

FLAT OUT CURSED

A NOVELIZATION OF WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BECOME A COMIC BOOK BY SOME IDIOT NAMED SLAPSTICK

Part 1: First things first

Chapter 1: Death In The Family

It's currently, approximately, 7 A.M, also known as "the time where people wake-up, probably".

We find ourselves in a nice and warm abode, with a comfy, yet not so eco-friendly, fireplace, as well as thousands of various decorations, ranging from paintings to Banana Label Stickers, strewn all across the various walls, drawers, tables, and other furniture residing through the rooms.

The wallpaper across the house is also quite nice, especially near that fireplace, where the colors have quite a pretty contrast that is lovely to look at (and which you'll never be able to see).

That fireplace is located in the living room of the house, sitting just next to the kitchen, where a family of four can be observed, doing what families do worst, actually enjoying each other's presence.

Standing in-front of the kitchen counter, preparing some fine food for her two little ones, that fine food being a tuna sandwich with a bit too much mayonnaise and not enough tomatoes, and a bag of homemade potato chips (with one chip having a similar appearance to former alive person and U.S president John F. Kennedy), is the matriarch of the family, Harleen.

Her two little ones, one quite little, one not so, are both named Bruce and Selina respectively. Both of them are playing with their

breakfast, Bruce being the one that started the operation “Juego Desayuno” and Selina joining in afterwards as soon as the chimp part of her brain deduced that “food funny”.

The lanky tall man next to them, not wanting to rain on their food-experimenting parade, is their father, Jack, who’s patiently waiting for the two to stop treating their breakfast like lab-rats so he can drive them to school and work respectively.

While they are being silly during this breakfast, he’s quite proud of his two children, as is their mother.

Bruce has been nothing short of excellent as a student, while Selina got her dream job as a jeweler.

Breakfast is finished when the two youngins stop “spieling with their Futter” as the Germans would say. Jack and Harleen exchange a quick kiss before Jack escorts his two tots out. They’re a bit late, but that surely won’t matter that much.

As they drive off, Harleen is left with no one, but herself. That isn’t for long though, as the entire roof of the house collapses onto her, squishing her dead and leaving a mush of icky human remain looking stuff.

So, why did this roof collapse onto poor old Harleen? Well, partially because she didn’t have plot armor, but also because you, as a reader shouldn’t be here for a happy family, and I, as an author, don’t give a crap about a happy family.

If you actually do want to know about what unfortunate things happen to the family next, I will tell you right now that Jack falls into a vat of acid, and presumably dies. That death orphans Bruce and Selina, which isn’t too bad for Selina since she’s not a minor, but pretty bad for Bruce since he’s not NOT a minor.

Selina takes up burglary, since she got fired from her job for being late, and Bruce grew up in an orphanage and thus became a fuckboy, although a deeply sad one.

This story is not about a functional family, about happy people loving each other or any of that other wholesome stuff that warms your heart in a world where everything is bad and horrible.

It’s about some dude with gender dysphoria, a magic leaf, and a city with a serious crime problem.

It's also about a superhero, pejoratively named "Toonfreak" by the Editor-in-Chief of "Scamville Says", the second most read newspaper in all of Scamville, and the fifth most reliable source for news about Scamville, standing just behind a thirteen-year-old internet troll (coincidentally, the thirteenth most trusted person in all of Scamville) and just above nothing at all.

Scamville is, indeed, quite a special place, going in at a steady second place in FlyMeal's "Top 100 places you should definitely not go to during your next summer vacation", which a lot of people have misread as "Top 100 places you should definitely go to during your next summer vacation", or alternatively "Top 100 parsecs you should definitely use to measure large distances to astronomical objects outside of our solar system", that last one, naturally, being the most common misreading.

Just so you know, Scamville ranked just above Somalia and behind, real big surprise here, Finland, in that list, which isn't a big surprise.

Scamville might sound appealing to our chimp brains, because we think that it's like the Australian thorny devil, where you look from afar, and think "Wowzers, that's scary!" but when you actually get up close, you realize that you were scared for no reason at all and that it's actually pretty cute.

However, besides the regular dumpster-diving racoons and the elephant men, Scamville is not "cute". It is actually the opposite of cute, also known as "uncute". The reason for that uncuteness is its alarmingly high crime rate.

