

SC276: Howdy, folks! It's time for the most anticipated part of Fan/fic/ Theater 3019 - the first-ever *anything goes* slot! And we got some juicy stuff lined up for this triple celebration. Juice of badly-written horror, because we're doing creepypastas again.

Ringmaster: Yeah, we have four Toy Story and four Mario pastas here, to "celebrate" the releases of both Toy Story 4 and Super Mario Maker 2. We'll be alternating between each, starting with Toy Story-

Crazy56U: Which is, in my personal opinion, the best film series, next to Back to the Future. *No one correct me.* Also, for the record, I saw *Toy Story 4*, hands down the best one of the series, *fucking watch it.*

SC276: Maybe if you stop interrupting me. Let's get this play started already. What's first?

Ringmaster: "The Black Friday Incident", which I think might be the most-well-known Toy Story one. That in no way means it's *good*, of course.

SC276: Of course. Just when you thought ponies in suits and shades and Discord faking redemption was all the Black Friday you could take.

Ringmaster: Without further ado... ..that.

SC276: *Someone's poisoned the water hole!*

Crazy56U: *To infinity and beyond!*

Mono: *Ride like the wind, Bullseye!*

UnknownSkull: *There's a snake in my boot!*

CaptainPipsqueak: *EULALIAAAAA!*



Crazy56U: Oh goody, someone took a crusty JPEG of one of the Behind the Scenes featurettes on the DVD, because *clearly* this ain't from any actual screening.

Mono: Also, it has Spanish subtitles, because I guess Spanish is the language of hell now.

UnknownSkull: Hey, come on! It's not that hard to learn.

SC276: He wishes he could dance like the cucumber.

A rare still from the screening.

Crazy56U: Motherfucker, *I just said-*



PanzerThiefZero:

The early stages of production on the film *Toy Story* were a complete nightmare.

Crazy56U: It was originally supposed to be *Child's Play 4*.

JofY: Look, you try getting an inanimate object to act!

UnknownSkull: Think early "Arby & The Chief" but with even less budget.

Mono: They eventually figured out that using actual marionettes would look too cheap and switched to computer animation.

SuperMapslover: They had to produce the movie entirely in Elm Street, where Freddy Kruger was stalking them.

CaptainPipsqueak: Really it's their own fault. He said he'd be fine with it if he was allowed to make a cameo appearance, but they said "No".

The production was in a sort of development hell until the infamous "Black Friday incident".

Crazy56U: Which is an actual incident that actually happened due to Jeffery Katzenberg wanting the film to be more "edgy", despite it being a kid's film, resulting in the characterization of Woody becoming more and more unappealing and dickish until an infamous workprint screening occurred involving an alternate take on the "Buzz falls out the window" bit, wherein Woody *deliberately* throws Buzz out the window, and then tries to antagonize the other toys into dealing with it. This is when *Toy Story* almost got shitcanned, and Pixar was allowed to completely rework it into the form we know it as today. But, let's pretend I just spewed bullshit for a paragraph, and this Creepypasta is reality. What does the *Author* put forth as being the incident in question?

Dr. Ocsid: I... had no idea about any of that, but I'm glad I read through that paragraph to find out about it.

Crazy56U: Hey man, *Toy Story* is one of the few things in life I care about, I had this shit in the back of my pocket.

Disney harassed the then-new animation studio Pixar constantly.

SC276: Define "new;" I saw their name in the credits for *Rescuers Down Under*.

PanzerThiefZero: "Every Monday, they would come up to the studio and poke the director repeatedly until he got annoyed."

UnknownSkull: "They kept leaving Post-it notes demanding the film to be done by the weekend."

Crazy56U: Jeffery Katzenberg liked to slash John Lasseter's tires.

SuperMapslover: "The producers at Disney liked put a whoopee cushion under Steve Job's chair."

CaptainPipsqueak: They kept making fake pizza orders.

They were to produce and release the film,

Crazy56U: Boy, what a dick move on Disney's part, making them make a movie.

SuperMapslover: And having them animate it! Oh, the horror!

Dragonborne: And make soundtracks and dialogue and storytelling on top of that! Taller order than most could contend with.

CaptainPipsqueak: Yeah, but then they picked up the Star Wars franchise and destroyed it, so any goodwill I had towards Disney is long past.

and they wanted results as quickly as possible.

JofY: It was then, wondering how one could make money from a product before it even released, that the idea of pre-orders was born.

Mono: "*Fuck making a good movie, work faster, dammit!*"

UnknownSkull: Who knew Disney was the predecessor to Electronic Arts?

Crazy56U: They needed to get this movie out before *A Bug's Life*. When one of the interns said that *A Bug's Life* didn't exist yet, he was spat on.

SuperMapslover: Causing the movie to look like an absolute mess in the end.

Crazy56U: I take it you already read this, huh.

Disney tried everything to eliminate Pixar's efforts to deviate from the Disney formula even at times threatening to shut the production down.

Crazy56U: It is fucking *amazing* how one quick Google search can easily debunk this fucking thing.

SC276: Isn't that the case with, like, *all* creepypasta?

UnknownSkull: Even though said formula wasn't even properly established by then, I think.

Disney sent notes on revisions that they thought would improve the film.

JofY: Notably, make it live action, and 'subverting' tropes taking away the charm of the initial thing.

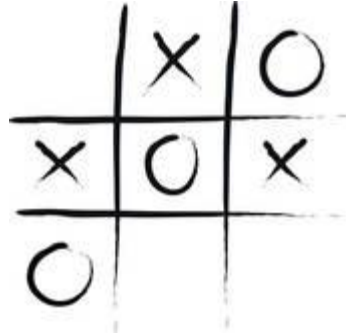
Crazy56U: Weirdly enough, a lot of the notes hinged on Sid being burned alive.

SuperMapslover: "Such as their suggestion that, for some reason, Katzenburg should be the protagonist."

They insisted through their notes which all read:

PanzerThiefZero: "DONT READ THIS. YOU WILL BE KISSED ON THE NEAREST POSSIBLE FRIDAY BY THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE."

Crazy56U: "WHY THE FUCK IS THIS CGI?"



CaptainPipsqueak:

"Edge. The film needs more edge."

JofY: "The graphics are too good! Make it seem like a N64 game!"

Mono: And thus, the idea of the 'edgy reboot' was born later.

Crazy56U: And thus you know how the 2019 *Child's Play* came to be.

SuperMapslover: *Linkin Park intensifies*

SC276: Great, now that videogame magazine guy is gonna get involved.

The people working on the film at the time struggled so hard to maintain all of Disney's notes and demands.

Crazy56U: For example, Woody was originally a ventriloquist's dummy, but Disney insisted on him being a pull string doll. This set production back five years and resulted in three fires.

SC276: Involving pink slips, or involving gasoline and matches?

CaptainPipsqueak: Both.

Crazy56U: I *clearly* meant the flammable kind, keep up.

UnknownSkull: Then they realized it was more effective to do it on CGI than filming it, and the rest is history.

Once a week, they were required to fly across the country to the Disney offices to present them with progress.

Crazy56U: Even though Pixar and Walt Disney Studios are located in the same fucking state.

Mono: This is Evil!Disney, Crazy, the environment can get fucked in their eyes.

CaptainPipsqueak: Isn't Evil!Disney practically just *normal* Disney?

PanzerThiefZero: Plot twist: Disney owned the planes and just wanted to flaunt them to Pixar.

UnknownSkull: The secret origin story of how *Planes* came to be.

Every time, they were met with the same response:

"Edge. The film needs more edge."

SC276: As you sure you're talking to Disney, and not a chatbot?

Crazy56U: Jeffery Katzenberg emphasized this point by literally stabbing John Lassiter.

Pixar revised the film so hard to meet the deadlines that it resulted in some rather interesting changes.

JofY: Woody became stiff in more ways than one.

Mono: Thanks, J, I... *really* didn't need to read that.

Crazy56U: Mono, friend, his fucking name is *Woody Pride*. The jokes write themselves.

UnknownSkull: And now I don't know if I'll see Woody the same way after learning that.

In order to achieve edge,

PanzerThiefZero: They sharpened every single damn polygon in the film, and now it would look like a shitty Atari Jaguar game.

SC276: So, like an Atari Jaguar game.

CaptainPipsqueak: Except Tempest 2000.

Crazy56U: And when the production team wrote off the Atari Jaguar as a ship doomed to sink, they decided "Fuck it." and instead ported it to the SNES and Mega Drive- wait, hold on, what the fuck are we talking about?

SuperMapslover: They didn't, because as it turned out, the real edge was the drawings they made along the way.

the film became quite a lot darker.

Crazy56U: For example, *Woody* was originally supposed to be strapped to the rocket, *not* Buzz. And believe it or not, this is *not* me making a joke.



Woody became a wildly unlikable character, much angrier and far less comedic than in the final film.

Crazy56U: Like how he threatened Slinky and even straight up said he would be next to be thrown out the window. Again, me not making a joke.

SC276: Jokes would be welcome, though.

Crazy56U: Fuck you, too.

UnknownSkull: It's impressive how much scarier the actual "edgy" version was compared to whatever this is trying to be.

Bo-Peep's role in the story was far more prevalent,

Crazy56U: Given how she was originally supposed to be a Sarah Conner expy in the form of a Barbie doll. *Google it, I am not lying.*

Mono: *Excuse me, what the actual fuck was Pixar thinking?*

Crazy56U: Edge.

PanzerThiefZero: ...and now I'm more grateful for the existence of the actual final film now.

SC276: Ah, the wondrous imagination of the unfinished creative process. Such infinite possibilities...

UnknownSkull: It took them until the fourth movie for that to be somewhat done, but sure it was done *right*.

often flirtatious towards the male characters and is the first to accuse Woody of pushing Buzz out of the window. Buzz Lightyear was referred to at this point in production as "Lunar Larry."

Crazy56U: This name got scrapped due to Larry the intern being caught eating John Lasseter's lunch one day. Subsequently, it was also the same day Larry the intern was murdered.

CaptainPipsqueak: No he wasn't. He *accidentally* stabbed himself. ... Seventeen times.

SuperMapslover: Of course, he instantly blamed Katzenberg for the slight.

He was highly reminiscent of an older super hero,

Crazy56U: Tim Allen. ...wait...

talking in a deeper voice and was even more deluded and ignorant of his surroundings.

Crazy56U:no, no, yeah, I was right, Tim Allen.

SC276: [Lunar Larry] "You kids get offa my lawn!"

The other toys were relatively unchanged save for minor aesthetic differences.

Crazy56U: Granted, at one point, Mr. Potato Head briefly was replaced by a suicidal Rubik's Cube that only spoke in Russian, but everyone agreed to forget about that.

CaptainPipsqueak: I remember her. She basically spent all of her scenes screaming "Решить меня!" and sobbing. Everyone figured the joke wasn't that funny and most kids wouldn't get it, so they switched back.

Mono: I'm half-expecting the author making up the fact that Rex originally had hyper-realistic blood running down his jaws later in the fic.

Pixar employees worked literally 24/7 nonstop.

PanzerThiefZero: I'm pretty sure even in 1992, the unions would have a major fit about this, but hey, it's a creepypasta. Logic is just a suggestion at this point.

Ringmaster: Nah, it has a basis in reality, that's basically just regular hours over at Rooster Teeth.

Crazy56U: Sleep had been replaced with *Toy Story*. Food had been replaced with edge. Water had been replaced with Jeffery Katzenberg. Woody had become their God.

CaptainPipsqueak: They have low standards when it comes to religious figures.

SC276: The workload became so great that they had to buy the Ink Machine off Joey Drew Studios in order to meet deadlines.

Crazy56U: And then Katzenberg broke *that* as well. Clearly this is a man that knows no limits.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or maybe he just likes breaking things.

SuperMapslover:

CaptainPipsqueak: I *knew* you'd agree with me!

Director John Lasseter joked on more than one occasion that he had the best parking space at the office because his car hadn't moved for over three days.

PanzerThiefZero: Lasseter couldn't afford to keep buying new tires.

UnknownSkull: It sure helped that he lived just across the street from the studio.

Crazy56U: Jeffery Katzenberg went one step further and had John Lasseter banned from every Pep Boys in California.

SuperMapslover: But when he tried to move from his spot, the car spontaneously combusted.

Some of the writers and story board artists began to suffer from chronic insomnia.

Crazy56U: The kind of insomnia that makes a video game developer double, triple, and quadruple down on pretending a severely broken video game glitch that results in the death of thousands of people is part of a master plan of evil.

CaptainPipsqueak: He should have just admitted he was doing his part to strengthen the gene pool by removing useless elements. He'd have probably gotten an award for it.

Mono: And thus, a repetition of the Russian Sleep Experiment began.

A few writers reported seeing visions of Buzz and Woody taunting them on their lack of progress, chanting:

Crazy56U: "*We all have shoes.*"

"Edge. The film needs more edge."

UnknownSkull: The role of Buzz and Woody will be played tonight by Early 2000's Deviantart artists.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or any Deviantart artist, really.

JofY: The Disney Executives felt encouraged by the employee's dedication for sticking to company values, but still docked pay for contributing to the company cult during working hours.

Crazy56U: And then the Imaginary Woody began stabbing the Imaginary Buzz.
SuperMapslover: Edge had become their lives. Everyone now had to wear mandatory goth clothing.

Many of the initial writers quit due to the stress it was putting on their personal lives, much to the distress of the remaining crew. By November of 1992,

Crazy56U: -*Bram Stoker's Dracula* released in theaters, and that somehow made things worse.

Mono: For one, it would inspire someone to put Keanu Reeves in the movie 26 years later.

UnknownSkull: Once he actually got his shit together and had better acting skills, of course.

CaptainPipsqueak: *pfft*

SuperMapslover: Heal the World was released, forcing them to shoehorn a "save the world" song in the film to cash in.

there were two of the five writers left and only one of the three story board artists. The remaining storyboard artist was named Ralph Thompson.

Crazy56U: (does a quick Google search) Hey, kids, how much do you want to bet Pixar Employee Ralph Thompson is definitely real?

JofY: Is the answer edge?

Crazy56U: If "No" counts as edge, then yes.

CaptainPipsqueak: *Everyone's* real if you imagine hard enough! Or you're taking the right pills.

He joined the Pixar team in the winter of 1987,

Crazy56U: -having been fired from the production of *Back to the Future Part II*, due to suggesting that they *don't* go back to 1955.

SC276: -with a sparkle in his eyes and a Colt .45 at his hips.

working on short films such as *Tin Toy* and *Knick Knack*. He, at that same time,

Crazy56U: -lost both legs in an unfortunate runaway pig incident.

CaptainPipsqueak: I tried *telling* him the pig had a sword...



did some storyboard work for *The Nightmare Before Christmas* with fellow artist Joe Ranft.

Crazy56U: You know that part of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* where Jack is blown out of the fucking sky by the military? You know who to thank for that now!

Mono: *Googles* A... person who actually existed and died in a car accident while in the production of the movie *Cars* in 2006. Talk about irony...

SC276: And this is why he had to show a map.

Crazy56U: Because as we all know, metaphors don't exist.

Joe came down with a serious illness

Crazy56U: You know it as "the hiccups".

UnknownSkull: I thought it was known as a case of the "no fucks to give."

CaptainPipsqueak: You're both wrong. It's the dreaded lurgi!

and hadn't been to work in a week. Ralph worked constantly in fear of the inevitable correction by Disney.

Crazy56U: And now you know what led to the inspiration behind *Wreck It Ralph*.

"More Edge, more Edge."

JofY: Is this story just gonna be a twist on how Bill Gates realizing how to save Internet Explorer?

Crazy56U: That implies Internet Explorer could have been saved at all.

CaptainPipsqueak: This is a company that fucked up an OS so hard they literally skipped a number to distance themselves from it further.

UnknownSkull: I feel this is more what led to all the "edgy" stuff of the early 2000's.

Mono: At this moment, I'm surprised no one drove a knife through John Lasseter's throat yet.

SC276: They confiscated all the knives three months ago after the raspberry juice incident.

Each presentation meant another row of sleepless nights of rewriting and redrawing the same characters in the same bedroom over and over and over. It was maddening.

JofY: EA Maddening 09, specifically.

Crazy56U: It's not Maddening 08, though, that's sure to upset all of one people.

One morning, John Lasseter, Andrew Stanton and other higher ups at Pixar came into the office and told everybody what happened at their last meeting.

PanzerThiefZero: "Everybody just sat there and stared at each other for 2 hours."

Crazy56U: Specifically screaming and swears.

CaptainPipsqueak: But there were donuts.

UnknownSkull: "They were canning the movie indefinitely."

SuperMapslover: "Everyone had a nervous breakdown and were now claiming that Buzz and Woody were taunting them."

Disney felt that things were not looking very good for the film

SC276: And things are not looking very good for the fic!

Crazy56U: "-given how it was supposed to have come out two years ago by now."

UnknownSkull "Why does the animation look so rushed? Is like we're not giving you time to finish it."

Mono: "Okay, maybe we needed a little less edge... eeeeexcept no, *more edge, slaves!*"

and demanded that, in less than a week, they see the complete film in story reels (storyboards with audio) with massive revisions.

JofY: They clearly just want a movie about sex toys, I'd say to give in.

Ringmaster: Disney's secret time travel division was going through a couple issues, but they successfully managed to bring back a copy of "Sausage Party" and the knowledge that it inexplicably made a profit.

Crazy56U: Ring, that is a lie and you fucking know it; *if* they had managed to get a copy of "Sausage Party", they would have killed everyone at Pixar in an attempt at preventing it from ever happening.

Ringmaster: ...And what do you think they're doing here?

Crazy56U: ...point.

There was a general groan and whining from the crew and they went back to working. Ralph worked harder than all others involved.

SC276: Y'know, like the OC he was.

CaptainPipsqueak: Everyone else was just there to prop him up.

JofY: Unfortunately, it was on making good shitposts for Reddit.

UnknownSkull: "Somehow, he even started working in a movie about ants all of a sudden."

Crazy56U: "Ralph somehow managed to invent cold fusion by accident."

Sometimes, at two o'clock in the morning, one of the writers would walk into Ralph's office with a packet of newly written scenes.

Crazy56U: These scenes were then tossed into the trash, where they would eventually become *A Bug's Life*.

SuperMapslover: And when *A Bug's Life* was tossed in the trash, those scenes were transferred to *Toy Story 2*. And so the cycle began... and continued.

More to draw. And with more drawings meant more scratch voice work.

Crazy56U: As opposed to smooth voice work, since no one at Pixar had smooth voices anymore due to all of the sobbing and screaming.

UnknownSkull: Fools, they should've brought hot tea with honey.

(When a film is still in the writing/storyboarding stages, artists will do temporary voices for the story reels.)

Mono: Thank you, author, for this brief crash course about voice acting.

UnknownSkull: It's cute how you think you know a lot about how the film industry works, author.

Crazy56U: "(And if you think they would be paid for this, fuck you and the horse you rode in on.)"

SC276: "(Aren't mid-story author notes just the *best*?)"

He had Disney's vague instructions racing through his mind.

Crazy56U: "**RANDY NEWMAN MUST WRITE NO LESS THAN FIVE SONGS, OR OREGON WILL FALL!**"

CaptainPipsqueak: "**DO THAT THING WITH THE STUFF WHEN THE THING HAPPENS**"

"More! More edge! Edgier! More! We want results people! Edgier! This is a business! Faster! More edge! Move on, already!"

JofY: Thanks for the specific advice.

Crazy56U: "**A LITERAL FUCKING TRAFFIC ACCIDENT MUST BE PART OF THE CLIMAX, OR WE WILL KILL ONE THIRD OF THE ANTARCTIC!**"

He thought to himself this exactly. The film needed an edge.

SC276: And only now, after *everything else*, are you realizing this?

Crazy56U: Look, can you blame him? Really? Disney was basically a gnat's fart away from straight up locking everyone in the building and setting it on fire. He hasn't been thinking clearly.

It needed to be darker, more cynical. It needed more adult humor and situations.

UnknownSkull: And that's how DreamWorks was created. No, wait, that was Katzenberg...

Mono: A few years later, Ralph Thompson quit his job at Pixar and found a job at Sega. And that's how *Shadow the Hedgehog* was born.

Crazy56U: Somehow, that explains *too* much...

SuperMapslover: It needed more random violence.

It needed an attitude.

SC276: Like a mascot.

Crazy56U: It needed Buzz to have an existential breakdown, Woody to become suicidal, and Sid to become scarred for life.

Dragonborne: What sort of attitude, the one out of the Author's ass?

"Of course. Ralph, you goddamn retard,

Crazy56U: "What are you, dense? Are you retarded or something? Who the Hell do you think I am? *I'm the goddamn Katzenberg!*"

CaptainPipsqueak: If *he* can call himself a retard, then we can.

how couldn't you see it sooner? Edge. All of those hundreds of hours bent over a desk, and all you needed was edge.

Mono: Because... that wasn't obvious from all the screaming Disney did to you?

UnknownSkull: "I'll just make all the characters use knives and guns!"

Crazy56U: I swear to fucking God, that word has lost all meaning now...

Why didn't you listen sooner?"

Crazy56U: "Now all of cinema is *doomed*."

SC276: The *Viewtiful Joe* sequel we didn't ask for, but we did deserve.

He gave the film an edge.

JofY: Namely, Adam J. Copeland.

Ringmaster: He also attached a shit-ton of razor blades to the film reel.

Crazy56U: He decided to have Woody straight up use the F-word.

CaptainPipsqueak: Foam? Fear? Fluoride?

The story reels were flown over with the main crew to the head offices at Disney. The date was November 27th, 1992, Black Friday.

JofY: Wait, does that then mean that they were working on Thanksgiving, a national holiday which would force the studio to have their employees not work?

PanzerThiefZero: But that would require logic. And we can't have that now, can we?

Mono: Plus, it would require Disney not being complete jerkwads.

Crazy56U: Well, that's a funny way of writing "November 19th, 1993".

SC276: The author being ass-backwards should not be a surprise at this point.

UnknownSkull: Thus confirming the lack of intelligence in this story.

The film was brought into the Disney screening room. The reel was about 48 and ½ minutes long.

JofY: 30 seconds. That's half a minute. You don't even need google to know that.

Crazy56U: Mainly because the readers should have retained that knowledge from preschool.

The movie started out as a western style shoot out between Woody and Andy resulting in Andy being shot down.



Crazy56U:

Mono: "And then hyper-realistic blood came out of Andy's wounds--"

CaptainPipsqueak: "...made of pixels..."

UnknownSkull: "And then Andy was replaced by the actual corpse of a child."

SuperMapslover: As it turned out, he actually was shot, ending the film. **THE END.**

It is revealed that this was just a game played inside of Andy's mind.

JofY: Andy can't even win against himself.

SuperMapslover: He couldn't break even, and he couldn't get outta the game.

Crazy56U: Back when he had glasses and liked to wear raincoats for no reason.

The film continued on with little problems for about the first twenty minutes or so,

Crazy56U: You know, excluding the odd instance of footage of John Lasseter sobbing over his slashed tires being spliced into the film.

