

(Nine Months have passed since The Sign Painter Left the Goo Filled Hills, in those nine months, he's traversed through the Little Miss World of Goo, although nothing was recorded of this, as it wasn't part of his tournament. This, however, is part of the tournament, as he arrives at the Factory, with the four winners, and the only volunteers he has left.)

SIGN PAINTER: Okay... we were directed to... here?

XION: This place fills me with dread...

MYRA: (Why would we need to come here..?)

TOY CHICA: Of course a factory fills you with dread. This is just a normal Tuesday for me.

SIGN PAINTER: Hey, there's someone waiting for us?

ENCORE GIRLFRIEND: Huh? That doesn't make much sense, that should only be the case if he knew we were coming...

???: *of course i knew you'd be arriving.*

SIGN PAINTER: W-What?

???: *didn't think i'd have to wait nine months, but i guess thats to be expected when mystery dungeon is more liked anyways*

MYRA: (Who IS this person???)

???: *ah, i should probably reveal myself, shouldn't i.*

MYRA: (He understands me?!?!)

(The Shadowy Figure walks out of the non existent shadows, revealing himself to be...)

FUCK: *my name is fuck. i shall be your co-host for this round, if you so much as wish to get through here without falling to the corporation. and yes, myra, i do infact understand your babble.*

MYRA: (Hey!)

SIGN PAINTER: Woah Woah Woah! Do you have to Co-Host???

FUCK: you don't really have a choice, although, i do have to ask, why is your tournament like, entirely queer?

SIGN PAINTER: Are you trying to call me straight or cis??? What does that even have to do with anything???

FUCK: i can talk about whatever i please, sign painter.

SIGN PAINTER: And why can you do that, exactly?

FUCK: i am a meta-god, i know all, and know nothing at the same time.

ENCORE GIRLFRIEND: I've dealt with worse.

FUCK: we'll see about that.

SIGN PAINTER: Let's pedal back a bit here, you want to help me host my tournament??? I'm sorry "Fuck", but this is MY Magnum Opus, I'm the host, you can back off.

FUCK: you have an entirely separate losers host killing your contestants via spam mail, having a co-host that wishes to spice things up, in exchange to get you back on track, is way more tame in comparison.

SIGN PAINTER: How do you know any of that???

FUCK: i told you, i'm a meta-god. i exist with knowledge of the world we live in, and the world outside of it.

SIGN PAINTER: You're really getting on my nerves.

FUCK: aw cmon buddy, i'm sure we'll become great friends.

SIGN PAINTER: Ugh, Fine, only because I want to get MY tournament back on track.

FUCK: lets get this show on the road, then, sign painter.