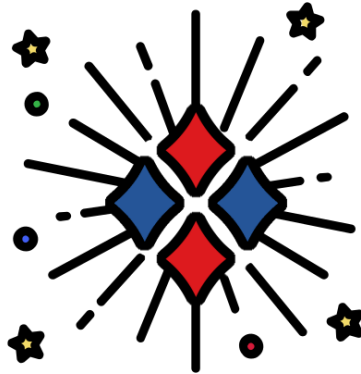


Season 2, Chapter 45 – Mega Movie Hack Fest

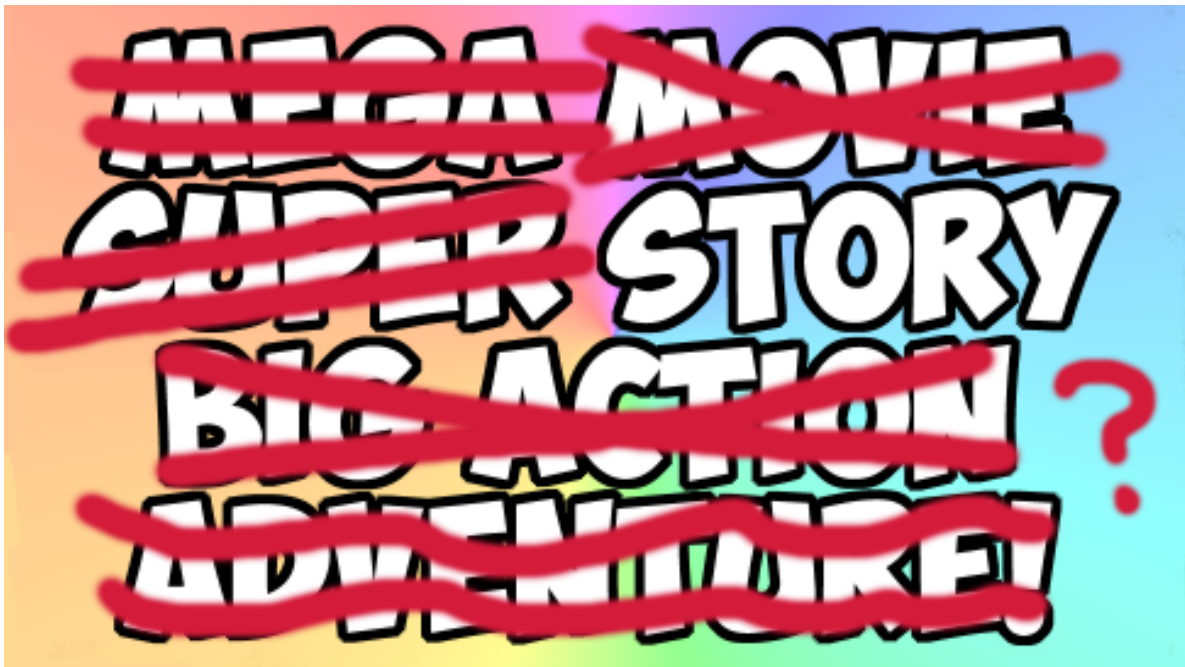


Arguing is *never* a good thing because you, like... yell and stuff. It harms your throat and vocal whatsits. Gives you a leg cramp. Bronchitis. Trust me, I know *exactly* what I'm talking about.

Anyway, today was the long awaited "Mega Movie Hack Fest" which made absolutely no sense to anybody. Where do these things come from? We don't know that, either. Seeing as this so-called "Mega Movie Super Story Big Action Adventure" title that was even bigger than a moment ago was going to be *nothing* like it was advertised, I decided to take matters into my own hands as Author and Narrator and self-insert character who doesn't realize he's also the Author and Narrator. Gah, I really need to stop dropping lore bombs like this!



A wooden pedestal with the notebook containing the original print of the novel lay in front of me and I stared at it in confusion before raising my world-altering pencil and making a few changes. Mega? Nope, just regular. Movie? No, this is a novel. Super? Again, just normal. Story. Okay, that one fits. Big? It's literally so small. Action? There might be some, but not enough that we should advertise it. Adventure? I think Zack already went on an adventure for his birthday. So, let's see... we're left with... "Story". Yep, that's accurate! This is indeed a story so don't ever say you were lied to! It was *never* a movie and *most certainly* not kawaii.