SC276: Please, that would be *interesting*.

though several gags seemed off with the overall tone of the film. For example, Mr. Potato Head would pull one of his eyes out and kick them under Bo-Peep's dress for a "look-see."

JofY: And that's widely different from the tone of Andy killing himself.

Crazy56U: But it was at least on par with Buzz beating the shit out of Rex for three straight minutes.

PanzerThiefZero: Of course that wouldn't happen: they'd lose out on valuable money from whining children and parents looking to babysit their kids for 90-minutes.

SuperMapslover: But at least the film would attract edgy goth teenagers.

There were several scenes of Woody yelling at the toys to stop caring about Buzz (Larry)

Crazy56U: (Tim Allen)
Mono: (Mr. Space Ranger Guy)
UnknownSkull: (Luke Skywalker expy)
SC276: (Donkey!)
CaptainPipsqueak: (Snake? SNAKE?! SNAAAAAAAAAKE!!!!)

and to pay attention to him, culminating in insults and minor acts of violence.

Crazy56U: Like setting Andy's bed on fire, or laughing at the disabled.
SuperMapslover: Like when Woody tripped up Andy for no reason other than shits and giggles.

The scene came where Andy could only take one toy to Pizza Planet and Woody pushed Buzz out the window.

Crazy56U: Well, it was more "thrown" than "pushed" but eh, semantics.
CaptainPipsqueak: I'm not sure what's funnier about the word 'defenestration' - the fact that there's a word *specifically* for throwing someone out a window or that someone went through the trouble of coming up with one.

Woody offered to shake hands with Buzz (Larry) only to throw him out of the window.

Crazy56U: *Pick one.*

There was a stock smashing noise.

JofY: Instead of the soft act of smashing something in the studio and getting a personal recording.
UnknownSkull: Instead of a hyper-realistic smashing noise.
Crazy56U: Huh, I guess Gamefaqs *wasn't* lying about Buzz Lightyear being playable in the original *Super Smash Bros*. The rumor is that he's only unlocked by playing on Sector Z for five days nonstop.
CaptainPipsqueak: No, he's just a hallucination caused by playing a game for five days straight.
Crazy56U: Well, *someone* clearly didn't do it right...

The other toys were shocked

SC276: Shocked! Shocked, I say!
SuperMapslover: No, literally shocked, as in they were struck by lightning.

and antagonized Woody for what he had done.

Crazy56U: They wanted Woody to throw Buzz off the table, so they could see it.

Woody showed little remorse

Mono: "Like the complete asshole he was."
Crazy56U: "-as that had not been invented yet in 1992."

CaptainPipsqueak: Nor did he show any regret.

and screamed at Slinky Dog to make the toys stop harassing him. After much yelling, and one of the green army men saying the word "goddamn,"

JofY: Truly, the most edgiest of all things.

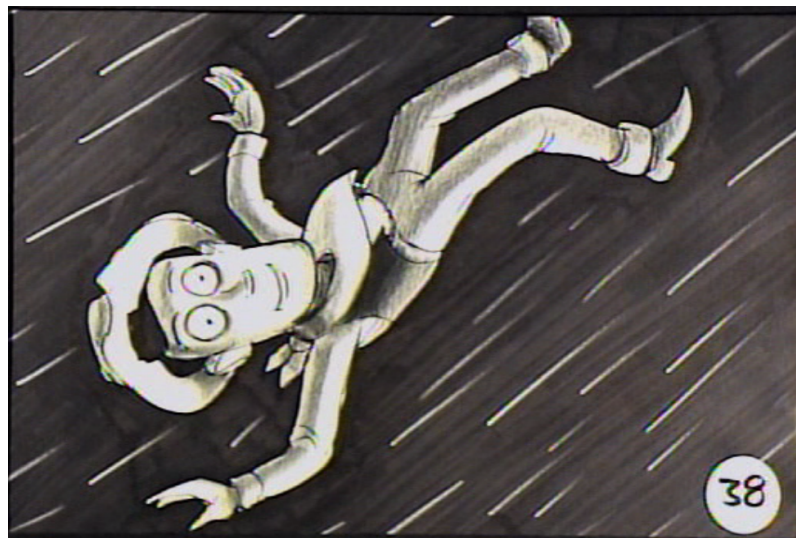
CaptainPipsqueak: What a poopy-mouth! Someone get the soap!

Crazy56U: The horrors of war had gotten to him.

Mono: Well, when your leader is R. Lee Ermey, he's bound to influence your language *somewhat*.

the toys grabbed Woody and tossed him out the window as well. He fell onto the ground

Crazy56U: -after a brief detour through space.



Dragonborne: *jesus christ how horrifying*

Crazy56U: If it makes you feel better, it gets worse.

CaptainPipsqueak: NOTE: Woody died on the way back to his home planet.

with a low thump. Cheering was heard from the interior of the house.

SC276: 'Cause it sure as hell wasn't coming from the audience.

Crazy56U: "And then Andy came into the room, freaked out over his toys being alive, and proceeded to smash them with a hammer."

CaptainPipsqueak: That's what happens when you take your father's pain pills believing they were candy.

The quality on the storyboards became much less refined and almost like chicken scratch.

JofY: In fact, Ralph was actually a chicken this entire time.

SC276: Interesting twist on the classic crane wife story.

Crazy56U: Ralph had gotten into the paint thinner and had developed the shakes.

UnknownSkull: It looked like it had been rushed to completion.

Woody got up and saw Buzz (Larry). Buzz's body shattered on impact.

Crazy56U: The Buzz Lightyear commercials had made it clear he wasn't a flying toy just to prevent this.

His arms and legs were broken off and located only a few inches away.

Crazy56U: Well, thank God, it's not as bad as we assumed.

Mono: Well, I mean, he *is* a toy, so is this really that bad?

Crazy56U: *Mono, what the fuck?*

CaptainPipsqueak: Normally no, except for the screaming.

UnknownSkull: Eh, nothing that duct-tape and glue can't fix.

There was a large crack down the middle of the chest revealing a mess of buttons and wires inside.

SC276: Right, that is totally definitely how cracks work.

JofY: Wait, what are buttons doing on the inside of him?

Crazy56U: Don't question it, J, it was the early 90s, toys had *tons* of weird shit crammed into them.

CaptainPipsqueak: Hypnosis ray. That's where the real sales come from.

UnknownSkull: Like some dolls had souls placed inside them... Wait...

He gave off a sort of electrical twitch motion in his head, his eyes looked as if they were about to pop out of their plastic sockets.

PanzerThiefZero: Fake. It wasn't hyper-realistic and gory enough.

Crazy56U: So, in other words, Buzz is doing his best "Robocop post-chop shop scene" impression.

Mono: This would be so fucking gruesome if Buzz wasn't a piece of plastic Andy could replace after a trip to the toy store.

Crazy56U: Well, then I guess it's a good thing that the *Toy Story* films are from the perspective of the toys, meaning it *is* fucking gruesome, huh? (ball drops in the background)

The twitching stopped after a few moments and Woody looked in fear at what he had done to Buzz and ran off.

Crazy56U: "And then Woody got run over by a runaway pig and died on impact."

CaptainPipsqueak: DAMN YOU, CEREBUS!

There was a jump cut to the scene where the two got stuck in a claw machine.

JofY: They fixed Buzz up off screen.

Crazy56U: "Woody was extremely off-put by being so close to Buzz's corpse."

The storyboard art was back to its normal level of quality.

SC276: So, shit.

The machine was filled with sunglasses-wearing pizzas as opposed to the aliens in the finished movie.

Mono: So, in other words, Beta!Toy Story inspired Uncle Grandpa.
Crazy56U: Nah, Uncle Grandpa inspired Beta!Toy Story.
CaptainPipsqueak: Nothing *inspired* Uncle Grandpa. And nobody *deserved* it.
UnknownSkull: And both were inspired by weed. Not actual weed, mind you, but a cheap alternative.

Buzz was completely unharmed and intact.

JofY: I was joking!
Crazy56U: "However, Sid was dead in the corner for some reason."

The scene was almost identical to the final film. Sid, the antagonist in control of the claw, was wearing a yellow T-shirt and was smoking three cigarettes at once.

Crazy56U: Honestly, this wouldn't seem out of place for the *real* Sid...
Mono: Considering what became of him in Toy Story 3... yeah.
SC276: What, having a job?
Crazy56U: Come on, give Mono some slack, it was either being a garbage man or being in therapy.

The claw grabbed Woody and Buzz (Larry), putting them in the clutches of Sid. There was another jump cut,

Crazy56U: "Woody and Buzz were in the middle of sword fighting on top of Mt. Everest."
UnknownSkull: "And suddenly everyone was in hell for some reason."
CaptainPipsqueak: "And everyone was bleeding hyper-realistic pixelated blood."

once again returning to the chicken scratch style of artwork. The scene was inside of Sid's room. Woody looked around the room in fear. He tiptoed around the room and collapsed after seeing one of Sid's mutant toys.

Crazy56U: Specifically, a suicidal Russian-speaking Rubik's Cube.
Mono: The legend goes that the developers are still blaming each other for putting that mistake into the picture.

The reel now showed unrelated test animation of the characters running.

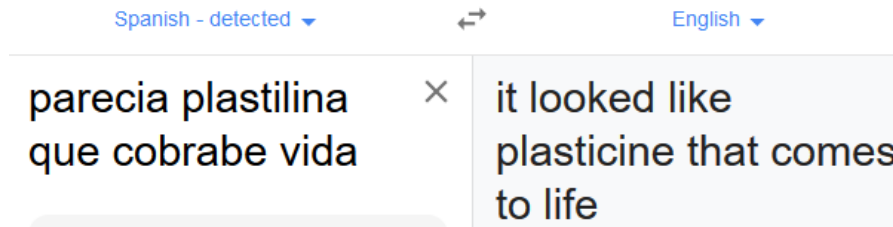
JofY: This was an accident, and didn't contribute anything of value.
SC276: As if the *intentional* stuff contributed anything of value.
Crazy56U: Truly a horrifying sight.
UnknownSkull: Their legs were all over the place, bending like noodles... So, you know, the usual animation shenanigans.

A few seconds of Buzz (Larry) running in place, a few seconds of Woody running, and nearly a minute of the two running together.

SC276: Apparently this sequence was edited by the guy that designed *SONIC.EXE*.
Crazy56U: The running was supposed to represent edge, don't question their method.

The footage was distorted and Spanish text was present on the screen- *"It looked like clay [models] that got life."*

JofY: [Disney] "We wanted glass models you simpleton!"



Crazy56U:

...eh, close enough.

Mono: You... could've just waited for Unknown to translate that...

Crazy56U: Yeah, and I could've gone to bed at 2:30AM instead, what a small world, huh?

UnknownSkull: Trust me, **Mono:** He did the smart thing.

CaptainPipsqueak: Besides, this is funnier.

There was now a shot of Woody standing in front of a black background

Crazy56U: He had been banished to the Negative Zone to atone for his sins.

and the trademark Pixar ball was rolling around in the distance.

Mono: Because... cameos?

SC276: [Luxo Sr.] "(bulb shake)"

Crazy56U: [Luxo Jr.] "(is running after the ball)"

UnknownSkull: It isn't Pixar without those pesky "Shared Universe" cameos.

Crazy56U: I heard Lotso's corpse was in *Coco*.

The animation now was the traditional animation style of a typical 2D Disney film.

Crazy56U: It was at this point that Jeffrey Katzenberg practically almost had a fucking stroke due to wanting a fully 3D film.

Woody was completely naked, with anatomically correct features, and stared directly into the camera.

JofY: Oh good. Woody showing his woody to kids.

Crazy56U: ...I'm ashamed to admit that that made me chuckle.

CaptainPipsqueak: Pfft.

His flesh began to rot away with the exception of his eyes which remained intact.

Mono: So, we went from running to... this?

CaptainPipsqueak: First *he* was running and now his *blood* is.

SC276: It's a creepypasta, I'm surprised it took this long.

Woody began to moan in a low voice.

JofY: I never knew he was into that kind of snuff.

Crazy56U: *Toy Story* is now a LiveLeak video.

UnknownSkull: ...D-Did we stumble upon the author's fetish story?

What remained of his lips curled into a smile,



Crazy56U:

bits of flesh peeling off as this happened. He lifted up his decomposing arm manually and waved into the camera. His fingers dug into his eyes.

Crazy56U: Well, now, there's no need for that.

Dark blood oozes out of their sockets.

CaptainPipsqueak: But is it *hyper realistic*?

Woody began to scream and growl:

"Don't you want it? Don't you want it? Don't you love it?"

JofY: "Harder, daddy!"

Crazy56U: "D'AW, YOU STUPID FUCK!"

UnknownSkull: "This is someone's fetish, you know!"

Mono: "*THIS IS WHAT YOU STUPID FUCKS WANTED, RIGHT?*"

SC276: So, this entire thing is basically a *Toy Story*-branded manifestation of Moron-class hate. Good to know.

CaptainPipsqueak: [Woody] "LIBERATE TUTEMET EX INFERNIS!**"**

He dug so deep as to rip the entire top half of his head off. Woody gave a sigh of relief and began eating the flesh off of the skull before tossing it aside.

JofY: I think the movie can best describe the problem here.

Crazy56U: And the movie can also best describe the Creepypasta as a whole!

He wrote the word "edge" on the screen with his rotting fingertips.

PanzerThiefZero: Not edgy enough. Where's all the swearing and guns and such?

UnknownSkull: What about the heavy metal music? And everything being red and black?

Crazy56U: He then wrote "lol XD", which somehow was the most disturbing part of the film.

The remaining 15 minutes of the reels were pencil scribbles accompanied by the shrill screams of a young woman.

JofY: Remember, it was a member of staff that screamed for 15 minutes there.

Crazy56U: These were unrelated to the production; one of the interns stubbed their toe.

CaptainPipsqueak: Nah. Stepped on a Lego brick after taking her shoes off for a minute.

The word "edge" was burned into the projection screen.
The screening ended in complete silence.

SC276: Mostly because everyone had left by then.

PanzerThiefZero: Obligatory 'they couldn't believe how shitty it was' comment here.

Crazy56U: And then Jeffrey Katzenberg proceeded to stand up and applaud while sobbing.

Chairman of Disney at that time,

SC276: [the author] "-whatever the fuck that means-"

Crazy56U: Michael Eisner- wait, not yet.

Jeffrey Katzenberg, walked out of the screening quietly telling his colleagues:

Mono: "This. Was. Perfect."

UnknownSkull: "Can we have more of that, please?"

Crazy56U: "Okay, cards on the table, I fucking fell asleep at the start, what happened?"

CaptainPipsqueak: "Not enough edge, dammit!"

"Notes. They were following all of the notes we were giving them."

JofY: "Man, we suck at this."

UnknownSkull: [Katzenberg] "I'm so proud of them. *clears tears off his eyes*"

Crazy56U: [Jeffrey Katzenberg] "I should probably quit Disney and help make DreamWorks in order to atone for my sins."

Upon returning to the Pixar offices, writer Pete Doctor found the body of Ralph Thompson in an enormous pile of paper in his office.

JofY: He was found trapped underneath his own Discworld collection.

UnknownSkull: He wasn't dead, however. He was just asleep as the lazy fuck he was.

Crazy56U: Ironically enough, Ralph had died from an epileptic fit brought about by the paint thinner. And now you know how *Ralph Breaks the Internet* came to be.

Further analysis found that the cause of death was a heart attack brought on by a lack of sleep and stress.

SC276: Right, because he was the only one that wasn't sleeping and was greatly stressed.

Crazy56U: Well, that was the "official" diagnosis, at the very least.

JofY: The real cause was "edge".

Mono: As in, "a papercut to the heart."

CaptainPipsqueak: That's what he gets for swallowing paper.

The papers were all storyboards and animation cells of the final coherent scene of Woody. The word edge was scrawled on the back of each one.

Crazy56U: Funnily enough, his last words *weren't* "edge", but rather "Wait, why did we make Woody have a penis?" Like, literally, he died on the spot after asking that, no lie.

UnknownSkull: I mean, who wouldn't die after having that realization?

After the Black Friday screening, Disney was far less involved with the film.

Crazy56U: They were more focused on trying to make lions do *Hamlet*.

UnknownSkull: But they felt like that would fail, so instead they doubled-down on offending Native Americans.

CaptainPipsqueak: Yeah, but pretty much everything offends them.

Pixar was given the freedom to make the film their way. The film went on to be a huge success both critically and financially.

Mono: So all the problems could be avoided by Disney just letting Pixar do their own thing. Way to go, chaps.

The Black Friday incident still remains very much a mystery.

Crazy56U: Except no.

UnknownSkull: And all you need to do to find it is a simple Google search.

SC276: *You just explained the entire thing.*

Further Information:

There is a short bonus feature on the Toy Story Blu-ray about the incident, curiously not mentioning the more notable scenes.

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Mainly because those scenes are not real, and this Creepypasta is a lie.

JofY: Who woulda thunk.

UnknownSkull: Clearly this is some conspiracy shit, and not someone talking out of his ass.

Mono: Crazy, this man is clearly delusional, please cut him some slack.

Crazy56U: No.

**SC276: "Clearly delusional" describes all of our recurring authors, Mono.
CaptainPipsqueak: Hell, that explains *us* to some extent.**

It can also be found on Youtube for anyone who is curious to see the whitewashed history.

Crazy56U: "Whitewashed history" implies that this Creepypasta is real, which it is not, so kindly fucking stop lying.

Disney produced the short documentary to avoid discussing the incident.

Crazy56U: *You invented lies upon lies which resulted in Woody bleeding real blood for no fucking reason, Jonathan Frakes would like to have a word with you.*

If you contact them about it, you'll be redirected to the Blu-ray's Amazon page if you get a response at all.

Crazy56U: Because they got sick and fucking tired of people calling about Creepypastas and want the dumb shits to learn about reality.

UnknownSkull: Some people just can't learn the difference between reality and the result of using low-quality drugs.

Ringmaster: Now we have our longest fic of the bunch, and, similar to the last one, probably the most-known Mario fic of the four. Remember how Haunted Majora's Mask/Ben Drowned had that whole "multiple journal entries" kind of style?

SC276: Oh joy, Ben Drowned comparisons elicit *such promise*.

Ringmaster: Well, this is basically someone directly inspired by Ben Drowned trying to write a Creepypasta while also making heavy, heavy use of a thesaurus.

**SC276: Sadly, the idea of Chat writing Mario creepypastas remains a fantasy.
Hopefully.**

Ringmaster: It's "Blood Whistle".

Mono: Oy vey, here we go...

UnknownSkull: Hear its cry. HEAR IT, DAMMIT!

Crazy56U: Hey kids, if you ever wanted to know what it's like to want to be dead inside while reading *Atlas Shrugged*, this is the next best thing!

Foreword

This is the recorded blog of a college student who was playing a modified version of Super Mario Brothers 3 on his computer.

JofY: Modified, with whistling!

UnknownSkull: Romhacks, not even once.

Crazy56U: "Specifically, it was the All Stars version, except with Mario replaced with Sonic."

SC276: "Recorded blog?" What do you think *happens* when you make a blog post on the Internet, Lady Redundant Woman?

CaptainPipsqueak: It had hyper-realistic pixelated blood!

Shortly after submitting the last entry, he committed suicide in his dorm room.

Mono: Because it wouldn't be a creepypasta if he stayed alive in the end...

Crazy56U: "Turns out if you die in *Super Mario Bros. 3*, you die in real life."

June 5th, 2012

Crazy56U: (quick Google) ...so, the day Ray Bradbury died.that's distasteful.
CaptainPipsqueak: Everybody dies someday.

A friend of mine recently sent me what he claims to be a scary Super Mario Brothers 3 hack

Crazy56U: "Kaizo Mario Bros. 3".
PanzerThiefZero: Let me guess, your friend's dad's mum's brother's sister's goldfish's second cousin twice removed works at Nintendo and made it in his spare time?

that he wanted me to try out (because he didn't have the courage.)

JofY: Turns out it was actually just a comedy ROM hack, and the friend was too scared to double check that it was horror.
Mono: So your friend is the smart one of the two, good to know.
UnknownSkull: Turns out said friend secretly hated him and was planning this with anticipation.
Crazy56U: "It required downloading an emulator, and he couldn't be bothered."

I started this blog to record my progress through the game.

SC276: I'm still struggling to wrap my head around the medium this is supposed to be. Is this like an after-action writeup, a Let's Play, *what?*!
PanzerThiefZero: Yes.
CaptainPipsqueak: It's all that and more!

He got this from a site that's no longer active,

Crazy56U: Huh. I thought Nintendo's war against emulation started up last year, not seven years ago...
UnknownSkull: They've been on war against emulation for a long time, sadly.

and I've seen some pretty scary occurrences with emulator games before. Just look at BEN.

JofY: I mean, I live in the USA. Gonna be kinda annoying to travel across the ocean just to see one landmark in London...
Crazy56U: Controversial statement: *Ben Drowned* sucks.
UnknownSkull: ...I dunno if it's just personal experience, but I honestly doubt that's controversial at all.
CaptainPipsqueak: [Ben] "What the fuck are *you* looking at? ... And how the fuck did you get into my house?!"

All of that aside, however, there was something definitely off about this ROM.

PanzerThiefZero: "I died right on the title screen!"
UnknownSkull: "It weighed just a couple bytes."
Crazy56U: "It was labeled as a .exe, so that's probably not good..."

Its title was SMB3:BW.

Mono: Super Mario Bros. 3: Black and White. The Pokemon crossover no one deserved.

SC276: And now I want an NES version of Pokémon Red and Blue, *great*.

PanzerThiefZero: Ask and ye shall receive... something close enough.

Crazy56U: Super Mario Bros. 3: Big Woody. For some reason, it was a *Toy Story* rom-hack.

CaptainPipsqueak: Super Mario Bros. 3: Burn Wario.

Crazy56U: Finally, a ROM hack I can get behind.

Anyhow, I won't play any today as I'm quite busy with college work and such,

Crazy56U: *Why the fuck are you taking summer classes...*

UnknownSkull: Unless you're desperate for extra credits, that's just wasting your time.

Crazy56U: And even *if* you're desperate for credits, just bite the bullet and do another fall semester.

but I will definitely start tomorrow.

SC276: And you couldn't have bothered to start the blog on the day you started the game?

June 6th, 2012

I played some of the game today. Obviously my friend was misinformed, as I have played all the way through 1-3 and have found nothing irregular. All of the sprites, levels, and sounds didn't have a fluke to their name.

Mono: So, essentially, we're reading about a poor sap who gets pranked by his friend.

UnknownSkull: Truly a heartbreaking story.

Wait... A secret! That must be how you have to unlock it! I swear you guys, I'll find the warp whistle tomorrow

SC276: I've seen the image, and if you cleared 1-3, you missed it. Then again, since when did creepypastas run on actual fact?

PanzerThiefZero: Yes.

CaptainPipsqueak: So a secret item is found secretly? Wow.

and see what creepy secrets this game has to hide. Look for tomorrow's post, it won't disappoint.

JofY: Unless, of course, you're being pranked and there is nothing special about it.

Mono: Except it will...

UnknownSkull: Regardless of it being haunted or not.

Maybe this will explain what the BW in the title stands for...

