

SC276: So we just had some *Mario*, so naturally let's have some *Zelda* now. Unfortunately, "anything goes" and we're heading right into the fucking deep end.

Ringmaster: What we have for you tonight is a massive author's note followed by a terrible, terrible lemon. If you remember when we riffed *My Immortal*, you'll find that this will be a pretty familiar situation.

SC276: Fun fact: Ring was honestly considering running this last week and I barely managed to talk him out of it. You're welcome.

Crazy56U: SC, you thank people when they *prevent* bad things, not *delay*.

CaptainPipsqueak: Delaying is *half* preventing.

Ringmaster: At the opportunity cost of an extra chapter appended this week, of course. Have to make use of the extra day or two.

SC276: And believe me, we're gonna need it.

Ringmaster: This fic is infamous enough that I don't think it needs a proper explanation, but here we go anyway: It's supposedly the author's lucid dreams of her self-insert fucking Link over and over again. When they aren't fucking, every other girl in the *Zelda* universe is setting them up together.

SC276: When Mary Sues get *explicit*. Now available on PornHub.

Ringmaster: Without further ado, "My Inner Life" by Link's Queen.

SC276: Something tells me I don't want to hear about the *Zelda* in *that* timeline.

Crazy56U: My guess is that she turns tricks out behind the Hyrule IHOP.

Mono: Another infamous one, huh? This is gonna be fun...

UnknownSkull: Well, never heard from this story before, but I'm sure gonna regret learning about it.

BittplexMutt: "My Inner Life is an enigma."

Author's notes: Hello. Thanks for choosing to read my story.

SC276: You're not welcome.

Crazy56U: (loud, spiteful laughter) It's cute how you think we had a say in this.

Ringmaster: *You were literally the one to choose it.*

Crazy56U: Not in my reality.

Nox: You won't be thanking us for long.

UnknownSkull: Wait, we had a choice?

PanzerThiefZero: "Just ignore the gun I'm totally not pointing at your head right now!"

BittplexMutt: "Now you better enjoy it, or else!"

As you might know I have become a major *Zelda* fan in the last year.

Crazy56U: "You *cannot believe* how much mileage one can get out of the CDI games."

CaptainPipsqueak: Not into the fic! **IT BURRRNS!!!**

Mono: "Not to mention *Zelda 2*! I *adore* that game!"

PanzerThiefZero: "Does 30 minutes on TV Tropes count?"

UnknownSkull: "Ever since I saw that Sequelitis video, my life completely changed!"

BittplexMutt: "All the fanart..."

Ever since I played OoT I have grown a fond interest in Link.

Crazy56U: "Wink."

CaptainPipsqueak: Twink?

Mono: Yeeeah, ummm... Crazy? It's a lot less funny when that is *actually* the case...

Crazy56U: You missed the quotation marks, didn't you? (ball drops in the background)

BittplexMutt: "I really like green if you know what I mean."

I started to notice that after I got really into it,

Crazy56U: *WINK.*

BittplexMutt: Maybe a little too into it.

I found that I have a strange gift. A gift to Lucid Dream.

SC276: I don't think that's a gift? That's something you can train your brain to do?

Crazy56U: And instead of using your powers for good, you make *this shit*.

PanzerThiefZero: "Long lost cousin of Lou Cypher."

BittplexMutt: Meanwhile, I have a gift of insomnia.

I started having dreams about Hyrule, and about Link.

Crazy56U: "And *boy howdy*, were they kinky..."

CaptainPipsqueak: Kinky dreams about Linky the twinkie?

Mono: "All those things you can do with an ice rod..."

BittplexMutt: "And Zelda. What? I can swing both ways."

In a Lucid Dream you can control your dreams.

Crazy56U: "Think of it like Garry's Mod."

BittplexMutt: That would explain why Freddy Krueger can't kill her.

CaptainPipsqueak: And *boy* does he ever try!

The dreams became very real, kinda like a second life,

SC276: Linden Lab is gonna sue your ass off for brand damage.

Crazy56U: Dreaming causes schizophrenia. Confirmed.

Nox: And in a jiff this fic just lost its Twitch streaming privileges.

BittplexMutt: Meanwhile, when I dream I can barely remember everything.

and almost every night I would have another.

BittplexMutt: And another, and another...

Starting from where the last left off. Even to this day I still have them. I find that they help me get through life.

SC276: Have you considered reading books?

CaptainPipsqueak: Sounds too much like work.

Crazy56U: After all, if you are asleep, you are immune to reality's bullshit.

BittplexMutt: Nightmares apparently don't exist.

CaptainPipsqueak: *Those* are what happen when she's awake.

I know this may sound queer,

Crazy56U: (scowls) Can you not?

Nox: Coming to Netflix this fall: *Queer Eye: Hyrule Edition*.



PanzerThiefZero:

BittplexMutt: Word of advice: be careful what words you use on the internet.

but for me the dreams sure help me out. I have shared this story with many other people and so far all has liked it.

Crazy56U: Dear? They're lying to you.

BittplexMutt: They're bots.

CaptainPipsqueak: *Lying* bots.

Now as you read this it is told from my perspective or first person view.

Mono: Umm... the more I read about you, the less I want to see things from your point of view, lady...

Crazy56U: Just knuckle through.

BittplexMutt: At least it won't jump from pov to pov.

CaptainPipsqueak: *looks down sadly at broken 'POV' neck brace*

You will find that it is very detailed since I remember it all very clearly to this day.

SC276: This is so false a cover, it loops back around to being able to keep liquids from pouring out. ...Fuck it, I'm gonna own that line.

Crazy56U:I don't like the image this produced in my head, and I'm going to shame you for that.

CaptainPipsqueak: I don't think you need to bother. Probably enough shame here for everyone. Except me, obviously.

Mono: "And I have absolutely made none of it up at all!"

BittplexMutt: Again, I can barely remember my dreams. How do you do it?

The story takes place after OoT. Nothing after that ever happens.

Crazy56U: The Zelda timeline is a myth. Confirmed.

Nox: (Majora's Mask) "AM I A JOKE TO YOU?"

PanzerThiefZero: [citation needed]

BittplexMutt: "No evil moon looming over you."

No Majora's Mask.

CaptainPipsqueak: [Majora] "Bitch, you're just *begging* for a terrible fate, aren't you?"

BittplexMutt: No evil moon?

No LttP, or even Oracle of Ages and Seasons. And there is no love relation between Link and Zelda, Link and Ruto, Link and Malon or Link and Saria.

SC276: "Because they're all lesbians with r- oh wait, I'm not Legend."

Crazy56U: "*Only I get to fuck Link, all other females can fuck right off, you whores.*"

Nox: I guess that answers my last riff.

PanzerThiefZero: And yet you left out the worst of them all: Link and Navi.

CaptainPipsqueak: [Navi] *"Hey! Hello! Wanna fuck?!"*

Mono: ...Okay, but how about Link and Nabooru, then? She's the one that talked about her tiny hole, after all...

CaptainPipsqueak: Or Link and Midna. I hear she has a thing for 'doggy-style'.

BittplexMutt: "Because they're evil for getting in the way of my love!"

Because of my feelings about Link, the person that he gets involved with in this story is myself or actually is my persona.

Mono: Is Link hooking up with Arsene?

Crazy56U: Nah, he's hooking up with the gun from *Persona 3*.

BittplexMutt: Suddenly, a triple crossover.

A persona is for those of you who need to know, a representation of ones personality, or in dictionary terms is, (Persona) n.

Ringmaster: "A JRPG/virtual life hybrid about Japanese teenagers."

CaptainPipsqueak: "...who shoot themselves in the head to let the monsters out."

Crazy56U: And now it makes even *more* sense how Joker got into Smash!

BittplexMutt: "Guess who read the dictionary."

In biology, same as person.

Crazy56U: Bold of you to assume people are real.

BittplexMutt: Also bold of you to assume you know about biology.

So for all you future readers, this story is based on Jenna,

Crazy56U: Jerma, got it.

Nox: Jenny, and now Link's played by Tom Hanks.

Mono: 8675309, got it.

BittplexMutt: Jeans, ok I got it.

a char that is a representation of my personality.

SC276: How long ago again was this written when "self-insert" wasn't an actual term?

Crazy56U: Yes.

BittplexMutt: She's a literal chair.

CaptainPipsqueak: Not *char*, *CHAR*. She's burnt at the edges.

But if you think this might be too queer

SC276: Actually, this couldn't be straighter if it went through a spaghetti strainer.

Crazy56U: *Can you stop that, Author?*

Nox: Yeah I'm pretty sure this fic was written *long* after the accepted context changed for that word.

Mono: *googles; cheerfully* Nope! It's been used as a pejorative since the late 19th century!



PanzerThiefZero:

BittplexMutt: I think this be too offensive, author.

then you shouldn't read this.

PanzerThiefZero: And yet... here we are because we have nothing better to do with our lives. (Cries openly into palms)

Crazy56U: [Author] "Okay, time for the next senten- (CRUNCH!) fuck, I think my Shift key broke.maybe no one will notice..."

CaptainPipsqueak: You have another one.

THIS IS NOT THE TYPE OF STORY FOR THOSE OF YOU THAT DISLIKE,

Mono: *staggers back* Jesus, lady!

OR CANNOT HANDLE SUCH MATERIAL AS THE CONTEXT OF THIS STORY.

SC276: [the author] "-WHATEVER THE FUCK THAT IS."

Crazy56U: [Author] "... ..yeah, no one will notice."

PanzerThiefZero: "DON'T TOUCH PEN IS STUCK"

CAPTAINPIPSQUEAK: CAPSLOCK IS THE WAY OF THE FUTURE. LET CAPSLOCK-CHAN INTO YOUR HEART.

But if you seriously believe you can handle the content of this story, then read on. If your squeamish about sex, then you should not read this, since this story is a REAL LEMON

Ringmaster: In both the fic sense *and* the car sense!

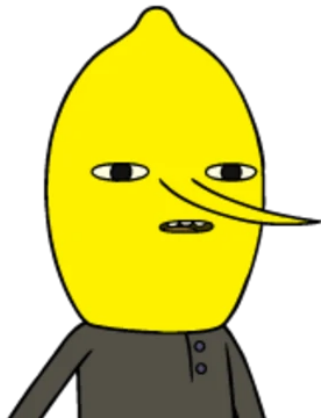


CaptainPipsqueak:

SC276: That explains why the capitalization broke down the moment the lot was a mile off.

Crazy56U: "FUCK, I STUBBED MY FUCKING TOE!"

Nox: And everyone knows, every villain is lemons.



Mono:

BittplexMutt: "THIS FIC IS UNACCEPTABLE!"

and there is a lot of that, heavily detailed. (Between Link and I that is)

SC276: She had to clarify that because she forgot to exclude Navi earlier.

Crazy56U: You know, just in case you mistakenly thought there'd be a scene of Zelda and Sheik fucking... ...even though, technically, that's masturbation...

Mono: ...I mean, *technically*, if you really want to be anal, they are different people in the Smash universe...

Crazy56U: Semantics.

CaptainPipsqueak: Also, using the term 'anal' in this story is likely to... *bite you in the ass*.

Especially during the bonding ceremony.

Crazy56U: Knowing what I know about you through the intro, ma'am, I'm only 60% convinced you *didn't* misspell the word "bondage".

Mono: I'm thinking more that the author doesn't know what marriage is, but whatever.

CaptainPipsqueak: It's a (lucid) dweam within a (lucid) dweam...

BittplexMutt: Dreamception!

There is also some blood content and strong adult language. So if that's too much then you should turn back now.

SC276: You think *that*'ll fucking scare me?

Crazy56U: Three words. *The Pokemon Story*. Take your fucking best shot, Author.

Nox: Oh wow the general warning on pretty much any M-Rated game where the ESRB handles ratings.

Now I have not finished it as of yet. I have to catch up,

Crazy56U: And she *totally* did one day. Totally. For serious.

PanzerThiefZero: She's just as productive and active as me! :D

since the last dream I had was just after Link and I had the blessing ceremony for our twins.(Our 3rd and 4th kids) Right now there is about 100-150 pgs worth. I'm expecting it to reach at least 300-350 probably even more.

SC276: Ohhhh, we are in it for the *long haul*...

Ringmaster: Nah, this is unfinished. If you're wondering why we're even bothering, hey, we ran My Immortal.

Crazy56U: But that's different, Ring, we ran that because we hit the bottom of the barrel. We have no excuse this time.

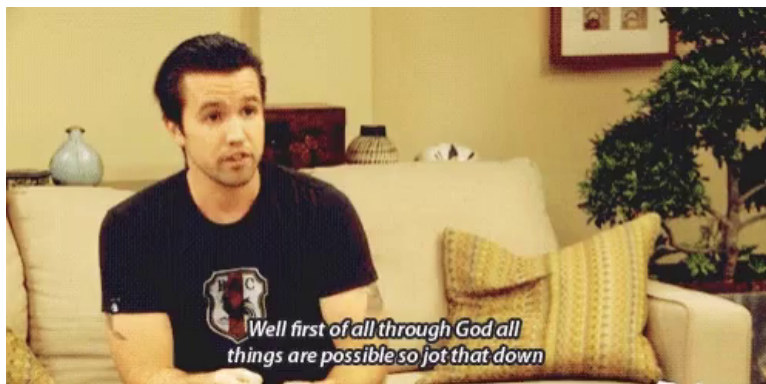
Mono: Yeah, and then we fucking broke through the bottom and riffed *The Pokemon Story*, so...

BittplexMutt: So much pages.

CaptainPipsqueak: Oy, and with all the letters and words...

I will try to up date as often as possible.

SC276: Luckily, nothing is possible.



Crazy56U:

I hope that some of you like this. I do not mind sharing it.

SC276: The first sign of mental illness.

Crazy56U: "Not that you have any choice in the matter."

BittplexMutt: We didn't ask. Really, we didn't.

But please understand that this is very PRECIOUS to me,

Mono: Oh hai, Gollum.

BittplexMutt: I understand that you're delusional.

as well as Link.

SC276: Dude, you're a lucid dreamer, not a fucking tulpamancer.

Crazy56U: I bet dollars to donuts you handmade a body pillow. No one can change my mind.

Ringmaster: Does "buying one off Amazon than duct-taping a giant green dildo to it" count as handmade?

Crazy56U: Ring, if you even *have* to ask, then you should already know you answered your question.

PanzerThiefZero: "He's my husband, I have a pillow with him on it!"

BittplexMutt: But not Zelda.

CaptainPipsqueak: Think this'll turn into Yandere Simulator at some point?

So like I said, if the content of this story sounds, too queer to you,

Crazy56U: Quick question, what year was this first posted?

Ringmaster: Somewhere around 2000.

Crazy56U: *And thus things make all the more sense.*

Mono: Yeah, as SC said, there is nothing queer about this, so moving swiftly on.

BittplexMutt: This is gonna happen for the rest of the fic, isn't it?

CaptainPipsqueak: What do *you* think?

TURN BACK NOW! But to all who wish to continue, happy reading. Thanks,
~*~ Link's Queen ~*~

SC276: "P.S. Suck my balls."

Crazy56U: ~*~*~*HELP~I'M~DROWNING*~*~*~

BittplexMutt: Checkmate! *slams king piece on the board*

Rated R for

Crazy56U: "Really good fuckin'."

BittplexMutt: "Repulsive filth."

CaptainPipsqueak: "Really Rotten."

strong adult language, sex, violence and blood content.

SC276: A.K.A. most things that happen when Topher shows up.

Crazy56U: "But most of all, the language thing."

BittplexMutt: "But mostly blood."

AGAIN AS A FINAL WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS HEAVY SEX,

Crazy56U: *We know. Shut up.*

Mono: "DID I MENTION I WANT LINK TO FUCK ME DRY?"

PanzerThiefZero: "THIS IS THE AUTHOR'S NOTE THAT NEVER ENDS! YES IT GOES ON AND ON MY FRIENDS!"

BittplexMutt: "YELLING!"

CaptainPipsqueak: "IT HAS A BIT OF A WEIGHT PROBLEM, BUT IT'S GETTING BETTER."

ABULT LANGUAGE AND TALKS ABOUT MY PERSONAL ENCOUNTER WITH LINK.

SC276: KEEP IT DOWN, WE'RE IN A CHURCH!

Crazy56U: "NO MOM, I DON'T NEED TO START TAKING THE PILLS AGAIN, GET OFF MY FUCKING BACK!"

CaptainPipsqueak: IT'S NOT JUST A PHASE; THIS IS MY LIFE NOW!

BittplexMutt: Pfft, "abult".

THIS STORY IS BASED ON DREAMS,

Crazy56U: And now you know how the PS4 game came to be.

Ringmaster: No, you have it the other way around. Dreams wasn't based on this, it was based on Dreams. Specifically this one.

BittplexMutt: Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream.

DREAMS ABOUT MY LIFE WITH HIM. IF YOU FIND THE CONTENT OF THIS STORY TO BE OFFENSEVE, QUEER, OR PLAIN OUT OFF THE WALL,

Crazy56U: "THEN GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY LIFE!"

BittplexMutt: "THEN YOU MUST DIE!"

THEN DO NOT READ ON!

Mono: *Make me.*

PanzerThiefZero: ...I don't really have anything better to do, honestly.

BittplexMutt: There's not much I *can* do anyway.

I HAVE GOTTEN WAY TO MANY FLAMES ABOUT THE CONTENT OF THIS STORY WHEN I HAVE PLACED SEVERAL WARNINGS!

SC276: I'm... not sure what the correlation is? Putting up a sign saying "Warning: shit ahead" isn't going to stop people complaining about shit. I should know, I've been doing intros here for like years now.

Crazy56U: I mean, granted, people skip them, but...

BittplexMutt: How is it not burned yet?

I WILL NOT ACCECPT ANY MORE FLAMES, RAMBLINGS, CUSSING OR EXCESSIVE LASHING OUT ABOUT THE CHAR JENNA, OR REVIEWS ABOUT THE CONTENT OF THIS STORY, EXCESSIVE LASHING OUT, VICIOUS ATTACKS AGAINST MY PERSONALITY, OR NON-MATURE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITISIM!

Mono: Heh heh heh... oh, *boy*, I hope you never come across this riff... y'know, if you haven't grown the fuck up already.

SC276: I do mature constructive criticism! In-between insults aimed directly at your mother, but still!

Crazy56U: STOP FUCKING SCREAMING, AUTHOR

PanzerThiefZero: "SHUT UP, MOM!"

BittplexMutt: Well first of all, use a spell check.

ANY REVIEWS SUBMITTED THAT DO NOT FOLLOW THE ABOVE GUIDLINES,

Crazy56U: ...I would not be surprised in the slightest if *all the fucking reviews* didn't do so.

BittplexMutt: Implying anyone follows the rules.

WILL BE DELETED IMMEDIATELY! THESE WARNINGS ARE NOT THERE TO LOOK PRETTY, THE AUTHORS PLACE WARNINGS FOR A REASON!

Crazy56U: "I WILL HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU LIKE A DOG, AND YES THIS IS A WRITTEN THREAT!"

BittplexMutt: That's too bad because that warning was pretty ugly.

IT IS TO TELL YOU WHAT THE CONTENT OF THE STORY IS SO THAT IF THE READER FINDS THE CONTENT OF THE STORY OFFENSIVE, THEY WILL NOT READ ON!

SC276: Apparently the "hate read" wasn't a popular concept in the Naughts.

Crazy56U: ROAR

Mono: "DID I MENTION I'M A DEPRAVED FUCK AND MY CONTENT IS HORRIFYING YET?!"

PanzerThiefZero: Hey, didn't stop plenty of chuds from bitching about a certain author for *years* on end.

BittplexMutt: Riffing is something she never heard of.

MANY AUTHORS HAVE BEEN COMPLAINING ABOUT UNWANTED, EXCESSIVE, VIOLENT AND JUST PLAIN NASTY REVIEWS THAT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED BY READERS ABOUT THEIR STORIES, CAUSING FANFICTION TO GRANT AUTHORS THE ABILITY TO DELETE UNWANTED REVIEWS AND BLOCK CERTAIN READERS!

SC276: You posted an explicit lemon on *FF.net*?! Gheeze, no fucking wonder everyone's burning it to the ground!

Crazy56U: Okay, I'm starting to think I did the "Fuck, the Shift Key broke" bit too early.

BittplexMutt: Funny, didn't Fanfiction.net ban lemons?

Mono: Fanfic's mods are lax as shit, Bitt, judging by the myriad of SYOC's that are still up to this day.

I WILL SAY THIS FOR MYSELF AND FOR ALL AUTHORS ON FANFICTION.

Crazy56U: Okay. (gets up and leaves)

BittplexMutt: "You know, whoever's left that is."

NO AUTHOR TWISTS YOUR ARM OR HOLDS YOU AT GUN POINT OR FORCES YOU IN ANY WAY SHAPE OR FORM TO READ THEIR STORIES!

Mono: Yes, but here's the thing, sweetie, the internet is a public place. And if you post shit on a public place, you're bound to have someone with an opinion reading it. So, yeah, no one is forced to read your stories, but everyone can and will comment.

BittplexMutt: So why does it feel like it does?

ALL READERS HAVE THE RIGHT NOT TO READ A CERTAIN STORY!

BittplexMutt: How about I read it anyway?

IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO READ THE WARNINGS

BittplexMutt: Suddenly, I cannot read.

AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF IF THE CONTENT OF THE STORY IS OFFENSIVE TO YOU, AND TO MAKE THE CHOICE TO READ ON OR NOT!

SC276: Lady, I'm not going to reopen the can of worms that was "The Pokemon Story," get off your fucking high horse.

BittplexMutt: We really don't have a choice here.

AND IT ALSO IS THE READERS RESPONSIBILITY TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY ON HOW THEY HANDLE THEMSELVES WHEN LEAVING A REVIEW FOR AN AUTHOR!



BittplexMutt: Actual depiction of the readers.

LEAVING A REVIEW THAT IS VIOLENT IN NATURE ONLY MAKES YOU THE READER LOOK BAD, AND IS VERY IMMATURE.

SC276: You act as if that would ever stop anyone.

Mono: "ME SHOUTING HOWEVER IS THE MOST MATURE THING IN THE WORLD!"

IF ALL US HERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ADULTS, WELL THEN, LETS CONDUCTIVE OURSELVES LIKE ADULTS AND NOT LIKE LITTLE KIDS!

Mono: "BY SHOUTING LIKE A FUCKING MADWOMAN ABOUT SHIT WE'VE ALREADY HEARD!"

I ONLY EXPECT THE VIOLENT LASHING OUT AND VICIOUS ATTACKS TO COME FROM TEENANGERS, NOT ADULTS! IF YOU PEOPLE REALLY ARE ADULTS THAT ARE CONDUCTING YOURSELVES IN THE MANORS I DECRIED ABOVE, YOU PEOPLE REALLY ARE SCARING ME!

Ringmaster: Hey, I'll conduct myself in any manor I want! ...Except the Grande Chateau, that one has terrible acoustics.

CaptainPipsqueak: What about that one in Raccoon City?

BittplexMutt: I can't even afford a manor anyway.

IT'S A DAMN SHAME TO KNOW THAT THERE ARE ADULTS OUT THERE WHO CANNOT CONDUCTIVE THEMSELVES IN THE SIMPLEST MANORS THEIR PARENTS HAVE TAUGHT THEM! ALSO LEAVING MALICIOUS REVIEWS IS ALSO A SIGN OF LOW SELF-ESTEEM.

SC276: [the author] "If I keep shouting 'no, you,' it'll eventually become true!"
PanzerThiefZero: Jesus Christ, this *still* isn't over? I've read long angry Twitter threads shorter than this shit!

IF ALL YOU PEOPLE KNOW HOW DO IS ATTACK SOMEONE VICIOUSLY, IT'S A SIGN OF SELFISHNESS AND NO RESPECT FOR ONES-SELF!

SC276: Lady, you shouldn't copy stuff from textbooks that you don't understand.
BittplexMutt: Also, I don't have any respect for myself anyway.

I SUGGEST TO ALL READERS WHO ARE THINKING ABOUT LEAVING A MALICIOUS REVIEW FOR ME, PLEASE GET A HOBBY AND LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR ANGER, BECAUSE YOUR ONLY HURTING YOURSELF, NOT ME!

SC276: Lady, I don't need to criticize your fic to hurt myself.
Mono: Heh heh heh, *you* are the one talking about controlling your anger...
BittplexMutt: That's why you're yelling.

ALSO LEAVING A NASTY REVIEW ONLY MAKES YOU LOOK STUPID, NOT ME!

SC276: [the author] "If I keep shouting 'no, you,' it'll eventually become true!"
BittplexMutt: "Even though I am the one writing this!"

I FIND IT VERY RIDICULOUS THAT I HAD TO LEAVE A WARNING THIS LONG, BUT IT IS BECAUSE OF THE VERY IMMATURE READERS THAT HAVE SUBMITTED NASTY CHILDISH REVIEWS!

SC276: And yet you're the one overreacting and calling them all doodoo-heads.
BittplexMutt: And leaving a long rant in Capslock.

AGAIN, PLEASE READ THE ABOVE CONTEXT BEFORE READING ON!

Crazy56U: (comes back with a bottle of water) Yeah, sure, totally going to do that.
(chugs bottle in one gulp)

Mono: *is deaf now* WELL, THANK FUCK THAT'S OVER, RIGHT?

PanzerThiefZero: ...famous last words, bro.

CaptainPipsqueak: *WOULD YOU JUST SHUT YOUR CHRISTING FACE-CUNT?!*

BittplexMutt: I already read the context, it still sucks.

Furthermore, I have realized that this story needs some heavy grammar corrections,

Crazy56U: You know, what with the massive fucking several paragraph long Caps Lock block?

BittplexMutt: You just realized now?

and that the plot needs some work. Also under the advisement of my friend

Crazy56U: "-who just said 'Please don't' ad nauseum."

BittplexMutt: "-who is totally real, believe me!"

who had just recently completed two literature classes,

Crazy56U: Granted, they were "Intro to Intro to Reading I" and "History of the Spacebar", but, eh, semantics.

CaptainPipsqueak: There's also "Caps-lock and You".

Mono: "-I have decided to take a long, hard look at myself in the mirror."

BittplexMutt: "-told me to never write again."

has stated the reasons why people had classified Jenna as a "Mary Sue" char

BittplexMutt: Because she is.

and labeled her as "flat".

Ringmaster: Again, in more than one sense of the word.

SC276: She had been run over by a steamroller.

Crazy56U: Think Mr. Game and Watch, but with *less* personality.

CaptainPipsqueak: "Yup. No tits at *all*."

BittplexMutt: "Hey look ma, I'm roadkill!"

She has come to the conclusion that most people do not know or understand Jenna's history, so

Crazy56U: "-I have decided they are all dead to me now."