Returning to us and our escapades, it seemed that the *Glitch Show* we were still trapped in was beginning to stabilize. I know that sounds odd, but it seemed to be the truth! The structure of the show and things therewithin became more cohesive and stopped teleporting around all over the place. While the upstairs portion still contained our home hallway, the rooms attached to the hallway corrected themselves and soon became perfect replicas of the ones we know and love and use sometimes. Amber was quite thrilled to finally have her room back and ran inside so she could jump and twirl around and do whatever it is she does in there. Cry? I think she

usually cries. Unfortunately, this made her the perfect target for Zack and his relentless Hacking ways. After spinning in place for seven uninterrupted seconds, Zack came flying in and prepared to cleave her in twain with the Zaxe he had hoisted above his head.

“HAHAHA! I am here to-!”

Without missing a beat, she kicked her closet door open, grabbed him by the shirt, and tossed him inside. The Zaxe clattered to the floor as she slammed the door shut and locked it because it had a lock on it for some reason. Actually, it was a very good reason; she keeps her *stuff* in there. Thankfully, her room wasn't a perfect replica yet so there were only a few identical shirts, some boxes, and several random things on the floor inside. Zack flailed around in the closet before he started pounding on the door.

“Eh! EHHH! Why is there an invisible barrier here?! I can't float through the wall! OH MY NUGGET, I AM TRAPPED! AMBER! LET ME OUT!”

She stood just outside the door with a satisfied look on her face.

“No.”

“Let me out RIGHT NOW or I'll... I'll... I'll tear up all your precious clothes!”

“Go ahead! In case you haven't noticed, I only wear this one outfit. I don't even wear a skirt; I wear the same stupid blue shorts as everyone else! I am LACKING ORIGINALITY!”

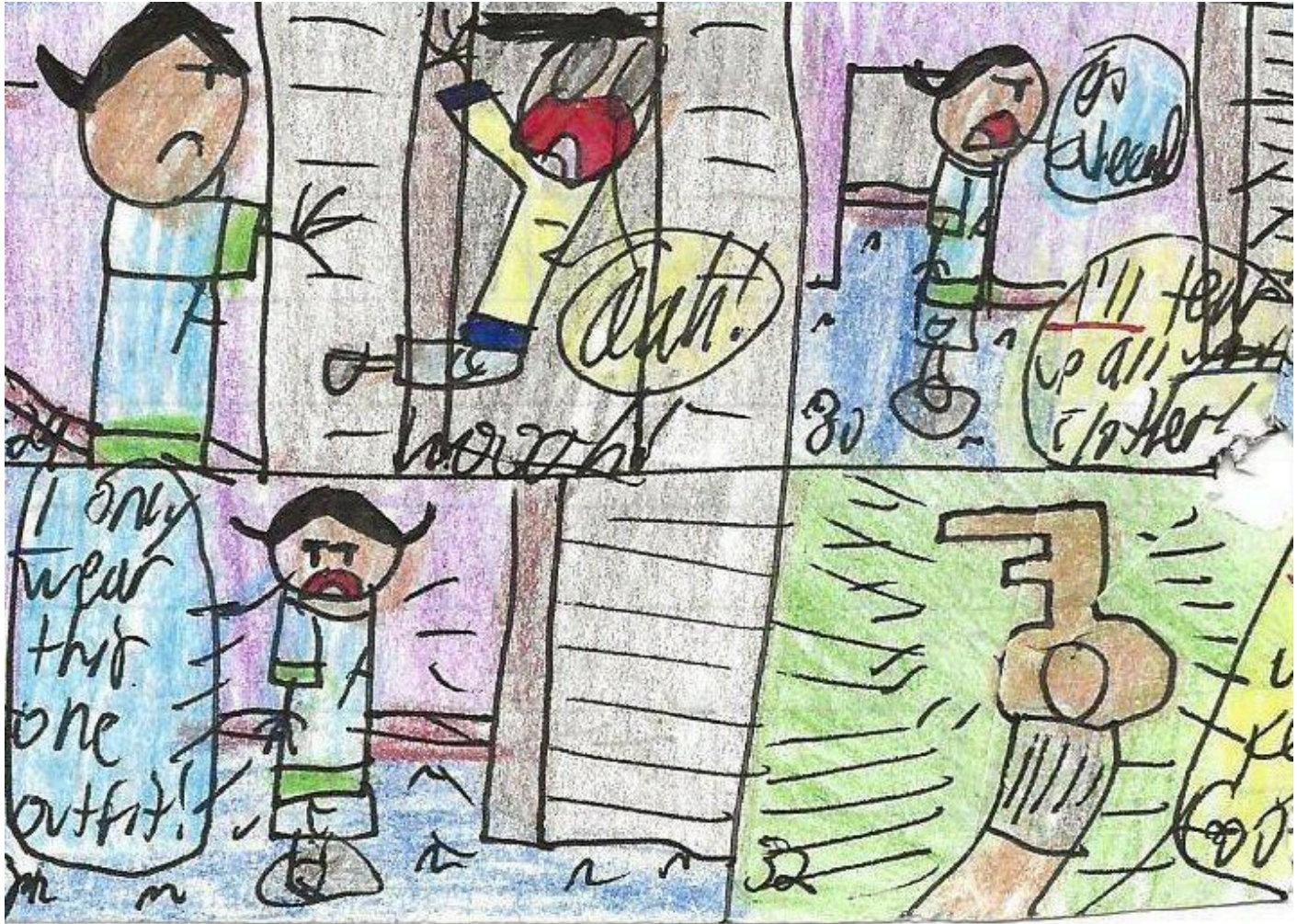
“...I like the blue shorts.”

