

# Opposite Day

A Gravity Falls Fan-Fiction

Part 1:

The midnight sky cleared, stars twinkling as the moon rose high above Northwest Mansion. High society and common folk alike filtered through the tall wrought iron gates as the ball wound to a close. A disgusted Preston Northwest weaved through the mass of guests, keeping his distance from the 'filthy townspeople' as he wished the last few billionaires and business partners remaining a good night. Meanwhile, at the garden gate, Pacifica Northwest walked her 'unusual guests' out. Mable and Candy nearly dragged Grenda down the treelined path, squealing and talking over each other excitedly.

"You did it! And you got his number!" Mable said, shaking Grenda.

"Candy is extremely happy for you, Grenda!" Candy squeaked, "Marius is a nice boy!"

"Nice?" Mable interrupted, "He's more than just nice; he's absolutely charming!"

"And adorable!" Candy added.

The three girls giggled as they slowly disappeared into the moonlit forest. Following close behind, Dipper and Pacifica reached the garden gate. They stopped, Dipper turning to her.

"Glad to be out of that suit," He rubbed his neck, "That tie was beginning to choke me!" He laughed, the lantern on the garden wall casting shadows on their faces. Pacifica let out a slight chuckle, sweeping away a few loose strands of hair from her face.

"You don't look half bad cleaned up." She smiled, "You looked less like a nerd." She stared at the ground for a second, then looked back into his eyes. "I... Um... Thanks, thanks for um... Believing. And trying to get rid of that ghost."

"It's what I do." Dipper said, then, turning, walked a few steps into the darkness.

"Do you four need a ride? I could have a chauffeur take you home."

"It's fine; Grunkle Stan said he'd pick us up." Dipper looked back, "See you around?"

"Not likely; I won't be visiting that stupid 'Mystery Hut' anytime soon." Pacifica said with a huff.

"Well, till next time then."

Pacifica shut the gate with a metallic clang. Dipper turned and, whistling a tune, disappeared into the forest. She stood there, staring into the darkness, then turning around, slowly walked back toward the lights of the manor. She stopped beside a fountain, the expression on her face softening, like the removing of a mask. She stared into the rippling water.

"What if he's right..?" Pacifica looked up, the flicker of the fireplace dying out as servants cleaned the mansion, "Everything else has been lies." Family pride, past, superiority... All false, all the 'high standards' of the Northwests were rotted and hollow.

"Dad always says that no one really cares, that everyone wants to take from you, that everyone is greedy and manipulative, that to be successful and happy, you have to 'play the game,' show no emotion... no 'weakness'... only strong, successful, rich people are respected... loved." She looked up at the night sky, millions of stars twinkling. "He's happy... She's happy... and all they have are each other." She smiled, thinking of his hand on her shoulder. She entered the mansion, servants finishing the cleanup. Stifling a yawn, she walked toward the staircase; she had had enough excitement for one night; what she needed now was a warm bath.

"PACIFICA!!! PACIFICA ELISE NORTHWEST, WHERE ARE YOU!?! Come here this instant!" Her father's voice boomed through the hall.

"Coming, father..."

"NOW!!!"

She entered her father's dimly lit study, the door slamming behind her. She jumped; her father circled around her, turning a small brass bell over and over again in his fingers.

"Yes Da..." She started but was soon silenced

"HOW DARE YOU!!! SHUT UP! HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" Preston screamed, smashing the bell down into the mahogany desk. Pacifica shrunk back at her father's rage. He stopped, then looked her in the eyes. "Choose your next words carefully... What do you have to say for yourself?"

She knew the only answer her father wanted was a complete apology, to hear he was always right and that she had forgotten her place... But she couldn't, not again. She looked up at him, "But dad, the guests, they would of..."

"DO YOU THINK I CARE?!? MY REPUTATION IS WORTH MORE THAN ANYTHING, THE GUESTS, YOU, YOUR MOTHER, ANYTHING!!! You will know your place... Remember what this bell means." He scowled at her with a huff. "Am I Clear?"

