugged.

“So how about a grand tour then?”

Ford nodded excitedly grabbing Stan’s hand as he directed him toward the museum.

~ ~

Dipper and Mabel dragged themselves into the shop groaning about going back to work after days of avoiding it.

“I’m almost done with that sweater idea too! And now I lost it!” Mabel yelled out as she fell into a chair dramatically with a hand on her forehead. “I will never remember it again!”

“You’ll think of a new one,” Dipper patted her raised hand.
“Urgh~” She slipped to the floor with a thud.

“Hey dudes!” Soon was trying to fix the door to museum as it squeaked with every movement. "Where’s the tiny Mr Dr Pines?"

“Grunkle Stan wanted ‘Brotherly Bonding time’ or something,” Dipper said with air quotes. “He just wanted us to get back to work again…said something about a lot of customers today?”

“I just don’t want any fighting!” Mabel jumped to her feet. “Grunkle Ford is so small now! If he at least remember things as the adult Grunkle Ford, it would have been fine! Or it could have been worse…”

“I think there was something Great Uncle Ford wrote that it is impossible to able to retain earlier memories. He didn’t get too many tests done unfortunately to test if maybe you could ‘awaken the memories,’” Dipper took the papers out of his vest. “I think he was showing me the stream to start more tests…”

“We need to interrogate that lizards…” Mabel whispered.

“No.”

“Soos, Soos, you’re with me right? We gotta find this lizard and question it mercilessly!” Mabel pulled the larger man over to her. “It holds secrets…”

“I am so with you dude.”

Dipper groaned smacking his head with the papers.

“Sorry I’m late!” Wendy pushed through the front door in a rush. She took a quick look around and dropped the act. “Oh good, Stan ain’t around.” She sat herself behind the counter with her bag. “If anyone asks, I was here the whole time.”

“Hey Wendy! We’re back in the shop today!” Mabel said cheerfully.

“Stan wouldn’t let you slack off anymore?” She snickered.

“We tried…” The twins shrugged.

“Probably for the best. Leave the Dr. Pines to have some alone time.”

“He’s with Grunkle Stan right now…” Dipper said.

“Grunkle Stan wouldn’t start a fight with a little kid, right?” Mabel turned to her brother still worried. “I know they haven’t been too grateful to be around each other lately, but Ford’s just a kid.”

“Maybe cause it’s a kid Ford he won’t?” Dipper asked unsure.

They all were startled by a booming laugh come from the other room.

“Well that’s a good sign.” Wendy went to pick up a magazine from her bag.

~ ~

“That’s a good one, Stanford! Oh, oh! I got to remember that one for the next tour group!” Stan was still laughing to himself.
“Yeah,” Ford was laughing too. “Kind of looked like that cat we saw.”

“Should have shown you around earlier!” Stan spread his arms wide gesturing toward the stuffed sabertooth wearing a dinosaur onesie. “It’s the height of tourist season! Need some new ideas!”

Ford rubbed his arm, biting his lip. “Is…is this the first time you’re showing me all this? Didn’t you show me when I was…uh…when we were the same age?”

The older man gave him a slight glance before rubbing the back of his neck with a sigh. “I didn’t. You weren’t all interested in what I did to the Sha- your house even if you didn’t see what I did to it. You stayed in the basement most of the time.” He gave a weak laugh. “Probably would have made everything worse anyway. We didn’t met again on good terms.”

Stan bent down to Ford. “Look, Ford, I don’t know how to say all this, but we had a bad fight… more than once. The first time, I was kicked out. The second time, you were…sent away. I don’t remember too much of our fighting before that, wasn’t as bad I guess since we were each other’s best friend, but I am sorry. And for all the future ones…in case you remember any of this.”

“Dipper says I probably won’t…” A small six-fingered hand reached for the bigger five-fingered one giving it a pat. “But I forgive you if you forgive me from knocking out your tooth.”

Ford didn’t look up to the older man, but Stan could see that the tips of his ears were pink.

Stan took the chance to wipe his eyes with his free hand with his brother’s attention focused anything but him.

He remembered that day perfectly.

They were being kids, jumping off the rocks and throwing shells and sand at each other. Just normal rough housing that any kids their age did. They pushed each other in and out of the water as they tried to one up each other.

One push too far ended in a bloody tooth on the ground and both boys freaking out.

Stan chuckled making Ford look up. “Yeah, yeah. I forgive ya, nerd.” He ruffled the kid’s hair. “It wasn’t like my permanent tooth and I lost them all anyway…” Stan gave a smirk. “Wanna see?”

“Ew! Gross! What’s wrong with you?” Ford laughed trying to push Stan away. “I don’t want to see your old man teeth!”

“Well we still have the rest of this place!” Stan laughed as Ford pushed him along. “Got to show you the rock that looks like a face rock. I know you’ll get it!”

Ford giggled as he released Stan to follow him to the outside when a small force knocked him to the ground. When he looked up, a goat was staring down at him.

“S-Stanley??”

“Gompers!” The goat skipped off toward the stairs with a bleat. “How do you keep getting in the house??” Stan picked Ford up patting him down. “Sorry about that Sixer. The goat does what he wants.”

“Got any chickens I should know about?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t you give me sass, mister.” Stan crossed his arms before ending up snickering with Ford.
“Why do you even have a goat?” Ford asked between laughter.

“Years ago a customer paid for their tour with the little guy and I couldn’t just let him roam town getting run over by a car…or eating the car. He liked eating car parts.”

“What kind of customers pay with goats?”

“You know all those customers that came into Pa’s shop?”

“Yeah?”

“Those.”

“Gross!” Ford stuck his tongue out. “Those were the worse!”

“And it keeps happening that way. Forever!” Stan wiggled his fingers.

“I don’t wanna go back!” Ford groaned.

Stan laughed rustling his hair. “You technically already went through it once, but you can’t stop it.” He opened the front door to let Ford outside. “Got to let history take its course and all.”

Ford groaned again walking outside.

Chapter End Notes

Random info dump!

I used to go to a shore with a similar name as "Glass Shard Beach" in Jersey where you were suppose to be able to find sea glass but I never found any. You haven't been able to find sea glass in over 30 years. I don't think it was a popular beach though.

There's little parking (which parking is free), one shop, and an ice cream place. That was it.

Last time I was there, someone caught a shark. That was kind of cool. Then everyone got attacked by gnats. That was not cool.

I kind of like to think Glass Shard Beach was like that place but more people.

