

Savage Savanha

A Post by Post Fanfiction, brought to you by the demented minds of Lorenzomnomnom and NewRosswell

Hello there, and apologies for you having to read this piece of fan fiction. The very fact that it exists is an abomination of the highest order, and in all likelihood we will all go to hell for creating it. That said, it's now the part of the fan fiction where I kindly inform you that this is a work of parody, and that I do not own or make momentary gain from this work or the characters found within. In short, sorry to Walt Disney, all of the many people who worked on both Left 4 Dead and the Lion King, Sir Elton John, and your childhood. Thanks for not suing us.

Chapter 1:

Normally the elephant graveyard sat devoid of sound. A secluded sepulchre for things best left forgotten. But beneath the sanguine light dusk, the sound of snapping bones echoed out from under heavy footfalls. Four figures were seen moving in haste, their heavy breathing audible all around the barren, lifeless land.

"Well this place is cheerful," said Nick.

"Well Shoot, better than gettin' our asses chased by undead suns-o-bitches!" said Ellis, smiling wryly.

"Hey Now, haven't y'all ever heard of a jinx?" Yelled Coach.

"I think we could all use a break. I mean, there isn't a safe room nearby, but this place seems safe enough", Coach spouted, trying to catch his breath."

As they caught their breath for a moment, Rochelle perked up for a moment.

"Hey... Did any of you hear that?" She asked.

Ellis scrunched his face, craning his neck into the air.

"Whaddya mean, I don't hear anythin'. You goin' crazy, Rochelle?" Ellis sighed, "Sounds like you need a rest."

Out from behind the bones, the sound trilled once more, louder this time. It surrounded them, emanating from grim, tusk faced skulls that surrounded them. It sounded like strange, cruel laughter.

"What the fuck?! They followed us all the way here? Everyone get ready!" Nick shouted.

However, What popped out of this skulls surprised the small bunch. Pawing on four legs, the snickering beast hobbled towards them. Exposed ribs protruded from its underbelly, while half gnawed organ meat swung freely in a grisly intestinal garland. It choked out laughter in a hollow and unearthly growl. It's fangs glistened with hardened blood.

"Awww, it's zombie road kill!" Coach exclaimed, his face turned up into a perturbed, yet amused, grimace.

-----P2

"Don't call that *** cute! It's comin' right over here!", Ellis then began to unload his clip into the bleeding menace standing before the troupe.

Dark red ichor sprayed from the beast as the bullet bore into its rotten hide. It crumpled to the dusty ground, tongue lolling out of its slack mouth. The shots echoed through the wasteland, alarming Rochelle, "Hey, dipshit! What if there are more of those around!"

For a moment the four waited as the gunshot's scream dissipated. The silence lasted a terrifying moment before the laughter sounded once again. Yellow eyes flitted open from the shadows cast by the bones. The sporadic snickers and chortles that surrounded them before rose into a howling gale.

"Run for it!" Nick shouted, " This isn't the time to bitch!"

The group then grabbed their essentials to sprint to God knows where. As they ran, the squealing hyenas looped after them. They gnashed their venomous fangs from behind prison bars of the colossal rib-cages. Every where the group looked, as they blindly rushed through decaying labyrinth, were the twisted maws of the beasts. Flesh torn from their mouths, they were each of the left with a sadistic, forced grin.

The group, clearly overexerted, ducked into a nook between two skulls, hoping for temporary salvation. The hyenas closed in, their ragged quarry cornered. As the team braced for horde to descend, the beasts halted for a moment. They peered upward, backs arched defensively.

"Shit, thanks to Ellis for wastin' the last clip, we're gonna die," Rochelle claimed.

"But what are they doin'?" Ellis asked, wondering what the beasts were waiting for.

"Hey now, we'll get outta this, we just gotta find a way-" said Coach, before a rumbling roar purred out from above them.

