

Season 2, Chapter 38 – The Horrors of Halloween



I'm glad everything worked out for him, but unfortunately this only means things won't end well for us. After all, he got his show back so now we're bound to see it again!

Anyway, we had been trapped in the Glitch Show for a while and time flew by rather quickly. Perhaps it moves faster within a glitched space? Or perhaps the glitched space has its own time and it hasn't even been a day outside of it. In any case, it was now Halloween within this realm and so we decided to pause our glitch shenanigans in favor of more holiday-appropriate ones.

Amber, as you might expect, loves anything and everything to do with holidays, decorating, and being generally festive. You might think Halloween would be the exception because of how scary everything is, but any time she's legally allowed to wear a princess costume and take candy from strangers is a time worth celebrating in her book! While the rest of us were busy with preparations, she decided she would take a crack at carving a pumpkin. After using some precise glitches to force one to spawn on the floor in front of her, she wandered over to a piece of our kitchen counter that was in the corner of the room and set it down.

"Okay... pumpkin, check!"

She pulled out the carving tools she always kept in her back pocket. This time, she planned on using them for their intended purpose.

"Tools, check!"

She set them down and struck a confident pose.

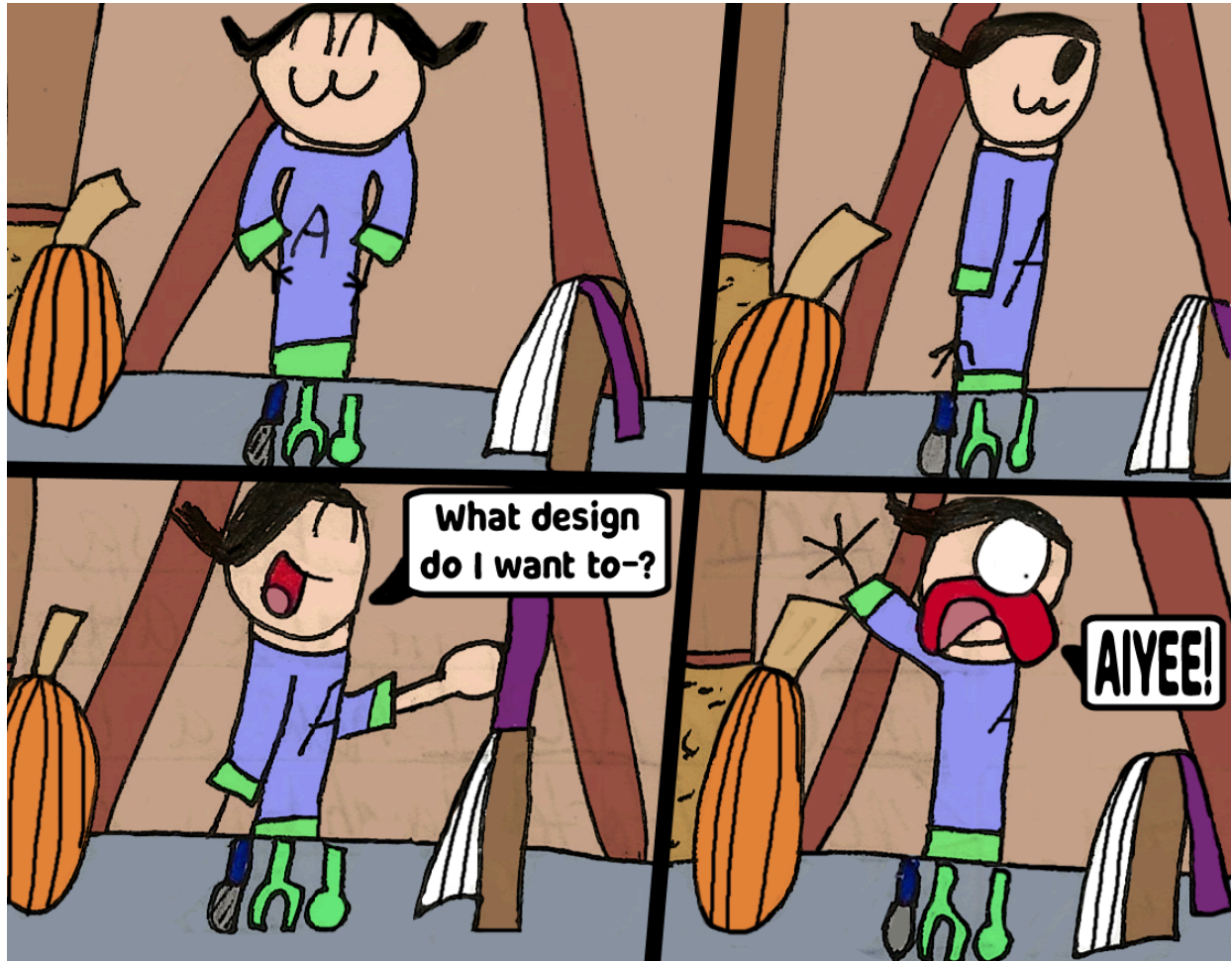
"Let's do this!"



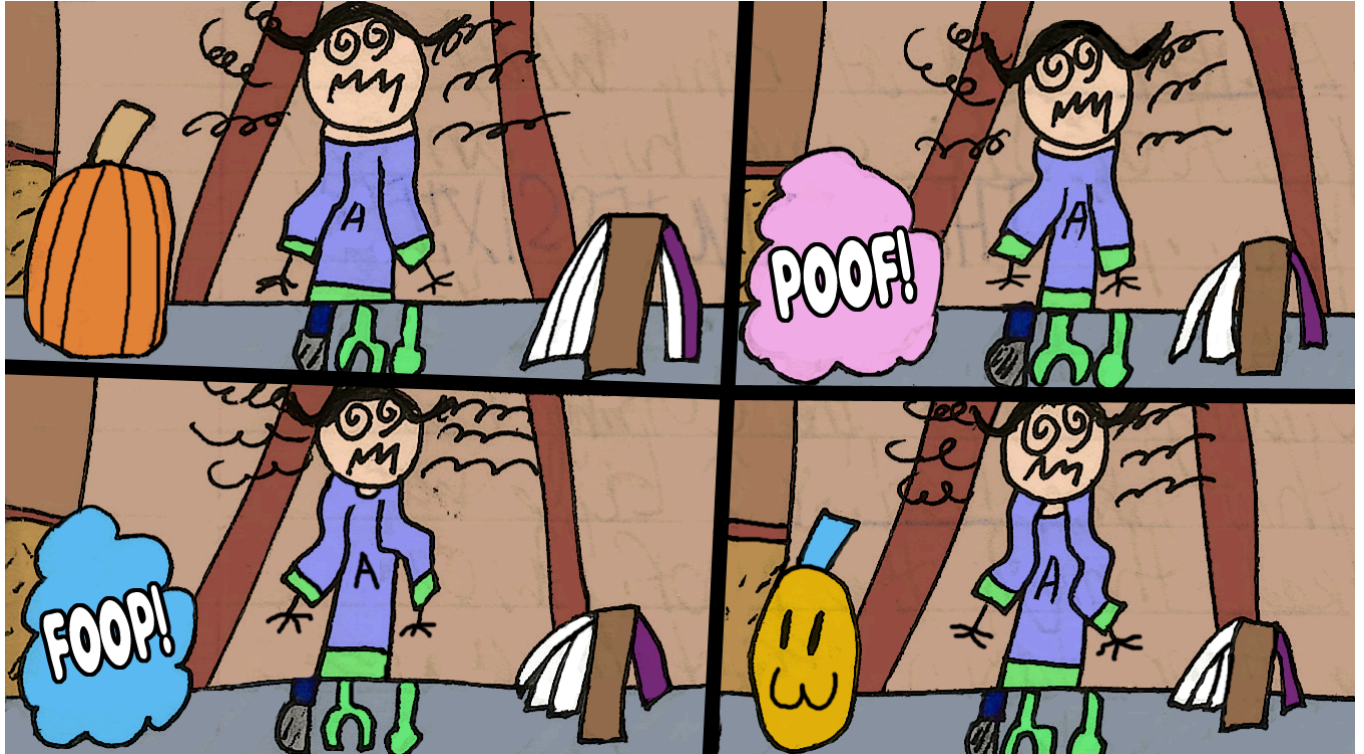
She then grabbed what appeared to be a notepad that had all sorts of carving designs within and set it on the counter.

"Okay, now which design do I want to- AIYEEE!"

She flipped it open and was immediately scared half to death by the spider design with a smiley face!



The sheer terror stunned her for several moments and she stood there, wobbling around with spirals in her eyes like a confused RPG combat enemy. This was the perfect opportunity for a certain someone to make his move and the pumpkin she planned on carving soon vanished in a puff of pink smoke. It was quickly replaced by a new one, though this one was yellow with a blue stem making it rather obvious that something wasn't right about it. It also had a smiley face drawn on it with crayon because of course it did.



Amber managed to pull herself together and shake off the crippling fear before grabbing a knife with a smile.

“Okay, that one was a bit *too* scary. I guess I should start by cutting the top off and ripping out all the blood and guts HAHahaha! Ahem... and then I can choose a design.”

She seemed to be enjoying this a bit too much. She raised the knife and went to violently stab the pumpkin, but it was then that Zack’s head suddenly popped out of the side of it! She froze and the two made intense eye contact for a full minute before she screamed and dropped the knife!



Zack chortled in delight and started spinning around as Amber gasped for air, but the initial surprise lasted for only a moment and she soon gave him a rather annoyed look.

“Let me guess... You thought that would ruin my whole day, right? I hate to tell you, but that was just a minor inconvenience. I’m used to your tricks by now.”

The spinning immediately stopped and he stared at her in shock.



She then picked up the pumpkin and flung it, sending him flying somewhere out of sight before there was a loud splattering sound and an agonized scream. After that, everything became quiet and she rummaged around in the lower cupboard until she found her original pumpkin and set it back on the counter. With that, she grabbed the knife again and started cutting the pumpkin like a normal, sane individual.



It was then that I entered from stage right and walked across the room. About halfway through, I saw what appeared to be pieces of a splattered yellow pumpkin soaking in a puddle of neon green goo. I stopped and stared at it for a moment before walking around it and heading over to the counter where Amber was working. There, I gave her a look.

“Zack again?”

She sighed.

“Yeah, he was in the pumpkin.”

“Predictable.”

“I know, right?”



"Was it a Zumpkin?"

"Probably."

"Ugh. When is he going to stop with all of this?"

"I really don't know. I mean, he put JT in the toilet earlier! Talk about GROSS, right?"

"Wait, I thought that was FlamDawg?"

"It was. But then JT made me mad, so... now JT is in the toilet."

She smiled and violently stabbed the pumpkin a few times in what she likely assumed would be its vitals. This drew my attention to what she was doing at present.

"So... you're carving a pumpkin for Halloween?"

"Uh-huh!"

"But you're, like, extremely accident-prone. You already know it's gonna all blow up in your face."

Her smile twisted into a petite frown.

"Hmph! I know I've had... *issues* in the past but that was in the past and not right now! So I'll be just fine."

"Sure, whatever you say. But I'm going to be right there ready to record you the moment you start crying."

"Just make sure to get my good side."



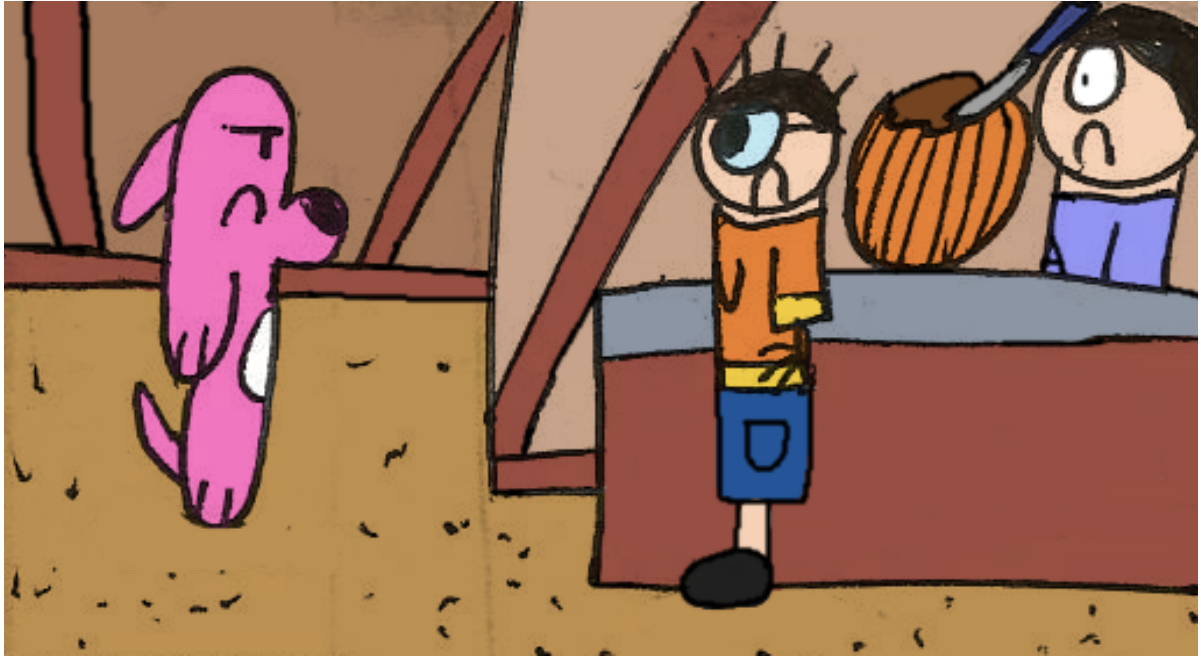
It was at that moment that FlamDawg walked over to us. This would have been perfectly normal except for the fact that he was now a shade of pink and looked particularly peeved. We both stopped and turned to stare at him.