"My life means nothing??? I'm just as important to you as a painting or vase as long as I make you look good?" Pacifica felt her face turning red. "Dipper was right; we are the worst..."

"YOU'RE A DISGRACE!!!" Her father went into another fit of rage. "You have brought shame upon generations of Northwests! Never in 150 years has a filthy common person entered our manor as an equal... And you broke that tradition! You're a disgrace to the family!"

"Filthy? Our family is filthy, greedy!" She stepped forward, "We are the problem, our..."

"SILENCE!!!" Preston screamed as he slapped Pacifica across the face. She recoiled, blood trickling from her nose.

"Dad..."

"SHUT UP..." Slap "YOU SLUT!" Slap. Pacifica covered her face as she fell back into a bookcase. She sobbed. Preston grabbed her wrist. "I'm done talking, now GET UP!" He pulled her to her feet, then dragged her to her room. "You're confined to your room for the rest of the summer till you return to boarding school." He said, slamming the door behind her. The lock clicked, and she was alone. She sank down and leaned against the door; a tear rolled down her bruised cheek, then another. She buried her face in her hands to quiet the sobs... She was worried someone would see her cry, though she was truly alone.

---

Opening her eyes, Pacifica sat up in bed. She looked around; it had been four days since she had seen or talked to anyone. Putting on her robe and slippers, she got up and drew back the curtains and opened the window. She rested her arms on the window sill. Since she had been young, she had always loved to watch the sunrise. To the south, the early morning light reflected off the lake, turning it to a blazing gold. The sun climbed higher, and soon all the valley was illuminated. Opening the window, she sighed. The birds sang in the tall pines past the manor wall. She could see the town slowly come alive as stores opened, cars buzzed up and down the small highway, and people small as specks of dust milled about. In silence, she gazed at the view for a long while.

"What would it be like to be normal?" She asked herself, resting her chin on her arms.

Click! A key turned in the lock on her door. Pacifica quickly shut the window. Instead of her breakfast being slid in, as usual, her father walked in, morning paper in hand.

"Well, young lady, have you finally come to your senses?"

Pacifica kept her eyes down. She hoped this would be over quickly...

"Well... Say something! Have you learned anything?" He pulled her chin up, forcing her to look him in the eye.

"Respectfully, father, I'm..."

"Don't you dare!"

"...not sorry, I've done nothing wrong. Our family's values are..." She closed her eyes.

"ENOUGH!" Her father's hand flew, the rolled newspaper hitting her across the nose and mouth. Again, a stream of blood ran from her nose. "This isn't over," He said, walking back to the door. "You will learn complete obedience to me, one way or another. It's only going to get harder." Preston turned and quickly left the room, locking the door behind him. A tear ran down her cheek, but she fought it back.

"Crying won't help anyone," Pacifica reminded herself. Grabbing a tissue, she held it to her nose, trying to stop the bleeding. She sat on the end of her bed, her head leaning against the bed post. Again, she looked out the window. The clouds rolled by in an endless procession, the birds flying from treetop to treetop.

"What can I do? Nothing!" Her head drooped. "I'll always be a snobby, selfish Northwest, I'll always be just as bad as him!"

She closed her eyes... she remembered the feel of Dipper's hand on her shoulder. He believed in her, that there was some good in her... That she could be different. She looked up, her expression hardening into one of defiance.

"People always say I'm as stubborn as my father..." She stood up and walked to the window, the Mystery Shack a dot in the distance. She chuckled, remembering the feeling of freedom she felt as she and Dipper wiped their feet on her parent's favorite carpet. "He thinks I can't do anything without him or his money!"

She walked over to her closet and opened it. Pushing aside rows of dresses, she found a faded pair of jean shorts and a blouse. Next, she picked a pair of low boots, perfect for hiking. Changing out of her nightgown, she quickly dressed and got herself ready. Makeup and hair done, she then packed her purse. "Phone, charger, makeup, brush, credit card... that's going to get cut off quick."