June 7th, 2012

I wish I hadn't unlocked that secret.



Crazy56U:

UnknownSkull: "My friend totally pranked me. This isn't a romhack at all! Fuck!"

CaptainPipsqueak: Now whenever I use my computer, it opens random porn sites!

This game will be the bane of my existence.

Mono: Ummm... you could always stop playing. I mean, it *is* an option...

UnknownSkull: That would require him having some semblance of intelligence.

I'll try as best as I can to explain what happened and what will certainly entail.

UnknownSkull: "And I will use as much purple prose as possible."

CaptainPipsqueak: *You mean like this?*

I don't know if any of you will believe me,

SC276: Trust me, I got a head start on not believing you.

but this sick mockery of one of my childhood favorites must be exploited and never be seen by the eyes of any other breathing man on god's green earth.

UnknownSkull: Too bad, we're already reading it.

JofY: It must be overused and pushed in everyone's face, but they shouldn't see it.

CaptainPipsqueak: Even if he has to ram it down their throats.

SC276: Ugh, fanboys, amirite?

And Todd (what I'll call my friend for the sake of privacy and possibly security),

JofY: Todd's entire credit card info is free on the internet, all it's missing is the name.

UnknownSkull: Last name Howard.

DO NOT send that link to anyone else.

SC276: ...What link? Is this suddenly *Zelda* now?

PanzerThiefZero: This one, obviously!

You'll see why below. I entered the castle stage. Knowing its only secret was the warp whistle, I disposed of a dry bones before donning a raccoon tail.



JofY:

CaptainPipsqueak: You mean rage quit?

Crazy56U: "Now I'm a furry."

CaptainPipsqueak: I hope you die, unnamed character.

With a running start I was flying above the stage until I hit the secret area. My whole life before I hit up on my arrow keypad was completely different.

JofY: Magic and unicorns existed, college debt was considered fair and reasonable, people actually thought Family Guy was funny...

SC276: This is supposed to be based in reality, JofY. *Family Guy* was never funny.

I was happy. I was normal. I could wake up in the morning recognizing my own reflection, being absolute about my safety.

JofY: Just because you renamed Google Chrome into "VPN" doesn't mean you were secure.

Now it's lies. All lies.



SC276:

I know that as of what happened today, my life will become an infernal hell in which every day will be a futile struggle to retain my own sanity.

Mono: I would like to hear you bitch after you rified a few fanfics.

CaptainPipsqueak: Yeah. Shut up, newbie.

UnknownSkull: I'm sure that's just called depression and it has nothing to do with a game.

After finishing this wretched collage of electronic dejection, I will embrace death like a long lost lover with open arms.

JofY: Meanwhile death will phone the police as their old stalker has returned.

UnknownSkull: Weak. If only he had seen what we've had in Ring's birthdays.

Now to get on with what had come to pass.

SC276: God, finally. You can only hear so much about the pointlessness of life before opening up the picross app on your phone.

The blocks that lined the wall were a gloomy albeit polished obsidian black.

Mono: I see Toad is going through his goth phase.

PanzerThiefZero: Well, I'd be down too if my job was polishing those things day to night.

CaptainPipsqueak: And also if my name was 'Toad'.

Mario's skin now had a grayish tint to it, but that wasn't what was wrong with that picture.

UnknownSkull: "Mario's looking like a zombie, but that clearly is totally normal."

CaptainPipsqueak: Someone's been messing with the colour controls again.

The music was a sped up version of the normal "bonus room" theme. Toad's skull was cracked open and profusely bleeding, spilling blood onto the floor and making the room slippery like an ice stage.

JofY: Someone should really get a mop.

CaptainPipsqueak: Normally that'd be *Toad's* job, but...

SC276: Better question: Why the fuck is there a Toad House in a castle?

His mouth was also agape and spewing blood onto the floor. The blood had an eerie, reflective quality that SHOULD have been graphically impossible for an 8-bit game like Mario 3.

Mono: Oh, realistic blood, how much I fucking missed you

CaptainPipsqueak: *Hyper*-realistic.

UnknownSkull: For those doing a Creepypasta drinking game, this is your last warning: Don't do it!

I walked up to him to see what it is that he might say.

JofY: Nothing, given he's got blood in the mouth.

SC276: Thank you for proving you're incapable of clearing the first two stages of *Mario 3*.

What he had to offer is this:

Blood Whistle.

HEAR ITS CRY.

JofY: And for those of you who want a visual of such horrors...



Mono: Wow. That blood looks really fucking underwhelming...

UnknownSkull: Look how hyper-realistic it looks! It's almost like you could touch it!

Crazy56U: It's the exposed Toad brain that really brings the picture together, you see.

PanzerThiefZero: I assume the capital letters didn't want to 'hear it's cry', if that's the case in the picture right now.

captainpipsqueak: it's being edgy. it's not using caps.

I then ran towards the chest to see its contents. The chest was drenched in reflective, realistic blood of the same type emanated by the orifices and exposed cranium of the poor little mushroom-headed fellow.

SC276: Calm down, thesaurus-boy.

UnknownSkull: As realistic as an edit done in Paint can be.

JofY: Blood is most realistic when it's a mirror, right?

Mono: But was it *hyper*-realistic?

Crazy56U: You know the answer is "Yes", stop asking.

Pressing onward, I ran through it to discover its dark secret. Its twisted surprise.

JofY: Its turning discovery. Its bendable wow.

I wasn't prepared for the following events.

SC276: I wasn't prepared for it to not be butter.

A blood-soaked warp whistle ominously rose from what I now believe to be the deepest crevice of hell.

Mono: Or... a chest in a video game.

UnknownSkull: Chests are the work of the devil. Confirmed.

It blipped twice as the normal whistle would. That, my fellow reader, was the only normality of what I have played today.

JofY: That, and the regular stage you just went through.

Crazy56U: I literally hate you.

It played a deep tune that I can't get out of my head as I write this.

SC276: It doesn't surprise me the author doesn't know how a fucking *whistle* works.

The whistle descended, violently striking Mario in the chest. He unleashed a bloodcurdling scream



Crazy56U:

as it went into his back and out of his chest. This cry wasn't 8-bit at all.

JofY: It was 4-bit!

UnknownSkull: It was 16-bit!

It wasn't even cartoon-esque.

JofY: It wasn't even a scream. His speakers just suck, and were playing noise.

It was the sound of unfiltered anguish, of utter agony.

UnknownSkull: Please, that's just static.

SC276: Why the fuck would whoever made this hack put a *voice clip of people reading Moron fics* into it?

His expression reflected the same.

JofY: The face of having stepped on a lego.

To end my experience on this perverse version of something I once loved,

SC276: You haven't seen porn, have you.

Mario was transported to the warp zone of the Blood Whistle.

I call it this because it had only the cookie-cutter outline of the quaint island. The water consisted solely of the same blood aforementioned in my encounter with the whistle.

UnknownSkull: So it was all just red pixels splattered all over the screen. That sure won't tire your eyes at all.

Corpses of Koopas and other enemies of Mario were scattered afloat near the shores.

Mono: Uh-oh, he got warped to Minion Hell.

UnknownSkull: So, their unedited sprites just turned upside down.

SC276: ~So light a candle for the Goombas that were crushed beneath your feet...~

White menacing eyes glared at me between the waves, surfacing just to cast their evil glance at Mario (or me, I can't be sure at this point).

JofY: He was never good at detail observation.

UnknownSkull: See? Too much red and probably poor illumination are already damaging your sight.

All of the worlds were indicated by their respective numbers, and all of the dots were crimson.

SC276: Isn't almost every spot in the Warp Zone a warp pipe tile?

PanzerThiefZero: The only frightening thing about this description is the level designer's 'skills'.

At that point I noticed yet another abnormality, this time concerning the dot for world eight. Beside it were two 8-bit patches of fire that twisted and contorted in place.

UnknownSkull: Yes, that's how sprites work: They move.

SC276: As... fire is wont to do, what's so impressive about it?

Without me pressing any buttons, the whistle stabbed Mario in the ribs.

JofY: Upper management can really be rude sometimes.

Mono: Impressive that you can pinpoint exactly where Mario was stabbed considering he's an 8-bit sprite.

UnknownSkull: He has special eyes: He can see those little details.



PanzerThiefZero:

This cued him to move to the world two dot. Refusing to pay any further attention to the horrors that surely await in the distorted desert, I saved the game and quit.

SC276: Now I fucking *know* you haven't played the actual SMB3 before.

I have played more than enough of my fill for today.

JofY: So, wait. That's all you saw. A bit of hyper realistic blood, Mario getting stabbed, and a bit of gore here and there. That's all it took to destroy your sense of normalcy.

SC276: *WIMP.*

UnknownSkull: And I thought I get easily scared.

Mono: And, again, why not fucking destroy the game now?

I guess that I figured out the acronym from the ROM title meant Blood Whistle the hard way. Despite the horrors that plague this abomination, I will continue to subject myself to this suffering for the sake of all of you.

Mono: *WHY? YOU HAVE LITERALLY ZERO REASON NOT TO PLAY, YOU ABSOLUTELY FUCKING DUMBASS!*

UnknownSkull: Are we sure he committed suicide and it wasn't just natural selection doing its job?

Well, also for mine.

JofY: Look out, someone may get a papercut, leading to you to wallow at the state humanity has fallen.

It'll help me keep track of the days,

Mono: *THEN BUY A FUCKING CALENDAR!*

UnknownSkull: YOU HAVE A PC! THERE'S A CALENDAR LITERALLY AT THE BOTTOM RIGHT CORNER OF YOUR SCREEN!

and maybe this desperate attempt to cling to my stable frame of mind won't prove to be in total vain.

SC276: If you really wanted to cling to stability, you'd stop playing the game.

There are five thousand people that have followed this blog in the two days that it's been up.

JofY: Bullshit.

Mono: Oh, boy, he's already gone insane...

UnknownSkull: And the game wasn't responsible for that.

After this pointedly interesting post, I'm hoping to have some more.

Mono: So essentially, he's subjecting himself to torture to get internet famous. *I fucking hate you, you are the dumbest fucking cunt in any creepypasta in the world.*

UnknownSkull: Makes you glad he fucking dies at the end, doesn't it?

For those of you following my posts, read tomorrow's and share with your friends. I need you to expose the stark luridness of this shell of something I once knew and loved.

JofY: "They're torturing my waifu!"

UnknownSkull: "Even though I said nobody needs to see this."

June 8th, 2012

Well, I did it. I managed to clench the fickle fibers of my perception of reality long enough to play through world two.

JofY: Congrats on the simple act of waking up.

UnknownSkull: That's called being lazy, stop acting like you're traumatized.

SC276: Why the fuck did you only warp to world 2?

I have come to the conclusion that whoever made this is completely and utterly deranged.

Mono: *NOOOO! WHAT THE ABSOLUTE FUCK GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?!*

UnknownSkull: Meh, at best he's an amateur romhacker going through an edgy phase.

There's been a rusted gear or a broken spring in the mechanics of their sadistic mind.

SC276: Define "a."

JofY: Who'd waste their time on something so pointless, after all.

UnknownSkull: "Otherwise why would they be writing this? Wait..."

Their only purpose in creating this mod was to mentally and psychologically flagellate the naïve soul poor enough to take the bait of its mysterious origin.

SC276: Or, y'know, make people laugh at how overdone it all is.

Well, I'm certainly naïve enough to fall into that category.

Mono: Self-awareness won't help you, fucknugget.

UnknownSkull: I think you're confusing naiveness with stupidity.

I digress, to the experience.

SC276: Whatever the fuck that means.

I find myself asking how I could have missed major things like this yesterday when I saved the game in this world.

JofY: Like the fact that this doesn't mean anything.

Mono: Probably because you're duller than a fucking rusty sawblade...

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Blood of the same texture from before was just as splattered across the desert sands as sand itself was.

JofY: The smell of iron must have been intense.

UnknownSkull: Oh my god, red and yellow pixels everywhere. The horror.

SC276: Why the fuck do you think sand in a desert is "splattered?" Have you ever been to a desert?

Solitary eyes watched me from the pyramids. Pentagrams and other satanic symbols were also infrequent in the environment.

Crazy56U: Here's the Kodak moment, everyone...

Could this hack be the work of the Illuminati?

SC276: (facepalm)

Crazy56U: (slow clap)

UnknownSkull: The Illuminati are apparently satanist too, on top of being master romhackers.

JofY: That's obviously the most reasonable scenario.

Mono: Because fuck all logic and reasoning and just throw the goddamn Illuminati into this shit.

SC276: [the author] "Durr, I'm too stupid to tell conspiramacy theories apart-y!"

OK, enough pondering. I need to finish this grim tale.

UnknownSkull: *looks at remaining pages* You sure took your sweet time finishing it.

Skeletons of Koopas littered the bleak landscape.

UnknownSkull: Those are called Dry Bones, why are you so scared of them?
PanzerThiefZero: "They were just sitting there and judging me!"

There was a distinct disturbance with Mario's appearance, though.

JofY: Mario had become a neckbeard.
Mono: Don't even fucking joke about that, J, I do *not* want to have that mental image.
SC276: I mean, he's already got a giant ass and apparently very sharp flute stabbed through his chest, it's probably small potatoes in comparison.

He looked starved and parched, as one would typically look after a few days in the desert.

JofY: You were the one who left him there overnight.
Mono: Super Mario 3: Tamagotchi Edition.

Mario then moved into the 2-1 block without my command and the music began to play shortly after.

JofY: The controller had a loose connection.
UnknownSkull: Instead of transitioning to the level like a game should.

This was a reversed version of the overworld theme.

SC276: [the author] "SMB3 has only one of those, right?"
JofY: It would have been the Lavender theme, but the blood whistle felt the original gen was overhyped even then.

Whispers and other paranormal phenomena could be heard playing in harmony with the music, saying cryptic things.

Mono: Nah, it's just Queen songs played backwards.
UnknownSkull: They were saying things like "Drink your Ovaltine."

After about a minute I began to record the sound. I'll upload it as soon as possible, but I know I definitely can't do it today.

JofY: I would try and see if there was anything uploaded, but... Nah. You know how to reverse a track and make annoying sounds with your mouth.
UnknownSkull: "That would require me being skilled at immersive storytelling."

One of the most distinct things I kept hearing was "let the whistle guide you" and "the instrument of blood plays the sweetest tune".

JofY: "The flute is for losers!"
Mono: Much scary. Many afraid. Wow.

SC276: "Touch the Piece of Resistance." "I feel like I should touch it."

This creeped me out needless to say, but this of all things wouldn't prevent me from playing out the remainder of this game.

UnknownSkull: You have the worst sense of self-preservation.

The stage itself was VERY scary. The sky was grayish-blue accompanied by an almost white sun.

SC276: As if any sun against that background in an NES game *wouldn't* be white.

The colors weren't bright or cheery in the slightest.

JofY: You'd think a hellscape could be a little more pleasant!

UnknownSkull: I thought hell was filled with rainbows and candies.

The pyramid blocks were faded and cracked, and the wooden blocks were obviously rotting.

UnknownSkull: "As you could notice thanks to the hyper realism of the rot."

Mono: Again, not sure how you can make out fucking sprites, but okay.

Mario's sprite was visibly starving and pleading for thirst. The fire creatures fixedly stared at me like a shark stares at a school of fish, seeming to know who their next meal was. The neutral expressions of the Koopas had changed into ones of converged disgust and loath.

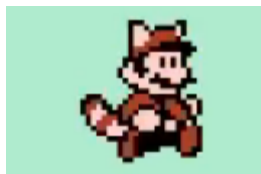
JofY: Have you ever gotten ash in your shell? It's a pain to get out.

Mono: And with all the shit Mario gave them over the years, I can fully understand that.

UnknownSkull: They knew what story they were in, and dreaded every second of it.

I had obtained the raccoon by now, so I ran along the pipe-looking platform and took off.

I flew for a little while, which was nice. Mario's face changed as well, being the normal happy smile you usually see throughout the entire game.



Mono: ...That's his moustache, dude.

SC276: Can't we just accept that this guy's never played the original game before at this point?!

Crazy56U: No. Deal with it.

I relished in the few moments of happiness I sought from this game. These moments were mercilessly ended within the course of a few seconds. The sky flashed a gloomy black before the Blood Whistle came and impaled the poor plumber yet again.

JofY: Damn Kazio difficulty curveballs...

Mono: You should've eaten the mushroom...

UnknownSkull: And then he lost a life and had to restart the level.

SC276: Y'know, if you "saved" after he was impaled, why didn't he *stay* impaled?

Mario fell, his corpulent figure going limp until he hit the ground with a thump that I swore I could feel.

JofY: The ground or the thumping?

Mono: Yes.

He was miraculously alive, his body twitching in a feeble attempt to rise.

JofY: Well, you overheated the yeast. How do you expected it to rise now?

A fire creature jumped on Mario, who was now pinned to the ground and screaming in pain. His scream was bitterly realistic.

UnknownSkull: As realistic as static can be.

It reeked of such ineffable pain it hurts me now to describe the sheer degree of torture this character was put through.

JofY: Thankfully, he had the mute button.

UnknownSkull: Oh, that deranged 8-bit torture. Truly something not meant for pure eyes.

SC276: Good thing we've read Chatoyance fics and you don't have you.

There he was. Burning and seething in pain and there I sat, completely powerless.

Mono: *TURN OFF THE GAME, YOU MORON*

JofY: It was then that his battery ran out, turning off the laptop.

UnknownSkull: And not cracking up at how ridiculous this is getting.

Forced to watch what I thought was the end of his trials on world two. I was so wrong. The level select came into view. Whistle through back, Mario was transported to one of the Pyramid levels.

SC276: At you sure you're playing a game and not watching a Newgrounds video at this point?

When the level started, the background was an egregious smoke-filled black. Bursts of lightning filled the sky with illumination. Winged demons in flight were visible upon these strikes. Also in the skies glowed stagnantly lit pentagrams and 666.

Mono: Because we need to implement all the fucking cliché's...

UnknownSkull: Who made this, Jeff Katzenberg?

JofY: And of course the weatherman failed to predict it, so I'm left without my umbrella!

Mario was being carried by two of Bowser's sons up one of the game's pyramid structures.

UnknownSkull: I didn't know Bowser Jr. had a brother. *And for the record, no, the Koopalings aren't Bowser's sons.*

SC276: *Well it's not like this guy's gotten ANYTHING ELSE right.*

However, this particular structure was vastly different than the regular ones.

UnknownSkull: "It was hyper-realistic and bathed in blood! And had pentagrams everywhere!"

The bricks were cracked and faded with age. The edges were jagged with dried blood caked each block.

SC276: And the sentences were poorly formed.

JofY: Bowser wanted some help flipping the house.

Nothing but a heavy drum beat and the sounds of thunder played in the background. The thunder didn't play in unison with lightning as happens in most games. There was an eerily realistic pause between the flare of the lightning and the boom of the thunder.

UnknownSkull: A programmed delay between graphical and audio cues. Truly the scariest of all things.

SC276: (pulls out tape recorder, hits "play")

Tape Recorder: Yes, by programming a robot to pause before it does your bidding, you too can create a machine that passes the Turing Test.

As the top of the structure was reached, I saw the worst thing yet.

JofY: Porn.

Mono: Two dogs doing it.

Crazy56U: A picture of Detroit.

Bowser towered above everyone else, intimidating and terrible.



UnknownSkull:

Ah yes, truly the definition of intimidating.

Below stood four of his sons, two of which had carried Mario: Morton, Iggy, Ray, and Von Koopa.

SC276: (pinches bridge of nose) Wow.

UnknownSkull: Roy was too smart to show up on this, so he instead sent his more annoying cousin.

Mono: Also, Ludwig apparently forgot his own first name.

Above the entire scene were the words Blood Whistle in bright red neon letters.

JofY: This Blood Whistle play has the weirdest advertising.

Bowser's face had to have been ten times more evil then I had ever seen it.



UnknownSkull:
I know! This just screams "evil", doesn't he?

His green shell was cracked, and his white spines had been dipped in blood. Blood was fresh on his teeth

SC276: You don't know how pixels work, do you.

Mono: But SC, this is *hyper-realistic* blood.

also as his serpentine tongue licked them, making clear his intentions on what to do with Mario after he had disposed of him.

JofY: Get true love's kiss.

UnknownSkull: But... if he's disposing of him, doesn't that imply he got rid of his body too?

SC276: And now the author doesn't know how words work, that's just *great*.

It was then I came to a dooming realization.

UnknownSkull: "I left a pie in the oven!"

Mono: "I should've pulled the plug out of my PC a long time ago."

Mario can't die. The game won't let him.

JofY: He had 99 lives.

However many things are thrown at him, in however many ways he is brutally maimed, mortality will not escape him.

SC276: ...the fuck does *that* mean?

Mono: It means the author is abusing the fuck out of a thesaurus.

UnknownSkull: "For he is God. And God is eternal."

For a time, that is.

JofY: Until the proper release date.

He will continue to be sustained by whatever dark force or sick mind that drives the rest of these occurrences

SC276: ...Are you trying to make *extra lives* poetic?

to passing until the game's eventual end, in which he will ruefully and painfully perish.

UnknownSkull: "At least, until I start the game again."

Now that that has been said,

SC276: [the author] "Thank you for attending my TED Talk."

to continue today's experience.

Suddenly, Von Koopa produced a dagger. It gleamed with uncanny realism in the light of the Blood Whistle sign that loomed above.

UnknownSkull: As realistic as 8-bit sprites can do, which isn't much.

After a brief pause, he began to slice Mario's chest open. Mario again brayed that fearful cry,

JofY: Mario... Crushed a cry...?

SC276: The part of Mario will be played by a donkey.

Mono: Super Mario Brothers 3: Pinnochio Edition.

a cry that implied he would die only to endure torture of ten times the magnitude.

JofY: Everything is so painful after death it's super annoying.

UnknownSkull: [Mario] "Mama Mia, just please go to the ending, I can't stand more of this nonsense!"

Tears streamed down his faced as Von removed his heart, still pumping.

SC276: [Von] "With this, I shall finally achieve my canon name!"

He handed it to Bowser, who ate it with a crunching chomp.

Mono: And then Ludwig became invincible and ate a village full of boos- wait, wrong game...

His sons laughed as he did this, blood flowing from Mario's exposed abdomen.

SC276: and now he doesn't understand basic anatomy
JofY: The stomach is next to the lungs.

With a bark from their twisted father, the sons shamelessly began to regurgitate and tear apart what was open.

SC276: Resist the urge to point out the author's inability to use a thesaurus correctly, there's four more after this for the rest of the month...

As they were doing this, Mario slowly turned his head towards me and uttered a single question through tears and blood: "w-w-why?"

JofY: Why not?

UnknownSkull: Because we like you!

Mono:



I myself asked the very same question. Why would they treat him as an animal- if not less- for their amusement?

JofY: Congrats, you answered your own question.
UnknownSkull: I dunno, ask the author of this story.

Why would someone initiate the genesis of such a horrid contraption?

JofY: Damn you Sega!
Mono: Damn you God!

A contraption in which life and death have no meaning and are manipulated, a contraption in which concepts such as morals, remorse and mercy are completely foreign?

