Erosion (-4):

Me My 3:

Exquisite Darkness

Created by: William White

Hello! Welcome to the third book of this six-part series! Did you know that I am writing this book right after I finished the rough draft of Me My 2? That is right, it is going the same way I did the positive Erosions- I complete the first with edits, leave the second to be a rough draft, and try to write the third before I run out of energy- but I think this time I already ran out of energy on the second, so let us hop in whilst we feel good!

So back again at the village of my home, The Red Eyes dispersed to Israel as Cyclop and his gang made their final goodbyes as me and my core friends plus the kids came out to start our new mission. Shellia came along as well, and I pulled a portal gun from one of the hands from under my dress, going to a town called ‘Diepholz’ in Germany. There, as Teressa and Daniel went forth with the most distress against the police and special forces incoming on helicopters, I was behind in a building as others burned around, fixing Shellia on a darkness surgical table I replicated from my own surgical room.

“Shellia- did you know that I just found out you have a mental illness?” I asked Shellia as she laid flat and up on the table, a slice for mouth that looked supernatural with its curves to be a smile to the darkness inside with a tongue, as well as her accordion on a table to our left, as her hands were bloody yet now smooth fingers without nails like Teressa’s, and she had her dress a little wet along with her maid shoes.

“Wait- What? What do I have?” - Shellia asked, her tail around her left thigh as I had her lungs out of her body, holding them as they dispersed blood onto the floor and she watched with low ears and wide eyes, her unmoving body opened in the flesh to reveal the rest of her organs, as the layers of skin and blood were on another table to our left, and on her facing-right was the tool table and me, my shades glimmering because of the rainy atmosphere outside, the clouds wide yet drizzling onto the city of cleaned stones of tan and red, as if medieval structures had become modern, along with signs on fire and buildings exploded, and currently still going.

“Photosynthesis.” I stated, and we both laughed, our cat ears shooting up.

“Shut up...” Shellia smiled with her open curve for a mouth, no lips.

“Anyways though- your lungs are almost complete.” I told, going over to another table at the end of the surgical bed and placing them down as I used darkness to form cords around some veins already there and make them re-hook upon the lungs.

“O-okay...” Shellia nodded, her heart beating and pounding around the room as it was open with sound, her flesh going up and down as she tried to stay happy.

“Testing science to its limits... perfection! It is possible to reconnect and make the lungs hyperactive! As well as the heart... so let me just cheat the rest of the time...” I told, using the darkness flowing up my arms and under my gloves to place the lungs back and Shellia sat up to watch the veins and such come down to re-hook upon the lungs. “And now- time to never post about my findings, just like the Chinese do.” I laughed afterwards.

“What?” Shellia smiled, a little awkward as she watched darkness strings come out of her body, it lightening up as the darkness formed and shaped her organs around and back into functionality of natural essence, before seeing me go over to the table and go under, bringing up a cash-register-looking machine and pressing a few buttons.

“It is a science joke- because whence you find results for an investigation, you are supposed to share them. Most nations against America do not do that anymore though, they keep things secret for their government.” - I told Shellia as I started to create an entire square out of metal forming from darkness and aimed the cylinder-like machine, having an X-ray screen facing my ray, whilst making waves of heat come from a red neon background in front, healing Shellia’s torn dress and skin up by closing it slowly, the rubber sealing with the most aristocratic noise that made her tremble in discomfort, as her skin started to grow back like Daniel’s.

“Now what do I do, Eighty-Three?” Shellia asked as she touched her dress and looked up to me holding the square with both my gloves, my tail waving back and forth.

“Work with me, of course... We are going to have fun with guns.” I stated to Shellia, then making breaking the window and having Shellia around my neck with her legs wrapping around as I landed down on my sharp-spiking boots, looking around to the fire and destruction that had moved east.

So, we went forth East, rushing together as I held the metallic shining box, and Shellia watched as under her dress, arms like Kioshi’s but with hands come out, and they held different types of small machine guns, ready to shoot as two lifted her off my head and onto the right of me as we came forth to see the battle.

“When did you implement these?” Shellia asked, her smoothed out fingers clenching as she held her hands up and watched the spider arms start walking a bit ecstatically yet awkwardly, as if a baby was already used to walking, but doing it for the first time, the two legs under being thicker than the rest and rounder.

“Just now- so go forth and take them out!” I pointed forth as I saw Chinua come back with a burned arm, leaking blood and spouting black goo as she cried over.

“H-help! Please!” - Chinua as she fell down, with her gun behind by a few meters.

I pushed my glasses slightly up and then put the box in front of her, the radiating heat waves of orange sucking into her skin and regrowing them to become stronger and more ‘shredded,’ toughing the muscles to be fatter. Chinua started to get up, looking at her arm with sad confusion before intrigued low happiness, and getting up as Shellia looked around, the metallic arms looking for something else to shoot.

“Woah- thanks...” - Chinua as she then saw Shellia go forth.

“No problem- I generated it.” I nodded to her before going forth, and Chinua ran to pick up the big machine gun of darkness and start shooting forth on the streets.

Forwards were the rest of the kids. Kioshi and Ejnare were in a building, hiding behind a wall with their sniper weapons and looking at each other as outside teams of elite policemen with AK-47s and sniper weapons looked upon their street, a four-way being their base of action. Daniel shot threw, getting hit with bullets, and having some men use knives to knock away his guns and keep him down, as they continually saw him regenerate. As the men were focused on tying Daniel up though, Oyur from inside a broken-glass building with corpses around and blood splattered in multiple places, blasted a rocket at their car. The policemen had to rush out of the way to dodge an exploding fire of their vehicles, or entirely drive them around and away. As Daniel got up from the men getting blasted a bit down to his right by the police car and the wind, and himself being fired till he regrew, his clothes burnt off, and now he got up to hear neatly Khenbish, rushing in and shooting gamma rays at the men, piercing through their glass and skin that was open near their eyes, and making that burn through their skull, before they had a chance to shoot, and as she yelled, Kioshi looked through again to see a sniper coming after to shoot Khenbish from afar, tilting his gun before from the shadows behind of the burning building- Gustavo emerged, opening his jaw and pressing it into his skull to break open, as Khenbish then went more for the kill without clothes as well. Teressa also followed behind Gustavo, seeing Khenbish and Daniel work together as she shot bombs around to running cops far beyond, her grenades going up and down to hit the ground and explode their guts out as she watched without a smile but without a frown.

As that was going on, Oyur fired another rocket with a bleeding right arm towards another vehicle where Germanic language was being told through a radio, and Shellia came forth with me and Chinua. Shellia started to shoot with Chinua constantly firing, blasting the vehicle as soldiers started to turn from their places of hiding and shoot forth, but hit into a regenerating and surprised duo as I just sucked the bullets into my skin behind, holding the vent forth and letting it reheal them at faster and faster speeds, their bones cracking on the X-ray but reforming quickly. As the shots made both Shellia and Chinua discomforted, they continually shot into the cars till they broke down from the metallic banging and shot through to pin down the police as Daniel went forth from Khenbish being shot from elsewhere.

“Let go!” - Chinua as she started to like the mass of her actions, her heart beating as she kept on aiming and killed everybody in sight as Shellia crawled onto the buildings and started to shoot from there, pointing at runners.

Soon, the streets were dominated by us three, and the rest of the kids came out, Ejnare hopping out of the window and falling to break his legs, bending the bone and cracking it as he then yelled out: “DAMNIT! SHIT! FUCK! HOLY SHIT!”

I then moved the vent over to him and saw on the X-ray the bones fix themselves as then he started to look over and smile. After that, I went over to Khenbish and reformed her, as Gustavo came down and other men hundreds of feet away were running in a panic.

“Is that a reference to Meet The Medic from Team Fortress 2?” ThatCosmicThunder then asked as he suddenly appeared in the driver seat of one of the damaged trucks and opened the left door casually to come forth with his goofy legs, me seeing through the X-ray along with Khenbish and Daniel that he had exactly 420 bones in his body.

“Where- what?” - Chinua as she turned around to see TCT.

“Hey bro?” - Daniel waved over as Chinua spoke to TCT.

“More like a reference to how we decimated Mongolia- hAhAhahAHAHA!” - Khenbish started to raise her hands up as fists whilst saying, before we all just stared at her, and she started to shake, scaring Teressa back.

“Chill, Khenbish. But yeah- what's with the regeneration vent or whatever? You rippin’ that off from Team Bunker Four?” - Daniel funnily asked me.

“By all means, I thought it was a fun idea.” - I nodded to Daniel as we copied tail patterns, and he did not notice, but I heard every skin on his fur tickle in the air.

“Sure buddy...” Daniel giggled nicely, as Khenbish walked away.

“We got the company- and the cops again- just like we did in Mongolia- which Khenbish stated- so now what?” Ejnare came up to ask.

“We go the fuck home.” - Oyur stated as he came up, looking to me.

“Well- we should-” - I started to say before Oyur interrupted loudly.

“Goofy-ah son of a bitch, ya’ bitch-ass better take us home before those deadass cops rise from the dead or some shit- cause' that Computer is also watching, and I don’t wanna’ nother’ fucking game- or I’m gonna’ blow myself up like I’m a Muslim in India.” - Oyur stated as ThatCosmicThunder nodded.

“mY mAIn gOaL iS tO bLoW uP! aNd tHeN aCT liKe I dON’t kNOw nObOdY...” - TCT vibrated and stated under his breath loudly enough for Daniel to hear and smirk.

“I was going to say maybe we could go to the ice-cream shop still open and stabile on the other side of town...” - I stated to everyone as I dropped the vent and let it shatter like glass with the loudest sound effect, as TCT looked down and held in a laugh.

“Damn shit no waaaaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyy...” - Oyur as Gustavo went around his legs, and Chinua watched the giant cat then walk over to her.

“(Pointing with his right hand up to the drizzling clouds above,) To the ice cream shop! Wait- which direction, Eighty-Three?” Daniel asked, and I pointed a little forwards of my exact left, and Daniel looked before going forth with ripped clothes on him falling off in the wind. “Leeeeeeeeeeet’s go!”

“Follow Daniel guys-” I shrugged to them all before TCT was already on the move.

“Ice cream! Ice cream! Ice cream!” TCT started to chant with Daniel as they hopped and went away, starting to walk up the walls of buildings.

“Woah- what...” - Daniel excitedly as he kept on sprinting without obstacles of broken shards or walls, he just ran up with no difference, and TCT kept on shouting as they rotated around objects and kept going in a straight line, seemingly only on a two-dimensional map of course, towards the supposed ice cream shop.

“Nice mouth, Shellia.” Ejnare funnily snarked with a shaking tail after a few seconds of us all looking up to them both go, as we followed away shortly after.

Eventually, we came forth to the ice cream shop, empty, but I was behind the counter cooking up different kinds of what they served. From chocolate Gelato, to Stracciatella, to then basic speiseeis, I created all these different related foods. But, if you know better than me, they were Italian-like foods, not fully German.

“These foods are from Italy- but have Germanic differences... I guess...” I told, bringing out a large black plate on my right hand as I came forth. Teressa, Daniel, and TCT sat together as Khenbish, Chinua, and Ejnare sat elsewhere. Then Kioshi and Oyur sat together, looking out the window without care as Gustavo pranced around, enjoying the tiled design and wooden architecture, light and care-free.

“Germans? More like... germs... because they really were annoying during both world wars...” TCT shrugged to Daniel and he nodded his head away with a smile.

“Don’t say- bruhhhhh, please...” Daniel almost laughed as he was in fine clothes now, just like Khenbish was also. I came up to them first, as they were closest.

“Germans always had a history with being tribal and warring with many factions- but recently their state has been quite calm and wealthy. Hopefully, third time is not the charm...” I laughed at the end and TCT swayed his head.

“On god bruh- we all gotta’ stop acting racist...” - TCT laughed to himself as Teressa was looking out to the window and Ejnare and Chinua were talking alone as Khenbish was putting her head down and not paying attention.

“Ooh...” - Teressa as she looked over to see the flawless designs and coolness, along with chocolate ice cream that was hot with fudge underneath, and I filled their table with white pots and plates with metallic spoons they put really close to their mouths before pulling away as they saw the steam from the fudge Daniel and Teressa went after first, but then ThatCosmicThunder grabbed his chin, and then lifted it up like it was a plastic and wrinkly mask, showing pure darkness with no light entering as the two watched in awe to see him stick the ice cream in like it was a liquid, it instantly disappearing.

“Tasty.” He stated as he put his chin back down, it connecting back with his neck.

I then went back into the kitchen and used the hands from under my dress to load it quickly after I watched TCT do his trick. I then went over to Ejnare and Chinua, above to leave the tray to come onto their table as they got ready with a smile, before I lifted it up and then went over to the other table, making them confused and irritated with humor as they saw me bring it up from an inch away just to be someone else’s meal.

“Bruh...” - Ejnare laughed as Daniel and Teressa talked about how TCT ate.

“Thank you.” Oyur nodded to me as I placed down their orders nicely.

After finishing Ejnare’s table and letting Khenbish taste one slurp before getting up and saying, “I wish to see the manager!!” with a definite feminine pose, before eying around as everybody stared at her, not laughing.

“Not funny- didn't laugh- ding ding ding ding.” - TCT stated with some music playing from around his head, but my ears could not pinpoint exactly where it came from.

“True...” Daniel stated lowly as Khenbish sighed and sat back down.

“It is just your voice, Khenbish. That was a fine joke, but everybody expects only anger from you. If you act normal and get to know people, they might laugh at your jokes.” I talked nicely to Khenbish as she nodded and Chinua did as well.

“Yeah- logically it’s okay- but you know... it’s just... it’s you, and damnit! Eighty-Three- he explained it better I guess...” - Ejnare shuffled before he then went after his fudgy ice cream as Chinua kept on eating. I also walked away to pet Gustavo on the head at a fourth table, as outside sirens started to wail nearby.

“Eighty-Three- should I text Wilma to get us home?” Daniel asked over to me.

“Sure.” I nodded over and he nodded back, texting Wilma as Teressa started to race to finish her food, and TCT started to eat by just shoving the food into the skin of his face.

***Streaming to the end.***

Daniel, Ejnare, and Khenbish finished more ice cream from others as everybody else was now gone. The food was on my table as Wilma soon entered through to find Geurnf, Shellia, and Chinua watching ThatCosmicThunder start to stream next to Oyur in Oyur’s room, as Crow came through a portal and started to type on the Accord server, then opening his own laptop and starting up his own game.

“Oh look- it's Crow. What da’ bird doing?” TCT nudged back as Crow smiled.

“His voice remind me of you but boy.” Chinua told to Shellia.

“Oh please- Eighty-Three gave me vocal cords, I don’t have a real voice other than my accordion... which... I wonder where he’ll be keeping that...” - Shellia dawned upon.

“Oh hey Wilma- we're just gonna’ watch TCT stream with the boys, wanna’ join?” Geurnf asked as Wilma looked to Geurnf’s big red eyes.

“I would... like to...” Wilma nodded, trying not to think of what I was thinking of. Inside her mind, beyond Geurnf’s look with confusion as Wilma sat down slowly, was the voices of my voices. She remembered hearing such taints and laughter, the lie about me bringing the kids to Germany, the thoughts of me turning ice cream into melting humans, the death of George, the many tortures of Hadiza, how Shellia should be green because of photosynthesis, and most importantly, the new thought of torturing Miss Hedheop because I remembered I dislike painted fingernails and tattooed people who look edgy.

“Are you okay, Wilma?” TCT asked through the screen with a smile.

“Hm- what?!” Wilma asked, suddenly pushing her eyes open and looking at TCT looked at the screen, and then Oyur and Crow did as well, seeing only Fortnight.

“What- there’s no fucking Wilma, you shizo- that's just the battle-pass menu.” - Oyur to TCT as he then pointed at the screen, and his arm extended like a noodle, going through the screen and bopping Wilma on the nose as she followed his finger to see it smooth and without any hairs or fingernails, just leading to darkness. “What da’ hell?”

“How are you doing that?” Wilma asked as TCT brought his hand back from the quick bop, and Chinua laughed along with Shellia.

“I do a little trolling.” - TCT as then Fortnight came upon his screen. “Anyways, back to the game.”

“Could you please explain more in depth?” Wilma smiled, but TCT did not respond as Oyur spoke and Geurnf looked to Wilma as Oyur stated, “Whatever bruh, almighty-God over here lookin’ like a squilliam-killiam with those noodle legs- or some shit.”

“He do be a bit spoopy though.” Geurnf chuckled with wide eyes over before looking back with confusion as Wilma looked to Geurnf.

“I have no idea how he did that- but it look like he no hear you now.” - Chinua.

“Yeah- man’s insane with powers...” - Daniel as he finished his ice cream.

Wilma nodded and closed her eyes as TCT started to game on the big screen.

“He probably has some sort of vision that allows him to see a radius of objects. That then allows him to permit actions elsewhere just by breathing. He possibly knows about V-T-X effects and uses that to seem like me.” Wilma told herself in her mind.

I was over at the autismos’ place. There, I entered after knocking and Jared allowed me in, before chewing more on his brownies as I came over to Miss Hedheop, on a couch on another floor, with tattoos all over (some being dragons other beings country borders with filled-in green,) and fingernails of yellow, as well as toenails of blue beneath her white socks as she read the bible, her legs spread out to the other side, resting her socks on the pillow as she looked up to me to see me coming forth with my large boots. She smiled, but deep in her blood she started to beat faster with fear.

“Oh, hi Eighty-Three- how's it been?” Miss Hedheop waved over.

“Time to be an edge lord. Reeee-he-he-he-he- bruhhhhhhhhh- colored fingernails?!?!? Ryutyu was right about natural greatness- that shit looks- KILL HER- bad! Lol! Communism is not perfect- MAKE HER ENTIRETY WHAT YOU DISLIKE- when it comes to how people act anyways- bruh imagine being off task. HE-HE-HA- I am such a femboy. KILL THIS FUCKER! Destroy and tear her apart!” the voices raged inside as I kept a firm stance, and below Jared started to game on other things. “Hello, Miss Hedheop. I had a question I would like to ask.” I told nicely to her, and her heart calmed down a bit.

“What is-” She started to say with confusion as she brought down her book, before I rushed over and clapped her face with the bible, making the pages become wet with her blood as mush started to drip down, and then with force I ran down clapped Jared as well in the head, destroying him and the brownie he chewed on.

I then rushed their bodies down onto the floor, past the garage and into a tunnel of darkness to down below. My arms had already swept up the blood, and I jumped down, now no essence of any brownie crumbs, nor bible, nor even a wrinkle in the couch as all things set back to normal from the darkness sucking it into the floor and beyond...

Down below I took them to my office, then letting arms reach out from around the walls and replace everything into a surgical-like room, moving other objects to the walls as darkness formed up from the ground to lift the corpses onto their maintainable tables.

Seconds later, I had used darkness strings to move around the flesh and dissimulate their natural essence. I made Miss Hedheop have fingernails all over her skin, practically growing different colors as dirt fell off from beneath, some nails bending back and piercing through each other as barely her forehead and hair were the last normal stances as the rest of her shape became splinters of what she used to be. Then I turned Jared into just an eye, a literal purple eye still capable of blinking. I moved everything back together after feistily cheating the surgery, and placed Jared onto a shelf to move his pupil and blink as then I smashed Miss Hedheop’s unconscious body down into a new rug, and it stretched like a rounded rectangle, crunching satisfyingly as I stepped on it with my boots right afterwards. All in half a second, I had myself work so happily, and I was happy. The voices laughed and my memories colorful with references. But, my ears heard The DRC Man talking with the mutations elsewhere and diverted my crunchy attention.

“Hey Clasif, you geurnfing??” The DRC Man asked.

“What is this ‘Geurnfing’ all of you keep telling me?” Clasif asked.

“Bro is so geurnfing.” - Molly laughed from above in the darkness of the hallway.

“What does that mean?” Clasif then asked patiently as Molly hung down.

“He’s such a genurnf.” - Molly to The DRC Man as she had her pupils look around.

“Honestly, he geurnfing too much.” - The small and fast flesh wall coming up.

“Is this a reference to Geurnf, as Eighty-Three told in the files?” - Clasif.

“Bro doesn’t even understand what geurnfing is...” Molly laughed with the banjo guy, and the flesh wall whipped around to The DRC Man.

“I do not.” - Clasif with confusion but patience was massive in his soul.

“Hey guys, we gotta’ get away from the genurfer. He geurnfing too much.” The DRC Man told, the walking towards the end of the painting hall with nobody in sight.

“Yeah, bruh is geurnfing too hard...” - Molly as her base crawled away like a sludge on a wall falling down, but instead her sludge of meat started to slide down the ceiling to the front of the door many meters away. The banjo man also left.

“May I know whether this is a new term or fluent joke?” Clasif shrugged around.

“Re-he-eheheheheh!” I stated in an echo from above, as I traveled through the darkness of the rocks above, and then traveled away.

“Oh please...” Clasif nodded away and started to walk away as well.

I went over to Hadiza next. There, she was still in an underdeveloped homeostasis from the amount of darkness sludge I had filled into her mouth previously. She looked to me with red eyes as the sludge kept drooling out of her mouth and onto her restrained lap, steaming up as she cried and whimpered very long yet lowly.

“Fuck you! FUCK YOU!” - Hadiza stated to me before I formed a ‘FUCK YOU’ in my left hand and shoved it into her mouth, she splurged out more goo, whilst my tail rapidly flew back and forth as I literally had darkness coming out of my green gloves like a reverse wet-drop and forming in an under a second to the English text in full capital letters. She then choked on the text more as she continued to cry. “What ever fucking happened... to being a good person?! Why... are you making me burn?! PLEASE! JUST... every hour you come back... just please... fuck off... and let me go... or let me die... let me die... let me die! LET ME DIE! LET ME DIE LET ME DIE!” She then screamed in repeat towards the ceiling as my boots sucked up the splurging goo.

“At least I made it takeable...” I nodded with my glowing smile to Hadiza.

“You’re not a nice guy... you’re horrible! You’re fucking horrible!” Hadiza started to say before I grabbed her two front teeth and ripped them out, making her cry more.

“Teeth... replace them with pencils, replace them with screeching metal, make them tongues like the Anti-Christ! Do something! Funny! You know everything is on thin ice, right?” The voices rapidly stated with many sound effects in my brain.

“Do you want to hate me?” I asked Hadiza after she cried with my notice.

“W-w-w-w-what? W-why... I... I-I-I-I don’t...” Hadiza started to say with instant fear in her voice, now trembling with low sincereness.

“Then no more hatred is needed.” I told, then putting my fingers onto her ears, and she started to feel and see wildly different. Every color amplified and the lights shone brighter as suddenly all objects had a stereoscopic glow of green and black and red around them, and Hadiza cried as she felt her whole-body shake. The sounds started to echo and repeat and twist around, going high-pitched with eerie canals to the earlobes before pitching down to deadly reminisce breaking her earlobes. The room started to shake in her view, and so did her view itself. As the sounds overlapped, she heard the voices income. More sounds, more voices, heading up in volume to take on what she had left of her mind. She started to radiate with all emotions, unable to change and unaware of what was going on as her focus was torn apart by over a million voices laughing and swearing to her grave. Her essence in reality did not move, but her visions of all senses activated, and all memories of pain started to induce her as her brain melted from the inside, and I just smiled, seeing her brain’s blood push out the eyeballs and flush down, come out the nose and ears, and soon the grey matter leaked through, and she started to have a seizure as her heartbeat pumped so fast that blood from her spores started to evacuate the hairs down onto the skin in order to release the blood drains.

I took a step back as she fell to be a carcass of skin, a mold like a butterfly’s first hatching site, her blood now the butterfly instead of the caterpillar. Her skin though still shook, and as the enzymes powered to nothing, she started to dwell down to death. I let the darkness form hands from under my dress and my wrists, drooping down and refixing her parts as I left away, the arms of my original essence staying to be dragging on the floor endlessly as the arms under my dress soaked back under with Hadiza’s blood.

As I traveled with open and wide ears to hear Hadiza start to cry as she saw my hands put together her organs, already cheating the vessels of her brain- I also heard Molly speak to The DRC Man and some fellow Williamnists down a hall in a group.

“Wait- what day is it again?” - A man asked as The DRC Man was in his pose.

“It’s like the tenth, right? After the universe reset?” - Another man to the man.

“Hey guys, It’s actually the twenty-fifth of January.” - The DRC Man stated.

“Okay, nerd emoji.” A man stated behind making others laugh as Molly spoke.

“Hey- it’s my birthday!” - Molly stated and many were happy to hear.

“Oh nice...” One man said as the others clapped awkwardly in the hallway.

“What do we do for birthdays?” The same second man asked to The DRC Man.

“We uh... hey, Eighty-Three! Molly has a birthday party! Get over here if you can hear me!” The DRC Man stated to the ceiling raising his hands as others looked about.

I rushed over and scared Molly back before she laughed with the others.

“Congratulations, Molly! Happy birthday!” I stated with open arms up as the others nodded and looked to Molly frizzle her flesh with happiness. “We shall get a party ready on hall one, room four. Meet us there by an hour!” I stated happily, then looking to everyone as Molly listened. “Alrighty, Molly- you can go spend your hour however you would like- but me and the boys here will assist a good party.”

“Okay...?” A man shrugged quickly as The DRC Man was in his pose.

“Woo... something different to do...” - Another man as then Molly dispersed away by falling up into my darkness as it sucked her in and then moved her away.

“Hey Eighty-Three, are birthday parties going to be big, like the entire underground knows- or local?” The DRC Man asked, and I was already looking at him as the arms under my dress came out, and The DRC Man did not look down.

“It shall depend on what the birthday person would like. When are your guys’ birthdays?” I asked them all and they just shrugged.

“Sometime- I forgot.” A man told over.

“Like in February, as you Americans would possibly call...” A man thought about.

“DRC- tell the resuce team to always try to retrieve people’s information, they may want to use it later...” I told before rushing away, and The DRC Man nodded.

“Alrighty guys- birthday party and requesting an updated guideline for the rescue team- let's go!” The DRC Man as he went away.

“Everyone here is so happy today...” A man asked as The DRC Man led forth the group. He had blue eyes, blue hair, the Williamnist outfit, and two belts on.

“Yeah, true... I guess it’s cool...” His brother nodded.

***Bruh the game.***

I went over to Teressa who looked on the fifth floor of her deluxe motel. She had worry on her face, and her bracelets were twisted with slight confusion. Her hair was also jumbled just a bit as she saw every light on.

“Teressa.” I stated as I came behind, and she jumped before taking a sigh.

“Hi Eighty-Three... uh-” Teressa started to say before I existed my words.

“Miss Hedheop and Jared... fell away. A portal being came through and took them away like they did with a friend of mine called ‘Erua.’ Whence a being comes in within portals, they can create as many as they want if the Red Glitch does not help, and sadly... Miss Hedheop and Jared got taken away fifty-two thousands portals and more away as I tried to get to them, but they got away since they had Orchestral Powers, also known as Rainbow Powers...” I told Teressa as she was confused, but a little sad.

“So- w-what? They’re just gone?” She asked with her smooth fingers.

“Yes, sadly.” I told as she was a little preposterous of my explanation I made up.

“But... can you get Wilma to maybe find them?” Teressa asked.

“Yes, I will be going to do that next.” I told Teressa as my gloves were green and my dress was longer, but also my tail was more slow and watching of the air.

“Oh- thanks... uh... are you sure that all happened?” Teressa asked.

“Yes. I will also be sending a note to-” I continued to lie as I went to rush away, and Teressa sighed as she tried to put on a more normal face, but obviously something happened in my sentence.

We both suddenly disappeared without much of a trace.

“Welcome to another game! Luckily, the time period was low for whence I could generate again, because the Steel Terrorists attacked the Red Glitch because of it- so here we are. Anyways, solve a little puzzle with clues within the building and try not to die by the cocaine-filled people inside. You all die, you de-exist. Have a good time.” - The Computer before phasing up to the pixelated white clouds above, as the sky was bright and flavorful with swirls of lighter blue in random places.

“Mm... not again...” Oliver stated before he saw Shellia with her accordion and mouth back, her eyebrows dawning as she was dissatisfied with the change. “Oh no- not again for you, Shellia.” Oliver then laughed, before seeing over to Crow and Jeo.

“Crow! Long time no see, amigo- have I been a friend for you in this universe?” Jeo asked after he heard from Oliver and saw Shellia fine.

Crow just nodded against Jeo and Jeo shrugged with a sigh under his breath. “Well- we’ll start over again I guess- I'm Jeo.” And Crow shook his right hand with his right.

“I’m Oliver- nice to meet you again, Crow- and Jeo, I heard about you.” Oliver stated as he also came over and shook hands with the other tuxedo men.

“Yeah- nice to see you again too, Oliver. Now- are you a talker, Crow?” And Crow nodded against Jeo’s question as Shellia lightened up and looked around to the bouncy cars, windy grass, spinning trees, and wavy road. Everything looked lively and happy. “Damn... in the universe I originally met you in you were the friendliest and most extroverted guy... but hey, multiverse...”

“Anyways, puzzle... where do you guys wanna’ start? Front door or go around?” Oliver asked as Shellia came forth and Crow smirked at her accordion back on her hands.

“Let’s go around, amigo. I think if people are on cocaine, then they’ll be looking forwards to the entrance to find us... possibly...” Jeo shrugged as Oliver nodded and went forth, Shellia following last.

The four soon came to find the gym doors open and pouring pepper, not cocaine, from the windows, the pepper particles coming from the corners and pouring out into piles. Beyond the doors was a colorful inside, trees and random cherry bushes growing out of thin air with roots going down and raggedy into the air or objects, as bleachers curved up and stretched their material texture, as the floor was wavy and the lights flickered green and yellow. Orange particles also contemplated the place, sometimes swooshing together like fireflies into a swarm, or staying apart and flowing a lot less faster.

Jeo entered first, grabbing his pistol from his pocket as he then saw Crow as well, and Oliver bring out his yellow pen, whilst Shellia just entered in. There was echoing music over music above, all happy and electronic, making Shellia confused as well.

“Look around for- oh hey...” Oliver stated, before he looked towards his left and saw forth to a map on the wall, a paper poster with a map of the school under some red text, which he walked over towards with group.

“Poem Three: Try to run towards the red clover amongst the orange outside... wow, such a great poem...” Jeo smiled as Oliver was confused happily as well.

“Yeah, so inspirational... but anyways- There’s two others seemingly- anybody want to split up?” Oliver asked, and everybody nodded against his say, so he nodded and led forth. “Alrighty then, let us go to the outside quickly.”

Oliver went over to another door and saw forth beyond the glass to the floor having textures of wood as planks floated above an endless neon blue, the walls were cocaine mushed together and white plus slimy, and the ceiling was one giant white light down, with multiple hallways forming around that side whilst others at the end dispersed into red energy, soon Teressa falling from one drunk, and falling to a plank to below the endless infinity of pure blue.

“Oh... well... judging that she just fell off randomly, I guess we can kill our friends on cocaine if we need to, because that’s possibly how this game works...” - Oliver as Crow looked the other way and went to investigate the other hallway.

Shellia played her accordion as Oliver then stepped forth, tapping his right shoe on a plank and seeing it still and firm, so he stood on it, as Jeo put his right shoe a little forth as well, ready to catch Oliver if needed. Oliver then progressed, before using his yellow pen and making a platform which caught him, before he then walked across to the plank. Jeo followed and jumping on the shield that Oliver provided, as well as Shellia.

“I think Crow went to see what the hell was elsewhere...” - Jeo as Oliver saw many hallways opening with beings and friends down them, and them seeing towards him, but they stood still with rainbow eyes as their hallway crossed away to the end, and towards the end was a metallic door ready to be shoved open, like an exit, but only one door.

“Alrighty.” Oliver nodded happily to Jeo before using his pens to continue shielding and jumping with his friends over to the final slim-like plank, where he then shoved the door open, revealing a cold concrete room with a grey stone podium like the floor, and somehow the light above had volumetrics of a textured light being concrete grey, with a concrete grey key- oh my goodness, everything was concrete grey, even the darkness around seemingly as it had square particles of grey.

Oliver went forth before Wilma jumped from behind, enlarging her smaller-self into a normal form, and then making her tails spin around rapidly and elongate over to poke at Oliver, who reactivated his yellow pen and blocked the pointy furs as Wilma was rainbow-eyed with big black pupils and cocaine under her nose and around her ears, her jaw open smiley and her teeth sharp as her tongue was bloody.

“Oh- sheesh!” Oliver as he blocked Wilma’s attack, the key being left on the podium behind as Jeo and Shellia stepped back. Wilma’s tails were loud and metallic-sounding.

“Hey amigo- we on a plank here!” - Jeo yelled over as Shellia played consistently.

“Oh- yeah- I got this.” Oliver told, letting the Wilma come forth before using his shield to bash her into the left wall, and then swing it right and left to bash her out to no-plank, and let her fall below with a laugh hearable and no more screwy metallic spinning. “Well... hopefully the Computer has no flipped the common sense on us... anyways, key. What does it go to? Let’s go back and find out- maybe Crow found something by now.”

The three went back and over to the next hallway to find it normal, but down many of us were about. Chinua, scientist-me, Teressa, Ryutyu- all in our battle wear with battle weapons, Ryutyu was first to flick his ears up and come after them with a slow rush. Oliver, Jeo, and Shellia both went right, as Ryutyu rushed into the door and clashed his head through, having rainbow pupils as well as cocaine raining out of his nostrils, literally falling out as liquids, the ground wet with translucent goo and white particles. Then they saw me, seeing me as a scientist with white glowing shades on my normal glasses and a mouth filled with cocaine, running after them like an animal with my hands fully black with darkness.

“Battle!” Oliver yelled and Jeo brought out his gun as Oliver used his yellow pen to smash me to the flowing wall of many colors as the floor became wavy like waves and the ceiling started to turn to chocolate and drip down, discomforting Shellia as Jeo shot at everybody racing over like animals, trampling over those who tripped over the cocaine and waves, and he saw each bullet spastically jitter after it indented into the head, ripping flesh away as then cocaine refilled it, making back the once-all-natural shape. Then the Doppler effect started to come into play with the lights, brightening everything up.

Shellia played rapidly behind Jeo as he spoke, his eyes still on the goal. “Woah.”

Daniel, Oyur, Gustavo, and more known friends came forth with their own slight misconfigurations, and Oliver smashed them away as he created a path forwards and Shellia plus Jeo started to go forth as they saw him spin with the shield. Jeo came to shoot anybody that grabbed after Shellia, and let their hands bleed out before their skin was filled in by cocaine. As the room smelled delightful, the three made their way over to the entrance, finding now teachers to come after them, rather than any students that were non-important to this story in its history.

“Hold on- note!” - Jeo told forth, as Oliver went further away, seeing hallways start to switch as people started to spin their arms around their bodies and weirdly break their bones to jump back and under smashing shields as Oliver had to hope back as some took off their arms and tried slapping him with them, and he was getting crowded as everybody ganged up upon Oliver. “You see Crow anywhere, Shellia?”

Shellia did not play but nodded her head away as Jeo looked to the note on the left side of the lobby, from the entrance-point of view, as the walls swiveled, clocks had smiley teeth on them, eyes were forming amongst the lights, steam started to come colorfully out of the vents, the walls started to change color and texture constantly, the people started to liquidate their shape and swirl whilst still standing up, and Shellia started to feel her accordion mesh notes together without her accordance.

Quick note- Crow punched The DRC Man away as he had cocaine-glasses with its firm shape, and then bounced off his belly to land a good left kick into Nigga Nigga with cocaine-filled hands as then Crow ran into the band room and shut the door, seeing the beings outside come after, but Crow locked them before seeing them shrug away and start to go towards the other three. As Crow watched, he unlocked the doors, held his gun ready, and then steadied around as he looked. He quickly saw the note on the left side of the band room and went over to rip it off the metallic nail and look at the map before seeing the green button on top of the paper, stretched and with a pixelated texture. Crow was confused and pressed it, seeing behind him certain chairs suddenly grow green randomly as a four-by-four box came forth, yellow and hovering a foot off the ground.

Crow took a second to look before walking over with confusion, his eyebrows looking around before he pressed the box and saw it turn red. He rolled his eyes, before looking at the chairs and touching the green ones, seeing them stay still. He then went back over and pressed another, hearing a glockenspiel play down on his action, and the other one goes back to yellow from red. He then pressed it again, and then one to the left, and saw it turn off. He looked back to the green chairs, seeing only four activate close by each other. It was a pattern, and he looked back and forth five times before realizing the colors only expanded four by four. He pressed one box again and then another on the second row just two feet behind, shrugging through, and then seeing another turn red and the other stay on. He went forth and finished the pattern quite quickly, and smiled, before seeing the paper button suddenly disperse into water, which fell off the paper instead of making it wet, and now there was a code in black. But before I tell, let us go back to the other three at the time.

Jeo took the note and went to shoot firmly over to Oliver who spun to keep people away, then he came close to Oliver with Shellia. “Amigos! This map says there is a lever in the band room! Should we split up?!”

“Sure- you take Shellia.” Oliver told as he then rushed with Jeo to bash through them and then saw down the hallway to the outside, where grass grew long, shades of light become un-gradient and block-like, orange flowers boosted upon everywhere on the walls and the ground, even in midair and the sky, and Heru, Miss Opium, and Deandra were out there, smelling the flowers with their torso being made out of cocaine- Heru in his maid dress now white with black specs.

Oliver started to go out as Jeo ran away, and soon came upon the band room. There he found Crow analyzing a paper as there was a lever behind him pulled down. He looked up with a wave and a smile as Jeo locked the doors, dropped his gun to the ground, and Shellia played with confusion as she came forth to Crow.

“My goodness amigo... that’s a lot of-” Jeo was saying before the cocaine beings thrusted their arms through the school doors, breaking the wood and opening it for themselves, as they all chanted random words in random ways.

Crow gave the paper to Jeo before going forth without Shellia, as then Qoaiuek spawned in behind, and Crow shot as he looked back.

“HELLO EVERY EXTRA ENDEAVOR! How may I sell to the GREAT TUXEDO-STEREOTYPES today?” Qoaiuek asked with his mouths and stand bobbing up and down.

“Uh- uh...” Jeo as he paced away from the stage which he came upon.

Crow nodded back to Jeo as he pulled his gun and shot the crowd as well, and Shellia started to play her accordion to Qoaiuek in rapid pace with worried eyebrows.

“Yes, INDEED! I do have a GIZMO FROM THE CHEATING SPACE! It costs a SHELLIA’S LEFT CAT EAR though!” - Qoaiuek as he pulled up a Humanitor that was entirely neon orange, and Shellia looked to him with worried confusion, playing more. “It’s painless! I just want the REAL AND UN-DUPLICATED OBJECT! You can generate it back FAKELY later!” He then proceeded to turn it on, and as Crow shot his next shot, it blasted with a loud bang through the halls and broke through so many beings, now keeping them dead as Crow stuttered back and so did Jeo as his shot went out.

“Woah amigo...” - Jeo as he stuttered back to see Qoaiuek. Qoaiuek smiled and put his hand on his left shoulder as Jeo looked to the falling corpses and cocaine.

“Just don’t CROSS THE BORDER when you’re finished.” - Qoaiuek laughing.

“Uh... okay? What does... bruh!?” Jeo asked as he saw over to Shellia who was confused and rolling her eyes as she was missing an ear, “Wait- you really took her ear?”

Qoaiuek spun around and was gone as Shellia looked up and panicked with her eyebrows before playing her accordion smoothly, and lowering her chest up and down as if she was breathing slowly in and out deeply. Crow immediately imitated laughing, but he was in silence as Shellia looked over and was a bit more confused and worried.

“Crow, amigo- do you know that guy?” Jeo asked and Crow nodded with a smile. “Damnit Crow- you better give Shellia back her ear, I don’t think... well... eh... let’s just get on with finishing this game...”

Crow was first to come to see Oliver filled with cocaine, his skin dripping and drizzling cocaine under it as it filled in his bloodstream and one eye. His pens laid on the floor, randomly around with cocaine piles scattered around, as beings around got shot by Crow and Jeo, and they looked with worry to the dead Oliver filled with cocaine, his skin color now white as his mouth drooped it out.

“Damn amigos- he's dead... let’s move?” Jeo looked back to Crow as he finished.

Shellia and Crow nodded, and they made their way with the paper over to the outside, shooting Heru’s allies before seeing many students above and teachers hop down with elongated arms and try to spread the cocaine. As Jeo and Crow shot for themselves, Shellia hid inside, and watched as they finished plastering cocaine all over themselves with blood too, and eventually they grabbed the orange flowers through the many green, pulling just a few glimpses of orange from the dirt ground as green clovers covered around, and wiped as much white particles off them as possible. Shellia also saw to the side, behind a bush, a code. As the bush vibrantly bounced around and changed colors with epilepsy, the sky above shook with clouds, twisting and turning with blues.

“Woo... I think I breathed some in...” Jeo told funnily to Crow as they went with Shellia elsewhere, and she played to grab their attention. “What is it?” Jeo asked and Shellia nudged her accordion over for Jeo to see the note. He went to grab it and left away to the gym’s storage room, where they shot more before entering the passcode on the note, saying ‘8713233,’ and then they found a room with a needed key, and Crow went to retrieve it from Oliver’s corpse before coming back and opening it to find a red button, and he pressed it for Jeo and Shellia, where everything suddenly reverted back, and then the universe reset on top of it as we sat on the couch, even Crow and Jeo.

***Reunion incoming from Qoaiuek?***

Qoaiuek held a shop at the entrance of my home as we all came forwards from inside to see him there, with merchandise of ourselves out. There were figurines of me and Shellia, along with palettes of our fur, (including Shellia’s ear fur, Ryutyu’s green and blue fur on different palettes, and even Geurnf’s, all labeled under with green Abadi-font text,) and even thirty white t-shirts on the left with two-dimensional and easy-shaded art of me in a stance with my arms long and black and obviously darkness, and going to points aways in the back, as others had Shellia running in the cocaine school in a portrait of gold. Shellia came out with Geurnf and Ryutyu to see it as well, their ears low and tails high.

“What in the hell is all this, Qouek?!” Geurnf yelled funnily as she came out to Qoaiuek’s surprise, me in my maid shoes walking silently with the others.

“My ESTEEM COLLECTION of NOT YOUR FINEST FUCKING MERCHANDISE- NOT FOR GEURNF BY THE WAY- for IF WE WERE ABLE TO BREAK THE FOURTH WALL which may or may not exist!” Qoaiuek told with happiness as Shellia felt her hands in the air at her hip.

“Lad- why ya’ hating on Geurnf?” Ryutyu asked funnily as he wagged his tail.

“FUCK YOU GEURNF- no more selling for today?” Qoaiuek as he went down under his stand and we all heard the clanging of a lot of metallics, his essence missing.

“Merchandise? What?” Shellia asked funnily after five seconds to Ryutyu as she had a mouth again, and her skin color was green.

“I wish to wonder why he has your fur, though, and others.” I told Shellia before looking to Ryutyu look to the palettes and see forth to all furs of furries around- including Wilma, Daniel, Angelica, and even Gustavo, but not me. “Qoaiuek, may we know how you got the furs of almost all of us?”

“Ya’ mate- I don’t remember being shaved at all- maybe thy got it from nother’ universe...” Ryutyu shrugged to me as Geurnf looked around.

“Not NOTHER’ UNIVERSE, but rather THE EXCELLENT STORYTELLERS FOR ME TO BE NEXT WITH- I, yes, stole your PRICELESS AND UNERAGED SMOOTHNESS, but I must CONDENSE FOR SALE THE ORIGINAL BEFORE THE COPY!” Qoaiuek said as he came up, his arms elongated to pull him up and hop his midget-self back onto the counter.

“Copy? You know how to duplicate D-N-A?” I asked Qoaiuek.

“SAME AS YOU- but a BOOK A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!” - Qoaiuek as he then brought out a large book with glowing rainbows swirling on the front and back cover as there was black Latin text saying ‘Big book of Human limits! Written by: The K. K. K.,’ it stated as he clenched the book firm, me hearing his fingers hold it tight as he stared up, his skin going grey as his lava-lamp shades went orange. “Your GREEN will never be better than OUR ORANGE.”

“What does that mean?” I asked as he held it out, and the others listened.

“I really DON’T KNOW- but I think GEURNF SHOULD GO KILL HERSELF!” Qoaiuek yelled at before lightning struck behind and his glasses glow a bright light blue, making his eyes blocked behind, as he was laughing and then stating the price of the book he held, “Any PRICE IS NEGATIVE FOR THIS ONE!”

“If you could, please expand upon what everything you say means.” I told funnily as Ryutyu chuckled inside and so did Shellia after a few seconds.

“I pay to give you this book.” he said as his skin went grey and his shades. He then dropped it onto the ground and threw six one-dollar American bills at me, which I stood by unphased as they fell to the floor, and then he warped away, before suddenly warping back directly afterwards. “I do have an IMPORTANT DIALOGUE LINE- what do you PEOPLE OF THIS GREAT REPUBLIC think of UNION BETWEEN ALL WHO ARE INVOLVED?”

“Uh- can you speak slower and not use your other mouths?” Shellia asked nicely.

“No- Shellia, I am sorry for my MIS-” Qoaiuek was about to say before I lifted my left index finger as my ears went up and so did Ryutyu’s as he heard me start.

“I would like a union for everyone to meet each other. Are you making the party, or shall we?” I asked Qoaiuek as he looked to me, tipping his glasses down.

“I shall REINVENT THE ORCHESTRA. You guys CHILL THE FUCK DOWN.” - Qoaiuek, before going under his stand and doing something beyond my ears.

“Alright...” Geurnf nodded as she looked to me and Shellia did as well.

“Anyways, I will leave him up to you people. I have to go see what The D-R-C Man is doing real quick.” I told them before rushing away as Ejnare came forth with Angelica.

“Oh!” Angelica said as I rushed by and her bible flung out of her grasp.

I rushed down as I heard above Qoaiuek talk with Shellia and Ryutyu about design and bring out lots of colorful lights and wall decorations of all kinds and traditions. Ryutyu rushed around to put these things up as Shellia graded what should be done. I, me, Eighty-Three, came down to Molly’s birthday party set up, in a large room as Wilma was there looking forth to The DRC Man in his pose as other scientists and Williamnists put decorations around as well, Ekon included.

Wilma looked into the mind of The DRC Man as I crept around people and saw forth to her. She chuckled inside, as she The DRC Man thinking about what she was seeing- literally thinking about his pose and grin from the viewpoint of Wilma, which if on screen, would create an infinite vision in his mind like a mirror to a mirror. Then I came up to them as Wilma turned tiredly yet happily to see me.

“Hey Eighty-Three- if you’re going to ask how’s it going- it's been quite well. Molly is enjoying Tres with Clasif and Cawo again, so... yeah, it’s good.” The DRC Man stated instantly, as he moved his head to see me, but not his hands on his belt.

“I am glad you are giving Molly a birthday party. She really misses being a good friend with you.” Wilma stared over to me about Molly, and I nodded.

“Yes, I hope this regenerates her happiness more than her hypered bloodstream has. I am also glad she mentioned it.” I stated before thinking and Wilma nodded to the voices in my head.

“Hey Wilma- you should create a jungle gym specifically for Molly, named- Molly-Malice- or something- and I think that would be a cool location, like the Statue of Liberty, for everyone- since we have none.” The DRC Man stated to us.

“Alright.” Wilma nodded and henceforth walked away to do so with a low smile.

“Alrighty- now, is there anything I can do? We have one minute to finish.” I asked.

“Go get Molly I guess. I was, but most of us got nothing to do right now, so we’re just waiting for the party to begin.” - DRC shrugged happily as I nodded and darted off. “Alright- Hey- everyone- Molly is coming, get ready!”

As everyone hid away behind golden and sparkling pinks of balloons and walls with balloons all around, some with hats, others with masks, I came back to knock on the door, before The DRC Man came up and opened the door to reveal Molly to everything. A wide expansive room with light blue, pink, and golden swirls all over the walls, a ceiling of green popcorn with black lights, a floor with white lights under glass, as tables were around with all different kinds of foods, and Molly was first to slowly crawl in.