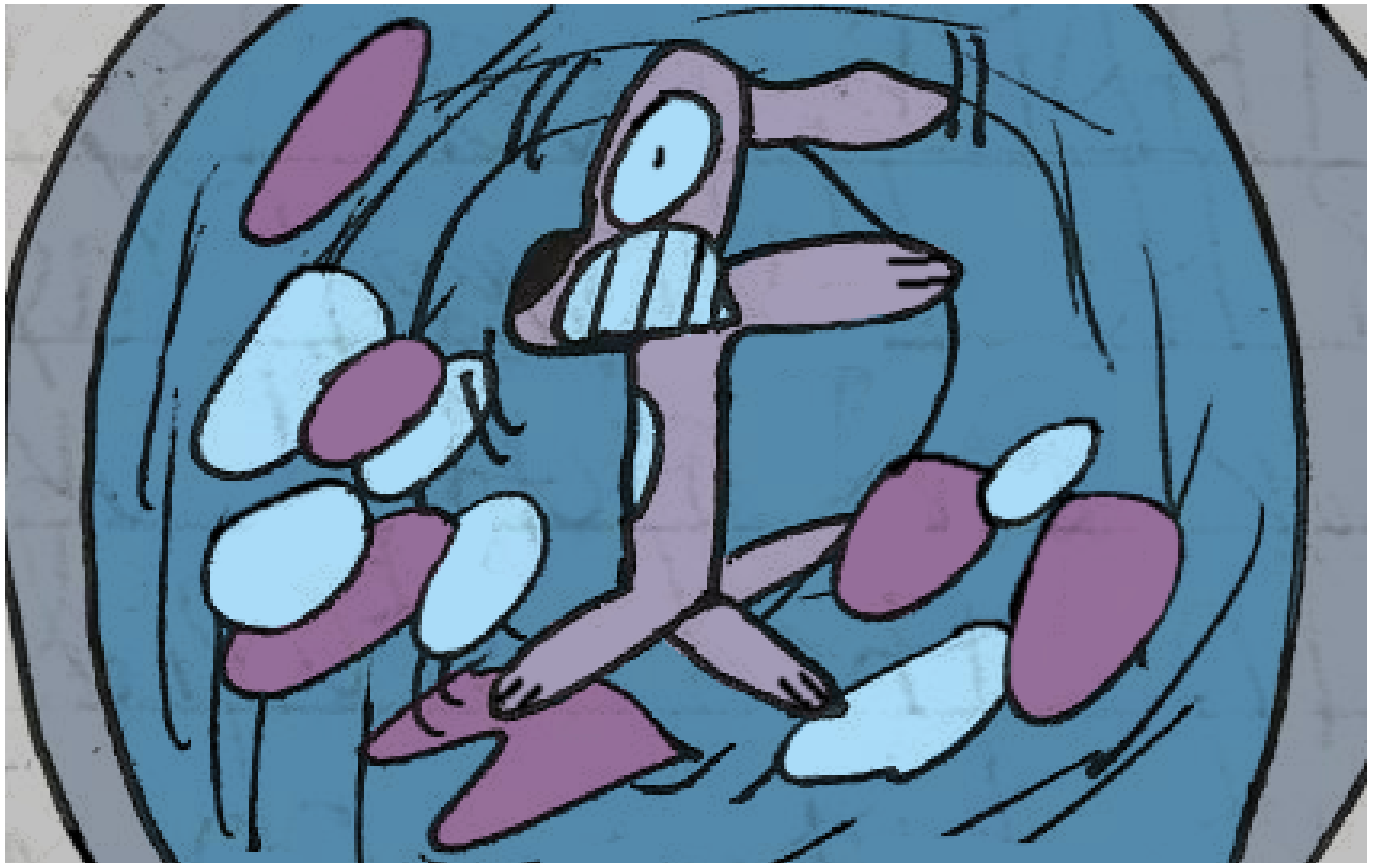
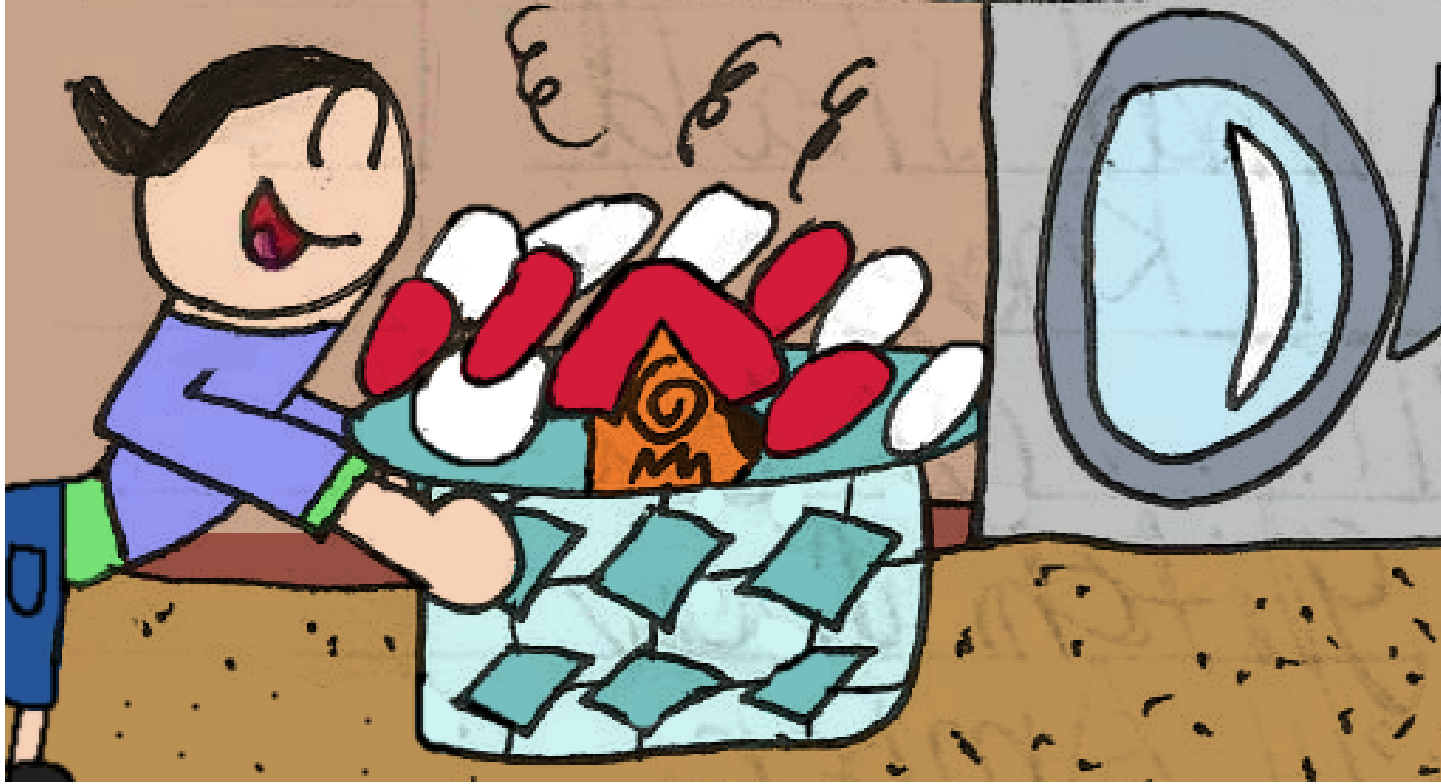
"Uh-huh. Yeah. Take it in. Take it alllll in."

"FlamDawg...? What, are you a Love Dawg now or something?"

He waved his paw around.

"Pssh, the Love Clan *wishes* they could get someone as perfect as me into their ranks! No, I accidentally fell into the clothes bin when Amber did her reds and whites load earlier."





I gave him a look.

“You seriously got stuck in the hamper?!”

“Clothes bin. It’s not a hamper.”

“What’s the difference?!”

“A hamper is a basket with a lid and is specifically designed for laundry. A bin is simply a receptacle used for storing a substance. In this case, laundry. It has no lid, therefore it is not a hamper. If you followed my Lovely Living series on YouTube you would know this.”

“There were too many ads.”

“Gotta make bank somehow.”

“I feel like you’re just dodging my original question.”

“I already forget.”

“How the heck did you get stuck in the laundry?!”

“Yeah, I just... fell in!”

“You need to be more careful. Sometimes my *stuff* is in there.”

“Yeah, okay. But nothing would happen if I got mixed in with your orange shirts, you know.”

“Yes, but if you touched them I’d have to throw them away.”

While we were talking with our backs turned, Amber’s pumpkin spontaneously burst into flames and quickly turned to ash! She looked around nervously before reaching down, grabbing another pumpkin, and sliding it over the ashes while whistling loudly as if nothing happened.



Our conversation soon ended and we both turned back to her. My eyes immediately landed on the pumpkin.

"Didn't you already carve the top off?"

"Yeah! But I... didn't like it so I un-carved it back on."

I studied it for a moment.

"Interesting. You clearly know a lot more about carving than I do."

She smiled proudly.

"Of course I do! Stabbing things with a knife is my passion!"

Not wanting to delve further into that topic, I turned back to FlamDawg.

"So FlamDawg, are you going trick-or-treating this year?"

He smiled wide.

“Of course! It’s easily the best holiday of the year! Nothing beats getting a bag full of free candy!”

“Or healthy alternatives.”

“I would rather die.”

“So where’s your costume?”

He slumped over in defeat.

“I... don’t have one yet. I was going to go buy one but then we got stuck in this weird place, so...”

Desperate for an opportunity to get out of doing the thing she didn’t want to do anymore, Amber threw her knife down and hurried over to him.

“Well then I, Amber, will help you make a costume! I saw a lot of arts and crafts assets on the floor over by where our living room couch is randomly placed so it should be easy enough to put one together! Amber the Amazing is on the job!”

I gave her a look.

“Are you sure that’s what the A stands for?”

“Of course! What else would it stand for?”

We didn’t hesitate.

“Awful.”

“Abomination.”

“Abhorrent.”

“Abysmal.”

“A lot of A-B ones here.”

“STOP!”

“What about your pumpkin?”

“Helping a friend in need is more important.”

I gave her another look.

“Since when do you help friends in need?”

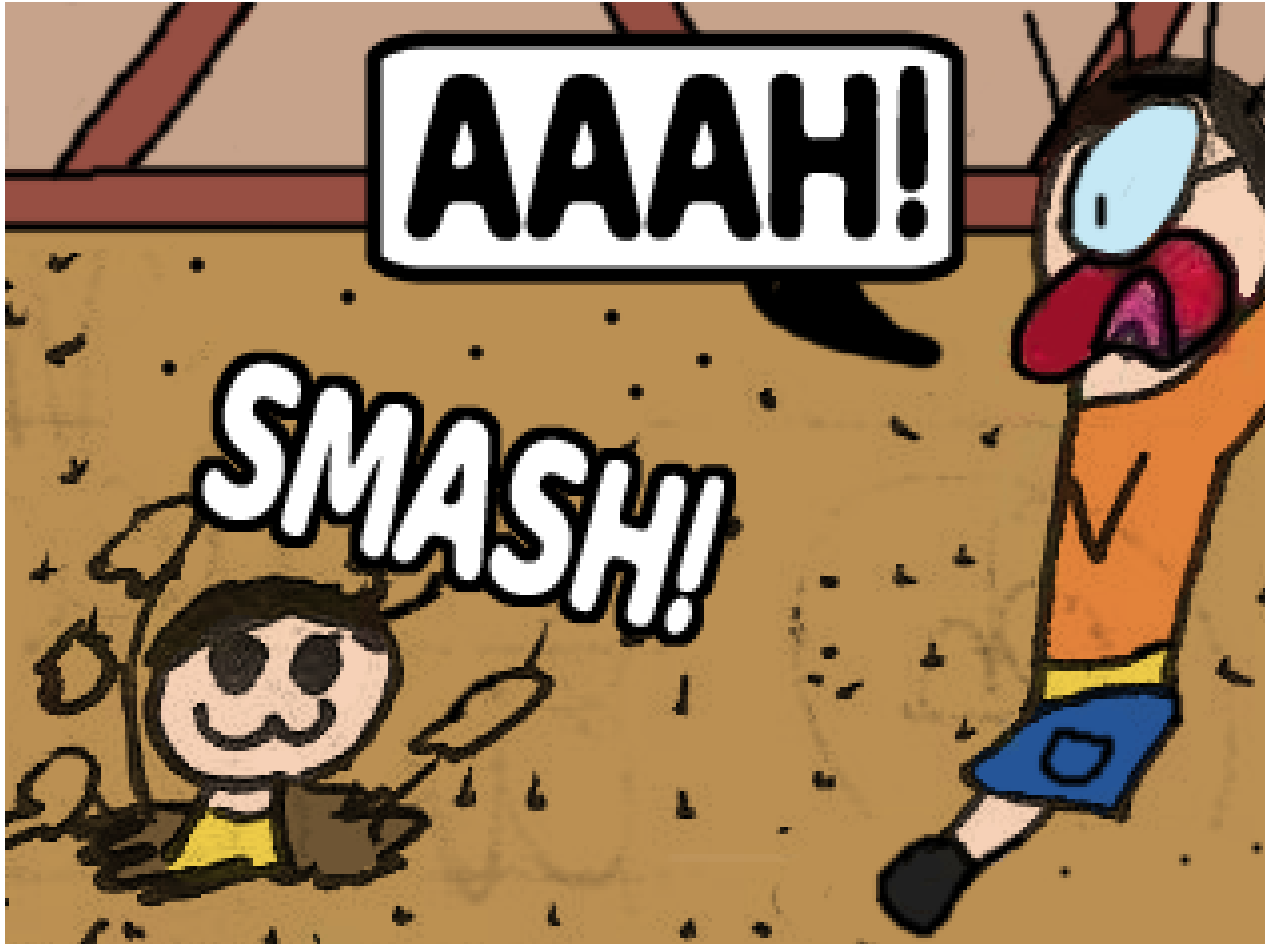
Her eyes narrowed before she grabbed onto my lips and pulled, stretching them out to a comical degree before letting them go, causing them to snap back and hit me in the face. I squealed loudly and collapsed onto the floor, leaving the two to shuffle off to the couch randomly placed in the east corner.

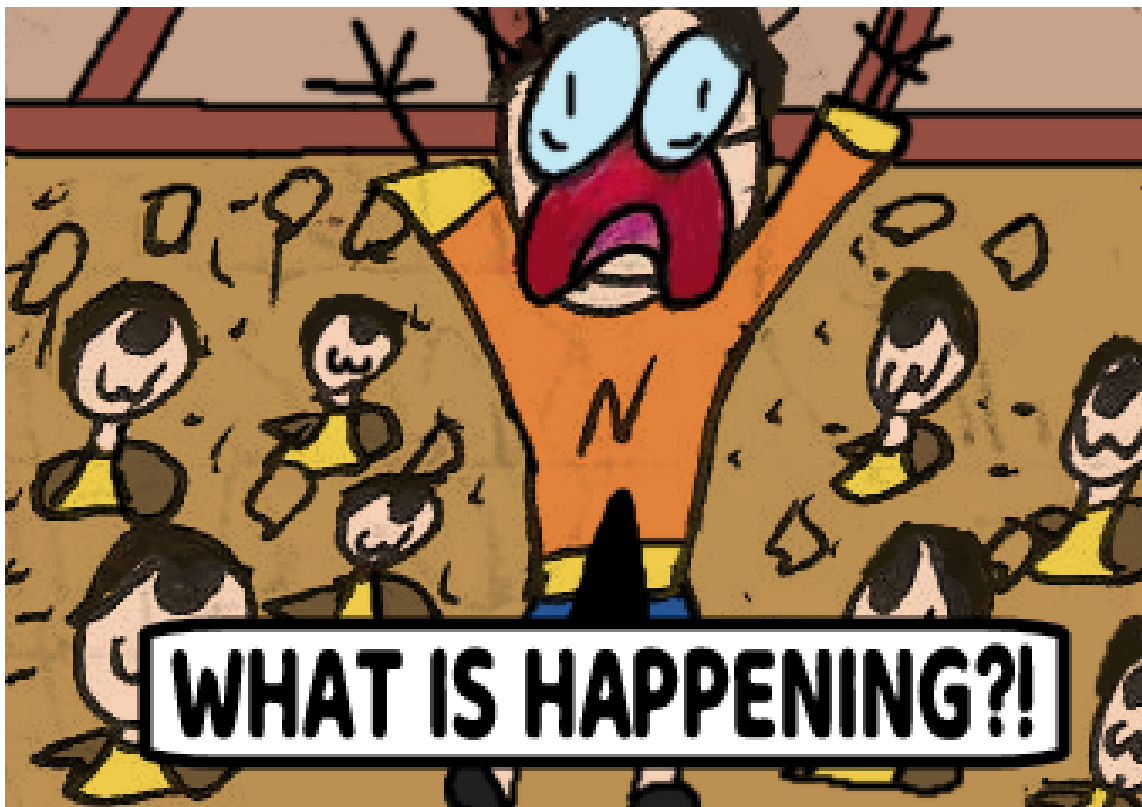
“Can it be something that covers me? So, y’know... people don’t see the pink?”



Right after they left, my defeated body exploded into a shower of pixels and I respawned in the far corner of the room. Sighing, I headed back over to the couch, but that was when a Zack head smashed right through the floor in front of me! I screamed and flailed around as another one popped up behind me! Then another popped up, and another, and then another until I was surrounded on all sides by dozens of Zack heads sticking out of the floor.

“AAAAH! WHAT IS HAPPENING?!”





They all laughed in unison- almost as if they were one entity- before spinning around like they usually do. This allowed me to compose myself and put on a brave face, ready to take care of this little issue. I thrust a finger in the direction of the first one I made eye contact with.