Mono: "-fuck you, she came from space, okay."

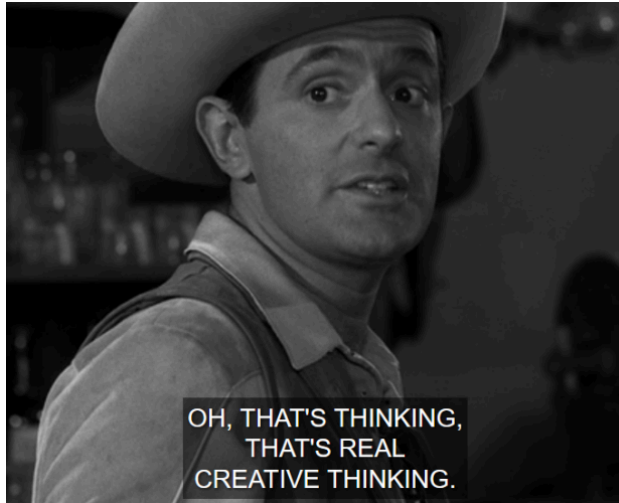
BittplexMutt: "-I ignored her entirely."

she has advised me to create an origin story to explain about her history before she met Link.

BittplexMutt: "It all started when I was born."

That way she will become more rounded and give people a reason to care about her.

SC276: Lady, Mary Sues form when stories have only one character of any actual narrative importance. Transcribing your *fucking lucid dreams* couldn't be *more* fertile a ground for them.



Crazy56U:

CaptainPipsqueak: they tried that with whatzerface from the Star Wars sequel trilogy and nobody cared about *her* either.

It was never in my intentions to create Jenna as a "Mary Sue" char

Crazy56U: Wah wah wa waaaaaaah! Beeyoooooooooom!

or to make her conceited, because I'm not really like that.

SC276: I mean, you only metaphorically shouted "*RUBBER AND GLUE*" over and over for like a *page*.

Crazy56U: "When I use Caps Lock, that means I care about you guys."

Jenna is a persona char,

BittplexMutt: "-burned up and everything."

one that resembles my personality while this story is being told from her perspective.

Mono: If that is true then your personality is flatter than a sheet of paper, my girl...

BittplexMutt: So, like usual characters we get here.

CaptainPipsqueak: Even *flatter*.

This story is not something that I pulled out of my head like my drawings, it came from my dreams.

SC276: [the author] "Which *don't* take place in my head!"

Mono: Which will explain why it's such an incoherent mess.

CaptainPipsqueak: So you pulled it out of your *ass*. Gotcha.

So I understand that revising this story is going to be hard work and will take time.

BittplexMutt: Like a decade.

Since this story is being told in the exact, or close to exact order it happened in the dreams, changing how fast Link and Jenna marry isn't going to be easy.

SC276: I mean, you could write something that's *not* an exact transcription of your dreams. You're capable of that, right?

Mono: Do you *really* have that much faith in the author?

Even changing how fast they have sex and revising the Lemon parts also won't be so easy to do.

BittplexMutt: "Because I'm too horny."

But I'm currently in the process of revising this story,

BittplexMutt: And it failed miserably.

also I have received a college grammar book from my friend and I will be investing in a Beta-Reader.

SC276: Namely, investing two buttons and a piece of pocket lint.

Mono: Only to then probably insult them when they give actual constructive criticism.

I'm also considering taking to literature classes at JC to help boost my writing skills.

BittplexMutt: RIP to the teacher that had to teach you.

But now I say this, if you people, the reviewers really have the intentions to help me, then please do it positively and like a mature adult.

SC276: You can't tell me what to do.

CaptainPipsqueak: Darling, you can't even spell *two*. I doubt they can help.

I'm telling you that it is a proven fact that negative motivation NEVER motivates someone to change.

SC276: If morale never improved, we would've eventually given up on beatings.

PanzerThiefZero: Just ask a certain series of rifiers we know.

It never has and it never will. I'm pretty sure your parents have taught you that people only respond to positive motivation and not negative.

SC276: Lady, why do you think humans invented whips?

Mono: For the Indiana Jones movies, *duh*.

BittplexMutt: To reach things they can't reach.

CaptainPipsqueak: Because they make cool noises.

I'm not close-minded, I NEVER have been. I have always been open to other people's thoughts and opinions,

Mono: *UNLESS THEY ARE DIFFERENT FROM MINE!*

CaptainPipsqueak: Okay, not that I'm complaining, but it's been fifteen pages and you haven't even started the story.

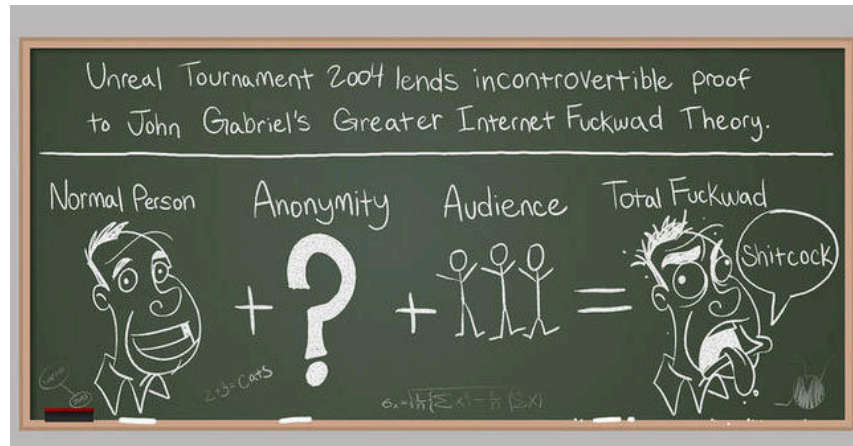
its when its done in an inappropriate manner that I turn my nose at it and look away.

SC276: I dunno, that sounds pretty close-minded to me.

People have to understand that when you're an adult, you need to conduct yourself like one and learn how to address other people like one. You cannot just act childish when you come across something that you DO NOT approve of, you're only making yourself look bad and that can affect you later on in life. Acting childish and ranting and raving is something I'd expect a little kid would do when he doesn't get his way.

SC276: Lady, it's the *Internet*.

Crazy56U: So?



PanzerThiefZero:

When an adult acts childish over stupid things, that's looked down upon, and considered to be unhealthy. I have seen far too many reviews left for me where the reviewers are just ranting and raving like little kids over this story because they do not like it.

Mono: As opposed to you ranting and raving over things you do not like.

It is only making them look stupid and is very unhealthy. I fear that these people have some serious emotional problems if they get that upset over a story.

SC276: And you gave us nearly a page of all caps, so what does that say.

People in control of their emotions and have also obtained some sort of common sense, NEVER let little things get them all riled up.

SC276: [the author] "It can't be there's *tons* of little things that add up to something worth getting riled up about, because that would mean I'm wrong!"

BittplexMutt: "I'm never wrong!"

It is very sad when one that is supposed to be an adult, cannot handle them like one. I was NEVER angry with the reviewers not liking the story, it's how they handled themselves when leaving me the reviews. Getting riled up, ranting and raving, screaming and spitting nails over this story is what has caused me to get upset, not the fact that they didn't like it.

Mono: *This is the song that doesn't end. Yes it goes on and on my friends...*

SC276: how are you MORE redundant than Chat

BittplexMutt: Get on with it!

Also as a side note, I NEVER physically hurt ANYONE with this story.

Mono: Mentally, though...

PanzerThiefZero: "I just emotionally scar them for life instead! No biggie!"

I got one reviewer that said. "Oh God please stop writing, your hurting everyone." Now I want to know where I physically touched that person.

SC276: In the fucking soul. Yes, *physically*. I've read enough crap for the last four years or so to know that's possible.

I want to know how I'm twisting anyone's arms to read this. I have never done anything of the sort in any way, shape or form and I DO NOT appreciate being accused of that! If you're emotionally hurt over this, its your fault not mine.

SC276: Victim blaming really is a problem in today's culture.

I'm sorry if it did, but I have placed several warnings describing the content of this story and if you know what it contains and you do not like this type of material, then why are you reading it?

BittplexMutt: "Because I have lost control of my life."

I do not appreciate getting accused for other people's actions.

BittplexMutt: Pretty sure that's not what's happening.

It is your choice as the reader to read the content of this story and it is not my fault if it upsets you when you knew from the gecko what it contained. So please DO NOT flame me about it.

SC276: OK, I'll flame you over how you think I'm getting this information from a lizard.

Mono: She's probably having lucid dreams about Gex now as well...

I also feel like a schoolteacher teaching a bunch of little kids.

SC276: *why are you teaching kids how to fuck*

And I find that this really wasn't necessary and shouldn't have had to come to this, but it is very hard when your reviewers have forgotten how to conduct themselves like adults.

SC276: Gee, it's almost like the minimum age to have an account on the Internet is *thirteen*.

If you honestly think that being malicious is a good thing and that you're not wrong in doing so, well then your blinded by your own selfish pride. People with common sense learn how to take responsibility for themselves and are able to admit when their wrong.

SC276: Good to know that you don't have any common sense then.

Mono: *WE GET IT, STOP FUCKING TALKING!*

I have found that many of the reviewers that have left me malicious reviews honestly believe that its appropriate behavior for an adult. When it really is that they are too self-absorbed in themselves to admit their wrong.

SC276: I don't want to hear that coming from the lady that can't even right the write damn word.

Again that results from selfish pride. One to scared to admit in front of others that they just might be wrong. Also, how can any of you hold any right to call Jenna conceited when in reality, your contradicting yourself by being conceited as well? Being conceited is again selfish pride

SC276: Selfish pride selfish pride, selfish pride. Selfish pride? Selfish pride!

and being self-absorbed. And yes, it is and always will be a fact that most of the reviewers have been conceited and very contradictive. Please DO NOT leave me a review that only contradicts what you are trying to preach. You should in reality, take your own advice.

SC276: And you should in reality, learn how to fucking type like the adult you think your readers are.

BittplexMutt: "Reality", she says as she talks about her vivid dreams.

Again I find it very ridiculous that this had to be as long as it is, but it is due to the fact that

SC276: -you keep fucking repeating yourself.

BittplexMutt: "I have to keep yelling at you."

people not conducting themselves appropriately.

Mono: When in reality, they should all rant and rave like you.

Also if I do receive any more malicious reviews, with screaming, spitting nails

SC276: The nails Mr. Ratburn ate for breakfast, without milk.

or ranting and raving over this story because you do not like it then are to self-absorbed to admit that acting like that is wrong, well then you have proven my point! All of this is very self-explanatory!

SC276: [the author] "If you hate on my story, which is perfect in every way, then you're the fucking loser, not me!"

Now PLEASE DO NOT READ ON if you DO NOT plan on leaving me a review appropriately!

SC276: are we at the fucking fic yet

Crazy56U: I love how you think I know...

Mono: *FINALLY*

CaptainPipsqueak: *EIGHTEEN PAGES. EIGHTEEN GOD-FUCKING PAGES.*

LITERALLY TWENTY PERCENT OF THE STORY.

Dreams come in many forms.

SC276: No, it's only out for PS4 right now.

Some good, some bad, some very realistic, even ones that feels very real.

SC276: Which is... somehow different from realistic?

CaptainPipsqueak; Yeah. You know: hyper-realistic.

Mono: And some dreams in which you, um, you had, your, you- you could, you'll do, you- you wants, you, you could do so, you- you'll do, you could- you, you want, you want them to do you so much you could do anything.

A dream may come to us from happy events, or even stem from bad events in our lives. Some come to us as a pleasure dream and some come as nightmares. Some become vague memories after time, while some stay very rich in our minds. This is a story about a dream that I had.

SC276: Dude, this is FF.net, not your dream diary. Get a fucking MySpace.

BittplexMutt: "You know, in case you forgot."

A dream that became more dreams.

Mono: Dreamception?

CaptainPipsqueak: "We need to go dreamer."

A dream that would end one night then resumes the next. It became like a second life.

Mono: "Not that I had a first one to begin with..."

Ever since I became a Zelda fan, I grew an interest in Link.

BittplexMutt: Too much if you ask me.

I thought of him as the perfect man. One that you could not find of this world.

SC276: Well... yeah, he's in Hyrule.

CaptainPipsqueak: Also fictional, which says a lot about the author's love life.

I thought of him as a man that should have been.

BittplexMutt: Should have been what? Real?

The more that he attracted my attention the more I became more attracted to him.

Mono: If your life is so fucking pathetic that you fall in love with a video game character, than *Christ*...

I felt like there was a connection between him and me.

BittplexMutt: That, my friend, is called a tulpa.

Then he became a part of me, and after that I fell deeply in love with him.

SC276: (sharp inhale) Honey, you might want to check in with a therapist. You're this close to being delusional. Or worse, an otherkin.

I know that may sound queer to you

SC276: Your intentions couldn't be straighter.

but love is a mysterious thing and should not be taken lightly. Love is a very strong emotion, an emotion that should be treasured. Love comes from the heart, but when it takes hold, it's got you.



SC276:

Mono: Yeah, yeah, we all know. Love is a battlefield, a losing game, a stranger, a drug, it can mend your life but it can break your heart, it hurts, it scars, it wounds and marks, it is all around... Tell me, what is love at this point anymore. This might sound like an odd question, but really I just want to know what love is.

BittplexMutt: Love stinks.

PanzerThiefZero: There's a fine, fine line between love and lust, lady. And by 'fine', I mean 'pretty much invisible to the naked eye', and you seem way too happy to waltz all the way to the other side.

I quite don't understand it myself,

BittplexMutt: Then why do you then?

but I do know that when I first laid my eyes upon Link I fell in love with him.

SC276: *did you not hear Square Mom*



PanzerThiefZero: Truly, the grand standard all men should strive for.

CaptainPipsqueak: "He didn't look like much, but his sword was enough."

My heart just told me it was right. Told me he was the one, the one I had been searching for.

SC276: *~Is it me you're looking for...?~*

Ever since then I have felt that it was destiny that has brought me to him.

SC276: After unity and duty shoved her to the curb.

CaptainPipsqueak: They tried to help, but alas...

Even in my mind it feels the same. I don't consider myself any different from anyone else.

Mono: "Except for the fact that little elf people make me horny..."

CaptainPipsqueak: Though let's just say the rumble feature on control pads helps take the edge off.

Though I have love for someone that is not really there,

BittplexMutt: "He's still real to me, damn it!"

he will always remain very real to me inside my heart and in my mind.

SC276: Him not being real is the only thing not making you a stalker, it feels like.

CaptainPipsqueak: "It's not just a phase, Mom!"

Even to this day I still love him. He has kept me very happy.

Mono: ...Please go see a therapist. Now.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or at least keep yourself away from others.

He has made me happy when I was sad. He has made me feel stronger about myself. He has even taken care of me in ways that no one else can.

SC276: By... allowing you to move him with the d-pad?

BittplexMutt: By speaking through him?

Even though I have feelings for him, I'm not any different from the rest of you. I will always hold him close to me in my heart. He is still on my mind and I still have dreams. The connection stills remains strong, and the dreams very real.

SC276: This sort of writing is the kind of mental illness that inspires shit like Pinkie's Mom.

BittplexMutt: And stalkers.

CaptainPipsqueak: And Stalker Pinkie.

I lived an entire life with Link in Hyrule. All stemming from a series of dreams. Dreams that I want to have. Dreams that I make happen.

SC276: [the author] "(holding a gun to her own forehead) *Dream about fucking Link or else, you bitch!*"

Mono: Dreams that no one wanted to fucking read about.

BittplexMutt: Freddy Krueger has met his match.

PanzerThiefZero: "Dreams that I really should be keeping to myself!"

From the first day I met him, to the birth of our first child, to even the days when Link and I prepared our family in the event that Gannon should return.

SC276: Oh my god, you're only doing this after playing *the original NES game*?!

Wasn't he like a *kid* in that one?!

CaptainPipsqueak: And pixels? Not even hyper-realistic ones?

Mono: Link had mostly been a kid before OoT came around, sooo...

BittplexMutt: This took a creepy turn.

CaptainPipsqueak: "Took"?

This book is based on my inner life. A second life lived in a far away land in another time line in another dimension. A tale of love, passion, despair and hope.

SC276: Mostly despair.

BittplexMutt: So much despair that not even Monokuma would like it.

CaptainPipsqueak: He started drinking heavily after reading this.

I enjoyed my inner life. I looked forward to going to sleep to it every night.

Mono: "It kept the demons from whispering to me..."

BittplexMutt: "So much so that I ignored real life."

And I look forward to ones that will come, because LOVE WILL NEVER DIE.

SC276: Is that a warning, or a threat?

BittplexMutt: Not if Andrew Lloyd Webber has anything to say about it.

I will never forget the day, the day I met Link. It was a warm spring day; I was on my usual trip back to Hyrule with my wagon of goods to sell in Hyrule market at the annual Spring Festival (1).

SC276: Hyrule has multiple spring festivals for the slow kids in the back.

Mono: Spring Festival #39 is crap, don't go there.

BittplexMutt: Spring Festival #13 was a disaster. They only had a ball pit.
PanzerThiefZero: And don't get me *started* on Spring Festival #1 and it's island from Hell...
CaptainPipsqueak: I dunno; Spring Festival #23.7 was pretty good.

I have been a traveling merchant since I was fourteen. This is my sixth year returning to Hyrule.

SC276: So, you're twenty?
Mono: And for some reason they keep letting you in.
BittplexMutt: They tried, but she kept coming back so they gave up.

The last two years I was not able to return when Princess Zelda sent word of an evil presence in Hyrule. Then all contact was lost. For almost two years I tried to contact Princess Zelda.

Mono: And the messages kept getting ignored because why the fuck would Zelda ever want to fucking talk to you.
BittplexMutt: Zelda knows she'll probably kill her anyway.

Desperately I kept trying to find out if she was ok. I was never too long without contact with my good friend. Then I was considering going to investigate, when one-day word came in that peace had been restored to Hyrule do to the legendary "Hero of Time."

SC276: Great work skipping all the actual action that would give some justification for why Link would fuck you, lady.
CaptainPipsqueak: Who cares about all that unimportant stuff?
BittplexMutt: And she ends up getting captured.

After some catching up time with my old friend I came to find out what really happened. Seems that a Gerudo named Gannondorf, an evil man from Gerduo Valley,

Mono: As opposed to a Gerudo from Zora's Domain.
BittplexMutt: Even though she should know who Gannondorf is.
CaptainPipsqueak: Also, calling him an evil *man* is likely to get you skinned alive.

desired the legendary Triforce. Though the Triforce was only told in fairy tales to the children where I come from, I was amazed to find out it really existed. She told me how she played with things she knew nothing about.

SC276: Namely, a scorpion. Her hand had to be amputated.

And about how Gannondorf tricked the soon to be "Hero of Time" into unlocking the door to the Sacred Realm. I even noticed that Zelda was a little older then I. Last I saw her she was four years younger then me. It was told to me that when Gannondorf went into the Temple of Time and into the Scared Realm, time jumped ahead in Hyrule seven years.

Mono: No, Link went to sleep for seven years and Ganondorf fucked everything up. The world didn't just skip seven years ahead!
CaptainPipsqueak: Betcha Link was awfully hungry when he woke up. Not to mention needing to take a *massive* piss.

Yet only two years passed in my land. And in the rest of the world.

Mono: *THAT IS NOT HOW FUCKING TIME WORKS!*

SC276: Not like anything else is working around here!

CaptainPipsqueak: Time is an illusion.

After the "Hero of Time" defeated the King of Evil, the hero was granted to either return to the past or to remain in the present time.

Mono: *Didn't he get sent back by Zelda, though?!*

Since he chose to remain in the present Zelda jumped ahead of me in age by four years. It seems that everyone in Hyrule jumped in age from the rest of the world.

Mono: Again, *no*. I know this is your fucking dream world, but at least take canon into consideration!

SC276: And people complained about the Mary Sue-ness over *this*? Gheeze, Naughts-age Internet goers had no sense of priority.

But now that peace was restored life resumed in Hyrule... As I made my way down the desert trail that led to Hyrule I begun to think about whom the "Legendary Hero of Time" was.

SC276: Because hobbies are a myth.

BittplexMutt: Confirmed.

CaptainPipsqueak: *stops gluing model together* Aw fuck. *swipes modek off the table*

I was very interested in meeting this man. Princess Zelda never told me his name,

Mono: "-mainly because she wanted him for herself and you could go suck it."

but I was going to make it a point this time to finally meet Hyrule's Hero. As I turned off the dirt trail and onto Hyrule field, Hyrule castle appeared in the distance.

Mono: How the fuck did you make it over that broken bridge in Gerudo Valley?

SC276: Knowing Sues? A sick ramp jump.

CaptainPipsqueak: And a 720.

Dust and dirt kicked up behind the wheels of my wagon as it creaked along. Then as I came closer to the gates of Hyrule castle, a familiar face appeared to greet me. I pulled back on the reins to make the horses come to a complete stop at the front gate, and I realized that the person greeting me was my good friend Princess Zelda.

Mono: "-along with six royal guards ready to arrest me."

CaptainPipsqueak: "She had a creepy grin on her face and was holding a sword."

I have been a good friend of the Royal Family

SC276: Good friend good friend, good friend. Good friend? Good friend!

ever since my first arrival in Hyrule six years ago for Hyrule's annual Spring Festival.

CaptainPipsqueak: Which one?

Ever since the first day I met the Princess I have been one of her closest friends. I was even considered part of the Royal Family.

Mono: She's like the weird bastard child that everyone ignores.

SC276: All the status of royalty, none of the responsibility!

After I climbed down from my perch on the wagon, I ran over to Zelda and hugged her. "Hello Princess Zelda my good friend, yes it is good to see you. How have you been?" Looking at her I could tell she was happy to see me.

SC276: Author, we already know you're delusional, we can reasonably infer you can't read social cues.

"Oh it is so good to see you again my friend!

BittplexMutt: [Zelda] "I thought you would *never* come back!"

CaptainPipsqueak: [Zelda] "It looks like that assassin and I are going to need to have a talk..."

[Whatsherface] "'Pardon?"

[Zelda] "Oh nothing; just thinking out loud."

Come, come, father is waiting to see you!"

BittplexMutt: [Zelda] "So he can throw you into the dungeon!"

Leaving my wagon to be tended to by the stable hands

Mono: "-who then promptly decided to burn it down."

CaptainPipsqueak: After stealing anything of value, of course.

I followed Zelda through the market place and to the gates that lead to the castle. As we approached the castle gates I saw some of the same guards I have seen in the past few years. Saluting to Princess Zelda and me was a guard named Perrino.

Mono: Ah, yes, my favorite OoT character!

CaptainPipsqueak: Good ol' Perrino! What a card he is.

I met him a few years back, during one of my first visits to Hyrule. He was one of the guards that befriended me the first time I arrived.

SC276: We get it, you're friends with everyone, can we get to something that doesn't make me want to empty my skull?

He smiled a friendly smile as we passed by.

"Its nice to see you again Mistress Jenna." He said as he waved.

SC276: The good thing about being a guard is that you get training in always keeping a straight face.
CaptainPipsqueak: That and standing still.

As I smiled back I thought to myself how good it was to be back again. We went through the front gate and made our way towards the palace garden. Upon approaching the gates leading to the garden another familiar face appeared to greet me.

Mono: [8675309] "Satan! How's it going, old buddy?!"

As we walked closer I realized that the face was of Zelda's caretaker Impa of the Sheikahs.

SC276: "She promptly shanked me."
CaptainPipsqueak: Yeah, but she shanks *everyone*. Traditional greeting, don'tchaknow?

As I walked over to Impa she turned to fully face me and a small smile crossed her face.

CaptainPipsqueak: It then ran away screaming.

"Its good to see you again my friend. How has life been treating you?" Impa asked and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Oh fine. Nothing out of the ordinary. I had to chase some thief's off

Mono: A... thief's *what now?*
SC276: Their copy of an indie RPG.

on the first night that I was on my way here. Though after some facing time off I was able to chase them away with my bow."

Mono: [8675309] "I am now wanted for manslaughter!"

Then I made a big grin as I remembered the looks on the thief's faces when I rained arrows on them.

BittplexMutt: "I love killing people!"
CaptainPipsqueak: It *is* a fun hobby.

"Well it seems that with the abilities you posses you should have no problem keeping your possessions safe."

SC276: That is the kind of line said by someone that wants to be anywhere but in this conversation.

With another smile Impa gestured for us to go into the garden.
That is where I met him. The man that took my heart.

SC276: Joker?
CaptainPipsqueak: Death?

As we walked into the garden I saw a young man in green with his back facing us polishing a rather odd sword.

SC276: The Master Sword is odd now?

CaptainPipsqueak: No, they caught him masturbating.

As I watched him I had begun to notice something about the sword. It had a rather odd shape on the hilt. The hilt was blue with the top of the hilt looking like a fishes tail.

SC276: (googles "master sword ocarina of time") ...Lady, what fucking fish have you been catching?

The sword looked rather strangely familiar.

Mono: Oh, so *Link* doesn't get a fancy description, huh?

BittplexMutt: It'll be hard to write with one hand.

I leaned over to Princess Zelda and asked her who the young man was.

"That is the Legendary "Hero of Time," his name is Link." Zelda replied.

My eyes grew as big as saucers as I turned to look back at him. "You mean he is the "Hero of Time" you told me about?

SC276: [Princess Zelda] "If I told you about him, I would've mentioned it just now. Your dream doesn't know how people work."

The one who saved Hyrule? Then that must be the Legendary Master Sword he is holding?" Zelda nodded yes. Just then Link turned to look at us. And with one look at his face my heart sank into my chest.

SC276: And burst out her back.

He was the most gorgeous man I had ever laid my eyes upon. At that very moment I fell in love.

Mono: Oh Jesus Christ, I spoke too soon...

BittplexMutt: "And that's when I decided to make him mine."



SC276:

His eyes were like looking down into deep blue pools of water. His lips firm. His ears long and sexy.

Mono: Ummmm... okay, I... I don't really look at Link's ears and think *those* thoughts, but... whatever floats your boat, girl!

Beautiful blond hair that parted in the middle. And his body was so tight and muscular that it took my breath away.

SC276: Causing him to be renamed THIEF.

When our eyes met, I blushed and swiftly looked away. He approached me and took my hand in his, gently kissed it and asked, "Who might this beautiful young lady be?" I turned my head back to face him, and as our eyes met again I blushed.

SC276: *Boy, you dream in cliché.*

"My name is Jenna, I'm a traveling merchant from the Great Lebian Coast."

Mono: And *this* explains the whole 'queer' thing from earlier!

"My village is there." "I have been a friend of the Royal Family for a long time." "And I come every year for Hyrule's annual Spring Festival."

Mono: "Also, I have no fucking clue how quotation marks work." "Can you please help me?"

CaptainPipsqueak: She's schizophrenic.

