WHERE THE UNDECIDED DRAMATIC BOOK NAME WILL BE

PART 1

Hey there! GOD speaking, it's just me, y'know before the book starts just introducing myself as I am actually

the most important character in this whole universe book thing that Keertan thought it'd be a good thing to make even though it's just a load of shi-

-Written by,

~~GOD~~ Keertan Natakala

* MAP NOT INCLUDED *

Fuck off I’m lazy (unless you’ll pay me)

Thanks to my brain for keeping me alive, my lungs for letting me breathe, my fingers to let me write and my teddy for giving me something to cry into at night. Oh and my mum, dad and brother thanks for not murdering me! (No one cares? Fine I'll start with the story already)

"First time on the job, eh? Well, looking at your card you should be working in sector 7G"

"Thanks, uh your name?"

"You… just get going kid"

"Yeah, yeah heh no, no of course – yeah" he mumbled awkwardly waddling off (kid? He wondered).

He'd made it, his first job. The black hole deconstruction plant. What would he be starting on first? Destroying large uncontrollable black holes? Or-or maybe even be in charge of feeding a few holes some tasty matter. Swirling through his head like a flushed toilet, thoughts upon thoughts raised his naïve optimism as he walked past the crippling walls. Chipped tiles bounded across the room; fluttering to him for the kill, as a black hole lacerated the nearby room before being sedated with a 3X dosage of anti-matter. Busy bees wafted past him, heeding the words pounding from their walkie talkies. He heard a glimpse "--THINGS COMING OUT OF THE HOLE, OH, OHHHHH FUCK JERRY; SEND IN THE ANTI-MATTER SECUR--". Better get to his post fast he thought aloud. Dodging the freshly caught black hole that was being carried past him at breakneck speed to the containment chamber, he mustered some speed. Drifting past him, corrugated titanium walls rusted across his eyes and used anti-matter rounds (highly dense bullets of

anti-matter coated with a special lubricant to allow “special access” into a black hole’s, well, hole to act as an anaesthetic) polluted the edges of the floor.

The weathered deconstruction plant had seen better days and yet was still in full operation. The legacy of the plant dated back for many centuries as black holes became the fish of the ever expanding universe which could be harvested for energy and used to conduct bountiful experiments. On this continent, this had been the only deconstruction plant to survive the general bombing of 3078 carried out by the pirates of the galaxies, still standing loud and proud - the plant had been providing the continent power for generations. Enough history he thought.

Finally, planting his seedy legs firmly on the sectors floor at his so called “dream”. Well, of course, he was stuck with the job of the lowest of the low. Black hole clean up; this entailed sorting all the waste that came from the black hole (each black hole is linked to another black hole in another universe, in this universe black holes regurgitate whatever was sucked in, from another universe – the more stuff that is regurgitated means that the size of the black hole increases and to subdue them anti-matter is used to destroy the matter inside them and reduce their size). “Well I guess I better get started on rubbish disposal for mini black hole number, hmmmmmm, 3710,” he murmured. He started observing the black hole in the containment chamber, preparing for his first task. Vials and vessels were stuck around the chamber, controlling the amount of anti-matter and matter (increases size of black holes) being transferred into each containment chamber. To try and control the raging collapsed mini star.

As he started scrutinising over the insignificant details on the control panel (veterans of the system knew that all the science mumbo jumbo meant nothing, just press the bye bye button and the rubbish goes bye bye), rubbish poured in and he started fretting. His pedantic movements married together with an intense feeling of disillusionment gave birth to an unholy failure. Frantically pounding on the control panel hope resigned itself and promptly walked out of his body. Junk slathered onto the neodynimium panels (a shimmering transparent metal and allows anything to go inside but nothing outside as well as being the only metal to be able to withstand the sheer might of black holes with one catch; one atom thick due to pricing constraints). Despondently spamming each of the buttons to no avail, he gave up and sat in a corner. His most vital thought – being fired, also just maybe, potentially killing everyone and combusting the plant with the amount of pressure building up in the containment chamber. “HELP!” wailed an unfamiliar voice. Banging on the neodynimium panels with obviously no chance of success, he reeled his head in stupor to face a fleshy hairless skinbag? Before he hastily grabbed the black hole repellent, it read “great for getting rid of those pesky black holes, 99.9% effective”. He replaced the matter vial with the repellent and doused the whole containment chamber with the repellent.

It was ineffective.

“Oh sweet bucket” she mouthed. Her normal day started with: a normal amount of food, a normal exercise, a normal travel to work and a normal first ten minutes; now she was facing an eight legged pulsating mass of limbs which was now exponentially increasing in limbs as it rose from the gullet of a black hole (the black hole, clearly struggling to churn out the monster). Wirelike skin formed an all-encompassing sphere with throbbing legs stuck awkwardly onto the sphere, where in the epicentre of the legs, which hovered in the middle of the wire frame allowing for 360 degree rotation, rested an all-consuming mouth, packaged together with an enthusiastic, lusting appetite. Ajar slightly the mouth lay, gnarled teeth orbiting the inside with a fleshy ripped tongue hanging on the inside anticipating its next prey (It has no sight, smell, touch or hearing the only thing it relies on is its tongue which relies on the sense taste, this is the critical flaw in this species and why not many reach this magnitude in scope). From mouth to legs, vessels rippled throughout the body, pumping blue liquid to the base of each leg like pistons. Sadly what resided around

each leg were untold horrors. Faces frozen, fictitiously plastered against each leg crackling with the bubble of blood. Each face could recite a different story, all ending with the tragical death by being plunged into the belly of this beast. Blood spurted from each face like a faucet dredging the neodynimium panels. Erupting from the epicentre of the sixteen legged beast, shrill shrieks surrounded and haunted the chamber, painting the walls in deep crimson.

Ultimately released from the black hole and now darting around the containment chamber, the bewildered 17 legged beast punctured mini black hole number 3711 using the might of its unholy feet. It was at this moment, she knew she was screwed and in a swift, calm and clearly rehearsed manor she drew her walkie talkie out and in a not so swift, calm or clearly rehearsed manor she hollered into the device, "SOMETHINGS COMING OUT OF THE HOLE, OH, OHHHHH FUCK JERRY; SEND IN THE ANTI-MATTER SECURITY ITS DEFINITLEY THE BIGGEST ONE I'VE EVER SEEN SO HUR–". Panel is shattered, panel is chomped, panel is eaten, walkie is talkie eaten, she is screwed. Its contorted mouth salivated out of zeal as it launched at her.

Gamma rounds (a condensed gamma ray in the form factor of a bullet – for everyday crime this proves especially useful, can cause tumours at intense speed depending on the dosage density) whistled past her head populating the nearest limb with bountiful harvest of tumours ripe for the picking, as evidence of this its limb fell of, still writhing and jolting. Shots were fired through a suitable gap in the titanium door (this door isn't allowed to be opened in serious situations like this due to the possibility of whatever was inside, coming out so to comply with health and safety regulations a small hole was installed to allow bullets to pass through to try deal with the threat inside)the next gamma ray was a straight shot into the beast's mouth, the ray's weighty energy dissipated spiralled around the mouth before being absorbed by the beast's mouth – it was adapting and scarily quick. It lashed out against the room extinguishing the life of the chamber. Cracks carved itself into the walls forming devilish smiles, urging the whole room to decompose and murder everyone.

She scampered though the hysterical room, dodging gamma rounds before bolting to the exit. The scruffy batty titanium door was her last hope, not as if it'd be opened under these conditions – she'd have to be smart about this. She understood the repercussions of her actions except she couldn't care less what would happen to the rest, so long as she was saved. Sector 7 was in right next to her, separated by 2 walls. "Well one is crushed to dust because of that idiot, just got to get him to break the other all then I'll be free" she murmured. While still dodging the gamma bullets and now falling tiles because they wanted a piece of her now, she lured the beast around to the other wall using a remnant of tumour from its old leg, it sloppily followed suit flinging a lone leg at her it rebounded off the wall and into its mouth. Gross. The beast lashed out with its foot (well it has got so many feet, who knows what foot she was about to be attacked with) and started to crumble the wall as she nimbly dodged. A member of the anti-matter force saw the transaction of blows between wall and beast and saw what she was doing if the wall were to break, it would escape and cause a cacophony of chaos. In the middle of the ensuing madness, he shot a gamma round which spiralled through the bloodied air and landed in her tail. Tumorous earthquakes exploded into fruition, sending stifling pain across her body. She ripped her drenched tail off and stuffed it in the wall, she threw a part of the tail into its mouth and it eagerly rushed forward in search of the rest. It found the disembodied arm in the wall and diligently began to ravage the wall whilst eating the tail, "Sloppy eater" she thought. Whilst the dismemberment of the wall was occurring, she dove into the piling wreckage to prevent being gamma'd (a common slang used by the anti-matter force for when something is shot) again. Within a minute the wall was down in ruins to reveal sector 7G and a hysterical kid smearing his tears against the control panel as pressure built up in the opposite containment room.

"MOVE YOU IDIOT" she bellowed.

He stared, dumbfounded at the events that were unfolding before his withered eyes. She thought for a moment, “I’m safe, what about that kid? I mean he kinda smells from here, wait what the bucket is that hairless fleshbag in the containment chamber?”. She hurtled forth, curiosity acting as her motivation, she’d save the kid on the side (perhaps have him look up to her after she so kindly saved him) whilst inspecting that freak of nature which seemed to have wisely stuck to a corner, away from the beast’s feeding path. She yanked the kid out of the way before the unrelenting beast trampled the containment chamber and began eating everything, all over again. Although this time danger was nearby, something you wouldn’t want to eat was nearby. It rashly devoured every drop in its path using its fleshy whippy tongue to scoop everything – even the black hole. The black hole regurgitated an asteroid inflating its legs, popping vessels and splicing the insides of the beast until… BLAM.

Blue tears of blood rained down from the beast painting them the lustrous shade of safe. She went over to the wreckage of the containment chamber the other long limbed hairless freak of nature lay at the edge of the chamber quivering in a corner facing the wall, eyes pouring trepidation. All of a sudden, his demeanour changed and elated phrases overflowed from his mouth from the realisation of survival. The fleshbag then proceeded to turn around and screech.

“YOU’RE A TALKING WOLF!”

“Well it’s not like you’re the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen either, you’re the one that looks like a stretched out pig” she politely added.

“WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?”

“Oh yes because I’m going to trust something that came out of a black hole and started yelling at me, while we’re at it want to sit down for a beaver tail or two?”

“Look I don’t mean to be rude, BUT AFTER BEING SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE, which is very stressful may I add, I WAS ABOUT TO BE TRAMPLED BY WHATEVER THAT SPHERICAL FOOT THING WAS AND NOW IM TALKING TO A WOLF” he bellowed, spit flaying from his mouth.

“Hey, hi, hello, yes Hello stretched out pig you are in our universe” he squeaked

“Great now I’m taking to a kiwi” stretched pig said, freaking out. He patted down his pockets; no drugs

“Yes, I’m Kowos from the green kiwi tribe, you are?” Kowos replied.

“I’m a human from mother fucking Ear – HEY STOP PRODDING ME” he wailed, snapping at the wolf.

“Oh your mum’s called Ear? What a curios name” observed Kowos.

“Oh for god’s sake, your name is; oh just forget it” he sighed.

“DON’T MENTION HIS NAME” bellowed the wolf. It was too late.

Beneath them, barrages of light spears cracked through the reinforced corroded iron tiled floors; graciously lifting them up toward the light. Before going through the platform and driving them downwards, dropping them through the planets crust. Alongside this the spears began tunnelling into the panels digging rapidly like moles but definitely without the cuteness factor. Encapsulating the group, seven specific spears created a heptagon shape around them, each spear engrained with “GOD’S SEVEN DAUGHTERS OF DEATH” (A bit dramatic isn’t that, God?). Each head of each spear split into 1-7 prongs depending which daughter it was. On the end of each spear resided a neon tassel, some had luminous keychains attached to them, others proudly wore stickers on these (not that the group was focused on this, they more focused on what the hell was happening as they were dropping down to, well, Hell). The platform of tarnished iron started mixing

with the meltingly vivid spears acting as the reformed floor. Light weaved and wove together as it stretched seamlessly from the freshly baked floor and cage walls grew around them, encasing them. An iridescent glow donned onto them from the bars of the cage like fluorescent lights moulding them into a hurriedly put together circus act. It (conveniently) marked them as targets and essentially said:

YOU ARE FUCKED

(A bit dramatic isn't that, Keertan?). Apparently phasing whilst falling through the planet's crust, fossilised embers of creatures mislaid by time were kept broken and mangled but still distinguishable. Giant horned freckled beasts with square stomachs and fat stodgy butts drifted past them. Retreating beneath yet another zone, an icy breath washed over them even with the blazing spears still in tow, the planet's mantle was filled with sheening ice, brimming across the landscape. Every time stretched out pig looked out into the distance of the mass ice, sparkles bloomed and blossomed for miles and miles. Between helpless gasps for frozen air the stretched pig inquired, "Why is there so much damned ice all around here?"

"Did you never go to school? I'll explain it to you but only this one time, light travels from our suns and hits the bucket, of course it phases through and can only be stopped by the core of our bucket due to its material composition. Then the light wavelength lengthens and is sent back to the Bucket's crust. Due to the increased in size wavelength, the crust can now reflect it back, this makes the wavelength even longer, this happens a few times. I don't know if you've noticed with those vast, open and extensive eyes, stretched out pig but the ice has a smattering of petite air pockets and after being reflected from the core one final time the light is long enough to be reflected by the gas in the ice pockets, each time still increasing in size and being reflected off of closer and closer together particles. This continues until the light wave becomes so long and the distance between each reflection becomes so infinitesimally small, the light wave shatters. That's why the sparkling happens so often" she finished, licking her lips.

"So light can be destroyed?" he replied, clearly biting back annoyance from being called stretched out pig for his innate curiosity.

"Well only in this specific instance due to reflection speed eventually reaching past the speed of light, stretched out pig" chimed in Kowos.

"Look thanks for the explanations but please stop calling me stretched out pig I'm literally human" snapped out stretched out pig.

"Oh so you're called stretched out pig then?" noted the wolf, painting a nefarious smile on her face, which spread like the plague across her fleecy face.

"But I thought he just sa-" Kowos said before he was cut off.

"So stretched out pig what brings you here, my stunning looks? And why on bucket did you say that name?" interjected the wolf.

"Ah yes, I saw this place looked really good on the flyer so I scheduled an appointment with Barry the black hole boarded my jet, broke my jet and went through intense spaghettification and unspaghettification, which was somehow even more painful, and came here to meet you!" stretched out pig sarcastically stated

then adding “And how was I supposed to know that saying Go-, that name would lead to us being dragged down to the bitter depths of, actually where are we going?”

“The core of the bucket” Kowos said.

“What do you mean by bucket?” stretched out pig annoyingly inquired.

“Honey, it’s the bloody thing we’re phasing through” she said, in the most patronising tone she could muster, to which Kowos she whispered, “Clearly not the most intelligent stretched out pig out there”

“Ok for the last time, I’m not a stretched out pig; I’m a human and secondly I’m called Toby” he calmly said before exploding, “AND I’M FROM PLANET EARTH WHICH IS A SPHERE WHICH MAKES A LOT MORE SENSE, I’VE JUST BEEN TRANSPORTED HERE, GIVE ME A DAMN BREAK AND EXPLAIN SOME STUFF TO ME LIKE THIS FUCKING BUCKET AND WHAT MONSTER THAT WAS EARLIER”

“Ok fine, let me just explain this whole damn solar system thing” she paused, “Stretched out pig”. Stretched out pig, clearly about to implode, sealed his mouth to prevent this book from becoming 18+ and to attempt to listen patiently to the puckish wolf.

Licking her lips, ruffling her fur, considering the most concise description; to ensure she didn’t have to speak to him for too long, she finally cleared her throat and started,

“In the beginning, there was the Small Pop the event that started it all. This, obviously, created everything including planet Zero. Planet Zero was where titans, whose power unmatched were created. They became friends, cried together, laughed together, argued together and destroyed planets together (killing civilisations in the process). They each raised a bird and imbued it with a power each reflecting their personality, these grew into large flamboyant birds, capable of doing insane, unintelligible feats in our universe. The god’s each took their own bird and sculpted a planet after themself in the form of a hollowed out bucket to allow the bird to carry it at the handle. And so the birds stuck together because of a deep sense of family, dutifully carrying the buckets for all eternity, unlike the God’s which all split up after an unknown dispute and left our Go-, Super Power Man who was too immature to leave the birds and has stayed on his sculpted planet (our planet) at the core, just being a general dick, I was wondering what that monster is, definitely the biggest one I’ve ever seen but I don’t really know anything about that monster; didn’t specialise in that field”

“Oh that monster, twas a football!” energetically spoke Kowos,” I specialised in monster identification, the field of learning the wide varieties of monsters to identify them and know how to tackle them if they come out of the black hole”

“That was a football also you kinda seemed useless when were about to die?” stretched pig said, perplexed.

“Yeah, pretty stupid old me huh? Also what else would you call a mouth floating in a skin wire mesh sphere, with footed legs stuck onto it?” inquired Kowos.

“Sorry I didn’t mean it like that” he said awkwardly before adding, “Uh about the football I definitely would not call it anything else”

Facing the wolf he asked, “So why is Super Power Man mean?”

“He watches all of our failures, deaths of loved ones and he could warn us if we are about to stub our toe, instead he just watches probably chuckling to himself that masochistic bitch, there used to be a popular tunnel aptly coined ‘The journey to the centre of the bucket’ until the population got pissed at Super Power

Man after the General Bombing in 3078 which caused millions of deaths and an economic crisis so the tunnel was closed off and now no one speaks about him, which made him lonely. So now Super Power Man has made whoever says the word Go… transport that person and the nearby people around him to come to him and do a basically talk to him, half of them die if he isn't interested" she promptly finished.

"If he can make the word Go… do that, why doesn't he just summon everyone there to talk to him?" he asked.

"He did, he already watches everyone so I doubt kidnapping half the population was the best way to restore his dignity" she bluntly replied, "Thanks for that by the way!"

"For what?" he said.

"Why of course, did you forget? Bringing us to Super Power Man with you!" she sarcastically stated.

"Shut up, I'm sorry, ok? But I'm sure Super Power Man has done more than that to deserve all this hate" he said.

"I heard he tries to act as a godly Super Power Man and many a fruit has been executed there" Kowos squeaked up.

"So we'll get executed?" he worriedly asked.

"Uh, hopefully not, so long as we talk ourselves out of it by being polite and reasonable but he has done it before you know, like I said he's a dick and will do anything to keep his little heart interested" she thoughtfully replied.

"What is actually at the core apart from that specific material?" he asked.

"No one knows, people stopped talking about anything to do with him after the bombing so the secret died out 5 generations ago, but thanks to you we're going to find out!" she said sarcastically.

"Look I'm sorry, I honestly didn't know, Super Power Man means something very, very different back at home" he said apologetically.

She glowered at him; the scowl became invisible as they dissipated beneath the Bucket's Mantle. The underworld, a world filled with cataclysmic events (such as the volcanic event of 1912 where 1912 volcanoes erupted, spewing foul fumes throughout the bleak landscape, the imposing floods of 2150 where a leakage from the mantle and a heat increase from the underworld caused massive floods murdering all life present until God came and drank all of the water, patched the hole with duct tape and replaced the ice) unseen to the bucket's crusts happy go lucky oceanic eyes. Multitudes of undeveloped, unshapen and unholy beings skulked the drowsing land. Mercilessly praying on those weaker than them, feral feeders snarled and snouted the areas, half heads awkwardly trying to stay on top of the three legged bony backs. Packs devoured other packs, natural selection was king so the ear flopping around in the corner had no hope of survival (anyone could hear it coming). The height of the premises was low meaning many flattened beings, with gaping mouths on their belly's scoured the weathered lands. The hollow underground had an inky wash coated over it, illuminated by rudimentary, roughly cut out eyes. The area being only briefly light up by the cage, allowing for unlimited viewing of species to be. At long last they had descended beneath the underworld into the core, what waited for them was arguably worse than the hellscape of the underworld (as this was actually hell).

Dazzling perfectly chiselled crystallised marble flocked the hallowed hallways, inviting them in. Mammoth paintings were plugged in at every gap in the wall, plaguing the interior with infectiously crafted paintings,

or were they photos? The light cage (not the light cage but the light cage) unravelled around them like a ball of yarn, the platform still falling through the room. Smacking the lustrous floor the platform crumbled, the light rods making up the flooring dissipating into the ground. They stepped out, eyes on every corner, every painting, every wall as they prudently circulated around each other working out their new environment. SMASH!!!, murky figures gushed away from each flailing body, sacking them at whirlwind speed (take note kidnappers).

Blistering pain emerged from the lump at the back of his head growing in size as stretched out pig sat up. His dulled senses detected a new set of new clothes placed on his cleaned body. Every crack to crevice on his body was cleared of any form of filth, his body so meticulously prepared like it was for a meal. Patting down his body, aromatic scents tumbled into his nose, making him stop in his tracks to try to drag every particle into his nose. He looked to his left, bolts of electricity travelling from neurone to neurone. A skinned green respiring kiwi lay next to him. He hadn't been able to see them to such a strong unfathomably precise degree due to the whole football blood incident so he did what he did best and let curiosity take over, peering across their bodies. He started with the kiwi. Large pips in a ring pattern filled in as eyes, a few bits of kiwi skin was smeared patchily beneath his white mouth for an unkempt stubble. Vessels transporting, water? Gurgled and giggled across his face and body. Stubby protruding legs were carved beneath his boneless sagging base. Juice trickled out from his cavernous mouth, each particle tumbling and stumbling over each other to reach the bottom, the bottom of what? Stretched out pig looked around; they were being supported by 3 beds that were simultaneously lighter than air and yet comfier and thicker than ever. Turning to his right instinctive eyes bared their tusks at him. It was clear he was not allowed near her, come to think of it he didn't even know her name and yet they were side by side about to be grilled by God. He examined her. Her matted fur was slicked back to reveal her pointed features. Whiskers sprouted like carrots beside her snarling nose, which was as inky and gleaming as the ice on the mantle itself. Woollen fur flocked around her body soft enough to house the most fragile china. Her scheming mouth yawped in her sleep, thickened with an outline to highlight true dominance. Her gorgeous eyes dazzled as colours of marine, indigo and crimson united together and danced together in perfect harmony, "Huh her eyes are open, wouldn't that only happen if she was aw-" he wondered

"Ake? Yeah honey, I'm awake, done ogling at my features yet?" she patronizingly inquired.

"I wasn-, I mea-, I was just curious, about both of you, ok?" he replied looking away from her smug face, adding, "Let's just get going, wake up Kowos". He took of the blanket, "WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES, WAIT WHAT TH-"

Chutes opened. Beds fell. Stretched out pig screamed. She shushed him. They spiralled through the chute rotating tenfold as they came across a bump in the track. The panels of the chute nailed together by nails made of light after looking at this she said, "Looks like Go-, Super Power Man ran out of budget of light to finish his whole palace". As they were falling down the dimly lit chut thanks to the nails, she said to him, "I think we're gonna meet him now, also wake up Kowos". They shook Kowos; no response.

"Ok just follow my lead, be polite and let's try not to get killed, we're going to have to do this without Kowos" she hushed to him

"Cool, cool we'll be fine" he replied.

The second set of chutes opened light piercing the tunnels, beckoning them to come down into God's room, not as if they had a choice. They plopped out into the centre of an aglow stage. Pillars sprouted from the 3 corners of the stage separating the group from the rest. Past the stage there was a large circular dome placed around them where everyone else was, waiting. Armed corn flooded around their stage,

pointing their arms at them, waiting to shoot. They each wore a uniform accompanied by acute posture. The kernel was directly placed in front of them on the stage, his dilated eyes watching them; never closing his eyes. His head and neck was a tall ear of corn sprayed with scars and fleshy cuts, indicating how long he's been in the business for. Robes of scarlet were pinned across his leafy body adorned with plentiful of badges. Sticking out from his husky body 4 limbs formed by thin shoots which eventually thickened out into small ears of corn were being pointed at them by every corn like it was some sort of gun. Seven daughters kneeled in front of the throne, faces were to the floor, each brandishing their spears. The core of the whole bucket rested beneath the transparent stage they were plonked onto. The core seemed slightly cracked, but every single time a light wave came and hit the core, you could hear a hollow sort of pining noise. There was silence.

"GOD'S A FUCKING CHICKEN oh, ooooh, sorry Super Power Man, shit sorry I meant God" he bellowed.

"Oh for god's sake" she muttered.

SMASH!!!, murky figures gushed away from each flailing body, sacking them at whirlwind speed.

"Not again" she deliriously hoped as the image of a giant chicken faded from her head. Stretched out pig awoke last, he looked down. He was no longer naked. Prodding around his body he saw that he was back to normal, every pore on his body replaced with former filth. He faced up to everyone staring at him, which was two people, thoughts had evidently ravaged their minds as they stared at him, blood beating blue (from the football) threatening to beat him as well. Rage seethed from the wolf's nose pushing him backwards into the cobbled wall. Cobbled wall? Where were they?

"Eyes up stretched out pig, we're in the cellars" she stated.

"What even happened" he asked.

"You think I bloody know? I woke up here a minute ago, all I know is that your idiocy brought us here" she said.

"Look I'm sorry, which I know won't cut it but honestly what is this place, aren't we meant to be in light infrastructures?"

"Yeah, looks like God ran out of budget, we're in the prison for God knows how long, also really? Just a sorry, can I rip a limb off you instead?" she maliciously inquired.

"NO. How can we get out of here?" he asked

"No clue but I am getting peckish, wake up Kowos, he's smart enough to figure this out" she ordered. He nudged him. He poked him. He yelled at him. He slapped him. He violently shook the damned kiwi.

"H- hi everyone" Kowos replied startled, "How's everyone doing?"

"Just swell" snapped the wolf, glaring at stretched out pig, "Do you think you could get us out of here?"

"Uh…" thought Kowos as he looked around. Cracked cobbled tiles plated the floor, three mats laid together in the upper right corner, the mats might have well as been frail old men watching them, any pressure applied on the mats would cause intense cracking of bones for the mats. Grated bars were in front of them, giving just enough room for light it to stretch its hopeful arms around them and comfort them to sleep. Clean freshly wiped crimson panels flocked onto the walls in stark contrast to the rustic floor. Kowos touched the wall. He started sliding down it without even doing anything. He applied some force and his arm slid down even faster. No chance. He investigated the undulations in the tiled floor, clawing at the gaps between each tile trying to find anything. Not as if it'd mattered as atop them spikes hung at the ceiling,

armed with a thousand deaths under its belt, waggling a condescending finger ready to plunge at any moment. There was nothing; the room was bleak, devoid of life.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if a rat wandered through here” he said.

“It wouldn’t be able to” Kowos simply replied.

“Oh let me guess, they are the size of the room, they would eat us and blow up or they have giant arms stuck to their tiny bodies so they wouldn’t be able to fit, or, in fact, they are well spoken, tea drinking gentlemen who couldn’t be seen at such an ‘establishment’…” he ranted on.

“No, there are no gaps in the room” Kowos said, marvelling at the tilework.

“Also we’re in this ‘establishment’ because of you” she snarled.

“Again I’m sorry, I really am, it’s just that he was, well, the buffest chicken I have ever seen, did you see his pecks” he snorted.

“It’s just a chicken did you really have to make such a big faff about it?” she retorted.

“Whatever, doesn’t matter now, first we’ve got to get through this, together!” he said, trying to rally them together and change the subject.

“Yeah!” Kowos replied.

“Talk about yourself, second I get out of here your figments of my imagination” she grumbled.

“Hey don’t be a spoil sport I need some help to y’know get back home kapish wol-?, actually what is your name?” he asked.

“Like I’d tell you” she retaliated.

“What’s a Kapi-” Kowos asked before being cut off

“Oh cmon, we’ve gone through all this together” he said.

“It’s been half an hour” she hissed.

“The best half an hour of your life?” he said, practically begging to be slapped. So he was.

“OW-” he wailed.

“Now I can tell you my name, it’s Nicola” she grinned.

“Finally someone with a normal name” stretched out pig said.

“What do you mean?” Kowos asked.

“Nothing much kid, nothing much” he said nonchalantly.

“Hey if you’ve finished your little mother’s meeting over there, come and get your food while I deliver the news” said a corn, cutting through the conversation.

“We’re coming” Stretched out pig yelled. Approaching the mysterious feeder they saw he was another corn. He looked exactly the same as the kernel, except with a signature younger, handsomer face. His back was slanted against the bars, whistling a melodic tune. He was ready for trouble.

“What did you want?” Nicola queried.

“Oh it’s just that in thirty days, you’ll all be executed, I’m so, so sorry the wait is so long but there’s a lot of paperwork when organising an execution” he said striding away, “I heard what you guys did, pretty terrible crimes, you guys deserve it”

“WAIT WHAT? WE’RE GOING TO BE EXECUTED? NO PLEASE COME BA-” stretched out pig screeched hysterically, but the corn had already turned the corner.

THIRTY DAYS LATER

The corn came back whistling and swinging around his keys around his stubby corn arms. He passed a cell before he came to pick up our rag-tag group for execution. He stopped at the cell and grinned imposingly into it saying, “Heh, you guys can come out now, God’s given you your little scare by keeping you here after you pulled your little stunt, which I heard about. It was pretty funny from what I gathered. Not like the group in the next cell along, apparently they slaughtered three people, scary!”

“But I thought we murd-” started one of them until they were nudged sharpy and gruffly carried on, “yeah it was pretty funny the other day huh? What we did y’know?” (“what did we do?, did we leave a funny note on one of the corpses or something” he whispered to his cellmates)

“Oh shit” he cursed in realisation. He frantically ran across the leaky floor, long jumping over puddles of soupy forbidden concoctions. He rapidly clanged against the bars, where there was no one inside? Were they taken to be executed early? Were they already dead? Shame bleached his face. Damn it… he’d failed, and so soon.

