...A fatal error occurred in the last comic…

…forced reboot to start next part…

…

…welcome…

…now loading interface…

...please input command…

|> scp <funny URL>:comic.exe .

Error. Cannot find “funny URL”.

|> ./comic.exe

File does not exist. Loading anyway.

Narrator: I get to shine!!!

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Narrator: You are Link, hero of some kind of mystical element. You find yourself in a room.

|> mv /link/inv/L-saber/ /link/body/front\_arm

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Link: What the hell does that mean and what is going on?!

Narrator: While you babble on about the fun new interface, a light saber appears in your hand.

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Link: What do you mean “babble”? I was fighting NEC and then I just appeared here!

|> /link/actions/search\_for\_traps

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Link: And what the hell is that arrow thing?!

Narrator: Due to your still scarred eye and the darkness of this room, you find no traps.

Tatl: Link, I think this became a text adventure…sort of.

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Link: No, because then there would be text commands instead of-

|>/link/actions/cast\_flare /env/forward

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Link: Whatever the hell that was!

Narrator: Forgetting to equip it first, you cast Din’s flame from your pocket. Now, your pants are

on fire.

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Narrator: The flame lights the room up just as you lose your last heart. You are dead.

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You are Link, hero of some kind of mystical element. You find yourself in a room.

|> ls /link/inv

|  |
| --- |
| Inventory  Din’s Flame/Fire  Farore’s Warp  Arrows (Fire)  Hammer  Lightsaber  Hookshot  Shield  Bombs  Moldy lump |

Deaths:1

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Link: Wait, when did I die?

Tatl: I think the plot went backwards so you didn’t.

|> mv /link/inv/L-saber /link/body/front\_arm

|> cd /link/body

Deaths:1

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Narrator: As a glutton for punishment, you try the lightsaber route again.

Link: and why is the narrator suddenly doing his job?

Tatl: Beats the hell out of me. Since when do you follow orders?

|>./front\_arm/L-saber

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You turn the lightsaber on.

Link: I’m trying not to, but I can’t stop myself.

Tatl: Great. The narrator’s taking command I guess.

|>/link/actions/throw ./front\_arm

Deaths:1

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Narrator: Continuing to disregard the command prompt and blame the narrator, who has no more

control than you do, you rip your arm off and throw it into the room. Thankfully this

doesn’t hurt you.

Link: Says you! Holy crap!! Who’s writing this?!

Tatl: …wow…

|>export /link/position=./front\_arm/position

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You walk next to your disarmed arm, and a magical force reattaches it.

Link: Still hurts like hell.

|>/link/actions/look\_for\_door

Deaths:1

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Narrator: In a rare moment, you have a wonderful idea to check the room for doors. Upon

inspection, you realize the entire wall is a giant doorway.

Link: Seriously?

Tatl: Doesn’t that make this all one room then?

|>if [ -e door]; then export /link/position=/door/position; fi

Deaths:1

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Narrator: I just finished telling you the whole wall is a door. You are already standing there.

Link: No shit.

|>/link/actions/throw /link/inv/bomb /door/position

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You empty your bomb inventory in front of the doorway. You do not actually light

them, contrary to what it might appear.

Link: Oh god…not this again…

|>export /link/position=!/bomb/position

Deaths:1

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Narrator: The laws of physics do not let you put a bomb where you are currently standing

so you do not need to move.

|>export /link/position=/door/other\_side

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You go through the door and successfully make into the next room. Your progress is

saved. You may now give commands to Tatl as well.

Tatl: No, don’t let them do that!!

Deaths:1

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Narrator: Your unlit bombs explode, sealing you in this new room.

|>if [ ! /link/position –g /door/position ]; then /link/actions/open /door/; export /link/position=/door/other\_side; fi

Deaths:1

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Narrator: You are already in the room.

Montycat320

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