NEXT CHAPTER UPDATE WILL BE NEXT WEEK. Maybe later in the week, but it will be next week. Gonna have a schedule again!
I'm sorry this took longer to produce than it should have, I went through (still going through) a creative slump and I wasn't liking the originally written chapter 5 so I scraped it entirely.

And ignored it for like a month. Bad habit. Sorry.

I will try to get the last few chapters out faster and will have this finished by the end of the year! I will try very hard to do that! Not sure if it will end at chapter 8 or 9 but we'll see!

Stan almost didn’t notice it was time for the next tour until he noticed a bus pull up and people clambering out. The two bothers were finally spending time together that didn’t end in arguments. At least not their normal anger-fueled arguments.

How was Stan supposed to remember Ford’s story about the mantisman eating their fish from over 40 years ago?

“Looks like it’s showtime…”

“Hmm?” Ford looked in the same direction that Stan did and saw the people. “Oh.”

“Don’t look so down. These people don’t stay long and they spend most of the time in the gift shop.” Stan guided Ford out of sight of the tourist and into the TV room. “I’ll even let the twins take their break to keep you company? They seem to be more understanding of this whole ordeal than the rest of us.”

“Alright.”

“Hey look, your buddy’s in here!” Stan gestured to the couch.

There was Waddles looking like he just woke up from a nap when he noticed the two walk in. The pig quickly jumped off his napping spot and sat in front of Ford.

Ford bent down and started rubbing the pig’s cheeks while it oinked happily to be getting pets.

Stan slipped by them to get to the shop. He tried to sneak around any tourist that already found their way into the gift shop but was stopped to answer questions before he could reach the twins.

“Hey old man, this all real?” Something was shoved in his face but he pushed it away not even looking.

“Of course, everything here is real or was real at one point,” Stan gave the kid a conman smile. “Some of the last of its kind are here.”

The kid looked at him with a questionable glare.
“If you listen carefully, you’ll smell a fishy odor that fills the air when kids don’t behave.”

“Wha-” But Stan got past him and out of sight before any explanation could be said.

“Wendy, where’s the kids?” Stan made it too the counter to the redhead teen.

“Outside.” She pointed toward the window where you could see a crowd of people. “Mabel had a few stories she wanted to test out. She got a bunch of people gathered to talk about a tailless rooster and his obsession with dance…or something like that.”

“Woman after my own heart.” Stan patted his chest.

“People seem to like the story or at least the way she tells it,” Wendy looked out to see Mabel smiling wide probably yelling loudly about the missing colors of the rooster’s missing tail. “Cause I don’t think any of them know what she’s saying.”

“I am so proud of her.”

“So what you need them for?”

“I got Ford distracted by the pig, but he’s so jumpy when there’s too many people. I never noticed it was this bad before.” Stan sighed. “Just want to make sure someone’s there.”

“Might be the whole ordeal, he probably thinks this is all fake or something?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.”

“I can go check on him while you get the twins, haven’t introduced myself to the tiny Stan Two yet.”

Stan thought for a moment. “Okay, I’m gonna trust you on this…the kid needs to know about anyone else in the Shack…”

“I will do my best,” she did a mock salute.

“Yeah, yeah, just try not to sneak up on him,” he waved him off. “I’ll send the kids your way and you get right back here when they do.”

“I make no promises,” she said as she walked off.

“Right back here!” Stan yelled as she left the shop waving him off.

Ford was sitting on the floor with Waddles in his lap when Wendy walked into the TV room.

“Whoa, I knew it was all true but seeing is believing.” Ford jumped when he found Wendy standing in the door. “Sorry, sorry. I was told you were a bit skittish. Name’s Wendy, I work for Stan.” She held out her hand.

“Y-You’re a teenager??” Ford tried to scrabble to his feet and stepped back slightly.

“Sorry,” she coughed a bit, “but I’m friends with Dipper and Mabel

“No one said…there was anyone else…” He fidgeted with his hands under his sweater sleeves. “At least you didn’t pop out yelling…”

“Met Soos have you?” She laughed. “The twins should be back soon but Mabel started one of her stories and she won’t stop until she’s finished. Might take awhile.”
“What do you do?” Ford asked not looking up.

“ Mostly stand around the register or hide on the roof chucking pinecones.”

“T-That sounds…fun?” Ford went back to petting Waddles who rolled over on his back.

Wendy slowly walked over to Ford crouching down to pet Waddles. “So how you holding up?”
Ford stared at her for a moment before sighing. “Okay…”

“It’ll be all right Stan two and I heard Dipper you’ll be back to normal soon! Like you go back to your own time or something right?”

“Something like that…” Ford looked up at her confused. “‘Stan two?’”

“Just something I called you when I met you the first time. Don’t think you liked it then either.” Wendy patted Waddles head which the pig gladly rubbed against her hand. “We didn’t really talk.”

“Hm…”

They were both startled when Mabel came running in yelling. “DID YOU SEE THAT DIPPER I TOTALLY GOT THAT GOING!”

“Yes, I saw and heard the whole thing,” Dipper came walking in after her.

“I am the master of storytelling, I tells ya!”

“Welp, looks like the twins are finally here, gonna head back,” Wendy picked herself up. She ruffled both Dipper’s and Mabel’s head before leaving the room.

“See you guys later.”

“Bye Wendy!” Mabel waved her off. “I have to tell you my story later!”

“Sorry Ford, Mabel was doing that thing where she doesn’t stop talking,” Dipper sat next to Ford as Waddles ran over to Mabel who gladly picked up her pig for snuggles.

“My tale was wonderful.”

“You didn’t even explain why the rooster didn’t have a tail.”

“That is a story for another day,” Mabel sat down next to her brother with Waddles still in her arms. “It will be a heroic tale about a feathered tail.”

Dipper groaned not even going to look at the grin that was on his sister’s face.

Ford was trying to hold in laughter as he watched the two.

“Get it? Get it?” Mabel elbowed Dipper, “get it?”

“I get it Mabel,” Dipper pushed her away and got up. “Wanna try to sneak to the roof? Watch the people that walk into the Shack is great people watching.”

“Wen…dy? Wendy said something about hiding on the roof…”

“Yeah, she showed us a way to the roof in our first weeks here,” Dipper said. “It’s pretty cool up there.”
“Roof time! Roof time! Roof time!” Mabel jumped to her feet.

“It’s great to look out into the woods,” Dipper said laughing at his sister but following after her.

“Neat!” Ford followed them into the shop.

Mabel shushed them as she looked around before sneaking into the room over to a curtain. She gestured them over to where she was. Both of them quickly ran over behind the curtain where Ford saw the latter.

The twins quickly rushed up the latter and Ford followed after.

