

Abridged excerpt from

The Ancient Peoples of Haznbaba

by ACE

Background: This is an abridged version of a story that was written over text messages by myself and two of my childhood friends (Evan and Curtis, as little kids, we called ourselves ACE),

BOOK I

While I'm on the topic, I remember the first time I met my mom and dad (very long ago indeed). It was at a concert when the beetles opened up their show for them (of course that was only a peace gesture from them [the beetles] to Korea, as my dad's band was representing Korea and Japan as a whole during the Cold War) during the late Cretaceous period. They were really putting on quite the show. Pyrotechnics, jugglers, brontosau-rus-people head banging.

But that happy scene all changed when the fire nation attacked.

Only the Avatar, master of all four elements, could stop them, but when the world needed him most, he vanished.

The fire nation separated me from my family, leaving me in the jungle to fend for myself. But the heavens had mercy on me. They sent me ocelots.

Do not think badly of these ocelots though, they were kind, respectable, ocelots. Not the barbaric kind you see in the movies. (Movie stereotypes- the kind we all know and love)

Well, the tribe of ocelots took pity on me, seeing what the fire nation did to my village and it's natives.

They took me in.

But in order for this to make sense- I'll have to give you some background info on me at this point in my life.

I have many aliases- I can't remember them all. I don't

even remember if Aaron is my real name.

You see- It all happened in Cambodia after the fire nation attacked.

I was adventuring with a kid named Riley (He could see dead people) a few years after my separation with my parents. It got a bit rocky on the hill and I fell. Luckily a nice family of ocelots, that were family friends of the family that took me in, nursed me back to health.

Riley wasn't as lucky, he was eaten by the ocelots. I found that out a little after that when I had a fight with my ocelot brother Jmar, after which Jmar banished me to the great savanna where I met up with my old partner, Douglas. Douglas was extremely fat, but he was very smart. He led me through an ancient sun temple, where there were monuments and obvious signs of ceremonial live ritual burnings.

Very soon, Douglas turned on me, he pulled a gun out, and told to drop the golden artifact we found.

Quickly, my ocelot instincts took over...

And sadly, Douglas was no more.

I stole Douglass's rocket launcher, and I blew up a nearby wall. To my surprise, there lied the ancient people of Haznbaba.

But due to the interesting course of events, The Sun God was upset by my actions- a solar flare melted the walls around me.

Quickly, again, my ocelot instincts took over- I drew a satanic pentagram (with the magic crayon that I looted from Douglass's body)

The wall blew up.

And I took the lost people of Haznbaba and held a religious pilgrimage to Denmark.

BOOK II

Armed with and rocket launcher, a magic crayon, and a golden statue, I led my army of ancient sun people to Denmark, where we confronted the fire nation.

We approached their castle.

(I had previously equipped my army with the sun god's ancient weaponry, and magic knowledge).

I had no doubt in my mind that we were to overwhelm the fire nation with our amassed strength that we gained through the prayer, training, and meditation we endured during our religious pilgrimage to Denmark.

No doubt in my mind.

While we were only a few miles away from Final Destination, I decided we would set up camp for the night. It was there that I contacted my ocelot family.

I told them to dial up all their friends family, acquaintances, fiends, political enemies, demons, dragons, dungeon masters, shadow stalkers, rangers, paladins, technomancers, mutants, geeks, archers, hunters, phiosloths, and Greek Mathematicians they knew, and to tell them to meet me at 55.6761° N, 12.5683° E.

The next day was the day of truth. The day of all our blood, sweat, tears, meditation, training, mind bending, tactic studying, mathemetizing, sciencing, and praying would be for.

Should we fail, all of our efforts shall't be for naught.

So at 55.6761° N, 12.5683° E I met up with everyone who was sent to help- even jmar.

So now, closer than ever, my army and I approached the sacred scene.

I decided to assign three commanders of three different races. One from the Sun People, One from the Ocelot tribes, and One from the celestial world. But there was some tension between the three races, so I called a strategical meeting.

The three commanders agreed that the Fire Nation and their allies, the Tetrahedron Poeple, were the enemies of all, and previous grievances between them were put on hold in face of the greater threat.

They arranged their appropriate forces on the two spurs of the Mountain that lined the valley leading to the now sealed off great Gate of Erebor; the only entrance to the Mountain that remained unblocked (any others had been destroyed by the ancients long before). The philis-loths and or so Lake-men formed up on one spur and celestial demons on the other, while a light rear-guard lined across the mouth of the valley to lure the Tetrahedron Peoples between the two spurs of the mountain, and thus destroy them. I, myself, tried to sit out the battle on Ravenhill which was held by the Sun People, and where also One of the Three commanders had withdrawn to.

Soon the Fire Nation and Tetrahedrons arrived, and at first the plan worked: they were lured into the choke-point and took heavy losses. However, to my very big surprise, due to their superior numbers, my allied people's did not hold the advantage long. The second wave was even worse than the first, and due to their sheer number now many Fire Nationers scaled the mountain from the opposite side, and began to attack the arrayed forces from above and behind, as the main wave pressed forward. The battle raged across the Mountain, and then a great noise was heard.

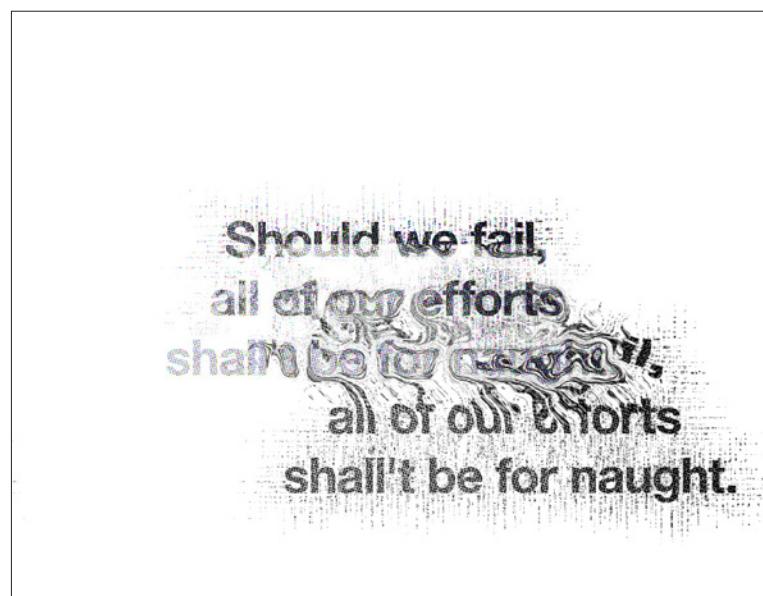
Troops of all races rounded to see my standing in a bout of mystic light wielding my magic crayon.

I drew a satanic pentagram, and summoned the wrathic power of the Sun God upon the Fire Nation. Not sparing any but the innocence. I dared not harm the sacred peoples of the Triforce, as they were not responsible for their actions- they were under the fiery spell of the Fire Nation.

Thus the All of Europe, Asia, and northern Australia were freed from the plague of the Fire Nation.



