

The studio is playing some tacky hype music for the end of the big night.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i15Ns1geJg>

Down the stairs, all of you descend, before opening the final door. If you can make it out, there's just one more door to freedom.

As the door creaks open, you're met by blinding lights and applause. Jack and Diane stand in the middle of the room, clapping, alongside Laslow, Roland, and some of the staff. A spotlight is fixed on your position as you stand in shock and awe at the chaotic sight in front of you.

Guards stand by the door, stopping you to make sure you're unarmed.

"Congratulations!" Jack announces. "You've survived the last night of fighting, but it isn't quite over! After all, there's still time for positions to shift, so long as there's moonshine about!"

Nicolas looks over to the scoreboard, still public, with live updates... Amy is no longer in first place, a distant second! First place goes to Nicolas! The margin isn't even close. This isn't what you wanted... This doesn't make for good TV....

"FUCK" Says Nicolas, looking at the scoreboard.

"This game is boring ah hell! Gimme that shit!" He demands, as he walks over to a nearby security guard. He tears the service pistol from the surprised man before he can react and points it at everyone in the center of the common room.

"Looks like neither of us are getting their dream jobs after all, huh buddy?" He says as he pulls the guard tight in front of him, firing wildly at guests and staff alike. "Guess who just lost their Nicolas cool!?"

BANG BANG BANG

Shots fired from both sides, a small resistance quickly forms behind the super star.

It's a REAL second chance, no silly game, no fake currency and most importantly no electric chair. Just men, their guns, and a miniature army between them and the sweet freedom of the outside.

"RAAAA"

"AAHHHH"

The brothers scream, once damned to a shocking end, their two faced bro leads the revolt and they follow suit. Galloping on 4 legs with 4 arms wide and outstretched, the Twins ram into an entire platoon of guards cloth lining them all and pinning Roland to the ground, they each take a pistol from the fallen and toss one to Xiao.

As the pistol flips around in the air as it hurtles towards the masked magician, it appears it's gonna land short. Dennis is already lining up the shot.

"Heh, the one perk of being stuck in a time loop is you know what's happening next" a small ball of foil endowed with magic lets out a blinding light giving Xiao just enough time to snatch the weapon midair. It's as if he practiced this motion 100's of times before, and with one swift rotation he lets out 1 shot. And with that, the glassed man falls, Slimeball has finally been avenged.

"Alright, time for another branching path - let's see where this takes us". He pants diving again into the fray.

"Nice one" Nicky shouts over the battle discarding a banana peel in front of a few charging guards, "I had one of the staff give me a copy of Jack's keys day 3. Popularity is quite useful in America. Let's make a break for it—"

THUD

An armed Janitor is about to strike our star from behind, ending this resistance once and for all. But before he can deliver the killing blow a hoard of bodies crash into him. Fran gives a small thumbs up. "Sorry Mr. Alan, but I need to cure my sister. No fires this time though" :)

The mass of lifeless husks let out a grinding groan as the air is forced in and out of their lungs, their wounds fatal but patched with an herbal honey mixture. These guards have long left this world but their numbers will help push the battle in the favor of our heros(?).

After an intense firefight, the five brothers in arm finally reach for the door, light slowly filtering on the bloodstained gentlemen. They have taken the first step, but their ordeal is just beginning.

Breathing in the fresh crisp air Nick lets out a small shudder. He may have thrown away his life in the eyes of the law, but this is totally gonna **Nicholas RULE**.

Engagements witnessed:

Nicolas (assisted by Arthur, Twins and Fran) vs Guards

Arthur (assisted by Nicolas and Twins) vs Guards

Arthur (assisted by Nicolas and Twins) vs Dennis

Twins (assisted by Nicolas and Arthur) vs Roland

Fran vs Alan

Amy and Polly come out of the ladies room luckily missing the entire encounter. Both stunned, Polly is the first one to speak.

"Erm... What the sigma?"

She skips around examining the carnage, as a new song plays.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KRW7cajdK34>

A few weak coughs can be heard from beneath a pile of bodies, Amy rushes over to help the wounded.

"Gee" *cough* "Golly. What a finale" Diane weakly mutters. The poor lass was not directly targeted by any of the sides but still got caught in the crossfire.

"Oh my gosh Mrs Diane, are you alright?" the bunny asks the female host who is definitely not alright. "My brother's a lawyer and can definitely set this straight... First let's get you some first aid..."

She goes looking through the wreckage and returns some time later.

WHOOSH

Amy slips on a stray banana peel. The bun goes flying into the air. Flip Flip Flip LAND. Amy lands with luck and grace. The only unlucky part is where she landed. Beneath her paws lies a now expired body of Diane. Horror fills Amy's face, glancing around the room for any way to help. Even more terror fills her face seeing a still running camera broadcasting it all.... and to make matters worse it looks like captured the events from a very poor angle...

Her breathing quickens, and as her oxygen levels spike her head becomes light.

Polly comes skipping over. "What an injustice. Those brutes lost fair and square and have the NERVE to take it out on these lovely people. I won't let this stand." Looking down she notices Diane. "KYAHH they even stomped all over sweet Diane... I have to go after them... God WON'T let this stand."

By now Amy is a mess, choking up over her words, tears of agony meshing with matted fur. "I-it--" it gets caught in her throat. She can't bring herself to admit to the accident that just occurred. Too many emotions running rampant.

Polly reaches out and squeezes her dear friend's hand to try to calm her down. "It's ok Amy, let's go after those punks together." She smiles and blows a raspberry before dragging the fuzzi-ball to the door.

Taking their first step out of the entrance a cool breeze hits them both, and right on queue a Lamborghini speeds out of the parking lot.

The small magical girl pipes up, the more talkative of the two for now. "Wasn't that Jack's car?
HEY THATS THOSE BRUTES. AFTER THEM"

Engagements witnessed:

Amy vs Diane (Backstab - Annihilation)

The faint sound of 'California Girls' and an engine redlining can be heard off in the distance
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F57P9C4SAW4>

The masked man has been neck deep in the car's internals for a few minutes now. Slowly pulling he head out a few grease streaks now decorate his porcelain covering, the sound system now sports several additional wires connecting to magical arrays slowly pulsating with a dull green hue.

"Not my favorite futuristic song, but it will have to do." Arthur grumbles.

Nicolas cruises in the driver seat and flips up a pair of glasses to look at the twins and Fran sitting in the back "Looks like Jacky wasn't paid enough to fill up his car, any bright ideas gentlemen?"

Tui and La each hold up a moonshine from Arthurs stash.

"Wonderful, I'm so glad we have a backup source of Nicholas FUEL" Nick jests as he runs a red light.

"We need to change cars." Arthur cuts in. "We never make it far in the lambo."

"Arthur, my dear co-star, all good chase scenes have the heroes driving in the cool cars" Nicolas lets out a dry smile looking over his other co-stars in the back seat.

THUMP

Nicolas's eyes go wide. **SOME SMALL HUMAN HAD THE NERVE TO HIT HIS (Jacks) DREAM CAR.** Smoke begins to flow out of the hood blocking his vision. Nicolas spots something nearby which puts a smile on his face. Swerving the car to the side in a masterful drifting maneuver he comes to a stop in front of a large yellow limousine. Hopping out of the Lambo he shouts to the bois: "Alrighty we're ditching the Lambo - lets ride in style tonight"

The others hesitantly follow, not wanting to look back on the poor pedestrian. In for a penny in for a fist full of dollars.

"Hey Tui..." La pokes his brother "Isn't that a school bus full of kids?"

Tui looks at his brother with a slight irritation. "That it is. Come on, it's not like we're gonna harm them, just borrow their ride."

"I'm not so sure about this," La says, looking towards the ground. "Adults are one thing but I can't bring myself to..."

"I cannot act on my own." Tui snaps back "You almost got US killed with your Mr Nice Act back there. If we give up now, our lives are forfeit. Gone! We need to act together. I'm just doing what is best for me... for you... Remember Brother, **Never one**"

La gives in with a sigh, ***"Without the other. But we will NOT let any harm come to the children."***

The brothers give a knowing smile towards each other and head to join Nick.

Nicolas prys open the school bus door, blood and sweat drip down his face. **"HERE'S NICKY"**



A few fans fawn, but most of the children and bus driver scream in horror.

The bus radio is playing one of those new fancy 1985 hit songs.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qs-8xYwYJAQ>

The twins hop up the steps behind Nicolas and their presence commands quiet in the bus. Taking this opportunity to handle things peacefully, La pipes up. *"Attention everyone, Metropolis is taking custody of this vehicle for official American Colosseum show business. Please evacuate through the back or one of the emergency doors. As long as everyone cooperates no one will get hurt."*

"Nice one La" Tui whispers to his brother as they step forwards clearing the bus of innocents.

Nicolas claps his hands twice "You are the fine folk of the next generation, make sure you don't skip your Nicolas SCHOOL. Hehehe"

Within minutes the bus is cleared with the exception of two students left in the back.

The twins stand over a pair of bald scrawny kids desperately tugging at a hand sewn backpack that appears to be stuck.

"We need you to evacuate please" La says, bending over pulling his brother down with him.

"I-i-we-we're sorry sirs." Yin, the slightly larger of the boys stammers. "My brother Yan had his backpack super glued to the seat and we can't get it undone"

"That's unfortunate, why don't you leave without it then. I'm sure you can get a new one" Tui says with a forced smile.

"This was the last thing our mother made for me before she passed..." A few tears line Yan's cheeks. "This is all my fault, other kids make fun of me and Yin because she's gone and we look the same. I should have seen this coming... I'm sorry for taking up your time misters... I leave it behind." *Sniffle*

Hearing this La's face turns to a frown. And Tui begins to fill with an unending rage.

"Mothers are very important, I'm sorry to hear you lost yours... Stay strong and always have each other's backs alright" La says in a soft sweet tone.

Tui on the other hand, rotates around La and grips the entire seat in one hand and the backpack in the other.

RIIIIPPPPP

With one mighty pull several of the bolts holding it in place loosen and the seat's backing rips freeing the backpack from its current prison. "Don't let them walk over you because you are different." Tui says barely able to contain his rage from spilling onto the normal twin boys. "If ANYONE ever does this to you again, you let them know big ol mean TUI and LA will come for them, and we are criminals who killed a man." Giving them a firm pat on the head he lets out a small smile.

Yin and Yan should be frozen with fear, but instead some of Tui and La's warmth comes through. "Thank you Mr Tui and La" they both say almost at the same time.

Yin gets a small sparkle in his eye, apparently remembering something from last night's TV. "I'll always have your back Yan. From here on out we work as one. Never one..." he beckons for his brother.

After a second Yan realizes the last part of the line "Without the other" he says smiling.

They give a small bow and hop out through the back.

Engagements witnessed:

Nicolas vs A small human

Polly stands before a massive 15 foot monster truck in the parking lot. Selaphiel is flying high above before entering a nose dive.

CRASH

Turns out a metal magic bird is a great window opener. Clambering through the shards of glass, Polly does a flip through the window landing in the driver seat. Her head barely clears the dash. "Sorry Selaphiel, I need you for one last thing" she says, shoving him into the dashboard.

"I am yours to use master - as it appears you now have another friend I can go all out for this final task" The bird says as his wings begin to integrate into the car. The light fades from his metallic eyes as the monster truck roars to life.

"Come on Amy, hop in!" Polly shouts down to the bunny having a mental breakdown "I'll show you how I fight criminals first hand!"

"I-i... she" *hic* "I--i didn't mean too..." Amy stutters entering the truck on autopilot.

[“You are now listening to 9-1-1 ascension radio. Best tunes picked out by the Lord Almighty.”]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CMFJpukpwK4>

"Hallelujah hallelujah hallelujah" Polly chants along, and as the first verse ends she steps on the gas.

"DEUS VULT" She shouts with a glint in her eye.

The holy monster truck speeds after the unjust criminals.

A few minutes into the drive the girl comes across rows and rows of traffic. It appears that there has been some sort of accident.

"Urrghh, now's not the time for this. We got BAD GUYS to catch." Polly groans.

[“New program received from God. Holy M. Cloak activating.”]

The Selaphiel truck notifies its passengers as the side begins to reflect light granting a rudimentary invisibility cloak for the car.

"HELL YEAH" Polly shouts before covering her mouth in shock. "Eeek I mean heck yeah! Thanks God. You've been good. You've been great." Pressing the pedal to the medal she speeds past the BOZOs stuck in traffic. "Amy, watch this!"

Polly swerves the truck in between the two cars blocking the intersection. But her eyes go wide as she sees what's between the two cars. There's no time to course-correct now.

THUMP

"No." Amy shuts her eyes tight. "No no no no no no no no!" There was supposed to be no more death after last night. She was supposed to be free of hurting others. But now another innocent has gotten involved. She curls into a ball breathing quicker and quicker.

"Well that SUCKs" polly shouts looking out the rear view mirror. "Hey God, tell that guy to not be in the middle of the road when you meet him, thanks."

Polly lets out a small sigh of relief realizing the invisibility is still up. Thankfully the event was hidden.

A smoldering lambo catches her eye along with a congregation of school children. Maybe they are practicing hymns? Lets stop by.

Engagements witnessed:

Polly vs A small human (Assassination)

It was discovered later that the small human was actually a dwarf sent by a certain Witch to take revenge on the American Colosseum for stealing a certain toy. A quite explosive ending was averted, but alas that doesn't pertain to this story. Regardless, good job Nick and Polly.

Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap

Nicolas restlessly taps his foot in the driver seat waiting for the twins to deal with the stragglers. The show is being stalled.

A few glints of light filter through Fran's messy hair as he steps on board. "Mr Nicolas" he starts hesitantly. "It would be more appropriate for the star to enjoy the ride rather than drive. May I take your spot?"

Nicolas's eyes light up, "A star! Of course I'll let you take the wheels. I've always wanted to ride in one of these long cars." he plops himself onto the first row gazing out the window at the crowd of children being ushered off to safety. "Don't forget Franny, you're also a star. My co-star, BUT I did some driving earlier so you can take the wheels. Heh, so how was my first time driving, never got a license while living in the cupboards of Hollywood."

"It sure was something Nicolas..." he says tentatively taking the wheel. He doesn't have a license either but surely he can do better than Nick. Not hitting a civilian shouldn't be too hard...

Arthur once again makes a few alterations and more music begins to play.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l482T0yNkeo>

"I need to finalize some calculations, can I borrow your spell components Fran?" Arthur asks as he furiously scribbles in his notebook.

"Sorry Arthur, but I gave them all to Polly yesterday..." Fran says, shaking his head.

"Ahhh, definitely not ideal but I've seen it before" Arthur scratches his head trying to recall something. "For now hop on the highway and head south, there's an old workshop I've used in the past there. Twins - start digging through the kids left over stuff for anything that might contain aurum."

"We have no idea what that would be" Tui pipes up

"Come on brother we got to at least try. Something like eyes of newt?" La chimes in.

"Yeah, anything out of the ordinary biologically. Oh also keep an eye out for crystals. Hmmm if i recall correctly check out rows 4, 12, and 17. I don't think that would change in between loops"

"Loops?" La asks, but after seeing Arthur deep in notes decides not to press.

A few moments later, the twins return to Arthur with a few oddities and bobbles: A relatively freshly minted rabbit's foot, 3 opals, and a crystal ball.

Arthur takes the goods, “Perfect - just as I remembered. Good work lads. Oh also keep an eye out of the ”

RATTATTAATTAA

Right on queue, a police attack helicopter opens fire. Glancing at the surroundings, the team also clocks a police van and 2 motorcycles.

“FRAN PEDAL TO THE METAL” Nicolas shouts as he grabs 2 abandoned book bags and hucks them out the window. “You cops better go to Nicolas SCHOOL hehehe.”

Now the universe noticed this was the SECOND time Nicolas used this pun IN A ROW. But cosmic fates decided to turn a blind eye to this transgression as Nicolas is just that cool.

The bags tumble out of the vehicles, landing in front of the cyclist who spins out of control.

“You cyclists want to be treated like cars, yet refuse to cause the same amount of accidents. You really need to go back to Nicolas Driving SCHOOL hehehe” Nick shouts with his head far outside the window, apparently quite proud of the pun.

But alas the universe has its limits to the puns it will accept, the car passes a speed limit sign.

THUNK

Nicolas’s head gets separated cleanly from his body, his life flashes before his eyes. His creation. His fathers ‘rise’ to fame. His intended disposal. His own rise to fame. Why did he have to throw it all away... why did he have to lose his Nicolas cool?

The afterlife is a point of contention for many religious figures and scholars alike. Here is what Nicolas sees in this moment: As his life flashes before his eyes the events pass one by one, and then they start playing in reverse? The road appears to be going in reverse, and his body is getting closer to his disembodied head?

FWUUUSH

Air once again fills his lungs as he reconnects his pieces.

“**GOD DAMMIT NICK**” Arthur shouts. “I ONLY HAVE ENOUGH INGREDIENTS FOR A FEW OF THOSE. I want you alive, don’t go wasting your life now. And thank your lucky stars you’re a Folly, the concoction wasn’t ready so it would have terrible side effects for normal people.”

“Hehe I beat death, you see that Dad? You can’t do anything to me now!” Nicolas shutters for a moment before returning to Arthur with a sly grin. “You’re a real lifesaver pal.”

RATTATTAATTAA

Another barrage of machine gun rounds from the helicopter. Barely missing the now revived Nicolas, they travel up the cabin shattering the driver window showering Fran in a storm of glass.

“We got to deal with that helicopter,” Tui shouts over the wind whipping through the broken windows.