A larger form fell from the sky, landing on its feet, giving a triumphant stance, making the furry dead beasts cower. Then with primal speed the behemoth charged the pack of ravenous predators. Bones snapped and bodies slid into the splintering walls. In mere moments the hyenas lay silent. The four gazed in awe at the proud animal that stood amongst the mangled carcasses. It turned its head towards them. Its burnt-red mane, framed amber eyes. The four stared blankly back into those imperial eyes.

-----P3

Chapter 2:

Simba stared at the strange cadre crouched in the shadows. "Hairless Monkeys?" he asked the air.

"I-it can talk?!" Nick shrieked, pulling his gun from his side.

"Ellis had the last clip and wasted it on that shit-stain back there." Rochelle reminded him.

"I think we should focus on the lion straight out f oz over here" said Coach.

"Uhhh, I think this lions a sight more brave than the one in oz, Coach" Said Ellis.

"Also is a real lion", Nick muttered, nervous of the fearsome feline.

"Also standing right here," Simba interjected. "Where did you people come from? The Elephant Graveyard isn't a safe place, especially for ones who can't defend themselves," Simba spoke.

"We got that." Said Rochelle, her eyes boring into Ellis

"We can defend ourselves! With these right he-" Nick stopped, Rochelle glaring daggers into him. His embarrassment again overcame him. Instead, he cough absently into his free hand, while lowering the pistol.

"Rochelle, I swear you are the only person on god's green earth that could take the magic out meetin' a talkin' lion." Ellis said frankly.

"In the middle of the apocalypse, in the middle of no-where, surrounded by zombie hyenas, yeah Ellis, I can just feel the Disney logo popping up any minute now." Rochelle chirped sarcastically.

"Uhh, I hate to interrupt," Simba interjected once more, "but perhaps this is not the best time for us to be arguing."

"I'mma agree with the lion on this one." Coach finally chimed in. "We should find a safe room around here and re-equip ourselves."

"Then come with me, I'll lead you to a safe part of the kingdom." Ordered Simba.

"Sounds good to me!" said Ellis with almost giddy excitement.

“Yeah! Let's get movin!” Coach said, equally chipper.

“If it get's us to safety faster...” Rochelle said, her rage relenting to only mild frustration.

“Wait...WHAT!?” Screamed Nick. “We somehow end up in the savannah, get chased by some 'Pet Seminary' rejects high on laughing gas, bleed out all our ammo, and then meet Deus-Ex-Fucking-Lion, who, if you all haven't noticed, speaks more clearly than Ellis-”

-----P4

“Hey!” said Ellis defensively.

“And you all just decide to... to...” Nick stammered impotently.

Rochelle, idled up beside Nick, placing her hand on his shoulder. Her frustration again gave way to concern. “Hey Nicky, I not saying it's not crazy, but it's still our best option.”

Nick stared at Rochelle balefully for a moment before sighing deeply in defeat.

“Hey, at least this way we can all go crazy some place safe.” Rochelle said, more cheerfully.

“Huuuuugh... If we find any club soda I call dibs. I'm lookin' at you Coach!” Nick shouted, his cynicism returning to him once more as he began walking with the others.

“Why would you need Club Soda?” asked a bewildered Ellis.

“S'the only thing that takes animal blood out of a suit.” Nick responded, followed by “Don't ask me how I know that.”

“Anyone ever tell you that you are one scary sun-offa-bitch?” said Ellis.

“You don't know the half of it, but then again I don't plan on telling you, so let's change the subject. Like where are we going?” Nick enquired, his poised demeanour now fully recovered from the panic fuelled rant.

“A friend of mine is waiting for me a little ways from here. I've known him since I was a cub, and if anyone knows what's going on it will be him.” Simba explained.

“This friend have a name?” said Coach.

“Or better yet, do you?” said Nick.

"You can call me 'Simba,' and my friend goes by 'Rafiki.'" Simba said, his commanding voice becoming more gentle now. "He's... A little eccentric," he continued. "But he's very wise," Simba added hurriedly.