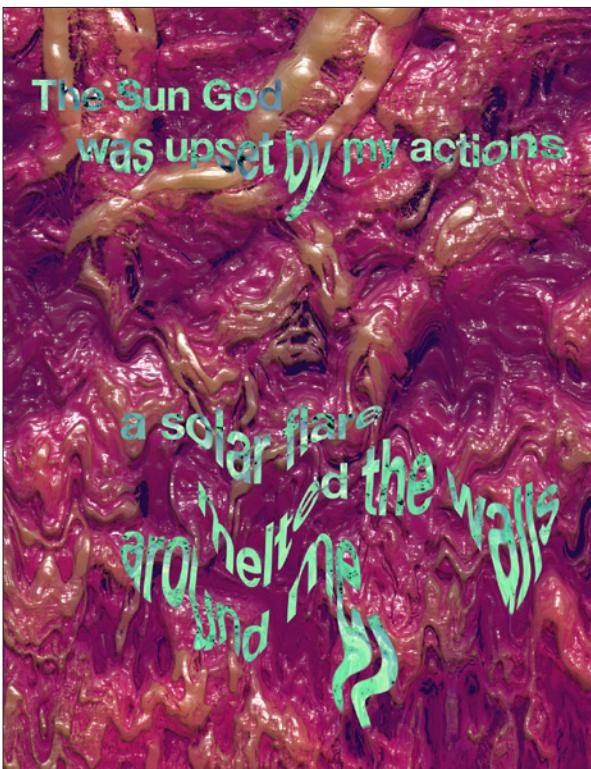
They sent me ocelots



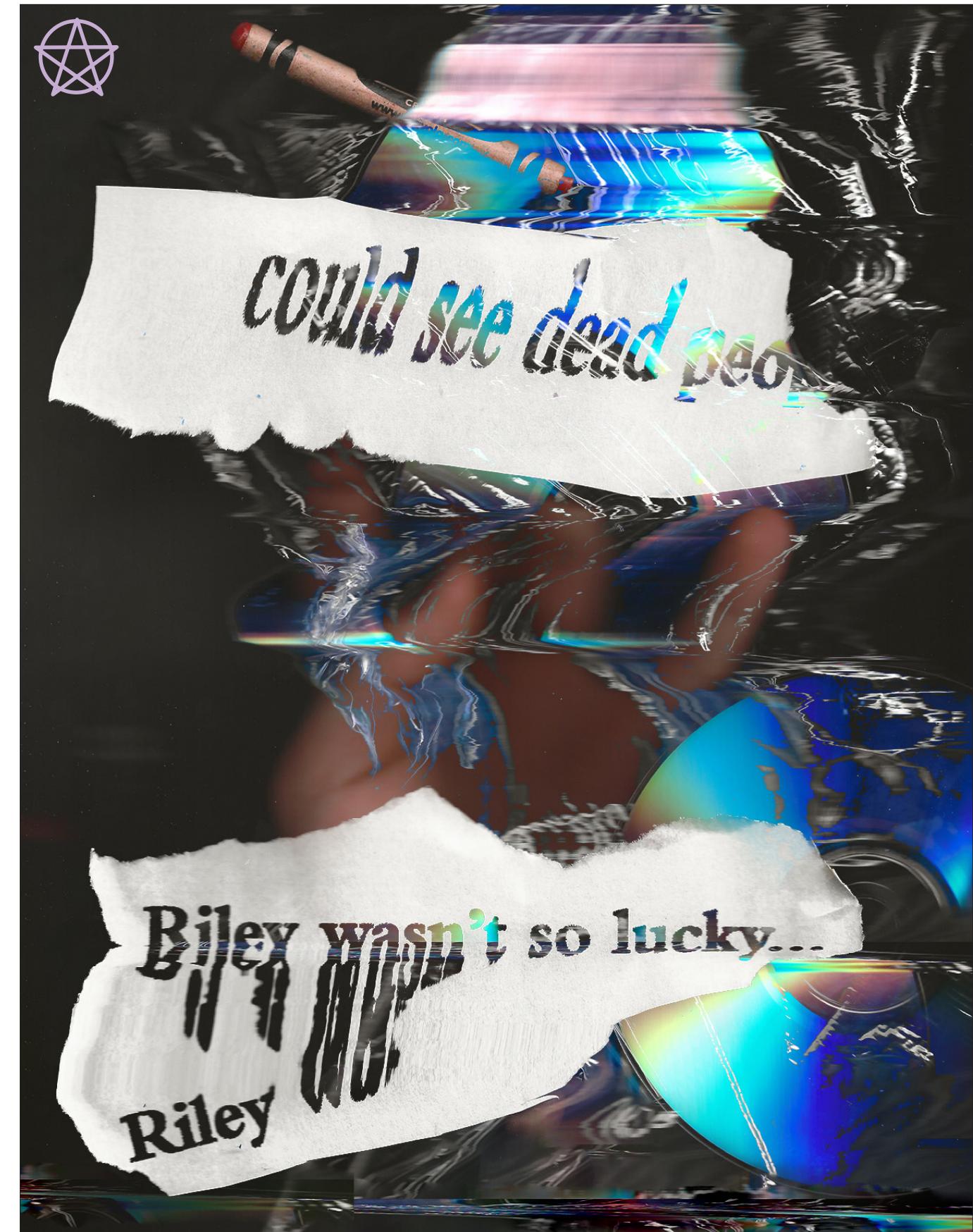
Shall't be for naught



Eaten by ocelots



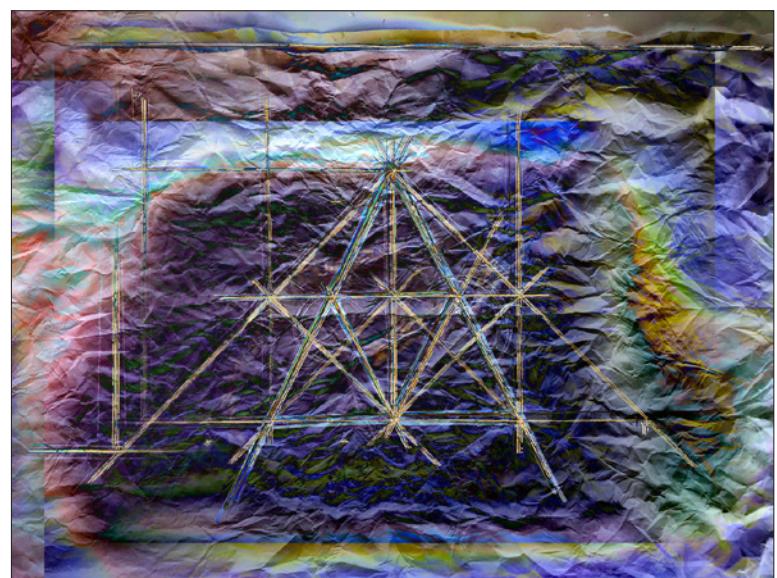
The Sun God was upset



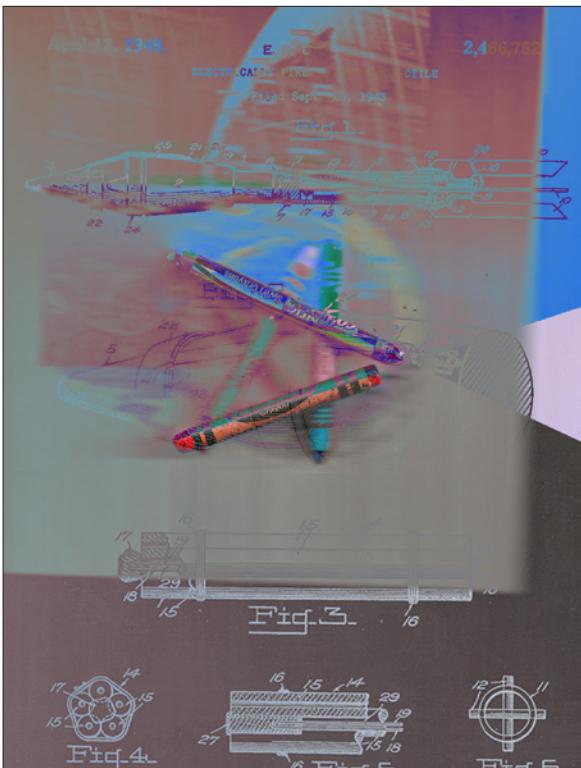
Riley got eaten by ocelots



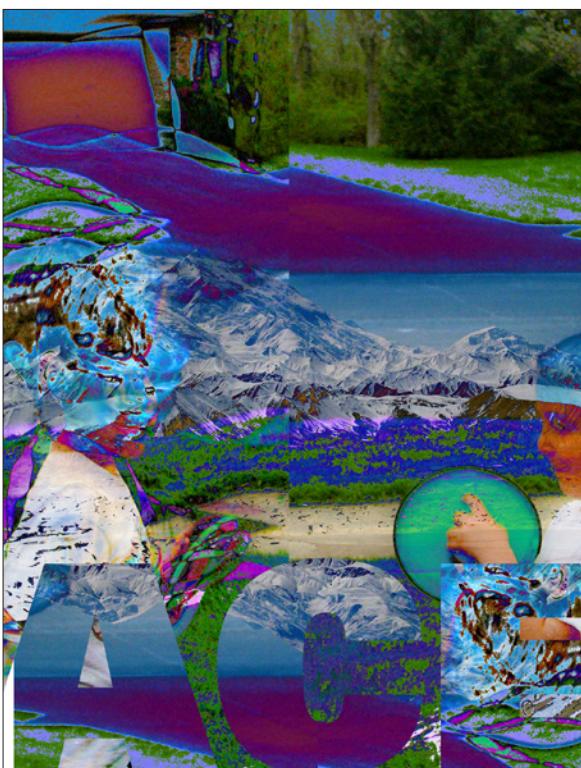
Magic Crayon



The People of the Sacred Geometry



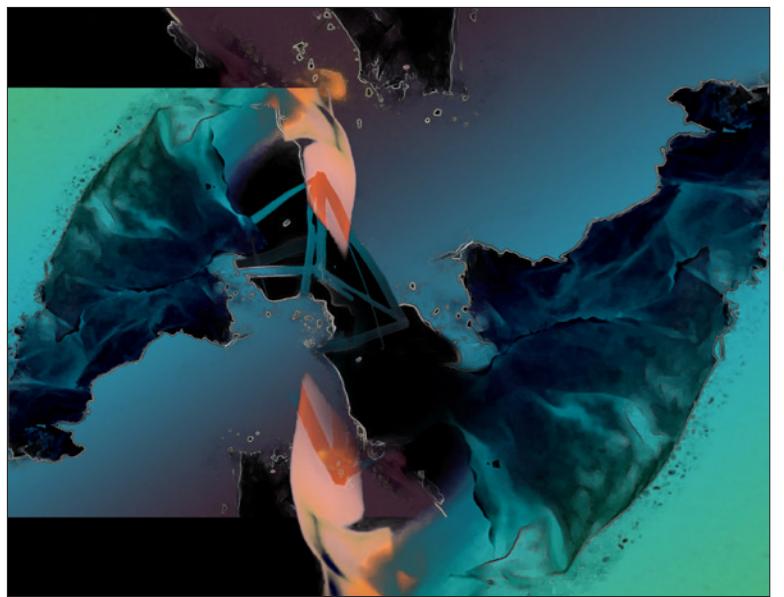
Quickly, my ocelot instincts took over



ACE



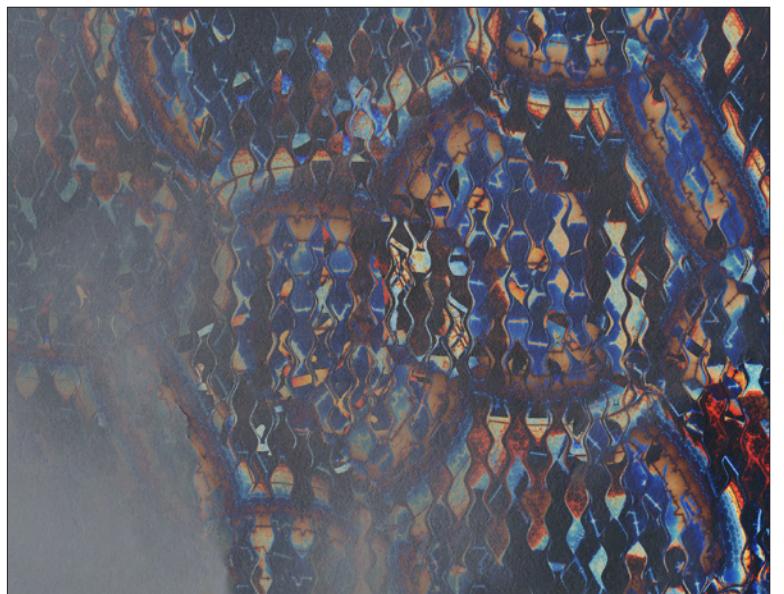
In a bout of mystic light



Under the fiery spell of the fire nation



Two spurs of the mountain



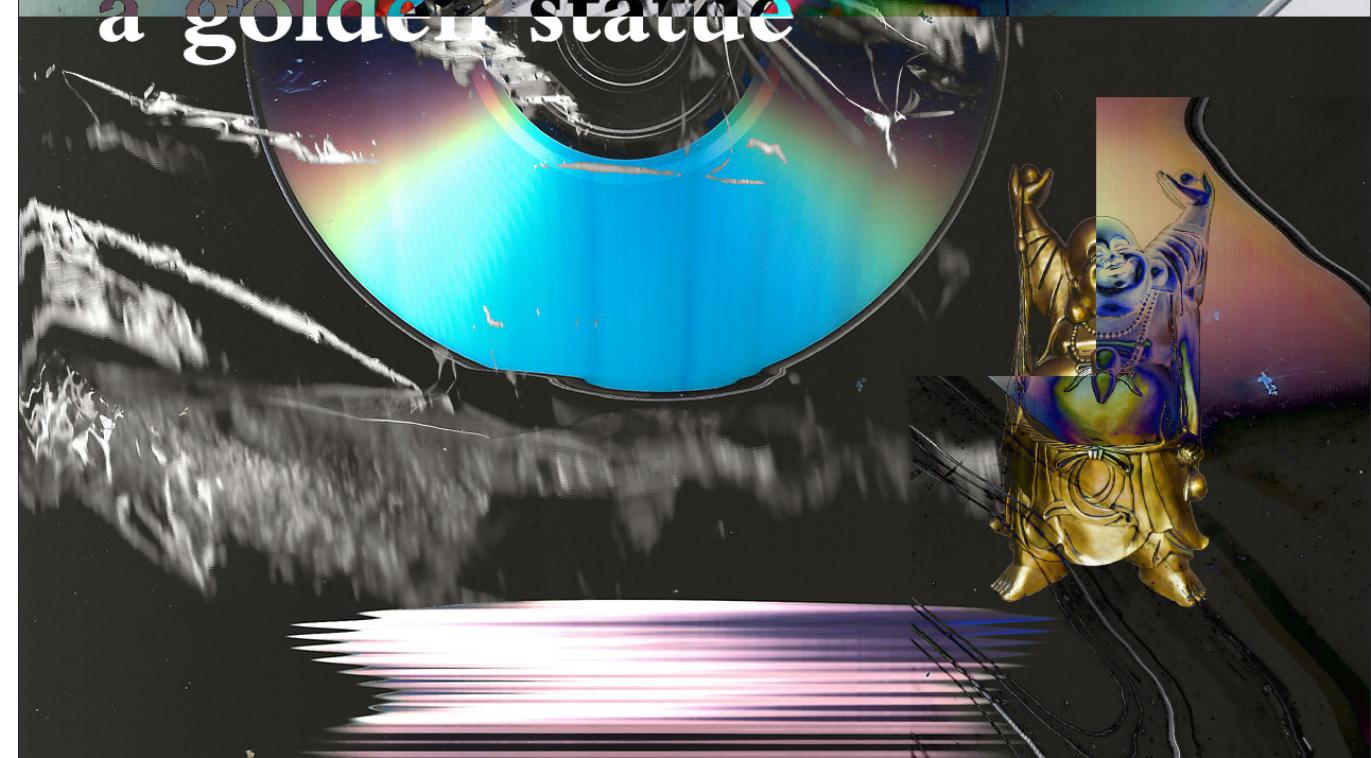
Ocelots



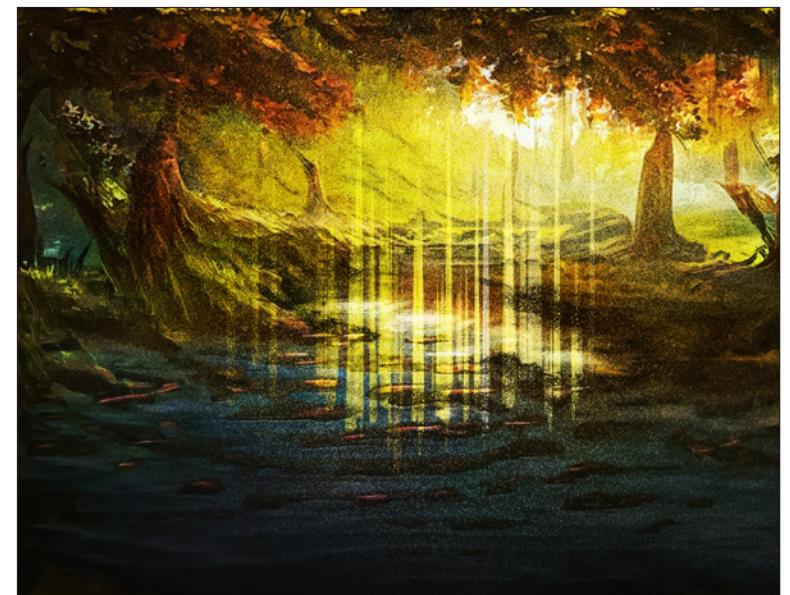
The Great Gate of Erebor



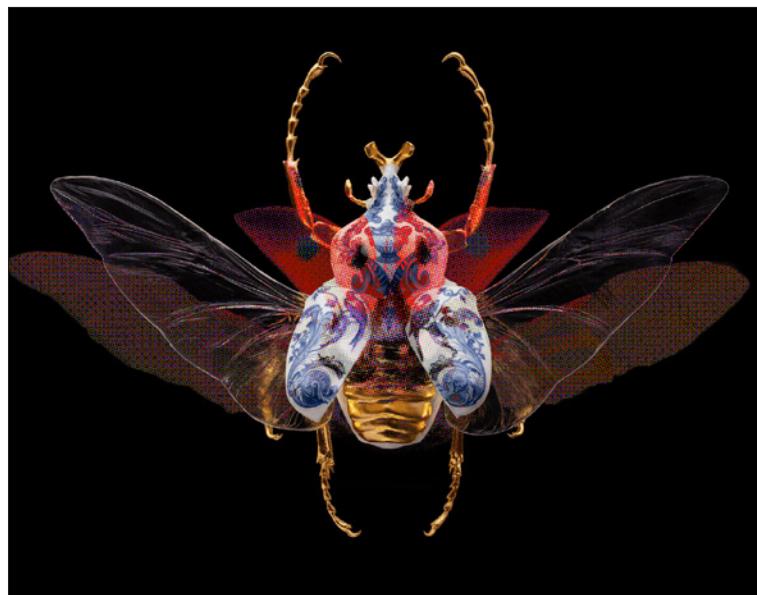
Armed with a
rocket launcher,
a magic crayon, and
a golden statue



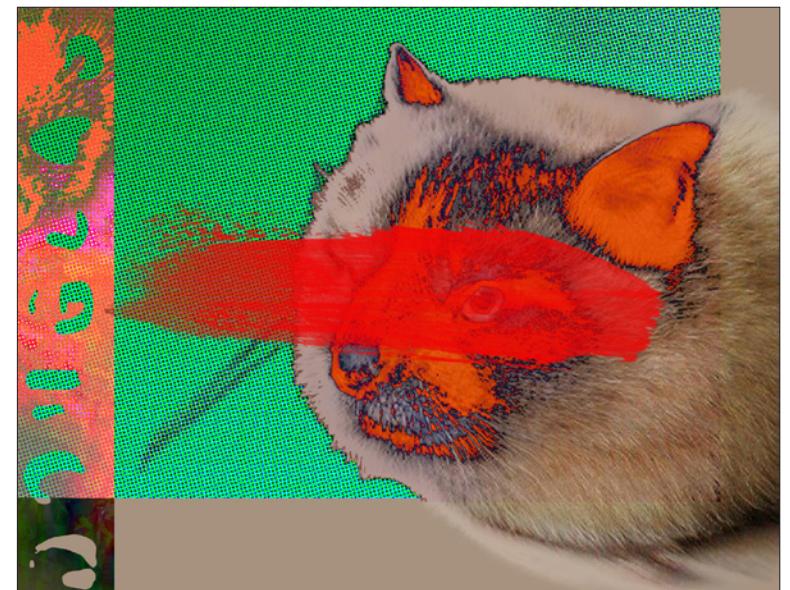
Armed with a rocket launcher



Alone in the Jungle



It was at a concert when The Beetles opened up
their show for them



Douglas was a fat ocelot



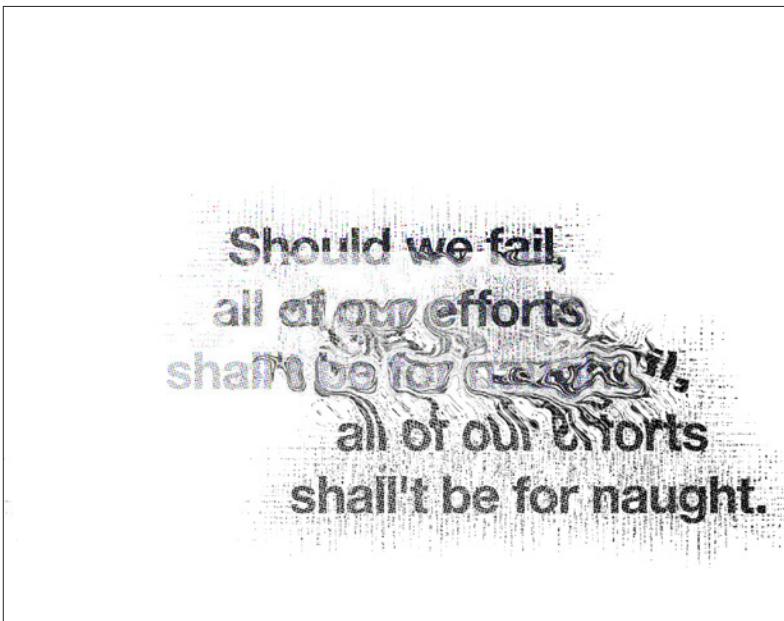
Unknowable Golden Dragons



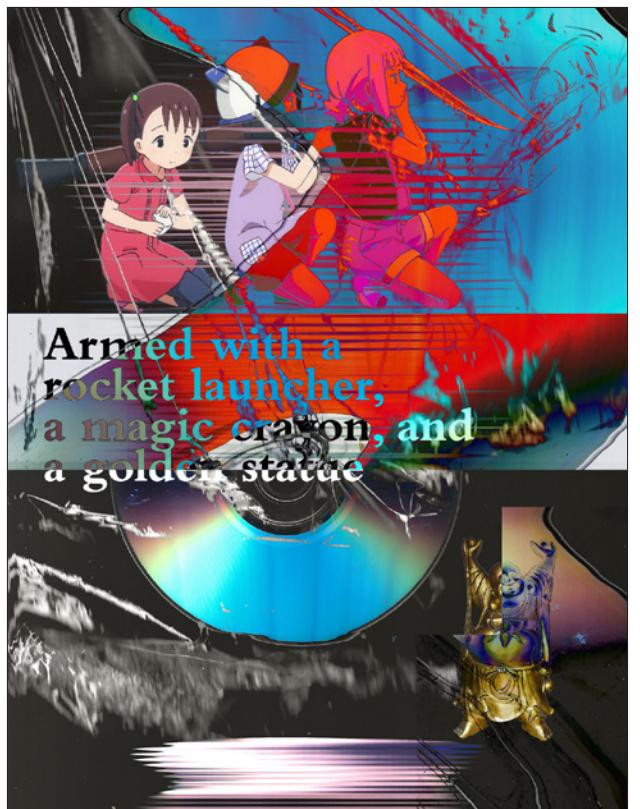
Under the fiery spell of the Fire Nation