“Calm down, it will be taken care of in time.” Arthur shoots a glance towards the driver who is deep in concentration fully gassing it down mainstreet. “For now I need you two to trust me, Arthur focus’s his aurum and coats the twins. If you die within the next 20 seconds, your personal relative time will rewind and you’ll return to me. Go deal with the last car.”

“Internal time? What?” La asks

Tui taps his brother on the head. “We will come back to life in 15 seconds. Let’s go.”

Seeing his brothers confidence La joins Tui in lockstep charging towards the back in a suicide run. They let out a mighty war cry and bound out of the back of the bus flying into the air towards the police vehicle. The helicopter’s gunners lock onto the massive target and unleash a volley.

RATATATAATTAA

La twists mid air to shield his own brother from the onslaught of bullets. Dozens of bullets rip through his flesh as the light in his eyes fade. “BROTHER” Tui shouts as he and half a corpse still tumble through the air.

“DON’T LEAVE ME YET” he cried out once more in desperation.

THUD

The twins impact the windshield of the police van. “ARG DAMN IT ALL” recoiling from the impact, both his and his brothers blood pumps red hot through their body, his body now.

Ba thump... Ba thump...

Rage blinds Tui as he smashes through the cracked windshield grabbing towards the driver. As he gets a hold of the wheel and begins to steer off the road, a glint catches his eye. The passenger has a gun pointed right at him. Trying to reach out to disrupt the attack he knows it's too late.

Ba Ba thump thump... Ba Ba thump thump...

WHAM

La comes too, instinctually protecting his brother he launches a punch sending the armed passenger flying out the window. *"Don't worry brother"* COUGH COUGH *"I'm not going anywhere"* letting out a weak smile he continues. *"Never one without the other right?"*

Tui smiles in turn "Right, let's finish this"

Both brothers shove all their body weight to turn the wheel, the car tumbles off the highway bridge falling down into a massive explosion.

Nicolas watches in awe as the two brothers seemingly sacrifice themselves to take out this one car. "They're coming back right Arthur?"

"Three... two... one..." Arthur mumbles to himself. "Zero... negative one... negative two..."

The cab goes quiet...

"Negative seven... Negative eight... Negative nine..."

Nicolas grasps Arthur by the collar. "This is phenomenal showmanship" he cries out "They **TRUSTED** you Arthur and YOU sent them towards their deaths. Wasn't expecting a betrayal this early into the run."

"Negative seventeen... Negative eighteen... Negative nineteen... Negative Twenty..." Arthur makes a final mark in his journal.

The twins come hurtling backwards through the shattered back door, rolling backwards both men breathing heavily.

"I thought La died, I thought we died!" Tui exclaims.

"We did die brother" La let out a gasp, but Arthur has brought us back.

"Two creatures united under the same spell did not halve the effective time. Perhaps it is due to their unity or maybe my calculations were incorrect. Either way I'm glad you both made it back"

the lifeless mask looks down upon the brothers. Perhaps there is a smile behind that porcelain covering.

RATATATAATTAA

The reunion is once again interrupted by another volley of bullets.

Lets zoom in on the driver: Francesco Benneditto. Ever since first boarding the bus, Fran has been embedding his aurum into it. After all, as a necromancer the boy has increased control over the husks he invests in. Why would a mechanical one be any different from flesh and bones? Even though today was his first time driving so intensely, he has maintained excellent control on the road bypassing the bystanders with ease. He is like a spider in his magical web, and right now that web is supposed to be protecting his comrades but it is being shot. What if he were to expend all the aurum that has been stored up? Let's find out.

"BRACE" Fran shouts to the back of the bus. Slamming on the brakes, the rubber burns on the asphalt sending a black smokey haze into the sky. The entire bus rears up on its front two tires and Fran has a clear line between him, the end of the bus, and that damned helicopter. With the windshield previously shattered by a barrage of bullets and the back door broken open by the twins the bus makes for the perfect wind tunnel. Channeling all his magical might Fran shunts as much air as he can through the center of the bus snagging up shards of glass, loose debris and even a loose chair near the back. The air shotgun blast impacts the helicopter, destabilizing it from its spot in the sky.

THUNK

The chair previously loosened by the twins' rage is jettisoned towards the helicopter and as it impacts with the rotor blades and the entire helicopter teeters out of the sky.

BOOM

It crashes away from any civilians. Fran lets out a sigh.

"Great work Franny boy!" Nicolas shouts glee filling his face. "I wish I caught that on film. **That was 100% certified real cinema!**"

Fran lets out a small giggle. "Thanks Nicolas."

The rest of the trip passes without incident. Arthur directs Fran to pull over into an old deserted warehouse adjacent to his fathers shut down laundromat.

“Ahh just like I left it.” Arthur turns towards the rest of the group. “I need 30 minutes of **ZERO interruptions**. Be prepared for another police raid.”

“That’s a full slot for a television episode, you can depend on your co-stars to fill the time.” Nick says shooting a few finger guns.

“Good” Arthur turns towards the building and begins heading towards the lab. Shakily removing his mask he mutters “Thanks, It’s time to... face myself now...”

Engagements witnessed:

Nicolas (assisted by Arthur) vs 2 Police Motorcycles

Twins (assisted by Arthur) vs Police Van

Fran (assisted by Twins) vs Police Helicopter

"Hey Selaphiel, I want to try listening to some rap about god." Polly says driving the MONSTA TRUCK.

"Very well, Now Playing Rap God from God Radio"

<https://youtu.be/xgT7QhUq6sQ?si=5dCE42to0GHon-Pn&t=240>

20 seconds in Polly is vibing out.

"Content has been deemed inappropriate and has been purged from 9-1-1 ascension radio. Playing gods personally approved songs starting with *I believe Creed*"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QzT26YVEr24>

Polly lets out a sigh, "Guess the big man upstairs's word is final." She continues to speed down the highway narrowly avoiding a few family minivans.

Amy has regained some composure, and is gazing out of the window. "Are we doing the right thing?"

"Of course! We need to avenge Diane and put an end to those evil do-ers." Polly says to reassure her friend.

"Ah..." Amy falls quite for a moment "I don't think they are evil do-ers... they only wanted a second chance... If you were in their shoes would you quietly sit" *gulp* "and get zapped to death?"

"If it was God's plan, I would have gone to meet him." Polly says quietly. "But he has other plans for me."

"Heads up Judas, 6 oClock"

A few sirens begin to blare in the background.

A muscular angel apparates on her shoulder, one of the strongest in heaven. A certified champ of the lord. A wide grin spreads across his face as his eyes lock with Pollys, "Thought I'd never associate with lil backstabbers but the big man sent me to set you straight. You hear those sirens right? Well you should turn yourself in."

"T-t-tommy! I thought you were dead! I'm so glad God let you in!" Polly shouts.

Amy shoots her a worried glance. "Are you okay? Thomas is not here."

“God sent him to be my guardian angel! You probably can’t see him because you believe enough” Polly retorts.

“I don’t know if he would end up in heaven... after what he did to Lele...”

The two sit in silence for a moment before Thomas speaks again.

“Do you really believe you’re in the right here?”

Very conflicted seeing her old bible study partner and her God given duty of delivering holy justice pushing her in different directions, she shouts “We’ll settle this after we bring those evil do-ers to justice.” Slamming on the gas the sirens begin to fade into the background.

[“9-1-1 ascension radio pro edition subscriber detected. Now updating available song library.”]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dv13gl0a-FA>

Amy points out the window, “There! There’s a few police helicopters. It’s probably after the boys.”

“Let’s go! Lord who art thou in heaven, thank you for my new guardian angel and please continue to watch over me. Bless me, this car, and this road. God Speed” Polly gives a quick prayer and smashes the pedal to the metal once more. The engine roars and the monster truck races towards the boys.

After 10 minutes of dodging and weaving through traffic, Polly now has an entire entourage of police on her tail.

“It’s never too late to turn yourself in Polly” Thomas remarks with a grin

“ARGH” Polly shouts and as she spins and drifts into the heavily guarded lot.

CRUNCH SMASH

Two police vans crumple under the weight of the monster truck, their inhabitants flee.

In the middle of the lot stand Nicolas, Fran and the twins all exhausted from a long firefight.

Hopping out of the car Polly spins her magical staff around and points it at the evil do-ers in sight. The cracked gem at the head of the staff refracts red streaks of light in an unsettling way. That dam Hachizaki had the nerve to stay alive after that T1 backstab. Urgh. “You agents of Evil, I Pollyanna Perriwinkle an agent of our lord almighty shall take you on and deliver this

world justice” Her clothes filled with frills of aurum flash with a stunning display of radiant light as she prepares for battle.

A large grin spreads over the translucent boxer’s face, “Oh yeah, I can get behind this. An honorable battle.” He shoots some shadow box punches mid air.

A megaphone blares down from above, one of the helicopter squads is making an announcement. “Pollyanna Periwinkle and Amy Abbet have arrived on scene and are wanted dead or alive for the murder of Diane.”

After the announcement, Polly’s head is still cocked upwards as if listening to a second round of commandments.

Amy’s heart drops. The world saw what happened. It’s over for a beastman like her. Back to the slammer. She’ll never see her family again. “Nathan... Dave... I’m so sorry” she mumbles, choking back tears.

A soft warm hand pierces through her stupor as Polly squeezes tight. “Amy, a new directive from the big man above. Turns out Nicky and the boys might be good guys. It’s starting to sound like the government are a bunch of no good lying frauds.” She sticks her tongue out at the helicopter above “BLEHHH”.

Pulling her friend and guardian angel along, Polly skips through the battlefield. By some divine miracle neither her nor Amy get hit, and any bullets that impact Thomas wizz straight through.

Reaching the center of the resistance a new song can be heard playing from the facility behind the team.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7klyQsmVa8>

“Hey Nicky” Polly shouts over the frenzied battlefield “Reinforcements have arrived” she gives a small salute.

“Not a shred of honor, a turn tail through and through” Thomas mutters.

“Excellent timing!” Nicolas hollers taking cover behind his battered yellow limo. “Arthur’s inside working on a fix, but we are out gunned, outmanned, and almost out planned. Hey, that could make for a catchy song. What do you think?”

“I’m gonna go inside and help Arthur... I dont think I’ll be of much help out here.” Amy meekly says. The others didn’t seem to hear her but she leaves regardless.

“Mr Nicolas, now’s not the time. Their aerial superiority is pinning us down” Fran shouts.

Nicolas in turn points towards the sky. "I'm gonna pilot that thing" he says with a smirk. "I have no idea how those guys control that beast, but there's no way a star like me can resist riding it"

"Nicky it's too dangerous, and far away" Polly cowers behind a collapsed pile of rubble.

"But it will make for god tier cinema" Nicolas retorts "Twins ready an alley oop!" Nicolas begins dashing towards the pair.

"You got it boss" they both say in unison readying the hand hold to send the star to the sky.

Fran takes notice of what's about to transpire, no matter how strong you are or if you have the strength of two men there's no human way to send someone flying 50 feet in the air. Fran had previously secretly coated his allies in aurum to help protect from minor injuries and scrapes. Healing is difficult but preventing injuries is so much easier.

As Nicolas places his foot in the brothers hands, a surge of energy flows through the men as their Aurum coating bursts into strength and valor channeled by Fran. Muscles surge and with a mighty cry the twins send Nicolas into the 60 feet into the air hurtling towards the low flying helicopter.

The world slows down for Nicolas, smiling as the wind buffets his face he announces "Listen here world! Who the hell do you think I am? I am not some disposable Folly my father made. I am me, Nicolas Bhule the SHOOTING STAR!"

Grabbing the side rails of the helicopter, he gives his warmest smile towards the two gentlemen inside. "We're swapping, get out."

Two men hop out with parachutes as Nick situates himself in the pilot seat. Just like driving, he never flew before, but he was about to get a crash course if he didn't learn quickly. Copying what he's seen in the movies he grabs the helm and begins to steady the aircraft.

The song coming from the facility changes once again. It appears Arthur has things under control now with how fitting the song is.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6qNHTrYVuA>

Nicolas takes the helm in one hand and helicopter machine gun in the next.

RATATATAATTAA

"AHHAHA how's it feel to be on the receiving side now?!" Nick shouts as he whips around the battlefield in his new toy.

The twins found a pair of tommy guns and began blasting away like a couple of mob bosses.

Fran spins up a small dust storm providing cover to his allies rushing forward.

Polly skips from foe to foe offering a brief prayer as they ascend to her boss.

Battle copters fall one by one and the police vehicles are overwhelmed and eventually the criminal alliance begins pushing the police force back.

Engagements witnessed:

Polly (assisted by Amy) vs 2 Police Vans

Nicolas (assisted by Fran and Twins) vs Police Helicopters

Twins (assisted by Fran and Nicolas) vs Police Force

Polly (assisted by Fran) vs Police Force

The faint sound of ticking and an unsettling ambience echoes from inside the building.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=so2jp2gtVnk>

Amy slinks into the laboratory attempting to avoid any of the police that may have gotten past the front lines. Massive computer arrays and broken machinery litter the walls and floor. Several voices echo softly throughout the facility. Turning into the main chamber our rabbit protagonist is face to face with six near identical underweight lab coated scientists surrounding a large velvet and black bus, geometric spiraling sigils etched on the sides with several organic and crystalline catalysts surrounding it. The plain faces blink in near unison.

“AMY?” Arthur 1 shouts “What? How? Why are you here?”

“What was the catalyst for this branch?” Another Arthur mumbles

“Give me a drink bartender” a third Arthur interjects trying to ease the situation.

The other three are stunned for a moment before returning to manage equipment and repair the bus.

Amy rears back in shock seeing six of the same man.

Click Clack

Her paws land firmly on a terminal keyboard. All the Arthurs go wide eyed.

“SHIT, IT WAS ALMOST COMPLETE. THIS WAS THE RUN” an Aurthur shouts in rage.

“We need to restart quickly. I'm not sure how much time Nicolas and the others can buy.” Arthur 2 says as he rushes to the terminal.

“I-I’m sorry... I didn’t mean too” Amy says quickly pulling her hand away but in the process accidentally presses a few more keys.

Arthur 2 pulls her away from the computer, and is in shock at what he sees.

Now, let's talk about Amy for a minute. Yup our favorite bartending beastman. Her entire life has been slue of bad luck after bad luck. It got so bad that her parents were convinced she was a cursed child and willingly turned her into the beastman she is today to limit the extent of her god awful luck. Despite the procedure, she continued to slip up at the worst time possible, killing 3 men in a hydraulic press accident and ending a forth based on a deathly allergy to rabbit fur. Even worse she recently accidently finished off the sweet Diane by slipping on a banana peel...

Based on the laws of probability, everything in the universe tends to trend towards neutrality. After 100 coin flips it is expected to see around 50 heads and 50 tails. Now let's replace the coin

in this example with good and bad luck. We all flip this cosmic coin everyday, Amy is no exception. But the outcome of her coins have constantly trended towards bad luck. To help quantify the poor luck Amy has had, let's say out of 100 coin flips, 95 landed on bad luck. That is a $6.26e-21\%$ chance. Needless to say, if the laws of probability were to be followed Amy should begin rolling the good luck outcomes.

Invisible to everyone but you the reader, a cosmic coin was flipped when Amy accidentally interacted with the terminal.

Flip Flip Flip Flip Flip Flip Flip Flip - it goes soaring through the cosmos of the universe before landing on...

ITS SIDE?!?!?

Neither good nor bad luck, but rather a *miracle*. All of her stored luck karma has been wiped to produce this outcome. Bumping into the computer her paws hit two keys: [Ctrl] + [C] stopping the currently running program. Countless timelines before Arthur has run this program and it always glitches out in the end never coming to fruition. Through a miracle, Amy had stopped it the exact millisecond before reaching the faulty code, and with a second fumble on the keyboard she pressed [.] + [tab] + [enter] queuing up the next program without a delay.

Arthur 2 stands in front of the terminal in utter shock at the message in front of him.

[Timestream Analysis Successful - Spacetime Aurum Injection Complete]

"Gentlemen..." Arthur 2 says quietly, "It is complete..."

The others rush to his side to see the message. A moment later the different Arthur echoes all chime in with cheers!

"HOORAH!"

"I fucking love you guys"

"Gōngxǐ!"

One of the Arthurs turns to Amy with a bow "Thank you for your help Mrs. Abbet."

"I'm really not sure what I did but I'm glad it all worked out in the end" Amy says with a confused smile.

The group of scientists gather once more

"We actually did it, we've broken Einstein's theory of relativity with magic!" Aurthur 1 says with glee.

"The theoretical calculations have been completed, we need to test practical applications now" corrects the second Arthur.

"No time like the present, get going Arthur prime" Arthur 3 slaps Arthur 1 on the back "I got a good feeling about this one."

"Very well, I'll see you next loop" Arthur 1 says with a smile "It sucks that having multiple of us around destabilizes our respective timelines."

Arthur 2 looks at him, a hint of sadness creeps through his expression. "There is no next loop. You're breaking free."

"Ahhh" Arthur 1 exhales. He also sees the writing on the wall, with the power of time travel he can finally free himself and all the other Arthurs from an eternity of suffering... "In that case, it's been a good several millennia, I couldn't have asked for a better research staff."

"Likewise Prime" Arthur 2 gives a salute, "Get going we'll take care of cleaning up before we fade."

Arthur 1 withdraws the white mask from his side bag. "Before I head off, I just wanted to say I no longer need this thing. I'm happy with who we are now."

The others smile, taking theirs out. "Thought you would never come around buddy. Stand proud Prime, we will always be you."

