

*In the center of the screen is a masterfully animated sequence of Nutmeg TV's logo taking shape that, sadly, very few members of the audience are likely to remember - after all, most haven't tuned in to watch a logo dance. After the animation is completed, the screen cuts suddenly to black.*

A few seconds of darkness pass by, punctuated by the sound of scuffling.

Finally, the camera turns on to reveal a short, wrinkled, and very old-looking man standing in a brightly lit room. He clasps his hands together and nods at the camera.

"Welcome, friends, to the sixth occasional PPC Hunger Games!" he says in a voice much more rich and booming than his frame would suggest. "We know it's been about five years since the last time, but hey! Better late than never!"

The man spreads his arms out, and the camera pans out to reveal the inside of the commentator's booth; it looks like it hasn't been used in ages. An ancient motorcycle coated with rust leans up against the back wall, and the many consoles lined against the sides of the room are covered in chipped buttons, weakly glowing with colored light. Black screens are arranged above them, covered in fingerprints and hairline cracks.

In the background, a fox-tailed boy can be seen trying to move a robotic cat out of the way so he can sweep the dust-coated floor. He half-heartedly nudges it with a broom. The cat, however, doesn't budge an inch, instead batting at the broom handle with a metal paw.

The old man adjusts himself in front of the camera to conveniently hide the scene from view. He clears his throat and continues.

"I, Ligma B. Matterhorn, shall be your host today, and we here at Nutmeg TV hope you enjoy the show!" The man pulls down a felt screen from the ceiling, releasing a massive cloud of dust that blocks the camera's vision for a moment. His silhouette continues speaking.

"Before we get into the actual meat of things, we'll show a round of interviews from our contestants. After all, it's traditional, and Sarkan did a *wonderful* job with the questions. Hohoho!" The dust clears, showing Matterhorn carrying a massive projector. He sticks it down on the table, aims it at the screen, and watches as the machine hums to life. He turns back to the camera and gives it a wide, toothy grin.

"With all that said, let's meet our Tributes!"

## Registration Interviews

- **David Null, vampire:** I was forced here by my trainee because - \*he looks to the side\* - he's a coward!

Matt, off-camera: Am not!

David: Then submit yourself!

Matt: But I'll die!

- **O'Ryan Keys, human:** No comment.
- **Matthew, human:** \*quiet grumbling.\*

Paye, off-camera: Hey! It'll be fun!

Matt: Being murdered is fun?!

Paye: Well, you have to dish out what you take, anyways!

- **Charlie, tabaxi:** I forgot what dying was like, so this'll be an experience! Plus, it's been a while since I've done actual bard things. Might as well practice! \*They idly pluck at their mandola's strings.\*
- **Ocotillo, dragon:** Ocotillo of the Sandwings, DIA, reporting for duty! Here's hoping for a good time.

\*She flares out her wings and sits up proudly. Her head bumps against the ceiling, and she winces.\*

- **Katalina, shapeshifter cat:** Well, here I am. Hex told me about this event and I got interested. He made it sound so exciting... Oh, yeah, you know me a bit, right? I'm Katalina. No nicknames if you value your life. ...Sorry, I don't like 'em.

Anyway, I always knew that that Holodeck place was perfect for practice, but I never knew they conducted events there. I always like taking the chance to go sneak up on my targets, and after hearing about these... Hunger Games? Uh, well, I couldn't just pass this up. I don't know if there's a grand prize for first

place, but I'm still going in—mostly for fun. It'd be better with a partner... Oh, crap, the IO—

- **Cornelius, pegasus:** We could say that I was invited by Hex despite my objections. I am not as enthusiastic as many others that will enter this massacre. I only sought a sparring partner, not a... Battle Royale? That is what you call this sport, no? Nonetheless, if this will help me relax after being witness to uncouth behavior in this building, I will do what I must.
- **Jarrold, dragon:** Ugh, what a small confinement. ...Now then, where to begin? I only came here to hunt some prey. 'Hunger Games' sounds quite outrageous, if I may be sincere, and yet it intrigued me. I assumed that the participants would starve until only one was left standing, but after having heard a few explanations from word of mouth around this place, it all became clear to me. A contest that will test an entire community of fighters... Survival of the fittest. Yes, this hunt will be bountiful!
- **Vanille la Vix, cartoon fox:** Hunger Games, eh? Do you eat there? I bet it's got lotsa food! Oh, arena? Like a gladiator arena? You bet I'm gonna be all for it, friendo! They're all gonna see the marvelous Vanille do some special tricks! It's gonna be a special show you wouldn't wanna miss! Just don't go mad too much once I start, okay?
- **Caprice, human:**
- **Shimon, Razielim (*Legacy of Kain*):**
- **Thalia Quinn, human:** I heard nothin's off limits! So I can finally blow stuff up without hurting people! \*She grins manically and twirls her bat.\*
- **Doom, halfling (of the half-demon variety):** Quinn is a madwoman and someone's got to keep an eye on her.
- **Kokoro, human (*My Hero Academia*):**
- **Hiromi, android:**
- **Kaitlyn Jackson, human:** It's back! So I was in the last, um, three of these? I did really well my first time out, but the other two have been kind of, eh, so I'd really like to have a good game this time!

- **Agent Noman, Nevadan (*Madness Combat*):** Well, it's always good to get stuck in again. You'd be surprised how few good fights you get out on missions.

I'm Agent Noman. First name Agent, last name Noman, of SOM167168. I'm here from the AAHW, and Madness Combat, and, while I can use pretty much anything as a weapon, my favorite thing to use is an ax. Or a submachine gun. Or a nuke, but I don't think we have any of those sitting around.

Sarkan, interviewer: You'd be surprised!

- **Kkukttak, kif (vaguely rat-like humanoid):** What, you think I'd pass up an excuse to engage in conniving backstabbing and occasionally stab someone? That's pretty much my thing, historically. And FicPsych can't object to this ... right?
- **Farah Tahar, hani (lion-like humanoid):** So, for one thing, maybe I'll make some new friends! I also need to practice actually fighting, since it comes up in crossovers just often enough that I keep getting caught out by it. But mostly, someone needs to keep an eye on Kkukttak.
- **Aulhar Tauran, hani:** Turns out letting it slip that you've fought before and not being ex-Action gets a solid chunk the gods-rotted division at your door talking you into "providing representation for Finance". I don't think I'll do too well at this whole free-for-all murder spree, but I did set up the betting pool, so, even if I lose, I win.
- **Taq, orc:** Fightin's fun! \*He grins, putting a hand on the hilt of his sword.\*

\*The interviewer backs away slowly, moving the camera with him.\*

An' no one actually gets hurt 'ere! Heck, I think I've got a shot 'ere.

- **Rebecca Buch, human:** I have *no* idea how I got here, and now this seems to be a nightmare coming true.
- **Boadicea, Terrarian:** It's like Terraria! Lots of fighting. It's like home.
- **Holo-Acacia:** Yeah, he said I should get out a bit more, so I thought I'd jump back into the Arena... he who? None of your business.

“Thank you for the wonderful interviews, Sarkan!” Matterhorn says as the last of the videos finished playing. “Now, let’s move on to the ‘districts,’ shall we?” He taps his knuckles against the side of the projector.

<b>District 1</b>	David Null	Matthew
<b>District 2</b>	Kokoro	Hiromi
<b>District 3</b>	Thalia Quinn	Doom
<b>District 4</b>	Caprice	Shimon
<b>District 5</b>	Ocotillo	Jarrood
<b>District 6</b>	Farah Tahar	Aulhar Tauran
<b>District 7</b>	Agent Noman	Taq
<b>District 8</b>	Vanille la Vix	Rebecca Buch
<b>District 9</b>	Charlie	Katalina
<b>District 10</b>	Kkukktak	Boadicea
<b>District 11</b>	O’Ryan Keys	Kaitlyn Jackson
<b>District 12</b>	Cornelius	Holo-Acacia

As the district names flicker onto the screen, Matterhorn scratches the side of his head. “Say, why do we bother with districts anyway? Nobody ever pays attention to them once the games actually start up. Kid?” He looks back at the fox-boy from earlier, who has finished sweeping and is idly tapping away at a phone. “Do you have any thoughts on this?”

“Huh? What?” The boy looks up. “Um... I think it’s just for solidarity, to be honest. I’m not sure?”

As the two are talking, the robotic cat from earlier trots in front of the camera and sits down, obscuring the view. The conversation quickly dies down as the two notice this.

After a few seconds, the fox-boy breaks the silence. “Is Nybble blocking the camera?”

"I think that's the case. Heh." The older man laughs dryly.

"Should I, um. Should I move her?"

"Well, how else is the audience going to see what's happening?"

There's a sigh. "Fine, alright. I-"

He yelps as what sounds like an egg timer goes off. Matterhorn starts chuckling again. Nybble shifts slightly, but doesn't stop blocking the camera.

"Well, there it is!" The old man takes a moment to compose himself. There's the sound of footsteps, then the timer stops ringing. "Haha, don't mind that. It's just the alarm."

"...Alarm? Alarm for wha-"

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*If seeing the food in the Arena makes your mouth water, then you're welcome to come on down to its providers in spirit - the Cafeteria! The inspiration for the rations scattered throughout the Holo-Arena, the Cafeteria boasts a multitude of wonderful delicacies for our employees. With meals ranging from sludge to mystery meat to Generic slop, you'll never leave the tables hungry!*

*We'll make sure of it.*

*(Possible side effects of Cafeteria food include intense indigestion, gas cramps, nausea, and a free ticket to Medical. Be careful when you eat.*

*-The Sturgeon General)*

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The view opens on Matterhorn tapping away at some of the buttons in front of him. He notices the camera and waves, displaying a bulky copper glove lined with wires and lights he hadn't been wearing before. Notably, the fox-boy and the robot cat are absent.