“Wow... this is much more than I imagined ya’ll were gonna’ do...” - Molly as she looked around and then saw back to Clasif, the blob, and me coming forth.

“Quite spectacular- did Wilma generate it all?” Clasif asked me as The DRC Man was in his pose, and music started up.

“Happy birthday Molly!” People around came forth to say, having jazz hands with flaming sticks sparking yellow or light blue, as balloons of gold spelling out her name came down from above and gathered attention of Molly to look up.

“Oh- wow- thank you guys!” Molly stated as she looked up happily in her mutilated form, as Clasif just stared to me, and The DRC Man started to pay attention.

“Wilma did not generate it actually, these helpful people assisted each other.” I told, and Clasif looked back to see people assisting Molly with giving her a chocolate fudge cake with candles, and feeding her with only a spoonful at a time like they were her butlers, and Clasif with his droopy hands nodded to me as The DRC Man led him over to the food tables and allowed him to put food into one of his many mouths, closing down and crunching it weirdly as Molly used her largemouth just to such in the cake, and they saw it being gulped down to her stomach, her organs pulsated with happiness.

As I smiled behind, teeth wide and ready, Ekon came forth as people helped Molly and crowded around, coming to see Wilma also come from behind suddenly.

“Hi Wilma.” Ekon waved lowly over to Wilma as she came forth too.

“Hello guys.” Wilma waved before seeing Molly, and then Clasif and the glob as behind the banjo guy came forth and started to talk with The DRC Man.

“I... I just came to thank you. This really helps Molly and the people get used to the mutilations, they have been stating cursed things about you behind my back...” Ekon told lowly to me as I just stood there, unmoving.

“I understand, and I know. But yes, this really helps the people involved see the mutilations as actual people rather than forbidden fleshes of some sort. I do not think we should film it, if you were asking- but rather allow this moment to be a great story for Molly, who possibly needed it.” - Me as my tail wrapped around my thigh.

“Oh, yes.” Ekon nodded as he looked at me before looking to Molly happily.

As the party went on, Molly talked to everyone possible in the room, and more as others came by to check out the party, finding it public and open for wealth of the mind. Above though, Qoaiuek went forth with Ryutyu to put up many decorations, and Daniel plus Angelica started to assist with design along with the talking Shellia.

Then I heard Cyclop and Oliver have a portal near the entrance and come forth to meet everybody else.

“Hey guys, the party good? You need any more help?” Cyclop asked as Oliver looked around to see everything easily being done.

“We got it mate.” Ryutyu nodded as he flashed around and the entirety was moved carefully and Qoaiuek soon came down from a ladder to see Ryutyu had done four-hundred times the work as him hanging up Chinese cylinder lights. He said nothing but hopped down on all four of his legs.

“Ah, Cyclop the INDESTRUCTIBLE PERSONALITY and Oliver the MAN WHO ASKED.” Qoaiuek stated as he came over to meet them, along with Daniel and Angelica.

“Hello... Qake? We’ve heard about you, but don’t exactly know your name.” - Cyclop shook his top left hand as Qoaiuek’s skin color went tan.

“I’m Qoaiuek, extremely hard to pronounce BY ALL MEANS, but HELLO EVERYBODY, MY NAME IS QOAIUEK AND TODAY WE’RE PLAYING FIVE NIGHTS AT EIGHTY-THREE'S! The party is ALMOST FINISHED LIKE MY LIFE, and it’s going to be stellar to see everybody take a moment to come down and MEET WITHOUT GREET. THE COMPUTER HAS NO TACTICS ON THIS ONE!” - Qoaiuek.

“Alrighty.” Cyclop nodded as Oliver was confused on how calm Cyclop was. “Fun question- Do you control your mouths?”

“No, I SPEAK WITH THE GODS ABOVE ME, not my TRUEST OF INTENTIONS. This mouth is PRECISION, THIS ONE IS A MEME, THIS ONE IS MEANING, AND THIS ONE IS RUDE AS FUCK- but my main one is NORMAL?!?!?!?!?” - Qoaiuek as he pointed with his right hand, Shellia’s tail moving back and forth as she saw around to the cyclops.

“Hm... alrighty, that’s a cool quirk I guess.” Oliver laughed to Qoaiuek.

“Quirk, I wish.” Qoaiuek laughed back as Cyclop looked to Shellia.

“And Shellia- you got a mouth! Is it good?” Cyclop asked over with no aggressiveness, Shellia’s ears going up as soon as she heard her name.

“It’s very nice, thanks.” Shellia told as Angelica spoke to Oliver.

Soon Ryutyu was finished, and me, The DRC Man, Wilma, and Gustavo came out from the underground to his empty bedroom and felt the fans working with rock music playing to nobody as we came up. We walked up to my living room and saw everything rearranged- my table missing and replaced with a colorfully painted wood with all variants of green all over, as well as many foods placed there with silverware and plates ready to be taken. The living room was entirely empty for standing around as chairs were amongst where the television was, and the kitchen also had foods, and chairs near the fridge. Outside there were decorations such as inside, and they hung in the wind, balloons wrapped around the hot tub and pool. The doors of the house were open and re-arranged as I heard Ryutyu shuffle things around, and our friends were outside by the pool, where Qoaiuek held his shop right on top, literal floating above the calm waters with his little stand also floating above. Geurnf, Ejnare, Chinua, and Kioshi came through to check things out as well, with my ears hearing above to Oyur also coming by with TCT and Crow.

“What is this?” Chinua asked happily with intrigued looks around.

“A formal party where we are inviting everyone friendly to come and meet.” I told.

“Aye lads.” Ryutyu nodded as he rushed by before going elsewhere.

“I would like to talk to That-Cosmic-Thunder about the blockade of his thoughts. I think the mystery of what he thinks about is quite interesting.” - Wilma as she went to the entrance to find Oyur yelling at TCT.

Get ready for this dumbass montage.

I opened the doors to the pool and came out to talk with the cyclops and Shellia as The DRC Man stood with Gustavo and hinted words at each other as they looked at the food, The DRC Man instantly going to grab a few chocolates. On the Accord server, Daniel made an announcement inviting everybody. Kioshi sat in a chair as the rest of us did things. Ejnare talked to Crow who used the Accord server, and then Chinua talked to Oyur. TCT talked with Wilma in a funny way, and The DRC Man kept eating with Gustavo. Daniel also talked to Geurnf as she went back and brought her banjo over. Khenbish never came.

After some time, The DRC Man was filled and talked to Cyclop as Oliver communicated with TCT, and Ejnare looked forth to Qoaiuek’s sells outside, the little man just outside in the cold, staring forth with a stale flat mouth and droopy arms. Kioshi did not talk to anybody, but Shellia talked to Gustavo about his appearance before Wilma then came over and made jokes about it. Oyur then talked with Angelica, and Nigga Nigga came in and made TCT awe. Not much happened, except we recycled the talk about destroying Heru and his allies, theoretics on depleting the Computer, getting to know The DRC Man, joking with Gustavo and Wilma about cannibalism, asking me about George and Khenbush, wondering about Khenbish, exclaiming memes, and saying I was intimidating but nice.

Whilst all that was going on though, Crow was up to something. In my conversations, the red glitch formed over my ears and we decided to speak about it. Crow seeing forth and hearing that my greatly multiplied ears had devolved into normal cat hearings, he decided to go outside, open a portal back to his home, grab the bag of rainbow fists, and quickly come back to go to my room where it was silent. As he heard amongst the walls elsewhere us all talking with each other, he looked around my room thoroughly before going down to Ryutyu’s and looking around again, seeing the door to the surgical room, entering under the fan that was in Ryutyu’s room making it cool, and seeing forth to just the room. He then pulled from his left pocket pant his tracker and saw Hadiza’s location to be still in the radius. Crow started to close the door and lock it, then proceeding to smash the right wall, further and further until he found nothing. He then tried the front and failed, before the left, his rainbow gloves puncturing the wall like it was paper. He found my old torture room, now revamped with tables of cocaine everywhere. The Plague Doctor and blue backpack and Khenbush were not in there, and Crow looked around to the piles of cocaine all on red bricks, the walls brick and so was the ceiling, before swiping his head right and left, realizing this was possibly Wilma’s secretness. He then exited to go to the left side of Ryutyu’s room and punch those walls down, making a slight alleyway as he looked around and found nothing. He then proceeded to do the front wall, finding another secret Wilma room, before connecting it to the brick room. Crow was neutral on his face, looking around without much of a glance. He then punched each wall he could, finding the crumbling rocks and dust to spurt up like the rest of his actions. It was until he hit the back wall of the second cocaine room that he found the hallway down.

Crow was surprised, his face enlightened and satisfied that after all this time, he finally found something in the vicinity. He went forth, finding the hallways to be well lit, and seeing around to the empty rooms he punched the door handles off of, seeing crates of cocaine, meth, weed, popcorn, purple and pink candies in blue wrappers, and also wooden boxes filled with jars of different smelling oils, which he opened and smelled inside, finding the first one to literally be oil. As he opened each crate by punching through the top and widening it open to see inside, he became wide with his mouth, and exited out to see the hallway ended naturally with the same texture as the walls- concrete cold grey, nothing to amuse. He checked his radar and was still concerned. Henceforth, he went to the dead end and punched through it. Nothing. He started to widen it open, and soon came forth to it- another hallway, where there were voices down and about, doors opened with computers in them, and security footage was about. He was further surprised.

Crow entered to the hallway, seeing forth to a countertop giant room where nobody was in, but voices echoed down. Crow followed forth, looking in each room one at a time to see if anything was about Hadiza or me and my friends. He looked at cameras to see black people not as black as him, mutations at Molly’s birthday party, people painting in some hallways. Crow analyzed all of this quickly, before taking out his phone and looking at it. He looked at the Accord server, and looked at Daniel and Angelica’s profile pictures, as well as Ryutyu’s and Wilma’s, all on with everybody else’s. He wondered in his mind if it was good to speak upon this, but decided to put his phone back in his pocket and start casually walking towards the people’s voices, looking around viciously for any info.

He came forwards to find Ekon with a group of older men talking in French about Paris, but Ekon was first to notice Crow coming forth and waving at them, no words being spoken as everybody turned with surprise and intrigued looks, before waving back happily. Crow nodded as then Ekon spoke up to him.

“Uh- hello! I haven’t seen a man like you around- are you a new mutation or a good person with a scientific development?” Ekon nicely asked over to Crow as the others looked. Crow stopped in his tracks and looked at Ekon before touching his mouth with his left pointy finger, indicating he could not speak as he shook his head.

“The man can’t speak- just like Henry Davis.” A man with blue eyes and a black beard said behind Ekon, as he nodded to man before smiling back at Crow.

“Did Eighty-Three send you down just now?” Ekon asked and Crow looked at him before nodding his head up and down in a lie. “Cool- are you new?” And Crow nodded once again before another man spoke up to Ekon and Crow.

“Hey- he’s looks similar to one of Eighty-Three’s surface friends…” One stated with green eyes and a blue mustache and scrambled hair, obviously painted that way.

“Yeah- actually- aren’t you a surface friend we’ve heard from the files?” Another asked nicely over to Crow as he just stared forth. Crow swayed his head, before then reaching his left hand down for the gun slightly, before pulling it up as he saw Ekon turn to the men and talk very nicely with a comforting voice, so he pulled up to find he still had his watch on, and then tapped it with his other hand, before awkwardly smiling with worried eyebrows and jogging by them as they watched.

“Uh… I’ll go see. If so, that’s really cool- but… (Ekon starts to sprint over to Crow,) possible surface-friend, why has Eighty-Three sent you down here?” Ekon asked nicely with curiosity as Crow was worried, and then tapped his watch again before running off. Ekon slowed down and watched as Crow made his shoes stamp on the concrete hallway’s floor faster, making him take off as he ran with full spirit in mind. Ekon just sighed and watched as Crow ran past many rooms, before he started to slow down and pull out his tracker, seeing the lunch room with some people nearby. As he came forth, he found his tracker to move a little up, seeing that he was getting off direction of favorability.

Crow, without looking towards the other people as they looked over with their suits and glasses, started to rush past people up, finding another hallway where his tracker got back on board. Crow looked around as others looked to him. He started to go upstairs and open as many doors as possible, finding the mutations in the birthday room, and falling back with a frizzled face before taking off as they barely saw over to him. Crow was in a panic as he ran away, past people who were confused on his essence being different.

Eventually overhead, it became night, and my friends had their plates on the counters of the kitchen, Shellia held up the idea of playing Four-Square, Ryutyu joined in, Daniel enjoyed, and Kioshi still sat alone, barely talking to Oliver, Cyclop, The DRC Man, Geurnf, or Chinua, who tried talking to him but found him secure and without anything really to commit. Further, Cyclop and Oliver left as then some of the kids went to sleep. Geurnf soon also headed out, and everybody dispersed, leaving me, Gustavo, The DRC Man, and Qoaiuek still out in the cold, just to exist. I looked back to Qoaiuek as The DRC Man spoke with Gustavo, seeing Qoaiuek just stare forth at me, before shrugging, he nodded, and swirled away before I could even rush over to him.

“Hey Eighty-Three- let's go check up on the copies of the kids in the basement. I think by now they would have eaten each other...” - The DRC Man stated to me, and I nodded as I turned away to go forth with Gustavo following behind The DRC Man.

We went down as Ryutyu went to sleep, tip-toing with our shoes into the darkness I made in the shape of an oval on the wall, leading us down with darkness stairs to the hallway, as it revamped itself from behind. Then we came forth to the lunchroom and found Ekon first with the men and more.

“Oh hey Eighty-Three!” Ekon waved over as other men did as well.

“OOooooOOoo hey my broski- wassup?! Hehe-hA!” The DRC Man stated as he came forth to high-five a purple-haired Muslim’s hand with his right.

“Nothin’ much, how’s it been for ya’ fellows?” The man asked in an etiquette voice of a Somalian, as others crowded around, and kids looked at Gustavo just smiling.

“We were enjoying time with our surface friends.” I told everybody down under.

“Do they know of you and this underground yet?” A man asked far back.

“No, but soon they will enjoy what I will do. We just have to get ready.” I told, then looking to Gustavo as he nodded, and then The DRC Man came back over.

“Hey Eighty-Three, when are we going down to the hall?” The DRC Man asked as people started to talk, Gustavo coming forth to the table and munching.

“In just a few seconds.” I whispered back to The DRC Man.

“Eighty-Three- one of your surface friend’s came down here recently- you call him ‘Crow-’ he was running around and opening every door for some reason- is that normal or should we note that as curiosity?” A man stated happily as he came over.

“Crow? Hm… I shall go look for him.” I nodded before rushing off as the others felt the wind, and Gustavo kept munching as the kids came over to speak with him.

“Hey D-R-C- would you like to run the marathon?” A man asked funnily.

I rushed over to Crow, in the electricals of The DRC’s hallway, finding him to come out and instantly refresh his face from confused to fearful, worry in his eyebrows. I stood there without a sound, and he watched me for four seconds before I spoke.

“Hello Crow- how did you get down here?” I asked nicely as my tail shuffled.

Crow did not speak, but was surprised and eager to leave, his heart pounding more and his bones slightly rattling more than they were just a few hundred milliseconds ago. Crow opened the Accord server with his phone, and I looked at him through my shades as he typed quickly in a private messaging channel to me.

“hi I was looking for Hadiza nice place though” Crow nodded to me after his text.

“Hadiza is not here.” I stated with confusion, “Last time I saw her, she was in a game, trying to backstab Ryutyu.” Then my ears flicked up as Crow actioned.

Crow pulled out his tracker and showed me it. I examined it closely before looking up to him, his eyes worried and fearing of what was beyond my shades. He then pointed at it with frustration, dawning his eyebrows down.

“This is no lie. Tell me where she is.” Crow stated to me, surprising my eyebrows.

“I do not know, Crow. Possibly that machine is wrong and tracking a different universe, but I am hearing around and every flesh does not imitate her essence. I also have heat vision, and do not see anything relatable to Hadiza.” I told Crow nicely.

“You… you do, and I know it. The shit you have under here is fucking messed up, and I know you’re fucking lying- tell me where Hadiza is. I know she tortured you in your past, but I don’t know what the fuck you’re doing now- but I want her back in a safe place that isn’t this brainwashing bullshit of a… place…” Crow stated, his heart beating extremely fast as he tried putting on an angry face for a good percent of the time. “Or I’ll tell everybody about this… fucking messed… shit…”

“Crow… I will not lie with you. Hadiza is my personal business. I will not be giving her back, she belongs to what I have in store for her. I would like to state that telling everybody would only mean chaos, as I have allies that are more powerful than any of my friends- so please, just keep this a secret. I already tried to do this situation with Heru, but he decided not to complete a simple quest, so please- I have Hadiza but I am not giving her over. I have two sides of my life that if intervened, would mean the death of all.” – Me.

“You’re insane… mutations? Scientific shittery!? W-what… like… I… I know we kinda’ just met- but what the fuck is all this? I thought you were just edgy and somehow a boss- but no, you have an entire story of some fucking sort nobody else knows about- what the hell… holy shit…” Crow started to state as he walked away, before looking back to me, “You’re a monster, you know that? Not letting go of Hadiza, not NOT making fucked-up mutations- stealing people away for your own religion for all I know- what is all this?” Crow stated to me with worry as I put my gloves down over my dress like a maid.

“My bipolar life, Crow. You now know both sides. On the surface I act nice and assist with humane morals. Beneath though, I am nice and assist with inhumane morals based off of humane morals- as I could put it- so please, just do not tell anybody.” I stated to Crow as he looked to me with a panic, his bones shaking.

“Don’t?! Don’t tell anybody!? Bruh- I’m gonna’ have nightmares because of you- OF YOU- like… this is bigger than I thought- T-C-T just told it was some scrungly camp of weirdos- but no… like… I’m not getting dragged into this- I’m either gonna’ have Hadiza back to safety, leave and tell nobody- or I’m getting help… I’m sorry- but like… this is- what the hell…” Crow with a variety of emotions playing into his many gestures.

“Crow, you must pick from the options. Either you act like nothing happened or chaos shall pursue. I cannot kill you, for I know your two friends would come looking- but I will reset your memory if you try to run and expose me.” I stated sadly yet nicely to Crow.

“I have no idea what’s going on- what’s the fuck up- but I’d… rather take my chances with running… even though you’re probably gonna’ speed up to me in two seconds… heh…” Crow stated as he looked to me before taking off.

I tried taking off, but the Red Glitch formed over my boots, so I then tried reaching my arms out, but the red glitch stopped that- so as I ran, I made the hallway elongate and block the staircases, turning the lights off, but the red glitch formed over them and made them flicker red, and Crow saw his passage out form into a wall from the left, sliding the material in, so he started to look forth before back as I chased, and he pulled out his phone, texting as I came closer and faster. Soon, I made the wall into flesh, and made it come out at him, mouths open as he dodged to the left, shoulder bashing to the floor before rolling up and away. Then I made a concrete Molly from the ceiling try to snatch him up, but he ducked under, looking back at me as the doors at the other end seemed to be closer. Crow kept running and running before from the doors rushed a concrete wall of flesh-like instances I had used my grasping left hand to generate, and it came forth to knock him back with speed as he shook and breathed heavily with fear before I had my spikes launch out and try stabbing his head down, but the red glitch blocked my spikes as he saw up to me before getting up and watch the many arms from under my dress turn to red glitches as they tried to grab after him, at different velocities.

“The Red Glitch seems to enjoy your presence- but why?” I asked Crow, stabilizing back as the lights flickered red and Crow looked to me with shock.

“Because… yeah… I’m… you know what? No- fuck you! And fuck all this- the files- that and this shit- you don’t get to know anything more- just go to hell!” Crow as he pulled out his gun and shot at me, and I sucked the bullets in before making my hands come out with all different kinds of guns and try shooting at him, but the bullets were blocked by the red glitch as he stopped shooting and just looked to me.

“Red Glitch, could you please give me a message on why Crow is invulnerable to my actions currently? Am I supposed to be exposed?” I asked towards the ceiling. No answer after eight seconds of Crow waiting, before he saw to me turning my head, and the doors behind have darkness wrapping around them. “Crow, it seems you have a good blockage against my attacks. I must offer that if you do tell everybody though, I will have to kill everyone. I will soon expose myself anyways… (I sigh,) but currently we are on thin ice. Extremely thin- all it takes is one person, whether one of my Williamnists or you, just to say to Ryutyu once that I am doing all this- and it will be over. Once Ryutyu is notified, Wilma will also find out, and take the chance against me. Although she is overpowering, The Computer and Rainbow Orb are on my side, whilst Heru is also against me. Instantly… the kids would be killed, Shellia and Geurnf, and many of Heru’s allies, including Hadiza- for possibly good, as the Computer would probably generate a final game, or The Red Glitch may just want to end it. The battle would be bloody, and it can happen at anytime, so I ask of you to please keep this secret. As I stated, I wish not for the ice to crack, I will be responsible when the day comes, rather than you or someone else.”

“Oh… that’s complicated… and explains shit… but still… like… have you even chanced what it would be like with the cyclops? Or my friends?” Crow stated over after a few seconds of heavy breathing, his bones shaking as the concrete beings fell to blood.

“I agree that Cyclop would be against me, along with the Red Eyes, which would make it a true war, and ThatCosmicThunder plus Qoaiuek would agree to side with you, but The Computer would always have something… unless ThatCosmicThunder breaks his game again- in which I would like to ask, what are his true powers? Are they Torment Waves?” I asked Crow, before he tried to speak, his mouth opening with another line before the red glitch was over his speech, and then he was engulfed in a red glitch, and I stood there, still and powerful with glimmering shades, my tail swooping back.

***The Funny Fire Message.***

“I would like to make an announcement! Using the universal intercom, yes I have ‘hacked’ your screens using radio waves, Orchestral waves, and Torment Waves, but also have permission from the Anti-Christ himself to state, in any language you the viewer may understand- that Heru is a bitch-ass fucking nigger from the retarded parts of space along with that shitty-ass old-ass tarnished Computer which has no fucking name because he’s a dumbass degenerate that can’t have an imagination, fucker just randomizes his goddamn games like its his own…” the Fire God stated with slow gestures and a loud and angry voice as he stood in a neon blue void, and all around the universe, on all screens, from MP3 players to the Cyclopal’s sky-screen on another planet, all beings in my universe watched the God say what he did in a language they understood, ours being English.

Eraoa and Elijah watched with Deandra the scene in their chairs near the table, a giant rectangular screen interrupting their advertisements for The Fire God, and now they were laughing as soon as he started to cuss.

“I’m making this damn announcement because that bitchy Heru and Computer are like two feet tall midgets who can’t do ten pushups because they’re incapable of being realistic- those shits have been messing me and my friends up for what seems to be fucking centuries and although time for you viewers has gone well, shits been down for the people involved- thank you Elijah, Eraoa, and Miss Opium- yes that’s her goofy-ah name- but let’s be realistic, I’m fucking mad that the Computer with only fifty nano bytes of storage has been tormenting a child and his friends, and has pulled us into his schemes in which he was hired by Heru the mosquito boy- obviously a mosquito because he’s also fucking annoying- to do his mission of life which is to kill a child named Eighty-Three- that shit is lame and fucking immoral, I would like to state if you see these two ugly-ass bastards around you report them to me- an email will be created in all variants of email for all beings to contact me, so that I can go with my followers and screw these white niggers up because I’m strong and they look anorexic, so please- this announcement is like a small rant and message that if Heru or The Computer does anything fucking new, I’ll be taking things to a multiversal level- yes, you heard me, a multi-fucking-versal level- where I’ll be working with shits beyond this universe to shit on the shits that have been shitting on us- so yes, fuck you Heru, and fuck you Computer- ya’ didn’t expect me to do this, but should know that I’m fucking done playing your games- literally- I’m about to make you play mine. So, with all that informal blasphemy out of the way, I would like you, any viewer of any species, to vote for me in the upcoming universal elections of this universe by sending your vote to ‘@universalelection+@+.com/gov’ so I can rule with Torment Waves and fully get rid of any beings that do the same fucking shit as Heru or the Computer. I don’t exactly expect to win, but if I do, I’ll take the free-will away from bad people, enforcing a stronger law than Jesus, since nothing seems to be done with his niceness anymore- but I ain’t gonna’ shit on Jesus like that, he still a chill guy, so vote for me if you want- I have to go make myself sobber again- damn being drunk is quite thrilling… sheesh…” – Fire God as Elijah and Eraoa laughed in their dark blue tile-textured sofa chairs along with Deandra just smirking and swaying her head as The Fire God had his eyes a bit off, meaning he was drunk. His slow gestures also gave that notion as they were subtitles explaining them below too. The Fire God’s head was burning blue as he was outlined in green.

“Bruh- oh my god… Fire God- my man…” Elijah laughed with Eraoa.

“Damn… he really did say the N-word though…” – Eraoa as she face-palmed herself with her right hand, and Elijah bent his back to laugh out like an old man.

“Bro is on fire…” Elijah laughed more at his own joke, endlessly-seemingly.

“Sheesh- man spoke in presto…” Deandra stated to herself as Heru came down.

“Are you fuckers laughing at that?!” Heru angrily asked as his wings were out.

“Yeah bruh… Fire God fired you…” Elijah continuously laughed happily. “I guess you could say he flamed you… or roasted… or burnt… I… I really don’t know…”

“You have to agree- that was quite funny…” Eraoa told back to Heru.

“I don’t find it FUCKING FUNNY! That SHIT HE SAID- I’LL FUCKING KILL HIM TOO IF GETS IN MY WAY OF KILLING EIGHTY-THREE- THAT DAMN SHIT BETTER NOT INTERVENE!” Heru yelled before stampeding away as Deandra started to chuckle.

“The Computer gonna’ have a field day everyday now…” Elijah laughed.

“Hopefully…” Eraoa nodded as she was done laughing at The Fire God.

Ejnare was working out with Ryutyu as Kioshi wore headphones, listening to Ejnare’s music as he watched Gustavo sleep on Ryutyu’s bed, rock music still in the room.

“Woo…damn… woo… hey… Kioshi- you like my music?” Ejnare asked over.

Kioshi nodded as Ejnare came over with a white t-shirt and black jeans.

“What do you think of it, Kioshi? In like- a based analysis- what about it do you like?” Ejnare nicely asked with ponderance as he sweated near his eyes.

“I enjoy the synths and electronic pianos. Some beats are also reverbed and have a low bass I like. I get the feeling of each song as well, but classical music still does better in the playlist than any other genre.” Kioshi analyzed for Ejnare as he stood up on the chair.

“Yeah- classical is much better than any other… even though the exact opposite of the dubstep I listen to… but… hey… what are your thoughts on phonk? You come across that yet?” Ejnare asked Kioshi.

“I did. Phonk seems like its always pressuring its instruments, making the person feel strong and confident. I enjoy the electronic music, but classical still can give better performances and imaginative aspects.” – Kioshi to Ejnare.

“Oh… nice… you wanna’ work out now? Maybe?” – Ejnare to Kioshi.

“I am fine.” Kioshi nodded before hopping down and heading away.

“Alright… have a good one I guess…” Ejnare behind the silent Kioshi.

As soon as Kioshi came up to my bedroom, I rushed down to Ryutyu as Ejnare came over to do the ‘superman’ exercise, but stopped as he looked to me.

“Art. I just remembered- (I look to Ejnare,) You did tattoos and I assisted with supernatural force, so I would like to make it permanent, for both of you. Artistic capabilities deal with the right side of the brain, and the signaling of information towards the hands. I would like to reconstruct the neural system so that it is more efficient in drawing, boosting memory, and such.” I told them both.

“Eighty-Three- I’m good. I like that you changed me to what I want to be- but nothing more.” Ejnare told and I nodded, then looking to Ryutyu.

“Ya’ sure mate- anything else I could go for?” Ryutyu asked me as he stopped his elbow plank, his hair sweaty and wet as his tail started to move spastically again.

“Not at the moment, for the Red Glitch seems to be a bit secure today.” I told.

As I walked Ryutyu into the surgical room, Crow was elsewhere in his home. He looked at his phone, seeing the Accord server, with Daniel typing to Oyur about Fortnight. Angelica and Chinua spoke in a voice chat below, and Khenbish was posting memes.

Crow watched with his stale face, wondering if he should just type it. “Should I go just say it? Just… just to do something for everyone? I mean… chaos would come, yes… but… Eighty-Three would probably be expelled for his sins- we all know how this ends- he said he was exposing himself soon as well… is it really worth it? I don’t want to be involved… but… ThatCosmicThunder could help defeat the Computer and Orb… uh… alright, Crow- I have a plan… uh… yeah… we’ll- uh- we’ll make the needed steps to perfect our plan if we wanted- or needed to come out. If we needed to state anything about Eighty-Three’s religious underground or mutations or hostage-ing of Hadiza, then yeah- let’s make sure we do it right so the Red Glitch doesn’t give up on us- I mean he knows what happens anyways- but still, we gotta’ think this through. I slowly but surely make sure everything falls into place… somehow… maybe- so that Eighty-Three can be- at least reformed in the mind about his actions… yeah…” Crow swayed his head afterwards.

Crow got up and walked towards ThatCosmicThunder streaming Fortnight with Daniel and Oyur, the accord server up. TCT turned around to Crow, giving him the eyebrow of a million memes, the boom-thud sound effect playing around his essence.

Crow was going to say something before giving TCT the middle finger from his left hand, smiling, and then closing the door and rushing back to his. TCT just laughed as he saw Crow run away. “Okay…” he then stated with a low and fearful voice.

Crow got back to his room and took in some deep breaths. He remembered seeing the mutations, the signs on the wall, the talks about me- he took a few deep breaths and let his heart go from pumping to slowing, his mind racing still.

Elsewhere, once again I use this threshold word- night was coming. As Ryutyu used a canvas of white now covered in deluxe browns and dark blue to draw a ‘realism’ art piece of Chinua having her right fist out and her left drawn back, ready to punch as ash flew by her stern face with a wooden green background, I came down with some chocolate milk in my right hand and a bowl of blueberries in my left as he turned from his comfy sofa chair of swirling rainbows to see me, as his color palette on wood was placed down on the floor, and Wilma lifted her head up from her book behind to see me.

As I gave Ryutyu his nighttime snacks and told him it was time for bed, Wilma looked inside my head, seeing so many voices screaming theories, sound effects, and horrors of the past, that is scrambled was she was trying to think herself. She quenched her eyes before opening them up with wetness, seeing me allow Ryutyu to follow as he drank his hot milk, and enjoyed it. Wilma got up with a sigh before going down in the ground, phasing through it to come forwards towards The DRC Man in his pose as people around were making guns on a table and flicking bullets around.

“Oh- Wilma- hello?” A man stated, a bit frightened at her presence coming through.

“Hello.” Wilma stated with a depressed voice and the people felt bad.

“Hey Wilma- you look sad- wanna’ join me on a mission I was hoping we could do? Eighty-Three told of similar one- and I came up with a variant…” The DRC Man asked, and Wilma looked forth into his mind, seeing imagery of herself taking Ekon and Gustavo along with him around the world to catch fish and then place them in an aquarium for all to see.

“Sure.” Wilma nodded happily and created a portalis to Ekon, an another to Gustavo, as the men around watched or got back to work.

Later, Wilma was with Ekon and The DRC Man in the shorelines of Gabon, an African country. The traveled on the water, stepping on it and causing rifts of waves to circularly spread out as they looked below for fish. Gustavo soon heard some to east, and pounced over, Wilma hearing the mindset and creating a net she then made go under quickly and grasp up a ton of fish in a pack. Later later, they were near Lebanon’s and Syria’s border shorelines, out in the Mediterranean sea just a mile off searching till they caught a few more. Then they were on Burma’s shorelines and caught a few more. After going around the world many times, they soon came back underground, under a place called Kerpichli in Turkmenistan, and created a sign and system to it, as The DRC Man livestreamed it on MyCam, and stated in the title, “THE FIRST WILLIAMNIST LANDMARK! COME SEE THE GRAND AQUARIUM! ALL FISHES WILL BE INTRODUCED OVER TIME!”

Back with me and Ryutyu though, whilst Wilma was having a quite the time relieving her stressful thinking, I slept on the left of Ryutyu’s bed as he faced the wall. As I was sound asleep, the Stickmale had a P-N-G in front of my face during the dream, and I could not move my head whilst lucid dreaming. “I am not accepting the deal.” I told as the image stood there, and he did not respond, but then I felt something.

A Timal Tiene came through a portal quickly as four others watched behind, and they stabbed a rainbow knife straight into my forehead as my ears started to even flicker up. As my tail died and I did too, Ryutyu instantly awoke with confusion and discontent, seeing the Timal Tiene sternly looked over to him before then he grasped my body down off the bed and started to come after Ryutyu. Ryutyu then rushed into the Timal Tiene and into the others as he came around to see forth to the same kind of rooms from last time, but then he looked back to see a copy of me rushing forwards to my corpse and looking at Ryutyu as in his pajamas he was now covered in blood.

“Aye…” Ryutyu stated as his tail wagged the blood off, and he watched it drip off his entitled green hair in between his ears as they were all up.

I knelt down to find the splashed Timal Tiene have a few metallic parts around, now rubbed in blood, but as I reached out my right darkness-flowing arm, The Steel Terrorists came through a portalis behind Ryutyu from the script room and shot him in milliseconds, then proceeding to throw his body to me as I dodged the bullets and watched the corpse of Ryutyu hit the bed. As Ryutyu was dead though, I then had the sudden idea. “If everyone is asleep- then let us go kill! Yes! Kill everything! Try babies! WOAH! WAIT- WHAT DID THAT VOICE SAY!? Let us go! I CONTROL DARKNESS AND THE SKY IS DARKNESS- I AM TOO POWERFUL! HAHAHAHAHA! CLASIF IS A MUTATION! LOL! The voices duplicate each hour now?! We are still on thin ice! DESTROY GOD AND BECOME HIM! Thinner ice! Crow is unknown! BLAST THEIR BRAINS OUT- HEAR THEIR CRIES! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! KHENBISH IS LESS INSANE THAN YOU! Classical music helps the brain! KILL!”

And so, after seeing my original self and Ryutyu dead by the bed, I then shrugged and rushed away to the nearest adoption center…

***My overtime with Hadiza?***

### I held a flamethrower, metallic and dark grey, flaming up at a hospital full of crying people as it burned down in Seattle. I wore no proper protection, and just allowed my dress to grow longer as I randomly lit the place on fire with constant bursts of flames, hot and steaming into metal like itself and burning the other properties. “The Fire God’s message be more fire than this. [🔥🔥”](https://emojipedia.org/fire/) I told myself, but the emojis were obviously not part of the speech- I swear bruh...

### After having fun destroying all that, watching people burn inside, and seeing blood soak up into mist as bars and roofs fell onto people, trapping and killing them, I rushed away towards the nearest adoption center and went inside, rushing to shave a baby’s nose off with a knife, allowing them to cry out at maximum wail. As I then heard all other babies start to wake up, I continued to cut each finger of the baby off till he was separated bone by bone on the hands, bleeding out. Then I went to another and cut him up like a cucumber, into slices of bleeding carnage. Then I rushed to a third, now a girl, and at sound speed, smashed her head into the pillow. To a fourth, I got a lighter and lit inside her mouth her tongue and teeth as I smiled over her, and to a fifth, I picked it up by its armpits and then let the darkness drop my mask as I ate the baby alive, slowly devouring it in the cries of twenty others. Then I heard somebody coming, so I dispersed with speed away, the voices in my head laughing and screaming victory.

### But then afterwards, Hadiza rang in my mind as I came across a forest, inside of it. I had thoughts of mixing babies together with the flesh of Hadiza, smiling with curiosity and excitement. But then as I was in a forest, and I heard a home nearby with a woman inside, taking care of her baby as fire burnt elsewhere behind. I rushed over and broke my head through the glass, instantly waking up the baby and scaring the mother so much her heart stopped on the point, as I then crawled up and in, rushing forth to plaster my darkness fists into both of their faces as then the hands from under my dress grabbed onto her and the baby and I rushed back across the entire country, through people inside of cars, through gas stations and hearing them explode behind- till I came down to the underground and shuffled through the ground to reach Hadiza’s room from the ceiling, coming down to find her drooling as half her head was cut off, half her brain gone, but her eyes still watering and her bones still shaking under the strapped ropes.

I put the mother and child’s body onto the floor as I then toothpicks out of all my fingers, wooden and light, and started to swish around her brain eagerly yet controllably, inducing her with a new pattern, that ultimately gave her my own version of psychosis.

Inside Hadiza’s head, memories spurred her smells to disgusting odors of moss, and her hearing echoed the hallways with eerie slices of metallic splines, and her mouth was filled with the taste of dryness, and her bones shook in the coldness, her breath letting out a slight white smoke as blue particles floated around and the dark red concrete halls, as Hadiza looked around and saw every five meters a new one, creating a labyrinth under light green lights with strong volumetrics. As the lights above flickered every so often five seconds, Hadiza saw to her right a woman, breathing with her heart beaten ever so slightly in the coldness. It was the woman without her baby now, grey-haired with brown eyes, a blue shirt, pink comfy bed-flops, and white jeans.

“Uh... hello?” Hadiza asked the woman. Outside of Hadiza’s view, I had cut the woman’s head in half and stuck it onto the other side of Hadiza’s brain, creating a hole in front and allowing my fingers to elongate into tentacle-like strings that tinkered with their brains. Behind was the smashed baby, unneeded for the little game I was creating for Hadiza.

“Wha- oh... uh... hello?” The woman asked in English as she saw to the cold, young girl.

“Oh no... this isn’t real...” Hadiza stated as she looked around to see nothing about, and the woman did as well, no wrinkles on her face but rather fearful confusion in her dark eyebrows.

“What do you mean?” The woman asked with a shaky voice, her eyes watering.

“Oh no... no... please... no... I... uh... where did you come from?” Hadiza asked sorrily.

“I was just mentoring my baby... and then-” The woman started to say with a country accent before she heard the baby crying down a few halls, echoing demonically with reverbed boosts.

“Is that your... baby...?” Hadiza asked as she started to break down, her eyes crying.

The woman was just chilly but started to move forwards with sadness as well. “Girl- I don’t know what’s happening or where we are- please explain to me what this all is?”

“It’s a dream... another fucking fake reality... because some boy hates me still... and he’s torturing me...” Hadiza told the woman, without telling her name to the woman.

“What?” The woman trembly asked, her breath heavy as she tucked her hands into her sleeves.

“Torture... I’m being tortured... again and again... it’ll never end...” Hadiza stated, dropping to the floor and crying out, as the woman watched the fully black girl cry.

“Uh... well... how do we get out?” The woman asked after six seconds of seeing Hadiza cry.

“There is no way out! THERE IS NO WAY TO ESCAPE...” Hadiza cried more into the concrete.

“But there... uh...” - The woman, sad as well as she heard her baby crying. “We have to get to my baby though, right? Is there anything else we could do?”

“(Crying,) Oh... I wish miss... but fucking hell... there’s nothing for us... we’re here to die... to run... to have a scene that’s cool to him and then be slaughtered by whatever... monstrous shit he has... I JUST WANNA’ FUCKING DIE ALREADY! PLEASE! EIGHTY-THREE! I’LL DO ANYTHING... anything...” Hadiza spastically cried out as the woman watched, before after eight more seconds, she stated more, “I’m sorry... this is probably the end you’ll know of any of this... but... if you’re real, you’re about to know what’s not... I wish he wouldn’t just randomly take things to mind... but he has voices... in his head...” Hadiza tried to state with all her remaining confidence, but her eyes were red and her face wet. The woman was sad and followed Hadiza as they crept closer to the echoes. “My name is Hadiza... maybe we can just-” Hadiza was about to say before a wall came forth and pushed them towards their needed location, before dropping them off as the newly created dead end, and on the left, the only way the hall went after twelve meters of flickering light green lights, there was the closest the baby echoed.

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooohhhhhhh... oh my god... oh my god...” The woman as she was pushed by the wall to the new area, falling off and seeing Hadiza fall down defeated in tears.

“Fuck...” - Hadiza as she got up and looked towards the woman. “It was nice meeting you... but now we’re...” Hadiza just cried as she wobbled forth, and the woman was shaking not because of coldness, but of fear, as she came forth and saw to the left her baby sitting up, crying away down the hall under a green light, greener than the rest.

“Daniel?” The woman asked, seeing forth towards the baby, who stopped crying as she stated his name. The baby’s head then spun around like a toy, inhumanely ripping the bone and cracking pops in an echo as the baby in its white skin had many wrinkles on its face and angered its eyebrows with a devious glow of its blue eyes, and a grin without teeth, dawning its head at the girls.

Hadiza took five step backs with full fear before crying again, as the woman was stuck, her hand going over her heart as she tried to grab it before falling over because she had a heart attack, her head pounding into the floor as her knees let her slide forth, before she then had a large grasp for air, and fueled back up and away from the baby with fear.

“What the...” The woman started to say with complete shaking in fear, as then the baby’s head fell back, ripping off and falling away, show my head to erupt, my gloves coming out and using the baby’s decapitated corpse as a ruins to lift my small self out of, before I came onto the floor, covered in blood, and then started to enlarge my size overall, as my gloves clenched and the baby fell over.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-” The woman as she started to run, and Hadiza took off with crying and screaming super-similar as well. The rooms started to shift and open up as Hadiza ran away, seeing the walls become a mirror showing me to grow my arms long and leave them back like a trail, my darkness arms elongated and left behind as we curved around corners. The woman soon ran off a different way as Hadiza went forth with the vision of me behind.

Soon the hallways her adrenaline pushed her through started to twist and turn, firstly horizontally, and then rupture up into spikey hills by turning vertically. She started to slow down as she hopped and jumped over some ruptures, swiping around corners and going under the flickering epilepsy lights, looking at the mirror walls to see me coming closer, my boots spiking out their spikes as I got five meters away from her. Hadiza then heard more of a cry and a snap of all bones at once, hearing the other woman die, before the mirror’s then turned into imagery of a few copies of me snapping every bone in her body, literally her neck first before her fingers and then her knees.

Hadiza ran with tears as she saw the mirrors become an image from the light above, and she looked behind to see me still stepping after he, now only three feet behind, still smiling at her rushing soon-to-be-corpse. Hadiza then turned a hall and slammed into a wall, falling back to open her eyes and spastically shoot her arms out as I put my boots over her head and crushed it in.

Outside the psychosis dream, I had connected half of the woman to half of Hadiza, Hadiza on the left side of her view. I then took the woman off and took her half-corpse away with the baby away, as Hadiza was left to be half, but fully dead and still strapped in.

***Oliver at the multiversal arcade? No?***

“To The Red Glitch: May we travel across universes to find a multiversal fun dimension or park where we can have a bit of a break from this universe?” Wilma wrote down on a note in her room as cocaine was not around, and instantly the Red Glitch formed over the paper, revealing under her cursive writing to be a black cursive word reading “Sure.”

Wilma smiled and nodded, then getting up and going out to Daniel, TCT, Oyur, and Ryutyu who were out on the road under the light grey sky with cooling air. Wilma’s tails were swifted behind as she came down her many stairs, seeing to the action below- nothing happening but her friends talking normally. Daniel’s ears were up like Ryutyu’s, their tails wagging as they were next to each other.

“Hey Wilma- how's it been?” Daniel stated as he heard Wilma coming down.

“Good. I just asked the Red Glitch if we could go to a fun place in another universe. I particularly am thinking of some sort of cyclops landmark. I would like to see what they have there.” Wilma said.

“Alright, robot.” TCT stated to Wilma as she opened a portal to an arcade.

“Sometimes I wish. My emotions get in the way of doing things. I feel depressed but do not think I am usually...” Wilma stated as Ryutyu came to look forwards.

“Oh...” Daniel sadly as he looked at Wilma, trying to think of something to say.

“Imagine being depressed, couldn’t be me.” TCT whispered to Wilma, and she chuckled as he had super red and drowsy eyes instead of his normal circles.

“A cyclop arcade though- how cool...” Ryutyu stated as he went inside and looked around, a few cyclops kids running around in their small tuxedos, girls with flowers on their heads, as they saw forth to the beings and pointed with awe.

“Look! Cool beings!” A cyclop boy stated to his three friends as he came forth.

“Yo wassup negros.” TCT as he walked through casually before turning from right to immediate left, looking at a purple arcade machine amongst the black light, instead of paying attention to the cyclops’ kids lit light blue tuxedos now towards a game called ‘Midnight Motorist.’ He made a wide and awing mouth at it as he put his hands on it, and Daniel turned to see it, his tail standing straight up. “YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO- Ar ar ar ar ar ar ar ar ar...”

“What is it bro?” Daniel asked as Ryutyu and Oyur looked around.

“Heyo Wilma- get yo goofy-ah Vionic-looking boots over here. Tell me- what would you think of a live and real game of Motorist Racists?” TCT asked Wilma as she turned to his voice.

“Don’t you damn dare to make a damn real game- last stream- this nigga put us into Fortnight and that shit was spooky- he set it to the fucking Halloween event, and the spooky pizza tasted like plastic- that shit still gives me food nightmares...” - Oyur told over funnily, chuckling at the end.

“The pizza here.” TCT stated from behind them all, a literally copy of him existing inside a purple bumper cart as cyclops kids backed away and looked to see him pull a string back like it was a lawn mower, and then he blasted away as the gang turned and saw him go “Oh- nigga!” as the cart flew up and hovered quickly over people before going on top of arcade machines and running around. The other copy of TCT, the original, fell into water as Wilma saw backwards.

“There he goes...” Daniel shrugged as he looked around to the kids watching him rotate weirdly around and drive around the entirety of the large and expansive arcade, fifty meters high up was the ceiling with toggling lights on cables. “But yeah- he sent us into Fortnight, and we kinda’ broke the game, pushing people’s guns away as we shot them.”

“Intriguing.” Wilma nodded as she hovered up and saw TCT zipping away the ninety-nine-meter long arcade outside to the rest of the mall they were in. “Should we follow That-Cosmic-Thunder?”

“Hell naw bruh- he got his shit on crack, and he blasting away like a man in Iraq. We gotta’ just fucking pray to God he doesn’t cause the soviets to rise from the dead or something.” - Oyur.

“What’s with all the history references, Oyur?” - Daniel asked Oyur.

“I’ve just been around Kioshi lately- Qoaiuek was selling him some drug shit, but Kioshi didn’t take it so, yeah.” - Oyur shrugged as Wilma hovered back down.

“Let us race after him. And we should also throw green shells at him like we are in Lario Kart.” - Wilma funnily as Daniel smirked at the end.

“Oh my goodness...” - Daniel as then bumper carts just like TCT’s formed, and Wilma hopped in first, creating a bunch of green shells with yellowish underlayers on top of each other, before rushing away with a stack of five, and as Daniel hopped in next, one spawned in his lap as he started to ride.

“Damn shits- I ain’t fucking around with dis’...” - Oyur as he walked towards the mall as the cyclops kids looked at the last bumper cart being laid away.

Cyclops came forth to see Oyur and started to ask questions as he used pointing to show left that Wilma was shooting shells at TCT, shells missing into walls and people and exploding into water, as he swirled around. Wilma’s bumper cart and Daniel’s went up the stairs to the second floor as TCT just made his hover above, before he swirled back and rode off, Daniel looking above to see TCT travel through the air and down, twirling his car somehow to back-pedal at the same speed as he made his own shells, now red, and shot them at Daniel and Wilma, who went back down the stairs as cyclops nearby dodged to the sidelines and watched with a smile, some laughing as TCT kept shooting like an N-P-C, repeating the same animation, and eventually hitting Daniel’s, which made his kart spin as he hung on, before laughing and driving forth, throwing another towards the direction TCT was driving forth, but TCT then started to glitch back and forth, appearing in two places at a time, having a red box to his top left of his head stating ‘PING: 999’ as he continued to smile, and then Wilma crashed into TCT with a laugh as he was pounded back into a wall near a flower shop. “Oh- nigga!” - TCT.