She looked around herself. For a split second, she felt hesitant, but she remembered what Dipper said: "You don't have to be like your parents; it's not too late." She closed her eyes and breathed slowly; the fear left her. "I'm ready." She stopped, "I need a rope to climb down..." After some time and a lot of tying, a 'rope' of blankets and sheets reached down to the bushes.

"I'll leave a note; that way they won't worry." She quickly scribbled a few lines. 'Since I'm such an embarrassment, I've decided you needed some time away from me. I'll be at the Mystery Shack if you need me.' And with that, Pacifica Northwest climbed down into the garden, walked out the gate, and started off into the vast forest, free.

---

"CHEATER!!!" Dipper yelled. He thought his cards were good, a pair of nines, but someone had a better hand. He, Mable, and Soos sat around the kitchen table as Soos taught them five-card draw poker.

"It's not cheating if it's skill, and kings beat nines, right Soos?" Mable said, laughing.

"Yeah dudes, that's how Stan taught me." Soos said, leaning back in his chair.

"Beginners luck..." Dipper said under his breath.

"Someone call me? What is it this time..." A gruff voice echoed from around the corner. Stan entered the kitchen. "Soos, your playing poker..." Soos looked a little guilty. "...without me?" They all laughed. "Deal me in, and yall better be ready to lose. Back in '81, I took Vegas by storm..." Soos dealt another

round as Grunkle Stan recounted his days as a card shark in Vegas. Unsurprisingly, he met a girl, got married, were both ran out of town, and she left him high and dry, stealing his car and all the money he won.

"That's why I say kids; marriage can be brutal." Grunkle Stan said with a laugh, "I'll raise you five."

"I'm out." Soos put his cards down with a laugh, "How 'bout you, Dipper?"

"I fold." Dipper leaned back. "Show y'all's hands..." Mable and Grunkle Stan both laid their cards out.

"Holy French Omelette!!! How... How?" Grunkle Stan stared at Mable's cards, three aces and two queens. "If it were anyone else, I'd say they were taking me for a ride."

Mable raked the pile of bottle caps and candy toward herself. "Finally, a game I can beat Dipper in!" She grinned.

"I won't ask you to play Dungeons, Dungeons, and more Dungeons with me, and you won't ask me to play poker with you. Deal?" Dipper stretched his arm across the kitchen table.

"Deal!" Mable said, laughing. "And you have to say I beat you on video" She held onto his hand.

"That's going too far..." Dipper tried to pull his hand back, but Mable held tight.

"Say it..." She handed her phone to Soos with her other hand.

"...Alright." Dipper stared blankly into the camera. "Mable beat me at poker, and she's the better poker player. Are you happy now?" Mable released his hand as Soos handed her phone back. She played the video over again. 'Mable beat me at poker, and she's the better poker player.'

She smiled. "Yes, I'm happy now."

"Sorry to interrupt..." Ford said, entering the kitchen.

"Like you ever are..." Stan grumbled, rolling his eyes.

"... I'm going to ignore that. Like I was saying, I need your help Dipper. It shouldn't take long; I just need a spare pair of hands for thirty minutes." Ford looked behind himself; a slight tremor shook the cabin, "And it cannot wait."

"Sure, Grunkle Ford!" Dipper jumped up from the kitchen table and followed him into the gift shop. Punching in the code, the vending machine swung back, and the pair descended into the dim space.

Stan smiled. "Well, now the nerds are gone; who's ready for another hand?" Soos started dealing.

Ford and Dipper walked down the flight of stairs. "What's happening, Grunkle Ford?" Dipper asked, following him into the elevator. Ford set the elevator to level three... the secret bunker where his trans-dimensional portal was before he dismantled it.

