



Assignments And Obsessions (Working Title)

Looney Tunes | Merrie Melodies · Not Rated · 1432 words

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Fandom: Looney Tunes | Merrie Melodies Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Wile E. Coyote (Looney Tunes), Bugs Bunny (Looney Tunes), Granny (Looney Tunes), Sylvester Pussycat (Looney Tunes), Tweety Bird (Looney Tunes), Penelope Pussycat (Looney Tunes)

Tags: Alternate Universe - High School, High School, Alternate Universe - Human, Author was homeschooled and doesn't know how schools work, Bugs Bunny is a little shit

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Professor Wylie Connelly could do a lot better than the highschool physics class he currently teaches, but one must make do when one has a habit of setting things on fire.

Unfortunately, the delicate balance of his life is about to be thrown off-course by a new PE Teacher.

I was originally going to make Rodney a troublemaking teenager who's grumpy teacher is always trying to catch him in the act, but I just shipped them too much to write one as a kid. If anyone wants to or has already written a plot like that, please comment so I can read it!

Professor William E. Connelly stretched as he exited the classroom for the final time that day. It had been an unexciting, calm day of paperwork and research; one last bit of peace before the new school year, when his genius would once again be wasted on a bunch of braindead brats.

But at least the day had gone rather well. Even his coffee had turned out perfect, as if the universe was making some small amends for what he would soon be putting up with.

(If he only knew what he'd actually soon be putting up with, he'd think of it as a cruel and ironic joke, a final reminder of the cherished peace he was soon to lose)

If he could just get to his car without being pulled into any inane smalltalk with one of his fellow teachers, it truly would be a perfect day. Wylie pulled his messy bundle of research notes close to his chest and moved at a brisk pace down the hall.

Only for a mop handle to come out of a corridor, tripping the professor and sending him crashing to the floor, his papers scattering in every direction.

"Eh, what's up, Doc?" An unfortunately familiar flatbrush voice asked. "You okay?"

Oh God, no. Wylie would have rather bumped into any one of the moronic teachers that worked there and been roped into hours of listening to their inane babble than deal with Robert 'Bugs' Benji for even five minutes.

"I'm fine, you imbecile, just leave me be." Wylie growled, trying to gather his papers before they got ruined. Bugs frowned at the crouching professor, making him wince. No one else believed him, but Wylie knew that the Acme High janitor was not someone you got on the bad side of.

He still had a dent in his car to prove it.

"If you don't mind, I have a long day tomorrow." Wylie muttered, standing with his papers more or less gathered. "I wish you a good evening, Mr Benji. Farewell."

"Where ya goin', Doc?" Bugs asked, following him despite his hasty attempt at a retreat.

"Home." Wylie answered, speeding up but not quite running. He made it a point to never run in the halls, a policy he was beginning to sorely regret.

"Home?" Bugs asked in mock confusion, eyes wide. "But didn' ya get da memo?"

"Memo?" Wylie asked warily, pausing in his escape despite his better judgement. "What memo?"

"Da one dat was on yer desk dis mornin'." Bugs smirked, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "No way ya coulda missed it, Doc! Well, unless dat was da paper I used ta clean dat spill earlier..."

"You what? Why would you—" Wylie took a deep breath, asking through clenched teeth. "What did the memo say?"

"Uh..." Bugs rocked back and forth on his heel, eyes glazing in memory. "I tink it was 'All teachahs are ta repoit ta da Principal's Office aftah woik. Impoitant, urgent, blah blah blah'." He turned his gaze back to Wylie, smirking. "And seein' as everyone else stahped working a half hour ago, I guess dat makes ya late, huh?"

Wylie didn't answer, too busy booking it towards the Principal's Office. *Thirty minutes late!* Principal Webster was going to have his head for this...

"Bout time you got here, Wylie." Sylvester complained from where he sat in the waiting room, kicking his legs repeatedly. He glanced at Wylie for a moment before turning his attention back to Tracey, who was coloring on the floor. "Gran'th real mad, you know."

