These pages will be a journal of all of my important Teatimes, discounting the first. I may add in other notes along the way, but that will be its primary use. If you're reading this out of context, I am Tahvohck, a contestant on Improbable Island. I'm not going to explain that further, as it'll either mean something to you or it won't. If it doesn't, well, treat this as fiction. Otherwise...well, you probably know the routine, otherwise.

Teatime: 5th

Race: Kittymorph

I should have known better. I really should have.

I knew Horatio was...not happy with me. He had expressed his displeasure with me twice so far, popping me out of existence twice, mid-sentence. And yet I continued to avoid him, so that I could avoid having my life turned upside-down. Well, he got tired of waiting. I was trailblazing at my camp, expanding its reach, looking for secrets in the Jungle, and had just reached the lake to sit down and take a break when everything went black.

I woke up to body-wide pain and more darkness. My first thought was that something had ambushed me and I was on the Failboat at night. As my other senses returned and the pain ebbed, I realized that couldn't be right. There was no rocking, no sound of contestants struggling for favor below decks. In fact, there were no sounds at all. There was only silence, darkness. And then an inhuman chuckle.

"So nice of you to *finally* join me, Tahvohck. It's been *far* too long."

My blood chilled at that. "Horatio." He answered with a renewal of the pain.

"Indeed. Why has it been so long, hmm? Don't you *enjoy* our little chats, our Teatimes?"

"Oh, go fuck yourself," I hissed, struggling to my feet and drawing my sword, looking around, trying to find him. "Let's get this over with."

The chuckle again. "I think not, dear boy. Not till you answer my question, at least. Manners, you know."

"And what do *you* know of manners, Horatio? Like you've ever been anything other than a bastard in the end."

A Joker appeared in front of me, leaning on a cane. "I'm hurt. I can be a perfect gentleman if you give me reason to. But it's always *fighting* with you people. You never come just to chat." I charged him then, only to have him disappear when I swung at him. "Oh come now," he chuckled from behind me, "That never works. But enough of that." He vanished as I swung at him again, reappearing beside me, leaning on my shoulder. "I think I know why you've been avoiding me." He grinned as I flinched away and stumbled backwards. "You're fitting in and don't want to lose that feeling, hmm? Well, then. Let's take that away, shall we?"

A flash of light. When it faded, I was laying at camp, next to the firepit, Horatio's final laugh fading in my ears. "Have fun, dear boy. While you can."

Teatime: 6th

Race: Kittymorph

Well I just keep having brilliant ideas, don’t I?

This time we went looking for him, we being me, Haven, and Earth. Mostly Earth and I were tagging along because Haven was drunk, but I ended up getting drawn in too, not sure right now what happened to Earth.

Anyway, we were looking around the jungle trying to find him when Haven’s foot punched through the jungle floor, to the sound of tearing metal. Earth and I rushed over to help her back up, and the sight of her bloodied leg elicited a “Shiiit! Not good!” from her. After lifting her away from the hole and inspecting the wound: “No, but it could be worse.” Haven tore at the hole with her scythe as I cleaned her leg. “Mm, shuppose so.” As I wrapped up the wound, Earth came closer.

“Okay, how’s it feel?”

“I can take away the pain... and also, should I explore it?” Earth asked, pointing at the hole.

Haven winced as she tested her leg. “S’Better.” She stood up, stumbling over to the hole. “Bloody dark, innit?”

Earth pulled out an orb from his pack, offering it to us. “Either of you want this? Tis a good idea, since my bad luck could cause something to happen to it.” I nodded, taking the orb from him before answering Haven. “It is. Let’s fix that, hmm?” Directing the light down into the hole, I could make out some random machinery.

“Looks like the right spot.” This said, of course, right as Haven jumped into the hole with her usual carefreeness. "Geronimoooooo!" Earth and I followed. “How’s the leg holding up?” No answer, but the orb faded and the hole closed up above us.

“Tahv? Earth? What happened? Are we trapped?” That’s the next thing I remember, waking up on the floor as the orb lit up again. “Ugh. I think so.” Haven pulled a torch out of her bandolier, lighting up the room even more, to show cement walls and rusty equipment. “Eerie.” At the same time, Earth tried to get our attention. “Oi.. Should I see who that is, dudes?” I nodded to Haven. “I like it.”

“It has a certain...charm.” She picked a Rubik’s cube off a table as I turned to Earth. “What do you mean?” Earth sighed for some reason. “I can project my soul up above, to see who is there. D’you want me to?”

A quick check and I noticed it too: someone walking around above us. “Huh. You’re right, there is someone up there. Sure, give it a shot.” I watched as he pulled a green orb out of somewhere and fell unconscious before walking over to Haven. “What do you think this place was? First time I’ve seen an underground bunker here.” She was too busy working on the cube to answer. “Hey! Tahv! Look, I'm all done!” As she finished the final bit of it a hidden door creaked open. I stared at it, then snorted. “Of course there’s a secret door. Guess we should go in?”

“This may answer your question. Mind if I take a look around on my own? I want to see something...” She began walking down the corridor with another torch, calling back over her shoulder: “If I’m not back in twenty...” I sat down near the door, trying to keep track of her energy, but she quickly faded out of reach.

A little more than twenty minutes passed before I noticed her again, joined by a deep rumble. “Ohshitohshitohshitohshitohshit Tahv it's Horatio!”

I drew my sword as she ran into the room panting. “Well fuck. Doesn’t sound happy.”

“He’s angry. Should *not* have said he gained weight.”

“Couldn’t resist a snark, could you?”

She readied a grenade, and I did likewise, dropping my pack. “Alright. Let’s do this.”

I shucked off my pack, pulling a ZAP from my bandolier. “Ready when you are.” Earth’s voice filtered down. “What the hell is going on!?”

“Horatio! You may want to get down here!” His reply was drowned out by an even louder rumbling, but I did catch something from Haven. “Tahv... If I come out of this changed... I want you to know that I-“ And then that was drowned out too. *What?* I ‘pathed to her, looking back towards the dorr just in time to dive out of the way of a mass of metal. *No time! Concetrate!* It slammed into the wall, shaking pieces from the ceiling. And then the laugh. That damn laugh.

“Um... would you like some tea?”

“Haven, Tahvohck, welcome. So nice to see you both so soon after the last time.”

“So what’s with the batcave, H-dawg?”

Horatio stepped out of the doorway, twirling his cane. “Ah, Haven, always the cheerful one, aren't you? And Tahvohck, I see you fixed yourself. Congratulations.” He clapped lightly.

"He enlisted my help, actually. That extra-half dimension is such a help, thanks for taking away the other 1.5 extra. Now, I understand you have a... bone to pick with Tahvvie dahhling. Care to explain yourself?"

I hissed a little without realizing it. “I’d like to know myself.”

“Ah, but telling you would take all the *fun* from it. But perhaps I'll give you a hint, since you asked. I don't.”

“Yeah right,” I mumbled, Haven juggling a grenade. “Would this be one of your... *charming* improbable idiosyncracies?”

“You may call it that, if you wish. Are you going to *do* something with that, my dears?” He motioned to the grenades, and I smiled. Finally getting down to business. “Sure. Haven, eyes!” Meanwhile, Haven threw her own grenade before rushing at him. “Fetch.”