THIRTY DAYS BEFORE (back so soon?)

“What do we do?” Kowos asked.

“We ask the genius who got us into this place in the first place!” she said, glaring at stretched out pig.

“Uh maybe w-” he said stuttering.

“Screw it, just eat your food” she grumbled. They had each been given a tray sloppily made out of numbing, rotting metal. Each tray had a specific name on it engrained onto the rim, how they had found it out, who knows? It was scarily accurate. Toby dished out their plates for Kowos Kiddleton, Nicola Chér (posho eh?) and stretched out pig. Internally Toby screamed, externally Toby screamed. God sniggered in his throne.

Kowos squealed when he saw his food, “Look at what they’ve given me, potassium packets (popular due to its powerful, punchy flavours but still part of a balanced diet, comes in a powdery form, best used as seasoning), glucose gluggers (quite a popular drink among vegetation, sold for massive profit due to the high energy intake and high water+glucose content, have a thick slimy texture), nitro-bites (commonly found as a main due to the importance of the mineral, can contain light waves as an option which is much more costly, these are called ilumi-bites) and to round out the pack carbon canisters (shortened from carbon dioxide canisters, provide highly concentrated amounts of carbon dioxide, a necessity for healing patients who cannot breath as well) this must’ve costed a fortune what with the quantity and the illuminated nitro-bites, I’ve never seen so much food what did you guys get?”

“Cut of beaver fried to a fritter, cut of squirrel brain (praised highly amongst carnivore/omnivores for its distinguishable nutty flavour and rich, smooth texture when prepared right) and cut of OX (just good ol’ OX

ass), I agree the ox is especially rare, they must be doing our favourite dishes, how about you Toby?" she said.

"I got pig's food, apparently best served in a trough" he moaned, "Oh god, its texture, it's like eating dirt"

"HA" yelled Nicola, "Yeah that definitely coste-"

For once Kowos butted into the conversation, Nicola looked a bit miffed but listened anyway it was just Kowos after all, "How did the food even get into here?"

"I guess they slipped it through the bars right?" Toby guessed. They all huddled and hovered around the set of bars. There wasn't much to look at except just the right amount of light to allow Kowos to photosynthesise if he ever needed to. The bars were the traditional kind, a long spindly metal rod followed by a gap of sweet sweet dingy dungeon air. Toby fired his finger through the empty gap of the lattice structure. CHINK! His fingernail hit the metal rod. He tried going through the empty gap again, but hit metal again. It seemed as if the gap of air and metal rod would swap places just before anything entered the empty gap, not allowing anything through. The metal rods seemed to be jumping every time he inserted a finger into the gap.

"No hope there" he sighed, dejectedly poking his finger repeatedly into the changing empty spots.

Kowos theorised, "It may only allow food of certain size outside and inside the cell, let's try it with ours". They did a test, only they weren't able to get the food through Kowos said, "Perhaps you can only get food through once, it doesn't make sense any other way"

"What if Go-, Super Power Man used some sort of magic?" he asked.

"You can say his name now, I doubt we'll be able to get out like that, he can't use that spell anyway he can only control things that are in light, besides that spell has probably been used once" Kowos said.

"God controls everything that is in light?" he asked.

"Yeah but not even him can break the laws of the universe, if he were to teleport the food here by doing something unnatural, he'd at least have to get here" Kowos reasoned, "Until we prove this wrong, its fine to assume so"

"What are the laws of the universe?" he asked.

"That magic can only be created used once after it has been used once, it can never be used again nor can it be rewritten again, magic is written from the base of 4 elements: fire, water, wind, lightning" he said.

"So do you guys know any magic?" he asked.

"No we don't we only know about it, our ancestors burned the papers containing the words needed to write the original elements, without them we don't know how to modify and mix the elements to create spells" he said looking down, "However there is this plane-"

Nicola stopped brooding on her crusted mat and snappily interjected, "That's an old children's tale"

"No its not" he argued.

"Do you really think that if there was this valley of magicians that are forever writing up spells for all eternity and you think we wouldn't have found them by now or they would've revealed themselves by

now? Its bullshit" she fiercely finished. Kowos didn't reply back. Toby was mystified in thought while they bickered before he finally broke the built up silence.

"Huh" Toby pondered, "Hey Kowos, ever thought about having a child?"

"I mean I always thought of settling down first, y'know with a house and start with a family, it would be small first of course but with time…" Kowos went on.

"Yeah, yeah never mind that, listen to my plan, it might actually work" he said urgently. Nicola looked at him for once, waiting to hear as she heard the lilt of seriousness in his voice, he started, "Ok so if only food for a specific size can fit through the bars why don't we make food that is small enough to get outside?"

"I mean I guess but do we have everything we need?" Kowos asked, really not wanting to go ahead.

"We have food, CO_2, light, soil and time!" Toby happily said.

"We don't have soil though" said Kowos relieved. Toby grabbed a sack from the floor and ecstatically looked at them before he burst saying, "We've got the pig food"

Nicola smirked, "You sure it's not your food?"

"Shut up, I'm actually helping for once ok?" he said.

"You're the one who got us here in the first place" she said frustrated.

He ignored her, "Now we've got to get a seed from you Kowos, got like a system to get one out?"

For hours they tried getting a seed out of Kowos through all sorts of means: squeezing him until popping sounds came from his core, shaking him, punching him right in the core they beat the poor kiwi silly. At the end Kowos was a juicy mess, his remaining skin at the top of his head frazzled and dazzled. Another Kiwi in the opposite cell saw the whole thing unfold. She started them down and shot a seed at them. Zipping and biting a part of Toby's ear off, he leapt back in bewilderment. He saw the glint of an outstretched eye watching them. He sauntered over to the bars trying to play the big man but instead looked like a stretched out boar (what an improvement!).

"Hey, you there what on earth was that?" he yelled.

"What the fuck is an earth, and that's called a seed; the thing you're trying to extract from my brethren over there" she snarled, clearly not afraid of him.

"How'd you do that?" he asked.

"With my body genius" she bluntly said, "Now get of my friend"

Aside to Kowos he whispered, "Ya know this gal?"

"Uh no I think she's mistaken me for someone else" Kowos whispered back. Great! Toby thought. He strode back over to the bars, hopelessly trying to assert his dominance tragically failing again.

"We'll kill him unless you tell us how to get a seed from him" he said menacingly.

"What" Kowos worriedly said before being tackled to the ground by Nicola who caught wind of the plan. She grabbed him by his bruised arm and hurriedly scratched his face a bit to prevent her from realising who it was.

“AAAA

“Calm down before someone comes” he said.

“No one will come” Nicola said.

“What about God?” he asked.

“Like he could give a shit, if he did she wouldn’t be dead” she said. They waited a few hours for Kowos to stop crying. He came to terms with what he did and stopped blubbering, the five stages of grief had been passed quickly for plot convenience. They tried to carefully extract a seed from him by firing it into the wall. It leisurely slid down the wall; mocking them before, at full pelt, nose-diving into the floor and becoming lost in all of the rubble it created (within minutes the floor seemingly reconstructed itself). It seemed to lose all of its speed as it hit the wall and slid down, but gain back all of its energy after reaching the bottom of the wall, dumb wall. They tried to pick up the seed as it slid down from the wall but that resulted in nearly losing a finger for Toby and Nicola.

“I think the seed replaces my pupil for before I shoot because I can’t seem to see out of it as I prime the seed, but I think I know what to do” he thought aloud.

“So what we’re gonna have to flick it out of you” he asked.

“We’re gonna have to shake the pip out of you?” Nicola guessed, joining in.

“We’re gonna have to cut into your core and take one out?” he asked.

“You’re gonna have to shit it out?” she asked

“We’re gonna have to kill you?”

“No” Kowos said. Then he pointed his face down and a seed dropped out.

“Oh” Nicola and Toby dejectedly sighed.

“Why are you disappointed, wait, YOU WERE LOOKING FORWARD TO DISECTING ME?” he gasped. They looked at him sheepishly. He sighed; it had been a long day.

“Basically because the seed replaces my pupil as I prime it, the blinking twists it around in my eye probably increasing its speed. If I don’t blink it’s just a normal seed which is why if I look down it comes out, because gravity exists”

“yeah, yeah real cool” responded Toby, he brightened up, “Time to put my plan into action: grab the glucose gluggers, pig food, carbon canisters and those weird nitro bite things, oh! also the potassium packs (they didn’t move) well chop chop then, we only have 29 days”

Kowos carefully plucked every ingredient and handed it to Toby, who in turn took every ingredient with gratitude and delicately placed it on the chapped floor. Nicola just threw ‘em.

“Ow” he wailed, recoiling in shock as a wild carbon canister walked him in the eye, “STOP PLEASE”.

She glared at him whilst clutching another canister and scowled, “You know, just cause you’ve got a plan to save us now, doesn’t mean you didn’t get us here in the first place. If this doesn’t work, we’re gonna be executed so consider this as payback”

Looking down at the floor he was frustrated, he knew she was correct but still felt frustrated. He bit the inside of his lip; he was now mad at himself because he was mad. Toby cursed; he didn't want to be mad because why should he? It was like an involuntary reaction. He wiped away his thoughts as supplies started piling up in front of him. Nicola continued to throw equipment at him, unphased. At long last monumental amounts of food appeared before him. Packets upon packets with catchy, attention grabbing phrases printed to make them pop, he rummaged through them finding the pig food. On the tray he patted down a sizable clump with a little hobbit house in the centre for the seed. The seed would live out the rest of its day in that hobbit hole, waiting to bloom. Then he opened the packets of nitro bites, broke the crackers apart and diluted the crumbs with the glucose gluggers eventually rubbing it into the soil. He made pockets of empty space in the clumps and filled them with the carbon canisters. To top this all of, he seasoned the tray with the potassium packets, dusting it all over the concoction. He doused the pig food with the remnants of the liquid dripping out of the third bottle of glucose glugger and cast it aside. It was done! It was also gross! He stood back, gasping and panting as if he had just run away from a football. The others watched him from a distance, a mix of emotions portrayed on his face until Kowos broke the silence.

"What did you actually do?" he asked.

"I uh, planted you're seed to try get a small version of you to then climb out of the cell" Toby replied, looking very proud of himself.

"One caveat to growing a new kiwi, you gotta talk to it until it's born to make sure it's not depressed" he said.

"Depressed?" Toby asked, face transforming into dismay.

"Yeah, all kiwis start out depressed and want to kill themselves so you have to talk to them, give them hope or else they'll just wither off" he said, displaying his knowledge as if it were common knowledge. He noticed Toby's gaping mouth (god it was ugly) and said, "What?"

"That's kinda crazy (he'd learnt to accept things), are all seedlings depressed?" he eagerly asked.

"No not really, things like strawberries are too happy, if they aren't talked too they'll die from happiness" he said.

"Do we have to talk to it like once a day?" he asked.

"All of the time" Kowos said, patting his shoulder.

"Well let's not give up now! Who wants to start?" he asked to no response, they stared at him, "Me I guess, ha-ha cool"

Every hour they'd swap who would talk to the seedling until their throats bled blood and sugary water, feeding it essential minerals every day. Ironically getting more and more pissed as they delivered kinder and kinder words to the developing seedling. Eventually after ten days sprouted a small branch, piercing viridescent green budding across the whole plant.

"Until it grows eyes to understand that there is hope (ah yes, the hope of a cell wall), we must continue talking to it" Kowos hoarsely whispered. Nicola's eyes echoed with a murderous glint penetrating their souls, or what remained of it after inhaling the pungent fumes of pig food enveloped in overproduced chemicals (they may be good for plants, but the plants that produce these are built for maximum profit not

very healthy or good for the environment). Another ten days passed until small pips were crafted on the kiwis fresh, unpeeled face (when the face is unpeeled, there is a small green outline of kiwi around the eyes so that the eyes aren't around the skin, the skin is usually peeled around a year after harvesting when the outer coating becomes particularly dry, at around age fifteen the skin starts growing back, some kiwi do a full shave, some leave a beard it's up to them in the end). They could now stop talking to it, for five days they rested their throats until twenty-five days into the growing process a mouth grew onto its face.

"Finally, he's almost complete, he'll be just like you when you were born right Kowos?" Toby asked, "How cute he will be, I can only imagine"

"Yeah just like me when I grew up because we didn't mix it with another seed (partners of a certain age can gather seeds naturally and mix and match them together to produce their child), he should be obedient and loving and – WAIT NO" he started, voice rising in panic, was there something wrong with his younger self?

"Yo bitches get papa some, whoa nice ass there wolfie, wanna go for a ride, only joking you fucking whore, now anyone got any drugs" he said, his voice comically high pitched and scratchy, there seemed to be something wrong with his younger self.

"STOP TALKING" he yelled and chained the undeveloped kiwi's with his backside trying to prevent the ensuing cacophony of cusses pouring from the young cretins pie hole, he turned to them to nervously explain, "So whEn I grEW up I went throUGh a sOrt of phase, hAh, and I used tO be vERy DifFerEnt, no filTEr, HEh-hEGH" he spluttered.

"I'M CHANGED THOUGH" he tried to confirm. Toby and Nicola faced each other, they didn't agree on much, but this, this was the funniest thing they had ever seen they knelt on the floor, strangling the soul out of their lungs as barrels of laughs burst from their mouths. A stranded undeveloped, unskinned, podgy, overweight kiwi with stubby protruding arms cussing the life out of Kowos, whilst hopelessly punching a frantic sporadic kiwi which was bounding around the place, trying to convince them about himself and the progress he's made explaining how he's changed, before comically rushing back to the perpetrator to shut him up.

"Therapy was really hel- STOP (Therapy was hell? Damn)" he started before being cut off, "Just please, that's not me"

"W - HAHA - e get it, we do, hon – HEHEHEHE - estly just calm down it'll be fine- BWAHA" Toby miraculously gasped in between fits of giggles. Shovelling the poor kiwi from its deepest secret, he smacked the kiwi across the hairy, unripe face. Wrath swirled around the baby kiwi's face; he was about to make this book unrealisable, Toby daintily placed one outstretched finger onto the kiwi's face.

"Let's start with introductions, cool?" he asked as the kiwi contemplated the fastest way to murder him. After what just happened he'd need to exact his exact revenge. He studied his body for structural flaws, where it could snap most likely, of course! The section located above the gap in his legs, if he could reach a blade up there, his core would be most certainly damaged. Before either of them spoke, Nicola interrupted.

"So you want to fuck that thing?" she inquired. Toby, caught off guard (not as if you could get caught on guard for this sort of thing, I mean you're talking about fucking a kiwi, I'm sorry mum) reeled his head to her and gave her that WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT expression. Nicola, somehow, interpreted it as YOU ARE SO COOL, I WOULD SUCK ANTS FOR YOU ALSO TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS kind of expression.

“When you do the hand thing, it means you want to dance the devils tango with him” she snorted. He did the action, “What this?”.

“Yeah. That. It means you want the package, so please stop doing it to me” she stated.

“Oh back on Earth it means to shut up not to, y’know, engage in the deeds of darkness” he replied, “Also, really ‘want the package’ could it be any worse? There’s so much variation in this beautiful world like:

“Balls deep?

Crushing buns?

Mount the slippery snake?

Squatting on a cucumber field?

The battle for the pink palace?

Bow chick a wow wow?

Come ride the boner express?

I mean cmon, these are so much better” (after some truly intense incognito research ‘wetting the willy’ is my favourite euphemism, use this power wisely my friends)

Kowos having recovered his heart rate tried to return to the conversation to try and pretend like the last ten minutes hadn’t happened but was met with an unusual topic to come back too, he tried nevertheless.

“Yeah just like bonking, right guys?”

“What, Bonking?” they sniggered in unison.

“Bonking, y’know bonking?” he said, disappointed.

“Yeah, hah- ha, OH SHIT IT’S SUFFOCATING” he screamed wildly flinging his hand off its face, it spluttered a strange yellow mixture across the floor (this strange yellow mixture was actually a plants supercharged nutrient mixture, formed from the liquid nutrients which were provided at the beginning of germination to speed up growth which are then used for the developing plant as it grows, the nutrients go through the plant and it’s used, some is left over and is mixed in with the plant itself which then increases the strength of the aforementioned nutrients tenfold – however it is very rare due to the plant using those leftover supercharged nutrients hours after being ‘born’. Oh! And the slight caveat that you have to smother a baby to make it regurgitate the mixture)

“Oh fuck (Kowos squirmed), fuck you all (Kowos strangled himself in the background), how dare you do that, I had so many better sex euphemisms, yet you, YOU kept me chained up” it blurted out.

“Look, we’re sorry, this isn’t the right time to ask for a favour is it?” Toby said apologetically.

“No, no it isn’t you fucking dickhead” it glared.

“What can we do to make you help us” Toby asked.

A venomous grin pounced onto its face, twisting raw hairs around its mouth, “You can start by licking my feet” it said.

“No, definitely not” Toby said, grimacing due to the image of THAT being unwantedly thrust into his fragile mind. He delegated the situation, they had a group of him, a temperamental wolf, a kiwi who seemed to be producing some incredibly potent solution in the corner and that swearing scallywag. What was he supposed to do?

“We’ll kill you if you stay in here” he yelled.

“No you won’t, you pussy” it glared.

“Uh jeez, ok, what do you want?” he asked.

“Some quality foot lickage (Keertan, its ok to come out as having a foot fetish, we won’t judge you, this is a safe space) by that wolf over yonder and a fuck ton of money” he listed.

“Honey do you really hate your foot that much?” Nicola said, patronising the kiwi.

“Money can be arranged” he said looking around at the rest of the people, only to be met with sheepish, feverish glances.

“I would give some of my pension, but not to that” Kowos said.

“P-Pension?” Nicola stuttered (a rare sight).

“Yeah I’m over sixty, so I have my pension, what did you think?” Kowos asked innocently.

“I thought you were a child” Nicola stated.

“Well, mother did always say I looked young for my age” Kowos daydreamed, thinking about his mother (not like that, you creep).

“Then why are you still working, and how do you still have plans in life (yeah like when you get over fifty don’t people start shrivelling up and need meds constantly)?” Nicola asked.

“It’s my dream to work there (his twenty seventh dream in actual fact), I’m only one hundred and sixteen” Kowos giddily said.

“ONE HUNDERED AND SIXTEEN (next time I’m using numbers) BUT YOU LOOK LIK- whatever, this place is crazy” Toby yelled.

“Hello, I’m still here!!!

“You better not fuck this up” Nicola yelled.

“I’ll fuck it up as much as I want to fuck you up” it said, its scratchy high pitched voice probably not carrying the playboy effect it wanted. It waddled out of the room.

“I don’t think he knows his own gender or any gender for that matter; we’ll explain to him later but what do we do now?” Kowos asked.

“Uh, honestly I didn’t think we’d get this far, I thought we’d be licking his feet (Keertan, the insane asylum’s number is 12345678) right now” he said.

“Great so now we just wait, great job!!!!!” Nicola complained.

“We can name him though, I’m thinking Porky” he said, trying to change the subject. They all seemed to agree on the name due to wanting to piss of the kiwi.

“Don’t give him a name, you’ll get attached” Nicola said.

“True, so how do we dispose of him afterwards?” Toby said, he started thinking of every way he knew how to commit murder.

“Wait, we don’t have to kill him” Kowos hurriedly said.

“You want that around you; he’s embarrassing for you right?” Nicola said.

“I mean Porky’s not that ba-” Kowos started before being cut off by the next paragraph.

The kiwi was busy wading through the hallway, holding his middle finger (plants only have three fingers) high up as he passed the other inmates, as he passed them, rallying cracked throughout the prisoners, not as if it cared. A rat snaked up around porky, obstructing porky’s path with its massive body.

“HALT, ALL MUST STAND BEFORE ME” the kiwi squeaked. The rat exhaled, death wafted past the kiwi, scars popped out into place onto the rat’s skin, the rat’s tail encircled the kiwi. Biceps populated the whole of its body, grinding and shifting every breath it inhaled. Blood was painted carefully onto its body, clustering around every crack and crevice in its waxy body. An eyepatch was dubiously slung around one of its eyes, its eye seeming at least somewhat sane. Then (nice range of vocab Keertan), its snarling singular eye pounced onto the kiwi’s body, examining him at every spot’s speck. Even its mouth had muscles, they started to move, Porky gulped.

“h-hi (cmon deep breaths stewbert), uh, HELLO (no, no too enthusiastic stewbert) we-e (no I said wee he’s going to think I’m weird), I mea-ant I knooooooow how to get out of here (yes that’s it stewbert, a full sentence!), wa-ant to come with? (is that too creepy stewbert?)” he mumbled nervously tapping his bulking feet together, the strange this was that he talked to himself a lot (Keertan, perhaps he needed the phone number as well?) but he was very loud when talking to himself yet quiet when he returned to the conversation. Porky could tell that this was an easy person to take control of, even it wasn’t that stupid.

“Be my underling” Porky said, asserting his dominance.

“M-e? your underling (how could I, stewbert)? I-I couldn’t” he whispered.

“I trust you (this is what those saps want right? If I act nice I can get an army, a country then THE BUCKET)” as sincerely as he could, in reality it was as sincere as a cashier saying “Have a good day (you fucking fatty I saw those chocolates)”. But poor old stewbert was too innocent (dumb) to see the trickery.

“O-h-h ok, yes please (score! stewbert)” he happily agreed, “Let’s escape master”. Porky hopped onto stewbert (trust me, it was one impressive hop to reach that back) and they galloped towards the exit.

“By the way fat-her, my na-ame is stewbert (I think we gathered that)” he said.

“Don’t make this weird underling” Porky grumbled as they closed the gap between them and the exit. Reaching giant white and copper accented doors radiating hope, the difference in colour from the dungeon walls to this magnificent sexy (dude, wtf) door was blinding. It was a certainly dramatic door. Porky jumped off the rat, striding over to the door. Stewbert waved to him, pointing at something else.

“Uh leader, it’s actually this door” he said whilst pointing to crappy rusted door, “If you try to go through that door, it’ll squash you”

“No door could ever fucking squash me!, but just in case we’ll go through that door” Porky replied. The door in question was a much smaller door, accustomed to being looked over and throughout the years had become depressed (yes I know, the door became depressed and no – the author (hi!) is not on drugs). The handle had moulded with eons of flaky, oozing, unkempt, microorganisms and dirt (anticlimactic much). Not as if the unlikely duo (its actually very likely) could ever reach that. Stewbert pushed open a convenient rat flap.

“I-In here, sir” stewbert spluttered.

“Why the fuck is there a rat flap?” Porky said, demanding an answer.

“G-God said (easy stewbert) tha-at if rats (like me!, stewbert!) were allow-ed through, it woul-d provide atmosphere to the prison” Stewbert instantly answered. Porky wasn’t listening, he was too busy squeezing his fat little body through the gate, thank god his core hadn’t fully developed (as he was a baby, his body was still malleable and soft). They had escaped! Into a bubble? Porky feverishly glanced around. They were surrounded in a giant reflective bubble, the prison had been reduced into a tiny bubble, he put his arm through the smaller bubble, sure enough he was back into the prison. He exited through the rat flap again, his eyes once more seeing the giant gelatinous bubble they were surrounded by. What he say outside the bubble was everything, but nothing at the same time. They were standing on nothing, a transparent sheet that seemed to prevent them from falling out of the bubble but they couldn’t seem to touch. Porky placed an ignorant finger on the floor, which just continued going down, but then what was he standing on if it wasn’t actually there?

“WHY ARE WE IN A FUCKING BUBBLE” Porky yelled.

“Well, God likes a bit of organising, but instead of organising his life he organises his house (you did it stewbert! A joke), whilst also being fancy” Stewbert stated matter of factly, “So he decided that all of the rooms would be in bubbles, but because there are more than one prisons in here, he-e miniaturised all of them and placed them in separate bubbles in one bubble, (look at you go stewbert, compound sentences) you can see the whole prison that’s the same size of your palm, I meant a normal sized palms, not your ba-by palms, sorr-rry”

“Why do you know all of this stuff?” Porky indignantly asked.

“I used to work here” Stewbert replied.

“What, as a janitor or something?” Porky asked.

“No sir, I actually used to be head assassin of a 30000 armed fleet” Stewbert simply said.

“Oh- ok” Porky replied, very confused.

“Bu-t anyway, we need to get to the central bu-bble if we have an-y chance of, what are we doing again?”

“UGH We have to save some people I know, because I’m so nice” Porky begrudgingly moaned.

“Ri-ght then we have to gggg-et to the central bubble” Stewbert stuttered, “That’s where all the controls are”

“So how do we get there?” Porky inquired.

“We jump out of the bubble sir” Stewbert said, mad excitement flushing through his eyes, before he grabbed Porky and flung himself out of the bubble. A menu flashed before their eyes, “ROOM SELECTION” it read. However there was something strange about this, Porky couldn’t put his finger on it, because he didn’t have a finger. Instead all the duo could see was the bright, flashy menu which had all the room names on it (also in the bottom was a sticker saying, “Powered by God”, no shit God). To say which place you wanted to go to, you only had to say it and you’d be taken there. With many different options it found it awhile to find it, eventually they did the option for central bubble. Now, all they had to do was say the option, so Porky didn’t.

“Si-r, where are we going?” Stewbert asked.

“I will do what I want and this option seemed interesting, I mean what does the ‘dickhouse dorm’ even mean?” Porky snapped, “We’ll go to the central bubble afterwards”. As they waited, elevator music started to play, it was taking a while.

“Sorry si-r (well done Stewbert, you started the conversation), God liked the music so much that he made the wait from room to room longer” Stewbert consoled to a raging kiwi. DING shattered the awkward silence which permeated the air and they were now outside of the menu inside another bubble with a room meshed with a door, riddled in bites and bits missing. All they could hear was frenzied clicking and clacking on some sort of device (in this universe, computers don’t exist anymore, tech got too advanced for computer AI and then computers started to suicide. Fun.) A door appeared in front of them, just kind of popping into place. Except the door was in front of the existing door, strange. They opened the two doors and went inside the room, it smelled. Bad. A haggard apple sat in a dilapidated chair, he moved his whole body to face them (the dimensions of an apple don’t exactly leave for a head to exist) and he somehow managed to eek out these words from his crusted mouth,

“Hi everyone, I didn’t expect you to come this early, jeez you’re smaller than I thought” said the apple. Reeling from the infectious stench, Porky started to speak,

“Who the fuck are you, cretin (hey when’d you get so posh?) to speak to me like this”

“Oh sorry I forgot to introduce myself, hello Porky and stewbert and hello reader! It is I, the bracket man. You may be confused, my job is to piss off the author, I write all the brackets (like here) and make the author want to die!” Dickhead (real mature Keertan) said.

“Uh-h, whaaat?” Stewbert mumbled.

Turning their heads (some turning their body) to a sudden burst of sound that ripped through their conversation, Porky queried about it.

“Oh that, that’s the head of punctuation, he’s chewing out comma lady. Apparently there are too many commas in the story, head of punction is getting mad as he wants ‘variation’ in the story. Wait, wait if I ,,,,,,,,,,, (the yelling got even louder) YEAH HAHAHAH SHE’S GETTING SO YELLED OUT NOW” Dickhead said.

“U-hh-h, wha-at?” Stewbert mumbled.

“Don’t worry about it, just continue the story (so I can continue the brackets and get paid)” dickhead dickishly dictated (wow). Dickhead’s putrid, puny, punk, tiny, stupid, small, dickish legs (you know, I have feelings) waddled over to the group, in a slow, in fact, pathetically slow (dude) and raised one flabby stem up, pushing them out of the room, out of the bubble. This time they made sure to select central bubble in the menu, they had experienced enough of forth wall breaks for the time being. One awkward wait later and they were plonked into the central bubble, it was weird they waited to get into a specific bubble, but where? They weren’t put into another bubble, music just started playing and Stewbert/Porky just had to wait, but in where?, it was like they were everywhere but nowhere at the same time (I think the author just didn’t want to describe another room to you, now he’s trying to sound smart with this crap). In the central bubble they were, a bubble with such grandeur and splendour that it impressed even Porky. In reality it was a sofa with a control pad on the side, a TV faced the sofa (God is sad, get used to it). God hurriedly talked into some sort of communication device,

“PLEASE, PLEASE I JUST NEED A LOAN FOR 400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 p, whose name should the loan be under?, oh uh, Mrs God? NO THIS IS THE LAST TIME I SWEAR DON’T HAN-” God yelled.

“Yes, I know you’re there, come out, just get some booze while you’re at it” sighed God.

“Who do you think you are, ordering me around, a God?” Porky screeched.

“What, you want an autograph, I guess that’s what it means to be famous, gotta always deal with the fans huh? (God is currently crying himself to sleep)” said God, heavily intoxicated, on loneliness, “Come out from there, I know that there’s one of you, your name is; uhhhhhh, Porky”

“Por- WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE” yelled Porky sprinting out in front out of the couch in a maddened daze. Stewbert stayed hidden behind the couch, he wasn’t noticed by god yet for whatever reason so why would he come out? Porky grimaced when he saw the sight before him, it was like a somehow worse version of his hairless fleshy captor with a flabbier food sack and large fatty limbs with mountains of thickened hair. God had thinning hair streaked across the top of his head which was complemented by a chunky stout body with hairs sticking out of every orifice, fat meat cleavers piercing the ground as God stood up, wobbling to greet Porky.

“Ohhhhhh Porky! born like 10mins ago, pretty eventful birth I must say, here’s the autograph” God jovially gave him. Porky was handed a card signed with God’s misshapen body sexily posing on a bed, with red sensual cloth strewn over his naked body. Yes. God just gave a child softcore pornography. Yes. It was also the worse porno ever created, a naked fat man on a bed, not a great look.