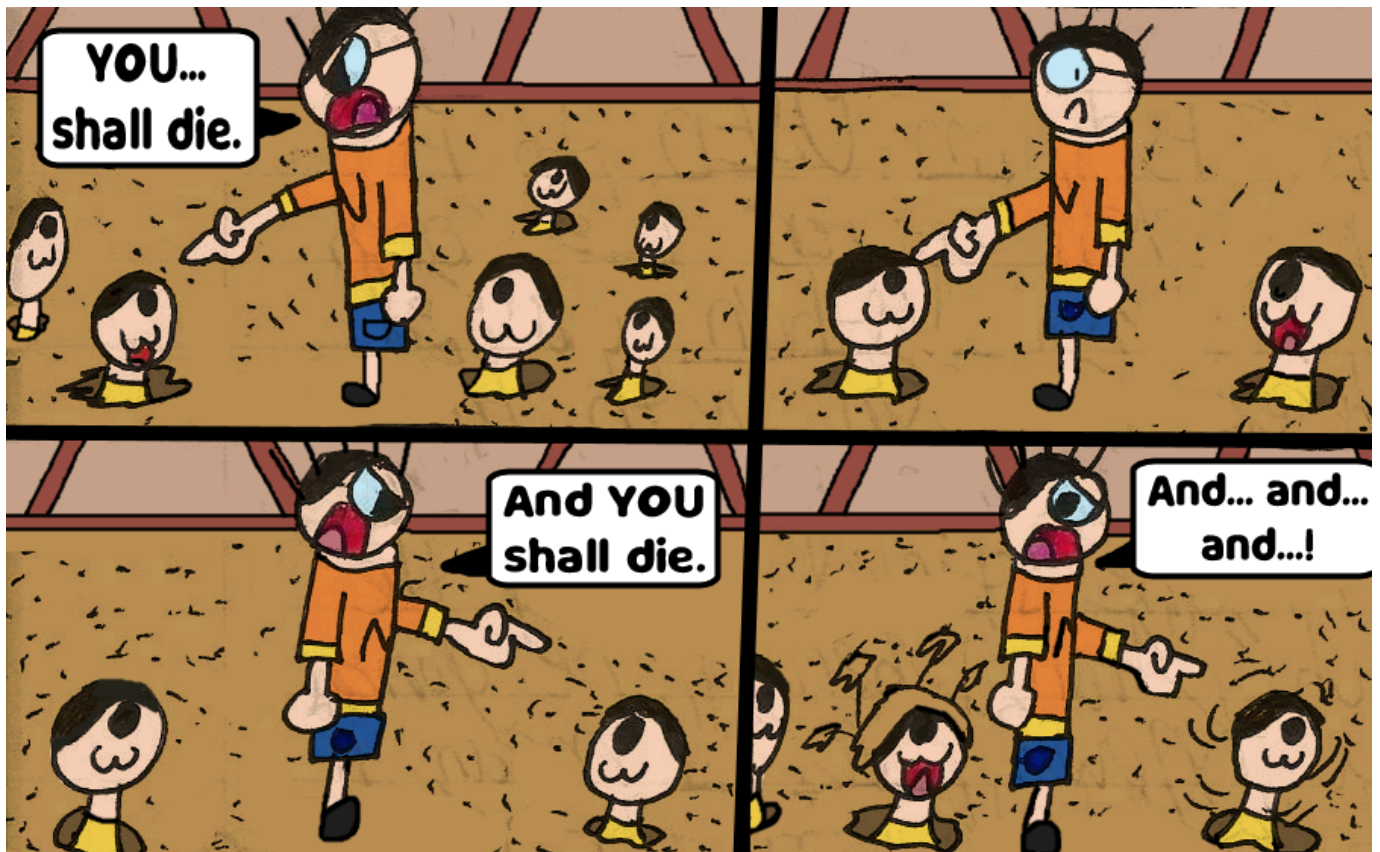
“YOU... shall die.”

I noticed there was one right behind me so I whipped around and pointed at it next.

“And YOU shall die.”

It gleefully spun around as another head broke through the floor behind me.

“And... and... and...!”



I turned to another head and pointed again.

“YOU shall die.”

And then another.

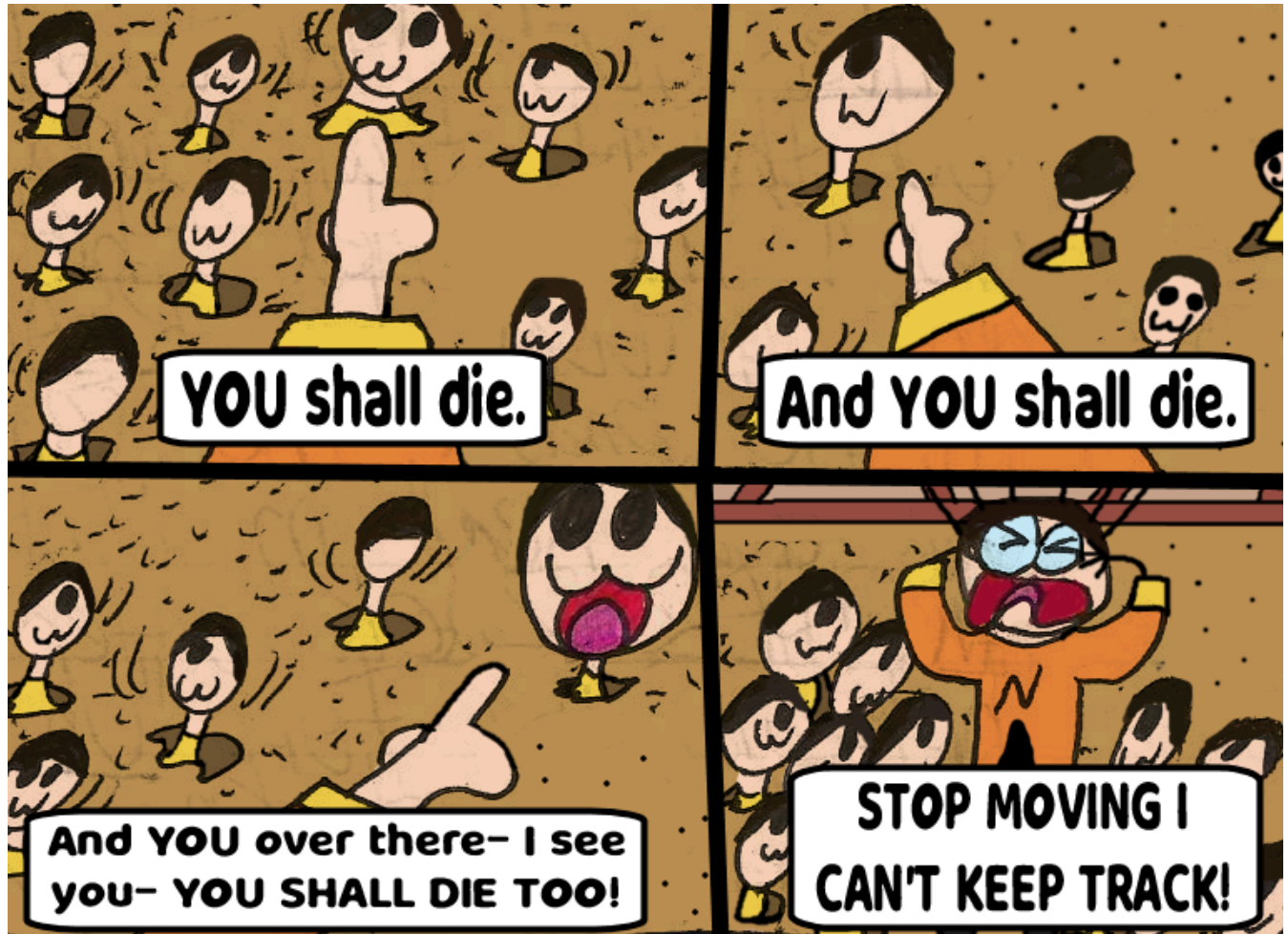
“And YOU shall die.”

And then to one that was particularly plump.

“And YOU over there- I see you- YOU SHALL DIE TOO!”

They all started spinning and bobbing to the point where I couldn't remember which heads I had already threatened.

"STOP MOVING I CAN'T KEEP TRACK!"



I screamed and took off running towards the couch, stepping on several heads along the way. The good thing about them is they're rooted in place! Over here, FlamDawg and Amber were busy working on his costume. He was now covered in a white bed sheet- likely something pulled from an unused hotel scene- and Amber was using a pair of pink scissors to cut eye holes. Apparently, this was intended to be a no-budget ghost costume. His muffled voice was heard through the sheet.

"Thanks for doing this, Amber."

She smiled rather proudly.

"Well, I had a few seconds to spare since I wasn't doing anything, so why not?"

"What about your pumpkin carving?"

“Oh, sweetie... that was a *dream* you had and I refuse to talk about your dreams because they scare me. Anyway, I think it turned out pretty good considering it's only been twelve seconds and I've never used scissors before.”

We all know that's a lie. She fluffed out the costume a bit and set the scissors down.

“There! All finished!”



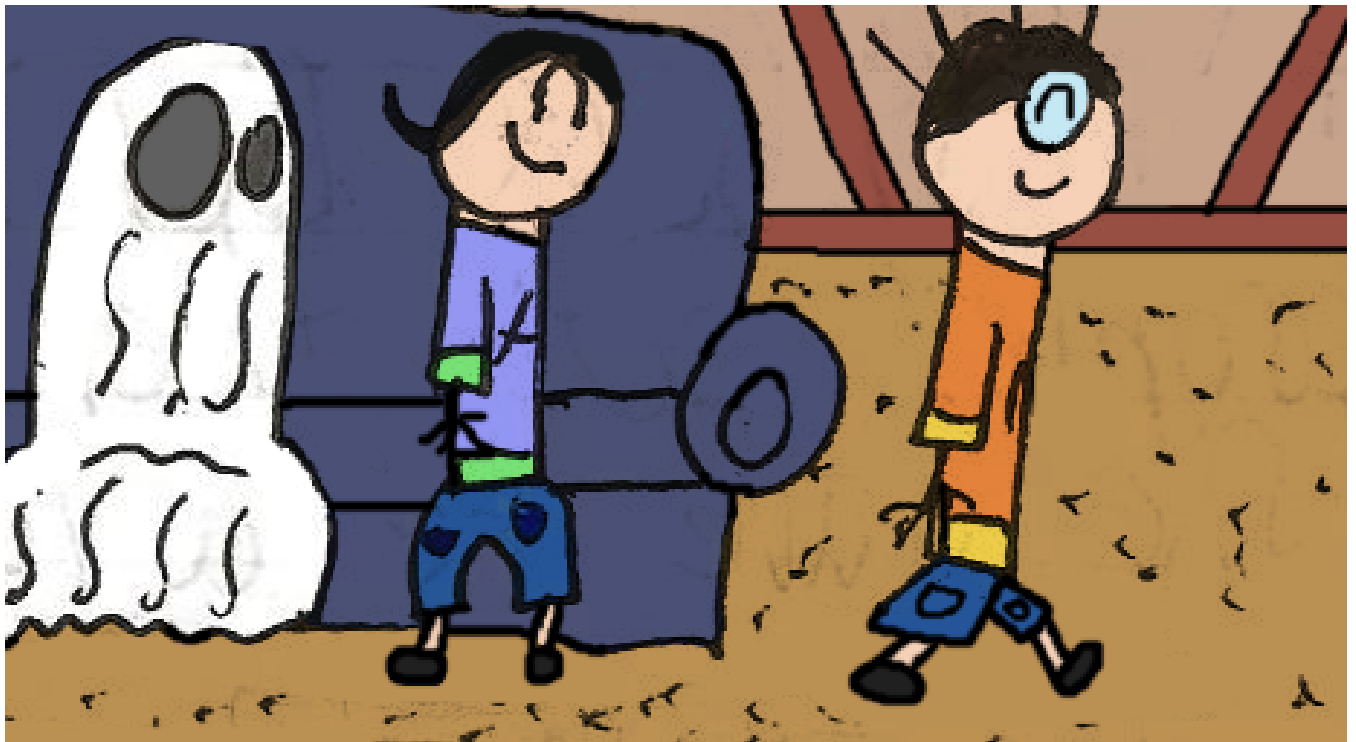
It was then that I passed by. When I saw the costume, I stopped and smiled.

“Ooh! What a scary costume! That might just be the most terrifying thing I’ve ever seen!”

Amber smiled again as I walked past, but then I stopped and turned back.

“Oh, I like yours too, FlamDawg!”

The smile turned into a jaw-drop as I quickly shuffled away.





As I scurried off to find somewhere to hide in the event she came looking for me and my supple throat, Zack suddenly floated up through the ground right in front of me! My Bejeezus was scared quite thoroughly and I grasped my chest as he ascended before me. I guess this was the real one this time? I'm not sure how the whole "multiple heads" thing works. Upon recovering my much needed Life Breath, I stared at him because it was clear he wanted something. Then, there was a puff of pink smoke and a small pumpkin-shaped basket appeared in his hand, prompting me to sigh and roll my eyes.



"Let me guess... you want to go trick-or-treating, too?"

"Yes."

"Fine... I'll allow it. But NO HACKING. If I hear even a single siren in the distance, I'm pressing the button that does the thing you don't like!"

His eyes grew wide with fear. Feeling confident that I had expertly handled that little exchange, I turned and strutted away, leaving him to slump over in defeat. This year would be a lot less fun if he couldn't Hack to claim all of the candy in the neighborhood with a single hand-wave.



I headed over to the kitchen area, ignoring the fact that more and more pieces of our kitchen seemed to appear within the glitched environment every time we went over there, and opened one of the cabinets to grab the Halloween candy and a bowl to put it in. You'd be amazed how many of these characters simply can't reach high enough to access the goodies in the top cabinets. Then, I shook the bag which felt surprisingly light and a single Sugar Blast Zapper slid out and landed in the pumpkin bowl.

"Uh... what?"



I blinked a few times in confusion before shoving my entire head into the bag for inspection. When this led to an inherent lack of air, I popped out and stared down at the bowl.

“I know I bought a full bag of candy... Where did it all go?”

It was then that I realized that Cat had been standing on the other side of the counter this entire time. I slowly turned and saw that her cheeks were full to bursting with... something. Something edible. Sweat beaded on her furred brow as we locked eyes for a moment. Then, I gave her a look.

“Caaat...?”



Her eyes bulged cartoonishly and even more sweat poured out of... wherever it comes from. I thought dogs didn't have sweat glands, though?

"What happened to the candy? Have you seen where-"

"BLEH BLAH BLAH BLEH BLAH!"

The dam suddenly burst and a barrage of pre-chewed chocolate and nougat shot out of her mouth and splattered all over my face. This continued for a full five seconds until I was left standing there with a face that was more chocolate than skin. I was silent for a moment, but then I inhaled sharply.

"Uh-huh. That's what I thought."



I reached over and violently yanked on her ear, using it to wipe every last molecule of chocolate from my face. When I let go, I practically flung her, sending her crashing to the floor. Maybe that'll teach her not to eat all of the yearly Halloween candy. Wait, I thought dogs couldn't eat chocolate? Thankfully, when I reached into the same cabinet again, there was another bag of candy inside, likely as the result of some sort of item duplication glitch. After filling the bowl and kicking Cat's unconscious carcass into a nearby campfire (this place is weird), I wandered back over to the couch to see how Amber and FlamDawg were faring. Almost immediately, I heard loud screaming so apparently not great. I hurried over and saw that Zack was now sitting on the couch and Amber was using FlamDawg as a shield to protect herself from... his general existence, I think?

"AAAAH! NOOO! WAAAAH!"