He looked into my eyes and smiled. Watching him smile made my heart pound in my chest. He again took my hand in his, kissed it again and spoke. "Nice to meet you Mistress Jenna." "You are as beautiful as a winter rose."

Mono: Thank *fuck* Link never talks in the games if he spouts crap like this...

SC276: Well *excuuuuuuse ME, fic!*

He said as he stared at me with his enchanted blue eyes.

BittplexMutt: He's hypnotizing her.

SC276: *Stop kinkshaming me.*

CaptainPipsqueak: *No.*

"Th-Thank you." I stammered as I blushed again.

BittplexMutt: "Hey Zelda, does your friend always talks like this?"

"What are you doing tonight?" He asked with a soft smile.

BittplexMutt: "You. Wait..."

" Stunned, not believing my ears I turned and looked directly into his eyes again.

BittplexMutt: Hoping he could be brainwashed.

SC276: I SAID STOP KINKSHAMING ME, GAWD

"Nothing really." "I was just going to retire to my wagon and cook supper before settling in front of a fire to read a book."

SC276: You're going to set your wagon on fire?

CaptainPipsqueak: And when did she learn how to read?

With a glint in his eyes he asked, "Why don't you join me tonight in Kokiri Village for the annual Spring Night celebration?"(2)

Mono: Jesus, has the first one already happened? That's gotta be the fastest festival ever.

BittplexMutt: It just came and left like that.

CaptainPipsqueak: They have a lot of festivals, so they tend to be quite short.

"It is a celebration feast that happens the night before the Spring Festival."

BittplexMutt: One that is.

SC276: [Link] "And the word 'eve' doesn't exist."

Without hesitation I took him up on his offer. "I would love to go." I said with a soft smile. "I will pick you up this evening." Link said with a grin. Just then a deep voice rumbled through the garden.

Mono: "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU NEAR MY DAUGHTER, YOU PEASANT!"

BittplexMutt: "WHO DISTURBS MY SLUMBER?!"

"Jenna my dear friend, how have ye been?" A grandfatherly face appeared before me. With a smile I curtsied before the King. "King Zelda,

Mono: Who... apparently has a woman's first name.

BittplexMutt: The part of the king will be played by Zelda.



SC276:

CaptainPipsqueak: He's the king. He can do what he wants.

my old friend how have I missed you!" "I have been just fine."

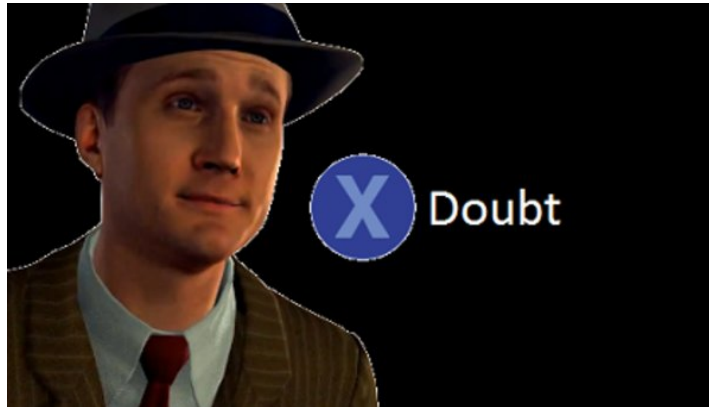
SC276: ~Hey / How you doing, well I'm doing just fine / I lied / I'm dying inside~

" It is really nice to see you again." I said with excitement in my voice. As always the King thought of me as a daughter and always looked forward to the day when I would arrive in Hyrule for the annual Spring Festival. He always liked to see what new merchandise I have picked up thought my travels since the last time I was there.

SC276: [King] "I see you traded your `r' for another `t.' Bold purchasing decision."

And most of the time he would buy something from me. But he always liked it when I would show up since I would bring lots of fun and happiness.

Mono:



SC276:

BittplexMutt: More like he's paid to do so.

As I looked at the King I realized I was some what at home.

BittplexMutt: "What is a home anyway?"

CaptainPipsqueak: A miserable pile of furniture.

As he started to approach me I ran up to the King and gave him a hug.

BittplexMutt: "And then I suplexed him."

How I missed him. Ever since my parents died when I was very young, I never let anyone get very close to me.

BittplexMutt: Social distance at its best.

But the King was different.

Crazy56U: [The King] "IT'S NOT DIFFERENT AT ALL! IS IT, STEVE?! (evil laugh)"

BittplexMutt: The King is not like those other kings.

SC276: Yeah, other kings have a reasonable level of fear of cooties.

CaptainPipsqueak: And apparently female.

He opened up to me, took me into his family and became like a father to me.

BittplexMutt: "What's a father?"

He gave me a home to come to every year.

Mono: So you just... live on the streets for the rest of your days?

BittplexMutt: The dungeon that is.

CaptainPipsqueak: Just for a single day.

When I was in Hyrule, I felt at home.

BittplexMutt: Yeah, you said that.

"Jenna my sweet daughter, what have ye acquired through thy travels this past year?" I smiled at the King,

SC276: [Dream Sue] "I got you a new accent!"

CaptainPipsqueak: King Pirate!

"You must see some of the new cloth I picked up in the city of Skyile." "The great city of light."

Mono: Honestly, I'm beginning to think this girl is actually schizophrenic or some shit...

I smiled, as the King's eyes grew big.

BittplexMutt: What is this, an anime?

"Jenna my daughter,

SC276: MAI BOY

you must show me what you've acquired."

BittplexMutt: "Because I have no idea what that does."

Then he took my hand and began to lead me out of the garden. With one last look back at Link, I smiled at him.

BittplexMutt: A toothless smile.

Mono: And then the king tossed her into the moat where she drowned.

"See you tonight." I said before I left. After spending some time with the King, he brought some of my new cloth then let me settle in for the night.

BittplexMutt: In the dungeon.

CaptainPipsqueak: No, I think the moat would be better.

I returned to the inside of my wagon and prepared a hot bath. I went to the mirror

SC276: Nothing about what's been said so far suggests you're getting money from the royal family. How the fuck are you affording a mirror on a fantasy merchant's salary?

CaptainPipsqueak: Fantasy-IHOP pays well.

and brushed my hair while I waited for the water to heat up.

BittplexMutt: By the time she came back, the water was boiling.

After about five minuets the water was ready.

BittplexMutt: I hope you like having third degree burns.

Mono:Kay.

SC276: ~Minuet / jaunty minuet~

As I slipped down into the warm water, it felt good against my sore muscles.

BittplexMutt: Sore? You barely did anything!

SC276: Did you stack a bunch of cardboard boxes onto postal pallets for five hours, five days a week? No? Then get out of the fucking tub, it's my turn.

I begun to relax and slowly let my thoughts drift.

BittplexMutt: Away because why would they want to be here.

Link was the only thing on my mind.

BittplexMutt: "I just met the guy and I want to fuck him."

"He is sooo handsome." I thought to myself.

BittplexMutt: Even though he's a boy in a few games.

Mono: Iiiii... have all the reasons to think she's touching herself right now...



SC276:

"That is the heroic man who became the "Legendary Hero of Time" and saved Hyrule from a life of darkness."

BittplexMutt: You know, in case you didn't' play the games.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or are just here for the porn.

Though something tugged at the back of my mind.

CaptainPipsqueak: ...and pulled me under the water. It was only by fighting my hardest that I was able to free myself from drowning.

I remembered that I had wanted to marry one day. And Link would be a good choice since he was my age, strong, smart, and handsome and would help make strong beautiful children.

Mono: And yet you've still only seen him just once...

SC276: Please, like every girl Link meets after every game is like this offscreen.

You're not special.

CaptainPipsqueak: You're just the creepiest.

Yes indeed Link would make a good husband. Then I took the soap and washed up. After I washed I got out of the tub and dried off.

BittplexMutt: Riveting.

CaptainPipsqueak: I've decided to believe that she didn't undress first.

I went to the wardrobe closet to pick out a dress for this evening's occasion. After some rummaging, I picked a low v cut white dress with lace that held the v together.

BittplexMutt: Get ready for the clothing porn!

Mono: Yay, that was my favorite part of My fucking Immortal!

SC276: As opposed to the dress that held the v together with bungee cord.

Gold embroidered Triforce symbols lined the bottom of the dress.

BittplexMutt: That's gonna be one heavy dress.

And the sleeves started from mid arm and ran all the way down my arm to my wrist.

BittplexMutt: Why are you wearing long sleeves in the middle of spring?
CaptainPipsqueak: You're not the boss of her.

Next I picked a gold choker with the Triforce symbol for around my neck.

BittplexMutt: That's gonna cause some neck injuries.
SC276: I'm not snapping that.
CaptainPipsqueak: Think the choker'll choke her?

And a gold Triforce ring for my finger.

BittplexMutt: This author has a fetish for the Triforce.
Mono: I thought the Triforce was just a fairy tale where you came from?

Then I had to do my hair.

BittplexMutt: Again.

I braided my hair into a halo braid

SC276: You made it look like a space ring?
CaptainPipsqueak: It'll wipe out all life in the galaxy if she isn't careful.

and ran a beautiful silver lace through it.

BittplexMutt: But watch out, this girl is no angel.
SC276: "And where I guide him *depends on my mood that day!*"

After that I went to the full-length mirror to look at myself.

BittplexMutt: "Ahh! I look hideous!"

As I looked myself over, a knock came at the door.

BittplexMutt: "Police! Open up!"
CaptainPipsqueak: "It's da plumah; I've come ta fix yer sink!"

"Come!" I yelled. Appearing in the doorway was the man I had set my eyes on.

SC276: The Goron chief.

His eyes grew big, as he looked me over. "You look beautiful tonight." Link said as he took my hand and kissed it.

SC276: Stealing her ring in the process. Like *Robin Hood* except we don't want the leads to fuck.

Then he led me out the door. There were two horses in front saddled for riding. One was a rust colored mare with a white main and tail with a black mussel.

Mono: "Literally, there was a mussel superglued to his flank."

CaptainPipsqueak: Poor horsey...

The other was one of my brown mares with a black main and tail.

SC276: Why does your horse have *Call of Duty* aesthetics?

CaptainPipsqueak: Also, it's 'mane', you dumb bitch.

The one he had gotten was the one with the white star on her forehead. The one whom I named "Star Dancer."

Mono: Now that is a name even My Little Pony would reject on the spot.

He led me to my mare and helped me into the saddle. Then he mounted the other horse.

Mono: ...Well, the author did say that this was a real lemon.

Looking back at me his eyes seemed to glow in the moonlight.

SC276: Like a Heartless.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or some sort of demon.

"Follow me, I will lead the way." Then he booted the horse in the legs

SC276: Apparently Link wears stilts while riding now.

CaptainPipsqueak: [Horse] "Don't you kick *me*, motherfucker."

and took off at a slow gallop.

CaptainPipsqueak: That's called a 'trot', you dumb bitch.

I then followed. We rode to the south side of Hyrule field and came upon a long dark tunnel.

BittplexMutt: A train tunnel that is.

"This way!" Link called. "Through here!"

BittplexMutt: "Try not to get hit by the train!"

I watched as Link disappeared into the tunnel.

BittplexMutt: "I never saw him again."

Mono: And then Link re-appeared again. He really should have followed Saria's song.

CaptainPipsqueak: There was a long agonized scream followed by a fountain of blood. There was so much blood, *why was there so much blood...?*

Then I followed. At the other end we crossed a bridge and then into what seemed to be a village.

BittplexMutt: Riveting.

Little people wearing green clothes that looked like kids started to surround us when we stopped.

BittplexMutt: They did not like visitors.

CaptainPipsqueak: ...and that's when they pulled out knives...

"This is the Kokiri Village." "The place where I was raised." Link said as he dismounted.

BittplexMutt: "In case you didn't play my game."

Mono: It's obvious she didn't either, considering the Kokiri *do not fucking recognize adult Link!*

After I dismounted one of the kid like Kokiri took our horses to tend to them.

Mono: *Even though they have never seen an adult before!*

SC276: *Somehow!*

As I walked around the village the child like people began watching me.

BittplexMutt: "What is she wearing?"

SC276: "I dunno, but bet ya 50 rupees that ain't real gold."

They all seemed very curious to who I was. As I looked around at them I noticed that they had something floating around them.

BittplexMutt: It was the Sims.

As I took a closer look I noticed that they looked like fairies from the fairy tales told to us in our village as kids. "Were these really fairies from the stories I heard as a child?" I thought to myself. Just then one of the Kokiri, a young girl approached me.

SC276: [girl] "Wanna fuck?"

[Dream Sue] "Ew, I'm straight."

[girl] "I wasn't talking to you, hag."

"My name is Saria, what's yours?" The young girl asked. "My name is Jenna, it's a pleasure to meet you." I replied. "Are you the one that came with my friend Link for our Spring Night Festival?"

Mono: Again, *YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO RECOGNIZE HIM. Unless he's still a kid which makes this story fucking gross.*

SC276: I don't think this can avoid being gross no matter the age.

CaptainPipsqueak: This is going to be a gross of gross.

Saria's eyes seemed to glow at that moment. "Yes he invited me." I said as a smile crossed the Kokiri girl's face.

I could tell that she knew I had my eyes set on Link, though she remained silent about it. There were male Kokiri as well. One in particular was one named Mido. He was the leader of the Kokiri and a dear friend of Saria and Link.

Mono: Yep, a dear friend who acts like an asshole and doesn't let you through towards the first dungeon.

CaptainPipsqueak: And you're not allowed to beat the hell out of him to get him out of your way.

He had a sense of humor but he yet remained stern and headstrong for he was their leader and was responsible for their lives. It was time for the feast,

SC276: -and these details totally belong in the same paragraph.

CaptainPipsqueak: He was the main course.

Saria gestured for me to join them at the feast table.

SC276: [the author] "-whatever the fuck that's called."

CaptainPipsqueak: The food table place.

She led me to the seat next to Link. As I sat down next to him she smiled and winked at me. "Did she plan this?" I asked myself, and then smiled. After a moment I looked over all of the food. There was a great abundance of food to eat.

SC276: [the author] "Watch this, I'm gonna blow Brian Jacques' socks clean fucking off."

There was cooked pork in a rich chestnut cream sauce, beef stew, cooked turkey, all different kinds of cheeses, bread and butter, cooked vegetables and even many different kinds of fruit.

Mono: Somehow, there are pigs and cows in the middle of Kokiri Forest.

SC276: They stole them from the Gerudo.

My mouth began to water as I combed over the food.

CaptainPipsqueak: You're supposed to eat it, darling. Put your brush away.

After I served myself, I began to eat. As I was eating I could not help but notice that Link was watching me out of the corner of his eye.

I could feel his stare. Though it was pleasant. Then our eyes met and a smile crossed his face. As I stared into his eyes they seemed to glow under the light of the moon.

BittplexMutt: That or he's turning into a werewolf.

CaptainPipsqueak: Midna's gonna be *pissed*.

He even looked more handsome in the moonlight. And I told myself that I would be crazy to pass up a man like this. After everyone finished eating,

SC276: Wait, the rest *started*?

all of the Kokiri got up and started to dance. Some of the Kokiri even played instruments. As the music drifted in the air Link took my hand in his. "Would you care to dance?"

SC276: That depends, how much do you enjoy your feet getting stamped on?

I looked at him and smiled. "Yes, I'd love to." He led me to where everyone else was and we started to dance.

Mono: They proceeded to do the Macarena for six hours straight.

We danced and drank long into the night. And to show my appreciation I even did a solo dance.

SC276: Way to show your appreciation by cutting them out of the fun.

Then after I did my dance I went to sit down and rest. I was tired. Link came and sat down beside me. "You look real tired." "Are you ready to retire."

Mono: No, I'll keep riffing for a while, thank you for the offer.

SC276: SHUT THE FUCK UP, RHYMEY! ...Wait, fuck, sorry, I was rereading that riff because it beats reading this.

CaptainPipsqueak: So which one's Rhymey?

Link said as he put his hand on my shoulder. I nodded yes and tried to get up and walk. But I was so tired and had too much to drink that I stumbled. Catching me in his arms, Link led me back to where I was sitting. "I think it would be wise if you stay here tonight."

Mono: IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING FOREST SURROUNDED BY LITTLE KIDS

SC276: Exactly! Now civilization never has to suffer her again!

CaptainPipsqueak: That'll teach the little bastards.

"I have plenty of room and I can escort you back to the castle in the morning." Link looked at me with a worried look and I decided to stay. And that is how we spent every night together, even up to the night when I finally shared his bed.

SC276: You... always slept in his old house in Kokiri Forest? Like, you just moved into it or something?

BittplexMutt: Yes.

I started to know within side myself

SC276: OW (grasps head) I think my brain just tried to revolt!

CaptainPipsqueak: Accept the pain. Your brain knows what is right.

that Link was the one I wanted to be with. Even more so on the night when I shared myself with him...

Mono: oh god why

SC276: [Link] "Why do all these selfies you are sending me have duck-lips?"

It was a warm spring night and night had just arrived. Link and I were sharing the quiet sounds of the night together. I had been seeing Link for a little more then a month. The Spring Festival had come and gone

SC276: -and it was interrupted by a Moblin raid that Link put down, but she wasn't there for it, so she doesn't care-

and the warm weather was finally returning.

Mono: Because as we all know, everything is still frozen in spring!

All signs of winter were almost gone and my time in Hyrule was about to end for this year.

SC276: You sure you're not a migratory bird?

CaptainPipsqueak: Leave. Quickly. Do not think. Leave.

In two weeks I would be leaving for the city of Tar Vera.

Mono: Gesundheit.

Knowing this made me sad to go since I did not want to leave Link.

I had finally found someone that I truly loved and I would have to leave him behind when it was time to leave. Even Link was not happy after I told him that I would be leaving soon.

SC276: [Link] "Don't you have a warp song or something I can use?"

When I told him his face went from happy

Mono:



to a depressed one.

Mono:



He wanted to be with me and he wanted me to stay in Hyrule with him.

BittplexMutt: "So he could have someone to go to festivals with."

CaptainPipsqueak: All eleventy billion of them.

But I was going to spend every last minute I had left with him enjoying it.

BittplexMutt: "And there's nothing you can do about it!"

We had remained quiet for quite some time,

SC276: OK, I was actually confused for a moment before I realized she got each word right.

then it was Link who broke the silence. "Jenna...

Mono: "Don't change your number..."

CaptainPipsqueak: "I think we should stop seeing each other for a while. It's not you, it's me..."

it has been a wonderful almost two months with you..."I watched him as he stuttered to find his words. "Even as short as it was, I really enjoyed the time I've spent with you." "I wish you did not have to leave." "I do not think I will ever find another quite like you." Link said as a look of sadness appeared in his eyes.

SC276: Mary Sues are a dime a dozen, dude. Just wait for the next fan dance.

At that moment I was on the verge of tears. I was in love with him. I leaned over and softly placed my lips on his and kissed him tenderly. Then he looked deeply into my eyes and told me he loved me. With those words I began to cry. I had never felt this way before.

SC276: You've never felt *loved* before?! Man, makes you wonder how the royal family treats her.

Like the way he makes me feel when I'm with him. He gently took his hand and wiped away my tears. Then he put his hand underneath my chin and slowly lifted my head up until our eyes met. With his hand, he drew my face close to his, gently placed his lips on mine and kissed me softly.

Mono: Riveting.

At that moment I took the opportunity to deepen the kiss.

BittplexMutt: By drilling into his mouth.

CaptainPipsqueak: "I then laid my eggs in his chest..."

SC276: "Couldn't deepen the one I started because fuck you."

As our tongues met I started to feel his hands caressing my body.

BittplexMutt: More like he was trying to rip your skin.

CaptainPipsqueak: Or push you away so he could grab his rape whistle.

As he gently caressed my body,

SC276: Caress my body caress my- wait, fuck, NO

I let out small moans into his mouth. Then he moved his lips to my neck, placing sweet nibbles on it

Mono: Link is a vampire, confirmed.

as his hands trickled up my back to the clasp of my dress. Little by little he slowly started to remove my dress and I felt my body quivering under the gentle caressing of his broad hands as he pulled the dress down off my legs and tossed it aside.

SC276: I can think of someplace else I'd rather be for this scene, but I can't afford another arrest this month.

Slowly he moved back to my lips and kissed me forcefully, his tongue begun probing my mouth. My tongue slowly met his, causing it to intertwine with his, tasting the sweetness of him.

Mono: I'm pretty sure tongues aren't supposed to taste sweet, but whatever...

Then we broke off the kiss and I looked into his dark blue eyes as I reached up to remove the belt from around his waist.

SC276: So, is he going to still have the hat on, or...?

Slowly I pulled off his belt letting it fall to the ground, then I slipped my hands under his tunic and swiftly removed it

SC276: [the author] "-whatever motion that requires-"

CaptainPipsqueak: *looks down* Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. *Runs off; smashes into wall and collapses*

as his lips went to my breasts. As his lips and tongue teased the nipples of my breasts, I felt new feelings swarm threw my body. My back arched and groans of pure pleasure escaped past my lips. Never had I felt such feelings before.

Mono: So... you were a virgin? Knowing how flat your character is I can definitely understand why.

SC276: Nah, she fucked, but she hit her head on the headboard right afterwards and forgot it.

Never had my body ever felt such pleasure. Then Link slowly moved his lips down my body till he reached my navel. When he kissed it a giggle passed my lips. Then he looked up and we looked into each other's eyes as I reached up to his chest and

SC276: "-ripped his heart out of his ribcage."

placed my hands on the lace that held the collar together of his white under shirt. His body started quivering as my hands worked across his chest while I removed his white undergarments.

Mono: White white, white. White? White!

Then I yanked it off, exposing his beautiful heavenly naked body. A body of pure heaven.

SC276: The poison for Kuzco. The poison chosen especially to kill Kuzco. Kuzco's poison.

Our lips met again as he gently pushed me down onto his bed, climbing on top of me. I begun to feel his heart beating in his chest as his lips moved back to the nipples on my breasts. Soft moans of pleasure passed my lips as he nibbled gently on my nipples

Mono: Blood was spewing everywhere.

causing them to become erect.

BittplexMutt: I think you mean hard.

SC276: Wait, fuck, I wasn't paying attention. When did she disrobe?

As he teased my nipples with his lips and tongue, I felt his handwork its way down my body. First to my thighs, then between my legs.

SC276: And then he took it downtown... Seattle and visited the Space Needle.

He gently brushed his hand across the lips of my mound and I groaned to tell him to continue. Slowly his fingers probed around the inside of my flower, sending strange new pleasurable feelings cursing threw my body.

SC276: What, you've never masterbated?

I moaned louder as his fingers caressed the inside of my mound, moving in a slow up and down motion. Then his fingers brushed against my clit, and I screamed out as a pulse of pure ecstasy raced threw me.

Mono: Literally, she was smacked against the wall.

BittplexMutt: Talk about a whiplash.

SC276: That ecstasy wanted out of this story as soon as possible.

I grabbed his hand and pulled it closer, telling him that I wanted more. Taking the hint, he teased me, as his hand brushed across my clit every few strokes. My body shuddered under his touch as my soft moans turned into cries of pleasure and pure ecstasy. As Link's fingers teased and caressed my mound, his fingers moved down until they brushed over the entrance. Slowly Link inserted a finger, slipping it into the wetness probing me inside, causing animal like cries to pass my lips.

Mono: I think we're breaking so much fucking rules here it's insane...

SC276: I don't claim to be an expert on female anatomy, but... Actually, no, I feel dirty just *thinking* it.

Then I arched my back and screamed in pure ecstasy

SC276: Ecstasy ecstasy, ecstasy. Ecstasy? Ecstasy!

as he begun to thrust his broad fingers deep inside my hot wetness. New feelings flooded threw my body, rushing to my head like a sugar high, as his fingers pushed their way in and out of my sleek beautiful body. With each thrust, my legs shuddered sending momentary shocks to my lower organs.

Mono: Why isn't Link using his dick yet? I mean... he is a man, right?

SC276: I guess the author's writing from experience here?

Then I arched my back, my body screaming in ecstasy

SC276: I'm going *want* some fucking ecstasy if you keep using that word every ten seconds!

as his movements became faster. I reached up and dug my nails into his muscular back as the eternal bliss raced through my every vein.

SC276: -causing her to claw his back out.

I began feeling jolts of pure hot passion surging through my lower organs , through my bones as I felt myself starting to climax.

Crazy56U: I mean, yeah, sure, you came, but was it *worth it*, though? This is premarital sex, honey, you're going to Hell.

Mono:Does a handjob count? I was never sure about that...

SC276: *oh god, I had existential thoughts about death again, GET THEM OUT*

My back arced again and I grunted in cat like sounds

SC276: [the author] "-whatever those make-"

as he begun to thrust his fingers deeper, upping the movement. My hands felt his back become sweaty as I dug my nails in deeper.

Crazy56U: You are going to claw his spine out, *stop*.

Then my slender body twisted as I came to full climax,

Crazy56U: I invite you to envision the Author being Slenderwoman here right now, so you can have the same nightmare I will soon have.

Mono: Isn't that that OC from that one fic we did four years ago or something? Lisa, I believe?

and I screamed in ecstasy as my warm juices gushed down his hand. Falling back painting, I looked into his eternal blue eyes. " I want to make love to you."

Crazy56U: And you weren't before?!

I whispered to him as he ate my body

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Vore.

Mono: The one and only fetish I *still* don't understand...

with his hungry stare. "I've wanted to make love to you from the first day I met you." Link said

SC276: [Link] "I think it might have been PTSD."

as his hungry lips returned to my beautiful neck.
Then I bucked my head back and cat like sounds

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Beastiality.

escaped passed my lips as he pressed his hot body down against mine. As I ran my nails down his sweaty back and I felt our hearts starting to beat faster as our bodies became hungry for each other.

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Cannibalism.

Mono: Isn't that just vore again, though?

BittplexMutt: Yes.

SC276: Pac-Man can only improve this fic.

Suddenly strange new feelings begun to surge through me as our passions ignited.

SC276: That's what being mind-controlled feels like.

Then as he penetrated deep inside my sweaty body, the feeling rushed through me like a raging river,

Crazy56U: A cock has fallen into the river in Self-Insert City!

the feeling of... feeling like a women.

SC276: He told you to iron his tunic?

Never had I felt this way before. I felt my body beginning to surge with strange new feelings as I let my virginity slip away.

Crazy56U: I'm pretty sure that's not how virginity works, but, what do I know. Link never fucked *me*...

As we made love I whispered in his ear that he made me feel like a woman and to my surprise

Crazy56U: "-he began crying."

Mono: "-I began to multiply."

he said that people seem to place a lot of importance on first sentences in books, so I'll put this right here and we can avoid that altogether.