UnknownSkull: It's a fucking game, dude! Chill.
SC276: Better question: *why the fuck are you still playing.*
PanzerThiefZero: Look, if creepypasta protagonists could think, we wouldn't have a story.

It makes me shudder to think that there is someone sick enough out there to put a character through this kind of unbearable hell just to sit back and laugh. It makes me absolutely sick to my core.

JofY: This is why parents need to sit down with their kids early on in life, and explain to them what an emo is.
UnknownSkull: Buddy, we've sit through actually sickening stuff. This right here is just pure hilarity in comparison.
SC276: Even without Ring's third birthday, we've run *Cupcakes* like twice. The author is such a fucking baby.

Oh, that reminds me of another thing. You're probably wondering as to why I complacently talk about Mario as if he's a human being.

Mono: "It's because I'm finally going full-on insane."

A human who suffers pain, sorrow, depression, starvation, and thirst like the rest of us. A human who is also capable of feeling happiness, remorse, goodwill and love like anyone else.

UnknownSkull: "Well, that's because I'm an overreactionary moron who can't distinguish between reality and fiction!"

It's because I am thoroughly convinced that he is.

UnknownSkull: "Mario is my waifu and I must protecc him!"
SC276: Oh, so you haven't played SMB3 because losing a life would make you an accomplice to murder.
Mono: "You see, my plumber has Italian heritage..."

Please, don't stop following this blog because you think I'm insane. That will come later.

UnknownSkull: Not like I'd follow a wacko like you in the first place.
JofY: "Let me at least qualify for insanity on my medical insurance first!"

I believe without a shadow of a doubt that inside this game is a character with a complex range of emotions, someone who feels like you and me.

Mono: "But then again, I'm the guy who ate multiple thesauruses, so take my rambling with a grain of salt."

But it's just a game right?

UnknownSkull: Yes!

SC276: Is that a trick question?

It's just a contrived mixture of code and data put together to present words and images, correct?

UnknownSkull: If your mind was capable of actual thought, you'd realize that yes, that's what it is.

Wrong.

JofY: It's a *logical* mixture of code and data.

I know with everything inside of me that Mario has to be alive.

JofY: And you're such a brain trust.

SC276: You expressed a desire to commit suicide after just watching a badly-put-together horror hack, you fucking baby. You are not a foundation of objective reality.

Mono: *Googles* Well, Bob Hoskins is- Oh...

I have seen him truly happy and truly sad, and at one point I may even see him truly angry. He feels like any other living, breathing human being.

JofY: I don't see you trying to seriously help him.

I don't know how. I don't know why. I don't know how something so human could rise from something so truly inhuman.

SC276: You didn't think Mario was of the human *species* within the game world? Gheeze, you were off-kilter *before* playing this thing!

A character with a soul seemed completely impossible to me before I played this hack.

JofY: Because you were sane.

Mono: ...In essence, people are characters too. So you're saying you didn't think people had souls?

I now have a goal with this game: to keep this poor creature safe.

SC276: "Which is why I intend to keep playing this game that's killing him over and over while I'm unable to do anything but watch."

I suppose I now know the real truth. I'll see you all tomorrow. Same place, same time.

Mono: Same bat-time, same bat-channel.

June 9th, 2012

It's me again. I had a horrible range of nightmares last night that are a direct result of playing this game. Some really weird stuff also went down. Before I get into today's gameplay, I'll have to go through them with you guys so I'll have an interactive record of my dreaming habits related to this game.

Mono: Oh please, spare us your bullshit.

SC276: STOP STALLING

I myself am having a hard time as to how they were so close to home, and what they mean for my seemingly inevitable downfall.

SC276: only because you're a FUCKING IDIOT

Before I tell this, I have to let you in on a piece of relevant information. In the 4th grade,

Mono: "-I used to eat glue."

I used to play the recorder.

JofY: For the tape, so that the actual musicians could hear how they were playing.

Every kid had to learn some musical skill, and I liked wind instruments because of their method of play, appearance, and sound. Such is the irony of the instrument that has caused me all of this grief.

Mono: 'Irony', 'contrived writing', same difference.

SC276: Yeah, uh, recorder was like the standard instrument for that stuff in elementary school. You're not special for dragging that information out literally at least five times longer than it deserves.

In my dream I was playing the instrument in a dark room.

Mono: Why? I don't know, kids are weird.

I was my 4th grade self, just coolly playing Mary Had a Little Lamb.

JofY: The song you play on the recorder to pick up chicks.

Out of nowhere, I began to cough. I had choked on some blood that had materialized within and around my recorder. It covered it, and soon filled it.

JofY: Get it out of the sink.

Blood began to pour in great quantity out of all of the recorder's holes.

SC276: So, are you still coughing, or...?

It soon began to float in mid-air and hover. A few seconds passed, and then it struck me in the chest. It had impaled me, going directly through my heart and every other vital artery one could think of.

JofY: [Protag] "Ow."

I woke up, the sheets plastered to my bare chest with sweat.

JofY: Strangely not his sweat though.

Mono: It was Mario's sweat!

I was completely fine. Not a scratch on me.

SC276: Much to our displeasure.

As I sat there in bed, afraid of how I'm sure the game did this – or maybe it was just me losing my sanity – I began to hear noise coming from my laptop.

JofY: The most horrifying sound he could imagine.

It was closed, but a faint muffled humming sound was clearly audible.

**SC276: Windows rebooted itself even though the computer was hibernating again?
Happens all the time when it gets uppity about not being updated.**

I warily approached my computer, the machine almost looking alive. I then opened it up.

Mono: And then it ate him like the demonic piano.

SC276: "Open up! MUTEKI!"

It was a picture of a SMB3 Raccoon Mario sprite on a black backdrop. He was chained up by his legs and feet, and the chains reached outside of the screen.

JofY: [Mario] "Hey! Close the screen! This is a private moment!"

Mono: Kinky...

The Blood Whistle sat as the centerpiece of it all through Mario's chest.

SC276: Y'know, by now, even by your logic, you should know Mario's already dead.

The tune of the Blood Whistle played over and over, a loop that only exacerbated the sound within the walls of my psyche.

JofY: [Protag's Psyche] "DUUUH!"

I tried exiting out of whatever this program might have been but the window wouldn't close. I eventually had to take out my laptop battery, which didn't sit too well with my OS.

JofY: Microsoft Virus Protection agents started phoning him up.

SC276: Given your portrayed intelligence, I'm guessing you didn't know about Ctrl+Alt+Delete.

Luckily, I didn't lose any files. Now for the gameplay.

Mono: you still refuse to quit the fucking game you dense mutherfucker

I was on a weak imitation of the world 3 level map.

SC276: So, like your knowledge of SMB3.

The water was none other than blood. Ravenous fish jumped out of the water, looks of primal hunger on their faces.

SC276: Because of course it is.

There was something off about Mario's map representation that I noticed right away. Along with his Raccoon tail, the blood whistle was now a permanent fixture through his body.

JofY: Stuck right underneath the right armpit.

Mono: I would make a penis joke, but that would be above me.

His skin had dulled a little from its prior shade of gray, now more outwardly noticeable. His mustache now had dots of red clung to it as well. Without my or Mario's control, needless to say, I was moved to the first underwater stage.

SC276: How do you know it's not *Mario* doing it just because it's not you?

A cherry red tint absorbed the entire screen. This was to be expected, as the water looked blood-ridden from the outside as well.

JofY: Blood Whistle, 9 out of 10 vampires hate it.

I swam down the left side of the level to get a fire mushroom.



SC276:

Buddy, I don't know what mushrooms you been smokin', but it ain't this one.

Mono: Well, the fact that he has been smoking mushrooms explains a lot.

As soon as Mario got it and his outfit changed, he got an evil simper on his face.

Mono: You really just couldn't say 'smile', author? Did you really have to shove your thesaurus in everyone's face?

He looked at me and said "Revenge, yes?" I confirmed his suspicions and then we set off for the danger that lurked near. The fish cast malevolent gazes at Mario as he swam by, incinerating them. His normal, happy smile returned. So did mine.

JofY: Two wrongs don't make a right.

SC276: What'd that fish ever do to you? I mean, the fucking *flute in your chest* is the main problem here.

The annihilation of the carnivorous critters didn't last long before both Mario and I faced a hellish dilemma.

JofY: Choosing between chicken or pork for dinner.

Mono: Beatles or Stones.

There was a large fish with rows of razor-sharp teeth. Below him were two power up blocks, one black-looking and one purple-looking. I assumed that these were supposed to mean red and blue. Obviously there was no progress from this point without finding out what these blocks had in store.

JofY: Clearly, by the fact that...

SC276: *You still have Fire Mario, why the fuck wouldn't that also take out THIS fish.*

Mono: Because the game suddenly decided to be realistic and have Mario's fire burn out or something, I dunno, the author just wants an excuse to be spooky.

Mario's expression changed back into its gaunt appearance that he has had for the majority of the game. Knowing I had no other choice, I dauntingly hit the block that was black in appearance on the left.

The fish swam around from its position in top of us and began to tear off Mario's limbs.

SC276: This isn't *Mario Maker*, author.

By this time a group of fish had congregated around the entire scene. Their laughs were deep and short, registering as barks for the 8-bit sound processor.

Mono: Oh, and *now* you remember this was an 8-bit game.

Mario's unable body wobbled as he bled out, spewing black across the red.

JofY: Suddenly Mario was an alien or something.

When he finally died, the big fish began to laugh. After a couple of seconds Mario's limbs re-grew. With the blue block remaining, I hit it to get this all over with.

SC276: If you really wanted this over with, you'd turn the fucking game off and stop writing.

Bubbles stopped coming from Mario's mouth. He cried out for help but that only made the problem worse. He sucked in tons of water, his hands around his neck. His face began to grow from gray to blue in a matter of moments. He kicked and fought, but he only wore himself down.

JofY: This is why technique is important.

Getting angry, he began to incinerate random fish that had gathered in the crowd. The fish began to laugh louder. For every fish he killed, two more appeared in its place. After a while he just gave up.

SC276: I'm close to that, but apparently I have the stupid determination of a creepypasta character.

I watched as Mario uttered his last gurgle on world 3, the Blood Whistle stabbing and taking him away. I saved and quit with haste.

SC276: *why the fuck would you SAVE*

Mono: Because this man is the biggest fucking moron who ever lived.

See you all tomorrow.

June 10th, 2012

Campus police gave me a visit today. Apparently one of you had reported my comments related to suicide and claimed I was insane.

JofY: Likely due to the fact that you stated as such previously.

Mono: And for good reason, but logic won't apply here, so..

As a result, I have eliminated all personal information from this blog.

SC276: Better question: Why did your blog dedicated to a haunted ROM have your personal information in the *first place*?

I located the person who reported me and banned him. I also have an IP tracker, so don't any of you try that.

Mono: "I may be a paranoid fuck who installs an IP tracker and bans everyone who calls me insane, but I'm totally not insane!"

Speaking of followers, fifty thousand?

JofY: I think he's confusing his own keyboard stuck on the refresh button for new viewers.

I had never expected this page to accumulate this many active viewers. Wherever this popularity – or notoriety – came from, I am grateful.

SC276: I mean, sure, you're only traumatizing yourself to the point of suicide, but you're doing it for the Vine!

Now for today's gameplay. After today, I'll be lucky to finish the game.

JofY: Is there a puppy hostage forcing you to play this game? Did you sign a contract stating that you have to finish it? Why do you continue playing!?

Princess Toadstool's letter appeared after the previous screen from world 3 faded out. She was squirming and shifting around.

JofY: The new exercise routine was obviously stupid, but she wanted to give it a fair chance.

Bowser's hand covered her mouth and nose, but it was easy to see the fear in her eyes.

Mono: Oh sweet Jesus, I don't like where this is going...

SC276: What, the fact that Bowser kidnapped the princess a full four worlds early?

They darted left and right in stark, true fear.

SC276: [the author] "This is how letter stationary works, right?"

Bowser continued to have that sadistic smile on his face as he struggled with her. After about a minute and a half, Peach began to change.

JofY: Bowser got ketchup all over her dress.

Her eyes grew an ominous red as she pushed Bowser's arm away with inhuman strength. She cackled like a loon, blue veins bulging so noticeably that they were clearly visible through her white satin gloves.



SC276:

Mono: Nanomachines, son.

Bowser then began to cower in timidity. The text on the letter said only this:

BLOOD WHISTLE

HEAR ITS CRY

~PEACH

JofY: Look, it's just a fad. First it was Minecraft, then Fortnite, now Blood Whistling.

SC276: So, why does it power up Peach, but try to kill Mario? Is it sexist?

The letter scene was abruptly cut off and the world 4 level select map was brought into view.

Mono: Are we really gonna go through all the worlds?

Goombas and Koopas of all sizes appeared, furious and hungry as ever. This addition made sense. This was the giant/tiny world, the shown enemies would be dimensioned as such. The normally green grass was withered and dead. The small patches of water were blood.

SC276: Any fucks the viewers gave had vanished.

Mario still was in the fireball fatigues that he donned in world 3. When compared the other worlds, the map view for this one was vastly less disturbing. I would go as far to call this tolerable.

JofY: [Protag] "Why can't you be a little more scary, game!?"

Mario moved towards 4-1, into whatever nightmarish scenario this stage had to offer.

Mono: And then the world started... and the game turned into Mario & Sonic at the 2016 Rio Olympics!

SC276: Please, that would be *interesting*.

The stage had the usual kinks of any level in this game. The sky was black, which made the white clouds vibrantly contrast.

JofY: The blood whistle is apparently too busy to make blood clouds.

SC276: I wouldn't be surprised if the author didn't know clouds were made of water vapor.

A reversed version of the ground level once again played. The wood – as it had been before

SC276: [the author] "I mean, world 4's a forest in all the new Mario games, surely it is here too."

– was decaying and wasting away beneath Mario's feet. The pipes were faded and cracked in various places. All of the enemies still possessed the same carnivorous looks of their inter-game counterparts.

SC276: Whatever the fuck that means.

There was, oddly enough, a startling abundance of them.

JofY: More than 5.

Koopas and Goombas danced around in a ritualistic manner.

JofY: It's called pop music, dude.

Mono: It's just the hot new dance craze, get over it.

Mario was visibly petrified as he tried to avoid them, my arrow keys keeping them inches away from his life.

JofY: He was miles away from any danger.

Amidst the all of the din, there hovered a solitary power up block.

It was regular in appearance. Nothing was outwardly off about this, which greatly surprised me. Not knowing what horrid item it contained, I bumped it in blind vain. That maybe it could help me.

Mono: *Why would you do that considering the shit you've seen already?!*

You can most likely infer from the intonation I made in the preceding paragraph that I was completely mistaken.

JofY: Congrats on learning how five second foreshadowing works.

What appeared next is what I dreaded. That damn whistle. It was sitting there, blood washing over it as it rose from the yellow square.

SC276: [Blood Whistle] "Hey, apparently I'm too wishy-washy to decide whether to stab a bitch or not!"

It sat there almost beckoning my name. With the imposing enemies, I knew I had no other choice. I took the weapon from its place.

**SC276: It's a *flute*. What do you think you are, a *bard*?
Mono: "I can stab people now!"**

Fruitlessly hoping for the best, readily expecting the worst.
The on-screen foes ceased all activity.

JofY: Mario became their mother, having discovered them doing some naughty things while he was away.

Their faces returned to a neutral, blank state. Five minutes they stood in place like this not moving a muscle.

**SC276: [the author] "I TOTALLY KNOW HOW GAME DESIGN WORKS, GUYS"
Mono: "I knew this because I had my stopwatch by my side."**

I jumped around and tried to kill them, but to no avail. It's almost as if they were frozen within the confines of time itself. As if for specifically them, all interstellar and physical continuity came to a careening halt. Then they began to move. After the first couple had did it, I realized What truly was going on.

SC276: I highly doubt that, Einstein.

This was a mass suicide. Most of them just jumped in the nearest hole, but others performed incredible feats of acrobatics and medical possibility.

**SC276: Apparently, despite having the desire to die, jumping into a pit wasn't *good* enough for them.
Mono: Hey, at least they went out in style.**

One Koopa was bashing his head in on a pipe. Another Goomba jumped six or seven times his own height, turned around in the air, and sent blood flying everywhere with a great splat.

SC276: And this is why Goombario trained so much to be able to headbonk.

Soon all of the enemies were dead. Their remains were spontaneously upchucked from the trench below. A grisly mixture of guts and gore littered the entire remainder of the level. Mario shuffled through the remains, horrified with tears streaming on his face throughout.

SC276: Instead of... jumping over them.

Random deep, bassy tones played with nothing else to accompany.
Realistic squishy sounds were emitted every time Mario took a step in the scattered carnage.

SC276: Sure, screams or something get bit-crunched, but not gore squishies. I mean, the flute unimpales Mario at random, why bother with consistency now.

He continued to cry for the duration of the level. The whistle faded into view and followed Mario a few inches above his head, like a pestilential

Mono: A what?
Crazy56U: Gesundheit.

virus. After he cleared it, of course, the whistle went straight through his chest as Mario was headed to world 5.

SC276: After one level? Boy, the author of this hack could not be bothered to try in the slightest.

The game has a habit of putting me where it needs me to be,

Mono: Or it just teleports you to the next world...

so I closed the window without saving.
Witnessing all of that death really racked my nerves. Sure it might be a game, but with the things this game has had to present to me I'm starting to lose my perception of reality.

SC276: "STARTING?"

I'm starting to wonder to myself what is real and what is inside the computer. These two things are quickly fusing into one.

SC276: Only because you're completely fucking pathetic.
Mono: And have the mental strength of a wet tissue.

The lines... they're blurring. Pretty soon the days will start fading together, and by then I'll have lost all sense of reality. I hope to see you all tomorrow. I don't know how much longer I can put up with this game. No, it's not a game. I couldn't tell you what this is.

SC276: "I know this game is the source of all my troubles, so of course I'm going to keep playing it like a fucking dumbass!"

June 11th, 2012
Today being D-Day fits,

Crazy56U: No. It's on the 6th. Also, fuck you.

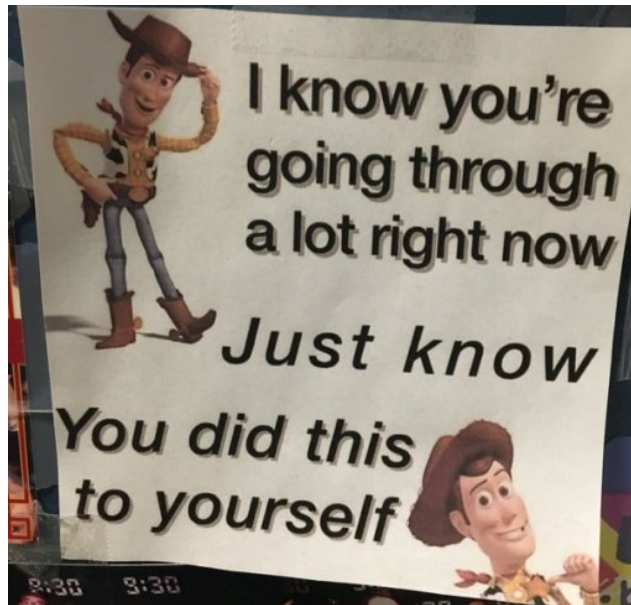
SC276: I can't believe I'm saying this, but I hope Snoopy spits on your grave.

because I'm fighting one hell of a war against this game (and a losing one at that).

Mono: Go fuck yourself with a rusty spoon, author.

Crazy56U: Because this is clearly what Would War II was all about: a fucking *Mario* game.

At least there are no more mishaps with you all so far, which puts me at rest. As of today's gameplay, I fear for my own life.



Crazy56U:

I feel as if something is coming after me. Lurking, seeking me out as to make immediate my demise. Never before has anything like this ever happened. Never before has anything electronic made me truly afraid, truly scared.

SC276: Does the author not know how humans work.

Mono: "Except for that one time I got a jump scare from my toaster."

I most likely will get no sleep tonight. Nothing in particular occurred, it's just... you'll find out below.

SC276: Much to my chagrin.

Mono: Nothing in particular occurred, except that something in particular just occurred.

I was in the middle of the cloud portion of world 5. The sky theme played, except it was drastically slow and demonic whispers were clearly audible. The whispers were almost the same as the ones I heard back in world 2. Mario was outfitted with the Tanooki suit, which naturally suited the environment.

SC276: Did you just try to make a funny?

There was nothing there except two things: A red dot, and a card game.

SC276: "And, y'know, all that other shit I just described."

Mono: Fuck it's that Luigi poker game from SM64DS.

The card game icon looked similar enough to its regular game clone, except the spades rolled across a red background instead of a blue one.

SC276: (Super Mario Wikis) OK. On the one hand, the spade panels in World 5 in the original NES version of SMB3 are red. On the *other hand*, they're white in all four of the previous worlds. They are only ever blue in the *All-Stars* version, whose maps are used for those worlds' pages on the Wiki. *COINCIDENCE?!*

Now, for whatever reason, I was allowed to choose which path to take. I chose to do the card game, hoping it would serve as some sort of reprieve from all the madness. That was not the right choice.

SC276: Obviously. I mean, the right choice is *not playing the fucking game*.

Toad didn't explain the rules of the game like normal. Instead, I was plunged into the rolling slots.

Mono: To be fair, a slot machine doesn't really warrant that much of an explanation.

Beside the slots was a risky scenario. Toad was on a guillotine. He looked at the camera with timid, teary eyes. He also was vigorously shaking his head. He shook his hands in a futile effort to free himself from this appalling apparatus, but nothing came of it. The entire picture engulfed me so much I didn't even notice the slots.

Mono: Except you mentioned them just now...

I cautiously pressed them, trying as best I could to line them up given the stress of the situation. I failed,

SC276: Oh gee, you tried to match the images on the slot machine while *not looking at them* and you failed. What a shock.

and had to pay the personal price.

The blade fell with breathtaking speed. Toad was beheaded right then and there. His head did a couple of spins in the air before landing in a conveniently placed nearby basket. The initial spins flayed blood across the white room. Blood filled the basket and filled it up, toad's body spraying blood from the stump where his head used to be. Out of nowhere, the Blood Whistle came down and struck his torso.

SC276: [Blood Whistle] "Wait, shit, this isn't Mario."

Mono: Blood blood, blood. Blood? Blood!

The scene faded out and back to the map. I was moved to the only remaining destination in world 5. Silent lightning streaked across the licorice black sky. Gray clouds and Mario were the only other consistently visible things. As far as everything goes, silhouettes of winged demons flew and danced in the background.

SC276: And creepypasta continues to suck at level design.

I tried turning into the stone structure the Tanooki suit is so famous for, but it failed. No music at played. None at all. The demons would be heard whispering in what sounded like a variety of languages.

Spanish, German, and Latin were the most prevalent ones.

SC276: How the fuck could someone as stupid as you know what *Latin* sounds like?

Mono: "Granted, it was Pig Latin, but still."

A primal fear of the unknown gripped me as I blindly navigated the level.

SC276: Clouds *can* act as platforms in these kinds of game, you know that, right?