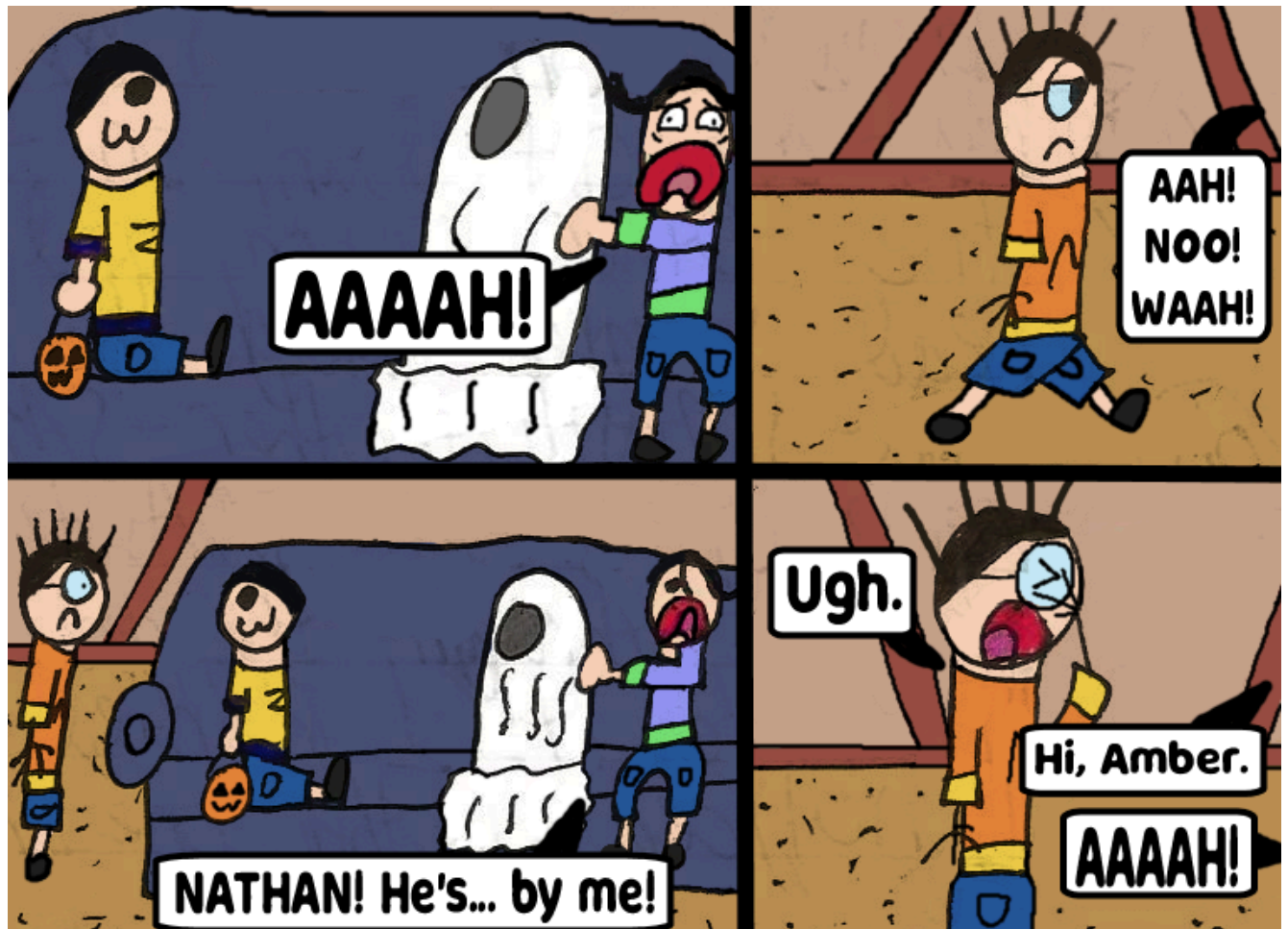
When she saw me heading over, she flailed around and shook FlamDawg harder.

"NATHAN! He's... *BY ME!*"

Zack turned and looked up at me with a cute smile that could melt anyone's heart. Too bad mine is cold and dead! I simply sighed and shook my head, knowing that this was going to be a long, *long* night.

"Hi, Amber."

“AAAAAAH! HIS WORDS TOUCHED ME!”



She tore the sheet right off of FlamDawg and threw it at him with literally no skill whatsoever. As it fluttered his way, his eyes glowed red and the sheet instantly burned up and turned to dust. Maybe he's not so cute after all! This left FlamDawg without a costume and, more importantly, exposed for the entire world to see his pinkness. Zack immediately burst into laughter, but I left around the time that it sounded like he ruptured something. All I know is, there was a loud splattering sound and I'm not dealing with it.

Later that evening, I was standing around by the front door waiting for the trick-or-treating to start at exactly 6PM. Unlike in the real world, we trick-or-treat when it gets dark! Now, you might be wondering how all of this works considering we're trapped in a glitched-out *Viewer Fun* studio. You already know that there are a bunch of random assets loaded in all around the studio, like the kitchen stuff, for example. Our front door is loaded in on the east wall and surprisingly functions just fine. Up until now, it simply led to the dark Void that exists outside the confines of the scene we reside in, but now the Halloween event is active! Whenever there's an event like a boss battle or a holiday or something else specially scripted, like that time Max replaced Zack for a while, it overrides whatever else is happening with certain assets. This

is why there are Halloween decorations everywhere when we haven't actually done any decorating- it's loading the decorated version of *Viewer Fun* over the glitched one. So, to summarize, because it's Halloween, all of the glitched nonsense is temporarily ignored and our usual neighborhood exists on the other side of our front door like it usually does. Only it's the Halloween version set at night with limited-time interactable NPCs! Wait, aren't we all technically NPCs? Gah, not another existential crisis!

It was then that I heard FlamDawg call from somewhere off-screen.

"Okay! I'm ready to go!"

He waddled over, now wearing some kind of... costume? I'm not sure what it was supposed to be. The best description I can come up with is that it looked like he was shoved into a white paper lantern.

"All set! I was able to put together this new costume."

I stared at him for a long while, trying to come up with some sort of answer before finally asking.

"So, uh... what the heck are you supposed to be?"

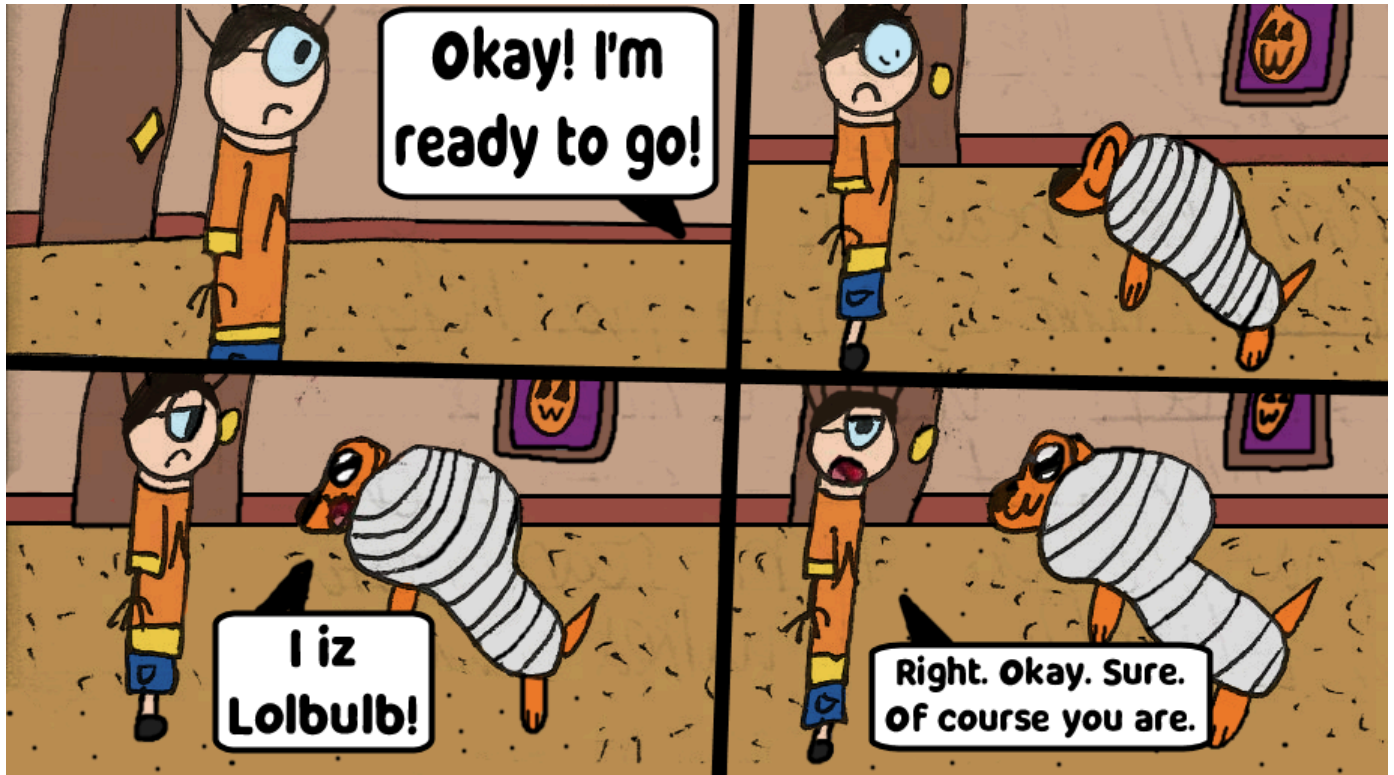
His eyes got all sparkly.

"I is Lolbulb!"

"Right. Okay. Sure. Of course you are."

"It's something from 2010- you wouldn't understand."

"You're absolutely right."



He turned and waddled over to the door.

“Alright, I’m heading out!”

I suddenly thrust an arm out to stop him.

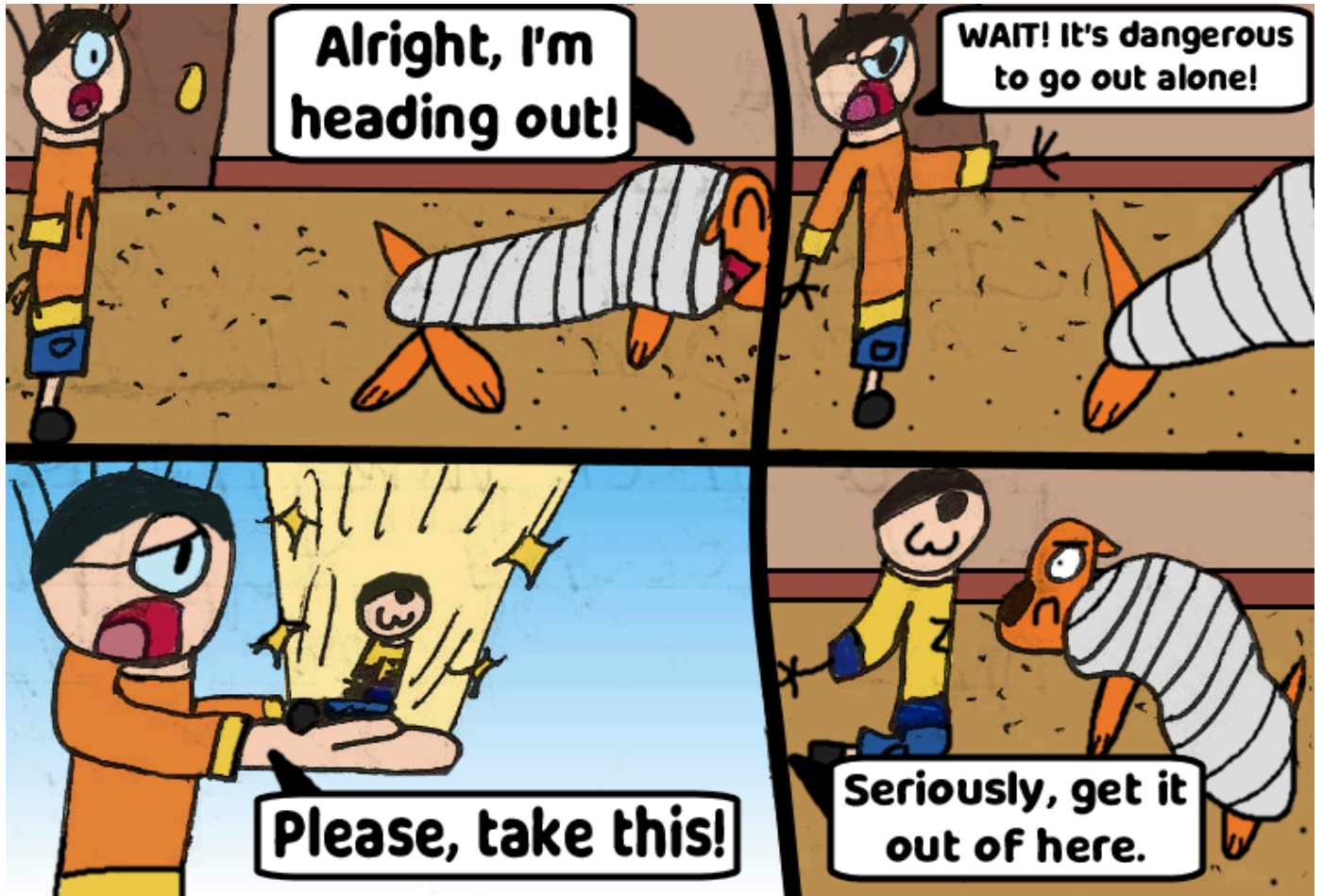
“WAIT! STOP! It’s dangerous to go out alone!”

I held my hands together and a divine light emanated from them. In the very center, something began to expand, and it was soon revealed to be Zack.

“Please, take this!”

He assumed his full size and floated off of my hands, joining FlamDawg’s side.

“Seriously, get it out of here. I want him out of my way for one night.”



FlamDawg rolled his eyes as Zack slid in rather close.

“Oh, great. I’m sure this won’t be a disaster at all.”

Then, Zack backed up and smiled wide as a polka-dot background flashed behind him.

ZACK joined your party!



Oh, great.

ZACK joined your party!



The background suddenly peeled away, ripping of FlamDawg's costume in the process.

ZACK's abilities: Hacking. Manipulation. Utter destruction. ZACK can defy the logic of the universe with his abilities. While this might sound like something he could use for good, he instead uses it to obliterate everything and everyone in his path. Good luck escaping this nightmare!

Zack flailed around as some of the various copyrighted weapons he uses drifted by. Then, the background crumpled up and disappeared, leaving the two standing and floating by the front door, now with costume on and all.

Zack's abilities: Hacking.



Good luck escaping this nightmare!



"Okay, I guess we're leaving."

FlamDawg opened the door and stepped out into the night. Zack followed behind him and grabbed onto the door handle to close it as I called out to them.

“Be safe! Love you!! Zack, remember what I said about the sirens!”

He stopped and his head suddenly cracked all the way around.

“So what you’re saying is... if the sirens can’t be heard, then I won’t get in trouble? Good to know... HEH HEH HEH.”

He cackled wickedly as he slowly and gently closed the door behind him, leaving me standing there with wide, fearful eyes.

“I really worry about that kid.”

With that, I turned and headed over to Cat and BlueEye who were standing around near a random pull-down staircase that led to a higher floor. It’s kinda weird considering the *Viewer Fun* studio is on the highest floor, but then again we *are* in a glitched space away from home. Amber walked over the same time I did and stared at us.

“Hey! What are you guys doing?”

“While Zack’s away, we’re planning on destroying that Respawner machine for good this time.”

“Whaaat? So who’s gonna hand out candy?”

“You.”

“UGH! But I was gonna put on my princess outfit and commit crimes!”

“You can do that any time of year.”

“YEAH, but it’s ILLEGAL then.”

I gave her a look until she stomped her foot.

“FINE! I guess I’ll have to be the smart, charming, responsible one!”

I smiled and turned to the others.

“Great! That’ll allow us to smash this thing! Uh... except we don’t know where it is.”

I KNOW WHERE IT IS.

“Oh! Is that the Overseer?”

We all looked up at the ceiling.

INDEED! YOU MAY BE TRAPPED IN A GLITCH BUT I AM STILL HERE, WATCHING OVER YOU AND DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO HELP!

