**Inbetween Text For Game**

**After Beach Level finishes**

What I found was not the treasure but a fake chest made to fool many people… but it couldn’t fool me. I knew, thanks to my father’s research, that the real treasure was inside a cave. However, this chest still had little bit of treasure in it that unfortunately was not enough to pay my student loan. It wasn’t even enough to pay for my morning starfish coffee.

I knew I needed to go forward…under the sea.

As soon as I first entered the Big Sea (Oh lord it was big), I saw that the mind controlled puffer fishes were repeating a name again and again…

“Clee-torus, Clee-torus,” was the name they were repeating.

If my knowledge of Bone Herr’s tale was correct, it was the name of the octopus.

A mighty octopus that is said to be dangerous, huge, and mighty.

My crabby legs are shaking in fear of his image as I write this… on my Blackberry mobile.

I cannot wonder what horrors he may present to me, but still…

I.SHOULD.MOVE.FORWARD.

For not matter how strong he maybe, he is not stronger than my student loan. Upon whose name, I still lose sanity and feel my body fall into the darkening and spiraling nothingness.

**After Underwater level finishes**

ANOTHER FAKE TREASURE.

It was as if I was in a badly made Game Jam game, where the developers didn’t have enough time to finish a smoother level transition that they had initially planned and so they planted these shitty chests to mark the end of the level.

It was as if, they had brought back the talentless writer of this tale to add some “inbetween text” so they could mask for the fact that they had overly estimated their capabilities in how many levels they can make in just ten days.

It was clear to me that usage of fourth wall breaking unfunny comedic writing was utilized to give this tale a sense of charm that it inherently didn’t posses and never will...

But it was all just hypothetical.

The “Truman Show Effect” if you may.

Like, wondering if your life was just a 4 palette colored world controlled by some loser from his keyboard who can’t get over his nostalgia for GameBoy games, not realizing that some of the biggest atrocities committed in gaming histories like Castlevania The Adventure or Mortal Kombat II’s GameBoy port were produced for this system. It truly was, if nostalgia may not bind the eyes of the dreamingly inept pieces of human feces with sugar coated blindfolds, the worst Nintendo handheld of all time…which was only good for playing Tetris.

But that was all hypothetical questioning that I brought in my mind because of the second similar looking fake treasure that I so conveniently found.

You see, the crab brain is capable of thinking certain inter-dimensional possibilities because it is known to every species that they would eventually evolve into us.

Anyway, after twelve hours, twelve minutes, and thirteen seconds, I found myself deeper into the underwater area and saw an opening.

I swam up this opening to find a rocky place.

Though, it was dripping with water trinklets here and there, it was devoid of any drowning water.

I was back into dry rocky land or more clearly….

In a cave!

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

As I write this on Blackberry mobile, I realize that I have finally reached the cave where Bone Herr hid his treasure.

His dripping booty cave, if you may.

Dripping with water trinklets.

Dripping with gold.

Dripping with maddening rocky structure.

Dripping as it may mould.

I AM HERE!

I AM HERE!

And though temporarily, I seem to have lost sanity and embraced insanity by grabbing on to it with tightening pincers that pierce through the skin of the weak, I know that soon enough…

I will be whole again…

I will be sane again…

I will be back to being a normal crab…

But that would only happen…

If I defeat that legendary Octopus and taken the shiny treasure of Bone Herr.

Oh! I can smell the real treasure…the treasure that will abolish my student loan.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Tableu…Tableu….I feel Blue,

The treasure is somewhere close,

The octopus named Clee-torus, will wish that he knew.