"Simba huh," mused Ellis. "Well folks call me Ellis, an' this here's Ro-chelle, an' Coach. The grumpy guy who like tuh shout, back there, is Nick, but we prefer to call him "Sen-ore Stick-Up-His-Ass"" Ellis added, bemused.

Nick sighed and palm his face, rubbing his eyes. "How long till we get there?" He asked.

"Not to long now" Simba said, as they marched forward.

"Anyone know any songs to walk to?" Coach piped.

-----P5

"One" said Simba, "But I don't think it would be appropriate..."

Chapter 3

Nick and Rochelle, were having a very hard time remaining stern. The slim masks of disapproval they tried wear twitched and slipped with every stifled laugh. Coach, in contrast, remained jovial as ever, humming and singing with Ellis and Simba. Ellis and Simba however, belted out song as they trudged through the rough underbrush.

"In the Jungle, the Creepy Jungle, the zombies walk the night!, Oh in the Jungle the spooky Jungle, the zombies like to bite!" sang Ellis, no longer caring about his voice's volume.

As Ellis finished the first verse, finished Simba joined in, with a strident "Ee-e-e-oh-mum-oh-weh!"

Ellis and joined in, in chorus. As the next next verse approached, Coach began again, Ellis egging him on repeating him as closely as he could. "In the jungle, the crazy jungle-" was all Coach could warble out before the screaming interrupted him.

"GAAAAANG-WEIGGGGGGGH!" the meerkat screeched.

"Timon?" Simba asked excitedly.

"KID! Buddy! Pal! My all time best and most wonderful friend with razor sharp claws! You gotta help me!" Timon cried, as he grabbed onto Simba's mane.

“Okay, so can all animals talk, because I might almost feel guilty about some things if that's the case...” Nick commented.

“Really?” said Ellis.

“I said 'Almost' didn't I.” said Nick.

Simba ignored the survivors, in favour of calming down the now hyperventilating meerkat. “Calm down Timon, just tell me what happened.”

As Timon inhaled, Simba braced himself for the oncoming run-on sentence.

“I was just minding my own business, no foolin', when I see Puumba by the river, so I walked up to him an' said: 'Hey pal leave little for the rest of the savanah' and I thought it was weird, because I though I would get I rise outta the guy, but he just sat there!”

Timon gasped for air for a moment before he continued.

“Then I noticed, he smelled horrible, I mean like not like normally, I mean he has good days and bad days but boy this was sumthin' else I'll tell you! So I says to him 'Jeez buddy, what did eat to make that!' And he just turned around, and it was Puumba, but not really, because he had this blank, empty, idiot stare goin' on, once again, more than usual, so I says 'Puumba?' and he opens his mouth and Zazu falls out!”

-----P6

Simba tried to interject, but Timon's gasping was to quick, and he seemed determined to finish.

“AND THEN THE OTHER HALF OF ZAZU FELL OUT! AND THEN HE TRIED TO EAT ME! AND I'M STRESSED! AND I CAN'T STOP EATING! AND THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR MY HEALTH!” Timon screamed into Simba's face, now practically straddling the lion's nose, before going limp and passing out.

“Wow, he screams better than you Nick.” Rochelle commented.

“Hey Now, Hey Now, let'stry to be nice, alright?” Coach said.

“Huugh” Simba sighed, “I was afraid of this...I really hoped it was just in the elephant graveyard, but if it's already here...Dammit, Puumba...”

“Hey now Sim, don' worry, we'll figure away outta this. We have so far.” Ellis chimed in.

"Thanks. Your right, this isn't the time for this. We need to get to Rafiki and find a way to stop all this!" Simba replied.

"Uhhh... I don't mean to interrupt or nothin'" Ellis said Ellis, his tone suddenly more concerned. "But I think I found Puumba."