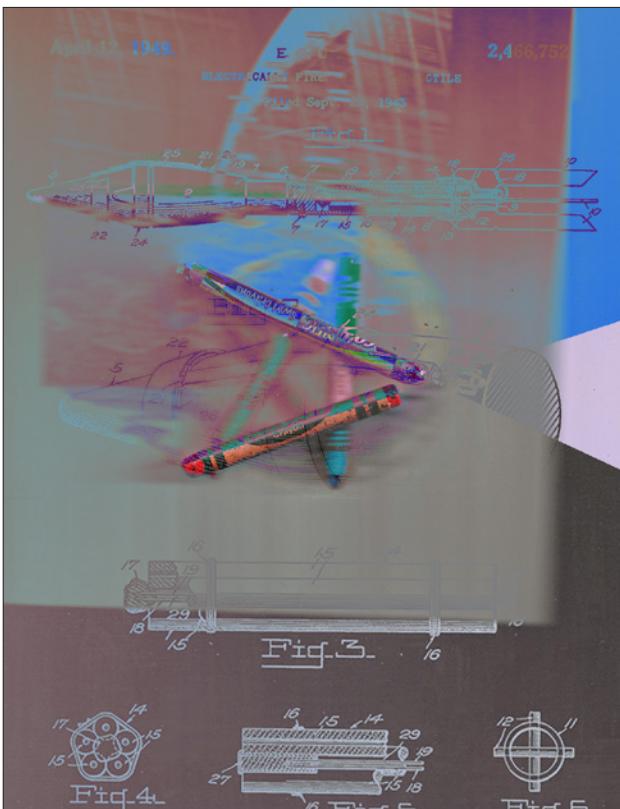
Eaten by ocelots



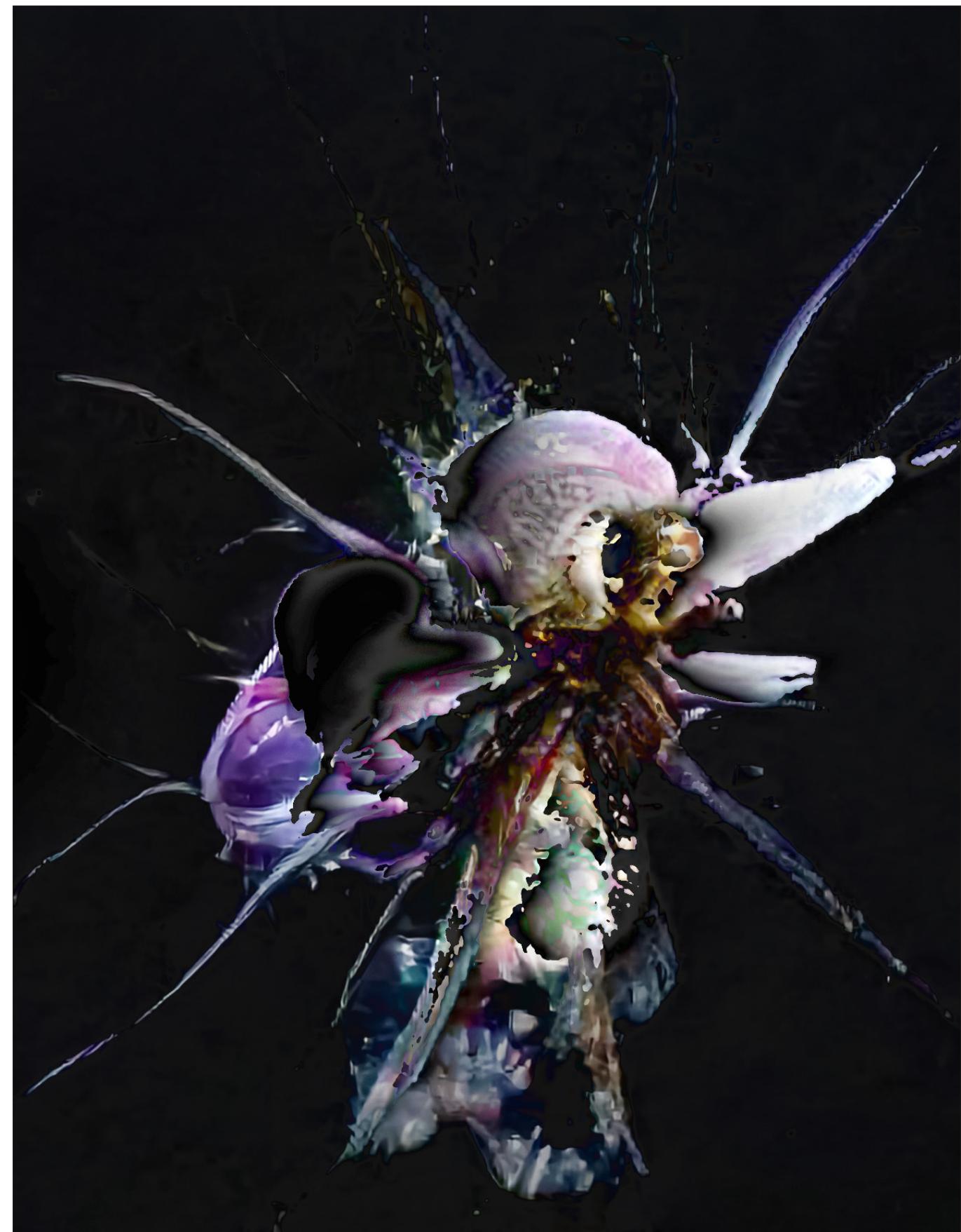
Shall we fail allour efforts shall't be for naught



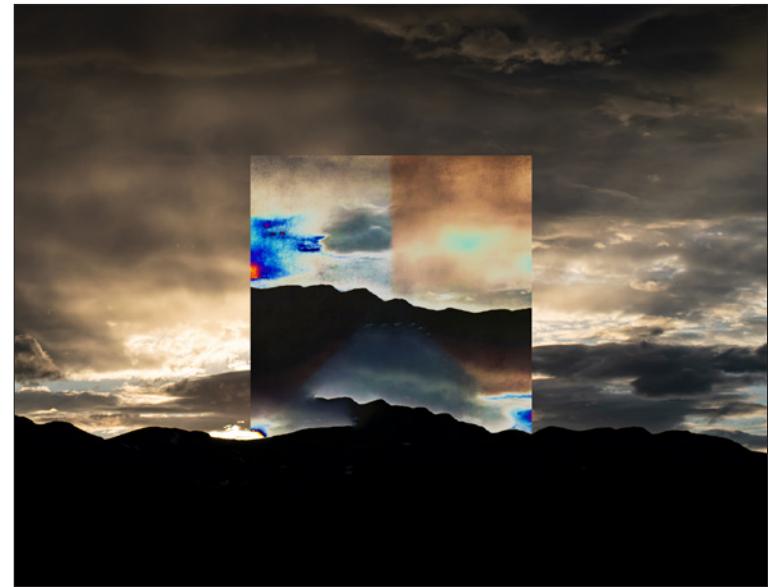
Armed with a rocket launcher



Quickly, my ocelot instincts took over—
I drew a satanic pentagram



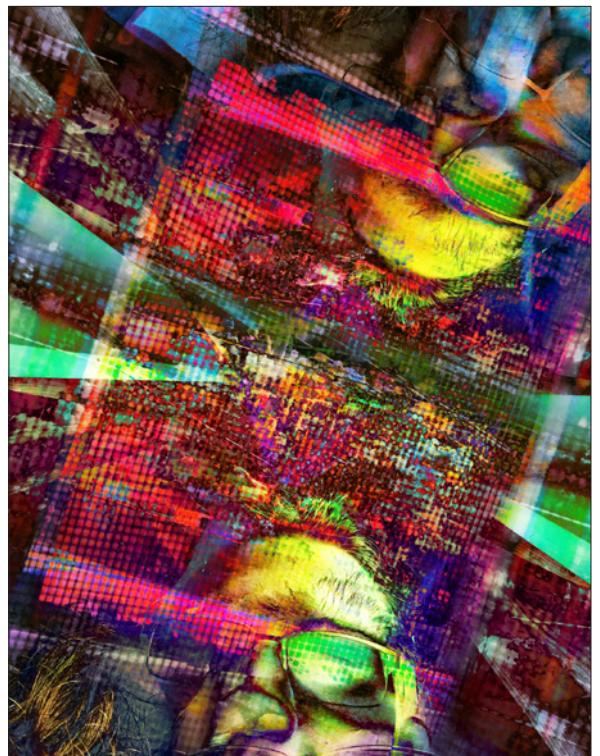
The Unknowable Golden Dragons (non-canonical version)



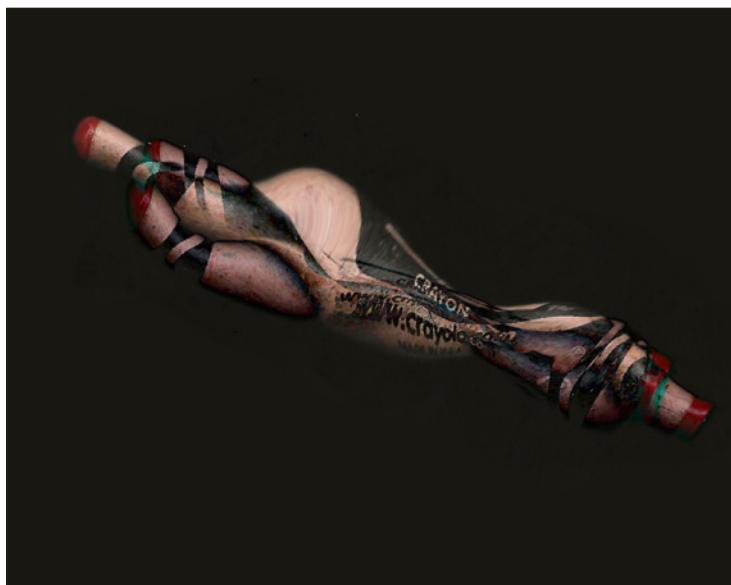
In a bout of mystical light



Summoned the wrathic power of the
Sun God upon the Fire Nation



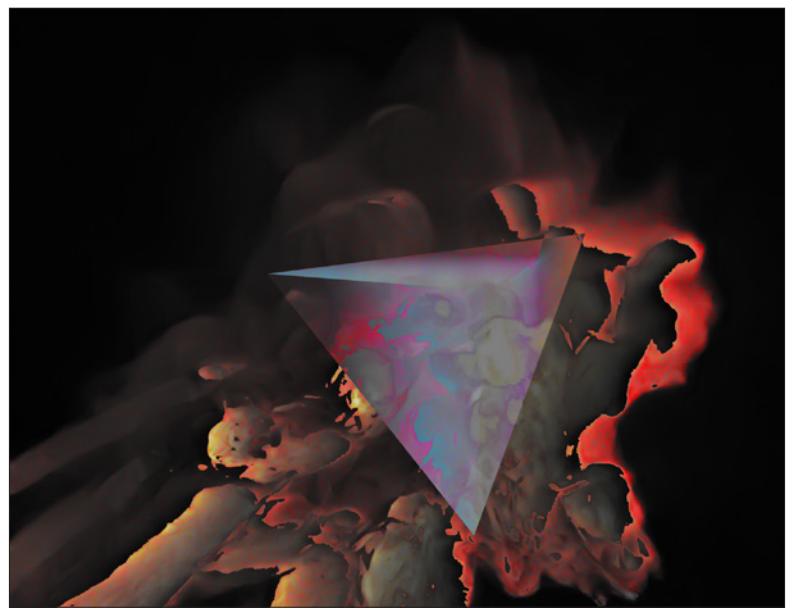
Troops of all races rounded to see my standing