Six bone white masks clatter in a pile. Arthur 1 heads towards the bus waving Amy over and the other 5 Arthurs work feverishly on last minute touches.

With a turn of the ignition, the bus roars to life. An Arthur echo rapidly cranks the manual garage door open and blinding light fills the laboratory. In moments, the bus enters the active battlefield, or what should have been active.

Knock Knock

Nicolas stands next to the bus door, "You missed the climax Arthur, we beat them good!"

"That is unexpected... Good job" Arthur replies a bit shocked. "Hop on everyone. We got a lot of heat on our backs and can't afford to stay still for too long."

Polly, Lui, La, Fran, and Nicolas all hop in the bus looking a bit worse for wear but morale seems to be at an all time high. Fran is working on patching up some bullet wounds and as he steps aboard he notices maskless Arthur. "You got a nice face" he remarks before returning to first aid.

Nicolas chimes in “A bit of an anti climatic reveal. Not the best for showbiz ya know... So what's this bus all about? Does it have rockets? Nitro boosts? Revolving License plates?”

Arthur is in the process of discombobulating the combobulator. A grin creeps across his face “Even better Nick. Time Travel. Returning to the past risks the fabric of our reality collapsing if we alter events too much so we are GOING BACK BACK TO THE FUTURE!” and with that he twists a few dials and gasses it.

Flames shoot out of the back of the exhaust and the engine sputters as the Aurum Time Drive spins into action. Everyone in the bus feels the sensation of weightlessness as their stomach curls into a knot.

The distinct crack of teleportation rings out through the world as the bus disappears from 1985.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs>

Engagements witnessed:

Arthur (assisted by Arthur 2, Arthur 3, Arthur 4, Arthur 5, Arthur 6 and Amy) unlock time travel

Normally sound doesn't travel well through the cold desolate void of space, but with a new medium of aurum to travel through the universe is able to freely sing.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bvfH4ETlxNw>

Outside the windows are an amalgamation of stars and space warping in on itself creating one streamlined tunnel for the bus to route itself through.

"Hahaha! We've done it" Arthur exclaims "We've forced open a localized wormhole. It's crazy that magic can actually break the laws of the universe on such a fundamental level. With this power we can achieve anything!"

Arthur's hysteria was cut short as the bus is roughly jettisoned into a smoldering asteroid field. The cast is weightless, looking outside the window, their home planet is nowhere to be seen.

"I see the sun, and I think that's the moon... but where's home?" Polly asks a bit confused

Arthur scratches his head. This shouldn't be happening, was there a miscalculation? A world ending event? Did I cause this? "I'm not sure what is happening. We have a limited supply of air in this bus. It's best for us to return to the past for now. But if we recklessly return we might get caught up in whatever caused this" he says and motions to the left overs of their world.

A stroke of genius strikes Amy, "I recall Kogi telling me that WASA launched a craft to terra-something Mars. I'm not entirely sure what that means but maybe there's air we can breathe over there?"

Tsk Arthur clicks his tongue at the mention of the Japanese Scientist. His grandfather was killed during the Japanese massacre of Nanjing, and his father had to live next to those murders for several years. What does a Japanese know about cooperation? Her shitty ship probably crashed and burned in the atmosphere long before reaching mars.

Polly pipes up "Oooh that's a great idea Amy! I'd love to see Kogi's work, and we can also spread the gospel of our lord and savior to another planet!"

Hearing the other magicians' desires Arthur gives in, he needs Polly happy and willing to supply aurum later. "Very well - rerouting the course."

Rerouting the flow of magic once more, Arthur recombobulates the combobulator and the distinctive crack of teleportation echos through the emptiness of space.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (sound effect - play in addition to music)

The magic induced wormhole engulfs the bus once more, sending the party tossing and turning with the exception of the driver. Bus drivers have the distinct privilege of a seatbelt. Stay safe on the roads everyone :)

The bus skids to a halt. A nine month trip completed in mere moments. Wormholes, however dangerous, could one day revolutionize travel of all kinds. A red mist of space dirt is kicked up into the air as the universe changes its tune.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xiDbdKGsWhg>

“Wooooow”, Polly says gazing out the window. “I can’t believe we’re actually here. Welp! Time to spread the gospel” she goes to open the window.

“WAIT” Shouts Arthur but it's too late, the magical girl of the lord almighty has broken the air tight seal.

FWOOSH

Air rushes IN?!?! to the bus. Arthur stands there shocked as fresh oxygen fills his lungs. Is that the faint scent of Japanese BBQ? There’s no way humanity has advanced this far. It’s only 2050 after all and going based on publicly available information, terraforming should be at least another 50 years away, especially with how politics and infighting gets in the way of scientific progress... “Well I’ll be damned, maybe that WASA talk wasn’t a bunch of rubbish...”

“Of course not! I had faith.” Polly shouts, tossing a holy bible through the window and onto the martian surface. “Go forth, Martian peoples! Read the glory of the lord.”

A few moments pass where nothing stirs. “They’ll find out about our lord later I guess...” Polly says a bit dejected.

“The Martians are probably just sleeping right now Polly. They’ll find it when they wake up” Amy says to comfort the girl.

“Tui do you think martians are real?” La asks

“Don’t know, but I’m pretty sure the moon is where goblins come from” Tui jests.

[Christian_Martian_Count += 3]

“Alright, everyone brace for several jumps.” Arthur cuts into the conversations. “We’re gonna find out when the Earth was destroyed and work out our next plan from there.”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> x 10 (sound effect - play in addition to music)

Winding up the combolator several more times the bus is thrust through dozens of wormholes each time viewing the desolated asteroid field that was once their earth.

30 minutes of nauseating warping occurs

The bus once again comes to a screeching halt on the red planet's surface, now shaded by a massive spaceship the size of several planets.

A new faint music emits from the ship drowning out the singing of the universe.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VHXvrlpOJYE>

The party looks up in awe...

"What is that-" Fran begins to ask before being cut out by a solar system wide announcement.

In the vast emptiness of space a projection is set up showing a humanoid with deep teal hair sporting a spiked halo and blue shoes. Milky white tears stream out of its right eye as white blobs run errands in the background.

"Denizens of Earth-235163788..." it stops spewing out numbers "No... Denizens of Earth. My name is Maximilian Von Nova. It is my pleasure to meet everyone in this brief moment. I am well aware that our sudden presence 24 hours ago has caused much alarm over your planet; however, it is with a heavy halo that I announce your cleansing. This must be done in order to create the perfect universe."



"Woah, a galactic movie... THIS IS AWESOME" Nicolas shudders.

"What does Mr(?) Nova mean by cleansing?" Amy asks before recalling the future situation of their world.

Nova continues, "It is rare that a champion of an Earth survives but falls short of his objectives, so I will grant him one last audience with your world." The haloed creature bows and one of the little white marshmallow creatures turns the camera.

Taking center stage for the last time in his life stands a well aged and wrinkled Jack Faulkner supported by a simple wooden cane.

The well kept sideburns - The classy cowboy hat from AC season 3 - The Ohian look - It really is him.

"Our old host has aged well for himself" Nicolas remarks, "heh, glad I didn't shoot him when I lost my Nicolas Cool".

Click a small tape recorder is activated echoing a new song to the denizens of earth
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WR7fwMM5ccc>

Jack lets loose a smile "Now folks, you all must have been extremely confused when I disappeared from this year's remake of A Fist Full of Dollars. We had the biggest budget in history and we even had special fan favorite guests lined up from previous seasons to make reappearances. So I believe I owe everyone an explanation. Your collective thoughts choose me to represent this world in a galactic death game where the losers would lose their planets. I'm afraid I also have to apologize for not winning up here. Despite running a death game for over half a decade I could never have imagined it would be this hard to go through one in the flesh."

His hand moves to shift his hat downwards covering a few wet spots forming around his eyes.

"Leaving my fans high and dry is sadly not in the cards" A lunatic smile begins to creep across Jack's face as he takes out a small star shaped pin and places it above his heart. "Seasoned fans of Season 3 and 4 will know what this Alamo Spirit does..."

Another one comes out of his hat, followed by another and another. Soon Jack's star count matches that of his host Nova. Deep wrinkles run through these veterans' eyes. This aint his first rodeo.

He steadies himself on his two feet freeing up cane, **"YEEHAW AMERICA - GO ENJOY THE NEXT SEASON OF AMERICAN COLISEUM. I'M JACK FAULKNER AND IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE WORLD"**

Whipping around to face Maximilian Von Nova he raises his cane and aims the Big Iron hidden inside. "Nova red will not clear leather" he says with a final smirk.

Click

BANG

A single shot rings out. Worry quickly spreads across Jack's face. All of the Mallow creatures in the background all snap their attention towards him. A tense second later they begin their vicious assault.

"HIYA" Jack shouts as they launch towards him.

THWACK

He is able to knock one down from a mid air lunge with his cane but another two quickly take its place. Their razor sharp teeth jet out and rip into Jack, tearing him limb from limb in a bloody massacre not suitable for any type of TV.

The escape convicts can only watch, mouth agape as Jack's screams echo throughout the galaxy.

Jack's recorder breaks, giving way to the original song of the ship.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VHXvrlpOJYE>

What little remains of Jack is quickly consumed by the Mallows before the camera shifts back towards Nova who now has a bullet revolving rapidly around its halo stuck in some sort of endless loop. The milky white tears continue to stream down its cheek.

"Jack fought to the bitter end and then some. Please do not blame him for what happens next" Nova says pointing a finger gun before the bullet swells in size and launches in a direction.

Brief seconds later a massive bullet-shaped moon-sized meteor emerges from front of the ship hurtling towards Earth.

BOOM

IMPACT. Chunks of rock and magma every which way. Some collide into the ship only to be vaporized on contact by some sort of force field. A few fly impacting the earth's moon, shaking it nearly out of orbit. All that was left was a quickly scattering debris field much like the one our convicts originally teleported into. And with that complete, the galactic projection cut out and the planetary ship warped to its next victim.

“Oh my god... Nathan... Dave... the kids...” Amy whispers through hyperventilated breaths.

Fran places a reassuring hand on her back. “I’m sure we can have Mr. Arthur take us back in time before this ever happened.”

“But-but-but they just DIED” Amy cries out again, “This is the future and they are all doomed to die.”

The radio sputters as a new song fills the void.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Llf257mGuk8>

Nicolas’ eyes are glazed over replaying the events in his mind over and over before finally snapping out of it. His hands make a small camera box as he views the scenes in front of him. “Jack you bastard. **Taking all of the fame and the audience too!** Cementing yourself as the star of the Galaxy. **I won’t stand for this.**” His arms are flailing wildly about.

“Hehehe. I got it! We’ll trek through the stars and win our war to protect the Earth! It’s that simple. No more Jack Myartr. The fans will survive!” Nicolas runs his hands down his face in clear delirium. “Say Arthur, what are the limits on this time travel doohickey?”

Still in shock Arthur manages to reply “...We can’t pull too many people out of past as it will destabilize the timeline... and people who I’ve interacted a lot with in the past will have trace amounts of my aurum lingering on them so their temporal core will be easier to stabilize.”

“HAHAHA I GOT IT. **ROUND TWO OF METROPOLIS COMING TO A TIMELINE NEAR YOU.** Criminals fighting not only for their lives but the life of their world. **OH WHAT PERFECT CINEMA** THAT WOULD BE. **HAAHHAAA**” Tears flow down Nicolas’s cheeks at the pure beauty of what he is suggesting. He turns to the rest of the alive cast with a fire in his eyes “Any opposition? Thoughts? Oh and if you’re gonna backstab me, wait for the grand finale. I just HAVE to see the end heheh.”

Fran gives a thumbs up. It’s a big brother’s job to make the world a better place for his sister.

Tui and La both give nods of agreement. They’ve followed Nicolas through time, space and even beyond death itself. They’re in it for the long haul.

Amy stifles a snuffle. “Yeah, I’m in. I can’t let Nathan and Dave explode after everything they’ve done for me.”

Polly chimes in “We got the power of God on our side, there’s no way we’re losing.”

"I always remember that the LORD is with me. He is here, close by my side, so nothing can defeat me. Psalms 16" Shoulder angel Thomas quotes, "I guess there is redemption for you after all Polly."

"ALRIGHT, FIRST STOP CASTLE CABRA" Nicolas announces as he presses forward on a lever that feels right.

Arthur is shocked out of his stupor and has to rapidly course correct. "NICOLAS, BE CAREFUL"

A sly grin is returned "Don't touch that dial, we're just getting started."

Arthur snaps back "I NEED to spin the comboulator, it's what destabilizes the bus allowing us to slip through the time streams."

The distinct crack of teleportation rings out as the party, now with a new found goal, goes BACK TO THE FUTURE (Past).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (sound effect)

Engagements witnessed:

Jack vs Maximilian Von Nova

Mallows vs Jack

Maximilian Von Nova vs Earth (Annihilation)

Items used:

Alamo Spirit - If you would die during the night you use this item, gain 5 ATK during the fatal engagement. This is not considered a stat boost.

Big Iron - Tonight, whenever you engage, gain +3 ATK per each player your opponent in that engagement has killed.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1DE3e_hkBFo

The bus skids to a halt on a dark and stormy night. The old brick paved roads are briefly illuminated in between strikes of lightning. All of the lanterns lining the sides have long since been snuffed out.

Arthur speaks up above the pitter patter of the intense storm. "I've traced Castles temporal signature, he should be around here some- "

THUD

A massive weight impacts the roof of the bus leaving a dent.

BOOM FLASH

Lightning strikes nearby.

"AHHHH" Polly shrieks.

The hulking figure of Castle is briefly illuminated.

"He's outside" Polly stammers

"Excellent" Nicolas responds as he opens the side door. "Castle Cabra, Come in!"

This is the first time prey has so willingly invited him into their refuge. Castle decides to humor them by momentarily entering through the side door. A wide smile spreads across his face, "YES".

While Castle aged nicely in the past, as he stands how it appears that decades of life and stress have been lifted from his face.

"Hey Arthur, what year are we in?" Nicolas asks.

After a moment of poking buttons and spinning dials Arthur replies. "Ooh man, we overshoot. We're in the 1720's"

"Looks like he's in his prime now!" Nicolas replies before returning his attention back to Castle. "Long story short the world is gonna explode and we need your help to stop it."

He does not frown, he does not bicker. The strange two faced man's musings, now that's the kicker. He hears him out, he does not shout, but before he speaks he has some doubt. But this opportunity is new, it is grand! Perhaps he shall abide by this Follys master plan. His starry cape swings wide, and makes his announcement with one large stride.

“YES”

With a gaze over the cabin, his eyes lock in. Spotting two lesser beings who need assistance, they can not make it in life even with all their persistence. A magical girl and a dreaded italian. There is only one way for this to end. A frown creeps over his face, and his new announcement takes place.

“NO”

“I figured this would happen,” Arthur says, pulling out a small pen shaped object from the car.
“Hey Castle over here”

As Castle turns to look at the caller of his name he is greeted with a blinding flash.



Castle blinks a few times as memories from the future and visions of the Nova's destruction of the Earth flood into his mind. He experiences a mind splitting headache as over a 100 years of memories and thoughts root themselves into his brain. After another round of deliberation he has one last announcement.

With a smile and a bow, and a slight furrow of his brow he says

“Yes”

before heading towards the back.

The twins take a protective stance between Castle and Polly, just in case shit were to hit the fan, but luckily Castle walks on by with grace and sits in the back left seat.

“Mr Arthur, what was that?” Fran asks, a bit curious.

“I managed to update his temporal stream to be inline with our own.” Arthur replies. “To put it more succinctly, I’ve returned his memories of the future and provided a quick catch up on the Nova situation thus far.” Turning to Nicolas, he asks “One down, who’s next? Oh and please do refrain from interacting with any of the dials or switches, I don’t want to end up super far in the past again.”

“We better call Saul! It has to be Saul! He has a hunger to tear down the top!” Nicolas replies in a frenzy.

The distinct crack of teleportation rings out as the party heads BACK TO THE FUTURE (for real this time).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (Sound Effect)

Allies Gained:

Castle Cabra

The sun beams through the windows as the bus apparates in the Central Zoo's parking lot. Through luck or coincidence, no one seemed to notice.

Nicolas stands up "Alrighty, I'll be back in a jiffy. Keep those tapes rolling!"

Amy hops up "Ooh It's been a while since I've been to the zoo. I'll join too."

On their way out Arthur passes Amy the temporal pen. "You might need this, we'll keep the bus ready to go when you return."

Luckily, Amy and Nicolas were the top two finishers and had some spare cash. Breaking into their winnings two tickets are purchased and entering the zoo happens without incident.

"Look look mommy" A small child tugs on his mothers dress "it's a BIG Wabbit!" he says pointing towards Amy.

Amy recalls why she hasn't been to the zoo in a while. Turning around she crouches down to be at eye level of the little one. "That's right! Now let's *hop* to the next exhibit" she says with a playful smile.

The child returns playful laugh and the mother profusely apologies and offers a cup of freshly squeezed orange juice as a further apology.

Amy makes a quick stop by a vending machine and purchases as many drinks as her Metropolis earnings allow. A small price to pay to set up the bus bar later.

The park's speakers begin to play a new song as the two walk from enclosure to enclosure.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KKIEzEF6ccc>

It's not long until the two find themselves at the Bengal Tiger exhibit. The two tigers are currently being fed a few slabs of meat. Their dulled claws slowly rip into flesh gnawing it to pieces. The zookeeper backs out completing their daily feeding ritual. The glass walls surround the two stuck in their artificial savannah, living a carefree life doomed to never experience the true freedom that their wild ancestors once had.