“Yeah, that sounds about ri-”

UNTIL NOW!! THE ZACK RESPAWNER IS LOCATED IN HIS ROOM, ON HIS BRAND NEW PATIO THAT HE INSTALLED DURING THOSE BIG RENOVATIONS.

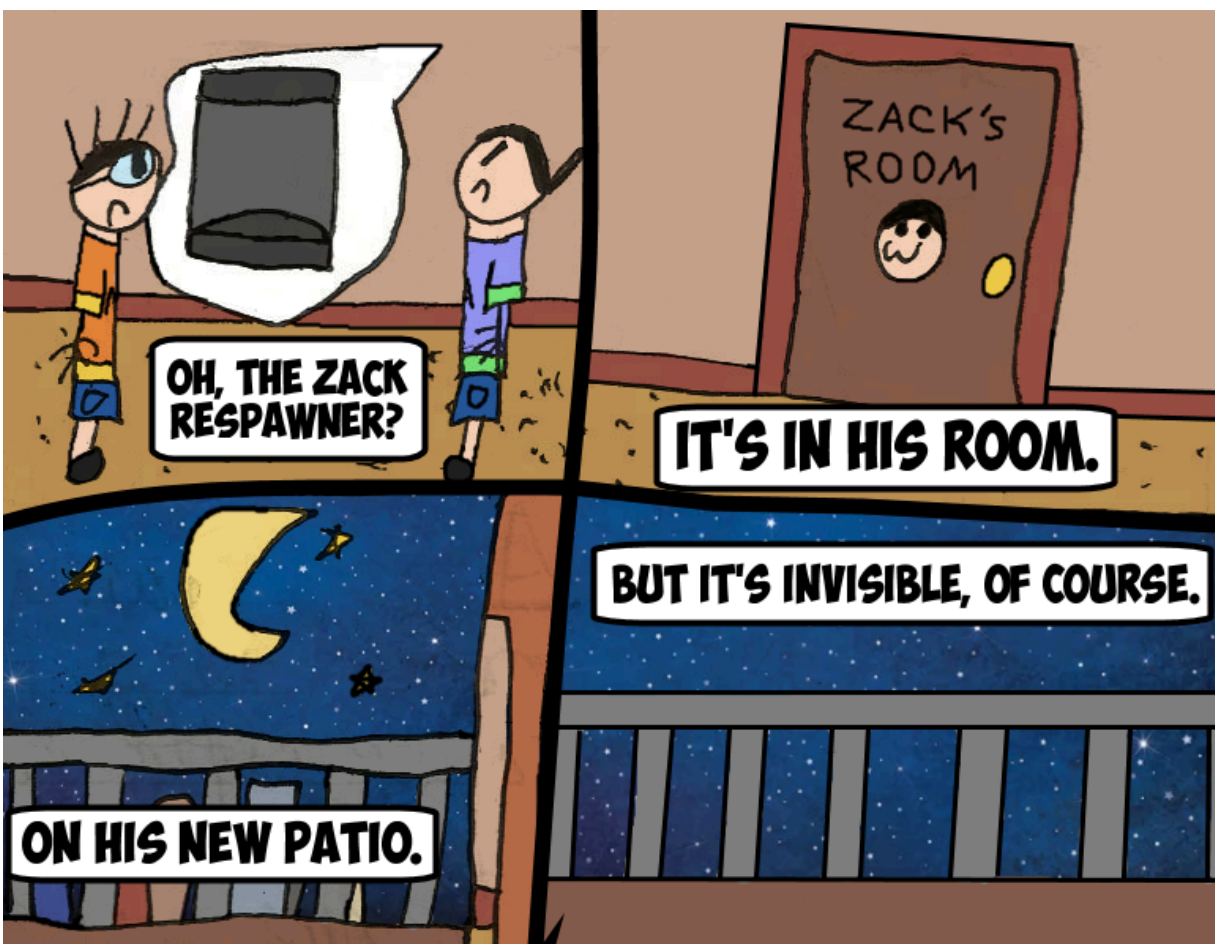
“What? But we were all there for his barbecue blowout party and didn’t see anything!”

THAT’S BECAUSE IT HAS A BARRIER THAT MAKES IT INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE. AND NO, THAT DOESN’T MEAN YOU NEED TO PUT CLOTHES ON YOUR EYES!

We quickly stuffed the tiny sweaters back into our pockets.

“Alright! And it looks like this staircase leads to what would usually be the second floor of our house! Come on, let’s go check out his patio!”

And so we headed upstairs, leaving Amber to handle the trick-or-treaters all by her lonesome.



Meanwhile, FlamDawg and Zack were off trick-or-treating in the darkened, spooky neighborhood, looking at all of the houses decorated for the holiday. And not one teepee in sight! That’s because we have *quality background characters* in this town. Ignore Zack. They wandered down the street, passing by various AI-generated NPCs wearing costumes of all

shapes and sizes. Interestingly, some of them commented on Zack's costume despite him not even wearing one and FlamDawg got absolutely no attention whatsoever.



At one point, they crossed paths with Bob who froze the moment he saw Zack floating around with his little pumpkin-shaped basket. The sight of Zack Hacking before him made him have a complete meltdown right there in the middle of the road.

“HAAAAAX!!!!!!!!11!!!!1!!”

KA-POW! The meltdown was so severe that he screamed until he violently exploded, sending candy that he was apparently comprised of raining down upon the neighborhood! Several kids ran over to scoop up the unclaimed murder candy, but every single piece warped right into Zack's basket the moment they reached for it. The Vacuum mod often comes in handy when there's things that need sucking! Oop, poor choice of words.





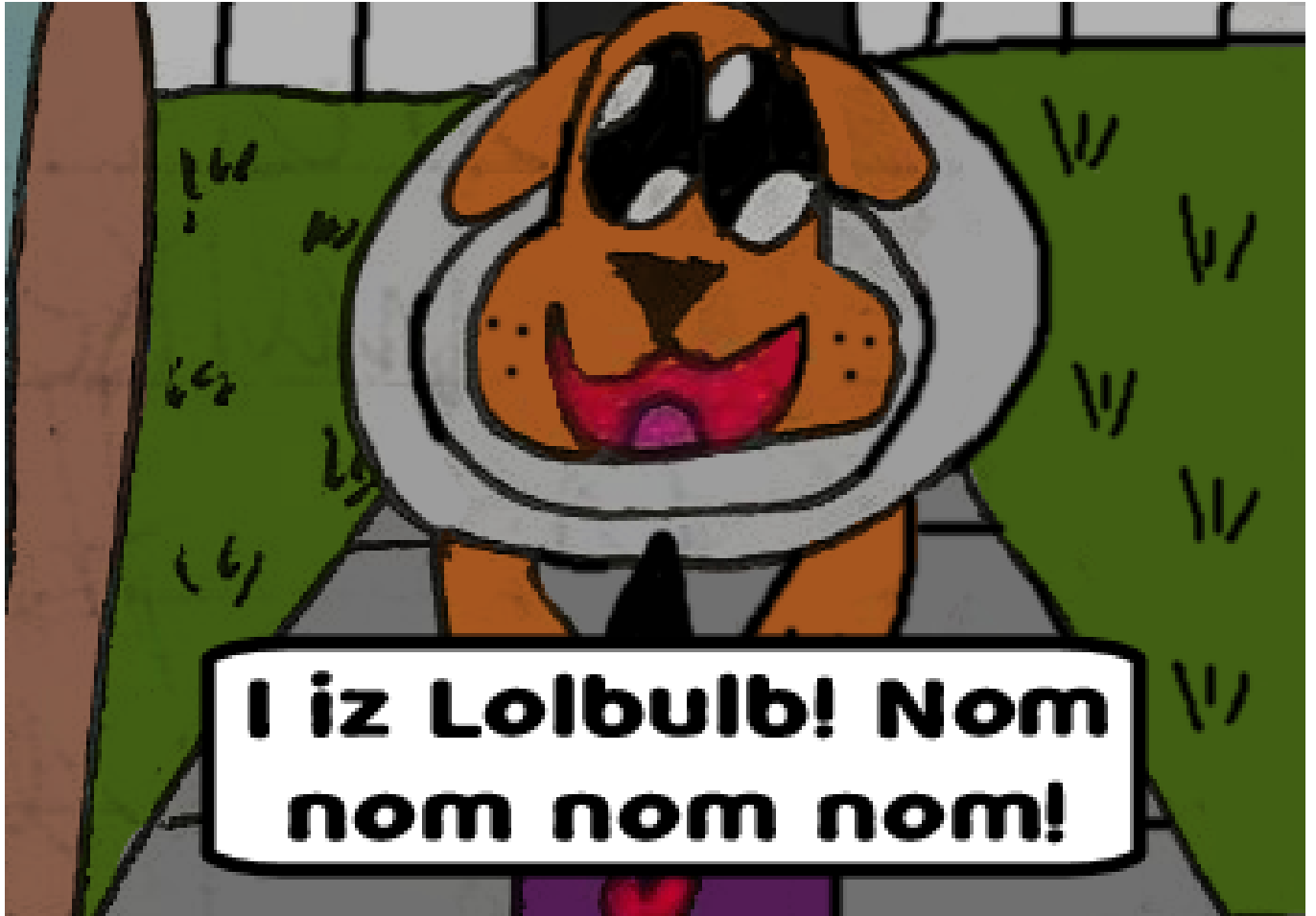
Choosing to ignore all of the chaos Zack was causing just by existing, FlamDawg turned and headed over to a house for his first trick-or-treat of the night. I'm only just now realizing that it shouldn't be possible for FlamDawg to walk normally with that costume bending him over like that. He must have a crazy tight core! He walked up the pathway and rang the doorbell, then stood and waited with a smile. A moment later, the door swung open and a generic, faceless NPC greeted him. We can't see him so he really doesn't matter! FlamDawg's eyes sparkled as he put on a cute face and held out his purple candy bag.

"Twick-or-Tweat! I iz Lolbulb! Nom nom nom nom nom!"

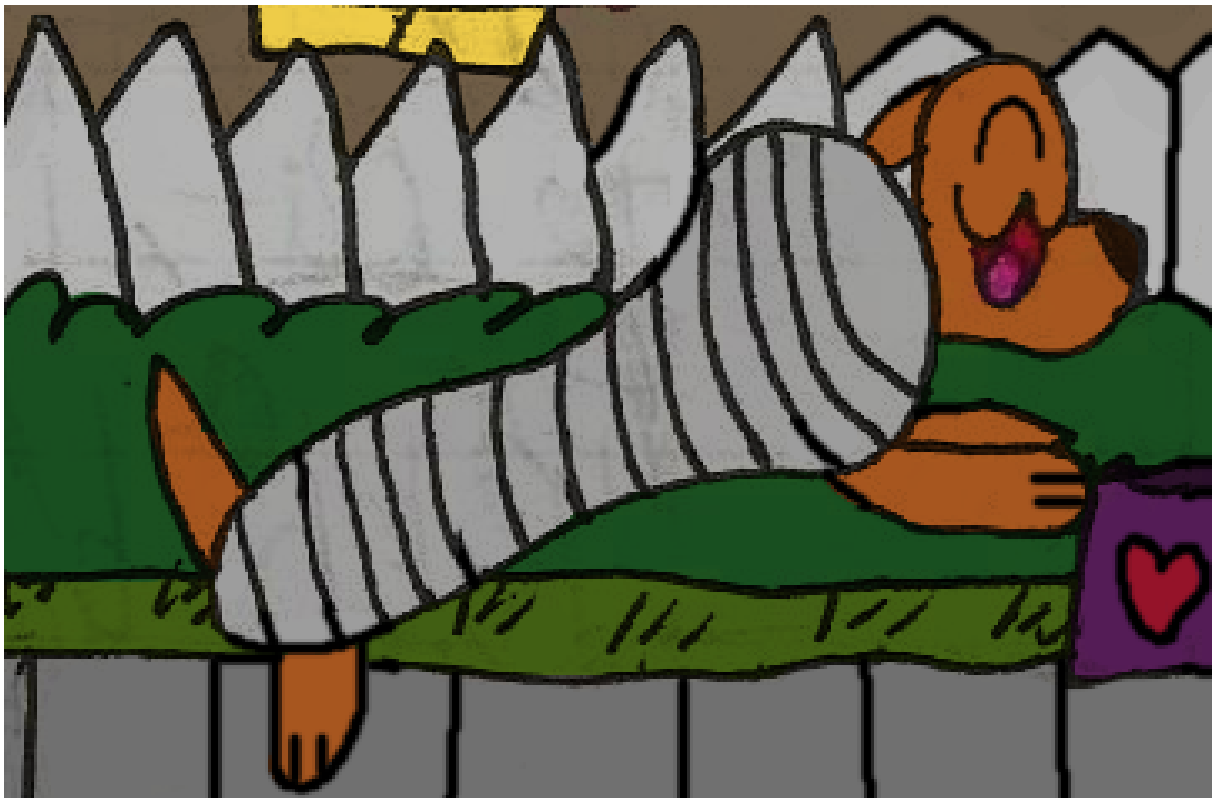
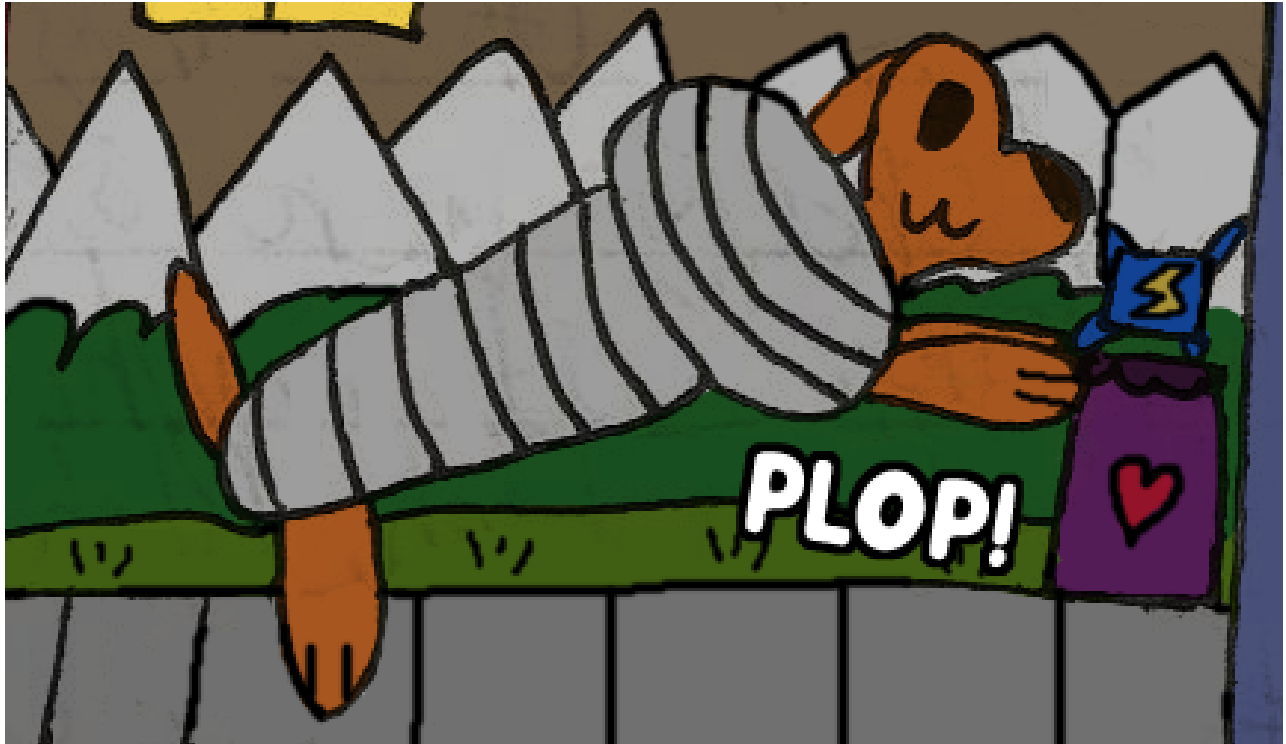
The man in the doorway stared at him for a moment before awkwardly tossing a single Sugar Blast Zapper into his bag. Despite not getting much of a reaction, FlamDawg seemed pleased and smiled wide.