"Welcome back!" says Matterhorn with a casual grin. You're all just in time for me to show you the wonderful arena we've prepared!" With that, he holds out his glove hand

and gives it a shake. A beam of light shines from its palm, forming a monochrome, three-dimensional hologram of a... thing.

The projection looks like a massive tangle of noodles, looping around each other and into each other, sometimes leading off into large, boxy rooms surrounded by yet more tubes. The mass as a whole looks like an enormous knot, and it almost seems to vibrate the longer it's shown.

"Our arena for this year is a holographic replication of the PPC HQ! Well. A part of it, that is. I have no idea if HQ actually looks like this, but that's a question for our programmers, isn't it?"

Matterhorn snaps the glove's fingers, and the hologram zooms in, focusing on one of the rooms in the center of the mass. As the room grows larger, more details can be made out: an array of tables have been pushed into its center, with piles of food, weapons, and other supplies laid on top of it. In the middle of the tables stands a tiny plastic cornucopia, a single apple pushed into its mouth. Chairs line the outskirts of the room, twenty-four of them arranged in a circle.

"Here lies the spawn room, the starting area, the realm that shall host the infamous Bloodbath today: The Cafeteria! Filled with supplies, dubious foods, and the magnificent cornucopia trophy that is worth absolutely nothing, our contestants will have to be fast and furious if they want to grab what they need!"

Matterhorn claps his hands, and the hologram fades. He steps back and gestures at the projector screen behind him, where the full-size and fully-colored Cafeteria appears. He grins.

"Of course, we've kept you waiting for far too long. So without further ado..."

On the screen, blue light shines around the Cafeteria's circle of chairs. When it clears, the contestants can be seen, one in each seat. Some of the larger competitors notably crush their respective chairs upon arrival.

"...Let the games begin!" Matterhorn whips out a kazoo, holds it up to a megaphone, and *buzzes*. The air itself seems to shake with the bone-rattling sound produced.

In the arena, the tributes all start moving. The camera moves about the Cafeteria, zooming in and switching perspectives when needed to keep up with the action.

“It seems we’ve got a cautious crowd today! Look at them scatter!” The majority of the Tributes head away from the Cafeteria, out into the halls of HQ.

“Oh, will you look at that?” The camera doesn’t move at all. Matterhorn blinks, then pulls a red plastic walkie-talkie off his belt and puts it to his mouth. “Hey, kid? Zoom in on our equine friend over there.”

The camera swoops over and comes into focus on one of the participants dragging a table out of the Cafeteria. “There we go. Anyway, It looks like...” Matterhorn packs away his walkie-talkie and pulls out a piece of paper, checking it over. After a few seconds, he continues. “...Cornelius has decided to steal a table! Who knows what goes on in the minds of our competitors. Hoho!”

The view pans out again, showcasing the whole of the Cafeteria. “In other strange gatherings, you can see O’Ryan over there taking the very chair he started in! And Farah, too! And over here with Vanille - apparently she’s a cartoon fellow? Well, she’s acquired a giant cartoon bomb now. Rather fitting.” On-screen, the Agent in question runs off with a stylized explosive twice her height.

“Over there, Doom and David are scuffling over a bag - oh, and it looks like David’s given up, leaving Doom to his spoils! And on the other end of the room, it looks like Hiromi’s tangled up Ocotillo with...” He pauses. On the screen, one can see the android moving away from the dragon, who is struggling with an incredibly long white ribbon wrapped around her body. “What is that, actually? Zoom in a bit.”

The camera complies, letting some text on the ribbon come into focus. It turns out it’s not a ribbon, but a paper list - rows upon rows of swear words in hundreds, if not thousands of languages ranging from Sindarin to Lapine, Klingon to binary, Cthuvian to French.

“Well, that’s certainly dedication,” Matterhorn says after a short pause. “But ignoring the fact that there wasn’t any death from that interaction, who wrote that list? How’d it even get in here? I don’t remember the Holodeck ever simulating *that*.”

Right at that moment, Nybble the robotic cat returns. She slips through the doorway, moves next to the ancient motorcycle propped against the wall, and curls up in a ball, purring contentedly. Matterhorn doesn’t seem to notice, and his tone quickly changes as he moves to another scene.



“Oh, will you take a look over there! Here’s Kaitlyn with a bow, aiming at Rebecca...” The arrow is fired, but just barely misses its target— and strikes Boudicea instead. “She misses but lands a kill nonetheless! Good game, Boudicea, but what a great start to the bloodshed!”

The view zooms outward, fading to reveal the blueprint of the holographic arena once again. “Even with the Bloodbath over and our tributes scattered across HQ, the action didn’t slow a bit!” More scenes flash onto the screen behind him.

“A few of our competitors somehow managed to scavenge a shard of peace.” Several images are shown briefly: Rebecca walking through a field of grass and flowers, Hiromi sitting by a startlingly gloomy cliff, Ocotillo and Aulhar snuggled close together - notably, the dragon still has scraps of the swear list wrapped tight around her body.

“But on the other hand,” Matterhorn says as the on-screen scenes take a different turn, “We’ve gotten some wilder events as well! We have some non-lethal tussles, for starters.” A clip of Shimon chasing Kaitlyn down the halls flashes by, followed by Doom knocking Charlie to the ground.

“Doom continues his winning streak, but once again, no deaths come out of this fight! I wonder what our halfling friend’s plan is... sparing too many people won’t be great in the long run.”

The next thing shown on-screen is a large, fast-moving blur traveling down a hallway. “Moving on, Thalia and Kkukttak have commandeered a fully-functional car! Don’t know how long that’s going to last, tight as the halls get, but they’re driving nonetheless!”

The screen then cuts to Taq, who is drinking from a bottle. Matterhorn shrugs. “Anyway, here’s a good reason why you shouldn’t leave your edibles unsupervised!” The image cuts to Taq again, now drinking nothing, his lifeless body on the ground. “It turns out Kokoro pulled a little prank on him and spiked his drink! And so we get death two.”

“Speaking of, here’s death three!” The screen moves to Vanille confronting Holo-Acacia, a CAD smoking and sparking in her hand. “It looks like our local toon intends to kick off her run with a *bang*, because she just blew up Holo-Acacia with a CAD! DoSAT should really get those things checked out.”

With that, the sequence of images ends, replaced by the spinning logo of Nutmeg TV. Matterhorn clasps his hands together and smiles at the camera. “And that wraps up our

first day! We're out of time for now, but don't worry - we'll get to interviewing our contestants again after the ad break, and we hope to see you—"

His walkie-talkie buzzes. The old man looks down for a moment, then takes it and puts it to his ear. "What is it?" A muffled voice comes through, and Matterhorn glances at the camera. "Oh, one second." He turns his back and moves the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

"What do you mean, Boudicea's still in the simulation? ...What's this about respawning? Just disconnect her Holodeck gear, it's not that difficult. Don't be slow about it, okay? We're almost out of runtime."

A few more seconds pass, then Matterhorn nods and puts the talkie back on his belt. He turns to the camera, fixes a smile back on his face, and opens his mouth.

"A—"

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*Have you by any chance died a tragic Holo-death in the Arena and now want to see how you did? Even if you haven't, but still want to see what goes on in the Arena, don't you fret! We have uncut footage from all our camera drones up on the Nutmeg TV website so you can see the hidden details that didn't quite make the highlights!*

*We'll be putting drone footage up after each day, so don't you worry about running out of content! Well, until you do, that is, but that should take a while. We hope you enjoy the show!*

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## Transcript (Bloodbath)

**Hiromi** trips up **Ocotillo** with a comically long list of interdimensional swear words.

**O'Ryan** steals the chair they started in.

**Doom** and **David** fight for a bag. **David** gives up and retreats.

**Vanille** steals a giant cartoon bomb.

**Farah** steals the chair they started in.

**Katalina** stays in the Cafeteria for food.

**Aulhar** finds a canteen full of water.

**Cornelius** manages to take a table and escape.

**Kaitlyn** shoots an arrow at **Rebecca**, but misses and kills **Boadicea** instead.

**Everyone else runs away from the Cafeteria.**

### **Day 1**

**Kkukttak** and **Thalia** find a car and drive off together.

**Doom** defeats **Charlie** in a fight, but spares their life.

**Farah** hunts for other tributes.

**Noman**, **Caprice**, and **Jarrood** hunt for other tributes.

**Hiromi** sits at Brooder's Bluff for a while.

**Kokoro** poisons **Taq's** drink. He drinks it and dies.

**Matt** takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

**David** nearly passes out from exhaustion.

**Cornelius** stalks **Katalina** all day.

**Vanille** throws an unstable CAD at **Holo-Acacia**. It explodes, killing her.

**O'Ryan** eats some food from the Cafeteria and gets a stomachache.

**Ocotillo** persuades **Aulhar** to snuggle with her 'for warmth.'

**Shimon** chases **Kaitlyn**.

**Rebecca** discovers the Courtyard.

<b>District 1</b>	David Null	Matthew
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<b>District 2</b>	Kokoro 1 Kill	Hiromi
<b>District 3</b>	Thalia Quinn	Doom
<b>District 4</b>	Caprice	Shimon
<b>District 5</b>	Ocotillo	Jarrood
<b>District 6</b>	Farah Tahar	Aulhar Tauran
<b>District 7</b>	Agent Noman	<del>Taq</del>
<b>District 8</b>	Vanille la Vix 1 Kill	Rebecca Buch
<b>District 9</b>	Charlie	Katalina
<b>District 10</b>	Kkukktak	<del>Beadieea</del>
<b>District 11</b>	O’Ryan Keys	Kaitlyn Jackson 1 Kill
<b>District 12</b>	Cornelius	<del>Holo-Acacia</del>

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## Interviews

### Day 1

- **David Null:** Look, listen: I haven't been in it for about three days. I haven't really exercised worth a **[censored]** like I did today. \*He shifts the bag to the other shoulder.\* And this bag is **[censored]** heavy. So stop teasing me about nearly passing out.