"I find myself no longer able to empathize with them..." a dull voice calls from the side. Saul leans against the banister, his frail unfed form gazing down upon the trapped creatures. A small glint of light reflects off his filed down fangs as he speaks.

A bit surprised at their target sneaking up on him while watching the tigers, Nicolas calls out with a fervent speech "Saul, my dear co-star. Just who I wanted to see. I get you, I really do! All of the famous actors are already set in stone. The rest of us are stuck dancing as some B-roll film extras. It's a true atrocity! But if we aim for those sitting comfortably at the top, we can shake up the industry entirely!"

Saul is slightly taken aback hearing his name and then a half baked version of his ideals spit back at him. A cup of orange juice is pushed into his hands by some humanoid rabbit.

“Mr Saul, right now we are planning on battling someone who is above it all. A creature that will get their way even if lives are lost.” Amy shudders recalling the world ending event. “But we need your tenacity and drive to help even the playing field.”

Saul takes a long slow sip of the gifted juice. It tastes like liquid dirt. A few strands of pulp find their way stuck into his dulled fangs. The unending hunger flares up once more, it is as if several plague rats are gnawing at his insides helplessly trying to escape.

“I was once a happy rusty cog in society, blindly spinning in this greater machine we call society.” Saul thrust the drink back towards Amy, a more fitting owner. “When my machine broke, **I was cast aside** not meshing well with the other cogs despite trying my best to spin alongside them. We are trapped in the cage those above us have built. **It is time for a revolution.**”

ROAR

Despite being in front of the tigers exhibit, the cats were silent. This roar was Saul's appetite, his desire for change. Saul will eat again one day, when he finds a meal that once again tastes sweet. Perhaps the flesh of an architect would satiate him.

FLASH

Amy fumbles with the pen and manages to activate it pointed at Saul.

He stands still for a second as memories, desires, ambitions - they all come flooding in. His lips slowly curl into a smile revealing a fresh set of fangs. “Use me as needed. **The top brass shall fall and a new generation will rise.**”

He turns back to the Tiger cage, takes out a small chunk of flesh from a pouch of butcher paper and hucks it in. “How I pity you, being stuck in this prison by powers greater than you. Enjoy my final gift.”

The tigers both leap on the morsel greedily consuming their extra ration.

Allies Gained:

Saul

Nicolas and Amy return to the bus followed by a ghoul once wasting away but now brimming with ambition.

"Where to next?" Amy asks.

"Polly wanted to see Lele so we are about to head towards the Menagerie Estates" Arthur replies, already winding up the Comboluator.

The distinctive crack of teleportation echoes throughout the Central Zoo parking lot as the bus vanishes.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (Sound Effect)

"Great idea!" Amy responds depositing her stash of vending machine drinks in the back, "Polly and I should be able to handle this one, and Saul try not to make her mad"

"I have no qualms with that lass. We have left that death game behind as we pursue an even larger revolution" Saul retorts reclining into his seat.

Exiting the bus, a piano can be heard playing deep within the mansion.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IBiRs4wzlhI>

Amy and Polly find themselves in front of a large gate surrounding a beautifully kept estate. The bushes form clean lines around a water fountain slowly spewing out cold refreshing water.

Rattle

"Looks like the gate is locked" Amy sighs, "Do you see a doorbell of any kind?"

"Colossians 4:3: 'Pray for us too that God may open a door for our message'" Polly murmurs before spinning her staff and delivering a large whack to the lock. A small burst of holy light erupts and the lock disintegrates. She looks up smiling at Amy "A classic trick I learned during my vigilante days."

Shoulder Thomas face palms.

The two girls hop and skip across the garden and end up knocking on the front door. A moment later a standard issue victorian maid opens the door to greet them. The faint smell of lemon custard wafts through the air.

"Good day" the maid stands tall, prim, and proper. "What brings you to Ms. Angeline's estates?"

Polly pipes up, "We would like to speak to the Lele-dy of the house."

The maid bows, “One moment, I shall check with the Lady to see if she is receiving guests today.”

Moments later the maid returns and motions the two inside, “Right this way, she is currently researching in her study.”

“I hope she’s doing bible study” Polly remarks just to receive a glare from the maid.

Passing through the lengthy halls, several maids pause and stand to the side allowing the crew to walk by unimpeded. The door to the study creaks open revealing a petite brunette and blond lady her hair braided and resting on one shoulder. She looks up from her current reading material to observe her new guests. The door closes behind them with a soft *click*.



“**I am Angeline Menagerie**, head of this house.” She speaks in a soft yet firm tone. “Not only have you broken my gate lock but are now demanding to see **MY Lele**. Explain yourselves. Oh and do know if you mean her harm in any way, you won’t be leaving my abode.”

Polly pipes up “We’re friends from the future! We need her to save the world in God’s name.”

The lady of the house raises her eyebrow at the outlandish statement.

Amy joins in “We are friends of hers and need her help. We don’t intend to harm her at all, especially after all she’s done for us. I’ve failed to protect her once and won’t let it happen again.”

Angeline’s gaze softens as she leans back. “That poor girl has had quite a rough past, I can only hope the heart wounds of yesteryear will close and she can find peace and joy in life.”

Knock Knock

The study door creaks open as an elegant blue eyed lady wearing a perfectly tailored maid outfit walks in carrying a small tray of Lemon Custard and a tray for tea.

“Lele!” Polly shouts running over to the maid giving her a massive hug.

A normal maid would have lost balance and dropped at least one of their trays but Lele has devoted her entire being to service and effortlessly rebalances. “Greetings dear guest.” She turns towards Angeline with a smile. “Miss Angeline, I have baked some custard for you. Allow me to also get the tea ready.”

In a flash the small table is cleared of a smattering of books and papers, and 3 cups of tea are prepared alongside 3 small trays of custard.

“Lele Lorelai, how many times must I ask you to pour a serving for yourself as well?” Miss Angeline says seeing only 3 items being prepared, “Your tea tastes much better when you drink alongside me.”

Lele smiles and quickly creates a 4th serving. “Of course my lady.”

In another **FLASH**, Amy’s memory pen goes off in the brief moment Lele is looking at her.

Miss Angeline is immediately on edge reaching for something in her desk drawer.

Lele’s happy expression drops, “Miss Angeline, there is something I must do for your sake. May I request a temporary leave of absence?”

Angeline stops short of the antique sawed off shotgun. “Lele please understand that you are free to do as you please, I do not own you. If there is something you must do, a leave of absence is completely acceptable. Just know that you will always be more than welcome to return... Actually before I approve this leave of absence I have one request.”

A weight is lifted off Lele’s shoulders, Mrs Angeline has truly cut the ties that bound her to her past and she can live happily now. “Of course, whatever can I do for you my lady?”

Angeline gestures to the snacks in front of the ladies with a smile, "I will need some assistance finishing all these tasty treats."

The four ladies take a seat and enjoy sweet custard, washing it down with a fresh fragrant luxury tea. Lele shares a bunch of new stories from her future with Miss Angeline and she nods along enjoying the company. As the food and beverages are finished, a new maid comes in to clean up the plates.

As the three girls begin to leave, Miss Angeline calls out one last time. **"I'll always be watching over you, Lele. Stay safe."**

Allies Gained:

Lele Lorelai

[March 6th 1985]

A meaty hulking mass sits in front of a mirror mentally preparing for the night.

"My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. - Psalm 73:26"

"I can do all things through him who strengthens me.- Philippians 4:13"

The door behind him creaks open, "Hey Champ" Thomas's coach calls out. "Tonight's your big night! Your training has paid off and we're finally at the starting line. This Mike guy is pretty nasty for a beginner so give it your all and even if you fall you'll make a name for yourself."

"Right," Thomas replies, taking a sip of an energy drink to calm his nerves.

"I'm off to prep our side of the ring, come out when you're ready, some fans are already cheering for the underdog." His coach says as he closes the door.

Thomas rubs his eyes and lets out a long exhale. He has to be in top shape for his grand debut, no time to hesitate.

"THOMAS LOOK OUT" the unfamiliar voice of Amy rings out

The champ's eyes open to see a familiar woman's fierce gaze stare daggers into him, her mouth open sporting two razor sharp fangs lunging straight at him. What the hell is a vampire doing here?



Thomas kicks off the ground rolling backwards out of his chair narrowly avoiding the initial assault. This is bad, turning into a monster would ruin his career and worse his family's reputation.

"Hey Champ over here" Arthur shouts, grabbing Thomas's attention.

FLASH

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QkyJ8V7RvD4>

Memories and years of experience flood back into Thomas. Visions of a future where his life had been ruined by this bitch. He stands back up as the vampire readies her next lunge. A wide smile creeps across his face as he points at her. "**Amber Ferat, you die today. You will NOT ruin any more lives.**" He roars.

Amber is a bit taken aback but rockets forward teeth angled towards the champs neck.

Thomas's training kicks in, he steps back as he's practiced hundreds of times before, deftly avoiding the attack. Amber tumbles off balance before Thomas takes a step forward twisting his entire body into a right hook.

WHAM

Direct connection to the head. Amber teeters towards the left, lining her up for a left hook. Hunkering down into his boxer pose Thomas lets out strike after strike each impacting the vampire. Leaving no opening for attack the brutal onslaught continues for several minutes.

"Thomas stop" Amy cries out from behind "She's already dead"

WHAM THUMP POW

"I didn't hear no bell" Thomas shouts, whipping around to face the bunny hiding behind a desk.

As the blind adrenaline rage begins to fade, Thomas ceases the onslaught and cautiously places a finger in his mouth running along his teeth. Thank god, no fangs.

Thomas stands victorious over the mutilated monster today not as a fellow monster but rather a man.

"Nice fight Thomas, but we need to bail fast. The police are probably on their way after all that noise." Arthur says.

"No." Thomas replied coldly walking to the door "**I do NOT run from a fight.** Mike is waiting."

Amy and Arthur follow the Champ as he jogs down the halls rushing to make up for lost time.

...

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it appears that Thomas Volks was too much of a **coward** to fight the **Mighty Mike Tyson**." An announcer says to a roar of boos from the crowd.

"Who are you calling a coward?" Thomas shouts bounding over the ropes and into the ring sweat pouring down his face from the previous battle. "**Mike Tyson is going DOWN tonight!**"

The crowd roars with approval - it's finally time for a damn good fight.

Amy and Arthur catch up moments later.

"Hey fans aren't allowed down here" Thomas's coach jests, "I'll make an exception for you two though, the big guy could always use more allies in his corner. He's always trying to carry the burden alone doing what's right."

"Three, Two, One, *DING* **BEGIN!**" The announcer shouts.

Mike drops into his standard low guard and approaches Thomas who has elected to stand tall towering over his opponent arms raised.

Bobbing and weaving Mike is looking for an opening, everything is blocked by a thick layer of muscle he'll have to punch through somehow.

WHAM THUMP

Thomas takes the initiative launching two massive straight jabs towards his opponents defense. Mike gets pushed back and his forearms almost drop limp with pain. Thomas advances, an unstoppable force pushing his prey back into a corner.

Creatures pushed into a corner are when they are the most dangerous. Mike gets a surge of energy and a burst of speed. Bobbing left and right he begins to avoid Thomas's jab and counter with head punch after head punch. A left hook followed by two jabs and then a right hook and two more. Thomas begins to lose ground.

As fatigue begins to build during his second fight of the night, Thomas's pure strength jabs begin to lose their potency. Now it's his turn to receive a beating in the corner. Sweat shimmering in the spotlight of the ring, he bides his time waiting for a chance to strike back.

The rounds timer ticks down as Mike Tyson goes for a finishing upper cut on his foe. Thomas jumps backwards avoiding the strike and rebounding on the ring's ropes.

Thomas smiles. "Peek-a-boo I found you"

POW!

Exerting the last embers of his strength Thomas sends one mighty forward arm brushing the side of his opponent's uppercut impacting Mike's Jaw. He goes flying a solid 2 feet before landing limp on the floor.

"TEN... NINE... EIGHT..." The announcer starts

Each second second feels like an eternity

"SEVEN... SIX... FIVE..."

Mike does not stir yet

"FOUR... THREE..."

Mike twitches beginning to move

"TWO... ONE..."

Despite Tyson's best efforts his body won't respond.

"KNOCK OUT!" The announcer cries **"WE HAVE OUR NEW CHAMPION!"**

The crowd goes wild, erupting with cheers. The underdog claims victory! A momentous upset!

Thomas stands tall, arm raised, as he is showered in the cheers of his new fans. Thomas is THE CHAMP of both monster and mankind.



Engagements witnessed:

Thomas (assisted by Amy and Arthur) vs Amber Ferat

Thomas vs Mike Tyson

Allies Gained:

Thomas Volks

Items used:

Energy Drink - Tonight, after each direct engagement you're in, gain 1 ATK for the rest of the night.

Thomas hops on the bus drenched in sweat and blood but also sporting a brand new champion belt. He quickly gazes over the cast before locking eyes with Polly. "Made it out with your silver I see, huh Judas."

The Boxer angel disappears from Polly's shoulder as he now stands before her. "It's good to see you too Tommy!"

Thomas takes a seat menacingly behind the magical girl. "Where to next?"

"Now we have a reliable fighter, we can pick up some of the more *risky* people" Nicolas says with glee on his face. His dream team is coming together nicely. "**It's SLIMEBALLing time.** And AWAY WE GO!" he lunges for a lever on the dash.

Arthur groans as his meticulous calculations are all thrown out the window. The crack of teleportation once again echoes throughout the lands.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (Sound effect)

CRASH

A trashcan goes flying and a groan can be heard from its resident

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJ_Q-xQ1akI (Sound effect)

Tumbling out of the tin abode, a Slimeball splats into a nearby wall.

"Uurghh, Slimeball gonna get you for that." the verde lets out a groan.

The bus door opens and Saul the negotiator and Thomas the muscle step out.

The bus departs.

The ghoul crouches down and leans in close to the concussed goblin. "I've heard you wanna strike out at the top. A grudge against Snik right?"

"Snik lesser goblin! Slimeball number one. Me get largest trophy and showed him. Gang will all respect me." Slimeball shouts hopping to his feet.

"Gooooood" Saul says, "Very good. Would the head of a god suffice?"

"Head works for one of two trophies, Slimeball needs shiny too" The goblin retorts.

The bus comes skittering back.

"That's our cue," Thomas says, picking up the goblin by the scruff. "Let's go Saul."

The three board the bus, slimeball offers some resistance but is held down by the champs might.

“Where to next?” Saul inquires

Nicolas points towards a nearby park. **“TO THE GREATEST GOBLIN MATCH OF ALL TIME”**

The bus speeds up and hops the curb before skidding to a halt in front of a concrete court.

“LIGHTS CAMERA ACTION” Nicolas shouts ushering Slimeball out, **“LETS BALL”**. Spinning a few dials, a new song begins to play.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J9FImc2LOr8>

Standing across the court from Slimeball is another goblin. That’s Snik alright. You can tell by shitty beady eyes glaring daggers, his head is also too large for his own good.

A slightly deflated basketball is rolled into the center of the court as a few goblins from the gang watch intently from the sidelines.

“Alright Slimeball, I want a nice clean game of Goblin ball” Snik lies “Winner gets the respect of the gang—”

Before Snik has a chance to finish, Slimeball is already scoping up the ball and dashing towards the goal.

“You rat” Snik sneers as he intercepts Slimeball with a shoulder tackle.

BONK

The two go spinning as the ball rolls 3 feet towards the audience.

Slimeball is a more refined goblin. Slimeball was eating garbage with a butter knife before getting hit by the bus. Slimeball still has the butter knife. Slimeball lunges towards Snik piercing his chest.

A piercing pain hits Slimeball as Snik returns the favor by clawing his exposed back.

“ARRGH” Slimeball screams **“SLIMEBALL NUMBER ONE”** before stabbing Snik over and over.

Life leaves the other goblins’ eyes as Slimeball redirects his attention to the ball. Two of Sniks underlings take to the field.

“Snok not forgive Slimeball” The first one says.

“Neither will Snak, we win for Bossman Snik.” the second one chants.

Snok and Snak dribble the ball back and forth between them as they progress towards their basket.

“Slimeball will win” screeches Slimeball as he slides in between the two, snagging the ball into his own claws.

Skrtttt

Snak and Snok both get jebaited and now Slimeball has a clear shot at the goal. He punctures the ball with a claw to ensure he doesn't lose it and sprints up the pole. Near the top he lunges off and...

SLIME DUNK



Goblin Ball is a very crude sport if one could call it that. Not much honor is held by the goblin race, the rules are ill defined and violence is encouraged. In the end, the winner is decided by the crowd rather than any real scoring system.

And as the ball gets slammed into the hoop the entire goblin gang loses it. A cacophony of cheers erupts!

“SLIMEBALL! SLIMEBALL! SLIMEBALL! SLIMEBALL!”

Nicolas descends the bus stairs holding an extremely shiny trophy. “I knew you could do it, little guy. You truly are a Slime Baller.” Wiping a rogue tear from his eyes he passes the shiny to Slimeball.

Slimeball climbs to the top of the trophy and announces, “Slimeball better than Snik! Gang love Slimeball now! Slimeball save world now!”

After a few minutes of celebration, Thomas grabs the goblin and tosses him in the bus.

Slimeball is satiated as he sits next to Castle caressing his trophy.

Engagements witnessed:

Slimeball vs Snik (assisted by Snak and Snok)

Allies Gained:

Slimeball

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gPmtWHtfW5I>

Polly is excitedly fidgeting in her seat, "Hey Arthur we should go pick up Ver-"

BOOM

Lighting strikes from the clear blue sky and the entire bus shakes with the reverberation of thunder.

