(This is a continuation of Me My 2, being that you must combine these pages when finished with the entire book. (This is still all created by William White.))

“Well amigo- the C-I-A would still like to know why you’re doing these things.” – Jeo to Wilma, as Chinua and Oyur looked around at the lockers and glass windows.

“We attacked Mongolia because Chinua stated that a company there that sold beer and drinks actually also sold guns to bandits which then killed her parents. We went with one of her sisters, Khenbush, and took out the entire town.” – Me.

“That… (In a lower, confused voice,) the town before the business- why did you kill everyone there?” – Jeo, a little confused and scared of what I just plainly stated to him.

“I, at least, thought it was fun- and the universe did reset later.” – Me.

“Okay… amigo- that’s a bit weird… but, hey- I guess so- but also- not alright amigo. Tone it down, because at least I’m gonna’ remember that. Now- the business- we investigated- and found that they do supply weapons- to only their employees. The Mongolian government and help of China and Russia actually contacted us and told us about the business and the town and the trading from such. I remember the business only gave guns to their employees because criminals did try to steal from them- and those guns were unlabeled and from the Mongolian government themselves.” – Jeo told us and Chinua specially, and she looked down with awe.

“So Chinua- did you lie to us?” I asked of Chinua as she looked up.

“I- no- I just… have you checked the past employees? The past men may know, may have been bad too. I just saying I remember that they were from company with logos on their shirts, and they did not like us kids...” Chinua told, “And their prices were not good.”

“Why do you lie to us?” Wilma asked.

“I’m not lying!” – Chinua.

“You remember seeing a different logo on their shirts. You remember blaming it on the company because they made your family poor because of their high prices.” – Wilma.

“Oh damn- you’re fucked.” Oyur backed away from as I slowly turned.

“Please… she’s- I forget or I remember wrong sometimes-” – Chinua.

“No. You just made that up.” – Wilma with frustration.

“We will talk about this later, Chinua. Now- back to Jeo and his concerns- Mongolia was because of her lie and my want for fun. Also- training technically for all the other kids to get used to hardcore events in real life.” – Me.

“I- Eighty-Three, I never said anything about making them war heroes or stuff!” – Jeo with gestures of weirdness and anxiety to me.

“Well- they have no powers nor showed any signs of- so I thought of doing some surgery on a few in the future and making them as unsensitized as me since Heru and his gang are still active and are not going to lay-low for new players. Otherwise, I make sure they have everything they need and want.” – Me to Jeo.

“But- their children… and… me my, amigo- whatever…” – Jeo.

“Do you want the kids to go home?” – Me.

“No- they’ll remember all this and they’ll still be- ugh… amigo, amigo… this is… weird… but- I will not ask further about this, since you are giving them paradise otherwise, yes?” – Jeo Ligam, looking sternly to me.

“Yes, me and Wilma help and give them great events when we can.” – Me.

“That is true.” – Wilma.

“Yeah- he’s not lying. We had a party, flowing food every morning we don’t have to make ourselves- we got laptops, great hygiene bottles- our own homes…” – Oyur as he looked to Chinua sadly.

“And we had Bibles too…” Chinua stated sadly. “That I should’ve listened to…”

“Well, nice to hear- but what about Bangladesh and Burma?” – Jeo.

“Bangladesh and Burma were a mission with Oyur against human traffickers and the Burmese government that uses militarism against their democratic society, which I am quite sure will make the C-I-A happy knowing that I can stop foreign affairs and keep peace in the world, maybe even downgrade China to release Tibet and Manchuria if you guys would like…” – Me.

“Well- yeah- to be honest that does sound really good and the CIA would be happy at that politically and security-wise, but we’re also about the people! The people you’re killing instead of sending to jail or sending to us! Many of them don’t deserve to die at least- some just need to be retaught and evaluated!” – Jeo.

“That is why me and Wilma can go back and revive all of them, and if you really want- we could grow entire in seconds to make Burma an economic powerhouse for trade with the United States and India.” – Me.

“Look mi amigo- damn well that sounds good and all, but please- keep your murdering to a minimum, and keep everything foreign from your neighborhood normal, because the CIA, also, is afraid of you guys turning on us- so please just… I guess if you build entire countries in seconds- just keep it all normal, as shit will go down otherwise.” Jeo stated before stopping abruptly technically.

“Alrighty.” – Me.

“We understand.” Wilma nodded.

“False- I still wanna’ find those fucking dirt-bags and screw their heads off.” – Oyur.

“Well- go so if you must but…” – Jeo.

“Yes, we will. There is also something called the ‘Red Glitch’ which most likely will stop us from going on certain missions bigger and more political than ones we have already done, and probably also stop us from making those big cities- so do not worry, we stay inside the neighborhood and will privately continue. Anyways- goodbye, Jeo- thanks for talking with us- and telling me Chinua lied…” – me to Jeo, giving his right shoulder and a pat with my left green glove as we left.

“Oh shit- she gonna’ die…” – Oyur to Jeo as Wilma nodded happily to him.

“Ight amigo- have a nice- oh- wait- amigo! Question- when are you-” Jeo started before an entire elevator fell on him, gassing white smoke around as suddenly all doors locked with rainbow glowing locks, and the lights flickered above.

Us four turned back to see the white mist start to fade and the elevator ring as it opened slowly, the cinematic masterpiece coming to greet us. From it, we saw a red imposter- a red pill-like entity with a white visor and short legs leading to white drippy shoes, along with short arms locking and loading a white pump shotgun of plastic-value. To the right of the red entity was a green one with a purple glowing visor, and to the left was absolutely nothing. These two entered like it was a trio- the green one staying behind as the red one came to step over the splash of blood and look towards us.

“Oh my god!” – Chinua quickly as she looked back.

“What the-” – Oyur as Wilma’s ears poked up to their highest extent.

The visor of the red imposter then slid up from the bottom and revealed Heru’s face with white eyes and angry eyebrows. The green one had a reflection to us, but no face seemingly inside, just the stare forwards to the white mist now leaving and the yells of suddenly surprised kids nearby, but the doors locked and some budging on them.

The four stared at Heru as he stared back. Suddenly, Wilma had a mute sign above herself, grey and spinning two inches from the top of her head as she spun around and then laughed dramatically at Heru in silence, bending her back and pointing with both her hands, her laugh supremely happy. The kids were confused, whilst I just stood there.

“Eighty-Three- you fucking bastard- I heard you’re scared of… whatever these are!” – Heru as he looked to the green guy before back.

“Is this a joke?” – Oyur as he looked to me un-flinching, in which I continued to stare at Heru now aiming the gun and firing rainbow darts, and Wilma created a rainbow wall- but suddenly everything red-glitched, and I was stuck alone in a ball of red-glitch-ness, my tail still being able to stretch out fully due to the radius.

“Ha-ha-ha- is this the part where Heru fights Wilma for the 72,364th time?” A female being stated outside. She was literally a biblically accurate angel, an ophanim to be exact, but she had many wings of blood red and her eyes were duplicating on her eyes, and she laughed with indistinct pitches sloping up and down after her sentence. The eyes growing on eyes were unseen though, as each of us and Heru and the green imposter were in balls of red, only hearing her echo- before suddenly another red glitch effect came over everything, and now we were all above the school, wrapped in chains- one around our collar bones and upper arms, another around our waist and lower arms, and another around our knees- each of us straight and up now as the Red Glitch showed himself in my teacher’s form in the middle as we all circled around him. Heru was now without his pill costume, and the green imposter was literally wrapped in tens of chains all around- including his or hers backpack. The ophanim was no longer- but deceasing down like a going-transparent sprite on a computer screen, and now showed a woman with five-meter-long yellow paper flaps all over her body below her blue neck, and her eyes were stretched five feet wide, with three pupils of grey darting around and the eyes actually being orange, as she no nose or eyebrows, and short curly hair of shark spikes being red. This design made Chinua fear and Oyur look closely as she wore nothing under her yellow papers connected by black duct-tape.

“Bro- literally women these days wearing these god-awful design shit-outfits- like come on, paper on paper with duct tape? You got to be more weird than the off-brand furry-girl over here.” – Oyur as he looked to see the Red Glitch with the raise of his eyebrow. He was a little surprised, but mostly seeing the eyes of the once-ophanim.

“I’m sorry for lying! Please don’t kill us!” – Red Glitch.

“Not again!” – Wilma with a slight giggle as Chinua spoke.

“What the hell?!” – Heru as Chinua spoke.

“This isn’t about you’re lying- this is about Heru and Wilma’s next move to start dissolving Earth and making black holes everywhere again- like guys, stop! You did this already- and let me tell you I know how all things end- everything is destroyed and you two are still mad- and Eighty-Three, you would assist in… I’m not gonna’ tell you, but it’s quite the day to not know about it yet- so- let me just say- I will be taking Wilma, Heru, and this ophanim- all to my personal purgatory for a day, and you’ll think about your actions or just wait to go home? Alright?” – the Red Glitch.

“Sure.” – Wilma rolled her eyes funnily yet with fear.

“Hm- I wonder what I would know.” – Me silently.

“Let me go, fucko!” – Heru to the Red Glitch.

“Ugh…” – Ophanim as Wilma said ‘Sure.’

Suddenly the Red Glitch snapped his fingers, and me, Oyur, and Chinua were with Ryutyu lifting weights and talking to Clasif as a timer was above like the one when they did push-ups.

“Oh- hello lads- where’d ya’ come from?” Ryutyu asked as he was clothed but Clasif was not and Oyur looked with disgust as Chinua was scared and backed away from me.

“Came from the Red Glitch- he got mad at Wilma and Heru, so both of them will be gone for a day. Anyways- our talk with Jeo went amazingly well, as now I know Chinua lied to us about Mongolia’s company, and I will go talk to her now.” I said, slowly turning around to see her also slowly turning around.

“Who the fuck is the naked-ass furry? Why is everybody here so friendly yet fucking weird?” Oyur told bodly.

“My first name is Clasif, and I am an entity spawned by the Computer to have a few ‘games’ with Ryutyu or Eighty-Three, as the past has only shown, where I proceed to complete challenges based upon factors like lifting weights or running laps quickly. I have failed all challenges luckily, ensuring the life of Ryutyu and Eighty-Three for longer widths, as I do have some compacity of free-will and use it to the advantage of who I am up against. I understand my only purpose is quite fragile and meaningless in the span of moral understanding and universal time, so I am here for as short as I can possibly be, and will always be nice when serving those I am up against.” Clasif told Oyur as he listened with open eyes and confused eyebrows that were quite awing and full of funny possibilities for memes.

“Shut. The. Fuck. Up. All you god-damn furries get weirder by the fucking day- and I swear- this shit don’t stop! It’s all fucking goofy and sillier by the hour…” Oyur stated in the end with a funny and goofy voice of his own, turning around and gesturing away as Chinua and I walked up the stairs.

***A demon talk and a fight in Nunavut.***

Jesus was with the green-haired god guy and Hitler, looking out to see if Stalin was on the other side of a large hill. Jesus jogged with Hitler as the other guy ran with a shotgun, searching to see Stalin had tripped over and laid in the firm grass.

“Eh- we got em’. Anyways- I ain’t gonna’ shoot ya’- because Jesus been bugging me about it- but ya’ better not steal again.” – God-guy to Stalin as he turned around from the grass, still smoking and holding the other five.

“I will make sure not to do so again.” Stalin laughed.

“Mm…” – Jesus sadly as he went over to Stalin, grabbed from his open left hand the cigars, and the one from his mouth, and tossing them into a trashcan made of entirely emeralds with a fully circular hatch up top. The trashcan came into reality by transparency.

“I do not appreciate that act!” – Stalin with a smile, stated as the trash can then went transparent again.

“Neither do I onto thy’s act… I sense another demon… my son the Red Glitch has caught her… and from his tolerance I shall show you what your commanders would have done to you if they had you in their hands.” Jesus spoke after looking off into the distance.

“Hm?” – Stalin as Hitler stamped over.

“This land is almost as putrid as yours!” Hitler yelled at Stalin.

“Mine is actually covered in snow.” – Stalin laughed back.

Jesus opened a portalis to the Red Glitch’s beehive. There, the inside of a beehive, all with hexagons mushed as holes onto firm and unmoving bulges in the wall, elongated around sometimes, and the entire beehive was somewhat circular if you removed the outdents. All was red-glitching with black and red boxes too, and the holes were firmly dark. Around they were many beings from where the three came in- onto a floor of pure red, and their shoes made a sound of clean iron echo around the ambience of some glitching instrument effects here and there, around in different spots, but overall silent.

The beings ranged from Wilma and Heru floating around slowly, without plausibility of changing their directions or rotation or speed, to creatures like the paper-girl and unseen others like a giant blue book with grey laptops sprouting out all over itself constantly, but being removed by red glitch effects, and another woman but instead with rainbow eyes scattered all around her mammoth hooks she had growing out of her cheeks, and her eye spots were instead filled with insects flying around and being trapped in some invisible forcefield that her eyes would normally be placed in. She had clothes on too.

“What is this place?” Hitler asked as he looked around and saw that the floor led to more wall and red-glitch-ness, and the beings above looked to them with worry, but they could not speak- as a red glitch effect formed over where they tried to speak from.

“Is this the inside of a beehive?” Stalin asked ponderously.

“The Red Glitch’s beehive. My son has worked well for me, and has put these dimensional creatures into a timely jail for them to understand their actions and how to reverse them if necessary. I recognize Wilma and Heru- hello! But, some of these I do not recognize, and I sense pure evil. And if you look at that girl with the papers, she is a demon, straight from Hell’s greatest circle. She spits lies from her tongue and never stops to fight vanity.” Jesus pointed towards.

“Is she wearing nothing under those papers?!” Hitler asked furiously.

“She is nothing.” Jesus spoke to Hitler, and they all just stayed silent as the demon looked with her big eyes and the boys were awing at her beady eyes.

“Ah- Jesus- you’ve come.” The Red Glitch stated as he red-glitched into his red-glitch palace that was red-glitching.

“I have, and I see the solutions to problems you have solved. I am enlightened by some of your catches, but others like Wilma and Heru do not deserve so much. Let them go back, as although they were with their unwanted thoughts, they will change from the experience you already stated.” – Jesus.

“Okay…” The Red Glitch stated after a while.

“Thank you. And for the rest of these demons, keep them here till the day I judge. And for all others, send them back as well. Let them notice my forgiveness, and let another chance allow them to change.” Jesus told as the two dictators listened.

“Okay.” Red Glitch, snapping his fingers and everybody that was not a demon was sent back. This left the paper-demon girl, the book, the other woman with hooks, and a literal suitcase of blue, wrapped in red-glitching bars, shining a reflection. “Anything else?”

“That is all I ask, and today that shall be all you need to do. Take a break for the rest of a human’s day, and I will go stop an incoming demon, the last of today.” – Jesus.

“Alright.” The Red Glitch nodded, as he stood there and looked back as Jesus turned around to the others.

“Another demon?” – Hitler.

“This was about forgiveness- for even if you do not know the person, you shall treat them the same as if they were your neighbor. But demons are not our neighbors, and many come because they see me, and want to change the world as much as I do. Cometh with me, there is another lesson with a cold demon I must show.” Jesus said, making another portalis to a land filled with slight hills and brown and white pebbles scattered above rocks, with a little evaporation from the wetness of it all under the ice-cold sky of light blue without a cloud in sight, but rather the sun shining not so bright upon the land.

“This is chilly, are these lands part of Russia?” Stalin asked after they stepped through, and Hitler was still mad.

“These lands belong to the northern islands of Canada.” Jesus stated to Hitler.

“Ha! Not Russia!” Hitler laughed at Stalin angrily.

“I would have thought maybe these were the shorelines of some of the eastern coasts we have.” – Stalin as he looked around to the desolate lands without any trees, no leaves, no grass- just mere pebbles and rock.

“I came here to state what all shall do to those who are against us. We raise a spiritual sword and shield with our armor of light against sin, usually through thought and understanding of my word. But due to what has cometh by thy, it seems I must create a sword of my own to fight what is true to the eyes of what we see.” Jesus told, looking across the lands to absolutely nothing.

“Hm?” – Stalin.

“Over there, you will see a demon spawn, and I shall take her down. You will not have to fight, rather you will have to understand the true despicable form sin can evolve into.” Jesus told as he looked out.

“Ah…” Stalin as Hitler was confused.

“What is he talking about?” – Hitler asked.

“Like the man who sold his soul to the devil himself, a demon is no better than the devil himself. If they come in physical form, they will trick and deceive you, and you must keep strong at all times, for the devil overlooks with greed. Do not be quick to judge, but defend those in all their essence, as demons also overlook every inconsistency with their own crooked fingers.” Jesus told.

“What?” – Hitler asked Jesus as he still stared.

“Are we about to be tested?” – Stalin.

The rocks then rumbled. Each pebble grew in width, elongating as Jesus stood still, and grounds around shocked the two dictators as suddenly they pointed up in various spots, like some souls below were kicking the Earth open in a splint-like way. An evil female laugh could be heard a distance away before, as the two dictators dragged their thoughts off the Earth’s outwards punctures and long rocks now stopping their width, they heard the laughing suddenly emulate right in their area, and they buzzed their senses around, twisting their bodies to see where and why it sounded like it was in front of their face. They saw nothing, but when they looked towards Jesus’ view, they saw it.

“Who is that?!” Hitler asked, actually mad and scared appropriately.

There was a long and stingy woman far away, and her neck was extremely high in length. Her forehead was not, sadly, and she threw up her arms, and they started to stretch inhumanely as Hitler and Stalin looked around elsewhere for where her decisive breathing was coming from.

“Hello boys- you three dictators- anomalous bitches getting into shit you shouldn’t- oh- hold- why so stern, Mister Jesus? Aren’t you understanding of your place here meaning to us that we should also come down ourselves? Hm?” She annoyed in her young voice.

Hitler and Stalin watched with big eyes to see her arms go meters above her head before falling onto the ground and coming towards them, grabbing onto stones and edges of the rocky ground, crawling after them as the woman just stood there with her short reddish-orange hair, and her dress of dark swelling anger and red, with her shoes of pure darkness and gloves of glowing orange.

“No answer? I thought you were meaningful, you spitting junky. The devil still offers his deal of giving you everything if you bow down to him- yes? Maybe not from your look? I mean, do my echoes make you understand the hardcore meaning of that? Do you understand that our father down below will send us to drag this putrid world to a better place, rather than your spoiled heavens? Hm? What is it Jesus? What do you pick? Standing there dumbly and with edgy behavior amongst those-” The girl kept on going, not stopping a single second to allow him to even answer formally.

“Stop talking.” Jesus spoke, and no echo came from his mouth, but she stopped, and her breathing went normal before she giggled.

“Oh you piece of shit- I knew you would be as annoying as me, and you probably are going to say something more edgy and child-like, like ooh! Look at me! Son of the lord, God al-mighty! I’ll send you back to your drowsy park- or some shit like that nobody cares about- Haven’t you read the daily news? People like to shit on people like-” But as the demon started to say that, her arms started to ravel inwards back to her normal stance, and suddenly the trio started to move with dust and rocks flying up and away, speeding towards the demon, before Jesus raised his right hand, and literally smacked the mouth off the woman. Her old and deranged face with wrinkles beyond comparison suddenly had her skin smooth where she once had her raspy old lips, and her mouth was now on the floor, behind it being a mirror of what it looked like outside- almost like a cartoon. Stalin and Hitler stared with dishonor to see her bones creasing against her skin, her yellow and pale cells dying and her wrinkles on her young face only stride down and dissolve the fact that she was young at all. She looked like a mix between saggy and old and young and petrified. She looked with awe in her beady orange eyes and unibrow to see her mouth flop onto the ground so smoothly, and no longer work. She then looked back to Jesus, who stared into her soul as the men behind him were still dozing at the wind they just witnessed from speed.

“Go back to your angry pen or die in the glory of my wrath.” – Jesus.

“Ah!” – Hitler as he saw the woman and Jesus spoke.

“You look awful, missy.” – Stalin afterwards, as the woman dawned her anger onto Jesus for a few seconds, before shooting her arms inhumanely back, like a full rotation, where she grabbed onto some rocks and pulled herself back.

There, she landed her arms out straight for the three to watch, before rumbling of the rocks started up. The elongated rocks started to pile up and form, going into each other even, to create a smooth-looking humanoid rock-figure with a hole for a face, and they started to manifest, circling around the three. Then the demon, as the two boys looked around and Jesus just stared at her, thrusted her hands forth onto the ground as suddenly wind started to condensate into ice and move her back like a sling, before she shot over to Jesus, who then created a shield of pure light, shining the holy spirit onto her as she accidently realized what she was about to hit, and suddenly everything shattered.

Like the meatball dimension in scene-ways, the rocks which were about to use both hands up and down to crush all of them instantly shattered into small pebbles as the shield made space itself break apart. The demon woman was shot back into the raveling ground, Earth going up and breaking lands into triangles, so they pointed and stabbed the woman as she regenerated away into the rocks and made them bleed blood from inside, and glow outwards like it was an acid. Her mesmerizing scene caught Hitler and Stalin’s eyes as they watched the stones break apart, the lands raveling and rotate up and weirdly around as they stood with still gravity, and the woman be shot back as Jesus stood sternly.

“Stay safe!” Jesus told back with a good look, before jumping away using his left hand to hold the shield and his right to make a glowing white sword with a blue eye in the middle of the handle’s top. He then slashed it down over to the demon girl, now using wind to make it from transparency into white strings which helped elongate her arms and give a punch to Jesus’ face- but he was not damaged nor concerned as she threw many strings of white against him and punches, trying to stop his flow down to slice her.

The demon girl started to speak long and heinous words in German at Jesus as he sliced down onto grounds unraveling, and the sky above twisting and turning at the wrath of his position. Jesus then threw the shield sideways like a boomerang and it bounced off her face as she cried out in disgust before he threw the sword, she caught it shakily, then turned quickly around and back to shoot it back at Jesus, and he stepped to the side as it hit other pebbles which then shot out with anger at her, piercing through her bloody disguise, and opening her cuts to reveal hands and fingers of pain and grasping black trudge out of her cloth and open it wider to fit their heads through, as it revealed bald and over-cooked people to erupt and seek death after Jesus.

Jesus then looked to the sky to see stars pierce as the night started to switch in, and he grabbed a bar of it- literally putting his left hand up and grabbing a bar which held the three aligned stars and a little more before taking it down like it was placed there by a crew of studio producers, and he used it as a pipe to whip the souls into the ground as the Earth dwelled in and then filled in with pebbles, ‘eating’ them technically. He banged one sideways, another on the head and down, and every step he took, the pebbles below started to fluctuate with violent white lights, making the orange eyes of the demon girl bleed as her mouth of vanity never ceased. She covered her eyes before making the white winds with transparent ends lift her up and she shot out her blind arms to miss Jesus and grab pebbles, before bringing it back to hit Jesus behind with a pebble she then continued dragging up and ate, which started to duplicate in her mouth, filling her upcoming deformed face, before she looked back with bleeding eyes now radioactive from the heat of the stones she saw, and she spit them out with poison drenching them in green, but Jesus formed a shield on his lower right hand and blocked them like arrows coming at him. He then jumped up high and gave out his right hand as his shield depleted into white oxygen that swirled over to the white infinite winds stretching more and more back constantly, and quickly eating them away by going over them and dispersing them into more oxygen for the white cloud to consume. As the demon girl looked back to see her winds stretch with eternity now being eaten quickly, she made her arms stretch out both sides, and grab huge rocks from kilometers away, then pulling them with angry to the floating Jesus, who seemingly got crushed, but then exploded the rocks up and turned them into spikes, which started to stone at her and lead to her downfall as the Earth started to collide and separate in weird ways, as if the surface was still down and up at the same time and the hole she fell down only lead to darkness below.

Jesus then created a train and rushed in after her, but she used her long arms to shoot out and grab a surface, pulling her away as she then made her arms skin peel off and form into strings of white that wrapped around Jesus’ train and pulled him upside down to hit into the surface of a fully vertical landscape, but Jesus snapped his left fingers and had white armor on, before making a lever and redirecting himself up into the skies as he then looped it around like a roller coaster and quickly dived into the demon girl, who still spat vanity but was now angry. As she was shoot far beyond Hitler and Stalin’s eyes, she caught a corner of a four-landscape intersection and starting to disperse herself into red strings of blood red, seeing and instantly reversing her head over to the two awing boys, and then creating a tube with a dark wide inside that would soon encircle them.

“Run!” – Hitler as he turned back, but a landscape was blocking their plausible jump they once had, as it continued up, and above there was another landscape coming over, like it was all metallic and just plates roaming around a sky of light blue.

“Eh!” – Stalin as he stopped with Hitler, and they looked back to see the long strings quickly encompass their surroundings. “Oh… uh… this is way too dark.” Stalin then spoke in the echoing, suddenly-silence place instead of massive sounds of moving rocks everywhere. Stalin looked back to see more darkness as he grabbed his gun and aimed, and Hitler turned to see it.

“This is-” Hitler was about to say before he saw a glow of orange eyes emerge from the darkness. The demon girl spoke in English now, laughing as her fingers elongated into bone-capturing skin trails, and her form was much taller now, stingy and wired with fear.

“Hello boys- nothing like a little dash to hell, eh? Doesn’t this remind you of how Jesus is out there, fighting a duplicate and not paying attention? He isn’t coming back- and he hasn’t won yet- doesn’t that make you want to sign a contract for peace with the devil? Against an unreliable God?” The demon asked as the boy whipped around to see more the darkness many souls of the damned, black and rotten, crawled over each other after them, past the nine-foot-tall woman.

“Stay back, fiend! Neither you or God are real, you imposters!” – Hitler angrily as they both looked back to see more crowds of the unknown come from behind on the leaking pebbles of blood all around, getting their shoes a dark ed.

“Sometimes I dare to imagine that signing a contract would even help me after life- but seeing these people- they look like the Jews Hitler just gassed.” – Stalin almost laughed to Hitler as he started to shoot his gun rapidly at the crawling beings, before at the woman, in which the beings were dented but unstopped and the woman still creepily and elderly walked towards them.

“It would! I swear! No anger or confusion, just everything you want immediately and everyday! Hell is paradise and you need to join, as Jesus out there is NO FUCKING GOOD IN HIS COLLAPSED AND RESTRICTED SO-FUCKING-CALLED, DERANGED AND INHUMANE HEAVENS!!!” The demon girl then raged as voices started to moan for help and achieve screams. She then shot out her elongating arms at the two as they pierced away, Stalin shooting violently without care except for his life- but then Jesus barged through the wall, blasting it open like confetti being spastically thrown everywhere, the strings of red turning to white as the light outside shone bright, and Jesus held the greatest tool ever.

He came in with both hands, sliding on his boots with blood beneath to hold a shredder, black and with a little insert for the paper, but a wheel-lever on the left, which he used quickly as he looked in the eyes of the monster, and as he started revving up the engines inside of the shredder, the little opening suddenly emerged white light, and the demon girl’s hand accidently went into it as she shot it quickly and Jesus came quicker, and the hand forming flat and into the printer, sucking her in as it shredded her body. The demon girl cried out in German as the shredder also started to suck in broken reality, like moving landscapes, the rest of the wind strings, the corpses running to the men- everything abnormal, and below the shredded very few blood drops fell, but soon after eight seconds of feeling the immense winds and long suffering of those who wanted to kill- Hitler and Stalin looked to see Jesus back at the place they started, all normal- all the hills fine and all the pebbles normal. All was sucked into the shredder and now bleeding below out of a grey vent.

Jesus then stood straight up from his slightly bent stance and dropped the shredder of black onto the floor, seeing it melt into pebbles, literally sludge into pebbles as space was moved into the pebbles to create a tiny rock pile. Then Jesus looked back to the two.

“That was extreme.” – Stalin.

***Chinua and the torture.***

“I do not associate with NIGGERS.” – Oyur in his Bangladesh costume, wearing the sirens above with green lights blinking off and on as he went up to Kioshi and yelled in a red and white megaphone at him the sentence.

“Oyur…” Daniel laughed as he bent over from the amount of he funny he had.

“Sorry Kioshi- but me and Daniel just watched a few memes and found them quite Bri’ish, innit’ mate?” – Oyur laughed with Kioshi, who just stared at him.

“So, so sorry Kioshi- should’ve told him not to do that…” Daniel told as he leveraged himself up with a smile to see them one his road and nobody else, “But… uh… question- whatcha’ doing out here? Wha’ the human doing? (Oyur shakes his head,) Barely you, Ejnare, and Khenbish come out, so… I just was wondering- what do silent guys do all day?” – Daniel as he switched to Kioshi.

“I can only speak for myself. I’m studying the American culture as well, but I see more of the political side rather than these memes. I am worried about puppeteering politicians and school shootings, as that seems to be an incoming third-world country problem coming to America.” – Kioshi in his low voice.

“Ah- yeah- in Colombia, fun fact- everybody is bad. At least our economy is better than the economy of Venezuela- literally a million dollars means one cent in that place- but hey, I also hope America fixes itself. Our countries in South America tried making ourselves like America- but too many problems happened, and now the number one thing to do in Colombia is sell cocaine… and seeing those problems start to arise in America itself… it’s really sad…” Daniel seriously stated.

“In Bangladesh- I swear to fucking god himself- human trafficking is the only god-damn way you make it up and fucking away from the poor class.” – Oyur as Daniel smirked and let out a breath of funny air.

“Ayo- chill…” Daniel said.

“It is nice to talk about real world issues, as I also see businesses and people are disconnected from reality a lot of the times, and they need to be informed about those kinds of issues.” – Kioshi.

“Yeah…” – Daniel.

“True- but- where ya’ going?” – Oyur to Kioshi.

“To Chinua’s home, as Eighty-Three would like her to come to his home now since I am awake.” – Kioshi.

“What? Why do you need to be awake?” – Daniel.

“What’s Eighty-Three going to do?” Oyur asked.

“Give her a very long talk.” Kioshi told after a daring two seconds, before he then walked off, and the shadow of silence fell on the two for two more seconds.

“Hell nah- she gonna’ die and be kicked to some sort of ancient galaxy to spend eternity or something.” – Oyur funnily to Daniel as his lights were still on.

“I hope not… I also hope George is doing okay- haven’t heard from him yet on my phone.” – Daniel as his tail wagged back and forth and his ears were down sadly.

“Must’ve actually achieved his dream or some shit- probably performing right now.” – Oyur as he had no idea what me, the Greek me, and Gustavo did to George.

“Hm… anyways- wanna’ do anything?” – Daniel.

“Uh… beat the shit out of another human trafficker- but seeing Eighty-Three about tuh’… do something with Chinua, then I’ll be here up for anything.” – Oyur.

“Hm… it’s a nice sunny day- and maybe we can go ask Wilma to play tennis again- or-” Daniel before Oyur interrupted his scheme.

“Tennis? Ya’ll played tennis?” – Oyur.

“Yeah, above the mansion. This weird guy came, who Wilma knew before us, so our teams were at least even with Kioshi and George… but uh… what do you say… about… volleyball? Have you ever played that?” – Daniel.

“Nah- is it like soccer?” – Oyur.

“No, it’s more like pong and football mixed together- but- what? Me and my comparison- uh- anyways- let’s go. I’ll get Angelica and maybe Ejnare, because they might also like it.” – Daniel.

“Ejnare? The guy who dances once and then doesn’t talk to anybody afterwards, unless its about music? That man, gotta’ be a tryhard trying to live it up to Kioshi over here- or Chinua- because that dance was crazy good, but his personality is absolutely boring and stereotypical.” – Oyur.

“That’s what you think about all silent people- what do you think they think about you when you say that?” Daniel asked Oyur as they went to Angelica’ home.

“I think, overall, they see me as just some weird-ass guy fucking around- and wouldn’t you know it- I am.” Oyur laughed with Daniel as they continued away.

Those two got Angelica and Ejnare to join a volleyball game with Wilma and Nigga Nigga as Chinua walked with shaking emotions towards my home, following Kioshi silently as he led her to my room where I am using my own darkness accordion to practice with Shellia next on the bed with me. But I was already looking to Chinua as she came around the corner, and she gulped as she looked up to me.

“Hello Chinua, thank you for coming.” I told happily.

“I’m sorry…” – Chinua instantly as Gustavo crept out from under the bed.

“No need to be sorry, we all make mistakes. I just want to inform you about some ethical things, like lying, which Heru has barely done himself…” – Me.

“Heru has lied more than her though.” – Gustavo.

“True, but still- nobody likes it when somebody else lies- especially about things that do not matter or matter way too much.” – Me.

“What’s my punishment?” Chinua asked after looking to my shades for two seconds after I stated such, with weary eyes as Shellia waved her cat tail around and hopped off.

“Nothing- If you already know not to lie, do not it again.” – Me.

“Oh… okay- thank you, Eighty-Three.” Chinua leveraged herself a little happier, as she looked to Gustavo, who was confused.

“You can go now if you want or stay and listen to me and Shellia practicing.” – me.

“I’ll go, but thank you, Eighty-Three… I won’t lie again…” She stated with heavy breathing, then turning around to go back.

So, I made my hand in a dark gun and shot her in the back of her head, sounding Shellia scared and Gustavo back to happiness from his confusion.

“Alrighty, come along Gustavo- and maybe even you too, Shellia- for we are going to test a cool superpower I am thinking of giving her.” – Me, as I then extended out my right arm to wrap her up in a darkness ball as I then lazily took her down to Ryutyu’s basement and then to the surgical room. Gustavo followed as Shellia just stayed back.

I then laid Chinua on the surgical bed and unraveled her with her stone-cold, dead eyes staring to the single light above, feeling the only luminance the room had. I then pointed my hand up to the wall on the right and created an insanely dark room with light source unseeable over a round and dark grey table with dark grey, plank-wood chairs, in which then I used the hands from under my skirt to place her on the chair and wrap darkness cords around her parts so she could not move from it whilst dead. I then let a miniature version of myself jump from under my dress and jump high onto the back of her head and go inside as it started to fix itself up.

I then went over to the torture room, moving a wall with my twisting fingers on my right hand, and took a restrained Khenbish, in which then made my hands giant and clapped her into sludge, as tiny tentacles sprung from my hand and made barriers so all her organ meat and blood was compacted into a soup-like can of darkness, in which I then held with another arm from under my dress as I duplicated my acts. After making four cans of Khenbish, I put them on the table as darkness tentacles from the purely dark room otherwise made plates of white and nice silverware.

Gustavo watched with thrilling joy as he saw the Khenbish’s worry as he crushed their duplicates, before all was set and then I walked into the darkness, and he followed.

“Alrighty, Gustavo- I will walk out from the darkness, and you can come to, or stay behind. I will torture her by making her slowly realize she is eating her sister, before I then test with my duplicate on how she could even eat herself, before I then erase her mind with my duplicate and then give her core power, which would allow her to move her organs and mush her insides so mass it more prominent in the arms if she wants to punch. I would like to try that plan I just came up with.” – Me to Gustavo as we stood in the dark, and tentacles wrap the wall of the tortured ones back together.

“I’ll just watch… maybe…” Gustavo giggled and my mask went dark without its glowing light- as suddenly Chinua woke up three seconds later, and watched below as the darkness strings evaporated away and she looked around, getting up from the chair, seeing the cans placed in a horizontal order in the middle of the table and just the plates and silverware otherwise, and she looked around with only her echo of heavy breathing and confusion, seeing infinite darkness everywhere, and she then felt the back of her head, and felt nothing.

“H-h-hello?” Chinua asked as she stayed close to the table.

“Hello, Chinua.” My mask suddenly glowed through the dark as she saw to me, and I stepped forth slowly as she stared with almost tears coming from her big eyes.

“No- please- I’m sorry- I’m sorry! I thought you said I was good to go!” Chinua cried, letting her waters pile out.

“Please, Chinua- just sit down with me, across the table. Let us enjoy some food and talk about some things.” I told as I sat down in her original seat, and she looked over to the chair and then the dark cans with metallic shining lids, having no brand or anything on them. Gustavo’s eyes glowed in the dark, and Chinua switched her look over to Gustavo, backing away.

“Uh… is Gustavo… going to… stay over there?” – Chinua.

“Oh- yeah- my eyes glow, sorry. I was just watching.” Gustavo stated as he stepped forth, blinking rapidly before sitting down and letting his size intimidate Chinua’s silence.

“I… okay- but… I… don’t want to sit down… or eat what’s in there… just let me go home…” Chinua almost cried again to me just staring at her.

“Alrighty- then walk into the darkness.” I told her, and she looked around.

“Where?” She barely could speak. Her hair started to lift up with fear.

“Anywhere- and see what happens.” – Me, daringly pursuing the soul of Chinua.

“I…” Chinua just cried as she backed away, slowly turning and lifting her hand out to soon feel the concrete wall, and then go along the darkness, barely visible in the back, feeling her way around the room.

“God-dang- There’s no door. Eighty-Three formed the room.” Gustavo laughed over to me, and I nodded, and Chinua watched with pain in her fear.

Chinua stopped and looked to Gustavo looking at me, before he pondered his ears straight up again to look at me just staring forth. She then slowly stepped forth in her clothes and came to see me across the table. She sat down, scooting up her chair as it echoed through, and she saw me look at her, even though my eyes were not visible.

We just stared at each other for two moments before she decided to pick up her fork and look at me with wet eyes. Now there was only her spoon on the left of the napkin of white cloth there.

“Pick one of the cans- only, and open it.” I told and she looked to me.

“I’m scared- it something going jump out?” – Chinua in her Mongolian tone.

“No.” – Me firmly to Chinua as she then looked at a can and took the second one with a shaky left hand and came back to drop her fork into her plate on the right side, and then use the right hand to open and look in with shock.

“W-what t-this? W-why it smell…” Chinua ended as she placed it on her plate, the entire can, not spilling any of it.

I then took a can and dumped it onto my plate, then using my fork and knife to split up the vessels of red, get the juice spilling like pasta, and start eating it like jelly and spaghetti mixed together. I stuck the food of Khnebish’s matter into my mask, and it sucked in, spreading some of her gooey red onto the rest of my glowing mask as the parts just went in and Chinua watched with confusion and horror.

“You should try some.” Gustavo told for me.

Chinua then slowly came to open her can more and let the red peel out from the can and onto her plate, splatting almost with a similar beat to her thudding heartbeat that intensified her soul. She then placed the can to her left and looked to me.

“If I told you I mixed pomegranate, jelly, tomatoes, cranberries, and strawberries all into a blender and made this, you would believe me?” – Me.

“Uh… of course… yes…” – Chinua shyly.

“Well, I did not. I would like you to take a bite yourself and tell me what it actually is…” – Me to Chinua as she looked down and hesitated at the mush.

“This isn’t… this isn’t what I think it…” – Chinua worriedly. Gustavo and me just stared at her as I had manners and did not slurp.

We just stared and she decided to poke her fork in and take one single bite, disgustingly, and disgustingly spit it out onto her plate. She looked to it, her mouth and teeth red, her awing soul damaged, and her plate a mass of chaotic horror. She dropped her fork as she looked up with crying eyes.

“How does your sister taste?” Gustavo asked.

“Do you really have to say that so early?” I asked Gustavo and he chuckled.

“Oh- sorry- I really just want to see her reaction.” Gustavo stated, looking back to see Chinua shaking and poisoned with unmoving eyes to me. She then looked to Gustavo.

“Why?” Chinua stated before busting out into a cry as she wailed down at the plate, disturbed at what she had seen and tasted.

“You got my camera from the George incident?” Gustavo asked in a whisper and a dark tentacle reached out to give it to him. He recorded it all in 4K.

Then she started screaming as her arms raised, and started to knife some parts without her consent, her eyes dashing back and forth to herself and us as she was scared to see now her own arms putting her sister’s body into mouth, and her mouth opened from screaming to closed with chewing automatically, and Gustavo was very intrigued to see how she ate quickly, before she then dropped her utensils and grabbed the two other cans and ate them. I passed my plate up, and she ate with horror as Gustavo recorded it all, every drop of blood, and her constant filling up on organs.

“Wilma can read minds, but you can manipulate brains- I think that’s much better.” – Gustavo whispered to me luckily.

I watched in silence as then she started to throw up, pukes of red and white and yellow coming out, onto the food, and some chunks also swelling out. Then her hands still had no care, and she picked up her puke chunks and ate those, along with the rest of the food now with extra ingredients. She started to fill up her cheeks and belly really fast, becoming fat and bloating in senses as she cried out without language.

Soon, a darkness tentacles reach from out of my dress, under the table, grabbed a remaining Khenbish, and then smashed it onto the table as Chinua finished her last bites and looked up in more shock, her body weight now massive. I slowly shoved the disgusting worm forwards, and she wailed as her arms stretched out as humanely as possible and dived both the fork and knife into the sad Khenbish, and thrusted her tail in first to eat, before most of the other meat, and then placed her head down, two dark tubes still in her nose, and started cutting up that to it. Gustavo was as joyful as my smile always had been.

Soon, Chinua was fat and had just eaten her worm sister. She cried in pain and agony as Gustavo and me stared at her, dripping blood from her mouth and having blood all over her area.

“Is she going to eat herself now?” Gustavo asked, and suddenly Chinua in her painful cry, then had her arms go up and stab herself in the chest, then cutting it open, having the clothes rip, and cut open her own torso to then use her bloody arms to stretch it open inhumanely and started ripping out vessels and even the heart to then eat. She stayed alive during so, seeing with extreme displeasure that she was eating herself, and darkness swarmed around her stomach, making sure it would not explode. She then had darkness chop off her legs and slowly cut it up to feed it to herself, and then she started to eat her arms, and soon the darkness could only help with shoving everything else down into now what remained- a digestive track. Her stomach and blood vessels helping stood straight up as she had been, and everything else- all her hair, teeth, eyes, nose, but not mouth- were gone. She had eaten herself as much as possible, at least to me.

“Wow- that was amazing- and looks amazing!” – Gustavo with such joy in his smile.

“Indeed.” I told as then her stomach exploded with blood everywhere, flying onto the camera and Gustavo and me, and revealing Chinua with dead eyes and no screaming, just her normal self again, with tentacles of blood reaching out from the darkness, sucking up all the blood, wiping across the camera and Gustavo, and then sliding across her arms and such, letting it soak back in, before the miniature version of me crawled out and then hopped over to soak into my forehead. “Now we give her the core power. Afterwards- let us be nice, as she will remember everything up to the gunshot, and will be fine.”

So, I shot my right arm out, and the Red Glitch did not stop the giant darkness ball from covering her, and then I walked through the walls in a darkness hole my size, and Gustavo fitted in through the sludge-ness like slime that did not get into his furry paws, to come out clean to Ryutyu’s room and I then released Chinua onto the floor as the wall quickly and already closed.

“Woah- oh- uh… woah… uh… Eighty-Three?” Chinua asked with worry after falling a foot and catching herself with a pant. A tentacle, from under my dress, also reached out and grabbed Gustavo’s camera and took it back under my dress.

“Hello, Chinua.” I said lighter and more happily, “I just gave you powers to move your organs around and mush them together if you want- and best of all, the Red Glitch did nothing to stop me- so you should have perfect core powers.” I told, giving her a thumbs up with my right hand as Gustavo smiled.

“Uh… so what can I do with these powers?” – Chinua as she spread out her arms and started to smile confusedly.

“Possibly fly, but mainly punch with more force, take less fall damage if needed, and kick harder when wanted.” – Me with happiness.

Chinua started to be moved quickly in almost a float but little fall down, across some of the room, and did it back and forth, her being going from left to right like a jumpy cartoon character without much else animation.

“Woo! Woah! This weird!” – Chinua, as she then closed her right fist and shot it out to air, and her face clenched just a little. “Woah- you right! I feel a lot more… massive. Not in a fat way.” She laughed at the end.

“Good to hear, Chinua. You may go now if you want, as I am going to go write my books, and Gustavo might take another nap.” – me.

“Uh… hold on, Eighty-Three. Uh… I’m sorry about past mission, but… I have question… What about… mission to… Mecca? I know you Christian… and most kids Christian, but I… never made a trip to Mecca for Allah, and… I’m just… really worried about my… faith. I… I just want to say, can you take me there… quickly, and… maybe allow me… inside box? I want to see if God is really in there, as me family told.” Chinua happily asked, instantly feeling embarrassed about her quick question.

“Of course, Chinua. Do not be afraid to ask about your religion, we are all friends here. We shall take you to Mecca whenever you would like.” – Me as I looked to her.

“Oh- well… now?” – Chinua, and Gustavo was intrigued.

“Alrighty- let us go get Wilma then.” – Me.

***Mecca’s Box.***

Shellia played her instrument shallowly, watching me and Gustavo as we went up to Wilma playing volleyball on top of her fun mansion with the other kids in full nice clothes.

“Hello everybody.” I waved as I came up and Wilma looked over.

“Oh- hey guys!” Daniel waved as Angelica looked nicely over.

“What’s good nig-bros?” Oyur stated as he grabbed the ball and held it, looking to us. Wilma then created a portal to the inside of Mecca’s Box, the Kaaba.

“Chinua asked if she could go to Mecca and go inside Mecca’s box, in which Wilma has already opened a portalis towards.” I told, and they all looked over.

“The name of Mecca’s box is ‘Kaaba.’” Angelica told over as she came.

“I knew, but I was just telling you guys with simpler grammar just in case.” – Me.

“Wait a minute- where’s Mecca?” – Daniel.

“Saudi Arabia.” – Me as we all banded together.

“Oh dang- that’s not a good place. They’re not going to tolerate our clothing, especially if they’re worshipping- I’m quite sure- they got taboo stuff going on.” – Daniel.

“That’s… the inside of ‘Kaaba?’” – Chinua slowly.

“I guess so.” – Wilma as she came over to the worried Chinua.

“I thought you said God would be in it.” – Gustavo to Chinua.

“Well, yeah…” – Chinua slowly fading away.

“Actually, the Kaaba is a metaphorical place for where God would be and is told to be a threshold between the heavens and Earth, and it also has some theories of coming down by a meteorite too.” Angelica started to explain before being perfectly cut off.

“Okay, nerd.” Daniel giggled.

“Oh… my parents always told God would be there- like Allah…” – Chinua.

“He went missing just like my dad.” – Daniel, and Oyur laughed. “Probably went to get the milk.”

“Shut up Daniel… Ah…” Chinua let out as she went up to the box with defeat, looking around to see a door closed and no windows, but a greenish inside. “Damnit.”

“Sorry, Chinua, but-” – Angelica as Ejnare came up with black shades on.

“But you already met Jesus the god himself, I don’t know what the fuck you were expecting but-” – Oyur as Daniel nodded his head away in a giggle as Ejnare stood by.

“Oyur, please. Chinua had Islam as her religion all her life, and suddenly she’s being opened to the real truth. It’s going to take some time for her to welcome this sudden entrance of a new religion into her life.” – Angelica told in almost a sad whisper to Oyur, and as he was about to open his mouth, Wilma made it shut tight, and he looked back to Wilma with anger and frustrating gestures as she giggled herself.

“Damn… Chinua… sorry…” Ejnare stated slowly as he stood by Chinua’s side.

“Yeah… thanks…” Chinua said with no more sadness but pity and despairful anger.

“Hey Chinua, do you think it would be funny if we stole it?” I told coming up behind her, and make Daniel shoot out in laughter.

“Wait- what?” – Daniel suddenly frizzled in funny-ness by my words.

“I… I really don’t think so…” Chinua told angrily, looking back to me.

“Well, let me leave a note inside the box then.” – Me as I stepped through the portal and entered, making arms from under my dress make paper and a pencil.

“Don’t write anything evil!” Chinua told with frustration to me.

“Do not worry, I am not.” – ME BACK TO CHINUA- sorry, caps-lock.

“Wait- though- did a meteor really come down?” – Oyur to Angelica.

“I haven’t read up on it, but there are theories to how it was made elsewise.” – Angelica as Daniel listened in with Nigga Nigga.

“I thought meteors were brown instead of black though.” – Daniel in also a whisper.

“The box is black?” – Oyur with questions on the Kaaba as Chinua stepped inside and looked around to see no firm pictures or artwork like the Egyptian’s would have.

“On the outside. Muslims say that when the worship, as they go around it seven times, touching it, their sins, forgiven supposedly, made the Kaaba go from white to black over time.” – Angelica to them both.

“Nah bruh, what actually must’ve happened is that black people came over and touched it, losing their skin color to it, henceforth white people exist.” Oyur stated so excellently that Daniel just had to hold his puffy laugh.

“Wow.” – Wilma, as Nigga Nigga dispersed into oxygen, the white gas truly fading as he had been throwing his racket up and catching it.

“I’m just saying.” – Oyur.

“Bruuuuuh, he just saying.” – Daniel funnily.

Angelica just sighed and looked over to Ejnare also going in and patting Chinua on her sad and angry back. Angelica then went over to Chinua and started talking, as Ejnare picked up the card and looked at it- soon shifting it over to Chinua and Angelica, who shrugged at it, as it was written in Armenian, not even Arabic.

“Do you guys think it would be funny if we sent the box to the sun though?” I giggled over and Daniel just titled his head.

“Sure.” – Gustavo. Shellia just played away from that thought.

“Alright guys, I think that’s enough. Chinua, like, she’s actually undergoing something huge in a person’s life, so let’s not make fun of it constantly.” – Daniel.

“Alrighty.” I shrugged to Daniel’s persuasion for Chinua and the Kaaba. Everybody afterwards mostly stayed quiet and did not do a single thing.

“Uh... what now?” Oyur asked as Ejnare talked to Chinua.

“Well, maybe we should Chinua out by bringing her maybe to a beach or happy resort, because... eh...” - Daniel, shrugging to us.

“Maybe...” - Wilma as she looked with worry over to them, and silence once again struck. So, I went inside the portalis and up to Chinua and Ejnare as they looked around. Ejnare then flinched his ears up and turned around, and Chinua followed with slight displeasure to see me. Ejnare also held up the note.

“What exactly does this say?” He asked after a few seconds.

“It says, ‘Welcome to the jungle, we got fun and games.’” I told, still smiling.

“Is- is that a reference?” Ejnare almost smiled.

“Indeed.” - Me, and Chinua just cracked a grin.

“I’ve heard that song...” Chinua said before dawning her face back to anger, “But please, leave them and us alone. Leave Mecca alone. Just respect them for working.”

“Yeah- but don’t you think, Eighty-Three- that we’ve been cheated technically- since Jesus came over to us? I mean, Angelica always said that we have a choice to believe, but if Jesus forms right in front of us, doesn’t that just abolish it?” - Ejnare.

“Yes, it technically does. Also, yes, I overheard your entire conversation- the full explanation should be that his appearance defies some of his own logic, but he did so with the Jews and other separate and small groups back when the Bible was being made, so this is not against his past nature anyways.” - Me.

“Sure... definitely...” Chinua with anger. I nodded and she then did before leaving and Ejnare followed her away and passed everyone, going back to her home as they talked together.

Daniel and Angelica started to converse as Oyur started down after Shellia after she played a ‘rick-roll’ tune, and funnily ran off. But Wilma then came forth and looked to me inside the Kaaba, as I placed the note back down and looked back to her.

“Can we talk about...” She started to say before darkness started to expand out of the corners and fill the box, and she closed the portalis with a sigh, as I looked to it closing. “... the... situation with... you and torturing people?”

“Hm?” I asked, confused about what Wilma was going to say about the situation between us.

“I dislike the way I see you going... everyday you get darker.” She started up before I reverbed what she said.

“Yes, you stated that before. I understand what you are about to say, so let us get to the point quickly.” - Me.

“Uh... could you please stop? With the torture? Every night I go on cocaine trips to think about other things. I just... want to have fun with you and others. I just want to enjoy life and goof around... like Daniel and Oyur. I just want to stop... taking cocaine every night to get away from the thought of... drastic change. I miss the old times when you and Ryutyu would play around for those small seconds... and I would join in and create something great for the time... and we would always hate the Heru and his allies... but we would... at least have fun. We would know each other endlessly... and none of us lied to any others... but I feel that leaving... that feeling of youngness... I feel like you... are becoming a businessman... of blood and... you think about it constantly... I want to help you not become what you hated before...” Wilma said, trying not to cry.

“I still hate the torture Heru and his allies made me endeavor, but I should have realized that... yes, me torturing people is something you hate, and I did not realize it was an indirect factor in making you take cocaine for happiness. I am sorry, Wilma... But look at me, I have my fun. I do not want to stop. The kids do not deserve torture, but they do not have to remember it. I use my scientific findings I get from them, and I have my inside fun as well. So please, Wilma, with how much we want to say to each other right now- I know this is quickly-paced, but please just let me have my fun. I will give goods to them after and not use them for major projects like I recently just did or do with people like the Plague Doctor. Simply... I also think about just playing around, but I like to do other things as well.” I nicely and softly said as Wilma just shuddered depressed-ly with a nod.

“So we...” - Wilma started as I up to her, staring with my eyes visible through my shades, and worry on my eyebrows.

“I shall join you in having more parties and such with our friends, but I would like you to keep everybody out of the things I still keep secret. That is the goal I sense you might like...” I told her with still a smile, but worried eyebrows.

She could not keep eye contact but nodded with a heavy breath and beating heart I heard inside her chest. She then looked at me and nodded again, pale and dale in facial expressions, and her ears twitched.

“Thank you... Will you help me with my addiction? Check up on me?” She then asked, a little worried about that as well.

“Yes, I can do that.” - Me, as my tail slowly shifted across my right thigh and I heart each of Wilma’s veins flowing.

“Thanks...” Wilma almost cried but looked up in the Kaaba with a slight smile.

“Now what do you think about getting high on weed?” I asked funnily and she looked to me with funny confusion, not much but definitely indeed.

What?

***Destruction.***

Daniel held up his bee phone on a large white pole, extending it so a multi-selfie could be taken of all of us. Wilma, having five cigarettes in her mouth, Oyur with six, Daniel with two, Ryutyu with one, Chinua with seven, Ejnare with one, Geurnf with four, and Nigga Nigga with sixteen, I was left with simply my mask extruding steam up and into the ceiling of Ryutyu’s room. The lights were damp and yellow, swelling with happiness- and a slow slur of joyful music played on Ryutyu’s laptop as Ejnare held a weight in the picture. Gustavo also pitched his head in cleanly, and Shellia hovered over him, everyone in the picture, as my mask still steamed up, blocking view to my shades or front of my head as that grey mist was strong and almost fully opaque, inferring I smoked far more than any others in the middle of Ryutyu’s room.

“Hey ya’...” - Daniel with his high fever, taking the picture as then mostly everybody but me, Gustavo, Shellia obviously, and Geurnf- then laughed.

“Can we get much higher?” - Ejnare funnily, not even singing.

“So high...” - Daniel, singing the lyrics of the song not on.

“Shut up...” Oyur laughed slowly.

“Ya’...” Said Ryutyu without meaning, other than soon seeing Wilma just float up like a balloon and have no control of her face as the cigs stayed in and everyone enjoyed it.

“Should’ve never agreed to this with you guys...” - Chinua as she was next to Ejnare, and looked at Wilma.

“You guys want to get much higher?” Wilma then asked lately.

“Bruh? Bet?” - Oyur.

“Oh- just had an idea- sorry guys, I got to go really quickly.” I told, and Wilma spun around to smile at me plainly in her stance.

“Should I come along?” - Gustavo asked suddenly realizing I was still without the ‘high’ voice, and quite normal in fact.

“Do not leave! We were just getting started!” - Wilma in her high voice.

“Ya’ bro, where ya’ going?” - Ryutyu and I looked at his smoking hot cig.

“On a little mission of my own, but I will be back. Tell me- are you guys going to be like this for hours?” - I then asked as I already knew the effects of smoking.

“Maybe- but smoking is bad...” - Oyur with his dazed mind.

“Yeah, real bad- so let’s have some more.” Ejnare then laughed with Oyur.

“Alrighty.” - I told and left with Gustavo as Wilma nudged Ryutyu and laugehd with him, scrubbing his hair with her right hand after nudging him.

I went over to my surgical room, allowed the steam to stop rolling out of my smiling mouth, and closed the door tight as Gustavo entered, and then made the walls skirmish away from each other to reveal the tortured group again, one Khenbish left, but I went over to the chair the black girl was in, and I looked at her. She was sleeping, with nothing on her mind, and Gustavo looked at me as my ideas rose without a second guess.

I grabbed the finder machine quickly, and Ryutyu chased me up to my room with me, standing behind me with the cigarette in his mouth. Gustavo stayed and looked around, seeing the Plague Doctor still running through the endless glowing forest green halls of his current level, as the monster Clasif now chased him.

“Whatcha’ doing laddy?” Ryutyu asked in his British tone, and I looked at him.

“A little finding-mission for the spy girl which I have locked up in the walls.” - Me.

“Okay, ight lad- hope it goes well... wait- when are ya’ coming back?” - Ryutyu, without that awkward and unnecessary pause movies have for sentences like these.

“After some time- maybe two hours- or maybe much more- but it probably should be enough to give you a full massage right before bedtime.” I said as I brought the machine down.

“Aw- ya’ really making me have a bedtime?” - Ryutyu.

“No, you said you wanted a schedule just yesterday like Daniel’s and Angelica’s- with that bedtime being eight.” - I said back, stopping in my tracks to look at him, and he shrugged.

“Ight, whatever I said whilst clean then...” He chuckled as I left, his eyes still glowing green but his tail wagging a lot.

I went back down to the black spy girl and looked to her still sleeping, and Gustavo watching the Plague Doctor. I then hooked up the machine, opened the portal, released the spy girl and rushed her into her supposed bedroom, before coming back up and looking at Gustavo with happiness still.

“This one is going to be quite fun.” I told, and we shall cut to the next scene for a little short-lived mystery of this quote.

The black spy girl woke up with discontent. She looked around, seeing her bed sheets cramped and wrinkles around her as she was straight up, and she saw all the lights off around her home. Her eyes were wide, and her mind was spooked, as she looked under the blanket of red to see she was wearing pajamas with socks. She was confused, yet a little terrified of the environment around her. She decided to get out of bed and look at the wooden dressing’s single drawer below the golden yellow-glowing lamp turned off. She found her gun in it, as well as her lollipop and such- many actually, all stored there with chaos. She kept quiet, confused, and then went over to the kitchen of marble white just across from her bed and turned on the lights. The diner room to the left of the kitchen turned on, and then the living room, with between the living room and bedroom a hallway to a bathroom- a really short hallway of the white walls. She crept around her apartment, seeing food where it was, and pictures laid around. Soon, she went over to the dinner table where a black laptop was and checked the date. It was still normal, and she looked at it sternly. She then opened it and checked social media before getting up, taking a good look around, opening the door to see the parking lot outside, rambled with rocks and drifts of cars, with a rocky hill just beyond leading to a mountain as damp and yellowish grass surrounded under the fully clouded sky of light grey and rain about to drip down, and then she went for a shower, before going back to her bed with the towel and then using the cabinets on the left side to gather new clothes, and then with her black t-shirt, white-jeans, black socks and white shoes, she looked around with mere discontent. She expected something but was scared and did not want to identify with it. She was scared that I was still here, but she let that go after putting on her clothes and then going to eat cereal.

After doing her chores, she came out and looked around. Nothing new. Other people were here, her black car was here, and the road was unfixed.

She decided to sigh and go back inside with a smile, getting her laptop and turning it on to go back onto social media for the rest of the day and watch a lot of news as well as search herself up, finding nothing, then animating two-dimensional images for four hours, and soon posting that and feel satisfied. She also noted what I had done in a notepad, and felt awful whilst writing it, as well as texted Miss Opium on her phone nearby not to come near me as I would torture her, and she explained that, but got no replies from Miss Opium on her white phone. She also, also, grabbed snacks and cooked ravioli during these times, but her unfriendedness was nothing new to my eye. After staring at the screen all day, she went over and switched her clothes back to pajamas before getting in bed. She had all lights on though, and she was shivering in bed, even though she sweat.

She looked back to see not me, not anybody. Falsely, six times she churned in her bed, trying to quickly catch if I was crawling on the ceiling or something, but she just smelt her feelings back to the warmth of her bed.

Me and Gustavo, who had been watching around through an x-ray above, made from darkness in the cold and isolated room with nothing in it, but the portal leading back to our home, allowed us to watch every move she made for the day. After giving Ryutyu a massage, bringing food to both him and Chinua in the morning, writing my books between natural events, and learning to play the accordion with Shellia a little more- I had left a duplicate with Gustavo to watch the black spy girl, and I came back to crash into the duplicate and merge. Then, it became action-time.

Me and Gustavo slowly crept down during the night, lowering on a darkness platform to the still parking lot where we could just see in towards the resting Black Spy Girl, and her bed, except the excess wall blocked her upper chest, and the curtains for the windows, being grey, were unclosed by any fraction, unless it being fully zero. So, I made a darkness rock, and then threw it in, large and in silence, fracturing members of the apartments.

The rock crashed through the window and hit the Spy Girl’s excess wall, where she bounced up and started to search. Me and Gustavo had already by then taken off, sprinting in speed to her right without a sound or her knowledge. The girl bounced up and took a slow look around the wall, seeing the rock without a knock, but still purely black. She looked around quickly, scared and frightened beyond her normal appreciation. Her bones broke and she searched every corner of her home for something but found only mere darkness still.

As black as her skin was the night, and no stars were present. She had opened her door to the parking lot and looked around, finding other neighbors to come out and look at her window as she awkwardly looked back and tried to examine who may have done it. No words were spoken but faces communicated more during this event.

Then erosion happened, but it was supernatural. My darkness rumbled through the ground intensely, and pulled down the rocks of the large hill and down towards the rusty light blonde of the desert-ish grounds below. There was barely grass before, but as the girl screamed and felt her home start to fall back, her neighbors also terrified, her and most of them exiting onto the parking lot to see it also crumbling backwards, and the hill across also spewing down quickly like the rocks were being sucked down and towards the rising moon behind the buildings- there would only be dust and ruins of the homes, collapsed and brought down to Earth with massive winds of destruction, and blood if necessary, as some were clamped under and others injured badly. The girl had trembled like some others to the driveway, missing the falling silent cars and scared of the incoming rocks, holding on as much as they could for as long as possible before the ground became un-processable to be a holding ground and they, mainly her, fell down slowly yet firmly to the rubble below.

“Oh my god!” - A random girl to her left that has nothing to do with the story.

The black spy girl, still in now-raggedy pajamas, coughed a little as steam and dust came up, and to her right, an explosion popped out, flinging guts and blood around just eighteen meters from her location. The girl had landed onto some rocks that pebbled down and filled a stopped avalanche on the road below, with no cars around, but leading straight to a few other apartment buildings and then a city with skyscrapers. The erosion movement had ended and with sticking fear and instability thrown into her mind, she quickly looked around to see others getting up barely alive or completely and utterly shocked by the event or the hand of another reaching out, but unmoving now- and then she looked back to see her furniture and laptop under massively broken pieces of the empty room above. As she was on the hill of rocks emerging from below broken windows and crispy wood, she felt forwards a being erupt from below, largely and without much of a sound.

“Hello, girl.” - Gustavo as he rose from the bland and cursed-grey rocks.

The black spy girl screamed as she saw Gustavo then launch out and try taking a bite out of her lower left arm, but she pounced her body to the right and started to scramble up with a few quick screams, alerting everybody to see the massive purple cat and spudder their own yells to alert more. The black spy girl started to run without tools, trying to keep her balance on the slight rock wall that was slim before the destruction, trying to cross over to the city as other people backed away and Gustavo only followed her. His tail wagged back and forth as his smile was large and her awe grew silent as she paced faster than she ever has, feeling uncomfortable as she almost slipped or tripped.

“Help! Call the police!” She yelled as others screamed as Gustavo almost slipped and tripped himself but found it funny and ironic.

“Come back here, little thing!” - Gustavo with happiness.

As Gustavo chased only her, sometimes emitting his true jaw to scare off others and even bite into policemen as they came shortly afterwards and shot at him, seeing that his skin just regrew and his path to kill the black spy girl naturally did not change much- I was on my own tour of death.

I rushed quickly through the streets, bashing into people and unstopping as their gust and blood bashed against a light pole. I bashed into cars, flinging them back and crashing into others, or I bashed into skyscraper floors, and damaged their floorings, as I ran through many and soon had blood all over, and made one building lose its base- starting to collapse over onto another and officially causing public-panic.

I then stopped my Ryutyu-like killings and decided to look forth to a few police officers getting into their cars. I jumped in through their side window, and took off my mask as they looked back with a scream and tried grabbing their M9’s. I scrapped off their black faces as tentacles exploded in variety from my mouth and shot at their heads, indulging into their blood and ripping past it like a chainsaw, each tentacle twirling and causing the most fatal holes they could only imagine for a split second. After their skin was bare and their black blood dripped out from their faces full of holes and cuts, their eyes grabbed and plummeting back into my mouth- I rushed out, and into the police station next block, bashing through to the first counter and running through the wall and female, as I entered back into an office busy with phone callers.

Making AK-47's out of both my hands, I started to blast away. The bullets darted through their box walls and meters into the floor, many bullets blasting through each person as I shot them dead, and then shot them again and again, hearing every cry, scream, and last breath of air- if so.

After enjoying a quick eye-snack of destruction and death from the place, I saw police officers defend, so I dropped my hands and started walking up to them like it was nothing. I grab his shooting gun, uncareful of his screaming face, and twisted it to shoot at himself, but he stopped pulling the trigger and looked to the bullets that just bounced off me. I then yanked it onto the ground and threw my right hand up to choke him, elongating it up to the ceiling, and then rushing out the wall to then drag him onto the street and let him slowly get banged till his face was shredded off. Then I came to a pole and smacked him into it, his spine breaking in half and his body snapping into gore. A random grandmother looked back with shock as the baby cried from the sound, being in a red-hemispherical-overhead, carry stroller, with metallic legs and wheels.

I then struck out my right hand and ripped the darkness from under her skin and out, releasing all her blood to drip out as she fell over, and then I took the carrier by the hands and thrusted it up into the sky, many meters up to fall down as I then bashed in a blitz-speed run through many buildings, squaring around the structure’s floor, flinging people out the windows as I went to some second floor and took their stability out, and then I jumped through the second floor at times, and made each building start to crash down like the twin towers.

I then dispersed into gas and went below into the road, hearing people load guns and look around, their simple eye scattering causing a sound to my ears. I went into the ground and started to form into a straight spike that went through to the underground basement wall and look at all the boys point their guns at me without any fear and shot at my forming silhouette through the grey dust. I stood there as I quickly formed, and my tail waved back and forth lively. As my smile glowed through the dust, and they stopped wasting ammo as two young men ran out and away. My tail then extended from my humane body and green dress flowing cleanly, and it darted out to slip into the right nose hole of the first black man in front, going up and through his head as the spike broke through, and then it swiveled out and wrap around another guy’s right leg, and picked him up and smashed him down near the third man, before lifting up the damaged man without any blood, and then smashing him into the third man, quickly in a flash, and started to repeat it till their skulls were smashed together congruently. Then I looked to a hiding man, texting in a cabinet, and my tail slyly swept over to the counter to my left, and it stared with a hovering shadow at the stern man, who did not realize it was there. Then I made my tail lower down and wrap around the phone slowly as the man almost made a sound but kept his confused cool as the tail brought it over to my smiling face.

“The city is under attack. Supernatural shit going down bro.” - Green bubbled text, meaning that guy’s last text.

“Oh, shit- should I get to the bunker?” - Blue bubbled text, some other guy in still black Calibri text.

“Oh fuck the guy is killing my men.” - That guy now just staying quiet and hoping I do not kill him. The last thing he was writing was: “Ask the Syrian to transmit the meth after-”

I then scrolled up and read the very elaborate and nicely punctuated texts.

“The new phone update really making me out to be some sort of English teacher.” - Blue-texts.

“Quite chill, ain’t it? Anyways, you got the Plutonium?” - The guy present.

“Nah, Bubber almost fucking died again and we had to save his ass from being caught- But I do have the damn dynamite from the Syrian now, no police got suspicious- thank god.” - Green-text speecher.

“Ight thanks.” - Blue-texts man before some other updates I did not care about.

I slowly walked over and leaned over the counter to see the man slowly look back at the shadow and see me with my shades cleaned and reflective. I slowly grasped his end of the counter and my tail poked up.

“Hello, good-man- may you tell me where this dynamite is?” I asked politely of him.

“Uh... no...” - The man, as I then used the arms from under my dress to lift me up and let me drop onto his head. From his sitting and awing position, my dress went down to his hips as the rest of his body was under my dress, and it started to crack every bone in his body as he started to cough and cry for assistance but was broken by more coughs as his arms tried lifting the dress up, but I slowly went down, and he stopped crying.

Soon, the entirety of his upper being was squished and flooding down as the crimson red under the counter, and his feet plus legs stopped sparking around. Inside me, his brain started to dissolve with my darkness, and I was brought his ideas and memories- seeing inside to where the dynamite was- behind a clerk store that was at the end of a nearby city.

I rushed up and across more buildings, ripping a streetlamp from the ground and stopping to then have a swing-fight with a crowd of running. Some of them tried using their purses or hands to punch me, but the first woman I whacked was sent to the moon, and then I leveraged around to smash somebody into the ground like they were crushed, and then I swung around and hit somebody in the chest, making them puke up blood from the speed, before I then hit them on the head and knocked them back.

“That’s the child! Get him!” I person stated, then getting a gun and shooting along with five of his other friends, and a few police nearby as well tried. Then a businessman also followed with shock and discontent just throwing his briefcase. Then a gangster with tattoos all over his face came to see me whacking people down, and he threw a gas grenade, that exploded sleep gas- which I did not stop at.

Some threw objects at me as I continued hitting the runner and sprinted after a certain few, but the men and women I killed were fun as they were ones that looked back and started to revolt against me. My tails spiked through some, the darkness arms from under my dress came out and started to grab necks, and my mask opened to cleanse around some head’s and break them down to chew. After a little massacring back and forth, killing twenty-three as others ran massively, I threw the pole into a runner-by and impaled them through five buildings with my flashy speed.

I then dashed away onto the desert-roads, ramming into running cars, splintering my excess darkness to come like strings into the eyes of car drivers and string them out from my darkness arms to quickly grab as I made a hole through each car, killing everybody possible who sat in the middle, even the bare few that tried to run away from the road and crashing window sound effects, and I soon had all their eyes as they screamed and crashed into each other before darkness erupted from the road, throwing spikes under and up through anybody anywhere near a thirty meter radius.

As I came to the road’s end, I found a green grass village coming, and I rushed through, shoving the telescope of man on the sidewalk into his head, and then going to his neighbor’s and breaking down their door. Running through and punching the dad as the other two, being a daughter and mother, ran away, and I started to defeat him easily without pain, ripping his eyes out and then shoving them up his mouth, and then ripping his eyebrows out before whipping out in the speed of light and then getting over to a shop on the slow-paved road.

I rushed inside, shoving eighteen bags of chips into the cashier in an instant, making his mouth deformed and his head scudded back as he fell back, and I then busted through the wall to the back and saw the blue dynamite bag, with thirty-two dynamites, behind the trashcan, hearing their electrons inside pulse different from most others. I then kicked the trashcan with my left right food with the bloody maid shoe on, and got the dynamite, as the voices continued to ring in my head with joy and said one thing about the baby I threw up.

I then heard a woman talk about the adoption center to her friend, and I rushed around the town to quickly find the night care. There, I used the darkness hands from under my dress to unravel the bag, link the dynamite with darkness being shoved into them by strings flowing in and pumping them, before I then used my darkness hands to go around holding all of them or sticking them under my dress for use later, I then stopped with the speed usage and snuck around, putting some dynamite slowly next to some babies, whilst placing others on top of babies, as they woke up and grabbed it with weird joy. I then exited nicely towards the sidewalk and held up my right hand, forming into a metallic cylinder with a red button at the end, and I pressed it with my other hand, blowing up the dynamite, sending glass shards everywhere, and demolishing all possible cries inside. As the fire and steam exploded upwards to the fully dark sky, I looked up, seeing it. Then, it struck me.

“The darkness of the sky! Look at it and use it! Make sure it does not kill the black girl of course! Infinite darkness!” The voices told, and quickly I shoved my hands up so darkness tentacles would come down and form spikes, before shoving down into homes and jittering around, slapping black girls and boys into the wall with their yells soon being cut off by the jiggling spikes brushing against their bodies and making them bleed out. Many tentacles came down and, over the city, they wrapped around buildings and pulled them down or picked them up, reformed them, then threw them around. As the sky started to be my essence, I looked past it, to see the moon still trying to come up.

“What about space?” My mind asked, as the darkness arms from under my dress placed down onto the sidewalk with my heavy and joyful breathing before the shot me up and suddenly started to degrow back inside my dress as I shot up to space and past this Earth’s orbit, looking back to it all.

I then shifted my right arm back, twisting my body as then I made the darkness from space turn into a spike, and then shot it at the planet, the spike enlarged from the point to go through it and goes a massive explosion as the core was cut, lava spurred out, and the tectonic plates broke up like slow glass being shattered.

Then I used darkness to string around and reform the planet, giggling as it was done so easily. I then looked to both giant red stars millions of meters away and made darkness rap around the two red suns spinning around each other, not as quick as you would hope by as fast as you see the sun do itself, and I crushed them into a black hole, then moving the black hole extremely fast and farther away as it started to suck in other planets as I soon released it very far away. The planet of their Earth was also moving towards the black hole, but not as fast as to make it suddenly heated.

So, I then looked back down and grasped at the Earth, then pulling up the oceans with darkness pads below and thrusting all water on Earth into the air that was space, in which it had none. Water started to steam as it quickly came up, before dispersing rapidly as the planet below now looked like it was filled with long craters, and then through the waters flowing up and away, I dispersed the darkness pads and let the dark universe take it with force. Then I created a black Tsar 5000, fully dark and from my right hand, before then my arm wrapped around it, and I then shot myself down around the globe at the speed of light and went into the part we would call ‘Russian Siberia.’ I memorized that where I lifted from was someplace in Kansas, and so I then I shot around and back to it with speed flying my dress down as fast as possible, and my ears and tails were backed by the gusting winds as the entire planet moved towards the black hole slowly but faster and faster every minute, just by the little bits.

Gustavo was below, munching on a fully and actual black man, before looking up to see the black spy girl treading away on her arms, crawling as fast as possible with her tears. Both of her lower legs were now ripped off and only a mere two bones were left as she slowly bled out and lost her voice. Her legs were mushed and slightly eaten back before ten other dead policemen, and Gustavo with his unsmiling and rather now cute face filled with blood, started to smile again and slowly prance over to her with such a happy taste.

“Hey... this only lasts so long.” - Gustavo as he came around to stare her in the face.

She could only cry as she stopped and saw him so happy and his hat so well-made now, and his fur was not dented by a single bullet. He then looked back as the long and dark blue misty hallway with rubble at the end had nothing in store for her.

Gustavo started to walk away as his ears flicked up and his eyebrows went curious. He went behind the girl as she slowly died away- before suddenly she shook and was creeped out by her sudden growth of her legs back, and the blood draining back in, like full-reverse effect. She looked to Gustavo as he sat down elsewhere and watched.

“Wh- w-w-w-what's going-o-on!?!?” She whispered as she saw herself get plenty of herself back suddenly, and then she heard her phone be tossed from the rubble onto the floor just three inches away. It was already opened to Miss Opium’s texts. “No...” She shuddered barely as she saw it glimmer in the dark plastic-looking hallway of white, before looking back to see me just phase through the rubble as darkness spilled out and started to pile in the cracks to nighttime or escape.

“Hello.” I stated, coming forth like an absolute unit as she froze in terror, and could barely even sadly mutter to me to stop.

I then picked her up by her neck, and she had no intention of stopping my grasp. She looked up to the ceiling and just wanted to die already, closing her eyes as tears crept down her spirit’s final life. As her vision started to blur and my grip tighten in my plastic green gloves, my dress and shoes covered in blood, and my smile the last thing that glowed in her life, darkness tentacles and strings started to evolve around us, going from Gustavo to me, wrapping around and swirling like a hurricane, inwards before suddenly, as she phased out, she heard the snap of her own neck, her face red and puffy- and then she was fine.

She looked around, weary and discontented, but looked down at her childish hands, and her happy suit of yellow and black horizontal stripes, and a purple-wrapped lollipop in her bag. She looked around, seeing forth to her blue locker, and then down to her popcorn-ish yellow rug on the concrete white floor, before then the white brick walls and yellow ceiling with lights every meter glowing fully and bright amongst the shut wooden doors. She looked down both halls and saw nobody, except different paths to take- leading to wherever.

“This... this is another fucking trick...” She cried to herself slowly, un-hearable a meter away, but still broke down in the middle of the hall.

As she broke down for a complete six minutes, she finally got up and looked around slowly, hearing nothing much, but wiping her tears with her outfit. In her small voice and small size, she started to walk finely towards the bathroom, where she looked at herself in the mirror, and started to cry emotionally, dipping her head in the sink bowl, her hair going everywhere as it was long.

“Who in da’ hell is crying out here?” Another girl asked in the girls-only bathroom, through the rightest stall, in which every stall was up to the roof but not the floor, leaving room for the black spy girl to see under her black shoes past the black and cotton-dotted walls of each stall.

The girl then flushed, pulled up her pants, and walked out to see her, originally having a stern face, but now simply just in wonder.

“Hadiza? Why ya’ crying?” She asked with frustrated confusion, looking to the sink and then going over to wash her hands.

“Uh... a lot happened recently... and...” - The black spy girl, being Hadiza.

“And what? Spit it out- did ya' come to bring me back to class or what?” - The other girl.

“I think that’s what I’ve been sent to do...” - Hadiza, not bringing further eye-contact.

“Ya’ think? No- really, why ya’ crying? A bully in the halls? A-” - The other girl.

“Nothing, Imani... I... I... I’ve been sent back in time to... this is the day when the superheroes come to school, right?” - Hadiza in a low and higher-pitched voice.

“What? Back in time? Before I answer any of ya’ questions, explain to me what’s going on. Ya’ a schizophrenic now or something?” - Imani, the other girl with a frenzied voice.

“I... I really... uh... It wouldn’t matter if I told you, this is all fake and a trick to...” Hadiza started to say as she backed away with more of a cry, before running out of the bathroom and shutting her mouth. Hadiza went further and further down the hall and then to a right, then to a left, and finally exited through the doors and looked around.

There were trees around and grass around, with benches telling the outside of the peaceful school. There was nobody outside though, and the parking lot just across the sidewalk where students would come in was filled with teacher’s cars. Hadiza looked up and around, scared and confused before she started to dart off.

Hadiza ran and ran away towards the outside of school boundaries, escaping to the main road and looking around. She cried as she saw cars pass by and decided to run left and kept on going. For about three minutes, she ran with fear stricken in her mind and terror in her speed, but a voice blasted as it came down slowly behind her, uncaring about her sensitivity nor tears.

“Hey, where are you going, younger?” A man with a deep voice asked, landing on the white concrete sidewalk she ran on, and enjoying the small breeze that the green trees next to him lifted with joy.

Hadiza turned around to see the white man with black hair, and a large brown beard, and hazel eyes along with a giant cape held by a horizontal golden handle, and an outfit of green, bullet-proof material along with a brown belt, yellow gloves, and red pants of the same dotty material, along with yellow boots. The cape was the flag of Zimbabwe, going down as the man smiled.

“As an older, I gotta’ say, I’ve never seen a student run away from the best school I’ve ever discovered.” - The super man of Zimbabwe.

“Yeah- it’s a good school, but I got to go...” Hadiza said with fear.

“Why? And where? Youngers like you need to stay in school to learn and make this country better than it already is.” - The man with a Zimbabwe cape.

“I gotta’ go... home. I’ve... I’ve been sent back in time, and I don’t need to be at school now...” Hadiza cried to the man.

“As an older, I’ve never heard that excuse. Come back to school, as you need a proper checkout anyways.” - The man.

Hadiza just cried and fell onto her knees. She had no words, but the man had actions- so he went over and took her left hand with his right, and then flew her up with dazzlement and back to school, where she was brought down with other weird-looking superheroes there.

“Found this younger girl running away...” - The man as everybody, including the principal and all other students coming out, saw and heard.

“Hadiza?” - The principal.

“Woo- Zimbaber!” - Another man in English, being a teacher as the kids started to cheer and see him come down.

“Yes, yes- I've come to visit my older man.” - Zimbaber, the Zimbabwe Super-guy.

Zimbaber and the principal started to talk as Hadiza was let down and scourged away with red eyes, accidentally backing away into a sea-like man.

This man had a fully red suit but held a trident of gold in his right hand, and a wooden spear in his left. His eyes were also hazel, his skin color was white, his hair hazel, his beard non-existent, and his chin like a giga-Chad's. Next to him was a girl glowing fully yellow, with no visible facial features or anything else, like collar bone or knees, except for her hair and the rest of her yellow body. Further towards the right was an army man, with a black mask on his eyes, and no mouth. His skin color was white. He worked for the Zimbabwe government of course. Then there was a black man with a green-t-shirted man with green jeans, talking to some teachers as so did a black man with same outfit but in blue spoke.

“Oh- sorry...” - Hadiza as she looked up to him.

“Don’t puncture me again, little shit.” He told in a deep voice, to the girl in a whisper as he happily waved to others. Hadiza just started to maneuver away and into the crowd sadly.

“It’s his birthday.” The yellow girl told in an echo to others, before looking towards Hadiza’s direction with confusion and started to walk over, everybody looking around to see her approach Hadiza standing away and trying to get away. “I hear your music is filled with plucked strings of fear and horror- why is that?”

“Huh- oh... uh... I’m... just... I... uh...” - Hadiza before the yellow glowing girl nodded.

“Yes, we look scary, but we’re only here for some time. Don’t worry, we’re here to help if there’s any trouble.” - The yellow girl as she looked back to the green-shirted man speed over to Zimbaber and shaking his hand joyfully.

Hadiza just nodded and then started away, leaving the glowing girl to just swing her hair back over to the crowd. Hadiza started to go inside the school building again, sad and scared, walking finely back to her locker and looking back as everybody was outside, happy to see the heroes.

“What do you want?” Hadiza asked in a cry as she opened her locker and saw nothing. “Eighty-Three, I know you hear me- just let me die already...”

But nothing came to her message. She looked back to the hallway to the bathroom before then back again at the crowd and remembered it. She stole the lollipops from the blue shirt guy because some boys dared her, and she gained disguise powers just like he had in his shows. She remembered that he soon found out, but decided that she was a good spy anyways, and decided to bring her into the company and work for most of her life before she was caught in a lie of her own and removed. She remembered Miss Opium fought for her to stay in the company and helped along with missions against corrupt politicians, but it was nothing now. She kept against the wall and just stared out to the many happy, herself fearful.

But as she breathed, the lighters got lighter. Each luminance amped up with her breath, and soon she noticed. After stopping her insane breathing, she saw each glass break suddenly- pouring sparks as she covered herself, screaming out. She heard every door collapse shut, and everyone stop laughing and having joy. Soon, it all suddenly went dark, and Hadiza slowly raised her head, slowly and with the pain of ambient silence, to see her school in shambles, parts of the roof collided in, people dead everywhere, and the sky above still dark. As people’s heads were torn off, arms stabbed into each other’s chests, bodies stuck to the ceiling from bloody goo, Hadiza stood up slowly, her eyes trembling as she saw forwards.

Each hero was dead, Zimbaber having his brains ripped out, the glowing girl shut off to her normal black skin and her eyes missing, the disguiser with a snapped neck, and the trident-guy melted. Hadiza kept herself from screaming but slowly moved to her left, away from the scene, she looked to see others. Dead amongst all parts, their bodies were either destroyed entirely or persecuted beyond humane reason. The whiteness was now filled with red, and all doors were closed shut with death pouring out from them.

“You have changed your name from Hadiza to Ashley to Abeba, and finally (insert her original name.) You continue to disguise yourself because it changed you initially, but now you cannot fool anybody... because none of them are alive, but also because I hear every vessel in your body, and I will forever remember what you did to me...” I said, coming up behind her by forming from the darkness corners. “You may not be someone who did big things, but you had it in your soul to kill me... and now those lollipops changed not only your appearance, but your soul.” Hadiza just started to cry. “The mist is coming.” I finally ended, and she fell apart in crying, onto the floor.

Above her, mist started to roll in, fully black and sweeping around everything, till Hadiza was in a medical hospital hall, long and blue with dust everywhere, and all was creeped. The shallow eerie ambience crept upon her spine, fumbling goosebumps upon her skin more since now she looked around and she memorized that this was the place where cancer kids and babies were placed. Each door stated their type of cancer on a note letter of white in cursive black ink, sometimes being “Julis Dert Jun: 8, Brain cancer,” or “Abeka von Kup: 12, Lung cancer.” But she saw one door open and decided amongst the slight screaming below to rather take a look, her hands shaking.

Inside she nothing horrendous, except a patient’s head scattered in blood behind and on the wall of blue. Hadiza barely could make a sound but was terrified beyond speech. That kid, with the note, “Russel Kuper Lopez: 4, Lung Cancer,” was dead, and his brains shattered amongst the wall that was now entrenched in black, red, and some grey. Hadiza collectively backed away and looked down both halls, each floating with black particles that scared her straight up with her back. She decided to build up the confidence and go down the hall, seeing to a poster with the info: “Floor 3, Lab to the Right, Elevator/stairs to the left,” written in black text now smeared with blood. The walls of the two new hallways had only one man on the right with his hands, shoes, and head decapitated, lying in parts amongst the ground, unsquished and almost nice- but all the rest of his blood was smeared across the floor, the wall, the ceiling- the lights. Red luminance caught Hadiza’s eyes and she scattered herself towards the elevator, noticing that a way out would be best.

She crept quietly and looked to the keys. The ‘one and two’ numbers were missing, torn off and their electric wiring was seeable, but not their buttons. Hadiza decided to close the door as she heard foot screeching and running come to her place. She closed it without hesitation and stay to the back and middle, standing wearily as she listened outside, hearing a woman call out.

“HELP! SOMEBODY! ANYBODY!? GUARDS!? IS THERE- AHHH!” The woman screamed as she started to run to the elevator, coming up to it and almost pressing the button before Hadiza heard me grab her leg and trip her, and then start to break the bones on her body extremely fast so it scared Hadiza to have an insane heartbeat. As the woman stopped crying, she heard me step in front of the elevator, and from her vision outside of her silence, she saw elongated, darkness, slim and pointy fingers sliver through the hole and start to push open the elevator manually.

Hadiza slowly crept over to the side without buttons, scared for her life and her heartbeat pounded even more as she heard me slowly crack it open, and then shove it aside. Hadiza almost gasped, and did a little jump as she looked down and closed her eyes, keeping herself to the corner as she heard silence for a second until suddenly, a very slow turn of rubber, an indent to her soul as she knew I had leaned in, my face to hers, and she knew I was staring at her, my hands still pushing the elevator doors away, and her essence struck to not even dare to see me, but rather just accept fate and sound to kill.

After five seconds of Hadiza staying silent, she opened her eyes slowly, and looked up, before slowly turning her head to the left, to see me without my shades, smiling in my mask, with a tilted head and leaning-in spine, having the eyes of Gustavo, big yet now green, and looking directly into her soul with silence.

Hadiza started to breath loudly, her eyes dampening as she saw me still. She started to plead, getting on her knees with defeat in her ambience.

“P-please… please don’t…” She could barely even finish as she saw my pupils follow her as she looked to me with shame the least of her worries.

A man shot my back from behind, and I barely moved forth, but my eyes and ears darted up and back. Slowly, I lifted myself up straight without a word, and then rushed back to the man who shot, now screaming for his life as he emptied his pistol.

Hadiza got up and saw the red glitch form over the buttons as she looked out to see me rush into the guy and then look back. She quickly pressed the first one, the lobby, and watched as I tried to speed back, but the red glitch tripped my maid shoes and pursued me to run like a human after her.

Hadiza started to cry as I came, but the elevator shut a meter before I was there, and it started down. Hadiza stopped and felt the jazz music come on for a slight second before she got to floor one and quickly exited, seeing blood everywhere, but running and almost slipping on some as she heard behind the elevator go up.

She got to a four way, and saw that to her left were tentacles coming around the corner after her, but stopped with a red glitch affect. Then, to her right, she saw a couple versions of me, start to chase after her after eating a child together, and putting her skeleton with some meat left-over, down onto the floor nicely. Behind them was the counter and entrance, with obviously the reverse, being the exit- but she could not go.

Hadiza ran forth forwards, finding doors upon doors open and decided to run past many scenes of gore. She went further into the long labyrinth, twisting around corners and such, till she found the footsteps to break off, their echoes getting closer, their coming laughs exhilarating as they came closer, and their tails soon trial on the floor, screeching with iron as they came close. Hadiza came to another four-way, looking back to only sound on a two-way, and decided to go to the game room instead of the elevator or water supply room. There, she entered the room quietly, and closed it quietly, before hearing the screeching getting louder, and with the expansive room that had nothing in it of a change, but the lights turned off, she went forth to the middle, behind a blue couch made of rubber, and hid in the darkness, as the covered-cloth-white window was the only light source. She crept into a ball and shivered in the particle-driven world she was in, only feeling darkness as nothing was around.

She heard the tapping of maid shoes leave, and the ironing deflate away. But, as soon as her heartbeat dropped just a little, she heard the door open. Light poured in from the blue ambient hall, showing to the blue and green puzzle mats on the floor, along with wooden bricks and some train tracks on the left. Hadiza decided to lift her head after the silence, and slowly looked forth with tears to see me, standing there with my arms now blades, wide and sliced with sharpness on seemingly infinite point for the somewhat-ovals, all points leading up and at me. She looked without words, and saw my tail be straight up as well as my ears.

Gustavo’s eyes then lit up as he came forth on her right, opening his eyelids. Then more Gustavo-but-green eyes spawned from the darkness to her left, along with another pair of mine-like-Gustavo’s on top, and then above Gustavo, and finally they just appeared all around.

“What do you want?” She trembled as she felt all eyes on her and no action.

Gustavo looked back to me, and nothing else did. I looked to Gustavo with my glowing smile, but then a man came behind me, with a flamethrower and hazmat suit. Four other men also came in hazmat suits, all with flamethrowers and started to run towards us, burning the hospital and blood all around. Gustavo and all other copies of myself darted out with wind to kill them as Hadiza cried and watch the men suffer a spike through his chest, a face being crushed, two just punching him with laughs, and Gustavo eating more to come with his jaws, breaking their suits and ripping their skin.

Hadiza decided to watch with horror as me and Gustavo further paced away down the hallway, leaving her sight and following towards a pack of military men and flamethrowers more. The building was on fire and Hadiza was alerted through the corpses lit already.

She got up and told herself, “He’s not stupid… he’s not angry- he’s playing with me. I have no escape- I should be dead… I can’t do this anymore,” as she ran away seeing the fire catch up to the water supply hallway and the others, leaving only the elevator. Hadiza started to pounce away towards the elevator, and went up to floor two, where she found a similar situation and started away.

Hadiza then looked down a hallway to see another me, look back quickly with his ears popping up, and start after her. Hadiza ran more and more upon a similar labyrinth but with some extras and went forth further and further till she came around a corner with a man holding a shotgun and pointing it at her before pulling back with a loud gasp.

“Uh- oh shit- a survivor.” He whispered as Hadiza heard the other version go elsewhere and she stopped for her.

“No- stop it. You’re fake- this is all a dream made by him. Just tell me what you want!” Hadiza cried out, and she started to hear prancing.

“Wha- I- oh shit. OH SHIT! HOLY FUCK!” The man started to say as he saw the lights blink above violently, going in and out as he heard rambling and laughing come closer and closer real quick, and Hadiza already took off around the corner to then hear the man shoot- and then the man scream before half of his head was sliced off. Hadiza then pranced as silently to her right as possible and went around another corner, and heard me go the other way.

Hadiza started to pant and leave herself to look up to the lights blink off and on rapidly, before stopping three seconds later. “He knows everything that’s going on… he made sure there was no alarm system, it’s all a dream… that’s why it’s so blue and there’s darkness everywhere…” Hadiza told herself lonely.

Then she heard a baby cry next to her, and she crept in slowly to find a baby hidden in a cabinet, unlike the other six which were smashed- he was a seventh, in the cabinet, crying up in the darkness of it, and Hadiza, after examining the death cribs, found the baby with a spark of discomfort. She pulled it out and started to whimper towards it, crying as she swayed it back and forth, and the baby fell asleep.

“I’m so fucking dead…” The spy girl named Hadiza continued to cry in her head.

Hadiza kept swaying it back and forth till she looked back and started to exit, slowly turning her head both ways to see nobody. She then started back down the hall, seeing the man slaughtered, and then down the labyrinth to the other elevator as she heard flames towards the other side. She heard rumbling and screaming below as she came to see the other elevator already at floor two. She entered as she held the baby and looked up before pressing any buttons.

“I am taking care of this baby… because you want me to. You want me to feel hope, to play your dream you’ve given me- just kill me… make it end…” Hadiza cried up as suddenly she heard Gustavo rip around the corner and open his jaw running to her. The baby started to cry, and she stood there, watching Gustavo come forwards. “Just take me.”

Gustavo stopped before he entered, closing his mouth to his smile, and entering formally to then press the ‘one’ button for her as they exited down. The awkward silence existed but was overturned by the fear and concern.

“Intriguing that you guys don’t have emergency lights nor alarms, but whatever.” Gustavo told as the elevator started down and kept going down without a ding or the music. Hadiza looked around and then back at the baby to see only the cloth exist now.

“What now?” Hadiza slowly and sadly asked.

“Eighty-Three will put you back in the situation in just a second, but first he wants to see if you would take into consideration a little experiment.” – Gustavo as he looked to Hadiza with his smile.

“I don’t…” Hadiza tried to start before sighing. “What does he want?”

“Eighty-Three just would-” Gustavo before the elevator dinged.

The elevator kept on going down before suddenly it dinged, and they both looked up to see the number now became ‘Hadiza.’

The door opened to reveal a humble and green playground, a different school, with Miss Opium swinging at a younger size, and other fully black kids running around. Hadiza dropped the cloth and looked forwards, seeing towards Miss Opium, drawing on a notepad with a black pen as she swung.

“Ooh- got the intel that this was your last year before the other school…” – Gustavo as he faded away.

When Hadiza stepped through the door as he said that- she felt herself drop down- and she slowly got up from the faint to see from a reconsidering-blurry vision to now fully see that it was all cute and real, and herself was now younger than before. She looked back to see the elevator gone and her school normal.

She decided to huff out all her fear and go over to Miss Opium, small in size yet same everything else. Who slowed down her swing by putting her cartoon legs in the sand and looking towards Hadiza with worry such as hers. Hadiza sighed and then sat on an empty swing seat to her left and looked to her with wet eyes.

“What’s wrong? You look traumatized all-of-a-sudden.” Miss Opium, with a higher pitched and young voice, asked.

“Yeah… I just… I know… I miss these days. When we… went all around just playing games, fussing little over school, and money wasn’t an issue- nor diversity…” Hadiza started to say as Miss Opium looked in.

“What? What do you mean?” – Miss Opium in her youngness.

“I don’t know… I really wish… it’s… uh… today that character you drew… you leave school to go make somebody out of it, and they accidentally die… and then you leave the planet… and I don’t see you for a long time…” Hadiza pointed out to Miss Opium with her confused young face.

“What? How- what? How do you know I…” Miss Opium started to say as she looked at the character. It was a man like Zimbaber, but instead with white boots with black straps and iron spikes under it, with directions for them to go up and outwards if so. The rest of the character was designed like Mozambique’s flag, with it being a black person under the costume without a mask or headwear.

“This isn’t real… I don’t know what you want…” Hadiza started to cry.

“Hadiza? What are… you… what’s going on?” Miss Opium stated amongst the swings as dogs came along and barked around at others playing tag.

“I don’t know…” Hadiza said after a few moments before a dog came up to her and she used her left hand to rub its fur on its back, almost crying.

Hadiza then looked back to Miss Opium to see her in her present-day form, but without the tentacles, looking around and with fear as now everything was gone, including the dog, the swings, the others- and everything was now in a long blue hallway with eerie black particles still floating around.

Hadiza just cried as she heard the gurgling and slimy approach of black tentacles come around both corners of the ‘T-way,’ and reach out to Miss Opium, grabbing her cartoon legs and pulling them down onto the floor as they dragged her away into the palpating mass that was purely black and forming slowly as Hadiza cried off, scared and ran down the hall, looking back with tears, before stopping and looking forwards to complete darkness, then back as she heard the similar golden retrievers bark in a large reverbed echo way back down the hall, which was now also pure darkness.

A light flickered above Hadiza, and as it soon turned completely on with a loud buzz after seven flickers, she heard the dog cease with a pain sound effect before she was once again in the hallway, but with a dog creased open to her left. She then heard the whimpering of the baby suddenly back in her hands, seeing a note on it form from the red glitch, saying ‘hope,’ and then leaving off as Hadiza swayed it back and forth with a cry. Hadiza then slowly heard the loudest creak of any door as the medical room lighted a lighter blue onto the dark hallway, and she saw a shadow emit before me.

I came out without my mask or glasses, joyful in my face and posture, excited in my green eyes of Gustavo’s, and my ears were swaying back and forth like my tail. On my left arm, I had to puppeteer a dog’s head, cut off and bleeding down my arm as the eyes were torn out and the tongue hanged out, and my thumb controlled the jaw as darkness filled its back of the mouth.

“Oh! Hi! My name is Joseph, and I hear every stream of blood, high and low, in your body flow, as well as every step you make and every breath you take.” I stated like a child in an anxious matter to make a different and more lighter voice for the dog which I manufactured to be like a puppet as I exalted myself around the door and then closed it, smashing behind the rest of history for the dog.

“No…” Hadiza cried as she shook her head, stepping back in the hallway.

“That is me! I am me!” – Me to Hadiza with the dog head, as she looked below to see I wore white boots with the iron spikes below.

“Go away!” She cried as I started to walk casually towards her.

“No, I do not I think I will- for yes, you are correct- I am playing with you. So go ahead, run away. Or try to survive this chainsaw.” I stated with a laugh as I used my right hand to form a chainsaw and then started to chase after her as the baby cried.

Hadiza panicked with too many tears and shot off, going down the hall and seeing it extend to infinite as she heard my tail scrap against the floor and my boots pulse metallic noises as I ran after her. As the hallway extended and Hadiza cried with the baby, it suddenly ramped to a stop and then came back, the wall hitting into Hadiza and exploding into blue particles as everything went dark again.

Hadiza clenched her face as the baby started to not cry and she started to feel her heartbeat ramp up. She opened them to see the baby once again calm but looked back to see more darkness. But as she stepped her left foot forwards, she felt water, and fully there it was- an infinite shallow ocean of blood and gore she stood in.

Hadiza allowed her tears to drop in as she closed her eyes and then everything changed and as she opened them, she was now in a new room. The door was open straight to the elevator and behind she heard the sludgy noise of jelly come down.

“Go ahead, Hadiza. Run, for you think correctly about what I want. I seek to torture you, with as many situations and ideas as possible- and you will not escape.” I laughed and told as I formed, and she stepped away with terror. “For I have my motored-machine gun of explosives ready for the next idea!”

Hadiza turned and ran away from both of my arms forming into grenade launchers, and then I started to shoot after her, and the grenades barely touched her with dust or debris, instead damaged the floors, walls, and roofs behind her as she got to the elevator and looked back with complete annihilation in her face.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA- GET OUT WHILST YOU STILL CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!” I laughed up at the ceiling, my eyes rolling back into my head, and blood pouring out in deep red and black from my ears, mouth, eyes, hair, and nose. As I shook violently, Hadiza pressed the only button there- the ‘one’ button, and the elevator shot down.

Hadiza crouched onto the floor and glued herself down, crying audibly as the baby did as well, and the elevator fell with loud screeching noises and sparks flying outside. As the elevator fell, it started to slow down and stop at floor one, opening to a straight hall to the exit doors. But the problem was that there were doors on each side, and they scarily started to open themselves slowly, very slowly.

Hadiza got up and rushed with tears flowing down her cheeks, her eyes red, and behind her she heard many boots of white and black straps trample over to her, hundreds of copies piling out after each door to get her. She had not time to look back, but soon Gustavo came out and screeched his voice at her, and the baby still cried. Hadiza ran faster than Gustavo and the rally of copies behind, and soon reached the exit with a shaky mind, running forth to see a river leading to sunlight, and then heard a rumble noise behind, looking back to see the entire building then collapsed over the door, blocking it, and everything else collapse, including Gustavo who was just about to escape as well.

Hadiza cried as she then took off towards the river, finding an escape basket only for the baby. She quickly cried and planting him in, covering up the basket like he was Moses, and sent him away down the stream, flowing forth to the sun as the water was on a sloping hill, most water coming around from the right, and towards the building as she saw. She was terrified and unthinking before she stopped, and her heartbeat stopped.

“Why was there a basket here? Why is the water flowing down? Wasn’t it nighttime?” She asked inside, in slowly a more and more saddening motion of mind.

She saw that below the surface, a dark tentacle came up and wrapped around the crying baby basket and pulled it under the deep river. Hadiza was unmoving, scared beyond humane aspects. The baby was under water and went below to the pure darkness. The river then went silent, and the waters calmed.

Behind Hadiza, as she was there on her knees in shock, she heard me with my new boots and Gustavo prance up, standing behind her after a while.

“Thank you, Hadiza- for playing our little set of ideas instead of fighting against us.” I told and she did not look back.