\*The camera pans over to Sarkan, who is holding back laughter.\*

David: Okay, you can stop now.

- **O’Ryan Keys:** \*He holds up the chair.\* I think a Sue used this as a weapon once. I could pull this off.

- **Matthew:** \*Matt is curled up under a table, holding a kit to his chest.\*

Try not to die. Try not to die. Try not to die.

- **Charlie:** I'm actually doing great so far! Sure, I got roughed up earlier, but nothing some magic couldn't solve.

By the way, you folk need content, right? Well then! \*They heft their mandola and start tuning the strings.\* In that case, here's Wonderwall.

\*The camera cuts away.\*

- **Ocotillo:** It seems the scavenger desire for dragonslaying isn't unique to Phyrria. The metal one caught me off guard - is that a natural thing? Are some scavengers just born that way? At least the cat one was nice enough.

...Soft, too. Don't tell him I said that. Also, can you get this list off of me? I can't reach all of it.

- **Katalina:** Holy crap, that was intense! I've seen my fair share of wild tavern brawls, but that was on another level—I actually feared for my life! Y-Yeah, I-I know I won't die for real, but it still feels real. Oh, I just hope I can relax after eating some fish—I need to calm down, especially after seeing what they did to Charlie. Is there any marlin around here?
- **Cornelius:** After witnessing how massive those dragons were, I had to take that table with me in the hopes that it would shield me from them. I am not certain, but perhaps some circumstances during this tournament may force me to act against my honor in order to prevail. Nonetheless, I must fight.

Oh, and it was an honor having one of the original Agents by my side, even if it was for a while. Well, it was merely a simulation of her, but I will make them proud. I am suspicious about Katalina, however. I was told she was a thief, so I shall prepare to bring her to justice.

- **Jarrold:** I was expecting to trust Ocotillo, but I suppose there is not much to hope for in this place. I was told that there is a force out there that will ensure that you do not succeed. I will fight in spite of its existence. I have not had my fill for today, however, so I shall feast before the next bout.

- **Vanille la Vix:** Did you see that? It was awesome! Everyone was like *ZOOM!* And one of 'em was like *PLOP!* And I threw one of those character machines on her face and she was like BOOM and she dropped so fast! This is the best time of my life! Let's see how many more points I can get before this is over or they get me! Either way, I'm havin' fun, and no wacko's gonna stop me!

- **Caprice:**

- **Shimon:**

- **Thalia Quinn/Doom:** Thalia, grinning: I stole a car? Wicked! Maybe I can blow it up later!

Doom, staring her down: Not wicked and you'd best not blow it up later.

\*He shakes his head.\*

I seem to be doing well, but knowing the IO and its love of tormenting me, it probably won't last.

(The camera moves to Zara, who is not a contestant): What? I'm just here for moral support... and to watch Doom chase after Thalia.

Doom, frowning: I'm glad someone finds it funny.

Thalia: \*Waves at the camera as it comes back\*

- **Kokoro:** \*Flexes her muscles absentmindedly\*

Sarkan, interviewer: Uhh... what?

Kokoro: Huh? What? Oh, yeah, the interview. I'll win.

- **Hiromi:** Sure beats moving boxes...

- **Kaitlyn Jackson:** First kill! Sorry to Boadicea, it must suck to *accidentally* go out first... but still, first kill!

- **Agent Noman:** (Sierpinski, Noman's author, actually wrote a whole Thing featuring Noman, Winfrey, and Sarkan [right here!](#) Feel free to check it out, it's a well-written piece and I'm sure they wouldn't mind.)
- **Kkukttak:** I'm glad I could figure out how to hotwire this thing. And no, I'm not telling you what the plan is. Do you really think I'd fall for that?
- **Farah Tahar:** \*She holds her chair out in front of her.\* I've seen people use chairs as weapons, I think I've got this. Thanks to whoever that was for giving me the idea.
- **Aulhar Tauran:** This could be going a lot worse. I've got water, and Ocotillo is quite nice company, though I can't help feeling I'm being used as a pillow.
- **Taq:** Tha' was stupid. I shoulda watched my drink. Least I didn' die first.

\*He sighs.\*

Maybe next year.

- **Rebecca Buch:**
- **Boadicea:** Dammit! Of course I get killed on the first day by a single bloody arrow! And it shouldn't have hit me either! That's what you get for trusting luck.
- **Holo-Acacia:** ...

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[Holo-Acacia has logged off.]

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## **Day 2 Begins**

The familiar logo of Nutmeg TV fades, revealing the not-quite-familiar and very much wrinkled face of Matterhorn staring into the camera. His face is close enough that one could probably count the hairs left on his head, if one were curious enough to try. As he comes into focus, Matterhorn backs off, letting the commentator's booth come back into full view.

The room has been cleaned off somewhat - the monitors covering the walls are still cracked but free of dust, the dull, flickering lights have been replaced with new, brighter ones, and even the old motorcycle in the back looks like it's been polished. In the motorcycle's seat rests Nybble the robot cat, seemingly fast asleep. Of course, being both a robot and a cat, she probably isn't.

"Welcome back, friends," Matterhorn says, spreading his arms wide. "This night was full of social events - both peaceful and violent. Many alliances were made, but we know what you *really* want to see!"

The screen shows O'Ryan looking over his supplies in the night-dimmed halls. Behind him, a pair of feline eyes appears in the shadows. There is movement, and the camera cuts to a grayed-out image of his face. "Aulhar got the jump on O'Ryan in the night and took full advantage! Sorry, Keys, but today is simply not your day!"

The next scene that appears shows David Null standing by the fallen body of Ocotillo. "In non-lethal altercations, we got to witness a firsthand vampire-on-dragon fight today! Score one for vampires, because David handily won! It seems he didn't finish the job, though, since both are still alive - at least according to our records."

Matterhorn chuckles quietly as another scene appears - this time Noman sneaking up on a sleeping Hiromi's makeshift base. "Oh, I adore this one. Noman had a perfect chance to go for an early game kill, but destroyed all of Hiromi's supplies instead! Is this psychological warfare, or perhaps a little bit of trolling? A glitch in the Holo-matrix, perhaps, considering Noman's personality? Who can say?"

The screen zooms out to showcase the whole of the Arena and brightens, transitioning into day.

"Maybe it was a mistake putting cars into the Arena, because our competitors are finding them *very* quickly." Farah and Matt are shown driving down the halls together, followed by another clip of Hiromi and David doing the same. "Maybe we'll get some vehicular combat down the line, though! That would be a spectacle, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, also? We got another death in the morning." The screen transitions one more time, showing two dragons battling, specifically as Jarrod brings the much larger Ocotillo to the ground. "This lizard fight turned bloody brawl resulted in two things - a third and final consecutive loss for Ocotillo, and Jarrod's first kill! What a *wonderful* dance! Hoho!" With that, the screen fades back to the spinning logo of Nutmeg TV.



“And that wraps up our second day! We hope you enjoyed today’s events, and we’ll see you again next—” He stops as the walkie-talkie on his belt starts buzzing. He picks it up and listens.

“What is it, kid? Did something happen?” Matterhorn relaxes against a console on the wall and holds the speaker out in front of him.

The person on the other end says something, too quiet for the camera to pick up.

“I know Kkukktak got those hatchets, but was that really a highlight?” the old man replies, idly scratching his nose.

Another reply. Matterhorn furrows his brow and brings the talkie closer to his ear.

“The Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor? Who’s that?”

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*Things I Am Not Allowed to Do at the PPC #1891: **Hatchets are strictly forbidden in the PPC Hunger Games. If I am the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor, I will stop sending them already, for the love of Glod.***

*Whoever is gifting hatchets out there knows who they are. Cease.*

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## Transcript (Night 1)

**Shimon** and **Caprice** huddle for warmth.

**Farah**, **Vanille**, and **Cornelius** discuss the games and what might happen in the morning.

**Thalia** stays awake all night.

**Kaitlyn** questions her sanity.

**David** defeats **Ocotillo** in a fight, but spares her life.

**Noman** destroys **Hiromi**'s supplies while he is asleep.

**Katalina** is awoken by nightmares.

**Doom** and **Kokoro** sleep in shifts.

**Kkukttak** passes out from exhaustion.

**Jarro**d lets **Charlie** into his shelter.

**Rebecca** tries and fails to open an RC door.

**Aulhar** kills **O'Ryan** for his supplies.

**Matt** thinks about home.

## **Day 2**

**Farah** and **Matt** find a car and drive off together.

**Aulhar** tries not to get lost in an Escher Room.

**Charlie** searches for a water source.

**Noman** gets lost in the halls.

**Caprice** sits at Brooder's Bluff for a while.

**Cornelius** takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

**Katalina**, **Shimon**, **Kaitlyn**, and **Doom** hunt for other tributes.

**Vanille** gets lost in the halls.

**Kokoro** defeats **Rebecca** in a fight, but spares her life.

**Thalia** hunts for other tributes.

**Jarro**d and **Ocotillo** spot each other at the same time. Jarrod strikes first.

**Kkukttak** is gifted two hatchets from an unknown sponsor.

**Hiromi** and **David** find a car and drive off together.

<b>District 1</b>	David Null	Matthew
<b>District 2</b>	Kokoro 1 Kill	Hiromi
<b>District 3</b>	Thalia Quinn	Doom
<b>District 4</b>	Caprice	Shimon
<b>District 5</b>	<del>Geotille</del>	Jarrood 1 Kill
<b>District 6</b>	Farah Tahar	Aulhar Tauran 1 Kill
<b>District 7</b>	Agent Noman	<del>Taq</del>
<b>District 8</b>	Vanille la Vix 1 Kill	Rebecca Buch
<b>District 9</b>	Charlie	Katalina
<b>District 10</b>	Kkukktak	<del>Beadiea</del>
<b>District 11</b>	<del>O'Ryan Keys</del>	Kaitlyn Jackson 1 Kill
<b>District 12</b>	Cornelius	<del>Holo-Acacia</del>

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## Interviews

(Note: one of the interviews contains mention of destructive fire. Caution is advised.)

