

Season 5, Chapter 61 – Idealess



We've been close with a lot of things lately. Can't we just do everything right for once in our lives? No, because it's the last Season and no one cares anymore.

Anyway, today we were all just sitting around in the living room. Sarah, our idea guru, was nowhere to be seen and presumed dead. The rule of object permanence states that if she cannot be seen, she does not exist! We had been sitting in silence for the past hour just staring into the Great Beyond, but finally someone spoke. It was FlamDawg, who was sitting in his chair upside-down.

"Um... What are we doing?!"

"We have no ideas today and that means we have nothing to do."

"So... we're Idealess?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"Yay, chapter names!"

It went back to being silent for another ten minutes before Amber spoke.

"My purse smells like bananas, y'all."

She started passing it around the room for everyone to sniff. It got mostly positive reviews before coming around to me.

"I *highly* doubt that it-"

SNIIIIFFFFF.

“OH MY GOD IT DOES.”

She took it back from us and smiled.

“I’m guessing you had a banana recently?”

“Nope! I haven’t touched a banana since Season 2 when I got blown up by that Zanana!”

“So... how exactly does it smell like bananas, then?”

She didn’t respond and we just stared at her.

“...Amber?”

Still no response. She just sat there, smiling at nothing in particular. I turned to Alex who had a weird look on his face.

“Is something wrong? Do you not like the miracle banana purse?”

“No, it’s just... I caught another scent in there.”

“What?”

He grabbed the purse and reached inside, digging around before pulling out a scrap of paper. On it was a poorly-drawn stick figure with a sad face, holding what appeared to be... pants. We all stared at it.

“What the heck is that?!”

My eyes narrowed.

“Zack Hakton...”

FlamDawg gasped and fainted like a twinkle fairy. I didn’t catch him and instead just let him smack onto the floor. Amber seemed confused.

“Wait... Zack Hakton was in my purse?!”

“Apparently.”

“Someone must’ve drawn that picture as proof!”

“But who drew it and stuck it in there?”

“It must be someone who isn’t here!”

I looked around.

“Hmm... the usual three are missing. Sindr, Dennis, and Kotaro. The characters I can't be bothered to account for!”

“I bet it was Dennis! Where is he, anyway?”

So then! Looks like we're Idealess today. It's what happens whenever Sarah leaves us all alone in the morning! At least her Art Loft days are over...

Meanwhile, Dennis was busy twerking on the roof. Why? I have no idea. He just has issues! Next to him was a boombox playing some extremely outdated song that no one remembers anymore.

“I got a wide load and I ain't afraid to-“

Yes, this song is very Dennis appropriate. Small children should never bear witness to the things I have seen today. Unfortunately, we live across the street from the playground so everyone was watching. The local therapist will have her hands full in the coming years!

Dennis obviously had no concern for his own safety considering he was just violently dancing on the roof. You see, thanks to all of the unauthorized not-entirely-legal construction over the years, the roof is very fragile and prone to caving in. In fact, when the house was destroyed earlier this Season, we made the roof out of paper mache. And yet Dennis was just over here twerking all up on it like he actually got a badonkadonk. He don't, though. Um... not that I would know. Stupid sexy Dennis!

ANYWAY, the key points here are that he was twerking on the roof and should not have been because it is dangerous. Let's just leave it at that. He twerked until the next song came on and it was yet another outdated, long forgotten melody that nobody remembers anymore.

“Hey, I just met you! And this is crazy!”

It wasn't until she took her time with the call that he took his time with the fall and fell right off the roof. He actually twerked so hard that he lost his balance, slipped, and fell off the roof. The booty does not lie. Instead of falling in one of the bushes, he smacked into the solid ground. The boombox exploded and he just laid there in agony. A few seconds later, we all rushed out the back door and looked around, but oddly enough Dennis was already gone.

“What was that loud crash?!”

I looked around before noticing a human-shaped indent in the grass. In the middle was yet another piece of paper and on it was a poorly-drawn stick figure with a sad face, holding what appeared to be some sort of star. We all stared at it.

“What the heck is that?!”

My eyes narrowed.

“Dennis...”

Okay then! What is going on here?! First Dennis mysteriously vanishes, then our murderer leaves behind a poorly-drawn clue?! YES, he was murdered because I said so!

I ran into the living room and frantically searched for Dennis.

“Dennis you perverted star-wielding piece of [REDACTED], WHERE ARE YOU?!”

FlamDawg was currently on the couch, holding a pillow nervously.

“Um... can I talk to you for a moment?”

“Not now, FlamDawg!”

“Please?”

“I’m busy!”

“It’s really important.”

I threw my head back and groaned before flinging myself onto the couch.

“WHAT?!”

He burrowed his snout into the pillow.

“...I’m pregnant...”

I froze.

“Oh... my God. I knew this would happen one day. You should have done your work instead of playing grab-butt. But no, look what happened. There’s a bun in the oven. An Amber in a death trap. My pants in Zack Hakton’s room. No wonder it was drafty! I can’t believe you. Now we’ll have to deal with *another* character joining us, fully formed once he or she pops out of your baby maker!”

“But the Season is nearly over!”

“Doesn’t matter! We won’t be able to handle it. How do you expect us to have a sequel with a baby running around?! Most TV shows get cancelled because one of the main characters got pregnant! This is why you are supposed to focus on your profession instead of your social life! This is going to affect all of us! I’mma have to get two jobs! Then Sarah gon’ be all, ‘my man got

two jobs'! Where are we even going to put a baby? We have no room left in this house for a nursery! Kotaro already sleeps on the floor! We don't even have the money for this thanks to Zack Hakton and his various schemes over the years! If you would just-

I paused.

"Wait a minute... you're a guy *HOW CAN YOU EVEN BE PREGNANT?!*"

Alrighty then! Oh lordy, FlamDawg is so dumb. I can't believe I wasted all that page space lecturing him when he wasn't even pregnant. UGH.