The others looked up. The warthog's mouth was covered in dry blood, and his eyes were a clouded off white. His stomach expanded greatly, dragging along the ground. Tumorous growths sprouted beneath matted, tufts of fur. Puumba moaned, as a low demonic gurgle emanated from his gaping, abyssal, maw.

"Boar-Boomer" Nick said with a grimace.

Simba opened his mouth, but couldn't seem to find any words. Instead he closed his mouth and lowered his head. As Puumba staggered forward, his sore riddled belly obviously impeding his gait, Simba began to slowly move towards him. "I'll take care of this..." he said quietly to no one in particular. The group just looked at one another, exchanging hurried expressions of concern and hesitation. The silence was only broken when Rochelle piped up once more.

"Simba, baby, we can't let you do this." She said, flanking Simba as he walked.

"Yeah," said Nick, "This is like having to watch one of us put down Coach."

Ellis looked at Coach, eyes baleful with worry. Coach placed his hand on his shoulder. "Ehh boy I'm fine, but Nick's right, this ain't the sortta thing you should have to do."

Simba, looked at them for a moment, some slight expression of relief washing over his feline features. But, moments later, his head tucked down once more. "Thank you, truly. Your good friends, but so was he. And I was his King. I'm responsible for this."

-----P7

"Alright boy, but you don' have to do it alone." Coach said, hefting a large, splintered elephant bone he'd taken, just in case.

"Damn straight." Ellis seconded.

Once more the flash of relief shone from Simba, this time lingering before slipping back beneath his heir of solemnity. "Alright then," the lion's voice now as firm as it had been before, "On the count of three."

“One...” Ellis whispered, raising the butt of his rifle.

“Two...” Coach added, his hands sliding to the bottom of the bone like a baseball bat.

“THREE!” Simba yelled, charging Puumba at full speed.

“WAIT! Don't break him op-” Coach tried to shout, but Simba had already reached Puumba, his claws raking into the warthog's billowing flank. Simba's eyes went wide for a moment taken aback by the expulsion of florescent-green bile that Puumba now exploded into. Simba pawed at his nose, trying to wipe away as much of the vomit as he could from his face, the stinging, stench overwhelming his sharpened senses.

As Simba struggled with the bilious liquid, the survivors quickly surrounded him, backs turned. Distant angry sounds echoed all around, and the thunderous snapping of branches ripped through the air. It was as though the jungle were some ancient and primordial beast, now roused from slumber.

“Shit!” Nick spat

“We gotta get outta here fast guys!” Ellis cautioned.

“yeah, Right behind you!” said Rochelle.

Soon, the five of them were bolting through the jungle. Coach huffed mightily, while Simba occasionally pawed at the remaining vomit that matted his fur, Timon, lolling half unconscious on his back. “It's just up ahead, once we get to the clearing!” Simba yelled.

“About time!” said Ellis. “I was wondering just how long this road waASSSss!” Ellis screamed, as something pounced on his back. It looked like an emaciated chimpanzee, it screeched, and pulled at Ellis' shirt, pulling him into the underbrush. “Ah Shit! Help!” he yelled, arms gesticulating wildly.

Coach sprang up, clubbing the monkey shrieking simian. As coach laid into Ellis, caught his breath. “Crazy Wizard of Oz fuckers, man!” he panted, as he rubbed the back of his neck.

“Come-on we can sprint for it!” shouted Rochelle. With that Ellis and Coach turned to run alongside Nick as Rochelle and Simba sprinted ahead. The jostling of Simba's movements roused Timon on his back. He Yawned deeply, stretching his arms into the sky and lapping at the roof of his mouth.

“Woof! You would not believe the dream I had, kid. I thought I was being chased by a bunch of crazed maniacs trying eat me. I swear, no more grubs before bed.” Timon said as he rubbed his eyes. “Hey so why are we runnin' again?” he enquired. Just then the bleeriness in Timon's vision began to clear. The sight of the four blood speckled humans followed by a horde of ravenous primates finally registered within the dusty cogs of his brain. His ears swept back in fright. “RUN KID! RUN LIKE THE WIND! RUN LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! WAIT NO RUN LIKE MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!” he shrieked now barely grasping onto Simba's mane.