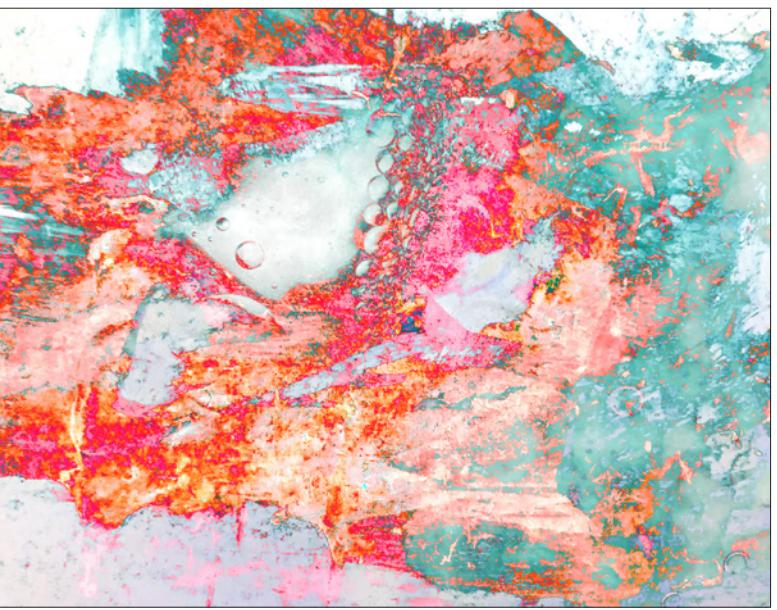
Wielding my magic crayon



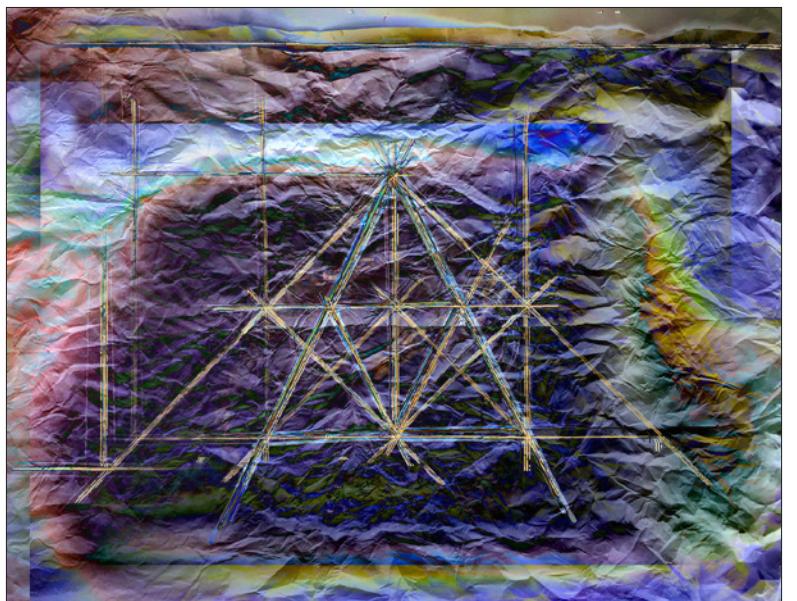
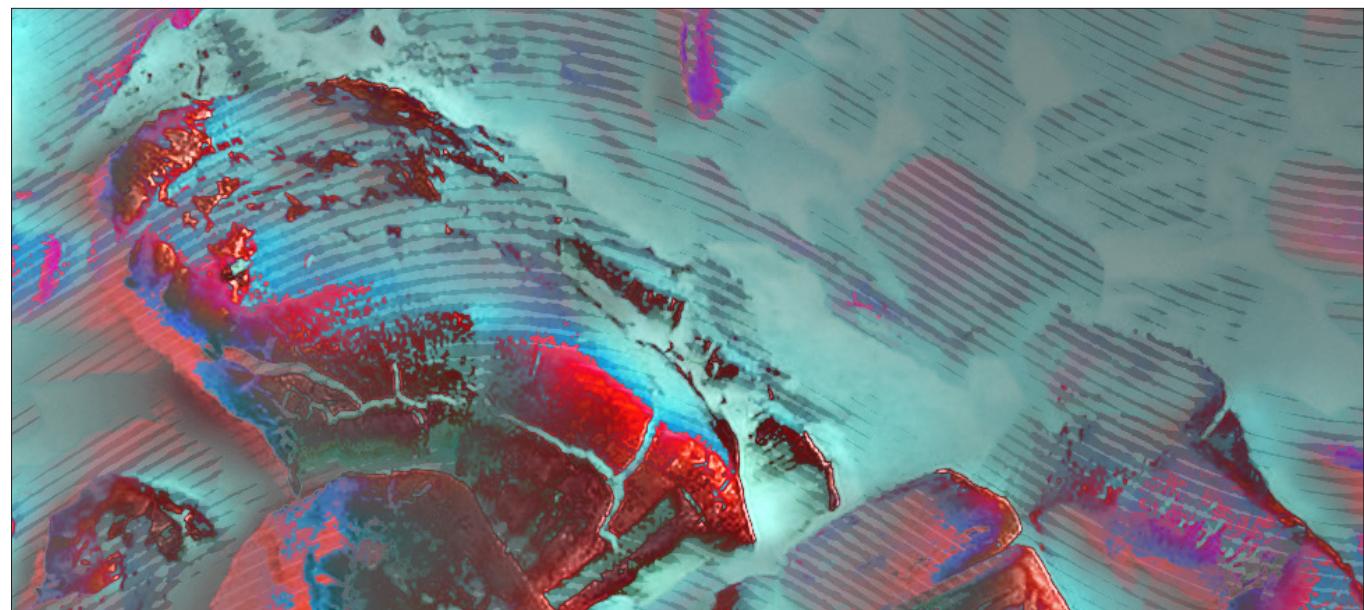
Mystic Light



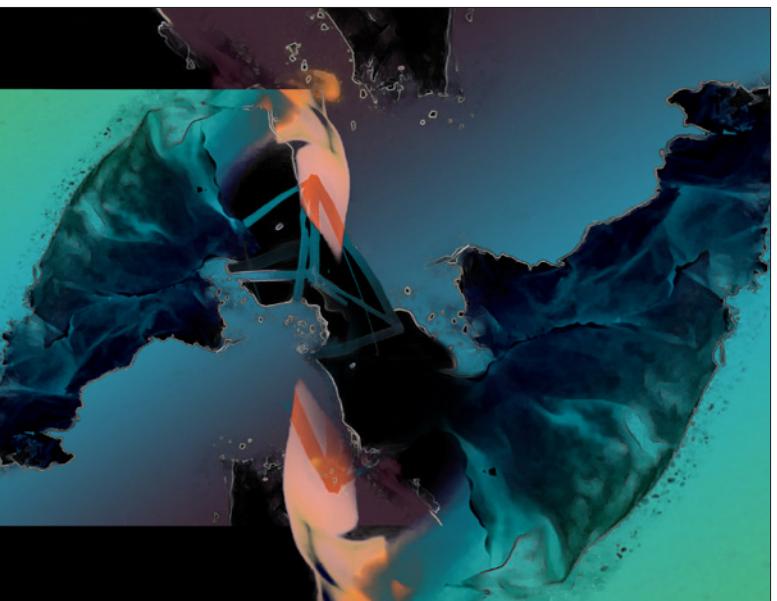
Under the fiery spell of the Fire Nation



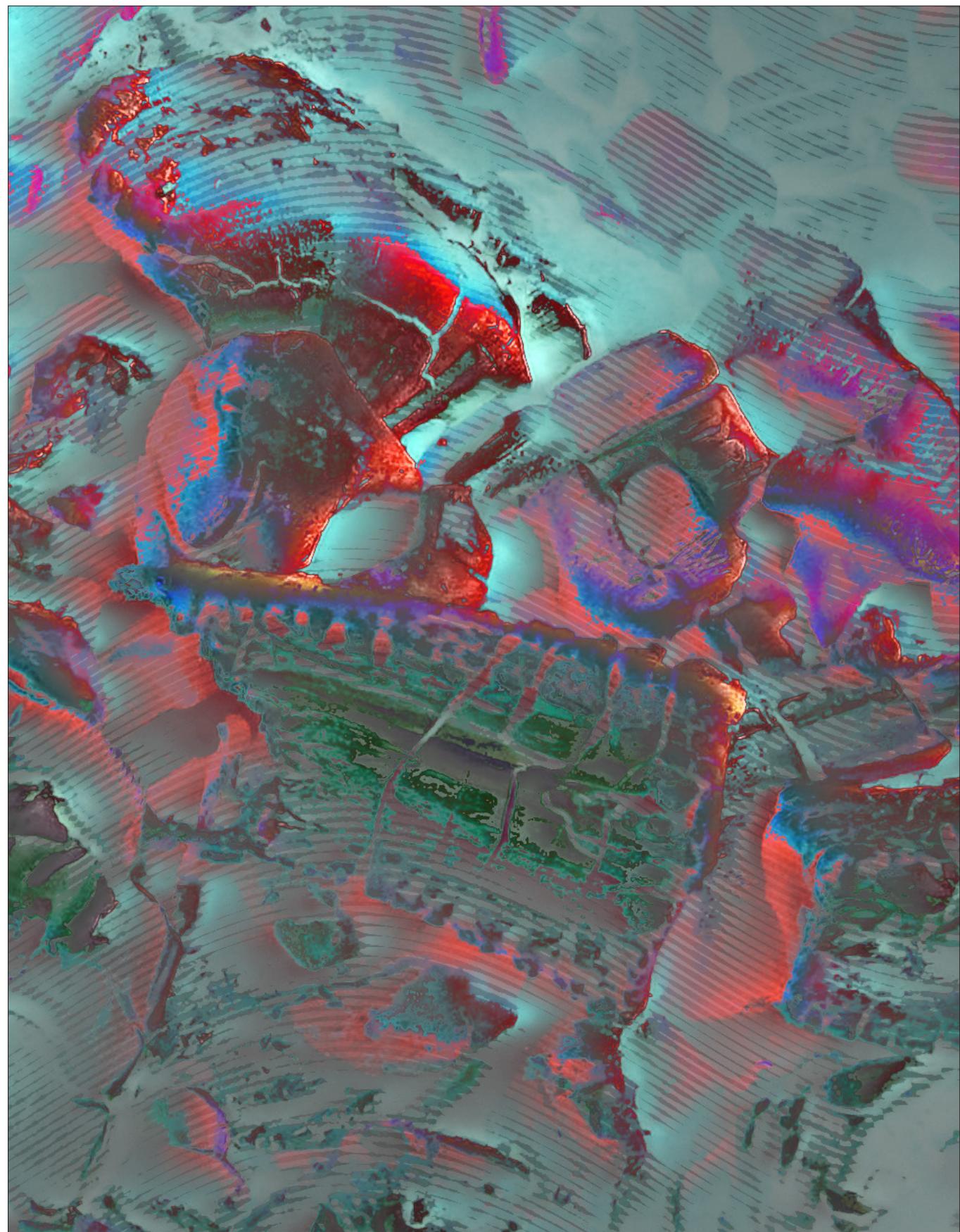
The fire nation separated me from my family



I dared not harm the sacred peoples of the Triforce



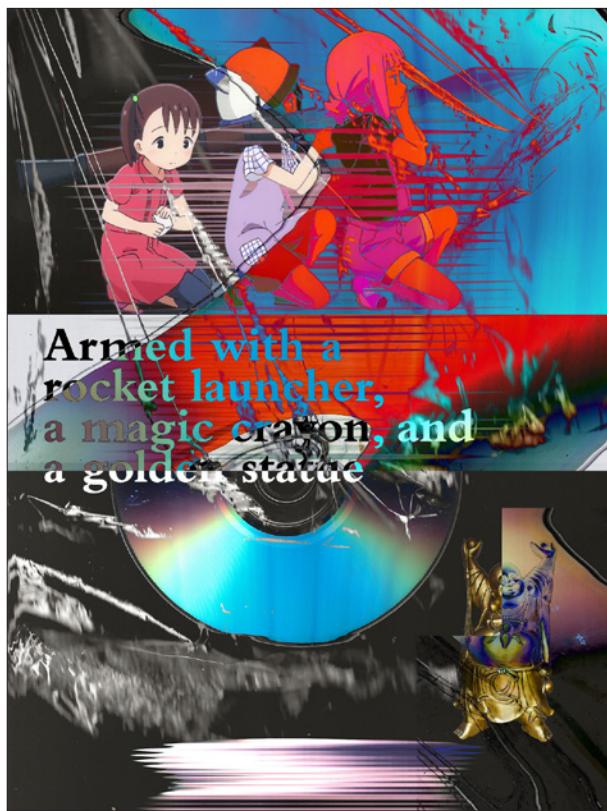
They were not responsible for their actions