"STOP, DO NOT MENTION HE WHO SHALL NOT BE NAMED" a booming voice echoes from above.

Polly cocks her head and looks inquisitively upwards. "You mean Verdan? His soul is still worth saving..."

"God fucking dammit Polly, what did I just say?"

A bit more confused, Polly continues, "Aren't you God? Isn't using your own name in vain bad? Your voice sounds a bit different today, did you get sick?"

"NO, I am not God, but rather The Author. See how my text is slightly bigger than yours and in Comic Sans? Anyways I have been given an explicit request to not include that CHARACTER in this STORY."

The magical girl looks a bit dejected but still sticks out her tongue. "BLEHHH, you're *annoying*."

"I am well aware, I've been informed of that before... Now can you please drop this? I have to retool some of the earlier story where I wrote about [REDACTED]... Go get your other ally or something, preferably someone who I have full creative liberties with. I'll write something nice for you there."

"Oh yeah! Let's go pick up Kogi!!!"

The other bus residents watch in intrigue as the magical girl seemingly talks to herself before coming to her final conclusion. Arthur shrugs, pushes forward on the go lever, a bit of electricity sparks as a few calculations are short circuited sending the bus into a bumpy wormhole ride.

Allies NOT Gained:

Verdan (Not included at the request of his player - also there's no more bad blood between player and I now - we frens/certified bing chilling - Thought the meta bit was funny to include :)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZvslOwzwamg>

[7:43 PM - December 25th 1983]

The remaining 5 members of WASA sport massive bags under their eyes and grease covered lab coats. A quiet befalls them as each or performing one final check on their subsystems.

The silence is first broken by John, "All electrical systems and back up subsidiaries are functioning well within nominal parameters. Ready"

Soon followed by Donna "All micro plankton and fertilizer has been loaded. All calculations show these critters can begin creating an ozone layer within a year upon arriving at the Martian underground icecaps. Ready."

"Final orbital simulations are all successful. Ready." Ned chimes in.

"General systems are all accounted for. Ready" Kogi says, barely able to keep her excitement in. The others dont know, but she snuck a small keepsake on board. :)

"Facility Primed and Ready to initiate launch sequence." Zawagawa says with a smile as he removes a protective glass lid and presses a comically large red button.

[PREPARING LAUNCH SEQUENCE] a speaker blares throughout the entirety of space center houston. The deep underground building 9U lets out a large mechanical whirl as for the first time in over a decade the roof opens filtering the gentle light of the full moon into the facility.

[PRIMING ENGINES] **WHOOSH** An inferno of flames blasts through the entire lab. The WASA team watches in awe from the safety of their launch chambers.

[T MINUS 60]. The long awaited countdown begins

[T MINUS 50]. It feels as if Kogi is about to explode into a bundle of excitement. Her co-workers' eyes glued to the rocket in mass anticipation.

[T MINUS 40]. A faint whirling noise can be heard from far above.

[T MINUS 30]. Red and blue lights flash from above as a new speaker rings out.

[ATTENTION WASA DEFECTORS. SHUT DOWN THIS UNAPPROVED LAUNCH SEQUENCE IMMEDIATELY. ALL LAUNCHES MUST GAIN APPROVAL FROM THE APPROPRIATE CHANNELS PRIOR LAUNCH].

[T MINUS 20] 'shit shit shit' Zawagawa mumbles under his breath, 'my contact assured me the NASA defenses would be preoccupied today, who the hell works on Christmas.'

[T MINUS 10] [IF NOT STOPPED THIS SPACECRAFT WILL BE SHOT DOWN BY THE NATO AIR FORCE.]

[T MINUS 5] "There's no way we are stopping this now right?" Ned hesitantly asks

[T MINUS 4] "No, all we can do is pray" Zawagawa replies

[T MINUS 3] "Nah, we'd win" John says without a worry in the world

[T MINUS 2] The entire group holds their breath.

[T MINUS 1] The engines of the rockets kick into overdrive and burn even brighter than before.

[T MINUS 0] **FWOOOSSHHH**

[WE HAVE LIFT OFF] The entire launch room erupts into cheers! Hugs and celebrations go wild as the Star Strider 3000 rapidly ascends towards the sky!

Not even a minute later, two massive flood lights blind our heroes. Helicopter blades whirl as the speaker blares:

[ATTENTION WASA MEMBERS. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE IMPROPER USE OF GOVERNMENT MATERIAL AND TREASON AGAINST OUR NATIONAL INTER—]

The announcement is cut off by the distinctive crack of teleportation as the bus appears midair above the helicopter.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7K9XZer0TVs> (sound effect)

A new sound emanates from the bus's speakers.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X_PB7y7jTNE

According to Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation, every particle attracts every other particle in the universe with force directly proportional to the product of the masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. In layman's terms, the bus is now rapidly approaching the ground accelerating at a rate of 9.8 m/s^2 . The helicopter just so happens to be between the bus and the ground.

BOOM!

The bus lands over the exploded remains of a helicopter.

“SHIT, Fran help me stabilize the Aurum coating.” Screams Arthur “The instruments are going haywire.”

“On it!” Fran shouts as he focuses his magic.

“I’m not fond of the Japanese but we need every bit of power we can muster if we are to fight Nova. Someone go get her.” The maskless scientist commands frantically recalibrating several dials.

Polly hops up and skips down the aisle. “I’ll be borrowing this” she says snagging the Temporal Alignment pen from the panicking Arthur.

The bus door opens as the dust from the previous explosion begins to settle. Zawagawa a middle aged middle manager and John a short dwarf sporting a mechanical arm sparking with latent electricity take protective stances in front of the other 3 WASA staff.

Polly happily skips forward with her darkened duster and WASA badge on clear display.

“Kogi-Oneechan! ”



"O-ooo-oo-NEECHAN?!?!?" Kogi jumps back with surprise. "I-i-i don't recall mama and papa saying anything about me being an Oooo—ooo-o-Neechan?!"

CLANK CLANK

John takes a step forward, his mechanical arm snapping closed shut twice as electricity arks behind him. He glares intensely at this rouge imposter. "Hey pal, that's some stolen valor you got there. I've been with WASA since its inception and not once has anyone like you joined our ranks. Now what the hell do you want with Kogs?"



“Woah, Woah. Easy there John.” Zawagawa gives a confident smile, “That bus there just saved us from Uncle Sam! That deserves some recognition and maybe even a reward right?”

John clutches his non mechanical hand barely able to contain a bout of rage. “Listen bossman, Ya I understand it saved us but I draw the line at pretending to be a part of our group. We remain the final proud few of our organization **willing to sacrifice everything** to further the exploration of the stars. Someone parading around with *our* badge of honor is just a slap in the face.”

Zawagawa’s confident smile grows even larger, “Well then how about we have her become an official member? She’s saved our hides for now, I think she deserves it.” Turning to Polly he gives a big ol’ thumbs up.



A new sound is played by the bus as Arthur and Fran finish their repairs.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cd5OQQGLtMc>

Polly's face lights up. "A real member! I'd love it! Kogi-Pogi we can write our research paper as WASA employees!"

Kogi's head is spinning trying to make heads or tails of the situation. The accumulation of her life's work just launched successfully, the government wants her group gone, a magic bus appeared? And now a girl claiming to be her sister is joining WASA as the 6th member despite WASA being hunted by the government. What's this about a research paper?

Zawagawa whips out a clipboard holding a registration form, "I've filled out most of the details but I'll just need your name and age. We'll get Ned, our computer specialist, to do some of his hacking to get the rest."

"Respectfully Sir, it's less of 'hacking' and more of a reverse person look-up on unencrypted government databases. The American people really don't get the security they pay for."

"Pollyanna Perriwinkle!" Polly announces "and uhhh 18 though the time travel makes it a bit weird I guess..."

"You don't need to lie about your age, we'll take intelligent talent long before 18. Heck I think Kogi joined when she was only 12 or something, I forget the exact date." Zawagawa says before going into a whisper, "Though if you are a minor we'll have to keep your employment off public records. People really don't like child labor despite buying everything from China."

AH-CHOO

Arthur sneezes as he and Fran share a victory cola.

“Oh and is Pollyanna your real name? Not to call you a liar but... it's a bit out there and my boss gets pretty mad when I make a mistake in the onboarding process. Government red tape, you know how it is” Zawagawa says, rapidly filling out parts of the form.

“Eighteen...” She says before dropping to a whisper, “my legal name is Mitzi Steiner...”

“Ahh fuck it the boss, he's after my head now anyways. Pollyanna Periwinkle fits ya better” he tears up the form and pats her on the back. “Welcome to the team!”

...

“Kogs... Kogs... Kogs!” John prods his co-worker, shaking Kogi out of her stupor. “Mrs. Magical Princess Minky Momo wants to speak with ya, you doing alright?”

She shakes her head, “Yeah sorry, got lost in thought for a bit. Mr. Star was calling again.” Looking up she spots Polly skipping over chanting something about joining WASA.

“Kogi Kogi Kogi! We need your help. In the future there's gonna be this HUGE spaceship that blows up the planet.” Polly starts

Kogi immediately locks in and is intently listening upon hearing the word ‘spaceship’.

“There's this big ol' meanie with a halo” Upon realizing there's a few folks with halos Polly elaborates in a bit more detail. “He's called Maximillan von Nova and he swoops in after stealing Jack and BOOM the world is gone!”

“Massive spaceship... if we could get a look at its schematics and find a viable lightweight power source we could launch mankind's space progress to the stars forwards several decades...” Kogi is mumbling to herself.

“Yuppers! So anyways I need you to look over here.” Polly waves the pen.

FLASH

Kogi's eyes widen. She does not hyperfixate on one of her closest allies in the death game, nor the fact she died. She has but one thing on her mind. “**YOU WENT TO SPACE!?!?! POLLY CHAN YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.**” Pulling out a scrap of paper she begins jotting down diagrams from the fading memories all in the WASA dialect, a series of illegible geometric patterns overlaid with a line of soft scribbles. “OR BETTER YET, THAT BUS GOT

YOU THERE RIGHT? LETS GO” she grabs her adorable sister’s hand and begins dragging her towards the bus.

...

Thomas slips something out the window as Kogi and Polly arrive.

“Amy-nee-san!” Kogi shouts, momentarily forgetting about the stars and space. Rushing to the bar still pulling Polly along she plops down into the makeshift seat next to Lele. “It’s good to see you again~”

“You too Kogi! I got just the treat for you” Amy smiles, pushing a bowl of assorted nuts towards Kogi and a bowl of M&M and Raisins towards Polly. Aside from a few nuts and raisins finding themselves in the wrong bowls, the trail mix she bought from the Central Zoo has been nicely separated.

“Sweet!” the two girls say before digging in. Polly nibbles her little chocolate treats while Kogi tosses a walnut in her mouth.

Munch~ Munch~ Munch~

Engagements witnessed:
Battlebus vs NASA Helicopter

Allies Gained:
Kogi Hoshino

[7:56 PM - December 25th 1983]

Zawagawa is smiling as Kogi and Polly rush towards the bus, "Glad she found some good friends, as weird as they might be."

"How do you think they are gonna get that bus out of here?" Ned asks, "How the heck did it get down here in the first place?"

Two thirds of the left over WASA members watch in shock as the bus just disappears with a snap. No fan fair. No build up. Just here the first moment, gone the next.

"hwat" Ned is staring slack jawed at where the bus once was.



John jogs over to the bus's last known position to examine what just happened. Climbing over smoldering remains of the crashed helicopter he snags a piece of paper that was slowly fluttering to the ground. "Hehey! Ned get a load of this!"

"Y-yeah, i just saw it disappear too..."

"Not that" John excitedly waves the paper "This, some sort of promotional art for the WRESTLE MANIA introductory matches!"

A small speaker embedded in John's arm begins to play some music for the occasion.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r16NjjDPLlc>

Upon hearing that Ned bounds over to his comrade.



Held firmly in John's non mechanical hand is a promotional flier for [Thomas Volks VS Mike Tyson] autographed in blood.

"Holy fuck, this is metal" John says showing Ned.

Taking out his reading glasses, Ned examines the flier. "They don't normally advertise these matches this far in advance. And two no-names as well... This is quite interesting indeed. Mike looks like a worthy fighter."

"BRO, look at the size of this Thomas dude. He's gonna clobber Mike no contest."

"Alright boys, pack it up. We gotta go before Uncle Sam comes knocking again." Zawagawa says as he helps Donna into the underground steam tunnels.

Ned is dashing to his terminal, "Sorry boss, this is more important." Booting it up he clacks some keys and accesses several private citizen registries pulling any information he can about the two fighters. He's skimming over the information before-

"Wanna make a bet" John says with a grin "A dollar and our honor on the line."

Ned continues to skim data, "Sure thing, Im placing a bet on Th-"

"AWESOME, Thomas is who I'm putting my money on" John says looking over the paper once more. "This shits even signed in blood, how can I not be a fan!"

“Shit... Well we can't both bet on the same guy... You're leaving me with Mike? His training regime looks rough and judging from his build he should be fast on his feet.” Ned analyzes the situation, “No matter the outcome this will be one hell of a fight.”

“Damn Right”

Thomas's Newest Fans:

Ned Thompson and John Electricity

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZvslOwzwamg>

[7:51 PM - December 25th 1983]

Somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean two E-3A AWACS rapidly approach the rocket.

“Alpha 1, this is Bravo 2. Confirming Visuals on the unregistered spacecraft over.”

“Bravo 2, There are no civilian ships within several dozen miles. You have permission to fire and bring this boogie down. Over.”

“The timing is tight, I’ll only have one shot at this guy. Heh but that’s all I need”.

The targeting system beeps as the rocket is locked on too. Bravo 2 exhales and squeezes the trigger. **FWOOSH** two military grade rockets go racing towards the Star Strider 3000.

“Confirming take do—” Bravo two cuts himself off as a spark of lightning erupts from the star strider and two flares are ejecting. The military rockets connect with the decoys and with one massive boom the Star Strider 3000 continues towards the stars.

“WHAT THE HELL, WHY DOES A SCIENCE SPACECRAFT HAVE FLARES” Bravo 2 shouts over the coms.

“Calm Down Bravo 2, Circle back to base, there’s nothing we can do anymore. Over.” Alpha 1 calmly replies as he circles back to the aircraft carrier.

[8:11 PM - December 25th 1983]

[EXPUNGED], [ENTITY MISSING FROM TIMESTREAM] quietly asks.

[INVALID EVENT], John manages to pat [MISSING ENTITY] on the back. (It’s surprising how much mobility your hands have with one of them being mechanical) “I wouldn’t worry about that. I stayed up extra late packing a few surprises into that bad girl.”

“You all did well. All we can do is wait for the best. Keep your head up and know your actions here today will be the stepping stone for humanity’s destined spot amongst the stars.” Zawagawa says [UNNEEDED ACTION].

Engagements witnessed:

Star Strider 3000 Vs Bravo 2 (Assisted by Alpha 1)

Timeline destabilizing

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uh9JhGyrAnc>

Deep breaths... Erase your presence... Eliminate all killing intent... Do exactly as the village trained you... Your purpose is to serve The Witch...

These thoughts race through Hachizaki's mind as he silently dashes from brush to bush deep inside The Witches forest. An unlucky government operative made the mistake of wandering in this forbidden land and he's getting too close to the village. Today it's Hachizaki's job to eliminate the threat.

Just follow your training... That's not a person... It's better this way...

The thoughts continue to race through his head as he gets closer and closer to his prey. By now Hachizaki has noticed something following him, but he reasons that if he can speed to his target whatever is following won't be able to keep up.

Rustle

He pokes his head over some shrubs looking into a clearing. A heavily geared soldier of some kind is currently dismounting from a large parachute caught in a few trees.

Rustle

The bush behind him begins to shake, shit... whatever he was running from has finally caught up.

"Hachi-kun!!!"

A white coated individual leaps forward tackling his midsection to the ground.

Hachizaki quickly withdraws a knife from its holster and goes to strike. But he stops inches away from the girl's neck after hearing her giggle.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CVO8E69HEas>

"Hehehe~ it's good to see you again Hachi", she says, wiping a few tears from her eyes.

What? See again? Back in his cave dwelling he doesn't remember meeting anyone like her.

There's a moment of silence as Hachizaki stares at Kogi with a blank expression. His eyes narrow. "You're a funny one, aren't you?" he says before patting her on the back. "You also kind of remind me of someone..."

"Hehehehe" Kogi lets out a weird-tone-shifting chuckle. "And who would that be?"

"No one important." He responds curtly, before taking a second to investigate this mysterious girl more thoroughly...

How interesting. It appears that she's likely good at gathering info and is also something of a Copycat. But who are they copying? Hachizaki thinks to himself for a second before it dawns on him... Why, himself, it seems... She's picked up his mannerisms and abilities...

Very weirded out by this situation Hachizaki begins to speak before—

FLASH

The pen goes off.

"Sorry Hachi-kun, I really should have started off with this but I couldn't resist teasing a cute boy again."

Memories of the future begin to flood into Hachi's mind. A smile forms before being washed over with a frown as the knowledge of the world ending event is transferred.

"It's good to see you again too, Kogi. We'll have to be wary of the Witch on the way out"

...

The two return to the bus, Kogi dragging Hachi in by the hand.

Most of the cast seem happy to see the boy again.

"How's my favorite backstabber doing?" Nicolas says with a smirk. "Glad to have ya back"

Thomas pats his back as Kogi leads him down the aisle "Welcome back"

Amy tosses him an ice cold canned soda "Here you go! Hopefully it's to your liking."