When he got a first look out at the woods, he was in shock. Everything was a bur but it was like an endless ocean of dark greens. It was amazing. He’s never seen this many trees in one place before.

“Come on, come on!” Mabel helped him to his feet pulling him over to the other side of the roof. They slowly made they’re way to a spot with a chair and a cooler.

“Yeah, Wendy put this stuff up here. Grunkle Stan doesn’t come up here often.” Dipper checked to see if there was anything left in the cooler. “There’s a Pitt Cola left! Nice!”

“A Pitt Cola?” Ford asked looking at the can curiously.

“Haven’t you ever had one before?”

“Yeah, but it didn’t look like that.”

“I wonder if it tastes different!” Mabel grabbed the can from Dipper and opened it with her brother yelling at her to be careful. She handed it to Ford. “Tell us!”

“Uh…” He looked at the can before trying it. He made a face. “Urgh, what did they do to it?” He almost dropped it handing it back to Mabel.

“I did hear they used different sugars…” Dipper thought for a moment. “Or stopped using real sugar…”

Mabel looked at the ingredients before starting to drink it. “I don't know, some of the stuff here rhymes with ‘gross’ so it’s gotta be some kind of sugar.”

“Yeah, yeah, I watched the same special you did when we were 5. Give me some of that before you drink it all!” Dipper tried to get the Pitt Cola from Mabel. “You know the reason we don’t have those in reach is cause you used some of it with your juice!”

“Why would they change it?” Ford mumbled as he watched the twins fight over the drink. He sat down near the edge of the roof.

“Who knows.” Dipper grabbed it away from Mabel and sat down near Ford. “Happens to a lot of food.”

“Like gummy bears!” Mabel chimed. “I remember them tasting a lot better when we were little. Good thing the gummy sharks haven’t changed!”

“And sometimes they do this ‘throwback’ thing with Pitt Cola were they use real can sugar or something like that and it tastes a lot different than this does.”

“I guess that’s good,” Ford looked out into the woods.
“Old people like Grunkle Stan need to remember the old days,” Mabel sat down next to her brother. “You get nostalgic for the old days when you’re old or something.”

Ford laughed. “Yeah, I guess you do.” He sighed pulling his knees to his chest.

“Aw come on! Don’t look so down, Fordsy!” Mabel elbowed him lightly. “How bout we go people watch? We can hide out behind the trees.”

“Me and Stanley use to do that! There was always so many tourists but I think most of them just got lost.”

“It’s only the best past time!” Mabel jumped to her feet. “Let’s go!”

“Alright.” Ford followed her.

Dipper sighed drinking the last of the Pitt Cola and ran after them.

Once they finally made it outside sneaking past Stan and hid themselves on the edge of the woods. All three of them giggling at their remarks and shushing each other if one of them thought someone heard them.

“KIDS!” A booming voice rang through the air. Both Dipper and Mabel groaned.

“You can stay here if you want,” Dipper said. “But we’ll be right back.”

“I’ll just stay here, I like being hidden by the trees,” Ford said as he fiddled with some sticks and leaves.

“Be back!” Mabel yelled as she ran off back to the shack with Dipper chasing after her.

“Okay!” Ford yelled back before he sat down with his back to the trunk of a tree.

A minute pasted and the twins weren’t back, a few more pasted and they were still in the shack. Ford gave a yawn before nodding off.

~ ~

“FINALLY! I thought you humans went to sleep more!” The glowing triangle floated in front of Ford.

“I’ve never…been a good sleeper…” He rubbed his arms. “Everyone always yells at me because of it, but I’ve gotten better!”

“Yeah, yeah kid but that’s not what I am here for…well sort of not here for anyway,” Bill placed his finger under his bowtie, deep in thought. “So tell me there, Stanford, you figure out anything?”

“Hmm?” Ford thought for a moment before his eyes went bright. “Yes! Dipper found something! I’ll only stay like this for a few day and then everything goes back to normal.”

“Oh good! So glad you could find that out. Wish I could have helped you out more but being in this…dream world deal, makes it difficult.”

“No, no it’s alright Bill! I know you would have helped a lot more if you could!”

“That’s nice of you, kid but I know I could have done more,” Bill turned his back to Ford.
“I still got a few days until I change back and no one is really telling me a few things and I want to know.” Ford moved closer to Bill. “You can help me find out about me? Just little things so that’s got to be simple, right?”

Bill could almost smile. “That’s prefect! I can help you figure out yourself!”

“And I can help you!” Ford thought for a second. “For whatever you need help with, I don’t believe you told me what you needed help with?”

“Cause it’s not important, kid, not as important as you smart guy!”

“I can’t be that imp-”

“Oh kid!” Bill wrapped his arm around Ford’s shoulders. “We have so much to talk about! So much to do! And I only have a few seconds to start everything!”

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Now you know the Shack right?” Bill turned Ford to look at the house. “There is…a sort of string all around the outside of that place. Keeps me out and all that.”

“Why would there-” Ford began to say.

“Focus, Stanford! No time for silly questions just yet.” Bill patted his head. “The time is now to start something amazing!”

“Alright, what about the string then?”

“Now that’s a silly question I can answer now! I need you to get rid of it.”

“All of it??” Ford dragged his hands down his face.

“Nah, you don’t need to do that much. I just need you to disconnect it. Just take one piece off.”

“Like cut it?”

“Cut it, burn it, tear the wooden plank from the house! Doesn’t matter how you do it just as long as you do it!”

“Okay. I think I can do that.”

“Great kid! Do it fast! You only have a short time frame,” Bill ruffled his hair before snapping his fingers.

~ ~

Ford shot up, quickly jumped to his feet and ran over to the house.

Ford sat down near the edge of the house looking for what Bill could have said. There was something that shined a bit in the afternoon light. It looked colorful. It looked glued into the side of the house.

He thought that was weird.

Ford tried to pull it off but it wouldn’t budge. He hated that he bit his nails as he tried to dig at it.
He smiled wide when he finally able to pull a piece lose.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter has something I've had written out for over a month and couldn't wait to finally get it out. it'll probably be a short chapter but it will be out soon!
Knew you had it in ya

Chapter Summary

Tiny Ford's new friend might not be as friendly as the triangle made himself out to be and Ford's learning it the hard way.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, it's been a long few months as you can probably guess, but I got it!

I've had parts of this chapter written since I first got the idea! So hopefully you like it too. I've been waiting for this part for months I tells ya! MONTHS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“WELL, WELL, WELL.”

Before Ford could get too excited, the world around him turned grey. He stood up slowly looking around. He didn't remember this happening before. He didn't remember everything looking like this.