Crazy56U:okay, I've heard of worse lines to use during sex, but whatever floats your boat-

Hello, dear reader, it's your old friend, Dr. Cecil H.H. Mills: celebrated wordsmith and oftentimes controversial figurehead in the literary world.

SC276: Let me guess: you wrote this before J.J. Rowling got a Twitter.

Crazy56U: Aka. "that creepy guy that keeps hanging around the sting rays at the aquarium".

Mono: Excuse me, I was in the middle of my real lemon, who the fuck are you?

You're no doubt browsing through this novel in the Young Adult section of your bookstore,

Mono: No, I'm... riffing this in a document in Google Docs...

so you may not have heard of my work before.



BittplexMutt:

You see, I'm used to having my books placed in the Adult Fiction section.

SC276: A.K.A. every section that doesn't have Seuss books.

Crazy56U: "But my fucking publisher screwed me over, yet one more time."

JofY: "My books are usually called Hentai."

While I may not have done much—or any—research on what exactly constitutes a "Young Adult" reader,

JofY: "I'm assuming like someone who managed to become an adult from 10-13."

Mono: "I'm sure they're as much into hot and heavy sex as the adults are!"

BittplexMutt: "What is a Young Adult?"

I assume that since my old books were placed above a normal human adult's shoulder height, they must have been unreachable to you. Which is fine.

SC276: "I don't want you buying my shit anyway."

Crazy56U: "Yes, I *am* talking down to you right now. What of it?"

My adult books are very good books, okay?

Crazy56U: (singsong) *Somebody's in de-ni-al....*

Mono: Sure, lick your own lollipop some more, why don't you?

So good that I was inevitably unrestricted by form or marketability.

JofY: Which is why you've never heard of it.

BittplexMutt: I've only heard of this now.

I received carte blanche to let fire flow from my fingers and beauty seep from my pores.

SC276: So basically, you get to act like how Legend treats editors.

Crazy56U: Translation: "My editor no longer responds to my emails, so fuck everything under the sun and back."

Mono: "And now my fucking keyboard is on fire this shit is really not fun anymore."

BittplexMutt: The author's speaking in fancy!

It was glorious, the work I could do in my thousand-page tomes.

BittplexMutt: It was just a single page.

The page was my medium and truth was my ink.

SC276: And your head was up your ass.

Crazy56U: "And yes, no one *does* buy my books, what of it?"

Then some things happened that I don't really want to talk about, and gambling debts being what they are,

Mono: "I don't want to talk about what happened, so here's what happened!"

I found myself taking whatever work the publishers would buy from me. So here I am!

Crazy56U: Translation: It's either writing a children's book, or going back to IHOP.

SC276: And he didn't want to put in effort, so children's book it is!

Writing a mystery book for adolescent readers!

Crazy56U: Dude, kids don't care about mysteries anymore, they're more concerned with the plague and the end times! (is C&Ded by Ring) Bit delayed on that, but whatever.

SC276: Shouldn't writing a mystery book require you to have a *clue* first?

And not a nuanced examination of humanity's descent into the comforting, venomous clutches of technology as the myth of the American dream fades away.

Crazy56U: Okay, boomer.

I didn't even want to write that anyway. No siree!

Crazy56U: (unconvinced) Suuuuuuuuuuuuure...

SC276: I mean, you could theoretically find some way to work that into *this* book, but I suspect you don't have two brain cells to rub together.

Okay, kid, go take this book up to the cashier and buy it so that we can get started.
I'll wait.

JofY: We can wait together!

Are we good? Did you pay for this?

Crazy56U: I'd make a crack to the tune of "insinuating that children would even *want* to buy this"... but circumstances prevent me from doing so.

Mono: *cheerfully* I didn't!

Great.

SC276: [the author] "I am totally psychic, guys!"

Now, before we begin the story of the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club,

BittplexMutt: "That is totally not the Mystery Inc."

I think it's important that something be said about the Watts brothers, the co-founders of said club.

SC276: "Because I couldn't bother to fit it into the actual text."

Crazy56U: "They are, in fact, real, *so don't email me.*"

Mono: "For one, they are *totally* not buried in my backyard!"

Not about their past, mind you,

Crazy56U: Because *fuck* them, where do they get off, being the main characters.

which remains relatively unimportant and partially expunged from police records thanks to their both recently turning eighteen.

SC276: ...I don't see the connection?

JofY: "If they were seventeen, I'd go all over how they wet themselves constantly, even today."

Crazy56U: You can thank their lawyer for his role in this development, Sauas Goodoog.



I wish instead to talk about them now, in the present,

Crazy56U: “-where they have *brand new* police records!”

in the hopes that it might give you a hint as to why they do what they do.

Mono: “The exact same thing, since they haven’t learned jackshit!”

SC276: Because they look good in black and are willing to suffer!

Perhaps the best way to achieve that is to paint a portrait of them in a specific moment at a specific time:

Crazy56U: And here is that portrait now:



Currently J.J. and Valentine Watts

Mono: Their mom fucking hated them, confirmed.

are puttering up a frigid mountain road

BittplexMutt: To nowhere.

as fast as their decades-old motorcycle beneath them will allow.

Crazy56U: "They will soon freeze to death."

SC276: "They had stolen it from the set of some Japanese kid's show about mask-wearing insects or something."

J.J., the eldest by a short amount of time, is at the handlebars and is just barely keeping them from careening into a snowbank.

BittplexMut: How he has not crashed is anybody's guess.

He has a scar across the bridge of his nose. He doesn't like to talk about how he got it.

Crazy56U: ...soooooooooo, in other words, he's the Anti-Joker...

Mono: *We live in solitude. Upper text. Gamers sit the fuck back down.*

JofY: Self-inflicted in an attempt to look cool.

Crazy56U: ...I said he's the *Anti-Joker*, J...

Valentine, glasses fogged, clings for dear life

Crazy56U: Okay, wow, I was *joking* about them dying at the start, but I guess I wasn't that far off...

behind him while he tracks the minute-by-minute loss of feeling in his fingers. He had full use of them once. For most of his life, actually.

SC276: Apparently their mysterious backstory gave him a massive distrust of gloves.

Riding up a winding road into increasingly inclement conditions is an abstract, rough existence that is a statistical outlier to his usual, more terrestrial rough existence.

Crazy56U: Sir? He's just holding on to his brother. *Stop trying to make it sound like theoretical physics.*

JofY: Yeah, but it's *where* he's holding him that's the problem.

Mono: Oh Jesus, if this is going to go on for the rest of the story I'd like to point out that there's a reason I've dropped out of doing *Handbook*...

SC276: Because you're a wimp?

(The motorcycle will be ignored after the first couple minutes of the story;

Crazy56U: "I wrote myself into a corner, and couldn't be bothered to think of more uses for it."

however, it's worth knowing that it was received as remuneration

BittplexMutt: We get it, you own a thesaurus.

following a game of dice and a short fist fight.)

Crazy56U: Translation: J.J. and Valentine broke into *Cuphead*.

SC276: That's a good point, why the fuck am I not replaying that. It'd be easier than reading this.

Valentine shouts something that J.J. either can't hear or chooses not to.

Crazy56U: Well, given how what he shouted was the F word...

Mono: "Dude, I'm fucking freezing, why are we here?!"

Probably something about his fingers. Neither are equipped for a ride up to higher altitude,

Crazy56U: "-hence why they began floating into space."

wearing matching sweaters for a reason that will be deduced later by someone smarter than them.

JofY: "These two dropped out of school during elementary, and haven't learned anything since."

Mono: Translation: Because thy fucking felt like it.

They're almost to where they are going.

SC276: "But, thanks to Zeno's Paradox, they'll never get there."

Crazy56U: "IHOP was about to close for the evening, they had to get the lead out."

Now I'll stop here as I feel that I might be overstaying my welcome, dear reader.

Crazy56U: Actually, if I had to choose between spending more time with you, or with Lucid Dreaming Caps Lock Girl, I'd actually be down with you hanging out for longer.

Mono: Are you kidding me, I take Link fucking an OC any day of the week over this pretentious drive!

SC276: *Don't leave me as the tiebreaker, jerks!*

That's probably a good primer on these brothers,

BittplexMutt: I still don't know who they are.

which, and I can't believe I almost forgot to say this, but it's a little dubious as to whether or not they're actually brothers in the first place.

Crazy56U: They have skin, that makes them brothers in society's eyes.

But that will be definitively figured out some other time.

BittplexMutt: Basically, never.

SC276: "With any luck, I will die before ever having to explain it."

That all being said,

BittplexMutt: "Let's get right into "My Inner Life"! Wait..."

it's time to begin the tale of the Watts boys and their crime solving organization,

BittplexMutt: Mystery Inc.

the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club.

Crazy56U: Subsequently, this will be their only adventure.

BittplexMutt: Thank goodness for that.

Now allow your humble narrator to see if he can shut his trap for a minute,

Mono: Thank fuck.

SC276: Literally not how narrators work.

switch elegantly to past tense, and let the brothers do the talking.

SC276: But before we do that, we got some more talking of our own to do, *don't we, Ring?*

Ringmaster: The manager of a terrible Let's Play channel wrote a YA novel and used said channel to promote it in a particularly obnoxious fashion, and that's where we come in.

SC276: I don't follow Game Grumps at all, so I know very little about just how badly they fucked up, but I'm pretty sure it was *fucked* up. And to think, these guys whose whole gimmick is basically "I don't pay attention to the tutorials, why can't I win this game," try to write a *mystery* book. Never underestimate the depths of human stupidity, indeed.

Ringmaster: Quick recap: Weeks after claiming that their terrible Battle Royale was legitimately a real bootleg game from the 1980s, Arin proceeded to claim that his mother was forcing him to publish a book written by his "uncle" that doesn't exist.

After keeping this charade going for far longer than it was funny (another Game Grumps staple) the actual book released... and was immediately discovered to actually be written by their perpetually-angry-at-the-fans manager, Vernon.

SC276: They say don't assume malice where stupidity is an explanation, but this couldn't be more of both if they tried, it sounds like.

Ringmaster: Pretty much. While this isn't exactly the worst thing we've ever riffed, it's painfully mediocre with a knockoff-Snicket sort of writing style that lends well to running commentary, so hey, why not?

SC276: Ain't like it's the first time! Let's get this train wreck a-rollin'.

Crazy56U: In case you have lost count, this *is* in fact the second time Ring willingly bought a shit book for the purposes of having us do it. Also, if you are still subscribed to Game Grumps, *fucking why?*

Mono: So... Arin's Zelda Sequelitis video pissed me off so much that I don't want anything to do with the Game Grumps at all, so I know jack shit about them, other than the basics and that JonTron was part of them once. This is going to be *fuuuuuun...*

Act One



SC276: Why, the coat of arms for the House Ignoramus!

Crazy56U: I wonder what poor DeviantArt scrub scribbled this out for Arin, only to never get paid...

Mono: Oh, cool, it's the discount Hogwarts logo!

BittplexMutt: "Welcome to the Adventure Club! Get ready to die!"



SC276: "Dude, no, you're steering right off the road-!"

"I'M A KAMEN RIDER"

Crazy56U: Tokyo Drift.

Mono: *Deja vu, I've just been in this place before*

BittplexMutt: It looks like they're about to drive into a music video.

CHAPTER 1

BittplexMutt: "A Death of Two Brothers."

An Explosive Beginning

SC276: Nah, that foreward was super-drawn out.

Crazy56U: Let me guess, we're about to *Shining* / *Doctor Sleep* this bitch?

J.J. and Valentine Watts dismounted their motorcycle. Remembering that they had traded the kickstand for gas at the base of the mountain,

SC276: -after sweet-talking the attendant into thinking it was made of pure silver. Great, we're only two sentences in, and these guys are already assholes to the working class.

Crazy56U: 2020s economy, ladies and gentlemen.

Mono: "-J.J. simply yeeted the thing into the bushes."

J.J. laid it gingerly on the snowy pavement near a row of sportscars that might have been driven up in better weather.

Mono: Yeah, I'm going with my version of events, story.

Before them stood the Grande Chateau,

Crazy56U: Infamous for having terrible acoustics.

a snowy escape overlooking the cascading mountains a short drive away from Harborville, the boys' hometown.

SC276: It was on the other side of town from the tiny Japanese castle that erupted lava.

Crazy56U: It was next door to Detroit.

BittplexMutt: And in front of an IHOP.

A warm glow was emanating from its windows.

JofY: The nuclear reactor was working wonderfully.

Crazy56U: Someone had decided to end the book early by torching the hotel.

Valentine immediately tucked his hands into the armpits of his powder-blue sweater. Perhaps he'd keep his fingers after all.

JofY: I dunno how much the Yakuza like blue sweaters...

"Hmm," said Valentine.

Crazy56U: Hmm?

Mono: Hmm!

SC276: Hmm...

"What is it?" asked J.J., shaking the frost off of his red sweater.

"Well, for a place called the Grande Chateau, don't you think it's kind of...

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "... ...crap?"

Mono: [Valentine] "... ...too important to be set on fire?"

Regular-sized?"

BittplexMutt: What is this, McDonalds?

SC276: [Jayjay] "You tellin' me youse seen a regular-sized chateau before?"

[Valentine] "Well, no, but-"

[Jayjay] "Then shut yer trap 'fore I shut it for ya!"

"C'mon, we'll be late," said J.J.

Crazy56U: Look, boys, it's not your fault, Lucid Dreaming Caps Lock Girl couldn't shut the fuck up.

"If someone pays us to solve the Mystery of the Regular-Sized Chateau

BittplexMutt: "Which we only now just found out.."

then we'll go and solve the Mystery of the Regular-Sized Chateau."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(depressed) J.J., our lives fucking suck."

[J.J.] "(defensive) Look, I know, but, you know, don't say it outloud?"

Mono: [Valentine] "But brother of mine, we're not supposed to spout out exposition like that!"

SC276: If this is about the origins of this ghost hunter club, then why the heck is it clearly *after* said club has been established if someone's paying these hooligans to solve a mystery?

"Do you think this guy's serious about the ghosts?" asked Valentine.

BittplexMutt: [JJ] "About as serious as a guy who thinks beans are magic."

"Does it make a difference?"

Crazy56U: *No shit*. If the Ghostbusters are sent on a job that has *no* ghosts, then they get fucked out of a payment.

JofY: Well, not quite. There's still billable hours of going somewhere to inspect a place. It just means more work if there is.

SC276: Or less work, depending on your perspective.

"To me, yeah."

J.J. warmed up his hands by rubbing them and cupping them over his mouth.

SC276: Which Valentine apparently couldn't be bothered to do.

Crazy56U: Unfortunately, he realized too late that he was in fact suffocating himself, and collapsed to the ground unconscious.

He slung his leather satchel around his shoulder. "He's serious enough to pay us, and that's all that matters to me."

Crazy56U: MORAL OF THE STORY: Dollar dollar bills, y'all.

Mono: You can do anything if you offer enough money... That being said I offer 100 grand to anyone that jumps into Topher's hatch.

SC276: Enjoy the money. (kicks Mono into it)

Mono: *from down there* Awesome, 100 grand for me! ...Huh, I never thought this place would literally be empty...

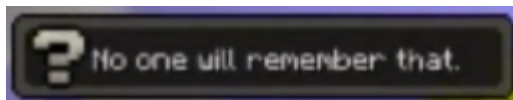
Valentine looked up at the sky, noting the approach of dark and billowing clouds.

SC276: [clouds] "You punks are gonna pay for violating the sacred laws of hospitality!"

"Looks ominous," he said.

They did their secret handshake

Crazy56U:



and walked toward the chateau.

BittplexMutt: And to their deaths.

* * *

BittplexMutt: Huh, these must be the ghosts.

SC276: Gheeze, the GG couldn't bother to pay for actual horizontal lines? The battle royale really *did* tank.

After snaking their way through some bellhops and luggage carriers,

BittplexMutt: Because they're snakes now apparently.

the two entered the relative warmth of the Grande Chateau's lobby.

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Breaking and entering.

SC276: Apparently, this place is grande enough to have a lobby for the lobby?

Inside they found a wide, regal reception room

BittplexMutt: "with no one to celebrate in."

decorated wall to wall with mounted game animal heads, hunting knickknacks,

Crazy56U: "-a human corpse,-"

Mono: "-a box filled with brains,-"

SC276: "-fifteen different playing card decks, bleeding blood from the jacks that pinned them to the wall,-"

and comfy couches. There was a painting there at the far end of the room

Crazy56U: It was a classic Cy Twombly masterpiece.



Fun fact: *almost as insulting* of an artist in my eyes as Robert Rauschenberg.



Mono:

—a gargantuan one of a man cradling an ornate hunting rifle,

BittplexMutt: The man's name? Gaston.

a bested black bear lying lifeless at his feet.

Crazy56U: So, like this?



Chateau patrons milled around, some lounging and some returning from their ski trips down the mountain.

SC276: There weren't a lot, given this mountain didn't have a ski lift.

It was barely noon and the bartender was already handing out complimentary glasses of wine

Crazy56U: "-as they were all out of bathtub moonshine."

Mono: "Some random unicorn barged in and demanded all of it."

as she laughed with the hotel patrons.

Crazy56U: Don't be fooled by her demeanor, here. I mean... yeah, she's quick with a joke, or to light up your smoke, but there's someplace that she'd rather be...

She had short red hair and an apparently affable demeanor, as far as either of them could tell from this far away.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "She has red hair, that means her life is perfect."

SC276: I guess Madeline hasn't climbed Mt. Celeste yet.

The boys paused for a moment to stop shivering, then located the front desk and stood patiently behind an older man with a ponytail and sunglasses wearing nothing but a bath towel.

Crazy56U: (disgusted) Who the fuck let the hipster inside?

Mono: Why is he wearing a bath towel in the fucking snow?

BittplexMutt: He thinks the snow is his bath.

"Listen," said the man to the clerk, "I'm not happy that I'm currently in a hotel lobby in a towel,

Crazy56U: Well, that's what you fucking get for not reading the Yelp review.

Mono: [Clerk] "I understand your concerns, but *would you please put on some fucking pants?!*"

BittplexMutt: "I mean I could go get some pants, but noooooo...."

and that up until a few seconds ago I didn't even have the towel, but sometimes a man takes his breakfast tray out of his bedroom without thinking too far into the future

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) Dementia.

and sometimes he forgets to bring his hotel key."

SC276: He also apparently forgets to put on clothes before *leaving his fucking room*.

The clerk had her nose buried in a novel.

Crazy56U: "The clerk wasn't really appreciative of how *Back to the Future* was being mangled, but, it was the only novel she could afford."

Mono: "She was getting rather bored of this Vegas wizard and her weird love triangles."

Appearing close in age to the brothers and wearing a pair of glasses that could make Valentine jealous,

SC276: ...what?

she gave nods and "mhms"

Crazy56U: "-and the bird-"

at regular intervals to create the illusion of sympathy.

SC276: That illusion is about as solid as this customer's ability to recognize when he's dressed enough for public spaces.

"If I could just get a new—"

Crazy56U: "-drug! To make a poor woman sick! Don't really know the words! For this Huey Lewis bit!"

SC276: "-duck! Something something Weird AI!"

Without looking up, the woman handed the man a new key. He marched off in a huff,

Crazy56U: "-apparently failing to realize he dropped his towel, nor that people were starting to scream in disgust as he passed."

snagging a glass of complimentary wine for the trip upstairs.

SC276: Even though he's only 20.

Mono: "-and quickly stabbed himself in the eye."

J.J. sidled up to the counter and produced a business card.

Crazy56U: Great. Now this is 100% *American Psycho*.

Mono: Funny, 'cause you're the one that reference Huey Lewis earlier, though it's sad that you didn't talk about their undisputed masterpiece: "Hip to be Square", a song so catchy, most people probably don't listened to the lyrics- aaand you probably can all see where this bit is going. *cleaves SC's head in with an axe*

SC276: Well, I guess I can cosplay as Mummy Papa now...

Crazy56U: (insulted) Mono, clearly *I* was the one who deserved the axe. *You ruined the bit.*

This was his time to shine.



BittplexMutt:

"How do you do," he said. "My name is J.J. Watts, and the less-handsome gentleman behind me is my brother and close confidant, Valentine Watts.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(holds up a peace sign) Yo."

Mono: [J.J.] "... .."

[Valentine] "...What?"

[J.J.] "Nothing, I just... expected you to disappear for some reason..."

Together we make up the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club, Harborville's foremost crime-fighting and mystery-solving duo."

Mono: [Clerk] "Uh huh, yeah, sure... *pretends not to listen*"

BittplexMutt: [Clerk] "Sure, and I'm the Tooth Fairy."

J.J. paused for a reaction.

Crazy56U: (desperately waves the "APPLAUSE" sign)

The young woman gave him and Valentine a cursory glance before returning to her book.

Crazy56U: "J.J got the bird as well."

He retracted the business card, peering over the desk to better see the woman engrossed in her novel.

He coughed politely, trying to get her attention.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Yo. Bitch. Acknowledge me."

Mono: J.J., no! That's how you spread- *is C&D'ed by Ring*

"What, um...what are you reading?"
"No, you're not," replied the young woman.
"Excuse me?"

Crazy56U: I agree. That line made no sense given the context of the preceding line.

"Brothers. You're not brothers."
Taken aback, J.J. furrowed his brow. "Now wait a minute..."

Crazy56U: Two Brothers: Ragnarok.

"Look," said the woman, closing her book and adjusting her glasses. "You have black hair and brown eyes and your 'brother' has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Crazy56U: Hair dye and contacts are myths. Confirmed.
Mono: Adoption is a myth, confirmed.
BittplexMutt: Family is a myth, confirmed.
SC276: Myth is a myth, conf- (implodes)
Crazy56U: That's what you get for trying to kill my joke, punk.

It's rare, but not impossible. Then I noticed that you have detached earlobes while your 'brother' doesn't. Another genetic dissimilarity.

SC276: [Jayjay] "Are youse gonna get to the point, you stuck-up bitch, or are you written by the author- Oh."

If you wanna play the Punnett square game to even the odds, I could see if either of you can roll your tongue."

Crazy56U: The clerk went to Harvard, hence why she can only get a job as a hotel clerk. 2020s economy, ladies and gentlemen.

"Hey, hey, slow down," said J.J. "There's plenty of different ways we could be brothers. We might be adopted siblings for all you know."

Crazy56U: Or you could be *blood* brothers, like Vietnam vets.
SC276: Or brothers in arms. (cocks shotgun)

"Right, see, that was what I was looking for.

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Adoption is a myth, you fucker. Checkmate."

Instead of maintaining that you were brothers, you brought up more hypotheticals. You've been thinking about what someone would say if they accused you of not being brothers."

Crazy56U: ...why are you saying that like it's a bad thing? What, you've never been accused of not being who you are, and had to claim otherwise?
SC276: Well, I'm sure people have been complaining she's an asshole.

She leaned forward, a curt smile appearing on her lips.

Crazy56U: (points at text) She's the bad guy, I am calling it now, there is no other reason why she would be this bitchy.

Mono:*Duh.*

"That, combined with the matching sweaters, which, I'll add,

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "-tacky as fuck. Seriously, the 1980s called, they want to know where you are."

your friend forgot to take the price tag off of..."

Mono: [Valentine] "*through clenched teeth* I told you we should've cut those things off after we exited the store..."

BittplexMutt: [Lady] "You have two minutes until I call the cops."

Valentine ripped off the tag dangling from his wrist and stuck it in his back pocket, embarrassed.

Crazy56U: Plot twist: the prequel novel sees J.J. and Valentine robbing a Target.

BittplexMutt: And that's pretty much the plot.

Crazy56U: Well, I don't know about you, Bitt, but I'd actually *pay* to read a novel all about two idiots robbing a Target.

"...leads me to deduce that you're not actually brothers, and you're probably just doing this for the bit.

Crazy56U: (pretending to be shocked) A piece of work associated with the Game Grumps involving poorly enacted bits that don't land?! Well, I never!

BittplexMutt: They're doing this for Bitcoin?

SC276: Actually, this is closer to *induction* than *deduction*, get back to me once you've read *Plato and a Platypus Walk into a Bar...*

Or the brand. Seems like you guys are trying to make money."

SC276: And you aren't, lady?!

J.J. stood there in shocked silence.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(incredulous) Look, just because we want a paying job, that doesn't mean we *aren't* brothers, you fucking crack addict! *How far up your ass are you pulling these strands of logic?!*"

BittplexMutt: Much like the audience.

"And the book is *Bones of Desire* by Wallace P. Gross," said the woman as she leaned back and began reading again. "Real page turner of a sleuth story."

Crazy56U: Yeah, okay, I'll take book suggestions from one of Arin Hanson's OCs the same day I take comic suggestions from Legendbringer. You know, *the day I fucking die.*

Mono: Well, you can rest assured knowing that this book does not actually exist.

BittplexMutt: So it's a myth?

Crazy56U: No shit.

J.J.'s senses returned to him and he pointed a finger at the woman. "Now listen here you little—"

Crazy56U: J.J. is about to fucking kill this person, and I'm not sure if being on his side is good or not...

BittplexMutt: No side is a good side.

"Whoa! Let me apologize for my dear brother," said Valentine, jumping between the two. "He was raised by wild animals and failed out of finishing school because he started a fight club.

Crazy56U: Ah, yes. The furry-led *Fight Club* remake Hollywood is too chickenshit to make.

Mono: The fiwst wuwe of Fight Cwub is: You do nyot tawk about Fight Cwub OwO!

Crazy56U: (grabs Mono by the collar) Apologize now.

Mono: You fucking asked for it to happen.

Crazy56U: (mad) MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR GODS (throws Mono onto the floor)

BittplexMutt: "And then something about anarchy and whatnot."

Did you say you were reading Wallace P. Gross?"
"Mhmm."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "You fucking freak."

"He's who we're here to see."

"Oh yeah?" said the woman.

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "(unconvinced) You wanna take another crack at that? Or are you sticking to that bullshit?"

[Valentine] "(matter-of-factly) Okay, J.J., now you can kill her."

[Lady Person] "(looks up) Wait, wha- (is tackled to the ground by J.J.)"

BittplexMutt: Fight! Fight! Fight!

"He writes out of the chateau.

SC276: Which can't decide if it's a giant ski lodge or a house, apparently.

His stuff's pretty good too, if a little on the nose."
J.J. folded his arms and scoffed. "I'm sure he's a fine author, but he's no Dr. Cecil H.H. Mills.

Crazy56U: WINK.

SC276: I thought we were reading a novel, not let's playing YIIK.

Crazy56U: (disgusted) How fucking dare you pretend people actually play that "game".

Now *there's* a letter pusher."¹

Crazy56U: "Author's note: Cecil here. They've locked me in this broom closet for weeks, I am so hungry."

SC276: [reception bitch] "Just because he pushes letters doesn't mean the letters are any good."

"Gentlemen," said a voice from behind them.

Mono: *hums the Team Fortress theme*

Crazy56U: "BEHOLD!"



