John F. Kennedy Fanfiction

Someone needs to be rescued! Thought the president as he ran through the piercing snow and ice. Hershey Park was supposed to be empty because of the blizzard, but one of the customers had gone missing, and it was up to John F. Kennedy to save them.

JFK had heard the news from his cruise ship while he was searching for new land. As he sailed through the thick fog on his way back to America, the blizzard started to kick up and he crashed against the shore of his home country and power walked his way over to the amusement park. Now it was up to him to save the poor customer from hyperthermia.

"Stop trying!" a voice with a heavy German accent roared over the speakers. "You'll never find him!" The speech ended with maniacal laughter. "That's what you think!" JFK yelled to the air, but his declaration was ripped away by the powerful winds of the blizzard. JFK gathered all his strength and reached into his fanny-pack and pulled out a pair of roller skates.

The supposedly dead president sat down on the frozen ground, not caring if his khaki shorts and flower adorned Hawaiian shirt got wet and messy. After many failed attempts, he finally got his shoe laces tied and was ready to head off towards the zoo section of the park. As soon as JFK stood up he remembered a very important detail. He was in the middle of a blizzard.

The strong wind whisked him away and the ice on the ground provided no traction for his hot pink and baby blue roller skates that he bought at Hot Topic for a total steal of fifteen dollars. Leaning forward in a Naruto run stance, JFK was able to make himself more arrow dynamic and effortlessly arrived at ZooAmerica in under twenty minutes.

The president stood in front of the wide open cave filled with glass containers keeping in the nocturnal animals, or at least it was supposed to. Instead of bats and cougars, T-rexes and Stegosauruses stood in his way.

When he entered the cave, hopping on one foot as he tried to put his flip flop back on, the prehistoric reptiles only stared at him and mumbled strange words.

One whispered unintelligible words. "Come again?" JFK asked, unable to understand.

Instead of repeating the large lizard opened its mouth and spit out a notecard. JFK picked up the slimy piece of paper and was intrigued by what was written on it. Unfortunately, the writing on the card was smeared and unreadable due to the dinosaur's spit.

JFK put the wet notecard into the pocket on his left butt cheek and power-walked once more to a bright and shining light at the area with all the birds, his flip flops making
suction cup noises behind him. The reptiles whispered amongst themselves on how much of a hero they aspired to be, just like John F. Kennedy.

Once making his way to the large bird cage and gaining more steps in his step counter, he saw the cause of the blizzard. On top of the large cage was a giant machine pointed towards the sky. A couple feet below the large contraption was a turquoise platypus who was tied to the bird’s cage.

"Ah I see you’ve made it!" The German returned once more. Sitting in the control seat of the machine was a hunched over astronaut.

"I would like to see the face of the man who kidnapped this poor helpless animal," JFK challenged.

"If you insist!" The villain cackled while removing his helmet to reveal none other than Dr. Doofenshmirtz from the hit show Phineas and Ferb. "I wanted to get you cornered Mr. President so I could destroy you! Behold!" Dr. Doofenshmirtz yelled as he gestured to his creation. "This is the Blizzard-maker-inator!"

"But why?" cried the devilishly handsome president.

"Because with you gone," began Doofenshmirtz, "I will finally take over the Tri-State Area!"

"Not on my watch!" JFK yelled back and started climbing the large bird cage, but was stopped by a bipedal platypus.

"The platypus?" asked Doofenshmirtz. The cyan animal revealed its true identity by placing a standard brown fedora onto his head. "Perry the Platypus!"

The not-so-secret secret agent jumped up onto the Blizzard-maker-inator and broke off the controls of the machine, causing it to malfunction. While Perry was busy spoiling Dr. Doofenshmirtz’s plans, JFK decided to grab a random bright cherry red lamborghini and urged the platypus into it.

The mad scientist stared in horror at his exploding machine and yelled out his final line. "Curse you Perry the Platypus!"