"The self-sustaining geothermal crystolic ionization reactor that powers the bunker, lab, and before I disassembled it, the portal, is outputting more energy than the battery can hold. I've turned it down to forty-three percent capacity, but it will take time for the power yield to drop. The battery won't be full for another day, so we need to add more battery capacity..." Ford glanced at Dipper, who looked a little lost in the scientific jargon, "...put simply, we're running out of space for the power were making, so we need to make more space."

The elevator door opened. The large underground chamber that used to house the portal was now empty and hollow. A caddy holding tools sat in the middle of the room, next to a chair and workbench. On the right, a large blast door stood open, revealing several massive, blue containers of some kind, with thick cables running from each one's top into a panel in the wall. Two more blue cells stood outside the door, along with boxes of parts and pieces and a long spool of wire. Dipper walked over to the workstation.

"What's this?" He asked, motioning to some kind of rifle laid on the table.



"That, Dipper, is my quantum destabilizer... It's a special weapon I built to defeat a special being... a powerful enemy of mine." Ford glanced at it, thinking of all the work and effort he put into it, "During my time in other dimensions, I discovered one of his weaknesses..." He wondered, should he tell Dipper about Bill? Ford looked at him, 'better not to scare him.' he thought. "...so I built this. But enough about that, let's get to work!" He patted Dipper on the shoulder.

They walked over to the blast door. "Grab that spool of cable. I'm going to back this power cell into that space next to that support... Be careful back there, and tell me when I get about a foot away from the wall." Ford backed the cell into its spot.

"Ok Grunkle Ford, stop!" Dipper said. "What's next?"

Ford told him to unwind the cable and leave it unplugged next to the panel on the wall. He looked back; Ford set up a ladder next to the battery.

"Ok, connect the A cable in the red port." Ford called from on top of the ladder.

"Got it."

"Now the B cable into the blue port." Ford said, wrestling a large cable into position.

"It's in."

"Ok, now screw the large C cable into the yellow port, then come over here."

"Ugh... It's ready!" Dipper said, walking over to Ford. After some more work, Ford climbed down from the battery as Dipper took off his hat as he wiped sweat from his forehead. Ford patted him on the back.

"Good work, Dipper, now on to the next one!"

---

The vending machine opened again, Dipper and Ford exited it exhausted. Ford closed it with a thud as Dipper shuffled into the kitchen. Mable, Stan, and Soos were no longer there. He poured himself a glass of orange juice, then sat down, staring off blankly.

"Tired?" Ford asked, pouring himself a cup of coffee. Dipper nodded. "Me too, but nothing feels better than getting a job done." Ford sat down, "Take a break..."

Ford leaned back in his chair with a tired sigh. "...I've been gone for a long time; most of my laboratory's gear and sensor arrays are outdated or broken. I've updated enough of my computers and equipment to get the main control center operational, but I still have to fix the arrays for any of it to work.

Dipper leaned forward, resting his arms on the table. "What do the sensor arrays do?"

"They're sets of sensors that I set up around Gravity Falls years ago that measured air pressure, temperature, atmospheric ionization, and among other things, the oddity dispersion index..." Dipper looked confused. "... It's a measure of the amount and location of weirdness energy that is in a given area. With them, I can keep track of any spikes or movements of anomalies."

"So, how do we fix them?"

Ford pulled a folded, dusty map out of his pocket. "Before I was sucked through the portal, I remember storing a supply of extra sensor elements in bunker five." Ford unfolded the map and laid it on the table, pointing to the location.

"The Bunker!" Dipper gasped.

"You know it?" Ford looked questioningly at Dipper.

"Know it! Mable, Soos, Wendy, and I almost died in it. Some kind of 'shapeshifter' attacked us... It wanted the journal."

"It got out of the cryo-pod? How did yall survive? Did it escape the bunker? Is it in the wild!?!?" Ford shot up from his chair, almost spitting out his coffee. "This is bad... this is very..."