SC276: "You can't fight in here! This is the War Room!"

The brothers turned around to see an older woman in a sharp business suit and a sour look.

Crazy56U: Well, if *Luigi's Mansion 3* has taught me anything, it's that (points at text) *SHE DID IT*

Her lapel was embroidered with the logo of the establishment.

SC276: [the author] "-whatever the fuck that is."

She extended her manicured hand in greeting.

"Madame Fournier, hotelier of the Grande Chateau, at your service."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(put off) I don't touch other people's hands."

[Madame Fournier] "(understanding) Ah. Germs?"

[Valentine] "*It's bad karma.*"

[Madame Fournier] "...what?"

"It's sort of regular-sized, isn't it?" remarked Valentine.

"Hmm?"

J.J. accepted the woman's hand. "Please excuse my brother's manners, ma'am.

SC276: [Jayjay] "He doesn't understand when a conversation is (turns to glare at him) *fucking over already.*"

He was a transitory circus performer during his formative years."

Crazy56U: "He made an enemy of the Ringling Brothers."

Mono: "That's why he's an asshole, however that makes sense..."

J.J. re-produced the business card. "J.J. Watts, the better half of the Watts Brothers

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "(abruptly) You two aren't brothers, it's very obvious you two aren't-"

[J.J.] "(fucking mad) I swear. To *FUCKING GOD*-"

Mono: [Fournier] "...If *you* are the better half, then I swear to fucking God...'

and lead investigator of the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club.

BittplexMutt: "Surre, you are."

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "Never heard of ya."

Charmed to make your acquaintance."

BittplexMutt: [Fournier] "I'm not interested in you. At all."

Crazy56U: If this is you being charming, then we're fucked.

"I'm glad

BittplexMutt: "Glad".

you two were able to make it in before the blizzard struck," she said,

Crazy56U: (sadly laughs in global warming)

accepting and regarding the card with a manner that seemed to give them more credit than they deserved.

BittplexMutt: She says in a most sarcastic manner.

Crazy56U: Translation: Shoved into a pocket without a second's glance.

SC276: Translation: with the credit the author wants.

"If you were out there for another couple minutes you surely would have frozen to death."

BittplexMutt: "And then nothing of value would have been lost."

Mono: "Not that I'd *wanted* you two to die..."

Crazy56U: Nah, according to Frozen (2010), they could've stayed out all night and suffered no problems. After all, your breath only starts to fog up when you are close to death from hypothermia. I learned that from this movie, nothing about this movie is wrong.

"Danger is a core tenet of the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club lifestyle," said J.J.

BittplexMutt: [J.J.] "That, and I got a death wish."

Crazy56U: After all, you have to avoid a *lot* of police once you rob a Target.

"As is neglecting to check the weather report before making a long distance trip," added Valentine.

BittplexMutt: [J.J.] "Excuse my brother, he's an idiot."

Mono: [J.J.] "*decks Valentine in the face* This is why *I* do the talking, dumbass..."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(shoves Valentine to the floor without looking) Everybody knows the Weather Channel lies, ignore him."

SC276: [Jayjay] "*We don't even have a TV, moron.*"

"Now pardon my manners," said Madame Fournier,

BittplexMutt: You had manners?

Crazy56U: ...I guess?

"but I couldn't help but overhear you were looking for a Mr. Wallace P. Gross."

BittplexMutt: "At least that's what it says in the script."

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "Fucking *why?*"

"Yes," said Valentine. "He asked us to come up here to discuss business."

BittplexMutt: "Funny business."

Mono: "Monkey business."

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "Ah, yes, I can tell, based on your business attire."

[Valentine] "(mad) I swear to fucking God, lady-"

[J.J.] "(grabs Valentine's shoulder) *Don't.*"

"Very well then. Let me show you to his study."

Crazy56U: And then she proceeded to shove the Hardly Boys out the front door. THE
END

Madame Fournier led the boys up the grand staircase at the end of the lobby and down a long hallway.

Crazy56U: Five days passed.

SC276: On their way out, the receptionist shouted after them that actual mothers don't give their kids identical sweaters.

J.J. tried to sneak in one last hateful glare to the young woman at the front desk,

SC276: Wow, lucky guess on my part.

Crazy56U: Despite being several hundred feet away at this point.

but her nose was still buried in her book.

BittplexMutt: She was too busy ignoring him to care.

Mono: The foreshadowing is strong in this one...

Crazy56U: Spoilers: she doesn't know how to read, she just *really loves* the smell of paper.

"Mr. Gross has been a guest of ours for a long while," Madame Fournier told them.

BittplexMutt: "Even when we tell him to get out, he never leaves."

Crazy56U: "But, to be fair, he keeps paying for his room, and I choose to not examine how and where he gets the money, so, it all works out. I guess."

"He always comes up to the chateau to work on his mystery novels, which you might know have garnered him worldwide acclaim."

BittplexMutt: "How come I never heard of him?"

Mono: [J.J.] "*internally*...Is now a good time to admit I can't read?"

Crazy56U: Well, if by "worldwide acclaim", you mean "Cracked article shitting on his lifestyle habits"...

"He always comes up here?" asked J.J.

BittplexMutt: [Fournier] "Yes, I just said that."

Crazy56U: J.J. just straight up ignored her, pay him no mind.

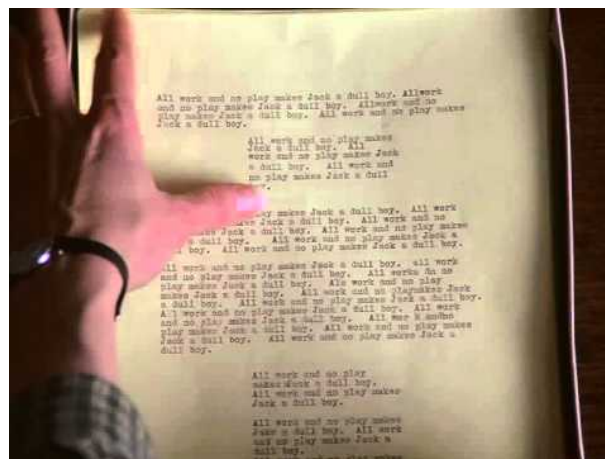
"Yes, he's a bit of a superstitious type.

Crazy56U: You know, "cameras steal your soul"-superstitious.

SC276: So, he's an Elbonian.

He wrote his first novel here decades ago and refuses to work anywhere else. He's been at the latest manuscript for the past three years."

Mono: And here's a page now:



Crazy56U: It's a classic.

The hotelier stopped at a large set of wooden doors

SC276: When the fuck as a hotel had a room with a double-door entry?

and turned to the boys. "I must warn you, however, that Mr. Gross has gotten on in his years and has become a little...eccentric."

Crazy56U: You know, "cameras steal your soul"-eccentric.

"How so?" asked Valentine.

"Well, to start,

**Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "He ordered Papa John's for dinner-"
[J.J. and Valentine] "(horrified) *oh sweet baby jesus*"**

he just called up two ghost hunters to meet him at a hotel in the mountains."
"Ghost hunters *and* super sleuths,"

Mono: Riiiiiiiiight...

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "And yet *you two* showed up."

J.J. cut in. "We'll do landscaping, too, if there's a paycheck in it."

**Crazy56U: [J.J.] "We also do foundation repair. Whatever it takes to get the job."
[Madame Fournier] "(quiet confusion)"
[Valentine] "(annoyed) Dude, what did I say about having a stroke in the
middle of a job? (slaps J.J.)"**

"Right. Well, just be warned."

**SC276: [Fourrunner] "You guys have fun. I'm gonna go track down the unicorn that
stole all our booze, because *lord knows I'm gonna need it.*"**

The double doors swung open with an audible squeak and in the center of the room was

Crazy56U: "-a penguin."

an old man with frazzled gray hair that stood on end. He stood there, looking distinguished with a
tweed vest and knotted bowtie.

Crazy56U: Oh look, they found the original hipster!

"The Ghost Hunters Adventure Club!" he exclaimed.

SC276: [Oldie] "I've been standing here waiting for you for the last fifteen days!"

"Please, please, come in."

Madame Fournier took her leave as J.J. and Valentine entered the study, their senses flooding with the
smell of rolled tobacco and old hardcovers.

**Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(gag) I... I can't- (grabs trash can; vomits)"
[J.J.] "(runs out of the room in fear) *THE SMELL IS IN MY EYES*"**

The room was lined with bookshelves and enormous, arched windows overlooking the snowscape
outside.

Mono: You know, the room a stereotype would live in.

**Crazy56U: "There was also a Papa John's box, but J.J. and Valentine pointedly
ignored it."**

Wallace P. Gross walked a circle around the room, gesticulating with an artistic flourish.

SC276: [Valentine] "Is he... having a seizure...?"
[Jayjay] "Just keep calm and don't provoke him, Val..."

"J.J. and Valentine Watts. Harborville's finest brother detectives and private investigators! No job too small or too great."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(disturbed) I already want to leave."

"You've read our website, I see," said J.J.

Mono: [Doc Wallace] "A... web-site?"

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "It's the only website I can access on my computer. My router is acting up these days."

"Wallace proceeded to point to a far off corner in the room. To J.J.'s quiet distress and confusion, the object he was pointing at was a rusty soup can with an ethernet cable taped to the side.

"I have. You two *are* the brightest minds that Harborville has to offer, yes?"

Mono: God, Harborville must be the dumbest town in the states if these two are considered to be your shining lights...

Crazy56U: Well, to be fair, they *did* only recently start implementing traffic lights and speed limits...

SC276: I mean, when you consider the competition the *rest* the country can provide, it's actually rather impressive.

"Either that or the most search engine optimized," said Valentine.

Crazy56U: J.J.'s dad works for Google, my dog said so.

"I'm sorry, what?"

J.J. coughed.

SC276: You been doing that a lot, kid. You need a Ricola?

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "(instantly furious; produces a Lysol can) I have heard enough. *Leave.*"

[J.J.] "What, I just had a tickle in my- (is maced with Lysol) *OH GOD IT BURNS*"

"He meant to say that we're unparalleled in our brightness. We're brightness all-stars. The brightest. Too bright, some might argue."

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) So you're morons.

SC276: Bright enough to burn out early.

Wallace rubbed his chin, thinking. "Hmm, right. You'll have to do, then. In that case I must give you the tour."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "W-we already *did*-"
[Doc Wallace] "No, you *didn't*."

Wallace P. Gross grabbed his coat and started forward. The boys followed behind dutifully, and the three stepped out into the hall.

"First on the docket," Wallace began,

SC276: [Jayjay] "Dude, this ain't court, and I know what court looks like-"
[Oldie] "Shut up and let me *exposition* already."

"I'd like to introduce you two to the Grande Chateau.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(annoyed) *We already did this*-"
[Doc Wallace] "SILENCE, BOY!"

It's a place that I've called home for the past three years now,

Crazy56U: Ever since the local IHOP closed down.

and a place I've called home many times throughout my life and career. Built over a century ago, this sanctuary was

Mono: "-built on an Indian burial ground."
SC276: "-the site of a mysterious disappearance."
Crazy56U: "-once a Kmart."

initially meant for Harborville's wealthy elite and urban socialites to unwind from their busy city lives and indulge in their opium-fueled cabalistic indulgences."

BittplexMutt: [J.J] "Are... are you trying to say weed?"
Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "(bluntly) Yes. (cheerfully) So, anyway-"

J.J. and Valentine shared a glance.

"They had non-opium-fueled cabalistic indulgences too,

Crazy56U: Specifically, furniture porn.
SC276: Dude, put the thesaurus down before you hurt yourself.

although that's less important."

SC276: [Oldie] "They never actually came here because if there's one thing rich people have in common, it's hating the fucking cold. And that's why no one's doing anything about global warming."

The trio rounded a corner and walked into a room filled floor-to-ceiling with books. Gigantic tomes lay stacked on tables throughout,

SC276: [Jayjay] "why are most of these books bigger than me"

and from the many stained glass windows the boys could see snow coming down at a steadier and steadier rate.

Crazy56U: "It was at this point that J.J. and Valentine began to realize they were going to die here."

"The library," Wallace said. "That starts with an 'L,' mind you."

Mono: As if they don't know how to fucking spell...

Crazy56U: Well, to be fair, if someone willingly *bought* this book, then they probably don't know a *lot* of things.

The boys, while maybe not smart enough to understand many things,

Crazy56U: "-such as why *Pushing Daisies* was cancelled, -"

were at least smart enough to know that the word "library" started with the letter "L."

Crazy56U: "However, Valentine appreciated the reminder regardless."

They exchanged a confused look.

SC276: Even the main characters know this is fucking stupid!

Wallace went on. "Home to a variety of first editions, encyclopediae, religious texts, and so forth.

Crazy56U: But what about the phone book, dipshit?

When not in my study, it is here that I do all of my research for my pantheon of bestselling and award-winning mystery novels."

SC276: [Oldie] "Because the Internet is filled with lies, like lizard people not existing."

"It looks very...bookly," J.J. commented.

Mono: Okay, yeah, I take that one back, they do seem that dumb.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Very... ..paper."

"Astute observation. Please, please. There's more to see."

Wallace ushered the boys down the stairs and out through the back side of the chateau.

Crazy56U: Ah, he's now basically taking two strangers out behind the shed, this book's about to end *quick*.

They walked out into what must have been a vast and beautiful garden, were it not covered in snow.

SC276: I don't think the designers thought this part all the way through.

Mono: I mean... it could still be a beautiful garden if it's covered in snow, just... a beautiful snow-covered garden.

J.J. and Valentine immediately began shivering in their store-bought,

Crazy56U: [citation needed]

Mono: As opposed to what, self-made?

non-woolen sweaters. Wallace didn't appear to mind the cold.

Crazy56U: Because he's a ghoul.

Valentine could see the mountain drop off into a sheer cliff just beyond a winter-worn forest,

SC276: Let me guess: the lobby has a gun hanging over the fireplace?

and a green storage shed stood in the distance.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(accusatory) Okay, out with it, are you going to kill us?"

[Doc Wallace] "(scoffs) Please, you two are the only people that have talked to me in three years, you're basically my best friends now."

[J.J.] "(disturbed) Okay, in that case, *can* you kill us, then?"

Clearing snow in front of its doorway was whom he presumed to be the groundskeeper. Even from this distance he could tell that this man stood a head taller than the average man.

Crazy56U: Slenderman is the groundskeeper. *Fuck this book.*

Mono: Hey, he needed to do *something* after his game lost popularity...

"The courtyard," he said. "That starts with the letter 'C.'"

Mono: Did Vernon binged Sesame Street before writing this or something?

Are you remembering all of this?"

Crazy56U: "It was at this point that J.J. wished he had a pocket knife with him."

"It's really cold out here," said Valentine, his teeth beginning to chatter.

Mono: [Doc Wallace] "That... wasn't what I was asking..."

A smile spread across Wallace P. Gross's face. "Perfect."

Crazy56U: I KNEW IT, HE IS GOING TO KILL THEM!

The boys followed Wallace down a snowy path. An old woman in a fur coat and black scarf sat on a bench next to a stone statue of an angel.

SC276: This is feeling more and more like the GG couldn't be bothered to learn how to program a point-and-click adventure game.

She didn't seem to mind the cold either.

Crazy56U: Because she's already dead!

Looking up at them,

Crazy56U: Fuck.

her face turned from a scowl to a deeper, more pronounced scowl. "If it isn't my intellectually impotent ex-husband," the woman said.

Crazy56U: Lady, you married *him*. People in glass houses, dear...

"Don't look her in the eyes, boys," Wallace warned, the smile sliding from his face. "You'll turn to stone."

Crazy56U: "However, to Wallace's horror, as he turned around, he was greeted with two stone statues of J.J. and Valentine. Unbeknownst to him, the duo were several feet away, running for their lives."

[J.J.] "(while running; out of breath) Remind me to ask you later why the fuck you had those things on you."

[Valentine] "(while running; out of breath) Noted."

"And so, the duo ran from the hotel and never stopped. THE END."

Mono: Obligatory ELO!

J.J. and Valentine glanced at Wallace, trying to assess the validity of his statement.

SC276: [Valentine] "Honestly, this is all so fucking bullshit, it might well be true."

"J.J., Valentine, I'd like to introduce you to my ex-wife and perennial thorn in my side, Marcella P. Gross."

Crazy56U: Wait, her name is that, and she *still* acts like a bitch?

SC276: Is the "P." part of the last name or something, like "von?"

Mono: The "P" stands for pp.

"Wait," interrupted Valentine, "you have the same middle initial?"

SC276: STOP READING MY MIND

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Doesn't that mean you two are related?"

[Marcella] "*What the fuck is wrong with you, were you raised by wolves or something?!*"

[Valentine] "(accusatory) *What of it?*"

"I took it the same way I took half this man's fortune in the divorce," snapped Marcella.

Crazy56U: ...*pretty* sure you can't take people's initials in a divorce...

SC276: Pretty sure you can't pay for gas with a kickstand either, but here we fucking are.

Crazy56U: What, you don't believe in the bartering system?

SC276: No, I believe you need at least fifty kickstands to get a gallon in this economy.

Valentine gulped.

"Your sense of humor remains sharp," said Wallace. "Whose soul did you sell for it?"

Crazy56U: (scoffs) That assumes she *had one* to begin with, dude.

Mono: [Lady Wallace] *"*cheerfully* Yours!"*

"What..." said J.J., trying to defuse the situation,

SC276: Before it explodes and takes us with it.

"...what, um...are you doing out here in the snow, ma'am? It's getting pretty cold out here."

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "I'm sorry, (gestures at fur coat and scarf) *what part* of this attire screams 'I'm getting cold' to you, Sweater Boy?"

"She wanted to be in a place where her heart felt warm, no doubt."

"What are *you* doing out here, Wallace? Finally looking for a spot to keel over and die?"

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "I have explained this to you already, you whore; I die *with my books!*"

"I'll die when I'm good and ready, you frigid ice queen.

Crazy56U: You know, I have no idea why their marriage failed, they seem perfect for each other.

Come on, boys." Wallace marched toward the chateau.

"It was nice to meet you, ma'am," said Valentine.

"Get lost, Jack."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] *"Not my name, bitch!"*

Mono: Yeah, hit the road!

They entered again through the backside of the chateau, where Wallace led them down another hallway.

"I hope that this isn't being too forward, sir," J.J. said,

BittplexMutt: "But where's the mystery? Where's the suspense?"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "But I hate you, and would like the tour to end now."

[Valentine] "Ditto."

SC276: [Oldie] "Well where else are we supposed to go, *sideways?*"

"but what's your ex-wife doing here at the chateau?"

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "God, I wish I knew the answer to that."

BittplexMutt: [Wallace] "So she can be a suspect when I get murdered."

Mono: [Doc Wallace] "Oh, you know what they say about ghosts and haunting and stuff..."

"You're asking questions that aren't important right now," Mr. Gross replied.

BittplexMutt: [Wallace] "AKA: It's none of your business."

Crazy56U: Interesting statement to make in the middle of a *fucking mystery story, dipshit.*

He paused for a moment,

BittplexMutt: "-for dramatic effect."

as if he were either lost in thought or his old man programing had encountered a bug.

BittplexMutt: Or he's trying to be suspenseful but failing miserably."

Crazy56U: ...if the fucking twist is "Wallace is a robot", I swear to fuck...

"That's funny, she was sitting on the bench where we first met."

BittplexMutt: "Oh dear, are the murders starting already?"

Crazy56U: She's homeless, that bench is all she has left.

SC276: She took it in the divorce too.

He shook his head and pressed forward.

BittplexMutt: Literally. He walked right through the wall.

Crazy56U: "After all, it's only a plot point if the characters cared about it."

"Nearly there, come along."

BittplexMutt: Wow. This tour is so suspenseful.

Mono: Such suspense. Much mystery. Wow.

They arrived at a wide room with a vaulted ceiling.

BittplexMutt: "-Where they could do pole vault."

A huge chandelier hung above an intricately-woven carpet.

BittplexMutt: It wove out the words "Sucky Hotel."

Chairs and tables, presumably used for special occasions,

BittplexMutt: "-where friends would meet no more."

Mono: Or, most commonly, to fucking sit on.

were stacked in a corner and also placed haphazardly throughout the room.

BittplexMutt: Also, there was a beast dancing with a lady.

Mono: Because why would you ever want logic in organizing a ballroom?

"The Grande Ballroom, or Ballroom for short.

Crazy56U: This hotel fucking sucks.

Starts with the letter 'B.' It's beautiful, isn't it?"

BittplexMutt: I can think of other things that start with B.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Please stop."

"Lovely," said J.J. out of politeness.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*I fucking hate you.*"

"I didn't want to show it for any other reason than I thought it was nice.

SC276: I thought you spent all your time in your room or in the library.

Crazy56U: Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

Mono: Suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuure, I don't believe this is foreshadowing at *aaaaaall!*

Great for dancing. Maybe you two ought to cut a rug in here on your free time."

Crazy56U: It's the 2020s, dude. Pick new slang.

"We will...put that on the docket," said J.J.

Wallace P. Gross nodded vigorously, his wire-like hair swaying back and forth.

SC276: His *own hair* hates him so much, it'd rather defy physics.

"Nearly finished with the tour, gents. This way."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(bored; annoyed) *Oh for the LOVE OF GOD*"

In the hallway, J.J. and Valentine hung back, just out of earshot of the author.

"Are you getting kind of a...I don't know, a 'not all there' vibe from Wallace?" whispered Valentine.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "... ..you only started thinking that *now?*"

"Was it the casual socialite-cabalistic-ritual dialog or the ping pong match of death threats between him and Marcella that made you think that?"

SC276: [Valentine] "It was the goddamn lady in charge *saying* that, dipstick."

Mono: [Valentine] "...yes?"

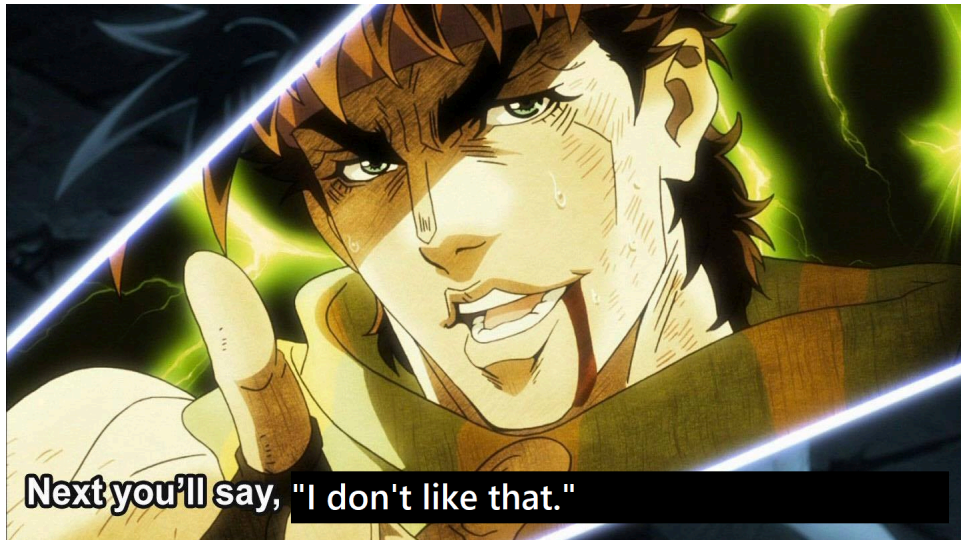
J.J. sighed. "Look, I'm not personally enamored by the situation at hand either, and I know what you're about to say."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "And no, we can't bail. *We need to get fucking paid, dude.*"

Mono: [Valentine] "sighs** Why can't we just have *normal* jobs..."**

"This isn't right," said Val.

"See? That. I knew you were gonna say that," J.J. replied.



Crazy56U:

"Look, finances being what they are, if we want to eat tonight we're gonna have to at least listen to the guy."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Or, failing that, we eat *him*."

SC276: [Valentine] "Well we could've just broke into a restaurant, but *no*, you had to lift a *fucking Target*."

Mono: [J.J.] "Hey, it was either freeze to death, or get food and freeze to death later, *you decide*."

Valentine shook his head. "I don't like that."

"I know you don't. But if you wanna make it in the detective business you're gonna have to take a few bum cases."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(mad) *Every fucking case we have ever done is a bum case, and we have NEVER GOTTEN PAID*."

Mono: [J.J.] "*That's a fucking lie and you know it, Old Man Jenkins paid us in chocolate coins that one time*."

SC276: [Valentine] "I'm starting to think we're being played by Dribble and Spitz here!"

They followed the old man back to the chateau lobby

SC276: -where the receptionist threw her book at Jayjay's head-

and up the stairs to Wallace's study. He closed the door behind them with another squeak from the door's hinges and stood in the center of the room.

"Final stop of the tour," he said. "Study. Starts with an 'S.'"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*I want you to die*."

Mono: So, L C B... S? Loving Capybaras Breaks Spines?

The boys stood there, waiting for Wallace to say something more. After a moment of wordless smiling, J.J. broke the silence. "So how would you like us to help, Mr. Gross?"

"Ah, yes," said Wallace, snapping back to attention.

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "I forgot there was a plot."

"As you boys know, I needed the employ of Harborville's finest detectives for a reason.

SC276: He needs his shoes shined.

Mono: He had nothing better to do than to bother young kids.

You see," he said, his fingers beginning to tremble, "I'm being haunted."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(exasperated) Oh fucking Christ, please don't rant more about your ex-wife..."

Mono: [Doc Wallace] "*holds up a vacuum cleaner* I think you boys know where this is going..."

"Right, ghosts," said J.J. "My brother and I are well-versed in ghost detection and expulsion.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "We've collectively seen at least one episode of *Supernatural*."
[Valentine] "(quietly) More like 3/4ths..."

However, do keep in mind that we charge extra for poltergeists and ghosts in corporeal form.

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

Crazy56U: Ghosts that are solid. Have you or have you not seen a horror movie?

You pay out of pocket if we have to bring in either an old priest or young priest."

Crazy56U: [Doc Wallace] "I am not made out of fucking money, you swine."

SC276: But middle-aged priests are free.

"Take more pride in listening rather than speaking, young man." Wallace's face grew grim. "It might do you some good down the line."

The boys looked at each other, confused.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(looking at Valentine; thinking) I know you can read my thoughts, dude. We are going to fucking die, here."

[Valentine] "(looking at J.J.; thinking) Aruba. Jamaica. Ooh, I wanna take ya."

[J.J.] "(thinking) Dude, you *know* how I feel about fucking Mike Love."

[Valentine] "(thinking) Bermuda. Bahama. Come on, pretty mama."

The author paced around the room, peering out of his window into what had turned into a threatening blizzard outside. "I've known for some time now that a ghost has been watching me.

Crazy56U: *Man*, that ghost's life must suck...