“And that's why you're in the closet.”

“Well, I'll come out of the closet one day! YOU'LL SEE!”

“I hope for the fandom's sake that you don't.”

She turned and left, leaving him to rot in the closet for all eternity or until she needs to change shirts, whichever comes first. Considering she's worn the same shirt since the first Season, it's safe to say he'll be in there for quite a while.

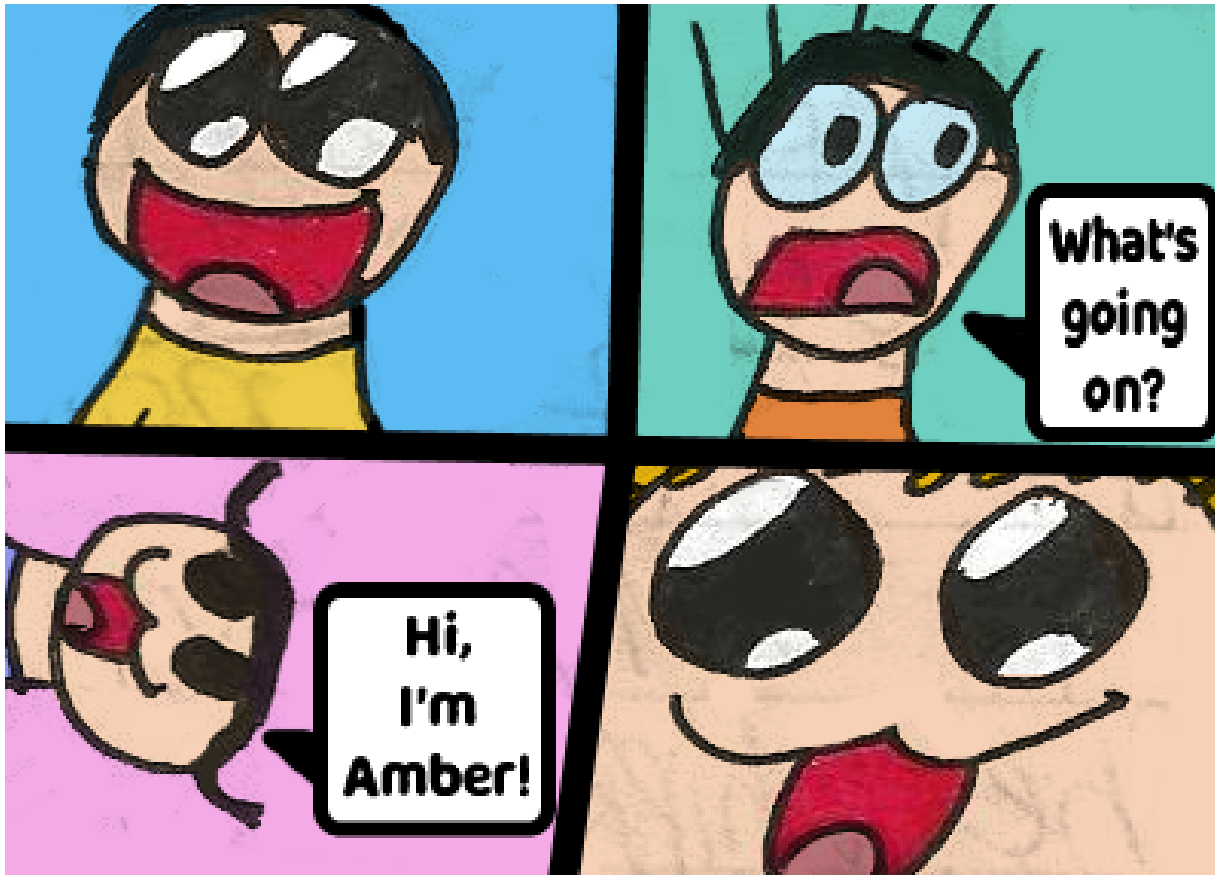


Minutes upon hours upon days upon weeks upon years passed and Zack remained in the closet, sitting