Ford didn't remember this dread feeling that washed over him.

“Finally!” Bill startled the young boy making him fall back down. “Sorry there, kiddo, but I am so excited! You did great!”

“T-Thanks…?”

“You’re welcome!” Bill rubbed his hands together. “Now that that’s out of the way, let’s get back to our deal?”

“Uh…yeah! About learning some things. They’re all hiding secrets…” Ford rubbed his arms.

“Yes, yes,” the triangle waved him off, “I still got a bit more to do before we can get to that, but I won’t forget about it, I promise.” He held out his hand to Ford. “Shake on it?”

“You promise?” Ford looked at the hand extended toward him.

“Promise kid.”

He took a deep breath and reached his hand to Bill’s.

Bill quickly took his hand. “I have been waiting way too long for this moment since you Pines blocked me out!”

“Blocked you out?” Ford looked at the blue flames around his hand. “What do you mean blocked you out? But you said—"
“Yeah, you Pines sure are a thorn in my side! I wasn’t sure if I’d ever get another chance again!” Bill tapped Ford’s temple with his free hand. “You even went as far as getting a metal plate in your noodle to keep me out of that little head of yours when you were older. It’s funny how hard you guys try. Bet getting that unicorn hair was fun!”

“Wait! Wait!” Ford tried to pull his hand out of Bill’s as hard as he could. Pushing the other’s but he couldn't get out of the grip. “WAIT!”

“Too late kid!” Bill pulled Ford closer to him. “We made a deal, Sixer. You see this flame? The deal is sealed. Them’s the breaks.”

“No! You tricked me! You cheated!”

“You can’t cheat if there are no rules. We made a deal and you can’t back out of a deal. It’s been fun getting caught up Fordsy, but I got a couple of books and snow globes to take care of.” Bill gave a mock salute before snapping his fingers with his free hand.

Ford felt like he was being split in two as he was pulled forward. The young kid felt his feet leave the ground as he was thrown across the yard.

He closed his eyes waiting for his body to hit the dirt but it didn’t. He slowly opened his eyes but he wasn’t moving? He was floating? Ford was floating a foot off the ground?

He looked down at his hands and he started shaking.

Ford could see through his hands. He could see the grass through his feet.

“Oh no…”

“Oh yes!” Ford looked up to see himself sitting up and grinning wide. “Oh I have missed these six fingers!” He pulled at each finger counting as he went along popping them from their sockets.

“Oh no!” Ford ran his hands through his hair. “Oh no!”

The other Ford shook his hands. “Better believe it Fordsy.” He smoothed out his shirt and patted his pants as he pulled himself to his feet. “Last time I possessed a body was when your nephew needed help getting into an old greezer’s machine. I sure did help him! Got him in with his own foot!” The laughter that erupted from the other Ford echoed off the trees.

“How does this help??” Ford yelled trying to float his way over to the other Ford.

“Helps me just fine!”

“How does this help me??”

“Now you don’t have to worry about anything.”

“That doesn’t help!”

"Nice doing business, Sixer, but I got to go!" And with a quick awkward turn, Ford's body ran off giggling all the way.

The boy tried to grab at Bill but either he couldn't touch anything now or the demon was too fast, Ford missed. He stared in horror as his body rushed into the house. Oh no...oh no....NONONONONONONONONO. It become hard to breathe. NO! He...He didn't know what to do. He couldn't move.
There was a crush that startled him coming from inside, he could hear "opps" and laughing again. Ford covered his face with his hands. This wasn't how dreams happen! This wasn't even how nightmares happen!

If he could just wake up! This was just a long dream! Dreams within dreams! He would wake up and be back in that top bunk and tell Stanley all about it! And Stanley will just tell him he was being weird! Cause that's all this was! A weird idea in his head! He listened to too many radio shows about aliens or something. He's done that before.

He squished his eyes shut and waited. He willed himself awake. He's done that before when he had a horrible nightmare and it worked. It had to work again!

So he waited.

And waited a bit more.

A little bit more.

But nothing happened.

Ford opened his eyes hoping but nothing, it was still him on the edge of the woods. Floating a few feet off the ground.

*Dipper and Mabel!* Ford quickly looked around. They could help. Where did he last see them? They were called into the house! Would they be able to see him? He's like a ghost now.

The boy looked down at his hands again and shivered. He could barely see himself. Ford balled up his fists and took a deep breath to hopefully right himself. It helped a bit.

Maybe he could fix this on his own.

~ ~

"So when is this...whole ordeal over?" Stan didn't even look up from his papers when he heard the kids run in.

"About a week," Dipper took out his journal flipping through it until he found the loose papers and handed them over. "Give or take a day."

"Ya sure?" He quickly looked over those papers.

Both younger twins shrugged. Well it's better answer than nothing he guessed. "This town is getting too weird."

"But if this is the worst that could happen, I think we can handle this," Mabel patted her uncle's arm. "We're ready for anything."

The old conman sighed handing back the paper. "Alright, just keep everyone out of trouble and that means no woods adventuring...or anything monstery until this is all over."

"We're on it!" Mabel threw her arm around Dipper's shoulders before poking his cheek. "And I am sure Dipper loves doing all this research."

Dipper pushed her away. "I just want to make sure there isn't something I'm missing. You never know, Great Uncle Ford might have already made an antidote when he was first studying it."
"That would make this so much easier." Stan looked at his watch. "Gotta go you gremlins. I'm closing the Shack tomorrow and...we'll think of something..."

Mabel slapped his arm. "We can have a family day!"

"Yeah, yeah kid," he rustled her hair before leaving the room.

Dipper was slipping the papers back in the journal. "Let's get back to Ford. People are probably starting to gather around."

"We can go to the roof again."

"Maybe."

"Come on, bro-bro, let's go get our tiny uncle and try to do something kid fun! If we all work together, maybe we can convince Grunkle Stan to let us go into town one of these days. It's be good and fun for Ford! We can go to the library or the arcade. We can distract him all day and this whole thing will go way faster."

Dipper chuckled. "Yeah, we haven't been there in awhile since..."

Mabel knocked off his cap. "No time for that, we got an uncle to get back to!"

"Alright, alright!" Dipper slipped his hat back on and they started toward the door.

Before they got to the door, Mabel thought she saw a small figure turn the corner. She saw a flash of a sweater the same color that she remembered letting Ford wear.

"Ford...?" Mabel reached for Dipper tugging his vest. "Wait, I think I saw him. I think I saw Ford just run back inside? Might have been a gnome."

"It was probably a gnome."

