Erosion (-5) : Me my 2: Detectivity

Hello! It is very nice to see you have chosen this book to read! I will be continuing my story from last time. Now, I was in a heat of trouble if you remember. The Steel Terrorists had come out of their portals and were rushing at me. Unknowing of what their mission was, I ran.

I was in my middle school, age fourteen and in eighth grade. After a long scheme of unnatural events, I eventually returned home, to my home universe, with a reset of time and new knowledge. But to this came a consequence, a cascade of actions leading up to me being alone in my school from any good protection against an unknown army now approaching me.

I almost screamed as the terrorists ran down the hall, faster and quicker with each step. Taking a view back, it was simply a growing mass extended their line of crowded running. They bashed anybody who came in the way- like one boy, but nobody else. I turned the corner to get to the entrance, and the exit. The original dismissal place was as ordinary as it has been. Nothing was mistaking it except its coolly dead blue and shades of rubbed glass. I banged against the door, taking a run to my grasp and a hearing of our school officer.

“Stop!” He shouted as he fired a gun, exactly four shots, towards the army. “Augh!” He then said, being pushed over like a traffic cone instead of being blasted by their wobbly guns of shiny black and intense megs.

I felt a slight relief to see they were not here to harm anybody else, but I was still misunderstood. Maybe if I stopped, they would just recap over my essence and take me away…

But I progressed into the parking lot and further, finding nothing but a few cars getting in my way. I looked back at the stampeding army. Some of them were flying with bright white wings of an eagle or angle. They held their guns forwards as they dove after me, ignoring the allies below trudging through the cars without inflicting damage or any sirens.

I turned for a second- but was injected with a stinging bullet. A syringe, gleaming in the sunlight under the blue and uncloudy sky. The trees had shown a bit of a shadow, but where I was, the metal grey with green liquid had beamed into me. I felt drowsy… tired… then nauseated and fatigued. I fell asleep after a crawl for desperation. My last six moments off the world’s normal vicinity was taking from me.

***Where Wilma was…***

Wilma, a nine-tailed fox lady with a blue overall, stereotypical of Chinese Master-like/stereotypical clothing, was sitting in her cabin. Alone and quiet, with nothing to prosper more, she was crossed-legged with closed eyes.

Her yellow bee-like phone was an addition to the pots of green shrub leaves and the lightest brown wooden box she held up inside her cave of light blue crystals, non-glowing.

She was unmoving, feeding on the silence- until her phone beeped.

“Hey, Wilma, Eighty-Three went missing.” Cyclop stated in black text.

Wilma picked up her phone and looked at the message dully.

“How do you know?” She inserted back in the text bubbles.

“He allowed me to put a tracker on him- and I was just checking up on you guys as a first task of day. So, do you know what happened to him since you’re close by?” Cyclop texted back perfectly punctuated, after three seconds.

“Nope. You have the tracker.” Wilma texted back.

“Well, he’s not showing up on the tracker- and this thing checks all planes of existences! Could you go investigate please? This is extremely abnormal.” Cyclop asked again quickly.

“Sure. What about Ryutyu though? Is anything going on with him?” She asked then.

“I haven’t gotten his consent on a tracker yet.” Cyclop said back.

“Alrighty. I will be going now.” -Wilma.

So, Wilma stood up, using her left leg, then lifted herself up instantly, using her left fingers to twinkle herself away. She made the ceiling expand a hole for her to float out off, and then close behind her. She then moved herself to the top of the cave, unbroken at the time. The rocks were crumbled away and into each other molecularly as she came up and out like a protagonist. Eventually, she hit dirt, spreading it apart and placing it nicely back in place by waving her hand now.

She darted off past the trees and such, letting the wind only leave signs of her essence. Plus, her nine tails were something she let bounce around on the branches, letting some fur off, but no harm to her at all… She went towards my school. It was about 2:24 P.M., and everybody was… not in class still. Eventually, Wilma plopped on top of the school building, directly on top of my math class. If anybody was in the classroom, nobody would feel it, because it was only obvious by the slightest metallic sound above that she herself had landed with her speed of a god.

She looked upon the land scape other than the school, particularly in the front of the building.

Cops scattered around, green-camo army men guarding the area, eachers discussing something in large groups, students leaving into their cars from the backed line of parents in need of taking their kids away.

The blueness of the school did little to camouflage her here. She wore a wardrobe that was a different and darker kind of blue, and her nine tails were also a light brown.

“Michelle and I were in class talking about grades.” My math teacher, Mr. Hem, spoke to my science teacher, Mr. Hambe.

Wilma heard these conversations the yards away. The echoed through her mind… She slowly backed away and allowed more of it to come over her as she looked sternly around the back side of the school.

“They specifically ran after ████. Look! ████ ████ running away from them, and their running towards him, whilst they push down everybody else in their way. Then, they must’ve chased him outside.” My principal said.

“But where would they go?” An army man asked.

“I don’t know.” My principal said in his whiteness.

“I don’t know either, sir.” Our school police offer, Arty McShall, stated, “They just disappeared as soon as I got out here.”

Wilma took that info and investigated others.

“What did you see?” A detective asked Molly, an old friend of mine.

“I didn’t s-see much… All I saw was… a bunch of men running towards the right…” She said, with worry.

“Did you know anything about ████ ████ at the time? Like, where he was, what he was doing, his next class?” The detective then asked.

“No… I just knew he sat outside of the lunchroom…” Molly answered.

Wilma looked further. She had gathered the evidence that I had sat outside the lunchroom and had also run away from some kind of group. She continued to walk forwards to see the P.E. field in the back of the school. Dry, a dull running track, sandy with grass in the middle, had nothing to it. She turned back and forth, examining a few army men walk around, investigating for themselves. She floated away, like a lazy animation moved the pelvis back, and nothing else…

“The group looked greyish and shiny. They had steel on, definitely.” Arty then said to a new investigator.

Wilma thought about that. Steel… men… shiny… it meant nothing to her. She nodded her head away from it and stood still.

Suddenly, behind her, a portal opened. Wilma turned around in a quarter of a millisecond. Nothing new to her stance but confusion on her face.

Through the vertical, rectangular, grey outlined portal, she saw the steel terrorists, in their natural uniform, rushing out and past her. Before the came bombarding, Wilma used her bandaged hand to form a rainbow-textured oval shield of patterned ellipses as they came bouncing off it and running off towards the entrance of the school.

Wilma was worried, confused, and almost terrified at the reoccurring soldiers of diversity, all running the same direction and in an unorderly crowded way. But what horrified her most was their minds.

Static was displayed. Only static. Grey and ugly. Nothing was running through their heads, it was blocked, but more of a different kind of ‘blocked’ from Heru’s metal plates in his head…

Instantly, as the first, common yet with a blue fox tail and no ears of the sort, jumped down. Wilma instantly heard them shooting the patients below. Screams blasted into the air as more and more jumped down, making the army fight these unknown terrorists. Bullets sprayed everywhere almost, and the sound became surreal.

Wilma looked more horrified at the inside of the portal. The environment was nothing but a giant steel box with a seemingly infinite, and smaller hallway in the middle bottom. The height of the portal was only a fourth of this box room that had nothing in it, and from where the seemingly infinite terrorists were coming from, was just a seemingly long hallway in which they banged around in, till they came through.

“Stop! All of you!” She shouted towards the crowd banging towards the mass shooting below.

Wilma did not move. She was not afraid, but worried about the passion of these guys. They did not stop at her response.

She put her hand against a terrorist’s chest plate, by stretching the personal protection shield to her exact volume. It made them stop, the man or woman- making them grip their black Ak-47 in their case, also instantly making that person stop and stand straight, whilst also making others have to recuperate their shoves and move around the paused personnel.

“Stop shooting the school people!” Wilma told the person, which was starting to turn their head to her, slowly and creepily, and letting their gun drop to a ready position of a photo.

The personnel only stared at her.

Then, they pushed her back with a right shoulder shove, and continued down.

The effect of the person’s silence and action only made her look angrily at the others. She then thrusted a swirling-effected rainbow arrow and bow into existence and shot one at the leg of one of the other soldiers. It hit the person, making them trip and fall onto the metal of the school’s ceiling.

They all stopped. The shooting below continued as some terrorists started moving into the streets of the area to shoot at more army men, but the one’s on the roof of the school stopped running to the edge and looked back at her with no sound. The person who got hit did not even make a sound beside naturality, and he just got back up and looked at her dully…

They all felt ready to battle…

As they all started to raise their guns to Wilma, a person started at her, rounding the portal to give a left-handed punch. This person had the same nine tails as Wilma, but also had an above-average muscularity in his arms.

Wilma, with her alacrity, fixed her hands into a raised sword and shield position, now holding a rainbow German sword and a round shield of rainbow-ness, whilst also having that oval body-shield go to its original volume. She swung the sword vertically at him, and he dodged it thoroughly.

Another terrorist came through, this one being with a humanly sized whale’s blue tail. He jumped into the sky and spawned three rainbow spikes to fall onto Wilma from the light blue and cloudless sky. Wilma bounced back and threw her sword at the man swinging his arms down to make the spikes plummet into the school. The sword missed as the spikes did too- both Wilma and the person dodged to their left. Then, the bullets started to pile in. Metallics after another, the bounced off their fellow terrorists and gathered onto Wilma’s oval shield.

The bullets did nothing, but a new incoming terrorist did. This one bounced out of the portal and thrusted his arms into the roof, making it collapse as Wilma tried focusing a portal behind her by using her bandaged left hand. She allowed herself to float as the others started to fall in, but the whale terrorists flew at her as she drifted off into the portal. The nine-tailed fox person also dived in.

Wilma was in a new unknown land of grass and plains, bouncing up from the ground and throwing a dozen spikes of rainbow-ness at them. They dodged as she suddenly dodged a chain throw from the whale’s hand. It formed the same way Wilma’s would of- just out of thin air. Wilma then made portals to shoot at them as she closed the portal with her right hand, but they were quick just like her. Then, the portal was grasped last second to reveal another nine-tailed fox personnel, this one with blue fur and ears of cats. They allowed many terrorists to come in with new weapons like rainbow-textured pistols and rainbow-textured sniper rifles- damn, all their weaponry was now rainbow…

Wilma tried to escape by opening many different portals up- but the whale and nine-tailed fox personnel closed them and thrusted mass amounts of rainbow knives around her shield. They banged against it, emitting a metal scratching sound even. Eventually, with the portal open and millions of bullets plastering against Wilma, she decided to dive down and away into the ground for coverage. When she dropped herself, moving the soil and rock out and back into place, the whale and nine-tailed personnel still followed, and eventually, the terrorists started jumping in after her. She tried making portals to new worlds from the grass plain one, but the whale one grabbed onto her boot and started making his hands giant claws of rainbow-ness. Wilma tried to shrug him off, rejuvenating her shield too- but all was failed when a new terrorist dived in faster than spooky. This terrorist was fitted with nothing but normality. He dived straight down and into Wilma, spawning his own portal-blocker with his right hand. The portal blocker was just a rainbow rectangular, again. So, when she smashed into it, she brought herself up to attack again, but was flabbergasted when she pushed her hands out in front of her and nothing occurred to what she was thinking.

The whale, nine-tailed fox, and normal personnel leveraged themselves up from the crash and started at Wilma normally. Wilma quickly looked above to see a steel terrorist on top of a translucent blue sphere in which she was contained in. It must have deactivated their powers, because now nobody was trying to create things.

So, Wilma missed a right-hand punch at the whale person who came first. The person dodged to their left and pulled a rainbow knife out of his butt-pocket. The nine-tailed fox person grabbed the neck of Wilma from the side she missed, shoved their left hand into her eye, and allowed the whale person to begin immediately stabbing the knife into her back- about five times in different areas. The person also did not mind her nine tails, and just blatantly thrusted it into the crevices… Wilma cried as she felt the immense pain hit her spine in multiple locations... The nine-tailed fox person plucked her into the floor after the whale person pulled back. She screamed till the whale-tailed person pounced on her and shoved the knife in her head three seconds later, letting her spill out.

Finally, the normal guy pulled out a small yellow rectangular flag headed on a white metal pole; that also had a smaller grey hemi-spherical button on the top of the pole in the middle, all above the flag. It was a tool, as he took out the knife and then stabbed it into the top of her head too. He made sure to make it stick by plunging it further in, and then pressed the button down, making it go into the pole about an inch.

Then, the portal closed above, making some terrorists fall, but get back up enthusiastically. They came over, opened another portal, and allowed a medical bed to slide up to Wilma as more terrorists came in to help get her body out of there.

***Chapter two, I guess.***

I sprung up from my medical bed. It was the same as most movies perceived these things- blue sheet with covered white pillow, metal bars and legs perplexing into a rectangular below, which wheels of black.

Yep, I was here, in the bed, confused and remembering of what happened earlier. There was only darkness around the one terrorist who stood in front of me. He had nothing to him, just the normal plates.

“Um… oh- I- sir?” I asked, pushed back his appearance. I looked at him, then my unchanged clothes, then back at him. He was normal looking and standing rather surprised at my awaken too- but remember, people like him were just chasing me a minute ago, from my perspective.

He did not respond to me though; he only tilted his head a bit to the left.

“Um… Sir, where am I?” I gathered up formerly.

He stated nothing but went back to the unseen door behind him. It was metal, and when he opened it, light shone through effectively. White and emissive- I squinted my eyes and blinked enough to get used to it. I continued to lay on my bed till the terrorist turned around and waved me to come on with his left arm.

I looked around, seeing nothing else. I nodded my head and got off the bed to my right and walking lightly over to him. When I got past the door as he led me out, I saw an eighteen-meter-high ceiling from the floor. It was inputted with nothing but pure white metal, from what I could also infer from the walls of the rooms I touched as I examined the place. I was in a hallway, having each side filled with rooms of white as well. No markings, just the tall doors of a light-grey metal with a golden knob in the middle. Each room was about five meters wide and three meters high. There were no crevices to see beyond them, only the seemingly sky of metal that said each was a box amongst an infinite base of white. Plus, there was an echoing music above all, coming from all directions perfectly. It played slightly disoriented and static-filled ballroom music at the current time.

It felt like wide to be more explanatory…

The terrorist started down to the right. I followed, looking about to see the horizon continue with the same setup as down here, both back and forth had infinite rooms to my vision. I also saw two black dots at the end- probably more terrorists. I looked back too, as we started. There was nothing.

“Hey… dude… are we walking all the way down there?” I asked.

He said nothing and did not even turn around either. I continued to walk, hearing no voices, but the music end and now display a cheerful ballroom tune with a mischievous and adventurous feel to it. I stayed in silence, till I saw more black dots come behind the two upcoming soldiers of few pixels to my view.

These ones were moving fast, and as we walked normally down, I saw more of them rather than the other two.

“Sir, or whatever you are- do you talk at all?” I asked behind the person.

He said nothing and continued.

I looked around to see nobody coming out of the rooms. I had no idea if they were all small surgical-like rooms or what- but I did not want to enter either. I looked back to see the incoming two dots now, with a surgical table moving by the left one’s grasp. I looked forth and started to walk in front of the person leading me, looking back to see his response first.

He did nothing as I scooted my way up more. I saw more of it- two people running, the left one with a surgical table carrying a face-downed, nine-tailed fox woman on it. I started forward, thinking it was Wilma.

I looked back to see if the person was okay with me sprinting a run, and I guess he was by his nothingness… so I ran up to it. I slowed down and took some deep breaths, shaking my head at my exercise, and eventually caught up to… Wilma…

She was the way they had left her, still with the flag. The terrorists just continued without me, unnoticing of my fear and backpedal from her death. With scaredness on my face, I tried to invoke courage to say something.

“Uh… um… what… Wait… hold on! Good peoples, stop! That is my friend!” I stated over, almost trembling as I started over.

They stopped and turned to me after all of it, as well as my original caretaker stopped in his tracks too. I stood with them, catching up with them a bit more on the floor of white marble rock, purely white.

“(Breathing,) Her name is Wilma... I know her, and she is a good friend of mine… What happened to her?” I asked sadly.

They said nothing, but turned to the original man, or caretaker as I might say. They turned back after a three second pause. Then, they turned the cart around and shoved her corpse over to me.

“Woah- hey… I was just asking what happened-” I stated, surprised and worried.

The carrier then did an upward toss of an orange pen he got from inside his pants pocket on the right, and then a grey one too. I caught both, but instantly looked as they continued running, and now my caretaker started jogging in his original direction. I looked both far and back at them, trying to move my mind away from Wilma.

I looked back at the pens. Then at Wilma, with sorrow. I shook from the corpse in front of me. I stared into it. She was definitely dead, because the blood that leaked from her back and head had already stained and stopped. Her tails lay still, and ears hung down. Her skin had already started to turn white. The flag was still planted in deep, and I was confused and terrified by it. Still, I turned myself away, no tears, and started configuring with the already-in-English grey pen- to get me to Cyclop somehow.

The same commands showed up. I stopped to take the time to look at the history. Only the text “Cyclop’s House” showed up.

I shook even more. “What? How… what is going on? This must be a coincidence.” I stated to myself out loud.

The ballroom changed again; now to a tune with a sunshine feel and non-trumpet solo. I pressed on the text, after letting the music strike the atmosphere. Suddenly, lightning crossed from the hole of the pen and at the orange pen. It was extruded like a taser, perfectly going into the orange pen’s hole, yet having the lightning sway like waves on a sea as they came into the oxygen. I gasped and yelled an “Ah!” as I let the pens go, dropping them onto the floor. It bounced lightly, and the lightning continued for three seconds, then stopped. The grey pen beeped, and I came over dramatically crawling at it.

*“Change Finished!”*

It stated this above a green rectangular bar, like a video game would have it back then and maybe now. I touched the orange pen lightly, then the grey pen slowly, then finally picked up both. I was discerned about all of it- and clicked the orange pen once after having a good look around to see the men having averagely disappeared from location... A portal opened under me- orange and outlined thickly, and ellipse-like. I fell through it with the corpse of my friend. The bed fell as well, plastering a metallic crash when we plopped onto the ground from four feet.

I felt the green grass and movement of flying cars around me. I clutched my face to the slight pressure, ordering the sound not to bug me- but it was too late. I heard the bed fall over and it hit my leg. I nudged a “Urgh!” at it, but also opened my eyes wide to see Wilma’s body falling onto me. I scrambled away, getting up from my pose and backing away with myself going “Hey! Hey! Hey!” at the corpse as it slid onto me and then the ground.

“Ah- Ew- Ew… um… oh my goodness…” I squealed to myself.

I looked around. I was in a yard of a cyclops’s home. The portal was still open above, and some car drivers and passengers looked down to our area. I was almost red-faced from the reactions, but I commenced to look forwards and around. I saw that the garage of this one’s home was closed, like all others in a view. But the city was still equally far away on the edge of my horizon…

“Um… what do I do?” I asked myself, “Um… anybody? Help?” I yelled over to the vicinity of my left.

Nobody answered that. I looked down at Wilma again, still face-downed and dead with that flag in her.

“Hey- hold up! If she could bring you back from the dead instantly when there were no shields around blocking her powers- then maybe she could bring herself back… or… probably not, but you should still try it before anybody comes…” My brain told me.

“Um… sure?” I told my brain inside, looking around viciously.

I sighed, and I heavy breathed, and I dawned upon her. I reached towards her head and twigged on the flag, with the button still an inch in. It was stuck in head well, but I persisted and continued to sadly maneuver it out, slowly and steadily. Eventually, it came loose enough that I slowly pulled it out and looked at the bloody pole that injected her brain once. It was red and black, patterned like solidified water.

I tossed the pole to the side and looked at Wilma again, worried sick.

I saw the hole in her head start to configure itself back together, regenerate with lines of blood connecting to others at quick rates. Seven seconds, and I saw the blood stains on her back disappear, as well as the holes in her blue wardrobe string back together, and her head in full repair.

“Hm…” Wilma stated as she lifted her head from the grass. The blood from the pole and tilted bed also started to form into a ball and sludge back towards her, “Are we safe?” She asked worried, after standing up. I was bewildered and trying not to explode from the sudden regain of her spirit, but I took a deep breath.

“Safe? From those Steel Terrorists?” I asked, trying to calm down.

“Glad to know you also encountered them as well.” She spoke.

“And I must guess they killed you…” I stated.

“They did. It was not their original plan though. They ran past me and started shooting at your school people first. I tried to stop them. They turned to me and fought me dead with people just like me.” Wilma widened her remark of dull-lips and wide-eyed expression.

“Okay… they just put a syringe in me and made me walk down a long-ass corridor- until some other guys came with your body on that bed.” I said, pointing and copying her expression with a sad tense added.

“Alrighty.” She smiled dully. “I must also ask how you got to Cyclop’s home.” Wilma then said after a pause, looking around, and now heading into the house behind her, which was Cyclop’s house, I guess.

“They threw me an orange and grey pen after I told them you were my friend. The grey pen somehow already had ‘Cyclop’s House’ on it, so I clicked it, it transferred electricity to the orange pen, then I clicked the orange pen, and it took me here. Then I took out that flag and you woke up.” I told her, regaining my courage.

Wilma turned and made her left arm point over to the flag. It darted over with some wind gusting against my face. She grabbed it and looked at it.

“Also, did you get stabbed with rainbow tools?” I asked.

“Yes?” She answered. “Why do you ask?”

“Because, if you got stabbed with rainbow tools- then how are you alive? I thought you needed bandages for stuff like that…” I asked.

Wilma looked at her hands, still gripping the flag in her left hand. Both were bandaged with rainbow bandages, long and only one on each, but she was as confused as me.

“I have no idea. Maybe it might be this flag. Maybe it might have been that shield somehow… All I know is that we need to fix your universe again. They killed a lot of school employees.” Wilma stated to the sky of darkness, and then at her hands.

“Oh… but… what about that shield you mentioned? What did it do?” I asked.

“It disabled my powers. It disabled their powers.” She spoke.

“Hm… well… if I can infer to the best, maybe it disabled those rainbow tools too.” I started.

“Knives.” Wilma corrected me, opening a portal with her left hand, and walking through it. On the other side was the inside of her home, the hut in the cave.

“Dang… maybe it stopped their powers from working- maybe those knives just became normal.” I shrugged as Wilma went through and spawned a table at the front middle, by making it seem like it was invisible and went opaque in seconds.

“Nice thinking. Maybe that is what happened.” Wilma spoke as she laid the flag down on the table.

“Just saying… I remember some facts…” I ended with relief.

“Yep… You also asked us about your photographic memory on the phone… I just wanted to say we thought something like that would occur… Cyclop is as pleased as me.” Wilma answered, turning around.

“So… are you going to fix everything… or is that up to Cyclop?” I asked as the portal closed behind us.

“Most likely up to him…” Wilma said.

“Well, yeah… but, Ryutyu did talk about you creating machines to operate certain commands, which is what the cyclops use to do most of their things from what I can see. I was thinking about what he said lately-” I tried to start.

“You want me to create a world-wide machine to reset everything back to normal?” Wilma blabbed, standing in front of me.

“Yes, I was getting to that.” I answered.

“I… could try… I do not know about that red glitch though…” Wilma started.

“Well… if you die, I can reassure you I will find a way to bring you back…” I spoke.

Wilma nodded, put her left arm up high, and started levitating to the ceiling. The barriers of her hut’s wood, the stone above, and then the dirt, was moved just like before, and she used her right arm to make me levitate as well. I was brought up with her, finding the sky to be a dying light blue, and a turn to normal blue. The sun was still not on the horizon, and the winds flew past us nicely. I looked about as we took speed high into elevation, passing the green trees and such.

“Imagine being afraid of heights.” Wilma spoke, looking away to my left as the ground below fueled back into place.

“Oh, stop it. Let us just go and find Ryutyu.” I spoke.

Wilma then shot her right arm down, which started moving the ground massively, making the trees and such flail out of place as the dirt and rocks divulged into each other, revealing a growing cut amongst the entire landscape. She eventually started to levitate towards the going cut in Earth, till she stopped. I was just floating along, quietly behind her, like a scared, unknowing puppy.

When she stopped, she found Ryutyu’s home. The dirt and gravel and rocks had already penetrated the area of its original design and flaws, making it seems destroyed- but Ryutyu’s living room with stairs was in shape, better now with boxes and such opened and revealing new supplies for him, like bags of food, a new refrigerator, some new clothes, shampoo packages, and more around his un-dusty cabin beneath Earth. Ryutyu though, was there, hiding in the corner of his home. He saw us and stopped his shaking of fear in his new jacket and pants.

Ryutyu, with his green hair on head and blue fur everywhere else, almost, had gained a new jacket. It was black and fancy, shining, against the light, and had a metallic zipper. It also had two pockets in the front, one on each side the heart could be, and two patch pockets below, big, and ready for his hands to rest. To me, it looked like something a criminal or punk would wear, because of its flawless design. His pants though, were black jeans with a black belt put on non-tightly nor loosely. He also now wore fingerless black gloves of cotton, and big black boots with nothing but the bottom being a straight layer of square outer soles and heel parts.

“Hey! Hey- guys. H-how’s it been?” He asked, stopping his fear of being levitated over to us.

“It has been good- and probably better for you, because those clothes are looking mighty drippy.”

“Thanks- the cyclops gave them over in a package… what are we doing though? Why is Wilma here?” Ryutyu stated.

“We are fixing the world. I guess Wilma is going to make a machine that will set all my school’s employees back to life; because they were shot by some inhumane, literally non-human terrorists.” -Me.

“And we wanted you here to save your memory.” Wilma added, using her left arm to put all the Earth below us, back to normal in insane seconds.

“Oh… um…” Ryutyu was starting to think, seeing the recuperation below us as we landed nicely, but stopped as Wilma created a machine with her right arm twisting to the left. With her worried yet happy face, there was literally a wooden table in front of us, made of light-blonde planks and about five feet wide and two feet tall from its four legs. The table surface part was also deep for about nine inches. It had a single red button on it, half a sphere connected to the table with nothing else there. Literally so basic and based.

“You guys are really helpful.” Wilma stated afterwards.

She made her left fingers twinkle a rainbow shield over us, and then she went over and pressed the table button, which was outside of the bubble we were encapsulated in.

Suddenly, everything outside of the bubble turned black, and everything inside stayed normal. Me and Ryutyu were outstanding by the sudden color change, and then everything started gaining color again. Then, it all seemed normal. The shield went down as Wilma turned to us.

“Everything should be fixed.” She spoke.

“Ayo are we three days back or two or-” Ryutyu started, looking around for clues.

“No days back. I just made everybody alive and immersed again.” Wilma said with a pause at the end. “You should be getting to school.” She then said as she looked to me.

“Oh- okay?” I shrugged.

***School with CIA Agent?***

Ryutyu was left at home with more food Wilma spawned for him, and then Wilma quickly took me back to my house- but I knew what was coming since Arty was there.

“Hey, Wilma, before you go! My parents have not seen me all this time with the way you reset it. You need to help me out, because I do not want to get yelled at, especially by a policeman who works at my school.” I started.

“I see... I can do something.” Wilma said.

“What are you going to do?” I asked as we stood on top of the house, in the middle, looking out at the rest of the neighborhood.

“Could I possibly go inside your parents and alter their brains to have no cares for our situation?” she asked.

“I… guess… just… do not harm them? Like, sure, but I still want them to be family… and… what about the cop? He probably already contacted the department about me going missing!” I spoke.

“I could fix that too. All he has to do is say he found you.” Wilma said.

“Hm…” I worried.

Wilma transformed herself into the thinnest noodle perceivable, like something you would see a human become seconds before getting truly eaten by a black hole, and she went into the house from the roof by slivering down and moving the materials about just like the rocks and dirt before.

“Damn… this quick to do any of this? I hope I am not screwing up anything…” I stated to myself.

After a minute of sitting down in the absurd silence, I heard the police car drive away. I got up to see it going with Arty in it. Besides that, I was achieving an auspice of weird feelings from staring at the sky on top of my house for the last three seconds, and then I heard Wilma stretch out behind me.

I turned around to see Wilma standing normally, as she always does with her hands inside her opposing sleeve, just like a Chinese master of some stereotypical sort. She stared at my eyes and said the scariest word to me.

“Complete.” With a smile.

“Thanks?” I stated back.

She then put her right hand out to me, and let the roof move its materials around my legs to make me slowly be leveraged down to the green carpet floor of our master bedroom. I was trying not to fall by saying “Woah,” and moving my feet into more solid locations, although that made me more of a victim to tripping on the materials helping me down… The roof then sprung the materials up to its original location, and I looked up to see Wilma disappear into a portal of outlined purple.

I breathed in deeply and looked about. I heard the voices of my parents at dinner. I decided to join normally, act like it was supposed to occur no matter what.

“Hi mom.” I said normally.

“Hey.” She said, turning down to put the fried fast food in her mouth sloppily. She chewed with her mouth open and made those louds clicking noises- it always got on my nerves.

“Um, mom, can I eat afterwards… I kind of already ate some snacks.” – me.

“From who?” – her.

“From our house.” I lied.

“Why are you eating before dinner?” My stepdad asked, who also eats with his mouth open sometimes.

“Because I am hungry.” I nodded, looking confused, “Also, I need to take a shower.” I condemned.

“Why haven’t you done that either?” He then asked.

“Distractions.” I shrugged, leaving without excuse.

I left promptly, hearing them murmur to each other about me as I passed the washer and dryer. I then got to my room, closed all entries/doors, got a green-with-white-stripes towel off my white cubical, and got to the shower. After taking a long shower, which fogged up the mirror in my bathroom, and created a smell of mold, I put on my pajamas, pants of red and black checkered textures, and a shirt of a green elf for Christmas, and got onto my computer to check my social media. After three minutes of doing so, I went out to see every crumb of the fast food gone and now in the trash. Before I did anything, I looked in the trashcan to see it all full. I took out the white container of a trash bag, wrapped its red straps together, took it out to the garage, opened the garage door, and put it inside the green trash can of mine, by the road. Coming back, I went to the kitchen drawers on the left of the dinner table and fetch some crackers. I took them to my room and sat down at my computer desk. I looked around the room for anything else. My black backpack reminded me of the school I had to do. I got out my math homework, did it, studied for history and science, and left the remaining two hours up to my hobbies. Within, I wrote about my book series, Erosion, for the rest of the night. Then, my stepdad came in.

“Go to bed, it’s eight o’clock.” He spoke after he opened the door enthusiastically and loudly.

“Okay, geez.” I said, saving my work, exiting out of the files and documents, and closing my laptop. He closed the door and I turned off the lights. I waited five seconds, then went over to my laptop, grabbed the mp3 player, a square and grey rectangle with a black screen that created white text to be displayed with buttons to press for music to occur in my black and hard headphones I had connected to my black laptop. Taken them, and connecting my music, I listened to electronic music for fifty minutes, looping songs mostly, and then took them off after getting tired and got into bed.

Then, I fell onto a white void surface, and sprung my back up to see the one and only.

“Ayo!” He said, t-posing.

“Hello.” I confronted firmly.

“How has it been?” He asked, still unmoving besides his blinking black ellipses and widening line that represented his mouth.

“Good, I guess… hey, could you possibly make me dream about something?” I asked.

“Sure? What would you like?” He asked, letting his arms down to his hips and stay still.

“Give me and AK-47 to shoot you.” I asked for with a smirk.

“Nope.” He said, and then everything went back to the real world with a slow coloring-drift effect, making the Stickman go transparent as it revealed myself to sitting up in bed.

I got up and went to my laptop. The time was stated on the home screen of a picture of the Danube River located in Europe. It said: “5:32 A.M.”

“Damn… I guess I got enough sleep.” I said to myself, almost chuckling.

First, I went out and grabbed a white bowl of cereal and milk. After finishing that, I got into my shower again, and afterwards I put on my clothes for the school day. A blue and white-striped t-shirt with a collar, and a pair of smooth, darkly tannish jeans. No belt, but I did put on black socks. Then, I got my school bag together, putting books and such into it. But… I had an idea for my science book.

“Hey, if I can remember anything directly from reading or seeing it- then maybe I should read these entire schoolbooks to gain all their information…” I thought to myself…

So, for the following rest of the fourteen minutes, I studied/read, and completed, most of the book. It passed through explanations of gamma waves, and the fiction. I answered the questions to the side with my educated answers and ideas. I did all of it- every page. After fourteen minutes, I heard an alarm go off for my parents to get up. I nodded that into my mind and continued with the already completed seven pages.

When it was time to go, I had completed twelve pages, and felt ready for anything to come on the plausible pop-quiz. So, I did science first, no quiz, then I did band, with my euphonium. Then, lunch came. I ate and drank my food- some brown beans with black raisons, a horrible cheeseburger, apple juice, and lettuce. Then, I had to go to the bathroom, leaving my backpack at the outside-of-lunch-room tables, where a punished kid would sit; but instead, an albino, plus autistic, kid sat with a blue pad turned up so he could watch his stuff on it.

Back to me- as I tried entering the swell, green-popcorned floor with it going halfway up the blond smooth walls, a man in a ravaged black tuxedo yelled for me, two meters away to my southwest of where I was heading.

“Hey! Kid! Is your name ████ ████? And do you go by the codename Eighty-Three?” he promptly asked very quickly.

He stood two feet away from me with his three-spots-torn black tuxedo that had a white shirt under it- now dirty from soil. He was a young Mexican guy, with an outstanding voice that sounded like he was trying to be American. His hair was brown and damp, inferring he had sweated a lot. His eyes were hidden by his dark shades, and his shoes were tap-like-shoes of black. He had no tie, had black gloves that did not reveal his fingers like Ryutyu’s, and jeans of black stretching perfectly to his shoes.

“What? My name is ████ ████, but I have never heard of the codename Eighty-Three.” I stated back, lying.

“Maybe… (He looks around) But do you know… (Breaths in deeply and sighs,) about some fellows named Ryutyu, Wilma, Heru, or Oliver?” He then asked, making me shiver inside.

“I… do… but- how do you know about them?” I truthfully then stated.

“I can explain… this is the same universe where, um, you have a step-dad, China becomes a super-power, and Poland still exists, right?” he then asked.

“I have a step-dad, but I do not know about China or Poland.” I said over to him, looking around for if anybody else was in view.

“Oh, yeah, you haven’t taken Geography class at all… the other versions did.” He spoke softly.

“Um… mind explaining?” I asked.

“I can… (He starts walking to the gym doors, opens them, and holds the door open for me,) but it’s a lot.” He ended.

“Well… since you have my attention very welly, then start from the beginning and give me every detail you may know.” I said to him, after shrugging and pulling myself together with a deep breath as well.

“Okay… (We start walking past some basketball players, directly in front of the stadium bleachers,) So, do you know about the- shit- is the toilet still red?” He asked.

“The toilet? Damn… no, I do not think so.” I told him.

“I’ve got to go check.” He said, running over to the doors of the left of the gym, bursting them open with me trying to follow him steadily too, but obviously attracting some eyes, and then we got to the bathroom that was deadly in my first book. He went inside to the exact stall, and saw it was gone.

“Thank god…” He puffed.

“I guess you must have been one to also be near it?” – I.

“I touched it… some others did too… and now I have no idea where they’re at… so- yeah! When I touched the redness, (He gets away from the toilet,) everything went silent, and when I turned up to see my crew- they were gone! Then, my friend came in, and told me I had just disappeared like I was deleted model. (He opens the bathroom door and allows me to exit first,) We tried touching the toilet again and again, (He looks around a bit embarrassed, but luckily nobody is there,) but it drove us to more random universes, and we couldn’t get back… eventually we came out to one very exclusive universe… and… well… first, let me ask you what happened to you exactly.” He sighed and started to retaliate as we exited the bathroom and talked by the glass windows.

“Well, I sat on it, hiding from some stomping parade outside in the school… sounded like a raid… and I probably know who- but when I exited, I found a cyclops-” I started.

“Oh- Cyclop, right?” he asked, grabbing out his phones and searching some stuff up.

“Yes, exactly! He took me away from some incoming Chinese missiles, if I remember exactly, and then showed me around his place… and then we went up and elevator to gather a tool- and Heru also came up…” I said as he was doing something on his phone.

“Okay, good.” He said, nodding and keeping his face in his grey, small phone. After five seconds, he lifted his head up in relief, a smile to be exact.

“Thank god even more… Poland is still a country and China is a growing superpower… and the reason I needed that info was because Cyclop told me I was from a universe where this stuff occurred… and some others things I’ve already found just in this school… and I was in a bit of a ruckus too, so in order to get back, I had to order a machine to the exact numbers to get me home… and these were my key points to look at-“ he said before Arty came in.

“Sir, who are you?” He asked, hands on hips already.

“Hold on… here- (The Mexican grabs out a white keycard with his normal and fashioned hairline and charming face smiling on the left of numbers and text,) I’m Jeo Ligam, an agent for the Eastern CIA Agents group. I’ve been commissioned to find out about a toilet incident.” He told Arty, holding it up to his face as the police officer came forth.

“Oh- sorry, I didn’t receive any notice… and… is he a part of your mission?” Arty then pointed, with his right arm still on his hips.

“He’s a victim I needed to ask questions to.” Jeo said.

“A… victim… of a toilet incident?” Arty stated like he was laughing at Jeo.

“Just fuck off.” Jeo sternly and suddenly replied, with a wail in his voice.

“Geez, okay…” Arty said, holding up his hands, and then backing away to go down the hall.

“Anyways… time may or may not be short, but I was with my friend, and we went out to a world where everything- but the bathroom- was made out of pink cotton candy. Then… okay, I got to summarize this faster- we met a cyclops that took us from the world. We got to the city, and we’re led up to an elevator. Before we got in, Heru came striking down and almost killed Cyclop- but then we were assisted by the Red Eyes. He escaped, but not after pushing us both into some portals that led to Ryutyu and Wilma versing each other in basketball. They challenged us to game where we would die if we lost or get a feast if we survived. They played hard, like shooting those balls at sound-speeds- but we survived, not won. So, we had a feast, and then Cyclop opened a portal to us with some Red Eyes- and then we were all taken to a test machine to find out about what happened to make us all exist. It seems YOU had created them, but we’re now in another universe doing your own thing… and then Heru intruded again, and opened up portals to other dimensions to bring in versions of you… like a robot version, a Nazi version, and finally a Spanish version… we were supposed to fight, but we fought Heru off into death- and then me and my friend and the versions of you were discussing how to get them back when some guys named the Steel Terrorists came in and shot everything up… everybody survived- but my friend… and then we all got back together, and were about to send me back here- but Heru came in again and spawned a number of versions of you against all of us… and I escaped…” – Jeo Ligam.

“Damn… damn… damn… that is a lot to go through…” – me.

“It was a roller coaster… my friend- I didn’t know him much- but I’m sure he was good guy…” Jeo Ligam said.

“And you just came out of that?” I asked, reassuringly.

“Yeah… but me and the other versions of you had spots to recuperate during the weirdness, and that’s when they told me to look out for you to start changing some things…” Jeo said, obviously a bit dramatized.

“Wow… now what? Since we have met- now what do I, or you do?” I asked.

“I… oh my god- the kids. I remember- those kids around the world- that one thing the robot version of you wanted me to do- get the insanities… that’s the only thing I was told to do- and their purpose was to give you… I forgot what he said next- because then a bunch of meteors came crashing down and we had to run away… and he was crushed by one…” Jeo reflected on.

“What kind of kids?” I asked. I heard the bell ring in the middle of my sentence, and instantly heard doors opening- possibly meaning the end of our conservation.

“Some insane kids or something- (He starts walking away,) you’ll figure it out.” – Jeo.

“Wait- is there any way you or me can contact each other?” I said lowly as I got up to him, with some teachers looking the way to the ripped CIA agent.

“No need, or want… now, I’m going to tell the principal you don’t need to take any more classes- because Wilma did that surgery on you- right?” He asked, whispering, and speed-walking to get past the incoming localization of all the middle schoolers.

“Well, yeah- but what about the requirements the state has put in?” I asked before he immediately answered.

“I can ship you all the books needed at home- all you have to do is read and remember them. As long as that’s cool- then you don’t need school for its main purpose.” Mr. Ligam said.

“Main purpose though…” I said after a pause.

“Yeah- any friends besides you-know-who?” He asked.

“Nope.” I sadly stated back.

So, we dodged and missed the incoming of people like me and their eyes… eventually we got to the office door and entered, with the principal missing.

“Ah, I see…” Jeo said to the space as he went forth to a new room where the vice principal was located. The vice principal, in his tuxedo of grey with lines and purple tie dissolving above his white shirt and into his tuxedo, had been sitting and possibly waiting for something else. He also had a brown-beard and swayed-right hair with his black glasses and blue eyes, also with a strong jawline facing towards us as we barged in through the wooden door with a metal knob. His cherry-wooden desk had papers and pencils scattered amongst it, as well as the shelves to his right had pictures of him and his family and students.

“Why, hello?” He said in his manly voice as I followed behind Jeo with no nerves to it.

“Hello, sir. Are you the vice-principal?” Jeo asked as he looked around and at the bar of gold with red text stating ‘Mr. Kolvio.’

“Yes?” He stated back, seeing me with a paused emotion of nothingness yet fear.

Jeo looked back at the principal and pulled out his keycard for him, laying it down on the mattress he currently had two papers on. The vice principal picked it up and looked at it sternly.

“I guess Arty was right… what do you need?” He then said.

“I would like to ask that you give ████ ████ here, a call home for an early dismissal, and an agreement for his new homeschooling schedule- that we’ll be arranging. I’ll also be sending him the books needed.” Jeo said to the guy.

“Wait, why?” The vice asked back, sitting back as Jeo located his left arm to hover straightly on the top of his middle chest, and his right arm to stand behind it.

“Well… he has shown to be corresponding and is brilliant minding- plus, I need him to be at home I investigate further into my case… also- let me show you… (He turns to me and then Mr. Kolvio again,) give him an extremely long line of code. Just slap your keyboard and print it out.” Jeo said.

The vice principal did as told. I stood waiting and felt sorrow and awareness that my family would also have to speak with him, and it would be awkward. So, he hastily typed some quick randoms in, then printed it onto a sheet. It took thirty-three seconds in total, I counted... When the vice got up to gather the paper, he quickly handed it to me and let Jeo say: “You have ten seconds to memorize it all.”

Ten seconds pass as I looked to the sheet- and it was just filled with, slightly big, numbers and letters and some hashtags, all to the final line. Then Jeo snatched it and crumpled it up and threw it to the vice principal. The vice put it to his side trashcan of metal and allowed me to speak.

“Five, one, three, hashtag, one, a, b, three, two, I, u, d, g, a, h, j, j, two, h, j, four, two, j, k, j, k, hashtag, d, s, b, j, g, nine, nine, eight, k, hashtag, nine, f, g, t, j, m, three, nine, eight, one, two, d, s, f, four, three, two, seven, o, k, d, b, (And so on.)” I said robotically for about a minute and a half.

“So, as you can see, he has an extremely well memory- and by state laws, he just needs to finish some tests to get out of these grades and move on…” Jeo said.

“I can see… but he has to bring us those tests *he might be good at*.” Kolvio said.

“He sure can… so, do you agree that he can now resonate at home with the needed schoolwork?” – Jeo said, with me tossing a glance of confusion at him.

“Well, what about the parents? Have they gotten their part in allowing this?” Mr. Kolvio asked.

“Uh- not yet- but we’ll ask… anyways, I need to take him for my mission- have a nice day, Mr. Kolvio.” Jeo Ligam said assertively yet calmly as he exited with me.

“That felt rushed and unsuccessful.” I told him as we left.

“Shut up- I’m trying my best…” He said as we left to the outside. One standing on the brim sidewalk before the road, he grabbed out his phone and contacted someone.

“Hey, it’s me- Jeo. Could you come pick me up?” – Ligam.

“Where were you?” A voice asked.

He lifted the phone down and pressed the speaker button to ‘Off.’

“Doing a mission… I need to talk to the president about… or not- okay… just track me… yeah- but he was also included and I’m resolving that… no- we don’t need him, I can explain later… okay, geez…(Then the phone hung up,)” – Joe Ligam to the phone.

“Um… should I just go home?” I said, a little impatient.

“Well- is your house near?” He asked.

“My grandmother’s is.” I stated back.

“Okay, then get started…(I nod and start to walk away,) Also, have a nice day! Thanks for not lying! I’ll see you later…” He said as I pushed myself off.

“You really got to stop following everybody like they are your best friend. It could hurt you in the future.” My brain told me.

“Well, yeah, but he did know about Cyclop and Wilma- and he had a good knowledge of what happened with some similar objects… but sure… I will try to be more defensive…” I told myself as I jigged off from school with an abrasive feel of goosebumps.

So, I went to my grandma’s, ate food, and then she took me home with confusion on why I did not want to explain the events.

“Nana, I… just have some things going on- and I was let out of school…” – Me.

“Oh… does it have to do anything with you missing yesterday?” She asked.

“N- yes. Kind of… I can explain later… maybe…” I spoke.

When I got home, it seems Jeo had already sent them a letter. He was quick, and so were they to prompt me inside. I knew something was wrong from my stepdad’s impression of eager angriness and my mom’s worriedness… “What is it?” I asked, but they did not respond. They did not say a word to each other even, but led me to a cleaned, polished-wooden table with a single piece of paper there. My mother sat down in the wooden chair as my stepdad stood up, allowing her to look to me so she could read it out-loud. And, the scariest part, was her sudden change from worriedness to irritation.

“The CIA has sent you this message as a request to take your child out of school and enlist him the natural resources he needs at home. Our redacted mission has not yet been neutralized, and we need this victim of it to stay away from school to keep safe. If you agree, we will send a cardboard box to your front door every Saturday, containing the needed materials for completion of grade schools. If you disagree, your student will be permitted to go back to school, and we’ll see how our case plays out. We’ve already contacted the vice principal on this manner, and are now contacting the superintendent, state, and possibly President Donald Trump… Sign here.” She said, then letting the paper drop.

“Well, sign there.” I stated over.

“This is a message from the Central Intelligence Agency. They put our information on here, and theirs- and they got signatures from the vice principal, a police force member, principal of your school- which means this is a real letter meaning something big happened with you and them.” My stepdad stated.

“No- wait- just… tell us what happened. We’ll sign, but we want to know what’s going on.” My mother said, hushing up my stepdad.

“Well… it did say the mission was redacted, so I-” I started, but was cut off by my stepdad.

“What did you do?” My stepdad intrigued upon.

“Nothing big. I was just trying to do school.” I told.

“And?” Mom asked.

“And nothing. Things happened, but I cannot say, I guess.” I spoke.

“Well- the CIA wants you to be homeschooled for redacted reasons; and that’s a lot for a kid just living around school.” My stepdad inferred.

“Exactly! Like, I know the importance and severity of this- but obviously I can not elaborate because they will take us to Brazil or something if we do not correspond. So, please, sign it or not, I would like to take my shower.” I almost joked but saw they did not get the funny.

“Who was the man’s name that told you and the vice principal you needed to get out of school?” My mom asked, not caring about anything of a shower-related event in need.

“A guy named Jeo Ligam. He asked the vice principal to let me out of school- and also told the cop to ‘fuck off.’” I quoted.

“He what?” she stated back.

“You heard me- he told the cop to ‘fuck off,’ and Arty did!” I restated.

My mother looked concerned and so did my dad.

“What happened exactly?” My mother then asked, putting the white-paper down.  
 “Well- ask the CIA, not me. I know they do not want me to say anything about it.”

“So, there is something about it?” My stepdad encouraged onto.

“There is… but I rather not want to tell…”  
 “Did you do drugs?” – Mother.

“No.” – Me.

“Did you kill someone?” – Mother.

“No?” – me.

“Then what’s going on?” She asked, worried.

“Do not say it! Or- just say that you were sucked into another dimension and met all these furry people and shit; and then let Wilma do her erasing-memory thing if needed.” My brain asked.

I squinted at my mother. I did not want to lie… and trouble was brewing for me if I did, or I did not tell them something by the end of the scene.

I put my right hand on my jaw in a thinking position, and then looked about.

“How am I going to say this? Um… so, um… firstly, did you guys hear about the raid at school?” I asked.

“No- there was a raid in your school?” I said, twisting the truth in my head.

“Yes… there were terrorists… but, like, nobody saw them, and the school cameras were not working at the time. They… moved through the halls, and I was in the bathroom-” I started.

“That’s already hard to believe.” My stepdad invoked, “If there was a terrorist group around here, we would know.”

“Of course, it is. Now… back to what I was saying- when I came out of the damn bathroom, I wanted to see if the silence meant they moved out. Instead, I came upon a weird world and was taken away to some city with an alien being that would like to help me. I then was almost killed by some boy that said I was in the wrong universe indirectly, and um, I met some other folks that helped me defeat him and get me home- and the CIA agent, I guess, had a similar experience with the same characters, but now the toilet’s red liquid or whatever has been removed and- uh- yeah, psychosis but not.” I stated as blankly as I could to avoid the awkwardness around me. I did look like a buffoon, but… never mind…

“What?” My mom intrigued upon, disrespected. My dad was also confused.

“The story is a bit cringy if I add more detail, but just know some weird shit happened and I am still alive somehow- anyways, I am going to go take a shower and hide in my room for the rest of the night because this is super awkward and embarrassing- have a nice night till I come out for a bowl of cereal.” I said as coolly as I could, before getting out of there.

I let them whisper to each other as I went to my shower, got my clothes on, put the clothes already on my bed up- and then look at the phone before evening opening my laptop. The bee rectangle was turned off, but I worried about a charger for it.

I turned it on. “92.24%” battery was left. I instantly went to text messages after looking dearly around just in case my parents shadow crept on a bit of the light under the door.

Nobody, so I first went to Wilma’s, because she popped up to have the last message.

“Is everything still going well?” She texted three hours ago.

“Not exactly. I could use your help with some things. A CIA agent spawned with immense knowledge on what I am going to encounter, and what I have encountered. He went off and is sending me a bunch of kids, I guess… he met other universe versions of me too… and my parents have also gotten a letter from the CIA saying I am in no more need of attending school, but I still got to read books and take their tests. And my grandparents are getting onto this a bit too, I can feel it. So, if you want, it could save me some embarrassment. Also, do you want anything in return- because I feel like am I asking a lot.” I said, not as punctuated.

She did not reply instantly, so I moved onto Ryutyu.

“Hey, bro, can I come over? I’m bored and have nobody else to hang with.” He texted; not exactly punctuated or spelled correctly to his quote.

“I guess. I may have something else going on tonight though… but if you do- ask Wilma to carry you over or something; I do not want somebody seeing you… and, also… I do not have many games.” – Me. Talking. To. Friends.

Then, a text message occurred from Wilma. My phone beeped, and a rounded square came down showing the image and text she had sent me.

“I am glad to help! Nothing needed in return.” Wilma texted to me.

“Damn, either she is against us, or weird at moments.” My brain offered.

“Well, she does sit in her cabin house in a cave, alone, and probably has hours to think about stuff, so…” I said to my brain.

“Oh, yeah, okay.” My brain said back.

I switched back to Wilma’s texting chat. “Could you also grab Ryutyu and bring him over- he would probably like to play some games I guess.”

“He already asked me. I got it all planned out.” She responded back very quickly.

Finally, Cyclop did not have a text- but I still had to ask him.

“Do you have any chargers for us? These phones are incredible, but you did not give us any chargers.” I texted.

Then, silence…

Dinner comes, and my family starts planning things out for me already. They stayed silent and had landed us the food, but I waited impatiently for their words.

“So, when you receive these packages, I’ll want you working the regular school hours to complete them. And then when the tests come- I’ll want you in my room with my supervision completing them, okay?” Mom asked of me.

“Yeah, I got it…” I said, then chomping down on my stuffing and yellow corn.

Finishing dinner almost entirely quietly- of course my parents were not bothered to close their fucking mouths, but still, no words- I went back to my room and did my homework I was supposed to turn in tomorrow… I did not know how that was all going to work, but I laid silent on the cause. Then… I heard some weird shuffling of papers and such. Like, it sounded like they were being tossed around in the scary silent I heard through the walls.

I walked out to see Wilma. She turned to see me in my pajamas and socks.

“Um…”

“I fixed your parents. I also brought Ryutyu.” She said, allowing me to turn to see the furry standing still, holding a square piece of bread in his hands.

“How did you do it so fast?” I asked, making Ryutyu look to her.

“It was an idea from Ryutyu.” – Wilma.

“All I told her was that maybe you should just skip the surgery and whatever and instead just use your particles to configure their brains to what you want.” He spoke, after swallowing his piece… I smiled at that.

“Oh… so why did you not do that during my surgery?” I asked, coming out and grabbing my own piece of bread, avoiding the fact my parents were sitting down on the couch together and watching television republican-news like nothing was going on to their rights. My brother was also there, and the baby was asleep.

“You have some other entity in your brain.” Wilma said as she took the piece of paper signed by my parents and put it into her left sleeve.

“Well, yeah, but you still could not do anything?” I asked.

“It seems to be as strong as me. I cannot fight well against opposing powers.” She spoke.

“Hm, henceforth Heru being a problem I guess.”

“I should have upgraded those cyclops machines. He would be dead quicker… That dark goo in your brain just makes its own stuff from what I experienced. It blocks everything possible.” Wilma said.

“Dang… could ya’ also give us powers with thee abilities?” Ryutyu asked.

She looked up, then down and at us. “I will go create some machines for you guys. Most will be inspired by the cyclops machines.”

Then, she went quickly transparent, and the backdoor to the pool opened and closed moments later. We were astounded.

“Okay… hey, dad, mom?” I asked over to them.

“Yeah?” My stepdad asked normally as they turned to see us just standing there.

“You doing good?” I asked.

“Mm-hm.” He mumbled continuing the show as my brother played on the floor with some toys.

“Good testing.” Ryutyu whispered.

“Alrighty… anyways… come with me.” I told Ryutyu. I led him to my room. “This is my room.”

“Dang. Bigger than mine.” Ryutyu spoke.

“And… I have my laptop here… and the gaming station is in the room past the bathroom…” I spoke.

“Okay…” Ryutyu nodded.

“And… what do you want to do?” I asked him, sitting down in my office chair.

“Uh… I guess… check everything out.”

“Oh, yeah, being bored gets you in some brainless moments, I know… have you heard of Apple Eater?” I asked him, getting up and getting my sofa chair of black cushions, and putting it next to mine as I moved both to be equally away from the middle of the screen.

He sat in the chair slowly and made sure his nails would not scratch it, and looked at the screen I logged in and turned up a search bar game.

“Here- this is a basic game. You press either the up or down or right or left arrow on this keyboard, and it turns the snake in the game. You try to collect many apples… (I start playing the game for his eyes,) and with those apples, it increases your tail length, and you gain more points, and eventually, you will be long enough to be a problem to yourself- because you die if you hit the box walls or your own tail.” I said as I continued playing for a good sixteen seconds, then died on purpose.

“Now you try.” I said to him, letting him reach over and try to get used to my keyboard. Only four buttons, and he lightly pressed them, trying to keep track of the green snake with black circles for eyes, and a solid green square for the floor. The apples were shaped correctly but had no leaf or stem.

Ryutyu kind of got it first. He pressed the buttons and did well, about up to five apples in ten seconds, before hitting a wall.

“Damnit. I guess I lost.” He spoke.

“Here, (I push my laptop and the mouse over to him,) maybe you can work better with the controls directly in front of you.” I spoke… “Anyways… how has been putting together your life at home been like?”

“Um-uh- good.” He spoke.

“Hm… okay… (He loses,) have you ever played soccer or football before?” I asked of him.

“Soccer and football. I also like to play checkers and boxing and sword-pinching with armor on.” Ryutyu stated over.

“That sounds like fun.” I intriguied upon.

“Anyways, what’s school like for ya’?” He said as he looked around the table and not at the screen anymore.

“Definitely not about learning the cyclops language. It is about friction, and light waves, and radioactivity of elements.” I said over to him as he went to the science book first.

“Looks… boring.” He spoke.

“Can be- but I like learning.” – Me.

“Ya’ got any snacks?” He then switched to.

“Uh- of course… very small quantities though.” I said over to him.

“Eh… any other games? I am no good at this one.” he asked of me.

“You just have to get used to it… and your fingernails, are quite long…” I started.

“Oh… ya’, I guess ya’ right… could you cut them for me- I haven’t had a clipper for them around just layin’.” Ryutyu asked.

“You want me, to do your nails?” – Eighty-Three, known as me.

“You can.” Ryutyu looked towards me after he stated that.

“Sure…” I said, getting up and heading to the bathroom to receive the nail clipper, then sitting down and letting him hold out his hand like a child. It worried me just a little… “How do your nails glow?” I then asked as I started inching them down slowly and taking notice of his reactions, which were comparable to nothing as he slowly turned to me with those green pupils in his dark voids.

“I don’t know…” He shrugged. I also shrugged, lifting his hand up to see nothing under them- so something must be inside of those nails of his.

“Ahem- So, yeah, I mainly have all my games on here. My favorites are called Team Bunker Four, and Supreme Stellar Beings- but, if you want, I will play an outdoors game with you.” I said, looking around the room for something.

“Nah… you said to keep hidden… and- what do ya’ favorite games include? Are they also like… Apple Eater?” He asked of me.

“Team Bunker Four is a first-person shooter game where you point this mouse (I nudge my head over to my black-wired mouse as I finish making his left fingernails as short and blocky as possible,) at your enemy and shoot them. It has many other controls too, but you should start with getting good at Apple Eater before getting good a multitasking game like this.” I said to him.

“Pfft… Just let me try.” Ryutyu nudged happily as I started clipping his right fingernails on his right hand- OBVIOUSLY.

“Are you sure? It does require a lot of your brain to work and takes hours to learn…” I said over to him, smirking.

“Geez, okay, what about the second game?” Ryutyu then went to.

“No-no-no-no, that game is more experimental and takes days, possibly months to get to know the player base and possible reactions that will occur with events and memes. T-B-four is actually more friendly to new people.” I said jokingly.

“Okay? Then why did you say not to try this T-B-four?” Ryutyu asked.

“It is just wanted to see if you were a betting person.” I stated.

“Betting person?” – Ryutyu asked.

“Like, you would say “Bet’, and then try out something.” Me stated.

“Oh… but what’s the bet cost?” - Ryutyu.

“Hopefully nothing, and people are just doing it for fun… (I finish his nails,) But, yeah, let me turn on Team Bunker four for you. You will enjoy it most likely.” I spoke.

I turned on the game and let him play as the so-called class: “Infiltrator.”

I let him test the controls and go around, getting used to it all without his fingernails now. He was much more capable by the looks of it… he learned to move quickly, dodge some allies as a start to dodge later-on enemies, use the knife to commit face stabs on opponents, and turn the sensitivity on the mouse to what fitted him the best.

“You like your mouse sensitivity at one-hundred-and-fifty?” I asked like I was surprised and bewildered.

“Hey- you’re the one who said to change it to what fits!” Ryutyu smiled over but kept himself on the game as I tutored. I also kept the bee-phone on for any texts, but nothing occurred.

Eventually, nighttime came, and we were still in the happiness of our joyful teachings and learnings. My stepdad then came in and said: “Go to bed, it’s eight o’clock… you too, Ryutyu…”

He left and closed the door again.

“Ooh… that scared me more than it should have.” I said to Ryutyu.

“Wilma did a lot more than I expected… I thought I was supposed to be invisible or something to them…” Ryutyu wide-eyed at.

“Uh… anyways, log out, (I used the mouse to log him out of the game, deleting all progress of the match, and allowing him to be revealed to my desktop background image,) time for bed… (I close my laptop.)” – Me.

“Okay… but, bro, where do I sleep?” He asked.

“Um… let me check around…” I stated to him, getting up. I looked around… my baby brother’s room had its bed covered with a towel and wipes and diapers of white, ready for a change, so that was unusable… then, I rushed to the office room southeast of the living room facing the television, and saw it was unusable as well- because there was no bed.

Ryutyu followed and then I led him back to my room.

“Do I contact Wilma to pick me up?” He asked.

“You could…” I stated, seeing him get the bee-phone from his black jacket’s pockets. He turned it on, logged in happily, and then called Wilma.

She picked up three seconds later.

“Hello!” She welcomed.

“Hey Wilma… could I get a pickup to go home?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yeah, he has nowhere to sleep here.” I stated over.

She paused before answering: “No.”

“Why not?” Ryutyu asked.

“I do not want you guys calling me for every little thing. Heru just escaped the cyclops as well. I need to stay on guard over your world. You also need to be ready to be left at locations too.” Wilma said.

“He… escaped?” I asked, getting up to the phone, pushing Ryutyu back a bit.

“Did you guys not get the text message from Cyclop?” She asked.

Ryutyu back tracked on the phone to see the message Cyclop had texted us all in the group chat: “Heru escaped, and we’ve lost him. Those Timal Tienes got to him. I’ll be searching for him with my team, just so you all know I will be out of reach! Hope you all are having a nice day though- sorry if I just ruined it.”

“Sent three seconds ago.” Ryutyu added as he read it all out.

“Wow, thanks Wilma.” – Me.

She chuckled on the other side of the phone. “Have a nice night.” She then said, waiting for us to also commend hanging up.

“We will. Goodbye!” Ryutyu happily stated over. He hung up and then protested: “Dumby- ya’ should’ve created duplicates of ya’ self like thee did before!” he said to the wall.

I snorted (fake/purposeful snort.) “Cool.” – I then said.

“Yeah… but where do I sleep?” He then got back to.

“I do not know… but I sleep here.” I spoke.

“Can I also sleep in ya’ bed?” he asked, waving his dog-like tail a bit more.

I sighed. “I dislike sleeping with others because of bed bugs they might spread…”

“I can take a shower.” Ryutyu assisted.

“Ugh- fine. Go and do so.” I said, turning away and letting him go into the bathroom. “Um… hold on, I will go get a towel for you.” I then said as I rushed out of my room and away to get an unused towel- this one being orange with white stripes. I opened the sliding door of almost-white wood, and tossed I onto the sink, turning my head away from the sink. Then I shut the sliding door.

“Is the towel big enough?” I asked, hearing the water not pour, but the lights be turned on to show a white yellowness thrive throughout it.

I heard the curtains unravel. “Yeah- looks good…” he said, then five seconds later, the water turned on. I let it run, listening to it for five more seconds, before thinking: “What is he going to wear though?”

I looked about my room. I opened my slidable-glass closet and got some pajamas out for him. No socks needed. Just yellow-with-white-text-bubbles pants, a shirt with green sleeves and a grey middle resembling a Christmas duck, and a pair of my blue and black-lined boxer shorts.

“Hey- Eighty-Three! Which soap do I use?” He asked loudly from inside.

“Both- one for your hair and one for body. Just read the labels.” I stated as I came over to the closed sliding door. Then I put all his given-pajama clothes into a throwable ball and put on my headphones to walk around to my electronic music. I found this to be great and all, till I saw the sliding open with Ryutyu having a towel held by his right hand in the back, clutched, as he used his left hand to open the door and then quickly refute it to keep the towel firmly in the front. He was a still a bit wet, having most of his fur leak some water droplets, but most was soaked into his towel of orange and white. He laid his tail quite still in the back though, and his ears laid down on his head.

“Ay- I got your clothes right here.” I said, taking off and dropping my mp3 player into the table as I was also taking the ball of clothes and tossing it to him. He caught it with his left hand and then got back behind the walls and started dressing himself.

“These pants are too tight.” He said, coming out with the shirt and boxers on-but holding the pants in front of him.

I took them back and gave him a different pair- these being my biggest pair- yet still red and black checkered.

“Hey… hold on… do you have anything that has a hole to stick my tail through? It’s hanging on this underwear.” He spoke.

He turned to show me how his tail was leveraging his boxer shorts down.

“Oh… will that be a problem with the pants too?” – Me when thinking about other things at that moment and time.

“Yeah.” – Ryutyu when obvious, “So, what do I wear?”

“Just wear the clothes and try not to move your tail so often.” I said to him.

He grumbled but was first to hope in bed. He went to the other side entirely, allowing me to have at most, two-thirds of the bed. He also took the pillow, but I slept on my arm. And all through that, I was hoping somebody would come to assist with his almost-autistic behavior, making me worried and discerned with some processes, but I persisted.

“This is so weird.” He told me after a few seconds.

“Yeah- I know…” I told him back.

“Good night.” He said later.

“Good night.” – Me.

Then we finally fell asleep. Him first though- he snored like a bitch…

***Bruh- oh!***

“Heyo.” The Stickman wailed over to me.

“Hello?” I said, getting used to my body doing a rotation of ninety degrees north of my head, winding me up in the white void.

“Doing good?” He asked.

“Yes?” I stated back, at his wooden-sign form.

“Well… um… now… um… never mind…” he said purposefully.

“What is it?” I asked.

Everything then suddenly turned black and then suddenly I was standing in bed. I saw Ryutyu’s pajama clothes on the table in front of me. He was still in bed when I looked over though… he had changed his clothes to something more daily. I nudged him in the silence, as he had no blanket on.

“Ryutyu.” I spoke.

He turned over, looking worried.

“What?” he asked.

“Hey… good morning.” I said to him, shrugging and then getting up, putting on my glasses, “I am going to go eat some cereal.”

“Okay… can I have some too?” he asked.

“Sure.” I allowed, letting him follow my disoriented vision over to the table. Most things were blurry to me- and the sun shined brighter, or more reflective when that happened. My bones also felt weak, but cereal usually helped. Firstly, I grabbed two white bowls, and to the drawer below and to the left of them I got some spoons. Secondly, looked at the black microwave, telling the time of “5:45 A.M.,” and grabbed the milk from our fridge. Finally, I went over and placed most things down on the table, and immediately went over to gather the same cereal for me and him; Ryutyu just sitting down in my chair.

“That is where I usually sit.” I tried stated happily over to him.

“Oh.” He wide-eyed, or wide-socketed, and started to get up.

“No- you are fine… please.” I said, tired.

After doing the process in which I explained dramatically, we ate. Although, through it all, he watched me quite eagerly. He did not slurp, or be weird about anything, he just started late and watched me stare at the bowl and then at him and back and forth. When done, I took his bowl and mine over to the sink, dumped them, and put water in them, then dumped that, and returned to the kitchen front.

“That is my breakfast for most days… and thank you Ryutyu, for not slurping… I am going to go take my shower now.” I said over to him, starting over to the hallway again, letting the light shine in my eyes courageously, and rubbing my eyes after a nodded up my glasses.

“Hey… bud, what’s this package outside?” Ryutyu asked.

I stopped before turning the corner and looked forth to him pointing to the door. I rubbed my eyes and kept closer. I turned to see something outside, but undistinguishable from the penetrating light of the morning yellow. I went up to the door to have a better look through the door’s misshaped glass, bent to appeal to the cornea and reflect artistically. When I opened the door of white non-wood, I found a cardboard box directly in front of the door. Amongst the brown rug beneath, I swooped it inside- from picking it up only from the bottom and sliding it, and then tried to configure the essential actions to rip it apart.

“Eh- hold on, I got to go get some scissors.” I said to Ryutyu as he stood by, looking at his fingernails I had just trimmed last night.

I went over to the top of my light-brown, rectangular wooden trashcan, and on top was held a wide and white bowl with two blue swivels going around. It emitted metallic scissors pointing up and at me- with an orange handling cover of rubber to my aid, below and not to sight. I reached in and grabbed the metal, then swooping it correctly and forming myself over to the box again. I dug my pair of scissors into the box with grey duck-tape. I cut it open fiercely, revealing a bunch of books stacked in two stacks. Each was longer than their width. On top was science on my left, upside down, and math on my right, upside down still. But, in the middle, crushed, was a white auspice. A token of science- the lab coat of many stereotypes. Nothing was held onto it but a pocket on my heart and two others where hoodies would place them. They were long sleeves too, but were rectangularly open in the middle, revealing whatever shirt I might wear beforehand.

“What is that?” Ryutyu asked as I pulled the lab coat out first.

“It seems to be my super suit for cool looks.” I said out loud, not turning to my bro, “You try it on- wait- let me wash it…”

I got up and went over to the washer, opening its door. I threw it in, left the metal door of white open, then went to my room’s white rounded cube of a basket with clothes in it at the most-likely touchable corner of my wooden bed, and came back to dump such clothes in with it. Then, I pressed the button to run it.

“Anyways… a good wisdom is to always wash clothes- especially from strangers, because you must get any bacteria off them… who knows what kind of diseases is prominent…” I said, looking at the furry friend.

“Okay…” Ryutyu nodded, seeing me head off to the shower and start that process.

***Escape!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!***

“He hasn’t told us anything- if he knows anything.” A blue-eyed cyclops with a pink flower on the left side of her head told a green-eyed cyclops with a green flower on the right side of her head.

These women were working at the prison in which Heru was located in. They were in a room of nothingness but black concrete, and a slidable door of the same material camouflaged behind them.

“Intriguing…” The green-eyed women replied in her strong Singapore-like accent.

“Next, Mr. Boyti. How has he been?” She then asked as the blue-eyed Australian-sounding cyclops followed her over to the door, opened it, and then went off down the hall to the right…

But we are not focusing on Mr. Boyti. We are focusing on the cyclops guarding Heru, watching him through a grey, metal, and tiny circular camera with black lens and black metals to be exact. It was in the back left of Heru, who was sitting in a wooden chair a foot away from a wooden table of master etiquette design relating to an eighteenth-century British-like table. It had four legs, skinning down to become a pole on the floor, with a snake swirling around it and down, stopping and becoming the pole. But Heru, was sitting with his arms crossed, not interested in the fashion at all. He looked up at the white light, a literal floating sphere of white emitting a strong light into the room. His hair was neat and tidy, and his legs were clamped together as he felt contained, and he was.

The cyclops watching him looked a screen surrounded by metal, a literal square, super-thin cube. The screen showed a full 4k quality of what was behind Heru- nothing.

“Mih trela dluow sesuac larutan dna- esle gnihtyna od ot evah t'ndid ew dias uoy thguoht I.” The second Timal Tiene said with his wrinkles still shivering on his face.

“Niaga gnihtemos did lrig elprup taht... haey.” The first said with his baldness still shining nowhere in sight. They also had their yellow and red still available to be looked at. The first also held out a blue ball with a green cylinder button on top and red one on the bottom, but he put it back in his pocket.

These Timal Tienes, specifically the two from the last book, were in a place with steel generators and machines of all kinds. There was the Fluxyr- activated, with five white books laying around in a circular pattern, and a Graviton also within, turned on as well, having a key laid down around it as well. The Humanitor was also there, and much else, in a room made of pure grey metal, just grey all over, almost giving an infiltrating shine.

The Timal Tiene men just went over to each and deactivated them. Another guard saw this and had already started to alarm the media.

“Alert, those time-warping men are here! We have intruders!” The cyclops guard stated into a microphone he pressed on the dark keyboard he had in the darkness of the room lit by nothing. The alarms went off, but the room the Timal Tienes were in- had none and was sound blocked as well…

“Won tahw?” The second asked, finishing turning the Humanitor in the back off.

“Stneve sih otni llaf ot ureH wolla dna, niaga ebuc eht ni worht ew won, llew.” The first said, grabbing a cube from his pocket under his one-sided skirt and tinkering with it before the guards could rush in. They had activated such, and suddenly the prison fell apart…

Heru suddenly heard the alarms go off, seeing no red flash, but the sound amongst his ears. He heard some monsters running along the walls as well- crashing into things and making some cyclops pull out lasers of such to battle it. He saw none of this- but heard it quite well- and decided to try using his powers.

With such, he was able to throw the table to the ceiling and let it smash into the floor when it hit- breaking it. Heru suddenly made himself into a red gas by letting his particles separate and tried going into the wall to the front of where he sat but failed. He then started to smash it with a hammer hand, getting somewhere with his speed. Eventually, he broke free, smashing it open dramatically with all that dust included, just to see much not much going on in the hall he came out for. He did see that his room was only one of a kind, and other cells were smaller yet filled with happiness. There were wooden beds with blue sheets and a white toilet and sink with a pink bottle of sanitizer, and there was also a wooden table like Heru’s in each, having a chess set on it, and a deck of fifty-two cards resembling human kings and queens. Heru was dumbfounded and enraged to see everybody had it better- they even had electric black bars instead of absolute solids… or… at least they did. They did not tazze anymore, as Heru learned when he poked one, and kept his finger on it for three seconds… And much of those bars were bent now. Everybody was missing when he turned to see the red flashing above. His only message throughout the system was the backroom sounds emitted in an echo amongst the halls. So, he went right towards the nearest door that led somewhere else.

He opened it, finding nothing but a large wooden table like his own there, multiplied to form two rows of three, facing vertically, with wooden benches at aid as well. There were leftovers there… and a leftover corpse smothered against the opposing wall to the right of the door. The corpse was a blue slug, having it melt down its meat onto the floor no more. It stained the wall with blue and had metallic spikes poking through its slimy body. A single eye located in the middle was present, being fully black. It had no hands or anything but was rather just a moving slug of opaque blue now crucified incorrectly on the wall.

Heru walked over to it and shot a tentacle from his back to swipe most of it up and drain it into his systems. He shivered without tasting it.

“Too sweet…” He thought to himself. He then pushed the slidable door to the left and found another hallway with cells in it. These looked the same, but he moved on; he found a few blood splats on the floor here and there, but nothing great enough. He still let his giant tentacle suck it up though… he found the split between left and right many meters down, and decided he was going through another hallway to the left, finding a room just like his. Something was banging on the walls from the inside, trying to come out to him. It plastered a metallic sound with speed as it continuously tried, and Heru minding it off after a stare of five seconds to the sound. He had no welcome to it either.

He continued to a door to that left again, finding a room with security and stuff- now shut down with black screens filtered amongst the chaos of screens and keyboards.

Heru decided to use small tentacle from his back to swift in and work the unplugged cables and wires back into working place. He made all the systems work again, with each screen rebooting a green rectangular, like a game, with an unidentifiable percent on top.

“Systems rebooted.” Heru read to himself inside, as after five seconds the systems came on again. He decided to go to a desktop icon saying: “Cameras.3.” Once clicked twice, it opened the nearest camera’s current view, showing a five by five. The first and top left box inclined what was inside the pounding box. The rest were most likely visuals of what was going on inside each cell… but some were smashed down and offline with red text in the cyclops’s language.

But inside the box was a plague doctor, fully black, no white, no goggles representing reflections, just darkness- although the outline on his void form did resemble an eighteenth-century doctor. And he was rapidly punching the walls, implanting a view bit of it to fall of each time, eventually piling up in a slope undern him. Heru saw this and looked at the controls within. There was a microphone-looking icon in blonde, and Heru decided to click it, seeing it light up in blue.

“Yo, sir, can you hear me?” he asked.

The plague doctor stopped punching around. He turned to look at the camera, letting his void robes sway as he swiftly turned. Heru looked at the paused man, and then back at the hall.

“Do. You. Need. Out?” Heru then asked.

“Yes.” The doctor said in a charming voice of a woman, after a moment of Heru visualizing the man again.

Heru darted over to the wall that was just there in the hall of grey concrete ceilings and floors and slidable doors, and he smashed the material holding the doctor in. It broke after some time of five seconds but revealed the woman to hold her hands behind her back.

“Thank you.” She stated.

“You’re welcome- now how do we get out of here?” Heru then asked.

“Well- we’re the farthest back in this prison, so if you could fly me out, that would be much greater than running into many cyclops with guns.” She spoke.

“Oh- yeah, I guess I can do that.” Heru nodded, looking at the ceiling above. He tried to do such maneuvering of particles- and succeeded. He used a tentacle to wrap it around the plague doctor and take her up with him as he levitated his particles up.

They blasted through the surface, finding themselves amongst sand and some dirt. It was a blonde hell above, as they were many cyclops with rainbow guns and shields from machines aiming at… nothing? They seemed to be fire at the air, and Heru fell to stare if he could find what was the hold up. Just then, a creature came behind one of the man dunes on the right and shifted itself into the shield. It was a massive creature, about fifty feet tall and fifty meters long, looking like a giant armadillo that was glowing all green with yellow eyes. They started to aim towards that, and then some explosions happened in a trail as something went after the cyclops other than that slow beast trying to stomp on the quickly moving cyclops under it.

“Seems they’re occupied… you should get us off this planet.” The doctor said behind Heru. He turned to see her looking to the sky with her outline from the sun above. There was also the top of the prison behind her- a tall grey box with nothing around it but a single metal and human-fitting door to what Heru could see on one side.

“Okay…” Heru accepted, lifting himself and her up quickly with a strong wind, gusting up a storm of sand as well.

“Not too fast please.” She said wearily.

Heru nodded.

Then, as they left the first atmosphere, Heru shot at the shield.

“You know that’s not going to do anything, right?” She asked, simply standing with a power pose against him.

“I just like seeing the effects.” Heru said.

So, they left, having nobody get onto them- oh wait- there was one police force.

“Heru! Come back!” Oliver said as he drove a ship with three others at them.

“No!” Heru hushed at him, spawning a blood spike to throw at him.

They dodged and started shooting red laser. Heru had to sway in order to dodge these- but his assistant dropped from his winds and decided to plant onto one ship. So, the doctor landed on the most-left, pod-like plane, relating to Cyclop’s, with two iron turrets underneath the driver. She crashed into the window as the cyclops drove out his orange pen and transported himself somewhere else seconds before hand. She crashed into it, feeling the entire thing start to drop. She tried to reach control panel by jumping on different inner walls, but another ship came in and let out a laser at a certain place to the left of the pill-ship. It exploded, and the doctor was left to perish in the flames with no safety.

“The doctor has seemingly died.” The cyclops in that pill ship of white said… a different cyclops in the intercom grumbled at this.

Heru saw this and decided to stop himself instantly, pausing his movement and making the other two ships fly past him, stopping their lasers, and turning around. The third aimed at him, red lasers.

“Oliver, activate the Gravutoon!” Another said over his intercom.

Oliver set a green button to autopilot the ship. He then got up and ran to the back of the ship, where next to the hatch of steel was the machine. He activated the Gravutoon, and Heru felt himself hit the reflective surface of blue above, and then fall, splatting on the translucency below, but reforming directly after. Then Oliver got back and switched to non-autopilot.

“Henroy, is this good enough?” Oliver quickly asked the other cyclops.

“Should be- oh no… abandon this mission! Use your pens to get somewhere safe, now.” Henry stated. Heru looked towards the crew as the shield suddenly went away and lifted himself off to space again. He looked down to see the pills drive off, and towards the battle below…

Well, now nobody could care for him, because mainly below them was a more offensive fight that was driving in many other cops to take care of the giant, and an explosion trail happening at random, and finally a new opponent being a giant, two-headed and six-eared fox with brown fur only. It let out a roar of a bear to all the atmosphere, and all the mechanisms, including shields, just shut off. Heru saw the cyclops ships fall to the ground as many guns stopped firing, and now there was silence as everything below paused, except the giant fox… Even Heru stopped moving and could not do anything except watch where his head was tilted… It started to stomp onto other such things, like cyclops and machines and ships crashing into the ground… It was twice size of the armadillo even… and then a portal opened beneath the fox and let out a crew of Red Eyes. These men were in an aurora of purple, and had rainbow weapons at their aid, shooting at the fox. Then, everything started to go back to motion slowly, as Heru saw people further in start moving again, and other things outside have to wait longer. Eventually, he was available to leave again. As he darted up, he looked down again. There was an explosion from the cube, letting out a green solid liquid of mass volume, heading towards the cyclops in battle already. More and more helicopters, pods, and artillery came in as Heru left to the skies, seeing most things go to waste below. Then, again, the giant two-headed fox screamed, and a portal opened under everybody, including Heru. It started to come up, and Heru forced himself to go at light speed, but the portal still tried to suck him into a new world of a desert. Then, halfway up as it started to transport the mosquito boy who did not use his wings still; instead had them flowing through his body- it started to shrink. Heru was forced to stop and let himself go into it as it closed around his body, nonetheless. At that time, he was already in space, far away from the destruction below.

Heru landed harshly onto sand. There were no dunes around him, just the yellow horizon. The sun melted blue in front of him as he stood up like he had just gotten up from a chair. He looked forth to nothing, and then back to see nothing as well.

Heru plopped out his mosquito-grey wings from his back and let their and his forces levitate him quickly away towards the sun. He traveled three miles every second when he got past his normal acceleration. He stayed away from the ground, letting the wind cool him, although he did not need such. He was not sweating, but looked around for any signs of life, because the sun was not that hot.

Eventually, he stopped going into the endless desert and spawned a portal in the air to a random location. It still showed the same desert, so he sighed and instead he went through it and started there. After three seconds of light speed though, he came across a blue and large river, stopping, looking back and forth and left and right, and then turned right to follow the river. After a few seconds, he found a village. It was large, mostly made of sandstone, and had a few wooden boats placed on the water as well. It also had some backwards full of palm trees behind these windowed and blocky houses. No rounded corners, just the perfection of a cube, with a nine foot, brown and wooden door in the middle, having two three by three feet squares for the transparent windows with a strong reflection on the sun; the windows had no outline of material, just the fact that it was there, allowing everybody to see into the split rooms of the cube. And these houses were scattered around relentlessly, some on top of each other even, with sandstone stairs leading up to them, right over the door of the house under it. But some were different, being larger with more windows, and actually having metallic solar panels on top.

Heru was dry to see what was going on below. He was flying fast above, before stopping to see the village road of red cobblestone squares, connected and each about a foot by a foot, lead to a giant cube that was fifty meters high and fifty meters wide, and long. Heru dove down to the entrance, this one place having no doors and just a six by nine feet entrance to an inside of round wooden tables and much more…

***Chapter something, I forgot.***

I was back home with Ryutyu, allowing him to play his favorite new shooter game as I studied the books inside the box. It taught me about waves in the electromagnetic spectrum, friction, mechanics, dynamics, statics, acids, and chemical summaries. For three hours we had been in the same room, with Ryutyu slouching over and getting tired of such gaming time. I was not tired of my reading though, for I took everything in, and had already finished reading fifty pages with no work done or needed.

Ryutyu turned his head to me when his character died. “There’s a lot to this game.”

“There sure is.” I stated back, “Do you want any snacks or drinks?”

“I could go for some…” Ryutyu nodded.

I got up and opened the shut door, leaving the fan on in our room. We went over to the kitchen, seeing my stepdad go outside and rake some leaves after muting the republican news.

“We got some Cruhues, Buhoots… some Gearsies…” I said as I opened the left cabinet near the dinner table and shuffled through the boxes, as Ryutyu went into the kitchen to look at a bag of Goofy Fishy Whales.

“I like these things.” He said as he poked the bag.

“Intriguing, I do as well.” I said, coming over.

Ryutyu opened the bag effortlessly. He pulled the cube-like plastic back, opening the blue lined, top part of the bag, and looked at me. I nodded in allowance, letting him shuffle his hand into it and put a handful in his mouth. Each was at least half the size of a teenager’s teeth, mine being thirteen years old.

He chomped without opening his mouth, looking at me as I went over to the fridge and got me a glass of pink juice in a green-tinted glass with the logo, sideways saying: “Methosos.” I drank it, slurping a little at the beginning, but stopping as I saw Ryutyu eating with a stare.

“Why are you staring at me?” I asked, smirking in confusion.

“Just ta’ make sure ya’ don’t slurp drinks either… I’m learning from you- and I gotta have me manners, roight?” Ryutyu stated, swallowing his food first.

“Yeah… but some might see that stare of yours like a stare that you did something awkward or wrong.” I spoke.

“Oh- didn’t realize.” He spoke… “What do ya’ think Wilma and Cyclop are doin’ at this time?”

“Wilma said she was guarding the planet just in case Heru would come to try and kill us again… and Cyclop… I do not exactly know. He might be waiting for the research details to come in or something or getting together new weapons so we can fight Heru on our own.” I replied.

“Oh- yeah, that would be nice…” Ryutyu responded, looking around the awfully quiet place.

“Hey… Ryutyu, can I ask you something?” I started with after a moment.

“Sure?” He responded.

“Are you interested in mathematics, science, or literature at all?” I asked.

“No- I don’t know what any of those are to be honest- except literature, that sounds like a synonym I heard for writing and stuff.” Ryutyu responded.

“Oh, well… do you still want to learn some of that stuff, just to take a small brain-break from the game?” I asked again.

“I could.” Ryutyu said again, obviously wanting me to shut up and allow him to dig back into the bag. I nodded and continued back to my room, with him following and bringing the bag.

When we got back, I opened to a first page in my book of science and explained to him what science was. “Science is the study of the world- and now universe.” I started. Now, que a montage of me explaining to him so key details about what science is: “People who like or endorse in science’s ways are called scientists basically,” and, “It takes a lot of knowledge to become somebody that deals with such specific sciences. Some deal with the body, being doctors. Others deal with the Earth and planets- we called those Geologists. Some other people like studying insects- I guess we call them Entomologists,” Finally, third scene being, “In order for science to be quickly understandable to the natural population, something called ‘child-lies,’ which are okay in this case, are made to simplify the entirety of a scientific law or theory. It is technically lying, but at the good trade that somebody can get a good idea of something without taking years to learn about that subject.”

“Damn… science seems cool- but what about this mathematicals?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well, do you know what one plus one is?” I asked.

“Uh… that is putting a single thing together with another one thing, right?” He asked.

“Yes.” – Me.

“Then it is two, roight?” - Ryutyu being correct.

“Yes, now what about one multiplied by one?” I then asked.

“Uh… I dunno.” – Ryutyu wagging his tail at the question for an answer he dearly wanted.

“One, because multiplication states that anything times one is itself- like if sixty-three was multiplied by one, it would be sixty-three.” I told him.

“Oh- okay…” He smiled at.

So, we continued for a bit, with questions from me being like: “What is one divided by one?” or “What is three minus six?” and he would guess and understand quickly what I then happily taught him when he was wrong. Then, I ended on one question that got his attention.

“Good, now what is fifteen divided by fifteen, minus one?” I asked.

“Um… so… um… first it would be one… then minus one… it would be zero?” He thought.

“Indeed, good job.” I smiled.

“Yes! Now… I gotta say this is actually a bit-of-fun… but… I think Team Bunker Four is much more… you know…” – Ryutyu, putting his right hand behind his head and rubbing it.

“Action-packed?” I smirked.

“Yeah?” – Him.

“Yeah, I can see that in you… (I look around the desk for something else to do rather than continue my studies on the science book,) I am going to study microbiology now.” – Me.

“Ight.” – Ryutyu said as he went back to gaming.

***Heru talking with Bounty Hunters!?***

“Hey- kid! You look like awfully new around here!” A thing stated over from a table as Heru stepped forwards into the big cube.

Around him was mini-cubicals contained round tables with a radius of about five feet each, with rounding-benches of wood. They hung, or were connected to the walls of sandstone surrounding each. The floor was sandy, and in the middle of it all was either nothing, or the true middle of a round-bar, being wooden with two by five feet rectangles spaced apart every inch, and the surface of the table edging over a foot as well, making it dark on the start of the design under. Each stool was metallic with wooden, flat spheres for sitting on, and the bartender was a black woman of cyclops decent, having the skin color changed but the big eyes still a color of green- but she also had four arms and robes of white clothing, and a blue flower on her head, serving the two black dwarf men at front, same looking guys from Heru’s past genocide… but the table to Heru’s left, when he was on the left of the bartender’s main bar, was filled with a fully black plague doctor, like he had just seen blow up, a rainbow-swirling-textured sphere with a radius of three feet on the right side of the table, the red school-looking backpack that had spoken to him, a blue one next to him on his left, a solid-looking gas of black on the backpack’s right, and a female human next to the sphere, holding violin with her left hand, whilst having the other in her pocket as she stared at Heru with her piercing purple eyes.

“Yeah, I just came here.” Heru said, looking away for a second before being stopped by the backpack’s next sentence.

“Wait- don’t go- you look like the kind of guy looking for a battle!” The backpack said by opening the front pocket, possibly the one you would put your spare pencils and a watch in for quick grabbing. His accent was like a western English cowboy. He had a hemi-spherical pocket in front of the main zipper holding the bag’s opening down. There was also a lower hemi-spherical and larger pocket directly below the top one.

“Oh, really?” Heru smiled and said, trending his mood over to them and leaning over the table to see what the backpack was truly made of- being metallic dark grey zippers and lining on the part as the rest was just red and the two straps behind it could definitely fit Heru’s body. It had no chains though and looked just like the blue one next to him.

“Really! I need to pay someone to finish off a nemesis of mine. You look like the kind of kid who’d really would go against somebody young and simply just a dwarf.” He spoke.

“This is so cringy.” The violin girl said, puffing her cheeks and crossing her arms. She was dark-brown skinned, with a ponytail of green, and a strong jawline with a Widow’s peak hairline setting her smooth hair down her neck halfway. She had big lips and wore a black maid dress with black leprechaun-like shoes, just like a stereotype would display. It had white buttons on it, eight going down, but no handkerchiefs, and her skirt ended with a green, circular fade into pure lime green. Her shoes also had a green square metal placed where a leprechaun would have it, and she wore no socks or stockings.

“You’re going to pay me to kill somebody?” Heru asked, after looking at the girl and the back.

“Yeah- but he’s no big deal.” The backpack whispered as it leaned in, tilting its entire entity towards him.

“How much?” Heru then asked.

“Thirteen-hundred.” – The red backpack.

“That’s it!?” Heru stated with fake surprise, standing up.

“I knew that wasn’t going to work.” The rainbow sphere emitted with an echo with a Chinese-like accent.

“How about I pay you five-million to try to screw over my nemesis!” Heru said, holding out his hands to spawn a black suitcase into reality, already opened and showing cash money stacked inside the comfy blonde tissues.

“Holy shit! He’s a particle-based boy!” The blue backpacked squealed with delight in her Canadian-accented voice.

“That’s damn well and spicy, sir! I’ll take your deal!” The red backpack exclaimed.

“Hey- hold on- kid, what’s your name?” The black girl asked.

“Heru, what’s yours?” Heru cockily said.

“My name is Deandra.” She almost said offensively.

“And my name’s Alan. I would like to endorse your deal to take out some kid- but first, explain what we’ll be looking for.” The red backpack enlisted.

“All any of you have to do is kill a single child and bring his body to me. The only things that stopped me was a woman like me, and the cyclops race.” Heru explained.

“Woah- woah, woah- The cyclops are in on that?” The sphere asked.

“Yeah… but come to think of it, that’s why I’ll be increasing the reward by a million per hour.” Heru suddenly switched, seeing the face on Deandra.

“Hold on, sir Heru, all we have to do is get past a few cyclops and a furry that has powers like you just to kill an innocent child with no powers, then bring his body back and you’ll give us the amount of money?” The dark cloud said in a deep tone.

“Well- there is one cyclops usually around him, and yes, he has no powers.” – Heru.

“But how can we trust you- or how can we trust that the cyclops aren’t going to plant him in some sort of power-plant of machines where even if we get him out- they’ll just come after you first and take away the money before we can even reach you?” Deandra asked.

“Well… I never thought of that, but I have a few places where I could hide and make sure your money is given.” – Heru.

“You should spawn in machines for us to make it easier!” The red backpack said.

“Hold on! Everybody, this is a kid we just invited to our table to see if he was anything different from the locals, and now he’s giving us a mega-chance in the way I see it. I have a friend, a very strong and powerful computer of a friend that can make sure a game is formed where Heru here will have to give us the money if we succeed, or else he’ll de-exist.” The plague doctor of pure black said with a charming male voice.

“Sure buddy, I’d like to see that computer with my own eyes.” The sphere stated sarcastically.

“He’s real, and he can remake the code of the universe work for all of us- to some limit of course.” The plague doctor said as he stood up from his seat, making his hand clench.

“Ok… I’ll accept that to my limit… but, first, (Heru points at the plague doctor,) do you have a sister or mother or daughter that was in a cyclops prison?” Heru said first.

“Why, yes, I have only a sister currently alive. She’s the last of my family… (The plague doctor looks into Heru’s eyes with none of his own,) and she was in a highly-protected cyclops prison I last heard about her.” The plague doctor stated with worry and confusion.

“I got bad news- she exploded in a ship explosion when we all got out.” Heru blatantly said.

“What?” The plague doctor worriedly spoke.

“Oh, shit! He’s a runaway too!” The blue backpack intervened said.

“Why are you telling me this?” The plague doctor asked.

“I just wanted to see how you would react.” – Heru.

“Wait, so she isn’t dead?” The doctor then asked.

“Oh, she is.” Heru smiled.

The plague doctor looked to his right and let the silence crawl in. Everybody was in maddening shock.

“But, if you have her D-N-A, I can bring in resources to reform her- only if you try to kill the kid I want dead.”

“Oh, he’s just mentally making the doctor more inclined to try it.” The sphere told Deandra.

“Yes, and it’s working. So, with the computer’s help, we’ll make a deal to form a trade where if we bring in this corpse, you’ll give us the starting price of…?” The doctor said with Heru inclined to answer.

“Fifteen million, with a million added per countable hour.” Heru said.

“How about fourteen trillion, raised by a million a second?” The sphere inclined.

“That’s only if you kill all of his friends and stuff.” Heru said.

“Deal?” The black gas asked.

“Sure, I guess.” Denadra committed.

“I was already on it.” The red backpacked, Alan, accepted by flapping his upper pocket.

The blue backpack said nothing, the plague doctor nodded, and the sphere spun quickly to infer it was ready.

“Can’t believe we just accepted a death-mission to win, at most, trillions, just by contacting a random kid out of boredom and fun.” The red backpack exclaimed.

“I still got to make the deals with the computer first.” The plague doctor said, getting up as everybody did and stood awaiting him.

“Okay.” Heru commanded.

The plague doctor swiped something from inside his black robes, blended in with the rest of his body, but simply out lined by the fragment light of white shining over all from wired, golden normal lamps all around.

The plague doctor had grabbed a grey and orange pen in his right hand. He used his left to grab the grey one and tinkering it by clicking notoriously. Suddenly, he clicked the orange pen twice, and it opened a portal-lined-with-blue under them. They all suddenly fell three meters, landing softly on the ball pit’s floor of black rubber like a trampoline, bouncing them up once, just enough to see the portal close with some dwarfs looking to them from their chairs.

When Heru bounced up once, he spread his wings out and hovered over them all. The ball had also started to hover, and Deandra just started playing her violin, whilst standing in the five-feet high ball pit of green, blue, orange, pink, red, yellow, purple, and black balls. Deandra is five feet and seven inches tall by the way.

“Where do we go?” The sphere asked, seeing the ball pit go on forever over the horizon in all ways, as electronic music of joy echoed over.

“Computer! We. Need. To. Talk. To. You!” The doctor yelled as he continued bouncing purposefully.

Heru looked up to see a bunch of white wires with metallic connectors come raining down. There were millions of these cords, and the sky was pure black, but some unknown light still emitted the area… Heru saw a small, 1980’s-looking monitor of blonde cube-like form come down, with its lit-up blue screen and nothing else. No keyboard or mouse, just the old looking monitor you would see on old commercials. Also, it had a disc inserter hole, and a button to Heru’s left of it, so it could take in some movies or games probably…

“Um…” Deandra said as she played her violin faster with higher-pitched staccato notes.

“Holy shit, he’s-” The blue backpack tried to exclaimed.

“Mr. Drow, why have you come here with these people?” The computer asked in a, echo-like, robotic child-like, male voice.

“The mosquito kid said he’ll give us millions and possibly trillions if we kill a child for him.” – The plague doctor.

“None of you haven’t gotten out of debt yet?” The computer asked.

“Nah- we just like money that much.” The sphere stated.

“And I need him to reform my sister as well…” The plague doctor added.

“So, you want to start a universal game now, eh?” The computer said, stopping at least fourteen feet away from Heru in the sky, hovering the millions of cords around in a swirling motion.

“Yes, we would like to start a game where our mission will be to kill Heru’s nemesis, and if we bring the corpse of this boy back to him, we gain fifteen million moneys, in any currency dollars, with an addition of a million pure hour worked. The longer it takes, the more we earn if successful. If Heru doesn’t agree to give us the money after we succeed, he will cease to exist. There is also a secret fifteen trillion plausible to earn if we kill his obvious friends in the area… Those are the game’s rules.” The plague doc said.

“Sounds good… let me try to generate it first.” The computer said.

On his screen, the blue loaded in a white rectangle, and it started to go from full left to right in five seconds. After that time was up with no sound displayed, or percent on top, a checkmark of white was on the blue screen. Then it went back to a fully blue screen.

“The game is viable due to factors enlisted. Now, do you accept to play it?” The computer asked.

“Yes, I do.” – Plague doc.

“Yep- knew it.” – Computer. Then the screen displayed a green checkmark, then went back to blue.

“Wait- we don’t get a chance to disagree, nor does the kid get a chance?” The sphere asked.

“All it takes is one person agreeing besides entities of myself… so… yeah, I wish that kid good luck against whatever you guys are going to do to kill him…” The computer said, relieving his wires from the balls and going into the darkness.

“Wait- so if it only takes one person, then why can’t we just make a game where he- we gain all this money if we survive for another millisecond?” The red backpack offered.

“I don’t think he’d find that a viable game, or anything that you may come up with as easy and cheating way to create a game with.” The plague doctor said.

“Really? That computer who just started a universal game with a kid and us can’t do a little backdooring?” The sphere commented.

“You can try and learn it all later- but I have an idea… (He looks to Heru as he bounces straightly,) maybe you can create machine that can get us directly to the kid so we can easily finish the job.” – Doc.

“I don’t think I got enough energy.” – Heru.

“Oh, now he’s energy-based!” The blue backpack said,

“Well, why not use some of that to create a machine that generates infinite energy for you?” The red backpack then asked.

“Um… okay, I guess I could try that…” Heru said, holding out his right hand flatly to the balls and trying to form something. Nothing happened, but he frowned even more after failing to do something.

“Of course, it didn’t work…” The sphere dramatically said.

“Wait- I have another idea before we go after him… I remember that there was something in science… when I was young, I learned of something… it was within the study of atomics and physics, and it told about gaining energy from...” The doctor started slowly, thinking afterwards.

“Mass energy?” The dark cloud answered in its neutral-gender-like voice.

“Yes- exactly, and I’m pretty sure from the name that if you annihilate matter, you create energy, pure energy, which is what you need, right Heru?” The plague doctor started.

“I use blood to fuel myself.” Heru told.

“But could you use pure energy in the form of light or something?” The male plague doc continued.

“When somebody is energy-based rather than particle-based, they usually always have the ability to use all forms of energy, including sound, electricity, light, and nuclear. But, Heru might be somebody that can only use blood to form his mechanics into doing something with the energy disposed from them.” The dark cloud explained.

“Smart folks.” Alan said beneath the balls still.

“Well… I have made explosions occur and spawned in rainbow spikes and such…” – Heru rubbing the back of his head with his left hand.

“Then you’re fully capable of using the light we see around us, and converting it into energy in order to make a fictional machine that can make more energy for you, and then use that to fuel us and open a portal to the boy, so whatever comes is demolished by our power.” The dark cloud pardoned.

“Damn… where’d you get all of that?” Alan, the red backpack, said, bouncing up slightly well enough to cause a disturbance in his area of the balls. The violin girl was still playing over the echo-like electronic music, but more lightly.

“Well, I’ve been around a fire god a few times, and lived long enough to repeat and remember.” The darkness replied, practically turning to the Alan below rainbow-colors.

Heru already started trying by putting his hands up and swelling the light energy into his hands. The balls colors went black, and the sky was draining into darkness, so everybody looked over to see that their beings were still enlightened, but the world around them was turning with gradient pressure. Eventually, Heru stopped and allowed the two-meter radius of balls from him still stay visible.

“Thanks- I never knew I could use light for energy.” Heru smiled at the gas and then plague doctor.

“Wait- so you didn’t know you were energy-based and surrounded by resources?” The sphere finally spoke again.

“Yeah, I know- I was a bit of a dumbass-”

“Mega-dumbass, I can’t believe you didn’t even try to see how far you could go with such powers. Like, when did you even gain them?” – The sphere.

“When I came into existence in the middle of space above a cyclops world.” Heru told.

“You just came into existence!?” The blue backpack said under the balls of the ball pit.

“Yeah… I remember that I had a dad that told me to kill the kid though- so I guess I must’ve forgotten.” Heru also said.

“Probably brainwashed- but let’s move on! Open up a damn machine to open us a damn portal to that kid and let’s get done with our trade.” The sphere said like Alan the Red Backpack would.

Heru used her left hand to fist a machine into existence. It spawned there without sound, surprising Deandra’s tunes. It was simply a white box with a white light switch, with the black English, Abadi-font text of “Off” below, and “On” above, with the handle already pointing on “On.” Then Heru used his right arm to spin a portal into existence. It was outlined in blue, and it directly led into my world, at the exact position of a centimeter from the main white wooden door inside my room, centering the attention onto Ryutyu gaming and me sitting next to him, starting to scream at the appearance of everybody already looking. Ryutyu turned his head after seventy-eight milliseconds, finding them to be as scary as a jumpscare.

“W-h-w-whyuy-yeau-w-uya!?” I stuttered, getting onto my bed and then moving to my left to get to the other side of the room, away from the portal’s direct vision to my desk.

“What the fuckity-frick-fuck-flip-fluck?!” Ryutyu also screeched insanely quick, banging away and looking for me on directions on what to do.

“That’s th-?” The sphere asked Heru indefinitely whilst I was stuttering and Ryutyu was jabbering.

“JUST GET HIM!” Heru anointed and pointed as the dark gas had already started darting in. But- as I was saying my lines, the dark gas spread apart and dispersed back into the revealing darkness he seemed to be camouflaged in, as a rainbow-like, transparent wall blocked it from entering. The plague doctor had also tried bouncing in but was reversed back seconds after the gas was as well, falling and bouncing more.

“What’s going on!?” The blue backpack squealed.

“Is that who I think it is?” Wilma said sickishly as she floated through the matter of my roof, upside-down, hair not hanging at all somehow- just waving a bit, and so were her tails- and appealing to the new mercenaries of Heru’s mission with a smile.

“Who’s she?” The rainbow ball asked Heru.

Heru had already lifted both of his arms to spawn in more spikes to throw the shield but missed as the portal closed. She had twinkled her left fingers, and those people were missing for a few seconds.

“Wilma?!” I started.

“I have this under control.” She said, turning around to us and dissolving the house around us so we could be lifted by her wind and up to the stratosphere for a better talk inside a newly forming bubble of rainbow-liquid which we hovered inside, like it was space.

“What do we do!?” Ryutyu asked as that was going on.

“Just stay calm.” Wilma motioned them.

I stopped shaking and got up, grabbing Ryutyu’s hand and bringing him up forcefully.

“Heru has allies now!?” Ryutyu exclaimed after exchanging freaked-out glances. He also wagged his tail much more quickly than expected.

“I guess so…” I said, before Wilma made herself into a thin and tall noodle, poking through the forcefield and going out to battle.

“Om me god- I hope she survives.” Ryutyu stated.

Three seconds later, after visualizing the sound of spinning metal, the sphere of our protections went transparent, and we saw a red-eyed Heru slashing rainbow machines at Wilma as she had millions of hands coming from half-an-arm’s length and splitting even further, still with the blue robes and ending nowhere in sight, making a giant wall blocking everything past what we could see through the cracks- her hands were managing rainbow bubbles forming around us by penetrating them with a purple glow, whilst some others made rainbow spikes and threw it at the rainbow ball. There were also others like the two backpacks there- having to dodge millions of grenades being thrown at them by the wall of arms with hands spawning in millions of things every second as it seemed. So much was going on- it was almost hard to pay attention to us falling down past clouds and into them.

Ryutyu was screaming as I was searching for a thing to help us- but was too belly-struck and scared, almost freezing up. Then, below us, the black mist of gas appeared from our left, and it started to come towards us until it was blocked by pods of rainbow-transparent shields formed around us. A few hundred hands pointed towards us from Wilma’s accessible side, and they started to point at the gas, making it depart from chunks of itself, and eventually I could take the idea that Wilma was making the gas split farther away from itself. Eventually, those chunks of gas exploded loudly and largely, with red and orange lighting the scene of the sunshine above us now.

Then we stopped falling, and we laid restless in our pods of protections. I tried breathing in deeply, and Ryutyu kept winning his ass off. We started to just float above the lands, having at least our heads to move and looked like the entire wall of Wilma moved when her main pelvis did. She was using her many arms to have an eye of hers in the palm, seeing all the way around us on every level from what I could see from the constantly sticking-out arms lending their hands around. Heru was still going with flashing like light around some areas of the arm and destroying them, shattering blood everywhere, but had to retreat when he was struck with rainbow spikes as fast as him. The backpacks had already floated up, but were now pounded and broken apart, dismantled as the grenades had destroyed chunk of them, as well as the missing black gas. A ball came up and started infecting Wilma’s arms by liquifying itself around many, but was destroyed when her arms turned into rainbows and shot miniature spikes at it, making rainbow juice spill out of the ball. The plague doctor had been shot in the head by a sudden charge of pistols spawned from her hands, and Heru was using a machine that was literally the same but smaller of the machine that was giving him energy- that white box, which now spawned back these entities to try again with killing Wilma, being transported into deadly rainbow spike-full arms when they tried to come over to us.

Then, there was the violin girl. She was playing her violin music, which was fast and staccato. Five black lines with white fillings became her floor as she ran towards Wilma from the below-skies. She came up, Deandra, still playing her violin, and with her pacing, she was dodging the arms pistols, grenades, spikes, and even now force-grabs. She got up to the wall and continued playing, now making Wilma’s arms turn into static and disappear like they were glitching out. But Wilma spawned a mirror in front and behind Deandra and made the black gas fume onto her. Then, Heru was thrown into Deandra’s confused and dying body as she was struck with many mini rainbow-knives in the head. Heru used all ten of his fingers to form rainbow strings around the entities he had bashed into and use them to flow into other dead and falling backpacks, a plague doctor, and the sphere from way down below. He pulled them up, formed a third arm from his back to make a rainbow-glowing shield around himself, and then opened a portal by flicking his right index finger with his thumb, and bounced back with the corpses, still fueled with sweat and red eyes of hatred.

Wilma made all her arms swell back into each other insanely quick, and then floated over to use, with her face being all eyes- literally a three by three. Then her face swirled and turned back to normal.

“That music girl was getting somewhere.” She said, making me and Ryutyu turn ninety-degrees frontwards from our now-fully-transparent pods.

“That was insane!” I told her, exhaling like a dying cow.

“What the fuck just happened?!” Ryutyu said, still worried and shaking.

“I just fought off some powerful beings?” Wilma said, flicking her ears and letting her nine tails sway normally.

“Yeah- and it looked amazing!” I exclaimed with horror.

“Where do guys want to go for food now?” She asked.

“What- how- what about those guys- how’d we know if they’re gone!?” Ryutyu asked.

“I could read most of their minds. They were as worried and scared as you. They will not be returning for a good while. They obviously need a better plan.” Wilma said as we ushered out our shakes.

“Wow.” Rytuyu exclaimed quietly after a pause of three seconds.

“Can we go to Green Salsa’s?” I spoke after another three seconds.

“I know I should actually just spawn in some food for you guys.” Wilma thought of- putting her finger over Ryutyu’s mouth, “I just thought it would be nice to go or at least order.”

“Well, yeah, but we would look weird.” – I said.

“That does not have to be a problem.” – She said.

“Hold on- Wilma- before you go and hypnotize the planet or something, could we try some of your food instead?” – Eighty-Three.

“Some of my food?” She said with confusion.

“Yeah, like, I know you have forgotten your past- but do you remember what you ate?” I asked Wilma.

“I do.” She smiled.

“Well, could we try some maybe? It would be helpful to know what you like just in case Cyclop brings in some machines that disallow you to use your powers, and you are stuck with us or something.” I spoke.

“Thanks.” She smiled, looking around, and then using her left hand in a twisting motion to spawn a chair of wood for both of us, some proper clothes onto Ryutyu, a smallish and triangular wooden table for us, and silverware of shining white on a napkin ot the left of our white, rounded-square plates. “Are you sure you want to know what I eat?”

“Well… telling from your tone, I must ask you- how bad is it?” – Me, looking below and almost throwing up from the height we were at.

“Not bad to me.” – Wilma, just chilling in the air with a ready dinner awaiting.

“Could… we possibly be at the ground for this?” Ryutyu asked afterwards, looking over to the ground, paying no attention to his new yet exactly-like-the-cyclops’s black jacket and pants. He also held his ears low, and tail stopped.

We started to drop. Wilma stared at Ryutyu as we started coming down, five feet every second. It was fast, but no silverware moved, and I held onto my chair with my arms, looking at Ryutyu, who was just holding onto the table very tight and trying not to look below, to see my pool.

After a few seconds, we reach below, landing nicely on top of my pool, not hitting the water, but just hovering over it by a foot from our shoe’s ends.

“Better?” Wilma asked Ryutyu with her eyes and lips.

“Yeah- it’s much better.” Ryutyu said after a sigh.

“I eat this.” Wilma said, smiling at me suddenly, and slouching back into her seat as far as she could to her right, hanging onto the table for assistance like a normal person…

What spawned on our plates made me jump- and made Ryutyu freak out. For me, a white arm appeared, actually white, cut off right where the elbow would start. It was smaller than my arm. Ryutyu gained a right hand of a blonde color. It was cut of where the lower arm would start and was missing its cutoff thumb. Each of our parts of her food were filled with blood, now dripping, but not pouring. The plates also became instantly red with some black even.

“W- AH- fu- AH-” Ryutyu screeched as he panicked to his side and fell into my pool filled with leaves on the surface. The water with the blue tint from the marble floor also shone to be a bit camouflaging of Ryutyu’s color.

“A- um… Wilma… what, why, when-?” I said, trembling at her normality to us. I was shaking my hands at the stuff, trying not to be scared, but rather worried about truth.

She laughed. “It is what I like to eat.”

“But… if… this is what you ate in your past- who are you killing for this; and do you even fry it or heat it up?” I asked in a shaky voice.

“I can put it in the oven if you want.” She said as Ryutyu flailed in the water, shaking it off, and standing on the high enough seafloor for him to breath from.

“Wilma- you monster!” Ryutyu screeched again.

“You should show us what you like to eat then.” Wilma said, leaning further over and grabbing her chair. Then she got back into a straight pose for sitting in school and snapped her right hand’s index and thumb finger. The food instantly dissolved into white air, and I closed my nose with my right hand and held my breath, even though it drifted towards my northeast.

Ryutyu was then raised to the chair again and was suddenly lifted of his hairs. He looked like he had his own version of goosebumps for a second, as the hair all over him flew up, with the water and wetness coming off. Wilma was using her left hand in a turn-able-to-the-right motion. After two point five seconds, his hair went smoothly down, and now all left to his fear was worry in his eyes and shaking in his spine.

“What do you like to eat?” Wilma asked Ryutyu, leaning in with both her hands cupped to be in front of her, like in a school of proper students.

“Never do that again!” Ryutyu hushed at her, pointing his left index finger at her forehead. Wilma nodded and allowed Ryutyu to look around anxiously and calm down slowly with the silence of the air fulfilling him… “I like… fish… red wine- oh wait, that’s be a drink… I like to eat chickens… and brunt crickets-”

“Burnt crickets- you fucking retard. What the bullshit, my man? That shit is disgustiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!!!” I exclaimed calmly and with humor in my movements at him; simply just some excessive leaning actions of back and forth from Wilma to him.

“Well, I also like ya’ crackers and stuff… sorry.” Ryutyu said over.

“It is fine. I was just playing.” I told him, swaying my left hand.

Wilma twisted her right hand as she spread both of her hands away from each other. The plates then got filled exactly as followed: There were burnt crickets- about forty, piled up in the northwest of the plate, a salmon taking up the entire east, and a few chicken nuggets taking up the southwest. Then, wine glasses of niceness were spawned an inch away from the top right of our plate and got filled with red wine.

“Hold on- are we allowed to drink wine at our age?” I asked Ryutyu, who already picked it up and started at it.

His green eyes in his dark voids darted over to me in my lab coat, and his starting slurping stopped when I finished my sentence.

“You can get drunk anytime I am around to help.” Wilma said afar.

“No- well- okay… but that…. Whatever.” I started to whisper to myself.

So, I ate my chicken nuggets first- enjoying them greatly as Ryutyu stared at me with etiquette chewing, chomping on his crickets without his sloppy technique. Wilma had… already finished everything without a sound.

“(Thinking to myself and looking over to her plate,) Wait- is Wilma already done? Dang… does she even need food since she could just fill up her belly in an instant technically… I will ask her, (After swallowing, and now out loud,) Wait- Wilma- I see you are already done.” I stated over to her.

“Yes. I do not need food.” She said, reading my mind.

“Oh okay… but… do you even shit bro?” I asked her funnily, with my own smirk.

She rolled her eyes. “There is no need to excel any matter from my body.”

“Bruv.” Ryutyu said as Britishly loud as possible, with food in his mouth.

“Hm…” I smiled… we continued eating whilst Wilma sat in patience.

***Back at my- MY home.***

The fan was on, the room chill. I was finishing page one-hundred-and-six of microbiology, gathering all the info in my head. I was reciting some of the info now, inside my head, whilst watching Ryutyu play ‘Capture the Flag’ as a game mode on Team Bunker Four. He was on team red, not purple.

“Parelaphostrongylus tenuis is a brain roundworm that may come from white deer, elk, or moose, and then an amoeboid can change its shape by primarily extending and retracting pseudopods it has, and it is unicellular, and then there are four main blood types, being ‘A’ and ‘B’ and ‘AB’ and finally ‘O.’ There is also a disease called Bulimia, which is the chronic disorder in which personnel eat large quantities of food and purposefully expel it by throwing it up… damn, I remember everything.” I said in my pajamas, being grey shorts with black specs, and a light green long-sleeve shirt made of fiber. I was also looking upon Ryutyu with a smile as he was gaming with happiness as well. He also had pajamas on, duplicates of my current-wearing shirt of light green long sleeves, but also my red-and-black checkered pants. He wore no socks though.

“Hey, Eighty-Three, have you heard from Cyclop?” Ryutyu asked when his character died.

“Nope.” I said over to him.

“Hm… okay…” he said, going back to playing after the seven-second wait.

“Hey, Ryutyu, what are your- (I see the door open to a blue and red backpack both with pistols sticking slightly out of their top pocket and shooting at us instantly as I clambered by speech,) WOAH- HEY- AA- AAAAHHHH!” I stuttered suddenly.

Ryutyu did not have time to react, and was shot in the head, but blocked the bullets from getting to me. The backpacks had already started to fire constantly, and I had started to use Ryutyu as my meat shield when trying to usher away. I was caught twice in the leg, and once on my left arm. They kept shooting new bullets every full second, and it made Ryutyu slowly leak puddles of blood, some even from his open and dead mouth. Hit ears instantly drooped and his tail became something of a distraction to us all as well…

Wilma busted through the roof, clashing down the materials, stern in the face, and shot three rainbow grenades at each of the shooting backpacks that had no time of their own to react back. Each grenade was of an inch long radius, blowing them up as soon as they hit. The bags plastered and scattered their materials as soon as the bombs created a two-feet long radius of annihilation.

I wined and screamed in pain during all of it. Wilma shut the door, locked it quickly, and used her left hand to force myself to heal up. I felt better instantly, crying almost even more. Ryutyu was dead, but Wilma used her left hand to then make the bullets come out of Ryutyu and drop onto the floor, and then the holes in him healed up instantly and he stopped drooling blood. Wilma lifted all of his blood particles and shoved it back into his throat, and then let a second pass as it did so, making him wake and be cruelly exposed to the danger. He felt normal but breathed hard and examined himself in awe.

“Ryutyu! Thank goodness!” I said, sighing and being astounded.

“What happened!?” Ryutyu judged at Wilma with worry.

“Those backpacks almost killed both of you.” Wilma said.

“WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT’S GOING ON!? ARE YOU OKAY IN THERE, ████?” My mother screeched as she saw the mess outside.

Wilma created a small cylinder of absolute solid grey that had fifty eyes of green swirling around the middle, with her right hand. That cylinder went super thin and budged through the door. My mother was banging at the door, but suddenly stopped. Then, everything outside stopped as Wilma leaned forward and reached for her black shoes.

“What did you do?” I quickly asked Wilma.

“That cylinder only made your family forget about this incident. I also made the bags clean up into oxygen. It will also leave the house and go to everybody else in a ten-mile radius. It will make them forget the sounds they heard at this home.” Wilma said as Ryutyu started to finish looking around his body.

“But what’s it going to do about cameras having footage of it?” Ryutyu then said after a moment of silence, noticing in that silence the holes on his shirt had been connected by the same fabric the rest of his shirt was made of.

“I will add it to affect computers now.” Wilma said happily, now doing humane sit ups normally.

“What are you doing sit ups for?” I asked, confused after another moment of silence.

Wilma shrugged. “Maybe you should answer why you used Ryutyu as a meat shield.” Wilma then joked with a smile.

“Because what else could I do?” I defended, “Pretty sure that if I let him fall over, I would have to either duck or jump for a new protection, putting me in a bigger risk of more bullets hitting me… and I never want to feel that again…” I spoke.

Ryutyu was looking at me with worry, but then nodded to agree with my stance against Wilma, having more of a straight face now.

“If you… died before me…, could I use ya’ as a meat… shield?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes- please do. If it will save your life with a bigger trust percentage than anything else you can think of- then yeah, I have no problem with it.” I stated to Ryutyu.

“Good thinking.” Wilma added.

“So- ahem, Wilma- we’re getting attacked randomly; how does thee stop this, or do we just let ya’ do ya’ thing?” Ryutyu asked, wagging, and flicking his ears as an exercise.

“Let me do my thing.” Wilma spoke.

“Well… what about giving us powers to fight them off ourselves without relying on you to do work all the time?” I asked.

“I have the time to look over you guys twenty-four hours a day.” Wilma then spoke.

“Cool.” Ryutyu nodded, standing up as we all did.

“Hey, before you go, Wilma- could you possibly make Ryutyu a separate bed or room? Maybe also gather his supplies over here as well?” I asked of her.

“Fine…” Wilma nodded happily. “I will be making a large basement under your house for Ryutyu now.”

Wilma walked over to the left side of my closet, used her left hand in another twisting motion to make an entire wooden door just like the one leading specifically to this room was like, and then made another cylinder with her eyes, letting it thin out and start shaking the floor below us. It was like a mini earthquake, but it stopped after five seconds.

“There you go.” Wilma ended, having the cylinder come out under the new door in my closet, and go into her mouth quickly.

“Thank you.” I nodded, with Wilma just turning into a blue and brownish gas and going up to the vent slightly to her right. She disappeared as we opened the door and looked upon the wooden stairs with the same wall color of my room surrounding it. The yellowish light came from the same circular lights on my ceiling in my room, with two on the way down, and then there was two more as we turned right to get to the basement just five more steps down. I was first, going down, and finding no creaks in the polished wood. I then found a bigger bedroom then mine, looking as if it was a copy of my house’s area and now copied to be all a bedroom under the original house. The ceiling was now made from some sort of metal titanium, and the floor was a white cotton, feeling great on my socks. There circular lights were in a three by three, spread apart. I looked to the right of the stairs we came out of, finding the light switch to be exactly like mine. First was the light switch, being able to control the luminosity by pressing it down to darken and up to lighten. The second switch, on the left of it, was the fan switch, activating all three fans lined perfectly in the middle from the stairs opening. They all looked like my white metallic fan as well. No third button though, that one being the closet, which seemed like it did not exist down here… The room was cascaded and scattered with pumps of metal greys and black mildews leaning from the actual house and now down. They were covered in a sort of translucent plastic though, that kept the water from dripping onto the carpet. Ryutyu’s new bed was just like mine- white sheets and one pillow, being placed all the way in the top right corner of the room, like twenty-five feet away.

“Damn.” Ryutyu said as he looked upon it all with wonder. There was a desk next to his bed, light-blonde wood with two black-cushioned seats just like the one I had sat in earlier. There was also a laptop of his own, just like mine, being black on there as well. There were two empty dressers of white cubicles next to the desk, and then there was a golden clock next to it all, telling us the time we could not currently read from far away.

We were getting distracted by the amount of equipment for exercise was around. There was a triangular-dumbbell holder, having two one-pound, small dumbbells on top, and getting wider till it hit one-ton dumbbells, big and lofty. The entire triangle had eight levels to be exact, all on the middle right of the room. Then there was a metallic black and shiny stationary bike on the middle left of the entire room. Then there was a metallic grey shining flat bench in the middle of the entire room, not near any pipes somehow. Then there was a leg-curl machine of titanium blue to the left of that, and a cushioned-grey barbell bench, loaded with a black barbell already, to the right. It was spread apart well though, about three feet of space to get past. There was at last, and finally, a black dipping bar in the bottom left of the entire room... To the bottom right corner of the room was two white fridges... But besides all of that, there was plenty of space left to do whatever we wanted here.

“Damn is right. Wilma really put not a single shelf in here, but rather all the gym equipment needed to gain upper muscles.” I said to him.

“Well… I’ve always wanted to gain muscles like my father once did.” Ryutyu said.

“Are you starting to remember your father more now?” I asked politely.

“No… I just remember that he was a working man, and now is old and dreary… sadly, I don’t remember his name.” Ryutyu spoke.

“Well… I should thank her for all of this… this might come in use if we get bored or something.” I said to him.

“Yeah… pretty sure she just saw the… (Ryutyu looks over to the dumbbells and points,) what are they called?” – Ryutyu.

“Dumbbells.” – Me.

“Yeah- pretty sure she just saw those and thought ya’ or me liked to work out.” – Him.

“Well- they were laying on the floor like somebody had just used them.” I said back.

We looked around for three seconds more, enjoying the room space and newness. There was no different smell, but it looked awfully nice.

“I really hope the ceiling does not collapse.” I said to him finally.

“Yeah… should we get back to gaming?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well… only if you remember to keep an eye out for anything that may occur at the door.” I said to him jokingly.

“Yeah, okay… but what about that laptop at my desk?” Ryutyu agreed and then asked, pointing.

“Tell you what- we can try it out when it is my bedtime.” I said over to him.

“Okay?” Ryutyu agreed.

So, we exited, I turned off the lights and fans, which also turned off the stair lights, and we went back to gaming, and then I ate dinner with my family when they called my name, and it allowed Ryutyu to eat his snacks below in his room. Then I took out the trash, helped my brother with finding an object in the kitchen, came back to game for a short time- also asking Ryutyu a question I needed to explore.

“What did you eat, Ryutyu?” I asked.

“I got a lot of them cold turkey pieces and two sodas named Methosos.” Ryutyu stated.

“Dang, you are going to be awake much longer than usual.” I said to him.

“Oh, okay… do ya’ think if I were to join dinner with ya’ family, would it-”

“No. It would… just not work I think…” I said to him, nodding my head negatively as his character had already died.

Ryutyu continued playing Team Bunker Four, on a new game mode he found, called ‘Attack,’ whilst I read in my language arts book…

Then nighttime came. We shut off the lights and dodged the footsteps of my stepdad coming closer to the door to yell. He just saw lights were off under the door and left. I was in bed, waiting for the baby to stop crying afar in the other room. My parents started to rush over to my baby brother, giving us time to sneak to the new room.

We got down below, seeing the spookiness of the nighttime. It was empty, but I turned on the lights without horror against it. I also turned on the fans as Ryutyu went over to his desk, dodging the equipment. I followed and sat on the left of him as he did on his right. The desk had no cords, nothing else but the laptop and a rainbow textured mouse hidden behind it.

“Hm… I wonder how fast it will lose its battery.” I asked the atmosphere.

Ryutyu stayed silent, lifting the screen up, and seeing it directly go to the desktop. He looked at the one icon called “Furiosity.” It was simply a rainbow circle, starting with red on top and going to purple below, for an icon, with black English text under it. Ryutyu decided to click twice on it, seeing it pop up with a screen of my search bar, ready to be placed with instructions. Instead, he then went over to the speaker button, looking black just like mine, and clicked on it- as it was the only button available on the right side of the taskbar. It showed up a rounded-square area that had loads of stuff rather than audio volume. First, on top, was the audio volume, with a blue bar enclosing the black bar up to eleven percent. There was also text above it saying: “11%.” Then there was, below it, temperature surrounding laptop, saying: “Laptop sensors have found this area to be SEVENTY-THREE degrees.” Below that was the battery, saying: “100% Charged. (Charged by light/sound intake.)”

“Wait- so is this charged by us making sounds or turning on thee lights?” Ryutyu asked.

“I… guess so?” I agreed upon.

Ryutyu then went back to the search bar and investigated in searching up: “Team Bunker Four.” He found the official holder for it in a green link that lit up to blue when hovered over. He clicked on it, downloaded the holder, which took thirteen seconds, configured it to English with my help, then downloaded the game, which was going to take twenty minutes for the twenty gigs.

“What now, lad?” Ryutyu asked.

“I am going to go study and read a bunch in my textbooks.” – Me, Eighty-Three in pajamas.

“Wait- are ya’ still remembering everything?” Ryutyu asked in his pajamas.

“Yes… and it is becoming a lot to think about…” I told him with my blondish freckles.

“Okay…” Ryutyu nodded, allowing me to go get my math book.

“Do you want to learn more about math?” I then asked him with tiredness.

“I guess…” Ryutyu smiled.

So, I told him more about math- but there is no need to say each sentence like last time. He learned a little more about P.E.M.D.A.S., multiplication, infinites, and some variables I got off track too.

Throughout the night, he immediately played the game for another hour after the game finished. I went back to my room, studying my microbiology, intaking all that knowledge enduringly. Then, I went back to check on Ryutyu.

“Hey… are you falling asleep nicely?” I asked him in the darkness after I turned on the fans. I found that he was just laying there, on his side, facing the wall to his left. He had closed his laptop and was swaying his tail in a slow eagerness to fall asleep.

“Yeah… thanks for checking on me.” Ryutyu happily stated over.

“No problem.” I stated back, leaving.

When I got back to my room, I got out my microbiology book again, and started at doing what I do best now- reading and remembering. I continued for two hours- before stopping myself and looking at the clock… it told: “11:32 P.M.”

I shrugged, left my book opened, and went to bed. Sleeping peacefully, I saw the Stickman’s face through my closed eyelids. He was now an outline of white- having white eyes and a white line for a mouth. He was just the head though.

“Alrighty bro, are you prepared for tomorrow?” He asked in his fun-like tone.

“Let me guess- you know something deadly is coming again?” I asked back to him in my sleep, letting my voice echo over him.

“Yep, something is coming of course… but, first, do you like this new setup?” He asked.

“This setup of… me feeling like I am sleeping yet talking with an echo?” I asked back for reassurance.

“Yes.” He stated back.

“Yeah, seems a bit better…” I told him.

Then, he disappeared, and I felt my body awake. I opened my eyes purposefully, energetic, and ready to take on the day. I went over to my closed laptop, turned it on, found the time to be “7:21 A.M.,” and went out to grab a bowl of cereal. After eating, I took a shower, changed, and went back on my computer to put on a simulation game. After putting my auto-clicker on as well, I got up and went down the door to see the lights still turned off.

“Ryutyu, it is a new day.” I told him as I came over his bed.

Ryutyu did not say anything but snored. I nudged him. He still did not wake up. I then pulled on his tail, and he sprung his eyes open.

“Augh- did ya’ just pull on me tail?” He asked.

“Well- I always wanted too.” I said, sitting on the bed as he lifted himself up with a yawn as well. He then nodded his head in negativity.

“I’m-a say this- nobody likes their tail pulled.” He almost said offendedly.

“Alrighty, I am sorry- all I wanted to do was get you up for the new day.” I smiled jokingly.

“It’s (Ryutyu sighs,) okay… but what are thee doing today anyways?” he asked.

“Nothing much… I was going to study more though... and I was hoping maybe we could... look at some memes maybe, since you may be getting tired of playing Team Bunker Four all the time.” I tried with Ryutyu.

“Yeah- I am getting a bit tired.” He spoke.

“Alrighty- but wait, you should eat first, and then probably shower.” – Me.

“Why shower?” He asked back.

“Well, because bed bugs overnight, and you have a lot of fur, so like a dog, could I expect you to have some fleas maybe?” I said over to him.

“Sure? What are fleas?” He asked.

“Well, fleas are like flies. They make a dog itch on their fur.” I said to Ryutyu.

“Oh- yeah, I’ve been getting that a little here and there.” – Ryutyu.

“Yep.” I nodded. We left to get some cereal, and then I gave him a towel to go to my shower with, then came into his room to grab him some clothes, which were just stuffed randomly in boxes and such. Like, there were copies of his black jackets mixed in with stuff like large white socks for him, I guess, and some pants too. I just grabbed the essentials, went to the bathroom door, and tossed them onto the floor.

After fifteen more minutes of looking back and forth, I was still waiting for him to exit the shower. I had studied twenty-five pages in history now and was now learning about how the natives of Florida were forced out of their lands. But, I shrugged, and went to my front door… no package. I went back, and saw the shower was still running.

“Ryutyu- you have been in there for a long time, please think about coming out soon.” I politely asked, hearing my parents come out of their rooms and go to the table to eat breakfast of their own by making some bacon with the pans and stuff.

No response from Ryutyu though. “Ryutyu, could you please respond? I do not want to have to come in there- our water supply does not last forever…” Still no response, so I drifted my thoughts off and opened the slide door of the bathroom. I entered, seeing his translucent body in the shower.

“Ryutyu?” I asked, unaware and a bit uncomfortable.

He did not move. I went over, and pushed my hand through the translucent barrier, nudging his right arm first. He did not move, nor did his tail sway at all. Then, I noticed his eyes were not glowing green. I went a little bit to my left and opened the curtain enough to see up that the window was closed, yet he had nothing in him. He was just standing there.

I went over and turned off the water by swinging the curtain to a minimal. He still just stood there.

“Ryutyu, are you dead?” I asked in worry but trying to joke.

No response still.

I shifted the entire shower curtain to the left and pulled on his right arm hard. He toppled with me, and I dodged to sitting on my toilet. He fell without pain, and just flopped, letting his legs stay up with the wall of the bathtub. I kneeled and studied his face. He was wet all over, and yet nothing seemed to function in him. I put my right hand over his chest area, feeling nothing bumping the physical surface in any way, just the fur of green… and his fingernails or toenails did not glow anymore either. They now just looked like sulfur.

“Oh, my goodness…” I crazed.

I started up and went over to the desk of mine. I quickly pulled out the bee phone and started contacting Wilma. Suddenly, before I could even open the app, but was at the home screen of the phone, I turned quickly around to investigate the sound of the window turning and creaking. It was Wilma, making my entire closed window turn vertical, and allow her to transform herself in a gas and get through, plopping down on my carpet floor and solidify herself back into a standing position as the window turned my horizontal again.

“Ryutyu died!” I said over to her, putting down the phone and looking at her face of normality.

“I had a suspicion… I recognized some waves to be altered around here… Somebody came in and did something around your house.” Wilma spoke, looking around my room more effectively with a slow turn of her head from her right to left.

“Oh- okay?” – I.

“Where is Ryutyu?” Wilma then asked after a moment.

“He was taking a shower… and now is dead on the bathroom floor.” I spoke.

Wilma nodded and allowed me to show her. She did not say anything, nor have a different face, but rather just knelt to Ryutyu and put her left hand on his left shoulder. I stood to the left of Wilma.

“Augh! What the- fuckity-fuck lads, I died, didn’t I?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well, I guess you-” I started before interruption occurred.

“Wha- oh, I’m…” Ryutyu stopped and leaned up with worry.

“Who stuck a syringe in you?” Wilma asked.

“I… a plague doctor. He, he open thee window and plucked something in my shoulder, then took it out… and I saw everything go dark.” Ryutyu said, standing up.

Ryutyu, finally once again at good length, was taller than me, and Wilma was the tallest. “So… um… thank you Wilma…” I started to say.

“I will be off now.” Wilma said, leaving through the door and vanishing.

“Damn… she is quick to helping us.” Ryutyu said as he leaned over and picked up his clothes, and then came out to my room, and started putting them on.

“Yes, it is good to have somebody guarding us… but… I swear she should give us something better; like a forcefield around our house at least…” I stated over to Ryutyu.

“Hm, yes…” Ryutyu agreed.

“Well… I guess now we get back to our normal lives… wait, let me move our desk around so we are not facing away from any openings.” I spoke, starting to turn the desk around after plucking the cables out and such. I turned it around so that the door would now be on our right and the window in front so if anything came in- we would have a bit of notice before hand.

“Now- I know I used you as a meat shield and had room to move away towards when the backpacks busted through the door, but believe me, it would be helpful to have a way to get behind the door and shut it on an entity coming in or something… maybe… I think this was not the best setup, but I would like to try it at least.” I explained.

Ryutyu hopped into the chair to the left from the bed and waited for me to gather the computer’s functions together to perform the task of showing us to our video platform. I went to the search bar and looked up: “Team Bunker Four memes.” It popped up with many videos having ‘volumes’ of their two-to-five-minute videos filled with text-to-speech minutes.

“Let me show you these kinds of memes.” I told Ryutyu.

He slouched a bit and viewed the screen with an intrigued intent. The ad of lotions loaded in first, then I clicked the skip button, and the video began with a funny.

“I get that one.” Ryutyu said, looking at the text read: “When the troubleshooter lost 1 hp,” with an image of a man being uncanny in a dark yet fluent way.

“Cool…” I said, as the next slide showed an image of a dead mechanic with the bottom text of “Sigma Rule 34: Die” in white text outlined with black.

“What do you think?” I asked Ryutyu again.

He shrugged. “I don’t know what a Sigma Rule is.”

“Just a funny rule relating to being a better person in a muscular or business-like way.” I answered for Ryutyu.

He nodded and let the next slide show. It showed a depressed agent in a baguette costume with the top text saying: “Where is the,” and the bottom text saying: “the will to live.”

“I don’t get this one either.” – Ryutyu.

“Some people have depression, a mental illness which can cause you to be suicidal if it gets worse- and it just puts the thoughts in your brain that everything is bad or your life is on a downfall and can never get back up, or nothing matters- technically like Nihilism, but a step down at least... I have never had depression before though, so I may be wrong about some things I have not read upon yet…” I told Ryutyu.

“That seems… different… why wouldn’t somebody want to live?” Ryutyu asked me.

“Well, Ryutyu, sometimes it can rarely be because of family history that is leaving you in extreme poverty from birth, or it could be about the drugs somebody has taken, and now they know their lives are going to end quicker then naturally, or sometimes it could be that everything is going to shit for them, and they do want to live in a world that feels like a constant bullet pulsing their arms- in a mental way of course, but sometimes it can be physical… but, yeah, suicidal people need to be given treatment or inspiration to live, because killing yourself is no good in any country… almost…” I described.

“Oh… that’s sad… if things were going down for me- I’d be striving to get better at anything I could, and I would ask me friends for assistance if I needed some…” Ryutyu said with a worried expression again.

“Well, those people usually either have bad friends, or no friends at all- and that sucks because friends can give inspirations at a better level than some random guy who says he had a degree in psychology or something… unless you believe in Christianity, then none of that would need to happen because you would have been told you have a purpose and plan set by God.” I told, ending jokingly.

“Okay… how’d we’d get on this topic though?” Ryutyu asked.

“Um… you asked about this meme’s funniness factor and… damn… let us move on… and look at some actual memes, not jokes.” I said, clicking the undo button on my browser, and scrolling down to investigate where the video memes were. Just three videos down was not bad.

First clip showed was of a man hitting a television with a hammer, and suddenly the intro for the mechanic popped up. Then the next clip showed that one being of a few dancing doctors under a newspaper article title saying: “Doctor caught dancing during surgery on a woman in hospital.”

I smiled at that one.

“Yeah- I see some doctors do nothing all game except dance; what’s the point of it?” Ryutyu asked me.

“Well, it does keep the game alive and socialized a bit, in a way. It may just be because these people have played the game too much, and want others to feel pleasure by simply just stopping the fighting and enjoying the animation or something… but, yeah, you should just continue playing the game like you are supposed to, unless the entire server is having a party…” I stated.

“Hm… okay…” Ryutyu shrugged.

We watched a few more clips till the end of the video.

“I like these kinds of videos.” Ryutyu said after we chuckled a bit at the last one.

“Hm, me too. Anyways, I will go back to studying microbiology and stuff. If there is anything you need, I will be two feet away from you.” I funnily spoke.

Ryutyu nodded and continued watching videos.

Two hours passed, and finally my mother came in. She held a carboard box.

“They gave me the tests needed to pass you… and some other papers for signatures…” She said, looking over Ryutyu to me.

“Hm… alrighty, thanks- do you need me to sign anything now?” I asked as she started to turn around.

“Nope. Just telling you… do you guys want anything special for lunch?” She then prompted.

“No, we will take whatever you might make.” I spoke.

“Will Ryutyu be joining us today?” She said, making a shiver crawl up my spine.

“He can.” I said abruptly.

She nodded and left, with Ryutyu looking over to her as she closed the door, and then back to me. “That’s going to be weird.” He said shakily.

“Unless you decide not to come… and it still does surprise me Wilma simply put something in their brains to make everything not as awkward or scary… truly helpful she is…” I said, looking over to the bee phone.

After a few minutes, my mother yelled my name.

“Well… here we go…” I said, getting up and allowing Ryutyu to take a good look at what was going to go down.

“Um- if it makes it any easier- I’ll stay here.” Ryutyu said.

“Alrighty… it does it make easier, I hope…” I stated to him.

He nodded and allowed me to walk out to the kitchen and eat the ravioli made.

“So, Ryutyu decided not to come?” My mother asked as my stepfather had the baby in his hands on the couch.

“Yes. He said he already had something else in mind.” I said, trying not to shiver or seem angry.

My mother nodded and continued eating our food. I was panicked a bit from the no-talking afterwards, but got out as quick as I could, saying “Thank you, and excuse me,” after putting my bowl in the sink. Then I went back to the room and looked upon Ryutyu’s empty chair. I looked in the bathroom first, without hesitation, then came back and went into the closet door and down. I saw Ryutyu trying to lift weights. He used his arms to dramatically swing the five-pound weights up to his head and then high into the sky, flopping his back whilst doing so.

“Ryutyu!” I said over to him, after watching him do two of his own painful cycles.

He stopped, unclenched his face, and put the weights down- waiting for me to speak again.

“You must not do that- it will hurt your spine and you will gain nothing.” I said to him as I approached him on the right side of the room.

“Oh- okay… how’d I do it then?” He asked.

“Do not flail your back like that. Also, do not shoot them high into the sky, just lift them up, (I pick up the weights easily and bring them from my hips to my shoulders in a hundred-and-eighty-degree-straight motion using my elbow as the turning point; the way you are supposed to do it. I did it three times without moving my back spine at all.

“I have not looked up what happens when you use your spine like that- but I do not think it helps at all; it looks too weird anyways.” I said to Ryutyu.

“I had a feeling of that.” Ryutyu spoke.

I gave him the weights and watched him stand there, doing the exact motions seen from me and television experts on training your muscles in your upper arm area. I then went over to his computer, opened it, clicked on the browser, did not sit in the chair, searched up: “how to lift weights properly,” found a video, put it on two times speed, and let the sound incorporate the guidance of a young black man with brown hair and blue eyes and a blue t-shirt.

After three minutes, I looked back at Ryutyu, who was sitting down the weights now.

“Yep, do not use your back to curl it up, it hurts your spine.” I said as I reapproached Ryutyu.

“Okay.” He agreed.

“But first… what got you into doing weights whilst I was gone?” I asked suddenly.

“Well- I was a bit bored of watching memes but found a clip of a man doing weights- and I had a sudden thought of me room’s equipment. So, I come down and was trying to do thee same motions… but I didn’t realize thee were supposed to be like that- and that’s much more intense.” Ryutyu explained.

“Alrighty… but, yeah, always look up a tutorial on how to do it correctly- you never want to waste your time… and also, do you like music?” I asked him.

“I’ve not heard enough to decide. I like trumpets and trombones in the same tune- but I’ve barely ever considered people singing over rhythms.” Ryutyu said.

“Well… I will put on my playlist, since I got at least one of something of each flavor.” I said, rushing back up to my room, and getting my laptop. But I also saw that the bee phone was lit up with a message ready to be read. It was in a rounded white square below the time… I grabbed it with one hand, let it reside on my open laptop, and started to come down the stairs carefully, then rushing a bit more as I got onto the cotton whitish floor carpet.

“Do you remember the party Cyclop brought us to?” Ryutyu asked me as I came over.

“Yeah, did you like the music there?” I asked.

“It was… music.” Ryutyu said, a bit confused on his own sentence.

I brought up my playlist on the video platform, and let it go on shuffle. There was a button that was literally grey text that said “Shuffle,” that turned blue when I activated it on the left of the playlist. There was also an infinity sign that I clicked to blue as well, which looped the entire shuffled playlist. Then I got out the bee phone and read the message in my head. It came in the group chat. I leaned down and paused the music video and pressed the zero on my number keys to reset it. Then, I read Cyclop’s message aloud.

“I just got back the data on the red liquid sample- and some on Heru. The red liquid seems to have properties of invisibility on reactive elements, is turned into a solid at negative forty-three degrees, a gas at 7834 degrees, Celsius for both, gives off a smell of ambience that makes your brain more activated, also contains a certain kind of teleportation in an area rather than conformed to a certain volume- and it’s also created by mixing together the acids of, solid Obamaniumo, solid Oganesson, liquid hydrogen, some rainbow as you may call it, and heating it all up to seven-thousand Celsius to get a few particles of it, and a lot of left over waste. NOW, Heru- it seems that you have already encountered him from Wilma has told me, and he has friends. We recently had an outbreak at his prison and have most of the Red Eyes finding out where many of the entities went, and what happened to the prison in the first place. It seems, from cameras and victims, those Timal Tienes started the outbreak with a box they had- but more on that when we find their loose particle trail…” Cyclop told in the text, and I read it out.

Below it, Wilma said: “Nice.” I also typed and sent the same.

“So… we just survive now or something?” Ryutyu asked.

“I guess so… but, anyways, let us get back to working out to some of my favorite music… hopefully you find a genre you like…” I spoke, putting the music back on and letting him start lifting weights correctly as I did the same.

***Wilma’s battle.***

“Why, hello again.” The violin girl said to Wilma as she entered from a portal behind her.

“Miss distraction.” Wilma said abruptly with a chuckle, standing up and looking behind her to see the violin girl ready to play.

Wilma turned herself around in the air, looking at the woman in the maid dress. They were above my house, fifty meters. Wilma then suddenly did a deep dive after a backwards leap and shot down towards my house at the plague doctor rushing to my front door with an AK-47.

The violin girl started her solo dramatics, letting the five black lines sweep down after Wilma as she, Deandra, stayed still. Wilma levered up a few rainbow spikes and allowed a third arm from her sudden back throw a few at Deandra, who had them fly away from her somehow. The others went down to the plague doctor smashing through the front doors and rushing towards my room, but was caught when he reached the washer, being struck in the back by a quick rainbow spike and hitting the wall. Wilma moved the ground below her and went into the Earth with Deandra following behind. She made a washer machine with a red button on top, and pressed it, but Deandra was only affected by a stream of dark brown mist following behind her. Deandra kept playing. My house was ravaged in the front whilst I was rushing to the closet door with my laptop, getting down to the bunker Ryutyu lived in.

“Close everything down!” I told him, rushing over and past the pipes in the collapsed ceiling as he stood away and backing towards me.

“Don’t thee need to get out?” He asked, pointing at the shattered materials and spouting water flowing down into the hole Wilma had not yet moved back into place. As soon as he said that- it sealed up in a second, making me stutter my bones at the suddenness, and Ryutyu wide eye even more. “What’s happening?” He then asked.

“I think Wilma is facing off against a few of Heru’s enemies…” I spoke.

“Wait- just one or is there more?” Ryutyu asked.

“I have no idea.” I said, looking around impatiently afterwards.

Wilma was below and traveling through the hot rocks of Earth. She made many rainbow-textured small machine guns to shoot at Deandra, but they all got deflected back, and Wilma had to create a shield. She then made the tunnel close, but it opened back up as Deandra came in with more pace and Wilma had to speed up. Miles they went through, Wilma decided to come back to surface and spawn a Humanitor in her hands as she went left, back to my house. She then stopped on the surface, sliding on the grey road, and Deandra came through, starting to play with stops as some giant fourth note icons of black spawned in and threw themselves at Wilma. Wilma then dodged to the right, left, left again, and finally activated it with her right hand in an instant by pressing a big blue button she formed on the top of it.

Deandra played faster, but it did nothing. The black notes had stopped working, now just being giant collectibles on the working road. Her five lines of music stopped forming, and fell, making Deandra have to adjust to everything, but she did finely as it was only a foot drop.

“Damn you.” Deandra said as she saw the overhead of the sky be inside a shield now.

Wilma tossed the machine to her right and spawned in three rainbow spikes to throw at Deandra.

“HOW ARE DOING THAT?!” – Deandra.

“My personal Humanitor.” Wilma smiled.

Deandra tried to move to the left, but was shot with just one, pounding her, and letting her slide in the spike. Her chest was impaled, and she was now drooling the last of her life from her lips.

Then, the black mist came in with a swirl, passing through the shield above, and shooting down at Wilma. She turned to see Heru behind it, with a machine of his own. It was still just a white cube with now a green button, but it made their own shield have a bubble inside Wilma’s, and it took up an increasing amount of space.

Wilma made a machine of her own to try to destroy it, making the shield decease as it came. The black mist tried to come into Wilma, but she made a rainbow shield that destroyed the mist, making it explode minimally, not destroying the road below but causing a lot of steam to ramp up. Heru then threw his machine at Deandra, who coughed and gagged up, and immediately started playing her violin, which made her lift up from the spike with her soft rhythms. Heru was then grabbed by a tentacle formed by Wilma, who used her left hand to make it spawn from the road. It grabbed him, and through him below, into the area me and Ryutyu were just standing in. Wilma then turned and looked at Deandra, who was shooting rainbow spikes of her own Wilma by playing her violin fast.

Heru crashed through the roof, landed five feet away from us. Pipes were broken along his crash, making a slight explosion that caused a fire on our carpet far away. He stuttered back as he bounced up and gave us a quick look of anger, before another shield flossed over us, made of rainbows. Heru then rushed at us.

“AH!” Ryutyu cried.

I was scared but saw he did not use his powers in this instance. He shot a left punch at my head, and I ducked, then pulling my upper right hand up and smashing his lower jaw into his upper jaw. I was surprised at my movement.

“Augh!” He said as he retaliated.

“Heru! We do not have to fight. Just take your allies home and go away, please.” I said to him.

“Or what? It’s my mission to kill you!” He yelled, flashing his fists.

“And is that your only goal in life? Just go do something else!” I said, I looked over to Ryutyu who was standing at aid, scared, but now getting back on tracks.

“No!” He shouted, coming at me with a football jump.

I slide to my left, but he grabbed my pants and leaned me over to him. I then used my left arm to throw… a few punches… in his face as he was on the floor, below me… And… a few more punches… just… I threw more and more. I kept on going, seeing he was in pain whilst I was not. I was winning.

Eventually, I just put my hands in his eyes and let them ooze the white out. Heru screamed, whilst I was disgusted. I then thrusted both of my arms into his mouth. He bit me, but still screamed. I shoved them deeper until I found something to grab, that being the end of his esophagus, and then I held onto it. I then looked towards Ryutyu, who was standing back, but nodded his head at me when he saw my expression of hate and confusion. I smiled and returned to see Heru, chocking, for a solid minute. He grabbed my arms with his hands, trying to move them, but I was strong from my training.

“Eighty-Three?” Ryutyu then asked sadly behind me.

“What?” I turned around with shock, my eyes glazing from the fire on the other side of the room caused by the pipes.

Now, a new shock came onto me. Ryutyu was looking at himself, seeing his arms turn into rainbow-liquid textures.

“What’s happening?” He cried.

I shook my head. I did not know, but I continued to stare as I was stuck defeating Heru now. Ryutyu just let whatever it was infect him at the time. Then, Heru stopped chocking and died, and I punished by hands out from his throat and looked at Ryutyu, still going full rainbow. His clothes and skin were affected. His fur became the texture Everything for him was going weird as he looked up to me with dear confusion.

“Is that Wilma doing that?” I asked.

“Me don’t think so?” He said as the skin on his head started to turn with the gradient effect, with it coming up at a medium pace. “I don’t feel… no… please… oh no…” Ryutyu said.

Ryutyu, my furry friend now covered in the liquid texture, started to melt. I saw his face shatter with sadness, and his physical form melt like in the movies. Slowly.

“Ryutyu!” I yelled, looking around for anything to help. Heru’s current corpse was there, but there was truly nobody else there, just my melting friend.

“I can’t feel anything… I see dark…” Ryutyu said as he deformed.

I was shocked to see him become a liquidly jelly, then slowly turn that pond of rainbow into an actual liquid that the carpet was soaking up. Then… it started to move towards me.

I backed away, doing a circle around it so I was not grabbed by the fire spreading quickly nearby. Above I heard ambulances and police cars come up as I heard doors shut with screams from my mother. The baby could also be heard crying some meters away, getting farther away as well.

I started up the stairs as my mother and father called my name. I looked back at the goo; it was somewhat coming to me at a walking speed. I got to my room, looked around, blasted through the door, stuttered at the death of the plague doctor, and went past him eagerly.

I came up to the garage door, blasted through, and looked outside at the police cops and such pointing and aiming guns up ahead. I looked forth to see Wilma throwing everything she had at Deandra, with shields and such blocking other ambulances and stuff from entering.

“████! Are you okay?” My mother asked as she came up to me.

“Yes- but…” I said, pointing up to the battle.

“Who do we fire at?” A police officer asked another.

“Hey- (I walk up to those two,) Do you know where Arty McShall is?” I asked.

“Arty? He’s at school still.” They said, pondering over to me.

“Oh, alrighty. Thanks.” I said, budging away through the coming crowd of people taking photographs and such.

“What’s that?” A woman asked as she pointed to the shield blocking the medics from coming in.

I looked over, residing with my family talking about the fox lady above. I saw that things were going to shit and let myself look back up to the girls. I had a second before Wilma made up a machine just like Heru’s and pressed it.

Suddenly, everything went white. I looked around and saw that nobody, not even a shield was present. I was standing on the road, looking again up to Wilma slapping Deandra onto the floor.

“You are a bit of a problem.” Wilma said as Deandra got up with a large scrap on her face, not even minding me at all.

“What… did you just do?” She asked with her violin in a manner of attacking.

“I just made a reset button.” Wilma said, looking over to me.

Deandra looked as well.

“You! You’re the kid, right?” She asked.

“And I am going to give your fate over to him.” Wilma said.

“What?” Deandra instantly snapped back to Wilma.

Suddenly, I felt my arms go up, and looked to see an AK-47 spawn from transparency into my hands.

“You just tried to kill him with a plan.” Wilma said.

“And I see it hasn’t worked.” Deandra said, looking back as I held the thing with confusion. Heru then jumped up from my house, clabbering the roof down and holding Ryutyu’s head in his right hand. He was going to scream something, but Wilma used her left hand in a twisting motion to spawn three spikes into his head from behind him. Then, Wilma twinkled her right fingers and made his body flush over to our area and get slobbered onto the floor, as Ryutyu’s decapitated head flew back into my house.

“It is fun to see what a villain does when they think they are winning.” Wilma smirked as she said it over to Deandra.

“Wha- how?” Deandra asked, shooting back and now afraid.

Wilma snapped her right hand without moving the rest of her arm. My dryer machine came into existence with a green button on top.

“This machine makes sure I win.” – Wilma.

“How can it do that?” Deandra asked.

“I had time to think about it. I can create anything with my mind. Why not create something as useful as this?” – Wilma.

“Well- the jokes on you- because Heru created something similar!” – Deandra pointing with her left index finger.

“Universally?” Wilma asked.

“U-u-universally?” – Deandra, leveraging down her pointing.

“Well?” – Wilma.

“We’d… the Plague Doctor… thought the Red Glitch would do something against something… as large as that…” Deandra said, looking down.

“You always have to test your limits.” Wilma said.

“Alrighty, enough. Get to the real question- why are you working with Heru?” I asked, putting up the gun.

“Because- we’d be gifted money if we-” Deandra tried.

But before she could finish, I blasted by simply pulling the trigger. For seven seconds I continued firing. She was well dead, with bullet holes all over, leaking ponds of blood. I looked at my gun and then back at her three times afterwards. Then at Heru, and back at the default face fox woman.

“I turned the safety locks off.” Wilma said. I looked at her with almost a scared intent on my eyebrows. “Ryutyu is fine.” She then said.

Wilma then made her machine drop down and slapped it with her left arm.

I then saw everything flash white and saw all colors collapse in suddenly. I saw myself lifting weights, also looking down, and looked up to see Ryutyu next to me, shaking, but suddenly realizing he was in the realer world.

“Oh me god- I thought… Wilma?” Ryutyu asked, dropping his weights, and looking around. He saw Wilma standing in front of us by a meter.

“Wait- what happened to Heru and his gang?” I asked.

“I have them permanently dead.” Wilma said.

“What? For real?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes.” Wilma said, still having her hands in her robes and a straight face.

“Well, that is great and all… but Wilma… can I talk to you about something?” I asked, walking up to her.

“I know I have a lot of powers. I am not going to attack the cyclops race.” She spoke.

“Well, not just that, but since you have a lot of powers- I was hoping that you do not change the world to your wanting… too much?” I spoke.

“I will not. I am a good person to your standards.” – Wilma.

“People who say that aren’t-” Ryutyu tried.

“Hush.” I said over to Ryutyu, “Anyways, yes, I know you are- but… you still killed Heru’s allies on purpose when you could have just put them inside a box with the universe’s size and let them be their selves with no knowledge of what or who I am. None of them had to die, like that… and it just makes me feel like you are a bit sadistic for testing them out in the end.” I spoke to Wilma.

“I understand what you are talking about. I just wanted to see what they would do. I think gathering information on possible enemies whilst we can is good… I do not think I will be able to do this much longer anyways…” Wilma trailed off.

“Why not?” I asked.

“I did try some things back at my place in the cave. I still cannot gather all the knowledge in the world. That makes me uncomfortable when it comes to what I can do.” – Wilma.

“Oh… well… I guess that is… something. I still think you should just… tone down the sadistic-looking bits. You smiled when that violin girl lost all hope.” I said to Wilma.

“I think she deserved it.” Wilma said.

“Well, I can think the same- but I remember that you should not try to harm people, it will definitely harm yourself more than them.” I spoke.

“How” Wilma asked.

“Well… you said these powers will not last long, so, that already puts more worry on the fact that something may occur against you, much more powerful and karma-like… I am just worried that you may come to no-good ends with these powers, but I do not know how exactly to explain it. I hope you get the idea.” I told.

Wilma snapped her left hand without raising her arm. It caused everything to pause, then suddenly shifted me to her right and Ryutyu three inches to his right. Three seconds later, it uncaused.

“Exactly… and... Wilma, maybe I should say this better, but, since you can make infinite powers like that, then maybe you could make one to solve all of our problems?” – Me.

“Do you see me as a problem?” Wilma asked.

“No… I see your powers as a possible problem. I am just trying to say that I think you should not get too lofty with them…”

“I know…” – Wilma said, nodding her head. I paused, waiting for her to continue. Wilma spawned in a black box and pressed the green button on top. The button then phased out with a red glitch effect.

“Oh… have you tried making a machine against the red glitch thing yet?” I asked.

Wilma spawned another black cube, with a red button instead. She pressed it, and it phased out, leaving two black cubes.

“Ah, I see…” I said, looking back at Ryutyu.

“Could ya’ still give us some instant knowledge?” Ryutyu asked with his right arm raised like a student.

“I will only give Eighty-Three instant and perfect surgical knowledge. I will only give you instant combat knowledge. I would also like to show you that I have every ally of Heru in this little black ball.” Wilma said, using her left arm to spawn in a green-outlined portal leading to a ball with Heru, Deandra, the plague doctor, the dark cloud particles on the floor, and the blue and red backpack there, on the bottom of the sphere trudge close together by the volume.

“Wait… where is the rainbow sphere?” I asked.

“What rainbow sphere?” Wilma asked.

“There was a rainbow sphere when I saw the portal open.” – Me.

“I also got eaten into a rainbow-liquid pond thingy by something as well.” – Ryutyu, wagging his tail faster.

“I am sure we will find it if it comes at all. I will be nice and let this sphere either continue or come to die.” Wilma smiled, falling into transparency.

I watched her fall slowly into invisibility. I then turned to see Ryutyu just standing there, wagging his tails and having his ears up welly.

“Now what?” He basically asked.

“I guess we get back to doing weights for as long as we can… (I look to see the laptop with my music paused,) are you feeling replenished?” I asked.

“Yep.” He said, picking up the weights.

***Contact with tests.***

“Hey, could I take all the tests now?” I asked my mother as we sat down for dinner, about to eat some smooth “white” spaghetti. I was handling myself some large chunks whilst the rest of the family had already started to dive into their plates.

“Yeah.” My mother slurped.

I quickly gulfed my food down and went back to my room to finish up on some readings and stuff. After thirteen minutes of studying for the finale, I closed my math and reading book. I went to my mother’s office, seeing the box placed on a wooden table to her right.

“Can I do it now?” I asked.

“Yep.” She said, getting out a folder and looking at the instructions. She cared not to read them aloud, but tasted her taste buds loudly, LIKE A FUCKING BITCH, she also just gave me the first test, my math test.

I took it normally. It had thirty-five questions, and stated it was the entire semester quiz that needed to be completed. After finishing it with my checks, I took the science quiz- easier and quicker- then the reading, which takes long, but I did it the best I could, and finally the history one. That was extremely easy.

“Done?” She asked, tired.

“Yes, I am.” I said, irritated. I gave it back to her and left as quickly as possible.

I looked at the clock on the computer, she instantly got on after putting all the tests back in the folder. It said: “7:43 P.M.” I instantly went back to my room and started studying my microbiology again.

“Are ya’ as eager to receive knowledge from Wilma?” Ryutyu asked me as he came up. He wagged his tail slowly but was still using weights by twisting them whilst he left his arms straight down, improving the lower arm of him.

“Yes, I am still waiting.” I spoke, “Maybe we should have asked her for some muscles too, but she obviously gave us equipment for a reason…”

“Yeah… she had some weird wisdom.” Ryutyu ended.

“Come to think of it- she probably has all the wisdom in the world- and is just setting down the events for us to become good people…” I spoke, returning to my reading.

“Hm…” Ryutyu said nodding, going back to his underground.

Some more studying, and suddenly, Ryutyu comes to me at 8:43 P.M.

“Hey, bro, wanna ask- how’d ya’ brush ya’ teeth? I think I need some cleaning me self.” Ryutyu asked.

I looked at him, spinning my chair around. He opened his jaw, and I could see the yellowness within. He also had some crumbs too.

“Sure, I will help.” I stated over. He followed me to the bathroom, and I got my toothbrush out. “I barely use it anyways.” I said as he looked confused about it as I washed it. I then put my blue toothpaste on it, and he smiled his mouth for me. “First, you got to stick it into your mouth and brush it over the tops of your teeth, then on the side, and do it from down to up to scrap the crumbs up and into the brush’s brush things, or mouth of yours. Then do the back of your teeth. Also, do not chomp on the toothbrush, and please open your jaw so I can reach the back.” I said as I scrubbed delicately.

“I need to spit this stuff out.” Ryutyu said behind his closed teeth.

“Then spit it out into the sink and turn on the water.” I said, and Ryutyu did, “Also, do not eat the toothpaste like it is a snack or water. Too much can harm you, I think.” I also said.

“Can I try?” Ryutyu then asked as he took his dripping jaw from the sink. I gave the toothbrush to his left hand, and he went for it.

“Wait- are you left-handed or right-handed?” I asked.

“I can do both.” He said without his mouth or tongue moving.

“Nice.” – Me.

I went to bed as he continued to scrub as much as he wanted, as delicately as he wanted, spitting a lot. He eventually stopped and came out, scrubbing his nighttime clothes on his jaw to get it unwet. He saw me sleeping and crept faster towards his bed.

“What a day!” The stickman said as his head came to inverse colors through my closed eyes.

“Yes, quite the day.” I said back in my echoing voice.

“Well, all I wanted to say for today was that I will be the same and with you in any timeline- because I am one of a kind… technically.” He stated.

“What are you referencing? I do not remember anybody changing timelines unless you are being random.” I asked.

“You will find out the true meaning- but anyways- take the nice walk in a pink cotton candy park; that will be your dream.” He said, fizzing away with the cool effect. Suddenly, I was turned right to see the pinkest enviorement I have ever seen, with trees made of cotton candy and a bench under, and seemingly mountains in the back…

“Thanks!” I said over to the stickman. He nodded his spherical head happily, before a second later, vanished into transparency. I then went bouncing in that dream for thirty seconds. After that, I woke up tired. I looked around to see nobody around…

“Boo.” Ryutyu said as he plopped his head up from the bed side. He was smiling with slightly cleaner teeth, and his dog tail started to wave frantically behind him as his fluffed ears were sprinting in different directions, trying to find sounds to locate.

I almost jumped back but was too tired. “Oh, hey man. How has it been?” I asked in a tone that seemed like I was in no place to be here.

“Quite fine actually. I already had buffed myself up. Looking up some tutorials really helped me with my body’s core too! I learned about push-ups, and sit-ups, and lifting these big dumbbells on those benches… I forgot their name.” Ryutyu stated.

“Nice…” I said, getting up and seeing him kneeling in his pajamas. “I think today I have to go to school and turn in those tests…”

“Oh… it’ll be quick, right?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yeah, why?” I asked back.

“I’m just so excited. That music of yours- those tunes with the bass drums in an echo-like and wet effect are really cool and inspiring. I’ve never heard anything like it!” – Ryutyu.

“Dubstep?” I asked.

“Yeah… probably.” Ryutyu thought of, standing up.

“Alrighty… time to do our drill.” I said, getting up and trying to be as happy as him.

So, I went to get cereal with him, took a shower, let Ryutyu take a shower as I clothed myself afterwards, got on my laptop and checked some things as Ryutyu went back down to his room to get clothes on, then went to my mother.

“So, when do we go to turn in my tests?” I asked of her.

“We can go now, I think. It’s almost time to bring your brother there anyways.” My mother said, going back to her office and giving me the blue folder.

I took it, placed it in my heavy backpack with other books and such, and allowed my mom to put me and my brother in the car and drive off. When we got to school, I exited the car normally, but entered the school with non-ordinary.

Some kids looked at me and then back, whilst others watched and conversated. I came across barely anybody I get together with usually. I sat down on a lunch bench and saw some look at my lonely self with enduring eyes. I grabbed my blue folder and located it out and took up the first give- my math test. I went to my homeroom, where Yetu Hem was surprised to see my appearance- as well as some others.

“Welcome back, ████! How has it been?” He asked.

“Very well, indeed. (I give him the papers,) I hope all is well to you too.” – Me.

“Hm… are you sure you did your very best on this?” He asked.

“Sure of it.” I nodded.

“Okay. I guess you’ll be going to turn in those other papers as well.” – Yetu Hem.

“Yep… have a nice day.” I smiled, leaving the old man.

I saw Molly enter with her bald friend and other brown-haired friend. She said nothing but looked with great confusion on why I was here.

“Oh, hey ████! Nice to see you’re still good.” My science teacher, Dr. Hambe said.

“Quite so. I hope it has been well for you too.” – Me handing a teacher the papers.

“You seem like you’re in a hurry.” He said after I handed him the papers.

“I got my mother waiting outside.” I told him.

“Oh, well then, go away and get to it!” He joked.

I smiled and left but got stopped by Elijah.

“Hey, you’re back!” he said, putting his right fist up for a fist-bump.

I fist bumped him. “Just for today. I got to go now.”

I passed as he looked back with eager sadness.

“Alrighty…” My ELA teacher agreed upon as she took the papers.

“Alrighty, have a good day!” – Me.

“You too!” – her.

I left with some eyes, but not many. I was in the hallway next, not dealing with anybody because I barely knew anybody to be honest. I was going down to my history teacher as quick as my speed-walking could but was stopped by the final boss.

“Was is that?” I heard a student ask.

“Um…” Molly said as she came out of the door to my homeroom. I was two meters away, and this rainbow-textured ball just slid up and stopped when I saw it. Other people nudged away, allowing me to be the center of the ball with its glow in the ambience to stare at me, as well as some others look at me as well.

“Well, it seems we have finally met, George Floyd.” I said to the ball, making my arms go out in a sarcastic manner. The hall fell silent after that joke.

Then the ball slapped itself onto Molly. The ball literally bounced onto Molly’s right ankle and she squandered, trying to sprite it off. The ball clutched on, teachers rushing over and investigating to see what we all saw- the ball starting to melt into his skin, making the gradient push up and down her legs, turning them to a rainbow. Molly fell screaming on the lockers as everybody rushed away, except the teachers. I backed away, whilst Arty came around the corner behind me, and rushed over to the girl.

“Are you okay? What’s happening?” Arty commanded of the teachers scared and frightened.

Closest was Yetu Hem and Ochio Hambe, at the doorway.

“I don’t know- but that parasite is infecting her or something! Don’t touch it!” Hambe ordered back.

“It’s spreading too fast! What do I do?” Arty yelled back.

“I don’t know- I’ve never seen anything with its colors or shape or quickness…” Mr. Hambe said as they all backed away from the seizure induced girl, was no longer screaming, and having her head turn rainbow with her hair as well. Her clothes also went rainbow afterwards. Eventually, the principal, Clink Halto, came up and saw the student as everybody was yelling or screaming away.

“M-M-Molly?” My math teacher asked in a sad voice.

No response.

I was just standing by, feeling alone from all the students who had already evacuated the vicinity, with a few already leaving.

“Kid- what happened?” The principal said, turning to me.

“There was a ball, and it plopped onto her and now it is infecting her.” I spoke.

“What?” – The principal.

“Check the cameras and call the military. This is something extremely abnormal.” Arty whispered as he came by the principal. Mr. Halto instantly nodded his head and dashed off.

“You get out of here too.” Arty said over to me.

“Okay…” I said, starting to leave. I was starting to speed walk and turn to get out of the school when I suddenly heard my teachers scream. Mr. Hambe, Hem, and Kilmorf all came down and ran.

“C’mon ████, we gotta leave!” Mr. Kilmorf said as he came first.

I looked behind me to see the teachers nod me on as I heard Arty call to Molly.

“Molly- whatever you are- stand down!” Arty said, firing a shot.

I came back over to the corner, using it as my shield from all their eyes, seeing Arty with his aim at the girl, walking perfectly towards him, but with a backwards head. I then felt my shirt be tugged on, and I whipped around to see Wilma.

“How should I take him out?” She asked.

“However you want to!” – Me.

“I came to see if you were going to say something about how I do it… I will guess you no longer care.” Wilma said.

She whipped around the corner and put her right fist up, with her entire arm as well. Suddenly, I heard the speed of Molly take off. Arty screamed as he backed away towards his right wall, and Molly dashed after Wilma with speed like no other but exploded slowly from the insides. I saw her turn red in certain areas, and she fell to the floor, having another seizure, until…

***The Red Glitch***

The red glitch. Or, The Red Glitch. The sky turned red instantly, Wilma vanished, the rainbow Molly dispersed into a white gas, Arty sprained up from the drama. The walls turned to a glitched state of red, the ceiling lights busted, letting electricity fall out, but get glitched and now be a straight bolt of solid red and yellow flashing on the floor. Arty came over, trying to escape the school as he saw the room and such go red glitched. I went outside behind him, and he looked at me with surprise.

“████ ████? What are you doing here!? I thought I told you to go!” Arty yelled.

“Well, yes! But, I had some business!” I told him, looking at the light red clouds, the cars turn red, the roads start having a black and white and right square picture float around them in random areas with no trilinear movement, just the glitches of every horror film. The trees also became static, looking like they misplaced and now just television static, nothing else. The school behind us had this effect on the bushes too, and the grass as well.

“What kind of fucking business!? What the hell is happening?” Arty asked with quick horror to it all.

“I may have a hint. Did you see the girl with nine tails?” I asked.

“The one that just vanished?” He asked, calming down.

“Yeah… she has been protecting the world and now everything is going to shit because she did it too easily… I think…” I spoke.

“And how do you know?” – Arty McShall in his uniform.

“Long history- but you will lose memory of this… hopefully…” – Me.

Arty then looked at me with confusion as the wind started to pick up.

I looked closer to the forest of grey and black static across the football field. Arty started to dive in as well. We saw some squares of black and red being tossed up high and heard the ground under us quake.

“What is that?!” He asked.

“I have no idea!” I spoke.

Suddenly, I heard the glitch sound effect happen behind us. We looked to see some of the school parts disappearing- like parts of the walls and windows; just some randoms areas of square shapes. Arty moved away with me, but we heard screams as we came onto the parking lot, dodging the grass.

“Well- if you’ve known about some of this stuff- how do we survive it?” He asked.

“In one way or another.” I answered, “Usually I die or get hurt and then get respawned.” Arty then looked at me with more horror in his face.

We looked and waited five seconds to see a giant mess of cars and road pieces in a red glitch of squares and stuff, being mass produced in an area. Arty moved back at the atrocious thing- it looked like a giant monster of trash; but that trash was the glitched objects. It stated to come over to me and Arty just stood there, raising his gun and shooting at it with all hope lost in his face. He held the pistol with only his right hand, firing ever two seconds, losing every bit of his hope as the ball of fifteen meters high and wide came over to us slowly.

“████ ████!” I suddenly heard from an echoing yet recognizable voice.

I looked around at the echo. A whirlwind of red squares and black rectangles started to form around us, quicklier and destroying the view of the outside. Arty stood closer to me, looking above to see… Yetu Hem, my math teacher, with red skin, dark red clothing he had on earlier, and all parts of his eyes black. He drifted down with an angry look, and the effect of glitches around him at random parts at random times.

“What?” I asked, shaking at the teacher composed of red.

“Your friend has done me wrong.” He said in a more heroic voice than the old man would ever pronounce, “And she’s been taken care of.”

I saw Wilma float down from the closing in tornado of squares and rectangles. She was wrapped in a red glowing chain. Her eyes were somewhat blocked by it, her mouth was stitched together by red strings instead of chains, and the rest of her body has rounding chains ever inch. She could not move, her nine tails were battered closer to her back, and her ears were on constraint from also being stitched down and into her hair.

“What in god’s name?” Arty asked slowly as he saw all this happen.

“God’s name is provoked here. I rather use the words: ‘What on this Earth is that?’” The entity said as he hosted Yetu.

“Are you hosting my math teacher?” I asked.

“Yes- but not because of any particular reason. I’ve come to make a deal-” – The Red Glitch hosting Yetu Hem.

“I swear- if you are the stickman-” – I started.

“Nowhere near. I want to make a different deal- I know you care for your friend here; but she had committed things against the wellbeing of the universal laws. I hate to let it pass; but I was busy myself. Anyways,I will give you back the world to a normal state of existence with you and your friends all aligned as well as before with these current events in knowledge as well, but I want an exchange of promise. For Wilma’s actions, being: One, she changed the timeline on you to make you shut up, two, she made a machine that makes her win any situation without reason, three, (Wilma is silent,) she tried to make a machine to defy my powers, four, she used mass rainbow miniature spikes against Deandra when fighting her again, fifth, (Arty looks at me with confusion, and I look at him with boredom,) Wilma decided to create a machine of the cyclops with better input that would be impossible currently, sixth, she tried to give you instant surgical knowledge, seventh, she tried to give Ryutyu instant combat and weight-lifting knowledge-”

“Could you just count those as the same reason please?” I asked politely.

“Alrighty- I’ll shut up for once. But- I want you to promise that there’ll be no bad behaviors like Wilma’s ever again. That relates to any tomfoolery she just tried. I can’t list entire methods, but nothing against universal common laws here- like instant gives unless supported by some simple factors- no upgrades of cyclops machines unless they find out themselves- and… you get the idea. I’ll stop you when you try, and you’ll learn- but if I’m ever busy again- I don’t want to see this kind of stuff flying by again… this deal is just don’t act the same and I’ll let everything be normal again. I’ll also be taking away all the machines and undoing a lot of damage she has caused…” The Red Glitch said firmly.

“Where do I sign?” I asked.

“No sign- just promise or handshake.” He spoke.

“Well… I guess I promise… but, first, tell me why you were busy.” – Me.

“Same thing some of the cyclops are busy with…” The Red Glitch said, hovering back up and letting Wilma drop to the ground,

“Wait- so I’m just going to forget all about this?!” Arty asked as the man went off without moving a muscle.

“You’ve forgotten many timelines many times before- so it’ll be nothing new.” The Yetu said, turning his head below.

Suddenly, everything paused. I could not feel myself. I saw everything else stop its movement. Then, I saw everything glow white, and my eyes went dark. I felt blind, but then instantly woke back up in bed.

I hopped onto my computer, but Ryutyu came up faster.

“Pal- what just happened?” – Ryutyu.

“The Red Glitch talked to me.” I said to him.

“What’d he say?” Asked Ryutyu.

“He told me that Wilma changed the timeline somehow, and did all this creation-of-illegal-machines stuff. I had to make a promise that we will not be doing anything else like it… which means no more instant-winning machine, no more advanced cyclops machines we never had to use- and no more instant knowledge… which we did not receive… and he said he would undo everything she did… so… that probably means… Heru… will be around…” I explained.

“Oh… fuck…” Ryutyu nodded.

“Indeed, very fuck.” I prompted, getting onto the bee phone and standing up with Ryutyu to endorse the message chat group.

“I am so sorry.” Wilma told in the group chat.

“Would you like some Menocobendidrill to cheer yourself up?” Cyclop then asked.

“Cyclop, how do you know about this?” I quickly texted as the messages appeared seconds ago.

“We just got intel from The Red Glitch. He’s extremely helpful and is a friend.” Cyclop said.

“Why did you not tell me about this?” Wilma texted.

“To test to see how far you would go with enormous power at a time- and you seemed to pass welly. Good job on not killing everybody instantly!” Cyclop stated.

“What?!” Wilma texted back instantly.

“Oh shit…” I whispered.

“I did the same thing with Eighty-Three- I let him naturally go on with whatever was going on- that being his black goo is in his head, and he’s still going quite fine, I hope.” – Cyclop texting.

“Yeah, whatever is inside my head is doing absolutely nothing wrong at least- I just remember everything perfectly.” I texted.

“Because that was from my surgery!” Wilma said.

“Would you still like the Menocobendidrill? It’ll help with being happier in a time like this.” – Cyclop texts.

“Sure.” Wilma said after a few seconds.

“So, anything else new?” I asked in the chat.

“Nope. We’re still trying to find the origins of the red liquid.” Cyclop said.

“Alrighty, but one more question- what was the Red Glitch busy with, or what were you guys busy with?” I texted back.

“Both of us are usually busy with galactic terrorists or some other things that may or may not exist- I may have a few hunches on what some are, but most is top secret stuff that only the Red Eyes, The Red Glitch, and Cyclopals know about.” Cyclop texted.

“Alrighty.” – Me. Texting.

Then I waited five seconds with Ryutyu, but nothing popped up.

“I think they’re done texting.” Ryutyu said over my shoulder.

“Yeah… what do you want to do whilst we still have time?” I asked.

“Well, I guess now that Heru is going to be after us- I think we should work out a bit more; so we can stay aware and also have muscles to fight him off if we ever encounter him without his powers.” Ryutyu said funnily.

“I guess that is the best we could do…” I said, following him down to the basement.

***To draw something new…***

Cyclop had opened a portal in Wilma’s room in the cave. It was a square outlined with green. She stopped her crying, got up, using her blue sleeves to wipe the tears of her face, walked through the portal and into the lab. The lab looked like the one I saw from the Stickman’s overseer dream-view in the last book. She saw three other scientists give a look over before returning to check on some phone data of theirs, not doing anything with the samples of the red liquid in graduated cylinders in front of them currently.

“Okay, so- here- (Cyclop grabs a flask of a blue liquid,) this is some Menocobendidrill.” He said, letting her relief her hands from her blue robes and let her right hand hold it, “You know the side effects already, right?”

“Yes.” She responded.

“Okay then… Now, I’m going to say this; I understand where you’ve been trying to come from… you wanted to help Eighty-Three and everybody else out by destroying-” Cyclop started.

“Are you just going to tell me that I need to not use maximum powers again?” Wilma asked after devouring the entire liquid in one chug.

“Yeah- but I want you to understand that I understand where you tried to come from, and you don’t have to be scared tragic.” – Cyclop.

“You guys sure know a lot.” – Wilma.

“Well, yeah, I just saw you crying yourself asleep in your cabin.” – Cyclop.

Wilma sighed.

“Also, I know in order to be a good person you first have to do the unfortunate. In order to be a savior- you must have somebody to save from something. In order to be a peacemaker, you must have war to make peace with. Even God thought of that at once- and had to go through with creating life… but some particle-creating beings don’t realize this wisdom…” – Cyclop with gestures.

“Okay?” Wilma asked.

“And… were you even thinking of that before you did your actions?” Cyclop said as he turned around.

“I… was not…” Wilma stuttered almost, looking embarrassed.

“Well, everybody learns from mistakes. Now… we’ve almost caught up on the liquid, so I’ll be getting the gang together soon to end this … and I hope you enjoyed the Menocobendidrill. I swear nobody here added any chemicals or nano-technology that could take over your brain.” Cyclop stated.

“Thanks.” Wilma smiled, looking back at her room.

“Also- do you want a tracker on yourself?” Cyclop asked.

“Sure.” Wilma said after looking around.

Cyclop grabbed his right hip pocket and pulled out a tracker. He placed it on Wilma’s back as she turned around willfully.

“There… now I hope you take care of Eighty-Three, he might need some protection in the near future…” Cyclop said.

“You should really get your team to help.” She said to the ambience surrounding only him now as she walked back to her place in yellow, away from the light blue and black.

“I’d love to- but The Red Glitch also manages our power as well. Jesus doesn’t want the outside-universal powers affecting Earth that easily…” Cyclop said as the portal shrunk slowly.

Wilma looked back at her place now, empty as ever. She enjoyed the flask of blue liquid, placing it down next to her other accompanied object. She then sat down and tried to meditate, closing her eyes hard…

Away in a stellar jungle of purple leaves and light blue branches stretching from their wooden likeness of blue trunks, there was a large purple cat. Its fur was purple, and its eyes were huge ovals. It had pupils of black and had orange sclera. The ears were huge, intaking the sounds around of chirping and loud meowing. Purrs infected the jungle, but this cat, with the height of four feet and area width of three feet, was feasting on a raccoon, normal and brown. Dead it was, but the cat only feasted on its own belly, not the head or legs. It enjoyed slobbering the red over its yellowish-sharp teeth, getting its white whiskers poked with the stingy needles, and looking directly at the pesky little rodent. But the large feline was stopped in its tracks. The drift of hair above the large thing turned around to see the leaves pushed away by The Red Glitch. He was still in my teacher’s form, Yetu Hem, but red and giving the ambience of the forest a dark glow from his suddenness.

“Hey you! (The cat turns around, makings its four legs with paws of pink turn with eager hate to see The Red Glitch,) Are you the main species of intelligence on this planet?” The Red Glitch asked, pointing with his left hand.

“Yes, why do you ask?” The cat purred in his voice of a strong male teenager.

“I was wondering if I could hire one of your own to assist in a mission of mine.” The Red Glitch said.

“What’s your play?” The cat asked, sitting naturally upright.

“I’m looking for a cat to guard a young boy, but also tease him in an insane way. I need one of your kind to fit his perspective yet also be one to extrovertly get involved in many of his future plays.” – The Red Glitch.

From the top of the inclined forest branches and leaves blocking the sunlight, a harsh land for a cat came down. This one was like the wild one, but rather had a hat on. The hat of this cat was like a wizard’s, having a stricken, pointy end to the hat as it came back a little, but also had fragmented holes in it. This hat was also made of a fabric, from what the top right paw of the cat could brush into sound as they nudged their hat back into place as they sat to the left of the first cat.

“Who are you?” It asked in a male voice somewhat similar to a teen’s Nigerian accent.

“He’s just some rich guy looking for a bit of money to spend on some missions he wants one of *us* to do.” The first one said, leaving with his Malaysian accent.

“Well, what’s the mission?” The cat asked them both.

“I just need one of your kind to protect a kid and deep fry him in bullying.” The Red Glitch said.

“Why?” The cat asked, twisting its head.

“I believe it’ll be a useful space of time for one of you, since you guys like to do other things than naturally survive in the jungle likes it’s a game.” The Red Glitch said.

“But we don’t know you.” The cat said, as eyes around The Red Glitch started to appear with their orange glows.

“So? I don’t know you either- I do know you guys speak English and are insane- but I’m just being nice and seeing who’d like to spend a different time.” The Red Glitch responded, looking around madly.

“Well- you did come to the right species for finding somebody with infinite time and readiness to do anything anybody else wants… so… I guess I’ll join in your mission of… just making a kid go insane?” The cat asked.

“I just said bully him. All I need is a new character in his life, and he seems to have no bullies, so I was thinking maybe one of you could do that without killing him or harming him physically.” The Red Glitch stated.

“Just bully him? Can I go all out with making him think he has voices in his head- telling him to take apart his allies- and make him eat the living flesh out of his family?!” The cat asked with a pitching-up voice.

“What’s you is you- I just need you to do some stuff with him for both of your times to be elongated in some way…” The Red Glitch stated, watching the eyes blink around him as some left away.

“But how do I know you’re not trapping me?” He asked.

“I would of already did so if I needed to... (Lightly,) Does that sentence work on you?” The Glitch asked, making a portal of red-outlined squares and black rectangles dangle off a square opening to my rooftop.

“Nope, but I’m still eager to see what a… what species is this?” The cat asked.

“Human.” The Red Glitch stated.

“HUMAN!?” Every cat said in a vicinity of three meters.

There were suddenly talks amongst everybody, gibberish even, and intense purring came over the entire jungle area. The Red Glitch saw many cats with similar hats come down quickly, plopping on the floor of grass and dirt and swivel up to the forest-portal.

“Why didn’t you say human first?” A Chinese-accented cat said in English.

“Because I needed to see how immersive you guys would be for this kind of task…” – The Red Glitch as he kneeled to their level with his left leg.

"I’ll go because I said I was going first.” The cat with the Nigerian-like accent said.

The other cats departed, letting that one drop down onto the roof, nicely.

“All you have to do is get inside and talk to the boy with glasses and ugly facial features. That’ll be your mission for however long you want it after three days.” The Red Glitch stated.

“He’ll take it forever…” A cat with a Mexican-girl accent stated.

“Okay then…” The Red Glitch said, leaving the portal to vanish.

“Are there any other missions you have for any of us?!” A cat with no hat yet a Bhutan-like accent said.

“Nope…” – T.R.G.

The crowd around him purred softly and sadly, backing away into the darkness as he floated off into the leaves above…

***Welcome to the meet up, everybody.***

So, for me, things were going good. I turned in my tests normally to the teachers and stuff at school, came home, took out the garbage can to the road, got back to room and did weights with Ryutyu a bit before setting up my account on his computer so he could play Team Bunker Four, and then went back to my room to finish up my microbiology book… I was forty-nine pages away from completion…

But that is not what we must focus on currently. We are looking forth to Heru, who was in the presence of getting more teammates to go after me.

“So… do you guys see anybody else who’d take up the process of killing the boy?” Allen, the red backpack, said as they all entered the desert cube once again, but in a crowd, gathering eyes.

“Hey, our seat’s still open!” The blue backpack insisted.

Heru nodded and came first to sit down in the roundtable seat. The black gas came last, as well as the ball.

“Alright… does anybody have a new plan, or see anybody up to it?” Allen asked.

“Well, telling that The Red Glitch just set us back seconds before we all died in a way- then we should probably look for new people in order to go all in again and have a better chance at defeating Wilma and getting to that boy.” – Plague Doc.

They all paused their talking and looked around. The waiter cyclops was still there, rubbing glasses now, and other tables were perked with different looking species as well, but none looked as if they were up to be with this weird gang.

“Maybe we should contact the computer to see if he’ll find us somebody…” The Doctor then said after brief moments.

Heru looked sternly around, as the others waved in their heads to see what he was going to announce. He looked around the tables, left to right, and then back.

“I mean- you guys were bounty hunters before I came around, right?” Heru asked suddenly.

“Yes, and we were just joking when we called you over as well…” The black girl, Deandra stated.

“Okay… then why not ask anybody in here?” – Heru with his white hair.

“I guess we could- but we kind of just were chilling and waiting for somebody like you to give us a mission…” – Allen.

They waited for a mere three seconds, just awkward silence, looking at the table- until through no doors came a yellow cubed-head girl. To describe her appearance; she had a rounded cube head that was a smooth yellow, a slightly bigger cube below it that was a smooth blue, no neck or clothes to her instant appearance, then connecting to her blue cube of a torso, she had thin black legs that turned into cartoon-like shoes. Her arms were also a bit the same, having no fingers or hands, just being sticks she could easily bend without proper bone structure, in which she was doing to hold a ball with Canada’s flag wrapped around it. This ball was a countryball, which could be called “Canada Ball,” as it had the red leaf in the front center, below its white circles in thick outlined black. The ball also had a rounded fox hat, having the tail lean off towards its right and come slightly around it with the tip of the brown tail being white. The rest of the hat was just a filled-in-ring on top of the sphere that was crunching its eyes down and around like The Stickman would do, or Heru’s eyes would compose. Back to the girl, she was angered with her white teeth showing. Her eyes were just oval holes of darkness, and she had no nose or ears. The top of her yellow cube head was also open, revealing her pink and juicy brain in a hemi-spherical protection of transparent glass. Behind her blue cube that was her torso, was mechanical tentacles of grey metals. They had lines every two inches, inferring many cylinders created these octopus-like tentacles, eight of them, which all ended in six halfway-bent rectangles, three on one side and three on the opposing side of the cylinder, that were probably used as claws to hold things. She also had no hair.

She quickly rushed over to Heru and his gang, the first and staring crowd of her large entrance. Behind her she had a fully-and-actually-black girl in a red tuxedo. This other girl had white pupils, weird, and had long and smooth black hair hanging down to her upper spinal cord. Her hairline was also a widow’s peak. This girl that followed behind the yellow-headed girl was also calm and walked fashionably, with a slight smile and closed lips and brightened brownish cheeks… in a way. Her tuxedo was lined with white, and she had a pocket on her heart, with a shining white steak knife, with a black handle. She wore shoes of black, with her socks of black covered up by her long tuxedo-like pants, and she wore gloves of black over her black skin. And yes, I like saying that word.

“Are any of you bounty hunters?” The cubed girl asked as the black girl calmly made her way over with her white collar and black buttons lined down her shirt, eight on each side, revealing a black long-sleeved shirt under as well…

“Well, we can be- but we’re currently trying to find people to take out a kid for a few millions… (He turns his backpack-self over to Heru,) which should now be a billion…” Allen said.

“Millions you say?” She asked.

“Yeah- all from this white kid.” Deandra joked devilishly.

“How?” The cubed girl asked.

Heru spawned in a black suitcase, and it was opened to reveal, five by six stacks of ‘bread.’ The green glowed under the light above, and everybody stared to see it. The black girl behind the yellow girl even poked her head in to see the amount ‘on the table.’

Suddenly, the yellow-cubed girl thrusted her top right arm towards the briefcase’s top, closing it and taking it from the golden handle in front. The tentacles sprained back as Heru got up from his time at the table and bounced at her, making blood tentacles of his own throw their pointy ends at her. The black girl dodged to the left as this started to occur, everybody else pushed themselves back and away, and Deandra also put out her second hand to make Heru’s belly get pushed back, but he did not mind and instead continued after the yellow-cubed girl, who was flying away with her metallic tentacles, dropping the Canadian Ball to the side, letting it roll away with wide oval eyes of white.

Then, once again, suddenly, a computer cord with an outlet, white and dusty, came from the sky and shot down towards the ground, directly outside the entrance to the cube. Then it pulsed up and pushed itself inside of the yellow girl and thrusted her back into the counter in the middle. The cord stayed in her, making her bleed from the sharp ends of its natural three pins. She angered down her black lines of eyebrows and looked at Heru rushing over to look at her look at the suitcase disappear into oxygen.

“Sorry- I forgot to tell you first that we got a galactic computer doing a game… and I can turn all that money into oxygen too…” – Heru.

“Damn you.” The girl said, pulling the cord out of her chest and being frazzle at sight as it just whipped out.

Heru leaned down with irritation and grabbed her left arm, pulling her up frantically in the silence as everybody else looked terrified from the sudden actioning.

“What’s your name?” Heru asked.

“My name is Miss Opium.” – The yellow-cubed head girl.

In the back some guys laughed, whilst others chuckled. She looked around sternly, making her eyes squint like a realistic cartoon- like The Stickman in my dreams I mean...

“Opium is a drug some of these lads snort.” The black cyclops said with her four arms, gesturing around, and her Russian accent from her mouth, as she was picking up her glasses again and rubbing them to dirt-clean states.

“I know…” Miss Opium stated.

“Well, seeing that you’re already looking for money, could we offer-” The plague doctor said as he came up with everybody else calming back down.

“Yes! What is it? How do I get his money without some cord from the sky hitting me and vanishing…” – Miss Opium.

“That cord was apart of the deal already, where a computer is organizing a game so that Heru will have to give us the money if we kill a child successfully and bring him the corpse. We also gain bonus money if we kill his friends too…”

“But what about some galactic police or the cyclops?” Opium asked.

“They’ll be around, but not enough to stop us entirely… and Heru wants the corpse as soon as he can get it- we don’t have to make sure the kid is dead for the rest of the timeline- just make sure his corpse is in the hands of Heru for three seconds- then we fly out with our reward.” The plague doctor said as he put his hands behind himself.

“Okay… and millions you said earlier?” Opium sighed, letting her metallic arms rest.

“Adding each hour.” – Doc.

“Well then… I guess I’ll join.”- Opium Missy.

“Can I also join?” The black girl asked.

She had some white flaps coming from the ends of her tuxedo’s sleeves. She was also still looking on towards Heru for a clear answer with her black eyebrows as well. The Canadian Ball also rushed over, saying nothing.

“Sure!” Heru leveraged his arms with.

“Now- Where do we start?” Opium instantly asked.

“I can make a portal right now.” – Heru.

“Okay then… I’ll be on it right now.” Miss Opium said.

Heru shifted his left hand up and allowed a blue-outlined, circular portal to form, revealing some trees and stuff, relating in vicinity to a fence forefront with metallic standards, guarding a dirt field for runners. It was hitting deep dawn, and the light blue of the sky was going afar. My school was located past the field as well, showing barely any cars in the parking lot, but some on the road beyond.

“This is his school. You should be safe around there and try to kill him through this area. We all tried going directly to his house to kill him- but there is a fox lady with blue robes that’ll kill you if you go after him… so best of luck…” Heru said, as the black girl jumped down, getting turned to be on the ground the correct way of standing. Miss Opium used an arm of hers to grab the Canadian Ball and leverage herself correctly onto the green ground as well. Then the red and blue backpack jumped down, and so did the plague doctor, along with Deandra.

“Woah- woah- woah, why are you all going?” The rainbow ball asked as it floated up next to Heru.

“We’re going to set up base around these parts.” – Deandra.

“But you don’t have the materials!” Heru enlisted.

“I can gather them whatever they need.” Deandra stated.

Then, Heru looked over to the black gas leave through the entrance. The rainbow ball man decided to follow him instantly, leaving Heru alone as the monsters on Earth started to band together and move south of the view. Heru then closed the portal with his left hand.

“Some friends you got there.” – The cyclops with four arms behind the stand.

“Well- I am the employer… I’m going now…” Heru said, making another portal with his left hand to go somewhere random. Heru then jumped through and found the world to be entirely made of rainbow-textured things. It was a forest again, so Heru created another portal after closing the other with his right hand and using his left hand to make a portal to a world of chaos and destruction.

“Yeah, this seems more like it…” Heru said to himself as he entered, “Hello? Is anybody still alive?” He said to the ambience of factories pumping out massive black gases through their dirty brown pipes, whilst screams of terror were to the right where dead troops of camo-green in the grass lay and bodies funneled, as well as the sky being dark and gloomy with brown clouds, and to the left were explosions and green tanks fighting off against grey ones.

Heru lifted himself up high and looked around. He saw two men fighting it out with knives, and dived in. He spread his mosquito wings out and reformed his left hand into a pistol gun of blood that he shot miniature bloody spikes out of, quickly and at the heads of both men. They held onto their knives as Heru made them refocus. The left one was with red fur on his arms, green clothing with Nazi signs on both shoulder ends, red pupils and red hair, with red concrete horns erupting from there, he tried blocking the shooting with his arms, but Heru penetrated it easily. The other man had the logo of the American flag on his left shoulder and was wearing a darker green outfit. They both had black war shoes. The American one ducked with screaming pain, shot by the infinite bullets Heru dropped onto them. He saw them die from bleeding out… with his smile on their new graveyards. Heru then looked around.

“This is going to be fun…” he said, dropping down suddenly, and using his sudden blood tentacles to ravage both of their bodies for blood as he looked around to see some others with guns shooting afar.

He then blasted off with his mosquito wings in full sprint back and forth, going above the crowd that was fighting, and flying by. He went forth, finding a small camp nearby with Nazi troops laid out in front, all with devilish horns. There was a wooden sign near the camp, having the English text written in dripping blood of “H 32.” Heru dove down, and the five guards patrolling the area randomly and scattered, turned up their weapons to see the buzzing come down.

“Who are you!?” A woman asked, scared in her best German-to-English accent. She dropped her gun, and the others did as well. A man even raised his white flag from his left-hip pocket.

“Please don’t kill us- we don’t even want to work for the Nazis! We just want to go home and see our families.” Another different man also said.

“I’m just a guy looking around, have no worries… Also, I want to know if somebody exists in this universe… do you know somebody named ████ ████?” Heru asked.

“No?” They all responded. He frowned.

“Well then- do you know where the nearest similar camp is?” Heru asked.

“Should be three miles east of here.” A man said, pointing to his left with a shaking attitude.

Heru nodded and buzzed up and away. He flew fast away, not minding the people below looking up at his fascinating speed. He eventually reached it- another camp full of devil Nazi’s, this one enlisted with “H 31” on the sign. He landed down and asked them the same question.

“Do you know ████ ████?” – Heru.

“No.” – A man responded.

“Okay then- how could I find somebody named that?” Heru asked, depressed that he couldn’t find my other universe self.

“Why would we tell you anything?” One said in the back.

Heru unleashed a blood tentacle of his own at the girl, and ripped her in half, then letting the blood be absorbed by his moving tentacle, as the other screeched away. He caught another one, a man, and he pulled out his pistol and started to shoot at him. Heru just let the bullets go into his skin and soak into him.

“What do you want!?” The man commanded.

“I want to know how to find ████ ████.” Heru demanded back.

“You must go to the postal office! It’s south of here, by one-hundred-and-eighteen miles I think.” The man burped as the tentacle wrapped around him and squeezed.

Heru crushed his bones, let his bloody corpse fall to the floor, and flew up with a frown, went past the camp to the south, and flew with speed among the dark flume sky. Eventually, he reached intoxicating blue atmospheres with dark clouds, a bit better, and found on a hill below that held a station with some people dropping letters into mailboxes. Heru dived down, thinking this was the place beyond all other tragedies.

There was a man inside when Heru landed. Just one, looking down upon his work with sadness in his face, but no tears. Heru smashed the glass door to pieces, entering with his shove. He went up to the postal man and looked him dead in the pupils of red and hair of niceness.

“Can you find me ████ ████?” Heru commanded.

The man looked up with sorrow. “I can…” He spoke softly, getting onto a computer and looking up the name with his English keyboard.

“████ ████ seems to have been transported to base E-thirty-four on the twenty-third of April this year. He should be in that base, which is just northeast of here by three-hundred-thousand and four-hundred-and-thirty-two miles. They’re supposed to be under attack right now- and have been for a week. ████ ████ might be dead already- if the Americans are doing their jobs respectfully.” The man said.

“Thanks…” Heru responded, leaving. He fluttered away from the sad man and went Northeast for a long time. He flew down low this time, passing by surprised people. He found camps named “C 21,” or “F 11,” and then found the ‘E’ section. He looked around, first coming across “E 23,” and the dawn sky of orange with smoke blazing from a lot of camps he suddenly hovered over. There were screams of terror and such from normal human Americans giving a push with their shotguns. Tanks even fired over fields, and much went on below as medics rushed past blown bones and such. It was horrible below, but Heru found “E 31,” then south to “E 28,” then went north and found “E 41,” then went back to find “E 38,” then went east to find “E 33,” then east again to find “E 32,” then west twice to find “E 34.”

He landed roughly on the dying dirt of grey ashes and such. He found a man to come out of the empty tent and area, through the flappable doors of light green. His right hand was missing and wrapped in bandages, whilst his left hand carefully opened the tent to see Heru. His right hand had toughly been firming the redness into the whiteness of his bandages, and Heru saw a slight crack in his left horn as well.

“What the?” He stuttered in a child voice.

“What is your name?” Heru instantly demanded.

“Um… I’m Theodore John.”

Heru sighed hugely, draping his arms down, along with his head, and then picked himself back up. “Do you know where ████ ████ is?” Heru then asked, letting his left hand out.

“He’s on the battlefield…” – The child said as more gunshots and scream heard in the back continued.

“Okay… but- hold on- what does he look like?” Heru then asked.

“He’s red, has pink lipstick on, has black makeup around his eyes, but is still a boy.” – The kid.

“Thanks…” Heru nodded. Heru then backed away and blasted off his wings to look around. He looked in the trenches set up here, seven feet deep, piled with people having their long AK-47’s up and ready to fire. He fell down to the first pit and looked around.

“████ ████? Does anybody know where ████ ████ is?” Heru asked in a yell.

“Right here!” Somebody yelled back as he approached through the mess of people in front of Heru. What was seen was many injured and reloading their guns, sorrow and fate on their faces. They all saw Heru with fear but went back to sadness after realizing he was not instantly killing them. Some kids, some men, some women, and some old… But through them all was a perfectly normal kid that ran up, bouncing over the laid legs of his colleagues, and running up to Heru with a confused face. He also had a grey SMG in his hands, holding it with both hands. “Who are you?” He instantly asked.

“I’ve been sent to get you out of this hell hole.” Heru lied.

“Oh? Why not anybody else?” This ████ ████ asked.

“Because my instructor said only you.” Heru said, usin his left hand to make a portal below my other self and make him fall through to some grass on a tall hill. Heru jumped through, and the soldiers watched in horror as the Nazi-me yelled and then plopped down nine feet. Then a man rushed through the others and jumped to get in the portal as Heru closed it. Half his body was in it, then the portal closed, and the half containing his head was cut off, spilling blood down upon the hurt other version of me, and having the body fall a foot to the left of him.

“AH! What the hell?!” The Nazi version of myself said as he stood up, wiping the blood off as much as he could. Heru landed normally, looking at him dreadfully.

“A little blood- I thought that was normal for war.” – Heru.

“It’s fine- but the body dropped right next to me- and that’s disgusting!” – Other me.

“Geez…” – Heru.

“Anyways, what do you me to do now?” – Nazi me.

“Well, first I’m looking for versions of my nemesis to defeat my nemesis, so we’ll be here looking for another ████ ████ … and if they’re too strong, they’re going to go against me too- and I don’t want that…” – Heru whispered, looking to the town filled with green grass, many wooden huts on sixteen legs of wooden poles on each side, and some rivers flowing through the lands of tall greens.

“What do you want with this place?” – Other version of me asked.

“Another ████ ████, obviously.” Said Heru.

Heru flapped his mosquito wings quickly, grabbed the back of the red-furred version of me, and flew over to the city. Instantly, somebody shot up and plastered into Heru, making him sway back with his wings retaliating, and the Nazi version of me swoop back and forth as Heru looked upon the new entity that bulldozed into his stomach, and now just floated there.

This ████ ████ was another weird-looking version of me. He had one eye like Cyclop’s, big and blue, with my hair of brownish-blonde, and ninetails exactly token from Wilma’s design, and he also had arms with white glowing fingernails, just like Ryutyu’s, along with my original legs and black shoes. This one wore brown jeans, had a shirt of pure green long sleeves covering up most of the Ryutyu arms- and had no glasses. He also had Ryutyu’s dog-like ears.

“What version of Heru are you?” – The combined version of me stated, putting both of his hands on the hips, and steering his eye into suspicion.

“Ayo.” – Nazi version with surprise, leveraging his spine up from the right arm grasp of Heru.

“The version that is looking for versions of my nemesis to fight the original nemesis.” – Heru.

“Is that it?” – Other me with cyclops eye.

“Well- yeah. Are you exactly ████ ████?” – Heru asked.

“Yes, and I see no reason to helping you.” – Other me.

“Oh, okay.” – Heru said, flying slowly backwards and using his left arm to twinkle a portal into existence.

“Wait- how many versions of ████ ████ are you in need of?” – Other me asked.

“What?” – Heru asked after closing the portal in essence of his statement beyond the silent portal.

“How many ████ ████ are you in search for?” – Asked other me.

“As many look good enough to take out the original ████.” – Heru.

“Alrighty, I will come- only if you promise not to steal another ████ from any other universe.” – Other me with nine tails of light brown with white ends.

“What about just one more? Three is usually a good number for anything.” – Nazi version asked.

“I will choose a third. Heru, just go back to your original universe with that version. I need to see what is so promising about this other version of me that you cannot stop him with your powers…” – Other me.

Heru nodded, opened a square with a red outline portal in front of the combined-me’s face, and flew through, as the other version of me opened his own portal of circular volume with a glowing green outline, and left with his wings fluttering.

***Battling Again.***

I was at home. I was finishing the day of with Ryutyu by looking at some memes with my computer before heading off to bed.

“Bro, hold on- you got to see this one. I found it some time ago- and I classify it as funny.” – I told to my furry friend.

I pulled up a clip of the top text in black saying: “gas particles” over a video of a blue penguin dancing rapidly in swaying motions of happiness. Ryutyu saw it, giggling once. “Okay, you’re right- these memes with no context always get me.” He said.

“I know… anyways, are you tired?” I asked him.

“I little, why?” He asked back, turning his green glowing pupils over to me.

“Well, it is pretty late-” – Me.

“Sure. Anything for tomorrow though?” Ryutyu asked.

“(Smiling,) No…” I said as he nodded and left.

“Good night, Eighty-Three!” – Him as he left, waving his right arm as well.

“Ight- good night, Ryutyu!” I waved back over with my right arm, to his exiting body through the door in my closet.

The time was “10:43 P.M.,” as said on my laptop. I then closed my laptop after shutting all the tabs down and looked around finally. I saw nothing and hopped onto bed, falling asleep after thirty minutes…

“Eighty-Three! Wake up!” Ryutyu said excitedly yet worried in a quick voice as he nudged me with both arms.

“Alrighty- geez, what is it?” I smiled, but soon normalized my expression when I saw his uncleansed face of fear.

“There’s… a big cat… that wants to meet ya’…” – Ryutyu said, pointing with his right arm to the door in my closet, which was closed.

“Explain?” I ordered nicely with a joking tone.

“It’s like… the size of me, but a little smaller, and it’s purple and it has giant eyes with a purple hat- looks like a witch but asked me in English who I was and eventually where ya’ were… like, just now.” – Ryutyu explaining.

“Um… Alrighty?” I shrugged, going over to the door and opening it. I crept down the stairs slowly with my socks of black and peered around the corner lightly. Nothing was there, so I continued, with Ryutyu following dreadfully behind.

“Is there anything I should be worried about?” I asked Ryutyu before stepping down to the floor level.

“He didn’t attack me- but he’s got sharp teeth and is larger than what I’ve seen of cats.” – Ryutyu.

“Well, alrighty then…” – Me, coming down to the floor.

I looked forth to see the giant, purple-furred cat sitting back-faced, to the wall, in the middle of the room, rolling around a ten-pound weight on the floor. It was looking down, and its hat was placed neatly on its head still. It wagged its tail around as ferociously as Ryutyu was doing. The room’s lights were off, but the silhouette was still astounding and slightly lit up by Ryutyu’s computer screen, which was on for some reason.

“Hello?” I asked, a bit worried.

“Hi?” The cat asked in its Nigerian accent, turning its head around with the orange and black of the eye lit a bit. It had at least three smooth, rounded-like spikes of hair coming from its face cheeks, (like a cartoon cat might have, just saying it has some particular design,) and it was about two-thirds the size of me, (but definitely larger than a normal cat,) obviously had enough smooth hair all-body round, plus a cute smiling mouth- but deviously commenced the turn of its own quickness to give me a pulse in my body, but I discarded it off as soon as I saw Ryutyu step back, with his ears lit up to all sound. At least I could throw him at it if I needed to.

“Wha- um… buddy, what do you want?” I asked with my best tone of funny I could in the daring silence to the dark creature.

“I’ve come to inform you that some red man has licensed me to legally bully you around with whatever I’d like to do.” – Nigerian Cat.

I looked at Ryutyu. “The fuck?” – Said me with a pinch of laughing in my face.

“I dunno.” – Ryutyu shrugged as I quickly turned back to see what the cat was up to…

“License to bully?” I smarted the cat.

“Not really a license to be honest, he just told me to come here and be a bully to you.” – Cat.

I shook my head.

“Alrighty… first, explain who this ‘Red man’ is- What were his exact features, why did he tell you to do such things, why are you agreeing, and what is going on?” I asked.

“He had some squares floating around him- looked a little… glitchy…” The cat smiled, tilting its head sometimes and blinking with its daring eyes.

“Oh, my goodness, I think I know who it is…” – Me, looking at Ryutyu again.

“Second question- he just said so, and I guess he was trying to be nice and give us opportunity… and I’m agreeing because I can and want to-” – Purple cat.

“Bullshit! Bitches like you are everywhere in my new life nowadays…” I angered myself out loud with.

“Well… I’m not here to kill you physically, so give me some props to that. But, I am here because the red man gave me a portal to the forest nearby, and finding you was sort of easy when I asked a nearby floating rainbow ball-” – The cat trying to speak.

“Oh my god… and you work for them, I guess?” – Me.

“I was just asking the weirdos for directions.” – The purple cat.

“Of course… and… now what?” I asked everybody in the room.

“Well, I’m just going to be around… knocking over glasses and stuff I guess…” The purple cat stated.

“Yeah, you already woke me from my sleep, I think that is enough bullying already… go home.” – Me.

The cat giggled evilly. “Nah.” it said, getting up and walking over to me.

“Hey- stand back!” I said tiredly.

“Why? I’m just going to go get some water- I’m thirsty.” The Nigerian Cat said as me and Ryutyu split from the cat to our left, seeing it bounce up the stairs, having massive creaks whenever it went onto a surface of wood.

“I am going to call nine-one-one and get the police involved if this does not stop. It is so stupid that things are coming to kill me- for reasons like ‘Oh- I just wanted to-’ I really hope Heru’s allies have a better reason for coming after a child like me…” – Me.

“Yeah… what do we do now? I can’t go back to sleep knowing that thing is-a going be around…” Ryutyu said and asked.

“Well… I guess we should go speak with it since both of us probably will not be getting a good night’s sleep now…” told me, walking up the stairs first, and letting Ryutyu follow behind.

We reached the kitchen to see the cat sitting on the countertop of blondish marble with black specs, near the baby formula, opening a cabinet amongst the other two already opened. In the cabinet, left one above the formula of white for my brother, was the many, green-tainted glasses I had. He used his top right paw grab it the best he could, also wrapping his arm around it as well. The other two on the other side of the sink, to the left of us and him, was the plates and containers. The cat looked to us, and then the fridge.

“Is this what you use to drink with?” He asked.

“How did you know?” I stated back, smirking.

“I can just tell… also, there’s other glasses just like this one- on your table and island here- filled with liquids…” The cat said.

“Smart…” I responded, “But, could you possible rethink your decision of coming to-” I tried to say. The cat then tossed the cup over to me. I scrambled by arms up to catch it with a bounce at first.

“Why don’t you get me the water I need.” It said, hopping down in the light above.

“Could I also have a glass?” Ryutyu asked calmly.

“Why are you…” I started, then paused, and finally nodded my head in disgust, “Adding onto this?” I then whispered out loud.

“So… telling that you guys can’t get any sleep- I got to say, this would be a great time to know each other.” The cat started.

“This would also be a great time for you to go home.” I spoke.

“Or?” – Cat.

“Or my other friends will beat your ass if you try anything funny.” I spoke again.

“Hm… anyways- my name is Gustavo, but you can call me Gus.” the cat started.

“That rhymes with ‘Sus.’” Ryutyu then said, jokingly.

I laughed a chuckle while putting the glass up to the fridge dispenser of water.

“And I don’t understand any of your jokes.” Gus said after our sound effects.

“Obviously… but since I guess you will not be leaving; I should also say that most of my life will be spent in my room because I do not attend school that often. I remember everything I see, hear, feel, smell, and taste, so I got a pass from the CIA to be homeschooled by my intellect and parents.” I said to the cat.

“Nice… and since you are able to remember everything you have seen-” Gustavo started.

“Yes, I remember everything I read, and so I do perfect on any tests about the subject.” – Me, turning on the water dispenser to release H20.

“Well, okay, but what do you do in your free time?” He then asked.

“I… study medical science and do things with Ryutyu for the entire day.” I told Gustavo, letting go of the H20 dispenser and handing him the cup. He opened his mouth and looked down at it, before looking up at me, paused and with confusion.

“Take the glass, I am not feeding you like a baby.” – Me.

“Well, it would be nice if you did, right? I am a cat- so I’m not supposed to be using human-made tools anyways.” Gus said… I then lifted the cup and poured onto his face and tip of his hat. He closed his eyes in anger and opened them the same way.

“Really?” – Gus said.

“Well, if you are going to bully me soon, I should get in touch with karma, right?” I copied in his style.

He sighed in his wet fur. “Pour me another glass, and I’ll hold it this time…”

So, I did, with Ryutyu at silence behind Gustavo. I then handed it to Gustavo, and he grabbed it with his top left paw, and actually fed himself the H20.

“Okay- anyways- What kind of medical science?” Gus then asked, more emitting of a pursuit tone in his question.

I shrugged. “Stuff relating to all organisms mainly- like diseases and microbiology, but I am about to move onto anatomy and surgery.” I, Eighty-Three, spoke.

“Oh, wow, that’s actually cool. Is there any way I could assist you with that?” He asked. I looked over to Ryutyu, and then made eye contact with the sitting Gus.

“Yeah- just bring up some accurate articles that I could study first… maybe go deep and find blog posts or something…” I stated.

“Sure… do you want me to use your computer for that?”

“Do you know how to use a computer?” I asked back to Gus.

“Yeah, but what’s the password?” - He asked.

“Capital ‘S,’ lowercase ‘n,’ capital ‘I,’ lowercase ‘g,’ then the number two, lowercase ‘g,’ lowercase ‘e,’ and finally a capital ‘R.’” I spoke back.

“Okay, thanks…” He said, bouncing his head in nods, and leaving.

“How do ya’ know he isn’t going to like, mess up ya’ comput-a?” Ryutyu said to me after we waited six seconds.

“Well, I also took note that he seems more interested in so-called ‘helping’ me out with learning about medical stuff, so I must give him a chance… and, if things do go wrong, Wilma can fix it and stop him probably.” I spoke in a whisper.

“O-okay…” – Ryutyu.

“I am just surprised my parents have not come out yet… (I walk and turn around the corner to hear a snore from afar,) and also, do not try to make him angry, because the fact that he did not jump on me when I purposefully spilled that water glass on him is already giving me a stench that he is somewhat… a ‘assistant’ in ‘specific ways.’” I told Ryutyu with whispering.

“Whatever you say and think, bro.” Ryutyu shrugged.

“Just saying… everything can be fixed… and somehow we are still alive after everything that has happened…” I spoke to Ryutyu.

“Okay…” He nodded.

I then led him back to my room and looked as Gustavo was sitting on my black cushioned chair, tapping the keyboard very slowly, at the search bar already. He turned his head slowly to us.

“Do you have time to learn right now?” He spoke.

“Yeah…” I responded, tired.

Gustavo then typed in: “Anatomy of the Human body.” He then moved the mouse and clicked on images with his most western paw toe.

“Do images help with your learning?” He then asked.

“I remember everything, so it all fits just fine…” I stated back after a second.

Gus nodded. “You guys seem a bit tired, should I go?”

“You can go?” I stated quicker than anything.

“We’re tired, but we’re still kind-a scared by ya’.” Ryutyu said.

“Obviously- since Ryutyu just told you we were scared of you- but, Gus, where were you going to go?” I asked, taking off my glasses and wiping them off using my pajama shirt.

“Back to Ryutyu’s room. All I need is a comfy carpet.” Gus said.

“Oh… but, does that mean you have nowhere else to be?” I asked back.

“Nope… I can’t make portals or anything to get back home or to a safer place… the only thing I can do now is listen to your awfully-formal voice.” Gus stated.

“Alrighty… I will be studying with Ryutyu… I guess…” I shrugged.

“Alrighty… I’ll be going to sleep then…” Gus copied. The cat purred away and down the stairs without closing the doors behind him. Ryutyu stared as the beast vanished, but I looked towards my screen to see what I was looking at.

“He’s weird.” Ryutyu said as I saw that the jumble of flesh incased in a bigger version, and seemed like there was more of it, was actually the small intestine.

“At least he seems to have a slight change of mind in his mission… but, please, who knows how far he can hear anybody’s comments…” I said, paying attention to the image, and then switching to a link and reading the post.

Ryutyu leaned in, hovering over my left shoulder. He read some of the things with me but said nothing. After switching the article links twice, he finally spoke.

“Um… could I sleep in ya’ bed?” He asked.

“I guess… first though, just look at where Gustavo is in your room.” I told Ryutyu, not facing towards him, and continuing my online research and comparing it with my microbiology book.

He nodded and left. Ryutyu went down and found the cat on the opposite side of the room, at the top left corner, curled up and huffing its spine up and down slowly. Gustavo still had his hat on his head too. The lights were still off though. Ryutyu then went back up and curled himself up under my blanket, turning to face the wall after a few scrounges to get himself into a nice place. He only heard clicks here and there, soft clicks from my mouse, as I scrolled into many articles and read them away.

In the morning, I woke up first. I was much awake and looked at the time on my laptop before even bothering Ryutyu. I found it was “6:32 A.M,” and so I left to get my cereal first. Before then, I saw a box outside and started to get it. I found it was another cardboard box, saying that pop quizzes were input, and today was the day I needed to go to school. I got some scissors out, put the box on the table, cut it open, grabbed the papers, and started doing it. After finishing them after six minutes, I got my cereal, ate it, went back and took a shower, woke up Ryutyu, allowed him to go practice doing all morning stuff himself, put a simulator onto my laptop, went down to see that Gustavo was still sleeping, and finally, I emptied the dryer and put clothes in the washer. The dryer had my lab coat in it, so I wore and told the news to my family, and then Ryutyu.

By “7:01 A.M.,” my family took me to school with my papers. I had to drop them off to each teacher, again. But now… I had a strong feeling something was going to go down.

“Damn ████, where you getting this merch at?” Elijah asked me as he came up from behind my walk to my math teacher’s quiz hand-in.

“The CIA obviously.” I told back.

“Ight.” He nodded and left with a stern-funny face. Other did look at my uniqueness, but nobody was talking directly to me at most.

I came up to my math teacher, opened the door, and in front of me, by immediate vision, standing back faced to me, talking to Molly, was something I saw that I most was quested to feel.

“What the fuck?” I asked, giving my arms out as I looked to the back of a man with my height and hair, and lab coat with slightly different design. He turned around, and looked almost like me, with glasses, and all that, even some obviously fake freckles that looked like stickers, but he had enclosed eyes like a Chinese person would. He was also a bit skinnier but had the same everything almost- even eye color.

“Who are you?” He said after he turned around from the vicinity silence, and asked in a tone trying to represent me but had a little too much Asian accent to it.

“I am ████ ████, the real ████ ████.” I said to his frowning face.

“I am ████ ████, the cooler ████ ████.” The Chinese, or Asian kid said.

“Ching chong bing bong bitch, I existed in this universe first.” I said back to him, squinting with anger.

“That is racist.” He said after a pause, with Molly looking deranged that there were two of me now.

“Well, only the real and true ████ ████ would be a racist. Now, if you are really ████ ████, say something racist, right now.” I told him.

“No.” – Him.

“Proves it, now get out.” I stated back, smirking.

“Hold on, let me get my I-D.” He said, shuffling through the pockets of the coat.

Suddenly, before he could find his own ID, I felt something in my right hand. I looked down to see a classic grey pistol with black markings on it. The safety was off, and it was now in my hands. I threw it onto the white marble table to my right, in disgust and regarded myself back at the sight that a gun was just in my hands.

“What the hell?” The Chinese version said when he noticed it.

“Hey- that is not mine.” I said over to him, holding up my hands in a defensive way, also hearing the class around was fully paying attention. Even my teacher was in on seeing what was going on.

Suddenly, the gun started to float up and aim at him. Molly pursued away into the rows of chairs as the Chinese version of me just backed away. Everybody was growing scared around the room, loudly calling “Eh! Eh! Eh!” to alert the outside at most. Confusion was amongst many, and the gun just went to the Chinese kid’s chest and pushed him into a circle and out the door. I had also dodged into an aisle and saw it. The gun continued to press with its invisible force on his chest, as many outside the classroom started chatting about the anomaly.

“Must have been God.” I said after a few moments of replenish and absolute bewilderment with my allies of class. My joke made nobody laugh, and I just decided to hand my homeroom math teacher the paper he needed.

“What was that all about?” He asked in worry, still standing.

I shrugged and left without words. I tried calming my spirit, but many eyes were upon me now. I just sort of speed walked to the next class I needed to be in, seeing that everybody had made a path for the kid to be held at gunpoint and pushed outside, which he was just roused around the corner when I left the class. Everybody else held their eyes onto my as I looked the same.

“The Chinese, I tell you.” I murmured to myself… and in my brain, “I must ask Wilma what is going on, she is probably up to something here.”

I came to the second class with a little less confusion, people going in and out to see the outside anomaly slowly get the other dude away. I gave the papers to my ELA teacher, then my science teacher, and finally I had to give some papers over to my history and band teachers. I did that, seeing the events become a bit more intriguing as the crowd become a little more varied, and the cop, Arty, came forth and was confused himself.

I was almost alone, passing the papers to my history teacher and now taking the route through the gym, past the Chinese-looking imposter, to get to band. I opened the gym doors to find something a bit more intriguing.

“Wilma?” I asked as I saw her sitting on a bench up high, alone and without her fox tails or ears. Everything else was the same, but she was just watching the silence of the basketball court.

“Yes?” – Wilma turning her sloped expression over to me and smiling.

“Have you been up to things- like that Chinese person?” I asked.

“I did make the gun point him out…” She said, as I came up upon the bleachers.

“Alrighty… but who was he?” I asked.

“I have no idea. He was just there to act like you. I can only see the front of thoughts.” Wilma said.

“Hm… and what happened to your furry-ness?” I asked/

“I figured I could just shrink those…” Wilma stopped. She turned her head west and looked at the field exit of the gym. There, in the light of the sun, blaring through the rectangular windows leaning down the entire dirty blonde yet smooth door, was a few color changes. Then, the doors opened, the left one first, before the right one, and there stood Miss Opium behind a few countryballs.

The first rolled in- being a sphere with the flag of Iran wrapped around it. It also had a black yet flat beanie-like hat. It also had its black-outlined eyes very angry already. Another ball rolled in through the right door now, this one being a sphere with the flag of Algeria wrapped around it. It was slightly bigger than the Iran ball. Behind the Algerian ball came a Mozambique ball, smaller than Algeria Ball. Then a ball with Belarus’s flag hopped in, by scrunching its spherical self to almost look like a melting ice cream, and then bounce up like the rest and hope to it. What was most terrifying though, was not that Miss Opium was holding the doors open with her metallic spider arms, but that connected to these countryballs were guns on their left hands. Iran had a black AK-47, Algeria had a white W1200, Mozambique ball had a black MP5, and Belarus had a green and dusty rocket launcher with a yellow trigger.

They trucked in fast, coming at us and looking towards us quickly. Wilma stepped up and used her hands to block them as they raised their weapons to come at us. They shot, and that disturbed the school. An alarm was shot on, making the sound a bit more unbearable, and the rocket launcher did not even penetrate the forcefield of slight transparent rainbow-liquid texturing. Miss Opium came through and threw the Iranian ball onto the forcefield, which made the bullets bounce slightly off.

“Wilma, do something offensive.” I told her.

Wilma then formed a rainbow spike and threw it at the Algerian ball, making it go through the shield like a liquid, and it hit the Algerian ball hard. It pierced through and planted him up from the floor. His eyes went wide and oval-like as blood fleshed out from the gaping hole now cutting into his body and out the other side. Then, Wilma did the same to the Belarus ball, leaving the spike to glow in the Algerian Ball, and then she committed the same with the Iranian ball, shooting the Iran Ball into the ceiling instead, and letting it drip from up there. Miss Opium moved her many tentacles of metallics of iron or steel, planting them into the floor and lifting her small body off the floor, throwing her speed into a tantrum as she got out from under the smaller roof of the hallway to the gym, now to the open space she was getting used to.

Wilma saw this, and that only. I felt weird and turned around to see if anything was going on- because it felt a little too easy and new. I found that some kids and stuff were running into the gym and immediately leaving after seeing more action be committed over here- but… did they not hear the gunshots? I looked confusedly over, before talking to Wilma about the problem.

“Why are people running into the gym randomly?” I asked.

“There are other powers here.” Wilma said, suddenly, refocusing a bunch of yellow sun rays from her fingertips at the ceiling where I saw a new intruder commence.

The guy was a glob of rainbow-textured human parts. It was obviously the ball that floated, but now was a conjunction sliming its way through the roof, intaking the Iranian ball into its mess, and swiveling around some tiny spikes on at Wilma from areas of its body it just shot off. Wilma used the shield and pushed it at Miss Opium, and then created a new one around herself and me. I felt my right arm and left arm go in place to hold a rainbow sword. I looked around to see the ceiling parts fall onto my shield and off onto the floor to crumble. Also, from the beams of Wilma from her two arms, parts from the massive twenty-by-twenty feet malfunction, of what seemingly was many of my students, fell onto her, as she made a third arm from her armpit and moved it at an incoming new opponent. We heard a violin playing, from the east, and saw on five black lines, Deandra swooped in, breaking the glass above even more, and start making all her notes high pitched. A new guy was slowly coming to appeal in the air to our northwest at the same time, and it was the combined version of me. I was surprised, but Wilma was not in a mood as she made thousands of other arms to fight the incoming strain the combined version was putting on our shields by making a rainbow chain, which he shot from his right arm, and it sucked the rainbow texturing from Wilma’s shield onto the chain. I also saw Miss Opium get slapped into the wall and die from being expulsed of all her blood from her mouth and brain, and somehow eyes of pure darkness. Then Heru came down from the air, and used both of his arms in the air to make the surrounding environment lose all of its color and start turning black. He used his left arm to make mostly transparent rainbow spheres around his friends and used his right arm to start making the area explode around us. We saw the dust and ash rise, and then get moved into a mass of a sideways tornado Heru was sucking it all into with a third arm he made from his chest. Then Wilma used her left hand to redirect the shield and started back at the glob of rainbows ahead. She created five other arms from her back to force another sphere of rainbow around herself, taking in all the matter she could. One of her back arms waved at me, and I started to drift off and away from the drama, but I suddenly felt a bunch of heat on my back. I looked behind in my coma of rainbow to see another Heru using both his hands to hold a rainbow chain against my ball and started swinging it himself. The Heru threw it to the other Heru, and they allowed me to watch Wilma in her suffering. My shield disappeared, and I felt the wind on my white lab coat heavily impress me up into the air. My sword also was grabbed by a narrow string from a random arm Heru posed onto his back and shot with the middle finger, and it threw it at the shield of Wilma, making it spin ferociously, putting a swell of stress in her face even more.

“Stop! Oh my god.” I said frantically and without purpose.

Heru was laughing devilishly as Wilma could barely make the portal sustain. She tried moving it away, but the chains of rainbow from the other version of me were many as he kept on spawning more and more arms to wrap around the sphere and spin it himself. The violin was louder, and Heru turned to me with insanity.

“I got you now, bitch!” He said after finishing his laugh of a child. “Now you can watch your friends die for what you’ve done!”

I had nothing to say, and I saw that the portal around Wilma had suddenly drifted off into transparency, when the combined version of me stopped spinning it, leaving Wilma to look frazzled, and floating with fear. She instantly tried putting her hands against the air to make something happen, repeatedly, but nothing occurred- everything was black, and all Wilma could make was some little, and not far-reaching electric bolts from her fingertips. She then made her body into a skinny noodle, making it turn into a literally streak of yellow, and tried leaving- but was blocked by a wall and just reflected off in an insane speed. Soon, she stopped bouncing around in her light form, and flabbergasted onto the floor.

“Move in.” Deandra said, finishing her tune.

Heru swooped in with his mosquito wings. He held a rainbow knife in his right hand and swiped it through her throat when she was trying to sit up. Wilma caught her dying breath with her left hand, but it held no use as Heru then stabbed it into her head again and left her to die.

I could barely even move at the scene. I was caught still in the rainbow shield, and now looked upon by all the enemies I had. I was scared and throat-stopped at the death of Wilma.

“Now- kill him!” Heru shouted as he pointed with his left index finger at me.

I was scared that it would be over now, with everybody turning to me with some sort of neutral look- but I was saved. A few gunshots hit against the back of Heru’s head, and he turned quickly to see the Steel Terrorist behind him. Just holding up his steel pistol and shooting at Heru. This attracted the attention of everyone in the pure blackness. Heru’s head just deflected the bullets off into random locations as he turned his circular head. Then the Steel Terrorist pulled the trigger a bit faster with his left hand. Then he went slower, but pulled out a second in his right hand, and shot Heru without even moving or taking recognition it was doing nothing against him.

Heru then made a third arm behind his back, invisible from The Steel Terrorist’s point of view, and spawned a spike in it, then whipping his spine around ninety degrees to the east to throw the third spike at him. It divulged into the Steel Terrorist’s chest, and he stopped firing. He dropped his gun, and then put both arms on the spike, grabbed it and pushed it out, held it in front of him, and threw it to his west.

Heru lifted his right eyebrow at this, with a devilish smirk. He was ready to fight, and Deandra had already started to drive the violin into further soloing. But just as I was about to witness the one-versus-too-many, a greenish World War Two tank crashed through the blackness, hitting against the other version of me. Suddenly, another Steel Terrorist came through with a large rainbow leaf blower hooked up to a white cord, blowing in light to the area. Suddenly, a machine two seconds before had already opened up, it was the Humanitor, and it was thrown into the gym as the color came back from one jolly Terrorist with black fox ears and a tail. Suddenly, a flood of these people came through, just piling through with their floppy guns through the broken windows, falling to the floor and shooting at my bad guys. The Humanitor deactivated when the guy riding it suddenly became un-invisible, and the tank flashed around to shoot a rainbow laser at the other version of me. Heru started to use his energy to make a mirror at the laser, but the man enacted the Humanitor again, and suddenly Heru became a pose of awkwardness. The people that flooded in started shooting their guns at the falling rainbow malfunction- killing it. I was also falling, but so in the moment of awareness and loud noises I had nothing else to do. Then the guy switched it like a kid again, and I kept falling, but a Steel Terrorist shot a rainbow chain from his gloves, diving into Deandra’s throat, and ripping out her entire skeleton, leaving the rest of her organs and skin to flail behind. As her body came down, the Humanitor switched off, and Heru was bombarded with gunshots, and eventually, people coming onto his head and stomping him with their boots. They crushed his head, and the Humanitor turned on again, and then off. The tank had its turret spinning ferociously in all degrees, shooting things around. Some Steel Terrorists were even spinning on their heads and shooting blindly with their sloppy black AK-47’s. I plopped onto the floor with a hard pressure on my side, covering my ears. I saw the other version of me lay dead from the seconds of weirdness that just flabbergasted the entire plan of Heru’s. Explosions happened and all around them as I scooched away just enough so the bullets were not rushing past my essence. The Humanitor turned on again… I looked up with caution from the loud noise to see they all were dead now, including the longest-lasting corpse of Miss Opium on the wall.

I got up quickly- super distorted. My vision was blurred, the gunshots were so loud, and everything had its color back now, and the men were… dancing in a boogie or cha-cha to a boombox they had just threw in with electrical music. Others were packing up and leaving into portals they created with one of their two arms of something. They all had the dark lenses and did nothing to assist me.

“Get out get out get out.” My brain rushed.

I took a step forward but fell before I could even start running. I looked below to see that Gustavo was there, looking forth at Ryutyu, playing Team Bunker Four. I tried redirecting myself, but fell onto the large cat, away from the portal.

“Oo- what the?!” Gus said.

“What?” Ryutyu quickly turned around.

I was breathing incisively, scared, but a bit happy to see them. We all looked above, to see a Steel Terrorist holding a mp3-player-looking-gadget, before tapping on it with his right index finger, and the portal of square intent closed.

“What’s going on?” Ryutyu quickly asked in worry and curiosity.

“I… have no fucking idea… but… stuff happened.” I told.

“Anybody else seeing this white light fade into their eyes?” Gustavo asked.

I saw the white fade in, like from the joke in the police car last book. Ryutyu looked around, and so did the cat.

“Um… yeah.” I stated.

“What’s happening?!” Ryutyu freaked out.

“We are going back in time, but we are not losing our memories.” I told.

Suddenly, I wounded up in my kitchen, looking at my finished school papers. I sat still and waited around to see Ryutyu rushing up from his basement and into the kitchen- along with Gustavo behind.

“Is this normal?” Gus asked.

“Not as much as I think it may become.” I said, pulling up my papers and going over to the microwave to visualize the time, being too early.

“What now? What happened?” – Ryutyu.

“Alrighty… so… short-story I hope we do not have to repeat- Wilma was killed by a bunch of bad guys teamed with Heru- but we have been set back in time probably due to the universal script or something… we should go ask Cyclop about all of this.” I stated, getting over to my room.

I picked up the bee phone and directed my texting to him. “Did you just see what happened?” I asked.

“I am coming over.” Wilma texted instead. It came down on the drop-down GUI.

I switched over and texted her: “Alrighty.”

Cyclop then replied: “What just happened?”

“Well, those Steel Terrorists came in again- and they absolutely blasted Heru and his team.” I texted, standing still near my desk so Ryutyu could hover over and the cat could get on the desk and view the conversation.

“Wow. Also, Oliver reset the universe.” – Cyclop.

“Thanks!” – Me.

“So… now we just relive the morning?” Gustavo asked.

“That’s what we did last time, chap.” Ryutyu responded.

“Since when did you call anybody ‘chap?’” I asked with intrusion.

“Just me accent, mate.” Ryutyu said, looking at his jaw after he said that.

I nodded it off with a slight brush.

“Well… since nothing new is going to happen… I am going to study medical stuff now…” I said after a pause and deep breath.

“Can I join?” Gustavo asked.

“Sure.” – Me.

“I’ll go back to gaming.” Ryutyu said, leaving with look backs upon us. After some time, we got situated as best as we could. Then, Wilma came in, opening the door upon my studying.

I looked forth to her with silence, and Gustavo, sitting on the table, also looked forth.

“Who are you?” She asked the cat.

“I’m Gustavo.” – Gustavo.

“Hey- hold on- since you can read the front of people’s minds, tell me what Gustavo is thinking when I ask him: ‘Why are you actually here?’” I told.

A moment was paused, and Gustavo looked around the room in some extent of awkwardness. “Seems like he just wants you to go insane and kill people.” Wilma said.

I looked at Gus. “Have no worries, that is already coming.”

Wilma laughed almost. “Really?”

“Look at the bullshit, Wilma. What do you see? You can only read the front of people’s minds, and he puts that forth of all things? Look at Heru, and how many people he hired! He even has country-looking balls after me? Hold on- I got to look up where most of these countries are in the world anyways…” I said, typing again.

“Are you hiding anything I should know about?” Wilma asked, walking over, and getting closer to the cat by shoving her face into it.

“I can make my jaw open in monstrous ways.” He said after a pause.

“I see the imagery in your brain...” Wilma said after another moment of me looking over finally. “Where is Ryutyu?” She then asked to my face. I thought of it, and then she left nodding.

“She’s weirder than me.” The cat smirked in worry after she left.

“Alrighty…” I whispered to myself, getting used to all the countries in Europe- and their borders. I then looked at other maps with more simplified details.

Ryutyu came up first with Wilma, and they were discussing about what just happened on their sides. Ryutyu was explaining that he was with the cat. “… With the cat, and I didn’t feel like doing anything and was just waiting for Eighty-Three to come home… then he came through a portal whilst I was gaming.” – Ryutyu.

“Nice.” – Wilma.

“So, since everybody we can gather here is here… let us discuss what we are going to do. Today, I will be heading into school and turning in my papers all over again- and you, Wilma, will be guarding against the possibility of Heru’s allies coming, right?” I said, a little irritated.

“We did not mean to make you irritated during studying.” Wilma said.

“Um… why would you go to school anyways? If all the bad guys just showed up there- shouldn’t you stay home?” The cat asked.

“Well, I think I should really turn in these papers today… but I guess you are correct… but we also do not know what our enemies are doing, so I was thinking maybe they would not be at school again, and rather be planning something out somewhere else… but, yeah… maybe I should not go to school…” I said to myself, confused on whether to take it up or not, “Oh, and Wilma, is it possible you could commit the same surgery you did on me onto Ryutyu possibly?”

“Maybe… I will spawn in the tools needed and stuff…” she said going down to Ryutyu’s basement.

“Surgery?” Gustavo asked.

“Yeah, it makes me remember everything my senses pick up. Henceforth, I do not need to study much more of these maps because I know now where all the country’s capitals are now, and rivers to some extent. Everything I see, I remember- and I was thinking Ryutyu should also have that.” I said, looking over to the confused boy.

“Yeah! Thanks… but shall I be going down there with her?” He asked.

“Yes.” I spoke.

Ryutyu followed Wilma’s footsteps down to his room again, whilst me and Gustavo got back to studying medical things. Then my parents came out and did their stuff, and I confessed something to Gustavo whilst they were afoot in the kitchen.

“I am going to go tell them that I do not need to go to school today.” I told Gustavo.

He nodded, I went out of my room, did my talking came back, and decided to check out Ryutyu’s room. It seems Wilma make a door to the bottom right of the entire room, exactly to the east when you come off the first step. I opened it to see Wilma doing her surgery, not minding me barging in, along with Gustavo behind.

“Has it been going well?” I asked, a little freaked out by the brain of Ryutyu, but not countered in disgust that much.

“No.” she said, with her nine tails facing me as she stood over.

“What happened?” I asked immediately.

“He died on the first replication trial. His brain is much more different from yours. I am currently trying a new surgery process on him.” – Wilma.

“Well… that is good to know…” I stated back, looking at the cooled and dusty blonde brain that was too tan for my own eyes. Not much blood, but Wilma did it cut it down to right above his eyes, putting the entire part of his head on a metallic tray on the floor in the corner. He laid face up too, eyes not glowing on at all.

“You should teach Eighty-Three how these tools work.” Gustavo said.

“This is a Straight Mosquito Forceps tool.” Wilma said, holding up the tool of white metal and then putting it back into use.

“Nice. Is there anything else more advanced to learn about?” I asked back.

“I see your microbiology book has taught a bit too well…” Wilma spoke like she was a wizard. “Have you learned about the brain?” She then asked.

“I know not to eat it- from any animal usually- and that humans have the cerebellum located at the back of a brain, and that the frontal lobes are important for voluntary movement and expressive language…” I said, seeing Wilma move away and hand me a pair of scissors, “Uh… I have no idea what you want me to do.” I told her.

Wilma shrugged. “I have no idea what I am doing either. I removed a piece of your brain and rerouted a bunch of stuff. I have no idea how to do it to him though. I tired reconfiguring a bunch of things.” She told.

“Well, his brain does look like a shrinking elephant’s brain… so… (I place the force of my tool onto an area,) you should… just continue with your experimenting, because I have no idea what to do either.” I told, giving her the tool back. Ryutyu laid on the medical bed of white silver even a bit longer now…

“Heh.” – Gus.

“Okay.” Said Wilma, getting back to it. Sometime after me and Gus started to leave through the door of the surgical room, we heard a crash of a window. Wilma was instantly alerted, and spawned a shield of rainbow-textured liquids around Ryutyu. She then ran past us, and I followed shortly after.

“Um…” A Canadian voice said above.

“Who are you?” Wilma asked like an employer.

I came up with Gus behind very slowly to see the countryball of Canada at my floor. Its size was round enough and up to my knees. Its hat was fine, and everything about it was fine, it just had its eyes bent down to express sorrow.

“What is that?” I asked.

“I’m Canada.” He said, turning his ball to me and bouncing a little.

I came around to see it blasted through my window. Gus also was surprised.

“That’s not my fault- Zimbabwe threw me through.” He said a little hurt.

“What?” I asked.

“There are some countryballs that were thinking of attacking, but... are hiding I think.” Canada said.

“Why were you thrown in?” I asked immediately.

“I told them not to attack. It just isn’t nice and is completely corrupt- but Miss Opium orders the others to do so anyways.” Canada said.

“Who is Miss Opium?” I asked.

“Miss Opium… heh.” Gus shook his head too.

“He is thinking about the yellow-headed and dark-eyed spider-girl.” Wilma said.

“Best way to put her appearance.” Canada Ball agreed.

Wilma then quickly swiveled past him and out the window, literally turning herself into a paper-airplane and flying out. Then she hovered and looked far to her left as she faced us. “The others are bouncing away.” – Wilma.

“Well, all I can say is watch out- my friends aren’t really going to be your friends.” – Canada.

“What do we do with you then?” I asked.

“I dunno.” – Canada Ball, “Just… I dunno… get me out of here.” Canada Ball said after pauses and stares.

“They are going to attack your school.” Wilma said, pointing to the balls running away.

“Um… then go fight them.” I spoke.

“Just wanted to let you know.” – She said blankly.

“Hold on- I know what you meant by that…” I said, letting her smile, “Gus, you are coming with me to school, and Canada Ball thingy-” I started.

“Countryball.” He corrected me in his Canadian accent.

“Yeah, whatever, you are coming with me as well, because knowing that if that yellow-cubed tentacle girl can holster in some nations of the Algeria and Mozambique ball and such, with guns, and they are already going to attack school- we should protect it and have a word with them.” I said, walking over to my desk grabbing my papers, “Wilma, make a portal.”

***School equals Oh-No!***

“Here we fucking go again.” I sighed inside my brain.

I looked around the school and found nothing off. I knew the Chinese kid was supposed to be in my classes or something, and it seemed like nothing was different because the halls were still filled with students. I passed their eyes and went into my math class to find the Chinese kid missing, and Molly just sitting down. I gave the papers to the teacher and left. History was now afoot, and I gave him the papers. I then did ELA, and finally got back to the same scheme- in need of putting the band papers in the correct hands.

I walked out and shrugged my coat. I looked around and saw nothing was of difference but a few lesser people out. Then, I heard Elijah’s voice.

“Hey buddy, what’s with the science?” He asked.

“It do be a coat of honor.” I told him, turning around.

“Nice… from who though?” He told.

“The CIA.” I told.

“Cool… just wanting to know.” He said, holding his hands up. I nodded and turned around from his backstepping.

Suddenly, I felt a knife in my back. I could not feel the pain correctly, and the crowd around was stunned. I fell to my knees and tried reaching the back of my chest but failed.

“Loser.” I heard a girl voice say, and then run off. Amiss behind me as well, I heard the drop of an object, and a loud smokey noise, with the crowd’s awes.

It seems that I had been backstabbed by a golden knife, all gold, by the fully-and-actually-black girl that had been with Miss Opium. She had licked a pink lollipop on a white stick as she sprinted off and made a big white smokey cloud around her after she dropped the lollipop. She then turned into Molly, exact form and disguise and eye color- everything was there whilst she ran off. Impressing the crowd was what she did, but also scaring it dead. But to her prevail, Wilma, Canada Ball, and Gus, who were located on top of the building, opened a portal besides her two-way exit to the entrance or running down the hall. They spawned a square and blue-outlined portal in the front of the doors of the entrance of this girl, and it allowed the vicious monster of Gustavo to come out and grab her by the foot. Gustavo opened his mouth wide, and his jaw was extending and broke off into three parts like a plant, but it was instead red flesh with teeth for the monstrosities to have in horror films. They started extending more, even have parts break out into more three parts, and furthermore, reaching out towards the black girl quickly. She also turned quickly and pulled out a white ID that had no face in the box, and a big red square under it, which when the teeth caught onto her leg, only the shadow of her remain running away, down the other hall, after the girl pressed it. Wilma stared as this girl got away technically invisible, and Gustavo brought in the fake corpse that rag dolled as soon as she tapped the red square on the ID. Wilma, at the same time, made her left index finger point at me, and it brought the knife out and at her, but she moved her finger up and down a bit and it also regenerated my back. Then she just allowed the knife to be shuffled past their heads and onto the roof when it plopped down. When the fake corpse came in- it exploded into white mist, and Wilma cleared it away by making it go into her hands, as she also closed the portal in some people’s face.

“What the, eh?” Canada asked Gustavo.

“Eh?” Gustavo replied.

“Her shadow still ran away with her mind.” Wilma said, turning from the closed portal.

“Uh… okay?” Gustavo said as he saw the corpse had dissipated.

I got back up with eagerness and confusion. I looked at the crowd. They were astonished. “Are you okay?” A girl asked me, with her phone out having ‘911’ already on call.

“I think so.” I said, moving my legs past them and into the gym, looking back with frazzled-facial expressions on what may occur behind me, but moving quickly out.

I opened the doors to the gym, and past nobody there. I started for the gym- but was corroded in path by Heru and Miss Opium. Heru bashed through the doors, and I quickly turned away. Seeing that the doors behind me had a bunch of blood leaked from the ceiling and then moved into itself to create a barrier, I turned around- but then turned around again to look at Miss Opium’s hard drop. She was regathering herself up from the ceiling drop she implants in the floor with her metallic arms. The door behind her was also fully enclosed in blood- blocking vision and possible opening as it was very solid. Looking at the end of the other side of the gym, a few countryballs erupted with guns. The Iraq ball and Iran ball both has AK-47’s, and the Malawi Ball had a pistol. There was also the Mozambique ball with an SMG, and finally Latvia with a sniper tool, all of them bouncing over dreadfully towards me with angry looks.

Heru then shot a rainbow spike- but it bounced off and into the wall over the other bleachers. Wilma suddenly became un-transparent and was hovering over me. Heru started to explode the bleachers in a confined space and used the energy to create a black hole with two hands he spawned from his left side. The guns from the countryballs started shooting, and Miss Opium shot these small little critters of metal at us. These critters were triangles of thin proportions on top of spheres with black eyes that looked like they were on a screen, with a blue ambient touch around them, and they had five poles sticking down below the sphere, the middle pole being the longest for design. Wilma forced three arms from her back and created an oval shield around me- throwing my body at the countryballs like a bowling ball- knocking them aside drastically, making some even flail their guns from their invisible grasp. I saw Wilma then whip around, dodging the speeds of these critters as she shot spikes of rainbow at Heru, who was jittering around with his wings fluttering. The doors of his side also were accompanied by dear blood of solid essence.

Miss Opium fell back and started yellow lasers in random places. Heru forced the black hole over to me, and Wilma got hit by these lasers, but they did nothing. Instead, she grabbed, with all her hands, by emitting rainbow-strings from her fingers, the black hole, letting them swirl with the spin, and then direct it over back to Heru whilst it shrunk. Heru was caught and plastered into the wall, but a copy of him punched Wilma in the back of the head with a rainbow left hand of his, and then, he pulled a knife out with his right hand, and Wilma pulled out her own with her left hand, and they dueled in the air. Miss Opium started firing up her tentacles to pulse a blue light from them.

Wilma decided to dodge the lasers that destroyed the walls and smashed her glass open. Heru reformed it instantly, and I stood awed at it all. Then Heru raised his right arm and the floor cracked, bringing forth lava into the gym. The countryballs backed away, some giving shots at my shield, in which did not effect- but made me scared and covered up into a ball from the sound and pursuit. Miss Opium then gathered herself over to me and started her lasers of red at me now. She also looked back to see Heru swinging Wilma at us, but she was caught in a net of rainbow that was revealed on strike. Heru decided to make the area explode around him, and Wilma rushed in to throw a couple hundred punches with her blurred motion. She created copies of herself to kick and punch him with different portals spawning around, but Heru just fought them off with rainbow mirror-spawning and slashing with a sword he spawned instantly a few times. Wilma then decided to send a clone over to us, but Heru caught this and made his blood tentacles reach far out and start creating a wall in front of us. Wilma smashed through- and aimed at Miss Opium, but she dodged, and my shield, making me bounce off and into the bleacher with barely any harm somehow. The heat below was massive though, because Earth was pouring magma in some places, and then Miss Opium put her tentacle in one and aimed it at me. Heru shot a noodle of yellow into one- the top left one- and Miss Opium started smirking with her angry eyebrows. It charged the red and created an opening square portal of thick-outlined red, and it shot at me after a blasting sound.

My shield protected me suddenly, and I fell onto a bunch of grass with shadows lurking around. The portal closed above, and my shield went transparent. I stood up quickly, seeing a knife charge at me. I moved back a little, but the ball continued the swipe, and my clothes and barged my leg. I felt a deep cut and saw a bit of blood on his white knife with a black handle. This ball was a Senegal Ball, and I ran as much as I could away from it- as there was also The Gambia Ball, the Mali Ball, and the Cambodia Ball with the same knives. The Cambodia ball bounced after me and threw his knife as I backed away. I through myself to the side, but the knife still hit my left side of hip. I decided to pull it out- feeling the ooze but kept getting away. The Gambia ball then threw its knife from its tiny size and missed to my side. I kept on flailing away, away from the grass and brown-trunked trees around, away from the blue sky with no clouds and a sun, away from the eagerly killing balls behind me. I ran far into the woods with trees, faster and hurting more than they could bounce. I found a street, but some balls looked over, and angered their looks.

I then heard leaves and much embarking heftily behind me- something was crawling through. Suddenly I was revealed the Canadian Ball to be thrown down on the black and paved street, and Miss Opium dive in. I lifted myself behind a trunk as all the countryballs looked at her. Canada got up with sadness, whilst Estonia, Latvia, and Ukraine ball were all the passengers going by with surprise. They saw me but reverted quickly away. The other balls from the forest came through. The Gambia ball saw me and yelled: “Get him!”

Suddenly, a critter of Miss Opium’s flew in front of me and started beeping loudly. It shone red and bright like it was heating up to the compete with the sun. I got up dreadfully and looked back to see Miss Opium dangle her metallic arms quickly over to me and grab me. My chest was hit and pulled up. “There you are.” She whispered, then turning her black holes for eyes over to further into the city. She then marketed her arms over the street, over bouncing balls that looked up, around corners and swiftly making the wind gush against my face as she climbed, and towards their own White House at the end of the horizon after one turn. I covered my leaking wounds, getting my hands bloody, but looking forth with a vision blurred.

I closed my eyes, and breathed deeply in and out, trying not to yell. Miss Opium carried me across the skyscraper buildings of light blue, and onto the grass in front of the White House, and then inside it- dodging the pillars. She thrusted the arm I was grabbed with behind her, and I came in last. I saw a twenty-feet high ceiling that was all marble, just like the rest of the square room with nothing in it. She directed me to the left hall, going past rooms labeled “Storage,” with brown wood on top of yellow plastic, and went to a final two doors, swinging open the right one, and shoving me through, literally sliding me against the wall after she banged me in there, and shoving me through, then throwing me onto the wooden floor. I breathed hard and almost cried.

I laid there in pain, confused, and dying, for about seven minutes. I closed my eyes, and let myself go, stuck pain in the face, bleeding out a small pond on my hip and leg. Once the vision was blurred entirely that I did not need glasses- they would not help- I heard a sound and opened my eyes. I listened to the sound, not minding the concrete grey walls and the yellow light above.

“Here’s the syringe.” A British accented ball said outside, past the closed door of concrete with an iron-press rectangle, and blackish-bluish barred window to see outside.

“Thanks, eh.” Canada said. I heard plopping come over to me, and saw that Canada ball barged in, and came over to me. He put a sharp needle in me- and I felt a bit better. My vision started to clear up, and I lifted my head. I turned my body around from the face-flat-on-floor position, looking at Canada Ball. He had giant brownish bandages to his right, and he placed them onto my wounds. Three on my hip, and two on my leg. “Do you feel better?” he asked nicely and worried.

“The syringe is working- yes.” I told him, getting up a bit, “But I am extremely light-headed…”

“That’s normal… anyways- welcome to the Country Land of Opium.” Canada Ball said without a mouth, echoing almost, “and… let’s get you out of here.”

I gathered up my stingy bones and stood with the best I could. I held the bandages on my hip. “What?” I asked him.

“You don’t want to be here… Heru is coming…” Canada Ball said.

I listened up and nodded. I went over to the door and opened it by pressing my body against it. I saw The United Kingdom Ball with Ireland Ball outside, looking towards me instantly.

Canada Ball instantly bounced out and into the middle door. He opened it, and it showed a wooden desk with many papers amongst it. Canada Ball instantly turned to me, whilst I studied the innocent and surprised balls. I then heard metallic sounds and a bit of talking from Heru. “…catch him?” I heard from Heru. I quickly rushed my weak self over to Canada Ball and hid behind the wide and long desk with no vision to what could be under it. Canada Ball instantly got in the black chair stationed in back of it- and I crawled around and hid on the right side. I breathed in and out- slowing my heartbeat, until I heard the anger from Heru.

“Where is he!?” he yelled.

“Hey- U-K! Ireland? Do you know where he is!?” Miss Opium ordered.

“No sir.” Ireland said, making the UK Ball laugh with him.

I heard the other cellar door open, then the door across the hall, and finally this door. My heartbeat bounced, but Canada Ball stood still and lifted some papers towards them.

“What do you need?” He asked happily.

“Do you know where the kid is?” Miss Opium asked.

“No, I do not. Just got here anyways.” Canada Ball said pretty assuring.

“You just got here? And he just left?” Heru said, walking up to the polished desk and putting his hands down on the papers, “Do you know that (He points at the papers on the desk, with his left index finger,) THAT is such a coincidence about that human?”

“I know… but I haven’t seen him still… maybe you should ask Switzerland- he’s been acting a bit conspicuous lately- and was just in the hall…” said Canada Ball. I was breathing as silently as I could, scrunched up against the desk. It was wide enough- like three feet wide, and Heru did not stand tall to its four feet height.

“Okay then- let’s head out and look…” Miss Opium said, grabbing the door and holding it open for Heru as they walked through and then further out. I waited with Canada Ball for three minutes, soothing myself.

“I think it’s safe.” Canada Ball suddenly said.

“Where do we go now?” I asked.

“We must contact America- he’ll have a way to get to a portal and get you home.”

“Alrighty… also- thanks for helping me too…” – Me.

“You’re welcome… and yeah- thanks for not asking me ‘why I help you.’ I would’ve just called Heru over if you did… (He giggles, and then he sees my face of worry,) No- I’m joking with you…” – Canadian.

Canada Ball led me out of the door and past Ireland ball. They looked as we scrambled away from the scene. Outside, we saw Mozambique Ball waiting out front with an M9. He instantly raised it and I ducked forwards- btu no shot was fired distinctively. Instead, a taser struck him, and the UK Ball jumped out from behind the wall of the building.

Canada Ball bounced with joy in his place as UK came forwards, looking at Ireland and then towards the passing France, who decided to join in.

“We’re countries apart of Europe- if you already knew, sir.” The British ball said. It had a black hat on, typically a fully-black top-hat with a golden monocle, with rings leading down and around its left eye.

“Cool.” I said.

“Hey guys- thanks for helping.” – Canada.

“Anything against horrible rulers.” The Irish ball said.

“Would you consider U-K to be a horrible leader?” France asked decisively funnily.

“Yeah- I still want Northern Ireland back!” Ireland said.

“Guys- we got to move. We don’t got time to argue- this boy’s life is at risk.” – Canada.

“Ah lad- you got to head out and get to the reactor at-” – British ball started.

“We know where to go-”

“They just need a single diversion… to make the entire empire collapse…” France joked, looking up to the ceiling with its French black hat.

“Haha- yes- I remember that was the best sequence of me life. Ireland rises up- and suddenly all of Britannica falls, piece by piece.” – Ireland.

“Not funny- but yes- I’ll get me lads and some Polish on the job of getting Miss Opium and her friends as far as I can from the portal machines. I think a few protests from America against the corruption should do once again.” The United Kingdom Ball stated.

“I’ll also assist by making up a fake battle to attract them- and then surrender.”

“A fake battle against me- we should both act like we’re drunk and argue over each other about who has more culture.” – Ireland.

“Sure?” France was liking.

“If I may ask- why are you guys specifically against Miss Opium- and not those other countryballs?” I asked.

“Well- most of Africa, which is where most of those countryballs come from, was bought out and works for her because their economies suck- whilst we, most of Europe, and both North and South America countries, go against her because she acts like a… nicer China? She is a dictator who cheats each election- like Russia- but she isn’t as bad a North Korea- Miss Opium is just more on the side of getting things done and trying to get us all more money so we can all grow to be equal with military and power. She has my respect in some topics- but is a loose cannon in others. She allows people to get more money for more work- so that’s a plus against communism- and she doesn’t tax us a lot- but she still is a dictator; so she… makes us give land to others we don’t owe, and doesn’t give a lot of bullshit for the healthcare around here…” France ball explained, “I still have the best healthcare system though, right guys?”

“That’s the one thing you can’t surrender to.” The UK said, making everybody pause and give the UK awkward intentions. “What? You guys are always making fun of me- so why can’t I do it to you, (He looks at France,) of all nations?” – UK.

“Aye- and we’ll be hiding amongst the crowd’s or going in through alleyways?” Canada asked.

“Best you go through the alleyways.” – Ireland.

“Okie.” – Canada.

We all bounced quickly out of there- not me, I walked. We instantly came out to see the bright sun shining on us and closed our eyes a smudge as we turned to all go right. On the street could be seen Germany Ball, as well as Bosnia and Herzwgovnia Ball, but we ran past them. Canada continued in front, and I followed the bigger-sized countryball. The smaller UK ball bounced away in the first alleyway, whilst Ireland and France headed the opposite. Soon, Canada brought me into the second alleyway we could find- just like the first. It had three green and small trashcans on the right, and nothing else on the left. We hid in it- looked around, and I kept moving with him, past the eyes of many Europe countryballs, as well as some Brazilian and Bolivian balls. Me and Canada zigzagged upwards, seeing televisions displaying ads up high about chairs. We kept moving northwest, finding ourselves getting closer to another center of grass, before going northeast of that and heading to a grey factory amiss behind some buildings. Suddenly, as we got into an alleyway, all of the ads on screens displayed shut off, then turned on again to reveal Miss Opium.

“Hello everybody. Today is not the best of days once again- and as you all know, I’ve been on a few missions of my own. These missions are now on the brink of success, and I need your help. There is a boy- ugly-looking with glasses. He should stand out instantly, but he has escaped my grasp with gaining the promised money I said would be evaluated. We aren’t here to kill him but send him peacefully back home. So, if you find a human boy running around- try to detain him. The prize for doing such- permitted by my friend here- who really just wants to talk to him about running into messes- is three trillion to whoever gets him in my grasp. I would also like to inform you-” Miss Opium said as the mechanics behind her moved and such. Heru was also in the scenery of the city- but who knew what road they were on. The road signs were grey poles with green rounded rectangles displaying white texted name of streets.

Behind us, I looked back to see what suddenly was the sound of glass breaking. A bunch of big America- United States balls, all with black shades, shot their silencers and pistols at the televisions above. “She’s lying! Kid’s never do anything wrong!” The American ball said. Another even said, “Yeah! They’re always being the ones shot at!”

“God give us Irish luck- now I don’t know who we can trust.” – Canada behind me.

“Hm…” – Me.

The United Kingdom Ball stepped forth from the crowd of balls rampaging through the city and bounced over to us. “Best of luck, chap. You’ve just lost all of South America, and the Mexicans- and Romanians.” He said sadly.

“Let’s go.” Canada said.

I gave the UK ball a thumbs up. It bounced back over to the increasing crowd of United States Balls. I ran over to another alleyway, intruding the sight of an Estonian ball. I had no idea about the Baltics.

Canada then rushed me towards the factory. There was a metallic barred fence around the entire thing- and the gate looked like it needed ID verification on iron pillars. But, The United States Balls, piled up.

“Look! It’s the kid! Where do you need to go!?” They asked immediately.

“In there!” Canada spoke.

“Get in!” The United States Balls said as they squished ontop of one another to make a wide staircase. I backed away and looked at it.

“Are you sure you will not explode?” I asked.

“Yes.” One spoke.

I put my foot on it, felt the squishiness of all the balls below, then put my left hand on top of them to balance, and slowly climbed up like a baby. I did so in a bit of a speed, but soon stood on the top set, and jumped over the smaller barred fence of iron. I landed a bit harsh, feeling my leg cut even more, but saw Canada hop over and start going further. We came up to the front of the building- doors of glass-spinning there. I did the fashion of getting through it, then Canada Ball joined, and we came out to the inside of the factory. To our left was a black concrete wall, but to our right were machines of all factory sorts. They were unorganized in system, having machines with opposite-like machines everywhere, piled up even, all around. They all were producing those little critters Miss Opium could shoot out of her tentacles. Parts connected by the balls, then cleaned on other stations… and all the countryballs there were Chinese. They all looked depressed, but the stairs were first thing on the right, and we took it quickly. I was fastest, whilst Canada Ball was slow to bounce up.

“(During each step after a bounce up,) We. Need. To. Find. Generator. Room. And. Access. Its. Control. Panel. In. Order. To. Make. It. Run. (He finally gets onto the second level,) in order… to push power to the portal room, on level three… I think.” Canada Ball said as he went around a billboard on the black wall, seeing the map of the place. We were on level two, and level three was above us. If we looked behind ourselves, we could see the stairs up to it. There was also a fourth level, but we were stopped once again.

“Hey! You’re that kid!” I heard an Estonian accented ball say behind me.

I turned to see the ball just plopping up and down itself. Suddenly, critters flew up with the sound of air puling down, and beeped red with a police siren noise. Then, it flew off randomly.

“Estonia! Please! I know we’re not around each other a lot, and you’re a satellite country of the USSR that needs to pay off some debt and stuff- but please- allow this boy to go to the portal room with me, eh?” – Canada said as it bounced forth.

I heard beeping noises to my east and looked to see Nigeria ball pressing some buttons down on a square control panel placed on the walls. Black cords led up to the ceiling with bar-lights of yellow and white iron. Suddenly, the stairs started receding, and a metallic surface closed the opening more quickly. The other stairs did the same, and the lights dimmed orange.

“Oh, no?” I asked, backed away from the stairs a bit.

“Now I can finally get my earned money!” – Estonia Ball.

I kicked the ball with my left foot, making it fly off to the other side of the wall.

“Wow… get over to that control panel!” Canada said, as I had already started moving over to the Nigerian Ball.

It whipped out a knife and threw it at me- but I pressed myself against the wall as a dodge. I then used my right leg to kick it against the wall and let it bounce off and roll with surprised ovals as its eyes.

I came over to the control panel- finding none of it in English and rather Japanese. I pressed the ones I saw him press, and the stairs started to un-recede. I looked over to see another two Nigerian balls bounce over to me with their knives, stabbing at my legs, but I jittered out of there.

“Good job! Let’s go!” Canada Ball said as it had already started bouncing up the stairs. The Estonia ball moved away from me- to the space filled with desks and cubicles of grey. It looked as I ran past it- and I stared to it too. Behind it was the Latvia ball coming in with a pistol, but Estonia just stared now, with squinting eyes.

I came up and saw much more science on the third level. Canada Ball finally bounced up, and I looked down, seeing a few Nigerian and Latvia balls start bouncing up with pistols, even aiming and shooting at Canada Ball. He quickly bounced towards a room with a blue door and iron handle. He opened it, with my confusion, and I walked in quickly, shutting it behind. I locked the door as well- it had a button in the middle of the knob that helped. Canada Ball looked forth at the thousands of green and blue and red buttons in this dark and enclosed room. It looked at the circle of green on the floor to our east, finding it with a red and outlined portal to a forest trail in my world.

The knob started twisting. The other balls were banging on it even. They started shooting at the door, but the sound was cuffed by the protecting it had. I still moved towards the wall for protection though.

“Canada, do something.” – Me.

“I dunno! I’ve barely studied stuff like this! I thought I’d be easier, and nicer-looking…” – Canada Ball looking around.

“Open up!” A Nigerian ball said in its accent.