on the floor with a bored look on his face. In truth, only five minutes had passed but it *felt like millennia*. Then, he glanced down at the stuff on the floor and noticed a pencil.

“AHA! This might be the perfect opportunity to try that thing I came up with...”



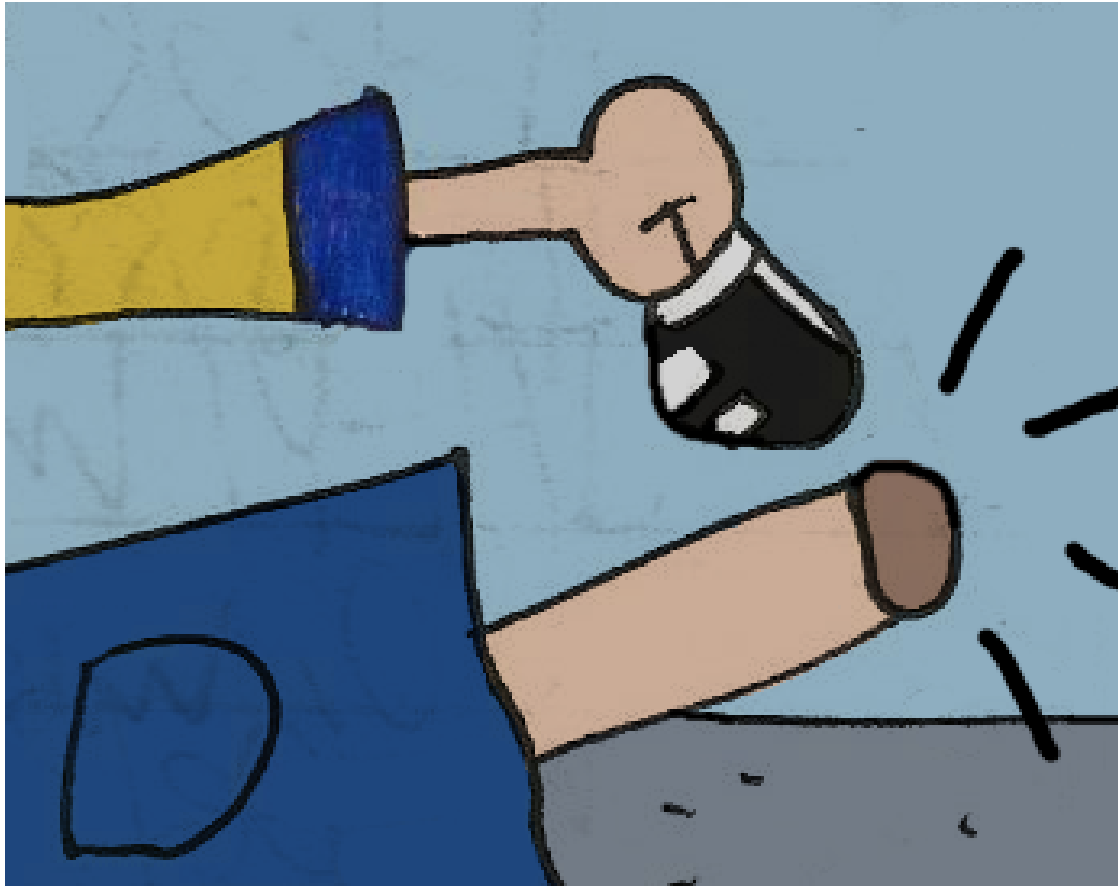




He grabbed the pencil and pulled off his black shoe, revealing... well, nothing. As simple character models, we don't have any bodies or feet modeled underneath our clothes. They're just never meant to come off!