All of a sudden, Simba skidded to a halt. Timon screamed at him. “KID WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?” Timon's tirade was cut short a massive gorilla started charging at them. It's biceps rippled with grotesque sinew. Gaping rended flesh broke up the black and brown fur that covered it's body. It let out a guttural yowl from it yellow fanged mouth.

“OTHER WAY!” Timon cried, yanking on Simba's ears.

“No way! We can't fight all these things!” Coach shouted to Timon as he sped past. “We're gonna hafta' make a break for it!”

“How come whenever we manage to make plan, it has to be a suicidally stupid one!?” Nick yelled in exasperation.

“Hey, Stick to what cher good at, right?” Ellis responded. “Cides, suicidally stupid's kinda our style at this point!”

The tank gorilla dug its mammoth fingers into the earth tearing up a shrub laden piece of earth, and hurling it at the troupe. They barely dodged it, as it careened passed them into the rabid mob of monkeys behind them. Simba, Nick, and Rochelle managed to slip by, but Coach and Ellis lagged behind. The tank turned, furious veins creasing its terrifying ape visage. It swung wildly, catching Ellis and hurling him forward. Ellis, rolled on the ground, with a sickening, wet thud as he struck the ground. Rochelle, snatched her med-pack, and slid on her knees to Ellis' prone form.

Coach swore under his breath, as fear and adrenaline washed over him. Then he remembered, he threw down his bone club, and reached into his pockets, praying with all his might that nothing was broken. In a moment of elation he realized it was still there. The slim vial of green bile remained sealed. Without a moments hesitation he lobbed it into the gorilla's face.

The world seemed to slow down for a moment then. Simba and Nick guarded Rochelle, backs to her, as she clubbed the errant apes that assaulted them. Rochelle was helping a now bandaged Ellis to his feet, as he shoved a weeks worth of pain killers into his mouth. Coach on the other hand was mid fist pump, as the perfect throw spiralled through the air, crashing into the gorillas waiting face. The vial shattered with ease, and its viscous contents coated the ape. It screamed, and impotently

tried to reach its face. The sizzle of corroding skin, might even have been heard, if not for the swarm of infected monkeys bearing down on the oversized tank.

They scratched and clawed it. The tank responded by crushing them its fists. Each time a monkey was seized it was quickly squeezed out of existence, leaving only it mangled and broken corpse, and the unsettling sound of its spine snapping. The team was running again as the tank finally started after them.

-----P9

“Ah hell!” Ellis choked, “I don't think I kin take another fall like that!”

“Me either.” Nick said “I bleeding from places I didn't know I had!”

“There!” exclaimed Rochelle, as she pointed to a familiar red door seemingly buried in a massive tree.

“That's Rafiki's hut!” Simba exclaimed.

The tank bore down on them, another parcel of earth flew past this time catching Rochelle in the back. She flew a few feet before scrambling back up. She reached up the door nearly in her grasp now, clutching her side from the pain. She pulled herself forward while flinging the door open. Simba, Nick, and Coach fled inside. Ellis, staggered from his injuries.

“Come on!” Rochelle whispered through gritted teeth, knuckles turning white from her grip on the door. Ellis dove through the air as the tank thrust his fists down from overhead. The world went silent, as Ellis' eyes widened. The titanic fist hurtled down towards his legs, as his head broke through the threshold of the door. He winced in anticipation as he felt it clip his pant leg. For a second Ellis could only wait for the pain, but the world snapped back as the earth shook with tanks bare miss colliding with the dirt.

Rochelle slammed the door shut as Ellis' face slammed into the floor behind the safe room door.

Chapter 4

For a moment the only sounds in the room were the muffled impacts of the tank punching the tree's sturdy trunk, the now distant yelps of the zombie monkeys, and the group's own ragged breath.