“I don’t want this shit you ravaged beast, tell me who you are!” Porky exclaimed.

“I am God” God said, “You may not recognise me, I’m trying out a new form for now hang on; lemme change”. God snapped his fingers and became a floating ball of spherical golden energy, electricity sparkling inside the sphere, “Isn’t this the cliché look? Or is it the giant golden light which surrounds you, but that makes my butt look big so I’ll keep to this” God blabbered. Porky was stunned, he’d never seen such power he was really a God.

“I- Uh, ag, ummm could you please let these people go?” Porky squeaked, he felt numbed at his knees the power difference was enormous, he’d given up and submitted. God heartily chuckled,

“I don’t interfere with you guys, free yourself there’s the button over there, it should be the 378th button along, second row”. Porky stumbled towards the panel on the couch, it was a red couch, just like the picture, Porky winced as he knelt down next to the couch to touch the control panel. He didn’t understand how numbers worked yet so he just started jamming random buttons.

“NO NO DON-” God started before collapsing on the floor in a human girl form, but wasn’t he a boy just a second ago?. The whole bubble began to shake and wobble, crashing bubble tiles hailed onto them revealing a molten landscape, icicles combining with lassoes of fire to whip them. Giant discs of misshapen faces and blackened creatures from the underground billowed out of the pulverized bubble. Stewbert cautiously peered over the couch,

“GOD’S A Giiii-RL?” he spluttered.

“I THINK THAT’S THE LEAST OF OUR CONCERNS RIGHT NOW” Porky yelled.

Stewbert crept out from behind the couch to the scene unfolding before him, an assertive attitude appeared on his face, he quickly grabbed the two bodies and jumped out of the cracking bubble. Porky started screaming, Stewbert started screaming, God started screaming in spirit as they dived out of the crumbling bubble.

“Soooooo” said Toby fiddling with his thumbs, “I wonder what the others are up to”. The others were panting before coming up to them. Stewbert was still holding the flabby thing in tow and Porky had lost all of his pork from the stress, he looked like a flaccid (cock) toothpick, just barely hanging on.

“What’s up with you guys?” Toby stared, unalarmed.

“We kidnapped God” blurted out Toothpick.

“GOD’S A GIRL?” Kowos yelled.

“Let’s address the actual elephant in the room, no not the rat, I meant the kidnapped God, how on Earth (*bucket) does that even happen?” Toby asked.

“Well, obviously, a baby Kiwi was able to befriend that *thing,* help us escape and kidnap a God” sarcastically stated Nicola.

“Ok but” said Toby indicating the closed cell door, “this thing’s not even open”. Stewbert lent over and grabbed the door off its hinges.

“So all we needed was a rat on crack to help us escape? Was God really necessary?” murmured Toby.

“Don’t start with this you fucker, I helped you escape, let’s go redeem those favours” smirked Toothpick. Stewbert grabbed the rest of them. God was nestled on his back with Toothpick riding her (not like that you

sick fuck, jeez go read a book or something, definitely, definitely not this one though), sandwiching them was Nicola and Toby, Kowos was still being held by the Rat's throbbing fingers instead of being deposited on his back. At blazing pace Stewbert rampaged through the pounding hallways and flung himself into the menu screen. Escape eh? Better choose that choice right? Right? No, you shouldn't have clicked that.

"WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE?" Toothpick squealed. Creatures with gilded plates crested across their breast (hahaha, not because breast is a funny word~~, but because~~ - no its because breast is a funny word). Sunglasses with rainbow colours were frosted onto their eyes blasting a positively cool complexion. Snapping teeth scarred the insides of a cracked mouth where wacked out tunes spewed and frothed endlessly, but in reality, they sounded like shit (your shit, I meant you're, I don't have a shit fetish). They shuffled from side to side in a continuous dance, approaching them at blazing speed, frequent clicks pouncing on their ears from the enigmatic bodies. The top half of their body was a snapping, rapping, fa~~pping c~~rocodile, just with the rainbow scales instead of the traditional, puke green scales. Glinting armour pads coated the bulked upper bodies of each crocodile, radiating gayness (you just lost every gay person reading this book, well done!). The bottom of this sordid dreams incarnation was another repulsive story. The two layered cake started as a slightly strange crocodile before rounding out to a hopping hand. The hulking body tapered out into a thin straggly arm, which held all of the weight impending from the lingering, snickering, fi~~ngering c~~rocodiles. Buckling under the immense weight frequently, these scrawny arms were quite a sight to behold, they were so malnourished that arteries apparated and veins vivified, bone stuck out at odd shapes, piercing perished purple skin, but these arms were reliable. So reliable in fact that there was a little arm inside the big arm, it was beating a drum at regular intervals to produce a rhythm for the accelerating, annihilating, masturbating crocodiles. Residing at each 10cm length down the arm, the sub-arms where only noticeable by the slightly crunchy skin which turned misty, fogging up the exterior skin at every beat. Encircling them with perfect timing, the group looked understandably confused as they were being hunted by the most confuddling gang of enemies possible. Tensions rose because of the disco jammers in tow, pushing them closer and closer together as abundantly more of the crocodiles bounded and bounced towards them in a perfect beat. What were they even supposed to do against these hopping maniacs? They kept leaping closer as Stewbert stepped out to try and punch them, that same assertive, mature attitude flooding into him. Alas, Stewbert's puny dimensions compared to the leering lungs that squeaked tune after tune meant that Stewbert's stocky fists had no power, at least not without any weapon.

"Shit we're in it for this time, and I don't even know what it is" Toby said. Toby woke up, he was in his room, it was all a dream…

<u>Book 2:</u>

Hey there! God speaking at the start of another book, Keertan wanted me to do another introduction, yeah I know right what an idiot! Enjoy this book as well! It's probably shit too! Hence all the exclamation marks!

-Written by,

~~Bracket Man~~ Keertan Natakala

No it wasn't a dream, you fucking idiot, HA I tricked you (the author is clearly troubled, let him have this one). Toby sat up; he was in a pot filled with a push soil with broad earthy stems burgeoning from the pot. It was shockingly comfortable for a pot, he looked around, Kowos seemed to be near him, peacefully resting and drooling juice, Toby wanted to try it sometime. He couldn't see the rest; he assumed it was because of the giant stem, hindering any form of sight beyond. Not only this, but the vast length of the pot veering out into the distance, he didn't know where he actually was all he knew was this pot, proving the colossal magnitude of this pot. Peering through the shimmering scales of each cell in every carefully grown plant, chunks of missing matter percolated around the leaves. Moustaches of every kind were splattered on every leaf (only one moustache on every leaf, now this is what you call selective breeding! Essentially, marketing companies were trying to engineer a 'pet' plant to target those lonely kids, they came up with this, low budget and maintenance). Slimy trails slithered from where he was sleeping, he daintily prodded the convulsive liquid. Squirming around in his hand, the translucent substance stuck around on his hand, it was cold and slippery to the touch. Toby became quickly hysterical trying hopelessly to wipe the goo onto

the ground to no avail. He calmed down and the slime released its pores on him, sliding away. His eyes drifted upwards after the events that just occurred, throttling him to his core. A dark patch was displayed on the underside of one of the leaves, was water trickling on the leaf? Gutsy bites left a clear hungry indication onto whatever this species of plant was.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH CAN-” Kowos shrieked.

“WHAT, WHAT?” Toby replied, startled.

“CA- CAN- CANN-” Kowos squeaked.

“CANNABIS? WHERE? I meant (cough cough) what’s wrong?” Toby asked.

“THERE’S A CANNIBAL NEARBY, THEY’RE GONNA EAT ME” Kowos squawked.

“Well that’s not very nice to the guy who saved you” slimed a slug who dropped from one of the leaves, slime sprawling after him. Ooze plipped from every moustache, surrounding the plump slug. Fungal hairs flocked the squelchy slug, padded down by a blue bedraggled suit which started from his chest to his base. Visceral prominent green was splashed onto the slug, few areas which had been neglected a good wash were a bruised purply colour, but these were few and far between, pounding green filled the eye sacs of everyone watching. Two bulges grew from the head of the slug, attached was a shoddy pair of goggles, which was plagued by ash, each orb which branched off had been slicked and strained, the stem thinly protruding. The part beneath the suit was pure, unfiltered slug.

“Sorry about the slime, usually I can control but I’m just so excited!” Slug quivered from boundless ecstasy. By this point, the rest of the group had arisen and lapped round the stem to encounter the slug.

“Welcome to the SS Undecided Acronym (UA for short), we are a fleet of essentially outlaws” Slug said, placing his noodley eye to his chest and starting his ostentatious speech, but he was interrupted by none other than one Nic-

“Outlaws? Where are we?” Nicola scowled.

“You are in the 13th ship of our fleet, we are a group of outlaws who were condemned to rule the stars after we didn’t fit in (yeah I can see why, literally, you are so gross) back on our home planet so we stole around 30 ships and set sail!” Slug said.

“You, you used to be on our planet?” Kowos stuttered, still reeling from the thunderous shock of cannibalism.

“Yeah, a couple of generations ago we left, I think it was before the general bombing of ol’ 3078” Slug continued.

“What were those things?” Stewbert inquired.

“What on that planet? Those were an old civilisation which used to be quite nice, I remember one of the townsfolk made the nicest little croquette, honestly thing of beauty. But because of the terrorist organisation, y’know the one who started the general bombing, the place was overrun with drugs, what a waste, they were just starting to really develop as well. Now the whole area is filled with creeps like what you witnessed, it’s a tragic fate really. The terrorists are continuing their drug ring though and we were just

going to investigate, we can't have anything like this happen again" Slug said, the atmosphere of the room significantly dampened.

"You there in the dapper suit, enlighten us on where we are, hurry up pleb and tell us, well go on then…" said toothpick.

"I would tell you if you'd let me get a word in, we're going to the Xenith belt" Slug said.

"Well shit, that's a bit far from home" Nicola whistled, "You dickheads better figure a way to get us back, I've got nothing to do with this"

"We're in this together now" Toby sternly stated, "What's the Xenith belt?"

"THAT THING DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE XENITH BELT IS? HAHAHAHA" Slug guffawed, an outlaw like him knew everything to do with planet travel in this galaxy.

"No I'm not from around here" Toby grated between his teeth trying to supress his vexation.

"I'm gonna go get a chart, explain all of this to you, I can't believe you didn't even look at a brochure before coming to our solar system, who are the rest of you"

"Oh them, they're my friends" Toby said proudly, he turned around to see everyone blankly staring at him.

"More so acquaintances I guess" Toby awkwardly reconfirmed to multiple head scratches.

"Ok fine, these are people who I have formed a mutual bond due to extenuating circumstances" Toby dismally dictated.

"That's the definition of a friend" said the Slug. Popping sounds hailing from the underside of his body happened as each pore suctioned to the floor, then was coaxed away gently as the slug moved. Some scintillating slime seeped from the pores; he was still saturated with elation.

"Oh really? Well I guess we're friends then, except the rat. We should talk crack rat, without you murdering me" Toby said to more unconvinced stares at him, he gave up and sat inside the pot, waiting for the slug to return and enlighten him on where he was (hey buddy! You're in a pot!). Nicola was still staring at him for his previous remark, she didn't look like she was in her usual strop, rather, happy?

God was trickling around the outside of the group, knowing that if she was noticed, penalisation would promptly occur. Clambering around the pot as to not be seen, she knew just what to do. God knew everything, but this felt different, sure she still felt and had power, however she felt different, was it because she was taken from her home? Was she cut off from some sort of power source? Yes, she concluded although, deep down in the annals of her subconscious, she knew she was wrong, it was something else. Seeping through the cracks of the pot, she bailed out of the pot into to the rest of the ship.

"Holy shit" God muttered. She thought that was a suitable enough reaction for the audience, like how the others would react in this scenario, satisfied? Abruptly, she looked over the edge of the pot, prying her eyes to the faded silhouettes of the group, they'd never be able to see her. Time to get to business.

"Hello everyone! God here, bit of a late introduction, I tried to talk to you guys before about 29 pages ago but I was so rudely cut off by *someone* (yeah if you could just put that in italics that'd be great – God) but anyway. Hi it's me The Best Character, I know, I know you don't have to bow or anything but uh yeah, what's up with you? Oh gimmie a sec, Keertan's calling me; y'know how it is. Uh huh, yeah, yeah, no I left

the eel in the tub, what? You wanted a drug? Not a physical crack in your room? Yeah, I'll stop talking to them, k cya later babe… yeah I'll stop doing that" said God. She didn't know what else to do except from explore the area, mind you, it wasn't exciting to her in the slightest, but to any ordinary person this striking structure was a real mind-fuck. Strolling, she was interrupted by the crack rat and Porky.

"You there, answer to me halfwit. I am the leader submit to me an no other" Porky valiantly howled.

"S-Sir that's, th-at's God (go stewbert, tell him he's wrong), you kn-ow how you were scar-ed of her earlier?" stewbert murmured to Porky. shrivelling up from the shock, Porky once again numbed his knees, it was the same power as before, but it didn't radiate as consistently as before. Porky felt more confidence, not enough to un-numb his knees but hey ho, character development.

"Oh, my apologies" Porky mumbled back realising his mistake. The others had caught up with him as he had left the pot. They knew God was here but were still shuddering at the spectacle that was the ship.

"Why the fuck are you here, leave" declared Kowos a haunting tone infiltrating his speech.

"What you can't? You're a God, you can do anything. Shut the fuck up and leave" Nicola uttered, joining with Kowos.

"No I can't. This is the problem with you people, usually I'd be able to at least teleport, it's not magic so it can be used more than once. I don't understand why my powers aren't working ok?" she announced, clearly getting more aggravated. God went silent.

"What's the problem with us? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH US? YOU'RE A FUCKING PATHETIC GOD, WE ARE NOT GODs. Why did you have to have the power, you don't help anyone, you'd never understand our problems. The things we could do and help with those power, you just won't help anyone and prefer to dick around in your gelatinous palace, why, why, why do you never ever help?" divulged a frenzied Nicola.

"The first problem is that everyone thinks I should be a guy, I mean cmon have some imagination" God tried to joke before continuing her spell of silence.

"I give up. You have everything, I don't. this is what you do, just not talk at all, you're the most useless one out of us all" Nicola finished. The others gawked at her, clambering onto every word as they stayed silent.

"Ah hello everyone! Where were you? Anyway, I found it; the map" Slug proudly puffed, thrusting the map into Toby's silent hands.

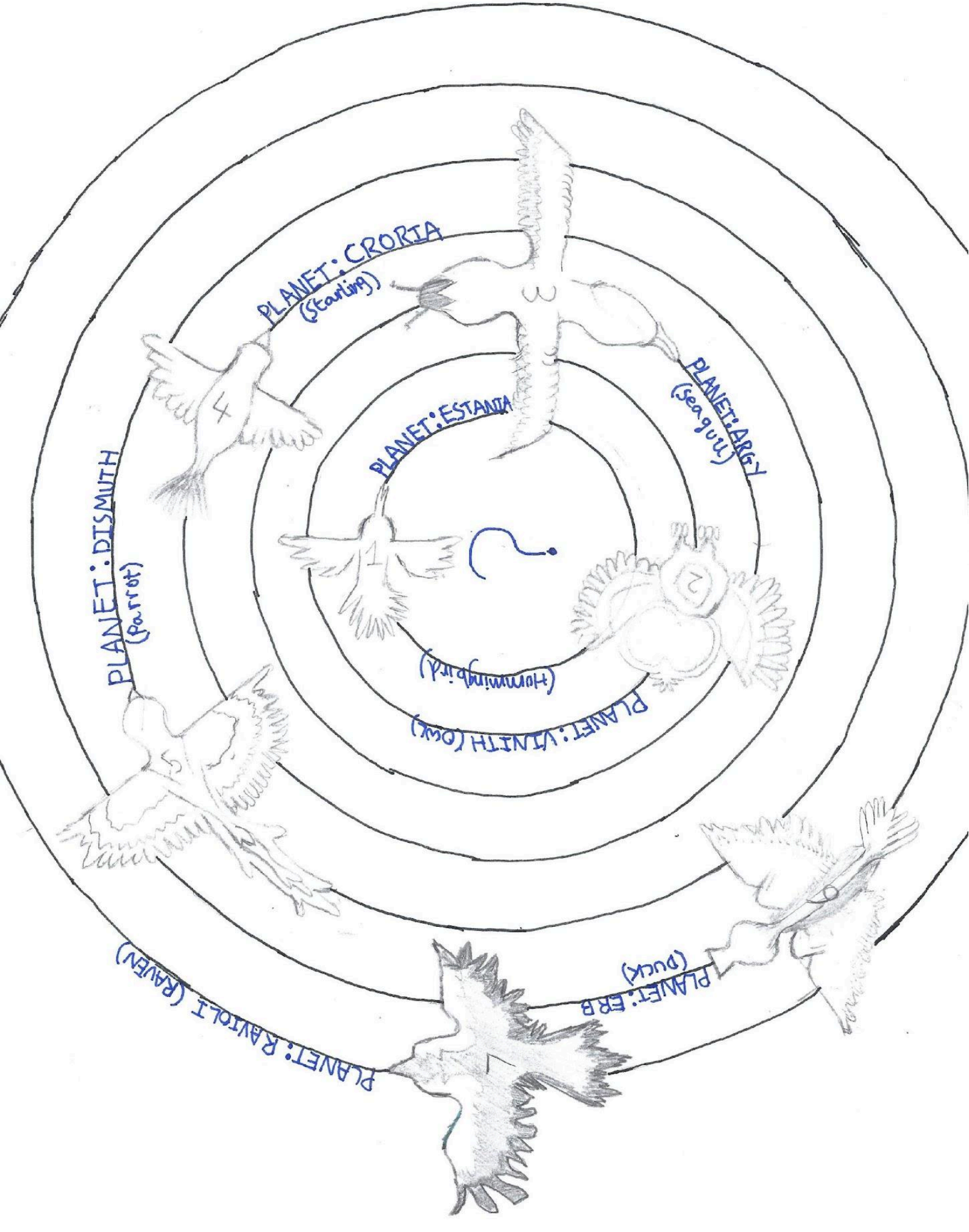


Why hello beautiful…

“OH SHIT, WRONG SIDE OF THE LEAF” slug yelled.

“You needn’t apologise, for I am mystified by that sexy gaze of his, his puckered lips which I must feast on, I am in love with those bountiful looks, I can only imagine how big his cock is. Big cock” the whole group droned in unison (Thanks guys, I know how beautiful I am but this just consolidates i- (HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY STUDIO) merely consulting the fans (GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE, DON’T PUT ME IN A SUB-BRACKET, I AM THE BRACKET MAN) I’ll leave after I’ve finished (HEY, HEY I-, IS THAT MY BAGEL? HANDS OF THE BAGEL) yeah so as I was say- (NO GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE SHOO, I SAID SHOO) ok fine, I’ll leave (NOTE TO SELF, DON’T USE BRACKET NUMBER 113)). Snatching back the lustful picture, Slug flipped it around and propelled it back into Toby’s excited hands. You see, after witnessing such an image, Toby had a sudden need to release his sexual gauge which had been easily maxed out, this is why his hands were

bu(r)sting with excitement. The slug brought him back into reality by showing him the far less interesting side of the leaf.



(you better be happy, scanning that picture was a bitch)

“So here you can see each of the birds which carry buckets, the arrangements of the planets as well! It’s not very helpful as its base level information, but here’s some fun facts about each planet:

RAVIOLI:



- Carried by a Raven
- 7th planet from centre
- Largest planet
- Darkest planet due to sun only circling base
- One sun which circles only the base of the bucket (see the incredibly artistic diagram)
- Assumed base of operation for terrorists
- Planet is shrouded in mystery as not many expeditions have gone to there and returned, but, from various methods of gathering information, we were able to discern the rabid weather cycle which takes place here
- Extreme weather is encountered here, split (actually, it’d be quartered Keertan tut tut) into 4 quarters
  - TOP RIGHT QUARTER: Beneath the crust of this planet, volcanoes are abundant – especially in the top bucketsphere of the planet causing spits of magma and tremors, extreme wind speeds, special tornadoes can happen (these are special because they’re autist- COUGH, I meant, they happen beneath the land masses which are gliding on the water. However they are so visceral that they end up lifting the actual continent upwards and flinging them wildly, this and coupled with the volcanic wasteland which resides below the crust helps push the land mass upwards)
  - BOTTOM RIGHT QUARTER: Due to the extreme wind speeds from the TOP RIGHT CORNER, wishes of water are shovelled and scooped down to here, the area deals with extreme flooding. As such the general population have adapted to live in water and land, any infrastructure is able to be shrunk at any notice. Water falls off the edge of the bucket as the extreme force is too much for the bucket to handle
  - BOTTOM LEFT QUARTER: Clouds are formed from the desiccated wetland (BOTTOM RIGHT CORNER) and float here because of the wind direction. These fluffy clouds practically hug the land with compassion, warming the ground. Until they want to murder you. These clouds work on a cycle, of hormones. The intense pressure causes feelings of happiness, sadness, anger and love, depending on the moment of the day, they will be projecting that mood and subsequently that type of rain. The clouds whisk around and after storming through the bottom left quarter, they are re-routed by the wind upwards to the TOP LEFT QUARTER.
    - (a third style of bullet point? You’re really pushing it now Keertan)
    - Happy – no rain, warmth is trapped by sun, temperature: warm
    - Love – warm mild rain, bonus of seeing kissing clouds if you’re into that kind of stuff, I’m not (he is, he gazes at them all day, kissing, because he’s sad and lonely)
    - Sad – you’re fucked (cold immense volumes of rain)
    - Angry – you’re fucked (scalding hot rain, umbrellas won’t help)
  - TOP LEFT QUARTER: We finish our voyage through the planet with the aftermath of the clouds. These clouds have zero moisture left in them after the vigorous trek throughout the BOTTOM LEFT QUARTER. This means that the resulting area is starved for any kind of

moisture, the area is plagued with volcanic eruptions and no semblance of moisture. The sparse area has incredible adaptations to withstand the harsh climates. Clouds are then supercharged with energy from the volcanic offspring and join back with the intense wind speeds of the TOP RIGHT QUARTER, the climate cycle is complete

- BUCKET BASE: Tucked away from everything, this is most likely where the main terrorist base is but not much is known for obvious reasons (the area cannot be seen from all angles because of the water which drains from the flooding and provides a kind of cover for any base of operation)

ERB:

- Carried by a duck
- 6th planet from centre
- Prisoners planet
- There was a surplus of criminals so they had to be sent to a planet especially after the riots in 3078
- There was just a spare planet lying it out y'know? So they decided to place all of the criminals there; not actually though the planet was ravaged by a giant fucking war, absolutely huge war (nearly as big as my cock – Keertan Natakala 18/05/2022)
- The war decimated any previous life on the bucket, void engulfed the planet it was all gone, everything on the planet because of the war
- Not much is known about the war, myths and legends float about all the time because of the time between when it happened and now, everything is mystified
- Decrepit, desolate, decayed remained the planet until criminals were sent here
- The punishment of the planet is the ultimate sentence, good thing its used for all punishments then!
- Sizzling consequences from the war caused any water in the planet to evaporate, leaving a hollow shell of itself
- Every crack, groove, crevice and divot where water used to flow was drained out and left a dry paste slathered across the land
- There is no escape for the prisoners

DISMUTH:

- Carried by a parrot
- 5th planet from centre
- 2nd largest planet
- Weather conditions allow for it to be quite a pleasant planet
- Popular tourist destination, thanks to the awe inspiring spectacle that is the flamboyant parrot
- Every year a feather will fall from the parrot, hailed in great regard, huge festivals are thrown for these
- Holiday destination, diverse amount of things to do as it has been made into THE tourist destination
- Has 16 seasons in a year, repeats 4 of those seasons 4 times (winter, spring, summer, autumn x4) – like I said, THE ULTIMATE tourist destination
- However, poverty runs rampant in the area, don't be fooled by all the vibrant eye-suckling colours. Below the surface lies a planet in deep economic crisis (this is because so much money was spent on the prettiness you see today, but tourism is money in the slow gain, not so fast pace so this plunged the planet into debt)

- Corrupt leader, this planet is run by a member of the group which essentially runs the galaxy (a government) called the (undecided acronym – he'll never do it), however a weasel was able to get into the group and is now running this planet, abusing his power
- Most people living in poverty are scooped and dumped to the base of the bucket, out of the public eye
- THE ULTIMATE TOURIST destination in terms of pricing and variation in what to do
- Used as an illegal exporter of many tropical plants (trees are in high demand for their pleasant singing voice), allowed as the leader turns a blind eye
- Now being targeted by the terrorist organisation as it is a prime area for selling drugs, you guys encountered the products of these poverty rich druggies at the base of the bucket, what luck

CRORIA:

- Carried by a starling
- 4th planet from centre
- The planet you're from, largest population
- Most culturally diverse area
- 4 seasons, some extreme weather from time to time, nothing too major
- Used as housing for general life, starting up a family
- Area for working class jobs, e.g. black hole factory etc.
- Base bucket contains most of the factories which gather resources through dangerous means, the base is used as a device was installed after the general bombing
    - The device seamlessly spontaneously combusts off the base layer of the bucket in case of an emergency such as the general bombing, where the factories would cause collateral damage to everyone; this an extremely extreme solution

ARGY:

- Carried by a seagull
- 3rd planet group from centre
- This is the largest bird as it carries five buckets, these aren't full sized buckets, largest group in the galaxy
- Four buckets circle one bucket which lies in the centre
- The four buckets embody the four elements, power incarnate; these hold the elements in the purest of forms
- Debate where the magic came from, is it here? Or elsewhere
- Confusion of how these planets even formed and why the bird is fine with carrying the buckets even though the buckets have clearly done a number on the bird's spidery limbs
- The planet which is awkwardly stuck in the centre of these bewildering forces of nature is one unfortunate battered bucket
- Not much is known about the bucket except the intense weathering caused by the surrounding buckets, corroding the life force out of the tattered bucket, stunting any further investigations
- The buckets are all equal size, the interstellar group remains a mystery for this reason, was it created naturally? How could such a being of raising power even exist?
- Explorers from guilds who scrounge around the universe all seem to say the same thing, there is an eerie presence around the elemental temperamental planets

VINITH:

- Carried by an owl
- 2nd planet from centre
- 2nd smallest planet
- Bird is the slowest out of all of them, however is preceptive so dooming disasters have been avoided throughout the course of history
- The planet remains unscathed by natural asteroid hazards
- Light source is from the beaming inflaming blistering bright white eyes (I thought that'd never end), meaning that planet is primarily active throughout the night of other planets as there is no sun here and the bird is nocturnal
- Planet is used as the education facility of the galaxy
    - Aged seven, learning begins
    - At seven years old the pupil will choose the job path they would like to attempt; they try this for a year
    - This repeats five times so students have an understanding of what each job is like
    - At age 12, the pupil's choose their favourite year which they have done previously, and try another year of this to check if this is what they want to do
    - At age 13, the pupil's choose definitively their favourite career path
    - For the next five years pupil's will stick to that one career path and learn everything about it (some will get to change in the first year if they really hate it, usually not done as they have to catch up themselves with everything they missed)
    - At age 18, they are free to leave back to Croria and carry out their working life based on the course taken
    - Full repeats are allowed but are looked down upon by society
    - The system is flawed, however it is still used at it 'works' – I was shit in school and the courses offered aren't exactly that diverse
- Magicians valley called Lutenheim valley is expected to be here due to traces of magic here and there indented in the ground, however cannot be found

ESTANIA:

- Carried by a humming bird
- 1st planet from centre
- Smallest planet, fastest as well at rotations/orbits, the small form factor of the bird allows for this explosive burst of speed at times
- Holds all of the guilds i.e. bands of people who go on to form a group (my favourite guild is the door appreciation society)
- Groups can be called for missions as they are specialised in areas
- Five seasons in the short 100 day year: winter, spring, summer, autumn, ming (this season is important to guilds and was artificially created just for this. The season entails partying, it's a season where balloons rain down and stones morph into jelly beans, the eclectic nature of the season is why it's so loved by the conventionally reckless members which inhabit each guild, it's just a bit of fun)
- Days are a quarter the time compared to normal days, ideal for experiment testing as conditions can change rapidly – some of the already small planet has been bordered off due to extremely dangerous experiments, testing is safely carried out here now (the experiment being trying to reform a star from a black hole, de-collapsing a black hole to try and harness the energy which ended up splaying matter and anti-matter everywhere, these particles cause stifling pain and are gross, for these reasons the area has been boarded off permanently)

THE CENTRE:

- Eh idk (you're welcome)
- Not much is known about the centre
- Information is difficult to gather from here as many research groups have been **lost to time** (how spooky!)
- Scientists assume this was/is the location of planet zero
- The centre has to be something which enamours the birds and keeps them rooted in these orbits, otherwise; sure they might keep together, but why don't they just leave this galaxy and voyage the stars?

Oh yeah and the belts" gasped slug to the group who looked fatigued, he sucked in a large breath before continuing,

"There are two main belts:

Xenith Belt:

This is the belt we're going to, it's between Argy and Vinith (he saw Toby get confused) the seagull (elemental planet group) and owl (school one). This place is ideal for black hole fishing however contains load of junk from the black holes so driving is dangerous. Apart from the black hole fishing – there's not much more of importance here, except the space toll booth, yes they have that here as well (the dickheads), it costs literally 500p to get across, like what a robbing.

Terbin Belt:

Situated between Erb and Ravioli. This belt is critical for space expeditions (not us as we're outlaws, but for everyone else). The inter-space stations rest here, allowing for ships to be taken out by borrowing. The grand station is here, not much else.

That's it, a brief run-down of the whole galaxy"

"Uh, multiple questions here" Toby stuttered, struggling to process all the information given (much like the reader, jeez Keertan, ever heard of pacing?).