“Shoot him!” Daniel quickly purged out with his voice, and he started to throw shells as TCT then made his kart ride along the wall sideways and started to make it jump and spin and have sparkly star effects around as his ping turned to a rainbow box with rainbow text saying ‘SCORE: 420!’ He then turned his head back as he started up the stairs, and cyclops pulled out their phones as they recorded, and a few mall cops came by, looking forth with a neutral face. “Legalize nuclear bombs.” He said in a deep voice.

The mall started to twist and turn, posters duplicating, and stairs elongating as they rotated around themselves, creating abstract art that kept moving. TCT and Wilma kept moving, pressing a red button on their bumper kart to jump onto floating posters and people who were surprised as the sudden intrusion of difference, as Daniel slowed down his pedal and looked around happily, enjoying the scenery as lights foiled above, sounds were mixed into a nice sound, and the smell of cherry blossoms flourished from the flower shop, people’s bags being lifted.

“Can you tell your friends to reset everything after the play?” A mall cop asked Daniel, coming up to him as he looked to see his fellow mall cops floating around.

“Oh- yeah- sure thing...” Daniel nodded with a little surprise and embarrassment as the tall cyclops was on his left, and then he booted off. Oyur went up to the mall cop and watched from behind.

“Mannnnn...” - Oyur swaying his head as the mall cop sighed.

“What are your true powers?” Wilma asked as she came through a portalis next to the racing TCT, who gave her a raised eyebrow as she was on the right.

“Amogus.” He stated, before making a bunch of portals under oceans, on top of icebergs, inside coral reefs, amongst purple galaxies with rainbow pebble-rock roads, and he kept on going forth as Wilma started to follow, shooting more shells as TCT jumped around, still around his kart and threw a red volleyball at Wilma, pounding her in the face and she laughed as he stated “BALLER!” TCT then kept shooting as many nets in many rotations started to come forth in a universe full of whiteness, and Wilma had to curve around in order not to crash into the metallic nets.

“Woah- woo!” Wilma smiled as she kept on going forth, before TCT made a portal to the mall, and smashed into a wall in slow motion as Wilma came forth, slowing down to see TCT falling slowly, the mall resettled, and people recording them. TCT also yelled in slow motion as his car slowly exploded, and Wilma took a step back with a smile.

Then TCT undid his slow motion and went fast motion, bouncing off the surface, letting his car and explosion disperse into water, and bouncing off wall to wall like a squishy ball, squishy his shape as he went all around, not breaking anything but bouncing off randomly and letting the people enjoy his speed before a comfy red sofa chair existed in front of Wilma and he landed back in his a crossed-leg, then getting up and letting his hands out like jazz hands. “Shadow wizard money gang- we endorse casting spells.”

“Alrighty...” Wilma laughed as Daniel drove up slowly.

“That was cool to be honest. How’d you do that?” Daniel asked TCT.

“My powers are so good they don’t deserve your recognition.” - TCT.

“Could we please know though?” Wilma further intrigued upon.

“Qoaiuek- give me a bo’le o’ wa’er!” - TCT called and Qoaiuek spun into reality with his stand, handing him a bottle as he walked away, a portal back to my home opening.

“WHAT A NICE LAD- would you like to buy anything, you two?” Qoaiuek asked Daniel as his ears went up along with Wilma’s.

“No thanks.” Wilma nicely told before going with TCT and Daniel back home.

“Maybe an answer on your guys’ powers?” - Daniel.

“You CANNOT RECIEVE! I must run because MY PERSONALITY DEPENDS ON IT! HAHAHAHAHAHA!” - Qoaiuek then spinning away as Daniel sighed and shrugged it off.

Down below, the mutations were talking about things. Molly, Clasif, the glob of flesh, the banjo guy, and the flesh wall were all around in Molly’s birthday room, seeing the decorations but speaking around in a circle.

“Yes, I must agree [insert banjo guy name here], but with a difference. The insanity of Eighty-Three is quite effective against anybody and himself, causing much of the distress we find in the morals, but we must assume that there is possibly some good in him we have to pull out for the better.” Clasif spoke as he held a win glass filled with red wine, and Molly was on the ceiling looking down.

“Yeh bru- ya' gotta’ enjoy that he allows us to eat whatever, have whatever- almost- and revamped us so that we feel good all the time.” - The blob to the banjo guy.

“But still- what if he... like... controls our brain or something? I mean, he hides things from us- from his surface friends- that's a giant red flag to me if not to you guys. He definitely can do worse, and we’re just lucky.” - Banjo guy.

“But what would we do anyways? I mean, I enjoy this- even though this is all insane and mental... but like- we can’t escape, nor do I think he would let us out.” Molly stated from above as the flesh wall looked up.

“We can’t escape, but we can definitely look for something relative. How would we stop him from grabbing more random people and turning them into free-willed people beneath their normal lives?” The banjo guy asked.

“Contact maybe?” Clasif gave up the common spectacle.

“I don’t think that would matter. My parents probably have been on the lookout since the universe has not reset in some time, so he probably just waits to reset our brains. Like, you guys remember everything we’ve been through, or are there any inconsistencies in our memories? Because I don’t remember any...” - Molly.

“It probably wouldn’t- he probably, if he changed our brains- would make sure every way that we don’t think- well- I mean- we're thinking of him thinking that he could change our brains to whatever he wanted- so I guess maybe he doesn’t- or I’m just tricking myself- but then again- why would I say that?” - The flesh wall with its many mouths. “We have interconnected memories too.”

“The thing about Eighty-Three is that he is unstoppable, yet capable. We can try to get him out of his roots of darkness, no pun intended, but it would be extremely difficult and ravaging to everyone in the situation- including his surface friends, which I have personally met and remember clearly to be innocent to all that happens here below. Henceforth, as we are all worried about his presence, especially whilst he is making a speech currently, we should sit back. He states he will come to the surface, henceforth he will be exposing himself soon to his unknowing friends. I have no idea if they are ready, but the conquering of the world might be the least of his problems when the day comes. Overall, we as mutations... should sit back? Maybe? I don’t know if that sounds like he’s taken control of me, but I’d like to state we are in a situation where we have internet and can contact his friends- anybody can- so time is a precious constant. We all on the ice he created, which is extremely thin- so the choice is for all of us- would we rather wait and get all we can from what we currently are, or would we try to go back to a normal world and live in the consequences of normal human emotions? I was created by The Computer, so I wish to stay along and see what happens, but for you guys, what does that intend?” Clasif stated after two seconds, his gestures sloppy, no pun intended.

“Well, nice analysis, but since we are technically powerless, we can do something. I think we should... contact the overworld.” - The banjo guy.

“The DRC Man already does that- he literally posts MyCam videos of us.” - Molly.

“Oh- well... maybe contact Eighty-Three's friends?” - Banjo guy.

“Remember the surface friend of his that recently came by?” - Flesh wall.

“Yeah?” - Molly and banjo mutation as same time.

“Well, we haven’t heard anything more on Crow. What if Eighty-Three took him away or reset his brain because he was running trying to find something- or trying to have time to tell something- I mean people state he was running anxiously without greeting, so that means he was onto something...” - Flesh wall.

“True... is Eighty-Three dangerous beyond our predictions?” - Clasif.

“Maybe we should start small. Let’s tell people Eighty-Three isn’t an angel but is close enough... maybe like a half-angel, half-demon...” - Banjo guy.

“No- he would hear all that. His ears are far reaching, so any talk would soon be known... I’m just gonna’ wait. I don’t know what Eighty-Three can do, and I don’t wanna’ know. I just wanna’ enjoy the assistance from everyone, and the friendship he’s building up with me again...” - Molly the mutation.

“Indeed. I am also staying away from caution.” - Clasif.

“Due to predictions and theories and just outright seeing his power build shit all around- I'm also out of here. I think if anybody is gonna’ solve this, it ain’t us.” - Flesh wall as the glob also nodded and stayed quiet.

“Fine. I’ll try it all by myself. If I find something though, you guys promise you’ll try to shut down this immoral stuff, right?” - Banjo guy.

“Yeah. If you find anything, I’ll be in.” - Molly from the ceiling above.

“Sure.” Clasif shrugged with his fleshy and mutilated body.

“Alright...” - The glob on the floor finally stated up to everyone.

“Alright...” - The banjo guy copied quite literally.

“Alright...” Molly tried not to chuckle inside as she also copied.

“Alright...” - Clasif, resaying what everyone was saying.

“Alright...” - The Flesh wall directly after Clasif.

“Alright...” - the glob on the floor again.

“Can you guys not?” - The banjo guy as then everybody else laughed.

I went off stage, my boots stomping as people in the larger crowd cheered and talked to each other. The DRC Man spoke into the microphone and laughed a few jokes people up front told as Gustavo stood by, and Ekon watched me go, also standing by The DRC Man now on stage, answering questions.

As I went through the door, many people were out, holding out cut outs of paper microphones and asking me my thoughts on certain questions, some recording me, and some others livestreaming.

“What’s your favorite chocolate?” One man asked behind, “What are your thoughts on China, should it be revamped?” Another asked on the left, “What will you do with the president of the United States whence you take over the world?” Another asked on the right, “How will death be altered after you rule?” A man asked behind as they all backed away from my flowing tail.

“My favorite chocolate is any Swiss chocolate- I will be helping China’s leader out of his office and possibly placing Ekon to rule as I make Tibet an easier place to build infrastructure- Donald Trump will still rule over America, except particularly Florida- Death will- (My ears use echolocation to hear Heru coming through a portalis to my office and looking around with confusion, seeing below in his dress to the crunchy carpet,) oh, sorry everyone, let me go really quick- I will be back to answer all of your questions in just a few seconds.” I stated before zipping off and making some paper microphones fly away, as people looked towards my direction.

I zipped into my office, closing the door and allowing Heru to turn around and look at me with red glowing eyes, his right hand clutching his stop sign as wind postured against his dress.

“Hello, Heru- what would you like?” I asked Heru nicely, putting my hands forth in a maid-like fashion as he looked to me, my boots un-spiked and my ears all the way up.

“Blood, dumbass. Give me some fucking blood...” Heru gritted his teeth, his grasp tightening.

“Alrighty...” I nodded, turning to lock the door, then going to the left, and pressing onto the wall to make a perfect rectangle opening shred away from darkness and allow a visual towards the corpses of the mother, her baby, and more, jumbled up into a mass with some dust around.

I stepped to the side and allowed Heru to stretch his left arm out, his hand turning into a pill of blood, and letting the mass suck into it like it was pulling it in, as red glitches formed all around, till very quickly it was all inside his arm and traveling around, my ears flinching as I heard the blood swiping around his humane veins and around his brain. He then turned to me, his eyes going white, and made a portalis where the corpses were just mushed before, and entered through back to his room, where electronic music was playing as then the portalis closed, and I was left to stare with my smile.

***Computer-generated Family.***

As I was talking to Nigga Nigga with TCT and Wilma, suddenly I disappeared. Angelica, Chinua, Crow, Ejnare, and Geurnf also disappeared exactly from what they were doing, now coming over to my front yard, but in another space, as now everything around was on fire. Parts of the grass, the entire roof of every home, and the sides of the roads scarved to be just slim rocks and such, burning but not steaming. Angelica waved her tail straight around her thigh as she looked around to everything.

“Ey- what the hell?” - Chinua as she looked around, soon seeing Geurnf and Angelica.

“Oh no- a game?” Ejnare talked to me as I looked at Geurnf, who was confused.

“Damn that Computer- we got another game...” - Geurnf as she swayed her head slowly.

“I hope he dies in-” Ejnare was about to say as the Computer then came down from above.

“Yes, hello, it is me again. I would like state this game is simple. Kill all of Eighty-Three's family members, as now they have been remade into horrible entities. After defeating them, you will all respawn normally back to where you were.” The Computer stated before drifting away.

“Hm... I got core-power.” Chinua said, thrusting her right arm forth and it blasting a little wind and flames forth as some grass in front was sparkling under the night sky.

“I still got my brain.” Geurnf joked and Crow smiled at it, as Ejnare swayed his head.

“I do not have my darkness powers.” I told to Angelica as everybody else heard around.

“I still got my tail.” - Ejnare chuckled with Geunrf as Crow started to head forth.

“I guess we go?” Angelica asked to me as Geurnf looked over.

“Angelica- stick with me. I don’t know why you here, but you don’t fight.” - Chinua as she went up to Crow, and the rest of us dashed up, my tail unable to form a point on the end.

Angelica followed Chinua as she looked around, coming forth to see the hallways around burning with blue flames instead of orange ones, and Crow stood back as he looked around.

“Re-heh-eh-ge-hehe-ha!” - My mother’s voice as she came down, her essence being a floating head with veins of blood and television static, mixed together to form a white and grey pixelating strain with some blood swelling down and up the cords coming down from the red underneath with her washed hair that was messy and slightly blonder, along with her mouth chewing loudly and annoyingly, her gums smacking at full velocity to create the most abundantly angry-filling sound any irritated person could hear. “Welcome to the gaaAAAAAAAAAAAaaameeeeee- get ready for a fiiiiiiiiIIIIIIIIIIiiiiiiiiight!”

“What- is that your mom?” Ejnare asked, laughing as he smelled.

“Yes, and the more I remember her, the more I dislike her essence.” - Me.

“Oh really!? Well then- I'll split this game into minigames- and you can be with me, [insert my censored name here].” My mother smiled aggressively before her glitchy cords hung down to the floor and made everything turn to static, slowly everything still with shape becoming textured into moving static, even Ejnare’s wagging tail and Chinua’s fur.

Suddenly, even the air turned into static, solidifying and bringing us forth to our so-called ‘minigames.’ Chinua and Angelica were in my brother’s room, seeing it elongated without an exit door yet repeating furniture and such about to hide away from, as there was a door in front of them, except it was without a handle and white wooden. Geurnf, Ejnare, and Crow were sent to my backyard, elongated again with a fire maze and wooden chairs piled on each other. But firstly, let us start with the main character- me. I spawned right outside the office room in my living room, the red glitch forming over me, I felt the television’s darkness string off and go under my dress as my ears went up and sensed my mother in full normal form, typing away at her computer in the office.

I went over and opened the door, smiling as I came in, no strings going under my dress anymore, and I looked normally as she got up with confusion to stare at me staring back.

“Hello, mom.” I greeted as I entered, my hands behind my back as my tail swirled.

“What do you want?” She asked, already frustrated yet confused.

“To finish this minigame I guess... what must I do?” I asked my mom.

“Alright- mister I-know-it-all, suddenly acting nice- guess what you gotta’ do!” - My mom against me, shaking her head and tilting it with a grievous smile, trying to make me irritated.

“You know... you always stated everything you could against me. Sometimes you sounded just entirely removed from reality, like you just did... but every time I was wrong, you yelled at me- every time I held something better for our family, you would either do it and then forget about it three days later or yell at me because you were irritated at the moment, or if I stated something random and tried putting on a personality, even the so-called ‘happy-go-lucky' one you always wanted me to do be, saying there were only seven personalities, which is a lie- you would just yell at me further. Plus, whenever I would say something correct or bring up evidence you still did your best to win, no matter how wrong you were, no matter how much you yelled and embarrassed yourself secretly... ‘You want to change the world just because you are brilliant?’ That is one of my favorite quotes- because I mean, yes, that is what is great about being brilliant. But no matter how many times I called you out for your hypocrisies or told you how to do anything better, even raising my brothers or not being a stop sign in our family vacations, making us stress every trip we went on- you still stuck to your schedule so much, you forgot what it was like to raise children... and not be one yourself.” I told my mother with a smirking tone.

“Uh- okay- then name one thing I’ve done wrong... go ahead.” - Mother.

“Why? I do not need to; I know I am right by any means I make up.” - Me.

“Well- that doesn’t make any sense-” My mother was starting to say.

“Good. It is not supposed to. Much of the things you always said were contradictory, henceforth here I am, not making sense because everything I try is downgraded anyways.” I smiled back.

“Look- if you want to be stupid and dumb-” She started to say, closing her eyes and making her cheeks red whilst she lifted her head before I then quickly stuck my right arm through the middle of her chest, ripping through her black shirt and flesh, and reaching the spinal cord, bring it all out in quite the speed, letting her newly-made corpse fall to the floor like a melting plushie, her organs rambling down and her bones being loose, as for a second before I held her head on my right shoulder, letting her cough inside her mouth her own blood, letting it drool from her nose and redden her eyes, before taking a step back and watching her die in front of me, as I held her static-textured spinal cord, bloody and static because she was the minigame I had to defeat.

“Hm... you got blood on my gloves...” I told happily, dropping her cord, before looking out the door to see nothing around. “But anyways, since you did raise me, let me make sure you are not forgotten as extremely useless I guess...”

I knelt down and started to pick up her body as the arms from under my dress removed my mask, and as I went to take a bite with my glossy lips, her corpse went into a red glitch, and was gone. I smiled again, my teeth white and wide.

“Well... alrighty. Thank you, Red Glitch- for this would have been much more elongated past what it should be...” I stated to the ceiling, before going to the living room and seeing around to pure darkness outside, nothing, not even a sound in the house otherwise. So I stood there, smiling...

Chinua and Angelica were hiding behind a bed, wide-eyed and looking towards the walls with shadows from the blue light above, seeing the monster come forth. It was my brother, but he was mutilated. His head was without a lower jaw, and his teeth were crooked and green, gross and smelly with fudges of black and red, glowing on some of swished gums. His hair was messy and his eyes red and wide, looking around curiously as his tongue went back and forth like a dog. He had a torso full of toes, elongated toenails crusty and cracked, each smelling around and making Chinua disgusted, yet more scared as although my brother did crawl by his toes just flapping up and down, he had large hands, his hands ending on points and fingernails non-existent, just shaved off and bleeding.

My brother in his mutilated form crawled fast though, up onto objects, looking under beds, pushing over dressers, and throwing lamps at the wall as he snarked and babbled random words together and then laughed at it afterwards. Chinua and Angelica were left to calm their hearts, trying not to scream or breathe heavily. Chinua looked at the shadow, it becoming bigger as he came closer. Chinua then nudged Angelica, and said, “Take off,” before getting up to see the creepy creature, and trying not to yell as she wildly picked up the bed and threw it at him, making him pulse back as blood was on his trail, somewhat coming from under the jammed toes that made up how he moved.

As my mutilated brother was smashed back, he lifted the bed up and threw it back, his teeth elongating into spikes, and wiggling as he threw the bed back, and Chinua punched through it, making it collide around her as Angelica was already up and away. As the bed went around Chinua in half, the brother of mine kept coming forth, ready to disgustingly eat Chinua. Chinua then picked up another object as Angelica ran down the hall, looking back, seeing her pick up a cabinet and throw it, to see the mutilation dodge and then continue over. Chinua then lifted another random bed and smashed it down on the creature, before repeating the action five times as Angelica looked back to the angry yet fearful Chinua repeatedly damaging the brother to death, squishing his organs and toes to break and snap.

As she brought the bed up for a sixth time, she saw it was completely shattered and flattened as much as it could- sludgy blood and amassing red in the place as puss was all over, and the steaming smell made Chinua disgusted, so she dropped the bed and held her nose, coming over to Angelica as her eyes watered and she kept a distinguished angry eyebrow position.

“Damn shit- it smells like funk!” Chinua stated as she came over to Angelica, seeing behind now a glowing white door Angelica saw forth towards before turning her head.

“Yes, it smells bad- but come-” Angelica was stating in a rush, before she heard a gunshot, and felt blood splatter onto her hair as she whipped around with a yell to see Chinua falling forth dead, sideways and her knees dwelling in as she was wide-eyed and bleeding out from the back. Angelica backed away with awe as she saw Chinua dead, before looking to see my baby brother standing there, his eyes red, his shoes on with socks, his right arm holding a gun up and allowing it to smoke in the burning room, Angelica was furthermore fearful but stared as the baby stared back, his essence spooky.

“Hey Angelica- do you know where Eighty-Three is?” Elijah asked through my baby brother.

“Uh... uh... no?” Angelica barely stated forth, a bit confused but massively scared.

“Oh- well- thanks, but sorry, cause’ I got a job to do sadly.” Elijah spoke, making the baby go from neutral and concerned to sad and worried, as he then pulled the trigger on Angelica, and let her fall back into the wall by the glowing door and sit down as she started to have a little jitter.

Elijah then walked forth with a sigh, reloading his gun by dropping the ammo box and letting it come back into place with darkness. He then walked forwards before seeing the high knob and tried jumping to it but could barely reach. “Damnit, bro- Computer- really? Ya’ gotta’ be joking...” Elijah laughed a little as he went over to grab a toybox, push it over in my baby-brother's form, and then hop on it after letting his gun drop on it, and open the door, then placing the gun between the new room and this one, allowing him to jump down and move the box away as he entered to the new room.

As he held the door open with his left baby hand and held the gun with his right, he looked forth towards Crow, Ejnare, and Geurnf, all punching a fully static head of my step-father. He had strings from the top of his head, going to the ceiling and through it, phasing through it quite literally, as he tried opening his mouth and chomping at my friends. Ejnare’s lower left arm was already bleeding out as he tried swiping his last throws with a crying face, before Geurnf then went over and gouged the eyes out of my step-father's static-textured floating head, as Crow was pulling Ejnare back, before then Elijah shot Crow and let him die down, and then Geurnf turned from throwing my step-father's head on the floor and looked towards the baby, in which Elijah then started to turn over to Geurnf, but she picked up the head and blocked, seeing it leak from the left side of the forehead as she held up to hers, before Geunrf then rushed forth and threw the head at Elijah, but with his small baby-form he quickly dodged to the right, and swung around his gun to plant one in Geunrf’ right eyeball, making her fall back as he looked with sterness around to the fire room that was mine, but elongated like the last with random objects around and windows shattered to complete darkness.

Elijah sighed as he did not see me, but turned to Geurnf’s dead body, and said “Sorry... I’m in a job, and I need Eighty-Three to help me. If I don’t do my job, the red glitch would make me- and I need to be with somebody I know in order to stop this game from killing us all...”

“Hello Elijah.” I stated as I came up behind, my ears up and his baby-form spinning around to see me with surprise, but his gun low and his eyes red as he spoke through the mouth.

“Oh- hey Eighty-Three- did you just hear what I said?” Elijah asked.

“Yes- but what exactly were you pointing out?” I asked of Elijah inside my baby brother.

“We wait. The Computer game is set that if one side loses all members, they all die permanently- henceforth, since I had to do my job, alone with your family, I’m sorry for killing your friends by the way- but I think if we shake hands, the red glitch won’t do anything and will allow us to sit and wait for the Computer to shut off his game.” Elijah told, then tossing his gun over to me, standing and smiling without concern as he climbed up the black spinning chair and stood on a copy of my desk. He then held out his right hand with a smile, ready to wait in patience for the Computer game to end.

I looked at him, plainly without a move, not turned but facing forward, almost a perfect A-pose. As Elijah inside my baby brother was on top of my desk without any other objects, yet all scratches from the past, I then looked down to see the gun he tossed.

“Uh... bruh- no... please?” He asked as I knelt down and picked it up. I stared at him as I held it in my left hand, and he looked at me with a confused and worried face, his hand still out. “You wouldn’t... what are... Eighty-Three? That gun- first of all- isn't gonna’ work- but... why? Why would you shoot your own brother? Your own baby brother? I mean... I know you don’t care anymore to relieve people- you're keeping Hadiza hostage still and now working with the Computer- but bro... Eraoa is gonna’ kill you if you kill me- she's going to break the thin ice... like... Eighty-Three... plus, I’m in the form of your baby brother. If you kill me, you kill your... baby brother- and you kill your family. All of your family dies- because I’m the last on this side. We need to just wait this out- because I know you want to...”

“No. My family is not of any importance anymore. (I raise the gun up to his head,) There are just being used against me whence they were already illogically in the first place. My memories sustain the hatred, Elijah. I do not need a family.” I told Elijah with a smile still.

“But... I mean... I’m a baby... and... my brother will go all out if you kill me... like... you’re fucking disgusting if you’re gonna’ shoot me and let your entire family die- die just because you have a few bad memories. It’s not gonna’ work anyways- I can control darkness just like you, and I’ll fucking screw you over if your... such a fucking monster...” - Elijah with anger.

“Well... alrighty... Are you sure the Red Glitch will allow your powers for the moment?” I asked Elijah slowly as my tail straightened up and my ears were still above.

“I count on it.” Elijah dawned on me, dropping his hand and letting his red eyes stare.

That was until I pulled the trigger, and my baby brother’s forehead had a bullet in, making the baby shoot back just a little to topple over the table and fall onto the chair, letting it spin just a little as I watched Elijah bleed out, now dead, like the rest of my family. I brought my gun down and smiled more. Then everything started to glow red, and brightened up till everything was red.

I spawned back onto my couch with all friends that were there, now sitting comfily on the couch and looking around, feeling their once-bulleted skin to now be refreshing and un-bloody. It was getting to nighttime, and we got up from my couch and looked around, finding the home to be fresh and without flames. Geurnf then sighed as we all started to talk happily and turned on a movie. I still smiled.

***The depressive configuration...***

Eraoa twitched her fingers. She was in the elevator in their base, and she looked slightly down at the moving door as everything in her mind shuddered. She was drought and wordless, her expression dull yet sad. Every memory of her brother flashed in her head, and letting go of all emotions were possible. Her eyes were fully dark and her mouth closed, existent without purpose to speak for the moment. The elevator came down slowly and opened in front of Miss Opium. She looked to see Eraoa, her fingers on both hands twitching, her face without humane expression, her eyebrows without emotion, her life draining away the dopamine that was of the past. Eraoa’s brother was dead.

“Eraoa? Eraoa? Eraoa... Eraoa!” Miss Opium asked sadly as she came up to Eraoa’s face, looking at her sadly. Her worried eyebrows lifted Eraoa’s head slowly to meet eye-to-eye contact with their darkness. “I’m sorry... I know how... no... I don’t know what it’s like... to lose... somebody like a brother... I... I don’t wanna’ seem like I’m pushing it in your face, but... I’m here to help... with anything...”

“I’m. Good.” Eraoa stated towards Miss Opium, and she stepped to the right, watching Eraoa just stare forth and walk almost like a robot.

“Uh... Eraoa... you’re...” Miss Opium wanted to say as she saw Eraoa just continue onto the room with the planning table and there she sat in a darkness chair she then made, leaning back and looking up at the light, her face unchanging. Miss Opium came up to see Eraoa losing herself in her still stance and decided to speak more. “I’m sorry, Eraoa. I’ve almost lost everything too... but... we can still make it... do you wanna’ help me with a plan to stop... Eighty-Three? I’m sorry about what happened... but... we need-”

“What are you saying?” Eraoa asked Miss Opium, lifting her head up instantly.

“A plan to stop Eighty-Three?” Miss Opium replied back as a Luxembourgish ball raveled in from inside her left eye and looked to Eraoa standing up.

“And... why not a plan to stop the Computer- which is what I’m worried about?” Eraoa told back to Miss Opium as Miss Opium was a bit afraid of her strong stillness.

“Uh... yeah, the Computer too- but I was thinking Eighty-Three because maybe your more mad at him...?” Miss Opium, confused on what Eraoa was leading on.

“The Computer killed my brother. Eighty-Three has nothing to do with this right now.” Eraoa told with an angry face to Miss Opium.

“Uh... well... I was just with the Computer- he showed the screen of the game... showing Eighty-Three shoot Elijah as a baby, henceforth... killing your brother and his family... did you not know that?” Miss Opium asked.

“W-w... wha- why- whe... God... damnit?” Eraoa stated, looking back at the table as she started to be fueled with anger. “Eighty-Three killed my brother?”

“The Computer showed me.” Miss Opium stated after a gulp to Eraoa, before she lifted the table and threw it at the wall with anger, making Miss Opium use her arms to take a stance back from the increasing destabilization of Eraoa’s emotions.

“Heru... just... told me it was the Computer... what’s going on?” Eraoa asked, smiling with terror, anger, and insanity in her widening black holes for eyes.

“Uh... if you wanna’ ask the Computer, you can...” Miss Opium stated with a little shake in her voice as then Eraoa stamped off.

Later, Eraoa was with Miss Opium at the Computer, and he showed the gameplay of me shooting my baby brother with Elijah in it, and then red glowing the game to an end.

Eraoa clenched her fists as Miss Opium looked to her, Eraoa’s eyes twitching as the Computer stated “That’s what happened. Ask the Red Glitch if you do not believe.”

The DRC Man went “Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” and you could hear the “Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” from behind Daniel, to the left of Chinua, to the right of Ejnare, to the front of Angelica, and on top of Oyur, as well as below Wilma. They all stood behind The DRC Man as he ordered. “Hey- I’ll have the chicken Abruzzi, but remove the Abruzzi- I'm probably allergic to that.”

“Sir, you must order what’s on the menu entirely- we can’t just remove the chicken from the chicken and call it a plate.” - The man behind the green counter stated.

“Alright, fine- I'll have... the alba-white truffles but make them black- because we need more equality in this country.” The DRC Man stated and Daniel swayed his smirk.

“Sir, please- I just wanna’ go home, you guys literally came by a minute before we closed.” The cashier stated to them, Oyur rolling his eyes.

“Bruh just shut the fuck off- I mean ‘up,’ damnit.” - Oyur laughed.

“Bro, chill.” - Daniel laughed as Wilma stood there a with a smile.

“The fat nigga will take-” - Oyur started to say about The DRC Man.

“RACIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIST RACISM! YOU CAN’T SAY THAT! YOU’RE WHITE!” - DRC.

“As white as the white nigga Eighty-Three, which I’m sure says the same things to you.” Oyur told The DRC Man as he pointed at Oyur’s forehead.

“No! Eighty-Three never said the N-word- nobody is supposed to say that, especially not a cracker like you!” - The DRC Man told as Chinua smiled.

“Sir- could you please order?!” The man behind the counter giggled at them.

“I’ll take all your kids- thank you.” The DRC man stated with a calm and funny voice as he turned around with a loud mouth just a second before, also before grabbing from both his pockets a few hundred-dollar bills and casting them at the brown eyes and blue hair of the cashier in his green overalls before leaving angrily out the door as no other customers were elsewhere, “I’m gonna’ make sure Eighty-Three knows about you saying the N-word, Oyur! That’s racist! Racist I tell you!”

“Yeah okay... anyways, I’ll have some crackers because I guess I am one.” - Oyur.

“Oh my goodness...” Daniel face-palmed as Wilma just smiled.

“What was that about kids though?” Chinua asked Wilma funnily.

“He says random stuff as humor to Eighty-Three sometimes. Usually it is funnier.” - Wilma told with bags under her eyes, and her sleeves over her hands, having a smile, but inside she was pushing her moral-self down and trying not to cry from the memories.

Back at the village, Ryutyu was playing with TCT and Crow, as TCT streamed from my living room. As they were playing a new game called ‘Bobloxoa,’ Khenbish then came in, and stated another joke, quite unfunny as we can already all guess.

“Hey Cosmic, what do you call a living room with no couches?” - Khenbish.

“Uh, I don’t know- I don’t care.” TCT stated quickly as they were in a deep battle with a bomb grenade launcher whilst hopping on platform.

“A toothpick- ahahahahahahahahahaHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” - Khenbish as she ran off, and Ryutyu looked to TCT as Crow looked to Khenbish running out.

“Bruh? What does that even mean?” TCT laughed to himself. “Khenbish is either autistically funny, more funny than Teressa- or she’s an average woman.”

“What does that even mean?” Ryutyu laughed at TCT’s joke.

“Women aren’t funny, Ryutyu. They were created by the government to be cringey.” - TCT deeply told as Ryutyu swayed his head and Crow was just silent with a straight face.

“Hey ThatCosmicThunder, where is Eighty-Three?” The DRC Man asked.

“I dunno’ man, seems kinda’ sus...” - TCT told as he sat on the couch with a glass table where he placed his laptop.

“I need to talk to him about Oyur saying the N-word, we need some regulations-” The DRC Man was about to say before he was blasted to anger by TCT’s next comment.

“Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga.” - TCT.

“YOU CAN’T SAY THAT!” The DRC Man yelled at TCT angrily, but it was funny.

“yOu cAn’T sAy tHaT!” - TCT copied with a wavy voice as Crow and Ryutyu laughed.

Underground, where I was, I was talking to one of my Williamnists. He was a brown-haired, blue-eyed man with smooth skin and a boxy-like chin.

“I- sorry for intruding your walk- but I had a question- why do you hide this entire facility from your surface friends? Why shouldn’t they know quicker of our resolutions to the world?” The man asked in a Central African Republican accent.

“If my friends knew what I have been doing, they probably would not be my friends. Mutilations and mutations are hard to normalize, as you may see many people running away or throwing up when they meet. Plus, the relief of finding out I am angel from God, as the past is still unknown to them as it is to many of you- I will be making a video later on my story- but the knowledge that I am an angel would turn their views on me, and cause suspicion. I will settle the sudden differences they will see whence we do what is right, for explanation is very complex and requires time to tell.” - I told.

He noted on a notepad, and I left away, hearing him watch me before going back to write as many words as I spoke to him. Eventually, as I went down the hall with paintings of Wilma helping children and Gustavo playing with yarn balls, as I passed an image of Ekon with Gustavo, petting him as he squatted down, Wilma came through the roof behind me with a smile but deep tiredness in her eyes trying to stay open.

“Give this to the D-R-C man whence you see him next.” Wilma giggled inside as she pulled a little round and blue metallic button with her right hand reaching behind her, before she handed it to me, and I looked at it, the voices rambling in my head. Wilma then floated up and away as I looked to see her go, before looking back at the little button.

I used tiny strings from my gloved fingers to dissect the button and see inside to a tinier white note with the written text on it, ‘Say the N-word to make black people combust into sparks,’ written in blue cursive. I closed the tiny button with nano-machinery back on before going elsewhere with the racism button in my glove, grasped and ready. I came up to the banjo guy, playing his banjo before looking to me with a depressed look, and I simply said to him as silence started to dawn in with our stares to each other, ‘Nigga.’

The banjo guy then combusted into flames, his skin burning out from the inside, and his blood splashing around everywhere as his banjo was blown to ash, and the hall had fire amongst the burning mass of red flesh.

“Dang, how racist.” I laughed to myself before putting my right arm forwards and revamping everything back to the way it was, really not a revamp just a rebuild.

“Bro- Eighty-Three- what the hell?” The banjo guy asked angrily at me.

“I was just testing out a funny machine from Wilma.” - Eighty-Three.

“What? I just exploded as you said the N-word- what machine?” The banjo guy whispered and asked as he picked up his banjo and looked around.

“This little button. Apparently, as Wilma stated on a note inside, if you say the N-word, a black man explodes into flames, which you have just done. Henceforth, the most racist yet funny machine Wilma has created.” - I told to the banjo guy as he stared at me.

“Yeah, okay buddy. Whatever your edgy shit-brain wants I guess, you and Wilma, fucking around...” he started to say as he we dampened his voice to a mutter, going back to playing the banjo as I then started to walk towards Ekon and a few buff men coming to investigate the echoing explosion that just happened.

***Crow and Eraoa talk...***

Crow walked around outside, looking to the shield around as the sky was drifting with rifts of white and a dawning yellow that gave the nice breeze a better atmospheric style as he just walked, his phone in his right hand.

As he walked on the silent road, the breeze shifting into his sleeves as he had the most neutral and emotionless face you would ever imagine, Eraoa soon came up to the side of him, just a meter off to the left in the middle of a front yard, rising from a sludge of black around a radius wide enough so she came up with her pose, a rainbow axe in her right hand as she looked to Crow with a closed mouth and dawning eyebrows not of anger or frustration, but squinting towards his actions.

Crow stopped and looked at Eraoa as she started to walk forwards to him, looking around before she spoke directly to his face, which was unchanging such as hers.

“Who are you?” Eraoa asked with a tone of confusion, her clench grasping.

Crow brought out his phone and started texting, saying ‘i can’t talk I'm Crow I am here because of my friends not really eighty-three I'm not here to fight' it stated as a message ready to upload on the general chat.

“Oh... well then... I’ll guess I’ll just leave you alone- don’t come to his home though, or I will fight you.” Eraoa told as she started to put her axe on her shoulder, walking towards my home as then she was surprised as what Crow did next.

“Wait- why are you against Eighty-Three?” Crow asked after four seconds.

Eraoa turned around with awkward confusion, looking to Crow. “I’m here because Eighty-Three killed my brother, destroyed two worlds to my knowledge, and has done worse, like working with The Computer and Orb to cause chaos for fun. Do you know anything about him?” She then stated after four seconds of thinking.

“I do. He has an underground base with mutilated people, his own religion, and has... probably much more going on... I know that if you do anything to reveal those things to his friends, he’ll kill everyone. I don’t wanna’ be in that mess, nor start it, but I am... you know... in wonder of what you’re onto- because I’d like to know your point of view on him. Also- are you one of Heru’s allies?” Crow stated as he came over to Eraoa.

“Yes. Heru, I think, somewhat also has something going on with Eighty-Three, but I’m sure of it. He killed my brother in the game, and... (Eraoa sighs,) now I’m here... here to tell Ryutyu about his horrible stuff, including what you just said... and... I’m... I’m going stop it all...” Eraoa told Crow, looking back at him with frustration and eagerness.

“Wait though... uh... before we even try... uh... I don’t... I don’t really have anything but a gun and the accessibility to not die from the Red Glitch, so... you know, I could contact my friends about-” - Crow, before suddenly the Steel Terrorists came through a portalis behind him and bashed him to the floor as they laid bullets all around his essence, and they simply were destroyed by red glitches as then Eraoa sunk away as they aimed rainbow guns over to her and almost shot her dead, and then they proceeded to go into my home and kill only Ryutyu with a few rainbow bullets, before leaving. TCT just sat there with Ejnare, Daniel, and Gustavo, confused on the Steel Terrorists as they simply just left.

The Steel Terrorists, taking Crow by punching him back into their portalis and kicking him, then made another portalis away, and went to Israel, right into a scheme of Red Eyes playing War, the card game, and shot up the place, destroying the robot insides my tearing them apart and blasting them with forming rainbow rocket launchers, before leaving away, and letting Eraoa beneath the soil, peer up with heat vision to see the Steel Terrorist emit no heat, and she made a notepad, taking notes. “Do not try to blatantly kill Eighty-Three- you told yourself to be smart, and here is your message from God...”

***The man slash guy in the wheelchair... or something...***

Cyclop sent a message to Wilma as she sat on the other side of Ejnare’s fence, on Geurnf’s lawn, meditating whilst also hearing to the electronic music he was playing, vibratingly her soul sadly with its melodic beats and insane chords at times. Wilma heard the message and let it rise to her face with air particles maneuvering it up with their invisible force, letting her open her drowsy eyes to see Cyclop’s message read: “The Red Eyes’ base in Israel just got attacked, could you go quickly revive them? The universe hasn’t reset yet, and I’m worried since they still control the script up there.”

Wilma made a portalis away with a neutral face, as elsewhere, Ryutyu was stretching his muscles. Lifting himself up on a bar, he sweated as he closed his eyes, and his tail wagged as his ears were down. As he continued to do this though, behind him a portalis opened, and revealed forth a man in blue with a metallic wheelchair. He had hair. ADD MORE DESCRIPTIONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

“Ryutyu.” He stated in one word, Ryutyu flashing to turn around and be on the floor, his tail wagging and now his ears up as he had breathed harshly.

“Uh- hello-” Ryutyu was about to say with confusion.

“Don’t introduce yourself- no need. I just wanna’ get to the point- I have this overarching deal with a big end goal for me, but for you I shall give the first mini-missions- which is that I'll give you a full set of rainbow armor and a similar rainbow sword, all powered by Orchestral Waves, if you get me Oliver’s yellow pen. I must make my offer quickly, because yes. Now, don’t speak of it, but just come back to this room of yours and lend me the pen whence I come back. Anyways, enjoy the challenge, I swear I won’t do any bullshit.” - The man in the wheelchair as Ryutyu saw him go, having a portalis open to a black void as he left to space, everything being sucked into it as the man smiled, before it closed as Ryutyu rushed away from the winds, grabbing as much as he could, but most of his carpet was lifted up and now sprangly.

Ryutyu looked back, shrugged it off, then proceeded to rush away to TCT streaming editing and make that into a podcast as Gustavo soon came up and spoke too.

The Fire God was somewhere else in the universe. A score was above him as he stood on his side, on the left of the facing crowd, in front of him being a podium of bright red with metallic greens lighting around on the wooden floor stage, as white curtains were behind, and the white light above in a rectangular prism shone on the rectangular black score board, showing ‘86,889,838,923,333.’ To the right was Jesus, with a podium exactly the same shape but glowing yellow in an outline as well as white metallic in the shape. Above him the floating scoreboard said ‘901,929,927,572,111,383,923,821,921,029,282,913,’ the number being condensed to be smaller in red on the black background. Jesus was smiling at the crowd who clapped for both of them as The Fire God leaned over and stuck his hands over his eyes as he was irritated and dumbfounded on his glowing light green face.

“Fire God, do not be ashamed but see this as a lesson. Fair play shall always be used, as I am the lord and will gift you eternal righteousness if you do not cheat your way through life. Tell the truth, and do not change the minds of my people to sin with the taint of money. People cast their souls forth with their will-”- Jesus, before the Fire God spoke as he rose his tired head.

“Yeah, I know... I know... sorry for paying for some of my voters... uh... yeah... alright... uh... and sorry for getting drunk... I’m... I’m gonna’ go now.” - The Fire God as he then left off the stage awkwardly, but his tone was frustrated, and the crowd listened closely under the violet sky with orange clouds. “Damnit...” The Fire God then thought in his mind as he came out to a hallway with purple stars and blue stripes around the yellowness of the lights and background color.

The Fire God came back to the end of the hall near the exit door and put his left hand onto it as he leaned on it, sighing with his eyes closing like Crow’s would when they blink. The Fire God then looked back to see Jesus Christ amongst the sound.

“The Fire God is an anxious man, and I wish not for any gossip behind his back. He tries his best, and soon will have enough, but currently, like many of you, he is...” Jesus was saying through the wall as The Fire God listened before swaying his head and pushing the door open, going outside to where many people were around, but he looked right towards the five dawning sun near the horizon of rocks with many people about cheering him on.

“Fire God! Fire God! Fire Man! Fire Man!” The crowd called with a sway of rhythm as he came forth, and The Fire God nodded with satisfaction.

“Yes, thanks guys. My regrets are true- I'll make sure it won’t happen again...” The Fire God told to them as he then grabbed the suns by grasping the air and he put his left hand forth, making him fling towards them. As The Fire God came at light speed towards the fire, he soon banged into the suns and sighed once again. The Fire God then booted off the suns and back onto the planet near a floating station, where he landed onto a white rimmed lane, and opened a portalis quite instantly, locating Wilma’s cocaine room as he came through to find her down and already snorted.

“Wilma. Wilma. Wilma! WILMA!” The Fire God told, shaking her each time before picking her up by under the armpits and radically shaking her. “WILMAAAAAAAA!”

“W-what!?” Wilma asked as she strung away after the Fire God then slapped her with his right hand, and was confused on the situation, and bewildered with big eyes.

“You were on cocaine again- get off it.” The Fire God stated, pushing her back before going away as Wilma looked around and sighed, closing her loose hands into her blue sleeves again and then looking into the mind of the Fire God to see anger.

“Uh...” Wilma as she came to see the Fire God go down and get on an arcade machine called ‘Pac-Man,’ I am sure you all know of it. Wilma did not state further but saw forth towards the anger in his mind about losing the election, and the thoughts of how he needed to calm himself down and seeing Wilma’s fun palace and friends as a good place rather than his fans or gambling arenas. “Have fun...”

Wilma walked past the Fire God and went outside to meet me coming up the stairs with Gustavo, instantly asking the obvious question.

“Is the Fire God frustrated?” Gustavo asked and I nodded to his question already.

“Yes. He lost the election against Jesus Christ.” - Wilma stated as I turned around and walked down, Gustavo then following with Wilma as well.

“Alrighty, well then- could you assist us with large projects in the underground? I like what you did with The DRC Man and Gustavo here to build that massive aquarium, and I am having some more ideas to present forth as well.” I told Wilma and she was happily intrigued, nodding her head as Gustavo looked around to see Crow just walking the blocks, no direction or destination, just walking along and looking up like a robot.

“Nice. Could you tell me your ideas? The voices in your head are too much for me to understand anything.” Wilma told me with a bit of sorrow, yet humor distinguished.

“Oh, yes- I was thinking of a massive school with every special class to the most broadest, stretching miles long in all ways with books all over like a library, for people to learn within. I also thought of a cat palace, with many looping slides and such, so Gustavo and some pets can have their fun. Then, a pizzeria named ‘Ekon’s Ecstatics,’ since Ekon really likes pizza and would like to possibly run a place. Then we could make a reverse mountain, where your crawl down to get to a point where you hang and see below to a river filled with rainbow creatures and colors and be absolutely amazing... what do you think of all that?” I asked Wilma as she looked to my ears flicking up as we walked down.

“Sure. It is something better to do than cocaine again...” - Wilma.

As we went down to Ryutyu’s empty room by going through the open front door, TCT and Daniel waved to us from the couch and we waved back, hearing Daniel on the phone with a pizza company, trying not to laugh with Ryutyu also on a couch.

“Nigga- I ain’t askin’ again, order a real FUCKING pizza- ain't no pizza ever been ‘boneless, cheesy-dipped with ravioli-’ like what the fuck is that shit?” The man on the phone asked in the deepest teenager voice of somebody from the hood.

“Bro... (Daniel’s tries not to laugh with TCT,) your motto is: ‘any pizza can be-’” Daniel was about to say before the other guy yelled through the bee phone.

“Any pizza can be your FUCKING PROBLEM if you call us again. This is your last fucking chance mate- either order something not fictional or fuck off. The only reason you’re calling us from the fucking bayside is so we can’t make it in time for our policy to actually allow us pay- like FUCK YOU and FUCK THIS JOB- I quit this shit...” - The man as Daniel then heard it beep off and started laughing down as TCT sat back and chuckled.

“See? That was funny...” - TCT as Ryutyu smiled and wagged his tail.

“Oh... my goodness... I feel so bad for him though. He was probably living minimum wage in a miserable life... but- hey- ThatCosmicThunder- you think we could possibly find the guy and give him a briefcase full of hundred-dollar bills?” Daniel asked.

“I’ll give him a briefcase full of Monopoly one-dollar bills- that would be funnier.” - TCT as Daniel swayed his head and Ryutyu held in his chuckle.

“Oh my goodness... you else would we prank call?” Daniel then asked.

“Wait- you got a V-P-N on there?” TCT asked Daniel as his chihuahua ears were up.

“Yeah, why?” Daniel looked back funnily, as Ryutyu started to laugh- dog ears up.

“Oh no- I know what thy is gonna’ do...” Ryutyu stated out loud.

“What are you thinking about, ThatCosmicThunder?” Daniel asked deviously to TCT after looking at Ryutyu, and their tails started to wag with curiosity.

“I know a place.” TCT thought to himself, rubbing his chin with his right hand. “Set your V-P-N to the Bri’ish, and contact a delivery-food store nearby. The realization they would have would be golden.”

“Oh alright... that’s genius...” - Daniel told, then going to prank call again.

As they kept on prank calling, Wilma was under creating bullet trains all over, and transportations stations to places of the world such as the South Pole, Nunavut in Canada, random parts of Siberia, Turkmenistan, Angola, Cyprus, Vanuatu, and some random places in the sea, making parks for pets, movie screens huge, libraries endless, and giving people jobs there to look around and keep up.

As Wilma finished and Ekon enjoyed in Alabama a giant Pizzaria of his own, me and Gustavo assisting as many Williamnists looked around the many splendid arcade machines and such like there were in Wilma’s fun palace, Wilma had gone to the underground of Burkin Faso and expanded upon the base one of my copies was building. She created it well and allowed the copy of me to sit down and continue typing on my laptop before she went to her office, one she created, and laid down in a bed, enjoying the greatness of the softness that was increasing and letting her dwell down.