“Do you mind if we push you in?” Gustavo asked with a smile still.

Hadiza just let her emotions out, crying as she fell into the minituare lake that went into a river, and just laid down, her eyes open as she saw below to darkness, which then came out in strings, and brought her down below the water.

Hadiza was then transported out of water into her cold school, back where she was originally, seeing forth to the dead superheroes, classmates, and teachers. There, in wetness, she laid uncomfortable, but un-young. She cried as she laid down on her side, curling up, her mind unable to permit a good response.

In the next thirteen minutes, Hadiza finally stopped crying, and opened her weary eyes, standing up with some assortment of her shaking bones, gritting teeth, and came out of the school and stared up from the dead heroes' bodies to see the black hole, massive and in the sky, and amongst the horizon, everything goes up in flames, burning and dying away with radioactive heat. She was stopped in her pajamas, scared, and undermined in hope. Then she heard the boots.

“Everyone is dead, Hadiza. I killed them all. There is no water on this planet, there is no human left alive, surviving from my darkness. How do you feel about that? (She does not respond,) Well, if you have to defend, then I shall continue to put the blame on you. But- also- fun fact, I shoved my hand of darkness into Zimbaber’s mouth and use strings from it to rip out his brain out of his invulnerable body, so the lesson could be meaning that superpowers do not beat particle powers, and I also used the space and sky to drop down anchors onto those who were still above, or use Earth to swallow everybody else under dirt and sand to drown... and I used darkness to snap the Earth to the way I like it, as well as hack your brain... I am not sorry, Hadiza... for as you killed me for money, I kill you and everything you have for fun… but hey- we will continue this later- as the Red Glitch of this universe stopped me from throwing more nukes or dispersing the black hole, but still allowed me to hack your brain- which is weird and weak for a red glitch I suppose, but it does not matter… and I had a better idea as well... I think you should come along.” - Me to Hadiza with joyful intentions, laughing at times.

“Please... stop...” – Hadiza after four seconds.

“No, Hadiza. This is what you deserve, and this is what I like. For now, I suddenly have the idea of seeing what Miss Opium’s world of countryballs has in store to gore.” – Me, as I then rushed back and away from the scene, and Hadiza was left to cry.

***Mass Murder.***

“Please… no…” Hadiza cried slowly as she was brought out to a park, filled with Cuban balls selling cigarettes and stuffing them inside their bodies by a little fraction to then smoke them. Without mouths, they still did well with smoking somehow, and they used weed and a metallic lighter.

“Hey- who are ye’?” A Bahamas ball stated below at my boots, as the iron was not giving me an extra few inches to my height. I then made them form and pulled my right foot up to step on him, crushing him into a sound of a squirt with minimal red plastering upon the green grass as some Cubans looked over.

“RUN! RUN ALL OF YOU! PLEASE! I’M SORRY!” The Canadian ball screamed from behind me. Hadiza and the Canadian Ball were on the same chair, fully black and with straps going around Hadiza’s arms, legs, and two around her chest, as the Canadian ball was strapped once behind the chair, seeing back to the torture room as Gustavo came in and sat down, watching me and my darkness arms from under my dress reach out and squeeze fists at every ball, making them explode. “NOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Hadiza was careful to say any words, and was overwhelmed with sadness, fear, and surprise as the balls were on fire with their internal guts bleeding out. “When you control particles, like molecules and atoms, you should realize that using any type of particle in a certain way can dissect entire atoms, removing neutrons or protons from an atom in order to make a nuclear blast and a chain reaction, called nuclear fission, but you also should realize you can stop the chain whenever you would like, henceforth I can do THIS!” I spoke basically to them all, before my arms went out everywhere, and every skyscraper seeable and every road instantly blew up, sparks and flames, blood and countryballs flying everywhere, some falling to safety or fire, others being half and dead already. As buildings collapsed, and the steam smoked up, I then clapped my hands, and each tree around the park lit on fire, and it spread faster than normal physics, coming down to the grass in seconds and burning everything there was.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOO! PLEASE! I’M SORRY EIGHTY-THREE! THEY DON’T DESERVE THIS! PLEASE!” – Canadian Ball behind the shocked Hadiza.

“They do, Canada. So, let us go up and have a little fun with continents before we find Miss Opium.” I told, before the darkness arms lifted me up, and the darkness chair flew up. “Also- if you are smart, you will know that if you can force particles to move wherever, you can force them to fly, in any direction.” I told as we quickly got to space and Canada plus Hadiza screamed. “Also also- gravity and oxygen is affected if you understand that manipulating how many protons an atom needs to be oxygen or hydrogen, then you can make others, like you guys- survive in space for eternity if you really had the time.”

I switched the chair around for Canada to see like Gustavo, floating in space kindly with still a smile and no fear, to see the Earth below, quite nice and well.

I then casted my right hand out, and South America quickly moved to fit in like a puzzle piece with Africa, but it did not stop. As mountains were created sky high, and water levels dropped, making a shadow amongst the place South America was, I furthered it into Africa, smashing together land and creating massive heat flows, before I then casted my hand up and South America floated up and allowed lava to spur out from the shape and seem like a detailed-asteroid impact just came. I then, from space as we saw South America on the other side of Earth come to space- I then shot it at the sun at light speed, and it burned up before it hit. Then I used the crushed Africa, and make it crumbled in, like paper being squished, and Africa soon became a long spike up to the exosphere, which I then made explode. As the debris and flames and lava came fluent amongst all atmospheres, Canada just watched in horror like Hadiza. Then I took Eurasia and Australia, and made them sink into the planet, below water and into the mantle where they heated up and lava spewed out, soon making the oceans have a fight with lava, causing massive steam to roll in. Then I looked to North America with Greenland, which is not a continent, but is a large part of North America, and I made it move down to Antarctica, crashing into it, before it went around the entire Earth, lost most of itself to lava and the outer core, and then placed it back where it was, and Antarctica melted quickly as it came over where the Oceania was, and then Eurasia, where it fully steamed away. Then I made the oceans sink into the planet’s outer core, and soon it was all lava, burning, and Greenland was no longer there. Then, with barely Mexico, Canada, and the United States standing, I came down to Washington, where the city was located, and found the skies were red, the steam was high, the fires had spread, and Hadiza plus Canada were crying in shock behind me.

“I think everybody’s dead.” – Gustavo with much fun in his voice.

“No- I hear them. Come along.” – I laughed and told, then rushing with speed and scare to Canada as we went past the city, past a burning memorial for all those who died by Ryutyu, and then down into the ground where he blasted through metallic doors and into a heated basement with panicking countryballs, some Chinese, some Australian, some as small as Eswatini. They all shook over to me, as we stood there, and Canada ball cried.

I made swords out of my hands, and Gustavo opened his jaw. Hadiza saw me and him go forth, slicing up the countryballs as they brought guns and shot- but nothing occurred to damage. Then, a few Chinese and Kazakhstan balls and rectangles got a laser in the conference room, and they shot it at me. I simply had stood there, watching their horror as they saw only steam rise in front of my face, as below me darkness arms rose with a large mirror, then put it in front and watched the laser go back and explode the machine, killing those in shock and horror, and damaging others- which cried out in their language before Gustavo whipped over and ate them. Our speed was quick, and in two minutes, everybody had been brutally slaughtered the way we liked it.

Canada cried as Hadiza just wept. They heard my boots and Gustavo’s paws rush forth in the echoing chamber, and then stomped on others, speedily eat, and overall go further and further into madness as more and more countryballs died. Little Vatican City and Andorra balls were crushed to Hadiza’s view, and all seemed hopeless as we came back quickly, and I took out my portal gun and headed back.

“Alrighty- that was fun- but now- let us go kill the Plague Doctor’s world.” I laughed with extreme excitement as Gustavo smiled, I rushed around and tried making a portal to the Plague Doctor’s world. The Red Glitch formed over, and I tried again. Seven times, before I tried with the blue backpack, and then came back to huff over Hadiza and Canada.

“Aw- the Red Glitch doesn’t want us to do more world dominations…” – Gustavo.

“Indeed… but… we got two, and tomorrow we can try again…” I laughed to Gustavo, panting a little, before looking back to Hadiza. “And you, Hadiza- I am sorry I did not do longer with your planet- but it was quite easy when I found out I can just use the darkness from space to slice everybody on the planet, and since your red glitch was weak, it was easily done… so…” I started to say before laughing with my mask and shades on, then my ears flicked up to hear Ejnare and Ryutyu working out, and then I was rushing out with Gustavo, uncaring for how the Plague Doctor was in a higher level now.

Hadiza just cried and made no eye-contact during that, as Canada was left to whimper as well. Both endured the dark room with the only light source being the television, and could not bear silence as they heard the running of the Plague Doctor.

***Miss Opium finds out.***

The rainbow Orb, on the right of Heru, whilst Deandra was on the left, and Miss Opium to the left of Deandra, saw forth to many female Ryutyu’s dead and slaughter. Heru clutched the stop sign filled and artistically driven with blood as he looked with a null face to the millions of bodies around, impaled or de-armed, literally.

“Woo- wanna’ try another?” The rainbow Orb asked Heru as they all stood around, blood everywhere and almost some shock, seeing the female Ryutyu’s piled upon each other at points, having nicer and longer hair with more eyelashes and a thinner physique.

“I don’t really want to kill more- although yeah, these universes are fun I guess.” Deandra told nicely to the Rainbow Orb as Heru just stared with anger.

“No- I want to kill the real guys. The real Ryutyu, the real Eighty-Three. I don’t feel better killing a mass of them, I just want to fucking end the real ones…” Heru told the Orb after Deandra, and he blinked with his white eyes.

“Well, alright. Hey- maybe we could go on a multiversal rollercoaster instead of one just inside one universe. I think that would be quite cool and funny to see what disasters God makes still.” – Orb.

“I’ll have to sit out on that one.” – Miss Opium nodded as Deandra smiled.

“Tremolo.” – Deandra laughed with her term.

“No- I want to just sit the fuck down now…” Heru called, making a portal to the hallway and walking back to his room, shutting it tight and walking in circles again.

“Damn… he’s never getting off that momentum of his.” – Orb.

“Truly, he’s like the vibrato-effect, getting more and more keen on a lower pitch, the basis actually, till he either turns it off, decrescendos to silence, or stays as a long note there.” – Deandra with her terminology.

“Yes, music lady- I sure do think the same.” The orb sarcastically recalled as Miss Opium went away, and Deandra followed the orb to go to the elevator.

Miss Opium went back to her room, with machines everywhere, and a few miniature Luxembourg countryballs playing around, by throwing each other at a small target in marker at the concrete wall. Miss Opium sighed and went over to the portal machine, turning it on, and seeing her hope fall for a good day.

There was fire amongst the grasses she came onto, and the stone was the only protecting base for Miss Opium to step out onto. The Luxembourg balls stopped and joined in looking around with decease in their happiness. The world was burning- lava puked up almost everywhere else, and fire was amongst the remaining skyscrapers that were not fully blown to smithereens.

“What the…” – A Luxembourgish ball as all forty-three of them looked out.

“Oh shit…” – Another as they saw out to the distress of Miss Opium’s Earth.

“Miss Opium?” One said with a weary voice, seeing her face in defeat and awe.

Miss Opium did not respond, but she lifted herself with the mechanical arms she still had and went forth without the balls. “Miss Opium!” Two called forwards, and she kept on going, sad in her eyes, but no tears could form.

She looked around the road, seeing lava pouring to the right endlessly, and countryballs popping like popcorn as their organs were half digested by heat, and the other half still exploding minimally. Miss Opium looked more, seeing Turkmenistan, Mongolian, Ecuadorian, and even some Finland balls pop around or complete fall into the lava and burn with the sound effects, some meters off. The were no survivors, as the sky was red, the steam was high, and Miss Opium looked around the burned-tree park to see some slaughtered, blood dripping like water, and organs splashed in odd places. She started to sweat from the heat that was around, but her face was still in awe.

“No… no… this can’t… oh no… no…” She stated in her mind as the last countryballs, all Luxembourgish, watched from a distance with extreme sadness.

Miss Opium looked everywhere around, going behind the portal and everywhere she could, not onto the streets though, as lava ate the building’s from below, and it poured onto the grass soon, spreading with infinity to the horizons.

Miss Opium then silently came back over to portal and entered back to the air-conditioned room with the balls before they closed the portal for her.

“Miss Opium? Is… is that…” – One Luxembourgish tried to say.

“We are fucked…” – Another Luxembourgish ball.

“Our world is a hellscape!” One stated before crying and closing its eyes.

“No more America… no more China… no more friends?!” – Another cried out.

“Our economies are destroyed!” – One other cried out as many did.

“Our lives are ruined and now we’re stuck! Stuck… without other nations…” – Another cried before ending off lightly as others followed.

“Who would’ve done this?!” – One specifically triggered Miss Opium to respond.

“Eighty-Three… I… I think he…” Miss Opium told, then getting up with frustration and sadness from simply standing idle and with complete dissatisfaction. Miss Opium breathed out and in, memorizing that her friend was gone and that I was powerful. “I have to go ask… I have to go… one of you come with me…” Miss Opium asked, and a Luxembourgish quickly got onto her left foot and rolled up with gravity as Miss Opium left.

Miss Opium went to the elevator and started down. During the time she pressed the button and waited, she could only hear the moving gravel and lava. Soaking up her entire world, the entirety of Washington, all countryballs dead, popping and exploding. Blood now a dripping liquid down entire buildings, and the sky red with steam. The oxygen was tough, and the heat was like the sun’s. She felt the sweat come down, and the Luxembourgish ball roll up onto her head. She felt every second of that look around the main park to see it all was a hellscape. Her face was unmoving and scared, frustrated and immensely sad. It was all so sudden, and little time was left.

The elevator opened to Deandra, who was confused to see Miss Opium with such a fragile face all-of-a-sudden.

“What happened?” Deandra asked as Miss Opium was unmoving.

“Uh- oh- hey… Deandra… how’s it… how’s it been?” Miss Opium asked as she looked with confusion around the scene.

“It’s… been moderato… what about you? You look grave.” – Deandra to Miss Opium, seeing her face barely change as she woke up from the memories.

“I just… I just wanted to ask if you could… fix my world… I think… Eighty-Three destroyed it…” – Miss Opium, trying to speak but heavily breathing each three periods.

Deandra and Miss Opium opened the portal and instantly saw lava a foot high started to leak in. Deandra was shocked as Luxembourgish balls and Miss Opium plastered back, and Deandra played her violin, making the lava reverse its motion and the floor regenerate from the burning concrete, as well as the portal base. Henceforth, she kept on going, soon making bar lines out of thin air to compress and form a black wall and floor, leading up so Miss Opium and Deandra could walk up and search around. Deandra kept playing her presto tune, moving the lava away as much as she could, but she was already sweating from the intensity of the heat.

“Quickly, Deandra- try to form everything back!” Miss Opium called for.

“I don’t I’ll be able to proceed- go get Heru!” Deandra called for as she played, the lava started coming back, and a few fires amongst drowned buildings started to form into water which then steamed up, and buildings started to erupt from the lava in reverse, but Deandra was getting extremely sweaty as she played with all her brain cells.

Miss Opium ran to Heru’s room, finding him still pacing back and forth, listening to an roleplay game’s original sountrack, but stopping to view Miss Opium’s sweat.

“We need you… you gotta’ reform my world…” Miss Opium told and Heru nodded, coming out and over to see the portal and Deandra, with red glitches forming around some buildings as they all started coming up.

Heru put his hands forth in silence, and the lava was pushed away like waves, flowing away from the melted rock and hardened granite below, and then Heru held it out and tried making the lava into water. He did so for some time, and then created hands on his back to bring up the buildings. As he made the horizon go to water instead of lava, the buildings started to come up, but spots were blocked by the red glitch to rebuild. Heru then used his mosquito wings to fly up and away, looking to dead countryballs and trying to form them. The Red Glitch formed over his hands, and he scattered away before they had the chance of bleeding.

“Damn Red-Fucking-Glitch, he won’t allow me to reform the countryballs back nor the buildings.” – Heru, pushing his hands up to the sky, and then the red glitch formed over his hands again, not bleeding, but allowing the red sky.

“Oh no…” – Deandra as she played, and the red glitch then formed over her instrument, and she pulsed back with surprise before sadness.

“No… no- you can do it… please?” Miss Opium hoped for, and Heru tried again, before then launching himself up to space and seeing the world in lava. He put his hand over it- and it did nothing. The planet was now a star, and the red glitch blocked his hands. He came down quickly, giving wind and coolness to the heat of Miss Opium and Deandra as the Luxembourgish balls watched carefully.

“The Red Glitch is a fucking bitch…” Heru said to the red sky before leaving back. “And I probably need more blood- which, (He tries creating a portal to another world,) I can’t fucking GET! FUCK YOU, RED GLITCH!” Heru ended, giving the middle finger to the sky as he tried once more, but then fully left away.

“I’m… sorry… Miss Opium…” Deandra told slowly as she came to the side.

“No- get the Orb! Mister Orb!” Miss Opium called for.

And so they did, but the orb was unsuccessful from space as well.

“Damn Red Glitch- this happened to with Heru too, didn’t it?” – Orb as Miss Opium started breathing heavily.

“Can’t you do anything else?” – Deandra to the orb through the portal.

“I tried everything. The lava that’s around the entire world just ain’t leaving. This ain’t a funny-fun time, sadly.” – The orb, then floating away. “Sorry, Miss Opium. Hope later maybe I can fix it…”

Miss Opium clenched her fists as Deandra watched in sadness. The Luxembourgish balls also started to conversate with sadness. She held herself and her eyes down to the heat, and then left away, with frustration and anger in her movements.

“What now?” A Luxembourgish ball asked as Deandra was worried for Miss Opium.

“Call the Fire God! Eraoa! Somebody- get them and try everything… I just… I tried… my entire adulthood to make a perfect system… I was so close… and I prompted away from this situation… but I guess too late… I guess I get this… but… it should’ve only been for me and what I had in my base… not the entire… fucking countryball world! God damnit… I… I need… I need to know if it was Eighty-Three… I have that feeling… that since my friend is gone… he’s also got her… and… I don’t know… maybe it was something totally universally different… but I… I NEED TO KNOW!” Miss Opium tried to cry out but was too frustrated. “Just… Deandra… thank you… go thank Heru and the Orb for trying as well… I’m gonna’… need a few hours…”

Deandra nodded as Miss Opium slammed her fists against the metallic table with parts on it, and the portal closed as the Luxembourgish heard her statements. Deandra left with eyes to the floor but was stopped by one more quote.

“Deandra- wait… what… what do you do when you get mad? How powerful are you?” Miss Opium asked and Deandra looked back with worry.

“My power depends on how I play my violin, not my emotions.” Deandra told.

“Okay… okay…” – Miss Opium as Deandra then left.

“Why do you ask?” She asked with worry to Miss Opium, looking down.

“I was… I would like to say something… but… I don’t think it would be worth it… not for you… not for me… just contact the Fire God and Eraoa about this- maybe they can fix it…” – Miss Opium as Deandra kept in.

“What would you like to say?” – Deandra to Miss Opium as the countryballs listened firmly, and with wonder.

“Something about your… nothing… just nothing- I just… wanted to know if anger could make you more powerful to help me here… but no… I shouldn’t do that… I really shouldn’t…” – Miss Opium as she slammed her fists down and clenched her face.

“You can talk to me.” – Deandra to Miss Opium after a few seconds.

“I don’t want to… I’m not supposed to… just go… please…” – Miss Opium.

Deandra stayed for a few seconds, but then lowered her feelings, nodded sadly, and left with worry to Miss Opium. She wondered about Miss Opium’s words, but went over to the elevator and took it down.

***Kids and animals are cool.***

Chinua was walking on the road. No cars, no bicycles, just her shoes and her face looking down upon the damp blue evening sky without clouds, and the darkness amplified to look like shadows everywhere. She came over to my house, lit up all the way like the tower of the autismos nearby, and she entered through the open door to see me, Ryutyu, Shellia, Ejnare, and Kioshi at the living room.

“Well, you see, China also does not like nuclear warfare. They do not want to send atomic bombs around either.” I told as I got up to go see Chinua, as I already knew she was coming, and I shook her hand. “Welcome, Chinua- what would you like?” I stated, then going over to the fridge with my new boots- iron spikes inactivated.

She watched my boots and was a bit weirded out by them, but then look to me bringing out cold beverages, each one dripping water, and having ice cubes already inside the bottles, like I just made them. The caps were also pure darkness.

“Some… you got Frizzlo?” She asked as she shook her head in her pajamas.

“Yes.” – Me as I got out the Frizzlo and made her a glass after going over to the cabinet and opening it like a normal human being. “Are you here for anything else?”

“Uh… no- just came to see… what’s going on…” – Chinua as she saw Ejnare.

“Ya’ getting ya’ daily dose of human interaction?” Ryutyu questioned funnily.

“I’ve already had it, but sure.” Chinua smiled as I handed her the Frizzlo.

“Anyways… we were just talking about nuclear bombs and how they work, and politically what they mean. Ejnare originally asked if I could make some because he wondered and had nothing else to do but ask me, and that is how the conversation started as well.” – Me as I sat down next to Ejnare as Shellia was in the rocking chair.

“What ya’ wanna’ ask or do, Chinua?” Ryutyu then asked Chinua as she looked over to see him on the couch in a blanket.

“Nothing…” – Chinua as she noticed Kioshi just looking out my window. “Kioshi- are you okay?” She then asked and he turned around quickly to his right. He nodded his head then looked back at the pool.

“Ooh- I just had some thoughts- about tomorrow- maybe we could do horseback riding or Scooba-diving, because I am sorry I missed out on most of today- I was doing work with Gustavo.” I told Chinua as she looked over.

“Uh… sure?” – Chinua as Ejnare looked to me and so did Shellia.

“What were you doing with Gustavo?” Ejnare very slowly asked, tilting his head slowly to see me with irritated confusion.

“Labs- experiments- research. Just gathered some evidence about Shellia supposedly supposed to be green and might try to make her natural to our world tomorrow, as she should be green because of the chloroplasts- but also, we tested on a few dogs we grabbed from random universes and happened to figure a necessary function to give them human-like brains in which the Red Glitch actually allowed. It took a lot of surgery and maneuvering of the cerebellum, which I think you are most bored by.” I told back to Ejnare as he sighed and nodded and looked down at his paw-ful feet.

“Green Shellia- she already wearing a green dough.’” – Ryutyu with a smile as Shellia rolled her eyes and Chinua just nodded.

“Animals talking though- isn’t that just Daniel?” Ejnare laughed at me.

“Wow.” – Me, as Shellia played a rhythm and Ryutyu rolled his eyes.

We talked for a bit more before bed, letting Shellia sleep in my bed as I slept with Ryutyu in his, actually going to sleep as everybody else was already away.

“Woah- no way- he actually is going to sleep?!” – Stickmale as he appeared in front of me, and I opened my eyes to quickly see him existing in front of my bed.

“I am not up to the deal, Stickmale. Please go.” – Me, and he nodded, leaving with his happy glare, as then I got up and went into the torture chamber, and decided to put the black spy girl into the game, and watch her try to get near the Plague Doctor.

As the night went on, and I sat out, it soon became morning. Then everybody started to get up, and Ejnare was already awake, walking the dawning blue streets in cold with his headphones wireless, playing electronic music.

I then got a plate with chocolate macarons and coffee ready, handing it to Ryutyu as he sniffed it first and then got out of bed nicely. After a little talk as he then ate some pizza rolls I cooked up, Daniel entered with Kioshi, and sat down to also have some pizza rolls, and ask: “Is there anything special we doing today?” Daniel specifically asked.

“I was thinking of making talking animals like horses who you could ride on, or whales you could deep-dive with. I must get Wilma though, as she would probably be able to commit the procedures finely and quickly.” – Me as Ejnare walked in and sat down also.

After breakfast, I rushed out, past Chinua talking to Angelica, and over to Wilma’s room, finding her non-existent, but rather a note on the table, amongst cocaine everywhere else.

“Heyo- it’s-a me, the funny-fun guy- the Rainbow Orb, here to say that yo dumbass friend was asleep when I took her to prison, so come check it with us at the school. Worry, cause’ we put up traps.” – The Rainbow Orb in rainbow-ness.

“Bruh, does he really think he is funny? RELEASE THE KHENBUSH’S! Should we get Cyclop on this? Damn Daniel… YES! What if Wilma herself wrote this? The worms shall be fond upon all without interruption. This should go in a picture frame as one of the quotes I have ever seen.” The voices rang as I read the note, and then I took off back to the table, with everybody there except now Kioshi, Geurnf, Gustavo, and Khenbish. “Hello everybody- quick announcement- Wilma has been stolen and is being held captive supposedly by the Rainbow Orb in my school, and I would like you guys to go check it out as me and Gustavo do a little more planning for the activities today.” I asked of everyone who looked over as wind gusted in their faces.

“Um… okay…” – Daniel with a nod as he sat next to Angelica.

“Activities?” Angelica asked, and then I whipped off and back, with the portal gun, making a portalis to my school as kids entered, and the portalis was on the school roof where nobody was looking because it was in the middle where nobody could see.

“Indeed, I was thinking of making talking animals and exploring the deep sea. Does anybody like that idea?” I asked as they all shuddered at my speed, except Ryutyu and Kioshi, who were looking to me casually.

“Hell nah bruh- we all gonna’ get crushed by pressure or some shit…” – Oyur realistically speaking to his friends as he went back down to try some more pizza rolls, he had four one his plate.

“Well, I control particles and I can assist with that- but how do the ideas sound anyways?” I continued to ask as everybody listened up.

“Sounds cool and intrusive.” – Angelica nodded happily to me.

“Deep-deep sea? Like, with goblin sharks and the Mariana Trench?” Daniel then asked as a seat next to him was empty.

“Yes, but you will not feel cold, as I can provide against natural physics.” – Me as Ryutyu nodded and wagged his tail.

“Uh… sure.” Daniel then lightened, lifting his shoulders up and making his muscles relaxed as Kioshi continued eating at the end of the table, alone.

“Could we explore Greenland first?” Chinua then asked, grabbing Ejnare’s attention.

“Hm?” – Ejnare, already intrigued on her response as he lifted his head.

“Sure- and then maybe Antarctica, because they got colossal squids down there, which I really want to inspect as current science actually does not have a lot of those… but, firstly, who would like to go on the quick mission to rescue Wilma?” I asked of them.

“Uh…” – Daniel as Oyur then spoke up on the rescue mission.

“Wait- we saving Wilma? From who?” – Oyur.

“How are we gonna’ save Wilma- she’s the most powerful and we’re just slightly normal.” Ejnare told in almost a whisper to Chinua.

“Because I will supply you with the correct gunship. I hear the Rainbow Orb, Heru, and Deandra have Wilma dead and palpated on the bathroom floor, waiting as they set up miniature cameras inside lockers and outside, looking around for us. So, all you need to quickly do is rush in, use my guns-” I started before Oyur interrupted.

“No bro- you can’t be fucking serious. Using guns- in school? We ain’t school shooters, bruh. I ain’t wanna’ go on the news and be chased after by some fat police bro, nor does anybody here want to be a mercenary for this case.” – Oyur.

“Yeah- like why don’t you make a copy and go do it yourself?” Daniel nicely asked before widening his mouth and closing his eyes, understanding it was a bit rude. But I showed him, as the red glitch effect formed around me as I tried to make a copy of myself.

“I just did when going down to get the machine- but I am successful in creating the guns. Daniel already knows that they have infinite ammo and durability, so they will kill Deandra, explode the Rainbow Orb if he still somehow standing, and annoy Heru if I also go grab the Humanitor.” I told, as then I heard more, my ears lightening up as darkness arms from under my dress placed down different types of guns onto the floor, and mesmerized Oyur and Angelica. “Oh- and they have miniature rainbow orbs running around now, waiting to attack from the corners of hallways as well…”

“Can we have a break at least- like actually wake up?” Daniel then funnily asked, but with a tired soul as Oyur, Ejnare, Chinua, and Ryutyu agreed with a nod.

“Sure- I know I am fast to say all of this, but I just wanted to get to the point quickly.” - Me as I then rushed down to Gustavo with happiness.

The kids then finished up as the portalis stayed open and soon got the guns from the tip of the table and loaded up with Ryutyu as assistance.

“Okay, now we shall go lads.” - Ryutyu as everybody put their dish in the sink.

“Alright...” - Daniel as looked to Angelica stand by. Ejnare and Oyur grabbed their respective guns before Ryutyu looked upon most of the kids.

“Hm... ya’ girls wanna’ come?” - Ryutyu asked as Chinua was again looking angry.

“No- we fine.” - Chinua as Angelica nodded and Kioshi then went back and over to my room. Daniel wrapped his tail around his left leg, holding the gun with pristine caution as Oyur also was not with his casual angry-looks.

“Ight- let’s go.” - Ryutyu a little wearily as his tail slowed down.

“Really- are we just gonna’ walk into school with some damn dark guns and hope no school cops shoot at our dumbasses?” - Oyur as he got onto the roof first.

“Uh... hopefully, lad.” - Ryutyu as suddenly I came back up with a CIA-like pamplet, exhibiting English in black text under a star-yellow badge, saying: *Permitted Extraterrestrial/Mutated Creatures.*

I then rushed away after putting it in Ryutyu’s right hand, and he smiled as he gave to Daniel. “Yeah, I don’t know if this is gonna’ work either...” - Daniel as he looked at with Ejnare and Oyur peeking over.

I then came over with Ryutyu’s sword and put it in the same hand that once held the flappy, large wallet-like pass. The sword was Germanic, but ingulfed repeatedly with flames as I then pushed the Humanitor in, and then rushed off.

“Damn shit he fast- he's a goddamn femboy that can hear us miles away.” - Oyur.

“How many times is he coming back?” Ejnare asked on my presences, before I whipped up and changed Ryutyu’s outfit to his armor of a ninja, his boots nice again.

“Bruh.” - Oyur as he saw the sudden change in clothes.

“As many times as he hears ya’, because ya’ know- he hears far...” - Ryutyu as he then looked at the Humanitor. “Any of ya’ actually wanna’ turn this on?”

“Would it help?” - Daniel with a voice.

“Wouldn’t it dissolve these guns since they are...” Ejnare stated before they became floppy, and then I rushed back up again, scaring Angelica back as she tried talking to Chinua, and Shellia played around in the back.

“No- they will last. It will eliminate the Rainbow Orb’s powers though.” - Me, then rushing off with obvious joy in my tail, unlike Shellia’s flopping soggily.

“Ight...” - Ryutyu as Daniel then squatted down and looked as Ryutyu turned it on, and once it came, the portalis closed, and then Ryutyu lifted himself up to see almost entirely to the base that forcefield went. “Let’s get down...”

“How?” - Oyur angrily, wondering how they were going to jump down.

Ryutyu went up to the ledge on the side of the school where the bus ramp was on the opposite, and looked down, squatting down before landed himself down, uncaring of the people looking over from outside in the playground. Then Daniel jumped down, with Ejnare and lastly Oyur, all silent and holding their guns with anticipation and worry.

“Damn... I thought the fall was gonna’ twist my goddamn ankles...” - Oyur.

“Let’s go...” Ryutyu told happily back to the others and they followed.

“Wait- wait- we're just going to walk in there? Through the side doors? Not even the entrance?” - Daniel as he saw Ryutyu go away towards the playground to get to another door supposedly leading to a hall, but it actually led to classroom.

“Oh- well, ya’- but we can introduce ourselves if ya’ want.” - Ryutyu.

“Yes, please...” Daniel told, still weary of the gun he had and the shield above.

As the four started walking to the entrance, the alarm went off, and people rushed into classrooms as others in back screamed. Ryutyu then darted in with speed, knocking the door off and going over to the corner to peek around to the long hallway, seeing Deandra use a shotgun, along with Heru use a stop sign to kill the police officer, along with five other kids, before others ran away into the lunchroom or classrooms.

“Easy, ya’ll.” Ryutyu said to Daniel, as he then Allen, the red backpack, sniped him in the head and the other three fell back with the pursuit of surprise.

“Hey!” - Oyur as he then rushed against the other corner, seeing Ryutyu’s body flop onto the ground as Daniel and Ejnare paced away.

“Oh my God!” - Daniel before his voice became a center of sound in the school.

“Damnit...” - Ejnare after a while of seeing Ryutyu bleed out.

“Ejnare- can you see the piece of shit around this corner?” - Oyur asked as they went over to him. Ejnare peeked quickly, before thrusting his head back, missing a shot that came. He then got his sniper rifle ready and breathed in and out.

“Oh shit...” - Daniel as he saw Ejnare cool it.

“Alright...” Ejnare stated before he threw his body around the corner, being shot in the chest, as he made his fully black sniper rifle aim at the red backpack but fail at shooting. Oyur then came around and blasted his rocket launcher, exploding the wall and causing many yells as he then ordered Daniel during Ejnare’s deemed slow cry.

“Go! Daniel! Shoot his ass!” - Oyur ordered.

“What? What!?” - Daniel hesitated as he looked to see the bus ramp leading to the outside, and the red backpack jump to the right corner, the wall still good behind him.

“You can run quickly- go shoot this fucker’s head! Or zipper! Whatever the fuck that is...” Oyur stated as then another rocket came back and he fired once more at the right of the wall, exploding more fire into the alarm system currently going.

Daniel nodded and started to sprint with his scattergun, running with his right only holding it before he then put both hands on it, and shot as he saw the red backpack almost turn the corner to shoot at him. Daniel then came to the corner, and shot out five bullets, making his right arm go around as he closed his eyes and blasted the red backpack twice, before missing three others. He then peeked around before thrusting his head back, but having no bullets shoot as he then looked back and saw the bleeding backpack. He then heard the cries of children inside and started to evacuate back to Ejnare and Oyur, in which Ejnare was pushing Oyur’s right hand away, and crawling over to the other corner now.

“You got him? Or her? Whatever pronouns that bitch was using...” - Oyur as Ejnare murmured away.

“Yeah... yeah...” - Daniel with thrill in his mind.

“Good... now... Heru... and whoever the other girl is...” - Oyur as Ejnare crept up.

“I think her name is Deandra...” - Ejnare as then Oyur nodded.

“Alright... like me and Eighty-Three did in Burma, do ya’ll think a rush would be good? We got a stop sign and a shotgun against us...” - Oyur back to Daniel mainly.

Ejnare shifted his sniper around and shot at Deandra’s head, missing to the wall as she entered the lunchroom with worry on her face. She suddenly feared for her life and daggered around the doors. Heru was exiting to the gym quickly, running away.

“Wait- Oyur- can you still use your Treeman-powers?” Daniel asked Oyur, and he turned to show him, dropping his rocket launcher after shooting it at the wall.

“Yeah.” - Oyur as he showed his Treeman-powers to Daniel in school.

“Then- since I have regeneration, as Eighty-Three said- maybe I can just ‘tank’ it...” - Daniel as Ejnare looked up.

“Buddy- what if it doesn’t fucking work!?” - Oyur to Daniel.

“Well then... uh...” - Daniel as Ejnare then aimed towards the dust in the air.

“Yes, Daniel- go ahead and try at least.” - Ejnare in his Danish accent.

Daniel nodded to Ejnare, bleeding out into his jacket, before back to Oyur, then clutching his scattergun with both hands and running off. Deandra then whipped from the fire and shot a shotgun at Daniel’s head, blowing it off.

As the blood shattered onto the lockers like debris, Daniel’s body still stood, and soon his skin started to form up and his hair came back even nicer. Daniel was traumatized by the shock as Oyur turned the corner and shot another at the wall as Deandra hid. Then Daniel let his left hand feel his head and looked behind him to see the blood still there. Deandra then came around the corner and looked with confusion, shooting him in the chest. Daniel was pounded back to the locker as Oyur dropped another rocket and started running over to Deandra. Daniel then looked down to his jacket to see his chest reforming, but not his clothes, so he got up and then rushed with a straight face to Deandra and surprised her by shooting her twice in the head, blasting her brains against the wall.

“Woah... buddy... that shit was insane...” - Oyur as he crept around to see Deandra dead and Daniel standing there with a cute yet straight face, like literally “:<.”

“Yeah...” - Daniel as he then shot around to see Ejnare somewhat walking up, holding his chest with his left hand and gun in other.

“Heru now... and Orb if he’s still alive, from possibility...” Ejnare huffed.

Daniel nodded and boosted off, going to the gym to find Heru standing at the door, with many versions of himself emerging from the band-room doors, and others sitting on the bleachers, others under, and all equipped with a stop sign, going after Daniel as soon as he sprinted in. They all yelled at him as they screamed away, blasting as much as he could as the hoard came forth, stepping upon dead corpses unlike him dodging.

Daniel soon turned and saw Oyur land a rocket in a bunch, before from the flames came many more. Ejnare then started to snipe more as a rainbow orb was next to him, unlit and doing nothing. Ejnare shot every second, one in the head as Oyur blasted again, and the mob came closer and closer. Daniel then came back, shooting them back as Oyur used his other hand on the gun and lifted Ejnare up and started to retreat.

“WHAT THE FUCK! GODDAMN COPIES! DIE!” - Oyur with angry intentions.

Daniel was a bit surprised and worried, but he shot at them, watching their bodies crawl forth even after having their insides blown out, blood coming down to almost form a river. Daniel kept shooting and shooting, seeing each Heru start to throw and failed as he bounced back and forth, and they missed. Daniel then retreated back as Oyur kept blowing the Herus up and Ejnare kept each shot clean to the head.

“Daniel! Leave us! Go find Wilma’s body! We’ll hold them off!” - Ejnare.

“Okay!” - Daniel in the midst of Heru’s copies.

“NO! WHAT THE FUCK, EJNARE!? WE’RE GONNA’ BE VICTIMS OF THIS SHIT IF WE DON’T FIGHT AS MUCH OF THEM AS WE FUCKING CAN!” - Oyur back to Ejnare.

“Shut up, Oyur! If they’re continually spawning, then we’re fucked anyways!” - Ejnare, with some realistic theory as other kids screamed inside classrooms.

“There’s a way around, right?” - Daniel to Ejnare.

“I don’t know!” - Ejnare as Oyur blasted more.

Daniel then started back and went quickly around, past the red backpack, past more dead bodies, and eventually towards the gym, where he saw through the windows of the gym to see many Heru’s still coming through, but an endline crowd about right at the middle of the gym. Daniel then paced around, looking to each classroom to see each closed with classroom paper flaps. Daniel then bounced through the doors with courage after shuffling around for three seconds, before shooting a bunch, and going further and further as the Heru’s started pointing and yelling over to him as they threw at him. Soon, Daniel looked around quickly, seeing no Wilma, and henceforth just shot, repeatedly with his gun. Over and over, each one. From at least a hundred, he kept on shooting and heard the explosions, before finally- it was over. After Daniel had kept on shooting, and shooting, seeing the blood as he clenched his teeth and angered his face, every Heru was dead.

Daniel then heard the silence, and ringing in his head as he sweat, and still angered at the dead corpses. But after five seconds, he heard the ringing lift up to Oyur’s running voice.

“Yo- cool dude on the fucking killings, but Ejnare got crushed.” Oyur stared over as he stepped over many bodies, and Daniel watched with a returning cute face.

“Okay...” Daniel nodded, then looking around as he blasted air into his cheeks and let it out slowly, trying to stop his senses from overreacting.

“Damn shits...” Oyur told as he looked back, a meter away from Daniel now, “Uh... I guess we look for Wilma... you look, actually, I’ll go get Ejnare and Ryutyu’s body... maybe Eighty-Three can hear us and will open a portal conviently...”

“Alright...” - Daniel as he then started to run around under the bleachers, before going outside. But as he stepped out and looked slowly around, he too got shot in the head. Heru had an M9 of black, coming from around the corner of the tennis court’s wall from the doors, and landed a good shot with gritty teeth to Daniel’s head, making him plop onto the floor and bleed from the back, his hair now drizzled in blood.

Heru then used his wings to hover him away, and towards the entrance of the school, where he looked about, before looking back to see Oyur rush out and look around, shooting rapidly around corners, trying to see where Heru would be, before Heru aimed and started flying at Oyur, shooting his first shot worthy to the right shoulder, before hitting him five shots later with a head blast.

Heru then landed and started to lift Daniel and Oyur by their corresponding legs, and then flew over to the top of the building where the Humanitor was, and then started over to turn it off. Heru then dropped their bodies, and turned it off, before then using his power to make their blood come flying out of their mouth and into his torso, as he then opened a hole into the school and looked at Ejnare and Ryutyu dead almost side-by-side. He then lifted their bodies and created a portalis back to base. But before he could do so, I came in from the sky and landed by boots with sharp spikes onto his head, shoving him into the ceiling of the school, as I then formed my hands into moving razorblades and dug them into his face, as he made his legs curl and form into me and pushed me off. The darkness arms reached out and covered around his angry red eyes, pushing them into a sludge of white as they then duplicated off each other and swept over to the corpses to then make a duplicate of myself and use darkness to flash me away with their bodies all white and such. As Heru then made rainbow spikes come out of his back, and the red glitch formed around his hands as he clenched them, his eyes then formed into black holes and started to suck me in. But I broke them apart, and with the separation of molecules, exploded the entire school to a crater as just barely the front of the base entry was suddenly normal.

“Kill! Kill! Endorse blood like him! I hate Heru! Dislike his essence! Destroy his own blood! Rip his life out! Destruction! Grin! HAHAHAHA! Terror! Make him malfunction! YES! INDEED! SUFFER! What about the possible other dead allies of Heru around? I mean, look at those gunshot wounds in Ryutyu’s head, Daniel’s, Oyur’s, and that sign hole in Ejnare! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Kill Heru! I hate Heru times two! Destroy Heru! The Red Backpack and Deandra, I hear their DNA tingling! Nah bro, leave the other people dead. The universe is probably going to reset, the Rainbow Orb is going around school currently, and finally- what good is keeping most of the good action out? We have to leave some to battle, right? Smile! Kill Heru! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” The voices in my head screamed constantly, overlapping each other. “Leave the possible others be. Battle must concur later! I like being sadistic... Annihilate this mosquito boy!”

As Heru then made his sign, he bounced up and slashed at me as I continued to smile, making duplicate to slice at him with darkness arms full of razorblades. He swiftly moved around, kicking some, and punching many like I was the hoard of madness he just was a few seconds ago. He made many arms forming rainbow signs, and smacked some of my versions to the trees, to then race back and smash into him, knocking him a little.

As Heru fought, another, yellow-eyed and yellow-shaded Wilma started to come down from the skies above, forming pipes of bamboo to swarm and make a circular wall around the battle, closing in with shadows and green wood, as she made pallets come up and slightly twist down so she could slide down her own forming stairs. As I looked up to see another Wilma coming down, Heru then spun around and shot a hammer of rainbow-ness into her chin, but it missed actually, and she floated in the middle with speed to get there. Then... uh... uh... um... eh... uh... um... Heru continued to slash and dash around, using his mosquito wings to get away from the many arms of darkness coming from under my versions of darkness’s dresses. As he was mad and resilient, he craftily smashed each one, before that Wilma created a portal to a burning supernova, and the heat smashed down upon Earth, and speedily destroyed everything inside the bamboo. Heru and Me stood, looking up to that Wilma as she looked down with sudden confusion from her open and joyous face. Her tails were normal like our Wilma’s.

“What?” - That Wilma with yellow eyes.

“HOW DID YOUR BITCH-ASS FUCKING REVIVE?!” - Heru in a fucking yell.

“Are you the same Wilma with yellow eyes from before?” I asked as Heru was a bit confused on how it was not the exact Wilma he had supposedly captured.

“I am not actually. I wanted to assist since I am quite bored in another universe.” - That Wilma, before looking up to see another Wilma come quickly out of nowhere from space itself, just increasing in perspective size as she came to hover next to the other.

“Hi guys! It is me! The Wilma with green eyes! I definitely did not come here to smash the head of Heru repeatedly.” The other one laughed with black skin, and darker hair as she had infinite tails growing up and away.

“Question- can you guys fuck off?” The Red Glitch suddenly came to appear, literally just existing, as another Wilma started to come down with stereotypical Mexican attire.

“Aw...” - Other Wilma as she came down and then two others.

“Can we please stay? Just for this little event?” - the yellow-eyed Wilma to the Red Glitch, who kept his stern face. Heru created many arms behind his back and got ready.

“No. I don’t want anymore universe-fuckery going on. The Steel Terrorists just gained help from thirty-seven other universes to combat me, and it has been very annoying, so I hope you understand you gotta’ fuck off for today.” - The Red Glitch.

“Alright...” - Wilma as she made a portal, and the others followed.

The Red Glitch then nodded back down to me and Heru before dissolving, and then Heru looked back to see me, and no other copies.

“Well... Heru- do you still want to fight with no chance of winning?” - Me.

“I fucking hate you... and all your goddamn friends...” Heru told after a few seconds, entering through the portalis and leaving without much else words besides it closing.

“Sheesh.” I shrugged, then darting off to my room, where many versions of me were studying, and so I made them all ‘reverse mitosis’ into myself, and I gained knowledge about the Arabic languages, history, engineering, and extraterrestrial physics, all from the copies reading all different books. Then, since all the corpses were on the bed, I made darkness fill them back up, replicating their DNA and making blood, and they came back to life, being filled with natural colors instead of ‘dead-albinism.’

“Holy shit! Holy... oh...” - Daniel as he woke up, looking around and touching his head. He saw Ejnare and Oyur quickly get up, examining the area around them.

“Oh! Woah! Aye! Aye mate... I got shot, didn’t I?” Ryutyu asked in British accent.

“Yeah... but we... won?” - Ejnare, looking to me as Oyur sat up with a sigh.

“No- Heru had a different plan. He killed you easily, but then I annoyed him away.” I told as then Daniel sighed, “But you did good.”

“Hey- hold on- don't you got a prison?” Oyur suddenly asked me. “Like- a prison for the black spy girl and other stuff?”

“Yes, why?” - Me as Ryutyu deeped into the conversation.

“Did you bring the corpses of the backpack and the other black woman?” - Oyur.

“No, I did not.” - Me as then Daniel spoke with Oyur in somewhat exact words.

“Why not!?” - Daniel whilst sitting on my bed, between Oyur and Ryutyu.

“WHY THE FUCK NOT!?” - Oyur whilst sitting on my bed.

“The Rainbow Orb used a portal to gather them away. Now, I will go get Wilma myself. It seems they lied, and when some extraterrestrial creature like Heru does that- it will be my job. You guys stay here and have some fun before we travel amongst the seas, as I quickly go get Wilma back.” - Me, then rushing out, past Shellia coming in and looking to all the boys. “He-he! Great job on lying, but no not really, you did hear him create a portalis under Deandra last second...” The voices then rang in my head.

“I feel like... he’s going to do something dark...” - Ejnare in the raging silence of Oyur and the confused aurora of Daniel, and the tired feelings of Ryutyu.

“Yeah- he better! Like damn- now I understand why this... fucking situation was never solved- cause a being like that stops you from capturing others just because he’s overpowered like the rest of ya’ll- it’s completely fucking stupid...” - Oyur as he got down and walked away, and Ryutyu got up and went to the kitchen instead of the outside.

I went over to the base of Heru’s, and swarmed inside, breaking through the ceiling as pools of darkness liquid fell down, filling the floors and disturbing Deandra and the Orb speaking at the planning table. I then stood on the table.

“Hey Mister Orb- tell me where Wilma is.” - I proceeded to ask nicely.

“Ha-ha- no- fuck you.” - The Rainbow Orb in sort of a laugh.

I then slowly turned to him and leaned in, as Deandra looked at my new boots.

“I think there will be some problems... if you do not do so...” I told and he just kept spinning his liquid rainbow-ness in a ball-like form.

“What are you gonna’ do?” He funnily asked, unaware of the waters rising.

I hopped down and splatted the water as Deandra started to back away.

“Ask you politely. If there is no Wilma, there is no funny. And then when I use the Humanitor, and make you turn into a glass ball- What are you going to do? Locked up in a cage, in the middle of the universe, with a Humanitor constantly on for the rest of eternity? To me, that does not sound so funny-fun, so just tell me where Wilma is, and we will have no issues- because right now, you lied, and you deserve endless torture for that reason, and your past actions.” - I told quickly as Deandra started to splash away.

“Sure, buddy- but tell me, who asked?” - The orb as it flooded and he hovered.

“I did, but I just want to assert the idea- that since I did not take the Red Backpack or Deandra to my place, you should not take my friends, whether dead or not, to your place slash Heru’s. If you want to stay in the situation we have here, constantly being sadistic- then permit an ethical law not to steal the bodies of those who are dead. It can get really mischievous and dubious over time...” I told eagerly and he waited to respond.

“Um... sure, I guess. That actually sounds... cool.” - The Rainbow Orb, as I nodded and then he looked to wall, opened it, led the darkness flood in as then Wilma, with thousands of tiny rainbow daggers were all around her bleeding body, and he gave it over to me. “But- the universe will reset anyways, soooooooooooo...”

“Have a funny-fun time...” Me, then rushing away as it stopped leaking, holding Wilma in my arms, as my darkness arms from under my dress shot me up by lifting me up.

I came back to my home and looked towards the kids at the table, being Shellia, Kioshi, Daniel, and Angelica hanging out with Ryutyu as he lifted weights.

“Oh- woah...” - Daniel as he saw me put Wilma’s body on the table they ate from this morning. His tail stopped just like Angelica’s as she gasped.

“Aye- what the hell happened?” Ryutyu asked, putting his weights down as he came over.

“The Rainbow Orb killed her whilst she was on a cocaine trip. But, now we shall wait for the universe to reset, as she is dead like this for some time, unless I go get a purple-handed being or something, but the Red Glitch dislikes other universe ventures, so I guess we wait and do the activities without her.” - Me as the kids looked up.

“Uh... okay? We’re just gonna’ go ahead and not worry about Wilma, being dead?” - Daniel as Angelica was still worried and Kioshi stared normally.

“Indeed, because sometimes she dies and the universe resets a little later- so we should go and not waste time, although we do have a lot, and I can allow you to mourn over her for a little if you would like.” - Me as Ryutyu went over to the fridge and pulled a cheese strip out, eating it whole.

“Uh... damn... like, I guess we don’t need too... but what if the universe never resets?” - Daniel to me as Angelica listened closely to his words.

“Then we go ask the Steel Terrorists currently guarding it to reset it. Or, we go to another universe and possibly find a being to reverse or stop the daggers of rainbow-ness bleeding Wilma out.” - Me.

“I... uh... sure?” - Daniel, very confused and wanting to worry.

“I understand death doesn’t mean much here... but... uh... we should still try to keep safe from events like this... We should help Wilma with her cocaine addiction, and try to talk to Heru and his allies about murder... maybe...” Angelica, slowly fading her voice away as she saw me, and I was obviously going to say something dark again.

“No- they only want to kill, and currently are just tired of it for a short period of time. They are not our neighbors, and we shall treat them worse from now on. Also, we shall not take them captive, because that causes more conflict, and I know you guys do not want that. So... sorry- I just am very mad at Heru from past experiences, Angelica, but... now... do you guys still want to go?” - Me to Angelica and soon to everyone, including Kioshi.

Shellia played her accordion accordingly, and Angelica looked at Daniel with massive sadness and worry in her soul. “Sure, I guess.” Daniel still nodded, seeing Wilma’s corpse as Ryutyu then rushed off.

“I’ll go get the others...” - Ryutyu in his Australian accent.

“Wait- where are we going?” - Angelica as we fully switched topics, and Ryutyu left.

“Firstly, Greenland. Ejnare would like to see his place again. Then Antartica, I would like to catch some colossal squids and study them. Next, Mauritius, an African islands country that has amazing waters, and finally, the Mariana Trench, for studies and curiosity again. I will make sure pressure nor temperature affects you by using my abilities, and Gustavo will assist with the final implants of human brains into sea creatures so they can also help and then be set free if they wish.” - Me as everybody listened up.

“Okay...” Daniel nodded, taking all the watery stuff in.

“Oh... but... also, I had a question. I hope I’m not rude or sounding greedy, but can we also go see Jeo and ask him if we can... go home... still? We don’t have powers as he suggested, and I hope it’s okay with you, as I... don’t like murder and... everything... and... Eighty-Three... I’m scared... of all of this...” - Angelica, letting her thoughts out.

“Yeah... I don’t... like it either... I mean, getting everything we ever wanted is actually amazing... but... I don’t know if... like... if I can get through much more gunfire and trauma. I... Oyur likes it... but...” - Daniel as Angelica was with him and Shellia listened closely.

“Yes, of course. We shall go ask Jeo after the trip, and hopefully he allows. I understand you guys dislike the events we have gone through, but sincerely I do not wish that you leave. But, it is your choice, you have free-will to go back to normality... unlike me or Shellia here...” - Me, joking at the end as she made her eyes dawn with drought irritation.

“Oh... thanks...” Angelica stated happily, feeling awkward.

“Yeah- thanks... you’re... really speaking facts?” - Daniel asked me.

“Yes. I said before, I allowed George because he could be self-sufficient and we could find him, and he could be my only levitation from the original plan, but I only kept you guys against your will because Jeo still asked for it. Whence I talked to him last, I think he changed the senses of where you should be, and you guys should be at home, living a peaceful life, not involved in this mess Heru has created. So overall, yes, this might be the last you see of us and everyone else.” - I told as Kioshi looked up.

“Geez- thanks, we get it already...” Daniel laughed with me and Angelica as he looked back to Kioshi, seeing him still staring in the living room.

“Well... I would like to be in contact with everybody here, but... I hope, if we’re fully disconnected, that you all finish the problems and live happily ever after...” - Angelica.

“Yeah... but hey- What about you, Kioshi?” Daniel asked as Kioshi just stared at him.

“I am fine to stay.” - Kioshi quickly.

“Alrighty.” - Me after a few seconds, then going back to my room. “Let me get Gustavo.”

Soon, we were on a massive, fully-black, yet with white rimming, Titanic. Literally a replica of the Titanic, but it was much faster. Ryutyu had all his hairs flowing back from the wind, and Shellia had to close her eyes as her ears were thrusted back as well.

“Aye- sorry for being late, Oyur was taking a morning shower.” - Ryutyu told me as we thrifted off and away.

“No, it is okay. Everybody likes a morning routine usually, and he should have his.” - Me as Shellia then played her instrument. Gustavo then came around the front deck as we spit waves of water behind us, going nine-thousand miles per hour on the ocean.

“Are ye’ even suppose to be alive during this speed?” - Ryutyu back to me.

“Nah bro- we supposed to be dead as hell, no skin.” - Gustavo.

“True.” - Me, as all the kids were below, playing poker. The room was lit in yellow, and the furniture of the wooden table and chairs, and the kids sat around with metallic doors going four ways elsewhere on the walls of yellow steel.

“I just realized, all money is fucking useless because of Wilma or Eighty-Three.” - Oyur.

“Yeah- true!” - Daniel laughed to Oyur as he nodded.

“He probably could inflate everything, like make bread go to ten thousand dollars a particle or some shit.” - Oyur afterwards. “Like, literally...”

“It’s also kinda’ scary to think he could take out the world if he wanted to.” - Ejnare.

“True, but he’s... a guy in his own situation...” - Daniel slowly putting down a deck full of clovers, and Angelica was sitting next to him, astonished as she had not been playing.

“Are ya’ll forgetting he can hear us?” - Oyur as Chinua was looking at her cards.

“Yeah...” - Daniel laughing as Kioshi did not nod but still played himself.

“Mm...” - Chinua with no importance whatsoever.

Silence then threaded through the air as everybody looked to Daniel’s smirk as he had won already, and nobody made a sound.

“What? I won... is that okay with you guys?” He worried as everybody just stared.

“Yeah- but why the fuck are ya’ll staring so creepily?” Oyur asked Ejnare and Chinua.

“Sorry...” Ejnare laughed as Chinua sat next to him on his right and nodded. “I have a question though- what were you guys talking about with Eighty-Three?”

“Uh... dang...” - Daniel as he looked to Angelica for hope.

“We were... talking about something personal with him... (In a whisper to herself,) I knew this was going to come up quickly... we were talking about... leaving... and going to my home. Daniel and I wanted to go... because we don’t like the shootings and killings and what... I mean this life is great and all of you are great... but we’re scared... and we want to go back... to what Eighty-Three called, ‘normality.’” - Angelica with all her guts, closing her eyes afterwards and letting her head onto the table as Daniel nodded and did not make eye contact. Their tails stopped and laid on their thighs as their ears went down.

“Oh... wait- does that mean we can all leave?” - Ejnare as Chinua looked towards him.

“Possibly...” - Angelica as Daniel looked up in hope to everyone else.

“Well, for ya’ll bitches, that’s good for you. I wanna’ stay- and destroy some more fucking god-damned companies and shit that sell children, as well as get whatever the fuck I want whenever the fuck I want...” - Oyur almost to only himself.

“Imagine if we all leave...” - Daniel joked as Kioshi only stared.

“Kioshi is staying, and I guess Oyur will be too- what about you, Chinua?” - Angelica.

“I... no... I mean... where you going, Ejnare?” - Chinua then looked up to Ejnare.

“I’ll ask to be planting near a river in the middle of nowhere in a Brazilian forest, or African one, because I although Greenland is cool, I really would like to see nature actually... and just listen to music for the rest of my life, dying in peace slowly... maybe Wilma could arrange that when the universe resets...” Ejnare told.

“Could I... join?” - Chinua to Ejnare as silence took hold for three seconds.

Ejnare looked to Chinua, who was without a smile but with worried eyebrows.

“Uh... sure.” He phrased quite un-eagerly and rather plainly and blocky. Chinua nodded, and looked back to Oyur, who was confused.

“Damn... just me and you I guess, silent-boy...” - Oyur then told over to Kioshi.

“And Khenbish and Khenbush, unless... they’re going with you, Chinua and Ejnare.” - Daniel pointed up with his left index finger.

“Yeah, I’ll allow.” - Ejnare as Chinua suddenly saddened.

“My sisters... I don’t know actually... I... don’t know where Khenbush is... Khenbish hates me... I... don’t have a good family anymore... I...” Chinua stated slowly as she almost cried.

“Oh- sorry...” - Daniel as Angelica spoke up.

“We’ll find Khenbush, Chinua. Whether human... or... thing, Wilma and Eighty-Three should find her soon... I have prayed and I will pray for you guys...” - Angelica with her soft voice.

“Hopefully.” - Oyur snarked and Chinua dumped her face back to plain mad.

Soon, we got to Ejnare’s home, where the CIA papers once stated. Therefore, we crashed into brown and dirty pebbles and some icy snow on top, but mainly gravel and rocks, and saw forth to red and blue barnyard-looking cabins, houses literally stereotypical with white windows and bases, with only rocky gravel paths of grey pebbles, and around lamp posts of metallic as the sun shone down on the mainland. We were in Ittoqqortoormiit.

Shellia and Ryutyu adjusted as they looked to the right to see the village, and a bunch of darkness stairs formed and allowed us to walk down without care for sweaters or anything. Ryutyu in his armor, and Shellia without legwear, I went first and the kids came up from the titanic, seeing the erosion into the water before the village where villagers came out and looked forth, seeing their big hills falling slightly, and the titanic stand heavily as we came down.

“Alrighty, guys. What do you want to look for?” I asked, my arms bringing the bee phone out and looking up Greenlandic creatures, and they all came down, looking around.

“Uh... what are we supposed to be looking for?” - Daniel asked funnily as he breathed, and it showed the cold air, but he did not shiver.

“There are whales, sharks, seals- whatever.” I told Daniel as the kids listened with Shellia.

“Ight... anything creepy?” - Daniel then funnily nudged Angelica.

“WHY WOULD YOU ASK THAT!?” - Oyur screamed at Daniel for the funny.

“I’m just asking- cause everything he said sounded boring- no offense... Ejnare?” Daniel stated, then looking to see Ejnare staring off towards the village.

“Ejnare?” - Chinua, as he saw him unstable in conversation, just looking.

“Give me a few seconds with Ejnare, please. Ryutyu- you and the kids have the abilities to talk and breath underwater, so rush them in.” I giggled at the end, and he smiled, then grabbing everyone and darting into the water as Oyur screamed under it.

Shellia looked around with Gustavo coming down, seeing me go to Ejnare’s right.

“Why did you bring us here?” - Ejnare darkly.

“It was the first place I thought of... sorry...” I told, still smiling at Ejnare as he did not look at me, and his tail was unwagging but his ears fully up. Then he turned to me, staring.

“You’re not sorry. You know this is a bad place for me.” - Ejnare pushing me away, grabbing the attention of Shellia and Gustavo quickly.

“There was no note on the paper, nor do I remember.” - Me to Ejnare.

“Okay... alright... maybe so- but here’s an update. I fucking hate my childhood. I hate this village. I hate these waters. I like the nature, the reindeer, the wolves around- but I fucking hate everyone here! Everyone! I- Mm... sorry... I know you don’t deserve my yells, but... god... I hate everything here, alright... just take me back or leave me alone...” - Ejnare yelled at me with angry eyes and angry tail movements.

“Explain.” - Me nicely.

“No...” - Ejnare slowly as I then walked behind him and started to rub his shoulders. “Are you giving me a massage?”

“Yes, because it helps with soothing the body and mind. I really would like to understand your story, and the doctors that treated you.” - Me as Gustavo talked to Shellia.

“Stop.” - Ejnare, pushing me away again, not making me shuffle down. “No... just don’t... you and your... fucking... femboy-ness...”

“Please?” I asked, and he just nodded his head away. “Well... alrighty... I guess I will be off then.” I rushed away, grabbing Shellia and leaving Gustavo to ambient near Ejnare.

“He-he-ha.” - Gustavo plainly, before walking up as Ejnare did not respond for three seconds, and his tail did not wag either, just his hands in his pockets clenched.

I was down and running towards Ryutyu, which I heard through the waters of Greenland. Above, it was light blue and shining white through the calm and cold waters. Below was darkness, and to some miles, there were icebergs, small outside, but with an avalanche under, ending after many points and never touching the grounds as they were far down.

I rushed amongst the sand and dark blue ocean floor, and then used my darkness to throw tentacles into Ryutyu’s, and the kid’s heads, which then gave them night vision as my eyes then went to green and shaped like Gustavo’s. I rushed behind, and instantly, Daniel was already looking behind to squirmer with a yell as he saw me.

“Hey- I can see!” – Oyur as Daniel then looked around.

“Aug! Ah! Au- oh… bro- stop creeping up on us last that.” – Daniel with an underwater accent, foiling his Colombian one.

“Wha- oh… geez…” – Chinua as Angelica slowly moved around.

“WHAT the FUCK bro? Man comes up behind us like the underwater ain’t already a creepypasta of its own.” – Oyur as he looked up to barely much light.

“Did ya’ give us night vision, mate?” Ryutyu asked kindly.

“Yes.” – Me, and he nodded as everybody else enjoyed looking around.

“That’s cool…” – Daniel as everybody awed in their whispers.

“So what are we looking for?” Ryutyu asked in his Australian accent.

“How about the Greenlandic shark, which the closest one is two miles from the west of here...” I told, grabbing my bee phone under the ocean, as barely any light was visible.

“Hold on- we can use our phones?” – Daniel as Oyur looked to Ryutyu.

“Yes.” – Me, as Oyur grabbed his from his left pocket, and Kioshi watched.

“Wish I brought mine.” Daniel told to Angelica as Oyur looked up something.

“Wait, what happened to Ejnare?” – Angelica as Oyur texted in the search bar.

“He most likely did not want to come and was mad at me for bringing him to his home village.” – Me as everybody looked over.

“Oh- dang…” – Daniel as Angelica worried and then Oyur spoke up from his bee phone, letting it drop in his left hand.

“Oh, sheesh- we should look for the Beluga, the worst Accord moderator of all time.” – Oyur joked as Daniel smirked and Chinua was confused.

“What’s a beluga?” – Chinua as Angelica and Ryutyu looked to him.

“It says here a white whale.” – Oyur as Ryutyu then turned behind and Daniel also squinted as I looked over with my un-glowing Gustavo-green eyes.

“Um…” – Chinua as everybody looked back to the Belugas.

“Two white whales are right behind you.” – I told happily to Oyur, and they looked back to see about twenty-five meters away some Beluga whales coming towards us.

“What? Oh… fucking crackers…” – Oyur as they slowly swam over.

“Are they… friendly?” Chinua asked slowly and Angelica was a bit afraid.

“Let us see if they are.” – Me as Ryutyu walked over to me under the water.

The whales came over and nudged Oyur in the head with theirs, and he was discomforted by their size, but then the other knocked into him, and he fell back.

“Augh! Holy shit- they’re not friendly!” – Oyur as the whales then swarmed in a circle around and looked at the others.

“Uh…” – Chinua as she backed away, but Angelica stepped forwards, and then rubbed one’s head as another circled them. “They look like baby…”

“Yeah- they lookin’ alien and weird as fuck- weirder than mister femboy over here.” Oyur joked upon my presence as Daniel nodded in agreement and not discord.

“I think they are... friendly…” – Angelica as I typed info about beluga whales. Daniel then also came over and started to rub one’s head, before it chuckled under the ocean then swirled around, drifting in the darkness as everybody saw it in green.

“White whales are friendly…” I told straight from the search engine, and one opened its mouth as Daniel as he clenched back, but then it closed and started to swarm around over to Ryutyu and he just stared it directly in its eyes.

“Oi mate.” Ryutyu spoke with a funny accent as I chuckled after he stated such.

“So- what do we do?” – Chinua asked me as I looked over to her from the two whales, understanding her question with discord. Kioshi also existed, but turned away after fifteen seconds of examining their features.

“Well, you guys need to act friendly and social around them, as it states they are that way. Soon, from an article, they might also try to mimic human speech or something…” – Me as one opened its mouth, and I put my hand inside, giving everybody suspension as its teeth were glorified-scary to them. Then I took my hand out and everybody let some go.

“Okay.” – Angelica happily as she bounced up like she was on the moon.

“Wait- aren’t you going to do research or something?” – Daniel with belugas.

“Yes, after we discover some more creatures, I will lead them back to the titanic and release the talking horse and elephant me and Gustavo artificially produced to speak to them after I also give them a brain.” – Me as I searched more about belugas.

“Oh… okay…” – Angelica as Daniel nodded and Chinua crept closer to Kioshi, who stood off in the darkness, uncaring of the belugas, looking further out.

“Ight bruh- you and your weird-ass shit…” – Oyur to me as Kioshi did not watch.

“Kioshi- what are ya’ looking towards?” – Ryutyu as the belugas then went over to laugh at Daniel because why not.

Kioshi then pointed towards the darkness, and we saw forth to more gravel and sand, but now with some mushrooms. But, behind a few mushrooms was a Greenlandic anglerfish, with a pointy stick coming from the middle of its head, sharp teeth open and searching, and around it were straws of white, where its black pupils soullessly followed.

The beluga whales then started to rotate around the group as the anglerfish seemingly started to come from darkness behind mushrooms, lurking towards us with their blue lights on and teeth ready to bite.

“Ay- guys…” – Daniel pointed as Kioshi just stood strong.

“Those are anglerfish. Greenlandic Anglerfish, which do not usually come in contact in contact with predators, but it has been shown that whales can eat anglerfish, although I do not know of beluga whales.” – Me as everybody backed away except Kioshi and Ryutyu.

Then, one beluga whale whispered to Daniel, before then slowly going towards the anglerfish. The anglerfish wobbled towards it as the beluga whale opened its mouth and entirely at one. The other anglerfish started to wobble more, but the whale slowly went forth and more, chomping away at the others as the other beluga whale whistled.

“Intriguing…” – Me as I watched blood come little from the water.

“Are there any other creatures?” – Ryutyu asked me as everybody noted their observations and saw the friendly whales go after anglerfish.

“Yes, there are. Sea cucumbers, eels, seals, narwhales, and most notably- the long-living Greenlandic shark. Whence reading few articles, I found these fun facts, and noticed that Greenlandic Sharks live longer than most others, up to three-hundred years most likely. Seeing how Belugas act against anglerfish with allies is important, as their blood is now attracting two Greenlandic sharks- although… Greenland sharks, as I also am currently looking up- have to have poisonous tissues to keep their enzymes continued, so let me assist in not allowing you all to get sick…” I told as then the darkness arms from under my dress snapped and everybody felt a lot more clean and better.

“Are they dangerous like these anglerfish?” – Daniel asked me.

“The anglerfish are not dangerous to humans from what history has predicted slash seen, and so are these sharks, as they move slow and chill out.” – Me.

“How many animal do we encounter till we done?” – Chinua.

“You guys just want me to take in the whales, anglerfish, and sharks incoming? Or could we go for some more?” – Me as everybody listened up.

“Since Ejnare is a fucking scared-nigga, not even coming down to his waters, which is why we’re here at all- then yeah- let’s go elsewhere. There’s nothing intriguing here per say.” – Oyur with a toxic consenting accent as two sharks came from behind me, currently a hundred meters away. We saw just a few bits of them, but they were very slow.

“JUMPSCARE.” – I stated as I throwed my right hand up and then brought them with speed instantly over to Kioshi’s front, and everybody almost screamed as they saw the wasted-looking, old and grey, brown-rusty, demented sharks with black eyes.

“Oh- holy shit bro!” – Oyur as bounced away from both then twisting over to the half-bitten anglerfish and feeding on them. Kioshi did not move at all though.

“Oh!” – Both Daniel and Angelica as they jumped back in the water, their hairs flowing and their tail’s hairs flowing as well, just like Chinua’s entirety.

“How intriguing…” I noted as I watched, seeing the beluga whales swiftly maneuver away from the sharks and back over to us as they mindlessly ate away, using some short bursts of speed to go after the beluga’s leftovers. “Alrighty- want to head back now, guys?” I asked, and everybody nodded finally with whispers to each other, except Kioshi, which just stared off towards the mushrooms, looking at the sharks and their algae.

“Please don’t make it quick.” – Chinua, and then I made it quick.

Whilst that was all going on though, before I made tentacles form under the water, wrapping around some living creatures, and speeding them back to the titanic, Ejnare was already away doing his own thing.

Ejnare had made the population that once stared forth to the darkness titanic now look to the furry in the cold, un-shivering like them. Ejnare knocked on a blue cabin, and a man opened with a surprised face already set, seeing forth to Ejnare’s instant discomfort and discontent as they stared into each other’s eyes.

“Who are you?” The man asked quickly.

“Ejnare.” Ejnare said, trying not to grit his teeth at the man sparked with confusion.

“Ejnare!? What- what… happened!?” – The man asked in his Danish accent. He had brown hair lifting up from a black under-hair, going back from an obvious comb, as he wore black glasses and had hazel eyes. He wore a blue vest with other cold-wear on his legs and black boots.

“A little… change… you mind telling me where Dr. Dilver is?” Ejnare angered.

“Uh… sure…” The man stated with slight fear and joy mixed. He allowed Ejnare to come inside to the cozy home of metallic insides, and front and center from the door was a picture down the hall of a man with no hair, hazel eyes, and a wide mouth and white glasses in his blue lab coat and red jeans sitting in a golden chair, waving with his right hand and with a wrinkled face with an evil smile.

Ejnare instantly went over to the painting and moved it to the right, it sliding on a metallic procedure as there were concrete stairs down to the cold and light blue metallic ceiling, walls, and floor of the underground facility, along with yellow circular lights above.

Ejnare entered sturdily before the scientist, going down as the scientist closed the picture behind, and he stampeded down the thirteen steps to get to the four-by-four-meter box of nothing, except on the right wall a metallic door, which he swung open to a hall.

There, Ejnare entered, and the other doctor curiously followed with shame in his face. Ejnare went down the hall to the end, where there was another door leading elsewhere, but he opened the one before it on the right, all looking the same, and saw forth to the wooden desk. Nobody was sitting the black spinning chair under the blue light, and the scientist was startled to see the man supposedly missing.

“Oh- he’s not there… maybe he’s in the bathroom.” – The scientist told, before a man inside the room spoke up to their honor.

“No- I’m here…” The man spoke in his older and much more decrepit voice of Danish. Ejnare came around to see the man balled up in the corner, the bags under his eyes larger than in the picture, and him looking down to a syringe filled with a blue liquid.

“Dr. Dilver.” – Ejnare stated, and the doctor looked up instantly with shock.

“Woah… is that you? Ejnare?” He asked suspiciously.

“Yeah, it’s me.” Ejnare told, going over to the doctor and grabbing him by the top of his shirt just under his neck and holding him up. “And I’ve come to beat your ass if you don’t answer me on one question.”

“Uh- yes, I’ll answer.” – Dr. Dilver without much fighting back, other than his face.

“Why did you put down Justuse?” Ejnare frizzled as the other doctor backed away.

“Why are you still worried about him? It’s been years, and I’ve told you before-” Dr. Dilver as he looked around at the white-wolf furry.

“I don’t fucking care what you’ve told me- tell me why you did it. Why you really killed an innocent child in front of everyone else?” – Ejnare, clenching his fists.

“I… I… Justuse was… he was a little destined to a quick fate. I mean, autism, mermaid-syndrome, Bipolar Disorder, Anxiety Disorder- he didn’t have a chance! He was depressed!” – Dr. Dilver to Ejnare.

“And so what? You didn’t want to fucking give him just a few more days at least to play with me and Kulooq? You know that he was still at least useful to our fucking lives! What kind of fucking excuse is that!?” – Ejnare yelled at Dr. Dilver.

“Ejnare, I… okay, I lied… but please. Just put me down and let me show you what really happened…” – Dr. Dilver, and Ejnare threw him to the right, making him scramble to catch himself and then get up. “Oh- oh… I deserved that…”

“Yeah… and I’ll tear apart you and then mister Kanik if you lie to me again- because everything you’ve ever told me was a lie or a hypocrisy, and I still fucking wish you died in that cold sea between this winter shit-island and Iceland.” – Ejnare with anger.

“Yes… yes… here… you too, Kanik, come along.” Dr. Dilver asked of the man outside as he went to the next hallway, leading to a giant room with four doors on each side. Each was the same and still the yellow lighting above was bringing every corner out of pure black nothingness. “This is the old playroom I knew you kids enjoyed… sorry I never cleaned it up since you kids left, as you were the last batch…”

“Good.” – Ejnare as Kanik nodded.

“And to our right is the reason why… what is that room again?” Dr. Dilver said.

“The surgical room?” – Ejnare told Dr. Dilver as Kanik looked towards Ejnare.

“Yes, that’s what it’s called.” – Dr. Dilver with sadness.

“He has dementia. Gained it five years ago, and gets worse every month.” – Kanik.

“Well then, tell me the story before you fucking forget again.” – Ejnare angrily.

“I… I know Justuse had autism and other deficiencies of the brain, but that was not the reason I put him down. His depression sparked his own interests, and he started to fight back.” Dr. Dilver told as he went over and opened the door to his chair on the right with a giant black television on the left, with a metallic cabinet underneath, holding a gaming station as well as CD players and DVDs, all hooked up.

“Bullshit.” – Ejnare as Kanik watched them both.

“No- he attacked me. Whence we were out speaking with the military, I was telling them how you were rascals around the lab and almost killed Kulooq, but-” – the doctor.

“Excuse me? What!? We didn’t almost kill Kulooq, you fucking left that guy on the table and expected that he wake up and move out of the way as we slammed that cart into the medical bed. You didn’t give him the right fucking treatment, and that made him depressed, because you also fucking stated that it was his fault he was failing common sense, but when you tried teaching it to him, you yelled and made him undergo anxiety, which you knew made us forget the moments afterwards, and you told us to grow up, and you NEVER said you had time although all you did was snort cocaine on your fucking desk and eat mushrooms which you knew were bad for yourself and for us- you fucking old fuck- all you ever cared about was your god-damn self, and all you ever will be is a goddamn boy stuck in fat, old man’s body. Every time we wanted to play Bingo, you said you were tired and then went to do crack for three hours- every time we ate at the table, you told us to have manners, but when we told you to close your FUCKING MOUTH, you called us RUDE, and every time we tried to help each other and the younger ones, you fucked us over and let them grow up to be brats you would spend more on!” – Ejnare yelled at Dr. Dilver before silence struck the room from his yelling.

“I… I understand I was a bit-” – Dr. Dilver as Kanik was intrigued.

“A BIT WHAT!? A bit fucked in the head, letting us watch horror movies and not regulation how much we ate? Not showing us the cons of playing video games all day or acting edgy? The cons of talking to people, but then saying to stay off the grid, and then talking behind our backs about how introverted we were when you also told us that people out there are insane and shouldn’t be trusted!?” Ejnare stated.

“Maybe it was all a little my fault!” – Dr. Dilver back to Ejnare with angry gestures.

“NO! IT WAS ALL YOUR FAULT!” – Ejnare with a loud voice. “EVERY second of you sitting there, watching us on cameras as we looked around and asked for help, and you decided that it would be best to learn it the hard way, and then give us everything we wanted when we didn’t need to do chores- you fucked our brains!”

“Uh- can… can you both not be so angry?” – Kanik.

“Shut up, Kanik. All you ever did was listen to this raggedy-old man, and you never spoke up, but told us to fight for what was right. You yourself are just a puppet of his mentions, and both of you should fucking hang yourself.” – Ejnare to both.

“Oh yeah? You and not listening to my words, embarrassing me in public by saying I’m a bad teacher when I was open every second of the day, and I brought food to the table with my hard-worked-for money, and I washed your clothes for you and let you have whatever you want, and I-” – Dr. Dilver to Ejnare, but he spoke back.

“Yeah, cause you are a fucking bad teacher. You provided everything we needed, then laughed at us- LITERALLY- when we didn’t have common sense to pick up a table, or handle a fork correctly- like the internet does give answers, but the best learning comes from personal interactions- as you stated- and then never did. Telling us that everything’s going to be okay, and then the next day fucking SHOOTING JUSTUSE IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD IS DEFINITELY BEING A GOOD TEACHER!” – Ejnare.

“I had to! The government asked for it! I couldn’t provide!” – Dr. Dilver.

“When have you ever provided? Anything every spiritually? Saying evolution is the world and that nothing matters, and then yelling at me non-stop after I stated that nothing mattered in life and that studying for my online tests was worthless- how does it feel to know that you’re a fucking hypocrite? How does it feel saying that nothing matters, shooting JUSTUSE in the back of the head, and then saying life is precious and that all need to live unless they’re in constant pain…” – Ejnare with anger as Dr. Dilver huffed.

“That’s not what I said! Look! I have it on DVD!” – Dr. Dilver, then going over and getting a DVD to then place in the DVD placer, and then turning on the television.

The screen came to a camera man in their town, going up to the front of the house where Justuse was standing there, beating Kanik, smashing his nose in and continually punching his face in to bleed, but as the crowd stood abide, scared at the boy, Dr. Dilver came out and shot him in the right leg.

“Stop! Stop Justuse!” – Dr. Dilver as a younger Ejnare could be seen behind.

“Augh! Fuck! Augh! Fuck you! You bitch!” – Justuse in his young voice.

“Stop! Dr. Dilver, don’t!” – Kulooq as he came shoving Ejnare to the side.

“Help…” – Kanik as the camera man zoomed in.

“Oh my god!” – A woman from the crowd of winter-geared people.

“Justuse- this is insane!” – Dr. Dilver on the screen, a bit less wrinkly.

“Fuck you!” Justuse, getting up and jumping after Kanik, then reaching inside his mouth to clench onto the back of the throat.

“HELP!” – Kanik, before then Dr. Dilver, in fear, shot Justuse’s neck, and the people watched as he choked, bleeding out.

“Oh my god…” – A younger Ejnare in the doorway.

“NOOOOOOO!” – Kulooq as he went over to Justuse’s neck. Then, as Dr. Dilver backed away and the camera man shot over to him, the present-day Dr. Dilver paused the television. Kanik was saddened but Ejnare was infuriated.

“You see that? That’s insanity, tha-” – Dr. Dilver at the television he paused.

“That’s leaving Justuse in a room, talking smack about him for adult clout- telling him to be a good person under a fucking immoral worldview- letting him watch gore and reading apologetics and… overall just being a hypocrite.” – Ejnare.

“Oh, yes? Then show me your evidence.” – Dr. Dilver.

“I don’t have any! I forgot all the goddamn details because there were so many! But you simply saying that should be enough to fucking put you in jail, because your psychology still hasn’t changed.” – Ejnare to Dr. Dilver.

“No- I don’t want to hear it- you on psychology. Until you can prove to me that THAT gunshot wasn’t life-saving, then I don’t want to hear it.” – Dr. Dilver as he exited.

“Whatever happened to ‘all life should see as many suns as possible, and be taught as etiquette-ly as possible.’” – Kanik, right before Dr. Dilver left.

“Don’t quote me on my book. That was years ago, right before the incident. It doesn’t matter anymore, and nothing ever did, okay?” – Dr. Dilver, leaving.

Ejnare shook his hands as Kanik backed away, and then as Kanik closed the door, Ejnare turned around, and with impulse, un-paused the television, watching as it went on.

Dr. Dilver then dropped his gun as Ejnare was in awe and walked over to the camera man. “He went insane. I’m sorry. Tell his parents I’m sorry. He thought since I gave him everything that we would calm down- I tried teaching him, but he looked to the internet for answers. He fought with Kanik, and… he disagreed by saying nothing matters- which is a horrible philosophy… I’m not blaming the internet, but… you should never kill a person, they’re all useful… unless you’re him. I got to go tell the government… they’re probably going to fire me, but… he killed Ivalu too, and I should’ve seen this coming…” Dr. Dilver pissed off the present-day Ejnare with his past self.

Then Dr. Dilver was seen running back inside as people dragged Kanik away and the camera man started back away towards the helicopter. That is when the DVD then cut off. Ejnare was without words, but he titled his head and ears with a corrupt frown.

“Dilver… he’s right… I have to say, your entire life I needed to talk to you about this, but you are acting hypocritical.” – Kanik to Dr. Dilver.

“Oh yes? And why do you tell me now?” – Dr. Dilver.

“Dr. Dilver- you shot Ivalu for… eating the supplies one night, and then hid her body. You stayed in your room and went insane yourself- you taught the kids to stay in their rooms like Stalin and that made them go insane- like… Ejnare is my message from God to stand up to you. I’m done. I’m done- and I should’ve’ realized this long ago…” Kanik started to rally up his voice, then proceeding to pull up a yellow can of pills, open it and cast them onto the floor.

Dr. Dilver then used his right arm to punch Kanik in the head and onto the ground.

“I’m done! Done with all of this too!” Dr. Dilver stated as Kanik the cried out with pain. Dr. Dilver then angrily rushed back to his desk from the hallway entrance, grabbed his gun and pressed a red button under his desk.

“Ejnare!” – Kanik as Ejnare soon came up, seeing Dr. Dilver run away. “I’m sorry- you were right… I’m sorry for following him…”

“Is he running away from his problems? AGAIN?!” – Ejnare.

“I…” – Kanik, before Ejnare then pursued away from the alarm system, seeing all the lights go orange. Dr. Dilver ran up the stairs and opened the picture leaving it open and then ran away with the gun, uncaring of the coldness, and going straight to the hills as he rushed out.

Ejnare then also came out, but as he exited the doorway, he saw Dr. Dilver come around the corner with the same M9 that shot Justuse and aimed it at his head.

“I’m done. You’re going to leave like a normal person now, or die like Justuse and his insanity.” – Dr. Dilver.

“Justuse… his name meant fair, and you never gave that to him. Now, you punched Kanik onto the floor, and you’re aiming a gun at me, thinking that’ll fix your problems, thinking you can now runaway to your secret boat and travel off to Norway or something- like, you are child, and that’s all you ever were. A child cannot teach other children- and that’s why we failed.” – Ejnare as he stared at the gun’s hole.

“Yes, but so what? You should just worry about yourself and not be such a rascal-” Dr. Dilver was saying. As he was saying though, Ejnare instantly felt his heartbeat go up, his stale pose in front of the doctor start to jitter. His heartbeat went from normality and silence to pure bloated sound in his ears. He felt it go from one-hundred-and-three beats per minute, to a sloping, like firstly it was slowly getting faster till it started to feel infinitely better- to a whopping two-thousand beats per second.

Ejnare felt his senses instantly peak and the light around him radiate, like he had just taken massive does of adrenaline. Sounds went increasingly un-blurry, and his mind raced just like his heart. His hairs went up and his breathing was on impulse. Then, he darted over to the doctor mid-sentence, anger in his eyes and eyebrows, using his right hand to hold the doctor’s neck as he used his left to make the doctor’s gun hand go diagonally up. The doctor choked with surprise and shot, obviously missing to the air, and causing a nearby women to scream. Ejnare in this millisecond then let his left hand down and ran off with the senses at maximum. Ejnare blasted off, snow and rocks funneling up like an asteroid just slid into Earth. He went far off into the distance, up the hills in a flash, and with an echo of his mass exterminating the silence elsewhere. His speed allowed him to shoot down his right hand and drag the doctor’s head into the pebbles and gravel, pushing it in hard so the back of his brains sputtered out before the rest of his head soon came off like banana peels. Blood, slimy blood and old black juices slid out in the speed as Ejnare traveled to the snowy port, and made the doctor soon lose his face.

Ejnare no longer could hold the skin of the doctor and allowed him to stop the fumbling of his legs, as he let the body shoot out ahead of him, flapping and flopping onto the pebbles and spitting blood out, leaving the carcass of ninety-nine-percent decapitation to finish the job satisfyingly. Ejnare panted, using his hands to hold onto his knees as he felt his insanely harsh heartbeat slow down in reverse, and his breath still elevated to the highest degree- but his senses dwell down as well. Behind him was a trail of blood on the surface, and ahead was the corpse and the gun. Dr. Dilver was dead.

“Oh…” Ejnare stated, before taking a step forwards, not looking up just yet, “Fuck you… Eighty-Three… fuck you… god-damnit…” Ejnare stated, before looking up to see the doctor dead, and looking back to see his actions real. Ejnare soon shallowed his breath and did a three-sixty look around, seeing not me. “Fucking Eighty-Three… allowing me to cheat… well… fuck you, Dr. Dilver… died a monster… died with fairness… unlike Justuse… the fairness being you never gave us a chance because you taught us wrong… and now you didn’t have a chance… against… Eighty-Three and his overseeing eye of power… thanks, but still, I know you can hear me and duplicate yourself, so please, Eighty-Three… don’t do that again… I need to be fair…” – Ejnare as he panted.

Soon everybody was back in the ship, and we were all on the top board, watching as Ejnare slowly came up.

“Where were you?” Daniel nicely and un-rudely asked as Ejnare came up silently.

“I did a little business…” Ejnare said, looking to me as I stood by Kioshi. “But what did you guys do?”

“Caught three cool animals for Eighty-Three to study… and all…” – Daniel spoke.

“What was your business?” Angelica then asked as Chinua talked to Ryutyu.

Ejnare sighed as I came in closer. “I assisted him with finishing something.” I told.

“I cured this village of an insane man… who died ironically…” – Ejnare told.

“Ironically, in your sense, makes sense.” – I nodded to him as Daniel and Angelica were worried about what that really meant.

“Uh… yeah…” – Ejnare, then walking off and breathing slowly. “Thanks for taking me to Greenland… let’s go elsewhere…”

“He is satisfied, hopefully.” – The voice in my head as Ejnare looked over the boat.

So, at amazing speeds, everybody except me and Gustavo watched above as we went down, across the entire world, shuffling waters high up into the sky from our speed, even faster now, as we went down to Antarctica, fifty-five thousand miles per hour.

Down below though, I just finished implanting brains into the Greenlandic sharks.

“Oh, how this relevant time is of great measures in our lives.” – The old Greenlandic shark stated to the new, finalized-brain one, as I closed the skin-hatch on his head.

“Such exquisite plot-story we must be going through. Thank you, Eighty-Three, for these new brains with quite the hefty knowledge.” The new one responded smartly.

“Mweahahahaha.” – One Beluga whale in a Belize-accent.

“When are sharks classy?” – The other one as the elephant was on the right of the horse, looking over the waters to see the creatures stare at each other, whilst moving in circles, and their voices underwater as we stood five feet above on concrete, under the green lights. The anglerfish were in a corner, whispering to each other on the top left.

“Since now.” – The horse to my right, and Gustavo was on my left.

“Quite so- it might be our brains anew, as I suspect a more fitting personality would be that of a silent and so-called ‘chill’ gentleman.” – One of the Greenland Sharks, opening its mouth like a bad animation to speak.

“Indeed, but Eighty-Three- what is next on the agenda?” – The other shark.

“Names plus tags, of course.” – Me, and the whisperers stopped.

“You should name them each a letter of the alphabet.” – Gustavo quite randomly.

“Hm? What made you come to conclude that?” I asked back as the horse looked.

“Why?” – The elephant and the horse said at the same time.

“I was just thinking it would be cool… maybe… I just had a random thought, that’s all.” – Gustavo shrugged, still smiling and looking directly into my shades.

“Well, would you guys like singular-letter names?” – Me to everybody in the slightly green waters as the toxins came out of the sharks.

“I would like to not die from these damn sharks like my fellow campaigners did.” – An anglerfish coming out of the corner.

“Do not worry, I made sure all your tissues are immune to their toxics.” – Me.

“They still smell.” – One beluga.

“Sorry, my fine whale.” – One shark.

“Ah! Yes, to combine mine and Gustavo’s idea- each of you should be named Mister, with an abbreviation next, but firstly you, (I point to one beluga whale and make a tag from their tail, golden and glowing, saying ‘Simon’ in black Abadi text,) should be named Mister Simon, and then you, (I point to the other whale,) should be Mister Xekolop.” I told, and they did not mind as I went through the rest of their names. “Would a good name, for you, be Mister Kiop?” I asked a shark, “You, if you would like, should be called Mister Vernot,” I said to the other shark, “Harry and Ellay, would you like to name the anglerfish?” I then asked after some talks, and so they did. I made tags on each tail of the fish, and on the horse and elephant as Gustavo watched and spoke in between.

Soon, the three anglerfish had tags reading ‘Z, Oiki,’ and ‘Qexer,’ on the final right-most fish. They all were pleasant by these names and okay with such, deciding as they were called by ‘Mister’ and then their first letter of their name.

“Mister Z, are you definite that your single-letter name is what you want?” Mister X asked Mister Z, a Greenlandic shark talking to a Greenlandic anglerfish.

“Yes, Gustavo was right- it sounds cool…” – Mister Z back to the shark. They continued for a bit as I looked to the horse and elephant as they talked to Gustavo, and then I started forth with an announcement as unidentifiable voices, to you, were distinguished inside my head, and I could understand them, but probably not you, reader.

“Alrighty, guys. Would you like to help transport and search for collasal squids in Antartica? We are about to land there and go for more creatures to eventually study like the rest of you.” – I told everybody.

“The pool here is a bit small already- are ya’-” Mister O asked in his Trinidadian accent, looking right at me as the sharks went in circles and the whales also followed.

“I will extend the pool. I have the power, and you can ask me to do anything you would like. So, feel free.” – Me.

“Oh, nice.” – Mister Q.

“Really? Like, can we get night vision? I’m getting random thoughts about these things called ‘movies,’ and this ‘night vision’ seems cool in those.” – Mister X.

“Yes.” I nodded to Mister X, and suddenly they all had eyes fixed.

“Woah- we can see better now!” – Mister Q.

“Wowzers!” – Mister H, the horse, as others awed.

“Yo- thanks.” – The elephant, known as Mister E, for Ellay.

“To answer your original question, Eighty-Three, I would like to assist. It is a shark’s momentum to keep moving, and a free space is most liked by our nature. But another I must also ask- is this ‘colossal squid’ imagery I am thinking of- is this the only creature we should look out for?” – Mister S, known as Simon.

“Indeed, mainly. If there is any other intriguing creatures, go ahead and tug them back to the ship. But mainly, since the squids are so large and we will be joining with the kids above that are also my friends, then we will only need to go after a few squids.” – Me.

A few seconds later as everybody chanted below, and the kids above watched in curiosity, they saw the titanic rush into Adelaide, Antarctica- an island just off the hook. The titanic smoothly just crushed through the ice and rock, slowly stopping halfway through the island as the kids watched below, seeing forth to pure white snow and ice, barely any hills, or rocks of brown sticking out, but mainly the vaporized snow and such coming up and falling down, letting water seethe in.

Then I came atop quickly, finding Ryutyu already thinking of coming down.

“Oh- aye, Eighty-Three!” – Ryutyu said as I rushed up.

“Yes, hello everybody. Who would like to go colossal-squid hunting along with some speaking sea creatures we just took in?” I asked everybody there, and Shellia sat back with Kioshi, looking over to the cold wasteland.

“Not me- that shit was dark last time, and those fucker-heads laughed like they were more insane than you.” – Oyur told me.

“Yeah, true.” – Daniel shrugged to Oyur in the coldness they did not feel.

“Well, here is analysis to get some real comments. (I put my left hand down and then arise from the darkness ship a darkness board literally floating, with a white marker sketching paintings of the words I am about to speak,) This is a giant squid, and this is a colossal squid. They are quite different in length, but a colossal squid is much bigger- and here is Daniel for reference. Their eyes are their main point of shooting whence I give you a harpoon. Colossal squids, as I remember, have no come in human contact to kill, but they try to prey on as many creatures as possible, so it is likely if they are hungry, they will come after you. You real probably see them before they sense you, so get ready to see a hunk of pinkish red soon. Also, colossal squids are fast, and are in the depths of the waters like anglerfish… so, with all those fun facts, who would like to go? I only need two people.” – Me to all the kids, who were all almost thinking the same thing.

“You and Ryutyu- cause that shit scarier than Obunga in the Backrooms.” – Daniel.

“Yeah.” – Oyur, agreeing with Daniel’s reference.

“Alright- Daniel and Ejnare, here are your harpoons.” – I said, making harpoons from my hands and tossing them up to land at Daniel and Ejnare- in which both fled back.

“Wait- what!?” – Daniel as Ejnare almost said the same thing.

“What?” – Ejnare slowly as he saw the harpoon of pure black fall.

“Well, Daniel can go because yes, and you can go because you did not go underwater last time. So start here, and you two can sit out when we go to Mauritius next.” – I told, and they both looked at me.

“I ain’t going.” – Ejnare as he looked at me, not the harpoon.

“Uh- maybe Shellia and Gustavo instead?” Daniel then tried excusing himself.

“Guys, please. It is quite the experience, and I would like you all to have some sort of difference in emotions, so you get the thrill and closure of happiness later instead of saturating it in decrease over time, like cocaine does to Wilma.” – I told and Angelica plus Chinua were a little confused.

“What?” – Daniel as Angelica was concerned on my words.

“He means-” Angelica started to say to Daniel.

“Huh?” – Chinua with a bit irritation in her face, before suddenly I shifted my body to the right, extending length and stretching my being as it looped to go directly down into the ocean, and the darkness arms from under my dress wrapped around Ejnare and Daniel, bringing them down with the harpoons coming into their hands as other arms made them.

Ejnare opened his eyes and stayed silent as Daniel closed his and screamed, then coming into the water, feeling their hairs bounce up, and the winds crease under the ocean as they shot down to darkness, coming forth to float in pure black without barely any other light. I also came down, before then shooting up after darkness made miniature earbuds in their ears, projecting my voice as they held their harpoons with mystery.

The kids above watched in surprise as the board melted and the two boys were overboard, below the sea almost in three seconds, and no ice below in random areas was hit. Then I came shooting out of the water, and made a large television floating, and projecting in night vision what Daniel and Ejnare were seeing- two giant televisions, then allowing seven more to come under both in packs of three and the other one right below and in the middle, showing smaller screens to the creatures being led out in the deep and searching around with their own night vision.

“Bro…” – Chinua as she looked at me having the screens float.

“Who are these fuckos?” – Oyur asked, pointing below Ejnare’s view on the right.

“The Misters- the creatures I took in to study, and now have brains and are searching for colossal squids themselves. Would you like me to turn on the sound?” I asked as a little Daniel voice could be heard out of my cat ears.

The kids were silent like Kioshi, but then Angelica shrugged and stated “Yes.”

The sound came upon them, showing the Misters to speak with a bar visualizer at the bottom of the screen, but there was much silence besides the water thrifting noise. Daniel and Ejnare were looking at each other, speaking as they looked around, seeing nothing below the ocean but the green vision they had, more so to utter darkness elsewhere. They looked under as their legs waved back and forth to help them float where they were and had their harpoons ready.

“Holy shit… holy shit… damn…” – Daniel as Ejnare looked at him funnily.

“Fuckers gonna’ die from a heart attack if you let them exist down there for too long.” Oyur commented upon Daniel with his slightly laughing but mostly scared tone.

“I have that set away.” I told, then going over to Gustavo bringing out a shining-white, iron plate of tzatziki sauce in a light green cup on the right with many pita breads shaped like triangles all around. Gustavo carried this with both of his front legs, standing up on the other two like he was a human. It was cursed, is what I am trying to say.

“You guys want some food as you watch?” – Gustavo asked, looking at Oyur.

“Bruh- when did Gustavo learn dog-tricks? Ain’t he a cat though?” – Oyur.

“Uh- sure!” Angelica happily as she saw Gustavo standing on his back legs. She grabbed one and dipped first, unlike Oyur watching the screen, and Kioshi watching him.

“That’s cursed imagery right there.” – Oyur also as I turned away from them to the waters, speaking to Daniel and Oyur in a tone not directed behind me.

“Aye- mate- let me have a few.” Ryutyu stated over to Gustavo giving good.

“Aye- me too.” – Chinua like Ryutyu as she went over to see the white sauce with some green, leaf-looking texture also in there. It was definitely not cucumbers… it was.

“What da’ dog doing?” – Oyur as Ryutyu grabbed two and dipped.

Shellia also was watching like Kioshi, and then started to play an ambient tune.

“Hey Kioshi, would you like some?” Angelica happily asked back to Kioshi, and he shook his head away from the request of the happy woman.

Below, Daniel looked around with great fate but also a smile, ready to laugh but also to scream. Ejnare simply was stern, having his harpoon set on Mister S as he watched the shark slowly go around below, looking for anything.

“Hey.” – Mister O next to Ejnare, on his right.

“Wa- oh- hey!?” – Ejnare to Mister O as he turned right to see the underwater voice.

“Woah- what!?” – Daniel as he saw the anglerfish’s light glow light blue.

“There are a few colossal squids around these parts, but they ain’t come from above or around. Look at Mister V over there, he going right to one below.” – Mister O, as both of them looked below with open eyes to see a colossal squid rotating towards the Beluga whale, and then catching onto the head of the whale as the whale tried biting off the squid’s teeth.

Daniel then shot down, hitting it right above the eyes, and the harpoon started to attract the colossal squid back.

“Oh fuck! Oh shit!” Daniel laughed in a panic as it came closer.

“Is it dead?!” – Ejnare yelled at Mister O.

“Hell naw.” – Mister V as he came up and started to bite at the tentacles.

“Ah- Mister S caught another.” – Mister O in not such a fancy accent.

Ejnare looked over to see the Greenlandic shark clenching its mouth around the face of the colossal squid elsewhere, its form glowing a little as he turned it away and towards Daniel, currently focused on how the eye stared right at him.

“What do I do!? Eighty-Three?! I caught one!” – Daniel as I then spoke to him.

“I assisted- and AM!” – Mister V, Vernont the beluga whale.

“You let Mister V help. Enjoy their company, I guess.” I laughed back.

“THANK YOU, MISTER V!” – Daniel as Mister V was busy.

“No problem.” – Mister V.

“How many do we need?” Mister O then asked Ejnare or Daniel.

“Yeah, how many, Eighty-ThreeeEEEEEEEE?” – Daniel as he saw a tentacle come up to Daniel’s face, but Ejnare then shoot at it, pushing the tentacle away and bleeding it. “Thanks!” Daniel as he shot over to Ejnare nodding.

“How many can you withstand?” I asked Daniel with a giggle after a fairly-strong tone, initiating a voice like I was a quest reader with serious intentions.

“What!?” – Daniel as Mister V continued munching quickly.

“Up to three, down to one. That is all.” – I told.

“We got two!” – Daniel back as the squid stared Daniel in the face, his harpoon fully retracted and the colossal squid right in front of him, leaking blood and catching his eyes.

“Well then, would everybody like to return?” – I asked as the kids above watched.

“Uh- yeah!” – Daniel. “Would you guys like to go back? We only needed one!”

“Sure.” – Ejnare and Mister O stated at the same time.

“Ya’- let me go contact the others.” Mister V told, going down to Mister K.

As the kids ate and Gustavo was sitting normally again, watching with shock like it was a movie- sometimes Chinua giggling at Ejnare and Angelica speaking to Chinua and Oyur about the scene- tentacles soon wrapped around them in the dark and swung them up, television screens following their cameras without motion blur, and allowing us to view as they came up to be placed on the deck like they were toys. Daniel and Ejnare were frizzled and wet, but not cold. They dropped their harpoon guns, and Daniel then took a deep breath as Ejnare looked to me.

“That… was an experience for Daniel.” He smiled, laughing inside at Daniel’s fear.

“Yeah… I don’t wanna’ do it again…” – Daniel, and after that line, the voices of the televisions shut off, and all was seen that the dead colossal squids were in a separate tank from the pool of beluga whales and other creatures.

“You did great, Daniel.” – Angelica as she came up to him.

“Yeah, thanks… Mister V though- the whale- he helped.” – Daniel as Oyur came up.