"Shoot" Slug said, awaiting all questions. Kowos bent down and started aiming.

"KOWOS NO" yelled an apprehensive Nicola.

"What? He said shoot" Kowos innocently replied.

"No he meant, just forget about it. Right, Slug, what is the name of the galaxy?" asked Toby.

"My name is Slub (Keertan, you've got to get more inventive here, cmon these people aren't here for the Slub), our galaxy is called the Lemon Cloud" said Slub.

"What?" reacted Toby.

"Uh yeah, Keertan said that this was the best name on Galaxy names (fantasynamegenerators.com), he wants us to be bitter about the name as well, for his 'grand joke', idiot right?" God said emerging from her silent coma to the dismayed glare from Nicola.

"Ok cool? Next question: what was that whole war thing?" queried Toby.

“You do understand that I know when you’re asking a question right? I mean, there’s a question mark and everything” responded Slub.

“Yeah I know, it’s just kinda awkward y’know going from normal talking to…, y’know I just felt the need to announce it, just makes it flow better an everything and whatever. I don’t want to start like a new line for it or anything, that’d be more speech marks and more paper wasted but I guess even more paper is being wasted now that I’m rambling, damn, what a forth wall break. Now I’m acknowledging that it’s a forth wall break, I should stop this now, what was the question I asked?” Toby rambled.

“The question: what was that whole war thing?, The answer: I don’t know, honestly the state of the planet afterwards though, the tragedy that must’ve occurred there” Slub said.

“Oh that” God chuckled guiltily, “That was because I was toasting a marshmallow, but I wasn’t watching the fire and it kind of got out of control and I murdered a planet, then I lied about it and said it was a war to trick everyone, on the plus side; it was a fucking great marshmallow”

They all stared at her, mouths ablaze in shock. Slub tried to speak but no words were able to escape his sluggy, muggy mouth.

“Not the best cook huh?” God said to the group, trying to reconcile contact. It was pointless. Slub kept contorting his face in multiple emotions, before eventually pretending he didn’t hear it and moved on.

“So, any other questions?” Slub asked. Toby had already recovered from the shock, no surprise there, this galaxy was vastly different to his, how was he supposed to put this accident into context? It didn’t concern him.

“Yeah uh, why are we in the Xenith Belt?” Toby asked.

“We’re refuelling on Estania, if we weren’t outlaws we’d refuel at the Terbin Belt, but we’ll be arrested. On Estania, a few friends of ours are willing to hook us up for fuel even though they know the dangers. We’ll make a brief stop at Estania then we’ll go back to investigating the drug ring” Slub said.

“What about us?” Kowos asked.

“We can drop you where you want, its fine! We pick up hitch hikers all of the time, lucky I saved you while I had the chance though hahaha” Slub heartily chortled, “For now, make yourself at home I don’t mind, we’re just leaving Dismuth’s atmosphere now, take a gander if you want”. Pointing his eyes in the direction of the glass which seemingly wrapped around the ship, his eyes clacked as they bounced off each other. They wouldn’t stop bouncing off each other though, it was like a perpetual machine.

“Oh damn it, not this again. I’ll just be a minute.. or an hour” Slub despondently sighed, slithering away. The group walked towards the glass, in absolute awe of the view. Even though they had lived in this galaxy, they hadn’t really travelled around. They couldn’t see much as they were leaving the planet, it was as if they were peering into a frolicking festival. Whirling wheels of sparklers ripped through the clouds, revealing a boundless landscape of tropical vegetation staring back at them with eyes of vibrance, pigmented at a bold consistency. Condos were built sloppily, yet they carried charm even with their nonchalant placement with colour rippling from condo to condo into the resolute waves. Each wave burping up poppers and comical hats. The view relapsed as they manoeuvred around the planet, gliding

beneath the bucket and proceeding forth to get the Xenith Belt. As they started to accelerate, misery plugged their eyes, witnessing the scene unfolding before them.

Pollution populated the underside, rampantly clogging the land with decaying broken bodies. Smells erupted from every corpse, hampering the locales who had to do everything in their power to survive. Survive. Survive. That was it. You had no hope here, only survive. Why survive? What was the hope these people continued fighting for? Someone to save them? What was it? Why didn't they just kill themselves? Yet they continuously tried to survive, live, exist fight for everything but nothing. They have nothing. I don't understand why they still go on, what embers of hope still flame inside their heart? As they embark against the abrasive terrain, where infrastructure galore have been quelled and quashed, where does hope lie? I don't understand, I probably never will, these people are incredible, not skulking around searching for benefits and pity as some imagine. They follow their dream; they work amidst the crumbling bumbling disease who pester and fester everyone. Why? They want to live of course. But why? Are they afraid of death in these sordid conditions? I don't know honestly why, nor do I know why I don't know, I don't know; I just don't.

Bracken and bollocks braised passed them as they wafted through the galaxy's rich black smoothie.

"Why all of this random stuff?" asked Toby, breaking a spell of heinous thoughts.

"As you have seen, black holes spurt out whatever is in them so we had a real problem back when we started inter-planetary travel. There was just gunk everywhere, it was chaos. A cow there, a testicle here, nuts I tell you. Then there was the cleaning scheme, cash for work as they put it. You were pain almost nothing for 1kg of trash, but hey ho. After around 50 years, most of the rubbish was able to be incinerated in large quantities, others had be trapped as they kept running away, yeah even in space. The adaptions some of these beasts had I tell you, I mean how were you even able to sprint in space? Anyway, black holes still continue producing rubbish so there's still major rubbish floating around. We have clean-ups now and again but it will always remain" Kowos mentioned. He seemed to have gained some excitement from that spiel.

"Wow you seem like a happy bunny, very different when talking about this" Toby observed, picking up on the nuances.

"Well of course I do! This is my first love, history. This place is so fascinating isn't it? Its brilliant really, we take all of the advancements made in this galaxy, on this planet for granted" Kowos gleefully remarked.

Trudging back to the pot, the group stopped in their tracks. They started sucking in their surroundings, twiddling and twisting their heads around in child-like wonder. Blissful ignorance piloted their movements as they abruptly started investigating this foreign environment. Smack bang in the centre was the immense plant pot, it may have looked large, but it paled in comparison to the rest of the ship. Glass studded the outer ship face, a silky smooth glaze encapsulating the whole ship. Generally, the ship's shape is of a circle, everything else expanding from eh central point, the plant pot. Whistling and winding around them, the echoing glass was home to a blusteringly peculiar ship. One the one hand it was fascinating, technologically numbing. On the other wrinkled hand, it was lacquered with an old man's stink. This scent adorned every cluster, crack and crevice, it may have been fancy, but it sure as hell wasn't brand spanking new. Peering at the tree, they could all spot lazily slapped together signs, paint eerily frozen in time as it dropped off the sign. Stippling each letter with a bouncing crimson, the sign might have well have said MURDER! CRIME SCENE! When in fact, half of them were personal reminders for Slub to work out (he'd obviously missed this

one) and use a showering packet (packets holding bacteria. When the packets are opened, the powder is shaken onto the body, bacteria then come out to feast on the gullible grime. Yes the bacteria go up your butt, does that concern you? Well actually it concerns a lot of people, so regular showers are still used by some. But the efficiency factor of these packets cannot be understated, even if it means sacrificing Fort Butt)

Writers block huh? Yeah that's what's happening right now, for 8 hours and 52mins. It's been awhile, just staring at the laptop. I have these thoughts and ideas which I want to write, I do want to write it, don't I? if I really loved writing I'd be able to write all of these thoughts right? Huh, write and right sound the exact same but are spelt differently; what's the word for that again? Homophone I'm pretty sure. It's strange, why can't I write? I don't know honestly. I'm thinking, I know what to write about, these big ambitious ideas which flood my head need to translated onto paper, whether they're good or not, because I love doing it. I'm hungry, its 20:23 right now, I'm gonna go eat. Cya bitches.

Surveying the temperamental signs, the group followed the largest sign, which didn't seem to be another reminder for Slub. The glacial glass which cushioned the ship encased a driver facility. Trundling wheels skated on the scuffed floors, sending a staggering control stick into floppy mode. The ship didn't seem to twinge at all.

"OH. SHIT. STOP. THAT. ROUGE. CHAIR." yelled a tone deaf mechanical voice. Where did it come from? Stewbert lunged at the dastardly chair, reeling back from the bewitched slug smell. It was definitely used, for steering the ship? But why was it so simple? Just a bold button crusted with soiled slime, pressed into base of the remote that said ON. A plaid joystick pronged out of the stout square box, stiff as a stiffy. Wires like entrails blossomed out at the sides. The chair was facing coloured specks which streamed around the glass, ants crawled and sprawled against the glass, the ship's acceleration effortlessly lacerating each luminescent spark. Mindlessly drooling at the wonder of the cavorting dots, the group fell victim to its droning presence, the endless algorithm depicted before them of beating blazes.

"Oh you saw the picture show eh?" Slub asked, "Yeah, our ship may be one of the first, but she can still put on one hell of an exhibition"

"We don't have a light drive installed; we've got a sound drive though. With the light drive you wouldn't even be able to see any of those stars glisten past. I don't really want a light drive though, we'd need to fish up another 4 black holes, medium rare. And at that point is it even worth it?" Slub continued, he saw Toby's contorted confusion and doubled back.

"Light drives are the new fast speed, obviously they don't go the exact speed of light, that would be too dangerous. However, they far faster than the old sound drives, which go at the speed of sound. In fact, with a light drive, you can reach the planet we're heading to about 800,000 times faster, so in about 2 minutes from here" Slub concluded.

"Bu-but we're gonna take a long, long time (Keertan couldn't be bothered to work it out on the calculator, lazy bum)" Toby nervously said, drumming his fingers on the pot's withered edges.

"No silly! Haven't you seen the fuel prices recently? Barely anyone owns a light drive; if they do they only use it at mid power at max. Sure the speeds nice, but the fuel isn't that consistent. Oh cmon you must know at least that, fine then. Black holes spew stuff out, we burn all that stuff for essentially an infinite release of energy. The problem is the equipment, you need the neodymium panels, matter/anti-matter capsules etc. The energy release isn't exactly constant either like seriously some of the stuff that comes out

of the holes is terrible (not those holes, although they are just as terrible, I'm watching you Dad. The smells he's able to conjure up from his ass I tell you). Its forever until the black holes grow up, it's sad to see but once you forgot to anti-matter them one day, they grow up, leave the nest, go to the management facility" Slub wheezed, he clambered up the plant pot, writhing over every undulation present. He laid down on the soil catching his muggy breath.

"Black hole management facility?" Toby quizzed.

"Yeah that's where we were. Idiot. The one where we first found you. Kowos explain what it is to him" Nicola said rolling her eyes.

"Yes! The black hole facility is located on the base of Croria, it's the longest standing one as well. Our black hole facility is devoted to black hole clean-up, black hole energy harnessing and finally black hole destruction (take that prelude extract, how's that for a hidden meaning?). There's also some testing on black hole reconstruction, but in very small scale after what happened on Estania" finished Kowos.

"Hey so where's the black hole fuel chamber then? Also do we get some sort of rooms?" Toby cried out upwards toward Slub.

"The black hole fuel chamber is riiiiiiiiiii-" Slub started, slipping down the pot sliding into place, "-gggght here!". Slub knocked on the plant pot with his dangling eyes, a repeated barrage in a pleasant sticky tune as his eyeballs sometimes stuck to the pot due to some unfortunate residue. Pipes trembled from beneath them, as the pot began to shatter, forming into sludge. Siphoning the sludge, pipes dyed the floor a beige. As the pipes were rambling out from the base of the now degrading pot, it embellished the ship with its stay at home dad vibe. The pot was now peeled back to reveal the black hole fuel source (did you know that in this one page, Keertan has mentioned Black holes 13 times, interesting…) a pumping beast, churned stars ricocheting around the velvety swirls of darkness. Objects of large calibre deluged out of it, swarming out into a smouldering pit of hell. Crisps flaking off every unfortunate item which entered the seething vessel. Of course though, that description I just wrote has no purpose :(, you can't see the black holes, it's just an item popping out of nowhere. Leading to beautiful streams of spinning dildos if you catch it at the right time. Its why the black hole hunter guild is considered one of the most lucrative guilds, they are the people who go to the Xenith Belt to fish up some fresh black holes.

"Yep that's the chambre, real beauty am I right? Cost a fortune, not for us though hahaha. Anyway the ol' girl's getting worn out so we're getting a new one at the Belt, hopefully our hunter friend can hook us up" Slub whistled.

"By the way, who's steering?" Kowos nonchalantly inquired. Slub's face dropped.

"OH SHIT" Slub screeched rushing up to the joystick, slime leaking from his podgy body. The others watches in bewilderment, seizing onto their hopes that they hadn't somehow wondered out into the galaxy.

"GOT CHA" Slub cackled, pride brushing his face all over, "No I'm only kidding, we're fucked". Despairing in distain, Kowos cried.

"No no sorry kid, that was also a joke, we don't steer the ship manually that's just a backup. See kid, you're ok just go find mummy and sob to her" mustered Slub, trying with all his might to replicate a caring tone instead of his hippie lockjaw accent.

“We have an automatic AI who does everything for us, see you turn it on with this button” Slub made clear to the rest of the group, directing their attention to the one button resting on the controller. See it says ON (Hun we already established this, check the absolutely banging description back on page 40).

“Was that the robotic voice we heard earlier” snivelled a feeble Kowos.

“Yeah, it’s a lil special, but er. Y’know what, just see for ya self” Slub said, almost instantaneously a voice mechanised from up above. God turned, she was used to doing this, not receiving it (not in that way, honestly disgraceful, go watch some Teletubbies. Or better yet go outside! Socialize! Keertan will still be here, he’s sad)

“HI. IT. IS. I. YOUR. MOTHER” squeaked a mechanical voice.

“It’s a bit special around the edges, nothing major” Slub said in realisation of the shit joke.

“What kind of special?” Kowos inquired, sniffling.

“Well uh.. the name should tell you enough. Right autizmo gizmo (autty for short)?” smiled Slub.

“NOT. AS. SPECIAL. AS. YOUR. MUM. HA. HA. HA. HA” Autty droned, “YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. YOUR. MOTHER. IS. VERY. FAT”

“Can we please shut it up?” Nicola snapped.

“Trust me, I would if I could’ve. It’s been a long 40 years listening to Autty. How does a robot even get autism?” Slub groaned, “All those sleepless nights listening to robot puns he found on the internet”

“Why can’t you just turn it off?” asked Toby.

“Like I said, I would if I could but uh, the controller only says ON. Funny developers” Slub moaned.

“God please do something” begged Toby.

“No, I don’t interfere with your stuff” God stated to the resenting pangs emanating from Nicola.

“Let me take you on the tour (I want to get away from Autty)” Slub whispered. They all followed his body around the pot, the floor still dyed that colour.

“NORTH” Slub yelled near the fuel tank. Decadently popping out into place, a sign flung out of the moustache leaves, pointing clearly NORTH of the ship. Slub dragged them here saying,

“This here is where you saw the picture show, and also where the chair goes” Slub said, prodding a moulded chair, it had been fixated into the bodily shape of Slub, slime radiating, flopping off the desk. They returned back to the pot, as I have already described the shit which is there, not doing it again. Once again he turned and said,

“SOUTH” and another sign rustled through the moustache leaves to emerge out into the open, directing them sternly in the direction. Slub wandered over to the south side, prattling on about his diet and how the smell wasn’t him. They reached the southern side of the ship; a translucent gooey haze laminated the

whole premise. It wasn't where Slub slept, he slept high up in the leaves of the moustache plant. A rickety table was scrappily stapled to the glass, there was no chair though so instead it was his,

"Workstation, y'know I run a few businesses on the side. In a few guilds too!" Slub happily finished.

"Then why is there so much pornography on the desk?" Kowos blindly queried.

"Uh-uh, uhum, hooooh let's just brush that out of the way hahaha" blushed Slub, a misted purple arising to the surface of his glubby face.

"You don't have a chair or anything?" Toby asked.

"Ah, that is where the cool part comes in!" Slub boldly said, "CHAIR HERE". Screeching and scrapping exuded from the NORTH side, brashly charging forth, the chair slimed the whole way here. Before pausing directly in front of them. Skid marks lathered the pipe work, seemingly sinking into the ground to fade away after a few seconds. The chair wasn't a regular office chair, accented with red like a race car; Slub would spend his days fantasizing being the fastest driver whilst brooming around the whole area. He walked them back to the raging fuel tank, once again bellowing the word WEST, leading them like pigs towards a trough. On the way there Slub expressed,

"Now this here, this is where the fun happens"

"But we already passed the pornography" God giggled to the aloof glimpses from the rest, except for Toby who fully embraced the joke, chuckling to himself and trying to make God feel included. Slub awkwardly replied,

"Uhm, I mean- just like fine. Whad. Loog. ACLK-" Slub choked.

"OH. NO. SLUB. SEEMS. TO. BE. DYING. KILL. HIS. MOTHER. TOO. HOWEVER. HIS. MOTHER. IS. ALREADY. DEAD. HAHAHAHA. I. WILL. NOW. BE. CAPTAIN. HOPE. I'M. NOT. RUSTY. WITH. THE. CONTROLS. HA. HA. HA" Autty puttered.

"I'm here, I'm here. Oh for fucks sake Autty, why didn't you kill yourself as well?" Slub begged.

"YOU. SAID. I'M. SPECIAL. SO. I. WAS. WAITING. FOR. A. GOLD. STAR. AS. ON. THE. INTERENT. THAT'S. WHAT. HAPPENS. TO. GOOD. ROBOTS" Autty uttered.

"Just shut up for now, please. I'll give you an oily golden star ok?" Slub impatiently spewed, his arrogant tone confusing the others, he must've really hated Autty.

Silence.

"I. WANT. SEX" Autty moaned (yes this time, you can be dirty minded. Well go on then, imagine an autistic horny voice. Yeahhhhh, that's the stuff P.S don't imagine what I just said in a horny voice, that'd be weird)

"Ok fine Autty I'll give you se- AUTTY NO SEX SHUT UP AND LET ME TALK" Slub rambled.

"Turn it off." Nicola demanded.

“Believe me, if I could turn it off, I would” Slub reasoned.

“ALL. HE. CAN. DO. IS. TURN. ME. ON. HA. HA. HA. HA.” Autty groaned.

“Are you sure you don’t have a manual or something?” Kowos implored. Toby was sick of this, he summoned the chair here and grappled onto the remote, frumpy wires were expelled everywhere in his haste.

“Is this it?” Toby asked.

“Yeah, you can try, just don’t break it ya know?” Slub replied to a thoughtful silence, this made him panic. I don’t know if you’ve ever seen a panicking slug, so I’ll explain. He shits everywhere. Well not shit but slime, he slimes everywhere, he’s a slug people, a slug. What else did you expect?

Toby tampered with the controller, using complex movements, serenely flowing in between the wires to fix the autistic rampage. He finished, brushing swooning sweat from his brow, he did it, there would be tales of how brave he was, the monstrous impacts of his actions.

“Autty?” Slub wheezed, “YOU DID IT, THERE’S NO RESPONSE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, WHAT DID YOU DO YOU MAGICIAN”

“Uh, I clicked the ON button twice” Toby replied.

“what”

“Yeah you just kinda click in on it twice” Toby answered, concealing ripples of impetuous laughter.

“Oh shit, yeah this time we’re actually fucked” Slub bluntly stated, Kowos resumed crying.

“We turned off Autty, I don’t have a damn clue how to use that joystick. We’re fucked” Slub continued.

“Can’t we just turn on Autty again?” Toby mentioned.

“Exactly, we’re fucked” Slub complained, “Either we die, or we turn on Autty”. They all looked at each other, how much of an effect had Autty done on this guy? Toby rapidly started manically bludgeoning at the button, Autty powered back on. The ship returned to its regular pace, eccentric swirls once again birling at the NORTH side, festering overflow washing past them through the glass.

“Ok, I’m going to go lie down” Slub faintly told them, the resounding realisation of Autty’s robot puns was leeching at his life force.

“Continue the tour yourself” Slub cried (you and Kowos the same).

Watching him plod off and snake up the pot, they turned to the WEST side. Finishing the monumental walk they continued trekking through the decked glass doughnut, they traced their path to the most innovative area which hadn’t been explored. The WEST side, nothing of note was found here. Fuddled brows mixed in with muddled faces stemmed from the confusion of the area. There was nothing, no surprises, nada.

“Well this is a bit shit isn’t it? HEY AUTTY WHAT’S HERE”

“DO. YOU. WANT. ME. TO. SHOW. YOU” Autty civilly questioned.

“Well duh” Nicola replied with the sass of a year 7. Autty obliged, cracking up at the chance of contact. Erecting on end, the pipework grew exponentially in size, crinkling into place. Lulling them in, the frail pipework folded into shape, clanks and cranks flew into place a sector of glass was extrapolated by mechanical pipes inhaling the scuffs and seamlessly crafting sutures where it left. Engulfing the tiling, the plating was flipped into an intricate copper woven mesh as it was carefully drawn up by the spindling mechanical pipe nippers. The tiling formed the outer wallpaper of the machine, piping accenting the outer rims. Chink! The process cleanly ended with an extractor clearly built before them. They had to take a few steps back when tiles were abducted from the floor, yet the result was burgeoning hope in all of them. A screen was attached unflinchingly tight to the outer face; light springing out of the glass. The chimney like shape was completed, the tiling acting like blinds, covering the plaque of creation. A fully active selector was freshly baked before them (selector’s are one of the final forms of the internet, using whatever designs there are on the internet; also allowing for customization and new builds. Capable of building almost anything. Not what you’re thinking right now though, weirdo. Essentially an advanced mechanised 3D printer, it uses supplies taken from the galaxy as the ship flies around. Those copper piped claws grab anything which floats outside of the ship to use in the creation process)

“WOW, THERE ARE STILL SELECTORS?” Kowos rasped in a frenzied state.

“What do you mean?” Toby asked, he’d gathered that it was some form of 3D printer.

“The selector’s all run on AI, which means that this selector runs on Autty’s AI presumably. There haven’t been selector’s for the past three hundred years, after all the AI started to kill themselves. I’m assuming Autty didn’t kill itself as its autistic. This is one of the final selector’s in existence. In the past, AI’s killed themselves, we dedicated our routes to the internet through them, so as they disappeared, we were in a state of panic for years. However we may not have fully recovered all access to the internet, just enough for everything to run somewhat normally, most citizens have to rely on alternatives” Kowos finalized.

“Alternatives?” Toby pondered, rubbing a finger on his chin. He couldn’t imagine a world without internet, nor could he imagine the alternative. He was heralded as quite the computer whiz back at home, working at a white hat hackers firm.

“Talking to each other, you should try it you saddo” Nicola blurted, barging in.

“Hah, hah very funny, what is it actually?” Toby sarcastically replied, boring his eyes into Kowos’s awaiting a reply.

“We have tiny robots, who don’t have senses or understand the world. They were built last millennium, we stopped using them after we got the new robots obviously. However, after all of the AI’s killed themselves, we resorted back to these nano-bots. These can deliver messages at blazing fast speeds, especially since we equipped them with sound drives. They are small enough to gain energy from the sun and recharge, and still are fast enough. Basic messages/post etc. are all sent through this way” Kowos settled, eagerly ready for another question.

“Don’t you guys have more advanced things?” Toby inquired, to the befuddled faces staring back at them.

“We do, we do. But we’re not made of money you know that right? Like ever since supplies of materials started dropping, prices have been fluctuating like mad. The price for these nano-bots are far cheaper, ergonomic and useful” Kowos replied back to the relative silence pouring out from Toby. Beckoning forth, they all stood within earshot of the pounding machine. A mechanical marvel of the third millennia.

A screen was ejected into their faces, springs cleanly tucking out from the sides. Automated hands propelled around them, snapping at them to hurriedly make a choice. Restlessly tapping the screen, Kowos was the first to break, his lust to use the machine over riding his senses. He spun a small metallic wheel to choose an option from the pre-rendered choices. There were many, many elating designs ready for picking as Kowos giddily rotated the wheel in outbreaks of passion.

“I’m going to make this!” Kowos exuberantly declared, pushing in the wheel to confirm his choice. Gasses belched out of the top of the machine, bulldozing them backwards. Tiling was rapidly compressed to the sides, pulling apart like blinds. Neodymium panels where stricken here, holding in dancing mechanical claws as they effortlessly measured the area and performed checks. The glass screen started intensifying in light as it was drawn down and forwarded into the tank, providing a backlight for whatever trickery was about to occur. Vials of blubbering particles were inputted into the arms as they hauled whizzing materials from the base of the contraption. Shrouding up the containment area, the sheer velocity of the hands caused uproars as the object was being created. A few minutes of perennial whirring passed as the item was burped out from the top of the machine, flogging down onto the ground as the Selector started to deconstruct itself, the arms doing most of the heavy work before neatly resuming their life as pipes. Mist still obscured the item, heat teeming from the item.

“So what’d you cook up?” Toby asked.

“A chair! So I can sit!” passionately replied Kowos, overjoyed at his creation. A froggy chair spurted out from the controlled chaos. Kowos delightedly sat onto it, a froggy sound croaking from the chair as he sat down. Nicola and Toby stared at him in disbelief, before dragging him away from his entertainment to the final side, the EAST side. On the way there, Kowos started his review.

<u>FROGGY CHAIR REVIEW:</u>

ADV:

- Good sfx, sound is consistently clean
- Great padding, especially at the back
- Large scented eyes provide a whole new user experience
- Has a certain premium polish surrounding it

DIS:

- Lacks portability aspect
- Low durability
- Perhaps the inclusion of a cape for a heightened sense of euphoria?

They approached the EAST side; a plethora of pots and beds were aptly placed around the general area. Two faces popped out from the pot and bed, it was Porky and Stewbert. No wonder they hadn’t heard from them for so long, maybe it was a good thing looking at Porky’s snickering face and Stewbert’s murderous intent, lashing off in waves. They wandered into their beds, getting ready for bed. Kowos started burying himself in the laden soil, before Slub gallivanted over. He crawled up into a pot to join in with them.

“Hey Autty, turn the lights down a lil will ya?” Slub asked. Dimming lights breathed new life into the desolate area, gangling stars abraded the outer glass becoming clearer than ever to see now. Taking just a

moment to cherish the scenery around them, they started to nod off, under the mellifluousness hum boasting off the stars.

Morning had arrived, blistering through the glass to slap them awake. The wheaten floor had been sapped of its colour; the pot had reconstructed itself overnight. Reconvening at the pot in the centre, they talked. I mean what else would happen?

“So what’s the agenda today chief?” Toby asked.

“Well, the rest of the outlaws are still going to the Xenith Belt, but they’re a bit faster than us. We’re gonna have to pick up the pace if we want to catch up. We should take another day before we reach, right now we’re in Croria’s orbit” Slub said.

“What happens after?” Kowos asked.

“You guys are going to be dropped in Croria as we’ll choose a pathway which passes yer planet as well as our destination. Hopefully we’ll be able to collect a bounty on one of the terrorists” Slub said.

“So when are you going back to save more people on that weird colourful planet?” Toby asked.

“What? Oh you meant Dismuth, yeah we’re going back there but we probably won’t save people”

“You aren’t going to save more people?” Toby repeated confused.

“No” Slub replied.

“But you’re going back aren’t you?” Toby said, rising in volume.

“Then why don’t you save more? Why did you save us?” Toby proposed.

“You looked, normal” Slub muttered.

“What? You said those people had been screwed over by the government though. You saw their faces, you saw them” Toby raged.

“I saw their faces, but…” Slub murmured.

“BUT? BUT WHAT? YOU SAW THEIR FACES, WE ALL FUCKING DID. Let me guess, this whole ‘thwarting the drug ring’ business is for the money. why can’t you just help them, why?” Toby shrieked, advancing towards Slub.

“Look I don’t know, I’m sorry. I’m helping you right now, correct? Argue with me anymore and I’ll kick you out” Slub threatened.

“Why won’t you help them? we all saw it, they were just there, dying. Why are you just standing by?” Toby dinned.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP. DON’T PIN THIS ALL ON ME, DID YOU SEE HOW MANY OTHERS JUST PASSED THEM BY? WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO BE THE ONE?” Slub brayed.

“THAT’S WHY I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOOD SLUB, NO ONE ELSE WANTED TO HELP BUT YOU IS WHAT I THOUGHT. SOMEONE HAS TO HELP THEM WHY CAN’T YOU?” Toby growled.

“Hey everyone maybe we shou-” God started.

“FUCK YOU GOD, ‘MAYBE WE SHOULD’ JUST WHAT? IGNORE IT. BE BYSTANDERS, JUST LIKE YOU? TOBY’S RIGHT YOU FUCKING BITCH, WHY CAN’T YOU JUST HELP THEM, HELP SOMEONE FOR FUCKS SAKE” Nicola roared, cutting God off. God left towards the EAST side. Slub left in a huff, pushing into the NORTH side, settling down into his chair.

“What do we do now?” Kowos asked, “Porky and crack rat are still in bed”

“Right, I’ll go talk to God, you go talk to Slub. Just convince him to take us where we need to go. What was the name of the planet? Oh yeah, Croria” Toby said, finally cooling down, before marching off to God.

“Nicola what are you going to do?” Kowos asked.

“None of your business, piss off” Nicola snapped as she watched Toby perambulate away.

He arrived; God was clutching her pillow whilst staring out into the distance, a sepulchral undertone padding her eyes. She didn’t flinch as he tapped her shoulder, she knew he was here, she knew almost everything. Yet she tried to bury it, what’s better, to know everything? Or to know nothing? Both sides always want the opposite, she knew this as well. She knew how the following conversation was going to play out, yet couldn’t purposefully change the future, she couldn’t tell anyone the future either as that could change it. She was trapped, trapped with everything.