POP FWOOSH

The soda explodes midair just as the bus is engulfed in an inferno of flames.

A new sound fills the bus.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GDy_pp7bWFE

"KA KA KA"

A cackling can be heard from Hachizaki, not from his mouth but rather the tattoo covering the right side of his face. It begins to glow bright red causing a searing pain as it tears itself from Hachizaki's skin.

“AHAHAHAH - You **TRESPASSERS** dare attempt to steal **MY TOY**” the red tattoo rends into several thousand pieces twirling around midair before regrouping in a humanoid form.

The bus alarm begins to wail, several glasses begin to crack. Anything that can go wrong does go wrong as the witches curse is in full force entirely localized in this one bus.

“Now, I desire just compensation for your transgression. Hmmm I think I shall start with taking your lives” The Witch says, turning with a wicked grin. “But it won’t just end there, perhaps I shall also force your souls into eternal servitude. AH HA HA HA HA”



Thomas and the Twins immediately leap to action, launching a flurry of blows, but each of them pass harmlessly through the Witches' form.

Arthur's eyes go wide as he realizes what's happening. “Polly - Fran - That thing is lacking a corporal form, hit it with as much aurum as you can. I'll work on reinforcing the bus's aurum coating so we don't get cooked alive.”

Without missing a beat Polly leaps into action, “By the power invested in me by The Son, The Father, The Holy Spirit, and this Staff I found, **I banish thee to thy shadow realm of HELL**”. Pointing her staff one of the fractured gems glow red matching the intensity of the witches form before...

WHOOSH

A miniature train barrels through the center of the bus impacting the forming Witch, sending her recoiling backwards.

By now several windows have cracked open and the flame lick the side of the bus creating an almost unbearable temperature.

Amy is desperately pouring her non alcoholic drinks to fight the flames.

Castle is battering the flame away. Such that he may stay alive another day.

Nicolas is lining up the perfect action shot with his camera.

Fran takes two fingers and dips it in his herbal honey mixture before waving his hands in the air. The additional drag produced by the viscosity of the honey allows his aurum to better interface with the air flow of the bus. Within moments a few jet streams whip throughout the bus forcing the free floating particles of the Witch to localize and consolidate in a more rigid form right in front of Hachizaki.

Out of instinct, he whips out the knife the wicked Witch gifted years ago. Its red tip glints with an unknown energy. With a defiant look in his eyes, Hachizaki announces **“I WANT TO BE FREE”** before plunging the knife deep into the neck of the Witch.

“GUH” The Witch lets out a striking groan of pain.

Hachizaki withdraws the knife and strikes a dozen more times, each going deeper than the last. The form of the Witch begins to dissipate as it is split into countless pieces.

‘NOT YET, I NEED TO DO MORE’ Hachi’s internal monolog screams **‘IF I DON’T SHE’LL JUST COME BACK STRONGER THAN BEFORE’** He speeds up the hacking and slashing to almost an inhumane degree. Back, forward, left, right, up, down. He repeated this pattern almost a hundred times as the shards of the Witch shrink into smaller and smaller pieces. And as Hachi swings the last strike his body has the power to muster he hears a blood curdling scream in his mind before the weight in his heart dissipates...

He lets out a sigh of relief before collapsing to the floor. **He is free.** He is finally free.

THUMP

Instead of hitting the ground he is caught by a big meaty arm. Thomas lays him in one of the free seats, “That was one hell of a match. Good job little champ.”

Engagements witnessed:

Hachizaki (assisted by Fran, Polly, and Arthur) vs The Witch

Allies Gained:

Hachizaki

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6lrJzEQLKHE>

Arthur pulls the bus into an offroad long forgotten forest trail. The trees tower above the cast producing long spindly shadows as the sun begins to set on the horizon. "Sensors point towards the forest, is anyone a good friend of Rob?"

"P. U. That RUDE OLD BULLY no way!" Polly expresses her disgust.

A few murmurs fill the bus before Castle suddenly stands with a large smile on his face.

"YES!"

With a swish of his cape Castle makes his grand escape. Appearing deep in the woods, his eyes spot the goods. A single well dressed man in a suit, carefully prodding his meal on a tree root. Castle smiles and waves, all to get the businessman to behave.

Rob turns to look at the man, quickly covering the humanoid arm he was preparing. "You came before I managed to get the stock up." he says dryly.

"We vere both just a contestant, and now the others vant you as an investment! All in due time the end bells will chime. The Earth shall go and we are the only ones to know." Castle announces.

FLASH

As the memories flood in, Rob stands up, slowly brushing the dirt off his suit. Combing back his hair, he lets out a sly smile "This is gonna be terrible for the trout population. Let's short some stocks."

...

Castle reappears in the bus whilst no-one is looking. It's like he never left.

Moments later the **B**usiness man climbs aboard, mummering to himself. "A small investment for my future, that I can do." His eyes wander the cab before eventually landing on Hachizaki, a half baked smile forms on his face. "Glad you're still here boy. I'll be quicker with the plane next time."

Allies Gained:

Rob

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PdIDrt4afpY>

Arthur looks over the cast all gathered in one spot, "Alright Nick, that's everyone. What's next in your grand plan?"

Nicolas stands deep in thought stroking an imaginary beard. "I feel like we are missing someone..."

Arthur does a quick head count, "We got all the contestants I've interacted with are you sure?"

"I presume if I can't remember them they're not important" Nicolas reaches for the controls once more "Let's get this grande finale started!"

Edith is floating upside down dead in a pool somewhere. Lucky her, getting a pool without having to fight tooth and nail to get to the 5th day.

She stirs as dead ghouls do, reaching for a mixed drink and readjusting her pool floatie. Ahhh truly living the best life... errr not 'living' the best life I guess.

Allies NOT Gained:

Edith

Nick stops inches away from whirling the combobulator around, his hand instead runs through his hair as he lets out a nervous laugh. "Hehehahaha, It appears we are missing a key element. I can't believe I forgot! We need a production crew! Without a camera it won't matter how bright we shine! Ooooh a producer that would also be nice."

"Going off the limitations, it has to be someone I've had a lot of interactions with in the past..." Arthur reminds the cast, "It appears that Jack and Diane are the only real candidates."

"BRILLIANT, hehehe" Nicolas cheers, relapsing into pure glee. "If we shove him behind the camera he can't steal our spotlight. Not to mention they're quite good at their job, both A list actors no doubt. They have my respect but I'll surpass them for sure."

Arthur flips a few switches and the bus is sent rocketing through another timeless wormhole.

...

Diane sits at a rustic piano playing a rough jaunty tune. It's been a while since she's played but it sounds lovely nonetheless.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0SlizvT5Bk8>

A wooden swinging gate creaks open as Roland pushes through into **The Saloon**. The stench of alcohol has dissipated in the 5 days since this place was originally used. The wide drinking parlor houses a dozen circular tables with several chairs neatly stacked ready to be stored in the prop house for next year. This headless bartender takes pride in restoring this old battlefield to its original glory, a few splotches of dried goblin blood and burn marks are no match for a seasoned veteran. Roland gingerly places a few chilled glasses on the table and reaches for the well-stocked liquors behind the countertop which sparkle like a rainbow.

He tosses a sugar cube into the first one and douses it with a few dashes of aromatic bitters. He muddled the mixture, releasing the sweet scent of orange oil as he expressed a twist over the glass, dropping the peel inside. Proceeding to fill the glass with ice, he fills 'er up to the brim with a nice aged bourbon. With a quick stir and a small cherry garnish he slides the Old Fashioned drink to Jack still dressed in his cowboy attire.

"Thanks Roland," Jack says, taking a long sip of the drink. "Ahhh this hits the spot. You've really found your calling in life."

Two additional drinks are quickly passed out, one to the pretty lass at the piano and the other to a glassed man with pristine white gloves.

Jack raises his glass to the sky, "Well done pardners, that was one hell of a show we put on. A Fistfull of Dollars is taking the public by storm, reviews are rolling in and everyone loves us!"
(plus or minus a small chinese community that will never get to see their grandmother again)

"Of course Jacky! America loves their favorite two hosts." Diane says with a cheer clinking her glass to his.

Dennis slowly raises his glass to meet the other two. "We're getting too lax on security. You're lucky that goblin was a poor shot."

"Ho hoh! I have faith in my trusty deputy! That was quite the save on the second night." Jack says, recalling Rulim's attack. His tone drops as he gets more serious, "I was just starting to warm up to those Verdes too, a shame they are all savages... Diane, when screening contestants black list the goblins if you don't mind."

"Gosh that's a bit harsh Jack, wouldn't that affect our ratings?" the pianist replies.

Jack sighs, "Shucks I guess you're right... That Enzo fella was a good enough guy, let's *shoot* for one Goblin next year and see if they can regain their reputation."

Dennis puts his two hands together and leans in. "I'll keep a good eye on them. Won't let a single one within 2 feet of you."

"Excellent, that settles it. One verde coming right up. Gotta meet those quotas right? Anyways I think America had its fill of Lycanthropes this year, that werewolf room was quite nasty. Let's go easy on them next year, don't want a rerun of this year r—" Jack is cut off as...

Ka-chunk

The salons gate swings wide open as Nicolas strolls sporting a rustic cowboy outfit he stole from the AFD set. "Howdy Howdy Howdy Jack. Oh and Diane, it's good to see you still alive."

Dennis reaches for his pistol.

Roland rolls up his sleeves having left his Thompson in storage.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you gentlemen" Nicolas nods towards the second story.

An intimidating huge bear head is mounted to the wall, frozen forever in a nasty snarl. But what's even more intimidating is Tui and La standing beneath it, decked out in both a brand new suit and their recently acquired tommy guns. They both smile.

Both Dennis and Roland hesitate, understanding the situation they're in. It's better to bide your time and wait rather than get gunned down after all.

Nicolas jaunts towards the AFD crew with a cowmans swagger. Running his hands along the bar he starts again with a broken Texan accent, "A fistfull of Dollars had quite the budget, color me impressed. It's truly as good as I remember it, certainly nicer than that 5 story building you had for Metropolis."

Jack's eyebrow raises, he's quite surprised but he doesn't let that leak out. In a calm collected voice he asks, "Now who here told you about next year's theme? I've only aired the idea to these 3." He looks around as his co-host and his head guard. Not towards Roland though as he can't speak.

Nicolas ignores the question, "Now listen 'ere partner, Im looking for a Deputy and you lot fill just happen to fit that role. The worlds gonna end and I need a good crew. So, what do ya say, partner? Y'all fine folk ready to ride out into the sunset with me?" In one smooth motion he pulls out a tiny pen.

FLASH

The entire room lights up.

Diane, still playing the piano, is the first one to speak up. "Gee Golly, you need a little ol me to help save the world? I'm in!"

Jack rubs his head, "Running 50 years of the American Colosseum, heh I had quite the run." He extends his hand towards Nicolas, "And by the look of it so did you, let's ride."

Dennis reclines in his chair letting Jack handle all the theatrics.

Now, there is one last person in this room. The headless mercenary, and due to his headless nature he did not see the mind altering flash of the pen. He stands up tall, raises a fist... and gives a big ol' thumbs up. Seems like he gets the gist of the situation and is in despite not witnessing Nova nor the end of the world.

...

Jack and the other 3 staff members cautiously board the bus, unsure of what reaction the criminal cast will have towards them. With a smile Jack gives the first wave "Howdy there folks, I just want to start by saying that what you are doing is a truly noble thing. Diane and I aren't the fighting type like yall so we will be taking on a bit more of a support role. I think Nick was saying something about supporting staff but I like the term commanders a bit more."

"That's right!" Diane chimes in to ward off any unease at the new titles, "Our job will be to ensure you lot are as powerful and effective as you can be!"

The contenders ease up after Diane's sweet talking and the two hosts take a seat near the front. Dennis makes his way to the back of the bus where he can keep a close eye on all of the hooligans, and Roland stands at the front momentarily not entirely sure where to go.

"Roland!" Amy waves him over, "Care to lend a hand at the bunny bus bar!"

Roland seems quite happy at the invitation, he gives a thumbs up and makes his way towards the back. With a small flourish he places two fine bottles of booze on the makeshift bar.

Amy's eyes go wide, she has mixers and alcohol now! "Everyone, the bar is open for business!"

The two bartenders work in perfect sync getting everyone a final drink before the big warp.

Hachizaki is slid an iced Dr. Pepper with a hint of mint. Thomas gets a spiked energy drink. A round of Cinta Pinot Grigio Delle Venezie and PilsnerUrquell gets sent the Twin's way. For the magical girl, Roland rips a small baguette in half while Amy pours a simple red wine. Two sparkling crimson red cups of cranberry juice are prepared for Rob and Castle, the resident vampires. Arthur finds himself in possession of 5 shots of moonshine. For Fran, a cup of iced lemonade is made. And for the maid, well, she finds herself unable to refuse a nice iced glass of Arizona Tea.

As the drinks are served one by one until a single recipient remains. Diane walks towards the bunny bus bar.

As Amy takes notice, she becomes a bit fidgety and looks towards the ground. "I... I'm sorry about earlier Mrs Diane..."

The co-host places her elbows on the bar and leans in, "Now don't you worry dear I'm sure it was an accident. I know you wouldn't even hurt a fly! And besides, all of that happened in the future, it's like it wasn't even me!"

A wave of relief passes over Amy, Diane's right it was an accident and she's still here. Everything's gonna be okay as long as they can manage to stop the destruction of their world. Looking up at Diane smiling back at her Amy starts again, "Thanks Diane... Now what can I get you to drink". With a small flourish Amy whips out a fresh chilled glass before almost fumbling and dropping it on the ground.

"I'd love a fresh glass of pink lemonade! I'm gonna need some extra sugar before we save our home" Diane smiles to ease any tension and places her hand on her bicep, "We can do it! I've seen what we can do!"



Ting Ting Ting

Nicolas stands at the front of the bus tapping his champagne glass. He's a bit stiff but still wears a smile, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are about to enter the biggest cinematic universe of our lives. No cuts, no special effects, we only got one shot at this. Let's become stars."

Hearing the word 'stars', Kogi's space 'tism kicks into overdrive. "Stars are actually giant balls of hot gas made up of mostly hydrogen and helium, while helium is only found in trace quantities in the human body, hydrogen makes up about 9.5% of our body's mass. Going off of the average human mass of 70 kilograms each of us has about 7.5 kilograms of hydrogen to contribute. Our sun is about 1.9891×10^{30} kilograms of mass so we would need to deconstruct at least 2.6521×10^{29} standard people to harvest enough material for our star. One person simply

doesn't have enough mass to turn into a star, though I suppose if we were to compress their entire being into singularity they could become a black hole and then begin to attract—"

"*Ah hem*", Nicolas, wanting to keep this show on the road, raises his glass into the air "Cheers!"

“Kanpai!” - “Cheers!” - “Gān bēi”

The bus erupts into a few merry moments of drinking, Nicolas tosses his head back and chugs his drink. Raising the empty glass into the air he swings it down before... stopping... Was he about to shatter a perfectly good glass? That's stupid. No-one's gonna appreciate the shards of glass on the floor and he could even reuse the glass later, it's not like he's gonna die. Nicolas smirks to himself. "Heh Yeah, I'd win" And for the last time he lunges for the lever launching the bus into a localized wormhole.

Arthur smiles, face a bit red from the moonshine. This is the farthest this branch has ever gone, but he doesn't need to see the future to be able to predict Nicolas's lever push. All the calculations have been done, the dials turned, combulator combulated. It's time to sit back and enjoy the ride.

Commanders Gained:

Jack and Diane

Support Gained:

Roland and Dennis

The universe prepares one last song for our cast as it sings through the medium of Aurum.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t5vG4Be1Ci8>

The bus lurches as the gravity of its current timestream gives way, weightless for a moment the cast begin to float out of their seat before being rapidly accelerated into a tunnel of light and stars. Everything begins to stretch out and lengthen. The beads of the stars become vibrant white, red, blue and purple streaks of light passing by faster than most minds can comprehend. Cracks of cosmic lightning spindle out of the center arcing from light streak to light streak. And just as quickly as this journey started, it ends. Jettisoned out of the tunnel the bus slowly drifts into the void of space. The good news is that Earth is still in one piece, the bad news is that coming out of a planet sized cosmic wormhole is a massive spaceship.

The ship transmits one single message as its music emanates through the lifeless expanse of space.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=il5IEy-A1TQ>

[Prosit 712 has arrived]

“IT’S SHOWTIME” Nicolas cheers as he steps on the gas, “Let’s get this show on the road!”

Spurt Rattle

“That’s not good” Arthur says leaning in to inspect the dash, “Mā de, we’re out of gas.”

Horror washes over Nicolas face, good stories often come full circle. Jack’s car was low on gas in the beginning of the trip and now the bus is out of it. What cruel karmic fate! But this isn’t how he wanted his grand finale to end! He’s gonna need to find a source of Nicolas FUEL.

Ever since reaching space Fran’s been running a few Aurum experiments. The original hope was to make some sort of breakthrough in his healing magic so he could cure his sister. In many ways the cold void of space is much like a fresh corpse, while it may appear there is no material to use there are actually trace amounts of rays and material floating around you just have to know how to look. And to someone who has been coaxing fragments and traces of souls into corpses Fran had just the right set of skills. He takes a deep breath and focuses, spreading his mind’s eye to reach out anything out there. Cosmic rays and waves of lights, yes these are both usable. Spreading a conal array of aurum, Fran catches these photons in a makeshift solar sail. Normally the force of a few rays would take ages to begin to accelerate a spacecraft however magic allows disruptions of the natural laws of the universe. As each photon impacts the magic sail, the bus begins to rapidly accelerate.