Mono: [Ghost] "Y'know, I *could* dick around in this hotel, but I think I'm just gonna leer at this old man for a while..."

Watching over my latest work. For the past three years I've been consumed by this obsession, this specter, unable to finish my manuscript."

Crazy56U: And the reason you haven't called a priest before now is *because... ..*?

SC276: [Jayjay] "...Wait, you want us to exorcise your *writer's block*?"

Mono: [Doc Wallace] "*Precisely!*"

He returned to the center of the room and addressed the boys directly. He heaved a very heavy sigh. "Now I fear my time is short, for I've put together everything and I can see clearly.

SC276: So did Maes Hughes, and we saw how well *that* went for him.

There are a great many more mysteries to the Grande Chateau than you'd initially believe."

Crazy56U: And trust me, what is said next is going to explain everything. (snaps fingers)

And just as he finished his sentence, Wallace P. Gross's head exploded.

Mono: Suddenly, Sliders!

Crazy56U: *Uh oh, the editors are pissed and out for blood.*



Crazy56U: This is going to be a wild fucking week if the first fucking chapter ends with two kids witnessing a murder right in fucking front of them.

Ringmaster: And, y'know, the sex scene in the earlier fic.

Crazy56U: Ring, no one died during that sex scene, that doesn't count.

Mono: Hey now, we never *finished reading* the sex scene, so it's very much possible Link clawed 8675309's heart out.

SC276: Pictured: the results of the first use of the Ink Machine.

CHAPTER 2

Deputy Park, Harborville

Sheriff's Department

Deputy Park burst through the double doors of the Grande Chateau

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "(panicking) *I HAVE TO CRAP, WHERE'S THE BATHROOM?!*"

and immediately turned to close them against the roaring blizzard outside. Once he was satisfied that he'd bested the doors in fair and open combat,

Crazy56U: Deputy Park played Metal of Honor.

SC276: It hasn't been two sentences and I'm already over this guy.

he kicked the snow off of his boots and brushed the icicles from the ends of his mustache.

Crazy56U: My mental image now is that Deputy Park is literally the Monopoly Guy.

Mono: Or Doug Dimmadome, owner of the Dimmsdale Dimmadome, whichever you prefer.

BittplexMutt: Looks like someone is getting bankrupt.

Unzipping his Harborville Sheriff's Department winter jacket,

SC276: -but leaving his Harborville Champion Fisher summer jacket closed-

he marched up the large staircase at the end of the room, where a large crowd of onlookers had gathered.

Crazy56U: He hadn't stopped *once*. He burst through the doors and *blasted* up the stairs like he was the fucking *Flash*.

Mono: Apparently he was about to reach space now.

"Outta the way! Harborville Sheriff's Department!" he shouted, parting through the sea of skiers and hotel patrons grouped shoulder to shoulder.

BittplexMutt: [Deputy] "Out of the way! I got to go to the bathroom!"

Crazy56U: Translation:

[Deputy Park] "*BEEP BEEP!* (blasts through the group of people as if he was the Kool Aid Man bursting through a wall)"

Finally making his way to the front of the crowd, the deputy found the source of the commotion. "Not you two again!" Deputy Park groaned.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "For the love of fuck, first Target, now *this?!"*

"Deputy Park, our old friend, we meet again," said J.J.

Mono: "-a loaded gun aimed at the Deputy's chest."

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "Stop pretending I like you."

He and his brother were sitting in the doorway to the study, wiping their faces and clothes with Grande Chateau-monogrammed towels.

SC276: The diagrammed ones were in the wash.

Crazy56U: So, you know, not looking suspicious in the slightest.

Madame Fournier appeared before the deputy. "Wait, you know these two?"

"Who are you?" asked Park.

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "Who are *you?*"

[Deputy Park] "I asked you first."

[Madame Fournier] "I asked you second."

"I'm the hotelier of this establishment and the one who telephoned you," she said.

Deputy Park's eyes narrowed. "What's a hotelier?"

Mono: [Miss Wallace] "...You're kinda fucking stupid, aren't you?"

Crazy56U: You know, a hotelier. Not that hard of a fucking concept to grasp.

"I'm the hotel manager."

"Right," Deputy Park replied,

SC276: [Parks and Rec] "I don't believe you and you're under arrest."

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "Fine. Whatever. *Keep* making up words."

straightening up. "Well it's a wonder your call made it through with the blizzard outside and all."

Crazy56U: It was through the power of plot convenience, Deputy, don't look gift horses in their mouths.

He motioned to the brothers on the floor. "And why is the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club here?"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Because we're working a case, dumbass."

[Valentine] "Yeah, you think we would be here in any other circumstance?! *We're fucking broke!*"

Wherever they go, trouble follows."

"We follow the *trouble*, you dingus!" J.J. rolled his eyes.

SC276: [Parks and Rec] "It can be both!"

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "And that negates my argument *why?*"

[Valentine] "Because *fuck you!*"

[Deputy Park] "FUCK YOU RIGHT BACK, YOU SWEATER WEARING FUCK!"

[J.J.] "THAT TEARS IT! (tackles Deputy Park to the floor)"

"Oh, is that true?" said Park. "Because every case I run into you two on goes belly up from 'go.'"

Mono: I'm getting a really bad knockoff Dick Gumshoe vibe from this guy and that makes me sad.

Crazy56U: No, what's sad is that you *fucking know* Arin already decided to make a spin-off involving this guy.

J.J. shook his head. "That's not true."

"What about the Old Abandoned Mill?"

Mono: [J.J.] "You still can't prove that was arson!"

Crazy56U: You know, that case involving degenerate fuckheads running about in Drisking, Missouri?

"That wasn't our fault!"

SC276: [Jayjay] "You know it was that little light spirit that started that giant flood!"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "I mean, seriously, you act like we *wanted* a fire to break out!"

"The Harborville Bank Heist?"

"Anyone could have mistaken that old lady for a bank robber."

Crazy56U: After all, old ladies are *notorious* for packing heat.



"What about the Counterfeiters of Pirate's Quay?"

"Hey," Valentine cut in,

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "You *fucking promised to never bring that up again.*"

"didn't we save your life on that one?"

"You did," Deputy Park grumbled, "but I wouldn't have been tied up in that warehouse in the first place if it weren't for you two bumbling idiots."

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "And your *idiot dog.*"

[J.J.] "...we don't own a dog."

[Valentine] "Uh, actually, J... (whispers into J.J.'s ear)"

[J.J.] "... (to Deputy Park; shocked) How the fuck do you confuse a raccoon for a fucking dog?!"

SC276: ...Are these supposed to be the adult fiction books the author has supposedly written?

Mono: Nope, all prequels that are never going to see the light of day, probably.

He folded his arms and kicked at the carpet. "Still though, Mrs. Park says...to send you her regards and thanks."

Crazy56U: After all, she got a brand-new raccoon out of that case.

J.J. couldn't help but smile to himself.

SC276: He's a compulsive smiler.

Crazy56U: "For he had remembered a funny tweet."

Deputy Park readdressed Madame Fournier. "So what have we got here?"

J.J. shot his thumb behind him toward the study. "Dead writer," he said.

Mono: [Penis Pasteboot] "...In fairness, I should've probably seen the corpse first."

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "(confused) Since when is 'death of the author' something you need to call the cops for?"

Deputy Park turned back to J.J., shocked. "Sweet hollandaise, boys,

Mono: If that is going to be your catchphrase I am so fucking done with you already...

Crazy56U: "Binging with Babish would like to know your location..."

what have you gotten yourselves into?"

SC276: [Parks and Rec] "Because there's no place like chateau for the hollandaise! ...Anyone that doesn't laugh is under arrest."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "...I... ..I just said..."

"I called you as soon as I heard the gunshot," Madame Fournier said.

Crazy56U: (points at text) YEP, YOU DID IT, YOU KILLED HIM, CLEAR AS DAY

"I found these two young gentlemen in the corner screaming when I arrived."

Deputy Park surveyed the scene. In front of him was indeed a dead writer with an exploded head.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "... .. (nudges corpse with foot) (nudges corpse again) (turns to Madame Fournier) So, I take it this is related to the screaming kids?"

BittplexMutt: "What a mess."

At the opposite end of the room was a shattered window. Snow was starting to cover the mahogany desk in the center of the room.

SC276: I'm no ballistics guy, but don't gunshot holes go too fast to completely shatter glass? How much snow is getting through that little hole?

Mono: Just blame the ghosts, SC, it will make everything easier in the long run.

Crazy56U: ...I'm sorry, what part of "shattered window" implies a *small* hole? Also, this is a *blizzard*. Since when do blizzards produce *little* amounts of snow? ... (ball drops in the background)

"So what happened here?"



Crazy56U:

BittplexMutt: "Murder. That's what happened."

Valentine answered. "After the guy talked to us for a while, he took us back to his study, then we heard a gunshot,

SC276: Except the narration didn't.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "-and next thing we know, we're covered in blood and gore. ...and sadly, this isn't even the *first* time this happened in our line of work."

[Deputy Park] "Excuse you, I *already mentioned* the Counterfeiters of Pirate's Quay case."

saw his head explode, and then that glass over there shattered."

SC276: Wait, the glass didn't break until after his head exploded? Actually, wait, you were screaming for an extended length since the manager took the time to call the police; how did you have your wits enough about you to even notice the window breaking after he died?

Mono: Yes. All of the answers are 'yes'.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "Damn, the window *waited* to shatter?"

"Did you get eyes on the shooter?" asked Deputy Park.

"Sorry," said J.J.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "It was kind of hard to focus, given, you know, a man's fucking head exploded in the middle of a blizzard."

"There was a foreign substance in our eyes that prevented us from utilizing the gift of sight."

Crazy56U: ...my line was more in character.

"What was that?"

"Writer Blood," said Valentine.

SC276: [Valentine] "What do you think was making him so goddamn wordy right then?"

Crazy56U: Blood type? Yes.

Park surveyed the scene once more, brushing his mustache with his fingers in deep thought.
"I've solved the mystery!" he exclaimed.

Mono: [J.J.] "Why do I really fucking doubt that for some reason?"

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "YOU TWO DID IT!"

"Wait, really?" asked Valentine, genuinely perplexed.

"Sure I have," he said, pointing toward the crime scene. "The broken window suggests that the bullet came from outside, ending the life of our dear writer friend here."

SC276: You... just blatantly ignored the witness there saying the window broke after he died. Like, I get it makes no sense for him to know that, but that just means he knows it because it's a clue and the writer has no idea how to naturally deliver it.

Crazy56U: SC, Deputy Park is the best cop on the force, and you will show him fucking respect.

He stepped over the body and walked to the window,

Crazy56U: "-and then jumped."

where the blizzard roared in full force. "Our killer ran away from the scene of the crime and into worsening snow conditions where he'll no doubt freeze to death and die.

Mono: Ah, so Nightmare Moon was behind all of this.

Crazy56U: Nah, if that was the case, she'd get up front and personal in order to kill him. She ain't no pansy about murder.

I'll have Harborville Sheriff's department roll out here with their ice picks to excavate the perp-sicle,

Crazy56U: Now, there, you see, the killer being Mister Freeze, that makes more sense.

avenging the death of Charles Bu-killed-ski over here."

SC276: Puns don't work if you don't know what it's punning on. Take it from someone that keeps titling projects with puns of soap operas that don't exist.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] “(dead silence) *LAUGH!*
***LAUGH!*”**

The crowd stood in silence. When no one objected, Park marched to the front of the room.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] “(fed up) Alright. I’m fucking serious here. (pulls out gun; points it at crowd) *Y’all better start laughing.*”

“Welp, just gotta call this one over to headquarters so we can get a slab van to pick up Haruki Murdered-kami.

Mono: *stop*

Crazy56U: [Crowd] “(dead silence)”

[Deputy Park] “(pissed) Maybe you misunderstood. (fires gun into ceiling; aims gun back to crowd) *I want laughter, (cocks gun) and I want it now.*”

We’ll all be outta here in time for dinner.”

SC276: Also, what was actually the bullet that managed to make a man’s entire *head* explode? Did he have a bomb implanted in his skull or something?

Crazy56U: Dude, have you ever played a video game in your life? *Why are you making this more complicated than it is.*

He spoke a few words into his walkie-talkie and waited for a response.

Nothing.

He tried again only to hear static.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] “(mad; directly into walkie-talkie) *You think I’m not above shooting a fucking walkie-talkie, (jabs gun into walkie-talkie) you got another fucking thing coming, now you BETTER START FUCKING LAUGHING*”

“Right,” said Park. “New plan.

SC276: [Parks and Rec] “When I go to investigate a murder in the future, I’ll bring more than one cop.”

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] “Firstly. (shoots walkie-talkie; drops shattered remains)”

Apparently the blizzard conditions that no doubt froze our mystery murderer have cut off radio communication with the outside world.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] “Basically, this is now *The Shining*, and you are all now on fucking notice. (aims gun back to crowd) *Do not fuck with me.*”

Which also means that the mountain roads once used to reach this chateau are now

SC276: -used to enter Asgard.

Crazy56U: -fucking lame.

rendered inoperable. Looks like we're all stuck here until the roads are clear."

Mono: Well, you could always do the stupid thing and roll down the hill. For some reason, you seem like the type to do that.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "If you all kill and eat each other, that's on you. I wash my hands of you all."

A shocked gasp ran through the crowd.



Crazy56U:

"Oh, come on," said Park.

SC276: [Parks and Rec] "There's no way you guys came out here without possibly seeing at least one five-day forecast and should've known this would've turned into a closed circle! Christ, it's like you've never been in a book before..."

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "I'm not God, okay, I can't just *stop* the snow!"

"We all get to spend the weekend in a snowy mountain resort together and there's only one dead body here which you'll all barely have to see. The killer's long gone."

Crazy56U: ...okay, I'm starting to think *Park* is the killer.

"We don't know that!" J.J. shook his head. "The killer could be in here right now!"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "... (suspicious) J.J., what are you implying?"

[J.J.] "(turns to Valentine; astounded) Fucking *really*?"

"Young man, I will karate chop you in the throat," Deputy Park warned.

SC276: [Parks and Rec] "And no one will care, especially not that gas station attendant I ran into on the way here."

Crazy56U: Tonight, the role of Deputy Park will be portrayed by Buzz Lightyear.

"In any case, the halls will be patrolled by myself, Deputy Jihun Park of the Harborville Sheriff's department."

Crazy56U: ...that is not your fucking first name, sir. It's "Jimmy", and you fucking know it.

He made a sweeping gesture to the crowd. "No one gets killed on my watch."

SC276: He instantly fell, dead.

Mono: Yeeeeeah, you're probably not gonna make it, buddy...

Crazy56U: [Deputy Jimmy Park] "And, just to prove it- (turns around; shoots Wallace's corpse) See? He was dead to begin with!"

The crowd of hotel patrons erupted in chaos and accusatory questions directed toward Deputy Park of the Harborville Sheriff's department.

SC276: What, did they think *he* killed him?

Crazy56U: ...I think I already covered that base. (ball drops in the background)

Madame Fournier jumped between him and the growing mob, trying to defuse the situation. "Please!" she pleaded. "I know everyone here is upset.

Crazy56U: [Madame Fournier] "*Fucking calm down.*"

It goes without saying that all of your rooms will be complimentary for the duration of the blizzard." The idea of free hotel rooms quieted the crowd down a bit.

SC276: No, the rooms still cost money, the cleaning staff is just going to put more cards with positive statements on the pillows.

Crazy56U: "But then she started accusing *her* of murdering Wallace, and trying to bribe her way to innocence."

A woman with short hair stepped out of the throng. Valentine recognized her as the bartender who was serving drinks when they entered the chateau earlier. "Plus we'll have more complimentary wine after dinner," she said in a thick Bostonian accent.

SC276: And when you run out of wine, this whole place is gonna turn into *The Shinning*.

Mono: More like *The Departed*, am I right? Get it, 'cause there are ghosts involved, and the movie takes place in Boston, and... I'll see myself out... *walks off*

Crazy56U: (confused) Since when were there ghosts in *The Departed*?

Everyone in the crowd shrugged and Madame Fournier breathed a sigh of relief. "Now wait just a second!" yelled J.J., jumping in to join the crowd.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "*WHO THE FUCK SERVES WINE AT DINNER?! J'ACCUSE!*"

"My name is J.J. Watts and the man still picking Writer Brain out of his ears is my brother and indispensable ally, Mr. Valentine Watts.

SC276: [Valentine] "Actually, I think this bit is my own brain-"
[Jayjay] "*SHUT UP*"

Mono: [Random Person] "*Please tell me who in this room asked?*"

**Crazy56U: [Random Person #2] "You two aren't brothers, tho-"
[J.J.] "(mad) WE'RE NOT DOING THAT AGAIN"**

Together we form the entity of Ghost Hunters Adventure Club, Harborville's best and arguably only ghost hunting and crime solving organization."

SC276: I almost thought he said "entirely" there and was about to make a Robot Mafia joke. Your loss, book.

Crazy56U: You know, ever since the Scooby gang died in a car crash.

"Here we go," groaned Deputy Park.

"At the time of his death, my brother and I were in the employ of Mr. Wallace P. Gross, and we will continue to honor his employment request until his killer is brought to justice.

SC276: Even though he hired you to exorcise the Yo-Kai giving him writer's block. I mean, he's dead now, so he doesn't have writer's block anymore. What's your obligation again?

Mono: Look, he needs to have *something* to do when he's trapped in this place. It's either this or re-creating The Suite Life of Zack and Cody.

Crazy56U: [Random Person #3] "...so, you two did it, got it."

And because of this I *will not rest...*" he turned his attention to Madame Fournier, "...until my brother and I are upgraded to a two-bed suite with meals included."

Crazy56U: #priorities

Madame Fournier sighed. "Fine."

SC276: [Fourrunner] "'Upgrade' implies you were even staying before, but fuck do I care at this point."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Excellent. (turns back to crowd) Our work is done, you're on your own to find the killer."

"Um, I'd like my room upgraded as well," said a voice. Everyone turned to see that it was the man with the sunglasses and ponytail from earlier.

SC276: ...who?

Mono: He did it, calling it now.

Crazy56U: (seething) *Why is the hipster talking*

"No," said the hotelier.

He shrugged. "Worth a shot."

Madame Fournier began funneling the crowd out of the hallway and back down the stairs.

SC276: [Fourrunner] "Alright, get out of my sight before someone else tries to be a wiseass."

Crazy56U: Translation:

[Madame Fournier] "(literally shoving people down the stairs) Come on, get a move on, none of you can't go home, but you can't stay here, it's a murder scene, get back to your rooms, stop crying about falling, grow up."

"Please everyone, give us some space to clean up a little. I'll have our groundskeeper see what we can do to tidy up here.

SC276: [Fourrunner] "Despite being a large enough hotel to have a bunch of customers, I haven't hired an actual custodial team."

Crazy56U: (laughs) Good one, book.

You all go enjoy a drink in the lounge downstairs."

J.J. and Valentine joined the crowd in their march, avoiding further questioning from Deputy Park.

SC276: Further questioning, crackpot insanity, same difference.

Crazy56U: Namely by covering their faces with their hands, making them invisible.

On the way down, they spotted the groundskeeper walking the opposite direction down the stairs. He did, in fact, stand a head taller than everyone else.

Crazy56U: Yeah, okay, sure, totally worthy informa- (looks down)oh come the fuck on...

BittplexMutt: What the...



Crazy56U: Look, just because this is a fucking book, that doesn't mean you have the right to make the pictures *THIS FUCKING BIG*.

BittplexMutt: And here we see "Tampering with Property."

SC276: Guy needs to put more skill points in Lockpicking if he's gonna finish *Fallout 3* like that.

Mono: What the fuck does this have to do with that groundskeeper?

Crazy56U: Why are none of you focusing on the real problem here? Am I the ONLY ONE upset about the fucking SIZE?!

CHAPTER 3

The Bookcase

"The real mystery we should be solving is how they got these towels to be so soft,"

Crazy56U: (bluntly) Snuggle. Next question?

said J.J., rolling up and stuffing as many Grande Chateau-monogrammed towels into his satchel as he could.

BittplexMutt: The world may never know that secret.

SC276: They clean them with snow instead of water.

Mono: [Valentine] "... .. *smacks bed* SOMEBODY FUCKING DIED!"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(still stuffing towels) This ain't about him."

They were in their promised two bed suite, an all-oak affair adorned in vaguely rustic knickknacks and landscape paintings of the mountain.

BittplexMutt: In exchange for not making the murder public.

Crazy56U: "There was no bathroom, however."

Valentine peered out of the window, which would have looked out down into the mountain road that led them here were it not for the howling gale outside.

SC276: [Valentine] "I dunno why I even looked."

BittplexMutt: That Gale sure loves to howl.

Crazy56U: So, all in all, a horrible room.

"We gotta be careful on the way out," said J.J. "I gave the front desk lady a fake credit card



Crazy56U:

for incidentals but she's a sharp one.

BittplexMutt: "She'll be calling the police any minute now."

SC276: Can't be *that* sharp if she took it in the first place.

Crazy56U: Look, just because she called you two out on not being brothers, that doesn't mean she's Sherlock Holmes, calm down.

I didn't help by making the last four digits '6969.'"

SC276: Especially not with a tell like that.

Crazy56U: (deadpan) Let me guess. The CVC code is "420".

Mono: *snickers immaturely*

He looked over at Valentine, whose mind seemed to be lost in the snow outside. "What's the matter? You used to love playing 'steal the hotel amenities.'"

Mono: [Valentine] "Yeah, that was *before* the whole Target thing."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Well, given how *there's no bathroom in this room*, only the towels are worth taking, and I still have no idea why we have towels to begin with. Sue me for being disinterested."

"Do you think Park was right?" asked Valentine.

"I wouldn't trust his opinion on what to get for breakfast, let alone what he thinks about a murder investigation," said J.J.

SC276: Sounds like a personal issue.

Crazy56U: Well, the man *does* like to eat at IHOP...

He belly-flopped onto the bed

Mono: "-and promptly fell through it."

and wrapped himself in high thread count sheets.

SC276: Because hotels in the middle of practically nowhere do that.

Crazy56U: "And then he passed out."

"But that doesn't matter now."

BittplexMutt: "It's not like it's that important anyway."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "We got the hotel room. *We win.*"

"What do you mean?" asked Valentine.

"I mean that our bankroll had his head exploded. There's no payout for us other than free room and board and whatever you and I can carry out of here undetected."

Mono: [J.J.] "That is... how much do you think that painting is worth?"

SC276: I mean, you could also pickpocket anyone stupid enough to even stay here.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Just going to be up front here, bro: this is looking like a repeat of Target."

"C'mon, J.J., you have to at least be a little curious about what's going on here."

"Oh, sure I'm curious. I'm curious about how the upper crust lives,

Mono: Somehow, this turned into social commentary.

Crazy56U: This bit *really* did not age well, and this book has only been out for *three weeks*.

I'm curious to know a weekend without want or need, I'm curious to see if there are any loose gems or precious stones that can be pried and pocketed for later sale."

SC276: And I'm curious to know if this repetition has a fucking point.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(bored) Is there a point to this?"

He got up to examine a painting on the wall, noting that it was held in place by a security latch. "I'm not, however, curious about who shot Wallace P. Gross from a sniper's position in a snowy tundra."

Mono: [J.J] "Honestly, I only came here for the ghost, now that Wallace has died, I might as well fuck off into the snow."

Crazy56U: Lee Harvey Oswald. Next question?

"That's the thing," said Valentine, turning his attention away from the snow. "I'm not so sure where the shot came from."

Crazy56U: I swear to fuck if this literally becomes a "Who shot JFK?" thing, book, I was joking.

He sat on the edge of his own bed. "Try to remember back to when the head exploded. We even told it to Deputy Park. We heard the shot, the head exploded, we got Writer Blood in our eyes, *then* we heard the glass shatter.

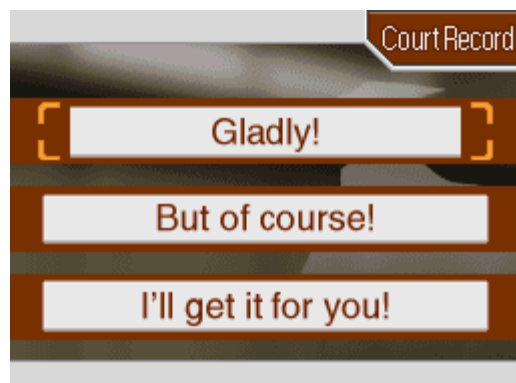
Mono: Except no, you were screaming.

SC276: I've been over this, Mono.

Crazy56U: Dude, that was last chapter, you can't prove that anymore.

If the shot came from outside, we would've heard the glass shatter first."

"All right, Sherlock, if the shot didn't come from outside, then where did it come from?"



SC276:

...You get the idea.

Crazy56U: (points in a nonspecific direction) Low hanging fruit? Yes. Do I care? No.

"I don't know," said Valentine, pointing to his eyes. "Writer Blood."

"Case closed then.

Crazy56U: *Man, you suck.*

Guess we gotta go back to a pampered weekend in a snowy mountain escape."

SC276: At least until the credit card number bounces and you're kicked out into the blizzard.

Crazy56U: Well, that's when he busts out the *next* fake card. He has a *wallet*, dude.

Valentine furrowed his brow. "If I could just get back to the scene of the crime I could find out for sure."

"This isn't going to get out of your head, is it?" asked J.J.

Mono: Some detective you are, not even wanting to solve a mystery.

SC276: *Call! Fold! Call! Fold! I'M INSIDE YOUR HEAD!*

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "What, actually making sure who was the person who exploded a guy's fucking head in front of us? (loud thinking noise) YES?"

"No, and I won't stop talking about it, effectively ruining your weekend plans."

Crazy56U: I love how Valentine has become the most likeable character.

"All right." J.J. sighed. "If we can sneak in there tonight and look around, will you let me enjoy the rest of the weekend?"

BittplexMutt: "What fun are we gonna have in a sucky hotel?"

SC276: [Jayjay] "Wrestle that receptionist lady into submission for throwing a book at my head. *DUH.*"

Crazy56U: Okay, I know I keep accusing everyone, but J.J. really is making himself suspicious as fuck.

"I'll even help you strip some copper wire out from the walls."

BittplexMutt: "Yay vandalism!"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(confused) Why the fuck would I need wire? (holds up bag of towels) I'm set for life."

"Then it's settled," said J.J. "The Ghost Hunters Adventure Club is back on the case, if only for tonight."

Crazy56U: Showing results for *tempting fate*

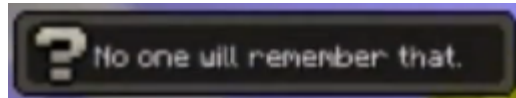
BittplexMutt: "And for the next few months."