"Okay... let's do this!"

He thrust the pencil towards his disturbing nub and scribbled with such fervor that it formed a cloud of cartoonish dust. When he finished and the dust dispersed, it was revealed that he now had a fully functional albeit oddly-shaped foot attached to the end of his leg! While taken for granted by most people, this was something new for him.





He thrust the foot high into the air and twinkled his toes.

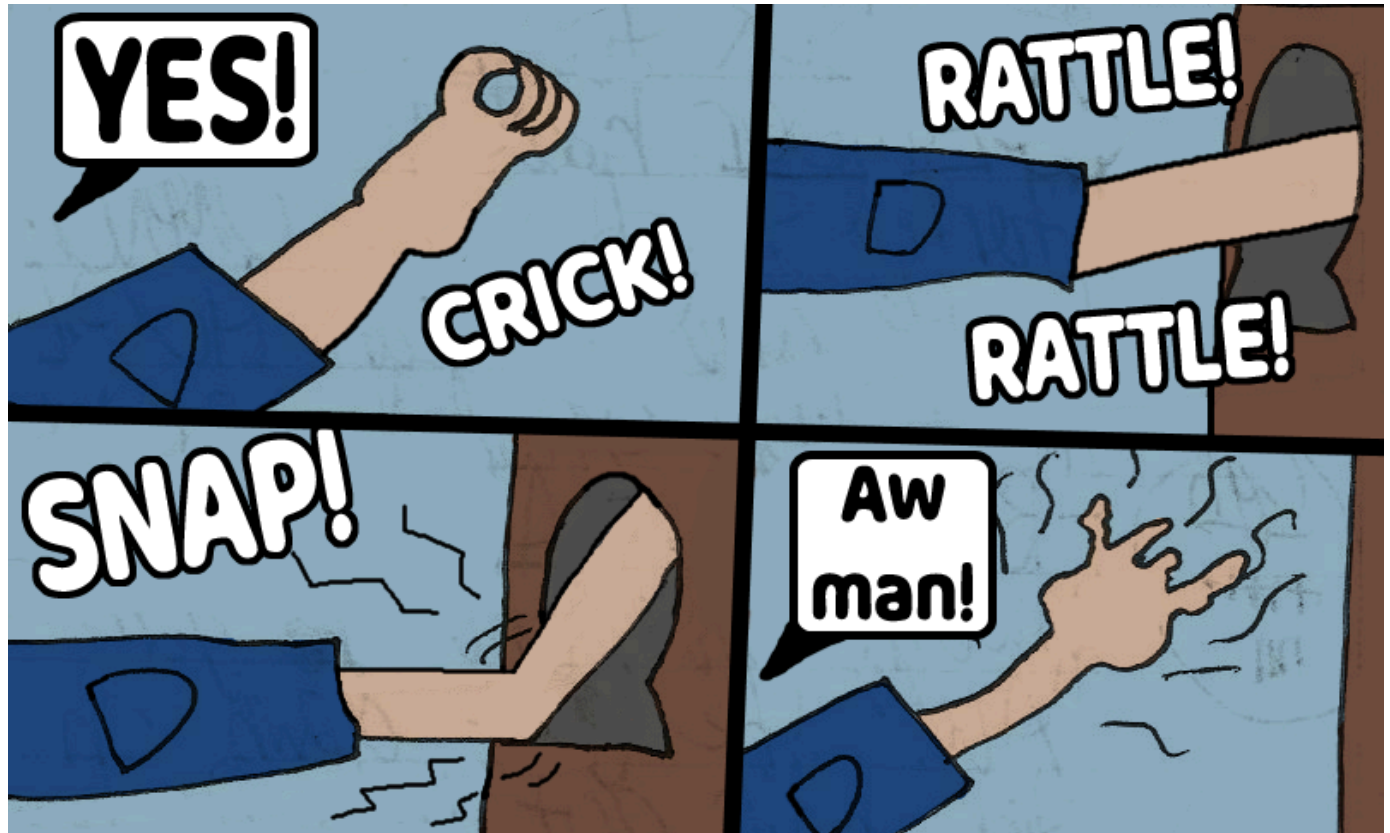
“SUCCESS! Now, if I just...”