Some say that crime in Scamville is an epidemic, but that's not very fair. Crime in Scamville is more like sport. A common practice, requiring a lot of training, effort and motivation from the ones who want to make a living out of it. You'll commonly see people avoiding taxes, committing burglaries, larceny, or arson (which are some of my personal favorite pass-times), kidnapping, armed robbery, murder/manslaughter (my cousins favorite pass-time), indecent exposure, tax fraud, destruction of public property, assault, and of course, the worst crime of all: jaywalking. Indeed, we are dealing with a mayor that doesn't really care about his citizens, and would rather have one of the city's boroughs bombarded by the entire country of France, rather than lift a finger to do anything against it.

To make a long story short, Scamville is bad. Very, very bad.

Chapter 2: Not a gun

It's currently, approximately, between 7:30 A.M and Harleen's time of death. Our current location is the borough Salopus, a name which roughly translates to "place where lawyers beat the crap out of each other with very large wooden batons" in English, thus it's colloquial nickname "Fighter's Street". We find ourselves in front of a small independent tech store, with technology of various kinds sitting behind the front-window, trying to entice local idiots to look at the wares and think "Hey, maybe buying a smartwatch IS a good idea!".

While there is indeed a person sleeping on the sidewalk in front of "Dick's Small Tech", they aren't doing so to be the first smartwatch buyer of the day, instead, this person is sleeping, because, they are, as you'd commonly say, tired.

This person, fitted in a fuzzy blue hoodie, worn-down khaki shorts, and a pair of somehow very clean pink slippers, is currently covered, or more so, draped in Scamville Says newspapers, with most of them talking about the latest and greatest fights between Toonfreak and his various enemies.

While this would've been a great morning read for our little-blue-riding-hood, they aren't really given the possibility to peruse the articles that these papers hold as the tech store has now opened and the owner is absolutely livid at the sight of their smurf-life appearance.

Stomping out of his store like an elephant running away from a mouse, or in this case, running towards a mouse while holding something that looks, scarily enough, like a petri dish glued onto a TV antenna, Dick, from Dick's Small Tech, is now standing in front of our sleeping beauty.

He proceeds to give them a rather rude wake-up call by ripping apart their paper-duvet. This does not wake them up however, so he proceeds to utter the words:

"GET YOUR HOBO ASS AWAY FROM MY STORE BEFORE I KICK IT LIKE RONNY HEBERSON KICKS A GOD DAMN BALL"

These soft words, naturally, wake our dear, blue-hooded adolescent up, and, due to Dick's high charisma and persuasion stats, succeed at making the person in blue, not only leave, but apologize to Dick from Dick's Small Tech for existing, before promptly walking away.

This dear hobo, as Dick so nicely put it, has a name, and, while it is rather plain, it gives you the opportunity to know this person more intimately. So, if you do not want to know their name, stop reading right here, and get a refund (if possible), but if you do want to know their name, continue reading.

Are we among people that want to know the blue-hooded hobo's name? Good.

His name is John Drowser. Unfortunately, I cannot prove it to you that that is his actual name, due to me not having his birth certificate, so you'll have to trust me on this one. Please trust me, you won't regret it.

After walking away from that dastardly Dick, John walks along the gloomy morning streets of Scamville. It's a rainy day, about what you'd expect if you were anywhere in England, but since this is not England, it is, indeed, not what you'd expect.

It's not harsh rain, it's rather soft if you can put it like that, though not "fluffy soft" it's rather some small droplets, type 11 rain if you will, nothing that'll ruin your day or anything, except if you are an avid rain hater which is both completely understandable and absolutely hilarious.

John is not an avid rain hater, in-fact, he's not an avid rain-enjoyer either. In his mind, rain is like a dead pigeon; it's kind of sad, but hey, there's nothing you can do about it, plus it's good for the ecosystem, probably.

John is not currently thinking about the rain however, he's rather thinking about what he should be doing with his day. It was at that moment that his body decided what he should do for him, which was to panic, as he noticed, or rather, felt like there was something rather important missing from his pockets. His body started to get agitated, or, no, agitated isn't the right word. Rather, it looked like what would happen if someone were suffering from spontaneous human combustion. To John it felt like the entire earth was shaking or that Martians were attacking (which is much more common than you might think).