Ellis looked up and down his arms, before palming his body all over, checking to see that everything was still attached. Then as the realization, of his own dumb luck struck him, he jumped up

and yelled. "HEEEEEEE-YAAAAAW!" The shout was as loud as it was giddy. The others laughed breathlessly, as Ellis began giving a play by play account of the chase, with in-comprehensible speed.

As everyone calmed down, they finally examined the hut. Simba pawed over Rafiki's scrawled notes. The only one he could recognize was a large painted mural of Pride Rock. "So that's where you went old friend," Simba mused.

The survivors, however, were far more interested in the inexplicable assortment of weaponry left neatly abandoned in the hut. While this made no earthly sense, neither did anything that had happened that day. Between the infected jungle, talking lion and meerkat, and random safe room in the savanah built into an old tree, none of them were going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Especially when that horse came equipped with laser sights, medical supplies, and enough ammo to supply a small army.

The only one in the room noticeably despondent was Timon. He quietly sobbed to himself. "Oh Puumba...What am I supposed to do with out you." he whimpered. "I mean, I can't believe your gone." he said, shoulder colliding with a side room door as he slumped into it. "My god Puumba, I can still hear your voice!"

"Hello is anybody there!" an excited voice chimed.

"Oh god there it is again!" the meerkat moaned.

-----P10

"Timon? Is that you!?" the voice returned

"No, I'm not Timon without you pal!" Timon replied, ignorant of the voice's origin. "I just want be with you Puumba! Just like before!"

"Errr... You might want to re-think that... I've been in here awhile..." said the voice.

"Oh Puumba! I'm begging ya! Come back to me please!" Timon yelled.

"Oh-kay Timon!" The voice said, before the door swung open, slamming Timon into the wall. "Timon?" Puumba asked, as he scanned the room. Simba rushed over in surprise, as Timon peeled himself from the wall.

"PUUMBA!" They shouted in unison, as they tackled Puumba to the ground.

"Ahh you guys! I love you to!" Puumba said seemingly ignorant of the day's traumas.

“Puumba! Your Alive!” Timon exclaimed. “And you stink!” he quickly added.

“I told you, I was in there a while” said Puumba.

“But how?! We were certain you got turned into one of those things!” Simba asked.

“I dunno,” explained Puumba. “I just woke up in there. I can't remember much else.” Puumba continued, straining for a memory that wasn't there.

“Ah don't worry about it pal! You don't want hurt yourself doing that. You might sprain something!” said Timon, the joy and excitement in his voice unable to be contained.

“Yeah, Hakuna Matata!” Puumba added.

“Hakuna Ma-What Now?” Nick asked.

“It means 'No Worries’” Timon explained, his demeanour rising by the second.

“Shoot, with all of us together, 'no worries' seems like it might almost work!” Ellis said, smiling.

“Okay, so now where do we go, though?” said Coach.

“Now we can go find Rafiki at Pride Rock.” Simba replied.

“Oooph, that's aways-away kid!” Puumba exclaimed.

“Ehh...We'll just do what we do anytime we're walking somewhere far away!” said Timon.

“Oh, no. Please no.” Nick pleaded, as he rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Oh, yes sir. Oh so very very yes!” Timon said, an almost sinister smile spreading across his face. Puumba started humming. Quickly Simba and Timon joined.

“Didn't we already do this?” Nick asked to no one in particular.

“Wait I think know this one.” Ellis said bobbing his head to the beat.

“Well then you know what to do don'tcha kid!” said Timon as he nudged Ellis' shin with his elbow.

Suddenly, to the shagrin of Nick, and amusement of Rochelle and Coach, Ellis began to sing as he walked towards the safe room door and lift the bar from it.

-----P11(Sung to Sir Elton John's "Can you Feel the Love Tonight" - Because you deserve it Stevo)

Ellis: I kin' see em' coomin,
But they don' have a clue.
They want to run and eat our brains,
Cus' that's what zombies do!