"I saw a bit of a sweater. It was either him or gnomes got into my sweaters," Mabel shivered at the last thought. "I hope they didn't, but they can have that one if they did."

Dipper thought for a moment with his hand on the door. "How about this?" He opened the door. "I'll go outside and check to see if Ford is where we left him and you check in here in case you did see him."

"Or if its gnomes," he grumbled. "I'll grab the leaf blower just in case."

"Good idea, bro!" She gave him a punch on the shoulder before running in the direction she saw the figure leaving Dipper rubbing his shoulder.

Mabel tried to get caught up to whatever he saw, hoping it wasn't just gnomes again.

"Hey Ford, is that you?" Mabel called out when she reached the hallway. "Sorry if we took too long!"

There was answer. There was no rustling. That was...weird.

"Is the Shack haunted?" She looked around but she's been living here for a few months, Mabel would know if it was haunted right? "I'm sure Grunkle Stan wouldn't have been able to hide that weirdness."
She took quick looks into all the rooms she past, even knocking on the bathroom door just in case. But nothing was happening.

Mabel needed some back up.

~ ~

Soo was cleaning up a bit of glass from a fallen snow globe while Wendy supervised.

"You missed a piece there," Wendy pointed out with her foot.

"Thanks!" Soos quickly got it. "Think that's all of it!" He looked over to Wendy who squinted at the floor and nodded.

"Yep, looks like we got it all."

"Yes!"

Mabel took that moment to barged into the gift shop almost knocking down another snow globe before Soos dived to catch it.

Wendy whistled. "Go Soos!"

"Opps, sorry there Soos but great catch!" Mabel patted his stomach as he stood up to put it back on the shelf.

"It's alright, Hambone. We just already had one break today so I was just avoiding another one."

"Yeah, little Stan Two came in here, bumped into the table and just rushed off. He looked like he was in a hurry."

"Probably wanted to make sure he didn't get caught in a crowd." Soos made sure the kick-nack was perfectly placed on the self before turning toward Mabel. "It was a little crowded when he ran through."

"I thought I saw him in the house, but I searched most of the shack and I haven't seen him again!" Mabel put on her best thinking face and Soos followed suit. "Where else could my little Grunkle have gotten to?"

"Waddles seemed to be good at finding him." Wendy pointed out as she sat at her place at the counter.

Mabel nodded. "Yes, he did always like Grunkle Ford and Waddles is an excellent companion pig."

"Maybe he could also be a tracking pig?"

"You're a genius, Soos!" Mabel gasped slapping Soos. "We'll get Waddles to find Ford! He's probably just hiding! Waddles has a nose for piggy pets!"

"He was on Stan's chair the last I saw him!"

"Good! Let's go!" Mabel grabbed Soos hand as Wendy waved them off.

They found Waddles right where Soos said. Sleeping on Stan's chair when Stan wasn't there to tell him off.
"WADDLES" Mabel yelled startling both the pig and the large man. "We have a piggy emergency!"

The pig ran over to Mabel expecting to get some pets. Rolling over on his stomach so she would have a better reach. He got just what he wanted when Mabel quickly took it without a second thought talking in a hurry.

"We need you to find tiny Ford, Waddles! You are the best pig! You are the only one that can do this! Cause you are the bestest best pig in the world, aren't you?" She squished the pig's cheeks cooing at him. "You are the smartest pig ever. You can find Grunkle Ford with ease!"

Waddles jumped to his feet and sniffed at the floor.

"Yeah that's right! Find Ford's scent!" Mabel squeeled trying to keep herself from jumping up and down in excitement. "This was such a great idea Soos!"

"He will lead us right to little Dr. Pines!" Soos said as Waddles started off and they followed closely behind.

Waddles ran outside with the two following. He seemed the sniff the air and circle around a bit near the side of the shack. Mabel watched his glee as her pig looked like he was picking up Ford's scent. "He could be a police pig I know it!"

The pig circled around once more and rushed back to the stairs, pushing past Mabel and Soos. Mabel followed after him yelling "DETECTIVE WADDLES IS ON THE CHASE!" Soos followed too laughing at how fast Waddles was trying to run on his little legs.

The pig was about to run into the gift shop when Soos heard Stan on the other side of the door. The large man grabbed both Mabel and the pig before they could barge through the door. "I think a tour just let up little dudes. I can't let you in there until they're gone."

"Aww," Mabel grumbled dangling from Soos' grip. "And Waddles was doing so well." She reached over to Waddles to get him a pat on the cheek.

"He might have been just trying to get to the other side of the house?" He suggested as he placed the two on the ground. Mabel quickly grabbing Waddles before he could slip through the door.

"Where'd Soos run off to?"

"Opps, I should get in there, still on the clock." Soos rustled Mabel's hair as he slipped through the door. "What do you need Mister Pines? Is the tank leaking again?"

Mabel walked off with a wiggling pig in her arms thinking where else to go. She circled around to get to the kitchen before putting Waddles down. "Sorry, but we can't go through that way just yet." She patted the pig's head.

Waddles grunted.

"Don't gimme sass, you sassy pig."

Waddles just grunted again before flopping down.

"We'll try again once the crowd leaves okay?" Mabel sat down next to the pig and proceeded to scratch behind his ears. "Bet you can pick up the scent again."
Outside, Dipper didn't see any sign of his uncle. He thought maybe Mabel did see him running around inside. He might have seen something that spooked him enough to run inside. Ford was jumpy, even as an old man.

But Dipper skipped right over that conclusion and straight on to the next one.

The one that seemed more like his Great Uncle Ford.

The one where he followed whatever he saw right into the woods.

Right into the danger.

Alone.

The preteen tried not to quickly turn this into a panic. He didn't know for sure that Ford would ran deep into the woods chasing after who knows what. He looked around for any sign of movements or that he was just looking in the wrong place. That has to be it! He is looking in the wrong place for his uncle! Had to be it.

Yep.

Totally the reason Dipper didn't see the little kid right away. He wasn't in any trouble somewhere far away from the Shack where he might not be found in time.

Dipper laughed awkwardly to himself before slapping his face. "He's not here...oh man..." He looked around a little quicker. Searching even a little farther into the woods than he thought he should.

"Ford!" He called out with some panic leaking into his voice hoping for a response, but none came.

"FORD!" He yelled louder but still nothing. Not even a rustle of leaves.

"Oh no..."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapters won't take as long. The next one might be a bit short as it is more of an in-between to help explain a few little things.