He quickly checks his hoodie pocket, trying to find the thing he probably lost. As soon as he notices that the thing, he's looking for is currently unavailable in this location, he decides to go for another location called "the pants hole", or rather "the pants holes",

as he checks for the pockets located on the thing that hides his underwear from view.

John is currently not sweating bullets right now, as people normally would, he is sweating shotgun shells, having big sweat droplets split off into a bunch of tinier sweat droplets that, under the right circumstances, could probably kill someone.

When he didn't find the thing he was looking for in his pant holes either, he quickly realized that he was deeply, deeply screwed. That was of course until he felt a strange presence caress his feet, which was both creepy and strangely relieving. It was then that he removed his slipper in which he felt the caressing, in a very smooth motion that was impressive to say the least, and found it. The thing he was looking for. The thing I'm not going to tell you about. Yes, finally. He has it... even though he never really lost it in the first place.

John didn't seem to care that much about how the thing got into his slipper. It's probably explainable with quantum mechanics, he thought, which was enough of an explanation for him.

After putting the object, which a lot of you detectives out there probably deduced as "not a gun", back into where it rightfully belonged (the hoodie hole), John continues walking along the damp streets, yet again, wondering what he should make out of his day. Then he saw it, "it" being very worrisome to him. He asked himself if he should proceed onwards, and go to "it", walk alongside the things that are in "it".

He probably shouldn't, since he hates walking in "it", but he didn't really have any choice, since he wanted to go to a specific place that requires him to walk through "it". So, he did "it". He marched onward, into "it". A crowded street. A street filled to the brim with various things commonly referred to as "human beings". He wished that these so-called "homo sapiens" would all just disappear, or alternatively, that he'd just disappear. With a slight forward hunch, his hands in his pockets and a deep, deep frown, John tries to keep as much of a low profile as possible, hoping to dear god that no one would see him. It was at these moments that John really wanted one of those chameleon hoodies that they produced over at Malware, so he could blend in, or rather, not blend at all and be like the invisible air.

Chapter 3: Undeadly Touch

One thing everyone knows about Toonfreak, aside from his existence, is the fact that he has something called the “undeadly touch”, an ability that renders everything Toonfreak touches non-lethal. The earliest case of people noticing this ability of his was when a building was crashing down on a child, a rather beloved pass-time for buildings all over Scamville. With Toonfreak’s touch, the child that would’ve died under normal circumstances, survived without a single scratch. This child however has reported to have been in immense pain when the building crashed onto him, and proceeded to sue Toonfreak for child endangerment. The company that built the thing also went after Toonfreak, suing him for damages. The lawsuit went as well as trying to kill a man with a spoon, as it is pretty difficult to sue an entity that isn’t human these days, yet not impossible.

Indeed, as the Editor-In-Chief of Scamville Says, Boris “Damian” Bartus, local crackpot conspiracy theorist, and all-around human-being, would tell you, he has earned the title of the first human being to sue an extraterrestrial.

You can read more about that in the infamous Scamville Says article “HOW I INCARCERATED E.T (AND WHY YOU SHOULD TOO)”, written by him

Toonfreak’s undeadly touch, like everything else about his existence, has also left scientists stumped, and led them to theorize that they actually live in a mice-controlled simulation, which you can read more about in B.D.Bs bestselling conspiracy book “1984 BUT WITH MICE (AND ESPECIALLY TOONFREAK)”.

Many so-called “heroligists” on the web, speculate that Toonfreak’s undeadly touch comes from his cartoon-like set of powers, as it is not very kid friendly for people to die in brutal and horrible ways. This is absolute flapdoodle, however, which is why you should never trust people online with a professional sounding job that doesn’t really exist.

Chapter 4: Morning Routine

It’s currently, approximately, between 8 and 8:15 AM. Dear old Johnny is making his way through the streets, still trying to keep a low profile, though, his attempts at keeping a low profile always seem to make him look like some sort of wanted criminal or someone who is about to commit a serious and heinous crime.

Speaking of criminals, it's exactly during this period in the morning that bank robbers start driving to their jobs. When they arrive, their presence is usually telegraphed by an alarm, as to say "Hello, I am here to rob you."