- **David Null:** What, did you expect me to **[Censored]** kill her? It's only the second day. **[Censored]**. I'm not an idiot!
- **O'Ryan Keys:** Dang. But, that's okay. I sincerely wish my competitors the best of luck, especially the one that killed me. I hope you, dear friend, get to at least the top 5.
- **Matthew:** Okay, never driving a dang car again! That was freaking scary, I hated every minute of it!
- **Charlie:** Got any good drinks lately? Can't find one in these halls. Can't find many people, either. It's a tad lonely.

...Eh, I reckon I'll find something if I look hard enough! Catch ya later!

- **Ocotillo:** Well, that was... humiliating. At least it wasn't too painful.

Also, could someone please explain why the swear list is *still here*. \*She tugs at some loops of paper around her neck.\* Whose idea of a joke was this?

- **Katalina:** Ugh, that fish must've made me have those weird dreams; it was so tasteless. It was insane. Wick was there and I was happy to see him... But the others... and the guild... E-Everything was burning and Wick tried to protect me from the police, but... There was blood. He was...

\*tears start to fall from Katalina's eyes as she sobs\*

He can't be dead. I have to know if—if everything is okay.

\*she curls into a ball, holding her legs\*

It's so lonely... Don't leave me...

(The footage cuts to when Katalina has calmed down.)

Okay, I'm fine. Sorry. Now, about today, things weren't as chaotic, so I took the time to look for my next target. Everyone's prepared to fight, so I gotta be careful. Expert thief here, after all. I still have a lot to learn, though.

- **Cornelius:** I am not fully prepared to fight my opponents. I am glad I took that first aid kit when I had the chance, otherwise, I would have worried about my life. Even though we cannot die in this simulation, I will keep treading carefully.
- **Jarrold:** Trust me, I realized that Ocotillo did not satisfy me as a partner. Now I must find someone more suitable to help me in my hunt. And to be truthful, I fight much better with a pack.
- **Vanille la Vix:** Hello? Fun? Where are you? Man, things have been quiet today. Guess I looked at the wrong place. Eh, whatever. Fun will come to me or I'll come to Fun one way or another.

- **Caprice:**

- **Shimon:**

- **Thalia/Doom:** Thalia, grinning as usual: Someone needs to get me coffee! Am I allowed to get myself coffee? Or does that interrupt the flow of the story?

Doom, looking grumpy: Yes, Quinn, that would interrupt the flow of the story, not to mention the plot continuum if a duplicate of you appeared out of nowhere.

- **Kokoro:** ...

Sarkan, interviewer: ...

Kokoro: It's no use. There's no point in me saying anything, so I won't waste my breath. Just send me in there and let the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor know I take commissions. I have a degree in electrical engineering.

- **Hiromi:** Man... I can't believe that... JUST YOU WAIT, HUMAN! I'LL CRUSH YOU AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT HOW TO DRIVE!
- **Kaitlyn Jackson:** ...Why am I doing this? I thought it would be fun, but I'm spending the entire time either being chased around, or chasing others with a group of people I have no reason to trust. I must have been mad to sign back up.
- **Agent Noman:** I actually didn't find Hiromi, only his stuff, so I set it on fire. Then I got lost. This is a lot more boring than I hoped, I thought we'd have massacred each other in like 30 minutes tops.

(Winfrey hears the voice through the speaker, idly stuffing beans, herbs and garlic into a food processor, blending the mixture into a smooth paste and smearing it on a cracker, which she proceeds to eat slowly.)

Winfrey: Uh huh, sure, Noman. Your only facial feature is an eye and you missed him?

Noman: RNG! It's RNG! It's like hacking! They're hack-"

(Winfrey turns the speaker off.)

- **Kkukttak:** (bowing slightly) I am grateful to the hatchet sponsor for their gift and will endeavor to put it to good use.
- **Farah Tahar:** I thought this was going to be super bloodthirsty, but I've gotten to know people and, like, made friends! And I found a car!
- **Aulhar Tauran:** Well, looks like I've still got it!

I'll admit I'm a bit surprised Mr. O'Ryan didn't hear me coming at all, and so I went for a kill instead of a trade because I actually had a chance to pull the kill off. I don't think I'll get that lucky again.

And wow, these Escher rooms are a headache... at least they make decent hiding spots.

Shame about my friend from last night dying this fast. I liked them.

- **Rebecca Buch:**
- 

## **Day 3 Begins**

The commentator's booth is dark. There is no noise but the sound of gentle breathing. Of course, the tone is promptly ruined by a loud sneeze, quickly answered by a hush.

A few seconds of awkward silence follows, then in the center of the room a candle flickers to life, illuminating the grinning face of Matterhorn.

“Welcome back to the night!” he says, his voice low and resonating through the shadows. “You’re just in time to witness... *the slaughter!*” His face brightens, along with his tone. “And because we’re not commentating live this time, that means I can use a script!” There is a rustling of paper and a movement in the darkness, but it’s impossible to see fine details with the little light the candle gives.

A piano starts playing ominous chords in the background. The felt screen dangling behind Matterhorn lights up, illuminating the commentator’s booth with a bluish glow. “Death came to the Arena, taking three. Let us look upon their fates, shall we? Laughing is optional, though I won’t deny it’s thematically appropriate.”

The first image to appear on the screen shows the middle of a three-way brawl. “Matt, Kaitlyn, and Doom fought valiantly, but one of them was, well, *doomed* to die. Haha!” The old man breaks off into a fit of wheezing laughter, punctuated by coughs.

The piano stops playing. “Hey,” says a voice in the dark. “Are you okay, Mr. Ligma?”

“Mr. Matterhorn, if you please,” he replies, clutching his sides. He grips a console and pulls himself upright. “And I’m fine, thank you for asking.”

“...Oh. Um, okay?” After a few more seconds of silence, the piano chords resume.

Matterhorn continues. “Doom was the one to fall that night, taken by Matt. Apparently, Kaitlyn wasn’t fully dedicated to the fight - she left the scene shortly after.”

The screen switches to Hiromi’s dead body lying in the middle of a camp, scattered remnants of food by his side. “Our robotic friend here fell victim to poison... somehow. The footage is unclear. What is clear, however, is our murderer!” A mug shot of Rebecca Buch flashes into view. “An unexpected turn of events, but a pleasant one nonetheless!”

“Earlier today, Caprice sat at Brooder’s Bluff for some time. It’s unclear what for, but it seems she returned that night - a fatal mistake.” The footage shows a still image of a pegasus-man hurling her off the gloomy cliff, perfectly timed with a dramatic bolt of lightning flashing in the distance. “Cornelius seems to have taken advantage of this, because off the edge she went!”

The screen transitions to day, accompanied by a flourish of notes from the piano. With the screen lighter, so is the room, partially revealing Matterhorn, Nybble sleeping by his feet, and what looks like an actual piano next to the motorcycle in the back.

“The day was bloodless, but there were still fights to be had! Though it seems a lot of our competitors prefer sparing their opponents.” A series of clips go by, showing a sequence of duels. “Kokoro defeated Charlie and Thalia defeated Shimon, setting a reputation for themselves amongst our quickly diminishing number of competitors.”

“In funnier news, remember that list of swears that tangled up the dragon fellow on day one? Well, it appears somebody looted her corpse, because it’s popped up again!” Farah and Kaitlyn come into view, both looking over the crumpled and slightly bloody paper. Notably, the list is long enough that it coils in a small pile behind the pair like a messy off-white bush.

Matterhorn pauses, then shrugs as the screen shows another competitor receiving a pair of hatchets, a tiny parachute tying the weapons together. “Also, some sponsor fellow sent two more hatchets, and they ended up with Matt. Figure a few of you’d like to know that.”

“Alright, and that about wraps up another day! Hope you enjoyed this one.” He claps his hands together, and the background music stops. The room lights up fully, and his face scrunches as his eyes adjust. The light reveals the familiar console room once again, with its cracked screens, the robotic cat still sleeping on the ground, and the rusty motorcycle now lying on its side. He stands in front of a grand piano, polished enough one can see light reflections along its sides. On the piano bench sits a stocky fox, also blinking at the sudden light change. Matterhorn chooses to ignore them all, instead reaching over to turn off the screen behind him.

With that done, the old man stands back upright and stares at the camera for a bit. A bit turns into seconds, which turn into minutes. He blinks and glances off-camera. The fox behind him takes this moment to slip off the bench and slink out of the room. Nybble stretches, then rolls onto her back.

The silence continues. More staring. Matterhorn purses his lips.

There is a quiet beep, and his expression lights up. Finally, he speaks again. “Well, there we go. Transcripts are up after the ad break! See you soon.”

The ceiling lights turn off, and the room is cast into darkness once again.