Judging by the look on Mario's face, it plagued him also. This stemmed from childhood,

Mono: Mario saw flying demons in his sleep as a child.

which made it all the worse. I not only felt like Mario was in danger, I felt like my livelihood and well-being were in danger.

SC276: SO TURN THE FUCKING GAME OFF

At that moment, one of the demons swooped down.

I would say the most accurate way to describe this creature would be a miniature Cthulu.

Mono: H.P. LOVECRAFT IS ROLLING IN HIS GODDAMN GRAVE!

Its claws plucked out Mario's eyes, making them profusely bleed. He unleashed an ephemeral, yet bone-chilling cry.

SC276: [the author] "Whatever the fuck that sounds like."

After the searing pain relented Mario trudged on. His face was now void of any and all expression.

Mono: "In fact, it looked like he didn't have a face anymore at all!"

It was because he knew as well as I did that he would be torn apart. Brutally and slowly, but it would happen. After a few more seconds, the second demon came.

It was identical in appearance to the first.

SC276: NES sprite limitations, amirite?

It swooped down with grim, black bat wings and did its portion of damage. After it was said and done, the thing had torn Mario's arms off. Mario stopped dead in his tracks. He sobbed loudly, knowing the worst was yet to come.

Mono: Trust me, the worst has been going on for far too long.

I felt so sorry for him that the words escaped me.

SC276: That's because you're out of your fucking mind.

He continued with a morose look. His normal walk slowed to a shuffle. Not a few seconds after that, the final solitary specter came down. He did his work with one big slash. Mario was now without his legs, and his lump of a body sat there. He sadly wept in utter despair. He knew the end was near.

SC276: Nah, there's still three worlds after this.

He tuned to me and choked out this:

Mono: "Thank you so much-a... for to playing my game..."

"I'm sorry you had to witness this...everything..."

Those were his last spoken words on world 5 before a gaggle of hell's minions descended and tore apart what remained of him. His entrails were liberally exposed as they regurgitated in their cruel feast.

SC276: Frankly, I *would* vomit over something like this.

When the dust cleared, a mere shell of him remained. All you could see of his open stomach were his open spine and back muscles.

Mono: In surprising detail for an *8-bit sprite*.

As I had predicted, the Blood Whistle came to transport him into whatever hellish situation it contemplated would be worse than the last.

SC276: If it's not Detroit, you're wrong.

Consider it sheer luck if I make another post tomorrow.

Mono: No, I consider it sheer stupidity.

If I do, it may be my last.

June 12th, 2012

I'm starting not to care anymore.

Crazy56U: Ditto.

SC276: You guys started?

I am in the throes of such a severe depression it's all starting to fade away. Everything. School, friends, family. It's safe to say this game is single-handedly ruining my life.

Mono: *THEN WHY ARE YOU STILL PLAYING OH MY FUCKING GOD!*

Such sadness has never become me ever before in my life. My grandfather died when I was young, but that didn't close to equate what I'm feeling now.

SC276: Yeah, uh... bullshit? Depending on how young you were, you probably didn't even remember him.

It's a direct result of the level that I played today, which I'll get into right now. World 6 appeared. Ice was everywhere. This is the one part that correlated to the unaltered version. Nothing else did. The ice was none other than frozen, realistic blood.

Mono: *But was it hyper-realistic, asshole?*

Crystallized pieces of crimson droplets bordered the ice blocks. Blood filled in the small pockets of water that were. Of course, there was only a solitary dot on the map.

SC276: So it occurred to me that this guy might be drawing his iconography from the *New Super Mario Bros* series. Not sure what it changes besides him not bothering to do *basic research* on his fucking creepypasta.

Mario entered it, and I knew that whatever was to pass, it would be ten-fold of what had already happened.

SC276: God, where is this end of this fucking lack of self-preservation so bad the MC might not qualify as a living being?

Pure, sable white was the only thing that constituted of the backdrop. Blocks of blood ice served as a slippery ground. Mario slid along as I controlled him. He appeared happy.

Mono: Glad there's at least one of us who is still happy, then.

Overjoyed might be more accurate. Here he had nothing to deal with. Just him and the open space. Five minutes passed. Then ten.

SC276: The timer had run out like fifteen times over.

All the way through, Mario was happy as I let him run around and fly (he had regained the raccoon tail).

Mono: "It was now a permanent part of him."

It seemed like he had all the time in the world. The clock ticked and ticked and all seemed right in the game. Making my way through the level, I found out it had no end. Time, oddly enough, would turn out to be the ultimate enemy.

SC276: Still doesn't justify the ghost not knowing how to game design!

Mono: "I'd end up punching a clock later today and he still hasn't forgiven me."

At the twenty minute mark a tempest began to pick up. A flurry of snow and wind ensnared Mario, and he now began to curl his tail. His teeth chattered and his body shook. He soon had to sit down. Mario and I soon figured out how the game planned to snuff him out this time: with ice and time.

Mono: Because why would you assume anything different at this point.

He sat and tried to heat himself. This, needless to say, was a less than feeble attempt. Nothing but the creepy bass beats from world 5 played.

SC276: The ghost couldn't be bothered to make a new soundtrack.

Mario's skin soon began to turn a light blue. Nevertheless, he still sat and brooded in the icy cold. It was then that the utmost feeling of sadness had encapsulated me. I couldn't fathom my sympathy.

SC276: You've been stuck out in the snow to freeze to death too?

I couldn't begin to describe how bad I felt at the fact that his death was absolutely inevitable and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Mono: *except turn the goddamn game off*

Just simply watch in shock and dejected awe. Frostbite soon took his hands. Ten minutes after that, world 6 Mario was no more. Just a frozen block of a man, sitting there in the middle of an infinite winter wilderness. After the sadness came feelings of sheer loneliness.

SC276: You probably wouldn't have had that if you went out more instead of staying inside playing a bullshit ROM hack all day.

I felt abandoned and alone. Just like Mario sitting in the middle of that ice field. I felt as if no one would save me from the torture of this game.

Mono: *you would if you turned off the fucking game.*

The Blood Whistle came down and made a chunk sound as it impaled his chest,

SC276: [Blood Whistle] "Sorry I'm late, guys, my bus didn't show up."

taking him to the next level of hell. I closed the emulator window like always, and ended this self-subjected torture. I WILL bring myself to play this game tomorrow,

Mono: *WHY?!*

but mark my words. I'll play the last tomorrow, and then this blog will (hopefully) live on in my memory.

SC276: ...You know there's *eight* worlds in SMB3, right? Like almost literally every other 2D Mario game?

So my tribulation can be seen by the world. Be here. Same time, same place.

Mono: Again, same bat-time, same bat-channel, same bat-shit stupidity.

June 13th, 2012

It is ironic indeed that today is June the 13th. The unlucky number, the unlucky day.

SC276: (Googles) It's also a Wednesday, so really, you're just being a dip.

I suppose today isn't completely horrible. Today is the last day I had to play this wretched game.

Mono: Correction, today is the last day you will force yourself to play this game.

This horrifyingly absurd remake of what I used to see as a wonderful game

SC276: "-or at least that's my impression of it as I've never played it-"

will soon be out of my life. Along with everything else. With this being the last post, I suppose I can finally be honest about my true intentions ever since I finished world 2. I'm going to take my own life.

Mono: Because a game forced you to, I guess.

SC276: ...We know? Like, you've said it before? Did you forget the police got called on you partially because of that?

This game has caused me sorrow on such an ineffable level that there is no other option. Life will never be the same.

SC276: *Grow the fuck up.*

Mom and dad, I love you. Michael and Kelsie, you guys be good. Listen to mom and dad. They have a lot of valuable lessons to teach you.

Mono: "Like how to properly smoke meth."

Lessons that I learned but can now never apply again. Now for what you seventy five thousand followers read this post for:

SC276: Because Ring wants to punish us for falling behind enough to allow the existence of an anything goes slot.

the rest of the game.

Hell itself is what the game brought me to.

Mono: Sooo... you ended up in Detroit?

I suppose that this was intentioned to convey world 8.

SC276: [the author] "I'm skipping world 7 because I couldn't figure out how to make pipes edgy."

No, not hell. WORSE than hell. Bodies were chained up in the background enduring a myriad of tortures. The only pain wasn't strictly felt from injuries though.

Mono: "They were forced to read Blood Whistle for the rest of their lives."

The coughs, dying wheezes and vomiting in the background reeked of pestilence and suffering. Fires emblazoned certain people as well.

SC276: Well, I guess if you die, you won't be able to abuse your poor thesaurus anymore...

The flames had an actual burning quality to them. Not like regular 8-bit fire. Flesh, eyes, and other internal organs and tissue constituted the walls and ground. If the hell I'm certainly going to exists, I think it looks something like this.

Mono: Yes, I would imagine hell looking like this story.

SC276: Beats looking like SONIC.EXE. That would just be running to the right for five minutes.

Mario stood before a possessed Princess Toadstool. Her dress was ripped in several places and splattered with blood. Her eyes gleamed red, the flames casting an evilly maniacal allure to her appearance. Bowser and his six sons were tied to wooden poles with terrified looks on their faces.

SC276: I think I saw this on Newgrounds once...

Wendy, for some reason, didn't appear anywhere in this game.

Mono: Because fuck all the other girls on earth, apparently.

In one hand, Peach brandished a sizable dagger. In the other, the Blood Whistle. She walked over to Bowser and looked him in the eyes.

Technical limitations slightly hindered the interpretation of what events passed,

Mono: AND YET THE FUCKING FLAMES COULD BE AS REALISTIC AS THEY GODDAMN WANT

but it was easy enough to understand what was going on. Through his gag, Bowser pleaded with her not to harm him. She brought the knife close to him and he froze up. He was obviously paralyzed with fear. Her mouth got close to his ear and text rolled along at the bottom of the screen, conveying the text of what played out given the sound limitations. This is what enabled Mario to "speak" in the past.

Mono: Thanks for telling us now...

"Sh," she whispered.

SC276: What a *profound* use of a new mechanic...

Bowser's innards spilled onto the floor in a great heap. He let out a monstrous 8-bit roar of pain as this happened. Peach laughed, her red eyes reflecting whatever evil had possessed her. The princess proceeded to eviscerate all six of his other sons. Mario did nothing but look on in horror as his mortal enemies were torn apart by a woman he had once loved very much.

SC276: Beats the actual finale of "Peach's Revenge."

His face soon contorted into one of loathing. He had come all this way to find out the very girl he wished to save had been taken over by an extra-terrestrial evil.

Mono: Because Peach is a fucking alien now, I don't fucking know anymore.

An evil that would not only haunt Mario, but me as well. The sort of evil that doesn't go away when you turn off the game. The kind of dark force that follows you to your bedchambers and steals your soul.

SC276: So, the evil that only haunt total morons.

Princess Toadstool paused for a couple of seconds, then came at Mario with the knife.

"Hey there Mario," she said as she toyed with the knife.

"They got a little sharp with me so I pushed them over the EDGE! Hehehe..."

SC276: [Peach] "Why do they call it a hacksaw? I don't get it."

I tried to move Mario but nothing happened. He stood there, afraid of what she would do. She brutally slashed open his arms, legs and abdomen.

SC276: Gee, maybe you shouldn't have *just stood there*.

Shortly thereafter, the princess produced some salt from her billowing dress and sprinkled it all over him. He screamed again, unmoving.

"The Princess Peach you used to know is long gone. The power of the Blood Whistle consumed that girl and made way for me. And speaking of which," she continued as she produced the Blood Whistle,

"Here it is. Hear its cry."

SC276: (puts on headphones, starts looping Kamen Rider Grand Zi-O's transformation jingle) *FUCKING MAKE ME*

With a mocking kiss on the cheek, she began to play Mario the perverse song of the Blood Whistle. Its notes rotted away the last reserve of good in me.

Mono: Not that there was any good in you to begin with...

He was heaved by an invisible force into the flames.

He cried out as they consumed him. Peach chuckled the whistle, making it strike him directly in the heart.

SC276: [Blood Whistle] "I didn't feel like doing it myself today."

He continued to wallow in utter anguish as she walked away. As she laughed, He looked into my eyes and bore me this parting message via the text at the bottom of the screen:

Mono: "Seriously, you should've fucking stopped playing..."

"Do not let your life be as painful as mine was. I do not hold reservations against you, as you tried your best to keep me alive. I commend you for that. Good bye, Bradley, and good luck." The tune of the blood whistle continued to play as the screen panned out of Mario's hell.

SC276: Which, like most things, doesn't include Luigi.

How he knew my name is Bradley continues to befuddle me. How he could have such depth, such personality.

SC276: Yes, the personality of... ..

I don't know whether this is a result of the game being as haunted as it truly is, or the fact that someone's could have been captured inside of this rom.

Mono: ...Someone's *what*?

SC276: Someone's bored out of their mind from this melodrama.

Whatever the reason of this, of everything that has come to pass with this abomination, I am glad I'm finally done.

Mono: Feeling's mutual.

I have made all of my goodbyes at the beginning of this post. I hope one of you takes the time to save this blog. Or at the very least, to show the world the true hell I have put myself through.

Mono: A hell that he couldn't escape from for some reason.

SC276: "I assume upon my death, everything I posted to the Internet is destroyed. That's how the Internet works, right?"

I sure hope that the demented creator of this game isn't festering in the same hell I'm headed for.

SC276: ...Why? Why the fuck would you not want whoever created this crap hack to suffer? At least yell at him.

Goodbye, everyone.



Crazy56U:

Aftermath

This blog was the last recorded statement of Bradley before his death.
His roommate discovered him four hours after he made the last post.

Mono: *So he had a fucking roommate all this time who did fuck all to help him?*
SC276: *There's literally one sentence left, why are you expecting logic NOW?*

Bradley committed suicide using a recorder that he plunged through his trachea.

Crazy56U: And just like that. (snaps fingers) All "drama" is lost.

Mono: *thank fuck that's over*

Ringmaster: Next, well, let's look at a bit of a different Toy Story pasta: Instead of being on any of the movies, this one's revolving around... the old Genesis game.

SC276: I remember that one from when I was a kid. Never got past the first boss, though; freaked me out enough I just shut the console off, which made sense considering it was based on a nightmare sequence that was instead recycled for Toy Story 2. Is it about that boss?

Ringmaster: ...Not quite. Here's "She's Gone, Woody".

SC276: *There's a snake in my boot!*

Crazy56U: Actually, the "Woody having a nightmare about Buzz" thing was *actually* supposed to be in the first film, but eh, semantics.

SC276: That *is* what I said, pay attention already.

Crazy56U: *I am allowed to speak my mind, don't tread on me.*

As a kid, I loved the Toy Story film, and you know what else I loved?

Crazy56U: Jesus.

Mono: Murder.

The Genesis game.

Crazy56U: *Fuck.*

Mono: I... haven't played it myself, but from the few screenshots I've seen... *why?*

Played that game every time I got back from school, before I went to bed, every time I got a chance.

SC276: Great, an obsessed fanboy. That's just great.

A fantastic game. It was pretty much Disney's answer to Donkey Kong Country.

Crazy56U: After all, bottom line, when all is said and done, *Toy Story* has better gameplay than either of the *Donkey Kong Country* games.

Bought a Sega Genesis yesterday.

SC276: What happened to the last one?

Crazy56U: He ate it.

Got it from a very nice thrift shop around the block from the very kind old couple running the place.

Crazy56U: You know, as long as you ignore the meth lab.

With that, were cartridges of Sonic the Hedgehog 3,

Crazy56U: But not *Sonic and Knuckles*; if you wanted that, you could go fuck yourself.

Aladdin, The Incredible Hulk,

Crazy56U: *Aladdin vs. The Incredible Hulk*

Mono: *Aladdin X The Incredible Hulk*- wait, that's my fanfiction...

and, to my joy,

Crazy56U: *Tetris*.

Toy Story. Finally, I thought to myself, a much needed blast from the past. It was Friday,

Crazy56U: Friday. Gotta get down on Friday.

Mono: Congratulations, Crazy, I am legally obligated to kill you now. *shoots Crazy.*

Crazy56U: (is hit in the face with a paintball)I think you got mixed up along the way somewhere...

and I had just gotten the weekend off from my job at the local Walmart. I was ready for a weekend-long nostalgic bonanza. Just me and my Genesis.

Crazy56U: His friends had all left him after he began making out with the Genesis, you see.

So after blowing on the cartridge and inserting the disk,

Crazy56U: And to think, Sega lost the Console Wars despite inventing shapeshifting video game material.

I switched the knob to on.

Crazy56U: Hey, you mind doing me a favor, champ?



What knob?

Mono: Do you... do you honestly not know what a goddamn *switch* is?

SC276: Aaaaaaaaand there's the second-hand shame.

After skipping the company logos and legal notices, I got to the title screen. It was Woody's arms crossed, grimacing at Buzz, who was showing off to the other toys.

SC276: I know; I've played the game before.

Crazy56U: Aw man, the game is normal, I guess the Creepypasta is cancelled now...

I hit the Start button and Woody cried "Yee-Haw!", as expected. After starting the game, though?

Crazy56U: "It suddenly turned into *Mega Man: The Wily Wars*."

Mono: "My Genesis began to eat my face."

Well, after Buzz Lightyear flew across the screen and knocked over the Toy Story logo, things went downhill.

SC276: That can be assumed from the fact we're reading this here.

Crazy56U: "Buzz exploded on impact and became a pile of hyper-realistic gore."

After a description of what happened in the movie, complete with photos,

Crazy56U: Because this is the fourth generation of video games, and cutscenes don't exist yet.

the first level started where you would have to free the green army men and prepare the baby monitor for Andy's birthday party. An easy stage.

Crazy56U: And now this is a Let's Play, truly the horror knows no end.

But things were a little off ("A little" being an understatement).

Crazy56U: My dude, could you please knock it off and actually tell the story?

Mono: What makes you think the *story* will be any better?

The lighting was in the evening sunset, similar to the stages after the RC level, where Woody is confronted by the toys, and must help Rex escape from the room.

Crazy56U: "I'm telling you, the reader, this because I subconsciously want you to stop fucking reading this shit and go play the game for yourselves."

Level design was the same as in the original aside from that, but the background music was the Nightmare Buzz theme.

Crazy56U: And because I'm a dick, I'm preemptively shutting down any *Five Nights at Freddy's* jokes by pointing out that this is a real boss.

SC276: Apparently my intro could've been a lot clearer...

Crazy56U: I dunno, I can see how you assumed "the first boss" clearly meant this.

I didn't know what was going on, but I played along, I guess.

Mono: Like a fucking moron.

Crazy56U: "I mean, it's not like I could just go outside and play..."

As I ran through the levels, I noticed there were no obnoxious enemies in my path,

SC276: I recall there being no obnoxious enemies in the first level in the first place.

Crazy56U: *Clearly* you forgot about Mr. Potato Head.

but a few obstacles to attack with my pullstring.

Crazy56U: Man, it sure is a good thing the game mechanics are still in effect, otherwise I'd be concerned.

At the end of the stage, on the shelf where the baby monitor would be, there were small pieces of what looked similar to Bo Peep's limbs.

Crazy56U: Uh oh, Mr. Potato Head has begun his murderous rampage.

SC276: But when he investigated them, they turned out to be cardboard cutouts.

Buzz was standing there,

Mono: "-menacingly."

waiting. When I landed on the ground, a cutscene was triggered. Words appeared over a black background.

Crazy56U: So... *not* a cutscene...

SC276: Well, by retro game standards...

No music. No digitalized images from the film. Just words in the normal white font.
"Bo Peep took a tumble.

Crazy56U: [Woody] "(staring blankly at Buzz)"

[Buzz Lightyear] "(defensively) ...what? (quickly) What, what what? What? What are you... What's everybody looking at? What? Hey, she slipped. I tried to- She- I couldn't hold on- It was an- She slipped!"

She's gone, Woody."

Crazy56U: "She left the game. She's free."

I was a bit startled by this. It wasn't until Toy Story 3 that Bo was written off.

Crazy56U: Toy Story 4 is a myth. Confirmed.

Mono: Until she came back and Pixar flipped over her characterization for the better, of course.

So whatever happened? Is this a hack?

Crazy56U: The work of a hack, at least.

A joke? Part of the original plot?

Crazy56U: Nope. There's no edge or Woody bleeding for no fucking reason.

Mono: Nor is he a total jerkwad.

Crazy56U: Ehhhhhhhhhhhhh... (so-so hand gesture)

Then I saw a completely animated, digitalized CGI clip. It looked like one of those Sega CD clips with the 64-bit graphic capabilities.

SC276: I cannot even begin to state the number of things wrong with that.



Crazy56U:

Much lower than 240p,

Crazy56U: Huh, so *this* is when 144p was invented...

Mono: 120p! You can make a fun game of counting all the pixels!

but probably would've look slightly impressive for the time. The clip featured a shocked, heart-broken Woody holding and staring into the eyes of Bo Peep's severed head,

Crazy56U: Alas, poor Yorrick...

going into a sobbing fit and repeating the word 'No', Bo Peep's eyes staring lifelessly back at him.

Crazy56U: Man, *Toy Story 4* was a lot darker than I remember, I should probably go see it again to make sur-

SC276: I thought you said it was a myth.

Crazy56U: *Shush*.

The weird part? It was the same audio clip from the first Toy Story film,

Crazy56U: Which is good, since this is a game based off of the first Toy Story film, so at least the continuity is still in tact...

during the scene where Woody lights a match to ignite Buzz's rocket, only to be thwarted by a passing car.

Crazy56U: Uh, no offense, but who cares?

As Woody sobbed, Buzz pouted in shame.

SC276: So, you're here now.

Crazy56U: Damnit, Lightyear, *one of you* has to be an adult.

Then, the clip ended when Woody turned his head toward the screen with a menacing glare,

Crazy56U: Look at this Movie Maker shit.



the look of an enraged killer. Then it faded to black, and another audio file played.
"You!"

SC276: OK, so we're in *Zero Time Dilemma* now.

Crazy56U: Soulja Boy, tell 'em.

Mono: *looks around* Wait, what, me?

Another quote from Toy Story 1, when Andy abandoned the toys at a gas station by mistake.

Crazy56U: Again, who cares?

Gameplay returned. Apparently,

Crazy56U: "I mean, I *think*, I dunno, this could still be cutscene for as far as I can tell."

I was now fighting Buzz. He seemed to be walking quite slowly toward me. Seemed like an easy battle.

Crazy56U: "... ...I died five times."

Things got real weird as soon as I whipped Buzz. His parts went everywhere

Crazy56U: It was foolish of him, really, to take on Woody. His fucking pull string in the game has the force of a hammer.

SC276: OK, I'm picturing that, recalling memories from the Death Egg Robot in *Sonic 2* blowing up with pretty much that effect, and am just laughing.

Mono: ...I briefly misread that as 'his pants' and now my mind is going places.

and the Wilhelm scream sound effect played like in the movie. Felt corny at first.

Crazy56U: "Then the more I thought about it, the more I realized how aesthetically appropriate it was for the situation."

Then the screen faded to more white text.

"This was your fault, Buzz. I loved her more than Andy could ever love you."

Crazy56U: [Woody] "...wait, *did* you kill her, I'm... ...really fucking lost by this point..."