"NOM!"





**I iz Lolbulb! Nom
nom nom nom!**



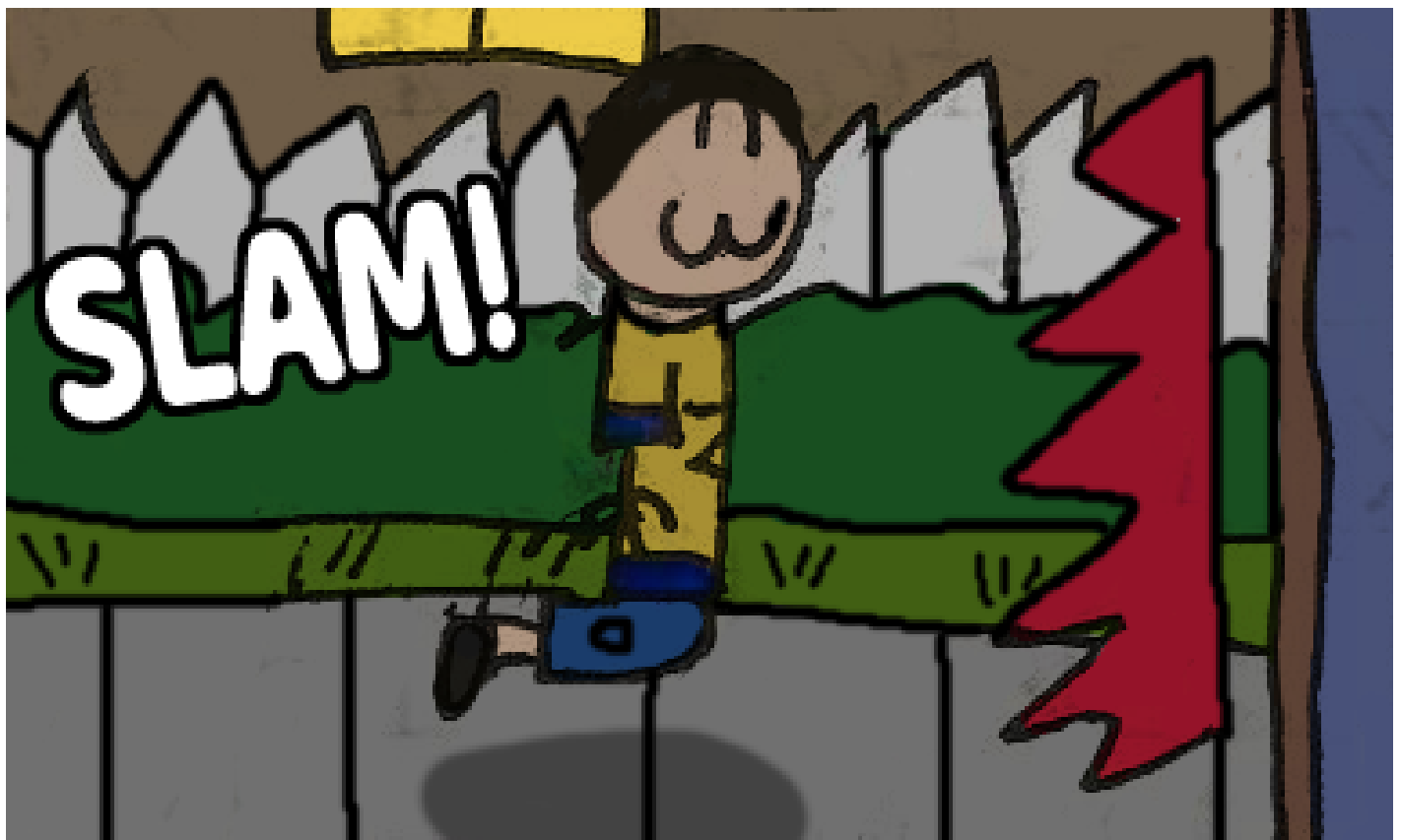
With that, he turned and waddled back down the pathway, signaling Zack that it was his turn for candy. Zack slowly drifted up the pathway and arrived at the open door with a face far cuter than FlamDawg could ever hope to have. This façade lasted for but a moment before a demonic

energy engulfed the area and everything became stained a deep, ethereal red. His eyes became intense and he screeched in a monstrous voice.

"I'M GONNA KILL YOU!"

The guy screamed, cried a little bit, then slammed the door in Zack's face while choking on his own tears. No candy was dropped but Zack seemed to be satisfied with this outcome nonetheless.





He turned and headed back over to FlamDawg who greeted him on the sidewalk with a mix of shock and anger.

“What the heck was THAT for?!”

“Huh? Isn’t Halloween all about being scary? I did my best!”

“I think you did your worst.”

He pointed to the house which now had a “for sale” sign on the front lawn.

“Oh! That was fast.”

“Let’s just go...”

He turned and angrily hobbled down the sidewalk while Zack floated after him with a smile.

Meanwhile, we returned to the glitched studio where Amber was sitting at a table placed near the door, waiting for potential trick-or-treaters to arrive. She was trying to enjoy a nice cup of tea to heal her body and what remained of her soul, but all of this was being ruined by the loud noises coming from upstairs. After a few moments of angrily shaking in her chair, she jumped up and ran over to the stairs leading to the higher floor.

“Can you stop being so NOISY up there? I can’t hear myself think about my hopes and dreams!”

A moment or two later, my angry face appeared above the stairs.

“Would you be quiet down there?! I’m trying to get this DONE! We are ATTEMPTING to bust his door down with our brawny bodies! GO DRINK YOUR TEA!”



Then, BlueEye's voice was heard.

"Hey! I seriously found a battering ram!"

My head disappeared as I ran over to him.

"Ooh, that's perfect! Gimme that! Zack, I respected your privacy by slamming into your door but now I'm exercising my authority as main character by coming in anyway!"

There was a deafening crashing sound as we smashed right through the door and went flying into his room. Amber shook her head before turning towards you, the dear reader. Instead of actually talking to you, she seemed to speak to the Overseer.

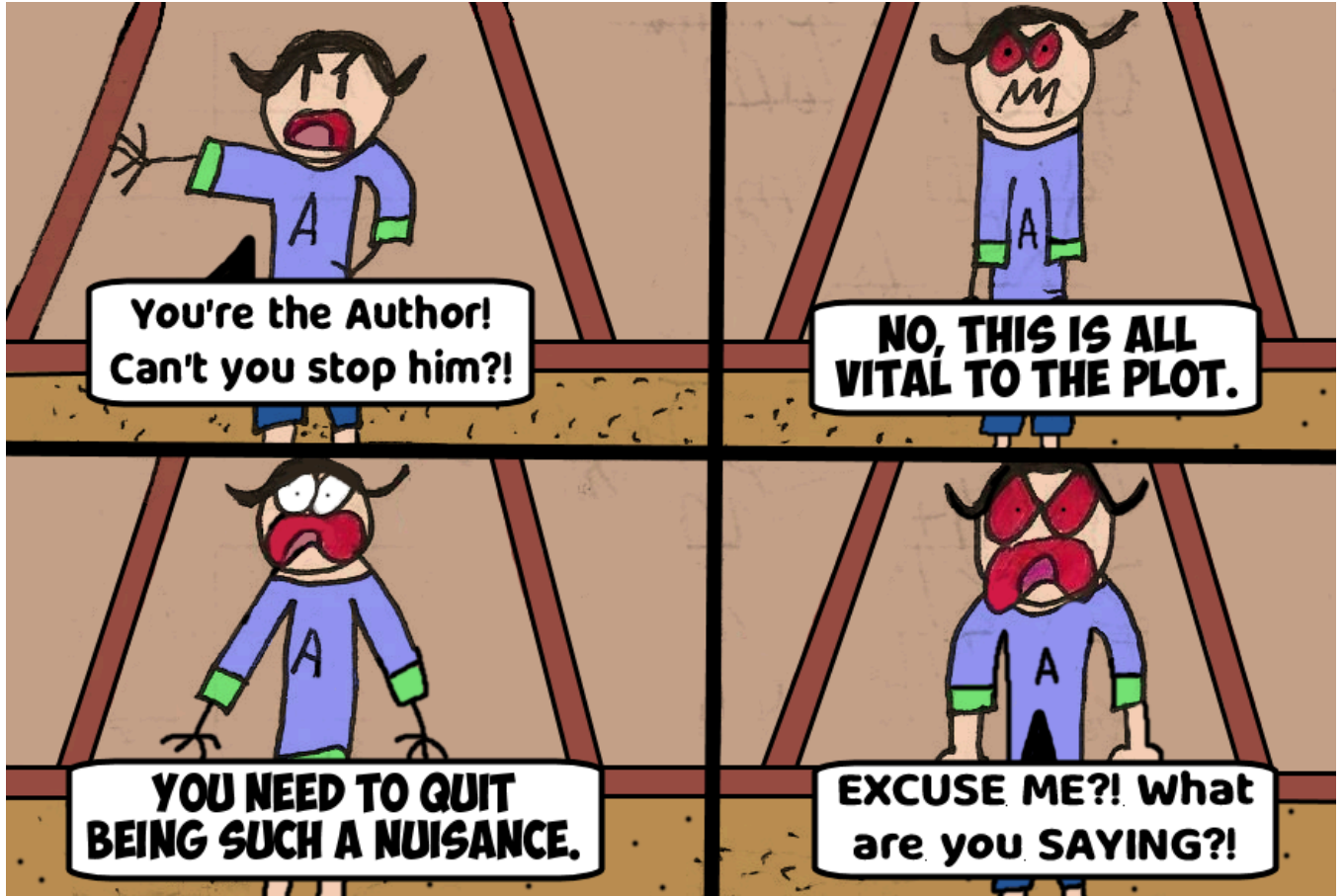
"You're the Author! Er, Overseer! Can't you stop him? He's gone off the deep end!"

NO. THIS IS ALL VITAL TO THE PLOT.

"The plot?!"

YOU NEED TO QUIT BEING SUCH A NUISANCE.

"EXCUSE ME?! What are you saying?!"

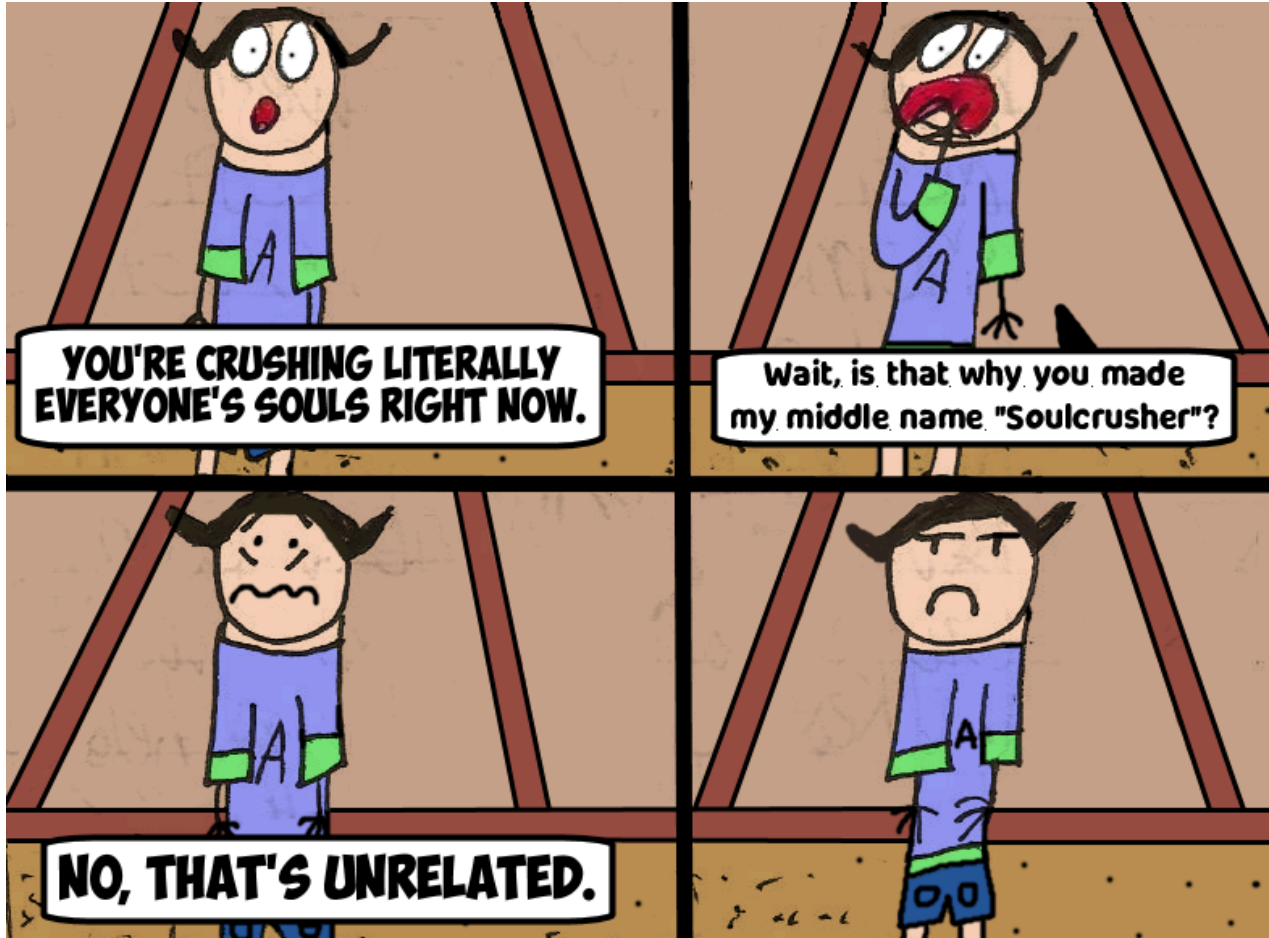


YOU ARE CRUSHING LITERALLY EVERYONE'S SOULS RIGHT NOW. IT'S LIKE YOUR SPECIAL SKILL.

She gasped as if she was having a sudden epiphany.

“Wait, is that why you made my middle name ‘Soulcrusher’?”

NO, THAT IS ENTIRELY UNRELATED.



She made an annoyed face as my head, now bandaged and bruised, appeared at the top of the stairs again.

“Amber Soulcrusher Shine! Are you going to leave me to my Zack obliteration or am I going to have to come down there and plow you with this battering ram?!”

She threw her hands into the air and started walking away.

“Fine, fine! Whatever! But if you kill yourselves I’m just taking all of this candy for myself.”

She wandered back over to her table and I glared at her as she went.

“How *dare* you...! That goes on my *grave*!”