SC276: Unfortunately for Jayjay, he would find that tonight, the stars would aid in Nightmare Moon's escape and the night will last *forever*.

Crazy56U: (cheerfully) Oh, nifty, then the book ends with everyone freezing to death and dying!

The two did their secret handshake to seal the deal.

BittplexMutt: Again, super important thing guys.



SC276:

* * *

BittplexMutt: Pretty soon that hotel will be buried in snow.

The boys waited until midnight

Crazy56U: (glances at clock; it's 4:21PM) ...oh boy.

before they left the room with J.J.'s trusted lockpick kit.

BittplexMutt: Nicknamed Toodles.

Mono: He carries it with him to bed. Don't ask.

Crazy56U: Granted, it's literally just a Phillips screwdriver, but don't question things.

By this time they assumed Deputy Park would be done with his rounds,

SC276: When you assume, you make an ass out of you and- actually, no, just you.

Crazy56U: In reality, Deputy Park was crying in the bathroom.

and they made their way from their room, down the elevator, and over to Wallace's study unperturbed.

BittplexMutt: Because security decided to be lazy that night.

Crazy56U: As opposed to *teleporting* there, because I guess they don't have the passion for their work.

J.J. knelt on the floor and unfurled his kit while Valentine kept watch at the end of the hall. Selecting the right tensioner and scraping tool was an art that J.J. had long ago mastered.

BittplexMutt: He learned it from Mickey Mouse Clubhouse.

Crazy56U: Nah. *Full House*.

He inserted the tools, ready to work.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "... .. (thinking; worried) *Wait, how does a doorknob work again?*"

BittplexMutt: "He then proceeded to smash the tools into the door."

Mono: No, he then proceeded to smash the door instead.

SC276: Resulting in the door smashing him back, but at least they were in.

The door creaked open.

"Right," said J.J., "another lock successfully picked."

BittplexMutt: [Valentine] "But you didn't do anything."

Mono: [J.J.] "*Just shut up and let me be important, okay?*"

SC276: [Valentine] "...Did the door beat you up again-?"

[Jayjay] "Don't you ever shut up."

Crazy56U: My guess, he inserted his tools, and then *punched* the doorknob clean off the door, like he was the fucking Hulk.

Valentine abandoned his lookout post and joined J.J., where they opened the door and entered with caution, cringing at the squeak of the door



Crazy56U:

as it continued to alert everyone in the hotel to their whereabouts.

BittplexMutt: Good thing they have the most laziest security ever.

Crazy56U: And that everyone else is in a coma.

The body of Wallace P. Gross was missing.

BittplexMutt: It left because no-body wanted him.

Crazy56U: It despawned due to everyone leaving.

The boys stood there for a moment, trying to deduce what had happened.

BittplexMutt: Even though it should be very obvious to everyone.

Mono: The body has moved. *Duh.*

Crazy56U: Ghost.

"Guess they must've moved him," Valentine concluded.

BittplexMutt: Valentine: The World's Greatest Detective.

"Unless he wasn't even dead in the first place, and his headless body now roams these hallways searching for a new head."

BittplexMutt: Interesting, but it's this book so no.

Crazy56U: Arin, you stole that from fucking Goosebumps.

Valentine shot a glance at his brother.

BittplexMutt: [Valentine] "I have had it up to here with your shit!"

"I mean, what if?" asked J.J.

SC276: [Valentine] "Does this look like a goddamn fantasy novel to you?"

[Jayjay] "Lord knows this is all so stupid it *had* to be made up."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Bro, this isn't fucking Goosebumps."

They stepped over the bloody spot where Wallace's body had been and stood in the center of the room. It was covered in a layer of snow thanks to the broken window at the opposite end of the study.

SC276: *REALLY?! No one covered it up?! The manager's just fine with a window being constantly open during a blizzard?!*

Crazy56U: Yes. (painful silence)

"All right, Inspector Hates-fun," said J.J., "work your magic."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Gladly. (points at J.J.) *Avada Kedavra.*"

[J.J] "Not what I mea- (dies instantly)"

Valentine went to the window and examined the shards of glass at the bottom of the frame. "See? I was right." Valentine pointed to the floor beneath the window pane.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "This is *glass.*"

"If the shot had come from outside, there would have been glass fragments on this side of the window.

SC276: The part of Valentine will be played by every two-minute mystery kids' book ever.

Crazy56U: Encyclopedia Brown, eat your fucking heart out.

Instead it must have been shattered from inside while you and I were blinded by Writer Blood."
"But why would they do that?"

Mono: Because they like you.

Crazy56U: You. Need. To link it.

"Maybe to throw us off the trail. To make us think the killer went off and died in a snow storm. Maybe...to make us not wonder if the kill came from inside the house."

SC276: To have a beard made of green spinach.

Crazy56U: That's right, the kills are coming from inside the house. And the culprit?



J.J. was shivering from the cold. "Look around, we're in a tiny writer's study. Where else could the shot have come from?"

Crazy56U: ...inside?

Valentine adjusted his glasses, examining the room. He walked over to the large oak desk that stood as the centerpiece of the room.

SC276: Boy, you sure have a knack for walking directly to where the next clue is. Did the author base this on watching walkthroughs of mystery games?

Crazy56U: Well, given how the fucking Game Grumps are behind this book, that's a hard "Maybe", Sherlock.

"That's odd," he said.
"What?"

Mono: "This desk isn't *anything* like a raven. Lewis Carroll fucking *lied* to me!"

Crazy56U: "I thought oak went extinct..."

Valentine brushed away the layer of snow that covered the desk, revealing a stack of books next to Wallace's typewriter, and read aloud, "*Harborville: A Tourist's Guide; An Oral History of Grande Mountain; Advanced Spelunking Techniques*. Was this research material for Wallace's new book?"

SC276: What even is his book about anyway? I've already forgotten.

Crazy56U: Nah, that's his porn stash. Fucker was *really into* nature.

J.J. walked over to the desk and opened the drawers. "You ever know a writer type to break a lock and then empty out his drawers?" he asked.

Crazy56U: (Googles "author who plagiarized")this bitch?

"Why?"

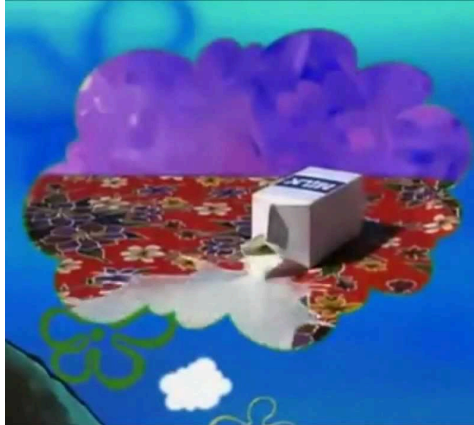
"Because these locks are broken and it looks like the drawers have been emptied. Wouldn't Wallace have kept his manuscript here?"

Mono: No, that was where he kept his rubber band collection, actually.

Crazy56U: Nah, he put it in a Ziplock bag and surgically implanted it into his ribcage. Breathing was *not fun* after that...

"Guess so," replied Valentine. "Hmm..."
J.J. had a thought.

SC276: A dangerous pastime.



Crazy56U:

He went over to the blood spot on the floor and faced his brother. "Val, if you and I got covered in Writer Blood,

Crazy56U: Okay, buddy? That's getting fucking old. I know I ready called you out on ripping off Goosebumps, but stop making me think you're talking about Bootleg Monster Blood.

then that means his head must have exploded toward us. *That* means that the bullet must've struck Wallace from behind."

SC276: Nice clue, Dexter.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "So, basically, case solved, back to bed. (leaves)"

J.J. turned around and examined the wall by the entrance to the study, feeling over the wallpaper with his fingers. "There!" he exclaimed, before remembering that someone might hear him. "This is where the bullet is lodged."

SC276: You're wearing gloves, right, Sherlock Jr.?

Crazy56U: Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

He pointed to a small hole near the frame of the door. "Almost went through one of us. The bullet flew between our heads before we got brain bits in our eyes."

Mono: Well how fucking lucky none of you got shot, then.

Crazy56U: Plot twist: J.J. was the one who got shot. This entire book is a dying dream.

J.J. stood by the bullet hole and turned around. Closing one eye and pointing with a finger, he traced the trajectory of the bullet. "It looks like the shot came from...that bookshelf over there?"

BittplexMutt: You know what they say: "Reading is a powerful thing."

SC276: I thought they said "Wow, you must be a *Peanuts* loony."

Crazy56U: Nah, they said "Sir, this is Walgreens."

Valentine turned to examine the floor-to-ceiling oak bookshelf filled to the breaking point with leather-bound volumes. "What does that mean?"

SC276: It means that thing's about to fucking explode. Call the bomb squad.

Crazy56U: It means it's a *bookshelf*, child.

"It means we caught the culprit. Cuff 'em, Val, this bookcase will never kill again."

"If what you're saying is true,

Mono: "-which isn't because bookcases can't kill people."

Crazy56U: "-then that means *you need to start fucking taking this case seriously, I am going to fucking kill you.*"

then there must be something behind this bookcase. C'mon and help me."

"With what?"

"Pull on books. One might open this thing."

"You've gotta be kidding me. That only happens in movies," said J.J.

Crazy56U: "-in the book involving a *murder at a snowbound hotel in the middle of bumfuck nowhere.*"

as he pulled on a book

SC276: -causing the surrounding books, pressed tightly against the removed one due to the bookshelf being so overstuffed, to come pouring out.

Crazy56U: -causing him to fall through a hole in the floor.

that caught a latch and caused the entire bookcase to swing open on a hinge.

Mono: Ah, yes, because we don't want that cliché to die.

Crazy56U: And, in the process, J.J. got smashed against the wall, like a fly encountering a rolled up newspaper.

He shrugged.

"I stand corrected."

SC276: [Jayjay] "Apparently, it also happens in terrible children's books."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "I guess our lives are false, I guess."

Valentine inspected the bookcase and the darkened pathway behind it. "I wonder where it goes."

"Me too. Well, shame that the Mystery of the Hidden Passageway will never get solved.

SC276: [Jayjay] "(shoots Valentine)"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*why am i the only one that fucking cares about solving this mystery*"

C'mon, Val, let's pack it up."

"What do you mean? We found where the killer took the shot. We gotta go investigate."

SC276: Well I gotta go get some ibuprofen, but sometimes, it just doesn't work out that way.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Since, you know, it's our job?"

J.J. massaged the scar across his nose. "Not happening, bud. I've played unpaid detective for long enough.

Mono: *this is literally your fucking job you absolute dipshit*

SC276: I bet he's probably shit at hunting ghosts too.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Look, let me spell it out for you. Either you go down the hallway with me, or I go find Deputy Park and tell him you are the murderer."

[J.J.] "... ... (eyes narrow) You don't have the guts."

[Valentine] "Oh, yeah? (pointedly walks out of the room)"

And to be truthful with you, I don't even think an honest salary would get me to go down that hallway."

SC276: Would you do it for a Scooby Snack then?

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Interesting argument. As a rebuttal- (grabs J.J. by the collar; drags him down the hallway)"

"I'm going whether you're coming or not," said Valentine. "Feel free to hang out alone in this spooky study with the blood stain."

SC276: [Jayjay] "You know I can just go back to my room, right?"

[Valentine] "...Don't you mean *our* room?"

[Jayjay] "*Traitors don't get rooms.*"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Who knows, maybe Deputy Park will show up while I'm gone, and you get slapped with fucking handcuffs."

"Fine, fine," said J.J., "but if this turns out to be a ghost with a gun, I'll never forgive you."

SC276: Why, because that means the book could be potentially interesting?

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "I love how you think I'd care."

* * *

Val led J.J. past the bookcase and into a stone passageway barely large enough for them to sidle through.

SC276: Why is the passageway made of stone? They're on the second floor; why the fuck does this hotel have stone above the foundation?

Crazy56U: It's a fancy hotel, dude, why are you picking at straws, *you aren't Legend.*

Moisture from the air had frosted onto the stones around them. They could see their breath. "I think I got a cobweb in my mouth," said J.J.

SC276: Start chewing, you could use more fiber.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Good. Enjoy crapping silk."

"This passageway must run through the building," said Valentine. "Or maybe it leads to another exit on the other side of the chateau.

Mono: Or maybe it could lead to the depths of hell, who knows?

Crazy56U: Or it could lead to a *better* plot.

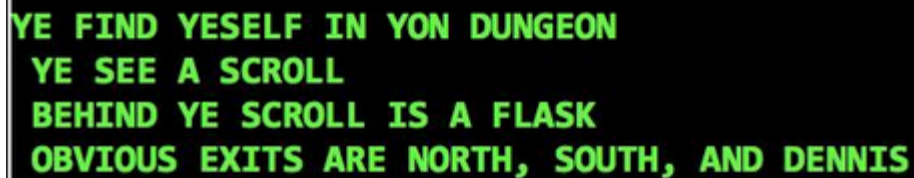
But why was it built?"

"Wallace did say this building was constructed over a hundred years ago. Maybe it was for the opium," said J.J., running into more spider webs.

Mono: And suddenly this is bootleg Tintin, but with Thomson and Thompson being the main characters.

Crazy56U: "And then J.J. was attacked by a giant spider."

The boys continued down the passageway, traversing over cracked stone and rotten woodwork. They could hear faint voices above and around them. The passageway split into different directions just ahead.



YE FIND YESELF IN YON DUNGEON
YE SEE A SCROLL
BEHIND YE SCROLL IS A FLASK
OBVIOUS EXITS ARE NORTH, SOUTH, AND DENNIS

Crazy56U:

"Which way do we go?" asked J.J.

Crazy56U: Yes.

"I guess we follow the sound of the voices."
J.J. sighed.

SC276: [Jayjay] "The voices are literally everywhere! That's *every* direction! Christ, dude, how are you so smart and so dumb at the same time?!"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "I *just want to fucking go to bed.*"

Ahead of them a slat at the top of the passageway cast a beam of light through the dust.

"That's where it's coming from," said Valentine. "Gimme a boost."

J.J. cupped his hands for Valentine to put his foot into and lifted him up.

"It's a grate, I think,"

Mono: And it's such a great grate too.

Crazy56U: Cool! What a great grate. My great-great grandfather had a *grate that was... grea- (violent dry heave)*

said Valentine. He peered through the slat

SC276: You keep using that word. I don't think it means what you think it means.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "...can't see shit, man."

[J.J.] "(unceremoniously drops Valentine) Whelp, too bad, time to go. (leaves)"

to see that he was looking into the ballroom Wallace had shown them on the tour. In the center of the room were two figures.

Crazy56U: Laurel and Hardy, back from the dead to cause more mischief.

Peering closer, he made out Wallace's ex-wife and the ponytailed man with the sunglasses.

SC276: So I did a search, and this is the guy that forgot to get dressed before locking himself out of his room. So he's basically somehow the stupidest guy in this place.

Crazy56U: Figures the bitch would be scummy enough to associate with hipsters...

"What's happening?" asked J.J., struggling to keep Valentine aloft.

BittplexMutt: "A cutscene."

Crazy56U: Well, J.J., if you would *pay attention to the narrator already...*

"Shh, Marcella P. Gross and the ponytail guy seem to be mad about something."

SC276: [Jayjay] "Which one's Marcella?"

[Valentine] "The ex-wife."

[Jayjay] "Then fucking say that."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(looks down at J.J.) I'm sorry, I know you're speaking, I see your lips moving, but I can't understand what you're saying 'cause I don't speak little bitch."

Valentine listened intently. The ponytail man was pacing around the room, his arms gesticulating wildly.

Mono: Little did the boys know that this was just an impromptu dance routine.

Crazy56U: The smack kicked in.

Marcella was sitting on a chair by a banquet table, coldly smoking a cigarette indoors.

SC276: What, is there a part of this ballroom that's *outdoors* or something?

Crazy56U: Yes. The outdoors part.

She took a long drag and puffed it in his direction.

"People have been suspicious of us," she said. "They've always been suspicious of us."

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "Even (points to the grate) those two morons spying on us."

"Will you just keep a level head?" Ponytail said, sweating profusely. "If you and me just keep quiet and lay low, we'll get through this just fine."

SC276: Is this going to be one of those things where everyone has some dark secret that all get triggered at the same time?

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "Bitch, I *am* calm. Compared to you, I'm a fucking rock."

"Something juicy's happening," Valentine whispered down to J.J.

"I'm losing feeling in my fingers," J.J. replied.

SC276: That's the something juicy.

Crazy56U: Oh, cool. J.J.'s dying.

Valentine turned his attention back to the conversation happening in the ballroom.

"Let's make sure we're not seen together for the rest of our stay here," Ponytail said. "That should be enough to throw the people off the scent."

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "Yeah, okay, sure, *telegraph* that we are the most likely suspects for murdering Wallace right in front of the two kids (turns to the grate) *still fucking spying on us.*"

"What do you want me to do then?" asked Marcella. "Should I go into open mourning for my ex-husband?"

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "Have you *seen* how we reacted to each other? *No one* would fucking buy that I'm in mourning."

She put out her cigarette directly on the table.

"Maybe wear more black than you usually do. That couldn't hurt."

SC276: [Golden Oldie] "Whatever makes you think I packed extra black clothes to a ski resort?"

[Moron] "To hide the stains. Of your guilt. Or maybe just a cheeseburger."

[Golden Oldie] "*Has the manger found the fucking booze yet.*"

Crazy56U: [Marcella] "I'm not fucking wearing vantablack, you idiot."

Valentine looked down again at J.J. "I think these two might have had something to do with Wallace's murder."

J.J. grunted. "I'm dying down here."

SC276: Tough shit, my soul is shriveling as we speak.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*Good.*"

"Just a couple more seconds. We might find out something more useful."

Just then, J.J. heard the telltale squeak of the door to Wallace P. Gross's office.

Mono: Did we... did we ever hear that squeak?

Crazy56U: Yes, you just refused to listen.

"Someone's coming!"

SC276: Something Has Happened!

Ponytail snapped to attention. "What was that?"
"Uh oh," said Valentine. "J.J., be quiet."

Crazy56U: I can't fucking believe Valentine is now the best character.

Instead of replying, J.J.'s grip broke and Valentine came tumbling down in a loud thud that echoed down the passageway.

"Hey! Who is that?!" came the voice of the man from the ballroom.

SC276: I thought he was Ponytail Guy.

Crazy56U: And now this is *Metal Gear Solid*.

Valentine got up off of J.J. and dusted himself off. "What the hell?" he whispered. "We were about to solve the mystery."

Mono: Doubtful, there's more story after this.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(in pain) What, the Mystery of J.J.'s Broken Bones and Internal Bleeding?"

"We gotta go," said J.J. "C'mon."

J.J. led him back down the dark hallway, shimmying as fast as they could and ignoring whatever spider webs got into their mouths.

SC276: Y'know, if there's so many spider webs at mouth level, wouldn't that mean that no one used this passageway until now? It could still be used for the murder if the culprit entered via the bookcase and just remained in the entrance, then sneaking out after the crowd dispersed - depending on how long everything took, the door might not have even locked.

Crazy56U: Meanwhile, I am just doing a running total in my head of how many spiders these two potentially just swallowed. For the record, Valentine is at three, and J.J. is up to twenty five.

A hand reached out of the darkness and struck J.J. directly on the nose, sending him falling backward onto Valentine.

Crazy56U: A man has fallen into the Valentine in Grande Chateau City!

"Ow!" J.J. looked up to find the young woman from the front desk earlier today. She looked scared,

Crazy56U: For she had seen a wild animal running loose in the hotel. Here is an artist's rendition:



BittplexMutt: What a terrifying monster.

Mono: They say crossing it will make you have a really bad time.

ready to strike again.

SC276: [receptionist] "Christ's sakes, it's you two-bit hoodlums again."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "(pulls out knife) *Don't try me.*"

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Why did you hit me in the nose?" J.J. demanded back.

BittplexMutt: [woman] "Because you're an asshole."

Mono: [Girl] "Because I *like* you!"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(quietly) M-O-U-S-E..."

"What are *you* doing here?" also demanded Valentine.

The woman lowered her fists. "I...I started wondering about the murder because the deputy's assessment didn't add up.

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Like, namely the fact he legitimately thought the killer fled into a fucking blizzard."

I came to the study and found that the bookcase was open, so I walked in and found you guys here."

SC276: [receptionist] "Seriously, you don't know how to close a secret passage behind you? God, you're bad at this."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "And then I punched your brother, and quite frankly, I want to do it again."

"It didn't add up for us either," said Valentine. "The glass was shattered from inside the room, so the bullet didn't come from the outside."

"That's what I thought! You said you saw his head explode *and then* you heard the glass shatter."

Mono: Yes, we know that already can we please have some new information?

Crazy56U: Okay. (hits up Google) The freezing point of air is somewhere below -210°C.

"That's the same deduction we came to!"

"Look, everyone," interrupted J.J., "I'm really glad we're all bonding over fine detective work, but we just made a lot of noise and, I think,

SC276: A dangerous pastime.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(grabs nose) Yep, yep, it's broken."

made some hotel patrons aware of our existence back there. We should probably make ourselves scarce."

J.J. sidled past them toward the study, stopped, then turned to the woman. "Also, we're still not cool, you and me."

BittplexMutt: Those two are gonna bone and I hate it.

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Noted. (punches J.J. again)"

They arrived at the study, closed the bookcase, and headed toward the hallway, closing the large double doors behind them.

"Great." J.J. pinched his nose to stem the flow of blood. "Now we just get back to our rooms, shut the door, and put this horror show of a day to bed."

SC276: Unfortunately, when they returned to their room, they found there was an old rat with a candle inside.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "The case isn't over yet, dipshit."

"Hey! If anyone's out there, you should know I have a gun and I'm trained in the art of shooting it!"

Mono: "Specifically, myself in the foot."

Crazy56U: "Seriously, there's a reason why I only have nine-and-three-quarters toes!"

"It's Deputy Park!" Valentine hissed. Down the long end of the hallway a shadow rounded the corner. "We have to hide!"

BittplexMutt: [Deputy Park] "You know I can hear you guys, right?"

Crazy56U: And so all three covered their faces with their hands.

"Follow me!" said the front desk clerk.

SC276: It's called a receptionist, I said to put the thesaurus down, not throw it away.

Crazy56U: Well, you should've been more specific, this is all your fault.

She dashed forward and led them down the grand staircase. She dove under the reception desk in the lobby and the boys followed close behind. A moment later a beam of light shone over the desk. "We're *still* not cool," J.J. gasped, trying to catch his breath.

SC276: At this point, you're probably freezing.

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Way to go, repeating obvious information."

"And you're certain you heard a commotion come from over here?" came a voice they recognized as Deputy Park's.

"Clear as day," said another.

"That sounds like ponytail guy," whispered Valentine.

"You mean Mr. Newbury?" said the young woman.

SC276: jesus fucking christ

Crazy56U: ...so, "The Hipster", got it.

"Will you two *please* quiet down before we get caught?" J.J. hissed.

Mono: [Girl] "Hey, I'm just trying to spout exposition here, okay?"

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "(teleports behind J.J.) Too late."

"Hey, killer!" Deputy Park called, "if you're here, please come out with your hands up. It's far too spooky right now to be searching every nook and cranny for you."

BittplexMutt: How the hell did you get through training then?

SC276: Killed the other applicants?

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "Seriously, don't make me do my job!"

After a few moments of silence, the flashlight sweeps stopped.

"Welp, sorry, bud. No killers here," Deputy Park concluded.

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "Hey, why are you sweating all of a sudden?"

"Might be ghosts, but that's well above my pay grade. Anything spiritually paranormal is something I guarantee you I don't handle well."

SC276: How does disembodied voices yelling about how your universe is stupid fall on that scale?

Crazy56U: [Deputy Park] "The last time I dealt with ghost shit, I had to go see a priest, and I ain't doing *that* again."

The trio waited until long after the footsteps faded off into the distance before they made their way to the elevator.

SC276: Because stairs are apparently too much right now.

Crazy56U: Oh, come on, if you had the choice between stairs and an elevator, you know damn well you'd pick the elevator.

When it reached their floor, J.J. pointed at the young woman.

"Forget our faces," he said.

Mono: [Girl] "You guys are going to stick around here for a while, so that's gonna be hard..."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Done and dusted."

He and Valentine walked to the safety of their own room. Valentine closed the door behind them.

"That was far too close," said J.J., wrapping himself up in his blanket. "There's no way you're ever getting me to do something like that again."

SC276: [Valentine] "I said something like that after we got out of the Target, and yet here we fucking are."

Crazy56U: (mirthlessly chuckles) I love how you think you're getting out of this book *three chapters in*.

"Don't you care at all that the real killer's still on the loose? And what sort of shady deal was going on with Marcella and...what's his name, the Newbury fellow?"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "I *don't*. CARE."

"Please, Valentine, do us both a favor and just shut your brain off for a minute. It's been a long day and I'm eager to solve the Mystery of What's It Like to Get Eight Hours of Sleep."

SC276: Shove off, I'm already on that case.

Crazy56U: Just chug Zzzquil, dude.

"Wait," said Valentine. "Why didn't the study door squeak when we closed it?"

BittplexMutt: Because you tampered with it?

SC276: Because the author forgot?

Mono: Because this book has a chronic condition of "pulling stuff out of it's ass?"

Crazy56U: Because the Kool Aid Man is red?



CHAPTER 4

BittplexMutt: "A Murderous Hope."

Breakfast

Crazy56U: (glances at clock; it's 4:04 AM)eh, sure, I could eat.

Mono: 1:17 AM... I really need to go to sleep...

SC276: 10:56 PM, and if I don't wrap this up soon, I'm not gonna be able to get to the other parts.

J.J. poured another heaping glob of maple syrup onto his pancakes. "It blows my mind sometimes how these fat cats live.

Crazy56U: (astonished) Neither of you had fucking pancakes before? Not *once* in your life? ...oh my God.

Mono: Calm down, Crazy, he's obviously talking about the maple syrup. Poor guy thinks Canada is a myth made my the 1%.

SC276: Why do you have a the 1%?

Did you know there's other types of boilings than 'hard'? They get to choose the boiled-ness of their eggs, these bunch of elitists."

Crazy56U: Oh, trust me, that's not where eggs stop.

SC276: He probably knows eggs from how often they get on his face.

He glanced over at his brother opposite him in the booth. They were in the Grande Chateau's only restaurant, yet another log-cabin-themed space with plenty of dead animals' heads adorning the walls.

Mono: Exactly the type of stuff I want to see in a restaurant: dead animals staring at me.

SC276: I honestly find it more likely they just set up a bunch of tables in the lobby.

Crazy56U: Specifically, numerous giraffes.

Between them lay a breakfast for five. Valentine barely picked at his scrambled eggs.

"What's the matter?" asked J.J. "Your Canadian bacon's getting cold."