---



*Bring light to the darkest of places with our brand new Bleeprifle! We're not kidding, this stuff lights up a home like a Christmas tree... as long as you have enough ammunition, that is. This high-tech (and very experimental) tool is equipped with a laser pointer to help aim, a sleek barrel to improve velocity, and an adaptable ammo tank built to convert all sorts of Bleep products to fast-flying projectiles! (Of course, the Bleep is not included on purchase.)*

*When the trigger is pulled, it kick-starts a reality warping reaction within the Bleeprifle's chamber, blasting solidified Bleep product with the force of a paintball and a muzzle flash as bright as a Neuralyzer - and just as potent! Make sure to cover your eyes when firing, Agents! Well, unless you're trying to get brain-wiped, which is frankly rather strange when pills exist. But you do you!*

*Bleeprifles: Annoy the Bleep out of your enemies! (And sometimes your friends.)*

*Coming to the market eventually, once our prototypes stop imploding after five minutes of use.*

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## Transcript (Night 2)

**Jarro**d and **Farah** huddle for warmth.

**Noman**, **David**, and **Thalia** discuss the games and what might happen in the morning.

**Kkukttak** sleeps behind the bar at Rudi's.

**Shimon** loses sight of where he is.

**Kokoro** thinks about winning.

**Vanille** loses sight of where she is.

**Katalina** receives an explosive from an unknown sponsor.

**Matt**, **Kaitlyn**, and **Doom** start fighting, but **Kaitlyn** runs away as **Matt** kills **Doom**.

**Rebecca** taints **Hiromi**'s food, killing him.

**Charlie** gets startled by three consoles going off in unison.

**Cornelius** throws **Caprice** off of Brooder's Bluff.

**Aulhar** goes to sleep.

### **Day 3**

**Cornelius** persuades **Vanille** to snuggle with him 'for warmth.'

**Jarrood** receives an explosive from an unknown sponsor.

**Aulhar** overhears **Rebecca** and **Katalina** talking in the distance.

**Noman** takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

**Kokoro** defeats **Charlie** in a fight, but spares their life.

**Thalia** defeats **Shimon** in a fight, but spares his life.

**Kkukttak** gets lost in the halls.

**Matt** is gifted two hatchets from an unknown sponsor.

**David** takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

**Farah** and **Kaitlyn** spend some time reading from a comically long list of interdimensional swear words.

<b>District 1</b>	David Null	Matthew 1 Kill
<b>District 2</b>	Kokoro 1 Kill	<del>Hiromi</del>
<b>District 3</b>	Thalia Quinn	<del>Deem</del>
<b>District 4</b>	<del>Caprice</del>	Shimon
<b>District 5</b>	<del>Geotille</del>	Jarrood

		1 Kill
<b>District 6</b>	Farah Tahar	Aulhar Tauran 1 Kill
<b>District 7</b>	Agent Noman	<del>Taq</del>
<b>District 8</b>	Vanille la Vix 1 Kill	Rebecca Buch 1 Kill
<b>District 9</b>	Charlie	Katalina
<b>District 10</b>	Kkukktak	<del>Beadicea</del>
<b>District 11</b>	<del>O'Ryan Keys</del>	Kaitlyn Jackson 1 Kill
<b>District 12</b>	Cornelius 1 Kill	<del>Holo-Acacia</del>

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## Interviews

- **David Null:** Ey! I saw Matt kill Doom! Great job, Matt! Keep it up! And giving me a **[censored]** hatchet, will you? I really hate those late night **[censored]** meetings and didn't have any weapons to **[censored]** kill someone else, so, you know. Kinda need them. Can't just keep beating people with my bare hands, **[censored]**!
- **Matthew:** This is gonna sound weird, y'know, but it was almost like... (*He taps a hatchet on the ground.*) killing a Sue. I have this odd feeling that Doom wasn't the real Doom. (*He shrugs.*) I guess it might be from killing too many Sues before this. Probably is nothing.

*Matt looks off into the distance, pondering.*

But did I kill someone, like, really kill someone? Again, probably is nothing, except... uh, thanks! Hatchet sponsor! Like the new weapons!

[The rest of the clip was cut for reasons unspecified.]

- **Charlie:** I keep forgetting I'm not on a mission. I've tried to read the Words twice today, and all I got was a headache.
- **Katalina:** Another slow day, but I had a good talk... and a bomb, which is weird. I'll try not to let it go to waste.
- **Cornelius:** I would have preferred to have a traditional spar, but my opponent did not seem prepared. Caprice, you can take my kill as you will. I personally would not have wanted to see you in this massacre in the state you were in. Now, I pray for the end to come quickly.

Oh, and after interacting with Vanille for a while, I found her surprisingly lightweight for how much she holds in that tail. We must be careful around her.

- **Jarrold:** I am not certain how an explosive weapon will facilitate my hunt. My claws and fangs are already enough. Nonetheless, I will be the last one standing.
- **Vanille la Vix:** Another day, another time of boredom. Where did everybody go? Are they scared? C'mon, I just want a hug!
- **Caprice:**
- **Shimon:**
- **Thalia Quinn:** Doomed to die? Doom, death, and disaster! Hahaha!
- **Doom:** Figured that would happen sooner or later, although I am mildly annoyed my partner's left to make bad puns.
- **Kokoro:** ...Charlie's going to kill me later, aren't they?
- **Hiroshi:**
- **Kaitlyn Jackson:** What were the odds that I'd hang out with someone literally named 'Doom', and somehow they were not the one to attack me? I don't think I'd even run into Matt before then! Ah, well, at least Farah seems nice, and I've learnt some exciting new words!

- **Agent Noman:** (Once again, Sarkan, Winfrey, and Noman shared their own broadcast on the Games. [It can be found here!](#))
  - **Kkukttak:** I'm surprised I haven't seen anyone today...
  - **Farah Tahar:** Jarrod and Kaitlyn are both nice people! I'll admit there's a surprising lack of stabbing for something that's supposed to be a murderfest, but I'm not complaining. Also, I think Nybble's list has gotten longer - which I'm not complaining about either: [bleeb], [bleep] and [bleep]face are all new.
  - **Aulhar Tauran:** (rather quietly) Don't tell anyone about the hiding spot I've found, okay?
  - **Rebecca Buch:**
- 

## Day 4 Begins

The commentator's booth looks emptier than normal, the clutter from yesterday completely cleared out. Matterhorn stands alone in the center of the room, looking smaller than usual with the open space. Nonetheless, the old man looks - and acts - the same as usual: that is to say, cheery.

"Welcome back, audience!" Matterhorn announces, spreading his arms wide. "It's daytime in the Arena, but we've got the night to go over first! So!" He reaches by the camera to turn on the projector. The felt screen behind him lights up to show a package, parachute tied to one corner, lying in a hall.

"It seems our local Hatchet Sponsor is falling behind on their duties, because our sponsored packages today are all explosives!" The clip plays on, showing Farah Tahar coming across the gift. The video then cuts to Katalina, who receives an identical package. "Perhaps this is the birth of a new capital-S Sponsor? Who-"

The red walkie-talkie at his belt buzzes again. Matterhorn pauses with his mouth open, then looks down. He clips the speaker off his belt. "Yes? What is it this time?"

"..."

"What do you mean, it's the same Sponsor?"

“ ... ”

“You telling me the Hatchet Sponsor also sends in explosives? Nice try, kid, but that makes absolutely no sense.” He hangs up the call and sticks the plastic talkie back on his belt. He clears his throat. “Right then.”

“Today was a day of alliances - perhaps our contestants felt the tension rising with their falling numbers? Either way, groups formed quickly.” The screen flashes a series of images: Jarrod inviting Shimon into a makeshift den made of debris and overturned tables, Vanille looking over a lightly injured Kkukttak, a group of three - Kaitlyn, Aulhar, and Noman - sitting around a camp and talking.

“But the next day?” The screen transitions to daytime with a cheap-looking animation of an explosion. “We had a buffet of dust come the morning, and no less than four decided to bite it!”

The first scene shows Charlie, face down on the ground, their body notably shriveled-looking. “Curiosity got the best of this cat, because while the records may say they died of thirst, they actually fell victim to one of our programmers’ deadly hazards: the dehydration ray, tucked away under the guise of an ordinary water fountain! Good work on that one, whoever programmed it in.”

“Make that two dead felines today, because Katalina was eliminated with a stealthy dose of poison - a gift from fellow contestant Matthew!” A grayed-out mug shot of Katalina’s face is shown on-screen, next to a slightly red-tinged picture of Matt. “Congratulations on the kill, lad! Two’s quite a lot, especially in this arena.”

Matterhorn’s wrinkled face wrinkles even more as his smile stretches from ear to ear. “Speaking of a lot, our resident cartoon seems to have taken her role as demolitionist quite well!” The screen shows a still image of Vanille, in the process of preparing a massive explosive. “So well, in fact, that we couldn’t get proper footage from our drone, because that thing got *scrapped*. We did, however, get a nice picture of the damage caused.”

The screen shows the three-dimensional map of the Arena once again, spinning slowly. A massive chunk has been blown out of one of its top corners. “Yup! There you have it - no less than seven separate passageways clogged with rubble now.”

The old man pauses, thinking for a moment. "Oh! Right, these two died in the explosion. Poor luck there." Mug shots of David Null and Rebecca Buch flash onscreen. "At least you went out with, well, a bang! Hoho!"

The plastic talkie buzzes again. Matterhorn sighs and looks down at it. "I *know* I made that joke already. Besides, it's nothing worth fussing over."

He clears his throat. "Anyway, that marks the end of the-"

Matterhorn is interrupted as the back door creaks open and the fox-tailed boy from the first day walks through. He has a drone controller strapped to his belt and is holding a high-tech, visored helmet under his arm, but at the moment his attention is taken up by something on his phone.

"Mr. Matterhorn? I think you'll want to see this..." He trails off, looking around the room. "Um. Did we clean the room out yesterday? Where'd the motorcycle go?"

"Oh. Hello to you too, Jiwon." Matterhorn raises an eyebrow. "I'm not quite sure myself. Why do you ask?"

The fox-boy looks visibly concerned at that. "...And where's Nybble?"

"The robot?" Matterhorn looks around the empty room as well. "Well! Speak of the devil and it shall appear." The back door swings open as Nybble trots in, bringing with her an aura of what can only be described as raw chaotic energy. How a metallic cat managed to convey this emotion was anyone's guess.

Jiwon huffs and places the visored helmet onto a nearby console before holding out the phone to Matterhorn. "Uh, anyway. The drones caught this just now, and I think you should take a look." Something is moving on the phone screen, but the camera perspective makes it hard to make out what.