[Buzz Lightyear] "(is a pile of broken parts)"

[Woody] "... ...starting to think I overreacted slightly here..."

Now that really puzzled me.

Crazy56U: "What is this hu-man emotion you call 'love'?"

Mono: The author is a robot. Confirmed.

Woody wouldn't even dare compare his love for Bo Peep to his devotion to Andy, let alone Buzz's.

Crazy56U: Well, *clearly* you don't get how Woody thinks, my dude.

This cartridge was getting stranger by the minute.

SC276: That's the danger of getting thrift store electronics. I got a TV that keeps losing its blue channel during daylight hours, you got a crap hack that someone saw fit to burn to an actual Genesis cartridge.

Crazy56U: Author, I am now legally obligated to do this.

Next, was a still shot of Mr. Potato Head pointing at Woody.

Crazy56U: For no particular reason, mind you, he just felt like pointing.

"MURDERER!" cried yet another recycled clip from Toy Story 1.

SC276: *We've seen the movie.*

Mono: Some of us a long time ago, but still...

The shot faded and was replaced with a clip of Woody again glaring at the screen.



Crazy56U:

Gameplay went back up and apparently, I was supposed to whip Potato Head, Robot, Rocky, Hamm, and strangely, even Rex, who helps you during the game.

Crazy56U: He was *supposed* to do this. The game didn't tell him, he just decided this needed to happen, I guess.

No music in the background. Just what sounded like a church bell striking twelve.

Crazy56U: Ah. Hozier made the ROM hack. Gotcha.

SC276: However, it only got to three before someone stabbed a girl with a not-dagger.

Pieces flew everywhere as I swatted the toys one after the other.

Crazy56U: Truly Woody is an unstoppable force of nature. ...just so long as you don't pull on his arm or pull string too hard...

SC276: So, when I was a kid, I thought Woody's attack in this game was a yo-yo. I didn't question why a toy had a toy-sized yo-yo, my favorite character at the time was a fox with two tails that flew by rotating them like a helicopter, you didn't question game logic.

Mono: I mean, I played video games about an Italian plumber fighting a dragon and jumping through paintings, video game logic does barely even exist.

Finally, after swatting Rex, the screen faded again.
More white text.

Crazy56U: "Now, hold on, what did Rex ever do to you?"

Mono: "Woody, what the fuck are you doing?!"

"I won't live in a world without her."

Crazy56U: God only knows...

SC276: Is anyone else getting tired of suicide?

Then, it showed a CGI clip of Woody falling out of the same window

Crazy56U: For some reason, a soundbite of him laughing violently was played over the cutscene.

that Buzz was knocked out of in the movie. Except he ended up landing in the driveway. His head shattered loudly and violently into shards of plastic as his body lay lifelessly.

Crazy56U: Impressive trick, seeing as how the plastic of a Sheriff Woody doll is too soft to be shattered from a three foot drop.

SC276: Not to mention the amount of horizontal air he would need to catch to reach the driveway from Andy's window.

Crazy56U: Nah, that one checked out, he fell at a 60° angle, breaking all the laws of physics.

After the cutscene faded, I was taken to the fight with Nightmare Buzz.

**Crazy56U: "For some odd fucking reason, the game turned back to normal."
Mono: "Woody's head was still broken."**

Things were the same, except rather than the usual quote that played before the fight, "You wouldn't want to be in the way when my laser goes off.",

Crazy56U: After all, *no one* wants to get blinded by a lightbulb.

the sound clip was of Buzz murmuring "Why did you do it, Woody?"

Crazy56U: [Woody] "Do *what?! I am fucking lost here!*"

SC276: [Buzz] "Why did you fucking kill me?!"

[Woody] "I dunno, something about killing Bo Peep? This creepypasta is so bland right after that Blood Whistle melodrama that it defies memory."

I tried to fight back, but the lasso would only go through him,

Crazy56U: As if he was a ghost. But that makes no sense, that implies the game is haunted.

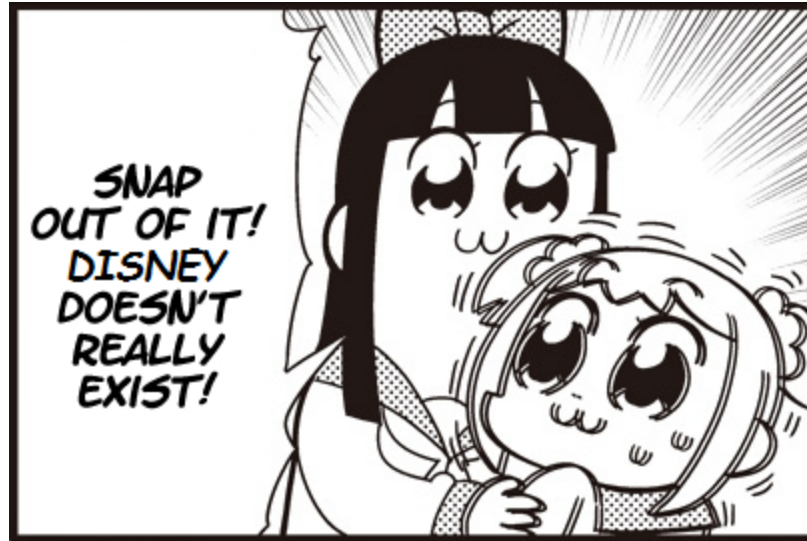
Mono: And it's not like this is a creepypasta or anything, right?

unharmd, even when he was checking his wrist communicator.
After helplessly losing all my health,

Crazy56U: "-I threw the controller onto the floor, complained about the game being busted, then went outside."

Woody went into his Game Over animation where he'd bleakly pound the floor. Then, Buzz flew into Woody and both of them dissolved into the background.

**SC276: I don't feel like looking up the meme. You do it.
Crazy56U: On it.**



Mono: I don't think that's the right- *turns to ash*

Another fade, and more text...

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LINE 1111
* D.P.'S 68000 CRASH ANALYSIS 16/1/91 *
PLEASE FAX VALUES TO: (714) 833 8717

D0 : $000000F0      A0 : $0017F9BA
D1 : $00000000      A1 : $00FF0A8C
D2 : $4E8b0200      A2 : $00FF009E
D3 : $0000007b      A3 : $001DC31b
D4 : $0000FFFF      A4 : $00000bFC
D5 : $00000077      A5 : $00FFD144
D6 : $00030E30      A6 : $0017F9CA
D7 : $00030081      A7 : $00FFF07E

