



### [Music Playlist](#)

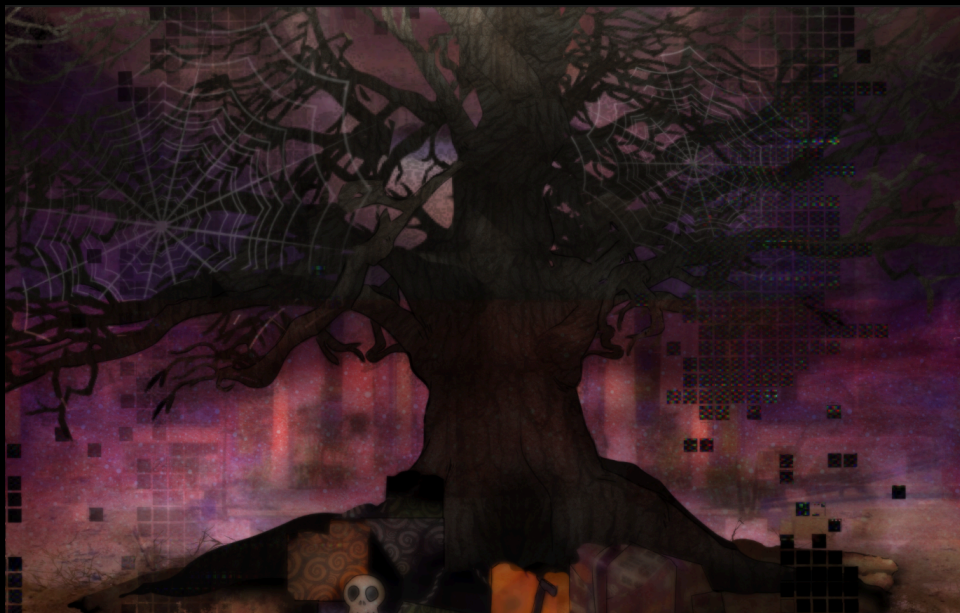
Knowing full well that *something* was underway, mall-goers began to quickly hurry out of the building as the structures composed of binary code began to glitch. Ridley's eyes widened at the scene. She urgently grabbed for the microphone and pleaded, "**Stay calm, please! This could be a harmless error, there is no need to cause a stampede!**"

Ganemon clenched his fists, watching the swarms of people and Digimon rushing out of the exits, "**I don't know what's going on but I'm not sticking around to find out. Let's move it, Cutlass.**" Before Dawna could object, she was already being dragged off the stage, causing Danny to rouse from his seat. *Well of course that cowardly coin was trying to make an escape!* The Zassoumon placed the now crying Punimon into Ridley's arms, "**Hold this,**" he mumbled. With all the speed he could muster, he hobbled and took one big leap, springing into the air and coming back down to pin Ganemon to the floor.

"**Are you out of your damn mind!? Unhand me, you lunatic!**" Ganemon wriggled underneath the grip of his attacker, who had a maddening look on his face. Through his hyperventilating, Danny cracked a grin, "**How's that twenty percent increase been treating your pockets, buddy!?**" All too suddenly, something overcame the weed. He fell to the side in pain as Dawna helped her co-partner to his feet. Ganemon grabbed his hat and put it back upon his head before fleeing. "**Who hired that guy!? Did anyone even think to give him a background check!?**" he sputtered indignantly.

Except for the sound of wind whirling in through the doors, there was an uncanny silence in the air following the evacuations. The tamers and Digimon that stayed behind gathered in the lobby as the chilly current began to pick up, swirling faster and faster around the group, creating a cyclone of pixelated autumn leaves and snowflakes.. Once it settled, everyone noticed a change in their appearance. **"What is...everything is turning into the wrong holiday,"** Ridley observed her new outfit, a blue and white gingham dress with ruby-red slippers peeking out from below. She looked at the tamers, their clothes no longer toasty and long-sleeved, but wicked, ghastly, merrily wretched...and some weren't even spooky at all.

The little Punimon quivered from such a sight, not even realizing it was dressed up in a puppy onesie. It darted into a basket that laid at Ridley's feet. **"Is everyone alright? What happened?"** Dennis called out, making his way down the escalator.



**"Well, I'm Dorothy of Oz, you're Ichibod Crane, and the tree is...indecisive, it seems,"** the woman called attention to what was once the Christmas tree. It now seemed to be stuck switching back and forth between a happy, jolly evergreen and a large, haunted oak. **"Christmas or Halloween, it's like it can't make up its mind,"** Sasha commented, her outfit bright and colorful. Her gaze tracked upwards to the decor that no longer inspired cheer. Instead, the grim furnishings made a shiver crawl up her spine. At the sound of a loud and sorrowful cry, her ears perked up as Danny rolled in. **"Santa isn't doing too well,"** she watched as the Zassoumon turned purple in the face.

"Are you okay?" Dennis drew closer to inspect the poor guy, only to back away when the weed turned black and distorted. His shape expanded, growing in size until he was towering over the tamers, eyes aglow. He was now another Digimon entirely.