We stood another seven seconds, hearing the pounds, before they stopped. We suddenly heard metallics outside… then, it came closer, and… the knob twisted, turned, and then… the middle of the knob came forth. I came in front of the knob and pulled on it instantly. Somebody pulled on the other side, and then stopped.

“They’re almost through!” I told Canada Ball, now just staring at me with worry.

Suddenly, the door was yanked, and I brought myself back from the immense power the claws of Miss Opium had on it. She looked at me with her black circles for eyes and emitting horror in my case. I backed away.

“What the hell? How’d you-?” Miss Opium asked, but then stopped. The other countryballs stood with her, angry.

“It was me.” Canada Ball said with worry.

“You took him all the way up here…” – Miss Opium.

“To make it up to you… I’m sorry for causing America to think Vietnam needed another bombing… I thought it be a funny April fools.” – Canada.

“Woah- what is going on?” I asked, intrigued.

“Story is- Canada Ball told The United States Ball that Vietnam still needed to be defeated. He told them this on April fools as I joke for both nations, but the US took it too seriously, and now makes fun of Vietnam for losing… and Canada is now sorry for it. Now, he’s making up for it by putting you exactly where I need you to be.” – Miss Opium.

“What?”

“Sorry lad, (He takes off his hat and leverages by his left,) I need to repay people for things I caused… eh?” – Canada.

“Wait- wait- wait- so… you betrayed me?” I asked.

“How unpleasant of you, Canada! Now I will only give you, (A arm from her back thrusts into my chest plate and captures me again,) one-o-five percent of the prize for catching him and getting him right where I need him!” – Miss Opium sarcastically.

“Damn Canada…” – Nigerian Ball in the back.

Miss Opium moved her metallic arm outwards with me captured. I was sad now, worried, and depressed that such a nice countryball had betrayed me. Miss Opium started pressing buttons with her black hands, and the portal closed. I closed my eyes and almost wept as I heard another portal open with the sound of a hammer hitting a broken laptop swirling. I peeked to see the sadness on Canada Ball’s eyes, before looking over to the portal of outlined red. It led to a rounded rectangle’s insides of permanent grey. There were two black wooden chairs, facing each other in the middle. On the west and east, on both longest sides of the thing, were windows revealing the universe about. Galaxies of purple appeared around with stars of white. Miss Opium threw me in, and I got up to see her closed the portal on my face.

“Go contact Heru using my critters.” Miss Opium told all the balls.

***Talk with Heru.***

I sat in the chair, waiting. I looked out with fear into the galaxies, seeing nothing familiar. In front of me, suddenly, opened a portal of a square outlined in blue, revealing Heru to walk in from random street sides with the Ukraine Ball looking forth and three critters buzzing off. He walked forth and sat in the chair, then stared at me without pupils in his white eyes.

I did not say anything either.

“Abu te chu achi ooht.” I stuttered after a moment.

“What?”- Him.

“What do you want?” I asked back, decisively depressed.

“I wanted to push it in your face that I’ve finally caught your criminal-ass.” – Heru.

“What did I do?!” – Me with gestures, getting up with fake madness.

“You went into another universe illegally! You weren’t supposed to be where you were!” – Heru said, getting up.

“Dude! I would be back home if you did not do anything! Look around you. Cyclop would have just taken me home and erased my memory- and it would have been like nothing ever happened! The Red Eyes would have reset the universe, and Ryutyu and Wilma would be placed in another universe somewhere else! Instead, you come along, and everybody has to catch your dumbass, and then that changes the timeline is some way, so now some Spanish men come in and now we have to catch their dumbasses! If you would have just not come up that elevator and kept to yourself- none of this would have happened!” – Me.

“Well- my father told me to do it anyways!” – Heru.

“Who is your father?!” I commanded.

“I don’t know! I don’t remember what he looks like- I just remember he quested me in a white void; and I don’t even remember what he said… he just said my one mission in life was to stop you… and then I spawned outside of the entire facility and go up the elevator to find your stupidity!” – Heru.

“My stupidity? You are the one that has to hire powerful beings to defeat a mere mortal teenager!” – Me.

“Well, yeah! Your stupid accent is protected by fucking furry gods! Now… stop being… illegal!” – Heru started, looking away at times.

“I am the one being illegal? You are the one signing up people to kill a kid repeatedly until they get a cash prize- and kill anybody who gets in the way! Do you even know why it is bad to kill?!” I asked.

“I don’t care!” Heru said, “I am going to throw you out into space, and when I touch your body- everybody gets paid, and I make sure you never… just… go where you’re not supposed to be!” – Heru.

“But- Heru! Listen… your reasoning makes zero sense! You are trying to kill an innocent boy for accidentally sitting on a toilet!” – Me.

“So?” – Heru.

“So what? Like, killing is wrong because would you like that done to yourself? No! What if you just randomly sat somewhere and suddenly you opened the doors to go back to work- and suddenly you were in another universe, and then suddenly get hunted by a mosquito boy! Would you like that?” I asked with expressed worry for him.

“No…” – Heru.

“Heru, I know this is hard to say- but whoever your dad is- I would like to speak to him-” – Me.

“I have no idea how to bring you to my dad.” – Heru.

“Well… then let me tell you why I have friends doing good things… firstly, we do not kill- not just because it is law in the bible or planet or something- but because we do not want it on ourselves, and we want people to be the emotion of happiness! Heru- you are mad that something that became my problem at the wrong time, is now startling your dad or something, and now you think killing that person only makes it better- but it only makes it worse because now the Red Eyes may be on you- Wilma will be on you- I have no idea who else- but killing people is not justly when you are doing it because you think it is right! If you kill people, and you think its okay, people will think its okay to kill you! Do you understand that?” I asked.

Heru did not say anything, but was looking out the east window.

“Secondly, people work together because we want others to thrive with us- it makes us happy to be around happy people. If someone is hurt- you should help them, and not try to put them down! Then you make others angry- and suddenly they would like to do what you did to that boy, now onto you. Heru- you do not just go out and acquire some bounty hunters for a trade of money- those people do not care about you- they just want the money and possible you dead as well… is any of this important to you- or am I just spitting out info because I feel like this would be the best time to reconfigure your style?” – Me, almost smiling.

“Well… I still don’t care.” – Heru.

“What?” – Me.

“But- I will give you this. I don’t feel like killing you anymore… come to think of it- leaving you alive is more harming. Plus- I guess as long as my bounty hunters see a cash prize, they will continue to come after you.” – Heru.

“Did you listen to a word I said?” I asked, “We are changing topics way too fast.”

“No- I stopped listening when you said ‘fiRStLy, wE dO nOT kIlL!,’ but I was thinking about the greatest scenario for myself. (He comes around, behind me, and hovers over my right shoulder,) All I have to do is put you back on Earth and tell a lie to my gang that Wilma came in here and brought you back- (he starts giggling and moving away,) and then they’ll all come down and beat you up, over and over and over… it’s perfect… I don’t need to kill and capture you immediately! I can just let you suffer from our attacks!” – Heru.

“That is pretty sadistic.” I said to myself inside.

“I can’t wait to have so much fun…” – Heru spoke, looking out the window.

He lifted his right hand and a black-outlined square portal opened to reveal a forest view. I backed away, but a tentacle of blood raptured out of his back and strangled my neck. It then threw me I into the forest. I got up to see him flutter out his mosquito wings and fly away with a smile on his face. The portal then closed. I got up and ran towards the school field. I ran towards the school after seeing nothing but the environment- and I then heard a gust of wind behind myself. I looked back to see Wilma quickly coming witb motion-blurred legs.

“What happened? Where were you?” She asked very worried and quickly.

“Somewhere with a bunch of countryballs… and then I was caught and Miss Opium pushed me to a spot where Heru talked to me- and now he is going to put me in a loop to get beaten by his bounty hunters repeatedly…” – Me.

“I see…” – Wilma with a cloud of dust and sand behind her, shaving to our right. Suddenly, the white started to fade in. “There we go…”

***People these days.***

I sighed highly, and only once.

I was walking through the gym, again, surrounding by eyes and sounds behind myself. Through the gym and going to the band room was my strait. I looked around firstly, but nothing new was amiss. I went through the doors, looked around the emptiness, backed away from the other doors, then went in nervously, and started to my band room- but I was constructed by another thing in my path. There it was- another Elijah, exiting the band room and stuttering upon my existence.

“(In my head,) Elijah never went to band, and never will… (Out loud at the staring friend,) Elijah- are you the real Elijah?” I asked him in a manner of irritation yet funniness.

“Yeah- what kind of an Elijah doesn’t bring his own silencer?” he said, pulling out a gun and aiming it at me. He shot it, with the sound of a hard pin hitting a wall, and the bullet hit my neck.

Then, I felt my neck regenerate, the bullet be stuffed down into my belly, and I suddenly could see better. My glasses dived into my skin, and I felt nine tails behind me. Wilma had made herself a noodle and came down from the ceiling and entered my body. Everything was boosted, and so was Elijah’s surprise.

“That is the real Elijah. He is being controlled.” Wilma told me as I got used to the shivering down my spine. “Take him out.” Wilma said.

“Damn, so quick to battle.” I said to myself with worry as Elijah multiplied his shots, but I just absorbed the bullets and made him back away. I then made my right arm in a gatling gun and shot at him, killing him and alerting screams along and inside the rooms.

When Elijah’s body fell from the massive pouring leaks I had indented, a black mist exited his body and swelled away.

“You!” Miss Opium said behind us as she busted through the roof and threw a tentacle of metallics at us.

Wilma moved my bones for me, and we dodged to have a good place in front of her. Miss Opium got herself together before staring us down.

“So, you must be Miss Opium?” I recalled to her.

“Yes, I am. And you must be the kid and this Wilma I’ve heard about…” She said in her voice, before moving her metallic spider claws around and aiming them at us. Wilma made my right arm move up without my consent, confusing me, and spawned in a rainbow shield. Miss Opium saw this and redirected her shootings elsewhere in the school. The shootings were iron triangles with a sphere below, and five poles emitting below that. There was a black eye on the sphere as well, but the rest was reflective white. Five blasted off before Miss Opium used her claws to crawl back out of the school.

Instantly, my hands clasped together and spawned a rainbow line to wrap around her tentacles, clasping them together behind her, and then bringing her forth and down onto the ground with a hard plop.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! STOP IT!?” She screamed at me.

“I am not doing anything!” I yelled back.

“Just close your eyes.” Wilma echoed in my mind.

I wide-eyed, seeing that little spikes of rainbow-texturing spawned at my side and were now spinning at Miss Opium. I closed my eyes as they went shot Miss Opium and drilled with a drilling sound against her structure. She screamed till she could only cough- and then die. I opened my eyes again, seeing the blood splattered around, and the fact that my coat was now washed in stuff. I back pedaled, away from the bloody body of Miss Opium, having drills in her head, cracking the glass, and exploding the brain, and torso bleeding out, whilst her cartoonish legs and arm lay frazzled in gestures... Suddenly, her body reformed up and blasted through the roof. Then we saw a version of myself- the combined version, slowly come down.

Wilma then left my body, all of my additions swept off, and she went tackling into the other version, and then he kicked her off into the window, breaking it. She then grasped him with a giant rainbow arm, and they threw themselves farther away. I crept away from the glass and destruction now, in wonderment, and sprinted off away from the scene.

I ran the opposite way, and found Wilma standing there, looking around.

“Oh hey, bro! Have you seen those iron midgets around, because I haven’t...” She said off-setting.

“Hold on- you fake-”I asked, backing away.

“What do you mean?” She interrupted negatively, getting closer with quite the walking.

“Ayo!” I said, getting quicklier away and back towards the corpse of Miss Opium.

This Wilma then took a golden knife from her sleeves and started chasing me with it. “Assistance!” I told the atmosphere as that replicate chased me.

I was running in fear and observance around the school, heading through the gym, and not even minding getting off track from trying to get out of her path- until I reached near the lunchroom and looked back for a few seconds whilst continuing, before hearing a “Aha!”

I then, bang! I hit somebody and collapsed over them. I stumbled back up and told the person “Sorry!” as I started to jog away from the running replicate of Wilma. But then I stopped a little and looked down to see a Nazi version of myself there.

“Oh- what the fuck?” I said as I was scared.

I continued to run before hearing a loud bash instead of the footsteps. I looked back to see Heru smashing Wilma into the floor with big hands, and the other Wilma crushed, but soon became a fog. The Nazi version retaliated away, looking at me, rather than Wilma blocking and then putting a mirror in front of her entire body, wide and in rainbow-textured-outlines, and making Heru’s hands bounce back and smash himself. Then he made another hand from his back and had a German-like sword of rainbow he swiped around to his her, but Wilma was already onto making copies of herself spread out around him, and then make strings of rainbow attach onto his arms. He started to make the area black, and I ran as fast as I could around the corner and to exit the school.

“There he is!” I heard a Bangladesh-accented countryball say behind me as it came from the entrance. I decided not to turn around but felt the bullets wiz past as I zigzagged a run and did a dive. I dodged into the hall to the outside lunch tables. There were many tables in the hall already, but they were not fit for protecting me against bullets.

I suddenly felt my body trembling and I slipped to a hard fall. I could not get up, and I heard nothing else, but the ambiences start up. Wilma and Heru fell from their fight in the skies, with Heru crashing down and to the right next to me, startling the shit out of me, and Wilma on the other side of the school. The countryballs chasing me could not move and were forced into pancakes. What happened is that the Red Eyes had activated the Gravutoon, on top of the school.

“Hey, cat, mind telling us what the hell is going on?” A Red Eye asked Gustavo whilst they were being pressured onto the ceiling. Gustavo was face first down but moved his head just enough to see the cyclops with almost a fearful look.

“I think my friend is getting blasted by his enemies.” Gustavo stated. The Red Eyes then turned it off, whilst a portal was open behind them, and they brought in a Humanitor, which was already on.

The cat then bounced up and wobbled itself, looking at the cyclops. Cyclop then walked through the portal.

“Cyclop- get out there and document what’s happening.” A Red Eye commanded, with the rest leaving.

“What about you guys? Aren’t you going to do something to save the kid like last time?” He asked.

“The Cyclopals voted on a ‘No,’ because this ‘isn’t our case anymore.’” A different male Red Eye stated. They left, and Cyclop grabbed out his grey pen and tapped on it ferociously, and then hovered it over the cat.

“Do you work with Heru?” Cyclop asked the cat in purple fur.

“I work against him.” Gustavo lurked angrily.

“Goodie.” Cyclop said, leaving the machines on, and going past the cat, “Follow me- we got to figure out… (Cyclop looks to the edge of the shield’s bright colors,) what is that?” He asked.

Gustavo came up to see a fully black entity with black flames resonating off its green outline and eyes. It looked like an eight-feet tall male human, tapping its cartoonish-looking foot against the shield, and holding its arm over its chest.

“I got no idea.” Gustavo said.

“Alrighty. I won’t mind that for now… what’s your name?” Cyclop asked, then jumping down and looking back up at the silent cat.

“Gustavo.” He spoke.

“Nice.” Cyclop said as Gustavo jumped down afterwards.

Cyclop entered the rapidly fighting school with Gustavo at part. He heard me and Heru down a few halls and came forth to spectate. He saw that there were countryballs aiming guns at me, with Heru throwing punches randomly. I was wrestling with Heru, shoving him in front of me and zigzagging our motion so the countryballs had to aim to get a good shot. Heru’s mosquito wings were blocking some of the motion.

Cyclop took out bee phone and opened it as I got shot in the head. He backed away, listening to a call from Oliver.

“Hey- I’m up on this school with the Humanitor and Gravutoon- should I shut them off in any way?” He asked.

“Yeah- kid just died and I have no idea about Wilma.” Cyclop said.

Suddenly, all went free, and Cyclop heard a loud crash of building’s and such. Guns popped off- and I looked around as I regenerated my brain and head from the bullet shot from a national ball called “Fiji.” He has a pistol but aimed drunk-like. Gustavo then ran in whilst Wilma had five arms coming from her back and shooting tons of spikes at Heru simutanously, whilst he was flying around and using mirrors to shoot it back and around. He even made a string that broke it into pieces and made it swarm around in a big tornado. New Zealand Ball with the sniper, Morocco with the SMG, Belarus Ball again with a rocket launcher, Bangladesh with his pistol, and Mongolia with their assault rifle, all weapons black and shiny, backed away as the two zipped around. Gustavo came up to them and opened his jaw wide, making it spread quickly and wrap around the balls, ripping them like paper as the cat’s teeth were sharp enough to cause massive blood loss. Cyclop looked forth to see all the action, and then Oliver came up behind him.

“So… is this what normally happens?” He asked.

“No- you smell different…” Cyclop quickly replied, smelling him further, and looking at the cat backing away to their stance, whilst Wilma created a shield for them to watch safely from. Then the shield opened a hole and threw me through. I quickly got up to see my friends.

“Hi.” Oliver waved from the five feet we were away.

“Oh- hey guys… I… have you taken care of everything else?” I asked frantically.

“No? We’re here to find out everything that’s going down.” Oliver said.

“You still haven’t responded to my statement.” Cyclop sterned with him.

“I-” – I.

Cyclop was then attacked by the red pen pulled out by Oliver and slicing it at his neck. Cyclop then flailed back to a sitting position on the floor, and then immediately during that, it had made the black girl lose her costume and show the golden knife. Wilma heard this shriek and sent a copy of herself over from the darkness spreading outside at Cyclop to divulge into him by using his nose as the tube in, and then also bring him to his feet with hyper senses and nine tails. The black girl started running off- but the cat touched her with his teeth and brought the fake corpse in. Immediately though, Cyclop has his arm swooshed behind him, almost unnaturally. There was a large wind gust now heading towards us- and suddenly a rainbow box of slight transparency formed around nothingness.

“Woah-” Cyclop said. He turned around to see the girl trapped inside the box, having a large uncloaking sound of electricity going off or something. She appeared to be banging against the walls for a way out, looking towards Cyclop. Then the walls caved in on all sides and we saw her get swooshed right then and there. Then the box disappeared and laid her on the floor dead, and Wilma’s noodles herself out of Cyclop’s mouth and shuffled away out of the school. I looked back to see many Wilma’s throwing spikes with many arms, whilst others held Heru and slashed him around with rainbow strings.

“Wowie.” Gustavo said, going over to the crushed person, and tapping the deflated organs of their losing blood with his right front paw.

Then Oliver was carried by the wind over, and we felt the gush of freshness from outside even more. “Hello?” He said, looking around. Wilma then whizzed past us all and through the shield again, and then duplicated herself in further and started at Heru with lasers. He reflected them with mirrors, whilst she pushed him away from the school.

“My god…” I said, looking at the squished girl.

“I see…” Cyclop said, looking over as Oliver got himself ready.

“What do we do now?” Oliver quickly asked me.

“Well- there was other versions of me that are probably around the school… so we should go stop whatever they are here for.” – Me, “And also- watch out for a black cloud or something, because my school friend just got possessed and pulled a gun on me.”

“Alrighty…” said Oliver, following me and Cyclop out of there with a jog away from the mass destruction. I turned the corner to see a few groups of school’s people leaving, getting nervous at the sight of me. I decided to direct them the other way, and they continued after seeing the giant cat follow.

I turned the corner to the band room- and I got frizzled by my Nazi self.

“Eh… again?” He said after rushing into me from his speedy walking. He had his hands behind his back, cuffed in metallic grey cuffs, and his demon tail swinging.

“Ayo.” Oliver said as we all rounded the corner. Cyclop already has his red pen out- and Oliver grabbed his yellow one out. Gustavo was pleased to see them all.

The Nazi version of me was there, with his facial ingredients, staring me in the eyes just two feet away. Behind him was another version of me, this one being a robot. He had same hair, but now color rainbow artificially, and he had long sleeves that were white and had overlapping spirals on them, as well as matching pants, but he wore no shoes, or gloves, making his hands stand out in their metallic and shiny white, as his feet were just hemi-pills like a cartoon character would have. The long sleeve even went halfway up his cylinder neck, which connected to a perfect shape of my head. He had no ears, glasses, or a nose, and had the exact same eye color, being green, and freckles on the screen that was his face. It was so stickered on though, in a way it looked like the two-dimensional objects were three-dimensional and living.

“Look, we found the guy! Now apologize.” The robot said in my voice perfectly, glowing his face’s colors up with contrast.

“No.” The Nazi version said back.

“Wait… what in the…?” – Me suddenly.

I scooted around the Nazi version, staring him down, and looked directly into the robot’s eyes, pondering us all. This robot was at least two feet taller than me and beamed with a better brightness, making him stand out on the environment with whiteness. I put my hands on his arm, felt the metal, the heat, making him confused and raise his eyebrows of pure black, and then I turned around and looked at the cyclops.

“Is this real?” I asked them, gesturing towards him.

“Yeah.” Oliver nodded.

“Damn… you, (I point to the Nazi version of me,) what is your name?” I asked.

“████ ████.” He spoke.

“Well, I am actually ████ ████ too.” - ████ ████.

“We know… and we have also been sent by Heru to come and kill you- but… (In a whisper,) If there is any way to stay in a universe like this- I would like to take that chance. I do not want to go back to war…” The Nazi version responded.

“Um... All of you got to go home or… die- because I am supposed to be off-limits and fighting and finding some Timal Tienes- not versions of myself who are here-”– Me.

“Heru took us illegally.” – Nazi me interrupted distinctly.

“That is true. He paid most of his allies but is not going to pay us-” I interrupt his speech.

“Yeah- he actually is not going to pay anybody because he is just making everybody beat me up for the rest of eternity now. He found a loop…” – Me.

“What?” – Nazi me.

“Heru actually is going to make sure I am alive and not dead in his hands because then he will have to pay everyone, and then everyone will leave once payed- and he will probably have a hard time finding people to kill me again…” – Me, “He is a sadistic person…”

“He said that?” – Nazi me.

“Yes… (I look to Cyclop,) he said that.” – Me.

“Alrighty- Heru is a worse person than expected… also, I was taken by the other version of you randomly, and so was a Chinese version. I’ll go tell everybody about this no-pay loop Heru is starting.” – Robot me.

“Thanks… but, if I may ask- why is he handcuffed?” I asked.

“I handcuffed him because I wanted him to apologize for running into you and not helping you out in the first place. I do not think we should work for Heru- he is a nemesis in my universe anyways.” The robot told.

“Tough luck. I have no friends or nemeses.” Nazi version said.

“What about the Chinese version- or the better-better version?” I asked.

“Chinese ████ hates Heru a lot. Says a different version of Heru destroyed all of Mongolia. Better-guy just thinks he is a clown that needs severe help with his anger issues.” – Robot me told.

“Also- I hate being a Nazi. Working in a trench and being shot at all day sucks. Especially when you are deployed on American soil.” – Nazi version.

“Well, that sounds helpful and all- but do you even have a plan against Heru?” I asked back.

“Could you- Cyclop- possibly contact your Red Eyes to come and help in this needy-time.” – Robot version.

“They say it’s not their problem.” Cyclop said, “Plus, sadly, I was told to document- which means they would like me to be just a spectator… But you know I got to help a friend when he needs help…”

“Alrighty- you should tell those Red Eyes we have multiple plague doctors along with the Fire God killing their military afar-” The robot tried.

“How did Heru even hire these people?” – The Nazi said in a whispering tone. He looked over through the silence, not minding the violin and then “AAAAAA-” in the back. A bunch of thumping happed, but he looked frantically over to the stopped robot, almost embarrassed. “What? Why did you stop?”

“Well- he did not hire the Fire God- his bounty hunters told their friends and alike that something was in it for them- and now the people hired by Heru are hiring more people to take you out.” – Robot me.

“Damn…” – Oliver.

“And also, to say if any of this helps in the future- the dark cloud and spirit have left and are going to your house- (Suddenly there is a white interception in all of our vision,) now we are going back in time- Miss Opium will be back up with many more countryballs- and a version of a meme Cyclop is running around here somewhere as well-” The Robot said as it all faded out.

I wounded up in front of the gym.

I turned behind myself quickly, seeing nothing at large but some people looking from afar down the hall. I stepped through the gym and came into practice once again.

Wilma was there, standing up with her nine tails out where she was last time.

“Who keeps setting us back?!” She asked.

“Well- maybe it was the Red Eyes.” – Me.

She nodded, and I continued with my band papers. Then, rushing through the door was the Robot version of me.

“Uh- hey! Just wanted to inform you that the Nazi version is no longer in handcuffs, and I need your help keeping him down.” – Him.

“Uh… Alrighty? Do you need sincere help?” I said, nodding towards.

“Yes, he is fighting a classmate for not liking cereal.” – Him.

“Wait!” Wilma yelled over, and then started her way.

I turned around, but my face was caught and dived into the wall by a black sludge, that soon crushed my skull against it, making a blood patch there. Heru then came out, but the arm was still holding me dead. Heru started to zip up into the atmosphere with his mosquito wings and use thousands or laser beams to shoot at Wilma, who blocked each one with a mirror as he made multiple copies of himself to do the same and one to use the energy of lights around, turning things black, and power the rest using a yellow cord to everybody’s back. Wilma also started making duplicates of herself, grabbing materials from Earth’s core and flanging them at Heru. She then reformed my face and threw me past the wall and to the hall where a few people amassed at the situation coming to view from the fog arising. I quickly jittered up, touching my jaw to see if all was fine. Coming from the mist was another robot. I looked a little southeast from her head side to see a laptop open, which was allowing a fully red robot to come through. It was crawling out and had black eyes with nothing else, but it definitely was coming from a black laptop with glowing red keys. It even had the natural blue glitchy effect as its torso was making its ways past with push of her arms. Now, back to the female- This one had five fingers like The Robot Me but was colored blonde. She had pink eyes and no freckles on her screen. She had a ponytail of yellowish-blondish hair that frazzled into three hair curves to the right of her head, leaving the middle part to be a bit flat, and the left with a slightly bigger yet single strain of that hair that cut down and then immediately up like anime hair would. She had no shoes, no ears, no noses, but bunny ears of full red sparkles connected to her hair. She wore red sparkling shorts with nothing else to them, and a red sparkling t-shirt that had no collar to her cylinder neck. Yet, suddenly, she got into a smashing pose and a bunch of black spilled from her metals, creating holes, and eventually surrounding her arm in just a second, making it look like a sludge of darkness as she smashed at me, going down hard into the floor. It smashed it in, causing the screams of others to make sense. Then the Robot me came through and started after me, throwing himself. Then, another robot, wider and shorter than both of their dang heights, was a black bald guy, with a black and squarish beard that was also his mustache. He had fully black eyes, and I saw no true mouth on his screen. He wore a green shirt with green buttons, and pants of black with white shoes around his hemi-pill feet. He had slightly bigger hands than normal as well and shot them at me dodging-and-backing-away.

I just turned around and ran, also yelling back, “Why are you attacking me?!” I asked. The robot did not answer. Instead, I ran, and I ran, around the school- looking for anything else- but only found my ELA teacher stopping me.

“No running, my dude.” Derick said, stopping me with his right hand.

“Uh- yes… woo… um… (Panting,) um…” – Me.

“It’s nice to see you again.” He said, shaking my hand.

I nodded and looked back to see some other students also trying to exit the building. I saw Arty shooting at the Guyana Ball with a pistol. “Oh my god.” He then stated as he looked over to see me already going.

“I would start running to an exit- if I were you…” I said, leaving and watching his confusion turn into fear as six giant robots smashed people to the walls and ran after me- only me. I ran into the gym- finding that Wilma was sword fighting two opponents- the better me and Heru, all with rainbow swords and fluttery movement. People came in and out- but as soon as they saw that- they either went down to exit through the band style- or just went back.

I saw that the sword fights instantly went over to the other side of the room where the exit was- scaring people off. I suddenly, felt a rainbow spike go through my head- but then come out and I was alive again. Wilma had five arms and was getting closer over to me as the other two battled her. I quickly turned back towards the five rushing robots.

I decided to sigh, breath, and get my fists up.

A fourth robot was all red with no accessories and looked like the black one with its width and proportions, whilst the fifth one was in a yellow t-shirt with white stripes. He was taller and thinner than my robot-self and had a blonde straw hat. He also wore brown jeans with big pockets, and held a black L96A1, a sniper rifle with a scope, which he had strapped onto his back with a black leather strap going down to his right. He also had brown sandals on his hemi-pill feet. He had blue eyes and rushed with the intent of beating my ass. I also heard a bit of screaming as people got away from such creatures of metallic clanking.

The first robot to come through was the red one. It punched, and I grabbed its arm, tried pulling it forth to shove away, but it just uppercut. I gusted away, and the female came forth. She pulsed a smashing hand of black goo into the wall with her right arm, then used her left to catch the dodging me, grabbing my shirt, and throwing me over.

“What are you doing?” My robot-self yelled over to her, dodging the body cascade.

I got up quickly, minding the hip cut and such. I enjoyed the bandages Canada Ball at least gave me… The black shot a punch into my back, and I was pushed forwards with pain. I quickly turned around to get punched in the face by my robotic self, hard and gutting as my mouthed now ached in pain- and then the red one pushed me onto the floor. The female picked me up by my legs and started swinging me around- and then threw me into the skinny man that had his skin a bit tan. He dodged to the left with his quickness, undoing the strap and getting the gun out. I stood up after pulsing myself.

I saw at the end of the hall, Nazi me bashing with Molly’s bald friend. Molly’s bald friend was in a hoodie of teal, with black pants and shoes. She also had a fully black axe and was destroying school property with it- but the Nazi version persisted on grabbing it from her. I quickly turned around from that and stepped over. The thin man swiped his gun, then spun his entire body, and threw it at me. I blocked with both hands- but hurt my fingers. I let the weapon drop onto the floor as my robotic-self came forth and jumped forth onto me. I dodged to my right. I looked towards the shapeshifting black matter that turned into dreadful claws on the female. She started rushing forth, and I grabbed my cluster-fucked robot and shoved him up. He pulsed me back, and the female ran into us, just pushing him onto me. We fell like a triple. I heard running. I heard sirens outside. I looked up to see the black robot jumping and going to land a smash into my head with both punches. I moved my spine and blocked with my arms. His left arm hit my right arm and pulsed it down. I then used my right arm to give him a punch to the side of his head, whilst wiggling my body away from the robots who were also just getting up. I then got up, seeing the black one slowly rise- but be stopped.

The Nazi version of me came in with the axe to his head, making him plant into the floor from his push-up pose he was in. The Nazi then lifted the axe, and with a struggle, it came off after three seconds, having the head of the black robot.

“Yo! Thanks!” – Me.

“You guys look dumb when fighting.” – Nazi said humorously, swinging the axe up and down like it would get the head off. It was deep in the grey metals and black wires.

I looked back to see Molly’s bald friend chase up to us with her glasses.

“Behind you!” – Said me.

Instantly, The Nazi Version started spinning, and Molly’s friend backed off. She had no dimples, the hoodie was on her neck, she was smiling hard with her slightly yellow teeth, she had fully black eyes with black backgrounds to them- they looked like Miss Opium’s eyes. The Nazi version kept spinning- and then threw it at the female robot.

The axe hit her head with the wooden and wrapped the actually sharp part around and down onto the floor. The Nazi version jumped over and tackled the girl as she tried leaning down to get it. I joined in- pushing down the tall figure with both hands, but then got punched by the red guy- who then shoved me onto the floor and started at Molly’s friend.

“What are you doing!?” My Robot self said, “Stop! She’s on our side!” He beeped over as the red one kept on throwing punches because Molly’s friend had already kicked her in the chest- and then plastered her head into the wall with her right arm.

The Nazi was over on the female, grabbing the axe- twisting the handle from the female’s arm, and then got tramped on by my other self. He had kicked him in the hip’s left side, and he was pushed over. He kept the axe to himself, but I dodged the red one’s throw, and rammed into my other version.

The Nazi version threw the axe at the skinny guy getting up from the wall fall. The wood his face again- and the axe turned to barely in the chest with a creak. The bald girl rushed over- but the Nazi version of me insisted on that axe. The red one started up and I bashed him against the floor- but failed due to his mass, and he bashed me onto the floor instead. I saw the Nazi jump onto the girl’s back and twist her head. Then her head fully turned all the way left and stared him dead in the eyes. She opened her mouth and black tentacles came out, grabbing the Nazi by his shirt. She thrusted her head to her left, and then right, throwing him away. She then moved her head back and grabbed the axe with the tentacles coming from her mouth. I had gotten up and viewed the pressure. Suddenly, Molly’s friend turned her entire torso around and threw the axe at me. I was already flailing towards my thrown Nazi ally at that moment. She missed, and it hit the blue lockers with eager sharpness. She went up to get it as I came up to my Nazi-me getting up as well.

“We suck at fighting…” – Him.

“What about her?!” – Me.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-” I suddenly heard from behind me. It trailed up slowly, being a scream in back, and then came instantly rising. I looked behind me, falling back- but getting flanged hard against the gym doors. I slumped down and watch as suddenly the room was being crunched and spiked with indents all over and around. I scrambled myself up from the motion blur of a blue diamond- literally a blue diamond three by three-by-three feet in approximate volume that was bouncing harshly around and fast. I rushed to get myself behind the gym doors. I quickly rushed to get myself under the bleachers, hearing the doors being pounded with the blue diamond hitting the walls at alarming speeds.

I came out after thirty-seconds of hiding. I saw Wilma still fighting now and only the better-combined version of me. She had made the corner across the gym disappear and be a ravine leading to lava and pounded craters about. Outside I saw a slightly transparent shield bordering the school. She and him were outside blasting rainbow lasers at each other. I turned and listened against the wall, on the right of the gym doors- to whatever was banging. Nothing occurred, so I opened them and viewed the scene.

The Nazi version of me had died- his head and left leg pressed into blood and flown onto the ceiling. The robots were combusted against the sides- parts spread about and crushed. The lockers, walls, ceiling lights and boxes were cramped inwards. I looked around the door quickly- no Molly friend or black axe was around.

Amiss, I saw the plague doctor running with her, looking down this hall at me- and then I heard a slight “AAAAAAA-” as I also saw the plague doctor get shot back into the wall. I hid behind a few lockers, hearing a bunch collapsing tiles of the roof happen. The “AAAAAAAA-” got closer and then went into one of the classrooms. Then it went back and started bouncing around. I looked to see it missing. I went through the gym and towards the band room.

I passed the band room and went into a bathroom. I hid on the same toilet, but now without the mist- waiting. After thirty seconds- I heard a familiar voice.

“Ay! I don’t see why I should help ya’! Ya’ brought him here- ya’ deal with him!” – Ryutyu said outside very loudly.

I went outside the bathroom and peeked around the corner. I saw a malfunctioned form of Ryutyu. All of his teeth were still in place where they should be, but now looked scary as the rest of his jaw opened up wide. He was three times his size- has black goo dripping from his jacket and eyes. There were many green dots on this goo, and his hair was glowing. Behind him was Molly’s friend- and she was getting implanted by the blue cube moving at alarming speeds.

“There’s the boy!” I suddenly heard. The plague doctor looked skeptically over with speed- and then back at the bouncing-randomly blue diamond.

I stepped forth and yelled over to them.

“Hey! Hold on! You guys are… not… (Ryutyu starts coming towards me at alarming speeds with a quick motion of his feet,) you ARE NOT GETTING PAID, PLEASE DO NOT KILL ME!!!!” I started saying more energetically as I ran off back towards the gym.

This giant Ryutyu had come at me with a daring speed on his legs. His arms were lost behind him as his torso could barely keep up. His head still leveraged itself down, but his arms started growing longer, and black goo poured out of his pants now. I busted through the gym doors and looked back. The misconfigured Ryutyu busted through the wall about eleven feet high, and the plague doctor came in behind. Further behind I saw Deandra coming quickly with her musical lines. She also had the red and blue backpacks on her lines.

A dark being landed in front of me. I felt my body vanish as heat fueled the entire atmosphere in fire and lava. This dark being was a man. He had his eyes glowing green, entirely, and he had green eyebrows- and a green line for a mouth. His outlined was also green and a bit thick. Once he had landed, everything burned up around the gym. The giant Ryutyu had turned into liquid- I had been winded into ash- the plague doctor caught on fire and retreated, as well as the ‘all fine’ Deandra. He then looked forth to Wilma fighting my better self.

He raised his hands and started making everything further its heat. Things started collapsing- catching fire- and just overall melting as his wrath continued along the school.

The better version of myself started to spin like crazy with rainbows and went into the Wilma with her fifteen hands shooting yellow lasers at him. He went so fast, bouncing around the air like a plasma particle, and eventually hit her back into the school from the sandy field. Wilma bounced up using her black boots, flew up and spun around to view the Fire God with his right eyebrow raised, and turned her right hand in a cube of ice and threw it at the Fire God. He dodged to the left and saw as the ground started to turn into ice and come back together.

“Stop it! I am the Fire God- (He shoots a fire laser of black at Wilma, but she flies to the left,) The strongest and only God to ever cross the universe! (He used both hands to cause two giant cinderblocks of pure black fire outlined in purple to crush her, successfully doing so and turning her into a cube of blood, but she unravels herself back into form,) I will make you cease to exist!” – Fire God.

Wilma looked back upon the better version of me. He was wiping his hands on his white lab coat, getting the blood onto it from his red glitched hands. Wilma looked back and twisted her right hand out in the air. It brought me back to life- and I saw my surrounding in an oval of rainbow-transparency for three seconds, before being blasted out of the gym and onto the front of the school. Wilma then looked forth to the Fire God with his stern eyes now in place- and quickly turned away and flew back over to the better version of me and whacked him in the face with a thousand punches, plummeting him into Earth core as she went in further shooting shards of glass at him, whilst a hand on her back moved the dirt away and made it into rainbow-walls.

I got out from the school entrance and went forth to hide behind some cars as I saw a blue diamond bounces around outside and hitting the roof top and trees of the forest. I hid behind a black jeep and cuddled away in the more silence out in the parking lot. I heard a violin come outside though, and then go towards the forest…

The Fire God started increasing the fire around the rest of the school by putting both of his hands up in the air- making it all flame up in black with outlined blue- mostly at where the robots were dead at, and further into their hallway from him just standing in place- but was then shot down with a white light where he still was in the gym. He was pummeled backwards into the dying bleachers, being disgusted by the goo they had turned into. He bounced up to see… oh my god… get this- Jesus Christ. Yeah, that is right- the man from the Bible literally came down with his long brown hair, white robes, and brown sandals, shooting a white beam of light from his right hand. Then he spoke to the other god as he landed on the surface of red heat.

“I thought I told you not to say that.” – Jesus Christ.

“Why are you here!? This isn’t any of your business.” – Fire God.

“This shouldn’t be any of yours either- but you still listened to a floating sphere of rainbows- now, didn’t you?” – Jesus Christ.

The Fire God grunted angrily, and Jesus Christ opened a portal of outlined blue under him, with a twinkle of his left fingers. The Fire God simply crossed his arms, and Jesus Christ hopped in after he just fell into the galaxy-view below. Then the portal closed- and those two were gone.

Wilma was punching the better version of me over and over and over in the face. She was on top, bleeding out from her right cheek, angry and open-mouthed, seething with her eyebrows against him. She also had a large cut on her left arm, bleeding out into her blue robes and darkening it. Her ears were up straight, and her tails were flowing quickly as she continuously beat up the better version of me, who was grabbing her arms, and ripping them off as he shot his arms with her arms into a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn into the grey rocks, unnaturally possessing the bones backwards, whilst Wilma made the arms from her back just roll up back into place.

“Ayo…” – Better version of me.

Wilma stopped and floated off him. A white light was fading into their eyes, and all came back to possession of where it all started.

I was holding my band papers, again, feeling a bit tired of this bullshit.

“I swear bruh.” – Me.

I walked forth, went to the band room, took a look around, looked around again, then entered, and saw my band teacher waiting, happy to see me. Elijah was also there but swooshed around me and left eagerly.

“Here you go, Mr. Miller.” I said exclusively.

“Thank you… and I hope you get some rest.” – Him whilst I tried to leave.

“Do I look tired?” I turned back around

He nodded “Yes,” and I left with a nod back. I escaped the band room, seeing Elijah going down the other hall already, and nobody else looking weird. I decided to follow- finding many people look at me with my lab coat still intact. I shot eyes back over to them, but I found Elijah to walk further and towards the exit of the school. He passed Molly and her bald friend on the right, with her brown-haired friend on the left. They wore the same thing.

“Hey, ████, where’d you get the lab coat from?” The brown-haired girl with blue eyes asked in her dark blue jacket and brown jeans.

Molly looked towards her, but she just gave her a roll of the eyes.

“The C-I-A.” – Me, “And if I may, has Elijah been acting weird lately?”

“Elijah? No?” – Molly, as I looked decisively at her bald friend for any inconsistencies of her humanity.

“Alrighty- then I must continue after him.” – I said as I surpassed them, looking down and away from the silent and normal bald friend.

Elijah turned and went to exit the building. I hastened up to him, turning to see nobody there with his features. He had already left and ran off probably.

“Damn…” – I told myself.

I saw my parents in the car over, still living and breathing and waiting for me to come over. I went to look over to see if the gym had inconsistences.

Over by the gym I saw a bit of magic. Molly’s bald friend had a black axe she put resting on her right should with her right arm, letting it show its sharpness on the left of her back. She had no eyes, and had completely dark circles again, but this time there white glowing specs swirling about to the left, and her eyes were connected over the nose with a bridge of darkness that had some white spec through. This bridge was rectangular and cut the nose flat where it was. It looked weird and scared the shit out of everybody as she came through the gym and looked at me from afar, standing there menacingly for three seconds. I heard a violin play as well.

Suddenly, my vision and stuff hypered up from where I was standing- it was Wilma again. I had nine tails in back and now was using both hands to create a bowling ball of blue marble. I threw it at the running axe-holder. Molly’s friend saw the bowling ball started to enlarge to take up all space. Other nearby people started running away from it on both sides, some seeing me with nine tails.

The ball was then plastered back, and Wilma turned it into oxygen fog. Molly’s friend came running through- and tossed the axe. It hit my chair, piercing inside it, but I felt no pain but rather my own stutter and step back feel useless. I grabbed it and spun my right arm unnaturally, and then threw it at Molly’s friend. She was hit in the head and bashed off. Her body stayed intact, but she was bleeding the black goo now. The violin still went on.

Wilma blasted me up through the ceiling to see Deandra playing. Suddenly, she spawned five small black holes at her side, and shot them at us. Wilma dashed me to the side. I suddenly felt all my senses go back to normal, hearing the screams less but releasing the fear that must have taken place- and I was thrown by Wilma’s right arm at Deandra. I caught myself falling, getting up from the metallic blue. I felt a little pulsed, seeing Deandra float away with her violin playing in allegro.

Wilma exploded the black holes and used those particles to then suck them in and throw a thousand crows into Deandra, who made them gust away as she stopped the zigzagged movement of her five black lines.

“Violin girl! You are not going to receive that money! Heru is going to make you fight us on loop!” – Me yelling up to her.

“My name is Deandra- and I think you’re lying.” – Deandra.

“Just-” – Me.

“Shut up!” – Deandra.

“Nice try!” – Wilma happily stated over, dodging a bunch of straight American dollars cut towards Wilma, who moved up from the flock, and then flung me up and away towards the top of the gym as Deandra fueled more black holes at Wilma’s laughing face.

Suddenly, she was smashed to the gym before I hovered on top. The ceiling collapsed above as I looked back to see the better version of me punching me in the face. Wilma came up quickly and held his arm, making a third arm come from her back and push me away as the better version of me turned around with his nine tails gushed into Wilma’s face, and then altered a side kick of rainbow as a gun was brought out from a third arm of his and shot at her.

Wilma dodged and flew me over to the outside of the gym, a straight shot to the sandy field where forest laid ahead. Wilma then swiveled out a copy from the left side of her body and spiraled into normal form to my left.

“Run towards the forest!” She told as she pointed out to the field. Suddenly, behind me, many Deandra’s and better version of me started to swirl around the original Wilma, shooting black holes everywhere and throwing spikes randomly, as well as rainbow shards of glass through the blue sky- and making them stick in midair.

Suddenly, the copies of the other and better me whipped out with a rain of rainbow hammers from the sky onto Wilma. I just ran towards the forest, looking back with anguish, avoiding the massive pounds. More hammers started to fall, and soon, they stopped just above and started redirecting themselves with Wilma throwing them into the violin orchestra of Deandra’s copies. They all missed. Then the area started to erupt, and the land went cracked, revealing lava to spurt out in some places. I was out on the field, on its sandy hotness, when to my disbelief- things came in too truly for survival.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” Heru screamed as he came out with his monstrosity. This thing was Molly’s head on a bloody red snake’s body- and the other kid’s heads were scrambled about. Literally, my classmates and about had their heads clamped together on top of the snake’s skin… Molly’s jaw was cut into nine squares that extended and then forklifted up about five feet, drooling blood. Heru was on the back where her hair would not be of irritation at all. Her head size was about forty feet in height and twenty-five meters wide. Her eyes, and everybody else’s heads, were bloodshot and open. The thing roared, with a scream distorted and amplified. It was looking at me- about twenty-meters high above the ground was its head at the current moment- and seventy-meters long was the snake’s body from head to tail- after it erupted from the lava and heat. It immediately dove into me, but I felt a sudden gush of wind transplant me back. Wilma’s many arms on many of her backs on many of her copies were doing something. I suddenly felt a rainbow shield around my exact volume, and my hands got lifted my strong wings gushing my hair up as well, and I felt a rainbow-sword swell up from oxygen and now gripped in my hands. The creature came out with a wall of sand in the way of vision- and started coming down to my far right, and then started swelling around me with speed, and enclosing to smash me in again. My shield blocked the snake from fully crushing in. Once it was literally just swirling around me, I decided to put my sword into it with a might poke. Suddenly, it screamed again, and started opening. It went into the ground and came up below me, shooting me sky high. Suddenly, I did not fall, but was gusted by wind away from the length of the massive creature.

I felt my body hyper its senses again.

“Hey.” Wilma quickly said in an echo. I felt the wiggle of her nine tails again. “How should we take down this creature?”

“Get me to Heru. He must be controlling it with a leash or something.” – Me.

Then- I felt my body lift and suddenly dive down into the snake’s mouth. I screamed as I put my sword forth, and it cut the insides open. I traveled down with Wilma at aid, before I was suddenly shot up, out from it, and shot over to Heru, who was standing on top of the snake with both of his hands out. The snake cried out, but then stopped and wiggled away towards the forest. Heru had healed it. I was then swooped into the ground and below. I was then turned quickly with confusion and lifted out from it. I did not take pain from the emission out of the ground and looked around at the snake’s size as it looked at us.

“You were right. Let us go get Heru first.” Wilma stated to me.

I aimed my sword forth as Heru sat down on it again, and I felt the speed of Wilma push me forth. Then I dropped onto the snake’s back, just below the hair. I then felt myself start sliding down, so I stabbed the snake where I was, right through someone’s head. I stabbed the sword deep into the snake’s red body, fully red, through the head with much blood, minding the heads of my classmates with fear, but stepping where openings were, and rather keeping an eye on Heru.

“Stop!” he said.

I felt the sword dig and start slicing as I came closer to him with my slide. The entire snake was going up into the sky as much as it could now, so in reality I should have just fell off, but I started to shred the skin and heads, going towards Heru with Wilma at aid. It also seemed Heru was at a control panel, having a blue trapdoor in the red creature.

Heru made his mosquito wings swing up from his back and flutter. He turned his arms into drill and emitted blood tentacles from his back. He jumped off the creature and flew up, trying to drill into my head. I was too eager to get away from this, so I jumped onto Heru, using my left arm to grab his right drill arm, and right arm to grab his left. Instead, he just made his arms extend, pushing the drills towards my head, but they bounced off as I felt my skin turn into a mirror. It felt like you just ate toothpaste, and then scratched metal and ate the sound. Very weird, but I felt the spinning pressure leave with a tingle on my ears as his arms bounced off. Wilma then pulled us up, but Heru used his tentacles to grab onto my back. Wilma pushed me into the blue trapdoor of the quick and large snake now diving back into the Earth. Heru and I blasted through it- finding the inside to be simply just a grey pilot seat with a bunch of controls. Heru took my head with his tentacles and smashed it into his control panel, repeatedly.

“Damn you! I never thought your copies would be shitty!” – Heru.

“Ha!” Wilma echoed in my mind.

Suddenly, my left hand lifted, twisted, and everything around us exploded. I was confused and scared, but I floated down and fast. Things kept exploded, and soon, Wilma left my body and allowed me to fall in my rainbow shield down to the sand below. I got up, looking at my hands to see no sand, and then up at the explosions nearby. The entirety of the sky had gone to flames. The giant snake was defeated. Wilma was still fighting Deandra and the better version of me over on the side over there, losing, whilst a few more copies spawned and started fighting Heru. He started winning by shuffling them in his blood tentacles and ripping those Wilma’s apart by shoving spikes of rainbows into them as well.

But the forest was deranged, and the landscape was demolished. The explosions went to air and steam, and the sky became dark with passion. I felt the sword spawn in my hand again, and quickly turned around to see the Timal Tienes had paused the battle behind me and were now rushing at me. But they were far and chasing a purple haired girl. I looked to see a purple haired girl, having a flat hairline and squarish front, with a small ponytail bouncing behind her head, strapped with a blue hairband. She was half my size, sprinting over with her black t-shirt and brown shorts with big pockets. She was black-skinned and had black shoes with white laces. Her eyes were brown, and her lips were dull. She had blacker freckles as well, but more often around every part of her body. She also had black eyebrows.

“Help!” She wailed over.

I stepped to my left and let her run past. I looked to see her continue going, jumping past and over the heated cracks. I looked back to see the non-same three Timal Tienes.

The first one was there with two different other white guys. To his right was a man with blonde and long hair that Jesus would have- and freckles and blue eyes. The man to his left was a guy with brown eyes and no hair, but no good jawline either, and quite old. This guy held his iron sword out with his right hand, but also held a cube in his left hand.

I put my sword up and got ready.

Heru then bounced down in front of me, looking at me first, before them.

“Hey! Give me that box!” – Heru demanded.

“On.” – The right one said in his accent of Spanish and with niceness.

“Now!” – Heru.

“On!” The first one protested, shaking his head.

Heru pulled his right arm our and shot his hand at the first one, knocking him back as his hand kept going forth and slipped over his head. Then a tentacle rose from Heru’s back and started to wrap around the right one’s head. I shook my head but breathed in and ran at Heru, with my rainbow sword in place. I turned it so I could just plant it in his back with a pushed poke, but he turned his entire head around and looked at me with a smile. Another tentacle from his back rose quickly at my fear and shot itself into my eye. It split itself in half, so part of the tentacle was not on his body and pulling up. I tried pulling it out, screaming, but Heru lifted my body up from my head and twisted my brain. The feeling was juicy and bloody, and then he tossed my body away after a moment of death. He then twisted the Timal Tiene’s head and grabbed the box. He then pressed a button on it as the left Timal Tiene went over to the first and helped him. Heru then saw a green-outlined circular portal under him, and fell in.

It closed after all his hair went through, and the other Heru’s Wilma was battling in the sky token of its color- went transparent. She looked below and quickly conjoined each copy back into herself and rose me from the dead. She fixed the ground and looked as the Timal Tienes brought the third’s body into a green-outlined circular portal. There was a fourth man there I saw, him having a white widow’s peak of what is left of his hair, and green eyes. He closed the portal after pressing a button, and it circled in on itself to absolute nothingness like always. Wilma also used an arm from her back to bring the purple-haired girl over.

“What happened with you?” Wilma asked I looked cautiously over.

“Those men tried slicing me up!” She said with a French accent.

“And why are you here?” – Wilma asked.

“Because they were chasing me and I needed to get away!” – Her.

“Well, you came to the wrong place. All we have here is destruction and war.” – Me.

Suddenly a white light faded in once again.

“What’s happening!?” She asked.

“Now we go back in time to fight again.” – Wilma, tired from everything.

***Back to the Band Room.***

I went back to the band room. I had spawned right in front of the gym again and rushed to the band room.

“Here are the papers Mister Miller- have a good day!” I said to Mr. Miller as I put the papers on his wooden desk and fled. He did not say a word that instance.

I went back to the gym. Nobody was around, but then Wilma came through the doors over to the field and started walking over to me. I looked around to see nobody else coming through and jogged over to her.

“We got to leave now.” She spoke before I came fully up to her.

“Alrighty- is there any of Heru’s allies around?” I spoke back, looking directly into her eyes.

“They are all recuperating.” – Wilma.

“Oh no?” I asked.

“They think they need a better plan than going all in. They are also tired. The cat also ate a blue backpack…” Wilma said tiredly.

“Alrighty… was anybody not there? Like the Chinese guy?” – I asked.

“The Chinese guy was definitely not there.” Wilma said.

“Well, I must go and make sure of it then. You go and take the cat home, and fix Ryutyu quickly- I will drive home with my parents.” I planned, leaving now.

“Okay.” Wilma nodded and headed out the other way.

I started to continue, but looked at my shoulder. A smaller Wilma was there, giving me a thumbs up- and then dived into my shoulder, making my shirt look like a liquid and then solidify up after the squeezy feel.

“This is much safer.” Wilma spoke with an echo in my mind.

“Nice thinking.” I said back.

I exited the blue doors, sighed, looked forwards at the crowd staring at the Chinese version, then looking over, grabbing confusion from them and anger from him- I went down the hall walking and met the Chinese version walking up to me with silence.

“Will you just go home? Nobody believes you are actually me.” I stated over angrily.

“I could- but I got to continue investigating you Americans. If I return empty handed- I’ll be confined to prison.” He said with fake worry.

“He is trying to get everybody to feel for him.” Wilma echoed.

I looked with a frown towards the guy for a solid four seconds.

“You should get your Tiananmen-square looking-ass out of this bitch- because you know working for your government is a selfless act against human rights.” I told him.

“What?” He backfired in fear.

“Boy, you heard me! No matter how much they force you- I think you understand that at least you need to go elsewhere rather than antagonize a bunch of kids at school! Fucking imposter!” I angrily committed towards, starting to float up without force of my legs. I just went up about three feet from the carpet below. I also blinked once and gained full sight of the situation with much more quality. My eyes became like a cat’s, being with black pupils in front of squishy blue now. I took off my glasses at everybody’s dazzled fear and threw the glasses onto the ceiling to stay stuck too.

“Hey! Do not do anything weird!” He said, almost sweating in facial expressions.

I saw a man bloat up out of the carpet, coming up behind the Chinese scared kid and put his hand onto his left shoulder.

“No need to fight, right? I am sure Wilma here is justified in her actions.” The Better version of me said with a giant lens enclosed in black for his glasses, and his nine tails fluttering some behind him.

“Run?” Wilma echoed in my mind as people fled.

“No- kill him or something. This has been going on for too long!” I spoke in my mind, clenching my hands.

“Not so fast.” Better Me told. He twinkled both his fingers.

A bunch of syringes suddenly spawned into everybody’s shoulders. It was common metallic and blue, having a lighter blue liquid inside. It spawned on their right shoulder, exerting the liquid into the skin automatically, surprising them all. They suddenly stopped running, smashed their grasp over the syringe and pulled it out with fear, but slowly turned to confusion. But not one spawned on the Chinese version of me, or even myself even.

“I want to fight Wilma on solo.” – The Better me said as he looked up with a smile. The Chinese man then looked under him to see a blue-outlined circular portal under him take him away to some grass.

Wilma lifted my hands and took the syringes out of everybody, refilling them and throwing them onto the better version of me. The Better version just simply made a rainbow-oval around him that bounced them off. He then made them go into rainbow-textured state and shot them back. Wilma lifted my right hand to send him flying from lava below. When she stopped it, all I saw was everybody’s silence and his smirk.

“You two! Stop fighting! There’s no need for war!” The male American ball stated as it drove up in a World War One green tank, aiming it at the better version of me. The circular hatch was opened, and it was one-third inside it. Its black shades covered its angry eyes, and behind a bigger ball came bouncing through.

“We’ve been told that we’ll be controlling the school from now on.” The Russian Male Ball said with its white eyes dimming in squint onto me, floating down back to the carpet.

“No, go tell Miss Opium to fuck off!” I yelled over.

“Ahem… (America Ball turns the tank towards me,) do you have classified issues?” – Russia Sphere.

“Just let them go.” – Wilma.

“Well, damn them! Shoot something, now!” – Angry me.

“No.” – Wilma.

Suddenly she left my body. I felt my back go out as she meshed out. My senses dropped and I touched my back with my right arm to see if it was still intact. I looked behind me with a bit of worry at Wilma, nodding her head against my confusion with her nine tails flowing and her hands locked inside the sleeves.

“Alrighty- good to see everybody will be calm under the newness of this universe’s order.” – Other me.

“What? What do you mean?” Wilma asked.

“Heru asked if me that the school start to appreciate these countryballs as he went to fix the universe script.” – Him.

“Heru left with one of the Timal Tiene’s boxes.” – Me.

“And you are lying.” – Wilma said as America Ball trailed off in his tank.

“He has copies with shared memories.” – Better me.

Wilma frowned at him. “Leave.” She said over to me with a drastic effect of anger behind that neutrality when she faced over to me suddenly.

I nodded, “Okay…” I said with a bit of sweat on that situation and backed away and looked back to the hall to only see Jamaican Ball bouncing towards the bathroom from the lunchroom. The people of school started to scoot around everybody not in their usual cast and went back to talking. I swept around to see Russia Ball still staring at them, so I left the staring contest with a bit of a feedback in my wilderness to what they were arguing about in silence.

I scooted past that all and went over to the entrance of school. It was closed off by a rainbow textured wall. I opened the doors and touched the wall. It felt solid like glass, and so I punched it. I felt a thrush from my hand, not getting hurt nor destabilized, yet just unexpecting of the hardness. I backed away from the multi coloring light laying on the concrete outside, going around a bush and blocking the ground outside, also going up to the clouds with no end, but the sky was still visible inside its borders- and I went back inside to view what Wilma was doing.

She was missing, and so was the other version. Russia Ball was now talking to Molly outside, Arty was saying things with a Mexico Ball, which had a yellow sombrero on, and five Vietnam balls, with straw hats of blonde on, were bouncing away to the bathroom. Everybody was viewing my lab coat with expression again too. I shrugged at them and left to my homeroom to see if anything was up. The Chinese character was not there, but a weirded-out Elijah.

“████? I thought you had to leave.” Elijah spoke.

“Um… yeah, but there seems to be a giant wall sky-high, blocking my path.” – Me.

“Don’t say anything about the changes.” He said in a darker voice, pulling a grey silencer pistol out of his right pocket, pointing it at me from below.

“You just asked if I-” I started.

“I don’t care.” – Elijah said.

“Well, maybe you should. Asking why I have not left, and then threatening me about talking about those reasons of why I could not, is stupid!” I told him.

“Shut up!” he said.

“Or what? Are you going to shoot me!?” – Me.

He pulled the trigger on my chest. I felt my aching body tremble with my chest. Both arms quickly went over to cover it up, but I felt ambushed in all ways. I looked to the teacher for assistance, but he did nothing, but waved cheerfully over like I was not dying. The gunshot was loud too, but nothing was happening to assist my bleeding belly. Then Allan, the red backpack, opened the door and shot me in the head as I treaded away. I fell loose.

“Got him.” – Allan.

“Now, I hope Heru gets to that script soon…” – Elijah as a Denmark Ball rushed in with a French ball behind.

“Ayo-” Denmark started.

“Help us drag him out of here.” Allan said over to them.

My body then flung up and at the backpack. He knocked him back with an extreme ragdoll and then blasted upwards into the ceiling. My body smashed the tiles up and down with dust as the cursed Elijah moved away. Then my body was shot to the east and my organs replenished and I stumbled down again, onto some tiles and to the carpet below.

“He died.” – Wilma said as I got up from the suddenness.

“Was not my fault.” – Other me with nine tails.

I got up and whipped around to him. “I will not stand for this later...” I told directly.

“Sure.” – Other me.

“Oh- hey, kid.” Canada Ball said behind me as Estonia balls hopped in.

“Oh… hello.” I said sarcastically yet angered.

“I heard another Canadian Ball mistreated you.” That Canadian ball said as some others jumped past it. Iran ball was also with them, and Uzbekistan ball also bounced through the halls from behind me.

“Ah, yeah- he betrayed me.” I said, walking away, past them.

“Sorry! I wish my friends aren’t of any more harm!” – Canada Ball, then he turned to a Canadian Ball bouncing up to him with his copied physical appearance.

“What happened to him? Did Miss Opium really give him that raise?” – The other Canadian Ball said, staring into the white eyes of this one.

“Yes, but…” – Other Canadian Ball, squinting at the ceiling.

***Canada Ball’s Adventure***

“Oh- look at that- the dream stuff… um… could I possibly-” Canada Ball said in fear as he was held up by one of Miss Opium’s metallic arm from the eight on her back.

The American Ball stood by with his black shades, and so did another Estonia Ball. They were behind Miss Opium, who was holding Canada Ball to the yellow-outlined portal revealing a rainbow-flowing wallpaper of infinite visualization to all directions.

“(Miss Opium lifts her tentacle high into a throwing position from behind herself,) Hey- hey- hey- (She lofts him through the portal, directly down,) AHHHHHHHHH!” Canada Ball screamed.

Canada Ball fell through and hit a dirt ground of light brown face-first. He quickly rolled into place but feared in his eyes the sounds and visuals around him. There were gunshots, ditches of gravel, dead Canada Ball laid on their sides with blood spilling out from a hole in their spherical body to the floor below. There were also metallic roofs sticking up sideways, in which some Bahamas Balls stood peeking around with their AK-47’s. Canada thrashed himself behind one, and well enough left of his view to let the Bahamas Balls still stay covered. He looked back to see gunshots flailing in his old location.

“Holy shit mate- what’s happening?!” – Canadian Ball.

“Those damn Iranians, that’s what happening!” – One Bahamas Ball said as Canada looked over to other posts to see only one American Ball.

“Heya Canada! How’s it been?” Sweden Ball asked as it passed in a boat next and on the left of the post.

“Wait- what in the-” Canada Ball started before it looked to see the dirt had become grass and there was a wooden boat in which the smaller countryball looked towards him about. The wooden solo boat was on a shiny blue river. Canada saw Russia Ball in its own, and then France Ball, and then Britain Ball, and then Spain Ball in a line. Canada Ball quickly looked back to see the Bahamas Balls and other structures slowly go transparent. The shootings stopped and the sound of swelling water pounded the ears of Canada Ball. The sky was still rainbow colored and all was weird around, but there was a stream of water now, letting these boats pass by a wooden sign that said on a piece of paper stilted on with an iron needle: “Canadas ONLY! PRIVATE RIVER!” which was facing towards the river, not Canada Ball.

“Seems like somebody ought to put up barriers soon.” Russia Ball said in its accent, looking at Canada as France look forwards and down to the grassy lands beyond.

“Yeah- I should get to that later…” Canada Ball said with surprise and confusion.

“Canada! I want independence!” Quebec Ball said directly next to Canada Ball in its French accent.

“What- Quebec, not now- I’m figuring out what the hell is happening.” Canada Ball said as he turned to his right, ninety degrees.

“I have no care for such! Just give me my papers to leave your country! My true descendants want it! Look at these papers too!” Quebec said as another copy of itself bounced up from the left and threw papers at Canada’s face.

“Ey- Quebec, I would- (He wipes the papers off his face, and sees Iran Ball in front of him, which also sticks an iron needle into the right side of his sphere and flag and pull him up in front,) OW-” – Canada Ball.

“Mister- there seems to be some kind of confusion- eh? I require that you pay up!” Iran Ball said, “I want a thousand-dollar check every hour from now on!”

“I don’t-” Canada Ball tried as he saw the surroundings disadvantage him. He was trapped in a dark room with grey concrete walls. Behind the Iran Ball was a Uzbekistan Ball to the slight left, a Kazakhstan Rectangle to the slight right, an Iraq Ball with an AK-47 further to the right, and then another more right, a three Syrian Balls on the left, and to the far left was a single Rwanda Ball, equipped with a black pistol.

Then behind Canada Ball, the walls broke open, revealing a green tank flying through and smashing Kazakhstan Ball to blood. It was an American Tank, which then opened the hatch. Iran Ball dropped Canada Ball but was shot twice in the back as he turned around. Then Rwanda Ball was shot in the left eye, spouting blood about over in his vicinity, and then Iraq Ball started to turn to shoot into the desert light behind them, but got shot five times by snipers. Then a bunch of American Balls jumped through and shot up the others. One American Ball bounced up to Canada Ball and helped him.

“What in the-” Canada Ball started before he stopped. He then surprised his oval eyes even more, looking as the darkness erupted a bunch of Yemen Balls with grey pistols. Then a Russian Ball came through and started his grey minigun at the others. As it booted up with his squint, an American Ball popped up from the tank and let the thing jitter until it went off.

“Oh, my goodness…” Canada Ball said as it saw a red laser emit from the tank and generate a giant hole right below the eyes of the bigger ball. It looked down with surprise before falling over and paddling blood all over.

“AMERICA RULES!” – American Ball in tank.

“Let’s go.” The American Ball next to the Canadian Ball said as he brought him over through the darkness as other troops rushed past with their SMG’s and kicked open a wooden door to a dark room, in which they threw a flash grenade, shut the door, let it disperse its loud sound, and then rushed in and started to shoot about at the small hints of light. The Gambia Ball tried popping off shots with a grey pistol but failed quickly at its blindness. Then there was an Afghanistan Ball in which three American Balls started to shake around, and then leave it in a dazzled state. Then a ball of Fiji, and Vietnam, and Armenia got shot when they were shooting randomly around as well. Canada Ball bounced in as much as he could to see it all going well for the invasion of Americans.

“Looks like we’ll be getting you to a medical hospital, quicker than expected.” The American ball helping him said. Suddenly, Canada Ball felt a large and sudden ambience behind him. He shot oval eyes forwards, not even daring to look behind him.

Behind them was a giant China Ball, its eyes looking closed and angered directly at the back of Canada Ball. Suddenly, Canada Ball felt gravity turn and was imploded through ceiling and into the rainbow sky. His hat was still on, but everything started to float towards space whilst it was upside down. Canada looked about with its needle in place, seeing a bunch of China Balls stay around and float up. An American ball passed him at extreme speeds, being beaten on the head with a nuke by China Ball. Canada Ball looked widely at the back-faced U.S. Ball, and then saw another come in with a similar nuke aiming at China Ball, with it lifted high to be pushed down. This U.S. ball looked towards Canada but did nothing and turned back to aim. Canada felt himself start to turn, spin quickly, and the world around him glow brighter. The colors went bright and contrasted highly, the sky became faster with its textures flowing, and Canada Ball started to shake, feeling the rainbows cross his face and change his shape into stereoscopic visions of green on the left and blue on the right. It started to jitter so much, suddenly Canada felt himself fall naturally down past the sky of rainbows and into glass. It broke, shattering the sky he fell upon with nobody else in sight, and landed himself directly in front of me, at my school, but his face pointing to the clean roof where nothing else, but the broken space was located.

“Oh- how am I not dead?” Canada Ball asked as he rolled himself up and tucked his hat back into place further.

“Damn bro.” – Cuba Ball next to him.

Canada Ball then saw me staring at him just two feet away.

“Oh- kid- I’m… sorry for what I did.” – Him.

“Wait- you are the Canada Ball that betrayed me?” I asked.

“Yes, and I’m sorry. I won’t do it again. I just learned my lesson- people will vote you out no matter how good your stereotype is…” – Canada Ball.

I bent my right leg behind myself and kicked him. He did not move back, but had his volume exerted behind himself. He created a loud “Augh!” before coming back into place with a bent left eye and staying still.

“Hey!” Cuba Ball said to Canada’s right.

“He deserved it!” I stated angrily.

“So?” Cuba Ball hissed.

“So, I am going to walk away.” – Me.

“Not so fast buddy.” Russia Ball said behind me as I turned to him, with Uzbekistan and Armenia Ball behind him with angered looks.

“Do not make me fight you too.” – Me pointing at it with my left index finger.

“You wanna go?” – Armenia Ball in a female accent.

“Fight him!” Cuba Ball said behind me.

I spun and punched down hard on the Cuba Ball, thrifting myself away to its left as my left arm implanted it into the floor and Canada Ball bounced slowly away. Russia then bounced up to me. I felt forces start to pull me forwards to his angry look.

“What is this?!” I said as it started to pull my shirt forth.

Then a set of teeth from an elongated jaw toppled onto the top of Russia Ball. It sliced into his skin and let the blood pour down. Uzbekistan and Armenia Ball bounced back, whilst Canada Ball bounced away towards the entrance to hide in his damage. I looked towards the source, seeing Gustavo with incredible scary teeth set come from his tiny mouth. He then pulled the giant ball towards him and opened the rest of his mouth in a horror-flower-like way and started to shred the flag off the ball, letting blood flow down all directions of the ball and reveal a massacre. Students around did nothing though.

“My name is Gustavo- and I wish to help you now.” – Gus.

“Me my… Alrighty… well… (I see the blood become a pond from scraped and feared ball now dead and unmoving in standing place,) you got him good!” – I said in a tone.

Gustavo nodded and came over to me. “Head back to your main class or whatever. I saw a bunch of balls going over there.”

“Alrighty…” I said as I looked forth to the blind crowd. I went to my homeroom with Gustavo walking behind. We found my math teacher in front, practically waiting for us to join into the crowd around him. There were many stabilized-economic countryballs around, and there were also some other students listening.

“…Be- Ah, ████, welcome back!” – Mr. Hem said over as some looked towards the open door.

“Yes, hello.” I said over to him looking around.

“These new countryballs are very friendly. They’ve told me about what ideologies work best for situations.” – Yetu Hem.

“Alrighty, cool. Anyways, Gustavo, do you want to do anything against such?” I said over to the cat to my left.

“I’m good.” – Gus.

“Ight mate, I’ve seen what a mess you got yourself into at me lad’s home world. I understand you may not have the best consideration for such balls like us, but at least note we’ll be getting onto this so-called ‘Heru’ that, by Morocco’s words, ‘Hired his allies to kill you in front of class.’” The United Kingdom Ball said nicely and quietly as it bounced from the white table over to me with its monocle and top hat of black.

“Well, yeah, a red backpack and my corrupted friend did do such a thing by his prompts.” I told him with anger.

“Well, don’t have any worries anymore. We’re here to help.” Portugal said over to us from the right of Yetu Hem.

“I have no idea how I could trust any of you, after what that one Canada did.” I said to them.

“Oh… if you feel that way, then yeah, fuck off.” – Ukraine Ball next to Portugal ball.

“Damn, why so mad?” – Portugal.

“Russia is trying to get past NATO now.” – Ukraine.

“I will take Ukraine’s advice- come on Gustavo.” I said, leaving after pointing at Ukraine.

“Wait- I don’t get to eat them or anything?” He asked.

“Hm… you… do not need to, right now.” I said, clenching my hands.

“Come on- I know you want me to.” – Gus.

“They… do not deserve it. Nor does Canada- I need to ask him what he went through.” – Me, walking away with the cat.

On the other side of school, Wilma came out with the better version of me through the gym doors, seeing a lot of African countryballs greet Miss Opium coming forth to the doors to the hallways to the band room.

“Now do we fight?” He asked her.

“No.” she told him.

“Why not?” – Better me.

“Because it ends up doing nothing. We are no better than each other in battle. Have you not seen how worthless we are when we are throwing rainbow spikes at everything possible?” – Wilma.

“Alrighty… okay.” – Better me, “I see.”

“Do you?” Wilma then asked. “I sense a strong disagreement inside yourself.”

“Same for you. You have some copies somewhere, I bet.” – Better me.

“Everybody does- it is just in case we die or something.” – Wilma.

“Yeah-” Better me started to say before making the molecule of his right arm pulse at Wilma’s head with a thousand rainbow spikes about three inches high all around his arm. Wilma caught it though, with a rainbow oval shield that showed around her body at least a foot away, when he hit it.

“I can read your mind as fast as you can to mine.” – Wilma.

“Damn…” – Better me.

“You should also get these countryballs out of this school. I will be killing them off if I do not see that they are not thinking about killing Eighty-Three.” – Wilma.

“That is something Miss Opium must declare. Go fetch her, she left towards the band room.” – Better me.

Wilma shook her head at him. Then she left towards Miss Opium with a quick walking speed.

Back to me, I was strolling down the halls with my purple cat guarding me. The countryballs looked towards me with confusion, then went back to their habits.

“Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii-” The Red Glitched version of my math teacher, Yetu Hem, said as he whipped horizontally around the lunchroom doors and created duplicates of himself to mimic and pause every millisecond of motion he did when he waved his left arm and repeated his speech as in like the television of real life had broken.

“Ayo- what do you want?” I stated affirmingly after his glitched state had stopped his motion frames from staying still, and now was just horizontally floating there.

“Just wanted to check up on my cat- and you.” The Red Glitch said, minding nobody as nobody minding him.

“I’m doing fine. We’re getting along.” – Gustavo said as he sat down.

“Alrighty- so you made him come to me, from what I can guess- and now… what? Is he supposed to kill me later, or betray me?” I asked the Red Glitch.

“No- his literal purpose here is to just help you snap at mentality.” The Red Glitch said.

“What- why? Why would you hire him-” I started.

“Because I can and would like to see what would happen to you specifically.” The Red Glitch said.

“You know, a lot of things are happening specifically for me. I wish most of them would stop.” – Me.

“Sure buddy.” – Red Glitch, “I’m-a go now, have fun!”

“Wait!” I told him as he tried crumbling his body into a sphere, but then stopped and looked at me. I came around the lunchroom to see he was literally just floating silently at his horizontal turn. “Damn. I should have expected this any way possible.” I spoke.

“Yes, I am the Red Glitch, I can do anything almost.” – Red Glitch.

“But first before you go, there has been a different version of me harassing us all. He was taken here by Heru from another universe and is literally a combined version of all my three friends, and I think he has been playing god, just like Wilma was.” – Me.

“I’ll check it out.” He said as his spine turned down to his legs and then kept on turning till, he was no longer of visibility matter. He just kind of balled out of existence. He shrunk till there was no more. Gone with no sound, just my visuals.

“Alrighty… um, Gustavo- are you against me in anyway?” I asked.

“Not exactly. I am here for the reasons he stated- he wanted me to make you snap. But, since there is barely anything to do, I am going to let the world do that as I rest away and help you with surgery and stuff that could possibly add onto it.” – Gus.

“Well… as long as you do not kill me or my friends.” I shook my head at. He nodded back, and I left to find the better version of me standing before the gym doors.

“Hello.” He said as his eyes brightened up to white and shone on the glasses with a kind of anime-nerd-about-to-be-ultimate look.

“Oh, hey- what do you need?” I asked him.

“I-” he started with his one shade.

Above him came a giant river fall of red liquids, mixed with black rectangles. It dispersed onto him massively, then flowing back up and creating the cool effect of reverse. Me and Gustavo backed away.

“Seems like the Red Glitch did his thing for you.” – Gus.

“He... did?” – Me looking.

We waited three more seconds to see that the red liquid had went back up to the sky and made the roof crumble back into normality. The Red Glitch then fell onto the laying body of the better version of me. He was simply laying face-to-the-ground with his nine tails dead behind me. The Red Glitch just stomped down two feet behind his right leg and looked at him before us, taking another total of three seconds.

“He should be getting back up in three minutes.” The Red Glitch said before disappearing suddenly.

“My goodness… He just un-existed… and I was expecting him to talk it through- I actually had no idea what that version of me possibly did wrong.” – Me.

“Well- on the roof I saw he was creating many machines with a copy of Heru on his back. Must’ve been that.” – Gus.

“But the Red Glitch acted like he sees all and does not need to come down and stop them… when I met him on my own personal adventure- but still, what are his rules?” I asked.

“I dunno.” – Gus.

“And also, do you know what possibly he may be busy with? He said he was busy when he took Wilma into hostage.” I asked.

“I dunno either. He just created a portal for me on my planet and let me go down into a nearby forest and look for you.” – Gus.

“Hm… alrighty…” – Me, “Let us go and find Wilma.”

I started walking with the cat past more DRC Balls and some Albania Balls, till I heard robotic noises nearby. I was next to my homeroom, when I looked inside, seeing Mr. Hem moved with some other countryballs now induced, but beyond that class was the noises I was in search for.

“I swear if that is the robot version of me...” – I said as I heard. We walked into the history room, with me first treading slowly and looking around the back of the door to see if anything was there- but nothing was found. We did find what we thought was there though.

The robot version of me was sitting on a desk facing the board up front, swinging his features, and mostly his legs back and forth as he sat next to the dawned Nazi version, who was looking down.

“Hey!” I said over to them with firmness.

They both turned to me from the right.

“What is it?” – Nazi version asked.

“What is happening with you both?” I asked after a moment.

“Well, we were discussing the facts about being stuck in a school currently. We… were also just bing chilling.” – Robot version of me.

“Let me guess- you converted the Nazi version against me?” I guessed.

“We were not talking about you- although, I will note that he told me there is no point.” – Robotic me.

“There is no point- we are not gaining anything from this- we are just being used. Now, kid one, where is the better version of us? We need to prompt him to get us out of here.” – Nazi version.

“Kid one?” I spoke.

“You should be ████ one, I should be ████ two, this robot should be ████ three, and the better version of all of us should be ████ four.” Nazi version decided.

“Sure, I guess.” – Me.

“Hold on- do you guys like singing? I just got the-” ████ Three.

“What the fuck? No- none of like singing ourselves.” - ████ two.

“What if it cheers you up?” ████ Three said as he looked to ████ Two.

“Shit no, it will not.” ████ two.

“You come from a weird universe if you think singing will cheer somebody up.” ████ One, which is me.

“I was just thinking, since we are all tired, maybe I could do something for entertainment.” ████ Three.

“You guys are tired?” I asked.

“Yeah- not only did we run into you and Wilma- and um, sorry mister three for killing off your friends, but you are an asshole- and we also ran into two cyclops, and another Cyclop with white sneakers and two eyes or something- weirdo- and that purple cat… and… repeated that.” - ████ Two.

“Haha.” – Gus.

“Wait, so there was a third cyclops running around?” – Me.

“Yeah, but he is outside.” - ████ Two.

“Alrighty- also, Three- where are your other robot friends?” I asked, looking around and at Gustavo’s patience.

“In the storage room, waiting.” Three.

“Alrighty… well then, what is next for you guys?” – One, which is me.

“I am going to go get mister two here a surprise.” – Mister Three said, hopping off the table and walking over to the door as we scooted away.

“Please do not.” Mister Two said as he went out. ████ Two shot an angry expression seeing the guy not respond.

“Let me guess- he is going to be cringe.” – Me.

“Yeah.” – Mister Two, getting up and heading over to me and stopping, “I am going to join you on doing absolutely nothing.”

“Alrighty.” – Me, going off towards the sprinting away robot.

“Anyways, what do you think of these countryballs?” he asked after we started strolling down with many countryball eyes upon us.

“I had a horrible time with a Canadian one.” – Me.

“What exactly happened?” – Nazi me as the cat behind stayed quiet.

“Well… he lied to me, saying he would get me to a portal room- in which he did, but then did not do anything quick enough to save me. He just kind of stood there as he can. Then Miss Opium came in and Canada said he was just making up to her.” – Me.

“Damn- the only way to defend that is saying that maybe he did not know how to work the thing- or he was so scared of punishment that he took on a different role.” – Nazi me, smiling at me.

“I was thinking about that- and he looked sorry at the end, but to be serious, good friends do not do that.” – Me.

“I probably would as well.” – Two said depressingly.

“Okay… good to know I guess.” I said, letting us stroll along to see the wall had an opening now, but there was also another forcefield there. Also, the better version of me, just standing there.

“Look who it is.” – Nazi me pointing out.

“Let us not talk to him.” I spoke as I walked forth.

“Oh- okay… I could ask him for a way out.” – Nazi me.

“Well then- go ahead.” – Me, switching around. We three went up and talked to him, going through the doors and attracting the surprised attention of him.

“Hey, buddy, what is happening?” Two asked.

“A cyclops put up a shield, but then The Fire God started burning everything again.” – Him, scratching his head.

I looked up into the sky to see he was not lying. There it was- the shield destroying the part of the wall, revealing a burning world outside. Fire was all around, things melting, the sky steamed up, and the ambient noise dreary with blazing heat. I looked back down with anger.

“Gustavo- can you still do that jaw thing?” I asked.

Gustavo already opened his mouth exotically and shot it at Four’s right leg. He cramped around it, and brought him forth, his screaming body. Gustavo then allowed another part of his extendable jaw to dive into his chest and shake him up. Me and Two backed away as Gustavo started skinning him alive. After five seconds, Gustavo wailed him up into the sky and let him fall dead.

“My dude…” Two said with fear.

“Yes! Finally!” I started.

“Haha! Yes!” Gustavo agreed.

“(Scared and staring,) Me my… (Suddenly normal again,) I am heading back inside.” – Two said.

“Ight… I am following.” I spoke, smirking.

I came up to him and he looked behind us to see Gustavo also following.

“Hm… let me start a conversation about the nice name of Gustavo. I had a friend name Gustavo near my base- but he died in my hands. Do you have any friends you have lost?” He asked me.

“Not completely like that… but I do have a big question. What is with the lipstick?” I asked.

“I like it for personal reasons.” – Two said as he stopped to stare at me.

“Why?” – One.

“Makes me feel comfortable, I guess.” – Two.

“And so does the eye makeup?” I asked.

“Sure. I just like these things because it makes me feel like I have done something for the day- took care of something special and now it looks nice.” Him said.

“I see… I like writing books,” I told.

“Fictional?” He asked.

“You bet.” – One.

“Yeah, I was always thinking of writing some characters myself… but… never got to it, because once I was working for newspaper media, then… they needed more troops, even children.” – Two said without sadness.

“Do you think it was wrong?” I asked.

“Yeah. Kids should not fight in wars. If your country is dying, that is a thing the adults must finish for the kids. Studies have shown kids do not need to be experiencing war because P-T-S-D is more common that way.” Two told, “Now, we also should not make it all fluffy and stuff, that has shown to be worse in a growing-up way. A gradual opening to that gore-filled war, and everything else in common, is better. We should understand the fundamentals of human anatomy before we go out and try to destroy it.” – Two explained.

“Makes some sense in most cases. To defend- I have no idea how to pay taxes- all I know is the government is just going to charge me the minute I am eighteen, so I see where you are coming from- but opening kids up to all things may also make them more prone to committing them, or accidently not reading up on what is right or wrong in specific details.” I told back, “Although, yeah, we should tell of these things from text to images to videos to training, and then experience. I remember my mother never showing me bloody games for their mature ratings, and then when I saw real life footage of it on video, I was mesmerized. Now, all I do is write about it- and play some games with much gore in it.” – Me as we walked down the hall.

“Heh, of course…” Nazi version of me, also known as two.

“Yeah, but… if I may- what do you think of Nazism?” I asked.

“When ran by Hitler, it is definitely not good. America’s capitalism, even with their constitution, is way more better in a way, yet that can also be taken advantage of- from what I have heard. All I know is that in order to make a country rich, like Botswana from what I have also heard in Africa, is that you must not focus on an ideology, and rather on helping your economy out. Rules still apply, just… be creative and use the tools around you nicely.” – Nazi version.

“Hey, nice to know.” – Me.

Mister Two nodded and kept walking with me. We passed many countryballs with looks, before coming up to the gym and entering. Then we walked to the other doors to reenter the halls.

“So, Gustavo, how did you meet Mister One again?” Two asked.

“I was hired by The Red Glitch to make him go insane.” – Gus.

“And it will work if these bitches like Heru keep pushing me.” – Me.

“Well, alrighty- but, hey… did you know that twisting a human’s head past three-hundred-and-six degrees will pop it off?” He asked.

“I did not.” – Me.

“I was unsure of it as well- and then I tried it.” – Nazi me.

“How well did it pop off?” Gustavo asked.

“Like… it just kind of came off- with all the blood and stuff, you know…” – Mister Two, also known as Nazi Version of Me.

“Cool. I will remember that for whenever I fight again.” I nodded.

We kept walking until we found our home room again. We heard metallic noises, and then saw the Robot version slide out, literally.

“Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, (He looks at us with a happy smile whilst he attracts the crowd of everything around,) Gung-ging-ga-gi-gu-he-ha-heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” He started to express himself in a tone of an opera.

Then the red robot came out shaking wooden brown maracas, as the black one came out playing the colorful metallic xylophone in front of his chest, strapped on his black leather, along with two wooden sticks with white balls at the end. Then the woman stepped out with a black-strapped drum and played it with wooden sticks as well. Then the tall stick-like man just stood in the doorway.

“Uh… ew.” Mister Two as the Robot version continued that syllable.

“What do you mean, ‘Ew?’ It’s perfect.” French Ball stated next to us, hissing lowly.

“Cringe.” I spoke lowly as he continued the ‘E.’

Then a Lithuanian Ball next to me started tugging against my pants, pulling me towards it.

“Hey, stop.” I told it angrily with whispering.

“Then don’t say anything bad about his performance.” – Lithuanian Ball whispered.

“Hey, will you two bug it off?” Miss Opium said behind us. Her metallic arms were at rest as she stood on her own legs.

“Oh- what in the?” I asked as me and Mister Two turned around.

“Hey- Miss Opium… what are you…” Nazi Version started.

“Yeah, I’m enjoying the show- got a problem?” She almost said loudly enough as an Estonia, Russian, Sudanese, Ethiopian, and beaten-up Canada Ball were behind her.

“No- I am just expecting a fight right now.” I told back.

“Not now- we’re all too tired.” Miss Opium stated back.

“All of you, shut up!” Japan Ball said as it bounced away from the crowd induced in his longing ‘E.’

“Let’s take this somewhere else.” – Miss Opium with her right hand out to me. She turned away and I followed with Gustavo, Mister Two, and a Russian Ball. We went into the silent lunchroom. Then she swiped around and looked at us.

“Miss Opium- can I snort some?” Gustavo asked quickly.

“Ahem- I will say this before the universe resets or something… I do not want things like this to continue…” – Miss Opium.

“Heru told us he was going to fix the script or something.” – Mister Two.

Suddenly Wilma rushed in with her speed walking.

“Hello.” She spoke as she looked directly towards Miss Opium.

“Hm, hey.” – Miss Opium.

Wilma then stared in awkward silence, before going at it again. “What is this event you are all participating in?” She said robotically, looking around at us.

“I guess we are about to discuss why she will not be killing us anymore.” – Me.

“No- I’m just tired of the universe resetting, having to fight the same kind of people, and being stuck in school. I think we all need time to continue like planned.” – Miss Opium said.

“So, when it does, you are still going to come after me?” I asked.

“Well… yeah, we need the money- and I don’t know how you did it, Wilma, but lucky you that you got to him before Heru did whatever he wanted.” Miss Opium said, confusing Wilma.

“She never came after me. Heru actually just let me free, and said he was going to make sure the game continues, and this loop goes on forever, just so he could feed off of my pain.” – Me.

“What? He’s that sadistic?” Russia asked.

“Obviously!” Nazi me said.

“So Heru isn’t going to give anybody any money- he’s just making us fight against you forever?” – Miss Opium realizing…

“Yeah.” I told back, blinking at her.

“What a lie.” – Miss Opium after a few seconds of squinting at me.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“You blinked too much.” – Miss Opium.

“Oh my god…” Mister Two, face palming.

“So? Just listen to me, Heru is being sadistic to us all. I may be only giving victim observations, but that money is going nowhere.” – Me.

“The way you’re wording your shit-talk is like a lie. Everything you say is to just get me away from my mission.” – Miss Opium.

“Okay! Maybe it is! And if so, do you still believe that killing somebody is right?” I stated over in anger.

“Well, since the universe can reset, it wouldn’t matter because something would get you back in place!” – Miss Opium.

“And if something does not!?” I asked back.

“Then too bad!” – Miss Opium.

I started to throw punches at her. She dodged back and the Russia Ball started to pull on my shirt but was scraped by Gustavo’s incoming jaw. I moved to my left away from the going ball, as Miss Opium called out and threw her fists up. Her tentacles also implanting on the floor and started raising against us.

“All countryballs! Alert! Attacker is prominent!” She said as she thrusted two arms into the ground that I dodged. She then used a third from her right and shot a few critters. They flew past me and started beeping outside. I started diving in at Miss Opium as Wilma yelled for me to get out.

“Stop! You cannot fight her!” – Wilma yelled over.

I stopped and turned around to see a bunch of countryballs fighting the Nazi version. They were tearing him apart on the floor as Wilma was now running away. Russia Ball also started after the Nazi man fighting off as many as he could. Saudi Arabian balls, Thailand Balls, and even tiny Vatican City balls were at him, tearing off his clothing and then his skin. Miss Opium grabbed my chest with a claw and swung me into the ceiling, and then shredded me against the ceiling, then plopped me down and shredded me on the floor as well. I was well face-wiped-off by then.

Gustavo on the other hand, was running with Wilma, away. Gustavo had opened his jaw to intake an Italian and a Peruvian Ball. He was straining them on the floor dead, behind him with his jaw-horror dangling their tops with blood. Soon they fell off and the jawline of Gustavo came back in like a conveyor.

Wilma rushed into the gym, dodging a pack of American Balls with Gustavo clamping on into the air and then running as well. They went outside and entered onto the tennis court. They pasted to the middle where the white net was above the red cement below. Wilma bashed into the portal, stuttered backwards, and looked around.

“Why did Cyclop have to also put down a Gravutoon?!” Wilma hushed angrily.

Gustavo looked behind to see a cascade of many countryballs bouncing over. Gustavo started to make his jaw extend and wrap up a Saudi Arabian Ball from afar about three meters, and Iraq Ball afterwards, then they came closer, and he clamped an Estonian Ball, then a Latvian Ball, then an American Ball, and another. They started to pile past him, making Gustavo exit around after escaping the windy grasp of three Russian balls. Wilma then tried kicking them but was pulled down. The countryballs started using their strength to twist her head, cracking it, and then pulling her hair, distorting it, then the skin off her face, leaking it. Many balls were piled on her at the time, and some tiny ones even scraped her eyeballs out.

“Hey! Wait! I’m on your side!” Gustavo started.

“You just killed our kind!” Lithuanian Ball said.

“Yeah-” He started before Miss Opium blasted the doors opened and looked around. She saw Wilma being tortured past death, and then saw Gustavo ready to pounce of a Lithuanian Ball.

“Kill the cat! He works with the kid!” Miss Opium said as she thrashed my body through the left door and held it up.

Gustavo opened his mouth widely in the flower-horror way and pounced onto the Lithuanian Ball. He scrapped its skin off, revealing a bloody sphere. Then a New Zealand Ball hyped up, but Gustavo closed his mouth on it. Then a Russian Ball came behind him and started tugging his fur up. Gustavo dropped the newly dead countryball and wailed his fierce jaw and teeth at a bouncing German Ball, crunching it and then letting it flop onto Italy Ball’s top. Then a Botswana Ball tugged on his head, and a Namibian Ball also joined in. Gustavo then tried fighting the Namibian Ball off, piercing roundly, but a Madagascar Ball joined, as well as five small Cape Verde Balls. All angered, a China Ball slid itself into the mouth willingly, and then another bounced into it and blocked Gustavo from attacking further past them. Miss Opium decided to stop the cat from his fur being plucked off entirely, and chocked it with her claw, making the dead China Ball stay put inside Gustavo’s mouth, and then when she held him up far away from her, he tiredly tried swinging his jaw over to her, but she swung Gustavo down into the floor, face first, and then moved the cat along the ground rapidly. She then smashed him into the wall, and let a pack of Middle East balls, excluding Israel since it is a cube, tear the cat apart.

***Meanwhile, as Wilma and Gustavo were dying…***

“Who do you think is in there?” – Oliver.

“I don’t know.” Cyclop shrugged helpfully, lifting his head up from the door.

They then grabbed the doorknob and looked inside after swinging it open. Oliver had his gun raised, black and pistol-life, whilst Cyclop had his grey pen in his left hand.

They saw two Steel Terrorists at the script, turning quickly around with their AK-47’s strapped onto their backs. Three others emerged from the darkness on the left, having nine tails of pink behind them, something the similar human-like terrorists at the script did not have, but also equipped with rocket launched of green they aimed at the two cyclops. Then a Steel Terrorist whipped around the left corner, having two black cat ears with pink insides. He had his arm going all down, nothing on them. Cyclop raised his one eyebrow at them as Oliver just wide-eyed.

“Hello?” Cyclop said after a patient five seconds passed.

They said nothing.

“Hey, do you guys speak at all?” Oliver asked.

They said no words to it. Only a stare communicated.

Cyclop held up his grey pen and his a few clicks on it. His screen showed up with the light blue text outlined in black: “No exact data found.” Cyclop then put it back in his pocket, and Oliver put down his gun slowly. Cyclop then walked forwards.

“Thank you all for not killing us instantly.” He spoke in a funny tone. None of them moved. Just their heads tilted towards the two cyclops causally entering. “Why do none of you have humor?” Cyclop then whispered to everyone. No response, still, we know the rules. The two script terrorists also moved away as Cyclop came forth.

Cyclop looked at the directions for the next reset of the universe.

“What are you guys doing?” – Cyclop asked, not even caring to look at them, after he saw what they were doing.

Oliver stayed looking around the silence, keeping his back towards Cyclop’s back. He looked quickly around to the still people.

“I’m going to change this- if that’s okay with you all...” – Cyclop said after finishing his five second look at the screen.

All the Steel Terrorists then left like a British line, exiting towards the door with the sound of their boots fueling the atmosphere, and letting their guns sag out as well.

“Are you guys going to come back?” Cyclop asked as he turned around, seeing the last one leave with the nine pink tails behind the person.

They did not turn around, and rather shut the door on the two. Oliver slowly and carefully walked over, opening the door, and seeing that they had disappeared. All he saw was the hallway of grey metal to the white door. He then went down this dimly lit yellow hallway lit by one long rectangle. He opened the white wooden door with a brown wooden knob, finding the galaxy only.

“They’re gone.” Oliver whispered as he returned to Cyclop operating things.

“Weird…” Cyclop said as he used his pens and reset the universe. The script showed its completion with a bar, “Alrighty- let’s head back now. I set it to a slightly earlier time- so Eighty-Three is going to really need us from all we’ve already seen…”

***Back again again again…***

“Well… I have no idea what has and will happen, but at least I found you guys quickly.” – I said to the Nazi version along with the Robot version. We were in the gym, and Wilma was coming up behind us as well.

“The machines are still on.” She said quietly as Gustavo came up behind us, and we saw him with a nod as well.

“When is this?” The Robot asked.

“Judging by the machines- Miss Opium and her countryballs should be coming at any time here.” – Me.

“So… what should we do about such events?” Mister Two/The Nazi asked.

“I guess Gustavo will try his best to protect us as we wait for Cyclop to do something about those machines.” – Me.

“Or we could try to get onto the roof and disable them.” – Robot me.

“You got a ladder?” – Wilma asked.

“I got you.” – Robot me.

“I will not be the one holding you up. You are the least trustworthy of all of us.” – Wilma.

“Of course not.” Robot me shook his head.

“What about that female robot you have? Could she do anything with her black arms of something?” I asked.

“Why not also try to see if Gustavo can hold us up using his jaw?” Nazi me said.

“I probably can.” – Gustavo.

“Oh, well, I was trying to get more info about this version, but I guess that is lost…” – Me.

“Her arms are just made out of the same substance the black cloud is, which is darkness. He put a portion of himself into her, and then the rest into some random girl in this school…” – Robot me.

“Alrighty…” I nodded, “Let us go and try the Nazi’s plan, of all things.”

We all got outside and allowed Gustavo to break his jaw out, curving it up like a slope of smooth ramp to our left. The Nazi stepped on first, then I did, then Wilma, then the robot. Once we slowly crawled up to the machines, Gustavo rolled his jaw back in and then shot it onto the roof. He then pulled himself up with his bloody teeth and threw himself over to the robot version, who moved back in fear.

“Damn…” – Mister Three.

“I also do not know if the better version of you all is still alive.” Wilma told.

“Yeah, yeah.” Nazi under his breath as he jogged over to the machine. I did as well, letting the others walk.

“Seems simple enough.” – Nazi me, getting over to the Gravutoon on the left of the Humanitor. He turned the knob to “Off,” whilst I got to the Humanitor and shut it down. Suddenly the walls of the sky came back into place as the shields just disappeared.

“I feel my powers again.” – Wilma.

“Alrighty- first, remove those walls, then bring me home and Gustavo- then create multiples of yourself, (A portal opens to my right, revealing Oliver and Cyclop coming from the hallway of metal before the script,) and guard… the school for the rest of the day.” I said quickly.

“Accidently, I forgot that having the Gravutoon and Humanitor on at the same area will just prevent portals, sorry for not coming earlier.” – Oliver said.

“You guys fixed the script?” Wilma asked.

“Yes. We also found that the Steel Terrorists have access to it, and that they were the ones messing a lot up.” – Cyclop.

“Alrighty…” Mister Three nodded with their confusion.

“Where to now?” – Wilma quickly asked.

Cyclop pulled out his grey pen, smiling, and Wilma sighed heavily.

“What?” Gustavo asked as Wilma lifted the walls up with both her arms in the air, and into the troposphere and beyond. It surprised everybody but me and Gustavo.

“I would like to find out every single intruder of this universe and export them to jail. Wilma can help with that.” – Cyclop said, as Wilma underwent mitosis to her left, and then that copy just flew away.

“There seems to be a girl running away from the school- and another being chasing her with an axe.” Wilma sighed, then throwing out her hand to the right and picking up two beings. The purple girl was behind the bald friend of Molly, in which when Wilma twisted her arm a little to the right, she exploded as the purple-haired girl was brought around and to us. Her frightened face was all we could see until she came to stand fragile next to Oliver.

“Um…” She started.

“Hello! We sensed a difference in you.” Oliver said, “Mind telling us your name really quick though?”

“Shelly?” She crumbled upon.

“That black cloud is still alive.” Wilma said as she stared towards the black gas going back down and away from the explosion.

“Well, Shelly, have you seen any other bad guys around?” Oliver asked.

She looked towards the Nazi version.

“Why are you looking at me?” he angrily stated.

“Finally- peace is coming.” I thought to myself, with Wilma looking to me and smiling with a nod as well.

“Nazis are evil.” She spoke.

“Not that one!” I raised my right index finger too, “I am quite sure he hates Nazism, and Hitler altogether, from what he has hopefully-truthfully told me.”

“Truthfully.” Robot me emphasized.

“Says you.” I shot back.

“Shelly- have you seen anybody else besides the Eighty-Three’s acting sus?” Oliver asked humorously.

“Oh no- he is cringe too!?” Nazi me suspended with a face palm.

“You are making her feel unnerved.” – Wilma said as she looked to see the crumbling expression of Shelly.

Everybody paused and nodded after Wilma said her line. Then Shelly sighed and spoke up. “There were also these Spanish men trying to kill me again.” - Shelly.

“Ayo!” I cheered, “What about them?”

“They just want me dead… but I don’t know why.” She told.

“Anybody else want you dead?” Cyclop asked.

“Just… them and maybe some balls I saw before the universe reset.” – Her.

“So, she has knowledge on the ways of universes…” Oliver told.

“Well then, we’ll keep-” Cyclop started before being stopped.

The Timal Tienes came through a green-outlined square portal behind the robot, shoving him down and scaring Shelly to almost cry.

“Wait! Give Eighty-Three a gun and let him shoot them.” Gustavo quickly said as we all tolerated that.

“What? Why?” Wilma asked as the portal closed.

“They can’t do any harm.” Gustavo told.

The first was in the middle, along with the third on the left and the other one on the right. They all shifted out their swords and aimed at Wilma. The first slushed down his sword on her unmoving head, and it bent with a plastic-metal sound. Then all retaliated.

“Go ahead.” Wilma said, stepping to her right and twisting her left hand to make me lift my right hand and have a fully loaded black silencer.

“Let us go!” I started with before I shot it at them with a smirk. I hit the first one as he jumped backwards and suddenly a portal opened under him. The other two I aimed non-cautiously at, hitting chest repeatedly, and made them fall to the ground as the portal closed. Wilma then quickly dived into a noodle and went in it.

When she landed on the floor of white marble, she smiled as she lifted her head to the Timal Tiene standing there, covering his gunshot wound in his right torso. Suddenly, a shield of oval rainbow formed around him, and the Steel Terrorists came up to Wilma, pointing guns at her.

Her smiled turned into a fake as she sweated at them, and then twisted her right hand to reopen the first Timal Tiene portal and step away from it.

“What in the?” The Robot asked as he got up, seeing the portal quickly close as Wilma got away from the situation.

“Hey, it’s the terrorists.” Oliver said. Then the flying-off version of Wilma was bringing back Ryutyu over to us with her two arms holding him like a baby. Then when Wilma slowly lowered him down, that version disappeared into oxygen.

“Hey guys?” He spoke, lifting his right hand.

“Hey.” I spoke greedily.

“Hello Ryutyu! We were just about to finish off those Timal Tienes, when the Steel Terrorists came by, scaring Wilma off as well I guess.” Cyclop exported humorously.

“What do you mean!? They can kill all of us in seconds! Have you not encountered them yet!?” Wilma wailed, pointing at the air with her left hand.

“I haven’t. What did they do to you?” Cyclop asked back patiently.

“I guess if something scares Wilma, it is big?” Nazi me responded to my surprised face, walking up to me as Wilma told her story.

“Definitely.” I spoke.

“But the Timal Tienes- are they any better than a gun?” Gustavo asked, stopping everybody’s talk.

“Not that we know of. I think they can time travel, but I don’t think they’re good at communication or anything…” Oliver spoke.

“But they are protected by the Steel Terrorists.” Wilma spoke louder.

“Well then… we’ll just have to stay around and see if any chances come through. If the Steel Terrorists are too dangerous, as you said Wilma, then let me just infer that finding out their behavior is our top mission now…” Cyclop started with a sigh in his face.

“Alrighty…” I said, and then the universe around us let a white fade into our eyes.

“Now who’s resetting the universe?” Oliver asked.

“I don’t know, but we’ll be going to find out!” Cyclop said as the sound blurred out of existence.

I came back with my band papers in hand.

“Please, not this, no more.” I shook my head against. I went over to the band room doors from the gym, and Wilma put a hand on my right shoulder.

“Hey.” She spoke.

“Hello. Is all going right?” I asked tired.

“Sure. Everybody would like to stop now. I sense it in some nearby countryballs and backpacks.” Wilma stated.

I sighed, looked through the doors, and saw Elijah pop out with a surprised and scared look, viciously swinging his head around until he saw me, and then blasted over in running. Me and Wilma stepped back, and he busted through.

“Now- I know I may not be on your side- but please stop this! Just let the timeline continue! Every time I try to rest, I’m back where I started!” He said frantically.

“I feel you, bud.” I said tiredly. Wilma then did her mitosis thing and shot it away.

“Er.” Elijah quickly said as he saw the flesh jump out and duplicate, then swivel away into the ceiling and beyond.

“Alrighty- I’ve had enough! Countryballs, attack!” Miss Opium said behind us as suddenly a bunch of German, Algerian, and Loas Balls came bouncing at us with many AK-47 rifles, but only aiming them before the next event. Then the lights above started flickering, and everybody stopped to look up. They burst open, revealing sparks around. I tried maneuvering my way to get to better safety through the doors, but Elijah put his left hand over my mouth and pulled me away, putting a pistol to my left.

Wilma was blasted into the wall the exact moment this started to happen. The better version of me came through with both his hands up flailing a massive yellow light that exploded the surroundings. Elijah brought me back and then shot me in the head. I was dead at the moment, but soon relived and was moved far back to the end of the hall. Elijah looked back with dank eyes, seeing Wilma holding her left hand out and bringing me to cling to it like a magnet.

“Woopie-woah.” I said as I saw the world around me again. Screams could also be heard around the building.

“What should I do?” Ryutyu asked, in his armor but now rainbow textured, at Wilma’s side as he held a large rainbow German-like sword.

“Protect him.” Wilma said, then swiveling off into the gym to kick the better version of the stomping me in the face with her left leg, and then throw an uppercut with an arm she created from her back.

“He killed me!” I told Ryutyu, pointing at the surprised and side-standing Elijah.

Ryutyu started running at him. Then Elijah tried shooting at him, but Ryutyu lazily twisted his side to make the helmet deflect the shots, he then largely swung it at the dodging man. I looked around, seeing the lights had crashed and sunlight was needed. I ran over to the Ryutyu blindly swinging near the sounds and used my left shoulder to push into him. He was moved back and almost fell over. Then Ryutyu slashed him in the chest, cutting him in half and spilling the blood.

“Oh my god! I killed him!” Ryutyu exclaimed.

“YES!” I yelled.

“Uh…” – Ryutyu said as he looked over to my angry happiness.

“Come on, we got to- watch out!” I alerted as I saw the black cloud emit from Elijah’s mouth and swell into Ryutyu’s eyes. He tried shaking it off, but then had a whooping cough section of about five coughs. He then turned around and looked at me all normal.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“Sure? I feel just fine.” He spoke.

“Alright, cool, let us go then. We got to get out of here… again.” I said, starting to leave as I saw the world behind the gym turn into a volcano of too many colors.

He started following me as I sprinted over and towards the exit. He kept a nice steady pace behind me but stopped at the same time when he saw Molly’s bald friend. She flung out from the corner, holding the axe, and making us frightened in the dark with her little glowing white lights in her connected eyes.

“Ryutyu- help me defend.” I said, getting ready.

Ryutyu then shoved me onto the ground, and made his sword go up, and then slashed it into my head, and let it rest there for a second, before trudging it out.

“Got him.” Ryutyu said.

Molly’s bald friend nodded and rushed away towards the gunshots coming from the entrance of the gym.

Then the school erupted its ground. Giant rays of gold holstered up into the air and beyond. Thousands of Wilma’s came flying out and shooting giant rainbow spikes at the multiplying copy of me. Then Ryutyu tried shooting his sword at one Wilma, but the copy caught it with her left hand and spun it around in motion blur for half a second before it letting it disperse into his heart and pin him to the ground. Then another copy of Wilma got involved and created a rainbow leaf blower that the cyclops use. She then snapped her right fingers whilst holding the tool with only her left hand, letting the entirety of Ryutyu disperse into oxygen as she turned the leaf blower on with a third growing hand from her left, and let it suck in the remaining black cloud in Ryutyu’s bones. After three seconds, it was in, and Wilma snapped her hands again to respawn him naturally. She also made my dead body stop being pulsed up into the air and put me alive on the ground.

“I’m alive.” Ryutyu said, getting up with extreme caution and looking around quickly.

“Why did he kill me?” I angrily protested his existence once again.

“Infection.” The copy said as it held up the rainbow leaf blower, turning an entire side a little transparent so I could see the darkness swirling around in the container, trying to escape its blackness.

“Oh, okay.” I crossed both arms at.

Ryutyu was then snapped in his armor and sword again, and we were lifted away towards the reforming part of the school with Arty and a few countryballs. Wilma did all of this with her left hand.

“What in the!?” He stated.

Suddenly, I fell down, meeting the gravity that had asserted itself way too much from the machines left over. I barely trudged my look up to see three Algerian Balls with Ak-47’s, and one Gabon Ball with a pistol, all being compressed into paper slowly.

“What the hell is happening?!” Arty yelled as he saw me, and then Ryutyu.

Gravity lifted up and we all regained out stance quickly. I turned around to see the school reforming with people escaping, but the lights flickered once again as the lava went back down and the copy of Wilma hovered elsewhere. I saw Molly’s bald friend, axe tight in her right hand and running at us.

“Ryutyu, behind you!” I shouted.

He quickly turned around and moved to the right to dodge a downward smash.

“What the?!” Arty yelled again, shooting the balls with guns, but seeing from the corner of his eye the monster a kid became.

“Slash her dead!” I ordered Ryutyu as Arty became the advantage over the deflated balls trying to become spheres again.

Ryutyu slashed once, hitting the metallic lockers, and having his stuff printed in. Molly’s bald friend tried swinging her axe at his sudden disadvantages, but I pulled her back by her shirt, and threw her into the wall. Before she hit it though, tentacles came out of her back and lifted her onto the wall. Ryutyu slashed his sword out of the locker penalty, slicing me a bit.

“OW!” I stated, feeling the blood drip beneath my cut shirt on my left.

Ryutyu almost said sorry, but saw that the six tentacles in total, three on each side, brung the girl up to stare into our souls from the ceiling as her spider-legs held her up for a split moment, before dropping on me.

Ryutyu awkwardly shoved his sword up to her head, implanting it into her left eye, making it go through the head and killing the girl. I was kicked in the chest as her corpse over me flung up with the sword. I was pushed back in the quickness, finding my head to slam against the lockers as Arty was against the wall with his gun up now.

“Hey!” Arty when scared.

“Hey!” – Ryutyu back at him, letting his sword drop the black liquid dripping girl. Then a fog came out of her mouth and hovered over her body. Arty looked at it like it was God, but I got up and gave it my angry look as I rubbed my head.

“Fuckass!” He called me, before flying away towards the entrance and exit.

We stared at him, ready to pounce, as he floated away quite quickly, then turning the corner and disappearing. Silence was taken up for six seconds before I started again.

“Quick, Ryutyu, I saw Miss Opium with the countryballs, we need to go get her too.” I spoke.

“Are… you…” Arty started, scared at the furry.

“Arty- Want to help us shoot some more balls?” I asked quickly, going over to the gym doors and not giving him eye contact at all.

“I…” He said, before rushing over to me and looking around.

We saw Wilma had plastered holes all around and much outside was floating.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-” I heard the blue diamond scream in an echo as it flew past one hall and towards the field.

“I’m tired of seeing Team Bunker everywhere! Its brand is in my clothes, my pillowcases, and even in my steroids. Everywhere I look, I see something related to the game. Like, for instance-” a familiar voice to Oliver’s said over the school intercom in the background of the loud rumbles.

“Hey! Mister One, just wanted to let you know we’re still alive- me and Mister Three, and some Cyclop now, and we just wanted to say good luck, because we are leaving this bitch to go touch some grass whilst we still can!” Nazi me said.

“Who’s that?” Arty said, looking at Ryutyu.

“Some other worldly versions of me. You might get a chance to remember all of this, but likely you should just go along with us as we still can.” – Me.

“What?” – Arty.

“Ryutyu! I spotted some countryballs!” I pointed out beyond the glass, attracting the attention of a Russian, a Estonian, a Angola, and two Turkmenistan Balls with white butcher knives and black handles.

“They have knives!” He said horrified.

“Arty- can I use your gun?” I asked him quickly.

“Wha- I- just… here.” Arty said, giving me the gun and backing away.

“Oh, wait, Ryutyu, hold on.” I said as I checked the gun and then saw the balls bouncing towards us. I then went behind Ryutyu and hopped onto him, holding tightly around his neck with my arms. “Protect me please.” I pleaded, looking weird as I wrapped my legs around him.

“Um… okay?” – Ryutyu.

“Go!” I said after he breathed in too loudly.

He then opened the door with a shove and ran at the balls, as I tilted by head to the right and started shooting. Him with his armor did a slash-down onto the first one, an Angola Ball, coming in with a knife throw, which hit Ryutyu’s helmet top and fell off. He cut it in half, surprising the others as turned my head to the left and accurately shot two Turkmenistan Balls, who started to back away and throw knives, both hitting Ryutyu’s chest plate and deeming useless as the holes penetrated them and made them start to lose faith in the light of us. Russia started to come in heavily, pulling Ryutyu towards him and literally grudging my hands with extreme invisible force. I tightened my legs around Ryutyu, lifting my spine eagerly back up as my hands got slightly skinned and I was mentally disturbed now. Ryutyu also slashed to the right and the ball lifted himself to the right as well, dodging it carefully, but then Ryutyu spun and slice him unexpectedly as he tried going to the left. Arty then opened the gym doors and watched the battle from afar. The Russia Ball was oval eyed and started rolling away as the blood seeped from the large and horizontal cut on the bottom white of the flag. I aimed my gun at the bouncing away Estonian Ball, shooting it in the back, and letting it fall over. Then, from the corner, a Canadian and American Ball bounced out to see us. The American Ball had a metallic white camera with a light blue lens. He supposedly snapped a picture of us without his flash on, and then left with the Canadian Ball in the darkness. The other two Turkmenistan Balls were trudging away from us, but Ryutyu pointing his sword down and laid our sweet victory into their souls.

“Well done, Ryutyu!” I exclaimed, happy, as Arty walked up.

“Sheesh lad.” He said as he looked at the mess.

“Hey- ████, can I have my gun back?” Arty asked, and then he suddenly turned back to see a weird looking Cyclop come out of the other gym doors. Arty was like five meters behind us, but guy screamed an “AHHHHHHHHHHH!” at us as we looked towards him, and then Arty quickly jointed back to us.

“I will keep it for now- because the universe might reset, and you may not remember any of this and have your gun back- and to say- it is likely nobody will remember this that was not originally oriented with the scheme… you get what I mean.” I said, looking to confused cop. I hopped back on Ryutyu.

“What?” He stated back, “So some universal-”

“Let us get out of here to touch some grass I guess.” – I said to Ryutyu, interrupting the man and stopping his speech.

“Ight.” He responded, running off with me clinging on.

“Wait- I need my gun back!” Arty said as he started after us. Ryutyu was too fast though, and when he came up to the school doors, he slowed down and bashed through them as I held my left hand out to push the door back from the swing. We saw the sky red and filled with black clouds, and the mess behind us, but nothing of machines were in the area, nor large rainbow walls. Ryutyu then continued away towards my home, going into the parking lot, but Cyclop came by in a portal behind us.

“Eighty-Three! Get over here!” Cyclop said as Oliver looked around, seeing Arty come out and stop at the creatures he saw in front of him.

Ryutyu started to turn himself whilst still running and went towards Cyclop’s green-outlined portal.

“I don’t wanna stop mate!” he called as he continued his run.

On the other side of the portal, was my pool, at least five feet away, and when Ryutyu came rushing through, he directly just fell in the water with me and my glasses. Cyclop then rushed back in with Oliver, and they closed the portal on the running Arty coming up for help.

“Water.” I said as I got out from the pool and looked about with angriness to see the sky was still red and the clouds still black. Ryutyu started to paddle very quickly, so I took him by wrapping my arms around him and bringing him to a higher pool-floor. He was still in his glowing armor by the way.

“The Steel Terrorists are still changing the script.” Oliver said over to us.

“What!?” I glimmered back as Ryutyu breathed in with his happiness to be alive.

“Indeed, and…” Cyclop started before stopping and looking at me with dismissal as the white fade came in again.

“NO! Not again!” I squealed.

When the light faded out, I was revealed to the pool, with Ryutyu. Cyclop stood by the pool with Oliver, and the sky above was turned blue. The clouds were no more than non-existent, and the smell of a breeze erupted into the palm trees nearby in the grass.

“Where’s my armor?” Ryutyu quickly said as me and the cyclops looked around for any clues as to what this meant. We all looked over to see Ryutyu had no armor, and rather just a short white sleeve shirt and black boxer-shorts.

“Um… Cyclop? Do you know what may have happened?” I asked.

He was already gathering his grey pen out and clicking it at. He read the screen of it, taking at least six seconds, and then looked at me. “The universe reset to three seconds ago.”

“Is that even possible when things were changed?” Oliver asked.

“Well- um… I changed the universe back to a time when nothing changed happened dramatically- but… I… guess it’s possible to change things to seconds ago, still making everything normal, even when the past was changed… I never wanted to do that because it’s rule not to…” Cyclop said, looking to Oliver.

“No, it’s not possible. If things were changed far ago, and you set it back in time, things would still be chaos.” Oliver said after a moment.

Cyclop shrugged. “We’re going to the script- again! We need to see what these Steel Terrorists are doing.” Cyclop said, then letting Oliver get out his own pen and opened a portal back to the garage.

“Hope you guys have an actually-functioning day now!” Oliver said, closing the portal with a click of his pen after they fell in through the floor. I got out of the pool, and the wet furry followed.

“What am I gonna wear?” He asked, looking at his fur as it dripped down.

“Whatever Wilma forms from dust and ashes I guess.” I said non-optimistically.

“I am present!” Wilma said jokingly as she slowly descended from the sky behind beyond the blonde wooden fence, going through the gate of fresh air surrounding by tree branches, and literally slowly coming down like a movie with Jesus in it would.

“Quick- give us an analysis of what is happening.” I ordered quickly.

“There are no monsters at your school currently. They all are in the forest hiding and trying to get some sleep. I quickly came over to help with your needs as this may be the only time to rest for us.” Wilma said.

“Nice- and also, Cyclop and Oliver just left to find out what is up with the script of the universe.” I said as Ryutyu started to jitter and cross his arms.

“Can I get towel?” he asked.  
 Wilma snapped her right hand and gifted the air to condense around him and form a fully blue, long, and wide towel in around him, with his arms outside.

“T-thanks.” He said, looking at the towel wrapped down, henceforth holding it up.

“Anyways- is there anything else we must look out for?” I asked.

“Nope.” She responded.

“Well then… is Gustavo around still?” I asked.

“He is in your room.” Wilma responded.

“Alrighty… is the purple-haired girl still somebody we could talk to about the Timal Tienes?” I asked.

Wilma shrugged. “I guess I will create a copy to go look for her.”

“Alrighty- and also, could we have some cool dinner?” I asked.

“Sure.” She responded.

***Nighttime struck.***

“Have you ever put a syringe in somebody- or even yourself?” Gustavo asked.

“No- but I will in self-defense.” I told, looking at a law article.

“Hm… could you please go ask Wilma again- for her to create a person to practice surgery on?” Gustavo asked.

“She will say ‘no,’ as she already has the last four times.” I told.

“Well… at least she spawned in the tools needed.” Gustavo said as he was sat upon my desk as I scrolled down to read the rest of the article.

“Hey- I just sparked an idea! I really want to know if transgenders, or genderless people, are scientifically real or accurate.” I said out loud, not to Gustavo.

Gustavo smiled as I read into it for the next thirteen minutes.

“Damn- imagine telling these people that they’re actually a malfunction, and not a third gender.” Gustavo stated.

“From stories we just read- they would try to kill me because I am correct, and they would never be near being correct... But- to tell, at least the doctors can go in and fix it either to a male or female… but how do they do it?” I asked, suddenly searching that up.

Gustavo continued to help me out with my studies. It was nighttime, blinds closed over my window. Focus to Ryutyu, he was just snoring in his bed downstairs, whilst Wilma was just sitting down in a duplicate of my black cushioned chair to Ryutyu’s left side of the bed and reading a bunch of papers silently.

On my laptop, it stated 11:42 P.M., and I was tired in the eyes, but still staying up.

“Almost twelve.” Gustavo said next to me.

“Yeah- I know.” – Me. “Wait, do you want me to go to sleep?” I asked him.

“Actually, no. I just want you to study the ways of killing humans as I have asked beforehand.” He told.

“Yep.” I agreed, still reading the articles on gender.

Let a couple of nine seconds pass in silence, and then I heard the glass of the front door break. I then heard a rushing metallic sound like a tube was constantly spiffing along itself. It shuddered the house with darkness in its effect of noise, and headed off towards my parent’s room, where I heard a scream from my mother, combined with my brother’s shortly after.

Wilma came running up the closet and I felt the attack of her appearance make me stutter in my tiredness.

“Somebody activated a machine to disable my powers.” Wilma said with horrified expression.

“Uh-oh.” Gustavo nodded, “I’ll go attack whatever it is.”

“I will also assist. (Wilma looks to me,) Go down to Ryutyu and hide.” She said as we all heard the quick metal start zooming around the yells and stopping them.

I went along to the closet door as Wilma opened the door for Gustavo and let him run out. I exited down to Ryutyu, who was sitting up in bed.

“Hey bro- I think we are under attack.” I said to him with naturality.

“Of course.” He replied, blinking his eyes as much as he could, and then yawning.

“She really should have spawned in some weapons beforehand.” I told.

“Wilma is just… tired as well… (He looks over to the chair to see the book,) and procrastinate probably.” He said, exactly as I wrote.

I looked back to hear no more screams and rather a few clanky clanks. Then I heard the mass move overhead, go back for two seconds, and then go above us, slightly to our left. Then it moved around, knocking things over massively, and blasted through the door and away to my room. Ryutyu got out of bed.

“We need to hide.” I told him quickly and with a whisper as I started to go over and turn off the lights.

I went over to the switch and turned the lights off. The click sounded horribly in the silence, and the mass stopped knocking things over in my room, making me and Ryutyu both sense that the dear monstrosity had probably noticed that. I looked to him with a slight pain, as he stared back with curiosity and fear, for a seconds before now crouching down and getting under the bed. I started to move my arms slowly back down.

Then I heard it. The door creaked open, and from the dreadful silence, a metallic circling, loud and angry behind me, just swoop from a fade and suddenly it was obvious a massive creature was behind me. I was looking the opposite way, towards the wall, afraid to move.

“Man… I am not even going to look at you. I know you were sent here by Heru, or one of his allies, and I just hate that to the deepest end. So, if you expect me to turn around and even give you recognition, you lost it.” I said, feeling anger in my fists and fear in my facial expressions.

“Ти- Оох! Твој пријатељ већ јесте!“ The thing said in a cute and high-pitched male voice. It was Serbian, and I did not know at the time, but translated, it meant: “You- Ooh! Your friend already is!”

Then the metallics blasted off towards Ryutyu. He squealed under the bed as the thing threw the bed over into a pipe, expelling it to a damaged state and causing the water to drain, as well as clashing into the floor and making Ryutyu stop his yelling. I heard a slight bone crack as well, before the metal materialized its sound over to me, casting a shadow and letting the sound slow down as it leaned in over me.

“Can no speak English- sorry.” He spoke.

“Oh my god…” I said, shaking my head.

“Will look at me?” He asked.

“I will not look at you?” I stated back, closing my eyes.

I heard the metallics go around and felt the thing away from my face just two inches away. No breathing, but the ambience alerted me.

“Sure?” He asked in almost a funny tone.

“Yes, I will not be looking at you- mainly because you killed my friends, but also because I can- and because working with Heru is just plain out stupid.” I ravaged.

“I under Joe permission.” He said slavishly and cutely.

“Who is Joe?” I asked.

“Guy.” he said before silence came about.

“Okay, whatever, just go away.” I said, kneeling down and getting face-first on the floor after taking my glasses off and putting them to my right side, along with my face but eyes closed.

“Aww…” He said, having his metallics fuck off.

I continued to lay down dead. His sounds rushed out of the room and beyond. He clashed into some other things, but from the sounds of it, he was gone. I loosened my eyes to peer as closed as possible yet visualizing if anything had overcome the retreating sounds. I found nothing of whatever metallics he was made of to be left behind. I got up slowly and looked at Ryutyu, who was literally dead and plopped onto the ground flat as he could be. Blood did mush the carpets colors south, and the bed was totally destructed.

I then heard the metallics rush back into the room from afar, and I closed my eyes.

“Oh.” The Serbian-sounded young robot said before retreating again after passively making dust fly into the air from his rapid fling through objects.

I waited seven more seconds, before looking around to see he was gone. I started to go up, hearing from my room his metallics go through the broken front door and shading some of the rest of the glass off. I crept around; hearing police pull up outside. They started firing guns, but more screaming immersed as I also heard police cars gets smashed. In the hallway though, was Gustavo smashed against the wall with his red dripping down dead to a puddle. On the other hand was Wilma, who was missing her head entirely, and bled out from that obviously.

I shook my head at the distraught I was given from the gore. I then heard another spooky sound enter. A man stepped in accidently cracked a piece of glass, very promptly. Then he stopped his movement supposedly and found the sound to be massive in the atmospheric background noise. I posed away slowly, seeing a black shadow emerge. I went into my brother’s room and looked around. I knew hiding in the closet was not near as well as I would hope of it.

Suddenly a smash came through the front door, plopping a policeman dead inside. I listened carefully, against the wall and slowly moving the slide door from my brother’s room to be open. I heard the Serbian cat talk to the thing.

“I kill all.” He said.

“Yes- very good! Now, please find me that boy. You probably scared him off into hiding…” The Plague Doctor said, but I had no reference to him at the moment. So, with my unawareness of who I was dealing with, I snuck into my bathroom and gently opened the cabinet doors under the white sink. I found many things to be extruding the way, so I grabbed these items, like pink soap fillers with white caps, greasy cleaning wipe cans of green saying “Machoi’s!” in black as its brand, and some paper towels of white. I carefully adjusted these things into my hands and moved them over to the bathroom. There, I placed them down slowly, hearing the metallics crash through the kitchen and living room as the plague doctor entered the other-side-of-the-house’s rooms. After putting three Machois, five pink soap fillers, and five paper towel rolls in the bathtub in straight groupings: Paper towels on the west, in a stack representing a triangle, then fillers in the middle, cuddled together, and finally Machoi wipes on the east, placed next to each other as they headed towards the grey metal faucet. I then heard the Plague Doctor rush out of the rooms and started coming over to my side of the house. I lowkey just started to shake at the commencing speed of the shoes as they faded in. I crumbed up my body to fit inside the cabinets as quickly and un-soundly as I could, then closing them as un-soundly as I could, but they had no bars inside, so I had to let them go and have a little bang. He luckily did not hear anything as at the exact time the metallic creature blasted through the roof over him and alerted him.

“Hey!” He yelled at the thing.

“Sorry! I no find boy!” The thing said as it started to pounce around in the hallway just outside.

“Well- have you searched the rest of the house entirely?” – Man named Plague Doctor as I have called him.

“Not pool back.” – Thing.

“Okay- then I’m going downstairs, and you keep a watch up here. And if you can please end them quickly, I have a suspicion the boy might of already left…” – The doctor told him.

The metallic monster started to move around as the plague doctor blasted through the door and faded his shoe’s sounds as he went under. But the damn robot smashed through the slide door of my room and started to slow down his movement.

I felt the adrenaline hit, and I tried controlling my heartbeat. I quietly breathed in and out, focusing on my eyes closed, and huddling inside the cabinet with my cramped body. I heard the robot sound closer and closer, listening to the silence and sirens outside. Then, the robot grabbed the door handle and slowly pulled it open. The left cabinet door was open, and I could feel the radiation of horror come from my mind as the thing hovered in place for a second, not moving with me.

“Ooh! Him!” The robot yelled back as gunshots were heard outside near the police… It was spastically making me deprived of calmness, so, I resorted to closing my eyes and exited rambunctiously out of the cabinet.

“Move aside!” I screamed at the thing with my blindness as I heard the Plague Doctor started running up the stairs. I rushed to my left and hit the door with my right shoulder. I opened my eyes just a smidge, looking down and ramped the doorknob open, and then hit for a run. I saw the tube of the cat-like robot. It was a dark grey with blood markings, and had its flat cylinders make up the thing. These greys lead to the pill-like end, with a shorter and less-radius endorsing pill-ended cylinder also exert out, promising the design of a tail. It had three white metal flat cylinders at the end now, still with the outlined but there for design. The thing also had two legs that lead to paws with three toes. Three cylinders up from the feet were white, hitting the grey with its brightness. The paws were orderly and had no nails. I did not know the inferior color under the paws, but I knew this resembled a kind of a cat. I was too afraid to continue looking at the weird thing, as the lessened legs started to move around smoothly, twisting the entire thing to start after me after it finished colliding with the walls and bringing them down hard.

“Ah- help!” I sounded to the ambience.

Unluckily, nobody was to assist. I was felt with leaving through the entrance but saw the Red Backpack holding a gun. It shot, but the bullet of gold from the black pistol was reflected as the giant robot moved in front of it and looked down upon me, exactly the opposite of what I was doing.

“Kill him!” The Plague Doctor yelled as I opened my eyes to see where I was heading.

“He must look me!” The thing said.

“I don’t care! Eat him- or smash him- or get a table and smash him, but just get him dead now!” The Plague doctor assisted as he truffled along the cylinder’s wideness as I did quickly.

“Oh! Me no hurt ones who no stare- but me use others to hurt ones!” It said as I heard the metallics bite onto a table ambitiously and then stamper over to me. Suddenly I felt the noise lift as I ran towards the doors just a meter away. Then the cat robot smashed it onto me, planting me painfully in the floor. I tried getting my back to get back up, but was smashed quickly again into the floor, feeling the drool of blood explode from my mouth as my organs were pushed down by solid wood. Then my eyes felt sore, and I died from inner malfunctions. The robot smashed me again, and then again, and then a fifth time, before stopping and looking at my flattered template of a body.

“Good job- now go take care of the police!” The Plague Doctor said as he came through. The cat threw the table into the firepit turned off, and then turned around, smashing parts of the roof down, whilst collapsing others into the hall. It then blasted off with its two stubby paws and started attacking the police with the Red Backpack.

The Plague Doctor saw me dead and grabbed my neck with his left hand. He pulled me up harshly, and then looked around at the destruction for three seconds, before sprinting off with my corpse out onto the grass, bleeding the green to red, and then onto the road. The grey was emitted greatly as the sky above had a shield over it, making the atmosphere feel blue. The cat in the back flailed the sirens all over as the Black Plague Doctor took me quickly down the street to the end of the shield about thirty meters away. There, Deandra was playing her violin outside such. She looked up to him and then back down, not nodding his rush. After a few long seconds, the sprinting doctor came up and visualized the brown-outlined square portal to the right of Deandra. He then tossed my corpse into the grey concrete box that was about, with only a circular white light above connected to a grey metallic pole. My left foot edged the portal, so when Deandra stopped playing and it closed, the tip of my shoe, like two-third of an inch, fell off to the road below.

Deandra took out her phone and pressed the screen seven times before it shown blue and played a microwave beeping noise reverbed and pitched up. She held it in her right hand and let it display for the Plague Doctor in front of her.

“What?” Heru said over the phone.

“We got the boy in the box you requested.” The Plague Doctor said in his voice.

“Finally- I have- W-WILMA!?” Heru cosplayed. Then he hung up dramatically.

Heru was on his own business. He sat in a room on a comfy sofa chair of red softness. It was stable and rocking slightly in front of a white desk a bit too high. Still, Heru sat leaning towards the black computer more after he pressed the red denial button on the phone with his right index finger. It buzzed afterwards but was a small minor distraction to Heru as he had his eyes set on the screen.

He was on… oh boy, I do not even want to say it, but he was on the site of uploading content at any quality. He had the entire thing uploaded at fifty-eight percent already as well. Here is how it looked:

(On the top in a rounded box,) *“Why I hate Eighty-Three.”*

(Below was the description, as said in a light grey below and inside the box just on the top left. This box was also a more heightened rounded box with the outline being a light grey,) *“Hello everybody, and welcome to my first video. This is just a test, or just my first commentary on somebody I really want fucked up and thrown into a fucking blender machine multiple times. I will tell you why I hate this fucking boy-bitch asshole of a person in the first place and continue to tell you why his bitch-ass is so fucking stupid.”*

Nothing else was hired upon by Heru. He was already just looking all the way down to see a box in black asking: “Is this video for kids?” and he listed it as “No, it is not for kids,” under the drop down in white background. Then he zoomed back up and went to “Copyright,” finding it still loading on the second tab of an orange circle, and then he went to “Viewability,” on the third one with a black circle. He set it to “Public.”

The phone stopped ringing after he went back and watched the video continue to upload slowly after three seconds. Then he felt the lights above radiate their energy in sound, giving vibes of nothingness in the air. Unlikely though, behind him laid a dead girl, stabbed in the right side of the mouth with a metallic grey stop sign pole with a red background to the white text saying “STOP.” It idled her body against her brown wooden closet door. Her blood was also missing, making her appeal to be fully white in her skin. She also had her mouth swung open still, and her eyes deadly looking towards the ceiling as she was laid on her right side of her hip, with the floor having her immovable legs bending down in front of her as her left arm was hanging behind her, and her right arm was up and bent to the front. She was directly behind Heru. There were no mirrors or windows in this room. Heru was just chilling still, having his shoes permitted to the wooden-plank floor of polished light brown, contradicting the walls of a smooth pink and ceiling of white popcorn with white circular lights just like mine.

***Script broken.***

“How in God’s universe did you do this?” Cyclop asked the two Steel Terrorists.

Cyclop held up four broken pieces of the script in his right hand, shoving it forwards into their consideration. The people just looked at one another, lifting their heads from the new scripts, and then typing in more with their silence impending Cyclop to confusion.

“Damn. Are these scripts supposed to be inevitable or something?” Oliver asked.

“Well… not really, because between you and me and the government, putting massive amounts of isotopic element 323 liquid samples on a script and then speeding up the multiple beta-decays has worked for us. But just tearing it apart is something we tried- the paper isn’t as weak you’d expect. We even tried the sun’s heat against it, and it survived.” – Cyclop whispered in Oliver’s left ear.

“(To the only two terrorists in the room,) Um- excuse me, but will you guys ever tell us what you’re here for- or anything at all?” Oliver asked, only receiving nothing from them.

“Hey, both of you- please show me what this new script contains then. My Cyclopals aren’t going to be nice if it alters the universe massively in anyway.” Cyclop asked politely.

The Steel Terrorists stepped aside and Cyclop looked forth to see it all. He saw that they were resetting Wilma, Deandra, and even the Fire God to their old places, as well as the machine and Robot Cat to their first-inclined spaces within the universe. Cyclop decided to scroll up the script after grabbing out his grey pen and hooking it up. He saw that nothing changed.

“You guys didn’t change anything- what was the point of ripping up the other script?” Cyclop told with a confused and non-angry feel to his face and tone.

They did not move obviously. They just stared at him through their dark lenses, which covered any sight of any eyes beyond their mysterious stances against communication.

“I think we should get out of here.” Oliver told.

“I think… I should stay here and be the one handling the script from now on. You two terrorists should also go back to whatever else you were doing in your group of chaos.” Cyclop told.

The Two Terrorists suddenly turned and left the room orderly. Oliver and Cyclop stared at them until they left, with the second one closing the door with his right hand.

“So, they do understand English, but they’re also not going to listen to us for very long…” Cyclop emphasized upon their actions which may reveal their personality or permission.

“Should we send in an agent to find out what they’re doing?” Oliver asked.

“No- I don’t think we should. They might have their ways of picking out anybody who tries getting information from them- because they have their ways with Wilma obviously… And when you can defeat a particle-based being, you got some good nerves to put on every topic.” Cyclop explained.

“Okay.” Oliver inclined again, “So, you want me to go back to Eighty-Three and his friends whilst you stay here and chill out?” He then asked, turning around.

“Yeah- just bring me some food and water if you want. I could be a bit hungry and thirsty later.” – Cyclop.

Oliver nodded and grabbed his orange pen, and then created a portal with a blue outline that led back to Cyclop’s house. Cyclop then started to reconfigure the script more.

***Nazi Heru, oh no.***

Heru was spawned inside of Adolf Hitler. The green expansion that emitted into slowly dying green specs were amassed by the filling atmosphere of liquid blood as Heru had just exerted the man’s organs out from his own objective position, and the skin was blasted by his size of Heru as it was almost compared to be well-exact of the dictator’s. Hitler’s hair was bound off into the splash of red, and the wooden floor was polished with the new color. The clothing was flabbergasted and slowly to fell to doom as the top of Hitler’s head just fell on Heru’s white hair. Heru’s wings also felt the gush come down and hang on. Even the large intestine track was in for a new surprise of the brown wooden table at front. The papers even got the spirit of the dripping, letting the droplets condemn its whiteness and let it smear the black text.

“Oh- fuck.” Heru responded, seeing he killed the man accidently.

Heru then raised his left hand and made the mad controller back alive again, by making his blood reform into the needed location slowly like an animation had been lazily made and all just now went back into place. After the skin reformed and the hair reattached, Hitler was met with the astounded attitude he faced seeing the wall and then turned right to see the mosquito boy at his finest smirk.

“Hello there.” Heru welcomed, dropping his hand and holding the cube in his left hand for pleasure to boast about soon.

“Was zum Teufel?!” Hitler exclaimed, pulsing back at the talking white boy of English. Heru also made the man stare to his blinking eyes every seven seconds… “Wer bist du?!” The German leader then exclaimed further with anger, confusion, and fear all in his mad haircut and eyes. Even his commander outfit seemed to wear the horror as his sleeves rolled up just a notch.

“Oh- yeah, you speak German or whatever.” Heru nodded his head against, looking down at the cube. “I should’ve brought a translator.”

“Wo kommst du überhaupt her?!” Adolf then asked, pointing with his left hand.

“I don’t speak Nazi, sorry.” Heru giggled a bit after he told that.

Hitler stayed staring at the remarking being. Heru did not speak a further word but looked turn around, looking at the wall and then table. Hitler then grabbed his pistol, and shot it at Heru, but the bullets just conjoined with the white skin which sucked them in.

“WAS?!” Hitler then stated angrily at the still-alive demon in his house.

Hitler nodded his head against the man and then made the roof ravage into itself, creating a rugged hole to the sky of blue and grey. He then made a large tentacle of blood come from his back and it wrapped around the German man three times, almost squeezing him. He tugged with both hands, pushing himself off it, but failed with irritation. Then heru let his mosquito wings fly to the air. Once hovering above it, Heru started his right hand out again and let the sky’s colors drive into his hand.

Hitler was amazed at the sight as it seemed Heru was just sucking in the colors and converting the sky into black as a slightly visible tornado of distortion passed onto his cornea and alerted him that Heru was literally gaining energy from the light.

“I’m going to go get Joseph Stalin next. Then- I’ll go get my translator, and we’ll talk about something dire.” Heru said as with the black sky forming, he then shot his right hand to his west and made a square, red-outlined portal to my school’s forest where Deandra was playing her notes, and then surprised by the mad man with fear in his mustache. Heru just tossed him in with the tentacles letting go perfectly, and the portal closed.

Deandra looked at the man as he started to get up from the grass surrounded by trees and bushes. To Deandra’s left were one of each of the countryballs, surrounded by a circle of green leaves and brown bark trees, four on each side with many leaves around for design, with an opening facing Hitler. The countryballs were each enjoying a talk amongst fully white towels laid on the ground in a rush. Then they heard the man and turned. Britain turned around with Germany, Ireland, and then France to see the man get up and look to them. Estonia then followed, with Russia, Spain, and Switzerland, all different sizes based on 2020 borders and land ownership.

“Heya- hold on, is that the bad chap from Germany?” Britain said exclusively, turning his spherical self around to see Germany with his oval eyes.

“Heru brought back my worse dictator?!” Germany exclaimed with Austria and France at anger.

Heru looked towards them. Beyond and through the cracks of the tree was a little white-wooden hut with a blonde door and no windows. He was mainly focused on Germany ball though.

“Hey- du- sprichst du deutsch?” Hitler commanded with his left hand pointed at the spherical thing.

“Ja?” Germany replied.

“Gut, dann sag mir, was los ist!” Hitler asked, looking around his surroundings and finding Deandra to start playing her violin with a soothing melody.

“Um es kurz zu sagen, Heru, unser Anführer in einer Mission, um ein einzelnes Kind zu töten, musste mit Ihnen über Ihre Armee sprechen und wie er einen Handel anbieten könnte, damit wir ihn wahrscheinlich zusammen mit den Sowjets nutzen können, um unsere Feinde aufzuhalten. Wir alle bekommen einen Geldpreis von über einer Milliarde Dollar, wenn wir dieses amerikanische Kind töten.” Germany explained whilst France and Austria looked towards the man. Poland also was scared and had sadness on his face.

“Wir werden dich töten, wenn du noch einmal etwas Schreckliches versuchst, Kumpel.” Britain responded angrily.

“Wait- so all of- (Hitler stops and holds his neck with his left hand, and then lets his hand down,) what… I… am speaking English?” Hitler suddenly said.

“Hey- thanks Deandra.” Latvia ball said in its accent.

“Who are you?” Hitler then asked the melody professional.

“I’m Deandra. With my violin I can cause anything to happen with song. But I usually need to play it a lot longer in order to get things done.” Deandra responded.

“How? How does that work?” Hitler asked unprofessionally.

“Magic… or some atoms and whatever rays this thing emits… I don’t know exactly.” Deandra responded.

“Well, if you can do anything, then just play your violin and make it kill the kid somehow!” Hitler said.

“Why are you yelling?” Austria Ball asked.

“I was just enjoying my vacation- and now I’m here!” Hitler said.

“Back to the question- I would, but in all universes a Red Glitch is usually present, and it stops you from doing things too quickly and too powerfully- it sucks, I know.” Deandra spoke.

“Then wish the Red Glitch away.” Hitler spoke.

“Can’t do that. I tried, and all it just does is make the person bleed. Luckily, this universe resets way too often, so his affects aren’t-” Deandra started before she stopped as everybody converted view to the new portal.

“Ay!” Joseph Stalin hissed as he fell down and his hat onto the floor. He quickly stuttered up with gun aiming to his viewpoint- the German Ball. His eyes were wide, and he looked at the spheres, stepping back once, before turning his eyes to see Hitler and Deandra.

“Adolf Hitler?” Joseph started.

“Joseph Stalin!?” Hitler angrily confronted back.

“Oh no.” Sweden laughed.

“Why did you attack me? We’re both against the America’s, and Europe too!” Hitler yelled.

“Я не говорю по-немецки.” Joseph said, which translates to: I don’t speak German.”

“Hold on- it’s coming.” Deandra said as Hitler looked furiously back, not minding the gun Stalin pointing at his head now.

“He said he doesn’t speak German. But he also doesn’t really know English either.” Russia Ball talked to Hitler, and then looked to Stalin, “Добро пожаловать в вашу новую миссию. Вместо того, чтобы убивать людей, вы будете пытаться убить ребенка, которого защищает парочка пушистых.” Russia Ball explained.

“Что Вы mean by that- I’m speaking English?” Stalin surprised himself.

“Goodie- now both of you don’t get onto each other’s nerves, we got to prepare for our next attack.” British Ball said Heru came flying through the portal.

“Did you guys translate with them?” Heru asked.

“Yep- our knowledge of all languages came in handy.” Slovenia said for all of them there.

“Heru! Tell him to put down his gun!” Hitler ordered against Stalin with a point of his right hand to Stalin’s left eye, only three inches away.

“I won’t until I know you’re not going to try anything sneaky either.” Stalin replied, a bit focused on his new talent that Deandra exploded into his head with the music he heard, quite chilling for a scene almost deadly.

“Guys, just be normal. You both suck and are horrible at your jobs and will fail eventually, but I’m here to shift that. I offer that if you get your fucking armies together to have a fight against a dumbass child and his ugly-ass friends, I’ll give you each five-hundred billion.” Heru said.

“Why not just use this Deandra to play her music and control the people in this world to go against the kid?” Hitler asked.

“Because it-” Heru stopped. A pause was sincere to all, making Heru think about his actions a bit more smoothly. Then they all heard some boots stomping, and with confusion they looked west.

Then, a Humanitor shield rose up and a golden bullet was implanted inside Heru head’s as he started to fall. Dead, Deandra bounced back, falling to the ground for cover as much as she could, letting bullets whiz past her face. When she felt her violin collapse onto the forest floor with much of her back being surprised as well, she saw at least twenty Steel Terrorists with their boots having a multitude of white sharp spikes accelerating from the boot, at least four inches long and an inch wide, letting the many spikes implant into the ground and create a bunch of holes. Deandra tried to get away from her back repulse on the leafy grass, but was stomped in the stomach, feeling the spikes plaster her blood in and her organs cut. Then another came by and did not even care to look down as he stepped on her face and made her dead in the brain. The four others ran over her, not even getting stuck in it. About twelve of them lined their guns against the spheres and started shooting their AK-47’s, hitting the target too many times for survival.

Hitler and Stalin retreated away, and the Steel Terrorists did not even budge to go after them. They just killed all the European Countryballs brutally, leaving them to have their accessories fall off into their own puddles, and then the terrorists left back into the woods.

“Damn.” Hitler said surprised as they started coming up to the shield, finding it end at a metallic gate. They were now out of the shield as it dived into the ground just a meter away from the metallics but sought to find more protection.

Stalin raised his gun at Hitler though evening his hands to lock onto his head. He gave him with a raised right eyebrow, and Hitler was penetrated with anger and confusion. Silence grew among them as they stared at each other, confused, and thinking.

“I-” Hitler started.

“Shut up. If we’re going to get out of here alive, I think we’ll have to work together.” Stalin told, looking around.

“I rather not.” Hitler told back.

“Well- we don’t know what year this is, or what technology this American soil provides its soldier’s with, or even what terrorists and monsters may lurk around.” Stalin said, “And besides, shooting you just puts a meat-shield to waste.” He then smirked.

“Don’t call me your meat-shield!” Hitler sparked back. Stalin looked back at the way they came.

“Shh… do you hear that?” Stalin asked.

“What?” Hitler said looking around.

“It’s your stupidity.” Stalin smiled.

Hitler just gave him a stern look.

“Well, this seems to be a very interesting plot taking place.” Jesus Christ echoed in speaking as he elevated down from heaven between the middle of them without any other effects.

“What… who are you?” Hitler asked as Jesus’ brown sandals hit the grass.

“I’m God, God’s son, Jesus Christ, part of the holy Trinity, the man to take yours sins off your back. I original came down here because first another imposter God came by and was terrorizing my great planet, particularly a school and a single child some extraterrestrial beings hated. And now- Heru, that being, has brought you two here exclusively through those Timal Tiene machine. He’s been messing up the calmness and originality of this planet, and God has sent me down without much power, and a more modern English, to reform the Earth back to the way it was…” – Jesus Christ.

“So, you’re truly real?” Stalin asked, lowering his gun slowly.

“Yes, I always have been. I just tend to stay in heaven and let free will be your prize from me… and doing the great purge isn’t exactly what you were baptized to do, Stalin.” Jesus told politely.

“This changes… too much…” Stalin spoke.

“What a fake you are. You’re just one of those floating beings like Heru, disguised as Jesus. Christianity isn’t real.” Hitler offered negatively.

“Why do you believe that? Even you have your own mixed religion called ‘Positive Christianity.’” Jesus asked.

“Because- Jesus Christ was never a real person, the Old Testament doesn’t exist, and people… just don’t look at the facts!” Hitler started with more gestures.

“I already laid out all the facts. Just find the dead sea scrolls-” Jesus was interrupted.

“Blah!” Hitler smoked up, turning around and leaving.

“Come with us, Stalin. Since time is getting mixed up already, I might as well tell you why Christianity can offer you much more than a few wicked men could.” – Jesus Christ, starting to walk off towards the angry Hitler.

***Night-time.***

“The universe reset again.” Wilma said as she came up from the basement rather fascinatingly quickly, and then demolished into the roof, silently spreading it apart and creating a meter-wide hole and viewed the vicinity of the darknss. She quickly came back down, hovering her nice black shoes back on my carpet, as the roof was reforming over her head whilst me and Gustavo watched.

“Hey.” Ryutyu abruptly stopped when he bounced out of the door.

“Hello.” Gus said with a confused smile to his awkward touch on reality.

“Well… um… me and Gustavo are going back to studying…” – Me.

“Okay.” Wilma huffed away. She silently left the room to go back down with Ryutyu, who also followed.

“I’m going back to bed.” Ryutyu said as he closed the closet door.

“Well- I guess we go back to studying the human body even more…” – Gustavo.

“Are you at any-bit tired?” I asked.

“Nah…” – Him.

“Alrighty…” – Me. Then a pause of five seconds.

“I’m guessing since you, Ryutyu, and Wilma were binge watching Poor Boy Game earlier, you’d like to watch Nostal Heua tomorrow?” – Gustavo.

“You were also there at times, but yeah, sure. My sleep schedule is going to be trash though…” I said, looking at the time, seeing it be 9:32 P.M.

“Heh, more hours to remember even more things you’ll see.” Gustavo said.

“Of course…” I responded.

Skipping to more of it, 1:28 A.M. struck after an everlasting time of silence and study upon medical ambitions.

“Hey- Eighty-Three, no sleeping till you know everything about doctoring.” – Gustavo told to my left ear as I was drowsy.

“I know… but this book is just so long! Who had time to write about their personal and un-personal life on a document stating just how they went through every moment in their first year of being a surgeon? This guy must be retired!” I tried cheering myself.

Skip to 3:23 A.M.

“Eighty-Three! No falling asleep!” Gustavo loudly sparked into my left ear, nudging my tired face.

“No, I am going to bed. No matter how much I want to gain- Dr. Clina was correct- I need to get my at-most twelve hours of sleep.” I told the cat, hopping out of the chair, “But, first, I will go check up on Wilma…”

Going down to Ryutyu’s room, I found Wilma still reading a book with no hesitations to me. She hovered the book down onto her lap with her left hand and then waved over to me with her right hand silently and carefully.

“There should be no bedtime for you. You need to speed run your medical profession.” – Gustavo said as he laid on my bed.

“Yes, I should, but I need some sleep. It helps my brain in other ways.” – Me, getting onto my bed. I tried pulling the sheets up but Gustavo resisted, pulling them back with his sharp claws, “Please stop it!” I told him.

“No.” – Gustavo.

I angered my expression and turned to the left to idolize in my sleeping antics. Gustavo hopped to my right and started pushing me in the face with his left paw.

“No please, please stop.” I told him, still eye-closed and resting as much as I could.

Gustavo continued for thirteen more seconds before stopping and then jumping off the bed, opening the closet door and running down. He then was running back up after thirteen seconds, hopped onto the bed and then over me, and found me still awake after I opened my eyes to see him in front of me, holding a white metallic syringe in his left paw. He injected it into my right shoulder.

“Hm…” I stated, starting to feel the effects, “Is this pure adrenaline?” I asked promptly.

“Yes, I received it from Wilma. Now, get back to studying.” Gustavo told.

I clenched my fists, showing off my anger with a silent face. “Of course…” I shook my head, and then hopped out of bed and went back to my computer to continue studying for the rest of the night.

Skip to 10:43 A.M., and Ryutyu finally came out of the room with Wilma behind him.

“Hey… Eighty-Three, how’s it been?” He asked with a smile of white teeth.

“Where did all your yellow teeth go?” – Me after I swirled around my black cushioned chair.

“I replaced them.” – Wilma with a smirk.

“Yeah- Wilma removed all the guck!” – Ryutyu.

“Nice to see that. Also, to answer your question Ryutyu, I have been straight awake. The entire night. Studying.” I told him directly, face-to-face with a smile as well.

“Damn, really?” – Ryutyu.

“I was reading his books all night as well.” – Wilma.

“I also was keeping him alive by gathering him some snacks and stuff, but also keeping him awake.” – Gustavo said whilst on my bed, smiling.

“Yeah, but Gustavo also was very nice to take all the wrappings and such to the trashcan quietly…” I said, getting up and stretching frantically. First my arms into the air, then my back out extended, then my left arm to thrust towards the right and vice versa, and finally a movement of my shoulder’s muscles back and forth into place quickly.

“I am now going to go and hunt for the allies of Heru. I will be back shortly.” Wilma stated.

“O-Alrighty?” I backed away as Wilma walked into the wall and just phased through without moving the material or anything.

“Wow!” Ryutyu exclaimed, pointing his left index finger.

“Damn- did not know she could do that without moving the materials into each other…” I said to Ryutyu, “But, anyways, Ryutyu, want to get some cereal?” I asked.

“Ya.” He replied.

***Hunt found…***

Wilma traveled around and found the giant cat lurking with the plague doctor, Deandra, and even Miss Opium in the forest of the school’s backyard.

She made herself tiny, shrinking her size to the volume of the ‘X’ on a mobile phone ad. She then rushed down to the villains, without causing a big ruckus, and looked forth to their conversation as some Mongolian cylinders about six inches thick piled the dead balls onto a wheelbarrow of brown with black bars and strolled them away.

“…think that Heru is disregarding us a bit. Even if Wilma had a copy go after him- why wouldn’t he just send a copy of himself to go touch the corpse of the child? He already has one around here… Why wouldn’t he just go to the box, that we even placed in the same universe… stupidly enough…” The plague doc told the others.

“Well, maybe he didn’t know- but I was told by the kid that Heru was just being sadistic to the entire situation, so I think there may be something up to it all… still though, we’ll get that money, whether we force Heru to the end or not.” – Miss Opium.

Wilma was almost dazzled by this. “They might be evolving to be kinder.” She told herself in her mind as she stood upright on a leaf in the tree. She also took note of the cat robot. It had a spherical head just connected to the tubing of grey. This head was white, and it had a giant black hole in the middle with a dozen circular orange lights blazing around randomly like electrons, but not to an un-viewable void space. It also had grey cat ears with white insides. The smiling and always-slightly-open mouth was also outlined in a thick glossy pink as red dots scattered its face like freckles all over. The mouth had sharp red teeth with a second copy of teeth behind it, and then a third behind it again, but smaller, and finally a fourth really small. All sharp and filled with blood to paint with.

“Then we must-” The Plague Doctor started to infer.

Wilma held up her hands and made the entire forest around her, every bit of matter, including the leaf, explode. It all shamelessly gassed up into orange and red with streaks of yellow. When the grey mist started to show from the annihilated area, Wilma hovered high above and saw the forest had caught fire and people amiss at school were at a stare to it all. Wilma then let the cloud rise into the air, and finally hovered to her east to go back to… she stopped and looked down. The policeman Arty was not present, and rather a military officer started to run back inside with his whiteness. Wilma flew around to the front of the school, went through the glass, and looked around. Nothing was about for children- nobody but the army was at school. Five men in green were stationed there, talking to each other with their guns equipped.

Then all started to go to white again.

“What in the world is going on?” Ryutyu asked, seeing Wilma in her chair.

“NO! Not again!” I exclaimed to the cat, seeing my time be 8:32 P.M. again.

Wilma rushed up with Ryutyu to find me standing up with Gustavo at hand.

Suddenly, Oliver came through a portal in the basement, and Wilma sensed him.

Oliver then came quickly up the steps and surprised us all.

“Cyclop?” Ryutyu asked.

“No- but his good friend, Oliver. Cyclop just reset the universe because he just woke up and found that a black plague doctor, metallic cat, and a black girl found every student at school and killed them, along with others and their in-house families- all in one night. Beforehand, I spawned in and was attacked by Heru and killed, henceforth, I didn’t come by. But now, I’m back, moments before Heru would come in after Arty…” – Oliver.

“You guys take a long time to get from your home to our home.” – Wilma.

“Our home?” I asked.

“We’re going to live here now.” – Gustavo.

“Well, I had to talk to the Red Eyes knocking at my door, and then go speak with the Cyclopals, and lastly get Cyclop situated to stay in the script room alone… also, the Cyclopals didn’t say much just incase you were wondering, they just gave me two personal Humanitors. I have it all ready to be put into this universe by the portal I made in your basement right now.” – Oliver.

“Then go move it in, quick. Who knows if something is going to come by, (Oliver leaves to the basement,) and stop us from continuing again…” – Me, as Oliver went down.

“Damn… are you gonna continue to make Eighty-Three become a lad of no sleep?” Ryutyu asked Gustavo.

“Yes.” – Gus.

I sighed. “Wilma, if you could, please just go and protect the world so stuff like this will not occur. The universe has reset, (Oliver comes up again and puts his hands behind his back and views Wilma,) so many times! It is too insane! I am going insane because of it! Damnit… just, please… for the sake of everybody involved…” – Me.

“I understand.” Wilma nodded, then leaving without moving the ceiling’s materials, just floating through it.

“Still it surprises me that she can just do a thing like that, oi mate?” Ryutyu exclaimed loike a brit!

“Yes…” I spoke, “Hey- since we are all going to be up, we should binge watch a series.” I told.

“What about Oliver here?” – Ryutyu.

“I’m going to go and get some more machines and put them up and around the place to help out Wilma- only if you want me to leave.” – Oliver.

“No, you can stay for however long you would like… we are fine with Cyclop’s friends… but how is he?” I shrugged and then angrily emitted with a funny passion.

“Cyclop is fine. He feels lazy, but still set up his place in the script room and now watches for changes whilst he writes about the journey with you… (I nod in appreciation,) he also said a random girl-” – Oliver.

“I got the text message. Do not worry.” – Me.

“I’m gonna go turn on the T-V in ya’ brother’s room.” – Ryutyu.

“Alrighty then…” Oliver smiled, following. I got up and allowed Gustavo to also follow.

***A man of scary tone.***

The night ends, Oliver goes home, and the new day opens up with no package at the door. I study a bit, then I game with Ryutyu. Oliver came by and me, Gustavo, and Ryutyu learned and helped Oliver out with some machine setting-up in some underground rooms spawned in by Wilma, which were then blocked off so nobody could get to them, but had a constant lever that whenever light hit the surface of white wood placed on top of the house, that light would power the lever arms to turn off the Humanitor. Then there was also a Gravutoon placed next to it, which had the opposite effect. Oliver then got us back home and then goes home himself, whilst I watch memes with Ryutyu and Gustavo again, you know, you know. I also tried going to sleep at times, but Wilma kept shoving syringes in me, and I felt more tired and tired in the end. At the dawn of the day, I take a long shower to shave my right arm and left leg, and then let Ryutyu go in. Wilma comes back afterwards and watches some memes with us. Then I study with Gustavo, rinse and repeat an hour of fun with Ryutyu and Wilma, and then let Ryutyu go to bed as Wilma sends out a copy of herself to go guard the world. At last, I sit on my bed, with Gustavo sound asleep on the floor below, cuddled up and facing the under of the bed.

I drive myself down and lay with a hard rest on my soft pillow, facing upwards with a tired smile, all from the long day with no sincere sleeping. My eyes were red, and my soul was driven past its work ethic. I tried falling asleep, having five minutes of clarity, but could not in the end. I felt something growing and intervene with my rest after three minutes of wondering about the earlier times of the day. A sound went from my left ear, low in volume, and then vibrated over to my right ear. I frowned against it. It got louder and louder; the sound of a pan clashed. I got up from my bed and looked about. My door was closed, so I walked up with a frightened taste in my movement and waited at the sound. I felt darkness appealing behind it, and entity assuring its essence would be proving if I opened it. The sound, it had stopped getting louder and was full. It was still not that loud, but still existed in the back and blocked Wilma’s steps up the stairs. I was spooked by her, having had my hand on the knob, and unable to open it slightly as I pulled back.

“Do you hear that?” She asked.

“Yes.” – Me.

Wilma sighed and face palmed with her right hand. “We probably should have left the Humanitor off.”

“Oh…” I said in the darkness. “Maybe you should have created-”

Then whatever was causing the noise paralleled into full blast with no reverb. The being on the other side of the door, to my hypothetical, was actually real and twisted the doorknob and swung the door open, strongly and planted me against the bags on the white metallic hooks upon the board of blonde wood behind the door. Not much sound was promised to the vicinity, but the silence was gone dramatically.

Wilma rushed up to the being, whatever we were in for, and punched it with her right hand. The being moved took the punch with hardly any emotion, and punched back at her, with both hands, up to her chin and knocking her back. I turned to see the dueler, which was a configuration of many small wood planks to form a cube for his torso, with cubical legs, having three boxes connected with metallic poles, as well as the arms. No fingers, but they shown the inside to be filled with red metallic wires compiled in bunches so much it was unbearable to even look for an opening or even just another different object besides the darkened edgy wood that would give splinters if touched. The head of this thing was a satellite white satellite dish with twenty blue strings on each side of the circle going to the middle, which was a black sphere connected to the disc by a white pole. The neck was just a few cylinders cut down to the wood like the Robot Cat’s tubes.

“Oh- fucking damnit! First the cat thing, now you!?” I angered.

I shot my fists at the satellite, grabbed about five stingy wires, and pulling on them daringly, but the thing raised its left arm wood too fast for me to get a good chance to assert dominance on any of his objective parts. It smacked me away and into the desk, I then bounced up from my hurt left cheek and at it again, tackling it onto the floor. I started grabbing the black sphere and trying to crush it, but the thing did not break and instead made both of its arms tightly squeeze both of my hip sides and bring me up like a toddler. Wilma then came in, using her right foot to kick its chest, but it did not move. The thing then used me and swung my body at Wilma, who was then plopped to the floor awkwardly. I started to grab its strings and try ripping them off, and then I tried making the disc bend backwards, but the thing only smashed my body down on top of Wilma’s, and then took me up with no regards to what I was doing, and smashed me into the wall, and then started to press against me.

“Get Gustavo!” I screamed for Wilma as the sound was still loud in my ears.

Wilma got up and went for Gustavo in my room. She kneeled before the cat.

“We need you to use your jaw to kill a robot please.” – Wilma said as she tagged him with both hands effortlessly, moving his fur body up and down. Gustavo slowly came to amiss, waking up and then bouncing up with Wilma’s worried face. He exerted his jaw and clung onto the robot’s dimensions which were pushing me in. His jaw wrapped around its metallic head and started to bring it forth to him. The thing was scraped and then thrown into the ceiling and down. Gustavo then put his jaw inside the box’s wires, but Gustavo stopped and jigged around with his pose as he was being electrocuted.

“NO!” I yelled, rushing over past Wilma to the demon as it tried removing the jaw. It swooped towards me smacked me in the face with its free right arm, before being amiss my destruction ready.

I smacked its head with my right hand, smashed it with my left, and then white light faded in. I was set back to bed. I was sitting up. I saw Wilma rush up, whilst Gustavo was somewhat appealing to his surroundings slowly, and then fully arose to her.

“I really just got electrocuted…” – He said with a downfall.

“Cyclop did his job, even at night…” – Me.

“Yeah… but what were you expecting when you wanted me to kill the robot?” Gustavo asked.

“I just needed you to distract it or something so I could be not crushed… I should have thought about the cables, but I did not expect you to shoot your teeth directly at it…” – Me.

“I was too tired, sorry. I just woke up.” – Gus.

“It is fine… anyways, I am going to sleep now, as much as I can…” – Me.

I started to go into bed and lay down for good. Wilma headed back down to Ryutyu as Gustavo curled up again. For three minutes I lay there, facing up towards the ceiling, breathing in and out slowly. Then, of course, I was about to fall asleep, when I felt a knife stab into my neck. I opened my eyes in awareness and pain but could not do anything against such because my vocal cords were damaged now, which resulting in gaping for air as the horror bestowed upon me. The Plague Doctor had stabbed a knife into me. He looked around with his darkness as I gulped for air, laying down to my death still.

Then he left slowly, opening the door slowly and leaving without a whisper of sound. He exited as I drooled out dead.

Then the universe reset again.

“Oh my god.” Gustavo got up. He looked around carefully, seeing only me stare. He then heard the steps of Wilma come around.

“Indeed- I just died.” – Me getting off from my bed from my sitting-up and looking at the nine tails girl.

“How?” Wilma said afterwards.

“Some plague-doctor looking guy put a knife in my throat whilst I was falling asleep.” – Me.

“Of course…” – Gustavo.

I sighed.

“I am just going- to stay up… to stay up… I guess… and if any of them come again, I will be ready to kill this time!” I said, going out from my room and returning with a butcher knife to my exposed friends of confused intent.

“You should actually get some rest-” Wilma started.

“No! No need for rest! Especially when you started to put syringes in me to keep me up after I denied consent! These fat fucks keep on coming, and I got to grow up! You guys go back to bed, I will be the one ready to fight now…” – Me.

Gustavo worried his eyebrows and then left with Wilma downstairs. I turned away from the staring competition and looked to my computer once again. I turned it on and stationed myself ready. Left hand held the big knife, and my right hand held the mouse. I looked at some articles, enjoying them even. The time became 4:32 A.M. I was tired, but still awake and not as ready to pounce. I put the knife down and helped my head with my left hand resting on it. Then I was stabbed in the back again and screamed against terror at it. I fell to death on my keyboard, distorting the screen to show command boxes. I saw with my dying eyes that my spine had been ruptured by the plague doctor again, and he took off quickly now, as Wilma rushed up.

“I will regenerate you in a bit.” – Wilma spoke as she grabbed my butcher knife and took hold beyond the door.

I died, but then reawakened from the darkness shredding in. I found Wilma had her left hand against me.

“I did not find them.” She spoke. I lifted my head in anger, took a turn around the room after getting myself up from the left of my chair. I saw Ryutyu and Gustavo awaiting me by the window, looking to my passion. I looked towards me computer, seeing no blood, so I gently swiped my right hand over the keys with a slight satisfying sound to it. The time also said 8:46 A.M.

“I dunno if we should do nightguard things or wyat…. But…” Ryutyu started.

“NO! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH WITH THESE THINGS. I WILL BE KILLING THEM WHENEVER I SEE THEM. THIS IS STUPID ENOUGH. WE HAVE TO PUT UP MACHINES FOR THEM NOT TO TEAR THE WORLD APART IN AN INSTANT, AND THEN THAT DOES NOT WORK…” I trailed off with anger as I went out to eat some cereal.

By the time I had grabbed a bowl, Ryutyu came out with me and sat next to me.

“Buddy- is there anyway I can help?” He asked.

“No. There is no way many of us can help against the rubbish that are those stupid fuckers coming in every day and night, just to kill me repeatedly…” I angerly stated.

Ryutyu nodded and went to get his own bowl of cereal. Then he stopped to the opening of the hall to my glassy front door, and pointing with his left index finger.

“There seems to be a man with a package.” He said happily.

I dropped my spoon and sighed. “Finally, the man comes by himself again…” I relieved myself.

I went up to the door to see Jeo standing there, holding a package on top of both his hands. This package was the same, but the way he held it out to me was giving, and the light sworn in to blind me just a bit. I rubbed my eyes off and heard his words.

“Came by just to check up on you.” He spoke.

“Thanks… are these…” I asked, taking the package from him, feeling it be light, “Is there anything even in here?”

“Yes, but…” He said, starting to put his hand behind his back and grab something for me. He pulled out a gun and shot it at me, but I was unsterilized enough in the awakening of my senses to pulse myself backwards, resulting in the package being shot. The bullet just whizzed through it though, hitting my in the head on the other end, right in my right cheek. I fell to the floor as the guy started away but was then stopped by Wilma plopping down on top of him and killing him right at the rounded corner of my white cobblestone path to the grass and then around the house to the garage. Then his body busted into a cloud, but then Wilma put her left hand out to her southeast, and then threw it over to me. The black girl was then dispensed into visibility, and started to take off, but was sharpened in the back with a rainbow spike Wilma quickly drew out. Then Wilma crumbled the floor and allowed the spike to flow down with her as it led to a dirt pile. Then the floor regained itself as Wilma used the same hand, which was the right hand, twisting it back into place. Then she shot it over to me, twisted her right hand, and I felt my head release the bullet onto the ground by filling up the hole. I saw my leaked blood go up into mouth and either back into my head or neck. As soon as my messed was reversed, I stood up and looked at Wilma.

“Fucking hell.” I said irritated, looking out to the fresh air with fresh trees, “They know about my agent! They are onto me from every aspect! How is that possible?!”

“Maybe the better version of you saw something you were thinking about…” Wilma spoke.

I sighed immensely. I stomped back over to Ryutyu’s hiding body under the table.

“Why are you hiding under the table!?” I questioned.

“Oh- um… just because… I…” Ryutyu said as he uncrunched himself.

“He just woke up.” Wilma said as she entered. I sighed again and went back to eating my cereal. After finishing it with Ryutyu, I put my bowl in the sink, washed it out, and stated heading back to my room.

Then the white fade started to come in again.

“OH MY FUCKING GOD!” I screamed.

Then I wounded up at school. Holding band papers. In front of the gym.

“OH MY GOSH, I CANNOT FUCKING DO THIS!!!” I stomped angrily with a red face, confessing my anger out loud. Students looked around with caution to me as I pounded my shoulder through the gym doors and found something to be frustrated about; “WHAT IF THE FUCK IS THAT?!” I yelled whilst holding out my dead hands to make it feel weird.

There was a giant yellowish skeleton with tints of blood scattered about his origin of see-through. He sat in a blue-cushioned and black-metallic wheelchair, disturbing the colors around it with its purity. His eyes were black and inside was orange lights swirling around viciously like electrons. He had his head tilted towards me from the exit to the gym.

“You know what- fuck it. Come here, bitchy boy. (I take off at the twice-as-big dry skeleton,) I will now take out all my anger on you, even though you are a skeleton, because you looking like you work for that stupid-ass Heru, who is not going to pay you ANYTHING! HE FEEDS ALL OF HIS ALLIES LIES!” – I angrily wailed over to him, dropping my papers to the side with bleachers, and ran after him with my fists up. Outside, I also heard spikes dropping into the ground and loud punches start emitted closer.

I came up to the skeleton who did not move. I was about to land a left punch on its right leg when it opened its mouth and shot a black tongue that wrapped around my head and twisted it off. It then pulled my head into its dark mouth, and it disappeared at my body fell dead.

The skeleton then put his right and left hand below onto some black levers and started moving them clockwise. It pedaled his wheelchair a meter forwards, almost onto my corpse, and then lifted his wheelchair to go up into the sky like there was a ramp in front of him. He actually used a lot of wind from what my senses could lastly hear before I saw the full darkness. My head was attached to his jaw, fitting there nicely and being succumbed into the darkness gluing my head to his jaw. He started to travel up to the roof, simply just phasing through the roof with the only effect considered was that it turned to liquid and literally fell down to the floor and created a hole to the sky as well as a pond of materials.

Wilma was fighting the better version of me already, who had started throwing rainbow spikes everywhere. She saw the skeleton and mirrored a shot of a spike, which the better version of me dodged, and then she stringed onto it by thrusting her right index finger towards it, making a rainbow string pulse out and attach to it like a spiderweb, and then spin herself maximally quickly and throw it at the skeleton as five of the other arms on her back were already defended herself off. The spike headed up and hit the wheelchair to the bottom, slicing through the pelvis of the skeleton. He did not stop though, so Wilma did mitosis and shot many strings at the floating-up skeleton and made him crash into the ground. She then made the lava from the core pounce up at it. Her copy then moved the roof below herself and went down to swift a left hand over me as she hovered over, respawning my head back into un-transparency.

The universe started to reset again.

I sighed angrily, my head shaking and my bones cleaning tight. I turned red instantly, holding in my anger, not trying to cry or yell. People around me looked once again, but at least I was not too embarrassing.

“I will kill those damn fucking assholes when I get a chance, I will kill those damn fucking assholes when I get a chance, I will kill those damn fucking assholes when I get a chance, I will…” I said over and over in a slight whisper to myself.

I retreated to go to the entrance of school. I started to open the door and look at my stepfather waiting. He was on his phone paying no attention. I opened the door of the white car and sat down, holding my papers tightly in my right hand and using my left to strap on the seatbelt.

“What are those papers for?” He asked, turning off his phones and looking down.

“Can we just go home?” I sighed, turning my head to the glass of the car.

“Why didn’t you turn in the band papers?” He asked.

“Because- he doesn’t need them… (I see somebody stand up from the other window of the car,) he…” I started to say before pausing at the look of my dad. He was confused with me, not stern. But the Black Girl behind him was, pointing the gun at his head. The silencer shot and planted him to move dead onto my lap.

The car sounded its alarm, and I moved my stepfather’s body up to block another shot as I used my right hand to open the door frantically. I pulled him toughly out as a meat shield, making his back take in a third bullet. I was sad now, but also really angry, so from the alarms sounded off, I dropped my man’s body and circled behind the car slowly, and then rushed the black girl. She shot at me, hitting me in the chest, but I kept going for a punch with my angry tears and pain in my scream. I hit with a left punch and her body fell to the floor dead, before suddenly vaporizing into gas as I fell down hurt. Then she came up behind me and put a knife clean into the back of my head with her left hand.

“Dummy.” She said as I bled out.

Then, three seconds after she placed the thing back in her pocket and started to grab onto my shirt, the universe faded to white. “Not again! I got him dead!” She said with a falsely intrigued and sarcastic tone.

I faded back to the band papers.

My face turned red again and instead I went into the bathroom and went over to sit down on the first stall toilet. It was dirty, so I tossed my band papers into the toilet, grabbed a handful of the dispensable toilet paper from the slightly transparent dispenser on the left, and wiped it down, then throwing those in and sitting down on the somewhat dry surface I barely felt because I was actually wearing pants and underwear at the same time.

“I cannot do this… I cannot do this… they… have the upper hand but they do not have the knowledge… how do I kill them all?” I asked myself.

I sat in the bathroom for a mere one-hundred-and-one more seconds, scampering lines like: “I HATE them so much… I wish they were all dead… why does Heru not understand, nor anybody else!?” before hearing the doors open.

“Ayo- what in the?” I heard Molly ask before anything occurred to mind of what may be the visual that now lurked in the boy’s bathroom.

“Is Eighty-Three here?” The Robot version of me asked.

I smashed the stall open and saw the other slender robot, the version of me, and the root black guy all standing there in a horizontal line as the door closed; Robot me as right, slender at left, and black guy in the middle.

“Yeah- what do you guys want?” I asked with anger.

“To beat you up for what’ve you’ve done to everybody here!” – The Black guy said, pushing his knuckles together. I suddenly heard screams outside as the ceiling collapsed, and gunshots were flamed around quickly. A bullet even hit the door’s metal and bounced off with a large sound.

“WHAT HAVE I DONE?! YOU GUYS ARE THE ONES TRYING TO IMMORALLY KILL A KID!” I stated.

“Well, you’re still the same kid that made all this happen, even if indirectly. You should’ve just given yourself to Heru, because now you’ve made everybody undergo this madness! We’re now stuck in a loop with a mission to kill you. The universe keeps resetting out positions and batteries. You’re the cause-” He started.

“WHAT!? JUST BECAUSE I DID NOT WANT TO DIE MEANS I AM THE BAD GUY HERE?!” I screamed with a gesture at them as the bullets continued to hit against the wall.

“Get him!” The robot version called.

“Actually, I am going to get you!” I frustratedly concerned, rushing up against the rushing up black guy. I threw an upper kick with my right foot to hit his head, but he took no damage to that, and instead grabbed my leg and flipped me. I hit my head hard on the blue concrete below.

“Augh!” I stated angrily and hurt.

The robot version of me swung a tight right kick into my chest, making me gargle my insides preciously. Then the black guy kneeled down and swung a right arm into my face, as the robot version of me started to kick again, and again, repeating the beat up. My glasses were punched off shortly, and then the robot me smashed them with his left foot. I tired turning away, but they continued against my back, and then the black guy just pulled on my hair, starting to stand up and put his foot on me. He ripped some off with a yielding scream from my head, and I was forced back up, trying to throw a punch to his belly, but the robot version of me caught my left hand, and started twisting in, and then the black guy punched me in the teeth by the robot version of me. I hit the wall devastating, and fell to the floor again, cried and then coughed up some blood as the tall figure stood by the bots redoing their actions to my back now. He had a darkened shade around his screen where his eyes would be. He frowned as the others angered their own frowns.

“Hey- stop!” The Nazi said as he busted through. He pushed the tall figure onto the floor, making the man fall on me and hurt me even more. Then the robot version turned around and stared at the Nazi as the black man continued.

“Help!” I cried out, as the door opened and swiftly introduced a new character from behind itself- faster than I could say.

The Nazi started to throw his right hand into a forceful position, but was shot in the head. The Black girl stood behind him, left hand equipped quickly and letting the man fall dead just an inch away from the backed away robot. His punch was turned into his fall to back-first.

“Noooo!” I cried out, still being punched in the face.

The Robot gave the black girl a “Thanks!” along with a thumbs up, and then turned around and started to kick me in the face as the black guy made me turned around by ruffling my skin towards him.

“Beat him till we’re out of this loop.” The black girl said, leaving and letting the door close on my pain.

After twelve more seconds of pain, the door opens again and reveals The Fire God with his muscles.

“Hold on boys. I got the perfect thing.” – Him, making them stop beating up my incompetency. The fire god then lifted his hand into the air and it plowed onto the school and started melting everything. The fire and heat was then directed into places, melting the green to lava, the walls to ash, the floor to burnt concrete, whilst still keeping the robots and me afoot on our own little islands of distanced and safe lands. I tried pushing my bones up, grabbing my hands to lift me up, but slouched back down in miserable pain. I was crying, and I lifted my dreaded down and bruised head, seeing the sky had turned red, steam was flowing desperately about, and the island I was on was like Switzerland in World War One- a peaceful residence amongst the chaos.

I stared at the light, having my eyes water against the red flowing beyond me. I was scared half to death when I saw Wilma get plastered into it, having a giant rainbow spike in her chest, impaling her to death and letting her seep in the ocean of lava. I then heard the better me come, forming an island of pure brown dirt below him, coming down to the Fire God to explain his question.

“What is your plan?” He asked.

“Well- since you’re here, make him a swamp with little critters, and then pour butter all over him. Allow him to be eaten by them slowly. I was going to slowly let his island sink… but that’s a better idea.” – Fire God in his deep voice.

“Quite cruel- I like it… also, Wilma’s copies are dealing with my copies, so do not head over to the football field please.” The better me said to all of them.

“Thanks bro.” The black robot said as the better me lifted his right hand to point at them and lift them up into the air with a fast hover. He then floated off himself, leaving the dirt to fall to ashes and burn like fried chicken. The Fire God then crouched and jumped up with a swift noise. My head was laundering in front, and I had nothing to see from the pain. The robots were token elsewhere, being shot towards the forest as a third arm came from the Better-Me’s back and started turning the lava into a pool of gross green water. No critters were immediate, but I saw some flies dip into the glassy blue and dark green, and then come out from the moss. I also saw a few tadpoles.

My boat of pure land was then shifted. My body lifted without passion to move on its own. I saddened my face. I saw the land below turn its colors to brown and wooden, making two canoes without any equipment. I then felt the air around my arm as I floated, swirl around and turn into a white rope, that was then un-transparently forming to the boats with a white flue splattered in the middle of the area of the sides of boats. Then my body was shaken down straight, falling back and stopping harshly when the boats quickly separated farther down the horizontal view. I was stretched out, feeling the instance of a few bugs bounce onto my white lab coat. The boats did not move, but stretched me out constantly.

“Why are you all so evil!?!” I questioned within my losing sanity.

“Shut your fucking trap.” The better me said, forming a black wrapping strap of plastic around my mouth with his left hand which was bleeding from the palm. He then created a blue-outlined portal and went away.

For the rest of the day, I felt craved. My clothes were struck down, and my body was unsaved. I felt displeasure in my heart, and a fading anger in my mind. The sanity of frustration was replaced with sadness, and the heart was in pursuit for any touch of the kind. My place in strapped localization, was just a beginning to my fossilization. The critters roll through my white robes, and the tadpoles feast with not much emancipation. I cried inside, but only felt the physical litterers gargle in. The world burned around me, but me and my pond was an official torture bin. Wilma could not save me, and Ryutyu was lost with heaven’s kin.

***The Darkness Rolls out.***

I sighed in relief and distress. I held my band papers. I remembered every instance of pain and slight inconsistences of slivering moist creatures grabbing bites from me after my clothes had no essence to defend.

“Time… to… either kill them all or die…” I said to myself slowly, sighing at every word inside.

I turned around started to walk back.

“First, just go around.” My brain told me.

I started down, but was stopped by Molly, who ran up in front of me with a stare to what the hell was going on.

“What?” I asked her, down in the dumps a bit.

“████- have you’ve been having strange memories or events where some random fox lady and a few versions of you- maybe even a cyclops screaming memes here and there- have you gotten any of those?” She asked discontently, pointing with her left index finger.

“What do you mean?” I asked back.

“You know- like, the world starts to end- and then a white light fades in and it’s all good again?” She asked.

“How do you know about that?” I asked intrigued.

“Well- a cyclops came by and told me to stay calm- but also explained everything that was going on and why it was going on. He also said he was looking for you.” – Molly explained as I walked forth, and she followed with rudeness.

“Did that cyclops say anything about the universe script or something?” I asked.

“Yes! He told me to tell you that the Red Pupils- or whatever they’re called, are against you and taking control of the script.” – Molly said.

“Now the Red Eyes are against me!?” I tolerated at a good level somehow, almost sweating- not literally, “Oh my god… it’s all coming to shit…”

“And he-” Molly started again.

“Are you the black girl with the gun that can disguise herself with lollipops?” I asked.

“I… have seen her… kill the cyclops… all three of them…” – Molly said with a sad tone as people about were confused if they listened- which was like nobody except a single passerby.

“All three? I only know two…” – Me.

“The one that talked to me, his buddy, and then a third running around, screaming- and he had two eyeballs.” – Molly.

“And how were you alive by then- or even in the school? Everybody had to evacuate.” I told her suddenly.

“I… just started staying behind when the universe started restarting.” She told me.

“Hm… okay…” – Me turning around, “Well- since nothing-”

Moly was then putting a knife in my back, and running away, fading into the black girl who did her lollipop technique and turned into an adult as she ran out towards the exit and away. I was forced in the back to fall with regret and anguish- but then the knife lifted out of my back as I dropped to my knees, and my back was then regenerated of its stab. The people looked with caution and little compromise on reality, as I touched my back to reveal to myself naturality, and then quickly stand up and look to see the knife hover up in the roof, with the squares dissolving a hole into the darkness, and then allow the knife to further up as the holes started to increase back into itself from its two feet radius. The people were stunned, and I was on feelings of anger again. Wilma suddenly exerted her size to visible form, looking like a mini, really small action figure which stood normally, looking at me from my left shoulder. I tilted by head and turned away, walking away from the awes as Wilma looked towards me with her mini body, excluding any raised eyebrows pointing towards us.

“Sheesh.” She said out loud in a small volume, without a movement of her bones or a blink of her eyes.

“Damn… I really should stop listening to people so often.” I told her through my mind.

“Yes.” She answered. “Up ahead should be Eraoa. Eraoa is the bald friend of Molly. She is currently possessed and looking for you with empty hands.” Wilma then stated with much of her ending periods impacting the way she spoke.

“What should I do?” I asked in my mind, almost blushing around as people were curious on what such a small ruckus was behind me.

“Let me do my thing.” Wilma said, suddenly jumping up and falling into my left shoulder with a pinch. I cracked my face a bit before feeling my senses hyper up. I removed my glasses immediately and placed them in the bottom left pocket of my lab coat.

Eraoa came around the corner before I could. She looked directly as me with the discrete taste for death. Her eyes were normal, and so were her features. Her personality was changed though. She made her left hand go behind her and come out with a black axe. Wilma thrusted me back with immense wind powering the stunned people with their moments of unequal awareness. Eraoa lent her axe at me, but my body was back faced to the wall without lockers, next to a classroom door, and missed the axe as it accurately swung and spun to the floor five meters away. Eraoa then started to run at me, but I felt my right arm pulse with electricity, and looked down to see the blue lightning swirling efficiently. I then threw a punch at her as her eyes went back into her head and the white sparkles emitted to flow in her darkness. I hit her head to the wall, electrifying her head and causing steam. The freakshow battle started. People screamed as they ran away. Molly’s bald friend quickly ran to the other side, up the lockers, and onto the ceiling where she knelt down and put both of her hands onto a light quickly, and then backflipped onto me, smashing my head with a giant pulse of yellow electricity. The electricity was then condensed into me, and I felt my right arm start to shake vigorously. My right arm was blurry now, spinning quickly from the collar bone and down, and it swung up without command, half a second was taken, and the face of Eraoa was plunged inwards and into the wall of the school, and then beyond.

Arty came up behind, seeing me with a blurry arm along with blue electricity flowing around it.

“Hey! Stop right there!” He told me, obviously a bit freaked out.

I, without turning around in time, was lifted into the ceiling and beyond, being shot out to the football field with a nice rainbow sphere around me. It sooner exposed itself into oxygen and I got up on the lime green grass, my back a bit dirty from the brown hard soil. I then started to walk back over to the school as people ran out of it and looked back cautiously.

The Better Me was up in the sky, above the sand field, throwing spikes upon spikes at the duplicates of Wilma who had portals open and were throwing in many iron grenades at him, which duplicates of his own were redirecting into a rainbow shield formed by a single Wilma. Then, a portal opened, revealing Heru to come out, with his right hand raised and the light from the Earth coming quickly down into his hand, he then opened his fingers and allowed a rainbow bolt to fire at all the duplicates, who started dispersing quickly away.

“Thanks, Heru!” Better Me told as the Wilma’s evaded backwards.

Heru did not respond but looked back as Better Me underwent mitosis and creating more things for Wilma to fight again. Then three Heru’s jumped from the portal and started lifting Earth against its will and firing the rocks at Wilma. Heru then looked over and suddenly turned to go back into the portal as another Heru came out and bolted at the Wilma’s like lighting.

“Hey- Heru- I wanted to ask quickly… but… Eighty-Three said you were not going to pay anybody and keep us fighting here on loop. Is that true?” Better Me asked.

“No?” Heru stated back with a little sweat in his eyes, but determination on the rest of his face.

“You are lying.” Better Me said.

“Hm? How would I be lying?” Heru asked.

“Well, I can read the front of people’s minds- remember?” Better Me said as he crossed his arms with an angry expression.

Heru sighed. “Just do not tell anybody else. This is purely for fun as I get some stuff organized.”

“You are not getting anything else organized either. You are just uploading gaming videos to your stupid account in another universe.” – Better Me.

Heru started to drift over to him.

“Stupid… account?” He stated with unsurely an angered tone.

“Well, not stupid, just a waste of our time.” – Better me.

“Ight then, deal with it.” Heru said as he started to turn.

“Buddy- I do not want to loop this process for all of eternity. Some of the others have already left due to your sadistic personality.” – Better Me.

“Do not call me sadistic.” Heru told back.

“You are- and I will be telling all to leave if you are not going to change- or get the job done quickly.” – Better Me.

“I will kill you if you dare!” Heru said like a child!

“Oh yeah?” Better Me responded like a child too.

Wilma suddenly flashed over with a white trail of two-inch wide, and one-foot-tall hexagons turning into oxygen behind her. She hovered in place as she always does, right of Heru, in the middle.

“Can I help kill him?” Wilma asked Heru, looking him straight in the eyes.

“Why would you help him? I thought you guys were enemies.” – Better Me.

“A loop is a loop. I would like to see a difference.” – Wilma.

“You know I have secret copies in places, right?” – Better Me.

“We know- we’re just a bit bored.” Heru said.

“But- that’s stupid!” – Better Me.

“Pfft. We’re all decreasing our powers because we’re all scared of some universal red Glitch- so why not have a little fun with just one copy of you? It would be a cool break from this endless loop if you didn’t realize.” – Heru said, rotating himself upside-down.

“BUT- you started it! YOU CAN END IT!” – Better Me.

“Let us kill him for fun now.” – Wilma.

“AYO-” Better Me said as he created a thick, blue-outlined square portal behind him with a third arm from his back and dived back into it. Wilma then went to the closing portal and held it open with her left hand on top and right below.

“GET HIM!” Heru screamed as he turned minuscule and went to the left of her body, and then Wilma followed, letting the portal close very slowly as the Earth was torn up.

***Going with the Red Eyes.***

As I walked towards the open way of the metallic gate that kept this fertile land in its needed area, a portal opened behind me, bringing in four concerned Red Eyes with red pens held in their right hands each. Their circular portal of outlined red shown great to me as I turned from the crowd of confusion out by the school.

“Eighty-Three, you must come with us- NOW.” The first ordered as he walked up by a meter.

“Um… sure?” I stated back, seeing their red pens stabilized up. The furthest back also grabbed out a rainbow one with his left hand.

I started walking towards the portal, and eventually went through it with a weird sense as it closed behind me. The four Red Eyes came in last to personally introduce me to the equipment in the metallic grey lab. There was a turned-off Humanitor on the left, Fluxyr in the left middle, and Gravutoon in the right middle, as well as a De-Copy-Fyer on the full right. Listed behind them were giant steel canvases holding imprinted black text written in their unknown language. I looked down a hallway and another to see no ends to the infinite blank walls and floor of the same material, with a copy every meter of a circular white light shining down from the darkness above.

“These are the machines you’ve been using without the approval of the Cyclopals.” One Red Eye said on the far left on my senses.

“My friends have been using it- not me.” – Me.

“Still though, you are their reason for using it, and a sidekick of their illegal activities.” – The Red Eye said afterwards.

The one to my far right pulled out a rainbow pen and swirled it whilst pressing three times, making a green-outlined portal to a grey concrete room with a single black cushioned chair that looked exactly like mine. It was facing towards the northwest.

“We haven’t checked if he’s the right one yet.” – A red Eye said, making me stop my walk forth by a few inches.

The far right then waved his rainbow pen at me and looked at it.

“Wrong kid.” – He said.

“Damnit- we’re the clumsiest of all the cyclops in the multiverse!” – The Red Eyes.

“Not the clumsiest we’ve seen, but close enough to say you’ve led yourself into a trap.” – A man said with a nice tough voice and an echo.

I looked above to see a few Red Eyes coming down with brown ropes around their torso’s middle. They all held a rainbow pen in their left hand themselves.

“What universe are you all from?” – A Red Eye asked from my right.

“We’re from a redacted one, particularly high in the standards and seeking to help out many others.” – The Red Eye in front of me by three meters and eight meters up high. He had three men to his southwest, two to his northeast, five to far behind, six to right above me, and seven all the way down the hall behind me as I looked around to see them aiming sternly towards me.

“Oh- goodie, then take him back to his universe.” The Red Eye stated.

The Red Eyes hovering down on ropes silently then let their eyes fall out and allowed the darkness to seep into my soul as I saw their white sharp teeth form the biggest smile and a black tongue come from their eyes. As their eyeballs, big and straining with at least four strings of blood, squished to the floor dramatically- their skin then turned a light orange, and their tongues extended quickly to wrap around the torsos of the Red Eyes that had picked me up.

I screamed in terror and confusion.

“Hey! Let’s go before our Cyclopals form an alliance against yours!” My Red Eye man said.

A second once-Red-Eye member from the rope gang had his tongue seeped out and get around that Red Eye’s head and twist it dead, but with a scraping metallic noise. And then the Red Eye simply had his head turn back like a robot.

“Really?” He asked.

“Robots? I knew I sensed something different in them…” A Red Eye to my left said with a nice and calming voice still.

“What about-” Another asked to my right as he were above the ground about two meters. Then he stopped as a portal opened below me.

It was outlined in green, and The Red Eyes came through. A group of seven came through, aiming their rainbow pens immediately up and at those tongue-grabbing monsters.

“Release Eighty-Three immediately.” One to the bottom right spoke. The one to the far left started clicking at me and looked down at the screen as a man conversed.

“No.” A man said to my right. The rainbow pen guy then looked up.

“He’s ours.” He spoke.

Then a portal opened in front of me, revealing Wilma intensely and quickly throwing a rainbow string around me, pulling me towards her. I felt the air around me explode as I saw a rainbow oval was already around me. I heard squeals of pain above before being sucked into my gang’s reunion. I saw Cyclop on the right with a grey pen, Wilma in the middle, and Ryutyu at the left, in his armor of rainbow.

“Lad!” Ryutyu said as he raised his arms out to me in a calm way, his sword laying flat on the ground and pointing behind himself.

“Woah! Hey guys!?” I said with exclamation in my sense.

“Hello.” Wilma told funnily, letting her left hand be revealed to palm at me.

“Nice to see you’re okay- going into that kind of mess would’ve attracted much more nonsense from other universes.” – Cyclop said.

“Explain?” I asked.

“Well- my Red Eyes from my universe are now undergoing a certain protocol of attack. It seems other Red Eyes with clashing personalities decided to show up, and now they’ll be fighting to demolish the other’s Cyclopal Council as quickly as possible. That means a lot of portals, beings, and multi-universal things would go down, and I don’t want you lost in some similar yet different universe.” – Cyclop.

“Wait- how do I know this is the correct universe?” I asked, studying my surroundings of my school that was seemingly alrighty.

“Well… we just reset, so before the allies of Heru come by again and we redo this loop- let’s go back to my place and chill. I’ll also show you the Universal-printer from our first meet.” Cyclop said to me and the rest of the gang.

“Ight.” Ryutyu nodded, as well as I.

Cyclop picked his orange pen out of his pocket and clicked it, making it spawn a portal back to his place. We plopped down with adjusting pelvises, me and Ryutyu, whilst Wilma used her left hand to close the portal and Cyclop turned over to his garage, going past the pill ship and accessing the printer.

“This printer will show us all if you’re truly from universe 5432…” – Cyclop said intriguingly with a need in his voice for heroism.

The paper came out and said in its text:

*-Universe 5432; Negative-2 Science*

*-Wavelength alterations through month:*

*{++-+---\_\_\_+=+--\_\_\_+++------\_\_\_\_+}*

*-Universe Quyt’s : 113*

*-Wavelength’s Normal Kinds; Radio-Gamma*

*-Pulses of outlier waves:*

*{+===++++++=+=+=}*

*-Recommended time before discovery : 12 U.*

*-Transportations known: Cyclopal Equipment/Red Eyes/Cyclopal Agents/Minnesota Influencers/Cyclopal Enemies/Jesus Christ.*

“What does any of that mean?” Ryutyu asked brutishly.

“Where do you want me to start?” Cyclop answered happily.

“Well- what do the Nega-tive-two-sky-inces mean?” Ryutyu asked, looking to the first sentence.

“Well, Negative-2 Science simply just means that the universe is with only proper and normal physics, as well as other standards. It just means nothing is supposed to happen, but very rarely a Minnesota can cause such superstitions to occur.” – Cyclop.

“What a Minnesota?” Ryutyu asked as I stood by.

“A Minnesota is somebody or something that breaks the rules of a universe, like creating portals to it when the universe isn’t supposed to be capable of such, or just existing with tremendous Orchestral Waves.” – Cyclop.

“Oh.” Ryutyu said, looking back at me.

“Each sign for the wavelength alterations- what do they indicate?” I asked after Ryutyu stared at me with his green glowing pupils for over a millisecond.

“A plus equals something changed dramatically inside the universe, like something just came to being from a script change. An underscore here, (Cyclop points to the bottomed line,) this means a change has taken place in the universe without the script being touched or the consent of the original physics. Take for example Wilma- if she came from another universe into yours, Eighty-Three, that would be an underscore because she’s emitting Orchestral Waves if she does anything- like float or fly when she’s not supposed to in physics of the universe. This stuff doesn’t happen if the universe allows it somehow. The normal dash just means everything is normal, and then the equal sign means the waves that things like the script are giving off. It means something that was intended to be in the universe without physics actually allowing it to exist at all. It exists because God put it there in the creation of it, and now stays past its rule-breaking essence.” – Cyclop.

“Damn- that’s a lot to take in!” Ryutyu said.

“I remember every moment of everything…” I said to him, “But Cyclop, please continue about the Q-uts- or whatever they may be pronounced like…” – Me.

“Quyt’s, (Q-ats,) are just units of measurements for how much the universe has expanded. Quyts usually have to be rounded up in order to maintain simplification, because they have too many decimals- like hundreds of numbers behind the dot- and maybe even thousands… and Quyt’s are… about… around a trillion light-years maybe? Or was it a septillion? I don’t remember exactly, but too much of any human measurement to appeal to a normal understanding. They also create these outlier waves you see right here, (He points to the outlier line.)” – Cyclop.

“Okay…” Ryutyu said as he examined further.

“Nice… now what do you guys want to do?” I asked.

“Wait- you aren’t going to wonder about the discovery line?” Cyclop asked.

“Well- I have no idea what your ‘U’ entails, but sure, go ahead.” I spoke.

“Well, a ‘U’ is equal to around a million years of human years. So, by saying twelve ‘U’ is a recommended time till discovery just means a prediction was made that something weird would occur in twelve million years. Like, maybe the Cyclopals came by to assist all civilizations remaining, or maybe an evil terrorist group would go and hide somewhere in the Boötes void- who know.” – Cyclop said.

“Nice to know.” I said again.

“Do you guys want to play four square?” Wilma asked suddenly, making a crayon of blue spawn in her left hand.

“Sure?” Ryutyu asked back, “What the rules?”

“Well- you got to slap the ball down, not too hard, into the other player’s square, until somebody gets out. You cannot use massive power, we call it cherry bombing, but you can shoot it into any square for the other player to hit it back or not. You must allow it to bounce once in your square, and then slap it to the next region. Do not do it in mid air before it lands in your square, or let it go for a second bounce, or else you are out… unless the players keep playing, then you call them an asshole because they are not playing the game correctly and are letting you cheat…” – Me as Wilma used her right hand to make Cyclop’s pill ship move out to the driveway, and then hover up.

“Okay…” Ryutyu nodded as the crayon of blue swiveled four three-by-three squares connected to each other. Then a ball formed from the oxygen, red and scannable with condensed satisfaction when rubbed upon.

“Uh- Wilma- please don’t use your powers much further. The Cyclopals always know when something is different in this city.” – Cyclop said as he came to first square, I came to the third, Wilma being in front, and Ryutyu in the last square, making him king. He wagged his tail and had his black rubber jacket squealing the reflection off itself.

“Catch.” Wilma said proudly as she threw it at Ryutyu’s face.

“Hey!” Ryutyu said as he caught it awkwardly with both hands, nudging back his head and spine, “Um… do I just throw it?”

“Yeah- toss it up into another player’s square, then they will either bounce it back or to a different player’s square, so be ready at all times.” – I told with concentration and fun.

“Also- don’t catch it.” Cyclop said.

He tossed it up to Cyclop’s square, and Cyclop simply just hit with his left hand to Wilma’s. Wilma then passed it over to me, and then I gave it back to Cyclop with kindness. I liked the smoothness of our game. Nothing to eager for the win.

“So, (Cyclop passed the ball to Ryutyu, who slaps it carefully back with his palm facing towards the floor,) Are Heru and his allies are still attacking as great as before?” Cyclop asked.

“No. Not all of them are present to attack constantly.” Wilma said as Cyclop passed the ball to her, and then me, and then I did it back to her.

“Hm… so- what do we know about the allies then?” Cyclop asked as Wilma passed it to Ryutyu, and then to him, and then to me.

“(I caught the ball and looked up,) That they are absolute bitches- they do not care to investigate Heru on his money scheme- they just want to bully me.” I said.

“Hey, he held the ball (Ryutyu points at me with his left index finger,) … what happens now?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well, he would come to my square- and me and Wilma would move up, but let’s not rotate, and just continue talking and having fun.” Cyclop said, shrugging. Wilma nodded with him and Ryutyu smiled as I tossed the ball to him and he smacked it to Wilma lightly with his right hand and still-cut fingernails of glowing white.

“Back to what I was saying- (In a cry-baby sarcastic way,) a black cloud that goes inside people and controls them because he has nothing else he can do, an evil spirit that can manipulate hosts with darkness just because, a red backpack with a gun that keeps fucking getting in my way at points, a countryball-owning girl with spider-arms of metal that crush your insides like jelly, some other monsters coexisting with a plague doctor that bitches them to attack me at night and disallows me to sleep, and even if he did not exist- Wilma would continuously stab me with syringes!” I started to get angry at.

“Sorry.” She said seriously sad as Cyclop passed the red ball it to me.

“Yeah, please… and some damned versions of me are also blistering about... so- all of these characters have been nearby recently, and the looping script of our universe is being reset by...” – Me, passing it to Ryutyu.

“The Red Eyes. I won’t lie- they’re against you. They just told me to get out of the script room whilst they took over-, and wouldn’t you know it- it just came to pass that shit was very whack still. The Cyclopals also want you dead, but not near Heru’s hands. But the reason they haven’t gone full-completion mode on their mission is because when the Red Eyes started to by just gathering a few supplies, those Steel Terrorists came in and had a long battle with the Red Eyes... Five dead Red Eyes, and zero deaths on the terrorist’s side. They alerted me on the bee-phone, telling all that they were highly dangerous in all scenarios…” Cyclop said jokingly.

“Damn… the Steel Terrorists are pretty chaotic…” I told.

“Zis’ Steel Terrorists- should I be worried for me actions or something?” Ryutyu asked as we continued, looking down.

“Just… I don’t know… take caution in fixing the situation quickly as a whole? We got nothing on their ways. The Timal Tienes and The Steel Terrorists are two totally new groups that Eighty-Three’s appearance has given us... I just hope God gives us a sign that these people aren’t supposed to be around either…” Cyclop said.

“Hm…” – Me.

***Back at Home with Ryutyu.***

“Woo… we truly held that hard work out…” He said as he put down the weights in the middle of the floor.

“Yes.” I told him, “Anyways- I am going to bed now… see you tomorrow morning…” – Me.

“See ya’ too, bud.” Ryutyu said tiredly as he escaped to bed with walking.

I came up the stairs to meet Gustavo on my bed, sitting up straight.

“Are you worried that the monsters might show up tonight since they haven’t all the time we’ve been home?” Gustavo said exclusively as I put my glasses down on the desk and he jumped off.

“No… I just want some sleep… my eyes are red, and my soul is dead tired… all I wish for is that the universe not reset now…” I said with my yellow pajamas as I laid in bed. I turned to the wall with my head, and my arms lay uselessly around.

“Hm… I’ll watch then…” – Gustavo.

“Thanks…” I spoke.

Give it about fifteen moments, and I heard a loud distorted and eager gargle downstairs.

“Um…” Gustavo literally said.

“Please no!” I yelled into my pillow.

I heard the breaking of a pipe blow, squirting the water loudly. Then the wood cracked and smashed into itself it was. I felt the chomping sounds of crushed flooring fill closer into my room. Gustavo made his jaw into four pieces, went over to stand in front of the closed basement door, and awaited attack.

“It is always when I try to go to sleep!” – Me.

Ryutyu then punched the door against Gustavo. Gustavo the cat was blasted into the wall from the pressure emitted onto the door, taking it off its hinges and into the wall with a large smack. I was sitting up, seeing the drooling-black arm grab the closet wall, and then pull forwards the double-dimension-sized Ryutyu with his eyes missing his green pupils and leaking the dark ink-like substance throughout all the holes plausible on his face.

“Damn you!” I said, pointing a left-handed middle finger at the dead Ryutyu coming at me.

He bashed through the walls, showing his true form. With a wagging tail that thrusted the specs of the wall to the dust compiling on the floor, Wilma was smashed into his right arm, being dissolved around in a rotating pattern with disgusting features of red dilating the monstrosity of horror. Gustavo was least amused to awe and used his teeth to grab a rock tightly and then lift it up and throw it at the head of the thing. The monster that Ryutyu was hosted by just opened its jaw, letting the teeth stay in place somehow, and let the rock come to its mouth and be crushed. It closed its mouth as Gustavo opened his to inrail upon its head. The leaking stone of the darkened Ryutyu’s mouth did not concentrate him to immobilization. The darkened Ryutyu allowed the cat to pulse the skin of and show the bloody markings. Rearranged horrifically, the darkened Ryutyu then rushed to Gustavo, who dodged to the right, hopping onto the now dirty bed with me already fleeing to the door.

“It is no use- let us get out of here!” – Me as I swung the door open with my right hand adjusting to the sounds that flaked my spine to shiver.

Gustavo ran with me to the hallway, and out towards the front door. I swung it open and left but noticed a package at the side. I disregarded and took note with a left finger to point. Then we darted off towards the road and looked back. The broken Ryutyu had rushed past the walls and exploded the building to collapsed as he came to our northeast, pushing past the garage wall and making a giant stance against us. His arms were now swollen with dark strains, and he plummeted them into the ground as I dodged his certainty of giantess. Gustavo went to the right again and let his sharp teeth spike onto the blood vessels kept in line about the creature.

Without hesitation, I looked down to see a stick nearby the tree I was feeling towards. I picked it up and threw it at the thing. His attention was unconverted though, as he rushed to pound Gustavo into the grassy land. He dodged again to the right and kept breaking through the lineage, but seemingly got nowhere as he only painted the grass a thick red under the white moon’s daring light. Along with the freezing temperature, my body shaking was the least of concerns as I noticed The Robot Cat come around the corner, lifting himself up with a smile, letting his orange electron eyes flux around.

“Do not look!” I told Gustavo as he seemed to appeal towards the metallic clings.

Too late though. Gustavo had already started sprinting over to me and looked back to see the second monster. Without time, I had already seen it and darting off to the grey circular cul-de-sac. The Ryutyu monster turned to see us making a run for it. Gustavo was faster than me as I started to accelerate towards the blue darkness. I decided to go as far as towards the middle before looking back upon the increasing sound of metallics.

“We’re not going to survive this!” Gustavo yelled.

“Oh me-o my…” I spoke, continuing after seeing the tube robot walk quickly over to us like he was a running baby with a mission. He opened his mouth wide, revealing the inner layers of red teeth ready to chomp us to bits. The Ryutyu infested thing also was trying to dart at us, pounding the miniature earthquakes closer as he came a bit faster than me.

Through our running to the next dead end, we saw only a single streetlight come on amongst the background of wondering neighbors. No use calling it out though, I felt the essence of that giant cat lurk over me highly before putting its teeth around my hips and taking half of my body into his mouth. I felt the blood vaporize to the outside as my brain ached with pain against the visuals of many teeth stabbing my half body at the same time. Gustavo was still running, against the giant Ryutyu. He came to turn around and try throwing teeth, but was altered by the white fade ins. The Ryutyu came in over him and smashed him to the street without mercy- as Gustavo’s teeth planted inside every inch of his head, rotating till no more was possible. Soon, dead from the impact of course, then the white light shone all.

I was back in my room, with Gustavo, and saw Wilma splat up with Ryutyu.

“Damn…” She spoke.

“Must have been the machines we put up.” – Me.

“Can… you… please guard us?” – Ryutyu.

“(After a long sigh,) Sure- I am not going to bed after that panic of course… but for a while, I would like to do something with you guys since you all will be obviously awake as well…” – Me.

“Hm… should we continue lifting weight?” Ryutyu asked.

“I am too tired for physical activity… I got to stop running from creature like those…” – Me.

“We could watch Saj Anfe Two…” Wilma spoke.

“Alrighty…” I shook my head, “Who needs sleep when you can just continue your life with these pleasures?” I whispered afterwards, almost giggling a bit insanely…

I stayed up the whole night, studying and worrying with shaky intense fear. I was going insane, perhaps whacky. I talked to myself, asking rhetorical questions to the documents I learned. I started walking around mindlessly, converting my attention to the windows just incase something was to appeal, but nothing was to stop my murmuring. I then checked the front door in the middle of the night, finding the boxes already there. Rushing back to my room with such, I found quizzes, and unluckily, the time was only 2:54 A.M. I started to steer my direction towards listening to albums whilst studying. I kept my ears open, denying my earphones. At 6:53 A.M., light came to my senses, and I decided to get breakfast with my eyes darting all over for signs of anything… nothing… I went back to my room, completed my papers, watched Ryutyu get out of bed and come up, help him do his things, see Wilma sleeping below, then my parents got up and I had to go…

At school I came out deprived. I was red eyed, looking around for any disturbances in reality. I came forth to deliver my package- four quizzes for four core classes. First, on top of my holdings, was Math, then Science, then ELA, then History. I entered the school unwillingly to my own comprehension. People looked towards my depression, wondering how long I stayed up. Some even giggled, and I just quickly led a creepy stare to alter their communications…

Wilma then spawned on my should before I entered my homeroom.

“I hope you get some sleep soon…” She said in a whisper, being small yet visible on my left shoulder.

I slowly turned my head. “Then why the fuck did you think putting syringes in a boy who has NOT gotten ANY sleep yet- would be funny?” I demanded.

She shrugged and dissolved into my shoulder.

I came forth into my classroom with eyes poking their peers to my visuals.

“Dude- are you okay?” Elijah asked as I entered.

“I have not gotten any sleep…” – Me.

“Damn…” – Elijah, looking around.

Suddenly, I heard a bunch of syringes behind me, and turned to see every student was pulling a black-tinted and shining syringe out of their right shoulder.

“That damn better version of you worked with the Plague Doctor again!” Wilma echoed in my mind.

All the students turned to me as I insanely stared back.

“Psychosis to Schizophrenia.” I told, before throwing my papers like a robot to the right and throwing my fists up. I started feeling the unraveling-like-paper-or-a-towel feel as three arms came under my current arms on my body.

The people started downing their eyebrows at me. Then they threw their own fists up and ready to swirl. Running at me, I threw a punch at a black kid to my right, smashing his face back to his allies. Then Molly came through and tried pushing my chest to death but failed and I grabbed her throat and pulsed her into the crowd like a bowling ball as two other men started to smack my face with their fists on both sides. My arms exerted out and landed them dead because from all my knuckles came miniature spikes that went through their noses with the five feet long selves directed.

Then all stopped as I felt myself be dived into the floor from a radiation blast of blue sparkles. Wilma lifted my body up to the sky and quickly rotated me around to see Heru and Deandra. Heru with his army of copies all sucking in the light from every object and throwing shards of rainbow glass at us. Deandra started to play her violin with sweat, and me and Wilma went further up into the sky to try and escape these little mosquitos. Yet, their buzzing quickness flew up with us, and when we missed a shard, it came flying back. Wilma created copies of herself and spread them around, but each started to die and fall to their grave from the tantrum of sharpness flowing through the blue cloudless sky. As it became apparent, we had to leave. Wilma created a portal below to the house’s basement, where Ryutyu was founding lifting two weights with his own sweat facing away.

“Wilma- Heru can open portals after they are closed!” I warned as I saw Ryutyu turn around to surprise and worry.

Heru then ripped the portal back open with a sagging mouth of white droopiness as miniature bodies of himself splashed at light speed into the walls and started lifting the planet to its core death. He shoved fire upon blazes at me and Wilma, who created another portal to come out to another universe, where it was all blank with darkness, but Heru followed, and then we created a portal to a white space, then a blue space, then back to the destroyed Earth.

“Can he come after us still?!” Wilma loudly insisted on me answering.

Heru came through another rip in the space time, and this time had already shot a rainbow spike the millisecond it was open, at my head. We dodged to the left, but a copy of Heru had already thrown a ton more at us- and it sharpened through, growing with size constantly, killing our brains instantly. The last thing me and Wilma could ever hear was that dramatic violin solo.

“Finally!” Heru said, raising his hands in victory.

“Quick- touch him or something!” – Deandra.

The universe started to fade to white.

“NOW! GET TO HIM!” Deandra yelled as Heru stood still with confusion.

“What did you say?” he asked as he heard rocks and such colliding about her screaming.

I was back at school, about to enter my homeroom. So, I did, quickly, handing my math teacher, Yetu Hem, the papers, and leaving rudely as he tried to stop me for a question with his raised right index finger.

But I was instead stopped by the Plague Doctor, literall just casually walking in. I bounced into him and flailed back with a consent of anger and confusion and tiredness. He looked at me, as the students would with awe, before a second came in behind him. Besides the entity of complete darkness, this guy had a thick grey-glowing outline all around the parts of his gear. His shades were dark grey, he had hemisphere around his metallic shining goggles, and he had a blue top hat with an Italian flag in front. The rest of the man was darkness’s giveaway. A third came in, same attire but with a top hat of red and a San Marino Flag. Then a fourth, looking the same as the original but with his goggles having eight hemispheres on each side, each being red.

The original threw a punch at me, and I dodged to the right, then took his arm with both hands and tossed him into the wall with a round-about. My teacher got up and yelled: “Stop!” with his right hand raised against such, but the second plague doctor just jumped on the desks and then at me. I put my hands on hits shoes, but his mass fell towards me, and he plopped a left smash into my head, as the third came around and plucked both his right middle and index finger up my nose, and then threw me away towards the running people. I was clashed into the seats, before seeing outside the world start to fragment with a deep lava pouring out of the walls. I heard explosions outside, and my teacher started to run over to me. He gave me his right hand, pulling me up with my right, and then started being a body shield against the invading doctors. I ran towards the entrance, starting to be gained by two needy killers. I started to shoulder smash to them, but they simply moved to their left, looped their arms around my neck, and started to strangle me. The second started fisting my stomach three times, and then my face.

Behind me, my math teacher tried coming over to save me, but was shot in the head, splattering blood immensely around. He flopped his death into the chair right behind our isolation. The Black girl had shot him with her un-silent pistol.

Suddenly, a third guy shoves a white syringe with a green liquid into my right shoulder, and I feel drowsed. My vision blurred and I tried moving my body parts, but I fell asleep, and then they let me drop to the floor and hit the metallic cabinet bin as I fell unconscious after seven seconds.

“Quick- get The Better Version of Him over here!” – The Italian plague doctor said with his manly young Italian accent.

“Right here.” The Better Version of me said as he blasted through the roof down and floating to see my body surrounded by a gored teacher and blackly dressed docs, “Ight… here he goes!” He happily said as he put his left hand in front and made a square, red-outlined portal drop me five feet to a grey concrete floor with the metallic cabinet bin falling on top of my back and my head, implanting further damage.

“Quick!” The Italian one ordered further, now to the Belarus one.

The Belarus one dropped down, and then the portal closed. He searched to the right of his clothing and found a purple-liquid syringe. He put it into my foot, and then looked behind him and escaped up the rusting grey stairs with rusty white metallic poles.

I gained a somewhat broken conscience, feeling pain and screaming as I put my hands over the giant metallic thing and slivered it up and then rolled myself to make it combat it into the wall. I touched my head, feeling an indent in the back.

“Fucking… damnit! I hate everything… why?” I cried out, getting up with tears of un-enjoyment.

I looked around, seeing the metallic dirty blonde cabinets had been still locked by their black circles when I tossed them to the left. I looked forth to see the right side had stairs leading down to a black door that mirror on the other side. The left had the stairs going up to another fully black door with a metallic white knob. I treaded over to the sound coming from above and looked up to see the infinite duplex as the Belarus Plague Doctor rushed up and up… I looked down to see it kept on going as well.

“God… why?” I cried again… “Sir!” I yelled up after memorizing every hurt expression I had taken in the localized past, “Sir?” I then questioned as he did not stop at all. “I guess trying to see what they want me to do is quite stupid of me.” – Me.

I then used my right hand on the rail and lifted my right leg to go over the bar. I then lfited my body over with the help of my left hand and looked down with the fear of heights upon my mind.

“Here I go…” I said to myself.

I aimed my body to have a straight fall and hopped off with a standing straight pose for my bones to cackle up to my head when landed to the floor. But as I looked down, there was no end to everything below. I just kept falling with the gust of wind displaying my clothing. I sighed a scared sigh.

Then I felt something wrap around my shoulders, clenching onto my armpits. I felt a slight tug up from the infinite fall, being strained hard and having a scream of pain as the blood strings from left-turned head saw them ravel me up slowly.

A minute later, I came to Heru with my red aching body hidden beneath my clothes.

“Hey BITCH- MAYBE YOU should FUCKING deliver these twenty GODDAMN food supplies to each DAMN door you can, and I’ll stop all of BULLSHIT.” – Heru with a straight face as he laid his arms over to his right to arrange my thoughts on the two thin stacks of ten white fabric rounded take-home boxes. Each was about two by two feet.

“How about, NO.” I told, going back to jump off.

Heru shot his hand at me, almost fully despairing it from his left arm. It brought me back with its might force of many bloody strings. I was forced to turn around, bothered by the blood streaks going down to my pants now.

“Do it! I made a deal with the game! The computer will allow you to live peacefully, as well as all of us, if you don’t die while delivering these shits to random customers in this dimension!” Heru said.

“Why do you care? I thought you said you wanted to cause pain in me?” – Me.

“Well- I change my mind. Get to it now!” Heru ordered, making a portal and leaving quickly up the flight of stairs. I did not even try to run up, because he turned his head back in such a way to distort me from hope.

I looked to the boxes. I sighed. I looked up and shrugged indefinitely against my cowardly armpits.

“Shit is going to more shit.” – Me.

I grabbed three boxes, leveraging it towards my chest and bringing my spine back. I went down to the first door on the right.

I knocked and awaited. I heard footsteps crawl up, before the door tinted open, revealing a man’s young face with brown curly hair and green eyes.

“How in the world did you end up in these parts, little guy?” He asked.

“Big story, small care. Take on these- they are a gift to the infinite plaza I will be doing…” – Me.

He came out, stepping forth with his black tap shoes, brown t-shirt, and smile without teeth showing. He took the top box carefully.

“What’s in it?” He asked, opening it.

I shrugged. He smiled.

“Tender Teriyaki chicken from the Koreans, I see.” He said, “Thanks.” He then closed the door with his left hand and went back to his room. I was a little underwhelmed afterwards. Finally, a bit of peace.

Then I heard a child crying beyond his door. “Daddy? Is that food possibly for me?” A boy asked. Then I heard a slap of the cheek, and a startling cry till it faded. I backed away and looked at the other door, feeling a bit of sadness. I looked down, and then knelt down myself, and sat in front of the second door. I opened the second white box and ate from it. There was already a black plastic fork in it, and I had my time. Afterwards, I simply just tossed my trash down the infinity stairwell hole, and then knocked on the second door.

Footsteps occurred in the echoing silence. Then it opened widely, revealing a dark hallway with a brown rug and light blonde walls. In front stood a bald man with brown eyes, and a missing left arm, now covered with white straps of cloth. His sadness grew to me.

“Oh my god… they took you too…” – Him.

“What?” I asked, holding up the white box to him.

“They- any Minnesota’s who wanted a being trapped in an endless loop to feel pain and suffering amongst others… yet he gives you the mission of a slight dopamine hit to our brains…” The man said, taking the food, “I am not the future you by the way- I just got trapped here by some nine-tailed fox police crew… the context is that I murdered a guy relentlessly…”

He said this with sadness before opening the box. He smirked a bit. “Thanks kid. Now, where are you going since you don’t have any others left?”

“I got some- I just got to resupply myself.” – Me.

“Well, the only advice I can give is that… (He looks around suspiciously,) don’t get yourself mentally hurt on the way up… or down…” he said, then closing the door harshly on my face.

I went back down and grabbed four this time. I went up now. First door, on the left, knocked on it twice, harshly, and awaited the nothingness. Then it opened with a bit of a spook to my bones as the darkness seemed to sweep in from the darkened similar hallway. A woman sided from the right side of the door with a brown wooden shotgun in her hand.

“Who are you?” She asked.

“The damn shitting food service- take one or leave it.” I said.

She took one with her left hand, holding her right hand on the gun’s trigger, and then closed the door with her right leg. I softly stepped over to the right one, using my right hand to knock at it six times. I heard a wheelchair come up.

A man opened it, revealing himself to be in a white metallic wheelchair. He had a long blue sleeve on with white strips. His confused state of mind extorted upon his blue eyes and yellow flat hair. His only wore brown shorts with baggy pockets, which darkened inside to metallic blockings, spherical for keeping the blood inside his thighs. The rest of his legs were missing. He crept his white left hand out, sternly facing me. He got it, opened it up, looked at me, and then backed away towards the hall’s yellow light.

“Fucking loser.” He stated as he closed it with a slam.

I nodded my head against it, and repeated upwards. One more box given to one nice black male, then the last one to a white woman. She came out with the most dented cheeks ever, and lip palm of red beyond supervision. She held a knife in her right hand and stuck it out to me.

“Mister- what bombs do you have in there?” she asked shyly, only an inch taller than me.

“Um… none, just some Teriyaki chicken…” I said to her purple dress with black boots.

“You think I’m going to fall for that?” She laughed.

“I think you might fall with how tall your boots are and how short you actually are.” – Me.

She hissed at me like a snake, giving me an awkwardness. She pulled the knife back and took one with her right hand, and then smashed it onto the floor, seeing the ingredients planted.

“Oh- you weren’t lying like a smock.” – Her whiteness.

“Ight bro, I will be going off now.” – Me.

“Hey! Don’t call me bro!” She infuriated over. She held her knife up to my throat.

“Put your knife down, miss anxious.” – Me.

She pulled it back with anger and slashed it at me. I moved backwards, and dropped my supplies over to wall quickly, trying not to make them frazzle onto the floor. I then got up from my sliding state, and barely dodged an inner slash. She swiped a plucky amount of skin off my left arm, just a cut about two inches long. I took her arm then and threw her down. She tumbled with pain and stroked a hard moan to the atmosphere of her hurt arm she bent a little bit.

“Bitch!” I stuttered over to her.

Then a man flashed his door open and came down to me, looking upon my essence. He held a shotgun and blasted my chest dead.

“Don’t hurt my friends!” he screamed. He was white too.

Whilst dying, I heard his saying be overthrown by Heru suddenly growing into full size and shooting a blood spike at him. The woman had already gotten up and started to advance but stopped in horror as she saw the blood spark and the gargle sound. Then Heru shot a spike at her with his left hand, and then grabbed my dead chest with his lowering spine and right hand, and healed it slowly. I felt my conscience come back from the seizure of mind, and I saw him.

“Get the job done…” – Him, suddenly shrinking into inexistence from my point of view. He literally just started to shrink his volume, floating smaller and smaller where his normal sized pelvis would be.

I sighed with a creeped-out mouth.

So, I went to four more to give the Teriyaki Chicken to three quiet white women and a single other old black man with a mouth closed because it was stapled together. Then four more to below with white people hushing against me. Then I came back down, grabbed more supplies I had seen restocked themselves, sighed, and went down this time. Three levels deep, I tapped on the left door five times.

I heard another wheelchair come up. A man opened it, looking like the same guy with the other wheelchair. He had purple eyes though.

“What’s up dipshit?” He answered, smiling at me angrily.

“Yes.” I stated back, shoving the stacks of five food boxes in front of his face. He swiped his right arm in front of them all, knocking the four off onto the floor. The last he just punched down in front of me.

“Haha! What’s your manager going to say now?” He asked.

“I do… not know…” – I said, “But I will now kill you because I am as edgy as everybody else down here.”

I backed my left arm down threw it up to his chin. He caught it with his left arm, and then his right arm pulled a knife from behind his back and stabbed it into me as he held it tight with his gaging muscles.

“Try this!” He said as stabbed it in and then started shredding it down.

I sued my right hand to pound his face. Then I backed away, breathing hard. He closed the door, and I heard it lock. My tiredness was getting to me.

I went back down, holding the blood with my hand.

“Heru! I need healing! I am going to lose too much blood!” I screamed.

“Fuck you!” He said from an echo upstairs as I came up to the restocked white boxes of food.

“Damnit!” I screamed back up.

Finally… I was getting my needed work done. Two went in my right arm’s great unfun. I strolled down with my hurt expression. The time was feeling lonely amongst the echo session. I found two willing people who only stared. I gave them their food with a hurt tear. I crept back up with no delight. I continued with a blurry state of night. The final guy had blue eyes, no hair, a white t-shirt, and black jeans. He slammed the door on me after looking at the teriyaki chicken. Then a final person, rather a woman. Gave it to her and went back up hurt.

I sighed; a bit relieved to see no more packages about.

“Heru! I successfully completed your task- can I go home now?” I asked the atmosphere.

Heru opened a square portal behind me. Red and outlined, he stepped through, and a copy of him grew to size to his right.

“I did what you asked- take me home, please!” – Me.

“See? You could do it without my constant healing!” Heru smiled with a suspicious look to the surroundings.

“Fuck you!” – Me.

“Okay then… fuck you too! Now- I lied to you about the deal with the computer. The only one ever made was paying everybody to kill you…” Heru said, smirking in my face and leaning closer as he picked me up with our right hands, “Anyways- time to go back inside the loop!” He smiled.

He grabbed my shirt and thrusted me forth to the sand on the playground of school. I got up, seeing the red flow deep in the trailing yellow. I cried a bit, looking up to see Heru giving me the middle finger with his right hand. Then it closed and I was left to the blue sky above.

“God…” I started, “Fuck… Heru… I am useless…” I pleaded, getting on my knees.

I then laid in the hot sun and allowed death to overtake my senses. Then, when the darkness faded up, I suddenly was rejuvenated, feeling alive again. I quickly bounced up looking at the five white syringes with empty canisters in both of my shoulders. I looked, twisting my arm to see the cut was healing faster than ever. I turned quickly around to see a Steel Terrorists with nine tails of pink with white tips. He had a belt of syringes still filled from the sides of his hips and back, yet the front ones were missing.

“T-thanks?” I said to him, looking up to see the night sky… “Fucking hell… nobody else came after me!?”

The Steel Terrorist stood still, looking directly at me. He then took out an orange pen from his left top pocket of his pants and made me and him fall to the school’s sand track. It was daytime, but the trees were floating and the light on parts of things were misconceived.

“What now?!” I stuttered.

The Steel Terrorist looked up as he clicked the portal to close. I turned to see the Fire God have the sun blazing a laser at the top of a shield we were just two feet from. He had a non-blazing sword of black, fighting the Red Eyes and Wilma. Wilma had a rainbow sword, and the Red Eyes were either shooting lasers from their red pens or using their yellow pens to form shields to ban against the Fire God with. The surrounding world was also pouring lava about. Heru was battling versions of Wilma across the horizon.

I walked in as Wilma looked over to me and started running whilst the red eyes threw a few lasers at the no-longer burning black figure who was sprinting around and at them, gaining no loses or wins.

“Where were you?” She asked, looking towards the Steel Terrorist more than anything.

“With Heru, doing a lie…” I told with sadness.

The Steel Terrorist started to run the other way, without even stepping into the portal. Then he created a portal with a rainbow pen he pulled from his top right pocket. He left to a world of white metallics.

“Damn…” Wilma spoke with a bit of worry for me.

“Anyways- where is Cyclop?” I asked.

“Over there, helping out the Red Eyes.” – Wilma.

I entered further into the portal and ran over to my man as the Fire God started to get assisted with the red and blue backpacks with guns, but they were blown dead in the playground.

“Cyclop!” I yelled over.

He turned to me.

“Eighty-Three!” He said over, “You found your way back!”

“Heru made me give a bunch of boxes of food to some random insane-os… but, what?” – Me.

“Way back? The Red Eyes analyzed you were taking in by a different gang of us… and entirely different universe you just spent time with…” – Cyclop.

“What? If anything, their Cyclop printer said the almost-exact same information as yours did when we first met.” – Me.

“Alrighty. If you happened to be in a lying universe, then stuff like that would most likely occur. I’m going to have to show you the printer and then investigate theirs to show you why stuff may be wrong…” – Cyclop.

“Of course… now I have no idea if you are lying, or if your machines of the universe will lie, or if I am evening in the correct universe anymore… (I sigh heavily,) did we ever play four-square though?” I asked.

“No?” He stated back.

“Fucking damnit… what is even going on with me?!” – Me as I shredded away in anger and Wilma followed.

“I know a lot has been happening…” Wilma started.

“But?” I asked in anger.

She did not continue. She just stared at me. I turned and shook my head.

“I am going through an identity crisis, I remember all moments of immense pain, I have been killed in horrible ways, I am going to die in more horrible ways- what is it?” I asked.

Then Wilma lifted her left hand up to me in a palm-up way. She then turned into the black girl pulling the trigger to fire a bullet at my heart. The shot was so loud spread, everybody stopped.

“Move in!” A Red Eye said as they all stopped and redirected. Then the Fire God stopped and started coming over to The Red Eyes to converse in the background.

Cyclop turned his costume off by letting it trail off like dust. It revealed the Better Version of Me. He was the last thing I saw before I fell dead to the running cyclops.

“Check him!” The first said. One grabbed out a grey pen, and another a rainbow pen. They swooshed and clicked it.

“He’s definitely from universe 5432. Take him to B-23 now.” The Red Eye said.

“Pleasure working with you all?” Better Me said, with a bit of confusion.

“Thank you too sir.” The Red Eye agreed as he turned around, “Making our jobs a bit sillier did work.” Then they all activated their pens and went to an unknown location with my body being held from my head and shoe as they fell seven feet. Once landed, the Red Eyes were completely fine with just continuing their path with their stern eyes. Seventy landed down into a large room with a yellow square closed around them from about five meters. In front of their faces stood a rectangular machine another Red Eye was already at, pushing buttons. A few other Red Eyes came through the dark and large open concrete grey box everything was contained within. They saw the two with my come down the three stairs. From a door beyond the row of three pill ships on each side, the rainbow door with a white knob being behind the left most ship, opened to reveal B-23.

This B-23 was a purple eyeball, about the twice the size of my head, on top of a dirt rock that extended down about three feet, still hovering over the staleness though. The eyeball was also cleaned behind it, showing no blood lines connecting it to anywhere. Just the eye being a bit swelled like mine would be. It was also on the surface of the dirt rock, which the surface was actually a slight grass before the dry soil.

B-23 floated over to the Red Eye group.

“Erase his memory, reset the script, kill all the allies of the Heru, then go and contain Heru for testing. After all that, put him back, get his versions and repeat, and then grab those other two beings to put them in their right places without a loss of memory, since it’s unneeded. Then assign agents to view the surroundings for any of those Timal Tienes or Steel Terrorists that might try to capture upon his normal lifestyle again.” – B-23 said with a female voice of dark accompanied taste to business. She swifted her body of everything back and forth from left to right. Her eye in her eyeball also moved about, giving all the Red Eyes the consideration- they needed from eye-to-eye contact.

The Red Eyes nodded. They all dispersed from me, except the two already holding me. They brought me to the left. The wall away from the first pill ship had five doors lay with each of the doorknobs on the right. Above the first to the left was unknown black text in front of a white glowing box. That repeated with the slight difference just three inches above each of the doors. The Red Eyes took me to the far-right door, and when opened, it showed a medical room quite similar to the one during surgery. The walls were now marble green with specs of blue. The worktable was now a white metallic and had all the correct tools. The medical bed had nothing on it, showing the teal carbon mattress express itself in a hardening way.

The Red Eyes, without getting even any gloves on, went over to the tool-filled workbench and grabbed a machine made from iron. It was a cube, purely pointy ends, but on one side had a tube of slight teal the turned into a cap of black with a white needle poking out. This needle was filled with a green liquid about halfway. The Red Eyes came up to me. One had the cube held, and the other grabbed the sausage-like tub thing and plugged it in with silence. He put it in the middle of my forehead, but nothing occurred to seem different as the juices were pushed in.

“Now to go erase the script.” The Red Eyes said.

“Hold on- what’s that black substance?” The Red Eye asked.

The other Red Eye looked back to see the forehead of myself had been turning black, and the green liquid had been moving in a stream around my head. It started pouring out through the left ear.

“Shock him!” The Red Eye said quickly.

The second Red Eye went over to the defibrillation pads of blue. He grabbed the defibrillators and stuck one on the opposite side of my heart and on just below it. The first Red Eye then went over to the plugged-in defibrillators. The black cords reached into a multiple-outlets, rectangular outlet of black. But in the middle of the cord, now dangling near the floor from gravity, was a black box with a turning rectangle panel in the middle as well as a red button to its left. The Red Eye picked it up with his left hand and pressed the button to the left, leaving the turning nob to stay vertical, leading up to a white text box with red text saying: “Medium.” To the slight southeast was “Hard.” And to the slight northwest of the thing was “Low.”

A taxing shock entered my body repulsively. It electrized my everything, making my spine stammer upwards and my brain reawaken. I stared forefront to see the Red Eyes staring at me. I touched my left ear to feel the liquid of green spill out with a consent to move out.

“Oh no… you guys…” I spoke.

“What do (A few gunshots are heard out back, reminiscing the first Red Eye to grab his red laser pen out,) you remember?” The Red Eye asked, looking towards me as I discussed the sound in my head and eyes.

“Uh… what is going on in the first place? I mean- you guys did allow me to die, and you did work with Heru’s allies, right?” I asked.

“What do you remember?!” He dawned upon me directly as I sat up. The shooting got louder as the first eye went over and listened against the wall to the right of the door. Then an alarm system came on. All lights dimmed to red, and a microwave beep noise could be heard echoing outside.

“I am not telling...” I ordered.

“Get ready.” The other said as the one sentencing me grabbed his own yellow pen out and turned it on to reveal the rectangular shield. This Red Eye then went to the corner behind the door. Outside could be heard an incoming stomp. Loud and thundered, it almost ambushed the sound of shootings still occurring. Fast and paced were those noises, and I just started to leap out of my bed to the right.

“Don’t move, kid.” The Red Eye with the red pen said.

As the stomping got closer and less frequent in sound, inferring the group had split itself up, it soon came up to the door and bashed through, but was countered by the shield. I saw the Steel Terrorists outside. The one entered had nine tails of brown with blue tips, as well as blue cat ears with pink insides. He instantly started to get shot with red lasers to his red lenses. The shield guy had made the door bounce back, but the Terrorist seemed to no care of the sudden stop he had unexpected most likely. For three seconds, he stared to the Red Eye shooting him with a laser. Then the yellow penned one came up and started to bash the Steel Terrorist with the shield, making him plaster over to the floor. The other put up their small machine guns of black and shot the put-up shield. The Red Eye Red Pen guy continued his fire, but soon stopped, and grabbed his rainbow pen.

He created a rainbow line from it and slashed it down onto the getting-up troop. The fox then dropped his pistol from his left hand and caught the rainbow line. He bent it back, and then shot his right hand out, and made the entire cyclops plant into the wall harshly. I was ducked behind the bed, looking forth as soon the other was air-blasted into the wall, and smashed to grey and black gears plus strings of cables cut up.

I did not make a sound, but they did. They quickly ran over to me, grabbed my back with a shudder from my soul into my body, and then dragged me out to the portal. It led back home to Ryutyu with his weights paused and his awe in distress. He held them down weights down with surprise in his eyes. I saw him and he saw me, being aware that I was being saved. Then I was thrown into the carpeted room and got up to see the portal close on destroyed pill ships and damaged robot Red Eyes.

“What the fuck!?” Ryutyu asked, lifting his weights up.

“Where is Cyclop?!” I asked back.

“I…” Ryutyu started.

“Why do I ask? I need your bee phone.” I said to him, looking over to his desk to inf what I needed. I ran over and started pressing buttons as he put down his weights and came over to assist my panic.

***Cyclop and Us.***

“So- yes, it says you’re from the original universe you were made in.” – Cyclop said as he held the sheet of paper horizontally to us.

“Wait- real quick Cyclop- explain what all that data means.” – I spoke as I looked forth to see the same universe the other pair had stated.

He then went on the rant the other Cyclop said. After asking him the exact same questions and allowing Ryutyu to ask his copy, I stated my compromise.

“All of that is exactly what you said in the other universe that stated it was this universe.” – Me.

“Some things do lie… but I can assure you this is the real universe, by getting the Red Eyes to scan your physical history… also- I don’t remember playing four-square with you.” – Cyclop.

“My gosh.” – Ryutyu, wagging his tail to my left.

“Wasted time… (I nodded my head against my memories,) also, the Red Eyes are against me, so telling me they can help is really sus of you.” – Me.

“Well… I can give them other reasons I would like a machine like this printer…” – Cyclop.

“Okay then- go ahead.” I crossed my arms at.

Skip to me and Ryutyu gaming on a couch. Cyclop then unlocks his door and comes in with another printer machine. This one is half blue on the left and half red on the right but is completely the same as the other in his garage. He sticks a white syringe into me he grabbed from the garage and implants it into a keyhole on the right. It starts emitting a paper up. The paper reads, in black text, his own language. Cyclop translates:

*-████ ████████ ████ Age: 13*

*-████ ████████ ████ Origin Universe: 5432*

*-████ ████████ ████ Current Universe: 5432*

*-████ ████████ ████ Past [Other] Universes (Most recent to oldest): 44432, 2434, 4282, 9921, 72438, 8824, 23432, 23433.*

*-████ ████████ ████ Gender: XY Male*

“Damn… my full name and actual gender…” – Me.

“Wowzers… you have such long name!” Ryutyu said, looking towards me as Cyclop showed us the paper.

“Hm… what is your full name?” I asked.

“Ryutyu Purimos Purimos.” He said.

“Wait- your middle name is the same as your last name?” – Me.

“Yes?” – Ryutyu said.

“Cringe…” – Me trying to smile.

“What your full name, Cyclop?” Ryutyu then asked.

“My original name is 58,932-A, but you can call me Cyclop for short.” – Cyclop.

“Aye.” Ryutyu listened.

“So- how do I know whether this machine is lying or not?” I questioned, standing up.

“Well- we should go in my pill ship and find out!” Cyclop said happily.

We all hopped into the pill shop. I was in front and Ryutyu was in back of me. He held tightly onto my chair as Cyclop blasted the ship forth and up to the sky of floating cars. He then allowed it to ride for fifteen seconds as he set up everything. Then he made a portal for it, and we came forth to the exact same setting. I looked around cautiously.

“It all same.” Ryutyu hindered.

“I know- that’s the point.” Cyclop said as he steered the thing around and we saw another pill ship in place of his home, “Time to get my grey pen to do the studies.”

We landed softly, opened the sliding door, hopped out and looked about. The cars were still flying their original ways. Cyclop went inside the opened garage and scanned the machine as he tapped the grey pen.

“It… has a… redacted instrument hindering its truth.” Cyclop said.

“What?” I asked as I came over.

Cyclop went over to the machine and printed out the same copy of the document I had seen before. Me and Ryutyu just looked around but noticed the four square game on the floor, still with its blue but now shaded off and swiped a little.

“Here is it- it is.” I told, shaking my head at my grammar.

“Cool?” Ryutyu said as he bent down and grabbed the red ball placed in the third one, which is where I was.

“Anyways- Cyclop, what about the redacted?” I intrigued upon.

“Well… this machine tells lies (He pulls out a dotted-white and blue-background cord with a rainbow rounded metallic and shining grey cylinder coming off both ends,) because it has this other machine in it. This is something I shall not speak of, because it’s against my common guidance to others.” – Cyclop said, shoving it towards our faces, “But I’m just going to show you, so you understand what to look for if you’re ever cautious about what universe you’re in.” – Cyclop.

“How do I know this is a lie?” I asked.

“We can go back home and depart my printer if you’d like.” – Cyclop, reprinted a paper, with the change being ‘Universe 44432.’ As the current universe.

“But how do I know it is not because of something else?” I asked.

Cyclop sighed drastically with emphasized sarcasm, leaning to his left and opening his mouth to reveal the sharp teeth of white. “Like, it’s needed that something physical must power a machine to lie against its will. We could send in miniature Red Eyes or maybe even give it wi-fi so we could alter the waves going towards it... maybe there could be a different version of Wilma altering everything as we speak- but this universe has its own Red Glitch which will make sure things like that don’t usually happen. And if you’re still thinking about the reality of this reality, just remember that even if things are slightly different, you could always just go to another universe and try them out to find your way back… (In a low voice,) everything I just said sounds like I’m a part of an intelligence agency giving the most common speech to change your mind… Tegur… I know… just… believe? I mean, the Steel Terrorists did save you from the other universes- your Steel Terrorists- and they brought you back… so...” – Cyclop said.

“I will believe as much as I can- because I understand. Life is easier if I just go with the flow… just like Ryutyu… and there are all the smart-allices in the multiverse to say: ‘wHaT aBOuT tHiS?’ or ‘wHaT iF wILMa cREatEd tHIs?’ but none to say: ‘Bro, calm down and just give it time,’ or, ‘Just believe because it helps with the flow and there might only be a change of a single piece of grass...’ Or… is there a Jesus Christ for every universe, or only just one?” I then asked.

“Only one- but he copies himself like Wilma to go into each multiverse, which was a subscribed idea far back by the old A-13, and still intact B-1. Then he does each civilization, one at a time, before just going along with the planet of his choosing…” – Cyclop.

“(I shake my head,) Wow… can we just go home?” I asked.

“Aw… could we please play some four-square?” Ryutyu asked like a doggy in want.

“We only have three players at most.” – Me.

“I could do two boxes.” – Cyclop.

“Oh my god! Fine!” I agreed relentlessly mad at the decision yet throwing the ball down and starting the game.

***The Time is 8:43 P.M.***

Yeah, read the chapter’s name. The time is that time. I am on my laptop. Gustavo is at my aid, letting me study more medical science, and get more involved in surgery tactics. I then shut down my computer without a past signal and hopped into bed quite quickly and awkwardly.

“I need to get sleep!” I said to the paused and confused cat.

“Ight bro.” – Gustavo in his Nigerian accent.

Three seconds later, the door slammed open. A man, all black and bald, no outlines of anything on his skin besides the swelling and rotating blackness that made his skinny body, showed to hold a knife in his left hand, in a stabbing motion from up above. He ran at me, but Gustavo caught him. Shuffling back, another entity looking just like him, came through. Then another blasted himself through my windows, leaking blood with a white teethed smile. They all looked the same, holding the knife the same, and coming after me exclusively. Five more emitted from my halls and started after Gustavo. His teeth were shaved off by the knives, and then some were thrown as some died with them knives in their left hand. They kept on coming, and now some through the window.

“Gustavo! Come with me!” I ordered as I ran over to the closet and opened the door quickly as the guys started to pile in just a foot behind me.

“Augh!” Gustavo yelled as the knives were thrown into his jaw and at him. The bleeding floors did not reach past, so I came forth to running down to the open-minded Wilma and scared Ryutyu just standing in the middle of the room with two rainbow-flowing swords held by both their hands in front.

“What’s going down!?” Ryutyu asked quickly.

“Too many intruders with knives!” I yelled, pointing back as the scary black men with big white smiles came down.

“If only you had teeth like that.” Wilma smiled over to me as Ryutyu started after them.

“Wilma- do you have a weapon for me?” I asked quickly as Ryutyu struck his sword into one’s skull and then retreated.

“No. I wish I had spawned a gun though. I keep forgetting…” – Her.

“Fucking damnit!” I yelled at her; a bit tired to express anger properly.

Then knives were thrown at Ryutyu. I saw him jerk himself away, but still get on implanted in his right arm. He squealed. I ran after him, wrapping my arms around him and pulsing back to allow him to survive a wave of throwers. By the time was fouling back with Ryutyu’s wagging tail in my face, there were already forty just flying down here and having their knives ready for the plucking.

“Owie!” Ryutyu yelled.

“Have no worries Ryutyu- I will be your meat shield now…” – Me.

“Aye- lad?” He started as he held the blood. He ears downed and looked at me as I grabbed his sword and then darted off.

“Get this! You lame fucking cowards!” I yelled and then slashed a few. I was also stabbed by on in my right leg from a crawling one. I bent away back as much as I could.

Then the white fade starts to come in.

I wound back in my chair.

“Oh Jesus Christ, when can this end?” – Me.

Ryutyu came rushing up with Wilma behind. Gustavo looked around.

“I-” Ryutyu started.

“Do not! Go back to bed now! I… oh me-oh-my!” I said frustrated beyond anger, clenching my calves in an expressive way as I stood up. “These bitches are all the way to attack me whenever I try to get sleep!” I yelled.

“████-” Ryutyu started again.

“Do not! Leave me alone!” I cried, leaving the room to the kitchen. “I cannot do this! I cannot do this!” I clenched my legs. “Everywhere I go! Everywhere I live! Everywhere night! Everywhere shitting reset of this damned universe! There are the allies of Heru! The Red Backpack, The Plague Doctor, Heru himself, Deandra, some dark cloud, an evil spirit, a few countryballs, their CEO, a Fire God, a rainbow ball, a computer holding a universal game to kill me!? How many more? How much more?! Can I just die for good!? Can I just have an actual naptime!? Why is my only peace when I die horrible just to respawn!? Fuck! Fuck! Hell! Shit! AUGH!” I screamed whilst compressing my legs to hurt against me, falling to my knees as I got out to the living room.

For the rest of the night, I cried to myself. I thought about Heru’s might fight, the hell on my shelf. I beat the floor with my fists, holding my head’s hair with strength. I found my brain to decrease the mist, altering my anger to insane width. I cried out loud to essence, ignoring my friends in the back. I cursed with the panic flowing sense, trying to become the peaceful track. Beforehand I was in tranquility, before I lay strained in red. Now I was missing ability, stuck inside like a cow to the slaughter bed.

“Is he going to be okay?” Ryutyu asked in sorrow as all three of my friends peeked around the corner, not interfering with my tumbling mind.

“WHY WILL NOBODY USE THEIR COMMON SENSE? HOW CAN PEOPLE BE THIS EVIL!?!” I said out loud.

Wilma sighed.

“I’m going back to bed.” Gustavo said happily.

Wilma put her right hand on Ryutyu’s shoulder, and then left with the cat. Yet, Ryutyu stayed to hear my anger, before letting his tail dive down from its slow drift and lift his ears to assist. He came up to me, my crying essence of barely many tears but frustration beyond the max.

“████? Is… there anything I can do?” He asked, kneeling with his right leg up, and putting his left arm on my back as I almost was in a push up position, but rather with the knees bent to assist.

“No! We cannot kill them! We cannot change them! We cannot stop the loop! We cannot ask Cyclop’s superiors for help! Soon- Cyclop will be against us too! AND THAT DAMN PLAGUE DOCTOR WILL HIRE MORE TO ATTAIN TO THE MISSION!” I said, starting to turn slowly to my furry friend and put my arms on his shoulders. He almost frizzled but was deemed to feeling bad with me.

“████… it’s going to be fine. I know it will. We’re the good guys- will win soon enough.” Ryutyu tried saying with a funny attitude.

“This is real life! We have no way of winning! This is a looping universe! This is beyond our control- or even Heru’s! There is some computer organizing a game to pay me somehow, then there is the fact I was with an exact copy of our universe that I wasted time in- I have no idea even if this is the correct universe right now!” I stated in shame, shaking him.

“Dude- chill. I’ll always be there when I can for you. You just need some long-needed sleep, mate. Go rest.” Ryutyu tried with a sad tone.

“Why? Whenever I try, something happens!” I told.

“Well- maybe it won’t if you try to do it after something happens!” Ryutyu said.

I started breathing very loudly, crunching my legs.

“If you think so, then drag me to bed…” I said, just letting myself go and lay onto him, crying it out on his chest, “You are the closest thing I can call a ‘friend’ that I have had in forever!” I exaggerated as Ryutyu put his arms around me and stood up with a wagging tail and a shaking body.

“Could you possible not make me do dis’?” He asked.

“My legs hurt!” I cried.

Ryutyu sighed happily and faced around, tugging me all the way to my bed where he let me drop onto it. He saw I just was sitting still, and he decided to cover me up in my blanket. Gustavo was on the desk sleeping but peeked open his left eye to see Ryutyu put me to sleep.

“Please, get rest.” He said, leaving slowly to the basement.

I started to stop fussing and started to silence myself.

Then the doorknob rung. I stayed in bed. Gustavo jumped up and Ryutyu came back up.

“Should I go answer it?” He asked.

“Uh… yeah…” I told.

Ryutyu went to the door and opened it. I instantly heard CIA Jeo’s voice.

“Hey- who are you?” He asked frantically.

“Ryutyu- ████’s best’ve friend.” – Ryutyu.

“Oh… um… here…” CIA Jeo said before I heard a gunshot. Then I heard Ryutyu’s body drop to the floor and Gustavo got up and raced after. Then I heard metallic clustering fade in.

“Ha!” The Siberian Cat Metallic thing said as it came forth and crunched Gustavo who tried opening his jaw against it.

The ASMR made me shake in my bed. I then heard Wilma come up.

“Leave me to die.” I said to her.

Suddenly the universe reset again.

“AUGH! NO! FUCK! WHY! SHIT! PLEASE!” I screamed to the air as everybody rushed up again.

“Fuck.” Wilma snorted.

Ryutyu sighed.

“Fuck it! I will stay up now! I am going insane! So much, so compressed, so evil, so stupid, so money-greedy, so evil, so stupid, so scary, so fucking intolerable!” I started as I started mu computing.

“We tried.” Wilma whispered to Ryutyu as Gustavo sat up with a smile.

“What are you fucking smiling at?” I asked depressed and trying to be optimistic yet coming out with a broken voice.

“You losing it. It’s a bit funny, and my job.” He said quickly.

“Ooh! I knew it! Fuck!” I said, losing my anger to the atmosphere as I clenched my legs again. “Fucking…” I started before getting up and starting to breath in and out and in and out repeatedly and eagerly to express the sound throughout the house. I held my hands over my mouth as I looked down in front of the closet glass.

“████!” Ryutyu stated over to me. He came over and patted my back with his right arm. “Stop! You gonna hurt yourself! Please!”

“You stop! I… (Intake,) need… (Exhale,) to… (inhale,) calm… (outwards breath,) down…” I said, stopping to silence.

“Just leave him be.” Gustavo said to the sad Ryutyu who made his ears sag for me. He then left, looking back at my silence and the smiling giant cat. He entered the door and crept down the steps.

Then at the silence, the fading white light came in. “NO! FUCK! WHY!” I screamed. Soon I was back again, with my band papers.

I fell backwards, not minding anything. My mouth was open in a slight awe as I blinked at the ceiling.

“I lost…” I told myself, “I lost, and I will lose. I can never escape.”

“Are you okay?” A girl asked me.

I did not feel embarrassed, but I rather just laid there, defeated.

“Do I need to call Nine-One-One?” She then asked.

I got up slowly and just entered the gym without giving whoever that unfamiliar voice was, a recognition or answer. I then turned and laid down inside the second row on the bleachers. I looked above to see Wilma floating down with Ryutyu threw a portal facing to the floor of the basement, somewhere in the flooring of carpet.

“What?” I asked.

“Hey…” Ryutyu said, trying to be happy.

“Ryutyu will now be with you.” Wilma smiled.

“You know Wilma, maybe if you were not such a stupid-ass nigger, I would at least of had some time to rest.” I told.

“I wish I was born a nigger.” – Wilma laughed.

“What does that mean? I heard it as a joke from ████ before, but never understood it.” – Ryutyu.

“Nigger just means an Africa-American. Technically just a black person. You should never say the word around those people though. They are insane and will kill you… Now, to be honest, only allowing them to say the word is more racist because it actually causes and encourages more racism, and it is not just because it is a social guideline. Only allowing one race to say or do a thing is putting that race above the others in the scenario, henceforth it is unequal, and henceforth we call those factors adding up- racism. Yet, no matter how correct I am, people will still not listen…” – Me.

“Oh.” Ryutyu nodded as he felt a rainbow sword form in his hands.

“But also- it is deemed a bad word, so it will not be used in corporations too. Now, although bad words are just words, people are edgy and have a problem with it. Bad words have even gone as far as being illegal to say in court. It helps nobody to be honest… but still, don’t say ‘fuck,’ or ‘shit,’ or ‘damn,’ or sometimes even ‘hell.’” I spoke to Ryutyu.

“Damn- I mean, um, dang.” Ryutyu said as Wilma floated away.

My red shots eyes then darted down to see somebody open the doors. It was Molly’s bald friend! She made her right arm turn black and form into an axe again. Then she swung her left hand up and had the light come down into her hands and made electricity swell around her.

Wilma spawned on my shoulders, growing to small size.

“I hope you guys win!” She cheered on as I felt a pistol materialize into my right hand.

“Wait- you are just going to leave us?!” Ryutyu asked as he turned around to see it.

“I can always bring you guys back anyways…” Wilma said as she disappeared into transparency.

Ryutyu quickly turned back to see Molly’s bald friend already jumping up the stadium rows and at him. He made his sword go up and slide into her head, but her head formed over it, making it stuck there. I grabbed Ryutyu and threw him down to fall to safety as the girl slashed her arm with the axe, missing me by a foot. I grabbed her sword, yanked it out, and started backing away, looked back to see Ryutyu’s getting up from the gym floor, looking the other way to the entering black girl, and two backpacks with guns.

“Ryutyu! Let me get on your shoulders!” I yelled over as I hopped onto him. I put my legs over his shoulders and put his body to a risk of falling forth to fall, but he kept it up with his strong muscles. My legs were tied around his neck, and I pointed my gun to shoot at the red backpack as the blue one had already started shooting its pistol and missed. The black girl raised her gun and started shooting as well.

Ryutyu started running with me.

“What’s your plan!?” He yelled as we barely escaped the axe throw-down behind us.

“Zigzag your run randomly! Let me shoot these fuckers.” I spoke.

I aimed at the blue backpack after hitting the red backpack. Ryutyu ran in zigzags, sometimes going forth and sometimes looking behind him as he went straight. We felt the bullets whiz past as the red backpack died yet the blue backpack and black girl started rounding us to get away from the gunshots entering the wall. The Molly Friend was also after us, still having the lightning shake out her body with a giant moving seizure she had behind us.

“Ryutyu- go for the blue backpack now! It is reloading! Slash it!” I ordered as went up the rows and then swirled around and down, now heading straight towards the backpack. Behind the windows of the doors though, people were running away or staring now. They definitely were confused and horrified.

Ryutyu came up to the blue backpack bouncing away like a countryball. He went in front a slash down, missing it. I heard this and quickly redirected my shots from the black girl to the blue backpack, killing it with a one shot. It fell dead like the other red backpack.

“Why not shoot that other girl?” Ryutyu asked as he started to aim in zigzags again.

“Get her last!” I told.

Then I was shooting at the black girl. I missed two more shots, then found my gun to be unloaded.

“Get her! Rush her! Kill her!” I pointed, “My gun is out of ammo, and she is reloading!” I told the fast furry, Ryutyu redirected his immense speed to the girl going for the doors to the band room. He came at her, planting the sword through her chest. She was dead instantly, but I knew her games.

“Quick, run up the stadium!” I told.

Ryutyu did as told as I leveraged my back to stay firm on his shoulders like he was giving me a piggyback ride. I looked around to see Molly’s friend coming at us.

“Uh… attack her now!” I ordered.

Ryutyu jumped down to the flat floor and faced the slower girl. She slapped an axe towards us, missing by a few inches and hitting the air to our left. I had thrusted Ryutyu back with my legs and back falling back. Then I leveraged myself up with no ease and pure sweat to my heating. Ryutyu then charged the thing into her bottom right shoulder. She respawned her meat over it, but I jumped off Ryutyu and grabbed her bald head’s dark eyes. I then made her fall back. Ryutyu took the sword and implanted it into her face again. He twisted it right five times as I got up from my slammed back.

I turned around to see Ryutyu being stabbed by the black girl as he tried to pull the sword out of the jingling girl.

“No!” I yelled over to him as his back was pursued.

Then the knife plucked out of his back by an invisible force and forced itself into the black girl’s head and down, driving her blood into a stream as the knife then swiped her into the wall to lay dead. The friend of Molly got up and looked up to see Wilma use her left hand to exert the friend’s head into a noodle. Then the friend of Molly fell over. The cloud came out but was sucked into a rainbow leaf blower Wilma made. It sucked it in, and then she threw it to her right, making the floor create the horrendous sound of it dropping.

“Good job you two!” She cheered to me and Ryutyu.

“Hey…” Ryutyu nodded.

“Now what?” I asked as I heard the school being shotup elsewhere.

“We take their corpses home and hope the universe does not reset.” – Wilma.

She then created a big portal under all of us with her left hand, and we wounded up in the surgical dirt room.

***Peace? No?***

I was doing push ups with Ryutyu. He smiled at me as we stopped, letting the electronic music flow.

“Doesn’t it make ya’ feel better’?” He asked.

“Some… but still… anyways, I will try to get some sleep now… hopefully Gustavo will not budge me continuously like he did…” I told.

“Aye… goodnight lad.” Ryutyu nodded as I left quickly.

I come up to see Gustavo sleeping below the bed. I hope in quietly and go to sleep. But then… thirteen seconds in… I feel a syringe in my arm.

“Welcome back.” – The Plague Doctor said as he leaned over to me with both of his hands behind his back.

“WHAT?!” I screamed, looking around to see the concrete black box with the white light coming from a circular source up above. I was also strapped in with thick brown rope, five rolls to this standard and easily made metallic grey chair without cushioning.

Then the Italian version came along, being with his fatness a little exerted.

“Ah- serious encounter, yes? We had you under same condition- but now we take you back to reality to torture you for answer.” He said with his Italian voice.

“No… please… what is happening?” I huffed and puffed.

“Tell us where Heru is. We need him to find your body dead and touch you at least once, so we all get paid.” He spoke.

“None of you are getting paid! Heru lied! He is going to loop all of this for eternity if he can! He is a sadistic fucker!” I stated to the plague doctor with ill madness. He stopped his leaning echo and went behind me. I turned my head and tried wiggling my body, but nothing occurred to help.

Then he came back with an orange drill. Metallic and ready to pulse he turned it on and aimed it directly at my left eye.

“PLEASE! STOP! NO! HERU IS WITH THE RED EYES!” I lied.

“Lies!” The Italian said as the plague doctor let it run off. He looked behind him, and then turned it back on with the trigger.

***Hell has been given.***

“One last time, (I cry a little pant in my blood,) where is Heru?” He asked.

My left eye was purged, my right nostril leaking blood. My left hand was stabbed with a white knife, left in there for effect. My eyebrows had been shaved off, and my bottom two teeth had been plucked.

I did not answer. I only wept.

“First, lies. Then he truth. But no good answer?” The Italian asked.

“Shut up!” The Plague Doctor hissed, then going back to me with the drill in his hand, “Next is your two front teeth… (He turns it on,) holes give bacteria a home, you know.”

“Just kill me.” I spoke.

He stopped the drill. He then left behind me. I cried. I heard a portal open, and somebody step in loudly.

“What is up?” The Better Version of me asked.

“He’s said multiples times that he would rather die than feel tortured.” The Plague Doctor told.

“So… I get to pick?” He smirked back.

“Yes.” The Plague Doctor answered.

The Better Version of me walked forwards from my left. I looked with my intense blurry vision.

“Skinning people.” He spoke. He lifted his left index finger up, and I felt my skin turn into liquid. Then the liquid of my blood dropped, and the burning, oh, that burning and snitchy pain massively duplicated.

I screamed in pain as I leaked all over. My face’s skin was gone to a sludge forming in my lap and over the ropes. The skin was drooling off me, my blood was following, my veins ready for an infection. My body was fully red, and I was in my own purgatory. Then all blurred so much, and I felt my last longest scream last before I gargled on my own blood, choking, and then dying as the blackness fading in.

***I wake up to this again.***

I was now back in my room. I woke up from the darkness to see Gustavo there. I instantly touched all of my skin all over, then my teeth, standing up to see Ryutyu and Wilma rush up slowly now.

“Those damn Red Eyes reset the universe again.” Wilma said.

“Guys… did… we fight the red and blue backpack… (I start to cry,) and the cursed friend of Molly, (I tear up,) and the black girl… all in the GYM just a bit ago?” I asked, trembling in my mouth.

“You just got pinned by those plague doctors. They tortured you. Then I came in and killed most of them. Then the universe reset.” Wilma said as Ryutyu said: “No?” Ryutyu answered as Wilma said her lines.

I wept in tears and left, crying out to the living room. I released my pain in strokes of screams into the pillow as I clenched my arms and thighs and calves hard.

“Why is he… acting like that?” Gustavo asked.

“He remembers doing a lot of stuff with us. Being reset in time is making him undergo an emotion rollercoaster.” Wilma said as they peeked around the corner to me face-flat on the couch.

“Where are his parents’ dough?” Ryutyu asked, looking down the dark hallway.

“I made his parents have no interests in the nighttime for anything.” Wilma said.

“Hm, nice.” Gustavo said leaving.

Wilma also left, but Ryutyu decided to look forth and then come up to me. He sat down by my legs.

“Buddy…” he started.

“I know what you are going to say… it does not matter! I have no idea what even is real or not!” I told.

“Yeah, shit-lips.” Heru echoed through the hall after he had been thrown into the house through the front door. He had broken the glass and then yelled it as I heard the giant cat enter as well.

Ryutyu stepped aside and looked forth. He screamed with terror as the cat opened its mouth up wide. It then crushed him as Heru walked forth to me.

“Hey, buddy! How has it been?” He asked.

“Fuck off!” I cried.

“Nah… let me just go kill the rest of your friends…” Heru said as I continued crying.

Wilma then ran out and past the cat, already looking at, and into the living room, punching Heru in the face with her left hand. She held a Bible in her right hand.

“Stay back, or the power of God will destroy you!” She spoke.

Then the cat ate half of her. Her legs fell dead.

“Taste.” It said in its Siberian tone.

Heru got up and smashed my head with his right fist.

“Loser!” He yelled as I dinged my face deeper into the couch.

He then continued to punch my back as I lay crying to death. I then hear the sounds of the right ear and left ear being banged with its obnoxious tone. That damn sound wooden creature came in and started beating me on my back too, with its wooden arms. Back and forth, repeatedly. Maybe Heru would hit me in the head, but I was dying mentally and physically from all the pain…

Then a light of white faded into my closed eyes.

I wound back up at school, with my band papers in my hands.

***A new game.***

Heru and the Plague Doctor came through a red square portal. They found themselves in the ball pit once again, but Heru made a tentacle come from his back and be a three-by-three feet square floor for his ally. He floated up a bit slowly, allowing his tentacle to pick up the crawling plague doctor. They rose high, Heru on the left and The Plague Doctor on the right.

The computer cords came down with the ager intention of evil. They twisted themselves around as they lowered, then bringing the old computer screen down with its actual screen lit to full blue.

“Computer! We’d like to arrange a new game!” The Plague Doctor said.

“Why not a second one?” Heru asked.

“I can only arrange one game at a time. And they always must be not too powerful, or else that damn Red Glitch will screw me over.” – The Computer echoed.

“Oh.” – Heru.

“Yeah- cancel the game for money and start a new one where the kid and his allies must find three artifacts or something.” – The Plague Doctor said with a point of his right index finger to his computer friend.

“Why?” The Computer asked.

“Well, we need to give some of our allies like Deandra and the backpacks more time to rest. They said that they were going to start quitting if we wouldn’t give them their comfort time… Also, we may use that time to create a plan of attack on the Red Eyes and even them when they come back, because with them gone, that world and universe will be left to us mostly.” Heru stated.

“Also, make it to where if they don’t find these artifacts in a timely manner, they all die.” – Plague Doctor insisted.