As Wilma laid down, her tails around, she breathed in heavily and had a small nap. As the clock nearby ticked by time, she soon woke up, a bit weirdly and looked around, realizing she had been asleep, and she smiled, getting up and making her particles renew so food was not needed. But then, as she started to get up, it rang in her mind- cocaine. Again, she thought to herself about the room she was in. She looked around, now going from happiness to worry, realizing the want was greater than she expected. Wilma pocketed her hands and looked to her desk with her own laptop. She started to sweat in her mind, twinkling her fingers, and cocaine started to pile up on the table in the silence.

“Stop...” She told herself in her mind, looking to the bed as she kept on feeling the cocaine drizzle and sizzle, the slow particles on the large pile falling away to the table. She remembered how great she felt, but also how much she hated the time loss. She looked at the clock and was more saddened by knowing her nap was two hours long, from three to five. She looked back at the cocaine and breathed heavily. “I am done... I am done...”

Then again, her hands moved ever so slightly inside her sleeves, and from her mind was created cocaine. She saddened her mouth and watered her eyes, before frustrating herself, and making a rainbow knife in her left hand and then stabbing it into her right.

“Oh! FUCK! SHIT! SHIT! THAT HURTS!” Wilma yelled as she left the rainbow knife in and looked to herself bleeding out from her hand, getting the floor wet. “Shit... shit... fuck... Oh my god... oh my god... oh my god...”

Wilma was shaking as she then looked over to the cocaine and put up her arm but could not make her mind defend against it. “It can soothe you if you take it now.” Her mind told, and she started to cry, before putting her hand back on the knife and ripping it out, crying as she then laid back in bed and felt her hand started to continue bleeding out, her teeth gritted and her tails flowing rapidly. She wept in her bed for a long time...

“I should have never hurt myself...” She cried to herself repeatedly...

***The Chinese come to play.***

ThatCosmicThunder was silent as he edited a video, compiling memes onto the screen of gameplay with his face cam, as well as Daniel’s voice being played in the scene he edited, which replayed every time he looked back upon it. He sat with his noodle legs in literal squiggly lines on the concrete floor around the pool, looking up to see the pinkish sky fading to black as he sat up, smirking.

As Daniel was inside with Geurnf, Ejnare, and Shellia, watching a movie with a talking cat and a wolf chase after in a mirroring dimension, ThatCosmicThunder heard something lively nearby, shoot a rainbow dart at TCT’s right cheek, and he turned to see the miniature ball of red, then rolling back into the grass, as then TCT whipped around and spun up, the concrete and dirt swirling around like a tornado as he then threw his laptop, tipped to the top left corner of the screen, enabling it to crash into the rolling ball and smash its nano-technology down into the ground as then TCT took off the dart and threw it into the machine on top of all that, before then going over, throwing his laptop into the pool, and picking up the machine with some dirt below it, literally picking up a block of dirt with the parts as if it was a dumbbell.

“Ah hell naw- the Chinese acting susseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey again- bing chillings about to decrease my social credit.” TCT laughed as he looked towards the red ball. He then started to smash the entire thing into his face as his fingers went long and phased through as he then made the “NOM NOM NOM” sound effect and started to A-pose over to my living room, bashing through the glass windows and looking towards Daniel.

“Ay- bruh!” - Daniel as he saw TCT stand tall over the sharded glass, the A-pose definite and Geurnf also looking with confusion and discomfort.

“We got a city to burn- dAmN DaNiEL.” TCT as he grabbed some purely black shades from behind himself put them on, and had a chilly smell activate Shellia’s nose, making her confused as he spoke in a deeper voice before the cracking other one. “And here are your shades, guys.” TCT stated as then reached both hands behind his back and grabbed forth two more fully black shades, putting his index fingers up and letting them spin on them as if they were a basketball, and then toss them quickly over to Daniel and Ejnare, which hit them on the head before bouncing up quickly into the fan light and breaking it, as then they fell back on their faces perfectly, before then a second later bouncing off into the television and phasing through again to be on their faces perfectly.

“Bro- chill!” - Ejnare as Geurnf leeched away from the breaking glass.

“Cosmic- please!” Shellia said as she saw the fan light break.

“We going to Ohio for this one.” - TCT stated as he created a portalis to Ohio, just a random street with trees around, recognizable to no one.

“Bro, can we stay here please?” Daniel asked, “It’s getting late.”

“It’s getting late for you to be... uh... a... uh... an... I forgor what I was gonna’ say- but come on, I got an enemy I actually gotta’ face.” TCT told, as Daniel came up.

“Alright... and why isn’t anybody else but Ejnare coming?” Daniel asked as he looked to Geurnf and Shellia shaking her tail as they stood up and looked to TCT.

“Because objects belong in the kitchen.” - TCT as then dark phonk music played slowly and reverbed, and he suddenly held a burning and large cigarette at his mouth as he had steam coming from his lined mouth, the lighting around him darkening.

As Ejnare sighed he then saw TCT snort the ground and go into the portalis like a snake, making the most obnoxious snorting sound as he slithered in suddenly like a snake, and Daniel did not see the split second, but was looking to Shellia with a slight laugh before looking around to see TCT slithering away down the road possibly in Ohio.

“Yeah... he has the illness of being a bitch... just like you, Shellia.” Ejnare then laughed at the end, and Daniel swayed his head as he entered, dropping his shades off by Shellia’s place on the couch.

“Really?” Shellia laughed a little but was a bit discouraged.

“The friends we have...” He landed his arms out greatly as Geurnf sighed and walked backwards with his sarcasm as then the portalis closed.

“I’m honestly glad we don’t have to come- ThatCosmicThunder and his friend Quako or whatever are just so... I don’t know- I wanna’ say annoying, but they’re just weird. Like, they don’t annoy me- but I know they’re just kinda’... mental in some form...” - Guernf told Shellia as she looked towards the broken television.

“I guess... but hey, at least they’re joking...” - Shellia shrugged as she saw Geurnf take a nap and her tail flay down around her waist whilst Shellia’s was active.

“At least Crow is normal... somewhat... and Qualik isn’t joking, he’s actually mental, and hates me for some reason...” Geurnf told as Shellia left away.

“True- but anyways, have a nice nap- I'm gonna’ go see what Ryutyu’s up to...” - Shellia as then we shall switch scenes back to Daniel, Ejnare, and TCT.

They were walking on the road, looking around, hearing nothing, before then TCT, in his snake-snorting path- hopped up with a blast of air, and Ejnare’s shades went up and flew onto the road as Daniel’s clothes were windy like his tail.

“Where’s he going now?” Daniel asked funnily and courageously.

As Ejnare was then going to open his mouth as Daniel looked to him, a portalis formed under them, and they fell down into chaos. Below, ThatCosmicThunder was falling down as they started to look below, to see Columbus, the capital of Ohio, with tainted grey streets with cars, and buildings of red brick along with bushes in square concrete tan squares, and metallic catwalks amongst large skyscrapers in various spots not near each other. TCT was looked towards them both as Ejnare started to rotate and grind his teeth in slight fear as Daniel just looked around, his tail flailing from the thousand feet above.

“Hey- ThatCosmicThunder- what-" Daniel asked in a quickness, before hearing to his right and looking with Ejnare to see the giant robot. It was a humanoid metallic robot shining under the replenishing lights from nearby buildings as stars around glimmered under the dark blue atmosphere. As winds were heavy and the coldness was thick, the robot moved slowly with its big hands and square fingers, the bone structure remade so the fingers could curl more, and the arms could twist back if needed. Cords and movable catwalks slid in the armpits and elbows of these metallics, and the clanking was overridden by the wailing sirens down the street, and people walking away whilst also taking screenshots, and helicopters coming in. The big robot had blocky shoes and a head that was cut in half to have another half of window, where people could see Chinese men with many computers and control colorfully in use. The robot, one-hundred meters high, and sixty wide, was punching a building and causing distress, as the people were on lunges inside and hooks, which allowed them to bounce around whilst the robot leaned its head. The colors were red in the torso with a mixture between the stars of China, the icons of the Soviet Union, and vertical colors of Turkmenistan’s green and Kazakhstan's blue after the red covered just enough for the flag’s six stars instead of five. The arms were red and the hands were purple, as were the shoes. The head was also red, and the glass was normal, but unbroken. People below used megaphones to try to contact them.

“Welcome to Ohio. Here- The Omni-Chinese- the bing chillings of the universes- are here to crack down on my social credit scores. They knew I would come, because I’m always down in Ohio...” ThatCosmicThunder introduced as Ejnare and Daniel landed normally and actually quite smoothly onto the road, surprising people nearby.

“Uh... okay?” Daniel nodded to TCT as he looked around to the people recording.

“Let’s go stop it before Eighty-Three comes- because they’re gonna’ find this on the radar in no time.” - Ejnare as TCT then made the black shades again.

“Yes, I think I will.” TCT nodded funnily as he handed the shades to Ejnare and Daniel, and Ejnare took them easily but Daniel swayed his head.

“No- I don’t need shades-” Daniel stated as people looked around.

“Hey... who the hell are you people?” A man asked as he came up to Daniel’s right, an average Ohio citizen- can I get any more memed?

“Shadow wizard money gang! We endorse casting spells.” - TCT.

“Didn’t you say that meme already?” Daniel asked funnily as TCT held his hands up and lightning came down from above, scaring the man back a little.

“Uh- yeah- sorry- let me go kill myself, I’ll be back.” TCT stated funnily before suddenly floating up and away, as the robot started to get misfiled by missiles by the helicopters to Ejnare’s view, but the glass was seemingly indestructible, and the robot raced over to them as they felt their guns come into their hands and be rainbow.

“Let’s go?” Daniel told to Ejnare as he sighed and started to run and Ejnare started to snipe, blasting the window open and surprising people that the glass actually broke.

Daniel started to go onto the sidewalk as then TCT came down from seemingly the exosphere inside a white-pill-like car, and decided to go forth with its tiny squeaking black wheels as he rolled down the window to see Daniel’s speed towards the sprinting robot using its left arm to block Ejnare’s shots now.

“Hop in- I'm not asking.” - TCT funnily as then his car extended to wrap around Daniel and give him confusion as then his bullet car started to go up in the air, making people below confused and utterly discomforted as TCT then bulleted his minicar into their glass head and made it suddenly disappear as then Daniel and TCT looked around and saw everybody coming to stare over and dispatch their hands from the controls. Each Chinese person was actually Chinese with the basic workmen-black hair, along with red overall on a green long-sleeved-shirt and pants, with brown boots, each pulling a side pistol from their right and shooting after TCT and Daniel.

Daniel smirked right before being surprised and worried as TCT was hit with one bullet and blasted away, his essence literally twirling and rotating like a ragdoll with speed as he was blasted back into the window and out of the robot, falling away with a loud scream that was not his, but rather of a middle-age-man's deep voice.

“Oh- damn...” - Daniel as he regenerated from getting shot so much, that the Chinese people started to stop and looked to his ears up and tail wagging.

“使用彩虹迷你枪!” - One Chinese man as another went down into a trapdoor, with a slight handle he lifted up and pulled a rainbow minigun out, and Daniel started to scramble with his rainbow gun and shoot forth.

He went right first, seeing a man come at him to grab, but he shot the left-down part of face off, letting it flesh away and drip as he grabbed onto the buggee cord and was lifted away up to the dead stance of the man as bullets started to come forth. Daniel then pushed off the glass as air was windy in the holes around, as the minigun broke the glass and made sound obnoxious, and Daniel used the corpse to go over to another, but the man managed away by grabbing his cords, and the straps glow a bit green as he moved to the side as then Daniel fell down and started to hide behind some server machines, shooting around and breaking the glass further, scaring Chinese men away from going over to him. As the minigunner kept on firing, breaking the machinery and making Daniel have to crouch around and away, a helicopter fired a missile through one of the holes, and exploded the minigunner, exploding him to pieces and cartoonish flesh falling on the rotating head back as the remaining Chinese men grabbed the little-button-glowing-green-straps and moved around with gritting teeth. Daniel came out to find a guy going after the minigun, so he shot the guy back and let him roll up into the window and break his nose after death. Daniel then grabbed the minigun and started to shoot around the glass, making it firmly crack more and more till the top layer started to fall down because of his obstruction below and circular, and henceforth as helicopters floated up and watched the dome fall onto the Chinese men, Daniel threw the minigun away as he turned around and grabbed a gun, seeing a man go to a trapdoor and open it for some of the other men to escape, before he was shot by Ejnare, and dead. The robot started to collide backwards as cars raced away, and Daniel rushed on the tilting robot to the trapdoor, blowing his gun inside as he watched it rotate vertically, and then helped himself inside, crawling on the rotated ladder as a corpse fell down with his bullets to blockade, and he used it as a shield as more men started to grab rainbow pistols and shoot. As Daniel felt himself go up, he randomly shot from under the now hovering corpse to the men, killing some more and causing more blockades, till the robot crashed down, and he heard men below cry and squeeze out large breaths as he also heard a squish of flesh.

Daniel moved the bodies aside, shooting randomly as he sweated, and soon got down to see he was standing on a wall, looking around as Chinese men were dead, and the crashing robot was stopped, with sirens outside coming to investigate. Daniel then saw, as the computers and controls were a top on the ceiling, a man come from a horizontally-tilted-right door of metal and aim his pistol already. But before Daniel could even push himself back with fear and hold up his gun, TCT drove a red cartoonish-blocky-like car into the wall and into the man, making him fling forth like a ragdoll, as the rubble was blasted forth, and if we were in slow motion, Daniel could further see in the front window on the left side, an image of TCT holding ice cream with a horribly-wrinkly and Chinese-stereotypical face along with Chinese text below written over sentences of itself to look like a joke. As the car went by, it soon rammed into the man, blasting his blood onto the wall the car then blasted through, and Daniel fell back onto the wall, before looking left to hear more men coming. He started over to be next to the door and laid his gun around, shooting randomly and scaring the voices back, before he looked, helped himself in, randomly shot more, and then reloaded as he jumped behind a control panel and the men started to come in looking. As Daniel wrapped his tail around his right thigh and then made his ears go down, Ejnare soon shot through, killing one as the other looked forth to see a hole in the wall, and then started to trample back before another was shot, five others getting away.

“Oh- thanks, Ejnare.” Daniel stated as he saw to the corpses dead, “Or ThatCosmicThunder...” Daniel then ran into the hall under the red lighting of lights above and sirens all around, some within different robot rooms, other outside because of police trying to break through, but finding trapdoors locked.

Daniel soon came into a room and got shot with a few pistols by six men, but as he put his hand forth, waiting for somebody to stop, he then put his gun forth as he regenerated, and shot forth at the pistols as a man ran off. As people had their faces mushed and blown off as Daniel darted around, jumping on objects and kicking people before blasting them dead, he soon found another hallway and started to go forth. The man in front was running down a tunnel with rooms on each side as a ladder was in the middle. He held nothing as Daniel saw at the beginning of his entry to chasing the man, pipes around blow and let steam all around. Daniel traveled through the intoxicated gases, coughing as he felt his lungs start to go under, but took a step back and realized his lungs were healing back together anyways, so then he pursued forth, and with speed he saw the man trying to open a door that was shut, till he blew his back open and the spine was meshed with blood, making the man fall forwards and slide without great noise.

Daniel then shot at the door handle, and looked forth to many men shooting as he opened it from left to right, so he backed behind the door further, expecting the gunshots, and stayed behind the wall as they started to end.

Ejnare was outside and started to shoot through. He wore black shades with TCT, who also used his sniper to shoot through, and splat the brains of many as they tried approaching Daniel, before ducking behind objects as they saw their metallic wall combust with holes. Ejnare saw through his shades the heat forms amongst the blue, and made sure Daniel, after seven combined shots, could rush in and hop over a machine, blasting one man dead before backflipping and killing another.

“Woo! Yeah!” - Daniel as he then looked towards the gunshot wounds in people.

“Also- this was racially motivated.” - TCT stated to Ejnare outside, and then laughed as Ejnare rolled his eyes and dropped his sniper.

“Of course- you know- at this point I’m- oh...” - Ejnare funnily before seeing white invade their scene and henceforth the idea of the universe resetting cometh forth.

But somewhere else in the robot of red, a man was typing in commands to a computer hooked towards a red ball, and then used a portal gun and led it towards Israel’s deserts, letting it roll away, as he then was swelled up in the white.

Ekon is in our next scene. He was next to The DRC Man and Molly, as then I came up behind as Wilma flew around with an escaping and plundering ‘WoOOooOOooooOOO!!’ as she created vast systems of railroad bullet trains and swirling rollercoasters out in the openness of what was under Mali, a country bordering Burkin Faso.

“Well, I hope she pushes through the temptations...” Ekon told me, referencing Wilma as The DRC Man stood his pose, his hands around his pants as always.

“Yeah- and I didn’t know Wilma had a cocaine addiction, I would’ve talked to her more- unlike mister Eighty-Three over here...” - Molly funnily.

“I did talk to her, but addictions are a fight with a person’s own self. Friends can help, but if you do not pull yourself back from the drug constantly, or in increasing timescales, then you lose the efforts of others sadly.” - Me as my tail was non-pointed and my ears were up amongst the great white lights. “Plus, you start to develop other sins, such a cutting yourself, in which the Bible specifically stated that you shall not hurt yourself with a rock, henceforth not hurt yourself with other objects and thoughts as well.”

“True.” Ekon nodded to Molly as she sighed, looking back to the currently happy-Wilma as The DRC Man was just stuck in his pose till he spoke.

“Hey Eighty-Three- we should create a rollercoaster park out of flesh mutations!” - The DRC Man stated to me as he looked around, seeing white specs of cocaine fall from Wilma’s mouth literally leaking it out like an avalanche.

“Um- I don’t think the people would enjoy sticking around all day to be honest...” - Molly told in as she was to the right of Ekon, which was to the right of The DRC Man.

“True.” I nodded to The DRC Man as he nodded back to Molly.

“Hm... hey Eighty-Three, and Molly- what about making people into sea creatures? Do you think some would like to become full-on furries of some sort?” - The DRC Man.

“Bruh- I think-” Molly was about to blurt before she stopped, seeing forth behind The DRC Man a thousand Steel Terrorists in a crowd just sixty meters back rushing with rainbow guns towards them, along with some snipers having their dots on Ekon, and soon shooting just a second later after she stopped and I also saw a giant portalis open them up to already running at us, Wilma stopping and diving into the crowd.

Wilma flung herself into the Steel Terrorists, and they shot her dead instantly, as Ekon was then shot with rainbow bullets, all in half a second, as I stood there, looking towards the Steel Terrorists. All of them started to slow down except one, and that Steel Terrorist ran forth to The DRC Man’s confusion within his pose as he looked back to see Ekon dead and Molly leaning away with fear, before the Steel Terrorist grabbed Ekon’s right leg and started to take him away, right in front of us.

I grabbed the Steel Terrorist’s right arm and held it with the darkness stretching, looking at him as he looked up, his gun in his left hand being a pistol of rainbow-textures.

I did not speak, but he looked to me for a second before I made my darkness arm move to Ekon’s leg and then rushed away, my other arm wrapping around Molly and The DRC Man, bashing them lightly into each other as I made darkness hold them from the insides, and rushed them towards the underground parts of Egypt, where there was nothing but a single bullet train track. There, I slowed down as I looked back to see a million, exactly what my ears could hear trampling and echolocation as my vision could see with light blue heated-bodies and radio waves, that with rainbow guns they dashed as fast as light over to me, same speed I went.

So, I blasted off as Molly and The DRC Man tried to state something, but the Doppler effect not only disturbed their vision, but also their hearings and words. “Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy...” - The DRC Man tried.

As I ran towards the underground of the Falkland Islands by rushing around the world in less than a second, the Steel Terrorists came out of a portalis already there and shot with a minigun after me. In the slow-motion slash possibly called ‘paused time,’ I used my boots and made the spikes come out, as well as made my tail have random spikes around, black and sharp, as I used two arms from under my dress to hold Ekon behind like a body shield, his head shot many times and bleeding down like a slushy balloon, as I placed The DRC Man and Molly down with my darkness arms as my tail elongated and wrapped around the minigun of a Steel Terrorist and pulled it up, making him shoot up, as through the portalis and behind, racing Steel Terrorists piled all around, so I quickly, with my arms punching around, and making their heads have an uppercut pull back but still shoot, I made myself go down into a hole of darkness and travel underground, but as soon as I tried, many Steel Terrorists did the same, and the red glitch then spawned around my arms as they all activated their red goggles, and swarmed around endlessly, killing me with rainbow bullets centimeters away from each other, along with layers upon layers all around against me as I tried pulling everything together and blocking it, but the portions were broken, and I died under the ground.

Ekon was then taken away as The DRC Man and Molly were struck hard and also fell away. As The Steel Terrorists all zipped away, the universe soon reset. Ekon was missing as they went through portal after portal, The Red Glitch coming through with his physical form and punching them back into space, breaking the glass and being sucked away into the red galaxies of another as he chased Steel Terrorists trying to take away Ekon. Portals upon portals, universes upon universes, space broken into shards, and glitches everywhere along with fists coming off of fists of rainbow-ness, all punching at light speeds at The Red Glitch, trying to stop him. He bashed through many Steel Terrorists, soon becoming successful in the end, but right now is not the end, and Ekon was being passed away.

***Heru raid with Pelosi? Wrong- Pelosi did not come.***

Heru bashed down into the school’s lobby, and as parents and students saw quickly to the dust fall and debris weakening, Heru stepped down on a brick with his right foot, and the light from light sources started to revert into his stop sign, literally light being bent and sucked away, leaving black splotches and points where it used to be, disallowing people to see forth to what was originally there. But, sadly, they could not anyways as also Heru made sure people had their entire bodies disjointed, every bone cracking in half and every vessel ripping out with their skin slowly tracing behind till they all spastically spun from their original positions into his stop sign, and down, going into his right and left hand as they held it tight, and in seconds everybody was dead, no blood was around, the clouds of steam had cleared, and Heru felt powered, yet his teeth were still gritty. Heru then jumped down, everybody in the school had warped into his stop sign, and soon blood from people outside and the military base started to rip out of their bodies and form a blood tornado, heads ripping off and swirling around as also ligaments and arms started to disassociate from the liquid and let Heru see around to only blood swirling and soon exiting from a single thin string into the palm of one of his two hands. He was surprised, a bit happy, but also still frustrated in that red blood-moving tuxedo of his.

Daniel and Oyur were together with TCT and Crow, streaming on the couch as TCT put top-white text onto a three-dimensional model of Daniel, perfect and named in the file space above Grender, ‘DAMN DANIEL.grender,’ along with the text saying ‘DAMN DANIEL 3D RENDER?’

Daniel and Oyur were playing a Boblox game called ‘Noors’ as this went on, and Crow watched from behind, pointing at cabinets they could open in a kitchen room.

“Damn Daniel...” - TCT stated in a whisper as his stream music was happily on it.

“Please...” Daniel whispered back, looking into his circular eyes.

“Damn Daniel.” - Oyur told quickly with such a blurt, it made Daniel laugh.

“Dang bruh, really?” Daniel stated as Oyur smiled, but then their bodies swiveled into a red thin mass they suddenly strung away out the door, making Crow’s eyes go into circles and make him take a step back from behind the couch.

TCT looked up with a smirking face, seeing the laptop fall down, and the red glitch form a glitchy-red bubble over Crow, as TCT looked up towards the ceiling afterwards.

“Seems we got a lil’ nigga to handle once again.” TCT told Crow.

“What?” Crow asked TCT, as TCT put his laptop down and left the stream on.

“Heru- he’s back, and just sucked the blood of everyone on the planet over to him... quite interesting what info you can take in from Orchestral waves...” - TCT then letting his arms down and hands up as he floated up slowly, a white light dawning down as he spoke, coming from the ceiling without a proper light source existent.

As he phased through the ceiling, Crow sighed before feeling under him a portalis, and falling down to the school’s lobby as TCT arose, and down the hall to the gym they saw Heru with blood breaking through the walls and slicing in the air around from the entrance to swirl around him and make an opaque blood storm. Crow was instantly confused as he saw blood swirling around him after Heru, before he looked forth and saw many copies of Heru burst through, going in-between the two and after me, which I had sped up to be behind just a few milliseconds before.

I dodged to the right as TCT then lunged himself back and flung into the copies as they tried swarming from one side, vertically, with Heru copies’ mosquito wings buzzing as Heru gritted his teeth, and Crow was slowed down in the speed of our battles.

I then jumped up through the roof and created a hammer, smashing down and squashing the versions as others made black holes to my right, and others burned the sun and pulled it towards Earth, the red glitch forming all over their hands and around the atmosphere as many other copies also made chairs made out of spikes be thrown at me, rainbow spikes be thrown in all different directions, rainbow miniguns shooting forth, multiple schools coming down from the sky to smash down onto the school, Wi-Fi routers enlarged and bass boosting a whale sound so everything shook, and light being twisted and churned as they shot it at me, making splotches of black more relevant.

As the many Heru’s did all these random actions, I dodged to the left, rushing up, creating a staircase as I jump off from it, made a parachute fly me west, then made a few more staircases in rotations, dodging rainbow blasts and shots as many arms from under my dress created guns and shot at the copies, and my tail grew tails off each other and spiked into others as my ears were up. I made the spikes from under my boots come out as I stepped on some heads as they made their stops signs go up and be held with moving spikes, as blood started to ravel around, and chaos was ensured in just a single second, the lands being destroyed by falling copies of the school and skyscrapers and copies of Heru moving the geography to slam against me as I used darkness to make walls splinter through the many Herus and Crow was protected by the red glitch the entire time.

TCT was also in the mess, hitting his dance as he floated up and then created a gauntlet out of colorful stones, some being rainbow, and shot it down, making the laser create versions of himself to swarm through the other and make further chaos by blasting darkness out of euphoniums, creating drip shoes and blasting music to push the wings of the Heru copies’ back, making multiple hands to slap his face, and also destroying the land by making it randomly explode along with the light Heru was pointing at us. It was just pure chaos, instantly destroying mile longs of infrastructure among the United States, until the universe was quickly resetting after two seconds of our start.

Soon, me, TCT, and Crow were back on our couch, and we got up as he started to get out his computer and stream again as Crow stood straight, wondering what happened, but not saying anything as I got up and went to find the kids coming inside.

Daniel and Oyur sat back down and asked questions as Gustavo and The DRC Man came up with Wilma and started to cook meatballs and gravy. I went down and searched around to find Ekon dead in my office and decided to revamp my office into a surgical room and change his mind back after speed-running the process with cheats.

Kioshi was also back at the cameras and watched as Williamnists continued to paint and the mutations got to know newcomers as the muscular men with tuxedos came back from Cameroon with new people to convert and show the underground towards.

But as we all went back to doing casual stuff and enjoying each other's company, Ejnare came in with Chinua and started to play on the big screen with Wilma. As TCT streamed with them, soon Chinua went to the fridge and caused an event to strike.

Chinua grabbed a glass from the kitchen’s drawer and placed it on the island as she looked towards the fridge, opened it, and found orange juice next to apple juice. She looked towards the apple juice first before the orange juice, and then picked up the apple juice without a thought, and poured it in, then putting it back in the fridge.

But just then a portalis opened with Steel Terrorists coming in and shooting her dead, 232 bullets impaling her as she was flanged over to the skin, and Wilma got up to see over to the Steel Terrorists as The DRC Man hopped up and saw as well quickly, seeing them take the apple juice back from the fridge, and running away.

“Wat’ da’ helllllllllllllllllllllllll?” - TCT as he looked up and Ejanre’s tail went still.

“Holy fucking shit- what da’ shit is it?!” - Oyur madly as he looked over.

“What happened?!” Daniel asked, popping his head up with confusion and fear.

“The Steel Terrorists just shot Chinua and stole some apple juice?” Wilma stated funnily, looking back as Daniel’s tail went back and forth.

“Bruh- what the fuck?! Really!?” Oyur asked as he looked over to see Chinua’s blood dripping about, and Ejnare come along as well.

“Sheesh.” - Ejnare lowly as TCT laughed at Wilma’s comment.

“Fucking shitheads, they do be the most random shits in existence- Wilma- you ain’t fucking with us, right?” Oyur asked Wilma and she shrugged.

“I heard her pick apple juice instead of orange juice to drink. Then she was shot.” - Wilma as TCT then put his laptop to his left and stood up.

“That’s gotta’ be the dumbest bullshit in the universe- hey Red Glitch, we know you can hear our ass- do some shit about these fuckers!” Oyur gave the middle finger up to the ceiling as Ejnare sighed with a smirk and left back to the couch.

“The universe is gonna’ reset for the 2342734th time again...” TCT laughed as he then grabbed a glass, opened the fridge, grabbed the other red large container, and poured some orange juice, everybody starting to watch in eerie silence as some games were ambient loudly, before he drank it with massive slurping, almost exactly as Chinua did, and nothing happened. “Yeah- this orange juice is much better- who made it?”

“Shitty-Three the nigga femboy.” - Oyur responded and Wilma rolled her eyes.

“Hey Oyur- STOP SAYING THE N-WORD, OH MY GOODNESS! PLEASE!” - DRC Man.

“Nigga.” - Gustavo happily as he smiled up to The DRC Man.

“Hey Wilma- spawn in Nigga Nigga.” - Daniel to Wilma funnily as she giggled.

“STOOOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPP!” - The DRC Man as he yelled towards the ceiling.

“I hate niggers.” - Oyur funnily told to The DRC Man with a straight face. Ejnare started to laugh at Oyur, and Crow also mimicked smirking.

“Enough! We’re gonna’ do this like some real men...” The DRC Man, rolling up his sleeves as he got in front of Oyur, and Wilma twinkled her fingers in her blue wardrobes, creating a ring as the house was moved so that they had a nine foot by nine-foot box.

“Oh my goodness...” - Daniel, face-palming as he saw Oyur nod to the DRC Man.

“Alright fuckhead, let’s fucking go.” - Oyur, putting up his fists. Oyur then sprinted forth and punched The DRC Man in the head, pulling his fist back as he gritted his teeth and saw his skin was shiny because it was metallic, “GOD-FUCKING DAMNIT, WILMA! You’re supposed to make this fair!”

“It is funnier elsewise.” - Wilma as Daniel got to the ringed walls.

“Hey, Oyur- you should’ve picked your battles better.” - The DRC Man smirked coming forth to belly-smash into Oyur, but Oyur just stepped to the side and watched the bang fling back from the rubber wall. TCT was also just hitting his iconic dance.

“Sheesh- you guys are really on this...” - Ejnare stated as he watched, his tail and ears up. “At least Angelica isn’t here, right Daniel?”

“Uh... Mm... maybe we should stop.” - Daniel told forth to Wilma. Wilma looked to Daniel as Oyur dodged The DRC Man, and started to move her smile to a frown, nodding and letting the ring go as The DRC belly-flopped forwards, but instead as it suddenly disappeared into fresh oxygen that everyone enjoyed, The DRC Man fell into the table and split it in half, getting up with confusion as Oyur laughed.

“Niggers like you are too fat nowadays.” Oyur pointed with his right hand at The DRC Man, looking to him with his red eyes as his hand was hurting red.

“Stop calling me the N-WOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRD!” - The DRC Man.

“Please, Oyur- I think it would be better if you stopped acting racist, because you are technically black genetically- you are an Indian, which is close enough.” - Daniel, almost jokingly but with enough seriousness that Ejnare was nodding.

“Yeah.” Ejnare laughed as the DRC Man pulled back his sleeves.

“Sure buddy.” - Oyur nodded and then left away as The DRC Man watched.

Elsewhere, in Israel, was the Chinese ball rolling away. Israel was under attack by the multi-Chinese currently. They had a few more giant robots such as what TCT fought, stampeding on sand and destroying village homes as they used lasers and rainbow guns against pill ships flying around and shooting forth rainbow missiles, destroying the robots as a one-mile large portal was open, letting an army of these robots come in and grab some pill ship and crush them.

The cyclops and Red Eyes within the ships also came from a very large, yet smaller portal elsewhere, Red Eyes near the capital talking to the government officials as they looked forth, bewildered at the scene as Chinese jets also came through and challenged ground support as well as air support. As the invasion continued and the Red Eyes were on a skyscraper talking to Herzi Halevi, they soon saw another portal open up on the cyclops side and allow the non-existent Cyclopal to come through. With a maneuver of the light, shifting it like it was gas, that Cyclop leeched forth with sparks of dust clouds behind, giving the Chinese to worry about it, till it came close to a robot and picked it up by the leg, making the men strapped in start to move forth in an effort for the machinery to balance, as then the Cyclopal threw it at another, and then scurried off to jump up, seemingly be invisible, till it blasted into another robot and dispersed its parts, making it turn invisible as then each metallic piece elongated as light was clear, and as it extended infinitely to the other machines, each one, it clashed through their torso and widened, making growing holes with no fire or any other effects, just holes in the robots growing and making them fall backwards or forwards.

But as Israel and the cyclops were winning one hundred percent now, the spinning Chinese ball traveled around running people and photographers as the west side of Jerusalem was under a shield, and the east side was where the action was permitted. As the ball went on, soon suddenly a diamond, spinning and yelling, the one from Me My 2 if anybody remembers, came from a portalis above and smashed it down with a tip that was magma fire unlike the rest of itself, before exiting back up, as up was a cliff or rocks above seemingly lava below, and the Red Glitch having the diamond come back up and spin around him as he closed it, people only getting a second to see up before looking down to see the machinery destroyed and melting into steam.

And that was that for needed story-telling, make of it what you will.

But now let us go to another scene. Ryutyu was in his room slash basement, lifting weights as he listened to anime music, bouncy and colorful yet spastic with words and slicing beats. It was electronic and fun, without lyrics and truly having a solo trumpet playing throughout, inventing imagination as Ryutyu wagged his tail.

Ryutyu heavily breathed as he closed his eyes happily and let his ears down as he stood in his pajamas, a plate of Sunnyside eggs and gravy on the nightstand to his bed as he was near it and the music. But as he did so, his ears went up with his eyes as he soon heard a portalis open and let somebody through.

“Heyo Ryutyu- have ya’ gotten thy pen?” The wheelchair man asked as he came back, and Ryutyu looked to him with open eyes and a raised left eyebrow.

“Uh- no, mate- I ain’t up to do anything for strangers, and I don’t know ya.’” Ryutyu told to the wheelchair man with confusion and worry as he had a smug smile.

“I said there was no need for introduction, but okay- guess I’ll start when the others arrive, such as the Rainbow Orb here- heyo, been some time...” - The Wheelchair man, letting his wheelchair go back and then rotate in a curve right to allow Ryutyu to see the Orb with a white face, giving a left eyebrow raise to the wheelchair man staring back.

“Uh, yes- wassabi' my dunny-dude- what the funny-wunny are you doing here?” The Orb started to spark up as he recognized the wheelchair man.

“I’m getting together a team for a mission- and finally to omit to the casual four members of a main character group in a story, we have Eraoa hiding in the walls.” The Wheelchair Man, letting out his right hand and making the wall disperse away instantly to reveal Eraoa looking blankly at him.

“Why did you invite us, Beourgiess?” Eraoa asked, dawning her anger onto the man as Ryutyu took a step forth to see Eraoa also taking a step forth and exiting.

“Simple reasons-” - Beourgiess started to say.

“Because he probably signed another demon contract- mister fister gister, always being a blister.” The Orb started to parody against Beourgiess, as Beourgiess sighed and turned away from Eraoa looking to Ryutyu, as Ryutyu kept his distance, going over to the Orb and Eraoa as his tail was low like his ears.

“Please don’t start with the rhymes.” - Beourgiess, face-palming.

“Yeah- so great with the character introduction though- but I gotta’ be intrusive that our history is a bit childish. Beourgiess was the first guy I called ‘dunny,’ and his dumbass tomfoolery was a bit too silly back then- have you had that side of him, Eraoa? Or did he switch personalities again?” The Orb then asked Eraoa who was a bit discomforted.

“Beourgiess, you acted the same to me as well.” Eraoa told after a funny sigh.

“Yes, true, true- please don’t bring that stuff up though...” - Beourgiess.

“No- we gotta’ bring your past out. I’ll start with the most famous rhyme me and the funnies back then antagonized him with- Beourgiess is like ice, thinner than a tinner with lice, the mister can’t with being a blister, he’s powerless without his demon prowess- or something, I forgor- it was actually dumber than me, or Eighty-Three.” - The Orb as Eraoa was emotionless, looking at the Orb rotate back and forth bouncily.

“Hey lad-” Ryutyu was about to say with a funny accent to the Orb, before the Orb spun vertically backwards, creating a rainbow spike and throwing it at Beourgiess, but it bent on his back and slid off. “Yeah- oh...”

“(The wheelchair man makes a microphone and speaks to it as the lights above dawn down,) Eighty-Three is not dumb and rather extremely dangerous. Unlike the man for Cyclop or the woman who couldn’t even meet Wilma, (He stands up on his poles for legs, stepping left as a table shifted from transparency to light blue as it condensed in and he put his hands down on it,) I am here to make sure that my place in this story prevails efficiently, and that I expose the message to Ryutyu correctly, (he starts to turn around, his big eyes having shards of light blue spinning around the edges of each objects, and his pupil lifting out to be three-dimensional,) as now instead I have signed a contract with an unfallen angel!” Beourgiess stated, afterwards making the room heighten as he grew larger, and wings formed from his back as he clenched his fists at the other.

“Alrighty bro...” The Orb stated as Ryutyu and Eraoa looked up with surprise. “That’s the same thing, but okay.”

“No, it’s not-” Beourgiess started to say.

“Hey Ryutyu... can I talk to you about some stuff?” Eraoa asked Ryutyu.

“It’s not going to make anything better, Eraoa- we need to smarter and, like you said in your mind, have a plan before he can even act.” - Beourgiess as Ryutyu opened his mouth but stopped to see the wheelchair man gesturing.

“Tell me what?” Ryutyu asked with intrigued ambitions.

“Uh... I... how do you know what I’ve said?” - Eraoa to Beourgiess.

“I can read the front of minds like Wilma- yes Orb, good reference-” Beourgiess. “But now- I care not to waste more time with introduction, rather now we must make our friendships-” Beourgiess started to say, shrinking down and walking up.

“I’m not... joining...” Eraoa stated confusedly and Beourgiess stared at her, his smile still stable as she was a bit hesitant with her actions. “I think-”

“Me neither bruh- I ain’t doing any deal shit anymore, those days are over. Yo lies of the past and shit really puts me into a disregarding thought of who you want to be.” - The Orb stated as Eraoa already walked off, and then the Orb looked and went “Oh- we already outta’ here...” As he then moved away towards the wall, making a portalis behind Eraoa and leaving away as she reformed the wall.

Beourgiess sighed and looked back to Ryutyu, before walking back to sit on his wheelchair. “It’s in my contract not to force them, so I guess it’s just us.”

“I dunno’ if I wanna’ join ya’ mate- I’m not really ever in a mood to be going on a deadly story-arc, cause’ I gotta’ stay around to assist, sorry lad. Although I would like to know what ya’ saying about Eighty-Three and demons.” Ryutyu told back to Beourgiess.

“Of course... of course... why do I even try? I mean- I've tried everything. Every personality, every quirk- and now I’m here as a missionary to stop God’s world from falling apart with a different darkness...” - Beourgiess as Ryutyu’s tail went up.

“A different darkness... against God? Are ya’ referencing Eighty-Three?” - Ryutyu.

“Yes, and throughout a few missions I can slowly piece together a description for you to understand some secret things about your friend.” - Beourgiess as he turned back.

“Alright- but I’m still not going sir- I don’t know what we doing and why you against Eighty-Three, or even if ya’ telling truth about what ya’ know, like just tell me laddy, and I’ll do something for ya’- but other than that I gotta’ stay around and assist my fellow friends with their grants of each day.” - Ryutyu sadly.

“I can’t right now. I have to piece-” Beourgiess started to say sadly.

“Ryutyu... I’ll tell you what’s going on...” - Eraoa stated as she came through the wall again and Beourgiess looked over with big eyes. Ryutyu looked to Eraoa as she came forth and stared at him in the eyes, her heartbeat going up with every step as she came up to Ryutyu, two feet away, looking at him for three seconds in silence.

“Eraoa... just a caution... I won’t be able to help.” - Beourgiess funnily. Ryutyu looked widely to him before back to Eraoa, who was stable and cold inside.

“Eighty-Three... uh... Eighty-Three...” Eraoa was starting to mumble before sighing and closing her eyes, then opening them to see Ryutyu suddenly missing, confusing her with fear and humor. “He- Wait- where’d he go?”

“He got programmed into a game, just like I’ve been programmed to always fail at making friends and doing things- like... I’m trying to be extroverted... and save a situation of people... but I guess the contract is off...” Beourgiess mumbled as he created a portalis to the clouds and left, as Eraoa looked around and sighed.

“Thank you, God... I don’t know if I can do it...” - Eraoa. “But soon... maybe... I don’t know if its coincidence or sign... but I got to think of a better plan...”

***TCT gaming time.***

TCT, Ryutyu, and Oliver suddenly were in a game, inside TCT’s home, looking around as outside there was a void of darkness, and lights inside still worked.

“Oliver?” Ryutyu instantly asked to Oliver as his tail wagged in the game.

“Yeah- hey- I was just walking through the front door to greet Shellia and the rest of you, but now I am in a game...” Oliver told funnily to Ryutyu and they chuckled.

“Legalize nuclear bombs.” - TCT, before exploding everything, and bashing into his room like a ragdoll into another version of himself, but it had big red cat eyes with more wrinkly hair, along with a red-ending hoodie and bangs instead of green, bashing away as TCT collapsed into it as speeds higher than sound, and Ryutyu and Oliver looked through the dust to see the Computer come down and suddenly all debris and dust stop flowing, as well as feel themselves paused, even their eyes stuck.

“Stop! Uh- this is a game, where you fight the evil versions of yourself, (The Computer swirls around to hear TCT still clashing around, saying “SWAG MESSIAH.” with some random music,) so enjoy...” he ended slowly before time was un-paused.

“Dang- ThatCosmicThunder is really overpowered.” Oliver nodded to Ryutyu as then another Ryutyu bashed from the dust, but he was red with red cat eyes, punching him into the indestructible and un-tainted wall of the door, as Oliver then plucked out his yellow pen and activated a shield with his right hand, before using his left to get his grey one, and started analyzing the beings as Ryutyu fought another version of himself.

Oliver then saw from the mist behind him a laser pierce the back of his head, and Ryutyu saw Oliver fall over with death, shaking as his shield became a block. Ryutyu then pushed the red Ryutyu into the shield and grabbed his jaw before thrusting him into the wall as the dust cleared, and showed another version of Oliver, red-skinned with a red cat eye, jump across the hallway and get around to Ryutyu, before he rushed off in a blue blur and blasted Oliver to shreds, blood and organs splattering amongst the walls as then the red Ryutyu did a red blur, and fought with the blue blur, till the evil version of TCT blasted a saxophone against the original TCT, sending him back into both with rubble, exploding them into Crow’s room, and letting water bubble below the breaking and cracking glass.

“Didn’t you have parents to care for you?” The evil TCT asked with the same voice as TCT hit his dance and was already then A-posing in front as the other walked forth casually, and both Ryutyu’s covered their bleeding ears.

“I came from Ohio- down in Ohio, hype like Ohio.” - TCT sang, before pulling out his iconic black gun and shooting the other TCT once, which then it bounced off.

“Bullets don’t-” The other TCT started to say before the original TCT had a million bullets spur out of the gun, the sound obnoxiously loud and funny as the gun shot so fast, it blasted the evil’s versions body back across the house and destroy half the infrastructure to TCT’s view, the rubble colliding as bullets damaged everything in sight.

TCT then pulled back and blew on the steaming gun as he saw the other completely dead, eradicated to liquid as the bullets smashed into every part of his flesh, literally piles of bullet cases all around, millions literally shot in milliseconds. The Ryutyus were also still bleeding out and gritting their teeth. “I forgor what my one-liner for this was.”

TCT then de-spawned with the rest and opened up his stream on the couch again, as Oliver met with the surprised Shellia and Chinua, who were talking about the German language as the television showed the news on how Germany was increasing its military.

As Ryutyu talked to Oliver about Beourgiess and Eraoa about to tell him something, he then suddenly disappeared again, the couch relieving itself as Oliver was confused. This time, he was in a new game, looking down a blue concrete and dark hallway that went into darkness in back and in front. I was also in the same scenario, whence the Computer was duplicated, and each one came down to us to state the exact same things at the same time, our tails wagging and ears up as we heard each other's voices and versions in a room ahead of us, speaking in Italian.

“Hello. Welcome to another-another game, and today you must get to the middle of this labyrinth and hold down a button with your friend, Ryutyu, to win the game. The entities against you are also Ryutyus. Good luck!” The Computer stated specifically to me.

I nodded and he left away as I then walked forth, opening a black door with a very long black, rectangular handle, using both of my gloved hands on the goofy handle as I raised my left eyebrow, till coming in and seeing forth to a bar, the golden-rimmed brown and comfy wooden feeling on the right as black tables under green lighting were to my right, with four chairs around, all filled with Ryutyus in black jackets, drinking or talking, before they all suddenly looked around with their ears going up to see me.

“Eighty-Three?” Some called out as others went “Ya’ lads- it's him!”

“Hello every Ryutyu.” I waved kindly and calmly to them all, entering as they got up and put their hands out for me to shake, and they all crowded around after putting their drinks down, their tails starting to wag faster and faster.

“Aye Eighty-Three, how it been?” One asked as the others hushed down.

“It has been good, and currently we are in a game. I think it would be best to go forth and complete it as quickly as possible.” - I told them all, still staring into their eyes.

“Uh- lad, please- ya’ gotta’ stay. We’ll do anything to have purpose... please? Ya’ gotta’ keep us...” One started to say with sadness as the others nodded.

“Sure, if you all will exist after the game.” I told as another put his right hand on my hair and shuffled it, my tail whipping around from joy.

“Nah bruh- we won’t, but if ya’ stay we can exist forever in thy game...” - A Ryutyu as the others all looked at me, their tails fluffing with other’s skin.

“Aye Eighty-Three, ya’ wanna’ have a massage?” One asked to my left.

“No thanks. I must go, for my original Ryutyu is out there possibly rushing past versions of me already, and I have to get to that button, sadly leaving you all behind.” - I told, still not pushing through as I watched them not take a step aside.

“You don’t have too...” One Ryutyu shrugged to my left, worried and sad.

“But please, guys- this is a game. I would like you all to live- every being the Computer randomly generated to live- but I am real, and if the Computer will not allow you all to go out to the real world and be yourself, then sadly I cannot change that. I will remember you all though, and acknowledge your existence outside of here, but I must go for I am not within the Computer’s creations. So please, allow me to go forth, for I have a world to get back to...” - I told them all as they all became worried.

“Nah bruh, we gon’ eat you know.” The one in front stated, then grabbing my mask, and ripping it off my ears as then I made tentacles fly out and swarm around him, choking him as they flung him back and forth and bashed the rest around, as also my tail elongated and shot through the eyes of some, piercing into their brains and through, killing them and then smashing them into others along with many arms from under my dress coming out and wrapping around their held-body's heads, and crushing them as the Ryutyus cried out for help before some being squashed under my boots or darkness arms.

On the other side though, Ryutyu was sitting down at the bar as many Eighty-Threes were around, and he looked back and forth as he heard voices, too many to count, but low and whispering as the many Eighty-Threes did not move, but stared at him, only their tails and ears flickering now and then. Ryutyu was also trying to pick up a glass with his right hand, an orange liquid inside, and drink it, but as he did, he was a bit conspicuous of all the staring, some having large, green cat eyes and not caring about hiding their eyes at all, some shades down as they blinked every four seconds.

“Yes... thanks laddies for the drink... there isn’t anything else ya’ can do for meh at thy moment...” Ryutyu stated slowly as he looked around.

“Maybe there is nothing you can think of, but we can assist with pleasures. How about a belly rub? Or a tail fluff?” The same copy of me stated as another started to rub his tail’s fur up and down, and Ryutyu’s ears were laid low already.