“That would’ve spooked me to if I had a squid just staring me dead-in-the-fucking-eye with his own dead-ass eye.” – Oyur with a smirk as Chinua still sat down on the boat.

“Yeah…” – Daniel as Ejnare then walked with me, down with also Gustavo, Kioshi, and Ryutyu to the kitchen.

Off to Mauritius, an African island country. We blasted over there in pure seconds, literally. So fast, that whence we went up a wave from water-drifting, we flew.

On the mountain called ‘Pieter Both,’ a man was in his cabin, on the mountain near the middle of it. Made from stone and wood, the inside was a cave, lit by yellow lights and illuminating the wood to be nice and plentiful with domestic colors. A single man was making himself coffee, putting a lemon above and squeezing it in, inside his bar as he sat on a round chair of black, the same color of his hair, and figuratively his skin. He drank the coffee before setting it down with disgust, but then shrugging, picking it up and drinking from its steam yet again with his hazel eyes as he looked out of his mountain cabin to see the light blue waters with white waves collapsing to create a barrier to the darker blue, and un-coral reefed waters filming with fish and- no, not really. As amazing as the sight was, his eye instantly saw our titanic, big and black, enlarging at such a great pace, as it smashed into the mountain, the front right into him, pursuing right into the mountain, breaking the silence and causing disruption as rocks collapsed to greens below.

“What was that?” – Angelica as everybody looked around inside.

“We are here.” – Me as I went up.

“Damn Daniel.” – Mister G, one of the two squids, with a Venezuelan accent, stated to Daniel. His name was Gueyer, and the other one had a tag named Dexuq.

Ryutyu rushed up to see that the opening door, horizontal to allow towards the top of the ship, had rocks upon it, so I waved my hands up and allowed the rocks to go back and reform the collapsing mountain. We then came out to see that we had extended the cave’s height, and that the ship extended one-sixteenth into the mountain, and the rest hung out. The waters were still amazing for all to see though. I then crept back towards the darkness, looking forwards to more rocks, and then swifted them away, up and down, as a man rose on one with fear inside him, before I gave out my hand, and he saw his coffee cup fill with coffee- and lemon juice.

The kids looked back along with Gustavo to see the man, weirded out and scared beyond belief. He took, with his left hand, mine, and I brought him up to stand a literal foot higher than me.

“Are you God?” He asked after a moment of staring into my shades and ears.

“No, but close.” I stated, still smiling as my tail waved back and forth, and then exiting away with the kids upon the titanic the man then looked down upon.

“Bruh- what the fuck was that?” – Oyur to me.

“Sorry sir, uh… we kinda’ crashed into your home… so sorry… uh… I’m sure our leader, the femboy- his name is Eighty-Three- I’m sure he’ll fix it right back up whence we go…” Angelica stated as she came up to the man, embarrassed and sad as he was shocked. He looked at her ears, before seeing back to Shellia coming up and playing her accordion at him with happy eyes and red cheeks.

“What is happening?” he asked in English still, luckily.

“Well… (Angelica looks to Shellia as they look at each other,) we’re doing world-wide expeditions to gather weird animals and study their behaviors and such… we also give them brains and vocal muscles so they can talk- well- Eighty-Three does… but uh…” – Angelica as she looked towards the man as he looked up to the rest of us.

The man just stared, as Angelica saw him then look back down and gulp. He nodded and then started off towards us, with Shellia following behind. Gustavo then crept up to him and started to speak as Angelica held her mouth and also followed.

We soon made our way down to the sandy beaches, built with palm trees and forests behind spreading natural greens related to the color of my dress and Shellia’s. I looked around to find a bar, with grey and tale marble floors with highchairs of orange wood and a feel of nature as no roof was present, just hovering branches and leaves allowing sunlight to come inside and spread amongst the glass tables encompassed by black marble. Two families were in the back, talking to their own and then shocked to see us as we entered in so casually.

I went up to the bartender who looked at all of us for closure that it was reality.

“Can we get a spot to sit down please?” I asked very nicely to the shocked man.

Soon the bar was entirely accompanied to have tables next to each other and everybody having a chair at the long sequence of tables. The bartender then brought out many drinks ranging from many sodas or natural waters, and I made a wallet of blue fabric filled with two-thousand Mauritius rupee bills, as a darkness handheld my bee phone and a had an image of it from the web.

After enjoying beverages, looking on my bee phone for a few minutes in silence, and getting some shrimp fritters and peanuts on black plates too, I decided to call up my voice amongst the many.

“The Odontodactylus scyllarus, or the Mantis Shrimp, is a dangerous creature in these waters- and are common, but very territorial, as it states. I think we should catch three, and then still enjoy everything else, because Mauritius is an amazing place.” I told, and everybody started to listen up.

“Aye- I’ll join in finding this time.” – Ryutyu this time.

“Aye- me too- unless it be deep.” – Daniel, copying Ryutyu’s statement.

“They do not live too far down usually, never into complete darkness or even near it. About a few meters down, and they are very colorful, so they should be quite easy to see.” – I told as everybody listened.

“What else may we find?” Angelica asked happily.

“Well, these waters are filled with coral animals and such, not many being harmful or scary-looking, so this should be much more of a chill and exquisite place to study, rather than Greenland or Antarctica.” I told her.

“I’ll join then.” – Angelica proudly as Shellia played a background tune.

“Alrighty. Anybody else?” – I asked towards Chinua and Ejnare.

“I might- the beaches look amazing.” – Chinua with a finished plate.

“Maybe.” – Ejnare, as Kioshi ate his shrimp.

“Alrighty.” I nodded, and so we were off.

With proper diving equipment I created- everybody but Kioshi, Gustavo, and Shellia set out to dive down and look at the creatures below. The sun shined bright below, seeing forth to the natural blues and giving off on the white sand, creating an aurora of life and peace as the kids came forth in their scuba suits of black and dark blue outlining, using their bee phones to take eye-opening pictures of what was below, just a meter. Swarms of sea cucumbers, little fishes going in and out of pink reefs, and sometimes just open sand with a few crabs poking up.

Ryutyu and Oyur went along to mainly find the creature that was dangerous, searching through some gravel and nearby sands, finding nothing of its value. They soon came around to find the ravine- a waterfall already in the water, leading down with its water winds to darkness after sloping sands and fish darted away from the massive hills.

“O’ hellll nawwwww- that shit down there is probably where that shrimp thing lives.” – Oyur as he looked down and then went back with Ryutyu.

“Hopefully not, mate. Ye’ Eighty-Three stated only a meter down could be found of thy creatures, so we shall look into more shallow waters for thy creature first.” Ryutyu told, then grabbing his leg and running quickly across the sand to a new place.

“Ight.” – Oyur with no importance, just saying underwater without a mask.

Me and Shellia were watching Chinua and Ejnare watch around the coral reefs, talking to each other without masks just like Oyur and Ryutyu, and touching some fish as sea turtles came nearby. Neither me or Shellia had on our maid shoes, and we dug our feet into the sand as we laid just before the forest with happiness. Gustavo and Kioshi went along the beach to our left, and Gustavo ate crabs as Kioshi just looked around.

Shellia then started a conversation by playing a low b-flat and then a mid a-flat. I then looked over and responded behind my mask.

“Yes… so much has happened… and so much will…” I told and she nodded before playing again, as her tails dug no specific art in the sand. “Indeed… I have not let out the Misters, but I am sure they would enjoy it. I should go do that.”

I got up and dug my feet back into my maid shoes before going back to the ship by plainly walking. Shellia played her instrument as she also got up and followed. She did not put her maid shoes back on, but it did not matter.

I then tried to create a darkness platform under us, from the sand and supposedly going diagonal to the ship which Shellia looked towards. But as the platform moved the sand away, it showed a stretched-out Steel Terrorist, his entirety flat like a model in a video game went wrong- but his gun was pointing at Shellia, and he shot as soon as her eyes went wide under the sun.

Before she could spring her tail and ears up, her forehead already had sixteen bullets blasted as I then made my hands into hammers with millions of spikes around and tried slamming it down, but then saw he moved under the sand and away at light speed, and the darkness arms from under my dress went up to reform Shellia’s head before the Steel Terrorist then erupted from the ground with many others. Suddenly- my ears heard Steel Terrorists using portals to grab the Misters and use air to wind them away, as well Steel Terrorists also shoot up a bar on the other side of the island, and also Steel Terrorists come out of a fish, enlarging and exploding its flesh to then shoot at Chinua and Ejnare, before then darting away after Angelica and Daniel.

The Steel Terrorists then came forth out of the forest, shooting at Gustavo and Kioshi, and Gustavo used his skin to block shots as Kioshi looked and started to sprint away without much fear or difference in his face at all.

I made millions of tails come from under my dress and stretch out to attack the man shooters, tails coming off parts of each other as the spikes were still present entirely. But before I could dart them and get into my own battle mode, making the ocean's darkness below rise up and start to shoot spikes through the ship as the Red Glitch put an effect around the ocean and random places- the universe faded in white and reset.

***Christmas randomness, yes, indeed.***

Kioshi suddenly was sitting at his laptop, surprised to see the newness of it all. He looked around rapidly to see the room still fortunate with his objects and clothes, but then he looked back to his computer and found the date. It was the twenty-fourth of December, twenty-nineteen.

Kioshi decided to leave his room with a stale face yet again but went forth onto the roads to see nothing changed. He saw Wilma sprout up from my home and reform it below, sending debris back as she horizontally rotated till she landed in the middle, just in front of Oyur coming out with confusion.

“What the fuck just went down?” - Asked Oyur slowly.

“Woo! Yes! The universe reset and I am back!” - Wilma as I came out with Ryutyu.

“Oh, hello, Kioshi.” I waved over as he came forth, and then Ejnare opened his door and came forth also.

“Ya’- aye, Ejnare.” - Ryutyu then waved as we all started coming to the middle, even the kids and remaining autismos.

“It’s Christmas Eve all-of-a-sudden.” - Miss Hedheop as Geurnf also came out.

“Indeed, the universe has reset the rest of the universe back, except this part.” I told and everybody listened up.

“Wait- wait- so, the universe can reset certain areas of the... itself, and the rest is just staying normal?!” - Daniel asked as he came up with Chinua.

“Yes, and it can reset certain characters as well...” - Me, “But the Red Glitch usually would have stopped that kind of action...”

“Thy Steel Terrorists are overpowered....” - Ryutyu as he looked around.

“Those were the Steel Terrorists?” - Ejnare to me, seeing Gustavo come up as well.

“What terrorists?” - Miss Hedheop as Teressa listened closely.

“Yes. Made of steel, and having chaotic power, I have no idea what they want or are. But somehow- they reset the universe to this certain period with past times or ourselves being put in our rooms.” - Me as my white boots were a center point of attention.

“Where did you get boots?” - Teressa as Chinua looked down.

“I thought of them- do they look nice?” - I asked and everybody was seeing forth to the purely black spike holes below, wondering what would truly come out of them.

“Sure...” - Chinua as she saw the boots.

“Hell nah- bruh- those shits edgy as fuck.” - Oyur as Daniel chuckled.

“Ya’, but they intimidating. What come out of thy holes?” - Ryutyu to me.

“Spikes usually- but anything I think of.” - Me as Wilma staled her face.

“Okay.” - Ryutyu as Wilma nodded with a wide mouth.

Then there was silence as everybody looked around, before Oyur then broke it.

“Why the fuck are ya’ll quiet now?” Oyur asked as Daniel shrugged.

“We all are wondering what to say or do.” - Wilma told plainly before anybody else.

“Well, it be Christmas Eve- ya' guys wanna’ chill with festivity or no?” - Ryutyu asked as his tail wagged up from the silence.

“So- if the universe can cheat holidays, then don’t holidays become redundant and useless? Like- Christmas is good- but thinking of it- if we can have it whenever, doesn’t it become another day or something?” - Ejnare thought out loud.

“I guess, unless you limit yourself.” - Daniel spoke up to Ejnare.

“True.” - I pointed to Daniel with my left finger, agreeing with her statement.

“Don’t you guys want go stop terrorists or change back universe?” - Chinua.

“We do not have permission, nor do I think we can. The Steel Terrorists technically own the room for the script now, and I have not encountered anything possible of defeating them- except... hm... (I think of the Greek version of me with purple hands,) there may be one case, but that is for another day of experimenting.” - MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

“I can go try to see what is up.” - Wilma stated to me as Teressa looked to Jared.

“Alrighty.” - Me as everybody else started to nod. “And what would you guys like to do?” I then asked and everybody liked the next question.

“Wait- what happened to the Misters?” - Daniel asked and people whispered.

“I heard the Steel Terrorists taking them away to another universe, so I think they are somewhere else now. I can go get the finder-machine and try to find the universe, but I think the Steel Terrorists are very territorial after they steal something.” - Me.

“Okay.” - Ejnare and Daniel at almost the same time.

“Alrighty- so you guys enjoy yourselves- whilst I go look, Wilma goes to ask, and then Shellia will be with Gustavo on some experiments I wanted to process.” - I told, before rushing away as Ryutyu was unphased by speed.

“Aye... so, what ya’ guys wanna’ do? Anything special?” - Ryutyu asked as Wilma then made a portalis to the door of the script room and it closed with a red glitch effect.

“No, not really.” - Ejnare, then stepping away and going back home in the silence, as Kioshi then followed back to his own home.

“Hey- this would probably be a good time to start a Accord server. I think that would be cool for a little bit at least...” - Daniel with a raised pointer finger.

“What’s Accord?” - Teressa asked on the reference.

“It’s just a social website.” - Daniel as I rushed by and over to Mauritius.

“Mate- ya’ also gonna’ make a MyVid channel? Maybe even a Blueit group?” - Oyur funnily with anger out of nowhere.

“That also sounds like a good idea- you wanna’ help Oyur?” - Daniel told Oyur.

“I guess so- since honestly I got nothing else to fucking do except bully children online for the fifth-hundred time.” - Oyur.

And so, Daniel, Angelica, and Oyur went back to Daniel’s home as Chinua then went to knock on Ejnare’s door, and Teressa and Geurnf started to talk as Miss Hedheop took Jared back. Ryutyu went back with Shellia and Gustavo to my living room to then put on a show as they waited for our arrival back.

I was then in Mauritius in an instant, seeing forth to the fixed mountain and terrain, and going up to place the cord in the rock and check. There was a new universe, the number being ‘3739002,’ and it opened a portal to a vast endless void of purple gases and galaxies stretching all around. The galaxies were spinning around the portal-view, and I looked inside as the winds started to fall out to the empty space yet amazing view of purple stars. I then allowed myself to woosh in and decided to bring the machine using my darkness-arms and placed it in thin air, constructing a new universe. ‘2384238,’ and henceforth I got to a universe just like the other, spinning, but now with yellow stars.

“Damnit, Steel Terrorists. They probably made it go a thousand universes away. Kill! Destroy! Melt their armor! I wonder if Wilma can make some communication- QUICKLY- do the Khenbush-invasions! The voices in my head be like...” - The voices in my head be like.

After rushing around the island and opening portals, I decided to stop seeing forth to endless voids of universes and decided to go under the water and swiftly use the bottom darkness to travel quicker than light. I came out to Antartica and found that the colossal squids went to the same purple-universes, and also the water leaked out to the universe there. So, I went back to the village and decided to do other things for others.

I rushed in and grabbed Shellia from the couch before bringing her down to Ryutyu’s room, changing her cells and making her entirely a dale green, like flower stems. I then made a mirror in my right hand as she looked to me with shock and got her eyes to stop vibrating from the quick motion.

“As you can see, this is yourself.” I stated in her voice, literally mimicking it. She played her accordion in a ‘gasp,’ like fear yet happy surprise. She was without her dress.

“Indeed- I also just had the random thought to change my vocal cords and mimic other’s voices. But since you are all natural- to some degree- it is time to fulfill another random idea the voices literally just brought up.” I told Shellia, then wrapping her up again and letting her go into a new being.

Shellia was frizzled from the quick motion but looked down with awe to on her left side she was dripping chocolate, pure brown and smelling sweet chocolate. Her form was still almost the same, but it sweated chocolate and was chocolate now. The other side, having the entirety of her right leg and right arm, which is half her body, was a mix between a lighter-brown liquid drooling with marshmallows. The threshold between the chocolate and hot-cocoa side was a mixing light and darker brown, constantly changing. Her accordion was safe though, unlike the rest of her skin. Also, her hair, eyebrows, and eyes were safe, unlike her ears, nose, and nails- that were not colored. Her cat tail also dripped half chocolate and hot cocoa, as well as her ears were colored.

“Wow- thanks, Red Glitch- for allowing me to do this project quickly- but also, I would still like the Misters back.” - Me as I stated to the ambience. “Well, anyways- I got to go get Gustavo- we also want to do a little project together real quick.”

Then I rushed Shellia up to see it on the couch, and it did not stain nor wet as she was sitting down straight and catching Ryutyu’s eyes as he sat down with a cup of lemon juice, looking with sudden confusion to Shellia as the television was paused.

“What thy hell?” He laughed a little, “Eighty-Three really trying everything to be weird nowadays... is that chocolate and hot cocoa I smell now?” Ryutyu asked, and then Shellia nodded her head and got up, looking down to see herself dripping, but it was going down to her feet and nowhere else. She looked down to see she was not floating, but she felt like it, and let the silence roll in, making Ryutyu wonder why I made her new.

Ryutyu then watched as she walked, seeing her leave no trail behind, and soon found that she stood at the dinner table and looked back with wide eyes still. Her tail wagged and her ears were low as she stared at Ryutyu who drank the rest of his lemon juice. He then looked at his glass as she looked at it, and he widened his mouth slowly.

“What?” - Ryutyu asked as he grabbed the remote. “Ya’ marshmellos are interesting to see, not gonna’ lie... but do ya’ wanna’ continue watching Fixing Good? Or is that new form of ya’ really on ya’ nerves, laddy?” - Ryutyu.

Shellia then walked over to Ryutyu and placed her right elbow in the opening of his empty cup as he set it down, and watched as the hot cocoa and marshmallows dripped down, soon heating up and going at liquid-falling speed.

“Woah... oh- I see... ya’ a human dispenser now... Eighty-Three really on some weird shit nowadays...” Ryutyu told Shellia as she nodded to him. Then she stared at him, before shooting her eyes to the cup and back. “Nah- I don’t wanna’ drink what came off ya.’” Shellia did not state. Shellia then did the motion again. “I don’t know if it even edible- but it probably is...” And Shellia shrugged from Ryutyu’s comment, before he then sighed, picked it up and sipped it. “Hm... nice... just like hot cocoa should be... just how Eighty-Three made it two days ago...” - Ryutyu. Then, Shellia made her eyes go happy as Ryutyu stood up and then dabbed it in her left shoulder, gathering chocolate in, and then sipped it, clenching his eyes with happiness as he tasted it well. “Ooh- damn... Eighty-Three really made ya’ a dispenser of taste... thy is good whence combined, mate...” Shellia then rolled her eyes as Ryutyu finished his cup which was full after he pulled it away- almost dripping out, but Shellia was quite fine and un-messy. “Although it is quite weird getting chocolate skin and drinking it- it is quite useful... I guess... eh, this situation is awkward... but... hey, I made it go quick... uh... ya’ wanna’ stay and watch Fixing Good still, or go ask others if thy want your hot cocoa?” - Ryutyu asked and Shellia shrugged and decided to leave. “Igh’ Shellia- bye, mate!” Ryutyu waved with a slow warm smile as he continued to drink it.

Shellia went over to Daniel’s home. But before she came, Daniel, Angelica, and Oyur had already started an Accord server. The server had five channels, listed down from, with emoji symbols for each, ‘announcement,’ then ‘general-talk,’ then ‘memes,’ then ‘music-suggestions,’ then ‘bot commands.’ Daniel had created a role for server owner, stating ‘Owner,’ in yellow, with admins like Angelica and Oyur being ‘Moderators,’ in green. Daniel sat in the middle of Angelica on his right and Oyur on his left, seeing forth to the Discord as each of them made permissions for the channel. Angelica had updated her profile to a picture of Jesus and was named ‘Angelica#4323,’ whilst Oyur had a profile picture of a man in a black coat with big white shoes reading ‘DRIP’ in both upper and bottom text. He was ‘Oyur#0092,’ whilst then Daniel was ‘DamnDaniel#8882,’ and had a picture of himself with Oyur and Angelica staring at the camera with stale faces.

Daniel then switched his screen to MyCam and updated the profile there to the same image as his name was, ‘Daniel and the boys,’ as he had a banner of blocky video game having a sunset over a swamp terrain. He then updated his description as Angelica looked on his screen.

Daniel then heard two budges on his front door in silence, and Oyur instantly turned around as Angelica and Daniel slowly twisted their chairs to rotate.

“Fucking FBI agents found us.” - Oyur joked around.

“Yeah- they came for that zaza...” - Daniel as he smiled at the joke.

Daniel went up to open the door and see from a straight face to a surprised ‘line-mouth,’ seeing Shellia in her new form. “Um... Shellia?”

Shellia played her accordion happily as she looked at him with embarrassment. Ryutyu then rushed over and sighed as Daniel felt the wind and looked to Ryutyu.

“Eighty-Three changed Shellia so she now a walking vending machine of hot cocoa and chocolate... we can dip cups into her skin and drink from it... quite weird... but do ya’ want a cup?”- Ryutyu with a red face.

“Oh... yeah, he’s a weird guy, isn’t he? Uh... do you... want me to get a cup?” - Daniel as Shellia rolled her eyes and her tail strung up as her eyes were large.

“Uh- unless you want cocoa or chocolate- but mainly Shellia and me going around hoping this is what Eighty-Three wanted to show off...” - Ryutyu, shrugging.

“Uh- I’ll actually take some, if it doesn’t hurt or drip in the back of the cup... and I’ll go ask Oyur and Angelica...” Daniel mostly smiled, before closing the door and looking back with a face full of awkward embarrassment and PTSD.

He then sighed and went to go get a cup before plainly walking in the room and asking Oyur and Angelica, before they came out and opened the door to see Shellia staring over to Ryutyu doing push-ups on the street, and then swift back.

“What the fuck are- WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED, SHELLIA!?” - Oyur to Shellia’s new design, as Daniel sniffed it.

“Oh... hi...” - Angelica as she looked down to see no drip.

Daniel then put his cup out into her left shoulder and brought it back, turning the cop to see it quite fine, and then took a sip as Shellia and him looked keenly at each other in the eyes. His tail was low and so was his ears as Oyur was awing without words.

“It tastes good...” - Daniel as Shellia then made herself regenerate the slight discomfort on the stream, and Ryutyu came up.

“No- bitch- you ain’t gonna’ say anything. Eighty-Three on some shit to be pulling-" Oyur was going to say before they heard an explosion followed by a scream from Teressa as she ran down the road and Ryutyu then rushed to see the problem.

Ryutyu and Shellia ran out with the other to see, shutting down their smiles, Jared melting into gore, blood and and facial features dripping off as puss filed down, and blood was splatted everywhere else as he cried out, and Miss Hedheop backpedaled away, before looking to her right and then running in a cry towards the others as from the corner, came a stampede of Kkenbush worms, exploding to have blood everywhere and acid that steamed off skin and flesh in total. They wiggled towards the shocked kids, going after Miss Hedheop as she trampled away.

Ryutyu sneered his eyebrows down as he then rushed and compiled all the Khenbushs elsewhere, and everybody heard an explosion with blood going into the air around the corner, before Ryutyu rushed back and gave a thumbs up.

“I think I got em’ lads.” - Ryutyu, as Teressa calmed down.

“What were those things?!” - Teressa with fear.

“Oh shit...” - Oyur as he looked to Angelica who looked to Daniel who looked to Teressa, then saying something after Oyur’s remarkable statement.

“Those were... Khenbush... uh- Ryutyu- where's Eighty-Three? Or Gustavo?” - Daniel asked quickly as he threw his left hand back to keep the rest behind him.

“I’ll go look and look as well for a portal they might be coming through.” Ryutyu nodded and then blasted off faster than speed.

“Alright- everyone- natural disaster- I mean unnatural- we need to stay below and hide somewhere... I think...” Daniel stated back as he saw Jared jiggle his arms for help, before stopping and letting fear pursue the silence.

“Yeah, no shit bro.” - Oyur without a single ounce of discomfort really, as then Teressa screamed back, and everybody looked to see down the street many Khenbushs sniggling over to them.

Ryutyu was looking in the surgical room before around and then listening near the walls and knocking all around- waiting six seconds before he then darted off and up. “Aw, come on Eighty-Three, where are ya?’” Ryutyu asked in his mind as he darted around the streets, finding no portals where the Khenbushs came from, but seeing through homes that they exploded through and came with quite the large colony.

Ryutyu then picked up many and threw them at each other, exploding into guts before he went away. He heard all the kids go to Geurnf’s home and bang on the door, before they were allowed in, and Geurnf threw a sentry out and it started to shoot at the incomers. Ejnare and Chinua also locked their doors and hid at the top of the house.

Ryutyu then felt his side be bashed into a home, and he sprung up from the debris, missing the falling house as I he came out to see a version of me with a red dress, and Khenbush’s behind him slowly going towards him as he held a portal gun like I had.

“Who are ye?’” - Ryutyu angrily as he bounced up, ready to fight.

“I am Eighty-Three, the master of blood. Give me your blood and I shall spare you.” - Eighty-Three with a red dress, definitely not me.

“That doesn’t make sense, laddy.” Ryutyu told with a slight smile before running at the other Eighty-Three with his muscles in the slow-motion play.

I was with Gustavo, smiling and voicing the red version of me with voodoo dolls. Strings from the ceiling of darkness moved the red dress version of me as the Ryutyu doll went on his own. Gustavo watched as behind us the black spy girl cried next to the doc, looking forth to the television as he called for her in the game. The table was like a board, having green on the bottom with grey for the road and then plastic homes that fell in real time, making a very cool toy-looking scenario for what Gustavo smiled at.

“Sudden idea- Thorns. They hurt.” Gustavo then said, looking back to Hadiza.

“Indeed... but where would they most hurt?” - I asked, getting his drift.

“Hm... the throat?” - Gustavo smiled to me.

“Most correct. Maybe rip out her eyes and shuffle it through there and around the brain would be more painful or put it in her blood stream to rip throughout the entire body- but the throat is also very close.” I nodded, making a thorn, green and scaled with sharp whites, all coming from my index finger.

I then forcefully used my right hand to open the upper jaw of the crying Hadiza, and she looked up with pain and sadness as I then put my left index finger in, the darkness guiding it down her throat and extending it, so she felt nothing. She started to slow down her crying and looked at me with fear. As Gustavo watched the thorny string go down, he saw it end at the lips, my finger staying place for a single second, before then the throat was lessened from supernatural forces, and she clenched her face as she felt it, crying in pain and biting down on my hand. I then let her close her mouth a little more as I took out my right hand and then yanked my left back, pulling the thorn branch up with speed and ragged direction, letting it rip through her esophagus and mouth, spiking blood and holes everywhere inside, and then pulling it out with more force, causing her mouth to fill up with blood as she choked on it, coughing it up as her tears then fell down and mixed with it on the floor. Then puss started to be coughed up from her throat, and she started to lean over, crying, dying, and most importantly- suffering. She choked for breath also.

As she continued to leak inside like a drain, I looked back to see Ryutyu throwing the stringed version of me. Ryutyu had picked up the other version and thrown it onto the floor as it then scrambled up with its hands of spike balls and started to bash after him.

But back to the kids with Shellia, Miss Hedheop, and Teressa- they looked from the second story down with Geurnf to see the sentry plowing bullets into the snake-like creatures. Each bullet thrusted through each worm, flustering slime and blood behind it as it then kept on coming, even though massively damaged. Some were shot so much in the head, they became unresponsive to get up, and officially died from blood loss before explosion.

“So... that’s Chinua’s sister, but duplicated into a bunch of worm-things and they explode into acids and bloods?” - Geurnf asked Angelica, and she nodded with sadness. Geurnf then looked down to see the mass still coming and more packed, and the sentry could no longer keep them five meters away, so the kids and Geurnf were left to watch as they came up to the sentry and exploded, driving blood almost up to the window, but mainly the red acid that then melted the metal and wires of the sentry, and Geurnf watched in awe as her sentry was down.

“Holy shit- we fucked. There’s no escaping this shit- unless Eighty-Three gets up and actually does fucking something.” - Oyur as Daniel nodded.

“What about your regeneration, Daniel? Could you possibly take all the hits? Or would-” Angelica asked of Daniel in these daring times as they heard explosions below at the base of the home, starting to gain to the ceiling and melt through.

“I could try.” Daniel nodded as he heard the slimy worms start to come up the stairs.

“Chinua... where are you?” The Khenbush worms started to echo with distorted voices, laughing afterwards as Oyur then came forth next to Daniel and thrusted his Treeman-Syndrome out at them, and stop a few before they exploded and created a hole in the floor that melted. Oyur then quickly brought his roots back as worms slid up and fell.

“If that’s acid it’s gonna’ continually melt your skin, Daniel. I wouldn’t do it unless your regenerative powers work a certain way and you know it.” - Geurnf.

“Well... since Eighty-Three says he’s the main character, I’ll try whatever I can in the moment before he probably comes and solves this as well as revive us all if we die...” - Daniel back with speed on mind, rather than Shellia and Teressa cowering.

“Not unless we also go missing like the damn Misters.” - Oyur told, and Daniel looked to him as the worms then started to spin, and then slow down and start to crawl on the wall and up the windows.

“Oh shit- oh fuck...” Oyur told as Geurnf was surprised.

“You guys need to run, I’ll try to divert them and hopefully survive.” - Daniel to Geurnf.

“Best of luck, mister.” - Geurnf to Daniel, as then she took Teressa’s right hand with her left, and then jumped out the window and away as Shellia and Oyur then followed with Angelica, and soon the worms that went around the house and such started to either jump off and slither up and over to them or go after Daniel.

Daniel then jumped out onto a Khenbush worm, and watched it go red as it then exploded. Daniel then felt the acid and blood all over his face and jacket, his clothes burning and his skin melted. Daniel felt the weirdest shock in his life, literally destabilizing his fear factor. He felt the pain, but could not react to it, as then a crowd of worms also came by and exploding right under him.

The kids looked back to see Daniel slowly getting up, the acid melting through his materials, but his skin and organs growing back whilst the acid mainly burned away. Daniel then looked behind to see more, and stood there, throwing his hands out as if to allow a crowd to clap for him as he took in the damage, and the blood dripped off as he regrew.

“Ha- nice.” - Oyur as Geurnf then kept running.

“Yeah! Come at me!” Daniel then started after the second wave and saw a third coming out of the building. They exploded the ground and made it go aflame like his paints and jacket, but his skin grew back, and the pain was felt but not responded towards. “Woo! Yeah... what the hell is happening?!” Daniel laughed.

He then looked over to Ejnare and Chinua’s home, exploding as more worms came from all directions, and seemingly endless waves were in check to happen.

“Chinua... are ya’ here?” - A Khenbush worm asked in its terror-filling distorted voice, not like a robot but rather a fungus, gurgling and clogged-sounding of Khenbush’s real voice.

Chinua was next to Ejnare as he held a sniper rifle from a room, straight forwards to the hallway. Ejnare saw one worm- and splat, the bullet passed. Another and another- twice but still ammo was behind. Then they started to come up in piles, and Chinua saw this with more fear. She opened the window and looked below, seeing forth to a large drop but still possible for the time being.

“Fucking shit heads...” Ejnare stated as he closed the door on the many, then threw himself onto Chinua, who was looking out the window, and hearing the massive explosion behind, making the door fly down and acid fly over to Ejnare’s shirt as he looked back after a second of holding his gun and then looking back to shoot at the incoming mob as he felt the acid coming onto his skin. “Oh- oh fuck!” He started to scream as he shot rapidly with his sniper rifle.

From below, Daniel had a entirety of a room filled with worms and let the explode, dropping the floor of the second ceiling and allowing Chinua and Ejnare to drop down as other worms came, but Daniel jumped on them and allowed the blood to get elsewhere on his burning body.

“Daniel!?” - Chinua as she saw forth to the worms jumping down.

“Yeah- go! I’ll hold them off!” - Daniel as she saw his skin come back.

Ejnare got up and paced away, tearing off his jacket and going right as a swarming crowd erupted from around the corner. Chinua also ran faster than him during this time.

Kioshi was in his home, looking out the window to Khenbish dying outside as she had planted a stop sign in one worm’s head, but died the next second. Kioshi watched below as none of them came to his home, and then he looked back towards my home.

I thrusted out of my house, not towards Kioshi- but up and over to Ryutyu and the other version of me fighting, where I used a darkness sword to cut off the right arm of the other guy before fighting him by swirling around and using my darkness abilities.

“Who are you!?” - Other Eighty-Three that was of my puppeteer-ing by my strings which Gustavo watched back in base.

“The Eighty-Three of this universe, and I would like you to leave us alone and listen to the etiquette of every universe- which is not to intrude on others because that is what the Red Glitch would like.” - I said quickly as he panted.

“Fuck etiquette- give me your blood.” - The other Eighty-Three as then Ryutyu came in again and started to punch around.

Me and Ryutyu then worked together to soon push him down and throw him into the portal, and then I grabbed my portal gun from under my dress and used it to close the portal. Henceforth, the coming and exploding Khenbush’s had nowhere to go back home, and Ryutyu then quickly moved around with me to pack them up and let them explode all in one area.

Ryutyu and me then dashed around, bringing the homes back and clearing up all other worms to then explode in that same area as I then clogged one’s nose and took it back home, and Ryutyu then rushed over to the kids wondering where everything went.

“We got em’ lads.” Ryutyu said as Geurnf looked around. His tail was wagging.

“Oh, nice, Ryutyu.” Geurnf nodded as then Oyur spoke up.

“Shit that- why didn’t he come earlier?” - Oyur about my presence.

“Well... Eighty-Three said he was finishing up an experiment, and that there was a red glitch effect that renounced his progress a little, so...” Ryutyu nodded.

“Mm, definitely.” - Oyur, angrily walking away.

“Is Daniel okay?” - Angelica then asked Ryutyu.

“Ya’, of course. Didn’t ya’ see? Daniel amazing at surviving acid without pain.” - Ryutyu told Angelica and she nodded happily, seeing Daniel run back over.

“Uh... uh... do we...” - Miss Hedheop with Teressa as they saw Jared scream from elsewhere as well, and Ejnare look around with Chinua from his side.

“Oh- ya’- Eighty-Three about to make lunch, or dinner- I dunno’ I forgor... ya’ll wanna’ come?” - Ryutyu asked and henceforth answers came up.

***The leaving.***

I rushed back inside to sit at the table filled with Christmas treats like cookies, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, pumpkin, and white chicken. Everybody was there except Khenbish. Geurnf sat next to Teressa, and everybody was talking to each other, even Ryutyu and Shellia- who was now in a dress but fully green, along with Gustavo sleeping behind on the couch, and Wilma back as well.

“Oh hey, Wilma- how did it go with the Steel Terrorists?” I asked, sitting down next to Shellia and Ryutyu where they saved me a seat on the very long table.

“They said nothing. I tried everything to communicate. I learned sign language and they just stared. I had television static in my head the entire time from their metallic plates.” - Wilma as her tails drifted behind her.

“Mm.” - Me as Angelica nodded with confusion on the terrorists.

“Ya’, those guys weird and fast- what we gonna’ do about em’? We can’t just let em’ keep coming back and destroying everything- they gotta’ have some sort of weakness...” - Ryutyu as he leaned in.

“They have indefinite powers to my knowledge. Maybe if we invite Jesus back he could do something about them.” - Wilma.

“Jesus also tried defeating one- and I- he did, right, Ejnare?” Daniel then spoke up.

“Yeah- he blasted the guy back and others as they came through portals or something...” - Ejnare as he spoke.

“Did you really forget one of the biggest events in our history?” - Oyur laughed to Wilma, and she responded with a smile showing that she knew she was forgetting.

“Sorry. I almost forgot about that. I just was not thinking of it.” - Wilma nodded over as everybody continued eating their food.

“But, hey- we survived, and haven’t gone missing like the Misters from those terrorists...” - Daniel shrugged as then Wilma looked to him.

“Yes, and I hope I can get them back and at least put them back in nature without minds like they used to be- but anyways, Jeo said ‘yes,’ you can all go home and hopefully live in peace. Although, since you have been outside this universe, every time the universe resets, you will be resetting somewhere- so I will have to help with that.” - I told.

“Damn...” - Oyur as he continued eating his cranberry sauce with mashed potatoes.

“Thank you, Eighty-Three. Will... should we stay for anything though? Is there a... (Ejnare nods his head away from Daniel,) Uh...” - Daniel before I chuckled.

“No- the reason I wanted you all to stay is because Jeo was an old friend who wanted to test something since he had a similar start to his backstory like mine. But now, it is okay, ahem- Ejnare. It is fine, as I understand you all are kids and dislike the traumatization we have had...” - I told before then looking at Ryutyu.

“Ya’... also, ya’ guys can at least call me swaggy-right up if ya’ wanna’ hang out.” - Ryutyu in his British accent, wagging his tail with a full belly.

“’Swaggy-right-’ man, you smoking bullshit English now.” - Oyur said in a whisper.

“Well... when do go?” - Chinua asked in her Mongolian accent.

“Whenever you would guys would like.” I shrugged and Ejnare nodded.

“Don’t you want to take your sisters too, girl?” - Geurnf to Chinua.

“Khenbish? No... Khenbush... maybe... how that going?” - Chinua to me.

“Me and Ryutyu fought a multiversal being of me causing the worms to come, but he has powers like me obviously, and remains undefeated. We could try later to find the original Khenbush- but the best I can do right now is possibly grab one and manipulate her cells to form a newer version of Khenbush- possibly- if the Red Glitch allows of course.” - Me as Ryutyu shrugged and Wilma looked to Kioshi on this.

“Oh...” - Chinua as Angelica saddened her face as well on the information.

“I’m sorry about your loss, Chinua... I also lost my friends, and the Red Glitch blocked Eighty-Three from reforming them... so that’s why I stay here... I understand how you feel- the exterminating pressure of never-” - Geurnf.

“No- I good... it just... Khenbish hates me and I know I shouldn’t try to be her sis... and Khenbush... she doesn’t care... or at least see me as buddy... but I can live without...” - Chinua as Ejnare put his right arm around her.

“I also lost a friend... and I’m sure Eighty-Three can tell the story because he probably duplicated himself and listened to it all.” - Ejnare suddenly to me.

“I thought you did not want to talk about it.” - Me to Ejnare.

“Well, yeah... but... did you listen to it all?” - Ejnare.

“Just the ending parts, where you were tilting your head at the television.” - Me slowly with a fade, and everybody nodded and continued eating in silence for two more seconds. Teressa then nudged Miss Hedheop, and Jared looked over to Wilma.

“So... can we also maybe... go? Teressa and Jared... they don’t like this new reality... and the others are... gone...” - Miss Hedheop with some eyebrow hair finally.

“Oh... damn...” - Daniel with sadness to Teressa’s sadness.

“Sorry about your sister, Teressa... but yes, you all can go. Where would you guys like to leave towards?” I asked and Ryutyu smiled to them.

“Uh... just go back to school where... just go back to normal- can we do that?” Miss Hedheop then asked.

“Not exactly- you will also reset every time the universe does, but mainly you will be good as school unless an event happened there, in which you guys will remember, but nobody else.” - Me.

“We can do that, right guys?” - Miss Hedheop, and Jared nodded with Teressa.

“I’ll pray that you guys live the best life you can, and no longer get into mass conflict like we’ve been in...” Angelica told Miss Hedheop and she smiled.

“Also- I just needed to remember- I got an Accord server me, Oyur, and Angelica made. You all should join so we can stay in-contact.” - Daniel before this scene should end, and this sentence, and these words I am putting down in this book.

And so, after lunch, Ryutyu rushed Daniel and Angelica over to Angelica’s home with a portal gun, whilst I used the finder-machine and rushed Chinua and Ejnare to Brazil, the state of Amazonas, to a little port along the Amazon River called ‘Porto.’ There, I made a nice cobblestone path with dark grey and wet rocks leading to a nice white mansion in the forest of pure identifiable green, and I had them in front of a white mailbox with a metallic pole to stand from. There was no backyard, but I made the trees go into the ground if they were too close, and Ejnare and Chinua looked forth to their two-story house with much furniture and lighting inside, whilst a garage with a blue car was already parked, and a white boat was on the right. Then, like Ryutyu did with the others, I made a portal to another universe with grassy plains, then made them jump in and out, and then closed it, so henceforth they would come back there if the universe reset.

“Thank you, Eighty-Three...” Chinua stated to me with a scared smile as I was still smiling behind my mask and my eyes were un-visible behind my shades.

“Yeah...” - Ejnare as he looked to Chinua after seeing the boat.

“You guys are welcome. The fridge is implanted with many fruits and fun foods, as well as the freezer. The table is already set with food just like we had this lunch, and maps are around the walls of the diner room. There are two bathrooms and bedrooms, and solar panels on top for electricity. If you need anything, just use your bee phones or say something in the Accord server, I have already joined it- or in-fact, just come by.” I started with a shrug at the end as Chinua then looked at her arms.

“Are our powers still... here?” - Chinua in her accent.

“Yes.” - Me, nodding, before Ejnare then nodded to me and I rushed away.

“Hope ya’ guys also have a good time!” - Ryutyu as he waved away to Angelica and Daniel, then rushing off with the portal gun, across the ocean at light speed, and then coming back, seeing me already at the intersection with Geurnf, Oyur, Kioshi, and Wilma.

“Alrighty- we have finished. What would you guys like to do now?” - I asked of everyone.

“Not be fucking weird.” - Oyur instantly.

“Ya’- why did ya’ make Shellia into a chocolate dispenser though?” - Ryutyu asked.

“I thought it was a cool idea." - Me.

“Well, fuck-no. That was some of the most awkwardness stupididy we had when she came up.” - Oyur to everyone around.

“It’s quite useful in one area, but truly a art in another.” Geurnf laughed as Oyur raged.

“Shit no- Shellia ain’t no art- she's a goddamn human being.” - Oyur.

“Or is she?” Geurnf laughed with a dramatic tone before, letting her funny slide as Wilma also chuckled and Ryutyu smiled towards Oyur’s red eys, “Well, anyways... since it’s going to be quieter now and such- maybe we could all focus on getting these ‘Misters’ ya’ll have talked about- or stopping the Steel Terrorists for good- or seeing up with the countryballs- or helping Khenbish... or just hanging out.” - Geurnf started to list with Ryutyu at her left side.

“I think for thy rest of thy day we shall take it off. I really wanna’ see how this ‘Accord’ server works with thy kids.” - Ryutyu in his British accent once again.

“Alrighty- and Wilma- maybe you could hang out with Ryutyu or Geurnf, because Angelica still would like you to stop your cocaine addiction, and I am sorry for not thinking of it that much lately as well.” - I told Wilma and she nodded.

“I am going to go play tennis with Nigga Nigga then. I will also join the server in a little bit.” - Wilma as she started to leave and Geurnf talked to Ryutyu as Kioshi watched Wilma go away.

“Have you ever watched Julio? The movie?” - Geurnf asked of Ryutyu.

“We can go watch it in Eighty-Three's living room...” - Ryutyu before looking back as she walked away, “Ight, ya’ll have a good one I guess!” Ryutyu happily said as Geurnf took him to my home, and she also waved back.

“Hey, Eighty-Three- ya' bitch-ass needs to have a CONVERSATION with mine.” Oyur then told as I looked to Kioshi.

“What is it, Oyur?” I asked almost seriously but keeping my voice up.

“This... weird shit you do. Like, Shellia was the threshold from thinking about it- but damn, like the dress you wear, the shit you secretly hint at, the mask and edgy MLG glasses, which if your dumbass didn’t know- are irrelevant now-a-fucking-days, and most of all, your bitch ass speaks like a fucking N-P-C. You really need to tone it down with this random bullshit you be flapping onto us baby-birds.” - Oyur.

“Sorry, I did not know it bothered you that much.” - me.

“You didn’t? Mate, you should be able to hear my screaming-ass five miles away- like, damn bruh- didn't you know Shellia came up to my home and offered up her own skin like it was normal? I don’t fucking care if she boneless and she gives free chocolate- I don’t want to see an un-etiquettey-dressed woman offering up her skin to be tasted- like who comes up with that shit anyways?” - Oyur.

“I do, but yes, I will not-” - Me.

“It was rhetorical dumbass- and plus, I know what your robotic-sounding, text-to-speech-sounding ass is inputted to elaborate. I don’t fucking care if you not going to do it again, I just need that song that you ain’t going to try it without ANYBODY, ever FUCKING AGAIN. Like, I had to scream inside in order not to cause my own Hiroshima right in front of Shellia’s fucking mouthless, no-women-rights-looking face. Like bruh- please, on god’s sake- stop acting weird and then typing it off like it some kind of Word document for your school, like that shit gonna’ haunt me at night, and I’m already getting second-degree awkwardness from a first-degree memory. I’m just saying bruh- fix your shit before I... uh, I really don’t know, but I really would like you just to fucking stop.” - Oyur with bold words.

“I understand, but-” - Me before he did something quite funny?

“HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA- BUT WHAT? BUT FUCKING WHAT!? What the fuck are you going to say now? BUT-FUCKING-WHAT, MISTER GALACTIC-SHIT-FEMBOY-FUCKING-BITCH-ASS-NIGGA!?” - Oyur after letting the demons inside him scream at maximum explosions of emotions.

“But I would like to continue these weird experiments and experiences for science and mainly psychology.” - Me as he then sighed and Kioshi did not do anything different than he already does, which is stare at us.

“Mm-hm- define-fucking-litely.” - Oyur slowly, breaking up that word.

“So, is there anything else you would like to expand on, or-” - me.

“Expand on getting some fucking emotions, you god-damn robot... like bruhhhhhhh... Jesus should come back down and whip yo ass...” - Oyur as he then left away, funnily. Kioshi watched for three seconds before turning back to me.

***Random being intrude.***

“Hm, there seems to be new Orchestral waves at the school yet again- would you guys like to check it out?” I asked Ryutyu, who was sitting in a rotatable sofa chair of light tale, and Geurnf was laying on the left of Ryutyu’s left, on one of the couch’s, being grey as they watched the big black television.

“Sure.” Ryutyu nodded before looking to Geurnf. “Would ya’ also like to come wit’ us, mate?” He asked Geurnf as her tail laid around her waist.

“Sure- just pause the movie before we go.” - Geurnf as Ryutyu then grabbed the remote to his right on the arm of the sofa chair and turned off the movie after pausing it.

“Alrighty- let us go then.” - I told, and then created a portalis behind me near the trashcan as it lead to the top of school, getting the portal gun from under my dress and then going forth as my ears flicked up with everybody else’s.

“Hm... can’t hear anything straight.” - Geurnf as she came forwards, and then darkness tentacles reached out from the portal and shoved both of her sentry boxes in, along with her toolbox, and she looked behind with surprise and worry. “Wait- what’s going on?”

“I hear... the Rainbow Orb, and just right now he got the black spy girl back from my basement, and Deandra is also there, all in the storage room. I will take care of the Rainbow Orb, (the voices laugh in my head,) Ryutyu, if you may with Deandra, and Geurnf- go on against Hadiza, who can change her appearance- if you want.” - Me turning back.

“What about the school people?” Ryutyu asked me along with Geurnf picking up her toolboxes, using each white metallic handle.

“I could shoot a gun and make everybody stay in their classrooms, as the alarm is for fire and will cause everyone to come out- or wait for everybody to cry off in fear when we show ourselves.” I told still with a smile and a happy tone, as then I closed the portalis and then went forth to the edge of the school, and I made darkness stairs down and went up to the entrance casually as nobody was around and silence was amongst the halls.

Guernf to my right and Ryutyu to my left, we went through the left side of the doors, and looked around to see a camera as well as the superintendent and desk monitor staring at us through the glass. Ryutyu waved as Geurnf sighed forth.

“I really don’t feel right doing this...” - Geurnf as I then made a gun out of my right hand and shot it, and four seconds later the intercom came over and I heard Arty rushing over.

“Have no worries, it will reset most likely whence we are finished.” - Me to Geurnf, then rushing off and Ryutyu also rushing off as Geurnf then placed her sentry down and then went to the lunchroom and spotted another place to put down another.

I rushed to Arty and placed him at the entrance to the military base before coming back inside to see Deandra already starting a song as the Rainbow Orb started to form spikes everywhere, but the Red Glitch formed in places as Ryutyu passed the black spy girl crying in slow motion, till I slammed my body into the Rainbow Orb as Ryutyu went forth, darting around the slow musical bar lines, and I bashed the Orb through the wall, and then outside through another wall.

I got up quickly as the Orb had a red glitch effect around him for a second before lifting up and spinning above debris and metals now shattered on the floor under the fully white sky, which had invisible sunlight showing through the large cloud.

“Ah- Eighty-Three- how's it been, funny man?” The Rainbow Orb told in a classy voice, as he saw darkness rise around our area and form a box over it, making all other sounds dissapate, especially Deandra’s violin at presto speed.

“A bit intriguing as always.” I told and then I said nothing for two seconds before the orb spoke with his normal voice then. I started to go right and circle him as he floated up.

“Uh... question- before we do a little funny again- why'd you torture Hadiza? Just wondering- cause she had the most emotion I had seen in a while...” - The Orb almost happily for the essence of Hadiza I had torn down mentally.

“I was having fun, just like the time when you once tortured me by killing everybody I knew with what you could- but let us focus on the word ‘wondering,’ because I also could use that word for a request from you I have been thinking about.” - Me. Deandra had shot rainbow musical notes everywhere inside, and one hit the Rainbow Orb, but he did not care.

“Alright, edgy-femboy-with-spikey-boots-now, what do you want?” The Orb shallowed to sarcasm. He then grew a face that looked widely at me.

“I would like to ask of a favor- because I know you like to mess with people, and I, as you have heard, am also liking those habits continuously over time.” - Me to the Orb. “But, you do not have to do it if you want, I am just offering since we both know these kinds of fights go nowhere without proper management.”

“Mm- okay, tell me what it is." - The Orb patiently.

“So you know Daniel, Angelica, Ejnare, and Chinua- right?” - Me to him.

“Yes, I recently plotted them out with Deandra and the help of the Computer- what's going on with them?” - Orb as his face spoke to me.

“Well, I did recently allow them to go elsewhere and live out semi-peaceful lives with past memories and contacts- but I had some thoughts quite quickly about the decision, which is nice and okay if you disagree next- but I wanted to ask of you to go to their place and mess with them so they come back to my team, and then you casually come here to the school daily and cause some havoc so I then can send them to stop you and the others, but we mess with each other, because we both see that as fun, right?” I asked about the funny-fun ball.

“Mm- Eighty-Three, you’re becoming a funny-fun man with some dead-ass intelligence, not gonna’ lie... so yeah- I’m up for it- but how do you want me to mess with them? Like, can I go all out, or should I start small or something?” - The Orb.

“Well, I think it would be best since we want this to continue for some time to firstly start with some a little random yet funny and not too dangerous, and then here at school keep it at a good pace of at least three of your team members messing around so then I may send the kids alone and they can try. After some battling- remember- we should not steal the corpses, but, let the winning team go away and leave the other team to clean up. That way I think we may be able to-” I asked of the Rainbow Orb as his face followed.

“Bro, I get it. Like damn bro- so much goofy-ahh dialogue and exposition...” - Orb.

“I know, I am sorry. But, what do you think of my request?” - I then committed towards.

“Yeah, sounds funny-fun.” - Orb before we shall change the scene over to Ryutyu.

Ryutyu was jumping between many darting notes, not too fast but whilst in the slow motion, Deandra made the room widen and many black walls foster around, coming to crush Ryutyu and push the black spy girl out. Ryutyu was moving weirdly around the many eighth-notes of black, coming like slow bullets, whilst he then rushed left and dodged a wall going into another as Deandra hovered on bar lines above, her violin having some red glitches here and there. She had gritty teeth but somewhat of a smile as she almost crushed Ryutyu. Then, with his wagging tail, he saw Deandra arise spikes from the ground, black circles first as Ryutyu saw down and then moved away, finding the spikes to come quicklier than the darts. Ryutyu started to play some sort of a hopscotch against the spikes as Deandra played a rapid tune of armored adventure with a speckle of wisdom-sounding rhythms. Ryutyu went one to his left, another to right, then another right, before seeing walls start to collide in, and so he went forth, seeing five more circles come into play, slowly fading in and being around the width and length of his entirety, before going through to a two-feet space between two, and watching as they took up. He then sighed and then heard above the wiggling of a giant rectangle falling with much mass. Ryutyu ran forth, missing the crushing black rectangle, before going forth again and then smiling as he ran around Deandra, missing many, before going to first, toppling it over, and then using the other to place on top and then jump on the third, and start hopping on them as he furthered his un-heightened distance towards Deandra flying in place. She saw this and simply moved to the right, where Ryutyu then jumped on more, seeing her move slowly. Deandra then made a line of miniature rainbow spikes, five large and going vertically, whilst Ryutyu was jumping off the blocks and letting them fall behind. He got on one, and leveraged himself to the right, before the block fell over as his constant run was disturbed and now, he was on the ground getting up and going for another round of dodging as he saw Deandra sweat with a grin.

Hadiza was outside the room, pushed out by a black wall as she heard behind the rushing around of spikes and darts blasting into the wall and Deandra’s playing so fast it sounded like a machine. Outside she heard nothing, and looking through the long hall, she saw Geurnf behind the first sentry, already looking at her. The sentry already aimed as Hadiza quickly looked around with fear, and saw it start to shoot. She reached down to her right pocket and sadly clutched her lollipop case before her flashlight, (INPUT CORRECT HERE) and then switched over to her flashlight with as much speed, seeing the bullet just a centimeter from her face as she then allowed a fake version of herself to blow up from the rockets, and be damaged into blood and smithereens from the incoming bullets as she let them bounce off her actual invisible appearance, before she then rushed around the cafeteria, saw the other sentry, turning around to shoot at the same place the other one already was. Hadiza darted over to the gym after the bullets stopped coming, opening the door to Geurnf’s surprise and confusion, before going around the corner of the bleachers, seeing darkness travel around and coming towards the entrance she wanted to go towards- both being targets as it came across the floor like paint and started coming after her, so she let her invulnerability time out. She then used a lollipop to change her appearance to a termite and started to run through the closing right door, sliding herself in with an enraged heartbeat as she almost cried and screamed, as only also the little termite of grey could be seen running and her larger essence was still invisible.

Geurnf did not see her coming through and started to go forwards with her wrench in hand, unable to see the little grey run quickly into the cafeteria and past the sentry to the stage, where Hadiza looked around for safety and found behind the curtains a safe place away from the sentry as she de-cloaked. She then huffed and puffed and cried after two seconds of looking around for any ravaging mercy, before then turning herself into me by getting a lollipop in her mouth and then sighing and breathing herself down.

After six seconds of feeling the echoing sounds through the wall, she decided to get up and look around the curtain to the sentry, which did not turn to her. She went up to it, saw the screen pad, and hit the red turn-off button in the top right. The sentry then started to close in itself and turn into a box once again, as Hadiza bounced back and grabbed her [CORECT item}} in order to get ready just in case Geurnf was around the corner.

After two seconds of looking around rapidly and shaking, Hadiza decided to turn to the hallway and peek around the corner to see Geurnf swinging her wrench from just around it at the head of the costumed-Eighty-Three that was Hadiza. She then pounced back with a scream in my voice before then going invisible and Geurnf looked around with confusion and tiredness.

“Damnit...” - Geurnf as she heard Hadiza jump off a table and then go silent. Geurnf decided to run in the open space, hitting forth and trying to get Hadiza three times before realizing she was missing from the area.

Geurnf had her ears up and tail stingy, before she heard footsteps exiting the lunchroom, and decided to follow forth, seeing nothing but the start of a whimper as Hadiza ran past the sentry and away.

Geurnf then threw her wrench whence she thought was a good time, directly as Hadiza passed the sentry, and the wrench’s handle hit Hadiza’s head hard, knocking her down, as Geurnf then threw herself onto Hadiza and let her puff up in pink smoke as she cried. Geurnf then used her left hand to grab the wrench before stopping to look down and see that Hadiza planted her face into the floor and wept into it.

Geurnf then lifted herself and watched as her sentry turned. Geurnf then called over to the sentry to “Stop!” before looking back as Hadiza rolled to her right. The sentry then looked to Hadiza as well as her eyes came over to Geurnf.

“What are you crying for, little girl? Don’t you... know this is a short war?” - Geurnf, kneeling with her right foot to Hadiza.

“I-” - Hadiza before I was thrown from the gym and onto her quickly, smashing her body down as pressure came upon me and Geurnf stepped back to see the Rainbow Orb spinning without a face, but also an entire black train falling onto me.

Geurnf then allowed the sentry to turn around and shoot at the Rainbow Orb, exploding the gym doors and also a spot in the wall where Ryutyu and Deandra were fighting, so then Ryutyu rushed out to Geurnf as the red glitch formed over the speeding Deandra and brought her to normal time-speeds so she could form a wall of metallic blue steel as the sentry shot.

“Aye- lad, me and Deandra can’t defeat one another...” - Ryutyu as he sweated, then seeing the train come back up and the ceiling form over as the Rainbow Orb blasted through the roof on the other end. Then I arose to Ryutyu and tossed him a yellow-metallic cylinder-like gun, as if it were to shoot a laser.

Ryutyu then heard the alarm beeping on Geurnf’s sentry and saw Deandra then rush forth with her violin and spikes being thrown as Geurnf dodged behind her sentry, and so he started to charge up the gun and allow a beam of darkness to foil into a sudden blue metallic wall once again, but Deandra gritted her teeth as the beam kept going and pushed her back, and far enough so that she went through the gym and to the other wall, at speeds of sound. The Rainbow orb then threw down a few trains by the gym doors and allowed the laser sound to decrease as steam dusted up and came out, blocking path to anybody coming.

“Did you get her?” - Geurnf to Ryutyu.

“Naw mate.” - Ryutyu in his Australian accent.

“Darn...” - Geurnf as then a Cyclop from a red-outlined portal came, with a blue eye and came up to Ryutyu from his left and past the empty-sentry, his legs literally going left and right ninety-degrees like a cartoon character as he sweat over to the gun grabbed it and left back to the white room with Red Eyes looking at Ryutyu angrily.

“Oh hey Ryutyu- sorry, but you shouldn’t be playing with weapons like these.” - That cyclops then scurried away confusingly.

“What?” - Geurnf after three seconds of confusion and echoing sounds, standing up and looking back upon the hole as it came up to show Hadiza’s body smashed to blood.

“I don’t think that was our Cyclop- some random multiversal thing as Eighty-Three also ponders about- but ya’, that’s what Cyclop looks like in our universe...” - Ryutyu as he looked to Geurnf and then Hadiza.

“Oh... okay, but-?” - Geurnf, almost sadly.

“Alrighty- we should just go. The Rainbow Orb cannot kill me, nor can I do so to him, so let us just leave.” I told after planting my boots with iron spikes down into the carpet from the ceiling, and waiting for the debris to clear to say my sentence, as I then shot my right arm out, and it swept Hadiza into a ball and that then whipped around to my right and on my back, as then I hopped up onto Ryutyu’s neck, my legs going around as he then darted over to grab Geurnf’s right hand and then her two sentries as I used darkness arms from under my dress to hold the open one a little back, and then we rushed off.

Geurnf saw the Doppler effect come into play as Ryutyu ran not near to light speed, but just enough so that if this was a visual mp4 on a television, you the viewer would be able to see sixty-one frames, in a second before Geurnf’s view of almost pure white was stopped and now she was back at base in front of her home as Ryutyu dropped off the toolboxes and she got down with her hairs sticking up as she grabbed them and started to re-enter her home.

Ryutyu and me then went over to Wilma’s mansion of fun before the universe started to reset, and all would be normal once again.

***The kids at home.***

It was near dawn now. Daniel lay on Angelica’s bed and looked around as his left knee was up and his hands were behind on his head on the white pillow. Angelica then came in and jumped on the bed to his right, then laying down and turning her head to look at him.

“Today was a good day, Daniel...” - Angelica as Daniel looked at her.

“Yeah... never knew Italian food was so... meaty...” - Daniel almost giggled.

“Yes, and thanks for helping out on the farm...” - Angelica as Daniel nodded.

“It was a lot of work, but yeah... felt good to do something for a friend...” - Daniel as Angelica then waited in silence for two seconds before saying something.

“What do you want to do now?” Angelica asked Daniel shyly.

“Learn Italian at least- because I feel like watching television will be hard to understand without knowing what they’re saying...” - Daniel.

“Alright... uh... do you know how to say ‘hi’ in Italian?” - Angelica.

“Ciao, right?” - Daniel as he looked in Angelica’s eyes.

“Mm-hm.” - Angelica happily as Daniel breathed in and out and waited for another word, but heard none, so he dawned his face on an inclusive question.

“So, uh... when is dinner again?” - Daniel as his tail was wrapped around his waist.

“Mom’s making it right now.” - Angelica.

“Alrighty... and uh... should I go take a shower now or later? What are we going to do about that?” - Daniel asked Angelica.

“Oh, uh... I... you can go now, I’ll be downstairs...” Angelica giggled awkwardly.

“Oh, thanks... but uh, question... uh- nevermind...” - Daniel as he got up.

“Hm? What’s the question?” - Angelica as she laid up.

“Uh... it- it was about if you are going to do fine... like... I’ve been thinking about... shooting Deandra with that shotgun, and how her face splatted all over the wall... and how my head shot off and I couldn’t see, hear, taste- or smell anything, until suddenly like a slideshow, my senses just came... out from the darkness below? Is that... I don’t know... do you also think about that a lot? Because the entire time we worked, I could... only think about myself blowing off the head of Deandra... or using myself against the worms... or... you know... I hope I’m not developing PTSD, is what I’m trying to say I guess...” - Daniel.

“Oh... sorry Daniel... it’ll be better now. My mother-” - Angelica as she got up and looked at him, before stuttering her bones back as suddenly she heard horses.

The Rainbow Orb was below in another room, not the kitchen, just behind Mrs. Colombo working, and he spawned in over twenty-five horses to fill the bottom of the house and allow Mrs. Colombo to scream as she backed away to the kitchen door and out of the house as many horses trampled their way over everything in their path as spastically as possible, bouncing on tables, in the kitchen sink, and running up the stairs to then knock over Angelica’s door and pounce onto her as Daniel came forth and shoved his way into one as the rest came onto Angelica and smashed her face in. Daniel got his face smashed in, but his face regenerated as he pushed them off and toppled them as they barricaded themselves into the room and populated the entire house.

“What the hell!?” - Daniel as he pushed them off and looked around. Then suddenly, every horse glowed red, and everything exploded, stuffing steam and debris into the air as Mrs. Colombo backed away with shock and horror. The house was now demented and black, fire steaming everywhere, and Daniel was blasted out to the farmlands, his clothes burnt and shriveling into ash as Mrs. Colombo saw his body burn into her farm and cried out in unstable bones.

“DANIEL!? Daniel!” Mrs. Colombo cried over as she then looked back to the house away from the deceasing blood of Daniel, “ANGELICA!? NO!”

“Me my...” Daniel stated as he got up and sighed, looking at his hands regenerate from the burn before looking to the home, “We can’t escape our past...” He then ended as Mrs. Colombo watched his skin heal up.

In Brazil, Ejnare sat alone in the forest. Around him were Psilocybe caeruleoannulata, mushrooms that were tan and had fat heads, almost white as they stuck out of the green grass with specs of darkness. There were a few to Ejnare’s right in a small community, there being eleven, whilst there were some nearby on a few trees, but they were not plentiful around. Ejnare had eaten one, and his vision had gone psychedelic.

He sat there, a little disgusted, but what he saw was past his imagination. The hearing of birds chirping, winds blowing, and leaves trickling had amplified, and he sat there wonderous as his eyes looked forth. He saw the green had enlightened like the Doppler effect took place, and that branches around twisted and blurred, in almost a creepy fashion but weird. The sounds echoed and everything around him waved up and down, having a brighter sense of color shift once and while.

Ejnare got up, but once looking down as he used his left hand to lift himself from his stance without clothes, he saw the ground dwell in, the grass be pushed down, and his weight fall as the grass repeated a pattern down for infinity. Ejnare dropped and allowed his tail to fall as well as his ears went droopy, and he pushed his head up. The trees leaned in towards him and the waves of the sky with clouds started to shift around in a spiral as their clouds bloomed with light blue and everything sang with waves.

“Bro looks so dunny.” - The Rainbow Orb as he came behind Ejnare.

Ejnare twisted his body around to see the echoing voices lead to the Orb, spinning with more vibrant colors and random textile patterns as Ejnare looked up.

“Hey...” Ejnare stated with confusion before he felt himself be lifted up, seeing below him the grass ravage like a thousand cogs spinning and watching as the Orb lifted himself up to Ejnare’s level just above most of the forest trees, and then threw him with speed back to the home in Chinua’s room where she sat watching television before looking back with fear at Ejnare.

“Hu- Ejnare?” Chinua asked with surprise rather than terror and discomfort.

“Oh...” - Ejnare as he saw the debris teleport places and his walls patternlike water being dropped in water as he moved himself up and looked at Chinua who started to seem like her eyes duplicated all over her body. “Shit... I’m on shrooms and the Orb is back...”

Chinua looked out the hole in the wall to see the Orb come slowly back in. “Fuck off!” Chinua stated, getting her fists ready with anger and punching the Orb, seeing that her hands went right through him and it did nothing.

“Both of you are so dunny- funny-funny to be honest. Ya’ll going back to sip tea with the British furry, cause ya’ll shrooming- HEHAHAHAHAHAHAE!” - The Orb annoyingly.

“Man...” - Ejnare as then Chinua and Ejnare saw at faster than sound speed themselves blast away, the Doppler effect causing things to light up as they then smashed into the shield of Wilma, and she came spinning out to find them and opened it up so they could enter as she reformed them.

“Oh my god...” - Chinua as Wilma looked at them with confusion.

“You guys too? Not everybody can escape this world of chaos I guess.” - Wilma as she held out both her hands and had rainbow-flowing eyes. She also had cocaine under her nose and fingernails which were un-colored.

“I DON’T HAVE A GREEN! GREEN! THIS GAME TRASH! TRASH!” - Khenbish yelled at the table. I sat in the middle at the left end as Oyur was on my right and Khenbish on my left. “GOD-DAMNIT! DAMNIT!”

Oyur chuckled at Khenbish, seeing her shake with anger as she had eleven cards, and he had six. I had four, and Khenbish kept grabbing till she found a green reverse and placed it down with anger, smacking it in the middle of the perfected-pile of cards, and letting my darkness strings fix its one-hundred-and-ninety-degree-angle-turn to ninety-degrees.

“I HATE GREEN! GREEN! I HATE! I HATE! I DON’T- I HAVE A GREEN! GREEN! FINALLY! FINALLY!” Khenbish started to say with a loud voice as Ryutyu sat down in the living room and watched a movie with Geurnf. She had then placed the card.

It then became my turn and Oyur watched with intrigued looks as he saw me raise the card up, see Khenbish shake with anger, before then seeing me turn the card with my right hand to show a reverse green to Khenbish in the game of Tres and Oyur then saw Khenbish stop shaking and just stare at it with her daring eyebrows.

“Oh no! Again!? Shit bro! Hahahahaha!” Oyur laughed, breathing fast as he could not resist my gesture of just showing it rudely to Khenbish’s face and then placing it down calmly. Khenbish then started to shake as it was her turn again and she busted out her words.

“I DON’T HAVE A GREEN! GREEN! FUCKING HELL! HELL! FUCK YOU! YOU! EIGHTY-SHIT-SHIT!” - Khenbish as she pointed at me, Oyur laughed beyond comprehension, and Geurnf and Ryutyu turned to smile as Khenbish then slamming her hands down and then lifted her jaw up to scream at the ceiling. “FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!”

“Eighty-Three, my man... damn bro...” - Oyur as he tried to stop laughing, his face red.

“WHAT IS GAME?! GAME!?” - Khenbish as she kept on grabbing. “ONE- TWO- THREE- FUCKING FOUR!? FIVE!? SHIT SIX!? SHIT SEVEN!?”

“Please... on god, please...” - Oyur wheezing.

“EIGHT? NINE?! TEN- of FUCKING FINALLY! FINALLY! TEN! TEN!” Khenbish as she then placed down an eight-green, and Oyur lifted his head, almost crying of laughter.

“Geez... Jesus...” - Oyur as he placed down a blue of eight, and then looked to me just smiling and staring at him. “Oh no- don't you dare Eighty-Three!”

I placed down a green eight I already had in my deck, and Khenbish exploded in a giant scream. Oyur then exploded in laughter as Ryutyu also giggled at the sofa chair. We continued to game for a little bit more till Daniel and Angelica walked in and sat down with us. Khenbish left angrily and Geurnf sighed and left herself as well, and then Oyur went out as Ryutyu came over to eat from the kitchen, and Wilma went back out.

A few seconds later, I sat down with Ryutyu and the returning kids and listened to their stories. Gustavo and Shellia also were now outside, admiring the pool.

“Yeah- the Orb just threw me and Chinua back here...” - Ejnare after Daniel finished.

“Well... do you guys think I should go talk to him and the rest of Heru’s allies to announce that you guys are leaving and staying out of the situation?” I asked them all.

“Yes, please.” - Angelica with worry as Daniel nodded and said himself “Yeah.”

“I don’t know- are they gonna’ allow it? I mean, if shit continues to go downhill just because we were opened up to this bull-shittery, doesn’t that mean we either got to solve it or forever be stuck in it?” - Ejnare with a little anger but still a low voice.

“True- are we even capable of going back and living normal life if we no have powers like George?” - Chinua pulled up.

“Aye- Eighty-Three, ya’ know anything about George?” - Ryutyu asked me.

“No, I do not. He possibly went away to some Siberian location, and I could go and search right now. Elsewise, he most likely went to another universe and settled there.” - Me.

“Can we possibly settle in another universe and be safe?” - Daniel to me.

“I have no idea. Heru’s allies can find you across universes just with their minds, and the Red Glitch probably wants everyone naturally in this universe or already here to stay nor leave. He dislikes multiversal travel I think.” - Me.

“Well lads- I can rush ya’ back as Eighty-Three goes lookin’ for George.” - Ryutyu.

“I’m just gonna’ stay. Unless Daniel and Angelica here can find a calm place to get away from all this- I think we need to just kill those guys and get it over with.” - Ejnare with gestures on tapping the table with his palms.

“Uh actually- um... (Daniel looks to Angelica,) I think we... are going to stay as well with you guys, (He sees Angelica nod,) but also, can you send Wilma to go fix Angelica’s home? Mrs. Colombo probably is a bit traumatized from the experience.” - Daniel.

“And can we make a plan? Like, to actually stop all this?” - Ejnare then introduced.

“Yes, I can do both. I will try to open a portal to another universe where it is calm, go looking for George, ask Wilma to reconstruct Mrs. Colombo’s home and think of a plan to fully stop the Computer and Heru’s allies.” I said, each noun of each sentence making me undergo mitosis to my left and having a version of me rush out and do so statement. One version came back with a portal gun, and the Red Glitch marked over it, and then he gave it to Daniel, and Daniel then looked at it, and inputted text for a ‘CALM AND SAFE UNIVERSE” and it still red-glitched.

“Nice...” - Ryutyu as he saw the many copies of me zoom out and around.

“So you done of a thinking a plan yet?” - Ejnare as he looked to me just staring off into the distance, and I turned to him quickly, making Chinua shake her head and blink twice.

“Each of our enemies can be stopped and trapped if we use a Humanitor and are allowed to use a force-fielder. As long as the Red Glitch does not stop us, it will be easy to do so.” - Me as my tail started to lay on the floor.

“Wait- if it was that easy, why haven’t you done it yet?” - Daniel.

“The possibilities. If I do not have enough people to assist, it could be hard stopping light-speed-beings from just running away or trapping us or an amount of other things we may have to take into factor.” - Me. “But I feel as if we are tiring them out and henceforth converting their old sadistic-selves away from evil and into good, so maybe we should continue with that instead of just finishing, (I look at Angelica,) the job with blood. And if they do not convert, maybe they will just leave.” - Me.

“Oh definitely...” - Ejnare with a bit of a sigh.

One copy of myself rushed all the way to where George should have been lying dead and bleeding out, but what I found was a snowstorm above, a field of view shrunken by the fog, and George missing with snow covering up blood beneath, as I heard it trickled down a few particles. I then whipped around, but only found my copy-self to find George’s blood below and his body un-existent. I planted my face below by bending my entire spine but saw nothing but the rocks below. Then that copy whipped away.

“Any luck finding sister?” - Chinua asked me sorrily as everybody started to leave the diner place and go back to their homes.

“Sadly, no... but I did play a game of Tres with Khenbish, so maybe you guys can make it up and get to know each other better over time...” - Me as Ejnare walked away.

“Thank, but I don’t... think she’ll like me...” - Chinua as she then looked at me, and then walked away as Ryutyu got a glass and drank it. I then looked at Ryutyu.

***Erua comes back...***

“Ight mate, Eighty-Three just went to talk to thy Rainbow Orb and such, so that be why I here... Ya’ doing anything?” Ryutyu asked Daniel as he sipped her blue drink.

“Actually, no. You got anything on your mind?” - Daniel to Ryutyu.

“Nah bruh... just checking in... but, if ya’ wanna’ do something- we got weights in me room, also we could play Team Bunker Four and use thy Accord server to communicate if needed, or post memes on thy Accord server- how is that going by the way? I haven’t checked in on it.” - Ryutyu.

“Well, nobody really posted anything new after you went offline. Everybody just been saying hello or posting memes, and I’ve been making up roles. I mean, Angelica started her MyCam channel and I think she’s making a video right now...” - Daniel.

“Igh...” Ryutyu nodded as Daniel then came out.

“I think everybody joined that we know. Geurnf, Kioshi, even Khenbish- is there anybody I’m missing? Besides George of course- I hope he’s okay.” - Daniel.

“Me too... but Nah bruh. If Nigga Nigga in the server, then ya’ got everyone.” - Ryutyu as he wagged his tail and looked around elsewhere.

“Okay- but what is up with his name? Why do we call him that?” - Daniel.

“Wilma named him it. It quite funny I guess.” - Ryutyu shrugged with a smile.

“Alright bro, whatever you say... let’s go play that game you mentioned though. Is it good?” Daniel asked Ryutyu as his tail was slow and laid down.

“Aye, it is!" - Ryutyu happily as he then rushed Daniel into the basement to play.

Ejnare was then working out later as Oyur, Daniel, Wilma, and Ryutyu played Team Bunker Four on separate laptops. Ejnare had no music, but watched Daniel play as a scout, Ryutyu as a swordsman, Wilma as a sniper, and Oyur as a rocket launcher man. Later, as Ejnare continued alone, Daniel soon brought up Angelica’s new video.

“Hey- Angelica just uploaded her new video.” - Daniel as he looked on Accord as the rest played Team Bunker Four.

“Damn really?” - Oyur as Wilma looked over.

“Yeah, let’s watch...” - Ryutyu, and Daniel put on her video. Ejnare also put down his weights from sweating on his fur and jacket and decided to come over and watch as they all came to see Angelica in such a horrible video resolution and mic quality explain how the start of the universe does not make sense with the big bang. The first thing she did was sit in a chair and have her bible closed the entire time.

“Alright- a bit cringy, but true.” - Daniel.

“Aye- why couldn’t ya’ give her a better mic quality, Wilma? She sounds like a physical ratio.” - Ryutyu as he looked to Wilma for persuasiveness.

“A physical ratio? What does that even mean?” - Oyur giggled as Ejnare looked over.

“Yeah, sixteen blaring minutes though...” - Daniel, “Wait- I got an idea- Wilma, spawn in some caps with text reading ‘cap’ on each one- I want to duplicate a meme for this.”

“Really bruh? He about to do the grand finale of roasting his own friends.” - Oyur.

Wilma then made arms from her back give Daniel a red, blue, green, orange, and yellow cap with yellow Abadia text up the brim reading ‘CAP,’ and Daniel then turned on his camera and motioned everyone to back away. He then stared at it for three seconds as it came on, before he then shoved one cap on, then the other hat immediately after, and quickly the rest as he slowly raised his left eyebrow.

“Bro is so dunny.” - Ejnare.

“Bro- what?” - Daniel laughed looking back to Ejnare after saving the footage.

“That’s what the Rainbow Orb said before he threw me into my Brazilian home...” - Ejnare.

“What da’ fuck does ‘dunny’ even mean? Search that shit up.” - Oyur asked of Daniel and so they found out that it means an unintelligent person.

“Aye- improper English.” - Ryutyu after Daniel read out “A slash an unintelligent person. Synonym for ‘dummy.’”

“What do you know about English, Bri’ish-blabber?” - Oyur to Ryutyu.

“Oi mate- ya' don’t gotta’ be so mean to thy guy.” - Daniel making fun of Ryutyu further.

“Aye lads- I know me English, I just stuck with these god-forbidden vocal cords that prohibited my most excellent taste in speaking with a straight tongue, ya’ whipper-snappers wouldn’t understand a dool-hooky if ya’ saw one even.” - Ryutyu going from old English to modern British to Australian.

“What the fuck does that even mean?” Daniel laughed his head off.

“Man going from Winston Churchill to Mozart and now the sniper from Team Bunker Four.” - Oyur stated without much of a laugh himself.

“Bruh...” - Wilma giggled.

“Bruh- you made Wilma say ‘bruh.’” - Daniel as he laughed a little more.

“You guys are so dunny.” - Wilma.

“Bro- stop...” - Daniel laughing further.

So, they went back to gaming for a bit before I then intruded.

“Hello everybody- I have finished talking to the Rainbow Orb and Heru...” - Me.

“Oh really?” - Ejnare inclusively from behind with abs now.

“What did they say?” - Daniel, stopping his gaming as Wilma spun around.

“Well, they will not be stopping. The Computer still operates a background game where if my dead body is brought into Heru’s hands, the one and only of this universe- then all shall be paid trillions, and many of them seek money, or fame from money, or just-" - me as I looked at Wilma and her face dropped with neutrality and almost depressiveness. She listened closely to the voices in my head- some laughing, some speaking. But to her, so many were there, she cut her mind off from it, and tried focusing elsewhere like onto Ejnare, as her background was now filled with explicit sounds and untranslatable words.

“Wait- I thought thy Computer could only do one game.” - Ryutyu, as then a “Yeah” could be heard from Daniel, Daniel’s tail being around his left thigh.

“Well, yes- but the Red Glitch has showed to allow this one absence of his power.” - Me as Wilma had her tails lower and her eyes get wet as she knew how smooth I was. She then started to open her mouth before I shot out a sentence, “Oh! I hear at my school- Erua- she is back and the Timal Tienes are chasing her. We should go, Wilma and Ryutyu.” I told quickly and Wilma got up with a nod as Ryutyu rushed up.

“Hm? Who’s Erua?” - Daniel asked considerably and nicely.

“An old friend that was supposed to stay around yo.” - Ryutyu. “Sadly- thy Timal Tienes thrusted her away, and shits being going down against her ever since I think.”

“We have no idea, but they took her away like the Steel Terrorists took the Misters away- through so many universes. Let us go immediately- we must save her.” - Me, and Ryutyu used high speed to thrust me up around his neck as Wilma then tried to make a portalis, but the red glitch stopped her, so Ryutyu grabbed her right hand without word, and dashed off, blasting wind upon Ejnare’s fur as he was with a depressive face, lifitng weights and uncaring as his fur bounced up.

Soon, we arrived at the school’s entrance, going through and hearing the alarms. Ryutyu landed me off as Wilma stood by, and then we all listened closely, before hearing Erua run out of the gym and towards us, the Timal Tienes behind, four with the main guy still coming right at in front. Their swords were raised and their faces angry as Erua cried over to us.

“HELP! PLEASE! HELP!” - Erua shouted in the alarm as she then came over to us and looked back as the Timal Tienes made a stance.

“Aye mates- what ya’ doing trying to kill Erua here?” - Ryutyu.

The Timal Tienes did not speak but looked to Ryutyu before each taking a step back consecutively from front to back, and Wilma switched around to shoot her hands out at the Steel Terrorists blasting in from the wall and shooting after everyone. Then, at the same time as Ryutyu rushed to Erua and zipped her out of there, the skeleton with orange eyes banged into me from the Rainbow Orb, and we were smashed past kids in classrooms, screaming as they heard dust and debris come around.

I threw the skeleton off me as his wheelchair was in another classroom and he threw his arms up with his orange eyes staring into my darkened shades as some classmates of mine in certain periods looked over.

“What the hell? Why am I here?” - The skeleton asked as he looked to me.

“You are here to die.” - Me as I made the arms from under my dress turn in saw blades and start duplicating off each other as they reached after the skeleton as he paced back like a realistic game character.

“Hell on me- I guess I deserve this.” - The Skeleton as the Rainbow Orb then came through a portalis to appear in front.

“Goodbye, unfunny man. Your funny wasn’t so fun-fun.” - The Orb before also going “HEHEHEHEHEHAHEHEHEHAHEHEA!”

“What?” - The Skeleton before he dissolved in liquid green acid and the arms from under my dress increased back and I looked to the orb.

“Why did you do that so quickly? I was about to have a good battle.” - Me.

“Man- sometimes I forgor. Anyways, madness, right? As you said right before you wanted me to blast you through walls?” - The Orb as I heard Ryutyu faraway dragging Erua by the hand and pulling her like a slowly moving cabinet on wheels.

“Indeed- but where did the Steel Terrorists come from?” - I nodded and he made a portalis away to above Wilma.

“I have no clue bro.” - The Orb before going through the portalis and making trains everywhere so the students looked back as suddenly everything felt elevated and they started to scream as the desks went up and the alarms purged more and more. I also heard below that the school now rose to the mesosphere and trains blasted in many directions. Soon though, I slowed down reality with my speed and heard Ryutyu running near the lockers near the band room, in which I ran over towards.

“Aye mate- what now?” - Ryutyu as Erua was in slow motion and elsewhere I heard Wilma not in slow motion dodge not-in-slow-motion bullets from many Steel Terrorists, creating a wall of rainbow-ness to block it. As I turned back to Ryutyu and my mask started to open the two-dimensional smiling cat face with sharp teeth, a Steel Terrorist blasted through the walls and exploded with a rainbow bomb. Luckily, it was diagonal, and somehow the Steel Terrorist survived whilst I was dead and bleeding, but my mask was still in slow motion, and it showed a smile as my jaw was still smiling after death.

Ryutyu opened his eyes to see me dead in a wall and the Steel Terrorist coming out of his with un-red goggle eyes and fists up to the furry. As the environment broke quickly and kids amongst a different room slowly turned their way, Ryutyu ran past the un-broken Erua and punched the Steel Terrorist to his left. Ryutyu then grabbed the Steel Terrorist and threw him left onto the floor, and then allowed him to roll over as then Ryutyu jumped and laid another fist into the Steel Terrorist, punching his glass goggle eyes repeatedly and finding only tired motions try to stop Ryutyu. The glasses were not breaking, and the armor was clean and unscratched in any way.

“Whom are of thy to be so elegant in such a disastrous cause?” - Ryutyu as he looked into the eye of the Steel Terrorist as the man was punched into tiredness. The Steel Terrorist then put his right hand quickly into Ryutyu’s left eye, and Ryutyu pulled his head back with a “Aug!” as the Steel Terrorist then pushed Ryutyu off and bounced up, and Ryutyu did as well, letting his green glowing eye still be normal as he felt around the eye hole and looked sternly at the Steel Terrorist, his ears up and hearing the fire amongst my rubber dress as I oozed out blood around it. “Show yourself, lad- you chaotic mess of thy humanoid form is all I can prefer amongst your scally-wag action!” British Ryutyu to Australian Ryutyu with a wagging tail in slow motion time.

The Steel Terrorist then ran up to Ryutyu and tried smacking him left in the face with his right fist, but Ryutyu caught it and bent it around, twisting to then shove the Steel Terrorist into the wall as then he grasped the helmet of the Steel Terrorist and tried ripping it off, finding it stuck on, before the Steel Terrorist used his left leg to push himself back into Ryutyu, then slamming himself and Ryutyu onto the floor before then bashing his head back into the doggy-dragon-like jaw and then turned around to use both of his hands to pluck at Ryutyu’s ears, in which Ryutyu used his right hand to give a good belly-punch, but armor protected that, so he used both of his arms to grasp around the neck and found it under-worthy in the time frame as the Steel Terrorist tried pulling off his ears. Ryutyu then used his legs to push off the Steel Terrorist by putting both under his belly and throwing him to the right as then Ryutyu got up before the Steel Terrorist and punched him in the head hard before once again even more thrustful, and finally a third time before the Steel Terrorist paced back and then rushed at Ryutyu, shoulder bashing as he rotated to hit Ryutyu’s dodging, and making Ryutyu stumble a little backwards as then the Steel Terrorist spun and smack Ryutyu’s jaw, and then grasped his elongated jaw, and swung it into the lockers four times, left and right entirely one-hundred-and-eighty-degrees, before Ryutyu then caught himself and gave a hard knock under the gas mask chin of the Steel Terrorist, knocking him back a little, but it seemed un-hurtful as Ryutyu’s nose bled a little. Ryutyu then saw the Steel Terrorist rush in with a karate-chop to his left shoulder, before then moving his torso to rotate on its side as he tried making a cart-wheel kick, but Ryutyu grabbed his right leg, and swung him around into the lockers, before then grabbing him by the neck and repeatedly punching him before the Steel Terrorist then grabbed Ryutyu by the neck, and Ryutyu tried budging off the Steel Terrorist’s arms, but the unit kept holding before Ryutyu then pressed his fingers into the glasses, and the man was uncareful with both his hands, so he wrapped his legs around the man, puffed his tail in front of the mask, lifted his shoulders up, and pulled his chin down before he spit on the glasses of the Steel Terrorist, and somehow the guy or girl still did not care. Ryutyu then with an aggressive face started to thrust himself back and forth as his legs were around the other Steel Terrorist, and this made them both wobble back and forth as his jammed his front of his jaw into the helmet and back before the Steel Terrorist made him fall into the lockers and then Ryutyu moved both of his feet onto the Steel Terrorist’s head as his tail moved down, and he pushed off, and the Steel Terrorist let go as Ryutyu then dropped to the floor and gasped for air, breathed in hard and a lot, before then the Steel Terrorist grabbed him by his back jacket and threw him to the right to stumble, before then Ryutyu was getting his body and hands up and punching the Steel Terrorist as he continued breathing harshly, and then the Steel Terrorist then knocked one good left punch into the jaw and sent Ryutyu stumbling a bit back, and then their battle continued towards the second gym entrance.

Erua got up with demise and discomfort, scared and eager to escape the idea that she had just tumbled onto the floor. With alarms and screams of children about, she got up in a haze, weird-ed out by the gravity as she felt a lift up and was different. She looked back to the pitching sounds of punching before getting away quickly, running past and looking with terror to the dead corpse of me. She continued running, hearing two Timal Tienes come around the corner after her, and then two others come around to block her.

“Wait- no- please! Please! I haven’t done anything wrong! I just wanted to help!” Erua called after as she looked in her pockets with quickness to find the portal step-watch still on a timer, and the main Timal Tiene came up to her and sliced her throat, before then stabbing his sword in her head as she passed down from her knees begging and now drooled all her blood on the floor. Then another grabbed a portal gun and made a portal under her and hoped back down to their white-room safety, closing it, as elsewhere, Wilma was creating supernovas and blasting Steel Terrorists everywhere as millions of hands behind her and copies floated everywhere, trying to protect the school.

As she did though, she heard the mind of Erua and tried to get over, but a Steel Terrorist made his own wall of rainbow-ness and blocked their battle outwards the school, reforming parts of it as slowly soon white faded in and the war was over.

Wilma and I were down in our torture basement, sitting and watching the Plague Doctor undergo the ravaging purple glows of the endless walls and halls. Wilma then turned to me as I turned to her.

“Erua died...” - She spoke quickly with sadness. “The Timal Tienes got away.”

I sighed with a smile still. “We can go find her.” I stated, then getting up, looking back upon the Khenbish worm and the black spy girl now crying at Wilma, before then Wilma got up and stayed looking down at the floor as I made the darkness make a hall for me to travel through and towards Gustavo sleeping on Ryutyu’s bed.

“No...” - Wilma, and I stopped to then look back at her. “Erua does not deserve this. This repeating and worsening set of events and people...”

“What do you mean?” - Me to Wilma as the black spy girl stopped and listened.

“How are you so smooth at telling everybody lies?” Wilma asked with impatient breathing, her heart beating and my ears flickered up as hers were down and sad. “Why do you want to live this bipolar life?”

“I must separate friends, ethics, and enemies from science, depraved-sadistic fun, and... I guess revenge... but I understand this has been getting onto your mind quite-” - Me before Wilma intruded with a pounding breath.

“Did you kill George?” - Wilma as then silence was amongst all.

“No.” I stated after a few seconds, “He is alive, but now in his own place.”

“What did you do?” - Wilma to me with crying eyes.

“I... punched him a little... then I allowed the other version of me to rip out his eyes... and he disappeared afterwards...” I told Wilma and she cried for four seconds in silence. I felt the silence as well, but my smile still sustained, because I had fun watching.

“My thoughts run faster than your voices now... I hope you get better...” She said before making a portalis back to her room and then leaving with tears to cocaine.

Now only Hadiza stared at me. Then I walked up to her, and she screamed.

***The Rainbow Orb enacts again.***

“Another mission... this is becoming a job, isn’t it?” Ejnare asked Daniel as the halls were cleared and he held a sniper as Daniel held a scattergun and Ryutyu was with his armor and a sword, his ears up and his tail wagging.

“It wasn’t already?” Ryutyu joked and Daniel smirked.

“Truly- we have become mercenaries.” - Daniel back to Ryutyu. They continued on for a bit before reaching the gymnasium and opening through to see nobody there.

“Eh- must be a vacant period.” - Ryutyu into the echoing chamber as they all looked around, seeing one camera in the corner on the opposing side of the bleachers.

“Yeah, the cameras must have evacuated everybody already.” - Daniel told as Ejnare saw it. “Anyways, where-”

“Daniel... Daniel!” Angelica called out as she came up sprinting with her bible in hand, and Ryutyu was quick to turn around to see her.

“What is thy, Angelica?” - Ryutyu asked as Daniel turned around slower.

“Chinua- they took her. We couldn’t find the correct Timal Tiene base as jumped through multiple universes of a similar base- but soon a group of Timal Tienes decided to attack us and the rest of the others, and we couldn’t find Erua- and Chinua got stabbed and taken away...” - Angelica sadly.

“Oh shit...” - Daniel as he looked to Ejnare who was a little grumpy.

“I’ll go and assist.” - Ryutyu nodded to Angelica as he then darted away. Ryutyu came back towards a dead corpse of Chinua and Angelica, and the machine was off. He then looked around with his ears flicking up and his eyebrows mad, before getting the machine and checking the bodies as he then heard a gunshot.

“Ejnare!” - Daniel yelled elsewhere as he then shot and saw Angelica’s body poof up into pink smoke. Daniel was now looking around with distress and anger, before running to the other entrance of the school after picking up Ejnare’s gun, and then rallying away looking ferociously in both directions. “Wait- I have regeneration, I should be fine.”

Daniel then started to run around the school without care as Ryutyu had then rushed all the way around to find Ejnare’s body and hear behind him the slight pickup of a gun, and a few tears behind his head. Ryutyu then darted around to see the crying Hadiza, before then shoving his sword in her torso, and letting the slow-motion trail away.

Hadiza stopped with surprise and her crying was left to drool as she looked down onto the sword, and then fell over.

“Allow Miss Opium and Deandra to enter now.” I told the Rainbow Orb back at their base, and he whipped around the halls and down to the first floor to then tell at the table both Deandra and Miss Opium to go through a portalis he then made. The Orb then rushed back up and had his white glowing face to me, as I heard Heru in the other room pacing back and forth, listening to music whilst many Luxembourgish balls were dancing too. Heru was without an angry face and rather dull, but we were in the neighboring room, looking through the cameras of the school.

“Was that good?” - The Orb to me as I stood, staring at the screens on the wall.

“Yes, as now since the spy girl has inevitably failed our request and no longer has the reward to go home, we shall now permit a harder challenge to the kids. This is a slope up, as you can see here, Daniel is undergoing the same eye-straining view I did when Ryutyu died at my eyes for the first time.” I started, and through the camera, Daniel looked with wide open eyes at Angelica with a bullet through her head, and Chinua with a leak from her neck, blood amongst the floor as if she was trying to escape. “This will soon cause mental disturbance and soon become normality for Daniel if we continue, as then he will be more suited for these situations and the others should follow. After possibly a few more rambunctious, then we can give the school people guns and make a giant show of blood and pure, un-justified madness if we would like.”

“Damn bruh- but what about Ryutyu? I thought you cared a little more for him.” - The Orb with a smirk to me as my tail scrapped against the floor.

“I do, and I care for all of them. Ryutyu much more as he is my core friend, and he will help the kids get used to applicable war. This assists with future plausible games and battles where this secret training will help with getting their minds used to war and understanding how things went truly down for me in the past. This will help with making sure not many changes occur to our endless crusades, as both my team and Heru’s team including you, will have professionals who will battle to the death repeatedly with not much conclusive cause. I had to allow Erua to go because she was lost like the Misters, which I sent a copy the other day- over one-hundred-and-forty-five universe swaps and continuing. Although, I will make a copy of myself to inspect these other Timal Tiene lairs, so I know what is going on with them...” - Me as I continued to stare at the screens.

“Damn bruh- you got it all planned-out...” - Orb.

Over the short time, we got to see Ryutyu rush over to Daniel and assist him with breaking sight of Angelica’s corpse, and then rush over to Miss Opium and Deandra flinging classrooms around and shooting desks at them. Daniel was pushed back and impaled by a few metallic bars but ripped them out as Ryutyu dodged many and punched Miss Opium in the back of the head, knocking her to the ground. She got up and Deandra assist before Daniel soon shot her in the head and then aimed after Deandra, and she backed away from Ryutyu’s fastness as Daniel saw Miss Opium have music notes come out of her head and reform it like his regeneration, so he continuously shot Miss Opium in the head. Soon, Deandra made a huge explosion, blasted Ryutyu back in third degree burns, and making a portalis for Miss Opium to fall away, as Daniel then called me to help.

***The Vatican Girl States...***

Daniel had just finished uploading a new video of himself on the right side of Angelica’s video, in phone-like ratio, as Angelica’s video was squeezed and cut to her saying that “... the big bang does not make sense because if there were particles before the universe, where did those particles come from? Where did anything come from is nothing was there first? Plus, an everlasting and infinitely...” as Daniel was seen putting caps on top of caps, each time there being a ‘BOOM’ sound effect. (To be honest, explaining a meme makes it unfunny, so fuck me I guess.)

Oyur laughed at this as soon as he saw it. Daniel sat next to him, on his left, in Oyur’s room, and there was already a comment from Ejnare below stating: “Cap or cap?”

“Bruh- I knew exactly what this was fucking going to be- why is so much god-damn funnier with the sound effects though?” - Oyur.

“I dunno’ man.” Daniel chuckled a little as well.

“Oh... damn... that was funny bruh. Anyways... hey, didn’t Ryutyu say Wilma and Eighty-Three did a rap with him once?” Oyur asked.

“Oh yeah- they did. Hey- actually- maybe Wilma can generate some good music just by the snap of her fingers- and we could remix it or make lyrics to it and then upload it onto MyCam- and ooh- damn that’s a good idea.” - Daniel.

“Bro really just read my mind.” - Oyur after a second of awing.

As Oyur and Daniel got up to ask Wilma out of cocaine-cage, and many copies of me were with Gustavo down in Ryutyu’s basement reading books or helping Chinua work out, I, the main me, was elsewhere with Angelica going through the school as people walked around, and Angelica looked back as they startled and awed at our appearance. I brought the machine on wheels, and I placed the clipper into the ground and got the Timal Tienes’ place once again, and henceforth we opened a portal in front of everybody and I hopped in as Angelica then did with embarrassment across her face. Then a darkness arm of mine took the machine in as people backed away with terror and silence.

“Mm...” - Angelica as she was red in the face by the many eyes on her tail and ears.

We came forth to the fully white room, metallic and slightly shadowing in the corners. Across was a metallic white door, like the one they would have in an insane asylum. Below us were a few red drops of blood, and Angelica looked down with a decrease in emotional happiness.

I went to the door and tried opening it normally, before then just ripping it off as it was closed. Me and Angelica entered forth to a fully light blue hall, wide and expansive upwards into darkness. I then grabbed Angelica’s upper right arm and dashed through the very long wall, in through many doors, and as she could barely memorize the few frames she saw. I came out to a room to find the Timal Tienes dead, and then I placed the clipper from my held machine and found them to be of a random universe. Then we went back to see Arty looking over, and decided to hook up to another universe, and went down there.

“Hey! Who are you people?” Arty asked below as we make a portal.

“Private investigators. For all above- just keep yourself safe and do not panic. We will be done shortly.” - I said as I jumped in, and Angelica followed silently.

We then rushed and repeated to find the same room with the same Timal Tienes dead, again and again, in different universes with different numbers, Erua’s blood on the floor and then gone by the door frame, and each leading out in an exit to pure darkness, which Angelica never saw as the Doppler effect lighted everything up.

From Arty’s view down to the infinite portals leading somewhere else, he stood up and looked to the principal coming over.

“Was that... one of our kids?” The principal asked.

“Maybe... but the girl wasn’t- I ain’t ever ever seen this ‘furry,’ which is what the kids here called her.” - Arty to the principal.

Soon, Angelica held her mouth closed and squirmed her eyes as I rushed around, going through so many universes, Arty and the schoolhouse kids could no longer see below to my flash, as one-hundred-and-eighty-eight portals were there before suddenly the red glitch stopped the portals from opening and I tried again four times before sighing, and then I bounced up and blasted through the roof with the machine, letting the portals below stay open as Angelica peeped like the kids, and then the universe started to fade white.

***Jesus in Vietnam.***

Jesus landed in Vietnam’s capital, Hanoi. In a smaller region called ‘Xuan Non,’ with accents I know I am missing, Stalin and Hitler were looking around at each white house, most being two-stories tall with black windows and red rooftops, amassing down the yellowish dirt roads. Above they saw pure greens around, flat and grassy, but the amount of under-developed houses were clamped together and Jesus looked around below at the silence.

Deserted, the town or village was without work. Nobody was out and the crowdedness of small gardens and electric poles did not amuse the lord.

“Which demon is here?” Stalin asked Jesus as he looked around with confusion.

“The Anti-Christ has cometh down without a care. His corruption has spread like a virus in this small village, and he has moved all inside to dwell in the darkest of their corners.” Jesus told Stalin, looking back to them.

“What does that mean?!” Hitler yelled at Jesus with anger, spastically shooting out his hands and uncaring of Stalin having to take a step back from his left.

“He has taken control of the minds of men, spreading sin without a stop. I must send him back to hell before he carries onto other parts of this wretched sky.” Jesus told, looking up to the cloudy and mostly grey sky.

Jesus then looked right, down one of the four corners. There, a man exited his home, and from his essence Hitler and Stalin could see red pupils and yellow eyes. The man was of Vietnamese ethnicity, but his hair was infinitely black, and his mouth gritted as the wrinkles on his face swelled every last drop of water in his body and soaked him up to inhumane proportions. He then casted his arms out, and his nails grew indefinitely. He started to run after Jesus, and the lord stepped forth before casting his right hand out, and the man was sent back from his two-meter stance to looking up three meters away. There, his mouth opened, and his eyes started to drool blood. From his mouth and nostrils came laughing gasses of darkness, whispering voices but excelling towards the sky as the man coughed, and after the immense scene of letting those sinful demons out, the man got up with confusion and fear, seeing Jesus and unaware of what to say. He was normal now, his skin un-wrinkled and his emotions back to relativity. But then all the people smashed their doors open and came to look around at the four with no faces but rather skin. The ground started to dry and buildings casted shadows more intensified than normal.

“Show yourself, Anti-Christ- or all your demons shall perish to my light.” - Jesus, as then from the north-right of his view, the Anti-Christ came down by flapping his bone-structured wings of rusty and moldy essence. The Anti-Christ was still the same- his teeth now tongues and his tongue made out of many teeth. His jaw was upside down, his chin came right under his inverted nose. His eyes sockets were the shape of a rhombus, and his pupils were square red along with his yellow-triangle sclera. His hair was like Jesus’, but it flowed up instead of down, and his bones were creped as they bulged out of his skin, the bones themselves reverse and backwards. He wore the same white dress as Jesus and had the same eyebrows. His fingers each held a musical baton, black yet with rusty greens. He stared in multiple directions, his demonic powers in use as his pupil's bent reality so his pupils seemed to duplicate as his wings reversed a motion coming down.

“Oh please, foolish imposter- What say do you have against what our father below has ordered?” The Anti-Christ called against Jesus Christ.

“I am the lord, the one and only. The devil is not of my creation and has made you a purposeless endeavor of his unholy actions. Go back to your dungeon of terror and dismay.” Jesus told against the Anti-Christ.

“No.” The Anti-Christ then chuckled before landing and looking directly at Jesus. “These people are without a mention of our names, and it is my duty to convert those who do not have a chance.”