STATUS REG. FLAGS : T.S.<M>...XNZVC
STATUS REGISTER = 7001000000001000
PROGRAM COUNTER = $00174342
USER STACK POINTER = $00000000
  
```

Crazy56U:

"There's only one place suited for your kind, cowboy..."

Crazy56U: And so Woody was taken to Texas-

Then, a hellish cave with green fire

Crazy56U: ...yep, that's Texas alright.

Mono: Eh, looks more like Detroit to me, but same difference.

SC276: Eh, not enough meat.

faded in with the words Game Over, along with the normal Game Over music. Then, fade and one last text.

Crazy56U: "THIS IS A ROM HACK, DON'T SUE ME DISNEY"

"I'm sorry, Bo..."

SC276: I don't believe you.

I couldn't skip the text. It seemed to be one of those unskippable screens, like when you beat a game.

Crazy56U: You know, *that* game.

SC276: I get what he's talking about. Some games, when they end, just leave the game on a screen you can't leave without turning the system off or closing them. *Super Mario 64*, *Paper Mario*, and original *Cave Story* are like that. But I don't think enough games do it these days to justify being that general.

Crazy56U: (deadpan) Thank you for stepping all over my joke like you were dancing the Charleston.

SC276: You're welcome. ^^

Mono: Well, that, or the author is just too dull to understand the concept of skipping.

I shut off the system, pulled out the cartridge, and played some Aladdin.

Crazy56U: And then *Aladdin* started sobbing about Bo being dead.

I didn't sleep all weekend.

SC276: From the least bloody piece of haunted media so far? I thought this was the Genesis.

Crazy56U: "I forgot all about *Toy Story*; the Genie was haunting my dreams."

Mono: ...Well, that fucking *sucked*.

SC276: As I understand it, there's no *Luigi's Mansion* creepypastas in this riff's batch. Which is a shame, because *c'mon, people*, what better game could you have a haunted game scenario with than the one with *actual fucking ghosts*?! Gheeze...

Ringmaster: There probably are, but remember, *Luigi's Mansion 3* is happening later this year anyway. This next one comes from Bullshit Creepypasta Storytime, hosted by... one of the actors from one of last year's worst games.

SC276: I wouldn't blame him. The creator probably lied to his face about what the game was actually about.

Ringmaster: Hey, on the other hand, *YIIK*'s writing quality is kind of hard to distinguish from these stories to begin with. Without further ado, "*Super Mario 64*".

SC276: Too bad we're not riffing *YIIK* somehow instead of this. In any case, let's-a go.

Mono: Mama mia, it's still not over...

Crazy56U: Spoilers, this is the Creepypasta in question.

I always liked Super Mario 64 when I was a kid.

Crazy56U: "I liked how Mario could travel between parallel universes."

SC276: But to answer that, we need to talk abo- (brick'd)

Crazy56U: ...okay, I get that he was rehashing the joke I was making, but that was just mean. (helps SC up)

I remember playing it at my aunt's house all the time. Well, one day a pop-up appeared out of nowhere

Crazy56U: *Fuckin' jump scares*.

Mono: Uh oh, you made Momo mad.

as I was watching gameplay footage on Youtube. I was a little startled, and was about to close the window, until I realized that it was a website showing of a mint condition copy of Super Mario 64 for sale.

SC276: I don't think that's how Avast's coupon thing works.

Crazy56U: "And now I have 12 viruses on my desktop."

Mono: "Along with ads for hot sexy goombas near your area for some reason."

There was a picture and everything. I usually don't trust these things, but the feeling of nostalgia overpowered me, and I wanted to buy it.

SC276: Like a fucking moron.

Crazy56U: "And then I remembered I was broke, so I forgot about it."

The whole business was peculiar, seeing as how the owner of the game wanted the buyer to send an envelope containing \$10 to and address on the site, instead of using something like PayPal.

Dragonborne: Not to diss PayPal, but the bastards held commission money hostage once. I'd be lying if I said I was only a *little* salty about that.

Mono: Considering I've been fucking wrestling with PayPal for months only to find out that linking it to my Nintendo account was piss-easy, yeah I can see why you don't want to trust PayPal.

What made things even more strange was that when I tried to gain access to the website (I wrote down the URL)

Mono: Aaaand, do we get to see this URL?

after encountering...problems with the game, the page was nowhere to be found.

A few days after the \$10 was mailed, I got a package containing the new copy of the game. The first thing I noticed when I opened the small box was that the "official sticker" with Mario flying in the air was apparently peeled off or something.

SC276: (Googles) ...I don't see any immediate results about the game originally shipping with a sticker. Are you- wait... Are you talking about the label on the cartridge? You don't know what a *label* is? Why the fuck do creepypasta authors keep not knowing what words are?!

In it's place was a piece of duct tape with "Mario" crudely written on it in permanent marker. I felt a little ripped-off, but as long as the game worked, I didn't care.

Mono: So you decide to stick it in your N64 like a fucking moron.

I got out my Nintendo 64 and put the cartridge in. The screen turned on with the familiar Mario face that you could stretch and twist aimlessly. I remembered laughing all the time at the results as a kid and decided to mess around for old times sake. I moved the cursor over to Mario's ear and pulled it to elven proportions.

Mono: And then this turned into a Zelda game.

I was going to do the same to the other ear,

SC276: As if those features stay in place, unless I was drastically missing something about that easter egg.

when the TV suddenly produced loud static. Mario's whole head started deforming and twisting in ways that I didn't even know were possible for the model. Random sound effects from the game started playing along with the static. As all this was occurring, I could hear a faint voice whispering in Japanese. The voice was stammering and whimpering.

Dragonborne: Calling it now, someone's about to be sent to Hell.

SC276: Too bad we're already there, I'd appreciate the trip.

I immediately shut off the game and tried again. I didn't bother with the Mario head this time. Just selected a new file and started playing.

When I selected the file, the game skipped the opening monologue by Peach and the courtyard outside. Mario was just placed right inside the castle. Creepier still,

SC276: Starting the game in the wrong place is creepy? Boy, creepypasta protagonists are so thin-skinned.

Bowser didn't say anything either. I tried to ignore it and played anyway. However I also noticed that there was no music.

Mono: There was only Zuul.

Just dead silence. There weren't even any Toads around to talk to. The only door I could enter was the Bob-omb Battlefield.

Mono: Oh... Like in the regular game?

The other doors wouldn't even respond to my button commands.

The portrait to Bob-omb Battlefield wasn't the usual picture. It was just a stark white canvas.

SC276: So, how do you know it's Bob-omb Battlefield?

Mono:Because it's the only door he could go into?

I was still trying to convince myself that these were just minor glitches, and that they wouldn't effect the gameplay at all.

SC276: I mean, the game's only failing to load textures, maybe you need to clean the connectors.

Once I entered the portrait, the image suddenly went from a blank canvas to the Lethal Lava Land painting. You know, that slightly unsettling image of the flame with the evil smile?

Mono: Oh, right, I always got the painting for Lethal Lava Land confused with the one with the fucking snowmen on it, thanks for notifying.

Yeah, that's when I started getting really suspicious.

SC276: And yet you're still playing.

The mission select menu came up, and yet another weird detail was present. Instead of "Big Bob-omb on the Summit", the mission was called "TURN BACK". I have no idea what drove me to press A, but I did.

SC276: I do: the author possessing you.

The level seemed normal. Everything was how I remembered it. I thought I could finally enjoy my favorite childhood game. But then I saw him.

Mono: "That fucking Koopa Troopa..."

Luigi. I was absolutely shocked. He was never in this game. His model wasn't even a Mario palette swap. He looked like a completely original model.

SC276: "That's when I realized I was actually playing *Super Mario 64 DS*."

Luigi just stood there until I tried to approach him. He started running at unexpected speeds. I followed suite and went through the level. Strange things happened as I pursued him. each time I picked up a coin, the enemies and music would get slower, and the scenery would look darker in color and more morbid.

SC276: Interesting metaphor for the crushing weight of capitalism.

Mono: I guess MatPat was right, Mario was a communist after all...

It kept gradually getting worse until I collected a 5th coin. Then, the music just stopped. The enemies laid down on the ground like they were dead. I was seriously freaked out, but I kept chasing Luigi.

SC276: Like a fucking moron.

I went up the hill. No cannon balls rolled down trying to knock me over. I really wasn't surprised at this point. Luigi was always just out of my sight as I ran.

Mono: Fuckin' rubber band AI's...

Once I reached the summit, I saw yet another object out of place. A small cottage was all that was seen on the top of the hill. Luigi was nowhere to be found. The cottage was certainly odd looking for a Mario game. It was old, plain, and broken down.

SC276: And people thought that *Star Road* hack was breaking barriers. Or controllers. One of those.

Mono: But did it have hyper-realistic planks?!

Regardless of my fears at that moment, I had Mario enter the cottage.

As soon as the door closed. A disturbing picture of a hanged Luigi immediately popped up along with a very frightening scare chord. It sounded like a violin screech accompanied by loud piano banging. Mario fell to his knees and sobbed for roughly 5 minutes,

SC276: Of course! It's a creepypasta! Why would I assume the author knows how time works?!

then the screen irised-out.

Mono: Th-th-th-th-th-that's all, folks!

I returned to the castle. Mario just slumped out of the painting.

SC276: Impressive, considering its bottom is not at floor level.

The image switched from the Lethal Lava Land portrait to the image of Luigi hanging himself.

Mono: "Although, looking a little bit closer, I realized it was just the lighting making it look like he was hanging himself."

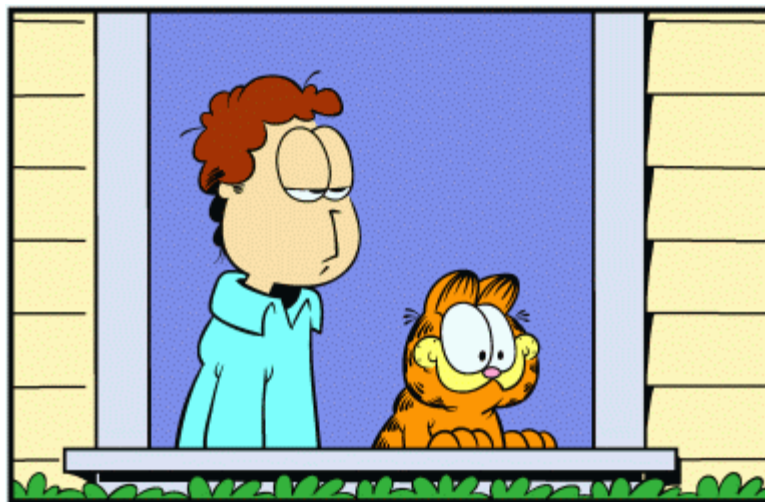
The room was different this time. It was now a small hallway. Toads with blank expressions and white robes lined the sides of the hallway.

SC276: [Toads] "Pie Iesu Domine, dona eis requim... (slams head with wood plank)"

There was another painting at the opposite end that just completely and utterly scared me.

Mono: Come on, The Scream isn't *that* scary...

It was a picture of my family. It wasn't even a photo from the time Super Mario 64 was released. It was a very, very recent photo. I remembered posing for it last weekend.



SC276:

I reached for the on/off switch on the N64. There was no way I was going to play this anymore.

SC276: Like a fucking not-moron.

However, when I flipped the switch, the game was still on. I flipped it back and forth, but to no avail. I tried unplugging the whole system, but it never left the screen. I was even still able to control Mario. I couldn't just leave it on forever...so I kept playing.

SC276: Well... at least a token attempt was made, even if he ended up being too lazy to unplug his TV. Beats the fucking Blood Whistle guy, at least.

Mono: He *could* just chuck his N64 through his TV and get rid of every problem all at once.

I went to the photo of my family, and jumped in. Only one mission was available, of course. This one was called "Run, Don't Walk". I selected the mission. 'Let's-a-go'...

The level started in a flooded hallway with platforms floating on the water. Mario landed on one of these, and the camera turned to show what was behind. A silent black void was slowly approaching Mario. It didn't look like anything. It didn't even look like finished graphics. Just a giant, blocky, black blob.

SC276: Ah, it's shrinking the draw distance.

I started jumping from platform to platform. With no goal in sight, I kept running, the darkness slowly but surely gaining speed. This kept going on for what felt like hours. I was really doubting there would ever be an end. Mario was just going in circles. Finally, the black blob/void/thing caught up with Mario, and enveloped him in darkness. He didn't scream or resist at all. It just consumed him.

SC276: *Weak*. Not even a flute through the chest.

Mario fell out of the painting and back into the castle. I lost one of my 3 lives.

SC276: How are you so bad at *Mario 64* that you were down to three lives?! I mean... you start with *five*!

Mono: He lost two at the title screen, he's that shit.

The room was different now. Some of the Toads were gone, and the painting looked different. My family and I were in the same positions, but our bodies were partially decomposed.



SC276:

It looked too real to be photoshopped. It looked more like someone just took our dead bodies and posed them.

Mono: Plot twist: The author was dead all along.

Regardless, I jumped into the painting again. Mario was in an small room. There was still only one mission available. It was called "I'm right here." spelled just like that.

SC276: But are they *still* here? (carousels)

I selected the mission and prepared for the worst. Mario landed in a small, dark room. There no visible way out.

Mono: Also, there no words in sentence either.

The room was empty except for a piano in the corner. I knew what that meant. i was stuck in there with the Mad Piano. I approached it and it started chasing me as always. There was no way to damage it, so I had no choice but to let Mario take damage.

SC276: I mean... what's stopping you from dodging it until your stamina gives out again?

When he lost all his health, the usual death animation didn't happen. Mario just got mauled by the piano. He fell as his blood and guts spilled on the floor,

SC276: *You were doing so well, I think, I've completely lost track, what are we reading this week again?*

Mono: Some spooey horror stuff, I dunno, I'm barely paying attention myself either.

and the camera panned to a top down view of his corpse. A distorted version of the merry-go-round music from Big Boo's Haunt played as the screen slowly transitioned from the in-game shot to a photo-realistic sketch of Mario's dead body in the same view as the shot. It was very unsettling. I was crying softly as I gazed upon the image. I lost another life.

SC276: Well, look on the bright side: there isn't a fucking flute stabbing him through the chest at every opportunity.

The photo of my family was shown again. We were even more rotten then before.



SC276:

The view zoomed into the painting, like I was warping again. I was greeted with a shot of Peach's castle from the outside. The castle was crumbling in ruin. The fields were on fire. The sky was pitch black.

SC276: Ah, so this is what happened to Hyrule in the Adult Timeline.

Mono: So he's suddenly in a way better game now?

Bowser's laugh played on a loop in the background as children mockingly chanted "You couldn't save her!".



Crazy56U:

This went on for a long time, until, a close-up of Peach's face accompanied by an extremely loud screech interrupted the loop without notice. Peach's mouth was wide open as if she was screaming, and her eyes were empty, black holes.

Suddenly, I was back in the hallway as Mario was once again ejected out of the painting.

SC276: [Mario] "what the actual fuck"

Now all of the Toads were gone, and me and my family looked positively repulsive. Maggots were wriggling around in holes in our flesh. Guts were spilling out of our bodies.

SC276: Why aren't the maggots eating the guts?

Mono: Because the author doesn't know how maggots work.

My dad's eyeball was hanging loose from its socket. It was too much to bear, but something still urged me to trudge on. I jumped into the painting, with only one life remaining.

This time, there was no name for the mission. Just a blank space where the title would be.

SC276: Oh, so you have to fight Blank from *No Game No Life*. Have fun with that.

I selected the mission, and Mario landed on a very small island in the middle of the ocean. There was a solitary sign. It only read "DIVE".

SC276: [Mario] "Dive where?"

[sign] "Fuck if I know, I'm just an intern."

I did just as it said and entered the water.

Crazy56U: Clearly this guy is smarter than a sign.

The ocean was dark and empty. There were no fish. I wasn't even able to see anything in the water besides Mario. I swam downwards. I kept going for quite some time, yet Mario never ran out of breath. I counted roughly 10 minutes of swimming until I decided to go back up.

SC276: (pulls out tape recorder and hits "play")

Tape Recorder: Of course! It's a creepypasta! Why would I assume the author knows how time works?!

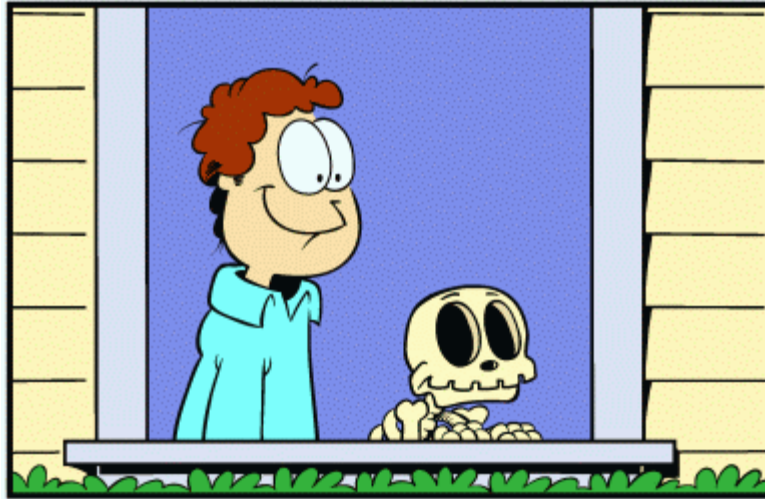
Mono: At this moment, the protagonist realized he was playing the most boring game ever and unplugged the TV.

Just as I turned Mario around, it came. A huge, and I mean huge Unagi the Eel came out of nowhere and swallowed Mario whole. I was dumbfounded. It went by so fast I wasn't even sure what I saw.

SC276: Except you just wrote it out...

The Game Over screen didn't show up. All that happened was a fade-out.

The photo of my family and I was shown again. We were plain skeletons now.



SC276:

Once again, it looked very real. I couldn't move the camera at all. It just stayed focused on the picture. I shut off the game

SC276: Which you are apparently are now capable of doing.

and turned it on again.

SC276: YOU FUCKING MORON

Mono: WHY IS EVERYONE A FUCKING IDIOT IN CREEPYPASTAS?

I chose my file, but it just went to the skeleton photo of my family. I tried this about 3 more times before giving up. I desperately wanted to stop, but some force kept me from walking away. I decided to select the only other saved file. The camera once again focused on the skeleton picture, but this time they were in a different position. As if they were a different family.

SC276: Which presents interesting implications, except there's no way the game killed the previous family because otherwise how the fuck did it send itself to you?
All I really know for sure is one thing:



Crazy56U: I prefer this one, to be fair.



Mono: Well, that sucked ass. Let's see what's next.

Ringmaster: Next up, a really short Toy Story one. ...There isn't much more to say, here's "Lost Toys - Toy Story's Forgotten Sequel".

SC276: *You're my favorite deputy!*

Crazy56U: Spoilers, I legitimately think this is the dumbest of the bunch.

Mono: I take your word for that. Hopefully there will be something to enjoy this time around.

I've been a Toy Story fan ever since I watched the Pixar shorts and trailers for the first movie.

Crazy56U: But not the movie *itself*, God no, that would be too hard.

I thought the toys were funny.

Crazy56U: "When Buzz had his emotional breakdown, I had a good ol' chuckle."

Mono: "My favorite part was when the toys almost got burned in a trash burner..."

Crazy56U: You're about two movies ahead, my dude. (ball drops in the background)

I got a kick out of watching Sarge and his comrades stumble across surfaces with their plates attached to their little green legs.

Crazy56U: "And when Andy's mom stomped on one, crushing it, I laughed so hard."

I loved it all.

SC276: Like a fucking loony.

Crazy56U: (is low-key insulted)

When the second and third movies came out, I worked overtime to get tickets because I was that crazy about the movie.

Crazy56U: I want to tell you to calm down, but given how I was 4 when *Toy Story 2* came out, and I practically almost broke a VCR watching both films so much, I can relate to an extent.

After Toy Story 3,

Crazy56U: "-where I almost had a literal panic attack during the incinerator scene, everybody gave me weird looks,-"

I had stopped thinking about it and moved on.

Crazy56U: "After all, it's not like *Toy Story 4* would ever be a thing."

Mono: "Pixar itself had become a myth to me."

About a month after *Toy Story 3* had moved onto DVD and Blu-ray, I went to buy a copy on the internet.

Crazy56U: He was banned from Walmart ever since that incident with the hand dryer in the bathroom. Three people quit in response.

SC276: As for Target, the courts declared it illegal to speak of the incident in the continental U.S.

After searching for 20 minutes, I found an advertisement for a box-set with 4 movies.

Crazy56U: "It also included lottery numbers, a newspaper from 2017, and a Post-It note reading 'You have to prevent *The Emoji Movie* from being made!!', but I dismissed all of that as trash."

I couldn't remember a fourth movie, but I bought it anyway.

Crazy56U: "I have no impulse control."

I paid only \$10 for the thing,

Crazy56U: You know, including \$35 for shipping and handling.

Mono: Ten bucks for three fucking movies? Dude, did your films arrive from Hong Kong or something?

so it didn't really matter to me.

SC276: The entitlement of the Internet - the only thing allowing creepypasta monsters and haunted games to survive in the modern era.

About a week later, I had received

Crazy56U: "-a cheap-ass necklace. I was fucking scammed. *Again*."

Mono: "-a dead rat in a box."

the DVDs in an unmarked package, with only the send address on a white sticker

Crazy56U: Even through it's against eBay's terms and services to *not* have a return address.

SC276: Is it against Amazon's? Because he would not have taken twenty minutes to find this on eBay without purchasing just the actual movies.

and one word written on the top of the box: 'TOYS' in messy writing. I brought it inside and took a knife to the tape and it came off easy as pie,

Crazy56U: I think you mixed your metaphors a bit, my dude.

Mono: Let him get off his high horse, Crazy...

and pulled out the movies. In the package was a DVD collection of Toy Story and its sequels, a black DVD case and an old, musty Woody doll with its right hand missing.

Crazy56U: "This is clearly important to the story, otherwise I wouldn't mention it."

SC276: [protag] "I didn't order a fucking doll! What the shit!"

Mono: And suddenly, this became every fucking Sonic Creepypasta after Sonic R became a thing ever.

I tossed the box, now only holding the doll, out on my porch.

SC276: Dude, rude.

Crazy56U: "Now it's the squirrels' problem."

I popped the DVD in the black box into my DVD player,

Crazy56U: DVD DVD, DVD. DVD? DVD!

Mono: And plugged the DVD player into my DVD television in my DVD room!

and I saw Andy running around with Buzz and Woody. He was laughing and playing in the yard

Crazy56U: "-and then Lightning McQueen mowed him down."

and I thought to myself, "Alright, I got an extra short. That's cool" and I sat down with a cup of Instant Ramen

Crazy56U: Oh goody, you're a fucking hipster.

SC276: The question now is, is he hipster enough to eat it raw?

Mono: That's a hipster thing to do? I thought only Detective Gumshoe did that...

Crazy56U: ...I hope you realize you answered your own question.

and began to watch the film all the way through.
Andy was playing in his room with Buzz and Woody.

Crazy56U: He just Instant Transmisioned back into the house, no biggie.

Then all of a sudden, he had stopped laughing. Screamed for one second,

Crazy56U: He saw the Blurryman again.

then picked up Woody and Buzz without care.
He then proceeded to walk toward his door. He opened the door

Crazy56U: -and got on the floor. Rex was concerned.

and stepped into the hallway, walking past his sister Molly, who at the time was still an infant.

Crazy56U: As opposed to being a middle-aged woman.

Mono: As opposed to being a dog.

He laughed a playful laugh, then kicked Molly in the stomach. She squealed

Crazy56U: "-in joy. For some reason she *liked* being kicked."

and Andy just laughed like he didn't care.

SC276: ...Are you going to question it, you fucking fanboy, or are you content with just being a framing device until the Woody doll comes to life and tries to kill you?
Crazy56U: Bold of you to assume this creepypasta has a point.

He walked out his front door and walked into an empty lot

Crazy56U: It took him three days to get to this lot, due to living in a nice neighborhood and all.

and threw the toys in the grass and yelled: "You're nothing to me!"

Crazy56U: [Andy] "YOU'RE NOT A SUPER NINTENDO! (slams the door shut)"
Mono: [Woody] "*gets up* Sure, *now* he cares about his Super Nintendo..."

Woody and Buzz jolted alive

Crazy56U: [Buzz Lightyear] "Uh, what just happened?"
[Woody] "Why he did scream randomly?"

and ran after Andy. Then, as they crossed the road, both of them got hit by a passing car,

Crazy56U: (pumps fist) CALLED IT!

pushing them farther from Andy's home than before.

SC276: By five feet.

Woody screamed at Buzz

Crazy56U: Specifically "Buzz, I'm dying."

and then they both started crying.

Crazy56U: This is a world where everyone is aggressively bipolar.

Woody then pressed the purple button on Buzz's helmet, retracting the face shield. Then in an instant,

Crazy56U: "-Buzz exploded."
Mono: "-the car flipped over."

Woody pulled off his pull string and whipped it around Buzz's neck and strangled him to death

SC276: However that works when they're toys.
Crazy56U: We interrupt *Oy, I Die* to bring you The Talented Mr. Woody.

The screen then faded to black, then only to fade into a video

Crazy56U: And here it is now.

of a little boy looking in the grass of his yard to find Woody, laying there covered in dirt with his hand missing.

Crazy56U: You may be wondering why Woody lost his hand, since there was no indication that he had lost it during that random sequence of events. Shut up. There's your answer.

The boy had took it home to give to his father saying:



Crazy56U:

"Daddy, can you fix it?"
The father smiled and said "Yes".



Crazy56U:

He then took it to a small room with a computer.

Mono: [Father] "I'm going to fix this doll with technology!"

He threw the doll into a box and labelled the top: 'TOYS' in messy writing. The same writing as on the box.

SC276: ...WEAK! Where's the rest of it, you fucking coward?!

Mono: excuse me what the fuck was that?



Crazy56U:

Ringmaster: To end the Mario fics, we have the "MaRio" duology, starting with... well, "MaRio". Someone's dad dies and leaves him a haunted game, your basic stuff.

SC276: Thanks, DAD. Just what I always wanted - bloody murder!

I was asked to clean out my father's house,

Crazy56U: "-because it was either this, or being grounded."

after he had passed away. He was a HUGE gaming nerd.

Crazy56U: And his name was "DarkSydePhil".

He even camped out for the release of the NES when he was about my age, nineteen.

SC276: Reminder that the home video game market was effectively dead before the NES came out. So two sentences in before this author showed he can't research.

Crazy56U: No, you see, he thought it was just a fancy VCR.

He had them all: Atari 2600, Atari Flashback,

Crazy56U: But not the Atari 5200 I guess, because apparently this guy doesn't know how to fucking party.

Magnavox Odyssey 2000-5000, NES, SNES, N64, NGC,

Mono: Why not just call it the Gamecube?

Crazy56U: Because edge.

Wii, Gameboy, Gameboy Color, Gameboy Advanced,

SC276: Literally not its name.

Crazy56U: But not the Game Boy Advance SP, because he likes owning the inferior versions of things.

DS, DS Lite, DSi, 3DS,

Crazy56U: 3DS XL, New 3DS, New 3DS XL, 2DS, New 2DS XL, New 4DS Hyper Turbo Championship Edition Combo Meal and Knuckles-

Xbox, Xbox 360, Playstation 1-3, PSP, and a PS Vita.

Mono: What, no Virtual Boy? Fucking hack...

Crazy56U: What about the Xbox 720? My dad works for Nintendo, he said it was coming out for Christmas five years ago!

Mono: ...I am going to laugh so hard if the new Xbox is actually called the Xbox 720 now.

He might have even had the WiiU,

Crazy56U: You know, if he's a fucking freak. (proceeds to dust his own Wii U)

if he was alive long enough for the release.

Crazy56U: Plot twist: he died one minute before the midnight launch.

I was in my father's house, alone, cleaning out the basement. I grabbed one of the last cardboard boxes down there, and I noticed how light it was. Wondering why it was so light, I peaked inside, to find that one old NES game cartridge.

Mono: You know, *that* one.

It did not have a game label on it, it only had "MaRiO" crudely written by my father, with a permanent marker.

SC276: Creepypasta ghosts almost never care about making their works presentable. Like, that Genesis *Toy Story* one is like the only one with a proper label.

I became curious. Why was this game all by itself in a box? Why was the label torn off? Why was it written on? And why was 'Mario' spelled so crudely?

Mono: Because we like you!

Since my father handed me down all of his games and consoles, which included his NES, I decided to take it home and figure it out for myself.

SC276: No note, no nothing? Boy, that dad had no foresight.

I got home and set up the NES. I immediately popped the game and started it up. Things already seemed a little off. The game had no start-up screen. It simply just placed me at the start of the first level, of what appeared to be the classic game that we all know and love: Super Mario Bros.

SC276: My, aren't you presumptuous.

Mono: Well, I've never played it, so I can't exactly 'love' it...

Well, the game is old... I thought to myself. Maybe it is just a little glitchy, and that is why it skipped the start-up screen. Dad DID buy it at its midnight release, after all....

SC276: Buddy, 1985 is nothing like 2015 or whenever this came out. Companies back then released COMPLETED games.

So I continued.

As I expected, the game was rather glitchy. Sometimes, when grabbing a fire flower, it would make Mario small, and stars only worked 75% of the time.

SC276: how the fuck do you fucking screw up something as easily as a collision in a game not made by Bethesda

Mono: Because the ghosts haunting it fucking hates stars, I dunno.

As well, Toad never said the message he had for you at the end of every castle. You know, "Thank you, Mario! But our princess is in another castle." He never said anything... that was, until world 7's castle.

"Only one step closer to becoming one of us!"

SC276: ONE OF US! ONE OF US!

Mono: Is this creepypasta gonna end with the author suddenly sprouting a brain-eating mushroom out of his head?

This message made me chuckle a little. I assumed my father had hacked the game for laughs, and that was why it was so glitchy before.

SC276: Your father was so bad at hacking that he fucked up *working* parts and didn't fix them before *burning the results to a fucking circuit board?*

Things got... weird after that. In Level 8-1, the sky was a dark red, and the music was a little slower than usual. The whole level was nothing but five minutes of walking. No enemies or obstacles, just the ground.

SC276: [the author] "SONIC.EXE WAS SUCH A GOOD STORY, GUYS"

Reaching the end of the level, I grabbed the flag. The ending fanfare did not play, and the fireworks sounded more like gun-shots than 8-bit explosions.

Mono: And then Mario got shot in the chest with a recorder and died.

OK, that was strange. I thought to myself. What was the point in that?

SC276: I ask that of every author we encounter.

Oh well, on to the next.

Level 8-2 was even stranger. The sky was an even darker red, and the music played even slower. This time, there were enemies. I was approached by a koopa troopa, and for points, I jumped on him. The delightful little noise that plays when you jump on an enemy did not play this time... Instead,



there was a squish, accompanied with the crackling of bones and a slight groan.

Mono: "If anything, it sounded even *better*."

Crazy56U: MatPat's gonna have a fucking *field day*.

This was weird, and sadistic.

SC276: And only made sense if he landed on something that squished.

It did not seem like something my father would do. In fact, he in no way condoned anything scary in my house as I was growing up.

Mono: ...Well, then why did he own a DSi?

He never allowed my older sister or myself to play any scary games or watch any scary movies. We did at our friends' houses of course, but that is besides the point.

Crazy56U: ...honestly, I want to hear more about your personal life at this point, this fucking story is *dull*.