Before Nicolas can express his dismay the bus begins to move, with restored hope and a glint in his eye he shouts “The show must go on!”

The bus approaches what appears to be a possible space port? It's hard to tell what things are on an alien vessel the size of your sun.

THUD

Everyone goes flying forward as the bus hits some sort of invisible barrier several hundred feet from their intended landing site.

A few seconds after impact a new song can faintly be heard getting louder.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y6120QOIsfU>

Nicolas looks to Jack, "You're up Commander, make us shine!"

"Now I can't say I've dealt with galactic alien force fields before" Jack says readjusting his cowboy hat, "But lets try hitting it with an influx of mana, that sounds like it could work."

"Aurum" Arthur corrects, "and the bus is densely coated with it already and it had no effect on impact."

"Ho hoh hoh, **This doesn't look like a Proshitter vessel**" a mysterious voice calls from outside.

Recalling what the giant ship announced earlier Arthur replies, "If you mean Prosit, we are not with that thing."

"Now This Is Epic"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jrHA6JlrOHE> (Sound effect - not song)

[Holy Moly Cloak Deactivating]

A well aged gentleman with combed over gray hair and a large smile appears in front of the bus, his voice seems to echo unnaturally throughout the cabin. Hopping off what can only be described as a "Doge-er-cycle" he snaps twice and its headlights flash. A hologram of Shiba Inus appears behind him making a few quick comments before fading away.

[Much Lock - WoW! - Very Secure]



Mr. D.A.D, the well suited man, places a finger to his head and wirelessly transmits his thoughts through time and space to his allies, "Gil, great news! We may have just found ourselves another batch of allies. Have the boys work with our, heh, *head* scientist to spin up the mass C-receiver. "

Gil, an old monk adorned with simple orange old robes, sits upon a raised stage surrounded by 23 control panels and a vat of indigo tinted liquid. He smiles, takes a sip of a warm concoction of honey and milk before nodding towards the 23 Japanese men who have all aged like fine wine. "See you soon old friend."

Returning his attention back to the bus dwellers Mr DAD gives a salute. "Greetings Heros! I am Mr DAD, Prime President of the Interdimensional Intergalactic Preservationist faction. Feel free to drop the Mr and call me DAD if that suits your fancy."

Jack steps forward upholding his gifted title of commander, "Hey there partner, the names Jack, Jack Faulkner of the American Colosseum. The fine folk around me are the participants of season 4. Now, are you here to join us against Nova?"

"Hoh ho, AC folks huh. Quite the beloved show, can't say I'm a fan though. The current host gave us quite the run for our money in our global psyop mission. And Jack, your mysterious disappearance after season 4 caused quite the stir, people love a good mystery." Mr DAD gives the cast another look over as a new batch of information is transmitted to him by Gil, "Well I'll be damned you got the dead contestants here too. Which one of you unlocked time travel in this dimension?"

Arthur cautiously raises his hand.

“Good job Champ” Mr DAD gives a solid pat on his back. “I’m quite impressed, less than a fraction of a percent of all the multiverses have access to this type of technology. Now I’m gonna do a quick upload of coordinates into your system, jump to that time and place and our C-Receiver will pull you to our headquarters in multiverse T-HANA-31.”

“We’re here to fight Nova and save our world” The Champ speaks up, “And I am not about to abandon our home, nor run from this fight.”

“Multiverses?!?” Kogi asks with stars in her eyes.

“Yeah! We’ve come all this way and gathered everyone. We aren’t stopping now!” Amy chimes in from her bar. Roland gives a thumbs up beside her.

Click. DADs personal MP5 device is paused to allow for an easier conversation. This once again gives way for the universe to sneak in some singing.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qe7uSixXIEU>

A digital doge is poking away at the bus’s control panel as DAD turns back with a smile. “I owe everyone an explanation, all this talk of world ending events, multiverses, and Architects are probably news to yall. Best to start from the beginning... Eons ago, another civilization, with a stick up their arse, got bored with their god-like powers. They decided to work towards finding the ‘*Perfect Earth*’ for their ‘*Perfect Universe*’, and in all their infinite wisdom they managed to break free of their universe’s dimensional shackles and then decided to destroy countless Earth worlds after running some kind of shitty death game. These **PROSHITTERS**, or Architects as they call themselves, are quite powerful. Even after decades of R&D our best scientists across countless earths can’t begin to replicate their technology to any real degree.”

He allows a second for this to sink in.

“But fear not! The Preservationists faction is rising to the occasion! We have our own technology, our own way of fighting! We have already conquered 2 ships in a head on fight, though the losses were immeasurable...” A solemn expression fills his face. “A lot of good men, women, androids, sentient plant life, children over the age of 18, bug people, and things sacrificed their lives for a foothold in this galactic war...”

“A TWIST RIGHT AT THE END! WE HERO’S STUMBLE INTO A PREEXISTING INTERDIMENSIONAL CONFLICT, WE HAVE ENOUGH CONTENT FOR 10 MORE SEASONS!” Nicolas shouts with glee, “**NOW THIS IS CINEMA!**”

“Gee Nicky, that’s quite the tall order. Trying to work us to death?” Diane winks at the nearby camera while sipping her pink lemonade, “We’ll keep those cameras rolling for ya!”

“What about our world? My disaster bonds are worthless if there is no place to cash them in.” Rob asks dryly.

The holographic dog poking at the control panel snaps its head towards Mr DAD.

[BORK BORK - INCOMING MESSAGE FROM PROSIT 712 - **AGENT YONKA**]

“Yo Mister, Prosit 712’s sensor array has been located. I can cut it off for 60 seconds, work your magic old man.” The blond lass sporting a lab coat shoves a cig in her mouth, firmly grabs two levers and shoves them off.



[MESSAGE TERMINATED - CONNECTION LOST]

Mr DAD smiles and pulls out a comically large red button. “Looks like things are gonna turn out quite alright.” With a grand gesture he directs everyone’s attention to their home planet and...

CLICK

A purple haze begins to apparate around their home world. The blue marble is washed over with a sea of indigo hues as it shimmers and shines. The mist begins to harden into a solid purple shell. Suddenly the sphere distorts and begins to fragment into countless pieces. The once purple shell now flickers and shifts erratically with new vibrant hues that clash with one another, broil over its surface. Before... *poof*... it's gone leaving nothing behind... *POOF* just as sudden as the ball disappears a new one reappears. The marble appears duller, it's lost its shine.

The entire crew is mesmerized by the visage unable to look away.

“What... what happened?” Arthur asks

“Honestly not sure myself” DAD replies, “The fragmentation is definitely new... hoh just got confirmation from our *head* scientist that your earth has successfully landed in E.D.E.N. **Your home and loved ones are safe**, now let’s skedaddle before those sensors come online.”

Hopping out of the car and back on to his Doge-er-cycle he gives a quick salute. “See ya there”, before disappearing into a purple mist.

Arthur is great with time, he’s lived through a lot of it. So much so that keeping track of the passage of it has become second nature. Prosits 712’s sensors cut out precisely 58.9525 seconds ago. They come back online in 1.0475 seconds. If they have the technology to trace their warp, everyone will be in big trouble. Before anyone can question what just happened he shoves the lever forward sending the bus into another localized timestream before being spit out into a dense nebula cloud.

Everything is calm for a moment.

THUNK

Something has latched onto the bus. A conglomeration of the dense gasses take the shape of a spectral hand firmly gripping the bus before **WHOOSH**. The entire vehicle is lurched backwards and dragged for what feels like an eternity encapsulated in a single moment. Plunging deeper and deeper into the nebula, cracks in reality begin to form, splinters and cracks blindly radiate shards of light. **FWOOMP**. The incorporeal purple hand vanishes as it enters one of these cracks, and soon the bus follows suit.

...

A new sound greets them at their destination.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h89unQBexe4>

A boundless expanse of infinite space stretches as far as the eye can see. At the very end of the concept of space itself, a dazzling light filters through the galaxy. Flashes and sparkles are reflected off countless Earths?!?! each locked into their personal sectors of a never ending grid.



“Sugoi...” Kogi says, her face pressed up against the bus windows.

Nicolas snaps a picture with the camera he ‘acquired’ from the dark room. He doesn’t have the chemicals to process it at the moment, a task for another time.

“Where... are we?” La asks

“Looks to be still in space brother.” Tui replies.

[WELCOME TO E.D.E.N.]

...

[WARPING GUESTS TO COMMAND ROOM]

A shimmering purple mist begins to appear around the bus seeping through what should be airtight windows. As the haze becomes too thick to see through it begins to fade revealing a massive room. 23 terminals line the sides, each operated by a well aged Japanese man save for one who is currently in front of a sparkling purple vat. In the center remains a raised stage where a simple robed man and Mr DAD stand, currently in the middle of a tense discussion.

Mr DAD begins to ask, “... Any luck on the search for my dau-”

"Nope! Dimensional Radar's been on since you left. We've seen no sign of her since the New Years Party." Hiro, one of the terminal men cuts in.

"Come on Mr DAD, you ask this everytime you come back." Kuwabara says. "We'll let you know as soon as we find her."

DADs face loses his signature smile.

Gil, the robed monk, places his cup of warm honey milk in DADs hands. "Sometimes life is like a dark tunnel. You can't always see the light at the end of the tunnel, but if you just keep moving you will come to a better place."

After a deep sip, DAD compresses his depression like a segmented zip folder shoving it off into the far recess of his brain (along with all those other sad zip bombs :, (). The smile returns, "Thanks Gil, you're the GOAT."

Nicolas elbows Jack, "Next time I get a reality marble can you make the route look half as nice as this? Gotta put on a grand show you know."

Jack returns a chuckle, "Was your favorite hosts greeting you not enough?"

Gil turns his attention towards the new arrivals, clasps his fists together and gives a small bow. "Unfortunately, there is no short term solution for the situation we find our multiverse in, but we can only move forward from here. You have my gratitude for joining us in this journey."

With his arms outstretched, DAD joins in "Welcome to E.D.E.N. lads, Our **Epic Doge**-defended **Earth Network**".

"**Endless Dedicated Earth Network** you mean?" Kuwabara says with a smirk, "My acronym won the vote, remember?"

"Heh shucks you had to call me out so soon?" DAD says rubbing the back of his head, "Well anyways, every earth here found itself in the same situation as yours. In the line of fire of Proshit. But with a little bit of elbow grease and internal sabotage, we were able to more or less safely reposition the planet amongst the array." His face now gains a hint of sorrow to it, "What you see before you is sadly not even 0.0001% of the Earths out there... So many have already been lost to the overwhelming power of Proshit, we save as much as we can but there is only so much we can do with those Proshitters running amuck."

Thomas is pacing back and forth behind the cast. He stops. Looks up. Eyes now locked with Mr DADs. "And what of Maximilian Von Nova? We were unable to fight him. We were unable to stop him. Now COUNTLESS worlds will perish due to your cowardice."

“Oof, I see you're not pulling your punches there” Eyes still locked with Thomas’s each burning with the intensity of a thousand suns. “Trust me, I want to see each and every last one of these *Architects* fall, every Earth saved, no more bloodshed. But we do not have the luxury to fight head on. If I were to command every last Preservationist vessel to attack Nova in a head on fight there's a good chance we win. Our losses would be immeasurable and we would be set back decades but a single Proshit ship would fall. I've taken this gamble in the past... and it wasn't worth it...”

Without missing a beat The Champ replies, “So what, that *thing* is gonna parade around and continue to take lives until it's stopped.”

DAD fists are clenched tightly, “That Nova is an interesting one. An extremely powerful entity with a nasty weakness. We've been keeping an eye on him for quite some time now and slowly infiltrating his ship with heroes like you. **It is only a matter of time before his captives rise to the occasion and he falls.** But for now all we can do is wait.”

“You will not need to fight in this battle. Stand firm, hold your position [2 Chronicles 20:17]” Thomas lets out a small prayer, “An away fight in his own ring, I pray for the success of these captives.”

“Etoooo... can I poke around this ship?” Kogi asks, barely able to contain her excitement. “These terminals look MUCH more advanced than what we had back home, and the engines have such a unique hum!”

“I'd like to speak to this head scientist of yours, perhaps we can combine our research and improve Temporal Transportation.” Arthur adds.

“Excellent, new researchers, just what we needed.” DAD says and turns to the rest “Anyone else here a nerd?”

Castle's grin grows wide, and in his announcement he takes great pride.

“NO”

DAD points towards the purple vat at the back and Ito Kenichi, one of the Japanese men, waves the two scientists over.



A single head is supported by a bundle of pulsing slowly tubes. His brown hair slowly shifts around in the dense solution that fills the capsule, several small clusters of pink and purple mist revolve around the reconstructed flesh. The animalistic ears twitch twice and his eyes flash open.

The face morphs into one with a smile, “Lab Coats, always nice to see. Oscar Keavarus, head scientist of the preservationist faction.”

Kogi blinks a couple times, “What are you?”

The sparkling mist forms a small hand and waves, “I was once the chosen champion of my world, upon failing Prosit’s games my gaseous form was lost to the vacuum of space reduced to billions of individual living neurons, each sending out signals forever, each finding no connection. In a sense I died, and along with me Prosit claimed my Earth. Slowly, my cousiness returned as Ozcar and several other kind scientists gathered countless particles of my being. A harrowing experience for sure but through the universe wide disassociation I was able to better understand entropy and chaos creating new breakthroughs in my field.” gazing over his two guests he continues, “I believe people typically respond to introductions with an introduction of their own.”

Kogi snaps into a salute, “Kogi Hoshino-des, 4th eldest member of **World Acquisition Space Agency**.”

Arthur is writing a few notes down, “Arthur Xiao, **once bound by myself and time, now free**. I am curious about your research, perhaps we can combine our endeavors?”

"A crash course on Chaos Theory!" he gesticulates with his misty hands, "Very well. To explain at its basic terms, have you ever heard the phrase 'The flap of a butterfly's wings can create a hurricane on the other side of the planet'? That's the focus."

"You scientists know how things should work. After all, it's a central tenet that scientific discoveries must be repeatable to reach the same conclusions, but of course some things cannot be controlled: the air pressure could be off, the temperature could be different, or even the atoms involved could be disarrayed. All of which sound manipulative by inconsequential degrees, but just like the butterfly's wings, can lead to catastrophic changes much later."

"You follow so far?"

Arthur is nodding along, "Mmm hmm, and when we throw magic into the mix the variables all break down creating new branching paths previously inaccessible."

...

Polly tugs on Amy's sleeve, "I feel *His* presence here somewhere."

Amy looks down a bit confused, "Whose?"

"God of course! It's like a fuzzy warm feeling that he's right beside us, well at least somewhere out there. But... it has subsided a bit since now that we are indoors."

Amy smiles, "Well let's see about finding him after we're done here. All this talk about preservationists and architects is going over my head but I think I get the gist."

THUNK!

A mass of metal falls from the ceiling landing in between the two. Amy jumps back at the sudden surprise but for some reason Polly begins to lean closer. The twisted ball of mass begins to shift and writhe. As if following orders, she takes out her staff and pokes the ball.

TAP TAP TAP

A blinding crimson light flashes. And where the hunk of mismatched metals once sat is replaced with snow white metallic owl, wings outstretched.



[Greetings again Pollyanna]

"Selaphiel!" Polly shouts going to scoop the bird up in a hug. She doesn't even notice the crimson gem in her staff has now reformed into a dense blood diamond.

[The Lord sends his regards along with a new mission]

"It's so good to see you again. The big guy really is good. What can I do for him today? More justice to deal out?"

[Indeed. **You are to safeguard E.D.E.N. and protect mankind.**

Additionally, the Devil has copied the Lord's magical girl initiative and indoctrinated a Miss **Valentina Vermillion**. Find her and show her the light.]

"Hehe, another magical girl?" Polly giggles, "You got it!"

As a few folks are about to make a comment, a rift in spacetime appears. A new song emanates from the crack.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l8aAv-m_KmQ

Staring inside of it exposes a myriad of impossible geometries and paradoxical sights that quickly induce a headache. A cruder more natural version of what Arthur has previously discovered. A man with locks of white and gray hair steps through, eyes wide, mouth opening looking at the guests.



The cast ready themselves for a potential combat, did they leave when the Prosit 712's sensors were online allowing an Architect to trace their warp? Did they accidentally just doom the countless Earths of E.D.E.N.?

"Yo Mad Lad" DAD calls from above, "How's our favorite Galactic Peace Officer doing?"

“Compadre, Chimi Changos, Gil” the man smiles, “Setting new records, stopping 9/11 and 9/12 is like taking candy from a baby Osama Bin Laden.”

Slimeball is the first to question the friendly intruder slowly pulling out his butter knife, “Who you?”

“Woah, there's a feisty ogre fetus on the loose.” The man turns to the cast and points towards the rift, “Adam, and that's Ruby.”

“Worse than Snik” Slimeball spits before crouching down getting ready to lunge for the man.

As he leaps, Thomas snags his scruff and slimeball is held helplessly swinging back and forth.

“Frantic frenzy there, friendo. Let me do you a solid.” Adam reaches back into the Rubicons rift pulling out a tray of fresh burgers. “Welcome to the party.”

The rift shifts and widens depositing several tables, chairs and drinks into the room. Timed like clockwork, rows of rift-burgers are lopped onto plates. Adam nonchalantly throws them both like frisbees onto a table in the middle. The contents do not so much as even stir as they groovily fly through the air and come to a perfect stop. “Chow down, amigos.”

Roland gives a thumbs up and allows the others to proceed to the food.

