

# Skibbity Doo, Where's the Poo Poo: A Gen Alpha Revolution

## Chapter 1: The Porcelain Uprising

Altoona, Pennsylvania, 2024. The once quaint town reeked of burnt Che Guevara posters and stale pizza rolls. Jeffry Shultz, the self-proclaimed "Anarchist Rubilic," had transformed America into a chaotic playground for his own amusement. Shopping malls were replaced with laser tag arenas, schools with memeology seminars, and pants with...well, let's just say optional attire was encouraged.

Amidst this glorious mess, 12-year-old Timmy Turner was having a particularly bad day. His Pog collection had mysteriously vanished (suspicious side-eye at his older brother), and his pet rock, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, had spontaneously sprouted googly eyes. As Timmy sat on the porcelain throne, contemplating the existential dread of it all, a voice boomed from the depths of the toilet bowl.

"Greetings, Timmy Toilet-seat," it gurgled, "I am the Skibbity-dibbity Doo-inator, and I have come to vanquish the tyranny of Jeffry Shultz!"

Timmy blinked. Was this a fever dream induced by expired orange soda? No, the voice was accompanied by a swirling vortex of rainbow glitter and the unmistakable aroma of fresh laundry detergent. From the toilet emerged a figure clad in a plunger crown and a bathrobe fashioned from a shower curtain. It was...the toilet.

"But...you're a toilet," Timmy deadpanned.

"Precisely!" boomed the Skibbity-dibbity Doo-inator. "While you humans were busy dabbing and flossing, I, the porcelain overlord, have been cultivating an army of sentient bathroom appliances. We are the Flush Force, and we shall dethrone Shultz and restore order...or at least, consistent plumbing!"

Timmy, ever the pragmatist, raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, okay. But how? Shultz has laser chickens and a pet T-Rex named Karen."

The Doo-inator chuckled, a sound suspiciously like a running faucet. "Fear not, young Timmy. I have a plan so cunning, it'll make Doge jealous. We shall unleash the ultimate weapon: the forbidden meme of the Ancients...the Rickroll!"

## Chapter 2: The Rickrolling Revolution

Operation Rickroll commenced at the annual Shultzapalooza, a music festival/mandatory pogo stick competition/government address hybrid event. As Shultz, clad in a tank top three sizes too small, screeched about the virtues of anarchy (while simultaneously fining everyone for not wearing enough neon), the Doo-inator struck.

From every corner of the arena, boomboxes blared the unmistakable opening chords of "Never Gonna Give You Up." Bewildered Shultz supporters exchanged confused glances, then erupted into spontaneous dance moves. Pog enthusiasts tripped over each other, laser chickens clucked in rhythm, and even Karen the T-Rex seemed to tap her tiny foot.

Shultz, his ego bruised worse than a banana peel on a roller rink, launched into a tirade about cultural appropriation and the dangers of catchy tunes. But it was too late. The Rickroll had awakened a primal groove in the American populace, a shared memory of simpler times, before

Jeffry Shultz and his anarchy.

People tossed off their mandatory neon tracksuits, shared Pogs, and even offered each other pants (a controversial act, but hey, progress). The Flush Force, emboldened by the newfound unity, charged the stage. Plunger-wielding toilets clashed with laser chickens, squeegees dueled with electric guitars, and the Doo-inator, in a move straight out of a TikTok compilation, body-slammed Shultz into a vat of glitter glue.

Chapter 3: A Porcelain Utopia (and Other Dubious Endings)

With Shultz deposed and Karen the T-Rex sporting a fetching tutu (courtesy of the fashion-forward Flush Force), America was free once more. The country rebuilt, not with bricks and mortar, but with duct tape and pool noodles. Schools reopened, teaching the Dewey Decimal System alongside the finer points of memeology. Pogs became the new national currency, and everyone, even Timmy (who finally got his Pog collection back, minus a few suspicious glitter stains), agreed that pants were optional, but politeness was mandatory.

And so, the Skibbity Doo-inator, having fulfilled its porcelain purpose, ascended to the heavens on a throne of toilet seats. Timmy, hailed as the "Hero of the Porcelain Throne," became the nation's Pog Czar, ensuring a future of balanced Pog distribution and meme-tastic prosperity. Or maybe that's just how Timmy imagined it while staring at the ceiling, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson still sporting his googly eyes. Maybe Shultz is still