Also don't pull your fingers from their sockets. I think it's supposedly bad or something? I use to do it as a child but I couldn't crack my knuckles. I had to do something to mess with other children and sometimes just sticking your name tag pin through the first layer of skin on your fingers doesn't always cut it.
Hide and Seek

Chapter Summary

Bill has tiny Ford's body and the kids have no idea they aren't looking for the same Ford as before.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took, putting this lightly, awhile but I think I finally got myself to actually plan ahead correctly and the last few chapters will come out a lot quicker and this will be done by the end of summer of this year. Then I got a sort of sequel and possibly little in-between things for fun.

Short Chapter though to get the ball rolling. The last three chapters I will try to make nice and long for this long wait! *WINK*

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ford had to think of something but he couldn't really keep any of his thoughts straight. There was too much going on at once but he knew he couldn't stay here thinking for too long. He had to try to get to Bill and talk some sense into him!

*It worked on Stanley...sometimes...*

He heard some snorting sounds around him and looked down to see Waddles circling below. Ford laughed as the pig tried to get his feet but seemed perplexed at somehow missing them completely.

"Me too, pig."

The pig grunted up at him.

"Alright!" He looked toward the house. "I'll go find Bill and get him to give me back my body and everything will be fixed! Right?" He looked down the Waddles that looked back curiously. "Right."

He didn't even notice the other two standing near the door as he tried to rush through without bumping into anything. It was hard to keep himself in a straight line and realized he could just pass through walls.

Ford really didn't like that.

What if he stayed like this forever? What if he really became a ghost? He was only 9! He can't be a ghost! Things were already weird enough with this future stuff, he can't be a ghost too!

He fell through the giftshop's door when he tried to turn to quickly.

There were people everywhere and he ended up passing through a few of them until he could get
himself above their heads.

"That feels so weird!" Ford shivered as he looked down at the crowd. At least no one was tall enough to reach where he was.

"Where'd Soos run off to?" Ford looked over to see his now older brother talking to the redhead at the register. Two seconds later he saw Soos rush over to them asking about something leaking.

Ford floated there for a moment looking up at the ceiling trying to think of what to do. He knows now he can go through walls and doors no problem but he didn't know where Bill was.

"He said...books and snow globes?" He looked down and there were snow globes here but no Bill.

Ford didn't see much of the house, how was he suppose to know where books were? There weren't any in Dipper and Mabel's room that weren't those...his older self's journals. He rustled his own hair and carefully tried to make his way to a less crowded part of the Shack.

When Mabel saw most of the crowd leave she creeped into the shop to see if Ford found himself stuck in the crowd. She made it over to Wendy who was ringing the last person up.

"You see our little Grunkle Ford run through here, Wendy?" Mabel said quietly.

"Nope."

"I thought for sure he got caught up in the crowd. He's so tiny now!" She crossed her arms looking around the small room. "I'm gonna check under the stands."

She walked over to the tables covered in Mystery Shack merchandise lifting up cloth that hid any boxes and things underneath.

But every one of them was Grunkle-less. Mabel was starting to get worried but he had to be in the Shack. Dipper was still outside. He would have saw Ford and brought him back inside by now if that was case.

"Nothing?" Wendy called over.

"Nothing." Mabel leaned on the counter. "I've never been at good at hide and seek."

They both were startled by the front door almost slamming open.

"I THINK HE RAN OUT INTO THE WOODS!" Dipper rushed over to them in a clear panic.

"Dipper, dude." Wendy bent down to his level. "I saw Stan 2 run through here before Mabel came rushing in. There were too many people for the little guy to slip through without me noticing."

"R-Really?"

"Yep. If Stan taught me anything, it's to notice the 'small ones.' They are the ones that want things the most."

"Oh my god." Dipper sat down on the floor falling onto his back in the process.

"You alright there?" Mabel leaned over her brother.

"I am now." He pulled himself up. "I thought for sure Ford went off into the woods from all those
stories we heard of him when he was younger."

"Yeah," Mabel said quietly. "That sounds like something he would do."

"When I didn't see anything, I freaked!"

"We noticed." Mabel and Wendy said at the same time. They looked at each other and started laughing.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up you two." Dipper rolled his eyes. "But even as an adult, Great Uncle Ford would run off to who knows where. Why wouldn't a smaller version do the same?"

"You two do have that in common." Mabel grinned at her brother as he glared back at her.

"Alright you two, no fighting allowed," Wendy said. "I can stay here since I got to pretend to work sometimes today and make sure if I see Ford, I know where he's going or can make him stay put."

"And we'll do another search of the place!" Mabel wrapped her arm around Dipper's shoulders.

"Bingo." Wendy pointed at the two before picking up one her magazines.

"Okay, we'll split up." Dipper pushed Mabel off as he got to his feet. "Mabel, you check upstairs, I'll check down here. We should find him soon...right?" Dipper looked like he wasn't too sure of the plan.

"Of course!" She said before Dipper could change his mind and pushed him toward the backdoor. "Now go! The quicker we find our little uncle the better!"

"Right!" He didn't need much more pushing as he rushed through to check out the other rooms.

Mabel nodded to Wendy before making her way to the kitchen to grab Waddles hoping that the pig will once again help with finding Ford. Waddles was confused as he woke from his nap but gladly followed her up the stairs.

Dipper stopped himself from just running in and out of rooms. He decided that trying to calmly go in and out of rooms would be better for everyone in the long run. He really didn't want to scare anyone else today, Dipper already freaked himself out.

He made his way into the room that Ford has been sleeping in when he first came through the portal. He checked closely behind anything that he could fit through in case Ford needed somewhere to hide from everyone. It's not like he hasn't had to do the same with his sister when she found herself in sweaterstown. Dipper's seen his Great Uncle do something similar when he thought no one saw. Just hiding away from everyone.

Dipper thought he was pretty good at helping his sister through it so he thought he could help his uncle too.

But he didn't see anyone in the room.

Before Dipper could turn, he thought he heard footsteps and felt like something rush behind him. He turned quickly toward the door but there was nothing there.

"Ford?"
Bill made his way into what he thought might have been the study but it was not how he remembered it looking before.

That might have been over 30 years ago though. *Human timelines.*

Bill looked at Ford's arms and legs. "You're even tinier than Pine Tree! How do you humans even last to adulthood?"

In another part of the house, the demon could hear the younger twins calling for Ford and he chuckled.

"Bill?"

He groaned as he noticed a floating Ford just near him.

"Bill! What are you doing?" Ford asked frantically. "And why? Why are you doing this? I thought we were going to work together?"

"Sixer, Sixer, Sixer." Bill shook Ford's head. "I got important things to do and there's this whole 'I need a physical form' deal so I took yours."

"You stole my body!"