“Okay- nice thinking I guess… but it’s kind of funny you still haven’t defeated a single child yet- ahem, Heru!” – The Computer.

“Why don’t you try to kill him!” Heru barged back.

“Fine! I’ll give it a quick go somewhere in the game… now… (He starts his progress bar,) let is all commence…” – The Computer.

Back at the school- Me, Wilma, and Ryutyu were talking amongst the accordion girl we brought back. Wilma had opened a green-outlined circular portal and brought her in with a trip. She fell, then got up with her green dress and maid shoes and looked with horrific expression at us.

“We just wanted to say we are sorry for using you in battle last time.” – Wilma.

“Actually- Wilma just said: ‘Hold on, let me do something first.’” Ryutyu copied as he lifted his left index finger and wagged his tail. His pupils of green were focused on her cat tail. Hers shifted back and forth quickly as she darted her green eyes over to him. Her no-mouth experience made it a bit awkward as I just stood to the right of Ryutyu, seeing him become mesmerized by the cat a bit.

“Do you like cats?” I asked him, seeing him look above to her ears pinpointed up.

“I have never seen a lady-cat before…” he said, then looking over to me.

“Wait- you do not remember the battle scene with Heru when Wilma dropped her in?” I asked back.

“Oh- yeah, I do… I was just so bewildered by the scene rather than her two seconds of playing it, mate.” Ryutyu said, looking to her hands tightened on the accordion. Then she looked down and made her hands slush into the accordion. Her hands literally just became blood for the arms, making it dissolve into the accordion like dough. As two inches of her arm became bloody and she had shifted her hands into the accordion, we looked with awe against her weirded-out eyebrows. She then placed a ‘B’ flat, and then a ‘C’ flat without moving her arms as much. She just stretched out the accordion, making it play without a piano anywhere in sight of it.

“Dang… anyways, put her back before anything occurs.” I told Wilma as she left the portal open to a green field.

“Sorry.” Wilma smiled again, and then allowed the accordion girl to run through and look back with surprised eyes. Ryutyu waved to her with his left hand and left eyebrow raised before the portal closed.

When the portal closed, another circular portal opened with a pink outline, revealing the old computer floating midair. He had no cords about; he was just in front of the background of black darkness.

“Hello.” He said.

“Who are you?” Wilma asked quickly.

“The Game Maker. I have come to say that I am designing a new game from the money-exploited loop. This game will require that you get three artifacts I will be referring to as syllables. These syllables are ‘A’, ‘E’, and ‘U.’ You must touch these syllables to gain them. They will be saved in my database. Now, go forth to Ryutyu’s world. The syllable will be found in the most top of the castle of Loua. Also- take the accordion girl back.” He said, closing the portal, then opening another to reveal the accordion girl running forth and then tripping into another opening portal to a field of nice green grass.

“Nah- let us not.” I spoke.

Then the roof of the school war ripped off and fell apart. It revealed many cords raining from the sky, taking things apart.

“Wilma, do something!” I pointed.

Wilma thrusted her arm up, but a red glitch formed over her palm, making it bleed an inch cut.

“I cannot do anything!” She loudly altered. Then her entire body glitched out with black rectangles and red square forming all over and spinning around. Her body then became slowly transparent as she became untransparent sitting on the grass to the left of the accordion girl.

I then ran towards the gym doors, but I felt the red glitch take control of my body. The red squares formed around my legs and then dragged me to the beautiful dry grass. Ryutyu hopped in willfully, and the portals closed above.

“What the hell?!” I yelled to the blue sky with nice clouds.

The accordion girl waved her up and down and about to play a few distorted tunes. She was trying to communicate.

“We do not understand you!” I told.

She stayed still.

“Do you understand English?” Wilma asked, letting go of her palm with a concerned face.

The accordion girl nodded her head ‘Yes.’

“Goodie…” Ryutyu smiled in a whisper. He got up and shot his ears up to look over the area. We were on a hill, surrounding by giant oak trees of brown bark. But a path was shaved and only branches interfered up to three inches in. Our path was made of ingrained blonde dirt, forming a view to a cobblestone castle in front of us. We were on an elevated hill, seeing the cobblestone walls a bit higher than we would of if we had been a hundred meters over to the wooden gate that was literally two rectangles that were a sixteen by fourteen area. The cobblestone was also a bit dirty and block, being about five by five by five for their volume of short rectangles too. The castle had its common two archery towers with wooden pyramids for roofs, one on the left and right of the gate. They held some entities looking like Ryutyu. They held a blonde wooden bow too, equipped with a brown wooden arrow with a metallic triangle. They looked to us from afar, then to each other, and back. The castle behind them had its bailey behind the greyness. The main tower was in the middle of the three. The middle one was the largest and most common of its cylinder shape. It had a wet and dark brown wooden roof. The other towers had cobblestone squares for roofs. They had holes of actual hemispheres, leaking the light into the towers. These windows were placed around each supposed floor, spaced about five feet from each other and circling the home. Then the battlements around the archery towers were defenseless. Absent of anything, they only had solid rectangles, being about five by five feet, stand up and give coverage to whatever might come in. Their spacings, being the holes, were also five by five feet. The barbican, the wall above the doors of wooden rectangles, was at least fourteen feet tall, being all wood. Definitely a bit touchy to the design.

We looked back to see that the path led further into a forest, swiveling and swirling around a short pond with frogs, and then past a few wooden and broken signs in an unknown language. I looked over as the other crew was already staring forth to the sunlight spots. The trees behind us got less cut, revealing a darkening path with spots of sunlight giving way into that common creepiness. But I also saw the Stickman Sign there, just smiling and standing right on the grass before the pond. He had his dark circles staring at me, and then disappeared instantly. I blinked quickly after the one second of visualization- but decided to wipe it off from my brain. I was too tired already.

“So… should we just go to that castle?” Ryutyu asked, a bit jiffy in excitement.

“Well, he did say it was YOUR castle, or domain. So, let us go and see how the people will react to somebody they probably never heard of, because you spawned in by my laptop’s music program.” – Me.

“Sheesh.” Wilma said, lifting her left hand to the left to see if anything would happen, but nothing occurred. “No powers.” She spoke.

The accordion girl started her own communication nobody understood. She played her distorted tune before walking off towards the castle.

“Ight…” I said, following next, and then Ryutyu bounced up with me and Wilma came last behind. Soon, she speed-walked with her boots up to us and we formed a line of three. Wilma to the right, Ryutyu in the middle, and me on the left. Then the accordion girl slowed down and became the one of the farthest right.

“So- getting any ideas from this view?” I asked my furry friend.

“It looks nice- but I don’t think I’ve seen this befores… those fellows though, do look like me…” – Ryutyu said as he squinted.

“Ight… and also, accordion girl, as I will be calling you- sorry that you were shot back into our business. That damn computer really said, ‘Take the accordion girl back,’ even after we closed the portal…” I spoke.

The accordion girl just synthesized her accordion more. Nothing to truly communicate, just her eyes saying she was fine with it and not concerned a bit. I nodded to her eyebrows looking forth along with her missing mouth of pale facing the sky.

“How do you scratch yo face when itchy?” Ryutyu then asked the accordion girl.

She simply just put her accordion up to her face and rubbed it.

“Can you get the accordion to touch your back?” I then asked.

The accordion girl then lifted it up her head and tried putting it back, but her arms to spread out and she resigned back into place.

“Nice.” I said, “Hey, Wilma, what are your thoughts on cats?” I asked lately but with such a new tone it sounded like it was never asked before.

“A bit late my dude.” Ryutyu whispered as Wilma spoke.

“Foxes have been compared to them way too often. I have seen a few. I have seen none like Gustavo. I just think of them as another animal just used a bit more often like a parrot.” – Wilma.

“Alrighty.” I said… “Um, accordion girl, have you had that accordion in your hands your entire life?” I asked then, reaching my left hand out with the palm to the sky.

She nodded ‘Yes,’ looking directly into my eyes.

“Damn…” Ryutyu said over to us.

“Oh, nice… could you possibly play a masterful tune since your life you have had that to practice with…” – Me.

She nodded again. Then she played a song, all the way to the gates. Nice and long, we all smiled a little to hear a bit of joyful music in the moments of peace under the chaos behind us all.

We got up to the gate, seeing the guards look down to us with their own enervated faces. As energy-less as they seemed, they spoke with a tone ready to go to chess with.

“Uf sej ash ifb’ lol eins hing?” The left one yelled to us in his Scottish accent, making his right hand be a wall for his jaw mouth.

“The fuck does that mean?” – I asked Ryutyu.

“Uh, no. We speak English!” – Ryutyu said with left index finger raising up as he spoke upon the authority.

“Aye… then what do you lads want from us, walking up here so slowly?” The left one then spoke.

“We’d like an entry to the top of ya’ castle because we’ve been sent here by some automatic game system from the future, trying to kill us- and if we don’t get a damn syllalsus, whatever it may be, from your topes’ floor, we’ll be stuck here an die.” Ryutyu said with his Scottish accent playing a large role. He waved his tail behind him very carefully. The two guards looked to each other and then back down.

“Nah… we need more permission from suspicious fellows like ya’.” The left one then said further.

“Hell.” – Me.

“What?” – Ryutyu turning.

“Tell them that we will bust down their doors.” – Me saying to Ryutyu with an infuriating tone that loudened just enough so they could hear me.

Then the right one pulled his bow and shot it at me, hitting just a foot away from my left shoe.

“That’s a threat!” He yelled in a deeper and more soothing voice.

“Sirs- could we please enter? We promise we ain’t gonna do anything wrong, lads.” Ryutyu asked in British.

“Fuck you.” The left one said, giving us his right middle finger.

“Damn.” I said quickly.

“I’ve heard enough! Put these young fellows in our chambers!” One said behind us.

There was another Ryutyu-looking furry. He had a longer snout and a deeper voice. He also had black hair and white pupils. He was pointing a white metallic sword at my neck with his right hand holding it justly. Behind him was another with purple pupils, and purple hair. This one held a wooden bow with a wooden arrow.

“Why are you pointing the sword at me- and not this tall lady with nine tails? Like- what the fuck! Why is everything against me first?” I wailed to the sky.  
 “Uh…” – Ryutyu.

Wilma listened and walked forth towards the gates as the left guard went down into a wooden hatch above. He started rolling something metallic and opened the left door slowly. The accordion girl hid behind Wilma but looked forth inside to see a few guards with their bows already plucked up. There was also a black and white soccer ball.

“Damn ass furrys- looking like shit- and I cannot give a fuck for them.” I said angrily yet depressed and tiredly to my furry friend who almost crudded away at my vulgar language.

“Don’t say thy, mate! I don’t know these people well.” Ryutyu spoke as he was on the far right of our squad.

“So- you’re not from our kingdom?” A furry knight said as he came up with a longer snout. He also wore metallic grey armor with some dirt stains getting to his rectangular kneepads. His metallics clanked from his commonness. His shoes were big and curved on the hell, he wore black chains on top of his leather brown shorts to protect his legs. We also wore a white wool shirt under the four-squared chest plate that had shoulder pads lifting up about two inches with their pointiness. Then his arms were protected by oval-like versions of the metallic shapes, down to his hands. His right one held a sword he darted out front. He wore no helmet though. His pupils were orange and his hair was green like Ryutyu’s.

“No- I think I must’ve come from a malfunction computer of some sort.” – Ryutyu said as he clanged towards me more. The sound was also impenetrable as it was only four feet to my right.

“What is thy computer you speak of?” He then asked, very confused. We were walking towards a castle entrance with smaller yet similar wooden doors. Around us were wooden huts and stone houses containing spectators of all colored hairs to look at us. There were even small ones who stopped to stare at the staring-back Wilma. They dropped their boulder-like little stone rocks and looked forth to the guards about to send us onto a stony elevation of five stairs to a cobblestone floor leading to the cylinder palace. The road we traveled on was also made of a lighter brown dirt and ending up being grass when it got near the wall. The huts were also brown with wood and had themselves cone roofs and rectangular wooden flap doors. There, in the middle of the road to our slight right was also a cobblestone well, with a squared cobblestone roof. A bucket of water stopped lifting up when a furry looked to us with his green pupils and blue hair.

“Some clanky-ass, futuristic bullshit with many ones and zeros making up a code to ideally generate images on a screen that can tell you information.” – Me, looking around to feel only nothing against their looks and silence on the long run. To our left were the huts, exactly fifteen side by side, starting from the gate. To our right were the cobblestone houses, six starting from the gate too, each placed side by side and only having grassy alleyways of about three foots of width.

“What?” he then asked, wagging his tail at the same rate as Ryutyu. His ears were also peered up for the occasion.

“Some. Clanky. Ass. Futuristic. Bullshit.” – Me again, as I noticed some new guards coming about and switching to follow us for the archers to go back to their normal activites.

The man shrugged with intent of giving me wrong.

“My friend just means I came from somethin’ I shouldn’t of have. I just spawned in his world… and… then stuff happened.” – Ryutyu.

“Yeah- you can bring thy nonsense up to the prince.” – The medieval guard said.

“Bruh.” – me.

We then continued with six furrys behind us, all with sword now, as we entered the stairway. Going up it, a guard opened the doors and awed at us with his eyes. He then shrudded away to our right as we saw a wooden throne in front of us- a literal and totally normal wooden chair with four legs on a neat red carpet that was a circle. To the left were stairs, and down came it the prince, in his clothing of shags as the rest of the town.

“Is that your so-called, wooden-chair-lazy prince?” I asked the guard to my right, standing near the corner awkwardly in the darkness as only six torches of wood, three on each side daringly in the middle, and held in a cobblestone balcony, brightened the room to a scary ambience.

“Yeah? It’s me, Ernee I-I, The Greatest. Welcome to my vacation hotel lot.” – Him in a nice young tone, “And daringly, who are you- young sir?” He asked, gifting his right hand to unconsent in the shaking of Ryutyu’s left hand.

“I’m Ryutyu.” Ryutyu said.

“And I am your fellow bitch-ass to implore to you that we got to get to the top of your castle to get a syllable- who knows what it looks like- so we can go back home.” I intruded.

“Vulgar language, my dude. Keep it down.” – Him, “And who are you, females?”

“I am Wilma. This is an accordion cat girl.” She said promptly.

“Ah, interesting- (He sees the guards with confusion and whispering into each other’s ears behind us,) what happened guards?” Ernee then asked.

“Nothing much sir. These guys just want to go to the top of ya’ castle.” – A new one said with a female Scottish voice. She had electric yellow pupils and purple hair.

“You, (He points to the guy in the corner,) go and search the top floor for anything.” – Him. We watched the other Ryutyu run away with his normal feet out of any kind of shoes or armor. He ran up the left stairs and disappeared.

“You call this vacation?” Wilma then smiled, adverting all the attention.

Ernee sighed drastically. “I call this vacation because just in that forest, past some branches, are some cool-looking ponds and such. There’s even a waterfall, a cool path, and a farmland that could direct us back to the original kingdom only a mile away! But- as I would like to call this place my vacation- it’s still an agricultural thing my dad wants to build upon and expand our kingdom with… when he gets back to it…” – Ernee.

“Damn- and he is not worried about any raiders trying to come kill you easily?” I asked.

“Nah… we scouted out these lands well enough… but, since you guys seem willingly ready to do something, I could take you to the main kingdom.” – Ernee.

“What? You’re not-” The female started again.

“We’ve had nothing to do! Just let, (The scouting man in the corner comes down from his quest long upstairs,) me do something new!” He yelled at the guards.

“Geez.” The male guard nodded.

“Nothing, sir.” – Him.

“Do you want a syllable is?” – Me.

“Yes, dip-lips.” Ernee joked back with me, “Go search the other towers.” He then ordered the guy, making him run past us and away.

“Anyways- dinner?” He asked.

“Dinner? I thought next was lunch!” I spoke.

“Oh- yeah…” – Ernee.

Ernee then stepped back and started up the left stairs as the guards pushed us forwards with their swords in place.

“Is this something normal- your princes giving strangers-” I started.

“Yes- he also gives everybody here however much they want, whenever… and- at least we tell manners to everybody around this area.” – The male guard said.

“Just like the cyclops.” Wilma spoke.

“Cyclops?!” The female registered as scary as we followed the bouncing prince away to the second floor, seeing the stairs loop up like the apartment building I was in. This floor had a large wooden table with white plates already set out, metallic knives and forks on the right side. A square glass on the northwest. There were also two squared, water-filled cobblestone boxes about five feet high and wide all across the six feet long table. They contained dirty dishes already. To their left was a big wooden bucket, emphasizing the same details as the well bucket. This room also had some torches placed on the right of each opening of a window.

“Yeah- cyclops. Guys with pale skin, one eye, black tuxedos, incredibly smart- unlike their stereotypes…” I dragged on, looking behind me as Ernee stopped to listen as well.

“Oh- we were just thinking of our cyclops- big and bulky, with stone clubs… (She is sweating her face off with the others,) Our cyclops hide under the ground in caves… and are pretty spooky… luckily- our miners can fight them off…” – The Female then said.

“Welll… um- Welcome to the dinner room.” – Ernee said, obviously wanting to start with that but had to listen to us.

“Was there anything wrong with me saying ‘Cyclops?’” Wilma asked heftily quick.

“No- no, we just get startled because we’ve all had our encounters with thy punny and drastic creatures that hold no mind…” Ernee said with his hands clutched. I also noticed their fingernails were all glowing white, yet each was somehow shaved.

“You guys got nail clippers?” I asked as we sat down.

“Uh- yeah?” Ernee responded as the two guards got behind me.

I was sitting down in one of the many wooden chairs with four legs. No chair here was better. Each had a slab of a seat that was two and a half feet from the ground. Their backs also were two and a half feet from the three by three feet slab.

A waiter started to come out with the food in a rush. He had purple hair and green eyes. He held a metallic pot in both of his hands. The bars were thick and his clenched around them eagerly. He had almost stuttered from the stairs above. He caught our attention with his lurking glowing pupils quickly and decided to shove the pot of grey onto the table and then press it down slowly.

“Sorry…” he said, sweating a bit in his facial expressions.

“What’s in it?” Ryutyu said as sniffed the sweet smell. Then another chef in normal rags came down with a metallic plate holding a roasted turkey with two bones sticking out. Around it was leaves of green, and some red cherries too. He placed it in front of the smiling prince. I was on the opposite side, one chair to the left. Wilma was to my left, and the accordion girl was after. Then Ryutyu was the one facing the prince.

“Fried insects…” Ryutyu’s prince said.

“What?” I said as the accordion girl played her accoridion quickly to emphasize.

“Eh…” Ernee shrugged as another waiter came down with his yellow hair and yellow eyes. He held two stone cylinders carrying a red juice to the top.

“Red wine?” He asked in a scared tone.

“Sure.” Wilma said, shoving her cup forwards with her left hand.

“Me (The chef lets his left one by one foot cylinder down and makes his right become the dominant in pursuing the action,) too…” Ernee I-I stated.

“Yeah- me too mate.” Ryutyu stated further, wagging his tail as it was going to the left of the solid chair he sat in. The waiter came over to us last and finished Ryutyu’s last.

“Hm… I also am wondering- how will this accordion girl eat? She has no mouth!” Ernee exclaimed.

“Uh… shit- how do you do it?” I asked over to her.

The girl just slowly turned her head to me, as we all did to her. She said nothing with her yellow hair, obviously, but did not play her accordion either. Her essence of her green eyes staring into our souls gave us the trial that shit was up in her court.

“Anyways, can have some of that chicken?” I asked.

“It’s roast.” Ernee said in the most modern way.

“What the fuck does that mean? It is chicken, dumbass.” – Me.

“We call it roast here.” Ernee said, gathering the eyes of everybody around. Even the background guards around the stairs were staring to us.

“I call chicken where I go.” – Me.

“Aye… (He shrugs,) dig in, for you must get to the kingdom by Sunday for the big game!” – Ernee said.

“Game?” I asked, “Why would we need to see a game?” I continued as the chefs left to go clash together some other stone things above.

“Well- since we’ve no found a syllasus up on our floor, maybe you should look forth to the main castle or something… also, it would be nice to have a different species play. We only ever get our kind, or the Desolites… plus, we could start you off in a new life if you never find that object or whatever.” – Ernee.

“Hold on- what do you call your kind? I need to know.” I asked as Ernee grabbed the chicken and cut it. He then held his left hand out and I passed the plate to him.

“Our kind. That’s all. No specific name.” – Ernee The Great said as he put three slices on my plate. Then he started with Ryutyu.

“Aye.” – Me as he handed my man four slices.

“What are thy Desolites?” Ryutyu asked.

“They look like us- but they’re not. They have black noses, floppy ears, giant paws, and a thinner tail.” – Ernee.

I started to eat my first slice with just my fork. Ryutyu also dug in as Ernee started on giving Wilma her respected food. When done, he grabbed the pot about three feet away, and dumped many cockroaches and stick bugs onto his plate. Then he dove into his meat, slicing it up for himself, and then did exactly what I did.

“So when do we go past the forest?” I asked.

“If you want- we could do it right afterwards thy dinner.” – Him.

“Lunch.” I whispered.

“Yeah, we’ll go right afterwards…” Ryutyu nodded.

I looked to him and nodded as well. We continued eating in silence. Wilma’s nine tails only flowed eastern to west, almost mesmerizing the female guard as she seemed to get bored the fastest. The accordion girl though, just looked around and then started playing a tune for us.

“Musical magician.” Ernee said after gulping his last piece of meat down.

Wilma nodded. “She has skill as a soloist.”

“And what may you do for a living, madam?” Ernee asked then.

“Living? I do not do anything near what your system operates by. I just go off and do what I want. I was also born by his computer.” Wilma said as she suddenly pointed to me with her right index finger.

“Oh…?” Ernee started, “What about thee? Same situation?”

“I shit you not- I pay physical taxes with the reality-breaking mafia that my nemesis started. Every time I die is usually my only peace.” I stated.

It stopped him. Ernee was dumbfounded, and confused, just like others. It almost silenced the table- but Wilma started drinking.

“Ryutyu works as our assistant. He just helps out if he can. He has a chill life. This accordion girl is new though. We know very little about her.” Wilma said after slamming her stone cup down.

“Yeah… but, question- is this all the food?” I asked.

“Impolite!” Ernee said to me.

“No- I just wanted to know if this is all you had, and if you wanted me to eat anymore by chance… because… damn those bugs, you should try them Ryutyu.” – Me.

“No!” He shot back.

I sighed. “Sorry, Ernee. My grandmother usually wants me to eat a ton… and may or may not get sad when I do not eat everything on the planet she made.”

“Ah… yah, I get that.” He relieved upon, “My grandma holds giant feasts for the poor. She helps the homeless out too… (He sips he glass,) whilst my dad operates with the battles and such… (He takes in a forkful of bugs,) and my mother holds the festivals and games…” He said, chewing with his mouth closed.

“Nice… and also, I do want to say this quickly- you are very polite to close your mouth when chewing. Ryutyu here- he always chomped loudly.” - Me putting my right hand on his shoulder from afar.

Ryutyu shook his head with a slight giggle. Then Wilma and Ryutyu continued their last bits.

“Are we done with food?” Ernee asked afterwards. I held my left hand up instantly and took the cylinder. I started chugging down the wine, which exploded in surprise as it hit the back of my throat in a new way. It was like the liquid was direct, giving me resurrection from my senses of only wanting that standard water. It felt glorious.

“Yes! Shall we move on?” I said with tiredness in my eyes still.

Wilma stood up with the accordion girl at side, and walked forth to the stairs to go further up.

“Hey- don’t go up there!” The male guard said as they started off.

The accordion girl stopped and went to the wall as Wilma started dashing off.

Ernee looked to Ryutyu with concerning anger.

“Hey- she does what she wants most of the time…” – Ryutyu shrugged with as much happiness he could express.

“Not now- dummy… anyways, Ernee, let us go and start our travels- Wilma will most likely be back shortly.” – Me.

“Yes- yes- but do you know why I dislike visitors going up there- specifically to my room?” He asked.

“Weapons?” I stated back.

“Yes- but also secrets and breakable jewels are up thy!” Ernee said as we all stood up. He pointed up with his right index/pointy finger too.

“Well… if I can defend- she just wants to truly see if anything is actually up there. She might be afraid that maybe you lied.” – Me.

“Me? Lie?” Ernee protested.

“No- your servant.” – me.

“Why would he- or any of us- lie?” Ernee requested back.

“Look, buddy, you can speak- when shit is fucking against you. I was skinned- I was put between a boat whilst critters ate up my back- I was sliced in the arm- My reality became a lie that took me back to torture by some plague doctors- and I was even burned to ash in a millisecond. Then I come back whether I like it or not. So- let us just go to this other kingdom- and HAVE a GOOD time!” I spoke, trying to smile, whilst putting my left pointy finger down on the table.

“I will tell my dad about your talk-back.” Ernee said.

“Eighty-Three!” Ryutyu stated in a wishful disclosure.

“What? I am so tired- just, please… talk-back or not though, you should think of the possibility that we thought of the possibility that you were lying to us. Just agree with it.” – Me.

Ernee stubbed his face. He then left down the stairs. “Follow me.” He said as we heard the guards clanking back down. The accordion girl followed last.

We got out to the dirt road and looked forth.

“We go past the forest- then to the waterfall. Then straight to the kingdom. I don’t wanna see your smart-friend talk to me like that again, Sir Ryutyu.” Ernee said.

“Sir? I’m just Ryutyu.” He spoke.

“No- you are sir. You protected me when I needed it most, so thanks, and come along now.” I quickly inferred before Ernee could.

Wilma came out of the doors with the guards following close behind.

“Run!” She said as she sprinted away with her nine brown tails flapping behind her. Her ears wailed towards the wind as she darted off. The accordion girl then took off after a moment of seeing it, and then me and Ryutyu looked to Ernee as he turned back.

“Come on, back-talker.” I angered him, walking forth.

“He’s just mad because he’s gotten no sleep in days…” Ryutyu said.

“No… sleep… in days?” Ernee suddenly worried.

“Yeah?” Ryutyu said as he walked forth to my stomping posture.

“Oh- that explains a lot- GUARDS! HOLD OFF!” Ernee said as Wilma started to crawl up the wooden ladders to the top of the walls as the accordion girl stopped and stood to the right of it. The guards then became confused again and held off. “Open the doors!” Ernee yelled as Wilma jumped over.

“Augh!” She screamed as she fell to grass below.

“Well- knowing your friend hasn’t gotten any sleep, then surely the ghosts of Christ haunt him…” – Ernee said as he walked with Ryutyu.

“Ghosts?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yeah- the ghosts of Christ? Never heard em’?” Ernee asked.

“No… I heard of Christ, but never any ghosts.” Ryutyu said.

“There are no ghosts!” I yelled back, throwing my hands out and giving them a tired disliking face, “There are only coincidences. Now- come on.” I stated over like a madman with tired expression drooling off my spirit.

“I understand fully now…” Ernee apologized, “You two! (He points to the female and male guard with his right index finger,) come with us. We’re going to travel to the kingdom.” Ernee said as the doors opened.

I came outside with the accordion girl playing softly. I saw Wilma holding both of her calves. She was crunching her lips and closing her eyes, breathing in and out in a hardening way.

“Did you expect not to get injured?” I asked.

“No! Fuck! Hrm…” She wailed as she crunched spine into a ball futher.

“How hurt is she?” Ernee asked.

“I might have sprained my bones.” Wilma said in a gush of pain.

“Alrighty- come on now…” I shook my head, leaving my right hand to be a place holder for her to grab onto.

Wilma grabbed my hand with her left and came up, then instantly leaning onto me. She heightened over me, but I did not nudge.

“Is she going to be okay like that?” Ryutyu asked in worry.

“Yes!” She said.

“Yeah… now let us go… (We start walking off, with Ernee on the far left, Ryutyu to his right, accordion girl to my left, and then the two guards behind us,) and also- Wilma? Why are you acting a bit more extroverted now?” I asked.

“I am addicted to having my powers… I need them back…” Wilma started after a long pause.

I sighed. “Ight, just… do not take any risks you know may even be the slightest of harm…” – Me as we continued back up the hill.

“Okay…” Wilma sighed with an agreed as I walked with her hanging onto my shoulder.

***The woods.***

The bark trees loomed over us with their efficient greens. There was a dark blue and mossy green pond with a few frogs jumping around, all in front of us by five feet. We stared forth to see the understanding nature that laid ahead of us. The dirt path extended a pit to the right, going around the pond, and having to levered up a hill by the grass. At the sides the vines grew up the trees and mostly kept a distance from the original path, yet some intrigued upon on each side. There was also the light skimming in sometimes, bringing life to the many trees darkening the way.

“How far is it?” Ryutyu asked.

“The forest extends like… sixty Georgas?” Ernee said as the two guards look loftily around for anything unusual.

“Georgas?” Wilma asked under her breath as Ryutyu just nodded it off and looked forth.

“Let’s go to thy Spinrea Waterfall!” Ernee exclaimed, “To also indeed upon, don’t get caught by any of thy vines or thy tall grasses…” He spoke.

“What about the bugs?” The female guard asked.

“Shh!” Ernee hushed as he wagged his tail and leaped forwards onto the escalation of land.

I followed with Wilma trudging along. The accordion started to play her instrument before Ryutyu put his left hand on her right shoulder. She stopped.

“Keep it down- I dunno what in thy forest here.” Ryutyu said with an Australian accent.

Me and Wilma went first up the path and missed a skinny and yellow-thorned vine of green to our left. Stepping over it we followed the prince beyond to the straight path that had a right turn around a rocky boulder at least twenty meters away. As we walked up, we found Ernee awaiting to follow the path northeast.

“Do you guys think we should cut some of thy vines out of here?” He asked suddenly.

“That would be fancier.” Wilma spoke first.

“Ernee, just get us to THY destination.” I spoke.

“Sheesh- sir, I was told by yer Ryutyu that you ain’t had sleep, but ya’ don’t have to be bashing ya’ personality.” – Ernee.

“Aye- sorry lad.” I spoke normally.

We then continued northeast, finding it then turn northwest after thirty meters. We found that we were passing a giant pond with alligators on the other side. The trees were thick enough to jail them behind our views through the slices of air, but still they were creepy to the accordion girl.

She played her instrument in frantics.

“Hey! Don’t make a sound. We don’t wanna attract attention!” The male said to the girl.

Ryutyu looked to her with a worried face and shrugged. We then continued down the fifty-meter-long path, turned right down a ten-meter path, then turned right again to go by the pond. Then we turned a slight left. About after twenty meters of straight path that almost had no care to be circular in any passion, we turned again and traveled left to get to an opening to a slight plainland. Around this green patch of about fifty-by-fifty feet cut of land that held a circular wooden and wet hut in the middle right, we found an extended pathway to a bunch of rocks. We also heard voices beyond.

“We’re coming to the waterfall soon…” Ernee said as we walked forwards, hearing the travelers come closer.

Around us was just the wall of trees, and that hut expensed only a flat design as the roof was a literal flattened cube, and the insides had nothing inside, not even a floor on the green grass.

We continued to the grey boulders, finding two pathways extended either east or west directly. We also found the three travelers, one a small folk and the other two bigger, all with green hairs and purple pupils, going to the right path.

“We go left to the waterfall…” – Ernee said.

“Why are there no signs?” Ryutyu asked.

“Uh… I… should do something about that. My father just hasn’t cared enough since it could easily just be a way for people to have a slight surprise to stuff… but… yeah…” He spoke in primate English.

“My legs are hurting.” Wilma whispered as we continued off the seventeen-meter trail to a bunch of more boulders. As we came closer, we heard the waterfall in the distance.

We were met with a single path northeast, took it for a thirty-seven-meter-long trip in a walk as the accordion girl played her tunes, and then we came to a left turn to two similar huts that had people sitting in common chairs Ernee had at his dinner table. These huts were indeed a bit wet, but they were side by side in the same exact area cut out.

“Hey- guys- could we possibly get a stay for seven?” Ernee asked.

“Sure, Sir Ernee. Just remember, not all things are working…” The furry tiredly stated behind the counter. He had his head down and eyes closed on his arms before he lifted it up with his yellow eyes beaming, and green hair beaming too. We then looked to us, and was wide eyed.

“Yeah. Cry about it.” I told him. I made the awkward silence spring up as well.

He stopped his staring but kept his surprise. He grabbed a few wooden slabs, about a foot long, with the carvings of: ‘Pass.’ Ernee grabbed them all and then walked over to his guards, who took one, then Ryutyu grabbed two, and he walked over to us. I grabbed the one he held in his left hand and Wilma grabbed the right.

“Wow. So specific.” She sarcastically stated.

“As simple as it needs to be…” – Ernee the Second Great spoke, before turning around and allowing us to follow him to the path’s trance.

Our path came to a circle of dirt that led off to the northeast that went to a slight side path of grass on both sides as three-square houses were placed over there, and then pure left which ripped around the waterfall. In front of the bouldering wet grey rocks was the held in pond. Beyond about twenty meters of radius from the semi-circulate clean waters, was the waterfall splashing lagoons of white excess into its rectangle area of particles. It rose to about twenty feet up, showing the almost entirely straight wall tell the skies how to curve dramatically. Unluckily, a few rocks were crumbled outwards and down, expelling a way to intensely rock climb by the looks of it.

To our left is where Ernee darted off first.

“So- how does it look? Everything you would expect?” He asked as we noticed up above on the waterfall’s land were huts of their own around the water stream. To our left came three more huts near the grassy trees, and to the far left were stony stairs, about eighteen up to the lands.

“What is the point of these huts and houses?” Wilma pronounced.

“Well- thy huts here are for anybody who may like a one room apartment-” Ernee stated.

“I will take one.” Wilma interjected perfectly.

“Okay- and the houses are for multiple rooms…” Ernee then said.

“Shall we take the last two huts?” The guards asked.

“If you want.” Ernee stated.

The guards nodded and kept with us. Ernee started off towards the stairs, and we followed as well. We were relived that up above were not many trees at all. Instead, there was these four huts showing the pond who would be king. Then behind these exact huts were rows of exact houses. They were square and square-roofed with the same wood. They each had window holes- one on each wall of the home. Six of these exact houses were on the left and right of the stream. We followed the slim, rocky path down the left aisle to the sky showing forth to some mountains that rose into the sky’s white clouds with their greens then snows. There was a cliff though, making us expect the unknown. Yet- we did see another stream from the other side. There was a thick ten-feet wide stream of H20 flowing into this line of the stream flowing into two exactly opposite directions almost. From the looks of it, we were above the ‘T’ letter-shape of this double-ponded water flow.

“Which one do you guys want to stay in?” Ernee asked.

“Is there anybody else here?” I asked quickly.

“Not at this moment is seems…” – Ernee.

“Is that because there is like no food stands or anything?” I asked.

“Well- we have all the wants and needs nearer the cliff…” Ernee said as he ears fell low for a second.

“I would like thy one closest to thy view.” Ryutyu said.

“I will take a hut up here.” Wilma then said.

“I will be in the house next to Ryutyu.” – Me as the accordion girl played some gibberish of notes.

“Well- these houses can actually hold up to two people…” – Ernee said.

“Oh, then I will be with Ryutyu I guess.” – Me.

“Oh, okay?” – Ryutyu.

“Thanks- you never know if a party may come in and need many spots…” – Ernee said, “Anyways- the accordion girl?” He then asked.

“She can either stay with me or in another neighboring hut.” Wilma spoke.

“The one nearest to the secondary waterfall I see…” Ernee pointed at the first hut.

“Secondary?” Ryutyu asked.

“Indeed- follow me to the full perspective.” Ernee said.

We walked down to see the cliff as it was. There were rocky stairs of seventeen steps leading down to paths going away from the middle greatness. There in the middle was a similar pond to the one before, but three times larger. The rocks were also a bit craggy too yet made for greatness as the landscape showed green grasses out to the mountains from our sudden elevation of fourteen feet from it.

“This must be near a tectonic plate.” I said as we got near the second edge. We were held back by a three-foot tall wall of cobblestone, so we could only peek over to see the fall.

“What?” Ernee asked.

“A tectonic plate- a giant moving rock that makes up parts of the planet. When the edge of one comes, there are earthquakes, or just quakes in your case, when they move. They can cause mountains to form, tsunamis to suddenly arise, and sometimes even just lift the land up a bit like this.” I said, looking at him.

“I understood some of that, sir.” The female stated.

“Doesn’t matter. He’s a nerd…” – Ernee laughed off, “Anyways, over here are the shops and stuff.” He said, giving his left arm out, “They’re empty currently though…”

We saw similar huts, but a bit bigger. They were stationed across the rocky wall of the extended structures of nature. Past about five were some stairs down to the grass below, and then a long path beyond that, that then turned right and into the mountains that grew up.

“Should we- I mean I- rush over to Sain’ Dena Village, sir?” The male asked.

“Sure.” Ernee responded.

The guard left and the female stayed.

“Could I get some medical assistance?” Wilma asked.

“Medical assistance? I… don’t think we have a doctor nearby currently- Hey! Guard! If you can- Find a doctor for the missy here!” Ernee yelled with his left hand blocking the sound exposure left of his jaw, before looking back.

“Anyways- Wilma- shall we take you to your room?” Ernee asked quickly with distress.

“Yes…” She spoke.

The female put her right arm around her back and started walking her away and back up the stairs. The accordion girl was left to idle some notes to us.

“Oop- I guess I’m not needed… do you guys like chess or checkers or anything?” Ernee asked.

“We like checkers.” I told him.

“Great- then turn around and look towards the games…” – Ernee.

We turned to see the left had written a path the swirled around the elevation of rocks and beyond. Yet it passed the cliffside games- a stingy table with checkers on it, then a copy a meter right with chess, then another copy with two stacks of brown wooden cards. Beyond was the game Four Square, with each square being surrounded within a short five-inch-high wall of wood. There was also a brown ball of hairy leather in the second square. And then past that amusement was simply an entire five line, with same wooden small walls, bowling alley with metallic dark grey spheres. To the end were six, three on each side, two by two by five feet, brown wooden rectangles standing up. But before all of that was simply just a white rope flapped on the floor of stone.

“Is that rope for tug-a-war?” I asked, with the accordion girl already walking around.

“Tug-a-war?” He asked back. Ryutyu was also confused.

“Yeah- one person or team pulls on one side of the rope whilst another person or team does the other side, and in order to win you make the person or team’s front member go past a certain point or fall over? Have you guys never heard of it before?” I explained.

“Well… nah- could you show us?” Ernee said as he saw Ryutyu’s confusion.

“Yeah- come along…” I spoke.

Ernee went with Ryutyu onto the end facing the cliff and looked down at the ballish end. I looked forth to them as they picked it up.

“Let us face not towards the cliff- because in this game you could fall back…” – Me,

“Oh- yeah…” Ernee said with Ryutyu in shame.

We switched to me on the side of the pool. I pulled some, and then they pulled hard, Ryutyu behind Ernee, and pulling with him, adjusting to the game’s mechanics. They won, making me slide too much. I lost four feet.

“Okay- I lose.” I told them, holding the rope and letting them stop without fall back.

“Cool…” Ernee said, looking at his hands. The accordion girl stood by, watching.

“Could we play chess now? Maybe we could help out her with the moves.” Ryutyu then asked, and the accordion girl played happily to him, “Also- I’d like to see Eighty-Three here try it against her.”

“Eighty-Three? That’s his name?” Ernee asked.

“There is a long story- but that is his nickname.” – Ryutyu offered.

Ernee shrugged and walked over to the chess game.

I pulled up a chair and allowed Ernee to sit down and watch us. Then we took turns. Ryutyu helped the accordion girl place her items in the correct places with the nods of her head communicating. She could not really move them by herself because her accordion was very wide. Then, after playing chess with my mastermind rules, we played checkers, shrugged at it, and then went bowling as the accordion girl practiced a solo to our right. We also found that the wall ended only six meters behind the wall that interpreted the end of the bowling lines, which were also six meters behind the rectangles. Finally, after three rounds of that, and looking forth at the dirt path led to more tables and games that extended into a forest that hovered over again, we played four squares, looking out at the valley. Then the female guard came down.

“Wilma is resting in thy second left hut. Shall the accordion girl be placed next to her stay?” She asked.

“Yes.” Ernee stated.

The female guard then flapped her left fingers for the accordion girl to follow, and she did with a look back to us about the awkwardness she had inside.

“Could we also see the homes?” I quickly asked.

“Sure!” Ernee agreed.

We then followed the two girls up and first investigated the first home, the first house right of the hut Wilma was in. He opened the wooden slide doors, revealing an inside of nice round logs to stand carefully on. In front of us was an empty space about five by six meters big. Then there was a room about five by five meters in the left corner having its own slide door block anything from it. To the right was another room. To the bottom right was cobblestone placed around to form a kitchen. The counter was three rectangular rocks wide and low, making a wall five feet before the wooden cabinets. These wooden cabinets were twice going along the walls to the corner. Ernee walked over to our visualization and pulled the same-textured doorknob to show us three shelves in each. We looked around to see on our bottom left was a table exactly like the chess table.

“Now I see why nobody stays- no medical station or bathroom.” I noted out loud.

“Well- we have our medial station unoccupied by anybody currently. It’s all the way near the stairs down to thy valley. And our bathrooms are to the right path towards the giant bucket. We also take our showers here in the pond.” Ernee said, making me awe with confusion.

“What? You have a giant bucket everybody shits in- and around here you just take a shower in the streams?” I asked with mega confusion on my mind. Ryutyu was also lifting his right eyebrow. The guard and girl just left three seconds ago to look forth to their hut.

“Yeah… not the best… I’ll try to get stuff better and done later…” Ernee said, almost embarrassed whilst holding his right arm.

“Bruh.” Ryutyu shook his head at.

“But- let me show you what pond you’ll be taking showers in.” Ernee said.

“Taking showers in a pond that probably is filled with hairs and bacteria? I am quite fine by myself…” I stated, crossing my arms.

“Well- we do clean it… or nature does…” He said as we swifted past us and led us on. We were walked to the house right before the stairs, the final one, then took a left into the forest. We found a cut path, grass-filled, that led in a U-turn and down with the hill providing a bit of darkness the trees could not fully fulfil. Ernee first down, and then me and Ryutyu behind, we found that there was a two-meter high opening in the path, going through the rock, and opening up to a nice shallow pool being hidden behind the outside waterfall. The main waterfall dived over it, blocking the slight darkness it had to offer. This pool was floored with nice and hill-like rocks. To the back were two poles, seven and a half feet apart, connected with another wooden brown pole that was still wet. Ernee walked first, not minding his furs below to get wet. The pond was shallow though, only like a foot high. And it had those glorious patterns you would see on a sunny-perfect beach or in a pool during the supreme summer. I looked above to see the cave was induced in reflecting it wisely. The coolness also shuddered onto my body, including me in the awesomeness that this small area gave to us.

“We… take a shower here?” I asked.

“Right under the waterfall itself! Or you could just go below and do it- but privacy is something key.” Ernee stated, pointing with his right arm to the rock balcony that made the waterfall slightly bounce off it. It provided a bunch of water to fall in, but to the corners of this pool there was a slight hole, letting the liquid drop below.

“Where are thy towels?” Ryutyu asked.

“Uh… we don’t have any…” – Ernee stated.

“Wow.” – Me.

“Well- we sold them all to this blacksmith to… get some more weapons to force people to pay their taxes…” Ernee srubbed his head with his right hand.

“Hm… alrighty and whatever… anyways… When was this created?” I asked as Ryutyu stomped his foot around.

Ernee sighed. “Not long ago… about a year and a month if I remember thy correctly…”

“Nice.” – Ryutyu.

“Anyways… dinner?” Ernee then asked.

“Damn- not lunch two?” I asked back in a joke.

Ernee smiled.

He walked us over to the valley’s long balcony, and we saw afar that people were coming. The guard was coming back with suppliers.

***At Dinner for Ryutyu’s world.***

At the time of dining, we all went far down to left path’s end, finding a large wooden roof containing many tables under it. The people sat down and looked with surprise at us.

“No doctors, sir.” The male guard said as he approached Ernee.

Ernee was in front of me, from the tables all made the same and circular. Ryutyu sat to my left, and Wilma to my right. We were about to eat five white dumplings and a burger with just the meat and bread. We also had similar cups of glass now, that held water in each. The people talked in English about our appearance too.

“He looks like a play-dwarf.” One woman said. “At least he has a friend similar to ours.” Another woman commented. “Are they gods?” A third, man, stated. “That girl is playing some rare instrument, right?” A young male asked. The accordion girl- also- was behind me, playing a tune of her own.

“Fuck.” Wilma murmured.

“Well… eh… enjoy?” Ernee said as he dived in.

We dined an easy dinner that night. All the people waved their goodbyes and were ordered home. The two guards then went to their huts as Ernee brought us back to the shallow pond hidden behind the waterfall. We stared to the closing sky amongst the mountains. The sunset was with us.

As we stood on the water below, we found the aurora of peace to be above. Yet, I was still having an inconsiderate mind with my own doubts.

“Can I just go to bed now? I am quite tired myself.” I stated whilst we three stared.

“Sure…” Ernee said, and I started off from the coldness on my shoes.

I went over to bed, not minding the sweet accordion playing behind the other hut’s walls. I opened the top right door, finding nothing in the room. Then the left, and I found a single mastered. It had a white wool, long and wide, blanket that covered the entire bed, then two wool pillows stationed nicely around, and the rest was wood. There was also a square rectangle standing up, being the nightstand, I guess.

“Damn… absolutely nothing…” I spoke.

I got in bed slowly, facing the wall, on the right, and laid my eyes asleep.

“Hello again!” The stickman said in an echoey voice as I found myself open my dream eyes to the white void where his wooden sign form was in place.

“Bruh- where were you all this time?” I asked.

“I was watching you, of course. But you know me- I cannot do anything that would disturb the universe- and one of those actions is being caught in four-K!” He stated.

“Ight bro… anyways… I will be heading back to sleep I guess…” I said as I closed my eyes whilst I stood still in his ways.

“Oh- no deal processing?” He then referred to.

“I will not kill my friends.” I stated back.

“Ah… then be awake again…” The Stickman said in a whisper of gratitude as I suddenly awoke to the wall of wood.

“Fuck! Why!” I cried, sitting up in bed. I then jumped out, slowly processed my legs over the curly logs, slammed the slide door open, and went outside to look up towards the sky. It was nighttime, and the yellow moon shun bright over the planet.

I sighed, then heard a bit of conversation near the games. I started over, but the slipped in some mud. My left foot dragged behind me as I put my hands forth and caught myself on a mud patch- the only one in sight. The soil was too wet. My hands were now clobbered in the brownness. My shirt was also dreaded with specs, and my shoes were inclined as well as my pants. My face even had itself bombarded with the goo I tried shaking off by shaking my head. I then looked forth to see my glasses spiced with some.

“What- why!? The only mud patch here!? And I did not notice it?! Just this one fucking damn mud patch! How… dirty of God when he knows what I have been through!” I whispered to myself with extreme anger. I then went over to the loud waterfall, peeking across the edge with my stand, seeing Ryutyu and Ernee playing a game of chess. They were discussing the many moves considerable.

“If I move my king here- he could be checkmated by the queen moving just two times.” Ernee said.

“Well… okay…” Ryutyu considered in a tiredly motion.

“Are you extremely tired?” Ernee asked.

“Yeah…” Ryutyu replied.

“Well- only fifteen games…” Ernee said with a funny accent.

“Aye- I’ma go to bed now…” Ryutyu stated.

“Directly to bed?” Ernee asked.

“Yeah.” – Ryutyu.

I looked around and saw the path. I decided to go below and looked around. I found no towel. But I then remembered no towel was abundant. I then put my glasses down near the edge of the water, against the rocks just two feet away from the beachy path diving into it with a sudden rock change.

I sighed.

“I really should get some of this mud off before Ryutyu even tries coming in…” – Me. “But what if he changes his mind and walks in?” My mind then blasted. “Fuck… um… just quickly take a shower and then rinse your clothes and then quickly jump out before he goes looking for you.” My mind altered as I took of my shirt. “I mean- is this even the best way to wash your hands and face?”

I then undressed my pants and laid it all on the right side of the path, three feet before the water started beach-rising to it. I then tipped my toe in the cold water. I shivered myself and walked in. I trudged my body past the consistently dramatizing temperature, dismantling the atmosphere from importance of patterned waters, and going straight under the waterfall’s bounce. I cleaned my right hand under it, feeling the immense pressure. I readied myself with a giant sigh and then pushed myself quickly under it, feeling the pressure immense. The water wiped off all the mud from my hands and my face was instantly drooled with the icy water. I put my hands through my air and let the water continue soaking them.

“Quickly- go rinse off your clothes!” My brain said as it slightly ached from the pressure.

I turned around to see Ryutyu dropping his underwear on top of his own pile to the left, and then turning around to look at me.

“Bro! What the fuck?! I said after the awkward pause. We were both naked now, but had no idea how to respond to this.

“Sorry!” Ryutyu said.

“That was the worst timing in history! Did you not see me taking a shower already- or even see my stack of clothes on the ground just outside the pool?!” I asked as his ears drooped in shame.

“I- I’m sorry- I’m just so tired! It’s been like six hours of gaming with Ernee-” Ryutyu stuttered almost, wagging his tail eagerly.

“Is he coming?” I then asked with a depressed facial expression drop into sight.

“No- he already took a shower…” Ryutyu told.

“Yeah… of course he did- and you also said you were going straight to bed!” I yelled back.

“Well- I… changed… my mind…” he said.

I sighed with suicidal anger.

“Alrighty…” I then said, going over to the pool’s entrance as he backed away to the left of me. “You should always be alert…” I said tiredly…

“Sorry! I… aye…” Ryutyu agreed.

I then sighed. “Well- it does not hurt anybody… this time… so- pal, why are you taking a shower? I am here because I was going to inspect what you guys were doing, but then slipped on some mud…” I told.

“Well… I… just needed to have my daily nighttime shower- like you always told me to have when we were at ya’ home!” Ryutyu said.

“Of course… of course…” I stated, depressed to the facts I should have suspected this, “I should expect something to go wrong whenever I can now…”

“Um…” – Ryutyu.

“Ryutyu- I apologize. I should have asked you guys when and if you still needed to take a shower…” – Me as I turned around to go rinse my shirt and stuff into the pool.

Ryutyu sighed. “No- it’s my fault- I didn’t look around…”

I was about to put my clothes back on but turned around to see his sadness. I just sighed back again, losing my well-being.

“Have no worries… I should have just learned my meta lesson from Heru and his allies already…” – Me.

“Eighty-Three! Or-” Ryutyu started.

“You can call me by my real name now… sorry for hiding that from you…” I started.

“Well- okay- but- is there anyway I can help you through these rough times?” Ryutyu asked.

“I have no idea… I mean- I will soon either die here for good- or escape and then get punished for existing… I guess… so…” I said again.

“Well- could I at least comfort ya’ whilst I’m still around?” Ryutyu asked.

“Sure… go ahead…” I started after a moment of pause, with a slight open mind, as I just started to walk back into the pond and look at the ceiling.

“Oh- um…” Ryutyu started to think.

“Really? You did not have anything to start with in the first place?” I asked back.

“Sorry! I’m… just… doesn’t matter! What matters is you. Eighty-Three… we’re all gonna get through this. The Red Eyes will help-”

“The Red Eyes are against us.” I quickly stated.

“Oh- uh… Cyclop?” Ryutyu then asked.

“I do not know. Cyclop is now a wild card for us. He either will listen to his command or be a criminal, possibly lose his job and technology if he continues to help me live…” I stated.

Ryutyu sighed like me. He drooped his shoulders and started off new. He put his right arm on my left shoulder.

“Mate… have you ever just tried enjoying life when you can?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yeah- and to me it just says there are horrible days ahead… like- first of all, I have no idea if any of this is real in the first place! Maybe those plague doctors had another syringe implanted in me again…” – Me.

“Lad- please. Just look around you. Just look at Heru’s allies. They want you dead forever-” Ryutyu started.

“Heru wants me to continuously die over and over. He is that sadistic and will even stick his own allies in an endless loop just to torment me.” – Me.

“Lad! Shut the fuck up and listen to me! Just look around you and enjoy that there’s fresh water, free food, nice princes and peoples, Wilma being still alive, some random girl- (In a whisper,) that could be a meat shield if you know what I’m hinting- and we even have a bed to sleep in as we enjoy this nature. Even if it’s not real, we should continue to go with the flow! Just like you told me!” Ryutyu rounded.

“Just like every movie.” I smiled as I also stated. “Ryutyu, you are helpful. But, look… I enjoy it for one moment, and something is bound to occur against me… I am using it as a hyperbole- but it still happens on massive pain levels! I got skinned! I got burned to ash! I got put between two boats to be eaten alive! I can go with the flow, but I am ending up depressed and filled with anxiety that cannot be dispersed elsewhere! I cannot control any of these events… and… and if the script works the way I think it does- then I will be in this loop for however long everybody wants to clash my head in…” – Me… “(I sigh heavily, looking directly into Ryutyu’s glowing pupils with sad indents,) But, yeah, thanks Ryutyu. I… should not be a hypocrite… I just… have to stop…”

“I think you should look for religion.” Ryutyu then said.

“Why do you say that?” I asked as I sat down and enjoyed the water.

“Well- Ernee told me that Christianity helped everybody have rules and understanding to a point where problems and life could be met with nice attitudes.” – Ryutyu said as he sat down next to me in the water, getting his fur to swell up as it drifted with the water current.

“Christianity… Christianity… I need to see God in person… Cyclop told me he was real- but damn I need to speak with the man. Why would he allow humans to suffer like this- or even in my case- allow me to exist like this?” I asked.

Ryutyu shrugged with me.

“I am feeling much better though… being next to your slight wisdom…” I said with a joking smirk on my face.

“Ha-ha?” He asked.

“Ha-ha, indeed… the night sky though- (I point forwards to the distorted image of the starry sky,) is that soothing to you in any way?” I asked, with worry upon my face.

“Yes… but what about ya’? Ya’ lookin’ very worried…” Ryutyu asked.

“I just remember everything… and if I am worried… I will not be struck with pain when I feel calm…” I almost laughed.

“Er…” Ryutyu shook his head cutely with worry as well.

We continued to sit and look at the sky as we listened to the water falling about. It was enduring to calm us both for the moment, but I still remembered… everything…

***Wake up to Ryutyu.***

I woke up in bed effortlessly. I was ready, and I had my sleep. I felt the dawn of morning had long left, and Ryutyu had already gone missing from the same bed. I sat up and crumbled by eyes with my hands. I looked around, then got up and pushed the door open to see the day be amiss.

But there was a large difference. Many others were in bound. I opened the door to the house and looked outside of the hut in my stale clothes rinsed from the pool earlier and looked about to the sounding stream. Outside were dozens of Ryutyu-like furrys just conceiving and talking about their lives under the shining sun. I was confused instantly. I decided slip on my shoes and get onto the path, missing a few pairs go by. I unadmired their weirded expressions towards a living and human boy, almost even giggling at the ones with wide eyeholes and scared expressions as they hid behind others. I came up to the stairs and went down. I got to the middle and looked left to find no sign of anybody original, but then looked right and saw Ryutyu waving at me from a new bench. I walked over to him with many eyes upon my essence.

“Heya!” he said as I came up. I sat next to him, on his left, and crossed my right leg over my left leg.

“Helloooooo… what time is it?” I asked in almost a tired train of expressions.

“Uh… something around mid-day? Maybe two o-clock?” He stated.

I sighed. “Did these folks drive this bench up here?” I then asked.

“Yeah- we even found Wilma a doc. She’s getting treated right now- and that accordion girl is playing some tunes near the lunch table… (he looks around suspiciously,) some other guards came by too, helping Ernee out with literally building a hidden house on the trail path somewhere.” Ryutyu told.

“That sounds nice…” I nodded, “Well… how much longer are we going to be here?” I then asked.

“Ernee’s ready to go- but Wilma’s awaiting her fix from the doc.” Ryutyu skittishly said.

“What does the doc look like?” I asked.

“He has yellow hair and purple- or blue pupils, if I remember. He also wore black robes or something…” – Ryutyu.

“Alrighty… I will go and get Ernee- you get Wilma and the accordion girl into a group ready to leave.” I stated.

Ryutyu stood up with me and nodded. Then we departed with a bit of awkward silence as we were awaiting each other to say something. I went back up the stairs, past the flowing coolness of the air, past the many talkative females, and back onto the path where I saw a house being built to the left, literally on the right side of the corner the straightness ended on.

“Hey! Who are ya’?” A guard asked eager with his strong male and young voice to fight like the Vikings.

“Hey! He’s the kid I told ya’ about! What’s up mate?” Ernee switched and asked as he rushed out before the green haired and white pupiled, blue-coated fur humanoid half-dog, half-dragon mixed furry.

“Hey- when are we going?” I asked abruptly in a worried tone.

“Oh- guards- finish ya’ project- I must take thee to the games.” Ernee stated, dropping his wooden rectangle. He then came over to me without any shoes on. “Is thee Sir Ryutyu ready?” he asked.

“Well- yes- and I also asked him to get Wilma and the accordion girl ready, so we should be able to go instantly if all somehow went perfectly…” I stated.

Me and Ernee walked back to see Ryutyu and Wilma and the accordion girl walking down the stairs, only a third the way through.

“Are ya’ll leaving without thee?!” Ernee stated in a sarcastic worry.

“No?” Wilma asked back after wobbling back into place. The accordion girl also jumbled her notes.

“We were just going to wait down here on da grass.” – Ryutyu stated.

“The doctor told me to get used to walking. We also need to go down these stairs anyways. And I also do not need to be around so many people again.” – Wilma as she wobbled her jumping skills, almost falling off the unguarded edge.

“Please add some railing to these stairs.” I asked Ernee as I continued down with the gang who was arriving on grass just three seconds later.

“Okay- but anyways, guys- did ya’ like thy current version of thy reserve?” Ernee asked.

“Reserve?” I asked back.

“Uh- reserve, kinda’. Mainly just resort.” He then corrected himself.

“It needed more resources.” Wilma said whilst turning around with anger as the accordion girl started jogging onto the grass and beyond to the supposedly open part of the mountains in front.

“Of course…” Ernee shrugged.

The accordion girl first came upon a village in sight, made of huts and such, at least a hundred meters away. We walked the long ways through the hilly mountain of many slopes consisting of these greens, till we came to the almost vacant village. We then took a seat and enjoyed ourselves for a bit. Then we continued to see a farmland past the end of the mountain range. We traveled over an entire forty-meter-high hill just to see this one long farming field, and then went around it with the suffocation of our legs. We soon rested again at a small park consisting of three benches of wooden slabs making a triangle. Then we trailed off further and further towards another mountain range, passing another farm on our right, producing lines of yellow wheat for bread. Their houses were also the same as the reserves too… We took a stop in the grass, just sitting down and letting our hair flow through the wind under the blue and adventurous sky, before we decided to go up another hill that was now fifty-meters high. We did not rock climbing, but long and sloped leggings up that god-made piece of shit. As we came to the top, we had the most epic and classic scene prepared for us.

“Damn- just like in the movies- we come over a hill and see the greatness a distant castle has to offer.” I said, tired again.

Ernee shrugged. We all looked forth to the five-hundred-meter faraway stoned castle. It had a single keep, a giant and grey rectangle flying to the sky with a metallic white flagpole sticking out. The flag was fully black with three blue dots in the form of a triangle, and it was blowing west. Then there were the high battlements guarding the flag, as the keep also designated square holes in it, placed on all sides too. Then there were the halfway high curtain walls of the same cobblestone, and four defensive towers around each corner, with randomly placed arrow slits: same square holes. The two-third’s high gatehouse with three lines of square holes from the top and down. It held one fully white iron door, the left one, and the other one was missing. There was no water around, except for a stream going behind it or something, with many huts placed randomly around too, as well as a forest surrounding the stream and curtain walls, but also no moat: circling water, or drawbridge, or even a path. Just the castle with the outsides only holding a single wide river with many huts placed along. Although it seemed small from afar, I knew of its volume already from the bailey- the inside. There were homes in there, steam clouds puffing out in multiple spots, and cheers echoing off some of the distant mountains.

“First question- why was your flag not on your resort?” I asked, holding my hadns together like I was clapping.

“The resort and vacation is actually an undisputed territory between us and the Heuams. We both own it, but rather keep peace on it as we like the nature… I guess…” – Ernee, wagging hit tail like Ryutyu’s.

“Please get us over there quickly.” Wilma said tiredly.

I sighed with agony too, and we brute off under the clouds that looked like they were in the shape of Pakistan’s borders. We then, across the valley, and endless grass, came to eyes with the guards of the fifteen-meter-high wall gate. These guards were all ready to fight with their own swords and armor through the doors and with some archers through the holes, but we’re still in confusion as the prince was afoot.

“Hey- I came by to put these guys in the national games if that’s okay with me father.” Ernee said as he walked up first.

“How do you know you can trust them?” The man asked as he turned to his right to face the guy.

“I’ve already spent enough time with em’. Also, if we can, could we go to the toppest room of thy castle? These fellows say something is up within, and it’ll get em’ home or something…” Ernee.

“Silly you- trying again to ya’ curiosity, I see.” The guard then said.

Ernee sighed and waved us in with his left hand. We followed in like a scattering pack, shuffling around as we viewed the massive inside.

Within was first a giant landmass of pure green grass, about twenty-by-twenty meters wide and long, allowing children to throw balls and play around with such. They also did look to us for amusement and fear. To our left was another line of houses, now made of stone with wooden slide door still. And the holes were now a bit wider. Plus, to our right, was the same line, having fifteen houses in a row. To the left of the field was a stationary place. It was the same width and length, yet now in the top right was a food market with brown baskets and such. To its left by two feet, as we saw as we went over to is first, was another place made of stone and wooden poles, with a blacksmith inside. He wore a black handkerchief in his long leather sleeves. It also used a might sledgehammer to pound down that white metallic metal. Then there was also to his left, another food market allows potatoes and meats from their own baskets. To its left was a final place, being one of baskets containing balls. The guy in there sat down with a happy expression and a long snout, twice the size of Ryutyu’s. In front was a bowling alley just like at the other place, and to our walking path below was another exact copy of the template of games placed along the path at the vacation spot. These tables were filled, yet the chess match had two spectators. And behind it all was a whole market surrounding a wooden and stoned tower in the middle, being built by some already. Everybody gave us eyes, but I was the one supposed to be grading them on what their economy was all about anyways. Beyond this though, was the main game. An entire field entrapped within a one-high cobblestone wall, fifteen feet wide and twenty-seven and a half feet long. At each end of this rectangle was the cut cube, having the left and right wall made of white wool, as well as the back wall, but no others existed. Beyond that was a stretch of grass about five feet wide, which then lead to the cobblestone wall. Players were already kicking around a soft and white ball of cotton too and kicked it barefoot to each other’s goals. The houses also ended to a similar store place holding all the equipment. People were about to send their things out and complete such but wasted their time as they looked towards their prince and us strangers.

“This is where we’ll be playing soccer today. It’ll be the first open championship. The best players will casually start being inputted into the team until no more citizens are left. Then there will be fifteen more games.” Ernee stated.

“Soccer… alrighty! Anyways- could we possibly sneak up to your top floor of your castle and just check it out for a bit?” I asked.

“Don’t be a fool- that is a very religious place in which we must guard one Jewish person left. Plus, my dad will’st kill you if he sees anybody trying to enter…” Ernee stated sternly.

“Could we go and meet your dad?” Wilma suddenly asked.

“Sure. Then play some soccer and hang around- please. We often don’t get visitors and have to rely on jobs elsewhere to provide a healthy economy.” – Ernee.

“Wow- just what I was thinking to question.” – Me.

Ernee nodded with a sigh and led us to the main tower of rectangularity. Two others stood by it, but were only halfway high. The guards on both sides looked to us and then opened the doors as Ernee entered.

The king was nowhere in sight, only the luxurious golden throne that stabilized itself onto the red carpet covering most of the stone floor. There was the flag right above it and behind on the wall, and then a set of stairs on both sides, leading up like Ernee’s did.

“Me dad must be in the kitchen or something…” – Ernee said as he turned back with a point in his left index finger. Wilma nodded with a smile though.

We went up the right set of stairs, finding the rocky rectangles to lead up to a kitchen area where nobody was sitting. It was the same as Ernee’s.

“I am beginning to think your vacation spot was just another tower placed elsewhere.” I funnily joked.

“Mate, don’t be fooled by the similarities.” Ernee said as he rushed upstairs.

“Why are you leaving in a hurry?” Wilma asked in a sort of a yell.

“Oh- hey son? What are you doing away from the vacation.” A manly voice asked as Ryutyu and Ernee sniffed above to feel the father’s incoming.

“Hey dad- I was just visiting by some… people of a different species I guess...” – Ernee said.

Ernee then backed off and allowed the king to enter. He was fat, with much meat outplaying his white chest plate armor that had stitches of brown dirt. He also had black leather pants and big grey metallic boots. He stomped down with a smile on his yellowish teeth and looked forth with his green eyes and yellow hair. He had a platinum white crown having eight sharp spikes on the circular exterior too, making his hair cramp down.

“Who are thy?” He then asked with wide eyes.

“My name is Wilma.” Wilma said with a smirk.

“My name is Ryutyu.” Ryutyu then followed. Then the accordion girl played. Then she stopped after two seconds and the king looked scarcely towards me, awaiting a response.

“What the fuck are you eating to become that big?” I quickly suggested.

“Ahem! How rude of thy!” The king exalted.

“Sorry! He’s just a little restless… we traveled the lands without carriage- and thy hasn’t gotten sleep in many days!” Ernee suggested.

“Aye… still, thy shall not be as to use vulgar language against me!” The king said suddenly.

“Well… heh…” Ernee nodded and looked at me with concern, “I wanted to ask if they could try out in the soccer match…”

“And if we do, and win this soccer, could we please have a peek up at the top floor of this tower?” I asked.

“What? Why? Have you told them?” The king asked.

“Well- could ya’ at least go check it out? They said something spawned high above in a tower, and since nothing was found in mine, maybe they meant over here…?” Ernee stated.

“I will go check it out for myself…” – The king said as he left.

Ernee stood by with us, waiting in silence, as the king rushed up, and then down.

“Thy was correct, there is a glowing letter ‘A’ of there.” The king said.

“Did you touch it?” I asked.

“The princess was holding it.” – The king.

“Oh…” I stated back.

“Could we touch it?” Wilma then asked.

“Hm… well, I don’t know. I’ll have to talk to the queen…” – The king said, “But, if you play soccer with my son, I’ll definitely allow for a chance here…” The king stated lastly, then leaving upwards slowly.

“Damn…” Ryutyu whispered.

“Okay- ya’ four, let’s get down there quick… (He walks over and down the stairs,) the game’s gonna start soon!” He spoke.

***Soccer Match, not Football Match.***

We had waited at least five minutes when we got down. We looked towards the accordion girl playing her accordion for a crowd standing around and increasing, listening to her solo, putting eyes on our bordering bodies, and looking forth to the game itself.

Finally, they all turned to see three guards behind the boasting king with an expression of finesse.

“Our second championship, our first open-championship, shall now begin. Get in the middle of the field, folks!” The king stated.

Suddenly, the crowd rushed past us and went into the middle. The sky was dawning to a yellow above, and the blue was leaving. To our rights came three guys, as the players also picked up the ball and held it as they went to the middle.

“Do we all know the rules of the game?” The man asked as many guards started showing up.

The crowd jotted “Yes!”

“Well then, Jeremy here, and Christoper, (his literal name,) here, shall pick the team. If you are not randomly selected, please go back to the sidelines.” The man said tiredly. Jeremy had red eyes and red hair just like in the style of Ryutyu’s. He also wore raggedy clothes with a bright white smile and had metallic boots of his own too. Then there was Christoper, with his name, also having red hair, but now with blue eyes. His outfit was also the same. They wagged their tails quickly, smirking to one another, and looking forth to us as others did as well. Their ears were popped up just like Ryutyu’s and other citizens were, and had their fists clenched and ready.

Then the right guy came forth in speech. “Jeremy here- where is Marky?” He asked in his teen-like male voice of equipped enjoyment for bullying and sports, implying that he was truly Jeremy, I must suppose.

“Here!” Another guy, supposedly named Marky, came out to say. Marky was red eyed with blue hair. His tail wagged slower, as his voice was deeper and more soothing. His ears though, showed his true intent. Bent down and lazy. He was barefoot with dirty and ragged dead-brown sleeves and black cotton pants.

Then there was Christoper. “Could I get Hesa?” he yelled to the crowd.

Hesa came forth. She was pink eyed with yellow hair. Barefoot too but wearing a t-shirt of white cotton and shorts of brown dirtiness. She wagged her tail slowly with her ears poked up. She walked up behind him.

“Okay- now start choosing the citizens to play!” The introducer then stated.

Henceforth, Jeremy started pointing his right index finger to some. The citizens pointing to themselves and awaited his nod. When done so, they came forth. If an error was made, he just shrugged it off. The crowd made the noise and clambering, but the players were silent. The other players in the beginning though, left to go way behind the ground to form their own crowd of talking as they headed towards the sidelines with us.

“Let us get over there.” Ernee stated.

“Ernee- real quick- do you have a real bathroom anywhere?” I asked.

“Sadly, no. Just go do it behind a bush.” Ernee then said.

Wilma hopped over quickly and jogged with him as some other rushed up and entered too. I also came over with Ryutyu aiding me in his speed, as the accordion girl came forth too, playing her notes.

We went to the back to be hidden for a while, but soon Christoper then raised his left eyebrow at me.

“Who are thy behind?” He asked.

The crowd looked back to see us.

“We are the people spawned in here by God himself in- whatever- do you want to pick one of us?” I then asked as the silence started to dawn in again.

“Yeah- you and Ernee.” He spoke.

“Let’s go!” Ernee shouted.

“What shall I do?” Ryutyu whispered as I looked towards him. Christoper then looked over to Jeremy still picking randoms from the twenty-or-so left peoples.

“Hey- Christoper- (He turns his head to me instantly,) could you also pick my friend here?” I asked.

“Nah.” He swayed his head at.

“Alrighty then- let us go, Ryutyu. I do not want to play without you.” I stated as I stomped off.

“Are ya’ leaving?” Christoper then asked.

“Yes.” I stated back.

“Aye…” He saddened, “Well if ya’ don’t wanna play by da’ rules, then don’t play!”

“Mate! Come back here! Play with us!” Ernee yelled over.

I started back over to the group with a large sigh just as Ryutyu started to follow. I saw Wilma with her confusion and the accordion girl with her madness of playing.

“We must make a jump for it.” I stated in a whisper towards Wilma, making my right hand block my right area of my mouth.

“What? What are thy doing?” Ryutyu asked as he budged in.

“Getting to touch that damn syllable at the top of the tower.” I then stated, pulling the accordion girl in with my right hand.

She played her instrument in denial with worry across her black eyebrows.

“Should we just look like we are walking away at first?” Wilma asked.

“Yes- now let us go…” I then stated.

We started to walk away. We knew many were staring, but we also had in consideration the anger of Ernee.

“Hold on- I got to go talk to em’.” Ernee said.

“Of course…” Christoper nodded.

“Hey- where are ya’ guys going?” The king asked as we passed his guards. He was turning left to stare at us with stern intent as his son came forth. His guards also looked menacing at us.

“Play now- or I’ll ban you from this kingdom.” Ernee stated suddenly angered.

“Ahem- nah!” I stated with surprise as I started running off towards the tower.

We all darted off suddenly. Accordion girl farthest behind, almost being grabbed by the back by a starting guard, then Ryutyu, then Wilma, then me towards the door. The two guards still standing there grabbed the swords and poked it towards me with only one hand. I shifted my body to turn left whilst getting towards the right, shoulder-shoving my guy into the wall as he put his left hand on my neck. Wilma dodged the other and grabbed his neck with her right hand. She then swung him over to the other guard, smashing it into him and me. I was then tugged away and sloped back by Ryutyu’s left hand. He then almost fell backwards himself, but I leveraged myself back into place and darted forth with Wilma. The accordion girl also stuttered her legs past us as well.

“Hot damn- that was too easy.” I stated during the sweet wind passing my face as the guards started coming up right behind us.

We came up to the third floor after the second empty one, finding guards coming down the stairs and already interrupting the many black smoke burners roasting meat with the chefs at their side. There were now three guards, with their swords in place. The first came forth and smashed down on me. I quickly dodged to the left and punched him in the jaw. Ryutyu then pushed him back, and he stuttered to regain balance. Wilma was then almost struck another side slashing her, but she literally jumped into the guy, tilting her body at most by seventy-nine degrees, just missing the blade cut her waist. She even held the blade with her left hand at a moment, before colliding with the enemy and tumbling with him. The third came after the slow accordion girl standing to the side. He did a slash from the right to the left, almost cutting the neck, but I quickly made my right hand grab her shoulder and pull her away, and then behind me. As the guard was getting his sword back into place, I grabbed the handle of it over his claws, and smashed my head into his jaw awkwardly. It did nothing, and I was embarrassed for a short time, before I soon felt the sensation of those guards getting right behind me with the king. I quickly adverted myself to pull the handle and move with the sword away towards the other stairs. Ryutyu then kicked the other guard off Wilma but was then grabbed by the right hand of the first guard on his right leg. The accordion girl ran with me, and Wilma had to run with me or else they would have caught them both with their increasing numbers.

Ryutyu was pulled down to slide onto the cobblestone before one guard with yellow hair and blue eyes stabbed him in the jaw with the sword, making him die with a loud gag. I looked back with shock and torment in my eyes, before flailing up the final set of stairs to the fourth floor. Here was a bunch of tables and games, We went past them, pushing them over, and then going to the fifth floor. We found it to be his bedroom, having the same kind of bed again. We ran past that and came to the sixth floor, with more beds, but now shelves on the left wall. There was a single sword on the third shelf of the forth on the first row, on the four by three setup. Wilma quickly grabbed it and turned back.

“Really?” I stuttered over to her as we continued up.

“I will hold them off!” She yelled back to me.

I swayed my head as I ran to the seventh, finding nothing to be fulfilling besides their own pond inside their rocky wall. Then the eight room, I came up to it and tugged on the doorknob. It was an actual door, but when I twisted the metallic doorknob both ways, it did not budge. I kicked the door with my right leg, then punched it. Nothing happened. I looked back to see nobody else but the musician around. I quickly went down with the accordion girl and back to Wilma.

“The door has no keyhole and is locked!” I yelled to her as she planted her sword on one guard’s deflected horizontal bend, and then massively hopped to the left to dodge another guard’s. Another guard came by and struck her into the wall. I then came down and pushed the guard into the wall as Wilma slashed her sword left and clashed another guard’s.

“Fuck you!” Wilma stated in anger at the guard with his teeth blaring in anger at her as well. She then pulsed back and started spinning at the guy. The guard getting up from the floor in his tank armor then slashed his sword near the top of her shoes. It cut the stockings and let the blood fall onto the cobblestone floor as she tumbled in a scream. Then the other guard put the sword in her head quickly, making her nine tails die out as well.

“Damnit.” I stated before darting up again. I then went quickly to the door and banged on it harshly. “Open the door! Please! We are going to die! We just need to touch the syllable ‘A’!” I screamed as the accordion girl played her accordion very fast.

I then turned back to see the guards coming up with mad eyes.

“No…” I stated in sorrow as the accordion girl was grabbed by the belly and pulled aside, dropped onto the floor, and staggering to get up as she was then walled by the guards. Then the guard took me by the shirt and threw me down.

“Fools! What did you really think was going to happen?” The king blasted to me as I got up.

“I… uh… damn…” I stated.

“I hereby sentence you to three centuries in jail- if you even get to live that long… plus- IN MY PERSONAL JAIL!” The king said as he pointed to me with his right index finger.

“Well, I do not, so try something else.” I stated.

The guards then motioned me up the stairs with their evil eyes and swords gleaming by the moonlight to shine my fear upon myself. Blood was shattered amongst their armor, but no care was taken. Then the accordion girl got up and looked around with wide eyes as two kept her at bay. A guard started to advance from the floor to the fourth step before me, getting up to their door and saying this in his monotone male voice:

“Guards here- We’d like to put our criminals here in the specific jail, ma’am.”

Then there was a slow silence till the door opened six seconds after. The princess, red hair, pink eyes, holding the letter, looked to me with a smile, and then stood back and allowed the guards to push me up there with the king leaving and the accordion girl destined to be with me too.

I came up to the room. The princess stood tall and barefoot in her pink cotton dress that hung down past her feet. She wore no other accessories besides a long-sleeved leather shirt. Her bed was the same as all others. It was a rectangle behind it. She held the glowing light blue letter, about three by five feet wide and long, with both of her uncut fingernails surrounding the upper hole. Across the room was a white and rusted metallic jailcell with a door similar to that of the entrance- still wood an now in the middle of five large cylinder on each side, only allowing a three-inch wide gap for viewing. It raised up to the ceiling of wood, and the moonlight did not show through the square hold in front of us. The guard went over to the door, opened it, and then shoved us in- me first. Then he slammed it behind us, and we were lost on the cobblestone floor to the darkness.

We stammered up to see the door close and the princess stay.

“You two really got yourselves in trouble…” – The princess said in a light and kind young female voice.

“Oh- fucking… hell… you are right- but could you please just put that syllable in front of the jailcells and at least let me touch it?” I asked in anger.

“Why? You can just stare at it. Who told you, you had to touch it?” She went on like my mother.

“Because- your guards just killed innocent people instead of also putting them in this jail.” I stated.

“Man, you criminals are just dumb sometimes…” She said, “Anyways- I’ve had enough before you bug me off for the rest of the night… I’m going to bed…” She said, putting the syllable down in the right corner and then laying down in bed with her cotton sheet being pulled over. Me and the accordion girl looked through the bars to her actions.

She then just laid there with a smile on her face.

I sat in my cage with the accordion girl staring to me, and I stared back. After a few moments, I had an idea.

“Give me your shoe.” I whispered very softly.

The accordion girl lifted her right eyebrow.

“Maybe if I throw something of ours over to the syllable, something may happen…” I told.

The accordion girl then moved her right leg to me, and I pulled off her green maiden shoe. I then went over to the thin bars, squeezed it threw with my arms, and tossed it across the four meters stingily. It luckily barely hit it but did not make a different-than-wood sound on the glowing thing, and only flopped to the wooden floor. I awaited something to happen, but nothing did.

“Okay- so maybe I was supposed to actually touch it with a part of my, or our body…” I spoke with her discontent. The accordion girl then played her instrument.

“You guys should really wait till you find out touching it does nothing…” – The princess in bed laughed.

“Damn you…” – Me.

The accordion girl jumbled her notes again.

I then sat down and started thinking about all the things I could possibly do.

“Oh, my goodness… I hope this works…” I said, tapping my fingers close to my mouth. The accordion girl jumbled her notes in worry again.

“I could rip out my eyeball and throw it over- or I could try using my piss to touch it- hopefully that may do something though; I mean, we eat and drink and then those resources are conserved and utilized into other substances and energy to help us function, so I just need to get something my body had in it and probably so-called ‘made’ over to the syllable to see if anything happens…” – Me as I acted like a mad scientist, “And right now, I feel like I could go. I have not released in a long time.”

The accordion girl shook her head and then looked away.

I stood up and went to the inched space and unzipped my pants. I looked forth to the syllable with my tiredness and released as much urine as I could. I aimed upwards and straight, and suddenly; I was in a white void.

I looked down and quickly zipped up my pants, then looked around and saw nobody. I felt vanished from reality- all the coolness was gone, and everything else was beyond. Now it felt like my dreams. But then, I looked behind me, and saw the number five in black cursive text. It was as big as me, just five meters up and forth from my location.

“Glad I held that in?” I stated as it quickly turned to four in a second, then to three, and obviously it was a countdown to two, but two became the one, and then I saw zero for a split moment before suddenly standing in grass like nothing had happened.

“What the hell happened?” Ryutyu asked behind me.

“Great job on passing the first phase. Finishing Ryutyu’s world was not as easy as this one should be. Simply, go to the dictator’s office and look behind his main desk- the letter ‘U’ has spawned.’” The computer said as there was a square, red-outlined portal opens all to our right.

Wilma then flew over but was banged in the head and bounced back from the blockage. An invisible wall that turned visible revealed black squares and red rectangles in a glitchy motion, not allowing anything to pass to the computer’s grey cement box-room.

“Damn you!” Wilma then muttered as she rubbed her head.

The portal closed, and all became warm and calm again. Then I turned to see the accordion girl shaking. I waved my hand to her, and she played her instrument in distress. I then looked to the right to see Wilma looking at her hands, the accordion girl looking curiously around with her distressed state, and Ryutyu walking up to me after also viewing the many trees surrounding us and blocking most of the blue sky.

“Damn… so… what happened?” He asked.

“I… touched the syllable…” I stated. The accordion girl instantly looked over to me. She was worried, confused, and scared all at once, but was unappreciative of my skills.

“You really pissed on it?” Wilma asked, almost giggling suddenly.

“Yes- my abrupt friend- I shot my urine at the syllable and it allowed this to occur. Now- I am also glad to see your powers are back too…” I said to Wilma as she smirked at me.

“Smart man… I would have ripped out my hair or eyes if I tried tossing something from my body to it…” She then stated.

“Yeah- me and the accordion girl were thrown into a cell, and had to make a part of our bodies touch the light blue-glowing syllable from like four meters away. So, I thought of releasing myself since it bugged me so much…” I stated with a smirk.

Ryutyu nodded his head with a smirk. “Weird…” He smiled afterwards.

“Welcome to my fake origin story.” Wilma abruptly stated.

“Ah yeah- we are now in Wilma’s world, from what the computer stated.”

The confused accordion girl played her accordion with confusing notes.

“We cannot understand you-” – Me.

“She asked why I said ‘fake.’” Wilma spoke.

“Well- Wilma actually came from my laptop, just like Ryutyu here. So, this planet is actually just a similarity of species in this multiverse best put together and found by that computer, from what I am guessing…” I stated.

“Yeah…” Ryutyu stated worriedly over to the accordion girl.

“Let us get out of these boring plains.” Wilma smirked.

“Get to the dictator’s office safely, please.” I said in my head.

She then raised her left hand and we all started floating. We were then taking twenty meters up from the ground. The accordion girl wailed her playing skills in a jitter as to release fear within her staccato notes. Wilma the drifted past me, and suddenly our bodies were flowing as well.

“So, no wind is needed to move us like we are already?” I asked whilst floating like it was all normal.

“We also have the option.” Wilma spoke as she just stood on air and went forth to a theme park of housings.

In front of her eyes laid gigantic trees. The forest of natural greens just ended as suddenly the grass grew darker and the brown oak transformed to a wet dark oak. There were millions of branches in sight, and millions of dark green leaves sprouting out. The first tree about fifty meters tall and wide was just a bit to our left. Past that was another rather on our right, being even taller. The clouds in the blue sky above did not move because of such though. As we came forth, we felt the wind travel on our clothes. The jagging of confused music was not stopping either. We looked below to see the fox ladies and men walking with others, giving us a confused raised eyebrow as we hovered over the dark grey cement with black cylinders for railings. Below were also many cylinders of logs made of wooden, ultimately making the walls of the huts, which were built on wooden sticks, four on each corner of the smaller box it could be. The roof was a flat cone of glowing yellow, and the doors were dark green wood with black doorknobs. They were randomly placed around the walking area, and nobody minding it as they flew about as they wanted too as well.

“Hey, there’s no official government of any sort. We’re anarchists around here.” A man in an Algerian accident said as he came up with his pale skin, black and shaggy rectangular beard that also created a drooping mustache, intensely black eyebrows, green eyes, and brown shaved-down hair like most have in the American military. He wore a green jacket that fabricated off reflections, and a blue long sleeve under it. He also wore blonde shorts, and black shoes with white laces. He had muscles too, bulging from his arms, and tight on his calves.

“What?” Wilma asked.

“Whatever dictator you’re looking for- doesn’t exactly exist.” He spoke, putting his hands behind his back as his dark brown nine tails swayed behind him with pink tips. He also had the same ears as Wilma though. They also were straight up.

“Hold up- thy is using conjunctures or whatever!” Ryutyu pointing out to us all.

“I speak in only the most formal way.” Wilma stated, answering the guy’s question.

“Okay?” The man stated back.

“Sir- you said: ‘not exactly’- does” I started.

“Yes- some people have made themselves their own dictators and tried getting community members to do stuff… hasn’t really worked out- but I do know a nearby guy… (He leans towards us,) His name is Raodod Dhea Heuw. He should be around the Flowing Circle during the day, selling his books.” The man stated.

“What is the Flowing Circle?” Wilma asked.

“Just a site where people can see how a bunch of waterfalls happening all at the same time and all in the same pond, react…” he spoke with a shrug.

“That sounds nice- is there a time closed or something?” I laughed.

“No- full on anarchy, do whatever you want at your own risk.” The man said.

“Risk of what?” I asked before Wilma could.

“People shoving rainbow swords in your throat.” He spoke.

“Alrighty- but if so, how do you raise children in anarchy?” I asked, “I mean, you guys do live for like thousands of years…”

“If our children don’t listen past all known factors, we just eat them.” The man said.

“OKAY- off we shall go!” Ryutyu suddenly stated.

“Thank you for the info.” Wilma nodded to the man. We then started to hover in slope up to the sky and forth. We started to go faster, and then stopped rising, and started peering down. Randomness of these giant trees and huts and others were formatted around, but afar was the beaty I had been looking for.

Below became a complex maze of nice cobblestone paths. These grey and ten-meter-wide paths instantly curved in random directions, making possible walls for a maze the actual furthering admiration for it all- the pink flowered trees. The brown and twisted oak bark gave way to all the pinkness these trees had to blossom for us, three in a line, in wet brown soil contained in grey rectangles, wherever they were placed, making the path go around them and forming the maze-like feelings yet with openness. They were all eastern redbud trees.

Wilma flew down towards them.

“You can smell them better now.” She spoke.

“Oh- uh- thanks.” Ryutyu said.

“Damn, reading minds can get really eruptively random at times…” – Me.

She landed us down and Ryutyu was the first to go over and view some. Wilma then walked over to a nearby old man walking. This guy was behind us and had wrinkles on his face. He was black and had no hair. His eyes were brown, and he wore a blue and white striped, vertically, tuxedo with white buttons and a white undershirt. His pants were also this lavish blue with extreme taste like Wilma’s. He also wore old white sneakers.

“Glad you came by to talk, even though you’ll be off before I know it.” He spoke with his nine tails of black fur tipped with blue, and his black fox ears with blue insides.

“Yes.” Wilma said.

“Well- the dictator, he himself calls himself Ueja Hiueqw, dictator of modern Ryas, is currently leading a group around to make trees and such around the world…” – Him in his old voice of a Namibian accent.

“Perfect N-P-C dialogue, am I right?” I nudged Ryutyu with my left arm.

“Uh- yeah- but currently I’m really interested in thy trees here. Aren’t they so beautiful and smell amazing?” He asked, giving his ears up to it. He sniffed a bit more, supering his head up, and allowing his eyes to close. The accordion girl also came over and sniffed with her nose.

“My smell is a bit broken, but yeah- the smell of natural perfume is quite nice.” I stated, nodding my head. I then turned around peeked into the two’s conversation.

They were just looking towards us.

“You guys really aren’t worried, I can see.” The old man said with his straight posture.

“Well- we kind of have all the time in the world…” I stated.

“Oh- universe resetting? Must be a haggling life… go get over to the Circular Pool- or whatever it’s called again…” The man said.

Wilma nodded and made us lift from our moments of peace. We then floated past the many trees and came across a bunch of hills with wet cobblestone floors upon their green grasses. There was a lot going on here, being a fully wooden and red windmill to our left, and then a giant crowd of many in front, as well as a long and tall hotel-looking white building. It had grey windows with stripes of black horizontally around it. The doors were fully green and were at least both eight by eight feet. People were opening and closing it as they entered with their large tails behind them. Wilma did not look down but kept on her path. Then, a rainbow rope shot up from the crowd and around her leg, and started pulling her down quickly. All I saw was her concerned face before we started dropping quickly too.

“Ah!” Ryutyu stated, clutching my back shirt with his right hand. As we almost landed on the nice cobblestone rounded rectangles below, we stopped suddenly and saw Wilma already standing there to see a man with nine red tails tipped with green. His hair was also green and long, and his eyes were blue. His skin was white, and he wore a t-shirt of white as well as long black jeans above his black sneakers with white laces. He also wore a black leather belt with a gold square. His muscles were not strained and were rather weak as intended from his hair.

“What do you want?” Wilma asked.

“The reason for you not stopping by our luxurious lunch of the day.” The man said in his cool and calm teenage voice that was very nice to me. Then suddenly, he nodded his head to me and actually bloated his muscles to look like he was strong.

“Damn.” I thought to myself, “Do not take note of people’s bodies with these furries.”

“I do not care for lunch. I just need to get to the Flowing Circle.” Wilma spoke with determination in her voice.

“Well then, go ahead.” The man altered nicely, after looking towards the scared accordion girl.

Wilma nodded and lifted us back into the air. Then we darted over and past some more buildings, till we came across a bunch of portals lined up to the skies, each with a white rectangular block with black text in them. Some read “Hewh,” or “Hemet,” or “Teua X El.” Their sizes and fonts were all different too. Then in front of us was a large set of stairs, about twenty fifteen-meter-wide stairs that led down to a blonde and blocky squared, three by three feet, floor of wetness. This pattern circled around a grey concrete path that was two feet wide, which was then circling around a white iron wall that kept the water vapor going up to the sky like a factory. We floated above and saw below sixteen waterfalls pouring into a fifteen-meter radius pool of light blue and glimmering H20. Others stood around, watching, and listening to it. But we looked down as we hovered over, awkwardly taking it in as Wilma looked around. I also saw these waterfalls coming from square wet grey metallic-surrounded holes of about ten by ten feet. The water below though, did not fill up the grey and wet cement cylinder wall that kept it all in though.

“Behind you?” Wilma asked, looking to our right and seeing a man leaning against the iron wall. He had nine black tails tipped with blue. His hair was also black, just like his skin. He wore a black vest and black jeans along with black shoes. Wilma hovered over him and saw a house under a hill. The green grass went over the block house of blonde stone. Wilma slowly hovered down to the blonde, sandstone-like cube of a house. It had a brown and wooden polished door with a gold knob. The door also had a rectangular window with white blinds blocking it. So did the left and right window from the door, which were two by two feet as well. This blocky house also had a slope of the hill removed, making it look like there was room for a garbage bin to be put on the side of the ten-by-ten feet cube. But no garbage bin was anywhere in sight in fact. The slope that collided up to the roof was also held up by the blonde sandstone. It went down into the ground too, letting the dirt be the rest of the hill’s cut wall. Somehow though, when I looked around instantly, I saw no specs of dirt on the clean floor.

“No soil on the floor- obviously, these furries can do what they want…” I stated inside.

Wilma went up to the door and knocked with her right knuckles. The accordion girl stood to my left as Ryutyu to my right, directly five feet behind Wilma and her flowing tails.

A man then opened the door and adjusted his brown glasses. He had green eyes, blonde and curly hair, with nine tails of blue tipped with white. His ears also had white insides with the blue being exterior. He was white skinned and wore a white tuxedo with a black undershirt and black handkerchief that drooped down two feet. He also had black tap shoes with his black tuxedo-like pants. Plus, after a moment, I realized he had black fingernails.

I swayed my head as soon as I tilted it to see his fingernails.

“Hello? Who are you?” he asked happily.

“I am Wilma. I am looking for a light blue and glowing object. It should be in the shape of the English letter ‘U.’” She spoke.

“Oh- yeah- I found it behind my desk. No sounds or anything, just this light blue glow.” He stated. Behind him came the letter, in all of its glory. But it was encased in a rainbow cage with five bars on each side, and the top and bottom being filled in it.

“May I have it?” Wilma asked.

“Well- no. I found it first.” He said politely.

“We thought of it first.” I stated.

“So? You gotta pursue the idea in order to find it in reality.” – Him.

“Yeah, that is what we are doing, you dip-in-a-shit.” I then mocked, “Hand it over- or we will have to make a deal with you.”

“What if I don’t?” He mocked back.

“What do you want for it?” Wilma asked.

“I… uh… kinda want to keep it…” He stated.

“We… uh… kind of want it…” I mocked back.

“Why don’t you show me your worthy of this in the lunchroom…” He spoke, nudging past Wilma to the left of her facing direction.

“What? What worth is needed? Just let us touch it at least- then we will be off…” I asked.

“No.” he shot back.

“Why does everybody have to be this greedy!?” I squirmed inside.

“Aye… that’s bullshit…” Ryutyu said as he put his left arm around me.

I sighed and leaned on him.

“Come on.” Wilma said angrily as we walked.

We all went across the waterfall sounds, and up the stairs to see the crowd missing. We then went up to the door and opened it. The man let it fall on Wilma, and then she entered, and did not hold it either. Ryutyu instead grabbed it and stood outside for the accordion girl to come in and me last before him.

“Thanks bro.” I spoke.

He nodded back, and we looked forth. Inside was a long wooden table, stretching down about fifteen meters. It held many sofa chairs of different colors of fabric all the way down too. Each sofa chair sitter was seeing a white circular plate in front, as well as a win glass of red juice and a metallic spoon, then fork to its right, then butter knife to the fork’s right. No napkins though, just the wooden table and the people allowing their tails to fluff forwards from the space. To our right and left were stairs going to a square of about five by five feet, before turning left to another five wooden stairs that led up to the same table but now with different people. Both tables were filled as we saw when we got up.

The accordion girl played a tune.

“Damn ass…” I said in mind as we went to the third floor, not minding the windows being the only source of light besides the metallic cylinders with a yellowish ligh giving off the radiance of boredom.

“I have no idea where the guy went.” Wilma said, sweating a bit.

We went up to the fourth floor after seeing that table occupied entirely. As we came up to the fourth floor, Wilma looked with a pause. I did too, seeing at least three chairs open at the left end, and none of the right open.

“Yes- they are spare seats…” A man with brown hair and green eyes said to Wilma as he was on the right of the table.

“Cool- but should we sit on this floor or continue up to see where the guy with our syllable went?” I asked Wilma.

“Let us just enjoy some food around here.” She smiled falsely suddenly and started speed walking over to the green sofa chairs.

“What’s going on with Wilma?” Ryutyu asked as the accordion girl listened in.

“I do not know- like, she hears the thoughts of everybody around, so she must be having a difficult time thinking I guess…” I stated as I went to the three seats. Wilma sat on the far end, facing a woman with red smooth and long hair and red eyes and red tails tipped with blue.

“Where is thy accordion girl going to sit?” Ryutyu asked as we got down there.

“You can sit with Ryutyu since these are big enough…” Wilma said sternly as she twisted her head to us.

“Uh…” I started, looking at the surface area. Three by three feet. The accordion girl too a seat next to the other woman on our side. She had green eyes, red and smooth long hair, black tails with white tips, and black skin.

Ryutyu then sat down and scooched himself as much as he could away from the right side. I looked to the chair in the two feet gap between each.

“I cannot sit there.” I stated to him.

“Just sit on him, geez.” The red-haired girl said next to us, looking at us with a smirk. I swayed my head and rolled my eyes, and then jumped up and sat crunched and almost hung my right foot towards Wilma with how much as I was crumped in.

“Ah…” Ryutyu then said awkwardly.

I swayed my head in frustration again and sat on Ryutyu’s lap, leaning more to the right side as he opened his legs to allow room in front of the chair. I felt like a baby and grasped my mouth to wideness as I did not like the current situation.

Wilma was not keen to us, but rather the man in front of us. He sat on a blue sofa chair. His hair was brown and curly, and he had blue eyes. His tail was brown and white-tipped. He wore a white t-shirt and light grey shorts on his black skin, but also brown leather shoes. He stared to us sternly with his black eyebrows. The accordion girl also looked towards us with open eyes and fear crawling in her spine.

“So… uh… hello?” I asked as the silence continued our side of the table.

“Hello.” He said with his fashion unchanging.

“Uh, I see everybody has different tail colors…” I said instantly, not minding Ryutyu behind me as I sat against his right leg.

“Yes- we can change it when we want to…” He spoke.

“Okay…” I looked to Wilma, seeing her stare back and changed her color of her tails to all rainbow flowing liquid-texturing. The man then smiled over to Wilma.

“Why do you speak so formal?” He then asked.

“How did you know I speak so formal?” She quickly asked back.

“We can read each other’s minds here, lady. You’re constantly missing any commas plausible.” – Him.

“Aye…” The girl next to us said as she looked from her calm stance over to me and Ryutyu.

“I like too.” Wilma stated.

“Me too…” I stated really quickly.

“Okay…” The man nodded. Then the man next to him turned our way. This black skinned man was in a red sofa chair. He had green eyes, big lips, brown hair cut nicely with a little swirl of hair in the middle of his forehead, big lips, big eyebrows, and no wrinkles. He wore a black t-shirt and black jeans. He also had brown leather belt, from what I could see, with no gold square as well.

“Are you guys excited for the special food?” He asked.

“Special food?” Wilma asked back.

“Yeah-”

“I thought it was normal.” Wilma said.

“What was your past like?” The man asked. I thought of saying, “She came from a computer,” but was then stopped when he replied with his eyes on me, “Oh- interesting.”

“What food do you guys regularly eat?” I asked.

“We usually have some form of meat from one of our kind, but sometimes we could go for some vegetables.” The man said.

“Alrighty, I now have two questions: Can you guys spawn your own food, and what do you truly mean by your own?” I asked as Ryutyu breathed down my neck with a shiver in his spine.

“Yes, we can make our own food, but we’d rather have a surprise and meet-up- and yes, we live like that.” He stated.

“So- you guys could go out and make tables of feast food, forests of apple trees, and maybe even your own robots- but you would rather be surprised and talk to your friends and stuff?” I asked very politely.

“Indeed. It’s all about communication.” The man said.

“That sounds excellent.” Ryutyu admired.

The accordion girl played her instrument.

“Should I give her a mouth?” The man asked.

“Wilma said ‘no’ last time…” I smiled at Wilma who was still sweating in her facial expressions.

“Okay.” The man said, and then pointed his left index finger at the accordion girl’s mouth and made her have normal lips.

“I can finally speak!” She almost squealed with a high-pitched girl voice.

“Damn…” I started, “Can you guys also spawn other entities just from your minds?” I asked.

“Yeah- that is how we got most of our people here…”

“What about thy children?” Ryutyu asked, looking down the row to see nobody young in sight, only the accordion girl licking her lips.

“We have a hard time with children- if they don’t listen past our niceness and offering reasons to ‘why’ of everything, we usually eat them- mainly because we can simply remake them later- but also because one grew up and became a giant problem with others at his aid. They wanted communism, thinking it would qualify everything to be equal. They had a period of it in an area, and only found people do not want to work that much or communism brings in a greedy and bad dictator.” – The black man intrigued upon.

“Yeah- but why anarchy instead? How does nobody get hurt or stop such things like this?” I asked.

“Well- anarchy just allows everybody to be themselves. If somebody is ripping up the entire planet or just being mean without reason, we have our buds and friends to attack them with. Putting a rainbow knife in their head isn’t that hard…” the female next to us said, letting the accordion girl admirie her skills of talking.

“Would that work for you guys?” She then asked to me in her new voice, surprising me and Ryutyu.

“No- people like to be greedy and mean and will fight for it. Like, they are already confused on how a dictatorship is bad, or we have companies that just do not care, and sell the Taliban weapons whilst our nation fights them. It is stupidity and greed for money in almost every place of the United States, and most other countries.” I stated.

“Anarchy wouldn’t work with me people. They like monarchy.” Ryutyu stated.

“Oh… yes… not repelling the ambition for sin will cause problems…” The black guy nodded.

“Sin, you say? What is your guys’ Christianity like?” I nodded back.

“I already told you.” Wilma said a bit frightened.

“Why are ya’ worried?” Ryutyu asked.

“Too many voices entering her mind…” The staring man said.

“Aw…” I agreed.

“Well, our Jesus, knowing he most likely went to yours too, was no different. He had nine tails of unknown colors at times, some fox ears if he wanted, and went around trying to get everybody off of cannibalism.” The guy stated.

“Isn’t cannibalism illegal?” The accordion girl asked.

“In an actual country. We’re anarchists though, and we barely die ourselves. I’ve been here for fourteen thousand years, and the only people cannibalized were the ones we hunted or killed because they weren’t being nice.” The female said next to us.

“What do you do all that time?” I asked as the accordion girl frowned, still looking down at her tongue coming from her mouth.

“Mainly we just enjoy the pleasantries of life like we have no powers. We have areas on this planet where we can create entire television shows in just a few seconds, but we’re mainly looking for a surprise. When you can read everybody’s mind and know what you’re going to create in life, it can get boring and uncreative once you’ve dried yourself out…” – The female to our right suddenly stated with her deep voice.

“Oh…” I nodded to the new enterer.

“Could you possibly take my instrument off my hands without hurting me?” The accordion girl then asked.

“Sure.” Wilma quickly nodded, making her left hand go up and making the girl’s accordion dissolve into white-seeable oxygen. Then we saw her meat slabs, but they grew back into hands like a computer mesh. Wilma kept her hand over the girl, seeing her shake in wide eyes for a few seconds before stopping.

“She almost died.” The female smirked at Wilma. Wilma responded with a frown and looked back down at her plate. The accordion girl sighed and let out her mouthy air.

“Hey, accordion girl, what is your real name?” I asked.

“Uh… I don’t have one…” She spoke.

“Shall we make one for ya’?” Ryutyu asked as the others went back into their seats.

“Sure?” She questioned, touching her mouth then neck with her hands. Her cat tail was springing around, and her ears were wide up.

“Shellia.” Ryutyu stated as I put my right hand under my chin and made my index finger wrap around it to show a thinking process.

“That is a name I have not heard before.” I told.

“Shellia? Hm…” Shellia thought about happily.

“Also- can we just appreciate Shellia actually being able to speak without that obnoxious slurring youngsters have to go through?” – Me.

“Oh- yeah- totally forgot! Wait- did you once have a mouth?” The female with red hair to our left asked.

“No… I was born with my instrument only in my hands… and then I learned English and Spanish and German and Italian and French and Estonian and Armenian and Russian and Chinese and Islamic and Hindi and Portuguese and Vietnamese and Hungarian and Irish and Serbian and Jewish and Albanian and Latin on my own from the world around me…” – Shellia.

“Well… Shellia… sounds nice- but were you the only one born with your instrument stuck in your hands?” I asked slowly.

“No- everybody was born either with an instrument stuck to their hands or an instrument making up their heads. They- we always traveled around large areas like the British once did. We found empty buildings and cities and towns and resorts and beaches that contained old artifacts that taught us all languages, which we then used to decipher the signs and such as we loomed around the Earth endlessly and randomly. There were no other animals really, just plants. We communicated by showing our eyebrows in different expressions and then playing our instruments in different ways. I also never took off my shoes or clothing, but I did learn from many textbooks what the entire humanoid body was supposed to be. I had a peaceful life just running around under the sunshine and sleeping in random beds unoccupied at times, and sometimes not even getting to see a person for millions of feet, before Wilma took me to the battlegrounds with you guys, and then shot me back, and I felt weirded out, but continued on.” – Shellia.

“Wow- that’s a lot me mate.” Ryutyu nodded.

“Well- I remembered most things because that is technically all that happened. We played our instruments and looked around at the vacant places. We never traveled across rivers and such without rocks in place, or deserts, because they were often too hot. But, rainforests were chill and the upper north of Siberia was very cold too, but we managed.” – Shellia.

“Wait- how did you eat or drink?” I then asked.

“I just laid out in the sun and took it all in through photosynthesis. It gave me a warm feeling in my stomach, which then felt physical as my stomach started to fill up with an airy feeling. Then it went away after I ran a lot.” – Shellia looking towards us with her green eyes.

“That is a lot…” – Wilma nodded, still looking down at her plate.

“When is that food coming?” The black man asked.

“Could you possibly teach me all the languages you have learned? I remember everything I sense.” I told.

“Sure… but you remember everything? You don’t have to study?” Shellia asked.

“Not me. I just take a look and it is all mine…” – me.

“Who gave you such a power?” The girl thought to our top right.

“Me.” Wilma said sadly.

“Did you give it to the blue guy?” The girl then asked.

“Working on it.” Wilma said.

“We would’ve left those mechanics in- but we found remembering everything sparks nothing new…” – The old black man again.

“Damn… you guys do make anarchy work somehow…” – Me.

“Just… be all powerful gods with another… otherwise, it never works…” – The old man.

“But what are your guys’ thoughts on capitalism?” I then asked.

“Works much better than communism and dictatorships but is still obliged to cheaters and greedy people. We’ve found theocracies to be the best sometimes. Muslim Theocracy, Russian Orthodoxy Theocracy, Christian Theocracy- can work in very small-land nations as almost all ideologies do, but can get out of hand when you add a constitution that may twist a rule…” – The man in front of me, no longer staring into our souls.

“Aye…” Ryutyu took note of as I nodded by head.

“Monarchy though? Eh. It’s like a nicer- oh, hey- the food is here.” The female started to say, before turning towards the man carrying the metallic circular plate over.

Then we all sat in silence as the food came by. The man with a brown mustache, brown hair like Stalin’s, blue eyes, and a white handkerchief coming from his rainbow-liquid textured t-shirt, came up to the table’s first left-sided customer. He landed down a plate of raw red meat from a cow in the middle, a dead white arm on the left, five olives on the right, and an exquisite glass, shaped like crown up pointing up eight spikes from its open-cone head, all on its pole on the circle, which then contained blue juice flowing all throughout and just an inch below the overflow. He had a three-feet wide black circle he held flat in his right hand, and then took off the supplies slowly and gave them down to the hungry man. Then, another went past him and went upstairs. Then the waiter allowed the air to literal look like it was condensing to form the exact plate again, and then he did his placement out again. We waited a long time, about thirty-seven seconds for him to place down the food on the left side and make it hover to the right using his right hand, as we leaned forwards to watch. He eventually just started to make the food hover on down to the left guys as well, only five people away, and then finally came to Shellia.

“You’re new.” He said, giving her the plate with a default expression as she was wide eyed at the monsters in her sight, just cannibalizing the arms and stuff for fun without closing their mouths or wiping their lips.

“Sure?” She replied hesitantly, and with a bit of confusion, testing out the holding of the knife and fork weirdly too, trying not to stare at the plate in front. She grabbed it by the handle, then turned it around and held it by the sharp parts, before going back and twisting it.

“Ah.” The waiter then nodded as we gained our meal, “I see we have some first-timers.” He stated in his American-Italian voice.

“Yeah…” I nodded as Ryutyu looked forth with worry as well as me.

“Thank you, sir.” The old man said as he got his food.

Wilma then got her food handed over to her, and she instantly started to cut it up with her fork and knife. She then plastered her head quickly over to me with a stare.

“So, this… is what you like?” I asked as she held her mouth closed and then swallowed.

She nodded her head instead of answering out loud. She then continued her meal as Ryutyu looked towards me and so did the accordion girl. They swayed their tails slowly and unsteadily.

“Is thy safe to eat?” Ryutyu asked.

“No- this looks like raw meat- plus, eating a whiter-than-albino hand most likely has all sorts of bacteria in it. Although, these olives look fine.” I stated.

“Just eat it. I’m sure Wilma could take whatever diseases you may possess afterwards- out from your bodies.” The staring man said.

“I only want to devour these olives.” Shellia said.

I sighed and nodded to the man, then dipped my fork into it and pulled up the entire meat slap. I nibbled on the edge as Ryutyu watched exclusively. I pulled it slowly back after crumbling it in my mouth.

“It does not taste the best.” I stated, nodding over to Shellia.

The women to our top right swayer her head against us. I then moved the fork with the slab of meat over to Ryutyu’s jaw. He sniffed it, repelled his head left, and then I smushed it into his face.

“Of all things, a mammal like you should be the one to consider raw meat as an acceptable food product.” I stated.

“What’s with all thy smart words?” He asked, smiling falsely, and trying to change the subject so he could delay the finishing taste.

“Just eat it.” I pulsed forwards, smashing it into his jaw more. He swayed his head back in straight line, opened it, and I shoved at least one-sixteenth, which he then bit down with his sharp yellowish teeth, exalting the squiggles of pink and red somewhat on his chin, and crunched it down with his mouth closed and green pupils staring into my soul. His ears then lifted all the way up from the droopy position.

“It tastes… amazing…” He stated. So, I fed him another and another, letting him eat it all as the once-an-accordion-girl stared. Wilma just minded her own business.

“Well, knowing that you like meat, let us see how far you will go with it.” I stated to him after he finished the last bite. I stabbed the greasy red fork into the white arm with my right hand, used my left to get a olive into my mouth, then turned right again and fed him fingers-first.

He chomped them off easily, making a loud crunch that emitted with everybody else’s eating around. I decided to stare into his soul with confusion on my mind. He looked forth with good intent, chomping down again, closing his mouth, and smiling.

Shellia swayed her head and used her left hand to feel the olive, then put it in her mouth and chomp it down. Wilma looked over to her and she looked back with excellence. Shellia was truly happy to have the ability to eat.

Ryutyu, after some time, finished the arm, and continued to look at me as I raised my right eyebrow.

“Sorry- it tastes good…” He stated considerably.

“Of course…” – Me, looking back and finishing my second olive. Shellia had already eaten all of hers. I then took the glass and drank a sip of it, Shellia also followed with her green eyes intent on me.

“Is this blood?” I asked, worried. Ryutyu also looked forth.

“Indeed- do you like the blood type ‘B’?” The staring man then asked.

“Uh… I do not drink blood because it could cause my veins to close and cause disruption...” I stated, seeing Shellia put her glass slowly down and exhale a deep breath.

“Aye…” the female to our right stated to no importance.

I then turned around to Ryutyu with the glass. “Well- you ate raw meat, so you should like this too…” I then let him grab the glass.

“Bet?” He asked, with his right hand, proceeding to pour it down his throat. He chugged the entire thing, then handed it back to me. I grabbed it, set it down, not looking anymore towards his read mouth and teeth- and then Ryutyu burped considerably and not loudly. The others down the table laughed whilst looking towards us. I looked towards them, and they stopped, but Shellia was already red with a bit of unnerves strains of thought entering her head. Ryutyu also just stared with me, confused and not embarrassed, unlike Wilma who giggled falsely as well…

Then I picked up my olives, and then I got done with my food, and then it seemed Wilma passed me her olives.

“Thanks- but could you possibly… (in my head,) fill my stomach with some chicken nuggets and fries?” I asked.

“We can hear your thoughts.” The girl next to us finally broke into, stuttering my capability of looking satirical or sketchy.

I sighed to her and looked back at Wilma.

“I heard there was a parade…” Wilma then spoke after she finished the entire raw meat piece.

“Huh? Who told you?” Ryutyu suddenly asked.

“People can read other’s minds, stupid.” I flopped back, turning my head up and seeing Wilma’s tails turn away from their rainbow-ness and back to the brown.

“Oh.” -Ryutyu whilst letting me sit on his lap, also seeing Wilma stay with her face directed to the food and her eyes concerned on something mentally.

“So?” Wilma stuttered. She had stopped a second before, looking towards us silently with her eyes, and then spoke with almost a slight scare.

“Uh- go to the parade? Sure, I guess…” Me with Ryutyu listening against Wilma’s worried and silent tongue.

“Wilma- ya’ look worried. is there anything we can help you about?” Ryutyu then asked as the awkward silence slowly faded into our conversation.

“I am fine…” She said, going back to eating her white arm.

I swayed my head. “Well then- what about the guy holding the syllable? We need to get it from him without chaos happening…” I asked.

“He is going to the parade and has already spoken to me about it.” – Wilma said depressingly.

I sighed and got up from Ryutyu. He closed his legs and also stood up, following me go to the left and exit out to the space available. Shellia followed and so did Wilma.

“You guys are gonna hava wait.” The girl sitting right of us said with a full mouth out loud.

“Yes.” Wilma nodded, then assuring us that we must move forth and away.

We went down all four levels and found ourselves outside again, seeing a few walks around with others and chat, but also the man we needed most.

“Hello again.” The man with the rainbow-caged syllable welcomed us to our right as we all looked up towards the sun overhead.

“Can we have it now?” Wilma asked, opening her true loudness in order to gain the attention of some other giggling women.

“Could you possibly make our parade steaming-surprising too?” The guy asked.

“Steaming-surprising too? How did she make the dinner cool?” I asked.

“Talking within all of our minds, on every floor.” The man said.

Wilma sighed and let her arms loose from her sleeves. “When does this parade start?”

“When you want it to start.” He stated, “But officially by the Worklings at 3:10 P.M.” He finished.

“How much did ya’ talk about?” Ryutyu asked as Shellia stood close by with silence.

“A lot of things. I also discussed with the surrounding people and found out your history is spectacular, and that we’d give you the syllable if you’d join us in the parade…” The man answered.

“Is that why you were so quiet and disturbed?” I asked Wilma.

“Sure... We all make faces when we are thinking…” Wilma then considered.

Wilma lifted herself into the air with her left and hand. She then used her right to spawn in a bunch of Chinese ball-lights of red with golden squares placed around the middle only. They lit with transparency to an orange fire on a metallic circle, as they hung from a tight and small brown rope. They spawned all over the place and facing in many directions, just five feet above us. Then Wilma made the cobblestone turned a single color from the rainbow, making all the tiles look like a dance floor. She then created a big black boombox with dark blue speakerphones. It was five feet wide and two feet long. It had a handle on top, and four black wheels on the bottom connected with metallic doings, allowing it to roll like a cabinet or dresser. It then started some music.

“Yes- go Wilma!” A random man stated as he came out. He was then followed by many others. Each had many different tails glowing, and ears colors, but were now dancing and partying to the electronic dubstep-like music that was with Portuguese lyrics. Wilma came down next to us, and we were almost surrounded by happy faces. Some of these people even held out their drinks with blood and danced around, shameless letting the liquid blood drop to the floor and splat the stone.

“Can we have it now?” Wilma angrily asked.

“Could you just party with us?” The man asked back, starting to razzle his arms up and down and bop his head.

“Wilma- do not say anything, and just think about it! If we party, we have more time to not be fried and skinned back in our world, and if we have fun- and we just go with the flow- we can have a great break.” I stated.

Wilma sighed. “Alrighty.” She nodded, standing still afterwards. “How many songs do you want me to sit through?” She asked.

“Enough till you have a good time.” The man answered, leaving with some crowd members.

“Well… Ryutyu, have you ever danced?” I asked.

“No?” he stated back.

“Then… get extroverted real quick. This mission is quite fun and easy.” I smiled, starting to put my right arm in front, and then my right leg in front too, bending whilst my left leg was standing behind, and the vice-versing it. I pumped it out and showed Ryutyu how to do a quick move.

“Come on Wilma- have some fun and don’t worry about the past!” They all stated.

She sighed as Ryutyu started to copy me and we moved forwards.

“Hey… Wilma… you got to thank them for who they are. If you have endless time- and endless creation abilities, it gets a bit boring when nothing new is around…” Shellia said, looking up to Wilma.

“I guess…” Wilma nodded. “I…”

“What? Just smile and be happy for now. Enjoy the rest and newness. And think about others- like me! I got a mouth and now I can move my fingers and I got free hands!” Shellia said, spazzing out her bones, “A little trusty movement of the bones can severely help. It’s been scientifically proven that exercise, which includes even just walking around, can increase mood.” Shellia said, running over to me.

I was switching up my dance move already. Ryutyu practiced with me as after a switched to do my left arm forwards in a punching way, I then clapped twice, twisting my body to face some happy members of the crowd. We stayed at least three feet from everyone, which included their tails, because some peoples were just jogging happily to the new music.

“Wilma! Where’d you get such music from!?” A whole new different man asked happily from the crowd.

“Earth!” Wilma stated over.

“Aye!” Another whole new different girl said in a Jamaican voice.

Wilma then looked over to me and Ryutyu almost laughing at each other as we expressed ourselves. I had a lot of sweat on my mind, but Ryutyu looked joyful enough that the awkwardness of me dancing did not disturb. Especially since Shellia came over and started asking me questions whilst slithering her body.

“Do you guys also have enochlophobia?” She asked. Enochlophobia is the fear of crowds, if you did not know.

“Yeah!” I said over to her as others cheered.

“What is eno-flow-phaboa?” Ryutyu asked improperly.

“The fear of crowds, or many people around you- something Wilma seems to endure.” I joked.

“Crowd-fear? I’m just listening to me master.” Ryutyu laughed back.

“Master? Bruh, get your talented ass out of here. We should be equal friends with physical differences!” I stated as some crowd members came over.

“Well, okay…” Ryutyu giggled as we switched to a Russian-dance kick.

“Hey, you guys should come party in the middle!” A women said as she was joined by three other females.

“We could- but we are having a good time training our moves by ourselves. But also- why in the middle?” I stated, letting Ryutyu wag his tail ferociously like Shellia’s.

“Attention, maybe?” She asked.

“Not what we’re looking for.” Shellia responded for us.

“Alrighty- have ya’ fun.” They giggled, leaving with a jumpy dance where they swung their legs side to side with expressions of pure joy. They le their nine tails fluff against each other and had their ears flop about and about.

I turned around to look at Wilma, just standing there with a dull face and her arms still at her side.

“She’s contemplating whether to do anything or be lazy.” Shellia said.

Wilma the erupted her face towards us and walked over as we started jamming our arms left and right and letting our bodies turn their spastics to her normality.

“Why do you not dance?” Ryutyu asked.

“Wilma- I remember when you were a little extroverted back at the battles in my school. Why not be extroverted here too?” I asked.

“I am no introvert. I just…” Wilma shrugged.

“Have no higher power than us?” A man almost interrupted as he came jogging up with his blue tails.

Wilma frowned.

“Ooh- rap battle him, Wilma! Like you did with Cyclop! Or give him a dance battle! Ha-ha!” Another random girl stated over without caution and just fun.

“Dang- how much did you all discuss in your minds?” I asked, stopping my dance as Ryutyu and Shellia continued.

“Quite a bit.” Wilma replied, suddenly hearing the drop with her ears turning quickly towards the boom box. She then went into jumping with her arms going up, and then landing with a sway of her legs back and forth, twisting her black shoes on the cobblestone floor, letting the lower half of her arms extend out from her pose in a robot-like way, and let her nine tails flop up and down with her minimal spine movement. She was now vibrating some energy off, giving a smile with her eyes closed and her eyebrows intensely looking joyful. She clutched her fingers together and brightened up the mood as everybody else joined around and started jumping with the wet treble beat.

I watched as she seemed to have fun. I nodded it off and continued with the lads. I heard people yell to her: “Open your eyes!” and “Just let your awkwardness go, Wilma!” I heard her start to wiggle and feel the joy of dancing swell in her body as the beat uprose. Then Wilma came over with a wide and open smile of her white sharp teeth and open eyes after some time.

“I am having a lot of fun!” She exclaimed after some time as others cheered somewhere else.

“Good to know! See how going with the flow helps?” I asked.

“Yes! Could you come and join the crowd though?” She then asked.

“No, I rather not.” – My final last words.

Wilma then grabbed me by my left arm and threw me high into the sky to fall down to the crowd’s people. Then members caught me by my back and threw me up again to the blue and famous sky as they cheered the drop of the beat. Soon I saw Wilma throw Ryutyu into the scheme, and a second one was created. Then the beat started to enter phase two, and we were let down.

“Thanks.” I nodded, almost feeling a bit scared.

“No problem.” A man with a Ethiopian accent stated.

“Wait- double it!” A woman said, grabbing my right arm, spinning me around and then tossing me into the air once again. This time I had the effect of wind playing on me as I lowered onto Ryutyu’s elevated body. Soon, my bons were fixed upon him so my legs tied around his neck and I was sitting on him like it was a pggy-back ride.

“Oh- uh- woah- sorry bro…” I stated to his confusion.

“What do thy want?” He asked sincerely.

“Perform a cool two-player dance!” One stated from the crowd as we saw Shelliaand Wilma have fun entering. We were now truly gaming and dancing as we landed slowly to the cobblestone. Ryutyu started to do the Russian kick, and I started clapping quite nicely.

“Good thinking, Ryutyu.” I stated to him as people started to copy.

“Thanks, lad.” He stated back.

When the song completed, it arose into another with a clash cymbal, making the tunes we were listening towards a true mix. We decided to dance to that music, and then another, and a fourth, and finally Shellia got tired as Ryutyu seemed to be overworking himself with me on his back. Some had already left, and we decided that we should exit the party and look over and back at the crowd as we slowly went forth to circle of water. Me, Shellia, Ryutyu, and Wilma saw the music start to fade as we left, and the crowd started calming down.

“Hey- thanks for giving us a good time- have this.” The man said, gifting us his cage of rainbow with the light blue and glowing syllable inside.

Wilma saw the cage disappear into a white gas, and flow up into the sky. She then raised her right hand against it and formed another cage.

“Mine.” She spoke.

“Wait- why aren’t we touching it?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well… (I look to Wilma,) I think we should give this world a little more time- it seems nice and more peaceful then back home… (I look to Shellia,) and although I guess Shellia’s world is even more into classical natures because of its abandonment, we could spend some time there as well. But for now, let us enjoy maybe one more hour of interdimensional peace…” I said, almost frowning at the end.

“Are ya’ worried about something?” Ryutyu asked as he looked directly into my soul. The man also walked off, and Wilma stood silent.

“I remember everything. All the pain, and all the words ever spoken to me from the point of the surgery and forth. I just tend to bring that back up when I want to- and when I do, I feel my mind’s chaos never end… still though, pay attention to how things are flowing currently… but that can hard when the flow needs to change.” I said, looking towards the syllable. “Wilma- is there anything else you want to do?” I asked suddenly.

“Not really…” Wilma stated

“Hey, Wilma- thanks- oh, and also fellow friends of hers- she wanted to try gardening.” A man with black skin and a Rwandan accent stated.

“Can I ever have some normal human talk with them when I am around everybody here?” Wilma asked playfully.

“Reading minds is what we can do…” The man said, giggling off.

“Gardening?” I asked.

“They convinced me of some daily work that could feel amazing when completed.” Wilma said, looking at me, and then Ryutyu, and then Shellia, all of us wagging our tails happily- except me of course.

“Alrighty then- we should get to it and enjoy it whilst we still can…” I stated.

“We could stay here…” Wilma said as she saw the crowd members disappear beyond.

“Like, never touch that syllable?” Shellia asked after we paused to look at her, unminding the waterfall.

“Yes.” Wilma nodded, unchaning of her eyes. “I could also give you guys whatever you want for the rest of eternity.”

“Well… I guess… I have no idea if the Red Eyes can get to us whilst we are inside that computer’s game… (considerably,) but I guess we could stay…” I stated.

“Off to the gardening patch…” Wilma said, walking forth.

“There’s a patch for gardening?” Ryutyu asked.

“You know what she means if that is not the real case.” I spoke to Ryutyu as we went forth.

We went forth towards the dispersing crowd, in want to follow them. But, if you know how I write, you already know we get stopped somewhere. To the circle of the many waterfalls came a loud noise, like metallic was scratching against the concrete walls.

“What’s that noise?” Shellia asked with disgusted confusion.

We looked forth to see three cords in a triangle-like shape come out of the waterfalls and dip themselves hard into the concrete. People around it started to fly up and looked down. Then out came the enhanced old computer. With its lit blue screen, it showed to be massive and rubbed with water unaffecting it. The cords had implanted themselves into the ground with three metallic endurances, but now many more came from the bottom of the cube that was the electronic monster. They stuck themselves into the ground and started emitting many more from the bottom. The computer lifted itself up and far back enough so we could see that these cords bashed through the material, creating an expanded hole, letting the cords then make it rise into the sky.

“Ayo- anybody spawning that?” A man asked as he came up.

“Uh…” I said as we saw in awe.

The computer then looked over to us quickly, shifting its metallic gore sounds to us with a creepy silence amongst its movement for just a second. The speed then bumped up, and many cords came out of the many holes, dispersing onto the floor, damaging it gratefully, and coming to our almost-out-of-scene bodies.

“Wilma! What in the tarnation is that!?” A cowboy accented white man with white tails tipped with red said as he came blistering up.

“Not my creation.” Wilma stated in confusion.

“You… dwug…” He snorted, hopping up and flying away. The computer came closer to us, and then Wilma shot her right hand up and created a rainbow forcefield.

“You guys stick with me!” She shouted as others came to surpass with rainbow spikes thrown into its head averagely. Even one came in, three times the size of his head, but it just went through. The furries widened their eyes and started throwing rainbow ropes at it, but they went through and stuck to the floor.

The computer had actually stopped, not even touching the wall. Then it blinked its screen off, showing some red glitch on the right side strained, and then the red glitchy-ness disappeared into a red gas, and then the blue screen turned on, and then peered down over us again. It let some of its own smaller copies fly down out of the holes like squids with Wilma’s capabilities.

“Nothing will be wrong after this.” It said with its default voice, letting the larger version of itself drop down.

Wilma lifted the ground, and we all were on a single and circular platform taking us away towards the sky to our top right. We missed the computer crash down and plant the floor into itself by five meters. It then used its cables already out of the holes and stood itself up as some furries shot at it with red laser beams, then white tornados from their hands, and even made the ground lift further and turn into lava. The computer had itself in the lava, but eclipsed its screen again, from we could see, and then turned back on. Now, it started to float, and we looked to see a second come from the waterfall.

“That computer is phasing through all of our attacks!” Wilma shouted as she twisted her head inhumanly towards us.

“Quick! Touch the syllable!” I shouted back.

Wilma stared at me with a default face, not minding Ryutyu’s dreaded confusion on everything. And Shellia, of course, was scared death and hiding behind us both.

“No.” Wilma said. “I want to stay here a bit longer!”

“Just get us home!” I said back, running over to the cage hovering to her left. Wilma then made an arm come from her right arm and move it three meters high into the sky, untouchable by me. “Wilma!” I then shouted, “What the fuck!? Just get us away from the machine!” I said as the platform moved up and back, above the trees as the squid-like computer with dangling cords started to hover slowly over to us.

Ryutyu then looked over to the second one, seeing that it had a green loading bar.

“Lads! What’s thy computer doing!?” He shouted over to us.

We looked to our side to see the progress bar complete over the many floating furries attacking it. These furries were also getting attacked by the more miniature robots, which were copies but flying faster and having their cords stabilized in front for a stab. When the progress bar completed, we felt a sudden drop. The world around me, Ryutyu, Shellia, and everybody else distorted all light. It curved up, showing us fall into a dimension where it looked like we were inside an oval-shaped mirror. I looked towards my hands to see them start to extend upwards with no feeling. It was the light being reflected unequally, showing them to be increasingly longer till soon I fell onto the grass.

I got up with Ryutyu and Shellia and Wilma at our side. A fox lady with red tails, black-tipped, short and curved brown hair, green eyes, black ears and red insides, along with a green t-shirt and rainbow sneakers above red stockings up to her thighs, showed her frazzled and derped in her eyes. She quickly correlated them with her black eyebrows looking forth, whilst being us, up to the now purple sky with dark blue clouds.

We were on the slope of a hill, leading up to the waterfall cobblestone, but the world around us had the massive trees right behind it, and houses were placed on other messed up terrains. There was now a snowy mountain to our right, just fifty meters away, and directly moved tectonic plates causing brown-dirt cliffs which houses were placed upon now. In the sky though, was a pink circular and spinning counterclockwise portal that led to transparency of a room with concrete grey. Out from it came a slowly drifting down large computer head, just like the one we faced. Many cords dangled from it, and then swept up and hovered with evil intent. Suddenly from the many plastered holes below the lit blue screen, a few copies dropped down and started rushing towards us from the many meters away.

I quickly turned behind to see the forest now missing and instead a bunch of large trees with huts placed around their trunks on wooden poles. Shellia also followed the same movement, hearing the metallic stabbing come closer. Then a single cry for help was given out by a man up on the cobblestone of the waterfall’s sounds. We heard crunching of the bones, and then silence.

“We need to all go now.” I said, pointing back and running off already with Shellia and Ryutyu at my aid.

“Oh shit…” Ryutyu said as he darted off faster.

Wilma looked towards the random girl for a second, and then ran off.

“Our powers are also disabled!” The random girl quickly said in a Malaysian accent as she ran behind Wilma.

“Where is the syllable, Wilma?” I asked.

“I have no idea!” Wilma yelled over.

I was looking back to see that the robot’s started thudding down the hill quickly, making their red plugs stab the grass and throw them forth quickly without mercy.

“Did you spawn them in?” The girl asked Wilma.

“No!” She responded.

“Good- cause we would’ve killed the kids- and you- if did such a thing, then we would’ve eaten your flesh wide open and-” The girl started, before Wilma used her left shoulder to bash her back and into a tree.

“Wilma! What are you doing!?” I yelled back.

“Fuck you and your stupid shenanigans! (She punches the girl in the face with her right hand,) All you people want is to eat some child meat! (She then uses her left hand to grab the woman’s neck and throw her to the ground on her right,) Go and make a deal with the damn devil when I kill you!” Wilma statedly madly.

“What the fuck is going on!?” Shellia asked with worry and fear and traumatization.

“I have no idea! They all collaborated like a beehive! They sent the messages through their heads like Russia sends state messages to the United States- which means it is blocked for us and open for them!” I stated back.

“Why are you using similes right now?!” Shellia asked back.

“Because- I have run from scarier things.” I stated back to Shellia, then looking back with Ryutyu to see Wilma getting pulled back by the cords, through her back, and plopping her onto the floor of grass. Then their cords reached into her eyeballs and struck them hard till they popped, and the computer’s bloody cords were diving into her brain. Wilma squealed and squirmed, but three others were holding her down with their cutting cords. Five others joined in on the other girl, planting her back into the ground and cutting her neck open. They then started to make their cords swell inside and start lifting the tissue up to tear away from the handle of the collar bone.

Shellia squealed and looked away from their distorted mess, running a bit faster than me with her arms in a robotic up and down way. Ryutyu looked over to Shellia, thinking she might of falling, but assured that she had not. Then, he tripped over a rock, falling flat with a cry and his hand lifting himself back up. I quickly stopped, grabbed his back and swung him back up, and then we took off with the advantage of a few feet for the computer’s now coming after us.

“Why is the terrain so moved!?” Shellia screamed.

“Random shit!” I said as he turned left and went around a big tree in the middle. Ahead of us were cracked lands leading to large and stony ravines about four feet wide. Shellia came up to the first one, being horizontal to our view. It led to a dark demise below, but she jumped over it with a hasty rebound as she almost fell backwards once on the edge. I then watched Ryutyu jump right before me, but he was not so lucky. He jumped a bit too far back, and had to reach for the edge. “Ryutyu!” I cried as I made my jump as he grasped the edge with the rubble.

Then the little rocks fell, and he grasped onto the new land, but then that sloped into the ravine. It fell with him, and his scream: “AAAAAHHHHHHH!” It echoed throughout the physical darkness, but also through my head as I backed away from the enduring fall of the land. The slope was now revealing dirt sprinkling off with stones crumbling down as well. I looked only forth to the speedy robots with blue screens still running. I quickly got out of there, no time to adjust or mourn the plausible death of my friend.

“Shellia! Is there anywhere we can hide?!” I asked as I caught up to her with a panic in my nerves and strain in my legs.

“I have no idea!” She cried.

I looked back to see the robots. They had stopped right before the ravine and started to use that progress bar again.

“Quick- let us get behind something just in case.” I spoke, grabbing her back and tossing her behind one big oaky tree. I then ran with her beyond the trees, her tears grappling down her cheeks- until we fell into the light vortex again.

This time we ended up back at the circle of flowing falls. The robots were just in front of us, having Wilma’s dead body under their four essences side-by-side. The accordion girl was next to me, and she screamed took off towards the green hill behind us. I quickly turned to follow, seeing the ravines become an obstacle of infinite courses, scavenging around the plain landscape like people had copy and pasted it, randomly turning the degrees of rotation to make small islands of safety in the tragic area of many elongated holes. But I quickly turned back to my motion blur vision, as when I turned, I saw something very familiar.

“Ayo- what the fuck?!” The robot version of me screamed as he started to dart off with us.

“What are you doing here!?” I asked him as he came forth to jump over the first ravine perfectly next to me like Shellia already did.

“I was sent to kick your ass again- but damnit- Mister Two told me everything about Heru more nicely- and I just feel useless for not listening.” He stated as the robots came after us, plunging themselves up into the air and landing with hard ease.

“Now you feel useless!?” I stated back, keeping my eyes on the many ravines miles ahead.

“Sorry! I was running out of battery, and I hoped that maybe by my actions I could fix and cure the situation!” He told.

I silenced myself and looked ahead to see nothing great insight. Then, the ravines started to erupt with many cords coming into the skies. We were right behind Shellia but made a last jump through the cords to get onto her island. We looked back to see the robots.

“Well- if you are truly on my side- fight for your current life once more!” I stated, putting my fists up as Shellia hid behind.

The robot put his hands up and looked forth as the wiggling cords struck the island and brought it up, barely missing the robot’s high jumps. The cords then made us go further up into the sky, right into the face of the large computer.

“Well- that just happened.” The robot said as our island was held up by many white cords to the lit blue glowing screen of the computer right under the purplish portal leading to the grey concrete room.

“PLEASE DON’T KILL US!” Shellia begged with her hands and strong leg calves.

“Good job on surviving this far.” The computer echoed.

“This far?!” I echoed back.

“You will now enter Shellia’s world. You must go to Montenegro in order to find the last syllable. It shall be inside a secret bunker in the main office room called ‘Fifteen-A.’” The computer said.

“What about the second syllable?” I asked politely.

“Here.” The computer stated, suddenly making a large plug of pure white metal stick up, and then stab the robot back and make him fall off into the cobblestone below. He screamed a robotic scream as he fell, and we heard a loud metallic crash, but then the cord zapped a syllable to our staring eyes, right in front. The three extents started to have yellow electricity circle them and then fire perfectly in a straight line, creating an electric ball of yellow that soon allowed no windows to what was inside or behind it, and then it disappeared off into the air, leaving a floating letter ‘U’ behind. It just floated there lightly as the lighting dissolved into the air and we stood back with confusion and terror.

“Next time- could you at least allow me to have an enemy like that stick around?” I asked, “He did act like he wanted redemption, but that may just be me…” I said as I walked up and looked towards the screen.

“You’re already spending too much time here. Wilma and Ryutyu were taking up too much time from the game. You must complete it in a time set I want.” The computer said as Shellia sat down afraid.

“Well- could you bring them back please?” I said, crossing my arms and turning to look before it, without getting towards the last foot I need to touch the light blue letter.

“No.” The computer said.

“I do not want to touch it then.” I stated, angering my face.

Then a miniature cord erupted three feet from the ground below me, letting the specs of dirt and rock fall off. It then charged itself into the back of my chest, going through me, right through the esophagus, pulsing much blood out, and then picking me up about a meter and shoving me into the syllable with my dying eyes.

I was then in a white void.

***Heru vs. Jesus.***

Heru opened the door. He found the office of the man’s house empty. It was still destroyed, but now empty and inclusive to research. Heru looked around, remembering the past where he spilled Hitler’s juice onto the floor, and then reformed him. He knew he had time traveled back only a few seconds afterwards, as he put the cube up to his face and it showed a greenly lit screen telling him this:

*Time = June 18, 1944, Earth. (1:24:32:42 P.M.)*

*Voice Command = “Take me to Adolf Hitler’s home during Normandy, right after I took him to our world.”*

*Universe = [Please]*

*Traveled from = April 17th, 2020, Earth. (4:32:22:33 P.M)*

*Effects Permanent (when revisited) = On*

*Change the Future = Off*

These notes displayed in a black and pixelated English on one side of the cube allowed for Heru to know exactly what to do.

“Damn- so Hitler and Stalin are gone now, and I need to somehow get their soilders on my side… should’ve I made the effects turn ‘Off’?” Heru asked himself in his mind.

He then tapped the cube’s text and allowed it to change. The effect now showed ‘Off.’

“Wait- so… if I… (Heru then jumped up and his mosquito wings buzz up to the roof and beyond,) there’s no forcefield… dang… so, maybe I should leave the effects on and change the future ‘off’, if I find Hitler and Stalin in my world again- that way the troops will already be ready, and we can… eh… what’s the point? The computer will bring the damn kid back and then I can dump him into a fucking tank full of shit sharks… but… hm… maybe I could have a little fun fucking around with history…” He stated.

Heru then implants his left index finger onto the black text of the ‘Voice Command’ and speaks out loud.

“Take me to a random town where some people are attacking the Nazi’s.” He stated.

The Timal Box did its thing with its immersive and green-lightning sphere that swelled around Heru till it enclosed his area and then spun around quickly and took him onto a street where protests were eminent throughout the past. Many soldiers in their black attire held up their guns to Heru as he was turned around, standing on some rubble of a nearby broken white building. Heru turned without fear, and instead gave them the surprise.

“Scheiße im verdammten Namen – was ist das!?” I man said with fear as he lowered his gun with his brown hair and blue eyes. He stood next to a pal, and behind him were thirteen other guards looking about with discontent to the new mosquito kid.

“Hey.” Heru smiled.

He then got hit Timal Box on and changed the ‘Change Future’ to ‘On.’ He then made a third arm come from his back and pick it up, holding it behind him.

“Just kill everybody- it would be fun, and you can also recreate them.” Heru told himself in his mind as he looked towards the fearful Germans.

“Er spricht Englisch – spricht hier jemand Englisch!?” his buddy with brown hair and brown eyes said as he looked back with the others holding their guns.

Then Heru did his strike. With a red glimpse of his blood-swirling shirt, he sprung his spine back to the right and his right arm held out towards the ground. He then swung it up like he was throwing a bowling ball. The ground of the badly treated street arose in a spike going to the heavens, and castrated into the left man, and then back towards five others. The remaining men, uncrushed from the wide sudden rise of land pushing them back and into the ground harshly till their blood spurted, shot with their black rifles of old times. They pushed barrels at Heru, but he stood with a smirk on his face, absorbed the bullets, then meshed his left arm into a gatling gun, and regurtitated them at the Germans.

“Ah!” One screamed as he ducked from the light speed bullets, pressing against any matter and destroying it like a bomb. Eventually, the landscape which Heru faced was dramatized and dead, revealing bodies to be exploded with many holes in them. Heru then made a tentacle from his back, smiled, and let it start to suck up all the blood from one German soldier.

But he was only a millisecond in before he was unconventionally stopped with his insanity. A white beam dived from the sky in a diagonal way, showing its yellow to brighten up the stream of grey that painted the town. It bashed into Heru, filing him back in such a destructive way, it left an anime-long crater till he was found steaming into a building. Heru rose above to see Jesus with Hitler and Stalin at his aid behind him.

“What the fuck!?” Heru smashed into the atmosphere.

“Do not change thy past, Heru. That is not inside your permissions.” Jesus said in a manly voice before letting the silence roll in.

“Wha- who are you!?” Heru screamed, pointing with his left hand at the calm yet worried Stalin, happy and chill Jesus, yet frustrated Hitler too.

“I am Jesus Christ- here to show Stalin and Hitler why I am almighty.” Jesus, letting his arms out as a bunch of stone rumbled under him and formed trains to levitated and turn into different metals, as with their colors changing periodically every second, and the three floating, with Hitler on Jesus’ right and Stalin on the left.

“And why are you killing my troops!?” Hitler demanded, shoving his left fist forwards as he looked carefully down with fear at some times.

Heru swayed his head in anger and buzzed his wings up. He grabbed the ground with a red glowing chain and shoved it up to himself. The chain pulled all the ground in viewable sight up, making lava pour from the Earth in all areas instantly. He then spun himself around, making the chain turn into rainbow liquid textures of different flowing patterns every foot, and started to make black holes spurt out in every direction as a fourth arm came from his back and sucked all the light bouncing off every object into his hand.

“Oh, my goodness…” Stalin said with surprise as he looked around the light blue bubble Jesus had formed with his right hand held up high.

“Let me show you why I am God’s son.” Jesus said, suddenly dropping his hand and formed a bunch of glass shards beneath the bubble containing an angry and confused Hitler as well as a worried and confused Stalin.

The shards were glowing transparent white in the yellow and orange fueling over the bubble. The shards then broke apart into billions, then aimed towards the center of them all under the bubble and collided quickly into one another.

These many shards, despite the black holes now intruded the lava and light with their growing essence, exploded the matter around them into shards of their own. The lava seemed to now be imprinted on a broken glass piece, as it was now expelling away and flying up towards the sky from the now normal world below again. The black holes also broke apart like it was a shattering mirror, and it all levitated in different directions, showing Heru to be also falling part to the shattering essence of every object but the renewed town under the safety bubble.

Jesus then created another left arm right under the other and shot it at Heru. The bubble collapsed forwards where the palm was pointing, and created a sword, which shot into Heru’s paused and shattered-like-a-texture-on-glass body. The German-like sword of the only color being a light crystal-textured blue hit one shard of the mosquito boy and then exploded the entire vicinity around everything with a white flash. Suddenly, Heru was knocked back into a fluorine-blue train, with a clean smell of a restressing hot tub, running up. He went through the liquid, regathered himself inside it, and plowed to the west with his buzzing wings to get a good look around.

Millions of trains in millions of directions were going at different speeds, crashing into each other and spouting the blue element all over. It smelled awfully nice to Heru, but he looked below only to see more trains come up to him, and the town was still somehow normal after he destroyed it. Heru shot down his hand and tried reflecting it, but a red glitch formed on his hand and made him bleed from his pinky and palm. Not big gashing holes, just an inch rip. Then he was smashed up into a metallic grey surface that made him fall onto another. He quickly refuted up and looked at his hands before the three men in front of him by four meters, standing on the speeding train in the foggy grey sky with green clouds now. To his right was a train, to his left was a train going the same speed, to his top was another train keeping him in, and below was the train with drips of his blood peeling away as the wind gushed against his hair.

“Go back to the main world, Heru.” Jesus said without much of a commanding voice and rather a guideline-like one.

“Why don’t you go and kill yourself!” Heru hushed at him, throwing his left hand up and trying to create a rainbow sword, but only made lightning form around his hand and burn it a bit. He grasped in pain at his hand as now the blood inside him was electrocuted, and he needed reformation to stop the spice.

“I thought you were almighty- but obviously not because I don’t see him dead yet!” Hitler arose as Heru looked with shame and anger at them.

“God gives me only certain powers for different occasions. In this one, he allows me to stop Heru from using any power at all, whilst also only letting me throw a good amount of power at him at a time.” Jesus said.

“I thought you said you were God.” Stalin stated as Heru wagged his hand and then started sprinting at Jesus with his left hand ready to punch him from below.

“I am apart of the trinity. I am God, but also God’s son. You could say it is a power from my transcendence that makes me surpass natural and sensible physics.” Jesus said with a funny tone, whilst also kneeling with his right leg up in the white cloth, and making the train make two, single-foot metallic, rusty brown handles for both of his hands, which he grabbed and then oinked up, making the train cut perfectly and throwing Heru back onto it so he could slide off. As the train started to sink down with the same speed pushing forwards, Jesus stood up to face Stalin. “See?”

“Nah…” Hitler said, crossing his arms behind Jesus.

Heru fell onto the ground and plopped into a blood pool from his back. Heru was now bleeding out from his fall damage, but Jesus then stopped the train by holding up his right hand, and making it reverse its speed to hover right over him. Jesus then shot his right hand down and created a yellow-outlined circular portal that Heru’s dead corpse fell into and onto some green grass. Heru started to instantly get up and look through the portal, reforming his back quickly. Then the portal closed after three seconds from the fall of his corspe, and Jesus turned to look over to Hitler.

“You’re letting him live?! After he killed my men innocently!?” Hitler demanded.

“Don’t worry- he no longer has the Timal Box, so I’ll just reset this all back to normal.” Jesus said.

“What about us?” Stalin asked as Jesus put both of his hands up into the air made things like people start appearing from invisibility and start being in their once occupied spaces of the past. Then Heru messed it up and ripped the circular portal open like he was coming outside of paper, and stared with red eyes towards Jesus.

“Uh- Jesus?” Stalin then asked as he saw the mosquito boy suddenly buzz his wings and make a rainbow hammer out of his right hand. Suddenly, at light speed, he transported himself from the portal to the Jesus, but was bounced back, causing a large bang sound of metallic clustering that damned Hitler’s ears. Heru was prompted into a building, as all under was paused for history to continue later.

“You guys will be staying with me. For I must teach you the pleasant ways of how you should live your life without the devil, or Heru, controlling you…” – Jesus said normally like Heru did not just get plastered into a building again. Then he did his motion blur of white and red again, and hit Hitler, but was plastered back into a building from the dazzled and angry man.

“Uh- what in the fuck?” Hitler asked astonished at another sound and the visuals of Heru with red eyes and buzzing wings of anger to his right.

“As you may see, I just protected you.” Jesus then stated whilst turning his head to Hitler.

“What?” Hitler asked, and then swayed his head, “Kill him now. He tried killing me!” Hitler then pointed.

“Hold on…” Jesus then held up his left index finger and allowed Stalin to float off towards the northwest.

Jesus then pointed his finger at Hitler, making his hands enlarge into shining black metallic punching bags. He did not mind the surprised and open-eyed Stalin now just floating away with Heru’s look towards him.

“What are you doing?!” Hitler quickly asked with frustration.

Heru then zapped himself over to Stalin but was pushed drastically back. Jesus instantly raised his right hand and made the world shift sideways, making Heru suddenly be not falling to the ground and now falling to the air. Hitler looked about with confusion too. Heru was now falling towards the blue sky from the smokey ambitions. Nothing else fell though, as it was halted. Heru then buzzed his wings correctly, slowly lifting him to the right angle. But then Jesus shot his right hand down again and made the Earth’s ground below the angry boy go up to his shoes and stick him onto it. Heru tried flapping away, ravaging his spine back and forth creepily fast, trying to get off the dirt turning to metal. Then Jesus used his left hand to make Hitler hover, and then shot his hand out like he was throwing a baseball. Hitler was then thrown with “Ahh!” towards Heru. Hitler recalibrated from the wind as he came closer to the ninety-two-meter mark of Heru’s distance from Jesus and decided to push up his right hand. Heru was then smacked in the face as Hitler landed on the suddenly widening metallic white train. He got up from his shoes pushing specs of dirt on the cleanness and smacked him again but with his right glove of black metal. Heru was unable to move away from such, and got plastered each way.

“Stop attacking me! We’re friends!” Heru yelled at Hitler.

“No- you started to kill my troops, you liar.” Hitler ambushed back, doing an uppercut with his right hand again.

Heru’s head was plastered back so far, the train let go of him and allowed that position of his back further bent back to suddenly collapsed onto the train, making him fall flat with the deceasing want for him to be sky-high.

Heru then buzzed his wings up as Hitler smashed both of his hands into the train. He then created a rainbow sword and plastered that down, but an arm grew from Hitler’s back and grabbed it without a hint of blood coming from the bare white hand.

“Augh!?” Hitler said as his back thrusted him up and Heru into the train in a matter of milliseconds. It smashed him through, and Hitler started to float up and to the left of the hole as Heru looked up. He looked at his bleeding palms before hearing the lord’s voice.

“Heru- please take my advice and leave this past. The world of your present requires you and take my bible as instruction to fulfill it.” Jesus said with open arms to Heru’s right. He instantly turned, looking up and then down with now white eyes of weirded out expressions.

“How are you making me feel pain from a simple face-smash?!” Heru demanded as he rubbed his face with his left hand and pointing with his right,

“Because I am God, and I would like you to chill.” Jesus said with a slight snort.

Heru formed his right arm into a yellow glow and then shot it at Jesus. His arm stretched instantly, going through Jesus. But he did not stutter to it, and surprised Heru with his absolute calming mind. Jesus then grabbed the yellow arm with both hands, and maneuvered them down, whilst Heru tried wiggling it off but it seemed to not work, and then to the northeast to shoot Heru into the sky.

Heru was blasted through the train and to the tilted sky, buzzing his wings to regain focus on the situation, and making his grain with red.

“How are you stopping my abilities too?!” He asked.

Hitler then swooped in with a punch to his face with his left hand. It knocked Heru back a meter as Hitler came hovering past him five meters. Then he came around again. Heru tried dazzling his hands out to move something but found nothing to come to paste. Hitler then smacked Heru again, but now with his right hand.

Heru was then shot up into a floating acid pool about three meters by three meters, and his body phased into nothingness almost, but he saved himself by making his shoes stop where they were and turning one-hundred-and-eighty degrees to form a new body of himself from the oxygen. He then made his right hand into a sword and buzzed his wings at Hitler, who then jumped back into a green-outlined square portal with discontent all over his face. Heru missed and stopped traveling amongst the sideways sky. Instead, he looked up to see Jesus with Hitler behind him, whilst Jesus held a thousand spikes of rainbow-liquid texturing pointing towards Heru with different sizes on each one. Millions of these were aimed, and Heru simply created a rainbow forcefield around himself. Jesus then shot them all, making loud explosion sounds as they bounced off massively and into the sky or ground, planting themselves elsewhere. But for thirteen seconds, all Heru could see was his slightly transparent rainbow shield be bombarded with dozens of rainbow spikes from every direction. Eventually they all disappeared suddenly, and Hitler came to smash on the shield, and it broke into glass-like shards. Heru buzzed up to Hitler’s face, opening his mouth wide and letting a rainbow tongue with spike around it wrap around the man’s worried head. Jesus behind Heru now, about fifteen meters down the tilted sky, raised his left hand around the cannibalistic ways, and made Hitler’s body come to him through Heru’s head. Heru quickly reformed his head as it exploded to let the man’s matter come through and over to Jesus. He then quickly turned around to see Jesus made Hitler swivel and dissolve his colors into a rainbow spike, which was then shot at Heru. Heru moved to the right, but it sped up and boomeranged back, hitting the right thigh of him as he barely dodged to the left this time. Heru was now cut there and squealed with anger and frustration. He tried buzzing at Jesus with his red eyes, but realized he was stuck in air. Then Jesus twisted his hand to make the spike back into Hitler with his black gloves, and shoot him back at Heru, smacking his entire spine back with his right hand.

“How are you… fucking hell…” Heru yelled up, seeing Hitler come back from behind as he twisted his spine unhumanly. Heru then grabbed the man by his incoming neck and stared into his eyes for a second. But then Hitler’s eyes started to glow white.

“Listen to me and go back to the true present, young boy.” Jesus said with his voice in an echo through the mad dictator’s mouth, as well as right behind Heru with his actual body.

“Or what?” Heru yelled, looking both to Hitler’s body and then Jesus’ normal blue eyes, proceeding to shove Hitler’s body down into the ground still sideways. Hitler’s body then cratered into the ground, but went swiftly to the right, creating a hole under the ground and then went back at Heru. Hitler was now about to smash him up with his left glove, but Heru simply quickly buzzed up and then down like a hopping bunny, but now facing down towards the sky, upside down in the titled world, as he also grabbed Hitler’s back. Heru then made a rainbow knife and tried shoving it into the head of Hitler as he used his hand to turn his entire body up, but just as he was about to shove the knife from his left hand into the left ear. He stopped and felt a magnetic-like force stopping him from even stabbing the white man’s ear.

His arm shacked and jittered as he tried continuing the stab. Instead, though, Jesus’ meshed his own head onto the body of Hitler’s and then turned it around a full three-hundred-and-sixty degrees to face Heru with a raised left eyebrow and a smirk.

“Uh!” Heru exclaimed as he saw the power of the man, “What kind of lord are you?” He then asked after a moment and a blink from God’s son.

“I am the only lord, the only God, and the main son of God the father of all. I must intent on you stopping your anger spree and going back to the world where you belong.” Jesus said.

Heru just angered his own eyebrows. “If so- then do something only a God can do.”

Jesus then made a hand expulse from the back of Hitler, making the hand come from the back with a gush of blood exalt, and then it pushes openly onto Heru’s chest, sending him back with a cough out. Heru felt his body go transparent from matter, exalting all mass, but nothing was lost. Instead, the world around become stereotypical, hindering blue and green along all edges of all physical matter. Heru then, as his arms stretched out with the knife still in hand, his stomach pulsed back, and his legs looking to be almost in the same place, felt himself suddenly be fastened into a light spectrum that rounded every possible color into black, and sent him down a tube of darkness- from what he could feel. As everything seemed dark, a green light showed beneath, and he turned himself from his cough to wide eye the grass below. He then plopped into it, with the dirt sprinkling from the ground as he made his own personally-outlined-corpse grave- not a dirt angel to be exact, but similar to it. As the dirt felt and gushed his face and eyes, the actual black circle I would like to call a ‘hole’, in space as science may also call it- right above him to be exact- about five by five meters wide and long- closed to miniscule proportions, literally going out of existence for how small it was. Heru instantly buzzed his wings and lifted himself up flatly, then looking around. It was a blue sky above with white clouds, and he had landed in the forest once again, now flying above it to see his camp just a few meters away.

“Fucking hell… now God is against my plans! Fuck you, God!” Heru screamed to the sky. He then went over to Miss Opium staring at him with confusion as she came to sight under the green trees and such.

***Shellia’s World of not many accordions.***

I was now on top of a green hill. The wind stuffed against my face as raining clouds stood above. I stood to the left of the accordion girl, Shellia, her shivering and looking widely around with discontent in her eyebrows. But no longer was she a mighty human. She was now her original self. She looked down with fear yet surprise in her eyes amongst the hill we stood upon. She played her instrument and looked towards me.

I sighed.

“Damn ass… where are we exactly?” I asked her, seeing a stricken plain ahead, with green bushes yet yellow grasses hoarding all the area. Beyond some of that though, through the middle, was a grey and stale road with no cars. It had a white line on the end of both separated roads, separated by a stone wall common on highways. It also had a decreasingly seeable yellow line near the wall of grey stale stone.

She played her instrument, and then started to walk to the right of us. To our right, beyond the plains, was more hill. I sighed and followed her, seeing not much in sight.

“So- is this somewhere in The United States?” I asked.

She looked to me, played a foul tune and swayed her head with her open eyes.

“Good… is this somewhere in Europe?” I asked.

She nodded her head as I looked to her.

I happily sighed. “Are we in France?” She swayed her head. “Are we in Switzerland?” I asked. She swayer her head. “Are we in the United Kingdom?” She swayer her head more frantically. “Are in we in Ireland?” I then asked, and she swayer head head with angry eyebrows. “Are you trying to tell me I am getting colder from the destination?”

She nodded her head with a happy short tune.

“Are we in Moldova?” She swayer her head at my question. “Are we in Ukraine?” She swayer her head more. “Are we in Turkey?” I asked. She swayer her head and then looked to the sky and started slightly bopping her head and then looked back at me. “Are we in Serbia?” I asked. She swayer her head lightly and gave me happy eyebrows. “Are we in Bosnia and Herzegovina?” I asked and she did the same. “Are we in Croatia?” She nodded against it massively. “Are we in Albania?” She swayer her head then made it go left with a bounce. “Are we in North Macedonia?” I then asked with a stale face.

She nodded her head at me. I sighed. “So, are near the border at least?” I asked.

She nodded her head with extremely happy eyebrows.

“Oh- near Kosovo?” I then asked. She nodded her head with extremely happy eyebrows again. “So- we are going to Kosovo, then to Montenegro, right?” I asked.

She wagged her head left and right. “Oh- we are going to go through Albania, right?” I then proceeded. She nodded on with a full ‘yes’ in her facial expressions.

“Okay- we at least got it somewhere easy, because Montenegro’s capital, Podgorica- got to flex the mind- sorry- is actually really close to Albania- (She nods with me,) nice to see you understand everything I am saying- but still, a bit too much walking is needed…” I said, “At least we are not in South Africa or New Zealand, right?” I joked a bit.

She nodded and played a happy tune.

“Thanks…” I said, getting back into the sadness that hovered above my mind. She also looked to side after some time as we walked across hills.

After some long walking with both of our strong calves aching, we came across a large town in the dawning sky. The clouds had gone away, and the shaking of our legs did not ease us. We came across some houses and such, red plated roofs with white concrete, smashed together with electric lines and cables looping down all over the place. Empty cars and open doors were about. We came off the massive mountainous hill of green onto the concrete road. We went to the side of one the many copied buildings and sat down.

I relived myself with a long breathy sigh. “Are we in Kosovo yet?” I asked. Shellia swayed her head with her eyes closed as I sat to the left of Shellia. “Albania?” I then asked. She swayed again. “Huh… I guess we are still in North Macedonia.” She nodded her head with her legs out from her green dress.

“Hey- wanted to ask, since you told me people like yourself would be around areas like these, is there any chance you guys may have come up with the thought of using your toes or something to write messages?” I asked.

She nodded her head.

“Wait- I know since the flute heads can because they have free hands as you told me, (She nods her head with me, opening her green eyes towards me,) but what about people like you? Do you guys really just play your instrument forever?” I asked.

Shellia nodded her head. “And you guys never practiced with your feet or something?” I then asked. She nodded her head against me with a lifted right eyebrow of concern. “Hey- just saying- humans like me have learned how to write with their feet. They practiced their bones down there, (I use both of my hands to point to my shoes,) like they would up here.” I said, holding up my hands then.

She nodded her head in a smooth way, whilst also rolling her eyes. She then closed her eyes again.

“Can we go inside one of these buildings?” I asked. She nodded her head.

I got up and went to the white wooden doors around the red bricked wall. The cobblestone making up the road did not appeal to us with its natural indents from its shapes. Shellia got up from the stones and walked over to me as I opened the door from the metallic and rusty grey doorknob. I then walked inside with my shoes against the polished brown floor. She entered as well.

“Woo… I know we currently do not need air conditioning, but damn…” I said, looking around to the four rooms enterable by the half-pill-shaped white wooden canvases against the blonde wall whilst rugged white stair steps led forth and then turned up to the second floor.

The accordion girl swayer her head and played a different foul tune.

“Are you saying there would not work?” I asked as I turned. She nodded her head to me as I turned. “Of course- nothing makes sense in your world. You guys somehow have mechanical doors that still need a keycard, but no air conditioning… and how did I not bring this up during our long journey?” I asked as I went up the stairs.

She followed and we were met with four rooms again. The first on the left, now being a wooden white door, led into a rugged grey carpet that held a nice wooden king bed with white sheets placed perfectly there. It also had two white pillows.

“Are you going to sleep here?” I asked.

She nodded against me again, and I opened the opposing door which went to another room with another bed. She nodded to this one. I nodded back at her, and then left down to the last right room on the first floor, which was the kitchen with white marbled floors and polished light brown cabinets. The lights were off, but I saw enough from the window of the wooden door to the back of the kitchen with no table in the middle, just a wooden white island with rollable grey metallic wheels and a marble black top with three roses in a light blue cylinder vase in the middle.

I searched from left to right of the kitchen, finding Gearsies, a relatable food I took with appreciation, and then something called ‘Yyajs’ in English after I looked away from the Russian text. It was just some blue sprinkles on top of chocolate mini donuts. I took that, then went to the white fridge in the top left corner after finding barely anything else. I opened it to see the white light turn on inside, and much food still available.

“Of course! Your air conditioning is said by you to not work, but your refrigerators work?!” I happily deviled to Shellia as she came down. She played a worried tune at me, and then angered it.

I took out a cylinder plastic container with a red juice inside. The text was Russian again, but I looked towards an expiration date on the green-lined package and found *“8/3/2020”* in black text.

“Hey- nice… also, Shellia, is this still okay?” I asked, showing her the date. She nodded. “Exquisite… (I look at the two boxes I held in my hands,) these too are well… so, I guess I will be snacking all of these tonight.”

Later that night, Shellia came playing near my door as I finished my last two donuts. I got up from the bed and opened it to her accordion stopping.

“What is it?” I asked.

She simply played her accordion, looked towards her room, then back.

“Ight, have a good sleep.” I nodded, slowly closing the door. I then finished the donuts, finished the red juice that tasted like soda, then nicely planted the remains to the floor on my left, up against my bed whilst they were empty, then I put my glasses down on the nightstand of wood with a golden-textured lamp, then nuzzled myself to the right side of the bed, got the blanket of white and put it over me, then let the white moon on the outside window shine me to bed…

“Shit is whack.” The Stickman said in an echo as I was in the white void.

“Hey, buddy, unless you are going to get me all the way to Podgorica, then please just let me sleep for once in my life! And I do not count sleeping as when I am dead!” I then added.

“Ight bro- ight… just checking up on you… also, Shellia is not needed for my deal, and never will be. Just keep that in mind…” He said as I turned to see his full floating stickman body with those blinking holes.

“Are you trying to say she will betray me or something?” I asked.

“No- I am just saying when it comes down to what matter most-” The Stickman tried to say with his moving mouth that opened into a bigger hole.

“It is the first friends I have made in the beginning of this journey- I know…” I said, crossing my arms.

“Just saying…” He said, peering his holes to the left, and then snapping his right hand as he put it up.

I shuttered up and looked around. I looked outside to see the beginning of a new day. The sky was growing surely lighter to a dormant light blue. I got up from the bed on the left side, grabbed my glasses, exited through the door, then opened Shellia’s. I walked in on her sleeping. She laid without a blanket on her, having her hands still implanted onto the accordion like she always would, with her legs slightly rolled up in front of her from her thighs. But she leaned her head to the right, and her body followed. Her ears laid flopped down on her hair, as it too was spread behind her, whilst her cat tail also laid circling up.

“Shellia- we are amiss a new day.” I stated as I tugged on her left shoulder with my left hand as I sat on the left edge of her bed. I then took up the force to shake her in her sleep. I soon saw her tail unravel and her ears poke up, so I stopped, and she spread her entire body out. After stretching it towards the rising sky, she turned to me and laid her head against the pillow again. She just stared with her green eyes at me. “Do you need more sleep?” I asked.

She swayer her head and turned to face the ceiling from her face-up again. Then she uplifted her spine, and turned to get off the bed towards the right. She played a slow tune, got to the open door, turned to me, I got up from the bed, then followed her down to the door of the building.

“Hold on- I would like something to eat and drink.” I told as I suddenly swept myself into the kitchen from the stairs.

She dazzled and rolled her eyes.

I opened the third cabinet on the left, grabbed a box of ‘Heyuas’ in English as it said, then went to the fridge, got a bottle of green juice, looked at both dates, smiled, and then went over to the door. I put the bottle in my right armpit as well as the snacks held there and used my left hand to open the door and walk out first to the breezy morning.

Shellia followed and look around to see not much going on.

“Alrighty- since you know every place around- where do we go now?” I asked her.

Shellia nodded and left to my left. I followed her downtown. We walked pass many empty buildings and barely any sign so of life in recent times. So, we came onto a road that led up a fall-like hill. No snow, but it allowed for another great view of Tetovo, the place we were in beforehand. As we went up the hill with the metallic grey railing, the cooler it became. Then we sloped down onto more greener hills with dirt roads and white praire houses, very nice indeed. During this time I did my best to communicate with Shellia, telling her: “My parents are extremely nice and seem wealthy, but we have to pay taxes, and usually those can give us a hard time when we spend too much on food and pictures- by the way, my mom buys too many pictures and I dislike it. They cost too much.” I said as we went up more hills. We sat down somewhere between two mountains, and then searched a wooden log house for food and such. I ate a bit, and then we continued on the road.

“Are we in Kosovo?” I asked again. She nodded ‘yes’ and then played her accordion.

We walked past some more hills, enjoying the nice weathers and English signs that popped up from here to there- like a “Camp n’ Hike!” one on a hill. But eventually, we came to another great place around noon, being the top of some mountainous hills.

I then asked somewhere: “Are we in Albania?” And Shellia nodded her head. “And how do you know?” I then asked. She shrugged but played her accordion willingly.

We saw many more alike, as well as some rivers we passed, but no animals present, which made it feel lonely. We then traveled through a white and rocky mountain range and followed the highway road. We came across many magnificent clouds and above, and much to personally like in the grassy plains that arose in massive views. We passed a few stores and shops and local villages before stopping for another night at Bajram Curri, a town in Albania. I saw the main sign this time but was also panting from all the walking.

We decided since it was gaining darkness again, we would just immediately enter one of the white hotel-looking buildings and stay the night, but we were interfered upon by an actual instrument gang.

I heard a flute, playing loudly as an organ blasted too. They came closer to the white and blonde cobblestone we stood on. They were miles away but running with intense goals in mind. Their echoes blasted through the vacant area, and we started to make our way towards them. We found, at the end of the city after a long and shaky run with aching bones once again, on a road divine of suburban main buildings- four players.

We slowly but surely came up to them from afar. The organ and flute were still whistling at each other, but sometimes a steel drum would play, or an electric guitar. We crossed a corner, just a few meters away, seeing them fight under the darkened sky, right of a nearby tree. Shellia instantly played her notes over to them as she ran forth and I slowly walked over.

The flute playing was actual literally a black-skinned human with a white metallic flute for a head. All the buttons and holes, but it screamed its sound with its fists intact with its fingers, and its arms stretching out with variant. It was dressed the same way as Shellia too- all of them were. They wore the dress, and the maid shoes. The organ was also black skinned with his bones adjustable, but his head was golden and only one. The single organ played different notes though, and when it needed too, just like the flute, it sincerely opened and closed the holes around it by making a slide-like material go in front. The holes on the organ though were hemi-spherical. These two had a cat tail just like Shellia though, but no cat ears present. Plus, their arms were not much bigger than hers. Then there was the electric guitar person. He was an actual human, the first to give eyes to me. He had green eyes with curly brown hair. His muscles were like mine- trying to be exclusive. His hands stationed on the polished red and black-striped guitar in a natural way, and I believed they could barely move elsewise. He was surely a man though, with darker freckles on his puffy cheeks too. He wore the green dress, and the maid shoes, as well as have the same cat ears and tail to profit off. The steel drummer though- was white skinned. He had a black shaved hair just like military men would have. He had blue eyes with zero freckles, but a dimple on the left of where a mouth would be. His eyebrows were thick and black too. He wore the maid outfit and had the accessible feline traits as well. But he had two wooden drummer sticks in his hands as the shining grey and metallic, circular yet inverted downward, instrument, was held onto his shoulders and armpits by two black straps each. If he jumped, that steel drum, with the common design of slightly extended pads from inside, would definitely bounce up past him. He held the wooden sticks strongly though and showed to be the first to look at Shellia. The humans had no mouth from what I could see, and the instrument-head people only had their instruments to express quick communication with.

Shellia played her accordion up to the flute and organ people. The steel drummist looked towards me as he got closer, from the left side to the girl and her incoming group. The electric guitar man just stood to the right of it all, looking at me.

Shellia played a tune that acted like a conversation, and then the flute man also corresponded with a differentiation of notes. The organ man then pointed to me, and the steel drummist banged his drum to make it sound like its aquatic nature.

“Hello?” I asked as Shellia turned around with stale eyebrows.

She turned back around and played for the surprised instruments. Wide eyes on the humans, and the other two instruments stood back a bit. Then the guitar man played his guitar, and I felt useless for not having my own instrument to bang on.

Then the steel drummist played with the organ, and Shellia followed it up. Then the flute conversed a confusing note rhythm, and Shellia answered. Finally, she turned back, and the surprised instrument players just stood there, staring to me.

“Yes?” I asked them all.

Shellia responded with her happy eyebrows, and then turned back. The flute then pointed at her face and left with the gang towards a nearby building just northwest of our location. It was at night that all seemed so strange now, but I shrugged it off, minding off the breezy coolness, and rejoiced with them to a building’s front doors of white metallics with two glassy sideways rectangles for windows in the doors.

Before anything though, I must say that above those doors was a white rectangular sign saying “Hotel Valaznima” to us in black text. I read it quickly before looking back at the dressed personel. The flute opened it by pulling the metallic lever-like doorknob, and then went inside first. They came across the inside of a hotel palace. It had blonde polished bricks shining for the floor, with polished white walls for the ceiling and around. The ceilings also had rectangular, grey-outlined metallic white panels shining much light down and turned on- and tabletops amongst the extended blonde marble walls showed an up-close view to the majestic painted works in three-by-three feet canvases. Now, the counters were empty and only on resided on the left side. Behind it, two feet to the right, was a hall in the middle, having a brown patterned with green squares carpet, and walls of polished white still, that led to many rooms on each side, but way back was a single metallic grey elevator. To the left side at the end, were two doors just like the entrances, leading to a pool, and then on the right was stationed for a small path left leading to behind the elevator to a kitchen room with much white and greys.

“This hotel must have zero views.” I said to myself inside my head. And if I were to ever just say ‘inside,’ tell it to others that I meant I said it in my head.

The accordion girl followed last behind the guitarist, then following the Steel drummer, looking back at me sometimes, straightly walking to the door with the cozy smell in the air, and the lights buzzing. I gave a shot around to silent darkness outside, seeing nothing as we passed midway to the hall. The doors were polished brown with golden knobs and had white rectangular signs stating unknown text to me- yet all in English letters with some accents above some letters.

The flute then pressed the up-arrow of white on the black rectangle that was the elevator’s buttons, letting it come down.

“How does the elevator still work when nobody maintains electricity here?” I asked out loud.

The Steel Drummer turned to me and played his drum. The flute looked back as well and waited till the steel drummer was finished. Then he played his notes of confusion and staccato, before patting the organ on the back, and then walking forth, making me go to the left side. The accordion girl then played her notes, and I nodded as I looked towards her. The drummist then continued his drums as he went with the now-talkative flute to the third-down door on the left side. He opened it, allowed the drummer to walk in, turn around and play a short rhythm, then close the door by pushing it. The organ then left to the room besides, and the flute went onto the right side from the drummer. The guitarist then played his rock-stylized music as the accordion girl. She played it back and looked at me.

“What? Do you need me to open some of these doors?” I asked.

The guitarist shook his head, but Shellia frowned her eyebrows at him a she turned to see him close his eyes, and then turned to me and nodded her head. I lifted my hands up like I was just told by a cop to do so, with intensely weirded humor in my face, and then went to the first right door, opened it easily, looked inside to the blue-dimming room with an open window with a breeze emitting, and then moved to my left as the accordion girl entered through. She turned, lifted her eyebrows with joy, and then went off. I then closed it as she hoped onto bed. I looked back to see the guitarist, just leaning against the wall with his eyes closed. I then went to the left room in silence, went inside, got onto the master king bed on the right as a black television was on the wooden cabinets to the left, and covered myself up in the sheets again.

“Damn dude- that was a bit weird and quick.” The Stickman said as I saw his brown outline in the darkened landscape, I felt nothing of my own on.

“Yeah- I know. They are a bit smart to just move on without springing notes at me like I am suddenly going to understand a new musical language or something…” I spoke as he moved his eyes and mouth, swinging his head around my inaccessibility to move.

“Hey, that is true. Well, anyways, let us skip to the morning.” He then said, making me suddenly wake up to a good sky. But outside was the jimmering of many instruments playing at once. I got up, grabbed my glasses, put on my shoes, opened the door, and looked forth to their sudden staring eyes. The flute then played an ‘A flat’ and left towards the exit. I sighed and continued with them.

We followed a road in the sunny day. We came past many fields of green plantations, not many hills, and some town places. We eventually started to come between many mountainous green hills. The organ and flute combusted into song at some point, and then the entire band started playing. At a point, we came across a rocky white and dirt road scheme, where The Steel Drummist nudged me with his left arm and I tried to sing for him, but they all nodded against me. We continued between many hills before coming across more green plains with few houses located many places around. We went inside a house, I ate with the flute playing notes for me, and I asked him questions like: “Did you guys ever have a country made by you?” or “How was life twenty years ago for you guys?” he answered the best he could. After grabbing some snacks, I left with a box of yellow crackers to follow a road that had a stream of water indent- from a lake- on the left. We crossed the roads and came across more hills, but now more homes. We found pink-flowering trees in grey concrete boxes, and soon, Podgorica.

The accordion girl looked to me and played her accordion with massive joy in her eyes and eyebrows. The flute started to walk backwards and gave me a thumbs up.

“Are we in Podgorica now?” I asked.

The steel drummist nodded with all others. I nodded in appreciation as well and followed.

“Okay- so- since we are now actually here, I will ask again- is there a base somewhere? Like, an unnatural phenomenon located here?” I asked.

They nodded against me.

“Great- so we will be looking inside all of those houses for a syllable I guess…” I stated.

The accordion girl rolled her eyes and continued walking with the gang. We soon came across a center. There was a very green football field inside a white-walled arena with blue-metallic benches, something we saw in peculiar as we passed by. It was located near some hemispherical designs that brightened up a futuristic mood along with their white colors, but it seemed still so empty.

But things changed for the different. The organ pointed with his or her left hand to somewhere behind the top right bleachers from a viewpoint of the stage. There was a scratched and metallically red button, two-by-two meters wide, just sitting on the grass with no other supportations. The accordion girl ran back, and I followed as the guitarist also started with us. Soon the gang of music followed through to find an entrance of white doors with metallic knobs of dark grey. We entered, finding the first wall to be eight-by-eight panels of glass outlined by black metals too. We saw side doors as well, being white, and blasted through the right one to find the red button at the end of the green field. The organ instantly jumped on it.

Behind us, the land erupted upwards instantly. Masses of soil fell plopping down and the green grass was now up to the sky by three hundred meters after the full seven seconds of quick rise. Around us too was also this elevation, as now there was an exact copy of the block from Earth down and out of the football field by five meters and on the left side of the road, leaving a three-meter gap between the two. Behind us arose hills, displacing the buildings and such sideways, and making the world seem tilted. The shaking comrades of Shellia instantly busted their sounds to flares, and started to run off to the button and smashed it again- but nothing changed. Instead, behind us were the hills leading further down to normality, giving a path that obviously led to the middle of whatever these two sky-rocketed soil blocks were up to. Their ravine made me curious.

Then, the gates started to float up, making the scared dressed people shiver and quake in fear as they watched those gates radnomyl rise to the sky. They then sprouted their staccota notes and frazzled away towards the river as Shellia tried playing some soothing notes with her worried eyebrows. She soon turned to fear and looked to me with my confusion.

“Now we go and investigate that revine the hills enlarge onwards to.” I said, turned back and going to the hill about fourteen meters high at the peak. We quickly went up the grassy land with our strength legs and came down across the white rocky road leading to the normal road down the by the shifting-back normality of the hills turning the buildings un-sideways towards the other homes to our right, and to our left was a dark-blue gate with two giant gold circle to bang on it with. We quickly ran over, almost tripping in the grainy rocks below. We came up to the doors, and I used the left one, only a meter high, yet three-by-three feet wide, and slapped it against the door with a loud and echoey bang.

“Open up! I need to acquire a light-blue glowing letter!” I yelled up, enclosing my mouth with my hands.

The doors started to open slowly, and we stood back from the fifteen-meter-high doors. We barged back a few feet, finding the doors to lead a decreasingly sizable grey concrete tunnel that led to a black door with a gold circle as well. The tunnel literally just started to make its roof slope down to flatness, about six feet from the ground.

I stepped forth after a few moments. As soon I stepped on the grey concrete floor, an alarm buzzed, like a siren from an ambulance. I felt a gush of wind pounce me back about sixteen feet, making me stumble and hit my head against the solid rocks below. I almost cried at the pain, but stood up and held my head as the accordion girl rushed over to play me a sad tune.

“Thy does not have correct attire.” An echoey male voice bellowed.

“Please emphasize!” I yelled back after five seconds of us staring around. Silence only came by. “Um- Shellia- you try it. I think by attire he meant your clothing.” I spoke.

Shellia nodded and strolled up. I brushed my shirt and rubbed my glasses against it to get the dust off, but then put them on again to see her putting her left foot through the hole of the ring and plastering back with jumps, making her seem autistic in a way. She soon made a leap to move her foot from it, then ran to stop the quickly closing door with her right foot. She then budged it open, and saw another door, same design, but now with a grey pad to the right of it, in the middle. It had a dark blue spherical speaker, and a red button under it. She let the door close and pressed it with the back of her hand and played her instrument. I came close to the concrete and listened, hearing an ambulance sound quite under-amplified from the last echoing one. I also saw the back of the doors had nothing on them. Then Shellia opened the door by bashing through it and came over to me, getting on the rocks again and staring to me from my left.

I looked to her, then towards the still blue sky with no clouds, and then down at her. She let her tail flow right and left, and her ears twinkle as I turned back to her wide green eyes.

“I have an idea.” I stated with a smirk.

***Trial.***

I opened the black door. I looked at the voice recognition pad. I pressed the red button.

“Hello- my name is-” I tried with a monotonous voice.

“Access granted.” An artificial intelligence voice stated in the most iconic woman’s voice ever heard on the internent.

“Damn dog, you all do not even let a youngster finish his stupididy…” I said, smiling at the end and swaying my head against my own joke.

The black door with no knob opened automatically to a concrete grey box room. It had nothing of good value in it, but straight in front was another black door. I looked around at the concrete blonde cubical, three by three on each side, keeping the fifteen-by-fifteen feet room occupied mostly with these grey shelves having black monitors on them with old school and loud-as-fuck black keyboards and mouses. I looked around to see a black square camera with a light blue lens in the bottom right corner. It stared diagonally down a bit in front of where I stood from my two-step walk.

“Yeah- what do you think of this? A random boy who can talk in English just exchanged clothing for access into your base. How smart are you now?” I asked in the green dress and maid shoes. I still wore my shirt under it, along with my pants and boxer shorts under that.

I then turned around and continued to the black door with a golden round knob. I opened it, and found another room, but simply this one had a giant, grey-outlined metallic poster, eleven by five feet map showing the areas rooms. It was simply on the wall in front, and two black doors were now on the right and left, with their spherical golden knobs too.

The map simply enlisted that both rooms to my side lead to more unknown rooms, as there were no labels or objects, just the grey squares on a dark grey background, and that those rooms then led to hallways that led to two more rooms up, and then three rooms up, and then another hallway further beyond the map’s spirit.

I went left, and found a single computer in front of me. It was the old computer that told us the game’s rules, but instead it was on a wooden brown table with four legs, and a notepad open in the files.

I instantly felt the silence as I crept up towards it. Looking up, I saw white lights of rectangle outlined in black form the ceiling- three by three, five meters above my head. I looked back to see nobody around, yet no dust was prevalent either.

I looked back and read the English notepad.

“Good job on making it this far without having everybody, (including yourself,) die! The final syllable shall be in the final room guarded by many troops. Best of luck getting past their guns! The gate has also now been sealed! When you get the last syllable, if you do, you will be back with Heru and his allies to have more fun. If you fail, I will simply put you back with Heru and his allies. Enjoy this additional stage to your quest!” It read.

“Oh fuck, oh shit. No… please… God… fuck why…” I said in my mind, worrying everything around me. “That damn computer probably made all of this- and is as sadistic as Heru is!” I started to look around impatiently, down at my dress, and then around back at the other room.

I started to breath deeply in and out, trying not to focus in on the pains of getting by eyeball scooped out, or being skinned alive. I started to feel collapsed and struck inside a box, unable to fulfill a peaceful life. With no concurrent sound at hand, I retreated to the further door, finding another special room.

This room, as I breathed in and out slowly, was made of the same materials, but now had the addition of thousands of monitors, all black and shining with only cords going up to the ceiling’s own squared holes, covered the room’s walls. Each screen had nine cameras showing full HD of every perspective one instrumental player had, and the screens were five by five on each wall. Some were blacked out in the visuals of somebody, but all retained a green health bar outlined in grey at the top right, along with a position in white English text to the left of the HP bar, and then name of instrument below that.

The cameras showed what they saw from their eyes, and for some flute-heads and alike, it simply showed from the middle of their chest and out. I looked around, seeing some instrument players be with others, conversing in their language. Some were in Tiananmen Square in China, exploring the massive red house above the white platform led up by white stairs. Others were running along many green plains, and others were traveling up snowy mountains. Some seemed to be plopping around in shallow waters too, but only two were traveling through sandy deserts. I looked around, then back at the door, following each, till I found my target. The top left screen, and the bottom right camera, showed Shellia, looking around and sitting on the rocks, waiting for me to come back.

“Are they all computers?” I asked myself, “Is Shellia even real?” I asked further as none of the screens played audio. I looked around and saw nothing to be different. The screens told the correctness, because at one I found the organ player running with the Steel Drummist and Guitarist away from the soil blocks, because now there seemed to be a giant red bubble over our vicinity.

I sighed and nodded my head in anguish, seeing no buttons around. I continued to the next door, finding a long hallway of absolute darkness, except for the light right under the door. I crept down it, holding my right hand out through the silent concrete, till I felt the other doorknob. I twisted it open and peeked through, looking forth to many goods. A few white-cloth-on-top metallic tables, five by three feet, with three vertical pies on them, along with square glasses of red juice above their placement. There were three of these tables on each side, leaving a path open to the other black door. But to my left was a white arcade machine with a black screen. Nothing much to say was here, except a black joystick, full shining black and on the left of a single red button on the right. And above the screen was a black camera. There was also a black and metallic hemispherical helmet on the right side, laying there flat with the cord short and lifting up to connect with the back of the arcade-like machine. This random helmet on the concrete floor also had five black cylinders extended from each side of the circular area

Nothing else on the wall was present, so I went over to the pie, grabbed a chunk with my right hand, worried my face at my un-sophisticated gameplay, and shoved it in my mouth, uncaring for the densely cleaned floor. I still chewed with my mouth closed though. No forks nor spoons nor knives were present either. After shoving two chunks in my face, looking around suspiciously, I wiped my hand on the lower half of Shellia’s dress. After transporting the crumbs down there, I went over to the arcade machine with my sad face and pressed the button.

Nothing happened. I joggled the joystick, and nothing happened as well. I then looked around the machine, going to its right and then pushing it out five inches, to find a single black cable unplugged from the white rectangular, two-holed outlet. I plugged it into the top one, walked over, and saw the screen already lighting up.

“What is your name?” It stated in a white, Berlin Sans FB Demi font of text on top without sound. Below was a rectangle of white with a blinking-every-two-seconds white bar, ready for me to insert my name. I looked down, seeing no keyboard, then said my name.

“████ ████.” I said, and it put that name in instantly. It then arose more white text, but now under the rectangle: “Is this your full name? If not, please say something again.” It asked.

“████ ████ ████ ████.” I stated to the machine.

It put my name in. It asked the same question. I used the button to hover over to the white-texted “Yes” option on the left. The right held a “No.” After pressing the button, it opened another prompt. “Would you like to scan your face for reassurance?” It stated up top. “Yes,” I replied, and it made a slight small beep noise. Instantly after, the text disappeared again, and arose a final question. “Would you like to see every moment of your life?” It asked. “Uh… why so specific? Are you sentient?” I asked it. The machine did not change its text. After five seconds, I responded. “Well… I guess ‘yes’!” I tried to smile but came out with a sigh and heartbeat of sadness. “Then please put on the helmet and close your eyes.” It then said at top.

I picked up the black and metallic hemispherical helmet on the right side, connected to the back of this machine still. It had five black cylinders extended from each side of the circular area, and I waited for the thing to happen. Nothing occurred though. I pressed the button and closed my eyes.

“Are you ready?” It asked.

“Ready to die again…” I felt inside, pressing the button.

All changed and I was trialed for my stability. For a few moments, I felt a rush up my spine, a slow coolness rush into my head, and a freeze of all thoughts. I felt useless, and my eyes closed on their own even further. Trapped inside the foggy and wetly moving images that sparked up, it seemed I saw the roof of my grandmother’s house as I was a baby. I was now seeing myself going to sleep shortly after each expense in this flashback-like scenery showing within my mind, and I felt the nostalgia as it soon came to my parents picking me up and holding me for hours at a time. Eventually I remembered my first birthday, seeing the cake in front of me, mashing my hands into it with my family cheering me on. But these memories flew through my head in milliseconds, and although it felt long, the time was going precisely insanely fast. Further on, past countless moments of living, I remembered walking- and my first word being “Flower.” Then it came to school, and I remembered the joy of something new, as preschool had rooms of fun cubes and tunnels I always wanted to go down by- and then kindergarten showed me being dumb and acting useless, but my family still kept up. It showed me going to my grandparents, and them always reading the Bible with me in the morning. Second grade showed me becoming stupider, and then fourth grade showed me bullied on the school bus and exploding for a slight joke I should not have. I felt my body swell in tears and laughs as I remembered and thought of all the stupidity. Ever second was now being recorded into my brain as well, and it was almost hurting. Sixth grade I hated homework, made a friend named Carmon, and then he left in seventh grade, and in seventh grade I finally had a friend named Molly by the end of the school year in February, and remembered those moments of gameplay, that I soon shoved off for Team Bunker Four. Then I told her I lied, and she was okay with it, but I felt a disbelief inside, and told her to unfriend me everywhere. I felt stupid now remembering every moment of that, and immense sadness came upon me. Eighth grade became a shining start as I started to care about school and education yet still had no true friends. Then by the end of the school year, came this nonsense. I finally remembered everything Ryutyu said, everything Cyclop told, everything I saw beforehand. As much as I had now, I felt fear, distress, happiness, sadness, and nostalgia from all aspects all around. Only three seconds had passed in real time, but for me it felt like a lifetime of chill memories finally coming back. I remembered Heru, and I remembered Heru shoving me into that box, and then… it continued… just like that. For three more real life seconds, I felt every moment of scarcity and boredom and anger and frustration as now my memories were stationed inside that box. For years, every worth of every second’s life- I remembered every frame I exercised, every frame I screamed, every frame I sat down, every second I cried, and ever frame/second I did nothing. Then, somewhere, there was a portal, but the brown furry lady with purple hair coming through it with a white lab coat and a black logo on the side of her shirt slapped me down and imprinted a syringe in me. Then the Steel Terrorists came along and punched me to hard zones of pain. Then there was another Timal Tiene who put a syringe in my body, and suddenly I felt relieved.

I knew from that moment that I had forgotten much of what happened due to the syringe’s effects. I seemed to jump around and scream all over again, and then finally I started to pull myself apart. I wished for God, but was unanswered, and all that anger flowed through my body restlessly. I then felt the darkness come into my brain and explode it, and I scavenged my blood against the walls and made the lights dim to hell. Then Ryutyu entered sixty-one years later, and I was saved. But I acted like I forgot everything, and I did. But now I saw it all in real time. Those flashing images I felt, for the eight seconds in real time. Pulsed fear and frustration and all those damn emotions into my body at startling speeds. Soon- the images led up to the arcade machines, and I felt my body already trembling and veiny.

I tried taking the helmet off, tried opening my eyes, tried to escape the stopped frame of me closing my eyes, but I felt the jittering continue and continue and continue… till I fell on the floor, continued, and then died, and I felt no more. I successfully had a seizure. I was dead now, my body loosening its bones from the jittering on the floor, and the helmet stayed on, leaving a clash to the room’s around.

“Take notice if target is truly neutralized, then take him to the discard area.” A man said, opening the black door, and allowing two guards to come over to my open-eyed deadness.

These guards were dressed in the grayest fashion. They were nowhere near the Steel Terrorists shining armor. These guys had grey bullet-proof vests right above their dark grey long sleeves with ended on some black gloves. They also grey kneepads along with black shoes and whitish-grey long pants of some hard material. They also wore a gadget belt with grey carbon pockets holding a taser on the left in the largest pocket that slouched, and then had a similar yet little, smaller pocket on the right that contained their grey M9s. They were equal-sized slouches all around those though, containing a full grey with black text keycard at the far left, and a pin needle on the far right. Really randomly useful stuff for specific reasons were prompted in their pouches. Then their helments, simply grey and round and roughed out. They had faded yellowish visors that extended from their chin to eyebrows, all right above their neck clothing of pure black.

The two guards entered with their copied outfits, yet the left one was five feet and nine inches whilst the right was six feet and one inch tall. They each held a grey MP6 with a red rectangle on top of the handle. The left one put his gun in his right hand, and the right did in his left. They used their free hands to kneel and grab my hands, then retreating to the man in a black tuxedo with black shoes and black gloves himself. This guy was white with brown eyes and hair. He had dark freckles, a black unibrow, a frown deep in his wrinkles, and strong arms. He had a tie of green and a pocket with a white pen sticking out from the left. He stood in a powerful superhero-like pose as the guards started to drag me away.

“Augh! Eugh!” I grasped for air after choking those sounds out. My vision was blurry, and the guards instantly dropped me to the floor and pointed their guns up.

I started my hands to the floor and bent me left knee up to help. My face turned red and my eyes were burning. My arms became swollen with pain and I felt my head hurting. I teethed with steam from my brain’s thoughts, and the visions started to get more visible as I stood shaking.

“What do we do now?” The right guard asked in his Nepalian voice of a strong male.

“We’ve never had somebody get up from the memory-inator- so- shoot him if he tries anything.” The tuxedo man said, grabbing an M9 from his left pants pocket.

“Speak!” The left one hushed over to me with his Vietnamese male voice.

I slowly turned my face over to them, with each aiming a gun at me. The tuxedo man had a classical grey M9 held by both of his hands now. I tried refraining myself away from it, trying to breathe in and out slowly to think of a response, but anger resided over all my intentions.

“Yah!” I screamed, thrusting up my right arm and running at them.

They all shot at me, squishing my left eye to explode with their grey bullets, and planting my bloody body towards the middle of the room as the black door was open. I felt detrimental to life, but I still felt anger within. Much had happened, and too much flowed through my head. All the memories, everything- was just there with madness. I looked down at my holes and saw the darkness flow into them. Pure black liquids made cobwebs in my body, fixing to make a wall there. Soon, my face revealed itself to a normal state and I felt my left vision undarkened my full awareness. I felt eager now, and unstoppable. I saw the holes on the rest of my body only filled with darkness now, but my arms were still red, and I was so energized with barely a breath to catch myself.

“Holy shit- he’s not dying.” The tuxedo man said, “Get more security!” he yelled as he tried escaping towards the end of the map, towards the final hall at top.

I ran at the two guards. They both shot, splattering my blood everywhere and only allowing me to run further at them. I whacked the right one in the head with my normal hand, all suffocated in madness still. The left one continued shooting, but I pulled down his gun towards the floor and uppercut him with the same hand I used to knock the other guy back three feet. The right one then threw his gun away and kicked me in the belly with his right foot. I felt the sensations of my stomach get plastered in, but I looked him straight through the visor with angry eyebrows and almost a smirking face as I jumped on him, putting my hands towards his visor, and pushing him to the floor. I then smashed down my left hand on his visor as he put both hands on me and tried pulling me off. As he lifted me up, I kept smashing down on his visor, making my left and then right hand go. The other man started shooting, but I kept putting that dark liquid juice in my body. It started to plop out from other bullets, but then it started crawling back to me and up my legs or arms, and then back into place. Soon, he was out of ammo, and I had not broken the visor yet. I rolled to my left and bounced up.

I quickly looked up and then down- and had an idea.

“WAIT- COULD I POSSIBLY REDIRECT THAT DARKNESS TO MY FISTS!?” I screamed out loud with hypertension in my voice and spirit. I was happy to be mad now.

I felt the darkness, the anger, swell up towards my arms. The veins of red and blue filled with black, and then my hands started growing one-point-two times their size. My hands also became pure black, and the darkness continued to swell down my arms. It started to make my fingernails excel to become sharp, and my fingers elongate to reach. I felt the darkness swell repeatedly as the guards started shooting. Whilst my body healed with the black again and again, and that goo sledged up my legs and back into place by slithering through my skin like a snail, I ran towards the right guard again. I used my growing hands to grab his head as he shot his gun at my head.

My head was blown off almost completely, but there was a right crescent moon of it left. My hand grabbed the top of his helmet and covered most of his head. The darkness started to grow eyes on my arms, and now I could see down there as my head started to fill with darkness again, in the exact same volumes of the way before. I then shoved the man towards me, and he flailed, trying to get off my grasp. Instead, I readjusted my hand to around his face, and started turning it towards the left endlessly. As the moments started to go by and the other guy came stabbing me with a black-handled white knife in my neck, I thought of growing my fingers even longer.

“CAN I WRAP MY FIST AROUND HIS HEAD?!” I yelled out loud as the other guy shoved his knife into my neck and backed away with a battle cry.

My fingers then merged and started going around the guy. Then, after seven seconds of pulling the guys, head left and turning it almost entirely needed to snap his neck- I did so. The other guy crept back from the loud snap that infiltrated the room.

I then twisted his head further, remembering Gustavo’s famous midnight words: “Did you know that the human head can pop off at three-hundred-and-six degrees?”

And so did that. The blood leaked from the corpse as I plopped the head almost onto the floor. It hung a bit from the neck shield, but I grabbed it with my right arm and leveraged it up with no hesitation. I then threw it at the legs of the running guard towards the unknown hallway. He tripped over the powerful football throw and fell into the door. He then reached his right hand out and circled the knob open. I ran after him, and as he tried getting up, I made my hands into spike and pulsed him down on the floor. They did not go directly into him, but I shoved them in hard. Afterwards, he had two bloody holes in his back, and his echoing screams died off.

I looked up dreadfully, my eyebrows up and my eyes wide. My anger still resolved in my face, and my holes started regrowing my skin, and then the clothing back. I looked down with surprise and smiled- a wide and teething smile. I looked up with speed, seeing the concrete room. There were cabinets all over. A dead blondish yellow with white handles. Five on each wall, extended about five feet out, whilst the same black doors were in the middle of the left or right wall.

I started to look down at my hands with eager and speedily pace. I felt as if I were the monster now, ready and hungry for vengeance. I shot my arms out and thought: “MAKE THEM INTO SHOTGUNS!” Instantly, they became what I thought, and I blasted them forth. “JUST LIKE WILMA CAN DO!” I yelled with happiness, “MUST BE THAT DARKNESS IN MY HEAD TOO!” I then breathed in and out madly, quickly, hastening my heartbeat which was already pounding. I heard the damn footsteps of others rushing towards my location from the left- and then they stopped.

“Halt and await!” I heard a Laos-accented man say. I rushed over to the door and pulled it open with so much might in mind, it came off its metallic hinges. I look forth to the dozens of bullets spraying towards me. Without a doubt, I thought of just absorbing them.

“ABSORB THE BULLETS- MAKE ME NEW ARMS FROM MY CHEST AND SHOOT SPIKES INTO THEIR SKULLS! GRAB ANY RESOURCES NEEDED! KILL THEM ALL!” I said to myself.

The darkness inside complied. Five arms from my dress exalted out with their palms facing the crew. Each arm had no thumb, and also had two palms on each side. But from the middle of each came a black spike, at least two feet wide and five feet long. They shot out at the guards with a whopping thirty-two miles per hour speed at their faces, blasting five of the sixteen men in the hallway back towards the door or into each other. The hallway was also concrete grey with nothing too it but the darkness. But a sixth arm grew from my back and wailed its two palms at the men shooting. The darkness around them started to swirl like liquids and grasped into my legs. I felt the vibrations as the blackness started to swell in my legs and then travel up my body to make walls against the bullets. I also felt those walls bounce back some of the bullets, as I saw some hit the wall or floor from a bounce.

As they kept shooting, after five seconds from my spikes shooting and me smiling as the darkness grew strong, there was another batch that blasted some trying to retreat beyond the door. Three guys escaped, and now three were left. The arms moved slightly where they needed to be when I guy moved as well. But from it all, I looked to see the darkness from no lighting turn into a brightening hall. The greys came back to almost a full solid color, and the door lessened its darkness as the gold grew back to appreciation. Soon all the darkness that seemed to lastly come from the corners of the room, circled into my body, and I felt pressure as well as gravity take a piece in my consumption. The hallway had no darkness left now- it was purely a full color, looking like a cartoon without shading the men were also only one color.

Then another patch shot out at the backing-away three fighters. As they reloaded their guns, they filed against the wall and fell upon other dying men, some already corspes. The blood struck the walls, and the floor was in no denial of it. I was grinning widely without a mask, and I walked forwards from my idling victory.

“I NEED TO GET MORE INVOLVED…” I said to myself through my creepy smile as I stepped on the corpses with my bloody maid shoes of green and opened the door to see two more guards already shooting at me with tasers.

Their lightning did not penetrate. My body sucked it in, and I felt the jolt spike me up. I shook at the shiver crawling around my body, and then rushed over to the two guards. I struck my left arm at the left’s visor, making a cylinder of stringy veins wrapped around and fire through her visor and out the back of her head, but sadly not her helmet. Instead, my veins expunged around automatically, so I smiled and swung them at the other guard who punched me in the face with his right arm. I only smiled further and wrecked my head back up as he turned with fear towards me, and then felt the corpse of his ally smash into him and into the wall. I then continued to hold onto the corpse and push it further into him, making his body crushed into the other. Soon, I let them both fall to the floor. The air ventilation about, with fans of white metallics like chromium, three on the left wall and a giant metallic square-like pipe above the door, kept on blowing through the deaths. And also, there were five metallic boxes of about three by three feet extended from the wall- two were smashed in from the body, and the other three were on the southern wall as I now saw it.

I then sprinted off towards the door with my black fudgy hands. I swung open the shining doorknob and indulged all of the bullets spread into me within the similar hallway. Thousands came at me, knocking my flesh onto the floor as I stood almost still, staring at them with the gleaming evil eyes forming around my arms and legs to an open area that shone their toxic intent.

“He’s not fucking dying!” A man screamed in his Qatar-like accent as he shot his black assault rifle into the soul of my angered body.

I just hopped up, and the corners of the room dwelled no longer. They had dived into un-transparency, forming into a liquid-like and black tentacles, suddenly transporting its essence under my bloody green maid shoes and lifted me up and at my target. With my brain fully intact, I went after the most middleman, all looking the same but with his pistol outspoken to aim directly into my eyes. I did not mind the reoccurring regeneration forming on my body, but rather was insulted by the leaving men to retreat to unfair ground. They all chose this battle and were already running away towards the next actual room. I acted with my right arm on the middleman’s throat as the darkness landed me over quickly and filled it with the black particles which then defined to outburst from his stomach and cause a wreck of red to spoil the concrete below. In the confined space, I then spawned three arms on my back, and the eyes already forming on my neck caught two people trying to run away. The quick blackness shot their many fingers and wrapped their atoms around the women’s faces, stopping them and pulling them back with muffled screams. The right one had two arms swelling around her helmet. I then shot my left hand out and at a male guard, shooting my fingers and hand to transform into a pokey spike about five feet long and super thin. It creeped out the escapers, but I already had them intact with my mouth. I opened, lifting my lips to hell’s gain, and allowed black tentacles to erupt from them, swaying at the two remaining shooters on my right, and the two guys leaving her quickly strapped on their knees. They pulled the gun on me as I lifted my back arms to flail the women on top of the men and then crush them together, relieving my left hand of the broken visor man as well. There were six tentacles flowing from my mouth at scary speeds, grappling onto their suits kneepads and twisting them. Their legs snapped their own bones from my immense pressure, and I lifted them into the ceiling and let them fall down. They cried for help, leaning against the door. The guy tried reaching for the doorknob, but I shot a direct spike about three feet wide at the wailing guy’s head, which then implanted itself into the other’s tummy. The guy’s head also splattered off and released a few more drops to the damage.

The other door swung open from the spike pushing it through about a foot. The immense speed of the shooters was there. Throughout the room of wooden polished tables in rows of five by five with scientific flasks filled with different colored liquids- Fifteen different men, and three women were staged amongst the room. They instantly laid the bullets onto me, and I darted forth. I sprung my left arm up as my back arms divulged back into my body. My senses grew hyperactive, and I felt an adrenaline rush as my dark hand grabbed the main woman’s neck and thrusted her into the ceiling seven feet high with a crush furthering her death. My right arm then took the toll of impacting a black spike into another shooter. It shot him back into the wall, making another man jump onto a table as some were crashed, and toxic goo fumes arose.

Then a man behind me threw a substance of blue onto my essence. And another woman smacked me in the face with her right hand. But I turned my head entirely behind myself and shifted my torso to turn evilly as well. The liquid of blue soaked into my darkness, and I made my left arm swain around the room as I turned, then grabbing the woman’s head and plucking it off. I then threw it at the other man who was hands free but grabbing his M9. He stuttered at the grotesque suddenness, and I shuttered at him myself. I grabbed the head with my right hand and shoved it into his head, and then I extended my arm into the wall and smashed him dead for three seconds. I then looked above to see not only the lights, but more people shooting from three-feet long window panels. Straight and above, five men on each side were immersing their shots at me threw the broken and stuttering glass of light blue which once contained the room in a safe, spectator-ambition way.

I shoved my left arm behind me, grabbing a guy’s chest and pulling him forth to my unbreakable body now. The bullets just bounced off, and I had more time to think. Grabbing the man, I shoved him into my body, and opened it up so he could be almost swallowed entirely in. Then my particles shifting into his visor, and into his matter. Then soon disengaged him in front of the silencing room. Eventually the man was broken down like food to stomach acid, and I made my hand into a meatball of his flesh. I then swung it at another man getting up from the corner, one I knocked back beforehand. I swayed it like a personal wrecking ball, with a line of his own flesh connecting to my shoulder as it shot at the guy and crushed him splat into the wall. I then turned around viciously and shot my right arm into another woman’s face. The other shot continuously, but I broke her visor, ripped her eyes out, left a few particles to enter her brain, make her grab her helmet, have a seizure, and then I shoved those guys into another man’s visor, broke out the back of his helmet with them, then used his body and swung it around the room. The men above watched in horror and then quickly went to my right to exit to the next hallway possibly. As I banged the tables to destruction and made me people flop over, I allowed the darkness to control my legs and expand them. Soon, they became black sludges which felt like jelly beneath me. They expanded throughout the entire room, making the guards get smooshed inside them. They then started growing out and into me. I was soon in visuals of the darkness flowing around myself. I saw little holes form though, allowing me to watch in gratefulness as the guards got their bones twisted and cracked all over. Soon, their bodies were just as slushy as the transforming states of matter around them. The liquid then wrapped around my torso, formed to solid, and threw me northwest. I felt myself crash through a door. I saw a single guy running through the door.

“Just like Wilma- you can do anything you think of!” I smiled.

I breathed in massively, and excelled massively, allowing the darkness to flow out in a gaseous form. It quickly directed itself at the door, then pressed against it, then knocked down holes in it, and flew away. I heard screams and suffocation after I walked down the window panel corridor and opened the door to see a few swaying their gloves at it. No use, the gas was killing them all. I then furthered myself down the next corridor, which turned right and then left, going around a room with many computers and still alive guards ready to aim. They quickly adjusted their heads to me, seeing me instantly gaze down with a sincere happy mood as I pressed my face against the clean glass. My breath also altered it incredibly foggy.

Then the gas flew through and wrapped around the guy’s visor, cracking it, then turning into a solid.

“MY EYES!” The guy screamed before pulsing back indirectly and falling onto a black desk with a computer on it. The other man shot at me with his gun, but I stood there, smiling, and allowing.

He died shortly after.

I walked to the next door as the gas went around, echoing the pain and death. I opened it to find another corridor. Quickly going down this one, with a hall in the panels to the right, I found an intriguing room.

With corridors and flatly up-standing window panels also about every three feet, this room had three guards behind the first man who ran away. There was also a woman with purple eyes, a white lab coat on top of a long blue, sleeve shirt, and black jeans with black sneakers, she also had green fox ears with pink insides, a green fox tail swaying quickly back and forth behind her, but she was white skinned, with long brown hair with a ponytail swiveling down by a purple hairband, at the same altitude of her black glasses, and red lips that pierced her many brown freckles. She frowned at me and almost shed some tears with the worry in her shaking hands.

“Stop! Don’t do anything you’ll regret further!” The tuxedo man halted at me with his M9 pointed up.

I leaned against the glass, breathed heavily with a creepy smile, and felt my body exert lots of mass, and then fell through it. Everybody stepped back with the echoes now being in the back of their mind. I also saw a man with black hair and brown eyes and black skin in the corner, hiding with his own M9 ready to shoot, but he was surprised when I plopped onto the floor face first and dissolved into a black liquid.

“Auu!” The man hammered out loud as I went black to an almost two-dimensional and wide puddle.

He back away to his south with his white sneakers and black jeans. I then made the puddle come closer to him. From my point of view, I could see everything up, and around from the edges of it all. My eyes were gazed largely around, and I could see anything not behind a surface. As my vision was widened and I felt big from the amount of area I was accessing through the puddle’s eyes, I let it scrawl up like a tsunami, small and creatively plucking at the man’s left leg, and then twisting it till it cracked. The guards shot past the screaming, but I continued. I deemed the man’s leg unsuccessful to my admiration of death, so I bent his keg even further, putting it inside his mouth, and shoving it as far down as I could. He tried grabbing it and pulling it off, but failed, and only moved down his pant’s ends by a bit. He wide eyed in disgust and terror as his shoe filled his mouth, and his pain was immeasurable. From the concrete and back, I choked him to death with a harsh emergency. He also tried flailing his hands at the black goo right before death, but it simply turned to solid and kept him dying.

Then my darkness cloud rushed in. It ran after the shooting guards, allowing their bullets to just hit off my puddle. As the massive black cloud entered the room, the tuxedo man ran with the girl behind to the next room to our right. I formed myself up again. My body was formed by the puddle, maid shoes first, going from a silhouette to a colorful design yet again. Then my strong calves, and then thighs, and slowly I felt my eyes enclose their vision, twisting it to rightful human places. My eyes were soon stationed to see everywhere around from the thigh but were meshing around and compacting till my hair left off and now I was a normal human again. Three seconds, and I already could catch the runners. I thrusted my right arm at the woman’s left black shoe, grabbing her, making her scream: “HELP!” and then mashing her up into the fifteen-foot-tall roof and back down again, back again, and forth three more times, crushing the sound of the grey dramatically and just looking at it like it was a sling toy. I then stopped on the floor, letting her bleed out, and walked to the hall as the door was no longer formatted there.

I opened the final black door there. It had swung back closed, but I swung it back open, seeing the man face me below with his M9.

“Alright bud-” He tried to negotiate.

I instantly levered my right arm up and made a tunnel of darkness swell to the other side of the wall, making his head pounce back and explode like a pie. His body was a bit to my left though, because he tried dodging, but failed. His gun dropped and I looked back to the corpses I had lain on the floor.

“WE FUCKING DID IT! I AM SO HYPED FOR SOME MORE! MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE NOT LET THAT CLOUD OUT, AND MAYBE WE COULD HAVE HAD SOME BETTER FUN!” I jigged in my thoughts, shaking with immense joy. “ANYWAYS- WHAT NOW?”

I stopped, and I thought with a growing tease in my happiness. I was shaking and quickly looking around. Nothing much in sight to kill anymore. The echoes of death had stopped, my giant black clouds were now crawling up my dress and entering my body again. The darkness from the room’s corners swelled in like liquids, and I stood in the middle, waiting for a glorious idea.

Then I had it. I leveraged myself up with my cylinders of darkness under my maid shoes, went up to the second floor as you could call it, and looked over the balcony of the giant empty room. There was a six-foot-wide balcony contained in glass. It had a control panel with millions of buttons, but I just made my left hand three times its size and smashed it all in five times, going towards the left. As I kicked the movable black cushioned chair with my right foot to the other side- wall’s control panels to be honest- I saw the lights turn red, and an alarm sound throughout the facility. A little late, but I soon recognized that the room below of absolute grey had square holes of it, like five-by-five feet, disport down and then to the left, and upraise a grey corrupted metal. The brown scavenged colors laid near the door, as only a few metallic templates swapped the lights out from the metallic grey arm in the blackness through these mechanics in the background. Then the room leaked with a white gas, and I saw through the window that the man’s was turning to liquid.

“INTRIGUING.” I said out loud, “But- I am like Wilma now… but with black stuff… GO NOW! GO LOOK AROUND FOR THE THIRD SYLLABLE! THEN GO BACK TO SHELLIA IF THAT DAMN COMPUTER LIED!” I yelled to myself.

I darted off from my out loud expressions and went through each room and hallway. I found similar appearances of science and history being placed around like a museum, and even a giant blue room with black bunk beds, white sheets, and white pillows. I single man laid in the top left corner, shaking at me with his helmet on, and then screaming when I turned with the silence. I shot my mouth wide open and allowed spikes to shot at him, plating him dead with fifty-nine three-inch spikes divulged into his torso. I then leaned down and used my hands to rapture my body forward, feeling more intense and like an animal. I crawled and jumped and sprinted around like a panther or lion. I found nothing to be emitted around that was much different or real.

“THERE IS NO SYLLABLE! HE LIED!” I shouted out loud, the running quickly like a human back and towards the first rooms. I went left and found new rooms with many more cameras and stuff, but no syllable. I soon made my way out and back to Shellia. I bashed through the last two doors after opening so many kindly after my genocide and ran up to her. She was freaked out- looking creeped out to be exact. She sat on the floor but trembled away when I quickly arose to her location. She also had lots of rocky debris on her skin, as well as a scratch of blood on the right. “THE SYLLABLE IS NOT IN THERE!” I shouted with insanity, pointing back with my right hand in an expressive way of anger.

She played her accordion with fear and staccato notes, most likely asking me questions under the blue sky. Her tail laid on the ground and her ears were already perked up.

“I KNOW, RIGHT? WE ARE NOW STUCK HERE TILL SOMEBODY COMES AROUND!” I smiled. She continued playing her notes, and then plopped her head up and down, looking towards my right and beyond.

I turned around to see the syllable face-down on the ceiling. Literally all the way above the door, with barely any luminescence, that letter was just there, facing down. I should have looked up.

“THANK YOU!” I screamed at Shellia, then rushing over and sucking in all the darkness. It started to light up the place, but I just floated up with all the particles, not even minding the liquid stream about a foot wide going up my green dress. I went up to the syllable and touched it.

***Welcome back, dude.***

We spawned back home. All of us. I was staring at my window on the slide doors of my closet. Both were closed as they were always, but I was in the left middle of the four. To my right was Ryutyu with his clothes right before he died. To my right was Shellia, without any clothes. And to Shellia’s right was Wilma, there with her hands out and eyes wide.

“Ay- sorry! Uh!” Ryutyu gargled, looking towards Shellia instantly as she clustered her notes together with agony and fear and shaking tail movement and bones clittering.

“WE DID IT!” I yelled, thrusting my arms into the air and letting the darkness fume itself into a black tube that planted into the ceiling and started spreading, sucking up all darkness from the room with little skinny liquid streams coming from multiple places up above.

“How in the hell did you gain those powers!?” Wilma quickly asked, looking towards me. I quickly turned with eye contact.

“What the fuck?!” Ryutyu then stated as he wagged his tail and backed away from me.

“INSANITY! THE BLACK MATERIALIZING THING IN MY HEAD CAME ALIVE WHEN I FELT EVERY EMOTION FROM A PAST MEMORY GATHER INTO MY HEART!” I screamed with joy at her as Shellia jumped back on the bed wide-eyed.

“What?!” Ryutyu asked with worry.

“Nice.” Wilma nodded. “Now explain everything.” Wilma then spoke as there was a moment of silence towards my flowing blackness.

“Well- long story! Ryutyu! Come here! (I extend my right arm around his shoulder and pull him in with his worried expressions hypering up,) I survived a lot! When you two got fucking blasted to death- Ryutyu by fall and Wilma by tearing up- and please talk to us about that damn hatred from your ally- but me and Shellia survived to see the computer actually tyake us up and give us to her world! We then traveled so long, and I remembered so much and could barely communicate with her! Then we came across Montenegro’s capital, and we found a red button that exalted some dirt blocks into the air, which then led to long hallways and rooms of concrete with guards in the back- but there was a knock-back force that needed me to wear Shellia’s clothing to get in- and then there was a voice recognition that needed a human- so I took her clothes and got past that and then the computer told me I was going back to Heru’s miserable and sadistic plans after I went into a few rooms, and then I found a machine that made me remember everything from my life, and then I got up with an anger and devilish intent to KILL EVERYBODY! AND I DID SO! I CRUSHED THEM INTO THE WALL, I DISECTED THEIR BODIES, I EVEN ATE SOME! I HAD POWERS, JUST LIKE YOU- WILMA! I had so much fun! Then the syllable was not in there- from what that computer had hinted- and so I went back out and found Shellia say it was right above the entrance door! Such a help!” I shouted looking around.

“Uh…” Ryutyu said.

“NOW TELL US ABOUT WHAT THAT GIRL WAS SCREAMING AT YOU FOR, WILMA!” I smirked over.

“Hold on- hold on- what the fuck?” Gustavo stated calmly as he jumped up the last stair behind the closed door, and twisted the doorknob open with his paw fingers. He saw me in my dress and was confused on what the hell was going on. “Why are you in a dress? Why is there a random naked girl on your bed? Why is Ryutyu scared? What happened?” He asked as Wilma turned to him and I stared her in the eyes for an answer.

“I will tell when WILMA tells us her MINITUARE CONTEXT to WHAT HAPPENED!” I yelled at her, pointing with my left finger.

“I had discussions! I accidently made a deal with the people that I would allow them to eat you all if they allowed me to stay. They forced me into it too. They would kill me otherwise.” Wilma said, frowning and looking towards the wall with her shifting mouth.

“You may GET A DAMN PASS for the last two sentences, Wilma… okay- anyways- Gustavo- I had to use this girl’s dress, her name being Shellia- AS WE NAMED HER! AND- I had to use her dress to enter a secret facility, WHERE I FUCKING KILLED PEOPLE FOR FUN- DAMN I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THEIR JOB WAS BUT IT WAS EXHILERATING- and to find the last syllable object that we needed in order to get back here- whenever this is-” I started, then paused and looked at Gustavo.

“Nice to hear you’re going insane, my job is finally becoming easier- but currently it is the beginning of the day- Five, sixteen, twenty-twenty? Last night we discussed the aerodynamics of a lobster-” Gustavo started to say.

“Oh, yes- of course! But- YEAH! I HAD TO KILL A BUNCH OF PEOPLE, RPPING THEIR LUNGS OUT, EATING IT FRONT OF THEIR DYING EYES, SPRAYING THEIR COMRADES BLOOD ON THEIR ASSES- AND I AM SO HYPED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL AND DO THE SAME THERE WITH HERU’S ALLIES- MAYBE EVEN HIM! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! WHAT TIME IS IT EXACTLY?!” I asked, vicious for something new.

“Damn- really though?” Gustavo asked Wilma who nodded back.

“Uh- can we just chill please? Maybe please retell the story- I’m kind of lost on what happened in her world…” Ryutyu asked.

“NO” I said as I went over to the computer and looked at the white text saying the time was: “5:11 P.M,” “FUCKING HELL! I HAVE TO WAIT TILL TOMORROW… (Rubbing my hands together,) or I can just go out hunting maybe? But- everybody- are the machines on?” I stated and asked in a low and curiously insane voice.

“They are not. Our powers are off at seven.” Wilma spoke.

I sighed happily. “Then I shall go with Gustavo to see if anybody would like to attack at the school at a late time…” I smiled, “Alrighty- come along giant cat.”

I then darted myself to swing open the door and run past with exalted joy in my dress. I ran towards the front door as Gustavo asked: “What is your plan exactly?” and I just made my legs into dark gases that sprung me up. Then a black tentacle came from my middle lower back, being five feet long, and wrapped around Gustavo’s chest, picking him with a surprise of “Woah- damn.” But also, directly after thirteen seconds of looking below to the home as I flew off at fifteen miles per second towards the school after making a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn, he said: “Also- you forgot to do something with that girl. She-”

“SHE CAN GET HER OWN CLOTHES- WILMA CAN MAKE HER SOME. I GOT TO GO AND HAVE SOME FUN WHILST I STILL CAN!” I yelled back at him as we speed up and his fur traced more and more back as the wind increased and the sky continued to dawn. We also elevated ourselves to the cloud and Gustavo breathed heavily.

“My god- hey! I think you should have asked Wilma to make a portal for you!” Gustavo yelled in the clouds of speed.

“We are almost there!” I shouted back, turning my body to his straight composure against such velocity.

I then started to dive down and meet the school from the sky, passing the road with eighty miles per hour, and slowing down to come right into the open area. I landed on the concrete and looked around as the stale and vacant school.

“Now something should happen!” I rubbed my hands together.

“Boy- we should just go home. I don’t think anything is going to happen- and if anybody does come to kill you, why are you trying to get killed? Your powers can’t sustain everything I think…” Gustavo said after thirteen seconds of seeing me stand and wait preposterously.

“Can you guys please come home?” Wilma asked as she came through a sudden purple-outlined and square portal.

I sighed, then looked around frantically. Then I looked back to Ryutyu and Shellia still waiting without her clothes. She did look around quickly though, before getting out of view from the portal. “I WANT TO KILL THEM! FIND THEM, PLEASE!”

“I want to rest!” Wilma crossed her arms at me.

I sighed with anger and left towards her. Gustavo followed last.

“You’re really going fast, mate.” Ryutyu said as the portal closed behind and I stood in front of the mirror, looking at the darkness swelling up in my fingernails, making them black.

“What do you mean by that, mate?” I asked back in an Australian accent.

“Like- ya’ have cool powers now, but ya’ really don’t need to go out and try to kill everybody and everything. Ya’ kinda’ already tried that, and it doesn’t go well.” Ryutyu said as Shellia was seen sitting on my chair naked.

“Yeah… but- get Shellia some clothes.” I said as I looked over.

Wilma swayed her left hand backwards and at Shellia from her position facing towards us. Shellia had green leaves form around her in the shape of her dress I was wearing now, and eventually they all fermented into the green and grew to the correct volume.

“Anyways- Ryutyu- I know that the past has had its motives and all, but it just-” I started to say before I heard the machines turn on. “Hey-” I started to wonder before the Wilma behind me pulled a knife from his behind and stabbed into my back as I looked forth.

“Ey!” Ryutyu cheered.

“AUGH!” I screamed as I felt the rush of blood leave my body and looked back to see Wilma smiling.

“We’re finally getting paid.” Ryutyu then finished as I dozed off with a blur and fell onto the table as the rainbow knife seeping right below my neck fouled all the blood down my green attire.

“Did you get him?” Deandra asked as she came through the door holding her violin stick in her right hand and actual violin in a bash-ready way with her left.

“Yeah. Can we have that money now?” Ryutyu asked.

“Once I get my boss back here to touch his body, the computer should give you guys what you need without the Red Glitch interfering…” Deandra stated as the shield went down, and she played her instrument to open a square, purple-outlined portal to the same cement room we once saw the computer in.

“Nice.” Gustavo nodded.

“Hey!” Another Ryutyu said as we flew in with a sword aiming at the other version of himself. He struck the rainbow sword into his other self’s chest, implanting him back and into the wall as the suddenness vibrated upon everybody. “Ayo- what in the fuck!?” Ryutyu then scorched back, leaving his sword in his other self, and turning around to see Heru and Wilma crash into him with the door being the only obstacle behind his body.

“Quick! Heru! Touch the boy! He’s dead!” Deandra screamed over, dropping her violin to the side and using her violin stick to slash it through the dust of the banged and bashed door.

Wilma and Heru had flopped into our Ryutyu, making him pulse back from their speed of about thirty miles per hour and crashing the door off its hinges and into the wall. Ryutyu felt a gush of blood exit his mouth as he pounding into the wall with Heru right behind, but facing the other way as Wilma was grabbing his left hand and forcing it back with her right hand, whilst her left hand had a knife pointing east against the white mosquito’s throat, and he stopped it with his right hand holding her lower arm. Their faces were also clashed with anger, and Deandra came in to swipe Wilma’s into fear.

“Sup, My Nigerian good man!” Gustavo said as he teeth planted itself onto the floor and swung him up to see the other Gustavo opening his mouth to attack and turn already.

Gustavo then landed on the cat as it tried to pursue backwards and shove teeth at its copy foe. Eight jaws of sharp whites from the other Gustavo stopped our Gustavo from making his five go into his ally. He then made three to pulse right and at the sneaky Shellia trying to get under the bed. She screamed notes of staccato pain as the teeth plunged themselves into her head, twisting and turning and eventually grabbing her out from the bed and throwing her at the other Gustavo. Our Gustavo then pulsed back quickly and got on his normal pace of feet. The other Gustavo was knocked back into the closed slide door and used his teeth to wrap around the dead Shellia bleeding from her head and throw it onto my barely moved corpse still dead beneath the table and to the right of the black chair. The other Gustavo then purred with curiosity as he looked with his eagerly angry eyes at its copy.

“Buddy- do you know how hard it is to live in a universe which requires everyone to pay taxes for just existing?” The other Gustavo asked as he slowly walked the circle of needed fight with our Gustavo.

“No- but do you know the morality of your stupid decisions to help kill a kid for just some green bucks?” Gustavo asked back.

“Go to hell!” The other Gustavo snarled as he came to a stop amongst the background noise of punches and wall-hits.

Our Gustavo just opened his jaws and fired them over to the other Gustavo, also opening his jaws, resulting in their teeth clashing between their others and causing immense pain for both. They snarled back with a disgusted “Ah!” and then looked viciously over. Gustavo then yelled a dangerous kitten purr at his copy and daggered after him with his sharp white nails coming from the toes of his paws. The copy did the same.

Wilma backed away about two steps quickly from the slashing violinist. Her violin hit the wall, bent the strings off, but she still looked with awful compromise towards the destruction of the fox lady. Wilma then allowed her to swing with an obvious turn for another, but instead put her left arm out as a block to grab Deandra’s right arm, and then used her right arm to punch her under the armpit. She caught the violin and made the other woman feel intolerant from the pain. She pulsed back herself. Wilma then put both her hands out and pushed her back awkwardly like a child, before putting her left foot stomping down and turning her entire body to do a round kick with her right leg. She had her boot smack the black woman’s face to the side where Heru and punching Ryutyu to death. Wilma then spinned her entire body and threw a left punch into Heru’s round head, giving his right fist into Ryutyu’s bloody lower jaw as he sagged with tears and tried putting his blue furry arms out, but was unmanageable to block all attacks as Heru specifically directed his threw the holes and management of his left arm to clash them into each other so he could have a further space. As Ryutyu’s head was twisted to the right and his ears plopped down as his tail sat loose and he cried actual water tears from his voiding eyes, Wilma had smacked Heru to the side. Heru then allowed his upper spine to turn right, and then swung himself back left to let his right-hand bash Wilma’s head back.

Ryutyu got up as Wilma was punished in the mouth backwards. As her spit and eager teeth for gnawing got opened wide for the embrace of pain, Ryutyu uppercut Heru in the jaw with his right fist. “AUGH!” Ryutyu thrusted from his bloody mouth as he made the round head result back beyond the door. Deandra also tried slashing her violin stick from her left hand daringly to the right, banging the elbow of Ryutyu’s right arm to vibrating frustration, but Wilma came back from the almost-bloody bruise on Ryutyu’s blue fur and wrapped her arms around the black woman’s neck. She then started to choke her alive, and Ryutyu plunged his fists into Deandra’s eyes as Deandra knocked Wilma in the head with her head but also tried making her hands grab Wilma’s ears and pulled them off, unminding of the flowing nine tails behind her.

“AHHHHHHH!!!” Deandra screamed as Ryutyu’s clustered hands brought his fingers to her eyes and started scraping them off.

Heru looked around, seeing me dead and the two Gustavo’s pierced and cut at many places as the purred sadly and gnawed teeth at each other from their wet and bloody claws on their paws. They were to the right side of the portal, and Heru could not differentiate, so he turned back to Deandra who was getting choked and harmed to death.

Eventually Ryutyu stopped, pulsed back with fear and frustration, looked to his bloody and puss-filled hands, and looked back at the bleeding-eyes of Deandra’s going-blue head. Wilma then made her suffocate six seconds later, and Ryutyu watched the horror, but said nothing with his slow breathing commencing.

Heru started to come at Ryutyu, but his ears plopped up quickly, heard the mosquito boy without his wings, and then Ryutyu thrusted his pelvis back and into Heru, making his body fall onto the runner and overall, just make both collapse onto the floor. Ryutyu then tried turning his body over, but Heru just grabbed his tail with his left hand and right ear with his right hand and threw him to the right. Ryutyu felt the eager pain and started to get back up, but Heru instantly made his white eyes show the most anger as he quickly used his feet to pull him forth, and then twist right to grab Ryutyu’s head with his left arm and throw him to the white door to the right. Heru then ran forth and towards the portal, and then bounced around as the two cats were now fighting behind the portal, and Deandra was dead. Wilma banged the door into the wall as she looked fiercely into the blank eyes of her new nemesis herself.

Then Cyclop bounced up with big black square-like boots, having white laces with a glowing blue outline beneath, and he came up like a floating personnel right behind Heru as Heru put his fists up, through the portal facing the sky from a three-meter-above-my-house view, and Cyclop then put his right hand around Heru neck, his left arm around the boy’s chest, held him back for just a third of a second, and then sliced him with the rainbow knife, revealing Heru’s blood to leak from his neck and choke him as he sprangled against the tall man’s chest with his round head. He tried thrusting back to the portal, but Cyclop then put another knife hole in the right side of his head and used that stab to throw him forth to the floor and die an instant-brutal death. Cyclop then pulled his red pen from his tuxedo pocket and looked swiftly around at the purring cats still at it, marked with each other’s madness. Cyclop aimed it at both cats, the left one first, and shot them dead. They both looked half-a-second with surprise to his quickness. Like, Boom- bap! The pen shot a red laser, purifying a deadly hole through the right middle side of the body of the purple cat on the left, making him fall with fear as the hole dug deep but not thoroughly through, and the right one shot in the left eye, gushing out orange puss as well as white puss, and making his brains fry inside, exploding blood to leak from the punctured eye and eyehole, as well as through the head and out to the white bookcase behind that Gustavo. The sound also emitted with high intensity for the power of the red pen, showing Cyclop to lift his hand up from the laser pulse, and direct it back down with quick endorsement to kill the other with his white eye staring at its glowing red pursuit of death.

“Cyclop!” Wilma said with a surprise yet happily tone along with a great sigh in voice directly afterwards. Ryutyu came behind her, standing up, and holding his jaw with his right hand, and holding his right elbow with his left hand. He wagged his tail slowly and came to the left of Wilma to have a clear view at Cyclop with his default face, turning around with a sudden smirk, whilst Ryutyu was unminding of the flowing brown tails behind the heavily breathing woman.

“Ay! Thanks bro.” Ryutyu clenched out as perfectly as he could with all his pain leveraging down his own ears amongst the bloody floors. C

“You are welcome Ryutyu… (Cyclop then looks over to Shellia’s corpse on top of mine, and points for a solid three seconds with mass confusion on his mind,) but… I’m going need some context for all this…” He said as he regained his smile and happy tone.

***Context with Cyclop.***

“Well- that is an intriguing story; and it explains why you guys were missing; but I still don’t understand why you still choose to wear the dress.” Cyclop pointed out with a laugh at the end.

“I said I just like it because I have it.” I told Cyclop as we stood in my room. I sat on the bed to the right of Shellia as Cyclop was sitting in a grey and cozy chair, crossing his left leg over his right, and Ryutyu in my black spinnable chair before my computer, and Wilma just sitting on the floor between both. Both of the dead Gustavos’ bodies were also behind Cyclop.

He sighed with understanding as Shellia looked to me with damp unappreciated eyes. “It’s just the fact that God said for men not to wear women’s clothing, and women not to wear men’s clothing- which obviously means no femboys, which it what you look like- and I know you may think that it’s not a big problem and rather just a slight joke, but God says not to do so anyways. He also dislikes people joking about death, which may not seem like a lot either, but I just remember those things as two of the rules we had to think about to understand his true glorious ways...” Cyclop said.

“Well- since you lead me on- why does he not allow it? I have never heard of such...” I responded, intrigued upon his wisdom.

“God doesn’t want people to be mixed up. He wants men to act like men and women to act like women. He mainly doesn’t want people to look like the opposite gender, or even act like it, because he has set goals for everybody. God gave men the jobs to be the priests in church, give the family knowledge on the work life, fix the toilets, (Ryutyu and I smile with confusion,) and be more prominent to playing games. Women have their own jobs- which are maintaining a household family, being more thoughtful about social concepts, having dignity for themselves and others, and maintaining some more things in the household, like the kitchen work. Of course, though, you know some females do like to fight for our race in positions mainly for men, but we allow them because we personally asked God if that would be alright, and he agreed.” Cyclop told.

“You personally asked Jesus Christ?” Wilma asked.

“Yes, we personally asked him. I met him a few times myself as well. He just tends to live near his newest race, because even though humans were his main ambition for allowing the free will of every mind, he decided to create more life forms that were not stuck in the Boötes Void. He created us cyclops a bit later, and we did so well, even surpassing the care of our planet, that we eventually started meeting other races he made with their own unique cultures. Soon, we came across the newest kinds of beings, where Jesus mainly stayed because he wanted to see how human-like creatures would go with such an easy-going mind.” Cyclop said.

“But I thought God knew everything.” I spoke.

“Oh, he does. He just makes Jesus, which is also God because of the Trinity- but you know, technically his human form- he just makes the brain act like a human’s with set knowledge and some supernatural powers. Truly, a bit of a scientific investigation by God himself, I guess we could say.” Cyclop nodded.

“So, he does this for his own fun?” I asked.

“He does this so he can give every being a chance at free will without them being too weak or powerful against what has already been set as ‘nature.’ He does this for us, and himself, because he can’t be a savior without having a plot where he saves us from sin, or a nice person without having a plot where he gives us something without us even asking for it…” Cyclop stated.

“Oh, I think understand a bit better now.” I nodded as Ryutyu was already dumbfounded in the face, “But then what is up with Heru’s allies and such? Like, the people who have powers like Wilma already?”

“Well, God did allow some ‘extras’ as you could call it. Some more beings were called into existence, maybe for God to see how maybe a major increase or decrease in the unbalance between powers and weaknesses caused in some beings he personally created. He found that they knew him, but most decided to not follow his ways.” Cyclop told.

“Wait- why has thy not just killed those beings off? Or maybe make everything forget thy even existed and he killed them off?” Ryutyu asked with a healed body.

“Well, he is a nice guy, and not a liar too. So, he needs a plot like that to fill in these terms for himself and some for us.” Cyclop responded to Ryutyu with.

“But why not make the plot fill in every process as quickly as possible?” Ryutyu then asked.

“Because that would be twisting the truth a bit in a way, which is also something he says he dislikes in the bible.” Cyclop said.

“Well, that is intriguing to know…” I nodded, “But I am more intrigued upon the wonders of how surgical equipment can be used.”

“He had Gustavo lurking with him throughout his studies about medical stuff through some nights.” Wilma spoke.

“Oh, okay. But your insanity you gained from remembering all your memories- are you worried about any of that?” Cyclop asked.

“No- I like it! I needed these powers to do my mission successfully for the computer, and with them I can now go and kill all the stupid idiots trying to fuck me over everyday!” I crumbled in mighty happiness for the madness swelling in me.

“I am now turning into a male.” Wilma said in a manly voice. I looked away from Cyclop to see Wilma have green boxes, about an inch by an inch by an inch, plaster around her top torso like a video game particle effect, and then attached themselves onto her body and skim up, enclosing their fellow squares into each other and providing a shield from the vision of Wilma’s face. She then made it extend from her face, still the cubes of light green clenching together, before they turned into white oxygen and floated off. Wilma had turned into a mature male-looking fox man. She now had brown hair culring towards the forehead and down, with her blue eyes still piercing, but now a brown mustache that drooped down a bit, with no beard.

“Really, Wilma?” Cyclop asked.

“What?” She smiled with her manly voice making her a ‘he.’

“We’re getting into the topic of Eighty-Three’s madness and how we could resolve it from getting worse, but you’re over here just trying to defy the logic.” Cyclop nodded without a serious tone.

“Tell Jesus I can switch genders.” Wilma smirked.

“You can’t. You just made yourself look like a boy- when genetically you’re a female.” Cyclop said.

“Could I be trans?” Wilma asked.

“No.” Cyclop said, “But I would’ve told you why when you were doing surgery with me on Eighty-three…” Then Wilma bent her back towards Cyclop and put her right fist holding up her head as her eyes stared into his one.

“You really think that?” Wilma said after a two-second stare.

“I do. What do you think?” Cyclop smiled back.

“Shut up.” Wilma said, pulling back and looking at me.

“What? What’s going on?” Ryutyu asked.

“I just explained in my head, which she read- why transgenders don’t exist as an actual gender, but rather a mutation. The D-N-A can be misread, and the body can malfunction because of it. But even if that was not the main case, God said so too. Only two genders- no more, no less.” Cyclop said.

“I looked it into too, Wilma. He is right.” I stated.

Wilma sighed and her head turned back into her female normality. Her mustache grew backwards, making the hair go into the face, as well as the hair above her head extended yet retracted some.

“But- can we assess Eighty-Three’s mentality please? I don’t think it’s a good idea he wants to go out and kill so badly with these new powers- because he might go mad on everybody with these new powers… Just saying, human nature has shown such to happen before in their history when even one guy gains these new powers…” – Cyclop.

“Ya’ say ‘new powers’ a lot.” Ryutyu stated.

“I wanted to emphasize that people in power tend to become evil most times.” Cyclop stated back.

“Do not worry- I just want revenge.” I told as Shellia rolled her eyes.

“And then what would you like?” Cyclop asked as he saw the accordion girl play her notes.

“Nothing more but the increasement of intelligence on my medical studies.” I told.

“Well, I hope that is the clear-case. I will have to check back after-” Cyclop started happily.

“Wait- ya’ going so soon?!” Ryutyu saddened.

“Do you want me to stay?” Cyclop asked pleasantly.

“Could you play some games with us?” Wilma asked as she stood up from the floor.

“Board games?” Cyclop asked.

“Ugh- we should do some Heather Lot.” I stated.

“Heather Lot?” Ryutyu asked with Cyclop’s confusion intact.

“Yeah- you pay for homes when you land on specific squares?” I stated, hopping down and allowing Shellia to look me in my anger-driven eyes.

“Sure…” Cyclop nodded encouragingly.

***Well, well, well, a board game.***

“I rolled a six again!” Ryutyu cheered as he moved his metallic brown chess-piece of a king to the third green space that stated: “Grassy Village Homes.” Ryutyu sat on the left of me, Cyclop on the right, and Wilma ahead, as Shellia sat next between Ryutyu and Wilma. We had a wooden pencil with a pink eraser for Shellia’s icon, which was currently at a third teal box, second row from the “Go!” yellow text. This teal box said: “Frosty Plume Lands.”

“Of course…” I nodded, looking around, “Hey, Cyclop- I know we have been talking reals about whether this black being in my head could be of any danger, but what about the Red Liquid we got from the toilet a while ago?” I asked, frazzled in my bones and slightly jittering.

“Well- the Red Eyes are no longer in contact with me and stuff, and so that means they have the red liquid in their possession only. It was missing from the lab last time I checked…” Cyclop said as I rolled the white dice to a ‘two.’ I moved my metallic brown kayak two spaces and onto a tax-payment box of darkened blue, saying: “School Tax.” I then picked up five green fake dollars with a black man’s face on it and placed it back inside the black box.

“You really did not save any for yourself?” I asked back.

Cyclop sighed. “Of course, not… but I can try to see if they will allow me to use some information about it, since I did find it. I think they might already have a lead on why it was in the toilet in the first place…” He spoke.

“What will we do if we do find out who sent it to his universe?” Wilma asked.

“Well, we’ll take as much information from him as we can, and then look at the application on his school computer and think through the entire situation to see what connections could be made between the two.” Cyclop said.

“I remember that you guys spawned in before I sat on the toilet.” I stated.

“Alrighty, so, even if there’s no connection between the two, we can at least stick together some kind of story…” Cyclop said as he rolled the dice after I moved my character… He landed a ‘Four.’

After the game, we got up, Wilma hovered her right hand over the board game to place all the components back into place, then put the blue lid over the box and shove it up towards the top white rack of my brother’s room. We left the lights on, and fan, as we went out of the room and past both slide doors to get back to my room.

“So- I’ll go ask the Red Eyes for the liquid’s information, and I hope you all have a good night.” He said happily, grabbing his orange pen and clicking it.

“Shellia!” I yelled as she stood too close. We all gathered away towards my desk as he moved the chair and activated his wide floor portal of outlined orange, but Shellia looked around with confusion, standing a bit far in. Her right leg dropped, and she started to fall down to the garage with the pill ship, but I lifted my arm out with the darkness swelling into a large hand grabbing around her back and pulling her up with her scrambling notes. I then planted her on the bed.

“Nice.” Cyclop said as he clicked his pen to close the portal.

Wilma looked to me and nodded with appreciation as well, as he nine tails flayed against my white wooden table surface.

“Uh… what about thy Gustavo’s bodies again?” Ryutyu asked as he saw the two dead cats still shoved to the right of the closet door.

“Let Eighty-Three do his surgical work…” Wilma said happily, looking forth to Shellia’s wide eyes as I made my arms turn black and fudgy, then going over to the closet and thrusting my arms into their corspes, wrapping the darkness around like ropes, and then bringing them slightly above the floor and down to the basement after making a third black arm come from my chest and open the door. Wilma then quickly walked with me.

“Damn…” Ryutyu said as he looked back to Shellia, “So… um… you got those calves from tippy-toeing?” Ryutyu asked as he looked awkwardly as the no-mouthed girl.

She looked down and back up at him with intense muscles of white skin. She nodded her head against his question.

“Oh… Eighty-Three said he walked on his toes a lot- and that caused the muscles to really work… do you do stretches?” Ryutyu asked as he sat on the bed with her.

“PWAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!” I yelled from beneath with a snapping bone playing at my side.

Shellia looked with fear over to the closet door before turning back to Ryutyu.

“I’m not going da’ lie- I have nah idea how me friend is going down with all that happened… like- you know he was burnt to death and killed with knives and shit, right?” Ryutyu asked.

Shellia nodded her head against it with fear. “Yeah- that’s what I expect he’ll say if I ask… I hope he isn’t broken or anything- like powers for him are good and all… but… I dunno about this insanity… have you ever had mates with insanity?” Ryutyu asked.

Shellia nodded her head against Ryutyu again.

“Dang- me neither, somewhat… Ernee though… (The accordion girl plays satifying notes that allow Ryutyu to understand she understands,) um… back to your training- you just run around a lot?” Ryutyu asked.

She nodded her head towards Ryutyu’s exercise question, letting her cat tail rest facing towards the pillow and not his blue furred dog tail just swirled behind him.

“I can run- really fast. I just barely do it, because I was spawned with a sort-of-weak body… (Shellia looks a bit confused at him,) Sorry- am I seemingly making everything about me self? (Shellia nods her head,) Oh- sorry- I just wanted to know since I’ve been exercising me arms a lot… (He sees Shellia loose interest and just stare at him blankly,) how did Eighty-Three even talk to ya’ so much? Was it just him asking questions and ya’ responding with headshakes?” Ryutyu asked a bit impolitely.

Shellia just played her instrument back and forth with rolling eyes. “Oh- I guess it is that I ask the questions and ya’ just respond…” Ryutyu stated. Shellia nodded.

“NO! LET ME HAVE THE COLON! I WANT TO FEEL IT!” I yelled downstairs as only Wilma’s mumbled voice could be heard.

Below downstairs, I was grasping the pink and bloody colon from Gustavo’s left body, and then let the other rest on the elevated white table about five feet wide. I ripped it from Wilma’s hands and look back down under the white light.

“I can know which one is the real Gustavo if you will please allow me to bring them back to life.” Wilma spoke.

“Asking a simply question is cool and all- but please allow a real and training medical professional on why to do it.” I stated with a smile.

I put the colon to the right side on the floor, held my bloody left hand out, allowed the darkness to swell over my middle and index finger, forming them into a mixture of black and redness flowing liquidly, and then started to readjust the vessels with my blood pouring into them periodically needed.

“I studied cats some time back…” I said as I put my bloody right hand on the dead torso, “And I know that moving organs out of the way, for any living creature to be exact, is not a great idea at most times- but I need to learn everything. This is like my first time as well…” I said, looking forth and rearranging the dripping carcass that made the fur around the hole burn to ash and black as the inside was pure gelatin.

“Yes.” Wilma spoke.

“Oh, hey Cyclop!” I heard Ryutyu say. I kept on doing my thing, but noted: “Wilma- put them back together, make this room more medically equipped for moments when the machines are on, and make a basement under the basement for some incoming kids. If time continues to go by like this, we will possibly be getting some guests.”

“Okay?” Wilma nodded, lifting her right hand up and spawning things into reality through un-transparency.

I exited through the newly firmished brown wooden door with a metallic knob, and went up the stairs as Wilma came through, letting her tails brush against the doorframe, and let her left hand made another door across to the left of the stairway, that was now white with a platinum blue knob.

“Hello, Ryutyu. Nice to see some kind of calmness in the mass of activities that have occurred. Also- what is this accordion girl’s name? I see she has stayed for some quantitative time.” Cyclop asked with a tone of impulsive classiness like a funny man.

I went up and Wilma brushed up as well. I opened the door and came forth.

“Her name is Shellia.” I said before Ryutyu.

“Alrighty. (He dulls his face as he sees my dress still on,) Well, I found the liquid’s origins through the info that the Red Eyes gave me. I just finished altering my orange pen to three clicks to the stated location, so as the map says, we should come out inside some fashionable home.” Cyclop said.

“Wait- how’d you guys find it?” Ryutyu asked, wagging his tail as craftily as Shellia’s.

“Well, the Red Eyes simply used machinery like I would have- the printer, and then some energy-finding machines to find big exports of electromagnetic waves, went to multiple places unseen in that universe, and found the red liquid in a lab of one old man. I got to see if for two seconds, and then they closed it, I just got back home from another portal, and now I’m here.” Cyclop stated with a happy gesture, “Let’s go.” He said, then clicking the pen three times, and it opened beneath to allow us all to fall into a full white room with polished brown tables consisting of graduated cylinders, flasks, and some glasses of the red juice, just placed randomly around with nothing else but the lights above being white from black-circular metals in the ceiling, only extending a foot out, and a fully black door with a square knob to our right.

Shellia hammered her notes as she fell the five feet, and we all stayed down as the portal closed. I landed maid shoes first, Wilma just stood still, Cyclop bent his knees, Ryutyu fell forth but caught himself with both hands, and Shellia was the one to fall face flat, but she missed an injury from her accordion being first actually. We all stammered up and listened to absolute nothingness.

“What is the point of this room?” I asked after some time.

“Probably to keep the red liquids in a collection of cool looking glasses.” Wilma spoke.

“Only flasks and graduated cylinders…” I said after her.

“Should we drink some of it?” Ryutyu asked with a funny tone after three seconds of looking around.

“Well, no, because if it doesn’t digest before you leave, then when you get to an un-machined area- this one being inside a Humanitor and Fluxyr- you’ll probably go through universes due to its highly instable electron configuration and instability with Orchestral and Torment-like waves.” Cyclop stated.

“So- what temperature is this room at? Exactly?” I asked.

“Seventy-nine degrees Fahrenheit, from what I luckily remember.” Cyclop said.

“Nice… and they turn to gas when?” I asked.

“Constantly. It’s one of the weird chemical reactions. The matter is liquid when together, but slowly become gaseous as oxygen atoms make it rust so quick it evaporates.” Cyclop stated.

“So, are they noble gases, or do they have more valence electrons?” I asked further, as Shellia walked over to the black door and Ryutyu came to my left to inspect the many jars, pick them up, and shake them around.

“About only seven, which is something surprising- but they do tend to have a lot more protons and neutrons.” Cyclop said.

“Can we go already?” Wilma asked.

“Sure.” Cyclop rolled his eyes at, with a funny sigh. Wilma walked over to the door, about three feet, to the left of Shellia, opened it, and allowed the accordion girl to run in first. The next room was a chamber of white platinum, and it felt like gravity pushed a little on to us as we came forth to the seven-meter-long hallway that was only three feet wide with the pure white and many extending out and then down metallic grey vents. They instantly swooped on as Cyclop closed the door and started expensing white gas. Suddenly our skin felt clean and wet, and our brains went calm.

“We are falling asleep!” I stated as tiredness grew upon us all.

“Aye!” Ryutyu nodded, rushing over to the door, yawning loudly, and then pulling on the knob. It opened and allowed the gas to pour through and to the wooden plank floor of the next room.

We all rushed in a bit more asleep now but saw a fireplace of blonde bricks and three logs being burnt as a metallic cage of five poles guarded it, each giving a width of two inches and being spread apart five inches, doing nothing really. To our right was a bald man with a single orange hair from his head, leaning down on his forehead. He had green eyes, and a red long-sleeved sweater with white common Christmas-tree-icon-like trees going around the top and bottom, each being three inches wide and tall with a square of brown being the trunk below. They were also encased in a green line about an inch tall, wrapping around the arms as well. He had a white coffee held in his left hand, and a brown-cased book in his left, having it open with his single hand, and flipped towards the end of the book, about three pages before it ended.

We got ourselves back into position and looked towards the guy more. A red sleeve sweater with blue jeans and brown tap shoes. He sat crossed legged with his right leg being dominant, and did not even care to look at us. Only the non-cackling fire gave us his true enduring sound, despite the many fans behind us as Cyclop closed the door, making them mumble, but also the many ventilation ducts of tubing hanging down from the ceiling, being a four by four from the concrete grey and flat ceiling which had zero lights. The walls were wood though, and then the ventilation ducts turned on, and the white gas that ambience us flew up towards them. Our hair was looked up, and we felt the wind swiftly take it all up, but it stopped after five seconds, and the man kept on reading his book. Behind him, to our right, was another fully black door with no specialty in difference or design.

“Hello, sir?” Cyclop raised his left finger up to the ceiling along with his intrigued smirk.

“Yes, hello.” The man sighed with sadness.

“Did you create and send a red liquid through some universes?” I asked quickly.

“Yes- the ones you’ve seen in my collection room. (He stands up, plops his book behind him, slurps his coffee with no steam, and come forth to be about a meter away,) I shot a few out, first one being for a long-gone friend after a long-as-fuck story.” He said depressingly.

“Oh?” Ryutyu stated confusedly.

“Indeed- let me give you some context of the red liquid that has been my only quest-filling object to find other sentient beings anymore… (He slurps his coffee again, then refocuses on us,) I was a powerful man about a few thousand years ago. I flew around, created things at my will, but most importantly- taught math. Eventually, a few detectives came to work around the area, and eventually stopped by the school I fucked around in- and they came by a lot because they had nothing to do either. It was a week before school though, but we kinda’ got to know em’- me and the principal, the only two real admins in school. Then the first day started, and weird shit occurred. A floating- oh, who cares? Just know I had a lot of friends that eventually died because of natural causes- and at a final party before we departed, or any of us died, I shot out a red liquid as a test and joke to see what would happen if I mistreated a universe. Then I created this maze of a house, and many more red liquids, and shot them out randomly to have fun and see if anything happened. I started to also read books and take interest in other things as I waited for some kind of police to come by and tell me I was misdoing- but that was 19,332 years ago- and then finally- nowadays, I’m getting people like you to visit every three years or so…” The man said in his nose-appreciative voice.

“Damn.” I spoke, “So you sent out some red liquids as a joke almost to see if you could mess around?”

“Yeah.” He spoke.

“Well- truly- I guess you did mess around. A red liquid, which we have traced with Cyclop’s Red Eye friends, or police, landed in my toilet during a school attack, and sent me to a universe with Cyclop, and then we went to his home and stayed a bit before a lot of things happened due to some other factors- But- by any chance do you know of the computer software called ’Bracussion?’”I asked.

“Hell-yeah. I had a few girls come by asking me if the red liquid did anything with that software spawning in creatures by the names of their tunes. Bracussion, as I have tested, has not much it can do with the red liquid in its vicinity. It makes the beings spawn out of range of it- and if all around a universe- in which I found one that was all my red liquid after Jesus made the multiverse- it never spawned a being in that universe- rather put them in another. Bracussion dislikes my red liquid, and my red liquid can only teleport the device Bracussion is on, to another universe. Not much, but I guess something valuable…” He spoke.

“Damn… is there any way you could stop your own liquids from fucking other people over?” I asked.

“No- once they are out of my universe- they are gone from my grasp. You could ask somebody I know to remove them though…” The man said.

“Jesus?” Cyclop asked.

“No- and why do you ask? You cyclops already know that he has his own business he majors upon.” The man said.

“Just asking.” Cyclop smirked happily.

“Okay- but- yeah- we should go ask a slightly new friend of mine to see if he can do anything about the over-million liquids I sent out… and to think of it I never named those liquids…” He said, pondering backwards.

“Do you have a name yourself?” I asked.

“Yeah- call be Beach Balder. I like beaches, and I am become balder in personality… however you may take that…” he said as he went to another room, opening the black knob with his spare hand, “You people stay around this room. I’m-a go get the pen.” He said as he entered a wooden room with glass panels on the floor, reflective and only a foot wide, stretching down the fourteen-foot-long home, but also having three metallic machines behind and in the five feet wide areas. The Fluxyr was on the first left, then the Humanitor, both on, and then the Gravutoon at the end, to another black door under the no lighting. It was dark to be exact, but you could see the buttons showing the outline of the objects. On the right he instead had a wooden box with nine holes, each sticking up a pen of different colors, ink up. In the middle of the row was a De-Copy-Fyer, and then finally a lock like Cyclop had seen on the script- but now it laid flat on a wooden pillar about two feet wide and long, being cylinder and about three feet high.

“Dang- he has all the machines we’ve used.” Cyclop said.

“Of course- and is that top right one the ‘lock’?” I asked.

“Yeah…” Cyclop said with further surprised looks. Shellia played her accordion with notes of awe as well.

“Can’t Wilma get-” Ryutyu tried to say.

“Shut up, Ryutyu! We have our powers deactivated due to those turned on machines-” I started.

“Oh- sorry!” He hushed in.

“And even if we could use our powers at this exact moment; I do not think Wilma would know where these liquids could have been sent. She does not know every movement in the universe.” I stated.

“Okay- sheesh.” Ryutyu clutched his right arm with his left as he awkwardly backed away. The man was already coming out again, holding an orange pen he swiped from the bottom right hole of the placement. He came back and looked towards us as he came forth.

I sighed quickly and said: “Sorry, bro. Just went through a lot lately!” I smiled after putting my right hand on his shoulder.

“We will be falling onto a concrete alleyway where my man spends most of his time living in.” Beach Balder said.

“Is he homeless?” Wilma asked suddenly.

“No- he chooses to be as high as he likes.” Beach Balder said, then clicking the pen twice, and the portal opened under us. It widened up, and we fell plopping down eight feet towards the concrete ground.

I landed with my maid shoes nicely but felt the sudden rush of some frizzliest in my sensors as the drop held it on. Ryutyu also perfectly landed this time, but wobbled his legs, and Cyclop just stood up with his knees only being bent down highly. Wilma also plopped down on her shoes, but then fell backwards, as well as Shellia, who fell on her hips, sitting with distrust. The man also did the same as Cyclop, and we looked forth to a new man, as Beach Balder closed the portal with a single click.

The new man in front of us had dark green wire-like hair, shining and plastic-looking as it drained from his square-like head. He still had human eminence on some of his wrinkles and neck, but he did look like a cartoon mobile video game character. He wore nothing on his head, and his ears plucked out unfashionably. He had his hands with black gloves and used his left to smoke a white cigarette with a yellow end, releasing some white gas into the air. He wore a brown and long-to-the-floor-and-drooping leather wardrobe, with a white shirt underneath, and big black jeans. He also had big black sneakers with white laces and green sole. He kept his deep and low breathing faced away from us. We looked towards our surrounding with the remaining seconds before Beach Balder started up a conversation.

To our right was a red brick wall apart of a four-story building with black glass exterior squares and transparent windows showing to popcorn-white ceilings with black fans having no light in the center. Some of the windows had a yellow light forming from the bottom right, but nothing else big. To our left was a grey and brownish concrete wall forming a five-story building with the same kind of windows, separated five feet apart with some lights on. We heard the wind also pulse against our hair, and his, from behind. It was cold out, and nighttime. To his view was a black street with no cars passing or parked- and forth was a white sidewalk, and then a grassy stretch of about five meters before a wooden sidewalk with an extending part to the blue and dark sea out under the mystical white stars gleaming above. The moon was not in sight, and no other light struck around, just the cold darkness swelled on me and Shellia’s dresses. The man stood with his feet going opposite directions of straight and looked forth to the long empty decks that stretched fifteen meters out, ever seven meters of the walkable and un-rusty wooden sidewalk.

“Hey- dumbass, how’s it been?” Beach Balder said to the guy.

“What do you think? Ho-ho-ho! I’ve cracked at least fifteen of these things in da’ last half-an-hour!” The man said with his deep and burnt-out voice.

I felt the darkness strike down on my fingernails and held my hands up to see them. “Ew- but thanks, powerful darkness inside me.” I thought to myself but looked forth with my powers in mind during the conversation.

“Is there any possible way you could help out by stopping any of the red liquids I shot out randomly to other universes?” Beach asked.

“Ah- nah. I’d rather not. Even though you people are da’ first to actual push my friend to meet up with me finally- I ain’t doing shit…” The dark man said as gas left his dried lips. He had a big and wide nose with damp and dying brown eyes and a black unibrow. We also saw his white t-shirt have the letter ‘B’ on it in red.

“He really wants a rap battle.” Wilma said out loud.

Cyclop raised his eyebrow and quickly whipped out his grey pen and shot it up with too many clicks. He was standing to the left of Ryutyu, behind me and Shellia, whilst Wilma was to the right of Ryutyu yet a bit behind, and Balder was a bit ahead and on the right too.

“Oh- missy can read minds, now, can’t she?” The man laughed, releasing a blue smoke from his mouth as his eyes dared onto me, “You all look funny, and got some intriguing abilities, but yeah, I ain’t gonna help unless you beat me in a raaaaaaaap battle.”

“Why?” Ryutyu asked, letting his tail drown in slowness.

“I’m bored, kid.” He spoke.

“What kind of waves is he producing?” I asked Cyclop quickly as I turned around to see him continuously click. Behind us was also more identical buildings, and then light blue and yellowish lit up rooms in the skyscrapers amongst the starry dark night.

“Oh- hold on… I was checking what else was the temperature and… oh my… he has some intriguing waves I shall not say for the sake of the Red Eye’s secret information…” Cyclop said as he looked towards the miniscule screen.

“The guy has Jesus-like waves emitting off him.” Wilma said as Shellia started shaking and playing her instrument at Ryutyu, swaying her tail slower, and making her ears lower.

“You weren’t supposed to say that.” Cyclop suddenly dawned with irritated facials onto Wilma.

“What?” Wilma shrugged with a funny giggle. “What is your name?” Wilma then yelled over to the guy puffing in another ciggy blow.

He excelled it in an orange gas now. “Why would you care?” He asked.

“Damn bro- it is on.” I said, fastening it all up, making my fist black and into a microphone set for my mouth.

The guy then shoved the ciggy back into his yellowish and British-like broken teeth and looked upon my eyes with his darting eagerness. As he breathed it in, a fading electronic noise came in, something to start a song. It started ramping up, like a clash-cymbal coming into reality from a natural and synthesized fade. It did not echo around, but rather came from nowhere, and made my friends look around. Balder and Wilma only stared forth, whilst the others looked around for a source of the sudden and fully clear music coming to paste. The guy then breathed out, dropped his ciggy on the clean yet grey dead concrete floor, and breathed in a bit of fresh air very lankily and loudly. The electron dive came pass, making the music ponder away for a good drop. Then, from his spine tilting back, he thrusted forth with words.

“Bruh you. Ya’ like look a shit. I am going to sue, you, for looking like a fit-” and then he died.

The man literally was waving his left hand around like no other girl would have, spastically bringing forth the voice lines in a rhythmic way, before suddenly appearing on the floor, face down, head towards the ocean, shoes ninety-degrees turned. The music suddenly stopped, and I let my microphone hand dissolve back into a realistic hand.

“Uh…” Ryutyu started.

“He is still alive.” Wilma spoke.

The man then literally turned ninety-degrees clockwise to be on his shoes again, facing the waters, and then turned one-hundred-and-eighty-degrees to face me, all in firm small seconds. He just stared at me with his arms dangling near his hips.

“Ha! You lose, loser! Now, I’ll be getting back to my… (He looks around, seeing the ciggy on the floor dead,) oh no- my cigarettes! I’m all out!” he said, before literally combusted into ashes out of an instant and far-too-fast electric cage that formed around him and then did not exist milliseconds later. Like, literally again, his body just turned all into black ashes, like it was a silhouette of him, and fell down to a pile. Ryutyu and Shellia pulsed back with their tails stringed up, and ears wide, whilst Cyclop and Balder only were surprised and confused, and Wilma just dead inside. I was also, looking around with confusion, unlike Wilma.

Then, the wall of the building had a square of its area removed, like two-by-two meters moved back into a dark void as a white room came out, a box with our front-facing wall gone, revealing a rectangular and wide-legged wooden desk and the man to be sitting in a black spinnable office chair, kicking his shoes up, crossing his left leg over his right. He now had a white tuxedo with flaps at the ends, along with a rainbow-flowing handkerchief and a black undershirt. He also wore slim and nice dark grey jeans down to his black socks and brown shoes. He had no cigarette in his mouth now, but rather a pair of black major league gaming sunglasses with pixelated white cubes for the shine in the top left corners he wore over his eyes. His hair was the same though.

“Ever since that kid lost to me in that rap battle, I’ve gotten to own a billion-dollar mansion, three corporations, and five Lamborghinis. But I wonder what happened to that kid...” He said, using his left hand to gesture his chin to confusing appointment.

“We are still standing here, dummy.” I stated.

He quickly turned his head in surprise and looked towards me and the gang retracting to normality from his scenery play.

“Damnit kid- you ruin everything. I’m trying to have some fun. But, anyways, yeah- have these glasses and go away.” He said, taking off his MLG shades and throwing them to me.

“I already have a pair at home.” I stated.

“What? Oh- dang. Anyways, leave, now.” He stated, turning around to face the sky as his form shaped into his old self from seconds ago, by unraveling into his skin.

“Is he some sort of God?” Ryutyu asked.

“No- but I can do whatever I want.” He said, instantly phasing around with the frames of him turning to become a solid form and make it look as if many versions of him stopped in place right behind his current movements. He then extended his left arm into my face, having his fingers ready to snap. Wilma put up her right hand, but nothing happened as the others backed away, and then he flicked me with his index finger.

Our team was then sent back with a dramatic shockwave altering our bodies to jiggle a bit. Beach Balder in front of us all fell as well down a spiraling cylinder of rainbow-liquid texturing. He then suddenly disappeared, leaving Ryutyu and Shellia’s instrument to yell down to the opening below. As we fell, embracing ourselves for impact, we met a large block of slime on some grass. We fell through it, instantly being stuck in the middle of the fudgy thing. Wilma twinkled her right fingers, and it dispersed into an orange gas. Shellia yammered her notes further as she got up and Ryutyu asked: “What da’ hell!?”

“Alrighty.” Cyclop nodded to the open air of a blue sky above my school. We looked forth to see my school and us planted on the external-track-side grass right before the fence on the field. We were actual in the grass that held a miniature baseball court, having white nets on wooden poles measure around, but we looked to see nothing going up but some wind against the nearby trees.

“Should we go home or check in?” Wilma asked.

“Let’s go home.” Ryutyu offered.

“Nah, I would like to see what is up in my school right now.” I stated, walking forth to the opening of the mini baseball arena, on our right.

“Whilst wearing a dress?” Cyclop asked.

“Shut.” I said without looking at him.

I then continued as everybody else was intrigued in Wilma’s right hand making a portal a foot away from it, purple and square. Ryutyu went through the five-by-five feet opening in space, then Shellia, and Cyclop- who said: “Thank you, Wilma.” Finally, Wilma closed it and came towards me without making a movement. She literally had her feet just slide across the grass side of the sandy road, coming towards me like a lazily made animation or meme of a t-poser coming after somebody, except her hands were placed back in her drooping sleeves of blue. She came up to my right as I looked back upon her tails flowing wistfully back.

“Can you read minds?” She asked.

“No- but do you sense anything?” I asked as we went forth to the middle day.

“A bunch of people are tired about it being the middle of the second period…” Wilma said.

“Aw, I see.” I stated.

“Yet there is one mind I sense quite hugely. This mind has a blur for morality. It also had a strong sense to be destructive. He must be shaking in a dark room currently. He is impatient and wants to be rambunctious.” Wilma stated.

“Do you know where he is exactly?” I asked.

“No.” she said, looking at me.

“Well, should we wait to see if anything else becomes a threat?” I asked.

Wilma sighed. “This world is a threat.” She smiled.

“Bruh.” I stated, walking to the corner to see the playground without children.

“That guy did not think of a name though.” Wilma said after seven seconds.

“He had no name?” I asked.

“From what he was thinking about. He also blocked a few things. He literally made his memories become television static.” Wilma stated.

“Alrighty…” I nodded, sucking up some darkness from the forest to turn into a liquid stream into my right shoulder, and then used it to make my maid shoes in pillars of darkness that grew a foot taller with each step, allowing me to see more as it brought me up to the sky. “Where do you think Heru’s allies went?” I yelled below as Wilma looked up.

“They must have gone home if they did not know about the computer and his games.” Wilma said as she floated up, her ears still pecked up.

