

Bill found himself getting told off by that religious old man about how awful drugs were for you, and how God will forgive him he repents now. As much as he respects people's choices and religion, this nagging old man wouldn't let down, and to make things worse, he was running out of weed to smoke. His head was echoing with these loud speeches of God and forgiveness, causing him to hold his head in pain, wishing for it to stop so he can go back to relaxing...

Then the room went silent, Bill taking a second to open his eyes after realizing. His head stopped hurting once he noticed how the land around him was back to the warm fluorescent white and that Charlie was no longer around him to continue berating.

Bill: Guess the match is over...

He reached into his pocket again... no joints. It's almost a habit now, reaching into his pockets for some weed or a cigarette. The thought upset him, but he didn't have any plans of changing his habits. He glanced around for any sign of life, wondering if the next match was under way.

. . .

Music smoothly played as both Sleepyhead and Apollo were resting onto each other against the cold red wall of the vacant parking garage. He reminded her of Bill a lot, but was a lot more accepting of the hate in his life than the rapper. She often made comparisons like these, like how she compared the host of this event, Fuzz, to the cartoon characters she vaguely remembers watching as a toddler. Her hand hovers over to Apollo's sleeve to try and wake him up, slowly making her way towards it before...

No more music was playing between her ears, as Apollo completely disappeared from her vision. She worriedly looked back and forth, trying to see if maybe she fell asleep again... there wasn't a response. She was hoping nothing bad happened, but she couldn't be sure. This place was so confusing and that cat wouldn't tell her about anything. It made her feel so powerless... There wasn't anything she could do about it, however. So she'll just start walking in case she bumps into anyone. Maybe her next match?

. . .

Bill kept walking around the void, trying to find Sleepyhead, since he remembered how these round robin things work. If he was right, maybe he'd be able to get out of this mess quicker. After what seems like five minutes, he eventually sees a hint of **green** in the distance. He starts to run ahead, hoping he's right about this.

Turns out he was, since the two lock eyes as Sleepyhead hears Bill's breath when he runs. Her grip on Mr. Moon tightened as Bill began to catch his breath and speak at the same time. He was **already** sick of this.

Bill: Al- Alright, kid. Let's start this sh- uhm, *ahem*- thing...

Sleepyhead: But aren't you- *yawn* worried about what'll happen if we lose?

Bill: Nah. I don't really care what happens to me, as long as I get this over with.

Sleepyhead: . . . I suppose.

Sleepyhead grabs onto Bill's hand, unknowingly triggering the next environmental change. The floor around them becomes this almost cotton candy like material, with a fuzzy pink outline. In the sky, was a purple-dither coated night sky with stars twinkling like diamonds under the moon's light. This environment was extremely hospitable for the two of them, Sleepyhead already making herself comfortable onto the cloud-like floor against their feet. Bill quickly follows suit, feeling something in his pocket. He reaches inside and finds his joints have come back, less than last time, but there nonetheless. He takes one out and lights it, making sure to smoke it away from the child, so as to not harm her. Sleepyhead takes note of this.

Sleepyhead: My papa always told me that smoking was bad for you. He was always disappoint-
yawn -ed whenever he caught my uncle doing it. Although, I don't think those are cigarettes.

Bill: . . . You caught me. Not cigarettes. These are something a young woman like you shouldn't have to worry about. It's like a sleeping agent, actually. Makes me feel like you.

Sleepyhead: I... *yawn* I understand...

She lays her head back, and down onto the soft pillowy surface they were both resting on, staring up at the vibrant sky with her own star-like pupils. Bill watched her do so, and soon did the same, making sure to smoke his joint away from her every time he took a hit.

Bill: . . .

I'm sorry this has to happen to you.