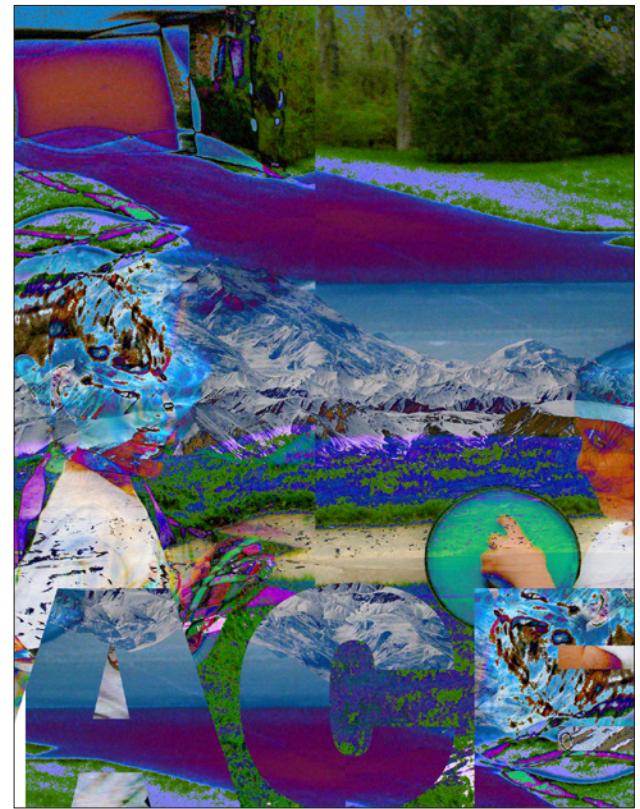
The Embers of My Village



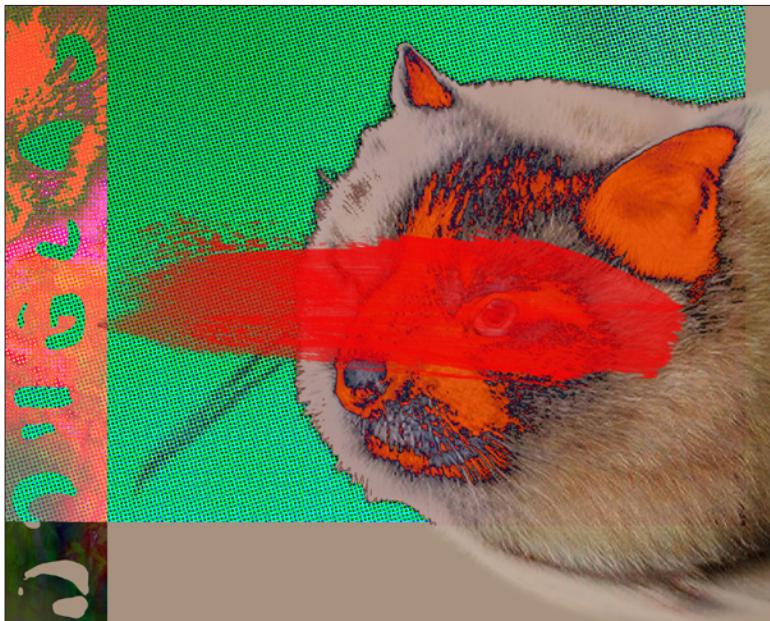
Quickly, my ocelot instincts took over—
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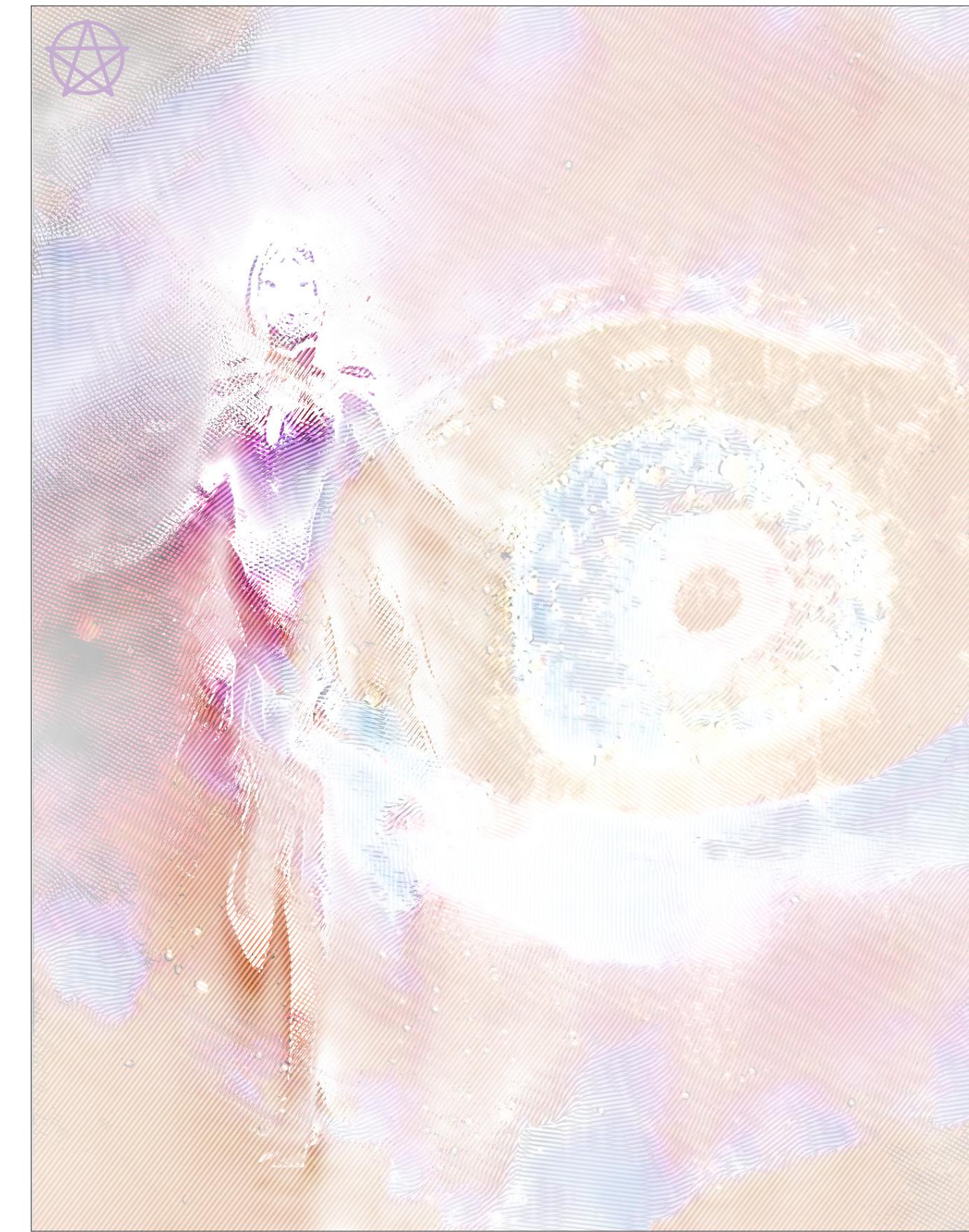
Armed with a rocket launcher



ACE — Aaron, Curtis, Evan



Douglas was an extremely fat ocelot



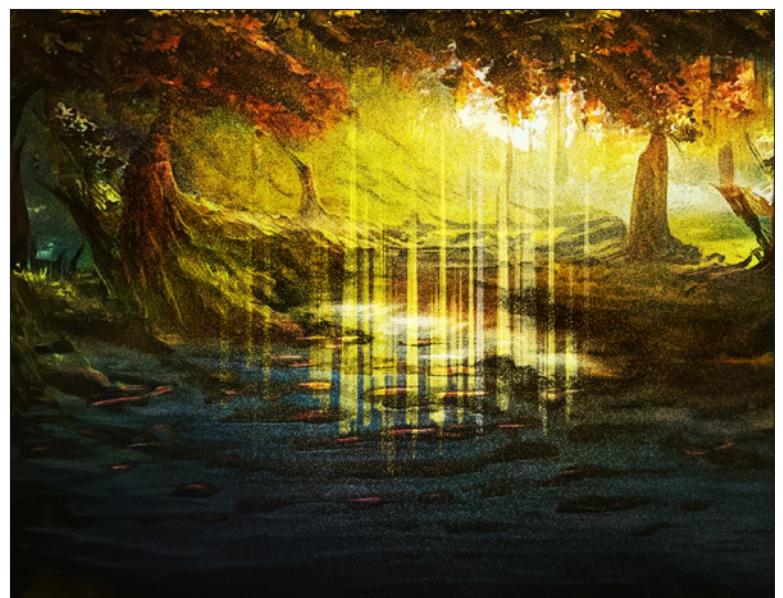
The Sun God was looking down on me (condescendingly)



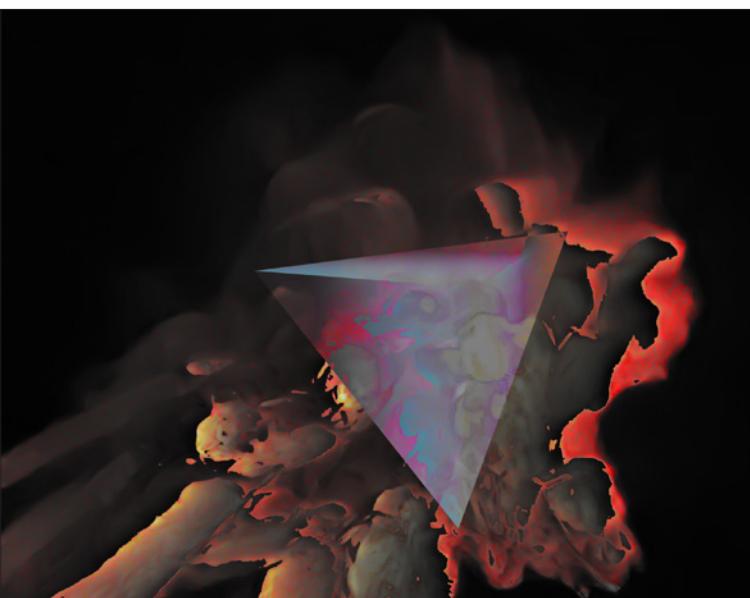
It was at a concert when The Beetles opened up their show for them



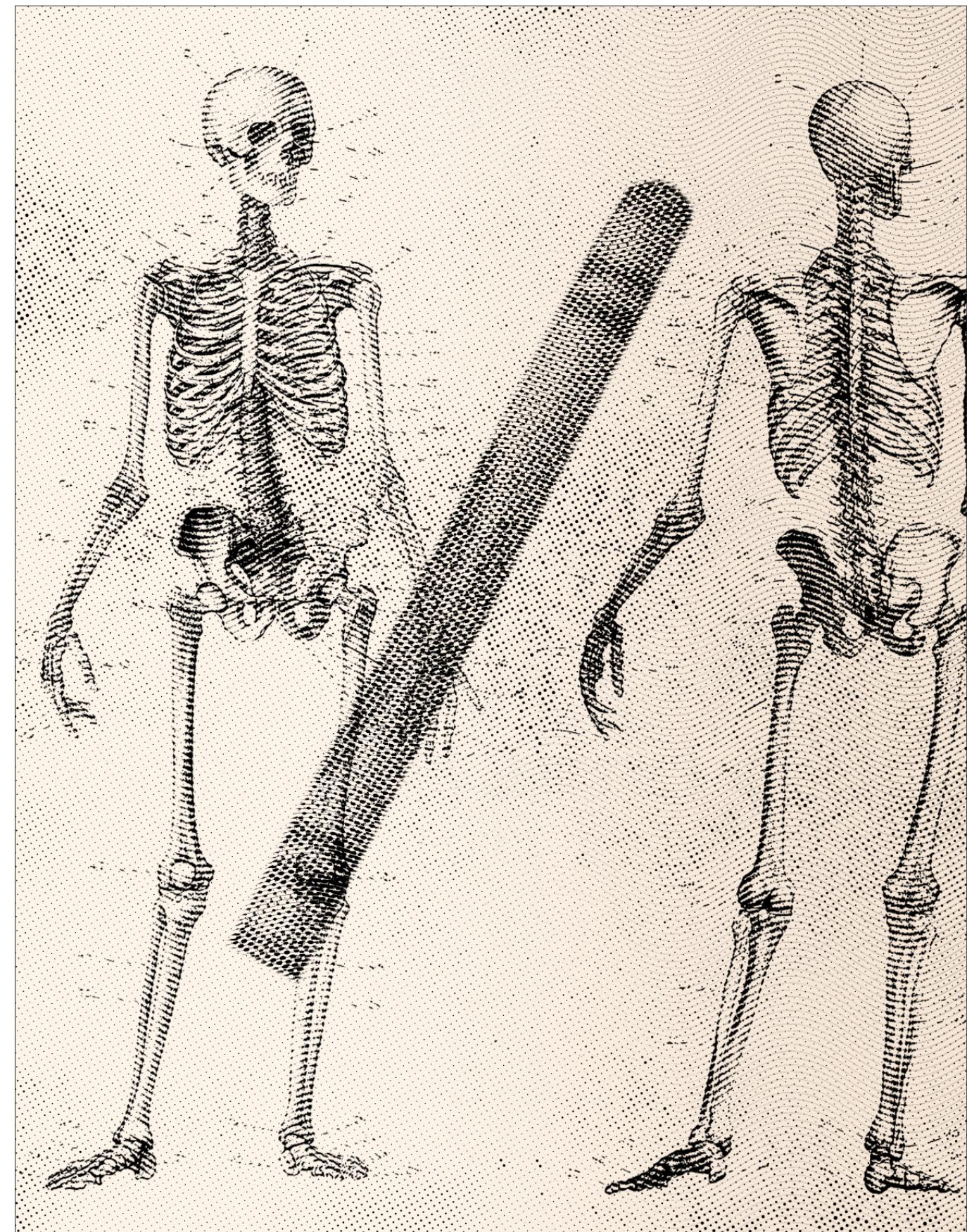
Golden Dragons



Alone in the Jungle



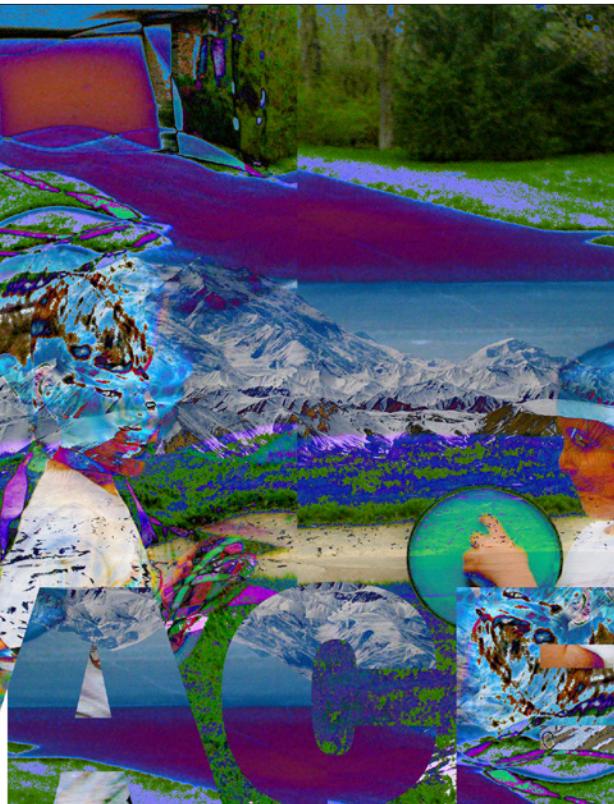
Fiery spell of the Fire Nation



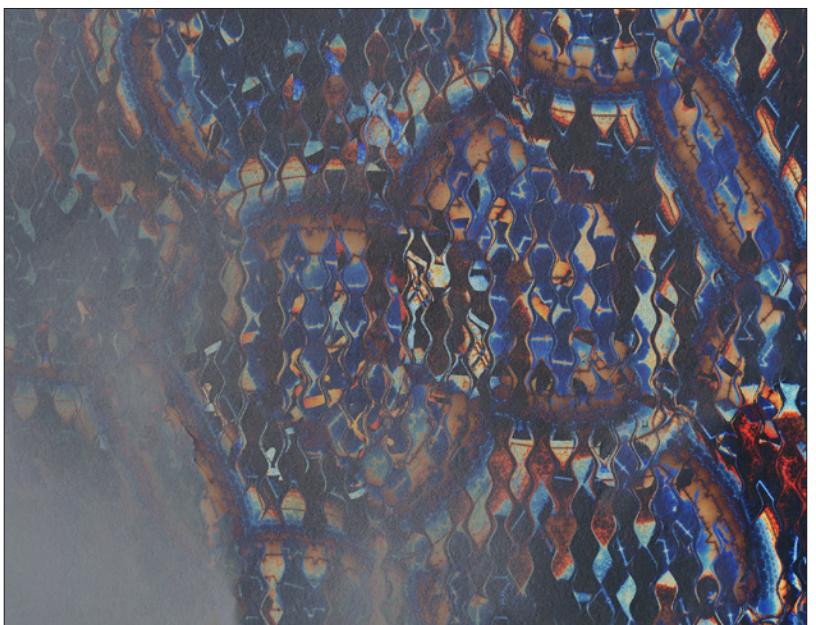
The Ancient Sun People of Haznbaba



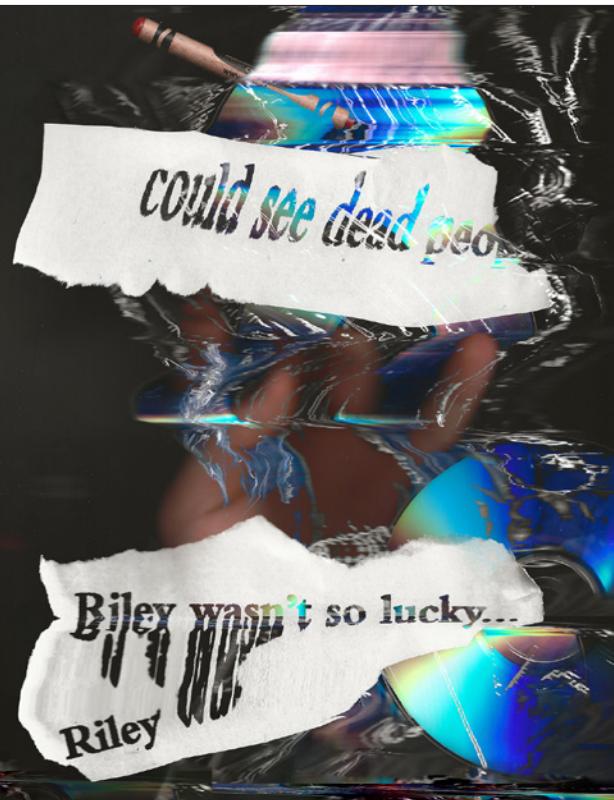
...the magic crayon that I looted from
Douglas's body