“No, please... ya’ guys know thy a game and that I need to be getting somewhere... as well as I’m a bit... like... discomforted by ya’ guys...” - Ryutyu tried stating.

“Well, we are all here to make sure you have no reason to leave, as well as make sure you are comfortable around us, so please... stay with us? (Another man says, “Would you like another margarita?”)” The waiter asked, being me but behind the counter to Ryutyu, putting his hands down and leaning forth.

“No thanks lads... but... Aye lads... I gotta’ go...” - Ryutyu to the many in silence. “Could ya’ guys make a way for me?”

The Eighty-Threes just shook their heads. Ryutyu started to tap his index fingers on the counter, causing electricity to spark, but from the right a glove came down and stopped them, causing Ryutyu to look down and try not to seek eye-contact.

“How do I get out of this? You can’t rush- they'll rush- ya' cant’ punch- they probably tear ya’ apart in an instant... what do I do? What if ya’ accept? Just stay around and wait for a path? Maybe, but... they all looking at me constantly... let us try that though...” - Ryutyu to himself inside his mind before looking up. “Could ya’ guys just... like... sit down and stop staring at me? I’ll stay if ya’ guys don’t be so starey.” - Ryutyu.

“No, Ryutyu, we know you are trying to get away, just let us comfort you for the rest of eternity.” The Eighty-Three behind him stated as Ryutyu made his shoulders go up.

“Oh...” Ryutyu nodded as he sighed, and then thought in his head, “Now what? What do thy do? Uh... they know, they know... what do they not know? Do they predict? What if ya’ be random? What if ya’... what if... what if ya’ cry ya’ way? Eighty-Three ain’t ever seen ya’ cry, right? Fake it, I guess.”

Ryutyu fell back into the gloves of others, and started to whimper like a dog before crying as best as he could. Most Eighty-Threes backed away as he started to punch around aimlessly and roll away, making Eighty-Threes confused and worried, till they saw electricity and him rush up, opening the door and rushing out. The Eighty-Threes saw Ryutyu cry until he flashed out like a blue blur, and then they flashed out in a green blur, rushing through the many four ways of the concrete halls with dim lighting.

Ryutyu ran straight-forwards, quickly away as the many Eighty-Threes stretched out their arms slowly to a foot before the red glitch formed around their armpits, and they did the same length with their darkness arms and tails, as well as tried mitosis and failed, and they ran in a scattered order, splitting up and making Ryutyu see around to them coming on the sides, speeding as fast as him with their boots inactivated into spikes.

Ryutyu went as far as he could before he suddenly came forth to the red button, seeing my hand on it, and my ears forward. He pressed it down, and all the Eighty-Threes around dispersed into blood as Ryutyu huffed and breathed at me, staring back. Ryutyu then smiled as I took my glove and took off my shades and mask, showing my glossy green lips and black eyebrows smiling back at him.

“Aye, Eighty-Three! This-” Ryutyu was stating before everything went back to the way it was, me and Ryutyu now on the couch, Ryutyu on the right of TCT as I was on the left, seeing him stream Bluei Matchi, a pill-shooting game of Gleamoi.

“Ayo?” TCT stated as he saw around, looking towards him.

“Ayo.” - I told plainly back, and Ryutyu sighed happily, then chuckling.

Later, we had a late night gathering with Shellia, Crow, Geurnf, Qoaiuek, Chinua, Angelica, Ejnare, Kioshi, and Gustavo. I prepared red jelly with mashed potatoes, as well as big Italian meatballs, as TCT streamed on the kitchen table, doing a mukbang at the end of the table with giant purple crackers in the shape of crusty noodles, crunching and eating fast as Ryutyu sat across with a giggle towards him being messy, his lines crunching it down and letting all of it actually fall onto the table and onto his lap instead of going into his mouth or down an esophagus into a stomach.

Kioshi sat next to Ejnare, who sat between him and Chinua, who was on the left. Ejnare watched Kioshi stare forth to nobody across, nothing except the glimmering waters outside as talk was elsewhere to his east, and Ryutyu was two seats to his right. His plate was filled yet he did not eat, rather just stared, and soon Chinua stopped talking to Shellia and looked forth with confusion.

“Kioshi- what you doing?” - Chinua to Kioshi as he turned, and shrugged, before looking back, and Ejnare smiled back to Chinua.

“Don’t ask, Chinua. He’s doing.” - Ejnare funnily.

“Doing what? Staring at air?” - Chinua stated funnily to them both, and Ejnare looked to see Kioshi let his eyelids fall down yet not even move his head as he stood on the chair, staring forth the same way he has, and Ejnare just laughed.

“Kioshi is being intelligent, Chinua. Stop distorting his meditation.” - Ejnare funnily.

Down the table, I sat with Geurnf and Gustavo close. As Ryutyu was down the table talking to TCT as he instantly stopped his eating, Qoaiuek was talking next to Geurnf about prices of random objects, as Crow was down the line.

“Qoaiuek, what did you price an arm and a leg for?” Gustavo curiously asked over as I watched the conversations, and so did Gustavo two seconds beforehand.

“Twenty-nine AMERICAN bucks.” Qoaiuek responded to Gusatvo, “And I sense that you want to EXCHANGE MONEY for my HILARIOUSLY DARK GIFTS TO HUMANITY!”

“Uh- yes! Do you take fake money?” Gustavo asked, swaying his head over to me making money out of the darkness forming over my gloves, and there were hundred-dollar bills already stacked there.

“No- but I do AESTHETICALLY PLEASE MY CUSTOMERS WITH CUSTOM ARTIFACTS FOR OTHER CUSTOM ARTIFACTS- what do THINK GRANDLY about YOUR FUCKING LEFT EARLOBE?” Qoaiuek asked Gustavo as Geurnf sighed depressingly.

“Yes, I could give- if it isn’t gone forever, and Eighty-Three can just reform it.” - Gustavo as I nodded to Qoaiuek and he nodded back.

“Of course! The real and MOST REPLACABLE PLUS FIRMLY RENEWABLE, the I BEST NOT BE SAYING THE WORD ‘BETTER!’” - Qoaiuek, then elongating his arm and tipping Gustavo’s hat as he then elongated another and ripped off Gustavo’s earlobe, discomforting Gustavo but not making him even open his mouth but rather just crunch his eyelids, as then I remade it instantly afterwards by petting Gustavo’s back with my glove, and Qoaiuek took the earlobe and ate it with his middle mouth, before reaching into his tuxedo, and suddenly emerging with size and flowing blood sounds to my ears, was a Slovenian-male's right arm covered in golden and white shimmering flakes, the arm cut by the elbow. Qoaiuek handed it to Gustavo to eat as Geurnf looked at me.

“Why do ya’ do trade with this BASTARD?” Geurnf asked, centering the loudness of her word into Qoaiuek’s ear after he did the trade in three seconds.

“I am Qoaiuek, the most BUSINESS THAT WILL EVER OFFER! Either take my WISHES or FUCK OFF AND DON’T FUCKING LIKE ME!” - Qoaiuek pointing at Geurnf’s eyebrows.

“Woah- don’t get Qauker mad...” Shellia stated as Crow also looked over.

“Screw your business, you weed-picker- (Qoaiuek pulls down his lava lamps and looks at Geurnf with intrigued pupils,) cause’ look Qaker, whatever you’re selling- I ain’t buying." Geurnf stated and instantly TCT popped his head up and over.

“Did I just hear-” TCT started to call over as Chinua talked to Ejnare.

“No- you class clowns did not!” - Geurnf stated as Qoaiuek sighed to me.

“Women, am I right?” - Qoaiuek funnily stated as he tilted his head to me.

“Sure? (I shrugged,) But I have a separate idea. Crow, what instrument could you play the best?” I asked over to Crow, he looked to me with a bit of discomfort from past memories, before gathering Shellia’s and Angelica’s attention, and he started to tap on his phone slightly un-casually before showing his phone over to me, and everybody looked.

“A French Horn? Interesting...” - I stated as all friends looked from around.

“Wait- you can blow air out of your mouth, but not speak?” Shellia asked with her natural, non-glossy, non-green lips towards Crow as her hands held a fork and knife weirdly, her tail flaying back and forth as her ears went up.

Crow nodded his head and shrugged, as then Qoaiuek spoke up.

“My friend Crow is actually an expert at SURPRISING HIS FOUNDATIONAL PURPOSES.” - Qoaiuek as Geurnf looked to him with half-closed eyelids.

“If I tore- if Wilma or Eighty-Three removed all of your other mouths, then would ya’ speak normally?” - Geurnf asked as Qoaiuek pulled an enlarging French horn out of tuxedo’s right pocket, and everybody looked towards the golden instrument.

“I guess I would have TO DO WHAT I CAN ONLY DO.” - Qoaiuek as Crow took the French Horn and played, and I looked towards Shellia.

“Do you know what he is saying by the French horn sounds, Shellia?” - I asked.

“Uh... nothing, really- just making a sound- but Crow, if you play with feeling I think then I can translate.” - Shellia to Crow as he nodded and started playing a weird solo. “Okay- he’s just testing out his voice. Whence speaking with instruments, you think of words, play with feeling, and then we just get it. Sometimes, like Crow, people just play without words, or play with just feeling, and invoke... unspeakable communications?” Shellia told, happy and delighted to be at the table, then eating her meatballs.

“Alrighty, understandable, possibly wavelength interpretations throughout the brain- but it is cool to see you can play an instrument at least.” - I told to Crow and he nodded, putting the French horn back in his lap.

“When did you start playing?” Geurnf decided to ask as Qoaiuek ate in his middle mouth, and Ejnare started eating as Chinua was speaking nicely at him.

Crow started tapping onto his phone and pushed it forth, reading “3 years ago me and QOik were on mission and found instrument room and had a little fun then tct spawned the french horn for me on later days and I practed as notihn else wahs to do”

“Hm...” Geurnf nodded and went back to eating her food, unlike Qoaiuek now.

“Nice.” Shellia nodded as he then turned the phone from Geurnf.

And so later, after eating dinner, Geurnf went home away as Ryutyu and Teressa joined up, plus Ejnare started to dance again with Shellia, trying to test out her jazzy-hand bones under dubstep-like electronic-dance music that blasted with flickering lights above. Qoaiuek had a stand of random golden cookies near the doors to the pool outside whilst I and Gustavo also watched Fixing Good as behind us was a colored dance floor. Chinua also watched from the dinner table with Angelica, eating more food as TCT and Crow were on the end, streaming and saying a bunch of memes.

As this was going on though, The DRC Man was in a different part of the world, along with the rescue team and Ekon. Within Burkin Faso, in a place called Bohongou. There, Ekon was giving cookies and burgers to people, putting forth a French bible as the people looked around the grey and blonde desert particles and arid landscape, with some trees here and there for shade. The people came out of their hot sandstone homes with metallic bases and shook hands with the muscular men of the rescue team, their muscles bulging and veins strong as they sweated under the sun, literally just doing their workout right before this mission. As Ekon also sweated under the extreme heat, The DRC Man was shiny and un-wet as he stood his pose to the right of Ekon.

“Missionnaires? Ici?” - The French woman asked in front of the thirteen others, as she wore a black hijab.

Actually, screw this scene- nothing happens that is quirky. Let us move on.

***Teressa versus that random guy that has existed.***

Teressa was with Chinua and Angelica, on the right of Angelica as Chinua was on the left, talking to them both and making her head go back and forth from both of them.

“Deuteronomy states many different things, such as that meat is unholy to eat-” Angelica started to say before Chinua then pitched in.

“Meat is unholy? Why?” Chinua laughed as she looked towards Angelica.

“In the context, Jesus, or God, was talking to the Israelites on their want to eat flesh, and pigs were ritualic, henceforth forbidden for better use with those people. Other times in the Bible is states that we should only eat fish meat, or any meat, as long as we have correct dominion over Earth, which technically means we don’t put any species in danger of extinction.” - Angelica told to Chinua and Teressa.

“Alright.” Chinua nodded as then Teressa spoke over.

“Does God say anything about mutations? Like autism?” Teressa asked Angelica.

“Mutations, whether physical or mental, should be treated with the most care. God states to take care of your temple, and it’s best to interpret that in both physical and mental ways.” Angelica told. “Oh- and mutations can also be seen as a disadvantage from the fall, when everything perfect started to rupture, even the Earth’s tilt.”

“That don’t make sense to me though- if Eve and Adam had sin of mind, then why physical Earth be punished as well? And genetics?” - Chinua asked Angelica.

“The fall distorted all things.” Angelica stated to Chinua as then Teressa spoke up.

“Even explosions?” Teressa asked seriously to Angelica.

“Uh- even explosions?” Angelica smiled back with a funny tone.

“Explosions of what?” Chinua asked kindly to Teressa with happy eyebrows of wonder, as they went past Ejnare’s home and he was up there existing on his bed.

“Like, width of explosions? Or bombs widening range?” Teressa asked.

“That’s physics, and yes phsyics have been tinkered with the fall.” - Angelica.

“I thought you just being funny with what you battle with.” - Chinua to Teressa.

“Yeah that too- the explosion range is quite fun, wanna’ try it with me tonight?” Teressa asked Chinua and Angelica and Angelica nodded away.

“Sure! Why not you, Angelica?” Chinua asked Angelica.

“I shall not use a gun, I’m not for violence, nor is God-” - Angelica.

“Wait- if fall disturbed all things- then didn’t it disturb God’s way?” - Chinua then asked, and Teressa was intrigued upon her accent.

“God is perfect and beyond logic. The fall could never touch him- it was a human punishment that did not affect his personality or nature. It was justice for wrong-doing, and God was the rightful judge.” - Angelica told.

“Mm...” Chinua nodded, looking down to the concrete as Teressa looked around.

“What does Kioshi do? Is he internal?” Teressa stated funnily.

“Eternal?” - Chinua asked Teressa as Angelica’s tail swayed back and forth.

“INternal.” - Teressa back to Chinua.

“Internal?” Chinua then asked up to Teressa.

“Yeah- like... inside?” - Teressa shrugged back to Chinua.

“Just use normal words, sheesh.” - Chinua stated back to Teressa with a roll of her eyes funnily, and Angelica looked to her with her downed ears.

“Chinua, please, Teressa works differently.” - Angelica, making Chinua feel shamed.

“It was a joke, sheesh.” - Chinua with worried eyebrows and a lowering voice.

“Well, alright- but yes, let’s go knock and see what Kioshi is doing.” - Angelica.

So, they went over and knocked to find Kioshi open the door.

“Hi Kioshi, came to ask what you doing?” - Chinua as Teressa spoke.

“Whatcha’ doing Kioshi?” Teressa asked, and Kioshi just shrugged. “Nothing?” Well- Chinua is going to blast bombs around with me, wanna’ join?”

Kioshi nodded and closed the door as the others looked at his silence before he stopped having eye-contact with Teressa and she frizzled her grin.

“Come Kioshi- let go before this get awkward.” - Chinua as she left away.

“Let go of what?” Teressa asked funnily.

“I said ‘let’s’!” - Chinua stated funnily back as Angelica left to Khenbish’s home, knocked and soon after a bit of thumping got Khenbish to come forwards.

“Hello Khenbish, I just wanted-” Angelica was starting to ask nicely.

“You look like Winnie the Bear!” Khenbish pointed before laughing and Angelica a bit worried as she saw the woman cackle back.

“Um... sure, but I wanted to ask if maybe you wanted to do anything together- because none of us are in a game, and we have time to enjoy our friendships.” Angelica told with embarrassment towards Khenbish as she clenched her fists.

“Like what? What?!” - Khenbish shook as she answered.

“Uh... maybe a board game?” Angelica shrugged, and just a bit later they were playing Bonopoly but with Italian plumbers having blue outfits as the avatars.

“I’ll... buy the orange... orange...” Khenbish stated as she gave the black carboard bank a hundred dollars, being of orange-tinted paper with Roosevelt’s face on it. Then she grabbed the dice with her left hand and passed it to Angelica on the other side of the short and round table as jazz played elsewhere.

She then rolled it and got a ‘4+2’ and started hopping her female plumber forth on the left side of the board, and landed a space before the orange property, in the corner, getting to be passing by jail instead of in it.

“You are... safe... safe...” Khenbish stated with her second ‘safe’ louder.

“Yes... uh... nothing happens, so it is now your turn...” Angelica smiled and gave her the dice and she rolled again as the freelance jazz played. She got a ‘2+1.’

“This is a calming game- game! Thanks for playing with me... me...” - Khenbish stated as Angelica looked up from the dice to see her get past the tax payment and land on another property up for sale, which was pink, as Angelica had houses on the brown tiles in the start, and Khenbish also had light blue entirely.

“Oh- thanks Khenbish, you’re welcome.” Angelica nodded over to Khenbish.

“You know... know- I know! I know we are supposed to talk about something rather than just play, play...” Khenbish started as Angelica looked over.

“Oh, Khenbish, please- don't... think about it too harshly, I’m here for you. If you just want to play, that’s good enough...” Angelica told over calmly and nicely.

“Well... yeah, but... but... how could I befriend meh sister? Sister!? Like, how do I act normal? Normal!?” - Khenbish.

“Well, Chinua is more open and happy nowadays, and being normal is something none of us have to worry about around here anyways... So.... just try not to barge in and tell jokes and then leave. Come in, appreciate the welcomes, wave, be happy, and talk... about anything, I guess. Talk about this game, talk about Christ... talk about what you think of other people, and how you would like to talk to them... but make sure that it’s not bad gossip, because that’s what gossip is... and uh... you know... well... you don’t, but I’ll be around, always, don’t worry... just re-introduce yourself. It’s a good way to start over, and here its extremely easy to do such. I mean, look at Ejnare- he wanted to be like Kioshi, and still wants to- but... he’s changed. He’s more open, introduced himself for himself, and still keeps his old self intact- in some aspects... so... you can change, Khenbish, and still be yourself in most places...” - Angelica as her tail started to rest and her ears went down.

“That doesn’t make sense- sense!” - Khenbish as she pointed at Angelica.

“Well, it’s a split of... uh... being yourself and being communitive... and differences are good to God- we shouldn’t be racist, ageist, uh- personality...ist? Diversity is key, Khenbish... and we can do this... for you...” Angelica nodded to Khenbish with gestures as her tail flicked up at times of the jazz beats, “Just, follow my lead... and also, don’t point at people, they may take in the message wrongly...”

“Hm... maybe... but that’s a lot- a lot! Just like this cost for pink! PINK!” - Khenbish stated, pointing down at the board, before laughing and Angelica giggled too, real-ly.

“That’s a nice joke, Khenbish.” Angelica commented.

“Eh-eh... yeah, yeah...” Khenbish smiled at Angelica before handing Angelica the dice, and they continued playing with a happier atmosphere and jazz song.

Elsewhere we had Kioshi, Teressa, and Chinua playing around with grenade launchers, inside of Wima’s fun palace, and seeing forth to white and red glowing targets floating in random places as Wilma looked around with bags under her eyes and her ears ticking up and down as she watched from the stairs to her room.

“Woo! Yeah! Explosion! Blosion! Mosion! Motion! Emotion!” Teressa yelled each time she pulled the trigger and watched as her bomb either hit the targets or exploded a bunch of arcade machines up and caused extra fires to burst out.

“Woo- yeah Teressa- this fun!” Chinua stated as she came to her right side.

“Can’t believe we’re kids and we get to do this- I would’ve never dreamed of this!” Teressa stated as she kept pressing forth, and Kioshi was behind by five meters, hitting new ones that popped into existence randomly and just suddenly, not talking but watching the explosions and aiming every shot correctly.

“Aye- Kioshi- get here!” Chinua waved over as she stopped and Teressa just had fun going around and watching Wilma from the stairs put her hands out and spawn in new arcade machines, also with pools, classroom chairs, confetti blasters, and more random objects as Teressa started to sprint back and forth, testing her style.

Chinua saw Kioshi nod his head and walk forth plainly, before hearing Teressa go forth and spun her entire body clockwise as she jumped, shooting one at a bunch of arcade machines, before spinning her shoes right and squatting, blasting a bunch of chairs to spring around, and then she did a backflip, putting her arms up and hands backwards so the gun shot up and hit the ceiling lights, exploding them down as she then sprinted forth and shoulder-bashed forwards near the fire, shooting back into a wall of pipe bombs, and Chinua watched the happy girl plant style into fake warfare.

Chinua then went forth, hopping up and doing a front flip, landing on her face, and pushing herself up with a laugh as Teressa laughed at her, before they got up and shot around, letting glass objects break and shatter the sound atmosphere louder than it already was, the booms heard outside towards Gustavo as he rested behind the stairs.

Kioshi also just kept walking forth and aiming correctly, not much with him.

That was until a man came forth, rushing through the wall with his glimmering suit and robotic animation of walking sped up like TCT would do. This man had square-hair, literally square hair six inches high as well as blue eyes that were big like Beourgiess’s, with firm pink lips like a play doll or toy would have cheaply, along with a big nose, two chins, an inhumanely thin neck, along with his suit being a long-sleeved shirt of teal with darker teal diamonds around, as his white skin had white particles on it, and his smooth pants of also teal artifacts was as smooth as his skin, his shoes were rather boots of diamonds crushed together to form their cartoon-like shape.

He rushed through Chinua, blasting her to blood as he then rushed through the other side of Wilma’s fun mansion, and through the building Teressa’s stayed in, then turning right to walk at the speed of sound into other homes and quickly smashed through their homes and more, turning like a robot all-of-a-suddenly, and he had a dull face without any blinking as he just ran through such things.

TCT was inside my home with Gustavo and Crow watching, seeing forth towards the man rush by, and TCT got up, leaving his streaming laptop on the couch for Gustavo and Crow to not look forth towards, and then flung suddenly towards the running man, before getting up to the man by bashing through dust and debris, and floating a foot above the ground, a foot away from the man, in an A-pose as he looked down on the man unmotivated to even change course to look at TCT.

“Nigga- whatcha’ doing?” TCT funnily asked as the man did not respond. He hovered behind the man for a bit more before grabbing his back, and the man leeched forwards as if he was just grabbed, stopping his walking forth, and then spun his head around to look at TCT.

“Bruh!” the man stated before a portalis opened under him and he fell back into a flaming purple sun with black holes spinning around.

TCT stayed hovering over the air sucking of the universe, and grass dwelling down as light and matter got sucked down to the black holes and sun just on the other side, the man going down and phasing through it, as TCT then watched the portalis close three seconds afterwards, the house around them now bent and destroyed.

“Hurb.” TCT copied with his voice, the reverse-effect playing slowly.

Then TCT suddenly disappeared afterwards, unable to change his pose or float.

***Khenbish’s Sacrifice***

The Computer had made another game, now all of us on top of the Empire State Building in New York. I was next to Ryutyu on the right and The DRC Man on the left, as Wilma, all the kids, TCT and his gang, Gustavo, Geurnf, and... yeah, that is it.

The second we all looked around with fear, the Computer came down and told forth to all of us, as my ears flicked up and I turned to see a copy of the Computer explaining to Heru and his allies, or once-allies, the same paragraph.

“Hello- welcome to a game! Here, everything in the world has reset to normality of 2020 (he actually says two-thousand-and-twenty-two entirely,) but now there is a giant railroad track leading an indestructible train towards your home, Eighty-Three. If you will look behind yourself, you will find Heru’s allies. (Heru’s allies look to us,) Everyone will be working together to gather postcards and put them into their selective spots on a board in Eighty-Three's front yard to win- or you could sacrifice a person to de-existence for the rest of you to get out alive- but mainly get the postcards to win. Now, this unique and somehow-allowed game will make both teams, including me the Computer, de-exist entirely if the train crashes into Eighty-Three's home, meaning you all lost. If it is stopped, both teams are revived and put back to their places. You must work together to get the postcards by one hour, so good luck!” - The Computer, then lifting to the exosphere.

“Uh... hey guys?” Deandra waved with her left hand as she walked over from the glass see-throughs and solar panels and wall-wirings on the up-most level, amongst people looking above from a level below to us weird characters as we all had our heart beats boost along with our tail movements, but our ears went up kindly as we saw peace and confusion mix instead of fear and evil. Heru dawned his looks at me as he stayed behind, and I decided as Daniel came forth to go past them all and up to Heru.

“Hello...” Wilma calmly yet tiredly stated over and Deandra waved with a smile.

“Uh- hello! Uh... game time I guess- we're all cool to do this together?” Daniel asked, gesturing with thumbs up as people saw me walk over to Heru, and Eraoa stopped coming forth and rather came over to me and Heru.

“Yeah?” The Orb nodded and stated at the same time Chinua also stated the same thing, along with Shellia playing her accordion as now she was normalized yet again.

“All you goofy-ahs-" - TCT started to intrigue forth.

“Please shut up.” Geurnf instantly stated to TCT.

“Yeah, shut your trap! TRAP!” - Khenbish laughed and barely anybody wanted to pay attention, everybody looking over with worry before back to The Fire God coming forth, looking towards Daniel and shaking his hand.

“Fire God?” - Daniel smiled forth to the Fire God.

“Yes, it’s me- now-" The Fire God was going to state.

“Let me just state before ya’ crackheads do any shit- Fuck all ya’ BITCHES. Ya’ shits been the biggest tomFUCKERIES of our lives- the most annoying ZAs in all of bitch-land. Not even Khenbish could top that shit- so please- after this fucking game, just stop fucking killing us- all of ya’ bitches- FOREVER.” - Oyur stated as he came forth too.

“Alright- I have already stopped- what about you, Eraoa and Heru?” The Fire God then yelled over to them, and Eraoa nodded over as Heru gave him the right middle finger. “Mm- just Heru still- and the Computer.”

“Nice, but uh- the game- where do we start? Like, what postcards and where do we look?” Daniel asked around as Ryutyu talked with Ejnare.

“I don’t know, but Wilma- and Ryutyu- you guys can run around at light speed still, right?” The Fire God asked and they both nodded, “Well, go around and look for clues, or whatever. The rest of us need to find this train and the board in Eighty-Three's yard.”

Wilma then turned to her right as people recorded behind her, and opened up a two portalises, one on the right showing forth to my yard, and another showing forth to railroad tracks on water in Bahamas, a shifting sound of a speeding-like bullet train whipping up and going at the speed of sound, blasting water around and out as the portalis was barely above the wavering waters.

“Thanks Wilma.” The Fire nodded as up to Oyur, friends were wet.

“Damnit...” Ejnare laughed with Chinua as then stepped forth and looked both ways, seeing a black dot leave vision down the horizon. The Fire God then stepped through with Shellia, Alan the red backpack, and Gustavo my cat. Shellia played her accordion as friends and enemies behind started to talk about stuff, including a more important conversation.

“Here- Heru, please open us a portalis, we would like to speak in a confined space about our personal deeds.” I stated to Heru nicely with hope and he sighed, opening it to the middle of the Arabian desert, and me and Eraoa walked through, as others watched Heru close it and then come up to Oyur.

“Hey shithead- what in fuck’s name are ye’ negros doing?” Oyur asked Heru.

“Fuck you, shithead.” Heru stated to Oyur, walking over as Ryutyu and Wilma rushed away, making wind and people below awe with yells as they felt the blurs past.

“Bruh- man you ain’t even trying to get a single burn or be funnily racist, you just rude as fuck.” - Oyur to Heru as Heru just kept on walking, and Oyur was left to sigh.

Me and Eraoa looked at each other in the desert, no wind and silence as the radiating sun above made the sand below hot and yellow, ready to sift through my boots if they got low enough to dribble in. Eraoa twitched her fingers, and I looked down as my ears then went down, and my tail started to slow. Then I lifted my head to eye-contact.

“Thank you, Eraoa.” I started off, and she was still staring at me before shaking her head and loosening her irritated-neutral face.

“Don’t... say... anything about it...” Eraoa told to me as she clenched her fists, and my ears heard the grinding of skin as her bones exalted a tinkering influence, before she was with a disgusted tone on her next sentences. “You’re not sorry nor thankful- you shot my brother... and killed your family. You’re an... utterly evil system of flesh and darkness...”

“But I do appreciate at least that you have kept this personal and not exalted the information to everyone I know.” I told Eraoa like it was normal for her.

“How does that- is that supposed to be-?!” Eraoa asked as I smiled. “Eighty-Three, you killed my brother, and refuse to say sorry. You stare into my eyes with your dirty greens ones like it means nothing to the both of us. You knew how much I cared.”

“Well, have no worries- if we fail this mission, we both de-exist, and I guess from that we no longer will be able to have feelings or even history to care about.” I stated plainly, as Eraoa stared with anger into my shades glimmering amongst the light.

“You... you don’t even care, do you? Not about Ryutyu, or Wilma- or even Cyclop. Not the kids, not your cat, not the fat man- you're just waiting for the moment to kill us all and then watch us feel pain, because you’re a sadistic... young boy I know we treated wrongly- but now you’re doing worse than we ever did to you. You torture Hadiza, took Alan’s friend, and mess around with your own school- just for fun... if everybody de-existed, you wouldn’t even care- you don’t care. It wouldn’t matter if I told everybody about what you’ve done- you're still the worst person I’ve ever met, and only derange yourself further. You’d probably kill Ryutyu the second he knew about anything... do you even care for yourself at this point!?” Eraoa started to whisper with pure anger.

I looked at Eraoa plainly, unmoving as she had gotten into my face and stared me down, her hands ready to punch and her essence looming at my height.

“I do care, Eraoa. I killed your brother because I could. I could finally start dissolving this situation and get people what they deserve, as well as send them to a better place- that being where they belong by Christ’s eyes. Ryutyu and everyone will know- the ice we stand on is thinner by all means, but it will crack, whether by you, or by me. I will make everything better for everyone, unless they seek to realm with the past.” I told Eraoa after a bit of silence and she just looked at me.

“You’re a hypocrite. A hypocritical mass-murdering, domestically-homicidal, irredeemable, dark monster... and there’s nothing that will stop you... why do I even try to persuade you anymore? Or help anybody? If I hate you all, I should just be on my way, letting you all burn in the world you choose to live in.” - Eraoa. “I’m not doing this game. I’ll give you what you want- the dissolvement of this situation that Heru started. Everyone is going to die- de-exist. Whatever these ‘postcards’ are, I’ll be taking away for the time limit, and letting the train crash into your home, and into our... futures... I’m done here.” - Eraoa, as her heart pounded, and then she started breathing heavily as she walked away, and I stood there, watching her, before rushing the opposite direction of the sun.

Elsewhere, Wilma was around Ryutyu’s neck as Shellia was around hers, and then so was The DRC Man on top of Shellia’s head, with Kioshi on top, looking forth to the white Japanese bullet train rushing by, nobody inside yet the textures of everything a bunch of colors of the rainbows popping in and out like boiling water, and Ryutyu with his speed and the doppler effect, picked up a wrench inside somebody’s garage and then threw it into the train, seeing forth with Wilma having her right hand rubbing her chin like an ancient thinker, that the object dispersed into nothingness, and then they were all looking forth to it, intrigued.

“Wait- what did I just throw?” Ryutyu asked Wilma.

“Oh shit- I don’t remember either.” - TCT as he came up, being in an A-pose as also Qoaiuek started to float up like a video game character, behind his stand with his green skin and blue lava-lamp-shades. “Must be our dementia, guys.”

“Hey D-R-C MAN, want to buy some KROMER?” Qoaiuek asked as he held a bag of red triangular chips, spicy and hot as stated on the front.

“He cannot really see or hear right now.” Wilma told over in the speed. “I cannot remember the item you threw.” Wilma then stated to Ryutyu.

“Aye lad- that means this de-existence stuff is really dangerous and deletes history and memory...” Ryutyu told up as TCT came to his side in the speed.

“Why are you exist?” TCT asked directly into Ryutyu’s right glowing green pupil.

“Uh- because yes- but also, ThatCosmicThunder- can ya’ make thy train stop, or get us outta’ thy game? We up against something daring rin’ now.” - Ryutyu.

“Uh, maybe? Here, I’ll go force thy randoms back at ya’ house to do cap.” TCT mocked funnily as he rotated his A-pose for him to look at the train before stopping entirely his movement and being behind, before creating a portalis to my front yard.

“Sheesh- there he is.” Ejnare stated as he turned to TCT.

“Wassabi my greyo, I came to sacrifice one of ya.’” TCT told.

“What?” Chinua laughed over and TCT stooped his right arm up before laying it down on her left shoulder, letting his elbow dangle with the many bones in his noodle-arm, as he tilted his head right and spoke with a deep voice.

“Hey.” He stated, before grasping her shoulder and whipping her back, throwing her to the skies like a ball, before TCT then started running at sound speed up into the sky towards her flying body going through the shield and elsewhere.

“Wow...” Ejnare shrugged, then looking back to The Fire God, Daniel, Alan, Deandra, Oliver, and Gustavo at a billboard entirely brown wooden, but with encored square holes, and it had two legs going down into the ground just off the sidewalk to my fountain.

“ThatCosmicThunder is a weird dude...” Daniel told to The Fire God.

“Yes, I see that.” The Fire God laughed to Daniel. “Anyways, postcards. Do we create them, or do we find them? Or... Red Glitch? Can you help us?” He stated as he looked up and nothing happened for a bit. “Damn him.”

“I can create postcards allegro- they're just letters with pictures really.” Deandra as she played a happy rift, and soon a pile of postcards condensed from transparent air into white, hard papers, that the Fire God picked up with cold hands. Alan also looked forth to the empty lines and square picture on the right.

“And what do we do with these ‘postcards?’” - Alan.

“Well- they’re postcards. You play a message, usually to another friend, then play your image in, or a random image, then mail it. It’s like a letter... but... I don’t know. There’s not really a difference to me, except in size maybe?” Deandra asked herself.

“Okay, then make us a bunch of postcards with our signatures and put them in the holes- maybe that’ll work.” Alan told to Deandra happily, lifting his hopes up.

“No way that actually works.” Daniel told over with a smile, seeing Deandra play and make a bunch of postcards in the sixteen meter by sixteen meter holes of the board.

Firstly, there was Ryutyu, Wilma, then Deandra, Alan, The Fire God, Daniel, and most other people, the holes filling up almost entirely in. Daniel was surprised and Ejnare looked as well, seeing everybody’s signature, or best-handwritten word, in places. For Ejnare, is was ‘Dupe,’ whilst for Daniel it was ‘Extravagante’ in the middle line.

“Extravagante?” Daniel asked correctly, as red glitches formed around each postcard, and the remaining holes, getting Ejnare’s attention as Crow came out of my house, petting Gustavo as he smiled forth to the postcards.

“For me there’s nothing in the lines.” Alan stated as he hopped over.

“This is totally off- I ain’t a fucking bitch named ‘Giga-Nigga.’” Oyur stated and Daniel laughed over as he saw forth to it.

“Eighty-Three is missing... so is Heru I think- so is Geurnf...” Ejnare started to say to The Fire God before the Fire God pointed forth as everybody came outside, that be including Angelica and Khenbish from inside.

“The Red Glitch formed over them- try again, Deandra.” The Fire God spoke, and she did so, another rift playing as the postcard holes had another glitch on them.

“Hey Red Glitch- what's so special about these fuckers?” Oyur asked up.

“Bruh.” Daniel after four seconds of everybody waiting for an answer.

“I can’t make the cards for them.” - Deandra sadly spoke.

“Why in hell's name won’t they spawn in? Are they fighting right now or something?” Alan asked as he looked around.

“Okay- so... we got Eighty-Three missing, Heru, Eraoa- I think- maybe Elijah- wait, he’s dead, and not in the game... uh... who else? Wait- Geurnf? You’re here- you know anything about this?” Ejnare asked and Geurnf looked over from behind.

“Uh... I... I don’t know why...” Geurnf shrugged as she looked forth.

“She doesn’t know anything because she’s a woman! Woman!” - Khenbish.

“Alright Khenbish- that would be funny, but you’re also a woman.” Daniel spoke, laughing with Ejnare’s chuckle and the Fire God’s funny sigh.

“You kids’ humor is messed up.” - Alan spoke.

“I guess you could say it’s- inequal!” Daniel laughed with Ejnare. Daniel then saw Angelica worried and sad, and decided to shake his head. “Sorry, ahem- that was the demons in me...” He stated as he then went over to Angelica embarrassedly.

“Anyways- Geurnf- anything different about you from us? Maybe it has to do something with the mind- I mean, a signature is consent, so do you want to the end the game or not? Actually- does everyone already with a postcard here want to end this game?” The Fire God stated as everybody started to look at each other.

“Yes.” Angelica stated with Daniel and Gustavo at the same time.

“Yeah.” - Alan and Deandra at the same time.

“No.” Khenbish funnily stated, and the Fire God looked to see her postcard, not minding it as he shook his head, looking towards Geurnf’s comment directly afterwards.

“I do.” Geurnf told firmly, not gulping as hard as she could. “I don’t know why it’s not working.” Geurnf was good at lying here, by the way.

“Alright- then maybe we can figure it out with Eraoa or Eighty-Three or Heru.” the Fire God expressed as we shall switch scenes.

Heru was elsewhere, on a beach. It was in a place called Pevek within Russia, as black and tannish pebbles of rocks with barely some reddish or brownish springs of twig plants were all around the windy and darkened teal-ish waters, the sky grey with drippling clouds, and the town around elsewhere as Heru looked forth, his sign stopped in the sand by it just laying there, as his hands were motionless, and the waters were smooth with their waves as Heru’s hair was sifting right.

I ran up behind him, the pebble rocks blasted up and falling down with dirty soil as I stared forth, and he turned around with surprise yet dullness, looking from the left to see me enter to his left.

“Hello Heru. May I ask why you have come here... to the tops of Russia?” I spaced out slowly, looking forth as so did he, my tail waving back and forth slowly.

“How did you find me?” Heru asked after a moment, serious with calmness.

“I can hear radio waves echo throughout Earth because the Red Glitch has not stopped me recently- henceforth I heard you land here, and your Orchestral waves emit a sound as the sign dropped on the pebbles.” I told Heru descriptively.

Heru sighed and nodded, still looking away.

“I’m here for a reason. I don’t know why. I was built to kill you, but I’ve done that- many times. It’s like, I’ve completed my purpose, and now I have nothing else to do, nothing else to live for. And now- we're in a game that fucking makes us de-exist... I don’t if I want to help you bitches, is what I’m trying to fucking say. I should just let everything that is the stupid situation fucking die- because I started it, and I got to fucking end it already...” - Heru as his eyes went red, and his wings fluttered out.

“But Heru, your friends?” I asked, still smiling.

“My... your fucking friends. Nobody my goddamn presence, and nobody fucking will. I was set with a stupid fucking goal, and now I guess we all die to a stupid fucking game. I don’t care about what my creator had in mind, because I don’t even fucking know him...” - Heru angrily as he clenched his hands and just stared forth.

“Heru... please, I understand purpose. This is... a horrible event of your existence that one day you would have to go through this, because you are right- we do not of your creator and your purpose only came from your sudden mind- but if anything, I am here. I can be your friend, Heru. There is an end to all this, whether by you, or me. I was the one who contributed- because if you have a creator, he knew that stopping me from simply going home with a deleted memory was in no need to happen so quickly. Maybe you do have a purpose, but this first one is a test you are getting past. Or, if you still do not think so, I can make up a purpose for you, and we could... end all of this suffering by just talking it out. I mean, the secret things I do will come to notice by everybody, whether by me, you, or anyone else involved by the slightest fraction, so for you all you have to do is talk it out now, there is no time limit, no hold, my friends would be surprised and happy to hear you want to be a friend to everyone, we could start a multiversal business that would mean something, and your story could gain a new start... Heru...” I told Heru as he stared away, gritting his teeth inside his closed mouth.

Heru sighed after listening to me, then spoke after four seconds, turning to the right and grabbing his sign. “Fuck you kid.” He then made a portalis away towards the exosphere of Earth, and as many pebbles and air was sucked out, he simply just walked out, as I stood there, watching him leave with a smile.

As the portalis closed, and he was unwilling to even look back, I turned and rushed away towards my home. Soon I came back to find everyone there, and they all looked to me, the Fire God missing with Khenbish and Angelica.

“Oh- hey Eighty-Three- where have you been?” Daniel asked as he turned around.

“Meeting with Eraoa, following the train, and finally meeting with Heru as well. He seems to want all of us to de-exist, so I guess we are done for.” - I shrugged to them all, still smiling as Daniel looked around to the others.

Next scene, Wilma placed Chinua in front, forcing her into a rainbow box as she put her hands out. The train crashed through the rainbow box as it traveled above homes, and it bloated Chinua’s blood across the lands as Wilma hovered with the others.

“Oh dang lads...” - Ryutyu as he saw down, and Wilma reformed Chinua.

“Oh- uh... yeah... no work. I wasn’t thinking of stopping it by will, like Fire God said.” - Chinua stated as she floated up next to the DRC Man.

“Aye... what now, Wilma?” Ryutyu asked Wilma who was worried, looking around to see The DRC Man still in his pose with his famous grin.

Soon the DRC Man was on the tracks, multiplied to a line, and then the train crashed through multiple versions of him. Wilma created a portalis in front of the train to under the ocean, water falling out, and the train had a red glitch in front as it crashed through the portalis. Then she made walls out of random people, and the train crashed through, all of them. Wilma then tried making Nigga Nigga sacrifice.

“Could you sacrifice yourself for us?” Wilma asked as she floated above, and Nigga Nigga nodded, being placed on the train tracks over the everglades, as then the train rushed through him with a red glitch on the front and he spawned back in front of Wilma.

“Nah nigga, the Red Glitch being a nigga, nigga.” - Nigga Nigga as he then puffed into a white smoke and The DRC Man shook his frustration.

“Hey Wilma- that's RAAAAAAAAAACIST!” - The DRC Man as Kioshi smiled. “Like- Why do you all of you think it’s funny to say the N-WORD?!”

“Nigga.” - Shellia said in ‘accordion’ and nobody understood so nobody laughed.

“Because of how mad it makes you.” Wilma laughed back before going to look down at the train with endless worry against.

“Aye lad- sorry lad...” Ryutyu also giggled to the DRC Man before seeing Wilma.

“Mmm.” - The DRC Man mumbled.

“I hope the Fire God gets to Eraoa quickly...” Wilma stated within her mind.

Switching scenes quickly again, geez- Eraoa was in the middle of the Sahara Desert, near the bordering, hot tan sands and pebble rocks of Libya and Algeria, where the Fire God bounced down with Angelica on his right and Khenbish on the left, seeing forth with a wave-interpreter app on a black phone.

“Hello... Fire God?” Eraoa worrying-ling asked as she saw the Fire God land down with the others slowly, seeing much dust fly up in the wind as Khenbish started to shake and spit around, and Angelica closed her eyes as the particles go everywhere from the wind blowing behind.

“Hello. (With a funny tone from a monotone one,) I think you know why we’re here, Eraoa... I would like the universe to go back to normal with as many people alive as possible, so although this would kill the Computer and Heru, I would like people to live on, because we can always come with a plan later...” The Fire God told before sighing and questioning happily, “Is that a good opening statement, Eraoa?”

“(Laughing with the Fire God a little,) Yeah... but... seriously- Yes, I know, but...” Eraoa told as she saw Khenbish cough around violently.

“Ah- AUGH! Ahh- sand! SAND! Fucking sand! SAND! Yellow stupid duds... duds...” - Khenbish in the back as Angelica rubbed the sand of her clothes off.

“Can I have a word with you, Fire God- without Angelica and Khenbish?” - Eraoa.

“Uh, sure?” - The Fire God, nodding to Angelica as she went over to put a hand on Khenbish and walk her back. Eraoa walked back a little as the Fire God walked forth.

“There’s a reason why I don’t want to do this game. It’s not about just the Computer or Heru anymore- it's about Eighty-Three.” - Eraoa as the Fire God was intrigued.

“Hm- alright... what has he done now?” - The Fire God seriously.

“I found out... he’s... an unchanging... monster. He was in a game... and he killed my brother, resulting in his family’s eternal death as well... (trying not to frown sadly,) and... He’s keeping Hadiza tortured, and the Plague Doc, and Alan’s friend, and an entire underground of his own secret religion... under his rule. He lies to people, his friends- he... he doesn’t care if we all de-exist. He doesn’t care... if Ryutyu knows and his friends leave. He’s gonna’ show his other life soon anyways... and... I... he corrupts the Bible so he can take over the world... he’s evil, and I’ve seen it with my own eyes- so has Crow. We need a plan... a real plan... to kill the Computer, Heru, and Eighty-Three... and his cat and The DRC Man...” Eraoa told.

“What?” The Fire God tried to smile after he asked after a second before going to worry. “I’m without context... but... really?”

“Yes...” Eraoa nodded as Khenbish stamped on the ground as Angelica rubbed her back, “And we shouldn’t tell the kids because if they find out, they’ll tell each other, and then Eighty-Three will overhear, and he’ll kill everybody involved.”

“Oh... well... okay... alright... wait- do you want us all to de-exist?” - Fire God.

“Well... not you, or the kids, or Deandra... or Miss Opium... really everybody but Heru, the Computer, Eighty-Three, and the friends he has that helps him with his other life...” Eraoa shrugged as she saw over to Angelica talking to the shaking Khenbish.

“Alright- well... would it take anything for you to make a postcard for the game, or are you gonna’ reject everything, Eraoa?” The Fire God sadly asked.

“I’ll... make a postcard, yeah- but I need-” Eraoa was starting to say after a sigh.

“I promise you- I'm taking it all into... (With a definite adventurous and dark tone,) definite consideration. We only have an hour to complete this game, but a lifetime to fix this mess.” - The Fire God stated with a nod as Eraoa smirked at his jokingly tone.

“Thanks...” Eraoa nodded, creating a postcard out of darkness of herself with her signature being blocky and straight, as The Fire God looked to the others. “Here- just take it, cause’ I’m not, (Tiredly,) in the mood to see anybody else right now...”

“I understand... thank you brave friend... but... honestly and seriously, Eraoa... just remember- I am grateful, whether I sound selfish or quick- the kids and Ryutyu and other good guys will be grateful- Elijah... is looking down from heaven now and appreciating it... and I’m sure Chattanooga would be proud too... personally, he told of days like this. Where... it would all be able to end, but we could have a good laugh as we did the business to stop it, even though... bad things have happened... (The Fire God sighs,) and I’m going to miss Elijah. I thought he left... but... this is far worse... I know I sound quick- but I’m a man, not a boy. And so are you, Eraoa. We’ll get through this, one second at a time...” The Fire God stated slowly to Eraoa, taking the card, and then looking up to her.

“Yeah... I know...” Eraoa nodded seriously as then the Fire God turned away sadly and looked towards Angelica and Khenbish staring at a mountain.

“Adios, Eraoa... Angelica- Khenbish- we must go now! The game depends on us.” - The Fire God as he grabbed both girls' backs and then jumped away with speed and dust behind as Eraoa watched, and then turned with a crying face, but no tears were present.

The Fire God landed back home to see me trying to force Ejnare onto the tracks by pushing him in with copies, both of our ears up and tails wagging as others watched, but the Red Glitch stopped me as Ejnare stated “Eighty-Three, chill!”

The Fire God, as Angelica and Khenbish went back to Daniel behind, looked towards the post card board and placed Eraoa’s in before seeing mine already in.

“Eighty-Three...” The Fire God then stated as Geurnf and others talked around, “If I may ask- where exactly did Heru go?”

“He wants us all to de-exist. I do not think he will assist.” I stopped as Ejnare sighed and went over to Chinua, talking with the others as me and the Fire God talked.

“Eh... alright... yeah- hey Chinua. I guess this is the last day of our lives...” Ejnare told as his ears directed towards me and The Fire God’s conversation.

“Nooo...” Chinua sighed and clenched her right fist as she was worried for her fate.

“Yeah- unlesss somehow we get Heru on board, then we’re- really? Is Qaiuk (He meant to say ‘Qoaiuek,’) reallu selling at this time- wait a minute- is he selling Heru’s postcards?” Ejnare suddenly smiled over.

“He goofy with what he sell- wait, yeah.” - Chinua started in a whisper before walking forth as other members did as well.