The twenty three boys are already chowing down.

Hachizaki stops leaning against the wall in his signature corner and takes a bite of the burger. After a second of munching he speaks, “Compliments to the chef”

Adam gives a groovy thumbs up.

With the ice broken, most of the cast begin merrily eating and enjoying their welcome party. Stories are shared and discussions are had. They quickly find themselves in the folds of the preservationists faction's upper ranks.

Allies Gained:

Preservationist Faction

Epilogue Epilogue (5 years later)

Our heroes find themselves thrust into a multidimensional war effort as high ranking officers of the Preservationist faction. However, their miraculous journey through time did not come without consequence. Due to the unstable nature of time travel, uncalculated travel to the past will cause a destabilization in the time fabric of the multiverse. Upon the Earth of our heroes, static dimensional rifts begin to open at random, luckily they disappear with time and touching them only gives off the faint constant shock of static electricity but the unknown is to be feared by the masses. The council of EDEN has enforced tight restrictions on the technology until it can be proven to be safe.

Despite its temporal issues, the American Collesumn Earth is quickly enveloped into EDEN's grid where ambassadors from neighboring Earths and the Preservationist faction work to integrate their society into their new living conditions. Typically contact between Earths is limited to prevent infighting and protect culture, but connections are still had and humanity is pushed forwards once more. As the galactic war draws out, many civilizations find themselves without a home. Under a united leader of President Mr Beast, the AC Earth offers to host some of these civilizations bringing Plasmoids, Pixies and several new species into their fold.

Amy R. Abbett

Credited as a co-discoverer of Time Travel, she is involved in several experiments aimed at stabilizing its use. After countless peer reviewed studies, it appears that through some unexplainable karmic luck phenomenon, everytime Amy is involved in a small time shift there appears to be no temporal rifts left in her wake. Due to this phenomenon, the council of EDEN has granted her limited access to the technology for personal use. After a week of work, she typically returns to the past for a week reuniting with her brothers, nieces and nephews. Auntie Amy sure has a lot of stories to share!

Slimeball

EDEN finds itself now hosting a new largest goblin cafe run by yours truly (SLIMEBALL!). Complete with trashy foods and several ax throwing stations (the targets are all pictures of Snik and Trudisto Belle). It's the dream of every goblin to one day dine at this fine establishment. In his freetime Slimeball does his true calling. Destroying people in Goblin Ball. Goblins from all across the multiverse send challenges and each time Slimeball finishes the match with a grand ol' SLIME DUNK.

Castle Cabra

Inside that cape, dwelled two creatures with a nape. Not pierced nor bitten, just struck and smitten. Mrs Tris and Valleri walk on out, the first begins to shout. Something about a wedding this time? Castle smiles, he's still in his prime. Ze wish can be granted with ease, for it is his two women to appease. A grand show was held, and with great pride the vampire's chest swelled. When it came time for the vow, we can only wonder what our yes man said now.

Kogi Hoshino

Oh Mama, Papa, your daughter is in heaven, and it really is a field of stars! After a quick medical examination, the radiation poisoning she has been battling since she was 7 has finally been treated! Feeling better than ever, she dove headfirst into research on all things space and became well respected in her field. Her current objective is to carry on the torch for the World Acquisition Space Agency and terraform lifeless planets providing a new home to civilizations that lost their worlds to Prosit. Every Sunday she takes a small trip to a 'nearby' star cluster where she takes remote dance lessons from Mr DADs (or at least a segmented process of his being). While the dancing is definitely not elegant, she is finally achieving her dream of dancing amongst the stars.

Saul

Finding himself as a high ranking officer, Saul has the power to change society in his own hands. He is highly respected within the 'exotic' division, and several members cite Sauls burning desire for change as the reason why they joined force. Raising the next generation, society begins to change for the better as new blood fills important roles bringing the change Saul desires. Unfortunately, everything still tastes like mud, he has yet to be satiated. Maybe one day...

Hachizaki

Now free from the Witches curse, Hachizaki can live his own life as he pleases. At first he drifts from place to place doing odd jobs and fulfilling requests, an unregistered fixer of sorts. As he undertakes more difficult requests and bounties a new name begins to garner respect across EDEN. There is no task too large, nor no criminal too dangerous for The Crimson Blade.

Lele Lorelai

It is impossible to talk about Lele's future without first discovering what has happened to Angeline Menagerie. After her beloved maid disappeared from her timestream never to return, Ms. Angeline fell into a deep state of depression. With no Lele around there was no-one to scare off any potential suitors. Years go by as Angeline rejects one man after another, until a real Prince Charming appears. Giving in to the feelings of love, the two marry but Angeline opts for the two to keep her last name (a bit of Lele's headstrongness had rubbed off on her). The pair eventually welcome a little girl, Lele Menagerie, into the world and the Menagerie bloodline continues on. Now back to Lele, returning to her master's estates she finds everything as she left it with one exception. The sole inhabitant of the home is a barely 10 year old Lele Menagerie the XXXth. Any adults or care keepers are mysteriously missing from the picture. Lele becomes the caretaker of the girl and enjoys the rest of her days in peace... Until she gets an offer from Amy. Working a bit of unregulated temporal shifting into the mix, Lele Lorelai and Amy Abbet bring Angeline Menagerie to join them in the future. Now Lele, Lele, and Angeline enjoy several afternoon tea breaks and living their lives in relative peace.

Thomas Volks

The CHAMP. It is a title that must be earned. While Thomas would have reigned supreme in the ring of his home Earth, there are now infinity many before him. The title was no longer his to keep, for the moment at least. Back into the fray, Thomas entered galactic tournament after galactic tournament. Held steadfast by his devotion to the Lord and his burning fighting spirit, he clawed his way to victory each time. [The Baddest Man in the Galaxy] and [The CHAMP] are two titles rightfully earned by him. Now fighters from all across EDEN make their way to Thomas's gym to challenge the undefeated champion.

Rob Hartdston

Rob Hartdston is a shrewd Businessman (capital B). He nestles himself into a cozy position of power and uses information he overhears to conduct a tiny bit of insider trading. Its honestly going quite well. If his information is correct, he's about to be a mutli-Buhlionaire! Oh also, he quite recently managed to get his vintage small aircrafts flight license.

Francesca Benedditto

A few months after joining the Preservationist ranks, Fran managed to get an audience with the Council of EDEN. He had but one simple ask for his service: Bring Ellie, his sister, into the future to receive treatment. With his deeds thus far and a spectacular speech from Dave (Amy's Lawyer brother), the council agreed to tamper with the past once more. Through the powers of modern (futuristic af) technology Ellie makes a speedy and full recovery. Fran is happily supporting her through school and she recently received her High School GED! Her dream is to one day graduate college and perform medical research to help develop further support for respiratory illnesses.

Tui and La

When the brothers were offered advanced medical treatment to safely separate the two, records show that they simply smiled and stated "Never one, without the other." La's passion to protect those who don't fit the mold, and Tui's desire to enact justice on those who discriminate, lands the two nicely in an instructor role within the 'exotic' branch of the Preservationist forces. The two garner much respect as they work hand in hand cultivating the next generation of 'misfits'.

Arthur Xiao

After gaining the immediate respect of the entire scientific community, Arthur continues to pursue his studies of magic and time travel. A year into his studies he manages to locate and cut ties with whatever doomed him to repeat life in an endless time loop. Its cause remains a mystery; however, our maskless scientist is dedicated towards his research. Perhaps new implementations of this technology can still be found. There are still universal laws that need breaking, and Arthur is well on his way towards achieving the impossible.

Pollyanna Periwinkle

God's chosen magical girl sets out upon a journey through the many worlds that make up EDEN. Spreading christianity and stopping crime is all in a day's work. During her breaks, she hangs out with the Waifu Squad (Lele, Amy, Kogi) and assists Kogi in writing a research paper on [God's Practicality to Space Travel and Terraforming]. After a few months of service she picks up a lead regarding another vigilante, a Ms. Valentina Vermillion and her dark owl Lucy. Their clashes have become legendary spectacles but whenever one gets the upper hand the other manages to escape just in the nick of time. Will Polly fall to the whims of this devious magical girl or Valentina come to see the light of the Lord? Only time will tell.

Nicolas Buhle

While joining the Preservationist forces was cool and all, Nicolas's true calling in life was to be a star. In his first year he set up the BBC, also known as the Buhle Broadcasting Corporation. Starring in several original films such as Thames Blonde and The Terminated Tator the people of EDEN fell in love with his unique charm and sense of humor. So much so that his position in the forces skyrocketed upwards. Now Nicolas is in charge of all Preservationist related media and works together as an equal to the big man DAD himself. Hiring both Jack and Diane, the three work to put on one hell of a show for all of EDEN to see. Through years of hard work and showmanship, Nicolas earns the unique title of 'Shooting Star of the Rebellion'.

What happens next? Only people who continue reading will find out!

[September 13th XXXX]

XXX Years Later

An overhead ship alarm begins to blare as red lights flash on and off.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AkTche1J7O0>

“SEVERAL LARGE DIMENSIONAL RIFTS HAVE OPENED IN SECTOR BRAVO 6.” Hiro shouts.

“SAME READINGS IN SECTOR ALPHA 3 THROUGH 7” Kuwabara relays.

“Oh god... FIVE PROSIT SHIPS HAVE ENTERED EDEN” Ito Kenich says in a frenzy.

“CALM YOURSELVES MEN” Murakami shouts. “Don’t you recall!? We’re all tough-”

“TOUGH AS DIAMONDS!”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-qivgMWGrdE>

Daine and Jack pan the emergency live broadcast camera being live streamed to countless Earths from the men to DAD, Gil, and Nicolas standing at their command stations.

“No one saves us but ourselves. No one can and no one may. We ourselves must walk the path.” Gil sits down to mediate, connecting his mind to all Preservationist allies he begins mobilizing the resistance.

“Hoh ho, getting serious now? They’ve never worked together in the past.” Mr DAD laughs, “Mobilize all reserve forces to sector Alpha. If we fail here we lose EVERYTHING.”

Nicolas’ smile exceeds that of DADs, he is live in front of an uncountable large number of people. It’s time to shine. He thrusts his arm forward and points out the command room window. “Elite Vanguard Forces: Lights, Camera, **ACTION**. Prepare to board the enemy ship in sector Bravo.” He gives a quick wink to the camera as it shifts its focus outside.



Beads of light rocket skywards from every earth in the network. Billions of shuttles, fighter ships, and interplanetary missiles are launched. The first wave explodes 100's of feet away from their target impacting a near impenetrable rippling force field.

Four beams of light shoot out from the Prosit ships in sector alpha.

BOOM

In mere seconds the first four earths fall. The explosive spectacle sends chunks of rock and magma every which way. Some collide into the ship only to be vaporized upon contacting its force field. Others find themselves impacting nearby Earths causing planetary extinction events one after the other. The leftover lingering debris field begins to shred the Preservationist ships as they fly through. The 4 prosit ship's main cannon begin to hum and glow a vibrant red as they prepare the next volley.

Gazing out the window Adam's lips curl into a smile. "Stopping 9/13 is as easy as stealing a shield generator from God. Showman, I'm snagging your headless horseman and four eyes."

Roland gives a thumbs up, laser thompson in hand.

Dennis pulls taut his dimensional storage gloves filled to the brim with every kind of weapon imaginable and gives a nod.

Adam punches a hole in space time, shattering a window of light into thousands of pieces. Grabbing his two helpers they hop on through.

BOOM

Another four Earths fall.

The broadcast replaces the sounds of sirens and explosions to increase morale.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JSy4UDe9cjA>

A faint purple haze fills the command room as Oscar calculates the required entropy states needed to cause several collections of atoms to instantaneously swap places with each other.

In front of one of the two newly installed science terminals adjacent to Oscars tank, Kogi Hoshino appears. With a quick salute she begins stabilizing her connection with the Star Strider 7120, the missiles and flares are packed into that bad boy are rendered useless by Prosits shielding, but with a little luck and a few chaos calculations, perhaps she can launch her favorite rods from god into the 5th story of the Prosit ship.

Aparating next, Arthur Xiao fiddles with an array of diagnostics detailing every friendly combatants' temporal status. At a moment's notice he is ready to reverse their localized timestreams and revert an untimely demise.

One by one our heroes begin to appear.

Slimeball hunches his newest shiny trophy, "Galactic Goblin Ball Champion" while menacingly running his finger over the edge of a butcher's knife. He really is a baller.

Lele is transported mid tea break with Mrs Angeline. She takes a final sip of her master's home grown tea blend from a cup held in one hand while a shotgun materializes in the other.

A staff full of Aurum bursts as several ribbons fly around. With a flash Polly's uniform lightens and shines. She gives a small flourish of her staff and quick prayer as she enters a battle stance. Perched on her shoulder stands the robotic visage of Selaphiel ready to support at a moments notice.

CLANG CLANG

Behind her looms THE CHAMP, a boxer the size of a cyclops. He smashes his tungsten boxing gloves together twice and utters a real prayer as he readies himself.

With not a word nor sound, you blink and Castle is around. His appearance so smooth and his hair combed back, this vampire is ready for one hell of an attack.

A disgruntled businessman wears a frown that is quickly turned upside down as he checks his war bonds account. The market is up and business is booming. Time to *rob* these architects of their livelihoods.

Amy hops from ally to ally providing refreshments before the big battle. Simply interacting with the bunny beastman boosts morale 150%!

A crimson dagger glows with an ominous hue, Hachizaki focuses on the blade. Now having mastered the powers of the long deceased Witch he is able to impart a curse and terrible luck to enemies he barely nicks with his blade.

With a fiery ambition, Saul unsheathes his claws and bares his fangs. The rumbling of his desires drowns that of his stomachs. He has already obtained a position near the top, but there is always another rung to the hierarchical ladder. Tonight the top shall fall. Tonight Saul will change it all.

Fran stands in front of a reborn army of long lost preservationist soldiers. Each one desired to give more than life to fight prosit. A small dust storm is conjured by our summoner to obscure the actions of the undead and to protect his allies from their unsightly visage.

Tui straightens each of his suit jackets and gives his brother a reassuring nod. La loads a round into each of the Twin's Tommy guns and returns Tui a knowing smile.

Mr Dad and Nicolas smile seeing their allies behind them for this final battle. And both begin to speak in unison before charging into the fray.

Now this is...

Epic

...|...

Cinema

THE END

Holy smoke! What a ride! Thanks for reading and making this far. I hope you enjoyed it and your character was done some sort of justice. (If not let me know so I can improve for the future :))

Also a big thanks to all of yall. So many loveable characters and fun backstory concepts! It was a joy being able to put this all together.

Welcome to The Perfect Multiverse of FUN!



It's time for some...

Announcements!

The Last Earth P4

Attention all House of Fun Gamers, Countless Earths are in great danger. Mr DAD and the Preservationist Faction need **YOUR** help to put an end to Nova's games. **Now to help them out all they need is your parents credit card number, the funny digits on the back and the expiration date.** Let's work together to preserve peace and safeguard our galaxy.

What's the P4 stand for?

PvPvPvP of course!

Ok... What's PvPvPvP stand for?

Perfect vs [Player vs Player] vs ProSHIT

That sounds like PvPvE, why not call it that?

B/c P4 sounds funnier to me atm

Now this is Epic. When's it coming out?

Expected Timeline: 2-20 months

The base system needs polishing and the PvE portion is still being worked on. Also, me thinks I need to take a little break - writing this big PM has taken a lot out of me lmao.

Any more Perfect thoughts?

Yes! @ Terp, @ JAG, @ Browneye when sign ups release on [Unknown date] Y'all better sign up! You three are responsible for planting my HoF brainworm in TLE2 and now you must bear witness to what you have created :).

The Last Battle



A HoF inspired card game!

All Metropolis player characters will find themselves turned into cards joining the TR, TLE1, and TLE2 cast as playable characters.

Additionally, our lovely hosts Jack and Diane will uptake the role of Commanders (a new mechanic recently added) providing unique support options as the game goes on. {Commanders are like class heroes in Hearthstone}

The final format is still a work in progress. Once the base rules have been finalized I'm planning on running a few playtests and balancing things before releasing the final product :)

\$ECR3T

What's this?

It's a secret, don't ask about it 5head.

Bruh, you can't make this a dedicated Secret announcement page and not share anything

You got a good point, me from 10 seconds ago... Hmmm.... Well just know I'm not committing to anything at the moment, working on the other two announcements items first.

Noted. So what's the secret?

Scroll to the next page :) There's a fun little teaser there.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5h3_ZlivOk0

Adrift in the cold empty void of space, a single blue marble is shrouded in darkness. All the stars in the night sky are no more as there are no more celestial objects in this dimension. Without the heat of a sun or the support of the EDEN grid this Earth rapidly enters the beginning of an ice age. During the Great Prosit Assault of EDEN, this planet narrowly escaped a world destroying beam as a rogue shard of the static time anomaly, originally produced by Arthur and the gang, collided with the pure energy beam. Swelling in size it consumed the planet whole, transporting it to a space before time.

The powers of the world are panicking, quickly mobilizing to produce whatever heat they can. It has been less than a week and the average surface temperature is a freezing 0F. People are freezing to death while others begin hoarding as many resources as they can. The government, under the leadership of Mr Beast, is doing their best to maintain control and keep everyone calm; however, there is only so much one can do.

The temporal rifts are all ablaze. Shifting, warping, crackling. And from one particular rift near Houston Texas, building 9U of the deserted NASA facility, a new entity is born. Reaching out it smiles.

[??? Architect]: Now what do we have here?



:) The end for realies this time.