He twisted his toes and shook his foot around until the first two bent together to form a circle with an audible cracking sound.

“YES! Activate... KEY FOOT!”

Dramatic action music blasted as he shoved his entire foot into the keyhole on the door and flailed his leg around. Soon there was another snap and he pulled his foot out to reveal that it was now all broken and ruined.

“Aw, man! How could key foot fail?!”



Slipping his shoe back on, he picked himself up and leaned against the door with a sigh.

“How am I gonna get out of here?”

Suddenly, the door slid right open and he fell out, crashing into the carpet on the other side. Apparently, the door had since transformed into a sliding one that didn't lock, allowing him to escape. He took a nap on the floor for a few minutes before popping up and floating around.

“HAHA! I am FREE! Huh... now I know how everyone else felt when I locked them up in that cage. Still, I'd do it again.”



He went to leave, but then stopped and turned towards the closet.

“Well, I did say that I would ruin all her clothes if she didn’t let me out...”

He sighed and reached inside, grabbing all of the shirts and shorts he could hold before turning and looking for a way he could dispose of them. There was no way he could just try to flush them down the toilet after what happened the last time. He noticed some switches on the wall

and floated over to get a better look. The first one was labeled “Lalaland” and was apparently on right now, the second was labeled “My Hopes and Dreams as a Woman in Society” and had seen a fair bit of use, and the last one was labeled “The Ultimate Zack-Killing Firepit of Death”. He stared at the switches for longer than necessary before flipping the third one, causing the floor to retract into a massive pit of bubbling lava and wall with all of the girly posters on it to flip, revealing a black dog in chains. This dog was actually Robot Dog, a character from long before this novel ever began. To summarize, he was an evil machine who often attacked Nathan but then became good and blah blah blah hazy details. He’s a dog android who behaves no different from any other dog around here. The moment he was revealed, he started yelling.

“YES! I AM SAVED! Thank you, stranger! Wait, Zack? Is that you?! You have to get me down from here!”

Zack ignored all of this and instead started throwing the stack of clothes he was holding into the lava piece by piece.

“When I tried to debut in the novel last year, I was suddenly captured by that girl in blue! She chained me up here and said that I would ‘become a problem later if I stuck around’. I don’t know what she meant by that but it sounded like she might have darker ulterior motives! You should really be careful around her because that cute girl thing is just an ACT!”

Zack finished unloading the pile into the lava and floated away.

“But anyway, it’s so good to be free! It was pretty boring back there, you know?”

He then floated back, now dragging Amber’s bed which he swiftly flung into the lava.

“For a while there, I was eating dirt! Then I remembered that I don’t need to eat.”

He then floated over to the switches and flipped the third one to return everything to normal. As he did, the wall with Robot Dog on it started slowly turning back around.

“The first thing I’m going to do is get an oil change, then maybe I’ll... Wait, NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!”

And just like that, all was right with the world once more. Zack smiled triumphantly and left the room.

“Done and done! Hmm, I have a sudden craving for a burrito.”

Meanwhile, Amber and I were sitting on the couch in the very center of the studio while the world twisted and morphed around us. We weren’t paying attention to that though because I was reading a book entitled *How To Sit Next To People* and Amber was scrolling through a social media app on her phone. FlamDawg was on the floor in front of us, reading a magazine that was nothing more than a bunch of distorted pictures and illegible text. Some time passed before Amber lowered her phone and turned to me with one of *those* looks on her faces.

“Hey. Hey!”

She had to call a few times before I slowly lowered my book.

“What? I haven’t finished yet so I don’t know how to handle this situation.”

“I had an epi phony and I wanted to ask a question.”

“Let’s not do that, okay?”

She did it anyway.

“Why are you always yelling at me when I do something bad but never FlamDawg?”