I moved on, and ran into a goomba. To make sure the earlier sound was not a glitch, I jumped on it. The same sound played.

Mono: I'm not sure if Goombas are supposed to have bones, but all right...

I was becoming... unsettled, to say the least.

When I reached the end of the level, the same thing happened as it had at the end of the previous level.

SC276: [the author] "Whatever the fuck that was."

I noticed something even more weird. The spot on the screen that showed what level you are on did not display 'World 8-3'. Instead, it showed 'World', followed by the symbol on the flag at the end of every level, that looked like a skull. I know it is not actually a skull, but it looks like one.

SC276: Um... no, it actually *is* a skull in those games. In fact, it's still a skull in *New Super Mario Bros*, and it wasn't changed to Bowser's icon until the Wii game.

Mono: And here we have yet another example of the author being a complete and utter moron. In other news, water is wet.

Crazy56U: ...um... ...not to play Devil's Advocate here, but... ...he's still not wrong. While it *is* a skull, it still does *look* like a skull...

The 3rd level of world "Skull" was even stranger. The sky was a dark red, much darker than before, and the music did not even play. The enemies that I came to were already dead.

SC276: What is with haunted games being so mean to the minions?

Their bodies appeared twisted and mangled, like someone had beaten them to death. I reached the end. There was no flag or anything like that, just a castle. It had "Welcome, MaRio!" painted on the front of it, with I assumed to be blood. Reluctantly...I entered.

SC276: "Somehow, considering doors wouldn't be introduced until the next game."

The black screen that shows your status between levels showed that I had x0 lives, and I was in "World D-ED."

Mono: [Player] 'Wow, dad, you're not even *pretending* to be subtle...'

I was pale and trembling with fear. Just what was this game?

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) *Super Mario Bros. 3*.

The castle was like the first level of world "Skull"; there were no obstacles, enemies, or slow music. I walked straight for what seemed like at least fifteen minutes.

SC276: [the author] "*SONIC.EXE WAS SUCH A GOOD STORY, GUYS*"

Mono: You gotta hand it to these creepypasta writers, they have amazing patience.

My time reached zero, but the level kept going. It felt like Mario was not alone. Like... someone was watching his every move.

SC276: Yeah. You.

My only questions were: What was Mario's mission in this sadistic, twisted game? What did he want to accomplish, and why?

Mono: Well, he's a collection of pixels so he doesn't want to accomplish anything.

I had to finish the game to know.

SC276: Which then begs the question of, do you *want* to know?

Finally, I came to the end of the level. There he stood: Bowser. His eyes were missing, and his belly appeared flesh-less. I prepared to fight him, but he quickly grabbed Mario. He began to laugh evilly, realistically... sounds that cannot be made on an 8-bit console.

SC276: "Turns out my brother was behind me with a tape player."

Mono: And here we are again with the 'impossible sound design' crap...

It became clear to me. this was not a hack. Bowser bit Mario's head off. Mario's body shivered and struggled as Bowser dragged him behind the battle scene.

SC276: Because of course the body keeps going.

You know, where Princess Peach was supposed to be.

Mono: Wasn't there supposed to be lava there or was that only the world 1 castle?

I was expecting to see just Princess Peach - Oh, who am I kidding? I was not expecting anything that would save me from this nightmare. I saw

SC276: "-Chatoyance."

Mono: "-Mykan Jr."

Crazy56U: "-... ..dad?"

a Toad, Luigi, and Peach. However, both Luigi and Peach had Toad heads on their bodies instead of their own.

Bowser grabbed the Toad's head, and stuck it on Mario.

Mono: Well, I... guess I was kinda right...

He placed him next to the others. Bowser then proceeded to rip his own head off, and began to pull out his intestines.

Mono: okay but why tho

Text appeared.

"Press B for a harder quest, and even YOU can become one of US!"

SC276: ...So, what exactly about this assimilation plot required just killing all of Bowser's minions? Why not turn them into Toads too? And you could've done it by just having them grow mushroom caps on top of their heads like cancerous tumors, the decapitation thing is wholly unnecessary.

I threw my controller at the screen. So hard that the screen actually broke. I ejected the cartridge and threw it at the wall.

Mono: Hey, someone who is actually smart!

It fell into pieces, and I noticed that there was a note inside. I picked it up and read it.
"Dear Son,
You're next.
-Dad."

SC276: ...Why the fuck would you put the note *inside* the cartridge?

I threw both the game and the letter in the fire that I started in my fire place.

Mono: Seeing as you already destroyed it... okay, but why tho

I will never be able to get that satanic picture of my beloved characters like that out of my head.

SC276: *Fucking wimp.*

To this day, I cannot play Super Mario Bros... And the other morning, I woke up to see "MaRio" carved into my arm.

SC276: You really should stop getting wasted at night.

To take my mind off of these things, I began looking through all of the other NES games. On top of the stack was Super Mario Bros. 2... However, the label was different. It spelled "Super MaRio Bros. 2".

Mono: [Player] "Surely, this couldn't be haunted too, right?"

The picture of Mario delightfully carrying the turnip was instead a picture of Mario with an angry Toad head, carrying Birdo's decapitated head instead of a turnip.

SC276: [the R.O.B. from *Angry Video Game Nerd*] "GYROMITE. STACK-UP."

After that, I just decided never to play any Mario Game ever again. Whatever was on this game... could only be worse.

SC276: Buddy, I've read "120 Days of Blueblood." Not to mention "Blood Whistle." You got jack and shit.

Mono: Thank you, SC, thank you for reminding 120 Days exists...

Thank you for reading. I wanted somebody to know about this before... something happened to me.

**SC276: Oh no, not *something*! And now, the other half of that last Mario spoo, as the last Toy Story one is apparently so bad it sunk to the bottom.
Ringmaster: "MaRio II".**

Don't read this until you read the other story, MaRio. It's a sequel, and you might be a little lost without reading it first. Highly recommended.

SC276: By who, the Devil?

Mono: No, he got his ass kicked last riff.

Sadly, about a week ago, my younger brother took his own life. Our father had died about a month before, and I had believed that my brother was depressed without him.

Mono: Counseling is a myth. confirmed.

They were quite attached to one another, after all.

SC276: Because they were conjoined twins, confusingly enough.

The day before he killed himself, he came to my house and gave me our father's handed-down games and consoles.

SC276: Instead of destroying them, the fucking moron.

We were all such gaming nerds. I loved the 3 original Mario Bros. games. Unfortunately, I was unable to find the first one in the giant stack of NES cartridges.

Mono: "I still wondered why he owned sixty copies of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*."

However, I did come across Super Mario Bros. 2. I could tell my funny-man father had printed off a label he must have made somewhere, because there were a few things different about it. For one,

SC276: -the game was actually *Rygar*.

the title was spelled as "Super MaRIo Bros. 2", and the picture of Mario on the cover Mario had a Toad's head and was carrying Birdo's head by the bow instead of a turnip....

Crazy56U: "So, all in all, a family friendly game for all ages."

yeah, my father had a rather dark sense of humor.

SC276: No, shooting yourself in the head and taking a minute to fall unconscious is a rather dark sense of humor. What you got there is tryhard edge.

Mono: ...Didn't this moron ban all scary movies in his house?

Crazy56U: Shhhhhhhhhh...

I popped the game into the NES. For nostalgia,

Crazy56U: Nostalgia is never fucking good, though. Case in point, Doug Walker still has a career. *Somehow*.

Mono: Screaming into a camera apparently sells, Crazy. So does pissing off half of your fanbase.

I decided to let the game tell me the story about Mario's dream. Only...it read something else. After MaRIo suffered a terrible fate,

Mono: The part of Mario will be played by Majora's Mask!Link.

he decided to get revenge.

SC276: Even though he's been assimilated into a hivemind of Toads.

He has become insane with rage, and is going to take the life of every mortal who crosses his path.

Mono: "He'll jump even harder!"

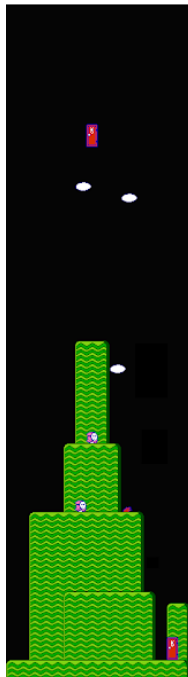
That was rather disturbing. I had guessed my brother had hacked it somehow. He knew how, he was a huge computer nerd.

SC276: If he was, he would've complained about all the shit that couldn't possibly be on an NES in the last story.

I went on. The game did not give me the choice of my character. It simply threw me into the game as Mario, who just like on the cover of the cartidge, had a Toad's head instead of his own! There was no music, and I didn't jump from the sky.

SC276: You don't know what falling is, do you.

I was at the beginning of World 1-1. Only...things were a little different. The background sky was black,



SC276: Not news, buddy.

Crazy56U: No, in the actual game, it's blackish-black-grey. Here, it's straight black. Totally different.

and all of the enemies were replaced with angry-looking Toads. This was weird. Each Toad angrily charged at Mario. I didn't even have to do anything, though. When the Toads touched Mario, they turned into skeletons and crumbled to the ground.

SC276: Boy, those are some *shit* enemies.

Crazy56U: Rather appropriate, since this is a shit ROM hack.

I was uneasy by this. My favorite game was this... unsettling game.

SC276: Well the solution to that is obvious: don't have a favorite.

Mono: I mean, it works with Danganronpa characters, so why shouldn't it work with video games as well?

I guessed my brother must have been very bored. I decided to see how the rest of the game was going to turn out.

SC276: Like a fucking moron.

I reached the end of the level, where you fight Birdo. She looked as if... someone had gotten to her before me. She was bruised and bloody, and had some flesh and bones showing. I was....horrified, to say the least.

SC276: But let me guess: you're going to keep going anyway.

A text box popped up. "Please..."

Mono: "Just fucking end me..."

Mario stepped a little closer, on his own. "No... I don't... I'm not..." He made another step. "Why... am I... here?" Another small step. "I'm not... who you think... I..." Mario pounced her.

Crazy56U: "MaRIo II: Mario Commits a Hate Crime".

He began to ruthlessly beat her while she scream....realisticly. Sounds that can't be made on an 8-bit console.

SC276: Author, I dare you to describe what a Birdo screaming bloody murder sounds like. *I fucking dare you.*

Crazy56U: Nah, I can do it much easier. (pulls out a trombone; proceeds to plant mouth on and scream through the mouthpiece)

Blood spewed and showered with each his Mario made. The last time he hit her, which he charged up for, her head rolled off.

SC276: Well that just killed the drama dead.

Mario threw off his Toad head... and replaced it with Birdo's. Another text box appeared. "But... you were one of us... you've angered us... you will rue this, MaRIo..."

SC276: The Toads were already angry, this changes nothing.

The sky turned red. I heard what sounded like distant crying of a woman in the background, accompanied by...what sounded like multiple evil laughs, play backwards all at once. A demonic, deep voice was heard behind it all.

SC276: God, I almost feel sorry for making fun of some *Pokémon* creepypasta now. Those don't usually have games possessed by a fucking hivemind.

Chills weren't just at my spine, there were everywhere.

Mono: "It took me fucking weeks to get them out of the carpet!"

I whole room got colder, it seemed. I had goosebumps all over. The sounds where growing louder, before suddenly stopping. Mario's Birdo head flew off. He still lived, headless. He turned to the screen... and began to softly sob.

SC276: ...He doesn't have a head.

Mono: Tears can materialize out of thin air, don't you know?

I wanted to turn off the NES so badly, but something compelled me to leave it on.

SC276: Stop listening to the author, you fucking moron.

His cried grew louder. As he cried, an army of Toads began to march in from the left of the screen. The noises from earlier resumed. This time, they were loud and the woman was screaming instead of crying. I was sure my TV speakers were about to bust. Only... it sounded almost like... the sounds weren't coming from the speakers. It's like... they were coming from all around me.

SC276: Boy, you somehow have a shorter start-to-insanity ratio than the Blood Whistle guy.

The laughter and deep voice stopped. However, the woman's screams began to strobe.

SC276: I don't think that's a term that can be applied to *sound*.

Mono: Well, synesthesia exists, though I chalk this one up to the author being a dip as well.

It was almost like she was being violently tortured.

SC276: Oh, she's reading this story too?

It strobed more and more, and went on for a good minute and a half, before suddenly stopping. The deep voice came back. I listened slowly to hear what it was saying. "Th....e.....Em...pi...r...e.....wi...l...l.....ri...s...e...." The empire will rise?

Mono: And then it'll strike back!

The picture blacked out. It was replaced with an artist-like picture of a headless Mario. His clothes were bloody and some parts were torn off.

SC276: ...And this is different from how he's been for the entire thing, how now?

The picture stayed on the screen for about 30 seconds before the screen began to blink white repeatedly. The woman's scream came back along with the laughter. The laughter was mixed with people chanting "The empire! The empire!" I fainted from fear.

I then had a very strange dream. I was laying on the ground, in a puddle of my own blood. I saw Mario coming. He was walking toward me, with an angry looking Toad head, like before.

Mono: "For some reason, it was almost impossible to take him seriously."

I kept trying to tell him that I wasn't his enemy.... but I was too weak to talk. I told him he wasn't who he thought I was. Then, I realized... I was Birdo!

He jumped on me,

Crazy56U: Mario just did an epic gamer moment.

just like in the game. I woke up before he started to attack. 'MaRio.' was carved on my arm.

SC276: What is with this ghost and cheap tattoos?!

I ejected the game from the NES, grabbed it, and threw it in the street. I ran it over with my car, multiple times, until it was nothing but little pieces of plastic. I now understand why my brother killed himself.... unless HE didn't do it.

SC276: I dunno, I've seen a guy kill himself over... maybe less. I don't give enough of a shit to measure it.

Whatever was in that game... but have done it itself.

Mono: Okay, I know you're panicking, but mind your fucking grammar, please?

I hope that I'll be alright... although, I think I messed up, running over that game.

Crazy56U: If you're wondering why there was never a *MaRio III*, there actually is. You know it as *Blood Whistle*.

Ringmaster: For our last fic, we have the classic "someone finds a box of unused production materials that have really creepy stuff on them" setup. Let's finally end this with "Toy Story Deleted Scene".

Mono: Yay, the last one!

SC276: *Reach for the sky!*

Crazy56U: Fun fact, I literally found this an hour before this went live as a last minute replacement, it was deleted off of the wiki that had hosted it, and I was only able to find this copy thanks to a Blogspot that houses *tons* of Creepypastas, including "Super Mario 64" above. Fun fact the second, excluding *Blood Whistle*, I was the one to gather every Creepypasta used in this shuffle, so technically it's my fault yet one more time.



Crazy56U: This looks like a fucking mugshot.

Mono: What, didn't you know that that particular alien became a heroin dealer after the second movie?

SC276: [intern] "You sure we're not using too many lights, boss?"

[photographer] "The power grid hasn't cut us off, has it? *More lights!*"

A while back, I was on holiday in Alabama.

Crazy56U: *Why?!*

Mono: ... Because the skies are so blue there?

I was at this gas station store just getting some more food, drinks and supplies

Crazy56U: Aka. "robbing the cashier at gunpoint".

for the drive to the hotel. I noticed there was a box with videos in it.

Crazy56U: Just... floating in the aether, I guess...

Mono: I will take that headcanon and accept it as reality because it's funnier than anything in this fic will ever be.

The guy at the cashier explained to me that those videos were found outside the store

Crazy56U: The last ever Blockbuster employee was fleeing the cops and had to dispose of the evidence.

and that I could take the entire box for free.

SC276: Gheeze, this store sucks at business.

Crazy56U: Well, what do you expect, it's a gas station in *Alabama*.

Seeing as they were all labeled, and that the man was being friendly, I

Crazy56U: "-spat on him."

Mono: "-called him out for being a weirdo."

picked up the cardboard box and paid for my snacks.

Crazy56U: "Granted, it was with Monopoly money, but luckily it's legal tender in Alabama."

When I arrived at the hotel, I noticed they had a VHS player.

Crazy56U: ...damn, you're in a *shit* hotel, my dude, it's [current year].

Mono: Well, that or this takes place in the Phoenix Wright universe...

I looked through the videos, and I was astonished what I found.

Crazy56U: [Alabama Man] "(picks up a VHS in confusion) What the *fuck* is 'Squidward's Suicide'?!"

Mono: [Leonard Skinner] "*picks up another VHS* 'Dead Bart'? Never heard of that episode before..."

They were tapes of various Pixar films.

Crazy56U: [Alabama Man] "(picks up a VHS in confusion) Wait, what the fuck, they made a sequel to *Cars*?!"

The eerie fact is that about five of the tapes had a stamp that said "DECLINED PLEASE DESTROY - JL".

Crazy56U: The *other* five tapes in the box, however, just said "PROPERTY OF DREAMWORKS".

I then realized JL stood for John Lasseter,

Crazy56U: [Alabama Man] "(rereads label) Declined, please destroy John Lasseter. ... Good advice."

and that I was in possession of deiscarded property of Pixar.

Crazy56U: But not of a spell checker, apparently.

SC276: Apparently they threw that out with the tapes.

I put on the first tape,

Crazy56U: "-and for some fucking reason, I was shown an image of a naked Woody bleeding and screaming about edge."

which was a collection of old Pixar shorts.

Crazy56U: Or more specifically, "Knick Knack" in eight different languages.

I haven't seen all of the shorts,

Crazy56U: "-due to having a rich social life, hence why I'm in Alabama alone."

so I couldn't tell if they were legit.

SC276: "And apparently the Internet hasn't been invented yet."

Mono: This man is in a hotel that still uses VHS tapes, internet is a myth here.

The odd fact about the first tape is that whenever one short transitioned into another short,

Crazy56U: "-I would age seven years."

it was just static.

Crazy56U: So basically this was just Stick Figures on Crack.

After about five shorts, I could start to see something in the static.

Crazy56U: "...wait, no, false alarm, it's my reflection."

SC276: ...Are you going to tell us anything about the *shorts*, or is the author admitting to being creatively bankrupt?

Crazy56U: Now, come on, dude, you know which one is correct, why even ask that...

Mono: "And then I realized that this was a gigantic Rorschach test all along."

Before I could clearly see what was in the static, the tape ended. Go figure.

Crazy56U: It's almost as if *everything* ends...

Dragonborne: "What's the point? It's all going to be dust one day..."

I put on the second tape, which had a more familiar name.

Crazy56U: Now, granted, the fact it was labeled as "Dead Bart" didn't really give any better implication as to what it contained...

It was labeled "Toy Story animation test 01".

Crazy56U: Let me guess: it's the one where Woody's face rots.

SC276: Nah, this is the one where Woody and Buzz are suddenly abandoned by Andy in a vacant lot for no reason.

I was excited at watching the evolution of what at the time was my favourite

Crazy56U: Uh oh, the brain worms are taking effect.

Disney movie. All was about to change with one button on the remote called PLAY.

Crazy56U: ...you're related to the *Blood Whistle* guy, aren't you.

Mono: Give it time and see if he doesn't turn off the tapes despite saying he should.

It appeared that it was actually a full movie rather than a few tests.

SC276: Why can't you just trust a fucking label anymore...

The movie began with a white title card that read "A TOY'S STORY

Crazy56U: It also had the subtitle "MR. POTATO HEAD'S REVENGE".

© 1992 Pixar Productions". It then cut to what looked like a commercial advertising a Woody doll.

Crazy56U: And here it is now.

Mono: Well, shut up and take my money, I'll have twenty of them please!

It zoomed out to reveal a boy (I assumed it was Andy)

Crazy56U: Because I guess Andy is now a mythological creature.

watching TV in the living room. The living room looked entirely different and so did the boy.

Crazy56U: It's an earlier fake version of the film, no fucking shit.

He had freckles, and orange hair, and didn't look or sound at all like Andy.

Crazy56U: It's almost as if children are different!

Besides that, his name was Max.

SC276: [the author] "If it looks like a duck, moves like a duck, and sounds like a duck, it's an eggplant, right?"

Mono: So it was Andy, but it's now Andy?

Crazy56U: ...y-yes... ... (ball drops in the background)

I assumed that this must be an early version of Andy, and that the character had not yet been developed yet.

Crazy56U: But Andy doesn't really have a character outside of "kid about to move", an- oh, wait...

"Come on Woody, let's go to school", said Max as he belted out the door.

Crazy56U: Max's mom was getting a little annoyed with how her son kept bashing through the front door every time he went to school.

Max kept talking to Woody about how he was going to show Woody for show and tell.

**Crazy56U: The fact that Max's school doesn't *have* show and tell eluded him.
Mono: Just wait for him to embarrass himself...**

Suddenly, a shadow fell upon him. It was at this point, when I discovered about ten sheets of paper in the box.

**SC276: Instead of watching the fucking video.
Crazy56U: "I decided to read that instead, because fuck this tape."**

I was shocked to realize that this was the script of this early version of Toy Story. The script read

Crazy56U: "-the word 'edge' over and over and over again ad nauseum..."

that in this scene, Max is tormented and attacked by the bully Sid. I found this interesting as Sid and Andy (a.k.a. Max) had never met in the finished movie.

Crazy56U: Yeah, I heard the film was supposed to end with them fist fighting in traffic to the strains of "And We Danced" by The Hooters, what a shame.

Much to my surprise, Sid was gigantic.

**Crazy56U: He was the size of three elephants. His shoe was as big as a Ford pickup. His arms were the length of a fire escape.
SC276: Basically just remember Gruntilda's size relative to Banjo, that's about the size of it.
Crazy56U: Let's meet in the middle: Sid's the size of Gruntilda.**

He looked nothing like the 1995 version of Sid,

Crazy56U: "God, I'm slow."

and he was Hulk size.

Crazy56U: [Sid] "*SID MAD! SID SMASH! GET REVENGE ON WORLD!***"**

Mono: Okay, why would any animator in the history of the world make their bully the size of the fuckin Hulk?

He began to punch Max in the face and he put his hands around Max's neck.

Crazy56U: He then spun around like Mario and threw him into the sky while screaming "SO LONG, GAY BOWSER!"

The sky turned darker,

**SC276: Will God PLEASE stop turning the sun off at random?!
Crazy56U: The end times are near. Happy day.**

and there were sounds of people screaming and saying "NO".

Crazy56U: It was audio of the test audience for *The Emoji Movie*.

It was like a nightmare, it just kept going on.

**Crazy56U:as do *most* things...
Mono: Like this riff, for instance!**

Yoy could also hear Max crying for his mom. Eventually, you bcould hear an ambulance arrive.

**SC276: To a... bus? In motion?
Crazy56U: It was unrelated to Sid beating up Max, mind you; someone was choking on ham.**

But in the background you could see fire,

Crazy56U: [The Author] "Now, you may be wondering what the fuck is going on in my Creepypasta, as it seems like any semblance of a plot has disintegrated. Fuck you. There's your answer."

and you could see gigantic horses chasing people.

**SC276: So the first draft of *Toy Story* apparently took place at the same time as "Twilight's Kingdom."
Crazy56U: GAME THEORY: *Toy Story* and *Jumanji* are the same film?!?!?
Mono: I guess Pestilence and Famine took a day off?**

The doctors were carrying Max's small body onto a stretcher.

Crazy56U: And Sid's as well; the ambulance accidentally backed up over his head.

The nightmare moved onto a gravesite

Crazy56U: "-where the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come was showing Woody his tombstone-"

where it was a cloudy day and there was a church bell ringing and there were gravestones.

Crazy56U: Plot twist: the bells were ringing because no one died.

Mono: There were gravestones in a gravesite? I never would've guessed!

Remember that this was all computer animated.

SC276: ...Your point being...?

Crazy56U: His point being graveyard.

A faint organ could be heard.

Crazy56U: And thus began the unholy chorus of In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.

The scary part is that there were pages missing from the script that were lying on my bed seconds ago.

SC276: Oh gee, a pile of papers discarded into the trash at random ended up causing some of them to get lost. *How absolutely mortifying.*

Crazy56U: No, you see, the horror was that this confirms that recycling was a myth all along!

It cut to static and then it resumed to an early version of the scene where Woody is calling a meeting for all the toys about Max's birthday party.

Crazy56U: No one had the heart to tell Woody that Max fucking died.

It was all in Russian

Crazy56U: [Woody] "Ты напоминаешь мне детку."

[Hamm] "Что детка?"

[Woody] "Малышка с силой."

[Rex] "Какая сила?"

[Woody] "Сила вуду."

[Mr. Potato Head] "Кто делает?"

[Woody] "Ты сделаешь!"

[Hamm] "Что делать?"

[Woody] "Напомни мне ребенка."

Mono: Because Russian is the most evil fucking language in the world.

and the sky was dark outside. None of this movie made any sense, and nothing fit together.

SC276: Gee, almost like it's an animation test.

Crazy56U: "I wanted solid plot structure and narrative flow! All I've gotten is fire, ambulances, and Sid! *Fuck this tape!*"

It cut back to static where it showed Max getting molested by two very big men in a toolshed.

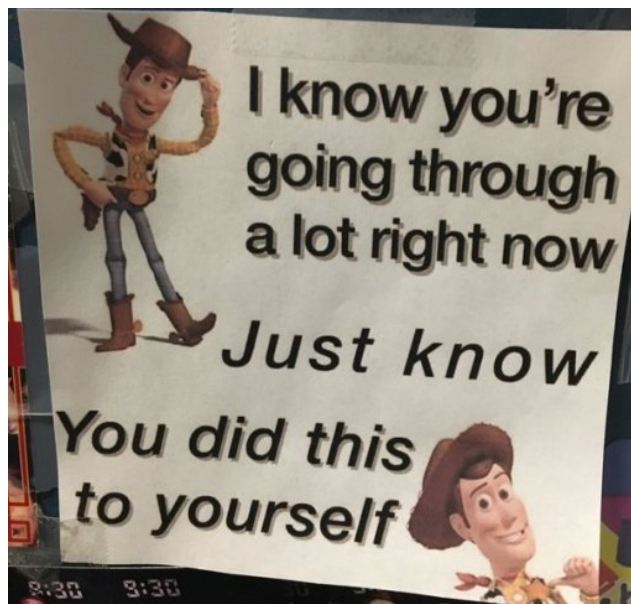
Crazy56U: *oh come the fuck on*



SC276:

Mono:*really*

I vomited when I saw this



Crazy56U:

and I kept seeing Sid's creepy face fade in and out.

Crazy56U: ...is the twist supposed to be that Sid is haunting the tape?

Finally, one of the men stopped and bellowed "you're too old for toys!" I looked back at the script to find some information on the early Toy Story.

SC276: Are you stopping the tape while you're doing this, or...?

Crazy56U: "All the script told me was 'Fuck you', over and over."

The cast sheet was missing most of the characters, and had characters that either were deleted from the film or appeared in the sequels.

Crazy56U: "And for some reason, it also included the characters from *Cars*..."

For example, the Prospector and Bullseye were in the castlist (no sign of Jessie though). It mentioned other characters like Scooter

SC276: -Computer and Mr. Chips. They had the answers at their fingertips.

Crazy56U: Along with Bicycle and Roller Blade.

Mono: "-Penny and Used Napkin."

the Walrus,

Mono: Goo, goo, g'joob.

Mr. Wiggly, ScarBear,

SC276: I'm pretty sure both of those are Pokémon.

Crazy56U: And Jerry Mathers as the Beaver!

and a character called Dino-ray (wich I presume was an early version of Rex).

Crazy56U: He was literally just Rex, but he had a laser pointer.

Near the top of the list was the scariest name of all, it read "Death".



SC276:

Crazy56U: Plot twist: Alpha! *Toy Story* was actually *Bill and Ted 3*.

Mono: Oh hey, I guess they made a toy out of the Grim Reaper!

I looked back at the TV and it was now browsing through a dark Al's Toy Barn.

Crazy56U: Al had closed the story early so he could swing by IHOP for dinner.

The store was closed and the camera was moving back and forth at all the aisles.

Crazy56U: ...so, this is security camera footage?

Some of the toys didn't even exist yet, such as Tickle Me Elmo.

SC276: (Googles) Tickle Me Elmo was released in July 1996, while Toy Story came out... November 1995. Author, you're a creepypasta author; those people don't research. You got fucking lucky.

Crazy56U: Also, the amount of fucking money Pixar would've needed to cough up to get the rights for that would've fucking bankrupted them.

There was a line of toys called "Satan & Friends",

Crazy56U: Aka. "Transformers".

Mono: That's a weird way to spell "Littlest Pet Shop"...

and a sale for Toy Story 3 on Blu-Ray. I froze in shock at the latter,

Crazy56U: "Why is there fucking product placement?"

because Blu-Ray wasn't even invented yet, nor was Toy Story 3 in development (or so I thought).

SC276: At this point, reality is completely subjective.

Crazy56U: Spoilers: this Creepypasta takes place in 2035. Friendo is just a moron.

It then cut to the Al's Toy Barn commercial that appeared in the final film, except

Crazy56U: "-Al was constantly on fire."

the Buzz Lightyear toy was called Lunar Lenny, and he was a green alien astronaut.

Crazy56U: ...so, one of the Little Green Men, just with Buzz's original name, got it.

Mono: So one of the aliens decided he was gonna cosplay one day?

Crazy56U: Wouldn't surprise me. This has precedent.

It zoomed to Woody who was complaining about Lunar Lenny.

Crazy56U: [Woody] "(to Slinky) -like, I mean, come on, why does everyone think that guy is Buzz, they look *nothing* alike!"

[Slinky] "(had fallen asleep five minutes into Woody's rant)"

It then for some reason cut back to the scary scene where Sid is ripping Max's stomach open by using Woody and his foot.

SC276: However the fuck that works.

Crazy56U: I guess a plastic boot spur is as sharp as a scalpel? (shrugs)

Mono: okay but why tho

Sid then stops, and looks towards the camera.

Crazy56U: [Sid] "...I am *working*. Go away. (resumes his slicing)"

He began to walk over until his face is covering the entire screen. He gives this creepy smile.

SC276: [cameraman] "Dude, breath mint."

Crazy56U: [Sid] ":D"

Mono: [Sid] "UwU"

Suddenly, the TV caught fire.

Crazy56U: Well, this escalated slightly.

The entire hotel was on fire,

SC276: I... think we're beyond "slightly" here.

Crazy56U: Nah, it's still "slightly".

and everyone had to get out fast. I forgot the tapes, so they were burnt.

Mono: Leaving you with no evidence you absolute buffoon.

I tried to reach Pixar,

Crazy56U: Friendo here inhaled too much smoke, he thought the fireman tending to him was Pixar.

but all the calls are computer automated and they ask you bullshit questions.

Crazy56U: You know, like "Sir, do you need to go to the hospital," and "How much smoke did you inhale," and "Hey guys, I found some VCR tapes that survived the fire, these belong to anyone?"

SC276: Also, it was Alabama, so they literally couldn't care less.

Crazy56U: Point.

Even though I still have nightmares about the early Toy Story,

Crazy56U: Mostly smoke, though.

I only wish I could of watched the rest of the tapes.

Crazy56U: Well, that's what you get for going to Alabama, we don't get nice things.

Mono: Moral of the story, never go to the South.

Toy Story, or any computer animated movie at that, has never been the same for me.

SC276: And whose fault is *that*, you fucking baby?!

Crazy56U: Whelp, that sure was a thing, I'm gonna go watch *Toy Story 4* again. (leaves)

Mono: Well, these fucking *sucked*. Hopefully next month's 'anything goes' slot will be more fun to riff...