"Don't worry, Grunkle Ford, we defeated it and captured it in another cryo-pod."

Ford sat back down, relieved. "Phew... Dipper, the Shapeshifter is one of the most dangerous beings I've encountered. I was going to exterminate it, but I had pity on the dumb thing, so I froze it..." He looked at Dipper. Knowing that his compassion for that 'thing' almost killed his niece and nephew gave him chills. "Not again." Ford pulled a small notepad from his pocket and added exterminating the Shapeshifter to a long to-do list.

"Grunkle Ford, that thing isn't dumb; it's intelligent, it talked with a human voice; it tried to trick me by looking like Wendy. It's evil."

Ford looked at Dipper; a smile crossed his face. "Taking on the Shapeshifter, huh... you definitely have Pines blood in you." He stood up, "Enough planning; I'm going to get some things, then we'll head to the Bunker if you want to come along."

"Count me in... If it involves getting rid of that Shapeshifter, I'm ready." Dipper stood up. "That thing's not getting another chance to hurt Mable or anybody else."

"Good, grab a bag and some snacks, I'll get the gear, and we'll leave in ten minutes." Dipper walked upstairs to his attic room. Mable sat on her bed writing in her scrapbook, Waddles laying next to her. She looked up.

"What you up to, Dipper?"

"Grunkle Ford and I are going to get some supplies from the Bunker... and get rid of the Shapeshifter."

Dipper noticed a flash of concern on Mable's face. "I'll be safe, I promise. I've got Grunkle Ford with me this time too, and he's handled things like this before."

She stood up and walked over to him. "Stay safe Dipper... Don't go taking chances." Her smile partially returned.

"I promise." Dipper said, giving her shoulder a shake. He walked over to his bed, taking his backpack off one of the posts. He opened the trunk at the foot of his bed. "Waterbottle, flashlight, camera, notebook, pens, compass... and that should be all." He zipped the backpack up and headed downstairs. In the kitchen, he packed a quick sandwich, then headed into the gift shop to wait. After a few minutes, Ford emerged from the bunker, arms full of gear.

"Ok, Dipper, here's the gear..." He held out a black box for dipper to take. "This is a ultra high-frequency radio. After we get the parts from the bunker, I'll walk you through the process of fixing the array; then, we'll split up and fix all the sensors, then meet back here."

Ford then handed him a pistol-like tool. "This is a Cryostatic pistol; it's able to safely knock out and flash freeze any living being for ten minutes. But be careful." Ford added, "It only has a limited number of shots."

"Got it, Grunkle Ford!" Dipper said, placing it into his backpack.

Ford then handed him a buckled, black canvas pouch. "These are a set of tools you will need to repair the sensors." Ford looked around. "Check your radio..." Dipper turned his radio on, instantly, the hiss and pop of static hummed from the speaker. "Testing one two three, over."

Happy with the result, Dipper and Ford stowed the radios and headed off to the bunker.

After some time, Ford and Dipper were almost to the old metal tree. Ford looked from the forest to the map, then back to the forest, slightly confused.

"The forest has changed a lot since I was last here... The entrance should be around here somewhere." Ford spun around, puzzled. He checked the map, trying to line up the landmarks on the distant canyon wall with the old map.

"It's over here, Grunkle Ford!" Dipper called, standing at the metal tree. "Now we need to get to that lever up in the tree." Dipper turned to Ford, "Wendy climbed up with a belt last time, but I don't think I'll be able to do it..." Dipper grimaced. "There's only one way to find out."

Ford laughed as Dipper started to remove his belt. "What's so funny?"

"You four opened the bunker with the branch!?! Dipper, the branch is the switch to close the entrance... the opening switch is hidden in this knot in the wood." Ford pushed a rounded piece of rough bark, which pressed in with a metallic click. The tree lowered, and a curved staircase appeared. The door at the bottom slid open with a rusty screech.

"Well, Dipper, after you."