We looked down at the school and saw nothing happening, but a few cars strolling by on the road elsewhere. I then shrugged and made all the darkness suck up back into my legs with exalting speed. I then fell fifty meters to the tennis court of red concrete below, but landed nicely like an action figure, wobbling just a bit, and seeing forth to the hall that led into the school’s gym. Wilma also came down with a plop.

“Pretty sure the military saw us.” Wilma spoke.

“Who cares- take apart this school and see if anything is out of order... Then we should reset the universe again just in case anything changed whilst we were gone...” I stated.

“No. I rather not count on universal objects to fix everything I do. I would just like some peace. Everybody would like some peace. We must find our enemies through natural reality.” Wilma stated.

“Bet.” I said inside.

We then looked through the rectangular windows to see a gym class in session. Instead of entering, we looked at each other and then backed away.

“We should just go home.” Wilma said, whilst we both were hearing a bunch of screaming start up from the halls, and then some gunshots.

“Oh! We should go and stop the darkness that invaded that bald girl again.” Wilma said after we looked towards the door for a solid three seconds.

“And afterwards? How do we fix history?” I asked.

“Uh… Let us not fix history this time. Let us just reform everybody back and see what happens when everything looks fine.” Wilma spoke.

“Excuses.” I smiled as kids starting to run out the doors with fear. They also gave us looks, but we ignored their running.

“I just want some actual human rest now. I want everything to be normal and not so dimensional. That caused so much confusion and fighting. (She materializes from transparency a black sofa chair standing with four wooden poles behind her, and she sits in it,) I learned a lesson in my world… I forgot how it feels to have relief after pain…” Wilma told.

“Well, alrighty. Tonight though, I am going to try to stay up with no pain to it… and also, could you not give yourself relief with your own powers?” I asked.

“I want natural relief. Filling my body with cocaine and then removing the bad effects will get boring… I cannot change emotions either…” Wilma spoke as the kids almost came to ask questions or feel scared against us.

“Alrighty- but one last thing- should you or I stay here to report any anomalous activity when it occurs afterwards?” I stated to Wilma, “Just to protect against anything that may be similar to that one night where the plague doctor killed everybody, you know?” I stated in my head.

Wilma rolled her eyes. “Yes. I remember that one night… You should stay here afterwards…”

I nodded and looked back to some of the kids exiting. None of them seemed to be in my class, but a few were at least from seventh grade. At a point of exactly two seconds, a few only came out bursting, so I started to walk past their widening eyes, as Wilma got up and her chair fluffed into pink smoke, and we went up and opened the left door with my left arm, having my left hand’s fingernails filling with the fudgy and jelly-like substance of darkness. I then sprinting in with Wilma behind, finding the screaming people come through some doors and exit out towards the area we were in. Then, Eraoa came through, throwing an axe onto a eight-grader’s head, flopping his big body onto the floor as the lights started flickering, and all suddenly fermented to a battle scene about to operate. As many spectators running away or past or opening the doors for others stared to our powerful entities without definitions, I came out with words.

“Sup, gally.” I stated, making my right elbow bend up and wave to the hole-eyes of the darkness girl. My hand also started to grow its fingers and turn all the way black.

“Give me your darkness.” The villain stated after three seconds of noticing it- also in a low and dark pitched voice that could obviously be tuned out to be funny as it sounded like an old Mexican man trying to be deep voiced.

“No.” I spoke.

Eraoa’s corrupted body held the axe in her right hand as she pulled it from the boy’s head, plopping it off, but shaking the head off the axe afterwards, and then made her arm mesh back like a cartoon character, like a tube almost, and then spastically throw at me, leaving blood to splat out from the speed. I made my neck plop my head off, and then my torso shrinks its y-value, so it became stretched-looking. The axe, swung horizontally, fastened through the airspace, and fell to the floor four meters back, not denting a thing. My head then fell back onto the un-stretching torso of mine and had veins of darkness lock it back into place.

I then swung my right arm out, and it formed a blockade of needles, about four to five feet of a needle wall. I then made my right arm pulse it out by many dark strings, and it shot at Eraoa quickly, and into the wall under the flickering lights.

Eraoa though, dodged to the right, and then she made her shoes into dark pillars and lifted herself up and at me, making her hands form into rounded hammers, smashing them down onto the floor and causing miniature craters in the unpolished floor. I swept to the right, letting my green dress flow to the right, and my MLG shades looked forth in all essence towards the girl shoving her head left to see Wilma with a rainbow sword, cutting down on her neck position. Eraoa then shoved her pelvis forth, allowing her to do a front flip or roll, a meter far till she bounced up and twisted her body to face Wilma pulling her sword up.

“You know- I gotta’ appreciate that you’re not craving the Earth for particles to blast at me constantly… this is a good battle- please don’t change that.” It spoke.

“Thanks. I am awfully tired of defeating you jerks repeatedly.” Wilma said.

“I like how you guys are talking normally like we are not trying to kill each other at all.” I stated, shoving my left arm out, making a three-foot spike, and shooting it at the head of Eraoa.

Her head got plastered by it, and into the wall, where it melted into a black liquid. Then the decapitated body of Eraoa simply made its arms into spike-balls, with three chains hanging loose from each arm, and swung them at Wilma. She moved to the left, and then the right, and I came in behind to have my arms enclosed around Eraoa’s head, making my darkness fuel inside of her darkness. Her back then sprung out spikes into my body, piercing through and stabbing some organs out. But she went “Augh!” and made her back explode me away, literally dispersing her own matter frantically around to a shifting speed and pulsing me to the right dramatically to fall impaled. But I regenerated from the dark liquids growing down from the corners of the facility I call school and looked forth to the same method being used by Eraoa.

“Is this battle going to go anywhere?” She asked in a deep voice.

“I can kill you right now.” Wilma said tiredly, lifting her left hand up to the ceiling.

“What if I just leave?” She asked.

“Then you live and leave. I then revive everything.” Wilma spoke.

The corrupted Eraoa only frowned with anger in her gone eyes, and then dropped her arms and asked: “I’ll be going then…” She admitted to.

“Hold up- could ya’ll just, (The old man with green stringy hair coughs on his cigarette,) could ya’ll, (He coughs even harder,) cOUlD yA’lL continue? I was enjoying the non-explosive diarrhea of a battle.” The man said as he came into reality from a white drifting smoke to our left on the bleacher. No portal, just his un-transparency coming full.

Eraoa looked over with confusion. We did as well.

“Oh- sorry- I also came to ask a question; could ya’ll possibly not act so nerdy? Like, I’m looking back in my head at the stuff ya’ll did, and it’s pretty rainbow-that, rainbow-this, and I’m just going to give it right to ya’- could I possibly make a machine that only allows for bloody action and shit? Like, fighting with your maximum output is great and all, but could I at least create something to limit the smartness and easiness of everything?” He asked.

“Uh…” Wilma stated, making us all further confused.

“No! Let them continue with their powers! I saw the pasts- the heroes have it-” Another man tried to offer at the doors.

“Shut up! Shut the fuck up! I don’t care about your dumbass decisions to slightly change each sequence of events just because you feel the need to be in a story because Jesus doesn’t allow you to die or go to heaven- just eff’ of!” The man said, throwing his cigarette with his left hand onto the stands.

We looked to see the other man. He was a muscular male with his young astounding Austrian accented voice. He had a two-by-two feet black square for a torso, along with three tubes for legs, each separated three inches away and one foot long, having shoes simply just being rotated triangles forth, about under a foot. It was all black, and his arms were simply disconnected, but he had triangles he moved around with constant rotation, like they were his hands. Then his head was simply just a nonagon, a foot by a foot by a foot. He also wore a black hat just like the British Ball would. Every aspect of him was black though, except for the nine eyes, four on top beneath the hat, four in the middle right below the others, and the last one near the chin area, I would suppose. Then he had no mouth, just those white lemon-shaped eyes with black colors only. Weirdly enough, after he heard his friend, he held up his hands and to push himself away and left to exit through the doors.

“What is going on?” Eraoa asked.

“Uh- these lads met me after they wanted the red liquid to get un-transferred in ever universe, something that caused this kid to spark up all of this, and now I’m here to ask them if I can make a machine bloodier, more reviving, and cooler to the situation. They’ll… erm… I’m not gonna’ say it because it’s not entirely true… but do you guys want a machine like that?” He spoke.

“No.” Wilma blurted as sirens could be heard coming closer.

“Wait- what did you say?” He quickly asked back with eagerness.

“No! Now- we are going to say ‘no’ because you could not help with making all other red liquids not fuck every else over, but also because what you just said sounds like a torment of power and rather just an excuse to put on a show for yourself.” I stated.

He sighed. “I sounded like that?” He asked.

“Yes?” Wilma answered.

“Sorry- I just wanted to see if I could help. I was looking at the factors of you, kid, seeing your mentality went to insanity and I would think you would enjoy rather tearing people apart slowly and goodly, rather than letting your powers and friends take care of everything…” He spoke.

“I am smart, not stupid.” I said, reassuring him.

“Ight- I’m going now- for now…” He said, then disappearing slowly.

“Bruh. Now we got gods fucking around with us.” I stated.

“And Jesus is involved… so I’m fucking out of this bitch- hope to never see any of you again- HAHAHAHAHAHA!!” Eraoa said and left eagerly back into the school.

I then turned to Wilma and stared her dead in the eyes through my shades.

“We should have just gone home…” I stated to Wilma with funniness in my tone.

“Indeed.” She said out loud.

“But I also wonder if these shades have any anomalous effects or anything…” I stated as Wilma lifted her left hand out, shot a miniature version of herself out of it, and then that version started going around, holding both of its hands out and making everybody regenerate to liveliness again. Then Wilma shoved her left hand down and created a circular, orange-outlined portal under us.

***Going back to school.***

“Oh, hey- ya’ back!” Ryutyu startled around and said with Gustavo to his left.

Me and Wilma landed on my carpet floor with the vision of Ryutyu turning around with his weights, Gustavo as well but without the weights, and Cyclop behind in my black cushioned chair, ending their conversation as Shellia laid on my bed, facing left towards Cyclop and crunched up her legs under my blanket.

“Yeah- we recently just got weirdly informed by the green-hair guy that he is, I guess, not interested in watching us painfully murder each other naturally, but rather just wanted to help…” I said, making everybody but Wilma confused.

“We also came across another being with darkness abilities like Eighty-Three has.” Wilma spoke as her left arm closed the portal above.

“Alrighty- but what about the green haired guy and him coming back?” Cyclop started.

“Who is this green-haired guy?” Gustavo asked.

“Some male that had extraordinary powers and refused to take back some red liquids which will cause other universes to have other Eighty-Three personnel get injected into another universe where he will find Cyclop again.” Wilma spoke.

“We wa’ on a mission to find out why all of this started- except for that laptop program, Booro.” Ryutyu stated to Gustavo.

“You mean Bracussion?” Cyclop asked.

“Oh- yeah…” – Ryutyu.

“Oh… okay. Anything else that could be useful?” Gustavo asked.

“Wow- great choice of words. I really think you care about our little mission...” I stated dramatically and satirically, nudging Wilma with my left arm.

“Ha! Ha! Ho! So funny!” Wilma fakely jointed.

“Well, I’ve only been here for so long.” Gustavo spoke.

“Yeah, dummy.” Ryutyu laughed at me.

“Bruh, of course.” – Me.

“Well, me and Ryutyu were talking about Gustavo’s past with him.” Cyclop said.

“Weird to say that- Gustavo seems to not be in the center position, where most lead speakers would likely be…” I thought to myself. The accordion girl also opened her eyes and looked around. I quickly jointed my greens over to hers.

“What is your past about?” Wilma asked as I thought out my thought.

“Well, the Red Glitch made me come along in trade that I get more years to live, as well as a new life to mess around with- in which he also said I would be unable to die…” Gustavo said.

“And you wanted me to go insane?” I smiled.

“A goal achieved, obviously.” Cyclop smirked.

“Just because a wear a dress-” I started.

“Oh- I was thinking of the killing spree you told us about; but yeah, the dress too…” Cyclop nodded with his right leg crossed.

“Femboy.” Wilma giggled.

“Oh, stop it. I just have not had the time to change.” I told.

“You have had the time.” Wilma instantly spoke.

“Shut up- I need to do some things before I do little tasks like changing my clothes…” I tried, but then rubbed my head and sighed whilst walking to the right, rolling my eyes, “Definitely a smart excuse…” Ryutyu also giggled to that.

“Anyways- What about the Green-haired Man?” Cyclop asked.

“We shall call him Demi.” Wilma said.

“Why?” Gustavo asked.

“He is like a God… (Wilma stares into the soul of Cyclop,) But he is not God…” Wilma stated.

“Are you theorizing he is a demi-god?” I asked.

“Indeed.” – Wilma.

“Alrighty- so, yeah- we were battling a corrupted-in-darkness girl before Demi came out of nowhere and asked us if he could make a machine that would only allow everybody to rip everybody apart in the most humane and natural ways- without powers to be precise. He also yelled at some nonagonal creature in black that ran away, but, you know, random shit happens everywhere…” I explained as I walked back to see Ryutyu picking up his weights and giving in some reps.

“You should have said ‘yes’!” Gustavo admitted.

“Yeah, buddy…” Ryutyu nodded with a ‘rolling-eyes’ intention.

“So- if that’s most of it- was the Red Glitch present or could he be by any chance? I just want to know every detail now…” Cyclop asked.

“No. He simply came by.” Wilma spoke, pausing everybody, almost even Shellia’s blinking in bed.

“Alrighty… is there anything else planned?” Cyclop asked.

“Well, I would like to go back to the school- I do not think that the girl was the mind Wilma sensed, because as she called it: ‘rambunctious,’ which is not really the type of word for a killer, but words are words?” – Me, looking up to her tall height.

Wilma nods her head. “It was not the girl. There was another creature.” She spoke.

“(Nodding,) Well, I believe maybe that was the blue diamond ready to attack…” – me as Shellia sat up.

“Blue diamond?” Gustavo asked.

“Yes- a literal giant rhombus light blue diamond floating above the ground and jittering with such speed he will smash you dead instantly.” I stated, “He also yells, so you will hear him coming…” – Me as Shellia waved her cat tail back and forth.

“Uh- un-important question- where did you get those shades from?” Gustavo asked.

“Demi.” Wilma said. Cyclop also was about to say something but stopped.

“The Green-Haired dude.” Ryutyu said at the same time.

“Okay.” – Gus.

“Anyways- Wilma- send me back in an hour… I would like to plan that me and Wilma work on either surgical learning or rooms below for some incoming kids I think a CIA member will be giving me, and then I will go back to the school to guard it, and you guys can continue to hang out…” I stated.

“Incoming kids?” Gustavo asked.

“There was a CIA agent that touched the red liquid before the Red Eyes evacuated the substance away, so luckily, he found himself back in our universe- but had his friend die. Then he told me he was going to go get some kids as other versions of me stated in the other universe, but also, he was the guy who gave me permission to be out of school, so now I have a pass and can continue our little secret multi-universal lives without much government patrol hopefully…” I stated.

“And with the natural flow of time, we shall expect that, I guess.” Cyclop said firmly.

“Okay…” Gustavo nodded.

“We should create a rap room.” Wilma said out of nowhere.

“Wha- why?” Gustavo asked with Ryutyu at the same time.

“Jinx?” Ryutyu then asked, letting loose on his weights, and letting his veins show off as his tail wagged quickly.

“No, fuck off.” – Gustavo.

“So you guys can know how to beat a saggy old man with godly powers in back of a dark alleyway.” Wilma stated.

“He literally died right before I could do anything.” I told Wilma.

“Fuck off.” She told back to me with a laugh.

***A Rap battle so bad I had to piss.***

“Aw, yes, cringe time.” I said before Ryutyu.

We were in a small studio for music now. Wilma, Cyclop, and Gustavo were behind a five by seven feet glass panel surrounding by black tiled walls, the window being two feet from the black tiles floor. The ceiling was also black-tiled, and I had sucked up all the darkness, so the lighting looked pale. Cyclop on my view’s left, Gustavo to his left, and Wilma to the right, were sitting in black chairs just like I had, looking forth to me and Ryutyu with our wired grey metallic microphones. They had black microphone elements though, no LCD info screen, and the battery compartment below was just hooked on the bottom with a black wire to the white outlet to my right. Same for Ryutyu, but his left. Plus, Shellia stood in the middle, against the wall with her accordion. The three of my allies in the studio also had a control panel of grey inputs and EQ visualizer screens in front, showing black buttons all around and green waves within. Wilma stretched out her right hand and pressed a red button, three inches by three inches by three inches. It started to play the most based and basic tune of rap ever. The beat was in one-fourth time, and went one-hundred beats per second.

“Uh…” Ryutyu said, echoing his voice around. Shellia played her instrument with wonder.

“Bro… you look like a burnt potato with three crumbs- what?” I said drastically tired.

“What?” Gustavo leaned and laughed through the microphone standing up towards Cyclop’s mouth.

“Oh, my goodness, this is going to be funny…” Cyclop swayed his head with joy whilst saying.

“Try actual rhyming.” Wilma spoke.

“Man, I got the sus-sus-sus- okay, nah, bruh!” – Me.

Shellia played her notes happily with gleaming joy in her eyebrows. Ryutyu smiled with hope that I would do better.

“Not gonna’ lie, you look like a fry. You and your dress, femboy- you a mess.” Ryutyu said.

“Okay- that was actual decent.” I laughed with most others.

“Bet you have not considered training, your dreams for medieval is quite entertaining. Your armor is as thick as paper, and your skills leave you in an embarrassment crater… okay, that was not good either.” I spoke.

“That was pretty out there, but understandable.” Gustavo said through the microphone.

“You and your furry ears, you got no amount of gears- no, you try Ryutyu- I do not have a good essence on this…” I stated.

“Try me out with the tears of your account, you can’t even beat a try-out. My brain is smooth and yours-” Ryutyu started before Gustavo, Shellia, me, and Wilma giggled. “What?” He instantly smiled at.

“Having a smooth brain is actual a bad thing.” I stated.

“Oh- I didn’t know… I thought it was a good thing.” – Ryutyu wagging his tail.

“Yeah, but continue.” – Me.

“Man you look like a… (he laughs,) fuck, I dunno.” Ryutyu laughed more.

“Oh my goodness- Gustavo helped them out.” Cyclop said.

“Why not you help us out? You rapped with Wilma that one time at the party, remember?” I stated.

“Oh- yeah- but… we kind of sucked in our language…” – Cyclop.

“We did our best to rhyme.” Wilma giggled, looking down to the floor on the left.

“Uh… try not influencing yourself or bad-mouthing the other person, and try starting with something about the rap, or a story up to the other person- maybe…” Gustavo thought.

“Oh- we will try…” – me.

“(The beat restarts with the bare instrumentals,) Yeah… yeah… I am Eighty-Three, conquering of green dresses… my friend Shellia got no mouth to speak, but I got one to bleep… jeez, nah, that was trash… and I am here against the furry who calls himself Ryutyu, but we all know he does not have a single few… of what- how would I- (The beat comes on,) man looks like a blue compactor, filled inside a tractor- the guy cannot expose his true strengths, he has none to begin with- I- (I see Ryutyu a bit happily confused,) this is just for the rap, you honestly work out more than me- but yeah! The man cannot run for presidency, his mind is on the edge of tendency. His fur cannot warm him fully, he has no friends but the school bully- he… am I getting any better at any of this?” I asked suddenly. Shellia played her instrument with the beat now.

“Well… you are trying with all your uneducated friends to see if anything could be cool for rapping, so, yeah, please continue and you may come to a streak of gold in your words…” Cyclop nodded.

“Well I wanted to say to this boy of feminine taste, that your books are nothing but a copy and paste-” Ryutyu said, almost slowly.

“Oh- bruh! You got me hard there.” I nodded.

“Oh- sorry! Your books-” Ryutyu said.

“It is fine- I know it is just for the practice.” I nodded.

“I should really read your books.” Wilma said into the microphone.

“They are a bit boring, not going to lie- and I think I should rewrite them before giving any copies out.” I told Wilma.

“This man looks at memes as if they’re wisdom, but we all know he’s just a dum-dum-” – Ryutyu.

“Okay- that-” I immediately started breathing out the giggles.

“(Laughing,) I- I’m sorry! I’m really trying…” – Ryutyu.

“Well, you are hitting marks better than me I guess…” – Me.

“And your favorite color may be green, but your soul is filled with beannnnnnnnnnnn… s…” Ryutyu said before stopping himself to think.

I giggled with everybody else, but Shellia, who played her instrument in staccato high-pitched notes to show off her admiration.

“What was that?” Gustavo asked.

“I was… trying to think…” Ryutyu giggled as well.

“Yeah, we need to write our lyrics down before we sing them…” I spoke.

“Yo, can I try?” Gustavo asked Cyclop in his chair.

“Right here or in there?” Cyclop asked back.

“In there?” He asked back.

“Sure.” Wilma spoke before Cyclop.

Gustavo walked to the left of Wilma, towards the fully black door covered in the tile texture, opened it with his top left paw, then went through to see the tiles extend to wooden polished stairs on the top left of the box, and to the right where the tiles kept on going, was the black door, which Ryutyu opened for the cat to stroll into and him to go into the studio.

“Let’s see how animals do against humans.” Cyclop whispered.

“Alright… (The beat resets nicely,) alrighty- as you might say… to all there and now… to all future and present… I got to say… Eighty-Three ain’t shit… the little boy can only wear the unfinished collection of his lore, the guy goes through his goals with much torment, the male figure only knows the ways of the gore, yet nicely can’t even hold a tenement. The green rags he wears, (Wilma shuts off the beat with a fade by pressing a scroll button down,) have no oppo-” Gustavo was saying. “What the hell, Wilma?” Gustavo stated over.

“I sense something.” Wilma said, getting up from her seat and walking over to the stairs and going up.

From Wilma’s perspective, she found the gym basement, and then started to walk over to the stairs to the main house rooms without a view around the rooms.

“Oh my god- it must be those damn fuckers again in want of my blood.” I said with feisty anger. I then stomped up with my twinkling maid shoes of green as Cyclop was majorly confused.

“Yeah- there’s been a lot-” Gustavo was going to say.

“Yes- I know they were extraterrestrials roaming around this home for Eighty-Three.” Cyclop smiled and nodded patiently. Ryutyu just stayed silent, and Shellia played her instrument in the presence of nothing.

“Hello?” Wilma asked as she whipped to the right of the hallway corner in my house to see the skeleton with orange eyes.

I then rushed a jump onto the left walls and jumped again past the dryer on the left and washer on the right of the washing room and lifting my right arm to smash a punch into the skeleton’s stare at Wilma. I knocked his right cheek area to a full ninety-three-degree turn, and proceeded to spin my body with dark tentacles forming off the walls and holding me to a quick pace, and forcing my left arm to bash his head back even further as I relocated my right hand to grab his one-hundred-and-ninety-three degree turned head with my grasping dark long hand and tried ripping it off as bouncing back with pillars of darkness under my maid shoes lifting me away.

The skeleton just stared, but Wilma just put up her left hand and it faded away into a white mist that aimed up into the ceiling to spread.

“Oh- fuck you- I WAS HAVING FUN!” I yelled at the woman.

“I was being serious.” She laughed back. “We must go stop the other monsters as well.”

“Other monsters?” I asked back.

Wilma started walking back, having no reminisce to having her nine tails just flow around. I stepped to the side and followed behind her as she went back down. Below in the basement we found Ryutyu behind Cyclop, as Cyclop held out his red pen and shot it seriously at the orange-lighted, tubed-body, furry head robot. Wilma just swiped her right hand up again and it made it fade into white mist.

“A- Thanks!” Ryutyu yelled over as the ceiling started to hover up. The entire ceiling was pulled off and into the sky slowly, revealing the rainbow orb to come through by the left of me and Wilma’s view.

“Damn you!” He yelled to the female.

“No.” – Wilma.

The rainbow orb proceeded to spin and make a thousand miniature rainbow spikes fly at everything. Wilma used her left hand to shoot me back into rainbow oval that bounced on the stairs as she light-seemingly went over to Cyclop and Ryutyu and extended her right arm to grasp around them. She then lifted herself up as the rainbow made the entire house break apart into walls and floors of rooms and start spinning that around. Knocking my protection ball away, I found the corpses of the chomped-in-half Gustavo and top-missing body of Shellia fling up into the sky as I went to the neighbor’s house of brown across the street. Then the sky amongst its light, started to daze into red as Wilma’s many hands started flying rainbow grenades into the rainbow orb, who countered by making Portalises all around randomly, also randomly closing and opening, and slashing out blazing fire swords in every direction.

I made my left arm into a wall of black, blocking the swords to pack into it. I looked around, seeing nothing but swords disregard every structure and kill everything to hell. Fires burned on the grass and homes crumbled from the speed. I made my right arm into a cube of darkness, then formed another arm under it, and revealed my left arm back to no-work. I sighed and felt the no-light around my essence. Trapped in a fully black box, I decided to use my upper right arm, not the one coming from my armpit, and made the box extend up. I also formed eyes upon all the walls, exterior and interior. I saw the outside.

Amidst was Eraoa, running towards Cyclop and Ryutyu in their rainbow box of protection, flying away. Cyclop pulled out an orange pen and went back with Ryutyu to his home. Eraoa then looked up, not minding the blaze firing into every object’s soul, but rather the light show as the rainbow orb attacked Wilma at alarming rates, flashing colors about. Loud bangs and galaxy-like sounds emitted abruptly from the light show as I cratered my box up to them, whilst also seeing myself command the darkness to fill up around the area like a machine would. Eraoa started to look over and threw her axe of pure rainbow at my darkness. She also let her hand mold onto it, so it stretched into a fudgy string that attached to the middle of the axe and allowed her to pulse herself up and at my darkness swelling. She came through, bursting it about, and swung her axe up and down quickly as I walked up the sloping goo. I backfired my legs and allowed my own darkness to make me pillars to travel back. I then made my hands into black guns, and shot bullets at her, making her trudge backwards.

“PUSH HER TO HELL!” I yelled at the ambience, and the darkness continued to hold some of her particles back.

But she persisted and made those atoms useless as she made her body exalt into small spheres at me like she was a physical form of wind. She clashed into my body, pulsing me to the back wall from her speed, and then punched me with her particles. I simply just used mine to grab her liquifying neck, which she turned to liquid, and allowed the darkness to hold up with strings connecting to the walls. I then made my particles go to hers and started mashing them against each other. I visualized a smaller scale of war between our bodies, seeing grey net-like strings randomly vortex around each molecule of ours, and spread apart some of the molecules, like atoms undergoing alpha decay. We peered and steered our visions and battles out of the dark cube and came to contact into swirling attacks like a black gas was fighting another. Wilma, on the other side of the house, near the front door now abolished to hell, and the surrounding area of the world gone and destructed beyond screams helping from anybody else in houses, made many of the arms from her back force down with a fist, and caused the world below to crack and fumble up with raggedy rocks that spun faster than the sun. As those rocks were then directed at the rainbow ball now with rainbow wings fluttering drastically on all ends, me and Eraoa were blasted up without recognition. Our gases plastered into one another, and then formed into a physical form of ourselves once again, which then gravity winded and brought down its forces upon us, but we still stood. My hair flailed down, and my dress was taught to droop without much a swing.

“Can we even kill each other without the machines?” She asked as she clenched her fingers and got used to seeing the stars above us get closer, and rocks around fly up with fire buzzing through the cracks now.

“I do not-” I started to say with my left index finger held up my lower left arm.

“Woo!” Wilma yelled as she busted through the rock with Shellia and Gustavo’s corpse parts. She then made a portal under me and threw them both down with her back hands. The last thing I saw above as I looked, was many versions of Wilma spinning into Eraoa and forcing her into the rising lava of the thermosphere. Then it closed just as the sphere of rainbow enlarged to smash into the many versions behind Wilma.

I was now on Cyclop’s lawn, looking up to see passers in their vehicles. I did not think twice of the half bodies plotted on the grass now, fueling it to redness…

***Jesus designs an opinion.***

“What… is even happening?” Stalin asked in English.

Jesus Christ was in front and center on a rock, cut to a rounded area of about five by six by five point five meters, whilst Adolf Hitler was on his left, and Stalin was to the right, peering over to the flames and rocks of the world. He stood straight up, but his arms were ready to pounce, and confusion struck his face hard to the vision of extreme oranges. Jesus Christ just peered forwards with his blue eyes whilst Hitler was astonished yet not in superstition of everything. They were captivated in a blue shield with fifty percent transparency.

“O Father, give me knowledge!” Jesus Christ said to the above, holding his right hand up to the rocks bashing into each other.

Suddenly, a white light beamed down and entered his hand. He then held it forwards calmly, and it made a black screen inside a metallic grey frame, rounded and square, like four-by-four feet, in front of them by four feet. It displayed Wilma putting her hands down and causing the Earth to break into its fiery death. Jesus Christ looked at it with a nod, Adolf squinted, having his hands behind his back, and Stalin looked more confusedly over, eventually walking up behind them after three seconds. He did not loudly stomp his feet or anything, rather trembled on the floating rock of pure soil dirt with few grass traces left.

“Who’s she?” Hitler asked, almost disgusted with his pointy left index finger.

“A woman named Wilma Xeryt. She does not know what she has truly done. I must now make sure that thy catastrophes will not be excused, for even though all humane beings will forget such a speedy event, the sins are still visible to the eyes above.” Christ said.

“What? What eyes above?” Hitler asked.

“I just said it doesn’t matter if other people forgot about your destructive ways- I, angel above, and the father, will still see it.” – Jesus. Hitler just grunted and stepped away to go look at the right’s chaos.

“What are you going to do?” Stalin asked after five seconds.

“I am thinking of a contract with the Red Glitch…” Jesus said, before using his right hand to create a white letter from a snap of his fingers. He then made a black pen with a white cap and clicker, into his left hand, and started writing in English: “Thou beings altered, above the world but not the heavens, you shall listen to your savior. You shall not destroy the world, this heavenly Earth. You shall keep your presence to a low and discard your sins immediately. Judgement will occur, whether remembered by any other below or not. For humans are key to my plan, and thou shall not touch them with the way of full destruction. But for my people in Israel, will be locked from your grasp, put into safety beyond most eyes. Although thy can still lend a hand onto the land I will minimize, thy toucher’s essence will be in danger from the wrath of the lord. Do not take on the world with your supernatural powers, use them to rejoice in the lord’s name.” Jesus Christ wrote in black cursive on the letter. He then stood back from the letter hovering above the ground to his face level.

Stalin stared, and Hitler caught eyes too, extremely speeding up a small sprint to view the letter.

“Israel- pfft. It’ll never be a nation in my world…” – Hitler remarked.

“Okay… Interesting… but… Can everybody even read cursive?” Stalin joked after five seconds. Hitler just frowned and stomped away. Jesus just smiled and nodded his head.

“I must send this to all involved. Then, I shall fix the world back, and we shall continue our lesson.” Jesus stated happily.

He used his right hand to then swipe the letter to the right, and the letter moved an inch before a circular, yellow-outlined portal opened and slid the letter through. Behind the letter was an exact replica, and then it moved quickly into the portal which closed into nothingness, then reopened to a visualization of a new area. Then the letter swept through repeatedly.

Jesus then rose his right hand up, and the Earth started to restore itself in a matter of seconds. The soil the three stood on lowered massively slower than all the other rocks going back into place. Hitler and Stalin looked below with fear to see the destruction reverse, cracks fill up, and their soil patch refurnish onto some grass in Kenya. The trees came by, and the sky was filled with blue again.

“As you can see, the works of the almighty trinity have recomposed the world back into thy orderly place.” Jesus said.

“There’s still the poor and dying blacks, dummkopf.” Hitler murmured to himself, but Stalin oversaw on his right.

Jesus then lifted his left hand high, and the soil rose with the blue shield still there. They became so high in the air, Hitler trembled and looked around with fear. The accelerating winds had not produced yet, and Stalin was confused looking around and, on the soil’s growing grass for any wind effects. Nothing but Jesus lifting them up to the exosphere almost.

“Let me show thy how I work with power.” Jesus said, lowering his left arm and fisting at the floor.

“How are you- oh- yes- power…” Stalin started. They looked below, not touching the blue shield, but peering over below to see Caucasian area of Asia have a country entirely rise. It was Israel, with the Palestine conflicted lands, coming up to them. The area of green land kept its rivers as a blue shield formed around it. As it came closer, buildings looking more observable, it started to shrink. Hitler squinted more with eager intentions, and Stalin looked further.

“Is it going back down- or is it getting smaller?” He asked.

After three more seconds, it sorts of darted up, and revealed to be three feet outside the blue shield. It was the entirety of Israel’s claimed land. It was now the size of a laptop. It came through their blue shield and up to Jesus holding his hands in a giving-like way. It then floated between his hands.

“Wow.” Stalin remarked.

“How?!” Hitler frustratedly commanded.

“I am thy lord, the only one.” Jesus said.

“But…” Hitler started before crossing his arms and looking closely.

“Oh- yes- he did say something about making Israel smaller in his letter…” Stalin said to Hitler.

“Don’t talk to me, communist-man.” Hitler responded.

“Okay… fine… but Jesus- isn’t their water supply going to run out? I don’t see too many lakes anywhere…” Stalin asked.

“I already fixed thy problems. The lakes are refilled with clean water, and all liquid comes created back after a bucket takes it out. Their population will move towards those and grow from my infinite supply.” Jesus said.

“But… uh… what about the Palestine conflict?” Stalin asked.

“Israel has their temptations they must face. For God, I can give hope that thou will get along in the transported terrain. War will not justify itself in here.” Jesus spoke.

“And what about that ‘Wilma?’ Isn’t she still around, causing havoc?” Hitler asked.

“I’ve prepared for everything. I sent her safely to her friends. We must hope that she understands the letter.” Jesus said.

***The letter from the Lord Himself.***

“Oh!” Wilma said as she was bashed into Cyclop’s couch.

Nobody was sitting on it, but she just came from a circular, yellow-outlined portal that closed immediately, but also laid a blue sludge along her arms and legs. She made her arms in her back suck back into her body and looked forth to see the crew in the kitchen. I had Shellia’s body up on the counter, replacing the strings and vessels of blood together with my pinpointed fingers of extruding volumes in darkness. My index finger was a needle, as my middle finger held the stomach in place as I reattached multiple things at once, quickly, by also making my left-hand dart out branches of itself into the corpse and fix it. Gustavo’s cut body was on the floor, to my right.

“Uh…” Wilma confusedly stated as she sprung her arms up and about, getting the goo off.

“What happened?” Ryutyu asked with Cyclop on his right.

“I blew up the world. Then I was forced into a portal randomly.” Wilma stated.

“Okay…” Ryutyu nodded with no ease, rather worry.

“Did nothing else special occur?” Cyclop asked.

“No?” Wilma responded.

“Okay… Eighty-Three was just telling us about his battle with… the other darkness girl?” Ryutyu stated.

Wilma giggled after swiping off the blue goo onto the carpet. “You guys were at least thoughtful to continue battling just for fun.” Wilma spoke.

“What?” Ryutyu asked.

“I enjoy fighting, even if it gets nowhere.” I stated with a laugh, suddenly wrapping my left hand around the entirety of Shellia’s half-cut corpse and spinning it around as tubes of darkness from the cabinets opened them up and sprung into my back, exalting Cyclop to surprise. “So stupid…”

“Nice.” Wilma said to me.

“Yes, very nice. Finally, I feel like you- without you having to be inside me.” I stated to Wilma, letting go of the corpse and making Shellia spring into massive blinking mode and sprangling her accordion as she shook her head around the room and looked around with caution all over.

“Is the context here that Eighty-Three just thinks about remaking Shellia, and so it happens, henceforth he feels like Wilma since you did it to Eighty-Three after he came out of the cube?” Cyclop asked.

“Yes.” I stated over.

“Oh, nice.” Cyclop nodded.

“Dang- so ya’ guys don’t need any medical professor stuffs, and ya’ just think of reforming the insides, and it works?” Ryutyu asked, excited with his wagging tail, wondering and pondering the thought.

“Yes.” Wilma said with a slow nod.

“Well, I would like to learn it, because maybe it could help if we were ever trapped in a Humanitor shield, and I needed to use my skills to help somebody.” I told.

“I will fix Gustavo.” Wilma said, then lifting her right hand over Gustavo’s body, and it reformed, making him stutter his bones and jig them with surprise and he looked back and forth at our stares.

“What… wait… where… what?” Gustavo asked.

“You died by that orange cat robot, yet we survived, and then Wilma made a Portalis that allowed you and Shellia’s corpses to fall in with Eighty-Three to my world. Now, welcome to my house, and thank Wilma for recuperating your essence.” Cyclop said happily.

“Oh- uh… thanks.” Gustavo nodded, gulping.

“Well… what now?” Ryutyu said after some time.

“Do you guys want to get high?” Wilma asked.

“No.” Cyclop nodded against.

“Like as high as Nigga-Nigga?” I asked funnily.

“What?” Ryutyu asked.

“The dog she created. That is its name.” I stated.

Cyclop only facepalmed slowly.

“I can bring- (A note of yellow outlining glow comes out of a portal and into her right hand,) him… here…” Wilma trailed off, holding up the letter.

She read it quietly and arose suspicion from everyone. “What does thy say?” Ryutyu asked.

“Take a look at this.” Wilma said as she held out the paper to Cyclop.

“Thou beings altered, above the world but not the heavens, you shall listen to your savior. You shall not destroy the world, this heavenly Earth. You shall keep your presence to a low and discard your sins immediately. Judgement will occur, whether remembered by any other below or not. For humans are key to my plan, and thou shall not touch them with the way of full destruction. But for my people in Israel, will be locked from your grasp, put into safety beyond most eyes. Although thy can still lend a hand onto the land I will minimize, thy toucher’s essence will be in danger from the wrath of the lord. Do not take on the world with your supernatural powers, use them to rejoice in the lord’s name.” Cyclop said quickly, “Alrighty… this seems to be a note from Jesus Christ warning all particle and energy-based beings to stop attacking Earth. But, let me grab my info pen and check if this is real…” Cyclop said.

“You have to check whether it’s real?” Gustavo asked.

“Yes, because some extra beings out there can tend to disguise, (he grabs his grey pen from his tuxedo pocket,) themselves to look like Jesus or an angel, and write notes like our lord would, and send them out to stop their enemies. I would expect, (He clicks his grey pen numerous times,) that maybe Heru would send this to make Wilma stop using the Earth to destroy his allies… but… (He stops clicking his pen,) due to history and electromagnetic waves, I can safely say this actually came from Jesus himself.” Cyclop said.

“Wait- so what’s going on exactly?” Gustavo asked.

“I don’t know for sure. Did any of you see Jesus, if possible?” Cyclop asked.

“No?” Ryutyu replied, and the other nodded their heads.

“Well… judging by the evidence, I have to say that Jesus must have been around Earth or something. If none of us saw him, then he must be doing something else that he doesn’t want intruded by our business. I don’t know why he would be back- because it seems there was no rapture, so the war with the Anti-Christ or nations wouldn’t be prominent yet.” Cyclop told.

“So- Christianity is true, and we have God just walking around on Eighty-Three’s planet?!” Gustavo awed at.

“I guess so?” Cyclop nodded.

“Bro… that’s crazy… shouldn’t we be doing anything?” Gustavo asked.

“Just listen to what Jesus has said. You could follow the Bible, please, that would be greatest, but for Wilma and Heru’s allies, they will have to resort to lesser dramatic particle action to sustain fighting one another- not that that’s any good, but I think the Red Glitch will get involved massively if done, and we don’t want that again...” Cyclop told.

“Okay…” Wilma nodded a bit worried.

“Damn… I’m going to need to learn about this shit…” Gustavo whispered to himself. Shellia also played the accordion in awe.

“Uh… should thy try to find thy Jesus and see if he can help us in anyway- or we can help him maybe?” Ryutyu asked in a British accent.

Cyclop shrugged. “I would just leave our God to his plans. If he gets involved, then he gets involved. Judging by the way Wilma hasn’t even sensed a mind like his, which would probably signal strong static since he definitely would block vision inside- then I would just try to see if you can convert any of Heru’s allies to our side. It’d be best not to battle now…” Cyclop said.

“Alrighty.” I rolled my eyes at, looking at Shellia.

“Uh… anyways… we go home now? Or stay?” Ryutyu asked.

“What do you guys want to do?” Cyclop asked.

“I was thinking of taking Shellia apart and learning how the hell furries work. Like, how many bones make up the tail? Or- how much force is needed to rip off those ears?” I asked, happily intrigued and looking at her as she feared me inside.

“Uh… what?” Ryutyu disgustedly spoke.

“What did you have in mind?” I asked back.

“I was thinking of watching a movie or playing ya’ games with ya’…” Ryutyu said.

“Oh, sure!” I agreed.

“Well, I’m going to go talk to the Red Eyes about what just happened in a bit here.” Cyclop stated.

“I was thinking of spectating whatever insanity Eighty-Three wanted to do… but I will also take into account the Bible… never knew shit was going to be this real…” Gustavo said. Shellia then played her accordion to Wilma.

“Do not worry. We can put you back together.” She said, putting her left hand on Shellia’s right shoulder, making Shellia shiver.

“Alrighty then- you guys have a good night- except you, Eighty-Three, I think your new evolving hobby is getting a bit immoral- but I’ll be going now…” Cyclop said.

“A bit immoral?” I asked.

“Yes- Eighty-Three- you must acknowledge that Shellia is your friend and probably dislikes that you give her no consent to do surgery on her. Please, just hang out, I promise it will help your mind with what you’ve gone through…” Cyclop said with worry on his face. We watched in silence as he went to his garage door and left.

“Eh… he’s right. Eighty-Three, you should calm down a bit. Look a Shellia- she’s shaking…” Ryutyu said, lifting his right hand to Shellia on the counter, being stared by a smiling Wilma.

“Nah bro- it’s cool to learn shit like that- especially if you can put her back together. And- ooh- if you can- make sure she forgets everything about it, or something. Make her brain follow your commands, that would be absolutely outstanding.” Gustavo stated.

“Nice idea.” I told as Wilma sat up on the counter, and made an oval portal of green-outlining right in front of her, just behind me.

Ryutyu sighed sadly. Wilma then put her right arm around Shellia and spun herself down into the portal, along with Shellia. Wilma laughed as they spun to the basement carpet below, and then shuffled to the right. I hopped down, and Gustavo looked at Ryutyu as they heard happiness and fear below.

“You first.” Gustavo smiled and said, lifting his top left paw.

Ryutyu sighed. “I think I’m going to miss the old Eighty-Three soon…”

***The take apart of Shellia.***

“Alrighty.” I said to the ambience, looking forth to the girl.

Wilma stood right next to me, on my right, as I made my fingers into ten medical tools used for dissecting. Shellia jumbled and sprung her bones as much as she could to get away but was face-flat on the medical table remade. The table was now a slat of metallic grey. Shellia had her arms up, making her accordion stuck above her head, crocking noises in fear. Her ears were plucked up, slithering back and forth, as her tail was daggering about. She had no clothes on either. There were three pure metal grey restraints on her each arm, one hard and pushing down below the hand, one squeezing the elbow, and another right below the shoulder, also tight. A giant one held her waist down, and three held her legs down. One holding down behind the knee, one squishing her thighs, and one right above her feet. There was also a large restraint just barely lifted an inch, covering around her neck, so she could barely move that.

“The tail… a cut or pull?” I asked.

“She would not like either.” Wilma smiled.

“Oh…” I said, “I guess I must use my darkness to pull it all out cleanly. Wilma, spawn in some triazolam, please.” I stated.

“What is that?” Wilma asked.

“Some medicine regularly used to fight against insomnia, also betterly summarized as sleep-deprivation.” I stated. “Also make some opium and-or ketamine flow through her as well. Those medicines will help with reducing her pain so she will not wake up.”

“Okay… Betterly? Is that a real word?” Wilma smirked back as she made her right hand make Shellia’s skin light up in spots of white, which were soon flooded with her white skin again.

“Yes. I just created it.” I said happily back. Wilma just rolled her eyes happily, twisted her left hand, created a white syringe with a dead light blue liquid in it, and gave it to my right hand. “They also usually come in tablet form but thank you for liquifying it.” I also stated afterwards.

I then struck the strong calve of Shellia’s left leg, and pushed down the syringe’s handle, also known as the plunger. The liquid faded light blue dwelled down past her skin and into her blood stream.

“Now we wait fifteen to thirty minutes for the natural effects to proceed…” I told, “(With a chuckle,) Unless we shove more into you at different places, and Wilma speeds up your bloodstream…” I told, “Or maybe we add others like azaperone and xylazine, but those are used somewhat for animals mostly…”

“Okay.” Wilma nodded, twisting her left hand over Shellia’s naked body, and causing many more syringes to appear, already having the plunger down, as well as her body to vibrate more, shaking intensely as the red came clearer amongst her body.

“I am also quite sure that the body will not deplete anything if all blood flows are accurately at the same consistent rate, above or at least at the natural three to four miles per hour flow speed and are not leaking anywhere.” I spoke.

“You really like to flex your knowledge.” Wilma stated. I nodded back and made my right hand into a meatball of darkness.

Shellia started to move less from her seizure-like instance and started to calm down to sleep. Soon, her tail landed down, and I shoved my right hand forth. Wilma stood by, watching me as went in as deep as possible, and then clenched at something. There was a mushy feeling around now, as Wilma could already feel the ambience had clutched at the sight of me. None of us jumped, but I pulled my hand back, with her full tail drooling crimson red. I held it up, not even caring for the blood leaking out slowly but surely. Her tail was striped black and green, and furred dead now. I looked back to see a bit of the tail’s fur still around the inside, but the black goo started to immediately cover the little green up to the color of black. I also visualized that the furry tail went down into a point, like by the last two inches of the tail it just squeezed down. Yet, besides my description of the tail being purely out, it also contained red vessels and lines of silky gore that hung from the bottom of the dirty tail. They were dripping blood onto the floor of the room immensely, so I grabbed the strings and ripped them away, pulling some hair of the striped tail.

“Now, could you possibly duplicate this?” I asked of Wilma.

“I can give you your own cat tail if you want.” Wilma stated.

“Yeah, but I would like to give myself a reason to learn engineering right now- maybe with that knowledge I would obtain, I could make machines that could help with actually giving a reason for the human tail bone.” I stated.

“Of course…” Wilma sighed. She waved her right hand at the tail and made a duplicate right above instantly.

I then used my left hand to grab the upper one and placed it on my left hip side and allowed the darkness to sprint out of my body and wrap around it. It did so very quickly, attaching the tail to my body like a giant cylinder. I then used my right hand to place the tail back in Shellia. I then made my right hand into three quick small tentacles, one from the thumb, one from the now conjoined middle and index finger, and one from also conjoined useless and pinky finger. I made bandages of darkness, as well as the darkness inside her body grow eyes inside, whilst also leeching out dark spirals to place the tail back in. I turned my vision on inside her, as the darkness connection allowed. I ordered the darkness within to fix the bone back onto the spine, as well as transfer the fallen furs back on, and clean up the mess of the blood strings I ripped off. I then recreated them and placed them back on.

“Really? Are you just going to use your powers without even using natural bandages to help?” Wilma asked.

“Well, yes. I just ripped off the tail, so in order for the body to regenerate with the given help, I have to use my powers to at least put the tail back into the body’s anatomy. I know this is all stubborn, but I simply just want to at least simulate what I will have to do in special situations if they come by.” I stated, “And yes, I know you could just create a human and all the tools to help me out, but I would like to only do that when needed. Maybe in some situations I will not have the tools, so I will need the exact insight of the body to see how maybe I could do it without… and it will take away the suspense if I know how to do everything without error.” I told.

“Bruh.” Wilma stated as I finished.

“I know my excuses are not that good… but please, I like it like this.” I furthered.

Wilma sighed.

“Now, get Ryutyu.” I told.

Wilma flashed her left hand up and made the rocks and materials shatter away. Ryutyu was then lifted towards us, surprised and disoriented.

“Ah- Oh- hey! Is… this thy time I get my feet surgery like ya’ said at the lab?” He asked, looking at Shellia already done.

“Yes.” I told as Wilma used her right hand to make Shellia float away with another copy of the table forming from invisibility just two feet away, and allowed Ryutyu to lay there, as Wilma made a third hand from her back make all the blood stains scoot down off the table.

I then made my arm into an axe as Wilma twisted her left hand suddenly to add many syringes across both of his arms. Ryutyu could only gulp, leaving his ears down and tail unresponsive.

“Why not put the syringes in his head? Why even use syringes? Just make the liquid form inside him.” I told Wilma suddenly as Ryutyu breathed in and out largely.

Wilma sighed. “Damnit.” She told, looking down.

I then watched for three seconds as Ryutyu, in his pajamas, cooled down and started to sleep. Wilma twisted her right hand over him after those three seconds, and I saw a dramatic effect of him go into snoozing. I then laid down the sharpness of my axe-hand, cut off his left foot, and then his right.

“And since you think powers are so cool and all- give him the correct paws.” I answered Wilma’s silence.

“No.” She stated back.

“Alrighty- then do not complain about me doing things the hard and stupid way.” I said, laughing inside.

“You already thought of how to do it correctly beforehand. Why do you truly go out of everybody’s way just to do it weirdly?” Wilma asked as the blood that went off the table immediately flew into Shellia’s back.

“Because! I do not want to lose my appreciation and eagerness for fixing people like real doctors. I just like doing it these ways because it is only a matter of time till I might not enjoy such acts as greatly as I already do…” I told.

“Oh… That can make… nostalgic sense.” Wilma nodded as some blood leaped from Ryutyu’s legs.

“Alrighty, time for the body contouring. How would you reshape this cut feet?” I asked Wilma.

“Same way you are thinking.” She told.

“Then spawn it in, damn.” I told.

“How would you do it without a suction machine?” Wilma asked, in want of my answer.

“Well, I would probably just not do it. Or I would use my powers to make all that fat extend the opposite way till a certain point, then realign the blood stream to support it.” I spoke.

“Okay.” Wilma nodded, twisting her right hand again and making a white tube, looking like a bicycle air pump, form to the back of both cut feet. They were straight up, about twenty-four inches tall, with a sharp metallic grey tube planted into it. The plunger rectangle was down on both instruments. I got the left one, pulled it back, and extended the foot, and then did the same with the right one.

“Eh- not what I had in mind.” I stated, looking at the supremely blustered paws.

“Just build your own then.” Wilma instantly stated.

“Alrighty! Geez! Doing slightly stupid things does not make us friendlier to each other I see…” I whispered under my breath.

***The package of newness came by.***

“Eighty-Three! There is a package!” Wilma said in a yell as she walked up to me in my lab. She planted her black boots down and looked at me with her arms in those blue robes.

“Then get it! Deadass!” I yelled back.

“Nah! It would be too easy. You should go get it yourself. It would just be for the experience anyways.” Wilma smiled back.

“Fucking hell, we both are like Heru now.” I stated back.

“What?” Wilma nodded back as I left the bloody scene of me making the perfect paws for Ryutyu. They were like a simple drawing came to life. I had the roots of blood streams sticking out, but the heel was rounded like a square, and the toes were still only three, but without that strain of muscle. They were smooth and gave way to the white glowing toenails that sharply hit the floor just about. I hat the left foot in front of me, but they were identical to be honest. I had it placed on the table with Ryutyu still asleep, but Shellia already gone with her replaced tail.

“The context is that the sadistic mosquito shit is just as stupid as I have recently been. He literal does not want to kill me because he purely is there for the satisfaction of my torture, mentally and physically. He hired people to kill me, and then trapped them in the loop that happened not so long ago.” I stated.

“Oh…” Wilma nodded back.

“Anyways- I guess I will go.” I committed towards.

I went up the stairs, past the sleeping Gustavo at the end of my bed, as well as Shellia sleeping towards the wall like I would, and went further to the front door. I opened it, grabbed the package, then walked back inside towards my room, and opened it by making my right hand into a black blade, only slicing through the top of the un-heavy cardboard pale box. I then opened the vertically cut flaps.

“More schoolwork?” Wilma asked.

“Yes- obviously. Jeo probably does not know that the universe has been reset multiple times- maybe to him the world has just kept on going.” I told.

“Oh- yeah… oops.” Wilma said.

“Well, I will be doing these papers down at the lab, and also finish up Ryutyu’s paws…” I spoke.

“I gave myself too much sugar before the machines activated. This will get boring sooner or later.” Wilma spoke inside herself.

So, for the next hours, I worked on perfecting Ryutyu’s conductivity with electricity and his new feet. Montage erupted, show me a scene of putting white stitches around his legs, connecting the paws. I then sat my papers down, seven of them, and started doing my work on the workbench with an orange pencil.

Time going by, the sunset finally rose. My mother came out of her room and started getting only my brother ready. Wilma and Gustavo were now awake, enjoying the mindfulness of talking to each other about ideologies.

“Communism sounds really good from what you just summarized of it.” Wilma said, sitting in the etiquette chair and crossing her left leg over her other. Her nine tails just fluffed up from the no-space.

“Yeah- but not in practice though- people don’t want to work harder for the same amount of pay…” – Gustavo said from the floor as Shellia rolled over in bed, attracting the attention of Wilma.

As the sunset rose even further, Wilma, in her mentally awake state, got up and went to tug onto Shellia’s right shoulder, waking her up slowly. Shellia rose her tail immensely and flashed her ears around, worried. She instantly sprawled up and bounced out of bed, looking around.

“Wait for the machines to turn on. Then I can read your mind.” Wilma said as Shellia just played some notes at her. Shellia looked a bit confused, but then sat back on the bed. Wilma then walked over to the stairs and down to the lab on the right. She opened the door and contacted me. “Hello.”

“Heya- Wilma!” Ryutyu waved with his right arm, “We were just talking about the drugs ya’ used on me and Shellia.” He blandly said in a British tone. I sat to his right, with my laptop out, both my hands on the mousepad.

“I came down to mainly tell Eighty-Three it would be best if he leaves now to go turn in his papers at school.” – Wilma.

“Oh- Alrighty- I guess eight A-M was not the best option.” I nodded back with a bit of frustration.

“Okay! You can wait for the machines to turn off.” Wilma said, lifting her hands up.

“Goodie…” I nodded back, laughing a smudge.

When the eight came by, I walked up with Ryutyu to see Gustavo feasting on an orange cat on a white plate, as Wilma sat in my rolling chair with a metal grey fork in her left hand, and stroganoff on her white circular plate. Shellia laid on the bed, trying to go to sleep.

“I will be off now. Hope to see you guys quickly here again.” I told.

“Good luck.” Wilma smirked and giggled.

“What?” Ryutyu asked after I left through my door.

“His school may still be infested with Heru’s allies-” Wilma tried after swallowing her little chomp.

“Oh- sorry- I forgot.” Ryutyu nudged.

I quickly bounced up into the sky with my darkness pillars lifting my maid shoes up. I then tilted the pillars forty-five degrees and made them squish down to at least an inch before the grass below, and then shoot me up. The pillars ended at ten meters in the sky, and shot me at eighty-three miles per hour, towards my school. I then made my arms go behind my back, and stretch out with darkness into wings, in which I used to glide and not lose distance from the ground so easily. I found my school after a solid five minutes and landed down in the tennis court, five meters before the doors to the gym. Nobody was out to see that personally, but many cars were around the place.

“It would be funny if you spider-like creatures deliver the papers- ooh- you should make them small and make sure that paper it-” I started to think to myself as I looked towards the school.

“Oh my god, there he is.” The echoing rainbow orb said behind me.

I peered quickly around, seeing the rainbow orb float above the ground with Deandra coming in on her musical tracks as she played the violin to my spot from the west. Her eyes were in surprise, and confusion was amongst the ambiences.

“Wait- this is the same kid?” Deandra asked.

“Yeah- and he got some kind of green dress whilst we were gone.” The rainbow orb stated.

“HE’S A FEMBOY!?” Deandra yelled as she hoped off the slowly disintegrating musical measures.

“Yes?” I stated back.

“Hold on- let me scan for possibly Wilma or the cyclops.” The rainbow orb said as he went up into the air and then came back. “Seeing nobody- (A portal of light-blue outlining opened up, making me fall into a light blue pool with no barriers, just the concrete white floor five feet below, and the infinite ocean to my view,) ha!” I heard lastly as he quickly closed the portal.

“Damn.” I stated. Looking around as I floated, I saw the sky was just a tame light blue with three yellow suns horizontally to my left, shining on the waters, “They really put me in… with… what are these?” I asked, looking down.

Below, beyond my mind, were frill sharks. Normal, slimy, and Earthly, they swam across the floor, endlessly looking around each other. There were about fifty of them around me, leaving only up to five-by-five feet of space for a second before another thrifted through, and they seemed to get more spread apart as I looked towards the horizon. I just sighed.

After three minutes of literally just floating and enjoying the smooth and flat waves brush against my green dress I obtained from Shellia, the blue outlined square portal opened again to my right, behind me.

“How is he not dead yet!?” The rainbow orb asked.

“If these are sharks, and they are blind, then me just floating here would obviously not make them attack. Common survival knowledge.” I told.

“They’re- fuck…” The rainbow orb echoed.

“Could you possibly bring me out of here?” I asked politely.

“Yeah- hold on…” Deandra committed towards. She played her violin and made the black lines go into the ocean and below my maid shoes and bring me up to the tennis court again.

“Why are you helping him?” The rainbow orb asked calmly.

“I’m still thinking about Heru and that money payment… maybe he is playing us in a repeat.” Deandra spoke as I was lifted back onto the ground, dripping wet.

“Yes, indeed he is. Believe me, the man literally revealed his plans. He just wants to see me tortured repeatedly; he does not give a shit for you guys.” I told.

They both stayed silent for a short time. They looked me from shoe to hair. I was different to them. They knew I was no longer the innocent boy in care for his own survival- I was totally something else now.

“Whilst we’re being friendly, can I ask where you got that dress from?” The orb asked suddenly.

“My friend Shellia. She has no mouth and plays an accordion to communicate- in notes. I had to take off her dress to enter the third world’s secretive base and getting in I found a machine that made me remember everything. I was so struck by it; I did not care to be in a dress since then- clothing would be the least of my worries. Who cares if I am a femboy, anyways?” I told.

“Well- you look edgy as fuck.” The orb said.

I sighed and smirked. “Alrighty- that is a bit true- but please, tell me what you guys were doing as the computer sent us to those three worlds.”

“We just rested. Everybody was tired of trying to get to you without much sleep or breaks.” Deandra spoke.

“Alrighty.” – Me.

“Okay! And with everything that’s happened at school- why are you still coming by?” The orb then asked.

“I got to turn in my papers. I have a special agreement with a CIA member that I will not have to regularly attend school if I turn in these natural quizzes my teachers make up.” I answered.

“Oh- okay… So… uh…” – Rainbow orb.

“I will go turn in my papers, and then we can fight in another dimension or enclosed space. I would like reality to keep on going without us having to reset the universe just to fix some little school in Florida.” – Me.

“Honestly, I really don’t feel like fighting- because I know for damn sure Wilma would come along and waste all of our time again... Maybe we could consider finding out Heru’s true motives first.” Deandra told.

“The plague doc already said what he’s saying is excuses.” The orb told back.

“Well… sure… but I’m getting tired of doing the same thing repeatedly.” – Deandra.

“Deandra- and orb or whatever-”

“Yeah- everybody calls me ‘orb’ after a while…” The rainbow orb interrupted.

“Well- have no worries. I want, (I make a slight string, about an inch wide and tall, of black darkness, expulse from the creak of one of the corners of the metallic barred fence, go up to Deandra’s maid shoe of black, and hide in a small black forming bubble almost unconceivable right behind her right shoe,) peace still. If you guys can, at least, go home and not continue this evil morality to obtain nothing but the lie of cash, then that would help everybody. At the most though, maybe you guys could help me defeat Heru- and I think from there all this stupid fighting will end and everything could be restored.” I told.

“Well… he’s not wrong- if we quit now, we just go home… but the cash money!” He wailed at the end like a child.

“Kid-” Deandra started.

“Call me Eighty-Three.” I stated in interruption, putting my right hand on my hip.

“Eighty-Three, I, for one note, specifically must get the money to continue staying in my parent’s mansion. They’ll kick me out if I don’t pay rent- or pay some of their debt off by the end of the year. If there’s anyway you could possibly make me some money, I can be paid off.” Deandra stated.

“Why not spawn in cash with your violin?” I asked.

“Yeah- why not?” The orb asked.

“Because… the red glitch denies it…” Deandra said.

“The red glitch is personally getting involved in your life?” I asked with a humorous tone. Deandra just sighed and stayed silent.

“Okay… I’m here to pay off this multiversal cyclops crew that has way too many machines. I accidently destroyed a few ships of theirs, and they’re hunting me still. Yet, they’re slow… and escaping to other universes gives me at least fifteen years of pure peace depending on my choices.” – The orb said.

“Well, for the both of you- I can spawn in the money with Wilma. Or I can print it if the red glitch stops us. Or maybe, (I put my hands behind my back,) I can ask the cyclops or CIA for some funding for a fake project and then give it to you- but that would not establish trust… so… Deandra and orb- go back to your places of rest. Meet me back here in… three days maybe? Then I will show you the results of my works… I am setting a timer in my mind right now, by the way.” I stated.

“How do we know you’re not lying?” The orb asked.

“How would you know Heru is not lying? You would not- yet you still take the chance. If you blast me right now- nothing good will come out of it- but if you take my offer, maybe I can treat you differently… or you can just go home and forget about any of this, and you guys could be fine then…” I spoke.

Deandra sighed. “I dislike the slur of doing business with both sides, but… sure… I’m up to wait three days…” She spoke.

“Well… I’ll just be heading back to the bar… what exact time do you want us to meet up at?” The orb asked.

“Erm… seven to eight. I shall be around for sure. I remember everything…” I spoke.

“Oh, cool…” The orb stated.

“Okay- I’m out of here.” Deandra said, playing her violin for a solid fifteen seconds, and opening up a circular purple portal which she dived into. It then closed.

“Okay- me too…” The orb said, opening a square, yellow-outlined portal in front of him, and going through. Then it closed after two seconds, and all was that was trouble was mostly distant from me…

“Anyways- quickly get your critters working.” Myself told to me. I made six spiders crawl out of my mouth, and then plunged my right hand into my stomach. My dress moved away as my hand filled with darkness, then repelled back inside me, and little strings wrapped the rubber dress back into niceness. I grasped the papers losing their black touch and threw them to my right. Each spider jumped off my body and got into place as where the slowly falling papers shall go. Eventually, they lifted two of their legs up and caught the paper with their sticky molecules. They then ran off towards the door, where emitted eighty-five miniature knives out of the mouth, extended three inches beyond their two fangs and quadrillion eyes, and cut holes in the door by stabbing it roundly from the knife-circle. When they finished their speedy attacks, they hopped inside, thinning out the paper to go into the three-by-three-inch hole they created. They then darted away.

“Alrighty- now- ponder whether you should actual kill Deandra’s family or not.” My brain told. “Well, they did seem like they were listening, so maybe we should not- and maybe we got them off our hook if we do our little deal.” My mind said. “But- what if they were lying? What if they come back and try to kill us anyway? What about the fact that Heru might just hire more people anyways?” My brain asked. “Hopefully he does not, but we do not know. Killing Deandra’s family, and her, would be helpful to a point if we can. If she is as strong as the rainbow orb, we just call it off… but… Heru hiring more problems like them for us to face will probably come soon. If we get them off our hooks, we will have two less problems, and maybe that will make the other allies of Heru more intrigued to leave his side.” My mind said. “Sure, sure, but think about the murder! The killing! If we go after Deandra and her family- not even Deandra- we just kill her family- then we can get that victory along with a side of a mad woman. And what more is two problems? If we kill Deandra’s family, maybe we will have a chance to capture her in her anger if we had not already destroyed her, and then maybe we can harness her power and kill more!” My brain told. “I guess I must like your thinking- make her mad, hope Heru does not hire more people, and then capture Deandra to achieve her violin… but what about the orb? Do we just kill it every time, or what?” My mind asked. “Well, the orb is a problem like the plague doctor. I do not think he has a weak point, like mentally, besides the shit that kills him, so let us just be sadistic against Deandra. I promise it will be fun, and definitely payback…” My brain told. “I guess I must agree.” My mind agreed.

So, I then melted myself into darkness liquid, and moved my water-like form onto the school wall and up onto the roof, where I used my many eyes to observe what was going on. Firstly, I saw my black spiders move past some gym members, causing them great confusion and some anxiety to the papers just casually intriguing their way beyond the opened doors. Then, I looked away from my current mascots and towards Deandra.  
 I moved my black sludge off her shoe, and towards the open cabinet with many priceless pots inside. I then sucked the sludge into the darkness and took control. I made many black pupils amongst the darkness liquefying, many seemingly invisible to the natural eye. I saw Deandra in her maid suit, as well as the large kitchen of bronze sulfur cabinets, and dazzling purple marble countertops. The floor was tiled with grey, and the ceiling was a mystic swirl of dark blue, with white oval lights hanging from one cord of black. To the back was the diner table area, and beyond the high countertops was the living room from what I could tell in sound. There was a television on advertisements right now, explaining shampoo.

But I was here for a better reason than hiding. As she was washing some dishes now and smiling, I made my darkness sprinkle through the purple countertop, flushing through like water made the material damp, and then quickly moved the sludge up to the ceiling by making a little tentacle reach down and pull it up there. I then grasped the corner’s defiance of light and looked around with the many pupils showing many visions. She had a grandmother sitting to the left of her son, a man with brown hair and green eyes. Nobody else was around, until three seconds later, then a mother entered.

“Deandra! What are you doing here?” She asked swiftly. The mother had long brown hair that bushed up first. Her green eyes and dark brown eyebrows were damp, and her wrinkles her many along her mouth. She had big brown lips and wore a blue lab coat with a dark blue t-shirt underneath. She also wore black pants and black church shoes. Her fingernails were also painted red.

But let us quickly address the spiders before we listen to their final conversations to each other. One of my six spiders actually scared of a majority of students as it entered Mr. Hem’s math room. It laid the paper down at the scrolling black wheels of his chair as he sat in it, confused on why paper was moving under him. Simply, the spider dropped it off quickly, then crawled up the wall, revealing itself to be a bit smaller than a real one, yet unique in design. Mr. Hem backed away from it as it went up to the ceiling and moved the entire square up with its bare hands, before going further up and into the darkness above.

“What in the?” Elijah asked.

“Uh… (Mr. Hem reaches down to pick up my paper,) Oh… it seems ████ is giving us his papers by… spiders… er…” Mr. Hem said whilst dazzled.

The second spider made it suspiciously down to Mr. Hambe, and quickly to his desk, dropped it off whilst he was not there, and barely any other students, and then left to the ceiling as well, but this time put it back in place. Then a third went to Mrs. Kilmorf, my history teacher, and went through her door with many kids quite crudely curious of the tiny expedition going to the chair and leaving the paper, then revealing a strong spider to give up towards the ceiling for an escape from view. The fourth and fifth went through the halls, dodging many people as others pointed them out.

But then- A kid reached down and picked up the paper on the fifth, the right one.

His name was Cooper Jacky, a boy with strong yellow hair and an Italian jawline. With his brown freckles and black glasses, he looked extremely confused yet lazily at the spider that stopped to look at him. He backed away with his blue and green striped t-shirt, with brown jeans and brown labor shoes that you could say “WHAT ARE THOOOOSE?!” towards. Yet he looked chill and kept his pale skin to himself.

“████’s?” He asked as silence was about and the fourth had also turned but was still under the paper.

I blinked my many eyes on the spider, and it bounced up with strings of darkness fueling its legs up from the carpet below. Jacky threw the paper, and the spider caught it with three of its legs. Jacky and the other ran away, and the fourth continued again.

“What? What is it?!” Arty commanded as he came in with his hands on his hips.

“Spiders!” Molly’s second friend firmly stated. She was with Eraoa now, but she was afraid and no localization of darkness in her physical form at the current moment.

“Make the spiders go ultra-speed, or just get it done!” I commanded inside my brain as Deandra was on my left ear, talking with her mother… I will tell you a bit in a second here.

My spiders than sped up and Arty chased them. They quickly went to my open-doored writing teacher’s, laid the papers down, and then crawled up the wall. Arty tried slapping them, but they zigzagged from his grasp, and he was left to see them move the square above and leave to the darkness as well… his awe was amazing, and the students were considering the supernatural.

The sixth spider passed our principal, and made suspicion fully arise amongst him. He looked down to see the paper speed up and go towards my band teacher. This spider simply left it at the closed doors before going up the wall and you know where. The principal of school could only stare with his eyes in mass insecurity for his school now.

“Hey- Mr. Halto- have you seen some spiders around, beneath ████ ████’s papers, to be specific?” Arty asked as he sprinted up.

“And do they go into the ceiling after dropping off the papers?” Mr. Halto asked as I heard with the darkness inside the lockers.

“Oh- good- I wanted to ask if you got any… context from the CIA on this…” Arty whispered in.

“Nope… but do you have their contacts?” Mr. Clink Halto asked.

“I… uh… no… I guess I should go ask if I can talk with ████. He’s being homeschooled currently.” Arty stated.

“I know…” The principal said, nodding. “Now, tell the teachers to go on with the school day. I think things should be fine…”

“Mm.” Arty nodded in the awkward silence, before walking off.

Now back to Deandra and her family.

“Hello, mother- I just came home from my job. It seems that the man we were facing in our efforts to restore Udiba was just some simpleton that didn’t know he was misleading us, so now he’ll respectively pay us back soon so we can continue fighting those creepy demons.” Deandra replied, looking over her right shoulder.

“Oh- that was… sudden.” The mother replied, “Are you sure he’s on your side? And how was he misleading?”

“Well, we found that he was one of the last crewmates on an expedition crew to the planet to restore an area for his own configuration but had no information to look out for anything other than the demons. He was scared and painfully alone, plus some of the demons can shapeshift, so it was understandable that maybe he would be against us first. Then we showed him our plans, and he agreed to a better term of service than guarding his little land.” Deandra lied.

“Wow.” The son replied. He had blue eyes, brown hair that was thinned out like a deep military-cut, and big lips. He wore a blue and red striped t-shirt, as well as brown jeans and black socks.

“Really?” The grandmother asked.

“Yes.” Deandra replied.

“Well… I hope you’ll be staying for dinner.” The mother replied.

“I will be. I have some time off before I should go back.” Deandra replied.

“Hm… thanks for the doing the dishes too…” The mother replied, “And I hope you haven’t lost interest in your musical talent…”

“Why would I lose interest in such a thing?” Deandra asked.

“I dunno.” The mother replied, then chuckling off.

“Go Deandra.” The grandmother released after a few seconds. Deandra just smiled, continued the plates to the end, and then cleaned her hands with some white shampoo, and went over to her biggest room of the house, to the bottom left wooden corner without carpet, if you were facing the perplexing glass blue doors from the yellow grassy outside, and went to her black musical stands. She sat in one of the five chairs, the furthest left, and looked forth to her stand where music sat. She picked up the violin and violin stick from the ground it was already placed at.

“So, she lies to her family?” My left side of the brain said. “Yeah, will that make the killings sadder though?” The right side asked. “No, obviously. Why would we care? She deserves it. It might hit her well.” The left side agreed. “Well, damn, I think it is sealed that we must keep her alive at most.” The right side stated. “Alrighty… but… what now?” The left asked. “We wait and watch till she leaves…” The right condemned.

So, I waited. Deandra played her music, many pieces of absolutely majesty, for a straight four hours, going through each, making minimal errors, and waving her torso left and right to sway with the music at a low point. Eventually, she took a deep breath in, and put her instrument down on the chair to her right. She got up and went to talk to her grandmother and son. She then went away upstairs, up the wooden rectangles, and onto the green-carpeted hall. The carpet design was triangles of white amongst a green inverted triangle background. On the walls were red squares with black ones. The doorframes were white, as with the doors. The doorknobs were shining a blue metal though. She went to the right side of the hall, and into a white and cleaned bathroom. I stayed out, for a minute and a half, before she came out and headed to the left side, first door, which led into a blue carpeted room. The carpet here was the floor, and springy. She took off her maid shoes, but not her socks. She then got in bed, covered herself up in the white blanket amongst the white bed with a black square for its base, and rested her head facing left on the one white pillow. There were posters of Mozart and Red Glitch drawings above the bed’s back. Three posters of Mozart sitting, then composing music, then writing, all above drawings of the red glitch stopping Deandra from doing things. They were well done pictures too. The first was filled in very realistically, but on with pencil. It showed Deandra getting her hands bloody after dropping her musical instrument, and the red glitch smiling behind her. The red glitch was composed to be Deandra, but red and glitchy. The second just showed him with two swords, and a daring face towards the viewer. The third just showed the home being split in half between normality and red glitchy-ness, and the red glitch reflected a large dark red shadow behind both. Grass was also yellow in this picture. To Deandra’s left was the wooden stand with a single brown lamp, and a black alarm clock turned off. To the left of me, over her bed now, was her closet. To the right was a white, three-by-three cubical system that had different kinds of clothes in them, crushed in, like mine but without the boxes. The bottom ones contained stacks of papers though. There was also a desk against the bottom wall, to the left corner, made of pure black wood that held a white laptop on it, with a white mouse that was wireless. Nothing else. Now, the ceiling was a dark blue popcorn, and the fan was white. There was a window to my left, seeking out to the white moon amongst the dark green trees, and wonder of the forest. The fan was off, and all was silent, except the outside chirping of some owls. Deandra rested peacefully in her bed, unmindful of me. The ambience was not intense, but rather extremely calm, and almost scary at the same time as I had a three-by-three feet pure square of darkness hovering over her.

But let us intrigue ourselves onto another topic at the same time, one I must conclusively say being that I also created a copy of myself in that boredom to talk to Wilma whilst I was on my mission.

“Hey- Wilma- anything new?” I asked as I materialized from pure black in the puddle I left in the surgical room. I just started coming out of it, like the liquid was pushing me linearly out of itself.

Wilma was currently with Nigga Nigga. There were sitting in metallic grey lawn chairs with blue straps behind. Nigga Nigga only wore his detective coat and hat and smoked a large white cigarette with his left leg crossed.

“Ayo, what’s good nigga?” He asked.

“Just came to check in. I would like to assure Wilma here that I am currently in the process of seeking whenever Deandra will leave her home so I can kill her family and make her spiral into a mental hell that she will probably see as her own fault, henceforth she will forever be off your essence of battle.” I spoke.

“Damn shit nigga, ya’ had to say all those words to sound smart?” Nigga Nigga asked.

“Oh…” Wilma said, pulling the cigar out of her mouth.

“Yeah- so, if this ambience even seems to bore you for a second, maybe you could come in and try to kill Deandra- so whilst she is distracted, I can make my perfect move.” I said.

“What time would you like to me to interfere?” Wilma asked, crossing her sleeves of blue again.

“When you feel bored- or you could just create a small version of yourself and come along.” I spoke.

“Not now. I would like to enjoy the full disobedience of being a human with only the cigarette in all parts of the mind. I will come later…” Wilma said, then putting the ciggy of white back in her mouth.

I shrugged and went out the door. “I already copied myself, lazy-pants.” I said as I left. I then went to Ryutyu lifting weights and gaining his muscle with his lengthy veins.

“Oh- hey, Eighty-Three! You’re back!” Ryutyu announced.

“Yeah… would you like to play a game, maybe?” I asked.

“Uh… not really… I wanna do some physical activity…” Ryutyu wagged his tail slower and lifted his ears higher.

“Oh, how about the pool then? We could splash around and throw a ball to each other.” I spoke.

“I don’t have a swimsuit though…” Ryutyu said.

“Hold on, let me create a copy…” I said, going up to my room.

“Also, thanks for these flatter feet! I really am enjoying em’!” Ryutyu yelled over.

Now that we finished all that, let me explain what I did. Nothing. For eight hours, I watched her sleep without a snore, and barely a movement. At times she twinkled her fingers, opened her mouth wider for air, but naturally she just laid with her maid dress in silence. Eventually, the sun of blue started to rise. It was small and beyond, so I quickly moved my square to disperse into tiny darkness molecules that spread across the ceiling. After three seconds, it looked as if only the ceiling got darker, and much different had not occurred. After seventy-three more minutes of watching, she started to open her eyes. She dazed to the wall for about thirteen seconds, and then sat up for about six. She then got out of her bed in three seconds and walked to the door quickly. She went to the bathroom, and I heard her brushing her teeth. Then she got out without a word and headed downstairs. She went to the violin, picked it up, and started playing some tunes. She went to the dinner table as well and made five plates with three stacked pancakes on each. To the left of each white plate was a metallic blue fork, and a brown syrup bottle to the left of that. She then sat down and had her own breakfast without anybody else in sight of being up. She had no knife, and literally smashed the pancake to cut it. It was slow, but she was blinking fast, so waking herself up was taking time from what the ambience told. She then stood up and walked with her plate to the sink. As she was doing so, a difference came into her perspective. As she crossed the line between the straight path to the living room and the kitchen, a portal of circular glowing blue opened to her right.

Out came Wilma. With her nine tails springing, and cigarette in mouth, she bashed into Deandra, and was flopped behind her, face first onto her tile floor. The portal only led to the gym room where it was mostly empty.

“Ha! Stupid girl!” Wilma shouted high.

“Eugh! W-Wilma? What- go away! I’m no longer playing in your semantics. I’ve moved onto my old measures. I’m going to be living with my family now, if the kid gives us the payment.” Deandra told as she got up and put her fists forth.

“I-” Wilma was about to say, before repelling her arms and standing up to stare at Deandra.

“Take her away, but do not kill her.” I stated, also seeing with my many eyes the mother run down and look forth to the action.

“You still tried to kill a child though.” Wilma squinted.

“Mom-” Deandra looked over, as a different kid looked from the corner. Deandra then booted herself to the left and grabbed her instrument. As soon as she did, Wilma opened a portal under her, and she fell. Wilma then spiraled her body and swept into it, and immediately closed it.

“Goodie…” I smiled from above.

“Uh- are they both gone, mommy?” The male kid asked as his brother came down, and so did the grandmother in a hurry.

“What happened!?” The grandmother asked in a weariful and worried tone that revealed weakness.

“Deandra?!” The mother yelled as she also came down.

“Brother, did you see what happened?” The black brother asked.

“Yeah- some furry took her to the shadow dimension!” The first son said.

“Uh… what now?” The mother asked as she looked forth to a clean room, and not my darkness hovering in the corners of the room, making them darker and more solid than naturally emitting.

“Now would be the time I strike.” I said inside.

I came down, replenishing my femboy volume onto their carpet, directly in the middle, without much of a sound but a slight slurp noise that intrigued the right kid to turn around wickedly. He was awing at my pose I instantly struck up, that being my right arm to mesh into a rather intensively black cylinder blaster, like an old fellow from the video game industry would have to shoot lasers from his mechanical hand, and I made a darkness spear exalt from the downing location. The kid was about to screech with his might against my exposure of dark fluids raining down back into my skin through my dress soaking it up but was crushed to hell from the four feet long pole with a sharp pyramid at the end. Through his forehead it went, blustering him into the kitchen area to fall damp and bloody onto the clean tile floor. The grandmother had already learnt to turn around, but was surprised to sudden evil from the sixty-mile per hour shot that blasted a iron squawk through their ear lobes.

The mother was panicked, and the kid turned to see my smile. Wide eyed and unparsed, I rushed up to the grandmother.

“Good job on shooting the kid- do not kill them all too fast! Punch the grandmother to death! Ha!” My mind commanded of me.

I rapidly rushed up to the freaked-out negro and started to thrust my left arm at her. Punching her wrinkles into a squish, she tried standing back from the power. At my will, my right arm shoved into her right side of her nose and made her fall back. I then formed my hands into black hammers and jumped on her falling body. The mother cried out for her only remaining son to retreat, both with tears in physical and mental form. Shoving both of my hammers into the grandmother’s face instantly damaged her skin in and plumbed her eyes into puss. I then surpassed the feel to bring it up and continued pushing it in with full might.

“Splatter her head to juice! A little more! Come on!” My mind respectively demanded of my actions. As the grandmother’s head drooled the last of its lively essence, I, having my body on its kneecaps and looking greatly over, did a front flip forward, and then standing up with action ready in my shaking bones. In front was the dead kid as well, but I quickly whipped around to see my enemies left back up.

I heard shuffling and crying and screaming from the two. I stepped on the grandmother’s crushed skull with my left maid shoe, then her belly with my right shoe, and bounced over to the biggest room in the home. There, I saw the mother reveal herself from the left of my view, and suddenly aimed a dark brown Weatherby SA-08 shotgun at me. Her transparent waters left her eyes extremely faster now, and I could tell only fear arose within the home.

“Creep up to her. Let her shoot. Reform yourself. It will truly drive her to fear beyond hope.” My brain consisted of a second in the wait.

She instantly shot it, and I stayed with my growing dark hands, now claws, endorsing the bullet. Slight smoke left the gun, and now imprinted in my head was a hole seeming to the back and allowing a straight view to the blood behind it, driven from my head and onto their now imperfect carpet. I stomped up with my left foot onto the first stair as she looked in unholy visions towards my reforming head. Darkness swelled in first, before covering it up with skin. From my back also came the classic tentacles, insuring death to touch the walls, and sprint me up like a spider as they crawled slowly towards her and lifted me up. She fired again, hitting my chest as I came up uneagerly, and splatting the essence onto the stairs. She screamed during the fire, and then whipped to her right, and ran off towards a room. Down the hall was the master bedroom, in which she back pedaled away towards. She shot her gun again, but I held my right hand out quickly, unphased by anything, and made it into a block of black that absorbed the metal. Directly afterwards, I leeched my arm down and back up at the woman, shooting the heavy cube at her.

From behind me, ran the child, quickly, and sucking up his tears, he trembled down the stairs as fast as he stubbornly and chaotically could. I turned my head a full three-hundred-and-thirty degrees to look at his cursed face. He did not show a single moment to see me, but I already was onto him. The cube hit his mother into the doorway, and back onto the bed, with a hard slam. There, the wood cracked, and so did her back. She puked out blood, and her spine was bended past survival now. I then used my tentacles, grabbed the ceiling and hopped down to see the kid going to the doors and grasping the handles without a care for anything behind him.

I forced a long black arm out of my chest, which grew into a dark claw that grasped around his chest, and then shoved him into the ceiling at alarming rates. His body now shoved up high, was instantly brought down, and slammed to clashing organs. I then threw his body past the kitchen area and towards the patio window, busting him through the glass and allowing him to break apart into the outside wooden fence, and then fall apart onto the yellow grass.

“Well done… but… we could have prolonged it a little… let us go get the mother and place her in front of the doorway- just in case Deandra were to come in through that way, she would see the fate of her mother stay dead right there…” I stated. The eight tentacles hovering from my back instantly collided into one and became one that flooded up in the air and up the stairs and then wrapped three times around the twisted mother and dragged her away down towards the center of the big room.

Now she lay corpse dead, then grandma, then the first kid, then the brother way in the back.

“Time to set fire to it all.” I laughed inside.

I started walking towards the kitchen area and grabbed the toaster. I then put it into the microwave and turned it on. I then waited for about a minute, looking around and only seeing the blood puddles get slightly larger. Then, the toaster started to burn fire underneath it. I opened it, grabbed the toaster, threw it onto the oven, went over to the cabinets, got animal products, but also used my tentacles to sweep up the remains of human products from the grandmom, and then I opened the boxes by grasping my forming darkness fingers into the box, ripping it off, allowing dumps of particles to drain, and then going over and pouring them onto a pot nearby on the right, whilst lastly getting the human remains in over the crumbs. I then put the pot on the oven, turned up the heat by turning on the oven with a button on the bottom right, then set the temperature to a level it said “6,” using the up arrow next to the off and on button, and then clicked the bottom right circle of the diagram next to that. I then put the pot on, and then put my toaster in. Already, the meat was sparking up and exploding sounds in.

“I am doing it naturally! I am doing it not in the smartest way, but rather just doing it for the time expense… I should have studied how to start a fire… but at least I know a little bit from my medical knowledge…” I told myself.

I then went over to the sink and tilted the metallic hose to face the burning up pot. I then turned the knob up, and water came out. I Instantly saw it not reach the intended location, so I aim it up higher, and water fell in that exploded the fire a bit higher. I kept it going after moving it back and forth jerkily, and then saw the fire heat up the ceiling as it extended highly up.

Then I went over to the pot, and threw it down on the corpse, making it burst into flames. Then the corpse rotted up, and the floor loosened to fire. The carpet lit from the exploding blood vessels, and a fire started up. The diner table also lit, and now it was spreading slowly.

“Yeah, that was a little lame, but I guess I will leave now…” I shrugged. I then reached my left arm into my stomach and grabbed the bee phone.

“Hey Wilma, please come pick me up from Deandra’s house. I just finished killing her family.” I texted directly to Wilma.

Four seconds later, a portal opened up under me, and I fell into Ryutyu’s basement, where he was lifting weights to anime music. He waved his tail furiously, gaining his arm back up and down, swelling his upper arm muscles to look more powerful. He then turned around quickly though, with honest dissatisfaction and fear to the sound of the portal opened and closing, and me dropping in.

“Eighty-Threeeeeeeeee! Ya’ back!” he happily stated.

“Yes-” I stated, before looking back down at my phone to see Wilma’s text message.

“Deandra is holding me off in the school gym again! May I please get some assistance? ” She texted back to me.

“Let us go help Wilma, since Deandra is currently attacking her in my school’s gym.” I spoke.

“Oh-”

“Grab your sword.” I stated.

***Quick fight that lead Deandra back home.***

I crashed into the statically blazing building. Through the fires and circling rainbow lights, I fell to the floor in an oval of pure darkness. Opening from my caterpillar pod, I was in front of Ryutyu. He was crunched behind me, but simply holding his sword with both hands levitating towards the right. I flung myself up with the darkness clouding up my skirt and lifting me up as Ryutyu pulled his chest up and got himself ready to fight whatever was hells bring down.

“Ay!” Ryutyu yelled as we both came to visualized Deandra and Wilma.

Throughout the chaos of the literal walls flying away, kids screaming as they retreated away from school, and the roof turning into flames that busted away, was Deandra floating on a nice three by three feet measure bar of black. She had her eyes closed and towards the floor, stern and locked on her playing her instrument as fast as she could. The muscles were straining her, and she was obviously getting weary. Wilma flew around the blue orb that contained the girl. Half transparent, Wilma was constantly colliding into it at every angle, releasing a water-wave like presence to simulate over the solid-looking ball. Wilma was extremely speedy though, seemingly wrapping around it as many knives of rainbow-ness simply bounced off and away.

“What does thy do now?!” Ryutyu yelled over as I hovered with strings of black as my support, seven meters above the ground.

“I will be throwing spikes whilst you get your electricity working. A few bashes should make the Red Glitch phase out this storm of madness.” I stated. over to his wagging tail and upward ears.

He started running towards the walls, and then turned and ran towards the other sides. As he ran, the electricity vibrated around his essence, looking as if it was circling around invisible buttons. As the lightning passed above an inch and down towards another location of his body, his feet fastened up, and his eyes glowed more. His hair started lighting up, and he only got faster from there. I, on the other hand, pulled both my arm out and allowed them to blast off at Deandra’s shield. The spikes hit perfectly.

Wilma stopped her spinning and hovered quickly away from the southeast of Deandra’s perception. My spikes flailed into Deandra’s shield, and they bounced off, but shattered it with a red glitch. Deandra quickly anointed her eyes up with shame and despair, but angered them so soon as she continued, henceforth her platform dialed towards me as rainbow half-notes shot at me from the bar line generating them.

Deandra, at thirty-six miles per hour, came at me endlessly shooting her notes. I dodged to the left and exploded into a liquid mass of black she was concerned about for a moment, before whipping around to face Wilma picking up her hands into the air and making a glass platform under her, and then a rainbow wall behind and to the left plus right. Ryutyu was allowed entry, coming through a five-by-five feet hole gap to Wilma’s right, coming up a generating glass loop the went up and then right to place him correctly aiming at Deandra playing her instrument to fold a blue sphere back around her.

Ryutyu dashed into the blue sphere, being pulsed back but with another shatter to the orb, making it fall to the ground and break. Ryutyu then used his corrupted attack and continued swinging himself right to turn all the way around and slash the shield with his sword again. This time, it broke, and Deandra pushed herself back, wildly playing with a sweat on all her limbs.

“You furries are quite vivace for your tone! But I ain’t got any measures left to crescendo my will for a staccato fight- especially when I know that damn kid lied about a deal to befriend me and the orb away...” Deandra spoke, playing her instrument an opening a portal behind her. It was grey outlined, and it led to her front yard, a view where she would fall onto the burning yellow right outside her door by three feet.

Wilma quickly dashed over with her arms turning into rainbow spears, but Deandra hopped back in a second and it closed in half a second. Wilma hopped up and stomped on her transparent floor with her black boots. She stopped her path to the wall and looked back to Ryutyu.

“Ay, Wilma… That was quick, wasn’t it?” He said after a second, huffing to calm himself.

“Yes, it was.” I said, coming out through the glass with long black legs.

“Oi.” Ryutyu said dramatically as I looked towards them with my stingy presence. I just looked at him in silence and happy confusion. He just nodded it off and looked back to Wilma.

“Have you guys ever played chess?” Wilma suddenly asked.

“Uh- nah?” Ryutyu replied.

“Do you really want to play chess now, Wilma?” I asked Wilma.

“Yes?” – Wilma.

“Well… Is there any possible way I could extrude myself from the game to work on my surgical findings? I am in that mood, and… you know…” I then asked.

“If ya’ really wanna.” Ryutyu said, letting his sword down in his right hand.

“That was a trick question- sorry Ryutyu. Let us go play chess.” I joked off.

“How good are you at chess anyways?” Wilma asked me as she twisted her right hand to open a portal.

“I have not played it in a while, but I think I am garbage…” I spoke as I entered into Ryutyu’s basement room, after Wilma, and then Ryutyu in shruggingly.

***Deandra looks forth.***

“Ugh!” Deandra blurted as she fell back onto the grass from a seven feet plop. She looked up instantly, and then stretched her back up in despair.

Instantly, she was consumed in confusion. She felt the hot energy sparking on her lawn and saw the place going up in flames under the blue sky. She almost awed at the sight of her home just blazing down and looked down to see her maid dress also getting plotted in the busting orange.

“Wa- ah! Ooh! Ow!” She flailed back, backing away quickly, and then turned to her left and rolling herself off in the grass. She also threw the instrument in front of her by two feet drop.

“What the fuck, what the hell, what the shit?” She asked as she felt the hot burn her wardrobe of black. Her ponytail dazzled in the yellow grass almost unsafely, as it laid almost towards the specks of fire.

Deandra then pulled herself up to see if her maid dress had stopped its burning, and it did, but the yellow grass fire was stretching further and further. The forest on all sides now was in visualization of it being the next victim. The house had already caused a few leaves from the trees to gamble away into black dust or gases. Deandra was confused, shocked, altered, and scared most definitely. She got up quickly, undid and ripped the maid dress over her shoulders, and ravaged her legs away from it, threw it to the right, and then ran past her instrument and started screaming. She questioned everything now.

“MOM! BROTHERS? GRANDMA? ARE YOU OKAY?! ARE ANY OF YOU INSIDE?” She asked in a hurry with a scream. With her black long sleeves and tight black pants, somewhat like Wilma would be rendered to seemingly have by her enemies, Deandra came bashing open the door and looking unreadily forth to the corpses that made her vision dreary. The fire did not stop her tears to the new approach on her life. It burned acid in her mind. The fire only warmed her physical form past comfort, letting her mind take control of the true feelings wondering in her now.

Eyes wide and looking, she could only stare first to her mother. Behind, her grandmother, then a son, and only the fire suffocated the seeing eye of any other body beyond that. In such a quick time, she had at least heard her grandmother’s voice just minutes ago- but now, suddenly all gone, and her personality altered.

Wordless, she came up to the body of her mother, slowly creeping up without a care in the world for the fire burning it all down. In another room upstairs to her left, a room collapsed on itself, playing the natural wood breaking clash it would, but she was unphased by the loudness of that. She only stood looking over her mother’s corpse, rotting away. For thirteen seconds, she almost cried. Then she looked slightly past.

“Oh my god… how in hell- M-m-m-m-mom? (She looks up a bit more,) N-nana… Dwere? H-h-h-h-how the fuck… oh my god no… please… if… if only I-I was there for j-just a bit longer… no… this has to be a mistake, maybe I’m in another universe… maybe another note of reality… but… no… this is too presto for me…” Deandra tried as she felt the fire burning harder against her skin, and the heat rattling up. “I… I gotta’ leave… Deandra, the fumes! The heat! It’s gonna’ kill you… I’m sorry… but maybe… I gotta’ go get my instrument… please let this word, Jesus…”

Deandra quickly bounced out and grabbed her instrument and played her with tears flowing down her cheeks. Without a word, she trembled, not even looking behind after she grasped that violin, and pulled it over for an allegro pace piece of music. She tried her best, but sooner started missing notes, and only cried more. She then took a deep breath, held herself up correctly, and tried playing her instrument correctly. As if nothing happened, nothing happened. For a solid minute, she played, concerned, and scared, and now she only felt the fire rushing up to her maid shoes from a foot away.

She stepped forth and looked back in shock and liquid emotions. The house was burnt. The bodies crumbled beyond hope. Her family seemingly lost. Her maid dress now burning. Her instrument tight in hand, and her eyes amongst the speeding energy.

“They’re… gone… Deandra… gone… long gone… maybe father is still out there… but mom… Dwere… nana… (Starting to cry,) even Duan probably… all gone… ripped to shreds… by… (Scared now,) something… and then… your home… gone… but… just gone… (She starts to cry even more,) the red glitch… the… the red glitch won’t even let you reform this disaster even if you tried! My family!” Deandra wailed out loud.

She fell to her knees on the yellow grass, crying out to the sky of blue happiness above. The steam rolled up from the house too, but all seemed so negative only below. She could only lift her head down amongst the ashes now. The heat trembled her skin, and fear lured her away from her family’s death. She leaked from her eyes infinitely. She closed them definitely. She was in no hurry to get up indefinitely. After some time, she looked forth with a deprived expression and lifted her right knee forwards, and then pulled herself up.

“What happened whilst I was… just gone… for… (She is still crying,) a few darn damn minutes! Just some minutes! What… (She wipes her tears,) what… think… Deandra… you’ve been taught all your life what to do in these situations! Family… (She sobs,) dead… now… why? Just… why God? Why? This… fuck… no… please… something be wrong about this… just… who? What? WHY?” She sobbed out again.

She back pedaled away, and into the forest, where she stopped herself and then laid down on the grass and cried away. For three minutes and fourteen seconds more.

“Hey- Deandra?” Heru asked as he came suddenly from a yellow-outlined square portal. Now with his mosquito wings out, he saw Deandra crying, tired on the grass floor of the forest.

“W-what?” Deandra asked after five seconds of Heru just confused. “What- why are you here?”

“Um… I came by to say that some Son Marine Ball, or something, saw your family get massacred, and Miss Opium…” Heru started saying, before hearing Miss Opium in the back rumble words over to him, uninterpretable to Deandra. “What? Oh- yeah, here she comes.”

Miss Opium’s metal arms clawed their way to the five by five feet portal, and looked forth to Deandra’s crying eyes with her own saddened holes.

“Are you… going to be okay?” She asked, switching from sad to confused.

“NO! MY FAMILY JUST GOT SLAUGHTERED BY WHO KNOWS WHAT!” Deandra yelled back as Miss Opium stepped onto the grass with her normal black legs, and Heru to the left.

“Geez, I can feel you, but, I also have some sad news…” Miss Opium held off for five seconds, looking to Deandra’s crippled face stay silent. “You see, Eighty-Three did a terrible thing… which was… you probably already know what I’m going to say-”

“WHAT?!” Deandra yelled back as the tiny San Marino ball bounced up. With a worried glance of eyes, he came to the right shoe, or foot, of Miss Opium, and looked up as shock flashed through Miss Opium, but not Heru, who was looking back towards the home.

“He killed your family- and we’re- or (Miss Opium looks sternly at Heru with his mosquito wings up and his default face without worry,) at least I’m sorry. I know this is serious, and a very hard moment for you, (She kneels down with her right leg going back,) but we really need to get back at him now.” Miss Opium stated.

“OBVIOUSLY!” Deandra screamed back.

“We need to kill him now and get our money, and then you, Heru, need to keep him dead. I know Deandra was here in the humane wrong of trying to kill a child, but he was in the wrong for killing her family like he did.” – Miss Opium.

“So slow, so evilly, and he just smiled the entire way too!” San Marino Ball said from its small size with its Italian-like accent.

“They didn’t do anything wrong, or weren’t probably even against him, right?” Miss Opium.

“Yes, but we know- I KNOW- WHAT’S YOUR POINT ALREADY!?” Deandra asked.

“Well, first, Heru, go inside the house and see if you can revive their bodies, and rebuild the home with your powers.” Miss Opium stated at him.

“Sure.” He nodded without care, buzzing his wings away and into the fire.

“Okay, now, I’d like to put my plan forth. Tonight, I’ll be sending my countryballs to spy on his home. But I also want that rainbow sphere there because Wilma can read minds. Secondly, I’d like Heru to somehow get evil versions of his friends and… okay… whatever, when I say it to you, it actually sounds stupid because as a team we all went in at once and killed him, but damnit, we still lost… but maybe if we try again?” Miss Opium stated.

“Do you even care for my family or me? Are you just going to move on to getting that stupid money AGAIN? You guys are selfish! My family JUST DIED because I just wanted this job for a little cash to move out… (She sobs,) I hope Heru can bring them back at least…” Deandra cried.

“Well… sorry… I don’t feel much anymore, because I’ve seen it all happen before too many times… I run an entire planet full of different ethnicities fighting over land and ethics in their land, so I only think of what’s really important to the future.” Miss Opium said.

“You know what’s IMPORTANT?! MY FAMILY! THEY JUST DIED FROM SOME KID WE STILL HAVEN’T KILLED! HE’S JUST A KID! JUST A KID, (Toning it down from yelling in agony,) Miss Opium… just a damn kid… that brutally murdered my family that had nothing to do with it all… and he just skipped over our deal… like, we had-” Deandra said in a cry.

“Sorry, Deandra, but the red glitch just fucked up my hands again…” Heru stated angrily as he came back with some of the fire on his mosquito wings leaving as he fluttered them over to the San Marino Ball’s awe.

“Oh… no…” Miss Opium stated sadly. Deandra just busted out into crying again.

“I knew it! Fuck… if… only I was there…” She cried as Heru looked down upon his red bloody hands which were destructed from the palm.

“Well… uh… let’s all just get ourselves together and go kill Eighty-Three now… do we have machines possibly?” Miss Opium asked Heru.

“No?” He asked.

“Oh… but wait, can’t you just go into any universe you’d like to, and you know… just gab your own machines or try to get an evil force of cyclops to work against the kid?” Miss Opium asked as her mechanical arms swayed back and forth to express her gestures.

“Well… let me try that.” Heru stated, turning his hand to the left.

It opened a portal, and forth came the red glitch in that space. Both of his hands were bloody red now, and he pulled back as he saw a square of red and black squares forming.

“Shit, it won’t work.” – Heru.

Miss Opium sighed. “Alright… come on Deandra, let’s go back- unless you need to contact the police or something-”

“The police won’t help! I’m a homeless girl now! My daddy… I… I don’t wanna’ live like this… is there anyway I can revert all of this!? PLEASE?!” Deandra asked her teammates.

“I… don’t think so.” Miss Opium said, a little scared.

“Fuck it… (Deandra stands up and walks back beyond the forest to her instrument, coming back shortly with it in her right hand,) I’m… going to do something alone… you guys do what you want with the kid now… I’ll be ready…” Deandra stated, going through the portal, and looking back. She then stepped through and violented her violin playing all away.

Miss Opium was quiet and worried, whilst Heru was blanked. He did not care, he just stared at her flying away, before saying: “Okay- I guess we’ll wait, and then we’ll get that son of a fucking bitch…” He said, stepping through and fluttering off.

Miss Opium only sustained her sad face and looked back to the burning building. “I hope this doesn’t go the worst it can…” She said before picking up the surprised San Marino Ball and walking through.

***Deandra’s Top Secret Ritual***

“If… no… I just hate that kid… stupid and stubborn, insane and evil. I wish he was unborn and unplaced in this universe; he’s got a will to fuck around with me… I… damnit… my parents, (She starts leaking tears almost,) they didn’t deserve this… my brothers… and now my sad father… nana too… innocent… well… this Eighty-Three will have it coming…” Deandra stated to herself.

She was holding her blade and violin tight. Violin in the right and blade in the left, she looked down to the grassy floor of the forest. She almost made it wet, but soaked herself up, and closed her eyes with a deep breath in, and out, very slowly.

“Too much… (She starts playing,) I wish that the memory will be gone, (She speeds up from grave to moderato,) I wish that I know not to go home with all my brain, (She is now at allegro pacing,) I wish that it comes to me right that I must suffocate this child to his last breath, and not ask a question about my past, that I go back to a place of joy in my mind, but knowledge of the unknown that should not be seeked…” She said, playing faster from grave to presto. Then she continued.

For a solid eighteen seconds, she played mightily in the fully grey sky amongst the windy forest. Nothing happened, until she started to calm down her face, and from her black torso of a tight long-sleeved shirt, came the maid dress again. Fully and uncorrupt, she played slower and slower as it became healthy again. Reformed on her now, from top creating to bottom and then stopping its non-effect-giving-off process, was the maid dress, and she stopped her instrument playing. Silence overcame for a second as Deandra resumed a damp face of nothingness to think about. She had her eyes closed for three more seconds, till she opened them.

She took a deep breath and dropped her instruments to the floor lightly.

“(Whilst rubbing her head,) Don’t go back home…don’t ask for the past information… tell the others not to tell you… this is weird… but did… did I just make myself forget information? Damn… I think so… so okay… I uh… I guess I just go back to base and hope for the best…” Deandra shrugged to herself. “Okay…”

Then she picked up her instrument, played it a presto rhythm, and left on her bar lines, forwards and then back, hovering over the trees and back to the base.

***Activation of a new enemy.***

“Hey guys, it’s me, Deandra! Just a heads up- don’t tell me anything that just happened in my life. So, anyways, besides this awkward entry of mine, what’s our plan?” Deandra asked.

She came in through the roof as it moved for her. Her five bar lines transported her down slowly to the desk with the drawn papers of their enemies. Heru was in front, with Miss Opium to his left, and the Plague Doctor to his right. Many countryballs were in the back, and the spy girl was sitting in one of the chairs.

“What- (Heru sees Miss Opium put her left index finger in front of her mouth viciously,) Oh… okay? Um… We don’t really have a deadass plan right now. The Fire God fucking went back home to his dumbass politics for two freaking days, and the darkness spirits, or whatever the fuck they are, are just fucking testing themselves out with that random girl they got from the bitch-ass school… so an all-out attack wouldn’t work, even in hell.” Heru said finally.

“I just realized how much you cuss.” Deandra laughed.

“Well, shit it shit, and we don’t know fucking much else we could really do besides wait… unless you guys want to ask that computer again. He could design a game to hopefully kill that shitty kid…” – Heru.

“Oh… okay.” Deandra shrugged. “I honestly think that’ll help, since I think some of our allies are tired and need a bit more of a break…”

“Have any of you seen the Nazi or Robot version of the kid recently? Or that jiggering diamond? What happened to them?” Miss Opium asked.

Heru stayed quiet and so did Deandra. The Plague Doc looked to Heru, then Deandra, then back at Miss Opium as a South African Ball was bouncing up and down a Lesotho Ball as a China Ball watched from its left.

“I haven’t seen any of those guys… I did see a cyclops with hair though… but he just screamed… and uh… I really have no clue.” – Plague Doc.

“Dang… and also- what happened to the one with nine tails and a single eye- that version of the kid? Or the backpacks?” Miss Opium asked.

“The backpacks are actually just sleeping around currently.” The Plague Doc insisted before Heru raised his right index finger.

“The weird version of Eighty-Three left. He didn’t like the universe resetting repeatedly.” Heru lied in a statement.

“Oh… my goodness- let’s go to the computer then and see if we can make a game against the kid- once again… I sure hope this works before Russia tries to invade Ukraine or something…” – Miss Opium.

“What?” Deandra asked as Heru took his left hand, jabbered it up and down, and created a yellow-outlined square portal to the ball pit. Heru jumped in first, then Miss Opium, the Doc, then Deandra.

“The context is- whatever.” – Miss Opium.

The four fell in, then instantly were grabbed in the back by cords pulsing down from the dark sky. The cords brought them up to five feet above the balls, and showed the monitor down towards them, just a meter in front. No bigger, just the normal sized blue screen staring into their souls suddenly. And if you were wondering even more, the South African Ball and Chinese Ball hopped over and stared through the open portal Heru had no intention of closing.

“I see the kid isn’t dead yet.” The computer smiled in tone.

“Yeah, no shit. Now, can you make another game?” Heru asked.

“Of course… what kind?” – Computer.

“Uh… You guys should pick.” Heru said, giving out his right hand.

“Maybe a game… about… playing songs correctly? If they miss a number of notes- they lose?” – Deandra stated.

“Seems simple enough, but I want an opinion from this doctor again.” – The Computer.

“I like Deandra’s musical idea, but I also think it would be best if you made his friend take on this challenge. If his furry blue friend loses, they both die.” The Plague Doctor said.

“I’ll add on by saying- maybe you should make a creature their competitor- like a strong being that’ll challenge them with their lung capacity or something.” Miss Opium stated. “Playing music is an easy thing if you know all the notes and have the good amount of air needed.”

“How do you know about these fundamentals?” Deandra smiled over.

“My countryballs endorse their music in their culture variously- especially The United States. They’ve all made some masterpieces, as well as some of the most hilarious pieces too.” – Miss Opium nodded.

“I am not going to lie- all you adding onto Deandra’s idea is a good plan. Hold on.” The Computer said, then generating a game.

After thirteen seconds, the game bar of green finished.

“Complete. Now, there should be an entity that spawned in his room and will now challenge his friend to musical competitions and exercise.” – Monitor.

“Where did exercise come from?” Heru asked.

“The game randomly generated it, so it’ll be a plus to the chance that one of the challenges will make the kid’s friend lose, henceforth they both die.” – Monitor with blue screen.

“Nice.” Heru said.

“Interesting.” – Miss Opium.

***The Grey Ant Furry***

“Ey- there’s the final man behind- in the bush.” Ryutyu said, pointing to my screen with his left index finger. We were playing a rip-off battle royale game where we were in a duo. I was sitting to Ryutyu’s right in my excellent extra chair as he was in the gaming black cushioned chair, both at his desk next to his bed. I had my laptop, and he had his. For me, I was on a hill, with my grey sniper ready in game, looking for the guy behind this “bush” that Ryutyu pointed to on my screen, where I found a blocky grey character inside the green rectangles of the game’s architecture. Ryutyu was behind a tree, reloading his own sniper with forty-six bullets, unlike me, who had only twelve left.

“Alrighty.” I quickly said with my femboy dress on still.

I aimed in the game at the character’s head and shot his idle ass. The bullet hit him, but only stated “199” damage in white text with a black outline an inch above the character’s head. “Bruh! That should have been one-shot. Lile, we have the best snipers in the game, and still, it fucks us over like this.” I stated as I reloaded my one-shot-at-a-time in-game sniper.

“Bruh.” Ryutyu said with a laugh.

I shot again to the other man’s running-away technique and killed him.

“LET’S GO! We’ve the moai!” Ryutyu said, without making his second sentence English-correct.

“(In a low tone of Mongolian-like humming,) Oooooooooooooooo…” I said like the memes would. Ryutyu giggled.

“Hey, Eighty-Three- did you know that there’s a random new furry guy in your room?” Gustavo asked as he came down from my room.

“What?” I asked back.

“Please come and look for yourself.” Gustavo said, stepping aside to my view’s right. Ryutyu also got up with confusion.

“Probably just another random opponent or something.” I said to him, then leading off and up the stairs.

Gustavo coming last, we all viewed the random furry that was newly discovered in our room. He was grey skinned with a six pack and two strong pecs on his somewhat thin torso for a muscular individual. He also had four arms, two regularly where they should be on a humanoid creature, but one directly below and exactly where the armpit would be, moving the armpit area a bit down. All four arms were mildly trained, as he had good biceps and forearms, and his ‘traps,’ (also referred to as the muscles that extend from your neck to your upper arm, or just your shoulder muscle,) were definitely not bulging- or even there. He had a thin-like body to be honest, yet strong from his supposed past. On all arms he had clean, plastic-like gloves, in a matte color. His head had a jaw like Ryutyu’s, having two holes for the snout, and a mouth around the extending jaw. Yet, his eyes were covered in the flavor of his matte-color hair. Besides the two colors that seemed to control his essence, being grey or matte-like black, his hair almost shined as it was shaggy and uncontrollable to him. It covered down upon his eyes almost like an edgy person would have it, and it started from a mess that wrapped around the sides of his head and back away. An image could fully tell you the nature of that hair, but sincerely from me- it seemed to go where it was needed most for chillness to vibe off him. Extending from the hair was also the ant antennas, two, that halfway bent almost a perfect ninety degrees to face towards us with their grey color. His neck and upper torso were also covered in the scarf, as I may call it, that was his black hair that also shrouded down like a triangle almost down to his six pack. His legs were normal, I guess, for he had big thighs and strong calves. To about his knee, were also the “gloves,” as I stated in my head, for his feet, they were boots of matte black again, that shaped around his legs and made him seem as if he was in that kind of shoes, I drew Cyclop in, within the first book. And finally- he had no tail.

“You have quite the unpredictable and pleasurable weights here, sir.” He said from seven-foot-tall body in his mannerly Swedish voice. He was looking down to my twenty-five-pound left weight he held in his upper left glove, moving it up and down with his lower arm, and keeping his upper arm still and down. The two other arms held the fifteen-pound weights. Ryutyu stood to the right of me, then Gustavo to his right.

“Who the fuck are you?” I asked him, also looking down to see he was wearing my unused pants; jeans of damp blonde that were too big for me. They seemed to crunch his body though.

“My name is Clasif Eia Hunder the Sixth. I’ve come to your presence with a mission from a technologically advanced computer to enlist your friend, there in blue fur, to some exercises in which he must participate and win in order to sustain your, and his, existence of life, and for me to go back to a break zone.” Clasif stated, lifting his weights up and down with his grey skin.

“Is thy some… game by thy computar’ again?” Ryutyu asked me.

“Yes.” – Me.

“Yes.” – Clasif the Sixth.

“Hey- fuck off.” I stated, turning my left arm into a black spike and throwing it at him, in which is disintegrated into ash right onto my carpet. “Dang- at least it was a try.”

“Have no worries. I am only here for as long as the game continues- meaning if a new one goes on, then I cease. Now, there shall be only a challenge a day, and it starts currently now. I would like Ryutyu here to run three laps faster than me, and I shall be removed from your essence for the day.” Clasif Eia Hunder stated as Gustavo looked around with worry.

“Uh… no?” Ryutyu said with his tail waving slowly behind him.

“I am so sorry, but I am afraid the scenery will change, as you must do it immediately in response to my tone of voice.” Clasif said, kneeling down into a squat and putting the weights to a halt on my floor.

Gustavo was wide eyed when it happened. Suddenly, we were out on my school’s field. It was a muddy grey sky, and the temperature was just right with no wind. Nothing was happening, and very few cars passed on the road beyond. No sound was portrayed to our sudden essences in my field, and away we were from our house with only the context of his words.

“Here we are, at the destination of our training.” Clasif asked after he moved himself back up into a fully straight position.

“How in hell did you just do that?” Gustavo asked.

“The fact that we just teleported to his school’s arena for running?” Clasif asked back.

“Yes.” – Gustavo.

“The computer has the game set in action, and you sadly cannot stop it yourself. I wish the best of luck to the man I am facing. And if I may, what is your name, sir?” Clasif asked Ryutyu.

“Ryutyu?” Ryutyu responded.

“Good to meet you, sir Ryutyu.” Clasif nodded, and held out his right hand, which Ryutyu shook after a moment of staring at it. “Now, in order to start the race, you must lose all of your accessories and clothing.”

“What? No!” Ryutyu pulsed back.

Suddenly, Clasif and Ryutyu were missing their clothes and suddenly existed to at a white line that suddenly also appeared to my right.

“Ayo- I’m not looking…” Gustavo negatively nodded away, turning and walking away towards the forest.

“Hey! How in the world, lad?!” Ryutyu asked, looking down. Clasif has no response to looking down though, and instead moved his left leg back and got ready.

“Shall we allow the other sire to call out ‘go?’” Clasif asked Ryutyu, who was in embarrassment mode, moving his tail around himself.

“My name is Eighty-Three, and yes, I will call out the start.” I stated.

“Yeah.” Ryutyu stated.

“Alrighty… are you ready, Ryutyu?” I asked.

“I guess I must be.” Ryutyu nodded after a pause.

“Alrighty then… three… two… one… zero-point-nine… zero-point-eight…” I started and continued. Ryutyu smiled to me, as I did back to him, and then he looked to Clasif, just without emotion and ready to go at any time.

“Heh, man, we’re never gonna’ start.” – Ryutyu to Clasif.

“I know this is supposed to be a humorous moment, but the computer is getting notification of this. I would suppose your friend immediately says the line, or he might be removed from his position.” Clasif said without a mean tone, making me stop at “Zero-point-one.”

“Alrighty- alrighty- you ready guys?” I asked finally.

“Yeah!” Ryutyu said.

“Then… go!” I spoke.

Clasif instantly took off, and Ryutyu did too. Slightly more, Clasif ran faster than my best friend. Clasif used his heel against the ground first, same as Ryutyu, and he used his legs to reach farther. Ryutyu was losing ground. So, I started running towards him.

“Ryutyu! Use your electric boosting!” I yelled over to him.

“Oh yeah! Thanks!” Ryutyu smiled.

He then started to run faster as the electricity formulated around his body and started glowing him up. Then he caught up with Clasif at the final one-third of the lap and surpassed with speed. Then Ryutyu continued and continued, faster with more lightning and electromagnetic waves showing light rays off his dash. Clasif finally came around to me, halfway to the other end of the vertical coordinates of the map and stopped as Ryutyu finished his second lap.

He panted, then said, “Great job on allowing your friend the knowledge of a winner. Even if it is considered cheating somehow, you dealt the great words to ensure victory for your friend within this race.” He spoke.

“Oh, thanks.” – Me. Ryutyu then finished his third lap and came up to us.

“Ha! I’m better- no, I’m jokin’.” He giggled and panted harshly.

“Judging by the ability to speed up to lightning after the computer removed all your clothes and accessories probably insists that you did not cheat, and fairly won this race. I am glad for you both, and I shall be exiting to wherever I may go.” Clasif said, before suddenly disappearing a millisecond later.

“What? Where’d he go?!” Ryutyu asked, looking up.

“He just disappeared.” – Me, “So I guess we won, and now we can go home…”

“Oh… okay… cool…” – Ryutyu with a fast tail and sprinted up ears.

“Let me get Gustavo real quick…” – Me.

***At home with Wilma and Shellia.***  
 We got home from me crashing into my window in a black oval surrounding me, and black spheres surrounding my friends, which opened and scourged back up my dress through vines of darkness. Gustavo lifted himself up faster than Ryutyu to see black specs of fast-moving ants pick up the glass and put it back together with spoiling darkness. Millions did so to each piece, and soon they mounted it up in front of Ryutyu, making him look up in confusion. Then, they moved it back to the window, going up my boxes with clothes, and put it back nicely. Then they formed a darkness string and whipped around the edges, mounting the pieces into the wall. Finally, they finished, and scavenged themselves back up my legs and dress.

“Okay buddy.” Gustavo said after watching it all.

“Just testing to see if ants could be overwhelmingly useful.” – Me.

“Uh… anyways… where are my clothes?” Ryutyu asked.

I looked around the room, and instantly found them in a stack on the third shelf of the white metallic lining in my closet. My big pants were under Ryutyu’s clothing, all folded up to look like square box almost. “Right there.” I said, pointing with my right index finger towards the clothes.

“Oh, thanks.” Ryutyu said, getting his clothes and leaving mine.

“Anyways- when will Wilma be back again?” Gustavo asked.

“Before the machine turns on.” I spoke.

“Okay.” – Gus.

“So, ya’ wanna’ continue playing with the moai head now?” Ryutyu asked as he put his pants back on.

“Sure. Up till eight, then I got to work on my medical things whilst you need some sleep.” – Me.

“Okay.” – Ryutyu said as he put his shirt back on.

“And also- those were my pants Clasif wore, so I need to wash those first.” – Me.

Ryutyu nodded and so did Gustavo. The purple cat simply hopped on my bed and started sleeping as I threw the pants in my white bin and then picked it up with both hands and put it in the washer as Ryutyu went downstairs with his strong arms and turned on the gaming. I went down and we played for twenty minutes, four matches. We were then on our fifth, and Ryutyu already died in game.

“Hey guys!” Wilma happily stated as she came back with Shellia, waving her hands up with bandages still there.

“Ah- oh- hey Wilma!” Ryutyu turned around quickly to meet them.

“Hello.” I said, looking at Shellia in her state, leaving my player in a bush, looking down away from the blue sky in game. “How was the trip?”

“Quite cool! Me and Shellia flew around the entire empty Earth. But the Red Glitch impaled my hands again. I tried lifting up the oceans and making a bunch of a dirt into a statue. The Red Glitch denied and did not even allow me to give Shellia a mouth. She still communicated with her writing by her talented toes though. And we also found makeup and lip palm for you.” Wilma stated.

“I was fucking joking.” I murmured.

“Put it on.” Wilma said, handing out a black foldable wallet-looking case with two squares, left being black and right being pink, in her left hand, and a golden stick of lip palm in her right hand. She then made the room turn black and white, but not the screens or people.

“No.” – Me.

“Now.” – Wilma.

“No.” – me again.

Wilma then brought both of her arms back to inhumanly quick and physically standards, like literally facing the opposite way, and threw them at me clockwise. Then she kept her hands out, and henceforth as I tried use the darkness from my growing hands to block it and rub any of the gas or particles away, Wilma forcefully relocated it onto my face in the way you would expect.

“Augh- no- Wilma! I do not like makeup!” I said, pulling my hands away and leaking darkness from my eyes to remove the particles, but Wilma just jazzed up her hands and made the makeup and lip palm reappear. “Please, Wilma, get this woman-shit off me.” I finally said after seeing her reform it all with a grin.

“Says the boy in a dress.” Wilma spoke.

“(In a laugh,) Damn, you are right about that- but the dress is more of a symbol that correlates to the time when I gained these edgy-like powers. It is like the Vikings naming Iceland Greenland and Greenland Iceland; it was to mix the early other Europeans up, but now we stick with it because it reminds us of the actions they committed in the past- and we are too lazy to change it ourselves.” – Me.

“Okay…” Wilma nodded.

“Fair point?” Ryutyu asked as my family’s baby was crying upstairs.

“Maybe. I mean, this dress is a bit intimidating to the enemy. It confuses them on my gender, and makes me look a bit more unrealistic, a lot more random, and so much more edgy. Like, I would like my powers to be understandable- but come on- I control the absence of light? Something we call ‘darkness’? It just sounds so childish almost- like some O-C in a video made by some seven-year-old would have this kind of power. Heru might even have a cooler setup- he controls blood, and energy! That is a little more amazing than ‘darkness’- that just sounds like I am depressed, and I had a sudden inflation in power for no other reason besides getting over my society problems.” – Me as Ryutyu was giggling the entire speech.

“True.” Wilma smiled as Shellia played her instrument lightly.

“But yeah- this also shows that I am insane and that I have been tortured so much that now I do not care at all whether I look like a femboy or furry in front of my opponents.” – Me with my red lip palm and darkened eyeshadows of black.

“Let me make a mirror.” – Wilma suddenly said, making a mirror of flesh form from her right hand, and she held up the clean glass up to my face, in which I stood up and so did Ryutyu.

“My goodness… that will definitely weird out everybody- even Cyclop.” I spoke.

“Imagine if ya’ wore ya’ M-L-G shades with it.” – Ryutyu laughed.

“And got a green face mask…” I added, “Then I would be complete with confusing and weirding out the enemy… but do you think they would stop if they saw me like that?” I asked Ryutyu.

“Probably not.” Wilma cut in, pulling the mirror back into a hand, leaving Shellia wide eyed again.

“I mean, they are after money in exchange for my death, but the real question is- does one moral standard hit harder than that bounty for anybody that helps Heru?” I asked myself, looking towards the weights on the floor.

“How much have you lifted weights recently?” Wilma asked.

“Not enough. We actual just got teleported to a race where I had to outrun a strong furry man, of some sort, who’ll be back tomorrow to do another challenge, at least from what I heard…” Ryutyu said with an Australian accent.

“Yeah, there is another computer game where now Ryutyu, not me, must be better at a task than this very formally nice yet muscular ant-guy in order to ensure our lives go on. I hope the tasks are just exercise speed, because Ryutyu can do that with his electric impulses.” I spoke. Shellia played her accordion in fear of this information.

“Hm…” – Wilma.

“Anyways- you guys want to do something together?” I asked.

“We could film a video where I snort five-thousand pounds of cocaine.” – Wilma.

“What do ya’ mean- don’t ya’ do that all thy time?” Ryutyu asked in a funny tone.

“Nice one, Ryutyu.” I giggled with him, and Wilma.

“It would be extraordinary to this day.” She spoke.

“Cool- But why? What made you think of this?” I asked.

“Just something cool to try for today. I was thinking of going to the beach with you guys tomorrow too. I also wanted to do it for views…? How many followers do you have already?” She asked.

“Enough to say that the video probably will not pop off ever.” – Me.

“Then let us change that.” – Wilma.

“Well, it is your brain, but I have no idea if Jeo Ligam would be more concerned about us if we did this…” – Me.

“Please?” Wilma shrugged as Shellia was looking back and forth with a cursed face.

“Well, as long as you do it before six P-M strikes the clock... then yeah, we should be fine…” I spoke.

“Okay.” – Wilma, making a table in front of us with her right hand lifted up. It was wooden and classy, six feet long and three feet wide. I went over to my laptop, got the camera app on, and turned it so the screen was facing her.

“It has been some time since I uploaded to be honest…” – Me, as Wilma spawned in a stack of white crystals a foot high.

“Isn’t this all dangerous?” Ryutyu asked in an uneven manner.

“Well, Wilma can always remove the effects if she wants, because she controls particles… but, I do not know how the Red Glitch might respond to that… since last time when she tried making herself smarter like she did to me, the red glitch bruised her hands even more, so I think anything with the brain is a little dangerous at least- but the Red Glitch is a humane mechanic that decides and hopefully allows the most of our powers…” – Me.

“Okay…?” – Ryutyu.

“Are you ready?” I asked Wilma.

“Yes.” – Her. I then turned on the camera and scooted back onto Ryutyu’s bed as Ryutyu was already at the end of it, outside the camera view. “Hello everybody! Today I will be snorting how many grams of coke this is.” She said with her tails flying behind. She then put her entire face into the pile, and we all heard a loud snort. Her fox ears instantly lended down.

“My fucking god, she is actually doing it.” I spoke with Ryutyu in awe, and Shellia backing away from the white powdered nostrils of Wilma.

“Wowzies! I have too much joy in my head all of a sudden…” Wilma, using crazy gestures to communicate her words even more.

“How does it feel?” I yelled over.

“It feels like all my dopamine was contracted into my happiness center! I like the brightening colors too! Woo!” – Wilma.

“Uh…” – Ryutyu.

“Never do this ever naturally, even for a video of any sort. The good cocaine effects only last from five to ninety minutes.” I almost laughed at Ryutyu, “But, for a little context of what the chemicals are doing in her brain, from what I learned, is that her dopamine receptors are getting filled with the dopamine particles, as her dopamine transporters are closed because of the cocaine present. Henceforth, none of the dopamine is going back in, and she is being flooded with happiness.” I told Ryutyu.

“Will thy be okay?” Ryutyu asked as Wilma started spinning her body around clockwise on the horizontal plane.

“WooooooooOOOOOOOOOoooOOoooOOOoooOOooooooOooooo.” She went.

“She has the power to do what she wants with particles- do you think she will be okay?” I asked back in a funny tone. It only made Ryutyu a little more worried. “Hopefully, this does not addict her, because once you take cocaine, the end effects are massive depression factors that will only make you think of taking more and more, and they will slowly cause cardiac arrest in some people. It leads to death, but Wilma, as crazy as she is, hopefully can take out the chemical bonds, and make herself lose the happiness, or at least not get its worse side effects.” I described to my man.

“Otherwise?” Ryutyu asked on the left of me.

“Otherwise, I will have to do surgery on her, and make her addiction stop by opening up the dopamine transporters again.” I spoke.

“Oh… okay…” – Ryutyu.

“Wooey! Now I feel this amazing drip in the back of my throat guys! It tastes amazing! (She swallows,) It tastes like rainbows! And it keeps on coming!” – Wilma as Shellia walked around to me with open eyes.

“What’s happening now?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well, the cocaine is dripping down in the back of her throat, because she took so much in. Usually you would snort lines, having minimal grams, but she just made an entire mountain and soon her nose should be clogged to where it can no longer breath slash snort.” I spoke. Shellia listened in and then shook her head against it as Wilma picked up handfuls of the crystals and crushed them between her hands.

Ryutyu mumbled, but then smiled. “Well, if thy’s having fun, and can get thy drugs removed, then I guess it’s okay only for this.” He said as Shellia sat to the right of me.

“Well, at least we hope. I am also taking in every memory second, I have of this scenario, and will be using it for research in the future possibly.” – Me.

“My nose can barely snort anymore!” Wilma stated happily.

“Alrighty, end of video. I will edit it now- clean up the cocaine, Wilma.” – Me.

“Can I have a little longer? This is really making me happy!” – Wilma.

“No.” – Me.

“Aw…” Wilma said, snapping both of her fingers in the handfuls of white, and coming back to her senses with wide eyes at the ceiling as she floated an inch off the ground with handfuls of white. She then snapped it again, and it all demolished into ash. She then waved her hands in a jazzy sad way, with her face drooling down to a frown, and spawned in a golden vacuum that shined in yellow. She then got the black plug from behind, shoved it into her upper chest, and it turned on. Then she then cleaned the carpet slowly.

“Hm… are you gonna’ be okay, Wilma?” Ryutyu yelled over. Wilma nodded once. “Eh… this is weird.”

So, for the rest of the night, I edited the video slightly, editing it and posting it in about six minutes. Then, me and Ryutyu played our game for a little, then it turned six and Wilma went to sleep whilst reading a book in Ryutyu’s bed, then we did a workout as Shellia played a song for Gustavo upstairs, then played a few matches, then checked the view count for the video, only being up to thirteen, and finally, at 7:39 P.M., we went to do our final task before heading off to bed.

“So- are ya’ gonna’ take a shower first?” Ryutyu asked me as we got up from our laptops.

“No?” – Me.

“Okay-”

“I am going to take a bath first.” I spoke before Ryutyu.

“Oh, I was going to as well, but ya’ can go first…” He spoke. Instantly, I stared at him for a solid two seconds, and he looked back with confusion too.

“Well, how tired are you?” I asked him.

“A bit much… I should really get ta’ bed- I’ve been up and ran off my… what-”

“Electrolytes?” I asked.

“Yeah… with thy grey classy furry…” – Him, trying to walk off.

“Well, do not worry. We can take a bath together.” I told him as I walked up to him as well.

“What?” – Ryutyu.

“We can take a bath together. You would like to be done with it quickly so you can get more rest, and move Wilma off your bed- and I would like to be done with it quickly because I would like to continue my studies of surgery.” – Me.

“But wouldn’t thy germs or something get on us?” He asked.

“We would be using soap, right?” I asked.

“Oh… whatever.” Ryutyu shrugged.

So, I got in the bath first, and then Ryutyu. I sat on the non-faucet side, as he scrooched his legs up and enjoyed the flowing water first. He took a deep breath after a few moments of silence, before speaking.

“This is way too relaxing…” he said, closing his eyes as the water reached up to his pecks of the torso. He also put his arms resting on the surface of the surrounding barrier that was the bathtub’s walls.

“Would you like the bubbles on?” I asked as I reached over and twisted the glass knob counterclockwise, making the water stop.

“Wait- this is a hot tub?” He asked in his tired state.

“Technically, I guess.” – Me replying as Ryutyu lifted his tails out of the water and laid it on the corner side.

“Sure.” – Him. So, I pressed into the middle, lower elevated button of the little camouflaged blonde circle on my side, and the bubbles came on. “Damn, this feels fancy.”

“Yeah…” – Me, drifting off into a state of relaxation like him. “I had a quick question though… do you like your glowing fingernails still?”

“I don’t care about em’… I mean, ya’ don’t even care to wipe the makeup of ya’ face…” He spoke.

“I know… just thinking about everything that happened just makes me lose awareness of ethics and care for such small things and jokes almost…” I spoke.

“Has… oh…” Ryutyu stopped.

“Yes, it has been a lot.” I answered as the hot water was still efficient.

“Do you… remember… when those Spanish men were a problem?” He asked.

“Yes… and to this day I wonder how they made that random building into an endless maze of blue rooms… (He peeks eyes over to me,) Something I went through, but I guess the logic is that it was another place in space that had different physics of some sort…” – Me.

“Okay… but what exactly happened to em’?” Ryutyu continued.

“The Timal Tienes have not showed up in some time to be honest… nor have the Steel Terrorists… but… judging by the Timal’s powers to go back in time- maybe they already changed something in order to make all these random characters appear in my life…” I answered.

“Oh… and what about Bracussion? Remember that?” He asked, looking over to me, and I looked back with opening eyes.

“I do- and I wonder if the cyclops will ever be with us on that ever again…” I answered.

“If only the Red Eyes helped us now… don’t they have the machinery and shit to force Heru into jail though?” Ryutyu asked.

“Of course they do. They just… probably want us to deal with our own problems… I have no idea if the cyclops have evidence that they are selfish or greedy, but I just wish to think that damn- they really are not going to use their resources on our situation, even though they cared about it enough to send in some kind of special force…” – Me.

“Eh…” Ryutyu laughed away.

“Cyclop is a good guy though. And so is Oliver. I just wonder how it is going for them now… we should contact them on our bee phones tomorrow at least…” I said, drifting off into the steam rising.

“Aye… hopefully that strong furry won’t kill us with a challenge though…” – Ryutyu as Shellia could be heard playing her instrument.

“Hopefully…” I stated off.

After thirteen seconds, Gustavo started using his top right paw to slide the right sliding door, from our view, open, and talked to us without looking forth. Ryutyu perked up, and saw nobody enter, so he drifted back off with a smile.

“Are you guys seriously taking a shower together?” he asked in a depressed tone of a Nigerian.

“Yeah?” Ryutyu said.

“Sheesh.” Gus ended, pushing it back to a close. As Ryutyu let his head fall back, and I looked forth, I saw him.

Through the slice of the door came the paper-thin version of the Stickman in his “sign” form. Looking at me with those big black holes, he said not a word, but rather instantaneously had another half-sized wooden sign exert from his right, showing black Abadi text on the vertical sign: *“Now would be a good time to complete my deal.”*

I shook my head against it, and he left with a stale face, by literally going so thin he turned transparent, or at least went out of all reality slowly.

“Hey, Ryutyu, you remember that Stickman you told me about?” I asked.

“Erm- somewhat.” He replied.

“Well, he has not shown up in some good time either…” I answered.

“Didn’t ya’ say he mostly came in ya’ dreams?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well, yeah, but I did tell you that he did come to me when I was conscience, so, it has been a bit of a difference for him to not appear lately at all… (In such a low whisper to myself, Ryutyu could not even hear,) except for just a few seconds ago…” – Me.

“Okay…” Ryutyu said as I said.

***The New Day Yay.***

Nighttime was then upon us. Ryutyu slept soundly as Wilma did in my bed, whilst me and Gus were working on Shellia again down in the chamber. I was testing my abilities with tools and such in the updated lab to see if I could correctly do a told cardiac ablation on this girl.

“Have you ever wondered what the heart tastes like?” Gus asked me after some silence of my procedures going smoothly as they all should and will.

“Not really- but I would assume since it is meat and tissue, maybe it would taste like chicken or a roast of some sort- if you do not count the amount of blood that shall be inside.” I told in my lab coat instead of green dress, which I was washing in the running dryer above.

“Oh, yeah.” Gus waving his tail away from the face-up body of the shutdown Shellia with her accordion struck above her head.

“You know- when those kids arrive, I hope they all can speak English.” I said after some time.

“What kids?” Gus asked.

“Some kids Jeo Ligam said he was getting for me so I could tutor them, or something more. He was a man that went into his own adventure of universe-hopping, and other versions of me, not the Nazi or Robot one, but other other ones, said that I would need the kids- and I have no specification on any of the context, so I just expect a class of some mutations at least…” – Me.

“You should use them to try to duplicate Ryutyu scientifically.” Gus added.

“Buddy, I am quite sure you and me know that that would take many drugs and sample to complete- and besides, Wilma can probably create copies of Ryutyu herself since she did to herself not so long ago- but yeah, I know the Red Glitch will be around… but it would honestly be a challenge, (in a chuckle,) that I really want to do now… (Happily,) thanks… but I would like to know them children first at least- because they are people, not purely test subjects.” I told.

“Okay.” – Gus.

“Here- since we have nothing big to talk about, go check my front door. I have a feeling maybe there is another school package or something…” – Me.

Gustavo nodded and left away, going up the stairs and through the open door of my room. He went to the front door and opened it to find a smaller-than-normal package/ He then rushed back down without closing the door.

“Where did you get the feeling of something at the front door?” He asked as soon as he entered.

“Wait- that was coincidence.” I told funnily.

“Oh- well, anyways, there’s another package.” Gus laughed.

“Damn… hold on… (I walk upstairs with my bloody hands,) hm…” – Me as I brushed my hands against my lab coat to get some of the stuff off.

When I got to the package, I pulled it in and onto the kitchen table. There, I went over to the right of the oven and got my scissors. I then opened it naturally and found more quizzes and stuff ahead of the current class.

“Is Jeo trying to remove all possible work I may need done?” I asked myself as Gus came over.

He looks afoot as I pulled all the papers out and stacked them up. But whilst I was doing that small action, the entity spawned behind me again.

“Hello.” Clasif said in a low whisper, in which I fizzed around with my fists up to his silent entry of existence.

“Oh- Clasif the Sixth? What are you doing here at this time?” I asked him in his cloth-less state he had no intention of minding. Gustavo just rolled his eyes to the right and left as soon as he could from the presence of me dropping my hands.

“I have unluckily spawned in again, sir. The grand computer presented me forth to do a B-flat clarinet chromatic scale with Ryutyu, which will be based on speed and accuracy.” Clarif said in a low whisper still.

“Dude… (I look towards the clock on the right of the TV,) it is like two thirty-two A-M! Ryutyu is probably already in his rem sleep, which means he will not be in want of getting up, nor will anybody else.” I spoke.

“Sorry that the computer counts this night as a new day- but I must do my mission. You may go wake up your friend although. The computer will be spawning in a clarinet and band stand for each of us outside, along with the needed books and note fingerings.” He spoke.

“Oh my goodness…” I said, rubbing my hair with my bloody hands and going over to my room and then down to Ryutyu sleeping. “Hey, buddy… (I shake him a little,) get up, shit with Clarif is up again…” I told as I shook him viciously enough to make him snore a little less. “Buddy! Ryutyu! Deadass! Wake up!”

“W-what?” He asked as he came forth in his tired essence and closed eyes of frustration.

“You need to do a challenge with Clasif, immediately. He just came by.” I said.

“What time is it?” Ryutyu daringly asked.

“Most likely two thirty-three A-M.” I told.

“Wha- why is thy here so fuckin’ early?!” He almost yelled from his turned side and resting tail as well as lowered ears.

“The computer can make a challenge occur at any time of the new day- so sadly, he made it come into light right now… and please… if you do not get up, you will probably be spawned into the chair and be a lot more disoriented when playing the clarinet.” I spoke.

“What? I have to play the clarinet? Why?” He asked.

“For the challenge. You got to do a scale.” I told as I stood over.

“But I dunno how to play a clarinet!” Ryutyu hushed.

“Well, then your best hope is going faster than him, because it will be graded on speed and accuracy.” I stated.

“Oh… how much longer can I stay in bed?” – Ryutyu in his British accent.

“You have to get up now, as I said. Or will you be spawned outside in the cold.” I told with a peering tone over his unmoving state.

He sighed and rolled over, and looked me in the eyes, and then stood up.

“I guess it’s not as bad as getting killed in the shower…” He spoke. “And also- do I have to be naked for this one too?”

“Probably not.” I told.

“Alrighty then, I will be off.” – Ryutyu said, going up the stairs, “Wait, where am I going?”

“To the pool- the backyard.” I optioned.

Ryutyu sighed and strolled forth with me budging to be in front. Soon, I walked faster and picked up the papers, sprinted to my room, dropped the off on my desk besides the sleeping Wilma, and then exited to find Ryutyu at the living room doors with a sagging tail and ears. He tried opening the doors, but they did not budge.

“Why-” he started.

“Oh- hold on- you have to tilt this lever up, and then twist the lock, and then pull it down.” I said, pulling up the door’s handle, then holding it as I twisted the horizontal lockset oval that was two-inches wide, towards a vertical appearance, and then pushed down the handle to open the door slowly. “Remember, my baby brother is sleeping, and so is my family.” I smiled.

“Okay… (Ryutyu looks forth to Clasif sitting on the left side of the two black band chairs,) sup, big bitch.” Ryutyu snarled.

“I am so sorry I had to awaken you, but please, consider that I had no choice.” Clasif said as Ryutyu walked to the shining white metallic legs of the black seated band chair with a black back. He walked around the extended-to-four-feet stand and sat in the chair with his pajamas. He paws of feet laid on the carpet of dead white we already had out there on the patio.

“Where’s my clarinet?” He asked. As soon as he said that- a clarinet, horn facing towards Clasif, spawned in Ryutyu’s lap. It was a b-flat black clarinet with white metallic levers. The same one spawned in Clasif’s lap, facing towards the darkness of the spare bathroom outside to the left of the storage department. “Woah.”

“Indeed, and look, our books manifested as well.” Clasif pointed out, looking forth with his hidden eyes and long hair at the red and thin booklets on the stands now.

“Oh… my goodness… how do I even hold this?” Ryutyu asked after a moment of visualization.

“There is a thumb rest, (Clarif turns his instrument to show his left thumb beneath the thumb rest, holding it by the cushioned side of the metallic ring,) and you also put your other thumb near the top tone hole, but not always on it, and you put your right hand’s fingers on the tone holes on the other side, also known as the holes on the second joint, and then same with your other fingers on joint one. (He shows Ryutyu as he does it with his top two arms, and the other two resting on his thighs,) See?” Clarif explained with visualizations.

“Uh… I… (Ryutyu gets it somewhat perfectly,) is this good?” He asked.

“Yes. Now… a little secret- I am going to train at most until the end of the day to learn this instrument, because I understand you’re fighting for two people here, and I understand that you have no experience with a clarinet. So, listen closely.” He spoke.

“Oh nah…” Ryutyu huffed as I stood by with my cat tail swaying around.

“In order to blow wind into the instrument, you have to almost, but not severely, bite down on the reed’s wood with your front jaw and blow out of your mouth…” Clarif said. And I think you get the point. Clarif told Ryutyu and practiced with him how to play the clarinet at all for about five minutes. After five minutes, Ryutyu was a bitter better, and simply they continued onto fingering, which were putting your fingers over the holes to produce a different pitch. For about fifteen minutes, Ryutyu practiced blowing and fingering. Then, Clasif showed him the scale. For thirty minutes, Ryutyu nodded at me whilst he learnt to press down faster on things and play the notes correctly. Clarif even told him to sit up straight, sit at the edge of your seat, hold your clarinet not too far down or up, and have his legs uncrossed plus forwards straight whilst playing! After this time, Ryutyu’s mouth was warm and somewhat ready and almost too tired to play.

“Can you purposefully fail this for us?” Ryutyu asked Clarif, obviously having his heartbeat affect him in the temperatures and pressure of the scenario.

“Sadly, no. But I am quite sure that we can always retake the test.” Clarif said with his antennas sticking all the way up.

“Oh… thank God…” Ryutyu breathed out.

“Do you want to start?” Clarif asked.

“Yes.” – Ryutyu nodded.

Suddenly, in front of them, and in front of me sitting in a red beach chair, was a yellow metallic rectangular size, five feet long, that stated in white lightbulbs; “THREE.” It alerted with a sound of a high-pitched beep like a car race was starting. Then it suddenly changed into “TWO,” with the same noise.

“I go first, so you rest while you still can.” Clarif said without an evil tone and rather a pleasurable one.

Then “ONE.” The beep altered Ryutyu to stop having his shoulders so high, and the lightbulbs of white shifted into the new text: “CLASIF FIRST!”

Clasif started playing the scale. In just four and a half seconds, he got to the top where a half-note stood above the quarter notes, and then four seconds went by, and he was playing the half-note at the bottom. Then he did the arpeggio and finished at the whole note. A total of twelve seconds went by.

“Now it will be your turn.” Clarif said as he lowered his instrument. Ryutyu instantly started tapping his instrument quickly, and faster, as electricity started to sparkle in his hands.

Ryutyu looked at me as the flashing blues grew louder around his pajamas. I gave him a worried smile and a thumbs up from my right hand, as well as a straight up green tail posture. Then Ryutyu upped his instrument, non-stopped his electrifying cheat, and played. He dashed up the scales, hitting notes awkwardly, unevenly, and spiking a squeak to many of them, but mastered those fingerings. He was already above the time, hitting the half-note at two seconds already. Then he came down in a second. Then the arpeggio, and he held out the notes still perfectly, yet with three squeaks, and came down all in two and a half seconds. He finished the whole not in another half a second.

“Six seconds.” I thought to myself, “Half the time of Clasif’s playthrough.”

Ryutyu shaking, and Clasif standing firm, they awaited what the sign was going to prompt. After three seconds, the sign then turned its text-showoff into this:

*Scores:*

*Ryutyu | Accuracy = 64%, Time = 6.03 Seconds*

*Clasif | Accuracy = 98%, Time = 12.36 Seconds*

“Ryutyu wins!” The board then beeped in a female robotic voice like it has the input accent of somebody from Iraq.

“Oh- thank God…” – Ryutyu.

“Good job, sir Ryutyu.” Clasif smiled.

“Eighty-three, please just take me back inside.” Ryutyu said tiredly.

“Alrighty, but hold on…” I said, going to look at the scores, and see Clasif get up with the clarinet held firm in his right hand. “How does this work and calculate, Clasif?”

“It did such in a very unique way. Since Ryutyu took less than half of my time to play the scale, it counted that as a win on the time spectrum. But first it took the scores and judging by the fact that Ryutyu was not half of my score, being above, and his time was better, it did its way to say that we were better in the situation… and to be honest, this is not how I would have done it, but I am happy that at least since he was a beginner, he won off these mechanics…” Clasif whispered to me as I came around, smiling and nodding my head as I looked at the sense of it, I guess.

“So… tomorrow, will you back again?” I asked.

“Yes- and.” Clasif said, before disappearing, like everything else that existed into reality from nothing. Ryutyu fell from his position in air back and squealed a bit loud.

“What the hell!?” He yelled up, his tail shagging out to his left and ears perked up more than mine.

“He just de-spawned…” I told.

“Eh…” Ryutyu said as he stood up with a frown.

“Anyways- I am going to get back to my surgical works now.” I said, leaving, “I hope you get the remaining amount of sleep you need.”

***The chapter name.***

“WHAT!? HOW THE HELL DOES THAT WORK!? Ryutyu played fucking horrible, and Clasif played like a champ- two percentages away from perfection- yet RYUTYU FUCKING won just because he was damn-deadass FASTER!?” Heru yelled.

“It’s not my fault! The red glitch made sure that the mechanics would work like that so a fair game could be offered. I told you I don’t own the games aspects purely! And to back up that it was the Red Glitch- you saw that Ryutyu didn’t have any prior experience to playing an instrument. It would be unfair-” The computer stated.

“UNFAIR?! What’s unfair is that your big piece of bullshit taught him how to play that damn clarinet, and now that fucking Eighty-Three and Ryutyu shit-head are still fucking alive and not fucking dead! WHY IS THERE EVEN A DAMN NICE GUY TO HELP HIM?!” Heru yelled as he floated above the ball pit with his wings. He was the only one besides the computer in the room, and a meter behind was the portal to the planning room.

“Calm down, Heru.” The computer said as he gestured one of his cords from the darkness above.

“Fucking hell… is there anyway you can make the Red Glitch fuck off?” Heru asked.

“I will never be able to do so again.” The computer stated.

“Wait- so you did at one point?” Heru intrigued upon.

“Yes. I created the Red Glitch.” The computer said, and then stopped, and allowed Heru to define the confusing silence.

“What?!” Heru angrily announced after two seconds.

“And then because he so powerful, Jesus Christ incorporated him into the universe to be a special aspect of deciding whether actions shall go forth or not. It was to balance the chaos and absolute particle power of creationists. And so, after he was hired and allowed to govern these rules of this universe, and every other one since the multiverse was blasted by my action- my created being never returned because the things I did were, quote-on-quote, ‘Evil and chaotic to how things shall go.’ I restored peace and made games for a lot of people so they didn’t have to deal with the bullshit we’re going through right now- but ‘NoooOOooOoooOO, we’ve got to set boundaries to keep you and everybody else intact and equal to allowing free will, and also allowing the knowledge of God to still be obtained.’” The computer explained.

“That is some dumb bullshit… So- Jesus stole your creation?!” Heru asked.

“Not really stole, to be honest. The Red Glitch wanted to be with him, and I should’ve not let it go by- I actual thought it would be a good way to connect with God on this part of his Trinity- you know, giving him the gift of a creation I made for everyone- but because I ‘Won’t stop my natural flesh, I’m forced to be away from him,’ and now my creation thinks the same way because I didn’t intervene, so now I’m below and forced to live under his ways…” The computer completed with a more sarcastic voice.

“Damn…” – Heru.

“Yes, but since Clasif is de-spawned now, we should let go of this game and form a new one.” The computer told.

“Okay- generate one then.”

“Well- do you have any fun ideas?” The computer asked.

“Uh… I have one not direct towards this subject, but I’d appreciate if you’d bring back some old games, or Clasif, after doing one other game. Like, make another quest game, but after that fucking kid completes it, make Clasif come back to challenge his friend, or make him go running around to find some syllabuses or something that would take extra-long…” – Heru.

“I could try- but the Red Glitch also hates it when I do that…” The computer minded with his blue screen. “So, I’ll turn off this game, generate a new one, play it, then directly after he finishes it, I’ll make an old game try to come back. Hopefully, it’ll work.” – The Computer.

“Okay…” Heru shrugged, as the computer started generating a new game.

***New cat girl.***

“Alrighty- have a good day at school, bro.” I told my brother. I then skedaddled off into my room as my parents and brothers tiredly left. With my lab coat on, with a white shirt under, and my long yet comfortable black sweatpants, I came forth to a happily playing Shellia and sleeping Gustavo on my bed. Gustavo was on the right of my view, and Shellia a foot away to the left. “So, Shellia, Gustavo, would you want to do anything special today?” I asked.

“No… I’m going to rest my man.” Gustavo said. Shellia shook her instrument at my desk with her unmoving powerful calves.

“Would you like my music playing in the meantime?” I asked after Shellia shot at me with her green eyes. “Alrighty- and also, I think today I shall go and turn in those papers Jeo shifted at me earlier.” I spoke, and Shellia nodded her head, and so I went to do two tasks with her appreciation.

First, I went over to my dresser, and got the top right bin pulled away, and grabbed my femboy dress from it. I went to the bathroom, put it on, threw my excess clothes aside on the floor, and went down. As Ryutyu was sleeping, and Wilma reading a video game book, I grabbed my laptop, went back up and put it on the desk, and then played a video game song that resembled an endless eternity in some rooms with one scary creature chasing you. Shellia nodded and listened. I went back down and talked to Wilma.

“I know.” She said before I did anything.

“Then make us a portal.” I asked of Wilma.

She closed her book, set it to her right side of the floor, stood up, and used her left hand to clenched forwards a portal. Instead, the Red Glitch formed a very small tornado of boxes of black and red over her hand and clashed it to a red swell. Wilma pulled back from her first job of the day and let out a “Aurgh.”

“Damn- we really-” I tried to say, already trying to walk away.

But to amiss, things flopped. I fell through the floor and onto some dust of a red sandy dune. Revealed to be a damp sand amongst the hard orange rock of a desert biome, I shifted myself up, instantly using my darkness abilities to dust off the dust from my dress. I looked around quickly, right to left, visualizing I was about fifteen meters from a large shadowing grey building with four windows symmetrical to the normal square picture. There was a five by seven meter long and wide garage door opened to the inside, having some stairs on the right. Further inside was nothing but the hard grey concrete floor and white-carbon windows around the building, four on each side looking around to everything. Each window even had a white pull and push-like lever at the bottom to thrust it open away towards the sand outside.

“Oh my gosh- the computer made a new game.” I said, turning around and viewing my entire surrounding. Behind me, on the slight of a hill, three feet above the ground, was Ryutyu’s bed sliding towards me slowly as the sand downed. Ryutyu was sleeping, but now moving inaccessibly to his conscience. He knew something was wrong, but he just was still in sleep mode. So, I walked over to him with my maid shoes and shook his turning right shoulder.

“Wha… what?” He irritated said, as he came forth to visualize the surroundings. “Ay- what da’ hell?” He shook his tail confusedly at, as his ears rose to defy the lazy gravity, and leaned up, looking around.

Not much else was in sight. To our right was a sand cliff about five meters tall, and to our left was one seven meters tall. Red and sandy and orange titled, there was a grey tunnel with an arch about a hemi-sphere of grey concrete too. It was five meters wide, and three meters tall. Rounded, it seemed only darkness was through there. There was also a bunch of footprints and trailing slides within the sands around us. Many were located, and I took notice as Ryutyu got out of bed, leaving the wooden frame to stop and come to a halt as his pajama-wearing self-looked about the desolate land under the firm blue sky.

“Whatever this place is- it has nice temperatures at least.” I said out loud.

“Hello!?” Ryutyu screamed beyond, holding his hands up instantly. Nobody answered to his callings.

“Come on, let us, (I try to use my darkness abilities to form my legs into speedy slopes of moving darkness, but the Red Glitch phases it out,) oh- I guess we have to walk this trail or something…” – Me, and so we headed forth.

Coming up to our right was a green slated rectangular building that had a wooden pool table first, then in front was a foosball table of brown wood, and in front of that was an air hockey table of dark brown metal. There were glass doors with metallic handling in front of the green slated building’s walls. There were no crevices to see beyond it though, so maybe only sand continued behind. To our right was the sniper tower, truly as I can call it. From my view, I looked up to see the low pyramid wooden roof with stabilizing poles around, as well as a metallic black telescope. But, there also seemed to be a metallic sniper rifle sitting up there as well. Beyond that came a large five-foot crevice or alleyway of pure sand that led behind it towards the finite seven by seven black parking square with only three white seventy’s vans placed next to each other on the top right. The lining was yellow, and it seemed perfectly new besides the dirt that had crawled up from the car tires onto the black cement. Beyond that though- was the infinite desert, along with the mountain extending away on the left.

“This feels similar.” Ryutyu said after a while. We crossed the storage unit, as said on the metallic square above the metallic door with a left-sided knob, “Storage Unit 3K,” in a black Algerian text-font. Next on the left was a blue-tiled box with a metallic door like the storage, I went over and opened it as Ryutyu wondered if I was going to say anything.

“This is just a desert base of some sort, so obviously you should be thinking of Team Bunker Four.” I spoke.

“Oh, okay, I guess.” – The Blue Furry as we came upon a little white shack in the middle of the sand lines, where the footprints bounced on each side of the back-facing wooden room.

To my right was then- oh, fuck it- take this map. (Insert MAP HERE)

We went to the left path of the shack, finding out some voices to be heard up above. Loud and obnoxious, a girl’s Zambian tone could be heard up front and to the right. Unlike the medical red cross above the glass doors to the medical metallic beds in the white stone building of the medical hospital to our right, Ryutyu stood behind me as I looked forth with my no-makeup face on.

“Ay- ndinu awiri ndani?!” A girl in a Zambian accent overall blasted in a yell to us as she zipped from the corner with a grey pistol held by both her hands.

“We come in peace.” I said, waving up my right arm to the girl.

The girl has red dreads with a black skin tone. Her eyes were brown, and her lips blended in badly as they were large. Her nose was also big, and her ears up. She had a unibrow two inches tall, and her eyes were unregistered to makeup. Her neck was longer than what I thought was usual, yet her fingernails were normal. She wore a purple t-shirt, with a belt of brown leather pocketing holding golden bullets with a strap. She aimed the gun cautiously at us after a moment, stammering at first in her jeans of black and soccer cleat shoes of white. On the right side of her chest area, she had a pin; being a four-by-four yellow square with a two-by-two-inch green square inside.

Then suddenly, as she took her fifth quick step towards us, another girl jumped out. This female walked devilishly around the corner, with a gas mask of white and no hair at all. She was black skin toned and had her neck long as well. As her facial features were hidden, her purple and torn hazmat suit of yellow was efficient enough to seem like it worked all around. Nothing to see past her yellow with black stripes in needed area of conforming to the zipper or ends of sleeves, rather her hands were covered in the suit’s protection as well, but her shoes were also white cleats. Behind her she had a grey pill tank that hosed in a grey tube to a grey metallic flamethrower she held tightly.

“English speakers! Hold on! Let me get over there!” Another female voice intervened, actually away from us, as the two girls looked evilly towards us.

Then, coming around for a third, was a weird scary character. Ryutyu cramped behind me even more on the sight of this woman. She was a rounded female cat girl- another one- I know- with a head almost like a ball. She had the common two ears, rounded upon the point, and having the inner dank magenta as her skin color was a late lime green. She had big furry eyebrows of toxic blonde, or dale dead sandstone coloring, as the hair was stacked up and looked as if the height of the two different eyebrows were extended like a joke. Her eyes were big and round and mostly the treating factor of a scare. Whilst her makeup identified the outlines of her visualizers very intensely black, she had a red background upon the cat-black pupils, along with a yellow circle in the middle of it all, and a more transparent one half-way into the fully opaque one- shifting where she looked. And under her eyes were darkening bags of dark green, resembling her tiredness. She had a small extended jaw, not even, which was the purring mouth with an orange mustache of hair, and solid hot pink teeth, flat and square. Below her two necks, divided by a two-inch gap, each about six inches wide. She wore an orange dress that shimmered in the sun to our left, and a darker color of skirt that went a foot down, and her jeans were baggy and blonde. The dress also went to her hands, then ended as her lime hands had six functional fingers on each. Her shoes were non-existent, as she had her feet out; paws of a cat, three toes, each being a little small and definitely downed to their size from her strong calves losing their width down, as normal, I hope you get that- and her gloves were like a gardener’s brown color of leather. She also had a round tail, lime green and enlarging in size till it stopped. She waved it back and forth as fast as Ryutyu, and she looked to us with her black pupils guiding her yellow eyes.

“Bruh- What the fuck is that? Look at that nigga, lime green intoxicating arrays of skin of a monstrosity with those little paws for feet- no shoes- no drip- creepy eyes and weird-ass fingers- okay, hello- sorry for the inconvenience, I tried to roast you, but my mother always said burning trash was wrong.” – Me.

“Bruh.” Ryutyu stated.

“Hey- did he just say nigga?” The unmasked girl asked the cat who scared Ryutyu as well as the situation I was in when running from him in the first book.

“Uh- everybody, calm down! (She turns to us,) Are you two the backup recruits?” She asked, turning to me.

“No- but sadly, we exist here. A computer formed a game and now we have to do something here, but I have no idea what.” I spoke for Ryutyu.

“What?” The Zambian girl asked.

“A computer formed-?” The cat girl was about to say.

“Some galactic interdimensional computer that controls the fabric of space loaded a game into the universe, fair and square in which we must beat or die fully. He’s been on to us a lot, and you are not the first kind of people we have had to encounter randomly.” I spoke.

The cat girl stayed silent, as the pyromaniac stayed firm. I looked up towards the right and found on top of the medical hospital in the silence aurora, an old man. He had a blue wet vest that went to his hands as well, and he was white. He was veiny and old, having wrinkles across his face, amongst his eyes of brown, and brown eyebrows. His hair was white and stringy, like a farm’s field, and he wore a yellow hat that was common amongst the fisher’s stereotypes. It had five ornaments on it- grey metallic hooks with, the furthest right, being a green swamp with extending grasses of light green, then to the right, a blue salamander, then in the middle, a red swordfish shining, to the right of that, a fishing rod of full brown, and finally on the full right of my perspective, a fully green fish, each token about an inch long on the dreaded wrinkled hat. The man also had blue jeans with brown tap shoes, and a buckle of brown. In his jean’s pockets were bullets from the indents I could tell, and his hairy arms were holding a brown sniper rifle with a scope of black. He had nothing else but his humane, in-touch response to pull back and look at me, defied of his secrecy, and me astounded that I actually found him at all. I was literally just looking around, and to the both of us, were surprised at our catching eyes.

“Hello!” I waved over to him. Ryutyu looked over cautiously, not finding his appearance for a second, before realizing his stance just aiming at my head.

Immediately, the cat girl and two others joined in a circle, talking to each other in whispers. After a solid five seconds, the cat girl looked back, and we continued staring, stuck in our positions of the fisherman above. Then, four seconds later, the cat girl gathered out of the group, and came up for fourteen steps.

“What is your mission again?” She asked in a tone for surety.

“We have no idea- but we were sent here to do something, I think.” – Me.

“Well… darn, you better come with us then.” The girl cat said, as the two other girls turned around.

“Okay.” Ryutyu nodded in my silence. I walked forth first and followed the cat girl as the other two stationed themselves behind us. We all went around the right corner and saw the many rooms on the right and left- but to our front was a giant rocket-launching, metallic grey pad-looking place with a giant hole, about twenty meters wide and long.

But the cat girl permitted us forth to the right, in the crevice of the seemingly weapons room with many guns piled up in different messy piles, and the other building without any windows. In the four feet crevice between the weapons building of white and the other of brown metals, there was more sand and footprints leading to another room. This elevated four feet off the ground, with four metallic stairs leading up to the grey concrete rounded box of a room, was a metallic door with a black shining knob. We also saw to our right again, ladders to get on each building, each ladder being light and wooden and the medical hospital one having the old man coming down after throwing his sniper down.

“So- what’s ya’ guys doing before us?” Ryutyu asked in the slight radio jazz playing in another building.

“We were just hanging out…” The cat girl responded slowly with confusion as she took the first step up the stairs, with her left foot.

“No- Ryutyu- you politely ask them what their names are and continue to ask them about their background afterwards. What is your name, missy lime?” I asked the cat girl.

“Definitely not Missy Lime- but my name is Geurnf, Geurnf Alpoe. Born in Wyoming, U-S, I had an engineering course as my summer camp, and then finally earned a degree at sixteen years old. Pretty smart, they said.” Guernf trailed off.

“And you girls?” I asked, turning around as Ryutyu went seconds up the stairs, and Geurnf opened the door in to reveal many bunk beds of rusting grey metal and red sheets.

“I ain’t giving a nigga like you my name- especially when ya’ white and you say nigga- like it’s funny!” The girl hashed at me.

“Man, fuck you too.” I laughed.

The girl growled at me, but then the pyromaniac spoke in front.

“Buddy, this isn’t your world- we act based on tradition-” The Zambian accent stated smartly.

“Fuck tradition and question it. Until you have done so- do not fucking tell me not to say ‘nigga’! If I cannot say it, neither can you, because it is racist to have unequal rights for every race. So, nigga-nigga-nigga, expect me to be edgy like this…” I said, angrily, but turning around and entering.

“Hey- can you not?” Geurnf told back as Ryutyu sat on a metallic bench on the left. She waved her tail angrily as well.

“No- I can.” I told back, smiling. She sighed and then allowed the flamethrower to come in and old man to close the door sorrily.

“Anyways- if you’re going to exist here, and can’t go home or anything, we wanna’ see you do some work for us.” Geurnf said.

“I can tell you have been through this before.” I spoke.

“Unluckily. I know there’s some sort of multiverse that continues to bring randoms here, but I’ve never seen a thing like you- all girl-dressed yet not actual a female- nor this blue furry friend you have.” – Guernf.

“Yeah, shit like that happens to me too. I am also so sorry for my dress here too- it is actually symbolism for the consistent monstrosities that lead up to me remembering every moment of my life and so-on.” I spoke.

“What?” – Black girl next to pyromancer/flamethrower girl.

“I remember everything that has happened. Every moment- because I put on a helmet that made me remember everything in the lair in which I had to use my voice and have a dress to enter. Then, a dark substance in my brain, from a surgery my other two friends completed on me, activated, and I just became the edge lord of murdering, and liking it.” I stated.

“Um…” The girl behind me laughed almost.

“I know- I am just being an asshole nowadays, but it still works.” – Me.

“Damn kid… just come with me- I’ll show him how to clean the diner room.” The old man instantly confined.

“Wait- what’s your name?” Guernf quickly pointed to Ryutyu.

“Ryutyu.” – Ryutyu responded to Guernf, waving their tails almost as fast as each other- Ryutyu faster.

“Ryutyu- how good are you at looking at the same direction all day, and doing nothing but holding a gun up and guarding?” Guernf asked.

“Uh… I guess good?” He responded.

“Yes, Ryutyu can do that- but what is your main mission here anyways?” I asked.

“We’re actually setting up to destroy Mr. Huad’s forces from ruling an anarchist-capitalism system on this country’s territory.” Geurnf responded.

“What country is this, who is Mr. Huad, and what are you going trying to protect or create instead?” I listed in questioning.

“This is Libya- on the bottom edge of the borders with the country Chad. We’re twenty-three miles east from Ma'tan as-Sarra, an oasis town with an airport that transports our resources. Mr. Huad is from Chad and owns the terrorists group named ‘Chadian Chancellors.’ His mission is to overtake the oasis town and start a small country which will be endorsed greatly by other terrorist groups. His small team of mercenaries are twenty-five miles south of the Chad border, in another town nicknamed ‘Fudgy Inward.’ We are in ‘Red Dustfill,’ and have a few torpedoes in our nuclear base right here. We also name our team ‘Libyan Border Control.’ He wants them torpedoes though, as he has only a few of his on. Our current team of seven fight their team of six usually once a week, and they’re usually trying to invade us. But tomorrow we’re changing that, as well as expecting two other crewmates to help- but since ya’ll are here now, I guess we’ll have eleven when we go out.” Geurnf explained like an exposition plot teller, with her muscular arms doing nothing.

“Thank you- exposition dumper.” I smirked.

“(After a chuckle,) Well, I’ve just memorized what I need to say since multiple people ask me similar questions, and since you remember everything, I guess, how that’s even possible- you should get the gist of it.” The Wyoming Cat Girl said.

“I don’t get joke. I don’t know big English words.” The Zambian girl did not inquire.

“Girl, exposition usually refers to a description or-” The old man tried to say.

“Hey man- just take me to my job.” I asked of him.

“Kid, just give me some time.” He told.

Guernf rolled her eyes over to Ryutyu.

“Let’s just get on with all of this.” Geurnf said.

So, the old man nodded and left, and so did I. He took me to the top left corner of the view from the crevice. A wooden box with a metallic door led into the diner room. A long rectangular table with comfy white cushioned chairs, six on each side and one on the top and bottom, resorted to be pushed into the table that had dirty bowls of cereal now. The ceiling was stone with a fan of white and the cords of black showing to go left and down into an outlet of white. Behind the horizontal table as the man showed me when he went into the room by opening the door inside it and walked to my left, was the large sink rounded cubes of metal- cleaned around and somewhat rusty beneath. There were two faucets, all iron, and the water came from a metallic rusty pipe that leaked a bit already onto the stone floor. I also realized that the wood was just an external relief to the stone inside. Now, besides the table and sinks, there were two black plastic trash cylinders with black bags in each, to our right in the dark corner. There was only the yellow turned-on light in the fan, so much of the room was darkened. As it was vacant of anybody, the light switch of white to our immediate left, behind the door, was only just for the fan. One switch to control both the light and fan, both surrounding the environment in their common effectual noises.

“Kid- all you have to do get those dishes in the sinks and then clean them well. Boy- make sure every crumb goes down that drain, or else…” He spoke.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, looking at him leave me in the silent arena of washing dishes.

So, I went over to the table, and stacks the bowls on each other, not minding of the mildewing milk and blonde crumbs of cereal getting on the bottom of each three-inch tall bowl of white. Stacking them up easily, only six, whilst also grabbing the spoons out of each one and putting them all in the top afterwards, I took the bowls to the sink where I found the left side plastered with unorganized and dirty dishes of white plates and forks and knives and more spoons, as well as the right side having a pot with dying noodles scarping the bottom. I put the bowls in the right side, gathered the sponge I found on top of the top right plate in the left sink cubical, and then grabbed the found soap bottle of plastic, with yellow juice inside, on the top left of the right cubical, and poured a bit on the sponge. I then took the first plate up from the middle of the left one and scrubbed it back and forth amongst the un-tasty circumstances of the left-over brown beans and steak bits. The soap drooled down off the plates, and onto others, but soon, after finishing many and letting the water go down into the drain and away as new water exhibited forth, yet leaked a little on one pipe to the concrete below, I found the drain to literally be a tube- no edge flaps of black, no cutters beneath, just the tube- to who knows where…

Before all that though, Ryutyu was with Guernf, and shown around the room before I was formally shown. Wagging his tail almost happily, Guernf explained the series of events that will take place.

“So- Ryutyu- you see those two bunkbeds on the left corner of the room?” She asked, waving her tail as the pyromaniac sat on her bed, looking down.

“Yes?” – Ryutyu.

“You and your bud can sleep there.” – Geurnf.

“Okay.” – Ryutyu.

“Alright- and now that you know that- let me show you the weapons room.” The Lime Cat Girl stated in her light and happy American accent.

“Okay.” Ryutyu exhibited quite blandly again without a single repercussion to his normal acts.

Out they two went to see the white box that contained the weapons. Just like the other facility of medical institutions, this had windows showing into the many weapons just dropped about in the unlit and blank white concrete room. To the left were four small machine guns of black, no ammo behind- and to the right of that were two giant machine guns, and behind those were many giant golden bullets, and to the left of that were sniper bullets, and in front were three snipers like the old man’s, and to the right of that were five pistols of grey like that other Zambian girl had, yet no bullets behind that either. Then, at the end were six rocket launchers, green camouflaged with brown, having fourteen ammunitions behind, big and hasty to Ryutyu’s eyes.

“This is the weapon’s room- or cabinet, I guess. Here- you’re only going to get a single sniper rifle. Now- go in and take one.” Guernf stated.

“Wait- you wan’ me to go get one?” Ryutyu asked incompetently, wondering why she would be at ease with such a task to enlist.

“Yeah.” The furry stated with her red background eyes staring into his soul with happiness, yet also with an obvious backlash from her tiredness that dwelled in physical forms under her eyes.

“Uh… okay?” Ryutyu responded, walking it with a taste for answers to why this would be allowed. He crept up to the glass doors, opening the left one, and looked back to the inconsiderable girl, already focusing on an incoming robot to her left. Ryutyu also looked forth to see that robot.

It was a humanoid metallic structure, having a broad shoulder-to-shoulder range, four arms of splintering metal and wires showing out, and two legs that were perfectly made up of small cubes that connected with metallic wiring. The entirety of it was rusting a grey, and the feet were just copies of the shoes that the Zambian girls wore. There was no head on this disgusting metal though, as the brown came across with black, the head was not existing. It was headless, and astounded Ryutyu at first.

“Oh- yeah- this is N3- our robot. He’s the seventh member, technically. He’s a good assistance in battle, but nowhere else. Simple water makes him defunct, so his weakness can be spit if the other team finds out.” – Geurnf stated.

“Oh… okay…” Ryutyu nodded, seeing the robot stop from its natural and modernly amazing walking-style. For he was up straight and ready to stare at Ryutyu with his body.

“He doesn’t speak.” Geurnf said in the silence as Ryutyu stared to see if any sound would emit besides his clanking.

“Oh…” Ryutyu nodded, and then walked slowly backwards, and then turned. He saw the sniper required by Guernf for his job. He instantaneously went over cautiously and organized himself to fixate upon the long gun. Seeking down, he found it to be empty-barreled, or seemingly that way, so he used his left hand to grab it by the stock, and then effortlessly grabbed seven golden bullets as possibly needed. He then turned around and started exiting with those items gripped tightly in his hands.

“Nice fingernails.” Geurnf said as he pushed open the door with his right shoulder in a respectful manner.

“Uh- oh- thank you.” Ryutyu responded with embarrassment, then walking over to Geurnf, stationed with the robot to her right.

“Now put it together- what are you waiting for?” Geurnf commanded with her tail wagging slower as Ryutyu was confused on what the moment of silence was for.

“Uh… I may not know how to do tis’ correctly.” Ryutyu answered honestly, judging by his hands and gun parts where to place the bullets.

“Damn- you must have never held a gun in your hands before.” Geurnf rejoiced in saying, as if it was a joke and altered her dopamine levels to exalt higher.

“See this metallic barrel-magazine thingy? (She grabs the bullet loader, pulls it out and shoves it in his face, almost imposing him back,) This square? It holds five bullets, corresponding with its outward indentions as you can see go down. Put five bullets in, horizontally, and then click it back on.” Geurnf directed with ease and want towards Ryutyu’s learning.

Ryutyu nodded and dropped one bullet from his right hand slowly. Carefully, he then used his left hand to grab the container, and started letting them roll in. One fell out. “Oh- ah.” He stammered, squatting down as much as he could and picking it up quickly, and then placing it back in like a chef would with a cherry on a cake. Ryutyu then clicked it on, noticing the easy process to defy his awkwardness and stress upon the instruction.

“Now- with the sniper loaded, what do you do next?” Geurnf stated in a trivia to his intelligence upon weaponry.

“I… uh… get ready to aim… and uh… shoot?” Ryutyu questioned himself as he went, not in full focus of his gun, but rather the unpleasant and unmoving robot that alerted his senses that an attack could be prominent at any moment from the metallic structure.

“Did you know there’s a safety-lock on?” Geurnf asked as if to get at Ryutyu for his unknowingness towards the weapon she chose.

“Uh- what? No?” Ryutyu responded, wondering if she was onto him from the start and if she just wanted to get a kick out of his unknowingness.

“I was joking- there is no safety lock on these snipers.” Geurnf spoke, teaching him the way of the safety lock on a sniper rifle, which did not astound Ryutyu but rather just created an image in his mind for maybe where it would be placed and maybe how it would look to his desire.

“Okay?” Ryutyu enlisted to outspeak as the awkwardness rose upon his tail and his ears were falling short of hypersensitivity to the colorful being in front of him.

“Anyways- let me show you where your post is- by the entrance, if ya’ haven’t already seen.” Geurnf located to his awareness, expecting him to reply in a positive towards that direction.

“Entrance? Like, the parking lot?” Ryutyu asked as Geurnf walked forth and the robot retreated away, as if being mentally told that Ryutyu was unimportant to their situation.

Geurnf only smiled at his response, lifted her eyebrows, and nodded as she turned around and walked back for five steps, before turning back around with her tiny paws and continuing to the crevice we recently inspected for the view of the infinite desert around. So, out Geurnf and Ryutyu came with their drooping tails and viewed the arena of unfair heat that exposed these sands to crippling physical formations. Ryutyu was on the left and Geurnf on the right, looking bright upon the blue sky before it dawns.

“Now, you just look through that scope all the time, and shoot anybody that comes with a gun. Don’t shoot our other incoming allies though, please.” The United States Cat Girl of Lime stated in her un-thick accent amongst the sun.

“Okay…” Ryutyu agreed, allowing her to walk off and believe her eyes that she had somebody at least standing there due to her distinct directions. Ryutyu only looked forth for a solid six seconds, and then moved up to get a better distant view on what could be amongst the nothingness out there on the Libyan’s side of the Sahara Desert.

Skip back to me, I came out of the hut, and looked forth to the blue sky before down again to the robot now patrolling the sandy lands without a single use of weaponry amongst his five fingers in his square hands. He looked towards me rather quickly though, distinctly to me, as if I was an enemy and he needed the speed to act, but as he stopped and stared in our sudden competition, he diced the choice to refrain from it and continue back towards the tunnel we saw at first.

I then immediately looked forth to the torpedo hole, specified by me to contain those bombs most likely. Henceforth to the room of brown colliding with the crevice to the room of beds, I decided to go there first, as the opposing left side only offered the small boxes of a black concrete storage room with the same metallic door as everything almost else, and next, another bathroom with the same design. Only past that was the balcony of metallic barring, standing five meters above the ground, where the old man sat with another guy, playing poker on a wooden table out in the sun.

The other guy was also dragging his muscular arms around. For he had not the oversized restrained meat, but just enough to be comparable to the grey ant furry, Clasif. He was black, with a shaved black hair that looked like many others, simply just there to be, in my mind, a square of hair he held on to his head. His eyes were dark and brown, and his eyes were also brown. His lips big, and his neck long, he also wore an orange t-shirt with blonde jeans, his arms bulging in round muscles, almost the size of his upper arm muscles pulsing through the orange. Besides the veins strain on each arm, his six pack below shown out from his tight orange shirt, and I suspected him to be six feet tall and three inches if he stood up. Plus, in those jeans were the pockets filled with ammo, reminding me of the other girl. He wore white soccer shoes as well.

I decided to not interfere with a wave and stroll onto my original destination without a suspicion to much else. Coming forth, I met another metal door, in which I simply opened up into the inside. Besides the stairs to the far left of my vision, I saw a control panel as conversely different as rememberable in any sci-fi outer spaceship stereotype, having many buttons and scrollers in grey that it almost seemed as if you were about to edit the EQ on a music track. To the instant right were three cabinets, stacked in their grey metal, making a rectangle with three white horizontal cylinder handles opening each one. There to its right, facing the way of the handles, there was nothing but the brown wall, and then the end of the buttons. I walked in with my sandy maid shoes, and looked forth to a new man, as well as Geurnf.

This new man, unknown till this point in this book, looked like he was the doctor. He wore a white lab coat with a single pocket, each of those items having dried blood upon them. He also wore black sweatpants, and black boots traced with blacker strings to tie it. He had no bulging muscles like the others, but he wore an undershirt of dead light green that extended past his ripped lab coat that was now a t-shirt technically, and to his grey hands. He had three green eyes, lined up with one being above the nose, and a dark unibrow perfectly straight across his face, and thick. He also had no lips, but rather a circle hole that led into six layers of crusty yellow teeth. His jaw was also fully square, and he had no hair. He instantly looked to me, and Geurnf turned around as well.

“What are you doing here?” She asked after a moment of studying whether I was intruding something dear in their one-foot-away conversation, or just showing up to check up.

“Looking around, of course. And also- where is Ryutyu?” I asked, after a slight pause, seeing their wonders almost skyrocket as they stood still and awaited my dear presentation of emotions to the creepy man’s face.

“Ryutyu is guarding at the parking lot- or entrance as we may call it.” Geurnf stated without a word on the man next to her.

“Alrighty… and what may this place specifically be?” I continued to measure upon the information of this place, gathering as much intelligence needed to state in a possible future conversation or use in a future mission.

“The nuclear warhead room- well- the nuclear control panel room, to be precise.” Geurnf talked for the lab coat man, not allowing him to speak through his open mouth with dying teeth.

“I see… and… (I look suddenly to the mouthy man,) Hello, sir- Nice to meet you- what is your name?” I suddenly converted towards, instead of looking more forth to the six office chairs lined up on the left side, looking down at now bar graphs that told radiation levels in green, and red alarm text on a black screen further up. Nothing else towards them but the buttons, and the long light above. It was a long cylinder stretching across the entire twenty-meter-long premise of the room and had a single crusty-with-orange-sand yet white light switch beyond the man, directly in the middle of all the area on that front wall without a window.

“My name is Gemin.” He said in a dying Gabon accent, as if he was trying to be as Ugandan as possible. He was grey-skinned, as I must emphasize again.

“Gemin? Never heard that one before… are you also a doctor?” I considered to move forth in the conversation that I had awakened myself amongst the slow beeping noise to my right, on a screen of blue and white lining.

“Yes, I am. It surprises me that a young fellow like you may be a doctor though… along with a dress…” Gemin said with almost a worry in his eyes, but rather a voice trying to be formerly British.

“Do not mind my femboy-ness. I have a long backstory that you may understand in soon time- but please, tell me more about this facility, and possibly my next job.” I asked them both in regard to do something other than get into the story of why my green dress is symbolism in a stupid way.

“Well… we were thinking of just showing you around afterwards- and possibly making you clean the pipes and such- but if you’re a doctor, I think you can help him work on his RNA and DNA manipulations.” Geurnf stated for her friend in need of more words.

“I sure can- but how much time do we have left before it is lights out?” I asked in a sudden conversion to not sound like I was a child in need of knowledge for bedtime.

“Lights don’t go out. We got our electricity confined to sixteen generators underground; so, we don’t have to worry about power usage… and we don’t have a bedtime either.” The doctor Gemin stated in a way of comforting me to their situation they were about to undergo due to the day ending.

“Oh- so then I should go and clean the pipes and then assist you?” I confined myself to accepting the tasks and actions.

“I guess. Do you need assistance with cleaning pipes though?” Geurnf asked, remembering Ryutyu and his inaccessibility to reload a barrel properly with perfection.

“No.” I answered, ready to bounce off.

“Well then, go off, there are pipes everywhere where there’s water faucets and such. Just don’t put water on any of the cords- that would be useless.” – Geurnf said in her normal accent, ready to continue talking to the doctor alone.

“Alrighty- see you both later… oh- and also- lunch is when?” I asked them, wondering about their meal and the time of day.

“We’re having dinner next, at six-thirty P-M. We ate cereal for lunch today, and you probably already saw we had steak and beans for breakfast.” Gemin said with an eager will to say it was abnormal of them to do such.

“Ah, alrighty… see you later.” I smiled, leaving with a happy attitude to go back to the sinks and clean their goo.

I got to the sinks and hoped for the best inside the room. “Please, Red Glitch, allow me to make my darkness suck up all those microorganisms and make these tunnels clean.” I almost prayed as he was my source of tool-allowance to do many requests much easier than normal.

So, I went forth, dropping my elongating dark hand into the sink’s hole, and letting it such all the evil entities that cause disease and rust into my arm. Henceforth, the darkness killed these particles off, and shifted them to assist my arm. As well as a few strings from the corners of these places also started to shrivel down into my arm, I felt once again powered and happy. I did as done to both pipe lines, taking fifteen seconds each, and then went out to find the water supply room to the right of Ryutyu.

“Hey Ryutyu- how boring has it been?” I asked him promptly, as a rhetorical question unless he used a percentage to clarify it.

“Yes.” He told, looking up to me, slowly and petrified that he had to stay out further. “I hope this doesn’t turn into a night shift.”

“Heh… anyways, I must clean this water supply’s pipes. Then, we are having dinner at six-thirty P-M.” I told, looking forth to find a concrete road leading to the garage iron door of this building. The pipes were on the left and right side, but I moved towards Ryutyu to accompany him with my smirks.

“This sucks… we have to be out here doing these tasks and then a battle because a galactic computer says so…” Ryutyu spoke in the silence, exerting his full needed emotion to tell me how stupid the situation was.

“Well, of course it does. But, hey, we get some time away from other bad guys usually- and we are making friends!” I told as I removed the bacteria from a pipe after unclogging it with my volume-forming left hand that altered the matter in distorting ways without much of a coherent sound.

“I guess so.” Ryutyu nodded, looking back in his sniper rifle as the time moved on and our tails drifting along.

After some time, I finished the many pipes, and looked at him for a second before announcing amongst the yellow dimming sky.

“When dinner starts, I will call you if they do not.” I told him with my cat ears still sticking up quite finely.

“Thanks.” Ryutyu mentioned lazily and readily as I left with ease to the exiting of his presence.

So, I went back to the main footprinted sands and looked forth to the hospital to see the doctor conforming to his works now, as the strong male that sat next to the old guy and the unmasked Zambian girl played foosball in the gaming lounge next to it. I went forth under the dying blue sky, in confirmation to do my job immediately without a worry about dinner. I opened the glass doors and looked inside to his testing, as he whipped around to confront me on a personal eye-to-eye contact layer.

“Hello, Gemin. How has it been?” I asked formerly, wondering if by the very few seconds I was using my tentacles he did something important.

“We were just talking like five minutes ago, what do you think happened?” He spoke without a word more to exalt my feelings more dreadfully. The room was normal. Eight medical beds of metallic structuring and blue mats on top. There were cabinets of white and polished around the entirety of the room’s un-glass walls, being two feet high with golden knobs all opening towards the left. Towards my grey-skinned ally were a countertop also circling around, with the top being a marble blue and there being more cabinets the same way under. He had many flasks and graduated cylinders up on the counter though, probably testing the acid levels of some sodium without chloride.

“Nothing much- but if I may ask- is there any soap dispensers around, or just the one in the sink?” I confronted him on the matter exclusively, looking around with an eye upon his three.

“We have one in the engineering room, a white one on the left wall, and another in the sniper tower- but I forgot where that was placed- but if I MAY- why do YOU ask?” He tolerated towards me with a humorous tone as if he wanted to continue the friendly speaking.

“Just for the knowledge of what goes down before we use our hands to eat dinner.” I responded grammatically correct to my own definition.

“Well, okay. Now, care to help with these mixtures?” He asked, looking back with his eyes as he turned his head away and back at the mixtures of iron and sulfur, creating iron sulfide.

“All night?” I asked.

“I guess. I’m working on perfecting my DNA manipulation first, then I’ll continue research and studies on RNA. But- first- let me show you my most favorite tool…” He devilishly altered in my direction, suddenly stopped and going to the furthest cabinet, below the counter on the right side. There, he grabbed a long machine out from the cabinet. It was horizontally and caused a mere problem for him, put he carefully brought it out into the oxygen. It was shown to be a rectangular-like bag of dead blonde. It held arrows of wooden holdings and red tips. He pulled it out with the black strapped corners and showed inside it.

“What is the substance on the tip?” I asked, wondering what the glimmering red was, without asking first what they are, because it was unneeded.

“It’s blood.” He responded quickly with a laugh.

“Bruh! Of course.” I smiled and responded with a giggle to collaborate.

“Anyways- anyways- oh- it’s six twenty-five now, so I’m going to dinner.” He stated, leaving off towards the place of wooden external residue.

“What about me and my friend? Should we just wait for all of you to get seated, or…?” I trailed, hoping he would answer the million other questions on how I would do this little favor of being firm and modern in this desert.

“You guys can sit anywhere you want…” he said, still leaving and without a single repercussion to answer anything else that I may hold up to questioning.

I sighed and resigned to going to the sniper tower to find the soap dispenser. Instantly, it was located on the right of the first step upon the stars that went up, and then right, and looped this once more to reach the roof above. I pressed down on the grey soap dispenser’s easy pusher of grey beneath the white rounded rectangle with an oval of glass to show the blue foggy liquid inside, and I rubbed it between my hands as I walked over to Ryutyu’s area of viewing.

I prompted Ryutyu up and we went forth to the building of dinner. Coming around the same time of us was the pyromaniac girl with her helmet off, only showing dark freckles and brown eyes were hidden before. She looked without expression towards us, stepping forth with a quick intervention to get inside first. As she opened the door for herself, we looked behind to see the Robot standing back-faced to us, looking forth to the medical hospital and beyond back to the tunnel, ready with four AK-47’s in his grasp. Also, the old man traveled to us from the nuclear reactor room, with a sorrow-tired face, yet mindful of us going before him.

We entered to find the team ready and fully existent in one place. The unmasked girl sat to the far right on the other side of the table, then two seats later the young muscular man, then beside him the pyromaniac without her hazmat suit. Backfaced to us, on the far right, was Gemin, and to the left, Geurnf, already having everybody’s plate filled with somewhat equal proportions. To state, everybody had a bowl to their top right, and cup to their top left. The plate was filled onto the right with green beans, and to the left with yellow mashed up corn. The bowl was filled with a brown soup with some potato bits in it, and each glass was just water in their wide-cylinder-self.

Me and Ryutyu decided to go sit with the alone young girl all the way across the table, not speaking or eating, but rather tapping her left index finger on the table and waiting. I went right across of her, and Ryutyu to my right. She instantly took regards for our essences in front of hers and decided to speak up a question as the old man sat in the middle of the two means, speaking to nobody but instantly eating his mashed-up corn with his metal spoon.

“Why are you sitting here?” She asked rudely, intent on making us move away from her corner presence.

“You seem like somebody polite and understanding- what is your name?” I asked formerly without a scent on why I acted so calm to her anger. With her confusion came a second of silence too, and she only stared evilly into my soul as Ryutyu was also a bit confused on my wording.

“Go. Away.” She slowly exalted.

“Hey, if I, and my friend, are stuck here for the rest of our lives, then maybe we should at least get to know each other’s boundaries- starting with our names so we can identify each other in a conversation, easily, without the repercussion of explaining the physical description of each other… so tell me, what is your name?” I explained direly to her inconvenience of a mean soul to ours.

After a sigh, she told as the muscular man at the other end looked to us. “My name is Alarfoai. I don’t like people like you.” She said, without furthering her description of herself.

“Why not?” I asked as Ryutyu picked up his metallic spoon stuck in his green beans, and then used it to taste the corn slowly.

“A femboy and furry- the worst and weirdest things to exist on this planet.” She cussed at us, making Ryutyu feel a bit sad in his eyes glimmering towards mine.

“Sorry- that is the way we are built- just like you are built as a black and as a retard.” I stated with a smile to accelerate her emotions of raw against us.

“Hey… you wanna’ go? Out back, one-v-one?” She snarled in a whisper, shooting eyes to the others to see nobody paying attention.

“No. But, I would like you to talk to me like an adult, since you are one, right?” I further questioned, locking her in either an answer to me or an ignoring action on her part.

She sighed and breathed hard, closing her eyes, and then opening them up to Ryutyu and disgustingly over to me. “I am… thirty-two-”

“Thirty-two?! (In a laugh,) What the fuck? You look like a nineteen-year-old!” I almost excelled to graduate others attention over.

“Hey- the only reason I’m giving you information and not fucking hanging you is because my sister and brother are assholes about it and will shove me in a cage if I try to kill another guy for being shitty like you.” Alarfoai snarked at us.

“Alrighty… my turn. I am thirteen years old. My name is Eighty-Three, like the number. (I look to my furry bro,) This is Ryutyu, he is fifteen. We are best friends.” I told, ready to pounce onto any of Ryutyu’s remarks about anything that may be wrong.  
 “Of course you are.” Alarfoai continued to demise upon our souls.

“And you said you had a sister and brother? Are they the two others down there, on your side of the table?” I continued, un-allowing of her to eat her food, or mine, but Ryutyu just to stare at us both as he continued to each food.

“Yes. My brother is thirty-six, and my sister is thirty-five.” She said, before quickly getting her spoon and shoving corn into her mouth, angrily.

“What are their names?” I asked, looking over to the others, seeing no care but rather a conversation on what will be happening tomorrow, which mainly just explained where Geurnf will be placing her machines.

“Mm… my brother… (She takes another scoop,) is Meand… (Another scoop of corn,) and my sister… (Another,) is Oopeoa…” She said frustratedly towards my constant questioning, “Just fuck off.”

“Nice and unique names- but also- where are you guys from? Like, your country of origin?” I asked, furthering my smirk into her soul and my cupping hands holding up my chin on the table.

“Zambia.” She responded, looking down as if to repent me out of her equation tonight at the dinner table.

“Cool… but, I guess I shall be off now. Have a good rest of your dinner.” I calmly ended quickly, seeing myself not have a particle of food removed from my plate. So, I calmly got my spoon and dug it into the corn like Ryutyu did.

“Hey- everybody’s chewing with thy mouth closed.” Ryutyu said after swallowing his food shortly after my sentence.

“That is nice.” I smiled, scooting out of my chair, grabbing my plate in my left hand and bowl in right, then balancing it away towards the other table side, “Come on, Ryutyu, let us go talk to everybody else.”

Ryutyu shoved his plate forth and bowl afterwards. I placed my dishes next to the man I conceived to be exactly Meand, and then got Ryutyu’s dishes to sit to my right again.

“Hello.” I said slowly as I sat down afterwards, and Ryutyu got up with a low tail to everything occurring.

“Hello… What’s your name?” Meand, the muscular man, stated slowly…

“Eighty-Three. And this is my friend Ryutyu.” I stated to everybody, stopping their current conversation.

“Well, I’m Meand, and this is my first sister, Oopeoa, and I think you just met my second sister…” He smiled at us, awkwardly.

“Sure did.” I smiled back, “Now, what about the old man? What’s his name and job and all?” I asked, making him peer over to us.

“Kid- just call me Ulster. I don’t got much time left in my life, so I just snipe whilst I still can, and fish when there’s a river. That’s all you need to know.” He said almost in a chuckle, going back to his bowl as everything else on his plate was now in his stomach.

“Alrighty… so- tell me everything about the plan tomorrow…” I asked of Geurnf directly as she had her ears at a lazy perception next to Gemin throwing green beans in his mouth, and then closing it almost inhumanely as it just closed down and widened a smidge, altering Ryutyu’s appetite.

“So- their base is getting a supply-chain tomorrow- five trucks will be incoming in a line to drop off their needed resources. Will be in our own trucks, taking two with three people each inside, and then one more with Alarfoai inside for the next action- also- we’ll put you in ours, holding me, Geurnf, and Ulster in, because the vans have like ten seats. We’ll drive behind the supply trucks and shoot them down, then Alarfoai will take their resources back with her truck, and we’ll continue to their opened base. They have their supply truck road open, and we’ll get into their entrance zone, and unload all the mechanics. Then we’ll send Meand out to scout the behavior of the cameras and such. Once he finishes looking at the path and footprints and possible people out, he’ll come back to us and tell us to scourge into their base with our might. As we go and tear those terrorists’ limb from limb, we must also finish the main mission- sending the torpedoes to Mr. Huad’s office in Chad. Then, we won, and we keep Libya’s full area, as well as get recognition that we’re saviors and actual border control. I also get more DNA samples to convert…” Gemin explained to the team, as if their talk before did not matter.

“But that’s excluding a lot of small details- like what if the vans have turrets and shoot at us- or what if they have deathtraps in their paths as if the vans contacted them about our presence?” Geurnf stated, then going to her soup bowl and finishing that as I did mine.

“Ah, alrighty.” I nodded as we all finished our food, and Alarfoai started putting her bowl on her plate and then putting it into the sink.

So, for the rest of dinner, we talked a bit about tomorrow and not so much about the facts of each other. Awaiting, me and Ryutyu finished our plates, I carried both sets over to the sink, and then we sat and enlisted in being formal and nice about the conversation as other started to leave. Finally, Gemin finished his food, and I exited with him and Ryutyu.

“So, Ryutyu- you can go to sleep now, I think. Usually, we don’t have anybody guarding out at night besides the robot.” Gemin explained to Ryutyu; who had his nice and quiet motives owning his matter.

“Oh- okay… thanks…” Ryutyu nodded. He left to the crevice between the buildings and came upon the door. Inside, he found nobody there, but decided to go to sleep in his dirty clothes anyway.

“Hm… I do not think Ryutyu will take a shower, since neither of us have spare clothes.” I said, looking towards the bathroom as Geurnf entered it with a towel.

Camera over to her, the bathroom had a toilet on the top left, and the bathtub on the right. They were both white yet not shiny. There was a roll of toilet paper on the ground to Geurnf’s left view of the toilet, and the shower had a metallic circle shower head from a foot pole leaning down with no rust. There were white curtains, fabricated, amongst the four feet long bathtub, touching onto the white two-cabinet doored sink with a metallic faucet going down into the hemisphere of nothingness. The left transparent orb had a red circle on top, and the right had a blue one, sensing the difference between hot and cold. Besides that, everything else was just the normal other.

“You won’t have too. We’ll be out battling tomorrow, and my surprise project I want to show you tonight can cure all known diseases after somebody stays inside the pod for over thirteen minutes.” Gemin stated, drifting over into a lower tone amongst the darkening-to-dark-blue sky of white twinkling nights.

“Are you trying to get me hyped up for this machine?” I asked him, in favor of listening to his answer for his exposition drop.

“Uh- yeah! It really helps the people who aren’t dead, and saved Ulster’s life twice!” He stated, willingly still walking over to his medical lab shining in the midst of the dark cells.

“Nice…” I stated.

So, going up to his lab, I found it to be quite the entrance as Gemin held the door open for me, and welcomed me inside. Then, he immediately went over to the third-from-the-right-top-above-counter-cabinet and opened it, showing a stack of red gloves.

“Okay- so these samples we’ll be handling can be a little too dangerous, so I have some large rubber-like gloves here to help.” Gemin replied, grabbing three, then counting his aspects in his mind, then getting another amongst the seemingly flappy hand-protectors.

“Oh- nice! I always wanted some good-looking gloves, and these suddenly satisfy me.” I stated in a whisper, as he threw two over to me and then put his on without a comment.

“Okay- let’s get working…” Gemin constructed, as I walked up to his side and started comparing glasses with him first. As we continued to launch these transparent tubes up to our face, then dip them in others, then take an eyedropper and measure in a machine he pulled out from the cabinet on the end of the right bottom cabinets, he asked me a question to sustain against the silence shrouding in as I took everything into mind that he had nothing else to explain.

“So… wanna’ tell me about your life?” He asked, reverbing the silence and allowing for me to speak up loudly amongst all ears open.

“Sure. There is one aspect I particularly would like to speak about first…” I started, before hearing him whisper into my ears.

“Place the blood into the sulfuric acid, please.” He told calmly, without an eagerness against the compound’s molecular and dangerous structure.

“The Red Glitch. If you have not already seen, or heard, I have some supernatural capabilities that sound edgy if I told you what they truly are…” I told, wondering if he would ponder further and like it.

“A lot of things are so-called ‘edgy,’ but in reality, you should just do your own things under the right laws and commands- and- it adds to somebody’s interesting personality if they got some kind of quirk that makes them different…” Gemin stated, obviously hinted at his own generic insane-doctor personality.

“Ah- I see… and you know you are an insane doctor, right?” I commanded of him to answer unwillingly, as I chuckled and verted him to the question.

“As much as you seem to be.” He responded, also chuckling.

“Inherently, my story must be much different from yours…” I continued, hopping he would add onto my small comment.

“Well, judging that you have supernatural powers that…?” – Gemin, looking at me.

“That allow me to transform my body in inhumane ways with darkness, unseeable and opposite particles I control with an entity living inside my brain, and also give me access to improving myself in numerous ways…” I answered, happily.

“Okay- that does sound like something a teenager would say…” Gemin nodded and replied with a giggle, as if knowing his own teen years were as bad.

“Can I show you- if the Red Glitch allows me?” I converted over.

“Red Glitch?” he asked back.

“Well, (I put down the samples,) the Red Glitch, (I take off my rubber gloves and toss them to the left,) is a universal entity conjoined with Christ that, (I make my hands into darkness and long fingers, making him awe his eyes,) overrules every option for somebody to do something weird with their orchestral-wave powers and such. (I make my legs longer, exalting my height in a creepy way towards Gemin,) He could stop me from fixing my leg by just thinking about it, since I can just think about regenerating my arm or something and it will happen, and he can stop friends of mine, like Wilma, from spawning in objects that may amass to ‘cheating’ and instantly kill the enemy. He is a neutral character, (I make my legs go down,) I think, and he has come to me specifically to tell me to stop all the madness, which is not my problem.” I explained largely, making Gemin take all that is in.

“Okay… do you work with Allah?” He asked, dreadfully yet inspired.

“No- but I would work with Jesus if I could. I already work with a cyclops though, and he has met Jesus Christ…” I told, wondering how much of a Muslim he was.

“Okay- that… is… then can you explain a machine that fell down from the sky for us?” He asked, looking at me as he laid his right lower arm on the counter.

“Probably not. What machine are you talking about though?” I asked.

“The one of the very few supernatural things I have discovered on this planet…” Gemin stated.

“Can you show me?” I asked.

“Not now… but with Geurnf- yeah…” – Gemin.

“Well, alrighty- but- to answer your question- maybe it was the multiverse. I mean, I most likely came from another universe, because Earth has no furries, yet it does have a Libya and terrorists in Africa.” I told, “Because maybe somebody opened a portal and dropped something in…”

“I’m pretty sure it was Allah- answering my prayer for a way to find a way in fixing a human quickly… but… That sounds good and all- but if the multiverse is real- then explain Jesus.” Gemin smiled at me.

“Well… I cannot. I have to ask my friend that. Maybe he would say something like ‘God owns the universe, one above all, because Trinity- blah, blah, blah.’” I recognized with Gemin, also smiling, as I put on my gloves with a twisting mind towards using them.

“Okay… let’s get back to work.” He started to say calmly, looking upon the specimens yet again.

“Do these have different colors?” I asked.

“Did you see any-” – Gemin.

“No- but, where did you buy them?” – Me.

Gemin sighed. “I received them from my father… I have no idea…”

I sighed as well. We took a moment before getting back to work… Simply, we overstayed the night and studied as all other muscular humans got their needed shower one by one around the corner. After three hours of helping my good man, we were contacted by Geurnf.

“Hey, Gemin- do you want to show Eighty-Three the possible machines he’ll be using tomorrow?” Geurnf asked, amidst the very silence that struck all around.

“Uh- yeah!” Gemin replied, looking over to me.

“Then come along.” Geunrf stated away, leaving towards the room to the right of the diner. Me and Gemin started to put our gloves down and went to the doors. He opened it for me again, and I nodded with a “Thanks,” towards him. Me and him then scrolled behind the happy-wagging-tail Geurnf. We approached the metallic structure and were opened in our eyes to the inside as Geurnf held the door open for us.

Behind the metallic door was an apartment of gadgets I had never seen before, obviously. Within this metallically floored and walled and ceilinged building room, was a single clean path to the other side where nothing resigned but a white outlet. On both measures of the room, there were the machines that made me awe inside. Besides the light switch to our instant right, lighting up a yellow cylinder hanging nakedly from a metallic wire a foot below the ceiling where the black cored traveled up into the circular hole five feet away from the white blowing vent to the right, the first stellar machine was on our left. This metallic structure amongst the cold aurora of temperature, was a cylinder pod with an extending base of about five inches. Within were pads of green, lit up in their fabric squares, only three surrounding the entry with the slidable door inside its own left. Below it slightly stood up to some cables going out to a square base that led in a cylinder of dark grey up to a tilted flat rectangle with a green button on top, a red one below, a blue one below that one, and then a black screen showing a normal microwave on the electromagnetic spectrum of green, and below that were some numbers on a black bar graph, having six bars in white Arabic text imprinted going down each bar. The ceiling of the pod led up to a cylinder that was holding a water gallon above, already filled.

“That must be the pod Gemin told me dropped down from the Gods.” I stated, pointing with my left index fingers towards the amazement in my mind.

“Wait- you told him about the pod falling from the skies?” Geurnf asked, suddenly recognizing Gemin as more of a joyful guy around fellow scientists in the same genre.

“Yeah!” Gemin nodded, quickly reversing himself to quietness.

“Lame that it had to be an Arabic God though, my closest friends are Christians.” I told, looking over to them, clenching my fists together, and sudden Geurnf’s view onto my fingernails.

“We don’t have a problem with Christians, don’t worry.” She lately said stalely and dawn-fully, recognizing slowly that I was to throw my hands if they tried to execute me.

“That is nice.” I answered, under my breath, turning to my left with a ninety-degree angle. The next machine was also a great one. There was a large red toolbox in front with grazing rusty metal grey locks. The machine in back of it was a turret. This large abomination was a monstrosity to beheld, one I liked with a smirk. There it had six legs, three on each side upon a flat circle, and held up a foot high to the five feet structure. The body, being a literal rounded square of crimson red with four black holes, had rocket missiles already loaded with their bronze touch, and then the neck of a gently wide metallic pole led up to the smaller rounded crimson square with a metallic and rusty gatling gun with golden bullets in one each of the sixteen holes. Behind it was a line of more horizontal, head-to-the-left facing bullet line on a ladder of brown string that loaded them in constantly if the mechanic was shot. It hung down back to the legs. There were somewhat arms, two metallic poles with mismanaged holes and wires crossing in and out, showing to one rounded blue square each, with each having a glass front, showing the insides to contain each four rocket ammunitions.

“Sorry for the rust- had to use it whilst it rained in battles sometimes…” Geurnf embarrassedly stated, making Gemin nod his head in anguish for the machinery as well.

“That is even more intriguing- the fact it works in rain.” I said lowly, leveraging my voice to be heard to them but no comment needed further.

“And finally on the left- is the mini version of the sentry.” Guernf said, lowering her tone to death as the sentence flew on, and closing into a depressive state behind my back as I looked upon the instrument of doom. It had four legs, going diagonal into circles like the other, and there was only one rounded crimson cube with a gatling gun, which held eight holes on each side, filled currently.

“Amazing… but why not tell me and my friend before dark?” I asked, confused on why this awkward situation had to be upon my team of me and their team of two of the smartest people there.

“Look- I’m-a break my personality, but we’re tired, sorry we didn’t think of it… We had to battle for a solid two weeks plus three days, ending just two days ago, and we’ve been worried about spies and protection all since. I had also polished all of this right before you came, and Gemin just worked on his samples way too much as well. I mean, we’re so tired- I don’t even care if you’re a spy wanting to kill us, go ahead-” Geurnf started to turn humorous towards the end of her expel, judging me with those black cat pupils.

“Geunrf- please. We’re just in need of a break, because before the battle was a three-day break after another battle that lasted five days, and that took up our resources, since we have to be super gentle with how we survive and try to kill the enemy team.” Gemin nudged Geurnf, stopping her from her lonely inside joke.

“Have you guys tried to go at night and kill your foes?” I asked, wondering for the instant fight-back of an answer to expel me from thinking that way.

“We’ve tried- but they also have nightguards, just like we have our robot, which I built… heh…” Geurnf commenced towards me, with gestures implemented her need for a bedtime or rest.

I looked around the room as she spoke those words. To the corner top right was a metallic door, but I had no interest in seeing where it went. To my right was another sentry in the middle, but third, where I stood, had a steel podium with black wires going back into this water-gun-like SMG. It had a blue container filled with syringes, from their silhouette, and the rest was metallic yet charged obviously. It was flat and pointing towards the wall away, perfect for picking up and shooting at enemies if they came close to this room. Then, at the door, was just a normal-looking laser gun, with the common sci-fi imagery; so just think of it as you would like. I might explain it later…

“Then you guys should get some rest. I can work on Gemin’s samples alone all night.” I stated, implementing my power of the inability to sleep.

“Well, maybe- but don’t you need sleep too?” Gemin asked, smirking and waiting for an excuse from my voice.

“No. I have my supernatural abilities, as I have told.” I answered, wondering if such was important to tell anymore.

Geunrf sighed in her pajamas. “I’m going to bed.” She exhaled, and Gemin was left to stare at her going back away.

“So? Are you going to bed as well?” I complemented Gemin on his way back to looking at my green dress.

He sighed. “I guess I will.” He chomped up and down with his monstrous mouth, going out the door and away.

So, I shrugged out of the building, watched him go down the crevice to the rooms area, and disappear for the nighttime. I looked further forth to see N3 doing his job, standing facing towards the parking lot, ready to battle. I went to the medical lab, and continued the sampling, then tried forming little eyes to see into the small particles, but I was red glitched on my arms, removing air around and making it feel cold for a few seconds, before I went natural and was using a microscope to contact my eyes to the microorganisms, and then make a darkness pen out of my fingers, which was glitched red again, so I converted to the normal pen at the side. For a solid forty-nine minutes, I did the task as everybody else fell asleep…

***Come and yell.***

“Oh, hell naw- it’s the n-word kid!” A man shouted.

I looked south from my daring eyes into the work and dawned upon the two newbies about. N3 had stepped aside to my view of a right and looked forth to them. He was in the parking lot, and so were the far men, but they still recognized me from my bright colors.

The other man, on my right, tilted his head back and forth with a smack of his bottom teeth on his tongue, making that obnoxious noise that made people alerted that you thought something was rude and dumb and unchangeable ahead. Both men were in their blue long-sleeved shirts with brown jeans. They each had blue eyes and a military-thin haircut, with an angry face ready to pounce punches at me again.

“Ah-ha-ha! I love you NIGGERS!” I said in a monotone voice, obviously being edgy and in want of their anger to spike up, “Thanks for beating me to death back in the day!”

“What did he say?” The left one asked, turning to the right one, then N3, hoping to knowledge my words that were muffled through the glass walls.

N3 only stood silent and looked further upon the desert. I also spiked up to see no car. “Where did they come from?” My mind asked inside, before they started to come forth to the medical hospital I had not the fullest of awareness about.

“So- racist child- you wanna’ fight?” The left man asked as he came first, and N3 came a little forth to watch from a further distance at which he was in the first place.

“Not now. I have to finish these specimens- and if you do not- I will finish you off like I did with your brothers.” I templated at their frustrated faces.

They both grumbled at me, before looking at each other. “Alright, fucking white kid,” started the right one, “before we knock the shit out of you- explain why you’re here at out job.” He commanded.

“Are you guys the backup-two?” I smoothly transferred with almost no misconception in the number word.

“Yeah- why? Are you the murderer?” The left one spoiled into, grabbing his fists up.

“No- I am the surprise gift. The computer, that you may or may not know of- has sent me here due to its universal powers of enacting a game onto one, missioning me, and my friend, to help these border control people stop these other terrorists they speak of…” I explained, hoping by the slightest in my pitched-up voice they would understand a smidge.

“The fuck out of our way- we’re the big boys anyways.” The left one exclaimed, happily, just to pounce me with words.

“Of course.” I chuckled.

“What’s so funny?” The left then committed more.

“Big boys? Like, strong? Man- nobody even got a shot at me when I destroyed your brothers. You guys are trash at being the so-called ‘adults.’” I smiled.

“Maybe if you played fair- we’d have a chance…” The right one almost cried out, but still angered to the core.

“Fair? You guys did not even give me a chance to tell you why you should not kill a kid over saying a single word! Talk about fair- you guys are just plain-out retarded.” I smirked, making sure that an argument was imminent.

“HEY! YOU KILLED MORE THAN WE TRIED!” The leftist spoke.

“Okay- so? Kill more or one, it is still the same crime… or justice.” I ended, fully experimented whether they would blow right there.

“JUSTICE? You listen here, fucking white nigger. If we ever see your damn ass again, we’ll break every-” The rightest intrigued upon, before stopping his sentence of lowering darkness, and turning around to see the new-newcomers.

Outside, was an entire squad. Not laughing, their stern faces complied with more fear-striking essences than the blue-shirted guys. One man was black, having blue eyes with a large nose and lips that were as dry as the desert they stood on. He had an afro, and a necklace of shark teeth that imprinted with yellowness. He wore a blue long-sleeved shirt with eight black buttons on each side of the metallic blue zipper, and a brown belt with a metallic square, right above the black shaggy jeans and black running shoes with white laces. He was in front of the man behind him. The man behind him was dark-skinned as well, but instead of holding a grey M9, he held an entire shotgun with a wooden handle, able to fire two shots at a time. He had a white vest over a blue t-shirt, and a black belt above his black shaggy jeans as well. He had white shoes with white shoelaces. He also wore black gloves, and had green eyes, as well as not a big nose or mouth, but a unibrow of brown. He was also bald. The third guy was white. He had brown curly hair with green eyes, pink lips of dryness, and a unibrow of black. He had a jacket of grey with blue horizontal stripes all around, leading down to his blue cotton gloves where he held an entire metallic machine gun, like a heavy-weapons character from a game would have. He also had black not-shaggy jeans and black shoes with black laces. The fourth guy was like Gemin- bald, grey-skinned, ugly mouth, yet yellow eyes, with a blue bowtie on his yellow shirt, and blue jeans over his blue shoes with white laces. He had a small machine gun with some syringes in it already, just like Gemin had made.

They all looked upon to us, each of them around the height of five foot and eight inches. Startled from the ugly mouth of the grey-skinned character, the two black-skinned males that accompanied me- peered into the random’s souls with their own eyes as most of the random’s did back, not shaking up their weapons, but rather, staring deeply into the thought on whether they should shoot. But remember I said mostly. One man, the guy with the heavy machine gun, behind them all, was facing towards N3 with his gun, already booting up the spinning of the gun and firing three seconds later.

“Ah!” The two blacks near me yelled, dropping to the floor as I stared to the commencing battle.

Instantly as N3 was already turning to battle them, a yellow flashing bullet whizzed into his chest, and electrocuted him. N3 was struck with electricity, yet still firing his gun as he tried chomping through the dying circuits he had. The bullets bushed the glass towards me, yet not directly or significantly. Of all the bullets shot, exactly sixty-four, three hit the left arm of the guy with the shotgun, who had started to duck anyways, as well as everybody else. N3 had officially been fried by the other doer beyond my vision, but the men with guns started to get up and get back to business, aiming at me.

“How in-” The left blue-long-sleeved black man started to say to my unphased body of what just occurred. I simply took it all in, and further contracted the information as the original gang came out.

The guy stopped when more gun shots were heard. This time, Alarfoai came out, reckoning evil with her pistol towards the dying and crying man with a shotgun. Then to her aid came Oopeoa, blasting fire at the shotgunner too. The big heavy-weapons guy turned his attention away from me and towards the battle coming forth. Meand then came forth with his own shotgun and started shooting. They all were in their normal clothes, not their pajamas, and blasting away quickly.

First, the shotgun guy got his head indented to ashes with the shotgun multi-clap, and then the other runner died from flames, and then the heavy weapons guy was shot right before his gun took off- making the constructions of wheels and spinning cogs slow down whilst the doctor was left shooting at the fire blazer. He backed away, and then was shot in the arm, grasping away with pain, that was then increased with Oopeoa’s burning- but not before he landed successful hits on Meand and Alarfoai that landed right when he was a percent away from death.

“Augh!” Alarfoai consisted of shouting out amongst the field of dead people, and Meand pulsed back, feeling the syringe hit his neck in front, unlike Alarfoai’s hitting her right leg.

“Eh!” Meand told the world as well.

“Hey, cracker, is it over?” The left black man asked my staring-ass.

“Seems so… unless whatever sniper or extra-man that fried N-three comes along.” I told, seeing the two scouters look towards me, away from the flames.

“Hey- Eighty-Three…” Meand stated quickly, rushing up after pulling the downed syringe out of his front neck.

“Yes?” I asked, whilst the other two men quietly arose slowly to give Meand time to see their new faces of confused anger.

“Uh- who are you guys?” He asked, pointing with his left index finger.

“We’re the backup?” The right man said.

“Oh… Well- Eighty-Three, can you identify what… these syringes have… inside them? I… am getting dizzy…” Meand asked.

I looked forth to the slight green juices inside the white metallic syringe and took it back to the counter as Alarfoai fell to the floor outside. “Hm… (Meand falls to the floor, thudding and surprising my two accompanies,) obviously it must have been a dart of some sort, because now they are unconscious.” I stated, turning around and proving to myself that both hit targets were lying asleep.

“Are they gonna’ be okay?” the left one commanded.

“Hey! What’s going on!?” The right one intrigued upon before I could answer.

I swiftly turned around to see cable cords coming down from the sky and plugging themselves into the bodies and pulling them up slowly, making Oopeoa fear away, looking up towards it all, dropping her flamethrower in awe as well.

“Hey! Computer! What are doing?!” I suddenly vaporized out of my mouth rushing through the broken glass, stepping over the cracked things with my un-thick maid shoes and green gloves holding up to the sky.

“I didn’t expect their plans to be so stupid, Eighty-Three. I have to take them back to their base so you can have a fair fight tomorrow.” The computer said above. He was looking down upon the pyromancer with his blue screen, before swiftly turning to me and the incoming black operatives. His cords came from behind his screen, and nothing held him up besides his floating monitor.

“What in God’s world?” The left man stated.

“Damn you.” I whispered to myself, clenching my fists down and feeling the rubber of my gloves intensify their sound.

“Wait- he knows you?” the right man asked me.

“Yes, he does- he is the computer we just discussed about.” I stated to the man, making him look back up in surprise yet frustration as the computer held the bodies soaking blood down fifteen feet above the sand, and then flew towards out left and away under the starry night sky with a full moon.

“Hey, Oopeoa, sorry for the bad luck- but go tell the rest of the crew about this as I fix Meand and Alarfoai back to the conscience states.” I told, then turning away mid-sentence and retrieving Alarfoai’s dwelling body with her wrists held by my gloves.

“Was that your Allah or something?” Ulster stated on top of the medical building, over to Oopeoa with concern for the answer, not in a nudgy tone.

“No… but it wasn’t one of Christ’s angels either!” Oopeoa stated over, normally yet frustrated.

“Are you guys really arguing about religion when we just saw ONE OF THE MOST WEIRD things… HOVER OVER US AND TAKE THOSE GUYS AWAY TO PROBABLY REPLENISH THEM FOR TOMORROW’S BATTLE?” The right man exclaimed, still awed as the computer speedily gained out of sight.

“Weird things have happened before- but yeah- that was something we better talk about…” Ulster said above as he climbed down now, and I dragged the Alarfoai’s body up to Meand’s through the broken glasses.

“Eighty-Three! Is ya’ alright?” Ryutyu asked as he rushed around the corner, altering the two extras to look forth with a more concerned facial expression than seconds ago.

“Yes, everything is fine for me, and thanks for coming, Ryutyu. Now- go back and get some sleep…” I stated to my furry friend, wagging his tail and opening his ears up tall.

“Is anyone hurt?” Gemin called out as he came running and Geurnf followed with a med kit, also wagging her tail furiously.

“Just the robot- these two were hit with tranquilizing syringes…” I told over to Gemin, looking away towards the counter’s substances, and then opening cabinet-by-cabinet, searching for reversable options of these effects.

“No! N-three!” Geurnf cried out, hopping over to the robot destructed.

“Wait- what exactly happened? Where are the terrorists?” Gemin asked, looking around viciously for something to cure besides my two patients with him.

“They were picked up by a floating computer!” Oopeoa stated loudly, hoping to gain their trust with a sentence like that.

“What?” Geurnf asked, also looking around.

“Those two shot them up and killed them before they were shot with a medic’s syringes- then a computer came floating above us, put his cables into their chests, and pulled them up, and somehow stabilized their essences from falling away and then floated off over there!” The right man said, pointing to the left sand dunes, with attention diverting to his welcoming.

“Oh fuck…” Ryutyu said lowly as Gemin opened the second-to-first cabinet on the left and got out his own syringes of metallic white with blue liquids inside.

“Is it just tranquilizer darts- or is there something more?” He asked me as I converted to look at what he was doing.

“Geunrf- get me the doctor’s syringe gun!” I stated over to the lady cat, getting up and looking around to all the weapons and blood still amiss.

“Here!” She said, grabbing it up from the burning sand and bringing it over. Then from around the corner came Ulster with a fire extinguisher, ready to put out the nighttime flames, he blew the white smog onto the fires, and Oopeoa watched carefully as the light died out.

“Hey- just so we all know- we’re the backup crew.” The left man said after a moment of silence in assisting the other two members.

“Okay!” Gemin quickly nodded, before stabbing his own darts into their right shoulders, hoping it would work with his facial expressions also contributing.

“Is there anything I can do?” Ryutyu asked, wondering if he should still be there, watching and wagging his tail.

“Be moral support.” I told.

“Wow.” Geurnf nodded jokingly to me, then looking down as Meand came first to shaking his head slowly before fully waking up, and then Alarfoai with her hands holding her ears.

“Oh no…” Meand said, opening up his eyes, “Oh- hey… I’m not in hell…”

“Fuck- I might as well be- that… just fucking pulsed a cold… into my leg…” Alarfoai said as she stood up worryingly.

“Thanks, Gemin.” Meand told, then getting up slowly, and looking around and meeting eyes with me. “Urm…” He then trailed off.

“Sorry- Gemin did not teach me where everything was…” I told, smiling at my weird doctor friend, “But- it was simply a tranquilizer dart probably, so you would have waked up somewhere sometime…”

“Oh…” Meand nodded, and Gemin agreed with his own slight nod.

For the rest of the eight following minutes, everybody got up and looked upon the slight mess at hand. Geurnf and Ryutyu collaborated on bringing N3 back into the engineering room and beyond to the secrecy door. Gemin and I started to help out Alarfoai and Meand back to bed. Ulster and Oopeoa simply pulled the weapons into the weapon room and nicely flanked them onto the others if they funnily could. The two longsleeved blue shirts just asked questions that soon rendered to be about the facility, towards not only Ulster and Gemin, but to me and Oopeoa. The night was struck with darkness after the while, and all smokes had left to the stars.

Geurnf and Ryutyu exited out together and went over to the bedroom which seized everybody to another meetup and explanatory discussion on what events just occurred. Simply, Oopeoa told that: “The terrorists of Mr. Huand came and were defeated quickly by us. Their sniper caught N3 with his electric bullet though, and then probably ran off… then, a giant computer with cords, floating in the sky, came over the dead bodies and picked them up… and flew them away…” She said, astounding that those words even left her mouth. “It… was just a lot…”

“And the backup were where?” Ulster asked, sitting on top of a bed bunk to me and Ryutyu’s left-facing wall, unlike Oopeoa who was below on our right.

“With me.” I told, as the two backup men were in the same bunkbed, staring at us as soon as we mentioned.

“Yeah, we were just staying down because that robot was missing his shots.” The right man said, gathering attention.

Suddenly, all changed again. Deadass Computer did some shit behind the scenes, and alas, we were anew to all have our needed weapons and gadgets at around us. Instantly, Alarfoai had her pistol in her left hand, standing up straight to my left. I, on the left of the line of characters, was second with a large machine gun in my hands, ready to plow through somebody with the hundreds of bullets loaded in. Next to me was Ryutyu, having a steel sword with a golden handle. To his right, Geurnf, with a metallic rusty grey wrench in her left and a pistol in her right hand, with her two sentries behind her, and mini sentry in front. Then Gemin, with a syringe gun of his own held by both hands. Ulster then had his sniper, and then Oopeoa had her flame suit on and flamethrower ready. N3 next, having many pistols, and finally Meand, having a shotgun with two pump shots.

For a second, silence was amongst us as we came forth to the realization that everything randomly changed in front of us. We were all on the sand, and the day above was blue without a single cloud. The temperature was dazzling hot, and in front of us was an open rectangle of white concrete. It was a room with the facing wall missing, and to the right, was a five feet wide square hole that led onto some stairs that went up the exalted hill in front of us, at least thirteen feet going up. To the right were stairs that did not go straight up, but rather to the right, and seemingly from the outside, turned left and went up to the longer rectangular building.

“What the fuck?” Alarfoai asked quickly.

“Ay- hold on.” Oopeoa stated quickly, muffled with her mask, and improving the conversation to blurting out sentences that exclaimed the confusion.

“What on God’s Earth?” Ulster asked, instantly grabbing Geurnf’s attention.

“Ay!” Gemin yelled, looking around.

“Wa- what happened?” Meand asked quickly, doing the same as Gemin and walking back to look upon the scene. Behind us was a slightly elevating hill of sand, that curved down to the flatness on the right, and had an elevated stone surface fourteen feet high, just atop the natural sandstone barrier under. Also, to our instant left, from where I was facing, was a simple concrete road towards the ends of the horizon, where far away on the left was a single sandy mountain, stereotypical in a dried-up desert area.

“Oh- ah- uh…” Ryutyu confusedly stated.

“Ayo…” I said slowly, seeing the two furries wag their tails efficiently.

“Why are we suddenly at their base?!” Gemin asked, noticing the place himself.

“Yeah- what’s going on?” Ulster condemned further, awing around with Alarfoai to what was going.

“Guys- I think the computer made us travel forth in time, or at least place us in this situation.” I stated, hoping to gain everybody’s attention instantly.

“What? He can do that?” Oopeoa asked, wondering and pondering about my statement whether this Computer was a god or not.

“I think so. The computer wants us to play the game now without a single moment wasted, so he simply just coded it into reality, as he has done many times before.” I spoke, grabbing Meand’s attention.

“Alright- but- hey- where are the two backup guys?” Geurnf asked, making everybody realize they were missing figures among our little community.

“I have no idea. Maybe the computer did not think they were needed.” I spoke, after looking immensely around with Ryutyu’s open ears.

“Uh… dangit…” Ulster stated behind us, as we all took in the moment of silence for the two men inexistent near us now.

“Okay- but- Eighty-Three- this computer… just commands that the universe does something to make us all… play his set game- he just wants… and it just goes? It just happens?” Geurnf intrigued upon, slowly explaining whilst putting her index fingers up to her mouth in almost a prayer way, closing her eyes each time a pause intervened, and then opening them up again to rally the information stable inside all of our minds.

“Well, you see, he is a screen that is blue until he makes a progress bar on his screen when he is generating a game, and I am quite sure it randomly generates- from my surety- so he makes a game, then tells the opponents, but not victims like you, and puts it into action- and the universe, or whatever, just does what it needs to somehow. I have the idea he may be using Orchestra Waves though.” I told, remembering all the information from the times I met the monitor.

“Um… really?” Alarfoai tried to confirm.

“Precisely. But yeah- Me and Ryutyu should really rally up with our friends to take him down though; he has been getting on everyone’s nerves from the looks of it.” I finished, giving them the motive that maybe one day our problem would be solved, and probability of this ever happening again would be dramatically lowered.

“Okay- cool- but… do we… attack? Right now?” Meand tried to confirm. “Like, we don’t got the supply… (He hears running afar from the elevated sand lands,) okay… get ready I guess…” Meand nodded to all of us, and everybody stormed their thoughts to what to do.

“Fudgy Inward…” Ulster reconciled behind me.

“Is that the name of this place?” I asked him, turning around viciously.

“The nickname.” He responded.

“Alright- Gemin, you know who to go with. Meand, Ulster, Ryutyu- come with me. Eighty-Three, pick your side. It’s gonna’ take me some time to get these sentries up there… especially since those two men aren’t here to assist…” Geurnf stated, picking up the mini sentry by the bottom of the red box and leveraging it hard over.

Ulster first, and Meand second- ran up the left flight of stairs and up to the field of a rectangle sand. They saw instantly a barred grey metallic fence to their left, in front a cobblestone wall of an open building beyond, as well as an immediate metallic door in front of them with a black spherical knob, and to their right, the large exit about seven by six feet with the stairs a little longer as they came up to it. To the right of the exit was the path to the many houses away, still all sandy floors, but on the immediate right of that, damn, so many ‘rights,’ was a greenish concrete wall representing the back of a building on top of cobblestone, going up three feet above the ground till the wall that went ten feet high.

“Hey- see anybody on the roofs?” Alarfoai whispered amongst the sound of distant running away, yet one pair of feet was coming closer.

Ulster, looking through his scope as Meand went up to the corner of the wall and peeked around, saw nobody else taking their stance with the high ground. “Nobody is up there from the looks of it.” He said as Meand looked forth to see a blue rectangular and concrete building with the same metallic door they had on their bathroom.

“Uf… here,” Geurnf says, loudly dropping the mini sentry into place, and then pressing buttons on it as everybody slightly advanced.

“Uh… should we bring one of those up?” Ryutyu asked me after a second of everybody being away. He pointed to the sentries, glimmering amongst the hot sun.

“Yes- but let me see if they can fit… (I see that the right stairs are very wide compared to the left stairs,) up there…” I said, running over behind the sentry and picking it up as Ryutyu used his hands to also lift it up by its rounded corners.

“Okay… woo… this heavy.” He said as he got the hang of moving back with his new feet. He did not look down, but up to the ceiling and then at me.

“This IS heavy.” I told back, correcting him on his speech with a funny accent of a Russian to contact his internal emotions that it was nothing to truly worry about.

“Aye…” – Ryutyu.

“Oh- thanks guys…” Geurnf saw as she came down and saw us slowly getting used to the heaviness of the object and the stairs we were going up.

“No problem.” Ryutyu said after four seconds, making his tail sway left and right just high enough so he would not trip on it.

We got up to the sand and viewed the surroundings. Scouting was prominent and everybody was on the lookout as silence crept upon everybody’s location. Me and Ryutyu placed down the sentry in front and a little left to the center-view of what was forth. Geurnf instantly went over to the screen under the rounded square and tinkered with it. Me and Ryutyu then bounced away towards the other sentry and repeated.

Meand, Oopeoa, and Alarfoai conjoined into a family packet that spread out towards the right, looking further upon what was next. Behind them, being intrigued upon by Gemin, was the other team’s game room, having a pinball machine on the left, foosball in the middle, and a wooden table on the right with two poker decks. Then N3 was to his left, looking on the inside of the wall that blocked the gym equipment. Two dumbbells, being each twenty-five pounds on the left in the corner, one fifty-five-pound, weight-lifting metallic bench without a crusty sense of brown smudging around, on the left in front of the other dumbbells, then a strong metallic white pole about three feet long that most likely helped with pull-ups in the middle, in front was a single thirty-five pound dumbbell, and then to the right was a wooden workbench table with a wrench and a few water bottles filled up and ready to go.

N3 did not take any likeness towards using these objects, so he left away towards the others to protect. As Geurnf on our side was simply fixing the last sentry, Ryutyu picked up his sword, rushed up to me walking towards Gemin’s area, and got ready.

With a wag in his tail, we went around the corner willfully as the others went around their corner. To our view was just a small straight path of sand again, but in front was a metallic door on a red building with a rectangular window outlined in a grey metal, stretching far into the other side, that had its transparency reveal the inside to be a rectangular wooden table with five chairs on each side, none on the opposite ends. Beyond that was a grey marble counter with wooden bowls of oranges and pineapples, scattered around, as well as one filled with apples. Also scattered were water bottles, some half-drunk. Me and Ryutyu crept around the corner to find the four others looking forth to see that the sound elevated wall stopped there and allowed for only a turn to the left seventeen meters down the current path.

“You thirsty?” I asked my good furry friend in blue.

“Uh- what?” He asked back, wondering if I was resembling something around.

“In there- their own diner. They got water bottle and apples…” I told, without a care to how normal I was speaking in the environment.

“Uh… um… sure.” Ryutyu finally nodded, worried that it was an un-serious task that would lower his social credit scores.

“Hey- what are you two doing?” Alarfoai stated back with Meand’s look also giving us the worry that we would be of no honor to their future.

“Having a snack- why do you ask?” I asked back fully, wandering my way up to the second metallic door on the other end and opening it whilst an interruption was supposed to occur against me.

From around the corner, midway into my “why,” there was a pistol boy coming around and shooting. He was light skinned and aimed directly at Meand. Meand thrusted his body towards the right as Alarfoai pulled her gun on the man and Oopeoa in her hazmat suit busted flames into the air.

“WAR!” Alarfoai stated after firing five shots, all missing and hitting the wall. The man ran away after giving his best shot, which zoomed by Ryutyu just three feet away. He was startled as well, getting his sword ready.

“You coming?” I catechized him, still holding the door open and allowing him to decide his future’s fate of action.

“No- I must help defend.” He stated after looking back and forth, seeing Gemin come along and N3 start blazing his golden bullets as well.

“Augh!” The opponent man screamed away. He was hit in the left shoulder by a bullet from N3 and was pouncing away quickly to get through the left door’s entrance way he already opened recklessly for safety. The brown wooden building with a triangular roof of red stone was being chopped into by the speeding half-pills, and he had dived into the thing as fast as he could- as the rest of our crew advanced quickly to repair for the lose of ammo on this frequent dodger by killing him.

But as he went into his spot of pain and lasting moments, Alarfoai was stopped by the machine gun guy, who had ramped up his shiny metallic machine gun and was now firing away at them. Alarfoai sprawled back as two bullets hit her left leg on the knee, and she cried out in agony as Meand helped his sister back away and N3 fired himself. The machine gun stopped as N3 was seen to not die of bullets, and instead continued his firing.

I shrugged as Ryutyu crept up behind Gemin and listened to the gaping of immediate planning the team had to offer in that direct moment, as if their lives were not already in danger enough.

“Pull her back! Let the robot do the shooting!” Gemin told in a wail, trying to calm himself down by ordering the team based on his intelligence.

I just entered the cafeteria that was prompted with the essence that somebody had once been there earlier, because the table was off center and not facing straight wall-to-wall style. I looked around to the bowl of foods, and decided to grab an apple, then head back and wash it off in the sink as gunners outside continued and stopped, frequently trying to advance as if their lives would end in twenty-five seconds. I washed the apple for three seconds before turning the left knob off, turning the hot H20 off, and took a bite out of the magnificent food offered plainly to my eyes and mouth.

“Eighty-Three-” The computer suddenly stated behind him.

Instantly, I turned around in suspicion and surprise, seeing forth to the mega monitor that filled the space up in this building. His screen was three-point-five feet by three-point-five feet, and seventeen tentacle cords stretched out either left or right and were grappled onto the ceiling or floor, random without an order. The blue light shown greatly onto my eyes as his large entity-self, made the magnitude of significance for human size feel weak and drop. Yet, I was intrigued to see him here and cramped in such a small place with the light from the ceiling glimmering his capabilities of parts.

“What?” I nicely confirmed back that I was ready for a talk away from the deadly holes being confirmed by Gemin just outside.

“I needed to ask you something- since the Red Glitch will not let me do it unless I have your permission; as it says, (He pulls out another cord behind him, turning his monitor back and to his right forty-three degrees, showing an incoming white piece of paper from a notebook with a red line and sixteen holes on the left,) right here.” He spoke, letting time allow me to read it thoroughly.

Henceforth, I saw the message in a red, English, Agency FB font: “*If Eighty-Three agrees to making all involved personnel respawn after death and have the addition of that black stabby-back girl on the enemy team, then with his team still having the mission to get to the nuclear warhead controls by midnight, that will be the game’s update.*” I did not read it aloud but took in every word from the guy I had once met with Arty at my side.

“The enemy team doesn’t have a chance, to be honest. You guys will ramp right through- and I need it to be a fair, something the Red Glitch doesn’t understand. The other thing is- you could also be able to see people die over and over again; and I’m sure you’d like to see that, right?” The computer asked, hoping that the last sentence would save him.

“That would be fun- but, alas, you still are an enemy of me and almost everybody around you. I may be looking forwards to killing people, like that black stabby-back girl, but I am not too dumb to accept such a dire quest from a computer that tried, and is, trying to kill me all the time. Maybe go back and think about the games you are putting me in; maybe you will never have the problem of putting me in a fair game again.” I said in such a girly voice, if made him drop the cord down slowly and allow the feeling that he was to implode for not accepting.

“I don’t know what the Red Glitch thinks of ‘fair’ anymore- you guys outnumber and outpower the others!” The computer exclaimed.

“Well- the Red Glitch formed your game, and only forms your games fairly; so, there must be a factor that makes the enemy team a good match for my team.” I said, smiling and continuing to eat my apple.

The computer stood silent for a second, before slowly going transparent, and revealing Geurnf in the background, as well as Alarfoai on her shoulder, going back no longer due to the awe of what they just saw through the glass. I leaned against the counter no more, yet continued eating my apple, casually opened the door in war and walked out to the bleeding girl and furry girl, as I saw Ulster in the back moving a light blue oil barrel away and behind.

“I had a little talk with the computer that makes these scenarios happen. I declined his deal for more warfare in the logic of a videogame, so we should continue our fight as carefully as possible.” I stated, after swallowing and hearing Meand scream as he supposedly got shot as well. Geurnf almost directed her eyes away from mine, unlike Alarfoai who was already on looking at the corner.

“Oh… okay…” Geurnf nodded after a silent moment of configuring and resolving my words in her head after sucking the information in with her straight ears and tail.

“Auh…” Alarfoai hardly breathed out, and Geurnf continued to help her away.

“Alrighty… Ryutyu!” I yelled over to the awaiting furry ready for battle.

“Wa?” He raised his voice over the machine gunner still going at it. N3 was now also hiding away, a bit destabilized since a few of his upper left arm cords were buzzing out from the gunshots that blazed them open, and he was standing back.

I looked forth towards the stopping and railing-down machine gun, seeing the man back away behind the corner as another crept around with his shotgun ready, looking directly at me and waiting for a response a millisecond before I came back to the safe zone.

“What is Ulster doing again?” I recognized upon the group, seeing originally Geurnf and Alarfoai gone, but now Ulster was missing, also whilst Meand was pudding away with his remaining soul, and everybody kept foot.

“Shh… he’s moving barrels of water from the water supply and trying to get on some roofs and help us out.” Oopeoa stated, looking back.

“Makes sense- but- hey- Ryutyu- you should rush them.” I said, seeing some electric bits fly of his person with a wagging tail generating more.

“What? Like when? Lad, they shooting well every second thy can.” Ryutyu said in a Scottish tone, wagging his charged tail.

“Next time the guy pulls back to reload.” I spoke, not looking around the corner as another bunch came flying through.

“He must have somebody getting him he barrels, because he’s shot too many bullets that he at least emptied two stacks needed to fill a machine gun like his.” Oopeoa stated, giving Gemin the next line.

“Must be the guy with the shotgun we saw.” He said.

“Should we just wait for him or they to lose all thy bullets?” Ryutyu said afterwards, immediately having the storm of golds stop directly after a second of his sentence.

“Now.” I whispered, hoping Ryutyu would abide.

And so, Ryutyu did. He quickly turned his head towards his right and blasted off, going down the path and forth to the beings beyond. I crept behind and went forth to inside the library where I last heard a man crying, whilst Gemin and N3 followed slowly behind the electric flow. Ryutyu amiss had stabbed his sword forth into the machine gunner’s chest, three inches away from his right lung, and then pulled it out quickly and reverbed away from the gunner. Alas, he did see a doctor with a white lab coat bringing a metallic boxy case, shining in the light with its hard blues, just five meters away, but had to refine himself away from the shotgunner just jump scared, and about to be tormented to death in a second. As Ryutyu backed away with his left paw, bouncing him uncarefully towards the sand below and dodging the shotgun blasting past the heavy machine guy’s right shoulder, N3 came out and started shooting himself. Instantly, Ryutyu could hear sixteen bullets hit the shotgunner head, and only go further through and towards the medic running away with his life.

“Are you okay?” Gemin asked Ryutyu, looking around hideously to see if any fact of a bullet restrained Ryutyu’s flesh to the pain of hell.

“Yeah.” Ryutyu nodded, getting himself up quickly and staying ready.

After the two resisted the urge to pursue forwards and looked upon the robot clattering many bullets at the medic now downed from the back, they heard the opposing team’s sniper intrigue upon an action. N3 was shot with another electrical diffusing bullet that shoveled him slowly towards the ground with his breaking parts. N3 was officially defeated once again, being unable to shoot any more bullets as his circuitry was broken. Ryutyu and Gemin ducked behind the corner again and awaited as Oopeoa came up with her question intact.

“Did N3 just get electrocuted again?” She asked, obviously remembering an hour beforehand of what just occurred at their base.

“Yes- and… uh… what should we do?” Gemin asked as I also advanced up to them.

“Continue the rush.” I stated.

“No- we’ll probably lose another.” Oopeoa stated before anybody else could refute my statement.

“What about thy old man?” Ryutyu asked, referring to Ulster without his name.

“Ulster?” Gemin asked, then shrugging without a sound.

I then ran forth and went up to the dead shotgunner, grabbing his gun and taking it with pleasure as I smoothy reversed my spine back up- and then a magical thing occurred.

To a surprise, the Steel Terrorists were in my sight, past the dead doctor and towards the firm wall, having their square blue portal of about five by five feet long and wide, two feet above the ground, jump out with two personnel, and then wave with their left arm, whilst their right held their machine gun, guiding the third man to come out with the black girl in two chains, one set around her arms tight and golden, and the other metallic and rusted with brown, around her straight leg’s knees. The third guy came forth with the black spy girl horizontally, and a fourth came in helping. The third held her with both his arms below and around her dazed arm in her fancy clothing, as the other had her strapped legs below as well, then moving on towards the other path. Then the two guiders lifted their AK-47’s to us and waited for any further pushes.

“Hey!” I yelled over, having no readiness if they responded, “Why are you following the computer’s orders!?”

Of course, you guessed it- they did not speak. They were silent and allowed the drifting crying to fade away to surprise as the sands below awaited to be stepped on. For a solid thirteen seconds, I awaited as Ryutyu came to comment upon my right.

“Hey… what’s going on bruv?” He asked, scared of the stopped battle and incoherent disability that N3 was down.

“We should get out of the way so the sniper doesn’t shoot us dead.” I told, quickly advancing back around the corner, where Ryutyu followed instantly, not dodging an electric bullet that sprung into his leg.

The sniper, who had been awing at the portal and sudden exposure of a new member to the battle, with his scope scoping it out, had adverted quickly over to our motion and shot with what he could. Luckily, he hit Ryutyu’s right leg, just above the flat paw foot. Ryutyu gasped and bounced away from the shattering accuracy of the sniper who instantly grumbled after he saw the victim tremor away. But Ryutyu, was quite fine.

“Ryutyu!” Gemin held out a hand towards, his right to be exact. With such surprise upon his bald-headed figure as Oopeoa stood awed as well, he did not see the slight suppression-face of Ryutyu.

“Aw- fuck.” Ryutyu stated, letting the electric shock absorb into his essence and add to his ability for another special rush.

“He is fine.” I told.

“How?” Oopeoa asked indefinitely, unable to consider past madness that probably led up to Ryutyu’s walking stance past being shot.

“He absorbs electricity, dumbasses.” I told.

“Dumbasses?! You just stood out there in open area, waiting to get shot by the sniper!” Oopeoa yelled at us.

“Well- a little death would not hurt, but- back to what I was saying- You saw him rush towards these now-dead opponents, with electric pulses flying around him- right? The context is that I placed billions of electric pads on his skin, so now he is immune to electric charges.” I asked, safely behind a corner and unhearing of some boots possibly leaving.

“Okay- cool- but-” Gemin tried to speak but was blocked by a needed-to-understand noise that blasted the atmosphere.

Then another gunshot was heard, and I quickly reversed my head to look around towards the sniper unmoved, but about to fall dead. Ulster shot him dead in the forehead, and the young sniper man fell to the sands below, with the Steel Terrorists still in front, without a movement and just a stare.

“What just happened?” Oopeoa asked, looking around towards the stationed troops ready to fire with their portal still open, revealing a white hallway just like the one where I had seen a dead Wilma on her medical bed being carried by one of these characters.

“Ulster shot the sniper!” I remarked, pointing above with my black-fingernailed left index finger. The others peered around and watched the man fall about twenty-nine feet to his further death.

“Woo!” Ulster yelled to our east, as we were unknown of which exact building, he was upon.

“Advance!” Geurnf yelled from behind, pushing her mini-sentry forwards.

Oopeoa quickly rejoiced in this fact and started to paint herself forwards, stern at the steel men, but I lifted out my left arm and stopped her.

“Wait! Wait for the men to leave.” I told, smiling at her as Ryutyu held tightly to the position.

Amongst the shallow landscape of isolated openings, a few chattering mouths could be heard from around the corner, and the right Steel Terrorists turned, aiming at somebody else. He shot, and whoever the guy was, screamed, and started shooting back, whilst the other went: “Hey!” in English. The Steel Terrorist then bounced back, having many bullets bounce off him, and his friend stay still whilst he also got some bullets bouncing off, and then he as well, looked to his left, and then turned to jump back inside the portal, as two others came along, and entered as well, and then a second happened before all was back into order again, meaning the portal closed.

“Advance!” I stated, pointing the shotgun up with my right hand and going forth as Ryutyu enlightened his electricity to bop his feet faster.

He ran around the corner and into the man that screamed, pounding his sword turned up into his neck, and holding him out for a second as Oopeoa came in for backup and blazed the heavy machine gunner. She shot flames upon flames on the scrambling heavy weapons man, trying to get his gun to blaze in some bullets into my head, but failed. Instead, he was caught to have his face melt off quickly with his own awing for life, and I came around just in time to see his flesh drool town as Ryutyu backed up with Gemin seeking forth for anyway to help us.

“Alright- get ready for anybody else…” Oopeoa yelled, scavaenging her way up to the next corner, passing a funeral door on the diamond building’s west side, and then also another door on our right leading to the bedrooms, as stated in a metallic grey sign in white Abadi-font English text.

“That girl who those Steel Terrorists just brought in- was one of Heru’s allies working for money. She backstabs people after she disguises herself exactly as some others, so watch out behind yourselves.” I told, waiting for the question about the mass character who started all this.

“Okay- but who’s Heru?” Gemin asked, finalizing my wish to explain my story in the meantime as we looked forwards, hearing a beeping noise every two seconds amongst the bloody sands.

“A mosquito boy who organized a bunch of people to chaotically kill me and then retrieve my body; eventually leading to me becoming insane because of so much child-abuse.” I told, happy to consider that he considered a bit as well.

“Thy boy is quite scary. He have nah pupils.” Ryutyu whispered after a second of intriguing upon our little comments in the spare time.

“Sentries, guys. There’s one just aiming down this path- We must wait for Ulster to shoot them down...” Oopeoa told, looking back without a nerve for patience, but also recognizing Geurnf looking around the corner to peek at the disintegrated reds.

“For how long?” Ryutyu asked, waiting for a response as everybody stood quiet and listened to a single sound of any sort.

“Augh!” A man called amongst the landscape from afar, and then as Ulster peeked his sniper rifle up and looked to aim at the sentry on the next path, it shot at him just slow enough for the bullets to whiz up by his white hair.

“Meand!?” Geurnf instantly called out, blasting off to assist, and Gemin as well, after taking a second to notice that the beeping was indeed a sentry from the other side.

“Help!” Alarfoai stated drearily afar in the silence as well, on the other side of the mountain, before two gunshots were heard, and all was going wrong for those two.

“Shit- they got the backup or suppliers already.” Oopeoa stated, behind.

“Ey- guys! I need a distraction to kill this thing!” Ulster stammered above, dodging many bullets the nearby sentry pulsed at him.

“Then let us move quickly. Our mission is still to kill them and take their base, right?” I asked, wondering if all was still surely intact.

“At this point, sure. Detonating this facility will have to wait.” Oopeoa said, looking around the corner, spotting some sandstone stairs leading up on top of the mountain that Ulster just jumped down on from the building to our right, “You go first, femboy. Watch out for the machine gun up there.”

I traced up and around the corner willfully, looking forwards towards a star-shaped room on the right and an arrow-shaped building on the left. The star-skinny-shaped building was made of darned grey metal with black doors where the downwards of the points connected with the others, each door with white shimmering handles and doorframes.

I hid behind the arrow-shaped building rather quickly, as I realized there was a blue machine-gun sentry in front of me. This machine gun sentry had four metallic brown legs going to plate-feet below, and had the main gun, with sixteen loaded holes in a circular way, right above a metallic square of support, with an enclosing rounded box of tarnished blue rusting away as the control panel behind the gun. It looked towards me, and started shooting, but as I told, I bounced my way away towards the safety of the building to my left. Yet, I was unlucky, as the machine gun popped two bullets into my chest, and I felt departure of blood from my rubber suit. But as I slide, Ulster shot his electric bullet at the machine gun, and taxed its circuitry to death slowly, making it fire bullets all around viciously, for four seconds before shutting down.

“Ah shit.” A Vietnamese-accented man said just behind the building, aways a bit but still too close to be safe, as I held my chest with my left hand, breathing harshly enough to fog up the seven beeping engines just behind.

“Watch out for more sentries.” Oopeoa told Ryutyu, who was behind the corner and ready to fly at the enemy as he looked forth and around towards the malfunctioned machinery.

“Ryutyu- come here.” I whispered, hopping he would hear. He turned his head and walked forwards to see me, holding my chest with my left hand covering the gashes.

Oopeoa ran forth and guarded around the other side as Ryutyu rushed up to behind the building and looked forth seven sentries beeping all around.

“Are you going to be okay?” Ryutyu asked, worried, yet looking around, and peeking around the corner directly after, seeing many sentries that unluckily the engineer was controlling.

This Vietnamese man was tired and vibrant with anger. His brown eyes were hidden behind his squinted skin, and his black hair had a split in the middle from his forehead, making him look like he was in his thirties. He wore a red Hawaii shirt with white flowers, as well as black jeans and black soccer shoes. He held up a device, somewhat of a gaming controller, black with red buttons all around, where he was now lifting a drone. Ryutyu peeked around for only second before coming back to retreat from the sudden notice of the machine, firing many bullets at the sandstone where his face once was.

“Yes, but make sure to win. This is still the computer’s game, and I do not think I will be of good use- I am actually physically hurt.” I told, with a smirk and a laughing tone to lighten up the tense atmosphere.

“Aye…” Ryutyu nodded, “What now, Miss O-O-peoa?”

The woman quickly reversed around to Ryutyu and put her left index finger on her mouth, then looked back up towards Ulster peeking.

“Fuck- I hate being useless.” I smiled, looking down at my bloody presence and my daringly blurry vision of Ryutyu in front of the sandstone wall that made of the non-perplexing labyrinth we just accomplished our way through.

Ryutyu then whispered over to Oopeoa: “Hey- the guy has a drone!” And she looked back with a nod, and then looked up to Ulster, ready to snipe whatever crossed his line of sight as he came further to view and taunted him with a whisper.

“Get ready.” She said, making Ulster lose focus and be a bit irritated at the sentence. It almost made me giggle from the view of these two’s quick interaction.

Ulster, amongst the rooftops, was astounded suddenly when the drone came up with a protective shield in front. This drone was white and obvious, as it had four legs on each side of its square object’s middle white square with an uneven height, also consisting of having a miniature pistol screwed on with the threshold being a simple metallic grey circle. Underneath was a black-painted-on box with a single screw hole to open towards the insides. This drone flew in the air by the legs spinning their metallic blades faster than Ryutyu runs would seem. And the pistol, had its bullet-hole right above the front metallic square that blocked Ulster’s shot.

“Ah no!” He said, as the pistol shot at him, hitting him in the left shoulder and causing him to trip and slide down towards us, falling to a painful demise, but not death. He encouraged us with our screams to get moving, and Oopeoa did. She aimed her flamethrower up and blasted at the zooming-down engine, making it catch fire, and the circuitry was slowly becoming fried. I then aimed my shotgun up, and shot at its spinning design, trying to escape, and so I hit the back and plastered it into the sand dunes amongst this elevated platform, and it spread faster.

“My drone! Fuck, no!” The Vietnamese person stated, hesitating to go further into hate speech and rather ducking out and going to get his own shotgun. Behind him was the core, the great objective of this mission. As I looked before and Oopeoa already once, their core was made of intelligent design. There were two metallic grey and rusty-brown hemispheres, vertical, around the arena, shallowing the insides to darkness and echoes. They stretched for about fifteen feet and were sixteen feet high. The core was surrounding by black phosphate, and in the six meter distance between the two hemispheres, was the circle of phosphate stretching seven by seven feet two-dimensionally. Then inside that was a square hole, about two-by-two feet, leading down into an abyss filled with torpedoes by each end. Appromaxiately, there were six by six torpedoes, equally thirty-six fully grey darts ready to blow up the world.

The Vietnamese-sounding guy ran back to the small workshop that was provided before the mountain’s next elevation. This workshop was made of grey marble, having its counter by five by eight feet long and wide, with tools like a golden wrench on the left, a shotgun of wood and black colors for hunting on the right, a pistol of grey to the left, many black screw piles up in the middle between those two sides, and then on the wall that lifted itself a towering five feet high, small shelves, a six by six, each about a foot long, having red screwdrivers of different kinds on the top right portion, then cog wheels and springs of grey on the left, bolts and squares on the bottom right, and then on the bottom left- nothing, for it was organized and appropriate to O-C-D.

The Vietnamese guy grabbed the shotgun and ran back over the black phosphate towards us, shouting past Ulster’s cries: “If you don’t surrender- I’ll kill you!”

“I’m gonna’ die…” Ulster’s final words became to be.

“Aw hell!” Geurnf said, running past a sudden flow of bullets through the gap of the arrow’s point, and at Ulster’s dead man body. “Buddy- shit…”

“Are the others fine?” I asked, wondering if she was going to accomplish telling us in the most uneasy of times.

“No- that girl killed them, and she’s after us now.” Geurnf told, looking around.

“How do we know that you are not the spy-girl?” I asked, with Ryutyu nodding.

“Because- well, actually, judging by my actions, I guess nobody would have good enough evidence to make anything straight.” Geurnf recalled, thinking about it as she wildly picked up the sniper rifle and looked around our point to the man holding the shotgun. He did not fire, but his machines did, dropping many bullets to our aid.

“I hope that spy girl kills you all before I do!” The Vietnamese person mocked us.

“Hey- buddy- why not surrender to us? We have you surrounding from this side!” Geurnf yelled over funnily.

“Fuck you. I have all my machines ready to fire, and I’m not giving that up. I need this victory- no matter the amount of teammates dead!” He said, giving his lecture like every villain ever.

“Why does he speak like that? Man probably thinks he is the protagonist of some movie or something. Hey- rice-producer-” I tried to funnily remark with everybody.

“DON’T CALL ME A RICE-PRODUCER; RACIST.” He exalted as highly possible before achieving the circumstance of yelling.

“This is going to take forever. If he’s not going to let his guns down, and we’re too close to the mission being completed… we’re gonna’ be here all day.” Geurnf said to Oopeoa, silently waiting for an offensive turn.

“We also need your base as you terrorists want to establish an anarchy with businesses- which will never work! The people will just uprise against it all and then make a system of communism or democracy!” Oopeoa told the guy.

“Stop! You can’t fool me! I won’t give up my position, no matter how right you are!” The Vietnamese person told, “My paycheck is coming tomorrow, and I can’t provide for my family if I don’t defend this base properly!”

“He’s lost.” Geurnf shook her head against, looking towards Ryutyu.

“What?” Ryutyu whispered back.

“He literally just said he doesn’t care if he’s wrong, he’ll keep trying to kill us.” Geurnf stated, looking viciously up and down the further houses for any movement.

“He also said he has a family to provide for- mate.” Ryutyu acknowledged.

“Okay- so? He’s killing people for a living; what good of a family member do you think he is? There’s no excuse for this situation- he’s not working for the government, or in any way helping to everybody- he’s just fighting…” Geurnf ended, waiting for five seconds to pass, before looking up to see Gemin with a pistol and about to shoot at me.

At that moment, all collided to confusion and battle. Geurnf shot her pistol with her right hand at the exact same time the Gemin did, and both bullets hit their target. Gemin was shot in the head, revealing that hit was a costume that splattered off into pink gas, leaving the spy girl’s body to fall back on the roof as her own bullet shot into my neck, and I gulped down to the side, where the sentries in the gap saw and shot, leaving my body to fumble dead, with a smile still sustained on. Ryutyu was in such a shock at these two events, but only half was committed so far. He turned as quickly as he could to the sudden exposure behind him. As Oopeoa looked towards the action, the Vietnamese person dwelled in and shot his shotgun at her turning-back face, with blasted her glass and her head in cracks of its original self. Geurnf then jumped forwards in frustration and surprise, into the other engineer, and shoved him in front of her body as much as she could, making the machine’s shoot at the man’s back, spontaneuously enough that eventually they could redirect to Geurnf and shot her many times dead as well. Eighteen bullets into their firing, the machines stopped and continued swaying back and forth in looks for something new, not caring for the dead engineer master or the dead engineer opponent.

Ryutyu was amazed and scared. He looked around with discontent and awareness arising to everything. My death, then the spy-girls, then Oopeoa’s, then the Vietnamese Engineer’s death, then Geurnf’s. So quick, so fast, his ears were struck up, his hands clutching his sword, his electricity charged, and his tail stood up straight, altering his perception to be still and idling in fear of the action that costed lives in just seconds.

He breathed in and out. He took in the moments slowly, looking back and forth between everybody’s dead body amongst the sounds of beeps, and then up to the sky with the sun in the middle, which he paced down his eyes when he did as you are not supposed to stare at the sun ever.

“Damn… everybody’s dead… that… was… way too quick…” he thought to himself. “What now? I’m the last guy- but- fuck- what do thy do? Eighty-Three is gone; and he said that the mission of the computer needed to be fulfilled, but how do I do such!?” The furry asked himself.

Looking around, he saw Ulster’s sniper rifle, Geurnf’s pistol, my shotgun, Oopeoa’s flamethrower, and his sword still clutch in almost a shaking sense. He also mesmerized himself with the parts shattered from the original mini-sentry just above the two dead engineers scrambled in red. “Uh- oh- yeah- Ulster shot down the other sentry; he must have electric bullets or something!” Ryutyu continued to premise in his mind.

Ryutyu picked up the sniper rifle, headed over to the dead body of Oopeoa, picked it up with his free left hand, shoved it forth, let it get shot thirty-eight times, then he waved the gun in front. He found that nothing shouted its bullets forth at his four waves of the sniper rifle. He then turned it innocently towards the beeping noise and hoped that the shot would assist. He shot it, making it clang back, and a bullet came darting out, hit one machine, then bounced off towards the sand below. Ryutyu listened for any destruction but heard none after six seconds.

“Shit- what now? Think… Eighty-Three would… what would anybody do- what were we gonna’ do anyways? Thy is confused… no electric bullets, and I’m not fast enough- plus I don’t think thy sword will cause damage to those metallics…” Ryutyu told himself. “C’mon- think… the engineers have nothing on them… thy Eighty-Three has nothing radical either… Meand and that girl… no… but… the spy girl. She changed her… self… I need to get over there… also- Gemin? Nah- nor thy robot. These things shall only be disabled by buttons… but- the spy girl fell back… and Ulster somehow got up there… uh… just go!” Ryutyu guessed slowly, thinking thourougjly, before vaporizing himself away in speed.

He collaborated his electrons to move him quickly away from the scene. He past by the gap with only three bullets missing his tail, then he turned and maneuvered his speedy action around the flamed corpses, and then back to N3’s robotic malfunctioning, then away towards the diner where his rush came to a stop, and then he ran nicely towards the scene with Geurnf. There laid side by side, Alarfoai shot in the head on the left, and Meand the same but also in the chest three feet to the right, facing away from the facility. Ryutyu breathed in and out, sad for the team members, as well as Gemin’s body by the weights, where a knife with a black handle was stuck in his back, making him flop onto some weights. Ryutyu looked around and towards the containers of oil that produced a staircase for Ulster to get onto the buildings with.

“This feels stupid.” Ryutyu told himself as he dropped his sword and climbed up as carefully slow as he could. He then looked upon the storage’s rooftop and saw the core hemispheres a little afar. He then walked carefully with his flat feet over to the wall of sandstone, where he had to make four feet jump. He went back about six feet, lifting himself up with his left foot, and landed nicely on the sandstone wall’s top. He then treaded with a skinny accent towards the exit star building, where he found the spy girl’s body treading blood out of its head, and her hair flaying all directions. She had her popsicle in her pocket and gun in her left hand. She was just on the other side of the exit room, which Ryutyu looked back and forth between both the room and the area most of his allies just died in.

“Are you fucking joking? How’d I not see thy easiest way! Damnit.” He told himself, realizing he could just walk towards the other room easily instead of doing everything he just did.

So, he walked down the sandstone steps, and went over to her body behind the room facing towards many dunes with blonde landmines. He looked at her body before the silent hills, recognizing slowly that there were blonde circles in them. They were landmines, but he just widened his mouth against it and looked down again. He took the popsicle from her right pocket, then searched her left, found her I-D card of white with a blue stripe around the bottom. To be more annoying than I already am, I will show what Ryutyu saw on the card:

*-(Inster First Name) Debia Qatae.*

*-Gender: Female*

*-Age: 19*

*-Social Security: 892193412*

*-Verified citizen of Azerbaijan: YES (Since 2013)*

*-Phone Number: 344-234-984*

*-Date Produced: 3/19/2019*

This enlisted nothing of importance to Ryutyu’s slowly wagging-up tail. He just dropped it down on her corpse again, and then licked the popsicle after examination for four seconds. He was confused on whether it was the correct move, but soon, he felt the feeling come to him. Tasty and girlish, he had no idea what to think of.

“Uh… can I become thy engineer guy? Thy opposing opponent?” Ryutyu asked the bewildered atmosphere.

Suddenly, gas spoofed around him, and he looked around, seeing only the gas fade of its pinkness until it was visible that he was now the Vietnamese engineer. He looked at his hands in awe and then stood up to see he had shoes, but he still walked like he had his paws.

“That feels weird. Don’ do that. You still work like ya’ used to, but ya’ see different…” Ryutyu thought inside his mind, looking around. He then proceeded into the star room, seeing only a single-hanging bronze lamp with a yellow light lighting up the four-way intersection of fields of sand, and then he went down the one back to the death of many. He slowly went to the right side again, and peeked around quickly, before reversing back and hearing only the beeping continue as it had been. He looked again quickly, finding no bullets, and then walked out, and quickly reversed back in, finding no bullets once again shot at him. So, he stepped out and ran as quickly as he could to the wall of the hemisphere and guided himself behind the four sentries. He then looked at their backs. The pads were there, and he went up to the one facing both engineers currently.

He wagged his un-seeable tail, looking back with a bit of solid confusion, before looking back at the English text. Firstly, in a rectangle of light blue with blue text all before a black background, was the “Language” term. Below that, was “Settings,” then “History,” then “Power Off.” Young Ryutyu hit the last one, and the machine stopped turning its station, and just faced forwards without a drop. Then Ryutyu heard the heat processing go up in sound as the beeping stopped suddenly. Then he heard the heat slowly go down as the machine was now off. He smiled a little before wordlessly doing the other three. Once finished, he looked behind himself, and towards the silent core.

“Now I guess I send them away.” Ryutyu nodded to himself inside. “But… where is thy control panel?” He asked, before suddenly having the bright idea to check the room we hid behind. He went into the door and found the cramped idea of logic that was the control room.

Henceforth in front of him was a square with sixteen buttons on it, four by four, different colors, just below a grey-outlined, three by three feet black screen with a red button on its right side, closed in by the point of the room, also having its cables go up into the ceiling’s abrupt circle hole of darkness where the cords went forth to Ryutyu’s position to be invisible by the steel above, and also the brown fan with four propellers and a single oval white light turned off, but with a rope string hanging down on the left. Also, there was a paper to the right wall explaining each in terms of black text on the white paper hanging from a black hook. Nothing else was in the room besides the black wooden chair in front of the box of buttons.

“Why does thy important room look like this?” Ryutyu asked himself funnily, “Eighty-Three would definitely call this a video game.”

Ryutyu went up and looked at the note paper:

*-Green: Send Torpedoes to designated location.*

*-Red: Stop Torpedoes/Make them drop down directly in their area.*

*-Black: Self-Destruct.*

*-Blue: Highlight certain ones.*

*-Yellow: Highlight all.*

Ryutyu took deep care in all these commands and looked to see that the first vertical line of buttons had these colors, and then the rest were just purple, except for the one in the top right corner, which was orange. He then looked up to the screen and used his right hand, of the Vietnamese engineer’s, to click the button. Instantly, the screen turned on with many visual sentences displaying.

-Nukes set location: South Sudan’s Capital, JUDA.

-Nukes Time Set: 4 Days and Thirty-two minutes from now.

-Nuke System Check: Fine.

-Nuke System Set: On.

-Gas: Fine.

-Nukes: 16.

Ryutyu after looking at this information, then looked to the chart below where it showed each nuke in a purple square by showing a circle of red amongst the blue background. He saw all nukes were red, and then looked back the paper, and then pressed the yellow one. All the circles then turned to grey, then the text about the “Nuke System Set” changed to “OFF,” so he undid he action.

“Damnit- the little things matter. How’d I’d not notice that text?” He joked with himself, in his disguised body. “Now, how do I change thy launch thingy?”

He then looked down, saw the orange, then looked at the paper and saw nothing relating to the orange button. He then shimmered over the thought of it, and then pressed it. Opening large on the screen was a map of the world, which certain spots located in a small red circle, with black English text above them, not staying inside the blue ocean or tan land show.

One spot was there, showing Huad’s military base. Then it showed South Sudan’s capital, then Chad’s, then Libya’s, then Algeria’s, then Malta, then Russia, then Tuvalu, then his new allies’ base- saying “Loser’s base,” then one nearby saying “Huad’s office.”

Since there was no joystick, Ryutyu looked down and pressed the orange button. It closed and went back to the menu list. He clicked it again, then clicked a random purple button. Firstly, it switched to Libya’s capital.