Well, at least that's the case for Fighter's Street. Central Scamville and Malware bank robbers have very different patterns to them. The ones in FS have this "Early bird catches the worm" philosophy, and, while in most cases, Toonfreak is that bird and they are the worms, it is quite nice to see how much effort they're willing to put into their crimes.

As the alarms start ringing all across the borough at the same time, John comes to quite an abrupt realization: bank robbers have the most impressive timing. He quickly dismissed that thought though, as he was standing in front of one of those ringing buildings. Walkerman United, one of the biggest, and worst, banks in Fighter's Street, with dozens of branches all over Scamville and other places, such as Dinosaur, Colorado.

John rarely visited Walkerman United, or any bank for that matter, due to the simple fact that he has as much money as the Hainan black crested gibbon, a wonderful species of gibbon, found only on Hainan Island in China.

Our dear friend in blue has a keen view of the banks inside however, seeing a trio of bank robbers, all dressed to the nines for this wonderful occasion. John has noticed four things:

1. The big bulky robber has a chauchat machine gun, the lanky, yet daring looking one has a 2.7mm Kolibri, and the tiny weak looking one has a fully functioning laser pistol, probably stolen from one of the labs in Malware.
2. They all forgot to bring any spare ammo, meaning the only ammo they have is the one already loaded into their guns.
3. They all have their hands on the trigger, a clear indicator that they haven't been taught correctly on gun safety. That or they didn't listen to the teacher at gun school.
4. They aren't wearing anything to hide their faces, a clear indicator that these aren't any bank robbers: these are true Scamville bank robbers.

All of these things in turn, made him deduce that it is, unfortunately enough, the Glups.

While this is nice and all, J, understandably enough, does not want to get involved with these fully, yet badly, armed bank robbers.

Indeed, this would be quite an awful idea, that could result in something resembling the act of stopping to live. It is exactly for that reason that John, like the responsible teen he is, retreats back into a dark alley, where he'll likely be witness of a few of the local dumpster-diving racoons, and be able to not only appreciate the art of dumpster-diving, but also join in on it.

Inside of Walkerman United, Thompson Frederick "The Guy" Jones, is a little mad. The problem presenting itself to him is that a certain someone, the someone in front of him with a muzzle pressing against his cheek, has embezzled half of Walkerman United's funds.

"Give me a good reason not to put a hole in your smug cheeks!" demanded Thompson, genuinely waiting for a good reason.

"Because that would be a crime." answered Norne in his usual meek voice.

"Says you!"

"Says the robber." said Norne, with as much enthusiasm in his voice as there are dinosaurs in the center of the earth.

"Robbery is an art, it takes effort, careful planning and a good physical condition. Embezzlement is like taking that art and using it as a urinal!" scorned Thompson.

"Embezzlement is less of a crime than pointing a gun at an innocent person though."

"That's debatable!" shouted Thompson, who was about to go on a rant on how everyone is mean to bank robbers these days, before getting interrupted by one of his co-workers.

"Boss, now ain't the time to get 'yer knickers in a twist! We got the bloody money, now let's bugger off!" said his literal partner-in crime; Turbilles Jr. He was very obviously worried about the men in blue coming around, as he wasn't expecting them to fancy a cup of tea. There's also the possibility of "The Terrific One" coming around and throwing their rears to jail, before drinking tea in front of their cell just to spite them.

Turbs always loves thinking about stuff like this, exploring different scenarios in his head, and then coming to a rational conclusion, like his father before him, Turbilles Sr. He always told

Turbs to “Think clearly, because if you don’t you will die.”, which are wise words for someone who cheated on his wife.

“Shut it, ‘Turbs!’”, roared Thompson, clearly proud of this pun he used for the nth time, “Do you know what it’s like to go to a bank to ROB it and then find out that half of the money has already been robbed?!”

“YES, YOU PILLOCK.” replied Turbilles, britishly.

“If you do then you’d feel sorry for the boss, wouldn’t you? You’d probably go up to him and try to cheer him up, but are you doing that? No, you aren’t, which obviously means that you DON’T know what it’s like.” argued another person, the one that completes the trio known as “The Glups”. Syko Fand, also known as the one that somehow stole a laser pistol from Malware.

“BUGGER OFF, BOOTLICKER.” proposed Turbs.