"Hm." Matterhorn takes the phone and brings it over to the button-lined consoles on the side walls. He flips open a panel on the side of one of them, pulling out a long black cable. He plugs it into the phone, then starts fiddling with the buttons. Soon, the images shown on the phone are flashing on the screens spanning the room, making it clear what's going on.

In the arena, what appears to be a cantaloupe with large, elf-like ears is swerving down the halls on the old, formerly missing motorcycle. It wields a submachine gun in its

non-existent hands, and the camera follows the action as the creature reaches its first target and starts wildly firing a rapid-fire hail of bullets in her direction. The sound of gunfire echoes around the room.

Jiwon leans back against the wall and runs a hand through his hair, staring down at the floor. “I tried contacting the programmers, and apparently they don’t know what’s going on either. It’s not even hooked up to the Holodeck gear, according to them! *What even is that thing?*”

“Oh, it’s the Sleep Mellon! Heh, haven’t seen that fellow in a while.” Matterhorn watches the screen with a combination of curiosity and amusement. “Well, at least it’s funny.”

“It doesn’t even have arms! How does it aim? How does it *drive?*”

“I do think this is out of our control, but it’s all rather comical, isn’t it?”

As the two are talking, Nybble walks over to the camera and hops up to its level. She leans forward, staring into the lens. Almost seeming to smile, she purrs and curls into a ball as a familiar timer starts to ring, accompanied by the sounds of rubber screeching, gunfire blazing, and the angry snorts of an armed and dangerous Sleep Mellon.

The camera shuts off.

---

**[We are experiencing technical difficulties. Please stand by.]**

**[This should only take ten minutes or so.]**

**[Just a little longer, alright?]**

**[Looks like we’re all good now. Thank you for waiting!]**

---

The frantically spinning logo of Nutmeg TV fades, returning to the commentator’s booth. Matterhorn stands by the consoles lining the wall, fiddling with a few of the buttons. He notices the camera, pauses for a second, then nods primly. He walks to the center of the room, past a noticeable absence of Nybble or Jiwon, and pulls down the felt screen from the ceiling.



“Welcome back!” he says, voice as resonant as always. “We had some... issues... earlier, but rest assured that we at Nutmeg TV are always ready to turn trouble into triumph. And today was no exception! With that, I’m proud to announce our first Arena Event: the ‘Sleep-Mellon-With-A-Gun’ event, which is exactly what it sounds like!”

He snaps his fingers, and the cracked screens around him come to life, each one showing the Mellon in question rolling down the halls, expertly drifting its motorcycle around corners and firing its submachine gun into the ceiling with reckless abandon.

“The Sleep Mellon went on a rampage through our Holo-Arena, guns blazing and tires screaming, on the hunt for chaos to unravel. And unravel it did, for this thing proved unstoppable in combat... as two unfortunate contestants happened to find out.”

The screen shows the bodies of Thalia and Noman, riddled by bullet wounds and surrounded by clear signs of a struggle. “What a pity - so much potential, cut down so soon.”

The next video shown is that of the Sleep Mellon closing in on a group of competitors: a lion-person, a dragon, a ratlike alien, and a cartoon fox. The motorcycle sputters and smokes from how hard it’s being pushed. The Mellon chases still, and levels its gun towards the fleeing tributes.

The camera zooms in on its complete lack of a face, its soulless, nonexistent expression. Then it fires, and the screen goes dark.

Somber music starts playing, and grayed-out mug shots appear on-screen: a dragon and a fox. Matterhorn looks towards the screen and shakes his head slowly.

“Oh, what a shame,” he says, then turns back towards the camera. “The last kills of the Sleep Mellon’s rampage were none other than Jarrod and Vanille. Well played, all four of you - just not well or played enough.”

The screen turns off behind him, and Matterhorn clasps his hands together. “Thankfully, those were the last casualties of the night, bringing our first Arena event to a blood-soaked end. Now then, some fellow members of the Nutmeg TV volunteer staff have been sent to retrieve our aggressive elf-fruit friend, so we should be back to regularly scheduled Arena deaths soon!” He gives the camera a wide, toothy grin.

“With that, our day is *finally* over. Thank you for sticking around with us, and we hope to see you again tomorrow! Good luck to the final eight!”

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*A friendly reminder that FicPsych and Medical are not the same place, nor are they in any way interchangeable. Please make sure you're in the correct department before unloading your entire backstory on the first employee you see.*

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## **Transcripts**

**Matt** and **Cornelius** run into each other and decide to truce for the night.

**Jarrold** lets **Shimon** into his shelter.

**Charlie** thinks about winning.

**Kaitlyn**, **Aulhar**, and **Noman** discuss the games and what might happen in the morning.

**Rebecca** sleeps behind the bar at Rudi's.

**Katalina** receives an explosive from an unknown sponsor.

**Thalia** thinks about winning.

**Kokoro** defeats **David** in a fight, but spares his life.

**Vanille** tends to **Kkukttak**'s wounds.

**Farah** receives an explosive from an unknown sponsor.

## **Day 4**

**Kaitlyn** and **Kokoro** work together for the day.

**Jarrold** constructs a shack.

**Aulhar** sits at Brooder's Bluff for a while.

**Vanille** sets an explosive off, killing David, and Rebecca.

**Thalia** throws an unstable CAD at **Noman**, who dodges and escapes.

**Matt** poisons **Katalina**'s drink. She drinks it and dies.

**Charlie** dies from thirst.

**Kkukttak** steals from **Shimon** while he isn't looking.

**Cornelius** nearly passes out from exhaustion.

**Farah** searches for a water source.

### **The Sleep Mellon Event**

The Sleep Mellon obtains a submachine gun and a motorcycle. Chaos ensues.

**Aulhar** manages to escape.

**Matt** manages to escape.

**Kokoro** manages to escape.

**Cornelius** manages to escape.

The Sleep Mellon fires at **Farah** but misses, killing **Jarrood** instead.

The Sleep Mellon fires at **Kkukttak** but misses, killing **Vanille** instead.

**Kaitlyn** manages to escape.

**Shimon** manages to escape.

**Thalia** tries to fight the Sleep Mellon. She dies.

**Noman** tries to fight the Sleep Mellon. He dies.

<b>District 1</b>	<del>David Null</del>	Matthew
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		2 Kills
District 2	Kokoro 1 Kill	<del>Hiromi</del>
District 3	<del>Thalia Quinn</del>	<del>Deem</del>
District 4	<del>Caprice</del>	Shimon
District 5	<del>Geotillo</del>	Jarrod 1 Kill
District 6	Farah Tahar	Aulhar Tauran 1 Kill
District 7	Agent Noman	Taq
District 8	<del>Vanille la Vix</del> 3 Kills	<del>Rebecca Buch</del> 1 Kill
District 9	Charlie	<del>Katalina</del>
District 10	Kkukktak	<del>Beadieea</del>
District 11	<del>O'Ryan Keys</del>	Kaitlyn Jackson 1 Kill
District 12	Cornelius 1 Kill	<del>Holo Acacia</del>

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## Interviews

- ~~David Null~~: An explosion?! Seriously?! Oh well, whatever.

*He walks away, muttering several curses.*

- **Matthew**: I... didn't mean to kill them. What do you mean the berries were Nightshade? Dangit.

- **Charlie:** Hm, death. Two out of five, wouldn't recommend.
- **Katalina:** *\*fumbles and frantically touches herself before sighing in relief\**

I'm alive, thank goodness. Well, it was pretty fun, but if there's another event like this, I'll do better.

- **Cornelius:** Well, that cantaloupe certainly was outrageous. Even so, I do not know how many more blessings I will receive. I will make every moment count.
- **Jarrod:** So this is what dying feels like... Never again.
- **Vanille-la-Vix:** *\*drags her deflated and patched self across the floor\**

Oowee, what a doozy...

*\*she drags a thumb to her mouth and blows into it, inflating herself back to her feet\**

Well, that was a Daffy way to go, but at least I got two birds in one stone. Or in this case, bomb. Well, see ya next time once I have more tricks ready. That's all, folks!

*\*she waves goodbye before the footage cuts to another participant\**

- **Shimon:**
- **Thalia-Quinn:** I will have my revenge on that melon!

Doom, eliminated: I thought you already did by eating four helpings of melon salad in the Cafeteria.

- **Kokoro:** I... I don't know what got into me. I guess... I guess it annoyed me.

Sarkan, interviewer: What annoyed you?

Kokoro: Well, the other day- actually, no, Hiromi would hate me for it.

Hiromi, eliminated: WHAT THE **[disconnected]** ARE YOU DOING KOKORO?! GO FOR THE KILL! ARE YOU REALLY GONNA GIVE UP YOUR ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SHOT 'CAUSE OF SOMETHING I SAID WHILE I WAS ON TWITTER?!

- **Kaitlyn Jackson:** What the [censored swearing] was that? A murderous melon? What in [more swearing] have the Cafeteria been brewing up now? It's like [even more swearing; apparently that list really rubbed off on her] Slorp all over again!

I lost track of Aulhar, I lost track of Kokoro, I think Norman got killed by, to reiterate, a gun-toting melon - there's only about seven of us left!

...at least that means tonight might be quieter?

- **Agent Noman:** (Sierpinski's cast of PPC characters discusses the psychology surrounding battle royales, and later argue about who's running the show. The doc can be found [here!](#) Warning: Long.)
- **Kkukttak:** Vanille, I will take vengeance on the... vegetable with a shotgun... for you in repayment for your help last night.

[more quietly] Also, how'd you do the thing with the bomb? That was good!

- **Farah Tahar:** Wow, that was a day! I got some explosives, and then I almost got shot by something zipping past me on a motorcycle while I was looking for water. It's a real shame about Jarrod, though.
- **Aulhar Tauran:** [sighing] Why'd I sign up for this, again? I don't want to run around killing people - certainly not the short excitable lady from last night, for one thing. Sure, escaping from the thing on the motorcycle was exciting, but... I'm sticking to Finance after this.
- **Rebecca-Buch:** Who the hell signed me up for that?