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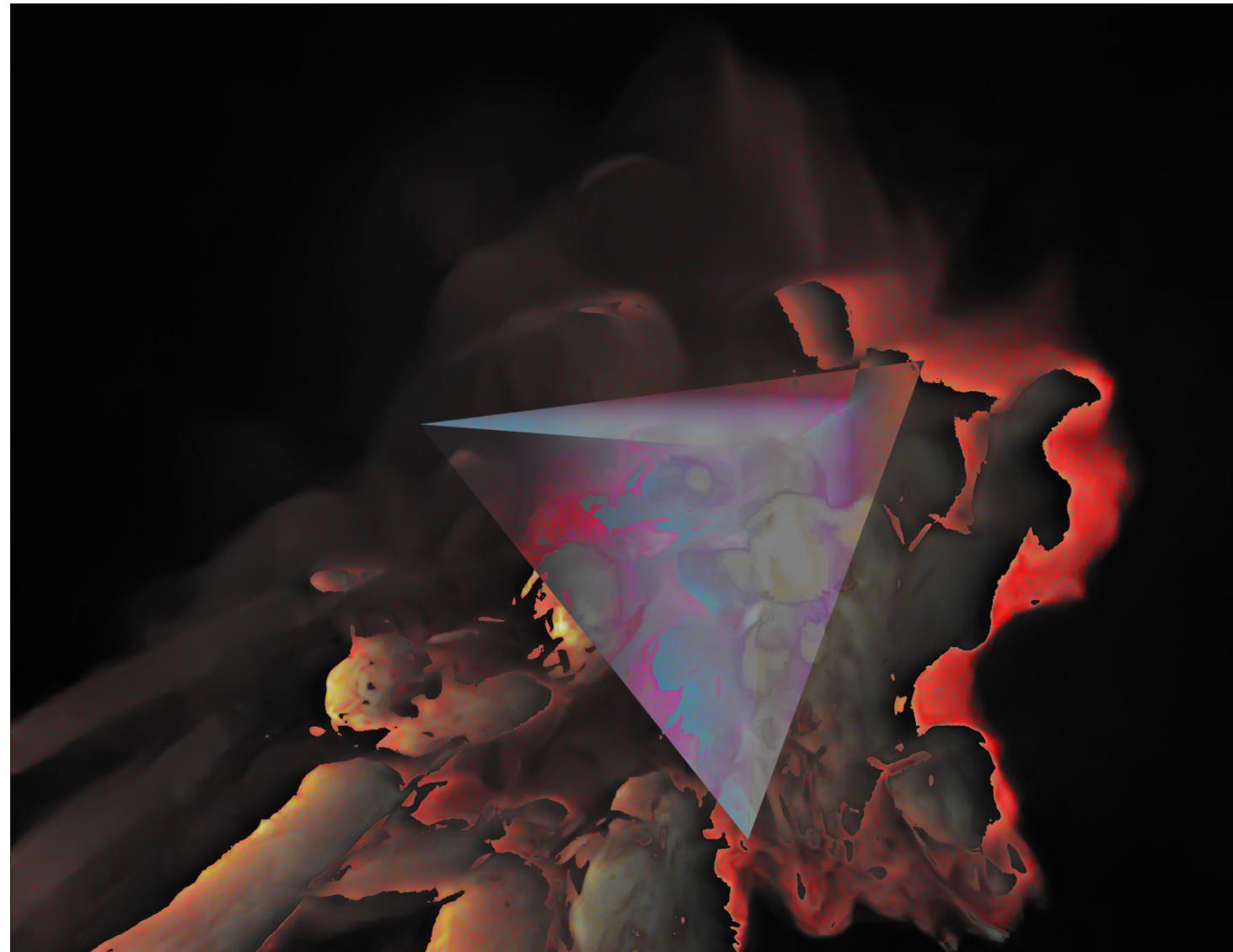
The ocelots took me in



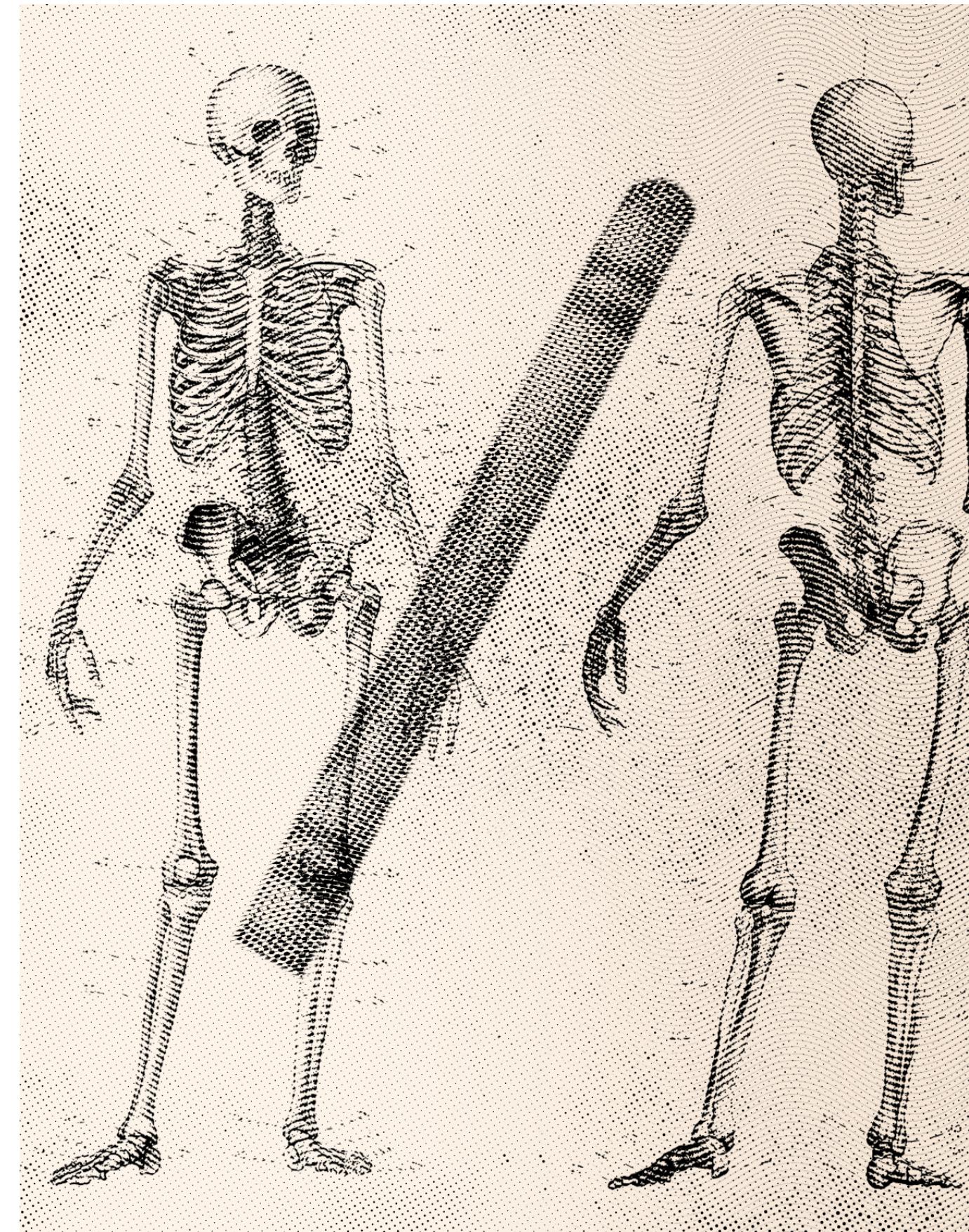
Riley could see dead people



Boiling skin off the backs of the frog-people



Fiery Spell—Under the fiery spell of the Fire Nation



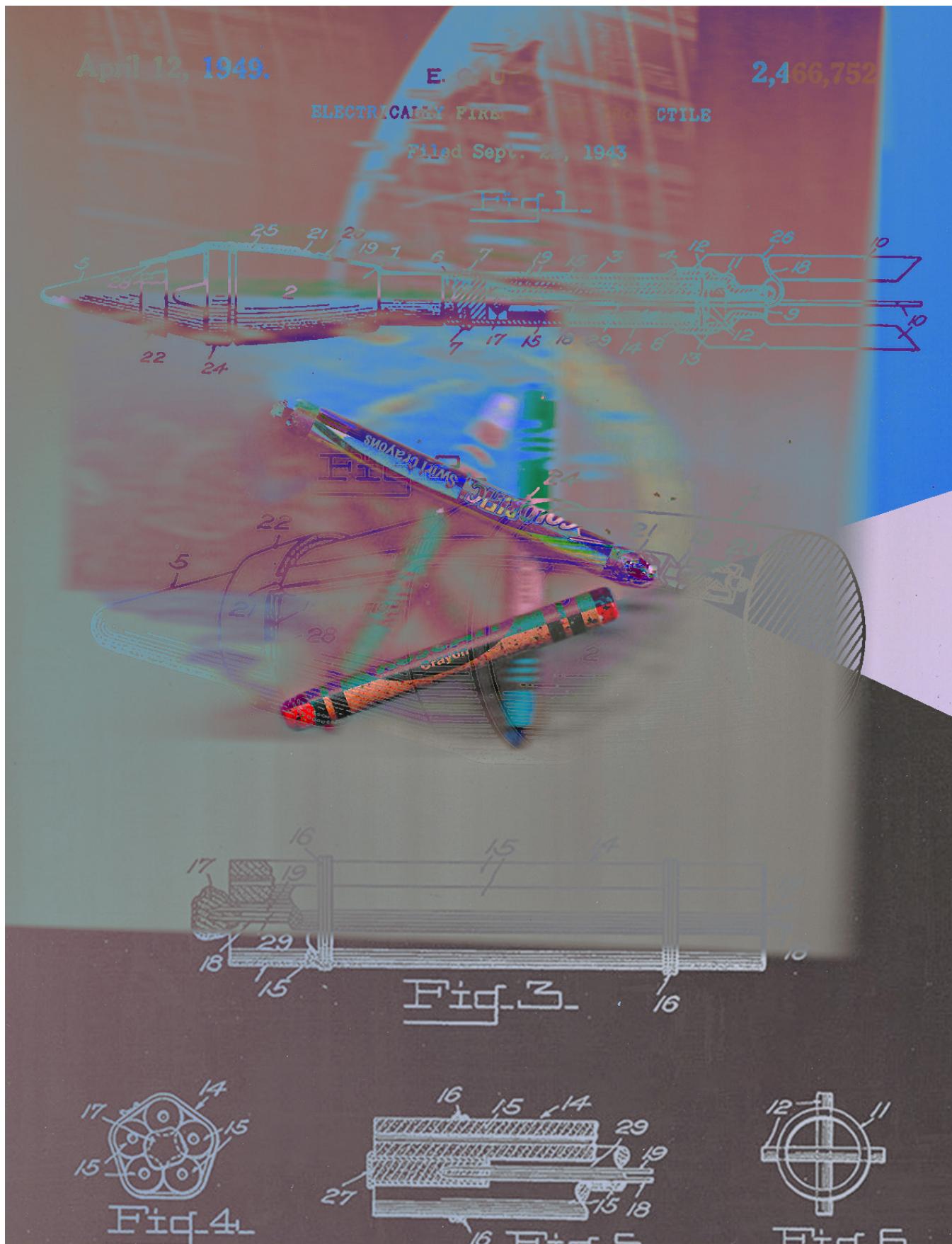
Mezzotint/Halftone—The Ancient Sun People of Haznbaba