They'll scream and run towards us
But, shoot, we'll never run
An' with all these guns and ammunition,
This might be kinda fun!

Coach: Oh, Can you feel the zombies bite (they bite)
The peace that med-packs bring!

Nick: And the whole world still seems insane to me

Rochelle: So come on, let's go kill those things!

So many zombies out here,
Just what are we to do?
To kill all of them, impossible.
But, somehow we will get through

Nick: We can't stay back and hide here.
For how long, I do not know.
We're already on the run my friends
So let's get on with the show!

Ellis & Coach: Can you feel the zombies bite (they bite)
The joy that pipe bombs hold!

Nick: Zombies as far as the eye can see!

Ellis: And they're all goin' to explode!

Rochelle: Can you feel the zombies bite (they bite)
The sound of bullets rings!

Ellis: An the world don' seem so bad to me,
When we start to sing!

Coach: And if we feel the zombies bite,
As they're want to do

Nick: We'll stand up proud and tall, and shoot them all.

Ellis & Nick: Cus' that's just what we do!

And so the survivors ran off into the savannah once more, shooting everything that moved, from rhino chargers, to towering giraffe smokers. Simba, Timon, and Puumba joined in clawing, biting, and kicking anything they could. Nick waited for more zombie hyenas so he could make a "Cujo" reference, despite the fact that no one around would actually understand it. No one ever questioned how or why automatic weapons, safe room doors, or medical supplies were in the middle of the savannah. Much like how no one ever questioned why the explosive component in one of there pipe bombs could not simply be removed so it could continue to attract and distract the infected indefinitely. But then again, Hakuna Matata.

-The End

Epilogue:

Hades woke up slowly. His head was pounding and he could barely move. "Hoi, I haven't been this hung-over since Dionysus invented jello shots. Oi, Apollo it is bright in here!"

"Sorry..." Apollo said, his light slightly dimming beneath the lamp shade he was wearing.

"Pain!...Oof...Panic!" Hades whined. "Get out here!"

A pair of small iron cages, far to small to house the imps bounced into the room.

"Pain and Panic, reporting for duty your odious-ness!" the two said together.

"Okay, what happened and why are you to rubes stuck in cages" Hades said, snapping his fingers and causing the cages to melt away.

"Well sir," Pain started "You were talking to that goth chick from the Norse underworld."

"And you said you wanted to impress her!" Panic added

"We told you not to do anything drastic" Pain injected, trying to avoid being the one to end this story.

"So you stuffed us in the cages" Panic quickly covered, equally hesitant to say what happened.

"And then you, kinda, sorta, made the apocalypse happen...to impress her... that is..." Pain said, face per-contorting in anticipation of the oncoming pain.

"I WHAT!" Hades screamed. He strode over to his war table, bright orange flames of fury licking up his body. He rifled through the pages and documents. "Uhh let's see, requisition for natural disaster, receipt for one air borne plague, signed request to bring a single warthog back to life? Oof I must have been out of it." Finally he seemed to find what he was looking for. "Ah-Ha! Current list of souls in the underworld as of this morning. Oh, thank Zeus it's under a billion!"

Panic Peered over Hade's shoulder. "Uhh, sir, that;s not the list, that's Hel's number."

"Oh, well, also important then!" said Hades, coughing and pocketing the scrap of parchment. "Well then how many souls are there?"

"Uhh sir, I think you might want to look at this" Pain said, still worried.

"What is it now, I mean come on, work with me here" said Hades. He walked to the window and peered out across the river styx. The massive influx of souls billowed upwards swallowing the dock. "Oh great, my head feels like Hephaestus's anvil, I killed the vast majority of humanity, and now I completely souled in."

"Hey boss, don't worry, Hakuna Matata right?" Pain replied.

"What the heck's a Hakuna Fratata?!" said Hades.

"I heard the warthog say it last night!" Panic interjected.

"Wait! Hold-up...." Hades asked, "The warthog could talk?"

The End (again)