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## **Day 5 Begins**

The episode opens up on the commentator's booth, felt screen already pulled from the ceiling and taking up the center of the room. Matterhorn stands next to it, idly twirling a

coin between his fingers. He looks up, noticing the camera, and nods. He straightens out his necktie, brushes down the sides of his suit, and clears his throat.

“Twenty-four entered... and now, eight remain. The end is drawing near, and we here at Nutmeg TV thank both our competitors and our audience for staying around so long!”

He snaps his fingers, and the projector hums and flickers to light, casting an image of the Hunger Games logo onto the felt screen beside him.

“Thankfully, it seems the ride of the Sleep Mellon hasn’t affected too many of our survivors, as things went fairly normal this night. However!” The screen shows Kkukttak, wrapped in a crinkled, slightly bloody, and very familiar scroll of paper. “It seems that the swear list hasn’t been removed from the Holo-Arena yet, because our alien friend here is... sleeping in it? That hardly seems comfortable, but to each their own.”

The camera casually moves over to show a dead body. Matterhorn blinks. “Oh, right! Forgot there was one of those tonight.” He turns to the camera. “Farah poisoned Shimon in the night. You’d think a vampire-sort would be able to handle a spoonful of ricin better than a human, but perhaps it’s just that potent. Hoho!”

Night transitions to day, the screen moving to show a table laden with an assortment of high-tech weaponry, camping gear, and - most impressive of all - actual, recognizable food.

“Moving on, today marked the arrival of our second Arena event - the Feast! As you can see, we dropped in a tableful of loot for our surviving tributes to grab. What’s important to know, though, is that while the Feast is traditionally held in the starting area, we decided to mix it up this time around!”

The camera zooms out from the table, revealing its surroundings - a polished, wooden floor, tables and chairs lining the walls, a bar set into the far end. “We stuck it in Rudi’s! It was a rough time for those expecting the standard, haha!”

The screen jump-cuts to show a three-way fight undergoing at the entrance to Rudi’s. “Just as we expected, a brawl formed at the Feast, but we didn’t think there’d be two of them!” The camera pans down the hallway, where a little further down Kaitlyn and Kokoro are facing off in a duel. Matterhorn looks at the screen and chuckles. “Let’s start with this one, shall we?”

“In one corner, we had three-time Hunger Games veteran Kaitlyn Jackson, up against our local gravity-warper Kokoro! Both combatants fought hard, but in the end, only one pulled through.” The screen flashes, then appears the grayed-out face of Kokoro. “And it wasn’t Kokoro! Somehow, Kaitlyn managed to use the gravity-manipulator’s powers against her to pull out a kill! Good show, the both of you!”

The camera swoops back down the hallway to where the three-way brawl had started. Two bodies lay on the floor, and the third tribute is nowhere to be seen. “A cat-man, a pegasus knight, and a rat walk into a bar... and the rat kills the other two and runs off! Cornelius and Aulhar lost their lives today, and Kkukttak made his escape from there!”

Matterhorn clasps his hands together and looks at the camera. “With Farah and Matt avoiding the Feast, that left only two to take their pick of the spoils! Kaitlyn and Kkukttak have a good lead in terms of resources now - time will tell if that’ll be enough to earn them a win!”

“Now.” Matterhorn’s face takes a more somber look. “As much as I’d like to say that four made it through the rest of the day, that would be a lie. Alas, only three! Only three.”

The screen shows Farah walking alone in the halls. Nothing appears to happen for several seconds. Suddenly, she’s pulled upwards as if by invisible strings, past the top of the screen. The view pans upwards, but Farah is gone. The only thing visible is the dark, gaping hole in the ceiling, the bottom (top?) nowhere in sight. “The last of our feline tributes fell victim to one of the Arena’s reverse-gravity traps! One more soul was claimed today, but thankfully it was the last... for now.”

“So with that, our tributes drop from eight to three! However, only one can claim victory and all the bragging rights it brings.”

Three faces appear on screen, side-by-side: Matthew, Kkukttak, and Kaitlyn.

“Which of these valiant souls will be the one to triumph?” Matterhorn says, voice deep and full of foreboding. “Place your bets now, because at the rate we’re going? The Hunger Games shall end very soon. Tensions will rise, blood will run, and only one will remain.”

Matterhorn then brightens and gives the camera a massive, toothy grin. “Alright, see you soon!”

And the room goes black.



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*If you appreciated the actual food shown at the Feast, then we suggest you come on down to Rudi's to try some yourself! The bar features a plethora of food and drink from across the multiverse, and - best of all - they actually taste edible! Usually. So come on down if you're looking for a change from Cafeteria slop, as Rudi's only offers the best of the best!*

*(Note: Charges may apply. Good food doesn't come for free.)*

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### **Transcripts (Night 4)**

**Aulhar**, **Kokoro**, and **Cornelius** sleep in shifts.

**Kkukttak** uses a comically long list of interdimensional swear words as both a pillow and a blanket.

**Farah** poisons **Shimon's** drink. He drinks it and dies.

**Matt** and **Kaitlyn** hold hands.

### **Feast Event**

A table appears in Rudi's, stocked with food, supplies, weapons, and miscellaneous junk.

**Kkukttak**, **Aulhar**, and **Cornelius** get into a fight. **Kkukttak** triumphantly kills them both.

**Farah** decides not to go to The Feast.

**Matt** decides not to go to The Feast.

**Kaitlyn** kills **Kokoro** with her own weapon.

### **Day 5**

**Matt** sits at Brooder's Bluff for a while.

**Kkukttak** finds a high-tech weapon in the Department of Sufficiently Advanced Technology.

**Farah** falls *up* a pit and dies.

**Kaitlyn** questions her sanity.

<b>District 1</b>	<del>David Null</del>	Matthew 2 Kills
<b>District 2</b>	<del>Kokoro</del> 1 Kill	<del>Hiromi</del>
<b>District 3</b>	<del>Thalia Quinn</del>	<del>Doom</del>
<b>District 4</b>	<del>Caprice</del>	<del>Shimon</del>
<b>District 5</b>	<del>Geotillo</del>	Jarrod 1 Kill
<b>District 6</b>	<del>Farah Tahar</del> 1 Kill	<del>Aulhar Tauran</del> 1 Kill
<b>District 7</b>	<del>Agent Noman</del>	<del>Taq</del>
<b>District 8</b>	<del>Vanille la Vix</del> 3 Kills	<del>Rebecca Buch</del> 1 Kill
<b>District 9</b>	<del>Charlie</del>	<del>Katalina</del>
<b>District 10</b>	Kkukktak 2 Kills	<del>Beadicea</del>
<b>District 11</b>	<del>O'Ryan Keys</del>	Kaitlyn Jackson 2 Kills
<b>District 12</b>	<del>Cornelius</del>	<del>Holo Acacia</del>

	1 Kill	
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## Interviews

- **Matthew:** Somehow, I'm one of the three to still be alive.

*He pauses as he looks out into the distance.*

I don't quite know what to think. Also, sorry Paye, for holding hands with someone else.

*Another pause.*

This is weird, y'know, I'm a klutz, didn't think I get this far. But, hey, thanks, guys, for not killing me yet!

- **Cornelius:** Damn you, bandit... How dare you use underhanded techniques in our battle. Was I not prepared enough? No, I am certain I was outsmarted, but I will be more cautious in the next games if I ever participate again.

- **Shimon:**

- **Kokoro:** (Damian Brighte, Kokoro's author: Maybe Kokoro shouldn't've teamed up with Kaitlyn yesterday!

Kaitlyn might've observed her weak points and/or figured out the intricacies of her Quirk yesterday. Why didn't she just grab a sword or something? Well... she's the kind of person who wouldn't use a knife in a fight if she wasn't sure she'd be good at it. Besides, her fists and cheap tricks got her this far, didn't they? But it wasn't far enough.)

- **Kaitlyn:** Okay. Okay okay okay. I can do this. There's only about three of us left. I know that Matt person is around somewhere - we hung out last night, but that fight with Doom has left me wary. And then... um... not sure who else. I saw Farah die, which is a real pity - but better her than me, I suppose?

I can do this. ARGH, what was I thinking?

- **Kkukttak:** [waves a hand at the interview drone, his other hand carrying a list of swears, which has been wrapped around some sort of weapon] No comment.

[the drone continues to follow him]

No. Comment.

[a few more insistent questions later]

I'd like to congratulate Farah on poisoning someone. As to anything else, no comment.

- **Farah:** [scowling] Gods-rotted arena, gods-rotted traps, I'm going back to the RC to take a shower and then find out how Kkukttak pulls this off.

[spots one of the brawls in Rudi's on the playback as she's leaving]

He killed Aulhar? That is going to make things so awkward. Ugh.

[renews her flounce]

- **Aulhar:** [groans] Getting my face bashed into the bar ... even virtually, hell of a way to go. Didn't even see the guy coming.

I have to admit, I'm surprised I lasted this long. Maybe I still look like someone not to mess with.. Could be the scars.

[Aulhar pulls out his phone and starts tapping at it, then smiles at the camera.]

You sure did a good job getting people interested in the games, at least going off how much cash is in the betting pool.

[some more tapping]

Wow, some people have gotten creative while I was out. There's even an options market &mdash; who in their right mind would even do that?

Sarkan, interviewer: It's the PPC, I guess!

Aulhar: Yeah, fair enough.

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## The Final Days Begin

The logo of Nutmeg TV fades, but instead of revealing the commentator's booth, a slideshow takes up the entire screen. Ominous piano music plays in the background as words appear in the center:

### THE FINAL THREE

Matthew, the prodigy of accidental murder. The screen shows the bodies of his victims - first Doom, then Katalina - staring blankly skyward. Matt himself is shown in various situations: first hiding under a table during the Bloodbath, clutching a medical kit to his chest. Next he is shown at the wheels of a car barreling down the halls of HQ, notably tense. Finally, Matt appears as he does in the present: resting in the shelter of a makeshift camp, his few supplies - a medkit and a pair of hatchets - off in the corner.