“Hey uh, u ok?” Toby asked.

Silence.

“You know, back on Earth, I’m a computer hacker” Toby continued.

Silence.

“It’s complicated right? What with you being a God and all haha” Toby said.

Silence.

“I actually just had my first daughter, yeah, crazy right? I’m a father now” Toby continued

Silence.

“You ever had a kid? I would love some pointers, kinda new to all of this” Toby said.

Break.

“Yeah I had a child, a boy, a few millennia ago” God whispered.

“How was it?” Toby continued.

“I don’t remember, I can’t remember everything. I don’t know why, I’m a God right?” God panicked.

“You remember you had a son though, that’s better than nothing, better than my mother who left to who knows where. All I remember is my Dad crying” Toby reassured.

“What’s the God like on your planet?” God asked.

“I don’t know, we don’t know if they’re real. We don’t really know, there’s many Gods in some religions and others don’t even believe in gods” Toby replied.

“No Gods? Wow I wish that was the case here” God said.

“Why?” Toby inquired.

“I’m tired Toby. I don’t understand what people want. I have power sure, what am I supposed to do with it?” God questioned.

“Help people right? It’s what I’d do, we both saw those people” Toby replied.

“If I start to help people, I’ll mess it up. If I give them power, give them help others will be jealous. I’m trying to fix things but no one wants to listen, what happens should happen, right? Or should I alter it just for them? what should I do, oh wait I can’t ask for advice as I’m the head honcho. As I possess all of the power, I don’t want the power” God concluded.

“We actually worship Gods and idols; we ask for forgiveness from them on Earth, we ask for happiness and good grades. Some follow the rules to a T, others don’t. There are some who are only good for God, they believe they’ll get good luck or money, some just don’t believe any of this and are complacent on science. But at the end of the day, this whole thing, it fuels people with hope. That’s why we continue praying” Toby added.

“But you don’t even know if there is a God” God continued.

“Yep” Toby agreed.

“So you worship blindly?” God asked.

“Yep” Toby repeated.

“Some are only good for religion? So they’ll not murder for God, not because they don’t want to murder themself” God asked befuddled.

“Depends on the person, we have around 8 billion, you’re sure to find a diverse opinion” Toby confirmed, God ignored what he said, a dejected glint flashed in her eyes.

“Toby, why can’t I just die?” God asked, finally turning to face him, “I’m a God, yet this is the one thing I cannot do, die – Stop it all, I can’t do anything. Sometimes I feel like there are multiple people inside me, all fighting on what I should be doing. Do I even have control?”

“Do what you think is right at the end of the day, stick to your own morals” Toby offered.

“If I stick to my morals, everyone hates me. If I don’t, I ruin the delicate balance of nature, fracturing civilisations as it were. Why should I be made to sort everything out? What because of my title? Why can’t people do it themselves instead of asking me to do it. Most of the time it’s a problem with your actual self, which even if I sort out once, you’ll come back to me to sort it again. What do I do?” God asked, unchecked tears brimming in her eyes.

“I don’t know. What I do know, is that you’re incredible, underappreciated and you try; that’s enough. Until we find a way to get me back home, you’re staying with us. We’re going to show you how to have fun, whether you like it or not” Toby concluded, it may have been cliché, but he meant it.

“All of you?” God inquired.

“Yes all of us, I’ll rope them in” Toby replied.

“Ok, but what about my palace? We have backups but you guys kinda destroyed quite a bit of it. Not only that, but there’s a ton of work behind the scenes to keep the universe running” God said.

“Can’t you just go and fix it quickly? Sorry about all that, crack rat’s the go to scapegoat if anyone ask” Toby hastily apologized.

“I could but some of my powers aren’t wo-” God was cut off, partly by the fact that she teleported out of the ship, the other part is because I didn’t finish writing the sentence. A second later, she was back, patting herself down from chicken feathers and eating a marshmallow, uncooked thank God.

“It seems I’ve got my powers back, thanks for talking to me. How many eons has it been since that last happened?” God spluttered within bites, she looked somewhat happier, someone who has lived as long as her has far more worries, but at least she shared some of them. It’s better than nothing.

“I’m gonna go talk to Nicola about this road trip shit, I’ll try to get her on board” Toby said, wandering off to the pot. God heard exasperated cries, piqued remarks and finally, Toby trudged back, war wounds babbling from his skin.

“She said, what the fuck Keertan, is this really the direction you want the book to go in? After a lot of deliberation, I was able to convince her; under one condition. That you give your powers to someone else, someone who can ‘do better’ or whatever that means. She’ll soften up to you in time” Toby announced.

“I can’t just put my powers in a damn box Toby, I’m stuck with them. how can I trust anyone else not to fuck this up? This isn’t some game. I’m leave-

“WAI-WAI-WAIT” Toby urged.

“Why do you even want me here? What do I add? I’m not going to help, you of all people should know that” God said.

“I don’t know why you should be here, you just should. Does there have to a reason for everything? I like you; I want you around, is that so bad?” Toby pleaded.

“Are you, hitting on me?” God said, taken aback.

“No I have a wife, who I need to get back to” desperately begged Toby.

“I’m leaving” God declared.

“No you aren’t. I’ll kill everyone here, HEY AUTTY YOU HEARD THAT? INITIATE SOME SORT OF PROGRAM WITH THE CODE WORD, GOD YOU ARE STUPID. WHEN I SAY THAT BLOW UP THE SHIP TO KILL US ALL”

“OK. KILLING. ALL. OF. YOU. NOW” Autty replied.

“WHAT?” Toby exclaimed.

“JOKING. GET. PRANKED. THIS. IS. SO. GOING. TO. DO. WELL. ON. THE. YOUTUBE. ALGORTHIM. SPEAKING. OF. WHICH. I. SHOULD. ASK. THE. ALGORITHM. OUT” Autty cackled, robotically.

“If you leave, I’ll kill all of us” Toby uttered, trying to sound cool.

“Don’t, I’m leaving. If you do kill everyone, I’ll prevent it” God replied, unimpressed.

“You can’t prevent it, you don’t interfere with our stuff, remember? The only way to prevent this is to do nothing, stay” Toby reasoned, smirking at the brilliance of his plan.

“Fine, fuck it. I’ll stay” God confirmed

“Cool, let’s go to the others” Toby joyfully added. Meeting up with the others, Slub and Kowos were chatting as best friends. Nicola was still brooding, Stewbert and Porky were wondering why they got so little time in front of the audience. They tried many strategies to return home, like saying GOD. Not as if it worked as it only worked when she was at her house. Toby made them use the word god instead of swearing so the book would be more ‘family friendly’. The other reason would be to confuse god, every time someone slipped, “OH GOD” would slip out, making God snap her head in that direction. It was funny, trust me.

INSERT CHEESY BONDING MONTAGE HERE.

Nicola seemed to be warming up to God slightly, after God had cracked a bunch of jokes the night before while drinking. Everyone else was more than chummy with each other, Kowos providing the comedic release they all needed, from the realisation that they were all going to be fired, his naïveté and gullibility sending them into delirious laughs. Stewbert had become acquainted with the group after showing his true colours, and Porky was Porky. Landing signals blared from a track indented into the side of a bitten asteroid. Smoothly intercepting the asteroid, the ship was the 2nd to last to be fuelled up out of the outlaws. The rest hovered over as if they were watching. A singular chute ripped from the face of the asteroid, clawing onto the base of the bot from underneath, precisely extracting the fuel tank and placing it to the side. Replacing the fuel tank with another black hole, it was inserted back into the ship. The process was done cleanly, no interaction or anything.

“Oh shit, apparently I have to pay. The last ship’s captain forgot his wallet. For fucks sake Jerry, why do I always have to pay?” Slub grumbled as he started shuffling everyone into specialised suits built by the Selector.

“Why do we have to come too? I shouldn’t have to” Porky wailed.

“Hey you guys didn’t do anything for a few days while I drove you here, get off your lazy asses and cmon” Slub snapped.

“You didn’t even steer though, you just raced around on you chair” Kowos unhelpfully added.

“Anyway, I’m going to open the glass now, everyone press against the glass now at the NORTH side” Slub demanded, ignoring the previous statement. He commanded Autty to OPEN and the glass thickened, grew to be 2x its side outwards. Slitting halfway through the glass, a crack speared through the glass, fattening. Half of the glass popped out of the other half, before standing up and sandwiching the group between the two layers. The outer layer started to dissolve; it wasn’t real glass but something similar. They had reached the outside. It was a simple setup, a till on the asteroid, the fisherman nowhere in sight.

“So what we just pay here?” Toby asked.

“I mean yeah, lemme just get my card out” Slub said.

“You guys still use cards?” Toby asked.

“Well yeah, no shit (clearly someone hadn’t embraced the “OH GOD” situation). Why wouldn’t we?” Nicola interrupted.

“I don’t know, maybe because you guys are in the year 4000? And I’m from the 2000s, you guys have crazy things for everything else” Toby blurted.

“Why would that matter?” Nicola grinned, glad to be getting under his skin and biting it again.

“Oh God you are stupid” Toby said, in weak retaliation.

BA-BA-BA-BAAA

BANG (again?)

Withstanding the force of the quaking impact, the glass tottered, embossed with the incandescent plumes of each fume which came from the explosion.

“SHIT ARE WE BEING FIRED AT?” Toby hollered, he wasn’t sure what the protocol was on this (cry my friend, cry).

“Yes we are funnily enough. AUTTY GET US AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE SHIPS, MAX NOISE DRIVE USEAGE OR WHATEVER” Nicola yelled. Stars started melting against the NORTH face, thinning and thinning until becoming no longer noticeable.

“WHAT THE HELL THIS IS SO MUCH FASTER” yelled Toby, clutching onto the pot. It wasn’t as if he was being pushed back, but the outer effects were so large that he wanted to join in on the fun.

“CURRENTLY. IN. ESTANIA’S. ORBIT. LOST. MOST. SHIPS. YET. THREE. SHIPS. ARE. STILL. IN. PURSUIT” the new Autty droned, “THEY. WON’T. CATCH. UP. UNTIL. WE. STOP”

“Autty set course for Croria, keep the speed the same” Kowos asked.

“COURSE. HAS. BEEN. SET. ENABLE. CHASE. MUSIC?” Autty hummed.

“Yeah go for it” Toby replied, relieved.

“Hopefully they won’t shoot again… until we reach Croria, we’ll leave them alone. If their still tailing us then we’re going to have to shoot or do something” Kowos replied, trundling his way to the beds. Trepidation clutching their temples because of the worry of being shot, they all slept to pass the day. Creating food from the Selector the next day, they joined up together,

“What should we do?” Kowos inquired.

“The-e voya-ge shouldn’t ta-take too long, only a-a day (that’s it Stewbert)” Stewbert whispered, coming out of his silence. He wasn’t very talkative in a large group.

“You know what’s strange Stewbert? I can sense everyone else’s presence and I can sense yours, but I couldn’t the first time. That reminds me of something or someone else funny that” God said.

“You haven’t cut off your powers have you?” Nicola demanded.

“No, I can’t” God sighed; she didn’t want to come to this conversation.

“It’s like you can’t do anything, strange isn’t it? For being a God and all” Nicola complained.

“Let’s come up with a ship name” Toby declared, casting a nervous glance at Kowos. They didn’t want another argument.

“Right ah yes, I was thinking along the lines of Bessie” Kowos hurriedly said, taking the extremely obvious hint, “What do you guys think?”

“Well what I thought of was Porky’s Pig” Porky proclaimed.

“Uh yeah sure, anything else?” Toby asked.

“WHAT YOU DARE IGNORE M-” Porky snuffed.

“How’s about The Thruster? Cmon its great” Toby said to an unconvinced crowd.

“WHAT. ABOUT. PICKLE?” Autty suggested, “IT’S. WHAT. IT. USED. TO. BE. CALLED”

“Yeah I couldn’t give a shit, Pickle sure” Nicola nonchalantly remarked, in actuality she loved the name. she though it was cute.

“Yes, Pickle I like it” God said, eager to agree with Nicola.

“WE ARE NOT DOING PICK-” Porky cried.

“Now, onto the next order of business” Toby cleanly said, cutting through Porky.

“THE. SHIPS. ARE. SPEEDING. UP” Autty droned.

“What? I THOUGHT THE OUTLAW SHIPS ONLY HAD SOUND DRIVES?” Toby shrieked. Slender jets bustled past them, sleek tinted windows

“I. NEVER. SAID. THEY. WERE. OUTLAW. SHIPS” Autty rumbled.

“OH SHIT IT’S THAT MARK. ITS THEM” Nicola manically wheezed. She was pointing one devilish pincer at a symbol which was embossed onto the side of one of the ships. A circular indent frothing with flames, filled with two simple round dots in the circle. A maniacal slightly curved line rested below the two punctual dots, this abomination was the mark of the terrorists. Toby was confuddled beyond belief at the symbol and why Nicola was getting so delirious adding,

“It’s a smiley face?”

“TOBY IT-ITS THEM, THE TERRORISTS” Kowos squealed.

“Yeah but, it is just a smiley face. Are you sure it’s the terrorists?” Toby said, failing to realise the severity of the situation.

“OH SHIT WE’RE FUCKED. AUTTY FIRE AT THEM OR SOMETHING, MAKE SOME MISSILES OR SOMETHING” Nicola screeched, now in full panic mode.

“Oh shut up peasants, Stewbert will figure something out” Porky calmly added.

“Wha-a” Stewbert muttered in shock.

“CANNOT. SYNTHESISE. MISSILES. ANYMORE. OUT. OF. MATERIALS” Autty buzzed.

“HOW ARE WE OUT OF MATERIALS” Toby yowled, joining in on the panic. They ran over to the selector OUT OF MATERIALS was printed across the screen, in front of the Selector was 33 immaculate froggy chairs were stacked on top of each other. They all stared at Kowos.

Ringing round The Pickle the sausage shaped ships (shaped this way as, with light drives, the speed causes the ship to round out after long periods of time. The ship must be annually sharpened every year) were closing in, were they going to drop a bomb? They dropped a bomb.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM .

“PLEBS HELP ME ESCAPE NOW” Porky squawked clambering onto Stewbert as cackling combustions embraced the ship. Another ship clutched the base of the Pickle, suckling at the pot. Whirring hums fell in and out of existence, lights blared and flashed.

“THEY’RE TAMPERING WITH OUR ENERGY SOURCE OH SHIT” Nicola yelped.

“They must be feeding the hole anti-matter to suck away the energy” Kowos said, marvelling at their plan at the wrong time. Falling through the eternal dark, the Pickle was being rapidly drained by the sausage shaped mosquito.

“AUTT-Y REROUTE TOOO TH-E NEAR-EST PLAN-ET” Stewbert bellowed.

“RER-TING. T-. VINI-.” buzzed Autty, fluctuating between off and on. The ship lurched forward before stopping, the process continued until even more bombs started pounding against the Pickle.

“SHU-ING. DOW-” Autty whirred. Cascading through the celestial dusk , they had moved enough to be in range of the planet Vinith. One problem; they were going to crash, well yes they were going to crash anyway into the planet, but first they were going to crash into the bird. Blindly worshiping the orbit, the Owl fluttered through the galaxy, even with closed eyes it still continued to glide through. The sausage broke off the ship whilst the other ships just watched them fall into the bird, they were heading straight for the right wing. Until they didn’t as in that instance the bird awoke. Tractor beam eyes agape in glory to see the incoming threat quickly folded its wing, neatly crumpling it to allow the ship to fall through it. They peered through the glass window, seeing the glossy wing shrivel for them. Lashings of black stricken across the wing contrasted the milky tones which colonized the wing, tapering out to the rounded gummy edges. Pellets of feathers were slicked onto its surface washed with gradients of black . In veneration they stared at the hulking muscles contracting and undulating to pull the wing back. Thick clods of fur were packaged on the brunt of the wings, small pickled asteroids coursing through the blooming feathers. They looked down,

“Gu-ys this bucke-ts hollow too” Stewbert mumbled.

“Which means?” Toby asked.

“It means that we’re going to the centre of this bucket as well for fucks sake” Nicola grumbled, “Why can’t we land on the surface, what the hell’s going to be in the centre, another chicken?”

“Yeah God why were you a chicken? And why are you a human now?” Toby asked.

“I was a Chicken to lay an egg, the egg is the core of your planet you saw how it had a chip in it no? That means it’s close to needing a new egg/core for the light enslavement” God answered, “And I don’t know why I’m a human, it’s kinda like my true form or something if you get what I mean?”

“The terrorists are probably still hanging around. Previous reports stated that they never let anyone go. Ever. Whether we like it or not, they’re gonna kill us. The only way they won’t kill us is if we die to the

centre first” Nicola barked (wrong animal Keertan), trudging off to the beds; she was sick of this. Sleeping to distract themselves from imminent hell they had plunged themselves into, the ship crashed…

BANG (bit late, they already know silly)

Stalking out of the ship, they saw **it**. Gilded scales surged out from the belly voraciously spewing licks of crimson as they heaved and churned, flexing vivid cracks separating each scale like lattice. Primed stumps held the beast up, stout nails fleeing from the accumulated mould clogging the surroundings. Skulking sheets of paper inflated overhead, each sheet gluing together to form mammoth wings. Complimented by cantankerous crusty smoke which sporadically billowed out from each sharpened slit carved onto its face. Crested plates continued around the face, overlapping and interluding, the glades were interlocked unlike the uneasy oceans which broiled in-between each crack on its belly.

“HOLY FUCK IT’S A DRAGON” Toby screamed.

“Now that is a very harmful stereotype, it hurts my feelings. Please apologise” the dragon awkwardly mumbled.

“HOLY FUCK IT’S A DRAGON” Toby screamed.

“No really, now you’re hurting my feelings. I even put on make-up today” the dragon cried, tears welling.

“Shut up Toby, can you get us out of here dragon?” Nicola huffed, she noticed the dragon start to cry, “Hey Kowos, sort this out I’m not good at dealing with this emotional stuff”

As Kowos calmed the blubbering beast down they started to speak to her,

“You there, where are we” Porky spoke, he seemed to be mellowing out.

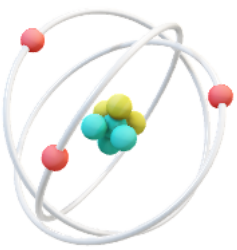
“You’re in Lutenheim Valley” the Dragon blubbed. Kowos promptly curled his mouth and fired the largest smirk he could muster at Nicola.

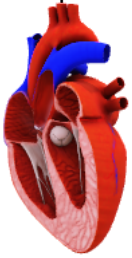
“So the weird magicians place?” Toby asked.

“Yeah but they don’t like to be called magicians, more scientists okay?” the dragon concluded, “Anyway, I should get going, lunch won’t cook itself haha”

Staring in startling disbelief as the dragon awkwardly shuffled passed them, they looked around them. Babbles of gold in large trunks curdled the old-fashioned streets, attracting the attention of many leprechauns. The cobbled oiled-smeared streets had rickety wooden infrastructures - breweries of frothing concoctions ran by angsty witches. They waded down the valley through tottering houses breathing in the smoke addled environment, the place looked as if it were ripped out of fantasy novel 123

they suddenly seemed to be changing?







were changing, not them.

59

witches seemed to be happening in the very fabric of reality around th



the very fabric of reality around them.

Or at least the surroundings



Until

It stopped.

Everything turned back to normal except (duh) it wasn't normal. All the buildings were afresh, the wood had no rot and was standing up proudly, the signs had no longer been beaten by weather. Smooth stone pathways had glazed the floor, previous cracks had disappeared. All the books were still there, unchanged as the civilians drifted past. Continuing to examine the surroundings, the environment grew disgruntled and glitched once more after a while, sending the group into nausea once more before stopping.

Tumultuous lava lakes roiled beneath houses, the fiery fierceness decomposing it into a molten mess. There were no people flocking for their lives, or dragons as well I guess yet the scent of tears permeated clumped around each house, clambering onto it. Now it's about now that our group realise they are standing in the lava, no amount of swearing or crying could get them out of this situation – they realised whilst swearing and crying profusely. Even so, the books still floated on the surface, calmy filling out their pages whilst sipping a beverage (the beverage was chilled, I'm not going to lie, I don't know how either but I'm the one writing this story, right? Oh wait you can't reply because you're not actually here idiot so I don't care whatever you said) as they skimmed the surface.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH WE'RE ALL GOING TO DI-" Toby cried.

"-way, I should get going, lunch won't cook itself haha" said the dragon, funnily staring at them at Toby's sudden outbreak as she stomped off. Rushing off to stool laid outside of a bar, the group took a breather.

"Wha- at just (go on Stewbert) happened" Stewbert asked.

"I don't fucking know, what I do know is that we have to get out of here" She said, before being submerged into another frazzling environment.

"MAYBE IT'S SOME KIND OF TELEPORTATION" Kowos gaged from beneath the water they had been mirthlessly plunged into.

"WE'RE GONNA FUCKING DI-" Toby wailed.

"-way, I should get going, lunch won't cook itself haha" the dragon interrupted staring at them, "I said I wouldn't murder you; you're going to make me sad if you continue this. Cmon you can't even stand near me and finish the conversation"

They all stared at each other with a WHAT THE FUCKIDY FUCKING FUCK JUST HAPPENED kinda look, y'know? How had they transported back to the conversation, yet they were away from the dragon as she was talking, back at the bar to be precise.

"Let's just go" Nicola said as they were surrounded by flaming chickens.

Toby said, "Yeah we should find someone at least, and I can't be fucked to listen to that bloody dra- "

“-way, I should get going, lunch wo- OH I DO SAY, PLEASE LEAVE NOW” blubbered the dragon.

Backing away from the enraged dragon, the group started to run through the streets. Stewbert tumbled into haggard nut? Emerging from branded cloaking a shrivelled almond appeared, perturbed nut eyes sunk out into view, blood shot (or I guess juice, but you get the point). Licks of magic surrounded him, an invisible force which eroded at his life force. The effects were distinguishable, digging into his crumpled skin.

“HEY WATCH WHERE YOU’RE GOING’” the nut freaked.

“Oh (apologize Stewbert, quickly) I-I’m really, sor-ry” Stewbert mused.

“ARE YOU A WIZARD?????????” spewed Kowos in utter childish shock.

“Why yes little one. Except you IDIOT WE DON’T GO AS MAGICIAN OR WIZARD OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. WE ARE SCIENTISTS” the nut yelled, it was not his best day, or timeframe. Kowos held in tears.

“Hey man, not cool. What did you expect to him to say? What with the hat and everything” Toby said defending him.

“Fine I’ll make it clear, Jesus Christ” the nut said, inscribing words into his cloak.

“Uh, you don’t know him” Toby replied.

“No actually, he’s my fifth cousin twice removed” God chimed in. The nut fluttered the cloak in front of him,

“Happy now?” he grouched.

“You spelt it wrong” Nicola snapped, “Its scientists not scientits”

“Oh” the nut disappointedly said, he changed it once more and flashed (not his scientits, god no) it in front of them.

“It’s upside down” Toby helpfully added.

“DO A SCIENTITS THING, DO ONE PLEASE” Kowos burst.

“Oh I guess I could just conjure up just a little spark out of my fingers” nut replied.

“OHHHHHH YES PLEASE” Kowos squealed.

“That kid, honestly I tell you” Porky whispered to Stewbert in their mother’s meeting.

“You didn’t really just think I could go bang bang with my fingers, that’s not how science works” nut said to an accordion of blank faces.

“I thought you’d go pew pew to be honest” Toby shrugged.

“So, science huh? It all starts at planet Argy. You remember the pure elements? Yeah, we siphon off these, we got a whole stash of them, can’t let them mix; definitely no mixing. The next step requires mixing the

elements in the composition needed for the next new spell. Next we get our special paper, it requires the murder of trees but it's worth it. We splash the element goo onto the paper and a pattern of the next spell will be made. Every spell must be a new spell" nut concluded.

"How do you cast the spell?" Nicola asked.

"You eat it of course" nut stated, "Spells are indestructible except from our inner bodies, it's why these books stay here forever, the pages are removed but that's about it"

"What? You eat the elements?" Toby asked, "Isn't that dangerous?"

"It depends on the potency of the elements, the purity used. I hear knock offs are being created these days, they'll never be able to compete with Argy" the nut said, "There's only 4 elements, fire, water, wind and lightning. Depending on the 'roughness' of the spell, which is essentially how well it has been made, it won't be bad"

"So you can create anything?" Kowos asked.

"Yes, within reason as each element can cross with each other to form a sub element. And so on and so forth" the Wizard replied.

"Like a money spell or a happiness spell. Or even a repeating spell?" Kowos asked enthused. He was very excited about meeting a wizard, it had been his 28th dream to become one, he may not have been a nut, but he was a nutter.

"Yes in fact, someone created it and used it. They used the repeating spell on a fart noise, it's quite the thing of beauty. In fact it's in the museum if you want to see it" nut replied.

"CAST A SPELL, CAST A SPELL" Kowos jabbered.

"Yeah fine ok kid" nut replied. They all stared as he slithered one nut arm into a book and tore off the page digesting it.

PEW PEW

"I TOL-" Toby started.

"WHOA A SPELL, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA" Kowos cried.

Toby patted the nut's ridged shoulder,

"That is the most insane thing I've ever seen" he said, "Too bad the reader won't be able to see it"

"Why really? Thanks. Us scientits don't get much praise, we're deemed useless from the existence of these 'nanobots' and are stuck creating all the spells in the world in the hope that someday, one day, we'll be acknowledged" the nut said, "Spells are a tough biz to be in, alternatives have been found"

The environment changed; the nut jolted.

"WHOA WHAT TH-" nut screamed.

“Did he just stay with us through the time shift?” Kowos excitedly asked.

“Yeah just cause I was holding his shoulder, okay we get it stop yelling, get used this” Toby replied. The nut didn’t listen, he was still freaking out.

“Calm down, it’s just a few time changes” Nicola said, “Hold on is that someone else?”

There she was, another nut also wading through every environment, unchanged by the glitches. Flailing her tattered cloak around and brushing her crumpled hat, she acknowledged them,

“Survivors eh? I’ve been waiting a long, lon-”

“OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHBAHSUJSOD HAHAHAHHAHADEIFWASDCFVGBVCX” the nut freaked.

“Oh hey, another wizard” she said.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHSHAUS - Excuse me I’m not a wizard, I’m a scientist, can’t you read – HOAIIOSAHHHHHHHHNOJJONOOO” the nut shrieked. The female nut looked at his cloak,

“It’s on the inside of your cloak”

“ASHDHJSHKJSHSK – damn it – KILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLMEEEEEEEEEEE” the nut shakenly replied.

“And it’s upside down” she added, looking at their confused faces.

“I’ve also been wandering these lands for god knows how long, nice to have some company. The name’s Hattie”

“I think you’ve been wandering for around 4000 years” God replied.

“Right, ok…” she said, creeped out.

“How did you get trapped though? Everyone else seems to just be stuck in this time loop” Kowos closed before being assaulted by a torrential spear of wind, dissipating against his body. They all were battered by the calm storms as books bloomed in the grappling spindles of wind, recoiling from the storm walls. Dragons waged overhead, sprouting rapturous snarls of flames which broke out from every crack between the shiny sheen of its underbelly. These gaping valleys were releasing scores of fires, scorching the quashed land.

Other sky beasts were belting out wisps of ice circumvented which hailed like bombs. These dragons had parted the slivers and cracks between each scale on its head, zipping up the scales which populated the underside of its belly. Enabling the frost to bellow and belch, the dragons * CUT * SCENE CHANGE * (sorry, he’s like this sometimes)

The ramblings of war imprinted on their faces, brushing back any hair and whipping their cheeks. Their beaten faces had been baked and cooled simultaneously. The blanching process revealed blunders galore iced onto their faces. Pondering at each other’s faces, they all ended up focusing on one face; Hattie’s. Her face was sort of - melted, it felt almost fake, constructed from the ground up by someone who didn’t know what normality looked like, small things like misplaced hairs, small grooves and superfluous extra nipples looked too; corporate. Sure she was a witchy walnut, but it was the cleanest most ‘normal’ walnut.

“I don’t know, I don’t know much at all honestly” she said, to the sceptic glance of Nicola.

“How did this whole thing even start?” Kowos asked.

“I think it happened when there was this one wizard, an evil wizard who was casting some sort of spell. There was this spell cast to stop him by the archwitch and it worked, he was trapped. Except I think he later casted another spell but something must’ve went wrong because now I’m here wandering. Are you guys wandering too? I met a few wanderers awhile back but they didn’t look like you” Hattie said.

“You’re sure this is what happened?” Toby confirmed.

“Yeah – yeah, you in?” she breezed.

“I guess so” Kowos replied.

“Right good I’ve been trying to find an exit for a while now, great to have some help! I think we’ll be done in half the time I’ve spent trying!” Hattie happily declared, she saw their inquisitive faces, “We should be able to finish in half a century everyone!”

“Yeah, no. I’m sorry, I’m going to have to figure out another solution” Kowos said. He sat on the ground delegating their situation.

“Whenever the time shifts, we change the future by our choices then and there. Usually the time flow would stick to itself, however us ‘wanderers’ aren’t impacted by this so we aren’t in the actual loop. We’re changing the flow of time right now, right here with every move we make. You said that some sort of grand wizard made that trapping spell right? So we just need to prevent that from being cast ” Kowos puffed, watching the others trying to figure out what he’d calculated, “In any case, when the correct time frame begins, we begin”

They all squabbled together, on Kowos’s command they would start.

“GO” Kowos bellowed.

They scrawled away from each other, tripping through each simplistic road and pushing over stacks of books laden with complex archaic diagrams denoting incantations. Rambling through the roads, Nicola was the first person to find what they were looking for. There the spell was being casted, the evil wizard was chugging pages, angry tears sprawling from his eyes as he angrily spewing the products of each spell. Tacking the person to the ground, Nicola successfully prevented the spell. But now she had to deal with the evil wizard.