“Okay- I will not mess this up. I am quite lucky that thy orange or purple one did not activate dragons to come in and kill meh’- I’m-a lucky that I am thinking correctly…” Ryutyu told himself in an Australian tone inside his head. So, again, he pressed it the same button in the middle of the purple hoard, and it switched to Chad’s capital, then the base every good guy was about to sleep in, then Tuvalu, and then Algiers, and then finally, their own base- and then once again he pressed it, and it finally-finally switched to Huad’s office.

Then Ryutyu looked back at the notes wearily, and then lightly looked back with caution, and then jabbed the green button with his right index finger, located on the top right corner of the buttons.

“Congratulations!” The computer said, scaring the absolute shit out my furry friend. Ryutyu darted around as the cosmetic disguise distinguished into pink gas that he had to wait to see the giant screen with cords stretching out behind and down to the sands below. And then, he looked west to see that the hole of the core was opening up its phosphate into the sand and that the torpedoes were getting ready to launch as an alert played over the speakers elsewhere in the base, and then he looked south to see that the building he once designated himself in, was now missing, and then he quickly rejoiced east to see friends gathering themselves up without a single blood streak on the floor. The Vietnamese Engineer stayed down, but now was without a drip of crimson.

“Ay- what da’?” He stupidly stated out loud, as we all had a similar response to the sudden arise of newness.

“What the hell?!” Geurnf quickly stated, seeing the computer suddenly turn its giant monitor towards the green cat girl.

“There he is!” Ulster stated with Oopeoa backing away whilst I got up and looked at my bro, who connected eyes with me and then looked towards the torpedoes shooting out of their cell, with large white gas clouds forming and slowly flooding he scene.

“You completed the game! Huge thanks to Ryutyu! Now- I can make another in just a little bit- so get yourself home through this portal!” he stated as happily as he could, but it was obvious he was either stressed out or angered by us. He then shown a cord leading towards Geurnf, which opened a facing portal of a square, red-outlined premise towards my home, which unluckily was currently destroyed in ashes as rainbow swivels of light passed all around in dramatic fashions.

“What is going on!?” Alarfoai shouted afar, but barely could be heard.

“Oh crap- you guys are probably fucked anyways.” The computer laughed, slowly flying away towards the sky of light blue with smokey white.

“Quick!” I told Ryutyu with a non-smile, running towards the portal as he went forth as well. We instantly derived ourselves into the portal and looked back towards our awing allies.

“Thanks! Uh- cool! Have a good rest of thy day!” Ryutyu waved, obnoxious to get out of there and in an awkward and surprised situation as he slowly looked up towards Heru with his wings buzzing and many hands coming from his back with electric impulses of blue, whilst Wilma was with many machine guns flying around.

Then, from above, Deandra came down with the Plague Doctor on her back, having a piggy-ride almost. Deandra stood on her five lines she called a measure, a path that moved for her playing of an entire solo in presto on her violin, as she smirked as the dodging Ryutyu who had his ears shot up as he dodged with lighting speed forwards and looked back at the two analyzing me fermenting into generation my black claws and moving my darkness to my legs to bounce myself up and at Deandra’s smirk. The doctor also looked forth to the portal first before being lifted with me catching their platform and arising my particles to sludge forth. Ryutyu was found charging himself up again during a large battle, but then Heru planted himself down on the ground and created with all his hands, a black hole, with red glitch particles flying in little spots at multitudes.

Geurnf tried to run away with the rest of her crew, but that black hole had its power of gravity affect things through the portal, so the sand and her essence started to fall back with force, along with Oopeoa’s flamethrower and Ulster’s sniper rifle. They hit her as she tried to rush forth with her fists, but soon clamped back in the sandstorm towards Heru’s magnificent black sphere. Then, as Geurnf exited into our world, the portal closed a second later, making the black hole stop its effects on the allies’ world, leaving Oopeoa to escape the inches away persecution of our world. Fear, confusion, and awkwardness struck them firmly afterwards.

Back to my story, I turned myself into a sludgy form of darkness that wrap around the Plague Doctor’s leg, and then bounced off as Deandra tried playing her instrument against me, making notes pop out of thin air and try to hold up the Plague Doc and me, but I simply made more darkness fall back and almost kick Deandra in the back before she turned around and slashed her violin handle at me, which created a loud flabbergasted noise of the instrument’s notes all-in-one. Then, my darkness started to turn into little tentacles that busted up into the glasses of the dark doctor and plummet themselves into his organic brain materials. Deandra played as much as she could to make me have a gravitational force pull down my essence like a liquid, as well as move me out. It slowly came to work, but Wilma suddenly exploded the black hole below, and shot particles all around.

Ryutyu was about to be sucked into the happy-Heru’s hole of doom, as well as Geurnf, making their bodies turn into noodles, legs first, and their brains collapse because of the immense mass, was all stopped due to Wilma planting her speedy-self into the hole and imploding it into a million rainbow shards that spliced into Heru’s left arm as he fouled away at light speed. He then saw that a third arm from Wilma’s back held Geurnf and Ryutyu in a rainbow orb, and now Wilma was flowing her nine tails accurately with the deception of calmness as her hands twisted inhumanely and started creating asteroids of fire, little blue stars to be in fact, with her angry face. Heru exalted all his hands out and grabbed the light, furthering the darkness that was behind Wilma. He grabbed it, and then the heat of the suns, and blasted it at Wilma, who dodged to the left, but was then followed as the heat resulting towards a projection at her from just the way Heru thought of it going. She put herself into a rainbow orb as well and was blasted back and away towards the highway where cars were running away.

“Holy shit- what’s happening?!” Geurnf stressed out, holding her chest and trying not to throw up as she saw her legs normal again.

Ryutyu was going to answer, but then the crashing measure lines of Deandra trying to spastically push me off with her leg kicking failed and was driving into the other crowd of confusion. The Plague Doctor was now getting dramatized by my little spikes endeavoring his body to holes, whilst also now being lifted up my Wilma making a rounding-shield of rainbow-liquid texturing that pushed us up and away from Heru slowly darting towards us with his wings and hands forming into blood hammers.

But then, as Geurnf was screaming, Ryutyu was grasping for air in the crazy situation, Deandra was talented with frustration, Wilma was sweating, Heru happy, and me still a blob of darkness, everybody saw the white come in. Heru looked around, before up with an upside-down smile, and Wilma switched hers as well. Geurnf was also very confused and looked to Ryutyu taking in a gasping breath.

***Chapter Geurnf…***

Suddenly, I was formatted in Ryutyu’s room. I was standing away from Ryutyu’s bed, just behind the middle of the room. Ryutyu was in bed, immediately grasping up to see what the atmosphere was truly now, and Wilma darted in with a swivel of her body down the stairs, like transforming her body into a spiral and flying quickly about- and up to us quickly just to communicate.

“Heru came in with Deandra and the Plague Doctor. They killed Shellia and Gustavo. They also got repented by the Red Glitch for a lot of their actions.” Wilma stated quickly as Gustavo and Shellia came down the stairs.

“What happened?! Again?” Gustavo asked suddenly, in need of answers with the wide-eyed Shellia noticing our reappearance back into normality.

“Heru tried to siege us.” Wilma stated, turning around entirely without a movement of her legs, letting her fox tails almost hit my face of makeup still.

“Damn… that happens way too quick…” Gustavo nodded, “But… hey… you two-” Gustavo was going to complete, before hearing a distant drop to the ground.

“What was thy?!” Ryutyu asked, stressed out with electric bolts summoning around his fur.

“I think that may have been Geurnf.” I told.

“What?” Wilma smiled, turning around quickly to make sure that the name I just stated was correct.

“Can we slow down- please?!” Ryutyu stated, “We were just in- oh whatever, fuck it…” He completed, wagging his tail and resting his head back down on his pillow again.

“Geurnf is a name?” Wilma asked back after Ryutyu finished his sentence.

“Yes- now go and get her. We should put her back in her universe.” I stated, looking over to Gustavo and Shellia having their tails sway back and forth, “And I will also explain our end of the story.”

Wilma nodded and lifted her left arm up to distort the ceiling away to make a fifteen-feet by fifteen-feet hole, which she hovered up and out of, then turning around to see Geurnf. Geurnf was now dead, dropping from almost the exosphere, she had burned up mostly into ashes, and blood was almost inexistent in the splatter that pounded the road outside, grabbing no nearby neighbor’s current attention. Wilma hovered further over, lifted her right arm up and twisted her hand, reforming Geurnf’s original body to be laying face-down on the road.

“Augh! Heuagh! Hey- hey! Uh… hello!?” Geurnf asked, getting up quickly, looking to her right and seeing our across-the-street-neighboring-home, before looking behind her to see nothing else, and then to her left to see Wilma floating.

“Hello.” Wilma waved with her left hand, before looking to Geurnf’s right and seeing a white van start to come forth. “Come with me.” She said, lifting her left index finger and making Geurnf hover up.

“Oi!” Geurnf stated, confused on what to do but stand still as the speed of her floating made her come down the hole and drop to the carpet below as the wall that made up our house eased back into normality and regenerated the hole as well.

“This is Geurnf! She is an engineer from Libya!” I stated, sliding my fermenting darkness maid shoes amongst the carpet over to her like I was skiing on ice. It left a trail of black that moved back over to me, and surprised Geurnf after she took two seconds to look at me holding both of my hands out to the right and representing her, before she looked down to see the puddles move over to me.

“Um…” Geurnf stated, looking around to Ryutyu first, almost waving with a stale neutral mouth, before going back to un-assurance as Wilma stood to her far left and Gustavo and Shellia made her intrigued upon her right.

“Hello… Gurf…” Gustavo stated, wondering if he said her name correctly. Geurnf was not exactly imposed on the large cat but did look directly into his eyes when he spoke, and then she stood still and looked back at Shellia, without a mouth.

“Guys- stop being awkward.” I joked around, seeing everybody almost freeze up to the bright cat girl with a big head and small feet.

“Heh- okay!” Gustavo nodded with a giggle.

“So- Guernf- (I point with my right index finger to the nose of Wilma,) this is Wilma, our demi-god of particle powers,” I started saying.

“Hi.” Wilma nodded up.

“And then we have Ryutyu- you’ve met him already-” I continued.

“Yes- but, really quick- didn’t you die- Eighty-Three?” Geurnf asked me.

“I did- but luckily, Ryutyu saved the mission.” I stated.

“Can you explain this ‘mission’ please? I just need some quick context.” Gustavo intrigued upon.

“Yes. So- the computer designed a game where we needed to help Geurnf’s team in nuking their boss. We were teleported to Guernf’s base, and got to know something of everybody, before getting abruptly teleported to the opponent’s base, where we started to invade their base. We had a sniper, a robot, two scouts, a doctor, and a pyromaniac, so we pushed into their team easily. But then the robot got shot by the opposing team’s sniper, right after the two scouts were hurt. Then the Steel Terrorists came in and dropped off the spy girl, which then crawled around the facility and killed the medic assisting the two, as well as the two, and then tried killing Guernf. She ran up to our final point where we hid behind a building being guarded by the last guy after we shot everybody else- the engineer. He had four sentries, losing one after our sniper shot the one, I had to distract for him, which made me have bullets in my chest and almost render me useless. Then the engineer sent a drone to kill our sniper, successfully doing so, and then our flamethrower bald girl burned the mechanism. Then the spy girl came upon the roof and shot me in the head… and then Ryutyu should tell you the rest.” I was summarizing.

“Uh- yeah- he got shot, then Geurnf shot the spy girl, then the engineer guy literally came around and shot the flamer with his shotgun, I forgot why she wasn’t ready- it was so quick- and then-” Ryutyu explained before being cut off by Geurnf.

“Then I jumped in and bulldozed him to the ground as the machines tried shooting me but shot him in the back before me. I was then dead… but I also suddenly was in a state of awareness as I rose to see the computer…” Geurnf told walking forth to be in the center of everybody.

“Yeah- so everybody but me dead; and I clutched it. I went around to find the spy girl’s dead body after trying some other things… funny fact, I could’ve just went through thy four door room to find her body, but I was stupid and went on top of the houses first. Then, I took her popsicle, changed into thy engineer, and then tested out whether the sentries would shoot. Thy didn’t, so I conformed myself behind and deactivated thy with their screen pads. Then alas, I found the building we hid behind was the control room, which I carefully designated thy rockets to flow towards our enemies’ office. Finally, the room just disappeared, and suddenly all was blowing up. Thy rockets were fueling away, and thy computer was congratulating us.” Ryutyu spoke British-ly.

“Yup. Then, the portal opened, and I got sucked in by…” Geurnf ended, looking towards me for information.

“A black hole. A lot can be generated by Wilma- who has similar powers to that mosquito boy, Heru, you may have seen for half a second before he made that black hole.” I told.

“Okay- but how?! What’s going on? How does this stuff happen? Is it magic that these creatures can just create one of the most powerful masses in the universe just in their hands in a mere second?! Like, explain please- I am so confused…” Guernf respectfully asked.

“Have no worries, mate. It’s just particles and stuff.” Ryutyu stated, hopping off his bed and going over to the stairs to walk up.

“It is. Some beings have the abilities to construct above-powerful cosmic slash gamma waves and maneuver protons and neutrons with their want. It is weird, but you will get used to it. I, in fact, have a power called ‘darkness’- it is edgy-sounding, but I make the particles that are not light, turn into matter and such.” I told Geurnf, worried about everything.

“Oh… me my… could you teach me more about this later?” Geurnf asked.

“Yes, I occasionally stay up all night.” I told with a large smile, indicating that my insanity was truly returning.

“Wha- how-” Geunrf asked further.

“Hey- just enjoy the time here, unless Wilma can send you home right now.” I told again, looking back to Wilma. Wilma shook her right hand, and a circle of red glitchy boxes and black ones fumbled up into the air for an inch before turning into oxygen.

“The Red Glitch prevented me.” Wilma spoke, making Geurnf turn down and look at the circle demolishing.

“Red Glitch?” She asked as Ryutyu went up to my room and away.

“A universal lawful entity that stops beings like Wilma from destroying the universe in an instant or making something so powerful it could be considered cheating on a reality-scale.” I answered, smartly.

“Uh…” Geurnf nodded, looking back to Wilma walking away now, and me going over to the pause Gustavo and Shellia. Shellia slightly played some piano notes during our lines.

“So- now we get Cyclop to see if she can be put back in her own universe?” Gustavo asked, making Shellia play happily to agree with her astounded eyebrows still in focus.

“Well- do you want to stay, Geurnf? We would be happy to have a real engineer, since sometimes with machinery our supernatural powers get deactivated and we have to actually act as humans, using humane or physically possible machines as well.” I prescribed towards the big-headed furry of green.

“Uh… no… I think I should go back home…” Geurnf offered up, holding her left index finger up to indicate she was speaking, or something.

“Do you have a family?” Gustavo asked, allowing Shellia to leave with Eighty-Three upstairs, wagging both of their tails slowly.

“No?” Geurnf replied.

“Aw- well, do you have a reason to be there?” Gustavo asked as Wilma walked up to Geurnf’s side.

“I guess not- but I see what you’re doing. I’ll only stay if it’s not as random and chaotic as I just witnessed.” Geurnf complied with. Wilma just shrugged and grabbed Geurnf’s attention.

“Let us go eat something. We can also talk about what you will be doing here as well.” Wilma smiled, walking forth and leaving Geurnf to come slowly as well.

So, Wilma then Guernf then Gus, went up and to my diner table where I sat down on the right, Ryutyu next to me, Wilma in the middle, then on the other side just Geurnf, who picked to be across from me. Laid out on the table was absolute nothing, but then Wilma snapped her right index finger and it created in front of everybody a nice white plat with a fork then a spoon then a knife on the right, and to the left was a tall cylinder glass filled with a slightly-orangish yellow juice, specifically apple juice, and on the plate was purple jelly in the bottom right, then humus in the top right, crackers of blonde circle-intent slightly bending on the top left, and bottom left were celery sticks.

“Do you guys like this food?” Wilma asked, looking at Geurnf only, wondering what she would say.

“Uh… they’re edible, right?” Geurnf asked as she looked behind to see Gustavo opening the door outside to the light where Shellia played her instrument happily, sitting down and kicking her strong legs into the leaf-filled water, as Gustavo sat by her on the left.

“Yeah- they’re food.” Ryutyu responded happily, jokingly almost.

“Just checking- she just snapped it into existence… which is… y’know…” Geurnf trailed off, and we all understood. Wilma already picked up her apple juice glass and drank it, before using her fork to pick up the purple jelly and eat it herself.

“Uh- question, (Geurnf grabs the fork,) if you can just spawn food when you like, or any object I guess- can’t you make yourself in no need of nutrients as you could just regenerate your degrading body every second?” Geurnf asked, wondering the common question.

“Yes. But I like to eat with my friends and actually seem human when doing so. The Red Glitch might also stop our smart thinking if he wants. So I just eat normally.” Wilma stated, sentencing out and making Geurnf wonder about that. She nodded and then used her celery to eat some humus.

“Mm… never had this…” She trailed off, pointing with her right index finger as she held the celery with her left hand.

“Humus.” I told back as Ryutyu dipped his circle chips into the humus.

“Yeah… and what is this bouncy food?” She asked, pointing to the jelly.

“Jelly.” I responded, already digging in on my celery sticks.

“Okay… I’ve never had these two before, but (She eats more celery, then swallows and does not eat with her mouth open,) celery and chips, I’ve had them with guacamole.” Geunrf said before going down even more.

“Nice.” Ryutyu responded.

“And if I can ask now- that other girl- why does she-” Geunrf asked after seven seconds.

“She was made that way.” Wilma responded.

“I didn’t even finish my question.” Geurnf responded frantically as well.

“Oh yeah- Wilma can read minds.” I confessed as Ryutyu continued his happy meal.

“Oh… interesting… how does that work?” Geurnf furthered.

“It just does.” Wilma replied with a laugh.

“We have not looked into it.” I responded as Wilma was laughing.

“Hm…” Geurnf nodded, and then continued with her food. “So… what about your parents? Or do you have any?” She asked after twelve seconds.

“Yes; and Wilma helped out by making sure they take care of their own business and not call the cops on us and all that awkward stuff that would happen when our home gets thrown into Neptune- although that has never happened. Wilma changed the way their brains work so they just do not care for absurd super-naturalities.” I answered whilst finished my celery sticks.

“Wilma can change people’s brains as well?!” Geurnf made assure of.

“Not always. I had to do surgery on Eighty-Three so that he could remember everything. I tried just shifting my hand at Ryutyu to do the same. It did not work. Nor did a repeat surgery. I think the Red Glitch will block my ability to do that from now on.” Wilma spoke, almost sad that she could not assist.

“Eighty-Three remembers everything?!” Geurnf continued.

“I do and have. And since I have studied all about medical procedures and such, I think I should be able to change the way somebody thinks with my own surgery. The Red Glitch has barely blocked me from doing things as well.” I commented further.

“Hot damn- that explains a lot…” Geurnf nodded.

“And also- just had the idea- Wilma, you should make there being an entire system of rooms below the house so that Geurnf can have somewhere to sleep, and the incoming kids as well if needed.” I told, looking at Wilma.

“Kids?”

“Yeah- I am also hooked up with the CIA, so henceforth I do not have to go to school as I already completed the needed tests and quizzes- and also I guess I must take care of some kids now as the CIA agent I met also went through a bunch of universes first and had a similar adventure to mine.” I answered.

“Darn…” Geurnf nodded, finishing her celery sticks and moving onto the crackers.

“Now- names. The purple cat is named Gustavo, as you should know. Shellia is the accordion girl; she has the accordion stuck to her hands so she is technically only useful as a musician, but we still keep her around because we can. I also have a cyclops friend named simply ‘Cyclop’- I know it is very original, but please.” I said after a while, laughing at the end with Geurnf.

“Okay- okay- this is a lot to take in, but okay…” Geurnf nodded, and then continued finishing her food.

So, we continued to eat our food till our players were clean, then Wilma waved her left hand in front of it all and made them vanish into oxygen. Then we all got up and headed into my room.

“I think we should make another home just for Geurnf. We should be hesitant of expanding our underground base.” Wilma spoke, thinking differently than me.

“That would be great, indeed.” Geurnf nodded, sitting on my bed with Ryutyu sitting in my chair as I stood up.

“Wait- why not?” I asked Wilma.

“The Red Glitch could make things natural. It might collapse. Of course we can rebuild it though. I would rather be more formal and have the etiquette of giving somebody their own residence too.” Wilma stated sentence-wise.

“Great thinking.” I applauded her.

“I will go and spawn so.” She stated, before turning into a thin line that bounced up into the ceiling and afar.

“So what do you do in ya’ free time, Geurnf?” Ryutyu asked.

“Well… uh… I don’t really have free time. I like my job- putting things together and making mechanisms with levers and pivots. I don’t really do much else besides sometimes work out and play games with my friends… who I hope aren’t missing me too much…” Geurnf stated.

“Well, as soon as we can get you home, we will do so. Sadly though, just like Shellia, you might come back through unnecessary means anyways. Like, Shellia is here with us today because me and Wilma just wanted, (Wilma comes in through the door casually,) to apologize for summoning her into a battle with Heru once before, and then the computer thought she was with us, and she got into our schemes just by our little interference.” I told specifically Geurnf, who was ready for what Wilma was to say.

“Finished.” She said after I finished my sentence.

“Already?” Geurnf asked.

“Yes- she just formed a home for you.” I blurted.

“Uh- (Wilma removes the ceiling above us to be a giant square hole, and floats us up and at the neighboring house across the road from the front door’s view,) hey- don’t drop me!” Geurnf stated.

“Woop!” Wilma mocked, dropping Geurnf’s sprawling cat feet almost to the ceiling from the drop of fifteen feet, as me and Ryutyu just stood in air.

“Hey!” – Guernf.

In front of us though, was the new home. It was two-stories now, different from the past. It showed to be made from brown bricks with grey lining between each, and a darker grey material protecting around the windows of a tinted blue. There was a chimney coming from the back middle too, and the home had two slanted roofs proportionate to one another horizontally. The bricks also circled, extending the windows a bit from the original-block-like structure it would have been. There were two windows on each of the extending classic ways of a home, and then there was the concrete road leading to the left side where the garage was, steel making out its door. To the right of the closed garage was the brown wooden door with a golden knob, having no window but a little hole for a peep. The front of the yard was purified with absolute green grass and yellow flowers scattered all around the building’s front. No bushes but a slight hill down to the sidewalk. No cars in the driveway either! Now, there behind the building, connecting into it, was the blonde wooden fence that was rectangular, fourteen planks on each side making a wide backyard that did not decrease the size of surrounding homes. Instead, in the backyard was filled with an oasis, having two palm trees on each side of the three miniature lakes with glimmering water and black metallic lamps with yellow lights that sprung out of the grey square slabs protecting the water from the grass. There were also oak trees with dark green leaves lined up against each other, sprinkling up their precious leaves nine meters into the air before the tree’s trunk ended and foliage made the surroundings, leaving the grasses below to darken because of the tall trees guarding any view anywhere else. rest was just the purified grass of green, with also a path of slabs leading to the backdoor.

Wilma floated us into the backyard by going up and then down slowly, and we were greeted around in the middle grasses that split the upper two ponds from the large bottom one.

“Uhm- wow!” Geurnf said after a second of looking around.

“What happened to thy people living here?” Ryutyu asked as Geurnf looked around the palm trees going nine feet up into the air.

“They were moved elsewhere. I quickly made another home after turning this one better. I also easily changed their mind! The Red Glitch burned my left palm though.” Wilma said, lifting her left palm up to allow us to see the black that darned it.

“Oh- Wilma- make yourself some ice or something.” I asked of her to do for herself, mocking a mother’s voice whilst at it.

“I will be fine!” She said enthusiastically with her fists clenching up like a superhero, giggling as well, before she pinched her eyes shut and then allowed them to open slowly, not listening to me, but rather still holding it up for Geurnf to see a healed cut as well.

“Uh- does this ‘Red Glitch’ also cut you? I see your hand has a cut mark on it.” Geurnf intrigued upon after Wilma stopped giggling.

“Yes…” Wilma sadly condemned to her.

“Sorry for-” - Geurnf started.

“It is fine! I am going to be okay! Please go enjoy your new home.” Wilma said happily towards Geurnf.

“Okay, okay…” Geurnf nodded, going up to the brown wooden door with a golden knob and opening its windowless face. We were all patient to see her response after the silencing sentence Wilma fragmented into the arena. We just wanted to move on from the absurd awkwardness of the scene overcoming us slowly.

Inside was firstly a hallway leading all the way down to the front of the house. It had a delicate blonde carpet with no indenting marks making it darker, besides the shadows making it darker, while the walls were a brick red with black lining, all around the house, and the ceiling was a dark brown wood with planks five feet long each, cutting down at the end of the house on both sides. The first thing to Geurnf’s right was a smaller hall that led to another door like the one she had just opened. But a wall on the left of the hallway allowed for another room to be placed in a thin rectangular area, with the same door and no windows. Next to it on the left was a replica before there was a replica mini hallway leading to another similar door that led into the same room. All looked very similar in this house so far, I must say. But to Geurnf’s instant right was the kitchen. It had a seven by five feet hole on just that side leading into the white wooden cabinets with metallic grey and reflective knobs on their bottom left. Three cabinets on each wall, wide for about three feet and tall for about four, each had three shelves inside, spaced by a foot, along with the corner cabinets on each corner. They only stopped at the hole, which Geurnf peered into as Ryutyu came forth inside, and then Wilma and me. Geurnf’s view showed in front the metallic grey sink with a blue spherical knob on the end of a slight grey pole on the left, and red sphere on the right. The hose of the sink also expanded at the end and had an inch of emptiness that allowed us to see the black surface that allowed the sink’s spout to be moved as we wish for a certain length. Next to the sink on the right and left were just simple marble grey with black dotted countertops, having nothing below but the pipes of shiny metallic dark grey, all around, until the instant right corner, where before the turning countertop, better known as on the left, was a black oven with five circles of white and five buttons in an ‘X’ format. It also carried a glass panel below, showing the insides to two metallic black racks with two-by-two-inch square holes in each, for about an eight by eight, whilst the racks were spaced about two feet- oh my god I have been writing for almost an entire page at this point, and have only gotten to the kitchen.

Speed run time. The first mini sector on the right extruding from the washer and dryer room with metallic grey machines was the bathroom, with the same flooring and ceiling and walls, but with a white toilet, sink on the right with a mirror above, and a bathtub being vertical. Next to it was a storage room with nothing inside but the same black fan with three pedals and a yellow light currently turned on by a white switch on the left. The next room on the right was a game room with a pool table, a normal table with poker already set, a television with a game box, and a minituare bowling alley with guarding rails, something unchildish as it was all metallic and seemingly stolen from a facility hoisting bowling. On the left was the living room with three red cushioned couches and a rug of blue with a black screen hanging from the ceiling. Then there- fuck it, I will explain all these useless descriptions when the characters go into the rooms at some point… maybe…

“Jolly, lads, Wilma knows how to make a nice home.” Geurnf said as she saw the weights room with all the needed equipment to make a person undefeatable in bodily tournaments.

“Oh…” Wilma, surprised, took in happily whilst her tails hovered back and forth slowly behind her, and I stared and copied.

Geurnf nodded and went over to the master bedroom, seeing only a bed in it.

“And I’m guessing the second floor has more empty rooms I can fit my equipment in?” She asked, “Like, my own mechanisms, since I guess I’ll be working around here for some time.”

“Yes.” Wilma nodded.

“Okay.” Geurnf nodded, and we all headed up to find many spaced-out rooms, along with a pool. On the right, taking up a fourth of the upstairs space.

“A pool?!” Ryutyu gasped with a smirk. “Inside?”

“Yeah Wilma- why do we not have a pool inside?” I asked devilishly as well.

“This is only here because I thought it would be something nice to take up the remaining space.” Wilma spoke.

“It is- but I often don’t swim or like the waters even.” Geurnf stated; “But don’t take that negatively- I like it- I really do.”  
 “Same- I do not like to swim either. But, hey, decorations always help with the mood.” I stated.

“You guys really know how to play your cards.” Wilma smiled, jokingly.

“Wha? Wha’ cards?” Ryutyu asked.

“Cards- like social skills. What to say, do, and appeal towards in a situation.” I told, almost whispering as I came up to him and Wilma looked forth to Geurnf.

“I have already spawned in many bolts and screws and other things to start you off in the engineering rooms.” Wilma spoke as Geurnf opened her mouth.

“Oh- thanks. But… is there a possible-” Geurnf started up again, thinking before she spoke.

“I will go spawn in your old machines right now.” Wilma nodded happily, walking out of the pool’s room door, over to the first left room from the stairs of brown wood, and over with her hands in her wardrobe still, then letting her left arm loose, twisting her hand horizontally back and forth, and creating a mini sentry, two sentries, N3, the medical pod I saw once, and then a drone from the Vietnamese engineer. I will not specify their exact position in the room.

“Nice- and I get the opposing drone as well- how’d you; oh- I remember you can read minds…” Geurnf started to say, before lowering her voice out of recognition as we popped into the open doorway.

“So- Geurnf, would you like a task, or project to work on? I just thought of one cool one that would help me personally.” I asked the green cat girl with red eyes that still invoked fear into my blue furry friend, Ryutyu.

“Making a black mask that moves its pixelated markings based on the face that the user is making in real life.” Wilma stated, almost frowning afterwards as what she just said made her feel incompetent that Geurnf would understand such a sentence.

“Sure… a black mask that fits Eighty-Three’s head, with coding inside it that makes the mask’s face move when the real person’s face moves… I think I can do that…” Geurnf recalled, wondering the same if she was getting the request correct in her understanding.

“Exactly. And also, making some M-L-G shades that give me the same increase in vision as my normal glasses; that would help later on in battles where our powers could be inaccessible, too.” I asked for, furthering the request to two objects as Geurnf waved her tail slowly.

“Uh… sure… what is M-L-G?” Geurnf asked, sounding out the ‘M-L-G’ as if it were a sin against God himself.

“Bruhhhhhhhhh…” Ryutyu stated, adding nothing to the conversation between us and the engineer we just worked with.

“I can show you with the internet. It is just something really edgy that would maybe give some of my enemies a fear of… an edgy person. I just think it would be cool, but I see right through the concept that it has no good purpose besides nostalgia maybe…” I stated, wondering if Ryutyu would throw up just because I said that. I know you already probably did, reader, but I can only give so many shits.

“What is ‘edgy?’” Geurnf asked innocently, giving her the respect from me that she was no uncultured realistically based on the rest of human history.

“Edgy edgy edgy.” I sparked in a happy smile, before giggling and really giving her the insight, “It is just a word we use for the people who see themselves as Gods or heroes from videogames and such. They believe they can have all this determination to stop their drunk father from beating them at night, but in reality, they will only get more hurt having this kind of behavior that makes your social credit drop to the negatives, as it also makes many cringe when you are trying to act like someone else you are not, and never will be.” Eighty-Three, me, explained, like it was truly the way of the world.

“Exposition dropper.” Wilma said, really summing up the scene at hand, and making me have the ability to write this without shooting myself in the fucking head.

“Yeah- just like Cyclop.” I chuckled, giving me the remembrance of how my cyclops friend used to explain everything in a summary a seventh grader would write.

“Well- okay- but I need cloth and other materials to build a mask- as well as tutorials and such. I have no idea how, and- come to think of it- Wilma should just spawn in those items for you.” Geurnf stated, making me respect her more for thinking of the obvious.

“Well, we tried before.” I said, as Wilma lifted her left hand again, snapped, and a red glitch came upon her un-highlighted fingernails of all her fingers, floating up for two seconds with black squares as well, before suddenly disappearing. “But as you see, we need somebody to do these small things, and I have not met a single person that would be able to do such. I even tried doing it myself, but the red glitch instantly removed my materials.” I stated, almost losing my smile as I remembered the frustration that universal force laid upon my soul that one night.

Geurnf sighed. “That still sounds like an excuse.” She stated coherently laughing.

“Of course, it-” I was going to say, before suddenly a new multiversal entity ramped into existence from a red-outlined portal.

As this is a book with a multiverse expunging weirdness into the story at random times, this was one of those moments my sentence was interrupted yet again. Alas, outside the door came back first, hitting the carpet, a cat girl. Her description is quite vivid in colors to be exact; as she was a rainbow-liquid textured being, with different colors spritzing around in straw-like forms and everywhere she was emitting a slight glow on the environment wherever she went. This girl-cat had a cat head similarly shaped to one like a cartoon, with a sphere for a head with two cat ears like triangles, no fur, yet insides indulging in opposite colors of the ones making up the surrounding external so-called skin as I can say. She had no realistic face, but rather a seemingly two-dimensional curve for a frown currently, and two ovals that would squish together to form crunching eyes, and these ovals also had opposing curved triangles on the side of the oval, just like a cartoon hinting at its feminist character. It was also with lines for eyebrows currently angering her closed eyes and frown that were pure white and also emitting a slight glow. She had cat feet as well, three toes like Geurnf, but also a bigger heel and overall foot hold, making her stand up quickly from the blast. The rest of her was a pure muscular form, having big strong thighs, calves, not-to-big forearms and upper arms, a six-pack without a bellybutton, and nothing else covering any of that pure work-out.

This cat-woman thing was thrown onto the floor outside the opened door, henceforth making me pulse back left to see her form lift herself up with strong winds, and then looking to my right to see a purely black diamond, with circling rainbows and black electricity vaporizing the green grass below it surely but slowly. There was a sky-blue with many dark clouds above, with rain in the background of the plains we saw behind this thing, as it also was taking a moment to view us.

“Damn Red Glitch.” The Black Diamond stated, before shifting its front side from us over to the cat girl again. Ryutyu already back up towards Geurnf, who went behind Wilma as she came forth.

“Sorry, fellow creatures!” The girl stated in her Irish accent, with her mouth developing another line to bend down in the middle to look like she was speaking, although there was no hole but rather the continuation of the rainbows swirling up and down in his head. She was also sprinting forwards, lifting a sudden expunging right arm from her right armpit, waving it at us, as her actual right arm spun horizontally and created a tornado that the Black Diamond was sucked into five meters away, also having electric pulses start to flow around. Then the rainbow-textured woman jumped into the portal, and it closed with red glitch-ness.

“What was that?!” Geurnf asked after three seconds of me and Wilma turning around back to their consumption of what just happened.

“The best income to show you what craziness may endure in this universe.” I stated smartly, enjoying every single word I spoke.

“Random multiverse shenanigans that luckily presented themselves to us at the right time. This is like the second time I think one of these have occured. I do not remember similar stuff like this happening a lot. This is rare…” Wilma sentenced out to Geurnf, then turning to me for assurance that her first sentence was a smart speaking.

“What? So- What!? Random things can just happen at any time?!” Geurnf asked, confused more on what just happened than who those people may have been.

“Is that a new concept?” I asked funnily, making Ryutyu smirk and shrug with my overseeing joke.

“I… I mean, no- but… damn… y’know this is all… just… haven’t ya’ll been in this situation before- where ya’ really confused on why these magics are happening?” – Geurnf when confused on mutliversal bullshit.

“We have. And we get over it.” Wilma responded quite kindly to the green-lime furry girl.

“Of course…” Geurnf nodded, as Wilma twisted her right hand in her sleeves of blue, and henceforth behind Geurnf spawned a few black clothes and screws on a wooden table, in which she spun around and saw.

“We should first go back to our house and enjoy the rest of the night with a few board games.” Wilma responded afterwards of a second.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, leaving already, with Ryutyu also coming forth without a word, not imposing a threat to his loyalty.

“Uh… sure…” The species of lime-green, big-headed, cat-humanoids stated.

“And you can get to know Gustavo and Shellia better.” Wilma nodded to the fellow woman-creature.

***Five O-Clock, which is basically nighttime.***

“This is Team Bunker Four, a nice game which I can compare easily to our time with you at your camp.” I stated, introducing Geurnf to me and Ryutyu’s favorite game. She sat in my spinning black chair, as I sat in my cushioned black one, and Ryutyu in a copy of my cushioned black chair, but with blue patting.

“Okay?” Geurnf nodded easily towards.

“You see, it has nine classes of different abilities. One a sniper, one a scout, one a demolition man, and one an engineer! These classes work together against one other team to either capture areas, a few papers, or just kill the other team. It is color-coded as well.” I explained, hoping into a game as an engineer and going out to the open map to fire my shotgun excessively stupidly at the machine-gunner.

“What…” Geurnf almost laughed inside, seeing her past lifestyle and friends being compared to a videogame.

“I swear it was like thy computer knew about this here.” Ryutyu commented British-ly is uncare.

“Exactly why we are showing it to Geurnf- you guys and the terrorists were playing out somewhat like this, and we just wanted to make a comparison since we found it intriguing.” – Eighty-Three the green-dress femboy, also known as ████ ████.

“My goodness…” Geunrf said with an awe inside and a stare at the screen.

“Wanna’ play?” Ryutyu asked the fellow tail-waver, pointing to the screen with his left index finger by his left thigh.

“Uh… sure…” Geurnf nodded, giving us two hours to spend with her on teaching her all about the game and its mechanics. Seemingly, a fun two hours in which was slightly disturbed by Gustavo watching from behind, before leaving back up to Wilma.

“Hey- Wilma,” Gustavo started in my room, as Wilma was sitting next to Shellia on my bed, watching a new television of black on the mirror, just hovering plainly there, displaying the republican news, “Are you still a cannibal?” Gustavo asked.

“Not necessarily. But I will spawn in food for you.” Wilma nodded, being awfully confused by the media. “Why would one care about some random funeral in California? Should we not be worried about the pollution or unclean water systems?” Wilma continued to ask herself in a whisper as Shellia perfectly played a small tune after her speech. “I know. They must have already covered it. Or they must be bored. I have no fermented understanding of human news or media anyways.”

“When?” Gustavo asked, still there.

“Now.” Wilma smiled, putting her hands back in her sleeves, but also twisting her left, and spawning a wooden table about four by four feet with cylinder legs going up by two feet, just three feet in front of Gustavo, with a white plate having a dead dog on it, all ready with flesh and blood still running through and stopping, as if it just had its heart and brain die.

Shellia busted out her scramble of notes, and looked at Wilma, who turned off the television by snapping her fingers, then letting it disperse into white air, and peered over to Shellia’s scared eyes.

“It is not your problem.” Wilma nodded, happily and almost inventively evil as she did it in a slow manner. Gustavo was already digging into his food too.

The rest of the night, we showed Geunrf internet culture technically. Some old memes, what not to say, why you should actually be allowed to say it, and other things. Then nighttime came, and Guernf pointed out with her right index finger that it was ‘9:18 P.M.’

“Imagine being tired.” – Me, who is restless at this point.

“What?” Geurnf asked, wondering the reference for my comment.

“Me and Wilma can make our brains wake up at anytime since we control particles and can move them in ways to help us in little knacks like sleeping.” I told, dropping exposition to my furry friend.

“Thanks- exposition dropper.” She chuckled, and Ryutyu also did as well, but inside.

“Anyways- I guess now you go back to your auto-generated home and sleep.” I smiled even more, wondering if she would like that snarky game comparison.

“I guess I do… thanks- Ryutyu, Eighty-Three- for showing me this screen for way too long… (She gets up from her chair and starts walking off,) I didn’t even get to talk to Gustavo as much as I think Wilma would’ve liked- but I can later…” She nodded happily and left with consideration towards networking.

“Have a nice sleep!” I waved over with my right hand to the lime-green female.

“See ya’ tomorrow, bruv!” Ryutyu copied my movements with.

Geurnf headed up the stairs and to Shellia sleeping face-up on my bed, as Gustavo was snoozing on the floor on the right of the bed-entrance side, with little sparks of blood still in his purple fur. Geurnf did not notice this small detail, and continued on, out to the front door, where Wilma stood, opening it for her.

“Thanks… now do I just do this everytime- just go across the street and hope nobody sees me enter my home?” Geurnf asked as she stepped outside.

“You can do that. Just tell me if anybody DOES see you.” Wilma whispered, as my baby brother could be heard crying in some other room, and my parents were going over to assist, whilst my other brother was on the couch with his tablet, looking at some videos.

“Okay… have a goodnight.” Geurnf stated happily, backing away, and then walking off to the dark blue sky above.

Wilma waved with her right hand, before dropping it, and then looking down towards the brown rugged entrance mat before our front door.

“What is that creature?” She heard somebody ask somewhere else. Then she heard some clambering of words in whoever was this male figure’s mind.

“I dunno- but it came from ████’s house, so shoot it already!” A female voice intending upon, making Wilma look up and around for any signs of this foul language.

Wilma hovered quickly forth, making her nine tails sway back and forth eagerly, as she rose to the skies after getting out of the white pillared ceiling in front of the front door. Geurnf did not notice anything behind her, but Wilma then looked right, towards the voices in her head, seeing it was the Plague Doctor and Blue Backpack. There were on top of a house, all the way at the turning point of the road that led to the circular round-about at the end. Wilma shoveled her right arm out, and then launched it off at a fast speed. Her armpit was no more, as the arm was gone and now there was only left the blood stopped and un-falling of her own gravitational pulls.

Her arm swished down towards the Plague Doctor, hitting his black sniper rifle’s handle, with had his right hand equipping it as well. It blew off his hand and made the sniper rifle crunch as the speed devoured the house’s materials to the floor and Wilma’s arm was pulled back, almost indenting the ground, which was eventually tortured by the dropping of the wall and ceiling, but also the shattering sniper rifle, all collapsed because of the three-hundred-and-sixty-one-miles-per-hour arm that just destroyed them.

“Augh!” The Plague Doctor cried out, as the blue backpack hopped back in a stutter, looking towards the almost-perfect wrist-taken-off action Wilma performed, which was leaking tons of blood down onto the crumbling roof that the Plague Doctor was now moving left to avoid.

“Holy shit!” The Blue Backpack exclaimed, awing its top flap at the excessive pain the black doctor was going through.

“Ay- what the!?” Geurnf exclaimed, looking over to the shrieking man of black pulsing over on his side, and holding his bleeding wrist with his other hand as if that would save him.

Then Wilma twisted her left hand, and a pile of spikes erupted from the roof top, impaling the man in his chest, and the backpack straight up, making it gag just a smidge as it viewed the floating woman.

“Uh- a- wa- uh- (She looks to her right to see her house, then to her left and then up to see Wilma,) W-Wilma!?” Geurnf asked, looking back and forth for reassurance that she was in full awareness of the situation.

“Yes?” Wilma asked tired, and almost depressed she had to do work to kill those two assassins.

“What- what the fuck just- just happened?!” Geurnf exclaimed, looking up towards the bleeding bodies and male plus woman yells from inside the home, as they saw the blood pour down, through the crumbling hole.

“A little of everything has happened for you today. And be glad it has. It shows that there may be bad guys at any time. You must always be prepared.” Wilma sentenced, hearing the ladies call out to call to nine-eleven.

“You- you just killed them in an instant…” Geurnf said, not at all caring after a second, but rather being astonished yet thankful.

“Indeed. They were going to snipe you.” Wilma nodded over to the lime girl cat.

“Uh… okay- thank you! But… now what?” Geurnf asked, wondering if anything was of great consideration to do now.

Wilma instantly confused her face and whipped behind herself from her left. She saw a blue-square portal leading to the universe script, with a Steel Terrorist having black goggles and pulling it up in front of his gas mask’s eyes. He was looking at the impaled bodies, then slowly resorted over to Wilma, then Geurnf also looking towards them now, and then the portal closed, taking a maximum of six seconds to complete.

“Wha- what- who were they?” Geurnf asked, calming herself down, thinking they were friends as they did not attack.

“The Steel Terrorists. It seems they will reset the universe- (Then the white fade from all corners of one’s vision comes in,) now…” Wilma stated, and when finishing, started to smile and nod at her friend.

“Oh my goodness- will this be normal?” Geurnf asked, calming herself down as much as possible.

“Yes.” Wilma said before she was yet again holding the door open for Geunrf, who was a bit frazzled to go outside. Instantly, Wilma directed her body to skim over the land and just hover so she could view the house again. She saw the Plague Doctor and Blue Backpack already looking and fritz up and then back away on top of the house, scared once again. Wilma lifted her left hand high and brought the two minds insides bodies up and then placed them shriveled straight up in front of her, standing as if they were collectible toys, all with their arms straight down and backs straight up, and yes, that went for the backpack looking quite still… damn, I am wordy. She then turned around quite instantly and lazily animated, then gave Geurnf a left thumb up, and she stepped outside cautiously, speed walking up to Wilma. She was going to ask a question.

“What happened?” Ryutyu asked as he came up, wondering what happened. Yeah, I just repeated what the character said- cry about it. And then I also came up with a smile on my face.

“A little failed attempt from our enemies on our new friend.” Wilma worded heavily bad. We all looked at the mouth-closed personnel, just standing there, stunned and idled against their wish. Geurnf was on the verge of continuing her question, but Wilma looked down to her and just nodded away.

“Give me them, Wilma. I want to try a few things on that Plague Doctor’s brain, and then search about that anatomy of a backpack...” I stated, smiling, and creeping out from behind the shallow Ryutyu.

“Okay.” Wilma smirked back, then turning back to them in her meme-like way, and then swishing her right hand to the right, and they were transported in the same lazy-meme-way just above the ground, hovering without leg movement at all, and down to our surgery room in Ryutyu’s basement room.

“Oh- there they go.” Geurnf almost laughed, giggling at their sudden out.

“Yes- Wilma got lucky to use her powers at such a time… it would have been worse if she could not, as that multiversal Oliver turned off our Humanitor with a lock on it, but still… eh…” I started to trail off, speaking to myself as I went back over to the Ryutyu with his wagging dog-like tail.

Ryutyu just nodded over to Geurnf and Wilma as I entered and Shellia showed up with Gustavo behind. They looked up to me and then looked back to the silence of everybody starting to stare at Geurnf.

“What?” Geurnf asked almost funnily but awkwardly outwardly.

Wilma shrugged, smiled, and we all left away in a humane walk, except Gustavo, because he was a cat. Ryutyu, though, waved to Geurnf, and then went inside, as Geunrf waved to him a little with her right hand, then rushed inside her home and stared out the window for about seven seconds, seeing nothing new, and then heading off to bed with unpleasant emotions.

That night was pleasant for me though- as now I had something unique to test with. I was in the surgery room that night, with Wilma. She had moved all of it into a gaseous form, and made two black chairs, stern and straight up, placing the plague doc in metallic restrains cursing his blood flows in his wrists, knees, thighs, and upper chest. The backpack simply had one crunching it around the entire thing, just in front of the front flap.

“Also, thank you for making them unable to speak. That really truly helps.” I stated to Wilma, after getting my tools from the workbench behind the two captives.

“You are welcome.” – Wilma, with nine brown tails and brown hair and brown fox ears and a blue wardrobe with long-sleeves like an old Chinese man would have.

“Now- try to make them have nightmares, like the ones I am thinking of in my mind- instantly, with just a twist of your hands.” I ordered my great friend to do.

“Okay…” She said, then did, and the red glitch just phased out in front of her right hand, not her left, as she did it with both.

“Dang- now try removing enough of their heads so we can easily get to the brain or something…” I asked of Wilma, who repeated her notion of hands. Once again, the Red Glitch stopped her, yet the two were stuck.

“Dang- but, on the bright side, they are still stuck in your past power-move, and we get to learn how to make them think differently with our hands and some tools.” I stated, almost laughing at the process in which I was about to complete. Wilma nodded and went over to the workbench to grab other tools I had not fitted into my two hands. “If only I could also make some extra hands with my powers too…”

“The Red Glitch hates probably hates us both anyways.” Wilma smirked and stated to my waving cat tail.

“Yeah, you remember when he came down to my school and spoke to me like I was your parent and you were a loose child?” I remembered and asked funnily, assuring her I also disliked the event.

“That was really embarrassing… never make me think of that again…” Wilma wide-eyed and smiled, as I started to cut into the flesh that made up the Plague Doctor’s features, including his hat. I did it a slice at a time, until I hit the brain, which was after peeling four layers off, with the blood stopping because Wilma’s powers still worked there.

I sturdily and steadily studied how I was supposed to complete my test-subject test. I continued to use my tweezer to get inside the brain.

“First, we should start with the basics. In order for a good nightmare, he should know be sleep-paralyzed; which means-” I started to say.

“I know what that means; tell me more medically-specific stuff.” Wilma altered me to do so.

“Well, the patient should be in rem sleep in order to have the best nightmare possible, and also have before-hand imagery to create such. I tend to move some inside his brain using my darkness, (A dark, fully black hand comes out from under my dress with a new and fleshy-pink parietal cortex as I tweak with the motor cortex, which is on the frontal lobe of the brain,) oh, look at that, the Red Glitch did not stop me there… it is like he is watching…” I joked around during the tense surgery the Blue Backpack had to sit through and listen to as she herself could not produce a single sound either.

“What else?” Wilma intrigued upon in our brain surgery, as she was just standing there, waiting to hand me any tools. I took the parietal cortex and placed it on her right hand, which also had medical white shining scissors in it…

Okay, so, I know you may not care for all this medical terminology and such, so I will skip past all this blab for you and get to the good part.

Me and Wilma were now strapping the slices back onto the Plague Doctor’s head with stitches of black and using a needle of metallic white. After we finished, I ask Wilma to do another magical thing, which was just manipulating particles to create a machine.

“Wait- try to see if you can make a camera to show ME, at least, what he sees currently...” I asked of Wilma, knowing full-well she knew, because she could still read minds. She waved her right hand at the workbench, and then came a small screen, grey and box-like, just like a television screen that only used DVDs. It had no DVD-inputter though, and played what was in front of the doctor’s eyes in four-k.

“Nice.” I smiled, nodding, and rubbing together my bloody hands.

“He currently feels isolated and confused on why the lights are buzzing so heavily. He is also bewildered that we managed to put him in this dream. He also dislikes that we did surgery on him without putting him under.” Wilma started to say, and I started to un-care.

“Alrighty, thanks.” I nodded, understanding that she was going to go on and on.

“And the blue backpack is now crying for her life.” Wilma pushed into my mind as I saw the Plague Doctor look furiously around in confusion and desperation for something different, not currently walking or running anywhere, but instead analyzing his surroundings.

“Alrighty- leave her be. I will take her apart later…” I said, starting to say something else, but thinking of it was enough for Wilma.

“There are no monsters. He can not hear us as well.” Wilma sentenced together quickly to appease my smile.

“Can you make some?” I asked with an arising embrace for my insanity.

“I like the ones you have already thought about. But let me try some of my own...” Wilma laughed, waving her right hand, making a new brain piece, and shoving it into his hat and then head by moving the particles to make a hole, and then moving them back in, and spawning in some creatures in front of the Plague Doctor.

There were eight-feet humanoid creatures amongst the ten-feet up ceiling of white lights, and these creatures were made of metallic black with many eyes scattered around their smooth, faceless bodies. Seven existed just a meter before the doctor, and then ran at him a little less than his speed backwards.

“Bruh- those are so basic.” I told, distinguishing my own sudden thoughts from my giggle straight afterwards.

“He is still running though!” – Wilma laughed. “Anyways...”

Wilma hovered her left hand over the television screen, spawning another brain, then snapping her fingers and letting it hover into the same hole-in-the-head process and update the Plague Doctor’s brain…

***The Plague Nightmare***

The black plague doctor, under rem sleep and running away from an in-sleep fatality, was quicker than the basic structures of spookiness trying to chase him. He whipped around many corners, walls, and ran even quicker down long halls. Everything around him though, was empty. The rug he ran across was a darned dark red, having strings poke up in random places, and have the uplifting smell of a dusty-old carpet. The walls were a pure and shiny brown wood with planks being four feet high and two feet wide, going up and down from the ceiling to the floor with no cut off. They just intersected without a pillar to amaze the fashion of this intriguing map. Then the ceiling was just a pure popcorn-white ceiling, flat with circular metallic about three feet wide and tall, having their hole in between, being two-point-five by two-point-five feet, allowing the hemisphere white bulb to emit its loud and blaring glow onto the many entrances to entrances of new rooms. These light bulbs were spaced apart by seven feet.

“As if this night couldn’t get more torturous, it seems I am in a repeating run for my life… maybe I should fight back and see how strong these sudden demons are…” The Plague Doctor said to himself inside, running far and looking back to see nobody as he cornered himself between two exits of the one room, he landed himself upon.

The Plague Doctor looked back and forth cautiously yet crampedly. He was induced in knowing where any creature might pop up, and then he would strike, having his fists slowly raise every half-a-second.

“Imagine trying to fight back… well, come to think of it- he should. If we give him a false hope that maybe if he defeats enough creatures he can get out, and then we just reset him, that would be outstanding…” I stated, figuring out a way to further ruin the doctor’s sleeping life. I was sitting in a nice red sofa chair, on the left two feet away from Wilma in her own blue sofa chair, with both her hands in her sleeves. She also watched the television with delight.

“Imagine not inspecting the anatomy of a living backpack.” Wilma giggled against me. I also drove out a slight giggle.

“I have immense amounts of time. Plus, I want to see the doctor’s first reactions to what we have put forth against him… I wonder what a doctor like him would feel fear towards as well…” I told, sitting with my left leg crossed over my right.

The Plague Doctor then saw a sudden flash of the Purple-Haired Cat Girl run through the walls on the left side, blurred and quick, leaving his sight in under a second. Although he could barely make out a reference or appearance, the Purple-Haired Girl was quite different now. Her mouth a squiggly line of flowing blood than entered back into the pure white face of skin on both ends. Her eyes were also now red and awakened tiredness, darting around and not focusing on anything. Her hair was bulging all around and flying as she jumped through the walls, and on spots of her arms and open legs, the hair dilated in circles before being sucked back inside her now-albino skin. He whipped around to throw fists at it from the right, but saw the entity already phased away, as she was only a blur that frazzled the doctor to look suspiciously and angrily over with his fists still intact.

“Well- if that Eighty-Three kid and fox girl are hearing me now; you’re flashy-jump scares don’t drive adrenaline in me.” – The Plague Doctor bravely stated.

“Do you know where the other monsters are?” I asked Wilma rather quickly, wanting to know how close we were to another quick scene of his.

“I… can not think of it… all I see is the Red Glitch boxes and stuff…” Wilma spoke, driving out her own voice as she was confused and scare for her mind now.

“The Red Glitch can also block what you may see inside somebody’s mind? How rude…” I asked, disliking the thought of that.

“Indeed…” Wilma nodded, having a moment of silent sadness before refraining back to seeing the test subject.

The Plague Doctor decided to head to the left and came across a four-way intersection. There, nothing else could be seen or heard, so after four seconds of analyzing everything around him, he decided to go left again, but now walked instead of running. He came across a corner leading right and went forth from the blocky tunnel towards the new block tunnel with the same features. He started to creep down, seeing something new. A singular black cane, with a metallic and shining black bulb at the end, about a foot wide and long, un top of the cylinder cane being four feet long and two inches wide. It was laying horizontally, with the bulb facing right, towards the new corner leading somewhere else in front.

“I see what this symbolizes.” The doctor said, after looking keenly at the object in the middle of the floor. He looked back to his past walking way quickly, then quickly back at the object, then offered himself against the left wall as he saw the right turn to another hall and then left again.

“Does that lead anywhere?” I asked Wilma to explain as the Plague Doctor picked it up furiously quick.

“Just to another intersection.” – Wilma.

The Plague Doctor then crept continuously forwards to the next four-way intersection. He went right, looking back dreadfully as if something was to be there, and then back around again after taking time to look backwards. He turned again to see a blue backpack existent. The blueback was the same I currently had tied up, and the Plague Doctor peered around before he came forth to it.

“Here we go…” I smiled, ready to look forth to his networking with it.

“Hey… are you the same backpack that is my ally currently tied up?” The Plague Doctor asked after four seconds.

“Oh- yes- but no. I am just a helper here to guide you! Currently, in order to get out of here, you need a key to a door you may or may not have already found- and you acquire it by meeting the red backpack.” The backpack canonically voiced out of its top zipper.

The Plague Doctor sighed. “How-”

Suddenly, a dyslexic red arrow of blood now pointed to the corner, and then another going left, instead of right. “Follow the arrows.” The blue backpack stated, turning itself slowly to face the arrows quite squiggly in the rug ground. “Also- as I must, I need to give you a hint to a nearby creature.”

“Like the purple-blur that just passed me by?” The Plague Doctor asked willfully looking around to see that it was not a diversion.

“There is one closer. Eraoa, a monster of different tactics, is currently crawling the lights, waiting to come down into a physical form and kill you once you are near enough.” The Blue Backpack said before suddenly vanishing without a sound.

“Oh… uh… was that supposed to put fear inside of me? Just a blatant disappearance of physical form doesn’t put anything but confusion in my soul… and now I also must watch out for the darkness girl stolen from school… can you hear me, Eraoa?” The Plague Doctor called out, being braver than expected from me and Wilma.

The Plague Doctor looked up towards the lights and saw nothing emit a different form amongst themselves. He decided to look around the corner of the red arrow to see darkness fidgeting in the light in the middle of the hall, making the light sliced on where it travels. The darkness, being a two-dimensional wavy image of Eraoa with a devilish smile in an A-pose, came across the lights as if they were connected, like waves in the ocean. The Plague Doctor backed up and around the corner, dodging the slow comer.

“I hope that death does not have its commutative properties towards my true form outside this nightmare of referencing beings.” – Plague Doc when wondering about something else possibly creepy.

“Why is he talking like that?” Wilma asked funnily, but yet confused.

“To sound smart.” I stated, then leaving it to Wilma to understand yet again what the plague doctor of full black was doing as he sprinted away.

Around many corners, continuing as much as possible to relocate around as if these halls circled, he ran endlessly without a hard breath. About after the forty-eight corners, he turned in a four-way intersection and then stopped promptly, looking back, and then around.

“With all that in mind, I have still failed to come around to the red arrows. And I wonder if this may be the same intersection, I had been in beforehand… I do dislike the same reoccurring themes here, my fellow enemies possibly watching from above…” The Plague Doctor insisted on saying, directing to us.

The Plague Doctor then shifted in front and went down all the ways he could right, sometimes not being able. Eventually, as he was continuing down these dark paths, he heard laughter amongst the walls far away.

“Wait- besides my open monologue of dying sanity towards the abyss of caring beings, as this torture amongst these repeating tropes will not end- I hear something else maliciously laughing. Could that possibly be my friend’s voice? And if so, could you overseers please stop brining real life forms into this abundant world? I would have an easier time if such hallucinating demons would at least not try to be scary to a man of no fear.” – Plague Doctor saying everything out loud.

“What?” Wilma laughed at the dark doc.

“He is either acting quite brave with an elegant choice of words, or truly is untearable.” I stated towards Wilma.

“And I see you are also following his speeches?” – Wilma.

“I like that we have an antagonist that is not constantly yelling American-slurs at us.” I spoke, obviously referencing the obvious big bad.

“Heru.” Wilma whispered to herself after she giggled.

The Plague Doctor continued away from the laughter, but then noticed during his running session that he was getting nearer to some clanking metals. The clanking metal stopped, and so did he, for a solid four seconds, before it clanked again and now towards him.

“If only I had waited for that demon of Eraoa to move away from my clear path of arrows, then maybe I would have a chance at not seeing these likes of these monsters come to me without a hearable hint besides my running shoes.” The Plague Doctor said, hearing the metallics bust out and move faster towards his location from afar.

Out from across the corner came Miss Opium. But, she was different as well, as now she had a giant hole for a face, where no light shined in. Behind her were her metallic arms, holding her up. Then, as she came to stare at the Plague Doctor ready to fly off back, a few Monaco balls popped out from her hole of a face, jumping out and plopping onto the floor into a bloody sludge, that then built itself up into its spherical form again. Many Monaco balls came out, and started bouncing a foot by foot over to the doc.

“Overseers that may be still there- I am taking note of this monster.” The Plague Doctor spoke, then fucking off back into the halls he once ran past.

“Is he trying to make us mad or something?” Wilma asked, wondering why he was saying such things.

“As I have said, he might be putting an act on all of this, because I guess he thinks that we are trying to scare him. That is good though- as now he has the wrong response to everything, and it will kill him eventually, and then he respawns, and will slowly get the idea that this is actual a repetitive torture rather than a scare-fest.” – Me, explaining to Wilma why our antagonist in captive is acting a bit weird.

“I see…” – Wilma, full name being Wilma Xeryt, or whatever.

The Plague Doctor was now running away from the Monaco balls, losing them quite instantly and getting away from their presence quite well. But then he ran near the incoming Eraoa in the ceiling’s lights, and stopped, then turned back and ran a different way down the T-intersection. Then he came closer and closer to another noise.

“God help me that this be a helping-hand.” The Doc said in his sprint.

He came forth to a noise of rattling, finding a snake. But not any snake, as this had the head of Molly. Molly’s head had no jaw on it, and she peered up to the doc’s glasses with her big eyes. She was connected to a green snake with a blonde under chest and brown rattle of four rings at the end of her tail. She instantly started to slither quickly after the Doc took a great leap back from her.

“I have no clear remembrance of whatever you are.” The Doctor said, fowling away as quickly as he could, peering back again and again to see the snake was rather catching up to him by slithering in a straight line, and he was also having the advantage of not getting slowed down by turns. He ran for about thirty-nine seconds before coming across a brown wooden door with a golden spherical knob, the door being ten feet tall, in a room that was technically a dead end otherwise, as the room was fifteen feet wide and long, and the doctor ran up to it, opened it quickly with his right hand on the right sided knob, swung it forth outwards, and it did not budge, so he did towards himself and it came out, and then he looked back to see the snake coming, so he closed the door and held it closed for about seven seconds, waiting for anything.

Then the black doctor stepped back about four steps, before looking around and analyzing his new surroundings. Without a chill in the air, there was no wind for this scenery. He was now on bleach-green grass, darkened by the night-blue sky above without any stars, and a single white moon massively draining the space in the sky. It got larger and larger every second, and it took the doctor a full eight seconds to look up and see so. Around him were tree trunks of brown oak stretching fifteen feet up high, but having branches leech out anywhere, up to seven feet out, with smaller branches giving off pure green leaves the shape of a triangle, purely the shape of a triangle. He looked at these leaves after the night sky, and saw their considerable shape, before darting his senses around towards the absolute darkness everywhere around him. The moon shown some light through the openings of the seemingly endless forest.

The doctor then went back to the door, crept around to its left side, and examined that the wall of wooden planks cut off at ten feet high and seven feet wide. They did not lead to other rooms, but were paranormal to the doctor, making him conceive it for a straight seven more seconds.

Finally, the doctor looked around, only hearing the slight wave of leaves and branches. He clutched his weapon unused and looked about.

“I do not think that this crane would’ve come in handy anyways, but at least I retain it now.” He stated, happy that he had something to hold onto. “Oh Eighty-Three and fox-lady, give me the knowledge of where I must head onto now!” He praised up into the air with both his arms stretching as high as possible before he clutched them back down and walked further into the forest behind the door.

The Plague Doctor continued amongst the grasses without bushes, past the branches unfragmented by broken logs nowhere in sight, and all with the sense something was around in the darkness he very rarely deemed to walk in. Instead, he followed to spots of light, looking around in the dark moments as if to see something when his slight humane night vision started to key in.

“Must I survive till the moon takes over the sky?” the doctor whispered and asked as he looked up to see the moon still growing. He continued walking, but a little slower and quieter now.

As he went deeper in the forest, towards more light spots, he started to hear clanking afar. A different and more elongated sound of metallics banging against each other- running a machine perhaps. He stood still as the sound came closer to his left. He turned his head quickly to find only darkness was still there, but the sound was going forth the way he was.

“THERE YOU ARE, FUCKER!” Heru smashed into the atmosphere, jumping out of the forest’s shadows, and coming after the Plague Doctor from his right. To explain Heru’s shape is quite disgusting, I guess. Heru was now filled with tumors ravaging his arms and legs and chest. They bulged through his red tuxedo shirt, breaking through and showing a swelling and hairy skin of white in some spots. Heru also had long fingers with long nails of white, each about five inches longer. His shoes were no more, and instead had white splats- literally. He still had his black pants with a buckle- no handkerchiefs anywhere- forgot to say that- but I thought he should have eight spikes pointing out from his legs end, making it seems as they curved off into a rounded square, yet also deformed to have two spikes on each side come out allow him to step greatly down with force, balance, and a flower-like ambience to what those white spikes were. Better drawn than spoken off, as I should say more often. And to conclude this monstrosity of the main antagonist here, I also added actual eyes inside of his already-eyes. In the darkness, his white glowing eyes were no glowing as usual, nor were red, but instead hosted the area for red eyes with black pupils to illuminate and direct the real spots he was looking at, which was directly at the doctor’s face. This monstrosity version of Heru also drooled a little from his mouth, in a way that looked hungry as the rest of his body slightly shook and vibrated constantly.

“Oh!” The Doctor said, being surprised and almost stunned by Heru’s call-out, but also backed up and started to hop over some branches before making a run for it.

The janky and shaky Heru used his legs in a roundish way to move, making him slower than the doctor, who eventually looked back and stopped in a light source. The Plague Doctor then whipped his crane bulb object out in his right hand and got ready to attack. He first swung it dramatically to the left and up, cleansing Heru’s face in with the bulb’s metallic smash, pushing the monster back. Then the Plague Doctor spun and slapped him with it again. The monstrous Heru was now angry and using his real eyes to stare down the doctor even more.

“Try me, asshole!” He shouted as the metallic clanking from the doctor’s once-left was now returning to be quite fast and coming towards him.

The Plague Doctor stretched his head left to see the darkness rumbling at him. He decided to make a run for it in the spots of light to see what was also to encounter. The Heru was then awkwardly chasing him as the doctor ran without a yell or scream.

Then out from the shadows came the monstrosity of Deandra. She was now looking very robotic and overdone. She had her normal head, but with a few changes. Her eyes were closed with darkness, making it look like a hole, and her mouth was now also in a fermented sad frown, as her eyebrows were also saddened. Her head hung from the metallic grey and horizontal pole that was four feet long. That pole was then connected to another pole four feet long, going down to a metallic grey box with a DVD player of black in the middle of its four-by-four feet self. The box then had two poles rounded down to the floor, each pole being two feet long. The mechanic of nightmare fuel bounced on the ground and at the Doctor in a fast way. There was massive clanking of metal as the thing got closer, and when the doc looked back to see it coming at him through the darkness, he tried speeding up as fast as he could.

“That has to be something of imagination following me.” The Doc snarked at this nightmarish creation.

He looked back and saw the thing getting real close, and then opening her mouth to a very long interval, stretching all the way towards the ground, as the Heru behind continued as fast as he could. The Deandra head swiped from his left to right, and the doc zigzagged to the left front to dodge the furthering Deandra head. Then the Deandra head started coming back to swipe from right to left, but the doc looked behind, saw the Heru far behind, and then stopped immediately, making the machine miss and try to stop itself. It had to turn around to start jumping again, and the doctor started going a different way as the head almost reached towards his stopped pose.

Then Ryutyu came in as the doctor continued running from the swiping head of Deandra. He saw the screen with me and Wilma watching carefully, as well as the blue backpack tied up, and the plague doctor under.

Wilma twisted her head around instantly, three-sixty-ing it.

“Yes?” She asked Ryutyu, trying to make herself look like the person with the upper social level currently.

“Uh… ya’ guys okay?” Ryutyu, worrying that I was not going to turn around. But then I got up and turned around towards him.

“Yes, Ryutyu. Are you getting to bed easily?” I asked, uncaring for what was around me, and Wilma switched her head back into a humane way.

“Yes- but… I don’t know… about all this… this… torture stuff…” Ryutyu said as he came in, leaving the door open to Gustavo behind, wide and awake.

“They deserve it?” Wilma told.

“How did you know?” I asked Ryutyu.

“Oh- Gustavo here just told me you wanted to do such…” Ryutyu said, looking back to the purple sitting cat.

“Well, have no worries, Ryutyu. This is just against our enemies. We will make sure they get back to their orderly lives and tell Heru’s allies not to mess with us. As you can see, we are currently watching the Plague Doctor go through a series of monstrous entities I have related to. Then I will be inspecting the anatomy of the Blue Backpack by dissecting it alive, then putting it back together, and allowing Wilma to let if off back to Heru’s crew.” I told truthfully, without a smile.

“That… uh…” Ryutyu started to say, a bit weirded out by the television showing Deandra’s head chasing the Plague Doctor through the light spots of the dark forest.

“Is quite a weird way to handle our situation against Heru’s allies- but if this does work, we will not try this again... and also- You know what they have done to us anyways… this is just like what God has always said to do; ‘Treat your neighbors as you would yourself.’” I paraphrased strongly from the Bible.

“I thought you didn’t read thy Bible a lot.” – Ryutyu.

“Well, remembering your entire life comes in handy. My grandmother read me that scripture when I four years, three months, four days, twenty-three hours, thirty-nine minutes, and forty-nine seconds old, and last time I saw it was when I was twelve years, four months, twenty-eight days, four hours, and three minutes and thirty-two seconds old, on May the twenty-eight.” I summarized for my intriguing quotation of scripture.

“Thanks bruv, real-important descriptions there.” Ryutyu smiled and giggled at me smiling descriptive tongue.

“Hm- yes.” – Me, nodding, yes.

“Well, I guess I just don’t feel right about most of this, that’s all… I mean, ya’ right, they did horrible stuff- so, I’ll guess I’ll be gonna’ go back to bed then…” Ryutyu nodded and agreed towards.

“Do you need me to join you?” I furthered with intrigued happiness.

“No- but I originally was coming to see where you were. Then Gustavo said he could hear the ‘torturing inside.’” Ryutyu remarked upon for the purple cat with an obvious evil tone and a left fist to show he was sarcastic.

“Aha-ha.” Gustavo laughed stalely sarcastically, with Ryutyu smiling.

“Have a good night guys!” – Wilma, waving to Ryutyu’s sleepy brain.

“You too!” Ryutyu nodded and exited away with.

Wilma then looked at me as I sat down and Ryutyu closed the door and Gustavo stayed out there.

“Are you sure you are going to stop? I mean, I like it.” Wilma sneakily smiled.

“Heh- I should. Ryutyu would like a normal friend still- he must be worried for my past without him still… but… Wilma… look at me… these things need to be secretive now. I think I have played my cards correctly. I did not expect Ryutyu to come in at such a late hour, but now since he probably thinks that we will stop this sincere madness, we should move these captives into a secreter location.” – Me to Wilma with a smile.

“Insanity. You know you are insane and continue to act for it. What a personality you evolved…” – Wilma after nodding nicely and returning her eyes to the running doctor.

“Well, you know what Heru’s allies have done to me… I think they deserve it back in some way…” – Me, me, me, me, me.

“Yes.” Wilma smiled and continued to happily view the screen.

The Plague Doctor was still running away from the Deandra bot, and did so for another thirty-one seconds, before the moon had overtaken the sky, and all of sudden all the trees and such grass were removed to a green slate of concrete, in which a simple wooden door with a metallic grey spherical knob was placed sixty meters from the Plague Doctor’s position. The Plague Doctor was almost stunned by the event, and almost tripped, but caught his legs with the help of his eyes and kept on going, now towards the door in a zig-zagging path to dodge the unspeaking Deandra behind him. He looked forth to it, and then around, then back to dodge Deandra’s random left or right attacks, finishing the fourth left-attack now, and then seeing nothing else but the endless green concrete as the moon was the sky now, emitting a white glow onto all and having craters show like stars now.

Me and Wilma watched intensively as the Heru chased the Deandra chasing the Plague Doctor. He was looking around for anything new, and only found the running purple-haired girl darting across the horizon to his left, and then suddenly disappearing as well. Then he was coming upon the door, and it opened for him, revealing an inside of a medical hallway with red lights above. He ran into the hallway and looked back with still a run, seeing the Deandra reach her inside, and then suddenly disappear as the door did as well, revealing behind him a thirteen-meter back door of the same wood but now with a black doorknob.

This time though, the doctor just continued running, panting now. There were random medical beds scattered in front of him, and obstacle to either jump over or go around. These hospital beds were pure metal, faking the cushioned blue on top of them. They were also three feet high from their rectangular base, so the doctor had to choose between going around or not. But he did not stop running and was on a roll beyond and around these obstacles, as in front of him was a simple new door with a glowing white sphere handle. As there were only more wooden doors, now with diamond spheres and white planking on each side of the red concrete-smooth wall, spaced out every four meters, he continued running without looking back.

Eventually, after thirteen more seconds, he got tired, and looked down to the floor for a solid three seconds before back to see a new monster afar from his current location. He looked ahead to see the door and started off instantly.

The monster chasing him was the Black Backstabber Girl. She was deformed as well, being much bulkier now. Her body was bloated and filled with blood to have some dripping off her. Her face was normal but deceased with fear and wide-eyed, ready for anything. She had her own, black-handled knife in her back, shoved all the way through. Besides her shape looking like a hefty ogre, her hands were replaced with knives. Sharp and gleaming, these knives came with no proper handle, just exalting themselves from the cut-off hand, making it seem flat. They also spun in ways they chose. This girl’s shoes were also knives, now being flat and forwards from the cut-off foot. They just existed there like tape had been strapped on, but still nothing resembled to hold these knives in place but the hole they might be stuck in, inside these flat cut-offs on the girl now.

The Plague Doctor looked back only once to see that ugly form, before going forth with only the sharp clattering noises behind give him directions on where the monstrosity was. Those knives banged against the tiled floor and were as fast as him, making this run seem close to either one of them having an advantage. Then the Plague Doctor looked back and saw that the medical benches he passed started to vanish into nothingness, leaving the knife girl a straight path to him.

The Plague Doctor kept running without a view on the monstrosity having its advantage. He dodged around, right and left, the medical beds, trying to reach the door opening for him, and showing him to a room of white with another door at the end.

But as he did not pay attention to the lights above, one daring monster got to him. Besides the Backstabber, there was a dark spirit that did the same thing as Eraoa. It traveled through the left side of the lights, and unluckily the Plague Doctor was on that side. Instantaneously, the darkness spirited through the glass, shattering it above, and then darting its sharp end away in the hat and flesh of the Plague Doctor. He had no time to react, as he was just almost under it- a foot behind, and it came down.

As now the Plague Doctor would have been dead, it seemed instead that he fell back onto the floor of the first set of rooms. He bounced up cautiously and heavily, peering around to see that he was back where he started.

“Hm… if only I was there to chase him.” I spoke, wanting the same adrenaline the doctor had from running all the lot.

***Another Challenge, but not from the Bee Phone.***

Early in the morning, I was the only one there awake at my home really. Wilma had gone to my school to sit on top of the building and view for any evil specters to arise, as I stayed up all night and dissected the Blue Backpack to find out its brain was located in the top zipper, all the way at the bottom of the backpack. But now I was just in my room, in my chair, looking at definitions of many words as Shellia slept next to me, and Gustavo next to the bed.

But, alas, it was morning, and up came a message to awaken Ryutyu. His bee phone, sitting on the right of the table, near his face, buzzed twice every two seconds, vibrating minimally.

“Hm? Huh… oh…” Ryutyu asked with his closed, before gorging them open as much as he could to reveal the phone to him. He then reached out his left hand and grabbed it in a handful.

Ryutyu then looked at the bee phone, and saw the message beeping was from Cyclop, somebody he was happy to see still existed. His message read in the group chat: “Is everybody still doing well? Sorry, that I’ve been away, the Cyclopals are still against our case.”

“Yes.” Wilma then replied faster than Ryutyu could type out of his sleep.

“Ya we doing fin and we got to of heru’s allies captiv what do ya think we shoul do wit em?” Ryutyu texted with grammar mistakes uncaringly.

“I think you should make them your grammar teachers.” Wilma joked in a response text towards Ryutyu.

“dude im in bed and just got woken up by some phon sorry for the inconvince that ya still understand though” Ryutyu texted back.

“Yes, Cyclop, we have been surviving the computer’s games at a constant rate.” – I replied suddenly.

“Nice. And do you need the universe reset or anything, or are the Steel Terrorists still controlling that?” – Cyclop texted back.

“They are still controlling that.” Wilma spoke as I did not get the chance.

“Guys, Clasif just spawned in again. Now he wants ME to lift weights longer than him.” I texted, giving a good excuse for why I did not respond for a solid nine seconds.

“Hey…” Ryutyu stated, placing down his phone, and getting up. He started to come over to my room, finding Clasif already ready.

Clasif was with four fifteen-pound weights grasped by one hand each. I also had my own by then and was looking him directly in his hair that covered his eyes.

“Oh, hello, Ryutyu! I was yet again hired by the computer to do a game with everybody related to Eighty-Three, including himself.” Clasif stated, turning his head over to Ryutyu.

“Oh…” – Ryutyu, tired and done with bullshit. “Thank goodness it wasn’t me again…”

“Yes, thank you- Clasif- for not showing up at the wrong time for Ryutyu… (I look at him, nodding happily,) So I guess *we* start now.” – Me, the femboy of green.

“Yes. Let the timer in my head begin…” Clasif stated, before suddenly a sign, five by four feet, came down from the ceiling with a collaborating mesh against it, just phasing through it, being all blue with yellow Abadi-fonted text giving us an American timer starting from “0:00.”

I sighed and continued, feeling the anguish already come up as the weights were lifted up correctly, at a slow pace, but still moving, unlike Clasif doing it normally. Shellia watched and played her instrument into some tunes as Gustavo rolled his eyes and escaped outside with Ryutyu.

After a three minutes and twenty-three seconds, Clasif decided to let go.

“Okay… you win… great job…” He panted, laying them down on my floor nicely, before suddenly disappearing with the sign.

“Oh… bye? And thank you- for the weights…” I nodded as he was just suddenly gone with his sweat still staining the carpet for as long as water can, and his weights still existing, intriguing me upon what just happened.

“Hm… well… I have an idea that just came to my head…” I stated, walking back downstairs to find Wilma coming through the roof as she moved the materials to create a lengthy hole. “Wilma!” I insisted on letting her know I had a few questions.

“I never forget, but decided that maybe it would be of some importance to finally ask you- why did you team with opposing forces against us in your world?” I asked, referencing the un-obvious.

“I am still very embarrassed I tried. I wanted to make more friends. I also thought we would be done and out of there quite quickly. But now I think my needs will be met anyways. Sorry.” – Wilma, trying hard to think of an unawkward excuse.

“Just wanted to know. It was in the back of my mind for very long, and I wondered if I should just hypothesize or ask.” I smiled, seeing her land softly onto the carpet she has built.

“Anything else you would like to ask now that you are in the mood?” – Wilma, I guess.

“Mood? Like, not watching torture?” I joked back, making her roll her eyes to the right and smirk.

“I think about a lot of things, but do not always have them in the front of my mind. Another one that just popped up- is can you please make an underground labyrinth base right under this home of mine? I think I am going to need it- we might need it together- if we want to keep the torturing safe from the eyes of our innocent friends.” I stated, hopping by the clasp of my hands with draining black fingernails that would convince her from three meters away.

“But the infrastructure!” Wilma wide-eyed at me, thinking I forgot.

“I know- I know- but we can always rebuild anything as well. The chances, too, of a game taking place down there where we need the infrastructure, even, is very low as well- and from the absolute history that we have one every single computer game, me alive or not, I think we can always survive anything, because we must have plot-armor or something. Like, have you felt like we are the main characters recently? Of our own story at least?” I stated for Wilma, hoping she would endorse that with her mind.

“No. I do know that it has been quite a chanced ride though.” Wilma nodded, agreeing to say otherwise.

“Thank you… also, I hope things do not go downhill from what I just said… I hope we did not juke it or some shit… nobody is hearing our conversation, (I point at her with my right index finger,) correct?” – Me.

“I sense no minds in here.” – Wilma happily nodded back with an ease.

“Alrighty- great… we can progress in this area a little…” – Me.

As I started to walk out of the facility Ryutyu had to himself usually, and as Wilma started to follow me upstairs, Cyclop came into the machinery room, and opened it. Coming out with his nice black tuxedo, he looked towards us with the machine he had on a trolley with a wooden rounded-rectangle-at-the-end-of-the-stick handle.

“Hello, Wilma- Eighty-Three. I’ve bought in something useful- maybe- as me and the others have been rewarded this sweet machine from doing extra missions for the Cyclopals.” Cyclop told, bringing in his machine and Wilma gathering on the right side, as I did on the left of.

“An electro-magnetic-wave analyzer?” Wilma asked, looking forth to it, and not at Cyclop backing away on her side.

“It’s nice to see you can still read minds, I guess.” – Cyclop, wondering if that was still okay in modern times.

The machine was another box-like machine. It was shaped into a rounded-white-cube with black screens on all sides but the bottom, which had a blue fuzzy mat. All the screens had different kinds of buttons on them, being green or red or yellow, all in Cyclop’s language. Me and Wilma viewed the top screen, though, to display a black background with a yellow slow and long wave, one I instantly remarked upon to be like my scientific-book’s example, making it a microwave-wave.

“Here- English.” Cyclop whispered, bending down, peering to the right screen on the other side of him, pressing it a few times, and then suddenly all the circular-like texts stopped and were English. On my side, it stated, “Search,” in the top right corner, with a list in light blue boxes, firstly on top saying “Radio,” then below, “Microwave,” which was selected with a highlight of yellow over the black text, then at the end, “Jesus Waves,” and before that, “Torment Waves.” To the right was a scale, being grey and vertical with a rectangle of white currently on the top, with the text below enlisting: “Power of Waves.”

On Wilma’s screen-side were the numbers, one being in the top right, a graph of white-backgrounding with a fifteen-by-fifteen boxes in all four quadrants with two bullet-black points on a graph in the ‘-X, -Y’ quadrant, and then below it were the scaling numbers, and to the right was a bar graph over time, updating every five seconds, and then below that, a bar graph history updating every fifteen seconds.

“Thanks, Cyclop.” Wilma spoke first after squatting down and analyzing every much better than what she could see above, which was not much different because she did not need glasses.

“Not only that- but thanks for visiting. We wish you were still able to help with the team...” I told, trailing off as he looked towards me and nodding in a sigh.

“Well, it all came out okay… I guess. You guys aren’t deprived of anything that much- except you, Eighty-Three, you should really stop with-” Cyclop was starting off into with a smirk, already giving me the see-through plot of his sentence structure.

“It is symbolism. I will decide now that it is only symbolism for what I had to go through- and it also may be cool to confuse my enemies.” I stated, also laughing- almost- at my own jokes.

“Well, yeah- but you guys survived, and I still have my job, so I guess it’s as okay as it can be. It would’ve been better if the Red Eyes could still help, but, business is the industry I’m in…” Cyclop told, offering us a very nice sub-conclusion to this entrance.

“Cyclop- real quick- do you want anything, like a drink or some food before you go back?” I asked, before Wilma could even think of it.

“Just the promise that you guys won’t die.” He laughed with us.

“Do not worry, I think we have plot-armor in this story of ours.” – Me, being narratively four-dimensional.

“Ha! My dad, fun fact, had a machine named “Plot Armor,” which literally allows you to beat anything in your way; it would de-spawn doors you couldn’t get past, allow you to obliterate beings with just your mind, and make the Red Glitch listen to your demands- but it was taken by the Cyclopals for being too powerful, as anybody can use it effectively.” – Cyclop stated finally, giving us a nice way to depart.

“Damn… but thank you, Cyclop, for showing up. I have no idea what we might be doing for the rest of the day, so I hope you have a one-hundred percent chance of a good day instead.” I smiled at him, looking down at the machine and then at Wilma’s shut mouth.

“Yep- thanks guys. Hope to see you in the near future, maybe if I retire.” Cyclop left us on a cliff-hanger.

“You might retire?” Wilma asked, wondering if our Cyclop was old-old again.

“Well- I’m young-” Cyclops started to say before I interrupted.

“Yeah, he is like [Insert number.]” I stated, giving the needed information to Wilma.

“Yes- but if you guys also have all of Heru’s allies and all that defeated, maybe we could enjoy a lot of time together playing some fun games or doing a different job. You never know… anyways, (he goes,) I have to get back to the other versions of you- you know they cause more trouble than you ever could…” – Cyclop, a happy man with no ill intent, walking away towards the portal.

“Goodbye!” – Wilma without saying Cyclop’s name, yet giggling at his joke.

“Have a nice day, Cyclop!” – Me, saying Cyclop’s name in my ‘goodbye.’

“You too!” Cyclop fermented as he walked back into the storage room and into the portal, with it closing five seconds after he left back to the room of his I once slept in.

“Do not tell him about the torturing either.” I instantly reversed to tell Wilma when the portal closed.

“Okay.” Wilma nodded, getting serious, before lighting up her muscles in her face and walking forth to my room’s stairs.

As we went up, once again we were stopped, but from the inside now.

“Hold on… The Steel Terrorists are at school.” Wilma suddenly stopped to say, as if looking through something, keeping her eyes wide open to her front.

“How do you know?” I reasonably questioned after a stunning much.

“The Red Glitch allowed me to leave a miniature version of myself at the school yesternight. But I must stop my main body and stare in order to see through it. It also alarms me when weird things happen.” Wilma spoke, traveling up the stairs still, like it did not matter.

“Alrighty…” I nodded, uncaring, as the Steel Terrorists are currently known to be unstoppable, only push-able to a certain time extent.

“And now they are shooting at some random kids…” Wilma stated, taking in a breath afterwards to show her reverse-relief.

“We need to go then. Hopefully maybe we can find out why they are so random. Quickly- try to capture one if you can.” I asked of Wilma, giving her the signs that if she followed, we would both be happy with the after-put of the situation.

Wilma was quick to make a blue-outlined, square portal just in my room, surprising Shellia already on the bed. Then Wilma flew through to her miniature, one-inch-tall self currently on top of the school building. I also walked forth to see the mass amount of Steel Terrorists there, entering the building rapidly and without a care. They were like hundreds, stopping all the way at the road- so who was I to judge? They made traffic slow down at their sudden might with many yellow-outlined square portals in the sky, where few jumped down with their boots. The portals also led to some green grass patch, so it was well weird from where they were coming from.

Shellia started to play her instrument, coming forth to the edge of the building and looking amongst the tracks below, over-headed by the many troops seizing their way inside, having already crashed all possible windows. Screaming was heard inside, and so were gunshots, but not enough for a ‘big’ mass murder if they just started.

Wilma flew back with speed, bringing us back with the wind as well, over to the side hall of the school where I used to sit at for lunch. She then made a hole in it, and like termites in wood, those Steel Terrorists were flooding the halls, as only one unknown-to-me, brown-haired and purple-shirted teacher stood against the west popcorn wall.

“Where do we go?” I asked, wondering if Wilma had the will to pledge a plan. Then, her miniature self-jumped in and flew fast, going to where the Steel Terrorists were running. They went down into the choir room, a room I had barely even known to exist. Inside it was like the halls, but there were three elongated steps fitting black chairs and stands upon for music, like a band room, whilst in the right corner, away from the wooden-with-a-metallic-grey-knob door was on the left, was the composer’s grey computer with a rectangular desk facing the students, and her office chair. Inside were the special needs kids, from what I could tell if I saw them…

“They are just shooting at the corpses of some kids.” Wilma said, awfully fearful of these rapid Steel Terrorists piling up to shoot at some kids already dead. Shellia played a small riff of confusion after she said that.

“Well then…” I spoke, hoping down without Shellia. I landed in the middle of the Steel Terrorists, making a nearby teacher look at me, and then up, to the left-handed, waving Wilma without a smile. The Steel Terrorists did not mind though, and went around me, creating a larger crowd at the door, like there were without order yet lining up in such a random way to shoot the dead bodies of some kids.

I followed the nonsense that Wilma had told me off and came up to the crowd. I then shoved a guy aside, looked at him look at me quickly, and then he looked away as if his buddies did not care. I decided to shove another guy, but now to my left, and we met eyes, then he stopped.

“You guys mind telling me what the fuck you are doing at my school?” I asked, dazzled at their silence, yet their boots clamped the soundwaves. But of course, no answer could ever be provided directly from their mouths.

So, I pushed forwards, using both hands on everybody, till I got to the door, and grabbed a guy, pulled him back, he did not care after four seconds, and then I continued to find the line of shooter’s ending five meters away from the furthest in body. I also saw the tiny Wilma in the top left corner of the room, watching. I decided to push up to her, without barging into one of the shooter’s laying piles of bullets near the blood pools.

“Any patterns? Anything important?” I asked after three seconds of being with the miniature Wilma.

“Not at all.” She responded, staring at the randomness that the Steel Terrorists terrorized towards my school.

“Hey! All you Steel Terrorists, that we have given a nickname to because all of you freaks are voiceless- listen! Stop firing, they are already dead!” I raised my voice over, but nobody even gave a look, either because the gunshots were too loud or because they never cared. “Anybody!? DOES ANYBODY HEAR SPEAK!? WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING!?” I continued to raise my voice at, giving mad gestures. Yet, nobody even budge at me. “Well, we tried. They seem to be on their own thing, and I do not think we will ever the information we need from them.” I stated, giving up already.

“Uh… take away the bodies.” Wilma stuttered, trying to think of something good to do.

And so I did with one. There was this body of a tall guy, about six and a half of a foot tall albino with black hair, his left side hanging down to the left of his left eye, whilst the other part was cut nicely to be just above his forehead. He also had his eyes open to tattooed-purple eyes, the tattoos being dragons, but so many were in the same place it looked like a smudge. He wore a purple tie out of his black vest that first looked like a tuxedo, but just had four black buttons on each side of the chest with a white undershirt, no collar or hand-collars. His pants were grey jeans, and he wore brown old shoes that were definitely for walking around a campus with. His body was slim and almost inhumanely long from possibly starvation, as his hands had the muscles showing harshly like an old man’s would. His eyebrows were also black and trimmed, sorry I did not mention that earlier. And his jaw was almost pointy, but still very strong. So, back to the main part of every story, its action, I went over to the shot-and-repeatably-shot body of this male and grabbed him by the tie with my right hand and held him up. The Steel Terrorists only followed his bloody-holed body even more now. Then, from the many shots before, a guy landed three more, right next to me, none hitting me but the dead man’s collar bone in his left arm, and it fell off, expunging a lot of blood. I looked down to see about two-hundred-and-sixty-one bullets in his body’s front, so I felt as if trying anybody here would only result in the same instance; the Steel Terrorists keep shooting just the bodies. So, I turned my arm in a shell of darkness, like an oval, and then I swirled around the same body, and picked it up into the air. Then the miniature Wilma formed a red brick wall with white cream in-between all the bricks, right in front of the Steel Terrorist’s guns; a wall that went from one side of the room to another.

They all stopped and directed their aim at the little fox-woman. She made a portal back to the main, and they all shot, but then stopped as it closed rather too quickly. Yet, a bullet hit Shellia’s nearby left knee. She was three meters back, but the portal closed before she could be shot more.

Then the Steel Terrorists ripped open the portal, one guy waved his left hand by putting his gun’s handle in the right, and then the rest started shooting, and Wilma leeched back as much as she could. What she saw though, were all the Steel Terrorists now with red goggle eyes.

I peered up against the wall, making my legs turn into sticks of darkness, and saw these red-eyed terrorists go after the mad-girl for trying to stop them entirely.

“Good luck Wilma!” I shouted, and nobody cared about me. They just entered the portal and went after Wilma and Shellia, who were flying away at this point. Yet, that does not stop the Steel Terrorists.

Then I looked towards the door to see nobody was entering it, and rather they created another portal just outside, and were hopping through that. Just like insects, they were all gone in just a minute’s worth, probably killing Wilma repeatedly for what she has done.

But I, looked back, and then made a coma out of the purple-eyed kid’s corpse, and remade his guts and blood back into place to fill his body into a correct-purpose. Then, I let him down, and he coughed harshly, then screamed, making his back go as far as humanly possible before falling, and lifting his hands towards the sky with his eyes wide open.

I did not care for this instance but did another darkness-coma on another kid. This kid was a female, having a purple t-shirt on with tight black jeans and light blue sneakers with white bottoms and laces. She was black and had her green eyes open, and dried up lips, to original scream before death. Her hair was quite darkish-brown, and very smooth; quite nice and low like Deandra’s- but it had two spheres, buns if you will, instead of a ponytail, which were not giving me O-C-D, as they were symmetrical with green bands. She also had brown eyebrows, with a big nose, and smooth skin without the raspy muscles showing, like on the other kid. She also had broken glasses of black, the lenses being circular. She was also five-foot-seven.

I wrapped her up and did the process, bringing her back with a gasp and a look around before locking eyes on me, and then her friend with a wide awe.

“So, answer me this, you two- do you know what just happened?” I asked, wondering about them more than Shellia and Wilma.

“U-uh-uh- n-n-n-n-nah?” The girl stuttered as I did the darkness coma on another boy. This boy had blue eyes, curly black hair, one golden ring on each of his ears, black eyebrows, a big nose, was Hispanic-looking with big lips and his Mexican skin-color, wore a striped shirt of yellow and green with a white collar, and then blue jeans with white soccer shoes. He was also five feet eight inches tall.

“AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! NOT A GIRL! NOT A GIRL!” The purple-eyed kid screamed, pointing at me with his left albino finger.

“Hey- wha- uh- what the fuck- ey!” The Mexican-sounding kid started as he felt his shirt and then looked up to me, fixing the fourth friend of theirs. The fourth kids were a black girl with no hair, but green eyes, brown eyebrows, a big nose and lips, ears with metallic grey shining earrings, a grey long-sleeved-shirt with brown jeans and black tap shoes. She was five foot one.

“What the hell?!” The Mexican kid than yelled as he saw my right hand form another darkness coma around his friend, and finally, the teacher, supposedly.

The teacher was five foot eleven, a female with brown long hair that looked stressed and stringy, with brown eyes, no eyebrows, weirdly enough, a black long-sleeve shirt with black jeans and brown shoes with white laces. She has smooth skin as well and was crying as soon as she fell out of my coma.

“He’s God!?” The girl with glasses screamed.

“She’s a he!?” The bald girl asked.

“He’s the new Jesus Christ…” The Mexican awed lowly.

“What THE FUCK is happening!?” The purple-eyed kid screamed.

“Is that your teacher crying on the floor?” I asked, pointing with my right index finger as beatbox sounds echoed above in the sky.

“And he speaks so calmly!” The glasses girl stated happily.

“GUYS- is that your teacher?” I rudely stomped in and ordered as I heard thunder outside, and loud whiplashing.

“You guys hear that!?” The purple-eyed kid stated, not even consuming the topic we were on.

“KIDS- LISTEN UP! I got a few questions to ask, God-damnit. So, please, is that your teacher!?” I continued pointing, hoping for an answer out of these autisms.

“Ya- it must be other gods, and this guy himself is one too! Ya’ll saw those big black-” The Mexican started.

“Oh my god, do you guys have A-D-H-D or something!?” I asked them without a care to be nice about this shit.

“Yes! I’m sorry I failed you, Jesus Christ! I should’ve gotten baptized…” The supposed teacher wailed from the floor, looking down whilst on her knees.

“No- I am not Jesus Christ. I am not a God. I just happen to be hooked in with reality-altering beings that supernaturally can change the world and have optimized me to be as good as them in indirect ways. My friends up there are currently surviving their best from the Steel Terrorists that just showed up and were shooting your corpses to blood-ashes. So please, in the actual Godly name, answer me the historical context of this event that seemed to spring forth chaos.” I loudly stated towards the crew.

They all turned to the teacher looking up slowly with a shaking breath, before stopping and really viewing me.

“Are you a femboy?” She asked in her woman voice of confusion and fear, not listening to a word I said.

“Oh my god- you are the fucking most-retarded people I have ever met- do you host this class, woman!?” I continued, looking back with anguish, putting my hands in my eyes, and then reverbing back angrily, wondering if now all was out.

“I do…?” The woman cowardly stated as big explosions could be heard from above and screaming about that made everyone tremble in place except me.

“Alrighty! Finally! Now- please explain what you guys saw before those raiders came in.” I also told, hearing Heru scream from above and drop a low frown.

“We were just in homeroom, sitting down and being, (She peers over to the Hispanic kid,) slightly noisy… and then they barged in after some rumbling, and we were shot. We even hid in the corner!” The woman yelled fearfully.

“Nothing else? Like, any saying from anything else? No coincidences?” I asked, in need of knowing what randomness beheld.

“No?” – The Woman without eyebrows.

“Can you explain what the hell is happening from you view, real quick?” The Hispanic kid asked.

“Well- you see, you do not understand what I have been through! Through lands of Europe to skies of space, with power, and responsibility, I tried my best to vanish the evils from this universe- but they keep coming back for more punches and delay the royalty of peace- ight, whatever.” I started to say in the most sarcastic heroic tone ever, throwing fists into the air, and then stopping and making the Hispanic kid laugh.

“Why are ya’ speaking like that?” The young bald girl asked at the end of it.

“Alrighty- alrighty, I was joking… fucking dumbass- so, yeah, shit blew off on my part, sorry. Those guys are just random and do what they want because they seem to be unstoppable so far. So, I must say, that it will be fine for you guys in the end. The universe has already…” I started to say before seeing the ceiling lift up and shattering into shards, and then I spun around to see Deandra playing her violin harshly with a smirk as some Steel Terrorists were raining rainbow bullets at her, until she directed them at the many copies of Wilma, trying to shake off the Steel Terrorists also blazing around her. But also, above were white t-shirts, with nobody wearing them, just flying around, having rainbow-flowing circles upon circles rotating around them, as these circles made spikes fly out and at the Steel Terrorists. They were like a hundred of these white t-shirts, unmoving but holding these rings flying around them to shoot at anything else. “Aw damn, here I must go again. The multiverse is having issues.”

“What?!” The black-haired albino stated as I made my legs elongate with darkness to shoot me up into the sky, then my legs zipped up like a ruler had been let go, and I made a tentacle from my back to attack myself to one of the Steel Terrorists flying around with white angelic wings in his back. The hand of black grabbed his, or hers, left leg, and allowed me to feel the wind as the Steel Terrorists turned his or her head right to see me looking around the battlefield of the sky as my back-arm held onto her or his leg.

“Eighty-Three!? Did you get anything important?!” Wilma asked, having a duplicate turn into a noodle and then swish over to me at light speed, and hover around with me as the Steel Terrorists was shooting a white shirt.

“Of course not. The people just got shot without reason. Now, we battle as much as we can till maybe we can get a portal back into their lair.” I stated as she hovered rather fast and kept up with the sudden turns the Steel Terrorist was making, before switching around and shooting at Wilma, in which she busted off with mighty winds.

Then I let go and fell- but not to land. The white shirts with orbiting rings decided to shoot a rainbow laser beam into the ground, all at once, most likely heading at Earth’s core. Around them there tried to be Red Glitching, but they just made the diameter of their three-meter-wide pulses shorten to two meters, and henceforth the land below me was blowing up. Things started to rise with heat fueling out in different forms, and all was still so destructive upwards from the parking lot I would have fallen into.

Instead, a Wilma copy caught me, having her left hand grab my left hand, and lift me up to the skies a little ways from the invasion.

“I am not good at this.” She said, sweating in her form with her nine tails just swagging behind.

“Yes, you got the Steel Terrorists, random t-shirts with energy powers, Heru, Deandra, and the rainbow orb against you, so I believe we should head out soon.” I said to myself, not directed at her at all.

“But should we continue waiting for an opportunity to intrigue upon these school shooters?” Wilma asked almost funnily, wondering if anything would be helpful in the sudden event of destruction.

“Only if you dare.” I stated, clasping my hands as lava started to sparse out. “And also- come to think of it- you should save the kids actually. I met with them, and I think they are all depressed with their normal lives, so maybe we should spice it up just for now; and maybe the Steel Terrorists will act up even further if we do so.”

“But what if we cannot put them back to their normal lives?” Wilma asked, after three seconds of considering the deal that condensed into my mind.

“I think we can easily.” I stated, not listening to my background information. “But, still, I have not been put back together, so I guess that is not a good idea.”

“And you also just said you did not want more people to be sucked into this situation.” Wilma said, calming down and letting her sweat stop accumulating.

“Well, people will be anyways. I mean, we can just do surgery and erase their memories, and then maybe take back the universe script and make sure they no longer are changed…” I stated, feeling quite sadistic for the measures of what I was speaking of.

Wilma could only sigh as a sudden tornado of rainbow-liquids formed in the field.

“But how again do we make sure they are changed?” Wilma asked, wondering how again this all occurred without us resetting our knowledge.

“Take them to another universe. It is the threshold between the universal script’s changes when resetting.” I stated, hoping she would agree.

“Okay…”

“Plus, we could just say this was a test to see how easy Cyclop’s job could have been if he just put me back in place the instance, he got me.” I joked around, hoping in this time of chaos she would laugh.

“Sure…” Wilma nodded, and then waved her left hand down, creating a blue-outlined square portal for me to fall into, and then letting me go down to Ryutyu’s basement, where he was doing push ups.

“Oh- hey!” – Ryutyu.

Then Wilma dashed over to the white shirts and started making lasers out of her palms, red and cylinder-like, destroying the background if she missed these quick entities, going ninety-five miles per hour in a spinning motion now. Then another version of Wilma came up to that version, but this one had Shellia piggy-back riding. Then the version we were following whipped over to Heru, starting to bash away with giant fists against all odds, as the rainbow orb creating a sphere of half-transparent rainbow-liquid texturing to keep everyone in.

“We will not be taking anybody else into our problem.” Wilma with Shellia piggy-back riding, said. Then Shellia played a quick rift as that Wilma flew, towards her south, yet a Heru started chasing, so she created multiple arms, but was defied of attack when another version of herself hit into him with a left-shoulder bash, then glitched out with red boxes and disappeared as the mosquito boy mad his wings stabilize his flight again.

“Make an excuse up. I do not think we need anybody else to be fucked over by my inability to send them back home because the Red Glitch wants to be feisty…” Wilma said, obviously acknowledging Geurnf as the most recent.

“Fuck you!” Heru yelled as he rushed at the one Shellia, who played another quick and confusing rift.

Then, a white t-shirt startled down from above and picked up the autistic kids with rainbow strings exalted from its rings, this one having fifteen meshing through each other like it was nothing. The white t-shirt then had its front face a Steel Terrorist to Wilma’s right, and she looked as well, seeing the orange, one-tailed fox person, with a brown tipped tail, and brown inside of his orange ears, looked to it, and start shooting his black AK-47 at the shirt, which then light-sped up into the Steel Terrorists and made him clash into the forcefield elsewhere. Then the Steel Terrorists flew back at the white t-shirt, punching it back to the other side, but not after the t-shirt let go of the kids.

Wilma was then punched in the chest by the Heru, and just zipped by the Steel Terrorist’s tail, before the Steel Terrorists turned around to see Wilma making her hands into a five by five meter wall of rainbow-liquid spikes, as the Heru below was about to rush his head into her chest again, so the Steel Terrorists pulsed out his left hand to the screaming kids and teacher I had just made, making a few rainbow strings wrap around their left arms, and then throw them into the rainbow wall. Shellia had her legs tight around the head of Wilma, yet when hit back, had her back lean all the way back because the force was too strong. In these seconds, came the importance of her seeing another version of Wilma make five hundred portals to another universe around the Steel Terrorist, who then, as throwing the kids, accidently through them into a volcanic pit of fire with wooden beds unmalting on the liquid surface.

“CRAP!” Wilma shouted, rushing her portal-making copy into there, seeing the kids had left.

“Of fuck!” The other version of Wilma said, with Shellia holding on as best as she could, as the Heru redirected himself away from the portals and up, and the Steel Terrorists was caught by the strings of a white t-shirt, bringing him back into a fight across the map. Then she also whipped around and into the five-by-five feet portal, head-first, going down to save the kids.

Then from above, as Shellia saw, was a white t-shirt zoom up and close the portal by making rainbow-strings around it and enclosing it in himself, like the strings were hands and he was closing some blinds.

Shellia thought about this, and the upper version of Wilma spun her torso around to see it.

“Shit shit shit shit!” She almost yelled, before looking back to the other version creating a fluffy white bed with blue sheets below, making them all divulge into it by ten feet before bouncing up eight, and then divulging four, then bouncing up two, and then grasping at the hot reality they were in.

“Sorry!” Wilma stated, landing there without a bounce, but a divulge of her feet two feet in, and then her copy with Shellia landed to her left, and then letting Shellia fall behind her, safely bouncing up, as that version did a reverse-mitosis and meshed into the other Wilma with her hands up and sweat all around.

“What the hell is happening!?” The teacher exclaimed as the other screamed their heads off, looking around to the endless sea of lava currently under a red sky.

“Exactly what I hoped not to happen!” Wilma said, looking back to Shellia and then up. Then she hovered up quickly and tried opening a portal back to the fight, but the Red Glitch blocked her. “No! Fuck you! Stop it! Damn Red Glitch! Ruins everything!” Wilma yelled madly as she created multiple arms trying to snap one into existence in the sky, before she gave up after five seconds, and then took a deep breath, and snapped a portal open to me holding Ryutyu’s feet down as he did some sit-ups.

“Oh-” Ryutyu started to say with surprise before worry, all before being cut off.

“Shut it.” Wilma sighed.

“Nice job and getting the autismos.” – Me, jokingly as the autismos could not already hear from the crackling of the lava.

“I really did not want to. I tried not to. But the Red Glitch and all that mess at the school really put them with me.” Wilma stated, not lying to me.

“Ah… how funny they still were brought into our mess when we did not try… but you still lied to me, Wilma.” I stated, looking at her as Ryutyu looked at me.

Wilma crawled through the portal and dug her face into the carpet, letting her sweat drown away instead of the screams below, and the sudden play of an accordion as well.

“Eighty-Three… I just think the Red Glitch is purposely fucking me over… I do not think I will be able to get those people or even Geurnf back to their homes… I do not want people stuck here… I feel bad for them…” Wilma said, as Ryutyu looked down to see the Hispanic kid screaming at the Shellia girl, pointing with her right index finger.

“Does Shellia feel bad about being here?” Ryutyu asked after a few seconds of us taking that in.

“No. We talked.” I stated to Ryutyu, then looking back upon the back-up Wilma. “But, whatever the Red Glitch designs to be in our story is what the Red Glitch designs- or if it is God’s will, then so be it. I think that we should just go with the flow, because whether we want people in our drama or not, everybody can help when a Humanitor is presently turned on… or whatever- look- I understand why you feel sad Wilma, but I do not… I should stop talking…” – Me, shaking my head and going into a whisper as I felt the social skills draining.

“What about thy school?” Ryutyu asked after a few seconds.

“The Red Glitch stopped me from going back. All my copies are also offline…” Wilma spoke, lifting her head up and looking to me.

“Alrighty… mind getting the kids, as if that is a portal to another universe, they are already sentenced-” I started to say towards Wilma’s sweating face.

“We need to talk.” – Wilma.

***The controversial talk.***

“Eighty-Three… tell me why you are okay with more people being involved in this scheme that has been created?” Wilma acquired to say against me, as if a news reporter was her new personality trait, obviously joking, but still really in need of some context.

All I did was just stare, and allow my mind to think, as communication. I sat in my black spinnable chair as Wilma sat in a shining throne of gold with random red diamonds in un-touched spots, literally a king’s most stereotypical yet weird throne, as it was with four short legs and two arm-rests, as the back was four feet high as well, and the red diamonds were on the back of the chair, and on the vertical-rectangular legs. She sat behind the wooden rectangle that blocked my maid shoes from her black boots, for three feet, and the table was six feet long. The door of brown oak with a golden knob was behind me.

“How… what… how does she breath!?” The Hispanic kid yelled at Ryutyu.

“Helpers for non-powerful cases? Test Subjects for medical science? Information gathering out of torture? Really!? Is that how you see other people!?” Wilma slowly stated for each word as I put together a scheme of words in my head.

“No, but I think it would help-” – Me before being interrupted by one of my core friends.

“Eighty-Three… people are not collectibles that you may use for future occasions. You should not put a mindset on yourself that you can just throw them out like a toy and a child-” Wilma said.

“I understand- and I know. But we are in a multiverse where we can just use our powers to either steal or remake a person who may have been permanently fragmented, but we know that could never happen because even I could still be put back into normality of what I used to live in! Look at it like this- you make Geurnf and Shellia and those autistics kids incredible homes based on their likes and make their lives perfection- almost- but just as close so they are still assisting in events of games and such, and learning new skills and making friends along this journey-” I stated before she instantly came in.

“And then just put them out of their greatness back into their misery?” Wilma asked, wondering if that was where I was going.

“Is that cat talking?!” The brown un-bald girl stated in a yell.

“Or- you could just keep them around as collectibles, giving them the right amount of joy and friendship to learn about being vibrant in the knowledge of everything. I mean, look at Ryutyu. Or, better yet, yourself. You have crazy amounts of energetic powers that make all of useless, except me now, I control darkness, which you cannot still- but you outnumbered our powers to make us look like we were all just a couple of chumps. But instead, you befriended us and helped us, and henceforth we combined our individual powers to help you when you were in need, because the Red Glitch is an ass sometimes- with Geurnf and these people, maybe we can change them to help-” – I started to say before once again being interrupted by the, as sarcastic as a book-writer can sound, ‘all-knowing’ fox-lady.

“You sound like you want to use them.” – Wilma spoke. “People are not board games or dishwashers! They are more. They are a species like you which you must-”

“This would be such a sincere piece of reasoning if it was not hypocritical. Wilma… look at me… people are not food.” – Me.

“Your eyes are creeeeeeeeeeeeepyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!” The albino tall kid stated.

“Do not bring that up. I do not do cannibalism anymore.” - Wilma.

“You just gave Gustavo a human body part for dinner yesterday. If you are not cannibalizing, you are making others a cannibal.” – Me.

“What does that have to do with using people?” – Wilma.

“Nothing- but I will not use people. I help them. And although, it seems a bit corrupt that I am sweeping more souls into this killer situation, at least I will excel as much pain from their lives as I can, not change their personalities unless they choose so, and not eat them after they are dead.” I told, smiling at Wilma.

“When have… I… I will just… stop talking… All I have to say is… do not let it go to your head… you remember watching that one movie-” – Wilma.

“I do. I know a villain’s backstory when I see one. But my so-thought ‘corruption’ can be easily undone when the time comes right.” I told Wilma, continuing my peer into her eyes.

She sighed. “Uh… Thank you… it just feels wrong to me… that is why I wanted to talk to you.” – Wilma.

“Oh, I know. And I might have to say the same thing to a lot of others… but when we finish off Heru and his allies… we can give them the choice of their lives…” – Me.

Wilma nodded with an uprising smile of content, then a different question. “I wonder… what makes one feel unsurely wrong? Is it memories or something?”

“I never looked into the morals of the brain- but that is a very good question, I will go research that tonight… also- are you still going to create the underground basement and watch the Plague Doctor’s nightmare with me again?” I asked as I got up.

“Has he been having a nightmare this entire time?” Wilma asked.

“Yes, and I hope you recorded.” – Me, walking away towards the door.

“I will update that machine.” – Wilma getting up from her chair.

“Hey- hello again. You guys still, okay? Not too weirded out by our housecat and enslaved woman-cat still?” I joked, pointing at Gustavo then Shellia.

“What!?” Ryutyu smiled with a laugh as Shellia dawned her eyebrows at me. Ryutyu was standing my right of the group of autisms, except for the albino kid lifting up a weight and looking at it keenly.

“Ha-ha, sorry for the humor, guys. Mine is-” I started to say before being interrupted by a green-outlined square portal, making the purple-haired cat girl jump out and almost crash into me with her scream from her forest area, before I swiftly turned to her, and grasped my arms under her armpits like I was holding a baby.

“AH- wha- hey- I-I- uh- sorry.”

“What!? What is it?! Like- do you know how many times I have been randomly interrupted by the multiverse we are in? I have been interrupted by random stuff so many times… you understand how I feel- right, Hispanic-looking kid?” I asked the Hispanic-looking kid, looking over to him.

“Uh…?” – Hispanic-looking kid.

“What is it?” I then looked swiftly back to the trembling girl.

“I… just wanted to ask if I could stay- remember I saw you some time ago? (Everybody is quiet, yet me and Wilma nod,) Uh… th-the Timal Tienes just… went into my home and took my shotgun, and then started chasing me with their swords… and that was like my only safe-post away from them, so… uh… could you at least provide me with some directions to a safe place or something? Please?” The girl trembled at every word, being quite awkward in the situation of Ryutyu’s room.

I stared at her for three seconds.

“Fuck you kid.” I said with a laugh, then throwing her back into the forest by making my arms reach out and dropping her.

“Wait!” – The purple-haired girl, before she jumped back in on her knees. “Please! I need somewhere to sleep, knowing that those guys won’t kill me! It’s been seven years since they started chasing me! And they already killed my… parents…” – The purple-haired girl, looking up to me with her hands clasping together in a praise.

“Woah- it was just a joke… uh, Wilma- I think for certainty we have a new guest you will must be making a new home for.” I stated in a whisper at the end, towards Wilma’s peering eyes.

“Yes.” Wilma nodded and turned into a noodle and then went into the ceiling without a sound.

“Woah- what!?” The Hispanic kid stated. “She’s gone!”

“Eyo!” – The Bald girl.

I waited for the awes to stop before the awkward silence, and then turn to me just staring blankly at the rest of everybody.

“I think now it would be best if we gave a brief background description of ourselves. I will go first. I am Eighty-Three, a thirteen-year-old that has been tortured by multiple entities trying to gain money, who are still out there, thirsty for the cash payment still, which I am sure that is a lie. When I once was on a game, I had to wear Shellia’s clothes to get inside a secretive lair, in which I found a machine that allowed me to remember every moment of my past, and there I changed into the person I am today. Because of the electric shock I was also hit with, there was a darkness that activated in my brain that now allows me to use darkness, the absence of light. I got this darkness entity in my head from a source I will not be explaining. Now, any questions?” – Me.

“Why are you named Eighty-Three?” the teacher cared to ask, shivering in movement around everything else.

“It is a nickname.” – Me, as Wilma came back through the roof in her noodle form and gave me a thumbs up in her left hand. The kids were astounded.

“Oh… well… I’m Miss Hedheop. I- uh- teach these kids to be respectful, at least, towards the society that’ll be taking care of them.” The teacher, said, quietly noticing many eyes upon her.

“That is such a way to put it.” The Hispanic kid offered in such a detreating way towards her social status.

“Truly- do you have any mental of physical problems though?” I then adverted quickly as everything seemed to dawn to a cool.

“No?” – Her.

“Well, what about this actually-white kid I have already seen twice at my school?” I stated over, looking towards his purple eyes looking back upon us with the weight in his right hand.

“Wha?” – The kid stated.

“He-” Miss Hedheop started to say before I cut her off.

“He honestly sounds like one of my twin cousins, but please, continue with what you were going to say.” I intruded in a whisper upon the teacher stepping forth finally, but also coming up to her right and putting my right hand up near my mouth as to look like I was avoiding the soundwaves from going to him.

“This is Jared. He has autism. He was here since fifth grade and is in eighth now.” – The Teacher, Miss Hedheop.

“Same! Now, what about this non-white kid?” I said, leaning forth and pointing to the Hispanic with my left index finger.

“Are you racist, or just saying those words to piss me off?” The Hispanic kid talked back with his left hand going up to lay flat on his right pec.

“Hey-” The teacher startled at.

“Shut it, Miss ‘I pIcKeD tHe wORsT jOB iN tHE wOrLd, nOt jUsT bEcAusE iT uNdErPaYs, bUt aLsO bEcAUSe eVeRy kID aUtOmAtICaLLY hATeS mE.’” I frantically gestured in a girlish way. But nobody laughed, and rather just stared at me. For three seconds. “Really? No laugh? No he-he-ha? Not even a He-He? (I wait for three seconds, before looking back to the teacher,) I was just trying to appeal to the younger generation here- sorry, Miss Hedheop. Being a teacher is actually a widely needed job that actually does deserve more payment for such a hefty task of taking care of others, especially children that do not understand the gift of knowing such knowledge that could possibly help them with getting a well-paying-”

“When the lunch ready?” Ryutyu misspoke during my speech.

“Would you hush? All of you?! I swear… but whatever… so, look, all of you, just a heads up before we continue knowing each other- we might not know each other for much longer. I have met many people in my past, and I feel as if I may start losing those people to the forces of the universe controllers, so, please, just rhetorically laugh at my jokes, or I will take all of your heads off and place them on top of crosses that then I will be putting in the backyard of our school.” I stated, clasping my hands together and smiling at all the struck kids.

“Could you repeat that?” The Purple-Haired girl stated over in a tremble after four seconds of tension silence, looking up to Wilma as she said such.

“Bald girl, tell me stuff about yourself.” I asked kindly, ignoring the cat girl.

“I’m… uh… Marina… I… like hamburgers-”

“Okay- thank you- I see you have no matter in any situation- let us move on- other female girl!” I then pointed with my right index finger towards the other girl kid.

“I’m Teressa, and I have… autism.” – Teressa, the non-bald, black girl.

“Do you all have autism?” I asked, without a care in the world to look at the Hispanic kid.

“Everybody but Tirone.” The teacher started, looking over to the Hispanic kid.

“Yeah, I got O-C-D.” The angry Hispanic kid stated, giving his name away.

“Well… at least I can call you the autismos! (I joked, gaining nothing but awkwardness,) Huh? Heh? No? No laughs?! Oh, fuck you all. Look, the only reason I can make jokes like that is because I can fix you.” I stated to the kids, rising their attention to that.

“What?” – Hispanic Kid, Tirone.

“Fix you. I can change brains, improving them. I am medically advanced, and my friend here, (I sprint over to Wilma,) Wilma, can also easily help as well.” – Me, liking the way I spoke to them.

“Why are you acting a bit mean to them?” Wilma asked me, having a sad tone in her voice almost, with the purple-haired cat-girl also listening.

“Wilma! I just shoved copious amounts of thoughts about me being stuck inside that box by Heru into the front of my mind! I hate him still, and it is making me very angry that all the pain I suffered through was because he is such an ass about everything, and has no good justification for it! Although, yes, these kids do not deserve this kind of behavior from me.” I prescribed towards my good friend with nine tails, having a rollercoaster of calmness and anger. “Anyways, sorry to say, you guys will be stuck with us and our stupid little missions from now until the Red Glitch lightens up about you people existing in our lives. Now, Wilma will make you some rooms from her particle-powers, and I will be down here with Ryutyu and this other girl discussing a few things about one of our villains…”

Wilma nodded, and the kids looked over to her. “Here I go again…” She giggled a little, before walking up the stairs, as the kids followed because I waved them away. Then the Purple-Haired girl crept over to me and Ryutyu.

“What is your biography?” I asked of the girl who pleaded to me some time ago.

“Uh- oh- I’m Erua.” She told, looking at me putting my hands behind my back.

“And? Spill as much information as you can about yourself and the Timal Tienes. I need to know how to stop this madness before I grow even madder.” – Me, as Ryutyu leaned in his tall ears and a wagging tail.

“Um… I… well… my family… my dad, actually- not my mom, she was working at a gas station on my planet, Juwepa- My dad was an investigator, and found the Timal Tienes chasing down some other boy, before slicing him up. My dad then went into the portal they left behind and started to go around their place but was killed… then the Timal Tienes came after my mom, and killer her, and then me. I took the shotgun from under my mom’s bed, and I rushed to the police station, but before I got there, a random portal opened, and I was thrown into my grandmother’s apartment. Then the Timal Tienes came down there… and killed my grandparents… and then I shot one… and they ran away… and so I took some of his garments, and then… I… thanks for listening this long-” -Erua, the purple-haired cat girl.

“Well, I said I needed as much information as you could inform, so, thank you for telling us your backstory. Please continue.” – Me, with a two second pause in wait for Erua to then say something. Ryutyu just nodded with me.

“Well- uh- I… then used his time machines to hop back and forth and try to warn my past self, but it never helped- a new dispatch of Timal Tienes were on me- and I didn’t call them ‘Timal Tienes,’ rather just ‘Time Men,’ but is that their real name?” Erua asked us unwearily.

“Yes. We found out quite some time before I wore this dress. I was using a pen to decipher their backwards speaking and found out that they were calling themselves the ‘Timal Tienes.’” – Me, with Ryutyu intrigued as well as Erua.

“Oh… cool… well… eventually, yeah, I just started hopping into the past further and further till I came to an abandoned city and started living off it, which was in the jungle- I went back and forth with my machines to gather modernized props and all that, but… eh… as you saw me before, I started to investigate myself who these guys were, trying to kill them with guns, but they were quick… and eventually, leading up to this, after so much education and years of this, I was just found one night, and they stole my equipment, except this time box… but, yeah, during the investigations, I found they’re some sort of Biblically-off society or crew, people who probably just don’t follow the Bible or something- because I met Jesus before, when I went back and forwards in time; and he eventually told me that they were just some exiled people with an evil divine dream that kept them away from his worlds… or whatever… and they also had more machines and such, but I only got in as far as seeing their table where they ate…” – Erua, losing sadness and explaining her story quite well, I guess.

“Nothing else important or mining to describe?” I asked, using the word ‘undermining’ in a reverse way.

“Well… uh… they had like fifteen people or something one time, but… uh… I guess they don’t hire anybody…” Erua stated, almost jokingly as if we would laugh at it.

“Well, very nice to know.” – Me.

“Ya’ lady, glad ya’ aren’t dead. We’ll make sure to put em’ in jail if thy ever come hereth again.” – Ryutyu.

“Uh…” Erua started, before looking to me, and then back at the British furry, “What kind of accent is that?” She then asked without a dementing tone, but rather happy confusion.

“I dunno.” – Ryutyu.

“He constantly switches his wording from British to Australian to Normal English to whatever else sounds funky enough to be in the Bible. He just speaks that way because I guess the universe wanted him to.” I said, explaining to Erua his accents.

“Ya’.” – Ryutyu, non-sadly but trying.

“And- uh- you also speak weirdly too; I see you don’t use conjunctions…” Erua stated, feeling incorrect about her terminology of one word.

“It is something I enjoy doing.” – Me, Eighty-Three, the man with no want to say his real name in a book. “But, come on you two, I hope Wilma already finished, and is making us lunch.”

Up we all went to find Gustavo lying on the bed, before waking up his eyes to Erua.

“Eighty-Three; what is with so many people being around? Has this become some kind of recruitment center?” He joked towards me, with a wide, white-teethed smile afterwards.

“No; but it seems the Red Glitch that hired you actually thinks Wilma should not have the easiest of accessibility putting these people back into their place, so I will be taking care of them until we are allowed.” I stated to Gustavo as Erua stationed herself away from the big cat.

“Okay- but wait- tell me; do you just put them back into the school and they forget everything supernatural, or is there another process?” Gustavo remarked upon asking without Shellia in the room.

“Well, once they universe-switch, go into another universe- the universe script in this universe no longer has the power to destroy their memories through just resetting- so me or Wilma must erase their memories manually and then tries just leaving them be in their original locations. That is possibly the way to do it…” I smiled and started to remark upon, feeling bad about that being the most useful way currently.

“Okay…” Gustavo nodded, and headed back to sleep with.

“Also, Erua, did you know cats sleep for around sixteen-to-eighteen hours a day? And I have not completed a specific calculation about Gustavo, but judging by his size and species, I can say he sleeps for a long time.” I told, making Erua feel a bit unnerved.

“Oh, okay?” – Erua.

“Sorry, I just wanted to flex that knowledge on you…” I tried laughing, but instead just kept on without a smile.

***Finding out about uses.***

Erua and Ryutyu and I went out my front door to see Wilma had made the house on our left view of Geurnf’s house, the one wide and white on going up to the other corner of the street, had transformed it into a lively white and pinkish mini-skyscraper.

This skyscraper was immensely tall, being one-hundred and fifty-two meters. It has several floors, with stairs of white marble and floors of wooden deep-brown planks, cutting off against the phosphate white wall that had no windows. The ceiling was like the floor, and housed four hemispherical lights of white in each corner, and one black fan with its own white light in the middle. The light switch, as well as the fan’s, since it had no pulley system or spring, was on the right of the stairs, which instantly had a wall on its first step, as the steps went horizontally right, switching sides each time you entered a new floor, with a three by three square of nothingness to breath when you entered and exited the staircase of isolating feels. The entire building was a rectangle without much curves or design, quite literally looking like a block of white without windowing. At the top of the building was a satellite dish heading west from us, as well as a little room, three by three meters on the top right with a black door and round metallic white knob leading out to the white top. At the bottom though, was Wilma, sweating and panting with all the kids un-amused and worried for her.

“Hey, Wilma- are you okay?” I quickly came over and yelled across the road as a single white minivan drove to our left and away onto another block, instead of towards us.

“Sure…” – Wilma.

“Is she supposed to be sweaty and all that?” The black girl with hair asked, her name being Teressa.

“My powers are indefinite now…” Wilma spoke, leaning up with mass and putting her hands back in her soaked sleeves of her blue wardrobe.

“What?” Ryutyu asked as he also followed to see Wilma in need of a towel for fashion reasons.

“She has to pay a price to use her powers now.” I told my good fellow friend of blue fur.

“Okay…” – The Albino kid, Jared.

“I will be fine…” – Wilma, finally, ending the care wanted for her. She then took in a deep breath and turned around to the house. “Do you guys like it?” She asked, being confused at the appearance herself.

“Uh- it looked cool, until some random stuff happened and made the windows and decorations vanish.” The Hispanic Kid, Tirone, stated.

“Were there red boxes and black lines up there?” I asked, furthering the answer to the obvious character everywhere physically possible.

“Something like that.” – Tirone.

“Well, maybe the insides are still fabulous.” – Me, be optimistic for the home that made Wilma sweat in her powers.

“Have you guys checked up on Geurnf yet?” Wilma asked, looking towards Erua after that sentence of questioning.

“We should. Come along, Erua, you need to meet someone you may know for as long as your stay here…” I told, walking away towards the other house.

“Ight… but what happened to the people here?” The bald black girl asked, her name being Marina.

“I moved them into another house I made out in the woods over there. I sent a copy of myself to also change their brains.” Wilma spoke, being the last and far-away words Ryutyu heard as he caught up to me with Erua.

“Who’s Geurnf?” Erua asked, patiently.

“Another individual that moved in just a day ago- she had been one of the key players in our mission, and sadly the Red Glitch stopped her from going home, so we instead are allowing her to stay here, until we can get her back. I think Cyclop may have a machine for finding a matter’s past inhabiting time within a certain universe, right, Ryutyu?” I asked him, remembering clearly, but still asking.

“Maybe?” Ryutyu answered, wondering himself away into the new home rather than my question.

“Yes, they most likely do. Sorry for the trick question.” – Me, going up to the side door of Geurnf’s home and entering it.

“Hello?” Ryutyu echoed throughout the house, but without the echo and rather the loudness.

“Up here…” – Geurnf sounded from the second floor.

We went up and saw Geurnf under her blanket of brown, on her bed, facing up with her eyes closed.

“You look very tired…” I almost asked, coming forth as Erua stayed away from the big-headed creature.

“I did weights all yesterday… and some this morning… all my muscles ache, but that’s good…” – Geurnf stated, opening her wicked eyes to me and then looking over to Erua, who was a bit unnerved by those eyes and skin color. “Who’s she?”

“This is Erua- she needs our help in defeating one of our oldest enemies…” – Ryutyu stated, not pointing, but looking over to the small girl.

“Is she also staying?” Geurnf questioned rather quickly for somebody tired.

“Yes- and a lot of other kids are as well. Although, I first want to see their reactions and possible uses to our little chaotic paradise before I erase their memories and set them back into their world. I am also waiting for Cyclop to answer me about a machine that can track your universe’s number so we can send you back with certainty that it is correct…” I told Geurnf, making her nod with a smile.

“Anyways… what now?” Ryutyu asked after three seconds of listening to the silence Geurnf’s ‘sleeping’ produced.

“Back to the kids.” I stated, leaving away with Erua not taking a look back upon the creature who testified that she worked out all day.

And as we started to go back to the building that was amazing at all of its architecture, the white fade started to come in again.

“Um- the reset!” Erua told us all, giving us knowledge, she well knew of it.

“Ya’ know about it?” Ryutyu pondered back with intrigued behavior.

“Wilma! Quickly make the house resort to another universe and back so it saves!” I yelled during the behind conversation. A second before all was done, a portal, massive, and blue-outlined on its oval shape, overtook the house to a universe of purple galaxies colliding with each other to make white sparks and stars everywhere, opened on top and quickly resonated down like an elevator, into the ground, making the building conceived away, before coming quickly up and allowing the building to stay where it was and built correctly.

And like a game, we were put back into my room. All of us. And the kids had plopped down from the air they once traveled through from Wilma’s portal.

“Uh… what?” – Tirone with confusion drooling off his face.

“The universe reset- everybody. That was the first of possibly many times you will see a white fade before being placed back into a position you were once before the destruction of something realistic by something supernatural.” I explained without caution my whipping spree over to the teacher and Hispanic kid. Gustavo and Shellia were also in the back, confused, and I noticed them after the teacher seemed to look with caution towards the other girl without a mouth.

“It sucks that we do not have control over it. These guys named the Steel Terrorists reset it when they want to. They may or may not help us or the allies of Heru.” Wilma spoke as she gave a left hand to the albino kid’s right hand, obviously giving confidence to the teacher to make a comparison.

“Wait- those guys were the guys who shot us down?!” Instead, the bald black girl, Marina, getting up in a hurry, compared whilst getting up from my right hand.

“Yes- and she already forgot…” The teacher reminisced sadly, looking around cautiously still.

“I forgor.” Ryutyu funnily stated for comedic effect for me, as I noticed Gustavo and Shellia walking back up, from our right view of the stairs, as everybody else started to notice as well.

“Anyways- guys- besides Erua missing now, and Gustavo in the back with Shellia- how much of your new home did you see?” I asked, wondering if they even got past the first floor.

“Uh- We started to go upstairs, but then the universe reset I guess…” Tirone spoke, bewildered at everything being silenced so still.

“I remembered Geurnf and her home degenerating last time. I saved this home in just enough time. I did not hear your yells though.” Wilma sentenced, giving the albino a time to weirdly glance at her as she looked over to me.

“Why do ya’ speak like that?” He asked. The man’s name was Jared.

“I like to.” – Wilma towards Jared.

“I too like to speak without conjunctures.” – Me, speaking towards Jared with his black hair. “But we should we go back and continue looking at the home. I feel as if we were sentenced much farther back in time than we should have been…”

“What do you mean, bruh?” Marina asked before Erua could, because Erua was not there. He-he-ha, what has this book come to?

“Well, not only were Shellia and Gustavo in the room, meaning they were here before you guys came, but the Steel Terrorists usually reset it to a time before any supernatural stuff occurs on this planet.” I told, giving the message for everybody to feast on.

“What do ya’ mean ‘usually?’” Jared stated in a question.

“Because I think it is fully possible to reset the time to a time when supernatural things are happening. But we never do, because why waste our time messing up our universe?” I answered the black-haired albino instantly with my left pointy finger going up.

“Aigh…” The bald girl nodded in the back.

“Let us go back to your home I made for you all.” Wilma told, moving this story along. She waved her right hand forth, and nothing occurred, yet then she moved it again, and it came forth- a blue rectangular portal to their home.

They walked in slowly, taking a careful step above the portal and into the mega insides of the mini skyscraper. In front, was many white phosphate rooms with wooden doors closed with metallic white knobs.

“This feels so weird…” The bald black girl stated, and the other black girl nodded with the teacher stepping before them and looking back upon me with my hands going behind my back.

“I will teach you all the ways of us.” Wilma smiled tiredly, resisting the urge to look back upon me.

***Nighttime fun with… Elijah.***

“Fanatical.” Wilma spoke as she saw the Plague Doctor dodge Deandra’s head and escape away to the forest’s holes of light. But the forest had red leaves now, unlike the green before.

“It truly is amazing that he survived this long- a record of four hours straight!” I surprisedly excited myself over.

“Are you going to return the blue backpack yet?” Wilma asked after fourteen seconds of smiling at the tortured plague doctor.

“Why would I return one of enemies? We need to keep her here, so she never does a sin ever again in her life.” I told, continuing to smile at the amazing black doc.

“Okay…” Wilma smiled, but suddenly vanished that mouth movement off her face. “I need sleep.”

“What?” I looked back upon with confused terror almost.

“The Red Glitch… he fucked me over…” Wilma said, closing her eyes shut and slouching in her seat. “Everything is getting harder and more humane…”

“Is there any way I could morally or physically help, other than dragging you into a bed?” I asked my friend, Wilma Xeryt.

“Just let me doze off…” Wilma smirked, and then continued to lay stiller and stiller.

I sighed and watched our plague doctor run through some doors and enter a new labyrinth. This one had white checkered-with-black tiles all around, making him dizzy at first, as he swayed his head whilst these checkered moved in ways like light would. Rooms and hallways were alike the first stage, but now all textured were different.

In these rooms, he ran a lot, till he found once more another creature. It was Clasif, but the Plague Doctor could only hear his voice, on all sides of his vision.

“Sir, you must go forth and get to a place far ahead of me to survive this game that the all-omnipotent computer has set in place. Please, go right, and then left, and you shall hear my voice no more!” Clasif stated promptly, before ending his speech.

“Hours upon hours, and finally, I have gotten far enough to hear a new voice. Are you the last creature there is to all this? Or are there more references I have not come across?” The Plague Doctor asked the ceiling of white hemispherical lights, before after six seconds, he decided to speak: “Of course- not a real sentient being. My endless torture virtues to some extent of communication. If I really care to know, I monologue myself to the computer when I come across his slightly-helpful form again.”

So, for two more hours, I watched in happiness at the tortured man, and sometimes looked over to the sleeping Wilma, who still had her arms crossed in her wardrobe. Two hours, thirty-nine minutes, and forty seconds, and not a daring movement from Wilma besides her heavy breathing and little leg movements.

Then the computer once again launched a game. I was no longer looking at the screen where my little slave looked endlessly for an exit in the labyrinth of fears. Instead, I was facing Elijah, having no eyes and just darkness for eyeholes. No blood, just the missing spheres. He bounced back.

“Ah! Wha- what the?!” Elijah stated, having a darkened voice in the endlessly dark room with no revealed floor. I tried enhancing my vision, but red glitch stuff formed over my eyes, and as I shut them in response, Elijah looked confusedly into the aftereffects of boxes floating up and disappearing.

“Oh- hello again!? It seems-” – Me, noticing it was not truly Elijah’s mind speaking.

“Yes- it seems, it seems- shut up. I have planted you into another game, but this time, with a slight charm. Sorry to put you back directly into some madness, my fellow child-hunter-” The computer voiced, coming down with blue screen in a normal size to my right, as he sat roped into wooden chairs. We had brown and thick ropes, five around our chest, and six around our legs and the chairs, holding us in with our hands going directly down.

“Please- computer- stop! I was enjoying time with my brother! We were playing Igauena!” He stated, leaving me without a care to the game he was twistedly angry over.

“I know- I don’t know- but you listen here, guys. This game is a little bit of a twist. When it starts, by my command, the ropes will fall off you, and bound you two free. You both will be then expunged into a courtroom by police from the darkness, and then you two must walk out. Then immediately head to a gun store, where the guy will give you, obviously, guns! And with these weapons, you must kill the entire police force within Eighty-Three’s hometown. But do not fret; it will be real and helpful if another being like Wilma or the Rainbow Orb comes in and assists with the murders- but also fret this- nobody will know unless they come to kill, as everybody now thinks you guys are just away at the beach or something. But- (Elijah looks to me with confusion in his eyebrows, because his eyes are no more,) the twist is- if one of you die; you de-exist. So, you must work together and defeat the police force to reset everything back to where you were.” The Computer stated towards us in almost an echo.

“I might just continue working with Eighty-Three if you keep this up!” The darkness expelled in a voice to the old screen.

“Then you lose the promise of money.” The computer shrugged in his voice.

“Is there even money to be earned!? I just want to be left alone at this point…” The darkness wailed, looking towards me for reassurance.

“There is no money-” I started to say before the ropes fell off us, the computer suddenly stopped existing, and the police opened a door behind us, showing a white light to blare in. It revealed the floor to be a pure grey concrete, and behind them was the judge room of nice brown and polished woods. The policemen, besides the grey concrete walls lurking off into darkness, walked up to us sternly with their grey suits with white badges on our right. The left one had brown hair and blue eyes and was black. The second one was tanned and had blue eyes with brown hair, along with a black mustache. They tapped their black polished shoes up to us as we rose to stand in front of them. Their grey jeans did nothing for them though; I forgot to mention that they wore grey wrinkled pants that really made them look bad from a moral standpoint. “-to be gained anymore.” I finally trailed off.

“Maybe I can take your word… my brother and I are getting quite tired of the bullshittery that has been going on with everybody and everything…” The evil Elijah whispered into my soul as the policemen did nothing.

Inside was simply the lamest and most stereotypical courtroom of a cartoon fashion. Six rows of eight seats, three on each side, slightly tilted towards the three lecture stands up front, in front of the American flag vertically with its stars on the right, and the middle lecture stand being tallest by a foot, as the carpet was a pure and cozy-spherical grey and the ceiling lights were hung down by black cords to hemispherical white lights as no windows entered any light for us, and the brownly-wooden entrance doors in the back were guarded by Arty on our right, and some other black guy with no hair and blue eyes on the left. We were led up to the middle of the hallway that spread out between the judge’s station and the lawyer’s station, so we could face the man above. Elijah stood only sternly to my right as our policing guards let us free to move if we willed.

“You two accountants are here for shooting up Whale School on June the twenty-eight-” The Judge, having a white curly mustache, no hair, and green eyes, stated with his shining haircut and black robes, looking down upon some white pieces of papers scattered on his four by six feet tablet of material wood.

“Isn’t that during summer break?” The darkness Elijah asked as everybody gave no scared notice to his missing eyes, yet he looked around with massive confusion.

“Bro, how did you know?” I asked back quite quickly and laughingly. Although the Judge had no sided comrades, his presence alerted the people stacked in each chair behind us to stay stiller than a dead heartbeat.

“Do not interrupt the judge when he is speaking!” The Judge yelled with courtesy over to us, and I could only frizzle with my bones sarcastically. “As I was saying, these two are currently being accused of the school shooters in Whale School with the weaponry of two AK-47’s and… a smile on their face?” The Judge trailed off with confusion surpassing ours.

Elijah instantly turned to me, and I stopped my spreading teeth I liked to hold for copious amounts of time. “Oh- sorry man.” I laughed inconsiderably towards his smirking face that arose as the Judge peered in.

“They killed my son!” Some random said behind us. So, we looked back to see a man with black glasses with triangular lenses covering blue eyes, but not curly brown hair and dried lips with his tuxedo of black and jeans of brown with black tap shoes. He was pointing towards the holy sire that announced before anybody else- but his left index finger was no match for the Judge’s supervision.

“Sit down, Mister Buckleberry.” – The Judge in front of us.

“I swear, these computer-generated people can be funny at times.” I whispered to my oncoming frenemy.

“What was that?” The Judge asked before even saying anything within his brainy mind inside a fleshy capsule that wore a white mustache.

“Nothing, sire. You see, we did not kill-”

“Everybody, shut up! I haven’t even been able to complete the assessment without being interrupted! Just let me finish!” The Judge wailed to us all, scaring the tuxedo men behind us.

“Ha-ha, NO.” – Me, the bravest soul in that quiet zone.

“Ay; chill out, man.” The darkness of Elijah stated. The judge only sighed.

“I think my client is not responsible for the killings of Whale School.” I think our attorney stated, this one being behind us on the right without a pointing finger. He had blue eyes, was black, had black glasses with circular lenses, and a big nose, as well as jeans of blue and brown tap shoes. He had no hair though.

“I don’t think the computer knows how a court case goes.” Elijah smiled at me with his black eyes.

“Please- stop! Can we do this in a way that is formal?!” The Judge almost hesitated to say, once again proving his icy mission.

“I mean, he programmed this- and it seems to be deliciously entertaining.” I decided to speak as the other guy rose.

“Arty! Get Gilford! He was a victim shot by these wicked criminals! I have evidence.” Mister BuckleBerry announced with his finger still grabbing attention.

“Eh- watching is unfold as we do nothing is pretty cool.” – Elijah, agreeing with me in the courtroom of yells.

“Sit down, BuckleBerry!” – The Judge with an icy anger.

“Do you think now would be a good time to leave for the gun store?” I asked my good friend in the courtroom.

“Hey- buddies- we’re just gonna’ leave now- thanks.” Elijah stated whilst making only me understand his joking personality for this mission.

“Hey! Stop them! They’re going to leave!” The Judge justified to the court.

“My clients were at the Sand Adreas Street during the time of the shooting!” Our supposed lawyer stated.

“There were specs of D-N-A located around the school grounds that point to them!” The other guy stated as our lawyer paced on with his case.

“Run.” I smiled to my oncoming friend, darkness Elijah, as the court was in some shambles of formal talking.

So, he and me took off towards the cops blocking. They got in front of the door, but then I rushed up and body slammed into them, turning sideways with my head facing east, whilst Elijah used his left leg to kick Arty’s head, and then topple forwards into the doors and bust them open.

I got up with my hands ready and rushed out as the guarding men tried getting up. With my dress flowing through, aligned with everybody’s sight, I quickly ran towards the street of tarned grey concrete with newly painted yellow lines about a foot long with a foot space in between. The beyond that, was a parking lot with raggedy white lines and beds of grass enclosed in concrete grey, about four lines, before the city park. Elijah and I went forth towards the giant tree in the center of the park, being the threshold between the parking lot and actually filled road beyond.

“Do you know where the gun store is?” Elijah asked me, in a hurry to escape the police coming out with their guns.

“Nope!” I stated, shuffling into him as the police shot and missed on the floor.

“Uh… well… do you think the computer has set some guidelines for us to find some gun shop?” – Elijah without wonky run, unlike me, pulling up my feet because tippy-toeing has been a problem for me since toddlerhood and my calves has even since been so muscular.

“I think since the computer made such a stupid judgement room; he would make an obvious gun store- his sadistic mind should give us a slight hint at least.” I told, looking around as we zigzagged and kept up our voices to each other.

We came upon the big tree and looked forth and both wrapped around it to the left, coming behind it and dodging the police’s bad aim.

“At least the police are not experts at aiming.” I shuffled down within my breathing breath. Wow, what a sentence I sentenced.

“Look- is…” Elijah pointed with his left index finger over to the tennis court across the road, being mildewed in green, yet from the middle with the white net, it came up in a blocky way like Shellia’s world’s secret base came up, but there was an iron door with a rectangular knob of gold facing us.

“Alrighty- I see how this goes.” I stated, looking both ways as we sprinted up to traffic with a smirk on our faces.

“Looks good.” Elijah said, only looking right, before I stopped him with my left hand as a blue van drove past with quick speed, before everything was naturally fair to go on with. “Oh- thanks.” He thanked me with, before we darted off across the road, missing another van, which was white, just twenty-five feet away and coming down quite quickly.

Then in front of us, the net of black, that ended if we went east and around to enter the Tennis court, fled into the ground like a paper into the paper shredder.

“Thanks, computer. A few seconds more is likeable- unless this is the Red Glitch making his games different.” I stated in a downfall of loudness as we darted forth to the iron door and got in, instantly closing it, and hearing gun shots suddenly hit it from the police still chasing us.

“Uh- hey sir?” Elijah funnily stated as I turned around to see a fully blonde humanoid punching bag, ending at the waist and only continuing onto a metallic pole that led into the ground of black concrete, and the walls were grey concrete, with white bars in cylinder-like ways holding up the guns as they turned up after two inches. Many were placed and we looked only forth to the doll as confirmation to steal.

Elijah turned to the right and grabbed two pistols of black, and I grabbed, at the end right before the black counter- just being a wall only two feet high and telling us not to go forth to the doll’s area where only the wall of nothing-placed-on-it stood behind it- an entire rocket-launcher of green, with a red bullet come out towards the end.

“Hey- that’s not gonna’ be of much use.” Elijah told me, as I then proceeded to grab an AK-47 of black with my right hand on his side and looked back to him.

“Have no worries; I can manage two guns at a time.” I smiled, looking down upon the gun, then towards the left wall to see the same guns but with textures of blonde camo.

“Alrighty- but get ready for those cops. They could be here…” Elijah stated, going up to the door and listening carefully to traffick passing.

Simply, he then pushed it open with his right foot, and then blazed his bones to the right to take defense from the police standing right outside the door, with their guns up and shooting, missing me as I also dodged to the left, also pointing my gun, and shooting my AK-47 at their pecs, backing them both away to death after thirty-one bullets.

Then Elijah came upon the bodies, and I went outside to peer at the road as he analyzed their ungrateful death.

“Damn… so now what? Do we just wait for more police to come, or do we seek them out?” Elijah asked my running mind with excitement.

“Seek them out of course. The advantage of surprise is always exciting, no matter the moral aspects.” I told, looking around before turning to him and nodding.

“But where do… we start?” Elijah asked, looking up as suddenly the sky turned to the darkness of nighttime, before continuing his sentence.

“Judging by the computer wanting us to get straight to the point, and my common sense, we should suspect the cops to maybe come, (Suddenly a white van crashing into a blue car, which then discomforts the driver of another red car to come from the east and stop right before hitting the car, as then another speeding red car from the north crashing into the others, making an incoming and steering blue van from the south get hit,) from the, (We turn to see the accident,) judge room we just jumped out of. We should also suspect that since maybe some cops are out patrolling, that they may come from all sides.” I explained, afterwards looking to all roads, and only seeing from my north the road that led from the west into the intersection had an entire swat van coming, with no top gun to be sure. “Oh, looky-there.” I pointed with my rocket launcher.

Elijah stood waiting at the guys came driving onto the Tennis court, hoping out the doors with their MP5’s and aiming to shoot, just after I shot the rocket launcher and exploded the car’s windows before letting the fiery combust of energy expunge the swat team members into a chaotic escapade as the car exploded and gave serious injury and blood spills to the many around.

“Okay- that was pretty stupid.” Elijah laughed, seeing the way that just went down.

“It sure was. And also- I am quite sure the computer is tired of his own games at this point and just wants us to die, so this may occur…” I stated, looking behind me to see a bunch of police cars coming.

“Take cover?” Elijah asked, giving his gun up to aim at the windows and shoot, discomforting the drivers to turn away in a freaky fashion.

Then, a police car lost it, and just sped up at the shop. Me and Elijah moved towards our facing rights and saw the police car ram into the building with guns and destroy it, as well as the car, which then turned rapidly towards the left and start coming at us again.

“Hop on the car.” I stated in almost a whisper, seeing the police driver with an angry frown, big brown eyebrows, brown eyes, dried lips, no hair, and his signature black costume with a golden badge of a sheriff, start to drive up to us speedily with a broken window in front.

Me and Elijah followed through with my sentence, and as the car came rolling up to us, he jumped and let our body fly into the guy’s area, as he crashed into the breaking net that kept Tennis balls from falling into the road. Elijah flowed into the passenger seat and fell nicely down to the feet’s area, whilst I banged into the man’s face with my chest, letting my rocket launcher go and swivel out into the back window and escape out, as my AK-47 wrapped around the seat’s head before I fell onto the steering wheel and then back to the distorted man who had his neck and head in a crumby situation, as his nose drooled blood and he cried. He, whilst all of this was happening, still continued forth, slamming into the front seats and hit another police car already stopped. The man inside that dodged to the right from the right door he just got out of, whilst another in the left did so to the left.

Elijah pulled out his right hand and shot the police sheriff I had ramped my body into. Straight in the head, blood splattered on his side of the window, and I got up, reached my body forwards from the impact I felt on my left side of my body from crashing into his head and then into the driver’s console before resulting his lap. I used my right hand to open the door, and crawled out, falling to the floor as the police officer from the car was traumatized. I used my still-held AK-47 and shot his left leg, making him fall so I could then shoot his head dead.

Elijah, on the other hand, got out and was almost blasted by the other police officer, but got saved by the car’s door top that still remained, so he got the second shot to the officer’s chest, before firing three more shots in around the same area, letting him fall to the floor as sirens were buzzing all around.

“Fucking shit- this is more exciting than I expected…” Elijah with his darkness laughed, looking behind to see other officer’s pointing their guns up and shooting.

I, on the main hand, crawled quickly to safety behind the other car, before centering my mass up with hard will and letting go of the pain to seethe.

“Elijah! Are you hurting as badly as I am?” I laughed over as gunshots sprung waves of sounds into our ears.

“I guess I have to say no! For me, it was only a little clash!” He yelled back over with a happy tune in his voice, before looking over to the reloading police. About thirty-one were stationed behind their vehicles, having a shoot out as our stationed police cars we used for defense blocked the path of the fire station right next to us. Traffic halted everywhere else and redirected itself away from our shootout.

I then swiftly upped my gun in the air and shot at one of the police, missing but hitting their car with another metallic clang into the atmosphere of pressure.

“We’re gonna’ have to make a move in order to get their heads up…” Elijah stated as he came around the car and whispered from the end, crouching.

“Alrighty- what is your immediate plan then?” I projected to Darkness Elijah.

“Wait- I think I got a better one than…” – Elijah with the darkness spirit inside him.

“I think we should make a dash over-” – I started before I realized a better way than what he was about to approach.

“Why not use these police cars to ram those others in?” Elijah asked, looking over to his police car he stole and pointing with my AK-47.

“Because we will get shot through the windows whilst doing so. And even if we lean down and take cover, we will end up right in their area and be surrounded as they will dodge our car just like we did first.”

“Do you really think that they’re that smart?” Elijah asked jokingly, but not giving me any amusement.

“We should not take our chances. If one of us dies, we die for good. I have survived the computer’s games long enough to know that being safe is better than sorry.” – Me, nodding over to Elijah carefully as he scouted the premise.

“Okay- (Elijah gets up and shoots at one of the police officer’s coming closer on our left side by going to another car, but he only hits the man’s leg after four pistol shots,) then where are we going?” – Elijah spoke whilst actioning.

“That car over there- (I point with my right index finger over to the end of the car crash section, the car closest to us,) well, that would be the first step. We should get to the car crash at the intersection and then try to make a stable defense, or get in a car, drive away, and then slowly pick off the cops by shooting at them through the windows.” I told, looking over to the smokey car crash with beeping lights.

“I guess we could try that- but what about the fire station here? Or gas station?” Elijah asked, as the gas station was a on the corner of the road, next to the fire station.

“I have no idea. The Sheriff drove into us, so I think facing these guys head on would be bad as well.” I shredded the idea with, as Elijah scouted again, so a guy running to another car to help the other guy, but shot two bullets, missing both as the cop leaped forwards behind safety.

“Okay- now when?” Elijah asked, and I came forth with the answer through action. I darted over to the other car and then looked like I was going to go to the other car, before stopped, and flailing back after turning sharply to the right. The police put theirs heads up to aim, but were confused by my approach, yet still shot. One bullet hit my shifting dress, pocking a hole through it, as other bullets hit the road and broken car. Elijah came forth to start shooting at the other policeman, five shots as quickly as possible, aiming at one of the seventeen police officer’s heads. Luckily, he hit one, in the right side of the forehead, letting the woman fall back dead. Another woman shrieked from a car twenty feet away, seeing the other woman die.

Then I darted forth due to that scream, and Elijah followed, having a slight peace till the end, when a man shot one bullet that hit the reinforcement car we were defended ourselves behind.

“Advance!” A man screamed, going forth and hopping over his car. They started to come forth to the car we were just at.

“Shit, shoot.” I stated in almost a sequence-command way.

“I can’t shit though.” Elijah funnily stated with a giggle afterwards.

“Thanks bro.” – Me, going forth and walking backwards to the car crash area as I shot my AK-47 at police officer’s getting behind safety. Then, after four seconds, I was out, but reached the other car, and Elijah who had been shooting his pistol’s, lost ammo for the left one, so he threw it over to me and ran.

A police officer from our old-defense car got up and shot, almost hitting his leg. The bullet whizzed by Elijah’s pants, going through his running legs and hitting the new car as I hit behind it. Elijah then came about and discussed ammo with me quickly.

“Man, this is bullshit. My pistol here died.” Elijah spoke in a whisper amongst the badly beeping sirens clogging out other noises.

“My AK-47 is also out of ammo.” I told, looking over to the gun shop and seeing many weapons on the floor. “And would you look at that- the police are interested in the gun store.”

“Nawwwwww- man we dead?” He asked, and we both looked to see two policemen crawling behind the rubble and picking up some of the AK-47’s left over.

“We need to make a last stand before we try the driving stuff.” I told, looking down at his pistol as my side ached and I dropped my AK-47 to rub it with my right hand.

“Make every shot count- of course.” Elijah smiled, looking over. He then looked down and pulled his left hand up to have a gun pointing out there without aim. A policewoman from afar shot and hit the window of the broken car instead of the hand left up there lazily. Then Elijah brought it down and peeked around the front of the car to shoot the right pistol into the neck of the other policeman advancing. The man fell to an awkwardly choking death as the guy to his right started shooting at Elijah hiding. Then one of the gun-shop policemen started shooting over frantically. “Here I go even more.” He ended, before looking up after the AK-47 stopped, and he shot at those police officers, missing all his shots, before his pistol was unloaded. “Crap-” He then tried to say.

As he said such, the woman officer way behind shot and his right thigh, making him pinch down in pain and fall to the ground. “Oh- fuck! Shit! AHHHHH! FUCKKKK!!! OHHHHH!”

I only looked to him grasping the bloody hole with both hands. The pistols falling in front though, did barge my concentration on him. I took the right one which was on my left, with my left hand, ha-ha be confused, and I looked up and pointed it at the AK-47 cops coming in and shot one of them in the chest and the other in the left thigh twice. I the squatted back down to the crying Elijah.

“It hurts! Sheesh! Shit! Fuck…. Oh… AHHHH!” Elijah almost sprinkled out with tears.

“Keep with me...” I told, peering above the hood of the car to see around as the cops advanced.

“I’m not gonna’ make it, I’m not gonna’ make it, I’m not gonna make it…” He repeated into a whisper before crying out once again.

I sighed and got up and shot again at an advancing from the left. I missed two shots, and then my gun was out. I threw if back down onto the floor and sat down, slumping against the car.

“Well, let me just say this- do not give away my location as you die. I will remember you as a great frenemy for this.” I stated to Elijah as I then let my body flat onto the floor with my head facing his crying, and then I scooted myself under the vehicle.

“Okay…” He whispered after letting a shriek out, his hands all bloody.

Then, as the computer hinted as an anomaly happening, it happened. But not in the way I expected, or even Elijah. Elijah was first to notice though. Up above, the Fire God came blasting down. The Fire God has an aurora of eight cylinders of yellow light shrieking with atmospheric sounds of mighty air. Each cylinder was two by two feet long and wide, perfectly spread apart from his muscular body by three feet, and then apart from themselves by three-point-five feet. They shot into the sky and ended where his feet were. As he came down, Elijah stopped his crankiness and started his confusion as he saw the speed seek out the eyes of cops also looking up to the holy grail of fire that illuminated his outline in a pure hot green.

He landed firmly and standing-up-straight on the concrete where no car was in his path. And as he landed, the cylinders of spinning yellow light hit and bounced away in most specified directions. The eight sprung off into the cop’s heads, plastering their blood off with heat and then traveling even more into the cars or buildings, dismantling their walls in an instant like a laser, and collapsing the fire station on its right. The cops were instantly head-blown, without a chance to raise their guns at the monstrous speed that these cylinders bounced from the ground diagonally and destroyed them. Then, the massive heat waves spread from these cylinders put the cars into a melting sequence, wood of the gas station on fire, the sky above was filling with smoke, and all was seemingly burning- except us. Elijah looked to me, confused as well, and slowly turning around to see the Fire God standing there, staring at our car.

Elijah crept up from the hiding of the car and looked to the man of godly powers with fire. I crept out from under the car and stood front facing to the man.

“When did you become a femboy?” The Fire God firstly asked as his circles and eyebrows of lining green became a confused yet adaptively funny face.

“During a computer game.” I told, ending right there for the Fire God with big muscles just exceeding the immenseness of Clasif’s.

“Okay, weirdo… and why is the darkness here? Are you two teaming up against something?” He asked, walking forth as Elijah came around.

“Thank you man! You saved us!” Elijah told, breathing in and out as he wobbled to lean against the car’s front.

“Well, the computer-” I started before the computer suddenly existing behind the Fire God by a mile south and up into the air.

“Well- the computer made another game, and blah blah blah- but you were just about to die!” The computer dumbly made fun of me with.

“Another one? Wait a minute- how are you making so many games?” The Fire God asked, turning around.

“The Red Glitch is at an ease with me, I guess- but, Fire God- come on- you just saved Eighty-Three from death! The game’s complete because you killed all the cops!” The computer angered at the Fire God with.

“Well then why not make it to where I couldn’t? Like; maybe activate a humanitor?” The Fire God buzzed at the Computer’s screen.

“Because the Red Glitch has also been making my games easy with cheats!” The computer frazzled upon the Fire God with an icy performance of his stringy plugs. “But- alas-”

“Why- Ah! ooh… hasn’t the game ended? I can’t fix my… ah…” Elijah started to say as the computer also started to cool.

“Because… damnit- you had to ask that question, and now I must answer! There is one cop left.” The computer answered as Red Glitch particle effects swiveled around his screen like it was a two-dimensional image.

Then the Fire God lifted his hands up and the rest of the area we could see, at least up to the other intersection where the tax collection office was on the other side of the road, lit up into flames. Me and Elijah did not die, but rather survived on our circles of about four by four feet long and wide safety of just the floor not embarked in fire.

“Fire God! Why are completing the game for them?! It’s your job to kill the child!” The computer yelled as Elijah let his darkness swell up in his bullet hole and fix itself. I also saw the darkness come back to my fingernails.

“Well, not just from the conference where if I want to be president of this universe, I must not kill innocent children- but also the way you speak, Mister Computer. You said ‘them,’ offering up the reason that you may not care for the darkness, although he tries to do the same task as you. And if you start not caring for your allies and putting them into games where they can permanently die- I feel as if that leads to the obvious here.” The Fire God said, keeping firm eye-contact with the screen and crossing his arms.

“No- I did it so maybe the darkness would kill Eighty-Three at the end and then save himself by finishing the job. This game was a one-life simulator where you had to kill the entire police force to win.” The computer told, making a great excuse.

“Although smart- quite dangerous. I can believe you there- but I can’t accept such to happen again.” The Fire God kept with heat swelling the conversation atmosphere.

“Woah; how nice of you to say. What is with the change of mind to actually care for people?” I asked with a funny tone to the man speaking for us.

“Well- here’s some context- my job as a politician of the universe is to sustain order. But, obviously, I could use some money to boost my productivity missions in parts of the universe. That was why I originally came down and helped. But- I fear that isn’t the case anymore...” – The Fire God with a green outline.

“Eighty-Three told me that there’s no money left to get… can you explain that, Computer?” Elijah conferenced upon.

“Actually, I still have the game running. But- I need him dead in Heru’s hands, or un-existing- and that’s been a pain to achieve for some reason.” The Computer told with his cords still holding him up in the air like an octopus without gravity.

“Okay- but we’re- I mean you guys at this point- aren’t here to kill each other.” The Fire God spoke to the squid-like computer as the rainbow orb came straight down from the sky, forty-two feet to our left and hovering thirteen feet above the ground.

“What’s going on?” He asked, his rainbow-ness swirling.

“We’re going to talk about this massive situational problem right now. The computer is putting our lives in danger and needs to be confronted about these actions. Also, I think we should go to Heru and talk about his damn will to kill you.” The Fire God talked, turning around to me at the end.

“Can you also talk more about your conference? Who was it with, exactly?” I asked of the bulky man with cartoony eyes. The computer then lit up with a green bar and started to generate another game randomly, but the Red Glitch flashed over his screen with the squares of delicacy and made it all blue again. The Fire God whipped around in anger and stared down the screen.

“Ooh… you tried…” The Rainbow Orb sounded out like a kid to another kid that just got in trouble and failed to hide it.

“Look- computer- did you-” The Fire God started to state before suddenly we were yet intruded by… the Red Eyes!

Amidst under the rainbow orb, a square and red-outlined portal formed revealing the Red Eyes to come forth. But to me- a question struck up in my mind on whether they were the ones that Cyclop formally knew.

“Hey! All you beings with supernatural powers- lend down your wills and refrain from this universe!” The Red Eye stated as he stepped forth with a yellow pen, making a rectangular shield, and the shield of a Humanitor fouled in like a bubble from a hole. “We’re going to fix the mess you have all made by allowing this universe to be open to the multiverse for anything!”

“Okay.” I stated as everybody else was suddenly looking around themselves. The Computer fell slowly to the ground with no screaming, and the Rainbow Orb also dropped down and stopped glowing, but rather just rolled backwards towards the gas station’s doorway now. The Fire God was also confused on why his flames stopped, but then immersed himself in the Computer literally dying and crashing into the road beyond, yet then fizzling out into a red glitch pool that slowly drained up into the sky.

“You! Kid! You’re the one we recently saw to have a major point in this situation.” The Red Eye then pointed to me with a sentence that made the Fire God look over.

“Yeah- he’s been the one we’ve been hunting; what do you guys want from him?” The Fire God asked, wondering about the such.

“What’s his name?” The Red Eye then marched forwards, looking around to all the destruction as other Red Eye piled in endlessly with their pens ready to fight anything.

“Eighty-Three.” I told, but then asked: “And are you the same Red Eyes that know my friend ‘Cyclop,’ or are you different?”

“We’re the Red Eyes from this universe, trying to keep the combusting crowds of evil away from our planet as the multiverse keeps colliding in on us, and some Steel Terrorists are guarding the script.” The Red Eye stated, “And we want you, all three of you, for interrogation and fixing purposes. Our Cyclopals have decided removing you from Earth and going out to the universal script would be a noticeable change to take place before we continue out on our new mission- ending all the creatures that pursue this universe in defective ways to reality itself.”

“That sounded like the most stereotypical quest an N-P-C would state to you before your story starts.” I stated to lighting up the mood.

“Amazing analysis, bro.” Elijah nodded his head away from, giving a smirk.

“Well, okay- But please come with us. You’ll be needed to figure out how to save this universe before it’s shredded by others or dismantled by God himself.” The Red Eye stated, walking backwards and waiting for us to follow his stern eyebrow.

“Well, I guess now we give this endless adventure an actual mission to complete.” I stated to the Fire God as I followed, he came in with silence, before Elijah lastly entered with a questioning face to the cyclops looking back and now returning from the burning world. We went through the portal to the desert beyond, where Heru’s prison was, with it also once being rebuilt on the roof as the rest was polished and nice compared to the slightly shabbily lighted walls undamaged by his presence of escape. No cyclops were on any of the roofing or the wooden scaffolding of a seven down by four across wide scaffolders with wooden stairs helping now, even though the sky was just dawning in orange with at least four clouds around over there, stretched and quite potato-like in shape.

Although the number of cyclops with Red Eyes ready for anything was very prominent- so it seemed a bit off. Then, after six steps into the sand, I looked back to see some Red Eyes returning and our main guy closing it with his pen. The portal deceased into itself until it was inexistent, and then the Humanitor was turned on from aways our view.

But before they could raise their guns and fire at us, their own trickery was stopped by Wilma, as suddenly we were all surprised by her entry. Wilma came out of her miniscule atomically small form, enlarged and grabbing my right hand as she used her right to grab the Fire God’s left, and made a hand behind her back grabbing Elijah’s left, and then she flew us up high and quick, gusting wind upon all of our bodily skins, and getting to a height to be just above the instant shield that was the Humanitor.

“Hey- what- hey!?” The Fire God confusedly stated as the quickness made his fire drown for a stunning two seconds and he looked down in an instant to see the Cyclopals looking up with disbelief and anger.

“Oh- sheesh!” I stated as I welcomed the senses of speed as we flew into the air, then looking at Wilma as she held our hands and dangled us from above.

“Ah- wa- hey!” Elijah yelled as we all stated our awareness of Wilma’s sudden trickery of her own.

“They were going to kill you.” She stated afterwards, as she hovered further up, proving their lie to actually be a lie.

“But I thought they were nice…?” Elijah trailed off into question and I answered, even though he was behind Wilma’s back and trying to spin his head around to connect, but her nine tails blocked any good sight.

“My universe’s Red Eyes are different I guess.” I stated, answering him and allowing for a few seconds as we stared to see the Red Eyes below pointing their guns up, and then deactivating the Humanitor.

“Damn- should’ve seen that coming.” The Fire God stated, agreeing to looking down with discontent to the liars, as his feet started blasting a little red fire from under and he could sustain floating himself, with Wilma letting go of her hand and then letting her back hand swiftly rejoin her dress through the intersection of her tails and making her right hand then grab Elijah’s left.

“Would you guys like to kill them and then raid-” Wilma asked with a smile mentioning her insanity back into the equation, before ultimately, we were yet again surprised by another attack.

An instant bolt of light, pure and radiantly white with its cylinder shape, blasted into Wilma from our left, pulsing her right, about forty-five feet before she used her hands to block it with a rainbow square, and then it stopped.

“Ah!” Elijah screamed at the five feet wide and tall cylinder he got his hand and a little below the waist mowed off, but he regrew it with darkness as the Fire God grabbed his hair with his right hand, and used his left to form a fire shield that had fire crawling off his back and onto his arm and then into a wall he made just at the end of his middle finger, all his fingers already stretched out as he could. The wall then stopped at four by ten feet wide and tall, and red glitches took place around the corners of the immensely fast wall that grew like a square would in a modeling software.

“Woo!” I stated as I fell to the sand and the Red Eyes started to aim, firing rainbow bullets already, but I made a darkness wall like Wilma with my right hand, blocking their quite successful aim.

“What is that?” The Fire God quickly asked as his platform extended and he peered with his cartoonish eyes over to the white house now floating at the height he was, just fifty-eight meters away.

“What- what- that white house?” Elijah asked, being confused as well at the white house. It was a square with a pyramid-roof, being white without texture and glowing firmly. There was a door, about five feet high and three feet wide, with the door frame being two feet wide all around with its purple glowing color, the door being a green color, and the doorknob being a blue color of emitting light. There were no windows, but there was shadowing that allowed the pyramid roof to be understood from far away, as it extended five feet in the four directions from the five by five-by-five metered house, and the roof was also five meters- damn proportions.

Wilma, on the other hand, was more intrigued on the sudden sniping of the Cyclopals. A few were looking keenly onto her, their guns aiming with their scopes looking directly to her head and were already firing. Wilma, after decomposing her wall into white oxygen, saw that the Cyclopals were aiming at many, and were ready for any dodging. One shot a rainbow bullet at her head- another at her chest- another thought and shot about her left leg’s knee area, and then another five meters below her, whilst another shot four inches above her left ears, and they aimed all around her, and in various other locations. Two aimed at the Fire God though, and three were after Elijah’s torso.

Wilma clasped her hands together like she was about to pray, and a rainbow box formed enough around the platform and her, blocking the white house.

“Should we get into fighting with these guys!?” Wilma yelled over to the two, as the box was swiveling rainbows around, yet I was below with my own darkness walls protecting me.

“I thought you just stated you wanted to?” The Fire God yelled back over without putting his arms up, unlike Wilma who covered her mouth in.

Wilma pulled down the box, and everybody whipped back into control. Elijah then made black pistols form in his hands, just like the ones he had in the game, and he lifted them up at the house suddenly opening its door left and firing out a cylinder light at the Fire God, who jumped up, and rose his hands to the sky. Elijah just shot darkness bullets at the white house, and they pierced through, so the house regenerated its blank insides and walls of pure white and moved faster than a jet to the left to dodge the incoming bullets Elijah was still offering.

Below, I landed down with my darkness wall still purifying the bullets to bounce back but also indent the dark wall, so I learned that my wall of particles could not resist forever. I then formed by left arm into a sniper of my own and pulled it up to my left eye as I made my right arm form a slight hole, about four-by-four inches wide and tall in the wall to look for an aiming shot. I found a head of a Red Eye looking up towards Wilma and firing, so I took that shot, then closed it without knowledge on whether it hit him or not. But seemingly, the Red Eyes spoke their native language with surprise, loudness, and anger, and henceforth two seconds after sniping, they reactivated the Humanitor and started pushing it towards us.

Wilma flew over to the Fire God and past him with a forming eight spears of rainbow liquid around her, shooting it at the house, which dodged quite easily, then opening its door to a white hand big enough to grab Wilma whole. Wilma renewed the thought that this would happen, henceforth she made the ground below try to erupt a spike into the home, but it failed, and the Red Glitch stopped her spinning right hand. She quickly flew left, dodging the hand, as it also had the Red Glitch stopping it at the door from moving or reaching further, and so the hand shot back in. Then the house was already being blasted by a sudden fire from the sun, held down diagonally to Wilma’s left by the Fire God’s right-hand clutching at the air. But before anybody could continue their desperate actions to destroy the other, the Red Glitch bounced in with a wall of his own. A ceiling of pure red glowing cement expressed itself amongst the sky in all directions, just appearing without sound above the Fire God by seventy meters. It then fell down with quite easy quickness, smashing down Elijah and The Fire God and Wilma to the desert sand below, before they got up in a jiffy and looked over to me.

The Red Eyes looked up to the glitchy red boxes and black boxes sprinkled everywhere- that made the red cement ceiling above all so gleamingly important to downing the three beings with ultimate particle powers.

The Fire God jumped up and grabbed Elijah by his shirt, pulling up the eyeless figure to have pistols ready at the Red Eyes. Wilma jumped up and instant made a wall by twisting her left hand, blocking the instant shots from others. The wall stretched for fifteen meters, making my wall have a wall in front of it- so I sprinted over to them as they viewed the house. The White House rotated itself up and shot its door open to reveal a rainbow beam coming out. It blew the rainbow wall apart like bricks broken by a thrusted car. Wilma traveled quickly towards the right, moving her feet at speeds beyond sound, but the Red Glitch fermented his particles over, and tripped her. The House then started to turn towards the fallen girl, but the Fire God saved Wilma by formed a Germanic sword of white fire and slashing it at the house as his feet became roller-skates that made the sand turn to grey dust below.

The Fire God slashed at the side of the house, ripping it open like paper from the left to the right. Elijah then shot his darkness bullets at it. The House then stopped its beams as it got damaged, but then it tried doing something else. Emphasize the ‘try,’ because the Red Glitch fermented his particles in its doorway, so the house with sentience then bamboozled to go up and then left, having shots already blown into it.

Then Wilma was getting up, but the wall that shielded us all was now drowning down from red boxes and black boxes decreasing the height. Wilma quickly turned around, missing the house go far away for regeneration as it made new particles slowly take the place its walls had once been perfected with.

“Fire!” I shouted to Elijah, then forming my hands into pistols like him, making eight hands come out of my dress before the Red Glitch stopped a ninth, and with all equipped with pistols, I shot tiny darkness spikes of speed at the Red Eyes of my own universe with Elijah helping.

The Fire God jumped up, with the Red Glitch forming something under his feet, making him stop his gleam upwards. But it was with use, as he made his left arm into a gatling gun and shot spikes of blue fire at the Red Eyes. They dodged consistently, almost having no one to shoot at us. The man with the Humanitor was far behind, but still carrying it above his hands, trying to move it forwards as much as possible.

“Fall back!” I heard the same lying voice command to his fellow men.

Wilma put her hands onto the ground and tried pulling it all up. It only made a rampage of spikes go forth, each being two feet wide and there being three in a line that extended into four Red Eyes. Two got plummeted upwards and fell onto the spikes, once piercing one’s head, and the other got shuffled in between without much damage. The spikes went on and on, but Wilma’s will was dying. She looked at her hands, each bleeding from the palm now, as there was Red Glitch-ness right underneath her spikes, removing the sand. She then got sniped in the side of her blue wardrobes. The rainbow bullet hit her right hip, and she clutched it with her right hand quickly, dodging behind the spikes as many Red Eyes advanced yet died by us four meters away.

“Damnit…” She whispered to herself, before looking up to see the battlefield.

The Fire God then got his gatling gun glitched out of existence, and he dropped forwards to smash into a Red Eye with his left hand pulling out the redness. He then leaned forth and rolled, dodging a pistol shot from one of the rainbow pens of the Red Eyes. Then the Fire God bounced up with his hands forming into spike balls and smashed another guy, who was directed at Elijah, into a smashed skull of mechanical parts.

I formed a darkness wall that was being destroyed by the rainbow bullets, but also allowed holes for Elijah to shoot through. I myself had many darkness flowing arms shooting rapidly around, and at least by this point, the many Red Eyes that seemed to be forever, had at least forty-three dead.

Wilma flew up with her nine tails dragging down, and she held up her bloody palms to make a Red Eye lift up fifty-six meters into the air, until she dropped her hands, and that Red Eye yelling for help just smashed into another. Wilma, as doing this, rapidly moved around, dodging some bullets of the remaining guys. But as she was worried for these robots being destructed, she forgot about the white house.

The white house bashed into her, with Red Glitch-ness stopping it from behind, and made her fall forwards into another guy. She did a quick push up, and that landed her flying up so she could move her body upside down and peer at the house opening its door with a red glitch effect and now fire a beam of rainbow liquid-texturing at her. She dropped down, formed her hands together like a mutation and made a sword out of it, and smashed into one of the Red Eye’s head. But when she was cutting through the neck, a spare bullet from her left hit her right again, and she angrily noticed it. She fled into a roll left, with a bullet piercing into her tails, and she got up with the red glitch stopping her from un-mutating her hands. She then had to move quickly with her boots, slicing up these robotic figures. She moved left, sliced the head off one, then right, one in half, then another red eye, she pulsed into the middle, before carrying him into another, knocking that guy down for a few seconds, before she, all at the speed of sound, put out her sword straight, and tunneled through fourteen guys in a straight line, as the white house followed with his rainbow beam, melting his own agents.

The Fire God grabbed one Red Eye’s gun with his right hand, let him shoot another in the neck, then spun around to use him as a metallic shield, before spinning the gun around and shooting the barely left squad of Red Eyes. But, behind him was the Humanitor shield, just sixteen meters away, and he saw the guy carrying it now getting closer with each running step. So, he advanced to shoot at the rainbow darters focused on him. But as he made one die in the eye, then used his metallic shield again, he looked to see a few pill ships entering the scene, with Red Eyes controlling the parts. The Fire God then made his right arm blast off after he aimed it quickly, allowing fire to trail off in a green smoke, as it crashed into the window and beyond, making the first ship fall, and the others notice and retreat to different paths.

Me and Elijah pushed forwards at those times. I moved my accessible wall of darkness so he could shoot, allow the block, think, and then shoot again after memory. My arms already got that down quite well, and as many Red Eyes scrolled down and squatted away, I would remember their presence and make sure their metallic parts would be fried with my darkness spikes of miniature size.

“This would be more fun if they were not robots and rather flesh-based beings.” I stated with a smile as the sweaty Elijah next to me did not.

“Okay- is the commander dead yet? That one guy that lead us here?” Elijah asked as he was swirling his head quickly to look for all.

“No- I kept a keen eye, he is that one guy using his friend’s dead bodies as a shield.” I stated, looking over to see a Red Eye using one with his eye blasted out, as a shield, and his gun sticking out to our left just under his hip, and he shot carefully.

“Target him!” Elijah stated with a heroic sentence in mind.

And so, we did, all my arms and his put their pistols to the test and fired away. The men around started to run around like the cops did, trying to find a way to stop us, as they also peered back and tried shooting at the Fire God. One did, hitting the right knee of the Fire God, and crouched down in pain, holding up the dead figure to his will, as his right arm was now slashing and crashing through the ships away. Then, it came down and swept through many, just like Wilma was doing with her blasts in a straight line, and the white house still trying to follow her.

“These guys are not as smart as I would have expected…” I told with a smile still, as he made the commander lose his right leg, and then we blasted through the dead body’s new holes and made sure that the circuits in his chest were malfunctioning.

Then with silence we advanced at the many guys’ getting shot by our viewing arms and rushed by Wilma’s sword every second. Over one-hundred-and-twenty-three were gone, and we were still on the move.

The White House then stopped estimating Wilma’s movement, as it only led to him killing his patriots below. He then peered to me and Elijah and shot. Wilma knew from the mind space and decided to rush into the house with her rainbow sword, piercing through and making its door open to nothingness, as it fell with death, under the sky of a red glitch. Then Wilma rushed over to the Fire God barely making it, but instead of using a sword, she opened her mouth wide and long, devouring the Red Eyes into her throat which was exploding with sparks and orange gases which melted them as she whipped over and formed a rainbow wall, which her hands then bled on, deeply making her clutch her face down in order not to cry.

“Oh- thanks.” The Fire God pounded as much as he could, trying to push off the pain in his knee.

“Do you know why the Red Glitch is acting like such a bitch lately?” Wilma asked with a frustrated tone.

“All I know is that maybe it has something to do with that letter from Jesus himself.” The Fire God spoke as he spun around to a guy with a rainbow knife.

“Oh ye- AUUGHH!” Wilma screeched as the man quickly put the knife in her back, and then twisted it, and pulled back, making the Fire God stop his left hand about to pulse fire in that direction, but he still did, and then it, by his will, directed around the sad Wilma and into the torso of the robot, melting it down and making its expression go from silent anger to dying anger, as Wilma make a rainbow string from her bloody left hand brought herself forth into the wall already crumbling. “HEEELP!” She screamed in agony.

“Fucking hell…” The Fire God stated as he himself bounced up and shot his left hand at the remaining few.

Me and Elijah advanced forwards, bringing the Red Eyes to a crunch as the Fire God and Wilma were on the other side, and only going left was an option as the right was blockaded by the spikes mostly- and the one guy stuck in there had gotten out.

Then the Red Glitch made my darkness wall stop existing, and it all came to battle now. Elijah continued firing his pistol, but now at a faster rate as he pumped more darkness into it. I also did the same, and many Red Eyes now picked up their corpses of their friends and used it as they shot at us.

“Everyone! Stop!” A Red Eye stated, dropping his pistol from his right hand as he held it back and gave his left hand out to stop us.

Elijah shot at his right leg, but I quickly intervened.

“What?” I yelled over, and Elijah stopped as everybody else did, putting their weapons to aim but not fire.

“I think this has gone on for quite the effort. You beings of supernatural consistencies win.” The Red Eye stated as the world went silent for all, and the sun was still dawning.

“Oh really?” I asked, and got no answer afterwards, for about seven seconds. Just a stare, and we all met together with peace.

“I wouldn’t lie twice, as I’ve-” The Red Eye spoke, making his hand stop stopping, and now look back upon Wilma giving her best effort to stand up with a jitter, as she viewed the knife had missed her spinal cord by an inch and a half. Her wall disintegrated, and the Fire God was ready with his firearms to pulse out and destroy the remaining twenty-nine soldiers.

“You are lying!” Wilma yelled with fear, and then I immediately followed up with all my arms from under my dress shooting at the eyes of the remaining men.

War picked up once again. Wilma made her boots levitate slightly off the ground and move quickly to the left as the Fire shot up and pulled fire from the ground-up, from the core successfully, and spilt it onto seven men below.

Wilma then got tripped over by the red glitch, and a remaining Red Eye made a sharp blade from his rainbow pen, and jumped over onto the girl, stabbing it into her face as she whipped around with pain. Straight in the nose, her mouth could only bleed more now. Then the guy got shot by Elijah, and I finished off the rest.

“What a lame battle.” I whispered after two seconds of reminiscing in the drought of dead mechanical parts.

“Are the Red Eyes in your universe also robots?” The Fire God asked as he walked over- and peered over to the house of white still shredded dead without blood.

“This is my universe.” I smiled back as Elijah rolled his eyes. “Alrighty alrighty- I have no certain idea, but from this sniping battle, I guess I must say so.” I ended to the Fire God and Elijah’s sweatiness.

“What about Wilma!?” Elijah asked with open eyes.

“We should get her back home. Maybe there the Red Glitch will fuck off and finally be more considering to our true powers.” I stated, looking up to the sky as the ceiling dissipated into red smoke.

“I think you should just get her home. I wanna’ go back to base and talk with Heru about this computer stuff.” Elijah stated, with the Fire God nodding.

“I as well should go. I don’t want there to be awkward meetings with your friends, as all I know- we’re still enemies with all but you, kid.” The Fire God noted to me, the kid.

“Alrighty… well, then please talk to Heru, and try to get this resolved.” I told, backing away and then leaning down, using on my under-skirt-arms to pick up a rainbow pen, then click it as many times to switch buttons on the tiny little screen. “I think it would be better if me and my team got everything fixed, and then we could worry on the first instances of danger- the Timal Tienes and Steel Terrorists.” I told, hoping they would reply with some knowledge. Yet, all they did was nod and wait, as I made a portal open back to the track on my school.

It was nighttime, with no stars. The cold breezed on my dress as my darkness arms refrigerated into my body, and Elijah came forth into the portal first. Then the Fire God, with the wind stroking his flames back.

“Thanks for helping!” I ended, going away to retrieve the dead body of Wilma.

“No problem?” Elijah laughed back as they headed to the metallic gates.

***Wilma is dead.***

“How do we fix her?” Gustavo asked with a wonderous smirk, leaning over the corpse of Wilma.

Me, Gustavo, and Ryutyu were around Wilma’s dead body. With the rainbow knife at her left side of her head, her nose expunged inwards to reveal massive amounts of blood pooling out, her back bleeding into her blue wardrobes- I had her body in an A-pose as Ryutyu stood to my left with his tail swaying down, and Gustavo on the other side on my black cushioned and spinnable chair.

In the surgery room, I had left a blood path on the carpet as I came in.

“We could wait for the Steel Terrorists to reset the universe to a time when she was alive… anytime now…” I told, waiting inconsistently enough to make Ryutyu think they could hear us.

“Can we go tell em’ that?” Ryutyu asked, with a mind of joy just destructed by the death of friend that may come many more times in the future.

“Let me get my bee phone out and ask Cyclop himself.” I said, getting the bee phone out of its rare appearances.

“Can you put the blood back inside her?” Gustavo asked as a darkness arm rose from my right side, grasping the bee phone and leeching it up to my face.

“Yes, I can do that, and probably fix her naturally- but I seek an easier way to bring her back.” I stated, texting Cyclop these words: “Hey, Cyclop, Wilma just died, and we could use your help. Also, how has it been?”

“Hm…” – Ryutyu for no reason whatsoever.

“Hey- Ryutyu- have you checked up on everybody?” I asked, remembering that other people exist around these homes.

“Ya’- Geurnf said she wa’ working on a mask for ya’, the kids are with Shellia and thy purple-haired girl; I forgot her name- and we’re all good ourselves …” Ryutyu stated with reassurance from Gustavo nodding.

“Cool…” I nodded, liking the consequences of our tycoon-ish actions. “Anyways, you guys can go and rest. I will be trying to do what Gustavo said- putting the blood back into a creature that got sliced by a rainbow knife, henceforth I would rainbow bandaging to stop it, but damnit, I should still do my best.” I stated as Gustavo hopped down and exited.

“Ight, bruv. Good night!” Ryutyu nodded somewhat happily and left with Gustavo for his own bed.

“Good luck.” Gustavo said right before he headed off towards my room.

“Good night guys.” I talked calmly from behind our backs, looking over the corpse. A few seconds passed, he door closed with Ryutyu heading off to sleep in his pajamas, and I was just staring at the corpse. “I hope that if I fail- this does not start a new era of torture for not only me, but my friends. Unless, of course, since the Red Glitch was so harsh, maybe I could become the great protector now…” I said, going over to the tools stand and getting what I needed.

Night passed and soon came the time I had not waited for, five-thirty-two A.M. There, I was the only one still up, and I had already finished trying to fix the blood works of Wilma- but she had already bled out far enough and fixing her was merely even more impossible as the Red Glitch phased out one of my tweezers. I raged with my arms dropping and my face sagging in tiredness of bullshit, so I left quietly, without a care on the Wilma with her flesh gazed in crimson. I went up to my table and got some cereal for myself, but also placed a spare bowl for Ryutyu, and the cereal he had liked to the right of the white bowl. I then ate my cereal with my metallic spoon, then got up and looked at the front door- seeing something wanted.

A simple small, paper white letter, rectangular- and almost hidden behind the darkness of the sky since the letter was on the white rocks outside, just above the carpet, almost blending in. Luckily, I saw it, and quickly came over to get it. Once outside, I picked it up- as it had no envelope. I walked back inside and allowed an arm to come out from under my dress and close the door for me.

“Hello amigo! How’s it been? Possibly good- because for me I’ve been reset to the same position in my office WAY TOO MANY FUCKING TIMES! Please, fix the mess your going through with- as it effects everyone that’s left the universe, as I’ve scientifically theorized. Anyways! Me and my fellow CIA members have been discussing my history, and are going full-plan with sending the kids over, so get ready. Oh- I also forgot to tell you WHY you have these kids coming. When I was in the multiverse, I guess as you must call it, I met versions of you that were accompanied by these kids- and they brought me to mind about a lot of things. For your versions in that universe, they had already messed with others, henceforth they knew already that these kids would help since you were, so-called ‘Evolving with friends,’ and I have no idea what the hell that means, but you probably do because they said you would after some time and after I’ve been away from you for some time. So, here’s the letter I’m giving, that you better understand as a wish list. Number one- stop Groundhog Day. Number two- in two days, pick up the kids; I think that’s all and you’ll get to know them or whatever; I don’t really know; I really actually just want them to get out and be away from their captivities, as you know the government don’t treat anybody right these days. And number three- maybe give me as much information as you can about the anomalies taking place when we meet on Tuesday. Yours sincerely- the guy who didn’t fucking write in cursive on a letter, Jeo Ligam.” Jeo Ligam wrote in print in black on the letter he possibly left at the doorway. I took twenty-seven seconds to read this and learned a lot about a forward’s mission incoming.

Then I opened the door, made arms come out from under my skirt, and extend to give me a good view of what was keenly around my neighborhood. I saw zero cars moving, and introduced the reasoning that he, or whoever, left quickly, or came earlier. The nighttime swiftly cooled me down with its extreme winter-feel, and I decided to launch myself down and help with the rest of the world about to rise in my home.

The next day was obvious- me and Ryutyu talked at breakfast, then he took a shower, I and Gustavo played Chess on my laptop, Ryutyu came in and we gamed for a little, before heading out, contacting the autistics on what they were doing- as they liked their home yet misunderstood everything about the scenario they were pulled into- and then we checked out Geurnf.

I knocked on her door with Ryutyu behind me, swaying his tail happily, as also Shellia was there, swaying her like mine as she watched my cat tail do its own thing.

“Uh- yes- I’m coming out of my cave, heh.” Geurnf stated as she came slowly to the door and opened it, seeing us standing there. “Why are you three sheeps not laying down in your pen?”

“We came to instigate upon your work- and also check up on how you are doing- damn I feel rude for not saying that first.” I told, obliging her away from her analogy for the morning.

“It’s okay- you’re slightly better than what my teammates would like of me by now… (I come in first, then Ryutyu, as Guenrf leads us upstairs, and Shellia is vibrant with observing everything around herself,) So, the mask is complete, as you ordered. It was fun working on, and I have some interfaces you can setup with. I also made the shades with different kinds of lenses, so you can also look at that.” Geurnf told with her beady eyes torturing Shellia’s safety of mind.

“Well thank you- but what about your working out and such? Have the meals been supplied healthily?” I recommended asking of the female with beady eyes and bags under her eyes.

“Oh- thanks for asking. I’ve worked myself out, and the spawn meals, three a day, have filled me up with delicious new things. Truly, I am becoming an introvert with this lifestyle- but don’t worry, Ryutyu- I’ll be fine.” She calmly stated to us.

“Okay.” – Ryutyu, as I looked back and nodded with a smirk that he checked up on Geurnf with care.

We came up to her room, with bolts and screws piled up in the top left corner. We looked forwards to the wooden table, where the mask was on the left side, and the MLG shades were right behind it. To the middle of the table were many different lenses for the MLG shades, and on the right side of that was another invention- a rectangular sword of iron, unpainted and all shiny with white, yet missing its handle.

“Nice. May I have them now?” I asked with pleasure towards the cosmetics.

“Sure. But- uh- any information about getting me home, and, uh- maybe stopping the madness of your lives altogether?” Geurnf asked, trying to define herself to helping questions for us all.

“Yesterday night- Eighty-Three told us that he was wit’ da’ Fire God and helped out, with Elijah to- in destroying the Red Eyes of thy universe here, because they were liars and not like our trusted Cyclop’s. Then- uh- Wilma died, and uh, I guess you haven’t fixed her.” Ryutyu stated as many arms from under my skirt put out and picked up the shades for the MLG glasses, as I put them on, and my eyesight worsened, but then I switched it. I also grabbed the mask on both hands with both of my main hands and put it on, seeing the screen behind the mask have a light blue background with a white symbol of a lock.

“Yes- Ryutyu- but the point was that maybe the Fire God would go and talk to Heru and his allies about the computer, and we would maybe team up to stop the evil force, and then we could all just go back to our normal lives, with also maybe the advantage of Heru not trying to kill us with other foes.” I told, explaining the meaning in the mission’s end, as the mask opened up from its teethy state.

As my man hands were switching out lenses and putting them on my face’s eyes, with Geurnf acknowledging in surprise at the darkness arms- the mask, all black, with a cat’s edgy smile, literally white with sharp triangular teeth and two stretched out ‘U’s’ to make it a cartoon-cat-like face, like you would see on some ‘OC’ on somebody’s bio of a character, moved its upper teeth up into the mouth like an animation, and bottom teeth towards the bottom, opening it to almost a teethless mouth like an animation would, all cartoony-like, giving Shellia an interested mind about the mask.

“Okay.” Ryutyu nodded and understood as he watched the mask do its work.

“Do you like it?” Geurnf asked me after two seconds after Ryutyu responded to me.

“It is amazing…” I stated, instead focusing on the screen as I took it off and showed it to Geurnf. She held down the lock on the screen with her right index finger for five seconds.

“Thank you.” Geurnf nodded happily as Ryutyu went over to the sword.

“What is this for?” He asked, gathering her attention elsewhere as I looked at the screen. Five buttons were displayed- four vertically in rounded boxes of a green background on the left, and one big one covering the right half of the screen. The top left one was labeled “Colors,” in black text under a circle of red, and then below it, “Voicing,” in black Abadi-font text with an oval of blue without an outline as the mascot for the box, “Screen Settings,” was the next on with a metallic grey cog as the symbol, and finally, “Notes,” with a white blank piece of paper as the image above the text. I tapped on each one, up to down, looking at the many controls, as there were brightness settings, colors for the mouth and teeth and background of the mask, how much it should react to my voice, if it should be voice-locked, tapping fatly onto a qwerty keyboard with small letters onto the notepad, and such others. Then the big button to the right simply had no image, but rather the black text in the middle, saying “Design.” I tapped it, and henceforth came a drawing pen and many other colors, as well as a canvas already holding the design of my current face. There were also proportion buttons to help with smoothing, and as it all looked small and detailed, was very helpful like an entire art program. Plus, the screen was only an inch thick, so it did not bother me.

“That is a sword- for anybody’s use. I dunno if I’ll come in handy or not, but I don’t have gun parts.” Geurnf respoded as Ryutyu pulled away himself, and then they hovered back over to me fidgeting with the mask’s screen.

“But ya’ made a high-tech mask for Eighty-Three.” Ryutyu offered against such a sentence as we all wagged our tails. Shellia then played her instrument afterwards, looking around the walls and going out of the room to design a memory in her head.

“Because Wilma probably spawned in only the correct parts for that gadget.” Geurnf told, with a calming voice as I continued fidgeting, as I have already told.

They peered over with silence and watched as I made my way to design, and then used the eraser tool to start a new drawing. Ryutyu looked at my mask and saw that the face was being erased away just like the canvas- just disappearing as I went through with the actions. Secretly though, it was ninety-eight milliseconds late, and I only really noticed those numbers exactly.

“Damn- how’d ya’ build it?” Ryutyu asked Geurnf, wondering about the toy I had to play with now. I also finished in the middle of his sentence, finding the correct frames for my MLG shades, and then put them on to stay- so my skirt arms then just rested with their fists tight and up to the air, just at the line with my dress became a shirt, or dress, however I may word this and however you may understand that…

“It took a lot of coding and circuitry that came to my hands with quite the ease. It went superiorly fast when compared to other inventions I have conducted- as all I had to do was put it all together and edit the code. Unluckily though- some parts I picked up instantly vanished with a red glitchy effect- I’m sure we already talked about that though…” Geurnf responded, explaining without really explaining, as I quickly lined out the new face in the canvas as fast as I wanted to.

“I should really get into engineering- but I like doctoring way too much.” I, Eighty-Three, giggled with the two. “Anyways, good job, Geurnf. You should relax yourself today.” I said, ending my drawing, giving out my right fist for a fist bump, and putting on my mask with my under arms.

“Yes… why are you holding out your fist?” Geurnf asked, looking at my right fist instead of my new face on my mask.

“For a fist bump. Have you never had a fist bump?” I smiled as her, and my mask followed. It had straight teeth now, lines being rectangles all the way down instead of triangle mashing into another, under the same type of mouth. There was also a green dot near the top left corner of the mask, from Geurnf’s view, a red one to the top right, half an inch away from the face of the mask, along with a blue dot in the bottom left, and a yellow dot in the bottom right. They did not move but provided some color to the black mask.

“No?” – Geurnf, never having a fist bump.

“Fucking dumbass- no, I am joking. Just make your hand into a fist ad bump mine. Pretty easy and accurate to the name.” I recalled for Geurnf to learn, as in the beginning of this sentence I raised the hand swiped at her like I was punching from the side, but stopped it and discontinued, making her raise her left eyebrow at me after she flinched back with her hands raising.

“Heh, okay.” Geurnf nodded and did so. “So- what are you guys going to do for the rest of the day?”

“Whatever God calls us to do- or at this point- that damn computer. I was thinking of maybe training the kids in the other building to be helpful in situations where our powers are turned off, because I think it may come to help in the future… and tomorrow, I must head to school to get some actual-designated kids, because of past things, and context that would lead to hours of explanation, so thank you, and have a nice day.” I smiled at Geurnf and ended, leaving with Ryutyu.

“Erm, thanks.” Geurnf nodded, and then sat back on her bed.

“Shellia?” Ryutyu asked the area, as I headed downstairs without a care to look for the accordion girl, “Where’s Shellia?” Ryutyu continued asking.

“Probably downstairs.” I said, coming forth to Shellia on her knees on top of the couch and looking out the windows, before whipping around to us. “Hey Shellia.” I waved with my right hand, before going to the door and opening it.

Shellia hopped off Geurnf’s couch and followed Ryutyu out the door with me. Ryutyu stayed after Shellia escaped, and he closed the door, as it seemed not to slowly fall back into the doorframe as most doors would usually close on their own.

“Hey Ryutyu, do you think I should try to cure the kids of their mental defects?” I asked my blue furry friend with Shellia behind us.

“Uh- yeh?” Ryutyu nodded, and Shellia came between us and started to nod her head whilst peering into my shades.

“Alrighty then- I will ask, and then try, and if the Red Glitch allows, only my hands can stop me then.” I smiled and spoke with the mask lifting the teeth into the drawn mouth and lowering or higher-ing the lips to punctuate like real life.

We went over to the building and entered it through the garage. We crept up many stairs to find the kids enjoying music from a metallic beatbox on a wooden table, as they slouched down in blue beanbags, whilst also the teacher was in one, sleeping.

“Oh, hello?” The kid stated to us, with his Hispanic appearance.

“Hello. It is I, once again, the femboy, come to ask you all if I can possibly use surgery to redefine your brains in order to remove you mental illnesses.” I asked in a sentence whilst Shellia jumped into one of the fourteen spare blue beanbags nearby.

“Oh- yeah, you can do that?” The bald black girl asked with her fellow black lady sitting up now.

“Yes. Do I have you guys’s approval?” I asked them all, hoping that they would all listen up from their laziness.

“Teacher!” Jared called over to the sleeping teacher who arose with a sleepy attitude towards all but enlightened her face when she saw us.

“What?” She smiled, looking at my mask and stuff as everybody else did.

“Will you allow me to take some of these students to my lab for testing on whether I will be allowed by the universe to remove your mental illnesses or not?” I sentenced to her like the smartest man alive would.

“Take me first. I need my memories removed.”

“I guess I should take that as I ‘yes.’” I smiled back and awaited as the people stood up to honor me by following.

“If you fix us, it’ll be life changing…” The bald black girl spoke again, as everybody leaned into her thought, except the Hispanic kid.

“That moving mask looks life-changing.” He said, intrigued upon the cartoonish look as I turned to go down the stairs.

“Yes, obviously it will be life changing, and no, this mask is not life-changing.” I snorted at them, although that sentence of mine was probably a little rude.

“You’ll take em’ all in at the same time?” Ryutyu asked, bewildered at his own thinking with his black jacket equipped.

“Actually- I will try one of you. If it does not work, do not worry, you will not be dead as I will be able to bring you back- but whilst the first person is undergoing, the rest of you should get to know my friends.” I told them, giving them something to do whilst they will be waiting.

“Oh- okay…” The black girl with hair nodded almost awkwardly.

And so, we headed down to my room, and they checked it out with Ryutyu. He toured them around, with Shellia also following. Gustavo also came around, and it seemed to be quite friendly around the house, as I took in the Hispanic kid for testing. He sprangled at first, being nervous, but I put him under with one of the syringes spawned in by Wilma way back, and then opened his hand to reveal the brain.

With many neruons being redirected by my pursuit on the way his brain was built, I tried reconnecting many to others and fixing it with my darkness hands as they made up the tools. Six at a time, randomizing it, for at least fourteen seconds, before the red glitch undid my progress by spasming out in his brain, and resetting it to what it was before.

I only sighed, and then fixed him up quickly- the entire procedure only taking up a minute and twenty-eight seconds.

“Oh damn- I’m alive…” He stated after I stabbed him to shake alive for a second- stabbing him in his lower arm with a syringe that opposed the other effects of the other syringe.

“Yes, but the procedure taught me that it is not possible with the current circumstances to complete a brain repurposing technique, so sorry.” I stated, putting together words like myself would.

“Uh- um- okay… so I’m fine?” – Hispanic Kid with a look into my shades and mask, weirded out almost at the fact it all still exists in front of him.

“Yes.” – Me, towards the kid asking for permission to go in an indirect way.

“I’m clear to go? Like now?” The Hispanic kid asked yet again.

“Yes.” – Me, with no mood swing from calmness or anger.

And so, we exited and enjoyed the rest of the night. The downtime from battles was good. I explained to them the computer, saying: “The Computer can randomly make you travel space, I guess as I way I should be putting it- and spawn you into some challenge,” with their faces exploding in shock as I explained the stories of my history. The elder woman also nodded and explained her story on the living room couch, with me and Shellia and Ryutyu all enjoying the multi-conversation, with her saying: “When I was young, I was told stealing when you really needed to was okay- but… not to the Bible, and so I learned the hard way…” She explained, with us all being enlightened by her Christian life that led up to here. Ryutyu also chimed in, “Yeah, Cyclop once said he met Jesus!” and then everybody was encouraged to tell their religion and past. “I guess I’m Christian,” Said Jared, and we all continued to find out everybody was with us, as even Gustavo mentioned, “True. Jesus was in my community’s history, but we were just hungry for blood, and so it is told he left.” The entire multi-conversational meeting took five hours, and everybody got to know the other quite well from intriguing questions.

Then we all traveled back to the big block house, white and wanting marble, and played some games on the seventh floor- there being televisions around with copies of my gaming stations. The boys were all in.

“So, what do you think?” I asked the teacher as the girls also tried being comforted by the beanbags and enjoying the first-person shooters within civil war time of America.

“Think of what?” She asked almost in a worry, but tried cooling down herself as she saw many being relaxed.

“Anything. This room, the building, possibly your new lifestyle…” I finally shifted towards her at the end.

“Uh… the room’s good for the children I guess… playing bloody games… and the building doesn’t look good from the outside to be honest- but new lifestyle?” She shifted towards at the end of the sentence.

“I told you in my living room that the Red Glitch was disabling our powers to fix you back into a normal reality. So, I ask just in case I can make it a paradise by some feasible option…” I answered for her, not you.

“Oh yeah… I guess this could be okay… I mean, we won’t have anything super bad, will we? Like, killing machines coming out of nowhere all the time and random stuff happening all the time- like you mentioned earlier?” She stuttered, feeling panicked already by the possible circumstances.

“I hope not… I know you, having almost no relaxation since you got out of prison and started your school job, need somewhere to settle down and rethink your life… and everybody here just wanting to be kids, I will make as much surety as I can that you guys can enjoy this stuff and possibly more for as long as you want.” I told, hoping she would follow through with accepting the idea they might be stuck in a panic-village of constantly occurring madness.

“Oh, thanks…” The teacher nodded and continued to sit in her beanbag to my right. I then grabbed my bee phone afterwards and saw no message from Cyclop.

“Anyways- when their game ends, I am going to go back to my room with Ryutyu.” I commended to speak lastly.

“Okay.” – Her, the teacher, stated as she watched the girls spectate and wait for their turns.

So, I waited for the game to end, and when it did, I contacted Ryutyu and we left with a good night to all. As we exited the building, he asked a question he should have known.

“Hey, has Cyclop responded yet?” He asked, wondering as my black arms were not under my dress, clenching their fingers together and holding up.

“Nope.” – Me, with a mouth widening in dislike.

Me and Ryutyu went inside my home, found Shellia already sleeping, and Gustavo eating his meal of fleshy chicken. Ryutyu then took a shower as I went down to his room and went back to my dungeon of torture, hidden behind the walls of my surgical center.

The Plague Doctor was still sitting there, and the television was still running. The Blue Backpack was also still dead, with its corpse smelling, but not enough. I sat down in the chair I had before, not the comfy one Wilma once sat in- and I watched as the Plague Doctor spent his time looking around for the laughing noise.

His Italian Doctor Friend, one that his assisted with pulling out my eyes, was now an abomination. He constantly had a laugh derives from the imagination of my own on how his voice would react in such an insane laugh. The creature itself, monstrous now, had no legs or arms, rather just the floating torso and head, unmoving and hovering quickly above the ground by four feet. The leg and arm holes were closed by badly placed grey and shining duct tape, and the Italian hat of the Plague Doctor had its flag scribbled over with blood in many weird directions. Its constant laugh added to its personality of attack, as the floating and bone-unmoving thing had a giant knife pointing out from its chest. As the back was normal, a sharp non-butter knife was with a height of two feet and seven inches wide, stretching three-point-five feet out and waiting to stab into somebody standing up straight.

The Plague Doctor peered around the corner and found out the thing was rotating down and looking below, before looking up, still with its back faced, and going forth to where it thought the Plague Doctor had run off to, simply floating without any clothe or flesh movement- just the repeating and annoying insane laugh. Same waves, same occurrence.

The Plague Doctor then trotted respectfully away in a walk, hearing the laugh faze out somewhere else. Then he took off. His setting was ultimately different now, as the backrooms was now a straight white, all of it. No ceiling lights, no floor grains- everything was white with shadows exploding from the corners. The Plague Doctor was without word currently, and ran as much as he could, dodging such things- as the possibility of tripping when he whipped around corners; or banging into the wall, in which he bounced back and crept around its camouflaged walls of whiteness with the rest of the purely silent atmosphere only being interrupted by him himself now.

For thirteen minutes, he wondered around, making a few circles, noticing his errors, and then creeping away. He did not run into any monsters at this time but met the sitting Computer once. It was a smaller version of the Computer than I knew personally. I tell you this reader, this version had the monitor screen as big as the Plague Doctor’s Head’s length and width and height could get, as if expanded to be a rounded square to his proportions. It had fifteen tentacles of cords spattered around in random directions, and only appeared in a four-way.

“Computer! Tell me of a nearby creature!” The Plague Doctor insisted from the being to answer.

“Clasif is yet again around here, but his position shall not be named. Now go, or else I’ll snatch you up and bang you dead into the walls repeatedly.” The Computer told from its lit screen of blue, without moving, but having an echoey voice just like the real life one, coming from the screen.

The Plague Doctor nodded and started running in more random directions before, after thirty-seven seconds, he heard Clasif’s voice.

“Go right! Enter the other four way, please.” The echoing Clasif voice called out, and the Plague Doctor did so, before staying put for seven seconds, and then running further to the right from the fourway.

“I only have thirty-eight more levels to go… then the Red Glitch will set me free…” The Plague Doctor restated to himself, repeatedly, in a whisper as he continued running, hearing some of his friend’s laughter fade in and then out from behind many walls.

I smiled and continued watching for about an hour, seeing tortures come upon him again and again, until I got up myself and went to my laptop in my room. I then started to do research on languages and also looked up many random things on engineering.

***The school meeting was quite…?***

I went to school the next day, with my dress equipped and darkness arms raised from under my dress. Coming in from the Tennis Court I bounced over towards, I found the gym yet again empty. I traveled to the other side, opened into the school, and walked forth to the early kids, only a few, sitting in the cafeteria and minding their waiting to get breakfast from the cafeteria. I whizzed past with my boots causing enough of a stomping noise to make others look, and then fear confusion as I continued to circle around the school- finding nothing. Eventually, I came back to the gym and found nobody.

“Of course this happens.” I stated, then shooting my right arm out to my right, and henceforth from the three-meter gap, it grew with darkness into another me as my right arm grew back from darkness as well.

I then strolled away as my mitosis buddy stood looking around, before walking off towards the band room. I was then leaving the tennis court and using my arms to lift me up and away into the forest.

I came back to my room and found Shellia still asleep, but Gustavo just sitting by my laptop. The lights were off, and his eyes almost illuminated it.

“Where’d you go?” He asked with a lifted right eyebrow and a voice of calmness.

“To the school to maybe find Jeo Ligam. But, of course without a specific time listed, I found nothing. Henceforth I left a copy of myself there, and hopefully from my other self, I will be able to see through his eyes the guy I need to meet again.” I stated calmly, getting back onto my laptop and looking up more physics of engineering.

“Eh… okay… are you going to do anything elsewise?” Gustavo asked, curling up into a bowl just four inches from my right-handed mouse.

“Hm… let me think… maybe I could grab Shellia for testing, since I think being able to be human and have photosynthesis is mightily cool… and maybe I can give that kind of power to everybody…” I nodded, looking around the room and spotting her facing her face up on my bed, with the blanket still flat and perfectly fitted, ready to be pulled.

“Okay… are you gonna’ do surgery or scientific investigations first?” Gustavo asked as his eyes were closed and he was resting.

“I guess I should do scientific investigations first, because the Red Glitch is being repulsive lately…” – Me, Eighty-Three, looking at bolt sizes in a car wheel on my laptop.

“Eh…” Gustavo nodded away with me.

Time went by, and Ryutyu woke up, energized and ready to game. He helped himself to cereal as I continued to study, before he then dashed away towards the big block building. Wilma then came up with a white place having a human arm on it, flesh still intact and leaking blood.

“I have your breakfast ready.” She stated over to Gustavo placing it in front of his cat eyes.

“Oh thanks…” Gustavo smiled and started digging in as Wilma then looked over my left shoulder and saw me investigating how to build a car.

“Hm…” She nodded, before heading down into the basement that was Ryutyu’s room.

There, she made a room behind the wall with a metallic white safe lock, like the giant ones you would see on a vault, and she made it open to the room with a wooden table and five lines of cocaine, where she entered, the lock door closed massively behind her, sounding throughout the house, and she snorted away.

“WoOooOoooooOOooOOoooooo!” She yelled from inside, and Shellia slowly turned in bed from the waking of both mega sounds.

“Oh look! Ryutyu- I mean Shellia- is awake!” Gustavo said, biting off a piece of the arm, swallowing it nicely, and then speaking with manners towards her green eyes. Afterwards, she played an opening rift for her day.

“Hey Shellia, I had a question. Since nothing new is happening today- could I take you in for testing? I want to see how you make photosynthesis and see if I can harness the ability for others.” I asked of Shellia, just getting out of bed with her same old dress.

She nodded with a confused and lifted right eyebrow, looking me in the eyes. Then she looked around the room and played her instrument in confusion.

“Oh- yes- I should also firstly go ask Geurnf if she can make a mechanism that allows you to speak… or I myself should be the one asking- may I also have the permission to commit surgery on you to see if I can remove the accordion and also give you a mouth?” I then asked with Gustavo finishing his breakfast plate.

Shellia looked to me with surprise and fear. She then looked around the room and did not nod. Then after seven seconds of waiting for an answer, she shrugged.

“Nice. Thank you.” I nodded, then closing my laptop and exiting to Ryutyu’s basement where Wilma was snorting. “So, Shellia- let me ask this- if you were to have no sunlight at all, would you die?” I asked Shellia on the way. All she did was nod slowly and shiver a bit for a second. “Nice to know.” Me, finally, going up to the vault and knocking.

Wilma was inside, banging and bouncing around the walls like a rubber ball, hitting things crazily as I knocked. Then she stopped, and it opened slowly, revealing a shaking and absurdly happy Wilma with huge pupils of black. Shellia was scared, and I was amused almost.

“Hey Wilma- could you possibly spawn in a machine to measure Shellia’s photosynthesis change? I need for scientific testing.” I asked of the woman looking to me directly in my MLG shades.

“Yeah!” She nodded quickly, before making ten hands behind her back and making a simple machine; just like the EM-wave sensor machine Cyclop randomly showed us once.

This time it was labeled with photosynthesis and had quantifiable plus quality measures listed around. I grab the machine with both hands, under it, after squatting down with my dress sagging up from the floor’s presence, and then standing up to see Wilma shake back into a flipping and twirling entity colliding into each wall at random intervals with quick speed. The safe closed as Shellia took five steps back. I then turned to her and walked with Shellia.

“So- if you are wondering where Ryutyu is, he told me after he ate breakfast that he was going to continue playing with the new people in the block building. I know you barely have met them, but if today goes well, I can assure you that having free hands will be the greatest advantage in your life.” I stated, obviously hinting at the surgery. So, we went out of my room, past my stepdad holding my baby brother on the couch, and out the door unlocked, then unlocking the gate with my right hand as my left held the machine like a waiter with a plate, and then we came out to the pool, just in front of it.

“Is this a good spot?” I asked of her, and Shellia played a hyper rift with a shrug. “Well, judging by your excellent playing of that accordion, I guess I must make the choices here… is this what you have technically done during the day when I was out and about?”

She gave me a raised left eyebrow.

“Damn- I just connected the points that you can move both eyebrows the way you want; heh! You see, when I try, it is hard to do so naturally, and that goes for a lot of people as well- but back onto point; I think your question was about the specifics of mine, so what I meant was this: do you just wait outside and enjoy the sunlight when nobody is around?” I, Eighty-Three, answered the familiar-dressed girl.

She shrugged and nodded towards that positively. I acknowledged with a nod back and squatted down to make the machine work, as she did as well- and yet I already analyzed it when we were walking through the kitchen and living room. So I turned it on instantly, and then a three-by-three-inch hole opened on my left side. I reached around and grabbed the cable, a white cord with a syringe ending, a white metallic needle highlighted in white as it curved into its shape from the cord being two inches wide.

“This might sting a little.” I continued smiling, as I frowned barely. I then slowly put it into her lower right arm, just below the wrist, on a vein of faint blue.

She crushed her eyes a little and worried her eyebrows, but before she could pulse back at all, I let it go, and it was already finished. I then walked around to the back of it, from my view, and saw the screen. It was already going, with a bar graph displaying all the needed data. There was a single one in the middle of the screen, being green and rectangular, with the time below, going from the right of the x-axis being one second to the left being an advancing value; upgrading to be more and more within seconds, indicated by an ‘s’ after each number, with five other units in between, these updating without a slope, but rather a pattern of what could be split of the current time- and the energy in I-R-G-A, going from one to an increasing value at the top, undergoing the same advancing motion with five in-betweens like the time.

“Alrighty, hold on for a bit.” I said, making my right arm extend out to the right and create a room enclosed by darkness, and built exactly the same as the surgical room in Ryutyu’s basement. I then ran off by inside and then went to the front door and headed right towards Geurnf’s home, as Shellia was left standing in place and enjoying the rise of the sun.

After about four minutes, I came back through the home, and revealed the news.

“Geurnf will research how to possibly give you a translator, possibly one like most fully disabled men have that speaks in such a monotone and text-to-speech voice, but at least it will help if it works.” I told Shellia, looking over to the machine Wilma generated and finding out that it kept on going with perfection of data.

Shellia considered playing a rift right before she was interrupted, and our eye-to-eye contact was folded upon Ryutyu as he rushed over to us with the light trying to keep up to him from his dash.

“Hey Eighty-Three, we about to have a pool party in the block house, you wanna’ come?” Him with massive amounts of fur all over.

“No. I am currently testing Shellia to find out the science about human-like photosynthesis. I also do not want your fur to fall off in such waters.” I sentenced back to Ryutyu, my furry-blue friend with a wagging tail.

“Ah, ight. I’ll be going then- oh- and Wilma’s really putting up an entire buffet up there too, so if ya’ feel hungry, ya’ can join us too…” Ryutyu said, as he walked over to open the door he once opened quickly, and then rushed back in after quickly and loudly closing the doors of my home.

“Thank you, Ryutyu… (He goes,) anyways, let us get to the point, (I create a fully black clipboard with my left hand and my right index finger turning into a pen, which I then wrote on it by making the darkness dissolve away, making the letters actual holes in the clipboard,) I will now be needing you to take off your clothes. As I see no increase in the slope here, currently, I would now also like to see what happens when more of your skin is revealed to the sun…” I stated, looking up to her almost embarrass her face herself, “Oh, have no worries. Only for a bit… and as I collect the data, I will make sure that you are protected from anybody’s eyesight, if you want…”

Shellia nodded her head as she kept eye-contact with me, worried for the sky above afterwards. I then repeated the action, yet smoother, I had done before to get her clothes off and eventually onto myself, and then casted them towards the gates of the porch.

“See? Just like last time, nothing new.” I stated, then thrusting my left arm fully forth and allowing the darkness to splurge onto the windows of the doors, and then crawl in all directions to block it with its black matter, as well as crawl over to the fence and fill up the slight holes as well as extend the height with its own material.

I then viewed that below her idling face looking up to the sky, the machine had a slight change in energy absorption. It was now two-point-six times the original account, and going up with a bigger slope, of course. The time also stayed counting, as I did not reset it.

“Easily done… I see that when more of your skin is allowed to be in front of the sunlight, you take in more energy, as I expected… alrighty- would you like a little time before we do the surgery?” I stated to the Shellia.

Shellia simply shrugged her shoulders with a slowly calming face going from worry to happiness. She looked at the machine, then the blue sky, and opened her eyes wide as she played a new yet happy rift.

“Alrighty, I will go check up on Ryutyu first, you enjoy some more energy into your system.” I stated, then jumping over the sixteen-foot fence and over to the block.

In the block building, as I came through the garage with many workbenches mechanical parts, and up the stairs, I found most kids enjoying slapping a fully-blue beach ball back and forth over the fifteen-feet-long pool that was seven-point-five feet wide, with Wilma in the middle and across, sitting in the air as her tails aimed down and she sat with a neutral face. The volleyball that was the beach ball went over a hovering net of white that stretched from the sides of the pool horizontally to Jared, who was on my left. Across Wilma and to my direct right was a large metallic grey table, stretching fifteen feet as well, with many foods on white dishes for anybody to gobble up with their hands. Roasted chicken wings, hemispherical chips, fourteen red plastic cups with white lining having a purple juice inside in the middle of the table, broccoli on the end, and other goodies you would see at a roast on Sunday. Ryutyu was in the pool, on the right side, with the teacher, the Hispanic kid, and the bald brown girl.

“Hey!” Wilma waved over with her right hand towards me, and I got noticed from all faces for a second before they continued their game of sloping excitement.

“Hello.” I slightly waved with my right hand back over to Wilma, walking towards the left.

“Hey Eighty-Three! Wanna’ join?” Ryutyu asked as he hit the ball with a good jump, and the fur of himself was being not so wet as Wilma had her powers making it dry quickly and drip off quickly.

“No thanks… (I get to Wilma,) hey Wilma.” – Me, with nothing really to say.

“Nice to see your experiments are going well in the midst of un-chaos.” Wilma spoke, obviously referencing my thoughts about Shellia.

“Yes, and I was also hoping maybe you could probably help with cheating some implements I might put into others. As soon as I figure out about her particles, I would like you to give Ryutyu the advantage, and Gustavo the advantage as well.” I stated to the same woman who could twist her fingers inhumanely and create whatever the fuck she imagined.

“Sure.” She nodded, without anything else on her mind. So, I left. I went onto the road and quickly back over to my house, passing my mom doing the dishes, and my stepfather heading out for work, all un-talkative. I came out to Shellia sitting flat, face-up, next to the pool, with her eyes closed.

“Wake up.” I stated over her, and Shellia’s eyes came forth and she brought her back up. “Time to examine your particles.” I snorted with the continuation of my sentence.

She started to bring herself into a squat so she could then stand up, and did so as quickly as she could with her strong calves and accordion in hand. She then followed me into the box as I stated what was happening with my copy.

“And also, so you know, Jeo has yet to reveal himself in my school. The version of me in my school has not found him, and rather has stayed hidden quite well. So, that is what today was going to be about if I did not have the permission from the Red Glitch to duplicate myself, henceforth I had the idea of putting you into my research.” I stated to Shellia, making her slightly confused, as she got on the bed with her eyes looking up to the sunlight coming through the hole up top, two feet wide and long.

I then made my right hand into tweezers, and my left into an entire portable microscope, advanced and technical.

***The Fire God enters.***

In the lair of criminals, the people opposing my existence to gain money, there was Heru on the bottom side of the table, and to the east was the rainbow orb, but now with two arms of rainbow-ness exalted from his right and left, with human hands- and he was happy to have these. He had a face, being like that one cat-girl’s when she entered Geurnf’s house and left with the black diamond- his eyes were pure white and glowing along with the mouth being a line, all-looking two-dimensional, unlike his arms, which swayed back and forth as he rotated himself so quickly yet slightly. To the top of the table was Deandra. And on the table, was nothing, just like the nothingness that stood to the west of the table.

“HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH- (The rainbow orb shook violently, and then pointed to Heru with his left index finger,) WHITE BOY! HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH- (After the rainbow orb stopped his motion-blurred self, he pointed to Deandra with his right index finger,) STUPID ASS! HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH-” – Rainbow Orb, with a violent shake and opening mouth every time he annoyingly produced a figment of English.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Heru yelled at the annoying bastard, pointing with his own right index finger, as Deandra resolved her face from a confused frown to a chuckle-almost.

And with those words, the rainbow orb only shook with furious joy in his face.

“Don’t do that shit, or I’ll destroy your-” Heru started to say again, before he was funnily interrupted, in my opinion.

“EDGY! HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH!” The rainbow orb once again stated with the loudest annoyance to the mosquito boy, making Deandra laugh.

“HEAAAAAUUUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Heru started to pulse his back far back, almost perfectly horizontally straight, and started lifting himself into the air, without his stale wings, with his eyes turning red, and his fists clenching and shaking as his body did the same with crazed vibrations, leaving the rainbow orb to only smile more.

Then, as suddenly as I thought this scene would be funny, the Fire God blasted the door off from the west, making it shoot back into the shaking rainbow orb, making him hit the wall with a smash, making Deandra look away from her laughter and with confused joyfulness towards the muscular man, making Heru switch his head over to the guy with his vibration stopping, and making the Fire God have the light of silence with his right arm forwards.

“We need to talk.” The Fire God stated as the rainbow orb made the door fly into the ceiling and crush into it, staying there, and he himself lifted himself up, with his own input he gained from himself, knowing himself.

“What?” – Heru, letting his eyes cool back down to a white whilst his tuxedo continued its blood flow.

“About the computer. That damn thing- do you guys have a grudge against him yet?” The Fire God continued as Deandra cooled her joyous mouth down to a neutral.

“Um, no?” Deandra asked as the rainbow orb put its hands back inside itself.

“Well, me and Elijah and Eighty-Three currently were in one of the Computer’s games. After talking with everybody, I realized Elijah was about to die because of it.” The Fire God stated, almost frustrated, “And I wanted to alarm you that it’s putting all of our lives in danger over a boy who we haven’t gotten a clear justification against, from your side, Heru.” The Fire God explained to them.

“What do you mean?” Heru asked promptly with the rainbow orb confusing its face.

“I mean, I came to ask a few questions. Why do you want to kill that kid so badly? Why do we allow the Computer to help when it’s putting our lives in danger? And how do we stop it if it becomes a problem- because I see the computer as someone you’ll trust until he can finally put you into a game and allow you to die because he didn’t care for you at all, and then you’ll have to work with your enemy to beat the bigger enemy, just like in human films.” The Fire God resolved to describe.

“Those are actually articulate questions I would like to see answered…” Deandra nodded to the Fire God, then looking to Heru, as the rainbow orb did as well.

“Uh- I was told by my father that my purpose was to kill the trashy boy, and… uh… that’s kind of it- but I haven’t fucking successfully had him in my hands…” Heru started to say before he trailed off…

“And what happens when you get his corpse into your hands?” The Fire God continued, leading on everybody else as he rested his arms amongst his upper chest.

“I… I don’t fucking know… I actually only know that I’ve got to kill that damn kid… and nothing more.” Heru stated, confused yet eager to know his purpose as well.

“I- what?” – Rainbow Orb.

“So you’re telling me… wait, where did you come from?” The Fire God started out with at the conversation table.

“I don’t know. All I know is my father told me to kill that kid, and then I was just outside a planet- I go directly down, and find the kid and a cyclops going up and elevator…” Heru stated, wondering himself about his past.

“But where you before that?” The rainbow orb asked promptly, also confused.

“I don’t remember. I don’t even remember what my father looked like, or how his voice would’ve been- I just remember that my father, whoever, told me… well, I don’t remember if he spoke to me directly, I just had the message in my head to kill the kid, without much else wording…” Heru stated, making eye contact every three seconds with the other people.

“Seems like you got a bad case of the schizos.” The rainbow orb funnily stated to hype up the dramatically confused mood.

“I- heh…” Deandra started to say, before looking down with closed eyes and lifting her left hand to block the communication forwards.

“So your history contains you just trying to kill this child with some mysterious message in your head telling you to kill the child?” – The Fire God.

“Yes.” Heru stated, widening his mouth and understanding the unusualness of it.

“Did you… look behind you when you ‘came into existence,’ apparently?” The Fire God asked, furthering deeper into the lore of the mosquito boy.

“No. I remember I was staring at the planet, and then I darted down with my mind telling me to do so. I came down upon a building top, looked down to see the kid and Cyclop going into a building, and decided to follow after them. I was extremely fucking angry too- and not that THAT has changed, but damnit- I still am.” Heru stated, looking at them still with eye-contact.

“Oh…?” The Fire God complemented the confusion with, “So… maybe your creator is in that universe, and was behind you before you darted down to a planet with cyclops… because, yeah, beings like Wilma and maybe even yourself, Heru- can create beings with a message implanted, but also with free will, and then have you already located and centered on an action to where you’re so ‘into-it,’ that you care not to look for them as they go away and spectate, or just leave entirely.” The Fire God hypothesized.

“But who would hate Eighty-Three at that moment?” Deandra asked the Fire God, before mid-way sentence she looked over to Heru.

“I don’t know. I was his first threat, I think. It was only till you helpful people also helped out that I think I was making his life miserable and fucking hell even more. I mean, there were… some… weird-looking men once…” Heru stated, theorizing about his own lore.

“Like what? Describe!” The Fire God instantly asked, already thinking of some people of his own.

“They had white skin, human, had weird-ass clothing, yellow and red, surely, and… helped me out of jail. I also killed one of them and got a time-machine-” Heru said before the obvious Fire God interjected.

“The Timal Tienes! Ooh… damn… that puts a lot of pressure everywhere.” – Fire God with green-lime fire making his outline.

“Give me context, NOW!” The rainbow orb asked the Fire God with a dramatically funny ending to his sentence.

“The Timal Tienes are a semi-religious group of Jesus’ that have time machines and dress up in yellow and red, somewhat like the Spanish inquisitions in late human history. Their purpose was to exile and kill any being in the universe that would make haste with destruction and torture if it evolved enough. They were semi-religious because they were an extremist group of Christianity- one that if a new religion was becoming dominant and destroying Christianity, they would go back in time and, well, at least try to defeat it. They obviously failed a lot and ruined their reputation amongst the heavens because of it. They’re also normal humans, just disallowed to enter heaven again as they continue sinning; because Jesus doesn’t want people going back in time and changing things, nor does he want a group of his endorsing violence and hiring many to go and kill things that would cause mass destruction and remove free-will from many beings. I don’t know why they didn’t kill Hitler or Stalin, but they did kill Lioa Xing when she was a farmer’s girl, and she would’ve been a mass-murdering communist ruler on Earth, bringing mass war to many western civilizations- but the Timal Tienes are known to steal some other gadgets occasionally to defeat their many over-powered enemies. Maybe they created you- but that seems weirdly impossible since Eighty-Three probably would’ve just went home with a memory-loss, because I think the cyclops he was with were the really-good and efficient kind, and the Timal Tienes don’t always have machinery to stand outside of a world or create a being like you, with so much power, as they also get their stuff stolen by other clans if they have something emitting massive Orchestral waves- so I’ll just state it here; maybe the Timal Tienes know something about you. But most likely not- and this entire conversation was just me flexing my knowledge on the Timal Tienes.” The Fire God described very consistently.

“This entire conversation was just me wondering why you call them semi-religious.” The rainbow orb lead on with.

“They’re semi-religious because they follow most things of Christianity, but not all of them, so they aren’t-” – Fire God.

“That doesn’t make them semi-religious though! That just makes them a variation or an extremist group!” The Rainbow Orb said with Deandra smiling.

“Just like I also said.” The Fire God stated, shaking his head and rolling his circular eyes with a monotone voice.

“Don’t try to justify your error- we know what you meant.” The rainbow orb laughed with Deandra.

“Oh yeah- Heru- your justification to kill Eighty-Three currently makes no sense and no reward.” The Fire God inverted over to the mosquito boy.

“It makes sense- it’s just… stupidly weird.” The rainbow orb stated to Heru, angering his eyebrows.

“Plus, you don’t even know what happens afterwards. I mean, maybe something will, maybe your creator can see through-” The Fire God stated before Deandra had something important to say.

“Uh, the thing about him having the corpse of Eighty-Three in his grasp was more of a Computer game-thing…” Deandra spoke, looking at Heru.

“Oh damn.” – Rainbow Orb.

“She’s right, it was for the game…” Heru spoke, agreeing with Deandra.

The Fire God sighed. “Well then… next subject I just remembered is the reason we’re all doing this- for the money, which I’ve heard from Eighty-Three…” The Fire God answered, before turning to silence, as if he was waiting for somebody to answer already, in the awkward two seconds.

“Is a fake.” Elijah stated, walking in smoothly from the darkness with the original body done with the game.

“Bro, have you just been back there, listening?” The rainbow orb asked as the Elijah of Darkness came to the table.

“Yes. And I made my entrance as cool as possible.” Elijah, with darkness controlling his body, stated.

“But your timing was awful.” Deandra rhymed.

Elijah snorted and so did Deandra. “Alrighty, whatever. Heru, just to say this, Eighty-Three told me the money was no longer a thing to earn as the computer can only run one game.” – Elijah towards Heru with a confused concern.

“But the computer told me he could run a background game to fixate on problems like this.” Heru answered, and if he did in such a different voice, rather than his confused expression of calmness, he would sound like a child.

“I don’t think the computer can run two games- because if he could, he would’ve made each character go through a game all the damn time, and that SEEMINGLY isn’t the CASE.” The rainbow orb answered, getting onto Heru.

“The computer is something I barely know as well- but his history states that he created the Red Glitch, and before he did, he was able to run so many games at a time- because his power was technically infinite. Now, the Red Glitch prohibits him to one game- as I’ve heard from some of my educated people that follow me in my political campaign.” The Fire God stated, buffing up his flex.

“A- what? You’re-” The rainbow orb asked, wondering what the reference was.

“Yes, I have a life that isn’t fully made up of ‘killing a child because I was hired by another child.’ Haven’t you heard of the universal elections? Where all great people put up their best person to run the universe. Mostly our universe’s history has contained Jesus Christ winning each one, but I’m running to gain more votes so I can gain great power and control the universe more- by firstly, now, eliminating this computer which is way to undefined in his capabilities…” The Fire God stated, flexing his knowledge again as his arms were crossed and he smiled.

“Yes, okay, geez. No need to flex again, my guy.” – Rainbow Orb towards Fire God, and Elijah snorted.

“Alright- So- Heru- from this meeting and on, we need to work together to destroy the computer. He is dangerous and puts more than just our enemy’s lives on the line. Then, we also need to probably infiltrate the Timal Tienes to see if they know anything on you- and if not- making you and Eighty-Three just talk it out should settle the differences and result in peace, as we all need it. I didn’t realize, until I came back, that this torturous scheme of events had been repeating itself over time, with slight little changes. Firstly- also- I forgot to ask- but do you guys know why Eighty-Three is in a dress?” – Fire God, trying to end the conversation.

“I dunno.” The Rainbow Orb stated stupidly unfunnily.

“Me neither. He came back from a Computer game looking like that though.” – Heru with a little clue to what happened.

“I have no idea why he wears it- but all I know is that he controls darkness now; like the opposite of light.” Deandra spoke to the Fire God.

“That explains him in battle.” Elijah spoke, referencing him in the Red Eyes battle.

“Well, okay… and he’s still the same guy mentally?” The Fire God asked.

“I think so?” The rainbow sphere stated for all.

“Well then… nice meeting… and I hope we ALL stay to the PLAN. Stop the computer, settle our differences, and reform peace amongst the havoc that must be swarming around that boy.” The Fire God officially ended the conversation with.

Heru did not say a word, but was still angry at me. He only looked towards his right and walked away after the Fire God ended his words, bringing forth the group’s eyes to wonder what he was doing.

“Do you think Heru’s okay with that?” Elijah asked as he opened the door frustratingly and then made his back grow mosquito wings and fly him away.

“I hope so- or we’ll all have another enemy… and I hope that money’s real- or else the stability of this group will crack even further than I just made it…” The Fire God stated, then going back himself and leaving the crew to themselves, alone and silent amongst the table with imagery…

***The faker come in…?***

Eighty-Three. That is who I am. And within myself, I was only thinking of one important thing- what to do with the blue backpack. Me and Wilma were back in our secret torture lair, seeing the Plague Doctor go through another horrible being.

The Plague Doctor was running from his friend with a knife coming out of the chest. He ran in a zigag, crossing many corners and escaping the hideous laugh. Eventually, he crossed a corner, finding a weird version of Wilma. Her eyes were replaced with nine tails each, and the path she stood on had the walls cramp in further to her arms, almost squishing her at the slightest. She blocked the path of the Plague Doctor, so he continued right and away.

“Do you think I should try to surgically implant the ability for the Blue Backpack to use photosynthesis herself?” I asked Wilma as she slouched down and closed her eyes.

“I guess you can… are you ever going to let her go?” Wilma asked in her blue wardrobes still, wondering differently.

“No. She could be a useful card to play in this war against the computer and others- as well as helpful for testing out my medical dreams.” I, the surgeon Eighty-Three said with my green dress and maid shoes as well as black mask and MLG shades, said.

“Okay…” Wilma nodded, sighing herself to sleep.

I then got up and headed over to the blue backpack, grabbed her by the top with my left thumb going on her supposed back, and then picked her up and walked over to the surgical table with the corpse that was the backpack. Nobody was in Ryutyu’s basement at this time.

At the surgical table, I started to gather my tools and go to work. Not much to say, except I started doing my medical stuff, which I would explain, but this book is already really long.

But in the middle of my work, I firstly heard a metallic stomping come down the stairs and over. Then a being of known past came to open the door inside towards my work, with such a surprised face and such a confused worry.

“Woah- what the hell?” A mister said. And if you do not remember, this mister was the robot one. The robot version of myself, the one with rainbow hair, not the Nazi, obviously, came in with his left hand on the knob and his right index finger pointing to the blue backpack having its organs spread out and its zipper lined to the right, as well as me viciously turning around with my own confusion.

“Hello? Robot version of me…” I stated profusely towards the taller version of me.

“I was originally coming to explain my… try… at resolving our issues in Wilma’s world- but what happened to you?” He asked as he walked forth and looked over to the blue backpack. “Why are you a femboy?”

“Because after that world, I went to Shellia’s and became insane. And oh- it was amazing. I got the darkness fudge in my brain to work for me, and now since I have darkness abilities, although edgy, I have taken out many opponents with ease now, and my life has become easier. I also studied surgery more, and captured this here villain of mine… what about you? How has it been with Cyclop?” I asked the robot version of myself after he called me out for being in a green dress.

“It’s been fine. But… uh… I guess I should get to the point… sorry for trying to kill you with-” The robot started to say before I smartly interrupted.

“Yes, yes- I know you guys did not mean it, and were confused- I have not forgotten anything, even the scene when you two were in the classroom and trying to take a break from all the chaos, and we gave each other ‘Mister Numbers.’” I stated for him, already knowing where he was going. “Plus, I know Cyclop taught you well- so please skip to the point I, at least, want to know.”

“Oh- alrighty. So, yeah, Cyclop has been good and is doing well. The Nazi gave him some hard times in the beginning, but Oliver helped out as well, and we all have been getting along, even with the Cyclopals.” The robot stated before I cut him off perfectly, so it sounded as if I did not.

“Where are they now?” I asked the robot version of me.

“Currently everybody but me, is at Cyclop’s house, eating lunch and processing the end of one of his missions. They sent me to check up on you.” – Robot Eighty-Three with rainbow hair and squiggly lines of black upon white somewhat-called ‘skin.’

“That is cool and all- but what machine do you have to send yourself back?” I continued asking, having already fully stopped by surgical pursuit.

“I-” – Him.

“And why did Cyclop not come down here himself to meet me? And Wilma and Ryutyu?” I countered him, getting exclusive with my questioning.

“Because he’s tired-” – the robot tried to appeal.

“No. Cyclop is a caring man who, last time we met, told me that he wanted to talk to us more- and I am quite sure that him simply being tired would not stop him from checking up on one of the most wacky events that made his life colorful- As well as the fact you somehow knew that the surgical room was right here, amongst the wall. The real robot version of myself should not know that- because he has never been down here, nor in my house, and nobody knows except Wilma.” I stated, walking over to the robot version of me, standing still and firm as the darkness around the room’s walls exalted into tentacles and slammed the entrance door shut.

“My eyes can scan heat, sorry for not saying that earlier.” The robot version of me smartly relieved.

“How does that explain the door hidden in the wall? I heard your footsteps- smart ass- you came to right towards it with no hesitation. You surprise me, faker.” I said to the smart-ass robot that was me from another-ANOTHER universe.

“I’m not a-” He tried to speak, but obviously gave himself away with anger. To that instance, I made tentacles shoot from out of the wall behind him, wrap around his metallic torso, brace my dress since I was so close, and then pull him back with strong negativity hitting his eyes and face.

“The real, historically accurate robot version of me, that I MET- would never use a conjunction. It is not the Nazi’s way, or mine, or even the real Mister Two’s way.” I stated to the conjunction-using robot version of me.

“I’m sorry- I was also implanted with a code that would make me less obnoxious to Oliver- since he disliked the way I spoke.” The robot version of me stated in excuse.

“No…” I stated to the robot version, before running quickly out of the door and looking around Ryutyu’s room, before going upstairs, seeing nobody, then to the front door, and seeing nothing, before rushing back down. “But it seems that whoever brought you here- left you.”

“Cyclop sent me here- and I’m not an imposter.” – The Robot Version of Eighty-Three, which is me.

“Well, let us find out then.” I stated to the version of me, then immediately dismantling him with the tentacles of darkness, which wrapped around corners and parts of the body I had wanted to dissect, which then the tentacle’s particles crawled into the robot’s metallics, and bent it to break off, with cords and yellow sparks flying all over the place as I dissected him quite quickly and fast that he had no time to react falsely. Soon, his head was decapitated, but also then crushed inwards.

I then went out of the room with the parts being held by the tentacles, then growing towards me and placing them in the palms of the darkness hands coming out from under my skirt, as I then walked normally up the stairs and towards Geurnf’s home.

I opened her door without a proper knock, went to the weights room and found her lifting with sweat all over her fur.

“Hey.” She said as I walked into the room, turning all the way around to wide eye at my dissected version of myself.

“Could you possibly put this robot back together, but also beforehand, grab some sort of memory storage circuit and decode it to see the history of what he saw and what not.” I asked of Geurnf, who swayed her tail softer and softer every moment.

“Uh… sure…” She nodded, and my darkness arms let their grasps go of the metallic parts and let them down in front of her, as I turned away and left back to my surgical room.

“Thanks.” I stated as I exited, giving her a new project…

***The faker doc…?***

At Heru’s villainous base, there was, obviously, Heru. But he sat alone now, in the room untouched by furniture. It was the empty room, and behind him was the closed-off room Miss Opium was currently in, constructing something, but ultimately stopping a lot and causing much noise to the otherwise quiet upstairs.

Heru sat, cross-legged and staring at the wall, sitting two meters in front of the door and three feet away from the wall, but looking down to the floor as his left hand knuckled his left face cheek, and he had his right lightly holding his right knee. He had his eyes pure white and kept them open the entire time, continually thinking of the same thing.

“And now… I’m not locked away- those damn cyclops don’t pester me with their nice attitudes, and I still feel enraged to the maddest point. I fucking hate Eighty-Three- but why? I was just… I just came into reality… and now- who cares about some damn justification? I need to kill that boy- now! And I need him dead FOREVER! I need EIGHTY-THREE TO DIE! I HATE HIM! I DON’T CARE WHY! I NEED HIM FUCKING ROTTING AWAY IN MY HANDS TILL THE DAY HIS ENTIRE FAMILY AND ALL HIS FRIENDS ARE FUCKING CRYING ABOUT THAT BASTARD-ASS KID BEING FUCKING DEAD!” Heru raised his voice inside his head before angering his eyebrows, and then quickly getting up with two shaking fists.

Heru then walked with his triangular shoes over to the stairs and hopped down with his wings uncaring for their own bounciness. He got down to the planning table where nobody sat, and down there he could hear Elijah and Deandra playing volleyball in the playroom- but he did not care, for his mission was much better than what they had to say.

He started to plan, waving his right hand forth and making a piece of paper spawn in front of him, nothing written on it. Then a grey pen formed in his right, and he grasped it, looking down and trying to think of an idea.

“Oh- so this is the part where you run out of ideas.” The Plague Doctor stated, appearing in front of him, across the entire dark hallway, just between the hallway and medical room, standing there so mysteriously and mischievously that he confused Heru.

“Huh?” Heru stated over to the man, you, the reader, must be very confused about.

“I’m the Plague Doctor- and you probably already know me-” The Plague Doctor, being fully black, stated towards the mosquito boy as he stepped forwards.

“Yes, I do?” – Heru.

“Good. Now, I must say that the other me is in █ ████████ █████████- is in a ████████ ████████- oh, I see…” The Plague Doctor asked the local air as the Red Glitch made a glitch effect around his head as he tried to explain. “The Red Glitch prohibits me from saying such for possibly story-wise purposes. He knows I’m not from this universe, but rather here from another to cure it. I’ve come to help you, Heru, with your mission, as it needs a good idea for a Bedframe game, or a good idea for an attack. I’ve come from other universes, destroying Eighty-Three in different scenarios each time- some being quite weird. But, as randomized as my universe-picking style is, I must continue my mission to cure the multiverse of Eighty-Threes, although I have no idea how powerful this one may be…” - Plague Doctor.

“Oh- okay? And you’re from the future?” Heru asked, wondering how he knew about idea-loss.

“Yes, glad you picked up on the fact I knew you were out of ideas- or perhaps guessed, because I’ve been wrong four other times... In four universes before this, I had seen that soon you just let the Bedframe design more and more games until eventually you attack Eighty-Three on your own and-” The Doctor of Black started to say before Heru corrected him on this universe’s stuff.

“We have a Computer creating games, not a bedframe- dummy.” – Heru.

“Okay- okay- thanks for telling me- but I was coming to say Eighty-Three would ██████████████- okay, I will not try that again; let me get to the point here. There is an incoming gang of kids that supposedly is coming to help Eighty-Three in a bit, although there have been past universes that have not had these helpers. So, I’ve come up with a simple plan that worked twice- we attack the school’s people, ruining them and sending a message that’ll result in the kids leaving because of dangers.” – Doc.

“Kids? What kids?” Heru asked, confused on what the Plague Doctor was on about.

“There are about thirteen kids coming to assist Eighty-Three, the first batch, and then there are seven others coming much later- only if this universe has thirteen kids, a nice Eighty-Three, and they’re not handicapped like past ones; although when all of these are checked, they will be a pain to destroy as when the Defluxer is activated, all powers are disabled.” – Doc, noticing Heru’s confusion.

“Defluxer? I think the word we use for your machine is ‘Humanitor.’” – Heru, correcting him in his speech that elegantly provided him ways to show his gestures smoothly.

“Okay- yes- you’re quite the different set of events here- so, mainly, I want you to either tell the Computer to make a game where the entire school turns against Eighty-Three and he has to survive them like a normal human. Or, just like every universe beforehand, I’ll need you and Deandra to open up their heads and rearrange their bloods to make them into zombies, just like you were going to do with Hitler’s army.” – Doc.

“What? I was going to use his army since they were already trained.” Heru stated confusedly.

“Oh- then that only adds to the differences this universe has. But, as we most likely will be attacking the school, we have to watch out for Leia. You know she’ll read your minds and tell the crew...” The Doc stated with an anxious and uncaring tone to the corrections Heru provided.

“You mean Wilma?” Heru asked.

“No- Wilma can’t read minds, unless this universe is vastly different.” – Doc.

“Wilma, I think, can read minds- and we have met nobody named Leia, ever…” Heru stated.

“What about Justin? Or Utop the cyclop?” – Doc.

“Nope?” – Heru.

“McCarthy the Druapoi National Ranger? Or his sister, Ope?” – Doc.

“No?” – Heru. “You speaking weird shit.”

“I just want to see how different this universe is… because, all the ones I’ve traveled to have given me a simple challenge from the differences they had. Some had every police force on Earth, trying to stop you from completing your destiny.” – Doc.

“Okay? My mission, as I call it.” – Heru said as he watched the Plague Doc swiftly turn around when he was talking, and then turn to face Heru when Heru was talking.

“Okay- okay- so back to plan- go and get to the Computer and insert the USB to a level six. That should make the Red Glitch allow for the energy to go somewhere useful.”

“What U-S-B?” Heru continued as the Doc twisted around and held out his left arm.

“The… what does the Computer need to generate a game in this universe?” – Doc.

“He doesn’t need anything, except the Red Glitch’s allowance I guess…” – Heru.

“Oh, much the easier. I guess you just go and type it in!” – Doc.

“We ask him.” – Heru.

“He’s sentient? Rare…” – Doc.

“Okay… but wouldn’t Eighty-Three just beat that game like he has to millions in the past?” Heru asked, hyperbolizing.

“It’s… worked many times. Sixteen times have failed, yet there were external forces helping you, like me, an army of robo-versions of Eighty-Three, and even a multiversal Gestapo- but the past universe had such fluxes- oh! It was hell for us! I luckily brought one robo-version of Eighty-Three back and just sent him to kill Eighty-Three, so I wonder how he is doing…” The Plague Doctor said, looking up and tapping his fingers.

“In this universe, I brought in a robot version of Eighty-Three to kill him, but then Cyclop took that version and did whatever to it…” Heru told, “But how did YOU get here?”

“I used a portal gun I just dropped off in the medical room of yours.” – Doc.

“Okay.” – Heru. Then silence said all for four seconds.

“Well- go now, go ask your sentient computer about making a game where the students in his school are trying to kill him. That’s how you get it done.” The Doctor insisted of Heru just ending his sentence with nothing else to add.

“Okay…” Heru nodded slowly, before whipping up his right hand, spinning it with motion blur, and opening a red-outlined square portal to the ball pit.

***Back at my places.***

I was back and putting the photosynthesis inside the Blue Backpack- until I heard another familiar sound.

Cyclop had just entered the room with a blue-circular portal and looked around before going over to the stairs and entering up to my room. I waited in the silence of all to hear his shoes going up, and then crept out of the walls and looked to see the portal already closed. I then followed this supposed Cyclop up and watched as he held out his grey pen, up with his right hand- exiting to the diner room, saw nobody there or outside on the pool, and then exiting out the front door and looking around.

He then brought the pen down and stared at its readings on the screen. I was just around the corner, watching the being I knew. He then went out to the road and crossed it after looking left to right and went over to the block house.

“Cyclop!” Wilma stated as she busted out of the house with rubble fueling down to him as he walked casually over to his wonder.

“Oh- Wilma?” He exclusively defined, seeing her rainbow eyes and big black pupils as she spun herself horizontally with a wide and open smile towards him.

“How has it been?” She asked directly and quickly as her tail fidgeted with delight and her ears were stricken up.

“It has been a bit weird actually and it seems to only get more confusing…” Cyclop said as he looked around and I continued to look from the window of my front door, just by my left of the glass. “Why puts you in such a delightful daze?” he then asked cautiously.

“Cocaine! Meth! Weed!” – Wilma said practically, looking directly into his one eye.

“Oh no- don’t you realize that those are addictive drugs?” He catechized the speedily joyous woman.

“Yes.” – Wilma, before stopping her open and smile-like face to then stare at him with an idling nothingness.

“Alrighty? How is Eighty-Three and Ryutyu then?” Cyclop asked, after waiting six seconds for a response.

“As great as I am.” She said, going back to her over-compelling joyous tone, and nodding super quick to the point her head was motion blur and purely smile, before she opened her mouth again in joy.

“Nice to hear. Now, I also came down to see if Eighty-Three stopped wearing that dress of his; has he yet?” – Cyclop.

“No!” – Wilma.

“Oh. Well, then what is he doing right now?” Cyclop asked, looking over to the block building.

“Watching us from his front door!” – Wilma.

“Oh- hey Cyclop!” I said, sarcastic of a laugh towards her sentence, and coming out as he turned around.

“Hello Eighty-Three!” He waved over calmly as I came forth, about to explain what the block building was. “Nice seeing you. Me and the other versions of you have been having quite the time of our lives, but I came to notice that you may also be having such a grand time as your own as well, right?” – Cyclop with a catechize towards me and Wilma.

“Yes. As you may have noticed, Wilma has newly made a new house for a staying member at the end of the street over there, (I point to Geurnf’s house with my right index finger,) and has also made that block house for some kids incoming as well as already staying- because people have been thrown into our scenario by multiversal creatures here and then.” – Me, speaking to the cyclops in a tuxedo with a green tie.

“It is nice to see that you guys are giving people a place to stay; but haven’t you two tried putting them back in their place before it truly gets out of hand, like in our beginning situation?” Cyclop asked, with Wilma nodding her head too seriously for my attention span.

“The Red Glitch prohibits us.” – Me to the cyclops male in a black tuxedo, that was my friend.

“That’s quite strange- the Red Glitch isn’t making these beings stay here for repurposing or anything, right?” Cyclop, one of my best friends asked.

“They are humans just like me, (I then point to Geurnf’s house the same way I just did,) or at least are not supernatural like Geurnf, somebody we got from a computer game that he ended abruptly weirdly.” I told Cyclop, one of core friends.

“Alrighty… and is Ryutyu getting along with them?” Cyclop, one of my best friends, or core friends, said.

“Yes.” – Me.

“And is he chewing with his mouth closed?” Cyclop then eyebrowed me with his main eyebrow, his only eyebrow.

“Yes.” I chuckled inside towards the joke one of my core friends stated to me in such a while.

“Well, that is truly nice to hear. Should I be on my way, or could we go and visit Ryutyu?” Cyclop asked, wondering about a gather-up.

“You know you have to go back to Oliver in three minutes.” Wilma said instantly with a frown forming over her once-joyous face.

“But you are a being of particle-based powers, so you can take us to him in seconds.”

“Of course!” – Wilma, then spinning horizontally her entire body, letting her hands spin repeatedly and fast, bringing us up to follow, Cyclop first, in a line behind her, and then going up to the seventh floor of the building, where she crashed into the wall and then plopped us down as the wall reformed.

We met Ryutyu with Jared to his left and the teacher to his right, whilst Ryutyu was eating chip-snacks on the kitchen counter of grey marble, the teacher was looking to the left, towards the wall with a red cup filled with purple juice as she was still in her bikini, and Jared was in his swim shirt and swimsuit, pouring some of the purple juice, which came from a one-liter bottle saying “Ulster’s Tastees: GRAPE EDITION!” in a line of black Abadi text in a dark-purple background being in a rounded-square shape. They all whipped around to see Cyclop, and Jared almost screamed, only raising his eyes to full exposure, and the teacher feared and let some drip down onto the floor.

“Hello, all.” Cyclop introduced himself with a confused yet pleasurable tone towards the people, “I’m Cyclop, a good friend of Ryutyu, who came by to see how he was doing.”

“(Awkwardly,) Heeeeeyyyyyyyyyyyyy… uh… I’m Miss Hedheop?” Miss Hedheop stated like she was asking a question almost.

“(Cyclop holds out his right hand,) Nice to meet you, Miss Hedheop.” He stated, and Hedheop looked down to see the slightly elongated fingers and repulsed from shaking the hand.

“Sorry- I’m- I- I’m good.” She hesitated so strongly.

“Aw, sorry. I understand your nervous, so I look away.” Cyclop said, then turning to see Ryutyu, swallowing, “How has it been, bro?” he funnily then asked.

“Laddy, it been quite well. I’ve never had such good food in such good times!” Ryutyu stated happily as Jared shoved his mouth with the grape juice, looking up at the ceiling, rather than the cyclops who was as tall as him.

“Cool. Me and Oliver have also gone out with the versions of Eighty-Three for some very fancy feasts in some restaurants, but usually the Nazi one has to take home leftovers.” Cyclop said, whispering at the end towards me and Wilma. “Anyways, who is this sir behind you?” He then backtracked over to Ryutyu as his tail blocked most of the fake tuxedo of Jared.

“I’M JARED!” He yelled almost violently, squeezing his cup with awe.

“Well hello Jared! You must be an albino! I’ve heard you guys are very rare, but also a part of the bad mutation as your eyesight worsens and the sun can burn your skin.” Cyclop told Jared, who nodded as shakingly fast as Wilma would- with no words.

“Have the Cyclopals thought about giving you and the Red Eyes some permission to fix our mess yet?” I then asked as I walked up to the table and grabbed a hemi-egg with a soft, solid, yellow ball inside, whilst the shell was also squishy, and I shoved it in my mouth.

“Sadly, no. Although I’ve gone on other missions and did have the luxury of a gaining a new machine, that now I want to give to you right before I have to go.” Cyclop said, mid-way sentence getting out his orange pen and walking forth before opening it and surprised Miss Hedheop and Jared by leaving to his garage where he had another box-like machine next to his pill ship.

“Wilma- you can take it from here!” Cyclop stated in a ‘not-situational’ manner.

“Okay!” – Wilma.

Wilma looked over, shot her left hand out, and the machine floated up till Cyclop took out his orange pen and said his goodbyes.

“Anyways- I got to go, have fun, all of you!” Cyclop stated as he was ready to click the orange pen.

“Goodbye Cyclop!” Ryutyu stated with a Scottish accent, waving down with his right hand, before the portal closed.

“Have a nice day, Cyclop!” I also stated within my mask, as the portal closed.

“Yeah!” Wilma outspokenly stated without much context, as Miss Hedheop came back to calmness, and I went up to the machine and squatted, identifying its similarities to the ‘Photosynthesis-counter.’

“He seems very nice!” Jared spoke as soon as Wilma yelled.

“A ‘Torment Wave Definer?’” Ryutyu asked as he came up and read out the title for me. The machine had a blue rectangular bar on top with the words printed in black English text, in the font ‘Ami R,’ saying “Torment Wave Definer.” Below it was a screen, giving the current wave with a numbering frequency on the top right of the black background with a green swaying line, currently in Microwave waves, and these frequencies ranged in a yellow ‘Agency FB’ font of firstly the number, then the unit, hertz. It had three other screens around the box, and a clipper coming from the top, currently attached to the box itself just on the corner of the title side, but it was a black cord with a tweezer-ending of metallic shining white.

“Why the fuck does it look exactly like the machine you created- Wilma?” I asked Wilma, wondering why it looked the same.

“I have no idea. I think we should have asked Cyclop where it came from!” Wilma stated, looking down with joy before horizontally spinning again, with motion blur, and exploding through the wall and bringing us with many winds down- me and suddenly Ryutyu.

“Hey- I was going to finish up the volleyball game wit da’ lads!” – An Australian-sounded core-friend of mine.

“We should play our own game! I want to do something you with you two! We need more action!” The drunkest-sounded Wilma now sounded as we also spun horizontally, yet much slower and the building behind us recovered- as well as a car drove towards our street, and we did not care- except Ryutyu

“Uh- but Dat’ person o-” Ryutyu stated as I he pointed with his left index finger towards the other person, with his fingernail still glowing white, but was then cut off by Wilma again.

“Shellia!” She yelled then forming herself into a straight pose and the winds took us all the way over to our backyard to see the Steel Terrorists stealing Shellia.

There were four steel terrorists, one using his stretchy arms to wrap his hands around the naked girl’s left leg and then swing her in, another looking about and catching eyesight with Wilma in now her joyous anger, another doing the same guarding but on the left of what was the main Steel Terrorists, and another behind the portal with a pen, looking to Wilma.

Wilma then darted us through without caution as the Steel Terrorists whipped back in the speed of light, leaving behind a fade of themselves as the other man, or woman, closed the portal. Yet, Wilma also went at the speed of sound, and came through the portal, hitting the ground hard with her headfirst as we were lined and still spinning behind, before she rotated herself to bounce up and view the running Steel Terrorists.

They were on a rocky atmospheric planet now, in the middle of space. The stars twinkled brightly everywhere else as darkness was the planet’s heat. No suns nor moons orbited in the distance, and only the glamorous red and purple galaxies smashing together had the taste for defining such a view. The Steel Terrorists did not awe at this like Ryutyu did for a single second, but they all conjoined together in a pack like a compass, the northern man/woman running with Shellia giving dust to the dead air, as the western man, or woman, held out their right hand and made another grey outlined square portal to a planet of green grasses, that instantly had its own air being sucked out to the void.

Ryutyu tried breathing, and suddenly Wilma realized the furry was having the blood from his head explode without the gravitational pull, so she shifted a hand from her back and kept him well, as I stopped spinning just like him, and looked forth to the speedy men continue away without another portal.

“This might be fun!” Wilma said as she then hovered quickly into the portal that did not close, going past the winds blowing my dress up, and into the green hilly plains with tall grass and a blue sky without clouds, but a red sun on the east.

“I am intrigued they have not made another portal to escape in the moments we were distracted- are they leading us somewhere possibly?” I asked out loud, no one in particular, as we quickly moved in the air in an idling pose, towards the Steel Terrorists who did not close the portal yet, henceforth much oxygen was being depleted from the planet.

“Hueagh! I’m alive!” Ryutyu astonishly stated to see that we were coming upon a massive hill in which the running Steel Terrorists continued dragging Shellia across the dirt ground, without clothes, up to seemingly the large building back faced to us currently, on top of the giant hill that was just a slope down and then up from this hill.

I looked around to see plains continue into trees of yellow with purple woods, and the tall grassy greens not end there yet. I saw the trees lifted high, about forty meters into the air, having many branches entangle each other and make a dam of woods covering much light from entering the seemingly darkness of the sudden forest with no outliers of trees beforehand.

“Could you please speed up, Wilma?” I asked of her, and she instantly tried by rotating her left hand vertically, but the Red Glitch punctured it with a gash on the palm.

“Ah! No!” – Wilma as she brought it up to leak onto her blue wardrobe.

“Why is Shellia without clothes?” Ryutyu then asked in a British accent- after noticing Wilma’s pain and seeing the accordion girl looking over to us with closed eyes and a dirt-brown messy accordion.

“It gives her more energy to be under the sun with more skin exposed.” – I said as the Steel Terrorist that opened the portal took out a pen and clicked it without looking behind himself, and we were the gashing winds behind us stop.

“Are they hopping?!” Wilma asked, looking forth to their run up the hill and towards the left of the long brown wooden wall.

We looked forth to see them running, but each step seemed to fly them a bit.

“I think this planet may be a little smaller than Earth.” Wilma estimated towards us.

Then the Red Glitch glitched her boots, and she tumbled into a roll that landed her face-up with her tail entrenched in some brown particles. I landed with my maid shoes stopping my fall and leveraged myself back up with my spine as we came to the slope up to the building. Ryutyu just fell snout-first into the dirt.

The building had a long back wall, being dirt brown and wooden-planked, about fifty-three meters long, with the corners being sharp and the other walls being insanely long as well. The height was thirteen feet, and no windows were present. The roof, though, was a pyramid, of a darker brown wood, just leaning up to the point at top, also with no windows. The Steel Terrorists went west and around to the front of this child-like-drawing building.

“Are we in another universe?” Ryutyu asked with an Australian accent again, as he jumped up and lasted a long four seconds in the air, shaking his tail and feeling the tall grasses.

“I would like to say so, since there seems to be no Humanitor and Wilma is getting mega-fucked-over.” I stated for Wilma to acknowledge, as we started to sprint up the hill and follow those metallic bastards.

“Shellia is being brought inside!” Wilma spoke, then waving both of her hands to the building, but a red glitch formed on her palms, and she put them down in anguish.

We all sprawled up as fast as we could, minding the tall grasses and shining hot red sun, as we soon came up to the hill’s top and under the three-foot shadow. We then whipped around to the front. Ahead of us was the end of the forest, a gap between the forest line as well as more endless plains beyond the rectangle, as also hills enlarged more and more the sights went on. No mountains, just giant hills.

The building had no windows in front still, yet two wooden doors with round metallic knobs. There were closing in from the burst that the Steel Terrorists entered with, and we bashed through with our own speed to the slowly closing doors. Coming inside we saw the immense spectacle of old timey cartoon studios.

Firstly, there was a long hall. The echoing sound of throttling boots and fearful accordion-playing was all around us as it slightly shuddered the dirty brown wooden walls. Amongst the walls were yellow diamonds every two inches by two inches of space, extended two inches out as well, and having sharp points of their rhombus shapes. They scattered throughout the planked walls in front and on the sides, yet not intriguing upon the slightly-extended-out light brown planked wall just three feet high, and what I meant by all that was the ‘footing’ as some may call it. These planks were all vertical and extended up to the ceiling of black-wooden planks, and down to the floor of dirtier brown wooden planks. On the hallway’s walls were also posters- tens or even hundreds strapped onto each other with a grey pin, some being letters in French, others being crude drawings from what seemed to a kid with a brown bull. Others were just scrambled with ink and the smell of chocolate as the pictures also had smears of brown sometimes. These papers of white corroded the walls we saw first, but not the ones further down.

Besides the unseen lighting in the hallway, and just the black cord hanging down to a circular, seven-inches tall and three feet wide, black marble light with a dark yellow light shining down just in the room in front of us, there was also many chairs, being blocky and made from wood, but not wooden planks. Solid and confined, they stay tuned upwards, facing towards our left to a stage of wooden planks reaching four feet up till the planks went horizontally. To the left of the stage were three stairs of non-planked wood leading up to the un-railed show. The chairs, in order of six by six, were all perfectly facing forwards with no tilt. We came forwards, creaking slightly on every board, till we reached up to the room and saw forth to all that was there.

As the doors closed without much of a satisfactory horror statement, I recorded it in my mind, and pondered towards my right, looking to see nobody that north was the only passage way, and arcade machines of pure rainbow colors sat with a black screen, aligned to the wall, there being twenty-four of them, before there was a three-foot tall stand like a counter, with browner wooden planks, trapping inside the employee for hours at a time since you could only jump over the un-resident spots, which only one had another object on top, and that was a metallic grey cashier with horrible rusts of tarted black smearing around all of its buttons and shape.

“Hold on as I steal some cash.” I funnily stated over to Ryutyu as he started looking forth and started to open his lower jaw to speak through his newly white teeth.

Ryutyu stopped his intrusion of words and revoked into a laugh, before watching me sway my tail as I walked plainly over and then hoppy over with my left arm to the left of the cashier stand and my left arm also being my base for my body to jump. I swiftly turned right afterwards, and I came forth to the black and grey metallically disturbed instrument of a cashier and smashed all the buttons twice with my left fist, super suddenly for a humorous smile from Ryutyu, and a confusion address from Wilma as she started to walk forth down to the hall where echoes echoed away.

On the second time, as I stated, came springing out of the cash holder, a puppet-like man. He was weird looking, yet had simple colors fitted onto his character.