“It is not your duty to do any conversion. You are a mistake that the devil has created for mishappen, and your demonic spirit will perish if you do not remove yourself from these Earthly lands and understand the rules within my existence.” - Jesus.

“Then maybe you should stop EXISTING.” - The Anti-Christ before then moving up his both his arms to then slay down after transforming into swords from the wrists, and Jesus threw up his hands and caught them, then swiping his left foot under the Anti-Christ's backwards knee and then throwing him right, far and endlessly to crash through many buildings at speeds faster than sound before he finally hit through Ho Chi Minh's Mausoleum, a site where the Anti-Christ soon picked himself up and decided to raise the dead, including Ho Chi Minh, who broke free from his casket and the glass protection, before as everybody saw the Anti-Christ, screaming away as the floor below had people in ashes and skeletons rise, punching the floor open with radiating with their red hands- Jesus Christ slammed into the Anti-Christ, and pushed him back two meters before then clapping and sending the Anti-Christ through broken space, as literally the appearance of the front view from Jesus shattered onto the ground and broke into pieces as now it seemed an endless hall led sixteen meters outside to view the Anti-Christ stabilizing his backwards knees to see front as Jesus was in the building but seemed closer. “Existence is a choice, you fool.”

The Anti-Christ then spun his wrists, henceforth his hands, and suddenly all buildings around flooded into the sky, like light itself had become a liquid and now the entirety of Vietnam’s capital started to rain down upside down, as each building also grew faces, disgusting with puss drooling from their unholy dark mouths and yellowish teeth with bulgy eyes of red, shining down on Jesus as he looked around, seeing each person stop their screaming and mutate to a demonic presence- some people flipping upside down and others having their jaws extend inhumanely. Some had their heads go up and stretch to infinity whilsts others inverted their organs out- but all once-naturally humans now started to charge after Jesus with what they had, and the Anti-Christ grinned from afar as the buildings crashing down from above with smoothness had an eerie laugh.

Jesus then started to run forth and- then a Steel Terrorist, covering in light blue diamond armor, blasted into Jesus and shoved them both left, and the Steel Terrorist had red goggles with a rainbow box, constantly exploding. Jesus, after four seconds, stopped the explosion and the Steel Terrorist looking right at him as he laid in the air like a bullet shoving Jesus more and more, before Jesus then casted him back with sound speed, and frustration grew on the lord’s face. He then rushed over to find the Anti-Christ duplicating himself and the humans coming around as he started to open his mouth quickly, but then Jesus was already hopping into the sky and coming down, pushing his right fist into the concrete outside of the Ho Chi Minh holding, and causing reality around to shatter like glass, and suddenly everyone was missing except the Anti-Christ, now looking around and stopping his mouth to see that they were on a train, and the buildings came quickly down and from all angles, rushing with intensity and destruction as the mass black came forth.

The Anti-Christ was now frustrated, and seeing his copies all around once flying away now destructed into crimson blood, the Anti-Christ created a sword of fire, purely blue and flaming in a Germanic-sword form, and he started to swing it at Jesus Christ as the lord himself made his iconic sword with an eye and the middle and defended slashes of anger, one up top left, another down right, and another down left, one up left, and another up left after the Anti-Christ did a twirl, but then as a final move was down to the middle, Jesus clashed swords once again on the windy presence of the train, and the sound echoed as the Anti-Christ looked down to see the sword of the lord wrap around his, and then break it off and throw it to the right like it had a mind of its own.

“That’s cheating!” The Anti-Christ yelled at Jesus Christ before then the sword whipped out of Jesus’ hands and went around left and back into the center of the Anti-Christ, impaling him as then Jesus casted his left hand out flatly and made the horrid creature fumble at sound speed back into the colliding buildings, where they crumbled into rocks as then the Anti-Christ came clean out and landing on his white boots with an angry daze, creating many arms on his back and allowing them to duplicate and spin outwards as the scene was once again normal, but Jesus Christ came from the floor as if it were opaque water, and now saw the Anti-Christ was surrounding him with arms forming spikes amongst all their space.

Jesus allowed all the arms to suddenly try to puncture him, but as soon as they went down with horror-filled speeds, they bounced off and broke into patches of skin and flesh, as Jesus could be seen with a blue half-transparent orb protecting himself, and the Anti-Christ was disgusted and looked away back as his arms winded away like paper in the bust of sound that also came through. The Anti-Christ then rushed up to Jesus and tried smashing his face in with his right fist, but as he did, Jesus was unphased from concernment, and the hand of the backwards Christ bent back even further. Then Jesus punched the belly of the other Christ, and then used his left to smack the face towards the right with his left hand. The Anti-Christ felt the pain with a clench of his face, and then readmitted his senses as he backed away and saw that his flesh had not moved from the most-exerted form it had taken. His cheeks were extended, and his mouth was moved out, and he was angry that it was un-fixable. Jesus then came up and punch the forehead of the Anti-Christ, and sent his head back, his neck stretching back four meters as his body fell back one foot. The Anti-Christ then laughed as he got up and saw Jesus look down with his eyes upon him.

“Distortment? Really? That’s my specialty, not yours.” - The Anti-Christ from afar, before Jesus then used his left boot to kick the Anti-Christ in the belly, and it plunged him back, and as that was done, the Earth ripped open and cities fell in, bending towards him as the Anti-Christ started to float up and rotate as if he was falling down, but then he spun his wrists again, and crashed space once again, and from it was pure red and flowing gore-filled flesh that erupted in spurts of puss and green acids that black arms and demons phased through as he went through like water, and then started to mention in voices to teleport over to Christ.

Jesus Christ made an arm left and punched the air, knocking the sound back with it becoming in-understandable resentment and anger, and then he made his sword, slashing more air in front of him that made more voices push back and started horrifically overlaying their words of Arabic. Then a demon formed behind Jesus three meters back and allowed Jesus to spin around and throw his sword through the demon, which phased through with a static television set. The demon then allowed a portalis above to reveal the Anti-Christ coming down and shoving both his hands out at Jesus, and the buildings and trees lifting up- light poles and grasses started to twirl and shiver in reality, water started to invade other matters and keep them opaque but allow other objects to pass right through, and the cement started to turn to glassy foil as a patronized chaos of everything started to dwell around Jesus or aim at him. Jesus hopped to the right on a car as everything was quick, and then up again onto a giant building flattening itself and creasing like a paper, in which Jesus then started to spin and erupt chains of glowing white to leash at the Anti-Christ, who dodged to the left as the static demon started to wave his hands up, and Jesus phased through space like it was a burning lava, and colors emitted from street lights started to illuminate as they followed Jesus to a world just like he was in, but rather with every object inverting in and out constantly. Jesus then punched forth and broke the entirety of everything, coming down to see Adolf Hitler and Stalin.

Jesus landed in the middle of their entrances to each other, and was suddenly confused as he looked around, seeing the Anti-Christ and many other demons take form with their absurd and impossible forms. Adolf Hitler was in his normal attire, but now with a red cape that showed his Nazi symbol, and Stalin had a cap with his Soviet Union flag. They each now also had red boots and gloves, and a aurora of black light emitted around a foot around each. Stalin was coming forth with a casual walk to Hitler who had a stance with his swastikas like little ninja-throwing objects, ready to throw. Stalin held in his right hand a purely white and shining hammer and in his left the hook of same material.

“Hitler, you know you cannot rule-” Stalin stated before Jesus came down, “Oh! Hello, Jesus- Hitler just accepted a demon’s request to rule the world, and I had to stop him by also accepting the same request.” Stalin giggled after the sentence.

“Be careful and take my word, as deals with sin and him, (He points to the Anti-Christ from away,) lead to unholy destructs of the soul. Relieve yourselves of this battle, as I am dealing with a matter with importance.” - Jesus before then seeing the Anti-Christ start to rotate his hands around his entire body like they were connecting to his features with a gradient change and shifting around from his right arm at the top of his head and his left at his right shoe, and around, which started to make the entirety of the building with blue glass and white walling start to extend backwards, and the focal view go far back from their vision. Jesus stepped forth with a speed walk, making his steps echo around the buildings forming mouths and bulgy eyes again and each step erupted yellow during nothing as the demons looked in the bodies of captive Vietnamese. Jesus Christ then smacked one demon as the Anti-Christ looked far to see why the red glitch was blocking his hands, and then heard the mouth of one demon fill up with light and then melt his essence. Jesus could be seen coming around the falling demon going to his knees and crying out in pain as his red moisture start to flow after the infinity zoom, they caused on Hitler and Stalin. Jesus then started to come after another demon who made his hand into a rummaging red orb with yells and screams coming out of his and smashed it into the lord, but Jesus was also then suddenly behind as the essence in front cracked and he pushed the demon forth onto air, which the formed into white stairs and started to shuffle the demon up and make him fall up the stairs, literally. The Anti-Christ was already on the move by throwing his hands up for buildings to shoot lasers, but they passed right through Jesus as the other demons then formed swords out of fleshy eyes and puss and tried to swinging at Jesus, who dodged, bent his back under swords, and jumped over one to then slap the faces of the demons into water, and one other to extend his face infinitely towards the right, which then Jesus grabbed him by the shoulders and threw him right so he busted out of there in sound speed and his essence blasted into blood and stretched amongst the empty space and through buildings as he left. With the stairs going transparent, and the Anti-Christ staring down Jesus now one to once again, he came at him with his backwards fists and yelling tongues. As lasers came around, searching for a target but just randomly shooting realistically, Jesus and the Anti-Christ phased into reality and out of it, disappearing for seconds as only frames of their actions could be pictured before they were suddenly invisible, and after eight measures of these quick movements, the Anti-Christ was punched out and then landed sideways on an upcoming street from the madness of randomly flying objects, and then ripped the space and reality to reveal a purple majestic galaxy front with red background, but the air started to suck Jesus in, so he jumped in, and then allowed himself to float back around to the backside of the broken reality that looked normal, and broke through it to then boot the Anti-Christ's face down into his own body, and allow the head to plummet through and then fall to splat blood beneath it as the world started to reform back, people started to appear out of thin air, and Jesus came through the plundering dead and opened-body to see forth to the simple head of the Anti-Christ just a meter away.

“Damn you, Jesus. You and your fake father will kneel when our spirits cometh onto your heavens and seek out every lie you have told.” - the Anti-Christ as a talking-head as buildings around fell back and Hitler and Stalin fell down with grunts and slight pain onto the sidewalk from a sudden appearance of three meters up.

“Take and eat my word, for you are a hypocrite, and shall never come onto these lands again- or death will be permanent.” - Jesus.

“Tell your angels what they want to hear, Jesus, but I will be back when I feel like it, and I will take the suffering you caused into my own hands.” The Anti-Christ as the sky above started to spin from light blue to darkness with many stars, back and forth.

“Cast yourself away now, and forever. There is no purpose for you anywhere.” - Jesus.

“What?” - Stalin as he rose and Hitler was looking around and checking his pockets.

The Anti-Christ then made a portal to hell, and nine rings elevated into the sky and dispersed into oxygen as Jesus look forwards and saw the skin stop spinning and finally land on nighttime. Jesus then looked over to the two dictators rather than the crowd awing as they came around.

“Playing with sin is like eating fire. You will burn, and you know of it beforehand, yet you disobey because you think it would be fun or advantageous.” - Jesus as he came to Stalin’s face and looked him in the eyes with a neutral and un-frustrated look.

“Yes, we understand. I just wanted to make sure Hitler would have no chance at going back to his evil.” - Stalin.

“My evil? What about yours!?” - Hitler.

“Excuses are unwanted in my kingdom. Take the oath that it was wrong, and you shall be glorified. Give a lie, and the serpent of evil will creep slowly forwards.” - Jesus.

“What does that mean?” Hitler asked as Jesus then nodded and created a portalis to some grassy green lands, and Stalin looked back at him.

“Most likely something about perishing the soul further and starting a bad habit.” Stalin shrugged, then walking forth as the crowd pondered what they had been seeing.

***A nice visit.***

“Eighty-Three, sorry to say- but some random multiversal beings were getting into mishappen with Oyur and almost took him away like they did with the Misters, but I got him back, so I just want you to know- there will be no more multi-portal schemes like that, so please do not try it.” - The Red Glitch with a slightly tired voice, but nice accent.

“Oh- thank you, Red Glitch.” - I said, turning around from watching Clasif and Ryutyu do sit-ups at great speeds, and a timer above the bench I sat on.

“Yeah- but what the fuck is he doing here again? Fucking bitch-ass furry- Red Glitch, what you think about this shit the Computer pulling up with?” - Oyur to the Red Glitch.

“Not my idealistic interpretation of somebody strong, but yeah sure.” The Red Glitch started behind me with Oyur, before evaporating with his effect and his slow incoming transparency.

“God-damn bitch- ‘yeah sure’ is not a fucking answer here, dummy.” - Oyur as he then madly went off, not stomping.

Later that day, many copies of me were around my room, reading books or writing books on multiple laptops, or as just one did, pet Gustavo as he slept. Then, they all sparked their ears up and merged with me, in which I was writing my book at the main desk, to then rush out and greet Cyclop and Oliver who were there from a portal.

“Oh- hey Eighty-Three.” - Oliver as Cyclop turned around, having no machines.

“Hello Cyclop and Oliver- how has it been?” I asked them both.

“It’s been good lately, but... I wish I could still be good friends with you all.” - Cyclop.

“It is okay.” I said, nodding to Cyclop as he looked around, to then see Kioshi come out and walk over. “Oh, hey Kioshi!” He then happily waved over, and Kioshi waved back.

“Does Kioshi talk much?” - Oliver as Cyclop wondered as well.

“No- but, Kioshi, do you like to listen?” - Me to Kioshi and he nodded his head up and down as Ryutyu then rushed up.

“Wassup’ lads!” Ryutyu happily started as he panted.

“Hey Ryutyu, how has it been?” Cyclop asked over with a formal handshake.

“Quite goody lately, mates. What ya’ guys been up to?” Ryutyu asked.

“Nothing much, we just decided to visit since we had the time. Is everybody and everything going alright for you guys?” - Cyclop asked.

“Ya’.” - Ryutyu as he looked over to me and Kioshi.

“You guys want to do anything whilst you are here?” - I then asked Cyclop and Oliver.

“We could maybe play a game or have lunch.” - Cyclop shrugged and Oliver nodded.

“Alrighty- also, I finished reading the physics book.” - I then told Oliver.

“Nice.” - Cyclop and Oliver at the same time before smiling at each other.

Neatly, I then made a giant turkey, mashed potatoes, and white chicken as Cyclop, Oliver, Ryutyu, and Wilma sat at the table. Kioshi and Khenbish were then outside, playing Tres with each other.

“This cocaine addiction- is it still going on, Wilma?” Cyclop sadly asked.

“Yes...” - Wilma sadly back as Oliver was also decremented by the news.

“Wilma- I’m gonna’ check-” - Ryutyu before Wilma already read his mind.

“It would not work. I still just take cocaine suddenly as if it is an impulse. I need to start low and with myself.” - Wilma as her hands were in her wardrobe.

“Have you tried meditating, like you used to?” - Cyclop.

“No...” - Wilma sadly as she then sighed beforehand saying that.

“Well... I hope it doesn’t worsen...” - Cyclop before Oliver intruded.

“We’ll be praying for you.” - Oliver to Wilma.

“Thank you... What about the Cyclopals? Have they made any removals on your retreat from us?” - Wilma to Cyclop.

“No... but we will be sending another message at the end of the month. If everything has been slowing down, then maybe they could reconsider.” - Cyclop.

“I have-” Oliver before Wilma responded to his question about Khenbish.

“Khenbish shakes because she fears dark beings she sees because of her schizophrenia. She also shakes because she hates her family and the world. She is very agitated all the time. It is her personality.” - Wilma to Oliver.

“Hm...” - Oliver as I came over and gave lunch down.

“Igh... this looking good, mate.” - Ryutyu in his British accent to me as I sat down.

“Thank you, Ryutyu.” I nodded and everybody started to dig in, but I stopped and then waited as Daniel came in.

“Uh- Eighty-Three... you probably already heard, but the universe thing is ringing right now...” - Daniel as he came up with the machine and we all turned.

“Alrighty. I shall get Oyur, Kioshi, and maybe you could assist too, Ryutyu, as the Democratic Republic of the Congo is a very vast place to be explored currently.” - I stated, looking down to see the coordinates.

“Ight...” - Ryutyu as he then munched happily on his food.

“Hello, Oliver and Cyclop. Nice to see you guys again.” - Daniel waved.

“Nice to see you too, Daniel. Are you doing okay, or has this new place been like an acid trip for you?” - Cyclop asked Daniel.

“Been... entirely new, I mean I’m not blind, thanks Eighty-Three... but you know... killing people wasn’t in my... liking either...” - Daniel shrugged a little embarrassed.

“Mm...” - Oliver nodding to Daniel’s sentence.

“Ya’ should just our Accord server, Cyclop.” - Ryutyu to Cyclop.

“Oh yeah- we made an Accord server- much better than texting on bee phones.” - Daniel.

“Alrighty, we shall join then.” - Cyclop looking to Oliver.

“Wait, you say ‘alrighty’ just like Eighty-Three does?” - Daniel to Cyclop.

“Yes, that is one verbal thing we have in common. I also like to speak formal WITH conjunctions, unlike Wilma over here...” - Cyclop laughed to Wilma.

“Alrighty- let us go, Eighty-Three.” - Ryutyu said as he finished with his food, and we darted away. Cyclop and Oliver looked outside to see a confused Khenbish looking around for Kioshi, as wind gusted all the cards on the floor, and echoing sounds blasted through the halls.

“Dang, they gone...” Daniel stated.

“Well, we have around six more minutes, so are there any ending comments whilst we’re here, Wilma... or Daniel?” - Cyclop.

“No...” - Wilma, a little depressed as she remembered me thinking about how I was torturing Daniel that one night.

Ryutyu rushed me over to the DRC with me around his neck as Kioshi stood on top of my head, and Oyur was held by his right arm with Ryutyu’s left hand as we quickly came over there in five seconds. Oyur shook his head as he looked around confusedly, soon seeing Kioshi jump off and me get off Ryutyu’s head as Ryutyu was happy and looked around the intense greens of the jungle. I then pulled out my bee phone, took four seconds of my time, and stated where we were.

“Bonguru, a little place in the DRC. We seem to be a little far from a highway and a river... hm... do you hear that Ryutyu?” I then asked.

“Nah bruh- whatcha-’” - Ryutyu before suddenly from around the iroko trees, as we stood on brown leaves and different grasses amongst dirt, above it being nighttime with stars, and no winds blowing, a bunch of white fireflies started to blast out from a large wooden trapdoor, coming from an echoing down concrete staircase and hallway, coming at magnificent speeds and smashing into Oyur and Kioshi as they zoomed around and away in all directions, hoards going all over. I decided to form my hand into a vacuum, and sucked some into my hand which I then made into a jar as the fireflies went away.

“A! Damn shit... bruh.... the fuck was that?” - Oyur as he blocked from the fireflies, putting his hands up against his ace and forming his treeman roots around till they were mostly gone. Kioshi moved them away by turning towards Ryutyu and staring at him.

“These things are fireflies of some sort, but they are whispering to each other to kill this planet... Ryutyu, you should rush around and try to catch all these things, as I feel like they would be a good species to investigate.” I told, looking back to the white-eyebrowed furry who wagged his tail as soon as I spoke.

“Ight mate! But what-” Ryutyu before he looked below to see darkness tentacles making glass jars out of thin air, literally wrapping around nothing and then swiveling in reverse and releasing the site of glass and lidded jars. Ryutyu nodded and quickly dispersed, taking a lot of the jars and then quickly coming back with a few as I made more and turned back with the others.

“Let us go investigate this natural place though.” I told Kioshi and Oyur.

“Who be down there though?” - Oyur.

“We will find out... but, let me acknowledge how we must go through with this... We should kill them all, and then I can interrogate...” - Me as I heard fleshy substances below.

“Alright bruh, whatever yo edgy-ass says...” - Oyur shrugged as he felt a rocket launcher form in his hands and then I turned to Kioshi and made robotic-like spider legs on his back with a back machine box of grey, and he looked side to side to see them lift him up. Then he felt an M9 form in his right hand and a sniper in his left.

“Kioshi, would you like to stay out here just in case anybody tries to escape?” - Me.

“Bruh- can’t you just kill them all in seconds or some shit?” - Oyur.

“We should enjoy this time, Oyur- as I said before, let us do things with a little more work to fully feel as if we completed a job rather than just pressed a button in our minds.” - Me, then walking down as my nails were not black but my wrists started to go black.

“You and... whatever bruh...” - Oyur as he got his rocket launcher up, and he came down to a hallway, and he looked to te left to see in the dark blue ambient of the dark grey hallway and dim lighting of white above, a closet with some weapons in it. He then looked back, and I kicked open the door to see two men looking at security cameras behind a white countertop, but Oyur shot the rocket, and it blew them up, splattering puss, intestines, and black blood onto the broken wall of concrete behind.

As fire erupted, we walked forth, me and Oyur as his rocket reloaded, and we came across a door to a small hallway with on the left side a men’s bathroom and on the right a women’s bathroom. Then we looked forth to two halls, and I told him to go left as I went up right. Let us focus on Oyur now.

“I hear many people in many rooms- would you like to split up maybe?” - Me.

“Yeah, the shit needs to be done.” - Oyur as he looked to where I then pointed with my hand and he nodded away.

Oyur went down the hallway, looking around as he heard voices behind, and then the doors banged open with four more black men in lab coats and M9’s shooting at Oyur. Oyur then fired his rocket launcher but got shot in the head. The rocket bamboozled the bones and organs of the four men, and behind screams from others erupted for a few seconds before they started to load guns and checked up on Oyur being dead.

I crept through a room of dark grey concrete like all others with white lighting, and found bunk beds with people hiding, and then I decided to slowly drive my head up to see them pace back with instant fear to my glowing mask, before I took it off and allowing my black tongue to swirl around and wrap around their head, before shoving it inside my mouth and chewing down on their brains and everything as blood foiled out and dripped down like a waterfall from one bed top, and then other men tried to escape, but I rushed into them, pushing them at speeds into the wall where they dented it but exploded their faces, and so I then crept off after finishing four men and followed down to the other room, a kitchen, where I was shot with fifteen bullets, but I soaked them in, and then went on a rampage, running up to one guy, and pressing his eyes in and then extending my thumbs till they came out from the back of his head, and then another guy I killed by grabbing the light above, ripping it off, and then plowing the cords down into the guy’s mouth, and then I zipped around, killing people in brutal ways- and soon the kitchen was with six dead corpses. Later, I saw people shoot down another hall and so I made the lights flickered and watched them run, as I then started to sprint after them, and soon planted their faces into the wall, laughed as I took the collar bone out of two guys, and kept going forth, killing the scientists in the hallway, eventually coming across a watch room, pushing the door down, thrusting my darkness arm into a fat man’s head, as they were all dark-skinned, but he was little under obese, wore black pants with black shoes, but a white t-shirt under an opened long-sleeved shirt with green tree leaves and brown trunks all around in a pattern of an inch away from each other, some being cut off by the no-zipper end of the shirt, and he also had black glasses and a good short cut like my stepdad. He also wore a black belt with a gold square in the middle, and he had a stance, slightly looking down at the floor with an evil grin with his dark eyebrows as he had his hands clutching the inside and outside of his belt in a prideful way. But now his head was shattered, and I killed the rest with the voices in my head ringing. They told me to go kill the people escaping, but then I thought of Kioshi as I kept on brutally dismantling every subject I found quickly before intriguing upon certain rooms.

Kioshi was outside, behind a tree as Ryutyu rushed back, and he saw forth to a few people running out with screams for help in Lingala, but he shot them in the backs, the necks, and in the heads. Without a phase or dis-mention of his posture, his eyes watched carefully, and his ears listened amongst the glittering wind. One shot- one dead. Second shot- his neck bled out and created abstract art on the dirty ground. Third shot- was it worth it? Fourth shot- it was a job. His eyes strained but he heard the people below hide down and cry, before I then came rushing up and Kioshi could only hear the breaking of bones.

Kioshi then looked upon the fourteen he had killed. All dead, different positions and places amongst the dirt. Ryutyu came back with the jars and examined them, before looking to Kioshi, nodding with neutrality, and then rushing away.

Kioshi decided to stop his post and went below. The first thing he saw was the hallway, now with six corpses around, their heads spread in liquid all over the ceiling as if I ramped their bodies around like toys. The ground was red and seething for help, and Kioshi only looked forwards, aware of death and dead eyes staring to dead floors. He came forth to find Oyur’s body eventually, but decided to continue away, not even daring to go down the hall, as he had more gore to see elsewhere. Smashed heads, brain liquids, organs ripped out, organs ripped in, extra organs in somebody’s mouth clogging their breathable air- everybody was dead, but Kioshi heard voices nearer down, and decided to check the rooms each by each. Kioshi, with red eyes and a stained performance, found a water supply, the electrical room, a laboratory- but most importantly, amongst the wooden door with metallic knobs and no windows- he opened one to find a man still alive, sitting in a white, prison-like room with a camera in all four corners. He sat on a blue wall-bed, before looking to his right and noticing Kioshi.

Kioshi’s eyes went big, and he saw something that surprised his essence. The man was slightly green and tainted, his face cheek’s drooled as if they had melted, his eyes- his pupils big and black whilst the red was omnipresent in the rest. His scalp was bald, and it was scarred like a patch, showing forth to the inside of his brain. He had three chins from how much his neck has fattened, yet he was a slim guy with his bones obvious from his thinness. His ears were curled and looked as if they were holes as they drooped, and his mouth was unforeseen, as his teeth showed through an overlapping layer of melted-cheese-like skin, and pink goo was behind the ever-so-living creature Kioshi saw. There were cuts all around his cheeks and his mouth, as if somebody stabbed him too much, and crevices upon wrinkles everywhere else, letting overlapping skin and pink goo be seen in a disturbing and disgusting imagery. He was a mutation of the human body, and his eye sockets crept down over other skin too. He wore a grey leather T-shirt with black pants and white socks as well.

“Hello? Kid?” - The man in Lingala with his Lingala accent.

Kioshi backed away without much concern, still wide-eyed, but now closing the door on the man who stood up. He then dashed off to my voice and found something more remarkable.

In Lingala, I talked to a blob of meat on the floor- a human, but with pink puss, white puss, spores in his skin, multiple eyes around, multiple mouths, decrepit indents, soggy ears placed anywhere- a literally slug of meat and disgusting disasters of DNA, was actually a living, breathing human person. I then looked back to Kioshi, before then looking back to the meat, saying “Let me talk to my friend Kioshi for a bit,” before then stopping my crouch and leaning up to then turn to Kioshi. “Come along, Kioshi. We must not talk about these people to Ryutyu or the others, as these people need help only I shall cure...” I said, somewhat walking away and past Kioshi with wide eyes.

***The DRC Man***

The man with the green, forest-tree symbols all around his exo-shirt, yes, that guy that I randomly explained very in depth- I had put him in a certain dark room of the facility, strapped to a metallic chair on four legs with major blonde ropes around his arms and legs. The man also had a little tag hung upon his left pocket of his exo-shirt, it being a gold encasing around a flowing Democratic Republic of the Congo flag.

The man slowly opened his eyes in confusion and disbelief, before turning his head back and forth to see what was around. All visible was around only a foot of where the white light above pointed around. The man looked towards the darkness and not towards the white concrete floor, hearing no sounds and complete and utter silence.

“Oh no...” The man sighed with a funny tone in the Lingala language. He smiled but his eyes closed and he lifted his head to await the incoming sound. After a second of his statement, he then stated, “I’m sorry about printing money, if that’s what you’re here about,” in his Lingala language and forty-year-old-sounding accent. Then from his left, I slowly faded in the sound of my boots walking closer and closer, and the man opened his eyes and stared through his clean lenses to see my smile glow and my shades flicker the white pixels of the MLG shades. I then came out to the darkness in front of him, and he arose one of his eyebrows to his greatest extent, majorly confused and wonderous of my dress as I then sat down on thin air and he looked at me with an open mouth, pondering what was before him of a human, or even- as my tail wrapped around my left thigh and my ears were entirely up. I also had my green gloves on. “FEMBOY?” He then yelled funnily in Lingala, confused without fear but... confused.

“Yes, hello. My name is Eighty-Three, and I would like to ask you a few questions.” - I stated to the man in Lingala as he looked directly into my shades.

“What the- Who are you!?” - The DRC man in Lingala.

“Let me give you understanding of my language so Kioshi over there can hear properly.” - Me in English. I then flicked my ears to my right and heard Kioshi’s eyebrows raise. I then got up from the air and put my right index finger onto the man’s forehead, and he was confused on my actions before blinking rapidly and opening his facial expressions to neutrality and surprise.

“English.” - He stated in English.

“Yes, now you may speak our language.” I told as I sat back down.

“What? What the hell is going on? And why are you a femboy... furry- one of those social media type of TokTikers or something- and what do you mean, ‘our?’” - The DRC man, smiling at the end as he looked around rapidly with a raised eyebrow and happy grin.

“Well, I will answer your questions in chronological order. Recently me and my friends, (I gift my right hand out straight,) specially Kioshi over here in the darkness, discovered a bunch of white fireflies buzzing around, and decided to investigate the Orchestral Waves we had on one of our machines. Henceforth, me, Kioshi, and another boy named Oyur, as well as my mate Ryutyu- came down to find them bust out and be free- so my friend Ryutyu caught them whilst me and Oyur went down and killed almost everybody here, and Kioshi shot anybody who tried to escape. I am also a cat boy with a dress on for symbolism, not exactly a femboy. I would like to state I gained some powers I may only edgily describe as ‘darkness’ from a surgery back when I started to get into multiversal situations, so soon I had my original friends and now more like Kioshi to assist within missions like these at times... But- the mutations...” - Me to the man before giving out my gloves for him to speak.

“Dang... that’s a lot to suddenly throw at me- but the mutations... sorry for not following human rights policies, but-” The man before I interrupted.

“No need to be sorry, I am fascinating. I am now curious to see a different kind of gore, and I wish to know how you made such entities. I have seen people burn alive, melt, shatter and explode- but never I have seen such mutilations of the human body.” - Me, and the man titled his head like the one meme with the guy raising his eyebrow in a gym.

“Wait- you like the mutations?” - The man.

“I do indeed discover them to be different and inclusive to my nature. Tell me, what is there to know about them?” - I asked.

“Dang... wait- you're not screwing around with me, right? This isn’t- well it probably is- but can we skip to the part where you arrest me already? Like, good play, but no way is that going to work on me.” - The man.

“No, I am not actually here because of some intergalactic protector government or service, I come from a small village in Florida and deal privately with other multiversal beings as the universe resets promptly to erase all memories of world destruction for everyone else who has not left the universe- I would actually like to know much about these mutations, and possibly help you. And if I did want to arrest you, why would I be asking information? Since I did just give you the ability to speak English suddenly, do you think that maybe I could also look into your memories?” - Me, joking around last sentence.

“Well... come to think of it, yeah- but, honestly, that’s very interesting. If you aren’t somebody who’s here to discourage my life because I was printing money illegally or ruining children’s lives by turning them in mutations, then... yes, I would like to work together... on the mutations- but what about my scientists? And what happened to me? All I remember was I striking my pose and then boom- I'm here.” - The man in English.

“I killed you by making your head smash into the window, and then I disrupted the spines of the others, or took their heads off- and then I revived only you because a mutation told me that you were the leader- all mostly because I enjoy gore, and I heard the mutations of kids crying down in room three, and also I must ask- do you enjoy gore?” - Me to the man and he was nodding quite quickly and happily.

“Uh- Yeah, that’s why I mutate kids. It’s fun, like eye-candy, life-changing for them, the process is fulfilling- and I’m going to jail for it, ain’t I?” - The man still grinning.

“Oh please, jail in the situation I am in means nothing, as much worse torture has happened to me and I remember every second of it... but here, let me assist you, as I feel we could be great partners in doing these mutilations.” - I told, then getting up and tapping the ropes lightly to turn them into air and the man watched, soon getting up with a thrifty grin and looking around for Kioshi.

“Dang... alright then... somebody actually may like my mutilations... what’s your name again, boy?” - the man.

“Eighty-Three, and my assistant Kioshi shall also help along with these procedures hopefully.” I stated, and Kioshi came forth, holding his sniper weapon and looking up to the man who analyzed his own quirky mutations.

“An actually black child- interesting- this is a lot to discover, but... hey... Eighty-Three, what are we going to do with the mutations?” - The DRC Man in English.

“I was thinking we could take them back to my base slash village in Florida’s panhandle, and-” - Me before the man was grinning with confusion.

“What’s Florida?” - The man.

“A state in the United States of America.” - Me.

“Ooh- you one of those Americans- that may explain the weirdness with your essence being a femboy, (He laughs a little,)... but uh- hey Kioshi, nice to meet you- (He puts his right hand out and Kioshi shakes it,) sorry for not formally greeting you three sentences earlier, but I’m a man of weird art, as you may have heard.” - The DRC Man.

“Three sentences earlier is correct- how smart. But- what is your job with the mutations, and what is your name?” I asked of the DRC Man.

“Eh- just call me the DRC Man- and I’m the one who creates the mutilations, or mutations if you want- I do surgery and G-M-O manufacturing with my crew. You mind bringing them back as well?” the DRC man asked.

“Sure. So- we shall take your crew and the mutilations to an underground bunker at my place and continue studying there?” - I asked the DRC man.

“Uh- I guess- you acting like you’ve been here or something, but hey... guess so. What’s your base like?” - The DRC Man.

“It is a small village in the middle of a town, and it has a forcefield around it. The underground base I am talking about will be under a basement I have in my house, and there I, or my other good friend Wilma could make a paradise there so you never have to leave. Also, I have a few more friends I would like to introduce to you, but take notice of keeping the mutations a secret, because the knowledge of what we do in our spare time will hurt their souls and I would like to allow them to live in harmony both physically and mentally.” - Me to the DRC man.

“Alright... well, let’s get it on.” - the DRC man and Kioshi followed last as I went into the darkness and opened a door for them to follow through. “Uh- hey- Eighty-Three, what’s some fun facts about you? I just want to know since I guess you’ll be as great as I am in the processes...”

“Well, I remember everything and-” - Me before the DRC man came in.

“You remember everything? How? Your IQ must be skyrocketing past if so.” - the man bewildered and Kioshi just staring up at him.

“I had surgery so that all of my brain activates at full capacity and I no longer need a shadow memory- and also, I wish not to say I-Q makes somebody smarter, there are situations that make that simply the opposite.” - Me to the man.

“Well, I just really wanted to note that and also say I got 420 I-Q- (We all laugh after he does for a second,) I’m joking! But close- a doctor stated I had around 412, which is intriguing- but yeah, that’s why I’m good with genetics and surgery, I remember a lot and figure out things faster than others I guess.” - The man.

“Nice.” I nodded and then continued away with the DRC man and Kioshi.

***The DRC Man’s Want***

Behind us was a gint black box, lended up by a single hand from under my dress as me and the DRC man came forth to the surgery room from Ryutyu’s basement. There, Wilma soon flown in by hovering over, and the DRC man looked back with confusion to specifically her nine tails and ears. He still had his evil grin though afterwards.

“Ah- are you Wilma?” The DRC Man asked, handing out his hand to Wilma.

“Yes. Nice to meet you. What is your name?” Wilma asked politely.

“So robotic- but just call me The DRC Man.” - the DRC man.

“You do not remember your own name?” - Wilma to the DRC man.

“Uh... no? How do you know that?” - the DRC man.

“I can read minds.” - Wilma as she saw me open the wall to a single black room with a single light over the black spy girl.

“Well, you know- my friends used to call me ‘Fatty-Gatty’ or ‘Fumble-Knuckle,’ in Lingala of course. But hey! What about you?” - The DRC man.

“I... am Wilma Xeryt. I was born from one of his songs on a laptop. I just came into being with memories that do not exist realistically.” - Wilma.

“Oh... kay’... whatever you say... do you work specially with Eighty-Three?” - The DRC man.

“Yes. I know of what he does in both sides of his bipolar life.” - Wilma as she watched me make a brick wall around and then go down a couple of stairs in a square hole, and then make an entire underground from there, casting out both of my hands as the black spy girl cried and Wilma could only hear the voices in my head laugh.

“Hm... I guess I understand what that means... hey, Wilma... you don’t look so happy about him...” - The DRC man seeing Wilma just stare off into the distance. Wilma then looked back at the DRC man, about her height.

“Why did you allow him to work with the mutilations?” Wilma asked.

“I didn’t know I had a choice really- but somebody who enjoys my works is somebody I’d like to work with, and my crew would like to have... but hey... you still didn’t answer my question directly. Is there something wrong... with what he does?” - the DRC man.

“Yes. Do you not know that?” - Wilma.

“I am satiated in everything, so no... but hey... I understand how you feel- you remind me of a member named Jeur, he’s a nice man that watches a lot of plays before assisting me in G-M-Os- he originally disliked everything I did. Stealing kids, mutilating them- technically torturing them- but, in the end- I'm quite sure he knew there was nothing to differ me from it, so he played smart and decided just to have fun. I mean, with his help, we got to feed some mutilations and keep them alive for longer periods of time, and it boosted crew happiness because now nobody was driving us down in the back of our heads. I think that’s the same for you, Wilma. You probably dislike everything about Eighty-Three's other half of life, because you said it was ‘bipolar,’ and you probably would like him to stop, but know you can’t make him and know you’re his friend and don’t want to ruin that alliance. I’m just gonna’ say, just make it fun. I know how the story goes- a friend does something wrong to the other friend and it causes problems, but please- it's better to just disconnect and have fun rather than make problems that could cause... massive killings, like in some American movies I’ve watched- like Fixing Good with Mus Gring, or... uh... hey, you know... did he ever tell you this though? Like- to just enjoy what he does or... not dislike it?” - the DRC man stated to Wilma, putting his left hand around her neck and pulling her down to his level so he could look at her back and forth from the spy girl watering her eyes.

“No...” - Wilma with a bit of confusion towards the DRC man’s grin. The man just nodded his head and then blasted it off, letting go of Wilma.

“Hey Eighty-Three! Don’t you be meeting without me!” - The DRC man as Wilma watched him go away and saw the distraught of the future reminisce.

After creating a big layout of the underground, I soon placed the box off in a large and very height-ful cafeteria, where it melted to reveal each person like a totem in the ground, apart from each other, even the melted mutation apart and towards my, and the DRC man’s side of the cafeteria white marble tables. The lights above were white and new, and the people scattered their eyes around, bouncing away as they saw me and the mutations. Some yelled whilst other screamed, but all were now able to speak English, and soon they slowly realized and looked down at their nose as if it was their mouth.

“English? Why can I speak English...?” - A man slowly dazed in confusion. He had a white lab coat and a gun in his pocket, whilst a man next to him took out his gun and aimed it at the green mutation Kioshi had saw.

“Hands up! Hands up!” They stated to me in their African accents, pointing the gun at me as the DRC man stroke his pose.

“Woah- hey- hey!” - The mutation, shooting up his hands as guards men shot up their AK-47s and looked at me just standing there with almost a complete A-pose.

“The fuck is going on!?” - Another man as they looked behind to see a massive mutation, a long and skinny woman with two chins and black beady eyes, stringy brown hair on brown skin, her fingers elongated to one foot long and becoming sharp with black nails as her toes were as well, and her neck was finely long too, and she stood fourteen-feet tall, looking down at the scattering group.

Voices like, “Damn shit- I'm not dead!?” and “Holy fuck! You! Shit! It’s the guy!” and “What the hell!? When could I speak English!?” and “The mutations are out! Shit!”

“Hello everyone.” I told, waving my left hand up cutely and softly as my voice echoed loudly to all, and they poked their ears as the DRC man lifted his head up and looked to me from his pose. “My name is Eighty-Three, (They started to yell, but they looked down and touched their mouths as they heard nothing come out, and the DRC man looked with intrigued thoughts to the muted mates,) and I am going to assist in the program of creating mutations. The DRC man has allowed me to bring you all here to a newer and more cleaner resort, and henceforth our goal will be to test the scientific algorithms of creating such beings as we also give such beings a paradise under this ground. I would just like to state, this is all very new to me as well, so let me meet each of you over time.” - I stated as everybody slowly followed my words.

“Hey Eighty-Three- How are you doing that?” - the DRC man as people casted their fists up and spoke with no decibels as they were muted.

“To summarize, I made their vocal cords stop with the darkness that is inside their bodies.” - I told the DRC man, before looking back at the mutations cowering away. “But please, let us meet everyone here, as they all matter and everybody needs to know about their new upcoming life, and rate it for me.”

As the DRC man went back to his pose, I must change the scene to me having dinner with everybody. The guards, lab-coat personnel, and the mutations, sitting in groups, but enjoying a dinner I had made as I sat in the middle of a large table in the cafeteria, on the right side, and the DRC man was on the top one chair and another guy on the bottom.

Each person sat with sweat on their emotions. They did not know what to say nor how to eat, but they tried their best with the white plate, napkin, one fork, knife, spoon, two pieces of chicken, some grits with applesauce, four pieces of bacon, and beef stew. Then, as the DRC man finished his food, having his red wine glass like everybody else placed on his top left, he looked up and spoke.

“Hey Andre... you doing good over there?” - The DRC man laughed.

“Bro- stooooop... please, god-damn...” - Andre, a man with brown jumbled hair, amber eyes, a white lab coat with a pin of the DRC, a green undershirt, black jeans and leather brown shoes, along with a long neck, big nose, big lips, and a skinny body.

“Come on Andre, say it already.” - A man named Kool, who was fitted with no hair, was black like the rest of them, had hazel eyes, black eyebrows, big lips and a nose with flappy ears, wore a white lab coat like the other, wore a blue undershirt, black jeans, black shoes, and a black buckle unlike the other man Andre.

“I... uh... damnit- uh...” Andre to a mutation across the table, it being the green-headed one, who was named Ituri. “I’m sorry about that time...”

“That time you...” - Kool to Andre, and Andre was on his right.

“The time I ripped the scab off your face... and then mister ‘Fatty-Watty’ over here decided it would be a good idea just to put a hole in your head.” - Andre.

“Hey Andre, it wasn’t the worst of ideas. It’s a symbol of the one time you got mad...” - the DRC man as I watched, and then a guard named ‘Miguel,’ who was in camo-blue amor except for his helmet which was off and, on the floor, he had blue eyes, a unibrow, big lips, messy black hair, and a long neck.

“Over... chuka...” - The man, busting out into laughter at the end of the table.

“Screw you, Miguel.” - Andre, rolling his eyes as others laughed all around.

“Hey Eighty-Three, can I not be so close to Juper here?” Another guard with hazel eyes, a unibrow, big nose and normal lips with flappy ears raised his hand as on his left the slug mutation was on the table, eating below at the plate under his essence. The eyes then looked all at the guard.

“Yes, Nukel, you may be excused if you are done eating.” I told over as the mutation giggled with its many mouths.

“Fuck you, Nukel.” A child told through one.

“Yeah, screw you too, B.” - Nukel to Juper the mutilation of multiple kids. Then silence rang as everybody continued finishing their dishes.

“To imagine that we were all screaming like twenty minutes ago at the sight of each other...” - A man with grey eyes, big nose small lips and no flappy ears, a long neck and a tall and slim body with a lab coat, a brown undershirt and leather brown pants with leather brown boots, told in his Congolese accent to my left.

“Food does connect people- you were right about that, DRC man.” - Miguel told with a nod as others founded the conversation around with their ears.

“Yeah- that’s the one thing Christianity gave to me. If you want somebody to be converted, offer food.” - The DRC man. “Hey- Eighty-Three, what are your thoughts on Christianity?”

“It is quite big in African regions such as yours, and henceforth I am sure you will all enjoy it over here, as mostly all my friends are Christians, even saying they met with Jesus himself- but I have not heard such evidence be provided... but yes, I like to call myself Christian, I remember brilliant morals and ideals that were told in the Bible.” I told around and people nodded as well as blinked.

“Uh- question- this is a very large place- are we starting a community or something?” A man asked down two people to my left, having an undershirt of brown, leather blue pants, leather black shoes, black mowed hair, a unibrow, green eyes, and no large other facial properties. Everyone at the table was a male by the way.

“Yes. I think it would be great to go back to Africa and give people an option to come stay down here with us and live under the world with better features than above. I would also like to grab some people for more mutations... oh... I have an idea I will try right afterwards, but overall- I would like to expand the community and create a... world under the world, where people flourish from our magic and we experiment with science, and care not for death as it is conquered... oh geez, I have a lot of thoughts going on right now... woo...” - Me as I looked down and then up.

“Okay...” - Andre.

“Whence finished, you all may roam around and get to know the place. The mutations are not to be looked at like slaves nor handicaps really, but rather just different. Now, I would like to thank you all for trying my food and having a good time getting to know each other in this quick timespan- but now I must depart and go do my finest business elsewhere. Remember, enjoy your stay, and if you dislike, you can leave whence ever you would like.” I told, before getting up and walking away with my boots. Everybody watched as I simply walked off, and most were eager with curiosity and confusion.

“What’s going on?” - Andre as he put his utensils down.

“I have no idea but let’s see how the voices in head show through their actions...” - the DRC man, getting up and leaving. “Also- Excuse me.”

“Damn... still can’t believe... we’re being... under command of a child with voices in his head...” - Kool as the others nodded.

“Not really command, but nice asking to be honest. He’s really nice... but I feel like that’s just a mask over bigger evils...” - Another different guard I have not mentioned.

“Yeah, true. Hopefully... I mean, can’t he hear us miles away?” - Andre and some others.

I walked up to Ryutyu’s basement with The DRC Man and he had to ask, “Hey Eighty-Three, where are ya’ going?”

“I am going to my school to get some kids for the operations.” - Me, looking back to him and then walking backwards and away.

“Woah-woah-woah, wait, what? Your school?” - The DRC Man.

“Yes, I am going to my school to pick up some kids. Is that bad to you?” I asked with my own smirk, still smiling behind the mask though.

“No- but, damn... wouldn’t it be... embarrassing or bad to go? Like, in front of classmates and just... do you have a word for-” The DRC man started to give up explaining with a grin still, showing he just thought it was a little quirky of me.

“Cringe would be the word you probably have not heard of, but no, I am not friends with many there. I have one friend who is no longer there, and one other that may be there in which I would like to mutate. Otherwise, it is just like you said- you steal kids quickly and run without feelings towards them.” I told the DRC man.

“Oh, alright. Just saying- you seem like you have a lot of friends...” - The DRC man.

“Well, technically yes. You should go meet them right now, but please keep our arrangement underground a secret.” - I asked of the DRC Man as we formally talked.

“Oh... alright.” The DRC Man shrugged, and so we continued off.

I rushed off towards school as the DRC Man went up to find Wilma and Shellia outside, enjoying sitting down by the pool. Wilma had not changed her suit, was still in her blue wardrobe, and Shellia was without clothes.

“Hey Wilma, and other girl I have not met... what is going on there?” The DRC Man asked, looking very intrigued upon the accordion on the arms.

“My friend Shellia here has an accordion attached to her arms because she was built that way by Jesus Christ on another planet. If detached, she will die, as her planet has humans just like this, where their instrument is their purpose... or something.” Wilma giggled at the end as she looked to The DRC Man with a little awkwardness, but Shellia was wide-eying the man in his striking pose. Then she played a little rift.

“No mouth... no air?” The DRC Man asked.

“She uses photosynthesis to survive.” - Wilma to the DRC Man.

“Ooh, dang... has Eighty-Three-" The DRC Man was going to state fully.

“Yes. There is no need to rip her apart.” Wilma told dully and Shellia played a surprised and sad rift as the DRC Man watched.

“Well... I’ll guess I’ll see you two around... Eighty-Three just went to school by the way, and asked of me to get to know people around here... so... anybody else I should know about?” The DRC Man asked.

“A lot of friends are around here. I will introduce you to each of them.” Wilma said, moving her legs and getting up to show her height to him. “Let us go.”

The DRC Man followed Wilma to Geurnf’s home and knocked. Geurnf came out with her fleshy muscles and sweaty big head, looking with confusion to the DRC Man, as he dipped down his glasses to see Geurnf in his slightly blurry vision.

“Hello?” - Geurnf asked as she saw the DRC Man.

“Hello- my name is The DRC Man, because I originally forgot my real name. I am a new member of this...” - The DRC Man led on.

“Group. Community. Village. Operation. Situation. Clan.” Wilma started to say.

“Alright, and you are?” The DRC Man asked Geurnf, lending his hand out.

“Geurnf. I’m happy to see new members come and assist with missions... but, you know, if you can go back, you should.” Geurnf told The DRC Man.

“Heh- no need- but why do you say that?” - The DRC Man after shaking her hand.

“Well, possibly if I was ealier to ask Eighty-Three to go home, I wouldn’t have been met with dead friends and technically a dead life. So I stayed here because everyone is here nice and I have a new life, and Wilma is amazing at producing whatever you want.” - Geurnf happily to the man.

“Hm, nice. And tell me- as I am scientific study-man who likes surgery and biochemicals- what exactly are you and how do you work? Recently I saw Shellia who surprised me with the knowledge she uses photosynthesis, but your eyes are big and so is you head- is that normal?” The DRC Man asked.

Geurnf slightly laughed. “If I only I cared to act awkward... no boy, I’m as normal as a human being. I’m just built with tough bones and thick tissues that assist with working more. My brain is bigger though, if you would like to count that. Also- nice to see another surgeon. Firstly, it was Eighty-Three is the smartest, and then I because I’m an engineer who could build a rocket ship if I wanted... but hey, nice to another folk in town.” - Geurnf.

“Thank you Geurnf, I hope we can work together soon.” The DRC man nodded, and then looked up to Wilma.

“I shall now take him to visit the kids and Ryutyu. Eighty-Three would like him to meet everybody as he will be staying.” - Wilma said, before hovering off.

“Hm, have a nice one then.” - Geurnf waving away to the floating pose of The DRC Man.

They then went over to Daniel’s home, which had everyone in there doing a little stay. Ejnare and Chinua were on the couch watching television as Daniel, Ryutyu, and Oyur were in his room playing Fortnight. Khenbish was with Angelica, trying to tell some jokes in another room, and then The DRC Man and Wilma came in through the front door. Wilma made it fall down with a blast sound effect and dust as the DRC Man was casually in his pose again, and Chinua plus Ejnare looked over quickly to see the man.

“Uh...” - Ejnare as he rose to see The DRC Man.

“Hi. This is The D-R-C Man.” Wilma titled the DRC Man as she entered, and he walked forth. Chinua also rose and Daniel rushed out to see the man come into the kitchen an give his hand out to Ejnare first.

“Yeah- I’m a new guy here. I’m very interesting in studying beings and helping out Eighty-Three, so that’s why I’m mainly around.” - The DRC Man.

“Um... okay...” - Ejnare as he shook hands with the man.

“What’s your name?” The DRC Man asked with his green eyes making contact.

“Ejnare, and this is my good friend Chinua.” Ejnare spoke to The DRC Man as Daniel looked over and saw the DRC Man shake the hand of the confused and a little angry Chinua as Ejnare just looked stale and depressed. Then he turned towards Daniel.

“And who may you be?” - The DRC Man to Daniel.

“I’m Daniel, and who may you be?” Daniel joked to The DRC Man.

“Did you not hear? I’m here from assisting Eighty-Three.” - The DRC Man before Ejnare cut in and everybody listened up. Angelica and Khenbish came out as well.

“You got picked up from the fairy-mission?” - Ejnare asked as Oyur and Ryutyu showed up, and then Gustavo came in from the doorway.

“Yeah.” - The DRC Man confidently as Ryutyu came forth.

“You must be thy new guy- I'm Ryutyu, lad. This here be Daniel, (He points with his left hand,) Oyur, Angelica, Khenbish, and thy Gustavo if ya’ haven’t already met em.’” - Ryutyu.

“Gustavo?” The DRC Man asked, looking around to find the giant purple cat sitting down behind him. With his smiling cat mouth, and The DRC Man’s pose, they instantly locked eyes and Wilma despised from her mouth the notions that went through their heads.

“Hello- my name is Gustavo, but you can call me Gus.” - Gus to the DRC Man.

“We’re just going to call you Gustavo, buddy.” - Daniel with a smirk.

“Not so fast, Daniel. The cat asked politely, and we should follow etiquette. Nice to meet you, Gus. You know, you look familiar, but all purple cats do.” - The DRC Man.

“Hm, okay.” - The Nigerian-accent of Gus as he gave out his paw and they shook.

“So... what do you guys do?” The DRC Man asked after an awkward two seconds.

“Well, we were just gaming... but uh...” - Daniel as the group was around.

“Can I get a tour of this village?” The DRC Man asked around.

“I can tour.” Gus responded quite frequently in time.

“Hm, alright. I’ll be with the cat then, hope to see ya’ll around...” The DRC Man nodded, waving back as he exited with Gus.

Wilma stayed and they all looked at her and Ryutyu, standing around blind-mouthed.

“Does anybody else get some weird vibes from him?” - Angelica in the silence.

“Nah.” - Ryutyu instantly to Angelica’s question on the DRC Man.

“Yeah...” - Chinua with frustration about the DRC Man.

“That fool looked like he was thirty or some shit.” - Oyur. “And yeah- his grin looked fucking evil or something corrupt, I don’t know for real.”

“He will work with Eighty-Three and has a mind like him. He probably will be like Geurnf for a few days before maybe coming to be extroverted to everyone. I sense his personality is like a mix between the personality of Daniel and Eighty-Three.” - Wilma.

“Hell nah bruh- an extroverted plus dark personality gonna’ be weirder than a one-square-one-side Rubic cube.” - Oyur.

“Alright bruh- that made zero sense.” - Daniel giggled.

“Just saying, guys. Ya’ll are normal fuckers, he’s on some googly-drug-looking shit.” - Oyur as the group slightly smirked at his comment.

“We really shouldn’t talk about others behind their back...” - Angelica.

“Well, I dunno’ missy- you wanna’ talk to him face-to-face?” - Oyur to Angelica.

“I will after Gus finishes the tour I guess...” - Angelica looking out as Chinua and Ejnare returned to their movie and Ryutyu patted the right shoulder of Angelica with a smile.

After a few seconds, I already rushed back to the room and down to other scientists, and I went to my surgical room, allowing others to come and watch as I tried my own creative science on Molly. On a table and in a room just like my surgical room, I carefully stretched parts out and put puss in pink places to make a very disgusting and long mutilation.

The scientists watched as behind them were four other kids, tied up in darkness ropes, crying out for help, but the doctors watched my speed and my essence quickly convert one fleshy substance of a normal human being into something more extraordinary.

Then after finishing the screams of terror from Molly in seconds, and my teeth seething with happiness, I rushed off, and let the scientists ponder what was in front of them.

Above, Gus had brought The DRC to the edge of the shield and showed him how nobody could put a paw through it. The DRC man nodded, and then looked back as he stood into his pose and saw the cat sit with him, looking towards his glasses.

“So you know-” Gus tried to state to the fellow African-sounding being, before I pulled up, standing right in front of The DRC Man, two feet away, and he saw with a single eyebrow raise, his essence barely wobbling at the winds.

“Yes, and he will be helping. I recently just finished such a random and quick idea for a mutilation, and I think you guys should come along and look...” - Me to them both, and then I took their hands slash paws and zipped away.

Soon, the DRC Man was catching his stance as he tilted his head up and his hands back onto his belt as he looked forwards to many scientists clearing the visuals to Molly’s new form. Gustavo sat down and watched with a big smile as well.

Molly was now a very elongated, slush flowing stick-like, swelling cords of an abomination, a platform, spreading-disease-looking-like bottom where seeming cords and veins of her white puss, pink flavor, and blood stretched up to her head, where the right eye was widened to darkness, and her nose was cut off as her other eye was swelling. Her hair was still fine like the top of her head, but her neck was seemingly the rest of her body, and her mouth hung tilted to the left with inhumane leverage. A few twigs with bones peering through the demented skin came out of her body at places, just one actually, pointy and ready to be small. She had her organs meshed together inside, and her skeleton was half-exo-skeleton, half-transparent to show her insides. Her face cried out in pain as everybody looked forth and saw the horrendous thing swivel and curve like a snake, because that was what it looked like, but the tail was flatter than the torso and became a platform.

“Why?! WHY!? HELP!? PLEASE!? GOD! GOD HELP!? PLEASE GOD!? WHY!?” Molly cried out as her platform moved and soon, she fell off behind. Some scientists wanted to move forth to catch, but saw that her platform hit the ground, and her snake-like body started to wobble as it stood up and cried to our faces.

Her fleshy wounds stood high, and her head was the only humane thing left. She stood eight feet tall, and her limbs had conjoined with organs from what some saw. Even her bones looked sad as some twisted and curved and she coughed out blood.

The DRC Man took off his glasses slowly, without a single shake in his bones, and from his pose arose an open mouth of happiness, an awe of gratefulness that busted from his grin as he looked forth to my creation, and I watched his heart beat go up with sound. Gustavo’s ears rose as Molly whimpered and looked around.

"So all of this was done in around two minutes?” The DRC Man asked with a grin.

“It really only take a few milliseconds if I fully cheat my way through it.” - Me.

“We took years to somewhat even evaluate a livable condition for a mutilation- especially for a guy like you, (He points over to the green mutilation man,) but now... hey... Eighty-Three... you've done the impossible... and I can’t wait to get this entire facility working...” The DRC Man stated, putting back on his glasses.

“Same.” - A random scientist with a smile.

“Alrighty, we shall start then. Please, all of you, treat the mutilations with the best of care as I will now be going back to Africa and searching around for a few communities to join us. We shall take in as many poor people and as many people that want to come, as we shall build an underground world of safety and science for the people. Do you all like that idea?” I asked, and everybody nodded their heads with slight whispers to each other. “Then I shall be off, and Gustavo- have fun.”

I then darted off from the happy cat and went straight to Africa. I leaped into the air from out of the shield, and into space with speed, before darting down into the lush and green forests of the Republic of the Congo, the other Congo country, and I landed in a place called Eghui, a small area towards the northwest of the country where there was mostly rainforest and such. I landed a bit off the settlement, but close after I checked my bee phone, and I had landed on a greasy and muddy terrain of grass surrounded by trees and leaves. Above were dark clouds and a dark blue sky of terror, thunder and rain pouring down without consent. The trees became damp, and the wood soaked. My rubber dress slid falls of water off, as my ears lit up and heard to my southwest, behind me, a fight. The clashing of spears, rocky ends of triangles and sticks poking near each other as people breathed heavily, saddened and wonderous of who would win.

I darted over quickly jumping up with my boots and landed on top of a tree to find that near a river, two boys fought in the shallows, fish crawling by and around as the line of trees dispersed to open areas and two sides, one on each side of the river, watched their clan member fight. One was a boy without hair, a little chubby and with hazel eyes that wore a red robe around his waist and leather shoes, poked after a somewhat fit-looking boy with green eyes, and nice cozy yet messy black hair. He had wide cheeks that were red, and he wore a robe of brown with no boots, but his robe had leaves all around it, and he used a similar spear, poking at the other boy with his fat hands. He also had slightly fat feet and sweated largely. One the wide boy’s side were people, and a leader wearing many feathers and leather boots. On the other were robed personnel with no tattoos, but rather rock bracelets and such.

They all watched silently as the music of a fight was in between the two boys. One slash to the middle, a boy backed off. Another, and the green guy tripped on a rock. He fouled up, and on top of a branch I looked below, seeing him clash sticks and soon get back into swinging the spear. But after thirteen more points and slashes, the other boy thrusted his spear straight, and the boy dodged to the side, before then the boy brought it back as the other pointed his and the other dodged it the same way. Then the other boy started to run and stab it into the green-eyed boy, allowing him to trick on a rock as he pushed the spear into the boy’s opposite side of his heart. There, blood amassed out from the wound as the kid grabbed the spear, and the people gasped and backed away on both sides.

The other kid started to back away before looking to his clan, and they all dropped their hands from their mouth, nodded, and started to leave away, as the other tribe did as well. No words were spoken, and the rain kept pouring over the green-eyed kid who let go of the spear without confidence and let his eyes slowly close as the rain rained.

As the river kept flowing and his back hairs were caught in constant motion, fish swimming away and around, I jumped down from the tree and slowly crept over to him. The blood was black, and it swept it out as he his mouth closed, and he calmed himself for death. I got onto my knees by his left side and then put my right-hand glove onto his belly, and slowly worked it up to the spear, where I slowly wrapped my fingers around it, and pulled it out like his flesh was whipped cream. My ears heard the people further their distance as the voices calmed down and watched as my darkness repainted his insides and sucked the blood back in with reverse. Soon, he started to frustrate his eyebrows and confuse his lips, before shimmering his eye open to see me, smiling in front of him. With my glowing mask and shining white pixels on my shades, a lightning bolt from behind illuminated my presence to be greater, and he saw me cast the spear into the lake and let it shuffle down as he brought his arms up and his eyes wide, looking to me with only surprise and dis-knowledge of what I was. His hair was soaked, and he looked into only my face as my ears stayed up in the rain.

“Hey buddy... May I give you a better place to live rather than death here?” I asked, standing up and lending out my glove-hand to him, and he grabbed it with his and allowed me to lift him up, his eyes not disconnected from my shades, but blinking rapidly under the thunder.

***The extreme battle with Heru.***

Many scientists rushed around with guards, transporting paper stacks in their arms to new rooms as they shuffled around and got the place ready. Gustavo and The DRC Man looked with happiness over to me as I came down, and I allowed the new boy to stay by my right. They nodded and waved before going back inside the water supply room.

I then looked towards the boy. “Let me clean you up.” I asked, and I took him with me to the bathrooms, extended and nice. There, I casted out my right hand and created a special room in the middle, where it was like the rest- white marble tiles all over, and metallic shiny knobs for the showers. I then took the boy in, relieved him of his leafy robe, relieved myself of my rubber dress, and as he sat in the white tub, looking at the faucet drain in clean water with soapy bubbles, he diverted his eyes back to me, only with my mask and shades on now, and saw with his surprised and low lips me get in. I formed soap bars of purple out of my hands, and I started to scrub around as he turned his head back and felt the cleanness come onto him from the wetness that was within the forest.

After taking a bath with him, I opened his mouth and brushed his teeth, applied deodorant for him, flossed his teeth, and shaved his upcoming mustache and unibrow connected with his beard, before drying him off, and then inventing new clothes for him after letting my finger twinkle my dress back on with cleanness itself. His new clothes were a blue long-sleeved shirt with two pockets, and a U-neck, along with grey jeans and black shoes. He was surprised to look down and suddenly see clothes around him forming, as I allowed him to try it out in the bathrooms to walk around and fit his feet into the shoes. Then I pulled him out to the cafeteria, where he watched mutilations and guards pass by, but mainly looked down to his buffet of food I offered suddenly on the table. I sat on his right as he looked down to see many plates of sushi or fish or meatballs or chicken sandwiches, and he looked to me in silence before trying out the cooked meatballs and then the fish, which he seemed to eat without hesitation, un-useful of his silverware, but I did not mind his hand-picking. He then finished and looked at his hands before I created a white handkerchief, and rubbed his hands for him, sucking up the sauce and wet fishy smell, in which he saw with no facial changes. Then he saw the dishes disperse into darkness and rally up and into the corners, before looking back at me.

“Are you going to talk?” I asked him politely and happily, but he just looked at me. “I did rewire you so you would understand both English and Spanish...” He kept looking at me like Kioshi probably would, his silence inevitable, “But hey... you are the first member of my underground realm... How do you feel?” He blinked twice afterwards that sentence.

“Are you God?” He asked in English, and I was still smiling. I sat there in silence for six seconds, looking to him and letting the shuffle of my rubber dress exalt in sound as he pondered what I would say.

“I am... an angel... that has come from God himself to cure the world. I understand I look intimidating, but I am here to save you, and every humane person on this planet. I am here to... come up from the ground after forming a perfect society and bring peace through war above. No one shall die, as I have defeated death, and I am with the power of darkness to bring light to this world... I am not God, but he is with us.” I told happily as people passed in rooms away, and I could hear their murmurous voices. I put my hands on the table and looked at him as he looked at me.

“Have I done wrong?” he asked me, his eyes tearing up. The voices in my head rubbed their fictional hands together and enjoyed giggling at this, but also found it intriguing and smart to put together.

“If you have, you do not need to worry. I am here to save you, and everyone else I shall find in the future. Down here, you can have whatever you want, and you shall have science to back up many truths...” - Me to the boy.

The boy just stared at me, before nodding and letting his possible tears back away. He then looked back at me with his wide green eyes, and asked a simple question: “What’s behind your glasses?”

“That is a secret only I should know...” - Me to him with a mysterious accent, and he stayed silent before I then asked him another question, “What is your name?”

“Ekon.” He responded with a stutter. “May I... see your eyes?”

I let my back rest away as my shades faded with darkness into his eyes. He knew that I did not want to answer the question but kept looking.

“May I... rub your tail?” - Ekon.

“Sure, but please do not pull.” - Me to Ekon as my tail then rested on his lap, and he felt it with his hands, spreading the fur down as I sat happily.

“May I... see your mouth?” Ekon asked.

“No...” - Me to him with a giggle.

“How may I make you happy?” he asked wonderous, his eyes still on my shades.

I sighed with a happy relief. “Ekon, please. Enjoy yourself here. Learn and grow... and maybe I will soon take you back up to speak with those others and bring your friends down here...” - I told Ekon.

“My friends don’t like me now... My people always said, ‘friends till the end,’ and my end has come...” - Ekon.

“Ekon, please. Your end was stopped by me. You are not dead, but in better hands. Friends till the end is not the best of phrases in my world, but when they see the end is only the beginning, they will be good again.” - I told Ekon warm-fully.

“Then I need to help. What should I do?” - Ekon.

“Well, Ekon. Since you asked what would make me happy, being a translator to your people would be great and doing that mission as soon as possible would be fantastic. I would also like you specially to get to know this place, its future, and the people I have recently met down here.” I told Ekon.

“I will do that... is there other things I could do to make you happy?” - Ekon.

“A lot really- but let us start with what is wanted in the current moment. Let me take you around personally, actually.” - I told Ekon, getting up and allowing him to follow.

Throughout the underground facility we went, until soon I let him off with the new Molly and The DRC Man getting to know the situation and whipped up to face Clasif doing formal boxing-punches against Ryutyu in his gym clothes.

“Oh hey Eighty-Three!” - Ryutyu as he shot his head over before bouncing back away from a punch from Clasif.

“Hello Eighty-Three. Sorry to announce that the Computer has once again sent me to do a game where now I must box against Ryutyu. Luckily, he is winning the match and I can lower my force of my arms so the ratios do not tolerate as much.” Clasif told over calmly as I looked above to see a scoring with how much so-called ‘Damage’ was being taken on them. Clasif’s boots also ingrained into the carpet.

“Alrighty." - Me, before then whipping off elsewhere from match between them.

I went to the school with ramming voices, passing just a glimpse of sound from Daniel and Wilma performing a song in a booth at the end of the village. Oyur was also at a black control panel as they sung about rainbow smoothies Wilma had recently made for them, telling a story-song. But after eighty-four milliseconds, I was already gone to school, and I dashed around to find people talking about Molly’s disappearance. I then decided upon seeing Arty that it would be best to contact the Rainbow Orb. I darted over and into the ground before coming out to Heru’s room, hearing only him around, still walking back and forth as he listened to sad rocky, yet electric music. I plugged in from the ceiling, drooping like a portal of darkness down into the concrete, and forming myself up, and he turned around rapidly with concern and soon-to-come red eyes.

“What the fuck are you fucking doing here?” - Heru asked with angry concern.

“I do not hear anybody else around the school nor the base. Did they all go on a trip again?” - I asked Heru as my tail wrapped around my left thigh.

“I don’t fucking know.” - Heru with a sigh, “Why are you fucking here anyways? To fucking laugh at me?”

“I am here to ask... if you would like to assist in causing tomfoolery within the school premises like me and the Rainbow Orb have been casually doing lately. I would like to ask you to form a bunch of creatures, maybe with me, to invade the school- or we could do some other plan so I can then contact all the kids to come and fight, and... we can watch, enjoying the sadistic play they do not know they are in...” - Me to Heru.

“I’m not working with your dumbass, you fucking retard.” - Heru.

“Oh, alrighty. I guess I will be on then.” - Me to Heru.

“No... you... fucking bitch... I hate you. You’ve destroyed my life, and now you... you’re a fucking bitch... I... damnit, I forgot my damn conversation I was going to bitch about... I just... hate you for dealing my goddamn purpose away like it was nothing! I hope you fucking die in a goddamn fire! I hope you get ripped apart and-” - Heru tried to say, a little confused on what he was trying to output towards me.

“(I put my finger over his mouth,) Alrighty, Heru- then go ahead. Kill me if you would like- right now.” I told Heru as he tried to angrily swear at me with no hesitations, his veins slowing down as he saw me just say those words without care.

“What?” He asked after a few seconds, stunned angrily by my comment.

“Kill me. And make sure I am held in your hands.” - I told happily.

Heru then stared into my shades with his soul, his irritation blasting. Soon, he gritted and showed his white teeth before making a rainbow knife in his right hand, and stabbing it into my neck after bringing it up slowly, shaking with anger, and then pushing it into my skin, without hesitation. He looked at me with red eyes, seeing my smile not fade at the slightest. He then pulled it out and watched my neck bleed as I stood there, and then he stabbed the top of my chest, then took his left hand and started to grab my hair and stab me all around my head, and soon he just threw me back after fourteen punctures, uncaring of the blood piling out onto the floor and the silence that he erupted. My body did not shake, nor did I cry, I just smiled.

Heru let his eyes dawn away from red and saw how I was dead. He knelt down and took off the mask with both his hands, dropping the knife to the floor as he then took off the shades. He gritted his teeth after a neutral mouth, and once again started to rip at my facial features, grabbing the knife and cutting parts of my skin out till he reached inside, grabbed the brain, and started to mush it, letting it collapse in and fall to the floor as the seas of red spread across the room.

“Fucking die... fucking... mush... you piece of shit...” - Heru as he looked to my death. “You...” He started to say before then using both of his hands to grab my rubber dress’s front and pull my shattered head closer to his body, hairs sticking by blood and foiling to the ground without much else purpose. “... dead piece of crap. Fucking fool... fucking fuck... I hate you, and now you... just give up your life that easy!? That fucking easy!? I HATE YOU! I HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! YOUR SMILE! YOUR SHADES! YOUR FUCKING FEMBOY-RETARDED-BULLSHIT, YOU FUCKING WHITE SHIT PIECE OF SHIT, I FUCKING HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! ALL YOUR FRIENDS, ALL YOUR FAMILY! ALL OF YOUR ESSENCE IS DUMB! IDIOTIC! FUCKING RETARDED! FUCKING SHIT, JUST LIKE YOU! YOU... you... fucking... god-damnit...” Heru started to say, letting his voice crawl down as he let the body slope and then looked around.

“Bro is actually dunny.” - I told, entering through the door with a copy of myself.

Heru turned around with frustration and looked towards me, his eyes going red as he stood up and saw to my normal copy in front.

“How the fuck are you FUCKING ALIVE?!” - Heru yelled at my copy.

“I copied myself, making the other versions read books and collect intellect and do chores and complete scientific processes as well, so that- oh, there we go...” - I stated, soon seeing the universe reset and Heru just gritted his teeth at me.

Soon, all was white, and I rushed down from my room to Ekon and the underground world, where I told them what was going on, and then rushed up to the kids, and found the date on Daniel’s bee phone to be 1/22/2020, so I then told them they all needed to go to school to complete a mission as I did some research below, and Wilma nodded, giving them guns and creating a portalis to the school. I then instead rushed off back to Heru, walking with anger back and forth, and told him, “Hello Heru- I am currently creating fake people to invade the school, so if you come to assist, I would be pleased. Also, if you do- do not take the bodies of the kids- as we can only pursue more and more conflict if everyone revives safely back at their base.” I then giggled away, and up to the school where I went under a gym bleacher and heard around and then stated to myself in my head, “Let us use echo-location since we can make it,” and henceforth I saw with sound cues the scene where Arty was speaking to Daniel as Daniel explained the kid’s mission and held a badge nicely to Arty for evidence. The halls were quiet and people in their classes currently at 12:55 P.M., so I decided by the gym doors to create a bunch of clouds, floating meat clouds, with eyes all around, but mainly smooth skin and different colored eyes just around randomly, all from the darkness under the bleacher, and as they hovered two feet above the ground, they created arms from their smooth and pale flesh to open the gym doors and started punching the ceiling tiles of the school to make them fall down as well as create mouths and scream a lot. The clouds also just hovered forwards like a lazy animation, and their random sequence of hills for the top of a head combined with the flat yet curving-up and thresholding bottom made them look like clouds.

“Guys- You hear that?” Ejnare asked Daniel as his ears went up, and Kioshi’s spider arms came out suddenly, making everyone follow and listen, as he then aimed his sniper up and started to use the mechanical-sounding black arms to move over to the hall to see down towards the clouds coming into classrooms and tearing people apart.

“Ew...” - Chinua with a slight grin but still frustration.

“What the hell are those?!” - Arty sounded with an incoming fear.

“Those look like some damn clouds. They better not be rapping shit though.” - Oyur as he moved his rocket launcher up and shot, and Arty stepped back, seeing the bloody show immaculate, as then more and more clouds came around towards the gym doors. Then remaining clouds started to form hands and reach out, and Arty, with his pistol, plus Chinua, with her minigun, started to shoot at the arms, making them bleed to fall on the floor as the clouds came with a speed around a golf cart on flat grass.

“Nice reference, Oyur.” Daniel snorted after two seconds.

“Yeah thanks- but ya’ll shits need to follow ME. We need to find the tomfuckery of where these clouds coming from and stop it from there, because they just keep coming like the Heru’s did- remember, Daniel?” - Oyur planned for the kids.

“Yeah- stuff about to get whack... uh- here- Oyur, Kioshi, Khenbish- Angelica, come with me, we’re going around. Chinua, Arty, Ejnare... keep on shooting from here.” - Daniel started, and then started off with a run.

“HUH?” - Arty.

“Wait- what am I supposed to do, Daniel?” Angelica rushed out with her soft voice.

“Be moral support since you only brought a bible.” Daniel giggled a little.

“Yeah, Angelica- you fucking dumbass. Bringing a bible to any fight at all ain’t gonna’ save your life unless you depend on smacking those damn clouds with it.” - Oyur.

“Kill... kill!” - Khenbish started to seethe behind and Daniel looked back as they crossed around, and then he looked to Angelica’s worry.

“Angelica- help out with Khenbish maybe- I dunno’ if she’s going... to... be okay...” - Daniel looking back as Khenbish jogged, holding the stop sign with a smile.

“Okay!” - Angelica running a little less, and Daniel darted off further.

Daniel was fastest and then Oyur, with Kioshi coming quickly behind. Daniel saw by the band room and influx of clouds reach around and try to grab Oyur, so he shot with his scattergun as Oyur blasted a random rocket off, and exploded the arena, making sunlight pour in as the clouds came through the dust and reach out to grab with their many voices behind. Oyur then threw down his rocket launcher and shot his hands out, letting his roots grow around the arms and crush them in as they grabbed onto Daniel’s face and started to suck off the skin, literally palm into his face and then make the skin and blood stick as it ripped off like glue was there. Daniel quickly reformed his face with a little discontent before going back to neutrality, as Kioshi shot some with his sniper rifle. The bullet pummeled through the hands and the straight arms, piercing the blood to foil out as the clouds cried out with their eyes looking directly at the kids, or popping as they were just blown off. Angelica feared back, putting the bible over her mouth as Khenbish rushed in with eager happiness, going through the debris with her stop sign and smashing it down into the clouds, making them puke out blood. Daniel advanced with Khenbish, and Oyur kept making his roots go farther and more spread-ful, sometimes turning into walls as they blocked, smashed, crushed, and bent arms to bleed out. Blood has gotten all over Khenbish’s essence as she smashed a few down, and Daniel went around her, shooting other that reached out. Arms came onto Khenbish, but she turned and smashed the corpse further into death if she was irritated enough and shaking the right direction. Otherwise she went after close and lively ones, as Oyur surrounded some and put spikes in, and Kioshi stabbed a few with his legs, whilst sniping quickly. Daniel started to smile as he shot the clouds though, seeing Khenbish enjoy it with invasive insanity, and Oyur just yell each time he struck a cloud dead. One to the top left- dead by a snipe. One to the right, blood everyone on Daniel. Five hands from the gym doors, and Daniel shot through their easy skin, letting Oyur survive more. Soon, Khenbish with her laughs bashed through the gym doors and went further. Behind, Angelica watched in horror, not stepping on any of the guts of the clouds or the blood if she could, like Daniel and Oyur had tried to do.

In the gym, they continued, finding a swarm of clouds to lift up and go all around, making the kids almost corner themselves as they saw the incoming many. Khenbish went straight into the madness though, and Oyur was letting his roots dwell back in as he saw Khenbish get her face ripped off and soon an arm wrap around her shaking left leg and throw her at Daniel, who was looking towards the wall and shooting clouds that came like mosquitos, using their arms to crawl- before he was pushed back three meters and Khenbish was crying as her face bled out. I watched from above though, on top of the school’s roof, using my echo-location to see down, seeing Daniel frown as Khenbish laid on the floor, now absent from fighting opportunity. The voices started to ring though.

“Shaking. Shaking. What if she shook up other things other than herself? That should be her super ability. Yes. Indeed. That would be cool? Maybe, let us see... she should emit gamma rays if she dare as well!” The voices mainly stated.

I then swished my right hand back and forth, and soon, Khenbish stopped crying, and she started to shake more, violently making her face angry. Angelica looked in from the broken gym windows, seeing with horror to Khenbish getting up, her blood going back into her face as her eyes were swollen red and she looked around with a seething breath now.

Khenbish then started to rush over to Daniel and Oyur. They traveled closer to the darkness behind the bleachers in attempt to kill all clouds coming continuously out, as Khenbish then shook rapidly, a motion blur over her effects, before she jumped, and the shaking start to lift her a little higher than humanely possible, before her hands then jittered quickly and turn black, whence she smashed down a cloud and made the insides boil with steam, before she then rapidly jumped elsewhere, at top human speed, shaking vibrantly as she grabbed the eyes of another cloud and squished them into fire, or grabbed a hand and melted it, or grabbed another hand and shook it with her jittering particles that the cloud in the air started to smash into the ceiling and break its careful skin. “Woah- Khenbish on a roll!” Daniel stated as he saw over to the mad lady.

“Shiiiiiiiit- I probably can’t hold this shit...” Oyur then stated as he formed a barrier in the hole of the bleachers with his right hand, and the other traveled around to block the other side as some clouds flew out that way. The roots compiled onto each other and formed a solid wall but were being slowly inflated by the growing number.

“I probably have to go in, Oyur!” Daniel yelled as he shot a few more clouds, before some were sniped, and others mushed into popcorn-ish sounds.

“Ight bruh!” - Oyur as Daniel then rushed over, but Khenbish ran faster with her jittering speed, and soon Daniel just took a few steps back as Khenbish came over with her essence almost an entire motion blur of red blood, and she looked at the wall, the starting root at top in the middle and splitting into more roots.

She breathed in heavily and loudly as Daniel stepped back with worry and discomfort to her shaking anger and bleeding face, and Kioshi let his spider legs crawl him over to the other gym doors and open them to go shoot at a few other clouds that made children cry in classrooms or be another hit by Chinua, Arty, or Ejnare. Angelica also came into the gym, absolutely worried to maximum effect at the blood mass, but seeing over to Khenbish, who made her hands clench with blackness, and then her entire body, including her torn legs, started to turn black till Oyur with his raised eyebrow let the roots swivel up into the main one and come back with quickness as then Khenbish screamed, her head not going up with rage, and Daniel plus Oyur saw that nothing came out of the black Khenbish, except in front of her incoming clouds melted, burned, and died, as her clothes also went to become air, and they saw, with much heat around the air making it swift a little like the gas coming from behind a truck- they saw a large machine with an output and vacuum start to melt in from the inside, blood seeping out as the machine started to clog and spit blood, before eyes toppled out and the machine stopped vibrating, clogs started to rust against each other.

Daniel took a step back from the shaking Khenbish who had her clothes burned off, and she took off and away towards the outside with the tennis court. Daniel nor Oyur watched, but saw inside and wiped blood off their faces, hearing gunshots end in the halls as blood seeped everywhere.

“What the hell was that fucking, goofy-ahh bullshit? No way did all those damn shits come from a machine...” - Oyur stated as he came up to Daniel, covered in blood.

“Well... (He looks back to see Angelica walking up,) hey Angelica! We won!” Daniel waved over and Oyur nodded back to Angelica.

“Nice...” Angelica shrugged with sadness as she saw Khenbish go away.

“So, we found it was just a machine, which by Oyur’s standards- makes no sense, but... uh... yeah... I think we won... now we just... call Eighty-Three...” - Daniel said with heavy breathing, unlike the other two.

“Eighty-Three going be taking crack like Wilma when he hears about this...” - Oyur.

In the hall, Arty took a step back, seeing to the hall dead students, flesh on fire, blood everywhere, and bullets spread amongst the floor without care. Chinua let her gun rest on the floor as she sighed with an open mind, before looking to Ejnare.

Ejnare looked at Chinua and said nothing as he then looked up to the traumatized Arty, who heavily breathed as he saw the destruction. Blood was on the ceiling, the walls, the floor- and it spread like a growing sea. It was crimson like his eyes, and it told his brain that the school was a war show- to his understanding. He put his gun back in its case and sighed, trying to relieve his mind as Chinua then looked to him with wide eyes.

Arty then wanted to say something in the moment, but before he could rotate his neck or open his mouth, the speakers came on and they allowed a certain theme to play. One that started with a top hat, a repeating rhythm, readying itself. Arty’s sweat drooled down his face and the blood seeped off, as after seven seconds of them all listening to the rhythm, and the slow feel of something incoming come on, Arty suddenly turned right and dashed away, out the entrance of the school without a word.

“Where’s Arty going?!” Chinua asked with sudden horror to Ejnare, and his eyes grew wide at the man running. Kioshi also saw that from the gym doors and his eyes were already wide like Chinua’s.

The rhythm then picked up a drumbeat and an electronic beat, going with a buildup sense over the media communication in the hallways. It was Heru’s theme.

I heard and saw Heru land onto Khenbish, smashing her dead into a pile of blood as he then flew threw the doors, knocking them off and throwing his own rainbow stop sign into Angelica’s head, knocking her dead and crushing her skull against the wall as her body just went ragdoll from the impact. Then Daniel got his gun out and started blasting, but Heru just soaked in the bullets as his mosquito wings flew him closer and he then punched Daniel’s gun down, and then took Daniel by the kneck as Oyur created roots to grow into Heru’s eyes, but as their teeth gritted, Heru then opened his mouth and allowed four tiny spines, literally tiny red spines of a human, shoot into Oyur’s ears as he dashed to the left, and they followed his essence to go into his ears at thirty-five miles per hour, and mush his brain around by just twisting in it, making him bleed from the nose and mouth, and then collapse to Daniel’s horror as he tried punching Heru away, and then Heru, letting the roots fall without care, threw Daniel into the other hall where Kioshi came up to the other two, and Daniel had to grow back his brunt skin as the rubble caused dust everywhere.

“Daniel!” Chinua yelled as she quickly went over and grabbed his arm to lift him up strongly, and Ejnare got his sniper ready.

Then Heru ran through the dust with his stop sign and jumped, his wings flickering as he then did a little fly over to Ejnare and threw down his stop sign with strength, and Ejnare had already shot and then ducked to his left. Heru came down and picked up his stop sign. before behind him Chinua then used her right hand to punch him in the back of the head, and he leveraged his spine down before whipping around with anger to see Chinua. He then pointed the stop sign at Chinua.  
“Pain.” Heru said with a growing smile, before dropping the sign, and then facing off against Chinua. Chinua tried to give a left uppercut, but Heru caught it, and an incoming right-hand smash with equal hands, before letting his head and then smashing it into hers, and she made her mass go up as her arms were then pushed towards herself, and Heru bounced back from the hard impact, before Ejnare then came up. Heru then used his wings to blast off as Kioshi then shot at Heru in the small seconds, and he zipped around before kicking Kioshi into a bunch of lockers and falling to the floor, where he then ran quickly to smack Ejnare down onto the floor. Chinua with her work-out arms tried punching Heru multiple times, but he ducked, swung his entire body inhumanely, and soon punched her into the wall with such strength her head smashed in, made a hole, and blood fouled out like a river.

Ejnare saw this with frustration and got up, throwing his fists up to see Chinua pull the smashed head of Chinua out, and then start eating her insides in front of him.

“What the!?” - Daniel without words as Heru bit down and licked the blood, before tossing the body to the floor and getting his hands up.

Ejnare then went up and showed an uppercut, with Heru who dodged and reformed his actions to be a side-kick, then dodged by Ejnare and he formed two punches each with his arms- boom, Heru finally hit one in his chin, but then Ejnare goes in from the left, then under with his right, now a spin back and then a kick to Heru’s chest! Heru is still angry, but then Kioshi comes over quickly and puts two of the spider arms directly into the head of Heru without care, seeing blood spurt out as Heru forcefully pulls his head up with the tear rips down his skull. Without any words or other actions, the other see Kioshi’s eyes go red as his head also goes back, and then Heru makes his head do a full rotation as Kioshi’s simply snaps off and Ejnare and Daniel see the horror of that as Heru is still mad and then forms his hands into hammers, all this happening in quick seconds.

Ejnare comes in with a punch as Daniel joins, Ejnare going from the left as Daniel uses his shatter gun to grit his teeth and shoot from the right, but just as that was done, I blasted through the building and uses the sharp spikes on my boots to plant holes into Heru’s head as I smash him to break the gym doors off and hit the gym wall. Heru, with his theme still playing, let it continue adding off-beat as I started to form many hands and smash him in, using my head to smash his in, his blood oozing and coming onto mine like slime, as he then made a few rainbow knives, the entirety of the floor rainbow spikes and black holes in random places as he tried whipping around at light speed and stabbing me. I also started to create many spikes from under my dress and shoot around as I then used his black holes to smash into each other and cause massive explosions.

Daniel looked back with Ejnare, seeing radiation and the Doppler effect illuminate the school and shatter it to smithereens and fire as they were blasted away. Bodies burned and corpses now ash black, Ejnare’s corpse fell sixteen meters to the northwest of Daniel as he found himself flying up and falling to the floor in a single second, speed shifting his mind as he leaked blood out, and soon he shoved his hands up to see they were missing, his lower arms decapitated and the red glitch forming over some black goo on his right side. Daniel lifted himself up to see his clothes going and his body, from a few black particles, reform as Ejnare’s body was simply dust and eradicated elsewhere. His senses grew back, and he felt lively, hopping up on the leaves to look around with worry and anticipation, seeing around a home being trampled on by flying pieces, fire catching hold of trees around, and the road a little off, cars now squawking with fear.

Daniel’s ears kept low as he heard elsewhere cannons being fired, zipped sounds of mosquitos, buzzing, loud bangs, and in the sky he saw sparks of yellow and dust of purple as explosions could be heard constantly and scarily. Daniel looked back upon the old house in a little bit of forestry off the side of the road with a blue van, and he looked around for his gun, finding nothing, but Ejnare’s left ear in the road from his sight, and his eyes were wide with confusion and almost sorrow. His mind was racing and so much had just happened. He also heard his belly rumble for food and was confused as he looked down, before suddenly a bunch of cannons started to fall in random places everywhere, cannons and cannonballs, along with giant books and pipe bombs. Explosions all over, and Daniel’s ears were up, listening without action. He was stuck, and as he saw the forest catch fire from a pipe bomb, he felt his chest go out. A canon ball had blasted through his chest, taking out his lungs to his stomach, and his torso was cut ninety percent of its space and mass. He saw it regrow, his heart coming back, as then he heard my footsteps behind, and he looked without much to say, as the explosions were real and his mind was fogged with a cute neutrality only visible to others, showing his horrors were completely intact.

“Here, Daniel. Sorry about the fight...” My copy stated, having a white medkit with a green background and black cross in the middle, putting it inside Daniel’s slowly regenerating torso, and he watched without emotion. Then as other versions rushed up and he saw without a single word, the versions saw black holes above and they jumped up and were sucked away, as the forest trees started to bend and lap towards the black hole before it stopped existing, and spikes were thrown everywhere. Daniel was confused as cannons still fell around, and he looked back upon the cannonball as a reminder of what just happened, and how different things were. Then Daniel looked down and in front, hearing all that was around, before smiling.

“Chaos chaos...” He said under his breath in a reference, “That’s one way Oyur would reference this situation in order to put this situation into perspective...” He then sighed.

Then white faded in.

***Bruh Heru again...***

Ejnare came down to Ryutyu’s basement and started getting natty whilst Daniel and Chinua were already there. Daniel finished forty-three seconds later, but Ejnare kept going with push-ups and lifting weights of twenty-five pounds. After fourteen minutes, he exited with Chinua up to the kitchen and saw into the living room Ryutyu and Geurnf watching some television.

As Chinua started to pour a glass of water from the fridge and Ejnare opened the freezer for a popsicle, I rushed in with wind and echoing footsteps smashing into all corners of the house, surprising everyone to look with open eyes and a mind to me.

“Hello everybody. I have come to state that Heru and his allies are invading school again, but this time I will also arrive with you, if you want to come anyways.” I stated, slowly turning over to Ejnare and Chinua.

“Sure...” Ejnare shrugged as Chinua sighed with some depressed frustration.

“Ya’, I’ll come as well.” Ryutyu nodded before looking to Geurnf.

“I guess so- this movie is a little overrated to be honest.” Geurnf said on the other couch, taking the remote and turning off the show with three men in hazmat suits cooking a purple substance.

“Alrighty, I shall go get Wilma now. We make base at school, as all of Heru’s allies are there killing everybody now- as my copy is telling me with these earbuds.” I told, pointing with both my gloves of green to the black earbuds, and then darting off.

Soon, everybody, including The DRC Man and Gustavo, came out to see Wilma make a portalis, and we all entered towards the school’s entrance, finding terror as bodies were everywhere, scrapped and blooded to aspects of disembark. Angelica was a bit worried, but Daniel sighed and tried to put on a smile as Oyur spoke loudly.

“Damn crazy- Heru's allies gotta’ be high on crack and tougher than Chinua’s back.” Oyur told, nudging Chinua with her minigun.

“What does that mean?” Chinua smirked at Oyur.

“Where? WHERE?!” Khenbish yelled at me, her stop sign now with sharp edges all around.

“Near the gym, inside the cafeteria mainly- they killed everybody else from the band room to here.” I told, a copy of myself rushing back into me mid-sentence.

Khenbish started to dart off after the wind, and I came slowly behind, following with Daniel, The DRC Man, and Gustavo as Wilma closed the portalis and stayed at our neighborhood. Ryutyu rushed the other way as Geurnf planted her toolboxes down and let the sentries go up, and Angelica stayed with Geurnf. Oyur, Ejnare, and Chinua then followed me, and Kioshi started off in Ryutyu’s direction.

Soon, we heard gunshots start up again, as Alan the Red Backpack tried shooting at the blue blur that was Ryutyu, but he swiftly jammed the backpack into the locker, then grabbed the gun from the top zipper and shot it five times, before it fell to the ground, bleeding, and then Ryutyu saw Deandra come through the roof with bar lines and notes flying at him, so he moved around the bullets and tried coming after Deandra.

Miss Opium then dived through the roof and smashed Gustavo’s head down to collapse in, whilst the DRC Man bounced back with confusion and a grin, and I made my hands in swords where I swiped at Miss Opium’s arms, and cut them, before stabbing them into her eyes and swishing them around to make her bleed from the other side. Then the Rainbow Orb came down and started to shoot wind down, blowing all characters back as I was then bashed into the wall by Miss Opium and her mechanical tentacles reforming, and we started to fight like wrestling into a classroom filled with dead kids.

Chinua looked forth as she put her core strength forth, seeing the wind start to bend and tilt lockers, but as Gustavo’s corpse flew back with blood spraining onto the walls, and Ejnare flied into the wall with pain and Angelica looked over from talking with Geurnf to see the wind start to crack the wall, Chinua saw that The DRC Man had simply hit his pose, and stood against the wind, his left leg having to go back, but simply his phase staring at the Rainbow Orb. Then the Rainbow Orb created the floor into rainbow spikes, but the red glitch stopped him about halfway towards the DRC man’s essence, so then the man grabbed his pistol and started shooting at the orb who darted around.

Me and Miss Opium punched each other in the face without arms, her being still cartoony and black, but soon after I tried making arms from under my dress come out, the red glitch stopped it and she grabbed my head before shuffling me into the wall and hard. I put my hands around the metal and started dissecting it by making my hand melt into darkness, and Miss Opium paced back, shoving another claw into my hand and trying to make my head crush or lose all oxygen. I soon let myself dwell into the wall after my hands formed a red glitch around them and let myself go back in darkness to the cafeteria. Then I heard a stop sign coming at me, so I took a step back, before looking to see Heru on the stage.

But now Heru had a black maid suit on, his dress ending longer and being more massive, whilst it had white tips, and his legs were covered in black by dense leggings and he had maid shoes without any openings. His dress was also long-sleeved like mine, and he had red eyes as he flew up with his mosquito wings and started to grasp my neck as he flew me into the wall, his back having many red glitches as my face did as well.

“The Red Glitch is stopping a lot of actions today.” - I told Heru as he choked me, and I felt nothing because I made darkness swell in my veins.

“FUCK YOU!” Heru stated in his own dress.

“Why do you have a dress like me now?” I then asked Heru.

“I FUCKING HATE YOU, AND I NEED TO BE FUCKING BETTER THAN YOU BY ALL GOD DAMN MEANS!” Heru yelled as he started to punch my face in, and I just smiled.

I then lifted up my boots and kicked him back with speed, my sharp spikes below puncturing his chest as he flung back onto the stage and hit the wall, before getting up and making stop signs form in his hands. He then looked down to me over by the wall.

“You fucking idi-” He started to say before he heard another copy of me start sweeping him up, literally using a flat wooden broom and sweeping the full direction he was in, moving his essence off into the side of the stage which was not visible to audience.

“No need to copy me, Heru. Just relax and sit back, as me and the Orb will handle sadistic situations and will provide for your blood if you need it. Please, just allow us to continue, or join if you want...” I stated to Heru with my copy before zipping off into the original, and now I darted off to kick the ball into the lockers and use gravity against itself to walk on the ceiling as I traveled all around and fought against it, whilst The DRC Man was flattened and dead on the wall already.

Heru angered his eyebrows and created a portalis back to his room, leaving in frustration, as he heard a giant explosion throw dust near where he was, and cause the alarm system to stop. The Rainbow Orb had exploded me to Ryutyu and Deandra’s battle, shoving me into Ryutyu and plastering him outside through the window frames. Then I staretd to bash at Deandra with longer arms and claws forming as Kioshi started to snipe in random places as he saw us jitter around with speed.

Khenbish then saw from the wall with Ejnare, the Orb bring Alan over and allow him to shoot as he created the floor to become an obstacle course, with the ceiling raveling with gears, the floor becoming wide tiles that moved around, and the walls moving away and creating more space. Alan shot at Khenbish as Ejnare and Chinua started to jump or shoot back, bringing their guns up and trying to shoot forth. As Khenbish went closer, Daniel came back around the corner and started shooting after Alan, who hoped like a cartoon around and behind some lockers that started floating around. There, they strategically started to surround him, and soon Ejnare planted the shot into Alan’s mid-zipper, making him fall off the tiles and below into the endless darkness.

The Rainbow Orb hovered up past the ceiling whilst this was happening, and decided to erupt a few volcanoes around as Alan fell, so that multiple Alans would bust out with lava behind and start shooting around. The school kept widening with new tiles and such, as the volcanoes spawned in random spaces below and shot different Alan’s up to have warfare. Geurnf and Angelica looked around, and Geurnf decided to grab one of the sentries and try to move it over to one of the moving tiles of the carpet floor, being three inches in the Z-axis, and six feet wide and tall. But Geurnf dropped her toolbox, letting it go up and start to form, as a Timal Tiene came through a portal quickly, and sliced the back of her neck. The other sentry turned, but the Timal Tienes quickly reversed back in, all in two seconds, and Angelica pounced back with fear as Geurnf fell off into the darkness with only a splotch of blood left behind.

“Why is the Red Glitch pausing our most loudest powers?” Deandra asked me.

“I have no idea.” I told as many red glitches were around her violin.

“Ya’ll really be talking like we ain’t trying to kill each other, lad.” Ryutyu told with a smile.

“Well, we go through so much battle and motion that it all blends into meaningless action.” - I told Ryutyu as I dodged a few spinning bar lines.

“True, but I’m-” Deandra started to say as a Timal Tiene came behind her, had a Humanitor, and let her drop to the ground as he then came out, jumping with his sword down and planting one in her head, whilst me and Ryutyu looked back.

Ryutyu then rushed over to the Timal Tienes, who had red eyes like the last one, and took that one into the wall and splashed his head, before whipping around and back, coming with a conclusion from the same setting me and Angelica once explored.

“There’s nothing mate- not even another Timal Tiene man!” - Ryutyu said with astonishment, his tail wagging as his ears were up with hearing the Rainbow Orb move the school’s space outwards and outwards, simply just crossing smoothly over the road.

“He had red eyes, meaning they are not the Timal Tienes we know of, but rather possibly another. I have no idea why the Red Glitch would allow them though, but possibly they came before, and I was not in the event where they established a few actions.” - Me.

“Sure lad, let’s go.” - Ryutyu as I jumped high onto his back and made him a darkness sword where he then rushed off.

Around the school we found the sentries to look about, seeing to shoot at Alan’s who came up as Daniel went over to the rainbow Orb and shot at him moving back and forth, but also making a bunch of spikes, but the red glitch made circles of where they would strike, and in half a second they punctured that area, millions of rainbow spikes going up to eight feet high as the Orb dodged gunshots like it was a boss fight.

“Jump high, Ryutyu!” I happily stated to Ryutyu, and he used his quickness to jump onto the tiles with speed before then going left and jumping onto Chinua’s minigun, before shooting his sword high and trying to slash at the slow-moving Orb, who then went fast to the right and watched us land on another tile.

“Woo- don’t wanna’ be a doofus myself!” - The Orb.

“Nice voice line, laddy.” Ryutyu laughed.

“Uh- I do not understand your question, sir.” - The Orb laughed back.

“Sheesh.” - Me as Ryutyu then ran past fastly moving spikes.

But then to kids view of us jitter around with motion blur, Daniel turned around the quickest to hear Angelica scream as she fell down to the darkness, seeing a Timal Tiene behind, with five others, start to get onto the tiles and rush after the others. One threw a sword at Chinua, and it hit into her right arm, making her minigun go lose as she was angry and tried panicking away.

Then behind the open portal of the good Timal Tienes, just a centimeter behind, another portal opened with the good Timal Tienes, who then jumped through the portal without realizing it was there as the red glitch phased them through, and they looked behind with a bit of confusion, as six of them came out. They started after the evil ones who were throwing their swords at those with guns and facing off.

Ejnare found himself get stabbed in the neck with a sword thrown, so he dropped his sniper and committed suicide on one, bashing into him, and letting his body hit the slight wideness of another tile before falling with him to the endless darkness below. Then Chinua punched one back to the wall where his spine broke, and he yelled as he bled out from the inside. Then she hopped onto another before Ryutyu then rushed on every tile and killed the evil Timal Tienes by slicing them in half, but then the other Timal Tienes, without their fair share of battle, found all tiles to explode, and everyone get dropped below, even the Orb.

“Sorry guys! I tried exploding Daniel’s only! The Red Glitch absolutely flips us over!” The Orb stated over some other yells and screams, as they all fell down and cracked their bodies like ragdolls, unless they were already organs and blood coming down with ash. I slouched off Ryutyu’s neck after we fell to death as well, finding just pure darkness below on concrete, seeing above to a blur of color. The orb shattered like glass.

As the red glitch formed around everyone’s bodies and made them dead, Kioshi came along to find that everyone was gone. He looked below but saw nothing, but water start to swell up, and decided to back away till he was at the sentry and then- he was suddenly on a floating rock in space, seeing around to the red galaxies and purple stream of stars along with green lights here and there, whilst a hard brown rock in the shape of a thin oval had him standing there like nothing happened. Kioshi’s sniper and legs were still intact as he looked around, confused and ponderous of what was going on.

Suddenly, Kioshi heard incoming music from the reverbed essence, in the essence of a metallic boom box with a red handle coming up in the air of silence and starting to shake and enlarge with every beat, shrinking down each time as well and spinning as also a bar of green, with Kioshi’s entire body as a two-dimensional image on the left as his opponent was in his right-facing essence of an image on the right. The two images enlarged and shrunk with the beat as well, as Kioshi looked over and saw them both, then from the incoming music he heard the raveling of a voice of an upcoming speaker. Around him, to his north or south, west or right- also known as east- loudly spoke in a low voice around, echoing through the space, before Kioshi suddenly heard it clear behind him, and used his spider legs to spin around and see the being.

A giant blue box cut in half, with the other half being slightly transparent and orange, showing a black Wi-Fi router with the antennas sticking out of the box, as a white and red-outlined calendar was in the middle and standing big with the month May on top of the cube, and a bunch of chairs circled around the box horizontally, and a bunch of washer machines circled around the box vertically. It spoke Peruvian Spanish with each syllable changing its color inversions, from blue and orange to red and eighty-percent transparent purple. It was large and immensely loud, and Kioshi saw as suddenly all around, different colored, flowing arrows of square ends started to influx in all directions all around, glowing and shuttering with epilepsy almost.