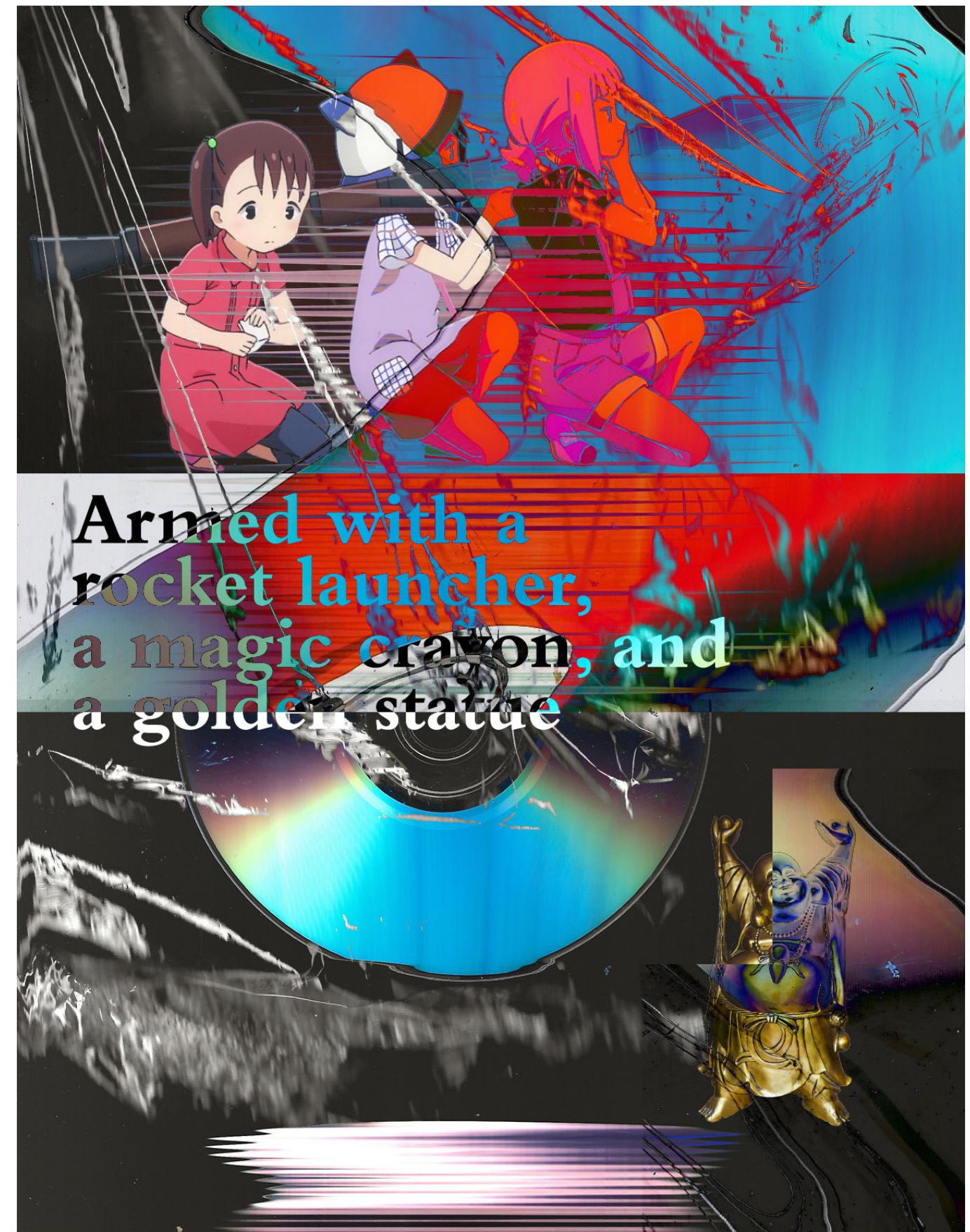
Mystic Light—Alone in the Jungle



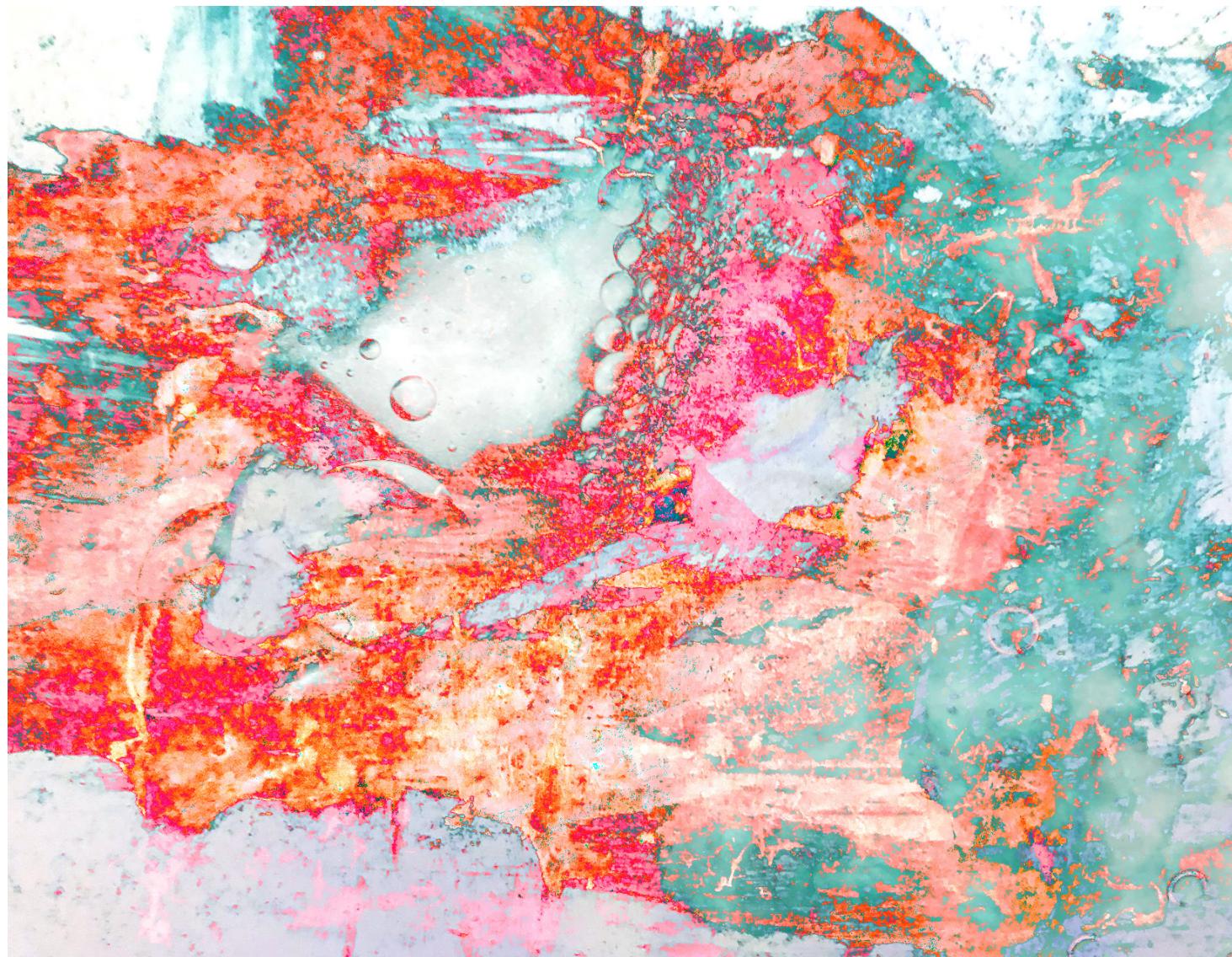
Distortion—...the magic crayon that I looted from Douglas's



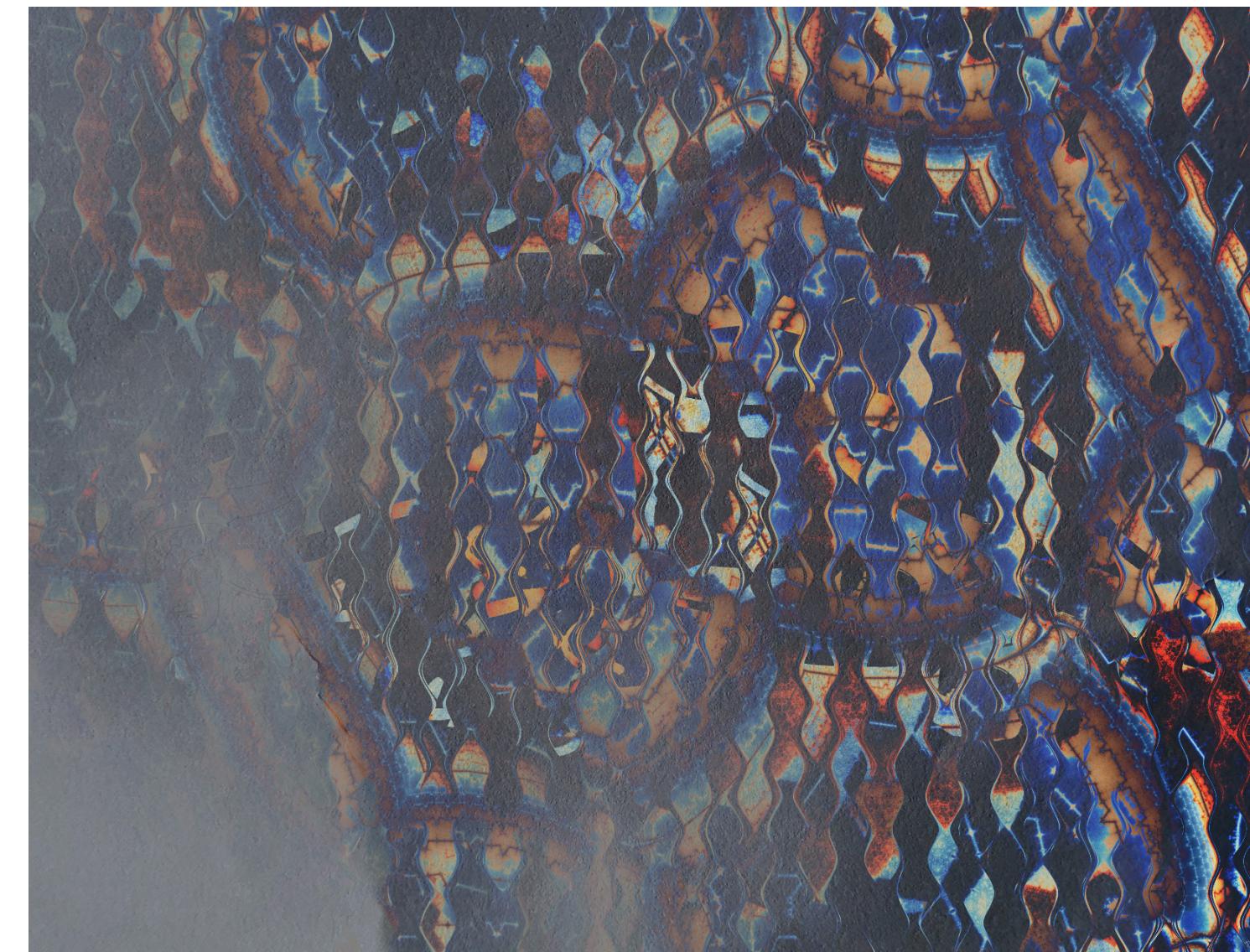
Conflict—Quickly, my ocelot instincts took over—
I drew a satanic pentagram



