

# Season 2, Chapter 69 – Pie-Lover’s Dream



**Sometimes I wonder why I put up with Amber, but then I remember she’s like the only female representation in this thing. Ugh, I wish Sarah was still around. Surely nothing could go wrong there!**

Anyway, after a series of events far too elaborate and exciting to get into right now, we managed to salvage Amber’s remains and slip them into the freezer so they could reform. Half an hour later, she was back to normal and we went on with our day without any further women walking or running or... whatever that nonsense was about. Today, Amber was scrubbing the dishes in the kitchen with her favorite pink sponge when I suddenly strutted into the room with a swagger in my step and approached her.

“Amber, I request that you make me some pie today.”

She whipped around with a raised eyebrow so intense that it burst right off her face and impaled me in the forehead. My eyes went in different directions and I keeled over onto the floor, not at all prepared for the responsibility sporting a third eyebrow required. She immediately turned back to the dishes as if that was exactly what she had hoped to achieve.

“Okay, we can have some pie later. But you *KNOW* I don’t cook.”

**Sometime later**, I was buried in bed, having respawned at my last save point after dying a tragic eyebrow death. I can assure you that was not the first time I have died such a death. I slowly opened my eyes, then squeezed them shut again upon realizing I was in bed.

“Mmm, *BED*. But... pie. I wonder if I could slip out into the world and get some pie without dying?”

I already knew the chances of that were highly unlikely. Zack is the world boss this week! And every week after that. Just as I was about to drift off into slumber again, I heard Amber's voice come booming down the hall and blasting into my domain.

"HEY, ORANGE FART-SICLE! I GOT THE PIE YOU WANTED SO YOU BETTER COME DOWN HERE AND GET IT!"

My eyes shot open and I burst forth from the covers without a moment's hesitation. Well, I did take a single moment to save first, but don't tell anyone! I rushed downstairs and slid into the kitchen where Amber was holding a steaming pie with whipped cream on top.

"Here! I got some pie like you wanted. I wasn't going to but then I remembered I like pie so it could be good for me, too."

She set it on the table and I grabbed some plates and silverware before sitting down to dig in.

"Wow, I'm actually surprised you left the house today."

"Actually, I made Zack go and get it."

There was a fish-eye zoom in of my face accompanied by a dramatic sound effect.

"What?! ZACK got this?!"

He had been floating in front of the counter the entire time, sticking toothpicks into an apple, and decided to join the conversation.

"Yep! I was out and about getting Zinvention supplies anyway so I figured I could stop on the way for a little treat. Just for you guys, though. I'm on a strict Zotato diet."

I studied him for a moment.

"Oh, really? Where exactly did you get this from?"

He smiled wide.

"From Crust the Two of Us, that pie shop in the ritzy part of town!"

My eyes narrowed.

"Crust the Two of Us went out of business two years ago when the Ritz cracker factory shut down, thereby turning the ritzy part of town into just a regular part of town!"

Sweat beaded on his brow.

"Well, uh... you see, um...!"

"EMERGENCY ESCAPE!"

Amber and I simultaneously stretched out the waistbands of our pants to a cartoonish degree and slowly began lowering down into them, leaving only our legs behind. This caused Zack to panic even more.

“WAIT, NO! YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND! I meant I actually went to Pie Time in the-!”

**KA-BLAM!** The Zie on the table violently exploded, destroying the kitchen and obliterating Zack in one massive blast! Thankfully, Amber and I were safe in our pants so we were shielded from all harm. I lowered down into mine on an elevator-like platform and stepped into the navy world beneath. Here, I saw FlamDawg who was sitting on a denim couch and watching TV.

“FlamDawg? What are you doing in my pants?!”

He turned to me with a bored expression.

“Oh, you know... living life.”

“You are trespassing within my pants.”

“Aren’t we all just wearing the pants of life?”

“I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“But I brought some pie.”

He pulled out a delectable banana cream pie and I stared at it with wide eyes.

“...how long would you like to stay?”

**Elsewhere**, Amber had lowered into her pants in much the same manner, though hers was a navy world of empty lipgloss tubes. She likes to sniff them even after they’re gone! Floating in the center of this space was Zack and she was not happy to see him.

“Zack? Why are you in my PANTS?!”

He blinked a few times before turning to her.

“This was my last save point.”

**Later in the afternoon**, my pie craving had been satisfied and all was right with the world once more. Sure the kitchen had been destroyed, but that happens at least once a week so it’s not a huge deal. Currently, FlamDawg and I were in the garage, attempting to use science and alchemy to reverse-engineer a Zie so we could craft an immunity to its poisons. This way, we could eat any pie regardless of how deadly it is and still come out 50% alive! That’s all the alive I need. Unfortunately, FlamDawg kept accidentally creating chimeras and fusing people to other things which was slowing down our progress.

“Could you PLEASE follow the instructions in the YouTube video and stop playing mad scientist?!”

He was currently wearing a lab coat and glasses with spirals in them while the fur atop his head was white, wild, and sticking up all over the place.

“But this was going to be the new me.”

I handed him a piece of paper.

“Here. These are your new instructions.”

He looked it over and frowned.

“It just says, ‘FlamDawg, stop’.”

“I want you to follow them carefully.”

Suddenly, we were interrupted by the sound of a revving engine.

“What?! What is that?!”

