

The Completely True and Unexaggerated Adventures of Fogg

Volume **Unknown**: The Gratuitous Crossover

Saturday October 11 1840 CE

Teville Stream, Worthing, Sussex

And so it was dear readers, that I find myself upon my birthday setting down to paper the start of a brand new journal. Traditionally I've always started a new journal with a recap, just in case this happens to be the first of my journals someone has read. Honestly though, if you've not read the first 7,000 volumes then I don't know what you've been doing with yourselves. Who could possibly have missed out the time I married Queen Victoria, or my years time travelling aboard my *Nautilus* Zeppelin? For that matter, why would you not have read about my time in the French opera or when I was worshipped by a god in the Carpathian mountains? Anyway, suffice to say no recap this time - and no it's not just because I can't actually remember - but we shall leap straight into today.

As I awoke to greet the sunlight coming through my bedroom window, I took a moment to roll over and embrace the young woman who had followed me home last night. Or at least I tried to. It would seem the young woman was no longer there, and in fact nor was the bed. I was engulfed by a curious feeling of falling, surrounded by strange lights, much like the effects of the Borealis Drive I use to travel through time but somehow different. The feeling however did not last long enough to properly analyse as I found myself crashing down onto a hard wooden surface.

I must confess it took me a few moments to come to my senses, and even when I did things didn't exactly make sense. I was no longer snug in my bed, but instead laying facedown on a large desk, a giant sunflower seated behind it staring at me.

The plant muttered something about moving its desk out from underneath the plot hole, but I wasn't exactly paying attention, more concerned at the pencils on the desk currently poking me in inappropriate places.

With catlike agility I rolled off the desk, and, once I had managed to get back to my feet, I found myself standing face to flower with the weird creature.

Yes, it said to me, I'm the Sunflower Official, this is the PPC, welcome and all that nonsense.

Now, don't ask me how a flower can speak, primarily because I have absolutely no idea, but it did and also sounded incredibly bored, and a little sarcastic. Before I could reply a couple of humans shuffled into the office, looking a little awkward.

Get him out of my office, the Sunflower Official seemed to snap. *And for Origin's sake find him some clothes.*

I was half tempted to write all of this off as a crazed hallucination, perhaps the copious amounts of gin I had drunk last night had been off. Still, by the time I'd been dragged out of the office and forced into a boring black jumpsuit, I was finally able to focus on what the huge flower had said.

The PPC. Of course I had heard of them, I was after all a roguishly handsome time travelling adventure who had crossed the multiverse on multiple occasions, and I'm sure I'd heard tell of it at the last meeting of the Council of Fogg. Some kind of interdimensional agency who protect canon worlds.

It was at this point I realised the agents who were escorting me were giving me some kind of exposition dump and I probably should have been paying attention, but I was far too busy worrying about the boring fashion sense. Everyone we passed seemed to be wearing the same drab jumpsuits, or some variation thereof. How can somebody flounce effectively without a velvet frock coat?

As I missed upon the finer points of dramatic fashion it was announced that we had arrived at a "Response Center" and I was rather forcefully pushed inside. It turned out the room was actually a rather neatly decorated front room, a couple of couches and family pictures on the wall, certainly a pleasant break from the boring generic grey that had dominated the corridors beyond. I was going to try to locate the drinks cabinet when I was suddenly alerted by strange chattering.

Looking down I discovered a small furry fellow, dressed in a similar black jumpsuit, "Yub nubbing" at me. I'm aware enough of the juggernaut that is Star Wars to recognise the fellow as an Ewok, however while I have mastered many languages over the years, I never really bothered with fictional ones, well unless you count the six months I spent trying to learn Klingon.

Luckily the Ewok didn't get to finish whatever he was chatting about. Unluckily he didn't finish because the room was suddenly filled by a horrendous ear splitting shriek, a computer console on the room's far side flashing for attention.

The Ewok darted across the room and quickly silenced the horrible alarm, before staring at me. Honestly, I'm not an expert at reading Ewok expressions, but I'm fairly certain it was somewhere between awe and admiration. Clearly this young fellow needed my help, and who am I to turn down someone in need? I reached for my hip flask, before remembering it wasn't there and requested directions to the drink cabinet. Ever helpful, my new companion opened a shiny blue portal and pushed me through.

It turned out he wasn't actually as helpful as I'd hoped. As we stepped out of the portal there was no cabinet. In fact, there was nothing but a rather disorienting blackness all around us. I was going to ask the Ewok where we were but before I could answer Robert Downey Jr appeared in front of us, pacing nervously. It took me a moment to realise that it was actually Tony Stark who was pacing, when suddenly a baby appeared out of nowhere, thrust into his arms. Stark's eyes suddenly morphed into horrifyingly anatomical hearts, beating blood across his face before thankfully everything went white.

I opened my eyes, having not actually realised I'd closed them, and was rather gratified to find that there was finally a floor underneath me. It was the same generic grey as the halls of the PPC had been, but at least it was a floor. We appeared to be in a classroom, and a teenage Toni Stark was busy learning science while being picked on by several class bullies. I can only assume that we'd been forced into some form of time jump and this was in fact the baby we had seen mere moments ago.

My Ewok friend grabbed at my sleeve, chittering at me again and tugged me from the classroom. Obviously I'm writing these journals after the fact, and have a little more knowledge of what was going on, so just for you dear readers I will allow a little explanation. We had been transported into a badfic, a canon world prevented by terrible writing, much as Jules Verne had done to me, and Ms Toni Stark was what the PPC called a Mary Sue, a foul creature that Agents of the PPC were sworn to eradicate.

