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Time was a funny thing in the PPC headquarters. Since most of it was indoors, there was no sun to guide the circadian rhythms of its occupants. Still, many of the inhabitants managed to fall into a cycle of sleep and wakefulness that kept them mostly rested and sane.

Despite spending most of her time doing almost the same things as Kelly, September's internal clock wasn't really consistent. The younger agent would wake up after only four hours of sleep, watch a movie, get a meal, and then sleep for another four hours if a mission didn't interfere. Or occasionally she would sleep for ten hours straight and then remain awake for more than twenty hours if left to her own devices.

Kelly's internal clock was much more precise. If a mission aligned with her sleep-schedule, she always stayed awake or asleep relative to how many hours since she had last done so. However, waking according to her internal clock did not mean that she was a morning person.

Kelly blearily wandered from her bedroom, still in her pajamas since the next step after making coffee was to shower while the coffee brewed. Groggily, she read the whiteboard with her partner's note that she was doing laundry. Kelly shuddered as she remembered that September just threw all of her dark clothes and white underthings in one machine. Since then, they never did their laundry together.

She then took her shower and got dressed. Her uniform came in two pieces, black slacks and a black button-down shirt, which made that task fairly quick, allowing her to move on to using a dryer on her dark hair and pulling it back into a French braid. She was just fastening her hair with an elastic band — when the console went off.

Kelly frowned as she read the mission report, but the part that made her wince the most was the summary. what if Jim had a little sister? and what if she came with him to treasure planet? read to find out! :D i promes u wont be disapounted :)

It was a non-canonical relative, and the mission report named which scene was plagiarized, so Kelly printed out that section of the script. Then she thought about everything that could go wrong if she just took care of the problem without waiting for her partner. The crash dummy could fail, she could get noticed and arrested, or the original character could be a god-mode Sue. As unlikely as those problems were, Kelly knew that the Ironic Overpower loved people who didn't think about what could go wrong.

After thinking about it some more, Kelly took a deep breath and decided that she could handle going solo into a four-hundred word story. Other than the worst case scenarios, there wasn't

much room for a disaster. She shouldered a baseball bat, preferring to use blunt instruments on first-person Sues, then she shoved the crash dummy through the portal and followed it.

The story itself didn't have anything that would set off a spell-checker, but there were still homophones and similar problems that resulted in an almost incomprehensible mess. Kelly flinched at every wrong word, expecting one that would cause a fatal disaster. The story did its best to make sense, but there were still odd elements like a door wearing pants.

When the OC was asked to go to her room, Kelly aimed her neuralyzer at the canons, and closed her eyes. *FLASH!*

"Jim is an only child, there is no little girl," said Kelly.

She then followed the OC up the stairs. The neuralyzation took care of the canons' memories, but the little Sue was still causing grammar issues.

`"Jim. Look at me." My mother says "its din heard enough keeping
this place a flout be myself without you -"`

The air filled with loud, jeering, flute noises.

"Jenna Hawkins," said Kelly, "you are charged with being a non-canonical relative to Sarah and Jim Hawkins. In addition, your story shows blatant cruelty to the English language and plagiarism. Any last words?"

The six-year-old Sue began to sniffle pitifully. "I didn't mean to."

Kelly readied the bat. "Not my problem, kid." She swung expertly at the Sue's head, and the crash dummy collapsed upon contact.

Back in her RC, Kelly began the process of re-folding the crash dummy for her next mission. She wondered just how a writer could use so many homophones and expect her story to be read.