I threw all of the beakers I was holding onto the floor, causing their contents to burn through the concrete and reveal Zack’s face hiding just beneath. I pulled open the garage door just in time to see Bob speeding down the street on a motorcycle! He did a wheelie as he flew past, then rounded the corner for another round about the neighborhood. Such a sight left my jaw hanging open, allowing FlamDawg to insert a pie, tin and all. I quickly pulled it out and whacked him over the head with it.

“How DARE that poser have a super cool motorcycle AND a license to operate it! I was the one who looked at a motorcycle magazine on accident three years ago! That should be ME!”

I loomed over FlamDawg with a dark expression as he picked himself off the floor.

“Change of plans, ignore our original objective. Leave Bob not alive.”

“What? What are we going to do?”

The camera zoomed in on my narrowed eyes.

“It’s time to take this to the roof.”

“Are we *raising* the roof?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.”

**A few moments later**, we found ourselves on the roof without moving so much as an inch. That's the power of scene setting for you! I blinked a few times to process what had happened before turning towards the road in front of our house.

"Perfect! Now for the next step: acquire a massive boulder and drop it right on top of his motorcycle-having self!"

"What? Where are you going to get a boulder? And how would you even get it up-?"

"It's already done."

The camera zoomed out to show that there was a massive boulder right next to me, ready to be pushed off and dropped onto someone below.

"Now we just wait for Bob to make another round."

As if on cue, the sound of a motor was heard again and Bob rounded the corner, somehow looking even cooler than he did before. He started doing donuts in front of our house which infuriated me to the point of starting the plan twelve seconds ahead of schedule.

"NOW!"

I waited, but nothing happened. I turned to FlamDawg with an intense look on my face.

"I said... *NOW*."

"Oh. Am I supposed to push it?"

"Yes."

He sighed and started pushing the boulder. When he couldn't seem to make it budge, I became increasingly irritated. He even tried a running start but it didn't move an inch. Finally, I slammed myself into him, sending both him and the boulder tumbling off the roof. In all my haste to dispose of Bob, I overlooked the fact that the road wasn't anywhere near the roof of our house. Therefore, both FlamDawg and the boulder fell on top of Zack who was floating in circles around the front yard. There was a series of cracking sounds as both FlamDawg's spine and Zack's entire self broke into pieces, effectively destroying both of them in one swift motion. I stared at the carnage for a moment before turning my attention back to Bob who was still burning rubber in the street.

"Fine, I'll do it myself."

I pulled a pie out of my pocket that I had been saving for later and flung it in his general direction! It swirled about in the air before homing right in on him and splatting right in his face! He screamed and started swerving about erratically, then crashed right into a tree and

immediately caught on fire. Then the tree caught on fire and it shot up a telephone pole to spread across the wires to more poles, trees, and houses. Then the motorcycle exploded, sending flaming debris shooting across the neighborhood. I smiled and struck a triumphant pose as sirens and agonized screams began to fill the area.

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## --THE SIDESHOW--

### *Viewer Fun!*

Leaving the Tragedy of Oak Street (that's where we live, by the way) behind, we quickly cut to an episode of *Viewer Fun*. Here, FlamDawg, now fully recovered, was standing in the middle of the studio with a big smile.

"Hello and welcome to our first *Viewer Fun* in a while! I know you've missed us, and if you haven't then *you're going to.*"

He got extremely intense for a moment before smiling again.

"Now, I'd like to take a moment today to introduce some new Little Bangs! These Little Bangs were found living within an alternate dimension and look like some of the characters you know and love! Or at least tolerate."

He took a few steps to his right where three Little Bangs were standing around with dopey looks on their faces. One looked like me, the other looked like a certain bespectacled woman you might remember, and the third looked like Zack.

"Allow me to introduce Nathan Bang, Sarah Bang, and Zack Bang!"

"I LIKE PIE!"

"*THANK YOU*, Nathan Bang! Do not ever speak to me again. Now, I'm sure you're familiar with Nathan and Zack, but what about Sarah? Well, you might remember her from early last Season where she joined us for a while before falling off the face of the Earth. Being as... tenacious as she is, she'll probably come back before long. I guess it just goes to show that no matter how many times you--"

“Hey! HEYYY, Sarah!”

“What?! Oh my god!”

“I... like... *pie*.”

“HEE HEE HEE!”

“Can you two please stop talking about pie for two seconds?!”

“I am Zack Bang!”

“You, shut up. Now, if you look at this pie chart here, you can see the statistics of- oh god I said pie again.”

“PIE?! YOU HAVE PIE?!”

“GIVE US THE PIE!”

“GARFLIEY!”

This time, I think it’s a battle cry. All three Little Bangs tackled FlamDawg to the floor and he writhed about up until the moment that Amber walked into the room with a massive grenade launcher slung over her shoulder. Everything immediately stopped and everyone froze in place with shocked looks on their faces. She looked around for a moment before realizing that everyone was staring at her.

“What?”

There was a popping sound as all three Little Bangs burst like balloons, allowing FlamDawg to get to his feet. Once he did, he saw that I was standing nearby, not with a shocked expression but one of disappointment.

“Mm, mm, mm. I told her to focus on her career instead of playing grab-butt. This is what happens when you don’t listen.”

I turned to see he was looking at me.

“This is what happens.”

**So then! Today really was a pie-lover’s dream, huh? I guess you could say it was a story about pie, but that sounds a little immature so let’s go with something else! Oh, and let’s stop Amber, too.**