Ah yes, Thompson Frederick Jones, Turbilles Jasper Jr. and Syko “Bootlicker” Fand: the Glups, a name they got after Boris “Damian” Bartus used a speech-to-text program for the first time to write an article and accidentally set the language to “Tshellish”, an ancient language spoken by fairies and fast-food restaurant mascots. They’re pretty much only known for their constant bickering and the fact that they mainly use weapons provided by the best gun shop in the known Universe; the garbage dump.

While the trio started another one of their drawn-out squabbling sessions, someone else entered the bank, and it was not a policeman, no, it was even worse.

Hearing the trios bickering, the figure standing at the entrance says some pretty wise words, words that echo across the halls of the bank, said with the same level of seriousness as an ancient prophecy, however the words were even more important than any prophecy. It was a request. A request that was the following: “Oh, will ya shut up?”

Their heads, faces and entire bodies suddenly froze in place, with their mouths left gaping wide open, for the exception of Turbs, who, while frozen in place, was not in the slightest surprised that *he* finally joined the fray.

They didn’t need to turn their heads around to see who this figure was. It wasn’t like they were able to do that anyways.

“Like, seriously,” continued the figure, with a level of dryness in his speech that wasn’t unreachable, but pretty darn hard to replicate “why are you like this? Do ya need a counselin’ session? A shrink maybe?”

The figure then started to step closer. He wasn't slow nor fast, he wasn't in a hurry. He was approaching them as if he was taking a stroll. When he was finally as close as he wanted to be, he grabbed his hat with his right hand and in a swift motion put his left hand in and back out. The left hand was holding something when it went back out, however. This thing, was, what is commonly referred to as "a psychiatrist", a psychiatrist whom the figure threw with such a massive amount of force that the shrink turned into some sort of ball, knocking all three of the already frozen robbers down like they were bowling pins. Interestingly enough, this had unfrozen the robbers somehow, who were now (kind of) ready to face off against the figure. They got themselves back up and in a position that tried very hard to be threatening, but failed miserably.

"Huh, seems like that therapy session helped ya out! To be honest it struck me as kinda brutal..." quipped the figure, before letting out a slight chuckle.

The figure stood tall, very tall, his tie flowing with the wind that's somehow inside of the bank. He wore his usual clothes, green suit, blue jeans, brown clown-looking shoes, his iconic black hat, and that smile. That big dumb smile. A smile that at the same time says, "Don't worry, everything will be fine." and "I'm going to throw your ass in jail so hard, buddy.". A rictus that basically symbolizes him, more so than his racoon-bear-mouse-like head. The robbers were aiming their guns at him. They knew that it wasn't of any use, but did so anyways, because it seemed like the right thing to do.

"Toonfreak, you, uh, you are, uh- ", exclaimed Thompson.

"Huh? Oh, I get it, you're speaking like that green fella from that dumb space movie." replied Toonfreak, probably sparking a lot of heat for having said that. "Yeah, 'yer right, correctamundo, exactly, on the point, yup, indeed." says Toonfreak before suddenly putting on a brown robe and green make-up. "Toonfreak Terrific, I am. Behind bars throwing you I will." said Toonfreak with his best goblin impression.

Yes indeed, Toonfreak. The Terrific Toonfreak. Toonfreak Terrific The. The Toonfreak Terrific. Terrific Toonfreak The. Toonfreak The Terrific.

He has, indeed, started his morning routine.

Chapter 5: Did you know?

Toonfreak. Toonfreak Toonfreak Toonfreak, Toonfreak.

Toonfreak! Terrific! Toonfreak Toonfreak, Toonfreak.

"Toonfreak?", Toonfreak Toonfreak. Toonfreak... Toonfreak

“Toonfreak!” Toonfreak, Toonfreak Toon Freak. “Too oon Fr Eek”
Toonfreak Toonfreak Toonfreak. Toonfreak Toonfreak Toonfreak
Toonfreak Toonfreak. Toon Toon. Freak. Freak? Toon? Toon! Freak!
Freak Toon? TOOOOOOOOOOON! Freak. Freak Freak. Toon.
TToonfr eak oa, Freak FREAK, FREAK, Freak! TOOON, Freaakkkk
FREAK, Ffreak;!?

Chapter 6: And Now, Back To Our Regularly Scheduled Program