Qoaiuek was on his stand, holding with all four arms postcards of Heru. “Come get your FINEST SAVING CARDS! They’re only Four-ninety-nine!”

“Oh hey- hold on- are those even real?” - Daniel asked as he came up.

“You bet ZERO DOLLARS they are! Just buy and SEE IF IT’S REAL!” - Qoaiuek.

“Five dollars- real or fake?” Deandra asked as she was also there, Alan around as an actual backpack as Miss Opium also came up to look. But then Geurnf threw her wrench at Qoaiuek, and it bounced off with a red glitch effect.

“Really, Geunrf? SCREW YOU! HAHAHAHAHAHA! Anyways- EARNINGS, NOT REVENUE, Daniel.” - Qoaiuek as Daniel looked to Deandra play her violin, and money spawn to the right of Qoaiuek, but he kicked it away.

“Fine, Qake, I’ll get ‘real’ money.” Daniel mocked, then running into my home and searching into the kitchen drawers to find some money before coming out and placing it down, Qoaiuek dropping the card, and Daniel grabbed it.

Daniel then went forth as I and the Fire God looked to see him place the postcard in, and it worked. Daniel then looked around with surprise as Angelica and Chinua clapped, and Ejnare plus Miss Opium and Gustavo were confused.

“How did that even work?” Gustavo smiled to Daniel, and he shrugged.

“I don’t know- but now all we need now is yours, Geurnf. Hey Qauik- sorry for mispronouncing your name, but could we also buy Geurnf’s postcard please?” Daniel then asked as we all looked forth and Qoaiuek responded.

“Sadly, I am in no RESIDENCE OF PROPERTY. The FIRM REASON I had Heru’s DELIGHTING SEQUEL-INTRODUCER was because HE ACCEPTED LIFE IN AN ORDER FOR MORE. But I will nicely GIVE PROVIDENCES TO THE LAND OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE that this game is made so people have to accept stopping it. Since Heru elsewhere DECIDED WITHOUT OTHER PERMISSIVES THAT EXISTENCE IS FUTILE, Geurnf is a LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT, and we are BLOCKED TO THE DEATH OF SPEED because of her!” - Qoaiuek.

“Qake- we don’t fucking understand fifteenth-sixteenths of the shit ya’ bitch-ass says.” - Oyur angrily as Khenbish also raised an eyebrow.

“I do- and he permits that the game is a game of choice, and Heru has accepted elsewhere in the universe for the game to stop and for all of us to not de-exist, henceforth possibly by theory the Red Glitch has allowed you to sell a card for him. But for Geurnf- I guess you do not agree and want us to de-exist by the game’s logic. Is this true, Geurnf?” I asked Geurnf, turning with others confused attention.

“And now none of us bitches understand half of what the damned femboy says.” - Oyur angrily yet funnily as Chinua giggled at his comment.

“Uh- yeah- what exactly do you mean, Eighty-Three?” Geurnf stated with confusion.

“I am trying to say formally that you want us all to die because of some reason you hold behind, henceforth you act like, (Wilma comes through a portalis behind with the others, instantly listening as the train passed and the air was thick for a few seconds,) you have no idea why your card is up there. Our postcards are on the board because we all want to live, or allow another to live- but yours is now the only one missing- so tell us Geurnf- what exactly is it?” I nicely asked, walking to Geurnf as her bones shook a little.

“I... I don’t know what-” Geurnf was going to say with peer confusion.

“What you’re talking about- ooh- guessed your next words!” - Daniel stated, giving pointy-fingers at his waist to them before smiling awkwardly. “Sorry... Geurnf...”

“GET SOCIALLY-SCREWED, GEURNF!” Qoaiuek laughed aggressively.

“Aye- what going on?” - Ryutyu asked as he came up to us. Angelica also stared.

“Geurnf- Wilma will-” I started to state of Wilma before she spoke.

“I saw... (After moving forwards,) Geurnf... please...” Wilma stated as she came forth, looking at Geurnf sadly, “We can try afterwards to get your friends back.”

“Oh...” I dawned upon sadly, looking to Geurnf with still my smile, my ears going up along with my tail. “I can search again after the game, Geurnf.”

“Yes- I know, I know... but... Wilma, Eighty-Three- ya'll- the Red Glitch disallowed my friends- in another universe- to be brought back from the dead. I need to go to a new universe- I can’t be living here no more.” - Geurnf.

“Alrighty, but the Red Glitch also disallows people to really leave this universe or come in now.” - I told Geurnf as Wilma was saddened by the voices in my head.

“Yeah- I know... but... I really can’t sign up my will for this. I don’t believe this situation we’re in is going anywhere new- we're still against the Computer and Heru and his... well- I guess his ‘was-allies,’ but now, like- I can’t leave, we can’t evolve- nothing has really changed, and de-existence seems better for the universe and Red Glitch rather than anything else...” - Geurnf tried to explain, obviously being embarrassed as everybody looked over, their eyes onto hers.

“But, Geunrf-” Daniel tried to speak up with his hand gestures.

“No- I can’t be the person to allow this any further. It was my life to work with my buds and have adrenaline through my system each time we fought like those video game characters from that game you guys showed me- but, now I was taken and now my first buddies are dead. It’s now my job to give what thou neighbor did to my friends- revenge and... justice- and I know I look bad and look like a bad friend for the reason being that you’re all going to de-exist, whatever that truly entails- just because of me and this (With a humorous tone,) sudden outcast of mine, but I’m not going to allow the reassurance of a possibility for this clamor of descent into madness to continue by any means for all of us- and by that I mean the repeating deaths and desensitizing acts of Heru and the Computer- here it ends. This will surely kill the Computer, and although ending the rest of us- I'm sure by your means, Eighty-Three- since you say you are the main character and I could vouche for you by what I’ve seen from you, Ryutyu, Wilma, and even Daniel- we'll come back one way or nother,’ by the cyclops- or Steel Terrorists- or Timal Tienes- somethings in my brain is telling me I have to speak up now- I gotta’ go against the gut of the moment in order to store determined peace in the future. So no, I can’t put my post card up. Although I would severely like to, I see past the moment. We’re all going live somehow through this so-called ‘de-existence-’ I'm sure of it- even if it’s just you and your friends Eighty-Three- but the Computer needs to go. I’m the sure Red Glitch would agree too.” - Geunrf as everybody listened and understood her nice paragraph.

“Wow...” Chinua stated, widening her eyes. “She right.”

“True- but fuck shit, Geurnf- I ain’t for the bullshit of reaon right now. De-existence is literally worse than the fucking ‘perma-death’ we’ve heard about- cause' de-existence probably means we de-exist, like literally we fucking are gone- our bodies- our actions- like, by de-existence, we’re gone from all of time, right? Like, we stop existing and so do our actions and memories from others and such- right?” - Oyur stated to all.

“Good point Oyur- Eighty-Three, what exactly is ‘de-existence?’” - Daniel.

“I would think we stop existing yet our past is still intact- although Oyur has a point. We could be taking a chance- the Computer and his games, deleted by existence of present-ness and past-ness, would mean that nobody remembers us or the games, and that it would be nearly impossible for anything to revive us. That possibly means the Timal Tienes, Steel Terrorists, and cyclops- because I have no idea how it works with the outside universes, and Geurnf also has a point- the Red Glitch is tired of the Computer, and possibly us all. He is a being who can get tired, I have seen him like that before, so he possibly wants us all gone as well.” - Eighty-Three, which is me.

“I’m not taking chances- sorry, Geurnf.” - Alan sadly stated after a sigh as Chinua looked to him and then Ejnare.

“I guess... I won’t either...” Chinua shrugged and Ejnare nodded to her.

“Yeah- I have a presidential election to get back towards- and I’m sure Jesus Christ wouldn’t be happy to see me again, so I really need to do as told here, because if I win- I'll shut down the Computer instantly. Plus, I talked to Eraoa recently, and we’re forming a new plan to stop the Computer- so we are going somewhere, it’s just taking too much time, I know- Geurnf, sorry.” The Fire God told everyone.

“What are the goofy-ah furries saying now?” TCT as he walked out of my home.

“We’re debating whether we should all de-exist in replay that we might get a second note, or we should just play the game and win.” - Deandra to TCT.

“Girl speaking italics over here...” - TCT funnily with an obnoxious teenage girl voice, “Uh- is it really just Guenrf versus everyone else?” - TCT as he saw to the board, seeing his postcard and the Computer’s, as he then looked to Geurnf.

Geurnf shrugged and nodded. “Yeah, but she makes some fair points.” Daniel said.

“A woman makes fair points?! Impossible...” - TCT with a giant funny awe at Geurnf.

TCT then left back into my home as my friends looked towards Geurnf.

“Uh...” - Chinua stated as she looked around seeing people without much to say.

“Does anybody want to sacrifice themselves yet?” The Fire God asked.

“Hell naw bruh.” Oyur swayed his head back towards. “Ain’t nobody gonna’ sacrifice. That’s just retarded and a fucking temptation from the damn Computer to make one of us go kill ourselves for good...”

“Um... yeah, true.” - Ejnare nodded to Oyur.

“True.” - Daniel shrugged as Crow looked around.

“Well then lads... uh... Geurnf... is there any way we could make ya’ put thy postcard up there? Like, anything? Please?” Ryutyu asked sadly yet cutely to Geurnf.

“No- I’m staying put.” - Geurnf stated and Daniel sighed over to Ryutyu.

“Please? Uwu?" Daniel cutely stated as he made his head go out and his eyes into a puppy-like cute face along with his voice going soft yet high-pitched.

“Uh- no?” - Geurnf instantly as she was confused yet smiling a little as Ejnare swayed his head, Ryutyu laughed, and Angelica even chuckled.

“DAMN DANIEL.” - TCT fakely laughed, because Daniel was Daniel.

“Shut the fuck up- furry shit nig- nobody wanna’ hear you act like a fucking animal when you already look like a burnt croissant.” - Oyur funnily under his breath.

“Alrighty, then I guess we shall go do what we would like in these ending times, whether truly defeating or not. So... Wilma, Ryutyu- what would you like to do?” I asked nicely as my tail waved back and forth happily and everybody started looking to me.

“Aye lad- uh... well... I... uh- I'm feeling like playing thy trumpet again. What about ya,’ Wilma?” Ryutyu asked his nine-tailed core friend.

“Playing the flute.” - Wilma nodded as then Ryutyu looked towards Geurnf.

“Alright- what about ya,’ Geurnf? Ya’ wanna’ do anything wit’ us, or literally stay put?” Ryutyu asked as he came over to Geurnf and I looked to Wilma.

“Uh- no thanks. I understand that I’m... causing a disaster so I don’t want to push it in your faces...” - Geurnf as she went over to the sidewalk and sat down.

“Well lad- it don’t really matter whether ya’ causing us all to die because ya’ have hopes for something else- ya' still our friend and we support ya’ in this debatable topic.” Ryutyu stated as he sat down next to Geurnf.

“Yes- I know, I know- but... you know... it’s not socially correct to go around as the only person and take up space or resources as your choice is... literally de-existing people... so I’m just gonna’ stay here, but thanks Ryutyu for the reassurance.” - Geurnf.

“Well... aye lad- have a good thought then... if ya’ wanna’ join us in practicing or eating... or talking... ya’ always can.” Ryutyu nodded to Geurnf and she smiled back.

“Yeah... I’ll probably do all that right before the train comes... just give me some time to think about everything...” - Geurnf laughed as TCT started to take Qoaiuek’s merchandise by swiping it with his right hand and then snorting away on the ground as Qoaiuek’s skin color went grey and his lava lamp-shades went red.

As Daniel, Chinua, Oyur, Crow, The Fire God, Ryutyu, Wilma, Me, and Ejnare went around towards Daniel’s backyard, where there Wilma was creating a trumpet for Ryutyu and flute for Wilma, we let the Fire God barbecue steaks. Teressa, Gustavo, The DRC Man, TCT, Qoaiuek, and Nigga Nigga went back inside my home to enjoy streaming Team Bunker Four and eating popsicles. All around Geurnf could hear with the flicker of her ears the enjoyment of sizzling foods with crimson melting into brown, and icy bars of liquid frozen to lick on. As she heard multiple voices on the side path of my house, I soon rushed over, and Geurnf scattered herself away just a bit as she saw with surprise to me.

“A- oh... hey Eighty-Three...” - Geurnf as her heart beat went up.

“Hello, Geurnf, sorry for the suddenness of my presence, (I sit down next to where she was,) but I did have an important question- what do you think of our positions, or yours?” I asked and Geurnf looked to me with confusion.

“Hm- what? What do ya’ mean, ‘positions?’” - Guernf.

“Where we are in reference to you. There is a psychological play here- that if you were left alone to your thoughts maybe you would come to our conclusion, or if we just stayed around and had a barbecue out here in front of you, instead of Daniel’s yard, you would try to ignore us entirely. I was wondering if you possibly wanted to move elsewhere to a quieter place, or wanted us to move our barbecue, and the streamers.” - Me.

“Uh... yeah- no, I’m good. I... I’m not within those ‘psychological plays,’ but... why do you come asking people such outlandish yet direct questions? Like, boy- why are you so weird? You know we’re all creeped out by you, right?” - Geurnf.

“Yes, I know- I can hear everybody’s blood flow and heartbeat amplify whence they see me. But also, I exclaim such outright questions because I have been and seen a lot of different scenarios and realized that in real life, the outcome can become different because of free will. We are in a story without story aspects, Geurnf- henceforth I would like to compliment you with simple core questions instead of increasing the suspension.” - Me.

“Oh... well... alright- but nah- I'm good... just... just let me looks at these tracks...” Geurnf nodded as she looked right to see the train tracks going up diagonally to the east of my house and then flattening in the sky.

Elsewhere, Angelica and Khenbish were inside Daniel’s home, coming out as they heard me whip by them and go to Ryutyu as he was chatting with Daniel and Ejnare.

“Well... what would you want to do if not socialize?” Angelica nicely asked.

“I want to watch racing cars. CARS!” - Khenbish to Angelica happily.

“But Khenbish... like... what do you want to do with life? You only have one, and this could be the end...” - Angelica as she looked towards the jittering person.

“I... I just want to live and be funny. Funny... be a comedian? Comedian!” - Khenbish stated slowly afterwards as Angelica walked on the right on the road with Khenbish, passing Geurnf who looked up before looking down.

“Okay... what about ‘live?’ What exactly do you want to do with life other than be a comedian?” Angelica asked as she looked to see Geurnf thinking in the thinker pose.

“Eat food... food... that’s it! It! I want to be a comedian! Comedian!” Khenbish told.

“Well... you might want some backup plans, Khenbish. Sometimes being a Comedian isn’t always laughs, and life has many other aspects to it, especially distractions...” - Angelica as her tail swayed back and forth whilst Khenbish looked towards it. “And we are young, still figuring out who we are and why God has made a multiverse around us.”

“No... no plans! Plans! I want to be a comedian, comedian.” - Khenbish as she walked home and Angelica looked to her as she clutched her bible.

“But Khenbish, you must realize being a comedian means you have to have the spotlight constantly on you, and the way to keep that is... by having good jokes?” Angelica pushed out, obviously embarressed and unwanting to say such.

“You think my jokes are bad?! BAD!?” Khenbish as she went in front of Angelica and pointed at her as she walked back to her home past Ejnare’s house.

“Your jokes aren’t bad, but they’re not... you may know... funny to the rest of us. Like... I really don’t wish to be mean, but your jokes are just... childish? Obvious? I... uh... I mean, you are ten- but... your jokes aren’t spot on, and you try to be like others constantly, which really... devolves your personality. You should be yourself but know your limits.” Angelica said with a little fear towards Khenbish as she walked back into her home angrily, the door already open and letting her go to her diner table.

“I am myself! MYSELF! What is wrong with my jokes? JOKE?! Childish? OBVIOUS?! I have jokes much better than you! YOU!” - Khenbish pointed at Angelica as she stood outside Khenbish’s home, watching with her sad eyebrows.

“But humor is in need of sensical normalization... and you stating random things with a laugh-” Angelica stated from the door as Khenbish came back up.

“You think Daniel is funny!? FUNNY?! You think That-Cosmic-Shit is funny-?!” - Khenbish pointed, as Angelica looked to her with a bit of worry.

“I laugh at Daniel because I feel safe around him. But you and T-C-T are kinda’ scary because you may blow on anybody, or TCT may kick one of us into orbit randomly. Humor also kinda’ requires that people know you and feel safe around you, but maybe you could change that...” - Angelica as she clutched her bible and Khenbish shook.

“No! No! You’re just saying things nicely! NICELY! You think I’m unfunny! UNFUNNY! As unfunny as this book! BOOK!” - Khenbish as she then put a hand on Angelica’s bible and tried pulling it away but found Angelica to have it hard in her hands.

“Khenbish! Please- I'm sorry.” - Angelica as she held the book with worry, seeing Khenbish fight over it as she gritted her teeth at Angelica, pulling her into the home. “Please stop trying to grab my bible- I would like to keep it safe!”

Khenbish kept thrusting Angelica around as they held the bible, and Khenbish soon was smashing Angelica into the wall as she shook with anger. From left Angelica’s tail went up with stress, and then Khenbish used the bible to turn her all around to the other wall, and then left again into the table as then Angelica pulled back, and Khenbish then started to pull the bible itself once again. “Khenbish! Please!” Angelica started to say before she let go and let Khenbish fall back into the table, but Khenbish was quick to catch herself from completely falling and got up with red eyes to see Angelica before opening the bible and eating from it its pages, ripping them out as Angelica looked with worry and fear, her ears down and tail up.

As Khenbish grasped the scriptures hard and shuffled them into her mouth, her angry breath made Angelica back away as she shuffled five pages into her mouth and chewed them before looking to Angelica, and then letting her mouth drop as the slimy paper came out and Angelica was sad.

“You know I try... but sometimes I can’t... because I literally can’t help someone sometimes...” Angelica stated as she looked down to the floor with sadness, almost crying as Khenbish lifted herself up from her animalic posture.

“Angelica... I’m sorry... sorry...” - Khenbish.

“You’re not though... you don’t try to change yourself; you stay here and review the same stuff every day, you never try to evolve yourself even though we’re in a perfect setting, and...” Angelica said as she looked at Khenbish.

“I’m-” Khenbish stated as she looked down at the bitten bible.

“No! You’re not sorry! You’re somebody... I can’t help. Nobody wants to speak with you really because they knew from the beginning it was impossible to change you. You and your... random... unfunny actions and jokes! You can rip the bible up, but you can’t change God- just like I can practice socializing with you, but I can’t change you. So- just stay here again! Do nothing with your life other than try to be a comedian! But only try... because you can’t... and... don’t try to be yourself I guess...” - Angelica with some frustration as she then pouted away, tears in her eyelids not rolling down, but her tail swaying back and forth and soon around the doorknob and closing it lightly, leaving Khenbish where she stood, looking with sadness over her leaving.

The closing of the door echoed as the vision of Angelica left Khenbish’s view, and she was suddenly fearing something. For the first time in such a time, she was scared- scared of something mental and not physical. Khenbish was awing in her head, unable to take in the silence incoming, and the thoughts pouring in.

Khenbish looked down with sadness towards the ripped bible as she was uncrying. The house went silent now. No music, no Angelica, no outside ambience- just silence as the bible grabbed all attention. Khenbish had her neck down as she was not smiling anymore, nor shaking. Khenbish’s hands started to shake though, and she started to grasp them, holding in her emotions as she remembered Angelica trying to fix her so many times- coming in and playing games, inviting her personally to parties, and others trying to introduce her into humor, but she knew she had blown it now. Angelica was frustrated, and that was beyond Khenbish’s imagination or emotion. She felt sad for how she acted, and angry at herself. Khenbish then let go of her shaking body, once was her hands but soon her body, and now nothing. She let her heartbeat cry down, and her face went dull, realizing there was something to redeem her- but with a mission of death as she looked up. No longer was she shaking, but rather firm and with a will for what to do.

Khenbish turned around to see her home open with the tracks. There, she walked forth onto the tracks. She stepped in the middle, looking forwards as wind was blowing and a highway was on the horizon, with a black dot slowly coming forth- that being the train. Khenbish looked forth without a squint, without an expression, without a joke, and without a jitter in her mind. She started to take a step forth, onto the ground instead of the tracks as they followed the hill-like scape outwards towards the first horizontal road and through the forestry down to the openness of a four way. Khenbish took every step with a memory in her mind, telling of herself.

“Not funny- didn't laugh- d-ding ding ding.” TCT echoed in her mind as Daniel also stated, “Khenbish, you’re not really funny,” and Ejnare then said “Haha- Khenbish- please don’t make a joke like that.” And then me, “You are unfunny to many, Khenbish,” with then Ryutyu, “Aye lad- ya' gotta’ work on ye’ humor!” with then Crow’s typing of “the other girl is she okay why she joking like that” with then Chinua echoing at every step, “Sister, you not funny, please stop.”

And as these memories of voices against her comediennes echoed and vibrated her mind, she kept her body firm, looking towards the appealing dot start to have shape and form, as the winds and leaves around fluffed, and the silence whispered in Khenbish’s ears to affirm to nature and to let it go.

But finally, after many voices of different sayings, Angelica’s hit hardest, and loudest. “...You’re somebody... I can’t help... you and your... unfunny actions and jokes!” This rang Khenbish, and she clenched her eyes before opening them with a stern mouth and contiueing forth with no heavy breathing, but rather the relaxation of stopping the incoming mess, finally changing her for good.

Angelica was outside, with a frown, as she started to pass mine and across-the-road Ejnare’s and house, before seeing Gerurnf look up with confusion. Angelica sighed as she saw Geurnf openly and curiously stare over, before she looked down and started back. Geurnf started to get up and follow with confusion as Angelica left her hands by her side and walked forth with her ears going up.

Angelica started to speed-walk back towards Khenbish’s home as Geurnf followed across the lining of grass, watching the firm Angelica go back and open the door.

Angelica entered, looking towards the torn and left-behind bible with saliva on the floor still. “Hey... Khenbish... I’m... I’m sorry about my frustrative tone and- Khenbish?” Angelica started to say as she looked down and then around as she entered the home before looking out to the tracks Khenbish stood still and looked towards the train.

Geurnf started to speed-walk up as well, surprised just like Angelica to see Khenbish simply standing and watching the train come, with a demise.

“Khenbish? Khenbish!?” - Angelica as she started away, sprinting after Khenbish.

But Khenbish was already set. As the wind blew, and the train could slowly be heard coming closer and closer, Khenbish stared at it, seeing the moving textures, and putting out her hands to try and stop it, or block. Flat and still, she did not close her eyes, but sternly was firm, and Angelica rushed behind as Geurnf started to sprint as well.

“Khenbish?! KHENBISH!” Angelica yelled over in panic as she saw the train coming.

Back at the poster board was Miss Opium, looking forth as she was sad. As she looked towards the last spot, she soon saw Khenbish’s fall over it, and Miss Opium used one of her arms to grab the paper as she brought it close, confused as it started to fade away to transparency, and she looked over to Ejnare’s home, hearing the train and the tracks shake the atmosphere around.

“KHENBISH!?!! KHEEEENBIIIISH!!!!” - Angelica two last times as she ran to the left of the track before seeing the train get meters away from Khenbish.

As the girl of clownery held her hands out, hearing the cries of Angelica- a white lightning, random and long, started to exalt from the train and focus into her palms, unharming her but letting her stare forth into the lightning as it started to escape the informingly loud train and dwell into her hands, making them light up with gradients down her arms, before suddenly- the train hit her.

From afar, Geurnf was still rushing up to Angelica as the spectacle brought all attention to it. Khenbish exploded into flames and orange dust as the train went off track, being stopped by her essence of a wall as debris, dust, metal, and burning flames ruptured past her area and forth just two meters as the parts of the train started to rotate horizontally and bash into another, making some flop into the trees and burn whilst others started to crash down the hill and bounce.

Angelica fell to her knees as she heard glass shattering around and flames indulging the green lands as parts of the train, whether abstract or rectangular, started to shatter around and bounce, slowly implementing destruction as it massively came towards her. Angelica had no point to care to move out of the way though, as one rectangle purposefully bounced towards her horizontally- she was distraught and at loss. Khenbish was not dead, she was de-existing, and Angelica had not a human emotion to express for this. Instead, she mixed fear, worry, sadness, and utter annihilation of her current spirit together as she awed in terror at the sudden explosion afar and out of thick sight. As she was on the left-hand grasses of the trembling railroad, her form still without even the slightest bit of anything in her system, her mind foiled and racing beyond comparison as everything started to tumble, she was soon plundered to the ground.

As Angelica was cracked inside from the destruction of a person she knew, now about to not ever know or even come close to try to save, Geurnf pounced into her back and made her face dig into the floor emptily, without a flinch, as Geurnf also laid down, hearing above a train wreck bounce slightly over them and away as other parts started to disperse around like balls without their original form, and fires spread as Geurnf was worried from the ashy atmosphere.

From Daniel’s front yard, we watched Miss Opium, TCT, Nigga Nigga, Deandra, and others escape to the road as they saw the train parts crash into the buildings, homes, trees, and road, breaking them and melting their essence before they finally hit my home, where the parts shattered into water, and my home and yard was fully stable. Everybody watched as destruction came to everything else before suddenly, from one of the pieces turning to water on top of my home, everything started to luminate and glow white, brighter and brighter till the universe was finally reset, and Khenbish would be most probably gone with the knowledge of her sacrifice...

***Be mad at Geurnf?***

“Aye- What happened, lads?” Ryutyu asked as he looked around to everyone on our team in my living room, seeing Angelica normal and confused with her face, Geurnf looking around with awkwardness, Nigga Nigga smoking a pipe- but no Khenbish.

“The train happened, Ryutyu.” - Daniel nodded looking directly at Wilma.

“A-Train?” - TCT whispered as he sat on the couch with his arms straight out and his legs, like he was a video game character, still like stone as his mouth moved vividly.

“Bruh shut the fuck up.” - Oyur rolled his eyes at TCT.

“It crashed into Eighty-Three home, but we okay...” - Chinua as she laughed at Oyur and TCT, TCT making a concrete-scraping noise as he turned his head towards Oyur.

“Yes, we won the game, but... Guernf, did you put your postcard up?” I then asked worryingly to her as her ears went down and the rest of us looked over.

“Uh... no... I didn’t...” Geurnf stated as she looked towards the confused Angelica. “I don’t really remembered what happened- weren't you doing something, Angelica?”

“Uh- I was... but I don’t remember either. Was I with any of you guys?” Angelica asked, her tail going around her left waist as she looked towards us all.

“No, ya’ weren’t...” Ryutyu stated, leaning forth with worry and confusion.

“Somebody de-existed.” - Wilma afraid-ly told, her tail stopping their movements.

“What? Somebody’s gone?” - Daniel, looking around with Ejnare and Angelica. “Like- gone-gone? Like, we don’t remember as we theorized?”

“I don’t remember anybody missing.” - Ejnare told as he looked to see Kioshi.

“Uh... I don’t either... if somebody de-existed, then our memories of them are gone as well I guess...” - The DRC Man, standing up and hitting his pose with a sad frown.

“So- if thy train was stopped- not because Geurnf set her postcard up but rather because thy sacrificed his or her self- then who and how could thy know?” - Ryutyu.

“Wait- how do know somebody sacrificed self and Computer didn’t- oh, yeah, we saw train crash into Eighty-Three's home and go water...” - Chinua as she lowered her voice, Ejnare nodding as I stood up and Geurnf looked to me with fear.

“We have no idea who sacrificed themselves, because we could never. That person could have been one of our best friends- possibly a core friend of mine, or helped with situations we would have died within. My memories are foggy now, and I shall go looking around to find any possible evidence of somebody missing from the situation. Hopefully maybe the Computer remembers and we can force him to make a game where we get back that person, because now it our main goal to stop the Computer as quickly as possible and make sure this situation is fully solved...” - Me, the voices in my head clapping and laughing at my lie, as I then rushed off, and Ryutyu got up, rushing off as well as Gustavo then hopped on Daniel’s lap and Daniel started to ruffle his fur with his left hand. Wilma also got up and started to go to the kitchen with a depressed face.

Later, night came, and in my living room everybody stayed around and talked, having a depressed-party with deep blue and purple lights fading around as snacks were everywhere along with pictures of each other and such, Khenbish no longer in any, as other collectible and artifacts were on other tables, my friends trying to grab evidence for any sort of anybody else now missing from existence. Night was coming and the kids decided to go home with sighs whilst Ryutyu, Wilma, The DRC Man, Gustavo, Geurnf, Shellia, and Nigga Nigga stayed around, sitting on the couch and looking around. I decided to dart off as they all started to put on a movie instead of rewatching recordings that Khenbish was still missing in- people no longer referencing her existence at all and instead new and uncharted lines coming from their mouths to make the video seem normal without Khenbish. It should be scary to you, reader, because Khenbish no longer existed in any media or form, and everybody had no idea what the person being Khenbish would or was even close to be. Not even I, Eighty-Three, knew.

But back to me, the voices ran outrageously in my mind, ready to put together another scheme as I ran into Pensacola’s downtown. “Kill Geurnf. You are so edgy bro? Among Us. Sussy. TEAR APART GEURNF FOR HER SINS AGAINST US! LOL! I am a femboy for symbolism. DESTROY CHILDREN! I have infinite personalities- and I can BE WHATEVER PERSONALITY WHENEVER I PLEASE! Bro IS EXTRA EDGY! Welcome to the underground. FIND ANOTHER CHILD! TURN THEM INTO A WINDMILL! Williamnism is based. KILL AND MUTATE GEURNF AS WELL! MISS HEDHEOP IS TRASH ON OUR OFFICE FLOOR! The universe is vast and expansive.” The voices told.

I rushed past roads and forestry, disturbing cars’ controllers to look around for the flash of black and green as under the moon I was invisible in darkness almost. I heard around many confused voices within cars as many people cheered or took drugs downtown, whilst others yelled or worried about their problems of economy and stealers.

Then I heard a child’s clothes being watered on in a shower, and I stopped near a torn down house of white near many like it on a street near a forest, and then I creeped around the windows, using echolocation to hear a child smiling down at the faucet as he still had his clothes on, and his mother was down on the kitchen table, beer and wines around in shots, meaning she was drunk. I then flicked my ears, and the cries of babies elsewhere stopped as I completed five mitosiss and those copies went south, north, east, southeast, and northeast away towards the cries as I then went around and slid into the wall, entering in a bedroom of danted pink walls and red covered beds.

I then walked with my boots into the hall from the wooden door and out to the kitchen, looking over the drunk women with her face on the table. Nothing of technology was on, it was purely silent except for the air conditioning and ventilation and showering within the other room. As arms from under my dress started to clench their fists up, I walked away with my pounding boots to the bathroom, opening the door normally yet slowly, and going inside to look forth to the shadow within, a kid with brown luscious hair and brown eyes with white skin and a grey t-shirt with red pajama pants and pink slippers tilt his head up and look to my shadow on the other side of the white curtain with white lighting above, and a white plated floor below.

“Uh- hello mom?” The kid asked happily as he looked forth.

“No. I am Eighty-Three, here to help you. But I have a severe question, why are you taking a shower with your clothes on?” I asked the kid as he stared past the curtain.

“Why is it severe?” - The kids then asked about the question.

“I have seen a lot of things, but for odd reasons, autistic things still surprise me and dis-eager me in my current actions.” - Me to the kid as I stood there.

“Oh... wait- who are you?” - The kid asked, then opening the curtain to see me just standing there, and he started to point with a jitter. “Are you my... dad?”

“No, but I can help you with whatever may be going on.” I spoke.

“Woah... your mask moves...” - The kid stated, pointing forth as he stepped out.

“Yes, but my appearance does not matter as much as your mentality does.” - Me.

“My... mentality is fine... what are you trying to help me with?” - The kid.

“The reason you are in the shower with your clothes on.” - Me again.

“Oh- yeah- I like wearing clothes in the shower, it safer and makes me feel comfy.” - The kid as he looked down, seeing his shoes of leather boots still on.

“Alrighty, but you do know wearing clothes disjunctions the amount of bacteria that is cleaned off your skin, right?” - Me as I raised my left eyebrow at the kid.

“Uh... okay... I didn’t know that... but what about you? Doesn’t that mask ‘disjuncwin’ the amount your voice is made to me?” - The kid pointed.

“No, I have volumetrics to help is increase my volume and make it ambient if needed.” I told as he watched my mask move, and the shower kept on going.

“Yeah- but... what’s with the cat-teeth and polka dots?” The kid asked.

“I like the design, and the colors plus shapes help with inferring different personality traits I have at times.” - I told the kid.

“Uh... sure? Whatever- mind that- but why sharp teeth? It looks like you’re going to bite somebody or something...” - The kid with worry.

“(Funnily,) If I may, could I please just take you to an analyzation table where we can talk more and I can consent-ly look into your mind for defects? I feel as if since you are so vibrant to talk to me, then there must be something different, and I sincerely can fix you or mindfully help you, as I am supernatural as you possibly could already tell.” - Me.

“Supernatural? You look like... one of those kids that dresses up on Tok-Tik.” The kid pointed with his eyes going derp for a moment.

“I know, but if you have a disease, I can cure it if you would like.” - Me.

“Sure... but, your mask. Why make it glow? You don’t sound happy or... cat-like.” - The kid ended and I sighed as I looked to him.

“I am constantly smiling, henceforth why whence I speak it open up. My mouth is not in the form of a cat though, but my ears and tail do hint towards it.” - Me.

“Well... I don’t know... what kind of person are you-” - Him as the shower went on.

“A doctor.” I stated, the arms from under my dress making a chair out of darkness, and he watched as I sat down, and he looked with raggedy eyes.

“Yeah- and doctors are silent, not outgoing. Why not instead of glowing, you have a black mask- because you look dark and scary with those arms under your dress.” - The kid recommending, and the voices started nodding.

“Nobody should be stereotyped, but I will take your recommendation as truly I am silent around most of my friends, a friend has de-existed and I feel remorse for someone I no longer know, and it would look more natural and less edgy, which I guess is a plus in my likeness.” I stated, darkness raveling over my mask and making it normal and cloth black, as he looked forth with his googly-like wet eyes.

“Yeah, but also your mask-” He stated and then I intruded.

“Thank you, sir, for your recommendation I had already in the back of my mind, but please- I am here to question you because I have copies running around doing other works- is there something wrong with you, whether you know it or not, that I can help with? Please? Anything?” - I asked the kid with my black mask barely moving.

“No- except the fact your mask is kinda’ dark now, I think a lighter color like white would blend with your boots, and maybe reverse the color of your shades-” - The kid.

“Alrighty kid, may I know your name?” I asked, putting my right index finger with my glove onto his lips, and he stayed silent, but his eyebrows dawned on me.

“Don’t mute me.” - The kid against me, pulling down my glove with his right hand.

“Alrighty, but could you please introduce yourself. I like meeting with people, and you are a difference I have not had a lot.” - Me to the kid.

“My name is... no... just tell me why you wear the mask.” - The kid.

“Alrighty, Mister Kid, which I shall name you- come with me, I have some interesting things you should preview.” I told, an arm from under my dress grabbing him by his right arm and leaving in a rush as his mother then woke up from the sudden smash through her door and she started forth, looking towards the destruction as she got up from her table.

Back at home, Ryutyu talked with Geurnf, Wilma, and Daniel.

“Aye Geurnf, ya’ ain’t the one to blame, somebod’ sacrificed and although thy don’t remember, thy remember that thy did not hold a giant down-hilling adventure or conversation... or whatever- it must’ve been somebody meaningful yet random maybe, or someone we thought was doing somethin’ else.” - Ryutyu as he looked towards Geurnf and Wilma on the other couch.

“I guess... but honestly... I would’ve put my postcard back if I knew somebody was sacrificing themselves to that train...” - Geurnf sadly.

“Really?” Wilma asked nicely, wondering if what she said was true.

“Yes- can’t you read my mind... sheesh- but... really- I was just... I thought everybody was just waiting- like... dang, the damn real life is different from thoughts...” - Geurnf.

“Well... whoever lad thy was is now in the past... and as thy kung fu movies usually say- the present is thy most important, so... what now?” Ryutyu after a moment of silence.

“Uh... I guess I should start building more and helping out with the planning...” - Geunrf as she nodded towards Wilma, and then Wilma started to speak with a wavering worry, her tails going down a bit as well as her ears.

“Could you... stay around me more often?” Wilma asked Geurnf.

“Why?” - Geurnf raised her left eyebrow to one-worded-ly ask.

“I can assist with creations and such... We need a good backup plan starting from us.” - Wilma after a long sad sigh, and Ryutyu looked up.

“Aye? What be going on, Wilma?” - Ryutyu asked lowly to Wilma, and Geurnf dwelled onto Wilma’s sad eyes as she looked over to Ryutyu.

“Hm?” Wilma sounded quite largely in the quieting moment.

“Ya’ sound sad and depressed- and why need a backup plan instead of contacting Eighty-Three or Cyclop now?” - Ryutyu furthered towards them.

Wilma looked at Ryutyu, eye-to-eye, before formulating a response. “I just think that there needs to be multiple plans in backup. The Computer... is an ongoing problem that Eighty-Three overlooks as simple. The Computer just needs... a diverse diversion.”

“Uh- sure, Wilma- but- why ya’ sad?” - Ryutyu to Wilma.

“I just feel for people who were hurt. I feel for people like Ejnare does to people around the world whence he listens to his music.” - Wilma to Ryutyu, before getting up with a heartbeat trotting and going away as Geurnf and Ryutyu watched.

“Uh- Wilma- your heartbeat is really loud too...” - Geurnf told over.

“Yes... I make it go up so I feel happier during random sad times...” - Wilma formulated quickly, then trying to smile away. But inside her mind, she heard towards not only Ejnare on his bed thinking about African kids starving because of greed, but also down below to me and The DRC Man.

“Hey Eighty-Three, whatcha’ got there?” - The DRC Man within his pose as I entered the surgery room, and he already had Molly on the bed there, with headphones on, listening to sad music as behind me many arms held silently-dead babies away from their views, and my tail waved back and forth as Gustavo came forth as well, to my right.

“Intriguing and new personnel to test- but firstly, I must discuss this personally, Molly, so be free from the treatment of adrenaline.” - I told, another arm going to wrap around the awing mutation, and then thrust her into the wall and away with her music and adrenaline syringes in her head.

I then came forth, and The DRC Man looked back to see the babies, instantly going from a smirky smile to a neutral and confused face as he saw the door close with darkness strings, and Gustavo come forth with his same smile.

“Hey Eighty-Three, what’s with the babies?” - The DRC Man.

“The new personnel?” I told back with my fully dark mask.

“Uh... testing on babies?” The DRC Man asked, his face going worried.

“I sense you dislike this, D-R-C.” - Me as he looked at my mask.

“Uh- yeah... I do- I mean, I do mutate kids- but... babies? I mean, it’s a bit hypocritical- but... I don’t... I don’t want any harm to them...” The DRC Man hoped.

“There shall be no harm to most. I am here to mainly simply cheat their diseases and easily mutate them.” - I told the DRC Man as he looked towards the table with some blood spots, and I put the babies down, their bodies sleeping.

“Uh... ‘most?’” - The DRC Man then scarily asked. “What’s the other half of this?”

“I would like to see the limits of torturing babies. Gustavo inspired me since I just saved a boy from downtown Pensacola and also grabbed a bunch of poor babies.” - Me.

“Eighty-Three... this is too far. I mean, mutating kids was enough, but... babies? I’m... I’m getting... I’m gonna’ throw up...” - The DRC Man, then going to the trashcan by the corner and leaning over, then gulping before bringing himself up to look behind and see my mask gone, and rather now half a baby inside my mouth, her legs coming out and bleeding death.

The DRC Man’s heart beat crept up, and my ears twitched as my smiling mouth and insane eyes looked at him as Gustavo hopped up onto the table and started devouring one baby. Our tails were happy and excited, and The DRC Man was frozen with fear.

“Eighty-Three... Gustavo... please... babies are not how you do it! Stop this madness! Put them back... please... I can’t... I really don’t want to hear or see babies being tortured, this is too much...” - The DRC Man tried with little anger, as I then started to chomp down on the baby, and let the rest of the limbs fall to the ground, making The DRC Man’s heart beat go up and his bloodstream fuel in intensity.

“We will not, but you can exit the room.” I told the DRC Man.

“No- can I... can I just leave? Go back to Africa and have nothing to do with this if you’re not going to stop?” - The DRC man to me and Gustavo.

“No, D-R-C. We need you here. I understand babies are different from children or adults, but me and Gustavo have our fun for only such limited times.” - Me.

“Actually, babies taste... like candy...” - Gustavo told us.

“You guys... you and Gustavo... are just insane... insane monsters. Look- I had fun with mutating children because... because it was fine in my mind. I may be insane, but you’re... worse! How is anybody going to react to this though?! Mutated babies?! You guys are now... beyond what ‘fun evil’ was... like, babies... this is horrible... horrid...” - The DRC Man as he went back to the trashcan, and then threw up in the can.

“Please, D-R-C- just normalize babies- it'll be fine.” - Gustavo happily.

“We will not show this to any Williamnist or mutation. This is purely for me and Gustavo and you, D-R-C- just like Hadiza is to us. If you really dislike, then you do not have to pay attention... but if you tell anybody as to arise suspicion of non-science immorality, I will give you the same torture as Hadiza has- because this is just another secret we have.” - I told The DRC Man, going over to him and pulling his drooling-green mouth out.

“Get away from me... kid...” - The DRC Man, as he wiped his mouth, and started to walk away, exiting the door and looking around to both walls of darkness, before the door closed shut behind him, and the walls splatted down into water, and the DRC Man went away towards the lunchroom, as me and Gustavo started messing around.

Above, Ejnare was lying on top of his home, in an orange beach chair as he had no clothes on except for headphones, not exactly clothes, but close enough, I guess. He listened to an electronic song as he closed his eyes, his eyebrows closing in on each other as the sun was above, and his tail wrapped around his waist. His ears were down, and the thoughts inside her vivid as he took deep breaths.

“What has God exactly seen? Possibly children all the way around the world, being kidnapped and taken away from their family just because some other guy wants a slave worker? Because the Chinese want more sweat shop workers maybe? Do the Chinese human traffic? Could Wilma maybe destroy these countries with that justification? Does God justify mass-murder again? I swear, I went over this before... is Eighty-Three sane? Why does he now have a fully black mask? Wait- hold on- where did that come from?” Ejnare slowly asked before opening his eyes and looking around, before feeling in his chair his elevation by nine tails, and he got up, looking behind to see no more of his own tail.

“Hey Ejnare.” - Wilma as she exited Ejnare’s body behind like a bubble forming into her normal yet tired self as Ejnare dawned his eyes lowly without care.

“Hey Wilma... whatcha’ need?” - Ejnare, becoming happy with the last two words.

“I just was checking in on you.” Wilma as she looked east to see her palace.

“You mean getting away from cocaine?” - Ejnare looked back with worry.

“That too... every time I leave a group I have that sudden infiltration of sin. Do you have any new tips?” - Ejnare to Wilma- I mean Wilma to Ejnare.

“No... but I do have ideas to help you...” - Ejnare as he thought about music.

“I think I need much more than music.” - Wilma to Ejnare.

“You think? Nah, you need. Chinua listened, and she felt happy after two songs. You need to practice dancing naturally, or try just laying down and, as Angelica so-calls, ‘meditate’ on your problems and how to fix them in every way. Maybe upload to a channel or something... I don’t know...” - Ejnare as he saw Wilma sigh sadly.

“I could... upload.” - Wilma nodded towards at the end of Ejnare’s paragraph.

“Yeah- hey- find out where T-C-T is- he streams and probably-” - Ejnare told as then Deandra mid-sentence came through a portalis with Miss Opium and were awkwardly met with Ejnare and Wilma turning quickly.

“Oh- uh- sorry for intruding...” - Deandra with eager jazz-hands up and safely as Alan had a portal gun behind, and Miss Opium was walking in on her two cartoonish legs.

“It is fine.” - Wilma sighed to them as Alan starting hopping up.

“Yeah- yeah- we need to talk. We need to form an alliance. Heru and The Computer are completely working together. They already hired four new members to come after you guys, and I just snuck in Heru’s room to find that...” - Alan.

“Mm...” - Wilma and Deandra nodded at the same time.

“Yes, we need to know how to take these guys down... and...” Miss Opium was stating before looking towards Ejnare, and then right as she started to speak towards him, Cyclop came in with another portal, and held a gun along with Oliver entering.

“Hello- oh... hello?” Cyclop introduced as he instantly saw forth to the others.

“Uh- hey.” Miss Opium waved with her left hand, trying to be secure and confident.

“Hello Cyclop.” - Wilma and Ejnare together, Wilma copying Ejnare as she looked.

“Why you copying me?” - Ejnare funnily whispered back to Wilma.

“Hey Cyclop- we're discussing making an alliance against the obvious.” - Alan.

“Oh... Alrighty, Alan. Are we all good then? Or are you guys just discussing it?” - Cyclop as Oliver looked forth, and Wilma created another chair to sit in.

“Uh- we were discussing it- but, Miss Opium, what was the list of people we were fighting?” Ejnare then asked as he grabbed his beach chair and threw it over onto the road, as Wilma then made his casual jacket and jeans form around him.

“Heru, The Computer, and... anybody who follows them.” Miss Opium formulated.

“And who are the other people?” - Oliver asked and Cyclop nodded.

“Uh... not Eraoa, she’s working with us- but the Orb... and uh... I really don’t know who else is big to help them.” - Alan stated to all.

“Hm- alrighty.” Cyclop shrugged as he looked towards Wilma who was worried.

Then everybody stayed quiet for a second before Ejnare spoke after a sigh.

“How about we talk elsewhere rather than on top of my home?” - Ejnare sighed.

“Uh, sure...” - Deandra shrugged, “Rather where now?”

“Inside my mansion would be a good place to start collaborative planning.” - Wilma pointed as Cyclop looked over, and Miss Opium hopped off, using her arms to grab Alan and go off, and Wilma created a pathway of half-transparent green glass, and Cyclop plus Oliver started to walk with Ejnare as Deandra looked to Wilma, and she looked back with worry as Deandra sighed. “Thanks.”

“For? Oh- yeah... we don’t want to... ruin anything... Eraoa told us everything...” - Deandra in a whisper back to Wilma as she crept up.

“I know. I must thank you all for keeping it secret. Eighty-Three would try to kill us or go completely mad if he found out we told Cyclop.” - Wilma.

“Yeah, but- we can collectively take him on. He isn’t that powerful- nor is Heru, the Orb, or really the Computer if they all join against all of us...” - Deandra.

“I agree. I would still like to save him though. Everybody will know what has been going on. I want to make sure that he makes the right choices whence that happens. He is my creator.” - Wilma told to Deandra.

“Yes... but Eraoa doesn’t know that, and is going to explode on you guys in a few seconds here- not stomatic-ally, but... close.” - Deandra.

“Please tell her. I just formulated that I need to help him by playing by his rules. It sounds hypocritical but it is the only way we can achieve the greatest happy ending.” - Wilma as she looked towards the others entering her mansion.

“Well... I guess we’ll let the show go on... But... anyways... let’s go discuss. What was Cyclop’s gun anyways?” - Deandra, smiling towards Wilma.

***Eraoa’s conundrum against me.***

“Oh shit- niggers?!” - Oyur yelled as the Steel Terrorist started to take him away, and TCT plus Daniel turned from the kitchen table to the right to see the open portalis.

“Aw hell naw.” - TCT as he then hit the griddy into the Steel Terrorists, bashing them back into the calm Pacific Ocean, with waters to the horizon, but the Steel Terrorists made ice upon where they fell, and it was solid as they got up.

Daniel then ran at the one restraining Oyur like a child, and bashed into them, bouncing them onto the ice below, as TCT then fell down like a ragdoll before bringing himself up into an A-pose. The Steel Terrorists also had normally dark glasses.

“You!” - TCT stated with multiple voices in a cool, rap-like way as he pointed with his right hand to a single Steel Terrorist getting up behind the action of Daniel and Oyur getting up and blasting the Steel Terrorists back with Oyur’s roots.