"Well I sure didn't borrow it!" Ford didn't like how his voice sounded when Bill laughed. It sounded warped and it made him uneasy.

"BILL!" He shouted just to make it stop.

"Them's the breaks, kid!" Bill shrugged. "I got important other worldly plans that I need to set into motion and I need hands. The extra fingers were just a bonus!" The demon ran out into the hall. "Later, Sixer!"

"Bill!" Ford tried to drift over where Bill headed to but lost sight of him in the time it took for him to get through the wall.

"...I-I don't know what to do..." He looked disheartened at the realization that this was bigger than him. He wanted to cry. He hiccuped as he forced himself not to cry.

He heard the twins call for him but he didn't move. Ford pulled his knees to his chest trying to keep himself from floating off or upside-down. He didn't think anyone could help him now.

He was truly alone for the first time in his life.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure if any of you can tell but my writing has slightly changed. Writing a lot of fanfics have really helped me get to where I am right now so things might seem a bit weird from the last few chapters to these last ones.

Working hard to be able to write better for my own projects! Ha!

Next chap should be out by the end of next month!
Ya got me!

Chapter Summary

Last time on *Dragon Ball Z* this fanfic that hasn't updated in months:

Bill has taken control of tiny Ford's body and have crushed his spirits while the twins search for their tiny grunkle with no success. Things are starting to look worrying for our heroes!

Will they be able to find the body stealing demon?
Will they be able to tell?

Will I ever finish this fanfic?
Let's find out!

Chapter Notes

*kicks open a door* BOOM BABY! YOU ALL MISS ME?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Bill jumped down the last few stairs almost losing his balance but righted himself quickly. *Can't mess up Sixer's body just yet.*

"Can I even reach the buttons with these hands?" He grumbled as he glared at the arms.

"Are you kids playing hide and seek or something?" Stan came up from behind him. "Been listening to nothing but running around and yelling through the whole tour. Barely could keep the attention on me."

Bill rolled his eyes before turning slightly toward Stan. "Something like that."

"I hate to yell at my brother looking like that but wrap this game up." Stan waved his hands about. "I got another tour and the ghost glimick doesn't work as much as it use to."

"Right-O, Ace!" Bill quickly salutes as he runs pass Stan.

"Uh...right..." Stan watched Ford closely.

"When do they leave?" Bill hissed as he watched humans walk aimlessly toward each thing for sale picking it up and setting it down over and over. He was peeking through a crack in the door hoping that the humans would have been gone by now. "I liked it better when it was just Sixer hiding in the woods! Do humans really like all this contact with others? Gross."

Bill saw one of the bigger humans walking up to his 'hiding spot.'
"Dr. Mr. Pines!"

Great. Bill groaned. Why couldn't Fordsy do this at night?

"We've been looking for you dude." The bigger human looked down at him with a smile.

"Yeah, you found me!" Bill grinned.

"You should probably stay put so the other dudes can find you too."

"Right, right, like playing "Sardines" or something."

"Hide and Seek?"

"Yes, that." He crossed his arms and sat against the wall.

"I'll tell the little dudes where you are so stay put Dr. Mr. Pines." He said as he left the room.

Bill ran his hands down his face. "This is so frustrating! No wonder Stanford stays down in that basement! Families are so bleh!" He stuck out his tongue. "Glad I don't have to deal with that!"

He sat there for a few moments thinking things over before pulling himself up and walking away from the shop. There must be something to do while he waits for the moment to try for the vending machine's buttons.

Mabel found Waddles sitting in Stan's chair. The pig picked up his head at her coming into the room and hopped down to greet her. She immediately crouched down to pat his head.

"Are you ready, Detective Waddles?" She asked him. "We got a case on our hands! We need to find our little Grunkle! Do you think you are up for the challenge?"

Waddles grunted up at her but didn't move from his spot. The pig seemed to almost move deeper into the chair.

"Awww, Waddles, don't you want to be like Ducktective? Like a Pigtective?"

Waddles laid his head back down.

"Alright, alright, I see how it is." She patted his head. "You're gonna come in in the last second and solve everything, I get it. Until then Mabel is on the case."

She gave the pig one last pat before heading down the hall listening for anything.

Then there are a loud crash.

Mabel followed the sound of coughing into a room filled with books. And dust. She wiped her finger across one of the shelves of a bookcase near the door. At first glance there wasn't much but a small cloud of dust but she thought she heard some grumbling. She took a few steps toward the back of the room blocked by a table.

"Human lungs..." She heard a mumble followed by more coughing.

Mabel ran over excitedly to the sound of the voice. "Ford! Are you alright? We've been looking everywhere!" She stood over her tiny uncle happily waiting for his response. There was enough dust that anyone would have to take a moment. Some books must of fallen. Hopefully not on Ford. When
Mabel watched Ford push himself up slowly and turn around to face her. She stepped back slightly, her bright smile dimming.

"Ford?" Something was off.

"Close but no cigar, Shooting Star." The Ford smiled as he brushed off any remaining dust off his pants. "Don't feel like trying to fake it anymore. Not that I was really trying. Bet you already guessed." He ran his hands through his hair to try to get any of the leftover dust. "Or did you not notice?"

"B-Bill?" Mabel jumped back grabbing onto her sweater. "How...? The unicorn hair is..."

"Not anymore," Bill said with a grin. "Urgh. I think some of this dust is from 30 years ago." He stuck out his tongue at the thought.

"W-Where's Ford? Where's my uncle?" Mabel stomped her foot forward stepping a bit closer to Bill. Bill did the same thing making her almost fall back when he was only a few inches from her. He started laughing. Loudly.

"Not sure where Sixer is." Bill turned around lifting his arms in the air. "Last I saw your little uncle he looked like he just gave up."

Mabel glared at him. "Stop lying and tell me where my uncle is."

Bill shrugged.

"Bill!"

"He's floating around somewhere." He gestured to the ceiling before waving her off. "Follow the sound of self-loathing. Now leave it kid, I got more important things to do then listening to you asking me questions." He went back to pushing books aside creating more clouds of dust.

Mabel wasn't sure what she should do as she backed out the room but she knew she needed to keep Bill in one place.

As long as she could.

She stepped out of the room and quietly shut the door. Mabel leaned against the door running a hand down her face. She grabbed the nearest table to block the door with hoping it would keep Bill in there if he decides he was done with whatever he was doing in there.

"Okay...okay..." She looked around unsure but it was all she had. She just needed to find help.

She needed to find the real Ford.

She needed...

"DIPPER!"

Before Dipper could even answer his sister's shouts, she ran directly into him.