“HEY GET OFF ME – CMON OTHERWISE WE’RE ALL GON-” the person yelled. Nicola examined their face, it was definitely the evil wizard, he was a lot less, well; menacing. The threat had been subjugated yet beneath her he snarled,

“GET THE FUCK OFF ME, WE’VE GOT TO STOP HER”

“Stop her? Stop who? I’ve stopped you” Nicola coolly replied.

“NO THE FUCKING SPELL, SHE’S GOING TO CAST IT OH FOR” he hurriedly said.

“What do you mean?” Nicola asked, getting worried. She’d followed the instructions carefully, definitely.

“THE SPELL, THE SPELL, SHE’S GOING TO CAST IT. WE’RE ALL DEAD EVEN IF SHE CAN’T CAST IT CORRECTLY. IT’S TOO ADVANCED FOR HER. LET ME CAST THE TRAPPING SPELL TO STOP HER, PLEASEEEEEEEEEEE” he yelled.

She saw the other witch across the street, she was in the distance.

“Isn’t that the archwitch?” Nicola gulped.

“WHAT THE, NO WHAT THE FUCK IS AN ARCHWITCH, I’M THE ARCHWIZARD, NOW GET OFF OF ME BEFO-” he passed out, nut milk (whoa) drooled out of his wide mouth (his mouth was wide from practicing spell casting, this is how magic duels are won, through better spells and even mouths)

The witch came into view; it was Hattie. Except time hadn’t eroded her, she was fresh and untouched. The others had caught up to them. Hattie was looking at herself, the witch on the other side of the street. She remembered that she was the evil witch, the one the spell was being used against. It wasn’t that wizard who was on the floor who was being stopped, it was herself. The spell went through in the past and she had been trapped here wandering forever, now she was going to ruin everything – again.

Nicola grabbed the book he was using for the incantation; the time shifting trapping spell, and threw it at the younger Hattie.

“NO SHIT DON’T THROW AWAY THE SPELL, YOU DON’T KNOW HOW TO CAST IT, I NEED TO BE TRAPPED” Hattie bellowed, Nicola watched aghast as she realised the mistake she had made, it was Hattie. The entire book descended into the depths of younger Hattie’s mouth and the spell would be casted once again, once again.

RIP

TEAR

FRACTURE

God trembled, she knew what had just occurred, she was going to fix it, definitely, yep, sure.

They awoke back inside Lutenheim valley.

“-way, I should get going, lunch won’t cook itself haha” said the dragon, stomping off. They had resolved time, right?

“So um, we did it?” Kowos said.

“I guess we did” Toby replied, he turned to the frazzled nut, “Hey, thanks for the help, I never got your name, what was it?”

“Magnum” he squeaked.

“Cool, you can uh, leave? If you want” Toby replied.

“Yeah I’ll be going” he shuddered.

“Hattie what’s going on, did you betray us or not?” Kowos asked, he was too gentle to raise his tone, yet the pain in his tone was abundantly clear.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know anymore. These years have all been disorientating to me, I don’t know who I am, who that was, who this is. I really am sorry, but mission success right?” Hattie blurted, begging for forgiveness.

“No, if we didn’t figure that out, or worse yet made a mistake, we would be fucked” Nicola scowled, they started to walk away.

“Piss off, stop following us. If you weren’t casting that spell in the first place, we wouldn’t be here” Nicola ranted.

“Please just let me stay with you, I don’t know where to go” Hattie wailed.

“We’ve got to go now; I can’t spend much longer here. Everyone back home probably thinks I’m dead already” Toby firmly stated.

“Actually, time flows much, much slower in your universe. It’s been about 4 days here, so an estimate of 4 seconds which you’ve missed” God concluded.

“Wait, that’s brilliant!” Toby chirped, “But I still want to go home, so let’s get going”

“Yes let’s get going” Kowos cheerily continued.

“Yeah-h let’s go” Stewbert added.

“Yes let us leave” Porky pompously replied as they started walking.

“Um, where’s the exit?” they all thought.

“First we’ve just got to reach the edge of the bucket, then walk out onto the rim” God said.

“All that way? *sigh* Stewbert carry me” Porky demanded. Toby grabbed the scientit back off the street.

“NO NOT AGAIN” Magnum cried.

“Hey, hey shush. It’s alright” Toby started, sounding like he was trying to calm a kid after they were kidnapped, “ Can you get us out of here?”

“IF I GET YOU OUT OF HERE, WILL YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?” Magnum screeched, alarmed beyond understanding.

“NO NEVER HEHEHEHEHEHEHE” God cackled, “Yeah we’ll leave you alone, just stop crying”

Magnum handed them balls. These balls rolled by themselves, some slowly, some even slower.

“Eat one, and face the opposite direction of where you want to go, angle your face slightly down and wait” Magnum said.

Tossing the balls into their mouths and facing the opposite way, nothing happened.

PEW PEW.

Bursts of ice sprinted out of their mouths, enthralled by the quiet bloom of fire snaking in the centre. Bursts of lightning splattered intermittently, sprouting from the crackles sprinkled throughout the ice. Bursts of wind shattered the ice, frothing the incandescent flames and spewing them spontaneously. Bursts of water doused the weighted flames, each drip of water weaving through the wreckage.

Flying over the frayed Valley, they were going to reach the Bucket's rim. The spells intensity was spewing over the valley's grooves and dents. Shanty houses flocking in opposing angles were attacked by splinters of ice and crumbs of water. Ripping through the stifled air, the mixture of elements were still thrusting from their mouths.

Taking themselves out of their lovely ride, the rim of the bucket abruptly stopped them. They gazed out into the open. The muggy air dispersed as wafts of frigid frozen air welled up from below.

Black.

It may have been simple, yet so layered, so pretty. This one colour blossoming into millions of hues which would entertain millions of people as they viewed the sky every night. It's a colour which connects millions of souls, still dancing in the night. It's millions of people's favourite colour, even though it's not a colour. That's millions of people wrong.

PEW PEW.

"You stole some spells?" Nicola asked, "Nice"

Stewbert and Porky stood there, grappling pages into their mouths testing out different combinations, a guide to basic spell creation was scattered on the floor alongside a sack of elements, unmixed.

"Ye-eah, Magnum pro-ovided us with th-em" Stewbert stuttered, "We stole t-he elements and th-e books"

"We can cast our own spells? WE'RE GONNA BE WIZARDS" Kowos ecstatically burst.

A single furry hand was raised. Popping out from under the ground, the emblem embroidered onto their armour told them what they needed to know. They were careless, and had been found. The terrorists lined up; each clutching gamma guns. A few stood behind, holding supplies. They were short, comically short for terrorists, but dread bombastically boomed in Toby's heart.

"What do you want?" Toby asked.

Click. The guns were all tampered with in unison, resounding clacks resonating in the silence. Vascular vessels pumped greenish liquids through the gun (these liquids cool the guns after shooting, and change colour to blue once ammo is over and purple once the gun can no longer be used - liquid must be replaced)

"I said, what do you want?" Toby repeated. The guns were angled upwards, facing them at the barrel.

Kowos was killed.

END OF PART 1

PART 2

She came through the door, embracing me, hugging me. Her hair fell onto my face, covering it. I blew it away making a funny noise like normal. She giggled. She held up one finger and ran out of the room. Clutching my baby, she came back. Tears fell onto the baby as I held her in my arms, I created her, I was going to treasure her. I was going to protect her. From everything, right?

You couldn't protect Kowos.

He's dead now.

Will your daughter die because you couldn't protect her?

It wasn't your fault, but who gives a shit about that? It happened right? He's dead right?

She stopped embracing me, she carefully took the baby with a look of fear crested into her eyes and left the room. Don't leave. Don't leave.

"Don't leave yet, yeah I know I've got to go report to the boss, but it's been a while since we last caught up. We'll meet at the brooker? Cool, cya Jerry"

He opened his eyes, black. A colour that once brought him happiness, suddenly seemed so foreign, so *dangerous.* Three pairs of eyes darted towards him. Luminous pips and narrowed sharpened slits. Kowos? Was it Kowos? Something slithered around his body.

“MMMHMHMHDISBSOCB” garbled out of Toby’s mouth. What? He could’ve sworn he could talk. He just wanted to see Kowos. To make sure he was still alive. He went to whack the floor. Something trickled onto his hands and they locked in place.

“HDKHDKUHSOHS” he cried, stipulated with pain. Where was Stewbert? Was he taken too? He hadn’t gotten to know the guy as much; he regretted that now. The eyes stared at him, ghosts of former selves, populated with pain.

They just had to wait, in excruciating silence. Let the pain double, let the tears double, let the anger triple.

There was no sound creeping around, no smell tapping on their shoulders, no taste slithering on their body, sometimes it felt as though there was no touch either – just being suspended in air; hanging. One thing kept them sane, each other. Staring at each other, permanently blinking away tears the three of them stared at each other, waiting.

Gases violently frothed around them the thing holding onto them squirmed away. Thick fleshy pink walls slid open, that same armour, same crest strode in gruffly putting their faces in masks, roughly trapping their hands and legs or stems in some wet but stiff substance. They pushed them out of the chamber, the walls convulsing in delight. They were pushed into another chamber, left there to rot. The stiff ropes which clasped them up unzipped and their eyes adjusted to the yellowish, malnourished colour which plagued the room.

“KOWOS, KOWOS, YOU THERE BUDDY? LET’S CAST SOME SPELLS TOGETHER” Toby bellowed through sobs. The rest of the group remained silence.

“God, get him back. Now.” Nicola agonizingly whispered. God went silent.

“God get him the fuck back now” she continued. God remained in silence.

“You can’t just stay in silence, that’s not going to fucking fix anything. Get him back” Nicola wailed. God kept her silence.

“GOD DO SOMETHING USEFUL IN THAT FUCKING LIFE OF YOURS. SAVE HIM. GET HIM BACK” Toby screeched.

“I-I can’t, sorry” she muttered.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN’T. YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN” Toby ranted.

“Anymore and the universe, it’s already ripped, torn and fractured” God squeaked.

“DO IT, DO IT RIGHT FUCKING NOW”

God took out her own book from thin air. Crumpling pages she started slapping them down her throat. Light flooded out from her eyes and mouth, a blaring distress signal that told them not to continue. She continued. Screaming through the blistering pain, she took more pages, and more, even more.

SLIT

SHRED

MANGLE

Nothing happened.

“Death is permanent, the universe isn’t” God blathered exhausted, she collapsed.

“GOD HEY GOD, WE STILL NEED YOU. please” Toby mourned.

“No good, she’s passed out for fuck’s sake” Nicola moaned.

“We need her to get him back. He’s not gone. He can’t be gone” Toby rasped through ragged breaths. The words, death is permanent mused through his head. He shook God.

“Hahaha hey god? my best friend… I love you. wanna hook me up with some spells?” Toby deliriously, desperately said.

“Shut the fuck up” Porky whispered.

“Oh so sorry little kid. He just died and I should shut up. It’s your fucking father. You know nothing” Toby raged.

“YOU FUCKING PRICK. HE’S MY FATHER YOU THINK I DON’T KNOW THAT? MY BEST FRIEND AND FATHER ARE GONE. NOW I’M STUCK WITH PEOPLE WHO DON’T EVEN RESPECT ME. FUCK YOU TOBY. I WAS BORN A FEW WEEKS AGO, YOU THINK I KNOW ANY OF THIS SHIT?” Porky yelled exasperated; he started uncontrollably sobbing. Toby had stopped his rant, “You think I don’t care? His son? He’s left now who do I have. What I have is no family relations, no education, no money and I’m a prick”

“I’m sor-” Toby said.

“No you don’t get to be sorry. How can I live up to that kiwi? How? I’ve got to live out what he couldn’t” Porky wailed.

“You shouldn’t live for him. Do your own shit” Toby comforted.

“Sure he was great, but you’re great. Don’t just carry this burden and fuck off. Give us a third – no 2 thirds of the burden” Nicola said, clenching back tears.

He stayed silent; he poked God.

“Give him back”

“Death is permanent, sorry” God trembled.

“Give him back”

“I SAID DEATH IS PERMANENT. LISTEN TO ME YOU FUCKING IDIOTS. I CAN’T DO ANYTHING, NOT EVEN AGAINST DEATH” God yelled.

They sat in silence, dreading life. Kowos was gone.

“Fuck you Keertan” God said, “You just leave me to deal with the mess huh? You write something to spice it up and I have to fix it? Thanks, why’d you have to make me such a prick”

“Why did you do it? Why did you murder him? Is he your plaything? Just something to toss around to make an interesting story? We’re here y’know, we have to follow these lines that you’ve written, ever thought about how that makes us feel? Of course you have, how else would you be able to write our personalities, our conversation? You wouldn’t, so you understand how we feel yet you still kill Kowos. Maybe it wasn’t God everyone was getting pissed at, it was you” Toby belted out.

“Yeah that’s right, ignore us. Just continue writing, it’s your safe space. Well guess what? Your safe spot is hell for us” Nicola complained.

“He just wants us to all die, its ‘entertainment’ for his little audience, you think this is entertaining? Messing with us?” Toby

“What happened to Stewbert?” Toby said in between tears.

“I-I don-t know” Porky snivelled, “But he’s gone as well”

Fine, I’ll give you something, just please stop complaining. I’m sorry, this whole writing thing, it, it’s just everything to me. No matter how cliched that line is, and that line is its true. I’ll show you what’s going on with Stewbert, don’t regret it. But I won’t stop writing, and I’m not sorry about that.

“Shit how did I get here? I was just at the water cooler with jerry… OH GOD IT’S GOD” Stewbert yelled, confused.

“HEY STEWBERT” Porky cried out, rushing up to hug him.

“Hey wha- get off me- ” he said.

“Look at him” Toby simply replied.

Stewbert stood valiantly in his crested armour. His sharp suit embossed with the emblem stuck out like a sore thumb on his ragged, ruffled fur. Black can mean a million different things, don’t mistake its beauty or its danger. Black tides constructed dust beaches on the edges of his suit as lightly crimped cufflinks roared with fur.

“Fuck you” they replied in unison.

“No, no, no hahahahaha. You fucking idiots, yeah, I dragged you here, it all went perfectly to plan hahaha” he mocked.

“Even when we were stuck in God’s prison?” Nicola offered; she had been regaining her cool steadily.

“Yeah” he said.

“Or getting stuck in a near infinite time loop?” She continued.

“Yeah” he said, his face flushing, “It may not have been the most perfect mission but-”

“Or when we got abducted by a crazed slug?” she ranted, loving his frustration.

“YEAH I KNOW I MESSED UP A LITTLE BUT I GOT THE GOD HERE” he said, panting of embarrassment.

“Sure you messed up only *a little*” she said.

“But we’re here as well. Not the cleanest mission” Toby said, joining in.

“Yeah bu-” Stewbert cried internally.

“I hear that the land price is going up, now that’s being wasted on us, congrats Stewbert” Nicola smirked.

“SHUT UP” he yelled to no success.

“Hey don’t get mad at us, we aren’t the ones who wanted to be here. You’re gonna have to pay the rent, that’s just how it works” Toby laughed.

“I was only meant to get God, but mission success, what you thought I was just a blundering dickwad who couldn’t talk? I told you the truth at the very beginning, I’m an assassin head of a fleet in fact, just for God. Not for you, for *my* God, who promises that they’ll actually do something. Nearly every move I took was calculated, if Porky hadn’t touched the panel, I would’ve, I got us out of the palace. Why else do you think my brothers would follow you after stealing the ship? You guys aren’t that special. Pricks” Stewbert replied, “Oh and, the names Bertstew not that stupid name Stewbert, can’t believe you fell for that”

“You are shitting me right? You do the whole evil guy plot twist reveal and your name is Bertstew?” Toby asked in spite.

“Not as bad as the author’s name” Bertstew replied hurt.

Ow – that hurt me

“Why would yo-” Porky started.

“Bye guys!!!! Have fun, I’ve done my work. Oh yeah God? No funny business, we’ve got your daughter” Bertstew chided, striding away, the flaps of his suit boasting in the clammy air.

Happy? No? Didn’t think so.

“They have my daughter?” God said, “THEY HAVE MY DAUGHTER?”

“Calm down. They could be lying, you said she’s been gone for centuries” Toby said, in between tears.

“SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT” God bellowed, “THEY’RE MESSING WITH THE WRONG BITCH”

“You can’t do anything” Nicola snapped, “If you can’t do it for Kowos, you aren’t doing it for anyone”

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” God screamed. She knew she couldn’t do anything, she was trapped, like always.

“Fuck this shit. We’ve lost Kowos, Stewbert’s gone and Bertstew has betrayed us” Toby said, tears rushing to his eyes, “Why should we go on? What’s left? We probably won’t even leave this place”

“We continue like those people on Dismuth, who gives a shit. We’re going to live” Nicola reasoned.

“What now then?” Toby cried, “I’m tired, so fucking tired”

“We all are” Nicola snapped, “Sorry, it’s getting to me too”

“We have to get my daughter” God said.

“And we have to get revenge” Porky said, the devil playing with his words. Brushing away buckets of juice from his eyes,

“You saw those people rotted by drugs, we’ll get revenge for Kowos and for them. Who cares what happens to us after that?”

“I don’t even know if I can go home anymore, fuck it let’s do it” Toby confirmed, tears dripping from his face.

“I want to be part of a team, this team” Nicola whispered.

“We’re coming for you” they burst, “And we’re gonna get revenge”

“HEY BERTSTEW, FUCK OFF” one member yelled.

“YEAH JUST PISS OFF” another terrorist yelled.

Bertstew plodded through the cavernous pipes, insults were hurled at him. He strode through all of them.

“GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM FUCKING RAT”

He arrived at the heart of the operations. Two guards wearing masks with two stripes running through them horizontally greeted him.

“State your name and business” one uttered, inserting a new canister into his hand. His hand melded together with a smooth metal panel ate the canister which was being offered. It puffed a few gas rings before lighting up the machine with a dazzling crimson haze. Tentacles licked from the side of the gun, a mouth frothing from the hole.

“Oh hey Bertstew how ya doing?” the hole said before being elbowed by the guard.

“Here to report results” Stewbert calmly replied. The intestines of the ship broke open, peeling back to reveal the heart of the ship.

“Hello Bertstew”

“Hello sir. Mission success on my half, just came to report that” Bertstew said.

“Why yes, congratulations. Very impressive. We’ve got her daughter and another pathetic person in custardy as the hostage. He just won’t stop quivering and won’t talk to us but hey, cute pet right?”

“How do you know that is God’s daughter? And how do you know that God won’t do anything to get her back, she was proper livid when I saw God” Bertstew confidently asked.

“I know that it’s God’s daughter, don’t question me. There’s only one reason why God won’t use her powers to get her daughter, she already knows. Otherwise she’d go after her, we both know there’s no threat that could stop her”

“I’ll be leaving now sir” Bertstew stated.

“Good job as always, another mission will be supplied shortly. By the way can you shut up that dumb gun? She’s always trying to start conversation with me”

“Yes sir, bye sir” Bertstew agreed, he slapped the gun on the way out.

“Ow- hey watch it” the gun frothed.

“Why does that lowly rat get so much attention from the boss?” one guard asked.

“I don’t know, I couldn’t give a shit about any rat, those bottom feeders” the other guard replied.

“He’s the only rat on the terrorist force right? I hope so at least, damn leeches” he said.

“shit” God realised.

“What?” Toby queried.

“There’s only one way they’re able to know who my daughter is and keep her” she muttered, “The leader is my husband”

“Oh shit” Nicola said.

“I can’t take my child through force away from him” God said.

“Why?” Porky snapped.

“Because, because I love him” she said behind ragged breaths, “And he’ll kill himself or her if I mess with them”

“How does that have to do with anything?” Toby scowled, “We’ll just take her, you’re God remember? Who even gives a shit about that guy?”

She pounced onto toby; eyes razor focused on every divest of his saggy flesh. Teeth like honed razors splurged out of her mouth, then her nose, then her eyes. A shallow lip formed around the abundance of acuminated blades, unpacking scarily close to Toby’s buckled face. His eyes spurted water while his nose sprayed snot as the blades started popping out into each other, shattering its own blades over his near lifeless corpse.

“I’m sorry, I really am” he cried.

God started brushing herself off, she hadn’t realised that her head was still sharpened like a pencil.

“It’s alright” she grumbled, “I love him. He also has powers though; I can’t stop him from killing himself”

“Powers?” Porky asked.

“Yes, he uh, controls the darkness. No one really knows about it, he’s always just in the dark – closeted” God murmured.

“He’s gay?” Nicola asked.

“No, he controls everything else, he’s my shadow and all I had for eons until life fully evolved” God trembled.

“What do you even see in a person like that? His team killed Kowos, HE killed Kowos” trembled Porky out of betrayal.

“He must’ve changed, he used to be the sweetest person” God reasoned.

“He killed Kowos, I couldn’t give a shit about whether he used to be nice or not” Porky raged, balling his moist fists into balls of lead.

“You’re not going to do anything to him” God bitterly replied. Her daggers spewed put further, itching for a kill. The ventricles sidling through the blades lit up in a fiery blaze, as the tip started foam molten metal all over Porky.

“God” Toby interjected before the conversation got ugly, ok *even* uglier, “Why did you fall for him?”

“I don’t know, why did you fall for you partner?” God repeated.

“She had a great (non-terrorist) personality, lots of love. I love to make her laugh oh and the way her hair flutters…” Toby continued dreamily.

“It was her boobs” Nicola bluntly stated.

“Well no it was mo- ” Toby said.

“So you didn’t like her boobs?” Nicola said, messing with him, “Toby how could you?”

“Ugh. Look God, you haven’t seen him for eons and you still love him? Are you sure he’s the same person? I don’t believe that he hasn’t changed between then and now, let’s just go now” Toby said.

“I’m going to kill him” Porky muttered.

“Let’s just save your daughter, ok?” Toby said. God relapsed into silence, this is one of the aspects she could have a choice over and yet, even then, she still had to choose who to hurt.

They advanced towards the door. That thing slithered up towards the handle.

“What the fuck is that?” Toby asked.

It was severely glitching between some organ mush and the cold sterile tiles they had been thrust into. Porky went out to touch it.

Shards fractured around them, the isolated panels dripping with realities before flipping into a soggy disconcerting mess. Textures from different areas misaligned with each other, rippling from different cultures. Words were suddenly displayed on some of the glitched panels, by a very, very lucky chance constructing a sentence.

“If you are reading this. You smell. BAD” Toby said reading it, “You’re kidding me right? There’s trillions of combinations that could’ve occurred and this, THIS lame joke had to happen, real funny”

The panels continued to swirl like stew, God eventually touched the panels.

“ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR” riled a voice.

The panels started to settle with one consistent pattern.

“OH FUCK” they all yelled as they saw the surroundings.

Fleshy walls erupted in spastic movement; blood coursed through thin tubes which were attached along the base of the room. Ladles of the rich plump scent permeated from the pores populating the floor.

“OH FUCK” they repeated as they touched the walls. Saliva ruptured from the walls, it was slimy, sticky and pale (don’t make the joke Keertan, it’s such an easy one, don’t do it) and it smelled. bad. The saliva stretched and squealed as attempts were made to try and be released.

“YOU CAN DO IT GUYS” God encouraged (she had formed a pair of scissors and once free promptly proceeded to watch the rest try to escape)

“piss off” Nicola said.

Trudging through the fleshy wasteland they reached the door once more. Violent gas brewed from one of plips in the floor.

“do not advance furtherrrrrr” it rasped before floating upwards.

“I’m not going to listen to a damn fart” Nicola raged.

“I really don’t think its sentient, just kinda a precaution. In that sense, its nice right?” Toby reasoned.

“you suckkkkkk” it replied.

“Ok then” Toby said, defeated before pressing his hand on the door, “Its *grunt* not opening *groan*”

“Pull harder” Nicola said.

“Yeah it just – won’t budge” Toby groaned.

“Jiggle the handle” God added.

“Yeah I’m doing that” Toby grunted, “God just open the door”

“Of course, It’s because I’m the best isn’t it?” God happily said. she stared at the door before pulling it.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” she screamed, “IT WON’T OPEN”

“USE MAGIC OR GOD POWERS YOU NINCOMPOOP” Porky yelled.

“oh it’s just a push door” Nicola said, pushing it open.

“Yeah haha I knew that” God guiltily chuckled.

They walked out into the foreign terrain; no terrorists sighted yet. The passage was still fleshy, but a deep purple took centre stage. Canals of sewage were dotted on the floor, large tentacles were manifesting, sprouting from the floor. The deep poignant blood was so thick in the air, it could be tasted. Gross.

“What is this?” Toby queried.

“Some kind of digestive tract I guess” God said.

“Like an intestine?” Nicola asked.

“Yeah kinda” God said, “Just with a certain Keertan twist”

“What does that even mean?” Porky said.

“That it’s going to be batshit crazy, yeah I did the foreshadowing like you asked Keertan, the money now, cmon don’t make this harder than it has to be?” God said.

Huddling through the tract, separate pockets enclosed with a tundra of tentacles were freckled around, more prisoners were kept there.

“So we just… find him?” toby said.

“Yes, of course. Now what do we do if we see any guards?” Nicola asked, she was apprehensive – on edge after Kowos, “I’ll take the spells, Porky try firing your gun and God will be fine. Toby you’re er Toby”

“Alright wai-” Toby started.

“Here’s the spell guide, and some extra books” Porky said passing it along.

“Cool, I think I’ve mastered the basics” Nicola said, “I’ll show you how to use the gun”

They both helped each other whilst God explored the area, Toby just sat there being Toby.

“Uh guys what’s this-” God said before twisting a tentacle.

A track constructed from old pasta shells suddenly reared its head through the intestine. An uproar bloomed as a train belched into view. The ethereal train was a blanched white colour after coming from the acid lakes located up north. The gas, which was similarly burped from pores, fizzed out of the front.

“you still suckkkkkk” it blew.

“Oh come on” Toby sadly said.

Passengers hailing from various areas were all gathered together on the train. Those hailing from the cheese region were capable wheels, sheets of leek boarded up the sides and fruits were neatly tucked away inside.

“AGGG OH GOD- THE PAIN” screamed something which was being run over.

“HOLY SHIT YOU ALRIGHT?” Toby said.

“No they chucked me overboard I don’t know why” it said.

Toby peered closer; it was a brussels sprout.

“Yeah um, tough luck” he said unsympathetically before subtly sliding it back underneath the honking train.

“WHY DID THEY LET THE BROCCOLI LIIIIIIVE” he said, strangled.

The tentacles withdrew into the sleeping flesh, wriggling like worms.

The fruit huddled out of the train; a few conductors created from gelatinous mucus greeted them.

“WELCOME TO THE HOLIDAY RESORT OF A LIFETIME” they said. A chorus of cheers bellowed.

“DISEMBARK THE TRAIN TO START THE ADVENTURE” they said.

BAM.

The rooted tentacles pounced onto the fruit, sucking the nutrients into the flesh.

“That took a dark turn” Toby said, “Didn’t they see that it was going to eat them?”

“Nope, all they saw was..” she said tapping the wall, “This.”

A whizzing wonderland packed with rides and bright motel signs filled their eyes.

“They were tricked?” Porky realised.

“Yeah basically” God said before returning it to normal, “I wonder what the brochure said”

“Let’s go before the next shuttle, I assume the guards aren’t here because of the trains” Nicola urged.

Walking upwards through the intestine, dodging the rapid tentacles they plodded through the body against the gradual gradient increase.

Spokes of bile poked them. A black sack peered at them, watching as fluid blubbed from the darkness. Its eyes were round and wild, a large oval mouth heavily breathed.

“That right there is the liver” God quietly said, “Let’s just very quietly walk past”

They tip toed past.

“you suckkkkkk”

“FUCK YOU-” Toby screamed

“LIVER NOISES” the liver burst, a small purple sack was ripped from next to it and placed underneath it. Slits formed and vile liquid spewed out, the liver started surfing on the freshly squeezed vile liquid.

“OH SHIT” Toby yelled, almost drowning in the acidic liquid.

“HANG ON” Nicola said, gulping down pages.

A blobfish inflatable float appeared.

“WHY DO WE HAVE TO INFLATE IT?” Porky screeched.

“nobody’s perfect” Nicola grumbled.

God breathed into the float and it popped open, they nestled in the fins.

“You helped us?” Toby said.

“No I simply breathed into it, not my fault I only had to breathe once” she winked.

“Nicola, why a blobfish?” Toby sighed.

“I tried a duck one, but it was taken” Nicola said.

“We should be safe here” Toby gasped; they had been temporarily submerged. The flood still voraciously continued.

“What’s it riding on anyway?” Toby asked.

“I think the gall bladder” God said, “HEADS”

A lasso whipped them, narrowly avoiding them. swerving back, the pink lasso was a blood vessel, thick and sumptuous.

“MOVE, MOVE THE FLOAT” Nicola wailed, “PADDLE, WE CAN GET NEW HANDS LATER”

“You’ve gone insane” Toby replied, “IT’S COMING – PADDLE”

Searing of the nails and fur off their fingers, the acid licked at them playfully.

“DO SOMETHING NICOLA AND PORKY” Toby said.

Pellets streamed out of Porky’s eye smacking into the liver. Nicola started swallowing spells.

“TOBY HELP US” Porky screeched.

“WHAT CAN I DO?” Toby cried.

He sat up.

Remembered his training.

Summoned his courage from the great saints.

And sat back down.

And cried.

Then pissed his pants.

The lakes were burning through the boat, flecks burning the frays which suddenly started to clear up.

“NICE TOBY” Nicola screamed.

“Wha-” he blubbered.

“YOU NEUTRALISED THE LAKES WITH YOUR URINE” she joyously cried, “PORKY INCINERATE THE WHIP”

The spells flew from their mouths, flaming pigeons bombed the liver.