Kioshi heard the being go “Damn you, damn thing. Little child, damn child. All shall be over you piece of rubber!” before as he turned it went, “Ubbwehfbwefbwbfebweufbwhebfuwvhwevbfhweuoel,” in a female voice before he heard the sound of a disc being badly scratched to his left and saw that the boombox kept going, but the images started to go right, showing the bar go red as he saw his image get overthrown to the other side by the being. Then, as he heard his segment instrumental go by, the being then went “Ioepqicdsn-cjwbiebfwehfbhefbhjrejhfvrejhfverjhvfehjrf,” and so he spoke out loud as he put up his sniper rifle and shot at the cube, finding it ineffective after six shots.

“Bebopoobeopeoeoepobeoepo.” Kioshi stated with a slight confusion as he shot at the cube, and he then looked over to see the imagery come up back to the middle.

“LopwoeqweqewiegdhGGGGGGGGGGGGGiewweibdwhedbweh.” - The half-cube.

“ERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.” - Kioshi, looking at the stats as his image blasted to left and the bar was glowing the greatest green.

But as the box started to emit its four colors at different paces, the universe started to fade to white, and Kioshi was back in his home, looking at his laptop. He shrugged and decided to go outside, where Khenbish was running forth and Ejnare also yawned as he came out as well.

***A quick run to a funny place?***

“Have you heard Daniel’s and Wilma’s new song?” Ejnare asked Chinua in the gym room, which was Ryutyu’s basement, or his room.

“No.” - Chinua as she lifted weights and so did he on her right on the wooden bench.

“Hey Ryutyu- put on Daniel’s new song- should be on his channel!” Ejnare told over to Ryutyu as he was doing push-ups near the boom box playing hard electro music.

Ryutyu nodded and happily put on the song, sounding like the color blue as juicy and bouncy beats came on, with Wilma singing along to what Daniel wrote.

“Mm- Daniel and Wilma made nice song.” Chinua told Ejnare.

“Wilma created the song, Daniel invented the lyrics and sung in the first voice- he told me.” Ejnare stated back to Chinua.

“Could we... make song?” - Chinua asked Ejnare.

“If you want...” - Ejnare with a smirk as he kept looking at his weights and his veiny arms.

“Yay.” Chinua giggled as she kept on lifting, hearing Daniel’s nice voice to the bubbly rhythm, along with Wilma going “AAAA...” throughout most parts.

“Aye lads- Daniel uploaded a new meme as well!” Ryutyu said, pulling over to them. He put the bee phone towards their faces and allowed them to see the simple image with daring orchestral music for five seconds, showing a white restaurant under a blue sky with the name “Shronk’s Pizza,” in green above.

“No way...” Ejnare laughed at Daniel’s upload. “We should go- since we can just dart over with you, Ryutyu. I’m up to pizza right now actually too.”

“Aye- let’s go then.” Ryutyu gladly announced, and took both Ejnare and Chinua away to Wilma, where she opened a portalis to the place and they entered. Then Wilma giggled and decided to grab Daniel, Angelica, Oyur, and Khenbish along to also come, and they all dined out with a pizza at the funny place.

Below though, Me, the different Molly, and The DRC Man played a game of Tres, with some goofy rules. We were mainly silent, but I worked up my good intentions with Molly as she breathed heavily. But also, Ekon worked with Gustavo and Kioshi to help introduce his tribal people to the underground and give a giant feast as well. Later on, after the game of Tres, I decided to get up and talk to the tallest tribal person who stood closest.

“Hello Mauki, how have you been so far?” I stated to a tribal man with the most height, having no tattoos anywhere. He had no hair but a unibrow and brown eyes with the new outfit of blue and black.

“Uh- good- thanks for English, that made it easier for understanding Kioshi and Gustavo...” Mauki stated to me.

“Yes. Is there anything else you would like to have at the current moment?” I asked Mauki.

“Uh... just looking around, thanks for the feast... also- what exactly is this place? I know it’s underground, but... what’s the purpose or... in the Tribe of Kiulo, we had a symbol- and in here, I’ve asked the fellow scientists and all they state is that this is an underground world you’re building, with mutations... I want to know what you’re going to call this place or do with it.” Mauki asked of me, gesturing around as others looked over.

“Well, I did somewhat tell them that our mission was to test science to its fullest and expand on giving an underground paradise for people in ruins, but I understand they probably did not memorize that. I shall go to my office and make a symbol, as well as a proper book for the facility and a closed mission... I am already getting ideas...” - Me.

Mauki nodded as I then left away, and The DRC Man came out with his pose. I went to my office down a long hall and came forth to a place like the United States president’s office. The floor was black basalt rock with water streams going through the cracks and towards my wooden desk, nice and textured lightly with color as my laptop was on it with my mouse and blue mousepad. To the right was a drawer, big and brown, and to the left was another, with nothing in it. The walls were browner and with wooden planks as the ceiling was frosty green, with icicles all over, as a fan was there fully black and showing a white light, and there was a light switch of white on my right.

I went over behind my wide and long desk, seeing forth to a duplicate of my black spinning chair, and decided to then look behind it and create a golden pole out of thin air, using darkness from the top left corner of the room, and making a flag of green with a black cross in the middle. It was a rectangular flag just like America’s, but with a black cross and green background. It laid down as I then looked to my laptop and sat down, starting to write in silence, before I turned on Groove Music and started to listen to some electronic beats as I wrote my own religious texts. The voices also existed.

***Heru does a little hiring... again...***

Heru showed up back at the old café. This time, beings of all different species were blown their heads off or smashed against the wall. It was silent, and Heru, slowly walking in the heat of the desert, saw forth to the destruction of the building, allowing some light to intrigue. Heru came in and saw tables flipped, blood smeared, and silence radiate in there. He flickered his mosquito wings and buzzed around, finding no being alive, and instead using his hands as vacuums to suck in the blood and use it for himself. He then started to open a portal elsewhere to another café just like it, where it was thriving from the view of thirty meters away, and the Computer came down from above as he started to walk with a neutral face towards the portal but stopped to see the shadow largely above.

“I would like to say that trying to go back and relive the past is not the greatest idea, especially in this situation. I would like to state that maybe we should stick to Eighty-Three's universe and dwell on making a site to gather one’s around, as the Red Glitch has recently amplified his power and beings as strong as us are being demented in Eighty-Three's universe, so we should make a site for hiring instead of going to find people, because it would be easier and safer." - The Computer to Heru.

Heru just looked up to the Computer and stood quiet, he then nodded and closed the portal, then making another back to his room as the Computer came in, making a computer form with a black server on top of its black monitor, defying mass physics. There, the computer screen lifted up its black screen to reveal a member’s list of white with the right being fit from top to bottom; “Age, Reason, Species, Powers, Conversational Level,” with a profile above being blue and default with nothing. Then there were a bunch of white cords coming from the black desk with the black keyboard and mouse, going up and glowing into the ceiling, as the keys then lit up with rainbow-ness. The server then had a miniature satellite on it, and it stood there as Heru looked towards it.

“Finished. This shall now send cosmic rays across the universe, and Orchestral waves so that other beings identify the program and connect to I-P if they want. Henceforth, we shall be under the guidelines of what the Red Glitch would like and shall have less problems with him and our incoming members.” - The Computer.

Heru sighed and nodded, before allowing the Computer to close his portal and then vanish into thin air all of a sudden. Heru then stood there; his eyes closed as the screen lit in front of him. Nothing happened and he waited a long time there, his hands clenched and his mouth gritty, but soon he let go and exited his room, leaving it all on.

As this was going on, I did another mission. I took Kioshi, Gustavo, The DRC Man, and Ekon to a place called Marinta in Mozambique, a small settlement, really small. There, we saw a vast, brown and blackish, desert-like terrain with a line of trees, greener than life, swirling in direction as they went near to a river named Luambeze, where tannish water soiled down. We approached the settlement in silence, seeing a few tents on sands near trees out in the open, housing few winds to also come by. The dry climate with some trees randomly about made it seem like some sort of a dark safari to Ekon, and he kicked the sand below with his shoes as he pondered what was next.

I was in front, looking to the campfire built inside stone as brownish tents were almost camouflaged in the essence of this terrain. Boxes of green and brown were out like crates, and inside were shadows with lamps playing cards or talking or mapping. I heard men speak Makuhwa, a language in the province.

“Hey Eighty-Three, may I have bullet-proof skin so I don’t get shot dead in two seconds if they have the chance?” The DRC Man broke the silence with, and I heard men in tents suddenly lift their heads up and get their guns ready.

“Sure- I think it would be great if you had Tungsten skin.” I told, darkness from the ground emerging and rapping around him to soon reveal a shiny skin of once his skin color, and from his pose he brought his hands up and allowed the others to see during the nighttime. I then heard the men stand up and start to look around the tents.

“Ah, nice.” - DRC Man before Ekon then looked over to see a bunch of men whip out of the tents with blackish camouflage army suits and AK-47s, shooting at me and the DRC Man. Gustavo then felt Kioshi wrap two of his spider arms around as he launched up and dodged a few bullets. “Ha! I’m invincible!”

Kioshi with his sniper then started to blast away at the men from above, and I made darkness swirl him further up with Gustavo as Ekon fell dead behind me. The DRC Man then started to rush forth as I stood there daringly, and he banged into one surprised and utterly frozen man, pushing him into the floor before then grabbing his gun and aiming it at his head, and getting one kill. Kioshi shot four others, and the men started to get rocket launchers and shoot those up, but I rushed with sound speed through them, exploding them into organs as I went around and killed five others. Soon, in just seconds, twenty-four men were dead with blood on the sandy floors, not including Ekon. I then heard in a tent nearby, a radio dispatch, and a man start to rapidly speak quickly and lowly in a tent a little far off. I raced over, and with my darkness, I made the tent’s head fly off and tear, ripping to show him cowering to the floor with the radio as he stopped speaking, held his M9 at me, and looked to me with pure terror before seeing behind splats of blood human-sized, and letting his radio drop as he then put his hands up.

“Would you like-” I asked in Makuhwa, and he looked at me with fear as Kioshi came over to stare.

“I just want to see my family again. I only joined because we needed money.” - The man as his bones started to shake, closing his eyes and waiting for impact.

“Well then, take my hand. I can make money meaningless and give you life where you most need it.” - I told as The DRC Man came up. The man saw his shiny skin, and without much of a difference, he grabbed my right hand I had held out. I pulled him up with my glove and he looked at me in the shades.

“Where are you taking me?” He asked after a bit, frizzled as he looked to Kioshi.

“To my underground world I recently started. Here, follow us.” I said happily, before a darkness arm from under my dress created a portalis away.

***The Steel Terrorists- not!***

Ejnare sang slowly into a microphone as across the glass Chinua and Wilma let the beat play on. Ejnare’s low and deep voice spread with an echo through the museum of a space-sounding banjo and background alarms. Ejnare continued with his lyrics, “It’s nighttime in the fright show, we live to see another fight grow. The night glow- I can’t go to sleep when Kioshi is outside with a lawn-mow.” - Ejnare, and they all started to laugh a little. Then Ejnare started to repeat with slightly different lyrics as Wilma looped the part.

As they sung, Ryutyu and Geurnf worked out in the basement. But below the basement, I made files on everyone underground. A file on myself, Gustavo, Ekon, Molly, Geurnf, Wilma, Heru, and even Erua, showing them to The DRC Man and other people who were around as I brought them out with my right arm holding a folder filled with these documents on papers. Each had amounts of texts on the right with three images on the left, all realistic drawings. Ekon was most intrigued upon as many as he could find, and his people enjoyed learning about me and The DRC Man.

“Eighty-Three, I am sorry about your past...” Ekon stated to me as I saw the new, revived terrorists go through and a portal and come back with their uniforms intact.

“There is no need to be sorry, Ekon. This is a new world I am building, and I will make it better than anything else in the world...” - I told Ekon.

“Is there anything I can do while they get comforted?” Ekon asked me.

“Make more friends, and be happy, Ekon. This place is for all.” I told Ekon happily, before walking away to my office with laughter in my mind.

As I went to my office, I thought with the many raging voices about what I should write and do with the golden flagpole in my office. Words jumbled and conjured, I soon sat down and continued writing, making a printer on my desk out of darkness before anything else. I then wrote for an hour, before suddenly a spark of torture came to my mind, and then using darkness to lift myself up and out of the room to find Ejnare exiting the booth with Chinua, going over to his home. I then let myself down in my room and hopped off with my boots landing on the concrete road before walking towards him, hearing Wilma listen to an instrumental version of the song he was just singing towards.

“Oh- hey, Eighty-Three? What’s up?” Ejnare happily asked as he saw me just casually walk towards him, his heartbeat going up but his facial expression dropping to a little confused as Chinua was open in her mind.

“I would like to test something in the surgical room on somebody, possibly giving them the ability to control forcefields or gravity. Would you like to come?” I asked Ejnare.

“Uh... no?” Ejnare told me, with a little confusion. “I don’t need powers.”

“Oh, alrighty.” I shrugged as Chinua’s heartbeat went up, and I left.

The voices in my head called out: “Torture him later! Destroy his organs! What would be a good game? Osmium is a strong metal. Deplete his personality!”

I went back inside and down from Shellia and Ryutyu dancing to her accordion skills, and went to the DRC Man who was just posing out near a few of his scientists, who talked as there was a new feast on the table and people just took snacks from it.

“Hey Eighty-Three, you doing good?” The DRC Man asked.

“Yes, thank you. I have some time to do a mission again, so I would like to do one, and maybe have a rescue team just in case a place is too big or has too much variety, so soon maybe we could have a constant flow of people just going to Africa and bringing new members back to enjoy the greatness we will uphold.” I told the DRC Man as he looked up.

“Mm- a cycle- nice. Where would we do a mission though? Some random place with no search history on the internet again?” The DRC Man laughed.

“Maybe, but I was recently on my laptop and searched up terrorism in Africa, finding Somalia to have active insurgencies, including a major one called ‘Al-Shabaab,’ in which I think we should invade an outpost and convert them to Christianity through peaceful mean whence we bring them back here.” I told the DRC man.

“Somalia- you here that, Cawo? We gon’ do a mission in Somalia!” The DRC Man called over to a scientist with brown eyes, messy hair, and leather black shoes.

“Yes, I was listening to your conversation.” Cawo responded as all other scientists were actually listening to my N-P-C-like voice.

“He’s from Somalia, and his uncle was a pirate- like a real pirate who stole from the economy massively.” - The DRC Man and I nodded.

“Well- Alrighty then, let us go. Cawo, if you want- you can come as well.” I told happily, as the DRC man nodded, and Cawo followed.

Together soon Kioshi and Ekon came along as well and I made a portalis to Somalia, in southern Somalia, near a settlement named Saacow. There, many homes of white with at least one tree around the block were amongst the tan desert sands under the hot blue sky. I made an AK-47 for Ekon and allowed Kioshi to pull out his sniper after going back inside as the new-skinned DRC Man looked around with his pose half-way there, and I flicked my cat ears up, hearing Somali all around in the houses. Amongst the sandy roads, a few people looked from their holes in their homes to see us and saw with great confinement and fear to our essence.

Kioshi then came out and looked around as I did too, before I started to walk forth to a building at the end of the road, and in there I heard the loading of guns and playing of poker cards. With silence amongst their tongues, Ekon came by my side and put his ears against the wall, listening for Somali.

“I don’t understand their language.” Ekon said as Cawo came up.

“They would speak Somali, but they find us intriguing.” I told Ekon. “Ooh! I just had an idea! This should be really funny.”

I started to wrap a ball around from my hands, creating the demon core without the top half. I then threw it up like I was lifting it quickly, and Cawo awed as it went up and then forwards to then drop through the building and cause dust to steam up. The terrorists with long bandanas of dry tan and grey pointed their guns up to the ball and saw it simply sitting on the sandy floor.

“What the-” One was about to say in a Somali accent with the language Somali as they had looked towards it for five seconds, seeing the debris clear, before suddenly the top half fell down, and the clang was so large, as if it was a dark synth, as a nuclear explosion occurred, the imposing white light that cursed the terrorist’s eyes to go blind was then utterly useless as the impact casted the entirety to explode, melting their bodies and the building, as well as resorting Cawo and all others there to be furnished to have third-degree burns, crushed by rocks, and overall radiation at fatal levels as the sand was steamed up and the people around started to stutter and scream as they heard it through their buildings, the sky steaming forth and up.

I then turned around and shifted my right glove from left to right over what was behind, and since I stood there breaking stones down from my pure force of particle use, I made stones disperse into oxygen as I reformed my friends, and then allowed them to look around to see their normal bodies now intact. Then I looked back to the building, utterly destroyed, and nearby buildings destructed upon. I casted both my hands out and started to wrap around the deteriorating cells and ash of the once-known humans, making the ovals larger as I reformed their bodies inside, and then took them up and created a portalis back to my underground world.

“What...” - Cawo.

“Hey Eighty-Three- that was funny- but I died.” The DRC Man stated.

“Sorry, but luckily I minimalized the heat so DNA was still traceable, and from that I can produce all their cells back and now we can start converting them to better people hopefully.” I told the DRC Man as they all watched me throw them down onto the floor, and a copy of myself came by and used darkness hands to pick them up as I then closed the portalis and looked back. “Let us find other terrorists now.”

Me and Kioshi started off towards the south. Kioshi crawled onto a building and held his sniper as he looked around to the town in panic, people coming out to seek what had just happened. He saw many Muslim girls, Somali and other, but soon he saw masked men with guns angrily coming out ready to shoot, and instead he took the first shot, planting them dead. Kioshi used his spider legs to go from building to building, shooting with a sniper and killing fourteen before one bullet hit the sniper out of his hand, and he heard from his right where he had to go, and henceforth he did, using his spider legs to jump from building to building, crawling around them and scaring the inside public, as he soon came over to a few men, landing his spider arms into one’s head before hopping off as a trail of bullets followed behind, three others coming out of the doors to shoot as he went behind the building, and swung his spider arms so he could go through the hole and they could too, in which then he broke the inside light from the black fan and grabbed another gun, finding it unloaded as he stabbed the eyes of a terrorist before one of his spider arms grabbed a crate and casted it in front of the oncoming panic bullet, but it blasted back and pushed him down as other men came in and started shooting, so he used crates around to throw with his metallic and bouncing-bullet spider arms before he scurried up and started to hop on a few men, stabbing through their noses, mouths, and eyes to their brain or back of their head and out. Kioshi then hid behind the door wall as men came to shoot around the sand-like building, and picked up a few crates to toss, and boxes to distract as no paintings were around, and it was a gambling room with cards elsewhere on round wooden tables. There was also a door to the garage with a truck, but some men were already around, getting ready to surround.

Cawo, Ekon, and The DRC Man went to the east of the building, The DRC Man first, bashing people to the side with his fat belly as he grinningly rushed through the alleyway with the two shooters behind. Soon, he came out to the street to find a bunch of bullets instantly snipe after him but bounced off as he stood his pose and felt the slight tingles of sensation. Ekon followed Cawo’s lead as he moved his head around the corner and shot through a window, the one to the right of where one terrorist actually was, before then The DRC Man whipped around to find another bullet hit his head, and he shot that guy as others ducked behind their walls. Then The DRC Man busted through a door by bashing through its rough wooden demeriting rectangular shape, and came forth to the top of the building where he jumped across the roof before heading down, and allowing Cawo and Ekon to hear the shooting of bullets before they went silent, and then The DRC Man threw out his pistol to them as he then had an AK-47, got back on the roof, and started shooting at other snipers. He then hopped the building and went down to another, bashing him onto the road as he tried escaping up, and then Ekon turned the corner and shot him with his own AK-47, before Cawo then advanced into a building and found a woman and two kids cowering behind a bed as someone shot above. Cawo sighed as he went with Ekon up and shot the man, making the family below close their eyes with tears.

I was alone, rushing through a building and holding someone’s neck into a wall before it crushed down into a splat, and their head toppled off like a piece of plastic. I then hopped up with mass, and slightly went south as I heard below people widen their eye sockets at the sudden kill, and one man with his normal outfit for a terrorist I landed on with the sharpness under my boots, and then from his crushed presence, blood splattered onto the floor like a glass had just broken a liquid out, I hopped up, over a bullet, falling back, before darkness from the wall turned into a spring with a wooden plate, and pushed into me, so my boots then hit into another masked man’s face, crushing holes into his brains, before I then used my ninety-degree turned body to run across the wall, growing my glove into darkness and a giant spinning razor which killed a guy trying to go upstairs, before I then flipped and spliced it half through another guy, then landed on the ground, seeing a guy try to escape by sliding out through the window hall, so I stamped my right foot down, and eagerly the building collapsed, suffocating those under the strong rubble as the man fell out to the sand and dust, and I came out to punch him in the face to the ground, where I then made my left hand into a drill, and knelt down, drilling into his brains as people screamed under the rocks. Then, after the man was bleeding dry, a few other men started to shimmer bullets at me, as I then rallied my speed into a building and bashed them into each other to sag out with flesh and organs from a window, before then rushing into another building with heat vision and snapping my fingers before I even reached the second floor, letting the man’s body melt slowly, before I grabbed his head, made it solid, and then jumped from that window onto a truck pulling back, and crushed the driver’s head with my spikes, before crushing the solid head into a live one, making the solid one strong and put as the other man’s head was bent down and torn into the driver’s panel, his spine soon inverted inhumanely. I then saw the truck going fast into a building at the end of the neighborhood, and there it rammed into two men, crushing them in half to bleed out as their eyes blurred at the vision of me standing through the roof of the car. Then I hopped to the right and went upstairs, hearing a woman and a child press together with fear in their eyes as they saw me come up, my smile brightening the dark room and the dust below now without a great significant sound unlike their breathing. They saw that I held the man’s head still, and I looked at it, before shaking it front of the child.

“Oo-Oo-o-ooh...” I stated like a child, tilting the head back and forth like a toy as it bled out below, before my tail suddenly shot through the wall behind and hit a man who tried to scream, before I then pulled myself back and allowed the woman in a hijab and the child of black to have tears roll down their paralyzed faces.

Then in another building, a few men shot at me as they saw me blast through, and I dropped the head to allow my tail to wrap around the neck of another, choking him in his mask, as I then elongated my right arm and shuffled the other guy towards my head, head-bashing mine into his at light speed so his head was soon a shuffled mess of flesh, and then I threw his body quickly into another guy so scared he did not even move, and he was blasted through the wall, but still alive from the heartbeat I heard. Then below, a man yelled into a radio as he started out to the garage and then shuffled into the desert with the microphone as three others joined him, looking back with open eyes.

I blasted through the window with my mask, and took it off, opening my green glossy lips to reveal darkness tentacles coming out and quickly going to stab through the men’s stomachs, pulling them up into the sky to throw and allow to fall back to the desert below, with bones cracking so they bleed out from the inside. Then I landed and started running after the other guy, quickly as he turned around with open eyes and yelling in Somali at the radio: “HELP! HELP! THERE’S A FUCKING MAD CREATURE KILLING US!” before he tripped on the sand, seeing below that the Earth was raveling him back, darkness in the sand molecules, and he tracked behind to see me start to jog and then walk as I came closer, and the sand brought him over like he was about to be my snack. At this time, I had also put my mask back on.

“FADLAN! FADLAN!” He stated as I came up to stand over him, the sun shimmering the white pixels on my shades as behind him he saw darkness ravel around the bases of building and soon portalises opened under them and they all fell away as sand started to thrift around and cause a sandstorm behind.

“Looma baahna in laga walwalo. Waxaan halkaan u joogaa inaan ku badbaadiyo. Ma jeclaan lahayd inaad i raacdo?” I asked, and he looked to me with his brown hair and brown eyes, his heartbeat at maximum as his breath was beating against his mask.

“Waxaan filayaa- laakiin maxaad tahay xitaa?” - The man in Somali, meaning ‘I guess- but what are you even?’

“I am an angel from God, the God of Christianity. I am here with my darkness powers to give light to those who most require it, and I am making the world into a better place.” I told in English, and suddenly the man was confused on why he understood English. He dropped the radio, it already silent.

“I understand English... what the... holy moly...” - The man as the voices in my head went “You should make your ears have the ability to pick up radio waves and find out where he was calling towards,” and so darkness flowed up my cat ear’s insides, and then down as the man saw my tail wag back and forth with a dark spike at the end.

“Come with me, and all your sin will be relieved. I will revive your friends and give them a new life, and you shall all have paradise in the first moments of Christ’s new rise.” I told the man smoothly, and he took my hand as I gave it out to help him up.

“But Allah- and the Islam community- and how I shirked for Buddhism- what about that?” He asked after he looked at me for two seconds. I also was hearing many televisions be broadcasted around, some Somali news, other cartoons and internet memes, as well as people text messaging from Romania to here, and I could differ the texts, which overrides my mind like the voices.

“I am here to give order to those who want it, to those who seek the truth. Come with me, as this entire village is about to be remade in God’s image, if they please.” I told the man, as he saw darkness arms from under my skirt give out to a portalis, and he saw a large room with many buildings and people being thrown through a portal. He also saw copies of me, and The DRC Man come out and wave to us, before I then whipped away past him, gushing wind and dust and sand as he coughed back and looked to see the main me was no longer there.

I skimmed through the area to the outside of Baidoa, where a huge tent camp was, contending of thirteen people, who stood by, looking around and listening to the radio, their guns ready. The thirteen people, all black men with some green, hazel, grey, and brown eyes, were fit and looked around to see the main community elsewhere. But I boomed with a raze of sand to the middle of their camp, many cars around with delivery of drugs in baskets, packets, guns, and lots of supplies were around for the thirteen gentlemen. They all directed their ears and attention over to me, ready to shoot as they saw my presence, before stopping in silence, and their eyelids crept more and more open as they saw I was a furry in a dress that was bloody, and my white boots were cleansed with blood they all started to sweat at.

“So... in a Sunni Muslim country, you Islamists want to create a more purified Muslim country than this already seems to be... how interesting...” I told as they all stared around, the windy silence detreating their pride.

“Should we contact- what the hell!?” A man started behind a tent to say to another, but soon found he spoke English.

“Hey- why can we speak English?” The other man asked with fear.

“What’s going on?!” Another man asked angrily in a Somali accent, his muscles worked up and his black shades covering his hazel eyes.

“He’s supernatural!” Another man stated after some murmuring.

“Another prophet?!” Another asked in English.

“One for Christ, the only one true God. I am here as a darkness angel from God himself, and I would like to ask you all if you would wish to join me on my fixing of this sinful world.” I asked of everyone there.

“Fuck you!” A man stated after six seconds of silence.

“Allah is the only God, and your shirk will send you to hell!” - The same man to first speak in English.

“Yeah- get out of here you wretched creature!” - Another tough guy.

“Screw you!” - Another man randomly with a Somali accent.

“Well, if you all think so for the moment. But, if you do change your mind, which at any time you can, then come and contact me. I will provide you all with whatever you want whenever you would like if you do join.” I told, making my right arm into a poster of green with a black cross, but the cross extended a foot out from the hard and steel flat sheet that looked like paper, and I laid it on the desert floor before zipping back away.

The men around there breathed heavily as they looked forwards to the poster, and then one contacted the radio again and held silence for three seconds before sighing, as all the fit men angrily stepped forth and looked down to the poster.

I came back to find many of the scientists and Ekon’s tribal people looking forth to the new folks and homes, as The DRC Man stood his pose a little off, and I came through a portalis to meet him.

“Hey Eighty-Three- you're back. What happened?” - The DRC Man happily.

“Not much, but thirteen men decided to say ‘no’ to our offer, so I gave them a contact poster if they would ever want it.” - I told as the DRC Man looked around.

“Hm, okay.” - The DRC Man simply.

“Anyways, I am going to go have a little fun, so I will be up around Ryutyu’s room.” I stated to The DRC Man.

“Alright- I’ve also thought about a few more mutations. We could make a singing flesh wall or something, a moving smaller flesh wall like a roll of paper, maybe a teeth-faced monster, a plate head, and maybe a eye-filled monster. I’ve actually had these ideas for a while, but I’ve only recently had the time to remember properly.” - The DRC Man.

“Alrighty, let us do that after I do another thing.” I told the DRC Man, before going up to Ryutyu’s basement. I passed up and outside my open door, seeing it rain outside the forcefield as Wilma’s massive mansion had purple lightning flowing around. I heard with my radio-wave-picking-up ears Daniel find two more videos and upload them with credit, as well as Angelica making another video, and Oyur start a channel with Ryutyu and Shellia. Wilma was also with Geurnf, learning to play the Banjo, and Kioshi was with Khenbish, listening to her bad jokes as he mowed her lawn and she just spoke up to the sky with too many gestures and jiggling bones. Ejnare was alone, listening to sad electronic music in bed without clothes, so I whipped over and rushed up to make my left hand into a light bulb and shove it through the right of his head and towards the left, where he then woke his eyes up and looked around, suddenly missing his black shades, his bed sheets, his headphones, and his MP3 player.

Ejnare lifted his spine up and felt the lightbulb in his head, then tapping it, and allowing each tap to either turn it on or off, the luminance yellow and basic. Ejnare found himself in extremely shallow waters in the middle of darkness, where nothing else was except a white light over his head, but it came from no source, and he looked around with confusion, his heartbeat going up. He soon lifted himself up with caution and eagerness, looking around up and down, seeing his reflection amongst the lit water and the dark floor he saw below. Then, he heard my voice after five seconds, and it shuttered his spirit and bones as it echoed and thrifted through the scene.

“Hello Ejnare, welcome to my game. Here you will make choices and get places. Some are good, others are bad. It depends on what you choose.” I told.

“Eighty-Three!? What the fuck is this!?” He questioned, looking at the light bulb in his head before up and around to soon hear with a flicker of his ears my voice echo up.

“This is my own personal torture game, not a Computer game. I am here to see how well you would do in these upcoming situations.” I told Ejnare.

“No- let me out of here, you fucking freak! Get this light bulb out of my head and let me FUCK OFF!” Ejnare yelled up, frizzled in fear yet angry.

“Please, just calm down. It will not last half an hour hopefully. So, let us start.” I told and Ejnare looked around with hard breathing.

“Oh shit- I knew it. You’re a fucking fuckhead, a goddamn insane person... oh shit... I’m fucked- I'm so fucked... please... Eighty-Three! PLEASE! WHAT DID I DO!?” - Ejnare as he started running forth before his light bulb turned off, and then on, making the one moment in pure darkness real without anything but the splash of his wet paws, and soon he was in front of something new.

“Nothing wrong, Ejnare, just calm down, and look forth please. Here you have some options I would like you to choice.” I asked calmly with a passive voice, and he already saw forth with his tail sagging to see on the right a rounded-white rectangular speech bubble with black Abadi-font text reading ‘Kill the five random scientists,’ and on the right a similar bubble reading ‘Kill Chinua and (Ejnare’s best friend,)’ with below imagery of white tracks leading a blue trolley to a split path, up and down, up with five circles, and below with Chinua and his best friend, tied up in the arms and legs with duct tape over their mouths, but this imagery was floating and the beings were small and unmoving like toys.

“You’re... fucking sadistic... oh please! LET ME GO! I DON’T WANT TO DO THIS!” Ejnare cried out to me with his praying hands as the trolley kept on moving.

I just stayed queit and let Ejnare looked down with a panic to the imagery of the trolley getting closer, before his mind went angry.

“Fucking hell- fucking fuck- you're a goddamn bitch for using the damn trolley problem... fuck you, Eighty-Three... this is... this is all fucking fake, isn’t it? Doesn’t even matter- I was literally just in my goddamn bedroom a few seconds ago- fuck you... fuck everything... it doesn’t fucking matter!” Ejnare roller-coaster-ed his emotions and tone, going from high and scared to angry and low before angry and loud.

Ejnare then went to the right option and slapped it with his right hand before suddenly a door opening sound played in an echo away, ticking in a swing as it lowered its pitch and volume with its eerie echo. Ejnare suddenly saw the options and imagery disappear, and looked around for a door, but nothing was found except that darkness and extra-thin water below.

“Whatever you say, Ejnare. Whether choices matter or not, it is your choice. Now, I would like to state that you are a man with good intentions, saving more lives in this cause. Those scientists were relieved and got to Miami to stop a nuclear holocaust, so you did the right thing for the better of the public. But now we must move on and let the fun fact that realistically you should pull the lever back and forth considerately so the trolley goes off the tracks and onto the middle grass where nobody would die- but sorry I did not give that option. So, onto the second choice.” - Me.

“Wow- thanks for shoving it in my fucking face!” - Ejnare angrily with tears. “Why am I fucking crying? This shit isn’t even real...”

“Sorry, but now you are known amongst the public for being a factor in saving the public. You are known for your sacrifice, but now must make another. The public enjoys seeing you as a good person, but now you are an influence who can increase his own. Do you wish to maximize your follower rate by exploiting this and future events, or keep to yourself and let the popularity go to history books?” I asked as new options popped into existence, and he looked forwards with his ears lowered.

“Fuck you... I’m not playing anymore...” Ejnare stated, turning away and walking away before seeing in front of him the options with imagery below being a bee phone. “Im not choosing!” He cried out, then closing his eyes and sitting down.

“The left option will be automatically selected if so.” I told and he borrowed his head up with eager sadness.

“Fuck you, N-P-C...” - Ejnare giving the middle finger up to the darkness before looking to the options. “It doesn’t fucking matter anyways... you’re fucking sadistic...”

Ejnare picked the right option and the same door sound effect played, but now with a slower version of itself, just by a little.

“So the public let you go because you wanted them to. Now that you are alone and growing old, you have to get a job and live at your own place. This is a fictional world where you never met only me, by the way. But- you did get money from donators and the government for your service against the Chinese cartel man who placed them there in the first place, and also set the stones for the incoming world war... So, would you rather use your money to live illegally inside a mansion for the rest of your life, or would you rather go to World War Three for America?”

“Live illegally...” - Ejnare with a little more hope, not even pressing it, but allowing it and the water to get darker.

“The cops have found you and are at your doorstep. You can either take a few drugs and live the last few seconds of your life in supreme happiness, or go with them to jail, where you will be confined for cowardice...” - I asked Ejnare in the echo.

“I’d rather take drugs to be honest...” Ejnare whispered, and suddenly he felt a gust of wind blow against his fur and he had to close his eyes from the incoming snow as suddenly he felt he was on green grass, looking around to the bouncy green hills as the sun had a happy face and the sky was blue with drizzling purple bubbles, and Ejnare lifted himself up and looked around to see snow melting away.

Ejnare then heard over behind one of the dancing hills, Daniel come running in a zigzag away from George with a pistol, shooting gunshot happily at his shoes as Daniel joyfully laughed. Ejnare stepped to the side with confusion and wet eyes, before realizing that suddenly a metallic, five-foot-long slope emerged from the ground on the opposite hill, and Daniel was heading for it, with options forming behind Ejnare.

“Daniel is going to run onto that slope and run up the air and into space where he will explode, unless you shoot George now and allow him to stop. What is your choice here?” I asked Ejnare as he popped around with fear.

“I... bruh... this is stupid...” he tried saying, feeling the gun in his pocket, pressing the option, and seeing nothing happen, except Daniel get closer to the slope. Then Ejnare pulled his gun out and aimed it at George, before then dropping it, and running with wet eyes towards Daniel, crashing into him and onto the grass green below, where Daniel just looked at Ejnare and continued laughing joyfully. “HA!”

George then shot Daniel, the bullet going into Daniel’s forehead and letting him bleed out, his face drooping down to stare at Ejnare with depression and death as Ejnare looked back away from the joyful George, and then Ejnare lifted himself up, going to lift his gun, but finding it missing, and then suddenly George missing.

“That was intriguing, but still options were made. George shot Daniel, and then took you hostage.” I stated and then Ejnare’s lightbulb turned off.

Then it turned back on to reveal Ejnare still without clothes, but now with duct tape around his entire body, almost- with some crevices, and around his mouth, no higher. He started to shuffle and angrily yell but saw forth to nothing on the wooden chair.

“You will have two choices here, (George suddenly appears behind Ejnare, goes around and rips the duct tape off of Ejnare’s mouth,) either let George put you in a face-clencher, and bend your left arm infinitely, or let George melt- but if he does so, last second he will trigger the death of all kids but Angelica, and half the public, in which will start daring trials against you.” I told Ejnare.

“Let me out! Fuck you! Let me out, Eighty-Three!” Ejnare told angrily as I spoke, before he then saw the options behind the melting George. “I’ll... fuck you... damnit... (He wiggles more,) I’ll... I’ll do... it’s all fucking fake... I’ll do the left option.” He stated, reading my exact words on the left option.

“Choice nice. Alrighty then, now the public remaining is angry, and Angelica is here to judge you. She writes that your actions were eagerly evil, and such blatant selfishness is not needed in life. Although hypocrisy may rain here, you either will suffocate the consequences of the death penalty or remove all her senses before she can drop the hammer.” I told Ejnare as suddenly he was in a courtroom and looked around.

“Fucking... remove her senses...” - Ejnare sighed sadly, and suddenly Angelica held herself in frozen position as her face was missing, her ears, and she dropped the hammer shaggily, touching around everything as if she was in complete darkness, even wiggling her arms around. “Damn...”

“Indeed, that was a move for self-preservation, as it seems you do not care for the fictional settings here.” - Me to Ejnare.

“Yeah- I don’t. But, fucking hell- have you tortured anybody else? Like, why me?!” - Ejnare started to crack up as he saw Angelica fall from the court block and onto the ground, bending her neck back as she tried breathing.

“The public is very angry with you now. You killed a judge just by choice, and with no ability to breath- she died a slow and painful death, grasping around in darkness as everybody watched your words. Now, you have more choices that are a little different. Would you rather take all harms past presented, being a bent-back arm, the face-clencher, and an extra of an ear torn off, in a very slow and painful way- or would you like to have nightmares cross your path?" I asked.

“Nighttmare to cross my path- because I ain’t getting hurt in this fucking dimension of torture, you bitch.” Ejnare told angrily towards me, before suddenly all people in the court, including Geurnf, Ryutyu, Wilma, Cyclop, Shellia, and even Heru turned to stare right at him as the options suddenly disappeared, and he heard bones crack and rattle as before him Angelica fixed herself up, her head twisting around inhumanely, before she started to creep towards Ejnare. “Fucking try me... bitch... you idotic bitch...”

The creepy Angelica slowly came up to Ejnare without hesitation and stuck her two fingers in his frozen-body nose, and Ejnare’s eyes opened wide with fear and sadness, as then Angelica grabbed his hair and pulled away from his head. Then as Ejnare started to scream, George came behind grabbed his hair as well, then grabbing his frozen other arm.

“WHY CAN’T I MOVE!? PLEASE!? HELP!? I CAN’T MOVE!” Ejnare screamed right before his hair was dispatched, leaving pink and bloody skin, and then George, melted and with droopy eyes bent back his right arm all the way so his lower arm wrist touched his shoulder inhumanely. “AHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! OH MY- AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! GOD PLEASE! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Ejnare cried out with a loud scream as it reversed and echoed on him, before then Chinua with half of her torso missing, and her top half just floating, placed a bear-trap onto his head, where it was open in the middle, and she strapped it around his neck, so that if it were activated, the claws would pierce into his eyes and the back of his head. Then Ejnare’s best friend came over and ripped his left ear off easily, and he cried out with massive tears.

After that, they all faded away into a white mist as Ejnare cried and breathed without entrance of any dopamine. For thirteen seconds he felt pure pain before he started to cry out again, and then left me up to splitting the scream.

“Everyone is laughing at you. Afraid and without armor- do your choices even mean anything? I mean, you did say they do not mean, so I guess I should also not mean. But now, once again, you have a bit more. The public dislikes you, so what is next is obvious. Will you be tortured quickly to pain or casted off into hell’s deepest pit to suffer fire?” I asked Ejnare as he cried in the shallow darkness ocean.

“I DON’T WANNA’ FUCKING ANSWER!” He cried out before crying.

“Then the left one shall be picked.” I told happily as he continued to weep.

Daniel then came out, smiling and laughing at Ejnare without consent, and Ejnare looked up with fear and tried using his remaining arm to get away, but Daniel grabbed him by his throat, and then made his hand into a knife, where he then went down to his left leg, and started from the thigh down to cut Ejnare open. Then Angelica came from behind and died of laughter, as many other voices started to appear.

Ejnare cried as blood leaked out, and then Khenbish ripped off his other ear, George pulled his nose off, his best friend twisted his foot entirely one-hundred-and-eighty degrees, Chinua ripped his upper fur off and let the pale pink skin show, Geurnf came laughing and banged a banjo into his head, Heru cut his tail in half with his sharp-forming hand, Wilma made Ejnare’s hands fall off by twisting her own, and Ryutyu used hyper-speed to kick his knees back and give him unnatural back-bending knee, smiling as his tail was happy contact. All this time, Ejnare could only cry, and for the next five minutes he did in darkness as everybody laughed away, all soon saying “It does not matter...” before they left, and the ambience of him echoed throughout the cold water.

“Please... let me go...” Ejnare cried out, suffering.

“You have another choice. Would you rather be casted out into pure darkness or go to hell’s deepest pit for your actions?” I asked.

“I... I didn’t...” Ejnare tried after crying intensely, hearing my voice extra-echo.

“You have been casted out to darkness since you do not wish to enter.” I said after the imagery of a black box and red box faded away after twelve seconds of him crying in pain and moaning for light.

Soon, Ejnare felt the water seep away from him and felt the cold and dusty floor of darkness as the light above faded, and his lightbulb was stuck in his head. He cried there, confused and scared, bleeding out infinitely.

“You have one more choice. Would you like to give up your choice, or no longer make any more choices?” I asked, and he could barely move without pain. He only cried, his eyes darting around with red in them as his eyebrows were intact and sad. He then turned over and looked at the options without imagery, and closed his eyes, hearing the door sound effect at its lowest pitch and slowest volume.

Then his lightbulb exploded into glass shards, and all was dark for Ejnare as he cried to nobody. But then I came, my boots echoing as I took sixteen steps to get over to his racing eyes, he then suddenly opened, and he brought himself up harshly with his one available hand, looking at me with sorrow. The lightbulb was no longer there, and his blood and tears mixed on the floor into gel he had smeared on the side of his head.

“This button will save you, and since you have given up your choice, I will press it for you...” I told Ejnare as he whimpered to me. He saw my darkness arm from under my dress slowly pull out a red button on a metallic box and go to press it.

“Thank you, Eighty-Three, thank-” Ejnare stated after a silent nod, before then the bear-trap clutched, and his eyes squirted out as blood veined from his head onto the metal, and he fell over to the left, dead and bleeding. I had pressed the button.

Kioshi’s eyes were dazed as he watched over. Behind the glass, he saw the blood jitter up onto the panel as he saw in the same torture room, we had Daniel in, Ejnare now dead and flopped to the floor, and all he could do was stand there without spider arms. He saw my copy slowly fade into transparency as Ejnare bled out, and then shot his eyes to his left, seeing me breath happily and heavily, soon quickly turning my head to fully stare at him, and he then looked back to the death, his eyes wide and red, emotionless even. The ambience was evil, and he felt the echo of Ejnare’s screams blast through his mind, repeating on loop and without a stop. My tail wrapped around my left thigh.

***Torturing Angelica? I guess?***

I rushed over to Angelica’s house after placing Ejnare nicely on his bed with a tray of chocolate-chip cookies and milk on his nightlight place. I went inside Angelica’s house with my smile, and banged right into her, making her organs explode before I then reformed her in a darkness ball and brought her down into one of the updated rooms within the underground facility. There, I placed her corpse on the ground, before looking out to see a copy of myself greeting with others, and another speaking to Wilma about new rooms.

She looked over with a frown to see me, before I then after a second stare, rushed back inside and decided to wake up Angelica. Angelica rose with discomfort and pure shock with open eyes to see a fully lit room with white all around, including the plastic floor in which she looked down to a circular texture of comfy combs as her shoes dwelled down a foot like it was a deep pillow, before stepped out and saw the same thing occur in the seemingly endless room.

“Hello Angelica, I have a question.” I asked of Angelica, my voice normal and non-echoing.

“Eighty-Three? What’s going on?” She asked, confused and worried as her tail wrapped around her left thigh and she heard the voice above, from the pure whiteness.

“A simple experiment. I would like to know how far will you go for Christ before rejecting him...” I told and she looked down.

“Oh... well, you know I am one of his disciples and I shall never repent the Holy Spirit...” Angelica told, very worried about the whiteness.

“Alrighty- but for how long?” I asked, a rock hit her head on the left, and she turned to see only whiteness as the rock fell down and stayed there in the comb-textures.

“Ow- what... what’s going on?” Angelica asked with more worry, and then another rock plopped into her head, on the right and she was pushed with pain. “Eighty-Three, please... I don’t need to be hurt...” And I felt her heartbeat increase as my eyes also picked up Wilma making rooms with electronics already sending radio signals.

Then a pile of rocks fell on Angelica, putting her under all the brownish, rusty grey pebbles which she soon threw off after dust covered around her body parts and clothing. She got up with worried and fearful beats, her face suddenly tearing up.

“What’s going on? Why are you hurting me?” - Nerd emoji.

“How far will you go for Christ?” I asked Angelica. “I will stop the pain when you stop the belief.” And then a boot came out of the ground and kicked her down from behind.

“I’m not going to stop my faith... Eighty-Three, you can hurt me as much as you want, but God is my life and my purpose...” Angelica spoke as her eyes were watery and her voice started to shatter with sadness. Then a punching red glove sprung up from the hexes, bringing a punch back to Angelica so she would land softly on the pillow-like floor as her face was in pain and the spring brought the glove through the solid like it was nothing.

Then Angelica looked down at her hands to find metallic little spikes growing into her flesh, spikes floating two inches away and growing longer. She tried ripping the spikes away but found them to be without mass towards her hands, her hands literally going through them as if they were holograms. She started to cry as her hands started to bleed, and the spikes went further and further, through her hand. “Eighty-Three! Please... I won’t differentiate my faith...”

Then Daniel appeared behind her and kicked her down, before kneeling and grabbing her neck and then throwing her like a rubber ball, over to squishier floor as she soon got up, finding the spikes to leave behind streams of blood, and she found the hexagons below to soak it up, as she looked to see Daniel with a smile, coming over and kicking her in the face. She then teared up as then Ejnare appeared on the opposite side of her turning her head, and he started to kick her stomach as Daniel did so to her back, and then Chinua came over, and pulled on her tail, bringing her up and away from the kicking to the sky, throwing her up with a small leash blood trail as Angelica cried till she face-planted onto suddenly a concrete floor, and her nose started to leak with extreme pain. Her ears were down, and she felt her tail had ripped slightly. Angelica crawled up before she felt her head get stabbed by my boot, my spikes cramping into her head as she felt her brain mush and her eyes start to bleed blood. Then she heard Wilma laugh as she picked her up by the hair and threw her into a wall, her life still in pain and misery as she bled out all around her head. Then I came over with a crown of thorns, and stabbed it onto her head, ripping her skin as the thorns came down and the green shown over her crying face.

I then made Wilma laugh as I disappeared into oxygen, and Angelica looked around the rusty and deeply black concrete room, with a green light showing above. Then Daniel came out of the darkness and looked at Angelica. I was outside the box, seeing through some glass, and I held up a microphone to speak just like Daniel, echoing his voice loudly as he came to hold Angelica’s head up to his as he leaned over.

“Hey Angelica, want more pain?” Daniel asked, but really I was. She shook her head ‘no’ as she cried more, but then Daniel leaned down more and took off her shoes, before then her socks, and mashed his hands into sharp iron blades, in which at the same time, he cut her feet off, and Angelica cried as she felt her arms now being wrapped in thorns, dwelling around and cutting her clothes as she bled out from her ankles. “Hm... loser...” Daniel then flew back into the darkness as Angelica cried.

“Do you still believe in God?” I asked, and she nodded.

“All the pain in the world I receive is for him...” She spoke to the air.

I then made a cross, laid in front of her with wooden scratches all over the demented wooden brown, and two metallic and rusty needles were to the left. Angelica looked over with blood all over her face, and her ears laid down, her tail unmoving. Then she saw white neon light glow to her left, and there was a symbol of the cross upright.

“If God is real, then why is he not here to save you?” I asked through the microphone.

“You have the choice to torture me... I have the choice to repent the sin you want me to make...” - Angelica cried slowly.

“Alrighty... then please put the cross in the white neon and make yourself undergo the same damage he did.” I told Angelica, and she looked down to see her feet reconnect as her pants and shirt went on fire and started burning her skin.

She gargled on her spit, cried the most, and coughed up blood as she knelt her head back and closed her eyes in pure pain. As her skin went black, the fire spread, and cried out above, she started to use her hands to give herself up, and then looked to the cross. She walked over wearily, her bones now visible as the fire burned through her flesh and veins, and she picked up the cross with her skin now drying out, wrinkles forming on her arms as her face bled more. Then, as she picked up the cross with a depleted sadness, her collar bone started to bend forwards, breaking through her skin, and she choked forwards on blood, swallowing it before she cried out in pure pain. She then dragged the cross, her liquids falling out, and put the head at the bottom of the neon white lights. She then went to pick up the cross on the right handle, and pulled it up to somewhat place correctly in the shape, where then it floated in. She then fell down and let her burning clothes sink in.

“Now t-pose in front of it.” I told her, and she got up wearily, her bone shaking and her skin losing thirst as her collar bone soon fell out, her blood made her remaining skin lose its color to white, and soon she crept over to face a concrete wall as she kept her saggy muscles for arms up, and felt herself be lifted up and soon her hands turn backwards, breaking her wrist and making her choke cry, before needles soon came off the floor and flew into her hand quickly without care, sparking blood to fly out. She then cried as her body sagged down and her bones showed all over, her skin melting, and her tears no longer possible as blood covered her face.

Angelica cried for a bit more before she saw me in front of the glass panel. I smiled and started to snort at her blood path, but she just stared with worry and discontent, her crying unstoppable. Her ears of a cat soon just flopped and fell off like they were paper, and her tail was then ripped in air from her body, and she clenched back as her teeth then her plucked one by one out of her mouth in every second, and endless pain thrusted through her brain, her heartbeat pounding as her mouth filled up with blood, black spurts came from her tail’s once place, and her ears let blood drip down onto her fallen collar bone. She only cried and looked down after seeing me for three seconds.

“Are you sure you want to believe in God?” I asked Angelica with a smile still.

“My life... is with him...” Angelica tried crying out, but she was filled with blood and no teeth in her mouth, making it hard to speak. I snorted and then left away, the voices crawling in my head as I left her there. The Red Glitch also formed around me as I tried making a copy as I left, but I decided to just go to another.

I came over to find Wilma had created an entire jungle, and then a copy of myself rushed back in and I was given the memories of enacting large rooms that had fake sunlight, as I saw the bordering walls of blue and fake backgrounds, but a giant yellow light shining atop above. I then rushed past the entirety of the jungle to another side with a long gap opening in the wall showing forth to a magenta floor of metal with purple gas streamers showing gas to go up to the crimson flowing ceiling, flowing in curves like it was waves, whilst the walls were swiveling pink cogs with glossy white stones all over, shining and creating light amongst the rest of the area. Afar there was blue fog, and I rushed through it to find a four-way, hearing right into metallic doors I opened nicely to the green-headed mutation practicing a banjo as Wilma laid some sheet music in front, and Molly was on the left side, on a couch, using her little stick hand to hold a glass of red and drink from it. I rushed in and allowed Wilma to look at me with sweaty emotions and Molly with a stutter and splash as the couch got wet from my sudden intrusion, and the mutation kept on practicing the same three notes.

“Hello, Molly, Wilma, and mutation, how has it been?” I asked as everybody looked after two seconds. The room’s floor was purple plastic, and its walls were pink fuzzy.

“Been good!” Molly excitedly told over, “I don’t know what kind of drugs you put in me, but I’m feeling so happy and extroverted!”

“I had the ability to rewire your blood flow so that it was fueling your brain better.” I told Molly and she laughed a little. The room had a blue outline glowing neon on everything, and the lights above were three of orange.

“Thanks, I guess... I’m going to miss my parents though...” - Molly.

“Oh, well then I can get your parents if you would like.” I told Molly.

“I don’t know whether to say ‘yes’ or just let my parents live a normal life...” Molly stated with a bit of downing on her smile that was mutilated.

“No- although you’re giving everyone what they want, this place still sucks. No sunlight, someone we all live- no outside attention, and no... I don’t know, but this is dark still, and I still wish I could die peacefully and naturally...” - The other mutilation.

“Well, Wilma recently made the jungle and could offer sunlight just out of her fingertips, so... I understand this is a new life with new things... Have no worries though, as it will be our job to save many people before we take over the world and spread the gospel. Then there shall be no sin, and an eternity of order and peace.” I told plainly to him, and Wilma looked over with surprise and discomfort.

“Sure...” She nodded to me before grinning as best as she could to the other mutilation, and he just sighed.

“That sounds like the basic villain arc.” The mutilation started.

“I know, I know.” I smiled as Molly laughed a little. “But I promise the world will be better soon... anyways, I have to go check up on some things and grow this facility...” I stated and Wilma nodded. Then I rushed away and back towards the torture room to find Angelica missing. I looked around, seeing no blood or liquid, and no crosses. Angelica was missing, and I broke through the glass to read a white letter just below where she hung. I turned it over and found red glitch particles on the back, frozen like crystals. I continued to smile before heading out quickly.

I soon phased into my last copy, who was talking with many members around, explaining to them why my tail was not to be touched.

“Woah- hey...” The man in infront, his bandana pulled down and his essence backing away. He was a terrorist who had died, and held his own AK-47 tight as people around saw their homes below with an very deep staircase around going to these floating homes or homes in the wall, with white fog below leading a giant pool.

“Just combined myself, that is all.” I told the man.

“Oh... well... you know, you freaky... like, I understand being a furry is some internet new thing, but like... you’re just intimidating...” He told me.

“I know, I hear that within the heartbeats of everyone.” - I told the man as Gustavo was being petted around the opening to the large room with stairs in different ways, looking like art as the homes were implemented with plumbing and such already.

“Eh... anyways... uh... so... me and my men just have to follow Christ or we’ll be kicked out?” the man asked me as Gustavo’s tail wrapped around a wrist of somebody.

“No. I understand being a Muslim means that conversion to Christianity is quite the difference, especially with the Shariah Law and the ‘shirk’ sin, but I allow for as much time as you need to get comforted to this new world. And I promise- if you ever want, you may leave. It is against my, and God’s nature to keep people against their will.” - Me.

“Hm... well... I’ll go and tell that to my men then...” He nodded and left away as Ekon talked to his people who met at the convention around the large feast in the lunchroom.

I then darted off towards The DRC Man, who was in his office with Cawo, looking at some files before up to me. “We should now make those mutilations.” I told in the silence.

Skipping the rest of that small conversation, I mustered with The DRC Man and created from sixteen volunteers a flesh wall, made with mouths, eyes, noses, ears, and overall pink and red puss all in random places, stretching twenty-five meters and going six meters tall. Then I used four other volunteers to create a smaller flesh wall, that darted around with skinny attributes, like it was a roll of paper, and it excitement going around and showing itself to others, making them throw up, but Wilma created trashcans everywhere so the people could go see it there. Some just put their heads down and sweated into the trashcan, unwitting to see what happened to the volunteers. Then we had a single black hijab woman we soon turned into a mutilation, teeth wide and long, going up to her hair, as her feet were replaced with walking cats with no eyes, her arms were elongated to become oval-like, sharp-rounded slates of meat, and her ears were duplicated to have a set under the other. She wore her old clothes though.

We made files on these mutilations. One was named ‘The Singing Flesh Wall,’ with a list of names attributing to the people inside. Then another ‘The Faster Flesh Wall,’ and then another ‘The Eating Woman.’ Finally, the red glitch stopped another mutilation and we decided to put televisions around with Wilma’s help and introduce television so people could see other news. The new mutilations, including the giant flesh wall in a faraway room that was giant, watched with popcorn and such to American news. The DRC Man finished writing the files onto a laptop of his own with Cawo’s assistance, before I pointed my left finger up, and had an idea strike into my head. I then rushed away and up, my ears flicking up like my tail to hear Clasif in my room, doing a wrestling match against Ryutyu.

I came to blast wind onto their sweaty essence as the two battles in the small space, bashing into the bed.

“Aye Eighty-Three! We in a wrestling match!” - Ryutyu happily.

“Not the most fine of games, but another fitness one to be sure.” Clasif classically.

Soon, Ryutyu used his speed hack and pushed Clasif to the floor and jumped on, keeping him down for three seconds, before a bell rang out of nowhere, and after the very sweaty Clasif cooled off, and Ryutyu got up- he allowed Clasif to nicely get up as I sat on the bed, watching them. Ryutyu then shook Clasif’s hand nicely.

“Woo... thanks Clasif, that was nice...” - Ryutyu.

“Indeed. I hope the best to the two of you, as that was the game.” Clasif nodded, before Ryutyu looked to me.

“I was heading towards thy bed to get some rest, but now I think it’d be better to work out, so... yeah... have a good one, lads!” Ryutyu happily as he darted off and Clasif waved to me before going up to my window.

“Hm- bye Ryutyu!” I gladly waved before he left, before waving to Clasif, and then hopping off the bed, and looking at him as he looked out to the night, cold and blue.

He looked through it for a few seconds, before I started to say something, and his eyes darted back, his hair still looming over, but his heartbeat going up.

“No despawn? Hm... (I chuckle,) I had a feeling this was going to happen... I mean... the Computer does watch me most likely, right? He does know-” I stated, and slowly a hand from under my dress came out and slowly crept towards him, and in the reflection the windows, crossed by open blinds, he saw the darkness hand coming.

“No! GET OFF ME! YOU CREEP! LEAVE ME ALONE PLEASE! TAKE ME BACK, COMPUTER!” Clasif soon prayed upwards, but nothing was alerted. His voice was very loud, but soon he saw the doors close and the outside fill up with darkness.

“Oh- how nice. Everything lucky goes my way...” I told, chuckling more.

“Eighty-Three, please... I just want to go back to the void... I didn’t say anything to anybody about what you’ve done... I’ve kept quiet...” - Clasif, getting on his knee and looking to me as the arm came back and rubbed my head.

“What? The Computer has been telling you things about what I have done underneath?” I calmly asked Clasif as I heard Ejnare talking to Chinua.

“Yes... he knows... and he’s leaving me to die... please... just put me into another universe... please don’t turn me into a mutilation...” - Clasif.

“Oh Clasif... it is not that bad... as my theories are correct- you should be remade into a better image for science, and you might probably enjoy it...” - Me as I squatted in front of him, and he looked at me.

“You’re going to ruin me... my personality... my purpose...” - Clasif, tears flowing down him I then brushed his hair aside and saw his trembling bright blue eyes water up.

“I am giving you a new purpose, and you can continue to act classical anyways... I enjoy how you act, and I understand that since you wanted to hide your fear, you acted differently, but please... let me give you a better life...” - Me.

Clasif continued to cry as he kneeled down, and so I made a darkness syringe from my left hand and implanted it into his extended jaw. There, he darted his eyes cutely to his nose and stopped crying, as suddenly his bone started to tremble, and his hair went up. I then made a knife from my right hand and started to shave off his pecs and his muscles, removing them as he looked down with surprise and fear, seeing massive blood drops of black and crimson red drip out as his muscles were shaved off.

“Computer, thank you for allowing me to give Clasif a better life.” I told up, as Clasif watched with surprise and discomfort. “And Clasif... you will now have free-will...” I stated happily as his face and body started to melt outwards, inflating a little, as I then picked up his muscles and fell through a darkness puddle that soon formed on the carpet floor, and back to the underground base I went.

Soon, we made a file for Clasif. He was named ‘Clasif,’ and his new form had become somewhat of a fat, blobby-like human, eyes all over, mouths and crevices pushing pink and white puss out, his hair sticking up and back like he was a native chief of some kind, his eyes larger in some places then others, his skin melted but firm, his skin grey and his legs with hooved-like feet, and his hands having slobby fingers melted together almost. His head had become somewhat of a rounded rectangle, and his belly was fatter than The DRC Man’s, having some eyes on it as I stated. He was soon introduced to others like Molly and Wilma, and they saw him with his classical personality, as me and The DRC Man took notes and continued to ask people what they would like and give it to them.

But soon I rushed out of my home and over to Angelica’s to find her sleeping in her bed, without a mention of physical disturbance. I then rushed out silently, and went back over to Ryutyu, giving him a massage after he worked out hard, and then going to bed with him, and sleeping tightly with my mask on smiling.

“Hey bro, want to accept the deal yet?” The Stickmale asked in an echo as I was in a dark room like the one I had put Ejnare in.

“No.” I told with a confused laughter, and he said “Alrighty,” before I woke up to find Ryutyu snoring on my back, his tail wrapped around ourselves. I then moved and went to make breakfast.

***Thunder.***

Wilma went over to Geurnf’s house and started to learn the banjo a bit more as Ryutyu, Oyur, and Daniel started a gaming video for Oyur’s channel. As they played Fortnight, I went down below to check up on what was going on. Wilma had created an announcement system, and many televisions where The DRC Man held a picture of black with white text reading, “Welcome to the underground.” Everyone was asleep at this time, and the time was 8:46 A.M., as read on a golden clock in one of the hallways.

“Hm- I’m gonna’ go contact Eighty-Three...” Daniel stated above, as the machine he brought along to the Fortnight gameplay activated, and then Ryutyu grabbed it and rushed over to my room, confused on where I was as Oyur laughed back at Daniel’s home.

I then rushed up and came to Ryutyu as he sat the machine on my bed.

“Oi- hi Eighty-Three. It seems we have another multiversal play at hand.” Ryutyu went from British to naturally nice English.

“Alrighty, let us go then.” I told with a nod, before he took me onto his shoulders and blasted me off, exiting through the forcefield and going to school with a windy tail, going to the tables outside in the circle and looking around, seeing fire all over.

The metal was burning with highly radiate green fire, with the bottom being black, as everything melted and people screamed away. I then saw and heard around the ground burst into flames, and fire auroras circles the school and go closer and closer to a point way high up in the sky, where we looked up to soon see a white shimmer as a man with two others came down like a meteorite crashing into the concrete and metallic tables, spouting dust and particles up, and Ryutyu looked to see their essence with open ears.

The man holding his right hand to the left of another, and his left to another different man, had black shaggy-like hair, fluffy and smooth, along with two bangs of green, light and shining in a direction just like Angelica’s front bangs were, like an anime still, whilst he had solid lines for eyebrows, black, but three on each side, separated by half an inch up, with circle eyes, the inside being skin and no falling down from the holes that were the eyes, with a sliver for a mouth, and a round chin. He wore a jacket that was purely light green up to the hoodie, and towards the bottom was black, just like his tight jeans to his noodle-like legs, with black pointy shoes thinner but like Heru’s pointy shoes. He also wore black socks. So, it looked like darkness below led up to a gradient of green on his hoodie, as he was dark-skinned, and had fingers elongated like Cyclop’s. He was six feet tall and used the many extra bones to spin around his legs and bring him forth to give us a raised three-left eyebrows before looking behind and up to a fire being.

The fire being above was literally Nancy Pelosi but with an elongated jaw to look like a dinosaur.

Then the man on the left of the holder was a small midget-like being with a box-like torso, it being blue wiyh white buttons alined and down the black zipper, with a white collar and black buttons around it near is neck, as his arms were wiggly like the other man’s legs, and he had four coming off each top corner of his box-like torso, wide and tube-like, leading from blue to a white collar with blue buttons. He had pants, not up to his exceeding torso, that were white and shaggy, connected abruptly on the bottom corners, he having four legs with brown leather shoes at the bottom. His head was quite the weird thing though, with two chins looking like an AI-generated Chad, and they extended away from his box-like head, which had bangs crawling around each side, with brown lush hair, whilst around and away from the extended chin, bangs crawled from under his neckbeard. He had five mouths, each with sharp teeth, top and bottom on one cheek, with another pair on the other cheek, with a larger middle one where a mouth would be placed, as he had two noses above, with two eyes, his eyes being black, but not like a cartoon, rather black in human reforms. They were wide and looked around at me and Ryutyu before anything else. He also had black glasses with red lava-lamp shades. They changed purple once we saw him, and they hopped as he flew up in the hand of the other man. His fingers were normal like his hands though, and he was three feet wide as well as four feet and five inches tall. He also was black.

The other man had a black tuxedo on with white collars and buttons, and was actually black, like literally dark black. He had hair that shifted up in the front, and had a screen-like face, but naturally he had two blue vertical lines for eyes and a line for his mouth, lit light blue and moving around. He also had eyebrows. His pants were black and so were his shoes and he had a pistol in his other hand. He was five feet and nine inches tall. He was scared as he arose from the hand of the other man, his eyes now wide circles.

“Bro, she’s so rizzy.” - The man in front stated with a white American-boy's voice, cheerful yet introverted, as the Pelosi character came down. She blasted fire from her mouth, cylinder-like, showing her yellowish sharp teeth and her eyes melt as orange fire a-flamed from them. She also burned the air below and caused plasma to form her a platform as she stood on it, technically flying.

The man then dropped the other two before forming a large sniper rifle into his hands and shooting up at the flames, hundred bullets per mini-second, making the eradicate the area as the bullets pummeled up towards the fire being, and she flew to the right to dodge the white flashes.

I then rose my darkness hands up, but as I did so, the universe started to reset.

Soon, me and Ryutyu were back in our rooms. We got up and went outside with the others, The DRC Man and Gustavo too, who acknowledged the reset and then went back inside to do our things. I went down with Gustavo and The DRC Man and Wilma, checking out the new places she had formed beyond the forest. As people looked around, taking off their hijabs in conventions and throwing them away with cheerful smiles, we went to an artifact line, where Wilma had put things like The Demon Core and The Elephant’s Foot into glass containers, and me and The DRC Man looked around as Wilma brought out her bee phone and searched up more. There were sixteen cases, and we looked at some of the most dangerous weapons and substances known on the planet there.

Then I used my darkness to open the panel slightly and grab the demon core as The DRC Man looked at the Elephant’s Foot.

“Hey Wilma, am I safe from this?” The DRC Man asked as he heard Wilma laugh behind, and then looked to me, seeing the demon core to my side no longer there. He stared at us for three seconds before speaking. “Hey Eighty-Three, where’s the demon core?”

“I ATE IT-” - Me funnily and loudly, before suddenly it exploded, and The DRC Man was casted back in fourth-degree burns.

Up above, Daniel and Oyur got with Ryutyu and continued to play Fortnight. They soon concluded the video, and Oyur started to edit at Daniel’s house, as Ryutyu went over with Daniel to Wilma’s fun palace and asked for a drink.

“Wait- that’s the ‘fun idea?’ When did you start drinking, Ryutyu?” Daniel funnily asked Ryutyu as Wilma came out with rainbow eyes and made a bar and allowed them to sit instantly on light blue stools.

“I just thought of thy with Oyur whilst ya’ was in thy bathroom. Ya' been joking about it too, so I thought- (Wilma puts down two glasses from the opposite side of the golden counter with red stripes,) thanks Wilma- now we can give it a try... with such a small glass...” Ryutyu said as he looked forwards to the small pint of Caipirinha, a yellowish juice with green fruits inside, swelling it to be a light green almost. Ryutyu sat under yellowish lights as well, as rock music was echoing in the background, throughout the facility as Wilma walked back to her room.

“Small glasses- And what did Oyur think of all this?” Daniel smirkishly asked Ryutyu as he picked up the boxy glass and drank it entirely.

“Oh- nah bruh. He said he want to keep clean, he dislike drugs and shit, and this is that ‘shit.’” Ryutyu laughed at the end as Daniel picked out the fruits and drank.

“Hm...” Daniel, drinking some, before looking down to see it fill up like Ryutyu’s. “Ooh- dang, what a light aftertaste! Literally tastes like the color green, Ryutyu... dang...” Daniel damned as his tail went straight up like his ears, and his pupils enlarged.

“Ya,’ it do be tasting quite like what I’d imagine Eighty-Three's dress to taste like- although that be rubber though...” - Ryutyu snorted afterwards, then taking another shot as Daniel laughed at his comment and nodded with his ears flapping.

“What is this anyways? It’s kinda’ cold.” Daniel asked Ryutyu on the drinks.

“I got nah idea- and I don’t think Wilma have one either... Eighty-Three might know, he be excellent at being thy well-rounded genius.” - Ryutyu on the Caipirinha, a Brazilian drink.

“Dang... what a drink... hey- let's race to get drunk.” Daniel challenged, holding up the glass and Ryutyu did as well, his tail resting as his ears flicked up, “First time?”

“Ya.’” - Ryutyu, before they started to drink from it, looking inside to see that it kept refueling itself, and they started to chug the endless drink. Daniel drank it for eleven seconds before putting it down and breathing greatly, and Ryutyu kept on for twenty-one seconds, letting Daniel watch with intensity. Daniel then started against as Ryutyu breathed in and out, before sniffing highly greatly.

“The aroma is amazing...” - Daniel after eleven more seconds, breathing harshly with a droopy mind now, the drunkness getting to him. “And I think I may be a little doopsy-drunk now, eh?”

“Ya’ mate- all problems I think about are going away now... sheesh... what ya’ wanna’ do whilst we like this?” Ryutyu asked Daniel.

“Hm- I dunno,’ but what problems were your furry-looking ass trying to cry over?” Daniel started with a little excitement.

“Eh- I forgor.’” Ryutyu then laughed with Daniel excitedly.

“Woo... woo... I’m losing balance a little- the world do be tilting...” - Daniel.

“You know who’d be really great as a drinker? Ejnare... and Chinua! They’d probably give up their... sad-looking depressed faces and have a good laugh with us... oh...” - Ryutyu.

“Yeah true! Oyur though- oh shit he would be angry as fuck and whack the fuck outta’ me...” Daniel laughed as Ryutyu spoke.

“Woo... drunk driving though? We should do that- cause' death wasn’t a problem since I’ve been here in heaven!” Daniel laughed at Ryutyu as he chuckled loudly as well.

“Hey! Wilma! If ya’ can hear us, give us a really priceless car and let us drive it around! Woo!” Ryutyu as he then drink a little more and Daniel did as well.

Soon, as Kioshi took notes on what was happening in his life on his laptop, he heard outside Ryutyu and Daniel, Daniel driving, laugh as they crashed into buildings with their indestructible car, and most rammed into Ejnare’s home, making him yell back as he had to pull off his headphones and look below to the ones driving their car back and forth. Angelica came out and allowed Ryutyu to then drive into Kioshi’s house as Daniel fell out of the car on purpose and started making his way over to Angelica, where he then tried hanging onto her.

“Oh- hi Angelica... shit... the world is making me lose balance... and Ryutyu is getting excited... we drank too much, yo...” Daniel laughed into Angelica’s chest.

“Oh... well... you guys should get to a safer-” - Daniel.

“Shut up, Angelica! You’re always... speaking facts and logic and religion... just have some fun... please?” Daniel stated in almost a passive-aggressive way as Ryutyu then whipped around and brang the car over.

“Ah... ya’ Angelica- ya' gotta’ try drunk driving! Everything be so swirly and twisty- I think it be like ya’ on mushrooms or something...” - Ryutyu as he single-handedly drove.

“I think it would be better to not be drunk. The Bible states-” - Who cares, nerd emoji.

But someplace other, somehow unthreatened by the driving, was Geurnf. She was inside her home, doing push-ups, her arms vertical and her fur sweaty as she wore pajamas. There, she listened to country music without lyrics, and was breathing hard as she did push-ups correctly, uncaring the Ejnare’s yelling or car smashing sound effects elsewhere outside, as her tail was up straight, and her ears were low. She was in her room too, and her fan was on as well as her light.

But as she did and paid no attention to the drunkenness outside, suddenly she heard a voice, one speaking low until loudly, firm till curved, changing its voice and way of speaking in some words in the same sentence. Geunrf stopped and stared up, seeing forth to her open room before getting up and walking forth with sweat dripping down.

She looked around the corner to see the four-mouthed guy with blue skin, before it changed to green suddenly as his bouncy hair went back with his bouncy flesh and cartoony character, his midget-like body hopping up on the brown leather counter with wooden poles, four around the minituare stand as the white sign, a flag of white hanging down, facing forwards, read ‘Qoaiuek’s Sells!” in blood blue. The counter also had a wall under it, and the character lifted himself to stand atop the counter.

“Hello, GEURNF. You may not know me, but I’m YOUR PERSONALIZED ASSISTANT to making THE FINEST-FUCKING GODDAMN PURCHASES IN SHIT-SHITTING DUMBSVILLE!” The man spoke, multiple mouths opening to speak louder instead of the middle one, which was where he mainly spoke from. He made full eye-contact as well.

“Uh... hello there, thingy-being... are you from another random universe? Cause’ I ain’t buying nor selling anything currently.” - Geurnf.

“WHAT WAS THAT? No buying? No selling? Why is that?” - The man, leaning his glasses down with his top left hand from his box.

“I already got everything I need and want, so I think it’d be better if you left back to your universe or took what you need and leave, because we here got a whole can of worms you probably don’t wanna’ be in.” - Geurnf.

“Well, I am here from THE GREAT ASSUMPTION THAT PARTICULAR CHARACTERS COULD PURCHASE FROM ME, but hey! If you have everything you need, then I’m sure you wouldn’t ENDORSE in something PRECIOUSLY NAMED a, (He puts his bottom left hand down below the counter and pulls up a RayGun, red and shiny,) Revival Reviver from The Redder Red River!” The character announced with special excitement. “This gun may look like an ordinary RAYGUN FROM THE FAMOUS GAME CALL OF DUTY, WORLD OF WAR- but I assure you that SHIT IS NOT LIKE IT WAS! This gun can bring back ANYBODY you’ve EVER WANTED BACK SO GREATLY BECUASE THE RED GLITCH DISALLOWED IT! The Red Glitch has even SIGNED HIS GREATNESS AWAY to this gun, check it!” The character then stated, throwing the gun over so Geurnf could catch it with her palms as it came up and down, and she saw ‘Red Glitch’ as a cursive signature on one side of the gun.

“You’re giving me some weird-ass vibes, mister. What do you mean by all of that?” Geurnf asked the character.

“QUITE THE SHIT, YOU KNOW! I mean, sorry- but my real name is Qoaiuek Veweq Iukolo Xasaw Zaza! QUITE THE WORD BANK, EH!? Anyways, I’ve come on AN UN-RELATED NOTE from MY OWN INSTINCT that MONEY WAS ACQUIRABLE in the PRESENCE OF YOUR ALLIES. I am here to sell, and DEFINITELY NOT PROVE THAT I AM WITH DEMET ON A MISSION TO BECOME AS WELL AS HE IS.” - Qoaiuek.

“Uh... sure? What... okay, alrighty. How bout’ this- I take you up to meet Eighty-Three, the founder of this situation, and if he don’t remember you, you got to go somewhere else and sell your stuff. I ain’t buying, (Geurnf tosses the gun back,) until I know if this is true or not...” - Guernf.

“Alrighty- but what about SELLING YOUR TIME AWAY?” - Qoaiuek.

“Selling my time?” - Geurnf with confusion as car driving sounds still existed.

“Oh sorry- must've been that PARTICULAR MOUTH- I meant to say SELLING YOUR FINEST MATERIALS FOR THE FINEST TRADE ROUTER IN EXISTENCE!” - Qoaiuek.

“Are you high? Or on drugs of any sort?” - Geurnf.

“Of course not! How could I SELL IN A FINE PROVIDENCE without THE MISSIOURI RESOLUTION IN PLAY?” - Qoaiuek.

“Ain’t nothing about the Missouri revolution around these parts, mister. Now... uh... could you go down and over to that building over there? (Geurnf points to the window,) there’s Eighty-Three, and you should go talk to him first...” - Geurnf.

“IF TRADE WAS NOT ENOUGH! I FINALLY MEET MY COMPETITION FOR STORY!” - Qoaiuek, before ducking behind his little shop, and then it shrunk into nothingness, and Geurnf watched as suddenly it and him were gone.

Soon, he started to grow out of nothingness in my living room, and I rushed up to find Shellia looking through the glass from the outside pool as I came forth to see Qoaiuek.

“Can’t have enough Qoaiuek, now can YOUR SORRY ASS?” - Qoaiuek to me.

“Hm?” I asked, confused- these words were written on 1/9/2023.

“Qoaiuek! That’s my name! My NON-HOSTILE NUMBER OF KEYS! I’ve come to SELL LIVE AND BUY STRIFE! That’s right! I’m here because GEURNF TOLD ME TO COME OVER AND SPEAK WITH YOU, THE LEADER I REMEMBER SEEING JUST THIS MORNING TECHNICALLY.” - Qoaiuek told me as I heard Geurnf come out of her front door.

“Alrighty, yes- I am Eighty-Three, not the main cause of this situation me and my friends are in, it was actually Heru- but yes, I am listening to what you may have to sell or buy.” I told Qoaiuek.

“Well... how the INCOSIDERATE MEASURE? Let’s HAVE A LOOKIE DOWN HERE!” And Qoaiuek went under the table and my ears fled into darkness. I came over and found pure darkness below, with his essence gone, and then I made my table reach across the counter and down into the darkness, finding it blocked like ice. “AHA! This is a Bible! A... Bible?”

He held it up with glory before pulling it down with confusion as I backed away, and his lava lamps went grey as well as his skin from green.

“Interesting...” I nodded before he looked to me, and Geurnf came through the front door. “I do remember you with those others guys- are you from this universe?”

“Quite so! (His skin goes green and his lava lamps go red again,) My name is Qoaiuek, and Geurnf over there can tell you the rest! I’m here to PROFIT OFF OF AN INFINITE SOURE THAT REQUIRES NO REAL PAYMENT, but hey! I’ll be staying because I WANT TO SEE THE GREAT ACTIONS AND RECORD FOR WEALTHY DISTRUBUTION!” - Qoaiuek.

“He from this universe?” - Geurnf asked me.

“He says so- and I shall go and check.” - Me, rushing away to grab the machine and clip his top right arm to it, finding him true.

“I AM HERE TO SELL AND BUY WHAT YOU TRULY ARE, SO ASK UP!” - Qoaiuek.

“Uh-” Geurnf as she raised her left pointy finger, her sweat now dry.

“I would like the first version of the Bible ever written.” - Me.

“QUITE THE DIFFERENCE SINCE YOUR LIFE HAS SPLIT!” - Qoaiuek, going behind again and grabbing an old and dusty bunch of papyrus scrolls, none ripped.

“What does that even mean?” - Geurnf asked and I looked to her, shrugging.

“THIS DOES NOT COST A SINGLE DOGECOIN! IT COSTS TWO!” - Qoaiuek with a loud voice, amplified but not exaggerated nor mad, just volumed up.

“Literal Doge coins, or two American dollars?” I asked Qoaiuek.

“TWO AMERICAN DOLLARS!” - Qoaiuek. And so I made two dollars and gifted him it into his rasing top right hand, and his skin went pink as his lava lamp glasses went green, and then he turned back to black before fully and actually white, putting the dollars beneath into the darkness. “What a sell! Anymore FUNNY REDDIT POSTS or trades?”

“Hey mister, can you knock off the personality and tell us if you have a mental disorder or something?” Geurnf seriously asked politely.

“No disorder other than MY FULL AND ATTENTIVE HYPOCRISY AND EVIL CONTINUATION OF BUSINESS THAT YOU’VE NOT ENCOUNTERED YET!” - Qoaiuek hopping onto the counter with such ethusiatic gestures.

“Hm...” I stated as I started to read the papyrus scrolls.

“Uh... Eighty-Three, and... however you say your name, Qoaiek, or whatever- I don’t think we should be... like... playing with this personality of yours. We have some serious business we’re trying to solve here on our own, and we really think you should go back and live peacefully away from the mess that we’ve been thrown into, as it might eat ya’ up if it has the chance.” - Geurnf to Qoaiuek.

“WHAT STATES THAT I’M NOT ALREADY A MESS MYSELF?” Qoaiuek laughed. “I’m joking with you- OR NOT! NIGGITY-GIGGITY-NOT! Honestly, Geurnf, I’ll be around and selling. I hope to see you and FEMBOY?!??! AT THE TIME THE CLOCK STRIKES ME! Anyways, I’ve got to go before I GET INTO CONTACT WITH EVERYONE REASONABLE- so enjoy.” Qoaiuek, before suddenly he dispersed down and a darkness string connected out from under my dress over to him, but it fell off as he shrunk his particles away, his atoms literally decomposing down and spreading away.

“What an intriguing character.” I nodded to Geurnf before leaving with The Bible.

I went down to The DRC Man and Gustavo to check up on how everybody was doing. Kids played in tennis ball courts, women wore colorful dresses and skirts, and men read books and watched television, all enjoying their lives. The mutations also enjoyed television and such, Clasif playing Chess with Molly, his left hand nudging his head up as he seemed tired, and Molly was excited. But above, Daniel and Ryutyu fell asleep in the front hall of my home as Geurnf exited, and she sighed as she saw the two drunkards barely speak anything as they went to sleep. Wilma was then outside, sad and without rainbow eyes, reforming the home of Ejnare and Kioshi, before she was then struck with fire, from a beam above, the fire being pure red, blasting her down into the concrete and melting it into fire as Wilma then got up with anger and saw forth to the Pelosi fire being.

She then opened her steaming mouth again, and fire raged from it, and Wilma swept around and to portalis and kick her in the face before suddenly from a portalis as well, the black guy came in with an entire nuke on his back, strapped through thirty black straps around his chest, and he exploded into The Pelosi Character as she made a portalis away and deflected into that from the fire and explosion, and the Crow Guy was fine because there seemed to be an inch, shape-forming blue shield around that came from a laser from the goofy guy’s left hand as he held it out in the middle of a purple-glowing alleyway with some retro music echoing through their streets. He then came in and landed down on the reforming street as Wilma reformed everything. The black guy also landed, but broke his leg, and started clenching his ears.

“Oh no- his ears burn.” The goofy-sounding kid now with white skin like me stated. Then Wilma came down and made the man’s legs reform nicely so he would stop clenching his eyes into a line with sad eyebrows. He then stood up with surprise as that other man held his hand out. “What’s good my nigga?”

“Uh-” Wilma was about to say, handing out her right hand before the man made a quick concrete-scratching sound effect as he simply turned lazily like an animation to his left to see Kioshi over a building, looming with his spider arms to see the two. “Not you- him.”

Kioshi was surprised at his sudden turn and decided to come down with confusion as the black guy rose. He came up to the man and shook his long fingers.

“Man is actually black- am I allowed to say the ‘nigga’ around you?” The childish tall man asked, and Kioshi just looked at him.

“Why do you guys have metallic plates in your heads?” Wilma asked.

“How did they know?” The man then raised his left three eyebrows towards, turning to see Angelica rush out of her house, and above him a white speech bubble came up on him like he was a video game character, and it stated what he had stated in black text.

“Uh...” - Wilma as she saw the black man back away before leaning over and doing a few stretches, before staring at Kioshi and then Wilma.

“Oi lad- who are ye?’” - Ryutyu asked, rushing up and making the other black guy back away as the other man looked towards him.

“Definitely not ye.’” - The man then laughed. “Are you A-train but a furry?”

“What?” - Ryutyu as Wilma smirked with confusion on the man’s comment.

“What is ‘A-train?’” - Wilma as the black man studied her tails flowing.

“It’s a character in my universe- which is this universe- which is technically just ‘The Flash,’ but blue and evil. And you look like you have the powers of his goofy-ah, but rather than being evil, you’re a furry- and that's worse.” - The man funnily.

“Aye- I am a fast furry, that’s correct- but what are ye?’ An’ what’s going on?.” - Ryutyu as he looked to Wilma, and the black guy looked towards his tail.

“I’m ThatCosmicThunder, this is Crow, and... the fire-blaster was Pelosi, not political at all, I swear- and then we found her coming after our third member, which you may have seen- a midget, was in a stand possibly-” - ThatCosmicThunder, gesturing towards Ryutyu.

“Aye- I remember a boxy-like midget ya’ were holding at thy school before universe-reset- but I haven’t seen him around.” - Ryutyu.

“I did.” I stated, rushing out of nowhere, and startling only the Crow guy.

“Cool- do you- FEMBOY!?” ThatCosmicThunder then exalted with a white mouth, his eyes bulging forwards, and they were just circles, but he seemed startled at my male voice. “Oh hellllllllllll nawwwwwwwwwwwwww, what da’ heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelllll...” He started to say loudly and like a meme as he started to literally rotate around me, his legs unmoving as then a white camera formed in his hands, and he started taking pictures that flash banged Wilma into laughing as they almost blinding Kioshi. He then stopped after one full circle. “Nah bruh- I definitely staying to figure out what kind of autistic shit this all is.”

“My name is Eighty-Three-" - Me to ThatCosmicThunder.

“THE BITE OF EIGHTY-THREE?” - ThatCosmicThunder with his hands going over his head in awe, but soon reforming his face to normality. “Bro- you gotta’ be from Ohio!”

“Actually, I am from Florida and-” - Me to ThatCosmicThunder.

“aCtUaLLy I aM fRoM fLoRiDa- nerd emoji.” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“Bro is not gonna’ let you talk...” - Ryutyu funnily to me.

“Bro is actually so dunny.” - ThatCosmicThunder as he pointed to me with his left index finger, his face going solid with blank emotion.

“How do you know about that joke?” I laughed at ThatCosmicThunder.

“The Rainbow Orb- he was the shit back in the day. Man was born to be funny, but soon the Red Glitch was like ‘aw hell naw’ and gave him a ‘I like ya’ cut G.’ Now, he far from home.” - ThatCosmicThunder before a bell sound rang out of nowhere.

“Where did that come from?” Wilma asked ThatCosmicThunder as Crow started to look around, and Kioshi looked over to Crow.

“She doesn’t know I hid a pipe bomb in her intestines.” - ThatCosmicThunder whispering to me before Wilma suddenly exploded, and then reformed to see him dancing so quickly it looked like motion blur as he opened up a portalis and left, before coming back and throwing Crow in, and then leaving.

“Wha’ da’ hell?” Ryutyu laughed as the portalis closed.

“Seems... uh- oh- ey- uh- uh- I forgor...” I shrugged to Wilma before leaving with Ryutyu, “And I think they left Qoaiuek behind...”

“Damn bro...” - Ryutyu as Wilma shrugged too.

***Uh- uh- uh- I forgor what to name this...***

“Hello! My name is The DRC Man because I forgot what my real name is- but you can call me The DRC Man. I am here with our first tutorial slash informational video on what to do in this new place of ours, and what’s it’s meant for, and such. As you can already feel- me and Eighty-Three actually haven’t designed a script for this video, so I apologize if I waste time messing up. Anyways, one of the starting questions everyone most likely asked is- ‘What is this place? What is its goal and what is going on?’” The DRC Man stated as he came from a black background that started to show water whip around with white jellyfish, not green-screened, as he told his words in front of a white light with mostly his smirkiest pose, “This is an underground world filled with whatever creation and creatures we can make. You can ask for whatever you want, and there is a ninety-nine percent chance you will get it. From deluxe golden foods to entire mile-long water parks, you can ask Wilma, (An image of Wilma shows up,) or Eighty-Three, (Image of me shows up on the left instead of Wilma’s on the right,) to convert atomic particles into those objects. They have created these rooms and will be making much more to serve you and the rest of our community. But what is our community called? We are all here under Eighty-Three, an angel from heaven with dark powers here to show science’s fairest exceeds and rebuild the world for the second coming of Christ. The scale of power goes from Jesus Christ himself, down to Eighty-Three and Wilma, which are the ‘Holders’ of our great world underground, then Me, Gustavo, my fellow scientists, the mutations, and surface friends of Eighty-Three, which he would like to call the ‘Scientists,’ before then you all- The Williamnists, or the community slash people. Williamnism is our religion- technically. It’s a denomination of Christianity- telling in a certified way of the evangelism community’s teachings, but Eighty-Three is our angel and we must listen to his words. We as Williamnists must also treat Catholics, Greek orthodox, and any other denominations of Christianity as equal, as although we have small differences, the point is to believe in Christ, and await his returnal. If you are still an Islamist or any other religious type of person, including atheist- do not fear. We have patience and will wait for you to join us, as the process takes longer than sometimes imaginable. But if you really dislike the idea, we will always be open to you leaving with whatever you want- back into the upper world. Anyways, this is the underground world, and our goal is to listen to Eighty-Three and follow the Bible till we convert the world and make peace with all nations under one, as we here below train for the attack above, we most likely will have in just a month, if the universe doesn’t repeat so much. More on world conquest- the mutation’s purposes, and much more later- heh. Anyways, hope you understand this short video and enjoy the information, see you around!” - The DRC Man as imagery of characters showed up at various points before he waved and the video ended.

This video played on MyCam, uploaded by his channel, ‘THE DRC MAN,’ with an image of him in his pose with his banner also his pose- also all caps intended. This video got sixty-four views before the numbers continued up as people below watched it on their television and explained it to their kids if they had any. Some people came out and talked about, very few now in hijabs as other men were away, their suits still on.

The DRC Man then came out with me and people around started to gather around and ask questions, grabbing out their newly polished phones and recording.

“Eighty-Three- is world conquest even possible?” - A man asked in Somali.

“How can we trust you even?” A woman asked, still in a hijab.

“Is this a dream?” Another man funnily asked, gun strapped to his back.

“Please, one question at a time, so everyone can hear.” I asked of everyone lightly and they all started to pitch down as the DRC Man was in his pose.

“Why are you a male wearing a dress? And doesn’t that go against the bible’s teachings of not wearing the opposite gender’s clothing?” - A man in the back, and people started to murmur as I made a microphone.

“My gender does not matter. I am an angel and I am a leader. There is no need for a gender, henceforth I wear both sides as I can provide in all parts of the house.” - Me.

The crowd started to murmur and discuss before another man asked loudly, “Do women have rights?”

“All people have rights. Blacks, women, and even those who are down here and do not believe in Christianity. Human rights will not be an issue down here, I promise.” I told and the DRC Man nodded as Gustavo came up. The crowd murmured again.

“Why did you take us Muslims before anybody else?” A Muslim terrorist asked in the back, raising his gun without firing.

“Why would I not? Islamists are extremely hard to convert, but I shall do the best work first before I take on the easy steps. I have that power and I can use it for good. Besides that, if any of you want to minister and go on missions, take it easy with African nations in the forestry. There, people need a better home.” - I told.

“Why haven’t you saved every African then? And why haven’t you already just taken over the world if you can do anything?” - A woman upfront, and most Muslim men gasped. The people stopped and stared at her in a hijab, even her friends.

“Like God, I must allow free-will. He has created this metanarrative so we could thrive with emotions instead of being robots. Jesus could easily convert everyone to his religion, but he does not do so since that would be against his nature and remove the greatness of a story and free-will. I am the same, as showing off is prideful and shall not be endorsed- especially by me.” I laughed at the end, and some other men did as well.

“Will we ever get a fire park, sir?” A boy upfront asked with three others then laughing, as I looked down.

“A fire-park- that sounds like an interesting idea. Yes, I will ask Wilma for you, Lujuk.” - Me, my ears lowering towards him in a slight embarrassment.

“Wow- wasn’t expecting that...” - Another Somali-accented kid.

“How does the world look above since you stole our entire village?” A man asked.

“It is missing, and so are you- but there might not be as great as popularity in the sudden in-existence, as Somali is an under-developed country that is not-willfully known amongst more populous nation people.” - Me.

“Can we go to the surface to ask our family to come down here?” A woman in the back asked and a few men looked to her without her hijab.

“Of course. Contact with the outside world is not limited, and you may discuss whatever you would like. Everyone here has rights to free speech, property, liberty, and happiness, plus much more.” I told and some people got angry as some got happier.

“Does his friends on the surface know about this?” A man then asked in a whisper, and my ears shot over and I spoke.

“Mister Hendricks asked a good question- do my friends on the surface know about what I do below? No, they do not. If they knew, they probably would not be my friends, and I would not like that. I have split my life, one on the surface where I am a little more normal, and then one down here where I stretch science.” I told.

“Wait- do your- are your surface friends even Williamnists?” A woman raised her hand as she took off her hijab.

“No, they are not. They are normal Christians, and we under here shall only spread our religion to those who come below as making this idea spread to the surface will ruin the story and exterminate free-will. It is in my hands to keep you all safe down here until we all rise to a top, and then everyone shall know I am an angel rising from the unknown below. If you do tell my friends, that would not be very nice.” I told with a laugh.

“Bet.” - A scientist.

“Man is actually on thin ice with us already...” - Another man.

“Eighty-Three, do you have pronouns since you’re gender-neutral?” - Scientist.

“You can call me ‘sir, he, him, and thy,’ since I speak like a man. But, I would like to state that acting polite and saying everyone’s name instead shows kindness and thoughtfulness of the other person, and I do endorse just remembering everyone’s names instead of using pronouns.” - Me.

“What are your thoughts on transgenders?” A women asked and people listened.

“God stated there are only two genders- male and female. In science, it has found there are only two genders- male and female. Transgenders are fictional in identity and actual gender, but there are mutations like it that The DRC Man could explain with me in another video on his channel.” - Me.

“True.” - The DRC Man on transgenders.

“How many more questions are you willing to take, ‘thy?’” a boy funnily asked.

“I am willing to take all questions whenever and however. I can be here all the time you need, and if I am not- you can always ask the scientists or Wilma... or a fellow member. Anyways- anymore questions?” - Me as everybody nodded to that.

Above, let us switch away to Daniel, working out in one of his rooms before Qoaiuek suddenly came right in front of him and already had two dumbells twice the size of his twenty-five-pound ones.

“IF THAT’S THE ONE AND ONLY DANIEL ALVAREZ JANUARY, THEN I GOTTA’ BE FUCKING KIDDING!” Qoaiuek’s mouths switched loudly and made Daniel take a step back with a slight discomfort.

“UM- hello there...” - Daniel with confusion as he put his weights down.

“Hello there, MISTER FUN- how's it BEEN? You up to buying anything special, or just want to CONTINUE ON A TRACK OF ANGELIC MEANINGLESSNESS?” Qoaiuek asked, chaning his skin color and shade colors so frequently.

“What?” - Daniel firmly confused at Qoaiuek.

“Bigger weights? BIIGGER PROFIT! Finer fitness? FINER FUN!” - Qoaiuek!

“Uh... I’m not here to buy- you're in my home and I don’t need to buy anything, dude...” - Daniel as his tail waved back and forth.

“Tell is to the FOUR MOUTHS AND ONE MAIN!” - Qoaiuek.

“Four mouths and one main- what does that mean exactly? Is that bigger mouth your main?” Daniel slowly asked Qoaiuek.

“Yes!” - Qoaiuek!

“Okay... but uh... I’m not buying or selling anything- but why are you anyways? Are a random multiversal being?” Daniel asked.

“Ah shit- here we go again.” ThatCosmicThunder, coming from a portalis through Daniel’s hallway and opening the door to see Qoaiuek wide eye. “If it isn’t the invisible cunt himself?”

“What? Who are you!?” - Daniel to ThatCosmicThunder.

“Please, LANGUAGE BOOFS OFF MY PRECIOUS COSTUMERS!” - Multiple mouths from Qoaiuek, his skin changing on words.

“Sorry bro- this dude hasn’t taking his schizo pills in forever.” - ThatCosmicThunder as his legs bent and captured the attention of the confused Daniel as Crow also came behind, looking to his tail and ears go up.

“Sorry Daniel- THATCOSMICTHUNDER IS A MEME, and I’m a VERY SPECIAL BUSINESSMAN TO THIS QUITE-LONG STORY.” - Qoaiuek.

“True- but- DANIEL?” ThatCosmicThunder then awed at Daniel.

“Um- yes- that is-” Daniel was about to say.

“DAMN DANIEL! AR AR AR AR AR AR-” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“Oh my god- you are a meme.” - Daniel.

“INDEED, QUITE SO! NOW, should I leave, or SHALL I STAY FOR NO PURPOSE AT ALL?” Qoaiuek asked them.

“Stay- because I just remembered- I gotta’ meet ya’ll autismos, and my bros gotta’ meet you too, Daniek. I’ve been in this universe for so long, and I haven’t even picked ya’ll furries up on our radars.” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“Oh... okay... uh... yeah, I’m Daniel, and you’re ThatCosmicThunder? Like, your real name is ‘ThatCosmicThunder,’ or is that a brand name?” Daniel to ThatCosmicThunder.

“My real name is KRATOS MESSI- WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” - ThatCosmicThunder with random exhilaration of excitement and hands going up.

“Um- Really?” - Daniel with satisfying mocked after Kratos Messi looked down and just stared, the essence of silence starting to blast.

“His name is quite DIFFERENT EACH SECOND. It’s based on HOW MANY DEMENTIA PILLS HE TOOK THIS MORNING.” - Qoaiuek.

“Yeah... you guys are weird, you know that?” - Daniel as he looked back to Qoaiuek, before then looking over to the black guy going on the treadmill and practicing jogging happily, uncaring of their introduction.

“No shit, sherlock.” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“And... hey- you over there, what’s your name?” Daniel asked, walking over as ThatCosmicThunder then bashed through the wall and made a constant snorting sound effect as Qoaiuek saw him snorting the ground with an A-pose on the floor, his body swiveling like a bad animation as he went mainly left.

“Ah- who’s your ACCOUNTANT-AMAZING, Daniel?” Qoaiuek asked.

“Uh...” - Daniel as he looked back to Crow getting off the treadmill and looking to him with just a staring face. “Do you speak?” Daniel stated after five seconds.

Crow shook his head, before looking to Qoaiuek.

“No, Crow does not SPEAK LANGUAGE. He simply is QUIET FOR UNKNOWN REASONS, but I’m sure he could TALK SHIT IF HE DAMN- FUCKING WANTED TO!” - Qoaiuek as he then swirled into non-existence after that, his voice going down in volume as he went down in size with his stand.

Crow stood with Daniel as they saw the dust clear and voices outside start up. Then Daniel looked back to Crow, and he made a sighing motion with his face, before reaching into a black pocket on his left peck, and then grabbing a picture of Hadiza, a little younger but still recognizable to her current status of normality. Daniel shrugged.

“I don’t know her man...” Daniel said as he saw Crow go sad, before Crow then took his right hand and shook it, before walking away and Daniel followed with a cute face of unknowingness, his tail now a little more happy.

“What is the Wilma doing?” - ThatCosmicThunder as he came to find her in her cocaine room, zipping around as the walls were rainbow springs knocking her back and forth in sound quickness.

“What?! You! I remember you! You are that funny guy who I cannot read the mind of!” - Wilma as she pointed with many arms coming from her back.

“Indeed, it do be the two-hundred grams of plutonium in my head radiating- but hey- what can you do? Anyways- your name is Wilma, right?” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“Yeah! Want some cocaine?” - Wilma to TCT. (ThatCosmicThunder.)

“No, I wish not to inhale the autistic cocaheenya, please.” - TCT.

“Aw...” Wilma before she spun around more and TCT just closed the door before snorting away more. He and Qoaiuek then arrived to Geurnf, as she tried lifting weights again, her tail sweaty and leaking sweat off like a small faucet.

“Hey- what are you- what- who- doing here?” - Geurnf as she saw Qoaiuek, and then ThatCosmicThunder, where she was very confused.

“Goofy ah furry number 6326, what kind of zaza are ya’ selling?” - TCT.

“Uh- who- why are you back here, Quaek? And who’s your silly friend here?” She misstated, her tail dropping from waving back and forth.

“My name is Carl Winston.” - TCT with a funny broken girlish voice, his skin color going to pure white.

“Geurnf- you still up to BUY THE PREMIUM RAYGUN?!” - Qoaiuek.

“Geurnf- that sounds like a disease or type of cough.” - TCT.

“I- Okay- Carl- and why are you two acting like you have a mental sickness?” - Geurnf to Qoaiuek.

“My friend That-Cosmic-Thunder thinks HE’S TWO STEPS AHEAD, AS ALWAYS.” - Qoaiuek, before minituarizing again.

“Ah shit, here we go. Anyways- see you later, whooping cough. I gotta’ go rate the other walking fur suits around here.” - TCT.

He then blasted off over to Ryutyu, which was with Shellia as they watched a movie together, and he ate popcorn. Qoaiuek came in front of the screen.

“Ah! The SPLENDED GREEN DRESSED GIRL and RUNNING SPLINTER! You guys up to anything to buy? Perhaps extra-speed boots?” Qoaiuek asked intrusively.

“What- uh, bruh- we're trying to watch a movie- not buy yo stuff.” - Ryutyu with worry as Qoaiuek then looked behind to see the lawyer with brown hair.

“Well then- enjoy my EXQUISITE COLLABORATOR’S presence!” - Qoaiuek.

ThatCosmicThunder then appeared behind Ryutyu, behind the couch, and slipped a blank sheet of paper saying ‘Boo’ on it in black to Ryutyu, and Ryutyu turned around to see TCT as Shellia was scared of the new beings, on the chair curled up.

“Why are ya’ guys back?” - Ryutyu with worry.

“Goofy-ah clown, we’re back to instigate what kind of drip you’re wearing- you got no drip- literally barefoot, and you- (He goes over to Shellia,) you from an anime with those maid shoes, sloppy and childish. Now me, I got the triangular type beat, pointy Dracula-like shoes, and none of ya’ll can compete anyways.” - TCT.