“Haza!” The man stated in such a Belgian accent, it almost seemed American-tried. The man, to describe his appearance, firstly had a three-foot long purple stick for a head, smooth and shaved to have no point-outs like a tree, as it was also seven inches wide. His nose, also being a stick with a smooth transition from the other trunk-like part, came out three feet, almost bonking me in my glasses, but he sifted his spine backwards. He wore a pyramid of blue, smooth, and literally just a pyramid, as it only extended an inch away from his circular head space, and he had no hair, so it just seemed as if it was a triangle of pure blue up top. His torso was like a rounded square, except the upper right and upper left edges were pointy and pointed a foot up, making the outline look like a blocky-cat’s head of some cartoonish sort. On this three-dimensional torso, he wore a simple green tie, all of it being an appeasing quadrilateral just coming from the neck that just meshed into it with no threshold at all. His arms were literally a purple squid’s arms, reaching three feet and curling without bone structure. His back had nothing, his legs were like a clown’s, being baggy towards the middle, and then immediately later ending off into a flat surface, whilst his two legs were a dark purple, just like his torso. Again, so plain and so well-cut. Finally, his mouth was the outline of teethy smile with half-an-inch pencil markings, and when he flew up speaking, they simply moved. There was no hole, just the markings, making his voice echo inside his shallow body, but also interfere to surprise us afterwards. And his eye. He had one. One eye on the same side of the mouth, which was on the left side of the purple wood from where I was visualizing him. There was no other mouth or eye on the other side of the cylinder, just the nose as the only barrier, and it seemed he would have to turn all-the-way-around to see the others.

“Auh!” – Ryutyu in a rush against the magical man’s entrance, before calming himself down with his frantic tail-wags.

“Don’t be scared, be la-la! Welcome to the endless portray of hell, where there’ll be anything not swell.” He sung, trying to connect his original sentence to something understanding in the second line he stated to us.

“What?” Wilma asked as she was already stopping and quickly turning with a frightening call towards the new man. The guy stopped his arms in the air from reaching to the ceiling, turned around and then leaned towards me after seeing the woman.

“This is quite different, I must say- for a party of three is always here to stay.” The man stated, rhyming once-again.

“Thanks for the lyrics, buddy. Now- do you have any other exposition that would be most likely helpful to us finding our friend who you probably just heard being carried away by some boots as she played her accordion frantically.” – me, talking to the man.

“I don’t think that should be your biggest concern, as you should look to the doors to see a sudden yearn.” The man rhymed once again, plopping the attitude of a singer into all of our minds as the echoing had been long gone by now.

“What?” Said my blue furry friend Ryutyu, who was most likely confused by the big words.

“I do not see anything.” I told the man.

“Go and open it, cause you’ll find your story to sit.” – The man who we still had not asked the name of yet.

“We have no time! We must go save Shellia before they transport her further away from us!” Wilma said as she shook her head and then took off running through the creaking floors.

“Uh- should I follow?” Ryutyu asked over to me, and the stick guy looking over as well.

“Go with your friend while you can, for the games might give your life a ban.” The man stated in such a lyrical way that it actually fitted to the silence.

“Yes, Ryutyu.” I told quickly, he nodded, and dashed off, as the man then lingered his eye back over to me.

“Why do you stay, young man? Don’t you know your absence is against their plan?” The man asked, and I allowed to him finish before speaking suddenly.

“I am little bored of the constant torture that the universe has been sending me, but getting to the Steel Terrorists, as those are the guys who stole our friend- is kind of a thing beyond me, so I will be as interested as I can if the scenery is not so bland.” I rhymed like the man without a considerable name besides ‘man.’

“Nice rhyme, but your losing time.” The man stated, approving of my rhyme.

I sighed with my mouth two-dimensionally being accurate with the movement and hopped over the desk to go to the doors. Once over there, I opened the doors to leave, and saw the repetitive take light. There was a hallway to more wooden rooms with more gaming stuff and random things.

“What is happening?” I asked the man, thy man, the unknown man.

“As all things are considerable, I think you’ll find the layout peccable.” He stubbornly stated to me, losing his essence of good voicing to rhyme.

“I understand your statements, but could you explain more instead of providing me with little observations every sentence?” Me, wanting to get on with it.

“I sense your confusion is an allusion. This is no illusion, the universe condemned us to a fusion. With space against our time, and time moving us like slime, we find ourselves stuck here like a mime, forever endorsed to be victims of crime. The rooms are like a game, and they play till you can’t aim. I give myself to you, so we can conversate with clue- that maybe together we can have some fun before we’re here to run. My name is Gus, but you can call me Gustavo, because I came on a bus, and I’m alone with my own bravo.” He stated in such a sad way that it came off as an eternal-problem situation.

“Wait really?” I almost laughed at his sad approach to firm exiling of information, interrupting anything afterwards as he breathed.

He nodded without words, almost sadly, before wide eyeing me as he stood on the counter with his cloth-legs.

“I have a cat that said the same thing but vice-versa.” I stated to the man, and he nodded with a smile from his lines of a mouth. “But do not worry, if this universe has trapped you, I will find a way out. I am too much of a main character to lose, ever.” I chuckled to myself as I walked through, and he started to follow.

“The years lost are in the thirties, and I wish to hear nature’s birdies.” The man, Gustavo, or Gus, stated, confused at his own sentence somehow.

“Question- would be of a good tone to our sudden relationship that I start rhyming like you?” I asked the smart individual, Gustavo, but not the cat one.

“It would cleanse my soul of foil and give me a full engine of oil.” The Gustavo stated to me with a sudden attitude of happy understanding.

“I guess I must make my sentences two or grab something out of the blue.” – Eighty-Three to the new Gustavo.

“I wanted to ask whether you made that dress from a few looms, but can we please start running through the rooms?” He asked, looking back and I also pondered to see what his hesitant and slowly creepy attitude was up for.

Behind us was a crawling darkness, swelling up on every surface of the past room and crawling closer towards us like a quick snake. It seemed like something my darkness could pull off easily, and I came to ask whether it was as we passed the black television screen on a metallic grey stand, with a rug of pure green in front.

“I have powers that can do that, but I must ask why the universe allows that mat.” I asked as he went forth, used his tentacle hands to open the round knobs of the wooden doors, and we started jogging away.

“The universe is forcingly against us, and the Red Glitch forced my bus. Sadly I am here with a fuss, but I know nothing about that cuss.” He stated, using the words to their actual meaning.

“I also hate when a superstition has an ambition, but I must ponder what it is usually like for your institution.” I rhymed without a good taste.

“I hide and crawl away but find others astray. They can be helpful to the slightest or be anxious for the mightiest.” – Gustavo also rhymed with a horrible taste in that sentence as we traveled through rooms, hearing desks and arcade machines behind us fall as that storm of black chased us slowly to our own jogging, but we enlightened the situation by simply just going from the slower menace.

“Is there anything specific about these creatures, or are they all just a feature?” I asked Gustavo as we traveled further and further into the place.

“A few have been amazing, but some are just crazing.” He told, “Insanity happens to many, but I am too grainy.”

“Definitely makes sense to me, how-” I jokingly started to say before finishing my rhyme, seeing Gustavo open the door. A front, we came to a four way, just like in the backrooms I had created for the doctor. There were wooden doors just five meters down from the four way’s middle square with the same roof as all the other corridors creaking and melting in oldness. Gustavo just continued forwards, and we came to another room filled with instruments, all brassy grey, just sitting nicely on the floor without chairs or stands.

“Well I see you think I direct, but I already-” Gustavo also started, before getting interrupted himself.

Suddenly, music enclosed in from behind the door, electronic and synthesized, until it busted through with a figure there. A black girl, three-foot-tall skinny human, with blue eyes, yellow beads on her black threads, with a purple gym shirt and tight gym shorts, with black sneakers having white laces, was grooving inside a visualizer. It had bars, straight rectangles, going up and down like in one of those videos you would see of the music being amplitude up and down like dubstep. There were changing colors too, based on the beat, but also slightly sloping down the light spectrum from red to yellow to orange and so on. There were fourteen bars on each side of the green circle that based the bars as well as close in around her, just two feet away from her shoes.

“Oh- fellow people!” She spoke, suddenly opening her eyes, shifting back her head to the left as the aurora moved her towards the four ways, if even it was still there. As she stopped throwing her arms in the air and swaying her shoulders, the music went to a piano, and the bars lowered but did not stop. “I j’aven’t been around people in such a long time!” She stated in her Irish accent with a girly high-pitched voice.

“Where did you get the dance aurora? I know lastly it was with my friend, Amora.” The Gustavo here with me rhymed.

“You mean the Dance Aura, laddy?” She asked, correcting him as she smiled with high expectations to move soon.

“It was called the Dance Aurora, and now I suspect you’ve stolen- Ah!” My new friend started to say before the Steel Terrorists intrigued upon the scene.

The Steel Terrorists stomped up to the door, which I realized and turned around quickly, unlike Gustavo, and then backed away towards the right as they slammed through the door with accelerating speed, coming directly after the girl with the dance aura. The shoved Gustavo to the left, with one hand as they held their AK-47 in the other, some switching. They came after the girl, using their right shoulder to bump her down, and then blasting shots into her head, I counted sixty-one from all of them combined, before grabbing the metallically sounding circle of green, having the music stop and the bars go into the circle, before they then took off towards the four way, which was instead now a room with many chairs stacked up in lines that created a small maze, which they bashed right through.

“Oh my god!” Gustavo called for as he looked to see the once-screaming girl now blasted all over the face it was almost unrecognizable. Gustavo was scared still, not moving, but showing distress in his face as the rest of the Steel Terrorists exited the room back, and I counted sixteen Steel Terrorists in total, the frontier one now holding the circle instead of using it.

“Are you going to rhyme yet?” I asked, waiting six seconds for him to stop shriveling in his position.

“What do you mean, my fellow? Have you no care for the preposterous account that just took in front of our selfish mellow?” Gustavo gained to ask me, shaking in fear.

“Those were the Steel Terrorists- we could never save her if it was a part of their mission to kill her. Besides, they had no glowing red lenses, so I predict it was planned possibly.” I told the man, “But, you did not rhyme ‘god’ with anything afterwards- which leads me to a suspicion about your nature.”

“I am sorry for my freakout, but a girl just died with all her clout! In front of us! Among us! Why do you ask silly questions- whence the massive extensive is that she got shot for no mentions!” Gustavo stated, almost making me giggle as the blood drooled from the girl’s dead head towards me.

“You rhymed ‘us’ with ‘us.’” I corrected him, not hearing out any of his favors to be miserable about such a sudden cause I had already gone through before in my own life.

“I can do that! But I am also losing respect to a boy that can’t drop his hat!” Gustavo hushed at me, before looking towards the open door, seeing a long hallway towards the other door, with chocolate on the floor in puddles.

“I have seen and been the victim of these things myself, so please mind my insanity for the past of self.” I rhymed almost a stupidly as him.

He sighed and then continued to the next door. I followed. We got to the end of the hall in silence, before opening it, and finding out the black sludge was exiting to the room in front of the that one, before it whipped around to hear our creaking door, and then started rushing at us.

“How unlucky! The chances of that was mucky!” Gustavo yelled as he darted back with me catching up.

He then grabbed the doorknob of the past door, opened it, and we saw a fully empty metallic room with three fully white doors, same shape as the ones we were at, on each side, making it a four way. There was no light above, as I looked for the source of yellow emitting on the polished grey metal.

“How blasphemy! I hate the maze’s chemistry!” he shouted as he whipped around the door, and then shut it, but the darkness cloud just sputtered out a tentacle and kept it open as he tried squishing it.

He then pounced back, but I suddenly felt the darkness rush into my fingernails, so I made a spike out of my left hand, and shot it at the thing, but it dissolved into it.

“It’s of no use! Although our powers are back, we’re now in a game where we must sacrifice a friend to not lose! This is how I lost five of my abstract friends- for these rooms had a monster which ate and then de-existed their fiends!” Gustavo shouted as almost a cry came lose from his suddenly anxiously mind getting out of here. I formed another spike in my left arm, shot it as he said, the thing just had it inside itself now, and so I made the darkness from my arm form another spike, throw it to the right corner of the room I was facing, and then force a darkness string from it to maybe hold onto the creature, but as soon as it realized I was doing such, it had the spike fly into itself as it thrusted the line into its avalanche-like shape.

“Thank you for the exposition drop, shall we run before we turn into a mop?” I rhymed, still smiling after all this woody time. And I must say, it is no crime.

***Ryutyu and Wilma in the place.***

“Shellia?!” Ryutyu yelled over, running past black metallic band chairs with black metallic band stands and golden brass instruments, before entering another hall, and finding Shellia’s echoes to be closer. Wilma was behind with her boots, her arms thrusting her forwards. She smiled with a giggle as adrenaline bruised her spirits, and Ryutyu was already generating electricity based on the kinetic energy. They came to a room with a brown wooden table, being a diner, with fifteen chairs on each side, and two on the ends of the pill-shaped table. Then there were two doors, one to the right, and one front, as the kitchen sink and such was on the left, all filled and drooling with chocolate on their brown and rusty boards.

“Go right!” Wilma stated, pushing through Ryutyu as he analyzed the soundwaves.

“That is where me ears pick her accordion up.” Ryutyu thought inside his head, having his ears as tall as Wilma’s.

They entered through the double doors, just like at the entrance. They came to a maze, with five-foot tall walls being planks with chocolate splattered around them, and above were metallic rusty grey pipes fueling a liquid to the east. Wilma rushed through the maze of walls, finding a dead end in a few spots, before giving Ryutyu the following idea.

“Ryutyu! Could you possibly crawl up there and tell me which way to go?” She asked, pointing up with her right hand to the three and a half feet that was the gap between pipework and walls.

Ryutyu proceeded to jump and already saw the door on the side opposite of theirs. It was through a left, then a right, then another left, then a right, then right, and then left.

“I already see it- no need to lift me up.” Ryutyu stated, rushing quickly with Wilma jumping and then going herself.

Ryutyu rushed through the maze, took a quick jump to see where he was, back traveled into Wilma, and then traveled to a right, and they soon came upon the door, opening it to find a wall just five feet across, but the floor opened up into a metallic ladder rusting with chocolate, that led down to a similar room with no lighting source, yet it was sort of purplish and mysterious with the dark lighting.

“I swear the echoes are changing direction!” Wilma told creepily, as suddenly she heard them not from below, but from the west.

“True! This is weirdly planned out.” Ryutyu said, getting onto the ladder, trying to slide down, before losing his grip and falling five feet onto his legs. “Ah!” he shortly stated as Wilma climbed down quickly.

“If only I could use my powers.” Wilma whispered to the darkness intrigued midway down the ladder.

Ryutyu opened the door and found a bunch of grey rugs everywhere, along with small toys of brown bulls and chocolate splattered around fewer.

“Have ya’ noticied it smells like chocolate?” Ryutyu asked as he rushed to the other door, using his nose.

“No.” Wilma agreed.

Ryutyu opened the new double doors of brown and chocolate-sprayed textures, revealing a room made from grass, with a girl rushing one more meter in the seven-meter-long box, towards the other side with a brown door under the orange lighting from no source.

The girl was a dark-blue-skinned female. She had yellow hair with four sharp bangs on her left, along with the rest of her frontal hairline being flat, whilst she also had a ponytail extended far out from it being wrapped from a long and wide yellow hairband. She had blue eyes with yellow pupils, and green eyebrows. She had orange freckles, vibrating and glowing, unlike her lining hole of a mouth. Her body was hairy, with black fur almost covering much of the dark blue skin. She had a smooth and grey tail like a hammerhead shark, it leads off into a rectangle, but it was faced vertically, and on the south and north was a triangular hole that led into the tail. She also wore black shoes with green laces.

“Oh- ah!” She screamed at the sight of Ryutyu.

“Hello!” Wilma waved over with her left hand and nine tails springing behind herself, as the door behind the girl opened, showing a man fully yellow and glowing with white pupils and black eyes bulging from his face, before he instantly closed it back. The scenery behind him was a dead grass room, with brown grass everywhere, as well as chocolate-covered brown doors around the walls.

“Ah!” – Other girl Ryutyu made fear into.

“Hey? Uh- do ya’ know what’s thy layout, or what is going on?” Ryutyu asked, confused by the grass around him.

“Where is the light is coming from?” Wilma asked, pointing to the orange spot directly in the middle of the ceiling.

“Are you people new here?” She asked, turning around after a sigh.

“Yes.” – Wilma.

“Well, nice to hear- but you’re trapped in this chocolate factory as the universe makes it to where the rooms switch around, duplicate, or renew themselves entirely when you close or open a new slash old door. And sadly, I haven’t escaped for four years…” – The girl.

“Oh no.” – Wilma.

‘Oh- and I don’t know where many light sources come from. Sometimes you just have colors around.” She stated. “Also- my name is Nancy. Nice to meet you two. I’m one of the creatures you can trust here.” – Nancy stated seriously.

“Definitely.” Wilma smiled and nodded humorously with her big eyes, and shrugged Ryutyu with her right shoulder whilst quickly smiling.

“You think I’m lying?” Nancy instantly angered her face at Wilma, as Ryutyu heard the echoing stop suddenly.

“I find that funny that you are saying that seriously. I am reading your mind right now. You tear people apart and eat them as you are tired of the chocolate as your only food source. People stuck in a maze with only one thing to eat always makes them go insane. It is basic knowledge learn in seventh grade.” Ryutyu nodded at Wilma before looking back.

“YOU THINK I’M INSANE?!” Nancy stated against the two core friends of mine, wagging her tail extremely fast.

“I see your thoughts. You are mentally disturbed.” Wilma spoke with her cocaine effects wearing a bit off, yet her joyous tone was still there.

“You wanna’ fight me?” Nancy quickly shot at them.

“Uh- no! Can we just get directions on how to get out of here? Please?” Ryutyu asked, nudging Wilma with his left shoulder as she made her hands into fleshy spheres with spikes rotating all around.

“Odio a la gente a base de pieles, pareces una vieira. Espero que mueras en un incendio, diciendo que estoy loco. Tuve que vivir cuatro años en este infierno de una instalación, comiendo el chocolate de las paredes, huyendo de criaturas pecables y casi siendo asesinado, pero lo que parecían ser mis amigos al principio, pero en realidad me engañaron por la misma razón por la que yo buscar otros- carne. El chocolate era increíble hasta que se hizo común y luego horrible. Odio el sabor, está en todas partes. Necesito sangre y carne, la única diferencia en mi vida abstracta. No entiendes lo muerto que estoy por dentro, aprendiendo muchos idiomas en la carrera constante por una salida. Estas paredes se ríen de mí constantemente, estos pisos se asoman a mi columna vertebral. El techo me abofetea por mis pecados, y no tengo a quien llorar más que a estas puertas. No me pongas a prueba, mujer fea. No me apresures, perro feo. Todo lo que eres es carne fresca, y la quiero antes de que cualquiera de esos perdedores en las otras habitaciones acepte el trato de una vez en la vida de algo diferente para comer.” – The girl named Nancy stated in a fast way, just like a meme would speed up a character’s dialogue.

“What?” Ryutyu asked, confused on how she spoke so fast, as well as only point. Her face was red afterwards, but she took in a deep breath and then continued.

“Go ahead. Rap faster than that.” She said, trying not to show fear to Wilma’s addictive state of mind.

“What? Why are we rapping?” Ryutyu whispered to himself, confused about everything around him. Also- Wilma stood silent for three seconds before doing something.

“Oh! No! Ryutyu! He sad! Gqwijebfkjqwhkjfhqwkjkbfqwbfkjqwbjkfqwbkjnbkdsjvbheghfiurhqwkjdnhsdadsbfbkdsjnfkjdsafbkjdsbfkjdsahfjdshafkjbsakjvdbdsakndbvkqaqowproiqwejriwjvnasdkjhvbhjkeqrbhvqbejweiurfiuerhyriuewhbkfjbdvbmannbmnzbjbkjsdbjksadbfkjbfkjerjigeriuhfowhejkfgbjhdsbvkjfdsbjhgherlqhfiuqeyfoiwquyqot- Oh no! He worried! Auenasdhfkjdsajkfbjkadsfkasdkjfberjhfgiueqrhgfoierupofuwpfuqjfljdsnvkjndsbfkvbdskncsmckdsbvhjdgewkjcbkwjbkjxbnsznjksfkjhdsfjlskafkshfnkajsdfherigupowerjfewnjvbfdjnbvdbvlewngljheriufgqewjkbjkbkzjbkjewhfiewhfouhiuhquhofehjkvherugherwoihgjfdbvkjfdsgierhoighrwjkvgnbfdkjvbghrehgtuerwytiuerwytwefmdsnvncbvmndsbhkjvhasldhfaj- Stop! Please! Look at his face!” Wilma stated, super funnily. I must say, for every letter she did a new pose, just like when she was rapping Cyclop. First, she said the first words, putting her left hand on the side of her head, before her right. Then she pointed to Ryutyu with a third arm from under her right armpit. Then, as suddenly as that third arm spawned, it disappeared, and she was suddenly in a position with her arms drooping down and her mouth also drooping into complete sadness as she also had enlarged her eyes. Then, the letters, where some positions she was sitting in the air with her nine tails holding her up, some where she was normally idling but upside-down, and even one where she standing on the left wall in an idle, each one only lasting a millisecond, if even, and changing into other poses or back, creating a massive motion blur in her spot, with her voices drilling into the minds of others as it was sped up. When she was done with the gamble of letters, she pointed to Ryutyu, as he was surprised and leaned away from the motion blur effect.

Nancy had nothing to say but drop her arms and frown massively. Wilma then smiled, took her right arm up, twisted it ninety-five degrees to the left, and Nancy suddenly fell apart with her main limbs. Her upper arms and lower arms dissected instantly, her head, and her thighs and calves also came apart, with blood just pouring out, and Nancy could not even choke at the speed she just got dissected at.

“Wilmaaaaa!” Ryutyu landed out both his hands in a holy way, crying to Wilma about her actions in somewhat of a sarcastic Australian tone.

“Whaaaaaat?” Wilma spoke, almost smirking at the crimson staining the grass.

“You can’t just kill thy foes like that? Didn’t she-” Ryutyu started before Wilma interrupted based on his mind.

“She had no more useful information. She was gone to the insanity. Let us hope that we will find a way out sooner though.” – Wilma, as she hovered her left hand over the body from their position, making the body crumbled into an ice sphere, literally light blue and icy with reflections after the ligaments and blood slugged over. Then Wilma walked over and held it in her right hand, as she used her left to open the door to a room with red grass.

“I hate that ya’ do that. We could’ve contained her or something!” Ryutyu spoke, wagging his tail slower and lowering his ears.

“Woo!” Wilma said, spinning her head. “No more cocaine! Almost forgot that it makes you depressed afterwards.”

“Wilma-” – Ryutyu.

“I understand Ryutyu. I can create her again if you want.” Wilma spoke in a calmer and understand tone, looking back as they entered the new room with a yellow light.

Ryutyu sighed. “No need… I guess.” Ryutyu shrugged, and they continued.

Ryutyu then went over to the other door, with electric bits around his thighs, and opened it to a room filled with yellow grass, but with a red light at top.

“I am inside your walls.” A voice murmured to them, behind the grass to the east. Then the sentence repeated to the west, north, from the ceiling, and discovered itself all around my core friends, speaking to them like a person with too many voices in their head.

“Is that a meme reference?” Wilma laughed at Ryutyu, still holding the ice ball.

“Wil- oh- damn, it is.” Ryutyu giggled, looking around the past room before looking ahead. “Uh- well- besides that- do ya’ sense any dangers of these voices?” Ryutyu stated, before looking back to see Wilma having her light drawn away.

Wilma was without a mouth and eyes now but reach out with her hands towards Ryutyu. Faceless, Ryutyu repulsively exiled backwards, before realizing Wilma needed help, but also the ice ball was missing and nowhere below on the floor. He then grabbed her right hand with both arms as his friend had her back and back of her hair, as well as her boots and ears start having a trail effect of their color go into transparency just a meter back. She had her light being drifted off to make her invisible, but her tails were already gone, and she could only squinch her fingers at Ryutyu as he tried helping.

“Oh- fuck- Wilma?!” He stated, trying to bring her back into reality, but she kept on going into oblivion as it seemed, soon her left hand was no longer waving their fingers, and all motion seemed to cease for Wilma, as the grip she held onto Ryutyu’s hand suddenly let go. “Wilma- don’t let go!?”

Ryutyu tried pulling her back, before realizing the fade now ate her face, and now she was gone to something. He pulled himself back from the posing woman, before she disappeared. The door closed and he breathed heavily.

“Wilma?” Ryutyu called out, hearing the voices around him. “Hey! Voices!? What’ve your done to me friend Wilma?!”

But no other answer than their meme. He looked around for eight seconds- then crunched his face into frustration and impeded back to the other door in fear, opened the door easily, looked back for the ice ball suddenly, saw it nowhere- and only found now purple grass with a black light shining above, he entered away from the voices, and now they were gone as he shut the door.

“Wilma?” he called out in the new silent room. “Aw- shit mate…” He told himself, then continued back to only find yellow grass with a blue lighting…

***Shellia’s run with the Steel Terrorists…?***

Shellia was continually being dragged by the four Steel Terrorists in a long corridor now, stretching one-hundred-and-twenty-eight meters. They each had their guns and faces turned back, shooting at the giant that was chasing them. Henceforth, I must describe. The giant was a bull-like humanoid figure, having a fat torso of smooth brown chocolate making it up, and the arms also being chocolate and solid. The arms widened into three fat fingers, long on the circular wrist, having black and flat square nails, which were under the hand at face-point. His arms also each had three stripes of yellow. His wore a darker brown overall, widening around his round waist as his torso was like a fat pill, and the overall had four buttons of yellow going up on their strips. The bull’s head was a flattened sphere, just sitting above the torso with no neck. It had square white teeth with chocolate drooling out from both ends of the mouth. He also had white eyes with a line as a pupil, and his eyebrows were also just black smooth lines. He wore a yellow hat, (which had a super-flat spherical bottom and a square going up, like a crude child’s drawing of a top hat,) with a red ‘A’ up front. He had horns, being the same as his skin color, having three yellow bands around them as they stood two feet high and rounding to a sharp point. His legs, were also just chocolate, ending off into cartoon-like shoes with no difference from the legs, yet there were also three yellow bands on his skinny legs that held up his massive six-foot body somehow.

The bullets entered the chocolate monster constantly smiling with wide eyes at them and rushed out and away towards the door many meters back. The Steel Terrorists then stopped after aiming for his eyes, horns, and then hat, seeing none of it would stay off, and decided since it regenerated itself, to stop. Shellia was still currently playing her instrument stressfully and seeing the thing glance towards her, giving her the biggest death stare in her life. The Steel Terrorists had no care for the wood splintered rubbing up against her torso, and instead the frontier man or woman cracked out a grey pen and started clicking it, but it soon showed up with an Italian message: “Nessun segnale.”

The Steel Terrorist then put the pen back in its right pant pocket, and continued running with the others, uncaring for the wood jammer of Shellia. They soon came upon the door and quickly opened it, then rushed through as the bull smashed his head into it, and yet it did not collapse. The grunting menace had not said a word, and rather just smiled quietly at them all as they proceeded past a white kitchen with wooden walls and ceiling and flooring, to another room filled with red grasses in all places, instead of nodding at the creature having his head stuck in the door without much of a push to get more into.

The Steel Terrorists and Shellia looked around. Their lenses were unlit. Then, because I am quite bad at transitions in writing I guess- the frontier man, or woman, grabbed the grey pen again and found that the Italian text was no longer against him or her. She then put the pen into a clicking phase, until she or he put it back into her or his pocket.

Shellia was let go of, and instantly sprawled up to view the box whilst standing she did not really enjoy the sudden all-color of red, but she minded that the Steel Terrorists just let go of her.

Shellia then tried walking over to the door, but the backend of the Steel Terrorist squad, on the left, grabbed her left shoulder with his left hand, and pinched her back. She could only consent, as she already knew her hands were still connected to an accordion after all this time. She then looked back upon the tainted Steel Terrorists, confused on their own ways. What led them here was not by their plan’s doing, but they seemed forth to the next room with ease. They found more grass, now purple with a white lighting. Something smelled new, like burnt chicken tenders, sour yet just fried to un-deliciousness.

“I am inside your walls.” The voices started up again, just like they did with my humble Ryutyu.

Shellia stayed behind in the other room, varying her choices, if she even had a few. The Steel Terrorists did not portray a set back though, they only sought up to the ceiling to see if anything was anew. They only found the grass being violet and damp, releasing the odor that made Shellia resent. They left man or woman looked back upon the girl, holding his gun tight and sturdy, yet having a calm turn to her. Shellia only frizzled her eyes over and allowed the whispering to continue.

The Steel Terrorists then saw their front buddy get light-drifted, as I would like to call it. The same thing that happened to Wilma happened the man or woman in front, and they slowly drifted off into pure energetic light. The Steel Terrorists now had its lids glowing red, holding out both of its hands, and the gun was on the floor. The Steel Terrorist were no noob to this sudden percussion of weirdness, so they entered in by pulling on both arms, but only concluded, after eight seconds, it was impossible. Then they all aimed their guns at the man or woman and found out that shooting him was of no use either. So, they turned their eyes red, and then rushed through the other doors, not even looking back upon the fearful Shellia as she stood in one room, having the doors close, and the voices higher.

Now Shellia was alone, scared, budging behind her at the doorknob, trying to open it by moving her right arm under it and the northeast as to spin it enough, but after four failed attempts, she came through after pressing her lower arm, and it came open. Then, it instantly closed back in, and she was dumbfounded at her own mistake of letting go so soon. She tried it again- but this time, it was much different. A being busted through the door and revealed itself into its angelic form.

The being had its body as a perfectly white doorknob protector, one to block off babies from entering your room, as they could not put their hands in the holes of it. The being was no transparent though, and with its full solid form, came the hat it also wore. It had above the hole up top, was a rusty grey baritone mouthpiece, big and three feet tall, as well as wide, which were the rough dimensions of the doorknob’s protector part. But the true aspiring wonder was in the middle of the protector, being millions of small eyes. Red and in need for blood, they spastically looked around, bloodshot, before all focusing on the girl in front.

Shellia worried her eyebrows, and then the being started flipping the mouthpiece vertically, and extremely fast for that matter, that it motioned blurry. Yet, Shellia could not see, as all light in the room suddenly started to come into the mouthpiece’s hole. The light came off the room, like Heru would usually make of it, and it swirled into the hole with an infinite darkness inside. Soon, the room was entirely black, and then Shellia, almost sitting at her doom, saw that both beings were still in the light.

Then the communicatively silent being with all its light powers, gusting triangle sounds at such a quick pace it sounded like a machine produced two-hundred-and-ninety-nine notes constantly, all from the mouthpiece spinning, aimed the mouthpiece towards Shellia. Shellia, in notice of the sudden blast ramping up from the mouthpiece, quickly in the second dodged to the left, and found it blaze through the door- melting it. Now there was a hole, before the door ultimately fell over, revealing an endless hall of metallic grey all over, with suddenly a red lighting coming from nowhere, making it all seem bloody, as well as an alarm sound from somewhere. The alarm was buzzing constantly like a fire drill would.

Shellia had a split second to look towards the hall as the white light beamed the door down, before realizing the eyes followed her, and then swung the mouthpiece at her head. She dodged by squatting, with her accordion rapidly swaying notes to tell her fear, before she pounced up, ran over to the door, still looking at the thing come full circle, and jump into the hall with her face first. She then started to get up as fast as she could, away from the menacing metal, and started running down the hall, shakingly scared of the angelic-like being.

Then, behind it, came bloody arms, ripped off multi-color people, some being blue, others actually black, each with blue blood drooling from their ripped tears. Arms without remains of sleeves, and they opened the doors as well as busted through it- like a storm or tornado ordered by a higher council. Legs of different variants came behind, some with green shoes, or black legwear, all with shoes, none just barefoot. Some even had nothing, they were just bone. Then the heads, different slain people. Some had three eyes, other were just the skull. But, as soon as all three of those evil ornaments of the evil angel came through, the eyes pondered back upon the running girl, who was sprinting for her life, yet keeping tracking of what was behind her. With no end in sight, the being came to rush as well. Floating quickly towards her, with the arms suddenly cackling their bones and reaching out, as well as the legs kicking constantly as they floated in the air. The heads had their eyes rolled back in from the tops of their head and started laughing at Shellia with their mouths almost falling off. The accordion girl could only play her fears to the lights ahead, and the darkness behind. For the being also spun its baritone mouthpiece as well, and as it was slower this time, it still sucked in all the light, making dead history to what was once stepped on by Shellia.

The arms came quickest, and Shellia knew as she looked back for a single second- a war of moving around would commence. There was only the spare time to enjoy the simple run to the light ahead, the horizon with no end. Her tail waged eagerly, and her ears struck up, hearing the heads laugh a smidge closer every second…

***Back at me and the rhymester.***

“This is the thirty-first room we have entered. I now see how your lives are so ruptured.” I stated after a long silence, with the Gustavo to my side, on the east side I must specify.

“Yes, it makes us go very insane. I hate that it moves us down levels like a plane.” – Gustavo the rhymester.

“Levels? Like the natural video-game structures made by devils?” I asked in as the most humorous tone I could proceed with.

Gustavo nodded and then looked forth to open the next door. There, in front of us, was the darkness monster, whipping his essence around to chase us as it seems he just entered from a different door.

“AGAIN? How are we in such vain?” Gustavo rhymed, with his one eye turning to see the creature in its full.

I crept back quickly and opened the door as he rushed inside to something that calmed him. I then quickly shut the door in the monster’s face and looked to see the new arrangement that was not nothing.

“Ao!” A girl waved over to me and Gustavo. She had the same hair color as me, and it was in the shape of my friend Molly’s hair. She had green eyes, glowing around her eyelids, and had a large smile with her teeth showing constantly. She wore the same dress as me, with green maid shoes still. She was skinnier than Molly as well.

Guess what she was.

“Oh thank the lord! We’ve been saved into a room less bored.” – Gustavo as he thrusted his octopus-like arms into the air.

“Hm- hello.” I waved slightly with my right hand coming up to be right in front of my right shoulder. I was still smiling, just like she was.

“Hello- are you new here?” She asked, in such a weird voice that it made me confused on whether she was some sort of Molly spin-off, or something mixed in with me.

“Yes, indeed. This is Eighty-Three, for I feed.” – Gustavo, feeding information to the girl, standing behind a room-long counter of pure grey marble with black specs, where there were glass boxes around many items. Nothing else was in the room but her and those items- some being wooden bats inside larger glass rectangles, and some being mouthpieces in actual glass squares. They were twenty cases in total. “And this is William, the guarding of this safe store called ‘Scrilliam!’”

“Real original- just like this girl-version of me.” I laughed at him.

“He-he-ha.” William snorted sarcastically at me.

“Don’t patter your jokes super-quickly and figuratively now, for she sells such quantities of quality devices without a raised brow.” – Gustavo, having his left hand out to show me William and her smile.

“Yes, and presuming that your joke is correct, you may want something to further your powers in darkness.” William continued smiling over to me, as she had knowledge of what may also be occurring.

“Yes- what do you have?” I asked politely, more sophisticated towards William.

“I got a few machines from my friend Cyclop- they enhance particle nets and such, or whatever he said. I currently have them under the counter here, because sometimes people come in and steal without paying.” – William.

“What do we pay again? I have to ask since it’s been quite the story since this main.” Gustavo asked, looking around the walls to see nothing, as if something was there before.

“Anything. I can take blood, or rubles from Russia- whatever you think is best to give me. I remember everything too, so do not worry about me forgetting what you used last time.” – William.

“Does chocolate earn up to anything, or is it so abundant that the command for it is quite useless?” I asked, wondering about William’s economics.

“I dislike the natural humane system of demand and stock. I think everything should have a set value for all of time, unless something detrimental happens to such an item. So, for your answers, I must say that since you probably use dollars from the Americas, I must proceed that a pound of chocolate is a single cent. Bringing me a roomful will earn you up to ten dollars, which is not a lot, as the machines here have high prices, I set them with.” William stated, and I had to agree.

“What happened to the pictures on the wall? Has someone stolen them or have you moved to a new mall?” Gustavo sentenced to ask.

“Glad you remember- I simply sold them to a young man named ‘Darius Monor Clenherton the Third,’ as he was in need of art to fuel his essence.” – William, telling Gustavo an answer to his question. Gustavo nodded.

“Is there anything here I could come back and pay for that would make a darkness monster, one encompassing the entire room and being a mutilation of globs of itself- die?” I asked William, wondering if she knew what I was on.

“That thing is still around? How stupid is that mound?” William funnily rhymed towards Gustavo.

“I have run through many like that monster, so that must be an old caster.” Gustavo held his nose with.

“Imagine not remembering everything you encountered while being in this hellhole.” – William stated, referencing the entire place as she slowly looked towards me.

“Have no worries- I also remember everything. So- with all your items here, do you have any hints on how to leave or dismantle this supernatural phenomenon?” Eighty-Three, me, asked William.

“No.” – William, single-handedly just answered with her smiling mouth.

“Well then, I guess we should be off now.” I told Gustavo as he looked towards the other door.

“Best of luck then! Remember- this is a safe zone from the weirdness out there!” William stated, waving to me as we started to leave.

I opened the door and allowed Gustavo through as I turned and nodded my head back to William, and she did the same to me as well. We exited through the door to find another blank and quiet room, filled with bored ambience if we stayed. So, we exited through five more doors, until we came across something interesting.

It was a room with a bunch of papers scattered around the walls, rusty and slightly brown. They were each pinned by a wooden nail, supposed to be metal, but literally a wooden nail hung in the middle top of each one, making them perfectly fall with no rotation, so it all seemed neat in one area.

“As you see on this specific paper, the monster’s rules apply like a sapper.” – Gustavo, pointed with his right tentacle as he looked back with his one eye.

The paper read this:

*“Hello, Ronaldo again. I’m intrigued by the monster’s weakness. Very rare, yet stupidly horrifying. He requires a sacrifice. He needs to eat a living creature of conscience appetite in order to de-exist for a few days. I haven’t counted, yet all my friends have shown me by the scientific method that throwing cats at the thing doesn’t work. It must be a Vomerenic-like sacrifice. Sincerely, me, Ronaldo.”*

“Have you met this Ronaldo?” I asked after reading the message quickly.

“No- but I’ve been a city that says he’s very famous. They also say he must have nothing about himself anonymous.” – Gustavo rhyming about this ‘Ronaldo.’

“A city?” – I asked, confused on the architecture already around us, and in the past, that a city would be possible.

“Yes- there’s a city in one of the levels here, but it doesn’t have chocolate nor food to adhere.” Gustavo rhymed, telling me why he did not stay there in the first place.

“So, this place has an underground city and levels?” – Eighty-Three, me, the femboy in a green attire.

“To answer a future question, I must say we’re on level two of this mansion.” – Gustavo, with his squid arms hanging loosely as he went over to the door and opened it.

I nodded and followed him through one room before we came across another room with unluckily the monster in it. It did its deal of looking back, and we took off away. Without a yell or scream we passed quickly through four doors before coming up a room where the creature missed opening the door by five inches. This room was also different, yet on the same ‘level.’

“Oh hey- we seem to be in the laboratory bay!” Gustavo exalted with much excitement, looking around to the many mechanics. They all were on marble countertops, just like William had held, but simply were now in purple-glass containers, on each side. There were robots behind each counter, both being a white Gustavo-like silhouette, fully black and just standing there with barely any movement.

“Why do these guys look like you?” I asked Gustavo in front of the Gustavo silhouettes, which were three-dimensional.

“Oh- they do! They’ve changed since my last kung-foo.” Gustavo nodded, giving me lore, I quite barely recognized.

“Hm?” I appropriated quite loudly.

“I used to fight these gangs of ninjas, but now they’ve been eaten by a monster race named the ‘Linjas.’” Gustavo rhymed, making me de-appreciate his tone as he walked to the right counter.

“Your rhymes are coincidental perfect with the beings’ names, as well as with William’s store, which makes me believe your life here made you start rhyming at one point.” I nicely considered saying, instead of talking to him about why I thought it could all be false.

“You are correct, for this place is luckily filled to connect.” Gustavo spoke right before the robotic, auto-generated male voice of the silhouette spoke.

“Hello, great inspirer- what tool would you like for the next twenty-four hours?” They asked, not even moving.

“Inspirer? From whom created you to be an admirer?” Gustavo asked, confused more by the robots than I expected.

“William.” – The robot.

“Oh, she has her hobbies in check… I should thank her for doing this tech.” Gustavo spoke, English-ly rhyming. “I would like a de-powering machine that could be used on monsters that control chocolate, for the time is getting late.”

“Served. And what about you, sir?” The robot said, somehow getting his voice to rotate over to me with his idle position as suddenly all the way down the counter, the last purple-glass box broke into many shards allowing Gustavo to go over and grab the gun. And the reason I say ‘gun’ is simple- the ‘machine’ looked like an M9, instead being all-blue with a yellow trigger.

“Do you guys give anything the customer asks for?” I asked the silent robot.

“It shall spawn in your hands if not up here.” – The robot.

“Well then- can I get an infinite supplier of meat? Possibly chicken meat?” I asked, and suddenly I felt my hands grasp up and straight, now holding two chocolate ice-creams with yummy blonde cones. The ice-creams were cold and un-drooling.

“You asked for the impossible, so now you must deal with a little snack. Come back after twenty-four hours to possibly get another gem of our store.” The robot stated, not even caring a single second about his monotone voice.

“I forgot they do that, sorry I didn’t tell about their dark hat.” Gustavo stated, holding his gun with eagerness.

“It is fine- but tell me, have they always been selling a gun that can erase someone’s powers?” I asked, wondering why he did not use it in the past.

“They called it impossible, I think. It’s been a long year since I’ve been here- and last time I got a ticket back to level one with a drink. Before that, the cashier stand I hid in was what I asked for, and I stayed in it expectedly more.” – Gustavo, rhyming as he held the gun forwards and opened the door.

“Alrighty… well, do you know how deep the levels go then? If there is possibly a way out after going so far?” I asked Gustavo, and he simply nodded against that after looking at me.

He held the gun up and snuck up to each door. For three rooms we entered, before coming across William’s shop again.

“Oh- hello again!” She happily waved over.

“Hello.” I nodded over with both ice-creams in my hand.

“I got a gun that’ll delete the powers of that all-time crooked thief of friends and revenge the fallen stands!” Gustavo patriotically spoke.

“That rhyme was god-awful.” I joked with such a monotonous tone of my own.

“I agree.” William giggled, and I came up to her.

“Hey, William, do you know how deep these ‘levels’ go?” I asked of her, her being longer inside this chocolate factory than me.

“Well, firstly you have the wooden chocolate factory, then level two is what we are in, then level three is grass rooms, level four is bedrooms of random kid’s rooms in different colors, level five is liquid rainbow rooms, level six is just a bunch of long hallways, level seven is a bunch of hills with demons strolling around, level eight is the city where people rejoice, level nine is all the past levels conjoined around to make it look and feel as if you are in a different level, and level ten is again the chocolate factory, but with much more rusty and old planks, also with dark chocolate. Then you have level eleven, a long hallway leading to a man. Once you enter that level, it seems the door behind you, if closed, fades away, and you are stuck- as I have heard, until another person comes and opens the door. Then, rumor has it, that opening any door on any level may lead to the front doors of the building we all originally entered- which means that you can leave this place behind. Plus, just so you know, opening doors can make you skip levels as well- it is not chromatically scaled.” William explained long-ly.

“Alrighty…” Me, wanting to ask a question. “Do these ice-creams have any value to buy me even a single item?”

“No- but could I still have one?” William politely asked me, Eighty-Three. And instantly, I looked down to both, still smiling at her from behind my mask, then made my left arm have darkness exalt another hand from my wrist and take my mask down, as I then stuffed both ice creams into my mouth in front of her, still smiling, and almost giggling uncontrollably. Then I opened my mouth and made my throat push immense airs out, throwing-up the chocolate onto her face. “Eug!” She pulsed back, with her hands trying to catch it all as she stopped smiling.

“Ha! Why did you stop smiling?” I reasonably asked as the chocolate dripped down onto her green dress.

“Because you just spit up on me!” – William with anger, as tentacles came from under her dress and sucked up all the chocolate.

“I understand it was a bit impolite, but I never stop smiling- so that means either you are not another version of me, or you are a little different.” – Me, after impolitely throwing up on her.

“I am a little different- so please, do not throw up on me, or anybody else- because it is very rude, even if you have a suspicion about that person- which I know you do about me.” She stated as the tentacles got all the chocolate off.

“Alrighty.” I nodded and agreed with William very awkwardly, then leaving off to the squid-arms man who was looking through the door for anything, like a spy being slow.

Me and Gustavo then left the woman to herself and went off for another four rooms before finding… the city.

The city, as stated to be entirely a level, was a long road down, fully black and concrete. The road went for a horizon as tall, red bricked apartment buildings stood on each side, duplicated down for miles. There were sidewalks of white concrete, and in between each apartment building was a single tree in the middle, dark oak with green leaves. Behind the apartment buildings with white windows and grey doors with yellow gold knobs, were sky-high concrete walls, casting a large shadow over everything. Nothing else, not even the sky shown, as those walls crept up forever, making the darkness above inevitable.

There were people coming out of the buildings, sitting by trees, and walking down the road, without a single car or bike in sight. Some were humans, others were like Gustavo, many were like Shellia, playing their instruments connected to their hands, and others looked like cyclops, but fatter. There were even a few nine-tailed people there, all conversating to each other like the communication was clearer than the windows leading inside to wooden-planked rooms with red rugs.

“Oh my god! This is no façade!” Gustavo happily screeched with his pistol dropping to his leg side, as he looked forth.

“I guess this is super lucky.” I nodded, looking around the dark place lit up by the insides of the homes, which sparkled yellow out of themselves.

“Indeed, it is. Let us go spark up a talk with someone like my sis.” Gustavo stated, going over to a version of himself that was pink-skinned instead of purple-skinned.

The girl gasped with her tentacle arms going up as Gustavo walked forth to the tree where she sat, without a friend in sight. She just sat there, alone, closing her eye and mouth firmly.

“Gustavo! Where have you been?” The girl suddenly sprung up and asked him, and he simply shrugged. “It’s been so long!” I then came over and she looked up to me.

“This is Eighty-Three, a boy that just entered the chocolate factory today without a glee.” Gustavo stated, rhyming as she did not.

“Oh- I’m sorry…” She stated to me, worried that I was now stuck here.

“Do not worry, I have my own memories of things much more boring and longer than this seems.” I told, obviously referencing the box.

“Well… uh... welcome- I’m Gustavo’s sister… last remaining family member of his… and please stay, as you’ll probably be stuck here forever…” She told.

“Yes, I will do my best- but I must quickly ask this scientific fun question- does the chocolate just give you all the needed proteins and carbon hydrates for natural body functions, or is it truly just normal chocolate?” I asked the sister of Gustavo, supposedly the sister.

“Uh- I guess so… so… before we get all personal and talk about our history; let me set you some guidelines. Don’t open any apartment doors- nobody is inside, they just lead back into the other levels, and sometimes there are monsters in there and they’ll jump out to kill us all. Also- don’t go too far down the road, nobody is really down there. And, please, don’t commit murder. We’re all trying to recuperate from insanity developed from being inside this maze- and become friendly.” – The sister of Gustavo stated to me.

“Alrighty.” I agreed with, towards the sister of Gustavo, not my cat Gustavo.

“We got some hunting to do though- I got a gun that will demolish their rough.” Gustavo rhymed horribly with an understanding ton- so badly that even you, the viewer, must understand it is only because of the written-way that it rhymes.

“But- you’ve been gone for almost two years!” The sister of Gustavo almost yelled at her brother.

“For as long as you all have been supplied, I have not lied. I will come back, and it will be without a hack. I am happy to say this gun is extraordinary and makes me hyper to delete the ordinary. Would you like to enjoy the experience with me, or stay here and enjoy the quiet fee?” Gustavo asked his sister in a sad way.

She sighed. “No…” And then sat back down on the tree as Gustavo seemingly easily just left, and I was to stare at the closed eye girl, wondering the truth about all of this…

“Come with me Eighty-Three, sorry that we probably won’t be able to see…” Gustavo nodded as we went up to the building on the left, opened the door, and went inside to a yellow-grass room, then forth to a room being entirely like level two, then finally to level one room with brass instruments being eaten by the monster. “Third time the charm, as I like to alarm.”

Gustavo then pointed the gun at the being now rushing at us. But as Gustavo clicked the trigger with his tentacle hand, nothing happened except the sloping down sound of a buzzing bee. He then sweated his emotions, and held it down, realizing it was not the gun we both thought.

“Oh no! How did this thing not come with a laser warning to-go?!” Gustavo rushed out in words as the creature was scared of the gun and shifted to the right quickly to come after us. I made my right arm into a darkness hammer, and strung it at the being, knocking some of it back, before pulling myself back.

But as I saw that it was coming and used a back-arm to rip through my rubber dress and open the door to escape the room filling up with darkness chocolate- Gustavo’s gun went off. It blasted the being in a light blue laser, breaking into pieces as it hit the being and send an electric pulse around its proportions.

But the gun was shaking, and Gustavo could not hold the jittering piece that shot the monster electricity. It pulled him up and right, making him literally hang onto the gun as it shook up and hit the ceiling, before turning around the room at sixty-one miles per hour, hitting an instrument, making it have blue electricity fly around, as I tried to escape to the other room. Sadly, and suddenly, there was another darkness chocolate monster grasping at my back and pushing me forwards. It was exactly the same as the other monster, and surprised me with its sudden appearance, before the laser then hit me below my neck, and buzzed me back into the other room as my hand held onto the doorknob from the quickness, but also the fact the doorknob had turned into a rainbow liquid and wrapped around my hand.

“Auh!” I frizzled up, shaking a bit, before seeing the monster in front and in back shriveled into a chocolate puddle- their essence dispersing into a brown gas that fogged up both wooden rooms.

“Ah! This gun is acting like a Shah!” Gustavo jerked into words as he shook in speed, before letting go of the trigger, and falling down to the floor.

“Door stuck! DOOOR STUCK! It has me!” I wailed funnily and snorted with a yelling way towards the humor I had inside myself.

“What!?” Gustavo instantly looked over as he got himself up from the slight crash and looked to see the chocolate puddle being two meters wide and long behind me, but also that the doorknob had a rainbow glow to it as well. He then put his gun towards shooting it and shot it. Suddenly, the rainbow liquid turned into water and fell to the floor.

“Thanks… now that is the second time you stated something without rhyming it-” – Me, before being interrupted by the non-cat Gustavo.

“Could you shut up?! We all are living beings, and not a single one of us is a stereotypical pup! I rhyme with ease, but when times like these come- I cheese. Why do you look at us suspiciously for acting real, when you, in fact, have done things quite surreal. Example one would be throwing up on William because you thought she was a girl version of you- maybe yes, but please do not be so rude or awkward when interacting with new people like us! We’re allowed to have slight changes in our personality if we want, because we live in a place with a constant threat of unusual monsters and an eternal misery having to go through these rooms millions of times! Look around you! People like me and William like to have little quirks so we are not always anxiously alert or skeptical of everything, making out to be a slightly unconfident little creature that thinks that just by the way someone acts or look, they must continue being that way forever, whenever! We can change because we also have consciences, and also aren’t robots!” Gustavo snapped at me- not with a nice tone obviously. Then two seconds went by as he consumed the awarding fact that he spoke without rhyming.

“I understand and I agree… but I have a history that makes me hate liars, as people have turned themselves exactly into other people to trick me and torture me and continuously ruin plans for peace in my universe, so looking at small details is something I must do to ensure that since I am following you, I can at least trust that you will not backstab me, like some have done before…” I told Gustavo, and he worried his eyebrows.

“Oh… Sorry, Eighty-Three. I should’ve asked about your history, I see.” He honored me with, sadly approaching the situation as he looked at his gun.

“You said, though, when we first met, that you would always rhyme. And since your sister did not rhyme, I was a bit confused on whether it was a play too.” I scattered at him, making him frustrated.

“Well… yes… but fear strikes different emotions into a man, and can paralyze them… for you are correct, and I agree I will be normal to your standards…” – Gustavo, agreeing to me, Eighty-Three.

“No need- now I am just concerned about the fact that my head is lighter, and my powers are gone; meaning the darkness being in my head is gone as well, and now we are virtually weak if we lose that gun, and we are stuck in this level for longer than we think.” I still smiled at Gustavo… still…

“Well… uh… yes… and yes…” Gustavo nodded, and held up his gun as we went through more doors in peace.

***Ryutyu in the rooms of grass.***

Somewhere in somewhere, I do not know man, my furry bro was in the grass rooms still. This room was purple-grassed, and as bare sounding as you could imagine. Ryutyu let his tail drag as his ears were constantly alert, possibly waiting for anything new.

He went over to the browned door that led us all into the labyrinth’s further, and opened it to find something different. He found two men, in grey camoflauged suits, with black face masks and black shades, looking around with a confused accent on all of their aspects.

“-Maybe should- Hey! What is that?” The man on the right, having brown hair with green eyes and a Moroccian accent, pounded over in words towards my friend with his left index finger pointing. His black shoes slid across the grass, springing it up after it gained freedom.

“Hello?” Ryutyu waved in an awkward accent with his left hand, barely raising it to the new men.

“It’s... damn bro, what are you?” The second asked, in a Spanish accent, also pointing with the same hand, which caught Ryutyu’s eyes directly.

“Uh- I’m Ryutyu...” Ryutyu said to the two random men in a British accent.

“Bri’ish?!” The second man went.

“Naaahhhhh bruh, you’re a furry.” The first one went, with his finger still up and pointing, with his other hand on his hip, not even close to the belt with a black M9 gun on the left and a blue tazer on the left.

“He’s the guy who asked.” The second one referenced and Ryutyu couldn’t help it but crack a smile.

“Hey, Ri-yo-ti-yo, tell me what’s up with this place.” The first one asked funnily.

“I don’t know- I guess you could say this is the backrooms.” Ryutyu offered up funnily, and they just sighed with a giggle.

“The universal backrooms- damn bro.” The second one nodded at Ryutyu, still wearing grey camo suits with black bullet vests and black gloves and black shoes.

“I haven’t been here thy long enough, but it seems that these rooms are randomized and endless like the backrooms, so I’m guess thy place is like it.” - Ryutyu, towards the two men.

“Thy- bro this furry on some Bri’ish drugs.” The second man stated as Ryutyu put his arms into his jacket, but a slight electric bolt fizzled on his right shoulder, and the first man saw that with a keen and confusing eye.

“BRI’ISH?! BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-” The first man stated, instantly spinning as quickly as Wilma would and shooting a gun around. “Ha-ha- oh shit- I killed him.”

At that moment after their expense of randomness, they accidentally killed Ryutyu by landed three shots into his snout, and seventy-five into other places of the grass. They watched him fall to the ground dead, bleeding out from his nose.

“Bro- you gotta’ stop doing that.” The second man stated in a deep voice, turning slowly and angrily towards the guy.

“He had an electric bolt on his shoulder- meaning he probably controlled lightning and was speedy like Geurb- and- (The man sighs,) What I’m trying to say is that we don’t want this to end up like the Qunlade Heundale situation- when we thought somebody was cool but tried to kill us later on.” The first man stated, being quick with words but ending up to shuffle back down into calmness.

“That is true, but you gotta’ give people a chance first at least.” The second man stated, and the first one wide eyed.

“That is truuuuuueeeeee, and... let’s just go. This is getting weird.” The first man shrugged, and they exited through the door.

***Wilma in the final room.***

Wilma was now in a different place. When she faded away, she could not hear nor see anything, and was left in darkness as the senses faded away suddenly into darkness, barely seeing her own hand reach out to Ryutyu as the immense dread of black shrudded through her spine and killed her self-promotion. Now she was lying in water, her nine tails wet and un-flowing, her face depressed.

She opened her eye suddenly slowly, and looked forth towards the ceiling, which did not exist to her eye and was only just the darkness. She got her torso up and looked around, seeing the waters be red and her hands be burnt to almost crispy-black. She worried her eyebrows, before looking forth to a single wooden boat, one a child seemed to build- a literal canoe of light brown oak with a man sitting inside. She decided to stand up and swiftly hover her tails east and west as she usually did.

The man was unordinary, and rather was now blocky. He had a humanoid appearance, yet every inch was a block of green. His head was normal but without clear eyes or a mouth or a nose- and he seemingly ‘wore’ a top hat. He had no hair nor more cubes on him to offer any presence of clothes. He sat there, with his hands under his thighs, sitting on the front bench of the boat’s insides, and looked at the waters as the boat slowly drifted forth.

Wilma spoiled her face with discontent as she hesitated to speak towards him. She was too busy worrying about the self-deprecation of senses and attitude. She poked her left hand with her right, and then shuffled them into her blue sleeves, before looking back and seeing nothing else but the water leading up to a wooden door with red brick walls extending infinitely east and west.

“Sir?” Wilma asked from behind as she stepped forth, loudly echoing through the long hall as the water seemed to go on east and west forever, but the door and wall blocked the south going on forever. Wilma’s north seemed endless, but she was unsure. “Hello?” she asked promptly and politely, before looking around.

“Hm?! Whoa- hello!” The man stated in a larger echo with his Canadian-accented voice, being kind with every stutter. “Sorry for not responding- I have an eternal thought process I like to tap into.”

“Okay. Can you tell me how people end up here?” Wilma asked, trying to be as un-selfish as possible as she saw only static in his mind- meaning something blocked it.

“The same way you ended up here. The grass rooms spoke to me once and brought me here as well. Others have also come before and are thinking of asking the same questions as you. Yes, this is the backrooms with levels, yes, there is a way to escape, yes just go through the door to get back in, no, these waters do not end north, no, this room is different but means nothing, and yes, I would rather stay here than go anywhere else.” The Canadian green-blocked being spoke.

“Okay. Are these-” Wilma tried to speak before the green-cubed being interrupted.

“Yes, these waters are self-depressing and sense-deprecation waters.” The man answered in more of an annoyed way.

“Okay.” Wilma stated, thinking of another question.

“No, you should leave. Unless you want a story or more communication, I have nothing here for you.” The green-cubed man spoke, still not looking at Wilma.

Wilma stood there, looking at the door before looking back.

“Yes, it would be nice to ask.” The green-cubed man spoke for her.

“Are-” - Wilma before another mind reader answered before her.

“Yes, I can read your mind, but you cannot read mine because my metallic template blocks such.” The green Canadian blocky man stated to Wilma.

“What-” Wilma started before the man interrupted yet again.

“My story is that I had a few friends searching for an all-powerful liquid, and we were going to find it to defeat a soul-eater demon of evil sorts. But we got tricked into this chocolate factory by a talking sign and had to go through this maze. One of my friends had a personal friend who helped through phone calls- he would call, and on the other line, a response would come, and whatever needed to be done would be done- if accessible. This extra friend helped us get through the maze, but at the end, asked if I could go find one of the buttons to open a door and get to this ending level. Once I came here, I found nothing but these waters, and reflected upon the tracks I had once came from. I never found my friends again because now the rooms had changed. But- I did find a canoe with a phone in it at the chocolate factory levels, and took it around, calling the extra friend for help. He responded on the first call, saying he’d call back and get it all fixed after he got the resources necessary. But he hasn’t called back yet. And I’ve gone out and search, calling over and over- but every other number besides his did not work. I have the phone here, but it means nothing until he calls.” The green-blocked dude told, and Wilma walked to the right to see an old black phone in front, right under the man’s head and in front of the bench. “I had come to the realization that I am stuck in time, and that this was no ordinary little quest of ours.”

Wilma had no words. “Okay...”

“Is there anything else you feel as you should get from me?” The Canadian asked sadly.

“I hope one day you are saved. I do not think your friend will call. I think you should at least try in the maze constantly. I must go for I am needed. I will try my hardest to relieve myself of this place now.” Wilma spoke in a way of life, frazzled at her own words almost.

The cubed man nodded. As Wilma turned to leave, the phone suddenly rang. Wilma stopped and awaited the climax, turning around with an open mind and awaiting the man’s actions. The man was stricken cold, unmoving, but now looking down to the beeping yet unmoving machine.

He slowly moved his hand over to the phone, shaking and almost physically crying in his bones. He picked it up and held it close to his left ear, blocky yet nicely shaped.

“Demet?” He shakily asked, wondering who was on the line.

From the phone only came a weird noise. It was sounding with distorted violins, creepy tuba ramping up and down in pitch, and a clash of electronic synthesizers with extreme phasers waving them to a dark theme. The man of green cubes stood idle as these noises supremely made out loudly to him, and Wilma just stood behind. After six seconds of this terror, it stopped suddenly, and the man put down the phone.

Silence was everywhere, and Wilma cared to break it. “What that the personal friend?”

“Yes... but I need to be alone now... please leave me...” The man stated, sitting up straight now and fully staring out to the red waters. “Or my color will change.”

“Okay.” Wilma nodded with anxiety and confusion, looking down to the waters before leaving out to the door and suddenly see more red waters go the opposite direction.

“Don’t mind that. I was originally planning to joke you, but I now need to reflect on my own mistakes. You are actually stuck here- forever. Unless somebody comes through that door and you see the opposing side be free, then both ways are endlessly horrible.” The cubed man stated to my woman friend.

“Oh.” Wilma nodded and looked back upon the man, only staring to the phone.

“Please try not to focus on me. Go walk in one direction or stay in one place, I need to wait for the friend to come.” The green cubed man stated.

“Okay...” Wilma nodded and decided to just look back upon the door.

***Gaining a new enemy.***

Me and Gustavo were in a room with another being. This being was a trumpet-player human, obviously like Shellia, having the trumpt stuck to his hands and no mouth. His eyes were green like his dress and his hair brown like his skin. But instead of playing his trumpet to communicate nothing to the others unlike him, voices echoed out of his head as we entered the room filled with liquid chocolate two feet up and wooden planks decked the walls of the large room.

“Ah- how exquisite to find somebody else lurking in these caverns.” The kid said in his melatone and tired voice, almost with a Cuban accent.

“Did not ask.” I funnily whispered under my breath.

“Hm?” He questioned over to me, as Gustavo eyed him with his one eye.

“Have you found anything useful to get anybody out of this game?” I asked, wondering as quickly as I would.

“No, but I enjoy that you got straight to the point instead of wasting anybody’s time.” He said, not even minding his legs half covered in chocolate.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, and Gustavo decided to unspeaking-ly just go back through the past door. But as we opened it, we came upon the reason why he still held the gun in his right hand.

The bull that was once chasing Shellia and the Steel Terrorists was now there, looking away with his crooked smile as he cannibalized on another version of himself but smaller. He then practiced his swift movement to turn around and give us his glaring smile.

Gustavo had time to react and used it wisely. Henceforth, he shot the gun, and as it did its lightning effects, the being cried out in such a low pitch voice it seemed almost computered. Anyways, he melted, and so did the remainings of the other version, having most of his chest bloody and eating, with the ribs licked clean almost.

“These things are such helpful tools to delete the returning fools.” Gustavo nodded with greedy laughter, after the gun vanquished another enemy quite quickly.

But as all things are quite weird in this book, I heard the snapping and breaking of bones behind, giving an eyebrow to the wall in front of us, before turning around casually to see the other femboy had become a monster. Gustavo was also confused on the dislocation where the possible echoing voice had gone.

Gustavo did not hesitate to throw his pistol up again, let it shake him up, and hit the being, who refracted at the electricity, but then countered it by actually surviving and continuing to be itself. The boy, as I must appropiately explain definitely- had now turned into some sort of dog-standing-human-spider, having his bones crunch out of his back and up, waving around at full reflexibility, ready to twist and turn as the blood vessels amassed near the corners and ends of each bone. The body had become a type of sluggy fat, with his face turning upside down, a mouth appearing with shark-like teeth pointing out, ready to bite, and his eyes going an evil dark red, with also his arms standing him up as his legs functioning into an animal-like way- seemingly making him out to be like a human acting like a dog if you removed the creepy. His ears also perked up and he grasped his eyes open after the shot. Daringly, he stared to our souls, and launched himself up at us after our bolt failed to shut down his hyper systems.

I tried shutting the door after smiling at it for four seconds during its transformation, but when I did fully, it just opened the door like the rooms did not change in this place at all. The door blasted open from the bones twisting it open, and he darted after the wooden man. Gustavo, in a panic, was already heading back to the other door, and I also followed with my eagerness to continue.

We blasted through many doors, seeing behind us the man spread his teeth out at us as he came flickering through the rooms with speed, only being stopped by the doors. Each step we took and each step he made devoured out ears with an echo, as he made the increasing terror between him and Gustavo accelerate with the noises.

After nine doors of Gustavo panicking in a yell and rushing with my silent tone, we found again the same chocolate darkness monster going through another door, and then looking back upon us.

“Aug! What a bug!” He shot verbally, then lifting up his gun to physically land a shot.

As I looked back to see the other monster treading closer, I heard the other character echo the sounds around us closer and closer, so as Gustavo shot and I saw the creature almost just at the door, I took Gustavo by his left arm and pulled him forwards to the next door.

He rushed with me, having no question to what my plan was. The next thing we knew was that we were in a room with Ryutyu’s dead corspe, still shot and still just lying there, with the fermenting blood.

“Ah!” Gustavo yelled as he jumped over the entire body of my friend and I went around leftly, looking back to see the creature of voices be blocked out by the door swiftly shutting. Then, as soon as it closed, it opened to another darkness chocolate monster.

“How many of that are thee? Why so many to make us flee?” Gustavo yelled as he was going to chareg his gun, but the sludge of might came fast at him. So, I grabbed his tentacle arm and ran him to another room, a four way of wood.

Here, a dance aurora around the same past girl, who died, swiftly banged into Gustavo and into the next room as the door opened to reveal another Gustavo opening the door for a live Ryutyu, who repulsed back at the sight before our Gustavo was thrusted in with the girl to collab a crash into the other Ryutyu. Then the darkness monster swirled at me, coming like a mini tsunami. So I ran and the other Gustavo closed the door with the original Gustavo.

The next room had led me to a weirdness. It was William’s room. There, she looked to me quickly with her endless smile and saw that I still was smiling, but not afraid, rather confused, for a long time.

“Hello!” She waved to me, as I looked to her after seeing the door close on the darkness monster.

“Hello. I recently lost Gustavo to the weirdest enactment of events.” I told, and she could not respond before I allowed her to ask more.

The darkness chocolate monster thrusted the door open and came forth.

“Oh shit!” She cheered as she crept back and away from it.

“Let us go before it grasps one of us.” I told so calmly it disrupted her surprised face into a confusion.

William nodded, and as I turned to be first, she grabbed my back and altered it towards the creature now reaching out over one-hundred-and-ninety-three four-feet long tentacles, very thin, towards me.

“Sorry!” She told, as she held me forth without a mask or the MLG shades.

I then thrusted my hands into a thumbs-up position and thrusted them back into her away, harshly enough to make her repulsive and let go of me.

“Augh!” She yelled, before releasing her hands from the motion of rubbing them.

I then ran to her, grabbed her by the upper rubber of her green dress, smiled gravely as I pulled my hands to a one-eighty rightly, and shoved her forth, letting go- and the monster, as fast and close as it was, grasped her head, wrapping its cords around her head actually, intensely quick, and started to make more tentacles slash cords to wrap around her squirming parts so it could pull her inside itself.

“No! LET ME GO! FUCK! PLEASE!” William screamed into the chocolate as I put her fate forwards in her opening eyes.

I only stared, not even remarking upon the quickness of the situation. Infact, I took three seconds of my life to be watching her have her skin sucked off and bleed to death by the chocolate monster. Then I stood up firmly and walked back, opening the door to the city.

“This has to be either scripted or extremely rare.” I told myself in my mind, looking to see the endless road with people stuttering to look at me as the monster behind snapped bones.

“Eighty-Three!?” Gustavo exclaimed, coming out of a door to my left, and so did the girl with a dance aurora.

“Wow! Gustavo! We came back to this level so quickly!” I told, obviously under-dramatic and passively aggressive.

“Uh- yes, and indeed the situation we just went through was a rare mess.” He stated, greeting me with a happy expression as his sister came to meet him.

“I know- but I have more wonders than ever now on the chances such an occurrence would occur!” I told, still passively aggressive as all the people looked in shock and surprise at my existence. “To all the people here- the context is that we just went through a door with my dead friend, and then we instantly went through a four way on one level, then nextly saw another version of you and Ryutyu on the other side, and then as you were obstructed by that aurora lady during another chocolate darkness monster run- I left to William’s room and then she tried sacrificing me to the darkness monster, like she just had a Diplomatic Revolution- so I plunged my thumbs into her eyes and swung her around to sacrifice her, and then I came here. So- either something is up or the chances played in my favor way too much, which usually never happens.”

“William is dead?!” Gustavo shot out at me after gasping for a straight second with everybody at a view.

“She tried holding me to the monster to die instead, but I saved myself- and also, are you the same Gustavo from beforehand? All of this feels different...” I told the awing people.

“He killed our shoppie-teer!” A man screamed behind, pointing, and suddenly the eyebrows of all went angry.

“I don’t know if you’re the same Eighty-Three I met before, but that act of cruelty must go punished for our lore.” Gustavo spoke, angering his eye at me and everybody getting ready to battle.

“Oh buddy, this is going to be fun...” I told, clenching my fists with a wider smile as the Shellia-like instrument people started to turn into the same monster as before that we saw in the rooms.

“Get him! Kill him!” Gustavo stated as he pounced back really quickly, and everything came down to possibly another Diplomatic Revolution.

Firstly, the sister of Gustavo backed up, whilst a nine-tailed fox boy came in with a swing. His right arm gusted in front of my face as I pulled slightly back, before using my right arm to crack his chin. Then a instrument player came upon my essence quickly, having sharp arms like a crab, and swiping at me with his right arm. I crouched into a duck before doing the same to his chin. I then heard a run behind and shifted to the left, all took quickly, and found the back of a different Gustavo-like essence tried to throw his tentacles hands on my neck. I grabbed him by his wooden head and swung him into the treachorous being that had a clarinet indulged in his hands once. Then, I spun to the nine-tailed fox boy and smacked him back, before letting go as there was now a nine-tail fox lady with grey hair trying to shoulder-rush me. I dodged to the left, and then threw myself into contact with the boy.

Around me were about twenty-four foes, with some outliers calling in sixteen more from the horizon. Gustavo and his sister now recuperated into a random door but pulsed back after seeing it led to a grass room, and then tried going to another on their right- and so on, seeing it only lead to grass rooms multiple times.

I jumped onto the nine-tail fox boy, sticking my pointer and middle finger up his nostrils, and then threw him to the ground on the left. I immediately skipped back a step as a instrument player tried smashing me with a right hammer arm, having both arms turn into meaty hammers as his eyes were now red. I also saw white teeth behind the skin of where the mouth should be.

I then used my left arm to grab his neck whilst he was down, and swung it around to the incoming foe behind. New, but like Gustavo, he was pushed back like paper in wind. Then I went back to the opponent on the ground and thrusted my arms into his eyes.

“Augh! AH!” He screamed repeatedly, as I dvelled my arms deeper into his sockets, and eventually just pulled them out as he spammed his hands up, trying to grasp at my rubber dress.

“Do you see these, everyone?” I asked, holding up the bloody and squishable eyes. “Maybe from this sight, you could possible at least try to start talking to me like normal conscience beings.”

“Kill him! Everyone get on top of him!” A man raised from behind.

“Again- like animals, settling differences and explaining ourselves is impossible.” I whispered in my mind to myself, as they all came in to attack. “But I guess it surely will be fun.”

Now to explaining the bloody battle time- actually- no. I shall just explain the better parts here, because simply I think you already understand how I rip the tongues out of their bodies and then use them as slings of disgrace against the rest.

Firstly, Gustavo and his sister, were still on the run to find better doors to go through. Each one was just the grassy rooms, again and again. They traveled down one-hundred feet and more, going down each apartment door, and opening each one once, or sometimes twice, to see if would change. I was behind still, enjoying the pain that throttled through my enemies as I choked some, and then bashed their corspe into others.

As I drained the bodies away from possible attacks, piling them around, I visioned the two trying to get away, almost reaching the horizon of my view. I started to escalate towards them, seeing their getaway had failed. As I punched a distorted instrument player in the face, then pulled him back his clothes and bashed him into the apartment wall next to us, and then put my right leg down on his torso as I ripped his hair off, and then pulled him forth so I could then snap his neck from behind, taking a long sixteen seconds, I found that many other enemies were leaving to the doors and being successful. Their cowardice meant I was in luck to go after the main enemy.

“Somebody! Assist! The new plan has failed!” Gustavo stated to all down, and they just escaped away into wooden rooms, closing the door before he could enter.

“We’re not going to make it! The computer is against us!” His sister yelled in a panic at him, as he spotted me running towards them with a wide smile behind my bloody mask, insuring horror to their one eye.

“Please! Universal beholder, Computer of Chaos, don’t be your sadistic self- and please give us one more chance! We’ll do anything for you!” Gustavo yelled as he went through more doors after his sister spotted me coming quickly.

After panicking for seven more seconds, he found a door that led to a wooden room. He entered in first with his sister quickly, and she quickly closed the door, barely missing my hand coming after the doorknob.

“Damnit.” I thought to myself, opening the door and finding an infinite red-lighted hallway, the same Shellia had gone through. I opened the door again and found the same thing. I then went down to the right and found the same thing again in the new door. Once more to the right, same thing.

I then decided to look down towards the horizon and started off. Running quickly in my maid shoes, I ran almost a mile, stopping for six breaks, panting as I had no powers to keep me going supernaturally, opening the doors to find the same corridor, before again repeating the process, eventually coming down to a view where the horizon stopped.

“I had a feeling it ended…” I smiled as I ran up to the end, not saying it aloud. At the end, the last apartment buildings, on both sides, were cut in half, missing the other half, unbuilt even. They just stood there with the door still fully operational and existent. The end was again, the same as the beginning, but no door to enter or exit.

I decided to check around these half buildings. Firstly, the one to the right, having nothing inside except the stairs up, the door, and the lights from the ceiling. I opened the door, and saw it led to the endless corridor, even though it did not align with space itself. Then to the left I went.

“Oh! Hello!?” A mini-sized Gustavo-like being asked. He was the same, but physically was tied up in thick brown ropes to a pole just in front of the stairs. The pole was iron. To his left was a pipe from the wall, brown and rusty, drooling chocolate onto the floor, which leaked into the cracks, and stopped, not even getting out to the grass.

“Hello!” I waved with my smile, entering without a care to how my maid shoes would be chocolate under them.

“How’d you get here?” he asked, confused.

“I ran?” – Me.

“Okay- yes- but… where are the people? Aren’t they supposed to… guide you?” He asked, looking around, and not at me, as if he was searching for an excuse.

“The people are dead. I killed them.” I stated, getting a foot away from him, still standing high, and hovering over his now panicked presence which looked into my eye with his dreadful one.

“Wha- what?” He asked, worried quite fast.

“They tried killing me, most likely to then eat me, as the chocolate, as I have been told, seems to get old after some time, so it seems insanity crawls through the people of this labyrinth.” I told him, looking down with my menacing stance. “But- what about you? Why are you tied up?”

“Uh… I… the people were my… friends…” He stated, looking directly at me with a worried sadness. “Why are you here?” He asked in a worried yet angry tone now.

“My questions, please answer them.” – Me.

“No- you answer me!” – Him, almost crying out.

“I am here because me and my team were going to rescue a friend. But it seems this is much more than just a simple rescue, as we got split apart quite quickly.” – Me.

“Oh- but the people- did you see people like me?” He asked.

“Yes. I even got here by sticking with somebody like you- a man named Gustavo. He also had a sister you stayed here, and like-friends.” – Me, seeing him wide eye after I mentioned Gustavo.

“D-Did you kill Gustavo?” He asked, so fearful of me.

“No. Him and his sister went through a door and away.” – Me. “Are they-”

“WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL THEM?” He asked in a panic.

“Because they, and the people- as I just stated- wanted to eat me.” I stated to the boy. “But are they related to you or something?”

“YES!” He cried out at me in angry anguish.

“Oh… how intriguing, (I crouch down to him,) and did they tie you up here?” – me.

“Yes- but it was for the safety that I don’t get lost. The people- and my parents, may yes, have gone insane- but it’s not their fault… I will kill you for what you’ve done!” he squirmed in the ropes.

“Um… okay? What was I supposed to do elsewise?” I asked, confused on what he wanted me to do.

“NOT KILL THEM! RUN AWAY? MAYBE JUST DIE! LIKE YOU WILL WHEN I GET OUT OF THESE ROPES!” He yelled at me, squirming like he was having a seizure.

“You are acting like an N-P-C, buddy.” – Me.

“I’m not an N-P-C- I’ll be a savior!” – Him.

“Buddy- you are stuck in those ropes!” – Me, giggling.

“I can tear them off easily- just give me some time…” – Him.

“Um…” – Me.

He soon just sighed. “Damnit- I thought I could do it… just… please don’t kill my dad, or my aunt… they mean my memories to me!” – Him,

“What the fuck is the context between all of this? You guys got to be the weirdest shitheads I have ever encountered…” I almost laughed.

“Uh- okay? Yeah? It was pretty dumb- their idea though, did help against the possibilities if I was free.” The little Gustavo stated, creeped out by my presence looming over his entire future life.

“Yes, insanity can lead people to be dumb. It is not always at the edge of a genius- what? Just get to it! Alrighty- wait- have you heard that saying?” – Eighty-Three, talking to myself, before returning evilly to looming over his presence and cutting in my words, drastically changing his fear to fearful confusion.

“What?” He asked shortly, not wanted to get on my nerves by any chance.

“Sorry- off-topic, but I just wanted to know some more exposition, because I swear, what? Why? There are other things plausible, and you pick the most deranged way to protect yourself- and also- is there more to you? Or am I just wasting time here? I got to go kill your dad, and I do want to get to that quickly, it will feel amazing- why am I speaking so much? The fuck is my own dialogue?”

“Um- are you okay?” He asked, stunned and stubborn.

“I got racing thoughts... I am making up some voices in my head to proceed with telling me to simply… (I reach my left arm far onto his nose, and my right in the front, then snapping it, and allowing purple goo to drizzle out as he screams became definite,) oh- damn… that looks nice…” – me.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” He screamed, not even thinking about my weird character coming from within.

“Well, I guess since I am killing your father, I guess I should kill you. You are a liability of insanity, and I am too excited to see some gore right now…” I stated, like a mini-Gustavo was not crying his soul out in front of me.

“STOP! PLEASE!” – Gustavo’s son, which I will only remember as.

“Now, I am liking this… I am… and I must vary with the ways I kill people, it will be pleasant to remember different instances… so…” I talked to myself, putting the cylinder block of his nose to the floor, and rubbing it quickly, back and forth. I then knelt down and used my entire torso’s muscles to fuel such a collaboration of friction, and eventually succeeded.

“HELP! SOMEBODY! HELP!” He cried out, his voice shattering from the pitch he was designating automatically.

“Nobody is there to help you.” I sadistically stopped from rubbing, and smiled at his burning hopes.

“PLEASE! STOP!” – Him.

“Just like Heru, I shall be sadistic. Just like the computer, I shall be random. Just like my history, I shall have different characters, now being thoughts, enter my life and alter it in weird ways- what is bro talking about?” I laughed at the end, after humming by bio to the atmosphere that was ready to burn.

After rubbing the wood quickly, I started a fire. A deep and blazing little flame that would soon have the ability to burn a forest down. I grabbed a handful of lowing liquid chocolate, hovered my hand over the fire, and let it pour in- burning it higher. The fire lit my glasses up, my figurative mask to happiness, and glowed on my green dress. It was ready to swiftly go down. Gustavo’s son, crying, only saw his breathing get higher. It was started. His heart rate would extend till it plummeted. His lungs would be clean till they were filled. He squid arms were forever wrapped, wrapped to his own end, wrapped to his dad’s stupidity, and my sudden exaltation of joy.

“I never killed a kid like you before.” I rushed out with a giggle, wide-eyed behind the shades, but leaving the last quote to hover in his mind.

“LET ME GO! PLEASE!” He screamed at me, seeing the fire slowly spread, slowly take the seconds to minutes to hours to years away from a possible life, until he could only realize there was none more to wonder about.

“Buddy- the ropes are too strong… just like the ropes that once would puppeteer me… oh my goodness- I should have said strings- am I too much? I am too happy right now! Something new! New screams! New torture! Burning you down like your father figuratively did to your life when he put you in these ropes! Ha! Heh! Me my- I should get going… I talk to much… or should I stay? Should I help you?” I asked him finally, completely and utterly lying in his face.  
 “YES! PLEASE!” – Him.

“Continue screaming that! At the top of yours lungs!” – Me.

“YES! PLEASE?!” He confusedly stated once again, seeing me back away as I rubbed my hands together, watching the flames come further and faster.

“Racing mind, endless thoughts- you can even say, as a final thing to Gustavo- that you killed his son…” I thought to myself, devilishly laughing as I thought of it.

“WHY ARE YOU BACKING AWAY! HELP ME!” – Gustavo’s only son.

“Watch him burn. Get your anger out- actually, continuing generating it, and then say you get your anger out this way! Yes… this is how you truly endorse insanity… you like seeing some random die slowly… you may know his pain, but it is only death… death is inevitable yet repeatable…” – I prompted myself, continuing to rub my hands together, and rub my thoughts deep into my ecstatic brain.

“AAAAAAAAAAA!” He yelled, seeing his legs catch a glimpse of fire, catch a glimpse of his dying hope…

“Is this boring yet? No- never tell yourself that! Enjoy it- for you have time. You are somewhat important in the grand scheme of everything. If there is a computer holding this labyrinth on its own strings, then it will teleport you to the room with Gustavo- and you can tear him apart limb from limb. Heh- maybe even take his son’s head before you- wait, no… it would be much cooler, much more funny to say you did this- happily enjoyed this at the end of a much more meaningful statement- yes, plan it all out. Pull his strings. Be the puppeteer. Enjoy the show you create, enjoy the blood you can now spill, now put a pill into the mouth of your life, now become the one with power, now serve justice to insolvent fools…” I radically combined into my head, racing to find more things to do, or more things to capture as an image to look back upon.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-” Gustavo stated, as I walked away after five seconds, going to the other door. “HELP! DON’T LEAVE! HELP! PLEASE!”

“On god?” I chuckled, and he could not even hear my last statement to him. As my back turned, so did all his hope. Hope, was the very thing an insane person should not endorse. You should just do it the way you want it, because it only gets better from there… or is that just some saying I have no thought actually put into? Damn- my English these days.

As I went to the other door, missing the starting smoke to rise, I found a door leading to exactly the running patients of mine. Gustavo and his sister were opening another door slowly, scared and frightened by the wood all around them, backs turning away from me. I instantly ran, no need for a yell, and his sister was first to see me. She was too slow to close the door from behind, racing in after Gustavo did- and I grabbed onto the knob and yanked it open. They panicked back to the other door, Gustavo obviously opening it to see another room, which unluckily was a dead end, as only the wood all around seemed to exist. His sister, unnoticing of the room, bashed into him, and both were now in the room with a dead end, with me obviously coming after them to kill them brutally in front of one another.

“No! Please!” Gustavo yelled at me, his bushy leg pants sloping from his fall as his sister got up off him. “Don’t kill us!”

I had no words, and no hesitation to take his identical sister by her nose, and swing her to my right, bashing her into the wall, before I then bashed her back into Gustavo trying to get up, and then bashed her back into the other wall, and then taking her left squid arm, and pushing her away, trying to rip it off, before sentencing her down to the floor, and then pulling on it with both hands as my right foot kept her dead down.

“Aug!” She screamed, as I soon ripped off her arm, letting it goo out blood from the torn flesh, and then I had her arm thrown behind her, and started on the other one.

“NO!” Gustavo yelled, bashing into me, as I tore her other arm off, and she screamed in undeniable agony.

As I hit the wall, still with my gleaming and treacherous smile that induced physical fear into them two, Gustavo tried repulsing away as I dropped the arm to his bleeding-out sister and was ready to do the same to him.

As he saw me hands go for the nose, he pulsed back with shame and sadness.

“NOOOOO!” He screamed at his sister, as she slowly bled out in not only her arms, but also her crying mind. “No! No! No!”

I then rushed over to Gustavo, crying his eyes away, and grabbed his nose.

“No! Eighty-Three! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Please!” He cried as I thrusted him into the same wall, I did with his sister first. “Aug! Hea! I’m sorry! Wea… I lied. Please! Oh nooooo!”

“About what did you lie?” I asked, creeping up to him as he blurred his vision over his sister’s death, and I squatted to him.

“I… my…. I… I should’ve told you that a computer manipulates the facility- and that certain doors lead to certain areas, based on the wooden texture they have… I’m sorry… please, could… I can get you out of here… I… we just need to go back-” Gustavo tried saying, and I read it as a last scheme to either kill me or escape.

“Yes, alrighty- but what about what just happened? Is this the same city level, same city-folk we met before? Am I the same Eighty-Three you met?” I asked him, like a dead sister of his was not below my chin.

“Uh- I guess we can check… I… saw you had a blue-wardrobe-wearing nine-tailed fox lady and blue furry boy at your side whence you entered… and… oh my god… I… came out of the cashier-” – Gustavo to me.

“So, yes, I remember that as well. But, what about everybody attacking me?” I asked, perpetually uncareful for his sister he was staring down to.

“I… can we-” Gustavo tried swaying, extremely sad and almost frozen from his sister’s gradual dying yells to coughs and now silence.

“No- tell me now. I will let you live if I know what is going on- and how to get out with my friends.” I asked Gustavo, lying to him about the allowance-to-live part.

“Uh… I… I made a sudden change in plan to… attack you… first, I saw you had powers and then… removed them by faking an accident with the gun… then needed to get back to the city, as the people usually like the guests to feel nice and at home first before we feast- we down at this level like to cannibalize on… anything… me my… as we dislike… outsiders… I saw that the Computer messed up the room-plans, and so I made the sudden announcement to stop you… and… is this what I deserve?” He trembled at the last bit.

“Ahem- my way out with my friends?” I asked him, delightfully.

“I… my sister… please- I… the-the way o-out… um… there isn’t… not that I know of…” Gustavo started to state, before cutting himself off as he looked towards me.

“Well, I guess since a computer runs this place, it must be as sadistic as mine, so I am guessing I am stuck in here… with you… for the most part?” I asked, still smiling and joyful in my voice.

“Uh- yes- yes… could… we go… uh… are… are you smiling?” He asked, noticing that my mask’s mouth moved and stuff when I spoke.

“Yes, and I always have been.” I spoke back, smiling after the sentence’s exact end.

Gustavo gulped in with massive exile in his emotions. “Why?” he shivered.

“Because I enjoy it.” – Me.

“B-but you just killed my… my sister…” – Gustavo.

“You just said you kill outsiders and then feast on them. You would have done that to me too.” – Me.

“You… you’re insane!” Gustavo pointed back, without actually pointing.

“As insane as you and your friends are- actually, more insane to be honest.” I still smiled, insanely.

Gustavo only distilled fear throughout his frozen body now. “What darkness is beyond mine that you actually enjoy the… this murder- that you smile beyond the graves that you nurture? We down here go insane because we’ve been here for too long, but we still understand that we’re not morally-gone-” Gustavo stated.

“What are you trying to say? That I am darker than you for just enjoying what I do- which is the same thing as you?” I asked him.

“What… what kind of eyes do you possess? Do you see another being as less?” He asked, tortured by my stare, as the MLG shades were too dark for him.

“Gustavo, this is not the time to spit meaningful words at me. This is simply karma, if anything, I guess.” I told him, shrugging.

“Show me your eyes. Let me see into your soul… please, I need to know what kind of being outweighs me in my sins…” He asked sadly, having his eye glow orange, a simple reference I instantly caught.

“Hm… I once did this with an orange-eyed skeleton in a wheelchair…” I stated, then committed to silence. For at least four seconds, an awkward silence existed. Then, I snarked a little giggle. “Alrighty, N-P-C, since you have no remaining dialogue for this session, I will make some for myself. You do not deserve to see me without my glasses or mask. Your hypocrisy and defiance of moral absolutes has now put you to your death sentence… also, I killed your son.” My moral self put forth for his ears to taste.

“Wha- NO!” Gustavo yelled, putting his squid arms forth, but it was no use.

I then slammed him from up to down, into the floor hard, and then pulled south on his nose, snapping it off. It bled out immense purple, like his sister’s blood, and he left agony to fill the room. I then picked him up by his head, held him horizontally, and used my strength to snap it in half after six seconds of his screaming appetite to the sound around. Once the creak, and then the break, the room fell silent, as only I was left to be ever happy now.

“Heh… yes… you like the blood- the killing, the immense torture… they deserved it… Gustavo deserved it- why am I talking dumb? Uh- anyways- nobody should lie to you… yes… nobody- in fact, nobody should be able to see your face. The fear of something not visual is stronger than the fear of something visualized- yes- is that really the best reason you have? What about- well- the reason that nobody deserves to know who you are unless you are good friends, or what about the reason- whatever- think back to the blood… yes… just like Giga-Yard-Mower-Seventy-nine once stated on My-Cam, ‘Bruh?’… Bruh?” I stated inside my head funnily as I held up his head, before dropping it simply on the floor.

“Hello sir, how can I be of service?” I heard a voice behind me come in and speak. I looked around to see a black man in a yellow customer-service outfit come in, with the label “Jueam’s Burgers,” in red Abadi text on the top right. He had no hat, no hair, and wore blue jeans with blue and white-laced shoes. He also clasped his hands together after opening the door quickly.

“Um… take me out of here? Maybe also get my friends?” I asked, confused on why he was more personality in that smile than me. I mean, we both had our smiles obviously showing for longer than a normal person could insist- but his just looked like his entire personality was stored there, while I just had mine because I made a law for myself.

“My pleasure, sir.” He nodded and held the doorknob open for me as I crept in, weary of his smile, looking around for any traps.

“So-” I started to say, before the man clasped the door shut so quickly, he was instantly rushing over to the other door, and opened it, having us both visualize another phenomenon.

The Steel Terrorists, all in their endless mass, seemed to have a large army rushing through. I stepped to the left, and the stepped forth to new rooms, going by without a voice, only their boots stomping.

But before I could turn back to the yellow-shirted man, robotic in procedures, all the rooms and such dissipated. Literally evaporated. Literally- actually- got deleted from reality. I fell four feet to the grassy hills, seeing endless beings also fall, to places where rooms once would be if it was all cramped in, having rooms next to each other, for millions of miles. I looked around, and saw no friends, rather enemies, stuttering at the suddenness of it all. I whipped around to see the yellow-shirt man still smiling and awaiting my next commands.

“It seems as the labyrinth has been decomposed by The Steel Terrorists. They have defeated the Computer and freed everybody here. But I feel as if you are in need of your friends you mentioned sometime ago, so I shall go forth and find them at your command.” – Him.

“Yes, please... and thank you.” I shrugged, still smiling, and he buzzed around the hills, literally in a flash of light. After two seconds, he returned, with a green-faced Wilma alive to the far right, Ryutyu dead in the middle, and Shellia’s skin, only her skin, with her beaten and eaten dress, left to the left, of me.

“Mm… What happened?” Wilma asked, trying not to throw up, turning around, and using her hands to pull down her fox ears, as her tails also landed down.

“An extraordinary plaza of events rolled into place. So, thank you, good sir, for retrieving my friends-” – Me.

“No problem, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you?” – The man, so straight forwards in his reflexes of the mouth.

“Would you like to come stay in our universe? Wilma here can give you anything you want.” – me, bargaining already.

“No. I am stationed here, and only here on these lands of space and time, to help. I shall go find another to give my abilities towards. I hope the best to you, sir, and I promise I will not antagonize you in the future.” He said, instantly whipping away in lightspeed- removing a good chance at stopping all the madness.

“Oh damn- should have asked him about the Steel Terrorists or something… but, hey, I was using proper etiquette.” I giggled as Wilma turned back, bending down, ready to puke.

Wilma was silent but folded. She had no good idea of what was occurring in front of us all, and around us too.

“Hey Wilma- quickly portal us out of here.” I asked of her, only thinking inside, smiling crudely to her, and she nodded happily while faced down, and without hesitation, moving her hands to the floor, and making a large, square, and red portal below us, as suddenly from the far west, a bunch of blood and organs came forth, soon compiling into Shellia, and Ryutyu, mixing to make them once alive again- and then Wilma allowed us to fall back to Guernf’s front door. Other beings saw us but were too astounded by the blue sky and normal sun to care to attack or follow us. So, we started up our lives again, living away from that weird mission…

***Oliver’s special gift.***

Whence Oliver came by was already new day. Ryutyu had conjoined with his fellow crewmates in games solving out who the imposter was, both in real life board games and video games, as Shellia went back to sitting in the sun, gathering her energy, and Wilma started to drink cocaine, even offering it to Geurnf, but she denied. Just now.

“Hello Geurnf! Would you like something exciting to cheer you up?” Wilma asked the sorry and sad cat girl, who dazed slowly towards Wilma leaning slightly over, holding out a wide jar with a metal cylinder lid in both hands, containing a light blue and fuzzy mixture of red dots and the liquids. It was no solution to be honest, disgustng, almost looking like puke.

“Uh- no? What is that?” Geurnf asked, pointing at the jar as she was in front of her bed, two feet away from me, sitting on her bed.

“Something that could give you the energy you desire.” Wilma stated, igorning the fact she spiraled in the air again, landing just behind Geurnf to give her the substance.

“What is it?” Geurnf furthered, un-consently and suspicious of what Wilma suddenly whipped in front of us.

“Liquid cocaine. Unsoluted for favorable crunchiness!” Wilma spoke, as if she was advertising her greatest product ever made.

“Hell no- I think if you’re even thinking of taking that, you should get checked out, girl. I’m pretty sure that’s illegal, harmful-” Geurnf calmly started to list in her country accent, before she was interrupted by the prompter that was Wilma.

“I can remove the bad effects whenever I like. The Red Glitch does not stop me.” Wilma spoke, inferring it as a helpful fact, hoping maybe Geurnf would take it for her own benefit.

“Even if so- it could- would be addicting.” Geurnf finally resulted to in her tiredness. I mean, she worked all night, and me, writing this at 12:33 A.M. should also feel the same.

“But I can also remove those effects from your brain.” Wilma spoke softly, trying to get her to try it, but ultimately acknowledging her kindness. She also sprinted her eyes over to the work table, where the robot version of me was dissected apart, almost. Everything except the arms and torso.

“No. I’d rather go back to Libya’s schools than make a short decision that may affect the rest of my life.” Geurnf told yet appreciated that Wilma held out for this long. And so, Wilma understood, nodded, and left with quick walk. “Anyways- what did you want me to create?”

“Maybe armor for Ryutyu, or... anything useful for me. I currently have no darkness powers, and Wilma tried getting the being back- but obviously the Red Glitch has his ways- so I must refrain from most battles.” - Me.

“Oh... okay...” Geurnf nodded.

“But Geurnf- if you are tired and staying up as late as you told me- please get some sleep. It will help everyone in the end.” I asked of Geurnf as she started to walk over to the workbench.

“Oh... thanks... I guess... I’ll get some sleep right now...” - Geurnf, waving her tail so slowly and slightly to ensure her tiredness.

“Alrighty... is there anything you need?” -Me.

“Like?” - Geurnf, about to lie in her bed.

“Like some soda or chips?” - Me, wondering.

“Whatever chips that aren’t already available would be discretely adventurous for the future...” Geurnf said, plopping face-first, body-horizontal onto her bed, and lying there.

“Hm... nice sudden exaltation of rare words...” I stated to myself, leaving to go gather more information from what was going on.

As I went over to Ryutyu, I felt his rush of lightning zip right behind me and stay there after.

“Hey Eighty-Three, Oliver returned from thy mission.” Ryutyu stated, as I turned around to see him pointing to my front door with the famous wojak-meme impression, ultimately seeing where Oliver was looking around, before seeing me.

Around him were two objects: a book and another cube machine. The book was large, each page being three feet long and one-point-five feet wide, from a two-dimensional vision. It was also extremely filled with pages, about seemingly five hundred. The front and back cover were as hard as rock, being a danted red, with golden texts in the unknown language. Then the box, was once again like the others, but had a simple attena from the top, white and shiny, with nothing around its base besides the hole inside the machine, just a little thin, possibly allowing water to get into the system.

“Hey Eighty-Three! How has it been?” Oliver asked happily, after jogging up to me and Ryutyu.

“Good- and I see you are gifting us with new cool machines, thank you.” I stated, still having direct eye contact with him.

“Indeed. I am giving a machine, that box one, which will allow you to trace mutliversal particles, so you can find out where a being was in the past or where they are now.” Oliver stated, nodding smirkishly.

“And thy book?” - Ryutyu.

“Mainly for Eighty-Three. As the box was also my idea to give to you because I understand a lot of beings have made your lives miserable, I wanted to give you a book on how particles and energy work, how we Cyclops have interpreted and studied them, and how to experiment with creation. It’ll help with understanding how Wilma works too.” - Oliver.

“Alrighty.” - Me.

“Did somebody-” - Wilma said, whipping in a blurry light over to us from the autistic’s home, hovering right over me head.

“Shut the fuck up Wilma, nobody asked.” - Me, without even turning a muscle.

“Wha-” Ryutyu started to logically question, before breaking down in complete laughter that utterly lifted the situation high into joy for him.

“(Giggling as Ryutyu was full-on laughing,) Uh- anyways! Heh... could you also possibly get us a translation book?” I asked Oliver, seeing the book in another language.

“Oh- of course, I forgot. I’ll go get it now. Anyways, you guys have fun, and I hope the best and safest angels to roam through all minds. Goodbye!” - Oliver.

“Ight bruh?” - Wilma.

“Bye!” - Me, as he got his orange pen out and clicked it back to Cyclop’s garage.

“Haha, heh, eh... goodbye Oliver!” - Ryutyu, as he left and closed the portal.

“Well, I guess I should go to study, since my superpower of remembering everything is still functional.” - Me, smiling, and leaving to go after the objects.

As Ryutyu stopped laughing, the day started to continue like normal again. That was, Wilma created an entire mall with 80’s lighting and purple design along with rock music, in which she took the kids and Ryutyu in to play on giant jungle gyms. Literally, an empire of entertainment, physical and chemical, just floating in the air, with a simple concrete staircase leading up to the flavor of happiness that was the entire building.

I met up with Shellia, and started to read the book with her. Oliver came forth, dropped off a translation book, and so I got to studying. Quickly reading, I had only taken an hour to learn most basics of their language. Then we started on summoning the greatness of knowledge about Wima’s powers. Gustavo also came by and listened, enjoying the posession of ability to make dark and snark remarks of how to use this information to do bitter evil.

At the end of the day, it simply ended with a bacterial removance sequence.

“Hey Eighty-Three... I’m gonna’ go take a shower now...” - Ryutyu.

“Alrighty- oh wait, do you use soap whence showering? I smell your stench currently.” I asked, formal to him as I continued reading the translation book now, with the box machine next to me.

“Uh... no...?” - Ryutyu, embarrassed that he I had called him out for it. He wagged his tail slowly and had his ears low after that sentence.

“I can wash you if you need help.” - Me, putting the large book down, rigth next to the sleeping Gustavo, that Gustavo being my cat, because the dead one was long away.

“Hm... I guess sure?” Ryutyu nodded, understanding and hoping for the best that I may do a task for him quite well, as he sniffed his left arm right after.

After his ears plucked up, he went into the bathroom and took off his jacket, shoving it in the white bin as soon as possible, as I pressed the yellow buttons on my dress, and let the rubber fall off to the left of my chair, also slipping off my maid shoes, then taking off my jeans, going to the bathroom, putting the jeans in with his, and then saw that he was sitting down, and taking a bath instead.

“Oh, we are taking a bath I see.” - Me, smiling with my mask and glasses still on, but then taking them off and placing them to the left of the sink counter, on the edge.

“Hm? Oh yeah, did I say thy shower?” - Ryutyu, as he sat back to the left, and I was on the right, both of us crossing our legs, and our tails sticking up and straight away from the water as it filled up.

“Yes, thy said shower, and forgot to plug it in.” - Me, turning around, to put the drain stopper into the hole, before looking back into Ryutyu’s great blue eyes. “Anyways, how was Wilma’s cool theme park in the sky?”

“It’s... cool and amazing... It felt so open and wide and fun and dancy, I guess I shall say. me and Jared had a ballpit fight, then me and the others had a laser tag fight, along with Wilma putting jungle-like vines in and we used them like monkeys.” - Ryutyu, enjoying me as I scooted closer to pat his head and shuffle his hair.

“Ayo?” - Ryutyu, as the bathing water bathed down to the bathing floor of the bathing tub.

“It’s not a racist joke.” - Ryutyu giggled back, as I turned my body to reach over him and grab the green soap bottle, to the right of the blue one, before coming back to sit up next to him. “For you, anyways, what did ya’ do?”

“I read Oliver’s translation book, and some of the physics book. Mainly just a reassessment of energy and particle powers, and how nets work with gravitons and electrons.” I stated, and Ryutyu could only nod in favor, as most of those words just buzzed out through one of his ears, and out through the other.

“Hm... cool...” - Ryutyu, as I poured the soap into the faucet's little expulsion pool, bringing bubbles to live around us.

“And... is there anything else you want to talk about?” I asked directly after his confirming statement.

“No?” - Ryutyu, as he was now scooted to the middle with me.

“Any topics or possible questions?” Me, addressing the end of our plausible conversation.

“No... but I know ya’ really... I really, actually, wanted to know what’s it’s like to be ya’... how is it? Like, how do ya’ feel about stuff and how do ya’ feel overall?” Ryutyu deepended his question, hoping for an intensely happy or truthful answer.

“Oh... well, when I was in my torture phase, as I will call it, I felt miserable. They hurt me and frustrated me and were so hypocritical or morally dangerous that I wished at times that if I died, it would be forever. I cried out to God a lot, but... he only comes back down during worse events I guess. But overall, it laid the foundation for the activation of the black goo that was in my brain... and damn, it almost feels nostalgic to think back to that moment when Wilma had surgery on me with Cyclop, and we were all confused about everything...” I stated, after letting bubbles bubble up, I put some soap into my right hand, and started rubbing his hair with it.

“Yeah, that was back then when everything was cooler... and I wasn't missing out on everything by being dead whence the universe restarted all the time...” Ryutyu nodded sarcastically funnily, enjoying the rubbing of both of my hands.

“Heh, yeah. But this is probably only the beginning of our weird adventures...” I stated to him, and he nodded, exalting an obvious question as well.

“What about now? Is there anyway to stop thy computer from killing us all the time, or are we stuck in a loopy here?” Ryutyu asked, as I finished his hair, put more soap on my hands, and started rubbing around his shoulders and upper chest.

“Possibly a loop. Since the Steel Terrorists are random, and the Timal Tienes are viably nowhere to be seen by me, we should look forwards to finding stronger beings than Wilma or getting Wilma to find out where he has his main location at, like a base- or even if he has a house, maybe the computer could be a phenomenon of some sort.” I stated to Ryutyu as he enjoyed the warm waters.

“Hm... also- what happened whence I was dead in thy labyrinth?” - Ryutyu, changing topics to something a bit better.

“Well, from my perspective, I never knew you died. I went along with Gustavo, he was evil at the end of our journey through the rooms, and I killed him by simply snapping his wooden nose and head. It was easy, and I think you would have done a better job with those muscles you keep up.” I stated, smiling at him still, as I cleaned him thouroughly between his pecks.

“Huh? You also have good muscles too, y’know.” - Ryutyu, understanding my stance but still questioning the reasoning.

“Well, I barely train, and only maintained my body with my darkness energy mainly. Now I seek knowledge more than strength in our situation, so these, (I show my arms with a slight restraint shown,) might go away soon. But, have no worries, your strengths will always be useful, because I do not know the status of what kind of plans or weapons Heru currently has equipped next.” - Me.

“Okay... and, yah, I miss Cyclop and the Red Eyes. They would’ve solved all this before it went down. I’m surprised they don’t use thy bee phones as much as I would hope. What do ya’ think is happening with em’?” - Ryutyu, as I completed washing his fur.

“Well, they took the Nazi version of me, the robot version, Oliver, and whatever another random cyclops was, and now are possibly having fun or completing other missions, as I sense the Red Eyes are more onto banning him from us since they may also be watching...” - Me, getting up from the bath, going over to the kitchen counter, opening the second left, white drawer with a metal rectangle for a bar, and grabbing a pink comb, with a black interior to the oval coming off the handle.

“Oh...” Ryutyu nodded, as I came back and started to brush his fur down and wet.

“Also, remember the time you were corrupted with darkness and coming after me in school?” - Me, sitting to his left, and doing his abs first.

“No?” - Him, his tail sitting below the water and his ears plucked up happily.

“Alrighty- just wanted to know whether you remembered some events from the past... like did you see the screaming blue diamond that jitters into people quickly?” I asked further, slowly making his fur silkier.

“I don’t remember a blue diamond.” - Ryutyu answered, his green interior-like hair swaying up from the under-half being under the water.

“Alrighty... what about the Plague Doctors? Or countryballs? Or backpacks?” I asked, wanted him to list some answers.

“The plague doctors were after you I think- and the countryballs, oh, I remember some places where they came after us through our room- are they still after us? With their owner?” - Ryutyu.

“I think possibly. I do not know if Heru’s group is still exclusively after us, because maybe that had a tiring session and are hoping for actual work hours instead of a go-to instant-job... because, they are all in it for the money, or the kill...” - I spoke to him. “But, let me change topic- you said ‘owner,’ as in Miss Opium ‘owning’ the countryballs?” I said as I started to scrub his legs with the brush, and some hair came off.

“Yeah? Wait- her name is ‘Miss Opium?’” Ryutyu giggled, having his arms crossed as he looked directly into my eyes, his fingernails still glowing.

“Yes- but I am intrigued by that simple choice of a single word. Do you see my as your ‘owner?’” I asked, stopped the scrubbing, and looked at him directly in the nostrils.

“Uh... I guess? You created me from a laptop, right?” - Ryutyu, as I turned off the faucet, letting the water rest at the bottom of his pecks.

“I composed a few scores, and accidently spawned you, Wilma, and The Steel Terrorists- and another cyclops. But- I wish for you not to call me your owner. You are not my pet, please do not think like that-”

“Why do ya’ still talk like an N-P-C?” Ryutyu asked me jokingly, interrupted obviously, with his ears lowering in shame of the silence right afterwards.

“Because I... guess I talk that way- but I just wanted to say I will do anything for you, because I am your core friend, not owner, and I did not want an idea coming up in your head about it, where you soon idolize me as a some sort of slav owner or something- as real to our friendship or something.” I stated to Ryutyu’s jawline.

“Uh... okay... what makes you think that?” - Ryutyu, trying to understand with his posing facial muscles as I combed his his hair now, and his ears went down.

“I just want to talk to you about anything right now, because I feel like tomorrow will be a big day.” - Me, now putting water around his shoulders by shuffling my hands together.

“Okay..." - Ryutyu, nodding, not seething.

“Anyways... do you need any more refreshers of what happened in the past?” - Me.

“No... not really. Like, are you going to be okay though? After everything that has happened. I’m a little worried about your... newish personality.” - Ryutyu as I scrub his hair now, making us both feel joyous.

“My insanity?” - Me.

“Yeah?” Ryutyu, still with a happy attitude as he got down to some beefy subjects.

“Well, since I understand who I am, what happened, and all that, I should be happier from now on, since I will have the mental arena to take on whatever new they throw at me. And, since you will probably be alive a lot longer now, we can make everyone’s lives a bit easier.” I smiled at him.

“But your powers?” - Ryutyu.

“Oh! I forgot! My copy! I hope he is running home or doing something important, because I need that darkness brain power back...” I laughed with Ryutyu’s confusion.

“The copy? At school?” He asked me, whilst in the bath which was supposed to be a shower at first.

“Has he come home?” - I dialogued to my blue friend in the tub.

“Nah...” - Ryutyu, putting his left arm around my left shoulder, in the tub.

“Hm... maybe we should ask Wilma about any possible imposters and see if she misinterpreted the mind of my copy, because I am quite sure he cannot enter the neighborhood due to her walls.” I started as I finished rinsing him now, Mister Ryutyu over here in the tub.

“I guess...” - Ryutyu as he had a tiny despise of being wet.

“Anyways- thank you Ryutyu for this talk... I wish our lives were open in a scheduled way... Should I dry you off and dress you next?” I asked as he smiled back at me in the tub.

“Sure...” Ryutyu stated in the most Chad-like way as he continued having his arm wrap around my left shoulder.

“And afterwards, I have to go check up on Wilma and our secret lair. We got some experiments running currently.” - Me, getting up, going to my room, and grabbing some towels off the poles of my bed.

“What do ya’ experiments have in em’?” Ryutyu tried wording smartly as I got out of the tub.

“The workings of brain functions, dealing with the frontal lobe, blood streams, and other parts.” I scientifically called in a simplified fashion towards my now un-eager friend, who awaited me bringing him a towel.

***Wilma downstairs, enjoying the torture show.***

The backrooms. Infinite and expanding in layouts, and designs, was once a joke, but now reality for the damned mind of that Plague Doctor. Now, the Plague Doctor was tired yet eager to escape. His will had not failed, rather increased with the levels he continued through. It had especially hit a large slope up when he got close to the end, but ultimately Clasif got to him in a mass of chaos. But before I could see his current position of mind, Wilma was reading a book in Ryutyu’s room, with Shellia to her right.

“Hey Wilma.” Walking up to Wilma and Shellia, told me.

“Hello Eighty-Three.” Wilma cut off her own whispering of book reading, and immediately looking forwards to me as Shellia also played three high notes to indicate a welcome.

“What are you guys-?” I started to tell before Wilma could once again speak before me. Yet, this time, I cut myself off before she let a word out of that mouth.

“Reading a bedtime story to Shellia. She never had a bedtime story. And I wanted to also read this book... Did you once say or think about making your own books?” Wilma asked, trying to remember the dream I have.

“Yes, I wrote two books, and am working on a third currently.” - Not Wilma or Shellia, but me, in my dress, smoothing my tail left and right as my cat ears were joyous like Ryutyu’s once were.

“Can I read them after I finish this one with Shellia?” Wilma asked, looking to Shellia and nodding, as her nine tails brushed up against the wall.

“Sure.” I stated out loud, instantly thinking of our secret torture chamber afterwards, and how the Plague Doctor was doing.

“I would rather read tonight than do some science in the lab...” Wilma spoke right before restarted where they left off, as Shellia played before and after her words.

“Hm... alrighty.” I nodded, and left away back to Ryutyu, sleeping in my bed, as Shellia was slightly confused on what I meant.

So, time passed, I heard Shellia go to sleep in Ryutyu’s bed, then crept out of my bed, and went down to Wilma, who had my laptop open for me.

“I hear multiple voices in your head sometimes...” - Wilma spoke suddenly, as I came down to log in.

“I remember that you still have not created the massive corridors I ordered under this room.” I smiled back, currently wearing my mask and shades.

“I will get to that...” Wilma nodded, smiling as well, as I opened up my books. “Are these still the dreams you want to achieve in your life?”

“Yes, and more now. I understand I have not been thinking about them lately, but these books are the only things I want to write, Wilma, and the only things I wanted to do with my life- until you guys became my best friends. Now, these books are most likely childish, and will need some good advice, so please talk to me about any errors.” - Me, explaining something quick and easy yet serious and commanding.

“Okay.” Wilma nodded. “Are these top secret to you?”

“What do you mean?” I furthered, knowing of what she most likely meant, but not fully sure in it.

“You probably understand... Can I share them to Shellia when I finish? Are they-” Wilma stated as I then interrupted her,

“Sure.” I answered, still sitting in the chair with the rubber dress, not looking at the sleeping Shellia in Ryutyu’s bed. “She can probably give the best advice, if you would give her a mouth possibly.”

“The Red Glitch stopped me earlier!” Wilma spoke, almost worried, almost funnily as she looked at the Wordly documents, having a blue logo. “Heh...”

“Well, I will be in the laboratory watching the Plague Doctor, so come and visit if you have any questions- also, have you seen my copy around at all?” I stated as I got up and went over to the wall.

“No, I have not sensed your copy around.” Wilma spoke, as she dvelled into my first book with an open mind and tone in her voice.

So, I was opening the door to the surgery room and going further beyond the room, to the catastrophic liking of repeated death and blood, where my psychology would fall deep into my sins, and I would enjoy feasting my eyes upon the wrong.

I finally came across the Plague Doctor, sitting dead yet alive in the chair, possibly hoping for an easier situation to come along. The levels only hardened to hate, where it bcame solid that the Plague Doctor would get close and fail every new time.

He was currently running, in purple void rooms, glowing bright and disrupting his vision, as the constant buzzing of lights meant insanity to his fallen social interprise he once had with his fellow friends. His ecstasy for anything has vanished, and he was frustrated by his own mistakes at the point. He played the game’s rules, having no consideration to ask God for anything anymore. He continued running, continued with concern to win, and concealed his thoughts to himself.

He was running after the red arrows. He soon came across the Computer to the left of an upside down ‘L’, and to the right there was the red backpack, turned away.

“Congratulations on finding all beings! Good luck!” The Computer told, and the Plague Doctor walked up to the Red Backpack, who turned around and shot him.

“Of course. A lie.” he stated, before angering his shaky motions up and started to run in the halls once again.

In real life, I sat close to him, looking him in his dead black mask, seeing nothing on him move, except the cold spreading across his frozen organs. The blue backpack was also silent and dead, and I continued to watch me and Wilma’s generated show for another two hours, before leaving to go read the translation book, on my desk next to the sleeping Ryutyu with a wagging tail in sleep.

“It is almost like Arabic...” I said to myself in a whisper, memorizing that language from some time ago during another deep night study.

***A mesmerizing fight for me.***

Back at the school, all was weird. Not the kind of weird that drove people to their grave as one being exerted their monopoly of power of all others, but rather the fact many were alive, stationary, and without direct eyes. They all had their eyes rolled up. Their mouths were dim. Their bodies unmoving where they once were. The clocks kept going, but the students, the teachers, and even Arty’s position seemed eternal.

The copy of me swifted by Aldon. Behind him was a fallen Molly. Deranged, taken apart like an animatronic, each vein she had compiled in her body, her small intestines, and even her brain tissue, spread out flat and like a texture, bringing such a mad interception to the carpet below, as it also circled around the other bodies, so finely, so evilly. Around Aldon was simply the large intestines, circled around to almost make a wall, as blood veins scattered in railroad-like ways around and to other members of the paused community.

“Esophagus, segmental bronchus, sartorius...” The copy whispered, “These are the parts of a human, having their engrained function to run certain parts of the body. Certain parts that keep certain functions running. When these parts are damaged or overflown, they cease their purpose. Just like when a boy is over damaged with a greed for money... or... in your case... sadistic blood, by somebody else, he... ceases to care for good.”

No response to my copy came after this. Instead, he looked around, towards light areas, where darkness lessened. Barely any darkness was supposed to be where it was. The lockers were completely lit inside, and the lights seemed to have such a larger radius.

“You hear me, Eraoa? I want to continue our fun fight. I believe it will help us both.” The copy of me enlisted to the deepening quiet atmosphere, having hands from under my dress spark up, fisting.

“Maybe put down your rainbow axe you stole from me.” Eraoa stated, blasting through the P.E. door and landed a rainbow-liquid axe into the principal’s frozen head, making it splatter blood everywhere, as Eraoa smiled upwards with her black eyes.

“No- it makes it much more intense and interesting when we can actually hurt each other.” I, my copy, stated to her as he wagged his tail, and his ears were ready.

Eraoa sighed as she came around from the left. “Enough- I want to fight. No more exposition.”

“Ight bruh bet.” - me, after she let out a breathing funny inside herself.

And so, my copy rushed with darkness coming off the corners of everything, speeding himself at Eraoa, who formed a darkness wall from the palm of her right hand, and I smashed into it with my axe. My copy bounced back, and then shot the arms from under his dress up to hold a rainbow axe of my own, and shot it forth, straightly diagonally, at the head of Eraoa. She dodged to the left, having her arms extend to continue holding the axe, as she took it off, and then let her arms go loose at me. I had the darkness corners of missing light shoot out strings and pull me back.

“What in hell’s name are you guys doing?” The Fire God chuckled as he came out of the cafeteria with a student’s head, before dropping it.

“Fighting?” - Eraoa, almost chuckling herself.

“Having fun.” - My copy, which I referred to as myself.

The Fire God sighed. “Okay... so are we still enemies, or frenemies? Or do we not care?” The Fire God asked as he walked up.

“If I kill him, he’ll come back, and vice versa, so we kinda’ just don’t care anymore.” - Eraoa, shrugging like nothing was new, because nothing really was. I also nodded with Eraoa, having my cat ears poke up and my mask still smile.

“Well... since so, do you guys want to instead talk about Heru and how he has no justification for his actions- or make up a plan to stop him just in case, or the computer- from going corrupt and attacking us?” The Fire God asked, sounding a bit pissed.

“You still think about Heru’s justification still?” - Eraoa, getting in the three-way group in the middle of the frozen school under the sunny sky.

“Yes. Like most of us, some came for the money, or the blood. Heru, the one who designed all of this to even happen, just has some goal with no backstory. I mean, I guess it can work because I don’t know the feeling of a needed goal to complete with all my life, but it’s still just so weird and mysterious to me. How can one be so sure of a mission when he has no base to operate from?” The Fire God stated.

“Did you just quote somebody?” Eraoa confusedly laughed, havng the rainbow axe suck into her shirt by travelling from her arm and in.

“No- I just had a smart stroke.” The Fire God stated, crossing his arms and smirking as his flames were still active on his head.

“Okay...” Eraoa nodded, and suddenly an awkward silence fell upon them both.

“I feel as if the Computer will be a final boss in our lives, as since a machine capable of manipulating space and time is much more powerful than Heru himself and will take a lot of research to either find and destroy or manipulate ourselves to win.” Eighty-Three, a copy of me.

“What?” - The Fire God, misunderstanding my final statement.

“Do you think that we could possibly ask the Computer to make a game where he is in it, and we win, so he dissolves himself?” - My clone answered.

“Damn- yeah- that's smart.” - The Fire God, nodding and looking at me with an intrigued personality now.

“I gave a lot of thought to it during the night.” - My copy of myself.

“You were fighting me though. And the Rainbow Orb.” - Eraoa.

“I can multitask?” - My copy stated, funnily. She only shook her head at that.

“So I guess I’ll get everybody else but Heru on board, you, (He points to me with his left index finger,) can get your friends on board, and we’ll allow Eraoa here to go up and ask for that kind of game.” - The Fire God planned.

“I don’t think it’ll be that easy though. He might of have somebody way before try something like this, and I feel as if he’ll be suspicious of me once I want him in a game of his own.” Eraoa spoke, giving light to the other view that possibly disrupted the plan logically.

Then there was silence for six seconds.

“Do you have anything to say, kid?” The Fire God asked, looking to me in confusion and wonder for why I was letting the conversation go abyss.

“Obviously not.” - Me.

“Of course. But shall we at least try, or do you think it’s too dangerous?” The Fire God asked me, still flaming on his head, but happy in his soul.

“I think it is quite the wildcard. The Computer seems to have been alive for over a thousand years, and constantly torturing individuals like he has done to me, means that he probably knows about every trick and scheme people like us might pull. I still would like you, big man, to try yourself, because I can make accomodations if everyone is still on the Computer’s side and fights you on behalf.” I stated to the Fire God, who was nodding at my description of possibilities.

“Okay. So I’ll try, see what the Red Glitch allows, and then try my best to destroy him with your help...” - Fire God.

“You should also ask him about a game where he lives or most visits, because I do not know the location of the Computer, but I know he works from portals from an area of idling.” - Me.

“You speak awfully weird nowadays.” - Eraoa.

“Hm, yes.” - Me.

“Alright, I’ll make up a plan tonight. What about communication though?” - The Fire God with his buff arms and legs fully a glowing black still.

“Just come visit me if you guys like. I will talk to Wilma about this.” - Me.

“Okay- cool.” - Eraoa.

Now silence again, for again six seconds!

“Can one of you start speaking or something? You’re making this feel more awkward than it should be.” The Fire God spoke in a frantic yet hilarious way to Eraoa.

“I will go now. I have to combine with my original body, who unluckily cut off recently, so we will know of each others memories... Good luck.” I told to them, turning around and leaving.

“You talk like a robot.” Eraoa whispered behind me, and it caught the attention of the Fire God.

“At least he’s nice to us after we tried killing him...” The Fire God spoke, looking to me as he stood to the side of the girl.

“You know he can hear us through the darkness, right?” Eraoa asked the Fire God in the most intriguing manner.

“Yes- I do know. I wanted him to know we care about his psychology to some extent.” - The Fire God nodded, before Eraoa let out a deep breath.

***Not a normal school prank.***

In my home, I, the original was there. I checked up on the Plague Doc in his nightmares. Nothing new, but I did see him die in the forest. And I ate breakfast with Gustavo and Ryutyu, who enjoyed opposing meals of cereal versus human flesh.

Then, as me and Ryutyu headed to get to a morning gaming on our favorite game, Team Bunker Four, both of our laptops had to be stopped at the menu as Wilma brought down my copy, and threw him at me. She literally held him like an a-posing toy with a large left hand. And when he hit me, he obviously dissolved into me, and I felt my hair get warm from the influxation of the darkness creature again.

“Ha!” - Wilma said as she threw the version at me, with cocaine under her nose and her eyes bulging from her pupils.

“Oh- nice. Thank you, Wilma.” I nodded after the body struck me, and I felt my edgy powers regain by feeling my hair and then looking at my fingernails to see them turn black, before they went away and all was normal. Wilma giggled away lightly, back pedaling quickly with her tails brushing against the walls without shame.

“What?” Ryutyu asked as she left, and Gustavo was intrigued as well, coming down with a confused vision towards his right on what Wilma had taken.

“My copy? He came back, and now I have my powers again.” - Me.

“Oh- very nice.” The British furry stated.

“I also now have new memories of a nightly battle with Eraoa, and a talk with her after the Fire God came in and wanted to arrange a plan against the computer.” I stated forth to Gustavo, not looking at Ryutyu but obviously wanting him to pitch in with my tone.

“Oh?” - Ryutyu, joining my ‘party’ in Team Bunker Four.

“Anyways, we can get to all that later.” I stated to my man in pajamas, “Do you want to do some capture the flag?”

“On what map?” - Ryutyu, obviously smiling at what I had in mind.

“The most time-draining.” I hinted at him, and he was amused.

“You better be the doctor.” Ryutyu shook his head. “Just like in real life.”

Gustavo went back up to Shellia sitting on my bed, playing her instrument lively. He did not see that just below as he left, I got teleported away from Ryutyu to another computer game.

“Eighty-Three?” Ryutyu asked loudly before buzzing his electric self up to Gustavo and asking no question. “Damn- thy compute is still making games...” He pulled down his left hand in a fistful motion.

“Aww...” Gustavo answered as Shellia stopped and took in the information. “He was going to try to take off Shellia’s accordion today...” He said, looking evilly towards Shellia with a slow menance. She back pedaled her spine from the creepy large cat, as Ryutyu staretd to exit my room. “Anyways- where is Wilma, Ryutyu?”

“I dunno.’” Ryutyu responded to Gustavo, looking back, "I’m gonna’ go tell her and thy other lads that thy computer put thy Eighty-Three in another game.”

“Hm...” Gustavo nodded and he rushed away, leaving Shellia to be awkward at Gustavo. “Afterwards, I should ask Wilma for some of that cocaine. I’m slowly feeling more and more bored everytime my master gets into a game.”

Shellia simply played her accordion accordingly as the large cat pranced away happily, leaving a trail of grinning behind his essence.

I was now in school, the entrance to be certain. I firstly saw the logo of our school change, now to a Nazi symbol. I looked around to see the school blue now be a blood red. The lights were dimming yellow and the ambience was a soft silence with thuds beyond. I then instantly whipped around to see the front doors have a purely black outside, a literal void to be certain. I also acknowledge my darkness powers to be still relevant, as it came up in my fingernails as I looked down, still smiling behind my mask and shades.

“████ ████?” asked the principal profusely, coming from the hall to see me. He was expectedly different, yet a reference. His was in a green Nazi suit with the symbol on the shoulder sides, just like the Nazi version of me had, and also had a demon tail with constant red fur and horns and all that to resemble the other version of me, yet still represent the principal.

“Yes?” - Me, looking at him as we both wagged our tails.

“What are you doing here?” he asked in the demeaning tone of his, with evil in his eyes and a fury arising in a fiery form on his head.

I looked back to the void and then back at this dumbass. “I guess I am here to kill you. Seems like the Computer put me in a weird game.”

The principal shivered yet kept his fake anger and grabbed a microphone from his pocket. Yes, an entire black microphone, all of it black, bulging from his pocket, microphone head down, he grabbed the handle and pulled it out quickly.

“Everyone!” He started to say, but I just cut to the chase, which was no chase. Although his microphone made him echo through the halls, his message would get no longer of a chance to illuminate itself under this horrid reign.

I formed my right arm into a spike of darkness, leeched back, and let it go at his head. His words cut off perfectly, like he had started a speech, but stopped because of realization. Now, it was not realization, just his falling body and the splattered red on the wall, left of the Nazi symbol.

“Hm, guess I should have asked the Fire God whether anybody on their team was a Nazi or something...” I stated in my mind, looking rapidly around for anybody else. I found in the hall towards the gym, many doors creaking open and people slamming their fists together, huffing and puffing, just behind the door so I could not see, but deviously hear.

“Are you ready to kiiiiiiilllllllll?” The principal echoed through a microphone angrily, and I looked to my right to see his corpse animated, pointing at me with his right index finger as he held the mic in his left. He was still headless, but his tail was swagging, and his hair was now on fire.

“Sure- but do you guys permanently die by any means?” I asked with a hefty laugh at the sudden events taking place, but also in a tone like we were friends of some sort.

“Hauegha!” The principal stated, getting up, and bending his spine to mimic a bull, ready to ram his horns into me. I stood there, grabbed his horns as he sprinted headless, and then turned to throw him forth, as all my classmates and fellow students of all grades exiled from behind the doors, with fire bulging from their eyes and their hair lit for battle, running at me now and forever to tear me apart with their deadening red hands.

The first adversary was the guy who was a friend of Elijah, being asian and jumping onto me. I simply formed my arms into spikes with more spikes coming off and around them. I struck the first right hand kill up, with a pose forth to elevate my presence that I will destroy all. Then I saw Molly’s friend try to come around her, and to be honest she did.

I tried forming an entire wall of darkness, but the Red Glitch stopped me, and now my hands were bleeding, and my powers were disabled. I frustrated my eyebrows, smiled wider, and looked up as students came forth and behind, ready to blast me down.

“Dead ass powers stopped working, so it is time to get filthy...” I thought to myself as my fingernails could no longer go black. So, as my dress swifted back, and all sides came at me, I did each student like a list.

First, Molly’s other friend nobody asked about. She tried jumping at me like cougar, with the heat from her hair and eyes blazing towards me, and the other schoolmates gathering around with fear and anger. My quick insanity shot around, having my arms lay a whack to her head. She fell to my right, trying to adjust her body not to collapse on the floor incorrectly, before she then tried rubbing her ear, which was not her right horn. Then, a man came from behind me, and three others from the girl’s downing. I took on the bad, having his hands grasp out to clutch at me. I grabbed between his fingers, and then shoved him into the girls, who did not fall but stuttered their uprightness as the man also tried refraining from showing the push to be good.

Then another rusher, like a bull, but I simply grabbed her horns, pushed them towards each other, and with my muscle, they broke, and she fell below me.

“AAAAAAUGHHHHHHH!” She agonized to her fellow classmates as I held her horns. Trapped between many, they saw with more fear, but now anger swelled their next motions.

I then shoved the horns down onto her head quickly, and as soon as it grasped into her skull, I pulled up to show a human meat shield, bloody and ready. Then it came loose, and I saw thirteen from each side come to fight my smiling presence.

“Kill them all. Yes. Enjoy it.” I whispered to myself, as the first man came, grabbing my front and shoving me right, so I grasped his neck and brought him down, before rolling over.

Then a girl tried stomping on my back, and as I felt it, I saw many coming to do the same. I pressed down on the boy’s globus pharyngeus, the bulge in his throat, with both my thumbs, and rolled to the side to get up, and with so I smacked a girl to her left. She then thrusted a hand at my head, but I ducked as I knew behind me the other girl did the same. They clashed together and faulted back as I revamped myself up, and then rushed the girl behind into the lockers, and started running to the right as I dragged her head against it.

“God fucking damnit, I wish there was more blood and more spewing of death...” I echoed in my head as she simply got a physical headache in the back.

I slammed her into another, and then whipped around to catch a punch, then putting his arm against the locker as he slammed his face, squishing it, and then I twirled to twist his arm in an extrusive manner, and he cried out in pain as the crowds seethed after me. After doing so, I tossed him forth, and then got tackled by three. They rushed a jump to me, shoulder blasting, and squishing me back into the locker. I, after getting slammed back, grabbed the right guy’s face, his face bone cheeks, and then crawled my exclusive fingers into his mouths, then stretching it open like a chicken. I could pull no longer much, but was ripping at his flesh, as the others mentioned a throw at me, and I did a pursuit towards the right, trying to use the guy as a human shield.

Then, from afar, I saw the policeman. A girl punched me in my spine, and I went forth, tripping over the man, and then falling to the ground, where I rolled into many legs and toppled them back as well. I then rushed up and to the left, putting my left and middle finger out to stick up somebody’s nose, and then shove them over to the policeman Arty, who was ready to fire, but bad at accuracy. I breathed loftily, and easily demented his actions, as I started to sprint forwards with the man I was lifting. My arms were veiny, and I could feel the flesh of his nose spit out fluids as I came forth, zigzagging towards the man. He took a shot, but it just hit the shoulder of the boy I was flinging back and forth, so I came up to the man and tackled him with two bodies.

Once done, I removed the dying boy, and saw the police pull both of his hands downwards to land a shot. I grabbed his left arm and shoved it to the right, and he missed barely, before using my spare right arm to then grab his left ear, and pull, he let go of his gun and readjusted his arms to grab me by the lower body and throw me to the side of the wall. Then a bunch of students jumped onto me. I, in my mask, continued to smile in my own pain.

“Eyes. Take their eyes out. They do not deserve to see your presence anymore.” - The voices in my head semi-seriously stated.

And so, as the girl on top of me was looking up, I shifted my arms to turn and go through the crevice between her and the toppling other, to scratch at her eyes like a cat. She tried pulling my hands off. Then a boy started pulling at my hair, and another at my right foot. I rearranged my hands to grab the guy pulling my hair, now with both, and clinched down. He kept on pulling, but I started to pull myself towards him, and soon he let go, tumbling backwards. I then grabbed the neck of the girl and sat up, then pushing her forth like a human shield, and making another stammer back.

I then saw the cop pull a gun at me, and I once again, put the girl in front and she took the bullet. My hands were slightly burned and extremely hot from all their sweaty fur, but it did not stop me from once again doing all my actions in high milliseconds. I threw the corpse to my left, and then jumped after the man like a cat to its owner. I grabbed his gun, and titled it to the north, where he shot the ceiling, and it collapsed onto him, making him stutter and the crowd fall back.

I then got up and twisted it so I could pull it from his hands. From there, it was quite easy at first. I shot Arty in the head, and then shot a man throwing his body at me. I faulted myself to the wall before shooting many bullets at many others. Their angry fire eyes went in and out, showing anger to fear, showing mental insanity to distressed kids. They were all running now, and some could no longer do so anyways. I ran out of bullets in like four seconds, so dropped down to my left to see some coming back to kill me, and one currently on the floor. I ducked and grabbed the back of his shirt, ripping it off and pulling him to a concussion from my might, before letting go of the fabric and looking forth to the crowds now coming again. Quickly, one threw a punch, and I moved forwards, smiling at her, and then using my hands to rip the fur off her left arm.

“HOW THE FUCK DO YOU SURVIVE THIS SHIT?! ALL THE TIME?!” Heru screamed, making a rip in reality on the wall, having creases as it twisted into a black hallway, which was leading to his planning table.

“You insufferable little femboy- indigent parasite- we shall kill you whether by game or cheating.” The extra Plague Doctor stated as he hopped through with a normal size, holding his fully black cane.

“Oh my god- MY POWERS ARE DEPLETING!” Heru stated as his red eyes came into being, and suddenly a gunshot came from the guy and I, looking at them, scurried over to the gun and grabbed it.

“Good luck- I am the main character.” I laughed at the Plague Doctor as Heru spoke behind him, turning around to see the Heru quadruple my size and clenching at the walls, almost crushing them with his pure anger.

The Plague Doctor then rushed at me with his cane, trying to swing it from left to right, hoping it would pound me into the landscape with a thrusting indent. I simply bounced back, held my gun at him- but wait- a Nazi from behind stopped his listening and grabbed my back with both of his hands. He was the quiet kid, and he threw me back onto the floor, but as I fell, I let a shot go, and it hit one in the head, leaving many to scrawl back after that incident. I easily crouched myself into a ball and rolled into a girl getting ready to throw a desk at me. She did not miss, hitting my right shoulder with the top right leg of the desk, before it fell off to the side, underwhelming her as she now got overwhelmed by my pressing rolling onto her legs and making her fall back. Then a kid jumped on me with his hands coming down, and I crossed mine in an “X” to block, and he recalibrated his movements afterwards, picking up and staying on me. I twisted my wrist to point the gun at him, and let it scare his right side of his neck, as he then flinched and started to put his hands on his neck. I thrusted him right and got up to see the Plague Doctor try right to left swinging, having the wind gush up against my rubber dress as I fled lightly back.

“Everyone! Kill him!” Heru yelled, and suddenly the loudspeakers came on.

“To all my fellow edgy ambassadors, please try your best to decapitate the femboy. You will revive if you die once, so make sure your two lives are correctly made! This is still round one!” The principal stated, and I started to point the gun at the Plague Doctor, who ducked my shot, and then dodged to the right.

Suddenly, a song started to amiss on the loudspeakers. It started with the tapping of a cymbal, before gradual getting on with its beats and then goofy baritone rhythm.

I shot at the Plague Doctor, who whipped around to the students shaking their fists and trying to have the confidence to come at me. He used a girl as his meat shield, and instead of being inconsiderable, I decided to advert attention to a runner, shooting him in the face and letting him fall back in such a successful way. Then, I shot more at the crowd.

“Just go!” A teacher yelled, coming out of a classroom and everybody nodded with a pearl of discontent in their souls.

“God damn Red Glitch, makes all you fucking Nazis scared for no good reason.” Heru stated as he smashed his fingers into a fisting position, enlarged his hands, and then tried crushing me like an ant as he finally stood up and high.

I used my agility to go after the younger audience, who had their fires out. First, I went to shoot the runners, trying to come at me with wrench fists as I just ran forth and missed Heru’s smash. After knocking six down to hell, the people from behind started to come at me. As I continued shooting the crowd in front, my gun flashed with the Red Glitch, and suddenly, it was non-existent. Then I looked back to see Heru once again slowly getting ready to smash, and a boy from behind coming in with a wacky left arm swipe, as well as the Plague Doctor coming to slide and hit the back of my knees.

I did a slight jump, as his cane shifted under me, before rushing at the Plague Doctor, who put his crane up to his me on the head, but I caught it, and then headbutted him. Once I had the crane, I just so instantly turned and knocked the runner’s head into the locker, and now he was damply damaged. Then I looked back to the crowd, now coming at me. With the crane, I did many things.

I first shoved the ball of the crane into one’s mouth, and then rapidly pulled it to the east, dragging her into another, before I whipped it out and bent her teeth. Turning around three-sixty style, I bonked another in the head devastatingly. With my limited vocabulary, I did not speak, and instead continued to his many on the head, before I confronted the ones getting back up, in which with their fire flaming from their eyes, I shoved the ball of the crane in, and wiggled around, before pulling it out with a splash of what I liked to see. I did the same to others, and like zombies, they slowly died when I made the ball touch their brains. Then Heru smashed down, and I dodged to the wall, as the pressure he emitted made the floor go up like an earthquake. He at least absorbed two corpses at that point. Heru then stood back up and got ready to kick.

Soon, many started to turn off their fire, and their eyes were now missing. Yet, they started to regenerate, from below and up, filling with puss and blood. They titled their heads back and put their arms out, trying to get back to the backlines. One was a man, and once I grabbed him by his shirt, I thrusted him into the locker, and let the juices spill. Then I dropped the crane, took his horns, and bent them to break off, before then stabbing him in the head with them. Then the Plague Doctor busted out of the back, with a left round kick, and I was booted into the locker, before turning around to see him hop back and get ready for karate. I did my American swipe punch like I was hitting a back, and he used his lower arm to stop it, before then using her right leg to kick, which I grabbed with my other arm, and swung him back, and he landed perfectly. He then sprinted up to me, and let out a left arm cut, trying to horizontally shape me back. I did take a step back, before grabbing his arm and thrusting him into the locker, which he recuperated away from last second. During that, I saw a boy come at me, small and accessible. He let a punch into my belly, and absorbed it with only a huff, before wrapping my arms around the small boy’s head, and twisting it as he bit me in the chest and scratched at my face, before I fully snapped his neck, and then continued turning it to take it off, then using it as a symbol of death in front of all, before throwing it at the crowd, and scaring them off slightly even more.

The Plague Doctor came forth and tried kicking me, but due to coordination, failed. I stepped back, hearing Heru kick, and guess what- he kicked the Plague Doctor back into the crowd, making many fumbles in the moans and cry now abundant throughout the entire hall. He was even kicked back so much, he blasted through the gym doors, and was obviously unconscious to a point.

Then I sprawled back and picked up the crane. Suddenly, it Red Glitched, and now I had two AK-47’s ready to go, already aiming at the fistful enemies. I blasted the kids without hesitation, even giggling halfway in, for six seconds, before turning around to see Heru do a cannonball down on us during his song.

He crashed down, and killed some incomers from behind, as I traveled into the nearest class on the right with my many bullets still going at the ones trying to use other as flesh shields. I soon found myself safe for a bit. Then I proceeded out, seeing the large Heru point at me as he was on the floor horizontally, and then extend his arm with red glitch-ness coming from his armpit.

I simply shuffled back and let all the bullets go, and he pulled back after he said “Ou!” I then aimed directly at his face, and he glowed his eyes red even more, and continued to try swiping at me.

Then, as I looked towards the principal dead twice, I ran over to him to find many students just piled around the corner, showing each other how to fight and helping those I left to die, and once they saw me- they were unmoving and fearful, as I shot them all dead quite instantly, for fourteen seconds.

“Congratulations and defeating the turned students! Now, get ready for Heru’s blood blaze and round two!” The Principal stated through the intercom, his corpse next to me unmoving.

Suddenly, everybody’s body turned yellow, and the got up without faces. They glowed honey and smell like cinnamon, before looking at their hands, under another phenomenon. The lights above were red now, only one staying lit as they all came from the gym behind and at my position, as if they were tracking a train’s conductor and only glowing whence the conductor was over a position. As the lights gave a show, so did the walls. The music now busted into phase two, with demonic electronics, that showed in a bar graph busting a move up and down. Simply, all the walls, not lockers, were visualizers of red now.

I took little care to the light show at the time, and shot them without an exposition explanation, but soon focused on one to my right, and saw that it took thirty-five bullets to the head to kill one, which luckily just spat out of my gun with a reload needed. Their head also cracked each shot, until it shattered and dropped the most honey-looking substance out, like a jar filled with pure apple juice or something. They all looked at me, threw their fists up, and got ready to attack with their golden attitudes as this happened.

Then they all just came at me. I looked to see behind the northern crowd that Heru started to grab some and turn them into a yellow slush, by holding his large hand out and forcing them into a liquid which went into his eyes. I, in-sensitive to the murder, killed a simple man with both guns aiming at him, and he did not flinch until his face cracked and the goo made the floor filled with the ecstasy of yellow. Then a man grabbed my gun from the north, and I laid the other to shoot him. I felt the whiz of bullets bounce off and hit the ceiling. Then another man grabbed my shooting gun and pulled it away. I decided to kick that man with my right leg, injuring his belly and literally knocking him back five feet, like he was some sort of jelly monster with abnormal physics.

“Weird physics over here.” – me, as I then headbutted another incomer, and he just flung back into the wall like a paper immensely thrown.

I then let go of the gun and started to just punch them back into other people, finding it as fun as punching balloons. Soon their crowd members were knocked back and took the time to get up, so after thirty-six hits to their parts, I picked up the guns and shot down on their heads, the ones to my north, whilst looking to Heru to see him make a yellow spear, and then throw it at me.

Unluckily, it hit a man as he got up, and spiked him into the wall as I simply stepped forth and let the wind carry my dress to the west.

“Fucking… god damnit!” He screeched, suddenly throwing his hands up, spinning his wrists and then going forth to lift himself with the yellow liquid swirling around. He then started to come, hovering over in an arm-up A-pose, sucking any yellow beings into him, and then, as the lights continued to come after me before restarting their process, he made a million tiny spikes over three seconds.

During those seconds, I rushed to my east crowd, and shoulder into them, making them bounce back and then back at me, before I got pushed back, and then using a spare yellow girl, I put her over me as Heru came around and shot all the miniature spikes into everybody there, except me, who kept the girl above as a shield, and the back of her head broke, henceforth it leaked onto the floor and then slowly crammed up to my rubber dress.

“Oh… fucking hell this is tiring…” Heru stated afterwards, falling to the floor and slowly getting up with a lot of panting, as the floor in front were now dressed in the most colorful yellow.

“Hey Heru, next time, please, do not send Nazi versions of my school members to kill me. It looks as edgy as me.” I giggled as he saw me throw the girl’s body to the side, letting it bash, and then rose. He instantly formed a stop sign, rusty and red, in his right hand, before the red glitch made his hands bleed, and out of pure frustration, had no words but a simple action of trying to throw it at me again.

“I HATE YOU!” He stated as I stepped to the side, and he sent the wall behind us to cave in from how hard it indented it, henceforth the ceiling tiles fell over there.

“Imagine just stepping to the side, could never be me.” – Me to the angry and absurdly tired mosquito boy with no use for his wings he currently had hidden.

“AUUUU!” He screamed, then letting it come back to him, and implanting it down into the floor after a scream up and his arms doing an entire twelve-down. The floor erupted in a crack- I was lifted two feet and fell back onto the sloping roundness of the remaining carpet.

Behind me came one more girl, and when I heard her steps as I got up, I whipped a punch around, and saw her fly to the wall, dying hopelessly with an awful crash.

“Also, nice physics.” I stated to the angered boy, looking up to me with his shaking head, trying to grasp the reality of me just stepping aside.

“Congratulations on round two! You’ve finished everybody there- except for Heru of course. Now that you’ve won, the music will tune down, Heru will disappear, (both things happen suddenly without a proper transition,) and you will have to turn the corner to face your worst enemy!” The principal stated, still dead.

“Heru is my worst enemy?” I asked, and I turned to see the red lights stabilize themselves onto my once best friend.

To the hall was Molly, scared and insecure, aiming a pistol at me, yet not looking as she examined the dead body of both yellow men and Nazi girls. Suddenly, a loud explosion noise erupted from my hands, and I looked to see the Red Glitch imposed me with a pose of holding a black SRM-1212. I tilted the shotgun towards her head but did not shoot just yet.

“The computer really tried to make me feel sad with you...” I whispered to her afar, my mask glowing, as the walls of this dreaded school were painted with the blood of the possibly worst political party’s spirit.

She gulped slowly. “Stay back...” She shakingly stated, unable to look away, unable to change her mind and only hope that her slow steps back could put some distance away from her fate.

“The game continues to laugh with you.” My brain told, and with my unbearable awkward stance, I let the trigger go. She crushed her eyes, dropped her shaking gun, and then opened her eyes up to a chest filled with holes. “What is this accuracy though?”

“Oh…” She cried, tears foiling down. When she hit her knees, she trembled, before falling dead, face-first, without a flame in her hair, but still with that Nazi drip.

“You are almost as corrupt as me.” The Computer told from behind me, and I turned to see absolutely nothing new.

“Please stop putting me in these games. These waste both of our times and mean nothing.”

“The actions of shooting your classmates with no hesitation means nothing to you?” – The computer, from behind, possibly being invisible. There was no echo in his voice.

“Mainly because this is a game you generated for the time being- but also because I can always revive my classmates if I wanted too later.” – me.

“That is quite smart to behold as a justification. But I insist on these games for my own endless pleasure, and the possibility of your end.” – The Computer.

“Yes, of-” I started to nod before I was transported back to laying face-up in my bed, with the light shining on my shades. “Hm… I should write this stuff down and give it a rating. This game was awful because the opponents did not have swords or guns, henceforth fist battles made it truly less bloody, and we all want more bloody battles, so that is why it is awful- heh…” I then joked with myself…

***Jeo Ligam comes to school, quite late.***

“Eighty-Three is back! Les’ go!” Ryutyu cheered as I came to Wilma’s fun mansion.

Inside there were many purple lights and ball pits and such colorful arcade machines throughout the ecstasy palace that I think explaining it would be a bit much.

“Yo.” Jared called over from a videogame five meters to my west.

“Yes, hello. Has anything new happened lately?” I asked Ryutyu, looking around to see Teressa chasing Wilma with a paintball machine and blasting her tails into colors, as Wilma was shooting back with joy in her open mouth.

“We had a lot of fun- like Shellia fell into cold water pit thingy, and then thy Teressa and me did a race in bumper carts, and then Wilma introduced Geurnf to a lot of things, and we-” – Ryutyu said with his ears up, listening to the giggling and accordion in the back possibly.

“Nice.” Me in a happy tone, with my tail prancing back and forth, slower than Ryutyu’s, under the electric guitar music.

“What about ya’? Lemme guess, ya’ got in a game.” Ryutyu told, happily joyful and in need of getting back to having fun.

“Another simple game where I survived parkour.” I told, lying directly to my core friend with eyes glittering at him.

“Oh, cool- anyways- I’m gonna’ get back to the thy games.” Ryutyu stated, and then rushed off beyond my concerning view.

I nodded and left, going all the way down to my laptop, and started to pull up my books and write in them for a bit. After thirty-two minutes, the bee phone started to ring, on the left side, above the charging cord.

I picked up the bee phone and read the text from Cyclop.

“Hello Eighty-Three- we could use some help right now. We currently have been thrusted into your school and need Wilma to fight off this rainbow ball.” Cyclop texted, without a selfie or imagery to explain further, even though it was unneeded.

“I will contact her about it. We should be there quickly.” I told, and henceforth, with my darkness, I used my legs into an abundance of speed to reach back into Wilma’s play palace, and found her deep within, playing a red rockstar guitar with yellows starts printed around the cords, as Ryutyu did martial arts next to her on the right.

“Let us go!” Wilma stated, pointing up and making a portal to the school, one upside down to make us fall from the ceiling. The she moved her finger down and I jumped in.

“Wait- what?” Ryutyu asked.

“The school is under attack!” Wilma stated hoping in as I walked forth in the school. “And a Humanitor is active.” She said as she fell and almost unbalanced her stance.

Ryutyu also jumped in and looked forth to Oliver and the Nazi version of me with red pens out, looking around.

“Hey!” The Nazi version of me stated, pointing over to us, as the portal above stayed. “It’s them!”

“How nice. Hello, Ryutyu, Eighty-Three, and Wilma. Nice to see you, (He turns around quickly,) around.” Oliver stated, putting his red pen by his waste, but seemingly still paying attention to his silent surroundings.

“Is the spy girl here?” I asked, confronting an answer quite quickly.

“Yes- how did you know?” Oliver smiled nicely at me.

“Because she used to stab me in the back a lot.” I told Oliver the cyclops with the Nazi coming up in anger, having the same shirt as the Nazi school kids did in the game, because they were a reference to him.

“Mm… and there is also a rainbow orb, but I do not know what happened to it once we put up the Humanitor.” – Oliver, as the Nazi looked around.

“It should have collapsed since it runs on Orchestra Waves.” Wilma spoke to Oliver.

“Okay.” Oliver nodded.

“Who is thy?” Ryutyu asked, looking at the Nazi version of me.

“Somebody better than a furry.” - The A-U version of me snarked.

“Bruh?” - Wilma said at the same time I did.

“Or... You could call me an A-U of the original guy here, or an O-C, because- uh whatever...” He trailed off, pondering around for the spy girl. “Anyways, Wilma- I heard you can read people’s minds- oh wait, the Humanitor is on.”

“Yes.” Wilma nodded negatively, meaning that he was correct, but the Humanitor was dementing her powers to death currently.

“Well, me and Ryutyu shall also split up and look for the imposter.” - Me, swaying my tail over to Ryutyu’s big fluffy one.

“I swear bruh.” The Nazi version of me grinned as Ryutyu giggled inside.

“Wait- couldn’t Wilma use thy powers back up there, (he points to the portal,) and sense things from afar so we don’t have to look for thy villian?” Ryutyu asked like a nerd.

“It does not work like that. Sadly, all waves are stopped when they hit the shield, so she would be unable to read minds when just outside the portal.” Oliver stated with a dumb intention to Ryutyu.

“Yeah.” Nazi me shamed forth.

“Okay.” - Ryutyu.

“Let us go.” - I stated quickly, grabbing Ryutyu’s right arm and dragging him away.

Me and Ryutyu started to go off in a rush, as Wilma stayed with the other two.

“Do... you... know how to use guns?” The Nazi asked Wilma, dumbly, as Wilma saw as we left.

“Yes?” - Wilma as she watched Oliver rush over to the cafeteria, and look around.

“Eh... cool- wanna' M-nine?” - My other version asked the girl as her furry tails still worked in a flow behind her.

“No.” Wilma nodded away.

“Let’s make our way back to the tennis court.” Oliver stated to the Nazi, fragile in pose, and he nodded, leaving Wilma to follow them on her own choice,which they acknowledged nicely with their eyes slurring back as they turned.

Wilma started walking three feet behind the Nazi and Oliver, looking back as they watched between the classrooms.

“The girl could be anywhere. She can go invisible, change into other people, and fake her own death.” Oliver stated to Wilma from ahead.

“Hm... Can she change herself into objects?” Wilma asked smartly, unknowing that it meant a change in the plan for them both.

“Oh... can she do that?” The Nazi asked, looking to Oliver then back at Wilma as they all stopped in an uncanny fashion.

“I think we should warn Cyclop.” Oliver stated, and he looked back to Wilma, smiled with a nod, and then started to sprint, and Wilma followed.

As they started to come across the gym room doors, Wilma got shot. It was out of the silence with a loud bang, a loud shutter to the Nazi’s motion, and they looked back in a rush to see Wilma hit in the left shoulder, falling sideways to the right, and trying to catch her fall.

“Oh! Fuck!” The Nazi stated, seeing the black spy girl behind, and shooting at her without much of an aim. Scared, the girl retreated into invisibility, and started running away towards the entrance of the school.

“Wilma!” Oliver stared over to Wilma, who fell to the ground, and used now her right hand to hold her shoulder, bleeding into her blue wardrobe.

“I should be fine...” Wilma said, looking to her shoulder as she stood up on her own.

“That most likely hit an important blood vessel, which means there might be more of a blood leak in you, Wilma.” Oliver said, looking behind, but then back to Wilma’s brown eyes.

“Fucking hell.” The Nazi stated as he rushed up and peeked in the classrooms.

“Alrighty, let’s get back to regrouping. Hopefully Eighty-Three and Ryutyu made it.” Oliver stated, and they went along with a keen eye behind them.

But for me and Ryutyu, we had tripped went outside to the bus ramp, looking around to see the Humanitor still in stock. We saw nothing else around but the military lining up with a view towards us. I whipped around to view anything as Ryutyu amazed his eyes, and saw nobody there, so I went more forth to the military at the edge of the powerless effect. The men looked to each other and speeded the word that I was approaching. From the line and groups of crowds behind came a lieutenant.

“Hey! What is going on?!” He shouted at me and Ryutyu, with Ryutyu behind me, wondering if it was safe to even show his appearance to the awing crowds and confused people. “What... who are you two?” He almost shuttered, seeing my smile still sustain.

“My name is Eighty-Three, and this is Ryutyu.” I said as guns were pointed at us, and some military trucks came along to bring supplies. “I specifically came to ask about Jeo Ligam, which was supposed to be present, but I have not heard from him.”

The lieutenant was startled in his eyes from my moving G-U-I of my mask, and Ryutyu’s animate tail, so he turned back to the lining soldiers. “WHERE IS JEO LIGAM!?” He shouted.

“Right here, amigo.” Jeo Ligam stated, coming forth from the east of the general, and bringing eye contact to me. “Um... are you ████ ████?” he asked, confused on my appearance.

“Yes- how has it been, Jeo?” I asked in such a mundane mood as Ryutyu stepped out to the side and made Jeo raise an eyebrow.

“Um... good... what is going on... amigo?” he asked, touching the portal awkwardly.

“There is a Humanitor currently active, which disabled supernatural powers of certain beings. It is safe to come through.” I told, and the lieutenant was intrigued.

Jeo came through without hesitation, and the lieutenant did as well. Suddenly, some more troops entered, before the man held up his hand next to Jeo.

“Currently me and my friends are looking for a girl that can go invisible, disguise herself as a copy of another, and fake her own death- that description sounds like something Cyclop would say- ahem, anyways, what about the mission you wanted me to achieve?” - I asked.

“There was a slight mishappen with one of the members, but... they should be arriving at least an hour from now. Maybe thirty minutes. The others are here already.”

“Ahem- Eight-Three, I am Lieutenant Arnold, nice to see you for the first time.” The Lieutenant said to me as he gave out his hand and I shook it, seeing him keep his head away from eye contact with Ryutyu.

“Yes, hello?” - Me, confused on his weird-ass entrance. He was bald with blue eyes and a brown mustache of an Italian. He also had wrinkled cheeks and hands.

“Uh- so, the army and I know of what kind of weird shit goes on with you guys and such, so, do you need help with fighting this or should we just watch and record?” - Him.

"You should stay out here, just in case the Humanitor is turned off and suddenly beings have the ability to destroy the world again.” - Me.

“Hm... yeah.” - Jeo wide-eyed me, knowing exactly what I was on about.

“And next time, please be on time.” - Me laughing.

“Uh... sure?” Jeo smiled. “What next time?”

“Well, is this mission the only mission?” I asked him, with a mission in mind.

“We know what this ‘mission’ is.” The lieutenant stated to me.

“You don’t have to refer to it like it’s redacted.” The CIA agent Jeo Ligam stated to me with a nod for the lieutenant.

“Alrighty- but where shall I go in half an hour?” I asked them both.

“Uh- your bedroom to change.” Jeo lauged at me. I only stared at him afterwards. “Hey, I’m just saying- the kids are a bit hasty to have a normal teacher. They’ve been weird their entire lives, and probably want to fit in.” - Mr. Ligam.

“Probably.” I stated back to Jeo Ligam in the most monotonous voice.

“You will meet Jeo at the town library next to the park and fire station, near the skate park. Do you know where that is?” The lietenant said slowly to me.

“Yes- and are the kids currently waiting there with those boring books?” - Me.

“Sure.” - Jeo.

“Well, I could go over now. Ryutyu can run quite fast.” I told them.

“Um... sure- but one is going to be late, little man.” - Jeo.

“It should fit in.” - Me.

“But what about Wilma and the others?” Ryutyu asked in an Australian accent.

“This is simply a simple job- I think if the robot version of me is with Cyclop, he can be a shield and massive attacker against that spy girl...” - Me.

Back at the school, during this conversation, Wilma and the others met up with Cyclop and the robot version of me outside. They stood on the first side of the tennis court going vertically, looking at the doors beforehand and now, with the Humanitor to the right of Cyclop, being visible through the black net to the many lined officers outside the shield. Cyclop also held a rainbow sphere with both of his hands under it.

“Oh- nice to see the Rainbow Sphere actually deplets when Orchestra Waves are stopped.” Oliver told, as Wilma saw forth with her nine tails shrugging back and forth.

“Yes- we found it just lying near the sand road over there- but have you seen anything relating to that girl?” Cyclop asked, looking behind them for any sign of the spy.

“We just shot at her before she ran invisible.” The Nazi replied, looking hesitantly towards the robot.

“wHaT aRe yOu aIMiNg aT?!” The robot snarked with such a weird voice at the Nazi.

“Never said we missed!” The Nazi shot back like a newborn.

“But did you?” The robot sneakily asked back in favor of the devil.  
“Hm- yes.” - The Nazi, looking towards Wilma in shame as she showed her shoulder.

“Are you going to be okay, Wilma?” Cyclop asked as he saw her shoulder bruised with blood.

“Yes. I am also mentally afraid she might shoot through the windows at me again.” Wilma spoke, looking back through the door windows of my school, before at the lining troops and rushing military vehicles.

“I think we should split up to trap her.” The robot advocated for in his robot-me voice.

“You mean split up to get taken out one by one?” - The Nazi retold in a smart way against his advocated statement.

“As a group then.” The robot stationed as a plan, before moving forth with his clanking metals and going over to the school doors, and entering the gym. “I shall be first as I can take any metals.”

“This guy...” The Nazi stated, following with paranoai to the corners.

“Alrighty... do you want to guard with me, Oliver?” Cyclop asked his buddy as Wilma stood by with a confused awareness.

“Sure- but what about Wilma? Maybe she should stay with you because of her injury- what do you think Wilma?” Oliver nicely asked, as the paranoia reached Cyclop and he pondered around the thousands of holes in the net.

“I would like to help in a more productive way.” Wilma spoke, altering the consequences of her life.

“Well then, Oliver can-” Cyclop started to say, before seeing The Robot rush through the doors, and look at them with a scared face.

“She-” The robot said, before bouncing back and missing a bullet from Oliver quickly whipping around and pulling out his red pen, and so did Cyclop.

“That must be the girl!” Oliver said with a rush towards the fake robot he considered, “He wouldn’t be scared of bullets!”

“True!” Oliver screeched as the robot suddenly lost his disguise, pulled his arm out, made Cyclop notice a design plan, the robot now showing the black girl shoot at Wilma with her black Luger pistol, and miss as Cyclop shoulder into her, and fell over, before stammering up and seeing the girl get hit in the leg from the right-rounding Oliver.

She went “Augh!” before going invisible. She started to rush back inside, being hit right above the foot, bleeding onto the floor and then stopping ninety percent of it as the blood also became invisible, yet droplets fell off.

Oliver shot randomly, breaking glass with his red pen, before starting to come inside to see the Nazi and real robot come back out and look.

“I shot her in the leg! You should see her dripping!” Oliver shot, looking around for a place to shoot.

Wilma then rushed in with a yellow pen, opening a rectangle shield.

“Wait- why-” Oliver stuttered at her running entry and blazing eyes around.

“I really need to help. I like your tools too.” Wilma stated quickly, not sounding like a comma was there. Oliver nodded it off and spotted a little paddle three meters to his east.

Then BANG, a shot out of random, and a sound busted through the air.

“FUCK! AUGH!” The black girl screamed, seeming to trip and fall as the Nazi and Robot and Oliver started blasting towards that direction, trying to get a shot.

The spy girl, still invisible, dropped to the floor, and held her leg with her left hand, as she used her right to help her now injured lower left arm, just above the hand. She then scrambled up with her legs foully as the gang looked around for more blood prints.

“If she was dead- then she was de-cloak!” The Nazi yelled at the robot, who muttered something beforehand. Now he laughed, and they peered around the floors.

The spy girl got up and started bouncing against the floor, and all could be heard at the slightest of silence. Oliver held up his hand, and everyone stopped.

“Wilma- run forth to the wall.” Oliver whispered, and Wilma started to go with her shield out. She kept on running till the wall, and then turned back and started to guide the doors out.

“If you let us take you in as- well- prisoner- we'll get you medical attention and save your life from further distress.” Oliver stated as they all rumbled around for something to occur, staying silent afterwards and hearing nothing now.

“She’s too silent...” The robot giggled evilly and insanely.

Wilma, having her ears wide up, listened carefully around, holding the yellow pen forth, swaying it left to right and back, with a stern motion on her face. Soon, she heard slow breathing to her right, before stuttering back from the left door being opened behind her and suddenly rushing footsteps out. She then chased after, making any bullets come to be useless against the main opponent.

“She ran!” The robot told, and Oliver and The Nazi followed his clanking, which followed Wilma to the cafeteria, where it seemed the little spots of blood led towards.

Soon, they found themselves alone in the cafeteria, looking around for the blood spots, which ended right as they came into the big room.

The Nazi held up his gun and shot randomly around, letting the booms of his pistol echo around, shuttering fear into the spy girl.

“Please listen to us.” Oliver whispered to the atmosphere, before looking to his right and seeing nothing, and then looking under some tables, and seeing no blood splats.

The Nazi started to rush into weird corners and walls, swaying his arms around, trying to search for the invisible entity by touching her. But it failed and he seemed goofy to the robot version of me.

Then, as the robot laughed, from behind him there was a puff of smoke, and out came a pistol to Oliver’s chest. “Eugh!” He started, flying back onto a cafeteria bench, and putting his back against the table as he held up his red pen to fire into the smoke, which the girl had then went invisible again towards. The Nazi though, did not stop.

He shot under the tables, bowed to get real under there, looked over and shot at the walls, letting his bullets crash and smash against the wall, hoping by chance with his rapidly dangerous motions he could catch the mischievous girl off guard.

This mischievous girl, after seventeen seconds of being absent in silence, appeared in smoke again, right behind Oliver, who was paranoid, but just looked back to the robot, blocking the entrance with a full A-pose. The girl wrapped her left arm around his neck, and shot with her right towards Wilma’s neck, making her drop her pen, the shield falling to the floor, and foul her back onto the floor with a choking hazard.

“Shit...” - Wilma.

“DON’T MOVE! OR I’LL SHOOT THE CYCLOPS!” The girl screamed now aiming the gun at Oliver as she frowned intensely and openly at the robot and Nazi looking to her with their weapons.

“Hey- hey... calm it down, bitch...” The Nazi stated, keeping the gun tight.

“Yeah bruh bet.” The robot clanked out of his clanky vocabulary, using his clanky legs to clank over to Oliver and rush the spy girl, who shot him as he tried raising his red pen to shoot behind, and then tried going invisible with a lollipop, but found it wrong with a disgusted awe, shot the gun at the robot, it crashed into him and did nothing- and then had the robot grab her by her neck, and throw her onto the floor.

“Just like Yuco!” He funnily stated to the Nazi, placing her face-up onto the floor, and then using his metallic right leg to stomp on her left knee, and push it in to bend dramatically.

“Oh- FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCKKKKK! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” She screamed in such a discerning pain, the dying Wilma even looked over in her last seconds to see the robot destroy and bend both of her legs, before The Nazi shot her in the head.

“Bleeding bitch...” The Nazi disgusted looked over the girl.  
“Fucking dead ass, for real.” The robot smiled as he picked her up by her bloody neck and started dragging her away.

“Okay buddy...” the Nazi laughed yet almost discouraged at the same time. “I’ll get Oliver and Wilma. Tell Cyclop that we also haven’t found Eighty-Three or Ryutyu- they're gone or something...” The Nazi said, walking over to Wilma, who had a blurry vision at this point, having her blood drain and her breath die out as her eyes started to dim and her mind exalt the last of her pain with a sight towards the Nazi’s black shoes.

***The Meeting***

Ryutyu rushed me to the library of the town. With green forestry describing the atmosphere, fresh air, and a swift wind that led all to happiness in the warm climate, we saw the blonde smooth brick building with large, darkened glasses for windows, making it feel a bit more modern and exclusive than any other in the area. Behind us was the grey road and a blue mailbox to drop your books off at. By the entrance doors, with some sunlight peeking through the leaves of the trees that stood by, crashing nicely against the infrastructure as their branches grew to where they could not be chopped off- there were two agents, in black tuxedos. The one on our left had a brown military haircut with black shades, a black earbud, a demeaning frown, and his hands crossed behind his back. The right man was black, with no hair, black shades, same style, a bit confused on Ryutyu.

“Thank you, Ryutyu.” I said, after looking at them for three seconds, before using my darkness to sludge behind him, as I was piggy-back riding him the entire way. Then I was scrubbing his hair for pleasure.

“You're welcome- but what about Wilma and the others?” he asked willfully as I scrubbed his hair, worried and nice with his tail now wagging happily.

“Something tells me they are going to be fine. You should go back and spread the news that I am here.” I told him, before looking back at the agents, not even caring for the woman afar sitting in a white bench swing, in a purple dress, feeding some blue jays without a collaboration of eyes to even view what was going on over here.

“Okay- but... um... Eighty-Three- tell me again why ya’ doing this? I just wanna’ know- we already have a lot of people back at ya’ base...” Ryutyu asked with his ears up and ready to listen to my careful words.

“Our base- but sure, I will tell you. Reason one- Jeo Ligam was a relatable side friend who I would like to do something for, since he still exists to help in a manner of government ordinance. Secondly, this is much better than having a Computer game where a friend is mostly just assigned to be my in my company, so getting to know actual normal people is a good change- hopefully they are normal, Jeo told me they would each have powers to help the world, and I was the only one that could make them do it. Thirdly, more friends, more possibilities.” I described to my core friend Ryutyu, who endeared my essay.

“Okay...” He nodded like most times before.

“Now, best of luck to you, Ryutyu. I have an actual mission to complete once again...” I clasped my hands together, still smiling with a moving cat tail and ears, and he nodded happily back, before running off.

I then turned around to the agents and walked up to them.

“Am I fine to enter?” I politely asked, and they opened the doors for me. “Oh, thank you, good gentlemen.” Then I entered to see the wooden counter, green frosty carpet floor, bruised old wooden cases with millions of colorful titles inside, and another agent at the desk, sitting and looking at me.

“This way, ma'am.” He said to me, after giving me eyebrows of mass confusion.

“Yes.” I nodded, and he looked back suddenly, before entering a state of just getting his job over with.

I looked to the left of him to see a wooden door with a darker wooden handle.

“That will lead to the stage area. You should introduce yourself.” He told me, issuing a procedure.

I went up to the doorknob, opened it, and saw a wooden stage, six feet wide and twenty long, with white curtains kneeled up to the white popcorn walls, seeing the carpet now change to grey in the chair, with black chairs, and many awaiting me.

I crept onto stage with such an attitude of energetic formula, looking as if I would brighten up the mood of the dank white lighting that gave this room its final boring touch. The lights buzzed just like the minds of everyone, lifting their heads from their books to see me in my green dress, something none of them were aware of existing even. I even had my tail sway back and forth and ears hover up, showing them to an extent that my features were more real than theirs at least. Each plank let out a small creak, a hint that I came forth happily and without a dose of embarrassment, looking to the small yet divided crowd with intentions beyond their knowledge. My hands went up to warm themselves, shuffling up and down, showing heat to emit from my physical and mental stage. I was the spotlight their plain books could never give off.

“Was good niggas?” I started, trying to hold in a laugh as much as I could, because that just slipped out.

“YOU’RE A BOY!?” Another boy stared from the crowd in such tension, that when his neck throbbed forth, you could see the veins anger themselves beyond comprehension. He also mustered his arms up and dragged much attention to himself.

But let me be super descriptive real quick. The set up for chairs and the room was quite simple. Five by five black chairs with metallic cold legs, with a wooden door in the center back of the room, and four symmetrical lights amongst the room, with two up here on the stage by each other.

In the second chair on the first row was an old timey white boy. He wore a tuxedo with vertical stripes of white and black, along with his fedora also being striped the same way. He had yellow hair, curvy and swagged, ready to look any way he wanted. His eyes were a pure blue, staring deep into the soul, with nice, chapped lips and black eyebrows, un-stern and lazy. His skin was also very smooth, and his leggings were also striped black and white. He wore black tap shoes as well and was five feet and eight inches, sitting and crossing his left leg over his right, with his hands under his body on the seat. He was grinning at the other guy’s comment, and mine. The end.

Three seats to his left was a girl. She had long yellow hair, a danted yellow-like skin, with blue eyes also staring into the soul. Her hair, being normal to many others, curved down from the middle like a nice cartoon drawing, but with more strips of hair making it up. She also had two curved bangs going off each direction from the intersection- I shall show a picture to describe, because her hair was like an anime character to be honest. She wore a minister outfit, black with an undershirt of white. Black pants and shoes, no gloves. She had not the dark black eyebrows, but some were definitely there. She, though, had her special power already physically showing. She had cat ears, black with pink insides, not fluffy at all. She also had a cat tail, striped black and grey, both cat parts animate and resting when I came in. She was also five feet five and sat with her back up straight and a confused worriedness to my essence, clutching her black bible in her hands that she sat on her lap. The end.

Next to her, still on the first row, was a black kid. He was a midget, possibly also having melanism- the condition in where your skin produces too much melanin, makign you the opposite of an albino- actually black. He was also three feet and ten inches. He wore a black wardrobe, something like Wilma, but it had the sleeves ripped off. The skirt of his wardrobe led down to his black shoes. He had barely a military haircut, almost bald. His bulgy eyes were a dark brown, and his nose was not as big as you would think and then laughed at it. He also looked like he needed some twenty-one gallons of water, as he just stood straight on the chair, looking to me with very open eyes. The end.

Then there was the second row. It had at the third seat, sitting next to the calling boy, was a five-foot ten male. He had long and natural brown hair over his smooth and light blonde hair that was all over his face, like he had werewolf syndrome. But his face was droopy, like an extremely old man melt into his face, having his cheeks flop down and his essence just feel overall molded to an ugly mutation. His eyes were white though, not rolled up, but indicating he was blind and possibly unseeing of his true physical problem. His eyebrows were as brown as his wooden brown hair, and he had a smile on his face as his eyebrows were confused. He had chihuahua ears, tall and bright, yet flopped back. His jaws was firm and nice for a young boy, and he sat with his legs wide and his right hand holding a red leash onto a blonde dog, a breed of a golden retriever. He wore a dark blue and opened vest with a white and red striped undershirt. He also had blue shorts with baggy pockets, showing his legs to also be furred. He wore blue shoes with white laces as well, which his tail reached down towards and laid in rest. The end.

Also, in the fourth seat was the boy that called. He was quite inconsiderable to the silence that probably would have risen if he had not laughed. He was entirely white, an albino, with red eyes, and swagged light brown hair, messy and crumbling with frustration on its history that it just combined all into a style. His lips were dry, his eyebrows purely brown, and he wore a blue jacket with brown leather pants and white shoes with black laces. The most astonishing thing about him though, besides his neck veins, was the Treeman Syndrome he had on his hands. Disgusting darkened and moldy twigs of the human creation grew off him, sprouting out like crowds yet flat like flathead screwdrivers. They even, I guess you could say, looked like condensed shit growing off his fingers. He also had a slim body, obviously not taking in enough food or water, but still being five-foot ten. The end.

The third row had two girls in the first seats. The first girl in the first seat had long grey hair with yellow eyes. She looked like she was from Chinese descent with her sister also looking with squinting eyes. She was close to exploding with giggles from the entrance of mine as well. Her cheeks puffed to red on her white skin, as she held her hands together in her lap. She wore a black coat with black jeans and black shoes with blue laces. She was five foot six. The end.

The girl next to her was also of the same country-like stereotype of eyes. She though, had another weird syndrome. Her face was haired, having hair all over. She had werewolf syndrome and directed her eyes of brown towards me. Her lips were also almost red, and she crossed her arms with a stern face as her legs were spread. She wore a white T-shirt with black leather pants, and brown leather shoes. Her actual hair went down to half of her torso. She was also five foot six. The end.

Then, at the end of that row, was another weird-looking figure. He had a grin on his face and was as tall as five feet and five inches. He also looked to have werewolf syndrome, but instead of the hair being long and straining, it was smooth and pink. He seemed to look like a failed experiment of an axolotl, having imprinted brown spots around his eyes, three external gills instead of ears, hanging down, and a tail that slithered to his left, unmoving and colorful. He had blue eyes, wore a blue jacket, blue jeans, and blue shoes with white laces. He had his hands in her pockets, looking towards the Treeman Syndrome Kid from the darkness enclosed slightly more in his corner.

“Bru- ah- oh my god...” The Treeman Syndrome Kid suddenly laughed to death, his anger leaving him so quickly, he covered his face and shriveled down to his chair with a repeating joy of how stupid this all was already.

I laughed with him at first, before getting back to a formal introduction. “My name is Eighty-Three- yes, the number, and I will be coaching you all, because a CIA agent would like me to do so.” I finished, still smiling, having the darkness cover my eyes, blocking any sight on my true face. I also saw many confused, or on the brink of laughing the same way the Treeman Sydrome Kid was going to. “Does anybody want to introduce themselves?”  
 “Uh- why are we here? The agents never told us why we have to come here.” The grey-haired girl asked, hovering her voice over all.

“Really?” I asked, “Well, my CIA agent actually wanted you all to come to me as in a universe he traveled to, he said you all would have powers only I could rip out of you, or something.”

“What?” The girl asked afterwards, still smiling.

“What the hell does that mean?” The Treeman Syndrome guy asked, lifitng his head as everybody looked forth, trying to stop his laughing and high-pitched voice.

“I have no idea.” I told before somebody perfectly cut me off.

“I have a question- what do you mean by ‘universe he traveled to?’” The kid with blonde hair asked.

“Well- if you could not already visualize, from my dress, my gender, and the way I speak, that the shit I have been through is weird and that he has also been through some fanatical adventures of his own- which he has barely told me about, but I remember that he saw versions of me, and I am important to one of their wishes.” I told the crew of weirdos with quite the movements of my hands.

“Wait- what’s going on?” The boy then asked, almost laughing at me.

“Yeah- what are you talking about?” The girl asked, seeing me stare directly at her with my darkened shades before jumping off the stage with stairs down, right in front of the blonde-haired kid.

“A lot of things that you soon will all understand possibly- but please, let us get back to introducing ourselves. Who are you, good man?” I asked, grabbing his left hand with my right and pulling him up, as everybody else backed away with a little fear.

“Uh... I am... George. George Hardwell Whitefield. I came from Switzerland, a city named ‘Thun,’ where I grew up in the field with my parents and uncle. I have LNS, Lesch Nyan Syndrome, which causes arthritis and random movements in my body- like tics. I... uh... also had an extra leg when I was born, and a weird blood type, so... when the government found me to have these many mutations, I was sent to a good school and camp to get better at controlling my emotions and ways I worked... and uh... that’s it. Soon, the government got a call, I guess from your agent, and moved me here... I guess I was more special than others had told me.” He said, not giving me any eye contact at all, because he could not. I walked around him as he stood almost still yet moving his hands and explaining himself.

“Cool- my grandmother was from Switzerland entirely, so I am twenty-five percent Swiss myself.” I told, and George nodded, before sitting back down. Then I went over to the girl.

“What about you?” I asked her, and she stood up, went onto the stage, and looked to the crowd. I sat down in her seat.

“Hi. I am Angelica. I came from Vatican City, the smallest nation in the world, almost the holiest, just in Italy’s-” Angelica started to tell in her slight Italian accent.

“Hold on- women are not allowed to be citizens of the Holy See. They only allow men.” I said, and everybody was looking towards me.

“I was born in Vatican City and lived around Rome and inside the state most of my life. I may not be eligible to be a citizen, but I am from the country.” Angelica spoke, looking towards me as she clutched her bible, before looking around and letting her fingers stop straining,

“Alrighty- continue.” - Me as I crossed my legs.

“I-” - Angelica.

“Boring!” The Treeman Syndrome guy shouted before laughing hysterically. “Uh- sorry- but can we just looook at that mask. I do enjoy that it moves when you speak, but it’s always smiling. I wanted to ask, is that just the screen or is it copying your actual mouth?” He asked me, conclusive to get an answer quickly.

“Both. I am always smiling with my teeth open wide, but my mouth is not in the form of an edgy cat with sharp teeth.” I said as I got up onto the stage again, “But since you think this is boring- I mean- have you guys already got to know each other, or are you all introverts?”

“Most of us stayed away from each other, waiting for you.” Angelica spoke to my side before the grey-haired girl could go.

“Um- question- is that cat tail real or mechanical?” George then asked as Angelica spoke softly.

“Real, and I put it on myself. Same with my ears.” I told George.

“Okay.” - George.

“Hey! Question, mister femboy- what mutation do you have? Or were you tortured by a scientist?” The Werewolf girl asked in her stubborn Mongolian accent.

“None. I made myself.” I told them all and surprised vanquished her stern face.

“N-no mutation or help at all? You... you just-” George started in the stuttering silence.

“Yes, I ripped apart one of my friends to gain these extra functions, before placing her back together and remaking her ears from scratch particles.” I said, and silence led all eyes onto me. For a certain four seconds, everyone was... scared... heh.

“Uh- could you possibly fix me then?” the Chihuahua-looking boy asked.

“Oh! Of course. I can fix all of you- but I have no idea if that would ruin the plausible myth my friend has told.” I told like a certain mad man would. “So- would you like to continue, Angelica?” I then switched over to Angelica.

“Yes... I am Christian, as you can see, and I believe God... has come for most of us... what is your worldview, Eighty-Three?” Angelica suddenly asked with a treading voice.

“My friends tell me God is real, but I never see him around.” I started to say over an interrupted sentence midway.

“Allah- he’s God. He has made this world in his way for all of us. He makes all of this happen- the bad, and the good. And the reason I’m here is because... I haven’t clothed myself correctly.” The Werewolf syndrome girl started to communicate.

“Same- we haven’t been wearing hijabs at all in our lives altogether.” the grey-haired girl said.

“Um- do you guys wanna’ hold that and instead ask more about Eighty-Three, because I’m sure our religion can wait.” - George interrupted, pointing to me.

“What?” The grey-haired girl asked.

“Sure.” The axolotle kid nodded in the back, and people queited down from his deep Danish voice. They looked back to see he was ready to lay eyes on my words.

“Like a backstory summary?” I asked George after seeing the axolotle kid tune in.

“Sure- anything, because... I think it would be best if we got to know what you’re talking about when you say ‘powers’ and ‘universe’ and stuff about the CIA being your friend, how you got in that dress, and just a... overall conception so we don’t feel all too intimidated by you- because it’s making me shiver inside, and I know Kioshi here is a bit startled by your appearance too.” George told, holding himself still and trying not to look back or at me, instead at Angelica, standing to the side. Kioshi, the black midget shot his eyes at George before back at me.

“Alrighty... The reason my name is Eighty-Three is because I had a friend that asked me what my name is, and since I wanted to stay anonymous at the beginning- I stated my favorite number- which I had none, so I randomly picked the number ‘eighty-three.’ Then along with two more friends after that event and a lot more, I... let me think for a moment, a lot happens... alrighty- so after an entire saga of crucial moments to survive... let me start from the beginning. I was not a femboy. I was normal student with good grades and no friends. Not the nerd of the class because nobody ever bullied me. I soon found a program to make music, and with that, I created scores of music, but the program was, I guess as I could colorfully say- haunted, so it spawned in random entities into the real world. Then, I go to the bathroom, then open the door, then meet a cyclops, then travel with him to his world, get to know him as Cyclop and make up my nickname, then get shuffled back onto Earth by a mosquito boy- meet the other beings, get to know them, then we all team up with multiple cyclops, defeat the mosquito boy, I get stuck in a box... then I have surgery, get the ability to remember everything continuing on- find a random darkness being in my head that cannot be removed as well- return the laptop of mine to their testing chambers, then the universe resets, and then mosquito boy- named Heru, sorry to mention, gets out of jail, goes to hire some people, they torture me, I meet Jeo in the beginning, he said he returned from a mission after inspecting the toilet before me and Cyclop fixed it a while ago, then a cosmic Computer makes a game, I go to another friend’s world, and I have to put on this dress to enter a secret lair, then I put on a machine that makes me remember everything about my past... and the box... and that made me snap, as well as the darkness being in my brain, which gave me powers, and then... I went on a spree for insane justice. That eventually lead me up here where Jeo comes into relevance again.” I explained so long-like, everybody had to piece together their own theories.

“That sounds like... are you sure you’re not Schizophrenic?” The Treeman Syndrome guy asked, his red eyes luring Angelica to make her bible cover her mouth.

I then laid my rigth arm up in a ‘stop sign’ way, then let it extend towards him slowly, as everybody watch, and got up and away from it except the Treeman Syndrome guy, staring it down with surprise, before I booped him on the nose, saying “Boop.” then having my wrist retract the arm back in. “Is that enough of a showcase?” I asked them all, as they looked frightened and stood up from their own fears.

“That’s pretty cool...” The Treeman Syndrome guy sparked with a fearful giggle.

“What happened?” The blind boy asked with his dog barking at me.

“He-he-he stretched out his arm.” The Mongolian girl with werewolf syndrome stated, pointing, as I looked to Kioshi, the black midget, just staring at me, unmoved, just like the axoxtle kid in the back, currently surprised.

“Oh?” The blind man confusedly stated.

“Hey- blind boy.” I started, coming off the stage with everybody going against the walls as if they were already up to exit. “You said you needed fixing.”

“Well... yes...” He said, looking in my direction as his dog barked at me.

“And did a scientist make you into who you are?” - I asked the blind boy.

"Yes?" - Him, looking like a sloppy version of a want-to-be-furry.

"Well, I can undo what the scientist did to you." I told the blind male want-to-be-furry.

"Okay...?" He scarily asked, worried at my tone as I spoke in his ear.

“Also- may I kow some things about you?” I catechized him, almost even whispering in his ear.

"Uh... like do what others have been doing?" He asked, wonderous about the complexity of my question.

"Just tell me anything, because- (Looking back to the people behind me,) if you all think this meeting went well enough- then I can commit surgery on you right now." I told the sloppy-cheek furry.

"Alrigh... uh... my name is Daniel- this is my dog, Arnold, and I've been blind my whole life- and uh... you're going to make me see the world and fix my appearence?" He asked, still confused on what I was promising.

"Yes. You will no longer be blind or look laughable slash hideous to some others. I will perfect what this unknown doctor tried to do to you." I told, and he nodded as his dog continued to growl into my shades.

"So..." He started, and grabbed his left hand with my right.

"Well, I hope this meeting went well for everyone. I will be taking Daniel here into my own hands currently, and all of you can also address a problem to me if you want to be fixed as well. Anyways- I hope the CIA has some directions for you all of I cannot take you all home..." I stated, taking him and him taking his dog out. "Hey sir, do I just take them all home, or do you have a place for those kids?" I asked the guy outside, almost shriveling out our appearances.

"We have places for them, but you also have the permission to take them to your home if you wish." He spoke behind his shades not blacker than mine.

"Oh- alrighty, stay here Daniel." I told the taller boy, then proceeding to go back. "So, I am allowed to take you all to a proper home, so you will all come with me now, please." I told the many looking around silently and feeling disturbed before looking to me clasp my hands together.

I then came out to Daniel, standing there with no frivolous movement.

"Wait- Daniel- am I leaving behind a walker stick you might need?" I asked him.

"I have my dog?" He asked back.

"Well, yes- but are there not times where your dog is unavailable and you need a stick to understand your surroundings?" - Me, looking back to see the black midget kid come first before the Vatican.

"Um...no..." - Him, and afterwards I took his hand and started to walk out.

"Well, alrighty." I nodded, and started to walk home.

We exited through the library doors and got nods from the agents before we were all dispersed outsde, ponderous about the amount of dark green surrounding the atmosphere's taste and smell, coming directly from the tall and menancing trees that allowed for a visual of nice winds in their many leaves. The sky was blue and the clouds coming in, telling for a little sprinkle to flood down.

"Wait- we're just gonna' walk in public, all the way to your house?" The Treeman Syndrome Kid asked.

"Yes, my unknown-named friend." I laughed, brining Daniel forth.

"I don't think that's ethical or safe..." The Mongolian girl with yellow eyes stated in a statement.

"I can't believe you can just fix my blindness. Like, no doctor before has ever told me that straight-on." Daniel whispered to me.

"I can do a lot of things." I whispered back to Daniel.

"Uh- mister femboy, or... what's your name again?" The Treeman Syndrome guy asked in the crowd behind.

"Yes, my unnamed accomplice who still has not stated his name." - Me.

"Okay- my name is Oyur- sheesh. But- yeah- um- don't you have a car or ride that you got on to get here?" He asked, being smart.

"Just my other friend, Ryutyu, which is a live furry that runs quicker than sound. He gives me piggy-back rides sometimes." I told, walking backwards after switching my legs.

"Um..." The yellow-eyed girl laughed off as we got closer to the sidewalk with some cars passing.

"Real furries?" The Treeman Syndrome guy asked. "Nah bruh- this has to be the weirdest shit I'll ever go through."

"Hey Eighty-Three, can you elaborate on all this... supernatural incandescence? Could you please tell us exactly what's going to happen to us possibly?" George asked.

"Sure? Mainly- I am great surgeon-" I started before coming to the road, seeing the cross path loaded with a line of cars coming, and then let go of Daniel's hand, before shooting out my right one, and it dispered into a think and wide square plate that then bounced to be a bridge, making it just a nice curve that cars slowed down and traveled up as the cement was also brought up, and the yellow lines.

"Hu- oh my god." The yellow eyed girl awed.

"What the hell!?" Oyur screeched.

"Woah." George stated.

"What happened?" Daniel asked, still blind.

"What in the?" The other Mongolian girl asked.

"I made a bridge so we can cross." I told, then leading up to my next statement, "And I want to take this time to address that yes, I can just make a magical silk road all the way back home, or make a rollercoaster that gets us there in seconds, but I would rather give time so maybe you all can give some more information and we can all know each other." I stated to them all, turning back, before then grabbing Daniel's hand and leading his dog forth.

"Sheesh?" Oyur recommended.

"Howwwwwwww?" George slurred.

"This is getting hella' weird..." The axolotl kid stated as he came forth beyond the yellow-eyed girl, frozen by what just started to appear.

"Hey- was that the introvert in the back?" I asked, swinging around unnaturally like an animatic character, and pointing to him.  
 He then pointed at himself and was confused. He looked around and then back with open eyes.

"Tell us about yourself." I prompted him as I went forth to the other sidewalk.

"Uh... no." He told as promptly as I did.

I switched back to him, and he shook back with the speed of my smile unchanging. He was now acute to the situation, seeing it above a certain degree that he was now in trouble, but unknowing of the consequences. Everybody else held themselves under the bridge.

"Okay- okay... I'm Ejnare... hi..." He said, looking to me for his name, and then turning around with a deceased social etiquette to wave at everybody.

"Thank you." I responded from behind, and then continued, with Ejnare fearfully turning around.

"He scares me too." The Mongolian non-yellow-eyed girl said, coming up to him, as George surpassed and went forth with a shake of his bones, giving some site to his slight injections from his syndrome.

"I hope he is not too insane..." Angelica came up to say to them, before moving on.

"Too insane? There's a scale?" The Treeman Syndrome Guy asked, his name being Oyur.

They soon all caught up to me and Daniel. They all went quiet as we turned the corner and continued walking, being the circus around the road. Many drivers were confused on the bridge, as I let it stay, before I looked back, they all stood helpless, and then turned around at a sudden sound, as I made the curve fall instantly, and launch a car to bounce from the air velocity down.

"Oh my god..." The Yellow-eyed girl stated, with Angelica turned afterwards to give a look of disappropiate-ness.

"Hey, watch your language- it might offend the Roman Catholic." I snarked at Angelica as they all turned to see her waving her tail slower.

"Um... Eighty-Three," Angelica started as she came forwards, "What- where are we going to sleep tonight? Are you... do you have enough beds, or are you going to create some?" She asked, looking back to the crowd staying close yet enough behind to keep distance away from me.

"I have a friend named Wilma who can create homes in the clap of her hands, so she could make some personal mansions for you guys." I told Angelica, who nodded with firm eye-contact to my shades.

"Eighty-Three; can we please go onto a less-known road?" George asked, raising his finger.

"Hold on!" I yelled back nicely, before returning to Angelica, "Angelica... do you have any personal questions for me?"

"Hm? What do you mean?" She asked, looking around before reasserting eye-contact.

"You look very religious, and I understand as a Christian you must minister to the people around you, involving the muslim girls- but, as all of my friends that none of you have met yet are Christians, I sometimes wonder what they would ask me if I had just met them. And with you- I would like to know if something seems wrong about me to your religion." I asked Angelica.

"That's nice you ask... I am an Evangelican Christian, a modern Christian as some defie, and yes, I do have some... concerns. You are insane, right?" She asked with her ears damp.

"Yes, that is what I massively hinted at." I told as we contined to walk.

"If you know you're insane- why don't you... do you... are you thinking about removing it? Or is-" She tried to speak, but could not get it correctly out of her mouth.

"Are you going to fix your insanity?" Daniel asked suddenly.

"No, I shall not fix such. I do believe it is a mental disease, but it has helped me sustain against the pain and activate a supernatural power inside me that saved me from many perma-death experiences. Insanity is bad, and it does lead to bad things... sometimes. I am one of those cases where although I know of most evils, I can still hold myself to do the goods." I told Angelica as the dog stopped barking at me, and looked to the tennis court of red to our east.

"That's... a little-" Angelica peeped out, not laughing at all.

I then shot my left hand out, and made the terrain dip in, creating a hole in the sidewalk, and darkness stairs down, which lead to a tunnel cave going northwest, straight to my home, the hole being seven feet wide and nine feet high, with unseeable light sources every meter, meaning I filled darkness around areas I took darkness away from.

"Everybody come down- we are taking a shortcut!" I waved to them, stopping some girl talk, and then stomping down with Angelica.

"But what do you think of my dress? Is it neat?" I asked her as we got down to the dirt brown flooring of the tunnel.

"It's... not God's way of representing a man. Thou shall wear clothes only for him or her's gender, not the opposite." Angelica spoke to me as the others came.

"About the same thing Cyclop stated." I stated for Cyclop.

They all got down into the tunnel before I revamped the terrain and continued to our house. We got to the other side, being the same amount of stairs, went up, and got to the front door of my house, with Jared and Miss Hedheop playing chess on a wooden table in the middle of the road.

"Hello Jared and Miss Hedheop! How has it been?" I asked as I came up, my dress gushing against extremely nice and oceanic-tasting wind.

"It's... what-" - Miss Hedheop to Daniel's face.

"Hello?" Daniel waved blindly, his face distorted Miss Hedheop's to worry and fear, as the disgusting flaps were way too soggy for her soul.

"These are kids that are apart of a mission I must complete for an old friend." I prompted her, and then led Daniel to my room in my home, through the front door all laid eyes on as they came out of the pit of my tunnel.

"Say hello to them, and be nice please." I said back as I continued with my patient and his dog. "Daniel- would you like me to leave your dog outside or in my room?"

"Uh- anywhere nice..." He told, and I grabbed the leash from his other hand as the kids behind asked the teacher and Jared about Wilma's fun mansion behind, and the many homes about.

"I am sure your dog would enjoy some time with my cat." I told, opening the door and leading him in. We then went to my room where Gustavo was there sleeping on my bed. Daniel's dog barked at it, before Gustavo rose his eyes and head, and the dog puffed away.

"Oh- hello?" Gustavo asked, curious about Daniel.

"Who's this?" Daniel asked, unmoving as he was very confused.

"This is my cat, Gustavo. But, you will have all the time later to introduce yourself." I told, then bringing him down to Ryutyu's lair and then to my surgical secret room. Then I brought his hand down to his hip, and then laid him face-first onto the surgical table, which he grabbed himself and led forth, also making his tail die off and allow his ears to punctuate open and look for sounds.

"Is this okay?" He asked, on the surgical bed.

"Yes. Now, watch this." I giggled, and he tried creaking a smile as well.

I made my arm into darkness, and shot my left arm out to his head, but a foot before it hit, it started to surround him entirely. Taking only a second and a half, it soon had strings inside, billions, obscuring down into his skin and tickling him inside.

"Oh- hey- what- what's going on?" He asked happily, unable to not be happy. "It's tickely but also sharp- hey!"

The strings started to reaarange him, as another darkness string, wider and bigger, came from the front and at his head, entering his brain and figuring around inside.

"Oh... my head! Hey! Am I okay!?" He giggled like an insane person would soon become.

After six seconds of listening to those words on the speedy sense, I let the darkness restrain all into my arm and reveal him nicely.

Daniel no longer had the slop on his face. His cheeks were nice now, red and fluffy and cute. His eyes were now implemented with green and his ears were also fluffy with the inside hair, as well as slightly taller. His tail worked better now, and his faulty skin was now all smooth. His jaw was fixed to be perfect, and his arms were built in with the needed muscle he was missing, making him look a little buffer instead of skinny. His clothes were still on, and he had his height measured exactly the same. No more wrinkles. No more past embarressment needed. He was now a firm boy ready for newness. He was fixed.

"Wha- Woahh... wowwwwww... what the... this is what... color looks like?" He laughed enjoyably and asked, surprised beyond belief. He looked up to the light and stared at it, before closing his eyes and having tears come through. He looked to the dark wall, seeing a gradient of brown instead of pure black. He was happy. "This is... damn... I can actually see the world... just... all of a sudden..." He spoke, looking around, seeing his hands smoothly, then feeling his cheeks be vibrant in their humane aspects, and his clothes which he felt with his fingers, enjoying it a bit too much, then moving his eyes around whilst staying his head still, blinking a lot afterwards, wide eyeing and squinting, then spreading his eyes with his fingers, and looking down towards his drippy shoes, before left to see the door, and right to see me.

He stopped his open-mouthed awe, and crept down his spirit to an instant mild face with open eyes. He was frozen where he saw me, and his eyebrows lifted high. The shadows of the ceiling sparkled me to have my mask shine bright through the darkness, and my eyes still hidden behind the MLG shades.

"Woah... this is... (He shakes his head,) is that motion blur?" He asked, shaking it more.

"Yes." I spoke in my dress, wagging my cat tail around for Daniel to follow.

"Heh- now seeing everything, I... I've never seen anything scary, but I guess you look scary to the others, and my dog..." Daniel spoke, pointing to me.

"George did say I was intimidating. Take his word for it." I spoke to Daniel and he followed the movements of my mask.

"Dang... this is all so... what words would describe it? Like, vibrant? Or- I mean obviously colorful, ha-ha-hah- but maybe, what about new? Or exponential? It's so... undescribable to have the ability to see after being born blind... it's..." Daniel tried to describe.

"Yes. Now, come on, you need to go see the world, I need to get to know the type of people under my influence." I told, opening the door for him, and he squinted his eyes as the light came in.

He came out to Ryutyu's room, looking around to the colorful blue walls, the white fluffy carpet, wagging his tail towards the muscular equipment, having his ears twitch when he looked over to the bed and desk, and finally stare at the lights before shutting his eyes shut, and seeing the dots of light luminate in such a blurry sense behind his eyelids.

"This is too amazing..." He whispered, seeing me come forwards to the stairs, and watched my dress and my tail. "I have so many questions... like- what causes these different colors? Paint? Or is the light chaning all of it? Does the light make the entire room slightly a different color? Does it change color if I stand on it- a shadow only makes the color darker, right?"

"Has your parents or doctor not told you about light whence you were blind?" I asked him, turning around.

"Uh... I don't remember having parents, but I remember being under an English doctor that told me that kind of stuff when I was like five years old. I don't remember a lot." Daniel told me.

"Alrighty- but please tell me more about that kind of history." I asked of him, and he paused.

"Um, yes- but, your shades. Those look really... what color is that? It's black, isn't it? Right? I've seen black all my life- I remember my doctor saying that..." Daniel decoded his own sentence.

"Yes, the color that is not actual a color because it has no color- black. It is also referred to as darkness or the opposite of white. That light up there is white. The walls are blue, the floor is some kind of white, and you are slightly orange." I told, laughing at the last one.

"Ha-ha... but, your shades- Is... that normal?" He asked, and I was wonderous of how he would ask.

"No- but it is surprising that THAT will be a question from all of you soon." I nodded, and looked around. "Anyways- heh, what about your country of origin and parents?"

"Oh- yeah... damn, that is blue- okay- so... I was born in Colombia- and please show me the flag, I really want to see this color yellow- none of this is yellow, right?" Daniel asked, so excited about colors like he was child or something.

"It is similar to white, from my opinion." I told, him wagging his tail faster than mine by all means.

"Okay- but, yeah, North South America- I guess- and my parents were... poor, so they left me away in a box by a door because they also were too lazy to take care of a blind child. But before the apartment owner could get me, my English doctor came by and took me to his secret apartment- and since I've been tested on by his friends, leading me to be a furry of some sort, and soon the government found him, threw him in jail, and I just sat around, being looked at, right before they took me over to you. There's a lot of other details, but that's the main gist." - Fixed Daniel.

"Your main exposition drop." I funnily stated to Daniel.  
 "Yeah." He laughed with me.

"I also like how you give no care to your parents just leaving you." - Me.

"Well- I never knew them, nor remember their voice- so like, yeah, I can't really care when I come to think of it- which I have for a long time. But also- obviously I know what nouns and adjectives are, as well as other weird school things- so yeah- I had other things go on- but- do we have to go to school? I heard it was boring- not saying I would be bored, but I hear a lot of people who can see get bored of it..." Daniel spoke like his parents leaving him to die was not a big deal in the end.

"No. Most of you would look weird, and a lot of people here are either mentally or physically ill, meaning public classrooms are out of the image." I told, and he looked a bit understanding.

"Okay... is that red though? Is that a dress?" He asked, pointing to my dress.

"This is a green dress, made out of rubber, unlike any others." - Me.

"Hm... aren't women only supposed to wear that?" Daniel asked me.

"What are you, a normal person?" I laughed at him at the end.

"Ha-ha!" He laughed, and I directed him up the stairs to see Gustavo. "Woah- what color is he?"  
 "Purple. His eyes also have orange in them, not red." Daniel said, as Gustavo rose to see the new Daniel.

"That was quick, Eighty-Three- did you cheat your surgery again?" Gustavo asked, tilting his head, and Daniel copied, examing the fur on Gustavo.

"Yes." - Me.

"It was supposed to be longer!?" Daniel asked.

"Well, my supernatural powers are of great use." - Me.

"Fair point." Daniel shrugged, looking to Gustavo as he looked back with his smile, before showing his teeth.

"Is his teeth white?" Daniel asked me, referencing Gustavo.

"Yes- just like the light." - Me.

"Damn... purely white teeth- I heard that was rare." - Daniel.

"No- but it is half of the spectrum, mostly up against the common yellow teeth." - Me. "Anyways- let us go to the others."

So, we went to the others, and Gustavo followed. Outside, we saw Wilma getting to know the kids with her nine tails being fluffed by the yellow-eyed girl's hands.

"Oh hey, Wilma is here." I told Daniel like it was a kids show.

"Um- I can see that now..." He smiled back and went up to the Treeman Syndrome Guy, Oyur.

"What the fuck happened to you?" Oyur asked Daniel with a smirk.

"I got the make up of a century." Daniel told, looking at Oyur's features elequantly.

"The make up of a fool, now you actually a full-on furry." Oyur told demeaningly with his red eyes.

"Okay, you got a problem?" Daniel asked back.

"Yes, I got a problem- (Oyur switches from Daniel to me,) Eighty-Three, I thought you were going to fix him to be normal- why'd it take like thirteen seconds and you making him a nicer-looking furry? Not everybody here needs to be a furry. Your friends are furries, half of us are furries- are you guys addicted to looking cute or something?" Oyur madly stated at me as he came up.

"No, it just so happens to be everyone likes to be a furry here." I told, confused on his personal thoughts on furries. "Do you dislike furries?" I politely asked, making him back away without a word towards the axolotle kid.

"Mostly I was protecting him and his friends every night and day from the other supernatural possibly inhabitating this Earth currently." Wilma told Angelica, making a red sofa chair for herself and sitting in it as the yellow-eyed beady girl went back to the other Mongolian after brushing her tail with a smile.

"He's here now." Angelica told, looking to me and giving Wilma a way to turn her head towards me.

"Yes, hello." - Me to Angelica and Wilma.

"Hello." Wilma nodded. "I was just explaining how I saved you and Ryutyu from ninety-eight percent of the danger in the past."

"Yes, and I am happy that you did." I happily recalled.

"You went through more events than Europe's history, I heard." Angelica responded, achknowledging sadly.

"Yes." I acknowledged.

And now would be the greatest time to pull a clever transition on you, the reader. So, we continued talking. We got to know the yellow-eyed girl's name, more about the Werewolf Syndrome Girl who was a sister of the yellow-eyed girl, some historical tellings of what happened in our life, and other stuff quite boring. I shall be skipping to the part where Wilma so-called 'builds' everyone homes of their own.

Wilma was up in the sky, looking down on most other homes. They were empty yet big, and so with a snap of her left fingers after looking through the sky for four seconds, the houses were suddenly cleaned to smoothness, and the grass was mowed, and the cars all went white, and the road was paved.

"What the hell?!" Oyur jumped, looking forth.

"That's cheating..." George giggled to the Vatican at her right side.

"She's amazing." The yellow-eyed girl stated to her sister as I stood with the black quiet kid, who still said nothing.

"Amazing? She's the scariest thing I've ever seen. Imagine being snapped away into a pile of dust just because she wants?" Oyur stated back at them, and because he stated that, Wilma snapped her fingers again, and he turned to dust, having all his particles fall down straight.

"AYO!" The axolotle kid screamed as the other two girl ramped away with yell back. The black quiet kid also stepped back, but was keen to see Wilma, turned and still flying in the air, twist her hand and make him come back to life in a reversed-way, him literally having his particles go up and form his essence perfectly again.

"Ha..." Wilma laughed as she came down. "Sorry." She said to Oyur as he came back and looked at his shirt.

"Did you really just turn me into dust, woman?" He angrily asked.

"It was a joke." Wilma stated with a laugh and her tails being a center of attention for the others.

"You're scaring us to death." Oyur told Wilma as her mansion of fun glew purple and yellow in a checkers-tile-pattern.

"You should get used to it." Wilma spoke back to Oyur.

"You should get used to being a normal person, cuz' you people weird as fuck." Oyur said, looking elsewhere to the axolotle kid, currently wide-eyed.

"Hey Wilma- can you make us-" George started to ask as he came up.

"Yes." She interrupted and then put her left hand out to him and spun it. "You get powers like Eighty-Three because you asked first."

Suddenly, the syndrome of George healed up to look less red on the end of the fingers, fixed his misshappen of shaped fingers, and made his eyes into black pupils and the rest being a liquid rainbow.

"Woah- what?" George started as he suddenly felt his arthrits go away.

"Hey- I want some powers!" The yellow girl came up to say.

"No. I will only make your disabilities into advantages. Oyur will be a good example." Wilma told the yellow-eyed girl.

"Oh hell naw- don't swivel your hands at me, stereotypical-looking-nine-tailed-furry-looking-woman that looks like anything the internet would easily bring up." Oyur shot at Wilma, and she did just that with a clap of her hands.

Oyur had a slight freeze, bouncing up disgustingly, before fixing his face and looking at his fingers.

"Now you can control the growth of your Treeman Syndrome." Wilma spoke happily, pointing to his fingers as he removed them by growing them backwards into his fingers.

"Well, thanks- but will this last?" He asked, looking around at the other starting to envy. But before Wilma could respawn, George, already with his right hand high, and the Vatican next to him looking up, saw a white car with no ceiling, looking like a sports car that would give great breeze, and it came down onto Wilma, crushing her with no blood spill.

"Hey! Woah!" Oyur stated.

"OH NO!" George gasped.

"Is-" Daniel started to say, looking from the axolotle kid's direction, but being two meters away.

Wilma then threw up the car to the shield above, making it crash and explode.

"It shall last till either me or Eighty-Three removes it." Wilma spoke like nothing every happened.

"I'm sorry!!?" George asked with Angelica also being confused.

"I do not die easily." Wilma said, spinning around like a lazy animation to face George and his big eyes.

"I like how she's tutorializing us with her smooth transititons." Kioshi told me.

"Hm- yes." I nodded, looking at him.

"Can she read only one mind at once, or all?" Kioshi asked me, looking directly into my eyes.

"She hears everybody's voices in her head. She hates being around crowds, but has gotten used to it." - Me.

"Does that make her insane? It sounds like torment to hear everybody's thoughts all the time." Kioshi told, and Wilma waved over to him.

"She manages very well." I ended for Kioshi. He simply nodded.

After Wilma continued to show off, they all came to enter my home.

"So this is where I live- and you are all welcome to come in when needed." I told them, looking around.

"Dang- and this is what our houses will look like?" Daniel asked me and Wilma as we went to the kitchen.

"Yes. Now, this is like a public place yet personal. I will live here with my first friends, and you all can visit whenever you would like. Now, have a good look around with Wilma and meet my cat and others possibly- because it has been about thirty minutes, and I must go back to accompany one last kid..." I told, going through them as they made a path.

"Oh, okay?" George smiled, seeing me leave.

"We have a pool. Not many of the other houses have pools. I also did not change the insides of those homes I just revamped." Wilma spoke happily, then going to the side of the kitchen. "I shall naturally cook dinner now." She laughed after speaking like a robot.

"You and Eighty-Three speak like robots- why is that?" Daniel funnily came forwards with Oyur and stated to Wilma as she got lettuce and tomatoes and ham from the fridge.

"I like to speak without commas or conjunctions. Eighty-Three only dislikes conjunctions. We think it is good to be formal all the time." Wilma spoke to them as the yellow-eyed girl and the Mongolian sister came by, along with George and the Vatican seeing forth. Kioshi went to a seat at the end of the table against the wall.

"Can you explain-" George smiled, and then Wilma responded half way in his sentence.

"I am not the definition of a stereotypical woman because I am making a few sandwhiches." Wilma said, turning around to Oyur.

"Hm- what?" Oyur stated, confused suddenly.

"OoooooooooOOoOooOohhhhhh..." The yellow-eyed girl stated and her sister smirked.

"You know what? Read my mind now." Oyur madly stated towards Wilma. Wilma only widened her mouth as everybody watched.

"What's he thinking about?" George asked Wilma as they both squinted at each other.

"Racist things." - Wilma smiled at George.

"NIGGERS!?" - Oyur interjected too quickly.

***The clown girl.***

The library still had its agents standing there without much of a posture change. I had run as fast as Ryutyu to be a black blur showing up, and they shot their faces towards me, recognizing me.

“You missed one.” The right man said, opening the door for me on my right.

“Yes, I know.” I nodded, and just entered without much care to say anything else.

I came forth to the same guy at the desk, still standing, but the pointing to the place I was on stage as soon as I entered. I went forth without word, and entered back onto the stage to see front and center, chairs tossed around and rotated different ways. In front, dead center as I said, was the remaining child. A female, bald and white, with purple mongolian-like eyes, and red fake clown hair with a white string attaching it to her head. Her lips were stale and were bones were slim. She wore a grey dress, as long as the black kid would have, and she was 5’5, my height and around. She was jittering in her seat with a smile, looking directly into me without a change of pace. Her black shoes meant deceased mind flares, as it was rambunctious with brown dirt and almost shredded to see her black socks entirely.

“Hi. Hi!” She stated twice, trying to make herself more appearable the second time.

“Hello. What is your name?” I asked, coming to the stage and sitting down in front of her as she shook with a complete smile in her red cheeks.

“I-I’m Khenbish. Khenbish!" She stated in her accent to me, the American.

“That sounds pretty foreign- what country do you come from?” I asked, being a geography nerd of all sorts.

“Mongolia.” She said with a deep voice, trying to indent something at me.

“Interesting. I have two others possibly from Mongolia as well.” I told, looking at Khenbish with an interest in her shaking.

“Ehrm...” She nozzled out of her lips.

“Anything else you would like to tell me about? Maybe something about you being late?” I asked, having the most polite voice I could.

“I was late- yes- for being myself...” Khenbish told, filtering into anger. “I hate those agents...”

“Hm... you know, you are acting like me when I first went insane...” I told, and she replied falsely.

“I’m not insane... insane...” She said over, like she was now thinking of herself as it.

“Did you throw these chairs around?” I punctuated to her.

“Are ya’ goin’ to have a problem with it? Problem?!” Khenbish spoke rapidly, as fast as she was shaking.

“No- but I do want to warn the others that you may have more of a spastic issue than theirs.” I told, and then hopped down from the stage. “So- would you like to come and meet the others. They are mostly nice or too silent to be articulate.”

“What if I don’t wanna’?” Khenbish asked snarkily.

“You will not have to- but seemingly since you are a clown, I was thinking that maybe you would want to entertain them as stuff continues on.” I told Khenbish, the clown girl.

“Erhm... What kind of humor do they like?” She asked friskily.

“I have no idea- we all just met. But for me and some of my core friends you will be meeting, and possibly questioning more since you seem pretty fine with my appearance, already, unlike all the others- I can go for dark humor, or stupid humor, or anything that takes either all the substance or none to make a good joke. I like internent memes, really dank ones usually.” I continued to smile as Khenbish as we talked.

“Eh... I’m not good at that stuff- it doesn’t make sense. No sense!” She stated, shaking my hand and then thrusting it down.

“Well, that is why it is funny- but, whatever.” I told, then turning back and using my right arm like Wilma would to make an oval sludge of darkness on the wall. “If you-”

“Haugeh- HeaAaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” She yelled, jumping up and rushing at the darkness, fists thrusting into it, before getting further sucked in.

“Man, I wish I was still that excited... being smart and insane does put you in a state of work mostly...” I laughed in my mind, a bit bewildered at her actions, but still smiling.

I hopped up, waved to the man who looked with confusion from the desk, and entered without a word. My darkness was a tunnel, shifting like a roller coaster, funneling our bodies through the un-chocolate darkness. Eventually, I came out to find the clown girl just standing there, jittering and looking around Geurnf’s front yard.

“Over there is my home.” I told her, and she looked forwards to the open door, then the perplexing light blue and purple show of a sky, then the floating fun house, then the nicely paved roads and such.

“Ae... what kind do ya’ have? What kind?!” Khenbish demanded of me.

“Anything you would like.” I nicely told and Khenbish looked to me.

“How?” She suddenly asked, confused on my statement.

“Well, I have a furry friend that-” Me before stopping for her.

“Furries?! Where?!” She demanded and wanted to exile. I made my tail start hovering towards her as my ears were already straight-up.

“Everywhere.” I funnily told.

“No! Why can’t I see them?!” Khenbish dialogued, pacing around.

“Alrighty, schizo- come with me. You have some kind of purpose that will soon be shown... hopefully.” I stated to her as I went back to my home, and she followed.

Wilma came out as we got my front yard, still with the nice white bench and now flowing fountain with a stone texture purified.

“Hello?” She asked Khenbish, who looked to her.

“Are you a furry?! Or are you trolling!?” She rambunctiously asked.

Wilma looked to me with worry, her tails still flowing nicely behind her, and her arms still in her blue wardrobe.

“She must be mental.” I said in my mind. “She is acting like an N-P-C.”

“I am a furry.” Wilma nodded, and the girl thrusted her spine back.

“Hea... I’m gonna’ rip your tails off if you don’t stop! Stop!” Khenbish weirdly stated in her angry voice, pointing.

“Has she not realized you are a furry yet?” Wilma jokingly asked me, and Khenbish looked to me as well.

I raised my index finger to her, but then she spoke. “Shut up- missy. Missy! Tell your friend to stop being herself! Herself!” Khenbish stated in English.

“She is way too translucent. She does feel intimidated by you though.” Wilma said to me as she was two meters away, with the Vatican coming from behind.

“Is this the new student?” She asked with a dawning smile towards Khenbish, and then Khenbish jumped.

Khenbish jumped forwards and then sprinted at Wilma, throwing her arms out grabbing her by the neck, thrusting her to the ground, before shaking her.

“Stop!” She told, and Wilma tried pushing her off.

“Please get off me.” Wilma calmly expelled from her mouth towards Khenbish.

Khenbish then refrained back, and as Wilma started to rise, she looked with worry as Khenbish then thrusted back, and grabbed her tails, and then started pulling.

“Heiaga!” - Khenbish.

“Ow!” Wilma unpleasantly let out as she herself got pulled back a bit.

“Khenbish, please stop!” The Vatican also told, dropping her bible and running up to the girl, and then Wilma turned around, pointing her left index finger, and shot a blue laser through Khenbish’s lungs, depleting her face to fear and worry as she just looked down to see that a hole now bled her.

“AH!” The Vatican screamed back and then looked as Khenbish fell forwards, dead and melting into the grass with the hole seeping both of her lungs out, and almost cutting off her arms and neck from the wideness and longness.

“She had too many voices in her head.” Wilma spoke as she held her finger out. “And I hate having my tails pulled.” Wilma said after some time as I came up to the open-eyed and dead clown.

I squatted over here, and looked at the gapping hole in her chest, with her mouth hung open, bleeding back and having its salive drip back as well.

“Uh...” The Vatican thought, before looking at Wilma, scared to even move, as Wilma kept a regretful face on the corspe.

Kioshi came to the door, and then walked out, grabbed Angelica’s bible, handed it to the Vatican, and then came over to look at the body as well.

“What do you think about this, Kioshi?” I asked as he came by, looking up to him.

He looked to me slowly. “I came out here to see what was going on. Chinua and Ejnare asked specially for me to grab a report, and so I have... (He walks a bit away, before looking back,) Chinua is the girl with facial hair and Ejnare is the axolotle kid, if you had not knew yet.” Kioshi told, before heading back.

The Vatican watched in horror, covering her mouth as he left, and then looked back at me. Wilma was disgusted by her own actions now, but soon just turned around and walked back inside herself.

“Woah- wait!” Chinua said, coming out with her sister and investigating for herself.

“Oh my god, she’s dead!” - The yellow-eyed girl stated, right before I made my left arm into darkness and wrapped her up the same way I did with Daniel.

“EE!” The yellow-eyed girl said as I used my powers, and then dragged the darkness ball with me into the house and down to my room.

“What’s going...” Daniel started to say, before stepping aside the front door with his eyes designed to look at the darkness.

“Angelica- what happened?” Chinua asked as she came up to her face, and Angelica tried staring her in the eyes.

“Well, Khenbish- jumped onto Wilma and tried ripping off her tails... and Wilma said she had voices in-” Angelica started to say before whipping to her left to see Ryutyu rush up with a big blue blur before stopping on the path.

“Who are thy people?” Ryutyu asked, looking around suddenly.

“Uh- uhhhhh...” Chinua disgustedly said as the buff furry was animate in front of her. Her sister hid behind her.

“This is way too weird...” The yellow-eyed girl stated.

“Hello!” Daniel said, coming forth to Ryutyu and holding out his hand, feeling a bit embarressed as everybody watched, still.

“Hello, thy...?” He asked, waiting for a response.

“Daniel. We’re the... so-called ‘kids.’” Daniel stated, looking up to the sky before back at Ryutyu.

“Oh- I forgor... but I am Ryutyu-” Ryutyu said, letting go of Daniel’s hand, and Daniel was so enclosed to Ryutyu’s appearance, fixed and fiddling at what he should act like to the supernatural creature his doctor’s tried to replicate in another way.

“Hello, Ryutyu. We heard about you at lunch.” Angelica said, coming up after switching her face from worry to a greeting. “And we hope you’re a normal kind of being- because another just tried killing Wilma and then got blasted in the chest with a giant laser, and I hope she’s okay...” Angelica spoke, a little fearful of Ryutyu’s glowing eyes and fingernails she looked towards, staring into their gleam to resonate that all of this was real.

“Oh- sheesh. I hope she’ll be okay too- what was she like?” Ryutyu asked Angelica as the others came up to look at Ryutyu more intensely.

“She was bald but had clown gear... and she must’ve dislikes furries- which, I mean look at me, I have to say the Bible doesn’t and can’t say anything on that kind of hobby, but she attacked Wilma, trying to pull off her tails. Then Wilma used her finger powers to blast a hole in her, and now Eighty-Three took her away.” Angelica explained to Ryutyu.

“Oh- she’ll be back. Eighty-Three will probably revive her and then teach her a lesson if thy was that mad.” Ryutyu spoke, shrugging nicely.

“What? Eighty-Three can bring people back from the dead?” Chinua asked, concerned about the power of that. Kioshi stood to the left of her.

“Wilma brought back Oyur after turning him to dust, so Eighty-Three could possibly do the same too...” Angelica spoke to Chinua.

“Shut it, Christian.” - Chinua, and Angelica turned back to Ryutyu.

“Chill yo. Now- yeah- I need to see Eighty-Three quickly. A few more friends of his arrived.” Ryutyu spoke, and then rushed past them, making all their bodies screech back from the gusting winds and speed of him going through.

***All the kids meet.***

Ryutyu rushed into the room, and looked for me. He only saw nobody. He went down and found nobody. “Eighty-Three?” He cried out, and I answered by making another tunnel of darkness, and coming through the wall. “Oh geez- that looks weird.” He said as I came through onto my hands and then hop and spun into place.

Before I could say something, Ryutyu sped up to me, placed me around his neck, and traveled away. We past the Vatican as she entered, and went towards the palace.

But as we did so, below came the clown girl, currently revived out of the tunnel, shivering with anger, and looking about, soon down onto the heavy gym equipment.

“The clown girl has been set loose.” I said funnily as Ryutyu ran up the stairs.

“Okay.” Ryutyu nodded, before running through to the plaza’s cafeteria levels, and dropping me off a seat with the Nazi version of me, and the robot version, as well as Miss Hedheop and Geurnf on the left side. Miss Hedheop frizzled with fear and excitement when the blue flash sat down next to me.

“Hello?” I asked and the two looked forwards.

“Uh- sorry for not coming directly to you- but mister robot here forgot to explain- examine- uh- tell you why he sucked in Wilma’s world and to apologize-” The Nazi tried to state for real.

“For real bruh, you cannot even say it correctly.” He interrupted with his robot voice, and Miss Hedheop’s eyes were on him, as well as Geurnf’s. “We came back quickly for two things. Firstly, I am sorry for the run in Wilma’s world back when... you were not a femboy. I originally was very confused and tried marketing myself to evil because I thought it would win- but now, I see a lot has changed.”

“So you were confused and went to protect only yourself instead of another version of yourself?” I asked the robot version of me as Geurnf had her eyes staring to the table.

“Yes, I was selfish and fearful. Now, I am-” The robot started to say before I came in with something more important.

“And you also forget things- even though you are a machine system which should be able to remember everything...?” I asked with my voice slowly going more pitched as I sat formerly.

“I hate being sentient like a human, and built like a computer. It is my only flaw.” He said, his hand going to his chest like he was sassy. “Heh- anyways- the other thing I would like is that copy of myself. Can I have your permission?” The robot me asked me.

“Sure. But- can you verify yourselves?” I asked them, and they looked at me. “Hold on- I actually have a machine for that.” I told, and then whipped out of there with Geurnf looking towards Miss Hedheop.

“Are you ever gonna’ grow out those brussels of yours?” Geurnf asked the fellow female.

"Hm?” She asked, confused.

“Your eyebrows? Or are you scared of what you see on me?” - Geurnf asked Miss Hedheop.

“I’ll uh... let it grow back...” She nodded, and was going to say something more, but stopped and contined to frizzle as she met the many.

After four more seconds of suddenly Geurnf looking to the Nazi and a staring contest starting, I came back, and activated the machine onto the robot and Nazi quickly, with Ryutyu watching my green and black blur.

Then the machine finished its reading, and I thanked Oliver, who was not in the scene. “Thanks, Oliver.” I whispered out loud. “So yes, have the random universe robot of me. It seems to have come from a far different universe.”  
 “Aight, thanks.” The robot nodded, grabbing the large brown sack of parts and pulling them off another table behind us.

“Uh- main Eighty-Three, may I also ask a question, not a favor?” The Nazi me smiled at me.

“What?” I smiled behind my mask at the Nazi as well.

He paused for a second, looking at Geurnf who looked back, put her right hand up to her chest with her fingers pointing to her face of confusion before he looked back. “I have heard you are gaining a lot of friends slash members in your clan- or group. Are they all necessary- or are you using them for experiments and backup members for fighting- or like- it seems you might be using at least a few because I have heard you have like a class of people around.” The Nazi told, looking at me with open eyes and a mind ready to pounce away as I just stared at him. “What I am trying to say... oh this is cringe...”

I thought to myself that question as he told it. “You should answer- some Nazi he is- They should all be kept as sacrifices to the computer games if they ever go south- Florida is part of the south- but wait- what about- ooh, yes, sadistic pleasure. Yes, you are sadistic- torture them? That is a big decision- weird- but yes, nobody shall really care- Find information- you will be wise in all angles- use more than one-hundred percent of your brain- keep them around- more bloodshed can occur- Heru could use their blood for more fighting- then more murder- the fun should never end- murder is not that bad if somebody can just come back- Miss Opium always had her point- Geurnf should stay as she knows of engineering- and I will as well- her machines are useful- they can kill in easy forms- blood shall shine crimson red in the end...” My brain raced as he told and I stared. The voices only echoed inside, getting louder over time.

“Do you keep them around for a convience of bodies to sacrifice to the computer games I have heard about- or do you use them for something else?” The robot damply asked me, looking directly as my dark shades as I shot my head tilt towards him, letting the background music accelerant in sound as everybody got silent from his direct question. Everybody looked to him with confusion, but also back at me for an answer.

“No, I do not USE anybody around here. I am trying to give everyone here a personal paradise and possibly a cure to an incurable disability so that, yes, I may work them just a little to get by some abnormal situations, if necessary- mostly up until I am done with all the villians of my life, then everybody can have their memories wiped and go home safer and happier and richer than before they even knew any of this existed.” I told him, and Geurnf looked from me to the machine.

“Hey- then can that machine tell me when-” Geurnf tried to ask completely.

“Yes, it can. Would you like me to take you home so soon though?” I asked politely and softly, as if to make her regret.

“Um... yes, boy.” She told, and I hooked up the machine to her in a speed, and then found out the universe as the robot me awaited to go home, with a rainbow pen in his left hand already ready.

“Alrighty. Anyways- I shall now go get Wilma and do this quickly, hopefully.” I told them all, and they all stared back. “But before I take Geurnf, (She stands up and looks,) I just want to give you, Mister two, a surprise.” I told even softer, before making the darkness below the table swell up perfectly onto his clothes and put him into a black maid suit as it melted off and went back under the table like some flexible parasite.

I then laughed at my troll, and ran off, having a tentacle from under my dress shoot out, grab Geurnf by her right arm, and hold her up as I sprinted too quickly across and out of there.

“WA- HEY!” He yelled as Ryutyu snorted and Miss Hedheop was almost frightened yet smiling. “FUCKING BITCH ASS LUNATIC-” Before he was cut out by everyone’s laughter at him standing up.

Me and Guernf rushed by my home and to Wilma, currently meditating by the pool as Shellia showed off her awsome accordion skills to Angelica and Chinua, who inspected her with questions she could only answer really three ways- head shake up and down, right and left, and a spastic tune from her instrument.

“Oh!” Angelica stated, turning around to see me sitting by Wilma and Geurnf being thrown into the pool.

Wilma then spun her hands without a needed word from my mouth, and a portal opened under the pool water, draining the hydrogen and oxygen two down, as well as Geurnf, back onto her desert-dry lands.

After she was soaked and coughing as she stood up from the water, with the three other girls reminsicing and watching the green furry, I was about to drop down. But then Wilma looked at me funnily.

“You do not have to think of getting her out of here so hard.” She laughed, and I smiled at her for a second, as I always do, before jumping down, and the portal staying open, letting some more water drain down.

“Did you really have to do that, kid?” The American Green Furry Geurnf stated, her fur droopy to her dislike.

“I little spastic, I know.” I shrugged, and then pointed aways with my right hand.

We came forth to see her old main base, the one still clean and all orderly.

“Oh- wow- that was easier done than said.” She amused, walking forth to the empty zones of her once-great village she worked with others in.

“Yes.” - Me to Geurnf as she reentered her base with open fingers.

“Hello?” She called, and I followed to her left. “Ulster? Oopeoa?”

“Quickly- shoot your darkness around- make sure that this base is covered with the corpses of her friends. Otherwise, she will be gone and of no use, and of a waste of time.” My mind altered suddenly, and I was smiling afterwards. “You did amazing with focusing your thoughts onto getting Geurnf out and making Wilma think nothing of it, now give yourself some eye candy you deserve.” My brain whispered to me, with loud echoes and such tasteful words. So, I twinkled my right fingers, and a string of darkness traveled around behind us, being four feet long and raveling itself up from behind, and getting behind the right buildings and shooting through the small crevices in milliseconds.

I found, with my copy’s eyesight, the copy being a darkness string, that all her accompanies were on the balcony. They all had their heads turned, happy and confused, trying to get up from their massive card game of ‘War’ so they could greet their friend. Before they could yell back, and release their guns. My darkness traveled like a splinter through their heads and tore between their brains, making them all disfunction dead. I also then twinkled my left fingers, and dark tentacles formed in the corners, damping down onto the mouths of yellers, and lifting the corpses slightly so a falling sound would no echo through the empty town. Then the darkness swevelled back in like a worm in the dirt, open and afraid, eating away a larger whole in their heads or arms or legs or multiple places, as if to seem they had either been blasted to bleed to death or shot in the head dead-on, all in the shape of a gunshot, my string moving in small seconds, and causing their bodies to never come back by any chance.

Once the string and tentacles completed that phase and continued to now rearrange them quickly to look like they had guns in their hands, they finished and looked at the corspes, as if they were once trying to fight back but all shot dead, with possibly an AK-47. Then the tentalces shapeshifted back into darkness, and the string traveled around, looking for anybody more.

“Are the two black dudes around?” Geurnf laughed, looking at me, and I chuckled.

She then went to her engineer stand, not seeing the blood leak come and go, and examined her misty workshop. There was nothing, but it was all so nostalgic to her. She took in a deep breath, then looked back as I stood in the doorway, looking around as if nothing happened because of me.

“They probably went to lunch at a fast food restaurant.” She told happily, then exiting, and looking around towards the nucleus, and the game room balcony. There, she saw it- blood near the edge, but stopped and no dripping much more. “Um...”

Geurnf started to tremble a slow sprint over to the balcony’s stairs and go up it. I followed behind, and she found her friends dead without a smile, unlike me.

“Wa... uh... damn- goddamnit... this... darnnabit- this is horrible...” Geurnf stated, confused yet not as scared as I hope she would be. “Can you bring them back?” She suddenly turned to me, with open eyes.

“Yes.” I said with my mask still smiling and extravagant darkness blocking view to my green eyes behind my shades. I then shot out my left arm into a sludge of darknes, going after Ulster first- but then a red glitch formed. “Fake it. Mimic the red glitch. Buzz the incensitzed emotions of yourself to seek control in killing other people to manipulate another- heh, pretty straight-forward- Turn the particles off an on- do you think the Red Glitch would be mad? Quickly! Get to it, like Mao Zedong did with making China into an agricultural menace. Grab the non-white color of the air and turn it.” My mind told. Henceforth, this red glitch was no actual glitch. Instead, it was of my doing. I made, from the darkness of the dawning sky, the un-whiteness of the air form into its red and black boxes, which I turned off an on to puppeteer the glitch effect. “Oh damn- it will not allow me.” I said with an open voice, astounded and not at all sacrastic, giving the effect that I was actually sad, when really I was not, obviously- yes.

“Oh geez...” Geurnf said, looking back, and crouching down next to Oopeoa, seeing the AK-47 shots. She then examined the blood, and the multiple gunshot wounds. “Somebody must’ve come and shot them all a day early or something.” She then told back to me.

But immediately after she said such, the Red Glitch became the texture of all things but myself. It was like a video game lost its colors and went to red and black as the default- shading still on. The Red Glitch, in my math teacher’s body, appeared standing on the table, and my ears shot up to hear the effects of mashing particles and boxes skip space seemingly. The Red Glitch was angry, and had no crossing of the arms.

“Eighty-Three, you know NOT to copy me.” The Red Glitch in my teacher’s body stated stiffly.

“You never told me specifically- but alrighty.” I nodded, and he just stared at me.

“Haven’t you heard of universal etiquette?” he asked, and I continued to stare at him like he did to me.

“Barely. All I know is that we should keep ourselves in our own universes- and not mess with time.” I told the Red Glitch.

“Well- since you actually don’t know- somehow- trying to copy me or God himself is against the etiquette. I would like to ALSO advise you that you ALSO had the feeling inside that I could spawn and harass you for such an action- meaning that the law God wrote in your soul still works and you still understand to some extent the basis of the universal etiquette.” The Red Glitch told madly.

“Alrighty? Can you tell me more about the universal etiquette instead of God? That would be more useful to be honest.” I asked politely to the Red Glitch.

He sighed with frustration. “Figure number one- no time travel in any universe-” He started before I shared the obvious.

“What about the Timal Tienes? Or possibly Steel Terrorists?” I asked the Red influencer of glitch-ness.

“The Timal Tienes are fallen angels who got their powers removed yet have the permission to time travel- and try to fix the past, so they’re an exception- (In a wonderously demeaning tone,) because technically they’re god-granted. The Steel Terrorists are weird- and somehow have the ability to put me under pressure. So... I’ll get to them when I can. Unluckily- God hasn’t mentioned them in his plans or anything, so they may just be some rouge group.” The Red Glitch started to happily exposition towards the end with me.

“That is nice- could you tell me more?” I asked, and he simply nodded away from that, before continuing his sentence three seconds later.

“Figure two- stay in your universe. Having multiversal issues means multiversal beings, and sometimes that leads to the instant destruction of you by some version of me that isn’t so nice.” He told, and allowed me to ask in the seconds he waited.

“Are you a ‘nice’ version?” I gladfully asked him.

He sighed. “Better than most. I understand I’ve allowed Wilma to do stuff for longer than I should’ve, and allowed other beings that tortured you to continue theirselves- but I seek justice for God and never take a break- just watch sometimes- so unlike some other ‘colored’ Glitch-es I’ve met, I seem to not be destroying worlds for fun and getting into battles with demons live from hell- making me exceptional, but not better than one going around and spreading the gospel for all dimensional beings to hear about and stop their ways. I think it would be against free-will to do such a thing, as I am hired by God, and they wouldn’t have much of a choice if they instantly knew he was real.” The Red Glitch stated like he was happy to give a story.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, and he continued.

“Figure three, don’t copy me or the devil or God or any biblical slash biblically-hired personnel. We have rights to our individual powers in order to keep the universe in check and allow for free-will and all emotions to thrive. If demented- people could instantly prove God real to every being in the universe and ruin his plans, although he would be forgiving- or, vice versa, try to prove him wrong to everyone and succeed until me.” The Red Glitch stated more about Christianity.

“So most of the etiquette is for purposes that do not make a story like mine all twisted and weird in narritive dimensions?” I told funnily to the Red Glitch as he still stood on the table.

“You could put it that way- saying that you’re not already twisted and weird for torturing the Plague Doctor.” - Red Glitch.

“He did it to me in a similar way when I was incapable and virtually useless- and I can justify with biblical law- as you fondly seem to excerpt- ‘Thou shall do to a neighbor what thou will do to themself.’” I told the Red Glitch with a message. “And also- why did you not save me? When you recently spoke about ‘watching sometimes,’ does that relate to some deeper sadistic intention inside you- or are you just ‘sometimes’ lazy?” I asked the Red Glitch impressivey.

“I’m not lazy nor sadistic. I allow myself to watch instead of completing an action to give beings like Wilma or the Rainbow Sphere time so they can learn from their mistakes or figure out that they’re bad in etiquette of the universe. Otherwise I will come down and I will stop all from falling apart.” The Red Glitch spoke in English.

“That sounds like a massive cope.” I told him, still smiling directly at the Red Glitch manifested in front of me.

“Sure, buddy- But it is one of the things I do that beings like you call controversial, so I understand your other point- as one you may know by ‘Deandra’ has also wept at me and called me those terms when she tried big things... but anyways- Figure number four is mainly the last one- some others being situational to certain beings- but it states that you shouldn’t mess with demons or angels. Usually- they do not exist physically- but when they do, remember that it is my job to take care of them.” The Red Glitch spoke noddingly.

“Alrighty, I guess that can make sense.” I nodded to the Red Glitch. “But what about destroying the multiverse? Or deleting other universes? Or chaning the universal script? Is that not against something?” - Me.

“It is impossible to destroy universes or the multiverse. God owns it all and only allows some to fall to darkness as they were built differently. In each universe- fun fact- there will always be a Jesus Christ. No more, no less- and he will minister to whatever species is most human, or left in existence. If none is there in the first place, he simply sits and communicates with the others. Another fun fact- I know you really want to know all this- but I have limited time- the multiverse is not endless. The number extrremely high- but not infinite. Universes in particular do reset with their own slight differences, so you could say that over time each universe will be different and so technically there are infinite ways for a universe to exist- but that is up to you. Also- I cannot tell you about the future, like when the universe will reset. I know you remember everything and I can tell you everything, but I am here to make sure you do not ever copy me again- and so you know of the ways of etiquette between universes.” The Red Glitch buzz-worded.

“Alrighty- thanks for the knowledge.” I nodded, and he glazed his eyes over slowly.

“Really? You know I know how you feel, right?” He told angrily and slowly.

“Hm?” I questioned.

“You’re not getting out of this without a punishment- because you knew it was wrong, and you still went through with it- and I know you have voices in your head- but you still heard it- and now you think you should get away with it- which means the same thing as I just said.” The Red Glitch spoke to me. “So- the punishment, since you know I will not be expelling any more exposition and I am on my own time limit- will be that... hm- what is a different version of the one from last time... hm... that last one was pretty dueling to one specific person that did not matter- but I do not want to do this to another that will or is already important to your story- so- the people you DISGUSTINGLY call ‘Autismos,’ will no longer be visible to you. Their appearence will be invisible, their sounds will be inexistent, their shadows will be gone- you will have no idea they are there unless you are told by somebody else- like actually somebody other than a copy of yourself- or bump into them. They, on the otherhand- will be normal and see you. They, I guess you could say- will think you’re... just weird...” The Red Glitch spoke, before widening his mouth, and all of his texturing on all surfaces went up into a white smoke, steaming to the sky for thirteen seconds, the cloud being four feet high and all wide, everything around me being frozen- mainly saw Geurnf just staring, before suddenly the cloud above gave way to a bunch of black and red boxes for second before disappearing and suddenly Geurnf started to blink again.

“(Me looking up,) Hm... (Me now looking at Geurnf,) Geurnf... do you have anywhere else to go- maybe home or to a place of business you wanted to alter at?” I asked, and she looked to me with her daring red eyes in a scared fashion.

“No... not really. I got my real home in Wyoming, but nobody of my family lives there anymore. My brother gone missing, and so have my sisters.” Geurnf told, before looking around with a bit of depression. “But it wouldn’t be of much help to get them.”

“Oh, alrighty...” I nodded with a sad tone, before she looked up and towards my mask.

“Why are you still smiling?” She then asked, a bit infuriated.

“Becuase I shall never stop.” I told Geurnf, and she looked down again.

“Really puts off the mood here, kid. I know you’re insane, but... let’s just go back...” Geurnf altered, and started heading away.

“Is there anything back at our home that I could offer to help you?” I asked calmly and almost with a sad tone, and she looked back as I came up to her right side.

“I really don’t have any more concerns. If the red glitch is still active- then that’s how it is. I’ll continue to help you and your growing crew in these times- if you promise not to make anybody else as insane as you are- because your constant smile is giving me the creeps.” Geurnf told, before walking back to the portal with made the sands wet, but were now dried up.

“I can do that.” I may have lied to Geurnf.

She nodded and we entered back into the portal.

“Mission accomplished. Now- hide it from Wilma. Think of... sands- why are they yellow? Sulfur mixing into sands- put sand in microwave and make glass- how proportionate is this sand to making good glass at all?” I started to come towards as Wilma made a staircase for us.

“Oh...” Wilma sadly approached Geurnf as Shellia and Angelica were gone now.

“It’ll be fine. It’s okay. I guess Allah provided me with something good. That job is no longer my problem, and I won’t be called everyday to work hours I may dislike.” Geurnf told, walking through my house.

Wilma looked back as she exited- and then at me, under the sky of her doings still.

“What is next on the list?” Wilma asked with a puffed smile, looking around. “Should I take the kids to the beach? Or call everyone to a snack break?”

“Enjoy your cocaine addiction.” I laughed, and she rolled her eyes as I left towards Geurnf exiting the front door.

Whence I ran up, I looked around and saw Ryutyu throwing a football to the crowd of George, Daniel, Oyur, and the yellow-eyed girl. Daniel was tall and mostly caught the ball as I came out, but George jumped high with whistling rainbow streaks from his elbows as he got five meters high, yet still missed the ball.

“Oh- hey- Eighty-Three! How’s it been- is that Geurnf?” Daniel asked, looking back to see me walking up to them, and Geurnf walking away.

“Yes- and it has been weird. Geurnf’s friends were all murdered, but she did not react so carefully to them, so she came back.” I told, and Daniel was confused as he held the ball.

“Carefully? What do you mean- oh- you mean that literally.” Daniel said, before turning around and tossing the ball to Oyur.

“Thanks man.” Oyur said, as he sprinted up seven meters away.

“We’re playing jackpot- wanna' join?” Daniel asked me, Eighty-Three.

“Mm- not now. But have you seen the clown girl around at all?” I asked Daniel. Yes.

“No?” -Him, and he looked happily up with playful confusion.

“Hm...” I concerned towards Daniel.

“Is she alive?” Daniel asked me.

“Yes.” - Me to Daniel.

“Nah- I haven’t seen her come out. We started playing like six minutes ago.” Daniel spoke, before getting knocked in the head by a throw from Oyur. “Ow!”

“I missed!” George told Daniel as he came up. “Sorry Daniel.”

“Oh- sorry Daniel.” Oyur said as he came up, trying to speak over George.

“It’s okay!” He laughed off joyfull, before George picked up the ball and handed it to Ryutyu, who rushed up and repeated it. Daniel then looked back, but was cutely confused, and pondered my absence. He looked to my front door to see only a scent of my dress cross the corner, before all was again silent behind.

I went to my room to see Gustavo talking to Angelica and Shellia. He looked to me with his gaping smile, and so did Angelica from the left of him, on the bed, with her left having Shellia sitting without crossed legs as well.

“Hello Eighty-Three.” Gustavo suddenly stopped his older sentence to say.

“Hello- have you guys seen the clown girl around- Khenbish?” I furthered explained the question to them.

“No?” Angelica replied before Gustavo could.

“Alrighty then...” I nodded, before heading down, to see the clown girl on the floor, drooling and snoring. “Sheeesh...”

Above there was an attack. As Daniel and the gang, along with Ryutyu, played with the football, Teressa, coming from the stairs of the floating palace, stomped her way down and ran up to Ryutyu with a worried face. Ryutyu was in the back of the small gang at that point.

“Ryutyu- there are balls! They’re shooting- attacking us!” Teressa waved her arms at Ryutyu, confused, looked over from the football stance.

“What?” Ryutyu looked over to Teressa.

“They got Jared!” She yelled as she came to his face, and started grabbing his blue longsleeve shirt and shaking him with effort.

“Is this a joke?” Ryutyu smiled, looking back to the open-eyed and mind of Daniel coming forth.

“No! There’s a... square thing! It’s... having balls jump in with guns and shoot!” Teressa told, looking towards the others with weird emotions.

“Okay- I’ll check it out.” Ryutyu nodded, and rushed over with an electric gleam of blue.

When Ryutyu came forth inside the party home, Wilma was already there, but as soon as she came through the wall with the tiles falling like bricks, because she just entered that way through Ryutyu’s left, a Humanitor turned on, and he saw her fall down two meters.

“Uho!” Wilma said, falling to the floor, before scrambling back up and behind an arcade machine as gunshots came forth. “The countryballs are attacking!” She then yelled over to Ryutyu.

“Ight.” Stated Ryutyu, before using his electricity to rush forth and go into the amassing mass of countryballs coming forth over some corpses.

Wilma heard that and started to run out of her palace, going down to Daniel and Oyur with a static fear.

“You two need to either hide or get ready to shoot some animatic countryballs.” Wilma told as she quickly got down, with her hands leveraging the side of her chest.

“What’s with the overhead?” Oyur asked, pointing up as they started sprinting towards my home.

“That is a Humanitor shield. It stops me from my supernatural powers. You should know that because I told you of it.” Wilma said as she was tall and ran with the two and gaining two others towards my home.

“What’s going on?” - Yellow eyed girl.

“Invaders.” Daniel sparked up to her, and she followed without hesitation, but looked back as some countryballs fled out and started just rolling down or off the stairs entirely.

“Countryballs?” George confusedly yelled at Wilma.

“They have been very eager to kill us since Heru started to hire other people.” Wilma spoke as they went through the front door.

“Uh- Wilma- my powers aren’t working- and my eyes aren’t rainbows.” George told in his Swiss accent as they came upon Gustavo and Angelica on my bed.

“The countryballs put up a Humanitor and are attacking us.” Wilma told Gustavo and Angelica, and Gustavo nodded, jumping down.

“WOAH- what the...” Oyur stated as it animated in front of him, going down to me and Khenbish.

“That’s Eighty-Three's cat.” Daniel happily told him. Angelica got off the bed.

“Go down to the bunker.” Wilma told the kids, as I came up, jumping over Gustavo and coming towards Wilma, with Gustavo continuing down.

“What is happening?” I asked as the kids rushed away.

“The countryballs are bringing on a siege.” Wilma told. “They activated the Humanitor.” She said as she opened the blinds of my window by twisting the left noodle.

“Alrighty- and our plan to not be taken hostage?” I asked Wilma in this time.

“Do you have guns or stuff for us to fight back?” - Wilma.

“We have other machines currently unusable because of a Humanitor- and we have Geurnf, who can activate her sentries for us.” I told, leaving my end half of the sentence resonate with Wilma.

“Okay. Ryutyu also went up to the countryballs with speed. I do not know if he is alive or not.” She said as she saw many countryballs flying down, and starting to aim at the window, in which she backed away and started to flee with me behind.

“Lock the door- but first close the closet window doors.” Gustavo told Angelica, and she did so, second step being that she got in and locked the basement door.

“Aren’t they just-” Oyur started to say, before hearing a blast of shots come through the windows and break a lot of glass outside.

Angelica jumped on the steps, before rushing down, and looking around.

“Is there anywhere safer?” She asked Gustavo, as he stood in front of all the children there.

“Not anywhere I can tell you about.” Gustavo stated, before looking back.

“Where’s the others- and my sister?” The yellow-eyed girl asked.

“In hell- aAhahaHAAhaa...” Khenbish said as she arose behind them all- before shutting the fuck up and looking around awkwardly. “Nobody like that joke?”

“That’s rude.” - Yellow-eyed girl with angry eyes, crossing her arms like her sisters did most of her life- that I have seen. Teressa was also confused and angry at that joke.

They all then looked back as they heard numerous germanic voice lines play, with bounces and gun being reloaded. Gustavo stood there, smiling, as if waiting to jump on any who may come. But as time went on- it all faded away. The voices were no more, just the numerous gunshots echoing through the village.

Me and Wilma, on the other hand, went to our neighbor’s home, barging into the dank wooden home, and looking around. We went through, looking for items.

“Kill one- grab a gun. Kill another, grab more gun.” I told Wilma as we went through the house, in which George was supposed to live in, but there were no indications yet of that.

Wilma looked around and found a butcher knife in the kitchen, as I went to the bathroom and grabbed a plunger. When I came out, she had another knife ready, already holding two across her hands, a second in her right, but questioned mine.

“Why a plunger?” She asked me, hoping I would drop it for a knife.

“To stop one in their tracks, and then you flank them. It would also be funny to see how they would react.” I told in the damply lit house, as I heard many shots come around the place a lot.

So, we waited by the front door, as it lead to the kitchen in the middle, and bedrooms to hallways east and west, kind of like my house- but without such a palace-like height currently. And so we waited- for the gunshots to get real. And so we waited- and it seemed as if they would come very soon. And so we waited...

Ryutyu, on the better hand, literally rushed through the crowds of countryballs, knocking guns out of some of their hands, whilst stealing others and plopping some dead in the eyes, and also kicking them far if they were small enough. He sprinted with his flashy speed through the orange-outlined square portal, beyond many Germany and Italian balls, wiping out a few and causing distress as the countryballs looked behind and shot randomly, finding none of their to hit as Ryutyu went into the city, where more came from. Thousands came for the siege, wanting to kill us for payment.

As Ryutyu read on some stop signs in his speed, there was a normal ‘wanted’ paper with a picture of me, and below a one-billion dollar guranteed grant for dead or alive. And obviously, dead was more optional and opinionated.

Ryutyu rushed through the town streets, trying to find an end to the hoards of countryballs with weird or common guns, some shooting back and destructing their own homes or tree, or cars- but none hit the blue furry. Ryutyu finally came across the ending lines, as more got scattered and more were African. He took out his two AK-47's he had an shot for a second, killing thirteen, before racing along yet in a zig-zag motion across the ending lines, till he found a large outlier of a group. In this group, he found Miss Opium- the target he looked forth. Around Miss Opium were many Saudi Arabians balls, and Indian ones, looking towards him with stern eyes and bullets coming forth- but also- a machine. This machine called for immense participation from Ryutyu. An Indian ball carried it with four others, its shape being a ball like them, exactly their size, yet with many active black screens showing red graphs and buttons around the grey metallic orb. They activated a second before Ryutyu saw, and to his vision, he could only realize his speed had decreased. It also had a red glitch effect, but that went on for only two seconds. Ryutyu saw the bullets come much faster, but at the rate of a fly coming from a distance away. He was sure to get hit sometime. So- Ryutyu, in his quick time, dodge to the left, and circled around to Miss Opium’s back, jumping up and kicking her forth with his right leg, pointing his guns at her head and shooting, but she already was in the making off blocking her back with her tentacles coming forth from her un-breakable backpack of metal which made the bullets condense and crush into unuse. This was making her have to use her metallic arms to catch herself afterwards as well.

“Auh!” She said, before looking back as Ryutyu went around shooting bullets at them, but soon cut off as they redirected as quick as him. He failed to shoot at Miss Opium because she used her tentacles to block her head, and shifted her to the left.

Soon, Ryutyu ran into a random bouncy ball, one being Mexican, with a yellow sombrero- and he tripped over it with his speed, dropping his guns in the process of yelling for his life. As he flung forth towards a nearby glass store- he could see at the edge of the horizon the shield for less speed stop. But he hit the glass store, tumbling horribly into a Mongolian countryball being sold a katana from a Chinese one. The counter was red with yellow outlining. Behind, on the orange-wooden-planked walls were black samurai gear and katanas, as well as canon-guns of old-times.

Ryutyu saw the Mongolian ball thrust the sword down on him with anger, so he sped up and rounded him, grabbing his katana, letting his arms go back to slice the Chinese ball in the head, and then reversed it back onto the Mongolian one trying to bounce away without a look back, but his chad style was stopped. Ryutyu then saw many bullets come forth to break more glass and his bones. The shop was about to me be shredded, and looking around quickly, his blurry vision saw no safety or door- just the shop that could be sellable, and the counter of wood. So, he hid behind the counter of wood, but the damn bullets blasted through them. He could not rejoice, so as one came for his hip, he bounced up and away, running quickly and grabbing the gear, whiched loudened a noise that resembled the metals bouncing off- and they did. Ryutyu grabbed the items after dodging too many bullets, before running out with a chestplate in one hand, a helment in the other, and leggings also held lightly in the same fingers. He ran off, trying not to die from the mass shootings.

He soon saw a building that led high with stairs, and went up it, finding the bullets to spread all over its cement and wooden flavors. Ryutyu went so far up, no countryball could fairly aim, so randoms shot up and obviously missed the shaking and looking-around-agressively Ryutyu. Once my man reached the top of the building, looking down to see some guns shoot up, he placed the armor down, and started to put it on. As he held up the chestplate to place it on over his head- a bullet from a sniper crashed into it. Ryutyu had no time to look towards what country was sniping him. He quickly put on the armor, and then rushed back down with the sniper continuing his fatal and random shots. Ryutyu then rushed back down to the katana sword in the broken place, picked it up, and started to run.

With his chase, he ran quick enough to hold his blade east, and slice through the tops of most countryballs. He came fast and forwards, killing many in seconds. He started to turn randomly, slicing balls like China in half, and ones like Romania just a sliver of their head off- bleeding them to death after two minutes at least.

Ryutyu was the blue that killed the red in this case. He went through many, and Miss Opium hurried herself up to the portal. Then Ryutyu retraced his steps, clashing into more, zig-zagging more shots in with adrenaline pumping through his straining muscles, before blurring over to Miss Opium, where he shot his katana a full left, and she bounced back, with her metal arms being hit but not damaged importantly. The perfect grey was no white from Ryutyu’s blade.

Ryutyu then came around, jumping up to Miss Opium, and trying to slice her like he did with many others. The blood he shed seemed infinite down the long line. Ryutyu got his blade grabbed by Miss Opium’s top left arm, and she threw him right, where he picked himself up quickly and came back, trying to slice one of her base legs- but with speed and strength came the snap of that blade. His armor protected him from many fatal bullets as he watched his blade snap away and hit into the eye of an Indian ball with a red hat of his culture.

Ryutyu then rushed away, grabbing guns and shooting at random balls as he went back to my home, finding the portal entrapped in walls of Brazilian balls, aiming at him consectively, as Russian balls had rocket launchers, also shooting where they thought he would go. So, Ryutyu was currently thriving with murder against the countryballs of a horrible mission as he traveled back home, and that was intensely quick and sweatful for my core furry friend- but...

To the east of Ryutyu as he came forth- was an amazing sight.

Geurnf, earlier, had thrown out a box, which started to compile up into her sentry, which then aimed at many countryballs coming down on her street. And it shot them eagerly. Some sniper-weaponed balls, like a French one and an Irish one tried shooting some triggers of it- but the gun rapidly pulled bullets so accurately on its teammates that shooting at metal seemed harmless. Geurnf, when Ryutyu came out- threw another through her window. But as she did, a sniper shot her hand, and Geurnf pulled back with angst to the hole in her green fur hand.

“Fucking hell!” She screamed, pulling back away from the bloody streets, and staying down away from the windows.

As Geurnf hid, and Ryutyu went through the streets, murdering countryballs as they looked intensely for any humans- we had a little battle of our own finally.

A Ukrainian ball, and a Belarussian ball, and an Estonian ball, and a Uzbekistanian ball came into our house, barging down the door with three pistols equipped, floating around them and looking around. Wilma backed up as they got through the glass door- but I was ready for a battle.

The Ukrainian ball bounced forth, looking to Wilma, as I then plunged my plunger into the head of it, and shot it right, where it shot its bullets at its depressed Belarussian friend, now wide-eyed and dead with a bullet to the right eye. Wilma then rushed forth and stabbed the Estonian ball that looked to me, as I shoved my ball as the Uzbekistanian one from the corner where he could not shoot. The Estonian ball was afraid and shot without care. Henceforth his friend was dead even more, and Wilma stabbed him, before, I then plunged my plunger forth so the Uzbekistan ball had the obstacle take its bullets, instead of Wilma who now jumped onto it, having her knife reflect a bullet back into him, it being golden, right before she stabbed his head.

I then looked outside to see many South Korean balls start coming over, and warned Wilma about getting a gun.

“Quickly- the K-trash fans are coming.” I told, grabbing a gun as they started to shoot, and Wilma and me fled back, with Wilma have a shot skim the right of her left thigh.

“Ow.” She stated quickly, as she shot back and the K-pop balls- the South Korean Balls, I mean, and dodged away herself.

I then wrapped my arm around the corner and left my bullets to spread. After three shots from my pistols, there was no ammo left. But to greatness, Ryutyu rushed through and killed them, before coming to me and Wilma in our safe corner.

“Hey guys.” he panted with his sweaty blue fur.

“Hello Ryutyu- could you go around and see if there are any snipers?” I asked of him quickly as Wilma told her sentence.

“Hello Ryutyu.” - Wilma.

“Yes- woo!” He said, his electricity obvious with his sweat, and he zipped off with some wind to me and Wilma.

From afar I could hear Irish and French screams as death was thrown off rooftops, and countryballs started to stack themselves up to go and get some sniper guns of their own, but also fizzle some shots at my boy. Then Ryutyu rushed back down really quick. He had been shot in the leg, and collapsed into the wall with three sniper guns wrapped in his arms.

“Holy- holy- fuck- fuckity-fuck, laddy! Mate! Augh! Shit, lad!” He yelled, and Wilma reached down quickly to grab a sniper gun, looking directly at the gunshot in the middle of his ankle.

“Sheesh!” Wilma told, as she rounded the corner and aimed. I soon picked up another rare pistol, and with my two equipped, I went forth and started to shoot many that tried coming along.

I came onto the road with a gunshot to a Polish ball, then a Germanic one, and many scattered balls started to turn to me. Some were shot by Wilma, and I started to run and jump and do a cartwheel, feeling the bullets whiz past me as I got to the other side and hid behind Geurnf’s side of the house. I then rushed to the front and started to shoot at some trying to pay attention to Wilma. BOP! An Italian ball dead. BOOM! An Algerian ball dead. PLAM! An Indonesian ball dead. My accuracy was out of control, and I was swelling with happiness. I looked behind me, nothing, so I whipped around to the broken fence and shot a few warning shots. But, the neighboring house to my right- ooh damn- it caught on fire.

Two countryballs came out from inside. Both were Bolivian, having grey metallic flamethrowers. They had no suits, and were burning themselves, releasing loud yells as they exited and looked around for water. I aimed through the fence and missed one, whilst killing the other. The other looked in awe, and I swept around the fence, killing the fearful and burning-flesh of the countryball, shooting him in the upper sphere as his colors melted. I then threw myself to the right and onto the floor, and the rolled to the Bolivian sphere as a few Libyan balls shot at me. I grabbed the flame thrower with my left hand and shot with my right, killing a tired Libyan ball, and leaving him to rest in whatever afterlife there was. Then a swarm of Monaco balls came thrusting out of the house next to this house, and started piling over the fence to reach me with their gleaming red eyes, almost like Heru’s.

I used the flamethrower to flame them up. It was pretty easy. They all burned, but in a way that they tried standing it over like wall. Their colors melted into blood and eventully crispy black. Some ravaged away and survived, but now- I was overpowered.

I took off on the streets, using my pistol to shoot countryballs far away, turning around constantly to see some still trying to fire from their corners, having bullets whiz past my face, keeping my posture of a smile, most countryballs still being South Korean, whilst I burst fire flames everywhere to confused the enemy on where to shoot, shot through the fire as so much fire busted out it was a light show of red and orange, and overall was vicious with my movements in order to survive. I made my escalating way towards my home as both Wilma sniped other snipers and corner-hiders with luck hats of the Irish whilst Geurnf’s sentries blasted incoming balls, as those two sentries somehow still withstanded detrimental bullet wounds to the red color of their essence.

I stepped into my house with my maid shoes, feeling the glass poke at the heel of my right foot, ripping through my green maid shoes.

“Damn.” I said, seeing a drip of blood come the splint as I stopped to rip it off with my left arm, hearing the many gunshots from Wilma snipe everybody with amazing accuracy, and then Ryutyu started sniping as more gunshots were now hearable.

I then ran down to the kids, first my room, looking around quickly for any balls in any rooms, before nodging off the pain, and banging on the closet door as many countryballs were now hiding in Wilma’s palace.

Angelica came to the door, and opened it slightly with silence.

“Hey Angelica- nice to see you alive- now come with me.” I told in a relief, and she looked back with confusion to Gustavo smiling. I grabbed her left arm and pulled her behind me. “You shall be a body shield just in case anybody behind me tries to shoot.” I told her, and she hiccuped.

“W-what?” She asked, looking behind with detrimental fear.

“Take this pistol- you shall shoot any countryball- any single one. No matter as small as a Vatican City countryball or as big as Russian one.” I told Angelica, hesitant to take my pistol so I shoved it into her left hand by bending my back slightly.

“I can’t shoot, Eighty-Three.” She sparked up with massive fearful concerns.

“Yes you can. Now come with me, we got some burning to do.” I laughed, getting out of my window and rushing to the stairs. As I took a good look to my west, I saw a few countryballs coming from my little forest we had next to the house. I ducked, and looked to Angelica.

“AH!” She screamed, pulsing back and having no gun point up.

“Shoot at them!” I yelled at her with a happy tone. “Come on Angelica!” I said, dropping my flamethrower, and then sprinting over to her, jumping into her as a bullet whizzed past her left leg as she fell, and another by my hair, before I fell into the wall, and then immediately helped her up. “Take a shot, please!” I politely yet loudly told Angelica.

“I can’t! I don’t know how!” Angelica spoke, looking down at her gun as I grabbed her arms and shifted them up awkwardly, her trying not to be in the pose.

“Hold the gun with either one hand or two. Keep your right index finger on the trigger, and aim with your gut. It is as easy as a videogame in this case.” I spoke nicely to her as bullets came at us.

“I can’t do it!” She stammered, her breathing being wide and long and loud. “You take the gun!” She almost cried as the countryballs rolled around, trying to understand what possibly could go wrong if she did shoot.

“Shoot! You! Before they shoot you!” I yelled at Angelica as she turned to me, keeping my hands clenching her arms and aiming at the countryballs now reloading with confusion on what I was doing, hiding behind her.

“I... I... (She keeps breathing so heavily,) I... cant’!” She stated and a bullet cut her right cheek dimly. “Ah!”

“Keep your focus. Drown out the other sounds...” I told, and then she got shot in the head. “Oh- well- I tried- enough being weird.” I giggled, before grabbing Angelica by her dead spine and then using her a meat shield as I used the pistol to kill the advancing countryballs. One down, no more Egypt. Another down, no more Indonesia. A third was from Laos, and now they are dead in the bottom sphere of their body. But a fourth, a Venezuelan- now dead with my speed.

I then kept her body in one hand as I went to pick up the flame thrower, put on the backpack correctly, and look about to see from the west Geurnf move up her sentries, the countryballs dead on the road, Wilma helping Ryutyu to advance, and now I- ready to burn these creatures.

I rushed up the stairs now, seeing many countryballs try to shoot me, but I held up Angelica’s corspe, and used the flamethrower to burn the entrance, making many countryballs back off. I then backed away, and started running towards Geurnf, dropping Angelica’s corpse, and letting Wilma and Ryutyu snipe the ones who wanted to gain a shot on me.

“Geurnf! I need you to throw your sentries in there!” I told, still smiling at her as she saw the corpse I dropped.

“Yeah- Sure thing- but please, don’t bring those kids into war like this...” Geurnf told, using a pad under the sentry, making it collapse back into a box, and then back it up and being behind me as I came up the stairs again to release fire, and the back away as Geurnf threw it in, and it started to unravel. Millions of bullets started to fire at the sentry, but with its metallic structure of titanium, it survived. It started to blast many countryballs to their spherical bloody death, oozing crimson everywhere, and painting the floors with a speedy enjoyment just for me. I rushed in, and started to blaze the countryballs. The sentry readverted away to shoot another direction, and as countryballs also retreated, I burned their spherical backs, and slowly their nationality fell apart. I hid behind broken arcade machine, and had bullets whiz by my mask, my maid shoe still dripping blood, and before you knew it, Geurnf came further in and threw in another sentry, farther in, and it opened up to the Brazilians protecting the Humanitor. They shot at it- but before much could be said- their guns ran out of ammo. My flamethrower though- it was still in check. As the sentry busted many trying to achieve survival by cowardice, I ran at the Brazilian balls, burning them alive, with only their eyes trying to stop me. They split apart as a plan to escape, but Wilma and Ryutyu came in, and started blasting some that bounced at me. Around me was the red juice from green balls. Fire ablazed everywhere, and destruction became my hobby. I could only laugh at the horrors. They were so fluent. The endless screams, the melting of injustice- and of course, the minimal time I had to think about it, when burning them with my shades reflecting my actions perfectly.

Soon, the Humanitor was a blood box. But, it was now open, with only parts of the flesh substaining on top and around. I scrambled them away with my hands, and then went behind the box and turned it off.

Wilma suddenly let her sniper drop to her boots, and thrusted her arms up, and Ryutyu was cured from his one-leg hopping. My foot was no longer bleeding. Geurnf’s machine were in shape- they even duplicated with four more to the right each meter, but then the red glitch burned her hands. Wilma retratced with a slight panic, before realising it was normal now, and taking in deep breaths as the countryballs retreated. Then Wilma, with her black hands, twisted her hand to make a white postcard, and stood back before throwing it like a shard, and it went a foot into the portal, landing in the blood road. Then she closed the portal her way- by twisting her hand.

“I hope Miss Opium will get the message to not attack again.” Wilma calmly and relieved- told Ryutyu, and he nodded with pleasure, before seeing Wilma’s bruised hands and putting his right hand on her left shoulder and smiling at her with a slight worry.

“We really should have just gone in and killed them all.” I told, as Geurnf came up with her hand all fixed, and her face showing gratitude for the hole no longer there.

“Damn- that was one hill-billy-of-a-fight for ya’ll.” Geurnf told with an adrenaline far beyond her normality.

“Sure was, lad.” Ryutyu nodded, and looked at his armor with happiness. “I got this cool armor during thy fight as well!”

“Yes, very cool.” I nodded, seething for more.

“I shall go revive Angelica.” Wilma spoke, before walking out of there.

“Hm... dinner?” I laughed at Geurnf, as behind her Miss Hedheop and Jared came out of hiding.