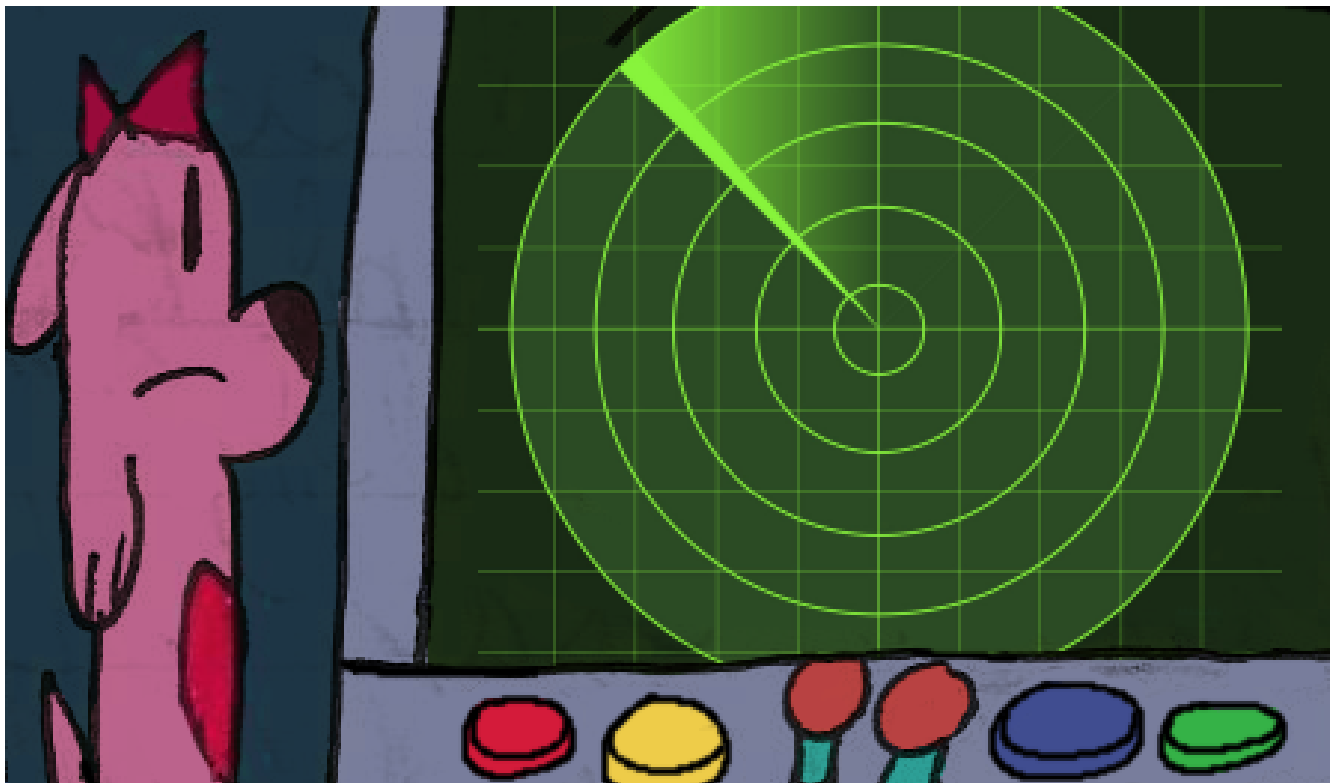
We cut to sometime later when BlueEye, Cat, and I had gotten underway with Operation: Stop Zack From Reviving Himself So We Can Stab Him in the Boob and Finally Kill Him Forever. We didn’t really have time to workshop the title because we were currently crammed into a submarine in the middle of his surprisingly spacious closet, trying to figure out how everything worked. What did this have to do with the operation? Not much, but when we searched his room we found that his closet looked like some kind of garage and had a large submarine in it. I

wanted to play with it a bit so here we are. The front had the words "Zack's Hack Submarine" painted on it, indicating this was likely a vehicle that Zack would use to harass us at some point, but I had crossed that out and it now read "Track Zack Submarine" which felt more appropriate for the given situation. There was also an image of his face on the side but I drew a mustache and devil horns over it.



Inside, JT and I were fiddling with the controls while Cat stood in the back, watching a large monitor with a radar system in it. I'm not sure when JT joined us for this but let's pretend he's relevant for a while. I'm also not sure why we were fiddling with the controls when we weren't

underwater, but let's pretend we knew what we were doing and that there was a reason for everything.



“Right. Okay. So this button here? You can press it. Good to know.”

“What about this lever?”

I reached out and gripped it with a trembling hand before awkwardly pulling it down.

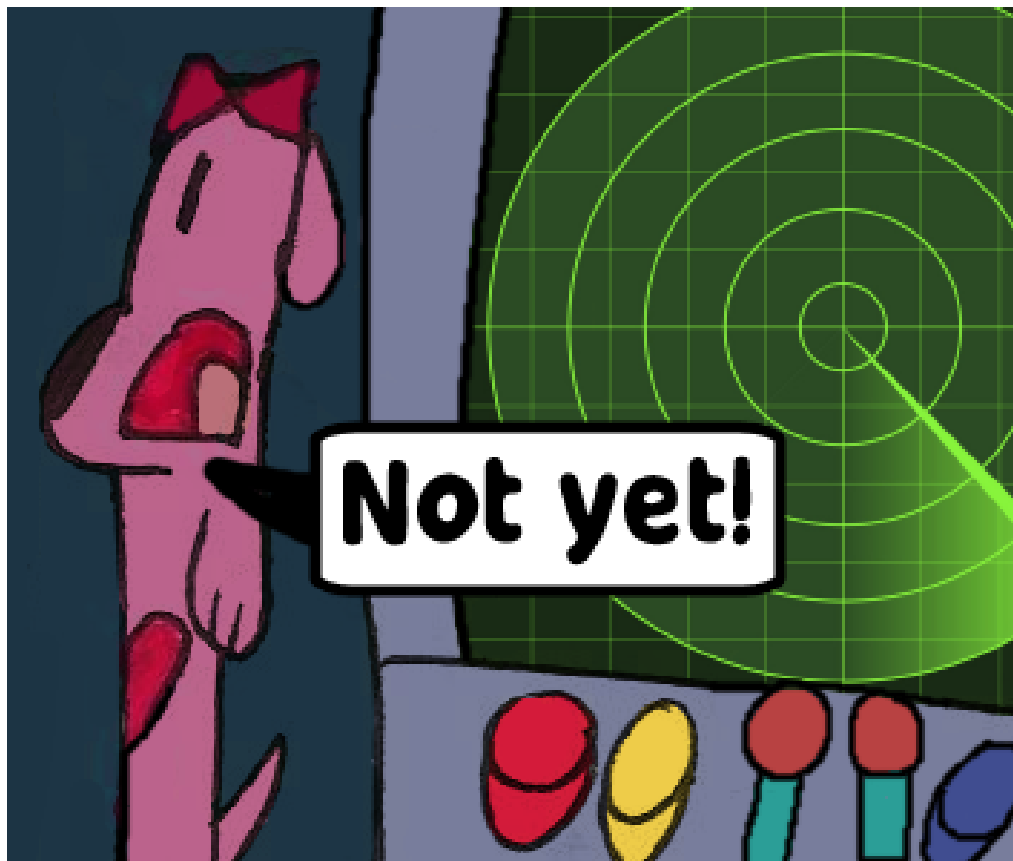
“AHA! You can pull this lever!”

“Technology is truly amazing.”

I nodded vigorously before turning around.

“We are one step closer to discovering the truth. Cat, is there anything on the radar?”

“Not yet!”



She stared at it as the dial spun around. But then, it seemed to pick up a signal and a soft pinging filled the interior of the submarine.

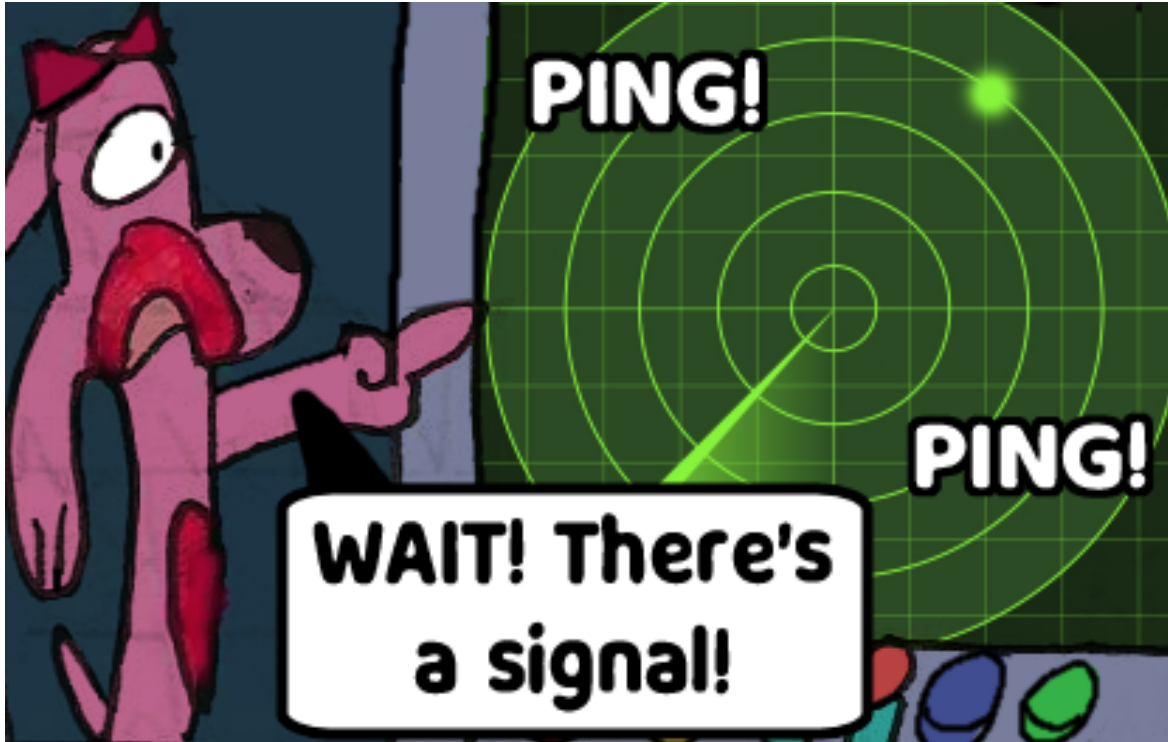
PING! PING!

“Wait! There’s a signal! It must be the Zack Respawner!”

Suddenly, the radar started flashing and more dots popped up, turning the entire thing into a multicolored dance party while the pinging became a catchy melody.

PING PING PING! PING PING PA-PING PING!

“Dear God, he Hacked the radar.”



“This calls for extreme measures!”

The doors to the submarine flew open and we all rolled out of it as it violently exploded and destroyed the entire closet. We hurried over to the screen door in the back of the room and pulled it open to step onto the patio, ignoring the fact that the rest of the room was starting to catch on fire.

“Everyone! This way! It leads to the patio!”

Everyone dashed through the door with determined looks on our faces as something else exploded behind us, likely that disgusting shelf. As we stepped out onto the patio, we were met with a breathtaking view. It was the dead of night with the moon hanging high, yet it shined down upon the patio which overlooked the town and gave us a magnificent view of the city in the distance. It felt like several things didn't quite add up, like the distance of the city or how high we were in the air, but then I remembered that we're trapped in a glitched reality and Zack cheats anyway so the view is all that matters! I quickly turned to everyone.

“Okay, so we're on his patio. Now what?”

“I seriously dunno. The submarine seriously exploded before we could ascertain the location of the thingie we gotta break.”





I turned to Cat to get her opinion, but she was busy texting away on her cellphone.

"LOL... smileyface..."

She looked up and saw that I was staring at her.

"What? I was just texting Rex that we won't be coming to rescue him from wherever he went."

"NOW IS NOT THE TIME!"

I slapped the phone out of her paws and it exploded when it hit the wooden floor below.



Just as all hope was about to be lost, the Overseer chimed in to help us.

OH. I SEE YOU ARE ALL HERE. WONDERFUL. ALLOW ME TO HELP. HOLD ON, LET ME PUT DOWN MY BAGEL. THERE WE ARE. OKAY, READY?

What followed was the three of us frantically running in different directions while the Overseer barked orders at us.

GO UP! MORE! NO! TOO FAR! DOWN! NO, DOWN! RIGHT! NO, UP MORE! LEFT! LEFT! RIGHT! I NEVER SAID LEFT! UP MORE! COME ON, UP! NOT DOWN, BLUEEYE!

"OH!"



Finally, we all collapsed onto the floor and gasped for air. The Overseer was silent for a moment before speaking.

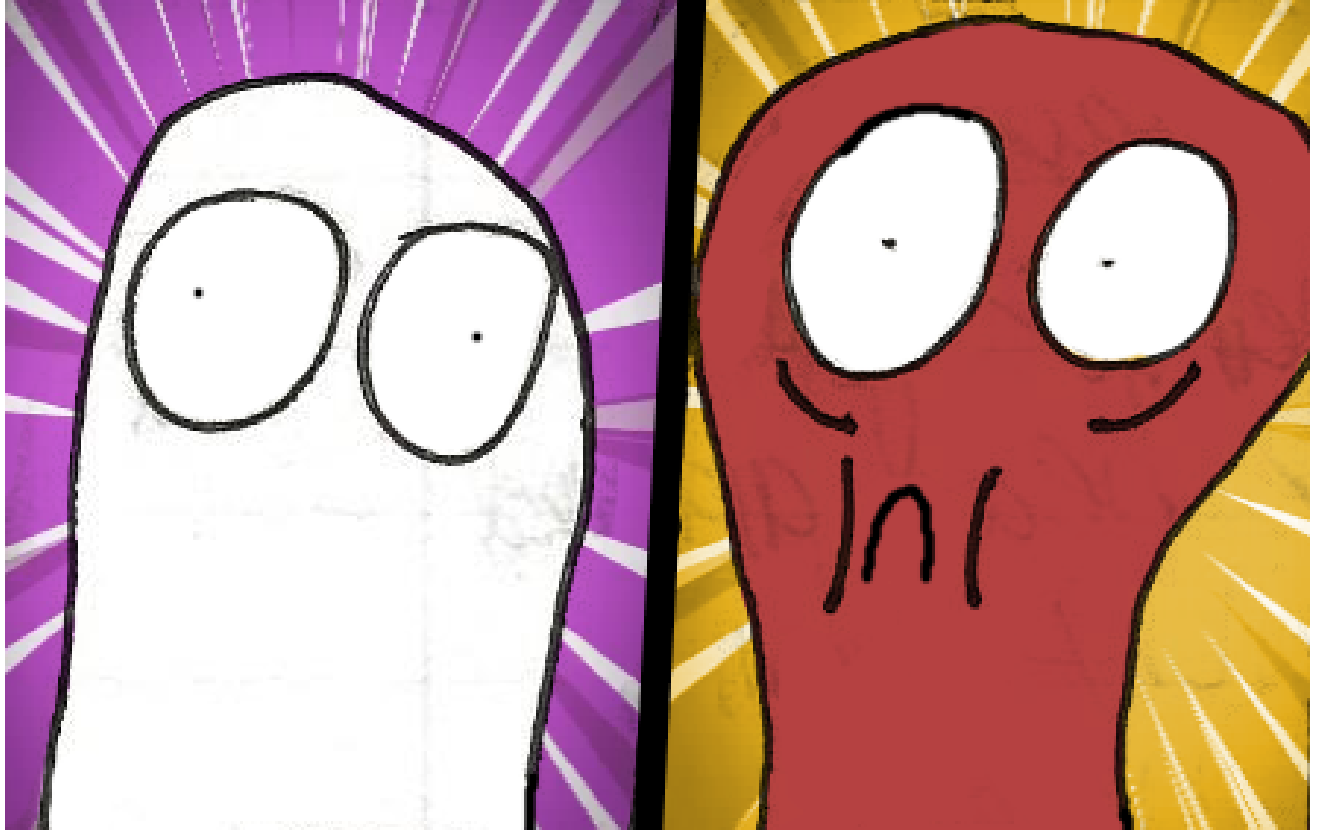
OKAY, GUYS... YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THIS HILARIOUS... THE ZACK RESPAWNER IS ACTUALLY ON THE PATIO IN HIS SUMMER HOME, NOT THE ONE IN HIS ROOM HERE. HAHA HA HAHAHA...

We all slowly lifted our heads and glared up at the sky with intense looks on our faces.

Meanwhile, Amber was downstairs, face-down on the table with her tea cup overturned because she was quite literally dying of boredom. That was when the doorbell rang and she jumped up with such force that the entire table exploded into bits. She ran over, grabbed the bowl of candy, and opened the door, revealing someone wearing a ghost costume and another person who was quite obviously Suckers in a princess costume. They smiled wide and held out their paper bags.

"Trick or..."