Still my Ewok companion dragged me into a generic cafeteria, grabbing us both slabs of generic food while generic background characters seemed to wander around like zombies. It was actually rather unnerving how none of them seemed to react at all to the Ewok stuffing its face.

Once more I found I didn't have time to dwell upon it as the world around us shifted again, time seeming to bend and twist before we once again crash landed to the floor. I don't know if you, dear readers, have ever had an Ewok land on your face, but I fear I should warn you their claws are sharp.

Once we had finally disentangled ourselves, I discovered we were now in a nondescript lab of some type, a now nineteen year old Toni Stark working on "her latest project" whatever that may be.

The Ewok tugged me down behind a conveniently placed desk to keep us out of sight, as Tony Stark wandered in along with a young Peter Parker. It was curious, while the two men seemed to blend in somewhat with the background Toni Stark practically shimmered, vivid and clear, her gorgeous hair seeming to have a life of its own as she yelled at her father for bringing an attractive stranger to her lab, before going into an incredibly detailed description of the sports bra she was wearing. I won't deny it, she was certainly quite captivating and if it weren't for the fact that Parker's eyes quite literally leapt out of his head to snuggle in her cleavage I may have been tempted to buy her a drink.

Sadly, what followed was considerable boredom. The Ewok and I found ourselves following Toni Stark around, having to watch various bizarre occurrences, and quite often being reminded of her extreme beauty. The location seemed to twist and turn around us. One moment we were in Stark's Malibu mansion, the next Avengers Tower and then back again as if the world couldn't make up its mind where we were.

After what felt like far too long, the Ewok dragged us into a convenient bedroom that we hadn't been told wasn't there, and he leapt up onto the bed. His intentions were certainly clear, and thus I climbed into the bed beside him, weary of foot and of brain, and far too sober for my liking.

Tuesday October 12 2022 HST

Tony Stark's home, MCU badfic

I woke the following morning still in the poorly defined bedroom, and coughing up balls of Ewok fur. Clearly my companion had a nasty tendency to shed in the night, but I swiftly pulled my jumpsuit and boots back on, for we had a mission to complete, although if I'm being honest I'm not completely certain what that mission was.

Once we had left the bedroom and raided the kitchen it was time for several more hours of following Toni Stark around as she made eyes at Parker, often drawing attention to the revealing outfit she was wearing.

It was at lunchtime that the Ewok and I found ourselves once more loitering in the kitchen doorway, watching as Toni and her father got into a blazing row about something that wasn't even explained. I know I have a tendency not to pay attention on occasion, but even my companion looked a little confused. Or maybe constipated, like I said, reading Ewok expressions is not my forte.

Toni stormed out and we were hit by a wave of nausea, bodily lifted from our feet and deposited in an unsavoury fashion on a wet stone floor. It took a moment to orientate ourselves, and I suddenly realised I was laying on the floor of a communal shower. At the far end a nervous Parker was quickly grabbing a towel as Toni stormed in, not only not seeming to care about her exposure to the young man but also delighting in spending two whole paragraphs describing how the water looked on her skin.

Somehow Parker was able to resist her not so subtle advances, and fled in something akin to terror. That was the point Toni realised that he hadn't been the showers only occupant. Her eyes fixed upon us and what a curious sight

we must have made. Man and Ewok, soaking wet, in our matching outfits, staring at this naked goddess of beauty who seemed to be exuding pheromones.

Now of course I know all about Mary Sues and was in no way taken in by her powers. In fact, there was a time that I myself was accused of being a Gary Stu until it was realised that I was far too awesome to fall into that category. Still there was something about the way her "silken hair caressed the bare milky skin of her shoulders" that was somewhat alluring.

As such, before she could comment upon our mysterious arrival, I embraced her, planting upon her my most powerful kiss. I heard her mumble something, but the words came out wrong, it certainly couldn't have been "you stink of alcohol" like it sounded. I was going to ask her to repeat it, but as I pulled her lips from mine her head fell to the floor, and it was replaced on her shoulders by my furry companion, his razor sharp claws glistening with glitter.

I rather swiftly availed myself of the showers, trying albeit unsuccessfully to get the glitter from my hair, and when I turned around I saw the Ewok punting the severed head through a portal. I thought it wise not to ask. A second portal opened and the Ewok pushed me through where we found ourselves back in that neatly decorated Response Centre once more.

Seeing an opportunity to rest, I collapsed onto one of the couches as a young couple came in, accompanied by three children. I of course launched into an epic tale of my valiant defeat of the Mary Sue creature, mentioning of course my generosity for allowing the Ewok the killing blow. For some reason they were less than happy to see me, I can only assume that they sadly had other plans as they rather swiftly kicked me out, rather than offering me a drink. As the door closed behind me I did here the woman chastise someone called Wallis for dripping all over the carpet and I wondered if perhaps that was the Ewoks name.

It had been a rather busy few days, and I had no idea where I was, so I just wandered the grey corridors until finally stopping at a random door, labelled with an intricate 34.. As I stepped through into a room filled with whips and chains and taxidermy, a blonde woman looked me up and down, purring something about me being new.

I realise many of my readers do prefer that I keep these journals at least relatively PG13, and so not much more of the afternoon can be told, but it is in that Response Center that I spent the night