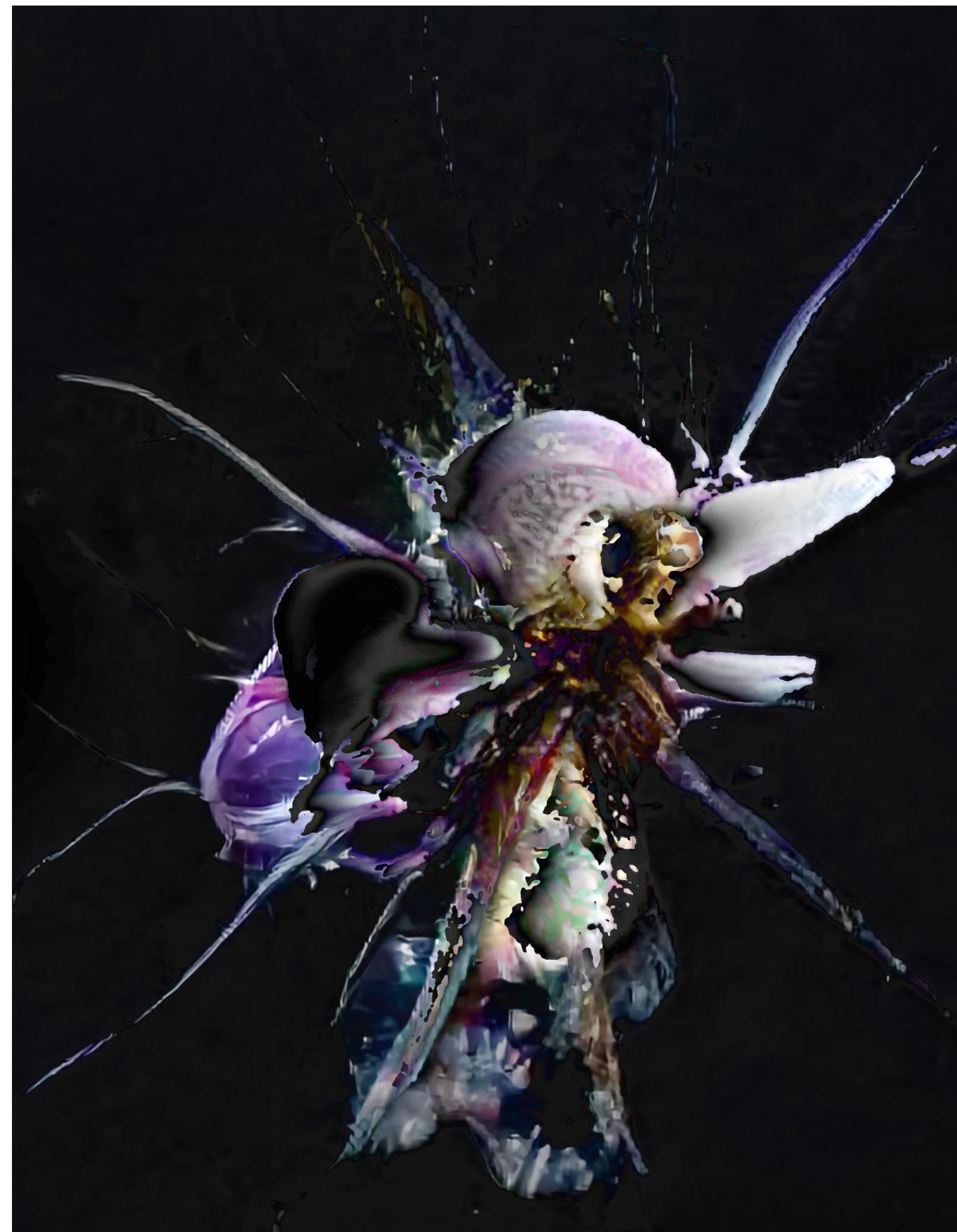
Exclusion—Armed with a Rocket Launcher



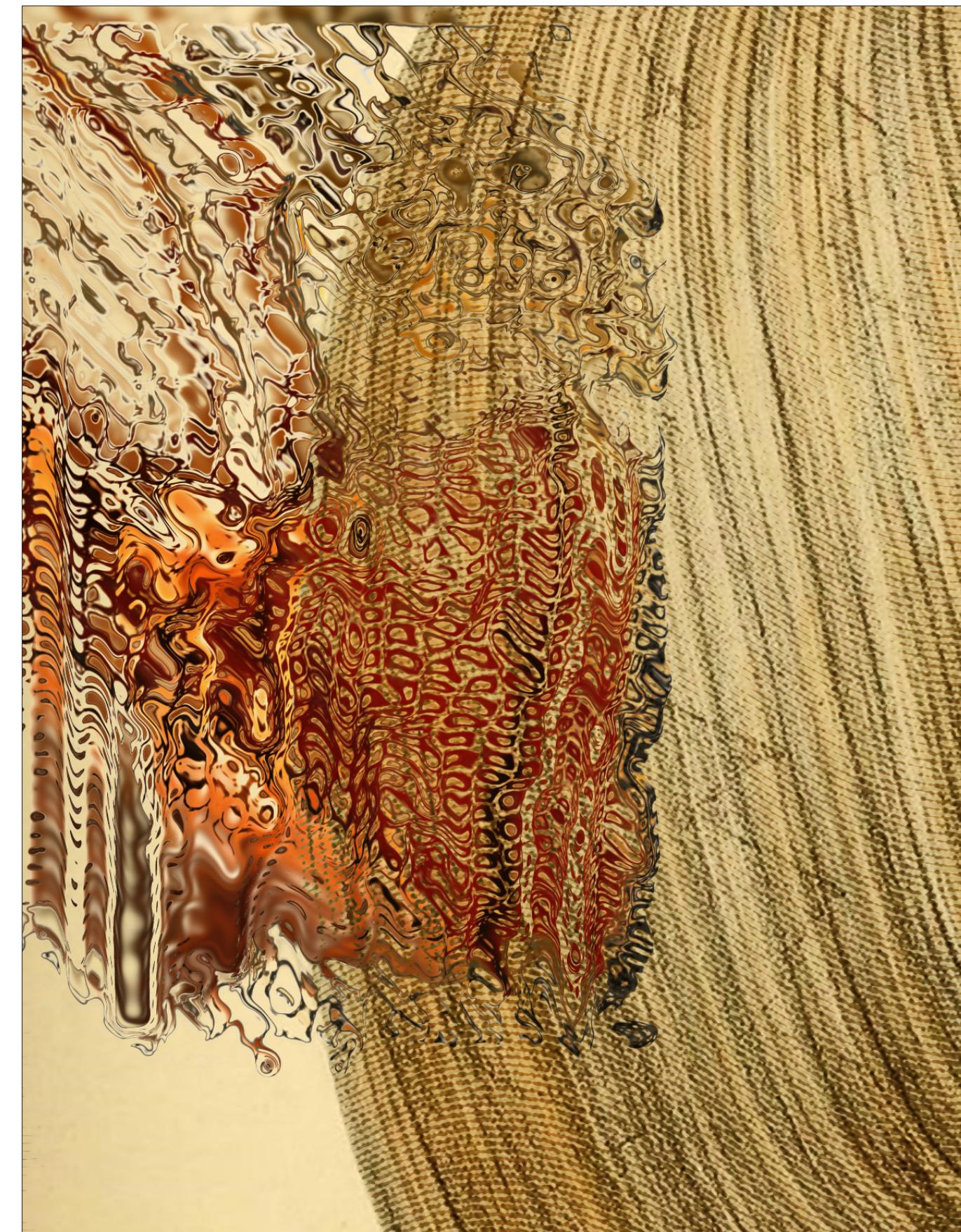
Fiery Spell



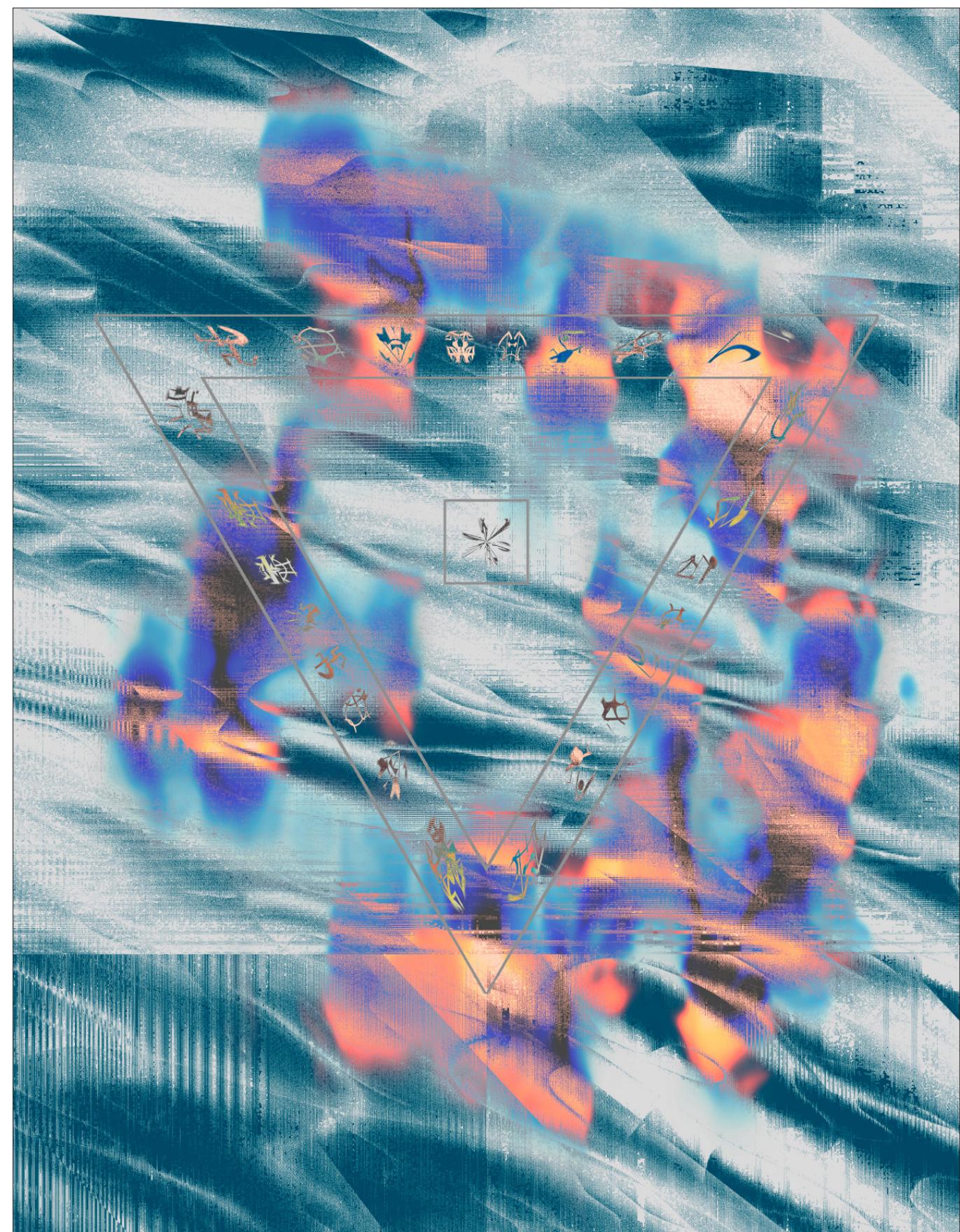
Distortion



Conflict



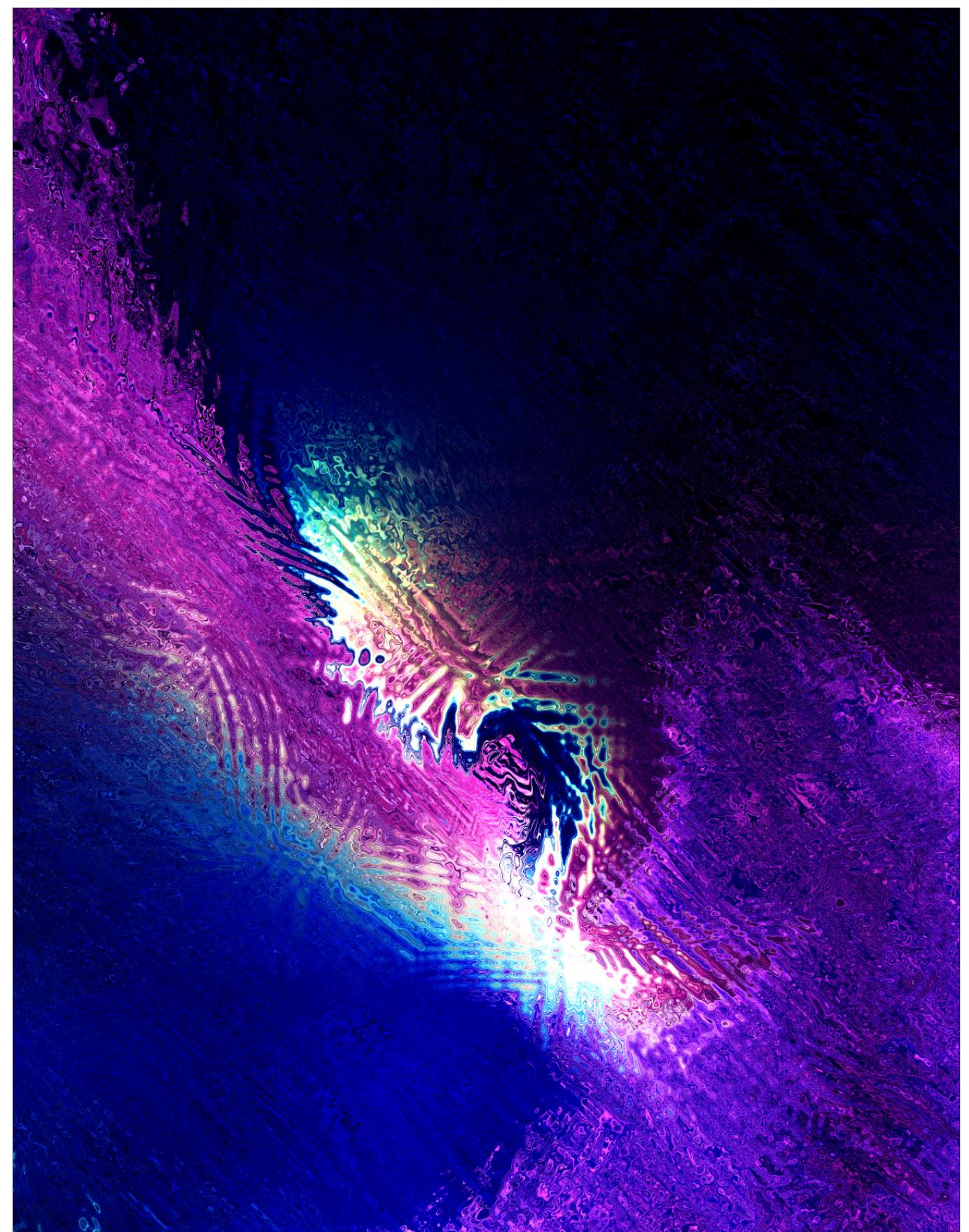
Distortion



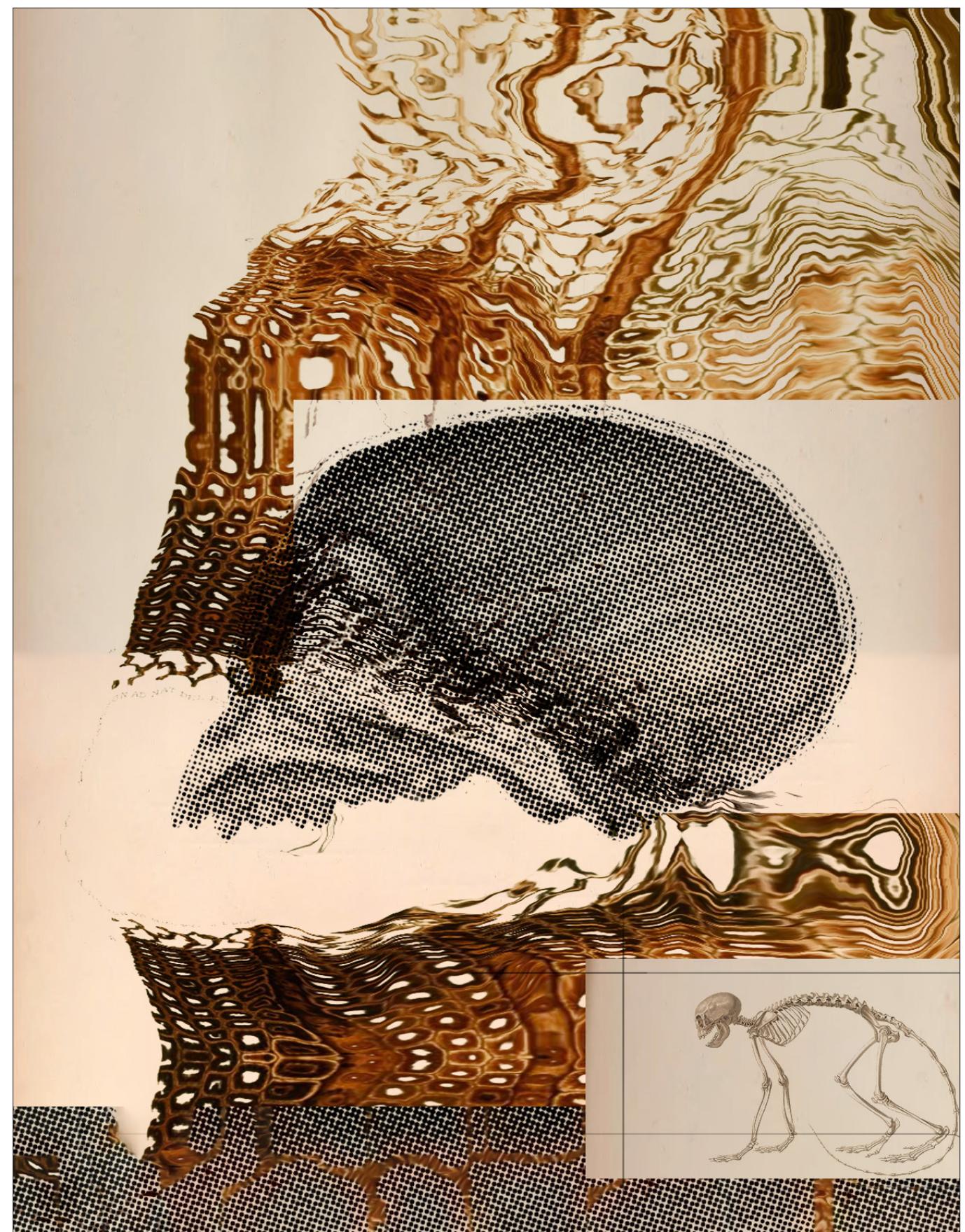
Fiery Spell + Mezzotint —— Runes of the Sun God



Conflict + Exclusion—I summoned my hippopotopeople



Mystic Light + Distortion—All the troops yielded



Conflict + Distortion—The Deceased Primates of Destruction