Kkukttak, the resourceful rat. The first image shown is of him receiving his first weapons— two hatchets which, like Matthew's, were granted by the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor. The screen then shows him in action: shrouded in darkness, approaching Shimon's camp and escaping with stolen supplies. Next he is seen running from the Sleep Mellon, ducking behind a corner just as a rain of bullets pepper the floor and walls past him. As he is now, the kif rests in the Cafeteria, holding a gently humming weapon by his side made unidentifiable by the scraps of swear-list he has wrapped it in.

Kaitlyn, the veteran tribute. Most of the images that follow the first shot of her face involve other competitors - talking with some, actively hunting with others, fighting, killing two. The ones that don't include socializing show her sitting alone. **Kaitlyn questions her sanity**, the captions helpfully note. Then Kaitlyn is shown in the now - walking down the halls, only a bow and a sparse selection of arrows on her person, her expression unreadable.

With the three tribute montages complete, the camera fades to dark. Large, red letters in bold font appear on the screen, in sharp contrast to the jet-black backdrop.

### NIGHT 5

The camera comes into focus to show a small, homely camp - Matt's camp, to be precise, though the tribute is nowhere in sight.

From the night-dimmed halls emerges Kkukttak, barely visible as a silhouette. He seems to glide across the shadows, approaching the camp. After a moment's pause, he enters, and the camera pans upwards.

## DAY 6

The view pans back down to the next morning, the area now lit up by the Holo-Arena's artificial daytime. While most of the camp is untouched, where Matt's supplies used to be lies an empty patch of Generic floor instead, scraps littered about.

The camera swoops away, passing through the Holo-Arena's walls when it has to, then pauses when it finds Kaitlyn Jackson trying to sleep in an abandoned RC. The drone stops completely, watching her for several seconds, as if waiting for something to happen. However, it seems she's resolved to try to sleep, so the camera moves on.

It flies further through the Holo-Arena, past crumbled passageways and through bullet-riddled walls, then comes across Kkukttak in the Cafeteria. The camera zooms in as he raises something to his mouth - it's unclear what exactly it is, but it seems he pulled it out of the Cafeteria stockpiles, at least judging by the opened wooden box in front of him that reads, "FOOD, PROBABLY."

With an abrupt, echoing *BOOM*, the camera smash-cuts to Kkukttak lying face-down on the floor, dead.

## NIGHT 6

In the silence of the halls, Kaitlyn Jackson can hear so much. The sound of her footsteps on the Generic floor, every breath she takes, every pulse of her heart. But it all seems... a little *too* loud, though.

Her vision is blurring at the edges. As she walks, the halls seem to twist, floor becoming wall, walls becoming floor. Lights blink in and out of reality.

Kaitlyn stumbles, then falls. The ground rises up to meet her.

...

Matt is walking alone in the halls, dangling a newfound medicine kit by his side. Everything is deafeningly quiet - he can barely hear his own footsteps. Then there is a noise, and he stops.

A second passes, and suddenly the silence is shattered. Messily.

The air itself blasts out cheery kazoo music and the halls of the Holo-Arena are suddenly plastered with rainbow-colored confetti, coating the floor, ceiling, and Matt himself.

"Well done!" rings out the cheery voice of Matterhorn, echoing around and down the halls of the Holo-Arena. "Well done, champion!"

"Viewers and listeners, the winner of the Sixth Occasional PPC Hunger Games is... Agent Matthew, of the department of Floaters! Congratulations, and good night!"

The kazoo fanfare crescendos into a grand, drawn-out harmony as the screen fades to black.

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*To our viewers, thank you for enjoying our broadcast of this year's Games, brought to you with help from the Nutmeg TV volunteer staff. We thank you for bearing with us - delays, technical difficulties, and all - and we hope to see you again sometime!*

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## **Transcript (Night 5)**

**Kaitlyn** quietly hums.

**Kkukttak** destroys **Matt's** supplies while he is asleep.

## **Day 6**

**Kaitlyn** tries to sleep through the entire day.

**Matt** takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

**Kkukttak** eats the Cafeteria food and dies in seconds.

## Night 6

**Matt** taints **Kaitlyn**'s food, killing her.

**MATTHEW** is the champion!

<b>District 1</b>	<del>David Null</del>	Matthew 3 Kills
<b>District 2</b>	<del>Kokoro</del> 1 Kill	<del>Hiromi</del>
<b>District 3</b>	<del>Thalia Quinn</del>	<del>Deem</del>
<b>District 4</b>	<del>Caprice</del>	<del>Shimon</del>
<b>District 5</b>	<del>Ocotillo</del>	Jarrod 1 Kill
<b>District 6</b>	<del>Farah Tahar</del> 1 Kill	<del>Aulhar Tauran</del> 1 Kill
<b>District 7</b>	<del>Agent Noman</del>	Taq
<b>District 8</b>	<del>Vanille la Vix</del> 3 Kills	<del>Rebecca Buch</del> 1 Kill
<b>District 9</b>	<del>Charlie</del>	<del>Katalina</del>
<b>District 10</b>	<del>Kkukktak</del> 2 Kills	<del>Beatricea</del>
<b>District 11</b>	<del>O'Ryan Keys</del>	<del>Kaitlyn Jackson</del> 2 Kills
<b>District 12</b>	<del>Cornelius</del>	<del>Holo Acacia</del>



	1 Kill	
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## **Final Interviews**

- **Matthew:** Matt, blinking: I... won?

Paye: OH MY GOD YOU WON!

(Paye proceeds to tackle-hug him.)

Paye: I can't believe it! You won!

Matt, hugging her back: Yeah! I won!

David Null: Great job, Matthew!

O'Ryan: Ey, you won, Trainee!

Kittyauthor: Congrats, Matt!

Crow: You did great!

Matt: I still can't believe I won!

Paye: GROUP HUG TIME!

David: No.

Paye: yEs!

(Paye stops hugging Matt long enough to drag David over to Matt.)

Paye: Group hug time!

David: Why must I?

O'Ryan: Fine with me.

(Everyone, excluding David, hugs Matt.)

Paye: Mr. Null?

(David sighs.)

David: Fine.

(David joins the group hug. The group hug breaks up.)

Paye, holding a camera: Okay group! On three! One, two, three!

(She takes the photo.)

- **Kaitlyn:** Oh, [censored and extremely long list of exotic swear words. It seems like she might be trying to recite The List from memory].

Memo to self for next time: don't eat the mushrooms. They wouldn't put mushrooms in there if they weren't a trap. *Don't eat the mushrooms.*

Oh, well. I suppose it fits that I made the first kill, and was the last. And hey, it's still my highest ranking ever! Congratulations to Matt, though - well played!

- **Kkukttak:** [Kkukttak walks into the interview room, with the hood on his traditional black cloak pulled down. He is smiling, but not widely enough to really show off his first set of pointy teeth.]

Kkukttak: I should've seen that coming, with all the poisons in the arena. Silly me, thinking my usual luck with the Cafeteria food would carry over.

Farah [who, having cleaned up, looks rather spiffy]: You sure that wasn't, like, karma?

Kkukttak: Probably not. If nothing else, the organizers were definitely out to get everyone, so good on them for succeeding.

Kkukttak [looking more directly at the camera]: I know I wasn't the most talkative tribute back there, but I was rather busy trying to not die. But, now that the Games are over, I have to say: that was fun! It's been a while since I've had a no-holds-barred scramble for survival, and even though they're stressful, I did

miss them. I'd like to thank everyone for playing and I look forward to going again if our fine hosts will have me back ... even though I just put a massive target on myself by coming in third.

[Farah opens her mouth to ward off the IO, but then realizes it'd probably be happy throwing a boring mission or two just to see her partner complain.]

[Kkukttak waits a moment to see if Farah says anything, taking the moment to think of what he should say next. He remembers the talk he'd had with his therapist about complements recently.]

Kkukttak: Oh, and, Matthew? That was an excellent recovery from getting your supplies ruined.

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## **Random Statistics**

**Matthew** and **Vanille la Vix** shared the record for most kills, at three each.

**Six** duels resulted in the loser being spared.

**Five** tributes were killed by poison.

**Four** tributes were slain by the Sleep Mellon.

**Three** cars were discovered.

**Two** pairs of hatchets were gifted by the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor.

**One.** Hm. **One** winner, I guess? We can't just leave the pattern hanging.

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## **Credits**

### **Volunteer Staff:**

Ligma B. Matterhorn, delegator and commentator  
Nybble, emotional support and provider of swear lists  
Jiwon Kim, drone pilot and pianist

Winfrey, Arena technician and commentator  
Sarkan, interviewer and commentator  
The Sleep Mellon, Arena event

**Author Credits:**

The Hunger Games Simulator used for this entire event belongs to Brantsteele.  
Nutmeg TV, Kaitlyn Jackson, and Holo-Acacia belong to Huinesoron.  
Brooder's Bluff was created by Soap.  
The Sleep Mellon was created by Alleb.  
Nybble belongs to FourMoonsWatching.  
Matterhorn, Jiwon, Charlie, and Ocotillo belong to OrangeFox.  
Noman, Sarkan, and Winfrey belong to Sierpinksi.  
Shimon and Caprice belong to Neshomeh.  
Kokoro and Hiromi belong to Damian Brighte.  
Thalia and Doom belong to Scarlett.  
Rebecca and Boudicea belong to Clairebook.  
Aulhar, Kkukttak, Farah, and Taq belong to Tomash.  
Cornelius, Vanille, Katalina, and Jarrod belong to Literature's Hanafuda.  
Matthew, David Null, O'Ryan, Crow, Kittyauthor, and Paye belong to Kittyauthor.

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