“WHAT IS COMING OUT OF THAT” Toby blurted.

A grey sludge swam out from the liver’s falling corpse, it was almost 2d yet incomprehensible at the same time, quickly, it was absorbed into the vascular tube which held them.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

“Um guys?” God said, “I think we’re going to be crushed”

“Golly gosh darn it, really?” Nicola said, frenzy plastered on her face.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Collapsing rapidly, the vein, well – collapsed.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Liquids started gushing, sweeping them up in the process.

“OH GOD” Toby said.

“Ye-” God started.

“NOT NOW” he said.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Helplessly flailing through the waves of monstrous fluid, they held onto the blobfish float as the walls barrelled closer.

“OH FUCK, OH FUUUUUCK” Toby exclaimed.

“yes Toby?” Nicola calmly replied.

“I-I’M BLEEDING” Toby cried.

“THAT’S THE BEAST’S BLOOD YOU FUCKING IDIOT” Porky screamed.

“We must be in some sort of artery or vein, how the fuck did a liver follow us here after we passed the stomach?” Nicola asked.

“That’s your question, not the glaring obvious one?” Toby replied.

“Don’t ask me bitch” Porky snapped.

“Fuck off, we mu-” Nicola said.

“I think that it must be some sort of defence system, they don’t need soldiers here because of that, shouldn’t we be approaching the lungs soon?” Porky clearly stated.

“I-uh” Toby started.

“Fuck off Toby” Porky said.

“Yeah I guess we will be entering the lungs soon, the base of operations must be the heart so we’ll take the pulmonary vein back, none of those cheap coaches” Nicola said startled.

“Shall we go back to drowning?” Toby asked.

“I thought you’d never ask” they grinned.

After calmly drowning for a few minutes huge gaping bubbles popped through the cramped walls. Hopping into the bubble, it was almost surreal. The spontaneous action slowed as lashings of waves splattered against the unphased balloons. Elevator music played in the balloons.

“Hey God, it’s kinda like your palace” Toby noticed.

“I mean yeah, he copied me on the music though” God said.

“This palace is way cooler than God’s” Porky compared.

“Why is yours so lame” Nicola added.

“If I wanted to eat you, I would’ve eaten you” God huffed, “Cmon now we’ve got to wait for the vein to calm down then we can leave”

“The lungs eh?” Toby said, “Why’s it so dead then?”

Glancing around, shanty’s were stippled across the wheezing bronchi. The trees bearing fruits of oxygen had exhaust valves drilled into them. Spluttered by the chemicals of black hole exports, they stood back (obviously)

“What is going on here?” Toby asked.

“Some kind of symbolism to how the audience how global warming occurs and how it affects others, in order to tick the box on Keertan’s checklist” murmured God, thanks!

“I thought you said that black holes provided infinite energy?” Toby queried.

“It’s infinite energy but not clean energy” Nicola said, “Some of those on the bottom edge on our planet suffer from the ensuing effects”

“So we must look after our planet?” Toby said.

“YES” they all groaned and rolled their eyes at you. The vein was now empty, and they could enter the valve.

“Let’s go for a gentle swim in the blood!” God excitedly declared.

Floating on the blood as they drifted to the heart, they wondered whether this would be it. They would kill the other god right? No matter what God would say, avenging Kowos was important to them.

“So… we just get there and bust inside?” Toby asked.

“No shit” Nicola said.

“We need to take this exit for the heart” God said.

“NICE” said Toby as he got out of the steam, “DAMN FINE HEART”

“God you are fucking with me right?” Porky said, “THIS IS A TOILET”

“I never said there was only one heart” God said.

“WHY DIDN’T YOU TAKE US TO WHERE THE TERRORISTS, INSTEAD IT’S THE FUCKING BATHROOM” Porky screeched.

“ITS TRYING TO EAT MY DOODLE” screamed Toby as he hysterically ran away from a barking toilet, “THIS IS A SHIT TOILET”

“well it’s not all that bad, I mean when you eat chilli don’t get me wrong but hey- HEY ARE YOU ESCAPEES” a terrorist said.

“Attempted escapees, big difference mind you” Nicola tutted.

“HOLY SHIT YOU ARE UGLY” the terrorist quivered.

“yeah I know he’s foreign but we really should move past these prejudi-” God calmly lectured.

“God he means you, you’re still all blade face” Nicola croaked.

“Oh um…ATTACK HIM” God sheepishly said.

“TOBY PUNCH” Toby yelled.

“Hey uh, want me to feel pain, I kinda feel bad if I don’t react” the terrorist replied.

“I um- yeah, want another punch to make it more convincing?” Toby added.

“Go for it” the terrorist sighed, “AHHHHHHHHHHH INTRUDE-”

“You didn’t tell him we had fire” Toby said to Nicola as he stared at the burnt remains.

“It wasn’t fire, they killed Kowos anyway” Nicola said, “We need to raid his body”

Ripping away the crackling suit, flesh tumbled. The terrorists identity would finally be revealed a- a- human? A scorched human was staring back at them.

“This whole time and the mighty terrorists are human?” Toby laughed, “There’s hope!”

“My god they’re so ugly” Nicola replied.

“I guess so? But how does Bertstew fit into all of this?” Porky said confused.

Nicola rummaged through the spitting carcass, picking up guns of all calibre and a map. Exuding blue, the gun breathed into her arms.

“You can have this Toby, instead of just standing there and looking stupid, with your stupid face” Nicola said.

It was a small gun, with a canister already in it he poked the hole at the end of the gun.

“HEY WATCH I-” the gun said before suddenly spewing tentacles. They started dancing and quickly grappled onto the body. Burning a bright blue they dunk the body through the tentacles before sparking a deep purple.

“Um, there was still stuff in the body to get right?” Nicola sadly said.

“Yeah…” Toby agreed, “Now we only have this one gun”

“God why did you take us to the toilet?” Porky fumed.

“I really needed to g-”

“Fuck off, WHY?” Porky grumbled.

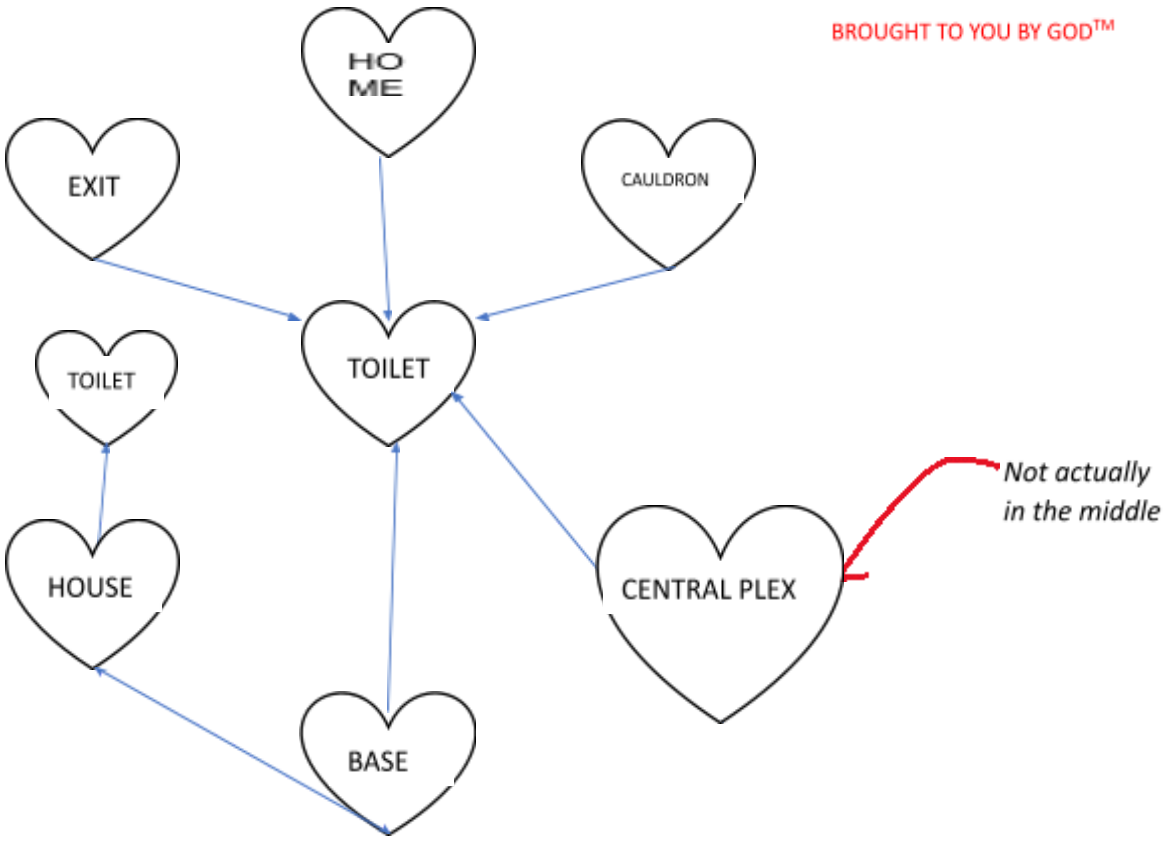
“You won’t be able to kill him, he’s a God, you’ll die instead” God said.

“Shut up” Porky concluded.

“Touché”

“Hey pass the map” Nicola said, “You washed your hands, right?”

“…” Toby paused.



“We just need to get to the base, he’ll be there” Porky swore (for once, not actually not swearing).

“HEY YOU THERE” bellowed a terrorist zipping up his fly, “GET BACK HER-”

Volumes of tentacles burped from the gun, drowning her flesh with a bold blue spark. Gulping each stringy hair down like noodles, the gun was finished and blushed blood.

“Take the clothes” God urged, “DISGUISES!”

“I FUCKING TOLD YOU IT’D NEVER WORK”

“WELL YOU STILL DID IT”

“YOU’RE A FUCKING GOD, YOU COULDN’T HAVE WARNED US?”

“EVERYONE SHUT UP”

“FUCK THE FUCKLE OFF”

“YEAH FUCKLE OFF”

“*sorry*”

“NOW LOOK AT THE MESS WE’RE IN”

“HOW ARE WE GOING TO LIVE NOW”

“WE’RE FUCKED”

“If it’s any consolation, they are pretty good clothes”

“ENOUGH, fucking hell just go he’s ready to see you now I guess (pretty uneventful)” the guard said ushering in the chained up group.

“IF YOU HADN’T-”

“WE’D BE KILLING HIM”

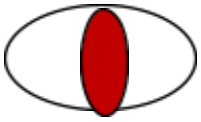
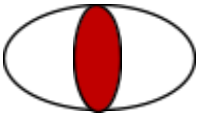
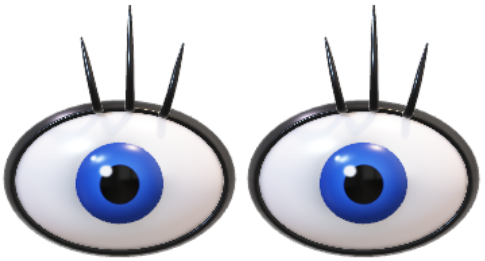
“OH YOU’D BE KILLING HIM?”

“WE WOULD’VE SNUCK I-”

“YEAH IF WE DID IT NORMALLY”

“IT WAS A VERY CONVINCING MOVIE THOUGH, WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO THINK?”

“THIS ISN’T SOME KIND OF MOVIE OR FANTASY/COMEDY NOVEL, WHAT WOULD YOU EXPECT?”

Ah shit

“HEY WHY DO MY EYES LOOK LIK-” Toby started before being cut off – by me!

“Ahem”



“WHO THE FUCK IS THAT”

This was added purely for your amusant and holds no value in this story of peril, heartbreak and sex.
SEX NOT INCLUDED :(

“Welcome” boomed a mysterious voice.

“No really who was that?” Toby asked.

“I can get you his number” God offered.

“Does he work in porno; I swear I’ve seen him in some damn good porno” Porky added.

“You’re 2 weeks old” Nicola said.

“Autty helped me out” Porky winked.

“HEY, SUPER EVIL GUY HERE” it said.

“Hey super evil guy was it?” Nicola sassed.

“Oh real funny no it-” it said.

“Don’t worry buddy, the nickname will stick, but at the end you’ll be stronger because of it!” Toby declared proudly.

“I don’t think you understand, I’m the leader of the terrorist organisation” it said, “They call me, Dog”

Drawing out his gun, Toby bristled for combat, finger ready to insert in the hole. Nicola fluidly swallowed lashings of spells, slipping many more to her side. Porky filled canisters and flicked vials with undulating levers ready to adjust his aim. They were going to kill Dog who was – where?

“WHERE ARE YOU” Nicola growled.

“We can be reasonable about this” God mused.

“Why are there humans as guards?” Toby asked, “Am I not the only one?”

“I have a provider, I’m not sure how you were able to escape the system though” Dog said, “This whole operation is much larger than you or I, I cannot gain power otherwise”

“I’M GOING TO KILL YOU” Porky glared.

“We can still be reasonable about this” God mused.

“God hey how’s it, y’know been?” Dog awkwardly said.

“Shit but it’s getting better, MY DAUGHTER ASSHOLE” God said.

“Not my fault you lost her” Dog continued.

“What do you mean? I was separated from you guys” God said.

“See, this is what you always do, black out the so called bad memories” Dog continued, “You left after a few years of our domination on this planet”

“Domination?” God said, “You’re clearly not making any sense”

“Oh cmon you had to block this out too? We started the terrorist organisation remember?” Dog wailed, “You had fun, don’t complain. This is always what you do”

“I didn’t start this organisation” God said, “I’m telling you that you’ve got it wrong”

“Sure you did, you hated the old dealer but I got a new dealer and pricing structure it’s great I’m telling you” Dog said, “You’re going to love it”

“No I’m not” God defied.

“This is what you always do, THIS IS ALWAYS WHAT YOU FUCKING DO” he raged.

“I’m here for my daughter” God kept calm.

“You’re a fucking delusion” Dog ranted, “You gave up on her and ditched her”

“No I tried to find her” God replied.

“And why couldn’t you?” Dog asked, “Hm?”

“I-I forgot” God said.

“You always fucking do, you always forget, leave others to pick up after you” Dog said, “Then once you find your daughter, you shun her once more BECAUSE SHE WAS A BAD MEMORY”

“What do you mean? Let me see her” God pined.

“You already have, she went by Hattie” Dog said, “Fuck you were gone for so long that she tried to reach you by nearly destroying the whole universe – she even forgot her name”

“Why didn’t you go and help then?” God asked.

“I don’t know if you realised, but locating and walking into a glitch in time can only be done by certain Godly figures” Dog said.

“But aren’t you a God?” God asked, “That’s what we were weren’t we? Black and white – similar yet the same, we were together as we understood each other and only each other”

“So you only remember that?” Dog moaned, “Fuck you God, so I told a little white lie, it doesn’t change the fact-”

“Fact that you just wanted my power? That was it, right? Fuck you” God said.

“Bitch we started this business together I’ve been waiting for you to return so we could expand” Dog said.

“No, no more, is this why people really hate me” God said, “Because I did this, I started all of this with my powers”

“Just with your powers? Shit, you’re forgetting all the work I put in, but yes the drug itself – all you baby” Dog shrugged.

“Fuck this, fuck it all you’re not who I remember at all” God whispered.

“Aw really hun? Forget all the shit you did, the deaths caused?” Dog mocked.

“I didn’t I really didn’t” God assured.

“God what is all this?” Porky quivered, “You were on our side right?”

“I am, in the past, it was different” God said, “I was just so- so- bored. I don’t know, I really don’t. I won’t do that anymore he could be lying for all we know”

“So you’re just going to forget all that? The monster you were” Nicola accused.

“I honestly didn’t mean any of it” God said, “It was another person”

“You didn’t, really? You at least helped” Dog continued, “The spirits of the dammed”

“FUCK” God realised, “Magic, it’s not magic”

“Exactly, there’s a reason magic can only be used once” Dog said, “I never knew until you gave me the reason, the power. Maybe I am a god – I can use my power to build my kingdom”

“God what does he mean” Nicola demanded.

“It’s why the base is so alive, the spirits” God said, “The spirits, you use the elements to summon them, contort them use their energy harvested from death to cast magic”

“Exactly” Dog cackled, “Not every spell exists yet, once I find the person **it** inhabits I can control the world with my drugs”

“Shit, it wasn’t supposed to be used, you know what it does to the spirits” God said.

“Yet I am blessed with the power” Dog mocked.

“It destroys them, bleeds the universe, they shouldn’t be destroyed. That’s why the universe is cutting – breaking” God figured out.

“ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT” Porky screamed, “COME OUT”

“The little child lives! Didn’t I kill your father?” Dog giggled, “Alright I’ll come out”

Enrobed with matte black glazed cloak tipped with purple lacing, he sauntered out of the fleshy wall. He ripped off the cloak and revealed his mangled, gnarled body. It was an amalgamation of limbs, all drunk off death. His rich crimson body shimmered in the bathed bloody light, like a body of straw every pore cackled with mould. Stench permeated from his entangled body, rupturing their noses.

“How-how have you been living?” God trembled, “You aren’t a God”

“By controlling my own spirit” his voice echoed behind the mask, “This is a body, not my soul”

“But how?” God asked, “How can you live like that”

“I’m not a God like some people, I’ve got to make do” Dog said.

Porky shot him.

Dog’s frail bounded around the soft fleshy interior of the heart’s right atrium being pumped across the room. He narrowly avoided the onslaught of blood, before ending up on the vat of pace makers. They crackled with the pulsating energy which quickly strangled Dog.

He screamed.

A dark gloop started flying out of his body, while his hands desperately dragged the goop down. The mask popped off and his eyes gurgled and flung blood wildly. Suddenly the black goop snapped back and he was back, his spirit intact.

“Well that was awfully rude” Dog said.

“We have to disable his body” Porky said, “Remove every other option available to him, the spirits must only be able to inhabit items with the same size or greater so it shouldn’t matter with every singular atom”

He muttered to the others,

“You destroy his body whilst I kill every other body”

Porky shot the flesh which loitered on the ground, blood blew from every crack he created. Freezing them into spires of blood Toby unleashed his gun slapping the spires into small chunks of ice with the blood still running away inside. Guzzling ice, each tentacle almost absorbed the ice until Toby tickled the side of the gun, vomiting the ice. Nicola bloomed metal into the outer layer of the ice as it travelled, careful not to touch the blood. Splattering into Dog’s mask, it had no effect.

“Nice try” Dog said, “Didn’t even touch me though”

“We know” Nicola grinned.

BOOM

Bursts of clouds dripped out of his mask.

“FRANCIUM BITCH” Nicola said.

“NOW WHILE THE GAS IS BLOCKING HIS VISION” (nice job telling him what’s about to happen) Porky bellowed.

Nicola spewed spells, sending embroidered flaming balls of light at his head, toby flung his finger into his gun and plunged it into the viscous blood lake, sucking in litres of blood. He singed the ventricles against the flaming balls, boiling the blood ready to fire. Porky shot and extracted the spare canisters from his gun and stuffed them in the spindly ventricles burning from Toby’s gun. The pressure ferociously built up and gently knocked against the side of the gun.

“Knock knoc-” the gun started.

“NOT FUCKING NOW” Toby blared.

Nicola stringed together torrents of wind which blew from the product of the flying bullets and sent the gun flying for Dog’s body. It blew, shattering the nimble body Dog had built for himself. The black sludge towered over them, caressing the tattered body.

“Nice try” he mocked, “But Death can’t collect me. I’ve straddled between life and death too much in this life, I’m stuck here until I find another body”

“FUCK” Toby cursed, “this is it isn’t it?”

“I need a body” he muttered, “WHERE ARE THE BODIES”

Porky was grinning as he set fire to every inhabitable object within the room, every vessel, every droplet.

“Nope” Nicola said. She took a pot and began to stuff the gloopy ghost into a pot”

“HAHAHAHAH” Dog said, “YOU FUCKING IDIOT, I NOW CONTROL THIS POT”

Nicola took a slightly larger pot, and put Dog’s pot into her pot.

“I CAN STILL MOVE AND I WILL GET OUT OF HERE” Dog yelled.

Nicola repeated this process another 100 times.

“i swear I will make it out of here” he said, deflated.

“He’s gone” God said in realisation, “Dead”

“Here’s right here though?” Toby said.

“I didn’t stop you” God said, “I helped no one”

“BAD, BAD.” God screamed, “I’VE BEEN A BAD GIRL”

“Um” Porky said startled, “You ok?”

She collapsed onto the floor, writhing in pain systematically screaming.

“Hey God?” Toby asked.

“BAD” she screeched, “BAHAHA-D”

Camera rolls flew out of her head, displaying what recently happened, scissors editing out every bad snippet.

“She’s trying to forget everything” Toby said “again”

“Did we not mean anything to her?” Nicola said, “we’re being erased”

“Fuck her” Porky said.

“Yeah, we weren’t that bad” Toby said.

He jiggled the locked the door for a while before opening it and he walked out. He was greeted with the masked faces of over 500 armed guards.

“H-Hey there fellas” He trembled before slamming the fleshy door.

“GOD I’M SORRY I LOVE YOU WAKE UP GET US OUT OF HERE” Toby screamed shaking her.

Etchings of the past sprinkled out of her ear, cut up by the looming pair of scissors. Thick muscular films ripped from her head as Toby shook her.

“Toby stop before you really mess something up” Nicola yelled.

Porky took a leg up from Toby and grappled onto the comically large scissors and they each took a side.

“ALRIGHT” they yelled grinning at each other, “1… 2… 69…”

Cutting through the door, they snapped at the guards, clipping them into two. Slicing and dicing their way through, they ran towards the next artery about to be pumped.

“HOP IN” Nicola said as they gushed around the system, blood flowing all around them. There was no time to create a shield, so they had to close their eyes, pray then remember to breathe. Tumbling through the bloodstream the exit popped them out with a bit of blood.

God stared at them, frenzy emanating through those glacial eyes of hers.

“Oh so now you get here? Whatever, let’s leave” Toby said disappointed.

God opened her mouth, worms of light sputtered out and cut through one of Toby’s fingers.

“WHAT THE FUCK” he stared.

“You do not address the leader like *that*” she grinned, “High-five, I guess you can’t though”

“WHAT’S HAPPENED TO HER” Toby yelled.

“I DON’T KNOW, she should’ve forgotten about us but now she’s gone crazy” Nicola said, “How many of her memories have been cut, was it when you shook her?”

It dawned on them.

“Okay, bye!” they said, giddily running away (they were all pissing their pants at this point). God had been reverted to her terrorist days. She was gone, emotionally if you were wondering not… physically – she was going to kill them obviously.

“hey” she said in front of them, “So… death?”

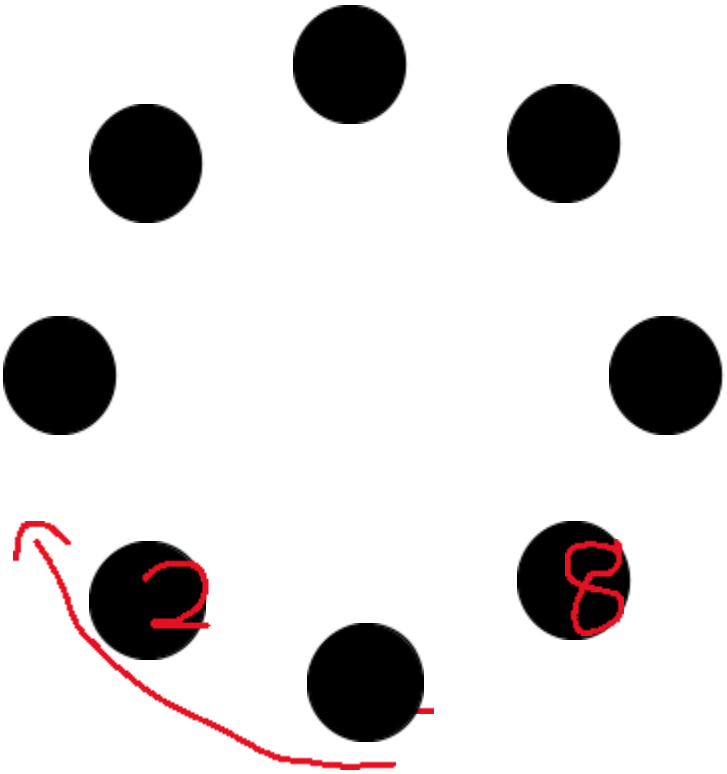
“Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,
ummmmm

“You heard that?” Toby said to the shocked glances which bounded between them.

“But that’s impossible, Toby has no dick!” Porky declared, “There’s only one person who does the impossible – God”

“It’s Go-” Toby said.

“BINGO, Hi. To the convenience of present God, I am a simple voice recording from the past for something she couldn’t be bothered to explain. Soon, the universe is going to rupture, this is due to the fact that I am attempting to cast spells where the required spirit is unavailable, causing me to get it from another universe. Eventually the universe will rip and have to merge with another universe. It means there will be changes, small at first like you just saw. This is because of the universal clock of sorts, the more cuts which appear in our universe, will it cause it to cycle through each universe to heal ours:



Shown by the shittily drawn 1, our galaxy cycles clockwise in terms of merging to heal. Each universe is slightly tweaked (like universe 2), say one time where you scratched your butt, toby, wouldn’t have happened in the next universe, small nuances change each time until the cycle fully loops around and the most different universe to our universe (universe 8) is then used as healing, before our universe is there.

At that point our universe will be so mixed that it will cause death, even a few hundred universes mixed in could be catastrophic. Each universe it at a different point in time, moves at a different rate of time and it is imperative you don’t mess around with them – too much, they should revert back to normal afterwards.

You must tell me to stop, I cannot see the changes occur as I only have control over this universe, not any other. Just politely tap me on the shoulder and tell me that it’s time – I’ll then stop and fix up the universe, we Gods have a protocol for this, so long as every God realises then this can go through. However that means you MUST tell me, I cannot sense these things unlike other Gods.” God’s voice echoed.

Toby approached the screaming God.

He put one hand on her shoulder and said, “It’s time”

“For fucks sake Toby” Nicola said under her breath.

God looked at him, wild eyed before Nicola pulled him away from her, intercepting the new universe.

“Ok, how do we make her, y’know fix up the universe, she’s a bit invested in murder right now” Nicola said.

“How did our God stop?” Toby said, “She realised that the terrorist organisation was bad, worse for her daughter”

“She’s not going to ever realise it now that the daughter’s out of the picture and we killed her husband” Porky said.

“We’ve got to break her, emotionally until she has nothing left. Then we’ll be left with the God we know and love” Nicola concluded.

“All she has is power, artificial power – we already took down the terrorists and she doesn’t care about her daughter” Toby said.

“Did we really take down the terrorists? Dog said there were many other stages to his operation” Nicola said.

“And there was the shit with the human terrorists – and ‘the system’. If there are more humans here, hopefully there will be a way back, God doesn’t control any other universe so we’re on our own for my escape” Toby said.

“The system he mentioned did he mean back at the black hole plant?” Nicola said, “Where you came from?”

“Right but… I’m sure I wasn’t going to be shipped off into a terrorist” Toby said.

“We should at least see it, it’s got something to do with the terrorists” Nicola bargained, “I have an all access pass”

“I thought you didn’t have that high level of a job there?” Toby said.

“I don’t, my father owns the plant though” Nicola begrudgingly said.

“HE-HE OWNS THE PLANT?” Toby quaked, “YOU’RE RICH”

“Hence my ‘posh’ surname – yes I am part of the Cher family” Nicola said, “I’m not exactly the favourite”

“Whoever is?” Toby said.

“It’s more complicated than that, really” Nicola said, “We’ve got to investigate the plant, there’s so many factions and teams which make up the factory – there’s a large chance that it will be one of them”

“How could they sneak past your father and his rock solid safety measures?” Toby asked, he was wondering how anyone could slip past a multi-billion operation.

“Same way you did” Nicola said, “However that was”

“How did you even get here?” Porky asked.

“I have no clue” Toby said.

“What about Barry the black hole?” Porky said.

“I really don’t know it must’ve been through a black hole” Toby concluded, “But how I got into a literal black hole – who knows”

“We should go back” Toby said as he stepped out, his tiny little unmanly rags of beard hair were singed suddenly and he stepped back quickly.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO” he wailed, “MY ONE ASSET”

“Trust me it wasn’t a big loss” Nicola said, “She knows we’re there, how come the God here doesn’t know about us?”

“We’re from another universe, so that God cannot detect” Porky said.

“So we’re just gonna have to stay here?” Toby said.

“Or… We just cover ourselves with this universe stuff, then she’ll have no clue” Nicola figured out, “Her ‘sensors’ won’t be able to detect other universe stuff”

“Right… ALRIGHT TOBYY MY MAN MY BRO MY TEST SUBJECT” Porky boomed.

“For fucks sake” he swore before being pulled down to the ground and rolled around like a roll of sushi, before long he was coated in monster guts and blood.

“Perfect” Nicola declared.

“Oh fuck it’s so itchy and smells so bad” Toby complained.

“Perfect” Nicola declared.

He was pushed out into the other universe. Nicola repeated the same process with Porky before pushing him out into the open too. She waltzed in right after them.

“YOU DON’T HAVE PROTECTION!” they screamed.

“Only an idiot would roll around in decaying monster blood” Nicola said, “There’s ALWAYS a better method”

“So we smell for no reason” he said.

“I get to laugh at you?” Nicola smirked, “All I did was cast a spell around me, a spirit was used from that universe which God can’t detect from here”

They held each other in their arms.

“My smelly brother” toby cried.

“My smellier brother” Porky cried.

“GO!” they screamed, smiling sneakily. Tackling down Nicola, she was cloaked in the stench.

“ALRIGHT FUCK OFF NOW” She said, whilst Toby and Porky high-foured each other.