I then rushed up with The DRC Man, and Gustavo, coming forwards to TCT.

“Hello ThatCosmicThunder, why have-” - Me.

“THE ONE PIEEEEEEECE! THE ONE PIECE IS REAAAAAL!” - TCT, pointing at the DRC Man, before a piano banged in, and shuddered the whole home, and then he suddenly existed face-flat and dead on the floor, as the music suddenly also stopped.

“Oh, hey! Anybody want anything?” - Qoaiuek as The DRC Man was on my right.

“An explanation for why you guys are back. If you guys are here to look around, that is fine, if you want to stay, go ahead-” I started to say before ThatCosmicThunder started to levitate up without moving a bone to then be an inch away from my face, and stare me down in the eyes with his black holes, all other sounds stopping.

“Bro, chill.” - Ryutyu laughed as he came up like a lazy animation.

“Not until I put women rights into the fictional section of the library, where your femboy-bitch-ass belongs.” He stated funnily, pointing at me with his right index finger.

“Hey bro, let’s get the introduction over so I don’t have to wonder why you guys are acting like you have psychosis- my name is The DRC Man since I forgot my original name. What’s your name?” - The DRC Man handing out his hand with his pose.

“My name is MISTER BEEAAAAAAAAAAST!” - TCT doing the motion.

“And my name is Gustavo, but you can call me Gus.” - Gustavo.

“SUS? AMONG US?!” - TCT, his hands going over his head as he shook rapidly before dying on the floor in the same pose.

“Aye- I think he a walking meme.” - Ryutyu to me.

“Indeed he is, MY UNORGANIZED FURRY FELLOW.” - Qoaiuek.

“Hey Qoaiuek, what is Ryutyu exactly?” - me to Qoaiuek as Daniel came in.

“I don’t know nor DO I HAVE ANY BOOKS ON THAT MATTER.” - Qoaiuek literally.

“Ight- and also what are your powers? Do you manipulate all particles with particle powers, or are you energy-based, or something else?” - Me to them as Crow came in.

“We are INDEFINITE.” - Qoaiuek as then The DRC Man and Gustavo walked away.

“Hey Crow- do you have a piece of paper- maybe you could write down your words there- or text them if you have a phone.” - Daniel to Crow behind us.

Crow started to pull out a black phone with small blue light as Daniel picked out his bee phone, and I came over to show the invite to our Accord server, as ThatCosmicThunder then stated “WOMAN MOMENT?” to Shellia behind us, his essence moving in and out of her face like he was a repeating jumpscare.

Crow smiled, went to Accord, created a profile, and joined our Accord server before going to general and typing, “Yeah I can’t speak.” His profile was ‘Crow#883.’

“Alrighty- thank you, Crow. Also, what would you guys like from us, what are your powers, and what species are you. I would just like to know.” - Me.

Crow nodded with a bit confusion before typing, “We’re here to pick up Qoaiuek, but ThatCosmicThunder is a bit confuzzled on ya’ll’s essence. Also, Qoaiuek has indefinie powers like ThatCosmicThunder, whilst all I have is a gun. Also, ThatCosmicThunder is an Ohioan, Qoaiuek is a Kulilili, and I’m a Blakman.” - Crow.

“Black-man, is that a joke?” Daniel funnily asked Crow, and he smiled and nodded away as phonk music blasted from TCT behind us.

“Aye- Crow- are ya’ the only normal one in thy three group of ya?’” - Ryutyu. Crow nodded and before ThatCosmicThunder broke through the glass and zipped away.

“Aw- there he GOES TO HEAVEN AND BACK DOWN. I can get you to ANY PLACE IN THE CONUNDRUM if you want as well! Who would like a JUPITER’S STORM TO SWIVEL THEM THROUGH SPACE AND TIME?! It’s only four-ninety-nine for five more minutes!” Qoaiuek asked as he took out a blue ray gun.

“I think we’re good, lad.” - Ryutyu to Qoaiuek.

“Well then, see you IN THE ESSENCE OF GOD HIMSELF!” - Qoaiuek.

Qoaiuek then shrunk away and Crow stayed as TCT left back to Wilma.

***Operation Streaming Service***

“He streams? Where?” - Daniel to Crow as we sat on the couch, him on the left looking at the Accord server’s typing as Ryutyu and Shellia continued to watch their movie, his tail wagging as he smiled at the show being good.

Crow typed in ‘tha’ before ‘https://www.twatch.tv/thatcosmicthunder/videos’ came up already, and he tapped on it to show Daniel that ThatCosmicThunder was a streamer with purple ambience around his profile, as there was a picture of himself looking at the viewer in his profile picture, as well as the past four streams being around two hours long, as he also had six followers, and nothing else.

“Interesting... you know, I should get Oyur to stream- oh- what if Oyur met ThatCosmicThunder? That would be insane and so interesting!” - Daniel.

“Who’s Oyur?” - Crow asked in Accord.

“Oyur is an albino from India or something, and he yells a lot. He’s like... I don’t know- but he’s really funny and loud- and he’d probably have a fit over somebody that’s a literal meme.” - Daniel funnily to Crow as he smiled.

“Oi- lad- he should meet Khenbish- and see if her jokes are funny or no.” - Ryutyu to Daniel, and Daniel laughed as Crow was happily confused.

“Yeah- Khenbish meeting ThatCosmicThunder- ooh- that would be a match made in hell...” - Daniel funnily to Crow.

Let us skip to down below, where I came upon the black spy girl, in a torture room of pure concrete cold, silence ambient, and her tears on the floor as she slightly echoed through the large room, strapped to a chair in the utter darkness, unable to see.

Then the door opened, and above, slightly light blue lights echoed their light around the room, and she saw as I stepped, one foot in front of the other, my mask illuminating and my essence coming forth slowly, my gloves grasping a tweezer and a spoon, as I crept closer to be two feet away from Hadiza, staring down at her as she looked up, and the light shown above like it would in an old hallway of an abandoned psych ward or insane asylum, particles going around and showing that every breath she took, they flew around aimlessly.

“Hello, Hadiza. How has it been?” I asked politely to Hadiza.

“Please... please let me... please just put me back... please... I don’t deserve this... I’ve already paid for my sins... you’ve paid for my sins...” She said, finally looking up to me after she swayed her head at the floor.

“This is not about paying your sins back, as yes, you already have. This is about the consequences you eternally face, the repeating memory now physical. You are here for my fun too, to be honest.” - I stated lowly to her.

“Yeah! And maybe you could become a mutation too!” The DRC Man excitedly stated as he intruded, my ears already turned to him but not my main body, and he came in, dragging down Molly with confusion as his left hand went around her somewhat-neck, and he came to my right.

“No, Hadiza is my problem and not to be fond with any other option but what I make. She shall not be a mutation unless I call for, and please try to keep others away from this room.” I told politely and funnily almost to The DRC Man.

“Oh- alright... hey, Eighty-Three, whatcha’ going do with that spoon?” The DRC Man asked as Hadiza looked to him with crying eyes.

“Have a little fun. You should go make a video and introduce the people to American websites more.” - I told The DRC Man and he nodded.

“When are we gonna’ play Chess again?” - Molly asked me.

“In a bit- but what is Clasif doing?” - I asked them.

“Please help...” - Hadiza over to the DRC Man and he looked with confusion.

“Uh- Clasif! He’s just walking as far as he can with a few of the other people, so Molly- let's leave. Hope you get better, Hadiza, for whatever Eighty-Three's gonna’ do to you... are you torturing her? I’m ninety-nine percent sure and just want to know real quick...” - The DRC Man asked as he pulled Molly out.

“I am doing personal business.” I stated, closing the door. “Anyways, back to what matters supremely... you remember the color of my eyes, right?”

“Yes... please... what can I do to go back? What can I do?” - Hadiza cried.

“Nothing, but just answer my questions to move along. The darkness is your only resting place now...” - I told Hadiza and she sputtered out in a cry.

“I don’t remember...” - Hadiza as she looked to the floor.

I took off my glasses and she looked up to see my Gustavo-like eyes, big and staring at her, causing a green ambience glow onto her glossy eyes.

“They are green, which means ‘go,’ as in I will go so far to keep you in pain- and also they are kept secret because for people like you- you saw me cry in front of you and state that your death would soon be in my hands, and now it is. Eyes see most things, and yours shall now be removed.” I stated with a smile, before getting the spoon into the left eye and the tweezers into the other, slowly implanting them and then ripping them out as she started to scream and cry. “And I have conquered death, so I now- Ooh- I have a fun idea!” I stated as she cried out, her eyes bleeding black and red, and the drippings rubbing onto her once great tuxedo and onto the concrete chair.

The DRC Man was under a cement ceiling forty-two meters high, as hills of green were about and seemed endless. The DRC Man and Clasif walked together and spoke as many Williamnists went around, planting trees in the ground as L-E-D lights above were green and yellow, striped vertically each row. They walked up a hill, as Wilma behind made many flowers of all colors and varieties form up behind her.

“I am not designating myself to hate my current form, but I will not forget that such appearance is informal and quite horrifying to the natural eye.” - Clasif to The DRC Man.

“Yeah...” - The DRC Man, nodding to Clasif.

“But I did not expect quite the care from Eighty-Three on people such as me. I originally thought he was around for business whence changing my essence, but it seems he either has a greater evil or is simply just devious with his designs.” - Clasif.

“Yeah true, Clasif.” - The DRC Man.

“But I must ask the great question- are you sure is it simply the testing of science’s limits and fun, or could it be any deeper possibly?” - Clasif asked.

“Yes, I am sure. He wouldn’t lie to me- and he made you into a new person with a better life, since you never had one- which- I mean, what was it like being in the void?” The DRC Man asked Clasif as Wilma turned around to see a few women running forth.

“Well, it was quite boring to the natural mind. But I have no natural mind, and try acting like so, which is abnormal, I guess. The void was black, and purely nothing. I breathed no air, nor did I choke. My body existed with a few others, but we could not speak nor move. All senses were derived away, except only eyesight, which gave the clear vision to others floating around.” Clasif stated.

“Hm...” The DRC Man stated, rubbing his chin. For six more seconds, nothing was said, and silence crept under the ceiling as voices were around.

“Question... what do you find interesting about mutations? And what was in your history that made you come to this scientific position in life?” - Clasif.

“I should explain that in a video- but simply... eh... my backstory is a bit... uninteresting- but I do like the mutations because mushy substances are interesting and satisfying when I was young, but now they’re fun to look at, and I wonder how disgusting I can make people because... it’s cool to me. I see it as fun and interesting, and I can use my intelligence for something great in science... and then I had friends and they liked it as well and yeah... I’ll explain it all in a video, it’s really underwhelming.” - The DRC Man.

“I understand. Now, what is currently on your mind to talk about?” Clasif asked after three moments. They finally came over the hill and looked down upon everyone as they rolled down the hill or played ‘tag’ in the grass, happy and joyful.

“Nothng but- hey Wilma- can you give me a pizza real quick?” - The DRC Man, and Wilma nodded, giving a cheese-pizza slice to the DRC Man. “Hey Clasif- it looks like you.”

Clasif identified the texture of pizza, seeing the lush meat and stringy smoothness of crevices and heated skin that was cheese and tomato sauce.

“Okay.” - Clasif shrugging in his mutilation form.

“Heh- anyways...” The DRC starts eating it. “Farming. We should allow the people to work in jobs- particularly hybrid farms producing pork and such.”

“I think the Muslims dislike pork- they told me I look like it as well.” - Clasif.

“Islam dislikes pork.” - Wilma nodded to Clasif.

“Well then, cows. And we could hope the people also use machines to make cows mutilated and such, and then capture imagery of the animal subjects... that would be good...” - The DRC Man, eating before swallowing and speaking.

“I can do that.” Wilma nodded with barely any joy in her tone.

“But- hey- Wilma- what would you like to do? I know you still... think it’s all bad and crazy- but... (he bites the pizza more,) what’s fun for you?” - The DRC Man.

“I could create that fire park the kids are thinking about.” Wilma nodded.

“Then go ahead- and make a crazy-fast rollercoaster too- I'll ride on a full belly.” - The DRC Man, then going forth as Clasif and Wilma stood next to each other, before looking at each other and then back.

Next scene, all the kids, except Khenbish- with Crow, Geurnf, and Ryutyu all watched on the big television in my open home towards ThatCosmicThunder’s channel, currently offline and with a poster saying ‘offline come bac lateR.’

“So this is the nigga that fucking stole my liver.” - Oyur angrily.

“That must’ve been painful.” - Angelica sadly.

“Yeah, but at least Wilma can make copies of herself that aren’t snorting cocaine constantly...” - Ejnare as his tail was being softened and rubbed my Chinua.

“When he gon’ stream? Next year?” Oyur after four seconds of violence.

“Man’s a minute late.” - Ryutyu.

“I honestly would be surprised if he addressed his mentality at all.” - Geurnf.

“Yeah- he seems like a meme, but honestly I’m getting mental health issue-vibes from him...” - Daniel as he sat next to Crow.

“He’s always been like this, and so has Q.” - Crow texting.

“Have you always been normal?” Daniel then funnily asked Crow.

“Yeah...” - Crow with a smile, texting his words instead of saying.

“I gotta’ wonder- what exactly do you-” - Geurnf started before the stream screen went black and everybody looked over, and then a camera of him came on, his chat showing with no comments yet.

“Hello all you people, welcome to another goofy-ah stream- we're doing uh- ooh- uh- I forgor- HE-HE-HA- but uh- Fortnight- let's play. Anybody join if you want- you can also friend me, I got all the time in the world- ahem- anyways...” ThatCosmicThunder started to state as everybody listened to his perfect microphone quality yet low resolution, the black behind him looking bitsy as it was just a wall. He then switched to the menu and booted up for squads, fill.

He then got into the game, and Geurnf made a comment.

“He sounds a bit insecure...” - Geurnf.

“He isn’t insecure at all- just wait till he starts meeting people...” - Crow texting in Accord, and Geurnf pulled up her phone to read it like Daniel also did.

“Fortnight battle-paaaaaaaassssssss, I am shit- with the maaaaaaaass. Booted up my P-C, now I need-need- to get that Fortnight battle passssssssss...” - ThatCosmicThunder on the loading screen before he joined a lobby and had his microphone ready. He then put it up to his mouth and everybody heard his breathing. “I HATE NIGGERS.”

Instantly Oyur laughed as two others in the party did as well. His voice changed to a robot and sounded exactly like Peter Griffin from Family Guy.

“Bruh.” - Ryutyu smirked at TCT’s instant racist comment.

ThatCosmicThunder then went into the game as people asked him questions, and the kids watched, especially Kioshi just standing there.

“Bro is actually racist.” - Another microphone player.

“Where we landing, bois?” - Another another microphone player.

“Let’s land at the twin towers.” - ThatCosmicThunder.

“BRUHHHHHHHHHHHHH.” - One man as TCT did not laugh but smirked.

“BRO ACTUALLY CAUSED NINE-ELEVEN.” - The first player.

“Drop the cap.” - TCT.

“BALLER?!” - Another guy.

“Stop posting about Baller! I’m tired of seeing it!” - Retarded TCT.

That went on for a bit as the kids watched and did a commentary to themselves about it, talking about him and allowing Crow to send many messages through chat so he could explain a bit more about his friend.

But back below, I gain a call- whence I am in the middle of something. I was walking up to Hadiza, on green grass under a dark sky in a fake house’s backyard, coming up to Hadiza with a smile, my spoon and tweezer ready, as she was there crawling on the grass, currently still and crying.

I had made her face into a worm hole, filled with teeth around as she cried, looking forth and paying no attention to my sharpened boots on the lush grass. I came over to her front before crouching down and staring at her, as she then looked up with more fear.

“Go ahead, eat. The grass is great to you now.” - I told in a whisper as I tilted my head, and she cried more and more.

She nodded away, and so I silently dropped my spoon from my left hand and then used the gloved hand to put her head down into the grass and make her eat up the grass by sucking it in and closing her circular hole, as well as soil.

I then grabbed her hair firmly and pulled it up, bits of soil and wet grass around her non-lipped hole, her eyes watering down and tearing around it as the drops traveled.

“You need to eat your greens, or you will die.” I told Hadiza funnily.

She started to backtrack away from me, but then suddenly to my right, at my cat ear, a yellow phone with black buttons appeared and had Heru already on the line.

“Hey shit head...” Heru stated instantly as I slowly turned to see the non-cored phone, floating there without movement as Hadiza wide-eyed at it.

“Hello, Heru- what may it be?” - Me to Heru as I squatted up.

“I’m... I’m here to ask something from your shit ass... as you know, the Computer would like me too... but... I really wanted to know whether you... you fucking freak- could get me more blood...” - Heru as the Computer spoke behind really low.

“Of course. What kind of blood?” I asked Heru after four seconds of looking at Hadiza and watching her slowly cry more and more.

“Any, I guess? Uh... I just need blood...” - Heru.

“To power yourself?” - Heru.

“Well, yeah... but the Computer states that... I can make a deal... where... uh... yeah- you trade me blood as the red glitch doesn’t fucking allow me to go into random universes anymore and get some- that fuck head...” - Heru a bit angrily, obviously looking back in his room away from the screen.

“Trade? What do I get from this trade?” I asked Heru.

“Uh- I don’t know- what does he get, Computer?” - Heru looking back.

“Eighty-Three, can Heru just have some blood? I know you can go around the world and get some- but the Red Glitch has blocked us and Heru from leaving to go get some without smashing kids or fellow Floridians around ONLY.” - The Computer, emphasizing with a louder volume on the ‘ONLY.’

“Interesting... well, yes, I can support... but you still use the blood to come after me and my friends, right?” I asked funnily.

“Yeah... (The Computer starts to speak against him saying ‘yeah,’) shut up! SHUT THE FUCK UP! I know- I know- I'm a little disoriented that I’ve got to ask you of all bitches, but yeah- Red Glitch won’t allow me to make blood out of air anymore- and I'd like to have more blood than I can achieve already... to technically just fuck you over more- I know- but the Computer said you’re sadistic, so fuck me I got to ask you shit now...” - Heru on the phone, sighing afterwards.

“Well... he is not wrong, I would like to fight more often and relive the old days but rather with my new powers against everybody else’s- actually, that would be what I get in return, the viewing of gameplay with our friends- so... since the Computer is in the same room, you should go tell the Rainbow Orb about this, and I will go ahead and grab random people- or ooh- make copies, so I can provide blood... anyways, anything else?” - Me.

“Uh... fuck no! Fuck off!” - Heru, closing the phone call. I then twisted my gloves, and found the red glitch to come over them as I tried to form blood from the air. I then saw the phone disappear suddenly and then looked back to Hadiza.

“Not you though, you shall be in danger here with me...” - I told sadistically.

***Erua? Back again? How?***

Impossible? I guess not, because she did return. Gustavo was chasing a Southern African Wildcat, his teeth open and his jaws scaring it off as he chased after it, other African people coming through due to some volunteers, them speaking Afrikaan, as Wilma came behind them, and The DRC Man came up and shook their hands as they started to speak English and were surprised.

“Hey Wilma- good job. Did you have fun?” The DRC Man asked as a rollercoaster was behind on the sand and Wilma nodded with a slow smile and worried eyebrow feature, her tails a little dusty with sand falling off.

“I guess I did.” - Wilma, looking away at the Southern Wildcat being cannibalized by Gustavo as some people watched and Ekon led others away as then more scientists came upon to enjoy the newcomers in the Williamnist outfit.

“Hm... hey, Wilma- the fire park was quite cool- but I was thinking about now an ‘Air park’ or an ‘Earth park,’ because a man named Hejek found an anime to have those elements in its first episode.” - The DRC Man told Wilma.

“I could do that as well...” - Wilma nodded, a little more relief on her eyebrows as then Gustavo finished sliding the wildcat into his mouth and started to look behind to the people awing, before he just casually walked away with his big smile.

He decided to lick his cat lips and fur, blood on some of his paws as he went down a few hallways, filled with designs, such as painted trees and glowing blue orbs around, floating and spinning, or going into a four way and then right to find people painting and enjoying themselves under white light as he came through, and people waved and so did he. Continuing down the purple-casual hall, he went into a room that looked like an endless kitchen, with people around going to fridges and cooking up meals with help from some men and many women. Gustavo traced beyond them, and then to the right into another hallway that was unpainted, but he saw Erua walking down it, looking behind to some random voices as she then turned around with surprise and fear to see Gustavo, and he raised an eyebrow at her as well.

“Erua? Your back?” - Gustavo asked Erua as she had a black duffle bag on her back, strapped around her chest diagonally left, and her face was worried.

“Uh... how do you... know my name?” - Erua with now an Uzbekistani accent.

“Eighty-Three made a file on you some time ago, and recently stated that you were possibly dead and taken away through too many universes.” - Gustavo told.

“Uh... not me... I don’t remember such- but do you know where Eighty-Three is? I’m here to tell him something personal...” - Erua as Gustavo’s ears flicked.

“He went on a mission to Mali to save more Jihadists from corruption, and village people. But- Wilma is around, and so am I and the DRC Man, which are technically more well-known than any other scientists to him- I've been around longest behind Wilma actually...” - Gustavo as Erua’s backpack banged against her.

“Okay... where’s Wilma? I know her...” - Erua asked and Gustavo started back.

“Follow me, and quickly- she does a lot of things to expand the underground- which you have found... and I have no idea if you are supposed to... but you do time travel, so you probably went to the future and understood all of this anyways...” - Gustavo as his voice trailed off and Erua followed into the kitchen to see many people cook and to the left and to the infinitely seemingly large area of many tools.

Gustavo went all the way back to The DRC Man, finding him standing alone, in his pose as the portalis was closed, and Cawo was thirty-meters away, walking away.

“Hey DRC-Man- I found Erua.” - Gustavo to The DRC Man as they came out.

“What- impossible- I thought you were taken away by the Timal Tienes!” - The DRC Man to Erua as she was a bit embarrassed, confused, and bewildered.

“Uh- no?” - That Erua to The DRC Man.

“Well, she still just appeared looking for Eighty-Three, but also Wilma maybe- where did she go?” - Gustavo as he sat his paws down.

“Wilma just flew away- but hey- welcome to the underground- how did you come in?” - The DRC Man asked, giving out his right hand.

“I just used a portal...” - Erua, getting her backpack off and opening it to show a portal gun before Gustavo looked in the bag to see that there was a Timal box.

“Can we have your Timal Box for science?” Gustavo asked.

“No.” - Erua a little more firmly to Gustavo.

“Hey Erua- why so short?” - The DRC Man, making the best pun ever.

“Oh- yeah, I’m short.” Erua awkwardly laughed as he fully did.

“Hm... let’s go to Eighty-Three's office, maybe he has a copy in there.” - Gustavo then stated as soon as he could, his tail unmoving behind.

“Alrighty... well, hey- this would be a great time to introduce you to the underground since you just came down!” - The DRC Man.

“Yeah...” - Erua nodded as he put his right arm around her neck, before letting her go because he wanted to hold up his pants.

“But she already knows everything- she can time travel.” - Gustavo said.

“Oh- oops!” - The DRC Man snorting as Erua nodded.

Erua followed between Gustavo and the DRC Man, onto hills of green with infinite flowers, going past a park with rollercoaster going in weird ways as fire busted out around, going into hallways with neon lights all over, going onto dance floors as they were empty with repeating rhythms, going down hallways with painters, and finally getting to the lunchroom and going up to the office, where they found my office empty.

“Hey- he’s not here.” - The DRC Man.

“Aw... anyways... we’ll leave a note...” - Gustavo to Erua.

Then I zipped up, and they all shot their heads behind at the wind.

“No need- I am here.” I told Gustavo mainly as my tail was sharp and white-tipped.

“Oh! Hi... Eighty-Three... I... I wanted to tell you something...” - Erua.

“You sound different- but please- what is it?” - I asked, as Gustavo nodded to The DRC Man, and they left, leaving Erua to watch before he closed the door, leaving me to just stare and stand.

“Uh... I... I... what happened?” She asked, looking behind at the flag.

“A lot- although I would like to know what happened to you. What did the Timal Tienes do to you?” I asked.

“I wasn’t with the...” - Erua started to say before I rushed out to grab the machine, and then back, finding her universe completely random. “OH! UH!”

“Oh- you are another Erua, that explains a lot. Anyways... you should really go back to your universe, as the Erua of this universe is in her own situation...” - Me.

“I... I know- I didn’t want to tell- uh... I-I want to stop you from making a mistake. And... this is the mistake...” - Erua.

“This underground world?” - I asked Erua and she nodded with a worried mouth.

“Y-yes... it’s a bad thing... it’s... uh... I-I... I’m just gonna’ say it... ████ ████████████ ████████ ████ ████-” Erua tried to say as then suddenly the Red Glitch formed over her mouth and blocked the words before the Red Glitch formed over all of her, and she was gone.

“Sorry, Eighty-Three- the Steel Terrorists are tiring me, and I made an error- I won’t allow another Erua to enter the universe from another...” - The Red Glitch echoed before I nodded, and then went to sit down.

“CRIIIINGE.” - ThatCosmicThunder to Khenbish.

“WHAT? WHAT!?” - Khenbish as Daniel, Ryutyu, Oyur, Geurnf, and Crow watched from a distance on the road, just staring twelve meters behind.

“Yeah, you unfortunately are mega-based and have no rizz- no drip- no life- and honest to God- you should kill yourself- NOW! You-” ThatCosmicThunder stated with literal thunder behind forming, blue and lighting up the light grey sky behind, before Khenbish then punched him, and he flew back and up, into the shield as he shrunk and seemingly went so far beyond, he was gone.

Khenbish started to scream and have a tantrum against the sky as Crow smiled and Daniel looked around with fear before to Crow, as then they looked forwards to see a metallic monolith, shiny and reflective, rise from the ground, a literal bar of rectangular dimensions just coming straight from the road without sound nor particle fuss, and henceforth fully came up to make Khenbish see forth to it with stopped anger and punching towards the air, and see that soon, the front opened left like a door, and a green gas spread out massively, and a green light emitted onto the floor, and Khenbish took a step back as she then saw ThatCosmicThunder come out, holding two swords, wide and glowing light green, as its handle was black basalt and curved like squarish, and he spun it and below the handle was a chain, scything against the road with sharp noises as ThatCosmicThunder grinned and led his head down and his face at Khenbish, the intimidation at max. Walking slowly and epically towards Khnebish, she then ran at him, and Daniel plus the others turned left to see ThatCosmicThunder then threw his left one and shudder her back into her home, where she was impaled in the head and dead.

“Damn Daniel- ar ar ar ar ar.” - ThatCosmicThunder as the green gas stopped, and he gave double thumbs up to Daniel as he dropped his chain-swords.

Crow rolled his eyes and then started to walk off.

“Damn shit- he overpowered.” - Oyur to TCT as he walked up.

“Nah bruh- I just watch Andrew Tate.” - TCT.

“Bruh- I don’t even know half yo references and you still making us smile.” - Oyur.

“KILL YOURSELF.” - TCT before walking off to Crow.

“Aye lad- can ya’ revive Khenbish tho?’” - Ryutyu and TCT stopped. He then turned around with suddenly a normal M9 in his hand.

“This is the Khenbish-nigger-niggator! It shall revive Khenbish and give her the ability to say the N-WORD! THEN SHE SHALL FINALLY BE FUNNY!” - TCT as he changed from white to black in skin color and then shot his gun with an orange laser, and it brought back Khenbish, reversing all damage and her movements. “Anyways- I got to go plant a camera in Trump’s mouth, so see ya’ later like mayonnaise on an escalator.” - TCT.

He then vanished after dropping his gun into thin air and letting it disperse as he then pulled down his hoodie and it kept going down, revealing his essence to be missing till it reached the end and then dived into itself over and over, growing smaller into inexistence soon, and Daniel awed at it.

“DAMN DANIEL.” - A voice echoed- obviously TCT.

“Bro- please!” - Daniel to the air as Oyur laughed a little.

***Fake Arcade***

Hadiza was in a checkered place, with red and purple all around, black lighting above illuminating party strings of green and violet as crumbs were also present. Many different species were around, including Miss Opium, who sat around concrete table with coolers above, as well as pizza on white plates as she sat there, munching away in a younger form as Hadiza was playing an arcade game, seeing a little blue dot chase other blue dots as the numbers went up, and then red dots chased her. Around, kids played tag, or other black arcade machines, as a little rock music played in an echo amongst the place. Soon, Hadiza failed and smiled, looking to more kids playing near the spherical windows of the place, leading out to other restaurants and a black road under the night blue sky as then she turned right to see Miss Opium watching her with other tables around.

She walked over and grabbed a slice as Miss Opium finished hers.

“I must ask- what is so intriguing about those games? They look so basic.” - Miss Opium as she opened the pizza box.

“Well, there’s more games unlike Partner Nulers, as in... uh... I mean, you got Hoi Man, Kolipop, Kill Arena-” Hadiza stated after some bites.

“Kill Arena- how does that go? It sounds realistic.” - Miss Opium.

“Well, daddy won’t let me play those kinds of games, but I’ve watched and its full of gun violence and stuff... hey, we should go play it now- he's in the bathroom!” - Hadiza with a sparkle in her eyes.

“Ight...” Miss Opium stated as she sipped from a red cup some black juice, and saw Hadiza finished half the black juice bottle of red. “You are about to head to the bathroom as well if you don’t stop drinking so much.”

“It takes time to digest- I should only have to go after the party.” - Hadiza.

“Well, you drank a lot right before we left your house... so...” - Miss Opium shrugged as she got off her cartoony legs and walked with the young Hadiza towards the game in back. It was wide and had a wide screen, and nobody was there.

Hadiza rubbed her hands together before she went up to it, and turned it on, no coins nor tickets needed. Miss Opium then saw her jump into the mess, with very little Arabic dialogue before a man in a green hazmat suit was shooting up a bunch of bunny-demons of some orange sort. As there was pink blood and white sparkles amongst the screen, Miss Opium grew intrigued. Then Hadiza died as soon as the fifth wave came on, and Miss Opium decided to ask, “Hey- let me try.”

“Oh- but it’s the last life already!” Hadiza funnily stated before letting the young Miss Opium try, her young face a little pouty. Miss Opium went up to wave seven before then Hadiza told: “Oh- I’ve got to go to the bathroom...”

“Oh no- I was right... glad I took over...” - Miss Opium laughed a little before Hadiza sighed happily and left. She went to the bathroom alone, finding it empty and silenced, as rock music outside was more intriguing to echo than kids’ voices.

Hadiza went to the bathroom and then started to wash her hands, before as the water ran, the sounds echoed away, and from putting soap on her hands, she then looked up to see an older version of herself.

“No... please...” Hadiza started to trample in her tears as she rushed the water and then smacked it on her face in hesitation to live, her adrenaline fueling up as she shook with violent sadness, “It’s all coming back! IT’S ALL COMING BACK...” She cried out, her exhausted crying making her fall back into the stall door and sit on the bathroom floor.

For the next five minutes she cried, before exiting the bathroom with watery and red eyes, seeing no music, no kids, and no current games on.

She started to cry more before she looked outside, and saw both ends completely dark, and the other restaurants closed with metallic barriers and locks.

“No... just let me go back... just put me in a repeating situation... of me being in this party... why do you do this? Why do you torture me? Stop looking into my head! You fucking... psychopath...” She soon fell to the floor and cried on it, nothing happening.

She then stood up after fifteen seconds, and looked around, scared and shaking. “I’m not coming outside, I’m not playing this game...” Hadiza cried, then making her way over to her table and going under it, curling up and crying. “Leave me alone...”

As nothing happens, she shuddered her entire spirit and left herself to crying mentally and physically, her throat indulging in utter deprived petrification.

“What if I brought your friend down here? To join you?” I asked Hadiza, my voice darker and with a louder echo and lower pitch. She only cried in fear. “That would ruin the feeling of loneliness you have, and make you feel less pain...” I told, my voice going to a more normal tone. “Hadiza, look at me.” She cried more and clenched her eyes closed. “Hadiza, look at me please. I will only stand here for as long as I need before you look at me.” Hadiza only cried more and more and more.

“I’m not looking... I don’t... I don’t have eyes! I DON’T HAVE EYES!” - Hadiza.

“You do, I gave them back.” I smiled as she started to breath insanely hard.

“YOU TORE THEM OUT! I SHOULD BE-JUST KILL ME ALREA-A-ADY! LET ME DIE IN DARKNESS!” - Hadiza cried, her voice trembling as me unmoving.

“I already am.” I told her and she hyperventilated. “But I see you are willful still.”

I smacked her in the right cheek and she was looking at me with my mask and shades on, before looking to me with newly watering eyes, as I created out of darkness two power hoses, and aimed it right at her eyes. “I guess we should skip to the fun part. Your backstory and memories are great to know about- seeing how a young girl with a likeness for superheroes and mystery goes into business and lying, corrupting your original dream- which is a great story and all, but let us be honest, you have no more dreams. You are purposeless in God’s eyes now- you have diverged your attention away from him and towards what your flesh wanted. More sugar, more money. But now, I no longer need to see into your mind- I know everything about you, and almost about Miss Opium. So, let us just continue.” - Me, putting the power hoses to her eyes, and then spraying, letting the hard and directed water goggle into her eyes, push them back and make her bleed and scream as she was strapped down, unable to deflect by even closing her eyes- the water was just so pressured and direct, it even started to come out of her mouth and ears, mixed with blood, puss, and brains.

“God- Jesus- DA-" she started to cry out for before she gargled on her spit and started to choke as the water kept on flowing and filled her.

But as that was going on, some of the kids, The DRC Man plus Geurnf, and two of the three newcomers were in a Computer game. If this was a show, I would make the transition to a black screen with white text reading: ‘up above, here’s the end of a computer game that started’ and leave it like that because it is a little funny.

The DRC Man hit the red emergency button and called a meeting. I think you already know what was happening.

“Hey guys, I found a body- it was-” The DRC Man started to say with no smirk but holding up Ejnare’s body with a gunshot through the back and front of his head, and Daniel leaned back and away from just The DRC Man picking it up.

“Bro- chill! You could just tell us since we see it on the table here- you don’t have to pick him up so casually!” - Daniel to The DRC Man as he smirked a little.

“Self-report- that was a little quick.” - Chinua pointed at The DRC Man.

“Yeah, we just started mate.” - Geurnf as Kioshi was next to her.

“I fucking hate games where we’re turned against each other...” Oyur murmured.

“SUS?” - TCT as Kioshi watched around.

“Oh no...” - Daniel to TCT’s ‘SUS?’

“DRC Man- where was Ejnare’s body?” - Geurnf quickly as Qoaiuek changed colors.

“I found him in storage, after circling around and mapping out what this place was.” - The DRC Man as everybody listened to his words.

“Hey- quite sure Ejnare headed to the nuclear room first-” - Geurnf.

“OH REALLY, YOU LITTLE SHIT?! TELL US WHERE YOU WERE THEN, YOU PRICELESS CHROMOSONE!” - Qoaiuek as he used his elongating and bendable arms to grab Geurnf’s shirt and pull him ofver so he could yell at her face with his mouths.

“Uh- please- I was in electrical, as they call it- fixing wires- before turning on lights again- and now this.” - Geunrf as she was discomforted by the midget staring at her.

“Hey, if you guys want to know too- I was in med bay, with Angelica, putting the wrong serum in the trash as she did a scan. I don’t remember anybody else but Ejnare coming along.” - Daniel as Oyur sat next to him.

“Yes, that is true.” Angelica nodded as Chinua looked at both of them.

“You guys are probably both the imposters.” - Chinua stated before smiling and nudging Angelica to her right as Daniel was on Angelica’s right.

“You sussy!” - TCT as Oyur looked up and Kioshi looked to Oyur.

“No, you’re sussy- you went to-” - Daniel.

“ALL you fuckers, shut up, please! Before we make the goddamn stupid-ass assumptions that the fat man is the bitch, I’d just like to state in his particular defense, no cap- that I was in admin swiping the shit, and I heard a fucking vent open right before he called this dead-ass meeting- so it can’t really be a self-report since we all just teleported here- along with Ejnare’s dead-ass body...” - Oyur realistically.

“That’s true- if you’re speaking the truth.” - Chinua nudged Angelica again.

“I’m trusting you, Oyur.” - Daniel nodded.

“Oyur- you sussy-mussy- you were in communications with me as the fat man passed, and you were incapable of pressing the upload button, you kept checking out the settings, which is kinda’ sussy for somebody who hates playing a sussy game...” - TCT.

“Look at this imposter imposing- blaming random people- isn't that the way of the sussy-nussy over here? You’re so sussy! Sossy! Mossy! You acting like one of us when you smiling as the imposter ISN'T sus!” Another TCT stated as suddenly he came from one hall on a moving black chair to bump into TCT’s normal chair, and started to point at him.

“Wait- why are there two of you!” The Computer suddenly echoed as he came through the ceiling without actually touching it, just phasing through.

“Bye-bye, imposter!” - The original TCT, now existing behind the copy and having his left hand out as if he was going to grab the hair of the copy, but then with his right he had a fist and as the other turned around, he punched him back so hard he flew out of his chair, into the window, and into space as it broke, allowing air to suck everyone and the chairs in, firstly TCT before then Angelica and Qoaiuek.

The Computer then saw everyone else freeze as he stayed put, and then saw TCT doing the griddy in space, before then he turned around to see the floating computer and reached behind his back with his left arm to then pull out a golden gauntlet with six stones of red, and snap it, causing it all to go to white. Before then more white fading in, but it was already white so on a screen you would not know that.

Soon everyone was back at my living room, sitting somewhere random.

“Aye- where’d ya’ guys go?” - Ryutyu asked.

“Wait- who were the imposters?” - Daniel suddenly asked.

“I was- sorry guys, I fucking nailed myself in there.” - Oyur.

“And me too- but I’m glad that’s over. I hate to see us play a game like that on such dire consequences of all our actions.” - Geurnf.

“We played Among Us, but at three A-M.” - ThatCosmicThunder to Ryutyu.

“Who killed me?” Ejnare asked among them.

“I did.” - Geurnf raised her left hand.

“How? You were away!” - Ejnare smiled.

“The vents system was fucking overpowered. You could just use a second of your time to skim across the entire map. It was fucking stupid.” - Oyur, and Geurnf nodded.

“Damn... well...” - Ejnare started.

“I think we should’ve taken the game a little less seriously. I mean, man- ThatCosmicThunder- you literally blew us away... and how did we even get back here? And why was there a second you?” - Daniel asked TCT.

“Well, I created a second me as well as snapped my own infinity gauntlet, and we were supposed to be back here, but then the universe reset on top of us.” - TCT.

“How?! The Computer stated we didn’t have any powers!” - Daniel funnily.

“I didn’t ask for his opinion.” - TCT with a deep smirk and tone.

“BRUH.” - Oyur laughed and so did Ryutyu.

“Yeah... with you- I think we should just be okay... if we die, we definitely coming back... you’re literally overpowered for no reason- like HOW!? You just said ‘no’ to physics or something?” - Daniel to everyone, but then TCT.

“I just didn’t care.” - TCT smiled as kids started to laugh more.

“To be honest- mate- nothing is serious anymore. With ya,’ anything possible if all that true...” - Ryutyu laughed.

“Yeah, true...” - Daniel after some giggling, seeing TCT just nod and smirk.

“What is the Crow doing though? I hear him being an imposter outside... no mooore Crow! No more nineteen-dollar Crow!” TCT asked, then walking outside as people also got up and followed outside, talking about him behind.

***A swamp of kids.***

Ekon smiled as he saw a fellow black kid, skinny and near death, get up on his legs and shove his face with cake, apples, chocolate bars, and water. A giant table with all sorts of food was present with proper white plates and silverware to the new people I gave the ability to come. Through a portalis, a small tribe of people in a small village with the flag of Zimbabwe came through, looking to the enclosure of L-E-D lights and forestry, people like Ekon and scientists coming over to meet them as they spoke in English and wondered about it. I had already rushed by them all, letting Gustavo walk over still and see above a hill of green forestry lit with white butterflies and orange fireflies around, clean pools and very few leaves falling under some of the wind underground, giving the feeling of an easy nature with calming aspects. The people ate first, all they could, quickly filling up to turkey and such cakes I had set. They talked to the scientists and Ekon as they came over, and very few looked towards the hill in front to see Gusatvo prancing along, jumping after a few butterflies and eating them. He extended his jaw and caught the eye of many, scared and eager to wonder, but staying for the food, as soon clothing suddenly appeared and Wilma submerged down with a little smile as she saw children and mothers enjoy all their new gifts, free as anything was.

She made tables amongst the grassy greens and docks amongst large ponds, letting the wind blow still as she created board games of checkers, foods of gold, phones for everyone new, clothes for people who needed some, and cribs for some of their babies. She eventually made a portalis to my office and found me reading the original Bible, before she casted her hand at me and made a copy, then closing the portalis and giving it to others as she made copies and everyone started to read happily. Wilma then saw Gustavo come over and go around her boots, looking up as he purred.

“Thank you.” Wilma nodded as Gustavo thought inside his head.

“Can you just wait for me to say something before you say stuff?” - Gustavo funnily remarked with slight frustration as Wilma giggled.

“No.” - Wilma laughing a little more as Gustavo then nodded his head away and left to the people, talking to them and surprising a few to jump away and yell as Ekon then came up and introduced who Gustavo was. This went on for some time.

“Hey Eighty-Three, we should make copies of the kids to test on them mutation ideas and such, as people have been stating that they do not want to volunteer anymore, and that the flesh wall is unwilling to change anybody out.” - The DRC Man as he came to me in my office, reading the papyrus scrolls of the first Bible, and then so did Gustavo rush over into my office and hear about it.

“Yes, let me go get real quick. It shall be in the empty room we have down in a hallway...” - I told, getting up and then walking past him as he nodded and I found Gustavo there to be smiling up at me.

“Hi Eighty-Three- question- can I eat some of the copies you will be making?” Gustavo asked me as I looked down and my tail swayed back and forth.

“Sure.” - I nodded before blasting away, past Ekon with his tribal men and many children around the cafeteria table with a feast that Wilma replenished from standing up and watching everybody, a slight smile on her face.

I firstly heard Oyur, Ejnare, Chinua, and Shellia near Crow, Qoaiuek, and TCT as they talked in the middle of the road. I went over to Daniel’s home, finding Angelica in his room, talking to him on the bed as they only wore socks.

“Oh! Hi, Eighty-Three...” - Angelica with fear as I zipped in, the door smashing open with a loud sound but no satisfying break back, just it staying put all the way open.

“What’s up?” - Daniel asked, fully confused on my appearance.

“I wanted to ask if you guys would like to be volunteers for another test on science I have...” - I told, clasping my gloves together as they watched my excited tail.

“Uh... (He looks at Angelica as I see his laptop open to his channel,) Sure? What’s it about?” Daniel asked me, getting off the bed with Angelica.

“Just a simple test of mainly studying DNA and RNA strands to find the meaning of your mutations and replication and other such- you will be under for the examination, so you will not feel anything.” - I told calmly.

“Uh- I guess.” Daniel shrugged and Angelica looked to him. “What?”

“Nothing. You lead.” Angelica chuckled a little.

I then walked with them down to Ryutyu’s basement, and made a few tranquilizer darts of red, one in each hand, and came up to them to implant it.

“Is anybody else undergoing this ‘test?’” - Daniel asked.

“Not yet- but I will ask.” I told Daniel as he watched my poke him with the dart, and Angelica, who gulped before they started to feel a bit drowsy. “These darts are amplified to work quicker by the way...”

Soon, they fell down almost silently, and I used darkness hands from under my dress to grab them by their foot and drag them to the empty room below, where The DRC Man and Gustavo waited, both in their pose they usually had.

“Hey Eighty-Three, you could just send them nicely over here instead of dragging them.” - The DRC Man stated and I nodded.

“Well, I would rather make an entrance then cheat all the time. (I try making more arms come out from under my dress, but the Red Glitch prevails,) Oh- you guys should take off their clothes, as for this project they do not need them.” - I told happily and Gustavo nodded as we opened the door, and then I lifted my right glove so the floor would collapse fifty meters down into non-darkness, as the darkness strings went into my dress and sucked up all the missing light. Then I started to make

The DRC Man then leaned down and unbuttoned Daniel’s jacket, before taking it off his unenergized arms, and then slid his shirt off, and then his shoes and socks and pants, and then went over to Angelica and started to unbutton her neck collar before taking off her overall and then pants and shoes and finally moved all the clothes over to the wall as my darkness formed objects one-by-one quickly.

Once he was done, the surgical room was done, and I grabbed both of them and put them on the two beds as Gustavo came up and watched eagerly.

The DRC Man got a checkboard from it spawning in on his hands as I twisted mine, and then I started to dissect their heads, taking their brain out and then removing my mask to eat it, The DRC Man smirking with confusion as I did informally.

“Hey Eighty-Three- you should really make a plate for that.” - The DRC Man.

“Maybe later for the others kids...” I nodded to him before continuing, using scanners to identify their bones, and picking ear hairs and implanting it in test tubes, and overall just doing sciences till I examined all of their DNA and RNA, and started to use natural DNA replication and form new brains from darkness, putting DNA inside so that it runs through, and copying brain cells, showing The DRC Man and Gustavo the greatness of cheating my way as he copied down the notes, and soon we implanted it onto a notepad on my laptop, in which I then sent to The DRC Man’s new digital mailbox.

“Hey Eighty-Three- this is very intriguing...” The DRC Man nodded as he saw me create a new Daniel, asleep, on the floor without clothes, and then a syringe, he copied down as a serum for his blindness.

“Now that we have finished studying and enjoying our new discoveries, let us finish the job.” I stated, then making a copy of the copy, and then a copy of Angelica, and duplicating them over and over, to soon fill up the room like ragdolls. We then stepped out, The DRC Man holding my laptop and his checkboard, before I made the originals come out with a slide, before I then dropped the floor, and they all fell down, some dying and other crying as they suddenly woke and screamed.

“Ow!” - Some Angelicas before they started to look at each other.

“What’s happening!?” - Daniels below, as they were a swamp of kids technically.

“Uh- we’re duplicated!” - Angelicas, whilst others looked around.

“Holy shit... bro...” - Daniel as he looked at other versions below, and then a lot of talking went on as I closed the door and let the white light above be the source of light as below darkness was gone by my power.

“Let me go get the others now.” I told Gustavo and The DRC Man.

I went up and found everyone in my living room, all the kids I wanted to duplicate- meaning not Khenbish nor Kioshi. Geurnf was also there.

“Where did ThatCosmicThunder go?” I asked them, holding a syringe.

“He went with Qoaiuek to Africa- so did Crow- sell some stuff to rich people... I think...” - Chinua stated to me as Ejnare continued watching the movie.

“Hm, alrighty. Anybody want to come under a test of mine?” I asked.

“No.” - Ejnare as Oyur turned to me, looking at my white smile.

“Nah bruh- where do be Daniel and Angelica though?” Oyur asked.

“They volunteered for the tests. It is about DNA replication and learning about your mutations to all their aspects and functions and how to cure them realistically. For Daniel, I made a serum for blindness, and for Angelica- well she was fine, but RH-Null blood is just good, nothing too bad. But I would like to make some serums for you guys, and all you have to do is be under for a bit as me and The DRC Man experiment.” - Me.

“The fat man? O’ hell naw! I ain’t letting that bitch-ass, dirty-boulder look into me- he weird, you know that?” - Oyur to me.

“Well, Eighty-Three weird too- but I up for it. Quickly though- Geurnf miss us if we go.” - Chinua as she stood up and Ejnare sighed and followed.

“It’s okay- I'll just do a few push-ups while ya’ll are gone.” the chad-like Geurnf said with bigger muscles since I first met her, and Oyur sighed as he then got up.

“Fine- since I got nothing else to do...” - Oyur angrily.

So I did the same thing, and brought them down, and duplicated them- making syringes to fix their mutations, but also allowing The DRC Man to help with giving a few ideas. Firstly, we made one Angelica into a cross-head, eyes on both sides, as her hair was on top and her flesh was fit and stern, her head now a cross. Then we made Daniel into a melted glob, fur everywhere and eyes stretched as it moaned. Then we made Oyur grow his tree man roots everywhere, making him an artifact of art, as roots seemed to be coming from a mess inside of white and its own roots. It looked so abstract as the roots were so intact. Then we made Chinua into a literal ball of hair, fuzzy and brown, moaning as well from immense pain. Then we finally made Ejnare have arms everywhere, trying to scratch at something as they made his body blind and the many arms were without an object to hold, they just existed out of random places, including his eye holes.

We then made many duplicates and dropped them all down with the mutations to the copies below, and many cried as others screamed and yelled. Then I took the floating originals back out and rushed out with them to place them back.

Soon, I let them rest normally in their beds. Particularly, Angelica soon woke up, facing to the wall on the right side of the bed as Daniel was on the left facing the other way, and as her tail went up long and her ears flicked, she soon took the blanket off and saw she had her clothes on the end of the bed, as well as Daniel’s, who was still sleeping. Angelica sighed with a little worry instead of surprise, reaching over to put back on her clothes as Daniel’s tail started to move back and forth.

***Enhancements against steel... terrorism?***

“Ah... yeah lad... that’s too good...” Ryutyu stated as I massaged his back on a white fluffy table with a pillow in which he laid his jaw on and had his ears down and his tail smooth. I had on my gloves still.

“Is it okay if I call you a ‘good boy,’ or would that be too animalistic?” I asked Ryutyu, and he continued to smile as smooth jazz was behind.

“Ya’ mate- it's fine... Mm...” Ryutyu stated as my gloves were wet and massaged his back with moisturizer, his fur soaking up most of it. I had my legs open around him as I was also on the bed, sitting up on my knees to rub him.

“Ryutyu, would you like some enhancements?” I asked and he wondered.

“What enhancements?” He asked, still calm and his tail laying down.

“I just thought of two things. I could make this moisturizer a bit more tingly and smoother with particles, and I could give you more mass and stronger skin so that knives and maybe even bullets are ineffective against you under a Humanitor- and maybe I could even enhance your ‘touch’ and ‘feel’ senses, so that you get the full greatness of a massage...” I told and he listened carefully.

“Oh... all that would be amazing...” Ryutyu stated with his eyes closed.

“Alrighty...” I smiled back, before rubbing his head and his tail started flashing around, and his ears went up as he enjoyed it all.

I then put my gloves down on his back, spreading my fingers out as darkness wrapped around him perfectly to his shape, on the edge of how his fur went farthest up, and from extended from the palms of my hands and around it soon retracted in and showed him to have shiny skin, and my dress instantly started to go down, being sucked by his mass. The lotion also started to dwell further and further down into the skin than it used too, and Ryutyu’s tail waved a lot.

“Oooooohhhh... that feels... woah... ooooo.... woah... woo...” Ryutyu as his heartbeat went up and his tail wagged faster as I started to rub his shiny skin, just like the DRC Man had, and my gloves started to slightly suck into his skin. “That feels way too real... woo... it feels so good... so real... realer... thank you, Eighty-Three...”

“You are welcome, Ryutyu.” I stated calmly to him as I massaged his back further. “So I increased your mass by fifty-six hundred tons., and gave you Titanium-like skin..” I told him slowly as the table started to fall down a little, but it was made out of my doing.

“Woo... nice- but these feelings... are so good... so... like... they’re louder, but not in sound terms or whatever... they’re so much better!” - Ryutyu about me massaging.

“Yes...” I told, continuing my massage for the smooth shiny skin of Ryutyu. “And also- you can move your mass around like Chinua so that you do not break the table we are currently on...” I stated and his mass went up to his back and he calmed more.

As me and Ryutyu were having our personal time, ThatCosmicThunder returned alone, at the school. Under a camera against a corner, there was suddenly a metallic elevator, and a few students looked at it without buttons, laughing a little till some Bulgarian music started to play, with beats wanting you to run, as ThatCosmicThunder opened it up by pulling it apart, and the people started to run away in fear as he came out. Soon, as Geurnf, Shellia, and Wilma were above, learning the banjo, Wilma had the machine to find extraterrestrial waves such as his, and decided to make a portalis over, seeing ThatCosmicThunder stop, and then suddenly turn and move over to face the portalis, his head enlarging and a boom sound effect coming over it as he stared through, his face closer and surprising Geurnf and Shellia.

“Hey mate- whatcha' doing?” - Geurnf for Wilma.

“Hitting the griddy for Ukraine.” - TCT stated before suddenly appearing a meter back in the hallway with normal proportions to himself, and doing the griddy as Arty came around and shot once with gritty teeth before ThatCosmicThunder exploded, killing Arty and making the office soon sound the alarm. He then showed to be standing in an A-pose, before suddenly floating away in that A-pose to the gym, active with kids running out.

Wilma came forth as Geurnf sat back. But then Ryutyu and me rushed in with Shellia, me on top of Ryutyu as Shellia was on top of me, surprised and looking down as Wilma closed the portalis slowly, before whipping around to see us.

“What the ThatCosmicThunder doing?” I asked like a meme.

“I have no idea. He still gives me the same static like the Steel Terrorists do.” Wilma stated to me, Ryutyu, and Shellia.

“Aye- maybe I can convert his attention.” Ryutyu stated as I dropped off and Shellia fell down, soon to get up with her dress messed up.

“No- (ThatCosmicThunder suddenly appears in front of him,) you are Bri’ish! We don’t like Bri’ish! And I like all races, but the bad ones- which is Bri’ish.” - TCT, every time he said ‘Bri’ish’ a boom sound effect would play louder and louder.

“Aye lad- this is Eighty-Three's school- ya' gotta’ chill with be around here. This place already have enough shooters, and it don’t need more multiversal action than it already get... plus, it a school!” - Ryutyu stated to TCT, not stepping back.

“Aye- lad- I don’t care, nor did I ask. But I will give you this- it is quite cringy that I do meme around here- I came down because I got some weird waves on my radar, and wanted to explore what kind of goofy-ahs were around.” - TCT.

“I hear a single Steel Terrorist inside a classroom, lighting many matches and throwing them on the floor right now... follow me, maybe we can capture him.” - Me to TCT before I heard the mask of the man lift his head up and I heard no breathing ever.

“Ain’t no way- he probably hears us right now, about to go on X-games mode...” - TCT as he looked back as I started walking towards my right.

Then as Shellia stood behind with Ryutyu, holding his swords and tapping his left boot as looked to the left and heard the clock ticking, Wilma and TCT followed behind to find the Steel Terrorist come out of a fire-like room, his AK-47 ready to shoot as the carpet inside spread the fire, and the steam rolled out, the alarm already on.

“Bruh- look at this guy- bro think he from the Chaos Insurgency in S-C-P.” - TCT.

The Steel Terrorist batted up his gun and fired rainbow bullets. TCT did the griddy and deflected them all back as I ducked, Wilma flew up, and Ryutyu raced Shellia to safety in the gym. The Steel Terrorist then made millions of hands come from his back and start shooting around randomly, infinite bullets in slow motion traveling at every possible place before TCT then stated ‘The fog is coming,’ and casted out his hands to reveal a blocky-like grey cloud, fog, coming from his hand and at the bullets as I darted back with Wilma, seeing the fog spread and the bullets stop and disperse into oxygen as TCT blasted back, and I saw the Steel Terrorist then hop onto the roof. TCT then snapped his fingers, all the fog and bullets dispersed into oxygen, and the Steel Terrorist fifty meters above came down high with a giant rainbow-spike hammer, square with random spikes all over, coming to smash down on him before he created a gun, black like a sniper rifle and somewhat like it, where he aimed it up and shot, with the bullet of normal gold smashing the Steel Terrorist back into space at light speed, as then the bullet came down in a swirl and smashed into TCT, blasting him left into a classroom of screaming kids before it then went over to every child in one classroom, blasted through their skull and painted blood prints onto the wall, before it came over to me, I regenerated, Wilma did too, and it deflected off Ryutyu into Shellia who died, and then came around the entire school to kill everybody else inside.

ThatCosmicThunder bounced up from laying dead on the floor in a meme position like he just fell down the stairs to get some pizza and came forth to see that the bullet had already went into everyone’s head and killed them without hesitation, before it returned into his sniper. He looked down at it, before going up to the hole to see Wilma and me looking through as Ryutyu was surprised at Shellia falling back.

Then ThatCosmicThunder started to do a goofy dance all of a sudden as we looked at him, his legs like noodles with so many bones twirling and twisting as his arms went loose and he opened his mouth in joy, looking back at us as he did such a goofy-fast dance with such goofy-fast music coming on. We just stared from afar, Wilma soon moving her head left and right to the beat quickly as I looked back to see Ryutyu come over with confusion, and TCT continue as people were dead around him.

“That is some funny music though...” - Wilma stated to us, turning her head.

“The Steel Terrorist is coming back!” I pointed up and then Wilma flew up and punched the Steel Terrorist before he wrapped his, or her arms around her, and then made another set of arms in his armpits and punched her mindlessly as she tried to escape the grasp of the Steel Terrorist.

“I meant to say ‘oopsie’ because honestly that bullet wasn’t supposed to become a killstreak nine-thousand.” - TCT as he came over and then bounced up to fight with the Steel Terrorist, knocking him off before I heard a million more start to rain down, throwing rainbow knives and stuff. Then the universe started to reset, and suddenly all four of us were back at school, standing in a line above the roof.

“What da’ heeeeeeellllllllllllllllll- ohhhh myyy gawwwwd...” - TCT.

“Thy universe reset- but we in a weird place though...” - Ryutyu.

“They can do that theoretically, and have done so...” - Me to Ryutyu as I created the darkness to spread apart a hole before suddenly a Steel Terrorist banged into TCT and a million others started flying down with rainbow gliders in their right hand, and small machine guns of rainbow-ness in their left, shooting at Wilma as she darted off and Ryutyu went down the hall with me and Shellia, Shellia now under me as I sat on her head. But alas, all the terrorists were now chunky- fat in their bellies and showing it as it expanded their armor and still covered up everything possible under. Their cheeks in their masks had extended, and their gas intakes had widened, and their arms were a little droopy as they rained down like giant balls of shooting guns.

Wilma giggled as she saw them, and Ryutyu smirked behind after realizing their size, and Shellia also looked with funny eyebrows. The TCT hole also existed, but we were in slowed time, so the rubble was still falling down to the seventy-two-meter hole that one fat terrorist was belly-bouncing the meme guy.

“Are thy fat?” - Ryutyu asked funnily back as we darted around school to the other entrance of the gym, passing kids and making their papers fly back and away with wind.

“Yes, they were.” - I stated and Shellia played a funny little noise above.

“How dunny.” - TCT as he came up, breaking the floor as he came slowly above, and then a Steel Terrorist mashed his right fist as he was staring at us, and they went through the wall.

TCT then turned around and kicked the fat Steel Terrorist with his left leg back before flying over to him and making red lasers eyes into the Steel Terrorist’s goggle shades as he yelled “I AM THE HOMELANDER!” and then the Steel Terrorist uppercut his chin with his right steel glove very slowly and TCT overexaggerated his fall back, and then the Steel Terrorist smashed his head right with his left steel glove, and TCT’s skull broke into a real skull also breaking with blood coming out, and then TCT spun around and pulled out his sniper and then shot, but the Steel Terrorist deflected it with his fatness existing, and then tried grabbing his neck with an elongating arm, but TCT’s neck went loose and fell back as suddenly he went “Heauuuuugh!” and exploded, sending the Steel Terrorist back into another room before he came out of the dusty explosion of grey gas with a W-W-E belt, smirking at the Steel Terrorist as they then went to wrestle- maybe?

Wilma was on the other side of school, going into many portals and portalises, dodging many fat Steel Terrorist as she made mazes of portals, and sharp rainbow rocks flying through so many as different speeds, but the fat Steel Terrorist dodged and flew around after her, somehow still finding her, until they banged into her, shot her down through six portals to the top of the school roof, and then ripped off her tails with rainbow-steel hand gloves as they had, and Wilma went from scared joyful to sad pain, soon spinning away and causing many winds and spikes to go bounce off their fat faces as she bled from behind, now only one tail remaining...

I then heard afar the Steel Terrorists banging into Miss Hedheop, and shooting down at her as they blocked any exit with their fat bodies, barely standing, some even wobbling. They started to kill the autismos, and Ryutyu heard as well as Shellia, all our ears poking up, till we past all the crying children in classes to go after the autismos, Ryutyu smashing into their Steel and pushing them down to then roll away as if they were a plushie. Shellia also jumped off and kicked some over as they pulled their guns away, and I came over to reform the autismos.

“Wha- holy shit- oh my god...” - Miss Hedheop as she came alive and the other autismos awed and held their faces in weird ways.

“We’re back!?” - Teressa.

“The Steel Terrorists seem to dislike you still, so I guess I should ask- do you want to come back to the village?” I asked and Miss Hedheop nodded.

“Yeah- Teressa and Jared are still sad about...” - Miss Hedheop before pushing her head down and silencing herself as Teressa screamed suddenly.

Shellia banged into another terrorist as he tried spinning around, and he or she fell over and rolled into lockers as Shellia ran to the side away from the point of the gun.

Then Teressa came out with a pipe bomb launcher, a literal giant grenade launcher shooting pipe bombs at other Steel Terrorists as they got up and Ryutyu was down kicking others. The bombs exploded the Steel Terrorists back onto the ground as Miss Hedheop, me, and Jared watched Teressa and her gritty teeth, aiming with each shot tilting the gun and she held it soon a little weirdly.

“Yaaaaaa!” - Teressa.

“Good job, Teressa.” I nodded as then Wilma fell through the roof shortly after as I started to walk away with Miss Hedheop, and she got crushed just behind by Wilma.

“Oh!” - Wilma cried out as the dust went up and she bled out, wrapping herself in her one tail... “Please make the universe reset already!” She stated, curling up as then a fat steel terrorist landed on her, and looked down with somewhat motion-confusion to see Wilma no get up from his fat body, or throw him off.

“Bro thinks he’s Nikocado Avocado.” - ThatCosmicThunder stated on the other side of school as he saw many Steel Terrorists come around and aim, as well as the guy he was fighting get up with many arms and aim.

But right before they could shoot- we were all suddenly inside a white and black checkered pizzeria, in a boxed security office. There was a security camera in front of us, one black spinnable chair, and all of us lined up in the back as suddenly it stated ‘12:00 A.M.,’ on an alarm of black in red cut-text on top of the security camera.

“AIN’T NO WAY!” - Me to TCT as he looked around with intrigued thoughts.

“Are we lads in a game about thy famous animatronics?” - Ryutyu.

“Ar- ar ar arrrrr- a-ar ar ar-ar...” TCT continued as he walked off normally into the wall and went through it like nothing, and the camera came on to view the stage. There, Shellia opened her eyes wide to see Nigga Nigga duplicated to three, all their heads down, as they had colored in red, blue, and orange.

“Yes, and it seems instead of Greddy, Gronnie, and Grica, we have Nigga Nigga but in different colors- how creative.” - I stated, as Wilma started to chuckle and let lots of air leave her nose as she swayed her head at the floor, closing her eyes with a huge smirk, and then she lifted her head as her hands were in wardrobes to see TCT doing a weird dance where he put his right hand out and over something as if he was heating up his hand over a burner, as he then was moving his hips around in a circular format as his legs also extended and shortened to fit the curvy bones he had. He did this literaly existing over to them before staring at them in an A-pose.

“What the dog doing?” - He stated to the three Nigga Niggas.

“Well, let’s see how well thy ThatCosmicThunder does- since he’ll probably find thy pizzeria to be as great as the great heavens...” Ryutyu as Shellia nodded and played her accordion, her tail swaying back and forth like mine.

“And where is Goxy supposed to be?” - Wilma intrigued upon funnily.

I switched the cameras by simply tapping on one of the boxes to find the orange curtains closed. Ryutyu chuckled as then I switched it back after she nodded, and found TCT do literally be dancing behind them as they did not move an inch.

“I wish we knew what night this was- and hopefully we only have to do one night...” - I told them as Shellia played her accordion funnily. “Alrighty- I think it would be funny if we just toppled them over and trapped them under a bunch of those tables or something, because this night probably is incredibly slow.”

Ryutyu rushed everyone out to see TCT coming off stage as he looked back, and then Ryutyu used his muscular arms to pick up table and plaster them onto the bolted and screwed robot-versions of Nigga Nigga. The tables knocked them over and everyone had a good chuckle as we heard the clanging and no response from the Nigga Niggas. I then went over to TCT as he watched with a smirk to Ryutyu laughing and putting chairs and tables onto them, piling it up.

“Question- What do you call your dances, That-Cosmic-Thunder?” I nicely and calmly asked TCT as Wilma looked to both doors on the sides of the lobby we were in.

“I just did one that I call- HE-HE-HE-HE-HEIL HITLER!” ThatCosmicThunder state as Shellia went over to turn on the light, now glowing yellow throughout the place. TCT also shot out his right arm flatly like Hitler did, each ‘HE’ he rotated through the objects in the pose from being straight and standing to forty-four degrees down towards me, and as the last two words in his sentence came out, he started to float with jitteriness before reappearing in a T-pose back on the floor.

“Alrighty buddy...” I nodded with a breath afterwards, obviously a funny breath.

Wilma smiled before watching Ryutyu take a sigh before rushing over to the doors, opening them and looking down the hall, before over to me, and then asking me, “Aye Eighty-Three, let’s go explore the rest of thy place- it seems there’s more generated in thy game...” Ryutyu nodded and so did I, picking me up and blasting away down the hall and away with an echoing sound being gone soon.

Wilma looked over to TCT as he then looked over to her, raising his eyebrow with a boom sound effect before suddenly the lights turned off and a dwelling-down sound started to play, as then Shellia went over to Wilma and looked around.

“Ayo- what the fuck?” - TCT happily as he looked around, suddenly starting to hear slime effects in the walls, and he stated: “He’s in the walls... (TCT then pulls out an AK-47 out of thin air,) HE’S IN THE GODDAMN WALLS!” He funnily stated before he heard a slime effect among atop of him, looked up, saw a green-slimy crewmate with a blue clean visor, drooping slowly, before he then yelled “AMONG US!” dropping the AK and pointing up before it came down on him, and started to radiate and burn his flesh, making him seep out steam and blood as he screamed with his voice being bass-boosted to meme-like status for no reason as Wilma and Shellia watched in intribution.

“Wow...” Wilma before dashing off with Shellia following back to the room as she saw many other slime crewmates start to come through the doors, copies amongst copies, not dripping onto the floor nor having hands, but standing still and firm.

Wilma and Shellia soon came back to see the power draining, on the right of the monitor, going currently from ‘26%’ to ‘19%,’ and Wilma then told what it was.

“We left the lights on! That is why it is draining!” - Wilma to Shellia with a smirk as Shellia played her accordion with uneasy notes, before Wilma turned around to her and stated “Shut up!” funnily as Shellia’s tail went up.

Shellia nodded and let Wilma stress a little before chuckling as she checked the cameras and saw the crewmates leaving away, as then some other noises such as a mix of footsteps, large breathing, lion roars, and other such started to play within the halls.

“What is going on?” - Wilma laughed to Shellia as she then lifted the door by pressing the button and the sound echoed through the hallway. “No! Keep the door down! It does not matter whether we live or not. Eighty-Three and Ryutyu are up to something...”

Shellia nodded and started to slam her elbow into the button, as then as it closed, a hand just like Shellia’s caught it and slammed it up, before the light suddenly turned on to reveal Shellia with a mouth but no accordion, yell “You eat all my beans?” before Shellia pounced back with a spastic measure of notes and Wilma laughed as suddenly the other Shellia started to have teeth around a metallic cylinder-like pillar extend from her mouth and glow white around the entirety of the room as they started to flesh over like a long tongue to the other two, teeth rotating and swirling around the pillar.

Shellia opened the other door and Wilma rushed away before Shellia then did, and they found the universe start to reset as the computer game was still in effect.

We all, everyone in the game, were back in my living room, along with the autismos- before suddenly we were from sitting on the couch once again into a game.

We all stood in random places on the white carpet floor as there were blue carpet walls and a pink carpet ceiling with black carpet fans and white lights with dust everywhere flowing in the air. Ryutyu blowed onto the oxygen and watched as the particles went up on Teressa as Miss Hedheop came over to me and looked around.

“Survive a mad-emo school shooter! Either kill him or escape- but if you get shot, you die for good in the real universe- so good luck! That is all this game is.” The Computer stated, coming down, and suddenly we were all in chairs amongst long black tables in a well-lit room, and there were doors to escape to a lush green outside, but there were new students and a teacher in silence, before we saw a purple-haired kid with his droopy hair going over his right eye, start to pull a shiny M9 metal from his backpack and aim it up.

“Everyone! Don’t move!” he cried out, obviously having no training.

The teacher put his hands up and got against the wall as most of the randomly generated people got up and choked themselves so they would not speak, as the emo kid moved over to the hallway and then stated: “I'm tired of being bullied and being-”

“Hey- Ryutyu- please. (I see Ryutyu start to tap really fast as he looks to me next to TCT just smirking,) Let us do this normally. I have a perfect response to you, my friend.” - I told the emo boy as he looked over to me, his purple eyes on me.

“What?” - The emo boy.

“Bullying is a bad thing- I understand it because I have had it. But please, as I do not fear death, neither should you. I would like you to understand the situation you are currently in and face it with either of the two choices. You could say afterwards there are more, but they all lead back to this one- do you want to be on the run from the police and possibly go to jail for your entire life, or would you rather save yourself by committing suicide? I mean, the voices in my head just came up with this at first looks to you- but let me break it down.” I told him as he aimed.

“What...” - He started with his hair as girls squeaked in the corner.

“Currently- this is a school. Well, a game generated by the Computer, but in reality this is a school, and there will be survivors. If one of us lives, we will tell the story of you, and the police will be after you. If nobody lives, then your family will wonder, or the police will use camera footage or trace the bodies and schedules- but that would be very rare if you kill us all. Anyways, you can shoot me, as well as anybody else in this class- but it would do nothing except increase a number on the news, and maybe even the amount of police that will continue to track you on a life of running and gunning with no end until you are in prison being useless. Maybe they would give you job opportunities, but by the looks of you, probably not. Also, maybe it would be cool story to start from a small murder spree to become a legend of death, or maybe not because there are many like you- but there is a better choice here. You have put yourself in this situation, with no escape, and now you must condense the greatest moment of your life into thought- Instead of making all of hell’s demons happy, you could put the gun on yourself, go to God, say ‘Sorry bro, I was a little edgy, I wish to be with you instead of sin,’ and you will be good to go to heaven, saving the rest of us from being above dead as well and seeing our families cry, like yours might when they know of your actions. By shooting yourself, you will be saving yourself from the pain of life in prison, and by immersing yourself to be rather with God than on a planet full with a one bad-day memory everyone will share as ‘just another emo-kid doing the stereotypical shoot-up.’ You will also make us happy, and I will say to all reporters, that even though I gave you these thoughts- you were the real hero- the real legend for pulling the trigger on yourself and saving us all... from yourself. Just saying, that would be cooler than another long story that started from a common anger issue. Go watch... uh... I forgor...” - I told and everybody listened, even the N-P-Cs.

“Bro literally has phonk playing in his head...” - TCT intrigued upon after four seconds of silence that hallowed inside everyone’s mind from what I just told longly.

“That was... extreme...” - Wilma stated with open eyes.

“Ya...’” - Ryutyu with open eyes to me, nodding with a smirk as the emo-boy froze.

“That was... intriguing...” - The Computer, coming through the roof as every N-P-C vanished and Shellia played her instrument up at him.

“Thanks- the voices helped me put it together as I spoke.” - I told everyone.

“Bro should take his schizo pills...” - TCT laughed.

“You already won that game I guess... but now- try a more elongated one...” The Computer told, as then the room did not change except for the lighting now being a black light. It enhanced TCT’s shoes and up glow blue, made Wilma’s robe glow a slightly more dale light blue, and made my green dress plus Shellia’s grow like a forest green.

We looked around, seeing randomly-generated furniture everywhere; couches on couches, stands floating in midair, tents lit with green gas, lamps piled around. Such random house objects amongst everywhere as we saw around to a few doors exiting, already opening with their metallic creaking noises.

“In this game- another realistic one I thought of- you will survive his family, and Alan, who have two-shot guns. Survive for five minutes- and three people will come around coming to shoot you- and if you die, you die for good. Anyways, good luck.” - The Computer told through the roof, half of his essence coming through. Ryutyu wagged his tail as he looked at me look back at him.

“How did you... say all of that?” - Miss Hedheop to me as I looked back upon her.

“I recently have been reading the first copy of the Bible, the original. Very quickly I scanned through the pages and found a lot of context on why people do things, and how demons may inflate such.” I stated before looking over to Wilma.

She breathed heavily as Teressa nodded and looked around. “Should we hide now?” and Ryutyu then rushed all of us away and around the house, till we found a location, in which he then moved a lot of things around, covering us up in a fortress of couches, chairs, lamps, beds, door frames, and much more, before reentering.

“Oh! Oh...” - Miss Hedheop as she saw Ryutyu quickly replace everything.

“Ryutyu, did you scatter all the other remaining objects? That would be an extra-take on hiding from the incomers that are my family...” - I told and he nodded.

“Are you smarter than Einstein?” - Teressa to me as Jared was uncomfortable.

“Yes.” I told back as Ryutyu reentered, and we all sat there for five minutes, nothing happening as we heard shuffling and gunshots outside, before everything degenerated and we were in a black room with a concrete floor, just like I had made once before.

“Well... how intriguing, we won.” - I told everyone as the universe started to reset.

“Yes, great job...” - The Computer stated and then the universe reset.

***Kioshi versus Alan and Deandra?***

Ekon was in front of a crowd of kids, leading them amongst the hills and through the forestry to a long pond on the right with a river in front, six girls standing in their swimsuits already over there. Ekon came with a crowd of around a hundred, watching his every word as he spoke in his white t-shirt and black baggy-loose pants with nice black shoes, his hair still himself. The girls turned around and started walking over.

“Over here is the Eighty-River, named after Eighty-Three, and the Eighty-Pool, which was also created and named after him. Sadly, we all do not have swimsuits, so we will not be crossing today, but to our left we-” Ekon started to say before one of the girls interrupted. This girl was dark-skinned and had grey hair, short and around her head, almost going over her eyebrows. The hair brightened under the light, and so did her skin. She had orange eyes with dark eyebrows, and orange lip palm along with an orange, halter-neck one-piece-like swimsuit, having a rhombus opening around the belly button and around the collarbone, no outline. Her bones were slightly skinny and she had no coloring on any of her nails. She was tallest of the group too.

“Hoi Ekon! Whatcha’ mean ya’ can’t cross?” The girl stated in a Togo-accent.

“Hm? We cannot cross because we do not have swimsuits for everybody currently. I will ask Wilma and-” - Ekon before the girl put her left index finger over his mouth.

“No- ya’ can cross, ya’ just a wimp.” - The girl as another came up. This other girl had dark-skin, slightly less-skinny bones, blue eyes, blue-clored hair that was long and gustling against the slight wind as it went down to fangs near her hip, as she also had brown eyebrows, purple lip-stick, was a little shorter than the other girl, had a light blue bandeau swimsuit with a strong collarbone. She stood to the left of the other.

“I think it would be best if we took it slow and gave everybody lessons on how to swim before shoving them in with their best clothes.” Ekon told the girl as she put her right hand on her right hip as the other girls smirked and came up.

“Nah- that’s not what I meant. Ya’- all of ya’ can cross and swim- ya' just need to take off ya’ clothes and go for it...” - The girl as the others laughed.

“But miss, Eighty-Three stated that privacy is key in the first moments of-” Ekon started to state as the girls looked at him. One of the other girls had red hair with blue eyes and red large lipstick, along with black dreads hanging off to her shoulder bones, as she wore a one-shoulder swimsuit fully sparkly-red with black sandals, and a unibrow of black that looked with deceptiveness to Ekon. She also had tattoos everywhere, all over her body, and many of the kids looked at her stand a little under the blue-haired girl.

“Oh please- nah need. You gotta’ stop lying to ya’ people and let em’ cross- because many of em’ wanna’ do so- right everyone?” The girl said, being a teenager as the kids somewhat nodded, mostly silent as they stared.

“Well, I wish not to, and I must show them around orderly or-” - Ekon.

“Shut up and just drop it.” - The orange-swimsuit girl still.

“Drop what?” Ekon asked after three seconds.

“Ya’ clothes- and swim and stop being a wimp. Show ya’ people ya’ can do things, and such...” - The girl as others giggled behind.

“I will not. I have a tour I must give-” Ekon nicely as another girl spoke up.

“Look, Ekon- I'm older- I'm seventeen- plus Eighty-Three gave me the stance of coucil- did ya’ not hear?” - The orange-swimsuit girl.

“I have not heard, and I do not remember any such thing. Eighty-Three, nor Gustavo or the DRC Man have spoken about you-” - Ekon as he saw a pink-haired girl with hazel eyes, hazel lipstick, and hazel eyebrows with a strong chin shake with happiness as she wore a pink-glazed-with-white monokini.

“Just listen already- he say people can cross and ya’ restricting their orderly rights to movement and happiness!” - The blue-haired girl.

“Pull down your pants you sally-fool! We’re not asking!” - the red-haired girl as the orange one went over and behind Ekon as he looked towards the red-haired girl with worry, before she then quickly was behind him, pushed her thumbs into the sides and pulled down his baggy black pants with ease.

“Hm... pathetic...” The orange-girl that sounded like a pirate as all the kids were surprised, and Ekon looked down with worry. “This is your leader? This is who Eighty-Three put in charge? A belly-fat... (She taps his belly with her right index finger before pointing down and embarrassing him,) feet-fat... loser? I’m older and so are me friends- ya'll will be listening to us from now on.”

“But...” - Ekon with some firmness.

“No... he set us in charge and obviously don’t care for ya’ as ya’ didn’t even get the notice! Now... take off all your clothes- all of you. Everyone can cross that river...” - The girl as she almost giggled like her friends behind.

“Look at these pathetic people... skinny and stupid... and look- that one has his ribcage visible!” The red-haired girl to a purple-haired girl with hazel eyes, purple lipstick, a purple strapless bikini, along with colored-purple finger and toenails. She also had brown thick eyebrows and a big nose. She was the shortest, at four-eleven.

“Heh- that one is scared... such a wimpy-loser...” - The pink-haired girl to another as Ekon looked back upon the orange swimsuit girl going up to one of the kids.

“Come on, get down- ya'll are swimming and being free- Eighty-Three told us so...” - The girl as the kid looked to Ekon looking back with worry, and then many of the kids started to take down their pants like him, as then they watched the orange-girl laugh a little before looking back to see her white-skinned friend with black glasses, black eyebrows, brown eyes, red lipstick, and a black halter-neck swimsuit, along with white painted fingernails and toenails, giggling to the pink-haired girl as they continued. Then the girl came over to Ekon.

“Ekon- please remove all your clothing...” - The girl with a giggle.

Ekon started to throw his pants away with his underwear before taking off his sandals, and then his shirt as everybody behind listened.

“Hm...” - Orange swimsuit girl as she came back over to her teenage friends, “Such dumbasses... this gon’ be good...”

“They’re so fucking small and degenerate...” - The purple-haired girl laughed, all in the same tone of a Togolese person from Togo.

“Yeah, I can’t-” The red-haired girl eagerly before they zipped around to hear my essence suddenly speed over.

Suddenly, all the girls were scared and took many steps back to see me just standing there, my arms going into darkness and trailing around and through the kids taking off their clothes before stopping to see me. Ekon also stopped his worried-look as he took off his shirt and placed it on the floor, his eyebrows lifting and his heart beating now. The girl’s hearts beat too, and the orange one was in front again.

“Oh... hi, Eighty-Three...” - She waved with peer pressure.

“I heard everything. Felisha- you invaded my good friend’s privacy and everyone else’s here. I told you and your father when I saved you just a few hours ago to not have your sinful conducts brought down here, but you still used them to take advantage of the innocent. So now, do what your neighbor has done to you.” - I told the girls, pointing at them, and suddenly their outfits fell to salt, and their faces went red with fear as I then stated, “Point... and laugh!”

Ekon looked to me before back at the kids, silent and wonderous with some fear, but they looked to him with eyes dazzling for action, and so Ekon pulled up his left hand, pointed, and laughed with somewhat some realism in it. The kids followed him, laughing, some fake, some trying to sound fake and funny. For six seconds we laughed before I pulled down my left arm with my green glove on it.

“Hey, well- you-” - The once-orange-suited-girl, Felisha, as she then saw me turn around and interrupt her, and she looked at me tail with a smirk.

“These girls will never be your leaders. If somebody is older than you, (I put my left index finger up, and swimsuits form on everyone, including Ekon,) that does not mean they are in charge of you. Liars will-” I started to tell as the orange-girl winked at the red-haired girl, and then tip-toed behind me to pull on my tail, before I then spun my spine around inhumanely, and punched her jaw out of her mouth with my right hand, the speed incredible and the blood gashing out, her chin falling into the pond a little aways, giving way to all people staring with wider eyes to now the fumbled and dying girl, which I then grabbed by the neck and thrusted into my lake, letting her face-first give blood to the waters as her body sank below.

The other girls either froze or screamed as they on the grass blood leak. The pink, purple, and red-haired girl started to cry away as the two others froze, their sixth now dead and their eyes pondering what was left to drown of her. Ekon and the kids watched with some horror, but mainly rather surprise and wonder to the death.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!” - The red-hair girl as she crawled backwards to my river and the others froze their eyes to me as I turned, my tail happy.

I took a step forward with my right boot, enacting the spikes, before the pink-haired girl fell over and the other started to run away, going to scream and throw up in the river like some other girls, as everyone watched in some discontent and some content.

“Felisha will not be coming back till the day we rise to the surface... so... please do not pull on my tail, I have already stated that a lot, and Ekon... come along, I would like to give you something...” I said, going over to Ekon and rubbing his left hand with my tail, no spike on it currently. The kids watched as darkness swelled up from under the pond and wrapped around the corpse, bringing it and the blood down, till it went and washed all around and soon made the pond clean as the other girls looked back with sadness and cried to themselves, their ‘echo-chamber’ now broken.

I took Ekon to a little bar in the forestry, a massage table right in front, and I looked at him as he looked back, his face cute and unsure of what was going on.

“I would you to be a little more assertive. You are a leader for the people, and some people are out of their territory with how they act still. You are to lead these people, and if many of them are still against, analyze yourself and find the truth, for it will help all. I recently read the Bible, and it talks about credit being due to those who work, so open your mouth against any sin that wants to be inside a body, as you work very well. Now, would you like a massage or anything else? Those kids will be fine, I texted Cawo to assist.” - Me to Ekon as he stared at me.

“Whatever you want me to have, sir...” - Ekon.

“No, you must be assertive. Everyone has things they like, so please tell me what is best for you in your opinion.” - Me.

“A... massage... shall I undress? Or would that be against what we just did?” - Ekon to me with a little worry and confusion.

“Think for yourself.” - Me to Ekon.

“I... I would like a massage, but clothed.” - Ekon as I nodded happily.

Above though, Ryutyu had the machine, sitting with Guernf on my couch, watching another movie. Then the machine started to change, and Ryutyu’s ears flicked up to look over, along with Geurnf’s ears also intrigued. Ryutyu then pulled out his bee phone and went onto the Accord server and typed: ‘@everyone aye guys we got another mission anybody wanna’ come?’

For three seconds was silence until Kioshi quickly typed in ‘Sure.’ Then nobody else, since Daniel was offline like everybody but Khenbish and Ejnare, who were on idle, a miniature icon to the bottom left of their profile picture having a half-yellow moon shape.

Kioshi soon came over as Geurnf went back in her home and quickly grabbed the sentries, bringing them over as Kioshi used his spider arms and brought his sniper. Ryutyu already rushed around to grab his armor, and he opened a portalis to the top of school.

Below already in school there was Deandra, with Alan the red backpack on her back. She was younger in appearance now and looking around heftily with silence as some kids looked towards her and others whispered. In Alan was a smaller violin of her version, and he did not speak to Deandra as she thought to herself: “Quite the half-note of a school...” Deandra told in her mind before she came upon a teacher looking down on another student as his back faced her. The teacher was my math teacher.

“(In her brain,) He looks like a nice teacher...” - Deandra.

“Well hello there, Deandra. Nice to see one of you energy-based beings not be such a criminalistic-bitch...” - The Red Glitch, forming over and making all other students pause.

“Okay...” Deandra sighed at the Red Glitch.

“Yeah- I’ve had a hard past since the Steel Terrorists came upon, but shit- I'm just here to talk to others. Anyways- I'll be going because I already know what happens next...” - The Red Glitch phasing away and resuming all as then Alan spoke.

“What does he mean by that?” - Alan to Deandra.

“I don’t know- well, I know he’s seen this universe and timeline reset a bunch, but I don’t know what comes next...” - Deandra, looking around sternly.

“We are about to get shot on sight after a Humanitor suddenly activates...” - Alan said after three seconds of listening around the early crowds of the school time.

“True...” - Deandra laughed a little in his funny tone.

Suddenly, a Humanitor activated, and Deandra gasped before pushing herself down and onto the right wall as suddenly a gunshot blasted through the gym doors, and killed two other students, blasting blood drips amongst the back wall as the students then started to scream and cry around.

“Oh shit- how did I guess that?!” - Alan as Deandra let him swivel off her arms and he pushed the violin up into the air to fall down before getting the gun and turning around to see Kioshi arriving a bullet towards him, but he hopped to the right and the bullet skimmed his essence as he landed and shot randomly amongst the crowd of people pausing against the wall and throwing their hands up or dropping and acting dead.

“Damn- how did you know?” Deandra laughed as Alan spoke too, before violin-ing.

She started to make a barrier of bar measures in layers, as she made a staircase up to the roof, and nearby kids moved into the wall to then be crushed or embedded in the darkness. Kioshi started to see the bar lines and used his spider tentacles to get up and start crossing over, past many eagerly scared kids to look around with his sniper gun, seeing around to nothing but the theory they went up.

Geurnf was in front of the school, throwing down a sentry on the roof, and holding another as she held a shotgun in her left hand, seeing Ryutyu then whip over to Deandra and kick her back as he turned off the Humanitor and then ran around Alan’s bullet, and grabbed his gun before shooting him and then after Deandra, who also slowed time to send many sharp musical notes in a swarm after Ryutyu, who jumped around them but saw inevitably from above and around Geurnf get poked to death and pushed off the school with her toolbox, it opened next to her corpse once she would fall to the ground and it would slam. Ryutyu sighed as he looked back to the smirking Deandra, causing crescendos around parts of the school roof to elongate into infinite from the way the crescendo-floating symbol was ‘pointing,’ and Ryutyu jumped away from rotated crescendo signs pulling the metal and stretching it with far more speed than him up to space, ultimately killing Ryutyu if he did not move out of the way- but he did and found a cloister of metals to go up in all directions, making a randomized and uneasy maze he had to jump upon and crawl under some parts as around him he heard the metals going everywhere, his boots adding to the sound.

Kioshi saw these metals start to compass, before he turned around to see kids screaming at the Rainbow Orb incoming- and Orb then moved Alan’s corpse from above and down, refreshing his life and giving him the ability to have spider-legs like Kioshi come out and help him maneuver around with many more guns as the arms just kept extending out like a wrapped-up package, the metals jointed and shiny.

“Ooh- I’m alive again...” Alan as he darted to the wall before crawling on it as then the Orb made a portalis to grab Hadiza, and Kioshi was intrigued for a split second before dodging a bullet and then shooting his own. As Hadiza was brought out from her chair and over to smash into walls and outside, I soon zipped up myself and looked around at the infinite metals going through everywhere. The Orb came up and then turned around and made the school tilt ninety-degrees, as if it were sinking like the titanic. He then turned back and removed Hadiza’s mouth and nose, before making her face a plat of skin and then throwing her back in.

Hadiza smashed into a wall with the cry of her eyes, before seeing Kioshi crawl on the ceiling and hang upside down, sweating as he shot after Alan, with similar abilities. Random metals came in, and sometimes Kioshi had his bullet deflected by one, or Alan lost a shot because of one too. They made their way past Hadiza and towards the gym room, collapsing like the rest of the school.

“Oh hey Hadiza...” - Alan quickly stated as she fell towards the gym doors from the rotation all-of-a-sudden, and so did corpses, smashed blood, and somewhat alive people did, smashing into the metal and ceasing their cries.

Alan then had one of his metallic arms, one of the twenty-five already out, get shot with a bullet from Kioshi, and he darted around the metallic conundrum, trying to kill Kioshi, as they both aimed tirelessly and ready to get it over with.

“Somehow... me and him are alive...” - Alan to himself as he saw another metallic break them up by providing a wall to climb on. Instead, as Alan climbed over, Kioshi ran up the bleachers and then up the wall, shooting back, making Alan have to use luck with providing his thin metallic arms as a barrier, blocking shots.

Kioshi was silent but concerned, still with wide eyes though. His gun did not run out of ammo, and Alan had to move back because a metallic extension just broke half of his metallic arms, and he had to move new ones into their places.

Geurnf’s sentry above shot away at Deandra as she dodged its slow-coming bullets, before then Ryutyu rushed out and silently swiped his right fist at her left cheek, but she moved behind. Ryutyu then balled up and tumbled away as more crescendos came up. Then he rushed over to the Humanitor still intact, and saw the red glitch prevent crescendos from existing over there, so he activated it as Deandra was distracted, but she saw this and dived back down into the school, leaving a hole and dust to fall as the Humanitor fouled all the crescendos to drop like black metal, and the extended metal to start leaning and falling inwards.

Ryutyu jumped off and rushed inside, looking around to hear kids crying, metals clashing, and fountains drooling. He also heard Kioshi and Alan, fighting, before a metal stand came upon Kioshi, he back-pedaled, and into another one he came under, being crushed, and giving Alan the victory.

“Woo! Unfair, but I’ll take it...” - Alan as we will be switching scenes now.

“Hadiza! Presto! Come with me!” - Deandra yelled over to Hadiza as she got up and saw the girl crying, and went over on the rotated school, finding blood to seep from other students down the metals. “Wha- why don’t you have a face?”

“QUITE THE LAWSUIT COULD HELP!” - Qoaiuek, suddenly appearing after the Humanitor turned off, and he himself was turned and correct with how the school used to be. “I CAN PROVIDE A MOUTH, if you have a FEW COINS AND MORALS!”

“What in the...” - Deandra as she played her violin to make a portalis before seeing Ryutyu start to jump over some of the metals and see forth to them.

“Oh hello, my FURRY ACCOMPLICE!” - Qoaiuek to Ryutyu.

“Aye, Qoaliek or whatever- what ya’ selling to her in this time of battle?” - Ryutyu with a bit of funny confusion but also worry.

“A little PLEASANT REMINDER of what is SEMI-IMPORTANT-" Qoaiuek before the universe started to reset and we all came back to where we were.

Once again, Hadiza cried as she was now back in that chair, I tortured her in last, and she sat in the dark room as The DRC Man came up and listened, hearing nothing beyond the concrete cold of the room, before he then smiled and went away without much care to go dance with people and the mutations in the lunchroom, now expanded by Wilma. He shot out his arms, his left up and right down with each swing of the bit, going from up and down with fists as his knees were out and Clasif and Wilma copied him.

***The driving test for funny?***

Qoaiuek was with Shellia, listening to her music and complimenting it as Oyur, Ejnare, Crow, and ThatCosmicThunder were with Ejnare’s laptop, seeing to a new car that was quite drippy. It was a green race car on a jpeg, with the ‘WhatsApp’ logo on it, green and with a white phone, playing loud trap music.

“Can you form it, ThatCosmicThunder?” Ejnare asked TCT.

“Damn shit you better.” - Oyur to TCT as Crow smiled.

“Bet.” - TCT, before doing the ‘MISTER BEAST’ motion and saying: “Huja-Huja-bing chilling! BING CHILLING!” and suddenly a green car with the logo around it in random places with random sizes appeared, the engines ready and fiery.

“Bro, you ain’t chinese- stop shitting on them.” - Oyur to TCT.

“Nah bruh- I gotta’ have an extra chromosome- it's part of my nature.” - TCT as he turned into a white boy from a purple-one, his skin color changing meaninglessly.

“You might as well go live with Teressa at this point, you shitass-autistic-whiteboy.” - Oyur, rolling his red eyes as his roots were inexistent currently.

“HEY SHITASS- YOU WANNA SEE ME SPEED-BRIDGE?” - TCT before hitting the griddy over to the vehicle and then suddenly appearing inside of it, as Ejnare smirked and switched the screen to an app that records the speed limit, a ‘.exe’ file named ‘TCT.exe’ in which it currently was set on ‘0 MPH’ in green.

“Alright T-C-T- go quirky.” - Ejnare smirked.

“What the fuck does that even mean? ‘Go quirky-’ you fucking sound like a Facebook mom now.” - Oyur with his voice very loud and Crow nodding his head.

Ejnare also giggled at this as TCT started to drive off and went up to eighty-four miles per hour in just four seconds, blasting around the village with such sharp and cut edges like it was a badly animated object, and he flashed many leaves out of Daniel and Angelica’s yards as he flew around.

“I am speed...” - TCT quoted as he increased to one-hundred-and-twenty-eight MPH, making Ejnare’s hair fly mainly on his left eye now, and Crow’s hair go further up.

“I would definitely enjoy this on a summer night, going down a long highway to a tall city on the horizon...” Ejnare murmured to himself in his mind.

“How is he still aliiiiive? That shit is so fucking fast he should’ve crashed into every house by now- or at least should be rubbing his skin off by now...” - Oyur.

“Gotta’ go fast!” - TCT to them on the radio as he went up to 239 MPH.

“Man be quoting every old meme in the book right now...” - Oyur.

“True...” - Ejnare nodded to Oyur as Crow looked forth, before down at his laptop before noticing that there was a new computer update with a blue circle, stating it was time to update to a new ‘windows.’ “Oh, hey- as you go up to light speed, I’m gonna’ quickly update my computer to Windows ten.”

“Ejnare- are you out of your mind? DO NOT update the laptop! Windows ten fucking sucks!” - TCT as he continued to drive around

“Damn true, Ejnare- yo shit better not give Micro-ass what it wants...” - Oyur.

“But I gotta’- it’s slowing down the computer, cause it just came in and the computer is notifying me like crazy- Plus, I won’t be able to turn it off!” - Ejnare.

“Then leave it on, EJNARE- FOREVER!” - TCT as Crow mimicked laughter.

“Alright bruh- I'll just restart then.” - Ejnare shrugged, pressing down on the power button for a long time. Oyur tried stopping him, but Ejnare’s computer was really fast.

“FUCK!” - Oyur as Ejnare’s tail whacked him in the face.

“EJNARE- NOOOO!” - TCT before Oyur technically, he heard the sound effect. He then let the radio go on as he started to look down in despair and destruction, phasing through the car as it then went to smash into a bunch of untaken homes, as he then dropped to his knees and then fell right and started to cry on the road as the homes in front busted into flames. Crow laughed without sound behind as well.

“Oops... geez guys, chill.” - Ejnare stated with a slight laugh, hearing the car explode into a few buildings as well as Oyur take his angry looks away towards the sound blocked by a few homes, “You okay, T-C-T?”

“You downloaded the damn shit- he gon’ beat yo ass now...” - Oyur before T-C-T came back, phasing through everything in an A-pose, and came up to Ejnare in his face.

“You’re dead.” He stated, and Ejnare fell apart, his limbs showing blood not to leak, but still flow as he was alive but unable to speak or move- even his eyeballs were locked.

***They are leaving for something?***

“Alright, fat-man, what the hell is this shit?” A buff man asked in a deep Chadian accent to The DRC Man as they came out to the cafeteria and saw many people around.

“Well, unlike some other people we have sent posters out to, you have actually pressed the cross and are now here in the underground.” - The DRC Man as he then turned around to see the men in white t-shirts and camo pants look around, going over to the feat with so many dishes it was almost uncomfortable to see so much food sitting out.

“Me and my men are gonna’ grab a snack real quick, you tell us some shit later, ‘kay?” - One man as he put his M9, shiny and white, back into his pocket as scientists and other tribal people around greeted them in English.

“Alright...” The DRC Man nodded before turning away and going over to Clasif.

“-Hello, DRC-Man, how has it been?” Clasif nicely asked, turning away from Molly as the eyes on his back saw him approach.

“Good- some people actually pressed the cross, and wanted to come- well, explore... so... yeah... but hey- how's it been for you guys?” - The DRC Man nicely.

“Really good- we played dodgeball against a bunch of kids, and I was on Clasif’s back the entire time, and the sprint was so good...” - Molly as she chuckled embarressingly to The DRC Man as Clasif nodded back.

“Nice... and hey- how’s Eighty-Three doing?” - The DRC Man.

“He is with Wilma, creating giant farms and rotated elevators.” Clasif told.

“Hm... (He sees Cawo pass by,) Hey Cawo, how’s the flesh wall?” - The DRC Man.

“They’re singing the Soviet Anthem for some reason.” - Cawo.

“Bruh.” - Molly laughed in her mutilated form.

ThatCosmicThunder was above, streaming along with Daniel, Ryutyu, and Oyur, who played in a squad as Chinua, Ejnare, and Gustavo made accounts to chat. ThatCosmicThunder and the rest played Fortnight in Daniel’s room, side-by-side.

“Daniel, you sussy DAMN-DANIEL.” - TCT as everyone but Oyur spectated Oyur.

“Bro I swear...” - Daniel funnily to TCT as him, TCT, and Ryutyu were dead.

“Bro didn’t swear though.” - Ryutyu to Daniel funnily.

“Man screw you.” - Daniel laughed then with Ryutyu.

“Ya’ll negroes need to calm the fuck down- we finna’ win the top ten soon...” - Oyur as he was hiding in a bush with a sniper rifle on the edge of the storm.

“Oyur when he.” - TCT before he his head formed into a Moai.

“Bruh.” - Daniel and Ryutyu at the same time.

“Shut up, bruh.” - Oyur as he searched in the last eleven. He then found three players running to a reboot van and took his shot, dealing good damage, exactly 187 with a good sound effect- but not killing the one he shot. They started to build a brick fortress, and Oyur started to make wooden walls as he ran right in the game.

“Ain’t nah way Oyur gon’ win.” - Ryutyu as Daniel watched.

“We in the top eight- lesssss' go.” - Oyur as he made a little fortress of his own, before getting shot straight after as he tried peeking whilst in crouch mode, the headshot from a sniper and instantly eliminating him after his sentence.

“WOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW.” TCT stated loudly before clapping loudly and extremely quick, overriding Ryutyu’s laugh.

“You really had to say that...” - Daniel smirked and giggled at Oyur as he stared at the screen, his face now depressed and dull.

“Fuckers...” - Oyur murmuring to himself as they all exited.

“But... aye- we got to top ten because of ya’! That’s what matters!” - Ryutyu as TCT then got a text after stopping his clapping and started to look forwards, picking it up.

“True...” - Daniel nodded to Oyur as he sighed and TCT did not ready his character.

“Damn shit though...” - Oyur as TCT then turned his head into a moai again.

“Ight bruh- it do be six-thirty, so me and Crow gotta’ leave now. End of stream too- thanks for watching, anybody different than Ejnare, Chinua, and Sussy-Gussy.” - TCT.

“Bruh.” - Daniel laughed at his comment, as he saw TCT open the software and then close it, letting his computer disperse into absolutely nothing.

“Aye bruh- have a good one!” Ryutyu waved and gave out his right hand to TCT to shake, his tail wagging in front of Daniel as Oyur paid attention to the screen.

“You too, Retrospecter-spin-off.” - TCT to Ryutyu before doing his ‘HEIL HITLER’ dance away at tremendous speeds. TCT’s character then disappeared.

“His references are funny even though none of us get them.” - Daniel nodded as Ryutyu was a bit confused but also happy TCT shook his hand.

“True, lads...” - Ryutyu as he sat back down with Oyur and Daniel.

“We should’ve asked where he was going though...” - Daniel.

“Well, he said he lives in Ohio and has to go home to help with his family and bring back Crow to his business... whatever that may be...” - Ryutyu pondered upon.

“He probably selling us out or doing some Chinese-surveillance shit, cause’ Ohio ain’t a fucking country and it’s just a meme.” - Oyur.

“Well... let’s ask him next time.” - Ryutyu as they all readied up in Fortnight.

Now to me and Wilma- she snapped her fingers and created a vast grass with L-E-D lighting, growing corn instantly, and making a bunch of giant and speedy minecarts to go from the horizon and back to the main base in Florida as above was water, only water. The farm was wide and on flat lands, with alleysways for farming to come and do such. The rest of the world was also cut in its mantle and our powers kept the upper world from coming down to what would be a collapsing and cold ruin if we did not use darkness and particles. Wilma then looked to me with worry as I looked up to her, the voices in my head duplicated over the span of three days and my tail swaying back and forth eagerly.

“Wilma, as you continue, let me go save another bunch of people.” I stated before leaving away to Nigeria, hoping out of the rock, into the deep ocean, and then into space, and then swirling around to find Nigeria in Africa, and going to the an eastern side, into a place called ‘Bam,’ where I found houses within the greens and on some desert-like sand too. Many people were indoors and talking to their families at the moment as I landed and I heard around, the voices laughing. I heard children crying as they got whacked by their dad and mom, harsh punishment being somewhat of a cultural thing in Nigeria I guess.