**" I AM NICHOLMON, PUNISHER OF THE NAUGHTY. I SEE AND HEAR ALL. "**

His powerful voice echoed throughout the building.



Ridley adjusted her glasses, stepping closer to get a better look, "**Fascinating. I've never seen a Digimon change appearance like this due to a glitch...**" Dennis wasn't so much caught up on that fact as he was the obvious tension that was rising in the air. "**Everyone's been nice here,**" he said, his arms open wide while he explained.

Nicholmon narrowed his eyes,

**“ Then why do I hear lawlessness on the third floor?  
Sounds like...*shoplifting*. ”**

Dennis disagreed, “I wouldn’t go that far. Maybe they are freaked out by everything that’s going on and—”

**“ SILENCE! YOU’RE HEEDFULNESS IS INFURIATING! ”**

the corrupted St. Nick cracked a whip in the air,

**“ I’ll deal with *you* later. *AWAY!* ”**

With that, he scaled the next two balconies and was gone.

What a situation.

Everyone looked to one another, but there was no time to discuss the strange affair before the lobby clock chimed sinisterly, creating an echo throughout the mall. Out of nowhere, a thick, cold fog appeared hovering just above the floor. Sasha took one brave step forward, “**You guys hear that...right? It’s like the sound of...a noisy crowd. Listen! It’s getting louder!**”

Out from the fog, ghosts of people, children, and Digimon materialized. They chatted amongst each other jovially, seemingly unaware of the group of tamers who were ridden with goosebumps. Ridley’s eyebrows furrowed as she spotted a familiar face.

**"That's my sister as a child. Christmas of 99', I remember! My parents *could not* get us to smile for that family portrait,"** she gasped as the ghost ran towards and merged with her, scattering into pixels and reforming into a taunting Bakemon, who stuck out a tongue.

**"These aren't real ghosts,"** she stated. **"No, I didn't think so,"** Dennis agreed, his face growing tense as he watched a translucent Angewoman in a business suit laugh while ascending up the escalator. **"Look! Over there!"** Sasha pointed into the front of a store, **"They're stretching out clothes and throwing everything off the racks!"**

**"I have a bad feeling about this, they need to be stopped!"** her tamer exclaimed.

**"You've read my mind,"** Ridley glanced behind her, spotting more Bakemon in another shop,

**"They're causing havoc everywhere. Here, all of you split up into groups and take these Zip Packs. Just point and press this button here."**

The woman handed out the gadgets, **"The containment chamber has a gauge that will let you know when it's full. When it is, meet me back here in the lobby."**

**"We can help. My tamers used to be employed here as a custodian, he knows this place like the back of his hand,"** Sasha said, climbing Dennis and resting on his shoulder.

Ridley gave a thumbs up, **"Great. Just be quick, the data can only be stored temporarily, and try to avoid getting caught by that crazy Nicholmon guy. In the meantime, I'll send out an SOS for backup. Good luck!"**

# RP/WRITE/DRAW

## your characters in this part of the event!

■ Ridley is requesting help from all available tamers! To test the Zip Packs and stop further destruction of the mall, please collect the troublemaking Digimon! But be careful, Nicholmon is on the prowl.

■ Fighting Nicholmon is greatly discouraged.

■ Some of the Bakemon have been transforming into ghosts of people and Digimon at the mall from Christmas 1999. Somehow they seem aware of what they are doing!? They look like ghostly see-through versions of past mall goers, a bit like hologram projections were walking around the mall.

■ Your characters outfits can be Halloween inspired or a mix between Christmas and Halloween.  
Remember, your Digimon are dressed up for the event too.

■ Feel free to roll for scenarios! Type  
>search dcmall in #event-commands.  
Keep rolling until you find something that sparks inspiration.

■ If your tamer/digimon was not at the mall in part I, their help is being requested for part II via broadcast.  
This will appear on your tamer's phone/D-Vice.

### *Art Refs for Prompt Rolls*

**Zip Pack by CanCrunchGoats**

(The button to suction the Digimon will be located on the handle or 'barrel' of the device)

**Nicholmon by Crab**



Dennis as Ichibod Crane and Sasha as Rainbow Brite by Tato



Bansheemon by Codayne



**DIGIMON**  
ARCANA

### Skill Points

**Abilities**  
Spectral  
Frigid  
Levitation

STR 5  
DEF 18  
SPD 18  
ENE 28  
ACC 15

### Attack Desc.

**Glacial Wail** MP: 15  
Bansheemon releases a Frost-ridden scream that terrifies enemies and allies alike.

**Skeletal Frost** MP: 9  
Bansheemon covers her claws in Frost and slashes at the opponent with a Freezing slice.

**Spectral Smoke** MP: 7  
Bansheemon uses the smoke pouring from her head to trick the enemy and returns the pain.

**Bansheemon**

HP: 63  
MP: 123

**Lost Soul Digimon**  
This digimon is a culmination of all the suffering and loneliness that Wightmon has experienced in her life.