“Because FlamDawg doesn’t try to shove our toaster into the garbage disposal.”

“I wanted to see if more toaster pieces meant more pieces of toast! But, like... you *always* yell at me but I never see you yelling at FlamDawg.”

I rolled my eyes and sighed.

“Alright, fine. Here.”

I raised my book and started whacking FlamDawg over the head with it. He screeched and crumpled up, writhing on the floor.

“Bad! Bad FlamDawg! Dogs are not allowed to READ!”

The beating stopped, allowing him to jump to his feet and glare at me. I returned the glare and pointed to the corner.

“Go sit in the corner and think about what you’ve done!”

He screeched again and had a sudden temper tantrum; whipping his arms around while attempting to make the most noise possible. After a few seconds, he stopped and wandered over to the far corner of the room. There, he smooshed his snout as far in as it could go before plopping down onto the floor.

SMASH! Zack suddenly plowed right through the corner with a massive military tank, obliterating the wall and sending FlamDawg flying! He took a bite of his burrito, not even caring as FlamDawg shot from one end of the room to the other and splattered all over the far wall. I slowly put my book down and sighed.

“I didn’t say your time out was over.”

I turned and saw that Zack was headed towards us in massive tank.

“Oh. Why is he here?”

Amber, meanwhile, was staring at the huge vehicle with her mouth hanging open. After waiting until I noticed how shocked she was, she whipped around and got right in my face.

“How come he gets a tank but I can’t even get that cute convertible I saw on Greg’s List?!”

I pushed her away.

“First of all, he Hacks all this stuff up so he gets it for free. Second of all, I will literally never allow you to get behind the wheel so long as we both shall live.”

“What?! No way! I’ve been PRACTICING. I played Mario Kart!”

“Yes, and you still somehow managed to run over a grandma in Delfino Plaza.”

“SHE GOT IN THE WAY!”

“Look, clearly you don’t understand my point of view here. Let me explain to you exactly what I imagine you driving would be like.”

We cut to a fantasy sequence where Amber was speeding around on a highway in the cute pink convertible she had wanted. She had her hair down, blowing in the wind, large hoop earrings, and an outfit that only covered about 30% of her entire body. She was whipping the wheel around while chewing gum, not even paying attention to the road because she was staring down at her phone.

“Oh. Em. Gee. I just got a text from my BFF, Becky. She said that Marissa kissed Johnny at the mall two hours ago. That’s a problem, see, because I like Johnny. Now I’m emotionally compromised.”

She glanced up at the road and suddenly turned the wheel, causing the car to swerve and slam into another car. This led to a domino effect where that car smashed into another which smashed into another until finally a semi ferrying oil was hit, resulting in a massive explosion that obliterated a chunk of the highway and forever altered the lives of many. Amber simply turned the wheel to pull away from all the destruction and continue down the only lane of the highway still remaining while sirens blared and helicopters flew over. She didn’t notice because she was focused on her phone again.

“Ugh... and Marissa isn’t even that hot!”

We returned to the present where Amber was now staring at me with an annoyed look on her face.

“That was only, like... 40% true so I still don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“You need to realize... that people like garlic on their pizza.”

“Wh... What?!”

“Ahem.”

We both turned to see that Zack was right next to us, still in the tank but waiting for us to finish.

“Oh, right. I forgot about Zack.”

“Rookie mistake. Anyway, I just wanted to ask if I can have Amber’s computer?”

“What?! No WAY! I heavily edit all of my selfies on that thing!”

“It’s true. Where would she be today without the power of Photoshop?”

“Ugly and alone?”

“Exactly.”

Zack threw his head back and groaned before backing out with the tank and immediately disappearing in a shower of sparkles.

“Well, I’m glad that matter is taken care of. Now what about FlamDawg?”

We both turned to see that orange goo was smeared all over the wall. It was silent for a moment until I picked up my book again.

“I am not cleaning that.”

We cut to a shot of inside Amber’s room upstairs where the door was now in the shape of a tank, perfect for Zack to drive through. There was the sound of him Poof-ing in, followed by the door swiftly opening.

SMASH! He plowed right through the wall next to the door, destroying a good chunk of the wall in the process!

“I DON’T CARE I’M STEALING HER COMPUTER ANYWAY!”