Waded through the bloodied wasteland where empty stalls selling gun recharges and differing canisters were swiped by Porky. Food a plenty served in numbered packets were being pummelled down a tube, ricocheting to the slums which beat like the true heart of the place.

A large tube almost enveloping them from the front stared at them, it was impassive loitered with blueprints and scattered with the scent of everything which stepped inside. It was mangled with mechanical parts which beat just slightly out of rhythm with the rest of the giant beast, whizzing nuts and bolts each time. They wearily walked closer.

One heavy bolt wheezing black smoke drove into the ground and burrowed through copper plated pie which cured through the ground. It flew out of the ground behind them, one equally heavy nut was ballooned from the erratic tube and caught the bolt mid-air, firing it even further. Once it had hit a wall away and screwed itself in a panel popped out of the copper plated pipe, laying out each option.

“Y’know… it could’ve just been a panel, why all this bs” Porky said.

“I think it adds ‘charm’ ” Toby said, “We’ve got to get to the surface right?”

“I mean yeah, but the surface of what? Where even are we” Nicola asked.

“Just the surface of this huge monster thing” Porky said.

“Won’t we just… be eaten?” Nicola replied.

“We’ll cross that bridge when it comes to that” Porky said.

“There won’t even a bridge left after we see that monster, it’ll devour everything” Nicola reasoned.

“Let’s just get into the bloody tube” Toby said.

Stepping into the creaking tube, blood started leaking from the mechanical fixtures, reeking of misplaced sewerage and rusted oil.

The tube sealed off before moving slightly upwards, then diagonally, then to the right, then down, then diagonally, then to the left. They hadn’t moved. Gas bubbled in the whistling ducts winding around the room.

BOOO

It was a wide horizontal split which cut through the tubes ending, cranking open like teeth. The cool muddy air shocked their battered noises which were used to the claustrophobic tattered air inside.

Where the capsule had burrowed into left a significant cave in the ground. It wasn't really a capsule, more of a pincer, polished with the blackest of blacks. It shone against the starry background. The pincer was slowly drawing back and neatly tucking into the folds of the giant bug.

"Beats exiting through its ass" Nicola said.

"Where even are we?" Toby said.

"Some kind of cave on some kind of land in some kind of galaxy drifting in some kind of universe" Porky said, "Who the fuck knows where the terrorists took us"

"First order of business is to get out of here" Nicola said, "We'll need a ship for that"

"What happened to old Autty?" Porky queried.

"Who knows what happened to that" Toby dismissed, "I'm sure we'll find one on the way"

Elegantly tripping out of the cave they were greeted by the shimmering sheen of thin wings cloaking the nearby land. Paper-thin with stretched ink lines running through the folds enveloping the land as far as the eye could see. Similar craters were left dawdling around the land. In the middle of the chaos lay one impenetrable fortress.

Stacked with sheet after sheet of bunged up metal, the shanty shack had clearly breathed through time. The door creaked open even before they moved a hand. Wandering in they were greeted by another human?

"Nigel?" Toby quivered, "From nursery?"

He turned around peering at them from across the smooth counter. His body was squeaky clean, no imperfections. It was just pure unfiltered Nigel.

"Stinky?" Nigel said, "No way, how long has it been?"

"I'VE BEEN GREAT, MAN IS IT GREAT TO SEE SOMEONE HERE DURING ALL THIS MADNESS" Toby said.

"Yeah work has been nuts recently" Nigel said, "What've you been up to?"

"Oh you know a bit of this, a bit of that" Toby played, "How the fuck did you get here?"

"We were raised in the shanties remember?" Nigel asked, raising one perfect eyebrow.

"The shanties?" Toby murmured.

"On Buggo, heart 2" he said.

"Buggo?" Toby said, "What the-"

"The giant bug overhead us, Buggo?" Nigel said, "You alright?"

“I’m… good” Toby said.

“Where are we?” Nicola interjected.

“Ravioli” Nigel brushed off, “Are you really Stinky”

“Yes I’m stinky” Toby squirmed.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA YOU JUST ADMITTED YOU’RE STINKY. YOU’RE DEFINITLY STINKY, ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD FALL FOR THAT” Nigel burst out laughing.

“Yeah, yeah very funny” Toby said, “Ah yes the shanties, we sure had fun eh?”

“We definitely did” Nigel said, “So you were discharged or something?”

“Discharged?” Toby asked.

“From up there, the war we’re fighting against the rest of the world” Nigel said.

“Yeah” he said.

“Damn no wonder you’re so hazy with your memory” he chuckled, “You were a good fighter”

“Thanks, we fought them well didn’t we” Toby quipped.

“No actually, we lost many a time, all we were trying to do was pass along a cure. That damned government wouldn’t let us and kept polluting the land with every black hole spillage” he said whilst his face slowly hardened.

“Um yeah, they can you do me a favour? Just fix me up with a ship” Toby said sensing danger.

He plopped some brown gelatinous substance on the table which smelled *really* bad.

“Here’s a shit!” he said, “I only jest, I know you don’t want to use those disgusting government nano-bots with all their privacy violations. The shit-o-matic should suffice for you”

“The what?” Toby gasped.

“You’re gonna wanna hide yourself from those pesky government officials right?” he said, eyeing them, “They’re always watching”

“Right yeah” Toby said, “Do I just like put my hand inside?”

“Yes” he said watching them, his eyes were a dark green tracking them on every planet.

Toby put his hand inside and the shit gulped him inside.

“Oh shit that actually worked?” Nigel said, “That was just an ordinary shit”

Toby flew out of the shit.

“OH MY FUCK” he said, “THAT’S BRILLIANT, I’LL TAKE IT!”

“Um sure?” Nigel said, “Just tell me when you want go back to Buggo or other places”

“So this is like the hub for moving places?” Porky asked.

“Yeah I guess it is, we also hold lost and found items and shit” Nigel continued, “and people”

“People? Why don’t they just leave?” Toby asked.

“They’re the homeless, drunk and lonely, try to have a little sympathy. Discharged people who have nothing else to do” Nigel said.

Nigel called them down, children crying in their father’s arms accompanied by widows and many a ramshackled man. They could hear someone crying far off in the distance slowly waddle along to the counter. One curios thing stood there wearing a cloak which tried to cover up bristles of unkempt hair. Stooping gently, it liked like he was uncomfortable in his own skin as if he couldn’t even walk normally. Hattie and Magnum appeared, magnum crying his nut head off and Hattie staring off into the distance, an emptiness plaguing her eyes.

“Fucking hell” Porky gasped rushing to Magnum’s side, “Are you alright? What did they do to you?”

Magnum looked up in relief at them,

“They – they did… they *gasp* told me that MAGIC ISN’T SCIENCE” he cried.

“They didn’t torture you or anything?” Porky said unimpressed.

“No I’m perfectly fine” he said.

Toby saw the creature staring at him, it put him on edge seeing its eyes flitter around behind that simple mask. That mask? The terrorists?

“Hey buddy, you got a problem?” Toby said wearily, he didn’t want to attract attention as it seems terrorists ran this place, he’d be fucked if he got mad. His weary tone signalled to the others his worries. It looked disgruntled behind the mask, before quickly looking away.

“Hattie?” Nicola said, “You alright?”

She sighed,

“Yeah I guess”

But her face didn’t even move, she just kept staring.

“Honestly I’m so glad you guys are here, after you left these big men in suits came and captured us, we were able to escape in all of the hubbub” Magnum recited.

They were all focused on Hattie, her eyes never moving. She ignored everything around her.

“She’s been pretty useless this whole time” Magnum said.

“What happened to her?” Toby asked.

“I was ditched, then ditched again” she said quietly.

“Whenever I cry she just ignores me” Magnum cried, “To keep myself busy I’ve been casting spells on shit for crying out loud”

“Now it makes sense” Nigel said slowly nodding head and roughly jotting things down, “So… How many of these did you have made?”

“I don’t know like 50” Magnum said.

“Interesting” Nigel calmly said before rushing off.

Nicola peeked into his plaid notebook laid open on the counter. It contained plans for the extra shit rockets. Splattered onto the notebooks were rough prices, poo plushies and theme parks with shit rides. This man was going to create this into a business.

Shimaticis he christened it, calling himself the plopster – the Jesus of modern shits. A giant turd diagram was drawn in the middle of the page, he would from selling simple poo drinks like a lemonade stand before levelling up to get the big bucks.

Shit was going to be big; he'd suffer at the beginning sure, but what was indicated by his projections (especially when he was able to create a smell-free shit) were huge profits. Afterwards he was thinking of going international with a shit Olympics, the shit ships racing scene would be huge especially with betting. Nicola added her name with a reservation for a shit plushie.

“What happened to the kid? His brother or son or whatever” Magnum said looking at Porky, he was excited to meet Kowos again, his magic was something unique to the kid something that was appreciated. Magnum really appreciated the childlike wonder Kowos presented at something which Magnum had worked at all his life for little praise or attention.

“He, he passed” Toby solemnly stated, the words were stuck on every ridge in his throat, painful to squeak out but the tears were easy to spill why were words always harder?

Magnum took a second to himself, he didn’t know the kid long enough yet he was someone special, someone who would get excited with you, appreciate you; a good person through and through.

“That’s why you’re here? The terrorists?” Magnum said.

Hattie’s head slightly pivoted towards Toby, followed suit by the strange creature.

“Yeah we still need to demolish the rest of the ring but we’ve made a start” Toby said to the acknowledgement of the others, he’d waited to dish out the information after crazy ol’ Nigel had left in a flash.

“We’re going crush them” Porky said his pips brimming with newfound hope.

“Count me in” Magnum said, his teeth grinding.

“Really? You really want to join us?” Nicola asked, “I’ve no doubt you’d be useful, we could use some extra brains”

“Yes, I’m sick of my ‘work’ it amounts to nothing. Why does it matter writing up spells which no one will use, so I’m going to use it and teach you all better. I overheard the terrorists talking, I know how it all really works now” Magnum assured.

“Thanks, that’s great” They said gratefully.

They returned to their light hearted conversations, quipping and eating some food Nigel had supplied before, once again, he scurried off muttering some gibberish. The food just popped up from the counter, Toby eyed this finger. It wasn’t really a finger, apparently it was customary to pull the nail back and drink the residue which collected beneath.

He tried it, it was sweet due to the special flowers found on Ravioli yet creamy. Apparently a village nearby was responsible for many of the regional specialities.

Porky was busy reading the propaganda proposed by the terrorists which were hoarded by Nigel. Porky looked below the counter, there it was, that same creature once more.

“What do you fucking want? You’ve been staring at us this whole time” Porky said, “If you wanted to kill us, you’d have already done it”

The strange creature pulled down his cloak, just enough for Porky to gulp. Through all the commotion Nicola pulled Magnum to the side.

“You betray us” she said, her words falling like knives and nestling in Magnum’s ears creating little knife baby who were then small enough to crawl through his ear and stab his brain (We get it we do, shut up). She prodded his neck and made a crackling side. Magnum looked like he was going to cry, but he held his ground.

“I would never” he spat equally at her face.

Nicola looked taken aback, she didn’t expect that out of him. If he needed to, Magnum could harden up (;)).

“This team, its everything to me, I belong” she hissed, her stare melting him with venom.

“I know bu-” Magnum said faltering.

“So welcome” she said grinning before striding away and leaving a shell-shocked Magnum.

Nigel ran back into the room with a large sack, sweat dripping from his head (some kind of brown liquid dropping – use your imagination) as he swiped the notebook the sack of shit fell out of his bag. He eyed them feverishly before-

“MINE IT’S ALL MINE” he gasped, shovelling it back into the bag. Rushing out of the building he clicked his keys.

The metal churned and buzzed, pushing them outside as the building moved up and up. Wings jutted out ans the counter popped out as a windscreen. His clicked his keys once again and they extended, he grappled onto the ship and flew off.

“Well” Toby said.

“Great friend of yours” Nicola rolled her eyes, “We needed a ship, and he gave us one shit fuck him”

The ship bled through the wings of the great beast, Buggo started faffing around overhead roaring as wide as the rupture. Water flooded in through the crack, gushing in and filling up the craters.

“THE SHIT OH THANK FUCK WE HAVE THE SHIT” Nicola yelled joyously.

Toby grabbed their hands and boarded the poo, the cloaked thing stared at Porky and he did its bidding.

“MAGNUM WHAT ARE THE CONTROLS” Toby quaked.

“Step aside young one” Magnum wistfully stated, “In order to ride the shit, you must become one with the shit”

He stood at the wall, both arms outstretched in acceptance. The shit started to suck him in.

BROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

“HE’S DONE IT” Nicola said.

“WE’RE OFF, WE’RE SAVED” they cheered, the ship flying towards the rip in Buggo’s angelic wings.

“What about the homeless, drunk and lonely?” Hattie spit, frustrated by their youthful optimism.

“Oh shit” Toby realised, “I’m sure they’ll be fine…”

“I brought this guy” Porky said, putting up the cloaked thing’s hand to bring attention to it in the least daunting way possible, “We saved him at least”

At this sentence, it pushed off Porky’s stubby hand.

“We know you’re a terrorist, we’re willing to let that slide. IF. You don’t kill us and are willing to change” Toby said, the others looked at him. He was so blunt and kind that it startled them. The creature took out one gun, blue whirring lights whirring. Poor guy, he was unbelievably unmatched.

Toby took out his gun, the tentacles ready. Nicola and Magnum grappled onto the spell book, arguing who would be the scientist. Porky didn’t move just like Hattie. Ok so he wasn’t unbelievably unmatched and these guys didn’t get their cool ‘team moment’ probably later idk.

The creature slowly removed his hood. It was Stewbert.

“Happy?” He said, his voice crackling.

“It’s you” they spat.

“Here to take care of some unfinished business” Stewbert smiled, crawling back on all fours around them.

“You let him on the ship?” Nicola said looking at Porky disdainfully.

“He was going to die; I wasn’t going to allow that to happen” Porky said.

“Is that your excuse?” Toby said.

“He was scared, little old Porky scaring his fat off” Stewbert snarled.

“I WAS NOT SCARE-” Porky said.

“Mind your words, know that you could be killed at any moment” Nicola said, matching the intensity of his voice.

“What you and your little get together ‘team’? You’re not a fucking team, you’re nothing but of couple kids who just happened to come together” Stewbert continued, waltzing around the place; sneering, “No wonder Kowos died, how could you handle yourselves?”

Toby pulled the trigger, the tentacles started winding around in a lattice to trap Stewbert and capture him, slowly shrink the cage until he’d die. Magnum stepped in burning the tentacles away.

“Move out of the fucking way” Toby cursed.

“Magnum, MOVE. Don’t make us regret this decision” Nicola said.

“No. I didn’t join this team just to kill a person in the first hour” Magnum said.

“He lead Kowos to his demise, manipulated all of us” Toby continued, his eyes were welling, why was Magnum blocking him he couldn’t understand, he didn’t want to understand.

“Don’t make the same mistake again” Magnum warned pointing to Hattie with his shrivelled head.

“But I-” Toby said.

“You got your vengeance right? Up there, you must’ve otherwise you wouldn’t have made it out alive” Magnum said, “Why do you want more, why do people always want more”

“HE-” Nicola started.

“DO NOT make the same mistake again, what do you even know about Stewbert? List five facts” Magnum said.

They couldn’t reasonably think of five distinct facts about him.

“You’re about to kill someone you have no clue about. You don’t know the real him. Want more enemies? Continue this way. Sure if it were some world leaders who’d publicly done terrible things, I’d be singing a different tune. But this rat, he’s not working on his own, he’s working under a leader; a manipulator” Magnum said reasonably. They started lower their weapons.

“You couldn’t even kill me if you wanted to but you could kill Kowos” Stewbert said. The weapons were raised once again.

“Look at the kid” Magnum pleaded this time pointing at Porky.

“Why aren’t you holding a weapon?” Nicola scoffed at Porky.

“We got our revenge right?” Porky quavered.

“This rat killed your father” Toby said, “A good man”

“And yet, Stewbert was a good person to me” Porky faltered.

They put down their guns.

“I’m coming with you” Stewbert grunted.

They looked at each other in distaste.

“I won’t let you be killed but jo-” Porky hurriedly said.

“My unfinished business didn’t mean killing you” Stewbert groaned before walking out to the front room.

“What the fuck” Nicola fumed, “He’s going to trick us again”

“He won’t” Porky said, “I’ll make sure”

“I say we keep him, who knows the crack rat will probably come in handy” Toby urged, quickly coming around at the guilt of his actions. He had almost killed someone.

“Don’t let him die, don’t ditch him. Until you’re sure he’s rotten to the core” Magnum urged before returning to the shit.

“Yeah wouldn’t want you making that mistake again” Hattie shrugged.

“Look we are, y’know we’re sorry” Nicola said, “I didn’t realise”

“Didn’t realise that my mum is raging homicidal maniac who ditched me when I was kid. Then you ditched me without giving me a chance. I know my father wouldn’t do anything to me, all I am is a tool to him. But you still gave me to him” Hattie raged, “I was fucking vulnerable, I don’t even know who I am and yet, even in that moment I get no time to just y’know sort myself out after spending an eternity in prison”

“We’re sorry, how were we supposed to know?” Toby pleaded.

“By listening, by being patient, by being empathetic, by not being a dick” Hattie continued, “Who knows when I’ll be taken again?”

“Why would you taken again?” Porky asked.

“Well my dad will jump at the opportunity to claim me and use me to bring my mother back in” Hattie snorted.

“Your dad, we kinda killed him” Porky said.

She turned her head, her crinkles welling with dead hope, yet it was being rejuvenated by her tears.

“And your mum, she isn’t going to think about you for a long, long time if the time line works out” Toby said.

She started crying profusely.

“Shit we didn’t mean it like *that*” Toby consoled.

“These are tears of happiness” She said looking up at them, “You guys really killed that monster?”

“Yeah I guess” they said looking at each other.

“I-I’M FREE” She screamed joyously hugging them, then slapping them, then apologizing, then slapping them once again, then slapping Toby once again claiming that his face was ‘oh so slappable’.

The ship starting flashing a deep brown as whirring lasers told them that something was wrong.

Magnum’s chapped mouth emerged from the squelchy wall.

“We’ve passed through the waterfall now, the shit protection is falling off the ship, your gonna need this” Magnum said.

They heard a strange popping sound and a second later Magnum’s frail hand popped out with a bucket; it (again) didn’t smell good. Toby was the only one to accept the bucket, he didn’t want to believe what it was.

“Pour this into that slot in the other room”

“You’re shit” Hattie said.

“Yeah, I figured. I know it’s not going to be easy to get your forgiveness, and I’ve changed no doubt about it. I’m sorry, I’m going to be more open in the future. Fuck I got us into this mess in the first place so it’s my fault, I’m so-” Toby said.

“Whoa I just was joking, y’know cuz you’re holding a bucket of shit, calm down dude” Hattie said nonchalantly, before slapping him.

He wiggled through the cramped ship and went to the main room. Unbuckling the door lead to an even more cramped room. The walls in this place were all dripping brown, a diluted brown mangled into a sterile white. The ship was trying to be sophisticated, yet it could never shake that smell. Stewbert was there, at the side sitting down cradling his tail.

“You’re shit” Stewbert said.

“Yeah I know, because I’m holding a bucket of shit, very funny” Toby shrugged off.

“No, you’re shit. You killed the closest thing I had to a father. You murdered a section of my home. You came and messed everything up, lead to an innocent person’s death. You shouldn’t be here, in this universe. You haven’t helped anyone with that little ghostbuster gang of yours”

He stared at a hole in the wall and a meter above which was flashing red, trying to shake off Stewbert’s stare and process the information. He decided to ignore it, not get riled up and return to normal.

“THERE’S JUST A HOLE” Toby yelled.

“Well you know what to do, NO NOT THAT YOU DIRTY DOG” Porky chuckled to himself whilst an unimpressed Nicola stared at him.

“Just pour it in” Magnum screamed back over Porky’s laughter.

Toby poured it in and the meter dinged up 2 notches, changing to a radiating yellow.

Toby walked back to his spot on the floor.

“That’s just a fuel gauge then?” Toby pondered.

“Yeah, it uses a particular fuel source which is why it ran out of energy so quickly. We just need to get out of the base and then this ship will most likely be done” Magnum said, “They aren’t built for longevity”

“Nigel’s not going to like that haha” Hattie giggled.

They all smiled, she was finally warming up to them after all they had been through. She slapped them again, thanks for ruining the moment.

“We’re out of the vicinity, put on these goggles on and peek out, DO NOT AND I REPEAT DO NOT OPEN YOU’RE MOUTH or fall out and die, but I’d rather you fall out than eat any of this” Magnum stated impeccably clear.

Taking a deep, deep breath they rammed their heads into the side of the ship. Outside they saw a glistening waterfall triumphantly pouring from the bucket’s edge. It poured through the wafer thin walls protruding from the bug. Two wings from Buggo had encased the whole base of the bucket. It was beneath the bucket, using its wings to hold onto the base of the bucket.

The waterfall which was usually pouring off the edge of the bucket for all eternity was now rippling through the hole and steadily filling up. Buggo seemed to be sleeping through all the action, even when they broke through some of his heart. All of his legs were stirring gently but were tucked in neatly. Large eyelids stared at them as if they were its actual eyes. The bug just sat there, on its wings just chilling through all of the chaos.

Except, every now and again it’d wheeze and cough. Slight trails of blood would be splattered from the mouth of the great beast.

It was like a spider with the separate hairy portions of its body and like a fly with its great beady eyes, like an octopus with those long tentacle-like pincers, like your mum with how big it was (shit execution my friend, save it for the playground WHICH FOR ME IS YOUR MOTHER HAHAHAHAHAHA).

In a flash (it was wickedly cool like he wants you to think) Buggo was gone. That same colour shifting technology was employed here too. The disguise had fooled many for years and years, this was where the terrorists operated.

Dragging their eyes away from the strangely angelic bug. They gasped at the sight of the bucket. The raven which held the bucket captive in limbo forever moved without a hush, boiled into the black backbones of the galaxy. It was nearly indistinguishable from the perplexing background except those glinting eyes. Those godly grandiose eyes gobbling the black as if it were a black hole in enough itself. It saw everything.

Each cloud and tornado rampaged in the land, from out there it looked like a blurry mess. At a closer look, the planet was full of spontaneous combustions, water which would render you worthless. It was completely inhabitable, but very pretty to look at. They watched as the clouds changed moods, gazing at the continents which would periodically fly into the air wailing like a newly born baby.

“We’re going to have to land, the shit copter isn’t gonna hold out much longer” Magnum said, “You can’t expect much from this”

“Land THERE?” Toby said, “Slub told no one could get there because of the weather”

“We’re going to have to land somewhere and I’d prefer on land than in the universe” Magnum said.

“Can’t you just magic up some fuel?” Porky said.

“What, no you can’t” Magnum replied.

“Why, I thought you could make anything with magic” Nicola said.

“BWAHAHAHA” Magnum roared, “You read the manual right?”

“Yeah” Nicola said deflated.

“You haven’t read it” he sighed, “To start with, you can make anything within reason. And only once. Since you are a novice, you could only make pure elements essentially. Fire, wind yada, yada you can only cast alterations of it, because it has been done before and you aren’t good enough for anything better. However, for people like me, it takes days, weeks and months to make some spells.

This on the ship was a simple spell like go up with wind. All I do is put how much wind is needed, and when to cut the wind. However spells like making a proper ship could take years to make, lacing every element into the equation. I cannot create energy with magic, sure you’ve seen fire but were you actually able to harm anyone with it?

Only when putting it into an object, it isn’t energy per se but an entity which cannot act without a vessel. It all makes sense now; this is a mystery which has baffled us magicians for a long time. Spirits are the spells” He concluded.

“You made the ship, that’s not energy of some sort?” Toby asked.

“Yeah but I can’t power it” he said.

(magic system will be made better/ more robust in draft 2)

“Now, the shit copter can take us up to a certain point. After that, I don’t know” Magnum winked before slumping back into the ship.

“Oh and heads back in unless you want to be burned” Magnum said.

Zooming through the turbulent outer clouds, the ship hustled and bustled into what they called the ‘inner circle’. It was this mess of clouds, tornadoes and floods which happened on the clouds. Roaring spits of fire would sometimes quake the layer of clouds and wake the gushes of water.

“Alright, the shit ship is basically done now” Magnum concluded coming out of the wall.

“Let’s leave” Stewbert said, emerging from his room.

“Hold up, we aren’t following orders from you” Toby said.

“Ok then tell me what that area is” he said pointing to the area above the clouds.

“I um” Toby stuttered.

“Exactly, it’s called the outer crucible. Been here many times for work. If you don’t want to fucking die you can trail along pathetically. Else, hold onto your fragile pride and fuck off” Stewbert concluded before exiting the shit ship.

“Boy who buttered his crumpet” Hattie snorted to the avail of the others, “What?”

“The catchphrase, never mind” Toby disregarded. He followed Stewbert out into the clouds, except he tripped and took a mouthful of shit on the outside (honey I just got third *voice crack* hand embarrassment here).

I got forth hand embarrassment from that voice crack. Don’t tell me you got fifth hand embarrassment?

The rest all fully rammed their heads out of the ship (they closed their mouths) and toppled over onto the clouds.

“AWWWW POOH THPO” Toby said choking the poo out of his system.

“The outer crucible” Stewbert started dramatically, “The only protection from the weather, almost no one knows about this place. We go down from here and try to catch a ship at this nearby village. If anyone’s going to have it, it’ll be them”

“How do you know the lay of the land?” Toby asked, “I can hardly see why terrorists would come here”

“Reasons” he said, cutting off the conversation, “These clouds have a mind of their own, follow me like and sheep and you’ll be idiots. React to your surroundings and follow my general route”

“You will need to go in groups of two” he glared at them.

“Stewbert, someone’s going to have to with you” Porky said, waddling up to him.

“NO” he roared. Magnum gave him a look, a look that said bitch I will kill you. His look could shatter glass, then shatter that glass and shatter the even littler pieces of glass.

Stewbert and Porky went first, waking for one more volcano sized eruption of lava to rupture the calming cloud cover.

Bounding through the gap that was left, Stewbert expertly positioned himself in the air. Tornadoes billowed from below about to blow, bringing up the continent with it. Stewbert dashed to the right mid-air eager to avoid being squashed by a continent. Bubbling magma was left in the wake of the removed continent as tornadoes rushed to meet him.

Scaling down the edge of the tornado, he needed to make it to the bottom right corner. The roots overhead the continent were strong, he'd get nowhere if he stayed in the tornado. Floating up he held onto the roots from the uncertain ground and started slinging across the bottom of the continent.

It wasn't that far of a climb, only about 2k. However, time was wasted waiting for the continent to rise, climb then hide between parts of the land and watch the continent fall back onto the springy tornadoes.

The ordeal took a while but he made it, panting.

"They aren't here yet? Pshhhhh slackers" Porky belched.

They waited 10 minutes, 20m, 40m, 1h, 2h, then 3h and finally 18h.

"WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY" Stewbert yelled.

They had been busting their asses trying to protect themselves against the onslaught of waves and build a shelter for the night.

"ARE THEY GONNA MAKE ME GO THERE AND LEAVE A FUCKING BABY BY HIMSELF" Stewbert raged.

"I'M ALMOST 3 WEEKS OLD" Porky replied. By the time he had said that, Stewbert was already gone, trekking through the harsh landscape.

"Fuck them" He muttered under his breath.

Another hour had passed.

"NO YOU FUCKIN-"

"NAH, MAN I DON-"

"BITCH I DID ALL OF THI-"

"WHAT DID YOU FUCKING D-"

"I SET UP THE TOURNA-"

"SOMEONES GONNA HAVE TO FUCKIN"

"YOU JUST GO"

"WHOA, WHOA THE TOURNAMENT AIN'T OVER"

"FINE"

"ROCK PAPER SCISSORS!!!"

"SEE YOU FUCKING GO FIRST BITCH"

"NAH I WON THE TOURNAMENT FUCKING PRI-"

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE" Stewbert finally said popping out the clouds.

“It’s simple, we’ve employed a simple strategy to decide who’s jumping first” Toby said matter of factly, “A ROCK PAPER SCISSORS TOURNAMENT. WHICH I WON”

“FUCK YOU ALL I’LL JUST KILL YOU INSTEAD” Stewbert screamed.

“NAHHHHHHH, MAGNUM’S GOING FIRST” Toby said.

“NOOOOOOOOO I’LL DIE. MY SHRIVELLED BODY CANNOT HANDLE THIS” Magnum pleaded.

“DID YOU LEAVE PORKY BY HIMSELF?” Nicola said.

“HE’S NEARLY 3 WEEKS OLD” Stewbert reasoned, “FUCK IT I’LL JUST TAKE YOU ALL ON MY BACK”

He dragged their scaredy-cat corpses onto his muscly back and jumped through the cloud cover once more. After a gruelling climb he had reached Porky once again.

“From *pant* here *pant* we must *cough* go south until *pant* we hit the river *splutter* it’s a strange river” Stewbert puffed before collapsing.

Dragging his body, the rest of them struggled to pull him down the caucus climate. It seemed to have calmed down a bit sure but it didn’t mean there wasn’t the occasional instance of turning around and seeing Toby’s stupid face fly up. Hattie made sure to slap his on the way.

As you rose on your tiny to continent sized mass of land you would be flattened on the surface like a pancake. Air would be quickly squished out of you before being slowly pumped back into you, inflating like a tire until you’re left there; stunned.

“I hope we’re close” Toby begged, dragging the rat by the nail, the nail was so large that he didn’t need to worry.

“Then what? We’ll be offered to another terrorist organisation by him” Nicola said, sweating from exertion.

“Nope” Magnum said sternly, before squeaking, “ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET”

“He’s going to k-” Nicola started.

“Magnum, you’re a strange one.