The Steel Terrorist pulled out a five-foot long AK-47 with his right hand from his left pocket, and started shooting normal bullets at TCT before he started levitating upwards, and then held his hands up and created three portalises, one big for where Geurnf was lifting two thirty-pound dumbbells, falling with her stance, as the other two were smaller and inside dropping Geurnf’s toolboxes.

“Go- furry!” - TCT as he pointed at the Steel Terrorist, the terrorist looking towards Geurnf falling to the ice, face-planting, and getting up with a displeasure.

“Hey- WOAA- oh- wha'… damn- what the hell!? TCT?” - Geurnf as she saw Oyur and Daniel going back up the portalis with the elevation of treeman-syndrome roots, as a Steel Terrorist elongated his arm to hold Oyur’s left hand and bring them down like they were with a rocket backpack. Then she looked up to TCT.

“Fight this goofy-ah terrorist.” - TCT pointed as Geurnf looked and saw the Terrorist aiming, but not shooting, and other Terrorists started after Oyur, climbing up the elongated arm like monkeys as they were also knocked down from Oyur’s growth.

“Uh- he’s not fighting me- so I think maybe we can just politely conference...” - Geurnf as she stared towards the terrorist. “Hey Steel-man, you good?”

The toolboxes already started to get up the sentries, and instantly they bounced into fullness of shooting at the single Steel Terrorist, and bullets just bounced off him as he stood there, his pose defined and TCT lifting an eyebrow.

The Steel Terrorist, after the wind stopped from all the bullets being shot out, Geurnf awkwardly standing there with embarrassment as TCT was confused, then blasted a single bullet out of his AK-47, and it almost instantly enlarged into the size of an iceberg by Antarctica. It blasted into all characters behind and was cut by the portalis as ice under allowed it to swerve south. Also, Wilma and the other were having their conference at this time, so just wonder about what they were all talking about with Cyclop and Oliver.

From the Steel Terrorist still standing and watching as the bullet, almost at the speed of sound, blasted everything away, I came forth with Kioshi to see towards the standing Steel Terrorist, not even looking up to us as we approached. Then Gustavo came forth, and he instantly flung without a movement of his bones away into the giant bullet. I then hopped down, my boots instinctively pulling out their sharp spikes, and allowed Gustavo to fall onto my yellow hair and black mask as Kioshi used his arms to also come down behind, and then stared behind to the ice.

I made darkness arms from under my dress create skating shoes around Gustavo’s paws and Kioshi’s shoes, and then skated with my boots onto the ice as they fell down and slid towards me, as I also acted like a ballerina and hopped around.

“q” - nobody said this. why is this even here

My ears heard the fight miles away though. On the tops of Russia, once again, near the brown pebbles under the thick ice sheets and snow all around, Oyur shivered without Daniel but with Geurnf as he made a shield against the Steel Terrorist’s giant hands, smashing through them as one went after, and the rest dealt along with TCT. The memer was slashing them back, making them fling into the air, and clash swords with other as he held a long white and shimmering-white one under the yellow sun and blue sky above. Around him could be heard a song, sincerely stating “I AM THE STORM THAT IS APPROACHING,” as rock music played harsh behind it. After one slash to a Steel Terrorist sending him and his R-P-G into another, and then a slash in slow motion to the thirteen bullets one with two AK-47's thrusted forth, he then shifted around into one with a sword vastly coming forth with two swords, clashing into his, and he clashed his one whilst looking forth beyond their blazing sparks of yellow that frizzled down their clashing.

“Oh, you playing nice- but I ain’t.” - TCT stated after a moment of silence, then moving back on the ice, and then forth with the speed of light, slashing past the Steel Terrorist and around in so many places it was uncountable, and then within the slowness of time, light showed his paths, and he knelt before rising, and closing his sword into a protection like a Samurai, and as this was done, his music was completed and the Steel Terrorist was bashed into the ice, breaking it as TCT watched the water spurt up, and his hair get the wetness off as water fell off the strings instead of staying in them, and he let the blazing sparks from the time-slowing fizz past him as he looked on, epically- I bet you zero dollars this is a complete reference.

The sentries though shot at the other Steel Terrorist as Daniel went forth without temperature, getting hit by the bullets as Geurnf jittered her teeth, looking at the screen under the sentry, and praying for TCT to come forth.

“Please, God- send even Qauake to come rescue us- I don’t wanna’ end up like Erua...” - Geurnf laughed a little as she prayed under the gunshots, her ears down.

Oyur kept twinkling his fingers forth in the daylight, making them bash back the Steel Terrorists in their shades, but not even crack it, causing them to drop their gunfire as Oyur leeched himself up and down with his left hand, as they also grabbed the roots and broke them like twigs.

Oyur soon saw his Treeman roots slow down and felt his belly murmur as it went skinny. He then made himself hop away as the Steel Terrorists created shields against the bullets, their arms widening and making the bullets pounce off as Geurnf looked under towards the ammo to see it draining down to the last bullet.

As Oyur slid next to Geurnf with an angry sigh, they saw forth to Daniel, punching a Steel Terrorist as his clothes were ripped, and trying to grab the pistol, but awkwardly getting punched back and trying forth harder. Daniel, in his midst of using his right knee to smash the metallic down, saw back to me skating with Kioshi and Gustavo sliding still and enjoying it as they also came forth.

Kioshi pulled up his sniper and shot forth towards the indestructible men, but instead of normal bullets, they enlarged, and bashed the men back on the ice onto the land, making the snow crumble as the men tried to lift themselves up, but Kioshi was fast. Then Gustavo put his left paw up, and fangs moved out of his fur and shot at the Steel Terrorists like minigun bullets, fast and hideously bouncing off, annoying the Steel Terrorists if they had feelings at all as it blocked their site like acid rain to a kid with glasses, and yes I just said that. Anyways, I, Eighty-Three, used arms from under my dress to grab a Steel Terrorist running towards Oyur, and smack him into the others. Then I got by Daniel, and he looked at me.

“Hey Eighty-Three... woo... many bullets... what do we do?” - Daniel asked.

“Well, I hear by action they want Oyur or Geurnf, henceforth we protect.” - I told, and Daniel nodded as a Steel Terrorist then ran up with the speed of sound and bunched him in his face back to TCT, where he got up without assistance and rather confusion.

“Oh- DAMN DANIEL.” - TCT as he looked down with his sword.

“Oh- yeah... uh...” - Daniel as he got up to see TCT, his ears up and his tail activated rapidly, “TCT- Can you please do something about this?”

“I certify that I cannot.” - TCT swayed with his two circles rolling about an inch radius, as his hair was in the wind, and then multiple Steel Terrorists shot at them.

I used my arms to battle elongating arms of others as Gustavo came around to rescue Oyur and Geurnf, and Kioshi also went over to see Geurnf close the sentries but have no time to collect the toolboxes, so he did with his extra arms.

“Fifteen bitches, fifteen bullet wounds.” - Oyur, as Geurnf looked towards his leg and saw bleeding, in which her heartbeat went up from.

“Woah- how are you... not crying?” - Geurnf to Oyur.

“Cause I can’t when being saved by some damn shits like you furries... but honestly I think there’s so much pain some sciency-shit going on in my brain and I’m about to collapse or somethin’...” - Oyur stated as Kioshi shot away.

I wrestled with eight of the fifteen Steel Terrorists, five feet away, as Daniel came in and barged a few down, before grabbing two pistols and shooting the others, in which they had no response, so he went back to punching and disturbing many. I then hopped up and made my boots shoot out of my legs, taking my ankles too and smashing the spikes down onto Steel Terrorists as they regrew quickly and I used darkness from the ocean to swerve around the unbreakable glass, causing darkness to be under constantly as strings went around and lifted me up from under my dress.

But as the Steel Terrorists got plastered back, grabbed my boots and threw them back, or clapped their guns together and caused a shockwave of purple to illuminate and create a ring of water around the boots that then started spinning and following me as I darted around in the sky- Daniel looked towards the Steel Terrorists as the one he fought got shoved into the unbreakable ice and then slid away, and beyond a compact group was Eraoa- staring forth with a dull face towards Daniel as he wide-eyed, seeing her clench a rainbow axe in her right hand, shaking it, as the Steel Terrorists were also confused by her idle presence all of a sudden and started to turn before she actioned.

Eraoa then rushed forth towards Daniel, swinging her axe up and sideways from behind on her right to cut his neck, four-fifths off, and let him fall back as he leaked out blood, unable to reform. Now that the rainbow-flowing axe had blood on it, Eraoa let herself slide to the corpse as she then saw forth to me looking over, along with Geurnf and Oyur scared under me. The Steel Terrorists still shot at the drowsy and dying Oyur as Geurnf was wide-eyed to see Eraoa then rush over to them.

I made arms from under my dress exalt into the ice and make a wall with cannons randomly around blasting darkness, but she cut through without hesitation and twirled to land a clean scathe into Geurnf’s upper chest, almost cutting her in somewhat of a half. As Geurnf flailed back, Eraoa then rushed over and used her corpse as a shield as the Steel Terrorists started to shoot with their guns going rainbow. Oyur had no time to react as the quickness came, and he was dead in just a few milliseconds.

Eraoa then threw Geurnf body forth as he or she jumped up and tried swinging at me, but I made my arms grab her arms to stop the axe from cutting down, and then I thrusted ourselves to the ice, and as TCT then rolled a giant bowling ball of brown into the Steel Terrorists with a very loud ‘NICE’ sound effect playing, Eraoa thrusted the axe up, and I paced back, before she twirled and I scooted to the left, then putting my right foot out and tripping her as I made my hands into axes and then went to cut her back as the red glitch blocked hands from under my dress, but Eraoa used the fall to slide away and then flip herself back up before stretching out her arm with a red glitch and then swinging it at me, and finally a hand from under my dress brought up the glitch knife me and Ryutyu made, and blocked it, allowing me to slide with her force as the axe almost cut my legs.

I was shifted around as Eraoa then pulled back with surprise to see her axe fading away with purple glitches, and I smiled behind my fully black mask as my tail was waving happily, and my ears were up. But as the Steel Terrorists got up and started to stomp back, TCT suddenly fading into existence behind Eraoa.

“What’s good, fellow white nigga?” - TCT as then Eraoa used speed to slash her axe with both hands at his head, but the axe broke off like wood, depleting away, and glitching away as it fell behind TCT as he just stared down at Eraoa, and I watched. “DAMN DANIEL- AR AR AR AR AR AR.”

Eraoa flipped back and slid away as the Steel Terrorists started shooting a mass of bullets, and as TCT whipped into weird shapes dodging them all, I started forming shields and air to move the bullets away from me. Eraoa soon started to come back, and to my hearing, I made little darkness flow to the air to create wind and forced the slow-motion bullets to whip after her. Eraoa slid under them before jumping up and slashing down onto me the remaining pointy stick. I then elongated my arm with the knife, and she maneuvered the wind to sway around me and redirect her fall to a horizontal from behind and I side flipped to the right, but she grabbed my leg and slammed me into the ice with red glitches all over, as I stabbed the knife into the ice, and then used darkness from under the ice to exploit a reverse-waterfall up as it started to diminish away.

The Steel Terrorists took away Oyur’s body through a portal as they stopped shooting, and allowed Eraoa to ice-skate away, not caring as she passed Kioshi and Gustavo’s dead bodies along the path back away from Russia’s top.

I looked to TCT as he stared at Geurnf’s dead body, then Daniel’s.

“Damn Daniel.” - I said for TCT funnily.

“Hey- that’s not the line!” - TCT laughed back.

***Stop? Then motion. Now survive.***

Wilma looked down at the table within her office under Burkin Faso. She heard people around, putting up buildings and organizing bees throughout the walls. As they plastered honey into cups and complimented each other's work, she was dazed upon what was below her, once again trying not to explode into sadness.

Cocaine was below her, and it was her threat. She had her hands on her hair, almost pulling it as she stared below, unblinking, and all around blurred as she saw the cocaine was grainy, each particle like a pixel with its own high resolution, standing bright and white in front of her, in a pile, whispering without words into her ear as echoes of voices were around the walls, but silence was within the room.

“How do I stop completely? I really hate this... I just came out of talking about this with Deandra and Ejnare... A part of me wants it too much... It will help with the moment. It will not help with the afterwards realization... I do not want it? Why does my subconscious want it? How do I stop completely?! I could hurt myself! I am not sadistic... I am not Eighty-Three.... Heh... I am not hurting myself. Maybe it could stop it though. I have not had anything but loss of time to justify stopping cocaine... This is a cheat and I dislike it... Maybe I should cheat against it? Is hurting myself a cheat against it? What am I doing? I am going too far. I could ask for help. I already know what everyone is going to say though. Why must addiction be a thing for particle beings? I... must stop.” - Wilma.

And as her mind raced with thoughts, slowly and dependently, she soon put her hands on the table and got up from her chair, looking at the wall, before sitting back down with a severe frown and almost tears in her eyes. As Wilma saw the cocaine sparkle in her wet eyes, Wilma decided to create a rainbow knife in her left hand.

“I will force myself to stop. I will not die. I will force myself to stop completely. This will be the night I stop this sin. I will make a mark to remember.” - Wilma. ”I should not make a mark of blood. I must make a mark of mind. I will not cut myself. I know I should...”

Wilma then stabbed herself harshly and quickly, without mind, and she started to cry as she gritted her teeth and pulled her chin up to the ceiling, holding it in without relief, and a sadistic measure of being against herself, letting it bleed out as she kept the knife in, and wept inside her mouth, the table feeling the shutter of her spirit as her heartbeat was spinning from max to attack, and her tails fleed away.

Wilma, after six seconds, pulled the knife slowly from her hand. It stung her meat, and her blood fleshed out as she held in her outlawing cry, watching the crimson red river away as black started to splurge upwards. As she relieved the knife from her hand, she saw it loose under the rainbow-glow. The cocaine sat there, staring at her, as she only stared at her bloody hand for another six seconds, breathing harshly- before she threw the knife against the wall, letting it flop over, and grabbed herself up, putting both hands inside her sleeves and allowing her blue to get dirty. She then whipped right from the seat and exited the door, using her other hand to open it, and quickly walking out.

Wilma breathed heavily, her mouth open, as her eyes dashed around under the light, it now brighter as her eyes were still wet, and her worried eyebrows only jittered as she tried keeping herself together.

“I hate myself. Why must I act quickly!? This hurts! This fucking hurts. It fucking hurts. Please... God... let this be the end of my addiction.” Wilma told herself in her mind as she walked around the halls, hearing Williamnists further down paint the walls and construct homes within them.

Wilma walked slower as she came forth, seeing the men and women decorate the halls down away from the rescue team bringing in a few people through a portalis and showing them around. One of them then came up to Wilma, happy to see her as he introduced the other people.

“And hey- look, it’s Wilma, the second angel of God- nice to see you, Wilma- how's it been, Wilma?” A Nigerian Nigga with tough abs but a black tuxedo with black pants, trimmed hair, shades, lips, and shoes asked. He was also a foot less taller than Wilma.

“Good.” Wilma nodded with a funny gulp, smirking at his use of her name, as the others looked towards her, awing at her tails, as the men looked towards the painters.

“So, Wilma, you up to introducing the new guys personally, Wilma, or shall I continue, Wilma?” The man asked, as Wilma felt the blood weighing on her sleeves.

“You should continue. I must go see Eighty-Three for a conversation.” - Wilma, nodding to the man and then heading past them as she smiled with worry to the new people, and the man then extrovertedly got back to his mission with the taller buff men.

Wilma breathed in and out slowly as her face went red, painters looking and waving, yet unnoticing of the bloody blue in her sleeves. She then looked down to see most of it wet, and she then had a brilliant thought as she heard inside one woman’s mind, “Why are her sleeves wet?”

Wilma decided to cross a corner, and walk faster towards an empty hall, where she went around another, and then drenched herself in water, it simply forming above and encompassing her blue sleeves to look all drenched in liquid, before she then made a portalis away to Ryutyu’s basement. There, she saw Daniel, Ryutyu, and Geurnf working out by lifting weights and talking to each other about foods.

“...Is quite thy specialty, and- oh, aye Wilma! Ya’... ya’ bleeding?” - Ryutyu sniffed out as he looked over, and Geurnf nodded before Daniel’s ears went up.

Wilma was embarrassed but sighed and nodded. “I cut myself.”

“What?” Daniel and Ryutyu instantly asked with sad worry growing.

“Wait- what?” - Geurnf lowly as she saw Wilma wet.

“My cocaine addiction... is too great... I... I... I thought... I think it will help...” - Wilma as she revealed her hand, and Ryutyu dropped his weights instantly, coming over as Daniel was surprised by him simply just dropping them as he put them down nicely.

“Wilma... ya’... hurting yourself ain’t gonna’ help...” - Ryutyu.

“It should though... I am making a mark...” - Wilma as she started to wet her eyes. “And I will remember this.” She said with a wavy mark as Ryutyu looked at her hand, the blood still seeping down her wrists and onto the carpeted floor.

“But... Wilma... ya’ could’ve just come talked to us...” - Ryutyu.

“Yeah- I don’t think hurting yourself helps- Cyclop talked to us about you and stated that hurting yourself only leads to worse thoughts about yourself, and... that’s bad...” - Daniel as he came up to see the cut.

“That be deep too, Wilma. Ya’ should go see Cyclop or Eighty-Three.” - Ryutyu.

“I would like to see Eighty-Three for this. He can help.” - Wilma nodded.

“Aye- I dunno’ where Eighty-Three be though...” Ryutyu thought in his head.

“I know he recently rushed back here.” - Wilma nodded to Ryutyu as he formulated a response, and then she started walking up.

“Hm- wait- rushed from where?” - Geurnf asked, confused on the mind-reading at first, but now intrigued with her tail and Daniel’s too.

“From around the world. He has anger issues with corruption. He goes and solves the problems repeatedly.” - Wilma sighed over, her mind sweating as she then left.

“Well, just come talk to us if you feel bad!” - Daniel waved over.

“Yeah- and try not to think of it- cause' fun fact, I had an addiction to beer once, and that almost ruined my liver- but I learned to stop thinking about it, and that helped.” - Geurnf told as Wilma looked back and nodded.

“I cannot stop thinking about it though.” Wilma turned around and stayed for.

“Well, you just gotta’... well... stop thinking about it. Focus on other things, and practice. It starts with ya’, Wilma. We can help, but I understand a little that sometimes an addiction gets so big, that thinking about it is inevitable and friends seem like a hobby to attend, or something- but my friends helped me out when I had a drinking addiction back in my twenties... dang, I hope you guys get to that too.” - Geurnf sighed sadly and explained, her last part the same as Daniel attended with his ears.

“I will try that.” Wilma nodded, and then left away in the semi-silence of people, yet rock music in the back coming from Ryutyu’s laptop. As the three watched her go, Daniel then turned to Geurnf funnily with a smile.

“Wanna’ get drunk guys?” - Daniel joked and Geurnf rolled her eyes.

“Aye lad- and ya’ should come with us, Geurnf.” - Ryutyu laughed back.

Elsewhere, The DRC Man came up an elevator. He stood in his pose, yet was sad, his eyes worried and his frown existent. He waited in the middle of the cylinder-like elevator, the glass visualizing bones in dense black rock as he came up with white light, till he reached the top, where the bars went up on all sides to form round walls except for the doors, in which they automatically opened and he walked forth, seeing many lilies upon green hills with above yellow lighting as kids ran with waterguns by the horizons, almost black dots to the DRC Man, as he also walked forwards and looked around, seeing horizons of hills with some other elevators here and there, but also trees and traintracks between these trees.

The DRC Man came forth just sixteen steps, and then sat down, in a patch without a single lily, and looked out as he let his legs out and his hands went down onto the grass as he looked up towards the lights.

The DRC Man sighed and let his face release their muscles, his frown going to dead neutrality as he sat there, staring forth with stillness, till after sixteen seconds of breathing in and out lowly, Gustavo came up behind him, and The DRC Man looked behind to see the giant purple cat lurking forth, and worried his face again, bringing his hands from flatly being on the grass to up by his knees.

“Hey Gustavo... have you changed your mind about Eighty-Three possibly?” - The DRC Man as Gustavo came to sit left of him.

“No, but I did smell your skin particles and stalk to come and ask if you changed your mind yet about babies.” - Gustavo told to The DRC Man.

“Gustavo... (He shrugs,) eating... torturing... and mutating babies... is just so... just something else. Like, I know I mutate kids and technically that’s torture if they don’t like it and miss their families... but... babies. They... they... they’re different. They’re too much. It’s... It’s that babies don’t have... free-will. They’re not able to do anything but cry. They’re... they’re just babies- we're supposed to take care of them. Even I know that, and I know... that I’m messed up, but you guys... hey Gustavo- can you... not? Like, do you not care? Does it not come to mind? Or are you guys- why? May I know why you’re now after babies? Instead of keeping it limited?” - The DRC Man.

“Limits are one of the reasons. Eighty-Three does not see the world like you do, and nor do I like him. We all say that science should be broken and fully satisfied, and that plays a subconsciousness role in me, I definitely know, but also Eighty-Three, because I have been pushing him to be insane ever since we met, and this is him going further and further into madness and becoming limitless, I guess. Also- My cat-species, as you know, were also cannibals, and like sharks, I used to eat young if I felt like it- like baby-young, so that’s why I’m okay. But, for Eighty-Three, he’s been thinking about babies. I did talk to him about this too- it is surprising-” Gustavo was saying before he suddenly disappeared.

The DRC Man looked back, seeing Gustavo had disappeared. He was confused, and scattered his eyes around, up and even down, looking at the kids, and on the hills, up to the lights and towards the untouched and unmoved elevator, before looking back towards the horizons. He sighed and worried himself even further.

“...” - The DRC Man in his thoughts as he listened to some wind and foreign voices.

***Fall of Nations.***

Nobody felt their bodies. Crow, TCT, Qoaiuek, Ryutyu, Shellia, Daniel, Gustavo, Eraoa, Beourgiess, Alan, and Pelosi were all seeing forth to a world map of Earth, with each 2020 national border listed firmly, and all colored in with geographical colors. It was in the highest resolution possible to the human eye, and only their voices could be heard as if it was in a game chat. They could not move their bodies nor feel them, and The Computer was within.

“Aye- what- aye! I canno’ move!” - Ryutyu stated funnily as TCT joked.

“What da’ helllllllllllllllll!!? Is this the 273472nd game from the Computer again?” - TCT with a bunch of boom sound effects playing randomly around.

“Ey- what’s going on? I can’t feel my body!” - Daniel stated as they were certain countries glowing with their respective colors, the glow being brighter as they spoke.

“This isn’t any good- damn you, Computer!” - Alan as Shellia played her accordion.

“That- oh, hold on, we’re in... a game?” - Gustavo as Alan then spoke up.

“Why are we EDEAVORING OUR EYES at THE WORLD IN PEAK INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY?” - Qoaiuek as his voice was ultimately louder now.

“DAMN DANIEL.” - TCT randomly as Shellia kept playing.

“Everyone shut up!” - Beourgiess in the midst of it all, but obviously it did not work before hand as TCT started going ‘GUngi-gungo-gii-goo-gunga-gungi' with another voice.

“Hello everyone, I am the Computer. We are currently in a new specialized game. Here you must expand, profit, and grow your country to defeat your enemies. You can make alliances and solve the game, or destroy everyone else, and they will die permanently. This game is like a video game, and there is a manual. Good luck.” - The Computer spoke with an echoing voice above all others before stopping and seemingly staying silent as then Daniel spoke up.

“Ah shit- here we go again.” - Daniel funnily stated to himself.

“Aye- who here though?” - Ryutyu asked, somehow nodding in his voice.

“Wait- hold on... that country is lighting up when I speak.” - Daniel pointed.

“Indeed.” - Qoaiuek, as then the U.S. lit up.

“Aw hell, we playing the most boring fucking game in the world.” - Alan.

“What game be thy, Alan?” - Ryutyu asked promptly, Brazil lighting up.

“Rise of Nations- extremely long and stupid.” - Alan. “And trust me guys, this shit is annoying- my old friends used to play it, and it was a nightmare to even invade one country. This ain’t nothing like Risk.”

“I’m Japan.” - Gustavo stated as Japan lit up in purple at every word.

“I’m Auschwitz.” - TCT dumbly.

“BRUH.” - Daniel laughed at TCT as Poland lit up. “Oh my goodness...”

“I’m Australia.” - Pelosi, and Qoaiuek then spoke up.

“Ah, we are TEAM-PROVOKINGLY AGAINST the POLITICAL LEADER OF HELL ITSELF.” - Qoaiuek told as the U.S. lit up with every word he spoke, all in red.

“Adolf Hitler?” - TCT funnily as Poland lit up in green.

“Wait- who’s Australia?” - Alan as the U.S. lit up in red.

“Me, Pelosi.” - Pelosi as Australia lit up in orange.

“Sheesh.” - TCT and Daniel at the same time.

“Wait- who is Nigeria, Turkey, Russia, and South Africa?” - Gustavo asked.

“Hi- My name is Gustavo, but you can call me NIGAAAA CAAAT.” - TCT combined.

Shellia then played her accordion. “Oh, hello Shellia.” - Gustavo as Japan lit up.

“I’m in Africa I think.” - Eraoa as South Africa lit up in black.

“Eraoa?!” - Alan to Eraoa as South Africa.

“Yes, I guess I’m in another game.” - Eraoa as South Africa lit up.

“Hey- lads- who be Russia?” - Ryutyu as Brazil lit up in teal.

“Russia from The Cold War?” - Daniel as Kazakhstan lit up in tan.

“Aye Daniel- you be Kazakhstan.” - Ryutyu.

“Oh, okay.” - Daniel as then Russia started speaking.

“I’m Beourgiess- the player of Russia.” - Beourgiess as it lit up in dark blue.

“Oh my god- I'm on your side, Ryutyu.” - Eraoa.

“Wait- who are you, Beourgiess?” - Gustavo asked.

“I’m a messenger for Ryutyu- but yeah, I’ve had a past with Eraoa.” - Beourgiess.

“Aye lad- I don’t know what ya’ message was really to me- sorry I couldn’t come on ye’ missions, but also me really don’t want anybody to fully die-” - Ryutyu.

“But I do- Ryutyu- I'll state it here since I think I can- I need you to stop Eighty-Three from living.” Beourgiess stated before the red glitch blocked his sound by implementing sounds of glitches from multiple games in. “That’s the message I can barely say. We all need to focus on stopping him, and we need to get to it- this is the last time I can, otherwise Demet will pull me. You can agree, right, Eraoa?”

Eraoa did not speak for three seconds, everybody listening up.

“No, I can’t. Even though it was my job... not... again...” - Eraoa stated, her mind racing behind the glowing South Africa.

“WHAT!? No- come on... don’t do that, Eraoa- you know the truth- wait- why'd you form a justification, Pelosi?” - Beourgiess as he then saw a small grey box stating his Russian flag on the left and Australia on the left, with white text under saying ‘Australia has justified war against you: Liberation.’

“Just testing it out.” - Pelosi.

“Same.” - Daniel quickly.

“But- come on- The Red Glitch is blocking me from saying things- and you know Demet- Qoaiuek- at least you can... like- come on and trust me?” Beourgiess said.

“jUsT tRuSt mE bRo!” - TCT funnily stated.

“SHUT UP! Now, please, Eraoa, Qoaiuek, and even you Alan-” - Beourgiess.

“I don’t have A GRUDGE AGAINST THE COLOR OF TERROR, Beourgiess. THE MAN WHO HAS LET ME OFF MY STRINGS has no intention against THE YOUNG MAN OF SECRECY.” - Qoaiuek as he formed an alliance with Ryutyu.

“Yeah, me neither guys- hey, Daniel, accept my request for an alliance.” - Alan.

“Okay?” Daniel stated as Mexico lit up from Alan’s talking. “But also- What do you guys mean by ‘the color of terror’ and ‘the man who has let me off my strings?’” - Daniel asked with confusion as he accepted.

“Eighty-Three is SILENT, more than KIOSHI, and THE ORANGE PHONE has OPENED UP MY SOUL TO DIVINE OPERATIONS like surgery on a clown.” - Qoaiuek.

“Bro is speaking retardedness.” - TCT to Qoaiuek.

“BRO IS SPEAKING GOOFY.” - Qoaiuek as Poland lit in light green.

“Bro is speaking in all caps.” - Ryutyu as the U.S. lit in black.

“Bro, how did bro know?!” - TCT funnily to Brazil lighting up.

“Ya’ll are really the most stubborn imbeciles I’ve ever heard.” - Alan laughed.

“True?” - Daniel laughed back to Alan without a single pinch of agressiveness.

“Guys- Ryutyu- I'm not accepting your request for an alliance unless you accept my request to get rid of Eighty-Three- he's a problem even the Red Glitch won’t allow me to speak of- and that should be evidence even though Eraoa is too scared to admit her part of the story.” - Beourgiess as then he tried speaking again but the red glitch overhauled. “Damnit! I can’t even randomly say the story!”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Beourgiess.” - Eraoa stated with almost a robotic voice as then Gustavo spoke up too. Shellia also played, and Turkey lit up in a lighter green, as Qoaiuek started developing all his cities, using a menu on his view that also had options listed on the left to send alliances, justify wars, trade, and train troops.

“Are you on about the prisoners, Beourgiess?” - Gustavo asked Beourgiess.

“GUSTAVO- No- damn you all, screwing me over! I am an angel now- I know you guys better- and Demet is a friend that-” Beourgiess was saying as Russia lit up.

“DEMET WOULD NEVER MAKE FRIENDS WITH A HOLY PERSON!” - Qoaiuek with his firm mouth, as Gustavo started making troops, also seeing an option if he took over countries such as Taiwan, Indonesia, and Brunei how he could gain 10% stability, increasing his tax collection and speed of stuff as he would also turn into ‘The Empire of Japan,’ and change his flag to it as well.

“Hey, whoever Nigeria is, thanks for sending me an alliance.” - Daniel behind.

“Must be thy Crow- ya' know how he never speak.” - Ryutyu to Daniel.

“I’m not lying though- Demet is assisting me as I’m contracting with an angel!” - Beourgiess as he made some troops himself, and Shellia built up her cities.

“Kill this nigga.” - TCT as he made five justifications; one to Russia, Czech, Slovakia, Germany, and Estonia. He also started trade for metals with Lithuania.

“You guys figuring out the game as we talk too?” - Alan asked quickly.

“Yeah- but wait, T-C-T- who we be killing?” - Ryutyu as Brazil.

“Beourgiess- cause’ he’s disablllllllllleeeeeeeed.” - TCT with a funny dumb tone. Daniel also chuckled with Alan as Eraoa started sending ships of troops out, trading with TCT, as she also developed cities and factories with a different menu.

“SHUT UP!” - Beourgiess as he justified against Belarus, Poland, and Turkey.

“Beourgiess, lad- let's just make an alliance and get thy outta’ here.” - Ryutyu.

“Not unless you accept my deal!” - Beourgiess to Ryutyu as Brazil.

“We all know what we must do.” - Eraoa as then everyone was silent for two seconds, until suddenly on top, a blue line came out with black text going from left to right, saying ‘Mexico has declared war on Russia,’ with more messages saying ‘Brazil has joined the Mexican-Russian Annexation War,’ and ‘Kazakstan has joined the Mexican-Russian Annexation War,’ plus ‘U.S. has joined the Mexican-Russian Annexation War.’

“Right on time, ya’ll.” - Alan as Daniel then screamed.

“That’s INCREDIBLY fine-tuned, Alan.” - Qoaiuek.

“Alan- damnit- I finna’ die!” - Daniel as he almost laughed too.

“OH SHIT!” - TCT, with the exact voice of a funny frog on a unicycle.

“Aye, Beourgiess, I ain’t doing ya’ deal...” - Ryutyu with a sad voice.

“Then I guess we will be fighting...” - Beourgiess with a dawning.

“But lad- really- just accept an alliance, ya’ don’t need to fight us! Ya’ outnumbered!” - Ryutyu as he continued developing cities, his budget as low as ‘$3,322.’

“No- this is a mission of my life, a purpose I’m giving myself- to avenge another of myself even- join me or fail.” - Beourgiess.

“Bruh- this is literally going to be the cold war.” - Daniel laughed as he sent a ship of troops towards Turkey, and Shellia made a bunch of troops start to spawn, a yellow bar with the white text above ‘troops’ slowly going up and spawning in ‘10K’ troops in her capital, in which that city was a larger square than most other circles around.

“Are you going to join us, Pelosi?” - Gustavo asked Pelosi.

“Ehh... I guess...” - Pelosi stated as then the headlines went ‘Australia declared war on New Zealand!’ and right after ‘Australia joined the Mexican-Russian Annexation War,’ after accepting Alan’s alliance, and then three seconds later, ‘Australia declared war on Madagascar!’ as also ships of troops went up to Japan.

“All against Russia, just like thy history.” - Ryutyu as he sent ships towards Shellia.

“Damn you all.” - Beourgiess as he made ‘700K’ troops in the city of Dalnegorsk, in which they started to move towards Japan as the news-heading above stated ‘Japan has joined the Mexican-Russian Annexation War.’

“That is a lot of troops, Beourgiess.” - Gustavo told, “Seven hundred thousand against my stationary- entrenched two-hundred.”

“Oh yeah- entrenchments are helpful.” - Daniel nodded to Gustavo with his voice.

“You first, cat-liar.” Beourgiess stated before the red glitch blocked his voice.

“I really would like to know what ya’ saying, Beourgiess- could ya’ explain it before thy go too far?” - Ryutyu asked as Eraoa’s and his ships landed in Turkey, and they passed up past by Turkey towards Russia, then formed into ships again, and slowly came to Russia’s southwest cities, invading them easily as there were no troops around quickly.

“We’re taking your capital, Beourgiess.” - Eraoa told sadly.

“Don’t. Say. A. Thing.” - Beourgiess stated with devilish intent.

“Oh no- how did they move that fast?” - Gustavo in surprise as he came back from a view of Australia forming more troops, to find at Matsue the troops had already come around, splitting up and invading.

“Unluckyyyyyyyyyyyy.” - TCT as he went to war with Belarus, capturing the cities.

“Sheesh- guys- somebody... uh... Ryutyu, give me a city or something for safety- I was doing too much trade, and now Beourgiess is invading me.” - Daniel.

“Wait- how do thy... hold on... ah- one city for ya’...” - Ryutyu as a port named Porto Velho became tan and henceforth giving to Daniel.

“Thanks- Beourgiess- you gonna’ lose bro- just accept an alliance or something.” - Daniel then told over as his entrenched troops died but he saw the numbers of Russia’s troops go down. He also then looked over to Japan and saw Gustavo getting treated badly as the many troops invaded all square cities in an instant. Australia was also orangish-yellowish as he saw Pelosi’s troops come to Japan, land, intercept at Tokyo, then die away the forty-hundred troops.

“Guys- I need help- I can’t make tanks fast enough- they're too slow!” - Gustavo.

“I’m sending in all I got.” - Pelosi as it made Australia brighten up to yellow.

“Just make all of your population turn into soldiers, then you’ll be able to fight him.” - TCT told funnily as he finished invading Belarus, Lithuania, and Latvia, starting Germany.

“Oh- I can do that?” - Gustavo asked as Kazakhstan was defeated almost to the south, with text above saying ‘Nigeria has declared war on Togo.’

“Yeah, you goofy-ah-cat- that's what Beourgiess is doing with his.” - TCT.

“Why are ya’ll crackers invading random countries?” - Alan asked funnily.

“For thy population and thy soldiers.” - Ryutyu, “Thy population also-”

“BEOURGIESS- PLEASE- just let this Computer game go! Please!?” - Gustavo as he saw tanks in Siberia rolling down, “Guys- he made TANKS!”

“It’s a tank!” - TCT as then a tank shot could be heard funnily loudly.

“What- where’d my troops go!?” - Pelosi with her raspy voice as Gustavo looked down to see the troops were coming onto his entrenched ones.

“What happened!?” - Daniel asked over to Pelosi.

“They were landing right onto Beourgiess’s soldiers- but now they’re gone.” - Pelosi as Australia lit up, and then above it stated ‘Australia has annexed Madagascar.’

“Oh- Pelosi- sheesh- if you’re troops are in ship-form- then they’re the opposite of being entrenched, and easier to kill.” - Daniel as TCT then spoke up.

“What in the goofy-shit-hell is a Zapadoslavio?” - TCT.

“Why are you trying to form, That-Cosmic-Thunder?! I’m gonna’ die! I need reinforcements! We’re all gonna’ die if-” - Gustavo.

“We’re gonna’ die all the time, bruh- it do be getting a little overused in my based-ass opinion...” - TCT as it stated above ‘Nigeria has annexed Togo!’

“What about you can say ‘overused?’” - Daniel laughed with Ryutyu afterwards.

“Eh- You are in the correct mind, my good man. I guess I have grown quite tired of living. Time to simultaneously combust into flames.” - TCT with a fashionable old voice, then suddenly his view he turned in the Nazi Empire at its height, and the soldiers from Shellia, Eraoa, Ryutyu, and Alan were suddenly on his soil as his country now had the Nazi flag on it, and above the news read ‘The Third German Riech has formed.’ Then the Nazi theme song started to play.

“Bruh!” Daniel laughed, and then Alan too along with Shellia playing her accordion.

“WHAT IN THE WORLD!?” - Beourgiess as he finished Kazakhastan but also lost his capital without say, and then Gustavo started speaking up.

“GUYS- HE DEFEATED MY ENTRENCH TROOPS! SOMEBODY GIVE ME A CITY!” - Gustavo quickly as Russia annexed the last of Japan for the wartime remaining.

“Operation Barbossa can’t fail now.” - TCT as then he spawned in on all of his cities ‘4M’ tanks, Nazi Germany glowing light green with every word from its red flag, and then rushed them at Russia’s remains as all troops started to restore their train of invasion.

“This is cheating!” Beourgiess exclaimed.

“This is meme!” - Daniel stated abruptly before laughing.

“It’s just a joke bruh.” - Alan goofily stated as Mexico.

“AHA!” - Qoaiuek as then above read ‘U.S. has finished the creation of (44) Atomic Bombs,’ “Now there is NO EXIT to win, MY EXTREMIST-DICTATOR ENEMY!”

“Gustavo! I can’t give you a city! It won’t let me!” - Ryutyu in the midst of the song playing. “Gustavo?” He stated after two seconds, looking towards Japan as troops were all around the closet Russian cities, and tanks were near the last square cities of Japan, it entirely owned by Beourgiess as Russia now.

“Gustavo?” - Pelosi asked with confusion as she also saw.

“Oh shit- we failed him!” - Daniel stated with fear as then TCT stopped the music.

“This is so sad guys, HIT THAT LIKE BUTTON AND SUBSCRIBE TO MY FREE GIFT-CARD GIVEAWAY AT AMOGUS.ORG FOR FREE!” - TCT memed as everybody else was quiet, and the shuttering silence gave way to Gustavo’s death being sad.

Shellia then played a sad rift. “Woah... Gustavo is gone...” - Eraoa sadly.

“Well SHIT.” - Qoaiuek with two mouths.

“Oh crap- wasn't he Eighty-Three's cat?” - Alan as Mexico stated.

“Yeah- and thank God he’s gone.” - Beourgiess as suddenly is stated above, ‘U.S. has launched an atomic bomb towards Russia!’

“And now YOU ARE IN SEVERE DANGER AS WELL.” - Qoaiuek laughed.

“Why are you guys even laughing- Gustavo is dead- this is serious- Eighty-Three is gonna’ be... extremely mad I think...” - Daniel told as then Pelosi spoke up, still invading.

“It’s better to laugh than cry.” - Pelosi stated as she developed her cities. “I think that’s what Cosmic and Qoaiuek go by.”

“Indeed, it is THE MEMORY OF DEFEAT that ACTIVATES our EXISTENCE TO REMOVE AN ACTUAL EMOTION in place for a COPE WITHOUT SEETHE.” - Qoaiuek.

“True- hopefully Eighty-Three doesn’t cope or seethe nor mald, because I’m sure he could do a little trolling and bring back Gustavo if he wanted.” - TCT told.

“Aye... maybe, but... eh... let’s just finish you off, Beourgiess...” - Ryutyu.

“Wait- no- please? I’ll accept an alliance now!” - Beourgiess as he panicked to see the Nazi Empire invaded his Russia, and the glow kept dwelling down in area size.

“Bro stop switching personalities- goddamn.” - TCT funnily.

“Well lad, Beourgiess- thy wanted to fight, and here is the battle’s end- I hope the best for ya’ still, but in no way am I stopping thy Hitler over there anyways.” - Ryutyu laughed as Daniel sighed and Shellia played her accordion.

“I AM ADOLF HITLER- COMMANDER OF THE THIRD RIECH- Little known-fact about me, I’m also dope on the mic.” TCT stated with some rap music behind, and then a bunch of boom sound effects as Ryutyu funded Shellia.

“For Gustavo!” - Daniel shouted as half of Russia was gone already.

“Oh damnit- I got a city in Japan, and its already been annexed into Russia by the amount of troops...” - Pelosi told everyone.

“So thy can’t save Gustavo?” Ryutyu asked, as he sent money to Nigeria, and Nigeria sent a ship around the bottom coast of Africa and up to the peninsulas.

“BLOW UP THE GOVERNMENT! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Then sell its remains!” - Qoaiuek as then it stated above, ‘U.S. has launched an Atomic Bomb at Russia!’

Once again, an orange sphere was present to show the cities around shrinking into tiny circles with hovering white text of ‘0 Population’ with all factories and such destroyed. ‘Nigeria has declared war on Cameroon,’ and ‘Australia has annexed New Zealand,’ and ‘U.S. has declared an annexation war on Portugal,’ and ‘The American-Greenlandic Annexation War has started,’ and ‘U.S. has declared an annexation war on Morocco!’ played whilst my friends talked, and Beourgiess mumbled as he saw Russia fail, yet many of TCT’s troops started to die in the long landscape and winter that cam forth.

“Gustavo is gone...” - Eraoa with surprise stated as South Africa, her cities upping.

“Damn you, Beourgiess!” - Alan confronted with Eraoa as he was Mexico.

“I just endeavor the smell of fear!” - TCT stated with a dumbass voice.

“Well- hopefully thy game ends after this... everybody else allianced, right?” - Ryutyu the furry as he was Brazil and was viewing the last cities being bombed by Qoaiuek as above the headlines were raided with the same message.

“QUITE SO.” - Qoaiuek with one of his mouths.

“NooooOOOOOOOOOOOO-” Beourgiess as his east peninsula was invaded by a sudden income of Nigerian and Australian ships, with midern cities invaded by TCT whilst Qoaiuek shot nukes to the rest and made sure they were useless, then forfeiting Beourgiess’ voice to silence, and henceforth the end of the game.

Instantly after Beourgiess stopped, they were all set back onto the couch. As instant as that, most looked around, seeing Pelosi, Gustavo, Alan, Eraoa, and obviously Beourgiess gone. Daniel did see Crow though, and waved.

“Oh hey- Crow- you were Nigeria.” - Daniel spoke to him as his tail went on his left thigh, and he nodded. “But uh- we lost Gustavo though... should we just... I mean, if he’s around he can already hear us, right?”

Shellia played her accordion with some discontent. “Aye lads- I'll go see if thy Eighty-Three is around...” Ryutyu then told, dashing off.

“Hm... well... now what guys?” - Daniel asked as he saw Ryutyu dart off. “I mean, I guess we should hold a funeral for Gustavo, and... invite Alan, Eraoa, and Pelosi since they’re not really enemies anymore I guess...” - Daniel shrugged.

“We hope they’re not.” - Qoaiuek as he changed from black to grey to orange to green skin-color, “But LIES ARE ALSO TOLD IN DIMENSIONS LIKE THIS.”

“Heaugh!” - TCT as then he suddenly disappeared and his scream echoed off from his sudden seizure of jitterness, and Crow smiled at his sudden memish voice.

Shellia exists.

***The Cosmical Report on Gustavo.***

Ejnare and Chinua opened the door as TCT was handcuffed in a metallic rectangle, and he looked with a smirk and confusion towards Eighty-Three turning around, his ears lifting up as he talked to Teressa and Wilma near the three-way just outside. Doors of metallic red opened in space itself, showing a portalis in its essence to be towards Ejnare’s backyard, as Chinua and him held wooden poles with iron spikes at the end.

“Ah shit ah shit- these furries, (He looks at Chinua,) or whatever the hell they are- (Chinua smiles and face-palms with her right hand,) have spoiled and foiled my plans...” - TCT stated with dramatic poses bending his knees and shoving his handcuffs forth at us as he came forth, then looking toward Teressa. “Fuck you kid.” He then said instantly, kicking her in the right knee and making her ragdoll as she blasted off into the shield, Wilma trying not to smile at the goofiness of its speed. “Alright- Uh- yeah- anyways, nigga-femboy- your dumbass cat died in a game called ‘Rise of Niggers-’ he tried acting Asian, but the racism got to him.” He also dropped his handcuffs after kicking Teressa to the shield, Teressa not yelling as she went away.

“I heard from Ryutyu and Wilma already. I am sad about it, but if-” - Me.

“I just caaaaaaaaaan’t. I’m just so saaaaaaaad. Hit that like button and go kILL yoURsElF, nOWWWWWWWWWWW!” - TCT as thunder struck from Earth’s exosphere and down through the shield as Wilma laughed a little.

“Yeah, Eighty-Three- why so monotone?” - Ejnare funnily asked.

“That is just the way I speak.” - I told back to Ejnare and TCT.

“That is just the way you niggaroli out here.” - TCT.

“I plan on getting Cyclop and asking for the plot-gun again, that could assist with reviving Gustavo I think.” I told as Wilma nodded funnily.

“I can sell a plot gun.” - Qoaiuek stated as he literally just spun into existence.

“Oh- thanks, Qoaiuek- how much would you like?” - I asked with a bit of happiness as Wilma tried to smile, looking towards Chinua being intrigued at Qoaiuek.

“THE NUMBER SIX.” - Qoaiuek as TCT was confused and smirked whilst wavering his head back, Qoaiuek looking towards him.

“Six of what, Qoaiuek?” - I furthered nicely.

“Six LOSS OF BRAINCELLS!” - Qoaiuek joked and then laughed, “Actually, the RED GLITCH is prohibiting MY PROFITING SELL OF STORY to MY-” - Qoaiuek stated as he thrusted long arms under his shop and pulled out boxes of red glitches with black boxes here and there, the boxes disappearing into white smoke three seconds afterwards.

But he was cut off- by the one guy who previously had run into TCT, and bashed him through before he had to fly behind the man and try talking to him. With the vertical diamonds on his square-like body, he instead rushed into me, and I was moved back on the concrete road with a very loud scraping sound, standing forth and looking up to the guy as he looked forth and walked at the speed of sound, through the portal and away, just running into me as my boots had their spikes out and my tail flashed back and forth.

“Uh, excuse me- what the actual fuck are you doing in my house?” TCT stated as he came up to the right side of the man in an A-pose and stared at the blank stare, running forth, as I then looked towards TCT.

“Either he is being funny, or he is an N-P-C.” - I told TCT.

“Just like you.” - TCT back to me before the man suddenly disappeared, and I was left on the other neighborhood side, people coming to the window and looking out as TCT started rotating up and down plainly, looking for the man.

“Must be a random being, or a being generated by The Computer.” - I told TCT.

Back at my home, Teressa, Wilma, Ryutyu, Ejnare, Chinua, and Daniel were at my diner table, eating Isitshwala, a dish of mashed potatoes and green cabbage mixed in with potatoes and some noodles. Then Shellia came by from outside with her nothing on, and then TCT came out of a portalis from above the table, and with reverse-gravity, fell to the roof as I also came through it, landing head-first on the table but unminding as I faced Ryutyu and he waved with politeness as I could hear afar he ate with his mouth closed.

“Hello everybody, my name is Markiplier and today we’re playing Five Nights at Amoogus.” - TCT as he then slithered upside-down and away with a boom sound effect.