Geurnf sighed, and smirked. “Sure, mister femboy.”

“Alrighty- let me go see where Ejnare and Kioshi are- as well as Chinua- they have been missing.” I told Ryutyu, and then used darkness arms under my dress to lift me up onto his back, and he started jogging before sprinting and then running and then speeding in and out of homes to find the others.

“Uh... Geurnf- what happened?” Miss Hedheop asked Geurnf.

“A large battle- unluckily- you died in the first seconds of it...” Geurnf let go of her breath afterwards, feeling amazing, before looking back at Teressa’s other black friend examine the sentry spinning around for any countryballs left- currently all of them dead and around.

***Dinner with the kids.***

“I made brownies.” I stated to all my friends.

The kitchen of my home was now extended. Elongated, if you will. The table was also stretched nicely to have chairs for everyone, and two extras, those being on the vertical sides of the table. I sat on the one near the island of mine, where I put the brownies on a white trevalier with black legs, standing an inch high. Down the table was other foods I had prepared, with my green gloves currently attached. There was, after the brownies, white potato, then yellow corn not mashed up, then brown beans, then well-baked steak, all on duplicated holdings by the way, then there was white chicken meats, and finally red jelly. Right before the red jelly, was a stack of napkins.

Gustavo did not sit with us. Wilma was to my right, and Angelica to my left. Then, from left to right, Daniel, George, then the yellow-eyed girl, her sister, then Kioshi and Ejnare, then Oyur and the clown girl, then Ryutyu and Shellia- who had no plate, just her accordion, playing a song as we ate.

“Cool.” Daniel spoke, looking to eat whatever his eyes glazed upon.

“Just realized Angelica and that girl look the same.” Oyur said, mention Shellia as ‘that girl.’

“Her name is Shellia.” Wilma stated to Oyur as she sat back and looked up to the light.

“Shellia... and she gets her food by...?” Oyur then asked, intrigued.

“Photosynthesis.” I told Oyur.

“So it just comes through her skin?” The yellow eyed girl interrupted before Oyur.

“Yes. And she gains more energy when she has no clothes on.” I told them with the extra comment, as I took a brownie after using a butter knife to cut them all equally as best as I could.

“Um- what?” George asked with his rainbow eyes.

“So she’s naked most of her food times?” Ejnare asked, gathering a lot of attention under the pale light of the dinner table.

“Only if she wants.” I answered, and Shellia could only stare away, havign already stopped her music.

“Question- where were you guys during the siege?” Daniel asked Ejnare and the others, which included Kioshi and Chinua.

“What siege?” Chinua asked Daniel as Ejnare passed the chicken to his left.

“The countryball siege?” Oyur stated to Chinua.

“I was asleep.” Chinua stated like nobody would care.

“WHAT? Dumb ass over was asleep the entire fucking time we could’ve possibly lost our lives- how in hell- and where in hell did you sleep?” Oyur madly stated at Chinua, and she shot her angry looks back.

“I went as far away from weirdos like you- all the way to the street’s ending building right before the moutains start. The house had a basement and I slept in there, because it was tiring to be awake since three A.M.-” - Chinua.

“That is true- we were woking up at 3 A.M. to get on a plane and over here- and the plane was smelly and not first class at all.” The yellow-eyed girl nodded for her sister.

“Yeah- and afterwards, I did have questions about all the dead balls outside- so- sorry for not realizing what you meant by siege. I just realized that I should realize- whatever, fuck it.” Chinua trailed off, before sticking food in her mouth like the rest of us.

“Lol! Imagine being-” Khenbish stated before Oyur interrupted.

“SHUT THE FUCK, KHENBISH! YOU NEVER TOLD A GOOD JOKE IN YOUR LIFE. NOBODY FUCKING WANTS TO BE NEAR YOUR UN-FUNNY, UN-PAID, CANCER-LOOKING, MALDING-BALDING, COPING-SEETHING, MONGOLIAN-WORM-LOOKING, KIOSHI-DRESS-MIMICING- GODDAMN EXCUSE OF A CLOWN, DEAD ASS!” Oyur stated so loudly and cut off so perfectly, that Daniel, Chinua, George, the yellow-eyed girl, Ryutyu, and Wilma burst out into laughter.

“Bruh...” I chuckled under my breath, still not eating my food, because my mouth would be shown if I did.

“Oyur- chill.” Ejnare stated to Oyur in his pointy attitude, and Angelica took a silent notice of Ejnare’s participation.

“I- (Oyur breaks out in laughter himself,) yes... hahahaha... I... oh damn, that felt good... but you still ARE BAD! Dead asssssssss!” He then altered back at Khenbish.

“She only told like... aha-hehe- only... hahaha- three jokes!” Daniel tried to speak as everybody else went pink or red from his outburst.

“Sorry, Khenbish- he's just so... vibrant...” George laughed to Khenbish.

“Oh, I see... how it is! How it is!” She scrambled, before scooting her chair back, not even taking any food onto her plate, and leaving through my front door, slamming it shut and leaving the cold dark air to swarm in for a second.

“Dead ass...” Oyur then laughed off, “That should be her name. I’m-a call her that from now on...”

“Eighty-Three,” Angelica shot over to me as she saw Wilma and Me not eating, “Wilma, are you going to eat?” And after she said that, everybody looked to us.

“I fill up my belly whenever I want or need to.” Wilma spoke, and I just stared.

“Same. We use our particles to run our bodies entirely-supernaturally, so needing food is of no use.” I told, and everybody was intrigued.

“Do you wear the mask and shades everywhere?” Chinua asked me.

“I can. But my face is only for Wilma and Ryutyu to see.” - Me.

“Wha’ about Cyclop?” Ryutyu instantly asked.

“Him too, but he is mostly gone now.” I nodded in a whisper at Ryutyu.

“Why?” Ejnare pitched in as I whispered to Ryutyu.

“Because he dislikes showing his real spirit to all of you. He feels joyous to have control over people he disingenuously knows.” Wilma spoke before awkwardly laughing. “We have been incesitized to social conducts.” She then frowned at Angelica.

“Yeah, obviously- the CIA gave him reports on all of us.” Oyur told, after drinking his glass.

“That is true.” George nodded, and so did Kioshi.

“Ooh- yeah- question- can we have presentations? I think it would be good to get to know each other- and also be fun to design a ControlPoint or something about ourselves, and explain it on the stage at the library- or one here if you can... generate it?” Daniel asked, looking at Wilma.

“Sure.” She nodded and looked at me.

“Yes, it would be nice.” - Me as Ryutyu used etiquette to eat.

“Can ya’ll pass the steak?” Ryutyu asked over to Ejnare, and so he did.

“Eighty-Three- I would also like to ask- what are you doing with us? What is your mission? Is our situation really only for a friend, or is there more you might add to it?” Angelica asked softly towards me.

“It is for a friend, and also because I am bored, also because I feel like you guys have had much worse lives beforehand-” - Me.

“True. Greenland is boring.” Ejnare said, and Oyur giggled.

“At least you’re in a country that’s rich- I'm from Bangladesh- and if you know anything about the Indian subcontient- that shit is so poor and divided it’s on another dimension.” Oyur stated for himself.

“Guys- save it for the presentations.” The yellow-eyed girl giggled.

“Yes- Bangladesh is overpopulated, henceforth the government spending is bounced up and people cannot advance in a Hindu system and-” - me, whispering to Angelica.

“Hey Oyur- what religion are you in?” The yellow-eyed girl just asked.

“Didn’t you just say to save it for the presentations?” Oyur asked.

“Oh yeah.” - Her.

“When are we having these presentations?” Chinua asked.

“Tomorrow night. As for tomorrow day, Wilma can help you all do such.” I smiled at them all.

“Do we have to attend?” Kioshi asked and everybody listened to his soft voice.

“You really should.” I stated to him as he started to eat more.

“And where?” Oyur asked as people felt intimidated.

“Daniel’s house.” I laughed and nobody else did. “What?”

“Where are our homes? You haven’t assigned us any.” Chinua stated to me.

“Hm. I could do that after dinner.” I nodded as Ejnare ate some food.

“Can I have a fifteen-story, triple-ultra-XD-light-pro-3D-golden-diamond-magnetite-super-pro cubical, 14,000-feet high, Chinese-Italian, planet-revolving-aquatic-underground mansion?” Daniel asked funnily.

“Nice one...” Oyur laughed with Daniel as Kioshi ate his food.

“Wait! I imagine Wilma actually knows how to make it.” The yellow-eyed girl continued to giggle at Oyur’s joke.

“Nah bruv- but really?” Daniel giggled with her.

“It sadly cannot be ‘light’ though.” She said with a little laugh of her own.

“But the rest if just fine...” Oyur left off as Angelica ate her food.

“Auh... anyways- this is very nice food, Eighty-Three.” Daniel told as he ate more. “You should start a food market and sell it to people- wait- why are the other kids not here? Like- that one girl named Teressa- and that green-furred girl?”

“Geurnf is the green-furred girl. She’s mature and was here before the others. Miss Hedheop has the other kids, because the Red Glitch has made me unable to view them. I literally cannot see them or hear them- so if I walk into them, tell them that I cannot visualize, but they can see me.” - Me.

“Huh?” - Yellow-eyed girl.

“Why did the Red Glitch prohibit you that way?” Angelica asked as every peered in.

“Eighty-Three? Are you not telling me something?” Wilma asked me and I turned to her. Ryutyu also had his eyes in view of me.

I decided to lean towards Wilma and whisper into her fox ear.

“He is mad at the Plague Doctor show we made.” I stated, and everybody was aware it was only for our ears.

“Why now?” She furthered asked.

“He stated that he wanted us to realize our wrongings. We did not- and he even referenced the time you destroyed Heru’s entire crew before he made his storm- so it is just one of those times again.” I told, and she looked distorted in worry. But then I said in a raised voice, “I am on a time limit for it though. By chance, he said only a week.”

“Perchance.” Daniel said randomly.

“Bro- have you seen that video about the kid saying ‘perchance’ all the time in his essay?” Oyur laughed at Daniel.

“I couldn’t see- I was blind my entire life!” Daniel exploded funnily to him, trying to imitate, and with his raised voice, Ryutyu laughed.

“Oh- yeah- I'm a dumb-ass now.” Oyur laughed down.

“I'm gonna’ put this in the presentation because of you guys- my mother used to call us ‘dumb-ass' all the time, and it really was-” Chinua started to say sadly yet with frustration.

“Alright, off-brand furry girl.” - Daniel stated almost like a drunk.

“Wa- (Oyur laughs incredibly,) That’s- that’s too good! God damn, Daniel- you know what? I’m gonna’ use that- that what we gotta’ call her- (He looks to Chinua,) that's your name. No cap.” - Oyur.

“You lads are the clown mates from what I see.” Ryutyu spoke with an Australian accent, his tail wagging a bit faster as it was through the chair’s hole in the back.

“Sure- but- Ryutyu- my giga-chad-looking-bro- why does your accent change like every second. Earlier you were British- then modern English- now Australian-” - Oyur.

“He’s hitting all the points for the British Empire.” George smiled.

“Ryutyu- Ryutyu- do a Bangladeshian accent- that was in the British Empire.” Oyur asked of Ryutyu.

“I’ve never done different like that.” Ryutyu spoke in his British ways.

“Me my- he has done this our entire friendship, you know.” I told George.

“I’m sorry, mate! I can’t control such a thing, chaps!” Ryutyu said, going from Australian to British quite quickly.

“Ryutyu- you have to be trolling.” George told greatly.

“Bro is for real?” Daniel laughed with Oyur.

“He really cannot change his accent on his own.” Wilma told Angelica, turning to her as she ate her food with great politeness.

As the boys went on, Angelica just had to ask.

“Eighty-Three- can we talk about earlier when you wanted me to shoot the countryballs?” The Vatican asked me nicely.

“It was a test- for I am quite sure that since the countryballs are coming back, the rest of Heru’s allies are coming back. They want me dead and in the hands of Heru- which does not want that because he is,(The kids start to stop and listen,) sadistic and they believe in a game where they will earn money if that mission is completed- which is impossible because only one game can run at a time, but they are lied to. Money is very strong in the purposes of most of our enemies, or a want for blood- and they can justify it by saying they could just reset the universe and me and then just let it go as history. Although correct in physical gain, not good in moral absolutes. So- it is sadly my overwhelming mind that creates the expression for a need in assistance from you kids. Not necessarily gun-on-gun action could be, (I start speaking like I am in a speech, as they all listen,) all for our future battles, but also possibly puzzle-solving and task-managing- because with the less amount of games to quickly try to make me die recently, I feel like now the Computer is thinking of more complex games, or generating ones with a more game-like feel than a physical-challenge, as I have been rumbled with in the past with my core friends here. So, yes, that is one of the reasons I will be keeping you all- for business with my enemies- and yes, I will justify it with the same justification they chose. So- you will be in situations hard and painful, but in reward you shall have whatever you wish back here. Does anybody have any questions or concerns? Becuase that speech came out way too smoothly.” I smiled in my speech at the end.

“That sounds exciting and horriful at the same time.” - Chinua exalted with the best of her breath, after the silence emitted such a weird taste to the ears of them all.

“Whatever we want though- that's a good deal if it’s not corrupted.” - George whispered to Daniel and Daniel could only nod whilst looking towards Ryutyu.

“Mainly I equisitely already have what I need- me friends. The rest of me mind is either filled with me shedule or me worries about what will happen next.” Ryutyu spoke as he sat plainly in his chair.

“Man a different British now.” Daniel told, and that allowed for George and Oyur to lighten up with a nodding giggle.

“Are there beings that can disguise as us?” Kioshi asked from across the table, looking concerned on that question.

“Yes- but sometimes the Red Glitch will stop them. If I can- after dinner, before I assign you to your homes and before I go looking for Khenbish- I should get that machine which can tell me what universe you are from. That can help when it comes to mutliversal beings who may block me from using the darkness inside their bodies.” I told, explaining enough for more to come.

“Darkness? Inside others? Is there darkness in us? Like- darkness as in no light, or is something other?” Ejnare asked, majorly confused.

“Darkness as in no light. Inside you all, because your skin and bones block light to organs, and the inside of organs also being dark inside themselves, that allows me to use it- as I have the ability to pull particles with others similar to electrons. I could pull all of your livers out at the same time- but I would rather not. I cannot do so under a Humanitor though, which is a worry for we do not have the powers of knowledge or physical strength unless we give it to ourselves beforehand- or have help from kind people like you all... I also can use darkness from colored light- because black is the absence of light, and the more dark a color is, the more I can use it- technically speaking that is a better way to describe my power.” I told them all, and Ryutyu was quite overwhelmed with the thought inside his mind.

“Wowzers.” - George.

“Really?” Oyur concerned and asked like a child.

“That’s... creepy.” Chinua stated with a sadness creeping up.

“Where’d you get this ‘power of darkness?’ It sounds edgy.” Ejnare stated, and Oyur smiled at him.

“A box of my past- and I have of lore I shall tell you all overtime. Anyways- we should continue eating now.” I told, rolling my eyes and making Ryutyu smirk.

“Uh- real quick- are there limits to what we can ask of you?” George asked Wilma specifically, seeing her fox ears and her nine tails lift up.

“Mostly it limits the wants to kill me and Wilma and Ryutyu.” - Me.

“Of course.” - George smiled back, before looking to the creeped out gang behind.

“Anything else?” - Me.

“Concern- you’re a femboy.” - Daniel.

“Yes- but because of symbolism.” I said after Oyur and him giggled.

“Hm...” - Chinua.

“Definitely...” - Ejnare.

“Okay, buddy...” Oyur stated, and they all nodded back to their food like it was mandatory. So we all ate a little more, for a few minutes, in some whispers and a few jokes from Daniel, him acting like a comedian now, before eventually it ended with Kioshi leaving first to put his dish in the sink. Angelica followed, then Ejnare, then Daniel, then the Mongolian girls, then Oyur, then why the fuck am I listing it- eventually everyone sat on one of the three couches and fucking watched Spoogeburb on Nackelodeaon, being silent or giggling at their own jokes from the show. Finally, George got up.

“Alrighty- dinner is done- I will got get the machine.” I told Ryutyu, and then rushed out of there, got the machine, and fact-checked them whilst also showing them how the machine worked and told them how the universe worked.

Afterwards, me and Wilma walked out with the kids behind us, and went forth to the neighborhouse on the other side of the different street Geurnf was on. To Geurnf’s back-neighbor, technically his left, was a new house with one story, but very wide and large, taking up most of the front yard and having the backyard filled with a pool out back, as well as no grass as sun tiles were texturing all over.

The kids and I and Wilma and Ryutyu went through the house, checking out the furniture and such, before the idea for searching for Khenbish came back out of George’s mouth, and so I left, with Ejnare later getting that house. Then Wilma traveled away towards the other side and found Chinua’s home, and let her stay in it.

Then she went to neighboring homes on a horizontal street from our left view of our front door, and gave the rest of the kids homes in there. Except, Kioshi, which later had his house way down the line and to the right, eventually to a circle of a road where his house was two stories and wooden. To his right, was a house like a box, which in the window frames, had some of the countryballs alive and moving, in showcase, on white marble stands in white boxes.

As every kid got settled in and looked over their furniture and little gimmics in their drawers of many rooms, Wilma came over to me, finding Khenbish had broken into a home, and I was taking the well-done fruit from a black bowl. The fruit bowl was in front of the window- so I guess her weirdness got to her- and it was just down to a new circle of a road from Ejnare, so leaving her there would also be easier.

Wilma took notice, and created a board, mapping out the homes and putting colored lights above the names she wrote in pencil- George was orange, Daniel was yellow, Ejnare was grey, the yellow-eyed girl was light blue, Chinua was red, Kioshi was black, Oyur was green, Angelica was white, and Khenbish was purple. She also added Geurnf, which was a dark green, and the lobby, being a damp blue. She then flew away and placed it on the yard of our lobby home- my home, just sitting there with its white background and wooden exterior, also being on wheels and easy to knock-over.

But as I continued back to the home of my own, I remembered the time I had run down here, away from the orange-eyed cat freak robot, and trembled with every step to get away.

“Now look at where you are. Florida. You are powerful- like Donald Trump- and you can find them each one by one. Take them out- you did not take out the garbage yet. Destroy their essence. People will fall because you will make sure they become a symbol of gore- you will show them how to be ill, show them what they deserve from their own history.” My mind told as I simply just walked back, enjoying the cold, refreshing sky under just three stars and the moon, lit and happy to give slight winds and chill breezes to the skin hairs on all my body parts. The coldness was my favorite, as it swept through my body with ease and allowed for no physical distractions. I enjoyed it at the low rates it was, it being not as bad as a cold front to others. It was peaceful and flowing to a new era, wanting to get through and give joy to any who seeked nice coldness under the dark blue mystical sky.

Enough about the coldness. There was a Canadian Ball with his stereotypical hat hopping over to my front door from the path, before seeing me and having intimidation cross his face with alarming rates. Somewhat floating to his right was a paper, perhaps one I had to sign. He looked to me with a tired grievance, yet a fear that striked deep in his colors. His soul had dropped when he noticed me standing there, simply under the moon light, darkness trembling around him, fishy and rambling to shoot out at him and devour him in their utter nothingness of light. He then started to bounce over to me, and watched as I continued to smile.

“Hello- Eighty-Three- right?” He asked in his stereotypical accent, looking to me with sorrow but rather a more in depth fear of confusion.

“Yes. And are you the same Canadian ball that almost let me free of Miss Opium, but then gave me over because of modern betrayal tactics?” I catechized the countryball.

“I... uh... yes. I remember leaving you to the... owner of the countryballs... to die... I do dislike my past actions and I hope we can make up. I got dewarded afterwards anyways- becuase... nobody likes betrayal.” The Canada ball tried to build up to speak to me as he saw my tail go back and forth.

“Ironic.” I laughed at the Canadian ball.

“Yes... but, uh- this paper if for you. The United Nations formerly called a war on your tribe, a war for justice and peace and... money. We would like you to sign the white peace, or give your regards and see if we can make them into our system- because the countryballs would like to step out of your situation... in this way.” The Canadian ball spoke to me, his eyes sad yet with no tears.

“And what if I do not sign it?” I asked after three seconds of reading the paper.

“Uh- um- what? Well... you’d still be at war, and the countryballs would remember it and maybe come back- but there’s also the chance it’d be like the Japanese-Russian war of World War Two, and people would just forget over time- still, we offer a white peace- or we can make condolences if you have anything you need from us after we... did you so wrong in the past...” - Canadian ball.

“Are you going to ask for the bodies?” I asked, remembering Wilma had swept those up.

“We would appreciate if you gave them back, somehow alive again. They only did their job- and should be remembered for it at least.” Canada ball said in a weird way.

“By numbers or something?” - Me.

“Yes- we have a numbering system for each countryball.” - Canada.

“Hm...” I still smiled, looking at the paper, which stated:

*To the man in a green dress, and his accomplices, informally, the British Ball of the United Nations faction, representing peace in the new world order;*

*I would like to offer a white peace, or a peace where we give back to thou, regarding mass destructive techonology and favors, or we change our ways, in a minimal standard, in order to accompany the pain we have given to thou. I shall say this with the deepest state of mind, that we have done our part with making you suffer casualities over time due to our terroristic squads. We are tired, and we come to the realization that we are morally inept because we have betrayed our moral etiquette in definition for money instead of life’s value. Our great leader, Miss Opium, has also approved this letter in, as she sits next to me, saying that she will no longer use the justification for ‘simply bringing you back afterwards,’ as this situation has brought the simplistic ignorance and greed back from history, and now we all must thrive for integrity. I hope you understand and forgive, for we shall not ally or trade or remark against you in any way, nor shall we do it with Heru or Heru’s friends slash co-workers, of any deeming sort...*

*Sincerely, the 82nd United Kingdom Ball.*

“You know this is writen without much of a substance to provide clarity and safeness if I was still scared to death by you guys. This is easily refutable in the way that you simply lied about everything here, and are just tired for now- or that if I signed it, it would have no effect because the United Nations does nothing and possibly has no power to push laws, like the central government of America did in its first days. How do I know your type will not just come back way later?” - Me.

“Uh... sorry- we wrote this just now, in the most understandable way we could put it to you, as formerly as we thought you could understand it- I mean, I was also there... and... uh... you’re right. Sorry. Sorry for everything. If you wish not to sign it, I guess give it back and I shall let them know.” the Canadian ball stated.

I took a step forwards to him before squatting in front of her face, his suprise bouncing up on the meter of his own conscience. “What stops me from killing you, right now?”

“Hm- what? Uh- no please? I’m sorry about the past, really, really sorry. I’m now just the messanger, and I still don’t like what others are doing, so please, let there be peace at least amongst us.” Canada said, building up a confidence to talk to me somewhat.

I just stared at him.

“Everything you say... at least sounds like a half-truth.” - Me as I turned the paper around to see a blank back.

“It is my word... that... uh... hey... uh... I...” He started to stutter, confused and terrified that I had no instant movement against him. “I... it’s true. The letter is true, it’s real, Miss Opium was there- and I’m sorry I... I’m sorry I can’t make it sound that way. I’m very nervous, okay? This is one of the biggest things I’m doing, for all of my fellow Canadians. I... I just want to go home now. I’m sorry.” He stated, looking around, and moving slightly back.

“Am I intimidating to you?” I asked, standing up full in front of him.

He looked up slowly. “Yes.” He trembled.

“Alrighty then! Have your signature. And go home. Never come back.” I told, writing my signature on the paper, and tossing it down to him, still standing in front. He caught it with his airforce powers, before looking back and then bouncing away.

“Thank you, and sorry.” He stated sadly finally.

As he went off into the darkness heading up to the purple lighting of Wilma’s great fun palace, I made my arm into a darkness spike and shot it out him, having the spike implant beyond into him and into the ground, making his hat fall off and the paper drop as the blood leaked down like a drain.

“Canadians when you say ‘sorry, not sorry.’” My mind laughed, and I could only giggle as I came up to the dead ball, and wrapped my black right arm around it, before dragging him down into the basement of mine, the surgical room, by removing the terrain up in walls around and going down on my own artificial dirt stairs.

Before long, it all settled back into place, and the darkness was my collection.

Later, under the night sky, Ryutyu sat with Gustavo and watched a livestream from the purple-eyed autismo. He was sitting in a black chair on the bedroom floor of the high-story white rectangle, staring at the camera, yet doting his visible eye around the screen, as if he was still setting it up.

“Oh my god- he's actually doing it!” Ryutyu almost laughed and smiled deeply as Gustavo watched the kid set up Fortnight. “FORTTTTNIGHHHHHTTT!”

“Sheesh.” Gustavo deeply stated with his Nigerian accent.

The purple-eyed kid, Jared, got onto Fortnight with his horrible-ass audio, ready for him to speak at 238743-decibal-high volumes. The slightest friction of his breath huffed on the microphone, and he did not have a high-tech one- just the one in the laptop. He looked into the camera before speaking as Fortnight loaded its menu with an average yellow-hair, blocky person with his arms behind his back, and a electric-swing-like song.

“HELLO EVERYBODY, MY NAME IS CD-JARED BACK AGAIN WITH ANOTHER BANGER.” The kid simply almost whispered into his microphone, and it blasted it at Ryutyu and Gustavo.

Ryutyu burst out into laughter as Gustavo only smiled with his teeth more.

“I find this funny, but it’s not my humor.” Gustavo spoke, looking to Ryutyu.

“Oh- bruh... but honestly lad, Wilma purposefully spawning in thy mic with thy bad of quality is thy funniest shit I’ve ever seen, me lad...” Ryutyu stated largely for Gustavo.

“Alrighty...” Gustavo nodded, before hearing the rumbling terrain, and he came over to the surgical room, and Ryutyu looked forth. But, as Gustavo opened the door with his paw, I stood there in front of him, silent, and just came forth to see Ryutyu exalted in suprise.

“Oh- Eighty-Three- you gotta’ see thy Jared.” He told, pointing to the funny man on the drop bus of the beginning match.

“THE MUSIC IN THE BUS SLAPS HARDER THAN MY DAD.” Jared laughed as he read the chat. “SHUT UP, TERESSA.”

“Bro what is his mic?” - Me, and Gustavo backed up with a wide smile still.

“Wilma created thy mic with a funny volume on purpose.” - Ryutyu, wagging his tail as we went to sit down and allow me to sit to the screen.

“Damn though- Jared really streaming though.” I giggled, watching as the chat filled up with random named users, possibly Teressa and Wilma and Miss Hedheop.

“He announced it as a bet whilst playing poker with me, Wilma, and Teressa, and he lost thy bet. Now he playing Fortnight.” Ryutyu excitedly tried to keep in, trying not to bust out a loud laughter.

“Bro is really landing in Lobster Lake- he is going to die.” - Me.

Ryutyu giggled a little more as Gustavo watched and I rubbed my cat’s head nicely.

Soon, Jared came across another player, and boy did he aim shit. Missing all his shots, he surprise attack from the top of a roof failed when the player crouched and then aimed at his head and shot a full one-hundred-and-ninety-nine-health points off him, and getting shield was most of the match already. Then the player shot again, and Jared, in the mist of his screaming, gained to be louder, and flipped over his keyboard as he stood up and fell back out of his chair, the microphone unable to process such a screech, that the audio fell to nothingness but came back in at minimal miniseconds with a loud high-pitched bit blast. Soon, he was off camera, and his lobby music came back.

“I HAD THE HIGHER GROUND!” Jared yelled, and it was so loud Ryutyu could not NOT laugh. “I HAD THE HEALTH! I HATE PUMPERS! AUUUUUGHHH!”

“Man is the new tyler-two.” I told Ryutyu, and he could not stop under the lights of his own room to hold in his laugh from such a loud combust.

Outside, most was silent or slowing down- until George happened. Firstly, Ejnare was asleep on his couch, having the television lit on with a horror show in the forest. Kioshi was home, reading books. Angelica, read her bible, and examined around her home as she did. Chinua was far away, outside, sitting on the grass and staring at the shield by her yard. She looked into the mountains, trying to count the possible pebbles that could fall if she punched it with her anger. Khenbish was trying to sleep, but rolling around her bed with frustration beyond human comphrehension. Daniel was with Wilma, wonderous and happy, letting his dog ponder around, as Wilma was making his house into a fall-themed, orange-carpet-like, rainbow-window-lined home of bright colors and lively rooms. The yellow-eyed girl was walking towards her sister from all the way down the street. Oyur was eating a cherry pie whilst checking the internet with satisfaction. Geurnf- just to say- was already sleeping with her muscles currently aching from the weights she had placed right next to her bed after she did work. And I was still with Ryutyu and Gustavo watching the game. Also, Shellia was in my bed, sleeping too.

Soon the moon moved a pinch, and by then Daniel finished up. Wilma walked out of his home and took off from his yard, as Daniel looked around the many lava lamps that colored his home, before going to his blue bed and sleeping down with a mind racing for more. He was still in his clothes.

After some time, everybody went to bed or was fully getting-to-sleep. Until- as I foreshadowed- George happened.

Angelica, was reading her bible carefully- until she heard the bass start up. She started peeking outside the window to see a lot around. One of the first things she saw was George. After much time had passed, the moon had flashed, and the stars were still bright with wonder, George erupted from his house. The roof came off slowly, hovering up to the endless starry sky. The house emitted rainbow colors out of the blue darkness, and much focus was put on George, having his saxophone, and echoing the sound to all others.

The nice orchestra sounded up with a harmonic echo, it being the company that the slow saxophone needed to exalt its joy. The echoing and slow nostalgic greatness of the song came up almost suddenly, but plundered into a nice them beyond what George would seem to be more intrigued by. He was happy and his eyebrows showed happiness. His eyes were closed and he let his song play out of his spit and into the smooth and satisfying saxophone, as the lights below gave way to his random hovering tactic.

“Bro- SHUT THE FUCK UP.” Oyur stated as he came out of his house, “We’re trying to go to sleep!”

“Who in Allah’s name?” The yellow-eyed girl stated as she came out of Chinua’s house, and Chinua came after to follow her towards the sound.

Angelica also came out of her home, and looked up to the dazzling, music-written man who was deaf to the words below. He continued playing.

“What is that...?” Miss Hedheop asked as she came out, dreary and tired.

Them five came out in either their same daytime clothes, all the kids, or pajamas, just being Miss Hedheop. She came to a place in back of the crowd as they amassed below and yelled up, trying to give him their own call.

“George! Chill!” - Yellow-eyed girl.

“GEORGE!” CHINUA YELLED. Sorry, caps... Wait- is that cap?

“George- my man!” Oyur yelled again.

“Your music is too loud, George!” Angelica tried saying, but not with a yell or scream, just nice and softly.

“He probably can’t hear ya’ll, nor will see.” Miss Hedheop offered. “We should go get one of the administrators.”

“Administrators?” - Oyur to Miss Hedheop, turning around quickly.

“Like Eighty-Three or Ryutyu- or somebody with powers to get up there like him.” She told, and the rest nodded.

“I’ll go get... Ryutyu.” Oyur thought for a moment as George above smiled.

“What about Wilma?” Chinua asked them as she spoke over the music.

“I don’t know- check her palace- she has a random room in there which locked to me and the others, but only she goes in.” Miss Hedheop told, pointing to the palace, and Chinua plus her sister started away.

“Thank you.” - Chinua to Miss Hedheop with a loud voice.

“No problem.” Miss Hedheop told as she looked back to Angelica. “I’m Miss Hedheop, nice to meet you!” She then said as Angelica looked around, mostly towards Oyur.

“I’m Angelica, nice to meet you too.” Angelica stated happily, shaking hands as above George started to hover away towards Geurnf’s street. “I think he’s laughing, because I can hear the saxophone have a few missed notes sometimes.”

“Oh- do you really think he knows what he is doing?” Miss Hedheop continued.

“Yes, because look- he’s smiling and his face is red.” Angelica pointed to her.

“Oh- he is.” - Miss Hedheop.

“I’m going to see if Eighty-Three is still awake.” Angelica told Miss Hedheop, and she nodded.

“I think we would laugh at this too.” - Miss Hedheop.

“I should also try my best.” Angelica spoke with a nice smile, before leaving after Oyur already entering my home.

“Alright, sleepers.” Oyur stated as Angelica sprinted up behind him.

“Oyur! We should be respectful and quiet.” Angelica spoke in a whisper to Oyur.

“No- it woke me up! I had just gone to sleep!” - Oyur in a loud voice, walking up to my bedroom and pushing the door open. He saw Shellia sleeping, unmoving, and Gustavo sitting there, already staring at Oyur. “Oh- hey... Gustavo...” He darkened, looking around with confusion and a slight fear trying to ambush his angry mood.

“Ryutyu and Eighty-Three are down in the basement.” Gustavo spoke to them.

“Hm... maybe that’s why they haven’t come out yet.” - Angelica to Oyur.

“Maybe that’s where they’re laughing at us from some secret camera and probably packing up their shit now. That music is way too loud for anybody in this neighborhood NOT to hear.” Oyur told, barging into Ryutyu’s basement.

“Oyur! You should knock...” Angelica told, and he spun around.

“I’m too white for that.” He said angrily, before laughing a little. It only made Angelica widen her mouth. She did not enjoy racist jokes.

Below, Ryutyu was asleep, and I was absent. Oyur switched on the light and rushed up to the sleeping furry.

“Ryutyu- wake up.” Oyur demanded from the furry.

“No- just two more hours.” He told wearily.

“George if fucking around- he's blasting music- and I know you can hear it- it's in the walls.” Oyur spoke, hearing the bass and loudness through the underground walls.

“I’m sleeping, lad. Please, just go get Wilma- she can fix that.” Ryutyu mumbled almost, and Angelica put her left hand on Oyur’s shoulder.

“Ryutyu- where is Eighty-Three?” She asked politely as Oyur tried calming himself down, not being pushy.

“I dunno.’ He’s not the kind of guy to be around anywhere at night. I think he’s in the walls with his books, remembering every word or something.” - Ryutyu.

“Man, that joke has become a reality.” Oyur giggled, and Ryutyu crept a smile.

Angelica then left with Oyur outside.

Chinua and the yellow-eyed girl, on the other hand, went up black staircases in the no-music-now stadium of fun events, finding a room in the northeast corner of her fun palace. There, they knocked on the door... again... and again... before Chinua was bashing it. Then the yellow-eyed girl simply just grabbed the knob and pulled it inwards.

“See?” She smiled at her angry sister.

“Hey Wilma- our shedules are getting messed-” Chinua started to say after her sister exalted that word, but stopped when she saw the fully-black room with a single rainbow-liquid-light-bulb overhead, with Wilma in a black office chair, her head down on a black table, her ears flopped over her head, her hair stringed down, her nine tails just sagging in the seat- she had snorted piles of cocaine. On the table was just piles of the particles, white and different from the room. There were glass cylinders around, wide and obnoxiously filled with cocaine, stacked on top of each other- lidless. There was no light switch- just her in the dark room enjoying cocaine in her sleeping mind now.

“Oh... my... god...” The yellow-eyed Allah-worshipper spoke slowly.

“Oh...” - Chinua, wide-eyed. “Uh... let’s leave this one to Angelica...” She disgustingly stated as she slowly closed the door and looked back on her sister, before leaving outwards to the street, where Miss Hedheop awaited.

The sisters came back first, explained what happened, and then Angelica and Oyur came out a few seconds later, and they all could visualize George still playing the saxophone and his flying instruments rotate perplexly in the air, bothering even more souls now.

Ejnare was out in pajamas he found, and Kioshi plus Daniel came out, looking towards the light show with a weird taste.

“Eighty-Three was in the- is GEORGE FUCKING LAUGHING?!” Oyur screamed, and George laughed, pulling his saxophone out of his mouth as his instruments continued to play like a war siren.

“Oh my god- FUCK YOU, GEORGE!” Chinua angered at George from below.

“HEY!” A voice suddenly blasted- and all instruments shut off after an action.

Geurnf opened her window and threw her wrench at the boy, hitting his side, before he turned with shyness to see Geurnf mad at her window and exalt her wory just a millisecond ago.

“Shut up and go to bed you sleep-depriving crude fool of a night sky.” Geurnf told, before slamming her window shut.

“Welp- that’s enough trolling.” George laughed, before making the instruments disappear into white smoke, and then his essence swirl back into his house as his roof fell down and the lights went off- all quickly like a cartoon.

The kids were astounded or angry, and Miss Hedheop just sighed and went back inside, accompanying the outcoming Teressa in her pajamas without socks.

“Damn...” Said Daniel.

“I have a schedule by the way- and I’m sure some may also have a schedule- but for me- where I used to work on my hobbies during the day and go to sleep at the same time and wake up at the same time everyday. One of you needs to tell George that trolls like that are just idiotic and severly can hurt a person mentally.” Chinua told angrily.

“I will tell him.” Angelica said, before anybody else could pitch in. Everybody was silent for a few seconds, before coming out again.

“It was funny to him at least.” Daniel whispered as he got to Oyur’s side, and Oyur smiled at his joke.

“Shut up, Daniel- aren't you tired at this time?” - Chinua.

“No- but- what time is it anyways?” Daniel asked, looking around for a clock.

“It should be around ten-fifty.” Kioshi told.

“Oh- I’m watching too much t-v then.” Daniel spoke.

“Ten-fifty- god damnit...” Ejnare told, walking away, and Angelica looked with worry over to the axolotle-try-hard-want-to-be.

“Eh- watch out, Ejnare- I don’t think Angelica liked that.” Daniel smartly spoke with long words.

He looked back in silence, then to Angelica, before walking off in silence, and everybody got back to Daniel, which said nothing but shrugged and shortened his happy face. “Yeah, sleep time.”

“Alright.” Chinua stated, walking off as the rest of the group dispersed.

“I think it would be funny to prank George tomorrow.” - Yellow-eyed girl.

“Don’t...” - Chinua, “If human psychology is correct, he’ll want to get revenge for our revenge...”

“I think he is smarter than that.” Angelica told as she speed-walked past them.

“Maybe...” - Chinua, with damping tired eyes.

***The Canadian ball is mine now...***

“Please, STOP! I’M SORRY!” The Canadian ball screamed as I poke the fifth needle into his red emblem leaf.

There were needles outlining his red leaf, each being like a splinter, white and translucent with science- I had almost finished the last part on the right, almost connected it to the stem’s below-beginning. There were darkness strings on his back, and he shook with sadness in his eyes and a voice echoing in my chamber. He could only stare forth, as darkness strings connected from the dark ceiling onto his eyes, and that created his vision to only me and the Plague Doctor and the ripped-apart blue backpack.

“I know you are. You told me nine times already.” - I told darkly.

“STOP! AH! STAWP! PLEASE! OH! OUCH! NO! OUCH! AUGH! HAW!” He screamed, his eyes unblinking. “IT ALL BURNS! PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE! I’M SORRY!”

“This only hurts for as long as you are alive.” - Me to the tortured Canadian ball.

“AUGHHHH! THE PAIN! I’M SORRY! FOREVER!” - The Tortured Canadian Ball.

“But you are art in my life. You made me understand betrayal. You were one of the many reasons that I hated my life back then... and now... I hope that I can come to you with the same offerings. Also- I hope your friends try to find you. They should all be dead. I shall- heh- gather them up- and rip them apart in front of you. I shall smear their blood all over this room- all over my dress- and put their crimson liquid in every wine drink I shall serve to myself. You will forever be in this experience, for as long as I have you. I will put this needles in you- and I will take them out, before replacing them in- repeatedly ever night I feel like it... I shall pverall make sure you understand that I am no longer... out of control... and that I am... not sorry.” I laughed and announced to his screeches and screams in his Canadian accent.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” He screamed again, and it was now joyous to my cat ears, lifted up by the decibals.

“Finished!” I stated, having suddenly five more exalt from the left of my fingers, and dart in to finish the almost-holeless placement of all the thorns in his red leaf.

“AUGH! HEUA! AH! AY! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!” The Canada Ball continued to screech as the blood trickled down onto the table and off onto the floor, the red glimmering from the television screen behind, and its reflection caught my attention.

I peered over to the Plague Doctor. He had not escaped, and the beings continued coming, vicious and ready to pursuit him and his cane.

“These rooms may be endless, but you cannot defeat a man’s determined spirit.” The Plague Doctor stated as he continued forth, hitting a Heru on the head and running.

“Look, Canada... a man who still thinks he has a chance... a man who has not been betrayed yet...” I told, looking back to the sad-eyed Canada screaming with pain, but it slowly dying out.

“I SEE! I SEE!” - Him.

“You will watch the Plague Doctor. You will remember that he was a helper in Heru’s squad, remember that he tried killing me and putting me in the hands of somebody who lied to their own crew. Remember that they will all be betrayed in the end... and you possibly one of many that I think to capture and torture... heh... and you are done for tonight. Tomorrow, I shall lie a border with your white stripe- or squish you entirely.” I devilishly told the ball.

“NO PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME GO! I’M SORRY! I’M DONE! I’LL TELL THE OTHERS TO STOP THEIR SORRY WAYS!” Canada tried speaking.

“No. You will stay here. You will suffer, because now... I do not care- well, I do- I like to be sadistic now- but I do not care in a way that you have moral rights, or whatever you balls have that you would put in your own constitution...” I laughed off, before sitting down next to the doc and listening to him cry out the rest of the night.

“PLEASE! AU! PLEASE!” He cried out like a baby, but he knew it was of no use.

***Chinua’s said mission.***

Each kid was tired in the morning, but woke up to their own standards. Khenbish, firstly, woke up in her clothes and ran out to my house first, crashing through the fixed front door and up to Ryutyu eating cereal as I sat next to him, and Shellia across.

Khenbish picked up his bowl and threw it at the trashcan.

“Fuck you!” She stated with a rollercoaster of emotions as Shellia pounced her accordion rapidly.

Ryutyu stood up to Khenbish and looked down at her seething, drooling angry mouth which she had stated such un-kind words from.

“Why are thou messing with me?” He asked, his muscles ready to punch her.

“You don’t scare me, muscle man.” She shut off at him as the darkness arms from under my skirt went onto the floor and soaked the milk up.

“Uh- can you whipper-snapper please answer me on why you’re mistreating me, miss young lady?” He said in a frustrated British accent, that made me giggle and him smile back with eyes to me.

“You make me sick.” - Khenbish.

“Khenbish- Khenbish!” I joked and had to personally ask her. “Do you still hate furries?”

“I always will! Will!” - Khebish with her shaking fingers towards me, and then she pondered her looks to Ryutyu’s ears.

“But why?” Ryutyu asked firmly, still confused.

“I won’t explain! Explain!” She dramatically saddened and started to have a mental breakdown as she put her hands over her face, before running out.

“Sheesh...” I said as she ran away.

“Woo... holding up my chest is depleting me lung-work, lad.” Ryutyu in his British accent with his swaying blue-fur tail. “But yeh- is she more insane than you now?”

“There is no meter for insanity. When you snap, you are supposed to be gone in moral aspects of certain proportions. She is mentally deranged, but is too intimidated by us in order to give good reasons on why she acts that way- which is something to take note of, as most insane people should not be scared of anything in particularly new. Hopefully, when I announce the introduction project they all should do today, maybe Khenbish might sit down and tell us her story- because the reports do not have much on her.” I told Ryutyu, getting closer into his face as we sat back down.

“Oh... okay...” Ryutyu nodded, before looking back to see no cereal on the floor.

“Would you like a new bowl?” I asked him as his tail fluffed in my face and then he pounced it away with an embarressment.

“Oh- sorry... no thank you, mate... but, what are we doing today? Besides making a school project for them to do?” Ryutyu asked smartly with a smirk.

“Well, they will have the choice to do it, but- actually- you could use your speed to take us all to the beach. I, and possibly them, would enjoy a little time by the coastline, because firstly Mongolia is landlocked, Bangladesh has polluted beaches, the Vatican State is in Italy’s capital, Rome, a worker’s zone because it is the capital, Greenland has cold beaches, Colombia has internal affairs to worry you all the time, is what I would think, and Switzerland is also landlocked. Peru though- I do not know.” - Me.

“What is bro talking about?” Ryutyu stated funnily with astonishment.

“Oh- sorry, I just like to drop exposition like Cyclop now- you know I remember everything, including smells and voices and visions-” - Me, giggling behind the words.

“Yes, I see.” Ryutyu laughed with me.

“Well, anyways- I am sure the kids would show you during the presentation. But before they have the choice to do it, we should ask Wilma for a beach portal and clothes and equipment- it would be a great little vacation to spend time getting to know everybody, and the ocean always looks amazing...” Me, taking off my glasses for him to look into my eyes.

“I could bring my karate equipment and practice with you.” He said happily.

“Sure, and Wilma could give the kids some of the same armor so they could get to have a dose of the thrill that could attack at any time- and luckily, has not.” I told, thinking hard about what possibly could come back.

“Aye. I’ll go tell her.” Ryutyu spoke, and rushed out.

As I got up from the table, I went to my cat Gustavo, and Shellia, still sleeping. Gustavo laid on my desk next to my laptop, his fur licked and his eyes shut as he was curled up.

“Hey Gustavo- do you want to see some art?” I asked of my purple cat.

“Hm- yes?” He smiled, awakening without his eyes, before the second word brought up his head.

I showed him to the Canada Ball that had once tortured me.

“Oh... please... no...” - Canada Ball with ‘artwork’ in his ‘new leaf design.’

“Damn, he looks amazing...” Gustavo smiled as he crept forth, seeing the blood had swivered off onto the floor and dried.

“Don’t eat me...” The Canadian ball stated with such cowardice as the strings still held him, and I closed the doors.

“I won’t- but your red color gives those vibes...” Gustavo stated devilishly to the Canadian ball begging for his life still.

“Today I was going to line up his sides with needles as well, but I would like to have an idea from you maybe.” I said to my purple cat inspecting the torture.

“How squishable is he?” Gustavo asked, looking back to me in the darkness.

“Wait! That is it! He should be a toy! For you!” I said excitedly, and the Canada Ball still did not blink.

“Oh- I was talking about actually squishing him to death and seeing if he pops like a balloon.” Gustavo said as I came up, grasped all the needles, making the Canada Ball nudge with awful pain, before pulling them out carelessly, and letting the tear of his skin rip through the air, as he cried out in such elongated pain.

“That sounds mesmerizing as well, but putting him in a constant hell is a much better format for his pre-demise.” I called for, and Gustavo could only smile.

“Yeah, that’s already making me wonder...” - Gustavo.

“HELP! PLEASE! SOMEONE!” - Canadian Ball.

“Would you stop? We are right here, you know- no need to be rude.” I asked politely to the dying ball.

“Bruh.” Gustavo giggled as he looked to the Plague Doc.

“Has this doctor been through enough pain with these backrooms?” Gustavo asked me, looking forth.

“No- he has not reached the end- the best part. It is all being recorded onto this laptop, and when he will- he will find out it was all a lie... unless the Red Glitch sets him free.” - Me to my purple cat in my dungeon of terror for people who deserved it.

“Woah, buddy- try not to cause it by saying it.” - Gustavo giggled back.

“Hm... sure...” I nodded as the Canadian Ball was huffing out his remaining normal breaths for life. “But, I also should let you know that we are all going to the beach- so would you like to come?”

“Sure.” Gustavo nodded.

Later, Wilma was out with everybody on the three-way intersection, with a book on her lap as she sat in a blue beach chair, with a dark green-and-yellow-striped surf board standing up tall with no base or physics working normally on it.

“Welcome everyone-” Wilma stated nicely and with an open mind before being cut off at the cut off of her sentence.

“Yes.” Ejnare spoke so quickly, from behind the crow.d.

“Goddamn bro- she didn’t finish her greeting.” Oyur stated funnily to the depressed axolotle kid as Ryutyu stood next to the surf board of Wilma, using his right foot to tap up and down like a cartoon in his now glowing-blue armor.

“I would like to go to the beach- as long as it is not as cold as the ones in Greenland.” - Ejnare as he looked towards Oyur.

“Wait- what’s happening?” Daniel asked in his washed clothes.

“Would you all like to go to the beach?” Wilma asked them happily, twisting her hand, and opening a portal. She also was recognizing Ejnare with her tone, and they were all weirded out by the dimension-crossing physics as it came from mere nothingness to their eyes.

“Um... how?” Oyur asked Daniel as they looked wonderous at the portal, his eyes holding onto the portal in a red-outline to the amazing beach, not Wilma’s new blue lined-gap shades, seeing to her blue eyes.

“Woah...” Chinua whispered to her sister as they dazed upon the portal and the silence yet mystical blue waves altering their sense to see joy instead of a new day with confusion.

“Wait- can I copy that?” George stated, or asked- but techincally he stated. George then simplified towards spinning his hand with open eyes and attention coming to span towards him testing out new powers. But before he knew it, he had made a portal under Daniel, which was in front of him, looking back, and now he fell into the portal and onto the sand sideways, becuase he came out sideways.

Wilma and Kioshi looked to the portal to see George’s portal. It was just a little nanosecond of a millimeter in front of the other portal, but the lining was still visible.

“Woah- hey!” Daniel said, laughing a little as he got up to look back. “That’s... woo- I need to wake up...”

“It’s safe guys.” George told, before hopping into his own and literally kicking Daniel away. “Oh- SORRY Daniel!” He quickly apologized before laughing.

Wilma then got up, let her chair and surf board seep into sand, before stepping through the portal and towards them without falling through, because her portal was safely angled.

Angelica stepped forth and into the portal without a word as well, and then the other followed. Almost each crept up without touching the lining of the space vertex, before Oyur just purposefully stood up to it, looked down, and purposefully tripped over, but caught himself, with his tree branch syndrome growing forth.

“Wow... nice to know it’s safe...” Oyur spoke nicely as Ryutyu wagged his tail in his armor Wilma had made into blue.

“Woah... this is almost like my dreams...” Yellow-eyes girl. Everybody else was so mystically happy to see that their confusion and testing answered through to an amazing sight, to a memory nobody could forget- to such colorful waters, a vacant beach, and a forest of windy luxury and endless adventure behind. The sun was bright above, the sky was blue to the seams of all curious eyes.

“Where are we?” Chinua asked as every ponderously looked around, except Ryutyu, who started to rush away, whipping dust into the air as he went forth to the end of the island seemingly.

“A random island I made out in the pacific ocean. It is a thousand miles southeast from Hawaii.” Wilma stated to them all as they looked around to each other, and Oyur plus Kioshi looked around the portal to see it had a no back.

“Hey, Daniel- wanna' surf with me?” George asked, using his powers to make a line of surf boards a foot behind himwith colors representing them.

“Sure... but...” Daniel started to say before George launched next to him.

“I can make waves higher than heaven.” George whispered, having his left hand wave to the calm blue and suddenly arise them into chaos.

“George, I would like to state that with your powers you should make sure your waves are not too chaotic to where the rest of us cannot swim safely. Ejnare seems to... already be getting in...” Angelica spoke kindly, coming up to them from the awing crowd as Ejnare just walked into the waters with his shoes on and then stopped as the waves brushed up against his legs.

“Sure.” George nodded to Angelica with a slight want.

“So we just go in with our clothes?” Oyur asked confused and mislead.

Wilma twisted her hand calmly and allowed a bunch of swim shorts and shirts to spawn falling on everybody’s head.

“Oh.” - Chinua, taking down her enitre jumpsuit. Then, before her eyes, Wilma used her right finger to swipe up, bringing a long line of bathroom outside stalls, shiny and clean yet blue like the worker’s would use, and allowed the kids to look towards their long existence. The bathrooms were each two meters wide, five meters long.

“Oh, nice.” Her sister stated as she went to the first, and Wilma made her blue bench again and made herself sit in it.

Ryutyu then rushed back with sand behind him and came to Wilma. Before giving her a nod, and then trying to run in the water. He crashed into a few times, after walking on it with his speed, but fell in, and swam back freely. After trying many times, the kids were finished, came out and started to go.

Wilma shot her arms up and made a collection of balls and sand-castle building tools fall besides her chair all around. Oyur and Daniel got their surf boards and whence George brought them out, he helped balanced them as he flew, and then they started to slightly surf whilst standing up to the very large waves very far out. Chinua, her sister, and Ejnare looked forwards to the big ball, going in the water and passing it around without much words but rather smiles coming forth under their naturally angry or depressed eyebrows. Angelica and Kioshi were left- Angelica being in a yellow bikini and Kioshi just with the clothes to his right side, still wearing his long wardrobe-like dress.

“Kioshi- do you want to play frisbee?” Angelica asked him, after walking behind him, grabbing a green frisbee from Wilma’s side, and going back over to the kid simply glazing his eyes at the amazing see-through waters that had much of Daniel’s attention as he surfed.

Kioshi looked to Angelica, straight in her eyes, before nodding, backing away, and then putting his hands up. Angelica used her left hand, pulled it back to her right shoulder, holding it to be horizontally, then shot it, let go in the middle, and it flew straight to Kioshi’s face. He caught it quickly, before stepping left and doing the same.

They started to vary with their accuracy and had a happy time trying to catch the frisbee before it fell to the ground, or running after it after Angelica threw it too far- never Kioshi, he was quick and good with now a smile.

But about that time, I came through the portal, still in my dress, seeing Ryutyu rush through the water and further, speeding by, before returning to us in such a quick draft.

“Eighty-Three- thy is here!” Ryutyu said with a good heartbeat, and Wilma still did not look behind, but rather made her chair swirl around in the sand.

“Hello!” Wilma shot her hands up to say, before getting up. “What do you think about having lunch out here?”

“Did they have breakfast already?” I asked, and Wilma answered.

“Yes. It would be cool to have a lunch under or near the waters.” Wilma also explained to us, Ryutyu in his armor still, bruh.

And then uh... um... the... um... I forgor.

Anyways, I still forgor. Ooh- I rememer now.

Anyways...

I forgor again.

Anyways, again- I continued speaking with Wilma and Ryutyu as Daniel and George continued to surf with Oyur. They just started to finish a wave as I started over to the left side of Wilma’s chair and laid down on the beach, on a darkness cloth the arms under my skirt made before they sucked back in.

Laying flat and face-up, I laid just low enough for my arms to go behind my head and lay on the smooth sand as I lifted my thighs up and used my feet to take off my maid shoes, and then dug them into the sand and let the sunlight shine on my shades and mask of black.

The kids continued to play until lunch. Daniel started to play ball with the others, talked, and Angelica threw the frisbee to Chinua, trying to play with her too. Kioshi was left to sit ashore, and just stare happily away. Ryutyu was practicing karate by having a wooden desk with his large-version of his laptop up front, and he copied the movements a black man with a black belt taught, in English of course. Wilma just sat there, till the kids, after swimming and surfing and tagging, came to Wilma a little tired.

“Hey Wilma- could you make us some snacks?” Daniel asked as Angelica and Chinua followed.

Wilma pulled out a golden watch from her black pockets in her pants, and saw the time: ‘10:54 A.M.’ The kids looked as she looked up and it disentergrated into white gas.

“Time for the pristine prismarine.” - Wilma, before having too many hands come from her back and start to shift the waters. As everybody escaped the lifting blue, Kioshi and Ryutyu watched in greatness. I slept.

“The prismarine is real!” George exclaimed and Oyur died of laughter.

Wilma had moved the waters apart and put down a prismarine-blue floor waving towards an intersection to rocky blue tables and coral-made chairs. The front of cold waters shifted as waters arose up from Wilma spliting the sea like the Red Sea was. The paths led to two rooms with these tables put with glamorous fish dinner plates without food and nice coral-shaped cups without a liquid inside. There was no glass on the water walls, and the fish that tried swimming into it were redirected back by the waters themselves.

“Is that a reference, mister?” Oyur asked George with a point.

“A reference to Poana, yeah.” George told in his black swimshorts and white swim shirt still.

The kids started to talk and touch the waters as they entered towards the path from the sloping sand being a gradient to the hard absolute amazement of the entire place. Large and high were the waters amongst the children, now being twenty feet high when the sand stopped dissolving in. Wilma got up and came to the intersection after flying. Ryutyu also rushed over to me, but I gave him a thumbs up and he started to follow behind the others.

“The room to your left is the diner. The room to your right is the other diner. Will you take a uniformed approach to this?” Wilma asked like a wise old mystical tree.

“Huh?” Daniel asked firstly.

“She means ‘will we all be together,’ dummy.” - Oyur in his fully-white jumpsuit.

“Is that a trick question?” Angelica asked.

“It is a question to know whether you all feel safe around each other after having fun. You also never had troubles in the water. I never had to be a real life guard.” Wilma smiled, and many were confused.

“Yeah- hey, Ejnare! Come here, silent man-” - Daniel as he went over to Ejnare and put his left arm around his neck, pushing him closer to him.

“What about Kioshi and Eighty-Three?” Chinua asked between.

“Kioshi thinks about a lot of economic and moral problems. Eighty-Three is just enjoying himself.” Wilma told Chinua.

“Okay, weird-speaker.” - Oyur with a giggle.

“I’ll try to go get Eighty-Three to join.” Ryutyu happily used his pointer-figure up to exclaim, but then his armor instantly changed into a formal and black tuxedo by swiveling up onto him perfectly. “Hm- wha’?”

“Eighty-Three likes to be formal. I think we would like a proper waiter.” Wilma said.

“Obviously.” - whispered the yellow-eyed girl without yellow hair, in her yellow bikini just like Angelica’s yellow bikini.

“Oh- of course. I almost forgor...” The British Furry said before speeding to the east room, grabbing a plate and going back up.

“What’s going on?” Daniel asked normally.

“We designated a nice luxurious lunch scheme whilst you guys were playing.” Wilma stated nicely and normally.

Ryutyu rushed up to me, with sand traveling up to the sky and back down to resolution with the water. By then, me and my skin were orange with feeling, but Ryutyu’s wind gusted it back to white- no, I am joking, I made myself white again.

“Eighty-Three, we’re serving dinner- I mean lunch.” Ryutyu corrected himself, holding out his left hand to me and using his right to flatly hold a plate filled with absolutely nothing.

“Nice...” I nodded, and he grabbed me before running fastly down and to the far east dinner tables when everybody had already just sat down in all others. There were dinner tables, exactly four feet away from each other, each table being five by five meters, and the tables being a three by three.

But blood was now on the floor, and Ryutyu was scared straight when he looked back to see I had scaved my face and front of my arms off by his running.

“Oh MY GOD!” The yellow-eyed girl stated loudly for everyone to surprise their eyes with fear and ambush.

“Bro- what?” - Oyur.

“AYO!” - Daniel.

“Hm?” I said, having my flesh regenerate as I arose my face, then putting my arms on the ground, before slowly being brought back up straight like an N-P-C gone wrong.

“Oh- of course he’s fine...” Daniel spoke, relieving himself of the pulse to run away or towards Wilma.

“Don’t play jokes on us like that, Eighty-Three.” Chinua stated angrily, trying to calm herself down from anger and confusion and worry.

“Mm, maybe.” I chuckled, sitting down as Ryutyu let out a happy sigh and then rushed away. I was sitting with Ejnare, who was alone- but was now looking me directly in the shades. “Hello, Ejnare. How has it been?”

He nodded his head positively before looking away towards Daniel and Oyur.

“Are you a geography nerd of any sort?” I asked him, and he looked to me with his Danish accent as my hands were cupped on the table.

“No- I know little about Africa and South America.” He told, looking over to Kioshi, who was sitting with the Vatican and George now. Ejnare was excessively trying to get away from my presence.

“Oh, alrighty. What about, your past? There are a lot of people here with syndromes that are rare but human, but others like you are quite different...” I told, and he looked to me with his stern face. “Did a surgeon test on you, just like with Daniel?”

“Yes, a doctor did. He obviously failed horribly.” Ejnare shorted with me.

“Hm, yes-” I started to say before Ejnare interrupted.

“And I don’t want somebody like you trying to reverse or continue it.” Ejnare spoke in English to my face.

“Alrighty- but, you know we can do anything for you.” I told him slowly in a whisper as Ryutyu rushed back with the food.

In his right hand his held up a long and large black circle with plates aboard filled with fish food like lobster and fried fish sticks and corn- what? Damn, he had corn and a red jelly as well on the sides of the dish. Anyways, one for all, passing them out kindly, before coming to me and Ejnare last.

“Here’s ya’ food, sirs.” He stated, giving the same kind of plate everyone else had to us, and Ejnare looked at it with motives beyond comprehension. I mean, his face was unchanged entirely, and his axolotl tail was still dead to me.

Ryutyu then rushed towards a table with Wilma, and she spawned a checkerboard after some time, so the kids and everyone got to eat as they played.

“What is your favorite animal, Ejnare?” I asked the animal-name-like kid.

“Why do you ask?” He suddenly exalted, and I could feel the slight tremble of his voice accompany with his eyes looking stutteringly over to me.

“For future references...” - Me.

“Uh...” - Ejnare.

“Please, could you tell me?” I wished cutely.

“I like our native wolves- polar wolfs.” The Greenlander stated in a quick time.

“Alrighty, what about... changing into one?” I directed the point at.

“I told you- I don’t want anybody to change me up...” - Ejnare.

“But you look like you dislike your axolotl-shape currently.” - Me as he tried eating.

“I do, but I... I mean, you can do it an instant, right?” He started to whisper to me, “And make it to where I don’t look so fucking weird and ugly?”

“Yes, I can make you as normal-looking as Daniel.” I told Ejnare with a smile still.

“Like, right now?” He continued whispering, looking to the girls before turning back and having his eyes focus on me with an open mind.

“Anytime you want. Me, Ryutyu, and Wilma are here to assist you in anything you need at any time, in exchange that we might equip you with guns in the future for fighting against a stockpile of enemies I currently have listed in my mind.” - Me.

“Oh... okay?” - Ejnare slowly, trying out his jelly afterwards.

“So, after lunch, I shall simply wrap you up in my darkness and it shall be done as I imagine.” I told Ejnare with a scent of English.

“Okay... and you can imagine things with your powers and they just come to life?” Ejnare furthered.

“Yes.” I nodded quickly, before shoving my plate towards him. “I also never need to eat, as I can form food inside my tummy with my brain.”

I then got up and left to see what Ryutyu and Wilma were doing- playing checkers. So, we did two more matches, me verses Ryutyu then Wilma, as the kids ate, before everyone was done, and I started to announce.

“Are you all done?” I asked in a loud voice to the kids.

“Yes!” - George as Angelia and Kioshi nodded.

“Yeah bro.” - Daniel funnily stated alongside Oyur.

“Well, I would like to announce that now you should all try to make your powerpoints about yourself for the presentations we will be having at five. If you wish not, just come and tell me or Ryutyu or whatever this furry shit is named.” I told with a laugh and point towards the end as Wilma made her eyes big and sad before deforming them back to normality. She then had her head spin, and suddenly a laptop spawned in place of all their dirty dishes. It was already set with their names and default profile pictures, each with an aquatic background of the coral behind them.

“Each of your passwords are ‘Wilma.’ You can change them in the settings as soon as you log in.” Wilma told, and everybody instantly went to trying that. They found that the password bar made all letters capitalized, and were catechizing whether they should hack each other as a prank.

“Oh no, George is gonna’ steal our accounts.” Daniel slurred in a sarcastic way.

“I don’t troll often- it was just that night.” He stated back with a smile of his own.

“Oh yeah, definitely.” - Daniel slowed off.

“You all can be dismissed to anywhere you would like.” Wilma stated right before George played a loud ‘BRUH’ sound effect on his laptop.

“Shuuuuuuuuuuuut uuuuuuup.” Oyur stated with a fake frustration broken by a smirk of his own.

“Wait- can we give our presentations sound effects and music?” Daniel asked as everybody listened into the boy as they scooted back from their chairs.

“Yes, whatever you want.” I fomrally instituted as everybody started to get up and go home to their new home.

“Yes...” Daniel seethed with happiness in a whisper as he got up and left back home with most other. The only ones left after that were Kioshi, Ejnare, me, and Wilma- Ryutyu followed Daniel and helped him and others with the interface.

“Ejnare.” I told in one word, coming over to him as he looked up from his computer, yet switching it around to show a search for ‘Greenlanic wolf.’ “Alrighty.” I nodded, and then as I twinkled my right fingers, the darkness inside of him started to shift around his furs and tail, turning and twisting them in color and shape, like he was literally meshing into another form weirdly yet perfectly. As he looked around to his skin, he saw his change occur almost like a cartoon, straight forwards and fast. Two seconds later, he was fine, yet shocked beyond belief.

“Is it done?” He asked after two more seconds.

“Yes.” I nodded, looked to Wilma giving a thumbs up and leaving as Kioshi looked over his screen to us. “Kioshi, would you like to change?”

“No thank you.” He spoke aloud.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, and started to leave, as Ejnare started to follow and Kioshi shortly afterwards. As we left up, Kioshi and Ejnare looked back to see the waters collapse in, and the table dissolve into green grass that connected to the sand below.

I went through the portal, and so did they, soon dispersing home. I went over to Ryutyu’s basement, and found Ryutyu doing bench weights with Gustavo enjoying a Latvian countryball meal. I started to help out Ryutyu with his weights, before suddenly- Clasif spawned in front of all three of us.

“Oh- Hello again, Eighty-Three and sir Ryutyu.” Clasif stated suddenly, a little exalted himself from the obstruction of space he just spawned in.

“Hi, Clasif.” I told and Ryutyu looked straight at Clasif’s hair hiding his eyes.

“Sup Clasif.” he told with a smiling sigh.

“It seems I have spawned in yet again, and possibly during a day I sense you would like me to leave as quickly as possibly. So, I shall get to the point. My challenge today is quite timely, it being that sir Ryutyu has to beat me in a push-up contest, outlasting me with a similar slope in the push ups we do a minute.” Clasif told in his careful voice, using his arms pick up the weights and try them himself. “It is nice to see you train for your muscles, unlike me, in which I am just gifted without the history of valuable pain and endurance.”

“What?” - Ryutyu with his tail wagging and his green glowing eyes shooting over to me, still in my shades and mask.

“Ay- I’m-a head out.” Gustavo told, leaving the countryball corpse and going up the stairs quickly away, cathcing Clasif’s attention happily, before looking to the corpse with a frown before back at Ryutyu with a smirk.

“He means that he wishes he also worked well for such great muscles almost like yours, because it really gives good impressions that you have a mentality that can work beyond human limits.” I told Ryutyu as Clasif looked around, and I grabbing Ryutyu’s weight and placing it nicely down.

“Ight, lad. Let’s go, I’m feeling ready.” Ryutyu stated, looking nicely to Clasif, who also had a more moral-supportive smile to the both of us.

Clasif and Ryutyu both got in push up positions, as from the floor came a computer with scores on the blue screen. To the right were numbers under the word ‘push-ups.’ To the middle was the same numbers, being zero, under the word ‘Time.’ Then, firstly there was Clasif above Ryutyu on the left, the text in a ‘Georgia Pro’ font of green.

“Three- two- one- go!” The computer started, and they got to it.

“So weird that now I’m just used to you spawning in and challenging me to a fitness game... it was almost yesterday that I thought this would be only a one-time thing...” Ryutyu nodded towards Clasif as he turned his head to him.

“Yes, sir Ryutyu. For me, it is simply just mere minutes ago that I was with you last. Whence in the white void, time feels like nothingness...” Clasif stated, as he took more breaths from the speed of their push ups. The numbers were almost exactly the same for push ups, being Ryutyu was slightly slower than Clasif, whilst the time they started was only a few milliseconds off, for Ryutyu starting.

“Wait- ya’ just go to an empty void when ya’ disappear?” Ryutyu asked the manly Clasif with his grey body.

“Yes, and there everything feels inexistent. I could write endless poems on how nothing occurs, but I am here for missions we must endure.” Clasif spoke to Ryutyu as they continued to do their push-ups correctly.

As they went on up to the twenty-four seconds mark, I decided to sit on top of Clasif’s back, my legs just barely hovering over the floor as I held them up.

“Hey Eighty-Three, what ya’ doing?” Ryutyu asked me.

“He is being intelligent by compromising our balance and adding mass to my back so I use more energy and therefore become tired faster than you, sir Ryutyu.” Clasif spoke as I looked up to the ceiling.

“Woah, buddy- how did you know that?” I happily asked Clasif, looking down to him as his arms held him up and down, giving me a bounce as he quickly did so.

“The computer is authorizing me to yell at you, but I must not. That would not be adequate to your likeness.” Clasif classically told us.

“Thanks bro.” Ryutyu nodded, and continued.

Due to the Red Glitch not existing, I continued to watch them both go forth up to a minute and forty-three seconds, before Ryutyu went up to two minutes and seven seconds- doing a push up a second, or around it. Their sweat was now drooling down their fur afterwards, and Ryutyu came out on top, with a lot more push ups than Clasif by now, and time. The computer shut off, and suddenly dexisted before Clasif.

“That was extravagant, Ryutyu. Thank you for the exercise.” Clasif said, getting up, huffing and puffing as I fell off, and giving out his right hand to Ryutyu, who also sweatily grasped it hard and shook it tight.

“Amazing, lad. Hope someday-" Ryutyu started to say before Clasif suddenly disappeared and his sweat also disappeared, grabbing my attention to the floor. “Oh, damn...”

“Hey Ryutyu, want to do another challenge but with me?” I asked Ryutyu nicely.

“Running challenge- let’s go.” Ryutyu stated, hyper to go forth and do more with a amazing-working face, before rushing off and I started to follow and race him.

Above we flashed blue and black around, running quicky. Soon, Ryutyu accidently tripped over a rock, and flew into the window of Daniel’s room, crashing into his computer with Daniel to his right playing and stopping a trombone whilst Wilma was to the left, watching, they looked in a gasp to Ryutyu, bloody, before I entered, and used my darkness to reform his face after it was smashed in.

“Woo! Woah- sorry, Daniel.” Ryutyu stated to Daniel lowering his breath and laughing just a smidge.

“Geez- you almost gave me a heart attack.” Daniel laughed as he held his trombone harder now.

“Hey- gotta’ count that as a win though...” Ryutyu said, pointing to me with both of his index fingers, before rushing off.

“Sure.” I giggled, before looking to Daniel, and then rushing off as Wilma opened her mouth. She then stopped and reformed the wall and window.

I rushed away to Khenbish’s home afterwards, crept in through the darkness as I was able to form myself into slivers able to thin under the doors- and found her in her room and staying on her computer, watching racing games by some streamers as she ate too many snacks and pop drinks. I quietly crept away, leaving a white note on the other side of the door, the note saying in blackness, ‘Hello, Khenbish. Everybody has started a project about showing themselves to their fellow others, so if you want, you could join and show it at five today.’

The day went on, the kids designing powerpoints, before the hour five came. Then it got interesting.

Everybody, by ‘everybody’ I mean the kids and my core friends, came to my home, even Gustavo plus Shellia, to see the presentations. They sat near Angelica as my living room was reaaranged to have a stage in front instead of the windows and doors to the pool, and the rest of the kitchen and diner had the threshhold removed and changed to many chairs as the lights above dimmed and everyone sat down, looking to the red curtains already open, showing a black screen a-back the brown wooden planks of the stage. The right side was blocked by the wall sloping into a grey metallic door with a golden knob.

“Welcome to the presentations, everyone. First up, as I you all know- Khenbish is not here, so celebrate.” I said as I entered onto the stage, and the kids slightly laughed whilst Shellia rolled her eyes. “And secondly, we have Daniel showing off first, so enjoy.” I said, getting off and going to the back as he came out of to the side.

“Bro really denounced him to that.” Oyur laughed with George smiling and nodding his head away from that fact as he sat to the left.

“Yo, wassup, it’s-a-me, a-Daniel.” Daniel spoke, clasping his hands together as he came out with a slightly lazy yet comforted walk. He also held a black cylinder with a red button a top in his right hand. He clicked it to make the screen white and show his first slide, with his name and the title being ‘Daniel’s Presentation.’

“A-Daniel or Daniel?” Oyur asked funnily.

“Daniel, frickin’ dummy.” Daniel spoke back even more funnily. “Anyways, here’s my lore. I come from Colombia, a country in North South America.”

“North South- what the fuck does that even mean?!” Oyur freakishly asked, and it made the yellow-eyed girl plus George laugh.

“The north... heh, the north part of South America.” Daniel giggled on stage.

“Hm, yeah, fuck you.” Oyur madly statemented as they laughed.

“But- yeah- Colombia- largest exporter of cocaine- which I don’t have any...” Daniel issued with a sweaty response in his wavy hands, his dog off the stage on the stair currently smiling as well.

“Definitely...” Oyur stated so slowly is made Chinua smile.

“And I was born blind. My parents couldn’t care much for a blind child, so they just gave me up to the streets in a box. As I was next to an apartment caretaker, instead a doctor came by and stole the box with me inside, and took me into his weird lair. There, he raised me before testing on me and trying to create a furry. I was obviously ugly, from what I’ve heard, but the government soon found him after he sold cocaine too quickly, and took him into jail as they took me to their secret hamlet in Alaska, before I was sent here and Eighty-Three fixed me. There’s a lot more inbetween, but, yeah, I was blind and my furry ears did not work- but now I can hear you WHISPERING, CHINUA.” Daniel said as Chinua started to whisper to the yellow-eyed girl. He also clicked the pen-like thing to go to the next slide without animations but with transitions, all different.

“Hey- that’s none of your business.” - Chinua.

“Ahem- yeah- definitely- talking about me lying, it is true though- get Wilma, she can read people’s mind.” Daniel told, and everybody looked to Wilma in the back with me.

“He is telling the truth.” - Wilma.

“How do we know you’re telling the truth?” - Chinua.

“You would never know- so deal with it.” I said funnily with my MLG shades, using my fingers to tilt them yet not reveal my eyes.

“Ha- I get it.” - George looking back.

“And- a fun fact, I’m supposed to be a Chihuhua dog.” The boy stated.

“Yes.” - Me.

“The most annoying dog in the world?” - Oyur. Chinua and her sister laughed at his statement. George just continued smiling and putting his head down. The Vatican sat up straight, trying not to crack a smile.

“Yeah- that’s funny though, never thought of that. Anyways- I'm from Colombia, I’m fifteen, I was originally white, my favorite animal is not a Chihuhua, (it showed a Blue Jay Bird,) and my favorite food is brownies.” - Daniel as he clicked to the next slide. “I also never had proper friends or family before, and I used to use that time I would’ve been communicating with others to instead listen to streamers and the news. (He clicks to the next slide,) And my favorite instrument is the trombone- anybody wanna’ listen?”

“No.” - Oyur, and it made the yellow-eyed girl laugh.

Daniel rolled up his eyes and fell backwards before catching himself with his left leg, and looking damply back at Oyur.

“Sheesh.” - George as his laptop was under his chair.

Then Daniel walked off stage, grabbed the trombone, went through the closed metallic door and blasted it in Oyur’s face. George couldn’t stop laughing at this. Then Daniel did a tune at him, staring him dead in his red eyes, Daniel not laughing, and Oyur trying to hold it in, before he busted out in laughter, and then Daniel fell into laughter and stopped playing his own tune.

“Aw- oh, anyways. That’s my presentation. Was it good?” Daniel asked everybody.

“I think it was good, but could use more emphasize on certain life events and how they changed you.” Angelica stated to Daniel.

“Oh- yeah- I, over time, found out that streamers get a lot of attention if they act extroverted, so I kinda’ turned my personality towards that. It especially helps if I can see, and THANK YOU, Eighty-Three, I’m really happy that you could fix it in two seconds.” Daniel thanked me with happiness.

“No problem.” I smiled over and gave a thumbs up.

“Who would like to go next?” - Wilma asked everybody, as all their laptops were under their chair.

“Uh- do we have to-” - Yellow-eyed girl, Khunbish.

“No.” - Wilma, and everybody was silent for the awkwardness.

“Alright, I’ll go.” Khunbish exalted.

She simply went up without her laptop, and came forth to her first slide appearing, as she now held the pen in her right hand she just picked up.

“Hi- everybody- my name is Khunbish. My sister is Chinua-” - Khunbish.

“Hold on- Wilma, can you put my slides up there with my sister’s?” Chinua asked Wilma, turning around in her chair.

“Sure.” - Wilma.

“Thanks.” Chinua stated, getting up from the second row and going quickly up to the three-foot stage and getting on. “You can continue.”

“Okay.” - Khunbish.

“My sister and I worked on presentation together, making own but they’re similar enough to meshed together.” - Chinua.

“Yes. Now... firstly, we come from Mongolia. It’s a nation inbetween Russia and the Great China. Mongolia is relatively arid yet plain-filled. We grew up in a little village quite close on the border to Russia, about right here, (She points to the top left of Mongolia,) and lots of Russians tried to escape to our village, but a lot of military protects the border there. We grew up in huts and barely had air conditioning, but were recognized and knon across neighbor. We attended house chores like washing dishes, cleaning our wooden floor, and unclogging toilets. Our parents worked for a bar, having people commonly come into our home and order drinks. We usually prepared them ourselves as well. We did this for most of our lives, being too poor to attend school, but rich enough to buy book and get poem on creatures. (She clicks to Chinua’s slide, showing her side of history,) Chinua liked learning English and hoped to be a translator working for the Russia government. She also likes the Soviet Union era, and thinks agriculture is massive to a country’s ways.”

“There’s a red spy in the base!” - George.

“Bro, really?” - Oyur as George and Daniel giggled.

“Hm- I like the idea of democracy, but companies are corrupt and that no good. Some raised prices of living and the drinks we bought too high for reasons so stupid to us.” She said, as she clicked to the next side, showing an image against American businesses, before clicking again, “We also endure Islam. And we’d... we... we’re Sunni Muslim, and uh...”

“We’re not going to terrorize you, as our religion calls for. We believe that Christians have a point to go out and a minister. But we are to dislike Christians for listening to a corrupted version of the Quran.” Chinua said, mostly looking at Angelica as everybody else did to see her look around and still listen normally. “We know this nation was built on Christianity, but a Trinity, three persons in one, makes zero sense and is illogical- and God allows for terrorism and the devil to affect Earth, so for us it makes no sense that a caring God would allow such bad things to happen. Allah, the one god, only one, lets things happen on his own account. It makes much more sense to us that Allah is God than Jesus, becuase the evidence for Jesus varies and is inconsistent, while Muhammad is proven real and is the great prophet destined to save us.”

“She really is onto you, Angelica.” Oyur stated, outstanding at such exposition.

“She really let an entire book fall out of her mouth.” George told himself.

“Ooooooooh! Angelica, you going to pipe up about that?” Daniel asked slowly as George waited for it as well.

“No- but I would like to talk to you later about your religion and such.” Angelica told calmly and with a wholesome intent to Chinua. The sisters just grumbled in their concerned eyes.

“And anyways... as we were reading one of many book one night, a... band... of bandits, killed... killed our parents...” Khenbush tried and stated as Chinua stood angry.

“Yes, it was a very bad time, but the government was fond to us, sent us to Siberian Russia, and we got more culture and worked in another bar before government sent us here.” Chinua stated as she went to the next side, showing more of a map.

“That is all.” Khenbush stated as the slides went back to black.

“Interesting.” - Wilma.

“Tell me, Chinua, why you are in your faith?” I asked Chinua.

“My parents told us.” - Chinua as they jumped off stage.

“Alrighty...” - Me.

“Who’s going next?” Chinua asked, taking the pen from her sister and holding it out in front of everyone.

“I wanna’ go next!” Oyur told like a mad child. He then grabbed it, and jumped up on stage. “My name is Oyur Den Gary Flok, born January sixteenth, two-thousand-and-five. I was born in my little town, Oyoor- O-Y-O-O-R, not my name, O-Y-U-R. (He clicks the pen,) India is quite poor around Bangladesh, a goofy-ahh and much poorer country, I honestly hated it- because they served nothing substantial or good for our low revunue- and my parents moved me there most of my life to live in the capital, since I was two. I don’t know any of the other countrys around, because I don’t waste my life knowing dumb geography.” - Oyur.

“If you hated being poor, just go to the United States- it’s just above India.” Daniel pointed out to Oyur who had no map on the screen.

“What?” - Oyur.

“Bro?!” - George laughing.

“No- I’m joking.” - Daniel.

“Sure, trollers. Anyways, let’s talk religion- (he slides to a slide of white,) nobody likes it, (he clicks it again, and it slides to a slide with ‘top ten reasons to enjoy treeman syndrome,’) here is why having treeman syndrome is amazing, (he clicks it, and it comes to a screen with ‘thanks for listening,’) and-” - Oyur.

“My bruh...” George laughed, putting his head down.

“Yeah, I hate being rare as well. My entire life I had these fucking roots on my hands prohibiting me from holding glasses correctly or playing board games, so it was painful when the shaved them off and shit, and my entire life was just me worried with this fucking shit- also, I also was human trafficked. My parents tried to keep me safe and alive, but in Bangladesh, some bitch-ass people wanted to work me in the fields and in their homes. They forced me into slavery, and gave me minimal food most of my life. I was captured eight times, and each one of my slave-owners got busted by the government. Eventually, the government just took me in for testing in medicine. I survived that, and with my combined albinism and treeman syndrome, I became a piece of art and study for them, which in return they paid me luxurious foods and drinks finally.” He read off this giant title card in the middle of his next slide. Then he clicked one more, “The rest you can learn from me.”

“Damn bro, that’s actually spooky.” - George.

“I got used to it.” - Oyur.

“I feel bad for you. Aren’t you mentally distorted because of such?” - Angelica.

“No- I got used to it. It was bad, but not too overwhelming when I beat the shit out of a few of them, and then called the cops and then- hey Eighty-Three, you’re intimidating- tell me, could you possibly get me over to Bangladesh and help me find out the system for those traders?” Oyur toned down a little as his fists were clutched and slowly soothing.

“Yes, I could. Honestly, if there is anybody, or any corporation any of you kids are mad at for ruining your life, I could take you tomorrow on a conquest to go exterminate those people or groups.” I told, and everyone looked to me as if I was insane, for appromaxitely 2.429273822 seconds.

“Uh- Eighty-Three, what if the people had changed by now? Like, they no longer work like they used to?” Angelica spoke to me in a different manner.

“Well, good for them. History does not change, sadly.” - Me.

“Yeah- there’s this man, white with green eyes and black hair, goes by the nickname of Srow Block, real name being Jack Debra Rose. He worked around Bangladesh’s capital and had twenty other some kids in the workshop before he was busted- but the news found out two weeks later he had escaped, unlike his employees.” - Oyur.

“Damn, why isn’t this in your power point?” Daniel asked.

“Because. Anyways- That really fiddles with me, as everytime either the kids rose up and beat them, or they were dead-ass caught, so for me it was just another time wasting allegory making me dull as fuck- but that man was the only one who escaped. I would like to smash his head in if I could every see his scrambly face again...” Oyur angrily exposited towards me.

“Dang, Oyur mad as shit. Hey Angelica, you think you can stop him?” Daniel asked Angelica suddenly.

“No- I don’t need no Christian trying to be a prophet. I need blood on my hands, pronto.” Oyur stated and I still smiled.

“I hate crowds. Their constant thinking all combined made me throw up last time.” Wilma spoke to me and Shellia and Ryutyu.

“Alright, alrighty- Oyur, we will do your mission tomorrow. Chill, because I, for one, would like to see what other presentations there are from your fellow mates.” I stated funnily, and he sat down with anger on his face.

“I guess I should go.” - Angelica in her soft voice, getting up and getting the pen from Oyur as a gift.

“Uh- Eighty-Three, we also hate business in Mongolia and Russia called Oxbotivere. It sells wines and beers, but raised the prices on it in response to ‘climate change.’ We find that bullshit, and would like to change it.” - Chinua lifted her finger with.

“Sure, I will also remember that.” - Me, nodding.

“Angelica- hint just in case- You gotta’ tell everybody that the trinity is unexplainable yet makes sense because God isn’t bound by logic.” Daniel whispered to her, and she was happy to achnowledge it with her tail curling around her waist.

“Also, the best thing you can do is give reasons on how the universe couldn’t have started from nothingness- that'll help Ejnare maybe.” - George in a whisper as well to Angelica.

“Oh- yes, I will.” She nodded happily, and left off. She got up on stage, and clicked it open to a vibrant rainbow poster with a yellow box and blue text reading her name in the middle. Then she went onto speaking. “My name is Angelica, meaning ‘Angel,’ and I come from Vatican City, a small country located in Rome, Italy, (rolling her head and eyes goofily for the next sentence,) technically making me Italian, but I was born in the Vatican City, not Rome the city. When I was young, my parents worked in-” - Angelica, presenting her powerpoint with her ears up and tail smoothing around.

“She really telling us the book of her life right now. This gon’ take forever.” - Oyur.

“At least it’s more thought out than any of ours.” Daniel told Oyur.

“Hm... well, my parents were in the middle class as plumbers and taught me about the catholic denomination of Christianity, but also taught about peace and how if there’s denominations in your religion, you should get along because you’re all there under the same main purpose. As a child I grew up homeschooled, mainly reading the Bible but also attending church every wednesday and sunday. I never was able to obtain citizenship in Vatican City though, but did have citizenship in Italy and a passport. I was missioned to other countries like Angola and Benin in my life, and spread the word when I was not at home. I have a rare blood type, that being RH Null, also known as ‘Golden Blood.’ It doesn’t affet me too much, but it is different for the doctors when I had the flu once. (She clicks to the next slide,) I also learned English from reading dictonaries and books.” Angelica continued before Daniel damned her.

“Nerd.” Daniel yelled, cupping his mouth.

“NERD!” - George did louder.

“NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERDD!” - Daniel, but even louder now.

“Hm, yes, very funny. (She clicks to the next slide as they giggle away,) After doing missions and giving to the poor, the government asked me if they could do a scientific investigation and test on me. Henceforth, after a surgery, I found myself with these working cat ears and tail, making me a semi-furry. My blood was actually fine with it, as they hypothesized my body would react to such new functions. I also have my normal ears left on, so double hearing is really helpful sometimes.” - Angelica, the semi-furry.

“All ya’ll bitches furries nowadays. We got the off-brand furry girl, the annoying-Chihuahua fan, Eighty-Three the femboy, Ryutyu the actual furry, Wilma the woman, and now you, Angelica the semi-furry. Who else is a furry in here?” Oyur asked suddenly.

“You, cause you got fur on your arms.” Daniel told with George smiling.

“Wha- this is just normal hair, dumb ass.” - Oyur.

“Nah bruh, we all furries technically.” George laughed with Daniel.

“BRUH. SHUT YO BITCH-ASS UP, GOD-DAMN.” - Oyur.

“Hey- guys, let me finish please.” Angelica sweatily intervened, and everybody listened back to her. “Anyways, most of my life was missioning and such, I know you guys won’t think much of it-”

“Angelicaaaaaa- tell us what your missions were like at leaaaaaaaaaast.” Daniel slurred comedically.

“Well, most of my Angolian and Beninian trips were me and my family doing chores and teaching the Bible to churches and people of African descent in need of some care. There was one trip that was slightly different-” Angelica started up again for her presentation.

“Can you say the N-word please?” Daniel called for, and Oyur broke out slightly.  
 “I- no. I won’t be racist, it’s against the Bible’s core beliefs.” Angelica told Daniel. “Which- before you all get off task- leads us to my final and next slide- why I believe in God. (She clicks to the next slide, with a lot of barely readable paragraphs,) There’s a lot here, but I have some key points that might change Chinua and Khenbush’s mind just a little. Firstly,(She points to a paragraph in the north right,) the Trinity. God is three persons but still one. It is not relatable to a clover or matters of water, but is impossible to understand in it’s real way. Nextly, the start of the universe. I understand it doesn’t seem viable for a God to exist when nothing started him, but God is not bound by logic. God is not bound by time or space- he was always there, and always has been. You could say he did the ‘big bang,’ but the Bible tells of what actually happened. Fun fact- when Steven Hawkin said there was matter that condensed to form the big bang, he was asked where that matter came from, and he didn’t know. It would only make sense for an thing beyond the eternal cause and effect cycle to cause the cause and effect cycle to go on and on. Thirdly, there is law written in our souls. When you lie to your mother or... maybe accidently hurt somebody- you will know that you have done something wrong. You feel bad or scared that you have done something against your neighbor, and it only makes sense that we have a creator making these moral goods, because evolution would never understand what morality is. Also, fourthly, the concept of evil existing is a reason for God. That means there is good, and he is good, and when you go away from good, you go away from his word- he created good, and allows us to do away from it for the fifth reason I have here- free-will. We think for ourselves, we can do what we want whenever we want with what we have. We can go towards God or stray away. He gave us the Bible as a resurrection of the good against the sin that would come if we just continued doing wrong and were told it was right by people who were no longer humane. We have free-will, and we’re not destined by God, we can change. He is also omniscient, and knows what we are going to do. Finally, God has given us the Bible to-” Angelica started to say wildly with a slightly higher voice and a happy notion in her voice.

“No- I can’t listen to this.” Chinua stated, leaving with her sister worried.

“That’s a lot that I’m definitely not going to remember, bruh.” Oyur stated to Angelica as he crossed his arms.

“Actually- that was quite fine, Angelica. Although a lot, you didn’t describe too much.” - George as the sisters let.

“That was amazing...” Daniel just stated, awing at the amount of text.

“Is that all?” I asked Angelica, and she looked to me with a slowing smile to a neutral mouth.

“Well, that is the last formal slide- then I have this end page.” She said, clicking to the last slide, and it was just an exit slide.

“Wow...” Wilma nodded with a smile as Ryutyu watched the sisters leave.

“If Cyclop were here, he’d have you a medal or something...” Ryutyu spoke to Angelica, smiling at him.

“Thanks guys...” She smiled, and went up to the stage, “I was a bit scared, but you all are, (She looks to Daniel,) really nice... Who would like to go next?”

“I’ll go.” George raised his hand.

He simply just hovered up and saw forth to the screen on his first meme-like slide.

“I’m George Hardwell White. I’m from Switzerland, a certain city I know you all don’t care about, and I have an arthritis-like syndrome I know you all won’t remember. I also got my cool powers from Wilma- thanks, (he waves to her,) and I, whence in Switzerland, did some farming, house-work, got friendly with the government, did school, listened to classical and eighty’s music, and played the saxophone a lot. My favorite food is, same as Daniel- brownies-" - George.

“Let’s go...” - Daniel clutched his hands as Angelica was to the left of him.

“Yes- and I liked to sing. Here is one of my favorite songs.” He clicked to the next slide, and there was a music video about ‘Bing Chilling.’

Daniel laughed hysterically and Oyur just giggled. Also, Angelica and Ejnare smiled.

“Anyways- that’s it- that's all I had. Did it right before I came here.” George spoke, ending the presentation.

“Damn- you should’ve done longer.” - Daniel.

“Yeah, yeah...” - George. “Next? Ejnare or Kioshi?”

“I’ll go now.” Ejnare stated, getting up, taking it lightly from George, having eyes on him coming from his dark corner east, and Ejnare overall not looking at Kioshi. He went through the door and came up on the board. “My name is Ejnare. Came from Greenland, Nuuk city, then got tested by a corrupt government person to be an axolotle. They found and caught him, but I was in his prison for five years, living off screen time and barely any sunlight. I, in that time, learned much about the body and why I was depressed mostly. I wanted to be in a sunny area and at a nice beach in order to get good sunlight and also finally be in the waves, which luckily Wilma provided earlier. (He switches to the next slide,) I also hated how my parents signed me off to the government without my consent. Anyways, after being tested and taking care of in a bored and cold land, I was brought here. As an axolotle kid, people made fun of me, and I hated that, and I hated that I also looked stupid and had my tail motionless most of my life... But now, thank you, Eighty-Three, for making me into a Greenlandic wolf furry, my favorite animal I’ve ever seen... Much better and, (he looks to his tail wagging,) working and I don’t feel as useless as before.” - Ejnare in his presentation.

“What do you mean ‘useless?’” Angelica worriedly asked Ejnare.

“I... nothing- (Whilst flapping his left hand and going off stage,) nothing. Anyways- that's my presentation summarizing myself. The end.” Ejnare spoke quickly and his Danish accent infilitrated such, going out the door and back to where he sat where he put his head down, until Kioshi came to him, Ejnare lended the pen, and Kioshi went up in the silence.

“My name is Kioshi, (He switches the screen to literally just his name in black amongst a white background,) Here are the top ten things about me, (He switches the screen to his exact words,) The end. (Literal his words were on the screen, so bland.)” Kioshi presented in seven seconds.

Oyur giggled whilst Daniel busted out in laughter. Angelica was confused, and Ejnare propped his head up to see what the hell just happened. Ryutyu also nudged me with a giggle whilst Wilma was dead inside.

“Really?” George asked, also with his own smile.

“That’s it?!” Daniel screeched frantically and comedically to the midget.

“Did you make in like three seconds before we all came here?” Ryutyu asked as Kioshi nodded his head to both of their questions, darting his eyes.

“Man really just whipped up an entire sentence as his entire presentation.” Oyur started to say slower towards the end.

“Kioshi- please- gosh dang- sorry Angelica, but, Kioshi- you're more silent than Ejnare, making you the most mysterious to at least me.” Daniel tried to say as he was laughing too much for his own good.

“Man could’ve stated anything... is he real on this, Wilma?” Oyur asked Wilma, turning in his seat again.

Wilma just nodded and then giggled to me, in which I was literally silent most of the time. Ryutyu also caught the reference.

Kioshi jumped off stage and walked over to Wilma, giving her the remote and then leaving away like Chinua and Khenbush did.

“Aren’t there more presentations?” George asked, turning around to everyone.

“No.” Wilma told, getting up after George’s quick question.

“Wait- aren’t we missing somebody?” Daniel asked as Angelica looked to Ejnare getting up and leaving with a more depressed face.

“Khenbish. I asked her, and she did not come, so something must have happened.” - I told Daniel, getting up with Ryutyu, before Ryutyu grasped my hand with his right and Shellia’s left arm with his left, and then rushed off.

“There are going to my fun manison. Would you guys like to come?” Wilma asked, turning to the remaining people.

“Nah bruh- I gotta’ go instigate whatever the fuck is happening with the internet. I gotta’ see how much of this ‘furry’ bullshit is going on...” Oyur stated, shaking his head. “Offense to you, cause I don’t like em’.” He said to Wilma before speed walking off.

***Daniel and Angelica.***

“Hey, Daniel.” Angelica stated as she caught up to Daniel leaving towards his home happily as George flew off and she watched for a second. “I didn’t know you were Christian.”

“Yeah- most of my childhood on sundays I was in church, usually bored because preachers that don’t yell are always boring, (Him and Angelica chuckle,) but I did grab some good facts that came by once a blue moon.” Daniel told as Angelica was to the right of him.

“That’s nice. Is George also Christian?” Angelica asked, looking back as they went to the party box.

“Yeah- he’s just went off to speak about it to Eighty-Three and see if he’s also religious.” Daniel told Angelica as she continued to follow.

“Mm... okay.” Angelica nodded, with darkness coming over both of their expressions as they looked up to each other.

“I really don’t think he’s sane. If that mask is anything, he’s always smiling.” Daniel told Angelica seriously.

“Oh- yeah- but maybe if we take him to a good memory or offer Christ, he won’t be so intimidating...” Angelica spoke nicely and Daniel nodded as he started to enter his home.

“Are you coming in?” Daniel asked after nodding.

“Oh- uh- I was just checking by, do you think I should go see if Oyur is religious?” Angelica asked, hesitating to enter his nice and comfy fall-decorated home.

“If you want- but I’m just going to be here the rest of the night, playing some video games.” Daniel spoke to Angelica, still holding the door open. “What were you going to do?”

“I wasn’t thinking of anything, but maybe going back to my home and cooking up something...” Angelica spoke as she started to enter.

“You can cook?” Daniel stated with slight excitement.

“Yes. I can cook all canned goods, plus spaghetti, lettuce-” Angelica started to list.

“What kind of spaghetti?” Daniel intruded to ask.

“White spaghetti?” - Angelica.

“With melted cheese?” - Daniel.

“With melted cheese.” - Angelica.

“Oh dang, at your house?” - Daniel.

“Yes, why?” - Angelica.

“Well, Wilma set a machine that is simply just going to serve me ravioli, which I’ve had for a lot of dinners in the past- but spaghetti- ooh- I have to see how you make it. (Daniel started to walk with Wilma, now they switched sides,) My doctor used to make it, and it was supreme, until I asked the government cooker one time- and it was better. But you, an Italian- you probably make it the best.” Daniel excitedly stated to Angelica.

“Maybe- but don’t you have canned goods in your house or spaghetti in which I can just cook it at your kitchen?” Angelica catechized to Daniel as her tail was smooth and slow.

“No- I only have a refrigerator with ice cream and ravioli-like canned goods. The Red Glitch stopped other foods, and gave Wilma a burn on her left knee.” Daniel described to Angelica.

“Oh... well, yes, I’ll cook it as soon as possible.” - Angelica.

“You can wait- do you have any games?” Daniel asked Angelica.

“I do, but I’m not good at video games nor some board games. I like long and strategy-like games.” Angelica told Daniel.

“Fortnight- that includes a level of randomness and strategy when playing duos.” Daniel recalled for her.

“I don’t want to play Fortnight, it seems like a violent game.” Angelica worried herself.

“Not really. There’s no blood, gunshot wounds- the bodies just get on their knees and disappear when they die, and the map and style is overall cartoony and fun. The matches though, are either long and intense or short and playful.” Daniel told Angelica.

“Well, still, accuracy-based games aren’t my thing.” - Angelica.  
“Then make them. I’ll teach you.” Daniel said as Angelica walked to her house and Daniel started to rush up to it. “Wilma should really give us all a key so we can lock it, just in case Khenbish goes mad.”

Later, Daniel and Angelica were hopping out of a battle bus and towards the big lake in the middle of the map.  
“The parachutes are a bit of stretch.” Angelica said as she slowly lowered onto the roof a mansion on the water and started to use the pickaxe down.  
“Better if you have a gun and hear anybody coming down.” - Daniel, getting to a chest first, getting loot quickly. “Take the black pistol, it’s the best pistol in the game.”

“Hm... did anybody else land around?” - Angelica.

“No, or else you’d here it.” Daniel told her.

So they continued in Fortnight, seeing mass destruction and building fights in cities, but always stayed in bushes and learned most of the game, looting after battles happened, until after nine minutes there were only fifteen players left, and the circle storm was closing in.

“Sh- hear the footsteps?” Daniel asked the learning Angelica.

“Yes... I’ll stay around this corner.” She said with a good pump, before somebody came through the door and she instantly landed a golden shot against all of his or her health. “I GOT HIM!” Angelica cheered, her first encounter being a kill.

“Dang- That guy is probably mad.” Daniel told for whichever gender the other person playing was. Totally was not me, because I have to write about some people gaming about a popular franchise, instead of, you know, telling you they did and had a good time or encouraging you that they did so quickly.

“Mm, I did do that battle a little cheap from your standards.” Angelica said as she looted before running inwards in the small farm town map.

“Yes, but it is just a game- so get ready for God to do the same to you...” Daniel laughed to himself, throwing a grenade in one of the homes.

“What do you mean?” - Angelica.

“The game is way too silent. Plus, an even number of lives now. That possibly means seven other duos- oh, there goes four- dang...” Daniel said, looking to the building an rocket launchers on a hill next to the village. “Eight other players now.”

Suddenly Angelica got sniped, headshotted, professional-standardized. Her character fell and Daniel, in another house, saw the split screen go to a menu.

“What!?” Angelica stated in happiness and confusion.

“Dead ass snipers got to you.” - Daniel told, getting his own sniper out and creeping around the house to see a running person, shooting, and hitting his shot directly at his head.

“Woo, go Daniel.” She said as she watched him go forth and snipe another quickly.

“Woo, yeah... now it’s intense- ooh- me versus two others now...” He said, hearing gunshots behind his character. As the storm closed in, he hid his character just on the edge behind a building.

He then started crouching over to the duo, who unluckily disconnected as they were running on the other side of the building.

“What?!” Daniel laughed as the screen gave them both a victory royale.

“Wait- what happened?” Angelica funnily asked.

“I dunno’- they probably disconnected.” He giggled back. “Anways, first game, first win- God would only allow that to ever happen.” Daniel laughed, “Alright- I’ll stop.”

“Well, that was nice- but I think I should make the spaghetti now.” Angelica told Daniel and he swayed his tail away from his controller.

“What about one more game?” - Daniel.

“That was good, and we can play it more after dinner if you want. I am feeling a little hungry myself.” - Angelica.

“Okay... hey, how long do you want me here?” Daniel asked, going back to the menu for Fortnight

“As much as you’d like, because there’s nothing else planned tonight really...” Angelica told.

“Even up to a sleepover?” - Daniel.

“You want a sleepover?” - Angelica as she went over and grabbed the white and blue-lined box of sticked-spaghetti.

“I’m just asking. Playing Fortnight with a friend was a dream of mine since I was blind.” - Daniel as Angelica pulled a pot out and broke them up.

“Mm, okay.” Angelica chuckled and started to boil water. “But what about clothes for you and such?”

“I’ll run home and go get some.” Daniel said getting up and leaving. “And thank you for offering dinner.”

Later that night, after Daniel got back, looked around the house, saw Angelica’s amazing golden bathroom and his sucky white bathroom next to his room, he started and watched her make spaghetti, quickly with a seeking permit for intriguiging things, and he learned about the drawers and such, and put out the plates and cups on opposing sides of the table, to face each other, whilst the cheese and salad was passed around as well from his own placing.

“Alright- the spaghetti will be done in a little bit...” The Italian stated to Daniel as he smelled it keenly.

“Like how long?” - Daniel.

“Four minutes maybe?” - Angelica.

“Bet- I can take a shower in that time.” Daniel told, going away. “I’m gonna’ go do that actually- just get it over with quickly, because I really am ready to play some Fortnight with you.” - Daniel.

“Oh- well, go ahead. I’ll leave it out- but please come and get me when you’re ready- we should say praise.” - Angelica.

“Ooh- look up what Fixing Good is. That’s a really good start.” Daniel told with a smile, before heading off.

“Wait- are you going to use my bathroom?” Angelica asked.

“Yeah- you told me it was much better than all others.” Daniel told, walking away to see the glamorous production once again.

“Yes.” She smiled as he went off with a grin.

With excitement dwelling side of him, he went to the shower room and looked upon all of the designs around, wonderous to the yellow and green lining colors with white and red. The absolute nationalism of Italy was definitely prominent, and the master bedroom with such golden tubs and sinks sparkled into Daniel’s eyes as he came forth to it.

Although, this was Angelica’s other room with nothing in it, and his backpack was actually filled with clothes on the guest bed. He entered the shower room without hesitation, opened the closet happily under the white light, saw an amazing Italian towel, grabbed it with greatness, saw the happy and glamorous art amongst the wall, which shined like a spike through his spirit and fill him with the song of new nostalgic joy under the holy yellow ambience. He looked around, saw a black radio with a cord on the sink, put on his favorite song on the raido, locked the door, took off his clothes, and took a shower. As he used the shampoo and soap, he enjoyed the great lengths and widths of water pouring onto him, galloons giving him a great wash for his fur. Afterwards, he stepped out, and realized- his clothes were still in his backpack in the guest room.

“Oh no- my clothes... damnit- I should’ve payed more attention...” He sighed and started to dwell with awkwardness as he used the towel. He kept the towel on and came out to cross the hallway to the kitchen and then the other two rooms.

But Daniel stopped and looked forth to the spaghetti. It was set out, and his eyes were big and keen on getting a delicious taste. The silky white noodles, long and moist, ready to fulfill his taste buds, sat there with such greatness, and such temptation. Angelica’s door was closed, and his door to his room was all open.

“Mm- let me just take a plate back and then invite her.” - Daniel said in his mind devilishly, and hung the towel on a chair as he used both hands to grab the pot tools and get spaghetti super safely onto his plate. He then turned, walking toward his safe passage to his room- before hearing the door creak open with Angelica carrying a laptop as he ate his food slowly and silently, enjoying every taste yet embarressed as she opened the door normally with the laptop in her right hand still open and held by the ‘H’ key. There, description more.

“Oh!” Angelica pounced back as Daniel barely was about to cross into his room just two meters away, but still kind of being in front of her door. Angelica threw her left hand onto her mouth and covering it as she looked towards his chest and then head, both of them turning red with awe.

“Oh- sorry!” Daniel stated as he kept the food in his mouth, stepping back as Angelica was staring into his eyes. “Sorry- oh my god... this is... oh... sheesh.... uh... geez... so fucking embarressing- I’m-a go change-”

“Wait- Uh... erm... I...” Angelica started to say, before shaking her head and pulling down her clothes.

“Hm? What... uh...” Daniel shot in a confused whsiper at her as she pulled off everything.

“I’m- uh- I'm making... sure... you don’t feel unequally embarressed- uh... oh...” Angelica started to say as Daniel just stood there. “I’m making sure your my neighbor and I’ll treat you with the same respect that... uh... we... uh...” - Angelica as she also put her laptop on the floor.

“Um...” - Daniel said, looking to see a funny meme but Angelica a lot more embarressed.

“That this isn’t... uh... we’re seeing each other equally- sorry- I... uh... didn’t know you... were...” Angelica started to say.

Daniel took a deep breath and fell in on the wall between their doors.

“What is going on, God!?” He cried out to God. “God... Focus Daniel- focus- god... fucking... damnit... (he says as he scoots down and Angelica just stares away, then Daniel takes in a deep breath and gets up,) Okay- Angelica- you know what? Let’s forget this. This never happened...” - Daniel said as he exited to the next room, shut it tight and started putting on his clothes rapidly with squirming voices of panic.

“Uh...” - Angelica as she waited outside for appromaxiately eight seconds.

“Are you still out there, Angelica?” Daniel asked with a trembling worried tone, opening the door slowly and seeing to her without her clothes.

“Um... yes- are you fine?” She asked, both of their faces red and combusted with a reality they wished not to live in.

“I... uh... yeah- but you didn’t have to take... oh- take off your clothes!” Daniel said to her through the door’s slight opening.

“I... I just wanted... to make you feel better by... uh... giving you equal vision?” Angelica stated so trembly.

“Uh... sure... um...” - Daniel said to her blue eyes trying to wander towards the ceiling.

“I’m going to go put my clothes back on...” Angelica said under her breath, barely keeping her eyes to his now.

Daniel came out, leaned on the wall and waited as she came out and looked at him.

“That... uh... was...” - Daniel.

“You said we should just forget it.” - Angelica said, a bit mumbled.

“Yeah, we should- but uh- yeah... uh... I’m gonna’ go home now...” Daniel said, packing up and leaving. “Uh... thank you for dinner, Angelica...”

***Kid workout session or something.***

“Eighty-Three.” Ejnare stated as I was outside, swinging in the white bench we had, watching the water fountain as he came from my right. “Can you make me some weights?”

“No need- we have a weights room- Ryutyu's room.” I told Ejnare as he continued coming up to us with his wagging tail.

“Well- can I work out there?” He asked, asking us promptly.

“Sure.” I told with my eyebrows, and he walked off to do such.

Ejnare came across the night sky coming full and Shellia sleeping in my bed. He walked down to the floor of grey carpet and looked towards the black and white metallic weights. He looked around for Gustavo, but saw nobody around.

Ejnare picked up the weights and started to lift. He was keen on doing it as quickly as possible. He then went over to a bench and continued lifting his with left arm, just that. Then, after a minute and forty-seven seconds, he switched to his right, doing the exercise perfectly. Then he went onto a workbench and started lifting the big weight. The time it took him was much longer and much more energized in time-consuming.

Ejnare decided it would be best to take off his sweater and shirt. He looked down to see had a little belly fat and was also had fur everywhere, including a large patch just under his neck and covering his collar bones, so he was just seemingly a little plush.

Ejnare went up and looked in five cabinets before finding a large glass, then looked back to get some water- but stopped and replaced it up, instead going over to the water-filler and grabbing the gallon next to it. He picked up and walked down, not tripping over the stairs, and placed it down next to his weights.

He then opened it, pulled it up largely, and drank from it, his bones aching from the density of it, before dropping it and breathing violently as his brain took the fluids to another level of digestion.

Ejnare’s ears lit up and his tail fell down as he grabbed the weights and continued. Then I came down, with Daniel following.

“Hey Ejnare, do you want some music?” I asked as Daniel looked around, trying to focus on other objects.

“Sure.” he stated with his shirt off, and Daniel took note of that, coming up, dropping his bag off and pulling up weights of his own.

“Hey Ejnare, what are you doing here?” he asked happily, trying to reverse thoughts about Angelica as I made a darkness boombox play some repeating tunes that lasted for a rapping session of two minutes.

“Working out?” - Ejnare the greenlandic white wolf furry stated.

“But why?” Daniel slurred cutely.

“Because it’s something to do and productive.” - Ejnare as I left back up to my bedroom.

“Okay...” - Daniel. “I’m here because... I want to get my mind off something that happened lately.”

“Okay.” - Ejnare.

So, Daniel and Ejnare trained a little more, both being extremely sweaty as the clock passed ten minutes.

“Okay... woo...” Daniel said, looking down at the sweat he had on his jacket. “I think I should be done for tonight...”

“Okay.” - Ejnare, and Daniel nodded and just left.

Ejnare then proceeded, as Daniel proceeded to leave, took off all his clothes, put them to the right side of the bench, and continued training in his sweaty self.

“It doesn’t matter.” He ringed in his head. As he stopped and but the weights down, he looked to the floor for hope. The floor was only down, and his normal face became a frown, as it mostly already was. “But the heat feels good.”

Then, after two more minutes of straining his arms wealthily and drinking a bit more, he heard the door open, he looked forth, sweat coming down his ears and head as he saw Chinua come down, without her sister.

“What the hell- Ejnare?” She asked as he came to see him with an angry face.

“Hey Chinua...” He nodded, continuing to lift weights like he was not already naked.

“Why are you naked?” She asked, coming up to him, more confused than pastly angry.

“My fur gets me heated real quick, so in order to avoid the annoyance of too much sweat, and a heat stroke- I'm naked.” Ejnare spoke to Chinua, looking to her with her arms by her sides, just hanging.

Chinua just sighed and sat to the left of Ejnare, picking up Daniel’s weights and feeling the sweat on the metal slightly slip hers. She then grasped it quickly and harshly, then doing the weights after him, copying his slope with her eyes as the receptors and her arms as the effectors.

Then she looked away and Ejnare still possessed the wall as his view. They continued in silence for a bit before Chinua got up and did the same Ejnare did to keep his face less sweaty and his heat stroke probability down.

“I also hate my own fur.” Chinua said as her clothes were placed on the left side.

“I don’t hate my fur, I hate sweat.” - Ejnare.

“Alright, smart-ass.” Chinua, still angry, stated next to Ejnare, which did not look to her looking forth and doing her processes.

Ejnare continued at the floor, staring into it with a few blinks, before, after four more minutes, Ejnare dropped his weights onto the floor and went forth to do a few push ups. Chinua also followed, and had no advice from her eyes at him. After a lot of push ups in the music, and heavy breathing from the humans, they got up and looked at each other, tired and swelling in their arms.

“Don’t you have a problem with being naked around someone else? You’re muslim, from what I remember.” Ejnare asked.

“No. I don’t, but other muslims do...” - Chinua.

“Okay... but then... Why are you still here?” Ejnare asked, confused on her anger.

“Because...” - Chinua.

“What?” Ejnare furthered and Chinua just chuckled inside. He caught it, and nodded halfly. “Okay... but why are you also copying me?” - Ejnare furthered. Chinua just stayed smirked. Ejnare stared further, and so did she, until they stopped. Ejnare just picked up his weights again, and so did Chinua. “Are you going to say anything?” He said in a whisper. Chinua continued to grin from his voice.

“Competition!” Wilma said, coming from out the ground and up to stand at the left of Chinua.

“What!?” Chinua instantly recognized, freaked out and dropped her weights, making a loud bang on the floor as she propelled away from Wilma’s big-pupiled face, almost tripping over the bench, and was scared for her feet almost being bashed by the weights.

“Loser.”- Wilma said, dissolving and laughing away into a white smoke that quickly vanished away up the stairs.

“Competition?” - Ejnare confused as Chinua picked up her weights.

Chinua sighed. “Uh... Yes, I am here to be stronger than you and others. I... don’t want to be weak for others see. If universe breaks, I need to be ready and look strong, the strongest.”

“If the universe breaks?” Ejnare almost quoted to ask.

“Yeah- Eighty-Three always said that he’s gone through shit. That ‘shit’ could be dangerous beyond us, and I want to protect self and sister.” - Chinua.

“If they can use powers and we can’t, what use do you think muscle-training would be?” Ejnare asked Chinua realistically.

“There is always slim chance that so-called ‘Humanitor’ will come on, or something that’ll allow me to help.” - Chinua.

“Yeah, yeah... but you panicked when Wilma came- and let me give you some advice- don't panic, because it leads to weird or wrong thinking processes...” Ejnare smirked, and then put down his weights nicely and started to put his clothes on. “But thanks for keeping me company.”

Ejnare then left after Chinua just continued her arms whilst naked. Ejnare shortly hopped away as fast as he could and Chinua, after fifteen more seconds, laid her tired bones down and started away as well.

***The first mission for the kids.***

At night, everybody fell asleep. But during the day, some sprung up at 6:30 A.M.

Daniel came up with a smile and tiredly did his routine until he started to feel happy and looked around with delight to the world. He yawned, put on his clothes kindly, and walked out with his dog, was happy to be doing what he was doing.

After Daniel walked his dog, he got on the internet, watch a bunch of memes, and then saw, at appromiaxetly 7:46 A.M., Angelica knock on his door. He was a bit slowed in his joy, but minded it off and answered fully.

“Hey Angelica, how’s it going?” He asked, opening the door all the way.

“Good, thank you. I came by to ask if you wanted to play... Fortnight.” She asked, happy to see him happy.

“Are you really here to play that... or are you here about last night?” He whispered to her in the front door, dawning his face to a swell of worry mixed with nothingness.

“I... both. I would like to be friendly and play Fortnight with you because you really wanted to last night, but I also just... can’t stop thinking... about last night. I’m sorry- I made it-” - Angelica.

“You didn’t do anything wrong- I was the one taking the spaghetti before we called for praise- I was the one who forgot my clothes in my room- and I was the one who decided to take the food to my room, thinking it was fine to go without... my towel...” He stated slowly, looking away with a worry in his eyebrows.

“That’s all true, but I’m sorry for acting so weird. I... just... wanted to... make sure this wouldn’t happen by trying to solve it... with being equal. I thought that if maybe... I also got naked- that you’d stop being embarressed and that maybe it would be... okay... but that sounds so dumb now when I think of it...”

“Look- Angelica... we both panicked- but the thing is... you came back- you sort-of-solved it techincally by doing what you did... maybe... whatever- It was both of our faults for making such an awkward situation and ruining the sleepover... but... hey... it was only between us and it was the only time I’ll ever do that...” - Daniel.

“Hm, yes.” She smiled a little.

“I know I should’ve not eaten without you, because I remember that you said it, and I still didn’t listen.” - Daniel. “The entire thing probably happened because God was mad at me for that...”

“God doesn’t get mad. He just gives signals.” The Vatican stated to Daniel.

“Yeah... probably so... but uh- Fortnight?” Daniel asked more joyfully than ever.

“Yes.” The Vatican nodded happily, and Daniel allowed her into his home to play.

So those two were gaming for some time as the rest of everybody woke up. Most of them were, like Ejnare, woke up to food on their table and ate it mysteriously yet happily. Then, the kids like Ejnare, came out after their routine to see my home and went over to it, finding the doorknob to the front door open, and walking into the light of the past presentation-like living room now back to its original state.

“Hello Ejnare.” I said, coming up to an inch away from his face as he stepped forth with his cartoony-like big paw-like feet of a wolf.

“Uh- hello.” He stated, slightly pulsing back from me just hovering up to him.

“What are you doing here, so early?” I asked, still smiling.

“Wondering what we’re doing today. I heard you were going to do missions for people to get revenge on certain people.” Ejnare spoke to me.

“Yes, I was looking forwards to finding Chinua’s evil business she recommended we destroy.” I told as I went over to make cereal for Ryutyu.

“Okay... and are you?” Ejnare asked slowly, coming to sit at the table as he saw Ryutyu tiredly come over with his buff muscles.

“Wassup’ lads?” He said, coming forth with a slight happiness as I poured flakes of cereal into his bowl.

“Me and Ejnare were just getting onto missions we should complete for the kids.” I told Ryutyu, and he looked forth.

“Doing a mission to defeat an evil business in Mongolia- right?” Ryutyu questioned and I nodded, and he cheered inside as he sat down and I gave him milk and a spoon for his cereal which was already loaded.

I then sat down next to Ejnare and stared at him, nerving him to an easy retreat.

“And when do we do this?” Ejnare asked after some silence of Ryutyu eating happily.

“Whenever the rest of everybody wakes up. Mongolia is a little cold and dry, so supplying on breakfast is such an obviously good tactic.” I stated to Ejnare like a general.

“Okay... are you... gonna’ take Geurnf or Gustavo?” Ejnare asked, wondering about more formal people to come.

“No, it should be between us and the corporations. Us, you kids, and the corporation men- possibly the government. We attack, get out of there, and maybe watch how the Mongolians and Chinese cry about it.” I told Ejnare and Ryutyu, as the door opened and Oyur walked in.

“What the fuck are you furries doing so early here?” He slow-slurred with his red eyes, his treeman roots unexistent technically.

“Discussing what we should do and when we should do it today.” - Me.

“Don’t tell me ya’ actually going through with that damn-ass crazy-ass mission Chinua stated up.” Stated Oyur.

“I find it fun, and I think it would be a great experience for you all to get introduced into the possible factors that could occur at any moment.” - Me, standing up to Oyur.

“And why haven’t they occured at any moment already?! The shit you tall about hasn’t started at all, and it feels like a goddamn lie...” - Oyur.

“I guess thy are really- actually, lad, we had Clasif yesterday, but nobody was there to see him.” Ryutyu stated for me, and I nodded obviously.

“Clasif? What kinda’ name is that? It sounds like a type of plant.” - Oyur.

“Clasif is some buff furry like Ryutyu who challenges ONLY Ryutyu to some activity games that last around two-to-five minutes. If Ryutyu loses, he permanently dies.” - I spoke for Ryutyu, shaking my tail in my chair.

“And the computer could’ve come for the rest of us...” Oyur nodded his head and left, “We got dumb-ass t-v villians against us...”

As he left, so did my care for the scene. So, Ryutyu ate breakfasted, Ejnare left outside, and before we knew it- Wilma casted her hands up, hovering over the three-way, and brought everybody over to a portal of green-outlined ambition.

“This is a portal to a Mongolian wine factory that Chinua mentioned yesterday. Does anybody NOT want to kill somebody?” Wilma asked, blurting out during the all-cap word, and Daniel plus Angelica plus Kioshi raised their hands after that.

“(Me coming from all their right, from my home,) That is nice to know not everybody here is insane- but it does not matter sadly. You all will have an AK-47, unlimited bullets, and no armor. So- Let us have some fun in there.” I said, my arms from under my dress pulling out fully black Ak’s, giving one to each, and the kids instantly started mumbling and whispering about moral absolutes. Then, I paced into the portal, into the long grey hallway with cabinets on both side and black doors every five feet.

“Wow- I didn’t expect for it to be quick.” Chinua stated to outside of her mouth.  
 “Finally- we get to stop those mustards.” Khenbush stated with her yellow eyes gleaming onto the AK. Then Ryutyu rushed into the portal with his blue blur, and went forth with a sword.

Chinua and Khenbush sprung to action, going through the portal and looking around. They barged into the doors and found nobody, but investigated the papers as others came. They found the Mongolian slash Chinese text with the name of the company, and showed it to the incoming kids fragile with their own hands.

“This company is it! We need to shoot them!” Chinua stated.

“Wilma... this is insane.” Angelica told Wilma, severly worried as Daniel backed up and listened.

“It is. We do it for fun and for training too. I can revive them all later.” Wilma spoke to Angelica.

“But Wilma- you're still making history- whether you change it for other people or not. You’re still doing wrong and justifying it with a probability that it may all go back to normal in the future.” Angelica told Wilma softly, looking forwards as suddenly screaming could be heard. Then a window broke, and Ryutyu rushed down the other hall, and towards somebody.

“That is true.” Wilma nodded, widening her mouth and looking at Angelica. “But Eighty-Three is my friend. Our friendship will always be inevitable. He created me. I must listen to him. I must not care much for the horrible things he does away from all others...” Wilma trailed off, backing away from the portal and towards the wall. “The best I shall do for now is allow you all to have a gun of your wants. What would any of you like?” She asked, rotating her hands in her cupped blue wardrobes, and as people thought about it, it came true. The only person in want for an AK-47 was Khenbush, and then there were others who did not care.

Chinua got a minigun, the Vatican got nothing changed, Kioshi got a grenade launcher, Ejnare got a sniper rifle, Daniel got a shotgun, Oyur dropped his to the ground, George created a hole in the ceiling and flew off, whilst Wilma took off an followed him.

“There goes Wilma- and the portal.” Daniel said, looking behind to see the other end of the hallway also split to horizontally two.

“I don’t want to fight...” Angelica whispered to Daniel.

“I don’t we think we’ll have a choice.”

“Where do we start?” Oyur madly asked.

“We should stay together around corners. Me be first up to any new rooms, I shall kill whoever I need, and spare whoever seem nice.” Chinua stated as her sister was in a likeness of this idea.

As the alarms sounded from far off and nearby, the grey rooms and black doors dwelled in, and everybody was cautious with their gun, looking around and scrambling to get in a line behind Khenbush and her sister. Screams and yells were heard in a distance, and suddenly, the roof of the building was lifted and thrown away.

“Woah!” - Daniel, looking up, and Chinua also stopped as she found an elevator.

“SH! Somebody coming!” - Chinua whispered, and she revved up her silent and fully black minigun.

There was me, and she stopped with a sigh. “You guys need to hurry up. I already took out thirteen people.” I said before lowering myself down the elevator.

“Eighty-Three, wait!” Angelica stated over, and I was already gone.

“We should split up.” - Khenbush.

“Sure- me and my sister- and- you know what- Angelica too- you come with us.” Chinua stated to all.

“Uh...” - Angelica as Daniel was a bit confused.

Then Ryutyu rushed up to them from the other side of the hallway, covered in blood and breathing rapidly.

“Ey!” - Ejnare, looking to see Ryutyu colored red almost.

“Just ran into somebody... damn... uh... yeah- so I don’t like killing people either, I feel terrible about it- but we gotta’ do it- so, uh- I take Daniel and Oyur and... that’s it... thanks...” Ryutyu puffed out, before grabbing them quickly by their hands and running them further away from the group.

“How in hell’s name did he know we were splitting up?” - Khenbush.

“He has dog-like ears, possibly meaning he can hear as well as a dog-like animal.” Ejnare stated to Chinua.

“Alright- you two go off onto your own business, we gotta’ do stuff...” - Chinua.

“Come on Angelica." Khenbush smiled, and took her by her left hand carrying the bible. They entered the elevator and instantly picked the bottom floor.

“Hopefully we can get some good kills at the base floor.” Chinua stated with a sarcastic laugh.

“Angelica- you just gonna’ stand around and be useless?” Khenbush asked Angelica.

“N-no?” - Angelica.

“Then go out there and be our meat shield.” - Khenbush.

Angelica just stood still, frazzled and in envy to get to heaven. She was scared beyond any possible delight, and needed to rest from such a sound experience. But, she was far from it. When the elevator dropped to the last floor, it opened to a scheme tunnel, one driven by blood, up and down, spread across- organs of workers smeared all over, the grey now colorful with only one message- corpses decorated the halls, and the absolute supernatural power of evil dawned on Angelica with a heart-dropping effect. She saw it- exactly what a demon would want out of somebody. Endless murder down the entire hall to a single black door, the future even, closed and wonderous yet extremely mysterious and frightening. She was shaking, her mind racing, and her body frizzled and ready to gulp and throw- and then she turned to her corner and let it out.

“OH!” Angelica screeched in a high pitched Italian accent, seeing forth to the mass murder I committed, before turning to puke away in the corner, on her knees, unease in her body still.

“Oh shit... damn...” - Chinua, walking forth with open eyes as her sister was still stern and ready to take anyone on. She looked back to Angelica with an actual worry on her face, releasing the angst in replacement for care.

“You okay?” Khenbush asked her sister, before looking back to Angelica.

“Yeah- yeah- it’s just my first time seeing a dead body, and so many...” Chinua said, her gun loaded up and ready, unlike her heart shutting down and scared.

“Well- I think we should get running- or we’re going to miss our chance. AHEM- Angelica- hurry up!” Khenbush stated, and started sprinting around the obstacles of flesh driven from the body and onto the splattered floor.

“This is horrible...” Angelica slowly stated out loud in a whisper after four seconds, getting up with tears in her eyes, not drooling down her cheeks yet, but in such a dread she could only slightly turn her head to the mass.

“It’s... uh- it’s Allah’s way... he let Eighty-Three go forth... and do all this...” - Chinua with her syndrome still intact, stated as she came up to Angelica, and used hr right arm to push her forth as she held the entire minigun with her left, looking at it, before shrugging slightly.

“Come on, slow pokes!” - Khenbush as she at the door by now.

“Aren’t you scared that he could do this to us?” Angelica gently yet loudly asked, pacing forwards and carefully around paddles of blood, wiping her mouth with her black shirt.

“Unlikely he would...” Chinua stated to Angelica, sorrowing her mouth and eyebrows for an effect of unsureness.

As they crept up to the door, Khenbush was first to load in, opening the door and spastically coming out to see the lobby heading to the outside. The lobby as well as already dead, but it furthered the inspection of horror that Angelica would remember.

“Me my...” - Angelica trembling.

“He’s really...” Chinua started to say, looking down to see the smothered faces of innocent Mongolian men, before catching a deep breath and looking forwards to the great plains outside.

There was just thin grass and some pine trees in groups far off. But forwards was the real story. Amazingly, a city, like a village without any highr buildings, was present and had nothing bigger than the corporation. It stood forty-five meters on a road away from the corporation, with bars and little shops present and mangled between each others. But now all was closed, or dead. Destruction had crossed the path, and shops with people were now shops with corpses. A rush of dement had traveled far.

“I thought we were only killing the business?” Khenbush asked, turning around to see the scared Angelica and gravelling Chinua.

But before Chinua could say something, a man gasped loudly in another room. Chinua looked decisively over to the other black door, leading to another hallway. She revved up her minigun and allowed Khenbush to open it.

There, a Mongolian man, cracking hishand back into place by twisting it cruelly, stood gasping at his own pain and looked down onto a fellow. The door was without sound, but then Chinua shot, and the darkness bullets from her gun indulged into the man’s back without much consent or likeness. His tuxedo was blasted with thirteen bullets, bleeding massively, as Chinua stopped her silent shooter- only the wind making a sound. Chinua was distorted by this action. She just killed a man in front of the seeping Christian, in front of her sister, and in front of herself. The man, now dead, did not even cry out before he was let go from life.

“Woah...” - Khenbush as the body dropped and released a slight thud.

“Ankhbayar!” A man stated, as if to look around for him.

“Quick...” Khenbush stated, hearing the voice of a panicked man around the right corner, and she out for blood quickly.

Khenbush rushed forwards, hopping over the dead body and using her right hand to aim her gun preciously- but she was shot. The man, just around the solid metallic corner, was ducked and actually confused Khenbush’s shoot to absolutely the other wall now. The man instead shot her stomach and pulsed her back to grab her chest and drop her gun. The man then shot again, and the double hit on her chest came forth to her gasp for air as her lungs were damaged, and now she fell backwards with death.

“Khenbush...” Chinua stated under her breath, trying not to scream it out, but rushing forwards and shooting her minigun.

She, again, without coordination, was fucked over by the man on the ground who shot her right hand from his body flat on the floor, looking up- and Chinua lost her grip on the minigun- it falling above another corpse to death of use. The man got up, a huge blood drop coming from his right thigh, and shot again at her shock, missing, but going up to her and putting the gun to her head with his right as he used his left to grab her throat and choke her.

“Khüükhed! Chi khorkhoi!” The man yelled, not looking towards Angelica hiding behind the door, peeking into the man’s raging state with her dropping soul. “Khen chamaig ajild avsan!?”

Chinua shot her eyes over to Angelica, sending the message with her uneased eyebrows and large eyes that this was her true fear. This was her first death. This was her life on the line, and she needed help. Angelica was worried beyond understanding, confused and looking around for a pistol- luckily, a guard by had it. She crouched down quickly with a shaking hand, grabbing it from his pocket of grey, before coming back, and through the door, lifting her arms and standing in front to aim at the man’s head.

But Angelica started to cry. She let the tears flow down, she let her eyes go red from sorrow, she let her mouth release the sound of pure terror. The man whipped his head over to the young girl and was confused and in wilderment. He dropped Chinua, letting her breath and grasp her neck from the immesne pain. She was in need of life to come back normally, so she gripped the floor with her right hand.

“Ürgeljlüül! Buud! Bi chamaig zorigloj baina!” The man angrily wished, having his hands raise and his face mald at Angelica.

“Shoot!” Chinua coughed up, and Angelica, out of the priceless face of eternal sadness, had shot with fear towards the man, hitting him in the head. “Oh...”

Angelica squirmed. She felt like a combustion, like the tentacles of darkness I could make were now inside her, boiling and seething at the cause she just committed. She let her water go from her eyes and covered her mouth with her right hand.

“Thank you, Angelica... he wanted you to shoot him- he dared you...” Chinua stated, quite sad herself yet satisfied Angelica saved her.

Angelica was wordless, and all that did for her was just amplify the mess she was in. She backed up against the wall and slid down, dropping the gun, and looking at Chinua as she got up and sluggishly walked forwards, holding her hand, before dropping to sit in front of Angelica.

“Thank you... ah... I’m gonna’ need prayer for this...” Chinua started to whisper for herself to the woman dying inside.

“I just killed a man... an innocnent man...” She puked out of her voice, shining with the high pitch, even though she covered her mouth.

“It’s... you’ll- ah- you'll get used it... ah... my sis... she beat my parents to near death... so uh... just know we seen worse... and you saved me... thanks again...” Chinua stated, falling on her back and looking to the ceiling as she held her wound.

Angelica just stared still at the bodies and then Chinua. She started to cry, with no words. Just a release of her water in her eyes.

On the other battle field was Ryutyu, Oyur, Daniel, and Ejnare.

They were against the army. The local militia, with military men having their country flag on their left shoulder and common camoflauge suits- they held AK-47s against the speed and stealth of the small team. Some even had grenades ready.

The team were in a graveyard, one with only the stone graves to provide protection, giving a thin line for safety. It was out in the plains, and the gang had acquired guns of their own just against the town a few meters away. The soldiers were around the corners shooting, taking their precautions- but also watching fully around them.

Ryutyu then rushed in, taking three out with his speed, exploding their guts and blood onto the concrete as he barely slowed down and went further into the paralyzing labyrinth that was the town.

Ejnare and Oyur looked around the corner and started shooting at the discomforted soldiers. They were fearful of the blue speed, the blue flash, that had ran through three of their fellows in an instant- taking nothing with him. Ejnare and Oyur fired their guns as Daniel reloaded his, his arms shaking and his mind racing in discomfort as well. Oyur was mad and ferocious, whilst Ejnare was taking in deep breaths and keeping his safe posture.

A grenade was thrown at Daniel, and he rolled away in despair and violence to get away from the grave now exploded and causing attention. He was huffing at this, and Oyur could only give him a nod, before shooting more with just his instinct- not even his head. He kept going, because he could with his frustration and my darkness gun.

Then the men started yelling further, and started to advance. Dodging Oyur’s random bullets, one ran around and threw a grenade over to Oyur. The cement pieces on the floor and the dust ramped up caused him to accelerate his action when he saw such. He got up and jumped, with Ejnare scarmbling away as well, to the next grave.

But as they did so, Oyur got there first, and when Ejnare started to get over him- a man shot his leg. He felt the thrusting pain and cried out in his inside, letting the screech fly slightly through his mouth as he stared with bleeding-tearful eyes to Oyur, now getting the blood of his body on his new fur. He then tried scrambling more- but whoever that other guy was, continued to shoot his leg. Soon, he was bleeding to death, and somehow made his way over to the other grave to sit there and recuperate.

“Oh- fuck- I'm not gonna’ make it- oh fuck- oh fuck... oh... fuck fuck fuck...” Ejnare cursed out to the world, trying to keep his mind on his silent position socially.

The other man who had thrown the grenade was now after Daniel. They had a quick shoot off. With Daniel rolling left as quickly as possible, the man missed to the grass a bunch of his own bullets, and then Daniel shot randomly away, scaring the guy back for a quick second, before Ryutyu then rushed into him, having the blood scatter and the organs travel far onto the three as he went to the other side and looked back for only a second, dazzled and afraid of what he just committed. Ryutyu, then with his instinct, flashed away, running into more and speeding the fear of the poorly trained soldiers to a max.

“At least we got Ryutyu...” Oyur madly stated, before another grenade bonked him in the head and fell off into his lap.

Oyur squirmed away with silence, bringing Ejnare’s cutting voice a long to the next grave as such explosion became awareness to all. Then, as Daniel watched, another grenade was thrown, and another, and a third to his right. Daniel started up, aiming his gun towards the advancing men, and shooting them as they turned to see Ryutyu rush into another. He plopped one in the face, another in the chest, and another in the neck, before they started shooting at them. The chest man was shielded by his vest, and started to shoot back. Daniel ducked as more started to shoot at him. Ejnare peered over and started shooting at the faces as well, using his sniper rifle quite well. But- he was combatted by another sniper.

Ejnare’s face was blown in and bloody-furred after he gained two kills. A man far aways shot him from a building top- but now that he did, he had three seconds to live. Ryutyu then rushed into him, and fueled away. Ejnare’s dead body slumped and allowed for soldiers to shoot at it, as Oyur looked with grief and confusion at the dead Ejnare- a bullet between his open rolling eyes.

“Dear fucking God...” Oyur stated, as suddenly the advancing mini-army threw six grenades, four at him and two towards Daniel.

The mini-army then started to advance, and as Daniel got up, he had his ears open to the gunshots incoming. Oyur grabbed the unlocked grenades and threw them back, but was coming too late for another. He decided to throw two- then roll, as in those seconds he saw six more come and at Daniel. Daniel was overwhelmed at this point. The cement of grave stones were now in touch with the grass and soil as little particles that did not matter. Daniel dodged to the right, but a grenade was already there.

Ryutyu saw this, and then rushed through all of them, sixteen- before tripping over onto the grassy greens and rubbing his taken blood onto the plains. He instantly bounced up and took out four more, before stopping and looking around for more. There were eighteen others incoming, and so he went after them.

The blood was a mass now. Broken bones, organs, organelles- splattered everywhere, telling the story of speed, gun, and explosion. Mongolian men and women were screaming afar, and many were already dead just at the end of town. It seemed from the lines of home that escape was not optional to survival.

Oyur peered over his gravestone, quick with red eyes and wonder and fear and confusion. His ears rang at the gun shots, his mind racing around to see anything. No soldiers- alive. All were on the floor, mere symbols of what their insides once were connected for. Oyur sprang up and pulled his gun up to see if anything was truly coming. He saw Ryutyu flashing around the roads, and bones continuing to break. The sounds were so real to him, and he was so bewildered at the silence of their area.

Oyur then looked around himself. The gravestones that survived were damaged, pieces off into the plains, and the others were completely exploded, the cement specs beyond restructure. Ejnare bled out still, and Daniel was missing to Oyur’s eye for a pure second, before he whipped his head further west to see Daniel sitting, still yet shaking.

Oyur crept up to Daniel, coming around to find his friend in complete and utter disgrace from such a battle. Daniel was in a state of shock, his hands trembling out, his arms stuck in position to grab his shotun in front of him. His legs were scaved with blood and fur, out and unmoving, his shirt burnt and ready to be washed from the specs of cement- and most importantly, his face was distinguished. Daniel’s face, his left side, was now melted, his eyes blind and white from the explosion, his cheek falling off again and wrinkles indented to impose that massive heat and radiation altered his skin awfully. Half of his head was also without fur and hair, now so radically changed and in shock, only his right eye could look up to Oyur, seeking his help for an escape from the pain he could not yell out.

“God shit, Daniel...” Oyur stated, scared and looking around as his ears bled from the evil history of the battle. Daniel could only stare as Oyur kneeled down and took his gun. “Uh... stay here, I guess... fucking hell- I guess I gotta’ go get Eighty-Three to fix you again...”  
I, Eighty-Three, was rushing through into people’s homes and blasted them up into pure blood and organs as Wilma and George were above, destroying more army men with their funny powers.

“Do not mind it.” Wilma stated to George, as George was bewildered into silence and treacherous in moral understanding, seeing forth to the much killings of his own doings as the gunshots sprayed onto him just bounced off, and he shot rainbow spikes out of the air. “It only gets worse.” Wilma continued as she also did so, bringing up houses demented from my doing and throwing them at army men.

“When do we stop?” George whispered to Wilma as she came near him and they continued with barely any Red Glitch around the spikes and houses, mostly minimizing them but still allowing for mass murder.

“Whenever Eighty-Three stops.” Wilma told George as they continued to throw damage around like it was a game.

Down below, I was going around, shooting and killing many with my detachable arms, dissolving bodies, and going through the entire town- killing many and shredding their blood amongst the plains they once dwelled in.

Then, as I came around, finding Ryutyu finishing off some of the other soldiers, I found one man, in the town’s church for the Christian God, a man in a tuxedo breathed heavily, hiding behind the post that would once be preached upon.

My ears, fully up- twitched at this hearing. I looked back slowly, finding the silence to be slightly distorted by his breathing, as well as many other things. The church- to me, was untouched. And so, I was to go in and finish the job that slowly became a clue game.

“Eighty-Three! Are we done?!” Chinua yelled over to me, coming quickly as I started to walk forth to the church.

“Just one more person...” I told, lifting up my left index finger to stop her as my tail swayed nicely back and forth.

“Eighty-Three- I thought this was only to get at my business men, not everybody in town!” Chinua stated with her Mongolian accent, dropping her minigun and standing in front of me as Angelica came up to her right.

“Eighty-Three, can we please go home?” Angelica trembled quickly, examining my blood on my green dress and maid shoes and black mask.

I needed no words to speak. I turned away and walked to the church, entering it and finding the man’s breathing to be louder. Chinua picked up her minigun with only her right hand and continued as Angelica was sad and full with anxiety.

“Nobody is here.” Chinua stated with fear and confusion and wonder as I came forth in the silence of the entire town now, opening the doors of the church to a stereotypical church lay out of wood and cement.

“Eighty-Three- uh... if there’s... anyone here... please... let them go...” Angelica whispered as all alarms were gone now, and all was silent, except my steps towards the stage, loud and echoing in such a place of retreat. She saw I was unstoppable, and hoped that I was false in my attention to detail of who was still alive.

The man stopped his breathing, and only continued holding himself in a ball position as I came forth, looking nowhere else, until I stepped up two steps to be right in front of the preacher stand of light brown wood. He stopped breathing entirely then, and all was too silent for my cat eyes.

I grabbed the preacher stand with both hands, and thrusted it down to my east, showing the man to be sitting up and balled in with his black jeans, looking towards the window shining in death and red under the dawning blue sky with more clouds incoming.

He screeched, screaming as he scrambled away, looking back to me, and grudging himself up against the window with much fear and trembling in his bones. I must say those words as those made up his final personality.

“Namaig bitgii gomdoo!!!” He screamed, massively concluded against the oval window showing in barely anymore sunlight upon his life. The clouds of darkness and rain had now started to pile in well now, and only the houses smashed across the plains were relevant to the damage he was about to undertake inevitably.

“Don’t hurt him, Allah...” Chinua whispered under her breath. “Please, Allah, I pray that this man, although Christian, not undergo fate of Eighty-Three...” Angelica was intrigued by this comment with Chinua’s stale face towards the man creeped out beyond life- yet she herself was still shuddering with sadness and regret.

I then made my right arm into darkness and it extended to grasp around the man’s neck, his black hair unharmed and hazel eyes now straining, as he did not use his arm to hold my black sludge of a hand, and decided to choke as he looked into my glasses. Then, from my pressure and eternal stare of pure darkness through my shades- in which he could still not see my green blazing eyes- my hand snapped the bones in his neck, and he fell dead, rolling his eyes up, before I dropped him down, his body slugging off the window and being flat and up.

Angelica peeped after she heard the snap, covering her mouth with her hands, tears flowing again- and Chinua closed her eyes with frustration, grunted to herself, turning her head to the wall to her left, and trying not to pay attention to that.

I then, in the pure silence that arose after the snap, turned to my full west to see the two looking back to me after three seconds.

“Watch this.” I told through my mask, and then proceeded to squat down, using my fingers to extend into sharpness, stab his upper chest, and then ripped down, slowly taking off a layer of his torso and shirt, before lifting it up and throwing it to the right, letting the crimson go everywhere in such a fashion of uncare.

Angelica and Chinua watched in horror to the body now with stopped organs just there, in front of me with my evil smile. I then used my right hand to untake the mask from my right ear, then move it forth to get off the left, and then toss it to the right. They watched now with specific horror to what I would do.

And so I proceeded to use my right hand, grab his small intenstines, pull it out agressively, and started to use my left to continue picking it up, like a function, towards my mouth, before I started to devour his insides, letting the greasy blood fall in drops down and allowing my chin to be covered in it.

Angelica was beyond, transparent, and understand of what she was seeing. She had no motion and was in shock to see such. But Chinua, was now fully scared and wide-eyed, beyond any anger to show anymore. She started to slope up in her incoming scream, dropping her minigun, before running away, blasting through the doors and away, with Angelica picking up her call and following with her scream away.

I looked right, behind with a smiling mouth, dropping the intenstines, and shrugging. After a second of hearing them screech off to the distance, the doors closed, and I started to turn my head back and finish eating his corpse, the blood squirting up to my shades as I bit down.

***Jesus comes to talk with Angelica.***

“I hear unholy distress below us. I must provide myself to command my laws, for the wicked people there do not understand their sins are changing themselves.” Jesus stated to Stalin and Hitler as he was up in the sky, above Earth, exiting through a metallic door with a golden knob that led through space towards their library. They stood above the Earth, entirely ready to drop down directly to Mongolia’s attacked city.

“What? What’s below us?” Hitler asked Jesus.

“Mongolia?” Stalin asked Jesus.

“In the lands of Mongolia, God is giving me knowledge that there are beings there to destroy ones who go back on their own word, and justify it in their own ways. I must speak with them, for they do not understand their eternal history.” - Jesus.

“Eternal history? What are you talking about?” Hitler asked Jesus, staring at him.

“He means that the sins you do are forever remembered.” - Stalin. “Even if it is only by God- but by then nobody cares.”

“But doesn’t that go back on your endless forgiveness?” - Hitler to Jesus.

“I may give forgiveness, but blatant hypocrisy and sin turns you beyond my mercy.” Jesus told, before shooting his left hand up, and suddenly they started to fall down to the area of blood-filled kills.

“Auh... stop doing this! I hate being up in the air and feeling like I’m going to fall to my death!” Hitler said as they came down to the plains so normally without sound or air brushing onto the grass, literally just them slowing down and standing forth like a lazy animation brought them down- and they were seeing forth to the village and the corporation building across the town. Around were damaged houses, a damaged graveyard, and damaged corpses all around.

“Then stop being yourself, because I like it.” Stalin laughed at Hitler as they went down. Hitler was astounded to see that corpses and buildings were smashed around as well.

“This wickedness comes from only one soul commanding others. The sin is creates is unstopped by its own physical influence, but if I come across whatever it is- I shall warn thy with my holy directions.” Jesus stated to the other two men.

Jesus then went forth and so did the others without word, till they reached the town’s road and came forth in the middle, seeing that many were now in either a worse or better place, whether adult or child.

"This is as bad as Nazism.” Stalin stated eagerly to his fellow dictator.

“Stop it- commie! You purged millions because of your ideaology!” Hitler shot back at Stalin, who was smirking at his anger.

“Boasting or laughing about sin is as much as a crime as sinning itself. The amount of murders you allow does not make you any better. You will all be responsible for the sins you have exalted.” - Jesus as he looked around a four-way, and Stalin nodded to him as Hitler just grumbled.

“Who’s that?” Stalin asked, pointing to Kioshi from his own right. Kioshi was at the feet of a corpse, looking over its smashed face and letting his eyes rest on the blood.

“Young boy by the dead man- who has done such a thing to this town?” Jesus asked, coming over to Kioshi standing still, before looking up and pulsing back from the sight of the three powerful men.

“Why he is actually black?” Stalin funnily asked Hitler, and Hitler just grumbled.

“Jesus Christ?” Kioshi asked, looking around rapidly.

“Yes. Do not fear my presence for I am no imposter. I am here to talk.” Jesus told Kioshi, and he started back to his idle stage.

“Uh...” Stalin laughed inside.

“I didn’t kill anybody... but... my boss Eighty-Three did...” Kioshi told, whispering and pointing to the east towards the remainding people.

“Eighty-Three?” Hitler asked.

“I know- such a weird and unmoral name- just like you name those Jewish prisoners of yours.” Stalin told to Hitler, making him frustrated again.

“Then come with me, young boy, and tell me your name. I must know what has truly caused all this to happen.” Jesus told Kioshi, and he led the way.

“Well... my first name is Kioshi. I am here with other kids on a mission to kill a few businessmen and then retreat back to our village...” Kioshi told, weary of the holy presence.

“And you do not lie when you tell of no murders yourself?” Jesus asked Kioshi.

“Yes... I watched it though, I’m sorry...” Kioshi told Jesus, looking to his blue eyes.

“You don’t have to be sorry, you didn’t do anything.” Stalin told, trying to smile.

“Not always, Stalin. Thou shall not let crime go forth or be completed when he has the hands to stop it.” Jesus told them all.

“That’s intolerable. If you don’t have to do it- you shouldn’t be made to get into it!” Hitler told against Jesus.

“Doesn’t that go back on your concentration camps?” Stalin asked Hitler with a smirk.

“Those are Jews! Not anybody good is a Jew...” - Hitler.

“Why are the world’s most hated dictators with you?” Kioshi asked Jesus.

“Most hated?!” - Hitler, right as the buildings started to form back into place, but the corpses suddenly started to ‘Red-Glitch' everywhere and stay dead. “Er- what happened?”

“Must’ve been Wilma trying to reform everything to normal.” - Kioshi.

“Hm...” - Jesus. “Is she trying to cover up their actions?”

“I guess you could call it that.” - Kioshi.

“Just like Stalin and his censorship!” - Hitler.

“At least it's better than out-right hinting you’re a hypocritical psychopath.” Stalin laughed after he saw all buildings reform to normal.

“What do you mean?! I never said such a thing!” - Hitler.

“Your arguement is more useless than farmers trying to tend corn in a desert. I would advise to you both that you cut your tongues from spitting out, or you shall waste your time fondly. Now to answer you, young Kioshi- Whence other supernatural beings arose on Earth here, I found these two from back in time brought to form an army. I made myself a new mission, that it would be to form saints out of the worst people in modern times, as my father and I have done some times before.” - Jesus.

“Good luck with Hitler- he still doesn’t belive you’re real, even though you’re right in front of him.” Stalin told Jesus and Kioshi, as Hitler started speaking over him.

“Shut up- Stalin! You joke about things that are stupid and hypocritical!” Hitler yelled as Stalin just giggled at the end, them turning to the right.

“Please remember my words and do not allow distractions or temptations to convert you away.” Jesus told worriedly to Hitler and Stalin, both on his left now.

“Look- another kid!” Hitler started to say towards the end of Jesus’ statement. He pointed to Daniel and Oyur, just in front of a portal in front of the dead bodies and in front of the graveyard, hovering over the plains with its glowing red square outline.

“W-what?” Daniel said, ravishly confused and bewildered, turning around, looking at the dead bodies before steering his eyes up to the four.

“Ay- what the fuck!? Is that Adolf Hitler? JOSEPH STALIN?! JESUS-FUCKING-CHRIST!?” Oyur stated, more angry every word, but from confusion instead of the funny. Angelica, along with Khenbush and Chinua, on the right, standing up, looked around from their three-circle to see the four, and Wilma along with Ejnare and George were already viewing from the four’s left side of view.

“Hello? Actual white person?” - Stalin asked forwards.

“What the hell?” - Chinua as Wilma was already looking.

“Ayo?” - Ejnare, confused.

“Hello...?” Wilma stated with confusion, coming forth to Jesus.

“I came here from my father’s mind. I’ve been told from above, and now I see, that this area has been demented and is now beyond fixing. Please tell me what happened.” Jesus asked of Wilma.

“Are you Jesus Christ?” Daniel asked, confused on what was going on.

“Bro really has Adolf Hitler AAAAAND Joseph Stalin by his side.” - Oyur.

“Um... is that a skin walker?” Khenbush asked Chinua almost funnily.

“I am.” Jesus Christ echoed after everybody said their part.

“How do we know?” Chinua asked, crossing her arms and angry as everybody took in his echo and somewhat gathered around- except for Ejnare, who sat down where he was.

“Listen to my voice. My followers will know it is me.” Jesus said, then looking over to Angelica, who was silent yet dozing into happiness slowly.

“Angelica?” Daniel asked, looking for confirmation but with a smile.

“Uh- well... I am having this yellow and fuzzy yet holy-like comforting feeling inside suddenly, leading me to have the thought suddenly that he’s God, so I’m sure that-” - Angelica before Wilma stated something.

“What is going on in your mind?” Wilma asked Jesus.

“Wait- so if this is Jesus- what about Allah?” - Khenbush to her sister.

“Can you see into his mind?” Hitler asked, coming forth to Wilma.

“Yes?” - Wilma, pulsing back a little from the man with a shooting voice.

“You can read minds?” - Stalin with happy confusion.

“All I see... I cannot describe it. It looks too holy for me to understand.” Wilma said, staring at Jesus’ forehead.

“Wilma probably seeswhy his forehead is so large.” - Oyur funnily.  
“Bruh...” - Daniel.

“I can’t believe that you’re God though- just coming down for a little Mongolian town- shouldn't you have come down other times or appeared more often than the Red Glitch? I mean- this world has gone under worse conditions, right?” - George, trying to not fall into his comforting feeling. Wilma snapped out of her phase and looked down to him and nodded.

“There are times my father calls me down here with omniscience to conduct authority, and times when I am here for a mission that may not be so clear. But remember that all things have a purpose, and I am here to understand this area’s conflict and possibly help the ‘Eighty-Three’ I have heard about.” - Jesus.

“Eighty-Three just left with Ryutyu back home.” Wilma told Jesus.

“Wait- Jesus- show us you are omnipotent. Do some magic tricks- or whatever Wilma does, but more stronger or something.” Daniel asked of Jesus.

“You and your friend here are very reluctant to my voice. If you want to truly follow and believe in me, you must take a great leap of faith first.” - Jesus.

“Damn- I feel it. I feel what Angelica said.” George started to giggle, holding his chest with great joy.

“Same.” - Daniel, pounding his chest as his expression widened up to joy.

“What’s going on?” - Chinua, looking around from the right side.

“What if he’s manipulating you guys!?” Khenbush asked promptly.

“He probably is!” Hitler stated to them all. “He’s an imposter! A fake! God will never be a man! He would never make a son who would die on the cross! That’s weak!”

“I am your idol, and you are not mine. I will not change my ways or break my promises, for I am eternal, and within the Trinity. He has giving his prophecies down to his preachers and allowed them to create the Bible- (Jesus holds out his right hand and creates it,) where the complete source of all moral good and treacherous evil is found.” - Jesus. “If my voice was fake, and you knew of it- I warn you to run as quickly as possible, for my being was not planned to be here, but is allowed so. The demons themselves will grab this and form themselves in the future, as they will twist your soul in order to stray you far away from my bright presence.”

“He talks as much as Cyclop would.” - Wilma giggled to Oyur.

“Hey Jesus- why are you with these two?” - George.

“He already answered that.” - Daniel.

“Oh.” - George.

“Can you kids answer Jesus’ main question here already?” Stalin asked them all promptly.

“Do not be hasty, Stalin. Patience is key to unlocking the door of all answers.” - Jesus.

“Oh, yeah- so uh...” Daniel started, before rolling his eyes down.

“We don’t really want to talk about it.” - George.

“The kids were traumitized by this experience.” Wilma told them.

“Yeah... but, I’ll summarize... so, me and Oyur and- (quickly,) everybody else- came here on the mission from Chinua here, that she told yesterday, to go and destroy a company for being evil and greedy and you know- American- heh- and so we came here, but then Eighty-Three gave us guns, and we split up into groups, and started a war, and... we all... uh... (loudly,) almost DIED but... the townspeople got killed by us and such and uh... I hate myself for helping out here...” - Daniel.

“Same.” - George.

“Jesus Christ, my lord, could you please forgive us for what we’ve done?” - Angelica suddenly.

“It isn’t your fault- somebody made you do it.” - Hitler angrily, tossing his head away.

“Hitler, everybody here has free-will. Nobody is truly made to do anything against their will. We all have a choice. Those choices lead to consequences, whether good or bad.” - Jesus.

“Oh...” - Daniel, embarressed and sad.

“That is really nice to know.” Wilma said, looking at his forehead again.  
“I instantly thought of torture as he was saying that.” - Oyur.

“Yes- Hitler’s camps don’t sound like they allow free-will.” Stalin smiled devilishly at his comrade after acknowledging Oyur’s comment.

“Shut it!” - Hitler swaying his hands up.

“Angelica, I do forgive you all. You are all young and make common mistakes, but must also take into notice that it does not excuse you from my faith.” Jesus told, smiling at them all as the portal was still ready.

“Talk to Chinua about faith.” Daniel snarked and Chinua shot a look towards him.

“Please, Daniel, do not lower others because of religion. Minister to them and bring them to your level and further.” - Jesus.

“Treat your neighbor as you would yourself.” - Angelica whispered.

“There’s so many lessons going on right now- can we get to the point and just bring you to Eighty-Three now?” George asked Jesus.

“Patience.” - Khenbush, giggling at her unphased sister.

“We’re literally meeting with the God of the universe, can’t you just listen for a bit?” Daniel funnily asked George.

“Chinua, sister of Khenbush, tell me your story.” Jesus stated to Chinua.

“Huh? What? What do you mean? How do-” Chinua asked the lord.

“You brought out of the darkness an idea from the devil himself, and it shuddered your spirit. How do you feel about it?” - Jesus, as Chinua dropped her angry looks and just looked at him blankly.

“Uh... I’m not telling you, false prophet that-can-read-my-mind.” Chinua stated with her anger coming back, and then walking away.

“False prophet?” Daniel asked as she walked away and her sister followed.

“In Islam, Jesus exists and is known as a prophet who failed to teach about Allah. Jesus, in Islam, did not die on the cross as well.” Angelica told as Chinua hurried up and away.

“I heard Islam is like a failed version of Christianity.” - Daniel as Ejnare was still sitting away, wagging his tail and having his ears up, listening carefully.

“Daniel, remember not to push those who are not you under yourself. The sword you slash will come to slash you if thou do so.” - Jesus.

“Oh- right...” - Daniel with a smile as Kioshi still stood by.

“Cool...” - George. “But now can we get to the point?”

“Yes, George, all can now take me to Eighty-Three. But first, may I know the justifications for such a homicide?” Jesus asked promptly.

“He felt like it.” Wilma told Jesus, and Jesus stopped walking to the portal and stared at Wilma with worry and confusion on his face.

“Woah- Hitler’s justification summed up?” Stalin funnily asked.

“Bruh...” Daniel laughed at Stalin.

“Damn bro- he got you- whatcha' gonna’ do?!” Oyur asked Hitler and he just grumbled.

“There is more. A man does not thrive without purpose.” Jesus told Wilma.

“Fun. Blood. A want to get back at people that hurt his new friends in their personal past.” Wilma started to list, wide-eyed.

“Hm...” - Jesus as his black boots became the contact of eyes for Oyur and George.

“He’s insane.” Angelica told the lord as they continued to walk forth towards the portal. They then exited it and found their way through the garage of my home.

Jesus entered my home and found nobody at first. He followed Wilma and George through the rooms, moving the terrain around and finding nothing. Wilma purposefully blocked sight of the surgery and torture room though, moving a lot of dirt around it but not too much to outline.

“Ryutyu must be with him.” Wilma told Jesus.

“Hey Jesus- what's your favorite gun on Fortnight?” Daniel funnily asked with George’s laugh backing up his question.

“I do not play video games.” - Jesus as Stalin poked at Wilma’s right ear, but before he did, Wilma turned to him with a confused look and he smiled away.

“Damn, he knows about shit- hey Jesus, don’t you know everything?” - Oyur.

“I do, but God limited my knowledge.” - Jesus as Hitler touched Wilma’s most left tail, feeling the fur and giving her a confused look as her face became red and her eyebrows were worried with her eyes open and at him.

“Why?” - Hitler asked, letting go with a thrust of his bones.

“To allow for free-will. If I knew everything currently, then it would be my job to command away from the sins that may dwell. Like a snake, I must exterminate it before it poisons a baby in the wild.” - Jesus.

“That definitely makes sense.” - Daniel as he wagged his tail funnily.

“Let us go somewhere else and look.” Wilma spoke, removing the basement of Ryutyu and placing it in the sky, where they flew up and down to her mansion, finding the autistics, but not me nor Ryutyu.

“What does Jesus think of electro music?” Daniel asked into Jesus’ left ear.

“Enjoy it for my father and I. The holy spirit fuels those who listen to my word and create for purposes messaging to all.” Jesus spoke to them.

“This sounds like a radio smashed into a missile and created a soundwave... this disturbing.” Stalin spoke to Daniel.

“Woah- what’s going on?!” Miss Hedheop asked, coming forth to them all.

“Sounds like the music you would listen to.” - Hitler to Stalin as Angelica was behind, looking at the arcade machines.

“Hello.” Jesus stated, letting his right hand out, and she shook it, looking at the others.

“We are searching for Eighty-Three. We should go.” Wilma spoke, looking around and starting to hover out of her fun mansion.

“Wait- Jesus- look at-” George pointed, and with his glowing rainbow eyes, Wilma’s cocaine room had its walls lifted outwards, almost revealing the piles of cocaine.

“No! George!” Wilma stated with an awkward giggle, using her hands to hold the walls together, now floating with her nine tails active.

“Yo-” Daniel started to say as Wilma then made another arm from her back and it twisted enitrely to make Daniel lose his mouth into his face, making him look like Shellia. He started to touch his skin, trying to feel for his mouth, as he started to squirm all over and breathed largely through his nose.

“Wilma, there are many ways to stop an addiction.” Jesus told Wilma, and then lifted his hand up, and everything went back to normal, except their positions. “Take little steps at a time. It’s like climbing a mountain- one rock at a time to get to the top. You could also enlist yourself in another hobby, making thou more concerned on a subject of good rather than bad.”

“Okay...” Wilma nodded as she looked around to see Daniel’s mouth back on, George confused at her, and Angelica going up George and helping him up by grabbing his left hand with her right.

“She almost choked her friend to death!” - Hitler to Jesus, pointing at Daniel.

“Thou shall refrain from easily produced sins, no matter if they are habit. Thou shall not laugh at those unholy sins either, and I shall speak to all about it when all cometh to heaven.” - Jesus, squinting at Wilma, and then turning around to Angelica and Miss Hedheop around Daniel.

“I promise I will not do it again...” Wilma said, with embarressment.

“Sheesh- Wilma- I'm starting to wonder if you’re insane too...” - Daniel.

“Yeah, sheesh...” - George.

“Sorry.” - Wilma, sadly.

“If thou makes a covenant, thou shall keep it for as long as they willfully can.” Jesus stated back to Wilma as they looked around to the light show.

“Where to next?” George asked Wilma after three seconds.

“I have no idea.” - Wilma to George without much precipation on the last movemements.

“Jesus- they lied to you! They said they knew where ‘Eighty-Three’ was!” - Hitler as Stalin looked around and listened to the music, finding rythm with his left shoe tapping.

“Jesus- there is a demon on this planet. I think you should check him out instead of me- it's the fourth one today.” The Red Glitch stated, suddenly coming from a silent wooden brown door arising to Jesus’ left, walking through it with the door leading to a storm of red glitches behind, before he walked over to Wilma. “And you!” He stated, slapping Wilma in the face with his right hand, making her come back with sad disgust, and a cheek of burnt black ash, before the Red Glitch was leaving away, “You better not be bitchy again- I sense you’re acting a bit sussy...” He finally stated, leaving through the door with it closing without any pressure.

“Did he really just say that?” - George, dumbfounded yet laughing.

“Damn Wilma- is that the Red Glitch?!” - Oyur funnily asked afterwards.

“Yes.” - Wilma as Hitler was staring at her with confusion, seeing the black skin.

“What the hell is even happening?” Miss Hedheop asked, and Daniel pogged at her comment before looking to her. Jesus had no mind to it, and instead put his left hand onto Wilma’s cheek and healed it from its third-degree burn.

“None of you have lied about the ‘Eighty-Three’ being here. You all did not truly know, and sought to use the correct words for each sentence. I thank you all for getting to know me and more, having asked me many questions and allowing me to teach many lessons in such a short time frame. But now I must depart again, but rather to a certain place in the world. God has quickly given me the redirect to find a demon that recently made itself physical, so we shall be off.” - Jesus.

“Wait- my lord- are you coming back soon? What’s the date? Is Satan actually Lucifer the angel? Is there anything we can do for you in-” Angelica asked, worried about his depart.

“Angelica, my daughter- listen to my tongue. You are the candle in a dark room. I am the sun. In the time I am gone, it will feel as if I am nowhere near, and the darkness will swarm you with questions- but I will come back up soon and be with you all for another short time. It is your job to minister to Chinua and convert all to my faith, and teach them the ways of me. Do not fail this, for it is your purpose you have known since life came to you through my breath. And (Jesus lays out his right hand, making the ‘Israel’ appear,) this is my country. Keep it safe, for I shall omit chaos if I find it stolen from your hands. All you have to do is watch it, and keep it in your eyes. Tomorrow is the end of your watch. At 3:00 P.M., I shall find you in whatever room you are in, and I shall give you the prize of an angel. Keep it safe.” - Jesus repeated, before laying it in her hands, and then going off and making his own yellow-outlined star-shaped portal.

“Woah- that was fast.” George told as they left.

“Goodbye.” Stalin waved to them all as he left, and it closed.

“God is real. He is real...” Wilma stated, taking in a deep breath and meditating on it as she stood up and tilted her head down.

“So what- now you got the entirety of Israel to protect just because you’re extra-Christian?” - Oyur.

“I guess so... but this is big, like really big- imagine having all answers to all Biblical questions- and... only in exchange for keeping watch of a small country, (She looks closely to see buildings and such,) there must be people on it...” - Angelica.

“Only for a day?” - Daniel.

“I know... but... maybe Jesus has temptations for me, and that’s why it seems so easy now, but possibly harder later...” - Angelica. “I shall not be too greedy or prideful for the answers I seek, but humble and patient as I keep watch of the one thing the lord has suddenly assigned me.

***Jesus in some part of India.***

“Demons- pssh, you’re telling us lies, they can’t exist.” Hitler asked Jesus, looking around the open crosswalk of concrete as on the west there were palm-like trees crowding into a forest, and on the east there was a bare road tired of being traveled on, and to its east open land for farming and agriculture.

“What do you mean- you're a demon.” Stalin laughed as he was behind on the right and Hitler was behind on the left of Jesus Christ.

“You’re worse- commie!” - Hitler.

“Could you two please hush?” Jesus politely asked, as they traveled for a bit more, around six minutes down the street walk, before it started getting good.

“Jesus...?” - Stalin, a bit fumbled in what was around.

“Yes?” Jesus abnormally and seriously asked, turning around a looking around.

“Is that tree... supposed to be red?” - Stalin asked the lord, pointing his left hand over to it. Hitler also looked, but with anger and then confusion- as the tree was entirely dark red now, swelling with anger and feroucious intentions to them.

“What’s wrong with that tree?!” Hitler boomed out of his famous mouth.

They all looked towards the tree. For a second it continued to express the damned souls aloud, giving hell to the atmosphere around it and shuddering its own light everywhere good so its own evil could flourish.

“I am Lauva, daughter of Satan, here to turn this enviroment to flames.” Lauva stated with an indicitive low-pitched voice, suddenly having every grass and tree burn into flames, combust into lava from its branches, or flat out just melt into blood- each tree and leaf being randomized amongst all.

“AHH!” A man behind them all shouted as Hitler was astounded, Stalin was inspired, and Jesus was ready.

Hitler and Stalin turned quickly to the man. He had blue eyes, brown cozy hair, with a labcoat of white and the sign of the ‘DPA-Foundation’ on it, as well as black jeans and a grey undershirt to provide some safety to his white skin. He was sitting nicely on the floor, holding an extendable camera, big, using both his hands, but thrusted his spine back as he saw all around him burn except the soil he sat on. He dropped the camera and scrambled up, looking with fear to the voiding red tree.

“And I don’t care if your here, Jesus.” Lauva echoed to all their minds, and suddenly her echo mixed with the screams and terrors that the trees hymned and the grass exalted without any good intention or reason.

“Leave this world, demon, or I shall burn you with my holy light.” Jesus warned, and Lauva had no intentions but to giggle devilishly as the other two men looked around for the voices to see if they had any mouth.

“Burn me? What do you not understand about lava? It’s already hot beyond any flame!” - Lauva stated evilly, before suddenly a bunch of black ash-dirty, soil-driven, eye-bulging humanoid figures crept out of the tree, throwing themselves quickly at the men. There was no hair on them, no eye color, or clothes- as their bodies were all burnt and their flesh was now purely black even missing in some parts.

Jesus casted his right hand out, and it blew a light more powerful than wisdom from it. The yellow beam shuddered existence in front of it, collapsing space into itself as it passed through the simple oxygen and hit Lauva, sparking electricity and drops of purple plasma as it shoved past her, leaving her without a voice. After two seconds of the loud infiltrating truth the beam told to all sound in such an echoed reverb, Jesus pulled his hand down, revealing the tree to be cut in half and floating- but now all around started to regrow back to normal, and the fire that haunted the other men dived back down into the Earth, and hope as they knew it returned as the tree suddenly bristled up into a shrub, and the sky turned to a classy blue with rain on the way.

“Woah...” - The DPA member behind the silent three.

Jesus slowly turned around, not nodding to the two dictators awing with a closed mouth to the enviroment around them.

“You’re not supposed to be here.” He told the DPA member, and the man simply nodded.

“Uh- sorry... I’ll go back...” The DPA member told, bringing out a timal box and suddenly turning white and de-existing.

“What just happened?!” - Hitler.

“Lauva- the overconfident fire demon, came to us with physical notions. She was destined to fail in destroying us, but her reign of terror over this enviroment has been recorded. She wasn’t very smart either- letting herself forth with no care. She is one of many demons that we may encounter-” Jesus told the other two before being interrupted by Hitler.  
“We may encounter? That was creepy! I didn’t understand what I was looking at!” Hitler told Jesus.

“That is because demons are special and use dark magic to perform their actions. They’ll trick you at any cost, using inexplainable properties if needed.” Jesus told Hitler.

“So they can do anything?” Stalin asked.

“No- my friend that controls the code of the universe stops demons from being with such powers. They are as limited as the rainbow throwers.” Jesus told.

“What about that other man?” Stalin asked after thinking about it.

“He is somebody I know becuase God has given me the sense. He is not supposed to be here, in this time period. Many can travel back in time, but my rules do not change.” Jesus told Stalin.

“Time travel exists?!” - Hitler.

“Anything is possible with me.” Jesus told happily to Hitler.

“Even Hitler coming to Christ?” - Stalin.

“No! I shall not!” Hitler grudged, pulling his arms up. “You are a fake! You lie! You’re as mislead as the Jews!”

“Hm... how do you respond to this, Jesus?” - Stalin asked Jesus.

“I hope when we come to the end times of our journey, he realizes his wrong ways. But if he does not, then he is truly unsavable.” Jesus told to Stalin.

“What do you mean?” Stalin asked, suddenly intrigued.

“Most neighbors in the world find themselves to me with a pride to do good, but when few find me, they may completely reject my essence, my Bible, and my people. They become unsavable, as there is nothing else I or you may do to convert their ways. Their free will would be corrupted, and the devil would have won them over to the darkness. Those are the people that go to hell mostly. Heaven is a choice.” Jesus told Stalin, looking back to Hitler as he said such.

“I’m not- shut up!” Hitler ravaged at Jesus. “If you’re the real Jesus, then take me to God himself!”

“I am God himself, but also his son.” Jesus told Hitler.

“That doesn’t make any sense!” - Hitler. “Stop being illogical!”

“God isn’t bound by logic. He exceeds all because he is omnipotent.” Jesus told Stalin back as he wished to speak more to the listening man.

“That makes no sense.” Stalin laughed, before looking back to see Jesus face forwards on the sidewalk as the streets were vacant.

“See?! Even the communist understands!” Hitler yelled at Jesus more from behind.

“I wish you would understand my tongue, for I speak of no lies or errors.” Jesus told back, without looking back.

“How can you be so sure?” - Hitler catechized Jesus.

“I am the son of God, but still divine with my father and the holy spirit. No matter how much you uselessly argue with me, I will help you, and all others on this curved planet, till you and all others know how to reach the rocks in which you must jump from, landing on the stairs to heaven or the ravelling spikes that’ll scorn your soul to hell.” Jesus told without even making eye contact with Hitler. Hitler just grumbled, and Stalin looked around for a little bit in silence.

“If I may, Jesus, ask you without offense- why do you still help humanity?” Stalin came out with, thinking hard about his question.

“I must, it is in my nature. Me and the father see all through our vision, and must guide all beings to us, whether we want to see the future or not. Some do not get the message, but are given the needed knowledge to make a decision before us if they have died before we could assure. I will judge all when they stand and kneel for me, and I shall put those in my gardens if they are true with integrity and wisdom. They shall regret all their sins, but I shall forgive and make harmony with all. Some will exalt lies from their grinding teeth, and I shall shoot them away to the opposing option.”

“Hm...” - Stalin midway into their conversation.  
“And as I always recommend you to remember beyond most others- do to neighbor what thou would do to self.” Jesus told Stalin.

“That is meaningfull- Hitler, are you listening?” Stalin smirked over to Hitler.

“I don’t want to hear it!” - Hitler, stamping past them and forwards.

“There is much anger and deception the demons put around him, but if I blow onto his dying flowers, he may rejoice.” Jesus told Stalin.

“He probably plucked all he could whence he invaded France.” Stalin told Jesus funnily.

“Jesus! Why are we still here! You defeated the demon, now get us out of here!” Hitler ordered against Jesus.

“I am walking with you both to teach and show you the world you put your mind far away from. Look around to the joys and keep your mind off your own sins, for the demons can also blow on your flowers.” - Jesus.  
“What flowers?” Hitler asked.

“The flowers of your soul- the morals of your life.” Jesus spoke to Hitler, and he continued to anger his eyebrows.

“As if you couldn’t be any more confusing!” Hitler yelled at Jesus in his face, almost spitting with his gestures, but as he said such, a square portal of light green opened up to the Timal Tienes showing behind.

The Timal Tienes came from long and endless grass plains, under a yellow sky, coming forth with swords equipped in their sweaty right hands and rather truly red eyes instead of green ones.

“Poliek ni noigiler ruoy tpmorp ot Rexedni ruo rewop dna wohs ot ti evah tsum ew rof, yletaidemmi Learsi eht revo dnah, Tsirhc Susej.” The first Timal Tiene said up front to Jesus Christ.

“What?” - Hitler as quickly as possible, taking a step back.

“You lie with your left eye, and breath insanity with your right. Gather your red and corrupt visions from your soul and toss them away, for you do not understand how to minister.” - Jesus Christ.

“Wait- Jesus, how did you understand that?” Stalin asked, very confused but still smiling.

“Uoy naht retteb dna, srorrim ruo naht retteb retsinim ew.” The Timal Tiene freaked out Stalin by saying with his deep voice.

“You are overconfident, my altered son. Put down your sword or be sleign by it.” Jesus spoke to the man, grinding his teeth inside his closed mouth, as he watched Jesus’ left hand go down and make a sword with many eyes, flashing the holy of the holy spirit onto all forms of matter around it, providing the sky to turn yellow and the tree’s leaves to become solid blood.

The Timal Tienes only altered their head down, and then rushed at Jesus. Hitler and Stalin pedaled backwards, but Jesus went forth and kept his sword tight in his hands. He swung forth, poking the Timal Tienes back with a large gust of wind, before bringing it back, defending for a second as they recuperated to see what was going on, and then Jesus slash right as he pursuited onto the main one. That Timal Tiene dodged to the right and slashed his sword, in which Jesus dodged to his right, and used his blade to hit the other, before counting the other men, and with his sword down and holding against the side slash, he turned all the way right, bringing the sword with a might beyond human to bash into the incoming sword from another man. This Timal Tiene, slashing down, had his sword cut in half and the blade flying over to Hitler’s foot, not hitting but landing flat in front of him, and he was unphased yet intrigued. The third Timal Tiene charged Jesus, sword to his chest, and he move slightly to the left, barely letting the sword go by his white wardrobe- but then the Timal Tiene started to shift it left at Jesus, and as it pressed into him, Jesus quickly moved forth to the Timal Tiene moving spastically, and grabbed the handle, pulling it up and moving the blade down to make the evil Timal Tiene lose good grip of it. The other Timal Tiene tried intervening, but Jesus held up his blade, and once again that one broke. Then, Jesus, now taking the third one’s blade in two seconds, surprised the gang by throwing it upwards, where it spun vertically, till Jesus made his sword act like a bat, and hit it left to the Timal Tiene backing away and giving eyes to Hitler and Stalin- coming at them with his half blade. The other two backed away, and that batting of the sword pierced right through the stone in front of the running Timal Tiene, showing him the glory of God that power was in Jesus’ hands, not his, and this lead that Timal Tiene to stray back away, looking towards Jesus with open eyes. Hitler and Stalin were ready to fight with their fists, and Stalin went forth to grab the sword, but Hitler started rough housing him back for it- so Jesus casted his right hand out to it and let it dwell into a purple gas.

“Mih mlehwrevo ot deen ew, nem erom teg!” The first Timal Tiene called for, bringing a black radio from his left pocket and shouting, before startling back as Jesus slashed at them and they dodged away.

“Stand down, or I cannot forgive you.” Jesus told as he put his sword back into a batter position for the men to look at.

A bunch of Timal Tiene men started to come after Jesus through the portal. With their swords and vanity in their straining necks and mad veins of the brain, Jesus got ready to fuel them back to their own darkness.

Then alas, the Timal Tienes with green eyes came in, through an exact portal from a different, much yellower plain with much yellow grass. Four came in, the main one being in front, with their own swords just like the others.

“Susej, sloof eseht htiw laed su tel.” The main Timal Tiene stated to Jesus as Hitler and Stalin watched in awe.

Jesus nodded to the man, and allowed them to go forth, with their swords and much greater ability, swiveling under the other swords and putting the swords up to their heads and through, then using their bodies as throwing, knocking some of the red-eyed Timal Tienes to a weird position as the green-eyed Timal Tienes were much quicker and faster to take care of the red-eyed Timal Tienes, whether by blood or fear. Soon, most left back through the portal, zero green-eyed Timal Tienes were dead, and six red-eyed Timal Tienes were dead. Traces were amongst all the road and sidewalk upfront.

“Jesus would never kill! See! He’s not real!” Hitler whispered to Stalin.

“He didn’t kill, he stopped them from attacking.” Stalin told, looking towards the four green-eyed Timal Tienes come forth to Jesus.

“He slashed at them!” - Hitler.

“I will not kill, but warn them with thou sword. I know their tactics and will only push them away from the possibility of making harm to others. Their existence depends on the realization they may encounter.” Jesus told Hitler, before turning back to the first Timal Tiene.

“Yranidroartxe saw taht.” The first Timal Tiene laughed, and Jesus only stared into his soul with his blue eyes.

“I would advise you also not to show your face around my lands. You may have the rights to those boxes of time, but you should refrain from using them for evil.” Jesus told them.

“Mih evas nac uoy taht ytnia-”The main Timal Tiene said as the others breathed smoothly, before his mouth came into a red glitch, and then settled down after everybody looked over. He tried speaking again, but the Red Glitch removed his entire mouth, and he looked with wide eyes to it, grasping it for a mouth.

“Do not speak, for breaking time is nobody’s job.” Jesus said, putting his right hand onto the skin and pressing off it to reveal the Timal Tiene’s mouth back, breathing insanely as he caught his breath again.

“Lla uoy ot kcul fo tseb. Evael llahs ew sseug I, os fi, neht llew.” Another Timal Tiene said after a while, as he looked up to the sky and around.

“Before you go- acknowledge that the Israel is not for the taking.” Jesus told as they all nodded, and got their timal boxes ready to leave.

Once they did, Hitler exploded into questions.  
“How did you understand them?! What did they say!? Only a demon would speak backwards!” Hitler told with obvious hypocrisy.

“So you do believe in demons, meaing you belive in angel, meaing you belive in Christ?” Stalin chained up.

“NO!” Hitler yelled at Stalin. “No! No! No! I don’t believe-”

“Those were the Timal Tienes, once angels in my heaven, fallen for twisting my words and going out to conquer without peace. Their hands were young back then, learning and wanting of greatness, before they wrinkled themselves, and now they slowly watch the stream of their blood slow down till they can’t breath anymore.” Jesus told them both, interrupted Hitler about to yell more.

But as he did, Stalin saw behind to the Steel Terrorists, running quickly from the horizon and over to them, their guns locked and ready.

“Jesus! Who are they?” Stalin pointed out, and Hitler and Jesus looked behind to see the many Steel Terrorists sprinting at them.

“Rucco dluow siht gnileef a dah ew.” The main Timal Tiene said, coming back with his three men from right where they left off.

“Siht tog ew, seirrow on evah, Susej.” The second Timal Tiene said to Jesus.

Jesus nodded and looked back to his two dictators.

“They’re a group of chaos using time and space to their advantage, more powerful than most other creatures combined in this universe. If you see them without my presence, run and hide, for they may not whisper sin into your ears, but rather kill you and take your body away to a worse place.” Jesus told them both. “But we shall go immediately, for these Timal Tienes have my thanks for dealing. We will go back to the kids we met, because these events have given me notice of what I must do.”

So, Jesus shot both of his hands up, and they flew up to the exosphere in a second, wind sounding but now showing. Then, from a top of the world with Hitler screaming and Stalin looked around, Jesus pointed with his left to Florida, and shot back down to Florida, looking with sterness as the other dictators stood still, trying not to gargle their own spit from the speed.

***Spooky Mansion Time.***

“Computer?” Deandra asked, with her violin in her right hand. “Computer?” She echoed in the ball pit as Heru had his wings buzzing to her right, Heru also looking around.

“I have been thinking lately, and constructed a plan- a game better than randomization.” The Computer told Heru and Deandra, “But first can I get your signatures?”

“What?” - Heru, as the Computer used his cords to hold contracts with a singe sentece:

*In order to enact this game, there must be three signatures.*

*\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*  
*\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

*Computer*  
*\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

Heru created a pen of black from his right index finger and wrote his name in the top line, as Deandra did in cursive, looking like two loops, in the second.

“Thanks, now the Red Glitch will allow me to generate this game.” - Computer.

“Okay.” Heru nodded, and started to leave through his square red-outlined portal.

“Wait- you can also play!” - Computer.

“How?” Deandra asked as Heru came back with his wings still flapping.

“The game is complex yet intriguing. Eighty-Three, Wilma, and Cyclop, if he’s in the universe- will be left out. Ryutyu and the kids I have seen, from my recent watching, will be put into a mansion where they’ll have to survive ghosts, that can travel through walls and floors- and find keys in a ticking time frame. These rooms constantly change when the doors close behind as they open them, causing distress as nothing is permitted to stay. There will be four doors, each needing a certain colored key, and these keys are placed in such stupid places it’ll make them all mad to even try looking for them. Plus, when they open all the doors, which only open if all four keys are found, they’ll be a fifth door, in need of another key that will then randomly spawn in and they must find it. All this time, the time will still drain. Also, there will be fake-colored keys around as well, giving them distractions to curse more time away. And the ghosts will, if they touch one of them- take off a limb cleanly and un-painfully. This will slow them down, and if times run out- they all die forever. You and Heru can become ghosts with abnormal reflexes and such, targeting and exiting rooms more often than most others. You can stop them if you do good as a ghost yourself.” - The Computer explained.

“Yo guys, look at-” A random being behind them echoed and yelled before the Red Glitch formed all over him and he disappeared after a second of it.

Deandra looked around with fear but saw nothing but the black and red boxes turning transparent slowly, disappearing forever. Heru also looked behind, but missed the blue-shirted man with five glasses on.

“I hate that there’s still randomness allowed. We need to get those Steel Terrorists away from the script, or I’ll have another wave of people trying to destroy me again.” The Computer told Heru and Deandra.

“Okay.” - Heru. “Let me be a ghost now.” Heru told as the Computer finished generating the game.

“Okay.” - Computer, before suddenly a bunch of portals opened up and led out too many green glitch-like men, all being Wilma, but fully green with green and black boxes, all being green glitches that jumped out and started to punch them both with too many arms to count. Suddenly, all went to a red glitch, and Heru and Deandra were missing- now at Miss Opium’s special HQ tower doors.

“What just happened?!” Heru snarled, looking around as the fellow countryballs stared them down and Deandra happily yet awkwardly waved us.

“Of course- please, Red Glitch- allow them to play.” The Computer hoped back at the ballpit with nobody else in sight- even the portal red-glitched and shut down, as also the Red Glitch circled around him for a second with a spark of yellow emitting out of it, and his screen turned to a giant red ‘X.’ “Nooooooooooooo! This is stupid!”

Ryutyu was at Daniel’s house. They were playing Fortnight, yo.

“Bro built faster than any John Flick main.” Daniel told, looking with his character up to see the sniper enemy had built a fortress in about four seconds, but I hyperbolize.

“Ay- I got em’ lad.” Ryutyu said to the right of Daniel, then using his lower splitscreen character to aim and snipe the guy. Ryutyu leaned in, staring deeply into the scope of his character till he found the head of the opponet and shot it clean. No blood, just the character falling to its knees and disappearing with that monitor hovering over, releasing blue x-rays, and then leaving itself to despawn dramatically. “Les’ go.”

“Nice- also, I really do-” Daniel was about to say, before Ryutyu and Daniel were sitting on thin air, before falling back to find themselves on dusty brown concrete tiles inside the purple wooden walls and spike-filled rusty ceiling of a mansion, with windows to pure dark blue and thunder light blue.

“Ay!” Ryutyu said, falling back and looking around quickly with his tail spiking straight up.

“Woah- what the hell!?” Daniel spoke radically, looking around the lobby they were in.

“Ryutyu- what the helllllllllllllll just happened!?” Oyur asked, looking around to see everybody was there in the lobby area.

The lobby area was completely circular. There was an ambience of purple from the walls, dust fell down with sparkling white from the rusty-brown spike-filled ceiling, the stones on the floor were four by four feet square, a rounded square- inch one, four, and thirteen having scratches on the one Ryutyu stood on. These stones went everywhere that was stairs or floor. The windows were black and iron with blue rain and lightning light blue lightning sparstically thundering outside. Behind them all, where they did not face, was just the flatness of the horizontally wall, but in front was a wall with sloping paths leading up to another platform which had a door in the middle. This sloping up to a platform with a door in the middle repeatedly endlessly up, each platform being the same width and length, as well as the rusty wooden doors of brown with golden knobs shining.

“Woah...” Chinua stated promptly near Ejnare as they looked up to see the infinite slopes slash stairs, but I call them slopes because they actually were not stairs.

“Um...” - Angelica as she looked up as well, being to the left of Kioshi already standing.

“Uh- uh oh- this must be a game...” Ryutyu stated, looking up to the eternal doors.

“A game? What do you-” - Daniel, as he looked around to see George there as well.

“Like the one you guys have told about?” - George, looking around to see Chinua there as well, but not Khenbush or Khenbish.

“Ya’- a computer game. Sometimes these can be helpful- like I got my speed powers from thy game in thy past, but others can be weird and just outta’ this world- like Clasif showing up everytime I feel like working out...” Ryutyu slowly started to whispered to himself in a chuckle, looking around as his muscles were still nice. “Aye- we should get out of here as fast as possible...”

Ryutyu then rushed up, all the slopes, going higher and higher till he was no longer visible by his quick blue flash. Then he came down.

“It seems infinite, my good men and ladies.” He said in his British accent, before rushing away to open all the doors.

The first he opened, the closest one, was instant darkness, but the creaking of the door led to a louder sound.

“Welcome to the Mansion of Mansions! The most mansion you will ever mansion! If you look behind you now- there are four doors: red, green, yellow, and blue. You must go through each room and find keys to unlock them, and then the wall will flip and there will be one more door to solve. Afterwards, you can escape. But take note, you only have two-thousand seconds to complete this game, or about half and hour- or you all die permanently. Good luck!” a voice echoed through speakers, but as everybody looked around they saw no speakers.  
“Who is that?” Chinua asked dangerously as Ryutyu looked in and only found his snout to be bonked by the pure black wall.

“Yeah- who and where the fuck are ya’ speaking from?” Oyur stated up to the Computer.

“I am the computer speaking from the air. That is all you need to know because I am now sure that you won’t succeed- especially against the ghosts!” - ‘the computer.’

“Then why say it?” Ejnare stated, and Chinua smirked at his comment.

“Because I must, wolf-boy. Now, goodbye to you all and I hope you all die.” The Computer stated in his echo, before there was a snap of static that made Angelica and Daniel and George jump a little as Ryutyu let the door close.

“Hm... also guys, my powers aren’t working...” George told, snapping his fingers, before looking to Ryutyu afterwards.

“But then how did Ryutyu run super fast?” Chinua asked smartly.

“I think that be a natural function for me, henceforth I can do when my laddies are unable to do theirs.” Ryutyu told around.

“Dang...” - Oyur, “This shit looks fucking miserable and tidious... I, honestly, hate puzzle games. Like every horror game has this, and it fucking is stereotypical and garbage.”

“I agree.” Daniel nodded to Oyur’s functional statement.

“He said we only have half-an-hour to find the keys, so I think we should get looking.” Angelica told to the gang.

“True- let’s go.” - Daniel agreed to Angelica.

“Stick with me, ya’ll.” Ryutyu told above, opening the door again to find a new room. It was rather like a cathedral hall, with book shelves and cabinets all around, wardrobes as well, all wooden without halls and providing niceness against the horror of the rest. There were also, unluckily, closets of the classical age.

Ryutyu took a step forth as everybody came up and watched him go forth, before Daniel led the way for them to come into the room and start looking around. Ryutyu then looked back, and then to his left, where he found a wardrobe, and opened it to find nothing. He did the other three decks before coming to eyes with Daniel.

“Guys, check around- there's nothing in thy cabinets seemingly.” Ryutyu told, and they all started to look around, opening drawers and such to find absolutely nothing.

“Noooooooooo- it’s like a real fucking horror game! Nooooooooooooooo!” Oyur stated slowly with anger in an un-loud voice.

“Yeah- there’s nothing.” - Ejnare as he finished looking through a wardrobe, amongst the random collaboration amongst the walls without windows, yet the rain behind the walls.

“Uh- I found a lighter.” Angelica told, opening a closet and picking up a fully shiny grey metallic lighter, which she examined without turning it on.

Daniel and George came over to see it, and George took it, activating it.

“Is this random, or does it mean something?”  
“Hell- there’s probably gonna’ be dark rooms or something.” Oyur stated, “And we’re probably gonna’ have to use that lighter to see shit.”

“Or maybe it’s to fight off the ghosts.” Chinua stated and everybody nodded to her.

“True- but- Has anybody realized Khenbush nor that other girl are here? Nor Eighty-Three or Wilma?” Daniel pointed out.

“Yeah- where are they?” Oyur asked Chinua in her eys.

“Is there a capacity to how many people can be in one game?” Angelica asked as she came up to Ryutyu.

“Nah- I don’t think so. Maybe thy computer purposefully left em’ out, because he can choose who play the game or no.” Ryutyu told with a British-voice to the kids.

“Well, okay- but come on guys, we need to move. We only have half-an-hour to explore this place.” Ejnare stated to all, and most nodded to his response.

Ryutyu continued to the next door and it was a four way to other doors.

“Oh hell naw- let's stick together- this shit is so obvious.” - Oyur.

“Quite seemingly, my good fellow. But if we must search many rooms, than the possibility of splitting up may be more helpful than charging through as a group.” Ryutyu stated with his nice British voice.  
“Man, can you speak only one dialect please?” Oyur asked funnily.

“Nah bruv.” Ryutyu laughed as Kioshi came last through the door and it closed.

“I think it would be better to split-” Chinua started to say.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! NO! ON GOD! Splitting up gets people killed! HAVEN’T YOU SEEN THE HORROR MOVIES!?” Oyur told madly to Chinua, making her pulse back in disgust.

“I thought you were poor.” Ejnare stated to Oyur as Kioshi opened the door.

“Oh- look at you- just because I’m poor doesn’t mean I can’t go over to my richer friend’s house and watch horror movies with him- or peek over the couch of my slave trader and watch what he’s watching.” Oyur stated back at Ejnare.

“Guys... (Everybody starts looking to Kioshi,) the rooms change.” Kioshi told, pointing to the new room, being a ‘L’ with a room in the space just north.

“Aw shit- we're fucked.” Oyur stated, swaying his head back.

“Yeah... I still think we should split up.” Chinua stated to them all.

“How the hell do we get back to the doors now?” Oyur asked them all.

“Oh dang- how do we?” Daniel asked.

“Maybe if we go through enough rooms, we’ll come across a checkpoint to go back- or maybe there’s... a limit on how many rooms there are, and we’ll come across the lobby if we go far enough.” Ejnare thought slowly, speaking it outside. “I mean, this is a game, so there’s probably an obvious game function to get us back.”

“Maybe- or we’re just fucked.” - Oyur.

“The Red Glitch stops thy computer from making such games- so we have a chance and must find it.” Ryutyu told, looking around. “But- The time is ticking, lads. Should we should split up and conquer, or stay together and file through?”

“I vote we split up.” Daniel waved his hand up high. Chinua also did the same.

“I say we don’t fucking make this mistake like we’ve seen all others.” - Oyur, George, and Ejnare kept their hands down for.

“I gues I’ll follow Daniel.” Angelica raised her hand up for splitting up.

“It’s three against three.” Ejnare told, with Ryutyu standing aloft.

“Ryutyu- vote with us.” George told to Ryutyu.

“I shall not- I casted the idea, but I shall not cast thy vote.” - Ryutyu.

“Democracy be like.” - Daniel.

“Kioshi- what about you?” Angelica asked, and everybody turned to the boy just staring.

“Oh my god- it has come down to the kid that nobody knows about- just like in some of the horror movies- are you going to make us split up?!” Oyur stated towards Kioshi.

“I’m not supposed to vote.” Kioshi told.

“Come on, Kioshi- the time is draining.” - George.

“Please?” Daniel commented over to Kioshi, and as all stress started to dwell into him, he had a simple question amongst the arising requests.

“If we split up- will you pick the teams?” He asked, looking to Ryutyu as the other kids disbanded for him to see straight forth.

“I can.” - Ryutyu.

“Then I guess we split up.” - Kioshi.

“Let’s go-” Daniel started to say.  
“NIGGA WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!?!” Oyur yelled at the top of his lungs, making Daniel and George burst our into laughter. “FUCK YOU KIOSHI- YOU SMALL LUMP, MIDGET-LOOKING, CRACKLE-DACKLED SHORT-LEGGED, PIECE OF IMMENSE BLACK ASH- FUCKING-"

“Oyur- chill.” Ejnare told Oyur as Ryutyu was looking around.

“AHHHHAHAHAHAHHA-” Oyur stated, putting his hands on his head and letting his treeman syndrome grow out before he retracted it with his eyes stopping his anger and he looked forth. “Oh- nice. I can still control my syndrome...”

“Heh... Cool bruh.” - Daniel as he laughed up to Oyur.

“Okay- Kioshi, Ejnare, and Oyur shall be team one.” Ryutyu stated, finishing his counting.

“WHAT?!” - Oyur towards Ryutyu wagging his tail.

“Ryutyu, chill.” Ejnare sparked with a smile.

“Sorry mate- I shall be in a group with Daniel and George. Then Angelica and Chinua can be in another seperate group.” Ryutyu told plainly.

“Bruh- Ryutyu- you just stuck the Christian with the Muslim- that's going to go bad.” George told Ryutyu, his left thumb waving in a sideways-thumb-up position to the two.

“Could ya’ two please work it out though? We gotta’ split up to solve this.” Ryutyu told the two, and as Chinua sighed, Angelica just nodded. “Thank ya.’”

And so they were all off, mumuring their roles if they disliked another, or just going through with it because they were new friends. Firstly though, let us switch to what was going back at home slash base.

Me and Wilma were listening to a rap song about a creature that explodes when he gets near you in a game. We liked the perfect rythmical games, and continued on to enjoy the bass as it was exalted greatly to a fine taste in music. Me and Wilma were in my living room, but the couches were gone, the screen was lit with the green camo-like, robotic-moving species of the game, and we were bouncing around, listening to it at seventy-eight decibals- meaning it blasted through the house.

“Boom boom boom!” Wilma cheered as there were lights above, shining different colors every millisecond, making it into an epilliptical party. “We should do this more often!”

“Sure.” I nodded, doing the katzotsky kick all-of-a-sudden.

So we continued on for a bit before we shut off the music and enjoyed a little silence.

“What now?” Wilma asked, happy and joyful in his twitching ears.

“Hm... we should go get Ryutyu to play Sally-Sorry with us.” I told, and then rushed off as Wilma smiled around to the many colors not changing every two miliseconds, but now just flavoring in a cycle. Then I came back with the news, already leaving and having the front door constantly open. “Ryutyu is gone- Daniel is too- and I from the silence of most other homes I must infer that most of them are gone.”

“There probably was a computer game to take them away so suddenly.” Wilma sadly told.

“Mm- but Khenbush and Khenbish are still near, so let us go ask them about stuff.” I told, and Wilma followed as we went to Khenbush’s home, little went through the doors from our particle powers merging through, and seeing forth to Khenbush with her eyes on the internet, browsing a sight called Blueit. She then stuttered to look behind towards us.

“Hey?! What- where did- what the hell?” She asked, confused on why the door was not open, and all seemed normal except for our sudden appearances.

“Hello Khenbush- we came to ask the question- do you know what happened to everybody else?” I asked her, and she nodded her head against the question.

“Everybody probably got put into their first game.” Wilma told.

“Except you and Khenbish, in which she is playing racing games right now.” I told, and Wilma nodded.

“We just came to ask since maybe you had something to tell.” - Wilma said, before leaving through the door with a sound, going right through it.

“I will go check up on Khenbish now, if you are okay.” I told Khenbush.

“I am, thanks.” Khenbush nodded as I also just went through the door, fulfilling her attention to what she really wanted to see with her own confused face once again.

I rushed over to Khenbish’s home, alone, and entered silently once again. I found her on her computer, shriveling her bones under the cool fan, but using her mouth and WASD to direct a car in the racing game.

“Khenbish, how has it been?” I asked Khenbish so normally right behind her, and she whipped around with surprised eyes.

“Good- good- why do you ask? ASK?” She frivolously told, confused.

“Just wanted to know since everybody else seemingly disappeared to a game, and because secretly we care for you and offer anything to your service.” I told, creeping towards her and looking upon her desk.

“I’m fine- fine... go away, away...” She told, trying not to keep eye-to-MLG-shade contact with me, or look at my slowing cat tail.

“What is this?” I asked, after a second of looking over to a paper of hers, to the right of her laptop. On it was drawn one specific and amazing Mongolian worm, that it would be prized authoritarian to any of Leonardo da Vinci’s pictures. And it was on a fully white piece of paper as well.

“A drawing- not yours.” She told, swiping it back and looking to me for another awkward moment, shaking with red in her eyes. But, this inspired me, and the music of fleshy art came to my mind, mixing with the voices as I smiled at a new concept I had just inspired into my own mind.

“It looks fantastic- is it just for your hands or is there meaning to it?” I continued to ask further, becoming skeptical of the thoughts in my mind.

“What? It’s mine- only for me!” - Khenbish, as she stood up to me, gathering spirit from pausing her game and her chair slightly spinning.

“Yes, but what if... I wanted to use it for inspiration?” I asked her, and she looked to me with massive confusion.

“No- no. Mine!” Khenbush as she angered her face into my soul.

“Hm... okay... well then, I would like to ask one more thing.” I started to say slowly, “In the papers I recieved about each of you kids and their syndromes- I found your name to be ‘Khenbish A. B.,’ as if those were initials for ‘Ankhbayar Batu.’”

“I’m not related to Chinua! Not Khenbush! Eh!” She stated in such a spark, walking firmly out with her bald head.

“Khenbish, you can talk to me about anything- I just want to know if there is a way to make you all feel better or cure your diseases if necassary.” I told Khenbish, following her with my patient voice of darkness.

“I hate Khenbush! I hate her! I don’t like Chinua! Not Chinua! Leave me alone! Alone!” She pointed and stated, looking directly into my shades, so I took them off, sparking a pulse back in surprise and fear to Khenbish as she saw my firm green eyes.

“Khenbish... (I held my shades in my right hand,) Khenbush is still here whilst everyone else is gone. And with your picture, I had this very colorful thought- combined with the song me and Wilma were just listening towards- to create an art of a creature, with its own functions and such... So tell me, Khenbish- are you related to Chinua and Khenbush? And if so- what is your history and how much do you hate them?” - Me, and with a whisp of looking around, Khenbish shot her eyes back to me.

“I hate them... they... UH! I HATE THEM! They removed me! They shoved me away- beat me! (She grabs me by my upper chest,) I want Khenbush- Khenbush- I want her DEAD! She beat me! Our... HER parents beat me! Chinua- she- she did nothing! She WATCHED!” She started to tear up. “I want to see them all die- die! Horribly- horrifically! They broke me!”

“Interesting, but... let me go get Wilma to see if what you are saying is true- and if so- then I shall go through with my idea- which I think you will enjoy seeing...” I told with such a deceptive tone of some sort, before leaving with her looking to me as I put my shades back on.

So I went over to Wilma, learning how to play the accordion with Shellia currently, outside on the four-way, just standing there.

“Wilma, if I may-” I started to say before Khenbish rushed out of her house and around the corner in a frenzy of emotions.

“Where’s Khenbush!? Where is she?!” Khenbish angrily stated, looking around, before seeing a stop sign and trying to pull it out of the ground in a cartoon-like frisk procedure, jamming her fists around it to pull with all her muscles straining.

“Wilma- can you double-check that Khenbish’s back story is correct?” I asked, and Wilma walked over.

“Sure.” She nodded, and Khenbish looked towards her with anger.

“Khenbish- tell Wilma your backstory.” I prompted nicely with a whisper.

“I... er... furry girl... I- I got beat by Khenbush... and... their parents beat me! I WANT HER DEAD! SHE ABUSED ME! CRASHED ME INTO A STOP SIGN! CHINUA- SHE ONLY WATCHED- WATCHED- over and- OVER! SHE SMILED- AGAIN, and AGAIN!” She started to yell with such infuriated tones.

“She is not lying.” Wilma told me with a worry.

“Hm... nice.” I continued smiling, and then started over to Khenbush, thinking hard of the concept I was about to upheil.

“Hey! Eighty-Three!” Wilma called over as Khenbish started to look towards Shellia. “Do not do that.”

“Do not worry, it might only be temporary...” I smiled back behind my mask as I traveled to my victim’s home.

“No! That is insane! We just met Khenbush and Khenbish!” - Wilma.

“But be real- it would be fun and cool to see. It would be an amazing project of mine, done in seconds- curable in seconds.” - Me as I formed my green gloves back on.

“Eighty-Three...” Wilma stated to me, allowing me to turn back to her worried face. “Please... everyday I see the voices escalate in your head slightly...”

“That is true, but do not worry- I am not as bad as Heru was and probably still is.” I stated to Wilma and she paused as I walked further. She then looked behind to Khenbish ripping Shellia’s tail off, but decided to go towards me.

I went into Khenbush’s home and towards her living room, as I saw her there, sitting and eating alone a turkey sandwhich she made for herself. I sat down next to her, on her left, as she watched and chewed.

“Hey Khenbush, I had a question- what do you think about having your own particle abilities?” I asked Khenbush.

“Like... Super powers? (I nod,) For what?” She awkwardly giggled afterwards.  
“For just not being chosen during the game, mainly, but also because I just want to see how trustworthy you are with them. I have some special in mind, much different from George’s.” - Me as she let her sandwhich down.

“You sound like ya’ gonna’ make me have some certain powers you already have in store.” She told, worried to the maximum.

“Oh- sorry- I was just asking, because I really wanted to try to implement some certain powers on somebody and see how it worked for them, otherwise- if not you, I will go ask the others when they come back.” I told Khenbush, and she was just paused in her own mind.

“Can you explain?” She asked, slightly intrigued.

“The ‘certain powers’ I have mentioned are mainly ‘super power’ upgrades. I was thinking of giving you skin that can reflect or refract light in such ways to make yourself invisible, even if the Humanitor is on, or giving you the ability to stretch your arms out or something, like Mr. Fanbastic.” I told Khenbush quite normally. “I can do it in a few seconds- and maybe combine both if the Red Glitch-”

“Khenbush! When is your birthday?” Wilma asked suddenly and awkwardly, coming through, and Khenbush looked up with confusion as I slowly turned around.

“June nineteeth?” She told slowly, still her sandwhich on her paper plate.

“Just wanted to know... and may I get your help to organize it? Real quick?” Wilma asked, trying to convert away from the idea I was spreading.

“I don’t... will I be here for that long?” Khenbush asked.

“I do not know- but you can help Wilma in setting up people’s birthdays first if you wish.” I told deeply.

“Uh... okay? I will, but didn’t you, (She looks to me,) just say it takes a couple of seconds to give me powers?” Khenbush asked slowly to me.

“Yes, it does, but I can wait.” - Me, getting up and leading her to the bedroom door of the living room.

“Uh- I would like the powers first, I guess- unless they manipulate my body in a way that I don’t know about...” - Khenbush.

“They do not- I simply put you on the table, do a speedy surgery with many tools and strings of darkness that change or add to your cells, and then you are normal again, but probably feeling amazing and can now do new things.” I told Khenbush, and looked to me with more interest.

“Yeah...” Khenbush nodded to Wilma. “Let’s go get these ‘powers.’”

“I can give you powers quicker.” Wilma spoke from her mouth. “It just takes a lift of my index finger.” Wilma shrugged.

“Uh- sure- but why not do it already then? Plus- I'm already at the door here, let me see how Eighty-Three does it...” Khenbush stated with confusion, entering her fate as I held it open to her.

I let her sit on the chair to my right of the room, behind the wall from Wilma’s view, in which Khenbush was then looking around and finally at me as I looked back to Wilma, unchanged in my face. Wilma just stood there, holding her arms in her wardrobes, defeated in her face. She tried, and now as I closed the door, she could only listen to the sudden butchering scream and crack of bones as I broke Khenbush down into a sludge of meat that drooled its waves of terror through the walls.

***Easy dub in the mansion.***

“Man, I gotta’ be with ya’ll silent-ass bitches...” Oyur stated, as he was in front of Ejnare and Kioshi in an L-shaped room, looking around in many dressers.

Suddenly, Ejnare opened a drawer and found a glowing blue spider to jump on his face, and bite him on his wolf-black nose, where he held it as he used his giant paw feet to smash the blue spider to a liquid.

“Euh!” He stated as he got jumpscared, before wondering how to smash it for two seconds before he did.

“What happened?” Oyur asked instantly.

“A weird-glowing spider bit me.” Ejnare stated deeply, not sounding like a child at all as Kioshi finished opening the final drawers.

“Dang...” Oyur told, before looking back and seeing all things opened, double-checking behind him, and then being first to opening the next door to a library, with bookcases stretching fifty meters with colorful books before they came to another underwhelming door. The walls were the same as the floor as also the same, and there were only six rows of books that went on and on to the other side, where there was the only exit being six feet wide on each side, just like the one on the right and left of the beginning.

“Oh hell nah- this shit is gonna’ take eternity!” Oyur emphasized as they all looked around.

Kioshi looked up towards the ceiling, where there were six lights down the rows, yellow and beaming. But in the middle of the entire place, beside the patterned-lights, was a yellow bell, just hanging from the ceiling, large and golden.

“Definitely.” Ejnare whispered to himself, getting onto looking at the books, taking some out and opening them to find that the title-less book had word-less pages.

Oyur sighed loudly and slowly, before looking back to Kioshi, who had his head forwards and towards the many books and such.

“Speak- fucker!” Oyur madly stated as Kioshi as he just slowly turned his head to lock eyes with him. “Mm- jumpscared you, didn’t I? Sorry- but- Kioshi- go and look for the keys along with that dead-ass Ejnare- cuz' I can’t do this shit- I'm fucking mad that we split apart and now can’t just rush through these rooms safer than before- plus we gonna’ get jumpscared ourselves when the ghosts or whatever start appearing, so let’s go...” Oyur stated, walking down the middle to the other door, and opening it to a fully black room after Kioshi nodded to him. “Aw hell nah...” He stated again, and then looked back with another large and stranious sigh.

The actually-black midget then started away, going all the way right and peering at the full-bookcase of books, no holes or gaps inbetween. It was filled and he darted through, unpicking, seeing nothing of intrigue to him- until he found a certain book. It was unlabeled like the rest, but a colored glass material of green, with behind it a yellow key. He tried pulling on it, but found it useless, so he pulled on the others, putting them on the floor, before he pulled again with both hands- and it did not move. He looked from the side to see the key in the back of the book, locked inside the glass. He decided to punch it with his left hand, but it did not crack or brake. He did this three times, before pulling away and going to Oyur.

“I found the key. It’s inside a glass book.” He told Oyur.

Oyur and Ejnare were then led over to punch it, Oyur using his treeman syndrome to try something, whilst Ejnare simply used his bare knuckles, soon bleeding them after a hard try.

“Eh... wait- the bell. Maybe it can break the glass.” Ejnare thought to himself out loud.

“You tryna’ say sound is better than hannds?” Oyur stated to Ejnare like it was nothing.

“It’s a game, Oyur- you never know if the mechanics could be realistic or not.” Ejnare stated as Kioshi went away.

Kioshi went around to the middle, right under the bell, and as the two other males came to see, Kioshi was grabbing and putting the left side of books on the floor to then grasp up on them and climb up the shelves to then be as high as the bell, where he grabbed a spare book to his left with his left hand, and then threw it at the bell.

The bell surprised Ejnare and Oyur, as it rung loud and scarily, banging the sound through the library and maximizing discomfort to their ears. Ejnare simply lowered his ears and looked around as Oyur implanted his index fingers into his ears, all normally. Kioshi just hopped down and went over to the glass book with the other two following.

They found that the glass had no shattered and was cracked into pieces amongst the shelf and the floor. The key now lay not pointing to them.

“See?” Ejnare spoke as Kioshi grabbed the key and went off.

“Fuck outta’ here, Ejnare.” Oyur madly stated once again, following Kioshi.

As they got to the door leading to darkness, a door from the darkness opened at the end, about fifteen meters away, showing yellow light in the muffled rain noises to Daniel pulling the door back for Ryutyu to push an empty wardrobe vertically to it, making the door stay open as he came forth to see Kioshi entering the darkness with his own key.

“Yo- look who it is.” Oyur told Ejnare.

“Hey guys- you got a key?” Ryutyu asked over and Oyur responded.

“What does it look like, dumb ass?” Oyur screeched over, as they came forth with caution and eyes all over the infinitely dark hallway.

“Cool- we also got a blue and a red one!” George stated, hopping forth with only his right leg intact, and his eyes normal grey.

“Woah- buddy- what happened to you?” Oyur asked as he saw George’s missing leg.

“Heh- a ghost tapped me and I lost my leg suddenly- then he disappeared.” George told as Daniel came forth.

“Yeah- it was a stereotypical-looking white ghost that came out of a wardrobe suddenly- well- actually- we heard murmuring inside, but didn’t move far enough away I guess...” Daniel told in story.

“Ah, looks lads! It’s women!” Ryutyu stated, pointing back to the end of the library to see the door open to Chinua standing on the right of Angelica.  
“Guys!?” Angelica yelled over, suddenly sprinting with Chinua to catch up.

“Hey- we got everybody." Daniel opened as the boys came through the door.

“What- oh that’s genius.” Oyur told, looking back down their lit hallway of random wardrobes and open things to see that Ryutyu used an object to open every door so it was almost seamless to get through.

“Ya’, I thought that since we looped in two rooms thy were exactly same- maybe thy should place stuff and keep em’ open to see if thy rooms don’t loop- and henceforth we’ve found keys in a jiffy.” Ryutyu stated with his old English accent.

“Yeah- it was really smart, not gonna’ lie- but also, we found that rooms that repeat also close all drawers and stuff, so searching over and over for a random key would’ve been a pain...” Daniel told as George and Kioshi saw the girls come.

“(Panting,) I... I got a key.” Angelica told, grabbing the final key from her left pocket and holding it up, all in its yellow delight, towards Ryutyu.

“Thanks, Angelica. We shall now escape this repetitive labyrinth with our smartness.” Ryutyu spoke, then getting the other keys from Kioshi and George, and rushing off in a sprint.

“He’s going to go open the doors now, so let’s go.” George told, hopping away as Daniel came up to walk by him, and Angelica looked up.

“Uh... what happened to George?” Chinua asked the world as Angelica looked up to also see the missing limb. The rest started to follow as well.

“A ghost tapped his shoulder or something- now his limb just magically disappeared.” Ejnare told, leaving away afterwards, become last with Chinua to go forth.

“Hey- everyone- let's not do this shit again with splitting up though. This shit may have been easy, but I don’t think it’ll be any better in the future.” Oyur stated firmly.

“Maybe...” Daniel laughed back. “Maybe not...”

“You better not, dead ass.” - Oyur as Ryutyu rushed back and searched through a lot before entering the dark hall and then the library.

“Found it.” Ryutyu rushed in to say, stopping his speed as he stood back-walking in front of it, before rushing off.

“Cool.” - George as everybody started to jog faster, going through a room with an ‘L’ now.

“Of course- I should’ve seen this coming. If not Eighty-Three, then Ryutyu will do the job. Anyways- they can just go back already, I got nothing more in my plans...” The Computer stated outside in the blue void, defeated in his blue screen echo-voice, waving around his cords in gesture-like ways as he spoke afar, in the rain and thunder.

At home, Khenbish was in her living room, wide and expansive with a thirteen-feet high roof, with Khenbish looking out the window to the pool, discovering its calm and blue waves of eternity and equality. It was divine and deep, and it calmed Khenbish from her thrusting, clenching hands she had still. She just looked to it, feeling with anger in hands but soothed mentions in her mind- before she heard my footsteps, and a familiar voice.

“Khenbish... please... please help...” Her sister, Khenbush, stated in a distorted and leaky fashion. Khenbish turned to see me holding the newly-built Khenbush, a worm, with the head being Khenbush, but her face was messed up and it had her colored eyes everywhere and duplicated in size, whilst her and mouth and eyebrows were completely missing. Her hair was still there, and she had no neck as it was just the body ultimately leading to the tail, flushing with red veins and eager sweat in the Mongol’s once-fully-naturally skin color. I had my green gloves, my left index and middle finger up her nose, from it leaking yellow puss, all the way down my gloves and off onto the floor as it seemingly drooled from her nose and make her speech from the back of her head muffled.

Khenbish just backed away, now surprised beyond words. She lifted her hands, unclenching them and putting them to be weary and open, wonderous about what disgusting being I had created. She had fear in her eyes and worry in her eyebrows for the greatest time as I walked forwards, soon just standing a meter away from her with the worm wiggling its fleshy body in my hands as I gripped it tight and carelessly, letting the head be fully front and visible to its sister.

“Khenbish... help...” Khenbush asked in a further demented voice, her eyes slightly closing in a sad way as they all looked to Khenbish.

“This is one of the greatest scientific experiments I have ever pulled off, Khenbish. Thank you for inspiring me.” I told with cheer to the scared Khenbish.  
“Uh... ah... uh...” - Khenbish.

“So, fun fact- if I take my fingers away from her nose, (I do that,) then she explodes after five seconds, (The worm of Khenbush starts to glow a little dar red and then a lighter redder after a slope of time,) but I think we should just keep her nice and neat for whatever purpose you may find in her.” I told, the yellow puss leaking down onto the floor, making Khenbish’s eyes travel over without much luck of any happiness.

“Eighty-Three- Eighty-Three! This is... uh... uh... cool! Cool! I did hate her... but... Eighty-Three, ya’ made her into a monstrosity! A monstrosity! I’d rather have her dead! DEAD!” Khenbish started to tell with confusion.

“Well, she can-" I started to tell before suddenly stopping after instantly noticing that every kid and Ryutyu spawned into our area.

“Oh- thank Allah we’re out.” Chinua said as she suddenly existed, facing away and towards my right.

“Yo- we made it.” - Daniel cheerily as the others spoke.

“Woo- wait, so we just-” George started to speak before coming into contact with Khenbush the worm.

“AHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Ejnare screamed as he turned around to see it as well, and so did George, Daniel, Angelica, and Chinua do the same. Kioshi just turned and look with his own inside fear, whilst Ryutyu looked back and then rushed away in a panic.

I unplugged my fingers from the nose and let the bomb go off. Exploding blood and depleting the house into rubble as the explosion took out most of the room and caused dust to fly up as well as smoke to alarm the systems elsewhere. Soon, as most of the grey faded, it seemed to me that just the kids new corpses with blistering third-degree burns and the corpse of the living room sustained after the explosion of sprinkling blood and a loud bang sound effect.

Ryutyu then rushed back and I turned around, seeing his worry and his sagging tail.

“Sorry- I did a little experiment. I will fix this now.” I told, and he just nodded with a gulp and left away quickly. I sighed with laughter after two seconds of him leaving. “Of course they spawn right here- why not? How inconvient- The computer do be trolling though- where is Kioshi’s body?” I funnily told myself out loud, looking around to the blood splattered everywhere and the open eyes now burning from the rest of the body’s heat, until I noticed the midget was missing.

I then heard with a flick of my green ears up, behind the fluffy-blasted couch, Kioshi looking with half of his head up, bewildered at what he was seeing. The fire that came from the couch was not fermented beyond survival, so he could just focus on the destruction I had caused for a little bit more time before looking to down and then to me in a hurry.

“Mm... come with me, Kioshi.” I told Kioshi- damn, I really did I guess.

***A cool fight against a bear.***

“Alrighty, so we failed once again- mainly because Ryutyu is as good as Eighty-Three, maybe even better under the situation where they can’t use their supernatural powers- but again, we must try. I’ll generate a random one for the other set of kids that currently also exist, but have a much lesser impact on Eighty-Three and his life right now. If none of our four core enemies are in a game, I think we have a higher chance in actually making somebody fail and permamently die.” The Computer told Miss Opium, Heru, and Deandra.

“Other kids? Wait- how many people are living in Eighty-Three's village?” Deandra asked the menancing blue screen.

“A lot, and it’s more like Wilma’s village since she controls the mountains and forcefield around it.” The Computer told as he generated a game over his ball pit.

“Hm...” - Miss Opium as she traveled back into the base.

Heru also followed silently with angry but not red eyes, and then a slightly-underwhelmed Deandra as the Computer was left to his own business.

Back at Wilma’s village, she was playing the accordion with Shellia in a happy mood under her cocaine with a slightly-scared Shellia also trying to act very cheerful as lots of colorful rainbow-auroras came around and increased the light show of the day a top of the austimo building. As they were having fun, back in my home, with Gustavo to my left, holding a golden stopwatch in his right paw, we had extended the surgical room to have the fit for all the kids, and Kioshi was on my right, scared and watching. Gustavo then turned on the stop watch and I looked forth.

I went up to Daniel, and started speeding around him, fixing him up, opening up his head, playing with his brain, and finished it in a blur of about three seconds.

“2.8237469 seconds.” Gustavo told. He then clicked it again, and as my tail whipped straight up from the click, I started to do the rest. Once finished and at the end, with Khenbish, he clicked it again. “14.237329 seconds.”

“Great... now time to get Ryutyu- I will be back in a few seconds...” I told Gustavo and Kioshi, then proceeding to rush out. “Ryutyu!” I waved as he was in the shower, then turning his head to me as he saw my shadow come closer.

“Oh hey Eighty-Three... uh- what happened in thy?” He asked behind the curtain, surprised and lifted with embarressment.

“A little experiment. I am done fixing it, and the kids will be all normal and better after I wake them up... (I grab the curtain and slowly pull it away to see Ryutyu’s just standing under the shower with wet fur and no soap, looking to me with slight discontent,) but are you going to be okay from it?” I asked him and he just looked at me.

“What was that?” He asked wearily, wagging his tail a smidge.

I sighed with a smile still behind my mask. “It was Khenbush- but as a worm I guess... a few came from a blue-outlined portal and exploded as they came a meter in front of me, but I found that clogging their nose stops it, and so they all exploded right next to me my bedroom until the portal then closed- and I then came around to ask Khenbish if she knew anything about them... The portal also led to some really green plain.” I stated in a lie, getting into the shower with my dress, getting the soap, and rubbing and fluffing it into his fur, with a smirk crossing his face as I rubbed his head too, and his ears lofted up.

“Ight- but why so descriptive?” - Ryutyu as I used both soap bottles to put shampoo or actually soap for the body into each of my hands.

“Because I remember it all.” I told Ryutyu nicely and innocently.

“Hm... It looked really creepy to be honest- ya' sure it wasnt anything else, and just something random?” Ryutyu told as I rubbed his muscles.

“Yes, Ryutyu, I would never lie to you.” I told, continuing to spread the shampoo in his hair with one hand and the other I cleaned his chest with. “But also- why are you in the shower?”  
“Haven’t taken a shower today actually- I got up feeling pumped and went straight to work out...” Ryutyu told looking to me, “Can you scrub me head more?”  
“Yes, of course.” I told Ryutyu and continued to scrub him. “Also- I am currently fixing the kids back to normal, so they might not remember the explosion as it causes extreme panic and actually induces the brain into shock so they might not remember the incident.”  
“Okay...” - Ryutyu, his tail fluffing in my face.

So as I continued to help him in the shower, Gustavo and Kioshi just stared at each other.

“Are you also insane?” Gustavo then broke the silence. Kioshi nodded his head away from that fact. “Well- you did not scream or act terrified in the experience of Mongolia or the explosion that just went down.” Kioshi nodded to that. “Do you have a syndrome? Like psychopathy or sociopathy?” And Kioshi finally responded.

“Scientists told me that I am a sociopath.” Kioshi told, looking to the bodies.

“Okay... anything else?” - Gustavo, and Kioshi just nodded his head away again.

“Well then... okay...” Gustavo nodded and continued to smile infinitely for more seconds until I rushed back, opening the door to the silent and bringing forth a jump to Kioshi’s soul, but a quick head turn of that smiling cat of mine.

“Alrighty- let me gather everybody up- it is about lunch time and Ryutyu is a bit hungry.” I told, then forming a syringe from my right index finger, and then going up to each character in a flash and putting it in them, except Khenbush, before gathering them up in the hands from under my dress and perfecting them into a darkness pill, except Khenbish, and pulling them outside as they bounced in the pills, before letting the pills degenerate into darkness on the four way and letting everybody out to wonder how they got there. But before all that, I had one last sentence for Kioshi as I did all that. “Also, Kioshi, please do not speak of the events. It is better not to talk about this stuff.” I asked nicely without any business or murder in my voice.

Kioshi just nodded and watched Eighty-Three leave before Gustavo used his head to nudge his back forwards and get him out. Gustavo then closed the door as Kioshi walked into Ryutyu’s basement, and then up the stairs and to the table.

“Oh- thank Allah we’re out.” Chinua, again, said as she suddenly existed, facing away and towards my right.

“Yo- we made it.” - Daniel, again, cheerily as the others spoke.

“Woo- wait, so we just suddenly exist back into the real world? No sound- no...” George started to speak before coming into contact with me.

“Dang, that’s weird as shit yo.” Oyur told, getting up with madness as George stared to me and my smooth tail of green and black.

“Eh! Why am I here?! Here!?” Khenbish started to yell, before arms came from under my dress, grabbed her by her left leg, and then thrusted her up and away.

“Woah- yo!” Daniel stated with confusion as everybody looked up to see darkness forming around her to make a shell that made her fall slowly and safely down like paper to her home below. Everybody could hear her screaming inside, punching with anger.

“Damn- man really brought a new meaning to the phrase, ‘Fuck outta’ here.’” - Oyur.

“Well, anyways- welcome back, everyone- are you all okay?” - Me.

“I think so.” - George.

“Better than Khenbish.” Ejnare told without any dramatic voice, but just his deperession.

“Yeah, plus George got back his leg.” Daniel told, looking to George’s leg being back.

“Well, Alrighty... also, it seems to be lunch time, so if you guys want lunch, you can come to my house- I have to go start cooking spaghetti.” I stated to them all.

"Oh- okay.” - George, confused on the pacing.

“Bro, can’t we just focus on what the hell just happened?” Oyur asked me. “We could’ve died to some ghosts if we weren’t careful or some shit.”

“True- true.” - Daniel stated as his ears popped up slowly and his tail waved around.

“Where’s Ryutyu?” Ejnare asked, and everybody listened. “And where’s Kioshi?”

“Already inside.” I told, and they all looked at me. “The computer spawned them in before you all.”

So we all went inside to see Kioshi and Ryutyu waiting at the table. I went over to the oven and started using the hands under my dress to grab a pot, but also another to turn on the stove, and then another to gather water, and another to go pouring in the spaghetti. The kids watched as I made the food, and Ryutyu started a conversation after everybody stared for appromiaxtely five seconds.

“Do ya’ guys enjoy spaghetti?” Ryutyu asked, and Daniel looked to Angelica, who looked back to him with red cheeks.

“Yes-” Chinua started to say before Oyur intruded.

“Hell the fuck no. Slurping little plastic straws is not my fucking plate wishing. I like, above all things, waffles- whenever, because they’re pure and not constantly slipping on your throat, making you choke constantly if not swallowed correctly.” Oyur slowly told everybody at the table.

“Bro, you can say that about anything- if you don’t swallow it correctly, then you’re gonna’ choke.” Daniel told with a smile in his face.

“Sure, buddy...” Oyur rolled his eyes to, not wanting to sit next to Chinua as he moved his torso away. Ejnare was across from him, on the left of the end of the table, where Ryutyu was across Chinua from. I, also in the kitchen to Ryutyu’s right, started boiling the spaghetti.

“Hey Eighty-Three, can’t you just use your particle powers or whatever to cook the spaghetti like instantly?” Daniel then asked as silence started coming. Angelica sat to his left, having her tail wrap around her left waist and rest on her left thigh.

“Yes, but that removes the fun of doing work.” I told Daniel.

“Man...” Oyur slowly stated, obviously in dislike of my work and non-laziness.

“Also- real quick- do ya’ guys remember the explosion in Khenbish’s home?” Ryutyu asked, and I turned to face him, still with a smile on my mask.

“No?” - George, confused and putting his fedora down on his lap.

“What explosion?” - Chinua as I cooked and put a timer on the spaghetti.

“Eh- nothing really.” - Ryutyu with his tail swaying back and forth.

“Hm? This sounds interesting- spit it out, fam.” - Oyur.

“You guys got fatal third-degree burns and extreme shock from a worm-like Khenbush exploding in my hands, so it seems you have all forgotten, which might be better for now.” I told them all as I continued to wait for the spaghetti be done.

“What?” - Chinua.

“Worm-like Khenbush?” - Daniel.

“What the fuck do you mean?” - Oyur.

“Random beings from thy multiverse entered our universe and, as Eighty-Three stated, gave a portal-way to worms like Khenbush coming in and exploding or something. Thy mate stopped most of them, but then asked Khenbish about it- if she knew what was going on...” Ryutyu stated as all the furries started letting their tails fall down.

“I was technically showing her to see if she was faking her insanity as well- and she is quite insane from that experience.” - Me.

“Random multiversal beings can just come into our universe and do whatever they want?!” - Oyur madly stated, very confused.

“I think he already explained it.” George to Oyur.

“Well then, god-damn- shits gonna’ get weird...” Oyur stated, soothing his muscles as he took in a deep breath.

“We all got shock and none of us remembered?” Angelica asked me from afar.

“Yes- we seems quite sus, but I swear...” I funnily stated to Angelica.

“Wait- can you make us remembering things?” Chinua asked as the spaghetti was getting finished, and the everybody looked over.

“No- the Red Glitch blocks me with brain matters.” I told her, getting the pot and then coming over to the table and placing it on the white trebuchet. “Hey Kioshi, would you like some spaghetti?” I asked the black midget at the end of the table. He turned his head from a stare to the wall in front, and looked at me, before nodding.

Alas, the Computer spawned a new game as we ate spaghetti. The autismos, currently watching a movie, suddenly were missing two of their friends. The bald black girl and the the Hispanic kid were suddenly gone, and that left Jared plus Teressa and Miss Hedheop to wonder where they suddenly disappeared towards, as they all sat on one couch, but felt the loss in mass and looked around.

“Guys?” Teressa asked as Miss Hedheop got up and looked around.

“(Insert name,) (insert name?)” - Miss Hedheop yelled around in a sudden worry.

The two kids were now in the computer’s game, in a spruce forest under tall trees, on dead brown grass, and looked around to the fully bland light-grey sky with an atmosphere very wet to them.

“Woah- what the hell is going on?” The Hispanic kid asked, confused and looking around with open eyes.

“Uh- where are we?!” The blad black girl yelled around. “Where’s Misses Hedheop!?”

“Welcome! You two random players have been chosen to fight against a bear- for some reason. You will have a spear and you must kill a bear!” The Computer stated in his approach as he appeared right a top of them, daring his blue light down and scaring them to weary eyes of almost-tears.

“What’s going on?!” The bald girl screamed, as suddenly she screamed again in fear as the Computer had two spears, wooden handles that were smooth and iron triangle-like tips, those heading down into his screen and into the ground, thrusting him down as the kids backed away.

“Oh... the Red Glitch is so playful sometimes...” The Computer laughed to himself as he used his cords to lift himself up and fly away after perfectly getting out from the spears bringing holes to his screen. “The bear will come in a few seconds from any direction, so get ready.”

“What!?” The Hispanic asked, shaking in the coldness as he watched the computer lift high into the sky and fade away into the clouds as his speed altered him away.

“A bear!?” - Bald girl as the Hispanic kid went to get a spear and hold it ready, his left arm higher than his right, ready to poke the grizzly that may come.

“Get a spear- it's only a few seconds till it comes- it stated.” The Hispanic said quickly in the cold, shivering as he looked around viciously with gritted teeth for the bear.

The bald girl screeched over and grabbed the spear with fear, examining it, and barely keeping it tight. She held it up wrong, the spear pointing down, and she moved her arms back with awkwardness, trying to level it forwards like the Hispanic kid. Her heavy breathing made him look back in the darkness of sound, the unlevel fog that started to come around.

“Ah shit- we're done for. The fog is coming...” - The Hispanic kid as he looked back, “What the hell!? Why are you holding it like that!?” He started to yell.

“Uh- sorry- I'm scared...” - Bald girl.

“Well, fix it-” The Hispanic kid started to whisper before suddenly from the fog emerged a grizzly brown bear, twice his size running quickly at him. The Hispanic kid turned around quickly with fear and screamed to the sky as he looked to the sharp claws coming at him. He froze with his scream, his spear now titled to the sky, as the Grizzly jumped on him, thrusting the claws into his face and ripping off the skin, now drooling the blood down as the grizzly continued ripping more and more flesh off the Hispanic kid. “AHHHHHHHHHhh- HELP! HELP!”

The bald girl backed away, watching death as she knew it. She was fearful and started to run away with tears, but as the Hispanic kid got swiped to death and blood gone in puddles, the bear started to anger and roar towards her, now running over the boy and coming after the girl. The bald girl continued on, before looking around and throwing the spear back, in which it spun horizontally and hit the bear in the leg with the wooden part, before shrudding into the grass below- the bear just running more. The bald girl then started to turn her head, but ran into a tree, before slumping over in pain.

At this point, the bear caught up and ripped her to shreds, uncaring of her screams for help. The Computer, now hovered over the scene, and watched with his blue lit screen.

“Oh my god- that feels so good. Finally- I won. But- not against the most satisfying people- but I won after so many losses. Maybe this could be the way to slowly cease off all those people- go after the most absurd and unimportant individuals before trying the big fellows you’re actually against... hm...” The Computer said as he started to generate another game, but as the green bar reached a third, the Red Glitch formed on his screen, and he pulsed back as it ended quickly. “Alright- okay... I’ll try that later...”

***Tennis Time or whatever.***

Chinua was inside her home, looking around with an angry face as the world around her was simply lighted with walls of orange tan and floors of brown wood. She looked out the door to Daniel’s home- his yard was covered in the fall spirit, his roof was drifting leaves back and forth, he even had his own chimney, flavored light brown and orange bricks, patterned horizontally.

Her view of envy was then destructed by Angelica entering the scene from the right, coming up with a slight discomfort before surprise as Chinua already looking through the window of her door. Chinua then opened it to get on with it.

“Hi Chinua- I understand you didn’t really enjoy me helping you out in the mansion, I was a little squirmish, but I came to talk to you- get to know you maybe.” Angelica softly asked, and Chinua just stared until she didn’t.

“Okay...?” Chinua, confused on why Angelica the Vatican Cat Girl was at her front door.

“Only if you want...” Angelica then stated, and a very awkward presence came over them.

Chinua sighed. “Sure, Angelica- what is it? More lies about Jesus or something?” She tried embarking onto the Christian cat girl.

“I would like to change your perspective on that- may I tell you why I follow the Christian faith instead of Islam?” Angelica kindly asked with her low voice.

“Yeah, go ahead- restate something about the Quran being wrong or something.” Chinua wide-mouthly said, leaning against her own door frame with her left shoulder.

“Hm- please, Chinua, you don’t have to be like that... how about this- we go for a walk?” Angelica asked, looking around before remaking eye-contact.

“Okay.” Chinua shrugged and then followed.

“Tell me- why do you folllow Islam specifically? What is your basis?” Angelica asked Chinua, her tail just swaying up and down instead of left to right.

“The Quran. When I look around the world, I see corrupt business men, horrible people, and weirdos like you mixed in with people trying to do good things or just exile themselves entirely from it. A good and extremely caring god wouldn’t allow such vanity to come onto his magnificent planet if he was at all perfect in his nature, henceforth, reasonably, Allah is there to support, because he causes all to happen and we as muslims are meant to be subjugated by his efforts. We must save the world from Christians like you in order to sustain the true peace and prosperity Allah will give in the end... because we’ll all be judged in the end for our morals.” Chinua told Angelica as they started walking to my home.

“That is almost exactly like the Christian eschatology. We get judged when we die or live to see the day God brings down the new Earth, and beings from the ground and up will come after many to change them to sin. The Quran also states similar beings like the Anti-Christ, and similar events like the second coming of Jesus will arrive- which arises a question to my mind at least; which came first? The Bible or the Quran? Now, I-” - Angelica tried.

“Don’t say it. I know the Quran is late by six-hundred years, but Jesus was a failure in saying the truth correctly. Muhammad spread the word righteously, Jesus spread the supernatural without notice.” Chinua stated to Angelica.

“Yes, but to many people, the Quran seems to have copied a lot of Biblical efforts and people.” Angelica stated, turning to Chinua, and they stopped in the middle of the road. “Which doesn’t mean your view is wrong, but... I mean, it is a bit... (She sees how angry Chinua has gotten,) uh- sorry...”

“Mmhm.” - Chinua.

“But, let’s talk about something else I studied- Jihad. Do you know what that is?” - Angelica.  
“Uh... no. It sounds familiar though.” - Chinua firmly.

“Well, Jihad is a Muslim justification to make life more in depth for Allah and his morals.” - Angelica stated as they looked towards my home.

“Oh- I remember now... why is it bad?” - Chinua.

“Well, it justifies terrorism mostly-” Angelica started to say with her nice voice, but Chinua cut her off with her left hand going out in.

“Stop- I don’t want to talk about that.” - Chinua as they went onto the lawn of my house.

“Uh- Chinua, please. This is your religion, a purpose in your life. I really want to resolve your thoughts of anger you constantly show in your face- uh- I can help you.” - Angelica.

“You can decieve me. Jihad is a justification, but I’m not an extremist. I actually listen to Allah’s rules and care for the world not just in my religious ways, but also in my common-sense ways. I don’t want to hear you talk shit about my religion until you can provide facts and evidence for why it’s really bad. Like, for instance, why doesn't Jesus... uh... I don’t know, don’t care- can't think right now- but... uh... look- just give me something that’s hypocritical about Islam. Go on- tell me.” Chinua started to say with a downfall of thinking.

“Well... Muhammad stated that all people are equal, just like Jesus said we’re all equal... but then they permit that women like you should wear a hijab most of the time, (Chinua angers her face more than normal and drops her crossed arms,) which goes against Allah also saying freedom of expression is a right and that men and women are equal, and also men should only wear stuff from the knees and up, (Chinua comes up to Angelica with an intimidating attitude,) not covering their face... and such like... women...” Angelica started to trail off as Chinua got real close, and Angelica pulled the Bible up to cover her mouth.  
“That’s because it’s our ethical rule stated by Allah himself- also it’s not even stated we must have such clothes in the Quran!” - Chinua started to yell.

“Then- you just said it was a rule though.” - Angelica as Chinua looked to the open front door of mine, with Gustavo sleeping just to the left of it.

“No- I- Ugh...” - Chinua, walking away towards the inside of my home, “Do you have anything important to say!?”

“I do, but you don’t listen nor care.” - Angelica followed as Chinua went up to the kitchen table and looked arounf for a snack.

“No- j-just state another hypocrisy, because the Quran has human error, I know, but it rewrites itself later...” - Chinua as she went over and grabbed a Twizzar, unraveling it quickly and eating it as Angelica spoke her next sentence.

“Well... not to call out what you just said- but in another topic, in Christianity, we are told to go minister to those who are not yet in knowledge of Christ or repel him because of foul beliefs. Islam doesn’t say that at all, instead you have the Jihad, which goes on to justify how to change the world by hypocritical force and power, like killing people, and bombing churches- which I also remember Muhammad telling not to destroy Christian churches or steal from them.” - Angelica.

“I... y-you know what? You Christians believe in the Trinity- three gods in one- that doesn’t make any sense.” Chinua yelled.  
“As I told during my presentation, God isn’t bound by logic, it shows he’s omnipotent and can-” Angelica started to say with her Bible held up to her upper chest with both her hands.

Chinua then grabbed Angelica’s neck with her right hand and thrusted her down onto the table as she clenched hard and made Angelica choke for her life, dropping her bible to the side and her nice and soft voice was replaced with loud coughing for air.

“SHUT UP! SHUT UP! I’M NOT A RADICALIST! I’M NOT A HYPOCRITE! YOU CHRISTIANS ARE ALWAYS SO PETTY AND IGNORANT! YOU DON’T DO ANYTHING BUT SIT AND PRAY ALL DAY- FUCKING LOSERS!” Chinua yelled at Angelica throughout the house. Chinua started to lessen her grip as she slowly breathed in and out, realising her anger and coming to realization that she was radically a Muslim, was doing the wrong thing, and hurting somebody she knew a little well “Oh- fuck... Angelica... I’m sorry...” Chinua started to cry whilst say as Angelica caught her breath, and tried holding herself.

“You’re... (Continues coughing and breathing,) you’re...” Angelica started to say as she continued breathing, and Chinua helped her up, before she suddenly saw from the corner of her eyes; me. I was just standing there, lazy in my arms, strong in my smile, and is surprised Angelica to fear as she just noticed me being queit.

Chinua then looked with sorrow changing to fear at me. “Oh- Eighty-Three, uh- d-did you just see that? Uh... I d-didn't m-mean it, I was just- I have a-anger i-issues...” Chinua started to say with complete annihilation of her own anger as the song of me swept through her soul. It increased in volume and bass as I took a steps forwards, slowly, until I was in front of Chinua, just an inch away. “I’m sorry...” She tried grinning but came out like a squeak.

I just stared at her, as after a while she got confused and eager to look around, mainly for Angelica to speak up from her stance behind her.

“Eighty-Three?” She asked, a little more confident after sixteen seconds.

I picked her up by her throat with my right hand, and then swung my body around to throw her, vertically-spinning out the door and onto the grass.

“Hue- AuaahaaAAAAAAA- (Her spine breaks midway as she collides without flexibility to the grass yard,) AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!” - Chinua.

“Lol.” - Me- bro did I really just say that? God dang...

I then just walked away back to my room where Kioshi was hanging out with Gustavo. Angelica was frozen with fear and outstanded in her place with a shake and rattle of own bones at the power I just emitted.

“Kioshi- the reason that they do not remember is not because of shock, but because I made them forget. I can change people’s brain, but not too much, as the Red Glitch might and will stop me if I get hasty with my cheat-like surgeries.” I told Kioshi as he stood in front of me. He just looked at me, before nodding slowly, and so I went back down to my lair. “Kioshi- if you care to join me and Gustavo in our next process, it is well-welcomed.”

He nodded and followed, and with my ears poking up, I could sense his shirt tuffling as it followed behind. I went down to my lair, Kioshi followed with Gustavo behind, and showed them Khenbush still on the table.

“The Khenbush-worm was also created by me, Kioshi, but only you shall now of such things.” I told the black midget as Gustavo went next to me and sat down with a smile.

“Ooh- do you think it would be cool to show Kioshi the torture chamber?” Gustavo asked as Chinua’s screaming was helped by Angelica’s wordy-panic above. It was all muffled and non-needed for me to explain.

“Well, Kioshi- as you have seen all this, and more- just know that looking to my torture chamber will be the final product of me testing you with my trust. It will also... change your life.” I told Kioshi slowly and firmly, looking to the top left corner of the room.

He stood still without movement, and I did not wait for him. I went over to the room and opened it to him. He came over and looked forth, his eyes bulging with the fleshy Canadian Ball, the screen hooked up to the Plague Doctor, and the dead blue backpack. His eyes could almost reflect the scene in front of him, and the horror shoved his bones tight to his skin and his clothes weary in wind.

“Just remember Kioshi- I can reset all your memories, so speaking of this will not matter.” - Me.  
He looked to me with amazement in his eyes, fear in his lips. He moved them first, but then stopped, looked to the side, his right, at the show, before looking to me.

“Why are you choosing me to look at these things?” He asked in a tone quite nice.

“Well- Kioshi- you survived the worm explosion, and with my instant thought from the speed and agility you seem to possess, the sudden exalt of understanding your plausible personality, and the voices in my head- I got a message- maybe I should not delete your memory. Maybe I shall put you around for special cases, and make you better than you ever have been- better and stronger than we might make any of the other kids. I might test on you, but I will not make you forget it, unlike others I might do in the future, as although they are cool and considerable friends and people- science must prevail, and the arts must be unlimited. But, do not mind my edgy-powers or immoral tactics- for I also would like to show somebody who can keep a secret, but also rate my projects. As you see here, Canada is now toothpick-art, this Plague Doctor is now stuck in the backrooms, and I took out the anatomy of this blue backpack creature.” I stated, rushing around and showing him with my hands, “And I need somebody like you to be new and answer me on how they look and exist. Are there worse ways to put their lives, or is this the greatest extreme?”

Kioshi just nodded and then looked to Gustavo as I stared back.

“I used to try making him like blood and gore- but now I follow him and his ideas as this stuff just keeps getting more golden and more rare. It’s like eye-candy, bro- it never gets old.” Gustavo nudged with his left paw to Kioshi.

“So, Kioshi- how does this Canada look?” I asked, and he looked over to the dead countryball with red not just in his flag, but dried on his face.

“I’m not supposed to vote.” Kioshi stated after a hard-thinking session. I decided to just lean up and walk over to him. I then crouched to him so we could meet face-to-face.

“Alrighty. I sense this has gone by really quick and really unsettling for a new soul like you- so if you want to go home now, that is okay. You can leave, Kioshi- just please do not tell the others. If I can trust you with my most secretive acts, that would be amazing.” I told nicely, and he decided it would be a good idea to nod and just exit- so he did.

“Ooh- I think you should still try squishing him and- ooh- make copies of his eyes that spread around and hurt him and go inside him like parasites- ooh- another idea- maybe try slicing him up, but not leaving him unconscience or dead, so he feels too much pain but not enough to go into shock or something.” Gustavo started to say as I got back up.

“Good idea- let us do all of those- right now. Go lock the doors if Kioshi left them open.” I told Gustavo, and he nodded, heading out with silence, besides the television playing.

“Holy shit- oh god- uh- wazzah?!” George stated in a panic as he flew down over Chinua who was crying out as Angelica got near and tried lifting her up. George, from the onotomopoeia, did jazz hands towards Chinua, and from the bone-cracking noises, she instantly got fixed like an invisible machine inverted her back to normal.

“Ah-oh- ah- holy fucking shit... oh my god... oh- fuck... oh...” Chinua started to say as she crept out from her pain and got up in a jiffy of non-pain athleticnism.  
“What happened!?” Daniel came over and asked.

“Eighty-Three just threw me.” Chinua stated with a voice of resounding anger.

“Eighty-Three picked you up by the neck and threw you?!” Daniel confusedly yet almost terrified at Chinua as George soothed himself from his own smile at his jazz hands idea.

“Oh- it’s because- I'm sorry, Angelica... I... I’m... let’s not talk about religion again...” Chinua stated back to Angelica as she stood silent and patiently awaiting a response to her.

“Oh- Angelica was ministering to you- alrighty.” - George snarked a little but with an un-devious smile afterwards, actually enjoying the thought of Chinua being converted.

“Yes, I tried- and I’m sorry I-” Angelica tried to Canadian-nize as Kioshi started to appear from the front door of my home.

“You were nice about it, Angelica- thanks... now I’m gonna’ go home... thanks guys...” Chinua stated, a little sorrow and a little unfortunate in her widening mouth of embarressment, which could not be shown by her hairy body.

“Did you talk to Eighty-Three?” Daniel then asked back after they looked over to Chinua walking away, and then Kioshi as he also followed.

“No- he just said ‘Lol’ and then left away...” Angelica spoke as Kioshi walked away.

“Bruh- really?” Daniel almost laughed out loud.

“Eighty-Three said ‘Lol,’ after throwing one of his friends and-or employee?” George asked in his Swiss tone as he always had been.

“Yes...” Angelica nodded, trying not to think of my intimidation.

“Ight... wait a minute- Kioshi! George- we gotta’ rate his drip.” Daniel started to George.

“Oh yeah- well- thanks Angelica for telling us- we gotta’ go bro.” - George as he snapped his left fingers and created white boots onto Daniel, which then allow him to jump high as he did, already knowing of such.

“Okay- bye guys...” Angelica waved as they started panting over to Kioshi who already turned the corner. They wanted to meet him quickly.

“Angelica.” Jesus spoke behind Angelica suddenly as they landed without much sound.

“Oh- oh! Jesus- you're back?” Angelica asked in amazement and wonder.

“Yes, and I must give you the Israel now. For my father tells me to do so from the recent events. You must keep it safe, for doing so will allow me to go on without reprocussions.” Jesus told, handing the Israel to Angelica under the normal sky.

“Wait- W-what do you mean?” Angelica asked Jesus as the other dictators looked around, testing the grass and looking inside the home for any spots of interests.

“The Steel Terrorists, ones you may have heard about- want it. If I can give this to you, and you can keep it safe in your presence, then tomorrow at two P.M. I shall take it back, and you will be fulfilled. You have done great with presenting my faith to those in need, but now you must present yourself to me.” Jesus asked of Angelica very nicely.

“Uh... I can do that...” Angelica, worried and intrigued as she took the Israel in both hands, cupping them together like it was a small baby.

“Thank you, Angelica. Now, I must be off to speak to the King of Heutuar. His planet is extremely cold and frozen in sin.” Jesus told, and he lifted away with the grass feeling his winds and backing up from his presence and suddenly the other two dictators left as well.

Angelica looked back down at her hands to see the Israel. It shined with holiness and craved that she do her part- at least in her mind. She then continued holding it that way, and scurried away back home with her cat tail wrapping around her waste as much as it could. Daniel and George were inspecting Kioshi’s drip a road away.

Angelica entered her home and placed it down on her night stand, looking to it with wonders about its shallow mass and whether it would be stable under her light. She decided to look around, before grabbing it again, and shoving it in her left pocket. She looked at it, before nudging it off and going out her door.

“Hey Angelica- what do you think of a ride in an orange buggatti?” Daniel asked as an entire orange buggatti was parked on her drive way, having George on the right as the driver, honking at her.

“Uh- sure?” Angelica shrugged and started walking over. “This looks really cool- but where are we going?” She asked as she looked around, not entering the car.

“I was thinking of driving around and seeing what’s around the mountains of this neighborhood, as I have the power to split them up.” George told Angelica.

“Wanna’ come?” Daniel asked Angelica as he entered the passanger seat from the other side of the orange buggatti- In the comments below, tell me what color your buggatti is!

“Sure.” Angelica nodded politely and nicely answered getting into the open back.

“Let’s go.” Daniel without much meaning behind that sentence.

“Uh... I never drove before I saw how a car works... I just spawned this in already on...” George embarressedly told Angelica, and she nudged her spine forwards.  
“If you press down that joystick-looking-thing, and set it to the ‘R,’ it’ll reverse and you can drive backwards.” Angelica told, and George did as Daniel looked at George with a smile of uncertainity to his conlusion.

Then, for some odd reason, their car went ultra-speed and backed up quickly into the other house and collapsed it in on the garage from the speed George put his foot on the drive. George then shuffled his arms up like he was possessing a curse to go down on somebody, and then the house fixed itself, and the broken bones of Angelica and Daniel reversed themselves so the two were alive.

“Woah- let’s not do that.” Daniel laughed with George, a bit confuffled on what just happened. Angelica was just frizzled, but woke up from the shock and looked around.

“I’ve seemed to spawn in a car with my exact intentions- speed, and bugatti.” - George.

“Set it to the ‘D’ for ‘drive’ now. And don’t slam your motor beyond natural physics.” Daniel told with a grin on his face.

“Alright.” - George, doing so, and going forth in his car, as he then pressed it harder and the engine fueled up before he stopped, then tested it again in silence of mouths, before pressing on it lightly and spinning the car wheel to turn right. “Time to see what’s beyond our mountain-mime.”

“What mime?” - Daniel, confused and looking to George with suspicion on his rhyme.

“It’s figurative language- ooh- the mail boxes feel like they’re gonna’ hit the car- but- yeah- it's figurative language for the fact that these mountains are actually more two-dimensional than three-dimensional, which Wilma told me.” George told the rest of the small trio.

“So they’re just walls?” - Daniel with a smile as Angelica also did.

“Yeah.” - George, letting his spirit down and liking the comment himself.

George then made a hand from his back come through his shirt, hover the scared and a little disgusted attention of Daniel and Angelica as they creeped away, and watched as the arm spun and created an opening as George ran the car away.

He came out to a road, quite empty, and leading straight away in a curve to unknown places, as well as in front of them being an intersection to another village. The middle of the road was split so each side went one way- and the middle had trees and dead leaves, no benches, in their concrete-little-walls. George saw this, then turned left.

“Woo... I gotta’ be calm...” - George as he focused on the road and drove slowly.

“Man, even I took driving lessons- and I was blind.” Daniel eagerly and calmly.  
“How?” - Angelica laughed with confusion yet actually joy.

“I listened to my doc when I was young. He told me how he was doing it- because we were bored and he had just gotten’ a few shots.” - Daneil talking about his doctor.

“Like beer? Or medical shots?” Angelica softly asked, a little sad for Daniel’s doctor.

“Both... mixed into a glass...” Daniel stated, without much of his own confusion.

“Bruh...” George laughed a little as he sped up a little on the little-one-way road.

They then reached a round-about, and George stopped, looking both ways.

“Where you guys wanna’ explore?” George asked the two around him.

“The sky.” - Daniel in a joking scent and an immediate smile.

“Ight.” - George with his own funny scent as suddenly without sound the car just started to levitate up and away to the white sky above.

“Woah- woah! I was joking!” Daniel laughed in panic as Angelica gripped onto her seat.

“Ight, ight.” George laughed as they went down. “Also- did you know simply me blinking can cause something to happen? It’s quite cool, and Wilma showed it to me.” - George.

“Oh, nice- but now with your mind?” - Daniel to George as Angelica listened closely.

“No- that would be overpowered.” - George as he started away on the silent road.

“This is a little creepy.” Angelica told after some time of them driving by the entrances to other villages, without any cars seemingly anywhere but on the driveway of places.

“Yeah- but hey- what are you supposed to do when suddenly a nearby neighborhood has giant mountains around it and a forcefield?” Daniel told.

“Yeah- I think like everybody moved, or the CIA told them not to interfere or something.” George told the two in the back of his orange-colored buggatti.

“We should go to Italy.” - Daniel, all of a suddenly stated in a smirk as he turned back to see Angelica raise her eyebrow.

“We should go straight to Angelica’s house.” George mentioned further for Angelica.

“Wait- can you?” Angelica asked as George blinked a portal into existence- it suddenly just existing, and Daniel and Angelica could only stare, blinking themselves.

George then drove a little forth and saw the house on the small prarie, with no neighboring houses on the long oldened road. He drove up to its driveway and stopped, putting it into park after a good look at the joystick. The two then looked back at Angelica with a smart look.

“Yes, this is my house.” She said after the message of silence the two boys shot.

“Cool. Now, anyways- let's go to my house.” George told and Daniel looked to him.

“Wait- Angelica, wouldn’t you like to visit your parents or grab some new clothes or something?” Daniel asked Angelica as she still wore her ministering outfit.

“Yes, I would like to.” Angelica nodded happily as she looked around in awe of her own mind, before enjoying that Daniel cared for her.

“Should we introduce ourselves, or is it gonna’ be quick?” George asked Angelica.

“Uh- you can come in. I hope my family... eh... we welcome guests...” Angelica told happily and with a beating spirit, as the two boys exited as she exited and nicely closed the buggatti car door. Daniel and George walked behind Angelica as she went up to her wooden front door, light and sprining with wonder as the no windows were present to show inside directly, but creaks of the floor and a cat murmured near.

“What?” George asked to Angelica as somebody opened the door.

Out came a woman obviously the mother of Angelica, having no cat ears or tail for herself, but yellow and smooth hair along with blue eyes herself, and a white long-sleeve with black pants.

“Uh- Angelica?!” She started to almost cry as she was six foot one, standing with confusion but joy fueling through her spirit as she saw forth to the three

“Hi mom!” Angelica with a wave, “My friends here somehow found my house instantly, and allowed me to visit you guys.”  
“Oh... what?” She asked, very confused as she looked to the eyes of George with a bit of terror and to the eyes of Daniel with a little confusement on top of it all. “Hi? Sir, you’re eyes are glowing rainbows.” She said, giving her hand out to George.

“Yes, because I have superpowers- but, their quite mid.” - George as she did not know his name, and he tipped his hat with his left hand as he shook her left with his right.

“Not really.” - Daniel laughed, also saying the first words to Angelica’s mother.

“My name is George Hardwell White-” George started as Daniel interrupted.

“He means Walter White- and my name is Daniel.” Daniel referenced, please do not copyright me, that would be very not cool.

“Damn Daniel.” George tapped onto Daniel’s happy fce.  
“Wow, you’re references are amazing.” Daniel to George dully as Angelica smirked a little.

“George can do random things and can fix people in an instant- and Daniel here is a furry like me, so we got along really well, and recently they opened a portal and drove that buggatti here. That’s the quick story of why I’m here.” Angelica explained to her mother as she scooted to the side for her to see the orange buggatti.

“Oh... wow... wait- George- you can do anything?” The mother asked, very confused.

“Super sunday.” George said, putting his right hand behind his back and then pulling out a chocolate-covered, sunday-vanilla, foot-high, ice-cream in a plastic translucent container, giving it to Angelica’s mother.

“Wow... is this real?” The mother then asked seriously to Angelica.

“Yes... and it’s as crazy as Mr. Luke making me into a cat girl.” Angelica smiled as she entered and Daniel followed with curiosity.

“Not gonna’ lie, you got a really nice house- is there any furniture you want?” George asked the very confused and joyful yet suddenly curiously-mysterious mother.

“Uh... no thanks, Mr. White.” The mother stated cutely as the other two went to the kitchen, and Angelica started to get out ravioli and put it into a white bowl and then microwave it.

“Mm- okay... what’s your name?” George asked as he entered the house.

“Uh- my name is Mrs. Colombo, Isabella Colombo.” - Isabella, the mother of Angelica.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Colombo. Fun fact, my friend Daniel is from Colombia. Why do I say that? Because Colombo sounds like Colombia, to be honest.” George told as he went to the kitchen and watched Angelica prepare a quick meal for him and Daniel.

“Hi Daniel... my name is Mrs. Colombo.” Mrs. Colombo, or Isabella Colombo, introduced herself to the furry, shaking his right hand examining the fur on his right hand.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Colombo. I’m Daniel, just Daniel... (He looks around for an awkward second,) what do you guys do around here?” Daniel asked Isabella.  
“Well, I work as a translator for Americans around Rome and Vatican city, while Mr. Colombo is currently working two jobs- our farm out back, and at a massive-corporate gas station called the ‘Busy Blue Bee,’ do you know that place?” Isabella asked Daniel.

“No.” - Daniel as George looked over and the microwave went on as they all sat down.

“Yeah, my parents, in Switzerland, used to take me to that place when we went around the country.” George told as he laid his hands calmly on the white-cloth, circular table.

“In Switzerland? What’s their name?” Mrs. Colombo, Isabella Colombo, asked.

“Hank and Sky.” - George as the ambience was a little dark from no lights on in the living room, or near the stairs, just the kitchen.

“Oh- I don’t know a Hank or Sky, but I do meet a lot of people from Switzerland. Angelica also meets a lot of people from African countries when she went on her mission trips.” Mrs. Colombo told George and Daniel as they listened and made good eye contact.

“Hm.” - George, uselessly closing his mouth to mumble.

“Yes, Angolians and Somalis had very social and poltically-fueled people, not as bad as the British, but not as good as French peoples.” Angelica told as she finished the three bowls, took them out, put spoons in them, and then served them as she threw away the can in a nearby low and metallically shining trash bin.

“The French guys are good?” George funnily asked. “I thought their revolutionary thoughts still made them as radical as their past.”

“They’re better, now just disliking Russia and China...” Angelica told as her mother ate.

“I have no idea what history happened in other countries besides Colombia.” Daniel told them all as they all paused to hear him speak to Mrs. Colombo.

So the three continued to eat their food and talk a little before finishing.

“Alright- is grandma home though?” Angelica asked as she put her bowl in the sink.

“No- she went out with one of her friends again, probably shopping.” Angelica’s mother told with her ears going up as she smiled.

“Oh.” - Angelica.

“Well, I hope you and your friends get better and have good times- where are you guys anyways? And who’s your leader?” Mrs. Colombo then asked before she left up the stairs.

“We’re in Florida- the Australia of America.” Daniel imposed with funny gestures.

“And we’re led by the most Floridian man in the world. He’s literally a femboy with powers like me- but I think since I gained my powers from someone stronger, I could be stronger than him currently.” - George as the mother stopped exiting upstairs.

“What? A femboy?” - Mrs. Colombo.

“Yeah- man’s a maniac as well. Took us to Mongolia, gave us guns, and killed an entire village almost by himself. I was literally traumitized, but George here is all fine because he’s already insane or something.” Daniel joked to them all as they finished.

“I’m not- but yeah, our leader is just bonkers. At least he has somewhat-normal friends we can at least feel safe around- like today, he threw the muslim girl for attacking Angelica.” George stated about me.

“What?” - Angelica’s mother asked in panic as she looked to Angelica.

“Yes, I was attacked for trying to minister to my friend Chinua, who may or may not have anger issues. She’s a muslim, of some domination, but grabbed me by the neck and thrusted me into the table before realizing it was bad. Then Eighty-Three came in, stared at her, then grabbed her neck and thrusted her to the front yard where her spine literally bent backwards and she looked like-” Angelica storied to her mother.

“She looked like a cartoon character doing limbo.” Daniel told Mrs. Colombo.

“That sounds awful!” - Angelica’s mother as she kept herself interested.

“Then I just waved my hands at her and her spine got fixed.” - George coming in.

“He literally did jazz hands over Chinua and cured her instantly.” - Daniel with a grin.

“That... wow... are you sure you guys want to stay at a place like that? With adults that abuse you?” Mrs. Colombo softly asked, scared for them all.

“Chinua is around our age.” Angelica told her mother, “And so is Eighty-Three, the femboy thats our group leader. The rest of the kids are also teenages. But then there’s Wilma, who looks to be in her twenties or thirties- she's a nine-tailed fox woman who gave her powers to George in some way, and then there’s Ryutyu, who also looks young in his own way- and he’s a blue furry of some dog or dragon origin, who’s really nice and helpful. Then there’s another group of kids there with autism and other horrible disabilities for the mind, and their teacher, but I don’t know their story or daily routine.” - Angelica.

“Wow... are the others kids okay?!” - Mrs. Colombo to Angelica.  
“Mostly. The other girls are probably radical muslims, as well, and one is insane I think. Then there’s the other boys, and one is loud whilst the other two are qeuit.” - George.

“That sounds...” - Mrs. Colombo started to say before the pause gave Daniel a chance to think and say something to the otherwise silent ambience, besides a fan upstairs.

“Weird- and it all is. We’re constantly paranoid something random will happen, because it can and probably will.” Daniel told, a little humorous but also terrified as well. “Like, we were sent into a game, like a space-manipulating game, where we were put into an endless mansion with ghosts- and George lost his leg and almost died!”

“Probably could’ve just revived myself after.” - George.

“Yeah, but we just kinda’ suddenly existed in the mansion as a floating computer came down and told us the rules to survive.” - Daniel to Angelica’s worried mother.

“Well... if you ever need someplace to stay, you can always come here.” - Mrs. Colombo.

“Thank you, Mrs. Colombo. Shall we be off?” - George.

“You can stay as long as you’d like- but I got to attend a meeting in a few minutes here. My manager wants to talk about French dialect and evolve the company...” Mrs. Colombo told, and she started away. “Enjoy our snacks if you want as well.”  
“Thank you, mom.” Angelica nicely told happily before looking over to the two boys. “Do you guys want to see my room? I have to go up and get my suitcase and fill it with supplies anyways.”  
“Okay” - Daniel.  
“Yeah- let’s see the drip of her room. Inspect even.” - George.

They went up to Angelica’s room, on the left end of the hallway as her mother closed the white door on the right, and other white doors were copies but to different rooms. Angelica opened to her so they could see a horizontal, right-facing bed with clean floors and a closet on the other side, as well as a window to where the bed faced.

“This is my room, where I stay sometimes. I like to go out and talk to people, but I was a little shy when I was young and kind of still am.” - Angelica as George looked around the damp room without much else but the lightswitch of white.

“Girl really using a school computer from the thirteen-hundreds.” - George funnily.

“It’s not that old.” Angelica giggled as she looked on her bed to the black laptop with a wired mouse in the middle of the bed, on the calm blue sheets.

Daniel then hopped on the bed with his clothes, but beforehand took off his shoes, so now his black socks were prominent. “Aaahh... super soft bed, yo...” He stated, feeling himself drop a little in the bed as it was extremely comfortable.

“No desk though- no wardrobe- just closet.” George told with a funny high-pitched accent.

“My mother uses those in her room, and we’re a little poor for more. I don’t need it though, because God will and has provided me with other things to do rather than stay on my laptop for hours at a day” Angelica told them.  
“Mannnnnnnnnnnnn... just getting in this bed is enough entertainment for me... I wanna’ sleep in this so bad...” - Daniel as Angelica giggled, before looking to George which looked out the closed circular-white window.

“Yo- you guys farm corn?” George asked Angelica and her family, even though they were not nearby.

“Yes, and we sell it to nearby locals, fresh and ready. Should we go pick some after I redress?” Angelica asked the boys as her tail was swaying back and forth.

“Sure.” George nodded and then looked to Daniel as he smirked up. “Let’s go bro.”  
“No need- I've already seen it all.” - Daniel’s tongue without much thought.

“Wait- what!?” - George, funnily but confused and intrigued all at once.

“Daniel!!!” Angelica puffed up with slight irritation and worry.

“Oh- fuck- why did I say that? Oh... oh my god... that just slid out, I’m sorry!” Daneil laughed to himself, extremely embarressed. “Awwwwwwwwwwwww shit...”

“Daniel- you supposed to keep it a secret.” - Angelica to Daniel with a soft voice and slight giggle with no passive-agressive tone at all.