"It wasn't my fault." Wylie growled, then immediately wondered why he was defending himself to a twelve year old that shouldn't even be there in the first place.

"Good luck, Professor Connelly!" Penelope waved from her seat next to her brother, the mirth in her eyes betraying her words. Wylie wondered if all the Websters were brats, or if people just liked acting that way towards *him*.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Wylie opened the door to the office and entered. Everyone else was already gone. "Apologies for my tardiness, Ma'am. I, uh, misplaced the memo."

He'd used the 'the janitor stole it' excuse a few too many times in the past, he wasn't going to risk her not believing it now. The excuse had mostly been true, of course, but he figured honesty and vengeance could take a backseat to self-preservation this time.

"I see." Principal Emma Webster frowned from behind her desk. Her wrinkled face — which could be soft and kind when she wanted it to be — was pulled into a hard, stern expression. She gestured to one of the chairs on the other side of her desk. "Have a seat, Professor."

He obeyed promptly, of course, but without quite seeming like he was hurrying to do so. His only real weapons in the battle of life were his intelligence and his ability to seem unfazed by anything. Don't let them see they got to you, and they'll get bored sooner or later; it was a lesson he'd learned early on.

He'd admittedly gotten a little worse at that since meeting Bugs.

The principal stared silently at him for a few moments before sighing and unexpectedly deflating. "I suppose it happens to everyone once in a while. You're not in trouble, dear, but don't let it happen again."

"What?" Wylie blinked, not expecting to escape without at least an annoying scolding. He shook his head, deciding to take his wins where he could. "I mean, of course Ma'am. I'll be more careful in the future."

Booby trapping his desk against carrot-obsessed thieves counted as being careful, right?

Principal Webster actually *smiled* at that, all hint of her previous anger gone. Wylie wasn't entirely sure why she was in such a good mood, but he was determined not to spoil it.

"Now, let's get you caught up, shall we?" Principal Webster pulled a piece of paper out of her desk drawer, reading something on it as she spoke. "This year, we're going to have a new PE Teacher joining us."

Just what they needed, a dumb jock. Wylie just barely suppressed an eyeroll at the concept.

"I've heard that you're fluent in sign language?" Principal Webster asked suddenly, glancing away from the paper to peer at him.

Wylie's grip on his own papers tightened. He coughed and looked away, flushing slightly. "Yes, Ma'am." He answered reluctantly. "I am fluent, though it's been a while."

"Is something wrong, Connelly?" Principal Webster asked in genuine-sounding confusion.

"It's of a personal nature, Ma'am." Wylie answered stiffly. "I'd rather not talk about it."

He didn't like remembering his struggles with selective mutism in his youth. And it couldn't even be the 'normal', social-anxiety related kind, nooo. He had to be the freak that lost the ability to talk because he was *thinking too hard* about some puzzle or theory or other obsession of his. But at least sign language had still worked, even if his voice-box didn't.

"I won't make you talk about it, dear." Principal Webster nodded sympathetically, rather than prying. Maybe she'd been replaced by an alien? Hmmm, or that mind altering ray had actually worked better than he thought... "But I do hope it won't interfere with your new assignment."

"Assignment?" Wylie asked slowly, still half-trapped in his memories and not quite focused on the current conversation.

"You're the only teacher we have who knows sign language." She explained, starting to hand the paper over to him before realizing he couldn't grab it without dropping all

his other papers. She set it on the desk where he could read it instead. "The new teacher is mute, so I'll need you to work with him and make sure he settles nicely into our school. Help him and his students over the next few weeks, so they can fall into a groove of their own."

Wylie glanced at the paper. *Theodore Rodney Ryder, blah blah blah, PE-something, who cares...*

The picture clipped to the paper showed a small man with dyed hair, proudly holding a hockey stick and grinning widely. Wylie sighed as he accepted the assignment, grumbling to himself all the way back to his truck. Why did he have to be stuck with the hyper jock?

Ah well, at least the guy didn't seem boring.

— end of "Assignments And Obsessions (Working Title)" —