But four minutes later, the house was crumbling, debris and black ash was amongst all, and the trees were caught on fire as the corpses smelled within. The father came out of the home, running with fear and silence as he turned back to see his home decapitate its ceiling, and fully roast whatever was left inside. He then, with a paralyzed shock, looked away and started to manage his sprint over to the town hall, but saw a shadow and stopped himself, looking up with confusion before anger, seeing me stand on a branch.

“YOU BURNED MY HOUSE TO THE GROUND!” The man shouted in Nigerian as he pointed up, and I just hit the griddy to the right on the branch, “MY FAMILY IS DEAD! WHAT WILL I DO?!” And I decided to twirl like a dancer, my left leg coming up as my maid shoes were on, “I’M GONNA’ FIND YOU! FUCKER! I’M GONNA’ HUNT YOU DOWN!” He yelled as I started to lift into the air in an A-pose and disappear to his view.

***Parked by Christ***

“Jesus, why must we go to this school?” Stalin asked as Jesus came through a portalis with a red car and black wheels, as he drove them amongst the trees around a Floridian highway, the road nice and with barely anybody else except the winds blowing against it as Jesus then made a turn into my town home.

“I will show Hitler what he deserves for his actions. MOVED LATER)))))))

***Pelosi the bad fire demon...***

“This is how you be funny- Khenbish- AHEM- ‘I- Ben Shapiro, am the imposter- this round of Among Us.’” TCT told Khenbish in a snarky voice, as the kids all followed, all of them along with Ryutyu as they also came out of portalis to lean over and see forth to lunch as kids below snacked without discomfort, but Ryutyu’s ears perked up, and he knelt down to feel the roof before hearing the vibrations as things minimally exploded, like lungs and finger bones, into fire- as Pelosi was in the band room.

“What are you finding over there, Ryutyu?” - Daniel asked Ryutyu as some kids looked up to see the many looking down, before Ejnare felt bad and backed away.

“Aye- she in band room. Eighty-Three gave me enhanced touch sense- so I feel vibrations of explosions coming from band room- less' go!” - Ryutyu, then speeding them all one by one over to see Pelosi letting the corpses burn as she controlled the steam to shift below and cause an underneath of fog.

TCT was forth and stared at Pelosi as she snarled at him.

“Wassssuuuuuuuup.” - TCT waved so casually to her.

“Aye- fire girl- what up with ya’? Why ya’ keep coming back?” - Ryutyu.

Pelosi then just breathed purple fire at them, and Kioshi hopped away as suddenly Heru blasted through the room to the right and punctured Ryutyu before he could run, killing him with his sharp-rainbow-ended black boots just like mine as he had a black maid suit on again, with dark brown jeans as well. Chinua, Angelica, Khenbish, Ejnare, and Oyur died, as TCT stood in an A-pose, taking it. Daniel also was alive, but regenerating from his burning skin, and now naked, a little embarrassed, but throwing up the ash of his gun before realizing it was ash and that all weapons had burned, so he started to look at Ryutyu was smashed dead in the side of the head with sharp rainbow spikes.

Kioshi had his gun still and started to blast, uncaring of the corpses below. Heru then came through to smack TCT away into the gym’s bleachers from two walls and went attacking him as Daniel and Kioshi were left to fight against the fire spreading amongst the carpet.

Daniel ran up to Pelosi as she created a shield of pure purple fire, it burning Kioshi’s shots as he tried shooting more, and blocking Daniel as he tried punching, but saw his hand melt at 2552-degrees Fahrenheit.

Kioshi kept on shooting, crawling around the wall and hanging on the roof as he shot down, before Pelosi clasped her hands together, Daniel saw a flame ball over it, and she soon let it disperse open by spreading her arms wide and letting a blue flame incorporate the area, the entire band room dispersing into flames as Kioshi was blasted back dead and rotting on fire along with Daniel regenerating.

Daniel then got up and looked at Pelosi as she came through, her jaw heated.

“Damn...” - Daniel seriously stated to Pelosi as she then looked right to see TCT and saw that TCT was fighting Heru by slapping and Heru was trying to swipe a long rainbow sword at him, the room shifting into abstract art every millisecond.

Daniel then started to run at Pelosi, but she blasted fire against him, and he held up his hands against it, his skin and brain burning away till all his DNA was burning away and Pelosi walked forwards to finish him to ashes, now his essence burnt and gone.

“Hey Pelosi.” - The DRC Man stated as he came in, belly-bashing Pelosi back twelve feet with his fast pressure from his echoing voice that just banged through the open and alarming school’s dust and air from rubble beneath. With the Pelosi now getting up, and The DRC Man hitting his pose, me and the Rainbow Orb watched from the forest as then Geurnf’s sentry shot Pelosi dead, her essence shot to blood and mesh as kids ran away and bullets infiltrated her body as they could from the outside where sentries were placed on top and destroyed her in an instant.

“Dang... that was quick...” - Geurnf as she saw The DRC Man come through and give her a thumbs up and she tried smiling and giving one back.

I then rushed away to Heru and bashed him into the bleachers as he then quickly got up and looked at me and TCT.

“What the- WHAT THE FUCK!? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU FUCKING DOING HERE- EIGHTY-BITCH- YOU PIECE OF SHIT!?!” - Heru to me in front of TCT as then the universe started to reset mid-sentence of him speaking.

***Colombian Mission for Daniel?***

“There you go, Damn Daniel.” - I told Daniel and he looked to me as he got off the surgical bed, putting his clothes back on.

“Please- I don’t want to be called ‘Damn Daniel’ by everyone...” - Daniel giggled.

“Damn Daniel.” - I annoyed Daniel as he let a breath of air out.

He went out to Ryutyu and Chinua and started to lift weights with them as I walked away into the walls and came down below to my underground world, phasing through the bricks with darkness left behind, and then stampeding away past a bunch of fake doors to a dead-end, but beyond it was voices, and I walked through to get to the start of the facility, where people roamed around before seeing me and waving with some happiness as I waved back happily, still smiling beneath the mask. The people liked to see me, but their heartbeats told a different emotion sometimes.

“So guys- Eighty-Three made my flow rush really fast- woo... I’m feeling it- and plus my muscles will tear themselves and regrow overtime, making me more fit... woo... it’s like I’ve been stabbed with eighteen adrenaline shots... is this how you feel, Ryutyu?” Daniel asked as he started to spastically shake his arm and his tail moved back and forth a lot.

“Aye- kinda.’ I imagine Khenbish knows more about that...” - Ryutyu shrugged.

“Well, yeah, but- yeah- faster blood, faster regeneration, faster reflexes, my ears can hear more- everything is clearer in smell, uh... I choose what parts I can grow off I guess- he explained that if I chop off my arm, I can grow back from there, and quit my other body like it’s a game... the Red Glitch will help I guess... yeah... woo...” - Daniel.

“Nice...” - Chinua nodded nicely to Daniel as he started to bulge his biceps.

“Aye lad- ya' guys wanna’ head out for a drink? I’ve- and ya,’ Chinua- worked-out a lot recently to be honest...” - Ryutyu to Chinua and Daniel as they then giggled.

Back below, the mutilations were around the same room off the jungle, down the four-way of purple lights. There, Clasif, Molly, the teeth-girl, and Gustavo played Tres as the green-headed mutation practiced his banjo in the back, and the flesh wall watched the game along with the smaller one soon incoming through the doors. Then there was the blob, just existing on the couch in the lit room.

“Hoi guys- ran around most of the district, the main base is still with fun halls and twirly rooms more far off.” - The flesh wall mini spoke with multiple voices.

“Just like you ran around your problems last night.” - The banjo guy, not even looking up to the meshy flesh of the mini flesh wall.

“Says the guy who doesn’t even want to look up tutorials on how to play that thing correctly.” - Molly to the banjo guy as she placed a ‘+4’ to Clasif.

“Fuck you, Molly- and fuck you, banjo-shit. Your dumb-ass face can’t even laugh correctly and YOUR broken-head-ass can’t even get off his lazy shit and go ask Wilma for help, you introverted-want-to-be-Texan who refuses to be better- like where they do that at?” - Clasif from Molly to the banjo guy, angering him as he picked his banjo and then threw it left before pointing at him.

“You and your fat-ass, bitchy-wannabe' Mozart-sounding lump of dip-shit can’t even run faster than a midget-man in a wheelchair with dyslexia.” - The banjo man yelling at Clasif, getting up and pointing in his face.

“You should shut your bitch-ass up, you don’t even walk right, you got turret-syndrome in your legs and depressed-down syndrome in your face, you look like every cartoon worker had a stroke with uranium and shoved himself into the laundry at full spin whilst shoving bleach into your mouth and stealing a homeless man’s drip just to get a bald-ass fuckhead which makes humanity look worse than the monkey you are, trying to play the banjo with the brain the size of a water bear who just drank alcohol.” - Clasif.

“Ah shit ah shit.” - Gustavo, mind-blown.

“Bro chill Clasif, you’re not that guy-” Molly tried to state.

“Who the fuck was talking to your elongated, hand-looking ass with strings for hair, white parmesan-sauce looking, melted-cheese-eating autistic A-D-H-D mind, not 4k resolution, one of yo eyes gone because they don’t wanna’ see out of your thick-ass meshed skull holding the smoothest fucking brain inside, smoother than the silky shit-sheets Wilma produces for all the Williamnists, whilst all of your braincells-" The banjo guy said, pointing at everybody, even the glob who just watched.

“Damn Daniel.” - The flesh wall together in voices, “Ar ar ar ar ar-ar-ar.”

“Who the fuck asked the mega-black wall of shite, picked-brain multi-voiced bullshit-speaking fuckers who act like every MyCam user on cocaine-” Clasif stated before looking back to the banjo guy, “Oh- sorry- just fuck you and fuck Tres. That’s all I wanted to say...” Clasif before leaving away as everybody watched, the flesh wall chuckling.

“Bro got mad...” - The blob on the floor after four seconds of surprised looks.

Anyways, back up to Daniel and such, he came out with Chinua and Ryutyu, drunk again, as Wilma’s bar in her fun palace was now drunken from, and Chinua was on the right, Ryutyu in the middle, and Daniel on the left as they all held their arms around each other’s necks, and tried making it back to my home.

“Just a little more bruh...” - Ryutyu told in his British accent to them.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...” - Chinua as she burped a little.

“Yo fuckers- what in helllllll are you doing?” Oyur stated, coming out with his roots low and his eyes staring deeply after them as his door was left open.

“Being...” - Daniel was going to say before Qoaiuek appeared.

“WHEELCHAIRS! WHEELCHAIRS! You drunken men look like YOU’VE BEEN CASTED AWAY FROM LIFE ITSELF! Maybe you should try this TELEPORTATION-MIND-READER, as it will GET YOU FUCKING HOME IN FUCKING SECONDS!” - Qoaiuek with his stand.

“Oh hey... Qoaek- how's it... been?” - Ryutyu as he looked towards the midget.

“Good, but I MUST APPRECIATE that I HAVE A DEAL TO MAKE! THE DEAL IS, YOU TAKE, YOU PAY LATER.” - Qoaiuek with mostly his firmest mouth.

“Sure!” - Daniel as Chinua murmured meaningless unbearable words.

“You liar! You...” - Chinua, before burping again.

“Fuck off, Mister Q- and don’t take advantage of their god-awful selves right now- cause we got some shit to solve. I found your dog dead- Daniel.” - Oyur before Daniel looked over and started to cry, as Ryutyu let go.

“What? Oh no... wait- you joking, right?” - Daniel pointed after Oyur.

“No, your dog is dead in my bathtub.” - Oyur said.

“Let me analyze the HORRENDOUS EVENT...” - Qoaiuek, skipping off like a cartoon as Oyur sighed and followed, Daniel crawling along with drunk sadness.

As Chinua and Ryutyu made it back to the living room with their muscles, Daniel, Qoaiuek, and Oyur looked forwards to blood seeping in the bathtub, letting out and drooling into the drain as well as drying. The dog was dead from its belly, ripped out in chunks and seemingly folded up as his intestines were also missing, meaning someone took it. Qoaiuek still had his ready smile as Daniel came over, falling onto the wall before seeing forth to his dog, and trying to reach in crying, but his arms were short and he fell behind it, his tail dragging as Oyur looked with discomfort.

“Ah... This was most likely THATCOSMICTHUNDER! He does some WEIRD SHIT but I can MAKE IT BETTER WITH WORSE.” - Qoaiuek as he was away from his stand.

“Damn though... this is kinda’ fucked up.” - Oyur shrugged to Qoaiuek.

“If you BUY THIS OBJECT I AM HOLDING, you can revive the PUPPY KILLED WITH A CONCLUSIONAL LIE.” - Qoaiuek as he held up a glowing orange pen.

“What do you mean by ‘conclusional lie?’ You say some random shit, but does that in particular mean god-damn anything?” - Oyur asked Qoaiuek.

“Maybe... but Demet controls what my mouths say, except my middle one.” Qoaiuek stated with his skin and glasses going grey.

“Bruh- you edgy-fuck- shit got you stained in a modern business man’s bullshit- I ain’t figuring out your V-H-S tape-looking deadass, nor am I buying objects to bring back me friend’s dead dog- ya' better give me the shit or I’m calling Eighty-Three.” - Oyur.

“It would be BETTER FOR ALL OF US if you left Eighty-Three to his HELL ZONE OF A LAIR.” - Qoaiuek to Oyur.

“What the fuck does that even mean? Like, explain what the shit your saying- because yeah I’m gonna’ get him, but why do you say half the shit you do? You really autistic, or an attention-seeking bastard? Cause your shit may be interesting but it’s annoying as fuck if every line of your voice is a search party for what the hell you mean.” - Oyur as Daniel got up and looked with silent sadness to his dog.

“Well... I try to GIVE INCOORDINATED HELP, but I UNDERSTAND YOUR PERSONALITY DOES NOT AGREE WITH MINE.” - Qoaiuek, his skin colors changing.

“Man fuck you, I ain’t dealing with a shitass that thinks acting as weird as a modern horror-cartoon on MyCam is cool- you can just go flip yourself over the twin towers if you’re really interested in being meaningful and understand what my personality will agree with...” - Oyur rolled his eyes and went away to come to my home, finding Ryutyu and Chinua on the couch slur-talking as he then banged on the wall of the kitchen corridor with his let hand, his roots going back in from all over his hands.

“Eighty-Three, get yo shit out here- Daniel's dog is dead by T-C-T or something...” - Oyur told to the ambience before my ears flicked up from talking below, and I rushed away to find Oyur face-to-face down the hallway of my room.

“I must take Dante to the surgical room because the Red Glitch currently will not allow for a small bit to easily bring back people...” - I told before rushing away from him as he saw Shellia inside, on my bed, practicing to then stop and see him.

“Eh... fuckos... did you inspire him for the dress? Is that the lore?” - Oyur to Shellia. She nodded, and he responded. “Ight- then you fucking can go kill yourself too.”

I took Dante from Daniel’s sight and started to run back before TCT then suddenly appeared in front of me, not even a portalis or sound around beforehand, or after hand.

“Oh- hello, ThatCosmicThunder...” I told as I held Dante’s dripping body.

“You look like Scooby-Doo!” - ThatCosmicThunder pointed at my face.

“Alrighty... what is that?” - I asked him nicely.

“A show in my universe, very mysterious and very famous...” - TCT as I nodded in front of him, looking at him analyze the dog below. “Whatchaaaaaa’ doing?” he asked then in a girlish voice.

“Going to go fix Dante, Daniel’s dog that supposedly died because of you.” I told, lying, and the voices laughed, as they remembered memories of me suddenly rushing up to find Daniel’s dog sleeping, and then throwing my mask off as I then used sharp-forming teeth to bite its stomach, watch it cry out as I then started to rip its intestines out and eat it, then cleaning it up by using darkness arms that pressed onto the bloody carpet and soaked it up, before I then rushed away and put it into Oyur’s bathtub silently, before rushing down again with the voices laughing. “I am so randomized...” the voices stated.

“I definitely did not.” TCT told me with a smirk, and I nodded.

“Then who did?” I furthered to TCT.

“Mao Zedong.” - TCT.

“That was-” - I started to say as then TCT created a blue portal and lifted up his right hand to a ‘stop-sign’ and started to go through over to Daniel looking at the clean tub with confusion and drunk fear.

“Adios.” - TCT before entering away through the light. I shrugged and zipped away. TCT came to Daniel, and then slapped him with his right hand on the back of his head, saying “I like ya’ cut G,” and Daniel’s drunkenness instantly fading away and looking up to TCT with confusion before back at the cleaned bathtub.

“What happened?” - Daniel as he looked around, standing up.

“We found out what the dog was doing.” - TCT.

“My dog?” Daniel then asked TCT as his tail started to drag up.

“He was oofed, but Eighty-Three is fixing him...” - TCT shrugged.

“Oh... okay...” - Daniel as his tail wrapped around his left knee.

“So, monkey-boy- wanna' go to Colombia and grab some of your country’s biggest exports?” - TCT then goofily asked the Colombian furry like it was nothing.

“Uh... really? Cocaine?” - Daniel funnily responded, his smirk growing.

“Yeah- you ever had some, Damn Daniel?” - TCT to Daniel.

“Uh- no... but I don’t want any. I gotta’ keep my body a temple... and... I mean- you or your friend could just generate it, right?” - Daniel to TCT.

“Nah bruh- you don’t understand how a friendship goes. We gotta’ conquer the land of cocaine by overthrowing the government. Let’s go.” - TCT stated, then walking out with Daniel’s funny confusion.

“I’m... w-what?” - Daniel laughed as then TCT opened his door and made a portalis.

“Cocaheenya.” - TCT before Daniel started to be sucked into the portalis, winds blowing him in, and he tried grabbing on the door, but it turned into cotton candy where he grabbed it, and fell into his door frame as he came around, and went through the portalis with TCT, falling into blatant grass and forestry with much sound around. Then another portalis opened and TCT brought down the autismos, excluding Miss Hedheop.

“Woah- whaaaaaaaaaa’...” - Teressa as she got up and so did Jared, screaming before he saw TCT smirking as he looked forth amongst sandy rocks with vibrant green trees everywhere under a blue sky.

“You guys are helping me overthrow the government- now let’s go.” - TCT.

“Why? Why are we overthrowing the government? What makes you want to do this, ThatCosmicThunder?” Daniel asked, trying not to laugh but still doing so.

“I literally had the random idea twelve minutes- so follow along for some fun, or stay and be useless...” - TCT looked back as he then moved his hoodie over and quickly ran in a zigzag around trees and bushes, his noodle-legs looking funny as they bent in the most inhumane and crooked ways possible.

“What? Overthrowing government?” - Jared to Daniel.

“Uh... I guess... since the universe resets and he wants me and you guys for some reason- sure... but hey, Teressa and Jared- come along- we aren’t going home sooner than I would like to I think...” - Daniel as he also went around and the two autismos followed.

TCT then came across a pond with an opening to see a sign in Spanish, but he put on his hoodie, disappeared down, and then reappeared rolling up over the pond, as he then let a portalis open in front, and Daniel jumped into the water, as Teressa and Jared looked around to get down safely, but saw the wet furry have to go up and follow TCT onto the top of a building, red and bricked with a grey road just down. As the industrial society of Bogota was thriving, Teressa and Jared jumped down instead of through the bushes and vines present, finding themselves warm and wet as they got up and came over to Daniel’s wetness as he looked around the capital with TCT.

“Alright- buddy- why didn’t you make a portal to here before we had to jump in? Like- why? Are you screwing with us, ThatCosmicThunder?” Daniel nicely asked TCT as he smirked over and Daniel’s fur laid down.

“Well yes, but actually no.” - TCT pointed, before looking back.

“So what is it then?” - Teressa asked funnily.

“I’m making this up as we go- because if you remembered, Jared just said he was bored, and so I just thought of Damn Daniel and decided to bring you three along because I also was bored, but in the air.” - ThatCosmicThunder explained.

“Sorry...” - Jared to everyone.

“Bruh...” - Daniel. “Can we just go home instead? I don’t want cocaine, nor does anybody back at base.”

“Alright then- buddy-boy. Since you want to be without such adventure in your life, then you can all go home, without my greatness to provide such an elaborate scheme of action in our spare time. I’ll take my fun instead...” - TCT, then letting a portalis put them all into the pool of the autismos home as he then went off with his sniper.

Later, I zipped up to find Daniel teaching the autismos how to work out, and they looked quite appreciative of his task as Ryutyu, Ejnare, and Chinua got fit away as well. Then, Qoaiuek formed and started to sell sodas as Wilma came up and turned on some electronic music and made money for everybody to sell to Qoaiuek, who was a bit discerned and discouraged against the money now. Crow also came from a portalis next to Qoaiuek’s stand and started to text in the chat that he wanted to try working out with everybody too. Shellia then came down and started to play along with the bombastic tunes, and Wilma danced with her as Ejnare also stopped to give a jig. I helped too.

***Miss Opium’s own torture.***

“So... could I get you guys to... get Hadiza back... from Eighty-Three?” Miss Opium asked Heru, Eraoa, and Elijah as they looked at her in the one light above.

“No...” - Heru angrily studied down onto the map on the table as everybody looked over. “I’m not fighting that bitch again... I... Mm...”

“Alright Heru, you can stay here- me and Elijah will go...” - Eraoa.

“Down to Ryutyu’s basement and into the walls- look around- I know she’s gotta’ be underground... and... shit- kill anybody who tries to interfere... that kid... is so manipulative...” - Miss Opium started to sadden, looking down.

“Why not just tell his friends? That would hurt Eighty-Three the most since if what you’re telling is true, he’s... really fucked up like us I guess...” - Elijah.

“I can’t... I... can’t... I... he’ll probably go insane... the last thing he really has is family and friends- we took everything else away... he’d probably capture me and you and find ways to kill all of us repeatedly- I don’t know- but... it’s just... yeah, that’s a smart idea- but it’s a scary one if he blows. I mean, Hadiza first- but then maybe I’m next, and then you, and Alan’s... friend... is still missing too! As well as the Plague Doctor! That’s insane that’s he’s kept them, most likely undiscovered to his friends... so... in theory... I can’t just send the info out, I’ll putting everyone and everything in danger... I hate this...” - Miss Opium.

“IF Eighty-Three does that. I’m sure if we get Eighty-Three's friends on our side quickly, Eighty-Three won’t be able to take us, AND his friends all out or continue the captivity of OUR friends...” - Elijah slowed his words to emphasize.

“Are you sure he tortures them?” - Eraoa to Miss Opium as Deandra was in another room.

“Yes... he definitely does to Hadiza at least... and I... just have a lot of feeling- so I’d like to make quadriple-sure that what I saw last of her wasn’t a myth...” - Miss Opium.

“Well, don’t worry. Me and Eraoa got this... you coming, Heru?” - Elijah.

“I don’t want to... I hate him way too much now...” - Heru.

“Geez... so much has happened- you went from edgy about killing him with your life and ours to now... not wanting at all...” - Elijah.

“You tired, or is there something bigger?” - Eraoa asked Heru.

“Tired of that shit... he’s a fucking annoying bitch-ass nigger... fucking hell...” - Heru as he walked away and Elijah widened his mouth before nodding to Eraoa and she nodded back as Miss Opium walked away sadly to where Deandra was.

Later, I was giving a massage to Ejnare and Ryutyu at the same time, my fingers running across their backs as I sat in the middle on my knees and with my maid shoes. I was outside, with a steaming pool, as Shellia was in it, sitting on the stairs as she closed her eyes and let the heated water calm her and her accordion down in playing style.

I was the only one with clothes, and then I heard a drone come above, suddenly out of a portalis, and capture a picture of me looking up to it, before seeing forth to TCT come walking out of it on air and looking down.

“Caught in 4K.” - TCT with his outfit still the same just like Wilma always has done as well.

“Uh...” - Ejnare as he looked over and so did Shellia and Ryutyu.

“Could you please not intrude on our session?” I asked of TCT.

“Nuh-uh...” TCT as he then left away, the drone going elsewhere.

“That guy is such a meme- it's getting on my nerves a little now...” - Ejnare.

“Aye- he a good man though- actually breaks physics during Computa’ game, so I’ll give him points for being powerful, at least for us...” - Ryutyu.

“Sure, but... like T-C-T randomly comes by every three hours and then leaves after like three hours, so... like where does T-C-T go? Did you ask him that yet? And why does he come back? Does he not have any more friends than the Q-guy and Crow? And are those even their real names? I mean- Crow- that don’t sound like a real name to me...” - Ejnare.

“We shall go ask him after we are done with the soothing massages... just relax and...” I started to say before Ejnare rolled around, his black shades still on.

“And have fun... is that what you were going to say?” Ejnare funnily asked.

“And enjoy...” - I told back to him, then rubbing his collarbone.

“Well... thanks, Eighty-Three, I do, I just complain because it’s a habit... even though I’m silent most of the time...” - Ejnare laughed a little more as his tail wagged for a little before soothing itself down, “It’s just- if he could stop randomly coming into our houses and knock almost like you do sometimes- that would be a good improvement...”

“He’s literally ya,’ Eighty-Three, but more of a memester.” - Ryutyu to me.

“Hm...” - Ejnare smiled as Shellia played a little tune in the pool.

Eraoa and Elijah though, they came under the ground in darkness tunnels, placing back the materials over what would be their tracks, as they went down to soon find the surgical room. Eraoa opened the door to find Gustavo sleeping on Ryutyu’s bed, before Elijah looked around the room and saw nothing else.

“Maybe he has a prison on the other side of one of these walls...” - Elijah as Eraoa looked back, before his hands shook and he tried forming something the Red Glitch abandoned for him. “Damn you, Glitch.”

“For Hadiza, The countryballs- The Blue Backpack, and The Plague Doctor...” Eraoa nodded as he looked back, stepping through to the carpet as she watched Gustavo, soon seeing him flick his ears up and then lift his face.

“Hm- hello?” Gustavo stated over to Eraoa as they saw each other.

“Hm... hello...” - Eraoa in a more of a less-confused tone. “We’re here for Eighty-Three's prison, one where he hides Hadiza, The Plague Doctor, a blue backpack of living sorts, and maybe some countryballs inside...”

“What? A prison? No, we have a lounge for them in this wall you just entered from...” - Gustavo stated, nodding his head over to the corner of the same wall. His ears flicked, and so did mine. I got up, patted Ejnare’s belly and Ryutyu’s back before rushing off as they got comfortable and enjoyed the water sounds with a nice accordion.

I then rushed in and they all turned, the silence committed.

“Eighty-Three... tell us where Hadiza is, please...” - Elijah asked slowly yet somewhat with a curious tone as his brother frowned at him.

“I am keeping her." - I told them both, their hands clenched and ready.

“No, you will not be. We want to know where Hadiza and the others are, and we want to know whether you killed the countryball world or not too...” - Eraoa.

“Tell us, or we’re fighting...” - Elijah after three seconds of silence.

“And we’ll tell your friends to help us with defeating you.” - Eraoa.

“Are you sure you want to go forth with a... Scorched-Earth mindset?” I asked deeply, my tail sharpening to my right, in front of their vision- intimidation arising.

“If it gets you out of the situation, then we WILL risk our lives.” - Eraoa as Elijah was surprised and a bit scared, looking back at Gustavo staring with a smile just like me.

“Maybe I could let you in on what is truly happening, and you could go back to tell Miss Opium nothing happened and let it slide with some benefits for yourself...” - I told up nicely, my tail copying exactly what Gustavo’s was doing.

“No- we won’t care if you’re justified by any means. We want Hadiza, and all others freed from whatever you’re doing to them, no matter how fun or money-making the scheme may be- if we even want to join it...” - Eraoa, looking back as Elijah nodded, forming a gun in his right hand as she formed an axe in her left.

“Well, I did mysteriously ask, but... if I may also state, I am working with the Orb and Heru on these ‘underground’ endeavors...” - I told them both.

“What?” - Elijah with confusion and mishappen forming in his mind.

“Yes. I am torturing Hadiza, the Plague Doctor, and leaving the blue backpack dead, just like I left the countryball world dead- that is all true. But, I have been working with the Rainbow Orb, Wilma, and somewhat intriguing Heru in indirect ways too- to soon maybe get involved. I also have the Computer, as he watches me and has given me Clasif, which I given a new life to... you may not know who Clasif is, but I must state that battle here is not the best of options. The Rainbow Orb can give me a rainbow knife if I need to take out anybody in realistic measure, meaning... Wilma if she does not follow me, Heru if he still hates me so much, and every kid plus Ryutyu... I can kill... many people, and it will burn our souls further than it should if you just leave this all alone... if the Computer starts creating games in the mist of it all, then we’ve just gone back to the past... and relived what we all hated in the end... but I wish not to... not to kill you, not to kill... any of my friends...” - Me, tiring my voice to sadness even though I still smiled. My eyebrows worried as I looked directly at Eraoa and my tail sogged in movement.

“What about the new guys?” Elijah asked me.

“They would probably leave as well.” - I told Eraoa and Elijah.

“And how do we know you’re not just saying this to make us go away?” Eraoa asked a little frustratedly, before slowly an arm from under my dress went out and held a rainbow knife, with the Rainbow Orb enlarging from a corner of the room. I held the knife by the blade, the handle towards Eraoa, as she then looked down and at the Orb.

“Oh...” Elijah stated, his feelings dropping as Eraoa went to a depressive mood.

“Death does not cure us, Eraoa.” I told, letting her take the knife as she looked back up to me in the slow silence, hearing the ball spin. I then took her right hand with mine from her hip side and shook it hard. “We should be friends. If you can keep a few secrets, you are a good friend. Let me deal with Hadiza, she is my personal enemy I have chosen to hunt down... and soon, it will all differ, but not now. You must also understand we are not the two main opposing forces here... the Steel Terrorists can still reset the universe whenever they wish, replenishing our warfare if we have it- the Timal Tienes are still running around, the cyclops are still existent, and most of all... I wish not to kill my friends... by any means at all... they are the most meaningful thing to me... and I understand Hadiza was to Miss Opium, but... I have a bipolar life, both which are hypocritical of the other, but I enjoy still... so Eraoa and Elijah... I am sorry that I got a little greedy with my words... but do not destroy us all by trying to fix it... Me and the Orb have already designated guidelines... that people will not be brought back to either Heru or me... or be stolen for torture anymore...” I said, shaking her hand before she let go.

Eraoa did not speak, but watched my every word, as Elijah paid attention to the Orb in the corner, seeing his world be shattered by just the slightest prick. Eraoa nodded after some silence before turning to Elijah, and he nodded back.

Eraoa and Elijah soon returned to Miss Opium at the table, Heru and Deandra elsewhere and silent. Eraoa and Elijah both looked depressed and sad, and Miss Opium looked to their faces with frustration and agony.

“Where’s Hadiza?! Did Eighty-Three attack you!?” She exclaimed at them, wanting for the correct answer she wanted to hear.

“No... we searched around the entire place and found nothing. We didn’t come into contact with Eighty-Three... we have nothing...” - Eraoa sadly to Miss Opium without tears.

***The demon attack.***

Thunder was outside, flashing by Angelica’s window till ThatCosmicThunder busted through with Crow crawling inside, and they got their respective weapons- a sniper of black for TCT and a simple piston for Crow, both in the right hand of each of them, looking to Angelica in her bed, her head missing and blood splattered amongst the wall and pillow and bed sheets, like it was blown off or ripped off and taken away.

The room then started to fade to darkness as Crow looked around eagerly, his face glowing as TCT just aimed his gun forwards at Angelica before suddenly they heard slimy, crooked noises come from above, rallying against the wood and brining up nails with sharp splints of noise curving around Crow and TCT’s ears, both unaffected, but looking up to see nothing. As the thunder and rain outside was calming, it only increased the feel of silence in horror, and Crow was a bit frizzled, but stayed firm as he angered his eyebrows.

“Come out, you snarky-ass demon.” Crow stated, his mouth opening with another line and leading to darkness as his voice was in teenage-girlish Chilean-accent, high-pitched and firm with eagerness to let the demon reveal itself.

“The lights have shown to speak again.” A raspy voice of low-pitched-ness stated, so low that it was untranslatable, and should have been quiet instead of loud.

“O’ hell naw- the animatronics do get a bit quirky at night...” - TCT.

“Your personalities are frivolous to my powers...” - The demon, showing himself by making color slowly fade in on stripes of his essence till he was full. It was a glob of green, pure and glowing with red backgrounds of the eyes and purple pupils all around, and it made the heat sizzle with translucency as he sludged down, his essence melting into shapes like hooks and shirt hangars as he came to be just a foot from the ground.

“Why are you here?” Crow asked, crossing his arms.

“Tonight’s been a little in-actionable...” - He told, and as soon as Crow started to speak like a girl, making his voice turn into voodoo, the sounds produce a black pulsating mass that emitted black light, the sound echoing around the room and filling over itself, covering the room in the black growing bubbling matter as TCT looked around and Crow felt the mass rip through his head, as TCT also had it growing around his.

“Can I get a hoyaaaaaaa?” TCT yelled back as the black sludge formed around, and then Jesus suddenly let the door fall down behind and was seen to stand in a light of holiness that spread amongst the darkening room, removing the black sludge. “Now do the funny.” TCT stated to Jesus as then shot his right arm forth and left on back with pointer fingers like guns, giving a wink to the sludge creature.

Jesus just walked in, looking at TCT before the glob, as the glob started to change from a mass of green and black, to many golden wheels and abstract coral reefs of blue and black glowing all around, his head having one eye filled with randomized sizes and shapes of teeth, opening fully to stare at Crow as he looked to Jesus.

“Oh- Jesus... uh... hey?” Crow waved as the demon tried changing his form to have some purple question marks around, but then Jesus spoke, and the sound radiated around to then make his essence glow before being shrunk in certain areas.

“Hello, Crow, That-Cosmic-Thunder, and Heloxtopuy. I have cometh off my main mission to seek once again the fouls of this village. Tell me, why must there be creatures such as Heloxtopuy here to panic those who are with abnormalities?” Jesus asked TCT and Crow as the being named Heloxtopuy started to explode inside and suck itself into a blue ball that then sucked in the light before dispersing into air that spread the light waves onto other objects as the darkness was left, and it looked like someone blurred the bed with Angelica after somebody else put a giant hole in the picture.

“I don’t know, but thanks for taking him out- FINALLY!” - Crow gestured passive-aggressively to Jesus as he looked with worry at him.

“Do not take me for granted, I have did my deed for all of us.” - Jesus.

“Yeah Crow, don’t be such a sussy-wussy...” - TCT crossed his arms.

“Alright- but still... uh... anyways, now what?” - Crow asked.

“I would like to know why you have arrived here.” - Jesus to TCT.

“Hadiza- I would like to find her. I tracked her here, but the radar only shows an square-like area, so I don’t know whether she’s outside in another home or in one of these, just existing- I haven’t asked yet, let me do that...” Crow to Jesus Christ as he looked at Crow with slight worry.

“L plus bozo.” - TCT to Crow as he stated his sentence, and Crow just demented his face as TCT pointed before going back to an A-pose.

“Search with me in your soul, and you will find peace. Search with laziness, and you shall find displeasure in yourself. These homes are haunted with evil, but with my light you will find what is left after the darkness.” Jesus told Crow and he looked to him.

“Goofy-ah scripture.” - TCT to Jesus as Crow nodded to him and texted away, before crawling through the window as TCT watched.

“And you-” - Jesus before TCT interrupted.

“Bro- get yo-’” TCT before the universe reset, bringing a pistol out and shooting it before he blasted back into a forming white toilet, and it swirled him down and away with a boom sound effect and the universe was resetting before it shrunk away.

Later, The DRC Man was arising on a podium, flat on the top, around four feet wide as he stood on it, made of flesh, pink and black, eyes all shooting around and sloppy melting drip of flesh also fueling overhead the eyes. Molly was behind and saw from her connection on the back of the pillar below to the people in outfits looking forth to the DRC Man, lifting his hands up and laughing as the flesh wall was behind him, moving and lit by stadium lights after ton of corn crops behind, being eaten by Canadian gooses, as the people were on the flatness of the land, seeing below his laugh up into the air that there a flesh wall rounded and two feet high, stretching and helping him up. As The DRC Man elevated with his show, a light slowly fell on him, his eyes not seeing the rectangular black panel with white light slowly come down upon him, landing on his head smoothly and sliding off as he stopped and looked to it, the silence making some below smile at the stop, obviously not supposed to happen.

“Hey Clasif- Don’t lower the light too much!” - The DRC Man yelled funnily up top so people could see a black catwalk with Clasif having a light over, held by him with a cord, the light giving a nice ambience onto the particles around The DRC Man, making him look cinematic as he went up but now stopped.

“Heh- sorry, DRC, I had the idea for a little humor.” - Clasif from above.

“Alright... anyways- hey everyone, I’m The DRC Man, and I hope I have a good entrance for you all to cast your eyes on... We are currently somewhere under a country called ‘Canada,’ and this is one of the many farms for the underground world, so thanks for signing up!” The DRC Man told below, as people shrugged at his response and nodded.

“Yeah- ya’ll will be tending Canadian goose, corn, wheat, uh... lynxes, yeah- and sheep... bighorn sheep!” - Molly as she looked at a note on her little claw.

“We definitely rehearsed for this event.” - The DRC Man sarcastically. “Anyways, you guys are the first farmers- if you don’t remember- and... let’s get started?”

“Okay?” - One man nodded below, and the others looked at him and he got a little embarrassed before the flesh pillar made the DRC Man come to his left.

“Follow me.” - The DRC Man told happily. The DRC Man allowed the pillar to lower till he took a step off and landed in front of a red barn with massive air conditioning inside, the sound pulsing through the massive doors without a lock, but small white handles, shining as the rest was concrete instead of wood, intriguing the fourteen men and thirty-six women, that were split men to the right and women to the left. “This is the barn, where you will be making food and... doing farmer stuff- I haven’t really farmed before, but hey- (he grabs the handles and uses his muscles to open it largely to reveal a long and wide and tall inside with windows atop and rock fences around containing cows, roosters, elks, bears, and more, along with conveyor belts more along down,) to the left is a stack of manual books which we would like you to read, and at the end is a bunch of rooms just in case you would rather be here and not take the bullet train back. So... enjoy- I have nothing else- except- you can take as many breaks as you would like to in order to recooperate, or whatever- most of you just came from Chad, so I understand this all is way too much to take in all of a sudden... anyways, any questions?” - The DRC Man.

“No...” - A woman as everybody was intimidated on his pose.

“Alright then- I'll be going back, just contact the phone or flesh wall if you need help...” - The DRC man, walking away towards the two glass doors.

The people shrugged to each other and entered, feeling a good gust of air, and breathing it in with happiness. Two men went further down to find a bathroom and entered as many women looked at the animals and petted them nicely. Some men contracted the books up to their faces and looked forth at directions with imagery, showing how to cut up each animal and heat their flesh. In the back, they found a small dictionary for farmer words and slang, as well as a chapter called ‘EXTRAS FOR MUTILATIONS’ in which is showed how in a certain room in the back was a lab with many GMO syringes and such, ready to test and give more instructions on books in there.

The women started to talk with the men as they looked around, finding tools like chainsaws and branch cutters, testing them out, with outlets of white in the barn’s walls of concrete painted like wood. Some crossed their hands against the wall and felt the place, as others stood under giant fans and felt the wind gush against their skin. The people looked at the animals and looked at the tools and weapons loaded in metallic boxes. They studied the many rooms and looked upon the lush farms with animals enjoying it. The landscape kept on going as the bullet train was behind in a concrete and large wall, racing away. The people felt the books and knew what they had to do.

Miss Opium was with Heru and Elijah at a bar in space, around them being a bubble outside as their counter floated and so did their red cushioned seats, all cushioning non wood. They sat three along a mile long bar line, the waiter being a glowing yellow orb with miniature green sevens spinning around it vertically as it loaded drinks with its particle powers, serving the three, as well as others way down the row as behind in the big bubble, Eraoa sat around, closing her eyes as she sat on one of the stools and made herself look wavy like she was in water, which they were not, just a bubble with a thin layer of water in the purple and red galaxy-like view with stars everywhere, and yellow dank lighting over the wooden counter with the roof disconnected by an inch from the wall with many different glasses, some abstract.

“I don’t know if I can... stand this sadistic... situation... anymore... see Deandra erase her memories, see my friend’s world die, my countryballs be burned... all this over a child... and it’s no longer about the money, is it, Elijah? And is it even about murdering Eighty-Three anymore, Heru? Are we now just... stuck to leave or stuck to see the moral and abstract results of our... stupid actions and past behaviors?” Miss Opium sorrow-ly asked them with a rollercoaster of sadness and anger, she being to the left of Heru as he was to the left of Elijah, drinking the same orange juice like they all did.

“No... me and Eraoa gotta’ agree with you... no more money... what about you, Heru? You still hate Eighty-Three?” - Elijah asked, being obviously knowingly angry at the end, shooting his face and voice at Heru, grabbing Eraoa’s attention.

“I still hate Eighty-Three, but not like I used to...” - Heru to Miss Opium.

“What do YOU mean?” Miss Opium asked angrily and snarkily.

“I mean... I hate how he’s... fucking... passed me. He’s like... he’s smarter, he’s nicer... he smiles like a shit, he doesn’t fucking die in my fucking hands truly, he always has goddamn backup... he’s messed with my mind- like when I wasn’t trying to kill him- I feel lazy, old, and I wish I could go back... to the time I... first saw the universe, and go in, talking and... not killing him but being smarter and making him think he was my friend... so then I could have a better chance...” - Heru to Miss Opium, “So this shit wouldn’t start...”

“Oh...” - Miss Opium nodded to Heru.

“And yes, I know I dragged all of you into this... but I really thought help could get me what I want...” - Heru as Elijah opened his eyes, “I’m going to be honest with you guys- I've been thinking way too much... but maybe... you guys should go- I mean, you enjoy things I don’t. You should go, and I should stay and try... to continue fulfilling my purpose... if I even had one...”

“Dang- what? Heru- you're actually being... caring? Bro- great job...” - Elijah.

“Yeah- fuck off and thanks...” - Heru to Elijah, not making eye-contact.

“But Heru- we're not leaving till I get everyone back and restore the worlds he destroyed!” - Miss Opium as Elijah sighed and nodded, leaving Heru to look from Miss Opium to him with his null face.

“Hey, Miss Opium- could you go over to the soda dispenser and get me a Konbeur real quick?” Eraoa came off her chair to say, and Miss Opium sighed anxiously and nodded, using her backpack of tentacles to metallic clash off to the left side of the bubble. Eraoa watched as she went quickly, before looking back to a mad Elijah and confused Heru, his wings sly and behind him. “Why are you working with Eighty-Three?”

“You know about that?” Heru suddenly asked Eraoa.

“Yeah- Eighty-Three told us. He’s torturing Hadiza, the Plague Doctor, and Alan’s friend- but he’ll go crazy if we tell anybody- so why are you working with him? And why is The Computer, The Orb, and Wilma as well?” - Eraoa.

“I... didn’t know he was working with The Orb... or the Computer... I just had a deal where he would supply me with dead bodies and I would get a lot of blood and... I could then attack him with it.” - Heru to Eraoa.

“Oh- we didn’t know that...” - Elijah dawned angrily upon.

“WHY? Why are you so fucking sadistic your working with the person you hate? And why are lying to us?” - Eraoa asked, almost slamming her hand on the table.

“I really do fucking hate Eighty-Three... I just... I fucking hate him so much I fucking want blood he can give so I can then screw him over like the bitch he is... it’s... yeah- I know it sounds horrible, but... fucking shit...” Heru started to say before his eyes went red. “What the fuck happened to me? I went from such a good fucking person saving the universe from a shithead that broke it to a man who works with him for useless bullshit compromise- fucking shit- I FUCKING HATE EIGHTY-THREE! I hate him! He screwed me over! He’s made me think he’s better! He thinks he’s better! He thinks he’s intelligent, thinks he can trick my fucking ass with his bullshit mind, thinks that smiling can scare me- thinks... goddamnit...” - Heru as he went from frustrated to enraged to depressed, and then slammed his head down. “Don’t fucking talk to me- I'll solve this- I can kill him- I can win- I don’t need your help- I NEED MINE. I WILL RIP HIS SKULL OFF, SMASH HIS SMILE TO A CRY, I WILL KILL ALL HIS FRIENDS, I WILL DISRUPT HIS ORGANS AND TEAR HIS FLESH OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND I’LL BEAT HIM TILL HIS MIND LISTENS TO MINE! TILL HE BECOMES SOME USELESS SHIT THAT CAN’T HELP ANYTHING- but fuck- he already was like that...” - Heru before breaking down to slam his head down.

“Mixed emotions- geez...” - Elijah as he was a bit surprised but Eraoa mad.

“Heru... you listen to me... you are undergoing these emotions because your goal was immoral and we have been the immoral villains of Eighty-Three and his friends for so long- but no longer do we need to see ourselves as stuck in this situation. We’ve been villains so long, that we’re seeing ourselves become somewhat do-gooders as he becomes worse... You need to join us in stopping Eighty-Three, killing him for good and trapping him in another, un-resetting universe. Then you’ll be done with your goal, feel good, and we all can go home happy, maybe even his friends too...” Eraoa told Heru as he lifted his red eyes, and Elijah was a bit terrified.

“I WILL DO IT ALONE, FUCKHEAD.” - Heru with gritty teeth, getting up and making a portal away, and leaving with his wings.

“Damnit...” - Eraoa as she looked back to see the yellow orb coming back from the right, and refilling Elijah’s glass.

“I take that as I half-win.” - Elijah to Eraoa.

“He’s not fully onboard, but... we have a chance now... Wilma’s next- we need to ask her... soon...” - Eraoa as she looked left to see the yellow orb go away.

“Alright...” - Elijah as he saw Miss Opium coming back.

Elsewhere, Qoaiuek and TCT came from a portal behind Wilma, seeing forth to her tails as she laid on the desk, her nose filled with cocaine and her eyes closed.

“PRICELESS?” - Qoaiuek asked TCT as he created a big orange razor out of thin air, and Qoaiuek held up a plastic bag after grabbing it from behind his stand.

“Maybe... maybe...” - TCT in a Russian accent with slight sadness, obviously referencing something, “I have yet to meet one that can outsmart razor...” TCT then proceeded to literally cut Wilma’s fur off her tail, skimming over it layer by layer on one, till it seemed the hair hardened and became a textured, in whence then TCT moved onto another, as Qoaiuek put the bag under, holding it awkwardly as TCT lifted it with his left hand, and they did up to four tails, before tucking it away, and Qoaiuek then made a note in cursive black with a pen saying ‘LOL, - Eighty-Three.’ They then crept out slowly.

***ThatCosmicEvil or something...***

“Hey Eighty-Three- me and the boys just recently listened to a song on MyCam- sounded amazing, but an idea from it- to randomly go mutilate some of your classmates.” - The DRC man as he came up to me, his pose defined afterwards as I stood with Gustavo near my office, both our tails following each other's movements.

“Alrighty. Here is a random idea I shall put onto yours now- I make myself look slim and decrepit and blindfold myself, going in and killing everyone as you then pack up the bodies behind and THEN we mutilate them.” - I nodded, and off we went, rushing to my school in the middle of the lunch period whence people were out and about the outside.

“Should I record?” Gustavo asked midway as we then were on top of the school.

“No thanks, Gustavo, the school cameras will provide footage.” - Me.

The DRC Man saw me whip right back and soon reveal to come back with twenty large brown sacks, ready for corpses to be put in. Then Gustavo went over to the circular inside and looked below, seeing many students enjoy their lives. He then looked back as The DRC Man started to pick up bags and I took off my shades and mask, tossed them onto the ground as The DRC Man did not watch, and made a darkness blind fold, smooth and without wrinkles, shining as I then smiled with my glossy green lips, and my ears and tails started to creak as they went crooked, pointy and decrepit. My bones started to go wide, and my skin grew thin, and my back made a reverse-hunchback. I was still recognizable, but obviously more of a monster.

“Alrighty- let us go.” I smiled back to The DRC Man, as my ears then had a flash of red glitch-ness, and I lost echo-location to see through the mask. “Thanks, Red Glitch.” I told in my mind, the voices overlapping their overlaps.

I jumped down, forming my hands into sharp chainsaw, rotating at sound speeds and causing crazed motion blur as I looked up to hear the kids start to frizzle, their bones shaking as their heartbeats pounded, and some screamed as others watched my tail have dark spikes grow all around it, not just on the end. It started to spiral black and green as well, and with my boots of white, I dashed over to the first kid getting up, a bit squishy and fat with a blue shirt and brown eyes and orange-colored hair, running away as I went up to him and stabbed my chainsaws through his pecs, ripping the blood out as all others started to scream now. Then Gustavo hopped down, opened his jaw, and clamped somebody’s head into mush as The DRC Man threw the bags down, and then started to shuffle the corpse away as Gustavo went on a killing streak as well.

I stabbed my chainsaw up vertically to cut somebody’s head in half, then horizontal to shave it off, then crashed through the windows and walls into a classroom, elongated my thumbs to shove somebody’s eyes into their brain, foiling it down to mush inside and making them drop unconscious and going red as they seemed to have a seizure, before as I saw everybody try to escape, my ears flicked behind to find Arty coming to aim from the window, and he shot, so I whipped over and shoved the gun into his head and past, letting him fall as I then barged into the gym, shoving my right chainsaw into someone’s head and making them shake and frizzle, gulping blood up and out to then in and over their mouth, before tossing him to the ground, and then activated my boots to run fast and not too eagerly over to people, stepping on their shoes and indenting their skin and bone with holes leaking out blood before crushing their necks and watching is all go down, streaming onto the floors as some were paralyzed, and watched me jump at them, ripping their skulls out of their body by making the darkness inside come to me in an orderly fashion, or as I turned to another, snapping all the bones in his body with the darkness inside, watching him fall forth and lean dead on the floor with his knees barely holding him up, shaking as he was dead from the neck and skull backwards, but his skin went lighter from no darkness inside. I heard all around screams, cries, and voices muttering eager fear as they trampled away through the hallways and out of the building. I saw some more kids to my right try to escape, but I ran over, my tail elongating and thrusting into their mouths, spiking out their teeth and flesh as it ripped through and then out, and then I did another before I made it go all the way through and then shoot through more people’s mouths on one run. After killing sixteen in just a few seconds, and others were left crying elsewhere, I darted to find in the halls The DRC Man was putting the bodies in the bag as they were cut and smashed from Gustavo’s jaw, teeth marks present in some raptured bone structures.

I then darted outside, smashing into a couple of people and leaving their blood to amass on the floor as people turned to see speed kill. I then, with my blindfold, hopped high and used my boots with a smile, my teeth with others peoples blood, to then crush their skulls as they stood still and watched me crash my spikes into them. Many rushed to their cars, but it was of no use.

The DRC Man was behind Gustavo, seeing him be hit with a few desks thrown, as he elevated his jaw to creepiness, and then darted in, crouching and sliding under some desks thrown, as a cat would do, I guess. The DRC Man heard the cries and scream, and his grin had not yet vanquished, just the blood in the bags and on his hands. The alarm then went off, and The DRC Man was a little surprised. As Gustavo crushed bones inside the class, The DRC Man kept watch, till a boy ran out, looking back, before The DRC Man wrapped his right arm around the boy’s mouth and pulled him back, before using the spare and empty bag with his left hand to put around his head and he tried biting The DRC Man’s arm, but his skin was metal. The DRC Man tried putting on the bag, but his arm was so metallic and heavy that it crushed into the kid’s jaw and made him feel excruciating pain till Gustavo came out and took off one of his legs, eating it whole. He then bled out as The DRC Man held him.

I was outside, seeing forth with sound towards Swat police and army men with sniper already ready to fire. I darted forth to one, jumping into his place in the trees, and below many were confused on where I was- as I held his head and his body was vanquished- his eyes still blinking as his blood went loose. I then heard over a sniper shot, and I stepped aside the bullet, letting it whiz past. The sniper retained his gun and started to flee down the tower in the other forest. I then jumped down as police cars started to go forth to the school, and I was seen with caution and fear, guns instantly firing and police cars not stopping as I made my arms into rings, giant rings instead of arms or hands or chainsaws, and they spun with scissors at the end, dark and shiny. I then jumped after them like a cat, my rings going around one and then closing in and shortening its size to pop him in half or cut his head loose. The rings were devilish, and the people screamed as they saw my supernatural power elongate and wrap around their friends, like a lasso, tightening them till they fleshed out their guts from their mouth.

“Hey Eighty-Three- The police are after me!” The DRC Man called into thin air with Gustavo as he saw the police arrive at the school entrance, and he grabbed two bags before heading back towards the tennis court where people were escaping from and into the forest. I heard from afar but continued with my giant circles for hands.

The DRC Man soon came upon the crowd, looking back at his skin and the cat, and Gustavo started to chase them as they continued to move away towards the gate instead of the police they were heading towards. Gustavo’s jaw broke loose and wrapped around one’s shoe before eating the girl as she cried out to her friends. The DRC Man looked to see me having fun before seeing to openness past the gates where buses were parked. He started over, and Gustavo stopped eating the girl to then follow, making his jaw extend and his teeth move to give The DRC Man a step way up, before he jumped over with two body bags and then looked back.

“Hey Gustavo- what are you going do?” He asked, seeing Gustavo retract to a smile, and look at him for two seconds as police sirens wailed in the distance.

“I’m going to go eat and chase- you should go with those bodies to a safer place till Eighty-Three is done having fun as well.” - Gustavo and The DRC Man nodded, taking the bodies away and heading towards the village of my grandmother’s.

A few cops saw the fat and shiny man in green run along the grass next to the trees with brown bags and decided to chase after. The DRC Man went onto a sidewalk and started off, before seeing a sewer entrance. He went over as the police came forth and tried pulling it off, but failed because he did not know how.

“Put up your hands, fatso!” - One policeman in black, all four holding pistols.

“Hey bro- no.” - The DRC Man to the police, and they just shot him, but his skin reflected the bullets as also his clothes got torn. The police then stopped before looking to the man in his pose, before he then surprised his face, picked up the bags and ran.

“Detain him!” - The other yelled as they dropped their guns to their pockets.

“Fucking hell...” - One murmured as I then came to drive a car into them, and The DRC Man looked back to see me in a Swat car.

“Blind mode is really fun.” - I told.

“Hey Eighty-Three... got any ideas for mutilations?” The DRC Man asked.

“Well, we earned at least two bodies fundamentally, so two more mutilations. I was thinking we make one into a small human, and another into a literal ring.” - I told.

“Alright...” - The DRC Man nodded before the universe started to fade in white.

Gustavo, The DRC Man, and me were now on a neon couch back in the facility, my blindfold still on, but I made myself new glasses and a mask.

“Hey Eighty-Three- are the bodies gone?” The DRC man asked as Gustavo smiled.

“Yes, sadly. I will go grab them anyways, so get ready.” - I smiled.

Somewhere in Flordia though, The Computer watched TCT and Qoaiuek explain to Wilma that her tails were not of their doing.

“Did you guys shave my tails?” She asked confusedly, her tails fine now.

“No.” - Qoaiuek simply, as Wilma nodded to it without much care.

“Oh- so you’re a liar? Name every truth then.” - TCT holding up a shining pistol to Qoaiuek as he stared into Qoaiuek’s soul.

“You did?” Wila asked nicely, really not caring but a little surprised.

“Yes, it was FOR THE GRANT OF DELUXE INCORPORATION! I must sell WHAT IS TRUE AND NOT MASS PRODUCE at my own RATE OF IN-PRODUCTIVITY.” - Qoaiuek.

“Can you translate that?” Wilma asked ThatCosmicThunder.

“He means to say that- the industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.” - TCT. Wilma nodded with a blank face and went away just before they all suddenly disappeared.

Suddenly, they were all in a large museum. Dinosaurs on platforms of moldy grey with green, walls in abstract horizontal and vertically-combined rotations being a brick-purple and white, along with the floor being tilted slightly to the left, it clean and made out of solid dust that was grey, as the ceiling was pure orange fog, and it spread to the horizon as many architectural bones were about, and they all saw other players as well. Besides the echoing ambience of old classicals like Mozart playing above and reverbed, Wilma plus Qoaiuek and TCT found Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Daniel, and Teressa to be standing like pillars, confused on why they were suddenly within the museum.

“What is going on?” - Adolf Hitler asked suspiciously and angrily to everyone.

“Hm- what the?” - Daniel as he looked back to see the two dictators.

“What’s going on?!” - Teressa to Wilma before seeing Qoaiuek.

“O’ hell naw! What da’ heeeeeeeeeeeelllllll?!” - TCT as he looked to the dictators.

“Wait, he and (he points to Wilma with his right index finger,) she look familiar- (He puts his left hand out to shake to TCT,) But they look new- My name is Stalin, you may know me for being all-around better than Hitler here.” Joseph stated from Daniel and Wilma to TCT and Qoaiuek as Hitler looked around and then grew frustated.

“If I could ram a train from Berlin to Moscow, I would!” - Hitler.

“Hello everybody. I have come with a new game- this one will be about splitting up. One of these doors, (two doors suddenly come into existence under the large computer, white all over and wooden,) will lead to a forest with trip mines, and the other will be a fist battle upon a speedy bullet train- ultimately if you follow the paths of both you shall reach your destination, tapping a red button to checkmark your side. If you both fail, or only one side succeeds, you all die for good. If you die midgame but still succeed on both sides, you will be fine. Now have the game!” - The Computer before disappearing.

“This should be evidence the man we’re dealing with isn’t Jesus! A god would save us, or stop that!” - Hitler pointed out to Stalin.

“You could say that, or you could focus on the point that maybe this is a random being who Jesus will be persecuting in just a few minutes at most.” - Stalin.

“He still doesn’t believe in God?” - Daniel asked Stalin.

“Of course not- though I believe I remember you...” - Stalin to Daniel.

“I’m Daniel- and this is Teressa, Wilma- ThatCosmicThunder, and Quiaker, or something...” - Daniel pointed to each of his friends.

“Qoaiuek! It is my BRAND NAME ASSOCIATED WITH ALL!” - Qoaiuek.

“Are they new?” - Stalin as Hitler looked around more.

“Yeah- but they’re... something else...” - Daniel laughed.

“No shit, sherlock.” - TCT as Wilma looked at her tails.

“Let’s get to THE MASSIVE BULLSHIT OF A SHIT THIS IS!” - Qoaiuek.

“He said we have to split up though...” - Teressa as Hitler listened.

“I’m not going to be with Stalin, put me in a position of a leader and I shall gain victory, showing Jesus, if he wants to be real- to be late and lazy still!” - Hitler.

“I shall be with Teressa and Stalin then.” - Wilma told to them all.

“No- I’m going to be picking teams- cuz' I have the most gold on Clash of Clans. I want goofy-ah Adolf Dripler- here, take some drip, (He creates big white shoes with a black jacket and a beanie with nothing on it, in his flat hands as he holds them out, and then lifts it up to fall in front of the two,) and Joseph Dripalin, whilst the rest of ya’ll normal people can be autistic or some shit.” - TCT.

“No! I don’t want to-” Adolf started to demand.

“I am going to kill you with my mind.” - TCT stated, his hands going up to his head as if he was signaling to shoot himself with both hands, and Hitler looked at him with confusion as Wilma then spoke up.

“Calm down. I will take the kids and Qoaiuek to the train route as you three will go through the forest.” - Wilma told to TCT, a little surprised at his comment.

“No! I am not going with this man anywhere anymore!” - Hitler crossed his arms.

“Would you- no- actually- THY EMBASSY OVER OUR CURRENT MOMENTS, come and activate OUR TEAMS TO PLAY without MUCH DIFFERENCE!” - Qoaiuek called to the skies, his hands going up and elongating as the dictators saw them go up to the orange.

“What?” - Teressa and Daniel asked at the same time.

“Do you mean the-” Wilma started to say to Qoaiuek.

The doors then opened to a yellow light and started to move quickly upon the people in their respective teams to what TCT wished, henceforth embalming them in their places in just a second. Wilma, Daniel, Qoaiuek, and Teressa arrived on cobblestone with orange mist above and around and down the horizon, as a hugely wide and tall black train huffed. They quickly got on the back, not paying attention to the neon red railroad tracks, and entered the classy and yellowish insides, people putting down their newspapers, pulling off their top hats, and putting their fists up as Wilma stepped forth and Qoaiuek closed the door behind.

“Alright- any luck for maybe just settling this through words?” Daniel asked them, and the men did not speak but came after, some being black or Asian or Aussie or white.

TCT, Hitler, and Stalin suddenly felt melted grass below, brown and soggy, some black and filled around with ash. Trees were fine though, tall and birch, as the sky was orange and the distance was as well. Leaves covered all of the ground, and hills were present afar. But in front, the foggy gas was red, and TCT looked to it.

“No! No! No! I’m with you because of you!” - Hitler pointed to Stalin before TCT.

TCT just did a second, a glimpse of his dance, before walking off like an NPC.

“What was that?” - Stalin asked TCT and the ambience.

“I call it a giggity-giggity... Anyways, let’s check out how well a random forest is for randomly skateboarding...” TCT before making a skateboard, himself instantly on it without transition, and he rode it on the leaves, went up to a tree, and just rotated to fit perfectly, circling around it as he skated up.

“How is he doing that?!” - Hitler yelled at Stalin before he shrugged, and then TCT came down on Stalin’s head, still skate-boarding like a broken video game character, now skateboarding around Stalin himself, the wheels mostly not even touching something but still spinning, as Stalin tried to push the skateboard away like a fly, but it kept rolling around quickly, before TCT started to do some tricks, and it was like gravity was pursuing the skateboard back onto Stalin like he was some abstract flat floor. “Ha! Oh!”

“Uh- hey! That-Cosmic-Thunder- get off me- how is this happening?” Stalin asked, going from a surprised feeling to a giggle.

“Oh, sorry bro- didn’t see you there.” - TCT, do a jump-off swirl onto the ground before the skateboard suddenly disappeared, and they watched as he went forth.

“Wait- if you can just use your powers, then why couldn’t you or Wilma just exit ‘this’ or destroy the Computer to stop this?!” - Hitler.

“Wilma can’t use her powers because she’s a woman- she don’t get rights. I use my powers because I'm pumped about not paying my taxes since 1987.” - TCT shrugged.

“How does that give you supernatural powers?” Stalin laughed.

“I dunno’ man, seems kinda’ sus to me and you...” - TCT.

“Both of you are very annoying...” - Hitler murmured to himself, following forwards.

In the other sections, Qoaiuek smacked a man’s face against the metal pole, making him bleed from his nose as he then elongated his arm to wrap around another’s neck and pull him up to the ceiling as Daniel went forth and kicked a man unconscious, Wilma choked somebody as Teressa helped also punch his head from behind.

“This is quite the BATTLE OF A THOUSAND SINS.” - Qoaiuek widely.

Daniel nodded as he then grabbed somebody’s face and smashed him into a pole three times before onto the ground, and Teressa and Wilma teamed up to double-punch an incoming man in the stomach, their hats making Qoaiuek have to look down and step over, as well as the bodies, as they continued forth, going through door through door of the same setup, different numbers of people. Wilma grabbed a woman’s hair and planted her down on the floor for Teressa to jump and plant her shoes in her face, before Daniel was then being punch, before his tail wrapped around the guy’s hand, distracting him, and then he smacked him into the pole, before grabbing him by the nose and head-hitting him, then proceeding to push him down.

“Woo- this is accelerating my adrenaline...” - Daniel as he went forth, and Wilma did too, Qoaiuek reaching his long arms to distract the incomers. His arms went past the fight as they went through another brown and wooden door, with windows on the walls outside to orange gas with sharpening black lining, like clouds were made and being lined out in a software- but his arms stretched and picked up two by their hair and held them up high before smashing them down, his bones tilting awkwardly and inhumanely as he has many.

Daniel then made a good proposition to plan. “Hey- guys- maybe we should just dart through all of them and try to see if we can get to a conductor and take him out!”

“Maybe.” - Wilma nodded as Teressa responded, lights above orangish.

“Yeah!” - Teressa as she was a bit happier now after punching a man to bleed from his mouth, and not caring for it as much as she would like to have.

The four then started off, punching their way and pushing through everyone as Qoaiuek hurried from behind and wrapped his arm around the neck of one, squeezing it and choking her as he held the woman’s body close behind to knock into those who tried coming after him after being pushed. He used his three other arms to then reach around and clench people’s neck and throw them at others, as Daniel kept going forth, shoulder-bashing into more and more standing people, opening the doors for everyone, and continuing past the windows growing more and more outlined in black of the fog.

Soon, they came upon a big room, black and basalt, seeing a conductor in blue with yellow hair, before he turned around faceless, and many arms came behind him, extending and pushing him up. Qoaiuek then jumped forth and extended his arms out, the flesh seeable all the way as he grabbed the man’s nose that he still had and pulled him down, his arms collapsing as then Wilma and Teressa went up and booted the wrists of his hands. Above Qoaiuek punched the man with his three other hands, clashing into more as the faceless conductor continued, before he was fully collapsed from Wilma and Teressa banging his base, and then Daniel jumped on the fidgeting body, and held his neck back.

“Punch his neck! Push down on it!” Wilma yelled over, and Daniel started to push down on the neck, making the faceless man cough inside his skin, before Daniel then held him and rolled to the left, having the struggling man up and still trying to get away, as Wilma then came down to jump and cup her hands up before smashing them down into his neck, and he started to choke, blood seeping into his skin like it was a layer, and the man dying on Daniel.

“Oh...” - Teressa with a little fear of the blood.

“Nice...” - Daniel nodded to Wilma as he threw the dying man off.

“Murder is SPANTACULAR IN ONLY THIS CASE.” - Qoaiuek. “But now we must find the RED BUTTON I SEE RIGHT OVER THERE!” and he used his lower left arm to push the button that was behind the conductor at first. The button lit green, and the train then stopped, smashing everybody into the wall, leaving all but Qoaiuek unconscious as they fell from their banged heads at speedy proportions. Qoaiuek had his boxy-like chest banged before falling to the floor, and then looked up, finding everybody else and the ambience stopped, now silence with some winter outside forming. “How FUNNY that their UNCONSCIOUSNESS IS RELEVANT! Now I should TAKE THE VISUALS OF ALL and sell for EXPENSIVELY-CHEAP PRICES!” Qoaiuek in his mind, before he then went over to each person, and ripped out their eyes slowly as they could not wake up.

TCT, Hitler, and Stalin were in the forest still, looking around and heading on the leaves, satisfyingly crunching them all, to a point where Stalin started to stomp on them.

“Perfection.” - TCT as Stalin made his first stomp with his left leg, and TCT held up his hands in a ‘O’ with the three other fingers going up and slightly curling.

“Quite the scenery, it would fit a play quite nice.” Stalin nodded after he did a little more, his smirk growing as Hitler went forwards with a faster walk, grumbling.

“Hey- Hitler- you gotta’ see this meme I just remembered...” - TCT, then pulling out a phone from his right pocket and turning on the screen to instantly show a meme video with funky-beats over a white cat with black fur on the face looking like Hitler’s hair and mustache perfectly, the cat coming to stare at the phone. “Looks just like you.” TCT stated as Stalin came up.

“Yes?” Hitler asked, confused on the meaning.

“Definite- but shall we not worry about said 'trip mines' possibly under the leaves?” - Stalin to TCT as he put his phone away.

“Trip mine is so trippy bruh, I’d rather you all hit the griddy with style so we can get past it quicker.” - TCT, hitting the griddy afterwards.

“I’m not dancing.” - Stalin laughed.

“I’m not walking like a crippled person!” - Hitler angrily.

“Come on bruh, show me your griddy.” - TCT, and Stalin nudged Hitler, who stared at him with furious eyes, before Stalin shook his head and then tried to copy TCT. “BRO THAT IS ONE WAY TO HIT THE GRIDDY! OH MY GOD! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH! OH MY FUCKING GOD! OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH! MOM! GET THE CAMERA!”

“Why are you... screaming like that?” Adolf asked as Joseph laughed.

“It’s a reference to one of the most M-L-G memes ever- also, have you seen Eighty-Three by any chance? He must be stuck in 2015 to be honest, there ain’t no way he don’t know what kind of shit he wearing.” - TCT.

“I don’t get any of this humor, yet I find it funny for reasons I do not understand...” - Stalin to TCT.

“Yeah you troll face.” - TCT giggled to Stalin, and suddenly Stalin’s face was like a ‘troll face,’ the meshed flesh disturbing Hitler and making him step back with angry confusion and angry fear. Stalin started to look down and feel his chin, touching it with worry before TCT brought up a golden gauntlet with weed in each of the six slots, snapping the metal and flashing a white light before they all appeared normally on white, tan-like and hole-textured rocks like the moon was lit up in a cartoon. Around was an extremely purple sky along with trees that looked as if they were purple spines, leeching off with crooked branches to form purple coconuts, some coconuts on top of the branch as it went directly up- and they all were heightened. “Wait- this isn’t the ‘end’ I wanted.”

He then snapped again as Hitler looked around, and they soon found themselves back in the forest, looking around.

“What just happened?” - Stalin asked, feeling his face.

“That-Cosmic... you are creepy! That was inhumane...” - Hitler yelled at TCT.

“It was weird...” - Stalin to TCT with a little happiness.

“Igh’...” TCT nodded and smirked before taking one step to feel a trip mine below one crunchy leaf, and he looked down before saying “Aw hell!” and then it exploded, sending him flying as the two dictators fell back and put their hands over their heads.

TCT landed back with his goofy legs all scattered, before doing his dance as he laid on the floor, and then got up, going over to the two dictators.

“Hell on you!” Hitler pointed to TCT as he danced over.

“Uh- okay- when did I ask?” - TCT with a teenager-like voice.

“Hm...” - Stalin as he got up to see Hitler’s face go red with anger.

“Hey Stalin- you should say ‘sheeeeeeeesh.’” - TCT all of a sudden.

“Sheeeeeeeesh?” - Stalin copied and TCT opened his mouth wide and stared, referencing the iconic ‘pog’ face. “And Hitler- listen to this.” He pulls out an MP3 black little phone connected to black headphones, putting them on the confused and frustrated Hitler, and playing ‘Bizet’s Votre Toast’ on a glockenspiel as Hitler was confused as he heard the music from the headphones, putting his hands on them before seeing light from behind Jesus, and they all turned to see Jesus walk within.

“Jesus?! Aren’t you omni-potent, meaning you can’t be within ‘this?’” Hitler smiled and angrily spoke at, trying to disprove Jesus’ stance.

“I am here to transport you two out of this small inconvenience.” Jesus stated before looking to TCT, “I see ThatCosmicThunder has joined you. I shall make the Computer quit and place us all back where we shall need to be...” Jesus stated, then making his arms go up and the universe start to fade to white.

“Damn you!” - The Computer stated in a fade as he came out from behind, but nobody had time to turn around as the universe had already set by the end of his words.

***Oliver hits the griddy.***

Pelosi came down to the school and looked upon the breathing and lively students at lunchtime, once again. She stood atop and looked down from the roof of blue, but her inaudible presence was soon pounded by Ryutyu, sending her essence into blood as her jaw was knocked off and a loud snapping sound occurred. Kids below looked up to the surprised and happy furry in armor, seeing a body fall to its right, blood and teeth falling onto the roof as well as over and down. Nobody screamed, but were bewildered at his essence, before he shrugged, waved down to them all, then took the fire girl’s corpse back and to my village.

“Woah- that was quick...” - Daniel as he saw Ryutyu flash up with the corpse, letting it drool on his driveway as Crow and Qoaiuek stood by the machine with Wilma.

“She didn’t respond fast enough I guess...” - Ryutyu to Daniel.

“SPANTAC-” Qoaiuek started to say with one of his mouths.

“Bruh shut up.” - Daniel stated seriously to him before laughing.

“Hm- BET MY OWN SLIME WITHIN A HOLE! I have a SHUT-UP-INATOR I think you SHOULD DWELL YOUR NEWLY FRAMED VISIONARIES UPON!” - Qoaiuek, pulling out a green railgun, entirely glowing neon green. Also, the machine started to state again something new was inbound, and Ryutyu nodded before rushing off with Pelosi.

“No- I’m good- just use it on yourself.” - Daniel smirked as he checked the machine, his tail waving and making Qoaiuek ponder behind whether to shave off his fur.

“Igh- les’ go.” - Ryutyu as Daniel got up.

“Ight.” Daniel nodded as then Ryutyu darted away with Daniel, soon arriving around the school to find TCT hitting his dance on the school randomly as Ryutyu came upon.

“Aye lad- whatcha' doing here?” - Ryutyu nicely to TCT on the school top.

“Waiting.” - TCT as he then put his right fist up to his chin and left lower arm under the other as if he was a thinker, and then Ryutyu put his right hand into a ‘gun’ style and put it under his chin as he also thought.

“What are you guys doing?” - Daniel funnily asked with a giggle, as then Ryutyu and TCT laughed, his tail wagging from being firm just a second ago.

“Copying him in a different way, lad.” - Ryutyu happily.

“Sure buddy- but anyways- who we gon’ send to the shadow realm today?” - TCT to Ryutyu and Daniel as he crept over.

“Wait- ThatCosmicThunder- I think we picked you up on the machine and that’s why we’re here.” - Daniel to TCT.

“Nah bruh- that nigga is why we’re here.” - TCT as he then pointed over to the young Deandra with Alan the red backpack, sitting and eating a pork sandwhich before looking up to see TCT point with his left index finger.

“Bruh- I think she sees ya.’” - Ryutyu laughed at TCT.

“No shit sherlock!” - TCT laughed with Ryutyu as his tail hypened up.

“Uh- maybe we should-” - Daniel started to say as Deandra put down her sandwhich, the rainbow Orb coming out of the backpack.

“Kill this nigga! VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-” TCT as he pulled his sniper gun out of his left side, it forming and growing into size from molecule-sized proportions, soon growing normal yet long to have the end hole of the gun aiming directly an inch away from Deandra’s face as he shifted it from the right to the left, everybody looking over.

“Wuh-oh.” - Ryutyu surprised as Daniel was intrigued.

The Orb bent back the gun, and made it loosen to fall apart into parts onto the floor below, as TCT smirked and then threw it to the left, before suddenly meshing with a loud noise into a green German tank, his bones and shape twisting with colors into the dynamic vehicle, so he then shot again, and everybody started to scream and run as Deandra dodged to the right and Ryutyu rushed away before coming back with his sword, the Orb rising all the tables and throwing them at Daniel as TCT started to move through the roof and rotate around, dodging the area the tables were coming towards.

“AAAAAAahhhhhhh!” - Daniel as he dodged to the right twice, before tumbling and then having the roof lift up and shoot him to the skies with speed, the Orb no longer lifting anything as the metallics crashed all behind TCT and Ryutyu.

Daniel flew up to the mesosphere, finding himself hard to breath as the wind shuffled on his fur, and he pulled his arms together, not reaching out but gritting his teeth as he flew up and then slowed down before falling back, rotating to see below to clouds more frequent than around him, more blue than black from above- and then he started to fall, fast as his ears caught behind like his tail. He started to fall faster and faster, his skin soon starting to burn as he came down from the mesosphere, but he saw it regrow extremely quick, and he felt the wind gush further and further as he kept his breath high and his teeth ready. Below he started to see the fog of clouds disperse and the land start to rise to view. The school was seemingly below, and around was forestry, homes, a lake, two rivers, the military base, and roads. He kept on approaching towards the school, it going from seemingly a small map-like view to a realistic death. Below he could barely make out what was happening, as Ryutyu flashed around in a blue blur and Deandra did in a black one, sifting up the ground and throwing it around like a malfunctioning tornado. TCT was on the other side of school, shooting his hand out forth and making a million tanks, mostly on top of each other, but also suddenly and randomly spawn all over the other side of the school, and shoot after the Orb, looking like sparks and trails of orange from how Daniel fell, rotating just a smidge. He saw it all come closer, and soon he started to hear sounds of tanks blasting, and the ground raveling up around the blurs. Daniel then saw it go from a good view to a quick one, now the slope of ‘how close it was’ start to speed up like a bilinear slope function. As the wind gusted and started to lower its importance as more sounds came in, Daniel found himself hit right in the parking lot in front of the school, smashing his head and body down to bleed below, but not explode. He flopped around like a ragdoll for a second, his face regenerating, and soon got up to hear people driving away, screaming, and the alarms sounding. He looked around as he got up, un-pain-stricken but dazzled, and soon felt that the front of his clothes had burned slightly, and he needed new ones that were not mainly ash or on fire still.

“Woo... sheesh...” - Daniel almost calmly as he dusted it off.

“Alrighty- let me set this up...” - Oliver to Wilma inside the school’s gym as she stood on the right, watching him put on the Humanitor, and it enclosed the school, including Deandra as she fell onto the roof and Ryutyu rushed inside.

“Oh- crap! They making this real-lento...” - Deandra as she scampered away with Alan pulling out a gun as she was still young.

Deandra hopped down onto the circle of lunch tables now non-existent, and started to enter inside, bringing out her violin and playing as Alan carefully pointed around. Deandra saw the destruction of the building, ash and rubbel near the entrance as soil piled up front, and she heard Ryutyu then rush towards her, and bash her into blood, as Alan shot randomly, but obviously missed before Ryutyu circled the school and grabbed the gun to then shoot him.

“Aye, sorry lads- the Humanitor is just such an advantage for me...” - Ryutyu to the corpses, one shattered and the other one slightly jittering.

Ryutyu then rushed away to Wilma and Oliver, who were listening for him, till they were surprised by his speed in, and also Daniel coming shortly behind.

“Goofy-ah ball can’t live under Humanitor.” - TCT as he came forth, holding the rainbow, un-glowing ball in his hands- the Orb silent.

“Ya’- also I got Deandra and thy backpack.” - Ryutyu, “Are ya’ gonna’ put em’ in prison or should I give them to Eighty-Three and see how he handles em?’”

“I’ll take them off Eighty-Three's hands if he has a lot.” - Oliver to Ryutyu as they made eye-contact well, and Wilma was a bit relieved.

“Aye, Oliver.” - Ryutyu nodded happily before rushing off, and they were left to themselves for a second before gunshots blasted around, and Ryutyu rushed back. “Aye lads- thy Steel Terrorists are here!”

“I’ll distract!” - Daniel lifted his right index finger up before heading out as TCT followed.

Daniel came forth to see many crowds of Steel Terrorists coming down with guns, throwing them up and shooting at Daniel and TCT. Daniel’s skin reformed and almost ate the bullets as they just bounced off TCT, and Daniel looked to him with confusion.

“ThatCosmicThunder- do something funny to stop them... or something!” - Daniel as put his hands up and tried blocking the bullets as if they were water he did not like.

“No, I don’t think I will.” - TCT shrugged as they came closer, before they rammed down TCT and Daniel, and came forth to find the others and the Humanitor gone, the shield moving and not enclosing the school after a little bit, but rather the forest.

Daniel started to get up with TCT, looking to him with a bit of a laugh as he saw the Steel Terrorist look back and then start away towards the tennis court.

“Really bruh? Could’ve said anything- like... turned into a ‘moai’ and pushed them back with a loud noise or something, but instead you just gotta’ reference... whatever...” - Daniel as TCT looked to him with a smirk.

“Goofy-ah, I can’t just pull out the nine, Jamal." - TCT laughed.

“I’m sure you could, but... hey... Ryutyu is overpowered, so I guess we really didn’t have to do anything...” - Daniel as he walked forwards to hear a violin rapidly playing. “Aw no- they didn’t...”

“Me when the uh me when uh the when uh me when me when uh when it when uh....” - TCT as Deandra came around the corner, not young anymore, with Alan hopping around, shooting a shot at Daniel, and his head soaking it in and regenerating over the shot already in his head, keeping it in there.

Deandra then played her violin, and Daniel exploded, TCT being thrusted away with a loud microphone-broken-sounding scream, banging past the lunchroom and into the forest as Ryutyu came back with Oliver and Wilma, the Humanitor also, seeing TCT land like a ragdoll in the forest, not burning nor dead.

Deandra came forth to see Daniel’s explosion of life killed all his DNA, and henceforth it could not replicate. As she approached with the red backpack, the Orb came over from the dust and rubble and blood.

“Wuh-oh! Look at these dunny, unfunnies!” - the Orb as he came to Deandra right, and Alan was on the left, seeing back to the lights go red from the wall, and slowly come red closer to Deandra like it was a slope and all the lights were connected.

I stood behind with The DRC Man shining and Gustavo sitting, before the lights flickered, and Chinua plus Kioshi plus Oyur plus Ejnare plus Khnebish were around the DRC man hitting his pose as I had my arms long and black upon the floor heading back. It looked cinematic really, but Deandra started to play her violin before the Humanitor shield came upon, shutting off The Orb, making Alan shoot at the DRC Man and watch it crash into pieces, as Deandra had the red glitch form over her violin and looked down with worry.

“Shit.” - Deandra as she looked forwards to Chinua blasting her with a minigun, and she ducked to the side as Alan just fell dead with blood. Deandra started to get up with concern towards the situation before she looked around the corner, and everybody was gone suddenly. Then the universe reset.

Suddenly we were all back in the house, and Ejnare chuckled.

“Damn Computer tried a game at the wrong moment...” - He stated to Chinua.

“Yeah... the light flickering was cool though, thanks Eighty-Three.” - Chinua to me and I nodded as I got up, my boots and gloves on.

“Damn shit got shit-on by the script.” - Oyur stated to himself as he got up, and then Ryutyu along with Oliver there, standing started to speak.

“Aye-” He stated before we were suddenly in another game. Everyone but me, The DRC Man, Gustavo, and Wilma.

“The Computer is really devious right now...” - Gustavo to all of us, his ‘man’ being the Computer as he got up with me and started to walk away as I did after looking back for a second, seeing the couches go back to normality from everyone sitting on their cushions. Wilma then looked at her tails before shrugging and going away as well.

“Hey Gustavo- I'm quite sure he’s always devious.” - The DRC Man chuckled.

Oliver was in front of the pillar-like-standing people, not in any alignment but randomly in a crowd behind. Everyone was in a crunched A-pose, and started to relieve themselves as they looked around the orange sky with white clouds all around, themselves standing on one very wide and long to the horizon. Teressa, Jared, and Crow looked around to see themselves with the other kids.

“Ah shit- The Compute got the bird-named nigga now.” - Oyur told to everyone firstly. Crow was not delighted by this comment as Daniel and Ejnare chuckled with Ryutyu and Chinua.

“Bro, chill!” - Daniel to Oyur as his ears went down.

“Yeah, Oyur- stop with bad language.” - Chinua laughed a little.

“Hell naw- I gotta’ yell so you shits know my ways. I mean, look at this fucktard of a place.” - Oyur as he saw the Computer come down.

“Hello everybody, it is me, the computer once again- I have come to state that all of you will be playing a game, once again. This one is creative, I call it ‘Portal Dasher.’ You must transport items to a box filled with holes, filling those holes with the placeable objects that may range from a cube to a calendar. You will have a time limit, as well as environments and such enemies within, so good luck.” - Computer.

“’Creative’ he says.” - Ejnare rolled his eyes within a mumble.

Daniel looked to Crow before Oyur, and got out his phone. He started to text on his bee phone to Crow, and he texted back as Ryutyu and Oliver spoke.

“Aye mate- thy games are now coming back to relevancy, sadly...” - Ryutyu.

“Hm... alrighty, well... I guess we shall start.” - Oliver as he looked to see a timer of twenty minutes as there was a portal opening right in front, orange and square. The portal led to another cloud with four other portals, different colors and more environments.

“We’re gonna’ have to split into teams...” - Daniel stated as he came forwards.

“I’m on Daniel’s team.” - Oyur stated almost instantly after.

“Alrighty- (He sees the timer start to tick down,) quickly- Chinua and Ejnare, you shall be on your own team if you wish, as we need four for the four portals here. Khenbish and Teressa go with Ryutyu and Daniel and Oyur, if you want- and then Jared and... (Daniel states “Crow,”) Crow, come with me, if you want. And finally- Kioshi, would you like to be alone or be on a team?” - Oliver nicely to all, and Kioshi nodded to go to the last portal, there being an enviroment of one-inch water with thundering purple clouds above, and light blue glowing snow around red glowing mountains upon a floor of neon yellow.

“Aye lads- let’s-a go.” - Ryutyu as he went forth to the third portal from the left, the enviroment being a swiveling tree space. Oliver nodded to Crow and Jared, taking them to the first portal with an environment of sand and an orange sky above. Then Chinua and Ejnare looked at each other before going to the second portal, and there was an environment of galaxies in orbs around as space was inbound a giant white bubble-like water force-field.

Ejnare and Chinua went forth, floating through, and seeing around to the many galaxies within bubbles. They saw forth to a portal at the end, but many bubbles around were galaxies of different lights, and they swung around randomly, making Chinua and Ejnare look around for anything abnormal.

“Do you think there objects in bubbles?” - Chinua.

“Maybe... but, hey- lift me above- they don’t go higher than some point.” Ejnare pointed up with his left hand. Chinua then proceeded to grab Ejnare by his upper torso and throw him up with her left veiny arm, his essence crashing through a bubble as it came over slowly and he floated up a little fast and went right through it like it was a hologram, looking below as Chinua tried to mimic swimming up.

“Sheesh- hope I don’t go too high...” - Ejnare as he looked around, soon seeing quite quickly instead of a galaxy with different colors of stars. He saw a glowing white cube, un-ordinarily in a bubble floating way off. He tried swimming over, but space kept him going up, till he turned himself upside down, and then hit the bubble with his paws and bounced off like it was a trampoline, heading a bit off the bubble and hitting back onto the trampoline-like forcefield as Chinua saw him bounce around.

“Hey Eighty-Three, I SHRUNK NORTH KOREA DOWN TO THE SIZE OF A TENNIS BALL!” - The DRC Man as he came through a portal, a hill with an ocean elsewhere, as tough people followed, and so did some scientists. He held the entirety of North Korea in his hands, the shape thin as the portal closed the South Korean border away.

“Nice.” - Me as people gathered around to see the North Korea shape with green.

“Wait- what? How?” - Gustavoa as he was next to me on my right.

“I recently just bought a shrink-gun from Qoaiuek above, just a few minutes ago.” - I told Gustavo as The DRC Man nodded and then thrusted North Korea down onto the floor, watching it break, with dusty soil going everywhere in an area of small proportion.

“Dang bruh.” - Gustavo as then Cawo gave him the gun and he looked to it.

“He does sell quite the weird and fictionally-basic stuff for real money...” - Me as people started to disperse away as Gustavo pointed the shrink-gun at them and chuckled.

“I’m gonna’ go show this to the people, is that okay?” - Gustavo.

“Sure.” I nodded as he headed away and so did the people, me and The DRC Man hitting our pose as everybody left away, having elsewhere to be from our office.

“Hey Eighty-Three, let’s cause the third German Riech!” - The DRC Man suddenly in the incoming silence as the lunchroom filled up.

“Alrighty.” - Me to the DRC Man on the German Riech.

“Heh- I like how you have no difference against what I randomly say- I was joking, but we could grab a few inmates I guess...” - The DRC Man before I made a portal with my portal gun out to Germany’s capital, Berlin.

But just before The DRC Man could walk in, my ears flicked up and I heard a portalis open, giving way to Heru, Eraoa, Elijah, Alan, and even Deandra. Then the Orb went “Psst” in my left cat ear.

“Hold on, DRC- I must go. In the time you can create another video if you want, I might be gone for a while...” - I told, then closing the portal with an arm from under my dress, soon all my arms coming out and lifting up their fists as I then rushed away, and The DRC man nodded as he also started to sprint towards the lunchroom.

I rallied up towards the group as they told Deandra to go to Wilma, who was meditating in Daniel’s backyard. As she was under a tree, Deandra went over with a few bar lines, before I then came over to find Heru turning to Alan as he spoke.

“-that Eighty-Three will-” Alan before he twisted to see me rush up.

“Hello everybody...” I spoke to all there, everybody now dawning their eyes on me before the Orb came out of my left ear, enlarging to show his true form.

“Fucking bitch...” - Heru before Elijah would have spoken.

“Mm- Orb... why are you here?” - Alan as he saw forth to the Orb.

“To do a little trolling.” - The Orb as he stood on the road, my ears lifting to hear Angelica make a video inside her home, and Geurnf work on another project for a toothbrush, as elsewhere I heard Gustavo coming up, activating buttons on the wall to get through the opening brick wall and past. “HEHEHEHEHEHEHAHAHAHA!”

“Eighty-Three... you know why we’re here. Let our friends go...” - Eraoa, stepping forth to Heru as he formed a stop sign with his eyes going red.

“Did you tell everyone?” I asked Eraoa as Alan looked at me.

“No- I don’t know why exactly I’m here except that I’m help.” - Alan funnily.

“No- but I will contact Ryutyu, and the kids if you don’t let go of Hadiza and the others...” - Eraoa as Gustavo came up. I heard Deandra talking to Wilma about cocaine now, as Wilma was hard-minded on meditating currently.

I sighed as Gustavo smiled. “We all know how this story goes; it has been told a thousand times in all types of media... Either you tell everybody, and we all fight for one last time, or we drain this down our entire lives till most of us are dead. There is no need to burn our souls in this time- we all have better things to do.” - I told before Heru interrupted, his wings springing out.

“I don’t. I’ve been walking around in circles, ready to kill your fucking-dumbass.” - Heru as he looked to the Orb with Elijah. “And I don’t want a fucking blood-deal anymore- I want you dead- it's my purpose and you’ve tried ruining it for too long now.”

“We all have powers. The Computer is above- (I point up with my left glove without looking up, and they all see the Computer start to go un-transparent,) the Orb is here, and my cat is great. I have two rainbow-energized friends, not counting Wilma, and I have my darkness-powered self as well as an abnormal cat, a metallic man, and possibly a kid with the best sniper’s aim. You have an energy-powered boy called Heru, Deandra who is limited, two darkness beings that I have possibly more experience against, a woman with metallic arms, and a backpack with a gun currently. The battle here is powerful, but... unneeded. I would like to state that we all need to leave this away- we all can pursue against each other quite eagerly and powerfully, so we need to drop this... situation. I would hate to kill all my friends, they are meaningful to me.” - Me.

“But you’d also torture ours?” - Eraoa.

“Hadiza is personal, The Plague Doctor is un-needed, and Alan’s friend is long-gone.” - Me, Alan pointing his gun from the cat to me.

“When we get Wilma over here, you’ll die before you can touch anybody.” - Eraoa.

“Then what? After the war, if one side wins- what will happen? The universe will reset and the Steel Terrorists might come in to revive us...” - I started to tell.

“Doesn’t matter- we'll send your body to another universe and you’ll be dead forever...” - Elijah spoke up as Eraoa came back to his side.

“I wish that could happen, but we all know how it has been for so long...” - Me.

“I started this, Eighty-Three. I’m going to end it. I’m going to kill you for one last time, and then I will be complete.” - Heru.

“Then you will have nothing to do.” - Me to Heru. “You already killed me and held me in your hands, I gave myself away.”

“Wait- what? The game wasn’t still on!?” - Alan to Heru.

“No. Heru lied because he... has a purpose without a reward. But... I understand I have been a bad person, I read the entirety of the first bible, I know all sins. I guess... we should offer ourselves a deal instead of going to warfare...” - Me.

“I’ll have nothing to lose after I kill you.” - Heru.

“What?” - Gustavo laughed at Heru.

“No, it makes sense, Gustavo. I see the dynamics here, I understand the socials. The tension is high, and I... (I breath long and loudly,) need to fix it for you, Heru- by giving you a choice. I remember reading upon Oliver’s book of physics a machine that blocks Torment waves- there is only one per universe. If you get me the machine, I can trust you. From the start of one little quest that may or may not matter, we can start new, and meet each other as friends rather than enemies. I can give you a better life- we could start a business and sell, make a trade like Qoaiuek with Wilma and others- to many universes on a multiversal level, becoming important rather than just another universe with a similar story to many others, because our story here is one of a million.” I stated, holding out my right hand, “I know this is sudden, the voices in my head just came up with the idea from a song I randomly just remembered, and I think it would be great... if you stopped hating me, and we just started to be friends. All of us. I will give back your friends if you get the machine-” - Me as my tail curled like Gustavo’s.

“Why do you want the machine?” - Elijah confusedly as Eraoa was too.

“I have a theory on the new friends of mine, but back to what matters- we should drop all this. We should start a friendly trade, where we all join and help out instead of fighting over and over again, trying to reach some goal that barely exists. I will stop fighting you, The Orb can go to another universe if he wants, the Computer can chill off, and Wilma could receive more help for her cocaine addiction, just like she is getting from Deandra now- but it all starts with you, Heru. Can we just end this before it hurts us all? All you have to do is shake my hand, get the machine, and we can start living happier in peace without tension... plus you can wear the maid suit without my consent...” - I told.

“Bruh...” - Elijah laughed at Eraoa nudged him with massive concern.

Heru’s eyes went from red and looked down to my glove. He looked to me after a few seconds before taking a step back, mumbling, “Fuck you...” and then opening a portal to a house’s front door with rain under a dark blue sky, the rain coming onto the road a little. He stopped as everybody was silent, seeing him go forth.

“And what happens if he doesn’t get the machine?” - Alan.

“And how can we trust you, Orb, and the Computer?” - Elijah.

“Well, if you fail, Heru- then we all still drop this tension and threat. We all hate this, and we all need to just let everything go on without putting everything in danger, alrighty? We all have values here we will not give up, so let us all be nice and not test each others. Now- Rainbow Orb, can you promise?” - I told, letting there be silence before the question to The Rainbow Orb.

“Sure. I mean, no funny-fun-fun, no me. I’ll just head out.” - Orb.

“I can make a game where if Heru puts the machine in your hands, I must leave the universe.” - The Computer stated to us all.

“Uh- let’s not have that...” - Elijah funnily.

“Well, if he does succeed and any of us act up, I am sure everything will fall back into chaos, or that person will be executed quickly- so let us all be nice, please. Now, Heru... go and finish what you started.” I told nicely and he nodded away.

We all stood in silence, staring at each other, waiting for words.

“Now what?” - Gustavo to me, looking up.

“We can all leave now, and hope Heru does the best...” - Me clasping my hands as The Computer faded away, and the Orb made a portalis away, me and Gustavo starting to walk towards my home again, entering the front yard.

The other side of my so-called foes exited away towards Daniel’s backyard, making a staircase out of darkness to contact Wilma and Deandra as they sat down on the grass and meditated together.

“Woo... (I puff my cheeks and blow out in my mask, it copying how my mouth went,) That did not go as expected. It went better than expected.” - Me as Gustavo looked to me.

“I guess- but working it out with a business offer to start a new company? Really?” Gustavo chuckled as I also chuckled.

“Well... I mean, Heru does have nothing else but me. His purpose is to kill me, and he already did, so now... I have to come up with a way for him to feel more important than he already was, henceforth doing trade on a multiversal level is better because mainly we have all been in this universe trying to trade my corpse for money, so getting out there and doing something other than our story will be much more better since many of my versions probably already underwent this exact scenario, because it is a multiverse- but that probably also means they already started a trade, so we will see how it goes...” - Me.

“Alrighty, Eighty-Three, whatever you say.” - Gustavo nodded as I then entered away.

“Hey Eighty-Three- let's go racially kill every Australian.” - The DRC Man to me as I entered to my office to see him just sitting there on my chair, somehow doing his pose.

“Okay.” I nodded as Gustavo laughed at his comment, and henceforth let us switch to the next scene where we were on top of a light-green grassy hill, looking down upon Norseman, in Western Australia, where there was sand and basalt-black stones below near the road as some people saw up to us, before I thrusted my hands up, and darkness wrapped around each home, crushing them until they exploded the land and shot pipes out at those outside, impaling them through their heads and knocking them to death on their knees as The DRC Man hit his pose definitely.

Ryutyu looked towards the stone pillar of a Greek, on top being a glowing blue orb, exalting a mass of sound that showed how gravity effected the dust around to swirl. But the cave was dangerous, as metallic spikes were randomly around and short, parts of the ground were camouflaged the sand and slight grasses of the sandy cave, and there were yellow lights above, with fireflies, and obvious sign to Oliver that there were traps.

“Thy is a trapped-cave...” - Ryutyu as he crept forth, looking down for any hidden pressure plates, as well as at the walls for lasers or pipes.

“Shit negro- we went from a fucking Kovorblox obby- TWICE- to now an Indiana-Jones-reference...” - Oyur as Daniel followed behind.

“Aye lads, true- but keep quiet though...” - Ryutyu as he stopped and looked down to a pressure plate, stepping to the left on the wall, budging sand down onto it, staying still, and then moving more. “There be traps everywhere...”

“Why don’t ya' bitch-ass come back and let me just thrust my fucking roots through and grab it?” - Oyur stated to them, and Ryutyu looked back.

“Aye lad- then do it carefully- don't want ya’ dying, don’t know if we die for good or not...” - Ryutyu as Oyur nodded and he let his right-hand roots go out, extending past to then wrap around the orb, and bring it back without much care for the sand falling off. Ryutyu started to move towards the safety of a white platform in the sky behind.

“See? Fucking dumbasses...” - Oyur as Ryutyu's tail was straight and stricken.

“Well, Ryutyu could’ve dashed too, but hey...” - Daniel shrugged.

“Aye- true, Daniel- ya'll good thinkers!” - Ryutyu happily to Daniel, making him smile and his tail wave a bit more.

“Now what do we do? Go back?” - Daniel to Ryutyu.

“I guess so- thy is last portal.” Ryutyu told them.

“Ight- rush us back then.” - Oyur to Ryutyu as he looked to the blue sky behind.

Elsewhere, Oliver, Jared, and Crow shot away. Crow used his pistol shining under the red sun as Oliver used his red pen, and Jared used a yellow pen, smashing and bashing them away as he yelled in a vibrating voice of attack.

“Well, Crow- you have talent being able to text whilst shooting these monsters.” Oliver told as they backed each other up on a hill, shooting at the giant red crabs who exploded into ketchup as they got their orange shells cracked. Crow nodded and with his left hand was still typing in the Accord server.

“AAAAAAAAAAAwaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” - Jared as he bashed the crabs down and watched the ketchup, not blood, splatter back on enemies that raised their claws to bang him down, but he swiped them away, letting them fall sideways and then on their heads, cracking them open and splattering ketchup sometimes Jared licked from his lips. Jared started to go in one direction, firmly forwards from the portal, seeing a cave.

“Follow Jared- he's going the right way!” Oliver told Crow as Crow nodded, and then they were off, shooting and watched the entirety of crab explode their shell and watch it melt into ketchup, spreading the floor with flavor.

As Jared bashed through with a rush, Oliver and Crow started to sprint with him, the tall boy having an advantage over the wide yet not tall-enough crabs who were three feet. His purple eye darted around as he licked ketchup from his lips again, the fluid piled on the shield and rubbing down as drops went over and fell into his black hair.

Jared soon made it to the hill, seeing back to the hoard of infinite crabs coming from around the horizons and onto the basalts of the rocky black ground. He went up the hill and tripped instantly over a lever just right at the darkness, which popped out an orange triangle nearby Oliver’s shoes. He looked down, shot four others, then picked it up, and shot nearby crabs near Jared as he came down, surfing on the shield as he held the pen a little weirdly in his white wrists. Oliver then allowed Crow to make way, their ammo not running out.

“Our suddenly-infinite ammo makes no sense, but I’ll take it since it’s a game...” - Oliver as Crow made it back, and they all jumped through, seeing the crabs stop and not put their claws forth.

“WOOOOOOOOOO! YEAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” - Jared.

“Alrighty, Jared- and Crow- great job. Let’s go back I guess...” - Oliver quickly.

Else-elsewhere, Kioshi was abundant in essence. He traveled in a hallway, with green carpeting, yellow-pale and repeating walls, above white flickering lights, and the roof a moldy and gross-dusty wood. He took every step lightly, seeing around to each door of brown, each window broken in its square frame above the rusty metallic iron doorknob. Kioshi saw one door open though, crying emerging from inside. As the lights blazed in buzzing above, the crying made it more uncomfortable.

Kioshi had his spider arms out, and crept around to see a very skinny black man, Perusian black, not like Kioshi, but he had no hair, brown hair, was facing towards the window to the abyss, and had a white t-shirt with blue jeans on, and blue socks, as his hotel-like room was dirty and dusty, the television cracked, the floor moldy, and the window scratched. Kioshi tip-toed to the left five feet, before looking up.

“Why have you brought my father here, Computer?” He asked frustratedly.

“The Red Glitch did- all I did was make the idea, and then randomly generate levels for it- here are those levels.” - The Computer coming to phase in from the ceiling, before he left away, and Kioshi was a bit discouraged. He breathed in tightly before walking down the hall to find all doors locked and unbudging, and he kept quiet, before realizing, and entering back into the room, soon standing before his father three feet away.

“My auto-generated father- which is dead in real life- Mr. Siente... where is the object I must look for?” Kioshi asked seriously, his chin down to his father as the slim old man crept around to look at him.

“I may be generated for this game, but I am real with memories...” - Mr. Siente stated to Kioshi, standing up, “And I still hate you for our family’s misfortune.”

“Now is not the time, father. Tell me where the object is.” - Kioshi.

“Inside my stomach. I will only throw it up if-” Mr. Siente started to say before Kioshi thrusted up his top right arm into his mouth and then used to others to punch into his stomach, rip the flesh out, then hear his choking as Kioshi used his arms to rip out the stomach, and then rip that open and pull out a green-glowing cylinder. Kioshi then looked up to the man with anger, picking up the bloody cylinder and letting go of his flesh. “By all means... I knew you were going to do that...”