“A random being that was either from the Computer or stayed from the past just ran into me and then disappeared, I guess.” I told with a shrug upside down as Ejnare looked towards the darkness under my dress.

“Aye- random beings should be an exquisite plaza of missions, as we shall consider ourselves heroes to our own universe and try to correct the wrongers of thy past, in which thy may still intrigue on chaos here, and therefore I think thou ya’ll shall permit to look forth to a future of safekeeping if thy Computer does not get in thy way of us.” - Ryutyu as he started to speak like a classy man with his tail wagging back and forth.

“Yeah- are we gonna’ be galactic saviors since in the past many multiversal creatures came and did some random things to the rest of the universe possibly?” - Daniel as he stood up a little excited, and I fell over to Wilma, she a bit depressed.

“You guys speak way much for me understand.” - Chinua stated low.

“Oh sorry, Chinua.” - Daniel as he calmed down in his chair.

“I guess we could, Ryutyu and Daniel. I hypothesize that the Red Glitch has already taken care of many beings, and this universe’s cyclops may have also had their time with beings, so possibly there might not be much else work, but yes we could try that after we finish with the Computer and Heru, as by this time I hope his allies are switching their thoughts permanently.” - I told, looking towards Wilma as she nodded, and I was facing towards Shellia and Ryutyu as I laid belly-on the table.

“Mm- yeah- leading onto that- what about our future? Are we gonna’ stay like this still, forever? Like- always be kids as we influence the universe, or we gonna’ ever dispart or something? I’ve been wondering about that lately, and I’m not saying I dislike this in any way- but I just wanna’ ask for fun.” - Ejnare asked, and Shellia nodded.

“Well, things will happen in the future. It is not easy to determine, but I theorize that we will enjoy our lives as young entrepreneurs with T-C-T and his gang if Heru and his allies fly over- but if not so, we will... be elsewhere I guess.” - I told, rolling off by Chinua ends, and then standing up, “Now, let me go discuss with The D-R-C Man what has happened with Gustavo.” I then rushed off.

Skip this- later- Wilma was alone, again, looking down onto the cocaine pile of purple, along with opium, in a yellow flask as she was in her room within her palace. Elsewhere she heard, yards away in my home, in the mix of music and voices, Ryutyu and Shellia, with her mask again, converse Geurnf, Daniel, Ejnare, Chinua, and Crow were on the couches, playing the multiplayer videogame called ‘Pizza Mansion Tower,’ and they talked about it as Ryutyu and Shellia ate pizza together, Shellia using her slice in her face to fit the slices of pizza in.

Wilma sought to remember just how a few moments ago she told everybody she had to go down and talk with me and The D-R-C Man, but instead she remembered she went to Ryutyu’s basement then made a portalis to her room, and now she sat, her senses on her edge. Wilma hated it, hated that she was addicted, and now even though friends were around a few corners, just a portalis away, she wanted the cocaine more than time. A part of her enjoyed it, but the rest told away- yet that part was filled with resentment to not, and henceforth her addiction. Wilma was unable to think about anything else, not even the words she heard in her head. She remembered that she cut herself just recently, but now it struck her even harder to think about cocaine, and even try a new drug- opium. She knew this was a lapse of repeating sadistic feelings against herself, and she knew to just walk away, but she wanted it badly, and her addiction was stronger than common sense. She shook her arms, trying not to cry as she looked down, her boots trembling and her hair laying flat, waiting for her decision as she heard the voices, but not the words. She knew what was right, but not how to act on it. She knew there was so much more to be going on, but the addiction took her away. She thought over and over, “Just walk away. Just talk to the others. Just quit. It starts with you. Please. Just quite and walk away.”

But... it worked.

Wilma got up and started to walk to her door, feeling the part strive to become dominant and make her stare at the addictive products, and the possibility of a new feeling, the opium dazed like the cream on top of a cupcake- and then all she did was fail, and she rushed to the chair and sat back down, looking towards it as she started to cry.

“Just get over it. You already know how bad it is. You know how hard you have fought against this. Just complete it by quitting now. There will be hard times. Just quit. Just quite for Ryutyu. Just walk away for Cyclop. Just remember how Eighty-Three cares for you and your addiction even above all of his mutilations and horrid schemes. Just... do something. I will not break that resolution I made just a while ago. I am embarrassed by this. I hate this. I will make a mark if I get close. I will not fail. Just stop and get up. The pain is not relieving.” Wilma stated in her mind fast, before she took up her trembling left hand to her blurry vision, and then as her ears went down with her tails, she created a rainbow gun, and landed its direction at her. “Just go talk to your friends. Just go talk to Eighty-Three. Talk to anybody. Just quit. It starts with you. Shoot yourself if you must make another mark. Your mark is already made though. Just quit and walk away. This is the climax.” Wilma then slammed the gun down in the cocaine, and ran to the door, opening it, and breathing high. She exhaled massively and inhaled slowly, creeping down the stairs as her hands trembled, and she came down, sliding them into her wardrobe as she continued away, trying to focus on her friends’ voices.

Wilma came forth towards my home and walked inside, sweat on her mind as she came forth to the living room and sat down in the front couch, breathing out slowly as Ryutyu looked over and Wilma smiled then with worry.

“Hey Wilma- how'd it go?” - Ryutyu asked, thinking about her saying she was going to talk to me and The DRC Man instead of look at cocaine for a short time.

“Me and Eighty-Three notified The D-R-C Man about Gustavo. He was a bit sad but Eighty-Three is currently going to call Cyclop soon.” - Wilma lied.

“Wait- where is D-R-C man again?” - Chinua asked in her head, looking up.

“He is playing board games with Hadiza and the Plague Doctor.” - Wilma.

“Hoi Wilma- could me play with them, or Eighty-Three don’t like that?” - Ryutyu stated as he wagged his tail, and Wilma breathed heavily again.

“Eighty-Three... (Wilma thinks in her mind for a second before responding,) I have never asked him that. I shall... go ask him later. May I play Bonopoly with you guys first though?” Wilma then asked as Ryutyu nodded forwards.

“Why were you breathing so heavily?” Ejnare then asked Wilma.

“I... I was actually looking at drugs again. I really need... to not distract myself from you guys.” - Wilma. “I need you guys. The drugs are ruining my mind and life.”

“Oh...” - Chinua as she got worried about Wilma, as Wilma spawned the box of Bonopoly into her hands and looked at everybody looking over to her.

“Wilma... you did the right thing coming to us...” - Angelica as she came over and sat next to Wilma as Wilma laid back, her tails dispersing from her back.

“Good job, Wilma- on following ya’ mind and not your brain...” - Geurnf.

“Yeah, and are you... feeling better I guess? Or, like- is your mind still raging about it?” - Daniel asked Wilma as he scooted whilst Geurnf got up and looked.

“No...” - Wilma swayed her head at in reference to the response of Daniel.

“Wilma... is there anything else on your mind bothering you? Maybe a reason... a part of you that wants drugs to distract or subdue?” Angelica asked, feeling the sorrow Wilma did as they both were worried. Wilma then looked at Angelica.

“No. It is just the nonsensical strife my mind or brain wants. (Daniel states “Drugs are also medicine,” in his mind, and Wilma looks to him,) I know these kinds of drugs are bad. I am just taking in the time for my mind to get used to it.” - Wilma.

“Yeah- ya’ can gain lots of knowledge and understand all errors, or whatever my bible pastor once said- but if ya’ brain ain’t trained, ya’ ain’t gonna’ act the way ya’ want.” - Geurnf stated, gesturing with open hands as her tail plushily laid on the couch.

“Yeah...” - Ryutyu stated as Wilma sighed and closed her eyes a lot.

“I think we should just get to playing the game- cause taking your mind of it really helps, especially with friends.” - Shellia to Wilma as her tail waved back and forth.

“Yeah- let’s all play Tres though, cause Bonopoly takes longer than the wait for Jesus’s second-coming.” - Daniel joked as his tail fluffed against his left knee.

“True.” - Wilma giggled and Ryutyu also smiled and wagged his tail near Shellia.

“You too, Shellia- you should really play as well, instead of just sitting outside without any clothes on, getting sunburnt for the forty-eighty time in the same day.” - Daniel to Shellia, and Wilma giggled at Daniel’s comment of Shellia.

“Alrighty- fair point.” - Shellia nicely and happily considered with a giggle.

But as Wilma rose with other voices, they all suddenly disappeared.

***Holy Fucking Shit.***

Everybody was suddenly on a purple basalt, black specs and dust, rocky landscape with a dark purplish and blueish swirling sky with dark clouds of grey, whilst there were floating lanterns of yellow with buzzing green fireflies around, all stuck in cages of wooden brown. Everybody was lined up, and the Computer came down in half a second in front of the unmoving crowd. I was included, The DRC Man was too, and everybody else on our side since their view from the beginning was also included, except Gustavo and Khenbish.

“Hello everybody, welcome to another game- this one specialized by me since the Red Glitch is tired of everything and now wants a dire game that possibly will change all. This game is simply capture the flag. You will be facing Heru and his allies, plus me. But if your entire team loses, you all permanently die, and henceforth if Heru and his allies, including me, lose, we all die permanently as well. I can disperse the game at any time I please too, so good luck.” - The Computer told in his accent of nothing but A.I.

“Alrighty.” - I nodded to the Computer as he lifted up and my allies looked around for something different to occur, as we all started to converse.

“Aye- we all here.” - Ryutyu announced as he saw Geurnf, The DRC Man, Miss Hedheop, Teressa, Nigga Nigga, and others all around.

“Is this the climax?” - Daniel asked funnily as Angelica smiled.

“Possibly, I guess. I mean, the Computer can still turn off the game at any time, so it is most likely Heru and his allies will not die at all, but still, we have a chance with the Red Glitch if he is truly angry.” I told as my ears then flickered up, and the purple gases around that had fogged in since the Computer talked, faded away, not moved, and the lanterns shown to be scattered around an area as we saw a mountain, with a slope rounding up six times to the top where a green flag was, entirely glowing green and in the light blueish stone above. Then we turned around to see Heru and his allies getting the same talk from the Computer almost, as in front of us on our side was the same thing on his. There were multiple hot springs flowing up water every two seconds, lasting two seconds, as they were slide pools deep to twelve feet as my ears heard the water molecules bounce below, and there was also walls five meters high, all scattered around as in the middle there was a giant wall stretching fifty meters on both sides, with a hemi-circular opening twenty meters thick and dark, where we saw the exact same stuff on the other side.

“Sheesh... when do thy start?” - Ryutyu asked as Daniel came up with Ejnare.

“I dunno.’” - Geurnf as she and Miss Hedheop came up, looking forth with worry. Geurnf also held her toolboxes of sentries, and Teressa had her grenade launcher, blasting a grenade into a hotspring and watching it explode water over to them as her grenade then instantly spawned into her gun again.

“Woah- I got infinite ammo!” - Teressa laughed over to the kids.

“I got infinite niggers, nigga.” - TCT as he came forth from nowhere, looking at Teressa, and Teressa was confused yet trying to hold in a giggle from his dumbass accent.

“Oh hey, thanks for joining, lads.” - Ryutyu came over to shake Qoaiuek as he elongated his arms, and Pelosi came in as well, looking around with Crow.

“Boy if you don’t get your dumbass-looking-" The Red Glitch stated as he came behind in his own portalis of red glitches, and then a giant boom sound effect played for half a second as they all suddenly were vaporized in a red glitch.

“Damn he gone, nigga!” - Nigga Nigga to Wilma, as I then made darkness arms come from under my dress and hold black guns, giving the correct guns to each of the kids, based on their history and liking, plus I have a grenade launcher to Miss Hedheop, and a samurai sword to Nigga Nigga, Ryutyu suddenly also feeling his sword exist in his hands, and his armor suddenly also exist. Cyclop was not present though.

“Now it’s not gonna’ be easy.” - Daniel widened his mouth towards with sadness.

“Hey- Are there invisible borders?” - Ejnare asked, looking out towards the end of the wall as some winds blew against his ears and tail and body furs.

“No?” - Wilma looked over, and then towards the Computer getting onto cords and rolling towards them about a hundred meters away.

“Let’s plan quick guys.” - Chinua stated as she came up, and Kioshi listened with his spider legs, his sniper aiming towards the Computer and already shooting, the Computer dodging with speed and mass as Heru also ran fast with Deandra.

“Hey- quickly- guys- improvise and all that, but I’m going around. Daniel- you-" Ejnare started to say as we all came into a circle.

“Yeah, I’m up to it- me and Ejnare- hey Teressa, Miss Hedheop- you too- we're going around to see if we can secretly get away. Wilma, D-R-C- could you use your powers to guard the flag?” - Daniel asked.

“Yes.” - Wilma nodded as Daniel then went off on the basalt environment.

“Alright- good luck, guys!” - Daniel as he started off with Ejnare, and Kioshi was still shooting whilst Alan shot back, and then the Orb was coming, ripping the ground and swirling the water from hot springs to shoot forth and hit Kioshi back.

“Alrighty- Ryutyu- let us go.” - I told, making my arms lift me up onto his shoulders, and we blasted off in speed, towards a hot spring that exploded us up and we were away.

“Hey Wilma- you okay?” - The DRC Man asked as he sorrily came up to her right side, seeing her stare forth with worry, before she broke herself out of it.

“Yes... I just wonder about what you think.” - Wilma to The DRC Man. “I am sorry about not... trying to fix it with confidence earlier.” Kioshi then crawled up the war after he saw Alan had been shot dead, and his essence formed into a red orb that flashed by him and towards the west of the tower of rock.

“Yeah... Eighty-Three went a bit too far... but let’s just go. We still got our chances.” - The DRC Man to Wilma, as she then nodded and took the DRC Man up to the mountain top as she created a simple black cloud they stood on, and red glitches were everywhere else as she tried doing more, but she was very limited.

Geurnf placed down her toolboxes around the wall so if Heru or his allies came through, they would be surprisingly shot by the sentries around the walls. Angelica and Shellia also followed, but under Shellia robotic arms came out with pistols and she was surprised as she hid with Geurnf and Angelica.

The Computer, Heru, and Deandra came forth firstly, as behind Eraoa, The Fire God, The Rainbow Orb, and Miss Opium stayed behind, Eraoa going towards the west side of the wall towards where Daniel ran as well, whilst the rest went up the mountain quickly. But back to Heru, who came in after Deandra played her violin forth with worry, forming a shield around herself as the sentries then shot at her, and she sweat to play as red glitches formed around her, and she looked towards Geurnf looking under the east one, the other one with Shellia having her guns ready to shoot at Heru, thrusting in and throwing a stop sign at the west sentry, blistering it back as Angelica flailed back with Shellia, and her guns automatically jump scared her by blasting Heru- who was pushed back and flinched by the bullets as red glitches formed around him, but he regrew from the spots. Then the Computer, rolled in with ten cords around him like he was an entire wheel, and then shot one off into the other distracted sentry as Geurnf boosted herself from it with her shotgun and blasted the Computer back after he tazed and fried the sentry, making it fire in its bullet holes as Geurnf looked over before looking towards Heru get ready for another shot, and then blasted him back into the wall, where it was slow as he regenerated.

Shellia turned around with Angelica booting herself against the wall, as she shot at the Computer, the Computer being blown back with every shot as his tentacle-like cords started to flush forth slowly, and Angelica whipped behind Shellia, and started to pull her back away, from stepping back onto the broken sentry as she was wide-eyeing her guns shooting at the Computer also regenerating, more plastically though.

Geurnf watched as her gun reloaded itself, but then saw Heru throw a stop sign at her, and she dodged to the right, blasting him again, before doing it right after, and as his guts were spoiled over her dead invention, he reformed, and then jumped up with speed as Geurnf just got finished reloading automatically with surprise. Geurnf looked up to see Heru put his hands into the sky as red glitches formed all around his back, and he created a ball of fire, then throwing it down onto Geurnf.

“Take this, FUCKER!” - Heru stated to Geurnf below as she started to move under the wall, and saw Angelica also look up and pull Shellia away faster as Geurnf started away with them, announcing and looking back with steady arms as she saw the fire annihilate the waters and sentry parts, but Deandra far gone, the Computer flame-proof, and Heru smashing down right afterwards to look back.

“Quickly ya’ll- we gon’ be an extra offensive team now!” - Geurnf told, as The Computer then looked the other way and shuffled a voice over to Heru.

“You take them on if you want, I must go after their secretive team down there.” - The Computer pointed as Shellia then shot and he was blasted back before using his cords like a giant spider to thrift himself away, his cords denting and cracking the basalt ground. Heru then looked at Geurnf and saw the sentries dissolve, and then form into a red orb as they went over to Geurnf and formed on her back, her surprise definite as she turned her head and eyes with Angelica to see the toolboxes give her back a struggle.

Heru then turned around to see Wilma and The DRC Man as he got shot by Shellia, and decided to format forth towards the flag instead, Geurnf seeing him jump away like a super man, and she decided to drop her gun and get out her toolboxes she then put onto the floor and allowed them to open, one facing east and the other west.

“Damn toolboxes...” - Geurnf as she saw them reconstruct. “But it’s good to know they ain’t completely gone once destroyed under this game...”

“I think we should stabilize our defense on this side, so... if we need to, we have a closer chance to their flag...” - Shellia with her mask.

“Sure thing- but let’s go further though.” - Geurnf, then going under the sentries and closing them up, as Angelica picked up her shotgun.

“I’ll carry this for you, Geurnf.” She said lowly with a shudder.

“Thanks, Angelica...” - Geurnf nodded back with a smile as she then went back to watching her sentries close up, and she put the metallics into her toolbox.

On the map, Eraoa had went under the basalt ground with a loud ruffle and dug with darkness to find herself going under the wall, and coming out, finding The Computer a little down, as he saw Miss Hedheop whip around the side of the wall, lamps not permitted beyond that point, just mountains of darkness for scenery. Eraoa then ran into the wall, and formed a sludge of darkness, coming through it and looking forth to Daniel stopping whilst Ejnare shuffled his sniper over, and blasted her back fifty meters with his shot to her forehead, and like an automated ragdoll, she quickly got up afterwards and felt her head regenerate. They were all surprised, except for Ejnare, as then Daniel nodded to him and then pointed towards the tower.

“You guys wanna’ stay around one of these walls or hot springs and make sure Eraoa or anybody else comes from our behind?” Daniel asked as Miss Hedheop and Teressa ran with them, Chinua behind with her minigun.

“Yes.” - Chinua nodded, then looking towards Eraoa making arms come from her back with many different darkness axes formed in weird ways as she started running behind walls, to dodge the many bullets Chinua already started.

“Yeah- I’ll stay with Chinua!” - Teressa told over to Daniel, then going to a wall just two meters of Chinua and shooting a grenade that exploded the wall Eraoa was behind and launched her back with her arms and axes flying off, before in the dust of Chinua stopping and trying to see anything, she went into the ground and dug away. Miss Hedheop also stayed back and watched, her hands shaking with her shotgun.

“I guess I’ll stay...” - Miss Hedheop also nodded, seeing Teressa’s joy as the dust was mysterious, and Ejnare looked back before still going forth.

“Oh hey- look- it's Angelica, Geurnf, and Shellia!” - Teressa whispered, as she pointed towards the three moving, and then looked up to see me and Ryutyu had blasted off another hot spring and were about to land onto the flag with Miss Opium looking up.

“Nice...” - Chinua nodded with a smile, before hearing a rumble, and Miss Hedheop was scared as she looked below her shoes with discomfort.

“What’s under?!” Miss Hedheop asked before Eraoa came up and sliced her in half, and then she formed into a red orb that went west of Heru’s side.

“Oh shit.” - Teressa yelled, but no not really.

Chinua had already started firing, blasting Eraoa back enough for Teressa to get up and launch grenades away, but as their attention was turned, the Computer had elongated his cords from behind and tazed Teressa dead, making her spastically drool spit and blood onto the floor as she shook like a seizure, and then Chinua turned around, blasted more, and then back at Eraoa, switching from side to side with stress on her angry face, yet her lips were closed and she was determined against both.

On the other side, Deandra relieved herself of her bubble shield, and looked up with red glitches around her violin as Heru bounced to the left, and then already started going up the swirl, The DRC Man looking down upon them.

“Hey Wilma, Heru and Deandra are coming up!” - The DRC Man.

“Alrighty.” - Wilma as she awoke herself from mind dreaming.

Wilma then formed crystals to explode out of the swirl and have rainbow spikes upon their rainbow-textures, as they went down towards where Heru was hoping up ten meters and quickly coming up, and Heru saw this, then exalting his mosquito wings with gritting teeth and flying above them, but the red glitch stopped him from flying above a certain height, as also The DRC Man then jumped down off the cliff and into Deandra starting to play a riff a she was turned around.

The DRC Man crashed into Deandra, and her violin was crushed and banged as Deandra bled out, and The DRC Man lifted himself, looking at his broken glasses and clothes as he had just fell on her face-first, with his shiny-skin being a bit dusted now after the short cloud of ash.

“Hey... it worked.” - The DRC Man laughed a little as he got up awkwardly, feeling his bones, then looking up to Wilma as he saw stop signs flying off and away, with bamboo sticks having rainbow spikes upon the green also flying off and away. “Thanks Wilma, for the idea- now hold on as I get back up there!”

Now over to me and Ryutyu, in which we crash landed into The Fire God as he sourced up a fire from both of his hands, but as I jumped off Ryutyu and bashed him back, he slid off the other edge and caught it with a slight flinch.

“Sorry, Eighty-Three- we were forced to fight.” - He stated as got up and Miss Opium grabbed me, tearing my head up, but I reformed into multiple copies, so she used her other arms to constrain me and then throw me off, as Ryutyu slashed against The Orb, spinning around him and throwing crows into his face, literal black birds that shuffled his vision as they then flew off.

“The Red Glitch is goofy.” - The Orb laughed at Ryutyu.

“True, but thou shalt not- wooOOAH!” Ryutyu as then Miss Opium grabbed him by his right foot from behind and shoved him off into the distant where Geurnf was coming up upon, and I had already landed, looking up to him.

Miss Opium then angrily looked back at the Orb as The Fire God came up.

“I only do this for the same reasons Eraoa does...” - Miss Opium, as she then jumped away and used her claws to fall to the ground safely.

Miss Opium landed down and then had the Fire God come down as well and shoot from his hands pure green fire against the bullets just coming out of the just-opened sentries Geurnf placed down, whilst I darted to the left, and Ryutyu to the right, using his sword to cut the Fire God in half as then the Orb came down, reformed the Fire God and spawned in three swords to whip around Ryutyu, making him step back as he used his sword to swipe the rainbow swords away. I ran into Miss Opium, and used arms from under my dress to attach her backpack and henceforth arms onto my back, and then grab the reformed Fire God who had a fourth of a second to feel good again, and I started to bang him into the stone as I made my hands into darkness chainsaws and started thrusting them into him as he grabbed them with his black hands and burned them.

“Remember Chattanooga, Eighty-Three?” - The Fire God laughed as he then kicked me by shooting fire from out of his shoes and it was so direct it burned a hole in me as I was shot back into the Orb, plastering him down as the sentries reloaded from firing at Miss Opium and the Fire God. “I got the spirit of him still.”

Shellia then shot the Fire God, and he faced away as the bullets burned an inch away, before he clasped his hands together, then made a long flame and swung it at Geurnf who was under a sentry and blazed her dead with ash and blood gushing out from her pores, before I reformed her with darkness, and she awoke with a panic before springing up and shooting the rainbow ball as Angelica was behind watching in worry.

Ryutyu then slashed over to the Fire God, but the Fire God caught his sword and snapped it in half, before Ryutyu’s ears went down and he looked back to see the Orb reforming Miss Opium with many red glitches around him as he also made goo slingshot into people and make them stuck in air as the green goo also got stuck in air.

“Alliance?” The Fire God gave out his hand towards.

“Aye- sure mate!” Ryutyu happily smiled with the Fire God, before then he thrusted fire out from his palms and blasted Miss Opium back.

“Oh, you sussy imposter!” - The Orb as he turned around with a face lit by white, and he created a bunch of pipe bombs to go off into random places and explode the walls Angelica and Shellia hid behind, explode the waters I went up, and was coming down to smash onto him, explode the terrain so there were tripping points and holes- and then I smashed the Orb into the terrain with a giant darkness sword as Geurnf’s sentries continued shooting with her shotgun, and I used darkness to float away with my dress, Angelica looking up to see a face of white like the Orb’s glowing one, stick out his tongue in a two-dimensional style from the darkness, as I went up.

Back to Chinua, she had dropped her machine gun and dodged axe-swings from Eraoa, ducking, plastering her body back, and even using her core to swiftly move back like a bad animation, before she grabbed Eraoa’s axe, then thrusted her head into Eraoa’s, and knocked her into a backflipped that failed, and Eraoa flailed up with a stern and closed mouth, as then Chinua swung around to see no Computer still, and then swung back around with her naturally stern face, and put up her left arm towards Eraoa in a fist, whilst her right was back and in a fist, her mind remembering Ryutyu’s painting as wind blew against her syndrome fur, and dust was amongst them.

Chinua then saw behind to me flicking up my ears, then rushing over to a hot spring, and springing up into the sky, slowly falling down over to Eraoa. But Eraoa did not notice and instead dropped her axe, and came after Chinua with a moment’s advantage, swinging her right arm up and diagonally at her face, as she held her left hand tight, and then elongated it to punch Chinua unfairly, making her block useless, as she then grabbed the arm and twirled Eraoa to the left and into a broken wall, before going onto Eraoa and smashing her in the face, furthering her mass into the wall, whilst she then used her left hand, and Eraoa caught it, springing Chinua over her and falling into the wall, before Chinua put her hands forth, and from mass she levitated up, before rotating herself and then forcing down onto Eraoa, smashing her bald head into the ground, as then Eraoa quickly started to punch her face with speed, making Chinua bleed as she started to block, and then Eraoa kicked her off, and Chinua fell back before using her right hand up to mass herself up, and watched as Eraoa came in, punching her fist, and then rotated with speed to the right and kicked Chinua in the back of her left knee, and then uppercased her right armpit with her left arm, as then Chinua forced mass to her head and planted her head back, forcing Eraoa back with force, before she whipped around bleeding from the mouth, and then punched with her right into Eraoa’s face, then her left uppercut with speed and strength, and then she smashed down the bald head, then grabbed Eraoa’s fleshy backside, and threw her up as I came down, and hands from under my dress started to wrap around her, before she exalted a rainbow axe from her chest, and then elongated her left arm into me, but I dodged, and Chinua watched from above as she went over to her minigun and then used her fit body to look up with it and started shooting at the supernatural battle above again. Kioshi also shot Eraoa at random times, apart from shooting The Orb, Heru, The Computer as he rolled away, and Miss Opium as well.

As this went on though, the Computer had traveled via ‘cord-rolling,’ as I will call it, to the DRC Man and started to electrocute him as above Heru and Wilma were still fighting. The DRC Man grabbed the Computer’s cords though, feeling the shock and static upon his entire body, and then whipped it like it was a horse, and the Computer was plastered up and then into the ground, as he used other cords to then exalt and hold him up as he continued to make The DRC Man steam from his burning clothes and halted position of mind. Then The Computer used his two cords to stab them into the DRC Man’s eyes as red glitches formed below the Computer and The Computer fell into the ground, as the DRC Man yelled in pain, and slowly died, more cords erupted with red glitches, and he pushed The DRC Man back to fall over and die, as he then rolled to the west, and found the Orb, touching each of them with his cords.

Alan was first to swirl from a red orb into his form and fall a bit, before then Deandra, and Deandra looked around before playing violin swiftly, and forcing Alan down a short portalis towards the battle with Miss Opium versus Shellia. Deandra then ran forth, and the Computer followed, as above suddenly The DRC Man was brought up to life by Wilma, and Heru was shot back with a blue trail of sparkles, being fouled under the bridge, as Deandra flew over, and Heru used his wings to fly a little above the ground and form a plan with the Computer as they came forth and stared up.

“Wilma is a fucking-” Heru was about to non-catechize.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIIIIIT!!” The Computer yelled as his cords pointed behind, and Deandra plus Heru turned around swiftly to see Daniel and Ejnare getting up to the flag, and claiming it, then hopping down as Ejnare was on Daniel’s back.

Deandra started quickly playing her violin, and Heru hopped up and started to hop up and faster down as he went over, directing Wilma and The DRC Man to a happy attention as they saw forth to the bad guys rushing away. The Computer and Heru dashed off towards Daniel and Ejnare as Deandra went after Geunrf’s projects and assisted the rainbow Orb against The Fire God and Ryutyu. Also, as Eraoa dialed with me and Chinua, Daniel and Ejnare started to run towards us, seeing Heru coming, and then switched towards Shellia and Miss Opium’s mini battle area.

“Oh sheesh- here we go!” - Daniel as he shot forth against the Orb and Deandra who made a shield, as Ejnare had his legs wrapped around and used his sniper to punish Eraoa from aways as I rushed over. The Computer extended out his cords to rampage Shellia, wrapping around her metallic guns and pulling her upside down as Miss Opium reformed, and wrapped her metallic arms around Shellia’s head, and then squished it as then I reformed it, jumping into Miss Opium as Heru blasted into a sentry, and Geurnf rag-dolled him with her shotgun as Angelica hid behind, and then looked behind all the fighting and slashing of swords to see Kioshi rushing forth with his sniper and blasting The Orb back as The Fire God punched him dead. “Kioshi- take the flag!” Daniel happily pursued as he got cornered by Deandra’s shield and the Computer starting to swivel cords over with electricity coming out, as then Ejnare was already hopped off and shooting at Eraoa more with a wagging tail like Daniel’s and Shellia’s, quick and fast.

Kioshi hopped over with his robotic tentacles, catching it with surprise that Daniel even had that idea, and then rushed off as I protected him from behind, using a slush of darkness to wrap the electric cords into themselves as electricity combusted, and Deandra started shooting rainbow spikes at me, and I made holes in my plush body to dodge.

Kioshi went off as Eraoa then started to move away from Chinua, yet Chinua grabbed Eraoa by her back, and then thrusted her into a rock, where Eraoa hopped up with her rainbow axe and slashed down, but Chinua moved her body to the left, before suddenly the Computer from away had a green progress bard on his screen, and in a second the game ended, and we were all on the couches in our living room- Daniel getting up and holding a gun he did not have anymore.

“Oh- we’re done...” - Daniel laughed as he shook his head and looked around towards the startled yet calming friends of all of us, The DRC Man around too.

“That was funny though, Daniel- the piggy-back riding idea actually came out cool...” - Ejnare smiled at Daniel, and he nodded back as his tail calmed down, and Angelica got up with Shellia and smiled calmly.

“Yeah...” Daniel shrugged as Geurnf saw her toolboxes under her feet.

“Aye lads- glad nobody died- plus thy Fire God got to live.” - Ryutyu.

“INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE- Introduction one- The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the-” - TCT as he came up behind the couch slowly.

“Oh my god-” Wilma laughed, and now we switch scenes.

***Catalogue of Demons***

Everybody looked around the late party as the sun dwelled down, the sky became a dark blue, yet the ends of the horizon were orange, and the wind blew nicely outside as Miss Hedheop, Daniel, Geurnf, and Shellia hit a volleyball to each other in the pool with a net around it all, and inside I wore a golden dress, my green dress now pure gold and sparkling with yellow sprinkles in the middle as it turned towards green near my neck and thighs, along with my gloves now being white and sparkling, as my boots were the same, and my mask plus shades were still mainly black.

Everybody conversed with everybody whilst The DRC Man sat alone in Ryutyu’s room below, on a chair and looking around the room as the fan above was on. He sighed, holding in his left hand the bible, and having his right hold up his chin lazily as he looked down with sadness towards Deuteronomy Twenty-Eight. On the floor next to him was a party-sized bag of blue chips, that he once in a while took his right hand down to grab a few and shove them in his mouth as he sat there without care for the rumbles above.

Then Wilma started to leave the party as I talked to Ejnare, and she went down to my room, then to The DRC Man as I heard with echolocation, and she stood in front of The DRC Man, looking at him as he looked up with worry to her worry. Then Wilma sighed and sat down sadly, crossing her legs as she looked up towards The DRC Man closing the bible, and placing it down in front of Wilma.

“Hey Wilma... I’m just... learning...” - The DRC Man talked up, and she nodded.

“Is there anything else on your mind bothering you that maybe I can fix?” - Wilma asked after four seconds, flicking her fingers and making the room soundproof in material, the only notice being the talking above stopping and silence pursuing.

“No... just... are we safe to speak?” - The DRC Man asked, looking up the stairs.

“Yes." Wilma nodded with worry to The DRC Man, and he nodded back as he used his right hand to hold up his head, and his legs were firmly forth.

“Yeah, so... what happened to George?” - The DRC Man brought up after a second, and Wilma was surprised inside, her tails flinging up. “I heard he was cheery before he went off- did he leave for his dreams though? And Khenbush- what happened to George and Khenbush? The Kids say they haven’t responded at all since they disappeared...”

Wilma looked at The DRC Man in the eyes, breathing with a beating heart I heard, and then Wilma sadly sighed, trying not to tear up as she as sitting below.

“Eighty-Three murdered them. He took George out. He... mutilated Khenbush into a worm... and lied about what happened...” - Wilma stated as she tried keeping eye-contact.

“Oh... shit... this has been going on for longer than... me?” - The DRC Man.

“He mutilates a girl named Hadiza too. He has been torturing her for a long time. He has been torturing others for a long time... Your entrance just emphasized the concept of mutations beyond the rarity of the kids. It is not your fault though... We cannot just go up there and tell. He would kill most and revamp them possibly. He would be mad at us. I could take him on. I wish to save him though. Force is a last cause to me.” - Wilma.

“I... hey- what do I do? Is there anything I can do to maybe slow him and give you more time, or... anything?” The DRC Man asked Wilma as her eyes were watery.

“We wait. Maybe Jesus could come back and we could ask him to meet with Eighty-Three. We-” Wilma was saying before her ears spun right and she whipped to see the Anti-Christ, and The DRC Man also looked up with confusion before surprise and fear as the Anti-Christ enacted their hearts to swell without control, and the silence made their eyes open without control, The DRC Man trying to blink but finding himself unable.

“Hey-” The DRC Man started to state before his mouth closed up, and he tried feeling it as his heart stopped and he fell over, Wilma already getting up with speed and creating rainbow tetsubishis in her hands, ready to fly off from being flat. She also created arms from her back and made swords, guns, and tried reforming The DRC Man’s mouth, but the red glitch was over it, and she was scared of the entity walking forth.

“As if I had no recognition still... if you couldn’t tell, Jesus is gone. He left in anger and is falsified in his ways. He couldn’t even save Hitler, and he wanted too... so... I’m here, I’m the Anti-Christ, the complete opposite and the completion of his failures. I saved Hitler whence he was around, and now I’ll save all of you. Tell me, Wilma- what do you have against the boy I weep for- for Eighty-Three is still relevant and shall pursue with greatness to this Earth what God could not. He’ll fix human nature and expose what God has truly put inside us- the evil of his good. Wilma- do you care to save The DRC Man here, or fail to see the truth behind the material, that his and your mouth were fake, and lies were exposed. Do you care to allow evil so good will flourish, or do you deny for the morality of a fool?” - The Anti-Christ as he approached Wilma, and she tried moving anything but her eyes, but she was stabile until she could speak.

“I do not-” - Wilma stated, and The Anti-Christ instantly was angered.

“Enough! Let the shadow of reason flail as my darkness floods with truth. I’ve been watching and waiting to do this- so watch as I mold your friends into their true selves.” - The Anti-Christ, then departing into a portalis as he brought The DRC Man and Wilma forth in their current poses, and whence his portalis closed, it started to expand without an opposing side again, and from it the light of Ryutyu’s basement started to dawn into dark blue, and the floor dissolved into dark granites of silence.

Above, TCT was first to look towards the incoming darkness with a confused look, and with a boom sound effect, Ejnare and Crow also looked without Kioshi around to see secondly, and as the blue darkness faded in, removing light sources, turning them off and allowing a soothing yet creepy feel of dark blue to ambienate the entirety of every view, everybody started to look over, even from outside, and saw the pool waters shift from reflection to plain transparency as the darkness came faster and faster to swallow up the entirety of everything under the shield, until the red glitch blocked it inside the shield.

“Damnit- the Red Glitch couldn’t be more annoying in this time...” - The Anti-Christ as he appeared above Ejnare’s home, looking down on my place, as Wilma and The DRC Man were in chains, millions as small as blood cells wrapping around them and allowing for a thin line to see the clothing behind every two centimeters. They also could not speak, or smell, as their noses and mouths were gone like Shellia would naturally have. Wilma also had her tail was plucked one hair at a time, and she felt each one with pain, squinching her eyes and eyebrows as her hairs fell down. “Now watch as I play my own game, instead of one from The Computer, or one from your social stupidity.”

Below, I came out with TCT and a wet Daniel, looking around with confusion as me and Daniel saw nothing, but the Anti-Christ, The DRC Man, and Wilma floated up top and were invisible to our view- except TCT, who looked up directly at the Anti-Christ and made him raise an eyebrow, Wilma also a little confused.

TCT then looked behind to see Geurnf and Ryutyu coming up with their moving abs, and they looked up as Ejnare also came out, all wagging their tails with confusion.

“Hoi me friends- what be going on?” - Ryutyu in a pirate-accent.

“We don’t know- is Wilma around though? Maybe she knows?” - Daniel.

“Can’t have moral compasses in Detroit.” - TCT as he grabbed my attention.

“What do ya’ mean by that?” - Geurnf asked TCT as her fat tail wagged.

“?” - TCT pointed up with a squeaky voice- wait, a question mark is not a word. So, in realistically measuring, he just pointed up and looked back at Geurnf.

“What are you pointing at?” - I asked T-C-T, my sparkly dress not sparkly anymore.

“I ain’t see nothing but the dark blue, T-C-T.” - Geurnf as we all looked up.

“It must be my schizophrenia acting up then.” - TCT, “because I see the Anti-Christ, Wilma, and the fat-ass nigga up there.” The Anti-Christ rolled his eyes, and then floated away with the invisibly-tied-up friends of ours, towards the northeast and away.

“Give me a second.” - I told everyone, then rushing away into Ryutyu’s room and back up, with a few machines as TCT looked up. “So Wilma and The DRC Man are missing to my knowledge- but let me see if they are bound within the Anti-Christ's torment waves- and also plural the theory that maybe you have torment-wave powers as well, T-C-T, meaning you are some sort of demon or angel possibly.” I finished as I set up every possible machine one at a time, firstly the Fluxyr.

“Oh shit- niggers be more gone than my dad.” - TCT as soon as my ears heard all of my friends’ bloodstreams and inner liquids disappear within echolocation and sound. I looked around and saw everybody missing, except of course the meme himself.

“Hm- my machines just disappeared as well, T-C-T.” I said, turning back to see my machines had already just de-existed all of a sudden. “It seems we are in a Torment-Wave battle against the Anti-Christ.” I told as darkness swarmed from under my golden dress and arms reached around the air randomly, before sucking back up without a sound. “T-C-T- please, tell me- what do you know about angels and demons, plus anything else?”

TCT then turned to me with a harsh concrete-scraping noise, slowly, and looked me in the eyes as suddenly his appearance and background went color-coded into only white and black, giving him a common horror feeling as silence was prominent for three seconds afterwards, and my tail was without a spike under my nicer yellower hair.

“In order to not answer your question, I shall self-destruct right now.” - TCT, as he then exploded, and I stood there, letting my particles stop the blast’s destruction as around the steam and dust started to settle after five seconds, and I saw he was missing.

“Oh, please, T-C-T- wherever you are, could you just talk to me about this?” - I asked up to the sky as my ears heard nothing, and then I sighed. “Sheesh...”

At the same position in the same time, Angelica looked at Oyur as he did stretches, looking around in pure silence, before opening his mouth and speaking into nothingness, no sound being made as Angelica had her bee phone out and saw the Accord server now only with her and Oyur, and she wrote to Oyur: “There’s no sound and everything suddenly went dark whilst we had a party- but it’s nice to see you came back, Oyur.”

Oyur nodded with a slurred frown, and then looked away from down on the phone, tapping his pockets and not feeling one in his pockets before sighing. Angelica then nudged his view towards the four-way by her phone, and he whipped around, looking down, then taking the phone and typing in: “why Accord server empty?”

Angelica got handed back the phone by Oyur, and typed in, “I don’t know- but before everyone suddenly disappeared and you appeared, Eighty-Three was saying something about torment waves, and TCT was going on about seeing the Anti-Christ with Wilma and The DRC Man.” Oyur looked over Angelica’s right shoulder as he typed this.

She then looked up into his red eyes, and he nodded, then pointing inside as there was no noise. Oyur put his right shoe in, and a large sound of him pressing down on the floor echoed throughout the atmosphere, and Oyur stood there, confused with Angelica, as he spoke yet had no voice. Then he stepped in, and he echoed his step and voice with loudness as Angelica’s ears were fully up and her tail wrapped around her left leg.

“Holy fucking shit- what the actual, Burger-Queen-looking-fuck is all this shit?” - Oyur as he listened to his voice, and then walked forth, looking down at the loud noises of his shoes hitting the floor. Then he jumped as he looked back to see Angelica hopped in, and was scared of her own jump, henceforth jump-scaring her by sound, and Oyur sighed.

“Sorry!” - Angelica said after she clenched her face. “Wait- can we speak outside now?” Angelica theorized, and then as she put her mouth or head outside, she found she could not speak, but she brought it back and it echoed, as her tail also had a slight movement echo. “Can I speak- oh, only in Eighty-Three's home...”

“Fuck up busta’... this shit about to get real... real-scary, I can already visualize the way this gon’ go. We gon’ hear some unordinary shit-sound, then it gon’ blast us with a Freddy-Krueger jump scare or something... I think we should just leave.” - Oyur.

“Okay- but where should we go?” Angelica nicely responded to Oyur as the door closed behind her slowly without a sound, but there was slam whence it locked, and Angelica bounced with a closed mouth whilst Oyur was angered and shot his roots forth, but they just spread amongst the door and wall as he tried breaking it

“Damn shits- whatever this is- they made everything fucking unbreakable like it’s the White House or some shit- and now we stuck in the basic horror-movie structure- we gonna’ be John Pork on a grill if we don’t fuck outta’ here quickly.” - Oyur almost laughed, as he ran over to my garage door and tried opening it, but found it lock, then used his right hand to form tiny splints of his roots and try unlocking it from inside, but he only found a wall. His heartbeat was normal, but Angelica’s slowly was going up as she looked around. “Damn fucks- they blocking my intelligence too, they thought of everything...”

“The blinds closed!” - Angelica pointed, and Oyur looked over with anger.

Oyur came to see everything from the outside was now still and shut from blinds or doors, and any light from outside was now just pure darkness black, and Oyur sighed as he looked towards, and then back towards Angelica.

“Fucking hell... who did ya’ say was doing this, Angelica?” - Oyur to Angelica.

“TCT saw the Anti-Christ, and Eighty-Three was saying something about Torment waves, which is about angelic and demonic waves- so I think the actual Anti-Christ is here, or a demon- but the Red Glitch or TCT could be fighting him too. Or maybe it’s the Computer, or both- but whatever it is abnormal to what we could usually face, Oyur..” Angelica started to say as Oyur went to see both halls were abnormally darker than the rest of the home, and he got his eyebrows into full anger.

“The Anti-Christ? He really came back just to fuck with us...” - Oyur swayed his head. “So what now? We just wait around for something to happen? Is there a fucking cue or something? Cuz’ I’m getting impatient with this shit- first the Steel Terrorists randomly come after me, now suddenly the Crap-Christ- what's next- Clasif’s Clock-In?” - Oyur.

“Good idea.” - The Anti-Christ echoed from the ceiling, and Angelica shook her bones as she looked up to see nothing, but then Oyur looked up and saw nothing too.

“EXCUSE ME? You better not!” Oyur told up, before hearing a sudden footstep in the right hall, and he took a step back with a calming mind, as he then turned to the left and walked away, “Alright- fuck that, and him- let's... go... left- and see how he likes that.”

Angelica was confused by Oyur’s decision as he walked forwards and looked both ways to the open doors, seeing the curtains still on all, as Angelica looked back, seeing two black gloves come around the doorframe, and grasp them with a loud echo as Oyur shuddered his focus back over and saw Clasif naturally erupt, but his head was churning, spinning, and vibrating in chaos and was un-focusable, Angelica surprised with extreme fear, and Oyur confused beyond anger.

“Hello Angelica and Oyur.” Clasif waved with his two right handsas his voice was turning from echoing to realistically direct, the voice feeling realer in spikes of his wavelengths. His fur also was winded by the speed and motion blur of his head.

“Fuck outta’ here BRUH.” - Oyur told to Clasif.

“I’ve come to expel information- since the Red Glitch blocks us from releasing attacks onto thou.” - Clasif as he sounded a bit off and different. Angelica was confused by his voice a little as he stepped forth, but she backed away, clutching her bible.

“Expel some of that muscle my man, cuz’ you out here thinking you better than The Rock or some shit.” - Oyur stated in reference once again. “What is with all my references right now?” He then whispered to himself as he kept his eyes on the furry.

“I’ll only stand as far away as I should to comfort you two.” - Clasif’s shaking head.

“Then staaaAAAaand on the other side of the galaaAAAaaaxy, dumbass.” - Oyur.

“Please, Oyur- allow me to speak about the truth. I would-” - Clasif.

“Hell naaaaaaah BRUH.” - Oyur as he elongated his tree man syndrome roots.

“You’re a demon, Clasif- controlled by the Anti-Christ. It would be wrong to follow the words of-” - Angelica to Clasif as she watched his head and pose.

“There is nothing wrong with us, Angelica. Let me tell you something quickly, for I understand I do not have much time, and your ears are hasty.” - Clasif, as he then proceeded to stop his head, and all went black except for Oyur, Clasif, and Angelica. Clasif was instead now with a texture of a VHS-Tape, and a line shifted up and down his essence as his head was flattened down and stretched to creepiness, his eyes long and pupils small as he stared into Angelica who started to sweat and grasp her bible harder with fear and confusion, whilst Oyur had his face entirely black, but not his hair or neck. “+\_>>\_+\_+\_+>>\_+\_>+\_<+\_>+\_>\_+?\_+\_+<\_>+?\_\_+\_<\_>+\_+\_+}}}{|+\_<|>.” Clasif literally stated, and from the unsuspecting minds of Oyur and Angelica, the words melted into their souls, and they knew of the information.

“I will not follow you for the rest of your eternity, evil demons- no matter the gifts or revelations. The lake of fire is worse than dying inconsiderably by anybody’s means.” - Angelica stated, her face turning to anger as the black faded away and the rest of the home was present, yet Oyur was still darkened.

“Then how do you proceed with caution against the mentality of nature? Curving yet allowing? God’s hypocrisy doesn’t save you. We told you who he truly is-” - Clasif as his head went back to shaking.

“You lie about everything. He is not a plunderer, and he is not like the Stickmale. His ways are defined, and yours are broad without care. Leave us alone and go back to hell.” Angelica as she was angered, holding her bible in her right hand as her bones shook, and she sweated incredibly fast as her tail was wagging back and forth quicker than ever.

Clasif then had a large explosion sound around his essence, and henceforth came a stereoscopic adjustment of green and red, bouncing in and out of his body and forming with his shape, as parts like his entire left arm, or righ side of his torso extended infinitely in a direction, stretching the texture of himself into any object and phasing through it, as he started to put his hands behind his back and allow Oyur to still be under black-face.

“What about your friend Oyur- he hasn’t decided yet.” - Clasif to Angelica.

Angelica tried grabbing Oyur’s shoulder, but her hand phased through, and she shook her angry face back at Clasif, her bible jittering.

“Let Oyur go.” - Angelica as seriously as she could.

“The decision is always yours.” - Clasif stated, before suddenly disappearing, and Oyur was with a jittering head, slowly releasing the motion blur and slowing down.

“Woah... what in the fuck...” - Oyur.