"IT'S BILL!" Mabel grabbed Dipper's sleeve pulling him with her. "WE HAVE TO MOVE
Dipper didn't need to be told twice as he let his sister lead him. He didn't even let the words process, he knew it was bad enough. As soon as they got to the door, Mabel pushed the table out of the way. She put her ear to the door hoping to still hear Bill moving around but there was silence.

She slowly opened the door and both the twins looked in through the crack. There was a stillness. Not even a dust cloud.

"Are you sure?" Dipper whispered.

"I'm...pretty sure..." She whispered back too afraid to open the door more.

"Hello!" The face of their uncle jumped out at them making them back fall backwards and the door flew open. Laughter filled the hallway. "That was too rich! Both of you at the same time, that was priceless!"

"Bill!"

"That's my name, don't wear it out."

"Where is our uncle?" Dipper demanded as he climbed to his feet trying to keep himself in front of Mabel and any escape that Bill could seize.

"A broken recorded, the both of you." Bill waved them off. "There are so many other more exciting questions to ask me and you ask about your uncle. Boring. Could have asked about lottery numbers. Ace would like that."

"I mean it Bill!" Dipper stepped into the doorframe. "We want to know right now where our uncle is and how you got into the Shack."

"You're just lucky that I'm in this tiny body."

"What happened to our uncle?"

"Like I told Shooting Star, last I saw Sixer had given up on whatever life threw at him." Bill looked at his fingers. "Probably a good idea, start 'em young to give up on their dreams or hopes or whatever you mortals think about in that skull."

Mabel glared at Bill. "How dare you."

"I said nothing that would lead him to giving up." Bill looked offended. "I made a little deal with Fordsy. Not my fault he didn't read the fine print."

"You don't play fair!" Mabel yelled stepping closer to her brother.

"Like I told Sixer, there's no rules to 'play fair' to so..." He looked to the two of them. "Be so kind and move."

"No!" They said in unison.

"You're just going to keep me in here...until what? This body turns back to normal?" Bill crossed his arms. "I'll tell ya the truth kid, I don't know what would happen if this body turns back with me in it. I might be cast out or I might be stuck in it. Don't like either choice myself." Bill grinned. "But this also goes for your uncle. There is a good chance that he is not back into this body before it changes back, he may be stuck."
"W-Wha-

"And not just stuck outside his body but maybe stuck as a kid. Wonder if he'll turn into some kind of vengeful ghost. Kid ghosts are the worst! Just warning you now."

"We're not listening to you! We are going to fix this."

"Of course you are. You've been a pain in my side all summer!" Bill crossed his arms with a snarl on his face. "If it was just your uncle, I wouldn't have to stoop so low as to do this but 'nooo' your parents had to ship you off to here." Bill picked up slightly grinning. "Only good you two did was get the journals to me faster! Gotta give you some credit."

Dipper glared at him.

"You finding the 3rd one was the best, but just think if you found the 2nd before Gideon!" Bill threw his hands in the air. "This would be a completely different story! You seem like the type that would summon a demon much faster then that kid."

"No, I'm not." Dipper said quickly as Mabel yelled, "Dipper would never!"

Bill shrugged. "I've seen many dimensions and seen many out comes, so far this one has been my favorite. I am closer to getting what I want here than any of the others. All thanks to you two kids!"

"It won't happen!" Mabel shouted stomping over to him pointing in his face. Bill just grinned. "We'll stop you. Like before."

"Ah, but did you know I am actually gaining more power each time you 'defeated' me?"

"You're lying."

"Not really!" Bill knocked over some books from the shelves onto the twins and rushed by them running toward their room in the attic. They could hear his laughter echo off the walls.

Dipper was the first to push the books from him to get up and head in the same direction with his sister close behind. He only knew that Bill had to be after the journals but couldn't think of a real reason why. The portal was not only shut down but torn down the last time Dipper saw it. What would Bill even gain?

The preteen didn't really want to know.

"This room is a mess..." They heard mumbles in their room. They stopped by the door looking at each other and nodding. The twins had one chance at this.

"Is Ford ticklish?" Mabel whispered.

"I don't know," Dipper whispered back. "That's not really a normal thing you ask someone."

"That should have been the first thing I asked when he came through the portal." Mabel grumbled to herself. "I'm going to start asking that to all the new people I meet."

"I might start too if this keeps up...1...2..."

Dipper threw open the door and they rushed in.

"Don't you two knock?" A voice called out.
"It's our room!" Mabel yelled looking around to find where the voice was coming from.

They slowly walked in, Dipper shutting the door behind them trying to make sure they can block the exit. He nodded to Mabel who continued inside the room stepping as quietly as she could. Dipper stayed in front of the door.

"You should just come out Bill, we have you cornered."

"For now." The voice almost sounded like it echoes across the room. Neither of them were sure what kind of trick Bill was pulling but they didn't like it.

Mabel followed a small noise she heard coming from the closet. She turned back to Dipper and pointed. He nodded and slowly moved over looking every which way as he left the door unguarded. Mabel threw open the door and saw Bill just sitting on the ground going through a box.

"Well I tried to completely avoid you." Bill shrugged just dumping out the whole box on the ground before pushing himself up. "I tried to avoid everyone! But for some reason this family likes to know where everyone is all the time."

"Enough Bill, you are going to tell us where our Great Uncle Ford and leaving his body." Dipper stood next to his sister creating a blockade.

Bill looked at his hands. "I just can't believe it took you this long to realize. I mean to really realize! Ha! It's been almost an hour and you're both just running around calling out for this guy!"

"It's not like you stayed in one spot!" Mabel said.

He looked up from inspecting the nails of his hand grinning at her. "Should have been your first clue."

Both of the twins deflated slightly, Mabel looked almost heartbroken at the thought that she didn't think about that. They hadn't...she almost...

"Stop that," Dipper said. "You are not going to mess with our heads, we got you cornered."

Bill shrugged.

"Enough of this!"

Mabel grabbed Dipper's arm. "Please Dipper...that's not..."

"I...I know." Dipper said quietly.

They looked back to Bill to see a huge grin on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Gonna be honest, I was on the urge of not finishing this cause I was not liking how it was going and I didn't feel like going back and changing things. So I left it FOR MONTHS

And finally came back and looked at what I wrote for this already and I felt like I could
finish this. I started liking it again.

I will try not have it wait over a year for the next chapter and maybe even get it done this year but no real promises. I still haven't thought a complete ending or at least one I like a makes sense.

I just want to get back into being creative again so if the writing is a little all over the place for these last few chapters, sorry, trying to get my bearings again and liking my writing.

*salutes and falls into the bottomless pit*

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!