“Goodbye, father...” - Kioshi leaving Mr. Siente to stand tall and bleed out.

“I may be dead, but sadness will find you soon.” Mr. Siente as Kioshi walked away.

Mr. Siente then fell to the floor, and Kioshi heard the thump, stopping, and sighing, before leaving away with some anger, tightening his grip on the cylinder.

Kioshi walked through the alleyway of the halls, then through an alleyway very long with trains in the distance, then through a jungle, and finally back to the start where everybody found a box, and placed their object in easily like it was a child’s toy. They all looked to see Kioshi’s bloody hands silently place in the last object, and suddenly everything faded to green, suddenly placing them all back in my living room, including Khenbish and Teressa who were dead. Kioshi’s hands were also cleaned.

***Playing instruments?***

Oliver waved goodbye to Ryutyu, Daniel, and Angelica as he headed out from Angelica’s home and into a portal, saying “Alrighty- goodbye!”

“Aye bruv- have a good one!” - British furry named Ryutyu. “Anyways- I gotta’ go eat lunch, wanna’ join?”

“I was planning on cooking spaghetti for Daniel... if you want...” - Angelica to Daniel.

“Uh- I’ll just stay with Angelica on this one, lad.” - Daniel to Ryutyu as he nodded and then flashed away to me preparing brownies as I had placed red jelly, watermelon slices, and peanut-jelly sandwhiches around.

“Aye, thanks Eighty-Three...” - Ryutyu as he munched on the sandwhich and I was still smiling, my tail copying his as I looked over.

“You are welcome...” I stated happily and nicely over.

I looked back to the brownies in the oven, heating up, as my ears heard every sizzle and pop on the fudgy browns, as well as each tooth of Ryutyu move up and down within his jaw, the peanut jelly and bread go slushily onto his tongue and down his wet throat.

Then we disappeared, and his sandwich fell to the floor after tipping on the table.

We suddenly were placed in band chairs, black and metallic, sitting firmly and up with some kids. Angelica, Daniel, Chinua, Kioshi, Oyur, and Geurnf sat with us, all in random chairs in random places amongst the hemi-spherical wooden place above many other black band chairs below, in random places, as red curtains were the walls, and darkness was all behind. My ears also had a red glitch take effect, and I could hear less.

“Bruh- me and Angelica are gonna’ miss out on spaghetti!” - Daniel to Angelica sadly, his tail going straight up like his ears as he was a bit frustrated.

“Aww...” - Angelica sadly as she looked around to see white stadium lights above, shining white down very ambiently as the rest of the room was echo-ey.

“Aye, Computer, ya’ gotta’ chill with the games- this isn’t thy pre-femboy-Eighty-Three-era.” - Ryutyu as I chuckled after his comment.

“I know, Ryutyu- but I must! This game-” The Computer.

“No, your dumb-fucking-ass doesn’t have to give a damn-shit game against us, just fuck off!” Oyur angrily as Chinua nodded, looking around for Ejnare.

“No- I don't think I will.” - The Computer as then Daniel chuckled.

“Man- you stole that from ThatCosmicThunder.” - Daniel to the Computer.

“Yes, I heard him say it. Anyways, this game is a show. Play an instrument of your choosing within the back stage, and you will have twenty minutes to complete a short song you will hopefully be practicing upon one of the books also in back, (Daniel gets up and yawns, standing up now,) till the lights dim, and then you will be told to enter one a time for the judges.” - The Computer.

“Intriguing game, ain’t like thy others ya’ done.” - Ryutyu nodded.

“Yes, and do not worry. The Red Glitch has stated that the majority of you must succeed in order to not all die permanently, so good luck.” - The Computer, phasing away as we came to see the stage lit and the audience zero.

I got up with Daniel and Ryutyu, looking around as everybody else then got up and looked around, a bit confused to us.

“Backstage, he said...” - Daniel, twisting around and heading backstage with Angelica first and then everybody else as they looked around silently, going down the three stairs to find behind a concrete room with no exits, but very large and with many instruments having books of red on the floor a foot right from each, each instrument randomly around and rotated, at least five feet away from each other and on the ground. “Hm... I’ll take the trombone... because... hey Eighty-Three, have you found anything on George yet?”

“No.” - Me to Daniel on George’s place once again.

“Why not? Didn’t you put trackers on us all- and can’t you just get Wilma to make a portal or something to George?” - Daniel nicely talked to me with a bit of confusion.

“No, we cannot. The Red Glitch has stopped me, and if a being just leaves, they just leave. Mainly I wish not to chase those people down, because it gets hefty or dangerous, and like Erua, sometimes they do such to become unfindable. So, maybe whence tonight comes I will ask again, but right now, I do not know where George could be. I predict that maybe he was stolen and is on his own journey or is dead, but hopefully with time the Red Glitch will allow us to search...” - I told Daniel as everyone listened up.

“The Red Glitch- damn him, he sounds like a fucking cope for the universe.” - Oyur.

“Truly, as in a story-perspective from a third-person view on what I have been through, past moments do feel like they are just random or made to inspire an idea. Just saying.” - Me as I shrugged, seeing up to a black alarm clock with red text going down from ‘20:00’ now.

“Damn bruh- why you trying to break the fucking fourth wall already? Like chill bruh, ain’t no way...” - Oyur with a smile like Daniel was growing.

“True, lad.” - Ryutyu chuckled with Oyur as Daniel picked up the trombone, inspecting the mouthpiece of shiny metallic white. All other instruments had mouthpieces.

“I have no idea if we are inside a television show or comic, but I think that, looking back and thinking about the past, it really feels and looks like some sort of story made me the main character survive way too many situations that should have been instant-wins for Heru and allies- and henceforth somehow I am alive currently.” - Me, lowering down.

“Edgy-dumbass-bastard.” - Oyur as Daniel chuckled.

“Bruhhh....” - Daniel as Ryutyu nudged me, his tail wagging happily.

“I will take the piano. I memorize quite well.” - I chuckled over.

“Obviously- I’ll... uh...” Oyur looking around as Daniel made the first noise, blasting away, and Angelica laughed a little at how new and bad he was.

“Why is there organ here?” - Chinua asked.

"Cause’ everything is here.” - Geurnf to Chinua, going over to the banjo.

“What shoul’ I play, lad?” - Ryutyu to me as I sat down on the grand piano of gold.

“Something strong, famous, and tough yet nice...” - Me.

“Like what? Thy tuba?” - Ryutyu as he saw a tuba.

“Mm... maybe a trumpet- although that is not strong, it is nice-sounding in orchestras, and I am sure with your breath you could easily play that quickly.” - Me.

Ryutyu nodded and went over, picking up the book, and looking at the picture instructions, before rushing to flip the pages and soon be done with it. He then rushed to play the instrument, making a very quick and almost demonic-sounding sound as he played in his slow-motion-senses. Everybody stopped and looked over.

“Oh- sorry lads...” - Ryutyu laughed as then Daniel and Geurnf did.

Geurnf then saw Chinua look around, uninterested in anything. Geurnf then came over to Chinua as she stood there, watching Kioshi pick up a harmonica and go.

“Hey, Chinua- you look like you need some help with discovering what’s right for you...” - Geurnf to Chinua as she looked over quickly and embarressed.

“I... yes, I not know what I want...” - Chinua as she saw Angelica go over with Oyur to the organ and press down on it as everybody practiced getting a tune and playing with their instruments, as I played Mozart’s 7th symphony.

“Don’t worry- if nothing looks right, I’ll teach you the entire banjo-setup, seems like we got a few different kind of stringed-instruments around... so... harp? Erhu? Uh- weird-looking-guitar?” - Geurnf as her tail shook rapidly.

“Weird-looking-guitar.” - Chinua giggled, picking the weird instrument up.

“Alright- really doesn’t matter what choice, other than you got one- really, it’s like jobs. Don’t matter what you got, only if you get paid... unless you’re a terrorist, or a federal businessman of evil sorts- then that’s more moral stuff I ain’t on...” - Geurnf.

“Okay...” - Chinua as she nodded to Geurnf playing the banjo, as then she heard Oyur beating on different drums, specifically one called the ‘Steel Drums,’ sounding with aquatic features that came into mind.

“Alright- so I dunno’ how any of this works, but we got small time. So, simple rhythm, infinite song. No need for note names or chords, just copy from the book.” - Geurnf pointed towards, and Chinua picked it up, looking towards it.

“Alright...” - Chinua as she looked into the weird-guitar's book/

“Try... uh... line nine. That has a rthyme I think we’ll be better than playing the same note over and over...” - Geurnf pointed and Chinua nodded.

“Okay...” - Chinua nodded, and Geurnf helped her out.

Heru. He was doing something quite important. He made a portal to the house, and went forth, his head on the door as he closed his eyes, looking down as the rain fell behind, and he felt the entirety of our story swelling up on his clenching hands, the sign in his right, and facing towards the door. He then took a step back with his left triangular shoe, and opened a portalis right beyond the door, and inch away from it outside. He walked through, his boots not wet nor his hair, as he made all water turn to oxygen, just by blinking his eyes as he looked around the white walls with brown wooden floors, and a green-popcorn-like ceiling with black fans and white lighting, currently shut off. But a small red glitch formed in the air just in front of the door at the end of the hallway, inspiring Heru to look closer and come towards it.

Heru then stepped forwards, his mind racing as he saw a door straight down the hallway, to the right a large living room with white pillars and a pool outside with floaties inside, whilst on the right was a kitchen, all without carpeting. Heru went up to the door as he looked around, hearing nothing but the echo of his steps before he reached it, opened the golden doorknob, and looked forwards to the room. It was ThatCosmicThunder’s room, with his computer and laptop on a black desk just to the right, with a window on the left and his bed. The light was off and so were the machines, only little lights showing orange as the machines were on ‘sleep’ mode. Heru looked around, soon finding the machine in the corner of the room, just sitting there and off.

“That’s it... right there... no shit-hate... no more goddamn battles... the fucking end is right here... for everyone, even Eighty-Fucking-Three...” - Heru as he started to walk forwards.

“Um, excuse me, what the actual fuck are you doing in my house?” - TCT as he came phasing from the wall to the right, clasping his hands first before widening his arms out and being very casual to Heru as his eyes went red.

Heru then thrusted his stop sign into TCT’s head, bashing him back through the wall and outside to the rain and grassy backyard, just a little aways from the black-netted pool frame, just before the wooden fence as well. TCT scrambled up, his bones jittering right before he hit back into an A-pose, seeing Heru come out with the stop sign, smashing right and left at quick speeds as TCT bent his back inhumanely to not get slashed down.

“I HATE YOU! I HATE EVERYONE! I FUCKING NEED TO KILL EIGHTY-THREE, AND YOU’RE IN MY WAY! YOU’RE A FUCKING BITCH! A NIGGER-ASS BITCH! DIE! FUCKING-FUCK, DIE! FUCK YOU!” - Heru in a rage as TCT jumped back, still smirking.

“You ain’t red-pilled, my man- just chill down.” - TCT funnily.

“NO! FUCK YOU! FUCK HIS SMILE! FUCK YOUR SMIRK! FUCK EVERYONE!” - Heru as his stop sign became rainbow and still TCT did funny motions to back away.

“Bro thinks he’s the ‘Top G.’” - TCT as the universe started to reset over Heru’s angry screeches and sounds.

Back at the game, twenty-minutes had gone down, and Kioshi was up to play. In front of my parents with stern faces, and my brothers with discontent faces, they held clipboards, even my baby brother, with a pencil, writing down things about Kioshi playing a small tune for thirty seconds. They then nodded and all stated at the same time, “Next.”

“You gon’ be okay?” Ryutyu asked me as I pushed up the piano, and I said not a word to him, going up the stairs with Ryutyu helping me, before we placed it down, he backed off stage, and I sat down, instantly going to play Mozart’s 4th symphony without a word.

During playing those ten minutes, on the eight, the universe started to reset.

“Damnit- those Steel Terrorists are quite the randoms with our script!” - The Computer echoed as everybody grew a relief upon their faces.

We all landed back at the couch.

***Quieting down actions...***

Heru came back upon Alan, Eraoa, The Orb, Elijah, and The Computer at their table. Through a portal, they looked over with wonder before discourage, seeing his eyes red and his hands clenched on the stop sign of rainbow-ness. Behind him was a map of Ohio, the land yellow and the waters light blue, every city marked with a red box and black text explaining their name.

“What’s behind you?” - Alan asked after speaking to The Computer.

“Whatever the fuck ThatCosmicShit put me through...” - Heru as he came forwards, before dropping his stop sign and pointing at Eraoa, “But I am going to state only once, only FUCKING ONCE! It is MY JOB- ONLY MY JOB, ONLY MY GODDAMN PURPOSE TO KILL EIGHTY-THREE! I WILL KILL EIGHTY-THREE, AND ANYBODY WHO TRIES DOING THAT BEFORE OR STOPPING ME- I WILL SCREW YOU THE FUCK OVER! SO DON’T... fucking try anything anymore, I WILL kill him, all of you can go commit SUICIDE and BITCH all the fuck you want, I’ll do the job MY-FUCKING-SELF...” Heru, before walking off after yelling.

Everybody was silent and surprised by his outburst, and people decided to look to each other before even trying to speak.

“Alright...” - Elijah shrugged to Eraoa, a bit confused on what to say now.

“Dang... but Your recent game is still stupid, Computer. That’s what I was trying to say...” - Alan to The Computer as they turned to each other.

“Well... I’m still going to be fucking around I guess, so see ya’ll later...” - The Orb shrugged off funnily, as Eraoa watched him make a portalis away.

“What do we do, bro?” - Elijah to his brother.

“We... will still be around I guess... but... (The Computer fades away without words,) uh... I guess we’ll stop off the threats against Eighty-Three? I... (Alan notices the Computer missing, twisting around,) uh... let’s not try anything too quickly, since Heru seems quite... mad... but, yeah... we’re still going to try to help Miss Opium and Deandra- what about you, Alan?” - Eraoa to Alan.

“I... I guess I’ll stay? Maybe? I... could you guys maybe make a plan so I can leave at anytime I want? I don’t know what’s really going on, and I haven’t liked it, but I still would like my friend back, so... I’m-a go watch football before making any decisions...” - Alan, jumping away funnily as the brothers watched, the ambience of sounds through the walls now coming through as they waited with silence for something new.

Elsewhere, Kioshi was watching cameras. Me and The DRC Man looked from the door to see the many screens he was watching, all located around the facility as he watched from one of the upper rooms. People roamed around and talked in English nicely, seemingly no sin was present upon my people. But then, one camera, intrigued me and Kioshi. He was looking straight forth to Ekon eating dinner before to his top right, he saw a girl without a mouth, many eyes all around, and her arms now like ovals, meaty and flush, large and weapon-like. She wore a torn red shirt and black pants, along with black shoes. She had yellow hair and a black band around it a top. Her eyes were all different colors too, and she stood two feet tall as her arms were four feet long, the camera making her face go round like a meme as she came up to the doorknob and looked forth into it with her black skin reflecting the white light. It was the door of The DRC’s office too.

“Hey Eighty-Three, that’s one of the mutations me and the boys made. Found a girl and totally changed her- giving her new eyes, yellow hair, and shortened her height by three feet... She volunteered recently as well...” - The DRC Man as Kioshi just stared at the funny camera of the mutations with slits around its features, puss melted in.

“Alrighty.” - I nodded to the DRC Man as he pointed.

Later, I rushed up to Ryutyu lifting weights, and did squats with him. But, as we are listening to fun electronic music, I hear Wilma opening a portalis to my school and letting Geurnf go in and place her machines down as people around watched in terror. My ears then had a red glitch as I heard Wilma duplicate the sentries.

“Hm, Geurnf is protecting the school before anything happens- how nice.” - I told happily to Ryutyu as he worked out his biceps once again.

“Ya’...” - Ryutyu as he then went “Woo...”

Daniel and Oyur soon came out to see Wilma and Geurnf.

“Hey Geurnf, and Wilma- how's it going?” Daniel asked as his tail went back and forth.

“Fine.” - Wilma as then Geurnf started to speak.

“Alright, Daniel- thanks for asking- but sincerely I’ve been getting worried about the school invasions coming in almost every day once- so I’m just gonna’ start putting machines around before anything happens.” - Geurnf.

“Smart-ass- look at Geurnf, being better than Eighty-Three ever fucking was.” - Oyur.

“I’m sure he put copies around before the Red Glitch sued him.” - Daniel.

“The fuck? There’s an intergalactic-court room?” - Oyur to Daniel.

“Oh- sorry- it was a play on words- I was literally watching the most random videos right before you came over...” - Daniel laughed with Oyur.

“Hello Teressa!” - Wilma waved over as Teressa came forth and Geurnf saw the principal look through the portalis before Wilma closed it.

“Hi!” - Teressa waved over happily as she came out to see everyone.

“Oh hey Teressa- how's it been?” - Daniel as Geurnf looked over, her ears down.

“Good- just came by to see what’s up- I've been with Jared and Hedheop too long to be honest...” - Teressa embarressingly stated.

“Yeah- I know- I gotta’ be around Oyur half my time.” - Daniel nudging Oyur as Geurnf’s tablet went off in her pocket, and Wilma plus Teressa looked at her.

“Well fuck you too I guess.” - Oyur laughed with Daniel as Geurnf checked it out.

“Ight guys, there be some Orchestral waves at school taking out my sensors on my sentries, meaning they’re being recked with- wanna' head out?” - Geurnf.

“Sure.” - Daniel shrugged as then Wilma made everyone their respective guns, as well as Teressa a grenade launcher and Geurnf a shotgun.

She then opened the portalis for everyone to see the Orb rushing in at speed and pushing through Wilma and into Daniel, exploding his guts till he regenerated as Wilma was pushed back to chaos where Chinua’s home was.

“Fucking bitches over here- damn crackers can’t get a break with fucking our shit heads over...” - Oyur as he clutched his rocket launcher and then went into the school filled with now corpses, a running alarm, and blood dripping from the ceiling.

As Oyur entered and Teressa saw in with discomfort, Ryutyu and me rushed with his armor and sword, whizzing past Daniel and Geurnf’s fur, and going down the hall to find Miss Opium, bashing into her essence, the sword impaling her back to the wall with speed as her organs clashed through her body and half of it became a blood splat. Ryutyu, with me around his neck, nodded with happiness before hearing Deandra in the gym start to throw bar lines at us, and he dodged barely around them coming through the walls, breaking into dust, and he bashed open the gym doors to see Deandra playing with a smirk against the sword-furry and me, who then jumped off his head and formed my arms into a sword, slashing away.

Daniel, Oyur, Teressa, and Geurnf looked around the corner to see Miss Opium dead, and were going back to leave, before Daniel’s ears flinched up like Geurnf’s, hearing crying in one of the far halls.

“There’s a girl crying- should we go?” - Daniel.

“Yeah- everyone here is dead, no way that a normal is alive. To the bandroom...” - Geurnf led on with her shotgun aiming.

“Wait- what?” Oyur asked everyone there.

“Me and Geurnf hear a girl crying, which doesn’t make sense if everyone is supposedly dead...” - Daniel to Oyur and Teressa.

“But what if- eh- whatever, you and your fucking furry ears...” - Oyur.

“Aye, don’t be so mad bruh- maybe if you got your-” Daniel started to say before laughing at Oyur as Geurnf got away.

“No fucking way ya’ gonna’ reference that shit to me of all fucking people- get yo shit out of here...” - Oyur smirked as Teressa followed with some worry.

Geurnf soon came around the corner, hearing “Opium? Opium?”

“What she saying a drug for?” - Geurnf asked Daniel as he came up.

“I think that’s the name of one of Heru’s allies.” - Daniel as the halls were bloody and decorated with many corpses of teachers and students.

“Yeah, it is.” - Oyur as Teressa was confused at all the bodies smashed around.

Geurnf nodded and turned the corner to see Hadiza, but her eyes were small, and her face had her mouth no open and fully dark, the shape now an equilateral triangle heading up to her nose, and she cried as she saw to Geurnf, who was surprised and scared, blasting away and putting massive bullet holes in Hadiza as she tried to come forth, but she fell down onto her knees and her back went forth laying her bleeding head on the ground, her essence now dead.

“What the hell?” - Geurnf as she approached the corpse, soon coming up and turning it to the left for everyone to see the mouth.

“That’s... interesting... isn’t this the girl Eighty-Three has in his prison or something?” Oyur confusedly stated upon.

“Let’s go- Deandra is destroying the building!” Daniel pointed forth as the band room started to lift up and turn into notes heading into the gym room.

“He has a prison?” - Teressa to Oyur as they left.

“Yeah, damn shit kept some people in a dark place... I don’t really know... shits weird with him...” - Oyur to Teressa.

“We’ll ask Eighty-Three later.” - Daniel to Teressa.

During this time though, a Luxembourgish ball came through the kid’s portal. Behind him was a bunch of portals as Wilma and the Orb lifted the land to fire and ash, and a bunch of Miss Opium’s leftover countryballs were piled in randomly, flying with surprise and fear as rainbows formed everywhere, spike-shaped and ready to kill Wilma as she made herself into abstract art of many hands and legs all over herself, against the simple sphere. But back to the countryball, as many of its friends came through to the school, and started to roll away, Daniel and the others saw, aiming their guns and shooting. Oyur blasted many as they tried to enter, and Daniel shot some to be flat and now a splat of blood on the carpet floor.

“Countryballs- shoot them!” - Geurnf quickly. Teressa also came around and shot near the hallway, blowing up more that tried to escape, till the floor was damaged and seemingly no countryballs were left around... except one. A single Luxembourgish ball was blasted away after traveling far, being blasted by Teressa grenade launcher, and fell near an open door with bloody corpses inside, rolling into the brain of one and staying near that darkened bloodiness as Teressa came around and looked for any countryballs.

“There aren’t any other countryballs!” - Teressa yelled back.

“Ight!” - Geurnf as they went away from the portalis now letting lava spur out, and another alarm went on as the Luxembourgish ball stayed still.

After some fire and Teressa’s leaving back, the ball came out to see by the gym doors, Miss Opium’s carcass sludge and smudged. The Luxembourgish ball sighed as he then looked back to see his other countryballs dead, before leaving away with seriousness. He started to hop away over to the classroom’s wall, and then went up the wall, rolling up to a vent, in which then he went in, starting to hop again quickly as dust was all around and darkness, yet a light at the end of the rectangular tunnel. He went forth to find another classroom and hopped down.

“If God be so nice, make the universe reset...” - The ball in his mind as he hopped to the other wall and into another vent and then into another that was longer. “I don’t know what I’m doing, but I’m going around to survive... maybe there’ll be a sign...”

Soon, the Luxembourgish ball leapt down, looking around the corpses and looking over Hadiza’s with serious intent before hopping to the corner- but stopping, and realizing something. “Wait- that’s Hadiza... she’s important to Miss Opium... uh... try to find Deandra, just survive till the universe resets, try to go around and kill the kids by going into their brains or something- or... hope in her corpse and maybe then see how she respawns or where she goes? I mean, I... for Miss Opium I’ll take that safer and more important chance... thank god there’s at least something to do... and yeah, I’m a small guy- I'm running, and Eighty-Three is here- he'll probably take Hadiza... maybe I can be important! Finally! Yes, thank you God! Such a weird sign, but I’ll take it!”

The Luxembourgish ball silently, whilst yelling in his mind, went over to Hadiza’s body flopped over, and started to open her mouth and enter inside, going into her throat and slightly down till he stayed in the esophagus, sighing and having patience.

As the universe kept on going, soon the school started to lift, and I rushed with Ryutyu out and found Hadiza’s bodies, quickly picking it up and going away, as Ryutyu dropped me off and spastically rushed away to Deandra with sweat.

I went back through the portalis and towards my home, reformed by Wilma as she fought above with loud microphones and boxes filled with rainbow shards, falling down as my ears heard the wind, and I dodged around, carrying Hadiza’s corpse back. The Orb soon made me fall into a portal into my room somewhere in another universe where it was all neon blue, before another came from Wilma and put me into my room, where I rushed away with Hadiza, back down to the Williamnist society. Then, as I came back, the universe reset, and everybody went to their places.

The Luxembourgish ball found himself with the others at Miss Opium’s desk, where Miss Opium sighed and was angry, leaving away as the others rejoiced in liveliness.

“Damnit!” - The Luxembourgish ball who thought he was going somewhere.

***Another chapter from this book- bruhhhhhh...***

“Hey Eighty-Three, me and the boys just STOLE THE MECCA BOX!” - The DRC Man as the box was around a chain the men were pulling with their strong muscles in black tuxedos, as blood was on them in little squirts.

“Nice.” - I nodded as Gustavo smiled next to me.

“And we got a few people to join as well, they’re just with the other rescue team members currently...” - The DRC man, looking back in the desert.

“Alrighty.” - Me to The DRC man as some muscular men nodded to me.

“Hey Eighty-Three, random idea- we should make mutations into shapes of countries, or color them to be flags- just thought of living objects that could assist with art- or- ooh- maybe make a flesh television, or chair- and more!” - The DRC man.

“Alrighty sure.” - I nodded to The DRC man.

So we went to Angola straight after, went to the deserted forest, a place called Matumbo, and made the village fall to the underground, setting everybody forth to a better place as I then pulled the entire village up with nobody in it. Then down below as they filled themselves up with food and looked around the largeness of nothingness as Angola had no underground setups for us, they soon all fell under as I made their brains sleep by making the darkness inside rearrange the brain slightly, so The DRC Man then could use a darkness table I made and use his and my workings to make an entire facility made out of people. Walls like the wall of flesh, chairs with teeth around randomly, carpets breathing loudly- soon it was all dark-skinned flesh enjoying the new blood flows.

Meanwhile, Teressa was making lemonade with Daniel and Wilma in my kitchen as Chinua, Ejnare, Jared, Ryutyu, Shellia, and Angelica enjoyed the pool outside, playing a slow volleyball with a giant blue and inflated ball, as there was a wall of wind all around, boxing the ball in and pushing it back to the water if it tried getting to the steps of the now-shallow pool, remade to look like an arena with steps leading in all over, but being very wide and bright in area, especially with the sun above shining nice.

“Ya’ll making the worse substance on Earth- ain't nobody like any lemonade.” - Geurnf laughed as she went to the fridge, coming from behind.

Daniel smirked and nudged Wilma to his left, and she smiled as then he spun the lemon on his right pointer finger before throwing it up and behind over his head, letting it go higher than normal and falling faster than physics would like, now the juice exploding on Geurnf’s top hair.

“When life gives you lemons, make lemonade?” - Daniel giggled as Geurnf sighed.

“Guess I deserved that...” - Geurnf chuckled as she got a frozen peanut-jelly sandwich out of the fridge and walked out of my home.

“Have a good one!” Daniel happily over to Geurnf as Teressa waved, before Daniel was turning to be looking towards Wilma, “Hey- Wilma- just came up in my mind...”

“Hadiza gets stolen by the Orb. Eighty-Three keeps his prisoners in a... prison. It is nice and warm and well-fed there though.” - Wilma to Daniel, stopping her work.

“What about her mouth?” - Daniel as she saw Wilma look at him.

“I have no idea. Eighty-Three just tries to make friends with the prisoners. He feels as they are personal. He thinks a lot about what they did and what he is trying to do...” Wilma told Daniel, getting back to work.

“Alright... okay... hey Teressa, thanks.” - Daniel as Teressa nodded, focusing hard on mixing the lemonade in a blender. “But back to the prisoners- is that why Heru and his allies are still attacking then?”

“I think Heru still hates Eighty-Three. He still wants to pay his allies to kill us. It will not stop for a little more.” - Wilma told, trying not to be revealing.

“Okay... sure... but Hadiza was crying for her friend.” - Daniel.

Wilma sighed. “Hadiza is insecure... She hates being alone... The other prisoners do not talk to her... she does not know where to go after the battle...” - Wilma slowly.

“Oh... well... I hope she... I hope soon this all ends and we can all live peacefully, including Heru I guess...” - Daniel stated, a little sadder as Wilma was depressed-looking.

“Yeah...” - Wilma nodding sadly, as Teressa finished lemonade.

“Lemonade time!” - Teressa, sparking Daniel’s attention.

Elsewhere, TCT spawned suddenly in Khenbish’s room.

“Augh! You! YOU!” - Khenbish as she heard him come in with a boom sound effect, and from a smirk he transformed his entire self into a midget-like man who was letting his arms go as his eyes grew big and into human blue, his mouth now sad and a single tear on his right eye unmoving but leaking.

“Waaaaaa- WAAAAAAAAAAAA!” - TCT as he cried.

“You are not funny! FUNNY! FUCK OFF! OFF!” - Khenbish shook.

“Okay.” - TCT shrugged with a small and low voice, before putting up his right hand with two fingers going like scissors, and he slowly faded into transparency. “Bruh... you sussy-wussy...” He said in a snarky echo as he was gone, the echo fading away.

Elsewhere elsewhere- oh my goodness, not much is happening... anyways...

“Hello! My name is The DRC Man and thank you for coming back to another video. A random yet great question for the fourth video in this series is one about transportation and exploration. In the underground, are you allowed anywhere and everywhere? And what is the mapping of this base? Are there any places of good visuals beyond the horizon? Well, we have good news for you. You are allowed almost anywhere in the underground. It stretches around the entire world, yet most of it is either nothingness, or large farming fields which machines work within. The only places off limits are my, and Eighty-Three's offices. We together have three- mine, his, and his secrecy room right next to his office. Elsewhere anybody is allowed. And transportation is quite well, as we have bullet trains, normal trains, boats for rivers Eighty-Three and Wilma have made- and even jets if you want to travel above. None of these transports are limited in anyway- you just have to have patience. Now- any remarkable locations? Besides the farms, we currently do not have any outlandish statues or towns. Most things are moved here, as we expand under Florida. Wilma and Eighty-Three have made rivers and ponds out, but there are no reserves currently. Maybe tomorrow though! You shall never be limited to where you go, the underground is your jungle to explore! And that was the only thing we scripted- everything is smooth- also, Eighty-Three- the audience would like a speech from you. They want to know about means of fighting during our rise.” - The DRC man.

“Oh, alrighty.” - I nodded to the side of the show as The DRC Man hit his pose and the video ended, now up on MyCam for people to look forwards towards.

Elsewhere elsewhere elsewhere- nah, fuck it- next headline slash chapter...

***Heru and his maid dress.***

Heru took a few steps down the hall. His hand was in the air, and blood swirled around it like a circle. Bodies were dead on the floor, not torn but all white, their blood missing and obviously with him. Heru had opened all doors and had all blood, his eyes red, and his stop sign ready, red and stabil with shining. He had his dress on, and from the gym to the cafeteria, he walked in, the alarms not sounding, but rather the silence.

He looked around, waiting under the white light.

“Come here, bitch... I will fucking rip your organs out and demolish your smile...” - Heru as he closed his mouth, breathing heavily with anger. Heru then heard vibrations.

“Oh hey, Fire God?” - Daniel as he came out of a portalis to find the Fire God near the band room, with Wilma, Teressa, an armored Ryutyu, and me coming through.

“Yeah what’s up?” - The Fire God as he saw to us.

“You are here, and we found your waves.” - I told him.

“Oh- yeah- sorry, I was a bit concerned about these bloodless people- but I originally came because yes- I expected you guys. I just wanted to state to all of you, even Cyclop wherever he is- that I’m still against The Computer, and still here to help. I’m a political figure in my universe, rising against Jesus himself, so that’s why I’ve been gone. Also, it obviously isn’t a good thing to have enemies, nor try to kill anybody, so I just wanted to say ‘sorry,’ because I was stupid just a bit ago, but I’ve realized that there’s bigger problems, and that money is not at all concern for anything really...” the Fire God shrugged as Chinua and Angelica came forth.

“Oh, how nice!” I happily stated to him.

“Cool.” - Daniel nodded to The Fire God.

“Anyways- Wilma, wanna’ play eight-ball or something? I got some time to be friendly, so I’d like to restart our relationship somehow.” The Fire God stated to us.

“Bro- please- Eighty-Three also does that thing where you’re just so formal and... outgoing- like, can we get someone to please be normal around here?” - Daniel.

“Well, the Fire God was missioned with killing me, and tried doing so to me and my friends, so being extremely sincere, at least to me, is a good way of relieving yourself to be friendly to people who disliked you.” - Eighty-Three, which is me.

“I- I guess? Nah- it just feels weird to be in these kinds of situations, especially with you people...” - Daniel shrugged away, exiting to the portalis.

“We could play table-" Wilma was about to state happily to The Fire God as he had his arms crossed, before Heru blasted a rainbow laser through them both, and scarved a third of Ryutyu off himself, blowing that area to fire and oxygen, making Angelica and Chinua trample back as I looked to see my friends now dead, and Daniel rushing back.

“OH MY GOD- YOU GUYS ARE SO FUCKING PATHETIC! BITCHY-BITCHES THAT WON’T FUCKING- EH- FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU, EIGHTY-THREE!” - Heru angrily as he came through, his voice loudening till he made multiple stop signs leech off his original, shooting off after growing and spinning rapidly into the three other kids, cutting them in half, as then Daniel started to grow back, his arms falling off dead. I made my arms into swords of darkness and clashed against his rainbow stop sign. “YOU USELESS BITCH-”

“Za Warudo!” - TCT as he came in, blasting action music, and watching as everybody had time stop, even me unable to move. “Hujo- bing chilling- huja-huja!” TCT then, after appearing right in front of Daniel without explanation, thrusted his left arm back and punched Heru, who did not move but rather stopped the punch, and TCT’s hand fell apart into glass. “Oopise! I forgor it do that. Uh- reverse card this bitch.” He then stated, pulling his right hand out with a reverse card of red, and then he got punched back into the portalis at speed as we all had to listen, our eyes unmoving. “Oh- sheeeeeesh- I am extra-retarded today... uh... how to stop time... uh...” TCT stated as he came back quickly, thinking a lot, before he suddenly hit the ‘California girls’ dance with the music playing, and then as we all started to move again, he seemingly exploded like a grenade after a single second, and Heru was sent back to the cafeteria, crashing away as Daniel regrew without his clothes, a little embarrassed as Teressa became ash under him.

“FUCKING HELL! BITCH! BOTH OF YOU! HEAAAAAAAAA!” - Heru as he came back, knocking TCT back into the portalis as I looked and the universe reset. “NO! FUCK! LET ME KILL YOU! FUCK YOU!”

We all landed back on my couch- everyone who was there, except the Fire God.

“Damn laddy- is was thy Heru, wasn’t it?” - Ryutyu questioned instantly.

“Yes.” I nodded, and my voices rumbled as the deal was off for starting a business.

“NICE JOB on your DISRUPTED AGREEMENT! Now that we have FINISHED SAYING ANYTHING IMPORTANT, let me DISCUSS MANUEL PRICES!" - Qoaiuek.

“No.” Chinua stated kindly to Qoaiuek.

“But I can SELL REAL MASCOT SUITS and PLAY WITH YARN IN WAYS YOU DON’T EXPECT!” - Qoaiuek to Chinua and Angelica.

“Nah lad- we ain’t up for buying.” - Ryutyu to Qoaiuek.

“Oh... well... I tried FOR THE DAY.” - Qoaiuek shrugged to Ryutyu, before spinning away as Daniel zipped up his hoodie.

“Well... anybody up for table tennis, as Wilma was going to say?” - Me.

Kioshi watched the cameras daringly. He saw the mutations converse with happiness and drinks as soon I came in, twirling in my dress and left-handedly holding six drinks, all red, and handing it to each mutation with a possible arm to drink. I seemed happy, whilst Kioshi watched without emotion. He then looked elsewhere, seeing a man murder another man in the hallway by punching him to death. Kioshi pressed a button with his right hand, green and circular, then using his left hand to type in the keyboard a message into my left cat ear.

“Man dead on hallway thirty-six.” Kioshi typed, a generic male AI-voice coming.

“Oh, I must go. Somebody has murdered another, and I must know why.” - I told to the others, soon rushing off.

Back to Kioshi, he saw on the cameras as the man wept over his own killing, I soon appeared, and he freaked out, running off, but the lights flickered, and his essence was drawn to me, as I made my right arm swell out and wrap around the other man’s corpse, before rushing them both off, and a blur could be seen on the security footage as I went away, Kioshi undazzled yet looking with open eyes still.

“Hey Kioshi- look at my man jam!” - The DRC Man stated to the camera, as another man in black clothing held a DJ board that strapped around his armpits, and he played the rainbow piano-like bars, hitting a synthesizer jam, and people followed behind.

“This one is for Eighty-Three!” - The man in an Angolan accent as The DRC Man hopped with the others, and Kioshi pressed a blue button to the left of the green button, typing in a message, ‘A6 - Nice music.’ and a text-to-speech bot like I just had played some man voice over the camera. Kioshi then went back to being non-intrusive of anything.

Elsewhere elsewhere elsewhere elsewhere elsewhere elsewhere, ThatCosmicThunder was streaming as Daniel and Ejnare watched in my living room, enjoying a chicken-nugget meal with a large soda and double fries. But before we start this scene, I have a special announcement for our special sponsor- nobody cares! Anyways, next headline.

***Doll Hadiza headline...***

“Hey Eighty-Three- you should turn Hadiza into a flesh doll and sell it as merch- after you finish the speech...” - The DRC Man stated to me at my desk as I wrote on my laptop, my back straight up and my boots on the floor, my tail waving.

“Alrighty.” - I nodded to The DRC Man, closed my laptop, and rushed out.

I went over to Hadiza, currently wrapped around her torture chair, her flesh skinny and red with black dots all over, looking like moss grossly under or inside the flesh. As Hadiza breathed heavily, her teeth on exhale came out of her mouth, on the back of the seat, and they started on a line around, reversed and cutting her flesh and making her cry as it then regenerated but bled underneath, as also inhale made them move around, and she tried holding her breath. I closed the door behind me, it shuttering her flesh.

“P-p-please... you’re God... you’re God and I believe... please give me mercy...” - Hadiza as I walked forth, under the white lights upon the blue ambience of stone.

“I know you believe, henceforth now I shall change you better.” I told, then shooting my right arm out and making a ball of darkness from around hold tight onto her chair-like form, and then it started to dwell down and change to a plush-doll shape.

I brought my right arm back, it swelling in darkness as I continued to smile at Hadiza, who was now five inches tall and wide, the arms and legs ending with black, their shapes ending like pills, and her torso like a rounded square. She had textures of her clothes on, along with black gloves and shoes. Her head was rounder, and her hair still flowed normally, no texturing but truly her black flesh extra-smooth as she started to cry again, her eyes unmoving but her tears coming as they turned red, and she had an unmovable neutral and closed mouth, her eyebrows worried. Her arms were movable as they were now made out of plastic rubber, and she soon fell over, crying beneath her closed mouth.

I went forth with the doll in one of the many arms extending from under my dress, up to my waist as my dress grew a little longer, and I approached a wooden stage with a simple wooden podium, people waiting in the seats as they came freely from elsewhere, some holding food, others with phones. I took a large breath, before putting Hadiza down onto the floor, up and staring at me as I went on, stepping up the steps, and walking on as the people pulled their heads up from their phones, the children stopped talking, and silence came as my boots pounded on the wood, and my tail swayed back and forth.

“Hello everybody... I have come to speak about our mission whence we rise to the surface, which has arised many questions about morality and defense...” I started into the microphone as people looked to me, ponderous and ready for answers. But, the voices in my head started to shout, and I thought of Adolf Hitler, and how he got many people to follow him. I remembered apologetic pastors who would speak wisdom and then ramp up their voice and gather audience likeability, and I thought of how on the other spectrum, Hitler gained all his supporters almost just by voice. So, I had an idea, and chuckled lightly. “But have you no worries, I am God’s angel, and with my essence will come a better world- he scarified his own son so that all your sin could be repented and forgiven, and now he has given ME to pursue against sin and give this world a cure for all its curses! All your sins have been forgiven, and all your sins will be vanquished when we go up top, and stop the evildoers, saving even them from themselves, as we battle for all of humanity! From under Florida, Burkin Faso, and the northern-east region of The DRC, all of you will have the chance to punch through the soil and bring forth your voices, bring forth guns and ammunition, and take down anybody in our way! We will not plunder, we will not have cowardice. I have matched death and already defeated it! Before the battle! I will revive any who fall, and the entire war shall only take over for five days... Here’s what will happen precisely! You will obtain a gun of your choosing with infinite ammunition, and choose food of your choosing, as well as transportation, as me and Wilma will create new cities and destroy those who have polluted this world. Your job will be great, showing the world the truth with no fear! No loss! And no sin! After the five day war, wherever you are- in the tops of Greenland, or in the middle of Algeria, or even in Tibet, I, or my colleagues- shall find you! And shall mark your historical presence! And shall free you from the presence of those weathers if you please! And shall allow you to rejoice in our cities- going to be massive and collaborative, farms extending past the horizon, skyscrapers touching the exosphere, mines going down to the core of this holy planet, cars will be flying- people will be singing- technology shall have no glitches! Creativity shall be boosted, handicaps shall have medicine and surgical improvements, and our new greatness shall be told EVERYWHERE! There will be peace! There will be no more starving in the depths of Cameroon’s north, or tribes having warfare over incorrect religions- there shall be no more no need for guns afterwards, there shall be no need for hunting- animals will live happily! The forests will invade the deserts! The polite and artistic design of God will fulfill this planet, even in Antartica! The ice will melt and we will fire! No country like Burundi or Madagascar shall ever be poor also- money will be irrelevant, and we shall look forth to the mind of people, the greatness of their spirit, and their will against all obstructions! (I receive a ‘Yeah!’ in the crowd and people start to smile,) There will be a perfect society by any means. That is the goal of our uprising. When the villain in the movies said ‘world domination,’ I say ‘Do it with God!’ With my power, I shall answer your prayers for God, find extraterrestrial beings, and give dominion to the human species over all of Earth! And it only will take FIVE DAYS! (I get a large ‘Woo!’ from a group behind, and more people start to cheer on,) The mutations will be forged to what they want, and science shall bend to my knees! Physics shall listen to my voice, and my ears will hear all secrets! The world will be plentiful, and all shall be saved in Christ the lord!” - Me as people then cheered massively, and I stood, letting them be happy.

“Sheeeeeeesh...” - The DRC Man as he took up Hadiza and looked at the plush off-stage, and I looked to see him before looking back with my gestures becoming memories to my people, their cheering now ending a little.

“Torture will end, politics will become unimportant, and housing will become more than HONK KONG’S ONE-BED APARTMENTS!” - I said and people laughed. “Yes, Hong Kong literally has people in little dorms and such, so sad... but that is all rewards of our mission. As leaders of Christ the lord, we shall give up our sins, and go forth for five days to cure the world. None of us will fail! None of us will perish anymore! The renewal of the world is EASY! Yet it must be done correctly- and that starts with you. Whence the days come, you will have a lot of choices, but that is good- as like Christ, I am a servant, and you will enjoy your free-will to the freest. Now, does anybody have any other questions?” - Me, throwing my right glove up flatly like I was raising my hand in a teacher’s classroom, and people did the same.

“Did you script this?” A man asked in the back and people laughed.

“No- but if I did, you would never know because I remember everything- and oh yeah, that is one more thing- your true brain potential shall be unlocked! I shall fix the stubborn use and give you your full potential that you all deserve! You shall remember everything! And you shall find logic and meaning in all!” - Me as people cheered.

“Question- who asked?” - A kid below, and kids around him laughed as the crowd kept cheering, and my tail was happily flinging around.

“Yeah, honestly guys- who asked?” I laughed into the microphone after saying the sentence lowly before leaving to The DRC Man holding Hadiza. “Did you guys like the speech?”

“I thought it was... a bit basic- but hey, Eighty-Three, first time, right?” - The DRC Man as Hadiza had her eyes sore and tried yelling.

“Yes...” I nodded, using my left glove to clutch around Hadiza. “What do you think about making some speeches yourself, DRC?”

“Hey Eighty-Three- I’m not a man of talking. I get along with people easily, but speeches just aren’t in my skillset for some reason...” - The DRC Man.

“Alrighty.” - I nodded happily, taking Hadiza away in her plush form.

I then rushed with The DRC Man to a factory where many people were already starting to produce toys, putting them together. From colorful bears to wooden trains, there was a large metallic conveyor belt rolling to the west as people in uniforms talked happily and placed toys together, sometimes slowly, as some others passed by, going to another conveyor going north will more people around red boxes they stepped in and out of, then placing the toys in boxes. They had a lot on the floor or under the conveyor belts, trying to do more as they came, but soon there were no more toys elsewhere, so the people just talked or did the leftover work.

I decided to go east to find the manufacturers. As above, for the workers, was lights of circular white, and air conditioning to warmness, the manufacturers had the same thing, and looked around at giant machines cutting wooden planks and using a box-like shape to make the fluff fall into the bear, before the machine sewed it together. Most men talked, and some even passed me and happily waved as they went to go talk with the other workers, who all seemingly enjoyed their jobs.

“Yo- is that Eighty-Three? And The DRC Man? With a an idea that isn’t about the mutations?” - A man asked confusedly yet funnily and lightly. Nobody laughed.

“Yes, I would like you guys to possibly replicate this model. I will make a machine for it as well.” - I told them all and they nodded as they saw me extend the shorter room space and create a new conveyor with a big machine, and out came Hadiza dolls, instead of flesh rather now cotton and fabric, with different emotions randomized.

“Alrighty- and it has basic engineering functions as well, right?” An engineering man told in a Benin-accent.

“Yes.” I nodded as we then went away, still holding the original doll.

As we passed a new entrance of kids coming in and freely taking from the happy workers, playing with their toys as they just opened them up, The DRC Man met Gustavo and Ekon, and started to talk as I took Hadiza back to her torture chair...

Later later, I rushed up to Ryutyu, made him dinner, and then went to bed with him, letting Shellia and soon Gustavo come up to my bed and sleep. Then the Stickmale said “Amogus floggus,” and I woke up, already done with the night at 6:23 A.M.

***Angry driving.***

Jesus was driving on the left side of the car as Hitler sat in the right passanger seat, and Stalin in the back, a little frustrated by his position, not wearing a seatbelt, but looking around as cars passed, and Jesus drove with silence.

“Are we there yet, Jesus?” - Stalin asked like a child, funnily.

“You find yourself in the broadest of jokes, which leads to destruction as commands can be twisted. Find yourself on a narrow path, and please take my words wisely without humor against it.” Jesus told back without looking.

“Okay... are we there yet?” - Stalin then funnily asked.

“I don’t want to be driven by a man of unintelligence and evil morals.” Hitler then stated to Jesus, as Stalin looked to him.

“Says a man who wanted the front seat...” - Stalin smirked.

“I wanted to drive myself, because I know best.” - Hitler.

“None of you know best.” Jesus, then slowing down near a gas station, going up the slight slope and entering to the emptiness of it, parking it as cars ran by.

“Do we need something?” Stalin asked as Jesus turned the car off.

“You need to walk the road yourself and see how it truly feels to be alone.” - Jesus.

“Hm?!” - Hitler, confused and angry by Jesus’ tone.

Jesus then got out of the car, and closed the door, then knocking on it four times, and it de-spawned, leaving Stalin and Hitler to fall down a few inches, before getting up, Hitler massively irritated. Jesus looked at them and they looked back at him with silence and grunts, rather than the glowing store with a single employee inside, paying attention to her phone instead of what was outside.

“What are we doing?” - Stalin asked Jesus as people still raced by.

“You’re both walking to the school. There, you shall make yourself useful. The Red Glitch will assist, and you shall gather what is evil and stop it. If you fail, you fail me. This is where I leave you to your doings, and you decide now. You have irritated me, and wish not to listen to my words seriously, (He turns to Hitler,) or at all.” - Jesus, then turning around and making a portal away.

“Wait- Jesus! I'm sorry! Uh- What exactly must we do to make you happy again? I was not paying the best of attention..." - Stalin with embarrassment.

Jesus tells Stalin to "Both of you must go! Go to Heru! If you truly want to enjoy an everlasting life in my heavens, then do one good thing seriously. Go without a joke, and stop his ally's plan of destruction, which will be soon to enact. Then, I will judge you fairly." Jesus told as he then leaves as Stalin is confused, exiting to a bunch of clouds, and they watched as it closed slowly, leaving them to the sky of grey above.

“I will go my own way. That thing was infuriating and wrong. I wish not to see you ever again, Stalin.” - Hitler to Stalin as he then watched the mad man go into the store.

Stalin sighed and looked away to see the school sign near the air force base. He decided to walk over, uncaring of Hitler as he entered to the woman’s surprise.

MAYBE RECOVERED PROJECT BEFOREHAND YES

Anyways, elsewhere beyond the school, Heru hatched a final and good plan for this book. The Computer was with Heru, as Heru was red-eyed and with his bloody tuxedo.

“Bitch- I want a GAME THAT ISN’T FUCKING AUTO-GENERATED! I WANT A GAME WHERE I’M THE MAIN ANTAGONIST KILLING THAT DAMN SHIT EIGHTY-THREE- NOT ANYBODY FUCKING ELSE!” - Heru to the Computer on the table.

“I currently cannot import such a commanded game, only randomly generate one. The Red Glitch is giving me wavelengths against making a non-randomized game.” - The Computer to Heru.

“TELL THE RED GLITCH TO FUCK OFF! TELL EVERYBODY TO GO KILL THEMSELVES! TELL ME YOU CAN FUCKING DO IT! NOW!” - Heru as he pointed with both fingers at the Computer on the desk, just with a blue screen staring at his white eyes.

“Alrighty- I will try to generate.” - The Computer as Heru nodded with his eyes going red and his frustration now steaming.

“Did. You. Just. Say. ‘ALRIGHTY?!!?!’ AL-FUCKING-RIGHTY!? EIGHTY-THREE SAYS THAT! DON’T FUCKING SAY THAT! HE SHALL NOT BE FUCKING MEMORIZED- I SHALL KILL HIM AND ALL HIS HISTORY, EVERY ASPECT ABOUT HIM SHOULD FUCKING DIE! ALL OF IT! SO DON’T EVER USE LANGUAGE LIKE THAT BITCH!” - Heru yelled at the Computer.

“Maybe.” - The Computer chuckled at Heru, as the progress bar came, and suddenly a randomized game started, the Computer suddenly disappearing.

***The Purple Whale***

Everyone was suddenly abandoned from the village. It went silent as the new game started, and we did not know exactly what kind of game this would mean. Even The DRC Man was gone from below, but not Ekon- who wondered on why he was suddenly gone.

At the school, and up to the base’s entrance, the sky went yellow and purple, misty flowing around clouds and turning them violet as the ambience became strong with many winds, and around was a forcefield of blue hexagons, light and daunted with purple gradients randomly and always on half of it. We all spawned in the parking lot of the school, side by side randomly, but some of us missing. As we saw around with our powers, we found Angelica, Jared, Chinua, Ryutyu, Miss Hedheop, and Khenbish gone.

“Oh great, another game...” - Daniel shrugged, looking to Oyur before around.

“Where are the others?” - Teressa asked after already looking down the line.

“Hey Eighty-Three... eh- I got nothing currently.” - The DRC Man smirked.

“They probably did not come due to what the Computer possibly randomly generated...” - Wilma stated to me and the others.

“Indeed- but we still have our powers, so let us go forth. My hearing is off, so this might be surprising...” - Eighty-Three, which is me, as we walked forth.

“Hello everybody! Sorry for the delay, but this game is randomly generated and I was checking out the completion.” - The Computer as he came down suddenly.

“Fuck off, ya’ bitchy-ass, wireless, 1800s-looking dumbass-” - Oyur.

“No, Oyur, I will not. I must state I will not be in the game, but many others are. Your job will be to get to a whale and deactivate it, helping out your unstoppable and puppeteer-ed friends to stop being controlled by the whale. This might require teamwork as well, so good luck.” - The Computer, going up to the exosphere after said lines.

“Hey Eighty-Three, can you still rush around?” - The DRC Man asked.

“No.” - I stated after everyone saw a red glitch come around me.

“Wilma, could you do something quickly then?” - Ejnare and Wilma had the red glitch form over her hands. “Oh... damn...”

“Kioshi- come with me. We shall walk in firstly and make sure everything is fine...” - Me to Kioshi, and he nodded, coming along as The DRC Man followed by my left.

We all came to the front, and me with Kioshi and The DRC Man walked forwards, finding the blue of the school now to be purple, swelling with black swirls and looking as if it was a television with no barriers, the screen still playing. The DRC Man stuck his left finger through and pulled back off the swirling purple whale, finding it to be like slime.

Then everybody followed as we looked down both halls, seeing not much around, but some students dead and teachers being stitched by Alan, who was now a purple backpack with spider arms like Kioshi, implanting buttons into the eyes of some kids, as well as Deandra who played against my math teacher as he tried speaking, but his voice started to slur till we all heard the body drop. Beyond we saw though, Khenbish tearing screaming people apart in the silent school with her bloody stop sign, and Jared sticking purple straps around their heads and bleeding wounds, all the purple spreading amongst their body like a wave with the tip being purple and lower it going to transparency, and going around back of each person either diaganolly or straight, back to the purple, where the people then started to rise, like zombies, including Alan’s corpses behind him. They were crooked and their bones bent either way they wanted, breaking yet no pain seemed to enter their now dull or permanently stitched-happy faces.

“What the hell?” - Daniel as he came forth, and soon saw Deandra come out with her mouth stitched, her left eye a purple cross stitched on, and her right eye a brown button like from a bear.

“This is creepy.” - Teressa stated with fear as I made her grenade launcher in her hand, my darkness arms coming out and darkness strings making weapons for everyone.

“Hey Eighty-Three- death incorporated?” - The DRC Man asked.

“Indeed, I guess.” - Me as I then watched Daniel rush forth and shoot the purple-crossed-patterned people. Most had a purple cross somewhere- on their forehead, some coming out of their mouths in paper form- some on their hands as it had holes bleeding around. The purple cross seemed to be around a lot.

Daniel and Teressa went forth, shooting grenades and bullets and knocking everybody dead in that hallway, as Oyur turned to see another hallway with more people coming, including Molly’s other friend and a purple-cross-both-eyed Elijah of darkness, using a darkness sword as he rushed forth. Oyur then shot his rocket launcher, and exploded them like Teressa did to other, and Ejnare turned his way to shoot forth.

Then past the ashes and collapsing ceiling, they saw the people with their blood start to come back, reforming their arms layer by layer, veins by flesh, and standing up again, never backing away. At the end of the hall, Ejnare also saw Chinua, racing after him.

“Fucking hell...” Ejnare as he shot her in the head and then pulled down his black sniper to see the people getting up, twisting their heads and causes big pops and cracks.

“They ain’t-” Oyur started to say before he looked back to see Geurnf and Wilma staring forth to me taking a student apart particle by particle, but then the red glitch formed as I punched them and my darkness swarmed around their parts, and their particles broke through reforming. I then made the person choke as I wrapped them in a bubble of darkness, but it dispersed from the red glitch and I hopped back, next to Shellia as they all stood near Wilma.

“Let us not get cornered. We have to make it towards some whale somehow.” - I told Wilma, then sprinting out the school, and The DRC Man with his pistol started to follow as Kioshi did as well.

“Wilma- the fuck we doing now?” - Oyur yelled over, and she casted her hands out to make all the beings blast back with wind as red glitches formed all over the walls, and soon it formed on her hands and she brought them back into her wardrobes.

“Get all the beings we can to come after us. Eighty-Three is on his way to victory I hope...” Wilma stated to Oyur as Shellia played her accordion and Geurnf shot forth.

“VICTORY?! How REDUNDANT! I sure have a few THINGY-BA-BING-CHILLINGS to sell for VICTORY!” - Qoaiuek as he came behind Shellia.

“Not now- Quirkea.” - Geurnf mispronounced.

“Are you sure TO THE FINEST PENNY? What about a BLASTER FROM DOWNTOWN, or a DIRECTIONAL MAP TO YOUR DESTINATION!? Victory is only A PRICE AWAY!” - Qoaiuek as he gestured to nobody’s attention.

“How are you in the game?” - Wilma asked behind as Teressa bombed.

“I can sell WHEREVER THE FUCK I WANT!” - Qoaiuek.

“Wait- did you say something about directions?” Daniel asked Qoaiuek as he came back, shooting forth very cautiously.

“I did! I have a MAP FOR THE GAME WE ARE CURRENTLY WITHIN! It gives all the way to VICTORY FOR THIS SERIES, A TERM FOR OUR LAST ENTERPRISE TOGETHER.” - Qoaiuek as Teressa just kept shooting and Ejnare kept sniping.

“Uh- show us, I guess.” - Daniel over to Qoaiuek as he then went below and pulled up a map showing levers around the school and where the whale was and sorts.

“The Computer got LUCKY with the GLITCH BEYOND RED on CREATING SUCH A DIVERSE SITUATION ELSEWHERE IN SPACE.” - Qoaiuek.

“Woah- Wilma- Qoaiuek actually has something important to sell.” - Daniel funnily to them both, not with aggression at all.

“WOW! You got my STANDARDIZED NAME CORRECT!” - Qoaiuek.

“How much does it cost?” - Wilma asked Qoaiuek as she looked at it.

“An ARM AND A LEG! STRAIGHT FROM UPTOWN!” - Qoaiuek as Geurnf was confused, and then asked herself. Shellia also played her accordion.

“How much directly?” - Geurnf directly asked the now-angry Qoaiuek.

“As MUCH AS I CAN RECIEVE! Give me your GUNS AND FUR for a transfer WITHOUT NO CONSENT.” - Qoaiuek as he pointed at Geurnf.

“Uh- okay- but why are you mad at me though?” - Geurnf then asked as she threw her gun onto his little stand, and Oyur popped back to also give.

“I dislike YOUR VOICE AND TACTICS.” - Qoaiuek, giving the map to Daniel as the weapons suddenly glowed neon white and then disappeared after a flash of clear-ness over themselves, like it was a transition that was a texture. “Anyways, ANYTHING ELSE FOR BENEFITS OF THE MOMENT?”

“Maybe something to kill all these people for good!” - Daniel raised his voice with good intent as he stated that, as Teressa also looked back.

“NOT AVAILABLE.” - Qoaiuek, then spinning away.

“Bruh- this nigga really is the worst fucking businessman ever...” - Oyur as he looked at the map with Daniel. “Shit negro- who the fuck going through all that...”

“You.” - Daniel laughed at Oyur as he chuckled, and Wilma looked also. “Anyways though- we go to lever one in bathroom, opening some sort of code in the band room, and then go to the tennis court outside and there should be a hole down... or something? That leads to the whale, where we seemingly then turn off another thing, and game is complete... how were we supposed to know this beforehand?”

“I don’t know, but shit is wide... Wilma- can't you just shoot us underground or some shit?” - Oyur to Wilma.

“Probably not. The Red Glitch has given me a message in my head that he is ‘extra’ this game.” - Wilma told Oyur with a low tone.

“Alright... uh... Geurnf- you wanna’ go?” - Oyur asked Geurnf.

“No, I’m damned already being here by the corner.” - Geurnf.

“Shiiiiiiiit... how bout’ you, Ejnare!?” - Oyur yelled over, and he did not respond.

“Damn- you should go. I mean, I can regenerate, but I don’t know about being stitched with those weird waves, and you’re the only one who can push them back for good... guns don’t even work...” - Daniel to Oyur.

“Wilma can also help well.” - Oyur looked to Wilma.

“I should be here to lead with Daniel and Geurnf.” - Wilma told Oyur.

“Wait- I’m a leader?” - Daniel asked back to Wilma.

“You have the personality and planning.” Wilma nodded to Daniel.

“Dang... then Oyur SHOULD go...” - Daniel laughed, patting Oyur on the back.

“No- I am not the best for this shit.” - Oyur.

“You got the will, you can do it.” - Daniel to Oyur.

“Damn you, Daniel.” - Oyur rolled his eyes.

“I agree that Oyur should go.” - Wilma as Oyur stated such.

“Fine- I’ll be off, but yo shits better make some war reparations for making me go through such shit...” - Oyur stated, looking to Teressa to see dust everywhere and glowing purple come towards as she blew it up more. Then he looked to Ejnare’s hallway and started to go forth. “Yo Ejnare- shoot these bitches for me faster...”

Ejnare nodded and started to shoot some near him, getting up to stand fully now. Oyur started to rush through with the map, shooting his left hand out and making his roots wrap around people’s head and crush through them, as well as puncture their eyes and stitches, before he let them break off, and then moved his hand around elsewhere.

Oyur came around the school corner and saw peace with blood on the walls, but no corpses as he shot his arm around and let his roots discombobulate some heads off, before they reconnected like zombies or robots crawling to each other.

“Damn shits... stitches and shit, they must’ve listened to some edgy songs to produce a game like this...” - Oyur told himself as he sprinted off, soon seeing the gym. As he came forth though, finding rubble and walls broken, going to the band room to find no lever in there, nor no code, but rather a purple outline of a rectangle on the wall, where he pushed his roots into, but the red glitch cut their producing shape. “Hm... great...” he stated as the outside was springing with wind. He then heard footsteps, and looked forth, turning to see Stalin coming forth, ponderous and bewildered.

“Oh- hello? May I ask what is happening around here?” - Stalin.

“What the fuck- why are you here? What the hell is going on?” - Oyur.

“Well, Jesus let me go along with Hitler, and so since he is gone, I have a mission to get back to him... and... be serious about his words... (Stalin sighs as he pulls out a pistol, and looks around the band room,) so tell me how I can help defeat Heru and his allies...” - Stalin told to Oyur, getting ready.

“Uh... what? Why? I’m missing some shit.” - Oyur.

“I joked about what Jesus said to us. I dislocated myself from his honor in reward for finding humor instead of what really matters... I am here to help, it is what he told.” - Stalin to Oyur as he heard the screamig end.

“Well... I got a map, we gotta’ go around school and get some shit lever to pull, then get a code, then go outside and deactivate a whale that’s purple- some random stuff I guess, as there are purple-stitched zombies around- we don’t know what happens, but they made our friends unstoppable and against us...” - Oyur to Stalin.

“Then let us go quickly.” Stalin nodded to Oyur.

“Yeah- trying to do that... anyways, fuck outta’ here with me, and don’t die.” - Oyur, then sprinting with Stalin to the gym room where they found many people with purple-crosses on their eyes and on their hands and on their chests as they ripped off their shirts beforehand, so Stalin and Oyur blasted them back as they traveled over to the bathrooms near the lunchroom, and went inside the male bathroom to find nothing, before Oyur checked the map as the purple-stitched beings came through, and he made a wall with his roots to block the way.

“Fucking shit- it was the women’s bathroom!” - Oyur.

“Then let us go.” - Stalin stating, trying not to smirk.

“Yeah...” - Oyur nodded, making the wall exaggerate out and push the people away, as then Stalin shot away, Teressa saw through the dust to them, and Oyur rushed inside, finding a lever on the window, pulling it down, and suddenly arrows formed to show the way, and Stalin started to follow as Oyur came forth pulsing his roots through people and letting them break off. “Where the hell is Eighty-Three?”

“Give yourself up, Eighty-Three.” - Angelica said to me, both her eyes stitched with paper-purple-crosses, as she held out her hands to me.

We looked at her by the side of the school, by the side of the road, near the field as we saw forth towards a mass of people trying to come to us from the tennis court.

“What is this all about?” - I asked Angelica as The DRC Man had his weapon ready.

“The purple cross. We are here for Christ, and we will kill you if you don’t follow. People who don’t rejoice in his essence are useless and everyone must be converted. Then, you should cut off your hands, as your work is evil, and Kioshi should remove his eyes- he sees things and tells nobody. And the sin of the fat man is within his eyes and hands, which he shall strap away so sin is prevailed.” - Angelica told, stepping closer on the grass as The Nazi version of me and Molly came forth.

“Uh- no?” - The DRC Man told to me as Kioshi then shot Angelica in the head, and it reformed, and so I bashed her quickly and she was knocked back as the rest came after us, shooting their arms out as my buddies shot.

As random parts of their clothes and body parts were stitched, we started to smash the heads and shoot the hands of those who came at us, yelling insanities that were not words, and reforming no matter how much as I broke them up.

“Hey Eighty-Three, where or when do we go to complete the game?” - the DRC Man called over and Kioshi listened, his eyes darting over to see me form many tails and let them spin into the eyes of the Nazi me with a purple cross on his forehead, as many arms thrusted other up before getting stopped by the red glitch and being unable to move more up, holding on nine people.

“I do not know- but we probably need to move to the center...” - Me as I then extended all my arms out and punched people so we could make a way.

“I see devilish people! Let me go free, God! Take away what bad things I see!” A kid stated as he then ripped out his eyes, and pulled from his pockets two buttons that stitched themselves onto his eyes, catching the attention of Kioshi as he clawed by.

Back away, The Treeman Syndrome Guy named Oyur and the mad dictator Stalin got to the purple rectangle, saw a little white paper square note saying ‘E732,’ and went forth to the outside, bashing away others as they came closer. As Stalin passed though, he saw people do their weirdness.

“Stitch me God! Let my mouth speak no more vanity!” - A man cried out as he got up, and his mouth started to stitch together and Stalin was confused and open-minded.

Oyur and them came through to find us meters away through a pile and crowd of purple-crossed people, Jared and Khenbish there, Khenbish with her mouth and eyes cropped out, whilst Jared had his ears and hands chopped and rounded away.

“This is like- no, I shall not make a reference... I must be serious...” - Stalin as I saw over to them exiting down to the field and coming over to find a hole in the ground, rectangular and open to concrete violet stairs.

Oyur and Stalin came down as people above tried coming over, and opened a door before Stalin came through and closed it, locking it as people banged against it, and Oyur looked around. There were on a short two-meter hallway that led to a single path amongst a seventy-one meter fall to darkness, as around were floating boxes and lights, the path of violet iron leading to a door on the other side.

“This weird shit is... too much... and so unsatisfying- like so random-fucking-nized.” - Oyur to Stalin, and Stalin held back a smirk.

“Yes, but we are here to fix it.” - Stalin as he then kept going forth on the path, looking around as Oyur followed with the map.

“And damnit- also forgot the map kinda’ ends here...” - Oyur to Stalin, as Stalin looked right suddenly and saw Hitler, with black tentacles from his back, and black holes for eyes, his mouth opening to reveal black teeth and a long jaw. Stalin instantly took a step back, scared and confused, as Hitler jumped from one of the crowded squares of purple, and banged into another on the left side of the bridge.

“Oh shit!” - Oyur as he saw forth, seeing Hitler then bounced off another, and he created a wall, making his tentacles wrap around the roots and break them down.

“Ah- Hitler... if you aren’t made of... no- no humor...” Stalin as he got up, stopping himself and holding up his gun and shooting till after four shots his gun was done.

“This shit is getting too fucking mental...” - Oyur as he then shot his roots through Hitler’s eyes and let him scream in pain as he went back before reforming the ripped flesh.

“Hitler- why are you here? What happened?” - Stalin to Hitler as he then pounced with his tentacles forming into sharp chainsaws, but Oyur lifted Hitler up and to the left with his right hand, letting the map fall down to the bridge.

“Let’s go, Stalin- we gotta’ do something with the code...” - Oyur, running forth and Stalin followed, as boxes were unmoving but Hitler jumped up with animal-like movements, racing towards his prey.

“I don’t know how or why he’s like that...” - Stalin told as they entered to the next room, a hall of black, and then another, and saw a code in that grey hallway on a blue door of iron. Stalin then turned around and closed the door as the ravaging Hitler came forth, and was heavily breathing as he heard the punches.

“Nobody knows exactly how much of this even happens- but the red glitch is shit...” - Oyur told and Stalin nodded, making his face frustrated as Oyur put the code in.

Then they came to a four way, and Stalin came forth as the iron door was blocked. The four-way had one door already open, leading to a black catwalk as whale noises came through it, and Oyur looked the other ways to see the other doors open to surveillance rooms. He then looked back as the iron door had darkness rap around it and reach for the doorknob, as if trying to unlock it like a hand.

“Woo...” - Stalin stated to Oyur as they came onto the catwalk and saw a green button to their right, whilst a green rectangle was on a grey concrete platform in front of the purple whale, who had a white belly, with black eyes and four pads constantly switching colors. It had cords on it leeching up to a blue glow above, and it floated on nothing above the blue basalt below.

Oyur then pressed the green button and saw it disperse a note right through it, like it was jelly. Oyur grabbed the note and looked towards it.

“Press the button and hold for twenty seconds. The whale will then be dispersed into oxygen and you will win the game.” - The black Abadi text on the note paper.

“Twenty-seconds- we'll be beaten by Hitler by then!” - Oyur yelled.

“A sacrifice...” - Stalin stated behind Oyur and he turned to see Stalin looking up.

“What?” - Oyur asked back, confused and funnily.

“I’ll go, you hide in one of the other rooms. There is a sliding door here, so it should hold off as I make my way down. You save yourself.” - Stalin.

“What? Hell naw bruh- all I have to do is push him back with my roots and we’ll be good bruh.” - Oyur as Stalin looked to him.

“I hope so, but what if you die?” - Stalin asked Oyur.

“Then shit to it- you better press that button. We on a timer, if ya’-” Oyur was saying before then Hitler successfully opened the door, and came through, blasting it over. Oyur turned and created a wall, but his darkness started to tear through.

“I got this- just like ya’ dumbass got the world in the 1900s...” - Oyur funnily as the timer was set to five minutes and thirty-two seconds, the timer being on the right of the door frame, black and glowing red.

"How can one man conquer the world if he can't even conquer himself?" Stalin told himself after starting to sprint away, going down the catwalk to then see Hitler fully break through and Oyur continue to shove his hands forth as if he was throwing a pile of stickers or wind, making his roots thrust out as he breathed loudly and violently, letting the roots pile through and break off as many tentacles tore them off, and Oyur kept on shooting, but soon a tentacle wrapped around his mouth and twisted his jaw till he screamed out, and then Hitler gauged his eyes back and extended his jaw, taking a sharp bite out of his face, as his roots stopped, and Hitler then shoved him to the right and into the wall, violently twisting to see over to Stalin, running down the catwalks with panic as he saw above. Four catwalks down, three stairs to each level like it was a bleacher stand, Stalin soon arrived down respectfully, as Hitler jumped onto the bars and started to go down.

Stalin came below and went up to the stone podium with a bright green button, seeing forth as the whale moaned, and its lights flashed as it floated, its cords lightening with purple dots going up.

Stalin went over and pressed the button down once, before seeing nothing happen, and then held it down as Hitler came over. Stalin watched as he kept his left hand down, Hitler jumping onto the concrete and rushing after him. Stalin took his pistol out and rushed around the podium, dodging a tentacle as then the other warped up and started after him, turning around onto his head and twisting it dead.

The whale started to laugh with its moans, and the Hitler went away, changing his bones around as the whale looked down with a gleam in its eyes to the dead Stalin.

I was coming down, punching Ryutyu in his jaw as he had purple crosses all over his face that I tore off as The DRC Man and Kioshi used their arms to punch back the small kids as we came down.

“Join us! Give us your eyes and your hands! You will no longer live in worry or fear of sin! The devil will die and become incapable!” - A girl screamed as The DRC Man kicked her back, and Kioshi then stabbed her with one of his arms.

“Geez, no. Hey Eighty-Three, you done with Ryutyu over there? We need to punch these children, they getting scissors out of their pockets from nowhere!” - DRC Man.

Hitler then came up as I spoke, and I thrusted Ryutyu with all my hands back into Hitler, and onto the platform as the doors were open or torn off now. “Let us go quickly!”

I then rushed to Hitler and wrestled with him, my arms against his tentacles as then The DRC Man bashed him to the side with his belly and went forth to find Oyur dead, and Stalin dead, with no button stand.

“Hey Eighty-Three- get over here before the stitches do!” - DRC Man as Angelica tried getting forth, but soon I rolled over Hitler, and kicked her off, to fall down as Kioshi jumped on the boxes and came over, soon throwing the door through and at a rushing Ryutyu who formed more purple papers around his nose.

I then arose Oyur back as Kioshi closed the door, then jumped away to Stalin.

“What da’ hell- oh shit, you guys.” - Oyur as he then looked down. “And oh shit- he failed...” Kioshi also looked over before noticing the timer.

“Hey Oyur- what is Stalin doing here? What’s going on?” - The DRC Man.

“Did I fail?” Stalin asked below as he looked up to me.

“You were dead...” I told as he then looked to the button place, now missing only with the rectangle below, and now a white note was there. He went to pick it up quickly as he heard banging on the door, and Kioshi closed the slide door.

“This place is going to ‘blow’... since I failed...” - Stalin sadly.

“And we lose... what an end. So abrupt... it probably will reset afterwards. I have no idea if we de-exist or die forever, as stated before in previous games...” - I told as Stalin looked down, seeing a map below the text written smally. He was sad now.

“This place will blow, so let us flow. Our Christ above, our knees to shove. We cut our arms, and play the alarm. Our eyes decease, and we increase. Our sin is zero, and you will follow. Our sin is zero, and the devil will swallow.” - Stalin read.

“That is quite the fucking poem... I wonder if it was deadass auto-generated...” Oyur laughed as he came down, and I looked to see them going over the catwalk bars.

“There is humor, but I am not in need of it now. We need to get to the storage room, the note says the button is there.” - Stalin pointed out.

“Hell naw- I'll press it this time.” - Oyur told, giving up his hands.

“Oyur, let Stalin do it. There is meaning and he must fulfil. Come with me, everyone...” I told, then grabbing them by wrapping my arms around and then using others to go up like a spider, then reveal the door up, confuse a few eyebrows before they looked up, and my spare arms pushed them away as The DRC Man shot and Kioshi used his arms to swing people into each other.

Stalin was uncomfortable, but I soon chose to go left, and there was a hall on the left side of that room, as the note in my right hand told as I held it up. My tail extended and shot into many as well as he traveled through, one of my arms let go of Stalin, closed the door, and then we looked to see the long hall to the storage room.

Stalin then sighed as he rushed over, hearing the banging instantly, and he pressed down on the button, keeping it down, and after ten seconds of staring at it, he looked back to see us all waiting awkwardly

“Wow- This is unsatisfying... all of this was to be honest...” - Oyur told to the DRC Man as he hit his pose and Kioshi stood on arms like I did, different ‘arms’ though.

“I guess...” - The DRC Man shrugged, and they awaited till the button turned red, and flew up, Stalin turning to see all the banging stopped, and lots of bodies hit the floor with a thud, as then I opened the door, my ears flicking up with my tail as we all looked forth, seeing everybody silent and on the floor- red-faced and shaking as if they were having an aneurysm.

“Are we done?” Oyur asked as he heard a loud wail from the whale.

“Hears like it.” - I told funnily.

“Dang- shit that was unsatisfying- even for you, Stalin...” - Oyur to Stalin.

Then a red glitch formed over everything and everyone, and we were all set back to my living room, everyone that was there and on my side against Heru, excluding Stalin.

Wilma got out her bee phone and texted to Cyclop, as I heard each letter of her letters on the digital keyboard press down, my ears now soaking in the old sounds of everything I heard, whilst my tail felt Ryutyu’s right arm as he sat down.

“So... how was it guys?” - Daniel asked everybody.

“I felt every punch ya’ gave me, Eighty-Three.” - Ryutyu told to me with a laugh.

“Truly?” I asked confused, then looking to Angelica.

“Same...” - Angelica nodded as then The Nazi spoke up.

“Yes, that shit was awful. I could not control my body or do anything...” - Nazi me as Oliver looked around to see Cyclop.

“Interesting...” The DRC Man as he got up and Geurnf turned on the television.

“Anybody wanna’ watch Hang-Over-Paul?” Geurnf asked.

“Ya’ sure.” - Ryutyu nodded to Geurnf.

“Also, that was quite funny how Stalin went...” - Oyur told to Ejnare.

“What happened?” - Ejnare back to Oyur as Chinua came over to walk by him.

“He was undergoing something probably really personal with Christ, and then he just fucking died with me, and then Eighty-Three had to save our dumbasses and then he held a button for twenty seconds awkwardly, and then that shit was done.” - Oyur.

“Damn...” Ejnare smiled and chuckled inside with Chinua.

***Happy incoming intrusion...***

The Red Eyes appeared next to Cyclop and his gang as they were outside, looking about and talking to Ryutyu, Wilma, and Shellia. The Red Eyes, five of them, came through a portal with non-angry eyebrows.

“Oh- hello, guys. What’s up?” Cyclop asked, swiping his attention from Shellia.

“We’ve come to investigate if this universe is safe, or if you need considerable help still. We appreciate that you have helped us against the recent multiversal being, and the Cyclopals are lifting the restraints henceforth.” - The Red Eyes told as a desert was behind, the old jail from the beginning of this book where Heru stayed was behind.

“Yes, I think we all still would like the Computer and Heru stopped. They seem to still be in action, from what I’ve told.” - Cyclop told back to them.

“Alrighty. We shall get on the move and make operations. Thank you.” The Red Eye man at front all stated, soon leaving as other red eyes behind the portal closed it.

“Alrighty, have a nice day guys!” - Oliver waved as Cyclop nodded and waved too.

“Anyways, since we have time-” Cyclop was about to say before suddenly Ryutyu and Wilma disappeared, Shellia left to look with confusion along with Oliver.

“Oh no- did they get sent to another game?” Oliver asked sadly.

“Just like that...” Cyclop nodded to Oliver after a few seconds of Shellia looking around and playing her accordion with sadness to them.

Indeed, another game was started, just shortly after, and we were all back at the school parking lot, lined up with missing personnel, but now there was fire on the grass and top of the school, along with the shield around the area now being pure fire.

“Aw hell naw- another one?!” - Oyur yelled as The DRC Man was missing.

“Oh great...” Ejnare sighed with depression as Khenbish was missing.

“Aw- not again, lads...” - Ryutyu shrugged with a fist going up.

“Damn Computer really do be fucking with us...” - Geurnf as Gustavo was missing, along with Angelica. Geurnf swayed her tail back and forth angrily.

“Oh my goodness...” Daniel laughed like a maniac. “What is it now, Compute-shit?”

“Now we have another game! This one is quite simple- kill all of Heru’s allies. Last one standing, lets their team win. If you lose, you die, not permanently, but die until the universe resets. It’s my test of seeing whether The Steel Terrorists are on somebody’s side or not technically, so do not worry.” - The Computer, then floating away.

“In a fiery school?” Daniel asked confused and dead inside, laughing a little.

“Yes. Now, since none of us have our powers, except a few quirks, we must go quickly. If this is realistic, then Heru and his team was unexpecting of our plans. We shall go around the school and come from behind, they most likely will be expecting us at the entrance.” I told Daniel and Wilma.

“Alright...” Wilma and Daniel stated, before Daniel shot his index fingers at Wilma and thumbs up, saying “Jukes!” and Wilma smiled.

Me and Ryutyu headed forth with Daniel and the other behind as we went around right, and soon came to the tennis court, finding the barring open, and heading inside the gym, finding nobody there except talking aways and echoing throughout. I put my green glove over my mask, leaving my left pointy finger to give the silent sign, as we then tip-toed as best as we could over, walking slowly and using the correctness of walking.

The voices started away, being Deandra, Alan, and Miss Opium. I heard the metallics cross around as fire burnt above, possibly blending their ears away.

“Alan should have a gun, watch out for Miss Opium, and keep watch of Deandra. Ryutyu, you go with Daniel, Geurnf, Oyur, Ejnare, and Chinua- Wilma, Kioshi, come with me.” I told everybody, and we split up silently.

Daniel and Ryutyu went forth together to find the three in a sideways line, walking down the hallway and sprinting their looks around, soon Daniel turned to Ryutyu and said, “Just run guys,” and off he went first coming around the corner to find Deandra already turned, but he jumped as the backpack also turned, he having a six-bulleted revolver of gold sticking out, and Daniel jumped to Alan, fumbling forth and rolling away as Alan shot, one bullet gone up to the ceiling, as Daniel then threw Alan down and started to grasp at the gun, trying to pull it away.

Miss Opium turned with Deandra already looked to find Oyur and Ryutyu go after Deandra, she pulsing back and hopping, throwing up her fists in her maid dress as she then slapped towards Oyur, and missed him going back with clean hands, blocking as Ryutyu came forth and punched her belly, making her go back with resentment. Miss Opium was attacked by the rest of the kids, Chinua coming forth with Ejnare behind, but one of Miss Opium’s arms she had grabbed her around the head and crushed it into blood as Ejnare’s dashed around and dived under Miss Opium as another one of her claws missed, before then Geurnf came in, hopping on an arm as then Miss Opium used another of her arms to go around and clutch Geurnf to death. Ejnare then pulled down on Miss Opium’s right leg, and she was brought down in a panic as one of her arms then tried to grab Ejnare, but he rolled away, and Ryutyu bashed Deandra into the locker more and more elswhere, using her hair to plant her in the locker’s hard metals over and over, slamming as then Oyur grasped around her head, and pressed his thumbs into her beaten face’s eyes, making them bleed as he pushed them back.

“My eyes!” Deandra cried out as Daniel continued wrestling, and Miss Opium shot an arm out to Oyur as then Ryutyu started to use his muscles and harshly choke Deandra, who tried squirming away with a scream, but he fell back as Miss Opium grabbed Ejnare and Oyur, squishing them by their torso and making their eyes, ears, and mouths bleed out, fueling the deceased organs into a liquid.

Daniel soon pulled the gun off Alan with tremendous strength, his veins showing as his face was going red, before he scrambled up as Alan hopped onto him, but he shot at Alan, killing him at his thighs. He then spun around to see Miss Opium with corpses around, and started to shoot over, one hit to her metallic arm, as spastically Miss Opium was enraged and uncaring as Deandra lost her air, she reached after Daniel, who back-flipped away, and then ducked back, shooting again and Miss Opium blocked, before Ryutyu after realizing Deandra’s face went purple, picked her up by the legs and threw her at Miss Opium trying to reach out, the body making her make a step away as Daniel scrambled up and started away, but Miss Opium then rushed after Ryutyu, and Daniel shot again, now only two shots left.

Elsewhere, Heru was on the other side of school, using a stop sign to smash around the walls and the floors, banging them till the red glitch made them bloat back up. Heru was after Wilma and Kioshi as they fumbled around, Wilma dodged and pushing herself back off her boots to then try to wrap around Heru neck and choke him as Kioshi used his arms to dart after his eyes, but he head-knocked back into Wilma, and made her fall down, her physique awkward as she was not the best at fighting. She then spun around and tried side-kicking, but Heru swept around, used his stop sign to slice her leg in half, as then I came to latch onto the stop sign and bring Heru away and down as Kioshi then stampeded over, and tried implanting his head with the spider legs. Heru got up, allowing me to have the stop sign, and bounced away as Wilma bled out, shaking and vibrating with panic and silence, half her entire leg gone and her other almost cut off, foiling out a red mass. Heru then saw me come over quickly, the stop sign going up and down with a flashy smash, making him pounce back, before Kioshi came onto the ceiling, and jumped after Heru, who shoulder-bashed and rolled to the right before running away towards the gym as Kioshi followed and I stayed with Wilma, seeing above the ceiling start to burn closer and closer.

Heru rushed to find Miss Opium shoving a dead corpse of Ryutyu around Daniel, trying to block his next shot as he aimed with gritted teeth, Heru saw this as he came through, and Kioshi rushed under, but Daniel only looked and shot to hit Heru, and Miss Opium blocked whilst throwing Ryutyu at him, and Daniel scooted back with his shoes, before tripping and rolling, as Kioshi came over to Miss Opium, throwing Heru’s dead body at her before his spider legs shot at her face, and she grabbed them with her metallic and wider arms to then shove them up into the ceiling as Kioshi tried to get away, those arms not bent and unresponsive. Miss Opium then whipped around so she could view Daniel making it into some classes as the fire burned down, and coming around to then duck as he rolled behind, and Miss Opium clutched together Kioshi’s arms with hers as one held up and blocked a possible last shot. Daniel looked at the one bullet left and aimed as precisely as he could, quietly and seeing Miss Opium look back as her arms bent Kioshi’s back into him and punctured his face as Miss Opium made another arm come around and hold him closer, smashing through his wide-eyed and dead face, as the fire now seeping down to be amongst the entire walls, but not the floor. Daniel sweated as then Miss Opium threw around the body of Kioshi and Daniel hit himself against the wall to dodge, as then Miss Opium quickly already came about to grab him by the tail as he tried to get away, and smash him up into the ceiling before onto the ground, and allowed him to turn around in pain and shiver as he pulled up his gun, but Miss Opium used one of her fast arms to clutch the wrist of his hand and twist it open to the right, before spinning herself around and throwing the gun back to the wall, before angrily still looking at the hurting Daniel with a cry, before she used her other arms to press down on his knees, then his waist bones, then his pecs before his elbows, and finally his head, cracking it open, and then she ripped it open in half as the fire spread to slightly rim across the floor. As blood splattered down onto the floor and Miss Opium was fairly clean, yet sweaty and still breathing harshly with frustration, she found one more thing to battle.

I stood behind, looking forth with the same old smile behind my mask, and same old shades I have had for a very long time. My cat ears were up and stabile, whilst my tail was straight down and twisting. To my right I had left the stop sign on the floor facing the direction of where Wilma lay dead through the walls, and picked up the gun, holding it in my right hand as my dress laid still by the fire, the rims showing forth to our duel about to take a final stand. Miss Opium turned with no knowledge beforehand, looking towards the dead gym before to me, her teeth angry and her eyes wide with darkness, but the glimmer of fire opened them to set her face with discrete intensity, her mouth closing and her eyes pondering my existence with such silence, as the white pixels on my shades glowed to her, the fire exaggerating their importance. She turned to me, all her arms facing forth, and her eyebrows flat with concern, six seconds awaited before an important decision was made.

“What did you do with my friend?” She asked.

But there was no need for an answer. She already knew.

The ambience became solid as her eyes started to tremble, and the skin inside her became infuriated. Her arms raised and her legs hung, her emotions dazzled beyond sadness and her mouth gritted beyond anger. She downed her head just a little as I stood there with nothing going on, and then she ran forth. Her arms clutched the ceiling and the floor, grasping the material and she made her angry way over to me, still standing as she was three-fourths done, before as she was ready to shoot out her arm and grasp my insides out, as I jumped to the right, then rolled under her, as she tried to spin around, before then rolling back under, finding her brain open, and using the last shot in the revolver of six bullets to put a good hole in the left side of her brain, breaking the glass and breaking her spirit, till she fell forth flat on her face, her arms dangling near the fire now, and her essence was dead like most others.

“God-damnit!” The Computer as he phased in before also pulling with his cords an entire Tsar 5000 that had the timer ‘00:01’ in red on it, and then it exploded.

“Bruh-” I started to say before the explosion was a red glitch of a mushroom cloud, and then the red glitch formed over everything and set everyone back, excluding Shellia and the cyclops.

***Hot tub Party...***

The Computer sat in the cold room with Heru and The Orb. Heru shook as his eyes were red and his mouth was down with his red tuxedo quickly sperling blood around, and the Orb just looked at him.

“Another one.” - The Orb then funnily said over with a retarded voice to the Computer in the middle as Heru looked up from the side.

“No- fuck you, (He points to the Computer,) and fuck you. You’re the reason I failed- making me vulnerable and shit- this isn’t the FUCKING HUMANITOR! Fucking BITCHES- I should’ve never FUCKING HIRED ANY OF YOU- I should’ve JUST WENT ON MY OWN WAYS, DOING IT MYSELF!” - Heru as he went away to the elevator.

“Bro hasn’t had a taste of smooth jazz in the longest time.” - The Orb.

“Let’s be a meme like ThatCosmicThunder then...” - The Computer as he then decided to process a game, but the red glitch formed over it, before the red glitch came out of the table still in my teacher’s presence.

“No- no more games- take a fucking break. That shit was rude as hell.” - The Red Glitch told the Computer as Heru looked forth after entering the elevator.

“Hey bro- chill- you don’t even pay rent here!” - The Orb laughed.

“Indeed, but no more games for a subjective time period. I’ll tell you when again, but please just give these people a damn break...” - The Red Glitch, before phasing away.

“Guess we’ll have to morph into Moais in the meantime...” The Orb before suddenly spinning around clockwise and forming into a stone grey Moai.

At my backyard, was a pool party. On the left side of the pool was a good hot tub, bubbling and conversing with Ryutyu in it, me on his left, Shellia on his right, Geurnf on the top side putting her arms up like Ryutyu was doing, Daniel on the left with a bit of awkwardness as Teressa was sun bathing just behind on the shell, her feet behind his head as his tail splashed around, and Miss Hedheop was on the other end of the side, whilst Chinua sat to the right of Ejnare on the bottom side, which was the side above the pool.

“Hi Angelica!” Teressa happily stated over as Daniel quickly turned around. Teressa wore nothing like Daniel as Angelica came in her black priest outfit.

“Hello.” Angelica nodded to Teressa as he came forth, seeing the hairs of Daniel, Geurnf, Ryutyu, Ejnare, and Chinua bubble with wetness.

“Hey Angelica...” Daniel waved happily and she waved back with a smile.

“Did ya’ bring a swimsuit?” - Ryutyu asked over as she looked down to see a few bikinis and swimsuits on the ground, dry and unused.

“I did, it’s in the living room...” Angelica stated as she looked down/

“Oh, yeah- we uh- some of us decided not to wear... anything- it feel better that way...” Miss Hedheop stated with an embarrassed face.

Angelica looked to Daniel as he shrugged. “Should I wear anything, Daniel?”

“W-what... um... if you want...” Daniel shrugged and Angelica nodded, taking off her clothes and coming over Teressa to sit to his right.

Angelica then looked around as people went from understanding her arrival to enjoying the streaming waters, just as she did, a smile coming over her as she looked to Daniel before back. “It does feel better than I remember...”

“Yep...” - Geurnf, with her eyes closed in the hot tub.

“I swear though, if we get put into another game, I’m going lose it.” Daniel funnily stated to everyone, and Angelica giggled.

“Let us hope not.” I told as I put my head onto Ryutyu’s muscular arm.

“Aye- this is a good relaxer after everything- ya'll wanna’ converse maybe on what it be like since history started?” Ryutyu asked and Ejnare looked over.

“Yeah- went from Eighty-Three being a weird-looking-edgy-femboy-nerd to Eighty-Three being a weird-looking-edgy-femboy-nerd- nothing really changed.” - Ejnare laughed as his tail went around Chinua.

“Nerd- is that because of the hair?” I asked Ejnare as Chinua was calmed.

“Yeah.” - Daniel nodded and laughed with Ejnare, “Your hair is totally nerd-hair.”

“Aye lads- scrub it differently and it perfect though.” Ryutyu stated, then rubbing my hair with his hand, and finding it to change to a bright yellow and messy ‘bedhead’ style as my tail wrapped around his arm as he put it back. “Oh- Eighty-Three, ya’ don’t have to change it color or form- it take away from natural greatness...”

“Alrighty...” - I nodded as people looked over in the hot tub.

“Natural greatness... what do you guys think of tattoos?” Miss Hedheop asked.

“Ya’ that fine...” Ryutyu nodded as all our ears were up to her whisper.

“Tattoos are... interesting...” Angelica nodded as Geurnf spoke.

“Tattoos are like... chips. Like a snack, they’re fulfilling in taste, but mean nothing to your stomach... I’m gonna’ go get some chips by the way...” - Geurnf laughed at the end.

“Aye- me too!” Ryutyu told over to Geurnf, getting up out of the hot tub and allowing everyone to see them go over to the table and get a few yellow chips, whilst talking to each other about getting more.

“Hey- you think we should get more variety?” - Geurnf.

“Ya,’ these getting stale whence you have a lot...” - Ryutyu as his tail wetly swung.

“Well... do you think I should have some, guys? I was thinking all over the body, just anything happy and nice. It’ll distract me away from my... anorexia...” - Miss Hedheop.

“You do not have anorexia. You just dislike that you can see your ribcage coming through the skin. That is completely normal, especially whence you take a large breath. Anorexia is when you do not eat because you do not want to gain any fat at all, that is much different from a slight dislike of your skin.” - I told Miss Hedheop.

“Oh... How do you know?” - Miss Hedheop nodded with Chinua and Teressa.

“I can hear everybody and everything with my hypersensitive ears.” - Me. “But also- yes, Ejnare can be your artist. I will give him the power of an artist by using my darkness to assist his hands...” I told, making a pen arise from the water in front of Ejnare, and he looked down to see it had a rainbow inside, glass around the end near the clicker.

“Wait- what?” Ejnare asked confused as he looked to me.

“Nice and happy, can you draw that?” - Me to Ejnare.

“I’m... not good at drawing... but you’re helping me?” - Ejnare asked.

“Yes. Now, you listen to music, henceforth I hope you have a good imagination. Also, you are sitting next to her, that is a second reason why I picked you. Thirdly, it is a nice task easily cheated and fun to do for you maybe.” - I told and he looked to Miss Hedheop, who was a bit worried as she saw Shellia play her accordion without clothes.

“Okay buddy...” Ejnare shrugged as Chinua funnily sighed, and Ejnare got up to step one layer down before Miss Hedheop stood up, having a blue bikini, but she soon, putting her hands behind her back, took them off and tossed them behind Teressa. “How do you want me to do this again, Miss Hedheop and Eighty-Three?”

“Anywhere and anything is fine... I just would like some art to see in the shower instead of standing there worrying about myself... I mean, Wilma put a television in there, but I... just turn it off... and feel bad...” - Miss Hedheop.

“Well, do not worry, Miss Hedheop. The tattoos in this situation can be removed easily by me or Wilma, so do not think it is a life thing like usual.” I nodded.

“Hey, can I also get something? Like, can you guys smooth out my fingers and toes so I don’t have nails? I keep accidently pulling them back when I put socks or gloves on...” Teressa asked gladly as she looked over to see Ejnare draw a dragon on Miss Hedheop’s stomach, as Ryutyu and Geurnf came out with more bags of chips.

“Alrighty. I will do after this spa...” I nodded and so did Shellia.

“And can I have... those weird round things? Like, blue ones people put around their wrists and stuff? You know what I mean?” Teressa also asked.

“Teressa, they’re called beads.” - Chinua called over.

“Yeah- now I remember...” - Teressa as darkness formed big blue marble beads around her wrists. “Ooh- and one for my neck too?” and henceforth bigger ones grew around her neck as Ryutyu came back with a bag of chips he ate from.

“You guys want some chips?” Geurnf asked around, and Daniel raised his hand, getting some for himself and Angelica to share. Teressa the put her feet up from her knees and crossed them as Shellia started to play a low tune.

“Nah...” Chinua nodded over happily before going back to enjoying the hot tub.

“So... back to the original question, I think our lives have changed only for the better.” Angelica shrugged to me, a bit awkwardly as she did not like speaking currently.

“Yeah- truly...” - Ejnare nodded as he finished the dragons, a black and stone-like dragon breathing red fire with red eyes and a red scalp.

“Definitely- I mean, I can see, Ejnare is the furry he wants to be, Chinua... oh... what about her sister and George? Have you found them yet?” Daniel, worrying, asked.

“Sadly, no. They are blocked by The Red Glitch still.” - Me to Chinua. She sighed.

“But it been good anyways... I mean, we almost done? We gonna’ kill computer yet?” Chinua asked me and Geurnf looked my way.

“Soon. We should team up with the three others, ThatCosmicThunder, Crow, and Qoaiuek to take on Heru, who still hates me.” I told them and they nodded.

“Dang... thinking about it though, we’re probably gonna’ miss these events when we are done with them...” - Daniel told as everybody took a breath in.

“No- damn no- I hate Heru and his shits.” - Ejnare laughed.

“Same...” - Chinua and Geurnf stated at the same time.

“Jukes!” - Daniel pointed at both before giggling back to Angelica smiling.

“Anything else to note, guys?” Ryutyu asked around as he sat next to me.

“No not really...” Chinua shrugged as he saw Ejnare work on a Ferris wheel.

“Uh... is this too much- but can I get my nails done as well?” Miss Hedheop asked.

***Jesus comes to The Red Eyes on the topic of Israel on our Earth...***

“Oh hey, it’s Jesus!” A red eye stated with happiness, pointing over with his right hand, and the other turned from investigating the waters near the shores of Lebanon.

“Hello my disciples. I have come to ask of a favor.” Jesus stated as the Red Eyes listened, their machines not being an event for their eyes now. They looked to see him holding the Israel, and looked to each other.

“For this universe, we can protect. We are re-instating ourselves.” A red eye stated.

“Thank you, my followers. Cometh to me if there is a problem beyond your power- as again anyone who challenges me unfairly will receive unfair consequences...” - Jesus.

“We understand- does this include any Orchestral-Wave beings?” - A red eye stated to Jesus as he casted the Israel up and it enlarged above, slowly forming a shadow over all the lands to the natural eye, before it moved and then fell down, reconnecting a road perfectly to the west by half a mile. The water also nicely just sewed away back to the sea.

“No. Even Heru will not challenge me again, unless testified by a demon. Now, make way to the people and spread my word. Tell them of safety and secrecy, or warfare might permit itself to all.” - Jesus nodded to The Red Eyes.

“We’ll do that... also, how many men should we have around? Should we have all the machines available at all times as well?” - The Red Eye still speaking forth.

“Have your men cometh back from the lands we call ‘Florida,’ and allow them to prosper in Jerusalem. Make nice confrontations with the Palestinians and forge a barrier to the outside world. All machines of your sorts shall help, but if your will is distracted, terror will reign...” - Jesus told, before walking away into a portal of neon blue with neon blue endeavors beyond, literally just blue as the Red Eyes nodded and turned back.

“Wait- Jesus- why now? Isn’t this world still in danger?” - Another red eye asked.

“This world will always be in danger till I come to rule it. Let sin not mislead you. My prophecies are unchanged but now have a lingering noise that is new. Keep yourself to that noise, and you give everything you can to stabilize it in its place.” - Jesus before exiting further as The Red Eyes nodded and looked around.

“The noise is loud- and still in effect. Quickly, let’s go forth!” - The original speaker of the Red Eyes, and many Red Eyes all around, at least forty-six, started to move in.

***The Final Chapter of this Book...***

Crow exited to his room of ThatCosmicThunder’s house. There, he sat on his black-sheeted bed with a black metallic frame and a black mattress with black walls and a black ceiling along with a blue, water-flowing and lit floor of thick blurry glass, as he had his icon of Hadiza on a picture, looking towards it with a straight face. He then put it down on his bed before going to his black wooden desk with a black laptop and a blue mouse, opening the blue-knobbed drawers and coming forth to see a tiny little device, a camera with a little switch on the back of its rectangular-like shape. There, he swiped it right, a red dot appeared from the lenses, and he put it into his pockets.

He then went over to his closet, with body bags, extra black tuxedos, black pants, many black shoes and socks below, as he shuffled to the left of the brown body bags and found a small one, grabbing it and holding it in his left hand as he then exited away carefully, his room looking untouched as he closed the doors to his closet he had already open, and then closed his door, coming through to the front door with a shining sun outside as behind ThatCosmicThunder was laughing loudly with his door closed.

Crow then came outside, pulled a portal gun from his left pocket, and opened it to find himself going forth to my three-way road, where I, Qoaiuek, The Red Eyes, Cyclop, Oliver, Shellia, Wilma, and Ryutyu talked, all of us turning to see Crow come forth.

“Ah, CROW THE DOMESTIC BIRD is here to EVALUATE WHAT TO DO IN HIS SPARE TIME.” - Qoaiuek with the same definite mouth.

“Alrighty.” I nodded as I looked to see Crow, before my ears flinched and I heard the camera tracker in his pants as he came over to me and then handed me the bag, before walking away as we all stared.

“Crow- wha' da’ bag for?” - Ryutyu asked nicely over.

Crow started to take out his phone and text, uncaring as Wilma looked back to the cyclops in confusion, and me just shrugging as I looked at the bag.

“I guess he’ll state it on the Accord server...” - Oliver shrugged.

“I just had the sudden idea- there is a company in Germany that sells drugs mixed with alcohol to people to get them addicted and waste their money. Me and the kids should go over and stop them as our next mission slash event.” I told everyone and Wilma breathed heavily, her tails having their fur string up a little. She knew it was a lie. She knew I just wanted to kill people, no matter the justification anymore.

“Alrighty... that is a sudden idea...” Oliver nodded over as Shellia played.

“Does Shellia want a mouth?” A Red Eye asked Cyclop.

“Nah- I think thy Red Glitch would- oh she does...” - Ryutyu as he then saw Shellia nod her head up and down quickly, her tail splining up.

“Alrighty. Me and the kids will go do that real quickly, you guys protect the school.” I told, smiling into the eyes of Wilma as she was a bit sad.

“Sheesh... man’s got business...” - Oliver to Cyclop as I left away with the bag.

“Hm... they grow up so fast...” - Cyclop joked to everyone, and Wilma was still looking to me, sad and disjointed at the voices in my head grew louder and multiplied, my actions upcoming as terrifying to her and soon to be... inevitable...

“Me my... that was a good one...” Ryutyu stated about Cyclop’s comment...

Anyways, this book is done. Long and preposterous with details, you are finally finished. There will be six books created by me about this series, but they will only be around five-hundred or less pages oncoming, hopefully- maybe- so do not worry about having to read another one of these Bible-like creations. And as always- see you in the next one- I mean- As I stated before though, what happens next will be explained soon...

-Book created by William D.M. White

*“Have a nice day!”*