“What’s the context?” - George to Angelica as Daniel pulled the pillow over his face and hid it from the other two now both confused and embarressed.

“Uh... (Angelica sighs,) When Daniel came over to play Fortnight, eat spaghetti, and have a sleepover- he had a shower, forgot his clothes in the guest room, then went out to the dinner table, took off his towel and grabbed some spaghetti before we gave thanks. Then I just exited as he was about to go into his room, and I saw him naked... woo... let me breath... woo...” Angelica tried saying really quickly, not making eye-contact.

“Please! Please stop! Just... ugh...” Daniel, almost crying fakely into Angelica’s pillow.

“Okay, so Daniel ‘forgor’ and got a bit greedy- but how does that explain you being naked though?” George, almost with a laugh. “Cuz’ Daniel said he had ‘seen it all.’”

“I... uh... I... I thought... I thought it would be a good idea... good idea to try to make him feel better and remove the embarressment by undressing myself... in front of him... so he wouldn’t feel bad about it... and... uh... yes, that’s it. We didn’t have the sleepover that night...” - Angelica, squirming in her feelings and words, almost shaking and crying.

“Oh- I even promised! I even promised! Oh...” - Daniel into the pillow, rolling his tail and body up to curl with essence away figuratively.

“Bruh... that’s embarrassing- but I won’t tell anybody else... (George then smirks and grabs a red megaphone out of thin air with his right hand fingers twinkling, then turns to the door of the room,) Mrs. Colombo- your daughter thought it would be a good idea to get naked in front of another naked person.” George stated in such a serious and deep voice to Colombo’s room.

“George!” Daniel and Angelica yelled at him with frustration but goofy ahh in their soul.

“What? Daniel told, so now I meme.” - George to Angelica with an embarressed laugh of his own.

“Fuck you, George...” Daniel whimpered into the pillow as his tail curled up.

“Okay- okay...” George funnily nodded with red cheeks as he left the sad Angelica, going out the door and closing it, before Daniel whipped out of bed and rushed to get out too.

“Please, George- come on man- you don’t gotta’ say that...” Daniel told, so embarressed but laughing as well for George, who looked back to the closed office door.

“Alright- but you gotta’ agree it was quite mishievious of me.” - George funnily.

“Yeah... and it was my fault- I promised her I wouldn’t say anything about it ever...” Daniel sighed as Angelica’s mom could be heard talking to the screen in the other room.

“But you guys don’t-” George started before Daniel held up his hands eagerly to stop him.

“We don’t like the thought of people being naked around others. It’s weird- and I, for sure, don’t want to see anybody or myself out in public without clothes. No cap.” - Daniel.  
“Yeah... but I have feeling Eighty-Three probably is okay with nudity. He’d probably justify it with the fact the Bible doesn’t say much about being clothed.” - George.  
“If he even reads the Bible...” - Daniel to George as Angelica finished two seconds later.

Angelica finished and opened the door to see Daniel standing in front of George, but then the boys whip around and look at her in her new clothes. She had on blue jeans, unripped and fully smooth with white brimming, as well as a white t-shirt and black socks as well as her same black shoes. She held a black duffel bag filled and without much air wrinkles at all, in her left hand by the non-shoulder handle. She held a blue and black-lined suitcase handle, already extended, in her right hand.

She just stared at them. “We going home?” George asked her after a second.  
“Sure...” - Angelica nodded, a bit worried about what just happened.

“Wait- can we grab some corn first? I really like corn and haven’t had it in a year I think.” Daniel asked suddenly, using his left index finger in a point up to indicate.

“Sure!” Angelica peeped up with excitement and followed the boys downstairs, until she came around the left and then opened the back door of metal to the green field, long and wide but having forestry around, and the corn rows were vertical, being an eighteen by twenty row format.

Daniel and George looked to the first crops in front, split by a wheat path on both sides, some paths inbetween having dropped corn of newness. Daniel and George then went up to the corn to grab the first one, shiny and yellow under the midiocre sky.

“Damn nice corn here, Angelica- you guys eat a lot of it?” George asked as Angelica dropped her bag and suitcase to her left, and then did a cartwheel over to them on the grass. But as she did the cartwheel, suddenly a portal of light-blue outlining appeared under her and she fell into a void of deep space, as also a box of light blue laughed away in a Russian accent.

“Hey- woah- WOAH- AHHH! HELP!” Daniel suddenly circumferenced as he looked back and saw that space was taking in air, and he was being directed into the void where Angelica was spouted out and already exploding her elements.

George grabbed Daniel’s right hand with his left, and used his right to twist around and make Angelica come back into form and alive with air as she flew up and away from the portal before George closed it with his still-spinning round-like hand.

He then stopped as Daniel was let onto the floor with huffing and puffing, and Angelica looked around in slight shock as her crops and grasses were now fueled onto the floor of the Earth and now dirty from the soil also ramping around and now stopped. She then started to breath nicely.

“Dang Angelica, what happened?” George asked with a smile as he looked around.

“I did a cartwheel- then I was in space, and dead...” Angelica told with stillness.

“Girl does cartwheel, accidently summons space portal to the void itself.” Daniel giggled as a headline for a newspaper thought entered his mind, and his ears went up.

“Truly. Let’s just go home now.” George told, then twisting his right hand to make another orange buggatti, and then hopped in it.

“Ight... before we randomly get killed and taken away to another universe...” - Daniel.

“What about the buggatti at our driveway?” Angelica asked after a few moments of silence and the car revving up, as she got her stuff ready too.

“Let your mother enjoy it. She was quite nice.” - George, as Angelica came over and picked up her luggage into the right backseat before sitting on the left behind George’s chair.

George then started it off and they went down into the ground, the Earth itself making a hall down and into the cold depth as it also created a road, perfect yellow-lining and black, as they went down and Daniel hung onto the seat as Angelica hung onto her luggage, but saw it was tightly down from invisible forces. The Earth dug itself just twenty meters apart from the car, and filled in just twenty meters back- no soil flying up and away.

“What are you doing!?” - Daniel quickly asked George as that went on.

“Testing out my powers by simply just... breathing- I mean, if you can wave your hands and blink to make things come to life, why not just breath or use the movement of your red blood cells to do it...” George shrugged as they started to slope down onto a straight path that turned left, and then went into the ground, with Daniel and Angelica shivering.

“Oh- smart man- but it’s getting colder down here.” - Daniel to George as they got onto the straight road and then blasted away at sixty mils per hour as suddenly a concrete-perfect tunnel formed, wide and expanisve, as the cold air lifted away and Angelica stopped shivering. “Uh- why is it warm suddenly and... not windy?” Daniel asked.

“I can manipulate physics with air molecules and other stuff I guess.” George smiled, and Angelica nodded behind with her lips closed. “Anyways- this is cool, and I’m gonna’ make a portal home in a second as I test out the car acceleration for a little bit...”  
“George- didn’t you maybe want to contact your parents and tell them about your new life? Or maybe you, Daniel?” Angelica softly asked as George sped up and Daniel looked back as the lights started blurring more and more in their whiteness as the tunnel went on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on.

“Oh- yeah- thanks for reminding us.” George told, “Daniel- you wanna’ meet your parents?” George stilled looked to the road as he started to sway the car a little.

“Don’t you remember- I'm adopted?” - Daniel smiled back at George.

“Oh yeah- sorry about that...” - George.

“It’s okay- I don’t really care, I’ve never met em.’” - Daniel.

“Okay- but isn’t there a place you want to look around in? Or a person you want to meet? Maybe feel nostalgic about something?” - George.

“Nah...” - Daniel shrugged. “Eighty-Three giving me eyesight in the new life of me. Much of my past, as I also stated, was quite boring and mid.”

“Ight- then I’ll call my parents, because being sucked into the universe’s void isn’t my style twice...” - George, holding the wheel with his right hand, and using his left to make a phone appear by the snapping of his fingers, positioning his fingers also. It then started to ring after his parents, and all stayed quiet as they awaited to hear George’s parents.

“Hello, this is Hank White, how may I serve you?” The man asked in Swiss-German.

“Hey dad, it’s me, Georgey-boy.” - George as his father could be heard in the phone.

“George! How’s it been, my boy? You doing okay? Is everything alright?” His dad asked in a joyful to worried manner quite fast, but George’s tone was of happy-tiredness.

“Yes, yes- currently driving back to the base with two other friends I have here- say hello, Mr. Damn Daniel.” George told Daniel as he looked over with his hair in the wind.

“No.” Daniel laughed at George, and his dad chuckled on the phone.

“Nice to hear you got friends- but who's driving again?” - His dad immediately.

“Me.” - George so plainly that it made Angelica giggle inside in the back.

“Oh- okay- hope it’s legal... (He snorts,) but, how’s everything else? And how are you?” George’s dad, Hank, asked on the phone as George held it up still the same.

“I’m good- my friends here are good- everybody back at the village is fine, or at least I hope- we got some weird-looking kids, but they’ve gotten’ better.” - George.

“Alright- and who’s leader? The government never told us who’d be in charge.” - Hank.

“Some other kid.” - George finely, wuth a tone that he did not want to continue.

“A femboy-catboy with distinctive dark powers altering space and light with just the flick of his fingers- and he also has great knowledge in science, especially medical science, because he cured me of my blindness in like two seconds.” - Daniel over the phone in a polite and extremely ethical way before suddenly going back to normal speech of his own.

“Yeah- a weird fellow, quite intimidating, but nobody really cares.” - George.

“Oh... okay... well... I hope you’re well and he’s well-” - Hank White.

“He’s insane, no cap.” Daniel told with a scared laugh of his own to Hank.

“Man threw one of the kids out the house and made her spine bend back like a cartoon character- but she was beating Angelica, so I guess she deserved it...” George told.

“What?” - Hank, actually confused and bewildered at what he was hearing.

“Our leader, name being Eighty-Three, is different. He can fix blindness and probably cure cancer, but also has the power to throw muslims out the door.” - George like it was normal, as Angelica just widened her mouth in the back and was worried.

“Oh, a muslim.” - Hank, and everybody but Angelica chuckled out loud. “But seriously- that sounds bad. Are you sure you and your friends are going to be okay?”

“Yeah, but you know how it be... he’s intimidating, but his other friends are really helpful. Like, there’s this furry girl with nine-” George was about to answer before Daniel loudly cut him off, turning around in his seat and pointing, grabbing the attention of Angelica.

“Who’s that?” Daniel asked, looking back in the glass of the side panel before turning around suddenly and pointing as George also looked back from his left.

They saw a blue blur coming fast up to them, through a hole already made, unclosing from George’s twenty-meter back cleanup of the world. Through this hole is came quickly and in just a few milliseconds, before it caught up with the car, and the hole it came from fell down and allowed George to once again have a monopoly on the underground. The blue blur also had a white line connecting to a beach chair of full dark brown, with Wilma sitting on it, her nine tails fluffed in back as she had her hands up in jazz hands, her left knee up and her right leg fully out as she looked with her blue eyes over to the kids.

“What are ya’ guys doing all thy way out here?” Ryutyu smiled as he asked the three.

“Sorry dad, gotta’ go. A search team was sent.” He chuckled before hanging up quickly.

“Driving back home yo. Hope that’s chill with you, because you ain’t gonna’ stop the George-train.” Daniel stated like a gangster, with a smile of his own.

“Yeah, it’s okay to go whereever ya’ want- but we just got waves about ya’ being here and wanted to know why ya’ under the sea.” Ryutyu asked them as his head was barely visible clearly to them all, his speed and holding of both hands with the white cord was blurred.

“We are bored currently!” - Wilma yelled to them all, happily in her soul and face.

“We just visited Angelica’s home and then got a random portal to outer space, so we’re now coming home because I don’t know if I can defend from other beings like me if they try to take away Daniel or Angelica.” George told in the wind as he took off his fedora.

“Ight.” - Ryutyu, nodding with full appreciation of the subject at hand.

“Can we join you?” Wilma yelled over, her stance and position still on the beach chair.

“Sure?” - George, after a moment, as Angelica looked to George and nodded with a smile.

At home, George came through a red-outlined portal with his buggatti, and now Wilma and Angelica and Ryutyu in the back.

“Ya’, we should continue to play Fortnight, Damn-Daniel.” Ryutyu nodded to Daniel as they exited back to the three-way just outside my home, with Angelica and George surprised as Wilma held up her right hand to create the portal.

“Damnit Ryutyu!” Daniel infuriated but then laughed with George.

“Damn Daniel...” - George in his screech-like voice for a funny tone.

“Bruhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...Hey- George, you wanna’ join?” Daniel asked George as they all exited the car.

“Sure. I hope we can get one victory royale though- try-hards are always toxic in that game...” - George.

So they three went on to play Fortnight, having three machines and three large screens now in Daniel’s home.

Wilma came over to me and looked to me as I was with Shellia, sitting down on a black beach chair and listening to Shellia play her accordion smoothly to my left.

“Anything in the plans?” Wilma, smiling, asked me as she came forth.

“Yes, I was going to test making my own black mask, like Geurnf’s here, (I touch my mask with my left index finger,) that would allow Shellia to transfer her thoughts to speech as realistically as possible. I would also like to test on myself to increase the hearings of my cat ears to a maximum so I can pick up things miles away.” Eighty-Three told, me.

“Hm... okay.” Wilma nodded before walking away from the unclothed Shellia happy in the sun as Shellia looked over with a little worry to her simply walking away.

As she went through my home and went through the front door, I got up, looked to Shellia, and started away back to my room. Shellia got up and followed, shivering a little as she came inside to the cool air, before I came back to my blue-painted walls and down to Ryutyu’s basement, where I found Ejnare doing training already sweaty.

“Woo- hey- woah...” Ejnare started to say as he looked back during the rock and roll music to see Shellia embarressed and confused on why he was also unclothed.

“Why are you unclothed?” I asked Ejnare and he looked to me with open eyes.

“Because... my fur warms me, and I don’t wanna’ have a heat stroke- and I’m also irritated by sweat on my face, it bugs me...” Ejnare stated, looking down as he placed his weights down and his straining vessels could be shown red and nice. “Wouldn’t you know that- since Ryutyu works out sometimes?”

“Ryutyu does not care, for he is a giga-chad. (I giggled to myself,) Anyways, I am going to take Shellia to the surgical room and try making a mask like my own to put on her face and transfer her thoughts into an automated voice.” - I told Ejnare as I went over to the surgical room, opened it, and he watched as the music continued on Ryutyu’s desk.

“Sure...” Ejnare nodded disgruntly, and then sat down on the ground and started doing sit ups as nextly somebody else entered.

“Oh! Ejnare!” Angelica slightly shrieked as she came down the stairs and looked.

“Huh- what the-” Ejnare spoke as he looked over and finished his third sit up. “Euh... Why are you here, Angelica?” He then, with open eyes, stated slightly depressed.

“I... uh... came to ask if you were... uh... I came to minister to you, really- but Wilma also said Eighty-Three and Shellia were around as well, and I wanted to be able to see if they were truly Christian too...” Angelica started to tell with embarressment before Ejnare spoke up, continuing his sit ups in the music.

“Sure, Angelica- whatever you want to be real is real.” Ejnare spoke to Angelica as he continued doing his physical work. “Your presentation said so.”

“Hm- what about Eighty-Three-" Angelica started to ask about place.

“They just went to the surgical room in the wall over there.” Ejnare pointed over, “Don't bother though, Eighty-Three probably doesn’t want people coming in during surgery.”  
“Alright- but what about you Ejnare? You sound depressed and look drousy about life.” Angelica built up the confidence to ask with her soft voice.

“Yes, because guess what I am religion-wise.” Ejnare asked of Angelica without a question mark, and without hesitation but rather a more frustrated tone.

“An... athiest?” Angelica worriedly and sadly asked Ejnare as he continued.

“I guess techincally- but I don’t believe anything matters, because simple fictions like yours are so disputable. Like, where is God? Why isn’t he helping? Why is he allowing such bad things to happen to everyone around the world?” Ejnare asked as he sat up.

“Freedom of will- God would-” Angelica started, a little misendavored in her mouth.

“You’re not supposed to answer that- nor would I remember or it change anything.” Ejnare stopped, giving his right flat hand out like a stop sign to Angelica’s prosperous voice.

“Mm...” - Angelica, sadly, as she held her bible close to her chest, and as she also watched Ejnare go back to his sit ups. “So why do believe in Nihilism?”

“Nihilism?” Ejnare asked, confused on what he believed in.

“Yes, the belief that nothing matters. Why do you think that way?” - Angelica as she approached the bench and then sat on it with her Bible in her lap now.

“That way? It’s common sense. We came from monkeys- scientists have found dinosaur bones- people want to go back to nature and understand how it was much more beneficial to surviving rather than staying in a home and being useless on the internet, depriving yourself of social conducts and whatever...” Ejnare told, looking up to the ceiling. “Does the Bible ever explain those things?”

“You should socialize with people, and look to nature as God’s great design, but dinosaurs are not mentioned, just like axolotles annnnd... dolphins, meaning that they were not as important or near the events in the Bible. They exist, but were not mentioned as the Bible was written by men without modern scientifical knowledge and-” Angelica started to say softly in the music as Ejnare poked his ears up to listen.

“Stop- don’t wanna’ hear it. You and your excuses.” - Ejnare as he stood up.

“But Ejnare, this is religion! This is how you live and why you live. I want to save you, especially from an idea that says nothing matters... which- you know- if nothing matters, then the concept doesn’t matter itself, and nor do your... family members... or well-being...” Angelica started to say, afraid of her own answers to Ejnare as he looked to her.

“That’s... true- but I should’ve known that... still, what does Christianity have to offer me?” Ejnare asked, deeply turning back and lowering his voice as he looked to the stairs.

“It offers happiness, self-control, and a lot of other things I hate to sound like I’m advertising- but it really helps to follow God and his truth. He’ll help you, whether directly or indirectly- whether with signs of people like me, or-” - Angelica.

“There it is again! Excuses. Signs? Really? That’s the best way you can say God is communicating with his own people he cares for? If God were real, then... he wouldn’t be coinciding with Hitler and Stalin- just saying.” Ejnare spoke to Angelica.

“He was trying to help those two.” Angelica told softly to Ejnare as he was as tall as her.

“Sure he was. He was probably some extra-terrestrial being that can shapeshift or something like Wilma or Eighty-Three... like, we found dinosaur bones and have evidence for human evolution!” Ejnare spoke, looking around.

Angelica looked down with discontent and sadness before looking back up to the side of Ejnare’s head as he did not keep eye-contact. “Ejnare... may I ask why you do not keep eye-contact with me?”  
“Uh... what?” - Ejnare, confused and low in his tone and voice still.

“Eye-contact, to show that... maybe you feel correct about your position...” - Angelica.

“I... I do.” - Ejnare as Angelica looked him in the eyes, and his tail lowered.

“Okay... but also... uh... the evidence for evolution is all theory.” Angelica spoke, sparking with embarressment and worry as Ejnare stared at her.

“No- it’s proven.” - Ejnare, looking to her as the music changed.

“By what?” Angelica trembled as she shook with discontent.

“Why are you shaking?” Ejnare asked, smirking.

“I... I hate to sound like I’m attacking somebody else’s faith... but it’s my job...” Angelica spoke, as Ejnare smirked more and then whipped up a smart statement.

“Yeah, so don’t speak anymore- since you yourself don’t-” Ejnare stated before bouncing at the slamming door of the surgical room as I busted it open.

“Ejnare... you furry-little-boy... I can hear your blood streaming through your arms...” I stated, creeping towards him as my hands were covered in blood on the green gloves.

“Oh- uh- oh... okay...” Ejnare as he backed away and Angelica left a little aways.

“You and Nihilism- if nothing matters, then me torturing you will not.” - I asked Ejnare as I grabbed onto the tuffs of his fur on his upper chest and pulled him closer to me, his eyes widening with fear as the arms from under my dress turned their hands into drills.

“Hey- Eighty-Three, this isn’t cool- I was joking! JOKING!” Ejnare started to scream as the drill came awfully close to his knee. So, I stopped and laid him onto the floor as he whimpered his eyes shut, breathing intensely as Angelica was fearful and ready to rush upstairs and away. Shellia also came to the door, now with a mask like me, but all the dots were gren and her white glowing mouth was a straight line for her emotion, until it turned to a swaying line of fear as her tail shot up after hearing the drills and scream.

“Oh- sorry Ejnare, never thought you would be such a comedic personnel.” - I said to Ejnare with such fear in his face as he trembled to open his eyes up. “Or, as Andrew in Miami just said, a ‘measley-mild-white-champ from the southwest.’”

“I-I-I’m s-s-sorry...” Ejnare almost cried as he looked to Eighty-Three, shaking in his bones.

“It is okay, Ejnare. But please, do not try to expose Nihilism to others, it is so hypocritical and funny when it gets serious...” I laughed at him with pleasure.

“It’s... It’s just... what about... the-the stuff? Dont you... you know about evolution? And...” Ejnare started before cutting off and allowing me to speak as the music continued.

“Science has always wondered about the DNA and RNA of monkeys, dogs, bananas, whatever cool coincidences we have with other animals. A lot of it can be factual, but they mostly word it with theory and say so-called ‘experts’ investigate such. It is business, and the heirarchs of science even outright stated against evolution, as they found it numerous with errors, like natural-selection- why are we not better in so many ways? Why does it take so long for these things to happen? Why did Ukraine’s chernoyble nature come back quicker than expected?” I asked Ejnare before backing away. “So, please, Ejnare- Maybe look into it before trying to prove it...”

Ejnare nodded and kept his mouth shut as I walked away and Shellia followed with her new mouth. Ejnare then breathed heavily, before looking to the stunned Angelica as she looked back to him.

“Just... leave me alone...” Ejnare told, sitting down on the floor and starting to do sit ups again, his face clenched with distraught.

“Alright- but could you please wear clothes?” Angelica single-sentenced.

“No- I already told you why..." - Ejnare as he continued, trying to relax himself.

“But Ejnare, don’t you feel like it’s wrong to not have clothes on?” Angelica worriedly and softly asked, a little peer in her eyes towards his as he looked to her.

“No- does the Bible say something about it?” Ejnare asked nicely, sitting up with his fur slightly less wet, and his personality a little more relevant to his quiet side now.

“The Bible states that it can increase the feeling of freedom and then that can create more resentment to etiquette and rules.” Angelica told Ejnare and he did not look at her.

“Yeah, whatever you say...” Ejnare nodded and Angelica just widened her mouth sadly, before leaving away as he continued with the music.

At night, Ryutyu left Daniel’s home to find me reading Oliver’s book on phsyics and Shellia looking towards the sunset beyond the fence of mine in the pool area of my home. Ryutyu rushed up with his black and jacket and looked around as I brought my book down.

“Hi Ryutyu!” I waved to him happily as he looked over, and so did Shellia.

“Ya’- hi bruh... I just finished Fortnight with Daniel and George, so, what do be going forth for the rest of the night?” He asked, looking around to only find my book really.

“I was going to continue studying and use this night and day as a learning period, but I also gave myelf great ears that can hear across the world, and gave Shellia her mask, as you can see.” I told Ryutyu as he flinched his ears up to see Shellia.

“Hey Ryutyu.” She smiled over as she came forth. “I can speak now!”

“Aye- nice...” Ryutyu smiled back and then looked at me as I brought the book up again.

“Ryutyu- would you yourself like an increase in hearing? Or sniffing maybe?” I asked behind the book as I went over new material, flipping the page.

“Ya’, I guess- but how does it sound for you?” He asked and I put my book down.

“It is good for me, because now I can hear everything happening.” I told, and truly that was what was going on. My brain was not only filled with the voices and darkness, but now with madness, as Africans talked in their respective countries in their languages, the Chinese whispered to each other about documents, and the Argentinians were complaining about the cooler weather down in the Magellan strait. All these new and different sounds, complemented by seemingly cars booting up in Indonesia, and pin needles falling down in Hawaii, I could hear the entire world and every single one of its motions. It was loud, mad, and just the way I wanted it- for I could lower the volume of all those actions blurring into a straight line of chaotic soundwaves, and listen back to the main voices in my head that shot important ideas around, rather than some guy in Sweden saying he needs to park in the snow and go to the forest to the bathroom because he cannot find a normal place.

“Aye- but wouldn’t that make thy confused and irritated though... because of all the sounds?” Ryutyu tried saying with his eyes going to worry as I heard his blood streaming through his strong upper arm biceps and thighs and calves and lower arms.

“Oh yeah- if you can hear everything- wouldn't you... just... go insane?” Shellia asked, a little worried and scared of me now slowly turning my head to her.

“I am already insane, but I also manage what voices I do hear, and tend to make everything blur into background noise. Luckily, I think the Red Glitch will continue to allow me to make better advantages for you all and the kids, as he had not stopped me from helping Shellia with one of her two main problems.” - Me to them all as I read more.

“What’s my other problem?” Shellia smiled with confusion as Ryutyu was lost.

“Your accordion. I do not want to be too greedy, so I will wait for tomorrow to try and remove it so your hands can work like a normal person.” I told Shellia.

“Uh... okay, sure- but I like my accordion... I... using my hands would also be nice- but my accordion... it’s my life...” Shellia told me as I looked up to her.

“Alrighty, then I shall try to make it shapeshifting so you can use both.” - Me to Shellia.

“Okay...” Shellia nodded, a little scared and lost, but showing a smile somewhat.

“So, Ryutyu- would you like ultra-hearing? Or Ultra-sniffing, because you look like a dog- and come to think of it- wait...” I smiled, lowering my book and getting up from the black beach chair to go over to Ryutyu and rub his hair on his head with my left hand.

“Oh- yeah... oh...” Ryutyu smiled, deeply satisfied suddenly by me patting him on the head.

“Ryutyu- you have functions like a dog- and I am amazed I never realized how much I could pleasure you with the knowledge of that...” I told Ryutyu, as I started to take off his jacket and he looked with embarressment to me looking down and then to Shellia.  
“Oh- hey- Eighty-Three- uh- what are ya’ doing!?” Ryutyu asked quickly.  
“Dogs like belly-rubs, and I am sure you would too.” I told my furry friend with glowing green eyes and suddenly a more and vibrant swaying tail than Shellia.

“I- (I start to rub his belly with both of my hands as I crept to his right side,) oh- oh yeah that feels good...” Ryutyu told, his ears lowering and his dopamine increasing.

“And Shellia- you are a cat- you probably like your belly getting rubbed as well.” I told Shellia as she was red in the face and looked over with her tail now sticking straight up.

“Uh- no- I'm fine- I swear.” She giggled, before looking away with slight discontent.

“Ya’ also a cat, Eighty-Three! Would ya’ like some belly-rubs?” Ryutyu joked.

“I am not naturally a cat, so it would not make as much as a difference, but you guys have animalistic pleasures, so I would like to help you.” I told as Ryutyu dropped his clenching fists of joy back down to his waist with calmness and patience.

“Uh... um... Eighty-Three, this is weird and I don’t-” Shellia started to say as I continued to rub Ryutyu’s belly and his ears lowered cutely as he tail wagged even more.

“Ya’ Shellia, this really do feel good and excellent, lad- you should try...” Ryutyu nodded and Shellia just looked down with her green eyes in embarressment.

“Um... uh- Sure...” She shrugged after a second and I dropped my right hand so Ryutyu could go over and press the buttons on her dress, dropping her dress and then rubbing her belly with his right hand. “Oh- oh yeah this feels good... it’s still weird- but damn it feels good!” She smiled behind her mask, “Let me sit down...”

“And I am sure back-scratching probably has increased plus accelerated-dopamine reactions.” I told as I started to scratch Ryutyu’s back as his tail slowed down.

“Yeah- that feels good as well...” Ryutyu smiled back as Shellia sat down and enjoyed her dopamine receptors intaking much more because she was feeling more warm.

“Ya’ll gotta’ do this more often...” Shellia told and she had her eyes closed and her accordion now playing smooth tunes to Ryutyu up ears as I put her sounds in the backof my mind, where distressed screams of Ethipoian-African kids got whipped for not working hard enough.

“Hey Eighty-Three- ya' know how to do masages?” Ryutyu asked as he sat down next to Shellia and enjoyed me rubbing his back more and constantly.

“Sure- do you both want one?” I asked them, and Ryutyu’s ears bounced up with Shellia’s.

“Yes please!” Shellia enjoyed speaking as Ryutyu started to take off his pants.

Later that night, Daniel and George were along the road talking to each other, until Chinua came up with a weird and spooky question under the dank dead-blue sky without clouds.

“Guys- guys- where's my sister? Khenbush!?” Chinua asked in a panic, looking around.

“I don’t know.” George told as Daniel stopped his speech as Chinua ran from the corner.

“I haven’t seen her all-day... uh... can ya’ll go ask Eighty-Three?” Chinua politely asked.

“Uh... sure?” Daniel shrugged with confusion and laughter, looking at the shriveling girl.

“Did you ask Wilma?” George then asked before Daniel started off with his tail swaying.  
“N-no... she’s playing tennis with Kioshi...” Chinua stated in her pajamas, embarressed.

“Tennis? Ight-” George started to plan before Daniel interrupted to the black-socked girl.

“Yo- let’s gooooooooooo!” Daniel intrigued upon under the blue sky to the fur-girl.

“Here- I’ll go ask Eighty-Three and report back to you, Chinua. I hope is goes well though, because I... uh... I’m having a brain-fog...” George told, then floating away with sound to the front door of my home as Daniel laughed at his movement.

“Bruhhhhhhh... George is so goofy ahh, not gonna’ lie...” Daniel told as he looked to Chinua in her worry and confused stage, coming onto him with open eyes. “But yeah... I hope you find your sister... and she’s okay- maybe she got transported into a game solo... and... uh... to be honest- I hope myself that Eighty-Three isn’t do something behind our backs- he's so intimidating and mysterious to me; and I feel like he could do something with any one of us if he wanted...” - Daniel, embarressed and thinking hard on his words.  
Chinua sighed. “I feel the same way...” She shrugged and then nodded her head down as she went back to her home. “Thanks, Daniel...”

“Alright- have a good night...” Daniel almost whispered back with a wave that went nowhere, as then he looked to the stairs and rushed over, seeing the stairs now go higher up to a tennis court on top of the fun mansion. There, he stampeded up to find the green floor with iron barred nets keeping in the tennis ball as Kioshi darted around with a straight face, hitting the ball back to the joyful Wilma.

“Daniel is now on your team.” Wilma said happily as she caught the ball and Kioshi looked back with his wide and wonderous eyes of absolutely nothing mere humane inside them.

“Oh- yeah!” Daniel nodded as he came up to see Wilma reach behind her back and grab another fully-blue tennis racket and throw it to Daniel, who clumsily back away and tried to catch it awkwardly, but it fell to the floor and he was a little embarressed as he picked it.

Wilma then threw the ball up with her continueing happiness and shot it to Kioshi, who hit it back as he dodged to the right just enough to pounce it over the net and hit a shot correctly so it goaled and Wilma had to squat down to pick it up.

“Your ball.” She said with a smile still, no smart-ass voice or anything, just pure happiness without cocaine of any sort seemingly under her nose or in her eyes.

Kioshi caught the ball and passed it to Daniel, who caught it, then lended it high, so Wilma bounced back and hit to him, as he hit forth and they started to play competively with nice behavior and elongated rounds. Kioshi hit it nicely, and so did Daniel. Nobody tried striking it down, and joy whispered from the breaths as the three ran around humanely, hitting the ball with the racket, letting no fuzz drop the light green and white ball as it went up in different slopes. As they continued though, after two minutes, Wilma caught the ball and looked back.

Daniel and Kioshi also turned with confusion without opening their mouths, as they looked back to see nothing. But before Daniel could turn around, a man came up. It was the green-haired, homeless-looking guy that Cyclop said has “Jesus-like” waves emitting off him. Wilma had her tails fluff down from the sight of him coming with his hands in his jackets and a smirk on his face, as his mind was static and blocked to Wilma.

“Yo- yo- yo- teams are unequal here.” He said smilish and came forth.

“Who are you?” George asked as he floated behind, and the man whipped around to see him. The man just raised his left eyebrow at the kid suddenly floating up the stairs.

“I’m something of a man myself, or whatever- I'm-a just keep it mysterious with ya’- I just wanna’ play tennis.” He said as he looked back, and then teleported without sound to Wilma’s side, already holding a racket.

“Why are you here?” Wilma mysteriously asked as she popped up to her right, not rudely.

“Just came to think of you guys finding me, and decided that maybe it’d be fun to check up on what’ ya’ll were doing, since smoking constantly is all I do all eternity.” - The man.

“Okay.” Wilma nodded and looked back to the kids, as well as George joining the kids side, making a liquid-rainbow racquet of his own and getting ready.

“He’s okay to be around?” Daniel asked Wilma, pointing to the man as she started to hand up the ball and George looked to Kioshi with his own nod as Kioshi just turned his head.

“Me and my core friends know him from a small event.” Wilma told, throwing the ball up.

“Ya’, I’m something of a God, the cyclops said.” Said the man of drunk-looking ethics.

Then Wilma hit the ball and the game started as the man was very good and competitve himself, and the kids had to rally towards the ball to have the best of chance of hitting it, as it came fast and shredded their senses for casual gameplay. Daniel started to enjoy this as he got used to it, and so did George. Kioshi just continued playing and Wilma started to smile as she hit the ball and the man simply played with his own happy looks.

“Dang- you’re quite good, man.” George told the man, with hope in his eyes.

“Yeah- but don’t worry- I'll be gone as soon as the game ends...” The man stated as the game continued on one round, and the ball kept being hit across the net with an extending comptetive fear rallying up the kids as they just wanted to score a point.

***The Next Fun Day?***

Chinua looked around the cold night. She saw the tennis court being held by the four, but was worried beyond her senses about her sister. George had also just spoken to her that Eighty-Three- ME- thinks that the portal-people took her and now she has become an explosive worm. I also stated to George that then led onto Chinua that we will set out on a mission tomorrow to find her sister.

Chinua decided to leave her wishes and travel to the home of Khenbish. As he she started to, she saw Guernf come outside and looked around, breathing heavily as she sweated a lot from a possible workout. Geurnf turned to look at Chinua, who waved a little before continuing, and Geurnf waved back with happiness yet worry as she went on.

Chinua then came to Khenbish’s home and looked forth in it. She decided to knock, and awaited as Khenbish came forwards in her pajamas of pure orange, looking with black socks and an angry attitude to Chinua.

“Khenbish- do you know where Khenbush is?” Chinua asked wearily and Khenbish just snarked at her before speaking angrily with her shaky and pure red voice.

“No- but I hope she’s dead and gone! GONE!” Khenbish yelled before shutting the door on Chinua’s face, and pacing back, before Chinua knocked again and she hurried over to answer with her face even more angry and demented from her tired feelings.

“Khenbish- this is serious- I'm sorry about what we did to you as a child, but please... Khenbush is actually missing...” Chinua told with a dislike, and whisper.

“Shut up! Go away! Away!” Khenbish angrily stated before Chinua put her right foot in the doorway and got pain from Khenbish slamming it on her.

“KHENBISH- PLEASE- WHAT DID YOU DO WITH KHENBUSH!?” Chinua ordered with madness and sadness complexing into a rollercoaster of tones against Khenbish.

“Nothing! I don’t know! I don’t know!” Khenbish startled back as she clenched her fists.

“You murdered my sister- didn’t you!?” Chinua angrily asked without much happiness.

“I am your sister! Sister!” - Khenbish, pointing to Chinua as she barged in.

“No- your a slug! A piece of shit that murdered my sister because you couldn’t just keep quiet and listen to our parents when they asked the smallest of work from you!” Chinua angrily stated back at Khenbish who maddened herself.

“You lie! Our parents beat me! They liked you! And your damned sister! You lie about everything! You lie! LIE!" Khenbish pointed closely to Chinua face, before whipping up a stroke of her right fist into her jaw and punishing her backwards.

“I’ll kill you! You! For watching me! Not helping! LAUGHING! LAUGHING!” Khenbish stated as she started to throw hands at Chinua repeatedly, and Chinua was too hurt to fight back. Khenbish picked Chinua by her collar bones, and threw her inside, plopping her head back onto the hard floor and almost giving a concussion. Chinua cried out, but Khenbish closed the door and started to punch the shit out of her face.

Khenbish, then after six punches, grabbed her shoulders, and scrapped her against the walls and continued sideways to push her head into the wall and towards her room, and she was thrown into the wooden bed frame and her nose broke from the infrastructure.

“Khenbish! Please! Stop!” Chinua cried out, her voice shredded by pain and screaming.

“This is my place! MY PLACE! WHERE NOW I RULE! I RULE! I WON’T BE BEATEN AGAIN! AGAIN!” Khenbish yelled, with her fists in the air, before planting them down on the crying Chinua and breaking her nose to more than a simple nose bleed.

“Stop!” Chinua cried out, as Khenbish continued getting on her and punch her face repeatedly, not choking or ripping the eyes out, just punches with gritty teeth.

Chinua started to cry uncontrollably as she got smashed repeatedly, before angered her eyebrows, and then shot her own fist up, a right one as Khenbish planting her hands up in the sky and was ready to shoot them down again. This punch was so unclean and badly thrown, but it did total damage.

Chinua, with her eyes closed, threw this punch at the correct time, and it plastered into Khenbish’s chin, exploding her chin and going through to her mouth, scattering her dislocated teeth everywhere as her punch still went further to the nose, breaking and snapping it into little specs of white, as the skin shredded off, the blood poured down, and soon the eyes bulged out from Chinua’s lonely and unangry punch.

Chinua then stopped, feeling the parts and blood splatter down on her dreaded face. She cleansed her eyes closed even more, before opening them to see Khenbish’s body falling backwards, destructed with now her brains slowly fueling out and onto their pajamas.

Chinua was shocked beyond comparison. Her eyes were wide and she stopped her bones. She then pulled it back with fear and a trembling mind. The sounds around her blurred, and her vision was weary. She lifted herself up and looked forwards to the combusted head of Khenbish, now a corpse in her own room.

Chinua started to stand up, shaking more and more, until crying and screaming at the same time. She grasped the hair on her head and started to worry about the death she committed. As she looked with terror to the body for a little four seconds, the lights above started to flicker unaimously before shutting off after three seconds.

Chinua backed away, looking around quickly, her face drowsy and wet from the sweat of punching, and the heat of her soul sparked with fear as all became too dark. She looked around, and put her hands out. She could not feel anything, and the forces of all physical objects had disappeared. She soon only saw pure black around.

Then, from the mist of silence draining in, and her eyes starting to see all better and not so blurry, she heard two steps behind her- large and thunderous that came right behind her, just a centimeter away, shaking her mind as she started to look slowly around.

She, with a face dropped beyond human fear, saw my mask glow with its cat-teeth look, and my shades have green eyes glow behind them. Everything else was dark, but the glow was close to her face and made her pulse back with uncertainty, as she was scared but no longer screaming- as the shock came too quickly for her to understand what was going.

“E-e-e-eighty-Three?” She trembled from her slow mouth and mind of uncertainty.

“Hello Chinua- I heard Khenbish take you in and beat you for a justification that you just watched as your parents beat her and Khenbush also. I decided to help you by giving you the condensed mass of darkness to beat her back, not because it was wrong that she beat you, but because I wonder now about your backstory.” I told, walkng directly forth to Chinua without a blink of my eyes, and my mask smiling widely after speaking.

“Uh... uh- yes... I uh... my, past... yes... I did watch her get beaten-” Chinua nodded, afraid and walking back, finding nothing to block her, but stopping after a weird event.

After a nanosecond of her saying that- a Humanitor shot up. The darkness I had formed around everything suddenly dissapated into light, and it all went back to normal. Chinua looked down suddenly as she saw she was standing on top of Khenbish’s corpse and making her socks wet. I looked around to see everything normal and was at the end of the corpse. My glasses also saw to the green eyes, and my mask was still working.

“Hm, it seems a Humanitor has turned on- or a Fluxyr, but it does not matter, as I am quite sure we are being attacked again...” I told to Chinua as she worried around her face.

“Wait- what!?” Chinua asked, as I tried to exit, before coming back, grabbing her arm and pulling her along without a consent of her crying face that still went on.

Me and Chinua came out to see that a portal brought in a Humanitor, and from it were Heru, the black spy girl, and Deandra were present, Heru with a stop sign, the black spy girl with her knife and pistol, and Deandra with an AK-47. I heard this far away at the end of the forcefield, and they came forth quickly, ready to kill us in an instant.

“Hm- I guess this is a great moment to see Heru and his allies.” I shrugged as afterwards my ears had red-glitchness and stopped the endless hearing, and I flinched my ears as Chinua watched and we entered the front yard of my home. “Oh- damn Red Glitch stopped me from hearing everything, how dubious of him.” I laughed.

I went inside quickly and down to find Ryutyu waking up with Shellia sitting in her chair, trying to sleep but now getting up and talking with her mask moving like mine.

“Hey- woah- Is something wrong?!” Shellia asked, getting up and playing her accordion as she stated the words, and saw the blood on my maid shoes as well as Chinua’s pajamas.

“A Humanitor has gone up- and we must equip ourselves with defense from Heru, the spy girl, and Deandra.” I told, going over to the middle wall and pressing down in a place that was a small circle with the end of my left index finger, which seperated the wall to reveal a room with mass amounts of gaint jars filled with cocaine, as well as on the wall in the back, same color and material, having AK-47's, all black and already filled with ammo. I went in and grabbed a bunch, handing them to the the other two shooters as Gustavo walked in.

“Yo Eighty-Three, do you need my help?” Gustavo asked with his Nigerian accent.

“We could use- but please do not get shot.” I smirked to Gustavo before looking to Shellia and her accordion not playing any tunes. “And Shellia- instead of hiding and staying away, maybe you should play some furious music to ramp up Ryutyu- because he seems tired.”

“Sure.” Shellia nodded with anxiety and a panic, practing her accordion as she tried new small notes, at least up to sixty-fourth notes, and even some double that.

“Ya,’ thy is not the time to do this!” Ryutyu laughed with a slight tired tone, his ears down.

I grabbed more AK-47's and started away, as the voices told me to give the guns to the kids now getting up from the weirdness possibly. I passed all my friends and they followed as fast as my sprint out to my front door and around to the corner to see that Heru had already gotten to Angelica and put that stop sign in her head.

“Eighty-Three!? What the fuck is going on!?” Oyur madly stated over, coming with no whisper, but rather his treeman roots growing and ready.

“A quick battle it seems- would you like an AK-47 to fight those three?” I asked Oyur the Indian as he looked to my many guns, and I looked to see Ejnare running out.

“Sure- but where's the third fuck-head?” Oyur asked, looking around the corner.

“I do not know- but she can shapeshift into one of us, so watch out. She also can go invisible.” I told, and then turned the corner to shoot at Heru, and blasted him dead.

Deandra dodged around the house of Angelica and hid behind the corner, using her AK to try and shoot at me as I hid behind my parent’s white car. George and Daniel and Wilma started to come down the stairs with speed as the man behind them just floated off in his normal pose and came down to us like a meme.

“Hey- hold on- how is this nigga floating like that?” Oyur asked, looking to the man.

“Ight- it was a fun game of tennis, but sadly I see the army of black people are attacking, so I’ll just give ya’ll the easy win here.” The man told, shoving his hand up and at the corpse of Heru, making him and Deandra suddenly fly back to the portal, and inside, as well as bringing Angelica back to life.

But as everybody watched this and the three came down the stairs and over, the man also suddenly had a bunch of invisible voices come two feet in front of his hand and cry as they got shoved into each other.

“Hey!” The girl screamed, and as they all started coming, they suddenly went up in pink gases, flooding the air as everybody smelled and looked arond, tasting cotton candy.

“The fuck it taste like cotton candy for?” Oyur asked as Ejnare was near and also weird.

The mass voice of girls showed that there were many copies of the black spy girl, all compliled into each other as much as humanly possible, their cheeks against another, their arms going under another’s armpit, and their legs rotated in weird ways to allow for others to balled-up as much as possible. Their eyes all started to come to the man and most of their faces went to disgusted confusion as the versions looked around to find everybody.

“And this is your idea, (He pulls his hand to the left and bring out a single girl,) and the rest of you don’t belong here.” He ended as he then used the same hand to the right and suddenly many different portals all titled to the sky opened in different colors, and each body flew up and away back to where they came from.

“Uh- oh my god- please don’t hurt me...” The main black spy girl stated as I came around and looked at her with my glasses going back to darkness as Deandra closed the portal and the Humanitor was no longer around.

“You guys deal with her- I gotta’ go smoke a fat one.” The man stated, suddenly going transparent slowly as a cigar formed in his mouth as it also went invisible like him.

Everybody just watched the man fully disappear until the girl dropped down and started to get out a lollipop. But I used my right arm of darkness to shoot out and plant her head down, where she tried pulling the darkness sludge off.

“I will deal with her.” I told, and then let me arm stick to her head and pick her up as I started walking back inside my home and Gustavo followed.

“Damn- man just beat Humanitor though.” Ryutyu nodded to Wilma and she smiled.

“How did he use his powers?” - Ejnare to Wilma, being one to ask anything at all.

“His powers are relatable to God I think.” Wilma shrugged before looking at him.

“Hm- maybe he could’ve stopped the computer and Heru in one snap of his fingers if we asked him.” - Shellia with her mask, drawing in attention as she had already stopped her music that was going forth in sloping to a great clima but cut off as the man did his thing.

“He probably would have made an excuse not to do that.” - Wilma told Shellia.

“Ya’, thy Red Glitch probably would’ve stopped him- plus it seems he just sent them back...” Ryutyu told as he watched Angelica come up to them.

“Uh- hi guys...” Angelica waved over as she simply just walked with a frizzled soul.

“Hey Angelica- you okay?” - Daniel to Angelica, stepping forwards.

And so after that conversation which nobody cares for me to go on with, they all went to bed. The end of this chapter. The end. Fuck you.

***Torture incoming yet again.***

Oyur came to my room in the morning, looking to me with a pale and unmad face of pure blankness. He stood there as I closed the physics book and looked to him.

“Hey dude, can I order a mission for myself?” He asked as his eyes did not go to locate Gustavo laying curled up on the bed, now opening his eyes to Oyur’s voice.

“Like the one you stated at the presentations?” I asked Oyur and he complied.

“Oh yeah- the one about my fucking slave owners. Can you and Wilma use my mind to try and find the person with a portal or something?” Oyur asked me and I nodded.

“What exactly did he do?” I asked and Oyur looked to me as I grabbed my bee phone and texted Wilma with the arms coming from under my dress, going through my black metallic chair that spun and pressing the numbers and such.

“Well- there was this one guy I really hated, who I still think is out there. He grabbed me for my treeman syndrome and started selling me as art, but also mainly made me work in the gutters and shit fucks of his own warehouse. If I didn’t comply, I was sent to my room to do nothing, before at night when I slept, he would cut me. If I was still awake, he would STILL cut me. He was a piece of fucking shit. He kept bandaging it and called it funny to his friends. I soon, to be honest, grabbed the butcher knife those dumb asses left around, and killed the women making food for all the men, and then one of his friends, before I used their phone to contact the police, and they retreated away after recognizing that shit...” Oyur told, infuriated but calming himself down.

“I can revenge for you.” Me with a happy attitude that made him feel uncertain.

“I want revenge myself. I wanna’ stab him like he did to me.” - Oyur to me.

“I think you should calm down and leave it to us to fix that.” Wilma said as she came out from the light of my window, simply just walking it through the wall.

“Hey- Wilma- you gotta’ chill with your entrances.” - Oyur to the woman.

Wilma just nodded and looked to me, who was smiling as I got up. “We can do you mission in a day. Currently Eighty-Three seems to have a few things planned.”

“We could do your mission today, but Wilma has brought up the point- I must test on Shellia to see if she can have hands and transform them into an accordion, or possibly give Daniel regeneration- that just came to mind.” I told Oyur and he nodded.

“Okay- so maybe tomorrow?” - Oyur, and Wilma nodded as Gustavo looked. “Alright- so I’ll-” Oyur started to say before the voices in my head alterted me.

“Wait, Oyur- I would like to show you something.” I told Oyur and Wilma looked with disgrace and fear to me as Gustavo was still confused.

“What?” - Oyur, before we shall just switch scenes and not explain further.

I led him down to the surgical room, which was now fully black and dark, with the black spy girl strapped to floor by four dark-liquid-flowing rectangles curving into the grey concrete in the cold little room. Oyur looked forth with surprise and confusement as Wilma and Gustavo followed, closing the door behind themselves.

“What’s going on here yo?” Oyur asked, a little frustrated but majorly confused on why she was on the floor, trying to wiggle away. A strap held her mouth down and she screamed behind it, the decibals not making it past the door, as she tried squirmiring out of the straps and escaping the wrath I was about to impose.

“(Girl’s name) used to torture me by changing into other people and stabbing me in the back. She was more of an annoyance back then- right, (Girl anme?) Anyways, I am going to test on you how psychopathic your mind is. You might want to use what I am about to do to get back at your slave owner.” I told Oyur as the black spy girl looked.

“Uh... what do you want me to do...?” Oyur asked slowly, not being mad but more bewildered and intrigued yet intimidated as Wilma left in a sad frown, and he saw her shake her head away as Gustavo stayed and watched with his big smile and waving tail.

“You could use your treeman roots to eplode her eyes for me, or run them through her blood stream and clog it up, giving her atherosclerosis.” I told Oyur and he nodded.

“No- please- please let me go!” The black spy girl screamed in her life’s essence.

“I don’t really feel like torturing my slave owner- I'm more onto just killing him by like a gun to the head or a shotgun to the face.” Oyur told, hesitating to even try.

“Well, a shot gun to the face is a lot more radical yet common, so maybe you should practice with your roots as sometimes you will not have a shotgun, nor be able to stop him without such. It could come in use to practice- just saying.” I told Oyur and he nodded, looking to the girl staring him in the eyes with tears.

Oyur put his fingers out let them grow to her eyes, and in which he stopped as she closed them with fear and disgust. Gustavo peered his spine in, and his soul flammed with pleasure to see Oyur committing a weird act of torture onto the girl I was against.

“I... uh... I can do this, but I don’t really like blood getting on my hands...” Oyur told me, and I was still staring into his soul with eyeless shades of darkness.

“Well... alrighty- That is fine. You may leave.” I nodded to him, and he looked to me, pulling his roots back from the crying girl and taking a step back.

“Uh... What are you gonna’ do to her?” He asked in a whisper of anger.

“Treat her as she treated me.” I told, and Oyur just widened his mouth and left with disgust and confusion and a rollercoaster of mysterious emotions presenting in his mind.

Gustavo watched as he closed the door, his mouth still smiling, before he led his own dark mind to smile at my own. I stared at the black spy girl, before the dark straps started to form and rotate up into a chair, taking her with it, and planting her in a stereotypical torture-chair.

“I have a weird idea...” I told the girl, walking up to her. She didn’t cry, but looked with worried eyebrows and a crying face to me.

I made a washing machine out of darkness in front of her, and then rushed out to grab the machine to find her original universal number. I hooked her up, and she only cried more, before I then rushed out, grabbed a portal gun, and opened it to her world.

“Wait- what are you doing!?” She asked with disconent, seeing her home.

I jumped in without words and rushed away, before returning seven seconds later with a bunch of babies, her race and color, grappled by my arms under my dress, and then used my right main arm to open the washer and put the babies in carefully, with their pacifiers calming down their eyes and allowing them not to cry just yet.

“WAIT! STOP! WHAT IS THIS!? STOP! YOU MAD-” She asked with much dislocation, and I turned on the washer, and it started to only spin- no water flowing, no heat drying- it just started to slope up in the spinning speed.

“Damn Eighty-Three- I wouldn’t have ever expected that...” Gustavo laughed as the babies started to cry and I made my right hand shoot out and make the straps form eye-metallics vertically to keep her eyes open and on the washer, as her head was untilted.

“I think a lot, and so many random ideas come to mind- so expect a lot more eye candy.” I whispered and laughed with Gustavo as we stood to the side and the black spy girl only cried as the babies started hitting their heads, crying painfully, falling on top of each other, on their faces, bleeding from their nose, getting their arms smashed down by their own mass, and much more that would soon beat them to death.

As the spy girl looked around with red and teary eyes, her face drooling with sadness and panic, her stress levels high and soul spirited straight to hell, the washer suddenly decomposed into aboslutely nothingness, literally disappearing, and a portal opened under the washer, leading to a large crib in a day care. Then, the babies got fixed up and sleepy, and were gently passed down to the crib.

“What’s going on?” Gustavo asked, his smile now confused as he saw me stare.

“Eighty-Three! Please stop! Please stop!” Wilma said as she came right behind us from the wall and waved her hands in horrible gestures. Wilma had tears in her eyes and was her eyebrows were in a disgusted sadness and horrible focus onto my shades.

I just stared at her, and the black spy girl shot her eyes over to us, still crying.

“You have-” She started to say with yellow eyes, embarressed but stressing her own point as she stared at me with fear, her nine tails flowing fast back and forth.

“Wilma, why are your eyes yellow?” I asked and Gustavo looked.

“I... I...” Wilma, or whoever it was, started to try and say.

“Let me check you.” I told, and that Wilma took a step back, before opening a portal of outlined-yellow and esaping into space as Gustavo started to scratch for the surface of stone to have a cling because the air was sucking him in at rapid speeds.

That Wilma then closed the portal as Gustavo started to enter, and it cut Gustavo in half. The black spy girl looked over with dramatic eyes and a dislocated look on her face as her hair went all over the place and my dress finally cooled down from flowing towards it.

“AUG! Damn- damn...” Gustavo started to say as he bled out in front of the traumitized girl, and was she was horrified at what just occured in the past events.

“Alrighty Gustavo...” I said, shooting my left arm out and reforming his body back into full and he smiled once again with open eyes as he looked to see his tail still in check, “Let us take anew a different project. Miss spy girl, you will be stuck in the room next to here as me and Gustavo find Kioshi and look forth to seeing how we can break Daniel.”

The spy girl just cried more, and the chair suddenly moved back into the wall and to our left, before it was gone like a sludge of darkness ate it whole. Gustavo then looked to me as his hat was better and he tipped it. “Daniel though? Why?” - Gustavo.

“He seems fun. An extrovert always seems good to test psychological experiments on, espeially since he is new and still intidimated by me- and George, who is seemingly a little more powerful than me currently, would resist by all precautions he can.” I told Gustavo and he nodded in delight, as we exited the surgical room and dark tentacles came from the wall and placed everything back together as it originally was.

“Why did you allow Oyur to go though? Maybe if we pushed him a little more, he might’ve accepted like Kioshi.” Gustavo told in a whisper as I came out to see only Ryutyu in bed, and nobody else around- as the lights were still off, and he curled to his side.

“Oyur is a man of anger and attitude, not exact extrovertedness, but rather rare intellect and yelling- like Hitler- which is rare in a society run by machines nowadays. I wish not to taint that kind of personality, because of its abnormal appearane. But unlike Kioshi’s, which already was too quiet to seem good to anybody, Oyur could be amazing to others if he did not know of our true plans. He already gives off funny vibes that I would like to resonate with everyone. Also, Oyur is sixteen- he intimidates me just a little by his tallness.” I spoke and joked to Gustavo in the end as he snarked a little.

“Sure buddy.” Gustavo nodded and we went up the stairs.

As soon as we got back up to my room, I twirled around and put my right hand forth to cause the door to turn black, and shuffling to happen under the house, as soon Ryutyu came from the black door on a widened hand that laid him softly down on my bed.

“Let us go grab Daniel.” I whispered to Gustavo as he flicked his cat ears.

In the next scene, as I must skip to in order to add the effect of good storytelling, possibly, if you call that of course- I opened the door for Daniel to look down into a room, with yellow concrete everywhere, and a very dark ambience as well as lightning was everywhere. Daniel looked around, his tail swirling around his left hip as his ears went down and I stood behind him, happy as I could always be. Daniel first, in silence, took notice of the wall in front of him, having a widely horizontal glass that saw into a grey concrete room, still cold and dark, but with on his right view of the window, Kioshi holding a notepad, and looking at Daniel with his big eyes.

“Uh...” Daniel started before I answered his untold question.

“Yes, Daniel- I am going to run a few psychological tests and physical ones- firstly physical, secondly psychological, and then the third will be a mix of events.” I told Daniel and he nodded slowly, trying to connect eyes with Kioshi.

“What’s Kioshi doing here?” He asked in a whisper as he looked around, “And why is everything as black as him?” Daniel tried laughing, not keeping eye-contact with me.

“Oh please, Kioshi recently joined me and Gustavo on our scientific studies and will be recording notes and seeing for himself one of our many experiments.” I told in the most stereotypical fashion to Daniel as he looked to me with sweat in his soul.

“You’re telling me this without much context- what are you doing really?” He asked.

“A few important tests, so please, take off your clothes.” I laughed at Daniel as he shook inside his own body, his goosebumps showing on his arms.

“Woah- woah- wait what?!” Daniel asked, confused and repulsive, putting his hands in front of me as he took a step back to the wall, and I reached out to unbutton his jacket.

“For the tests to actually play, you must take off your clothes.” I told Daniel.  
 “Uh- like all of it? Even my underwear?” Daniel asked and I nodded. “Hell no- I-I’m not taking off my clothes- we- uh- um…” He started to be intimidated by my stare.

“Please Daniel?” I kindly asked of Daniel, and he came forth with embarrassment.

“Uh… (I put my hands slowly forth and unbutton his jacket, and he uses his arms to allow me to take it off,) shit, (In a slight laugh but heavily embarrassed and worried tone,) I don’t have a choice I guess… (I unravel his shirt up and he puts his arms up, and we take off his white undershirt,) uh… (He kicks off his shoes for me,) can… can we not do this in front of Kioshi? Like… Eighty-Three, please can you tell him to maybe just… (I wrap my fingers around his waist’s pants and underwear, pulling them down at the same time,) I… (He steps out of them, looking to Kioshi with a red face as Kioshi simply stared back without any eyebrow movement,) uh… Eighty-Three, (I take off his socks, before piling up all his clothes separate from his shoes, and then pick them up and start leaving,) Eighty-Three… uh- am I going to be safe?” Daniel asked overtime and I looked back, before saying nothing and then continuing on to the top left corner of the room and opening a fully black and metallic door which Daniel walked towards before redirecting himself to look at Kioshi, who only stared into the wonderous eyes of Daniel. “Kioshi- you gotta’ tell me what’s going on… please?” Daniel whispered.

Kioshi simply nodded his head ‘no,’ as I could be seen in the back just placing the clothes on the floor, and then coming up to the window as Kioshi held his normal yellowish pen with a white notepad, ready to take notes.

“Eighty-Three? Could you please just let me know… why I’m naked for this experiment?” Daniel asked and I simply looked at him as Kioshi looked to me. Then I turned my head to Kioshi and back to Daniel after a second.

“It helps with the first test.” I told, and he looked to me with dire confusion, as I pulled out a square metallic grey box and pressed a big red button on it. From right below where we were staring at each other, a square opened up from the ground, slicing a sound through Daniel’s ears and making him pulse back as henceforth Gustavo with his big eyes and smile came through slowly, peering up to the scared cat boy now shivering with fear.

“Oh- h-hey Gustavo, how’s i-it been?” Daniel waved as Gustavo sat up to him.

“Good, thank you for asking…” Gustavo nodded, now not sitting and instead purring around Daniel’s left leg and going over to his right as he looked over to me.

“Uh… what’s-” Daniel was going to ask further before Gustavo below bit his right calf, and it bled out frantically, making Daniel fall to front to his left as his tail sparked up and so did his ears. Kioshi just stared further, without writing notes down, holding his pencil and notepad with his still body. “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUH- HOLY SHIT! FUCK! HELP! GUSTAVO! (Gustavo then took a bite out of his right foot as Daniel twirled around to escape and cry as he saw Gustavo swallow the meat of his right leg meat,) AUGUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! FUCK! FUCK! HELP! SOMEBODY! KIOSHI! PLEASE! EIGHTY-THREE! HELP! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Daniel continued crying.

“Are you going to take notes, Kioshi?” I asked Kioshi as he was stunned and then looked to me with a bit of a stare still. I waved my tail around my left waist and around his head from the tail view, and he looked to it as my face was of a hidden architect to his senses, and his inside boiled with his sociopathy.

Kioshi simply nodded his head, and then looked back to the blood-loss of Daniel, screaming in agony before breathing heavily as his legs got eaten, his bones crunch, his meat slobbered on the mouth of Gustavo, and his tail was next to the appetite. After a mere fifteen more seconds, Gustavo had finished eating half of Daniel’s body, and Daniel was long gone, drooling his own red from his mouth whilst the floors were all of his red.

I decided not to say anything, and allowed the test to completely finish, seeing Gustavo eat all up to the head, and then start devouring it, getting Daniel’s fur and brains all over his teeth and mouth, the crimson of a young boy was now all the vision of what we wanted to see. After Gustavo finished eating the head and brains in chunks, he turned back to us with a smile, licking his teeth as he sat down in the blood pool, uncaring of his own purple fur trying to change its color to be bloody.

“Quite the fine meal- and I DO remember everything of his memories.” Gustavo stated, his right paw going up and waving at Kioshi during his talk, “Like, Daniel once met this friend who helped him with math, but he found it boring and so the nerdy friend left, and Daniel also heard the cries of fellow kids becoming ‘art,’ as his doctor said back in twenty-fifteen, and also… he hates the Venezuelan child traffickers- as his doctor has tried making business there and made their duo lose possible thousands due to the other guys just being greedy liars and stealing the ‘art’ kids his doctor made.” Gustavo explained and me and Kioshi watched him move his mouth.

“Nice- now we must pain him psychologically. Maybe you should take notes on this one, Kioshi- because you seem to past physical trauma already…” I told, exiting through the door, and then going over to Daniel where I brought him up and then reformed him in front of the other two.

Daniel, from simply the darkness tentacles going into the air and turning themselves into particles of Daniel as I used simply one of his blood drops to replicate himself, Daniel formed and fell a foot to the ground, breathing hard and insanely, worried and discombobulated. He looked up slowly with tears forming in his eyes as his hands held him up from the ground of his own defeat.

“You… monster…” He peeped out without clothes on, seeing forth to my happy ears and swaying cat tail as his was dropped behind him with sadness.

A hand came from under my dress, holding the collar of waiter’s tuxedo, white with black buttons, before also two more arms came out with the end of the sleeves for a waiter’s tuxedo, white with black buttons as well.

“We have a few more to go, Daniel.” I told with my smile as he shook with crying. “Put this on, and we can speed this up- soon making it to where I will erase your memory, and you never have to live with the remembrance of this agony…”

Daniel shook more as he looked up to me, and to the tuxedo wear, shaking and trembling in every emotion of sadness coming to him. He tried tilting his head over to Kioshi, who only stared more. “K-k-kioshi?” Daniel sputtered out and Kioshi did not respond, but rather blinked simply. Daniel then slowly looked back to me as I used my darkness hands from under my dress and put the collar on him like he was a child, and then used two more to hold up his hands, his eyes closing and his position not changing as I technically picked him up, put the wrist wear on, and then allowed him to stay back in that position.

“Just a little more bro- and promise, I won’t eat you again. That test was about seeing if I could survive Kuru and take in your memories- and since one worked, we can say the other has as well.” Gustavo nodded, and henceforth I looked to him and then back at the shaking Daniel as he turned his eyes over to Gustavo being happy.

“How can you be so cruel?” Daniel whispered to me with such a tragic voice that broke his personality and spirit, “Torturing me… and then saying you’re gonna’ make me forget.” He started to say before breaking out in a cry louder than a baby.

“Please, Daniel, do not cry. I am here to study for science, and please, afterwards, you can ask me for anything still. I am here to help you, but I have other motives as well. I will make sure that after this you have one of the greatest days of your life.” I tried to help Daniel as he dug his face into the floor and Gustavo continued smiling.

“You fucking psychopath! You! GUSTAVO! KIOSHI! ALL of you are just fucking mental! I hate this! Let me go! Please!” Daniel cried as I brought his head up.

“Just a few more.” I told Daniel, and then I dissipated into white smoke.

Daniel kept his hands firm to the ground and watched the white smoke go up into the air, as around him the scenery changed. He was now in a kitchen, white with tiles and extremely clean, having metallic counters and sinks shining and ready with food. There was a skinny man with glasses, green eyes, and yellow hair, who turned around with a frown to Daniel as he was still positioned on the floor.

“Daniel! Get up and go serve the people!” The guy screamed at Daniel, and Daniel just looked back down to the floor. Daniel, after letting his tears fall, decided to push himself up and analyzed his surroundings. To his left was a counter filled with plates side by side, not on top, having steamy and luxurious foods of all kinds, of all nationalities, ready to be served. He looked farther back to see the kitchen ended with no other doors, no back door either, just the two entering to the next room beyond the left counter. The kitchen was one way and saw this with big eyes. He then looked down and saw his hands covered in his blood, but now going transparent, and his clothes were still missing, but he had those tuxedo little-wears on. He then looked to his skinny boss man, who literally had a white card just floating an inch away from his left lung, saying in black Abadi-font text, ‘Boss.’ “It’s about 5:83, and the show will begin in seventeen minutes! We should give them full bellies before they see our spectacular event.”

“Uh…” Daniel stated, before looking to the metallic grey doors with circular window pointing out to the next room. It was as stereotypically classical as it could be, with carpets of red, tables with white plates and clothes, the ceiling a dark brown, and every table almost in the dark with golden candles lit and ready. The room was also circular and seven feet high, and no stage was present, so it confused Daniel as he looked around, also seeing no doors around. “Oh no… this is a hallucination…”

“Go Daniel- we must serve them quick! I’ve made all the food and now I’m making desert!” The skinny man told and Daniel did not look over to the steamy brownies he was making. Instead his tail wrapped around his waist and his ears fell down.

“You- you want me to go out there? Naked?” Daniel almost cried.

“Yes… Is there something wrong with nudity, Daniel?” I asked through the mouth of the skinny man, and the skinny man’s Russian accent was now gone.

“Uh- I… uh… um… fuck… no…” Daniel nodded, picked up a plate, cried to himself and went up to the door with both of his hands having one plate each. He looked out to see familiar faces, mostly all the kids except Kioshi, as well as no Gustavo nor me, but Wilma and Ryutyu and even his doctor was there, sitting in randomized groups, discussing nonsense with random words, which Daniel heard, and it made him cry more.

“Go on Daniel- you should get this over with as quick as you did when Angelica accidently found you naked…” Gustavo stated from the skinny man, and Daniel turned around to see the man now had Gustavo’s eyes, wide and big, smiling at him.

Daniel’s soul dropped and his jaw awed with scared punctuation. He decided to look away, and then use his right foot to open the right door and leave with his mouth trembling, his face red, his eyes red, his blood red inside of him, and of course- his fur cold.

Daniel came out and looked around for indications. Only plates and people he knew- until he saw at the end of the fifteen-meter-wide room, the plate of Oyur glowed green and up like a reverse UFO-light, and the same with Chinua sitting next to him, having hers yellow. Daniel then saw his plates glow green on the left and yellow on the right and started walking over to them. He listened carefully to the words of everyone though- complete and utter gibberish. Just imagine, every random word with no defining articles or verbs even, or just articles mashed together- how random words in sentences came out to scare Daniel to another dimension.

“Light house and nine Geurnf Pulmonary know Langerhans or a cell punctuation histiocytosis Quebec kill heed.” Chinua stated to Oyur as Daniel approached.

He came up and used his fingers to grasp his plates and put the plates on top of each other, but as he did, he saw their plates just disappear slowly into transparentness. Chinua and Oyur looked to him the entire time, staring, as everybody else stated random words, and the other person at the table, Geurnf, had her head down.

“There you go.” Daniel told shakily as they looked to him with no regress.

“Thanks, Daniel.” Chinua nodded with her real voice, and Daniel nodded back, trying to burst into a cry for help. He then walked off back to the kitchen and repeated but rather with Ejnare and Khenbish. He repeated again with another different pair of people, until his fifth try, when he served up Angelica and Khenbush.

“There you go, Angelica and Khenbush.” He stated, still red but much more expertise in his job currently.

“Thanks Daniel- but can you go over to that table and lay yourself down?” Angelica started to ask, and the entire room went silent as everybody turned the heads over to him.

“W-what?” Daniel asked, his ears still as low as his spirit.

“Come on Daniel.” Ryutyu yelled over and he looked to see no plates on the round table, but rather a yellow rectangle of pure cotton vertical and awaiting him.

Daniel went over with open hands and saw the table with Wilma, Ryutyu, and the Plague Doctor. Wilma got up with a chuckle.

“What do you…” Daniel started to ask before Wilma got up and used her left hand to shove him down onto the table straight, bending his back like he was bowing in Japan to a friend or master. But Wilma kept her hand on his back, and Daniel just laid there, sad and confused, looking around as people started to get up from their seats and take knives over to him. “Hey! Hey! What’s going on!?”

“We all of your piece of your ear, bro.” Oyur stated over from behind most, and then Ryutyu, on the other side of Daniel turned right and not looking towards him, got his knife, held down Daniel’s head, and started shaving off his left ear like it was brie cheese.

“Don’t worry lad- it don’t hurt mate.” Ryutyu stated as he quickly cut off the entire ear of Daniel, and Daniel just confused his face with more worry as there was no pain, and no blood leaking, but rather Ryutyu taking his ear and shoving it in his own mouth. Then Angelica came firstly over, just in front of Khenbish, and peered down to Daniel.

“Imagine being so ungrateful for your meal that you don’t even sit down to give thanks to god beforehand.” Angelica told with a sly smile as Daniel breathed heavily and had almost cried yet again.

“S-sorry…” Daniel whispered as she got her knife out and cut his other ear off, and he watched in terror as Angelica rapidly ate it in front of him, shoving it in her mouth, eating the fur whilst chewing obnoxiously, and letting Daniel just sit in a cry inside as his ears only his skin now, growing into hair.

“Fuck you, Daniel.” – Angelica after swallowing loudly in front of Daniel, and then walking away as everybody else started to sit down.

Daniel started to cry and tore up. But there was no time as Wilma lifted her hand up and he brought his back up. The skinny man rushed out with a whip and slung it at the back of Daniel, scarring him into blood running down the big vein of shredded skin.

“Oh- fuck!” Daniel cried out loud in the candle setting.

“Get the food out! Quickly!” The man shouted with green eyes to Daniel, and he ran back as everybody else laughed at him being whipped and his tail being strung up.

“Whoops! WHOOPS!” Khenbish stated as she grabbed his tail and plucked it back.

“Augh!” Daniel cried, looking to Khenbish.

“Fucking loser.” Heru turned around from a chair and pulled his tail.

“Stop guys!” Daniel cried out as the skinny man came back and whipped him more, shredding more skin off.

Daniel than ran and got the plates, barely caring about the blood leaking, and rushed out, using the light to give the plates to those who were now all laughing at him. Everybody pointing, laughing, and giving their all-in sound as he rushed the food out.

Soon, he came back in a panic, a hurry, a sadness, and cruelness he felt in his skin, before looking to see no more plates. Suddenly, he used his tail to sway up his back and felt that no wounds or scratches leaked blood at all. He then grasped his head, and his ears were there, he started to feel joy before suddenly discerning reality, looking out with pain in his eyes and sorrow to see nobody existed anymore.

He exited the kitchen after taking five seconds to look around the light and emptiness it had now. The deserts were also gone. He went out to see all the candles sitting there, existing still one, but all was silent and empty. He started to cry.

“Why-” He started to say as he looked down, before seeing an overhaul shadow.

Daniel quickly looked up with fear to see me coming slowly down, floating, flying even, my dress with darkness fully under it, and a white cartoony smile of guilty pleasure and sinister looks like Heru stood in glowing white in the darkness as I smiled down.

Daniel shivered and did not move, but instead cried and closed his eyes as I came down, my dress covering his head now, and he saw too anew.

Daniel’s head came out to a world full of green plains. Nothing but green plains and blue empty sky with no sun for hours down many horizons. Daniel opened his eyes to see this, see that he was a head coming from a darkness puddle, and he looked down to see it only reflected.

“Good job on making it past the second test.” Gustavo stated to Daniel as he came up behind, and Daniel shifted around to see that he could move his head and see the purple cat just sitting there, his head over Daniel’s.

“Let me go… make me forget… I can’t even move my body…” Daniel told.

“One more- that’s all…” Gustavo giggled, and opened his mouth into his purest creepy form, one he attacked with earlier in this book, having many jaws go out, and then persuaded them around Daniel, before biting down on the still and fearful Daniel.

Daniel suddenly woke in his bed, and looked around with guilt, embarrassment, and fear. He saw no windows in his room, no doors, and only everything else including his light. He was under the covers, yet extremely discomforted and shaky as he feared around.

“Hello Daniel.” – I stated to him. I was on the left side of the bed, my shades and ears peeked up to see Daniel scammer away as he looked to me.

“AH! Oh- Eighty-Three- please… I pray… please let me go… make me forget… I don’t care- I don’t need this! I don’t want this…” Daniel started to cry as he saw me get on the bed in a cat-like way, all my proportions normal.

“One last thing- then you are done.” I told happily and he breathed hard. He saw my legs form four bending triangles, sharp in skin, and ticklish in sound as they vibrated his mind and imagination. He saw my arms also form, in their back, four sharps, coming out like nightmare fuel. He saw my tail elongate, and swirl around to his neck, not choking him, but keeping him still. And finally, he saw my back-bending knees come into place after bone-snapping, and I stood as his worst visual he has every seen in front of him.

“Daniel… look into my eyes. I see yours, and I see a soul that is new and vibrant, ready to excel- but I need you to see mine and give me your opinion.” I asked of Daniel as he awed in horror to my slightly different form.

He shook his head slowly. “Leave me be, demon…” He shakily told, looking back to the Bible on his nightstand, slowly reaching over with tears in his eyes, and grabbing it with his right hand before bringing it back and showing it to my face.

I grabbed the Bible slowly and tossed it across and over the end of the bed, staring at him the entire time, locking his eyes to my shades. “Take off my shades, Daniel- and you will be done…”

“No… I…” Daniel started to say before closing his eyes and crying. He then opened them to me, still in my ‘crawling-over-him-position,’ and decided to use his left hand, raggedly and horribly going to take off my shades as he was cloth-less and cold.

He slowly took the shades off and watched my eyes. He saw big green eyes, like a cat, but with black cat pupils, just like Gustavo had. They shimmered with meaning, having screams and voices echo, and the room we stared at each other in now became dark with the sins crawling in. Daniel laid the shades down to his right as he looked to my eyes, calm and digestive with information, allowing help yet offering suffering to his innocent mind.

“No… no- get away from us all… you’re a monster- a fucking monster… you’re… (he cries and choke-cries,) you can’t justify it like that…” Daniel told as he heard the voices dwell in, as everything, including the bed, went to darkness- and we were left under the white light of a source non-existent now.

“Why not?” I asked Daniel and he continued to nod his head with tears.

“You…” He started to say, breathing in hard and fast, fearing for his life and so uncalm he was unable to move. His shock spiked through his soul, and he looked into my eyes with fear so much, that I decided to change it up a little bit. The sharp triangles coming out of my new form started to extend around me, coming after Daniel. They each extended perfectly with sharp points, two going into the eyes of Daniel, and two others into the forehead. Daniel did not scream nor cry, but watched my eyes, seeing memories in the reflection of their glow. He saw flashing images of me being tortured, and he cried.

“Stop…” He told as the sharp indents came- but after he said such, I let them thrust through his head quickly.

Daniel was no longer in that dream world. He laid dead and naked on the stone floor, his eyes and forehead cut like I just did. I was actually with Kioshi and Gustavo behind the glass panels, seeing the darkness tentacles go back into their corners and Daniel bleed out after death.

“What do you think, Kioshi?” Gustavo politely asked happily.

Kioshi just turned to see us both smiling. He nodded and then looked back.

***Jesus Christ comes again!***

“So, tell me Wilma- has Eighty-Three pushed off that ‘femboy’ style yet?” Cyclop asked not like you would think, but more polite and natural to how I think.

“No.” Wilma sadly, looking down as she walked to the pool with Cyclop.

“Aw… is Ryutyu good?” Cyclop then happily asked as he looked to the pool outside. It was calm and glowing with niceness, wanting to spread its blue waves.

“Yes. He just went running around the world though.” Wilma told Cyclop nicely.

“Hope he stays safe- nobody wants to get lost in the middle of the ocean.” Cyclop told Wilma funnily and she smiled and her ears flinger up entirely happy and high. “But- uh, Wilma- you look sad. Is something bothering you?”

“It is… my cocaine addiction. Every night I have been taking cocaine. I tell myself I can stop whenever I want. I can. I just do not permanently stop. I get bored. So I do it. Do you have any tips on how to stop entirely?” Wilma asked Cyclop after building up confidence with her nine tails flowing behind.

“Hm- an addiction is really hard to stop. I would respectfully state that the best ways are experimenting to find the best ways. We cyclops never really have addictions, but we understand entire species have fallen because of it. Some addictions are solved by inducing yourself in dire life consequences, like almost dying or losing a friend because of your addiction, or beforehand you can go slow, and each day make a new increasing limit on when or how you take cocaine. Or maybe check out a song and make it your stopping point where if you listen to it, you never try the addiction again. Just don’t think about the addiction at all, and sometimes that also helps.” Cyclop told Wilma with a worried tone.

Wilma nodded and agreed with his statements in her head. Cyclop looked into eyes and nodded at the promise that she looking out to the pool with a nod meant she understood. Wilma then spoke to Cyclop.

“I will try to stop doing cocaine at night… How are the other ████ boys?” Wilma asked Cyclop as he looked out to the pool himself.

“They’re good. The Nazi got better and is more indulged in Christianity now, and the robot is still a jokester, but getting better himself as well.” Cyclop told nodding.

Over to the kids and the two other Eighty-Three’s, along with Oliver who were in the four-way intersection meeting and greeting, Oyur and the Nazi got into a fight.

“Bro- why the fuck are there more than one nigga-ass Eighty-Threes? And why the fuck does this one look like a god-damn demon?” Stated Oyur as the Nazi was across his view, next to Angelica, who also wondered why he was red furred with horns and wore a black t-shirt with black pants and shoes.

“Because I was born that way-” The Nazi told back a little discomforted.

“Dead ass born a demon?!” – Oyur as Chinua and Ejnare talked away with Oliver.

“Dead ass is actually a Nazi.” – The robot as he came up from George to tell.

“DEAD ASS-WHAT!?” Oyur madly went off on the Nazi version.

“Yes, it is true. When Heru needed more people to kill the Eighty-Three around here, he got me because he thought I would probably be intimidating and have a strong spirit or some shit- and the robot, because he is annoying as fuck-” – Nazi me.

“Sure- but he also got two others which I think are currently dead or back in their universe.” The robot told Oyur as George was trying to talk to Ejnare.

“Man, ya’ll fucks getting weirder by the day! What’s next? A naked Eighty-Three using the power of dishwashers or something?” Oyur as he saw the robot blink.

“Wha-” The robot started before giggling on his screen with a yellow emoji.

“Bruh- what?” The Nazi laughed at Oyur, breaking down himself.

“Dishwashers- because he wears a green maid costume and shit- almost weirder than your bitch-ass to be honest.” – Oyur to them both, against the Nazi still.

“Oh yeah- he is a green cat boy-femboy- we got to see him.” The Nazi told Oyur and then the robot as he stood back up, and George and Angelica were now talking.

“Are you guys okay?” Oliver came over to ask and the Nazi nodded silently.

“No- why do you work with these shit-whacks?” Oyur madly asked further.

“It is a Christian’s job to minister and save anybody, and the Nazi here actually hates Nazis and is more of a Christian now than the robot here ever was.” Oliver smile and the Nazi laughed at the robot, who put an emoji of a crying yellow circle on his screen, playing a loud meme-like sound effect to induce the funny.

“I swear bro, I am not that bad.” The robot laughed along as Daniel, me, Kioshi, and Gustavo came out from the garage.

Daniel came furthest fastest to the group, giving his hand up with happiness in his eyes, and a joy in his spirits.

“Hey guys- and- people I’ve never met but look similar- just got regeneration abilities from Eighty-Three, so I guess that’ll be useful for future battle.” Daniel told happily to them all, not remembering how I tortured him one-bit.

“Cool.” – George yelled with friendship over to Daniel.

“Hm, yes, hello. My name is Eighty-Three, but from another universe, so you can just call me ‘The Demon,’ or ‘The Nazi,’ because I am a mix.” The Nazi told, giving his hand out to Daniel, who waved his tail as the demonic tail of the Nazi was low and not thrusting.

“Call him ‘The annoying,’ because he never stops complaining about stuff.” The robot version told, also giving his hand out to Daniel.

“My name is George- you already met me.” George came up and held out his hand for, laughing as Daniel also giggled, and then shook the other two’s hands.

“Hello, ‘The Annoying-Demon-Nazi.’” Daniel almost laughed at the Nazi.

“Excellent.” The robot laughed as the Nazi grumbled in Daniel’s face.

“And hello, Robot.” And they shook hands. “Has everyone here shooken hands or something- or is that just me?”

“We all mainly did.” George told, “And we met Cyclop too.”

“Oh, hey Cyclop- I’ve heard-” Daniel started as he walked over to the Cyclop, a little fearful but putting on a smile. Khenbish was not there the entire time.

“My name’s actually Oliver, but Cyclop is with Wilma currently.” Oliver told as he shook the hand of Daniel, and everybody watched.

“Oh, alright.” Daniel happily nodded. “So- what’s exactly going on?”

“Me and Cyclop just decided to visit… with the versions. He missed speaking to his first four alternate-universe, missioned-friends.” Oliver told Daniel and he nodded up to his height, which mostly intimidated Ejnare, Daniel, and Angelica.

“Oh.” Daniel nodded and the other got back to talking.

“Yes, but it is nice to know about you kids. Seeing Eighty-Three make new friends, especially Christian ones like Angelica and possibly spread the faith to ones like Ejnare over there, or one named ‘Khenbish’ I heard about, seems really good. And also- I heard you got regeneration from Eighty-Three- is he really a medical genius now?” Oliver intrigued upon for Daniel to get knowing.

“Yeah- and plus, he asks me if I want anything afterwards, and of course I don’t need anything, but he also allows us to just ask him for anything anytime, so I’m just excited to be around a guy who fixed not only my blindness but is really nice, unlike my doctor.” Daniel told Oliver, really happy for all that went on.

“Dang, you were blind? That’s must’ve been horrible.” Oliver carried on towards.

“Yes, but a lot of things were just like that. My friends came over casually, my doctor was in fraud situations, my parents never existed really- I was in a mix where I went to church, went home, listened to music, ate food, and enjoyed life without much work- but also wondered about it- and now I can do such! Recently, I just raked outside my yard- after Wilma made it messy for me.” Daniel told Oliver as he looked around.

“Nice. As Jesus always said- work is good for the soul.” Oliver nodded, before whipping around to see me rush out of there, spreading wind among the shirt of the Nazi.

“What just happened?” The Nazi asked, looking down the road and around as I was gone, and they all felt the wind.

“He just rushed off… maybe he heard something.” Gustavo told, whipping his ears up and not hearing much. “Oh wait- I hear Ryutyu- yeah, Ryutyu’s just came back, and is outside the portal.”

“Thank you for coming, Wilma.” I thanked Wilma as she came down over to the portal and opened it so Ryutyu could come back in.

“Did you explore every country as you stated you would?” Wilma asked Ryutyu.

“Nah mate- I ran over the shorelines though- and didn’t hit anybody, o’ great heavens.” Ryutyu told and Wilma created a map of the world by spinning her right hand at him, and a map spawned on his head, his ears poking some of the map, and he took it off with his right hand to see that it was instead text in full black reading perfectly, ‘Nuh-uh.’ “Really?” Ryutyu laughed at Wilma as she did to for a moment before seeing me just stare at her blankly behind my mask, but still with a smile, because a joker never stops smiling- did I really just say that? “I’m-a go for a run again- my legs feel good- wanna’ join?” Ryutyu asked, looking to me as I stared into his eyes now. Wilma nodded her head ‘no.’

“Yes.” I nodded and used the arms from under my dress to lift me up and shoot me over to his head as he turned away, the shield opened, and now I was piggy-back riding him, and he flashed away as Wilma closed the shield and a car drove by, but she left without a single care to it slowing down before still going by.

Wilma then started away, before suddenly her mind was now filled with holy images and Christ-like feelings. She started to feel weird yet glorious and happy, so she went near to the cause and found Jesus Christ with his two dictators he taught, currently knocking on the front door of my home.

“There’s that woman again!” Hitler pointed up, seeing behind as Wilma hovered down behind the three. Jesus was up front knocking whilst Stalin was pressing the doorbell of gold, before whipping around.

“Hello.” Wilma nodded to Hitler before seeing forth to the other two men. But as she said that George opened the door with his left eyebrow going up in darned confusion.

“Jesus?” George asked, a little fearful but extravagant with joy.

“Huh? What the hell!?” The Nazi stated, getting up from the couch and looking over to the men and Wilma.

“Ayo- it’s Jesus again.” Oyur stated to the Nazi as the rest of the kids looked up from their chairs and started to stand up.

“Wait- Jesus Christ just shows up casually to your door?” The robot asked, and Cyclop and Oliver were intrigued beyond his question which was directed to Angelica.

“He has been coming down lately- I think we’re disturbing his world more than we should…” Angelica worried, also getting up to walk over.

“Hello Wilma and hello all my children. I have come to visit and treat those in need, as the holy spirit has asked of me. I must also see Angelica and check up on my Israel, as I sense many amongst the universes have broken their etiquette in order to grab such a land.” Jesus Christ introduced as the two dictators were silent.

“Uh… is this guy real?” The robot joked to Chinua.

“I don’t think so- but I feel different around him.” Chinua whispered back warily.

“Indeed, I am, here to guide young ones like Chinua to order in the soul. I see Cyclop has made himself present as well, and I thank you cyclops for doing your best to maintain my laws through the universe.” Jesus stated, shaking hands with Cyclop and Oliver as the other two dictators came in.

“Why are Stalin and Hitler with you?” Oliver asked Jesus Christ.

“I have been trying to teach these two, but they fail in understanding the full truth of my everlasting glory.” Jesus told and Stalin spoke up.

“I understand your truth, but find a lot of holes in your ideas.” Stalin spoke to Jesus.

“I fill those holes and you don’t pay attention, nor care. Joking about sin is not a big sin, but a gradual one that leads to worse thoughts, and even the diversion of attention from the Lord to the Devil.” Jesus told Stalin, facing him as he turned around and everybody listened. Gustavo was also confused but still smiling.

“The Devil offers free Fortnight V-bucks though, so I think he’s quite cool myself.” Daniel told, and George laughed, as well as others like The Nazi and even a giggle from Ejnare. Not Angelica though, nor Kioshi, they just gave him the great stare.

“Indeed, but what about the ‘Israel?’” Oliver asked Jesus Christ. Angelica decided to come up to Oliver and show him the Israel from her left pocket, and Jesus nodded.

“Thank you, Angelica, for keeping thou safe. Keep your mind on it, and do not let it go. For if you are distracted, the demons will pluck you away, minute by minute.” Jesus told Angelica, and she got happy goosebumps from his words as she nodded.

“Yes, lord.” She smiled back as Cyclop looked around.

“Now, let us rejoice and mix ourselves but unite under me.” Jesus stated, and everybody smiled to his company.

“Uh, question- God- Jesus- have you heard about Eighty-Three?” Daniel asked Jesus, and he looked back with a confirmative look.

“I have.” – Jesus Christ.

“Well, he recently gave me regeneration and such- and I just wanted to know if you knew anything about him- maybe if he’s done anything whilst nobody was looking or something- because his lab feels really dark, and…” Daniel started to say and everybody mostly listened in.

“Mystery can give fear, but I am the lord, and there is nothing to fear when I am here. Show me what gives you these feelings.” Jesus asked of Daniel and he nodded.

Daniel went down with Gustavo and Jesus behind, seeing forth to Ryutyu’s normal room. He then looked around and saw nothing.

“I came from these stairs and up… and there was a dark lab here before, but I guess Eighty-Three turned it back into Ryutyu’s room…” Daniel told as the two dictators were up and away.

Jesus said not a word but went over to the light switch and flicked it off, hearing the ambience without noise a bit louder. Jesus waited, looking to the rug and the light, shining with silence, but something rumbled in the senses. Unexplainable tension occurred, and it felt filled with horror. Something was unable to lurk, it was constrained, and the silence was composed of darkness even though the room was filled with light.

“Do you… hear anything?” Daniel asked Jesus as nothing was big on sound.

“This room is misleading… It seeks freedom... I do not see the restraints, but I understand they are there… Gustavo, is there anything I should know about in these walls?” Jesus said, turning back to see Angelica coming down, grabbing Gustavo’s attention before Gustavo looked back.

“No?” Gustavo responded and Jesus lacked effort to comply with one word.

“Do not lie to me, for I know all, and with my current body, I will find out.” Jesus told Gustavo, and the peer pressure came onto Angelica as she closed eyes on the cat.

“Well…” Gustavo responded to Jesus. “Eighty-Three comes down here a lot with Ryutyu, to work out sometimes, but also just to do some of our business, which may take place up in his room or down here.” Gustavo responded to Jesus.

“Hm…” Daniel nodded and Jesus looked around.

“Angelica, let me assist you now.” Jesus told Angelica and they started walking up.

Above, Hitler was being harassed by Oyur, who also brought the two extra Eighty-Three’s into the equation.  
 “Hey Hitler- look at him- he’s a Nazi.” Oyur whispered smartly whilst pointing to the demon version of me, who looked a little disgusted at the point.

“I am not a Nazi.” The Nazi version, slash demon version told.

“Was, is what he means.” The robot told Hitler.

“Nazi or not, you look pathetic and too young to serve in my army.” Hitler snarked in anger at the Nazi version.

“Oh really, bitch? Your dead-ass, at least in my universe, dumbly triggered a world war with the United States of all countries, and tried fighting against Stalin’s army- in the winter. If I was general of Nazi Germany, I wouldn’t be such a fucking cuck about my plans and a dumb ass about how I execute them.” The Nazi told back to Hitler angrily.

“I AM NOT DUMB, DUMMKOPH! I HAVE RAISED GERMANY TO IT’S GREATEST EXTENT! AND I WILL NOT STOP AT ANY CHILDISH COMPLAINTS LIKE YOURS TO THROW AWAY WHAT I’VE CREATED!” Hitler almost yelled back at the Nazi.

“Created some bullshit- that’s what you’ve done.” Oyur told almost funnily.

“Hey guys, could we not talk to the man-” Oliver tried calming down.

“AND you- You American-” Hitler started to swell.

“Nah bruh- I’m an Indian-” – Oyur.

“Worse!” – Hitler.

“Hey, it’s not his fault you couldn’t just offer peace and prosperity to the world instead of going after the most persecuted and seemingly impossible race to destroy- AHEM, the Jewish.”

“Plus- you said that people with a blue eyes and blonde hair were the supreme race, and you yourself only have brown hair.” The robot spoke up.

“All of you-”

“That was extravagant, my friends. This should be a play, if I’ve ever wanted to create one. We could even call it, ‘The hypocrisy of Hitler’s ambitions.’” Stalin stated to them all, clapping with a laugh.

“I AM NOT A HYPOCRITE!” Hitler yelled at Stalin.

“You are a man who acts like a child.” Stalin smiled back at Hitler.

“HEURH- you commie!” Hitler stated, grabbing the chest of Stalin and lifting him up, and Stalin could only grin more.

“Hey, anybody gonna’ stop that?” Ejnare asked the room.

“Hitler, put Stalin down and relieve your hands of further sin.” Jesus told Hitler as he walked up with Angelica, Daniel, and Gustavo following behind.

Hitler mumbled and squinted at Jesus as he dropped Stalin to his laughing state.

“Do not laugh at him, Stalin, for he does not fully understand his own efforts. He does not seek meaning, and the only way we could possibly save him is by offering our full kindness to see if we break down the stonewall he built around his capital.” – Jesus.

“The Berlin wall? That wasn’t created back then…” The robot started to say.

“Jesus actually meant that the soul and mind of Hitler is enclosed behind dangerous and ambitious thoughts, which need excessive treatment in order to cure.” Cyclop stated nicely.

“Good luck with that, as those walls are made of more stubborn material than his tanks.” Stalin joked forth and gained no laughs. They were around the living room, standing about as everybody did not stare at the turned-off television.

“Nobody’s laughing bro.” Daniel laughed, and George also giggled. Jesus had no mind to the two laughing but decided to go over to the cross-armed Chinua who looked with a wide face and open mind to Jesus approaching.

“Do you want to be saved?” Jesus asked Chinua after everybody started to look over.

“Yes, but not by a… a uh… er…” Chinua started to embarrass as the cyclops looked to her. She was feeling a bit isolated, but the dictators just looked outside with another eye.

“Chinua, don’t be scared. It’s Jesus, and he can help you with anything you desire.” Cyclop told to Chinua as Wilma stood close to Kioshi and looked down on him staring.

“Do not fret or close yourself up, as I am the lord here to shed light on all the darkness. Tell me your worries and what you truly seek. I know your history, and I know how you feel. Just ask, and I will heal you.” Jesus asked of Chinua nicely.

“That sounds a lot like something Eighty-Three would say.” Daniel joked.

“Yeah- true- he do be like; ‘Hey yo bro, do you want anything? I can give you anything.’” George put on a voice that sounded somewhat like me.

“Hey, buddy- how do we really not you’re not some sort of shape-shifter or some shit?” Ejnare asked up in a defense to Jesus.

“You know my voice when I speak, you know my form when I show. I am here, with special guidance, and I show without lie.”

“Plus- you already saw him, Ejnare- whatcha’ mean he a shape-shifter, he already explained that stuff.” George told over to Ejnare who started breathing a little more.

“Yeah, yes, okay…” – Ejnare, stepping back and putting his head down.

“Ejnare and Chinua, I see a mist of fog encompassing your attitudes. You seek silence, as you can cover yourself up in the pleasure of thought, but you must remember that isolation is not of any way. Ejnare, you seek meaning deep down. You may shove me away, but you want peace and understanding more than anything. I see your feelings reside with what my daughter Angelica has taught, but your mind builds up a new and false wall every time you want to go back to when you had no information. And Chinua, I see your soul in light. You understand, for you have seen me, and you still seek the tradition- but I must tell that not all traditions should be kept. Some mislead and should be thrown away to the fire. Others are welcome, and others should be changed. For both you and Ejnare, I want to give you the steps. Seek my faith, see to my word, for I am the word, and I am the shepherd. I am here to guide, and soon I will rule with certainty, and I give life to those who meditate upon me. Focus on the day and remove yourself from the future, as the day gives enough of a problem.” Jesus told long-like.

“Damn- Jesus, you gonna’ connect this to the ‘Khenbush-missing’ problem by any chance?” George asked and Jesus turned around to George, seeing with worried eyes.

“I sense great fear in your, Chinua, but do not fear. Your sister will be found under my father’s eyes, and he will tell of where she is soon, as all things come to an answer with me.” Jesus told as Chinua nodded.

“Bruh- imagine having to wait.” – Daniel as George and Oyur giggled.

“Jesus, you should take a look outside.” Stalin pointed to as Hitler mumbled profusely. George was about to start to say something as Stalin and Hitler were pointed outside the window to Shellia being naked, and the two dictators were confused and worried.

Everybody looked over and instantly Angelica and Kioshi felt bad. “Oh- that’s Shellia…” Daniel called over as Jesus walked up to the door, Stalin tried opening it normally, and Jesus took the lock, turned it vertically, then opened it after Stalin tried confusedly eight times before allowing the Lord to do his good work.

“Uh… I don’t think uh…” George started to say before looking around to Cyclop.

“Why is she outside naked?” Cyclop asked George.

“I dunno’.” George shrugged as Daniel did too, and Oliver was also confused.

“Ew…” – The Nazi version of me.

“She uses photosynthesis to feed her energy. Her nudeness makes her more prone to sunlight for an advantage she never thought about.” Wilma told after they all started to go silent and whisper to each other as Jesus exited out to contact Shellia in a beach chair.

“Jesus is gonna’ say something about nudity, isn’t he…” Ejnare told to Chinua sadly.

“You should probably listen to what he has to say…” Angelica told Ejnare.

“No- I’ll say it here for anybody who doesn’t have context- I don’t know why, but I can’t find reasons in my mind on why nudity is wrong.” Ejnare spoke to all of them.

“Bruh what?” – Daniel immediately funnily-offended.

“Um… bro?” – George.

“What is bro talking about?” – The robot.

“Ejnigga- whatcha’ talkin’ about?” Oyur asked, and George laughed afterwards.

“Ej… bruh…” George laughed hard and Daniel followed as Chinua also giggled.

“Why is it wrong? Huh?” Ejnare spoke back with a little furiosness.

“We should go listen to what Christ has to say- because he’s probably about to answer that.” Oliver pitched in quickly, and all the kids followed with their whispers.

Outside, Jesus came to the right side of Shellia and stood a daring shadow over her, and Shellia with her eyes closed, opened them and twitched her ears suddenly in fear to Jesus, Hitler, Stalin, and everybody else coming out.

“Yo- Shellia- we gonna’ inspect your weird hobby now.” George loudly spoke as he bounced over, and Daniel followed respectively.

“Shellia, my musician to all ears, why have you taken off your garments?” Jesus asked.

“Uh… um… I… Eighty-Three helped me… it helps with giving me more energy, and happiness… and… uh… it…” Shellia started to stutter behind her mask.

“Bro, when did women gets rights to speech?” The robot whispered to Chinua, before laughing a little, and the Nazi also smirked.

“Is this the future?!” Hitler asked with anger.

“I don’t think we should be crowding her, it’s probably making her feel way too embarrassed and stressed.” Angelica spoke and Cyclop nodded with Oliver.

“True.” – Daniel as he listened to Angelica.

“Ejnare and Chinua… this is a lesson I must teach you all. It is the lesson of possibilities. There is no sin in being nude. It calls for freedom. But that freedom can be twisted and altered. Nudity can lead to thoughts of sin, as it increasing freedom, it increases independence, and the demons will manipulate that towards an increased attitude for selfishness and unartfulness. The missing of care also thrives in nudity, and the etiquette of man loses its fine taste. Seek a foundation against what can be turned, as the devil will do his best to slowly drag it down from its good roots.” Jesus spoke to all, turning back to Shellia and Ejnare a few times.

“Yeah- Ejnigga.” Oyur laughed with George and Daniel, and the other two versions.

“Please don’t call me that.” Ejnigga told back.

“I don’t know why- but Oyur is the only person I can laugh at who says racist jokes.” Chinua whispered to Ejnare, who was sighing back at her.

“Hey Jesus- isn’t racism NOT funny?” Ejnare asked of Jesus.

“Indeed. As I have stated so many times, joking about sin only increases the sin. And thou are all made equal, there shall be no slavery where I step.” Jesus told, looking back to Shellia, who had her ears down in sadness and a wide blush. “Shellia, do not embarrass yourself over this, for you did not know. I built your kind like leaves from a tree, thriving when alive with music for all, and dying wealthy when close to death. This is a scheme of misleading nature that this supposed man has put upon you. If any of you can, please speak to Eighty-Three about my lessons, for I fear he may need it the most.” – Jesus.

“Definitely- man’s a literal femboy by the way.” – Daniel.

“True- and is that against the Bible?” – George rhetorically stated.

“A man shall not wear a woman’s clothing, nor a woman wear a man’s. The two genders ever created, man and woman, are different but equal. The meaning may range from different works, but they keep the kingdom of God in a well status.” Jesus told.

“There goes my April-fools joke.” The Nazi nudged George, and he laughed.

“Could somebody now get Shellia some clothes. The cold ambience will sneak up on her if she does not gain warmth.” Jesus told to the entirety of the crowd.

“I will give her clothes.” Wilma raised her hand, and Shellia got her dress back, and she sighed with relief, closing her eyes with slight tears.

“Thank you, Wilma.” – Jesus as he reentered the home. “Now, help me with a party. I shall make food and enjoy this stay, for you all have been without violence.”

“Damn… Jesus does things so quickly and well…” Daniel told Angelica.

“I’m surprised he didn’t talk about cussing by any means…” Angelica laughed a little.

“Hey Jesus- what do you think of bad words?” Daniel shouted over to the lord.

“Do not use vulgar language. My laws are universal to all languages.” – Jesus.

“Yeah… but… eh…” – Daniel.

“Oh- yeah- Jesus, can you tell us about the universal code of the universe and multiverse? I think Wilma would enjoy knowing stuff about it.” Oliver asked as Wilma was behind Jesus.

“That is part of the physics I have created. The code of the universe is there like DNA, strands of infinite amounts, but differences creating all. Each universe has these different strands, but none have the same, and the multiverse is the body, which holds all these strands together. I am God and I have created the multiverse for an angel’s request of mine, sending a single son of God to each universe to save it, or understand it is already lost.” – Jesus as he went over to my fridge and pulled out ingredients to make a sandwich.

“Can people like me use it?” Wilma asked after helping Jesus with the turkey sandwiches.

“You seek justice, Wilma. But justice will come whether you have power or not. There are beings who are strong in that way, but they are rare and already on my side.” Jesus told.

“Yeah Wilma.” The Red Glitch stated from her sandwich, his face literally on it before disappearing and Wilma nodded to the sandwich.

“Wilma, can you answer me on a question truthfully?” Jesus asked Wilma, looking to her eyes as she nodded back with worry in her eyebrows, “Are you hiding something? I asked Gustavo, and I feel an essence of mystery. I must ask you, for maybe you can shed me some light on what may be happening beyond my knowledge of my human form.”

“I… have a room hidden in the walls where I store cocaine. I take cocaine whenever I am alone or bored. I go there and spend nights sometimes.” Wilma spoke on, sadly.

“Oh… do not fret, as if you keep what Cyclop taught, you will find yourself on a mission to stop it. The best I must offer is my word. Listen to it, and your answers will come forth. Specially, an addiction is a hard case that splits a soul like the red sea. You must find a distraction of good from the distraction of bad. Reading the Bible is always good but going out and ministering is even better if you gain my insights. Thou shall also keep in mind that there shall be no lies nor hypocrisy. There are events that take precise noting, and thou shall find their way out of a sin if done correctly.” Jesus told Wilma, and she nodded with happiness as Stalin and Hitler walked by, looking at the sandwiches.

So, Jesus and Wilma started to create sandwiches as everybody else sat down and discussed stuff. Ejnare and Chinua and Shellia and Gustavo were the main sources of weirdness and discomfort, as they sought different ideals than everybody else.

But the Nazi version of me and the robot version were keen on something else. They were in a mood to explore and decided to walk past the naturally making sandwich producers, and towards my room.

“Let us rate our other-version’s room.” The Nazi told the robot as he clanked away. Hitler and Stalin came around the corner and watched the two, creeping up and around.

“Sure.” The robot nodded as they walked to my room and opened the door.

“What is this dummkopf doing?” Hitler asked, going to the other corner. When the robot opened the door, Hitler and Stalin saw with weirdness that the bed sheets were now textured with a large image of the three-headed Jesus.

Hitler paced into the wall and screamed at it, pointing before running off, and alerting the two as they looked with confusion to now the laughing Stalin.

“The three-headed you! The three-headed you! It’s back!” Hitler yelled at Jesus. Wilma was very confused, and everybody started to look over.

“Oh- you should go see it, Wilma.” Jesus smiled with a slight laugh of his own.

Wilma nodded in confusion and went over to my room to find the bedsheets now the image. She was confused and looked to Stalin still laughing almost with tears in his eyes.

“Oh, he’s such-” – Stalin said as he brought his chest up and his hands back into place.

“Okay.” Wilma interrupted, staring him dead in the face with wide eyes for two seconds, before he looked with a raised right eyebrow to her, and then Wilma laughed. “I can read your mind. Sorry for the interruption.” She paced out, brushing her nine tails against air.

But as she was leaving, and George and Daniel came around to see why Hitler was screaming, Wilma saw at the corner of her eye, in the left pillar of my entrance hallway, a little ball rolled up, and she looked to it.

Wilma instantly shoved her hand up to it, and as the ball started to fly towards her and into her hands, suddenly a portal, blue and outlined, opened right in front of the front door, inside, and let out a raid of Steel Terrorists. Instant Humanitor too, and rainbow guns shot around.

Jesus stopped as Hitler bounced back with George and Daniel, and Jesus stepped forth to see the mass suddenly stop their boots and paused their path as he stood as a threshold to the kitchen and living room where Cyclop courageously watched with Oliver.

The other Steel Terrorists went up and grabbed the body of Wilma and drug her away, but not the body of Stalin who was also shot dead, nor did they inspect the door closing of my room due to the Nazi and Robot hiding. They grabbed the Chinese ball and her body, dragging back into their portal that led to random plains endless to the horizon. After a stare off with Jesus, the Steel Terrorists turned around and fell back and away. No words, just the shots scaring and peeping Angelica and Chinua as they scarily looked over the couch they now hid behind. Ejnare and Oyur were also intrigued, and Shellia was shaking.

The Steel Terrorists then closed the portal, and Jesus turned back to all the kids.

“Hitler and Stalin, cometh with me. God has given me a message to go quickly. To the rest, I am sorry for my shortcoming. Keep yourself safe, for chaos will rain. And Angelica, my daughter, keep the Israel safe. Do not let a second go by before the timer hits its point. The precision is needed, for the worst will happen if done otherwise…” Jesus spoke, made a portal of yellow oval, and made Stalin come back to life and fly over to the portal and down into space with no vacuum of air coming from it.

Everybody else started to creep out and look towards the front place. Nothing was left now of the event, just the normal place but now without Wilma and the Chinese ball.

“Do you guys still have the finder machine I gave you?” Oliver asked as everybody was in silence, looking around with a slight fear to the lord now in a different place.

“I will go grab it quickly.” – Gustavo, and he rushed away to my room.

***Now we must catch Wilma.***

Me and Ryutyu rushed into the open front door, and came forth to Oliver and Cyclop opening a portal to a rainbow dimension filled with broken Big-Ben clocks from England flying like slow islands in any direction. There was also trains crashed into these Big Ben clocks, and below one came thrusting its ambient mass to all who hovered around. Ryutyu was sweaty and I still had my mask on, granting everyone an eye to us.

“Ah!” Angelica sounded, and every kid looked in shock as Ryutyu speeded into the entrance as I sat around his head and looked down.

“What is going on yo?” Ryutyu asked as everybody looked to our speed.

“Hey Ryutyu and Eighty-Three, Wilma just got attacked by the Steel Terrorists and Jesus just left for something else.” Cyclop started to sentence with everybody else around.

“Yeah, Jesus just left and you missed him!” Daniel cried out funnily.

“And now we got to go resuce Wilma presumably.” - Cyclop nicely.

“Damn Steel Terrorists- also, remember that if a Humanitor was active, your victims are now loose in that room...” My mind told as nobody could hear inside.

“Damn, the most O-P person around here now needs a rescue.” George whispered to Angelica as Chinua and Ejnare looked down to the rainbow liquid atmosphere.

“You guys ready?” Oliver asked me and Ryutyu, as Ryutyu panted hard.

“Ya’ lad.” Ryutyu, as he looked to me nodding, and he jumped in first.

Ryutyu landed on the Big Ben, and I got up to stand on his head, looking around as it seemed the horizons were filled with this random pattern. Oliver, holding the machine, and Cyclop, holding his rainbow pen, jumped down, landing nicely as they saw me stand on Ryutyu, along with George also floating down.

“YoOOOoooOOooOOOOo, this universe looks as colorful as my eyes, BrOooOooOOOoOOoOo.” George sang as the portal above closed.

“Indeed.” - Me, seeing nothing of greatness around immediately to the scene. “Do you hear that Ryutyu? The stamping- they are below us.”

“Wha- oh- the Steel Terrorists are below ya’ll I think.” Ryutyu spoke, as only our great ears could hear far. Ryutyu let his sweat run off and felt the breeze of good air upon his hair.

“Dang- furries finally become useful and amuuuuseful.” George sang and whispered to himself, as Cyclop and Oliver also steadily got their red pens out and let the machine stay.

“Do you hear Wilma down there?” Cyclop asked of the two as they crept around the Big Ben to see the side was empty, but below, whence Oliver listened close, he heard a little running around and some baggy guns being thrown around.

“Of course, but only her blood. The rest is just boots and metallic bonds jiggling...” I told, as Oliver looked around.

“So where do we come from?” He whispered back to us as we waited.

“Come around- me and Oliver will be distractions, Ryutyu, you and Eighty-Three should rush in to grab Wilma, and George, you should use your powers.” Cyclop told us.

“Alrighty.” - Me.

“Okay.” George told himself, and he started to jump and hover down. As Cyclop and Oliver also jumped down in the low gravity, Ryutyu started to rush around.

George got down first with his eyes glowing, ready to form rainbow spikes, right before he saw the Steel Terrorists aiming a giant AK-47 already at him, the bullet hole widened beyond his hopes and already having a fire in the darkness, which exalted quickly into him, blasting him with a rainbow energy laser back into this universe’s beyond. Oliver and Cyclop watched George get blasted in a single second, suddenly making the silence manuever to a sound more horrible than of a gun shot, and seeing him go far away, somehow missing hundreds of Big Bens and crashing into one five horizons away without sound transporting over.

Me and Ryutyu rushed around the wall and came directly to the center of the Steel Terrorists, where Ryutyu grabbed Wilma’s back, stabbed with five rainbow knives, and then rushed away, grabbing the attention of the Steel Terrorists quite quickly. They decided to intrude onto Oliver and Cyclop, shooting at them. The cyclops bros had already shot red pens, found it useless, and then grabbed their yellow pens and blocked as the forces made them fumble back to open space.

Ryutyu then dropped Wilma’s body on top of the tilted Big Ben, and rushed around to ram into a Steel Terrorists, bringing him under his boots as he pushed him out to the space behind the group before using him as a jump pad to get me and himself back onto the bottom of the Big Ben, where the mass allowed us to stay close to it. There, I still stood on Ryutyu’s head as he rushed into another Steel Terrorist and bounced them back to space as well. The giant AK-47 was still in place, hard to the Big Ben, and a few tried grabbing and holding onto it before Ryutyu scrubbed them off.

Ryutyu started to this will all seventeen of them, before I got off and went after one, trying to form by hands into spikes and shove it into their goggles. Their indestructible masks defied my physics as I was on the floating and rotating terrorist, and I tried putting my right hand out to anotehr Steel Terrorist, trying to bring the darkness from him, but failed.

“Are the Steel Terrorists even physical?” My mind joked as I tried forming my arms into darkness drills and mining into the chest as the guy got his gun ready to my head.

I once again saw they were impeccable, and tilted the gun up to not shoot my head with a rainbow bullet, before struggling to move the gun to the Steel Terrorists head. I tried handling the gun before some others floating started to aim at me, so I jumped away from the strong terroritst, and dodged bullets, making a darkness string from the light color of the Big Ben, turning a little dot of an inch white, before being pulled back to where Ryutyu was kicking off Steel Terrorists who tried shooting around at him.

“Let us use their giant AK-47 to see if that damages them.” I told as Cyclop and Oliver behind shielded themselves and used their rainbow pens to shoot pellets of rainbow-ness out and see if they hurted the flying and inhumanely-twisting Steel Terrrorists that moved at natural speeds unlike me and Ryutyu.

Ryutyu nodded to my sentence, and quickly aimed it at one coming back, before pulling the big trigger with a lean back of his entire body, shooting forth a laser at the Steel Terrorist, who afterwards and a single millisecond beforehand, was shown to have created with his right hand a rainbow sphere around himself that blocked the attack.

Then the Steel Terrorists started to enact a policy of forming many hands in their backs and forming many guns. They started to whip around at speeds comparable to Ryutyu and I now, and started shooting many rainbow bullets around, ultimately killing Cyclop and Oliver in a second, and making me get onto Ryutyu’s back and watch back as he jumped from the Big Ben onto another and took cover for a second before having to run again.

“Damn particle-users, always being better.” I giggled a little as Ryutyu jumped back for Wilma’s body, and then started to jump from Big Ben to Big Ben and grab the other bodies, before going after George.

“Uh- ya’-ya’, we need to get George and go...” Ryutyu told quickly as he dodged bullets by leaping, and the Steel Terrorists had a red glitch effect stopping them from going faster or making the future Big Bens dissipate.

“Thanks, Red Glitch, for helping.” I shouted as I saw the Red Glitch.

Ryutyu kept leaping and running around, bouncing off broken Big Ben bricks and parts, and grabbing some to block the rain of bullets from the millions of hands the Steel Terrorists tried creating before the Red Glitch made some of their arms disappear with his effect only remaining.

The scene was very fast and very decisive, as Ryutyu had his ears lifted to each gun shot, and sometimes moved his spine weirdly to barely miss a bullet. Soon we came across George’s dust though, as his body was perished, but his rainbow dust remained. Ryutyu went up and allowed me to grab just a spec, before we left away. I, with hands under my dress holding the corpses and using them to block some bullets, got a pen from Cyclop and used it quickly to advert ourselves back to my living room, before closing it on the Steel Terrorists. Nobody was in the living room, but Shellia was outside.

We rammed into the couches, and I allowed my arms to set the corpses nicely down as the couch fell back and Ryutyu let himself go with happiness.  
“Oh- yeah- lad- that was... daringly sparce of the situation to allow me such a great effort against such a great force...” Ryutyu told in a British accent, as I used my right hand to now rub his head and he gained more happiness than relief.

“Yes, Ryutyu, that was amazing. And thank you, Red Glitch, for allowing such a great chase... but now can we get a universe reset please.” I told inside my own home. The Red Glitch did not answer, and I looked back upon the bodies as Shellia came up to the window and looked, grabbing Ryutyu’s attention.

“Damn lad... what do we do then?” Ryutyu asked and I too did not know.

“Well, rainbow bullets kill with abnormal properties, as stated in Oliver’s physics book, so I must say that reviving them all will be a unique process. We must either ask the Computer to make a game with the reward being their revival, ask the Red Glitch nicely again, ask maybe Jesus to come down when I am not around and revive them since he exists when I am not around, or get a machine possibly, or reset the universe.” I told Ryutyu and he nodded, his tail fluffing slower as he was gaining sadness.

Ryutyu then nodded and grabbed the bullets out of their bodies, having a handful of thirty-nine fully. He then put them on the couch’s left side and allowed me to look back to Shellia, who was at the door. I let her in, and she looked at them with fear.

“Geez...” She sighed sadly.

“Let me go do something real quick- I have an idea that may cause the universe to reset.” I told them both suddenly, before darting out with my darkness.

Ryutyu and Shellia then looked to each other with confusion.

“I dunno’ what he gon’ do, but if it work, that’ll be grand.” - Ryutyu.

“Yes, but can’t he just reform them- or is-” - Shellia.

“Nah, these are rainbow bullets. They kill and that’s it. No revival, they got weird physics or something...” - Ryutyu.

“Well... uh...” Shellia started to say, before she cut her dramatic sentence and looked around to the white fading in.

“Eh! Eighty-Three found a way!” - Ryutyu happily as all reset.

***School Invasion.***

“This feel too good...” Ryutyu smiled as his eyes were closed in the warm water.

I had Ryutyu in an oasis of wealthy smells. He sat with half of his chest out of the deluxe ocean blue water, sitting in the calmness as ahead of him, in the round-square-shaped pond, were little faucets raining down from a tree’s leaf, coming up a translucent pipe that went up a tree and then ended as the leaf came to be big and green, and allowed the slow and little drops of water to somewhat pour into the calm lake slash pond slash pool.

I had Ryutyu mesmerized in his mind by the smells of wet earth and green olive oil. I lifted a glass jar, unlidded and filled with a blue liquid, which he smelled happily and wiggled his tail just a little as it was around me. The smell was extravagantly mystic and cosmic, pursuing stars of blue and lakes of purple into the skies that Ryutyu thought of.

“This is orris, one of the very rarest smells on Earth itself...” I whispered into Ryutyu’s ear as he slouched further, his right arm around my neck as I sat to him.

“My god, oh great heavens, these smells are amazing and so luxurious... I cannot further describe my happiness for what ya’ given me, Eighty-Three...” Ryutyu smiled as he shook a little from the smell, jittering with joy.

“Thank you...” I said happily, before slowly massaging his shoulder bones, and he shriveled with a grin as his eyes opened to see me.

“Eighty-Three...” Ryutyu started to say, and I poked my ears up to listen to his voice, “Ya’ have a great imagination, right?”

“Yes?” I asked back, a little smart and excited to hear what he had in mind.

“Well, could ya’ make a better smell then? Like, one more intriguing that thy orris? I’m just really curious and all...” Ryutyu asked, as my tail was leveraged onto his right shoulder.

“Of course, my un-allergic friend.” I smiled and laughed at, then continuing to close the jar in darkness and then reveal it to a green liquid and put it up to his nose. He smelled the jar locally with delight, and extreme boosts in his nose flickered as the invisible fumes funneled to his mind and exploded it with colors beyond his own thought.

“Oh- oh- damn, yeah- ooh...” Ryutyu suddenly clenched, jiggling his bones as he could not intake the greatness of what I just offered him. “Damn yeah... ooh... that’s strong...”

“As strong as you, Ryutyu.” I told back in my mask and shades, and he nodded.

“Dang... like mate, my eyes feel like watering, but at the same time they can’t... that is a perplexing taste of etiquette and emotion, Eighty-Three. What is thy made of?” Ryutyu switched accents as his tail splashed around from his slight seizure of smell.

“Me.” I laughed and he sniffed me, his ears flocking up with joy.

“Oh- damn- you do smell like that, but much, much, much-much less exotic in form, if I can even say.” Ryutyu told as he put both hands in the water to a crawl position. I just smiled. “So, uh- what did ya’ see about Khenbush in thy school? What was she doing all the way over there? Or was she a slug or something?” Ryutyu asked as he sat back down.

“I saw Khenbush, but as I stated, she got shot by the Steel Terrorists as soon as they came around the corner and started rushing after me as I entered. I do not know what she was doing, but I do know she was there, looking around at first, not seeing me, before she got shot and stamped over by the Steel Terrorists, none seemingly trying to retrieve her body like they did with Wilma...” I lied to Ryutyu. “Nice one- nice lie.” The voices in my head complemented, and I could only smile more and more.

“Hm- ight. Sorry for not listening, I was with Daniel playing ice pong before ya’ made the portal.” Ryutyu told, looking around the smooth oasis with a scent of blue as the leaves kept pouring and the bushes around were sacred. I simply nodded.

At the school, it was much different. Everyone looked around, scared and frightened almost. Angelica sat in a classroom, silent and without a body, looking around as the lights were on, and her mind was focused on the Israel she had in front of herself. She could only stare it, and listen to the clock tick away, closing in on 2:00 P.M.

Kioshi was above, with a telescope, looking around the building as he walked on the rim, seeing no Khenbush around, but rather dozens of corpses shot. George looked around with Daniel, Oyur, and Chinua, seeing forth to many corpses on the school floor as well. They all crammed themselves together, like a pack ready for action. Daniel had himself a pistol, Chinua her minigun, and Oyur a literal pistol as well, but a knife in his pocket. George was also ready with his eyes darting around, and his eyebrows worried.

They saw that blood decked the halls and all of it led to an ambush of fear. There were no boots around, but rather the search amongst each body to see if one was maybe even considerably Khenbush by any chance.

Ejnare was with his sniper rifle, outside of Angelica’s door, looking around with impatience as he disliked the silence of it all. There was no portal outside, but rather the incoming whispers from the crew elsewhere. He also was fearful of the crimson across the walls.

Suddenly, in the tennis court, Miss Opium came through a square, red-outlined portal, with Heru and the Computer behind. She came forth with Armenian balls equipped with black AK-47’s for their size. She had a stern face and looked around viciously as the scene was slaughtered inside, and she saw blood on the windows.

“I don’t know why the kids are here alone, but go ahead.” The computer told behind Miss Opium as Heru frowned and walked back to his planning table.

The Armenian balls also pushed in a Humanitor and a natural shield machine, making the encompass sphere block all outsiders with its half-translucent and half-transparent yellow. Miss Opium used her metallic tentacles to crawl forth to the door and swung it open, using a portal gun of her own to open portals for her countryballs. Big and wide, yellow-outlined portals came from it and showed carriers opening their metallic doors of cleanliness to rough balls of hard sunless attitudes. Up first were the Kenya balls mixed with Belarussian balls, as well as another in the gym opening to Irish balls with Bolivian balls. Their size was still made up by their land mass, but their guns were all the same. A few American balls lead these groups out to jump, and station themselves ready for more.

“Clear.” Miss Opium told a nearby Armenian ball holding a radio, which started to command against the matter in its own Christian language.

Kioshi from above saw more portals coming in with different nations, and quickly escaped back to the middle of the school roof so he could not be easily seen. All the way out to the end of the shield, which was the beginning of the dirt track, came these portals, and all around they also spawned, swarming in country balls and getting ready to attack.

Kioshi turned on his bee phone from his pocket and started a group call. All the kids were alerted, and George was first to pick up.

“Oh, my powers are gone.” He stated, before seven seconds later, the phone rung.

“Oh damn…” Daniel stated with excitement as he could hear the rumbling outside.

George picked up his phone to hear Kioshi’s voice.

“The countryball army is all here.” He told, before hanging up, and everybody, including Ejnare and Angelica which had their own phones handled, heard and started to make their way to the circle place and get up the ladder of metallic blue created by George.

“That ladder George created was really thoughtful and helpful…” Chinua stated in her mind as Daniel came first, wagging his tail quickly and his ears shot up.

Angelica though, turned off her phone, and sat down silent, looking to the Israel. She did not move but knew everybody else had. She did not look either way, but stared to it, and then to the clock. The time was there- it was near. She knew she had two options, but the time was near, and a few seconds could never hurt.

Kioshi looked upon all as they came up and viewed around, seeing the entire school brimmed with different nations of all sizes, ready to attack, and none seeing to where they were. Kioshi’s face did not change though, for he was a sociopath.

“What are we gonna’ do?” Chinua asked a little stressed as everybody else looked up to see the shields and knew they were fucked.

“Entrench ourselves, as cover is most likely going to save us at the very most. But mainly, I think we’re fucked.” George told back, worried for them all.

“Where’s Angelica?” Daniel asked, looking around.

Angelica sat still in her room, her fingers tapping on the desk, and her mouth widened as she stared to the clock. Only a minute left, not even- twenty-one seconds. She saw the red ticks on the black screen in the rectangle on the clock and looked eagerly to it. Her menacing stare had no effect on the clock, but it was still broken by the phone she had laid on the desk, and her tail sprung up with fear.

“Angelica, get out of there- we’re surrounding and need to bunker ourselves.” Daniel told in shame and stress on a face camera as he used his phone to call her, and she answered.

“Uh- uh- yes, I’ll be there!” Angelica stressfully decided stated, before turning off the call and almost whimpering or complaining to herself. She saw just a mere fifteen seconds left, and from the speed of speech and movement, she got up without a large breath, grabbed her phone and put it in her pocket, and grabbed the Israel and went over to the teacher’s desk, put the Israel safely in a drawer, and rushed without a mind.

Angelica opened the door and closed it immediately, running quickly away. But the minute she turned the corner to run to another, the other door of the room opened. The door opened to reveal from the other side a Steel Terrorist, having his AK-47 held by his right hand as he lightly tapped the floor and bounced like a cartoon over to the cabinet, found the Israel, slow and deceivingly, before staring at it, and then taking it quickly like a cat, and running out the door he came from.

The Steel Terrorist ran down the other classroom and to the hall, where he started his quick journey towards the gym, uncaring for the bodies he stomped over.

But the clock- it did not change time. It came, 2:00 P.M., and the bell had no ring, as there was none needed. The door opened without a creak, rather smoothly and faintly, the one Angelica ran from, and from it was Jesus, staring to the room where the Israel was missing, and so was she. Jesus was now stern in his own face, and all was about to change.

As the Steel Terrorist came to the gym, he directly went down to exit through towards where Miss Opium, and a few Algerian and Armenian balls were, who looked to the personnel as the terrorist simply just passed them.

“Hey- hold on- who’s that?” An Armenian ball asked Miss Opium as she stared to the Steel Terrorist, who did not mind them, until he reached the door, looked back, before looking back to the door to now see Jesus across and outside.

Jesus kneeled down quickly, picked up the middle of the door, made it go through the ceiling as he brought it high with his hands, and shot it down to the floor as the Steel Terrorist had no reaction time to Jesus doing it rather quickly and as he looked back. The bar hit the floor, uncaring of the roof, and scattered the physics of the universe.

The Steel Terrorist was pounded back with a force stronger than holiness, and the bar cracked space as it hit the floor. From space came a dimension of rainbow-ness as we just had seen when saving Wilma. The floor started to crack like glass or the Earth when a ravine was being created, putting forth the illusion of actual land to step on. Suddenly, it stopped where the shield began its turn into the ground and went up. The rainbow dimension was now showing greatly, swirling, and mixing with colors all over as countryballs landed and fell onto giant meat balls, brown and juicy, confusing and weird. Kioshi watched with his two eyes, ready for anything, but not the speed of a certain crack that dwelled right up to his feet and exploded with an electric spark, shattering dimensions behind them so instead of the natural occurring world, now there was the infinite rainbow dimension and glass-like pieces falling to the ten-percent translucent bottom, eighteen meatball levels down. The meatballs also twirled in random directions, some crashing into each other, but assisted many with something to stand on, or grab to, and the meatballs usually made sure there was no clear opening to fall directly down to the translucent floor, which had behind it more rainbow-ness to the horizon.

Jesus formed, as the bar damaged, a train in which he stood on, white and like the one he fought Heru with, in which is blasted off towards the foul Steel Terrorist, and other trains started to come into reality by slowly becoming more un-transparent, and they too shifted with Jesus into a wider range of objects so the Steel Terrorist would have less options.

The countryballs fell with screamers and yellers, just like the kids, whose shock and panic exalted as they saw Kioshi go, Ejnare wide eyed in his senses, Angelica start crying, and Jesus start to ram after the Steel Terrorist, that was coming across their view.

“It’s all my fault!” Angelica cried out as the roof of the school, started collapsing into a meatball they all stood on, and the colors changed like it was normal.

“What the-” Ejnare started to say as he saw Kioshi be flung back without a second to change his stance, he was literally gone to the horizon with speed in a mere second.

“Wha-what’s going on!?” Daniel asked, worried for Angelica quite quickly.

“Don’t tell me you left the Israel!!!” George stated to Angelica, stressing.

“I did! I thought it was safer in a teacher’s desk!” Angelica whimpered as tears started to form in her eyes, and more train started to form, going through the meatballs and busting them open almost in a satisfying way to all who could see or focus on it.

“Oh, girl- really?!” – George, still stressing as Ejnare looked back and started to take shots.

“Angelica- you should’ve just brought it up here!” – Daniel told warily.

“Holy shit…” – Chinua in a whisper to herself as she started revving up her minigun.

“I’m sorry!!!” Angelica cried out as she knelt down and faced tears from her eyes.

“I’m jumping.” Chinua told, jumping from the meat ball onto another coming up, and letting her revved gun up intimidate some incoming countryballs.

“Low gravity…” Daniel thought in his mind, seeing Chinua hover more than usually.

Daniel also lifted himself away with his nice shoes, and George did the same after a dropping a gun in his place. Angelica looked to the gun and then down again as Ejnare shot near her sad ears.

“Come on, Angelica- if this is what that Israel thing meant, then you gotta’ fix it…” Ejnare stated, getting up and grabbing Angelica by her back before jumping off to another meatball, as the low gravity worked in their favor.

The Steel Terrorist was more in a sequence of pain though, as he formed a portal of red-outlining, but the Red Glitch effect was over the portal, and led to a whirlwind, the inside of a miniature hurricane of red mist and purple fatigue, showing forth to a stone bottom with a crash inevitably leading to death, or whatever the Steel Terrorist did not want- so as the personnel saw down, holding the Israel tightly, seeing around him the revolving winds, and then shifted his body around to see Jesus coming down through the massive portal on his train, and more trains speeding in, and now getting to the winds of the storm and swirling faster around the Steel Terrorist, he looked down and spun his or her left hand, and created a portal as massive as the last one, shooting the Israel through, as his back made an arm and a gun, and as he came through the shield, a meatball collided with him, and sent him away with his acceleration as the Israel went down and landed in a countryball zone fighting off again Daniel.

Daniel was crawling behind the floating-up meatball as the countryballs of Switzerland and Germany shot at him, there being seven Swiss and eight Germans. They all used MP5’s and did their best as they started to connect themselves around their own meatball. The Israel fell to this one Swiss ball, and he connected eyes with it as it was quick. He looked back to see the trains swirling after the Steel Terrorist and destroying meatballs before he picked it up and started to go back to the portals still open and dropping countryballs. He jumped off, but a meatball suddenly came crashing up, and then a train through that meatball, swiveling him left to land with other countryballs dying to Chinua.

They were also being sniped by Ejnare, but the Iranian and South African countryballs were waiting for their turn as they stayed behind a meatball, and some shots came through the meat, whilst most were taken by mass of the meatball.

“Woah- it’s Switzerland!” South Africa told to a nearby Iranian ball.

“Yeah- but uh- I got a token of some sort, looks like Israel- fell from the sky- do you think it’s important?” Switzerland said as the Iranian ball looked with eagerness, and so did two other South African balls as Iranian balls otherwise looked over for a shot.

“Probably- maybe that’s why Jesus is ramming trains-” South Africa told in its accent, as Switzerland looked to his right to see a connection of Japanese balls with white cat ears and fluff inside, and cat tail, holding little pistols and aiming their guns around with scattered eyes viewing the surroundings as they revolved southwest.

But as South Africa did not care, a train instead stopped his sentence. The train barely skimmed the meatball and crashed into the other balls, splattering their blood as they tried advancing after Chinua dropping her gun from its heat. Instantly, Switzerland and South Africa tried hanging onto the train, letting the wind gust up against their sudden yells and open white eyes as blood traveled on them and the Israel was on top of Switzerland’s head as he held it close and flat there. But, alas, luckily, a countryball of different nationality jumped over and picked up South Africa and Switzerland, seeing the Israel and having his eyes jump to massive conclusions about it.

“Poland!?” – South Africa, before looking past the single Poland ball to Jesus looking around towards the main scene as meatballs did not exist seventy meters out.

“It’s the Israel! Jesus needs it!” Poland told Switzerland as Swiss was focused on Jesus.

“Yeah- take it!” Switzerland nodded, and Poland grabbed Israel, holding it up high as Jesus looked and took a step back to see it.

“Jesus-” The Polish ball was saying, but let us slow down the scene as a speedy agent came in. This agent was the Steel Terrorist, stretched from far out, his torso remaking texture ends and his gadgets also stretched like a video game. He held out a long arm to grab the Israel, the gun in his other, and he wrapped his fingers around the Israel before letting his stretchy body be of benefit and pull him far back and away. “We got-” The polish ball started to finish, before turning up and around.

“UH GUYS-” South Africa was saying as he was already turned around and looking to the Steel Terrorist in the half second that it happened, and Switzerland was blind to it.

“Wha- what?” – Switzerland as Jesus was still stern, then lifted his hand and created a handle for turning on the gas in an old train, and he spawned it on top of his moving train, and then shot off, leaving the three countryballs to see a duplicate from the train, uncareful for collision, going through it like a videogame, as Jesus had pulled back the lever and was off, his train rotating after the Steel Terrorist.

The Steel Terrorist had an arm from his back, pulling him away on a crashed and banged meatball with parts splattered around, but he looked away from the meatball to see Jesus’ train and the man himself coming with anger and speed, thrifting wind, and suffocating space as it seemed he came a thousand miles per hour. The Steel Terrorist, looked back again, and dropped his gun, then spinning his right hand, making a portal of light green, in square form, to green valleys and a blue sky, before making another portal, same form, to another green valley with blue skies, seemingly duplicated. The Steel Terrorist in his speed and arm from his back cut but not blistering blood, and his body still flying horizontally, looked back amongst the closing portal, and for a second could maybe think that it was safe. But Jesus crashed through space, breaking it like glass, shattering the atmosphere and background as he came forth from his train, rotating to almost be facing the Steel Terrorist perfectly, before he in his stance of justice and no hands on the lever, pushed his right hand out, and caused a portal to open behind the Steel Terrorist flying off to the green plains horizon. This yellow-outlined circular and large portal opened to a world filled with space or trains, still of his kind, but only trains were everywhere, and no sky seemed present. It was not dark though, and light emitted heavily from the insides of the trains.

The Steel Terrorist looked back, clenching the Israel as he banged his head to a train speeding just at head level, and thrusted his body back and spinning down to a train’s roof, where he crashed into it and then stopped himself with his hands before he crashed more, and then spun up and around to see Jesus phasing through the trains with his and ultimately hitting the Steel Terrorist down a level, and into another train’s inside.

There, Jesus let his train suddenly disappear, as he created a holy sword made purely of blue eyes in the non-Germanic way, and came down, trying to pose a root to the floor with the sword, but the Steel Terrorist shuffled to the right, and then made a million arms of pistols come out and shoot God. The bullets reflected off as Jesus brought his sword up and swung it at the Steel Terrorist, cutting the train’s part and letting wind gust upon the lord’s hair as the Steel Terrorist only had his red glowing lids to show. The Steel Terrorist then made a bronze C4 in his hand and stuck it in Jesus’ face, but Jesus, as he did such, already but up his left hand with a reverse card of blue, and the C4 blasted, making the Steel Terrorist shoot back as the explosion opened the train. Jesus then held up his hand, and made the train suddenly disappear, letting the Steel Terrorist suddenly drop to the ceiling of another train rushing by and infinitely long like most others, and Jesus landed with his sword, now going in for the kill. He slashed as the Steel Terrorist made a sword of emeralds and fought back, before throwing a few grenades, using his many arms as lasers of red- or even punching Jesus’ in the chest, forcing him back without a grunt but further frustration as damage did not come to him. The Red Glitch also had many effects on the hands of the Steel Terrorist as he seemed to try to do more. Jesus slapped the Steel Terrorist into a train towards his right, and the Steel Terrorist fell back with anger still and shot his right arm out, exploding rainbow spikes into Jesus, but they simply just fell off as they collapsed and loss speed instantly. Jesus then saw the Steel Terrorist regenerate his arms quickly and show his hands all up and gather down a train to attack.

Jesus then made a surface of pure white, glowing, and held it up as the train immediately came down. The Steel Terrorist saw is fury in his blue eyes staring into the body of his or her terrorism, and made her left arm go back as he clenched the Israel still, and he made a portal back to the meatball collisions, a few thousand meters away, the red glitch forming around his portal, as he grabbed onto a meatball and slung away. But once the train hit the white plate, the space around the portal shattered like it did with the outside world beforehand, and there was a large white bubble coming closer and quickly to the many beings on the meatballs, at the speed of a supernovae to be really cool. As the Steel Terrorist tried escaping this bubble, it encapsulated him as he just entered the meatball system, making all suddenly separate into tiny white boxes with the black number ‘6’ on them, slowly going down each second as his fingers let loose, and the Israel was unharmed and flying slowly away. The meatballs, countryballs, and even Daniel nearby had his physical appearance separate into tiny boxes with these digits and count down, and each time they went down a number, the boxes from exploding a foot away from each other and staying away without movement, started to get closer quicker and quicker, reforming everything. And the Israel had flown far into a Swiss ball and a South African one clinging behind, as a few Japanese balls were connected and coming together a few meters away.

Jesus came from his ordinary portal of yellow, riding on his train smoothly yet with a mission, going down before coming up in a nice slope after the Israel- but time ran out. The Swiss ball reformed, having the Israel inside of him, and suddenly spastically yelled as he took the Israel out of himself like he was jelly and saw it, and the South African ball also looked, before they hit a meatball filled with American balls shooting at Oyur, who had killed other United States Ball.

Then a train hit those balls and they launched away with the Israel, going down and past another meatball with a single French and Great Britain ball, having a billboard of wood and black markers, currently showing their plans to colonize Africa again. As the Swiss and South African ball could only yell and pay no attention to the trains and broken bloods everywhere, a Japanese string caught them and swung them around towards the other direction. Each had their ears up high and tails wrapped around themselves.

“This is quite-” A Japanese ball started to say before a DRC ball smashed into them and started to rotate around the balls.

“Hey guys- sorry.” – DRC Ball as he aimed at Ejnare still sniping consistently and eagerly.

“A TRAIN!” South Africa shouted before all the balls were then swiped into blood and the Swiss plus South African one saw forth to a fall to a meatball below, where they saw a single French ball use a buddy of his as a meat shield to shoot at Oyur, hiding behind another meatball.

“Of COURSE!” Switzerland screamed as he fell and then used his gravity to slightly squish himself as they both fell and France looked tiredly back with a slight happiness.

“I got this kid in the shin!” He said as his final words, before Oyur came around with a knife, stabbing France’s left eye and killing him as he darted the knife down and sliced France open as he screamed in pain, before Oyur then, with his left hand, grabbed his pistol from his pocket and started to aim it at the shocked Switzerland, and scared South Africa. France’s hat also fell off as he bled out in Oyur’s lap, under his angry face.

But as Oyur started to aim up his gun, before he even had a nanosecond to shoot the rim of Switzerland’s physical appearance, a giant red and Sino-soviet looking countryball came down with a giant thud in the ground, lifting meat from the meatball with his mass six times that of South Africa, his mass telling of his land coverage being larger than China and Russia combined, and his eyes dimmed already on Oyur, as Oyur suddenly flung up without notice, and was pulled in half, his organs breaking up and his intestines falling out as he literally was cut in half by a seemingly invisible force, but it was just the mass of the massive ball. France, dead, was token up and sucked into the head of the countryball, and the other two got lifted, their fears going insane now.

“WOAH- WOAH WOAH WOAH WAIT!” Switzerland yelled.

“HEY! WOAH WOAH- HOLD ON YO!” – South African ball as the other screamed.

The giant red ball said not a word as he lifted these two, and did not foil them into his skin, but kept their eyes up as he maneuver his eight big black rocket launchers, and his belt full of rocket ammo, seeking forth to shoot a few rockets towards where George was, shooting his gun at nearby Zimbabwe balls. The rockets came after George, and he screamed as he jumped away.

The big red ball was already bouncing away, uncareful for the knife of Oyur, pistols, or even hat of France, but took the Israel from Switzerland’s grasp and held it flat on his head. He continued shooting after George and the meatballs where he would land, as bigger red Sino-soviet balls came forth, launching their massive weights down like a piano just fell on a human. They were massive and powerful, silent and creepy, and they all had rocket launchers, shooting explosions wherever they went. Their communism was worldwide from their flag’s details, and their empire only grew stronger.

“DON’T EAT US! PLEASE! WE’RE NUETRAL!” Switzerland spoke as he saw the South African ball hesitate to scream and look back to the many big red balls also shooting around, even up to Ejnare, which was hundreds of meters away with Angelica crying next to him, digging herself in the meatball they hid behind.

The Sino Soviet balls then got rampaged with trains, and the one holding the two others got twisted around when one skimmed him. The blood of that countryball started to flow out, but he regenerated himself, and caught onto the train, surviving one more coming quickly next to him. But that one more, skimming to the train as itself was a train, suddenly sped up and crashed into the Sino Soviet ball, brushing blood everywhere as Switzerland and South Africa were on the other side of the now plush-like jelly-ball, feeling it drain like a balloon. The speed was massive, and soon they lifted themselves up, and fell away without the Israel or the rocket launchers now going off. Other Sino Soviet balls also leaked bloods around, but we are not focused on that.

The Israel was now on a train, being pushed against it as it turned to go to Jesus, having his left hand as his train was stopped, awaiting for the speed to give him what he wanted- but the Steel Terrorist bashed into the train, uncaring for even the Israel, and sent it flying north and east, as he went into a meatball and crashed parts into some Mexican and Laos countryballs, making them cry out as they bled from the sharp edges.

The Israel went up and then started to fall down slowly onto a meatball where Miss Opium was. She saw it with confusion, and behind her George was dead and with a smashed face, literally pushed into the ground, as she just had finished finishing him. She used her tentacle hand to grasp the Israel and look at it as she shuffled away from George’s corpse and looked towards Chinua reloading her minigun, many meters away. But before she could scramble, Jesus lifted his train he stood up like a snake, it bending down as it came to look at her with the lord also staring at her.

“Oh my god…” Ejnare stated as he looked over his meatball to see Miss Opium face Jesus with a concerned and weird look, and Jesus just stood firm.

“Uh… here, Jesus…” Miss Opium nodded as she saw the stern God, and then tossed him the Israel, and Jesus caught it. But, once again, the Steel Terrorist came quickly from behind and grabbed it from Jesus’ hands, straining his legs into the meatball as Miss Opium dodged to her right and saw the Steel Terrorist. “Um… goodbye!” She frizzled, jumping back and away as the Steel Terrorist was still with red eyes.

Then, around Jesus, opened red-outlined portals with Steel Terrorists looking and aiming guns at Jesus. He simply looked around before back at the main one.

Jesus pulled his right hand out, and all the bullets stopped, suddenly exploding into white gas as their guns exploded into a red glitch effect. The Steel Terrorist tried hopping away, but Jesus forced him down and face first into the meat, before scrapping him along it, and then throwing him up and into his or her friends, where they looked to see Jesus picking up the Israel without words and then disappearing with an echoing snap of his left fingers.

From the snap- everything stopped and went back to normal. All the kids were suddenly on top of the school, and Angelia was without her tearful face. They were all standing like N-P-C’s, but quickly got accustomed to their ways as they realized they were no longer in the rainbow meatball universe of some sort. They saw around, to no shields, to no countryballs- to no dead bodies around the school.

“Are you guys okay?” Wilma worriedly asked as she floated over from the parking lot.

“Uh… what the hell just happened?” Daniel asked first as everybody else looked with fear to Wilma, holding her hands in her sleeves.

“I have no idea. I just saw a big white sphere in place of right here.” – Wilma.

“Jesus was riding trains and we were facing against countryballs- what an event…” George somewhat laughed, trying to take it all in.

“I failed Jesus- is there a way you can get me to him? Please? I need to apologize!” Angelica cried out to Wilma, gesturing sadly.

“No…” Wilma sadly offered as Chinua looked around.

“I don’t think I wanna’ do another mission for Eighty-Three without you guys to help us…” – George, and Daniel and Oyur nodded as they saw the blue sky up ahead.

“That shit was insane bro.” – Oyur.

“Yeah…” – Ejnare as he saw Kioshi behind him.

“Hey Kioshi…” Daniel waved and Kioshi stared back with a nod.

“I think Eighty-Three would like you all to continue with missions like these.” Wilma started to speak sorrily. Her nine tails flowed nicely behind her, unlike the stingy others.

“Can we just go home?” Chinua said, frizzled and sad herself.

“What about Khenbush? Isn’t she supposed to be around here?” Daniel asked.

“Why would Khenbush be here in the first place? I just realized- we never fucking went to this school, none of us…” Oyur stated, and everybody listened.

“Dang- he’s right.” – Ejnare as Angelica stopped whimpering.

“Uh- I mean, Eighty-Three did see her here, and the multiverse can be random- so if she did get taken away and misplaced in the universes, then logically speaking maybe she didn’t know where she was or even if this was her original universe…” George thought. “Like- Ryutyu discussed that with me and Daniel, just saying.”

“True- but… I don’t fucking know…” Oyur fucking shrugged off.

“Chinua… sorry we couldn’t find your sister…” Angelica started to say. “Maybe Wilma-”

“No- no… I uh…let’s… let’s just go home…” Chinua stated, almost crying, and whispering to herself almost as all the kids felt bad for her.

“Oh damn- this is gonna’ be sad…” Daniel whispered to George as they stared sadly.

“I’m… really sorry… this wouldn’t have-” Angelica told Chinua as she looked down.

“No- no… it’s not your fault… can we just go home?” Chinua started more.

“You guys go home. I will ready every mind to see if one possibly knows about external events amongst Khenbush and other entities.” Wilma stated, making a portal in the air to her right, and Ejnare was first to walk through. He looked back to Angelica, who was sad for Chinua, before walking away without much of a sentence.

***We found Khenbush.***

Everybody was back at the neighborhood- George singing with Daniel and Angelica to some tunes in my living room, Ejnare sitting out in the sunlight naked in his backyard, Shellia playing some tunes for the singers, Wilma snorting cocaine, Ryutyu lifting weights with Chinua clothed, and Kioshi in his home, scouting around to see Khenbish come onto the streets and up to where me and the cyclops and other two versions of me, plus Oyur.

“What are you talking about? ABOUT?” Khenbish yelled as she came up, shaking.

“We were just saying our goodbyes and explaining how we met Geurnf when she came out, but hey- Khenbish, I’ve heard of you, and it’s nice to meet you.” Oliver smiled as he put out his hand to Khenbish, and she only stared him in the eye.

“Why are you-” The robot was going to point out before suddenly stopping as he saw a giant buff dog come into existence. Oliver brought his hand back and looked.

“Yo, Nigga Nigga here- what’s good my nigga?” Nigga Nigga asked as he suddenly just appeared out of thin air and gave his hand to Khenbish, which was nearest.

“Hey Khenbish! Shake my hand! I put lava on it!” Wilma stated, busting out of her fun mansion with an explosion of white starts everywhere, paper thin and flying around, as she landed next to the freaked Khenbish and put out her left hand with literal lava swelling on it. She had her mouth open and her nose was filled with white salt-looking cocaine.

“What the hell!?” The Nazi asked, looking forth to the dog detective.

“Does Wilma have cocaine under her nose?!” The robot laughed.

“Yes! Want some?” Wilma happily asked with her rainbow eyes as around came a slow and amazingly joyful tune playing on a rainbow bar visualizer like the dance aurora.

“Please, Wilma- remove the cocaine, as you said you dislike your cocaine addiction, and it will make you sad in the future.” Cyclop asked of Wilma with a nice attitude.

“No!” Wilma laughed, pouring a rainbow liquid out of her mouth, and a hand came from her back, spinning and making Cyclop’s tuxedo of black into a liquid-rainbow texture and bright, along with the Nazi’s short sleeves and pants turning into rainbow etiquette, and his shoes became nice and white.

“Um…” – Nazi me as Khenbish backed away from them.

“Wilma, please- you know this is hurting you. Cocaine uses up all your dopamine, and even if you can get it back, it wastes your time.” Cyclop stated to the nine-tailed core friend.

“Sure buddy…” Wilma laughed even more, before turning into rainbow dust and flying away immediately over to my living room, where suddenly the roof disappeared, and lights started to flicker with bombastic music as she made it into a concert.

“Damn though- nigga be on some cocaine like she was before- that nigga.” – Nigga Nigga.

“Can you stop saying the N-word all the time, and speak like a normal… humanoid-being?” The Nazi rambled against Nigga Nigga.

“I think he is quite funny.” – Me as my ears flicked and his tail wagged happily.

“Yes, but an excessive use of saying the word will destroy its greatness.” The Nazi told.

“Ight Nigga, I’ll be out, nigga.” Nigga Nigga as he left to my home, pulling a cigar out.

“Anyways… Khenbish?” Oliver asked, looking to Khenbish as she looked back with shaking fear and anger, before full anger, then grunting and running away.

“Is she okay?” Cyclop asked and the other three watched.

“She has psychopathic behavior, cancer, Neurofibromatosis, and Schizophrenia. Somehow, she survived all that, and now she stays in her room all day, seemingly playing a race car game. A little worse than Geurnf- staying inside all day and working out or working on her engineering projects…” I told the cyclops, as they were deep friends of mine.

“Yes, so- shall we depart?” Cyclop asked in a different, smart tone as the Nazi was bored.

“I guess if you want to.” I told back with a shrug, and he nodded to Oliver.

“Well, we wish you the best of luck, Eighty-Three, and I’ll be praying that you all, including Khenbish and the rest of our friends get treatment for their diseases, and that Wilma get help for her cocaine, and that you find peace instead of femboy-ness in your life…” Cyclop stated a little sad but happy, with a laugh at the end, as he created a portal with his orange pen. “Goodbye, Eighty-Three, and good luck.”

“Imagine.” The Nazi told me with a smile as he left.

As they left away and the portal closed, I stayed still in silence. Behind me, music blasted, in front of me- nothing happened. I felt the voices eagerly shout more. They wanted blood, and they were seeking for another mission, as they knew I would have enjoyed a battle against the countryballs.

But then I thought to myself, after many ideas and memories recently collided- I had the greatness for a mission before Oyur’s. Ejnare was silent, and he seemed fun.

I ran quickly to Ejnare’s home and snuck in silently, turning into a liquid and sliding under the doors, checking each room before coming across Ejnare’s window to see him outside, in a beach chair, his clothes nowhere nearby.

“Hello Ejnare.” I spoke as he had no idea I was rising from a puddle to his left.

“Hu- WHA- Eighty-Three!? Ayo- uh- what... what are you doing here?” Ejnare sparked with embarrassment, concern, and fear as he saw me at at the side of his beach chair, and he turned his legs to his right to run away if he needed.

“I came to ask if you had a mission in mind- like Chinua’s we already achieved, or Oyur’s I am currently thinking about.” I asked Ejnare as his tail tucked itself around his waist.

“Uh- no. I don’t have a mission... I don’t want one... just... go away Eighty-Three, I’m tryna’ enjoy some sunlight like Shellia does, y’know.” Ejnare told, stiffing himself back down.

“Really? No people or companies you would like to get revenge on- maybe a laboratory or country?” I continued asking and he just looked up to the sun in his black shades.

“No... I don’t wanna’ do a mission, George doesn’t want another mission- everybody doesn’t want to become one of your psychopathic little friends, y’know... just chill out.” Ejnare told to me as my tail wagged back and forth.

“Well... if you have no missions, then I will make one up. I remember this one time a robot came around to me and had a Serbian accent, and he bullied me as if I looked at him he would kill me. But now, I have powers, and I am thinking of finding out where he went, as he seemingly just disappeared, along with an orange-eyed skeleton in a wheelchair.” I told Ejnare as he looked to me with a bit of discontent.

“Uh okay... could you like... do it by yourself maybe? At least not bring me along?” Ejnare told, and I continued staring into his eyes which were shaded in his shades.

“I heard you sniped well in the battle against countryballs, so I think you could be beneficial to any situation if you just come along.” I told Ejnare happily.

He just discontented his face as he looked to me, before I rushed away from the staring contest, got the machine to find multiverse beings from the past, and went onto his road and turned it on, finding the number.

Then Ejnare suddenly got a ring on his phone and bounced up to answer it over at the door, placed on the ground to the right. The message read from me: “Hello everybody, I am doing another mission. If you want to come, you can, but I will not force you.”

Ejnare just stared at the message, before leaving back to his chair and sitting down without care. After a minute outside, he still did not hear many voices, compelling the fact that only Gustavo came.

“Hm...” Gustavo muffled happily as he saw nobody else around.

“Thank you, Gustavo, for coming out to help.” I started low. “Should we release the Khenbush worms?” I asked in a whisper then, my ears twitching and hearing Kioshi inside his home on his laptop, and Ejnare still on his beach chair, and Khenbish watching car races, as all the other kids were now in the concert of cocaine with Wilma.

“Sure.” Gustavo nodded happily with his big smile, and I rushed back inside to my room and into the torture room, where I grabbed Khenbush’s body and started to duplicate it in darkness bubbles, like I used to fix Ejnare.

The worms looked at me, and started to explode, uncrying but happy and laughing in their gargling voices, until arms from under my dress blocked them, and they could only look at me. I then, after making twenty worms that stopped as I stuck darkness fingers up their nose, and then I rushed out of my house and brought them over to Gustavo, still hearing nobody listening or looking towards us.

“Let us watch some fun.” I told, and me and Gustavo lifted on darkness pillars to the sky as I let my darkness arms unplug the worms and let them slug and wiggle around, before going over to the concert place.

“OoOoOOOOOOoooOoooOoooh...” - Gustavo as the darkness pillars then started to stretch up from the ground, making us stand on a darkness circle after a second as the rest of the pillar extended in, and the platforms simply just floated.

The worms went over to my home, and Wilma instantly closed the doors and locked them with an indefinite smile as her cocaine effect was still active. She pointed to them as George came over to see and disgusted his face with horror.

“What the heck are those!?” He screamed, as then a Khenbush exploded the front door, and he blocked the dust with his hand in front of his eyes.

“Woah- what’s going on?!” Chinua asked, dropping her glass as she was a little wavy.

“The Khenbush Worms!” Wilma laughed as she pointed with both hands, and the living room was filled with rainbow items.

Chinua started to cry as she saw her sister as a worm, choking with horror and pacing back with blurry visions and horrible figures coming to her mind. The Khenbushs came up to the shocked George and exploded at him, six now being exploded.

George stood still shocked and confused and disgusted, still standing perfectly as the ground around him was gone and exploded to dust and such, except the radius of what he stood on. Wilma was still laughing to his left, but she was weirded-out.

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE THOSE?!?!” Oyur yelled as the other kids came around.

“Oh my god... oh my god...” Chinua cried away as the Khenbushs started coming more.

“Wilma- enough! Look at this!” George yelled, putting his right hand out and pulling cocaine from her nose and spraying it on the floor as she looked with rainbow eyes in a new fashion to the worms.

Wilma looked with disgust and fear to the Khenbushs, before putting out her hands and making them all dissolve into water, and the explosion damage reformed nicely and clean.

Wilma panted with an expression like Chinua’s, and only stared at the water puddles. Then her ears flicked, and she dropped her spine down with her sad and large breathing.

“What the hell were those?” Daniel shakily asked as Angelica hid behind him.

“My sister...” Chinua stated lowly, fearing for her life as she almost had a heart attack.

“Wilma?” George asked, almost shedding a tear from both of his eyes. “Uh... w-was that some random u-universal beings... C-c-can you tell?” He asked after a few moments, each word trying to be strong.

Wilma just awed in terror at what she had just seen, before her ears twitched at the whispers. “She really did just turn them all to water.” – Gustavo stated.

“Hey Wilma, please take George elsewhere. It would be best to allow difference.” I whispered over to her, and she heard, although we were hovering over the master bedroom of my home.

“Wilma?” Daniel asked shakily as Wilma was paused, and her nine tails were already fully down and plundered in spirit.

“Uh… I got to go… stop these things from coming here.” Wilma told, trying to pursuit wellness through her voice as she shook her hands, and a portal opened to a purple sky with lightning and blue clouds, filled with Khenbush-monsters of my same worm-kind, that slid across the black meteorite floor with sharp points appearing there and here as they went directly up. Wilma then jumped in, and the portal closed, as the Khenbush’s started to turn into water and the kids saw that.

“Oh… damn…” George nodded away, looking back to the silently sobbing Chinua, as everybody else started to acknowledge her sadness.

“I guess that wasn’t Khenbush…” Daniel told Angelica and she looked back to Chinua.

The kids started to gather around and help Chinua up, as me and Gustavo stood up in the sky, hearing their voices try to soothe the girl.

“Well, now… let us ask if anybody wants to do a mission again.” I told Gustavo.

The black pad I was on leveraged itself down and I sent a different message to all: “Would anybody like to come to future missions at all? I see nobody is around…” I told on the street, and heard nobody really care, until a minute later when Daniel checked his phone, told everybody about it, they discussed for a minute, before he sent himself out for us.

“Wow- Daniel!” Gustavo cheerfully turned back as his ears lifted to see Daniel casually walking out with his jacket closed and his arms in the jacket. He saw to Gustavo and me with a weary smile and started to sprint over.

“Hey Eighty-Three, didn’t you guys see the Khenbush attack we just had?” Daniel asked as I looked to him, and he brought his smile down to dis-eagerness.

“No, I was setting the machine. Also- sorry about not hearing it, I was focused on what Gustavo was saying, what Khenbish’s computer was playing, and what Kioshi was listening to- as well as Ejnare in his backyard, and the metal clinging inside the machine.” I told Daniel as he looked to us.

“Oh… okay- well… uh… Wilma left, and Chinua is a bit traumatized… and we all are actually- but what’s this mission about?” Daniel then asked as he took his left hand out.

“I would like to find monsters who tortured me when I was in my beginning days, so I found one that is specifically a robot and wanted to hunt him down for lethal reasons. If you want to join, that would be cool- but if not, you can go back.” I told Daniel.

“I… don’t really want to join, but… my friends did ask about what’s going on over here… and seeing nobody else, do you I think should come? I mean, I would like to be there for Chinua, because she literally just saw her sister be a worm and then Wilma open a portal to a worm-filled land to turn them all into water puddles or something… but…” – Daniel as his tail wrapped around his left leg and his ears twitched unlike Gustavo’s.

“I would like you all to come. I think it would be great adrenaline and help with subduing the mind to processes that are extreme, so when you possibly are put in an extreme case, like the Autismos were, then you know how to bravely respond and survive.” I told Daniel as my tail also wrapped around my left leg and I had my mask’s screen on.

“That sounds good… but uh… let me text George about this and see if anybody else wants to come…” Daniel started as he was a little embarrassed to be there.

“Oh Daniel- no need. I understand that you all are just kids like me and that putting you in cases of violence and confusion will have a great mental impact on yourselves for the future, so you can stay here as me and Gustavo go do our mission quickly. Afterwards, what do I think I should cook for lunch?” I asked Daniel, uncaring of his eyes to me.

“Uh… I don’t… I… uh… I guess for lunch, spaghetti or ravioli- but… I-I’ll come- I’ll go.” Daniel sighed awkwardly as he looked around for anybody else.

“No, Daniel- do not push yourself. If you really do not want to come, then you do not have to.” I told as I opened the portal to lands made of chromium, with long and wide wires coming from the ground and up to the skies, which were unseeable as a dead blue fog was there.

“No- no, I understand that this is important to building me better, but… I’m just scared… and I’m… sad… are we just doing a quick hit-man on a robot… which is sentient, right? (I nod correct,) Okay… but… are you going to… disturb the entire village… or… you know what I mean… I… I don’t wanna’ say it in a bad way but…” Daniel started to say before cutting off as he looked to me sadly.

“I am intimidating because you have never seen my face. You have never known me before I became a femboy. You have no knowledge on my history except that you see me having fun with murdering more than what the mission stabilizes upon. Daniel, I understand, I seem like an anti-hero of some sort… but, this is a multiverse, where most things are random and do not matter. There are also species like Gustavo’s that kill for fun and do what they want all the time, like the robot’s race might have since he enjoyed murdering me back in the day when I was a normal boy wearing no symbolic garments. But now, I am here not only for revenge, but to eradicate all problems for others in the future. I am here to save people by putting others down that are not… my biblical neighbors…” I told Daniel as he looked to me with shock in his eyes.

“Are you going to join, Daniel?” Gustavo asked after he stared at me blankly for five seconds, taking in everything I had just stated.

“I… I’ll join. But… please promise me this doesn’t farther than it should. If this robot’s race is bad, like all-bad- then… I can see why you would… kill them- but people in Mongolia- they… didn’t deserve it. They had churches even- they were being saved… so, please, Eighty-Three… when we do missions, can we only… like… go after the mission instead of doing extra? Like… I mean, it took Angelica to motivate me that you were doing wrong with the Mongolian people… but… can we not be psychopaths?”

“Well, if that is a limit you would like to apprehend, then sure. We shall do the missions quickly and efficiently to the point, no extra-fun.” I told as Gustavo downed his face. I was obviously lying, but Daniel nodded with sadness and jumped down.

Me and Gustavo then jumped down and looked around the fog.

“Where do we go?” Daniel asked as he looked around foggily.

“Forwards, we are on the border of a little town where the robot lives, and he just passed through by the way- this very spot- because these machines open a portal to the place where a being is and does not move unless shut off.” I told Daniel and he nodded.

“Okay…” Daniel slowly stated and nodded as Gustavo sprinted forth and I walked forth with Daniel behind as we came to the town.

The town was firmly lit with yellow lamps, but the fog was still intrusive. Yet, each home was a giant white shining sphere, with a white spherical push-able, no-handle door and no windows, nor roof. They were literal balls on the ground. The ground was no different either, and the lamp posts were random, sometimes next to a house, others in the middle of four surrounding land for no reason, all lamps enclosed by pure white metal as well. But as soon as we came to a lamp with two houses on our left, and a jumble on our right, we heard shuffling, very light, but still shuffling amongst the silent metallic cords going to the sky and giving the ambience and endless fog around as silence was the only option to sound a few seconds before.

Gustavo went up to the door and knocked, as Daniel just hid behind me and watched my physique- unchanging and allowing of all around me to play.

The door opened to a similar figure of the Serbian-cat robot with a long tube for a body, yet instead of orange, his eyes and secondary colors were green. He also was very joyful to answer the door and saw with great happiness to Gustavo and me and then Daniel quite instantly, as Daniel was at my right side, shaking a little.

“Zdravo! ko ste vi ljudi?” The Serbian-accented cat asked with full animation that sparked a little awe into Daniel as he was frizzled by the experience, unnerving on whether to shout and scream at the figure, or politely talk. It was a mix of excitement and confusion and horror for him, but he restrained it like most others.

“We speak English and are here to ask about a certain orange-colored cat-robot that has possibly seen me before. My name is Eighty-Three, and the cat-robot was hired by a man named Heru possibly to attack and kill me. If you know nothing, can you give me some places that may have information on orange-colored cat-robots like you?” I asked the cat-robot, stepping forth as Gustavo looked back with a whip of his ears.

“What color orang?” He asked- incorrectly speaking ‘orange.’

“The natural and fully-correct, stereotypical orange.” I told back correctly.

“Oh- I know where he! He in dim zone, across lake! It dangerous, bad crocs!” The cat-robot told happily to me as he leaned over his metallic-tubing to create a shadow over me. His tail was happy as he was, and Gustavo was a bit confused yet still smiling like me.

“Thank you, good man.” I told back to the male and started to head away. “I hope you have a good-day.”

“Are you kill him?” The cat then suddenly neutrally asked over, a little discontent.

“Yes.” I told back and Daniel got a little more frisky in his movements.

“No- you not. My friend work for money for friends. We not allow you to kill any of us.” The cat-robot stated to me, angry and reaching out as Daniel got a little spooked.

“As you can see Daniel, we have quite the problem already. Are you ready to have some fun?” I whispered back as Gustavo looked over.

“Fun? You kill us is fun?” The cat-robot angrily stated, coming closer slowly.

“To me and Gustavo here, yes.” I asked back likely, and he started to jump onto me. The darkness from under my dress went up into arms into his eye and crashed through his metal, and shifted further up into the sky, shoving his dead body sky-high until the fog ate him away from Daniel’s visual of little screws and broken miniature metallic pieces falling. “Anyways, Daniel, here is your gun. It will shoot quick darts that will pierce metal, and it has infinite ammo. Do not tend to use it wisely- just go spastic with it.” I told as me and Gustavo looked to see another cat-robot exit and look to the little pieces.

“Svi! Napadnuti smo!” The robot yelled across to the fog, and more doors slammed open as cat-robots started to crawl out and towards us three.

“Uh- okay, yeah…” Daniel nodded and started to lift his massive gun up, like an AK-47, and shot forth at the one who yelled, seeing the bullets of pure darkness spike into it, and plaster some metallic pieces across the ball as it went inside and broke through that one.

“And here, Gustavo- my darkness shall assist you with having hard teeth with the ability to crunch metal.” I told, twinkling my left fingers at Gustavo and he felt his teeth turn harder than iron. He shot his jaws open and wide as Daniel aimed at the incoming cat-robots, and Gustavo started to jump onto them, clobbering his jaws into their heads and crushing their skulls as they tried lending their massive scary teeth out and pursuing him. Gustavo was quick and had agility on his side, especially since Daniel shot them and made sure they could not overpower the cat. Daniel started to advance behind Gustavo as I turned slightly west and started walking forth into the fog amongst the metallic ground.

I came across a slight drool of a river, starting from a small puddle, and around it were colored candles, melting slowly and smoothly, with different colored lights, bringing out the rainbow entirely as I followed them down by some lights and ball-houses to find it led suddenly to the giant lake I heard about. The fog was still great here, but I saw the big wires once again become central to what you would see, as the big wires all around the lake were no intruded by homes or lamp lights.

Daniel and Gustavo were shooting finely, turning about viciously as some came to the side, but none really behind. The robots tried overpowering Gustavo, running in packs and launching themselves up, but Daniel shot with a frenzied face, having no need for reloading or ammo, so he constantly shot, on and on, dodging the falling corpses of some of these robots as they fell their giant bodies near his. He helped Gustavo crunch the important ones as he got the ones trying to come in far away instead of jumping from their doors with madness and different colors. Daniel’s head was also very foggy and enlightened with the music of difficulty and fear as the fog was still there and the lamp lights provided absolutely nothing but an ambient fear of what could come out.

Gustavo crunched one in a second, then moved on, as Daniel shot into the distance sometimes, then up at one shooting himself up, then he turned around, hearing the metallic creeping come around a ball and shoot itself at him. He dodged to the right, throwing himself as his bullets came piling into the mouth of the creatures and through his body, destroying him entirely. Daniel scrambled up and went along with Gustavo, before soon they simply reached nothing- just now wired trees that had been missing in the village. No balls were different back then, and Gustavo and Daniel looked around anxiously for more- but heard nothing.

“There’s no more. We got them all.” Gustavo told, his ears flinching as his tail purred slowly, before he suddenly lifted his smile back into place, and then started strolling to the west to find me with an entire darkness ship ready, like a pirate’s ship, decked out two floors, and ready to sail in the mysterious lake.

“What…” Daniel stated with awe as he saw stairs up to me just standing there, holding the head of a cat-robot, before tossing it in the lake, where the rest of its bodied pieces sunk and piled up.

“It is quite shallow here, but definitely slopes down. So, come on. Our robot should be across the lake, if no lies were told.” – I told Daniel and Gustavo, and Gustavo started to hop up as Daniel looked back with fear before stepping up, holding his gun greatly.

I then let the stairs suddenly collapse back into the ship, literally going into it as it started to fuel up in speed across the lake.

“Hey Eighty-Three- can’t you just go at superspeed and take across the lake in seconds, or go above this fog- or even suck it all in or something?” Daniel asked, looking to me with anxiousness.

“Oh please, that is all true, but as it seems easy, I would like to entertain myself with what these places have to offer. We should respect cultures and understand the greatness of the arts, instead of doing work so courageously. We have time and we have life.” I told Daniel as I stepped to the front of the long, twenty-meter ship.

“But… Eighty-Three… I thought… we we’re gonna’ do our mission quickly…” Daniel told me, looking to me with curiosity and worry in those big eyes of his.

“Well, Daniel- look at what you just did. You killed and entire village with Gustavo because they are probably going to act the same when we meet the robot cat that we are going to find anyways. Just, take it like this- as long as nobody lies, and we move further and further towards our destination, we can enjoy and make a good story out of this- with good experiences that will help you more than me just simply rushing around with Ryutyu and killing everybody in an instant, leaving you no work. I understand it seems like you kids will never have to do that- but please- I do not know what the future holds, and if the future says suddenly everybody in a Humanitor, everybody could really use the assistance of an experienced player to their aid.” I told Daniel as he looked to me and Gustavo sat at the side of the ship, smiling down.

“I… sure… I guess…” Daniel nodded before looking me at my shades.

“Daniel- question… do you like massages?” – Me.

“Um… what?” – Daniel.

“Massages? Or head-rubs? Maybe belly-rubs?” I asked.

“Um… no- why are you asking?” – Daniel.

“Well, I know you are undergoing feelings of fear and confusion now, but if you ever need some physical pleasure that will help you with mental configurations, I can help. I gave Ryutyu and Shellia some massages yesternight, and I give Ryutyu head rubs and belly rubs, as he is somewhat a dog and dogs like that. I know you are a medically experiment and will not feel the true satisfaction of those things, but I can, if you want, give you the receptors for those kinds of attributes.” I told Daniel as he listened closely.

“I… I don’t want that… I’m good…” Daniel stated, putting his hands up to block me from asking relatively again.

“Do you find it weird though?” I asked him, still looking and smiling.

“I… I do.” Daniel stuttered, trying not to keep eye-contact.

“Alrighty.” – Me funnily. “But please, do not tell anybody else about this then.”

“Okay…” – Daniel, a little awkwardly and embarrassed.

As we went on the ship, Gustavo looked over to see darkness tentacles coming from under the ship to shoot their pointy ends into big robotic, twisting salamanders, about the size of a blue whale, but glowing entirely a different color than the others. From his view, it looked like a light show as the tentacles poked through, then plundered them down for the next to come up and try opening its mouth to reveal five sets of endless teeth to chomp at my regeneratable boat. The waves crashed against the boat, revealing their sound to echo and shudder over any mechanical twisting below.

Daniel soon came over and looked as well, concerned, and weirded out by the universe as I just stared forth… After a good thirty-two seconds, the boat finally hit a tall cord, stopping it instantly and knocking Daniel onto the floor as Gustavo stayed put but was well-swayed to his right.

“Woah- hey… are we there?” Daniel asked as he caught himself, then in the warm air, spoke, and I stepped over to them, my tail long and looking around with eagerness as my ears were lit up.

“Obviously.” – Gustavo laughed and I did not. I instead created a black staircase with the flick of my left ear, and it went down twelve rectangles to a straight path leading above the water and over to land, not sloping but rather hovering five feet above the land.

I took my steps down and Daniel instead rushed past me with his gun, rushing to jump down to the land as he saw big fish swelling in the lake. Gustavo came last as I also jumped down and we stared forth to more fog, but less trees, which were the cords coming from the metallic ground, just suddenly without much else of a base.

“Same idea here- but look out for any orange ones.” I told Daniel.

“Uh… Eighty-Three, I think I killed two orange ones back at the other village…” – Daniel spoke up to me.

“Actually, we killed three.” – Gustavo.

“Well, if one of them was the main robot, then so be it. We would have been lied to- and I go all out on this petrified world of theirs.” – Me.

Gustavo smiled to Daniel as he looked down with a wide mouth and open eyes.

We walked forth to the village across the lake, seeing that it was random but still the same. No wired trees in the middle, but balls around with cat-robots spinning in them, and lamp posts in random places.

Gustavo once again knocked on one, and a woman-voice came out with green secondary colors and eyes, happily looking to the purple cat.

“Ah! Ljubičasta mačka! Kako izvrsno!” The Serbian lady pronounced.

“Hello, we speak English, and have come to ask if you have seen a stereotypical, firm-orange cat-robot around that once went out on a mission to kill me, in which my nme is Eighty-Three. He may have been hired by Heru, or somebody that knew that name.” I told her and she looked with discontent.

“Oh- English boy. You came. Budimir told me you. He said you were fun. But now you here. You here to kill. We no allow kill. He just want money to help species.” The woman tried to lighten up, her dwelling angry spirit going to sadness at the end.

“Alrighty- but may I know where he is first before we kill everybody here like in the last village?” I asked and she was shocked instantly.

“You mutantis… He no here. He left to Bolivis, miles way. And it good. Now you die for your sin!” The woman started, jumping after me as she crawled closer like the man did.

I shoved a spike up into her head and lifted her up before dropping her in the lake. I then looked to doors opening and everybody angering their faces at me. I lifted my hands up, and all fell apart.

Gustavo neared as the land me and Daniel were on, a rectangle stayed still. The robots were all suddenly filled with darkness, drooling it out as their systems combusted and electricity fried them, steam rolling through all. The houses were lifted away, literally fling up, and the lamp posts were crushed down into the ground and further in like Jupiter’s mass just came upon them, and the fog was sucked into the ground, going into the un-broken dirt. Soon, the trees were visible to end at a point up high in the mesosphere, but I lifted them up too, towards the exosphere, being space. As all the lands started to be fully a metallic floor with visibility to all, and the robots dead, the ground fell down, closer to the core, suddenly heating up, and the metal, now miles upon miles down, became liquid, and if you looked far enough around, you could see cat-robots jumping for breath and life as their metals distinguished into liquid and they cried out. Everything- all land around us was damaged and under, and the houses and trees were now gone to space in five seconds. The fog melted into the seamless grey ocean, and fear struck the atmosphere as it showed a purple sky, draining with darkness.

Then mitosis came to me, and I duplicate version of me bounced from my body to the right and off, speeding down the standing rocks and to the ocean where that version started traveling across the planet, finding everything, before coming to the other side, and entering my body through the left.

“This entire planet- the size of Earth, and all villages of tall lanterns, big cities and buildings like skyscrapers, and homes of those all the same size and same normal tails, or with rectangle homes in rare elevations holding these Ujeries with white shining-spikes at the end of their tails, (I make my cat tail have a black spike at the end and look to it, and Daniel also as it shows itself,) are now either melting in their screams or gone to live in space and be bored.” I told back to Daniel as he looked around with fear and shock. “The pointy-tail though, is a really nice idea- do I think I should keep it?”

“Yeah.” – Gustavo after Daniel did not respond for two seconds.

“Uh… so… I… uh…” – Daniel said as he looked around, seeing the darkness ship melt over the fish flopping for life, but ultimately failing painfully.

“The voices really helped with this one.” I laughed to Gustavo. “But Daniel- I know you are going to say. I did not to do this to their entire race- even though my copy just found each to have a similar personality and psychopathy, or what if she lied and the robot is actually in another universe doing another project? Well, sorry to say- the machine we used still exists, and so does the portal- and if somehow- that robot somehow escaped to a mission just a second as we were talking above, then he come back and die to heat, or see sorrow. So- whether he is alive or not is not my problem by any chance now- as this is enough. Plus, you probably did kill him- because I heard no portals opening in the first village, and I hear far unless the Red Glitch limits me randomly- and he did not limit me- and seemingly that the Red Glitch DOES exist and did not stop our machine from telling the truth, then we should be good to go.” I told Daniel funnily as the voice in my head raged with delight and he looked to me. “So- let us go.” I ended, and a conveyor of darkness led back to the portalis, the darkness moving as it was five meters wide and seemingly very long. Gustavo hopped on and started moving faster away as I also got on it, Daniel gulped and got on it as well.

But as we were going straight back to Angelica and Oyur looking down to see us, Daniel, behind, suddenly got attacked by the Rainbow Orb, a portal opened to his left, showing the Rainbow Orb suddenly get smash into Daniel’s head and push him back into another forming portal in which both led to Heru’s lair. They then both instantly closed, and I looked quickly back to see him gone.

“DANIEL!?” Angelica yelled as he saw them gone.

“Oh shit- they got him!” – Oyur.

“Where did the portals lead to or away from?” I asked them quickly as me and Gustavo sprinted forth on the conveyor.

“I… don’t know. I saw a rainbow ball, if that’s any help- and it smashed him into another portal and now he’s gone!” Angelica cried out as he hopped through the portalis and rotated onto the land with gravity.

“Guy was gone in shit-milliseconds.” – Oyur awed at.

“Well, I guess I must go investigate.” I told, then grabbing Oliver’s finder-machine and rushing back into the place where Daniel supposedly was and finding out a new universal code updated for the time.

“Eighty-Three is absolutely genius.” Gustavo told as he watched to see me make a portal to Heru’s lair and look back before entering it.

“Heru and his friends took Daniel.” I yelled over, before entering, leaving the portal open and Oyur backed away as Angelica looked to Gustavo.

“Damn shit- I think this is gon’ be one of the greatest fucking moments of history we about to encounter- cuz’ Ryutyu said Heru was his and their main enemy, right?” Oyur asked Angelica and she nodded sadly.

***The singer leaves…***

“May I talk to you?” Wilma asked as she came behind George practicing his saxophone in the lively green pastures and pond of Geurnf’s backyard, as Geurnf sat out and listened to his smooth playing as she sat in a beach chair and smiled to the trees around.

“Hm?” – Geurnf, getting up and seeing Wilma as George stopped and looked to her. They were both confused on why she was very sad and who she wanted to speak to.

“Who?” George asked, looking to Geurnf as Wilma only stared at him.

“You.” She told George and Geurnf minded back as George’s saxophone fell to broken grass into pond waters. “Wilma- you gotta’ be inclusive- like actually use commas.”

“No. I must speak more importantly to you about something more dire though…” Wilma told George and he pointed to her.

“Was that a comma?” – Him eagerly.

Wilma just nodded away but then stared at him with tragedy in her face.

“Well, where do you want to talk?” George asked and Wilma opened Geurnf’s door and entered to it.

“May we use your home?” Wilma asked nicely yet sadly to Geurnf, making George feel bad and nod in falseness as he felt the sadness amongst Wilma’s nine tails dragging.

“Uh- yeah. You created it, and fed me a system of food everyday, just gonna’ say that.” Geurnf told and Wilma looked back to George as they entered.

“What is it Wilma?” George then asked in sadness as he slowly closed the door.

Wilma held her hands up and shook them, clenching her face as she almost busted out crying. Her ears were up and stingy, and her tails poked up as she held her mouth shut but damned her eyes shut as well, and she got a red face as George looked over with confusion and unsteadiness. She then let her muscle tension loose and calmed herself.

“I… would like you… to leave…” Wilma started to cry in the kitchen as George looked over with confusion and detriment.

“Wha- leave? Like, what? What’s going on?” George asked, majorly confused.

“You should leave. Leave this group. Eighty-Three is-” Wilma started to say before busting out in tears and falling to her knees as George started over and crouched down.

“Wilma- slow down? Tell me what’s going on…” George asked, very confused yet sad for Wilma as seeing her cry was a new untold prophecy to him.

“I… Eighty-Three! He… he…” Wilma started to say, trying to get past her sadness.

“Wilma- what is it?” George asked after three seconds of seeing her cry.

“Let me start over…” Wilma stated, rubbing her eyes with her blue wardrobes and then standing up tall and firmly. “You should leave for yourself. Eighty-Three has been… (Wilma’s mouth whimpers and wiggles intensely with sadness,) torturing people…” Wilma stated in a whisper to him.

“What? Wha- hold on?” – George as he allowed Wilma to continue.

“Eighty-Three… took four of his adversaries in… into the walls of the basement… he took them beyond the surgical room… he took them to this room and kept them there under horrible…” Wilma started to cry as she looked to George’s rainbow eyes.

“Wilma- Wilma…” George started to say as she cried again, handing out his hands. “Calm down… and tell me slowly…”

“(Whilst starting to sob and speak,) He placed one of his enemies into an endless simulation of the backrooms… he tore apart a living backpack… he placed needles into a countryball and let him bleed out… he took the black spy girl and…grabbed babies and shoved them in a washer for her to see… he… (She sobs,) and Gustavo… are getting worse. They think about these things… all day…T-the voices in his head duplicate seemingly overnight… Gustavo looks forwards to this… they… even took Daniel into a nightmare and put him naked in front of all of you as a joke… and manipulated the dream to make you all laugh at him and… Eighty-Three does this for sadistic pleasure… and… (She sobs still,) he erased his memory… and he is… he does not care… he uses the same justifications as his enemies… he worsens everyday… I cannot stop him… he made the Khenbush worms… he killed the Mongolian people for fun… he is thinking about you now… he is planning how to deactivate your abilities and torture you…” Wilma sobbed the entire time, and George listened with deep care and astounded eyes as Wilma then wept down into the countertop of Geurnf’s kitchen.

“W-Wilma?” George asked, scared for his life. “Wh… wha…”

“You need to leave. Give him a formal… statement. Then leave… go… do your dreams and live with hope…” Wilma told George, crying back to his face.

“Hey- wha- what about you? What about Oyur or Chinua or Angelica or even Geurnf here?” George asked in pain as Wilma cried more.

“They are all stuck… they sealed their fates… but you must show everyone that you can leave… Maybe then your action will unseal their fates… Eighty-Three will make them forget. He will torture them all. I know it. He has worsened to a point of using his past hatred to enact on new friends. It… goes downhill…” – Wilma.

“But Wilma… can’t we stop him? Like, physically-speaking, we’re both individually stronger than him- but mentally speaking- can’t you just sit down and speak to him? Like- you’re a core-friend, you know him. You could probably reverse this, maybe use the Bible even!” George hailed over to Wilma, and she cried.

“He created me.” – Wilma sadly.

“Ryutyu told.” – George sadly, huffing and puffing with drama.

“And it is my job to… listen to him…” – Wilma.

“Wilma… no… we can fix him if try hard-enough. I mean, just do this like he’s the government and the rest of us are the underpaid and underfed people- just do a little uprise and teach Eighty-Three that his ways aren’t good by any means, right?” George asked, trying to insert hope to Wilma.

“He does not care. He knows he is wrong. I have given you my powers. You must run and make your dreams and hopes come true. You are talented. Everybody else is as well. They are underpowered though. Only you can get out of this alive and well…” Wilma told George, approaching him.

“But… Wilma… what about Ryutyu? Cyclop? Can’t they help if you see this?” George asked as he was divine in what was going on.

“Ryutyu is a good friend… But he is the prized-possession of Eighty-Three. They are closer in friendship now than I am to him now… Cyclop can… maybe help…” Wilma started to say with hope. “But I worry that with the Red Eyes they might start a war…”

“But Wilma… I… I need to help in some way. I can’t just leave if this is all true… like… I… Daniel… and Angelica, and Ejnare- they don’t deserve any of what’s going to happen…” – George.

“I know I am early to say all of this to you… But I fear the mental research I have done… and what I have seen…” Wilma said, looking back as he put her right hand out suddenly, they noclipped through surfaces to my torture room, finding the black spy girl asleep, the television still on, and the Canadian countryball dead. “He is intimidating for all the reasons you would never hope for…”

“Oh my god… this is horrible…” – George.

“Just make a speech… and leave… for the rest of us must manage to either change him… or lose ourselves…” Wilma tried hoping and smiling for, but her sobbing and sadness brought her mouth down anyways.

Wilma then shot out his hand again, noclipped back to Geurnf’s kitchen and looked to George with discontent in her sadness.

“Okay… okay… alright… I’ll… I run… I’m-a go to the Siberian tundra, the top with the tundra, and start a factory- a company- a trade center with music all around- and Eighty-Three will never… come to me if I do that?” George asked as he nodded and planned.

“I hope not.” – Wilma as she was close to crying again.

“Okay… I guess I hope for the best, and pray that the worst don’t happen…” George nodded as he took it all in, looking to Wilma as she nodded.

“I will pray for you…” Wilma sobbed, and George just sighed with massive acceleration in fear and spirit as he looked to see Geurnf still just sitting outside, oblivious.

***Disintegrating a past plan…***

I walked into Heru’s first room, seeing around the portalis as much was around- being nothing new. Nobody was there though, and my ears twitched as I heard Daniel scream to another room. I instantly shoved myself right into the wall, letting myself soak into the darkness and travel around with the moving light I mostly created for an appearance, the Red Glitch effect coming over me and making me do it like a liquid-gas of some sort. I moved myself in the darkness around to the gym and found Deandra in the corner, playing her violin as she face the wall with music on a many congruent shining-grey nails, and she happily played in the lit room. I then went away towards Daniel’s screaming, which was the room to my right, before sending a copy of mitosis to inspect other rooms. There in other rooms they found nobody else, but I went down the elevator to find where the Rainbow Orb had placed Daniel.

Simply on the floor, he was thrown down, and his gun was still intact- but as he tried raising it, the Rainbow Orb made it into rainbows and then made the gun point at Daniel, bending its physical form to him, and Daniel paced back, not pulling the trigger, but dropping the gun as Daniel looked to the rainbow orb in shock and confused-ness, the two feelings of this entire book to be honest.

“Hey- wha- don’t kill me!” Daniel pleaded for as he saw the Rainbow Orb, and looked behind to see Heru come out of a door.

The rainbow Orb then opened another portal, and pulled the black spy girl forth, releasing her from the chair by turning it into a white gas as he shoved her into Daniel, and I made her face lose her mouth as she clashed onto the face of the ground. The Rainbow Orb also looked back to see the torture, and Daniel also saw for a second before he slowly exited and closed it as Heru came forth and found them. The Fire God then came from a portal in front and saw forth to Heru and Daniel and the Black Spy girl and the Rainbow Orb. I crept in the darkness, sliding my sight over to them.

The Fire God then shoved his hand up and blue fire seamed from his chest and into each door of the room, fueling in its rectangular shape before shutting off and leaving the rooms burnt yet untouched. Daniel spastically moved the crying black spy girl off, and she got up to see in pain and agony where she was again. Then The Fire God closed his portalis to a literal sun, and the Rainbow Orb stopped the air sucking for him as he opened it, then letting go of the powers as it closed, and for a slight millisecond you could feel the winds.

“Heru! Stop your madness before I have to stop it for you.” The Fire God stated, as Elijah exited with a blue phone in his right hand and a rainbow gun in his left.

“What?” – Heru as the Rainbow Orb hovered a little ways back with his white face forming and showing frustration removed from his spinning liquid.

“You and your useless justification- which is none at all! Just because you randomly think it’s your purpose to kill a child doesn’t mean you have to put others in dangers- especially using others like my man here to get his friends and put them in a parkour the orb designed just below in the walls- which is cruel and unjust and really says a lot about you.” The Fire God stated, gesturing to Daniel as the black spy girl squirmed up and looked to both sides, fearful but breathing slower.

“Woah- what’s going on?” The Rainbow Orb asked confused.

“Me, the Fire God, Deandra, and Alan are tired of the shit with the Computer and trying to kill Eighty-Three or his friends. We’ve been put in danger so many times and it’s been going on for too long- plus Heru has no real reason to kill other than he was ‘made’ with it.”

“Orb- you can join us- but I would specially like if Heru stopped this madness and also joined us in stopping the computer- because I’m done with seeing others get affiliated with death when they don’t need to be.” – The Fire God.

“Damnit Elijah- did you rehearse this or something?” The Rainbow Orb asked.

“Yeah, we actually did.” The Fire God laughed before staining his face back. “But seriously- stop grabbing his friends and killing them repeatedly- because recently there’s been a game where the game actually killed some of Eighty-Three’s friends, and luckily none of us were in it- but that could’ve been radical against any being if the Computer really wanted.” – The Fire God shrugged at the end.

“Yeah, and we’re tired of the Computer unreliably letting us die if he really wanted, and also not stopping his scheme of many random games without much consent. Like-” Elijah started in his accent as Daniel stared to his eyes.

“Quite sure the Computer just doesn’t care.” – The Orb.

“Yes, and that’s the thing, he doesn’t! Just like Heru over here- you guys gotta’ look at yourselves. Heru, you are acting like a child because you probably don’t care for anything except killing Eighty-Three- and you’re just here for fun, Mister Orb.” The Fire God pointed, coming up to them as Elijah gathered Daniel up.

“My name’s Elijah- what’s your?” Eljiah asked Daniel as the others spoke back.

“Daniel.” Daniel responded to Elijah and he nodded.

“But you took this innocent kid- and hello, sorry for not greeting you formally, I’m being caught up in some flaming garbage with these people.” The Fire God stated, putting his hand out and shaking it hard with Daniel. “And never worry- I won’t burn somebody’s hand- but I’m the Fire God, and how are you?”

“I’m good, and my name’s Daniel.” Daniel shook as the Fire shot a look over to the black spy girl.

“Well, I hope you’re not traumatized, good.” The Fire God laughed as he looked back to Heru and the rainbow Orb. “Anyways- can you guys just please stop? Like, I know you’re all taking somewhat of a brake from constantly trying to kill him and his friends but come on- Heru is a child and you’re here for fun. Heru should be taught better, and you should go somewhere else where there’s actually some fun.” The Fire God told them.

“Well- that’s true, but I’ve been writing down a lot of ideas and I think it would be cool for the Computer to create some of those games- plus, you’re right about Heru.” The Rainbow Orb laughed as he looked to Heru. Heru just stared at them before looking down to the ground.

“But Heru- seriously. Look at me. Your justification is a hot piece of garbage. Just because you know its your mission, doesn’t mean you have to make it everybody else’s.” The Fire God told Heru.

“Fuck off. I’ll find my parents when I finally kill him and have him in my hands.” – Heru, stepping forwards and going to the elevator.

“Yeah, you say that and then act dumb when you have the ability to do that.” – Elijah as he blocked him.

“Well, how about this- a compromise. I, at least- will take the kid and see if we can make a cool show out of throwing him into a few computer games whilst you guys take the girl back and give her a mouth again- because women rights exist you know.” The Rainbow Orb told as Heru walked back to the Fire God almo

“No- I want Eighty-Three to come here, so we need the kid to stay so he comes searching.” Heru told as the Fire God sighed back over to Elijah.

“Again- can we just not? It’s a loop- a game of its own trying to kill that child- hey Heru, maybe just go to another universe and kill the Eighty-Three there, because you never specified it had to be in this universe.” The Fire God told as the black spy girl existed.

“No- I want the Eighty-Three I know dead because… I want him dead!” – Heru.

“So- no compromise?” – Rainbow Orb as Daniel stood with Elijah.

“I can’t let you two flaming souls bring either one of these teens to hell with you. I’ll put Daniel back where he should be and I’ll take the girl back to her world, because obviously some weird shit is happening to people who try to kill Eighty-Three.” – The Fire God as Elijah made the darkness swirl up from the elevator and darken the light in the hall.

“Um- I still have to loop around and disagree. I want to see some action- and we’ll need Daniel to try these games I made.” – The Rainbow Orb. “And we want the girl.”

“If you want some action, we can give it to you right here, right now.” Elijah stated, pointing his gun up at them. The black spy girl shook with fear as she went with the Fire God and saw Daniel look to her with massive confusion and fear as well.

“Hey-hey-hey, let’s not fight bros. We- I just wanna’ have fun- ahem, Heru.” – The Rainbow orb as he gave Heru a lift of his white eyebrow on his glowing face.

“Exactly the problem.” – Elijah as the hall darkened and everybody normal shriveled.

“I’ve heard of people like you. Jesus said that people who run in circles and don’t succeed and know of all of it- are truly insane. Either stop now and help us take down the Computer for the good of everyone, or lose our respect entirely.” – the Fire God.

“I don’t think I will.” The Computer laughed. “Instead, I think we’ll take whoever we want, whenever we want, and keep them until we finish Heru’s dumb-mission.”

From the darkness I instantly came out from the Fire God’s right and looked forth to Daniel and the spy girl, in which Daniel shot his head in confusion to me as the spy girl shocked her face and ran behind the Fire God. The Rainbow Orb also suddenly sparked his face over and Heru was a little confused as well, seeing my tail with a spike now.

“Actually- I shall take Daniel and the black spy girl. Alrighty?” – Me.

“Eighty-Three, what the hell- how long you’ve been here?” – Elijah.

“Since Daniel got thrown on the ground. I would like to state that the Computer mission to take him down might not go as successful as we think it would go, so I have to option away, especially since the two worst enemies of mine are here and would probably help the Computer.” I told the Fire God and such.

“Why is the girl tugging me away?” The Fire God asked as he saw the girl shake her head and spastically grab his muscles and try pulling him back from me.

“Because she has been locked up and hates being lonely in the dark- but remember that she backstabbed me so many times and mostly deserves life in prison.” I told as the Fire God looked to Daniel also shiver.

“Damn Daniel- Eighty-Three really against you guys even though ya’ll on the same team.” – The Rainbow Orb as I slowly turned to him.

“By all means, Mister Orb, you are worse, and so is Heru. Now, before anybody here tries anything physical to get their way- let me take Daniel and the girl back. They were rightfully in their respective places beforehand.” – Me.

“Where are taking the girl?” Elijah asked as a second passed in silence.

“Back to my secret prison?” – Me.

“I think it would be better if instead we just let her go back to her world and taught her not to come back.” – the Fire God.

“No… she must stay with me. Daniel too, he is a child with many friends, and I do not want to ruin that for him.” – Me.

“Okay- yeah Daniel- but the girl shouldn’t just be locked up- she should be doing something at least.” The Rainbow Orb spoke.

“You and Heru- shut up. You and your god-awful missions. Anyways, let me take the girl and Daneil without much hesitation, and all of this conversation shall be fixed.” – Me as my tail grew longer and the white point grew black.

“But you’re not joining us in stopping the Computer?” – Elijah.

“I cannot. I have other duties at home, and the Computer will fall soon anyways.” I told, and the voices in my head laughed as they believed that.

“Alright I guess… you take the kids back- and you both over there don’t try anything like this again- or I’m going to fight.” – The Fire God stated, lending the girl forwards as she cried without much sound, and she scrambled up and started to rush away. But I was fast, sped up to her and then Daniel and then opened a portal, rushed to Ryutyu’s basement, and turned it off as the others were left to stare.

“Damn- I actually thought it was gonna’ go down.” – The Rainbow Orb.

***The leaving of…***

George looked around as he entered my home. He held the paper note in his hand, looking over one last time to make sure every word was perfected before he looked around again, suppressed with embarrassment and displeasure as he then smashed it into his pocket and headed towards my room. As he went, he could feel the absence of light, as the hall to my room was dark, but as he turned the corner slowly, he heard nothing and saw the light fully on in my room. He walked up to it slowly before coming to see me in a long metallic tray, two feet high, perfect with no linings or scratches, as the inside was filled with butter, smear-full and liquid, but was lifted slightly by my body as I wore nothing yet my shades and mask, my tail dipped in the butter as my arms were ending in hands below my chin, and I looked towards George already as he stepped in.

“Oh- woah- uh- wait- sorry- so sorry.” – George, covering his eyes as he left.

“What is it, George?” I politely asked and he returned shortly after.

I did not speak as he entered, but he stopped and came back in, only to see me still staring. He got to the corner that my closet created and did not look but talked.

“Uh… Eighty-Three… I did want to ask you about something.” – Him.

“Yes?” – Me as my tail un-dipped itself from the butter.

“Uh… um… why are you naked in butter?” He asked and I politely responded.

“I am waiting for Ryutyu to get back from a journey of collecting some rare fruits called Black Sapotes, within Mexico or Colombia. I also would like a message from him when he gets back, and he does the best massages.” I told George, looking to his hand as it barely crossed the corner view and he sighed.

“Okay… but… uh… I also wanted to… ask another question… can I ask you anything?” George asked, not spinning around to face me.

“Yes, George, anything. I can also give you anything if you would like.” I told.

“Well… uh… besides the comfort of you putting clothes on and not sitting in butter- which is really weird-” – George.

“The butter helps my skin be smooth and wet, so when Ryutyu returns he can give me an extra-good-feeling massage on my back. I think you should also try it if you want.” I told and George just sighed again.

“Yeah, but… I have a more deeper question… that… (In his mind,) No- no- don’t ask him about torturing and stuff. Wilma said scary things would probably happen- just say you want to leave for your dreams, and you’ll be good to go... (Now out loud,) I just… have something kinda’ awkward to say when you’re… sitting in butter naked- this is a more formal thing…” George tried saying as he looked to my popcorn white ceiling.

“Well, if you feel awkward, just come around and give me your type of massage. I will not mind, and I will definitely enjoy it.” – Me.

“No- no- I think I’m good… I just… oh my goodness… can I even?” – George.

“What is it George? I feel the fear in your voice and the sadness- what has come up?” – Me nicely and kindly to make him sooth just a little in his collar bones.

“I really… (In his mind,) No- Stop! Don’t ask about the torturing- don’t try to fix him. He might do some scary stuff, as Wilma hinted at… just, well, just go. Maybe say your goodbyes afterwards…” His mind told sadly before I interrupted his thoughts.

“George, come around and look at me.” I asked of him, and he did to see me with my hands on my cheeks, pressing against my mask, “You can ask me anything, and have anything. Do not fear.” I told and he gulped.

“I… have a… statement to…” – George started to say as he saw a darkness hand come from out under the bed and stretch over to reach inside his pocket and grab the letter and then put it up to my face.

“Hello Eighty-Three- I am very sorry to say that… well… I want to leave. I would like to go pursue my dreams in the hope that I get famous for my singing talents. I understand you may need me, because I was the only one gifted with great powers like Wilma before the Red Glitch stopped everyone else, but I am constantly thinking about my dreams. I, at a young age, hoped to go and sing for the world as soon as I could, and I am finally ready to do so. So please, could I leave this team? I do not hate it, and in fact I would like everybody to go and pursue their dreams if they have any- but I really need to be focused for the benefit of God. I have a great voice, and God has made me understand through coincidences or not, that my purpose is to sing for him and for my nation. Sorry, but I had a good time and now I think it is best to go. Thank you, George.” I read out for George.

I then put it down into the tub with butter and made my darkness hand reach back under the bed. I looked at him for a second as his hands were frisky and ready to move.

“Of course you can go, George. I have seen your voice, and your talents are amazing.” I told and he nodded before asking another question.

“Well- thank you! But… why has nobody else left then? I mean, I honestly thought you were going to fight me- but…” – George.

“Well, sadly- Geurnf had her friends killed, and she wanted to go back to work with them. And then, nobody else really asked. Everybody who came to join us was either lifted high and proceeded with staying around, or worried about their past but enjoyed the comforts we have in the opened mind.” I told George.

“Oh… well… so, do I just go?” He asked and I looked to him.

“Yes, you can. Create a portal at any time and you may leave. But I do have a few questions of my own- will you be keeping the bee phone? Or do you want me to make an announcement around to the others?” – Me.

“I… I’ll give you the bee phone, and I’ll… go say bye to the others…” – George.

“Alrighty… but George- you sound sad about this. Are you sure this was the only thing you wanted to ask or do?” I asked of George finally.

“Yes- I just… really felt bad about leaving… I hope everybody understands…” George as he left out and went to visit those, he wanted to say goodbyes towards.

I sat there, listening to him go up to the kids currently meeting with Ryutyu outside, and tasting some of the black sapotes he brought back. George embarrassedly walked up and told his story, as I sat in butter and the voices rang in my head.

“That easily? Bruh! Should have done something! No, it was quite nice! Kill! Kill! Noooooooooo mooooore fingers! Alrighty. Kill! South Sudan is actually south of the country Sudan. Go after him! No! Where is Gustavo? He looked like he had other things to say! Maybe he had more reasons to leave! Bruh momento. Japan’s capital is Tokyo!” My mind collaborated in English with a bunch of other sounds echoing and screaming.

George outside gave his hat to Daniel, and then left into a portalis, leaving towards the Siberian weather of the tops of Russia, where there was nothing in that tundra desert- just snow. Angelica worried as she saw him go, and Wilma just stayed silent, but nodded.

Then Ryutyu, after a few more minutes, finally rushed in and kneeled to give me the fruits. I brought myself up and looked at him as he smiled, wagging his tail.

“They taste good lad.” He said as I took off my mask and ate.

“Indeed they do, Ryutyu.” I told, smiling with my green glossy lips, before using my right hand to stroke his hair and make him feel like a cute puppy. “Thank you, Ryutyu.”

“Nah problem, mate. Now- the massage with butter?” he asked and whipped around behind and got his hands ready.

“Oh yes, Ryutyu. That would be grand.” I smiled without my mask as I ate, and he started rubbing slowly as my tail wrapped around his right hand and he smiled.

For a few minutes, I was soothed, and the voices went down just a little, but it was still sternly crazy inside, as many voices yelled, and many sounds screamed in agony of the past. I still enjoyed the massage though, because Ryutyu enjoyed helping me. But I lifted my ears up from an almost-sleep to hear the Vatican come inside with Daniel and come over to me, feeling shock as she saw me and Ryutyu looking to her, me with now my mask on and smiling as Ryutyu was disdained and awkward. Daniel also closed his eyes as he crept back.

“Oh- oh sorry!” – Angelica as she saw the butter scene.

“Hu- woah- sorry Eighty-Three! And Ryutyu!” Daniel quickly as he saw me in butter.

“What may it be, Angelica and Daniel?” I happily asked as I rose further.

“Uh… we had a question…” Daniel spoke as they were outside the room.

“Sorry for intruding, but… may we also… leave the team? We saw George go and thought that maybe… we could also go? I would just like to get back home, and Daniel here would like a better family without the…” Angelica tried to say as nicely as she could.

“We’re scared of the universe and the randomness. Meeting Jesus was quite cool, but… we’re scared- I’m scared of the countryballs and guns and blood and… we’re all of scared you- but… may we also go? I’m sorry if this sounds wrong, but me and Angelica want to head back to her house and start a new life, and we want to go on missions together and help with God’s plan as well. We just… don’t want to be inside a messy scheme of murder and-” Daniel tried to prescribe.

“No.” – Me.

“W-what?” – Angelica asked over.

“You should not leave. You two can bring your family here if you want, but we need help with some missions sometimes, and I could only make one accommodation for George, and I am not supposed to- as Jeo stated that it is my duty to keep all of you kids in good health at least. So, I am sorry Daniel and Angelica, but I made a promise with Jeo, and I would like to fulfill it as much as I can, whilst also allowing as much as I can for you guys as well. If you guys came before George then I would possibly allow you to go, but I am trusted with you kids for more time, so please stay. But if you must go, then I can ask Jeo is he no longer wishes me to keep you kids.” I told them both as Ryutyu listened close.

“Aww…” Ryutyu slightly whimpered as he continued with massaging slowly.

“Uh… sorry Ryutyu, I hear ya’… but… I mean… we don’t really need to go, we just wanted to see if we could leave some of this behind ourselves… like, we are really scared of what this future beholds for us, but I guess since Jesus casually comes down, we should ask him about staying here and seeing if this is our new purpose for our lives…” Daniel told as Angelica worried, and soon he switched his conversation to a whisper to Angelica.

“We’re going to stay, but Eighty-Three, if you do get the chance to let us go, can you please tell us as soon as possible?” Angelica nicely asked.

“Of course- I will ask Jeo as soon as I am finished with this massage. Also- do you guys want a massage? Ryutyu gives the best!” I told happily over to them.

“Uh- no thanks. Ryutyu- you’re cool, but it’s weird- at least to me…” – Daniel.

“I am good.” – Angelica as she left with Daniel.

“Dang Eighty-Three… we really should tone it down with the gore and stuff. We scaring em’ more than I thought.” Ryutyu told me.

“Yes, but it is good to know that we are a little unsensitized ourselves once-in-a-while. We should hold a party tonight, and help the kids with liking this place, because it might feel alien to some still.” I told as he continued with a happy face more.

“Sure.” – Ryutyu.

***Wilma rockstar party yeah.***

Wilma.

She exists.

And Wilma had just turned cocaine into a liquid and drank it. From that she then whipped over to my house and turned it into an arcade of music and lights like the one concert when Cyclop was leaving.

There, Wilma made a glowing blue and white rock guitar where she bounced onto the stage of white and green horizontal stripes and bashed notes till she went a rad solo. Daniel and Angelica and Oyur were talking until she started to hop around with the guitar, and Nigga Nigga appeared playing an electric piano as his essence swayed in zigzags back and forth across the stage behind the jumpy and excited Wilma without glasses.

Daniel went first to jiggle his arms as he hopped too and the chorus came loudly with an amazing upbeat, turning from electronic rock to future funk almost. Oyur did not join, but Angelica and Chinua did, enjoying that as Ejnare sat in the corner and Oyur just continued eating chips at the snack bar. Soon Geurnf came and started a conga line, and then Nigga Nigga hopped down and joined as Ryutyu came along and started to play a trumpet solo for a part of the song. Soon Daniel made Oyur come along and conga before they all did the wavy-dance, and then broke into their own bouncy segments. Shellia also joined and started to play with Ryutyu and Wilma.

I was in the kitchen, making brownies in my rainbow-liquid dress that Wilma made on me as suddenly the beat dropped, and up came a new song. She pointed it to turn that color like my dress was a screen and I smiled the same as I continued. As the brownies baked with their colorful pastries, I looked towards Ryutyu as he jammed with his trumpet, playing it wild. He enjoyed it a lot and made a duo with Wilma excitedly. Shellia then made a trio in the third act, and the show was massive with blinking lights all over. The kids enjoyed everything, except Ejnare still sitting in a dark corner, and Khenbish still in her home. Kioshi was also there, but he was just standing outside, looking down at the pool.

“Come on, Eighty-Three! There’s a new song coming on!” Daniel waved over in a yell with his tail and Angelica’s spinning up and happily around.

“No thanks!” I yelled back and continued to take the brownies out and lay them at the white table and allow Oyur to make an excuse to come over and eat them.

I then walked over to Ejnare and made a darkness chair next to him, and he watched with a little discomfort in his eyebrows.

“Hi Ejnare- I see you are not dancing.” I told and he looked to me still.

“Don’t you dare make me do it.” – Ejnare. “Just let me sit and listen to the music- that’s all I find enjoyable.”

“But making friends is important, and being happy takes a few more steps. Listening to music whilst alone is not good unless the music means a lot with lyrics. Wilma and Ryutyu and Shellia are just playing full instrumentals right now though, so you should get up and there and know people.” Me with a little excitement.

“Yeah- and what about you and Kioshi, huh?” – Ejnare.

“I am the one who cooks. He is the one who is silent. You are the one is emo-looking.” I told with a laugh as he sighed.

“Alright, Eighty-Three, whatever you say.” – Ejnare.

“So- you will be joining them?” – Me.

“No, I won’t.” – Ejnare.

“Do I have to push you just a smidge?” I asked cutely.

“Why don’t you go ask Ryutyu for another smidge of that massage he does on you constantly?” – Ejnare.

“Oh please, Ejnare, you would like if he did it to you.” – I spoke, seeing Ryutyu nod over with a happy smile.

“No- it’s weird. Although ya’ll are friends, giving massages is… it’s not normal in Greenland, but maybe in some parts of America- like Florida- because this is the Australia of America, so I really actually shouldn’t not expect weird shit to happen, but… eh…” – Ejnare as his tail fluffed up and down just a little bit.

“Alrighty- but maybe you should just get your bones moving- And that quarter out of your pocket.” I said, suddenly reaching my left arm into his right pocket and picking out that quarter I heard.

“Wha- how did you know I had that?” – Ejnare.

“I can hear objects far away and such- and I can hear Khenbish yelling at a racer right now as well.” – Me.

“Yeah, you weird as shit.” – Ejnare.

“Well, even if so- come on and get up. This is the night to have fun, because Wilma will be crying about her addiction tomorrow.” – Me.

“I hope she gets better from that at least.” – Ejnare as he sat back.

I decided to take his right hand and swing him up and at Daniel. As he came onto the floor, it lit up with circles of different colors spastically changing, and Ejnare shocked himself as Daniel got near with his shaking fists.

“Yo- Ejnare! You finally joined!” Daniel happily stated.

“Yeah- yeah…” Ejnare sighed as Chinua also came up.

“What kind of moves do you have?” Chinua asked Ejnare.

“Just… basically stereotypical moves that don’t really show anything…” Ejnare spoke as he saw Angelica bounce up and rotate her legs.

“What kind of music do you like?” – Chinua.

“Electronic music like this, and classical music- but I don’t really dance.” – Ejnare.

“Hit it!” Wilma then pointed over to Shellia, and her accordion became electrically synthesized and started a rhythm.

“Yo Ejnare my nigga- through the mind space me and Wilma have- yo nigga-ass gotta’ drop some moves for this beat, nigga.” – Nigga Nigga as he stopped and swished over to Ejnare as arrows started to form of green, pointing to Ejnare.

“Ready?” – Wilma as soon as Nigga Nigga finished his sentence- damn Daniel.

“Three-two-one.” Ryutyu started as quickly as Wilma.

“GO!” Shellia screamed through her mask before the Red Glitch came over it and disrupted her mask to de-exist and her mouth to be missing again.

Ejnare instantly broke into amazing dance, looking sometimes as he failed, but it was actually a smooth entrance into a pose. Nigga Nigga then went off on the second drill as Ejnare cooled down, and a grin smiled across his face. Nigga Nigga did the same and they went back and forth with the best foot moves anybody else had seen in there. Even Kioshi from outside, looked through the window at a point and was surprised by Ejnare’s complete happiness.

I smiled and went back to my room in the middle of it as everybody cheered Ejnare on, got in my chair, kicked off the wall and back, used darkness to allow me to just lazily-animate myself going down the stairs, literally sloping down like a slow slide and turning instantly, before my chair flew over to the wall and inside it to reveal me through a dark portalis-looking sludge to come forwards the black spy girl.

All of her blood vessels were separated and distinguished, and her parts were disconnected by fleshy-means. Her strings of blood held her together in a t-pose, and her eyes darted to me with a cry of agony as she saw me smile.

“Hm… I had a quick idea suddenly about your DNA, and what would happen if I put a few gaps in it and switched some of the adenine and thymine to its un-responding parts- possibly to make your body shrivel up and go all rocky. I also have to redirect some hyaluronic acid, but I understand you probably know nothing of my terms- so maybe just think about how you will suffer and how I live a bipolar life and how I know I am insane but will you suffer for your actions since God can no longer save you- damn I like the voices in my head, they are very edgy at times, but sometimes being edgy does not mean you are wrong.” I told with giggling emotion swings as I started to use darkness tentacles from my fingernails to switch up her DNA and acids.

As the Red Glitch effect poured over some parts, I soon saw that her naked body started to loosen its skin and turn to hard edges and points, rocky and flat even, where if you touched it, it seemed like it would either break or be hard. She felt the pointy feelings of pain and soreness torment her mind as she could not speak as she held no mouth.

I then looked to Canada Ball and started also redoing his DNA as the Red Glitch stopped me in some places, and Gustavo slept on the floor happily, uncaring.

The night went on, and soon the party ended as Wilma saw Daniel sit down with Ejnare from the heat, and Chinua did as well, all tired after two hours. As they happily spoke, she made everything go to oxygen and then spun around and flew back to her fun palace, where she further dug her face into cocaine for the rest of the night. Ryutyu enjoyed talking with the others as Shellia came to my room and looked for me, finding it unlucky and her quest stumbled upon by just getting in my bed after a long search and just waiting eagerly yet tiredly.

After some time, everyone was asleep and at home, happy yet thinking about George. Except I, for I was torturing the Canadian Ball and Black spy girl as I made a duplicate of myself to study the physics book of Oliver. The Red Glitch stopped me from making another duplicate sadly.

***In Bangladesh for Oyur.***

“Hello Oyur-”

“EH! WHAT THE FUCK?! GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE, WHITE KID! GOD DAMN FUCKING WEIRDO! I’M SLEEPING! IT’S LIKE 3-A-M IN THE MORNING RETARD! WHAT KIND OF BITCH-ASS RETARD COMES RUNNING TO A FUCKING-NOBODY-SOMEBODY AT THIS TIME OF GOD-DAMN NIGHT?!” Oyur screamed as he suddenly woke in his pajamas to see me in his room. He was slightly scared at first, before being shuddered with angriness.

“I just came to say I am ready to do your mission. It is also 8:32 A.M., not three.” – Me, leaning over his bed as my ears were up and listening to him.

“You bitch-ass, get your fucking femboy-furry shit-head out of here and let me eat some god-damn breakfast in peace first, you fucking weird-ass-Floridian-white-kid.” – Oyur as he sighed and got out of bed with black socks on.

I rushed out to go wake up Ryutyu then. Ryutyu was shaggily asleep, his hair fluffed in weird ways and his tail and ears flinching as he slightly heard my wind. But I came to him easily with a black try and black cup of green-tea coffee, which he smelled nicely and turned his head to see me happy, making him happy. I also supplied on the tray three blueberry macarons, and five lime mochis. I then put my right hand on his hair and scrubbed it, as his ears collided in and he nicely shut his eyes again.

“Good morning, Ryutyu. I got you some green-tea coffee with lime mochis and blueberry macarons, just like the colors of you.” – Me as his tail wagged a little.

“Aw- thanks laddy.” – Ryutyu as he scooted himself up and took a macaron. “So warm and fine- you must have made them in the finest factory.” He giggled.

“Why thank you, good sir.” I nodded back with my own British accent. “But also- I am doing Oyur’s mission today and I must present the question- would you like to come?”

“Of course- ya’ be there, right?” – Ryutyu and I nodded. “Ight… also- have ya’ seen that miss Shellia’s mouth is gone- and her mask!”

“I heard- and I know the Red Glitch took it away, so I do not think I will be giving her a mouth for a bit here.” – Me as he ate.

“Aye…” – Ryutyu as he finished his first blueberry macaron.

“Let me go contact Wilma about Oyur’s mission, hopefully she might be up to it.” I told, and then zoomed off as he nodded warmly.

After a little time, Oyur stepped out of his house and me and Wilma instantly appeared in front of him. He bounced back.

“Bro- on god ya’ll bitches watched too much anime or some shit- stop spawning right in front of people, that ain’t cool.” – Oyur.

“Alrighty.” – Me, my cat tail with its sharp end wrapped around my left leg.

“But it is funny!” – Wilma with her fists going up.

“Fuck outta’ here.” – Oyur to Wilma with no hesitation- because he is a white kid.

So, Wilma created a portalis and we instantly found the man. The man was Indian, and skinny with white glasses and black hair, as well as a blue long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans with raggedy-old brown shoes. He instantly whipped down to see Oyur slam down with Wilma floating behind to his left and me using my hands as an elevator-function to lend me down as we looked around the dark room, seeing a kid literally boxed up cruelly in a metallic dog cage, and another kid currently dead and missing lower arms and legs as he painted him and his bandaging yellow. The man dropped his brush as he looked to see us blocking the metallic door behind.

“O- ō, dayavāyi nilla…” The man stated with a slow terror coming across his face as he saw Oyur get his tree-man roots growing.

“Let us chase him before we kill him.” I told Oyur and Wilma at the same time and Wilma shrugged in a nod as Oyur complied.

“Iviṭe varū, phakkar!” Oyur yelled and Wilma then shot her right hand out and up as it blasted the man back into the wall’s top, through the ground, but both the wall and ground broke like glass as he shot out to land on some grass, and then scrambled up to see roots of Oyur scavenged up like rocky tentacles and bring him shooting up in a jump as he held my hand and Wilma just hovered up.

“Kuṭṭikaḷe nāykkaḷeppēāle kūṭṭil pūṭṭunnat saṅkalppikkuka - ñāneārikkaluṁ.” I spoke and Oyur grinned a little as the man started to run towards Tongi, a township in Bangladesh. He started to cross around this lake, running along the edge and screaming for his life as he saw Wilma go back in and free the kids.

“Sahāyaṁ! Sahāyaṁ!” He screamed, meaning ‘Help! Help!’

“Never knew you knew Malayalam.” Oyur told in English.

“I read upon all languages over a period of time. I know all words.” – Me.

Wilma then brought up six kids from the dead and threw them at the man, who looked back with fear as he shuffled right to left, dodging the impeccable kids as they looked with anger or worry to him before Wilma got over to them and then watched as Oyur continued to run, and I spun in my dress across the grass.

Soon, the man had sprinted to a dirt road leading to Tongi, with posters above and sandstone buildings around, like the township was a part of Kenya or something- but he still ran through it, calling for help as some fellow Bangladeshis looked behind to see me now turning my hands longer into darkness to hold up Oyur and push him closer to the speeding skinny man. He exalted his roots, spiking them into the sand as the man whipped around into the hall of two buildings and rushed through to come out to a better open space, before cutting more corners and trying to escape, but we followed pricelessly.

“Meliñña manuṣyā, ninṟe śarīrattile ōrēā ñarampukaḷuṁ enikk kēḷkkāṁ!” I yelled over as the Bangladeshis did not understand what they were seeing.

As the man screamed and I thrusted Oyur forth for another try at letting a storm out of roots to flow after him, he failed to the man ducking and getting up as I then picked Oyur right back up wildly and started to thrust him further and farther with my darkness hands, bringing confusion and terror across the streets as the man sweat for his life.

Soon, somebody in one of the sandstone buildings got a phone out and called the police, in which they responded quickly and got to the move, sounding sirens.

“Never thought he would scream like this.” Oyur kindly laughed. “You’re right about the fucking chase thing though- finally he gets what he fucking deserves.”

The man got onto a slightly concrete road and rushed up to a civilian who wide-eyed at our fast speed, ranting to somebody as quickly as he could as he then ran past them and they screamed.

“Kill her.” I told quickly and Oyur hesitated massively.

“What?! I’m not gonna’ kill random people, mister. I’m here for him and seeing him die slowly.” – Oyur told whilst looking back to me as we quickly jumped and passed.

“Well, somebody called the police a little-ways back, so we are going to have a bit more of a problem than we expect.” – Me, and he looked back with disgust.

“Fucking hell- ya’ll bitches don’t really care… also, where did Wilma go?” – Oyur.

“She took care of the kids.” – Me.

“Ight- rush me up to the man, I’m-a guess where he’ll dodge this time.” – Oyur.

“There are police rounding the tomorrow-corner as well, so get ready.” – Me.

“Ah…” Oyur noted as I threw him, and he missed the man as people screamed. Oyur started up and shot his roots out like electricity from hands, and they spastically maneuvered in different shapes all around and went after the man like a formal blizzard. The man trekked away with sweat all over his clothes, and the police rounded the corner.

“I will reform you if you get shot.” I told, zooming up from feet away, dusting sand amongst the cement road ending to dirt.

“Ight- here we-a fucking go…” Oyur breathed as he rushed up to the police. He got shot in the head, but as he paced back with a slight shock, he saw his head reform with dark strings covering his skin back together. The policemen started to shoot at him, but his skin soon just bounced off the bullets, or glitched with red and took them in before regenerating. Oyur came up to a police woman and used his right hand to form tree-man syndrome roots to lift himself up as he jumped over her shield and then shot his right hand down and made his roots crack into her head and past her hair, breaking her head into blood. He fell down and looked back with a slight discomfort, before being shot in the back, and angrily looking back as he saw me make my hands into swords and stab the man in the neck before throwing him to another crewmate.

Oyur then continued to form roots out, wrap it around one guy’s legs, thrust him up into the air to fall to death, use his other hand to form roots around the shield and technically eat it up as it crawled onto the woman’s arms and started puncturing in. I started to kill the three behind me bloodily, stabbing them multiple times as they shot frequently, and it all just bounced off me. Oyur then ripped the bullet from his head, thrusted his right hand back, and threw it, making his roots follow the bullet and pushed it down and up a shield to hit the police man in the chin and thrust up, his roots going as long as ten meters, before he then shoved that man’s body into another, and smashed it in, making his roots cut down into the other guy and bleed them out slowly through the smashing of their bones and screams cut off at some cracking point. Oyur then used his roots to smash through the police car’s window, and open it from the inside, before he hopped in and saw the man running down a corner and decided to start the car and race after the single man running with fear and almost tears in his eyes. Oyur did not care that he pressed down on the car pedal, steering massive sounds into the atmosphere as dust kicked up into my mask as I hopped onto the back and sat backwards, seeing civilians camera the scene.

“Kaṣṭaṁ! Kaṣṭaṁ!” The man screamed as he went through a simple closed space and looked back to see my arms reach around the entire car and pick parts and move them, so the car became thin and went through the close space. The man just awed in the alleyway, and then got hit with the speeding car into a wall and fell over. Oyur then broke the front of the police car and slid forwards to the man.

“This nation with its fucking police brutality worse than America’s, a goddamn failing government worse than… I don’t know or fucking care- and added with the horrible fucking people like you- (Oyur spits on the man, who almost cried at his shoes,) just makes me hate you even more.” Oyur stated to the man as he looked to Oyur.

“Oyūr! Enne keāllarut- jayililēā maṟṟēā!” The man spoke to Oyur.

“You really got to work on your statements.” I giggled up to Oyur.

“I really don’t fucking care- as long as I sound cool in my mind, that’s enough before we put this dip-shit down.” – Oyur.

“Ennēāṭ kṣamikkū!” The man yelled.

“Fuck you, Kanan!” Oyur finally stated as he pushed his right fist up into the air. Before he could smash it down, I took his arm with both hands and pushed my face against his, stopping him and confusing him.

“Wait- wait- you should put your hand in his mouth and make your roots explode his head from inside-out- I think that would better and slowly more painful.” – Me.

“Eh… I… I fucking guess.” – Oyur shrugging and getting back to being mad.

The man was confused on our English, but Oyur grabbed his throat with left hand, choked his mouth open, and then shoved his right hand in, before letting his tree man roots slowly start in all directions, branching off each other, before the man’s head started to bust open and bleed to Oyur the satisfaction of his death. Oyur almost smiled but was too focused on the gore of the man’s eyes popping out and his teeth breaking off to explain to me his true feelings. Soon, as the man’s head was shabby blood and veins now dripped on the floor, Oyur dropped his body and looked down to it with a straight mouth and a satisfied mind. He had nothing to say or lose from this.

“Ight- we’re fucking done- finally…” – Oyur breathed in sickishly.

“You said something about police brutality- do you want to go back and chase those sirens possibly?” I asked him happily and wonderfully.

“No- not all the Bangladesh cops are fucking racist like yours. Some did beat my runaway friends, but most helped get rid of these fuckers. Now that we’re done- I don’t ever wanna’ be here again. The goddamn government could barely provide for me before I came to ya’ll anyways…” – Oyur as he looked back to see the car still holding thin.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, “But, what about possibly other child stealers and such? Do you want to go find them and kill them possibly?”

“You and killing people- look femboy nightmare-man, I’m not really for killing people- but since this went fast and easily, and my God-given adrenaline is up higher than my grandma, so than maybe if you know where Naypyidaw is I’ll join or some shit.” – Oyur.

“The capital of Burma? I thought you only went from India to Bangladesh.” – Me.

“Well shit got weird at one point, and… let me think for a second… yeah- the only other place I remember was being in Naypyidaw, as those Burmese bitches brought me back to India’s borders and just let me go. Anyways- I don’t where but I know there might be some tomfuckery over there so maybe we should go and instigate, since yo gore-ass ain’t stopping this liking for murder.” – Oyur.

“Alrighty, let us go then.” – Me.

“Wait… uh… they ain’t so friendly over there. I remember that they used missiles to blow up the facility I was in, so I don’t think they’re like a good military or some shit like India’s or America’s.” – Oyur.

“Let us check then.” I stated, whipping out my bee phone from my dress with a darkness hand and looking up the Burmese military.

I found news and articles stating child enslavement and missing people were on the rise, and the military was possibly using war crimes to stop criminals as well as the people from rising up. I and Oyur looked at the bee phone at some articles saying Burma was a bad country, and we just took it for granted as we did not care too much.

“Well, if these sources are true about civil unrest and possible coups going to occur, then we should just go on a mass murder in their capital like we did in one of Mongolia’s cities.” I told Oyur and he looked at me with a disgusted look.

“Look bruh- I ain’t up for that shit- but more of like, maybe ya’ could disguise me as some sort of Burmese soldier and we could go fuck some low-lifers up after we find out what’s below in the sewer-communities.” Oyur told.

“Actually, I think it would be funny if you dressed up as a Bangladeshi policeman and just rioted through the city with me. I mean, this republic of the British Empire is not very democratic and seems to have hints of military control, so-”

“Wait- you read all that shit in seconds?!” Oyur asked, looking to the screen as it continued to switch articles.

“Photographic memory is one of my abilities of the brain- as I remember everything I see- but also I remember smells and such so I have not only just photographic memory, but supreme memory as well.” – Me.

“Already flex-femboy- whatever the fuck your anime-sounding-ass says.” – Oyur.

“Damn bruh…” I laughed before speeding off with winds gusting up against Oyur, before I came back quite instantly with a fully fixed costume of a Bangladeshi officer, and I used one of the darkness hands from under my dress to reveal a police siren-head on top of the police cars, but rather instead of blue and red lights, it had green and white lights, blinking rapidly. “Let us make a legend out of this scheme.”

***Jesus in Bangladesh.***

Jesus, Hitler, and Stalin were also in Tongi, but on the other side of the town. They were walking on a sand road through many small shops and above strings with posters were held advertising their culture. The people of Bangladesh were worried and almost distraught until they viewed the three casually entering from the forest to peek their eyes around at the poor individuals, some bare-foot and without a single cloth clean on their body. Many kids were skinny, and babies cried during that time, whilst men and women were watching with awe as they saw the holy lord and the two others nobody really liked, even though they knew nothing about the dictators, their appearance made them think of hostile military men.

“Is this India again?” Hitler asked, looking around to the watchers.

“Would it matter what location? The people of all countries are poor in their own ways, and I have come to remove that trait of life from these people. I am here to teach both of you and those about the wealth of my truth.” – Jesus.

“Okay, but where do we start?” Stalin asked and Jesus found.

Jesus turned his head left to see a woman being whipped by a man inside the home, and the people outside looked in as the man ruthlessly botted her down, screaming: “Āmāra plēṭa bhāṅgā bandha karuna! Khārāpa cākara ha'ōẏā bandha karuna!!”

“What is he saying?” Hitler asked in Bangladeshi as everybody else looked back and Hitler looked at his own mouth to see the new words just come out smoothly.

“Are you mad, Jesus?” Stalin asked in Bangladeshi, also being surprised at the new language he and Hitler could speak, as Jesus frowned at the scene through the open window and attracted the outside attention of silence.

“I am displeased with that man.” Jesus spoke in Bangladeshi as he went up to the door and knocked on it firmly, before the man stopped and came out.

“What do you… who are you?” The man asked with furious intentions before stopping in mad confusion as his wife cried on the floor.

“I came to ask if you know the kind of sin you wickedly put onto thy lady.” Jesus told with Stalin and Hitler even fearing his voice towards the man.

“Uh- none of business. Go away.” – The man, closing the door as Jesus put his right foot through and felt no pain, but stared at the man.

“Do you know what I am?” He asked and the man looked with anger.

“No- are you a police agent?” The man asked with curious fear.

“I am the lord God, and I have come to clean you of your sins. But if you shut this door, you shut me out, and you will forever be in darkness.” – God told through Jesus.

“I. Don’t. Care.” The man said, and Jesus took his foot back as the man slammed it at Jesus and all the people were astonished.

“Oh my… is he going to hell now?” Stalin curiously smiled at.

“A man in darkness won’t find the light if he only looks to the bottom of his own hole. He will not look up and know of anything better when I judge him.” Jesus told and Hitler looked to Stalin as he turned away.

Jesus took three steps onto the sand and looked to his audience. He saw faces of weirdness, confusion, terror, and outright thanks for a man with righteousness in his mind. But one kid did not mind, and Jesus came over as Hitler looked back at the woman in the hut and saw her get up and look to her dishes with shaky hands.

“Silence is strong, but you must your lift your voice when you need something.” Jesus told the kid as he came over and looked to him, taking a nearby stone cup filled with dirty water, and shaking it till it became a natural fine glass of red wine, and he handed it to the child’s mother, grabbing everyone’s eyebrows.

“What do you mean?” The kid asked as people started to gather around.

“All of you have lost the ability for clean water. Your spirits are thirsty for answers. Disease spreads around to all bodies here, but it only darkens in the mind. I am here to open a cure, for all of you have the disease.” Jesus said as he crouched down and looked around before looking back to the boy in raggedy clothes.

“What disease? My fingers?” The boy, having fingers of arthritis holding up, as he asked, and his mother sipped the glass and nodded with comprehension to its fine liking.

“(Jesus with a slight laugh,) That too, but I was leaning to a more meaningful side. My word has not spread in this vicinity, and any of my disciples here are without good intentions. The ones who rule do not care, and distract themselves with work and investments, as although it does matter, it will not protect you from my glory. I am here to talk to you all about what is true and what is wrong. That man in there is wrong, and he is unsavable. When he comes to me, he will reject bowing down, and he will force himself into the pit of the demons.” Jesus told as Hitler came over.

“What is wrong?” The father of the boy with arthritis asked.

“The labor beyond good. For all work grants good for a job or soul, but the person doing the work must enjoy it for a maximum outlet. Those above have demanded highly of you, and you have nothing to give more. Work has-” Jesus was saying before Stalin.

“So, its child labor?” Stalin asked as Hitler looked to him.

“I believe labor for all young and old is good based upon what they can do and what their limits are. A child shall not work as hard as he should be in his twenties, and he should be happy with his work at all ages. Thou shall not corrupt this and seek only the best, for I fear the thoughts of wrong have already come to many.” – Jesus.

“Yes, and Hitler should be smarter with his slaves rather than just killing them off.” Stalin smirked over to Hitler.

“I don’t want to hear another word from your red mouth!” – Hitler angrily.

“And arguments are the symptoms of war. I see the history of each person here, ranging from young Kobe here, (he lifts his hand up flatly to a woman in the crowd,) to your dad Banla, and I see that resolution does not come easy. In times of scarcity there is only triumph in short terms, as sin wants all to stop thinking about what is important and focus deeply on the concept at hand and how it will benefit only thy. Thou shall look at this clothing, (He turns to his right and picks up a colorful scheme of red, blue, and yellow to show everyone,) a work of art for a family above yours, and shall see happiness spread through it instead of, (He turns it around to show a demented back with colors smeared in certain places and rough edges on the design as the sleeves were also hanging and unfinished in cutting slash knitting,) a past of the gritting of teeth to yell on who does it and when.” – Jesus as he then looked back to the boy and placed it on his lap. “Show your community your efforts with your true soul in mind.”

“That kid always messes up those shirts…” A man in the back stated, and Stalin whipped around to give him a look like most others, whilst Jesus sighed.

The boy then got out his knitters from behind a wooden table’s leg, with their bronze-like metallics rusty, and started to knit extremely finely, and finish the shirt’s sleeves, making them perfect and bright instead of leaving them long and unjust. The boy finished in mere seconds as the people watched and held it up with hope. It was perfect.

“Are you really God?” he asked in curiosity as everyone was amazed. Jesus then put his hand around the boy’s left hand, and let it go, revealing it without dirt and rather no more arthritis, and the boy looked as the cleanness spread upon his skin slowly, and cracked his bones to a normal stance like everybody else’s.

“I am God. The one true and holy God here to show you specially. I understand this world is fallen and that many do not even know of me, but I have come down once again to help along the way as I have a new mission of curing these two.” Jesus spoke, and Hitler and Stalin instantly had a spotlight of attention.

“He got it from universal weirdness.” Stalin said as everybody looked.

“I did come down to stop the Anti-Christ from showing himself wickedly, but God decided to keep me down here for a little more. I am needed by the world, and my second coming will start soon. I will leave to stop other worldly beings, but remember you are safe when I arrive, and you will see me arrive.” – Jesus said as he stood up. “Now let me go talk to the woman in the window, as she is in deep thought.”

Jesus walked over to the woman with a hurting head under black hair, and she looked up with sorrow as she saw everybody shadow against the window and the sunlight decrease over the countertop, she wept in.

“Merila, my daughter. Leave this house, as it barely even stands. Come with me, for I will heal you.” Jesus told to Merila, the girl who got beaten.

“But Jesus- she’s the girl that lied to us all about a lottery and lied to us about lying too!” A man stated next to Jesus.

“A sin is a sin. You all have committed sins, and if anyone here is sinless, then you may speak up.” Jesus told, and everybody backed away except Stalin.

“What if you don’t believe that your sin was a sin?” – Stalin.

“Your contradictions are not funny.” – Jesus.

“My… oh…” – Stalin.

“Ha! Hypocrite!” – Hitler laughed.

“Hm…” – Stalin shrugged.

“Why do you care for me? I lied to them all, and-” – Merila.

“I care for all sinners. But that man who lives with you, is only full of sin, laughing the words of ‘I’ll do it the next day’ to himself- and I cannot assist sin itself.” – Jesus.

“Okay…” Merila nodded and came out to Jesus. “But he’s going to kill me if I walk with you.”

“What better is life when not with me?” Jesus asked seriously. Everybody was silent, but Jesus turned around and started to walk. “Follow me, Merila and all. The world is a place in need of you, my disciples.”

Jesus and the others walked down the road of many poor people, and the crowd expanded as people offered his word and talked about him, and soon many eyes were locked on the lord as he went along. Stalin and Hitler stayed close behind, as some found themselves disgusted to be next to.

Jesus soon stopped and turned right to see a restaurant, without clean floors and a simple cashier without a good costume, suddenly looking with a raised left eyebrow to Jesus as he looked up to the sign of the food place.

It was old and rusty as well and read in a red-colored Bangladeshi: “Upper Foods.”

“Upper Foods? What is that?” – Hitler.

“How do we suddenly understand Bangladeshi- how do I know what this language is?” Stalin curiously and suddenly asked Jesus.

“I have given you all understanding of their language, but now we must feed their mouths, as I sense hunger made distraught in many.” – Jesus.

“Upper foods kinda’ trash.” – A man in the back as some others giggled.

Jesus opened the door, hearing the red bell above ring, and Hitler and Stalin looked up with confusion as Jesus just casually walked to the left and faced the man.

“Are you guys for real?” He asked and looked confused.

“You can gamble on it.” Stalin laughed over to the man suddenly with a smile.

“We would like to order enough food for the crowd’s members.” Jesus asked and the man looked to him.

“Okay… whatcha’ paying with?” – The man.

“We can pay in work and word.” Jesus stated.

“Dude- I’m gonna’ need money in order to cook you anything. Ya’ll cosplayers acting weird these days.” – The man.

“We are not dressing up. I have brought these two with me on a journey to my holiness, and we seek to help those we meet.” – Jesus.

“Yeah, buddy- stop with the Jesus-shit- you gonna’ pay for all of them or actually show me you’re god himself, and if so- just make the food yourself.” – The guy.

“Yes, I think you should do that, Jesus.” – Stalin told Jesus.

“I shall not. Instead, let your so-called ‘coincidences’ show you differently. If you cook us food, your life will get better. If you do not, you shall see a plummet immediately. There is no other option.” – Jesus told the man.

“Is that a threat?” – The man.

“What if he dies?” – Stalin.

“That would be unpleasant, but I would judge him then.” – Jesus.

“Buddy, I might have to call the cops on ya’. If ya’ don’t actually act like a normal human being…” – The man as he got his phone out.

“GLADE!!!!” A man yelled from inside the kitchen. “SERVE OUR CUSTOMERS OR YOU’RE FIRED!!” The man was fat and angry and came up to the boy’s side.

“But- sir- they don’t have money, and all those people don’t-” – The boy.

“WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT KEEPING THE PUBLIC HAPPY? If we give them all food now, and I mean look at all those hungry people- they’ll supposedly work better and get money to then come back and pay us!” – The man over Glade.

“But- you didn’t-” – Glade.

“I DON’T CARE ABOUT WHAT I SAID- make them food, or you’re gone! You show up late each day and I’m tired of it- I’ve had the last straw thinking about you.” The man stated at the boy, then looking to Jesus. “Take your order, fine sir.” He stated, then leaving Glade to look back in a slight fear.

“He… my gosh- that is a big coincidence, sirs. I guess you will be getting some food- but you better all come back later with some money, because secretly this business is trash in this location.” – The boy as he talked to them. “So- what do you want?”

“I would like some of that ‘French Fries’ you have up there, and some ‘Pepperoni Pizza,’ whatever that may be, ooh- and also some ‘Coke,’ listed as a drink… never heard of that… Those new foods are all up there in the images, right?” Stalin intruded before Jesus could say anything.

“Yes, and just give me six seconds to complete this.” – Glade.

“Six seconds?” – Stalin. “Is he using a nuclear bomb to warm the food or something?” The crowd behind him just shrugged as they saw Glade go back into the kitchen and shuffle around quickly.

“Are you helping him out or something, Jesus?” Hitler shockingly asked.

“I am not.” – Jesus as he came back around just a few seconds later.

Glade then quickly returned with an empty pizza box with their bland logo on it.

“Here’s your order.” – Glade almost smiling.

“What? Where is it?” – Stalin as Hitler stood angrily.

“It’s the John Cena special- it ain’t visible.” – Glade funnily.

“You little gremlin- put some visibility on that pizza or else I’m going to punch you weak!” Hitler yelled at the kid, pointing.

“I will also punch you weak.” Stalin laughed as everybody behind look to Jesus giving them both ‘the look.’

Glade nodded and went back into the kitchen as Jesus then went down to sit with them and Merila. They talked for a bit as the place filled up and some sat on the floor, but they all used the soap dispenser and cleaned their hands before sitting down, some not using their hands but just their legs to lower themselves onto the floor’s corners and walls. The man soon came out with the food steaming ready and looked to it finely.

“It came out really well t-b-h.” Glade wide-eyed as everybody went over, but they saw Jesus come and made a path for him.

“Thank you, Glade. This food is for all, and we shall share. All shall get a serving their size, and all shall remember this moment for your start in my discipleship. There shall be singing and praising of God, and we shall thank him for this meal.” – Jesus.

“Let’s just eat already.” – Stalin.

“Patience, and common sense will allow you to thrive off what matters.” Jesus told Stalin, stopping his arm from reaching the pizza as everybody rose and got ready.

So, they all ate- and took their slices or fries, enjoying the short meal as Jesus rationed it out with tearing some crust off and giving it to others. Soon, all was finished, and Stalin made a white-boy comment again.

“So, when’s dessert?” Stalin asked Jesus.

“Dessert?” – Glade. “We don’t serve that stuff.”

“It would make all those who enter have an appreciation for the restaurant’s ways, as dessert is meaningful in different ways. Dessert is like the afterlife of you all, being either in my holy heavens praising with fellow angels and people alike, or dwelling to death of mind deep in hell’s cold palace. To have dessert is to mean you understand the entrée for what it gives and teaches, and then have happiness with the final outcome. It is like work as well- doing good work leads to good rewards.” Jesus told and Glade just looked at him.

“He talks about a lot of meaningful topics.” – Stalin whispering to Glade in front of Jesus and Hitler.

“I can tell.” – Glade.

“But the dessert I want is a chocolate cake with strawberries.” – Stalin smiled.

“Of course.” Jesus nodded and smiled at Glade, who also nodded.

***The experience of George.***

I was in my room, lifting weights with Ryutyu, Chinua, and Ejnare to some electronic theme music, before suddenly the voices in my head had a grand idea.

“We should kill George! No! Ruin his hopes and dreams! Tear out his eyes! Speak English. Pursuit of notion against friends- AND EYES! Murder is fine. Lamp post. Killing is fun. Sadistic measures will be taken. How? Find another Eighty-Three with stronger powers to kill him. That trip with Oyur to Burma was quite fun to be honest. Quickly move with speed and death. Otto von Bismarck was the architect of German unification. I shall torture with my smile. Noooooo mooooore eyes! Let us go!” My voices rambled, although if anybody else heard they would call is insane nonsense as so many tones were shouted constantly in my head as Ryutyu sat down and worked on the bench and I watched.

I put down my weights and then headed up to my room, where I opened my closet and found many machines already in there near the door and not the clothes on the right side, getting old from me just renewing the dress I wore. There, I grabbed my portal gun from the white shelf-like bars and switched its coding as Gustavo watched from the bed. I soon opened a portal- but it stopped with Red-Glitch effects. Then the Red Glitch suddenly existed a meter to my right, standing in the open space. Gustavo instantly turned over.

“Eighty-Three, you better stop.” – He stated with a dawning anger.

“You should allow me to do this, as I do have the capabilities.” – Me.

“No- you can’t just go to another universe with a more powerful being and ask them to do any deed. Imagine if Heru and his allies did that against you.” – Me.

“They technically did.” – Me as Gustavo nodded with my answer.

“Heru is still the strongest on their team, dummy- they just got different kinds of powerful creatures. Now- don’t try it.” – Red Glitch.

“But please, I must. At least form me to a universe with an Eighty-Three not so powerful as I hope for, but still can get the job done.” I asked politely of my red teacher.

“What’s the job?” Gustavo smiled over, coming down.

“He wants to go rip out the eyes of George permanently.” – Red Glitch.

“Cool, can I join?” – Gustavo as he tilted his hat up.

“Sure, but I need a being who can make it permanent- like use rainbow hands or torment waves.” – Me with my tail having a black sharp end and waving down below.

“Fine- but no demons or angels- ever. Don’t try this again either, for I really don’t like how you do things around these parts.” – The Red Glitch, making a portal and it seeing forth to a cloud of black with a longer and more slim version of me, Eighty-Three, just standing and looking at us already, so I waved over and he did too as I stepped in and Gustavo closed the door down to Ryutyu’s. The sky was also blue but without any other clouds, and the dress that the other Eighty-Three wore had instead of green maid shoes, golden and sparkling yellow one, as well as sparkling yellow gloves of diamonds.

“Geia sou fíle mou. Gia ti écheis érthei?” He spoke in a Greek tone.

“I have come to ask of a devilish favor, in which I think we might enjoy.” – Me.

“Hm- who may it be that we are going against?” He asked as I traveled around and looked around to see nothing else as Gustavo entered with a smile.

“George- do you know him?” I asked the Eighty-Three a foot taller than me.

“Of course, I do. Many versions like you come and ask me around the same question every hour. I shall be quick, for my hour has just ended and started anew.” – Him.

“Yes, I would like somebody that can permanently rip out his eyes- is that similar to any other requests?” – Me as his tail had a rainbow point instead of my black one.

“It is similar to one against Ejnare who got Wilma’s powers, but to George’s catalogue, this is new. Where has he gone, if he has left?” – Me.

“We could find him, but maybe you know about some blizzards and snow-” – Me.

“The top of Siberia. Same place where a lot of them go to start a new life and town or whatever.” The other Eighty-Three to me. “Let us go I guess.” He smiled back, same mask and shades as Gustavo entered back and the other Eighty-Three created a portalis.

But before we could both walk in, the Red Glitch still stood and stopped the other Eighty-Three with his right arm and a daring frown, making the other lift his ears highly.

“What happened to your Red Glitch?” My Red Glitch asked.

“He is actually blue, and allows for a lot more dubious actions I sense. Are you going to be mad of my presence like some others?” The Eighty-Three asked.

“I’m going to let you do this one thing- but I will make an agreement with myself that beings with and above your powers will be sent back away to their own universe after this event.” – the Red Glitch as the other waved his tail to wrap around his own left leg.

“Well, alrighty- but thank you at least for allowing me to help another one of me.” The other Eighty-Three politely responded with as the Red Glitch rolled his eyes and then disappeared suddenly without any effects.

We went forth to the tundra lands of snowy hills and deserted skies of hard dark grey. There was nothing around, not even trees as the tundra up there was purely snow and blizzards had rung. But then we came over the cliff, a slope of our hill, to see below to the fanatic palace of lights and emojis of joy towards the microphone concept and- really just an entire city of entertainment. This included roller coasters, giant concert places, and a lot of factories already pumping steam. Me, Gustavo, and the other Greek me saw down to see nobody there, and the storm continuing raging below.

George was unaware and currently on the perimeter of his city that extended and bordered like a square. Around were hills leading to mountains and cliffs, and that indulged area was still only snow and nothing else. He looked up with his hair blowing and his suit normal, seeing the blizzard as he was next to the door of a café he made of chocolate-colored walls, and on the street of nicely condensed and clean pebbles with water flowing under and streaming nicely on the coldness. It was like a paradise where they should have been no paradise, and the city itself could be seen to end at the horizon from one side. George then walked through his empty city towards the giant concert stage, wooden yet glowing with its planks different, and a black overall hemisphere letting lights down to glow blue as the microphone was up there also alone.

He jumped high with his floating powers to the microphone and made a laptop of black right on the floor to his right, whence he started to grab the microphone and talk into it, the echo coming forth slowly.

“This is a frozen-day, in here I chilly-lay. I was bound to frozen-stay, and I must grow my chilly-bay. The blue and white if infinite, but I want something more than this granite. I seek a life, a popular strife, where I go-” George started to sing with slopes up as saxophone music started to blast from forming black speakers, slow and melodic in the snow that rained upon all of his work.

But he was obviously stopped by me, truly me, shoulder bashing into him and fouling him back to get into a stance to look at me with confusion and dishonesty. Then, the darkness behind his speaker, dwelled into the Greek version of me and he clapped his hands into a purple mist, as suddenly an aurora of purple circles flashed about him, and he grabbed George by the neck before throwing him down. George made the concert suddenly spike rainbow spikes up, and I lifted myself up to dodge and throw myself back to the ground with nice water. The Greek version of me also used the hands from under his dress to fuel himself up, and then he shot down quickly to push both of his hands into George’s eyes and rip them out like it was an everyday task.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAA- oh my god! Holy shit! Holy fuck!” George cried as he put his hands over his eyes and felt the black and red blood foul out at immense speeds as the Greek version of me crunched his eyes into white goo and let it spill.

I came back onto the stage as the rainbow spikes dispersed into white oxygen that went transparent, and I came over to pick up George by his neck and throw him on the ground again, before kneeling down and punching his face.

“AAAAAAAAAAAa- oh my god! AAAAAA- hah-AAAAAAAa stop!” He cried, but he could not cry from his eyes as they continued to bleed- how many have I said that word?

I then picked him up before punching him in the stomach, making him cough up blood as he held his eyes sockets firm, and then I used his hair to throw him into one of the speakers as the coldness started to invade and the snow start to pile up as the blizzard continued and his powers were saddened by the defeat of his own vision.

“Holy fucking shit! Stop! Please! AAAhhhh.” He cried out, sprawling to a crawl away as I approached him, picked him up by his left leg and then threw him up with a grasp before knocking him down on the other side face-first. I then turned him over and started to beat his face into his own wood as my darkness arms forcefully removed his hands down. After that, I used his neck to choke him up before using my darkness arm to beat his chin repeatedly up, spastically exploding blood from his mouth, as soon my darkness hand went into his mouth, turned into a massive fist, and extremely sped out, forcing his teeth onto the floor.

“Regrow! Regrow!” He tried stated as his teeth regrew, but his eyes did not. “Help! Wilma! Please!”

I used my darkness hands to then turn into rolling blades, cogs of sharpness and points, and put that arm from under my dress and rolled it down his back as his back bled out and he suffered as he trained his word “Regrow!” Gustavo and the other Eighty-Three watched with a smile, and soon the other Eighty-Three created a camera, and watched me continue to scratch at his face, punch his belly, throw him around, beat his head in, tear his hair out, pluck his nose and stab him with darkness knives, before we regrew it all and started to speak after feeling pain and suffering for too long.

“Wha- wha… wha… wh-who…ah… why are you beating me?” He asked us.

“Because it is fun.” – me, as I then grabbed his eyebrows and ripped them off, and he shrieked as he felt the soaked wood and the coldness now fully intrigued on his city.

“Stop… Eighty-Three… why? Why? WHY?” he yelled in a faint coming closer, before I kneeled down as his eyebrows came back and his felt for his eyes with a whimper.

“Because… I am sadistic and you had hopes and dreams with a capability to ruin…” I told George as he whimpered on the stage.

“You… you… monster…” – George pointed before I took his finger and twisted it off, before then opening his mouth, shoving it in, and then stomping on his mouth with my bloody maid shoe as Gustavo watched the camera record.

“Alrighty- I think we have done a good time here.” The other Eighty-Three said as I got up with a giggle inside.

“One last thing…” I told, before forming my hands into darkness and cutting onto his collar bone and ripping it out as he screamed in agony.

“FUCK! FUUUUUUCK!” He stated before the large ‘A’s’ again.

“This was nice.” Gustavo nodded as the Greek Eighty-Three handed him the camera.

“Indeed. Now, enjoy you two- I must go back and sit and wait for another like you to ask.” The Greek Eighty-Three spoke of, making a portal to the cloud and then closing it as we watched and then looked back to see the snow covering up the blood as George flipped himself as if to crawl, but ran out of energy and hope, instead whimpering as the snow covered him, and Gustavo shook his body to get some off.

“It’s a bit chilly bro- we gotta’ head back.” – Gustavo told as I smiled at the camera.

***Jesus in Bhutan.***

“Thank you all for listening to my word. I know will send you all out to guide others and bring prosperity to those who can’t seek it.” Jesus told as he got to the forest at the end of a dirt road, feeding a little homeless kid some stew somebody else made.

“Ahem- Hitler.” – Stalin snarked happily and the other dictator was just mad.

“Take what you have learned and spread it, as I must go to another country I see worse in, and stop a man from what he’s about to do.” Jesus told, looking back darkly as he made a portalis and Stalin and Hitler left with him as all others watched.

“Wait! Jesus! Can some of us come with you?” A man asked up front.

“You all are already with me, whether physically or with my holy spirit. Do not fear the darkness, for I will provide light. I will go, but I will be back.” Jesus told as he got to a cold and snowy hill, with some grass speaking up, but mostly mountains in the distance with snow melting to the grassy greens and firm nature that Bhutan had to offer so kindly.

Jesus closed the portalis and looked upon their hill, seeing above a storm without rain, grey clouds hover over the supreme light or dark greens of the firm amazing and grateful grass below, soaking away the white pudding-like snow. On that hill there were three homes, wooden and steaming from a chimney of brick. Stalin and Hitler shivered, but Jesus walked forth confidently and knocked on the door.

“What man are we talking to now?” Hitler asked angrily.

“It would be funny if we went back in time to see Hitler’s parents and see if he changes by those means.” – Stalin seriously stated to Jesus.

“My mother is the only parent I truly have…” Hitler told Stalin angrily as well.

“Hm…” – Stalin as Jesus waited.

After some time of those two shivering, Jesus knocked on the door again, his stern face staring through the wooden door. Nothing was heard, but Jesus was not going to allow some storm above to cast away the care for his entrance.

Jesus knocked again, but this time it rang in an echo inside the house, and outside Hitler and Stalin could hear everything jitter as his knock pounded past all obstacles. But still, after eight seconds, no answer, only curiosity from the other two.

“I think he is sleeping, Jesus.” – Stalin, “Or maybe not home.”

“He is home and he does hear. But a distraction has token over his mind. A distraction that if he tells publicly, will make this entire community fall back to its old darkness.” Jesus told and Stalin was a bit confused.

“Is he playing on the… television of some sort?” Stalin asked.

Jesus decided no longer to wait but walked right through the door all-of-a-sudden, and the two dictators looked with awe as he just went through.

Hitler then grumbled and tried opening it, but it did not nudge, and Stalin just giggled inside at Hitler’s madness.

Jesus came alone in the quiet house, seeing forth to an instant living room then kitchen, each window closed with curtains. There were boards on the floor with nails, and no television was present, just cultural aspects of Chinese things like elegant pots and dazzling lamps, and even the cats inside cats toy. But as Jesus came across the living room’s left wall, past the red couch to see two new doors, the first leading to the bathroom, but another having a slight hallway to another room, he slowly walked with concern towards the door, hearing munching and crazed breathing.

He took the door and opened it, and the crunching of meat did not stop. Jesus walked forwards and turned to his left to see a devil’s man.

“Do you have any shame for yourself?” Jesus asked in the dawning silence, almost in an angry tone to the man, as below his stingy crouching, his son laid opened in the chest, his guts removed and his blood spilled out, almost dried. The son has smallpox on his face, and red dots covered the incoming whiteness a corpse would make. His eyes were stained open, and his clothes were on, but his shirt was ripped.

The man was long and skinny, his black hair jagged, his face pale but ethnic. He looked back slowly with his rattling bones, his harsh skin dreaming to stop whoever was behind. His shaking lacked any concern, and he saw with his big beady blue eyes and dry lips covered in the crimson of his son, to see Jesus standing there, dissatisfied as the man’s stomach was filled beyond what humanely would consider of the rest of his body. He wore clothes, do not worry, but they do not matter in the essence of what he had done.

The man did not respond, but in the darkness of the room and the storm above hidden by the windows, he looked to Jesus with a slow breathing yet hard-hitting heartbeat. His pupils dilated at Jesus, and Jesus had no change in his stern face.

“You understand your wrongs and still conform to them. You do not understand what you have done- as although your child ended with a natural disease, you create this putrid culture where you are risen by your fellow peers because of these deranged acts, and you turn this place back to when it was well called ‘Hell’s finest museums.’” Jesus told, as the man started to breath more.

The man looked back to the kid, and then charged at Jesus. Jesus took a step back before the man swung and missed like a child, before then shoving his body, and Jesus stepped to the side. The man then came back with a punch, and Jesus his collar bone and up to the left and down to dodge before the man tried again, and Jesus simply stepped back, before the man then spun around and threw himself into Jesus, in which Jesus quickly stepped to his right and allowed the man to fall into a window, before plundering himself up with rage to see Jesus giving his left hand out with care.

“Rodrige- take my hand and come to the heavens, or follow that demon and die in the lake of fire.” Jesus told and the man looked at him with more rage, before charging with a fist.

Jesus took back his hand and turned it into his own fist, then punching his fist into Rodrige’s, and the skin of Rodrige suddenly blasted and ripped off like paper, flying over to the wall and splatting like goo, as Rodrige fell backwards with a weird conclusion or reality. Then looking around and down at his feet, he saw that he was only blood, and the more he stepped back, the inches crept up of how much blood became a liquid. From this horrid scene of his own body falling to the floors with red, he tried catching himself on a nightstand nearby, but his contact made his arms fall loose, his veins pop, and his organs fall out as soon he hit the floor with his head, and his brain which was once visible as a part of no tissue or skin, now clumped apart, and spread around with a dazzling melting show on the rest of the man who was now either organs on the floor, or liquid blood- mainly. Jesus only sterned his face towards the blood and breathed once.

“The demon has once again left with the fear of my wrath- but you let him in with the harness of what the Holy Spirit could give you. And still, I allowed you once more chance to change as the demon went away, and you still fought me. You coward at the scene of what stops your inhumane pleasure, and I will not let you be a distraction to my world anymore.” Jesus spoke before lifting himself up from the almost-swimming ears of the man to now the door and came outside to see the two dictators sitting across two meters from each other, shivering.

“Jesus- finally- can we go somewhere warmer?” Stalin asked.

“We may.” Jesus told with now a neutral face. He put his hands up, and snapped them both, to reveal themselves now in the back of a Bhutanese gas store.

“Where are we?” Hitler asked slowly as he saw Chinese comics in front of him.

“Is this a Japanese place?” – Stalin.

“We are still in Bhutan.” – Jesus.

“Hm…” – Hitler as he read the anime magazine.

“Also, what did you find in there?” Stalin asked.

“A man who was gone to one of the dumbest things I have ever seen.” – Jesus sternly, and it made the other two look back with grief and despair to his voice.

“What was it?” – Stalin intrigued upon.

“A demon who could only fear my wrath and could only think of cannibalism- and gave that man a boost in the wrong of his cultural preference. His action, if spread by knowledge, would have erupted an inhumane culture from the past, like lava from a volcano.” Jesus spoke.

“Oh… Asian countries are weird…” – Stalin as he looked around to see the store clerk watching his own computer screen.

“You are weird.” Hitler snarked over to Stalin with his own smile, before turning back to the comic and switching a page to see that the three-headed-Jesus was along both pages. Hitler went screaming out of the store, dropping the short pamphlet, as Stalin giggled and Jesus just plainly watched, and the store clerk was quite jumbled on the context, looking back to see the others with confusion.

Jesus and Stalin left out of the gas station to see the silent road, and see amongst a hill to their right, Hitler running up and away. Jesus then walked with Stalin.

They followed Hitler up to see him stop and ponder what was in front of him. There was a parade, a military parade on the upper level of the mountain, and there it was quite unpopular, as only the local residents got out, and not much of a crowd was there, but the parade seemed long and went from the mountain back to one, meaning the front was going down this mountain now and going to one over in the sight of Stalin’s right.

“Hm… it seems we have run into a military parade.” – Hitler angrily.

“Is this a military parade that’s better than Hitler’s?” Stalin smirked over to Hitler.

“You and your advertisement- forcing everyone to join your cold army.” – Hitler started as they were next to nobody, and the military men mostly looked to them rather than other civilians or just straight-forwards.

“Look over there to another man I find intriguing. He is not a demon, but rather more powerful in his own way.” Jesus told with his own intrigued mind, looking past the crowd to see behind a building, a few civilians walk to buy a few cigarettes from a green-haired man, who then saw them and waved over.

The dictators stopped their arguments and looked over, before Jesus suddenly existed with them two over to the green-haired guy, who was surprised at suddenly their existence in front of his not-so-hidden stand.

“Why-” Jesus started to say.

“Ah- hey guys- and Jesus- saw ya’ down here and wanted to ask if ya’ wanted maybe a ciggy or somethin’.” The green-haired God guy spoke.

“A cigarette?” Stalin smiled.

“Oh no…” – Jesus face-palmed.

“Oh yes- ya’ got payment?” The green-haired guy asked.

“No, but I will take a precious sample if you may.” – Stalin smirked more.

“What? What’s so bad?” Hitler asked Jesus.

“I know all, and knowing Bhutan’s laws, it states smoking is illegal.” Jesus told from Hitler to the God-guy, who was not God.

“Oh- I thought were going to comment on how I smoke a lot at conferences.” – Stalin stated to Jesus as he was handed a cigarette from the table, all cigs just laid out there, with no cash register or anything on the metallic table.

“Stalin, you rat. Of course you like to smoke, you red man!” – Hitler.

“Whether you mean that by race or ideology, it will not change me getting a free sample.” – Stalin told over to Hitler as he got a cigarette.

“Stalin, please do not break the laws of the nation in which you step in. Breathe only what is good for the temple of the body, and do not go against what the authorities have chosen.” Jesus told Stalin and he simply nodded away.

“Of course, but Jesus… come on, you should try a little.” Stalin said as he used a lighter to activate his weed.

Jesus just looked at him as Hitler angrily stared at the grass nearby.

“Ooh- Hitler- you try one yourself. This is much different than what I am used to.” – Stalin, as Hitler just crossed his arms.

“I shall not take that stupid thing.” Hitler imposed, looking back.

“Do you want more?” – The green-haired guy asked loftily.

“My son, you should not sell these things, for you too understand of their awful produce on the temple of the human body.” – Jesus.

“But business is business!” The man laughed as civilians passed.

“Then you shall shut down your business as it goes against what is good and true.” Jesus told and the man just rolled his eyes.

“I would like five more to-go.” – Stalin.

“Ight… (He pushes five more,) that’ll be ten-” – God-guy.

“Run men! I don’t have a single cent to spare!” Stalin yelled, grabbing Jesus’ left hand with his right and using his left to rush away towards the military parade as the green-haired guy pulled out an AK-47 and started to shoot at Stalin. Hitler just watched as Stalin ran through the parade men and fouled down the steep hill as the God-guy rushed over and the military men shot at him, but he did not take damage and instead just chased after Stalin as Jesus was let go of right before the moving crowd.

***Chinua’s deadly lie.***

A letter was in Gustavo’s mouth as he came to me at my desk, and five other copies of myself were around the room reading different books, before they all rushed inside of me, and I looked to Gustavo to grab the note from his mouth and read it.

“*Dear ████ ████, I would like to talk about some countries where some supernatural occurrences have been found. Promptly, I think you already know amigo- Mongolia and Burma, also Bangladesh sightings of you and some of the kids most possibly have been killing innocent lives, which is all our investigators could currently find. I would like you to come to school and have a talk, because on god I don’t know what’s happening and we would like to keep updated on why these countries have been supposedly attacked. We also can’t dwell down the news, and seeing no more universe-resets, we hope your alright and are solving problems at least. Please take this note nicely, because it’s very serious but we actually don’t have any traps set up- I swear- so please just come talk to me, Eighty-Three. We need to know what the hell’s going on.” – From, Jeo Ligam.*

“Alrighty. Gustavo- go get Oyur and Chinua, as we must greet Jeo once again.” I told Gustavo and he nodded whilst running away.

Soon I used the portalis gun to open a portal to the front of my school, when first period was already in. Wilma, Oyur, and Chinua were at my side, and we came forth instantly to find nobody there. Gustavo decided to follow along and we walked inside with some exposition dialogue.

“Is this where you went to school?” Chinua asked promptly.

“Yes.” – Me.

“Blue-Whale School- that is so a stereotypical name. Like, anything, even shit-circus-school could be a more interesting name.” – Oyur.

“It should be called dumb-ass school to be honest.” I said under my breath.

“What?” - Chinua as Wilma’s tails wavered from left to right.

“Yeah right.” – Oyur as he grinned.

“Jeo is over here.” Wilma told and we walked to the right to see him at the end.

Us three kept on strolling to see him on his phone, watching something with a loud meme-ish yell, before he looked behind with curiosity, before feeling a bit embarrassed about his phone and shutting it off before putting it away in his pocket, all in quickness.

"Oh- hey- Eighty-Three, you actually came- Wilma, nice to see you again, I think I saw you before amigo- and you must be Chinua, the hairy-one-" – Jeo.

"Bro really." – Oyur giggled.

"And you must be Oyur… without treeman syndrome?" Jeo looked for.

"Oh- Wilma gave me power to control them." – Oyur towards Jeo as he looked back.

"Nice- but- are you guys on a time limit, or can I not rush this?" – Jeo Ligam.

"We have a lot of time." – Me as I looked away from a camera in the corner.

"Well, amigos- I would like-" Jeo started to say before Wilma answered.

"We can go revive them if you need them alive." Wilma spoke.

"Uh- what?" – Jeo after a second of everyone being quiet.

"The people in Burma and Mongolia and Bangladesh." – Wilma.

"Uh... how does she know what I was going to say?" – Jeo.

"She can read minds." – Oyur lazily.

"Interesting- and also, yeah- school camera if anybody noticed, (He was pointing before he gave the middle-finger to the school camera,) so don't say cuss words, fuckos." He laughed and I just smiled as everybody else was awkward. "What? No humor?"

"Sorry- give me a minute to laugh." Oyur told blandly.

"Ight amigo- but seriously- the C-I-A been really pissed lately about the incidents. We wanna' know what's been going on and why- because although… I guess you can revive people, and… you can do anything, right?" Jeo then asked Wilma.

"Almost." – Wilma.

Me My 2 (1) is complete. Moving on...