He flew out of the tank and landed near the computer which thankfully hadn’t been damaged during his violent break-in.

“Hmm... If I steal the computer then I’m sure to get caught. But what if I leave it here and just... change some things?”

A grin formed across his face and he poked the keyboard to turn it on. A blindingly pink screen popped up, asking for a password.

“Ugh, seriously? She has *encryption*?!”

He angrily waved his hand, causing the computer to short circuit before resetting and bringing up a setup screen.

PLEASE CHOOSE A PASSWORD TO KEEP YOUR FILES SAFE.

“With pleasure!”

He leaned over and typed out a password. While he was originally going to go with “HahahalamZackandIlikepuddingandwilldestroytheworldwithmyHacks”, he decided that was a bit too complex and might be a tad difficult to remember. Instead, he pressed the 1 key and left it at that. This way, if Amber were to try to take it back from him, she would never be able to figure out that the code was only one digit. Sure, she might randomly press a single key, but she doesn’t like numbers so she avoids that part of the keyboard. Sometimes, the simplest methods are the best!

With that, he played Solitaire for a while before remembering what it was he was supposed to be doing and got to work personalizing his desktop. He changed the background to a picture of him posing in space with the planet behind him which was edited to make it look like it was on fire. Then, he installed some Hacking programs and blueprint creators to help him with things later on down the road. After that, he deleted Amber’s Yahoo account and took his leave.

“Ah... I’m not sure why I even bothered to do this.”

He hopped in his tank and drove away, destroying another wall in the process and causing the entire room to collapse on top of the computer which exploded. He drove back downstairs and turned into a parking spot that had materialized in the corner. However, in an attempt to defy the laws of the government, he opted to park in the UFO-designated parking spot. What a delinquent! Where’s my book for head-whacking?!

After jumping out of the tank which promptly exploded, he floated back over to the couch where Amber and I were still sitting. We screamed when we saw him heading our way, but he chose to ignore this and pulled out a seemingly normal box.

“What is he doing? AMBER, WHAT IS HE DOING?!”

He plopped down on the floor and tipped the box over, causing several wooden alphabet blocks to spill out. We stared at him as he arranged the blocks in a neat pile before stacking them up. This quickly evolved into a tower of sorts and he continued to stack until there was only one block left. Amber and I cringed in horror as he grabbed the final block and placed it at the very top of the-

TWO MINUTES, FORTY-FIVE SECONDS LATER...

The wooden alphabet blocks were floating in the endless black Void, now burnt and severely damaged. The tower was never completed. I was somehow stuck inside of a lightbulb and dangling from the ceiling. No, I wasn't actually *inside* of the bulb itself, rather it seemed my head was now the bulb and the rest of my body was left hanging from the light fixture. BlueEye was trapped inside the wall again, only this time FlamDawg was with him so he had no chance of ever getting out. Cat was smashed through the ceiling much like I had been previously, only she was upside down so her legs were through the roof and her head was dangling. As for Amber and Zack, he was flying around in his new silver jet while Amber stared at him.

"HE HAS A JET?! Does it come in pink?"

The window slowly opened and his head popped out.

"Sorry, this model only comes in MAN colors!"

"WHAAAAT?!"

The engine was so loud that neither could hear the other.

"I SAID IT ONLY COMES IN MAN COLORS!"

"WHAAAAAAAAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"

"I SAID-!"

Twenty seconds later, Amber was wedged into the lightbulb with me, leaving our bodies uncomfortably smooshed together and dangling in the air. Unfortunately, this allowed her to rant endlessly without me being able to escape.

"-and he had a jet! A JET! And he didn't even answer my question about the pink color! Now I'll never know and that makes me sad!"

I started kicking my legs around, causing the light fixture to swing back and forth.

"Hey! What are you doing? Stop that!"

The wire then snapped and we both fell, shattering into hundreds of glass shards when we hit the ground. As if on cue, Zack floated in with a leaf blower and blew our shards out of the way before turning to you, the dear reader.

"This concludes today's Mega Movie Super Story Big Action Adventure."

I thought I said it was just a story?!

So then! This "Mega Movie Hack Fest" was a *disaster*. I think the only good thing that came of it was that the *Glitch Show* is beginning to stabilize! Maybe we'll be able to get out soon?