

Response Center 211 had been occupied once. Now it was deserted, as it had been for some time. Or, knowing HQ, just for a few seconds. The previous tenants evidently had odd tastes. The very real cobwebs were surrounded by fake ones, plastered all over the walls like it was Halloween. None of the lights were in good condition, and most of them were almost completely burned out. Oddly for a Response Center, one wall had a fireplace, with a portrait of Cthulhu in formal dress mounted above it. An urple skeleton occupied one end of a six-person dining table, looking as if its flesh had disintegrated right as it was about to take a sip from a nonexistent teacup. Various other odds and ends dotted the rotting furniture, including a number of jars and tanks filled with body parts. Overall, the response center resembled a haunted house, complete with a moldy smell and an odd creaking noise.

In short, it was the ultimate in cheesy horror.

The door opened, and the new occupant entered; Valon Vance, freshly recruited into the Department of Mary Sues and staggering under the weight of three bags.

“Note... to self... get bags... with wheels.” After he managed to drag all of his bags into a Convenient Closet™ (Complete with skeletons!), he explored the center.

“Lovecraft nods his silent approval. I guess this place got imported from Innsmouth or something.”

The place needed to be dusted badly, but other than that, Valon loved his new office-slash-living space. After locating a sufficiently fluffy armchair and dusting it off, he pulled an e-reader out of one of his bags, and was about to drop down into the chair...

[BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!]

High-strung recruits, sudden noises, and hooks with low ceilings don't mix well. Valon hit the ceiling hard enough to put a hole in it, and dust rained onto the freshly cleaned easy chair. Muttering curses in every language he could think of, he dusted off his head and looked for the console. It didn't take long; the shiny, new-looking console looked very out of place.

[BEEEEEEEEEEJUSTFREAKINGACKNOWLEDGEEEEEEEEEP!]

“Ugh, horrible noise, make it stop...” Valon realized he had no idea how to use the console. “Well, there’s only one thing to do in situations like this: press every button.”

He slammed the first button he could find.

[THIS IS THE MOST ANNOYING SONG IN THE WORLD~]

"I'm inclined to agree. Next button!"

[ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN! ZEEN!]

“Well, hi there, Alfred Hitchcock. Keeping this sound, but how do I turn it off... welp, third time’s the charm.” He pressed the next button, and the Psycho music stopped coming. After taking note of exactly which button he pressed, Valon smacked his head a few times to clear out the violent ringing. Once he couldn’t hear anything but the normal creaking, he looked at the console, which was currently presenting his first mission assignment.

Valon smiled for a second. “Tengen Toppa Gurren Lagann. That’s one of my favorite shows! Wait...” The smile quickly turned into an expression of horror. “Oh sweet Simon, that’s one of my favorite shows!” He scanned the fic. “Ugh, so much speshulness on this Sue. Atrocious spelling, punctuation and grammar all across the board... oh dear sweet Kamina, she didn’t.” He took a moment to be slightly dazed from the sheer stupidity of the fic.

This was *not* a mission that Valon wanted to do alone. Unfortunately, he hadn't been

assigned a partner, and he had no contacts within the PPC. He didn't even know how to contact the Flowers.

As if on cue (and knowing the Narrative Laws, it probably was), the console [bip]ed once. Valon snapped out of his reverie and noticed that he had a message.

Agent Vance, we have just found that you do not have a partner. Unfortunately, we were unaware of this fact prior to assigning you to that fanfiction. Contrary to what many agents believe, we do have concern for our employees' well-being, and we do not wish for you to end your mission with shattered sanity.

If you respond to this message, we will issue a general notice to other agents in our department, informing them of this situation. We hope your new partner will be of assistance to you.

-The Sunflower Official, head of the Department of Mary Sues

Valon had to check a few times to make sure he was reading this correctly. He pondered this for a moment, then decided there was only one course of action.

"Message sent. Let's rumba."