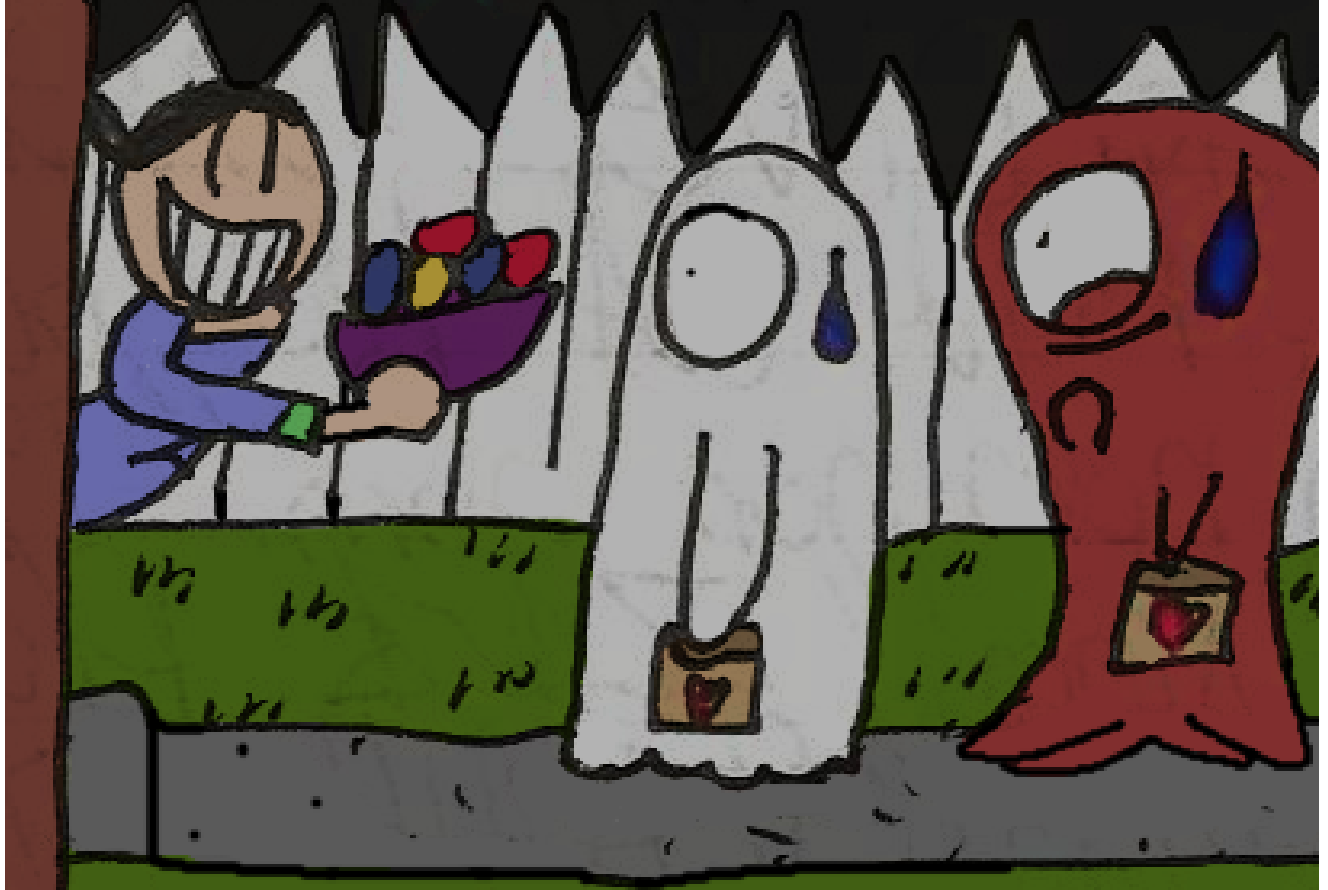


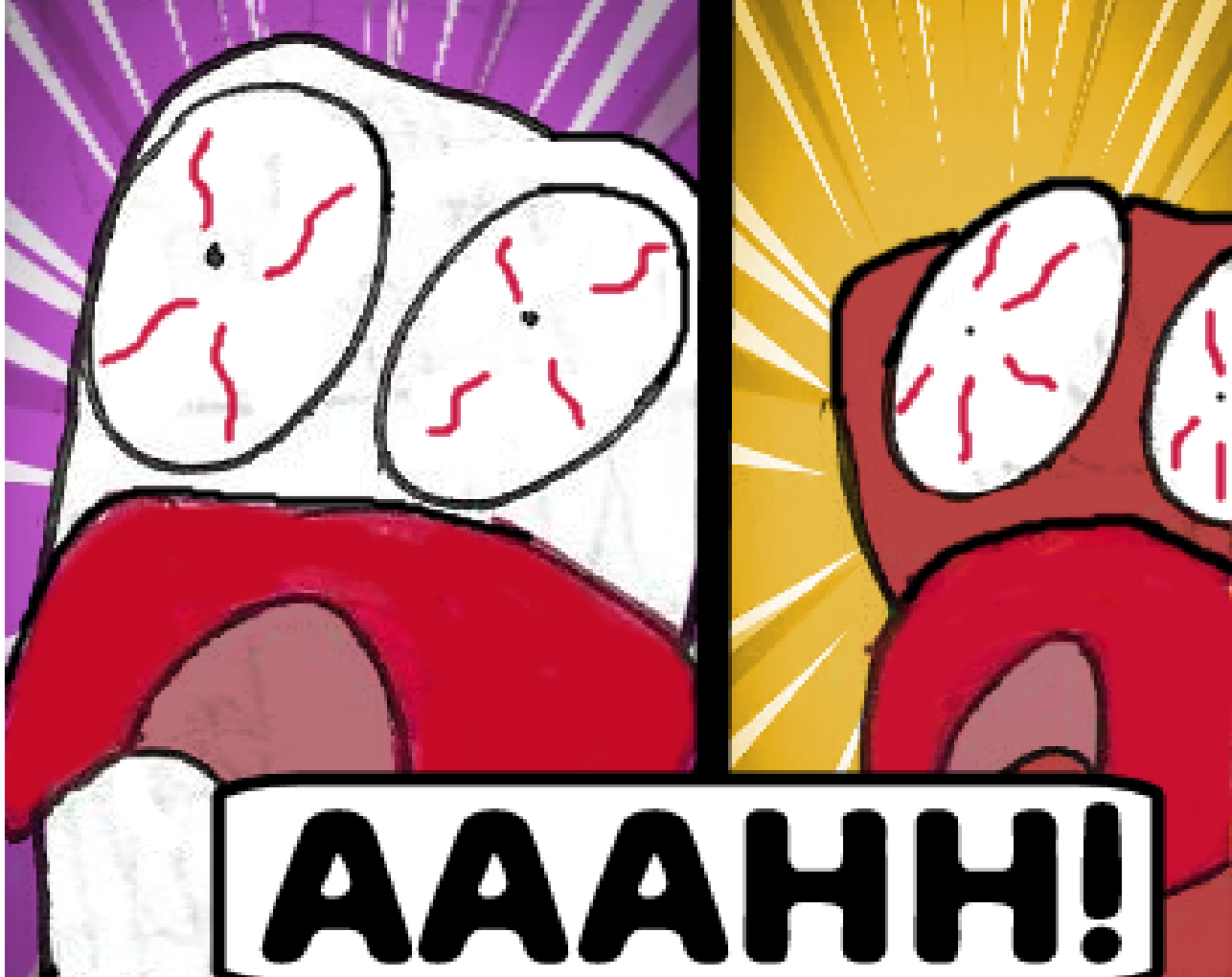
The moment they saw Amber, they froze and their eyes grew wide in shock. Suckers was so surprised that his blonde wig burned up and turned to dust! The camera spun around, revealing what Amber really looked like as she offered them the bowl of candy. Wrinkle City meets Booger Nation collabs with Manic, Bloodshot Eyes. This is why she can't stay up past nine!

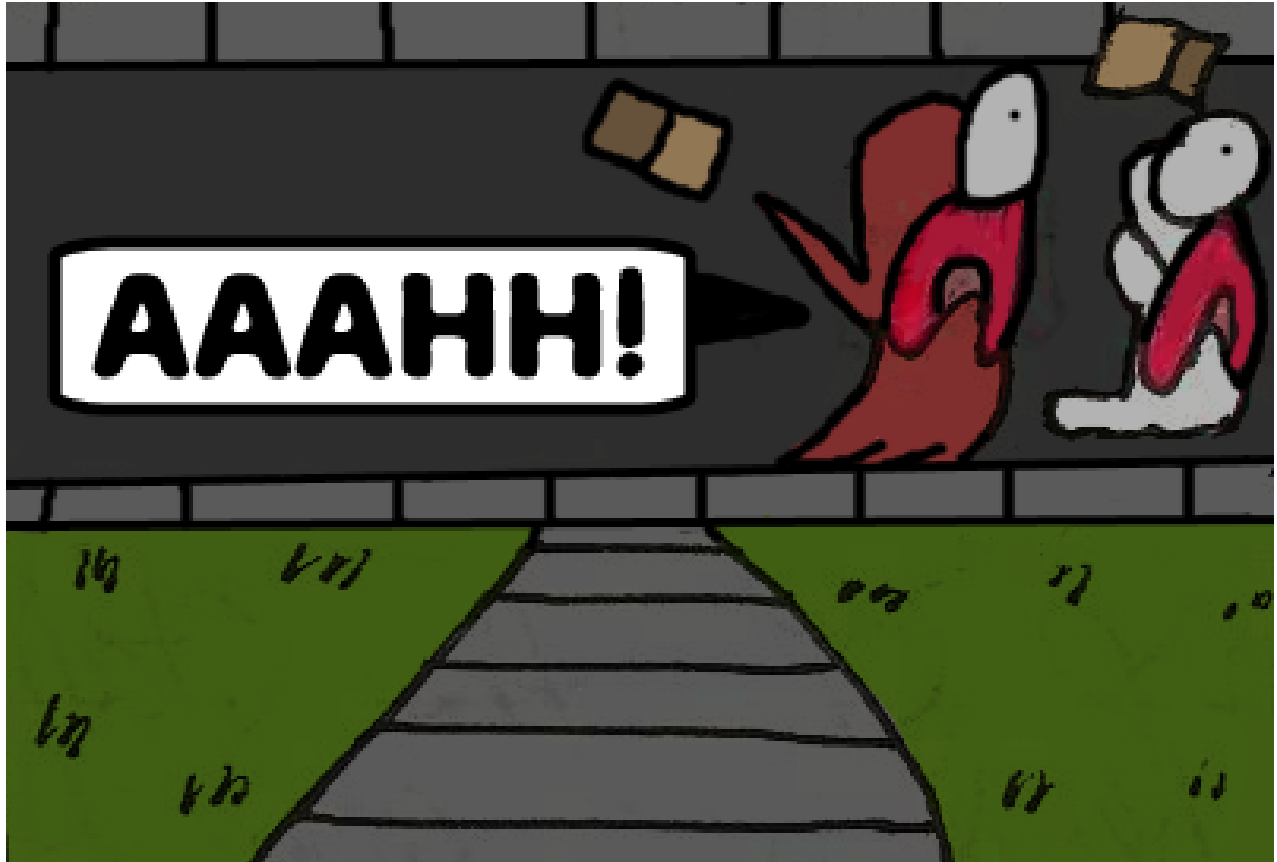
"HAI, KIDZ! HAVE SOME CAN-DAY!"



This sight was far, far more terrifying than any of the Halloween decorations or costumes the two had seen thus far. They stared at her in horror before screaming and running for their lives, speeding back down the road and leaving a trail of abandoned candy in their wake.







Amber gasped in shock and set the bowl down.

“Ugh! RUDE! Why would they scream and run away like that?”

She started squishing her face around.

“I’m not scawy...!”





Suddenly, Zack popped out of the bush right next to her! He vacuumed up all of the abandoned candy with a quick Hack before yelling right in her face.

"You're a pretty pretty MAAAAAN!"

He retreated into the bush and disappeared from sight.



Amber stared at the bush in confusion for a moment before turning to you, the dear reader, once more. Though again, she spoke to the Overseer.

“Can I smack him?”

I MEAN, YOU PROBABLY WON'T BE ABLE TO- YOU KNOW WHAT? GO AHEAD.

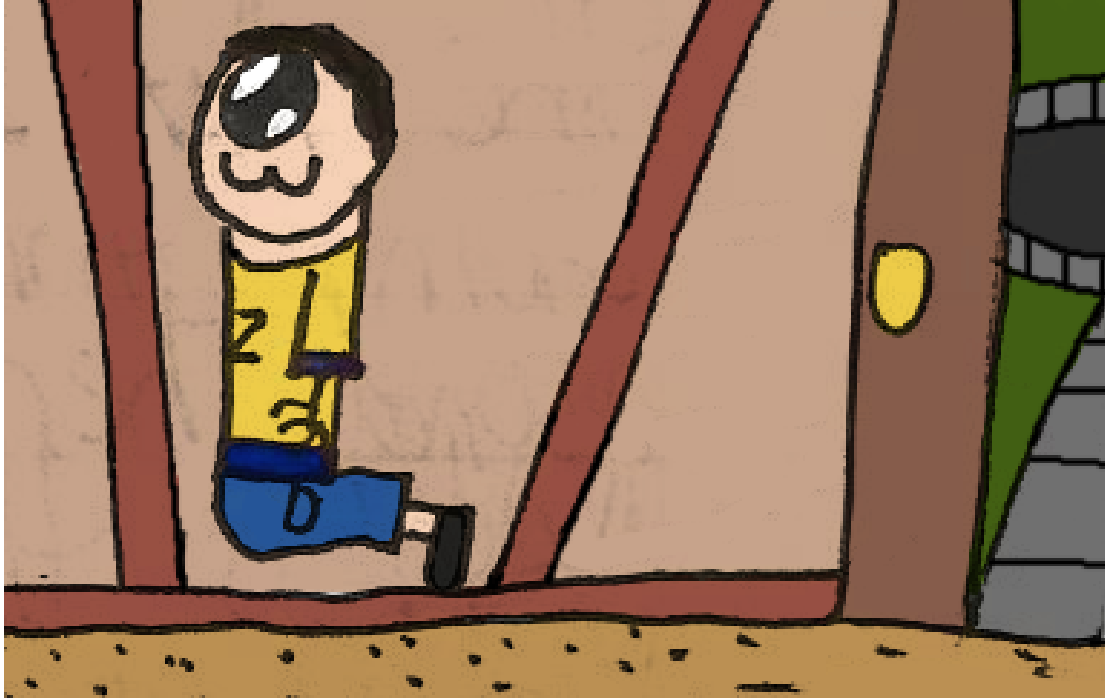
She whipped around and started karate-chopping the bush while everyone in the neighborhood stared at her.

Later that night, the Halloween festivities finally came to an end after an exhausting evening. The front door swung open and FlamDawg angrily hobbled inside with his candy bag that barely had anything in it.

“Ugh, I hate Halloween... I barely got any candy thanks to Zack. And now half of our neighbors are moving.”



A moment later, Zack drifted in hauling two bags that were full to bursting with candy. In truth, they were only still intact because of the Hacks he was using!



Amber was back to sitting at the table which was now glued back together rather haphazardly.

“Yeah, this year SUCKED! Some kids thought I was ugly and now I have to reevaluate my life choices! That sounds like WORK!”

My tired, upset face appeared at the top of the stairs.

“I also hate Halloween...! Too much running and divine entities lying to you...!”



Amber jumped up and struck a pose in front of a girly pink background.

"Well, at least it's all over! Roll credits!"

We stopped and turned to one another.

"Does she have the authority to do that?"

"I don't think she does."

Then the credits immediately rolled, dropping the curtain on our first ever Halloween chapter.



So then! Our first ever Halloween chapter comes to an end and was quite the fun escapade! Too bad none of the scenarios ended on a good note, but even so, it was a fun time!