SC276: [Valentine] "Dude, it's *Canadian* bacon. I've been trying to ignore its presence for the last hour."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*I wanted REAL* bacon."

Valentine frowned. "The clues just aren't adding up."

"Oh, this again." J.J. rolled his eyes

Crazy56U: Yeah, how *dare* he still be working...

and accepted a refill of coffee from a passing waitress. "What happened to the all-American institution of breakfast?

SC276: People found they had *things* to do in the morning.

Crazy56U: People talk at the breakfast table, J.J., quit your bitching.

Do these hash browns mean nothing to you? I bet even Sherlock Holmes himself had respect for his sunny-side-ups."

"Sherlock Holmes was English."

Crazy56U: Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

"Woulda made a fine American the way he ate those eggs."



SC276:

Crazy56U: That's not how America works. And besides, it's the pancakes that do the trick.

"Look," said Valentine, "so much of this isn't making sense. Why did Wallace have that book about spelunking on his desk?"

Mono: Because the man had a fucking *hobby* or was doing *research*?

Crazy56U: Again, porn.

Why does this place have secret passageways?

SC276: Because they're cool?

Crazy56U: Because that's where the spiders live?

Who's going around fixing squeaky door hinges in the middle of the night?

Mono: The janitor?

Crazy56U: Deputy Park?

Based on what we know, there's still a killer on the loose here at the Grande Chateau, and I'm sorry to tell you this, dear brother, but the whole mystery of it all is affecting my appetite."

SC276: Sounds like a personal problem.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "Oh. ... (steals Valentine's plate)"

J.J. put down the strip of bacon he was eating and sighed. "All right, Val, you want to get into it? Let's get into it. You and I, two sleuths who, despite talking a big game, have never cracked a case,

Mono: *Then what the fuck was all the other shit you were talking about with Park, then?*

SC276: Mono, that was *more than a chapter ago*. Get with the program already.

Crazy56U: Yeah, *clearly* that chapter is non-canon.

get called up to a snowy resort fortress up in the mountains by an old man with rapidly declining mental faculties.

Crazy56U: "And you're *still* bitching about his murder."

He croaks and the killer is still on the loose. Now, I have it on good authority that the kind of guys who go looking for killers run the occupational hazard of getting killed themselves.

SC276: [Valentine] "*What good authority, the guys that are dead?*"

[Jayjay] "*Exactly! This isn't a pirate book, so dead men **do** tell tales!*"

Crazy56U: *Clearly* you never saw *Supernatural*.wait...

So now I'm caught between two diverging paths:

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "*Either, I eat my pancakes, or, I eat my fucking pancakes.*"

one where I go looking for trouble in pursuit of a non-existent paycheck and the other where I mind my own business and spend a relaxing weekend at a place where if you finish all of the bread in the basket a waiter will bring you a new basket of bread for free without you even asking.

SC276: Until the bread runs out and this place turns into *The Shinning*. Again. Somehow.

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*I fucking hate you, why am I the adult here.*"

Eat your breakfast, gumshoe."



BittplexMutt:

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "*(pissed) You first. (grabs handful of napkins; shoves them down J.J.'s throat)*"

All of a sudden, a book slammed down on the table in the only place that didn't have food on it.

Crazy56U: Great. Now the books are revolting. 2020 fucking sucks.

The boys looked up to see the front desk clerk from the night before.

SC276: Is she ever going to get a fucking name so we have something about her we can ignore?

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "I have fucking words with you two."

"You again!" J.J. exclaimed. "I thought we told you to kick rocks."

"Shut up," said the young woman. "This is important."

SC276: [Jayjay] "And my conversation wasn't-?"

[receptionist] "Kid, you are the *epitome* of unimportant, do not test me at ten in the morning."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Someone in your group has to care about doing this fucking job."

[Valentine] "(insulted; points at J.J.) Don't lump me in with *him*!"

She tapped the cover of the book.

"*An Oral History of Grande Mountain*," said Valentine.

Crazy56U: Eh. I prefer the audiobook version, myself.

BittplexMutt: "Um, aren't we too young to be reading those books?"

Mono: [J.J.] "You... want to teach us about the fucking mountain?"

"That's the book that was on Wallace's desk!"

"I thought it was strange that he was reading this, so I went back this morning and snagged it on my rounds. Turns out that when John Henry Grande originally built this place—"

"Wait," interrupted Valentine, "this place was named after a person?"

Mono: [Girl] "Yeah? What, you thought the name was French or something?"

Crazy56U: ...as... are *most* things...

"Yeah, John Henry Grande."

"So the name of this chateau has nothing to do with the size of it?"

"No."

SC276: [Valentie] "So, that entire thing from the first chapter was... completely pointless."

[receptionist] "Of course it was, it was over a chapter ago."

Crazy56U: THE END

What are you getting at here?"

"Let me apologize for my brother," J.J. cut in. "His favorite game as a child was 'hit the wall with your head.'"

Mono: [Valentine] "Pretty sure that was your favorite game, but whatever..."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "No, my favorite game was 'Shut the fuck up, we're still on a goddamn case'. (punches J.J. in the face)"

In any case, we just solved the Mystery of the Regular-Sized Chateau."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "You do not fucking speak for me."

The woman sighed.

SC276: [receptionist] "Why the fuck are you guys the main characters...?"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(insulted) Excuse you, unlike Fuckhead here, I still want to actually solve this mystery."

"Let me back up. A hundred years ago this mountain was trailblazed by the wealthy and world renowned explorer, John Henry Grande.

Mono: Famous for exploring the IHOP down in Main Street.

Crazy56U: He was the John DeLorean of his time... ...meaning hooooooooooo boy, did he partake in the nose candy...

It was on this mountain that he built this very chateau that we're all stuck in today."
She flipped the book open to a full-sized picture of a grizzly yet distinguished mountaineer covered in layers of fur, standing at the peak of a mountain.

SC276: He photoshopped himself standing atop Mount Celeste.

Crazy56U: The original furry.

"Hey," said Valentine, "it's the guy in the painting you see when you walk in."

"Right," said the young woman. "But here's the thing:

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Paintings are bullshit."

something happens in his later years and he goes from wealthy socialite to antisocial hermit.

BittplexMutt: That happens to all of us at one point.

SC276: So, he tried to pull a Cave Johnson?

Crazy56U: Nah, more like Howard Hughes.

He renounces his wealth and status, goes into hiding, and dies alone in his own private Xanadu.

SC276: Given the multiverse, yeah, he pulled a Cave Johnson.

Crazy56U: We interrupt J.J. Is The Literal Worst to bring you Citizen Kane 2: Citizen Kane-er.

Decades later this place reopens as a quaint luxury resort."

"So what's the big deal?" asked J.J. "This mountain has a long and storied history of old men losing their marbles."

SC276: [Ponytail Guy] "(screams as he slides past on all the marbles covering the floor)"

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "And if you keep fucking interrupting me, you won't get to be an old person."

"The big deal is what Wallace P. Gross was trying to figure out."

"Oh great, another mystery."

Mono: *i fucking hate you so goddamn much*

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "You don't get to bitch, we're still on the *FIRST* mystery."

The woman glanced over her shoulder to make sure no one was listening, then leaned toward the two.

"Wallace P. Gross was searching for treasure."

J.J.'s ears perked up. "Treasure?"

SC276: [receptionist] "Lovely, you're not only not his brother, you're also deaf."

Crazy56U: Oh, *now* you fucking care. J.J. needs to go fall into a well and *die*.

"I think. See, John Henry Grande renounced his wealth, sure, but no one knows where the money went.

Crazy56U: The banana stand. Next question?

Official documents say that it went to charity and his family members, but reading between the lines you can tell something's fishy."

Crazy56U: Eh... *screwy*, maybe, but *fishy*? ...I don't think so...

"How so?" asked Valentine.

Mono: [Girl] "There's... a literal salmon smashed between the pages."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Well, for starters, Wallace didn't believe in charity."

"Wallace P. Gross wasn't the first person to die on Grande Mountain," said the young woman. She pulled out another book. *Advanced Spelunking Techniques*.

Crazy56U: Included is a free demo of *Spelunky 2*.

"That was on Wallace's desk, too!" said Valentine.

"I thought it was strange that he was reading this.

SC276: People just can't read for fun anymore, apparently.

Crazy56U: "Everyone knows caves are a myth."

Maybe he needed it as research for his new book. But then I got to thinking and I went and looked up the statistics on mountaineering-related deaths on Grande Mountain.

SC276: Parks' walkie-talkie signal can't get through the blizzard, but you still get Internet?

Crazy56U: Nah, she just raided the bookcase.

Surprise, it's abnormally high." She shut both of the books and leaned in further still. "I think the treasure...or whatever Gross was looking for...is hidden somewhere on Grande Mountain, and everyone who's gone searching for it has died."

Crazy56U: Ah. A literal curse.

"Did their heads explode too?" asked J.J.

Mono: [Girl] "Surprisingly they did..."

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(scared) Is this Scanners? Is this literally fucking Scanners now?"

"No, and that's where this gets interesting. All of these mountaineering deaths can be accounted for, mostly adventurers out of their depth going off trail and falling to their demise. Wallace was different. He *wrote* mysteries so it's pretty clear he liked *solving* mysteries.

SC276: I'm... not seeing the connection here...?

Crazy56U: I'm not sure what the problem is, buddy. He *wrote* mysteries, and therefore had to *solve* them when *writing* them, but now he *is* a mystery.

I think he was trying to crack a code."

"That's a bit of a jump," said J.J. with a raised eyebrow.

SC276: See, even the *dip* is agreeing with me!

Crazy56U: So, therefore, he can't be trusted.

"Wallace and I were friends. I liked reading his books and he liked talking to me about them. He'd give me copies and even quizzed me on things after I read them."

SC276: [receptionist] "Apparently he didn't trust that I actually read them. In retrospect, it was a pretty crap friendship."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "Truly the modern day Paul Newman and Robert Redford."

"And?" J.J. prompted.

Mono: "And it was getting really fucking aggravating after a while."

"And then I caught a glimpse of his manuscript. Wallace had been at the book for the last three years and rumor around the chateau was that he'd barely even started it.

Crazy56U: ...so, he had writer's block.so what? He ain't special.

He was usually extremely secretive about whatever he was working on in there, but this one time I was in his study talking to him and

SC276: [receptionist] "-I threatened him with a gun until he let me look at it."

Crazy56U: [Lady Person] "-he was crying the corner."

he just had his manuscript out in the open."

"What'd you see?" asked Valentine.

"Only the title. *The Secret of the Grande Chateau.*"

SC276: (abruptly falls out his chair) Dammit, and I thought I was already off-tilt...
Crazy56U: Book 1 of 20.

"That could be anything," J.J. scoffed.

"But it could be *something*. Wouldn't you agree it's worth looking into?"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(covers J.J.'s mouth) *Don't speak.*"

The woman hooked her thumb behind her at a person in a booth on the other end of the restaurant. It was the man in the ponytail and sunglasses. "See that guy?"

SC276: No, this is a book.

Crazy56U: (is playing with a yo-yo) Yep.

That's Thad Newbury. Wallace P. Gross's literary agent."

SC276: Y'know, I'm not surprised. At all.

Crazy56U: How can you willingly say those words, in that order, without instantly dying.

"What's he doing here?" J.J. asked.

"He checked in the day before Wallace was shot, paid in cash, and was super cagey anytime someone tried to make small talk with him.

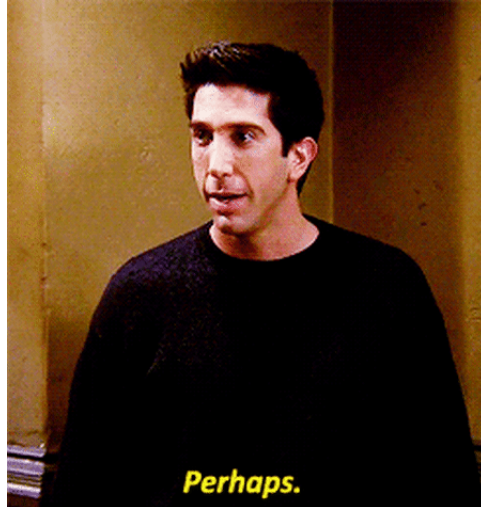
SC276: Except, you know, when he locked himself out of his room after forgetting to get dressed first. This guy couldn't be any redder of a herring if he was a communist.

Crazy56U: So, basically, *he* did it.

What I'm thinking is that Wallace was hunting for the treasure of John Henry Grande instead of writing a book."

Crazy56U: Nah, bro. Two birds, one stone.

"And you think Thad has something to do with that treasure?" asked J.J.



BittplexMutt:



Mono:

If you want to do something at least do it right...



Crazy56U:

Get fucked.

"Let's say your ticket to wealth just all of a sudden stops providing

SC276: Literally not how treasure works.

Crazy56U: Okay, Wario, calm down.

and he starts telling you about some great treasure he's on the hunt for. Then maybe you come up here and see for yourself that yes, he's on to the real deal. But what if you start getting greedy and decide to take the money for yourself?"

SC276: ~THAAAAAAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING GREEDY~

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "... ..okay, give me a second..."

"The conversation that Marcella and Thad were having last night!" exclaimed Valentine.

"What?" she asked.

"When we found the secret passageway, we followed it down to a vent that overlooked the ballroom.

SC276: More like "underlooked," given it was in the floor.
BittplexMutt: "How we managed to fit in there is anybody's guess."

Thad and Marcella were there and neither of them looked happy. Thad said that if they could lay low then they'd make it out fine."

"That's an angle to explore," said the young woman. "Maybe Marcella and Thad were in league with each other."

Mono: Soooo... either this is an obvious red herring, or Arin is somehow so stupid that this is the actual plot twist.

SC276: Frankly, this whole thing is so stupid, he'll probably find a way to make it both.

Crazy56U: I *still* say it's J.J., for the record.

"Hmm," said J.J., "It *is* funny that they'd both be up here at the same time. But could they kill if it came down to it?"

Crazy56U: Funny how *you'd* bring that up...

"It could be possible," said Valentine. "Wallace calls up two private eyes and looks like he's about to blab. Maybe they panic and take things into their own hands rather than risk the info getting into the wrong hands."

SC276: That would require them to, during the time Oldie and the boys were in the ballroom, go into the secret passage entrance just on the offchance he hired *ghost* hunters for a *treasure* hunt. I mean, he was stupid enough for fall for their hype, but come on.

"So you'll help me?" she asked.

"Wait," said J.J., "who even *are* you?"

The woman sat up straight and smoothed down her Grande Chateau uniform.

SC276: This place gets enough traffic that there's a *uniform*?

Crazy56U: ...yes? (ball drops in the background)

"Trudi de la Rosa, front desk receptionist and inquisitive person."

Mono: And massive pain in the ass, don't forget that.

Crazy56U: Well, at the very least, I can stop saying "Lady Person" now.

"Well I'm flattered, Trudi de la Rosa, front desk receptionist and inquisitive person,

SC276: Anyone starting another "Sonic Apple Bloom" joke is getting it in the fucking teeth.

Crazy56U: Clearly no one is going to, but if you want, my teeth are wide open anyway.

but the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club is closed for business this weekend."

Mono: *JUST FUCKING DO YOUR JOB YOU CUNT, MOST KIDS WOULD FUCKING DREAM OF HAVING AN ADVENTURE LIKE THIS AND ALL YOU'RE THINKING OF IS YOUR GODDAMN PAYCHECK!*

Crazy56U: Yeah, but to be fair, J.J. isn't human.

"J.J.," Valentine said, "come on."

"Valentine, my dear brother. Can you join me for a quick Ghost Hunters Adventure Club official sidebar conversation?"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "(annoyed) For the love of fuck, *what's your newest way of saying 'I want to work this weekend' now...*"

Valentine sighed. "Fine."

They ducked under the booth

SC276: How old are these guys again?

Crazy56U: 18 is my guess.

and spoke in whispers out of earshot from Trudi.

Mono: "-where Valentine decked J.J. in the face."

Crazy56U: ...except she can still hear them.

"One, this is dangerous," said J.J. "Two, I was so much happier when all I had to worry about was breakfast."

BittplexMutt: "Because that's the most important meal of the day!"

"You said yourself there wasn't a payday in this gig, but now there's treasure!

BittplexMutt: [Valentine] "Now this mystery story has turned into a pirate story."

SC276: [Jayjay] "Don't say that! I'll lose my excuse!"

I wanna solve the case and I know you want the loot.

BittplexMutt: "Because you're a greedy son of a bitch."

SC276: [Valentine] "And that loot could probably pay back Target!"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "Everyone wins, except the guy who died!"

So now we both have skin in the game."

BittplexMutt: They're both poachers now?

J.J. thought for a moment. Probably about the private island he'd buy if he somehow amassed untold riches.

Crazy56U: I am seriously *legitimately hoping* J.J. turns out to be the culprit, I hate him more and more.

"Fine. You know the way to my greedy little heart.

SC276: This guy's easier to manipulate than most cartoon characters.

But how do we trust Ms. Know-it-all up there?"

"I think she's telling the truth."

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "(from above table) I *also* think she's still here, and can *fucking hear you two dipshits*."

"She could be waiting to explode our heads herself."

"The Ghost Hunters Adventure Club would outsmart her before that happens,"

Mono: I... very much fucking doubt that.

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "(bends down under table; directly to Valentine) *Fucking try me*."

said Valentine, taking into account the fact that they had never cracked a case before, but also that J.J. had a large ego.

Mono: Thanks, narrator, for pointing that out, because we couldn't find that out ourselves at all...

Crazy56U: Their relationship really is a toxic one if Valentine keeps abusing his "brother"'s stupidity.

"You're right," replied J.J. He sighed. "Are we actually gonna try to solve this mystery?"

SC276: [Jayjay] "Instead of completely faking like, y'know, *actual* ghost hunters?"

"Only if we solve it together."

The brothers popped up from under the table.

Crazy56U: *Literally* under the table. They fucking broke through oak.

"Congratulations, Trudi de la Rosa," said J.J. "My brother and trusted adviser has convinced me to offer you a provisional membership to the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club.

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "*I fucking heard literally every goddamn word you two idiots said, a TABLE is not SOUNDPROOF*."

Provisional membership entitles you to a Junior Detective title and a Ghost Hunters Adventure Club-branded decoder ring. It does *not* allow you to know the secret handshake."

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "...I care?"

"What?" replied Trudi. "Join your club?"

SC276: [Trudi Fruiti] "Are there membership dues?"

I just came to you two with all this information I had figured out on my own and you want me to be your junior detective? If anything you two should be working for me."

Crazy56U: A woman with her priorities in order. I respect that.
SC276: Sincerely, she's the best character in the book so far. It's like Liquid No with how she takes the piss out of the main characters.

J.J. snorted. "I'd like to see whatever crime solving and ghost hunting business entity you've formed."
"You two are idiots."

Mono: I can't fucking believe Trudi is the most relatable character in this book.
Crazy56U: [J.J.] "... ... (hurt) Hey..."

"We're two idiots that you need, because we're the only people on this mountain stupid enough to believe what you're telling us enough to investigate it further. You want help figuring this out, you gotta play by our rules."

Crazy56U: "And then Trudi silently got up and walked away. THE END"

Trudi tried to reply, but the logic of J.J.'s last sentence was half-baked enough to leave her at a loss for words.

SC276: [Trudi Fruiti] "That was actually so stupid, I'm fucking speechless."

"Now, before we get ahead of ourselves, let's discuss terms." J.J. grabbed a paper napkin

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "So, (waves napkin) *this* is called a 'napkin'. Remember that term."

and scribbled on it with a pen.

SC276: He just keeps a pen on him, I guess?

"How does a forty-forty-ten split sound to everyone?"
"That's ninety percent," said Trudi.

Mono: [J.J.] "Did I ask you anything, nerd? No? Then shut the fuck up."
Crazy56U: [J.J.] "The ten-percent goes to charity. Way to go, now you're an ass."

"C'mon J.J., don't do this," said Valentine.
"One day a legally binding contract written on a napkin will save your life."

Crazy56U: Tell that to a lawyer. Not even Saul fucking Goodman would buy that.

You mark my words. But fine." J.J. crumpled the napkin then grabbed a new one. "Trudi, your friend drives a hard bargain on your behalf. How about we do a three-way split of revenue?"

Mono: But... you can't split 100% in three without being fucking anal about it...
Crazy56U: Not if you try hard enough.
SC276: Yeah, Mono, don't be a whiner.

"Okay," Trudi agreed.
"Less expenses, of course. I'd really like to buy that motorcycle kickstand back."

Crazy56U: (laughs) Oh, you think that kickstand hasn't been melted down for metal by now...

"Sure."

"Then it's settled," said J.J., signing the napkin and passing it around the table for counter-signatures.

"Welcome to the Ghost Hunters Adventure Club."

Crazy56U: (matter-of-factly) She dies at the end, I'm calling it.

SC276: We *are* that unlucky...

J.J. extended his hand and gave Trudi a firm handshake. Valentine clapped politely.

"So let's plan," said J.J.

SC276: [Trudi Fruiti] "Well first, get back into the seats and stop poking out those holes you put in the table. You're not moles, much as you smell like it."

"We gotta figure out who killed Wallace P. Gross and how they did it. Then we gotta find the treasure.

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "And, full disclosure, if the treasure is what we find first, we're bailing from the case."

As for the killers, I think Marcella and Thad are our prime suspects."

Mono: *Which they obviously are...*

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "What, in the sense that they *breathe*?"

"Could they have both done it?" asked Valentine.

"Possibly. Or perhaps one could have acted independently of the other. Remember how Marcella was talking to Wallace in the courtyard?"

Mono: "She glared him to death!"

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "I love how you assume I committed that to memory."

"It was uncomfortable," Valentine remarked to Trudi.

"I'm aware. She once called me a ghoulish street harlot when I forgot to bring her an extra shower cap."

Crazy56U: Well, to be fair, you *are* part of the working class, so I can understand the response.

Over Trudi's shoulder, J.J. saw Thad finishing up his breakfast. He scanned the small group of restaurant patrons to find Marcella on the other end of the room, wearing black, watching her tea get cold from behind her sunglasses.

Crazy56U: Translation:

[illegible]

"I think we can find out more if we tail our two friends here."

"What would they have for us other than a confession?" asked Valentine.

"The fact that the locks were broken on Wallace's desk drawers rings alarm bells," said Trudi. "There's a missing manuscript on the loose,

Crazy56U: Specifically, the sequel to *Robot in the Family*.

BittplexMutt: Like that's the biggest concern in this murder story.

and I think they might know the whereabouts."

SC276: Search their rooms. They *have* to be stupid enough for that.

"We know they were both out late and together last night," Valentine stated, "and that the door to Wallace's study was unlocked.

SC276: ...Didn't Jayjay have to pick it open? Or are you saying he didn't lock his door when he took you on the tour? God, everyone in this hotel is a fucking idiot.

They could have grabbed it easily."

Crazy56U: [Valentine] "A door was unlocked, that means we solved the case!"

BittplexMutt: "This case is almost too easy!"

"Right," said J.J., "so I think the logical next step would be to watch these two from afar and see if we can find out where they stashed it."

Crazy56U: I will fucking take back everything I have ever said about this book if this winds up getting all three of you arrested by the cops.

BittplexMutt: Implying that the cops will be competent in this story.

Mono: Well, considering the only cop we've seen so far is Park, the bar is pretty fucking low...

"Deputy Park is on patrol, though," said Valentine.

Mono: [J.J.] "*chuckles* It's so cute when you worry about harmless stuff..."

"You're right, and the heat's high on us." J.J. directed his attention to Trudi. "Okay, newbie, looks like you got yourself your first field mission."

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "Okay. (holds hand out) Pay me, then."

Trudi rolled her eyes. "Just tell me what I gotta do."

Mono: [J.J.] "*cheerfully* Lookout duty!"

"I'm glad you asked," said J.J. He reached into his satchel and pulled out a hardcover book, handing it to Trudi.

"The Ghost Hunters Adventure Club Field Manual?"

Crazy56U: [J.J.] "(confused) ...no? (taps cover) I-I just handed you my copy of *The Stand*."

Mono: The Junior Woodchucks Handbook, only with literally *nothing* worth knowing inside.

"I had them printed at a vanity press and bought enough to get a wholesale markdown. I figure once the detective business picks up this'll be an amazing ancillary revenue stream."

Crazy56U: Translation:

[Arin Hanson] "For the love of fuck, I want this to be a franchise, keep buying my shit."

J.J. flipped to the chapter titled *Tailing a Perp*.

Crazy56U: Oh, goody. A fucking trailing mission.

Mono: It's almost like this is fucking designed to be a video game or something...

"Give this thing a read and take notes.

SC276: You can't tell me what to do.

"Give this thing a read and take notes.

SC276: You can't tell me what to do.]

IV
Yes

Crazy56U:

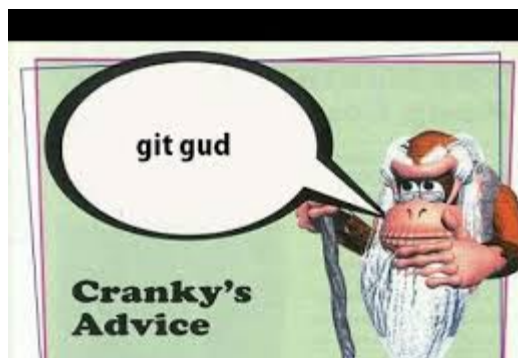
There's a short quiz at the end of the chapter, as well as a word jumble that should help you out.

Crazy56U: [Trudi] "(flips to the end of the chapter) Okay, and what happens if I decide to rip out those pages and make you eat them?"

[J.J.] "Well, that would be very rude, and wouldn't help you at a- (paper tearing noise; Trudi shoves paper into J.J.'s mouth)"

BittplexMutt: Aw crap, I have to take a test. I didn't study!

But the gist of it is this:



Crazy56U:

keep a safe distance from your target and don't arouse suspicion.

Crazy56U: [Trudi] “(pissed) So, in other words, *a fucking real life TRAILING MISSION?!*”

[J.J.] “Hey, calm down, they aren’t *that* ba- (is force-fed more pages)”

You work at this hotel and have the uniform so you should have relatively free roam of the grounds, right?”

“Right.”

SC276: Right right, right. Right? Right!

“Perfect,” said J.J., popping one last soft boiled egg into his mouth.

Crazy56U: *You will give me an egg!*

“Trudi de la Rosa, you’re on the case.”

BittplexMutt: “And I’m outta here!”

Crazy56U: And so we end on *another* fucking large picture, because I fucking hate Arin Hanson and everything he stands for. (snaps fingers)



Crazy56U: And so, next time on *The Worst Murder Mystery Ever*, we don't get any closer to solving the mystery, I am confident on that.

Mono: Well, this was ass. Let's see where this goes next time.

SC276: (laughs) Worst murder mystery... Oh, that's a good one.